

## FOURTH ANNUAL RECEPTION FOR FRESHMEN HELD

### Five Hundred Novices Initiated Into Mysteries of Junior College Society

Amid the yells, boos, cheers, jeers, hoots, hurrahs and whoopees of 500 freshman boys and girls, the fourth annual freshman reception of the Houston Junior college was held Friday, October 9, at 9:30 p.m. in the gymnasium of San Jacinto high school.

"Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," opened the program. The Rice Cavaliers furnished the music while the freshmen sang.

The "fish" class assembled on the second floor of the main building and marched in a column of fours, surrounded by a bodyguard of sophomores, into the gym. The slimes then were seated on one whole side of the gym as the affair began.

The orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home," and Eugenia Stevenson, "Cisco" Kellogg, Pat Foley, and Lee Stone sang a mournful quartet. Pat sang soprano. At the conclusion of Berlin's famous ballad, (or was it De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson?) the "fish" filed out of their places and danced fervently to the lulling strains of "Lazy River."

Following a brief period of dancing, all freshman boys were ordered to take off their shoes, tie them together, and throw them into the middle of the floor. After the shoes had been deposited, the slimes were lined up evenly and when given the word, dived in for their zapatos. It was a merry scramble.

After numerous other "slime agitating" stunts of this type, the sophs and "fish" settled down to the task of the evening and danced into the early hours of the morning.

Cy Shaw, Jim Bertrand, Christine Fitzgerald, Bob Branham, and Rena Mae Butler composed the committee, which, with the assistance of Prof. Harvey W. Harris, completed plans for the reception.

## MILLER PRINCIPAL SPEAKER AT FIRST ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

"Chances are 750 to one against the non-college man to make a success in life," stated Prof. M. A. Miller in a speech delivered before the student body of Houston Junior college last Wednesday night in the auditorium.

This is the first of a series of assembly programs that have been planned, according to S. W. Henderson, assistant dean, pro tem, for benefit, instruction, and pleasure of H. J. C. students.

Mr. Henderson presided over assembly in place of N. K. Dupre, and introduced Professor Miller as the principal speaker of the evening.

In closing his address, Professor Miller said that in order to make a favorable impression on the outsider and also help the student, always keep striving for a good, clean, wholesome school atmosphere.

## SOPHS SPONSOR DANCE AT END-O-MAIN HALL

Approximately 125 H. J. C. students were present at a dance sponsored last Wednesday night, October 14, at "End O' Main" by the Houston Junior College sophomore class.

Music was furnished by Curtis Smith and his orchestra, and the affair was considered to be more of a success than the opening college dance of the year.

Another dance will be given at the same address on Friday, October 23, for the students of the Houston Junior college and Houston high schools.

## Birney Puts One Over

"I can't compete with a donkey!" Fred Birney, instructor of journalism at the Houston Junior college, announced to one of his classes last Wednesday night. The confession was accompanied by blushes on the part of Mr. Birney, and giggles from the class.

The innocent cause of this remark was an old grey donkey ridden across the college campus while Birney was discussing the advantages of the next text.

The scene aroused so much interest among the students near the window that Birney's lecture was passing unnoticed. A slight mistake was made as to the nature of the animal, but the remark brought back the attention of the class, which was, after all, what he wanted.

## NEW STUDES COME FROM MANY PARTS

### Thirteen States and Canal Zone Represented by New Enrollments

Approximately 325 new students, representing schools in 13 states and the Canal Zone, enrolled in the Houston Junior college for the current school year.

Heading the list of states with students in H. J. C.'s is Texas with 295 representatives. Following Texas, in order named, are Louisiana, California, Oklahoma, Missouri, Georgia, Colorado, Mississippi, Alabama, Ohio, New Mexico, Iowa, Indiana, and Canal Zone.

Colleges outside of this state represented in the Junior college are University of California, University of Colorado (Continued on Page 4)

## FRESHMAN CLASS HAS ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Members of the freshman class of Houston Junior college elected officers at a mass meeting held in the school assembly hall Monday, October 5, at 7:30 p.m.

Mack Douglas, former San Jacinto student, was elected president. Other officers chosen were B. W. Payne, Jr., vice president; Eugenia Stevenson, secretary; and Donald Aiken, treasurer. Payne was formerly a member of the Sam Houston high school student body, while Miss Stevenson comes from Milby high, and Aiken from San Jacinto.

Suggestions for a freshman dance were made by the president, although no definite arrangements were made. The first activity of the class was the reception given by the sophomores, Friday, October 9, honoring the freshman class.

## SOPHOMORE CLASSMEN NAME YEAR'S LEADERS

Election of officers for the sophomore class of '31 was held Friday, October 3. Jimmie Bertrand was elected president.

Other officers elected were: Harry D. Matthews, vice president; Christine Fitzgerald, secretary, and Gordon Jones, treasurer.

## JUNIOR COLLEGE STUDENTS HEAR DR. OBERHOLTZER

### President of Institution Addresses Record Gathering at Formal Assembly

Dr. E. E. Oberholtzer, president of Houston Junior College, spoke to one of the largest assemblies in the history of the school at the formal assembly Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. in the auditorium.

"We can't have a college without students," stated Dr. Oberholtzer. "We can get along without the building, but it is necessary that we have students to have a college. You are part of this college as a student, and the kind of college we have depends on the kind of student you are. There are two kinds of students, and two kinds of teachers. One group always does, and the other group always claims they do."

Doctor Oberholtzer stated that he worked his way through college, but before going there, had lived in a small country town. Village boys were always considered as "bullies." "I was always high-tempered, and never liked to take a licking. I later found that in order to be a good fighter, I had to get licked occasionally. I was never licked until I thought I was, but I soon learned how to take a licking," related Doctor Oberholtzer.

"There isn't a student in Houston Junior college that can't make the grade if he sets out to do it. Nothing would please Mr. Black or me better than to have the records of this college stand out in the kind of work you do as college students. Of course most of the students work in the day time, and some are perhaps wondering if it will pay? It all depends on why you are here. The fellow that doesn't have the spunk to say 'you can't keep me out' will fail," concluded Doctor Oberholtzer.

During the formal procedure, members of the faculty were introduced to the freshmen of the college by Doctor Oberholtzer.

Scholarships were awarded Miss Louise Shephard and Mrs. Cora Stratford, who hold the highest scholastic record for the past two years. Both had A records.

## Oct. 23 H. J. C. Night at Westmoreland Farm Inn

Friday night, October 23, has been designated as "Junior College Night" at Westmoreland Farm Inn, according to an announcement by the management of this popular night club.

