

THE COUGAR

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ANNUAL DANCE FOR JUNIOR COLLEGE IS HOT AS FIRECRACKER

Plenty Hey-Hey Created When Studes Congregate at Kensington

Joy written on the face of every Junior College student and faculty member who glided over the slick floor to the dreamy strains of music pouring from the orchestra pit.

All the music was not dreamy. Some of it was just wicked enough to make the dancers feel inebriated. Everybody had plenty of chance to execute all hot steps they knew. And just when they might feel all out of breath, the orchestra would break into a more conservative popular melody so that the couples could talk. The musicians did not play anything but the best of the latest popular music, and they outdid themselves. If everything had been as good as the music the dance would rate one hundred per cent.

And everything was, almost. The Kensington floor is heavenly to dance on. Heavenly because the golden streets are certainly no slicker. One can glide and slide on them with the greatest of ease and rhythm, and during intermission one can walk across them without slipping down.

And then everybody was so happy! No, not because of what you are thinking—they were just happy. In the first place, it did not hurt anybody's feelings—not even the faculty's—to miss that last late class. And then it was a beautiful night and a lovely drive out to Kensington, and—well, why shouldn't they all feel good?

There were many very attractive dresses worn by co-eds, faculty and wives of the faculty. Evening gowns were in the majority. Miss Huber's was a very becoming green taffeta. A long black velvet worn by Miss Mary Elizabeth Riggs, and a quaint equally long white satin worn by another popular co-ed were the most outstanding on the floor. The white beaded creation of Miss Nancy Wilson's looked like a Parisian model—or rather she looked like the model. There were some very chic street frocks worn also. Too bad we cannot comment on the clothes worn by the sheiks. Hope they do not feel left out.

It was not the stove burning in the center of the hall that made the dance hot. No one would have missed the stove if it had not been there. People did congregate around it, but only because of its central location. Nor was the financial success the sole reason that everybody had a good time. But everybody did, and if you did not go ask somebody what you missed, and if you did go, are you still wondering why you enjoyed it so much?

What we want is more dances, since they can't be bigger and better.

Without Comment

The corpse is slowly coming to life. H. J. C. spirit which died a natural death way back in November is reviving. Doctors report that soon small spoons of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk with a cake crumb, can be given it.

The faculty started work on the body at the beginning of the spring term. The corpse was brought to Assembly and given injections of a certain substance commonly called "pep."

So far the experiment has been a success—but it has a long way to go. The doctors are going to work until the two-year old daughter of our dear student-body can walk to Assembly alone.

On to higher grades. That seems to be the motto of most students since absences are checked carefully. Teachers report that classes are well attended and that grades are higher. Maybe, oh, maybe, there will be a time when there are no failures and no absences.

Coming Drama to Cast Local Material of No Mean Histrionic Ability

Rehearsals for "At the End of the Rainbow," three-act play to be presented by the John R. Bender Dramatic Club, under the direction of Mrs. Lillian Blocker, were started Thursday night.

Tryout for parts were held March 25, and the following cast selected: Richard Speed, Robert Moechel, William Morrow, Pat Quinn, Richard Ragland, Bryan Sadler, Gertrude Beard, Aileen Pickett, Helen Davis, Bernice Newton, Stella Calotta, Portia Cleaves, Faye Ledlow, Mary Elizabeth Riggs, Anna Ray Qualtrough, Alpha Adams, Louise Forrest, Helen Hume, Grace Mc Donald, and Shelly Jordan.

KING BASEBALL IS USHERED IN AGAIN

Here, There and Everywhere National Pastime Is Popular

Baseball has broken into the ranks of athletics as the national pastime for another season. Speaking of national pastimes do you know what the principle sport is, in the Philippines? Well it's baseball. Just as the game is in our own country, it holds the attention of everyone. Last year the Philippines imported a bunch of players to this country and went on a barnstorming tour. From the class of players that were on the tour, the Philippines must be a very adept people at throwing the horsehide. Who knows but what we will some day be playing baseball in an International League, making all trips by air? Well it sounds impossible, but Lindbergh performed an impossible task.

Gettin away from this high hat subject we will see if we can find out what our own baseball team is doing. This year looks more promising for the Junior College tossers every day, with the arrival of new recruits on the diamond. Manager Bilao has been working with the candidates for the last few days. Men who are out for the team are: Bilao, Blair, Sadler, Warden, Banks, Wiseman, Yelverton, Jeter, James, Aleo, and Jones.

LOOK TO THE LADIES IS CHALLENGE TO RICE FOR GIRL ATHLETICS

Rice is catering to the men, as usual. In an effort to build up a football team (maybe), Rice will offer physical education courses to men. But the girls, poor things, can get their exercise on a crowded dance floor, clunched in the arms of stalwart football men.

In fact, Rice's only provision for girl athletics is tumbling. The girls can tumble as long and as much as they want to, on Wednesdays. If the

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COACH ANNOUNCES COUGAR LETTERMEN IN MAJOR SPORTS

Nineteen Grid and Six Cage Letters Are Awarded Athletes

With the football dance over, and the necessary coin rolling in, our athletes are taking the spotlight again. This means that the lettermen have been announced, and all that remains undone is the banquet.

Coach Smith announces that nineteen letters are to be awarded and four men will receive reserve letters for their untiring efforts. The men who are to receive letters are: "Red" Elmick, "Jug" Reynolds, Ken Jones, Byron Sadler, Bill Jeter, Harry Woods, "Dopey" Richards, Wallace, Nick Peet, "Wally" Banks, "Black" Klaros, Richard Ragland, John Kuritz, Walter Scarbrough, Wendell Ley, "Ted" Warden, "Skipper" Boyd, and "Deacon" Reeves. These men were all mentioned as lettermen, but those who left school will doubtless fail to receive the customary sweaters.

Men receiving reserve letters are: Aleo, Blair, Freeze, and Garland Sadler. These men certainly deserve a lot of praise even though they did not make the grade. They stuck with the squad and made the rest of the boys fight hard for what they received.

Basketball letters were also announced by Coach Smith. Men who will receive letters in basketball are: Jones, Yelverton, Peterson, Bergin and Scarbrough. A little consideration may decide between Burk and Lay for a sixth letter. These two boys have battled for a berth on the team about evenly, and difficulty in naming one of them is being had by the coach.

LOCAL BOXERS LOSE

Good Showing Made by Long and Wallace in Tourney

Junior College was well represented in the Press-Salesmanship boxing tournament, held at the auditorium last week, by "Big" Wallace and Donald Long, two promising scrappers, who will bear watching in the future.

Before a crowd of some three thousand fans, these two boys made their first appearance in the ring. Long lost a close decision to Bert Friedburg of the Y. M. C. A., while Wallace who was outweighed 30 pounds, lost to Dan Rogers of the Ford plant.

Owing to Long's nervousness and lack of experience he was greatly handicapped in the first round. Friedburg took the first stanza of the fight with a series of rabbit punches and body blows. Long mixed it the full round but failed to click perfectly. The second round was a mitt-slugging affair for Long. He tore into Friedburg and fed him leather from every side

(Continued on page 3)

Leatherpushers Organize To Promote Gentle Art Of Fisticuffs in School

Boxing, a new course offered in physical education under the direction of Coach C. B. Smith, is expected to be organized here this year.

College boxing teams will be formed from those taking the course, and work done in boxing will count as physical education credit. An all-campus boxing tournament may be held in a few weeks, depending on the amount of interest the students show. It is too late to form a college boxing team that will be able to compete with other schools this season. The object this term will be more to get students interested and have a team that next year will win honors in A. U. boxing circles.

BIG TIME ENJOYED AT SOPH-FROSH HOP

Gymnasium Is Scene of Lively Class Struggle

Yes, it was a success. That is, the long-looked for Freshman-Sophomore dance, which was held in the Junior College gym on the night of March 1st, was one grand hop.

The gym was crowded, and the jazz music from the blaring saxophones, the cornet, and the piano, could scarcely be heard above the din of wayward feet keeping time to the latest song hits played by Matt Britts' Sylvan Beach Orchestra. Due to the unusual number of stags present, the intermissions were few in number and short in length. Indeed, the gentlemen, who could always find a partner was most fortunate.

The dance ended at 12:15, leaving the Freshman tired but happy—and the sophisticated Sophomores pleased with their dance.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE CONSIDERS PURCHASE OF REFERENCE BOOKS

The Library committee is considering the purchase of more books. The books under consideration are those pertaining to history, English and biology.

Not all of the large order of books which were delivered several weeks ago arrived. The publishers said they were not in stock at present, but that they would be sent later.

Some of the new magazines which have arrived are: Current History, Golden-Book, Review of Review, Monitor, and The Scientific Monthly. These books may be found on the west side of the library.

The library now contains books covering practically all the outside reading required in the various courses taught in Junior College.

CITIZENSHIP THEME OF DR. RUSSELL'S TALK TO JUNIOR COLLEGE

Educator Advises Young People to Solve Life's Problems at the Outset

"We must be worthy citizens in our daily tasks," Dr. Daniel Russell said in his speech delivered before the students of the Houston Junior College in their assembly meeting Wednesday night.

Dr. Russell received his highest degree from the University of Chicago. Then he spent a great deal of time in Chicago and elsewhere doing research work in trying to build better citizenship.