The club will be decorated in the school colors and all Junior college students will be given special privileges for the night.

The management also stated that if it has the co-operation of the students of this institution, a regular dance night will be set aside for Junior college students once every two weeks.

Music for this special dance will be furnished by "Lee's Owls", one of the outstanding college orchestras in the South. Admission will be \$1.00.

## War On Skeet Plague!

War is declared! General N. K. Dupre and his Flip minute men (20 squirts per minute) have started mobilization and direction of forces against the swamp invaders who wrought destruction and distraction in the bestudened battlegrounds last week.

On the first night of the invasion, Admiral Dupre and his flip-pant, fitting, Flip fly-fighters went down in glorious defeat as the supply of ammunition dwindled to zero. Cy Shaw then promoted Sergeant Dupre to Rear admiral PROVIDED that the gunner's mate would turn in a requisition for a new supply of mosquito-appetizer.

On the second night, Admiral Dupre was demoted to private because of his ineffectiveness in directing such an undertaking. The mosquitoes not only chewed up all the flesh in school, but they proceeded to turn book-worms. Rifle shots echoed in every room. The students, hereafter referred to as mosquito bait, took to fistic violence.

The plaguey pests under Colonel Drill-an-arm-or-leg-harder suffered several hundred casualties that night.

Both sides went at it harder after an intermission of one day. The Flips sprayed harder and the mosquitoes bored harder, but neither (pronounced nyther) side was able to score a victory or suffer a defeat. The students did most of the suffering, by the way.

After all of this dilly dallying, whatnot, "or sump'n", don't be surprised, and please don't laugh if you see some Cougaretes coming to the battlefield armed to the teeth (now we know why Cy Shaw wears boots to school) with a PRIVATE SPRAY AND A CAN OF FLIP!

## LUNCHROOM RANKS AS BEST OF ITS KIND

In the lunch room of the Houston Junior college 175 men and women are served on Monday, Wednesday and Friday and between 50 and 60 on Tuesday and Thursday.

Menus are changed every day. Five hot foods are offered with each meal, and a choice of two salads and two desserts. We consume an average of 90 bottles of milk, nine pounds of bread, and 14 pounds of meat per day.

Our lunch room is one of a group of 81 that is operated in Houston under the supervision of the Board of Education. Over 25,000 students are served daily and 3000 pounds of butter are used each week. Only the best products are used in these sanitary kitchens and a wholesome meal can be purchased for the low cost of 15 cents.

A government inspection is rendered bi-annually and all employees are required to present health certificates at the beginning of each semester. Meals are scientifically planned and perfectly balanced.

Miss Kimble is in charge of the lunch room division of the city and Mrs. George W. Browder of our own lunch room.

## GOOD YEAR SEEN FOR DRAMATICS, PUBLIC SPEAKING

### Plenty of Talent Available in School, Coach Harris Declares

Houston Junior college Public Speaking and Dramatic Clubs promise a very successful year of intercollegiate activities. "There is plenty of public speaking and dramatic talent in Houston Junior college," stated Harvey W. Harris, coach of the two classes. "Many old debaters are back, in addition to a number of new students whose records are encouraging."

There will be two public speaking clubs, each meeting an hour every two weeks for public speaking contests and programs. And, in addition, a dramatic club is being organized. This club is composed mostly of the members of the dramatic class which is being taught in the Houston Junior college for the first time this year. Another club is being formed, made up of all three clubs, whose membership is about 75 students.

It is the intention of the coach to re-enter the Houston Junior college in the Texas Junior College Public Speaking association, which organization is composed of junior colleges only. Last year was the first time the Houston Junior college participated in the association, making a very fine record in each event—girls' debate, boys' debate, girls' oratorical contest, and boys' oratorical contest.

The Dramatic club has chosen a three-act comedy drama, entitled "Why Husbands Go Wrong", to be presented just before Christmas. This play was written by Murray H. Fly. Mr. Harris, while instructing in Sul Ross State Teachers college in the summer of 1930, had the privilege of meeting Mr. Fly and working with him in producing the play.

Mr. Harris praised this play very much, stating that it has everything that goes to make a good three-act comedy drama. The cast has not been announced at this time.

## FIVE HUNDRED NEW BOOKS ON SHELVES OF COLLEGE LIBRARY

Five hundred new books have been placed on the shelves of the Houston Junior college library since the opening of the fall term. Every department has been enriched by the addition of the latest books in its field.

To name a few—in the economic section there are Hamilton's "Control of Wages;" and Thorpe's "Economic Institutions," both timely questions discussed by economic authorities.

In science there are such books as Guggenheimer's "Einstein Theory Explained and Analyzed," Whitehead's "Science and the Modern World," Jean's "Mysterious Universe," all of which would be of interest to the general student as well as the scientist.

"Walpole's England," edited by Alfred Bishop Mason, is a distinct addition to the history department. Volumes 11 and 14 have been added to the set of Cambridge Modern Histories, bringing this set up to date.

Those interested in collections of short stories will now find a most complete list in that section, including the well known O. Henry stories, Thomas Nelson Page's "In Ole Virginia," Lafcadio Hearn's "Some Chinese Ghosts," May L. Becker's "Golden Tales of the Old South" and many others.

A book of special interest to every Texan is J. Frank Dobie's "Coronado's Children." Mr. Dobie is a native Texan and the story he has written is of the old Southwest, a tale of lost mines and buried treasures.

## ::: Villa de Santiago :::

By Harvey B. Richards, Jr.

As the early morning mists rise to the peaks of the Sierra Madres, skirting the city of Monterrey, Mexico, they lift above the quaint little village of Villa de Santiago. Its hillside setting, its quiet dusty streets, clean white abode houses, all give the atmosphere of a peaceful and tranquil existence. In passing down the narrow streets, we see some stirring among

the natives. They are anxious to complete the morning chores before the sun rises above the peaks of the mountains and heats the day, but are loath to hurry, for hurrying is a waste of time and time is in abundance in Mexico. Heavily laden burros, two wheeled ox carts drawn by slow and awkward oxen, women carrying huge jars of water and small children clutching to their long heavy skirts,

make up the street scene of Villa de Santiago. When we look at this spectacle of quaint houses and strange things, we wonder how a village like this started. There is always a mythical version as to beginnings of such settlements, and after a tiresome search we come in contact with the village story teller, who, proudly and elaborately (Continued on Page 4)



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## HOW 'BOUT IT?