Not only in voting must we be good citizens, but in the little things, he said. "There are many problems confronting boys and girls. I wonder what you are thinking," he continued. "One thing that each of you is thinking is what am I going to do when I finish this school life. Only you can solve the problem. The first thing to think," he stated, "is what do I want to do. What is your interest? Where does your ability lie? People waste time taking courses in which they have no ability. The second thing in the choice of an occupation is, are you willing to work? If you are willing to work, you can do anything taking into consideration the above factors."

He talked about one's philosophy of life. But he said he did not want to scare anybody with that term. "What is right and wrong? Is it right for me to vote?"

These were questions that had to be considered in forming one's philosophy, he said.

"Bad citizenship begins in public schools. There is more forgery in public schools than anywhere else and it goes unpunished," he continued. "There should be student honesty."

He related a story about having seen an old classmate of his in the penitentiary who used to copy on examinations. He said he did not mean that everybody who had copied in school would eventually go to the penitentiary, but that more bad citizenship began in schools than anywhere.

"If other people think for you in school you will get in the habit of letting them do it. It develops an inferiority complex," brought out Dr. Russell.

"How can boys and girls adjust themselves to the responsibility of a home," he asked. "This responsibility is so great that those who delay taking it do it better."

Professor Black who had been sitting on the stage rose and thanked Dr. Russell, and invited him to come back.

Professor Black said that he believed in giving credit where it was due and that it was Mrs. Russell who composed the speech that her husband delivered. Amid much applause she rose and bowed.

Dr. Russell was introduced by Mr. Walter Jones who is the exalted ruler of the Elks. He said that Mr. Russell's message was the privilege we have of citizenship which many of us do not realize.

The Elks Lodge is sponsoring the numbers of speeches that Dr. Russell is making in the schools here.

Dr. Russell is well acquainted with several members of the Junior College faculty.

Anyone knows that anyone who loves tests is a sap. Well, there are precious few saps at H. J. C. The reinstatement exams have been attended by a few—all others could invent excuses for absence.

Advance Info: A new member, un-elected as yet, will be added to the faculty next term. He will help Mr. Porter pound math into freshman heads, and he will take over the physics department. Mr. Bishkin will devote all his time to chemistry.

Pray for the Lights to Go Out

Now don't get excited and tell something you shouldn't for we were only inquiring about the unusual incident that happened last week. Bill Jeter said he was on his knees praying to pass that English test, when all at once the lights flickered. Well, Bill, you got some consideration, even though you didn't pass the test.

Mr. Harris undauntedly carried on his lecture in the dark. When he had finished someone struck a match and found seven-eighths of the class had succumbed to slumber. Coach Smith's class was very quiet during the period of darkness. Yes, they all quietly left the room. Mr. South failed to gather in lots of cash because it was so dark

he couldn't see how to write receipts.

It is rumored that someone tipped the building superintendent a few shekels so they could leave school early and go to one of the various rat races in town. Mr. Birney didn't even come to his class at 8:30. He surely did the wrong thing, for Harry Seaman, C. R. Rawlinson and Lonnie Lyon were all up there studying to beat—oh! pardon! I forgot it was supposed to have been dark. Well, anyway they were there because the writer passed by to see how the class was progressing without him.

The cafeteria was packed to capacity. That's funny, you never heard of our students all eating at one time

before. Well anyway, Mr. Dupre was there with his flashlight, so we will assume that nothings malicious happened. I didn't go outside to scout around out there but someone said there wasn't a soul in sight. Yeah, I reckon so with all the lights out.

Dorothy Dixon came down the main corridor looking for a light. She said the girls gym class had just got half dressed, and now they couldn't see a thing. Many offers from the boys were refused, when they volunteered to strike a match for her. One thing is certain and that is we'll have to arrange to have the lights act queerly when our Glee Club puts on another "Trial of Mary Dugan," show.

The Cougar

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Our College

April, spring, warm sunshine, cool clouds, green grass and trees, blue skies, flowers of all colors, and balmy air that makes one have an ethereal feeling.

One must be absolutely devoid of imagination if he does not feel as if he would like to be floating on a cloud, walking down a road that leads to "God knows where," drifting in a canoe on a quivering lake, walking on the sand with the spray of the bounding surf hitting him in the face, or this probably appeals to the more practical ones—having a picnic in a green, shadowy place in the woods, or sitting in a boat waiting for the fish to bite.

And yet there are certain hours during the week, if not during every day, that we must suppress these feelings and concentrate on history, English, mathematics, et cetera, commonplace, but worthwhile things—in order to be the well-rounded people that we would all like to be.