Listen, fellow students, pals, friends, etc., I don't wancha ta think I'm tryin' ta go soft or anythin' like that, but the way we acted in assembly Wednesday night is a cryin' shame. Ya know that act we pulled with the alarm clock, the ringin' just when Dupre got up to make his speech an' all? Well after that thing started ringin', I kinda felt sorry for Ole "Dupe."

Now layin' all jokes aside, that was his big moment havin' to get up before all the big bugs an' all. An' say, didja notice how he let it slide, just laughed it off. He ain't such a bad scout after all. He didn't try to stop the whole cahoots ta find out who it was that wuz ringin' the thing. The whole bunch of 'em laughed. Notice 'em. Ya know I thought it would be cute, about the clock an' all, but didn't so many of the kids laugh, and that's what we was doin' it for. Oh, they kinda smiled sorta, but we didn't get the laughs I expected us to. In fact, I believe the big bugs laughed more'n the rest of 'em.

I've kinda come to the conclusion that stuff like we pulled don't go over so big in a college. Why, if we'd a pulled that in Junior High, boy, they'd a never quit laughin' an' we'd a been heroes for a month. Ya know when I first started out here, I thought mebbe we'd stand in good with the upper "classies" if we'd kinda cut up a little and show 'em we had some fun in us, but I haven't found 'em payin' so much 'tention to us, do ya think? Looks like they would, but they just kinda give us one of those descending looks an' go on.

Wonder who that wuz that started that bell down stairs, right in the middle of "Obie's" speech? Gosh, how I'd a hated to been in his shoes. He didn't act like he even knew it wuz ringin', just kept right on talkin', and I bet there wuzn't a soul there that heard a word he said.

Boy, I don't know whether I'm a piker or not, or whether I'm just turnin' yellow, anyway, we can't keep this up. I'm kinda 'fraid they'll oust us. No kid-din', if our stunt had gone over a little bit funnier, I'd a been thinkin' up sompin bigger 'n better, but listen, fellows, I believe they'll think we're smarter, and the girls 'll like us better, if we see how little disturbance we can make. An' boy, is there some pippin' babies out here! How 'bout it?

## INTRAMURAL SPORTS

Prof. Archie French, physical training instructor, is planning an extensive intramural system of athletics at Junior College this year. This should prove very popular with the students, because while receiving gymnastic training, the collegians will at the same time be afforded the opportunity of participating in competitive sports.

But there is food for thought. In addition to the intramural idea, why not sponsor interclass competition, fostering rivalry on the athletic field between the freshmen and sophomore classes. This scheme has been in existence in many of the leading colleges over the country for some time, and the freshmen-sophomore or junior-senior grid and cage battles always prove to be interesting events, which draw the undivided support of the student bodies.

School officials have put the ban on football at Junior college this year and the thought of a possible grid battle between the classes is out of the question, but if the executives would sanction such a plan in the other sports, such as basketball, baseball and track, the frays between the first year men and the upperclassmen should prove to be spectacles. Then too, these contests, if given the right sort of backing by the school enmasse, may become annual affairs and mark the beginning of a tradition that undoubtedly would continue perpetually.

It is to be hoped that this plan proves favorable with Mr. French, and other members of the faculty, as well as Mr. Oberholtzer and that they will do all in their power to support it to the fullest extent.

## THE NEED FOR COLLEGE

"Rice Institute is a fine institution and has done a magnificent work," says Miss Genevieve Johnson, dean of San Jacinto high school, who was recently honored for serving forty years with the Houston public schools.

However, in a plea for a University of Houston, Miss Johnson goes on to say: "But its (Rice's) advantages are limited to those of outstanding scholarship, because of limited finances. My experience has shown me that the great proportion of my students who have 'made good' in Houston and elsewhere and become valuable citizens were not those who made the highest grades in school. Suppose they had been barred from educational advantages simply because they did not reach a certain high standard of scholarship? They had ability, and in those days we did not know how to give them full opportunity to develop, but many developed in spite of that."

"Every boy and girl, regardless of whether they make the highest school grades or not, should be given the opportunity to develop the ability that is theirs, and learn to do well the things that are within their reach and interests. Only a city university, with tuition free, will give this opportunity to the boys and girls of Houston who most need it."

"My heart aches as day after day a boy or girl sits at my desk at San Jacinto, ready to leave high school, and with head bowed says, 'Miss Genevieve, I wish I could go on to school. I want to, but we haven't the money.'"

"Houston can afford to build such a university; in fact, she can not afford not to. I do not know who will start the movement, but I believe it will come. It should be endowed by public subscription, every citizen having a part according to his means. We have men who could put thousands of dollars into such an institution, and what a monument that would be! Every year we delay means that hundreds of boys and girls will be forced to go out into life deprived of that training which should have been so much fuller and easier.—Rice Thresher.

## THE NUTSHELL

All a woman wants is to want something.—Robert Nathan.

\* \* \*

Learn as if to live forever;  
Live as if to die tomorrow.  
—Ansalus de insulis.

\* \* \*

Experience brings with it pain  
as well as pleasure.—Brice O.  
Taylor.

\* \* \*

Every cloud has its silyer lin-  
ing, but it is sometimes a little  
difficult to get it to the mint.—  
—Don Marquis.

\* \* \*

Hearts are like loaves of bread,  
—you must break them to get  
anything out of them at all.

\* \* \*

Flirtation is attention without  
intention.—Burdette.

\* \* \*

Prohibition makes you want to  
cry into your beer and deny  
you the beer to cry into.—Don  
Marquis.

\* \* \*

Heres' to you, my dear, be gay.  
This is no time for sorrow,  
For I love you, my dear, today.  
Who'er I may love tomorrow.

## SOME "POMES"

## BLUE MONDAY

Blue Monday, they say is the time of  
week

When things stack up the most,  
When the boss is anything but meek,  
And your mood is of nothing to boast.

But why do they pick on Monday,  
An ordinarily homely day?  
When peace usually reigns on Sunday,  
Unless the mother-in-law has come to  
stay.

My blue day is every day  
That lessons have stacked up,  
Through procrastination in every way,  
And laziness having filled my cup.

But, Hell! What is a blue day?  
I don't know, do you?  
I'm just atalkin' when I say  
These crazy things I do.

We're all just alike,  
So fickle, so darn incomplete,  
Know nothing about this life

Let's get agoin' an stop this thinkin'  
Of life and all its sorrow.  
Let's start risin' and just athinkin'  
Of the good times we'll have tomorrow.  
—Harvey B. Richards, Jr.

\* \* \*

THE RAID OF THE MOSQUITOES  
They came—biting, buzzing, flying,  
clinging—

Whizzing, whirring, deadly stinging;  
Demons of the dankest regions,  
Foulest fiends in infinite legions.

They stung—right and left and up and  
down;  
Here, there and yonder; and all around.  
They sought the nooks and rooms of all,  
They infested the once peaceful hall.

They cling—to high and low, to soph  
and fresh—  
The slaps, the claps that they did cause  
The profs to them are just more flesh.  
They took in faith as kind applause!

They laughed—in highest insect glee,  
When students tried to fly or flee.  
The vultures dodged and sneered at  
Flit;  
They played one big game, and we  
were "it."

They stay—and, helpless, we can but  
pray  
That from the North kind Heav'n will  
spray  
Ice, snow, and sleet; and freezing rain—  
It's the torture we mind—not the pain.  
—Lillian Schwartz.

\* \* \*

IT'S WONDERFUL  
We have been down the rows of fresh-  
man bliss,  
Through the shadow of a professor's  
wrath;  
And now, to just think that we can kiss  
Goodbye to this d— Freshman math,  
It's wonderful.

We have come out the front door  
On the toes of sophomore boots;

OUR WANDERING  
COLYUMIST

Before Christmas.

Appetizer: don't read this!  
Unsensed.

Dear Aluminum Editor:

With the aid of Rand & McNally, the Zodiac, and other hibernatorial hints (not including the sheriff), I migrated successfully from Texas' Largest City to the port of Miss-ing men. During the puny perigrination, it may please you to know, I conjured up all manner of pleasing possibilities: how I'd star in everything from runt golf to writing tooth paste ads; how I'd inveigle the mamas and waylay the daughters; in short, how I'd take this great big, beautiful, blissful, buxom ball labeled the Earth and make it feel like the feminine side of an apache dance. Thus and so, as it were, I tamed the contents of these hooked hemispheres into the essence of a muzzled oyster just as easily as a supple young girl of eighteen lifts her other face from a compact. Yes, sir, old Earthus Mundamus felt about as valuable as restaurant butter when I got through churning her. All I lacked was a Bos 31; and that's the unvarnished truth!

Say, Aluminum, did you ever hear the pop of a toy pistol? Well, that was me. My career was stopped like an inflated wave on a craggy rock. I hit here feeling like Fifth Avenue in Arkansas and before I could get up I felt like a pair of stray eyeballs in a sandstorm. I was stunned, suppressed, simply sandbagged. I have been striving, these three weeks, to weave a coup d'etat, but its harder than trying to make beer out of the hops of a frog. Thus you can see why I feel like the "wring bosom of a dying man," a fractured mountain, and the ape of the flock. Yes indeed, life has been one long series of common blunders.

RAH! RAH! BAH! BAH! HA! HA! The University, where the girls reform; it's in class to be out of class to be in class; where's there's life assurance; where Holly-wood, a peach can, and cow's cud. Well, I tried to join a sorority yesterday, but they insisted that I wasn't in good shape, all this after I'd rented a perfectly good fire-extinguisher. Egad, eftsoons my anger eked great; I retorted I was the money, and they'd better put me in circulation. They clipped the conversation by saying I was archaic and had better get changed.

To town this last week to hold a conference (very private: Margie, I was really looking for a job). The conference ending sooner than planned (confound him) I turned toes toward the town's torth tent. (How's that for illit-creation, eh Birney?)

You know it's marvelous here how the inhabitants offer their services. In one block only, between Eighth and Ninth streets, I refused thirty-five shines; and was fortunate in escaping so lightly, I thought. While I was thus deeply thinking, and consequently off my guard, the pat and leather laborers of the next block incorporated into a most persistent and perplexing huddle; intending, so it seems, to re-establish the glory of profession which I had so desecrated the block before. It's an art in which they shine, too.

Upon discovering their Chicago-like tendencies, I started an end run, tripped over a bale of cotton, and gave up a dime.

Getting your shoes shined is like reading a comic: it gives you a certain amount of reflection but doesn't help your soul—which is what I need right now.

Up the Principal Stem with a great flurry of feet, raising them high, in goosestep-fashion, so that the cuffs of my pants went clear of the top of my shoes with each stride; clicking and scraping again my heels as they struck the pavement. Such are my methods.

At length I arrived at the end of the Main Artery, which gushes madly

And now, we do that chore  
To some of these fresh galoots—  
It's wonderful.

We have for years, held the sack  
With fingers and hands so sore,  
All, just "to get it back",  
And just to be a sophomore—  
It's wonderful.

—Harvey B. Richards, Jr.

through the city, over the river, past the business district, until it reached So&So Street where it hurls itself against the State Capitol, and with a last, frantic gurgle splits wide open, part flowing east and part west. Thus it is as if the old granite hut were not satisfied with splitting political parties.

It was now about nine o'clock; the morning vapors had not cleared; only a dull, diffused maze of light, hanging in the eastern sky, marked the position of the sun; the trees dripped heavily of moisture; everything had that solemn, somber appearance of desolation. I always like it at this time; such a variety of interesting and mysterious things is happening there. To cull them from among the common places is both delightful and educational.

I had crossed but a part of the grounds, being yet beneath the deep shadows of the west wing, when I saw a blonde. Because of the fog, its necessary obscurity, I could hardly classify her, but figuratively speaking, she was a soft, shy, sentimental innocent abroad.

I had advanced only a few yards, however, when I SAW THE FOLLY OF MY HASTY CONVICTION. It was only a clever politician extracting the dollars from a blind beggar's cup with one hand and putting a pair of lenseless goggles on him with the other: all this at the same time and very fast, too. By the way I notice where there were three femmes vying for honors in the sophomore electoral race held at your college a short while back. Oh well

Knowing that you are hankering for a little purloined news concerning college progeny, I will give you a little idea of the kind of social fabrick they're weaving.

STRUGGLING SCIENCE  
SUCCUMBS SATURDAY  
TO SUPER-INTELLECT

Alice McCullough, published by the Houston Junior College, caused ripples and wrinkles in scientific circles here Saturday. By her marvelous power of divination and a remarkable stretch of her imagination, she guessed within two minutes of the actual time required by a 100-pound block of ice to melt in a display window. A classy computation! She knows what it takes to melt them.

The engineers, and other T-square addicts, who compute in terms of Einstein and cosine, looked about us cheerful as a Dallas fog in Dallas when the result was announced. They were possessed with the polite saucy of trolley-conductor combined with the delicious smile of a convict guard.

Augean Anecdotes:  
Bob Flemin: Out sleuthing for a liberty belle.

J. W. Newton: Absolutely refuses to look at the headlines.

Grace McDonald: Like Rockefeller, she believes in the Golden Rule.

Howard Brance: "Love's Labours Cost".

Aaron Kalmans: In search of a co-ed liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Terry Russ: Thinks in terms of Houston and talks in terms of Maurine.

Oliver McCall: Spending his spare time in trying to overthrow American independence among the girls.

Bill Henderson: Still trying to find out what innning Pope's "Homer" came in.

Homer Helton: "What we need is longer nights."

Joe, Joe, and Tam—the pop-lar three: The mighty Tam is writing his thesis this year on "Ho2 to Sell Dyed Sparrows for Canaries."

Me: Trying to get ahead. Well, I need one, don't I?

There's not a thread of material left so I am forced to stop, spinning conversation for the nonce and return to the irksome duty of polishing my halo. Please excuse this letter. It's only a feeble effort of mine to be a nut-cracker. And the big words—when a writer has nothing to say he inevitably clothes his thoughts with monstrous polysyllables, metaphors, and similes, so, as it seems, to appear intelligent in the eyes of his reader. Will write you next month, if, by that time, I have not lost my balance and been blown away by the overdraft. With ten thousand synonyms of love, I am,

Yo' honey,

"Gee" Weldon,

Class of 1932 alias 1940.

Dessert: You've already had it!  
Please overlook the tipewriter: I need the practice.



## THE FALL OF THE FRESHMEN

You've all heard the old saying, "All that goes up is bound to come down". Well, that's just what happened to quite a number of freshmen from the 1931 classes of seniors. There's Bob Creech, dashing blonde yell-leader from Jeff Davis. During his high school career, he was THE man. It seems such a pity too, just when one gains such a wide popularity and wonderful distinction, to have it all go on the rocks over night. But he doesn't suffer alone. "The mighty Frye from Central High," who ranked with such Romeos as Gilbert, Gable, Chaplin, and the like, has also suffered a severe come-down. Even the versatile Murray Hart, with his ever-ready "line" has to think up a bigger and better one, in order to compete with the men of this age. We have another famous yell-leader George Cleveland, in our midst, noted for his individuality in the "sipping of tea". These great men will always be remembered for their heroic yell-leading at the All City Boys game on New Year's Day. It was these boys, who stoically stood out in the mud and rain and cheered their team to victory. Oh, for the return of the day when yell leaders were yell leaders.

In glancing through the pages of this old worn out history, I found a picture of Wilma Lindsey, vivacious queen of the 1931 high school beauties. This fair damsel from the downtown high school has gone down in history along with Garbo, Dressler, Moran, and the other beauties of the screen.

On the page opposite Wilma's picture, I found a picture of a beautiful blonde, and on closer examination, discovered it to be none other than our own Melbadel Wright, another former high school queen.

There was a time, I discovered in the history book, when the name, B. W. Payne, Jr., would have caused a stir among any group of the fair sex, but alas, there are of them B. W.'s, H. D.'s, V. F.'s, and A. E.'s all swimming around in the same "slimy" ocean.

Harry Phillips, coming from the species, who are fortunate enough to possess colored hair (the color being red) at one time enjoyed the distinction of editor of the Cosmos, Sam Houston Yearbook, but of course, you understand that is history.

Grace Schoelman, former Sam Houston belle, and a pal to all the male sex, has some competition in the new world, what with all the beauties, kittens, etc., that have migrated over to this place called "College". Gladys Howard, individually known as "the one-man-woman", is also found in the dilapidated pages of Sam Houston history. Ruth Depperman, beautiful brunette, and former Texas U. student, is enjoying, or should I say, enduring the "curse of the sophomore".

Opal Brown, blonde beauty of Jeff Davis, has also known more popular days. Don't worry, Opal, you'll be a sophomore by and by. Leslie Martin, noted saxophone player during the days of the Aristocrats, along with Lynn Galena, is also suffering from this malady called "insignificance".

Vivian Leshner, better known as "Pat", the little "lispng ingenue" from Sam Houston, is seldom seen around without a freshman. They'll grow larger, pat, in the years to come. Jimmie Brinkley, the boy with the "stay-comb" hair, has decided to take life as it is, and forget that he was ever a daring senior.

I can't help but shed a tear when I think of the rise and fall of these celebrities. 'Tis sad, but true. Don't worry, freshmen, there's always a chance for a comeback.—Betty Covington.

### "Windy" Graham Speaks

As we go into the last half of the ninth inning the score is tied.

Red Grange winds up and tosses the oval the middle of the platter. Dempsey delivers a foul blow that hits Catcher Tilden just below the belt. He takes the count of five, but is up on his feet again.

The next pitch is in there and Dempsey grounds to third baseman, Strangler Lewis, who applies a head-lock and tosses the old horse hide to First Baseman Lindberg for the putout; making it second down and 10 to go.

Al Capone now walks to the plate.

## Scenes at the Formal Opening of Houston Junior College



The above pictures present scenes at the official opening of school and some of the prominent students in school activities.

Top left, a general view of the assembled students at the formal opening.

Bottom left, members of the faculty and visitors on the stage.

Right, Rena Mae Butler, recently elected president of the Cougar Collegians, girls' pep squad.

Bottom, left to right, are Cy Shaw, president of the students' association, and Jim Bertrand, president of the sophomore class.



### So Say Sophs

Dear little freshie that feels so big,  
Great big soph'll make you jig  
In turned around ties, caps and bows,  
Red suspenders—colors surely do show.

You looked so important awhile ago,  
Caps and gowns you donned with a glow,  
You strutted about, you were graduates then,  
Your importance is dimmed—your time you spend

In carrying trays, and crapping feet,  
You bow to all the girls you meet.  
Freshie, so green, you have far to go  
To prove to a soph that it's a lot you know.

Helen: Isn't Fido a naughty dog, mama? He ate my dolly's slipper.  
Mother: Yes, darling, he ought to be punished.  
Helen: I did punish him. I went straight to his kennel and drank his milk.

He appears confident of putting the old apple on the spot. Al is safe when Second Baseman Bobby Jones fails to sink a putt after signaling for a fair catch to Capones fly.

The crowd is going wild as Tom Mix rides Tony to the plate. On the first serve Mix drives the ball over the goal posts for a touchdown, ending the fourth quarter.

Dr. Oberholter jerks off his headgear—

Professor: "Somebody wake up that freshman back there on the last seat."

### Thru The Bunghole With Dr. "Bull" Schuder

Despite the much ballyhooed depression and the fact that there will be comparatively few holidays this year, the student body of H. J. C. numbers some rather remarkable characters. It may be that the present season will witness a goodly number of distorted romances. There is one freshman enrolled who up until last week had been giving a certain girl friend the grand rush. He was even in the habit of taking her to Sunday school every Sunday. However, this past Wednesday the said freshman, at the suggestion of a group of sophomores, proposed to a J. C. girl and she accepted. Sunday, girl number one went to Sunday school with the arch rival and the hero of this story was absent entirely.

Freshman Julian Hurwitz expresses pleasure at the idea of the freshman girls going without cosmetics and wearing low-heel shoes. Hurwitz states that he has always wondered just what a girl really did look like anyway. It is rather hard on some of the girls though. We males never knew what artists they really were.

Mister (this will probably come out on Wednesday and we have to address all sophs in that manner) Hugo Leaders evidently felt at his maternal instinct creeping up on him, as he brought a nice new freshman (wrapped in moisture-proof, dust-proof celopane) and had him enroll in the engineering class. Leaders is from the Heights, but he can't do anything about it. Oh yes, the freshman is Harry Augustus Ech-

ols, Jr.

Fame is fleeting as the wind however, and now we learn that Harry D. Mathews, the demon pianist, has two under-studies. Leave it to Harry to go anybody one better. His protégés are listed as Brown J. Woolley and Bob Creech. They take chemistry, but are more famous as motor-cycle-jockeys.

We have it from rather unreliable source that one of our most prominent sophomore girls has let the endearing term of "Ma", which the freshman girls must use in addressing her, go to her head and is now giving advice to the lower classmen. This being her first year as a soph, maybe she should be forgiven if she advises the younger girls never to slap a boy when he is chewing tobacco.

In view of the recent statement of a Professor C. G. Shaw that persons who whistle are morons, we feel reluctant to state that Fish Leslie Martin and Eugene Heard and Soph James Julian will join the writer in rendering the "Peanut Vendor".

Fish Heard is the original hard-luck student. He dropped his 7:30 to 8:30 class on Monday and on the following Wednesday there was no class at that hour on account of the freshman and sophomore class meetings.

Pursuant with our desire to present only the outstanding news of H. J. C. in this column, we make the following offer:

If you are in need of publicity of this sort, merely address a card or letter to Dr. "Bull" Scuder, in care of this paper.

### YOU, FROSH!

"You freshmen!"

Let the fate of Aloysius Blosser guide you in the straight and narrow path set down for freshmen.

Aloysius was a slime in the Junior college several years ago. He was the type who disagreed with every rule regarding freshman conduct at college, forgetting that he was no longer in high school.

Like many of the 1931 freshmen, Al believed that it was his duty to violate any regulation when a sophomore was not around. It often happened that he was successful in his subordination.

"I rate as much as any sophomore," was poor Al's motto.

One day the luckless Aloysius turned up missing from his classes. His absences continued until the school authorities were forced to drop him from the student body.

Al's classmates never completely solved his disappearance. Many believed that little Al had quit school to go to work while others thought that he had busted-out.

However, no one knew that our beloved freshman was given his lesson by several sophomores and in that manner decided not to remain in school.

Every freshman now in the Junior college can fix himself in the good graces of all upper classmen by acquainting himself with the freshman regulations and by obeying them.

Remember: the sophomore class is the ranking part of the student body!

John H.: I can't get the car to go,—we're stuck. I simply can't budge it.  
Hula A.: Just a minute, I'll run across the street to Portia's. She told me they keep a budget.



## FORMER HJC STUDENT GIVEN POSITION AT TEXAS UNIVERSITY

Royal E. Neuman, former student at Junior college, received an appointment as student assistant in the department of physics at Texas university. Neuman attended school here and was student assistant during the semester of 1930-31, under Mr. Schuhmann, professor of physics.

"This is highly complimentary to Junior college to have one of its students go directly from the school as a graduate, having had two years of physics, and be chosen from students all over the state as student assistant at the University of Texas", states Mr. Dupree, when asked by reporter for statement.

Neuman wrote to Mr. Schuhmann thanking him for his help in receiving this position, and for his kind encouragement. In his letter he states that he is now continuing his major in physics, and is taking a course in the "Elementary Electron Theory" under Dr. Kuene, and intends to take "Audio and Radio Frequency Currents" under Dr. Brown next semester.

## COUGAR COLLEGIANS PLAN H. J. C. DIRECTORY

In a meeting of the Cougar Collegians, girls, pep club, Friday, October 7, Marjorie Ashe was chosen vice president; Lula Grace Kellogg, secretary; Lucille Cafcalas, treasurer and Lucy Talley, reporter. Rena Mai Butler is president of the organization.

Plans are under way for the publication of the "Cougar Directory," a booklet issued annually by the pep club, giving the names, addresses and telephone number of each member of the student body.

## NEW STUDES—

(Continued from Page 1)

orado, Oklahoma A. and M., James Millekan university, Southwestern Louisiana institute, Billingham State normal, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, University of Iowa, and University of Alabama.

Students from Gulf Park academy, Western Military academy, and Marot Junior college are now attending H. J. C.

From high schools not in this state come 14 members of the student body of this school. These institutions are Balboa high school, Balboa, Canal Zone; Milam and Hallton high schools of Missouri; Savannah and Benedictine high schools of Savannah, Georgia; Central high of Tulsa, Okla.; Huntington, Indiana, high; Ragley and Leesville high schools of Louisiana; Sophie B. Wright Girls' school of New Orleans; Canadian, Pekin, and Frankston, high schools; and the Abbey school.

Student transfers from colleges in Texas number 64. The University of Texas ranks first in this respect, having 19 ex-students in the H. J. C. Other universities represented are Rice institute, Sam Houston normal, Texas A. and M., Baylor C. I. A., Southwestern, Texas Tech, Kidd-Key, Southwest Texas Teachers' college, St. Edwards, Sul Ross Teachers' college, Westmoreland college, and North Texas State Teachers' college.

The various junior colleges of Texas represented in this school are Allen academy, Peacock Military academy, Texas Military academy, San Marcos academy, South Park Junior college, San Angelo Junior college, and Wesleyan Junior college.

Houston is well represented in the group of new members. Of the five senior high schools in the city, Sam Houston leads with 54 students. Following are San Jacinto with 53, Reagan 28, Davis 10, and Milby four. Other local institutions represented are St. Agnes academy, five; St. Thomas, college, four; business colleges, three, and Houston Law school, one.

High schools from every section of the state have contributed new members to the student body of the Junior college.

If you are one who dwells on statistics you will notice that for the fall term of 1931 the Houston Junior college has surpassed all of its previous records for enrollment of students from distant points in the United States.

## WHATAMAN!

Junior college has its own "Whataman" in Joseph Taylor. Taylor is a freshman coming to college from all over the world with a reputation as a wonder man. At the age of 14 "Cowboy", as Taylor is called by his friends, ran away to sea, and knocked about the globe until the latter part of the year 1926, at which time he returned to the U. S. and attended Sam Houston high, in order to acquire credits necessary for college entrance. At school "Cowboy" was on the football squad, trackteam, Athenian debating team, trumpet player in Houston Public School band, and leading player in the class play, "Bachelors Forever."

Taylor went to South America instead of college and roamed from one end of that continent to the other until 1928 when he left Buenos Aires for South Africa. During his stay in South Africa, "Cowboy" Taylor took up car racing and drove a Fiat Six for the Shell Petroleum company in Durban. Returning to the states in 1929, he drove a Johnson "32" outboard and an OX.5 motor boat in 510 class in many races at Seguin, Houston, Waco, Freeport, San Antonio, Galveston, and Lake Charles. His boat, "Miss Lillian II," won many races in the free-for-all division. He helped introduce outboard polo in this section of the country and received the nickname of "Cowboy Taylor, Prince of Wales of Outboard Motordom," on account of numerous spills.

Taylor went back to autos in 1930 and his Chrysler "75" was a winner in various races at Houston, Waco, and other cities. He took part in the 150-mile road race, Laredo to Monterrey, Mexico, and experienced a bad crash-up, but on the next day took second money in a race on the Monterrey dirt track. Taylor was retained by the Eason Motor Company at the start of 1931, racing Auslins on the one and one-half and the one-half mile track in Houston. He drove nine consecutive races, taking for first, three seconds, and two thirds. Taylor drove his famous Chrysler until June 15 when he was severely injured in the worst crash-up of his career. Taylor was in the hospital two months and is still suffering from effects of the accident.

"Cowboy" is a member of the Gulf Coast Motor Boat association, Mississippi Power Boat association, National Outboard association, and is an official A.A.A. racing driver.

At Lake Charles, "Cowboy" has the record of 48.2 m.p.h. for 25 miles and the Monterrey track record of 114 m.p.h. for 30 miles. Dizzy Dean and Pepper Martin should look to their laurels for here is a real "WHATAMAN!"

## H. J. C. SECRETARY IS SERIOUSLY ILL

Mrs. Rowen Hamlin, nee Miss Evelyn Wolfe, is seriously ill at the Scott White clinic at Temple, Texas. Mrs. Hamlin was office secretary of the Houston Junior College at the time she became ill, and will resume her duties here when she has sufficiently recovered.

The wedding of Miss Evelyn Wolfe to Mr. Rowen Hamlin, which occurred June 10, 1931, at the Heights Baptist church, was a surprise to her numerous friends.

## FACULTY MEMBERS BOAST NEW JUNIORS

New arrivals this past summer in the homes of several members of the faculty have caused some boastful comments to be heard around the campus.

James H. Ledlow, auditor and registrar, proudly broadcasts the fact that he is the father of a baby girl, Faye June, born June 19—"The prettiest baby you ever saw," he boasts—"Just like her father". How about that, Mrs. Ledlow?

It seems Warren A. Rees, instructor in mathematics, is "trying to figure out why Mr. Ledlow should feel he is so important, for he, too, has a new daughter, Nancy Jo, whose birthday was July 3.

Then there's Mrs. Duggan, former registrar of the college, who doesn't mind telling you that her son, Lee Jr., born August 14, is something to be proud of.

Here's luck and happiness to the new juniors and their proud parents.

## The Cougar Whispers

Golly, oh, golly! School's started again and we're all here to try to get some education in our heads.

I just saw Myrta Ann Meisner, looking real sweet, as usual, and carrying an armful of books.

Who was that I just heard laughing? Oh, of course! it's Gladys Jacobs. There she is way down the hall. Hi, Happy!

Wilma and Silas are having quite an interesting conversation over there in the corner. Doesn't Wilma look cute?

Cy Shaw has some new glasses. Cy means to look into that sophomore class! He may use them to study with too, but, oh, I don't know.

Say,—didn't B. W. Payne, Jr., look cute on that donkey (?) on freshman day?

Mack Douglas seemed to be in quite a muddle over his dates the other day; how'd it come out, Mack?

There's Ruth Depperman and Anna Sloan. They're plenty cute, eh?

Talking about keen girls—there's one, by name, Grace Schoelman.

Boys—there goes that good-looking blonde,—Melbade Wright. Who's your shadow now, Melba?

Lucy Talley's in Mr. Birney's journalism class and she's a good writer, what I mean!

Harry Phillip's there, too; I don't know whether there's any hopes for him or not.

Well—it seems that all good things must end too soon so I'll stop.

Editor's Note: Oh, yeah?

## CRACKS—

Wise and Otherwise

By Harvey B. Richards, Jr.

These so-called fresh-men seem to have been off cold storage for quite a while. They are becoming spoiled. Wake up, sophs!

Cy Shaw certainly has a gift for gab. It will be fine now if he has a gift for Lab.

Smoking in the halls is now prohibited. That rule will be a thing of the past if many more of these "sweet young things" attend this school.

Some well known author wanted to know, "What is this thing called love?" Perhaps he or she has never visited Houston Junior college.

It is one thing to be chivalrous, another to be gentlemanly. Which of these, if either, is the average Junior college student, especially in assembly?

Mr. Dupre says that he has an eye on smokers in the building, craps-shooters in the front door, sots on the campus—Oh, Sister Ann, what can this monster be with so many eyes?

The new freshman president has a lot of good ideas, BUT be careful, M. President, you don't seem to have come off cold storage with the rest.

We see "Pot" Lowe is back on the campus. Look out, girls, he may get a crush on you, in more ways than one.

"Everything that goes up is destined to come down."—So the freshmen found out when they rushed the front entrance last Wednesday night.

But after all is said and done, let's keep in step, freshmen. Let's stick together, and when we say "stick", we don't mean "clinch".

## Grins and Groans

Louis: I can read your thoughts, Gladys.

Gladys: Then what makes you sit so far away?

Judge: How did you come to steal the automobile from the cemetery?

Prisoner: Well, your honor, the car looked so lonely at the gate that I thought the owner must be dead.

## VILLA de SANTIAGO—

(Continued from Page 1)

rately, tells us the story of the first settlers.

The early autumn sky was a grayish hue as the sun sank behind the peaks of the Sierra Madre Range. The strands of sunlight, giving a pink, yellow and gold cast to the higher mountains, mingled with the darker blue of the lower swells that rose to obliteration in the haze of clouds, from whose golden linings the sun drifted down in strands of gold and silver, gave a beautiful aspect to this twilight scene.

High upon the rocky ledge of a cliff, a lone figure stood, face to this celestial spectacle that only the semi-tropical sky and the rugged peaks of arid mountains can afford. His nostrils seemed flared so that he might inhale the magnificence of the place into his very being, into the very depths of his soul. Tethered close by, his horse stood nibbling at the small patches of grass that were struggling for existence among the rocks and cactus.

Finally, he turned away with an effort, as if some great force was pulling him back. After tightening the girth of the saddle, he mounted easily and rode slowly down the mountain path. At a sharp turn in the path he pulled the horse to a momentary halt and turned for a last inhalation of the scene before the rocky cliff blocked it from view. Then rounding the turn slowly, picking its way carefully among the rocks and boulders, the horse bore him down toward the valley that had now grown dim in the coming dusk.

Of a sudden he came to a stop. Only the easy and slow breathing of the horse was audible, but it was not at this that he listened. A faint sound came from the direction of the boulders on his right. It was not a sound made by some denizen of the wild, to which his trained ears were so accustomed, nor the low mourning of the wind as it smoothly found its way among the cliffs, but a sound that was foreign to this country of wild things and romantic scenes.

Dismounting, he quietly and carefully slipped from one huge boulder to another, gradually making his way toward the source of the sound. At last he stopped. The sound was plain now. True, it was foreign to these mountains, out of place in this lonely vastness, but it was familiar. He had heard it once before when he had found a lost child and returned it to its mother. What he heard was the heart throbbing sobs of a human being. Without hesitation he strode forward.

Seated on a flat stone sat a slender figure, face in hands, utterly unconscious of the presence of another being. At the slight noise of a disturbed pebble, she turned. She sat there speechless, great blue eyes floating in what were now joyous tears, dark brown hair falling in a disheveled manner about her shoulders, her well-shaped lips emitting a sigh of relief.

With a quick stride, he was by her side.

"You are hurt?" She slowly shook her head, unable to trust her voice.

"Please, what is it?"

She cast a glance into the growing darkness and shrank closer to him. When again her eyes were turned to him they were filled with something akin to terror.

"Oh, you are frightened," and he smiled, a smile that seemed to warm the nip of chilliness that was in the air. His darker skin was a contrast to her fair complexion and his presence made her feel that her fears of before were fantastic and foolish.

"Come, you mustn't be afraid. There is nothing in all these mountains that could be induced to hurt you. Tell me, why are you so afraid of my mountains?"

She lowered her eyes and spoke for the first time.

"I am lost," her voice, though choked with previous sobs sounded silvery in the oncoming darkness.

"And now you are found, safe and as lovely as the flowers that grow in that valley. I will fix you some food and you must rest."

She laughed with bubbling delight as a child who has found something new and interesting.

He rose and walked toward his horse. To her, as he disappeared around a boulder, the place became

## CY SHAW WILL LEAD STUDENT ASSOCIATION

Cy Shaw, sophomore, was elected by both sophomore and freshman classes to serve as president of the Students' association this year.

The Students' association is the governing body of the college and is composed of the entire student body. It functions through its officers and committees, together with the faculty, for student welfare.

Offices of vice president, secretary and treasurer will be filled at an early date. Candidates from both sophomore and freshman classes are eligible for these offices. Prof. Harvey W. Harris was chosen as student advisor.

A constitution is to be drawn up in regular form, according to President Shaw.

cold and foreboding again, and it was a pleasant relief to see his shadowy figure return leading the stoically built animal. After unsaddling his horse he set about building a fire and soon the orange and golden flames were lapping around a skillet in which were layers of sizzling bacon. She sat a few feet away, her back against a rock, eyes glistening, shadows from the warm fire playing about her shapely figure. When the meal was cooked they sat and ate hungrily of the simple fare that was before them. Each was alone with his thoughts, there being little talk while they ate.

After they had eaten, he unpacked a roll from behind the saddle and spread a blanket beside the fire.

"You shall sleep here tonight. It is too hard a trip for you to make it back to Monterrey tonight. Tomorrow I will take you there."

She looked up at him quickly and was relieved at seeing the same warm smile on his lips.

"How did you know I was from Monterrey?" she asked in some surprise.

"I saw you arrive yesterday. You are Miss Chandler, are you not?"

"Yes, but I don't remember having met you."

"You haven't. I am Jose de Leon." He looked away and finally, "I looked for your name in the register at the hotel."

He seemed somewhat abashed at his confession and turned to rekindle the fire.

"You had better get some sleep; I will call you early in the morning," he told her over his shoulder.

With a parting "good-night," she laid down on the blanket, her arm for a pillow, and was soon lost in a heavy sleep. Jose rose from the fireside and sauntered over to a large rock where he seated himself to smoke and soon feel asleep.

The Sierra Madre sunrise found the two slowly making their way through the lonely mountain passes that adorned the long stretch into Monterrey. Jose sat behind the saddle, Rose Chandler rode in the saddle, the big horse easily picking its way among the rocks. As she sat there in the big Mexican saddle, she could feel the presence of Jose behind her. His presence brought a strange feeling creeping into her being. She could not fathom it. For some reason she was happier at that moment than she had ever been in all her life. Was she in love? She knew she was. At that moment the same feeling crept over Jose, and as she turned at his slight touch, their eyes met. In each others' eyes love was written and understood.

Late that evening, as they were entering Monterrey, he was talking to her, speaking low that the passing people might not hear.

"—and I shall build our home on the slopes of the valley below where I found you, my Rosita, and our children will settle there. Ah, our village. What will we call it? A villa, yes, but a villa of what? I have it—San-tiago—Villa de Santiago."

"What a beautiful name," she breathed.

And so was the mythical version of the beginning of the picturesque little village of Villa de Santiago, a place of peace, love and happiness. As we pass out of town we stop and look back, loathe to leave, wishing that our existence could be as care-free and as beautiful as that of the people who live in those adobe houses with the thatched roofs.