A person could not be well-rounded and not think of these things sometimes, but we must also forget them long enough to study. And being able to take part in the day's recitation will enable us to forget these distracting elements of nature.

And so, if the sun has set never so colorfully, as it does outside the window of the history class, if the birds have never chirped as merrily as while you are trying to do math, remember they are just trying themselves—trying to be in accord with the rest of nature, and trying to distract you. But don't let them; be glad that they are as happy as you would like to be at that moment, and save your dreaming for the week-end.

About School Spirit

What has been more over-worked than the phrase "school-spirit?" It gets tiresome, but what would any school be without it? It is, or should be, the most outstanding element in a college. This is not going to be a recipe on how to acquire it—each student ought to be old enough to figure that out for himself, and should not have to figure long because it is his duty to solve it, the feeling should come naturally and spontaneously.

Nobody can have the right spirit if they don't want to, and nobody can fail to have it if they do want to. And nobody can make anybody have the right feeling. If each individual takes care of himself along this line, he has done his duty and all that is expected of him.

A mere suggestion—Ask yourself how you stand on this school-spirit issue.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club has been devoting the greater part of its time in the selecting of a play. The club hopes to have the play ready to present in the later part of April.

Attention students, watch for the Dramatic Clubs play, buy a ticket and make it go over with a bang.

C. Smith—"Are you doing anything on Sunday evening?"

D. Dixon (hopefully)—"No, not a thing."

C. Smith—"Well then, try to get to class on time Monday morning, please."

BY - THE - SEA

(SECOND INSTALLMENT)

By LOUISE HUGGINS

After the introductions were finished, Lorraine's date reappeared and they went to find a place to sit on the ground. Almost directly across from them sat Jerry and a pretty brunette whom Lorraine supposed was his date. Lorraine had a queer feeling about this girl, almost as if she disliked her, and she certainly had no reason to—why she had never seen the girl before—but there she sat having so much fun, and all because she was with Jerry. Why didn't Jerry come around and talk to Lorraine, our little blonde wondered. And yet, would she even talk to him if he came. Oh well, of course he really couldn't come until his date was at least interested in something else. Just then Lorraine's date asked her a question which she did not hear until it had been repeated at least once. She made a semi-intelligible reply, and resolved that from then on she would show Jerry what a good time she would have in spite of him.

But she had never had a worse time. She hardly knew these people well enough to be natural around them, and they were not much interested in her. She liked her date well enough and did not fail to keep him interested, but if only she could do some very fascinating thing that would enthrall everybody, especially Jerry.

Once in passing her Jerry said hurriedly in an undertone that he would see her the next day. She had not had time to reply, but she was perishing to tell him that she doubted whether he would see her or not.

It was rather early next morning when Jerry did appear at Lorraine's cottage. She had been up sometime, but when her mother told her that Jerry was there in dismayed and surprised tones, her daughter very nonchalantly asked her parent to inform the young man that she not in. More surprise. The fond parent demanded an explanation but received a very unsatisfactory one. It was no use, Lorraine had to face the inevitable and now was as good a time as any to see Jerry.

She strolled into the front room, spoke casually, picked up a magazine, sank into a chair, and was soon seemingly deeply absorbed behind the magazine covers. Such conduct came as a complete shock to Jerry. He felt perfectly innocent, even heroic, having arisen before anyone else at his house just to come and see Lorraine. For a few seconds he could not speak.

"Such welcomes from you are at least unusual," he finally said, "but I can't say that I enjoy them."

"Too bad."

"From your actions one would think I had done something."

"Oh, no. This in frigid tones."

"Well, have I?"

This was too much. Lorraine threw her book on the floor, and stiffened.

"Well, haven't you?"

"What?"

It was no use. If he felt that way about it she would certainly not argue or even try to explain.

"Nothing, of course, you haven't done anything Jerry, couldn't you see I was just saying that to see what you would do." She said this even kindly and there was not a trace of how she really felt showing in her face.

"My heavens I was worried," sighed Jerry. It was like the Jerry that she thought was so sweet and her her mind she even forgave him.

There were other parties to which Gladys invited her any many times she went with Jerry, but she often insisted that he take some member of the house party and was furious when he did not object. But it was not long before she had just as good a time with some of the other boys.

The last day of the house-party came. They were all, including Lorraine, on the yacht making an expedition to San Diego where they were to dine at a beach club, and then dance. Most of the couples were already dancing on the beach. Lorraine and Jerry were dancing together.

"I'll be glad when this party is over, so that we can have lots of good times together," said Jerry.

"Why, aren't you going back tomorrow?" asked the surprised Lorraine. "Not unless you want me to." Lorraine was very thrilled.

"But didn't you have a regular date for this whole party? I mean wasn't there someone you particularly came with, that you have to go back with?"

"No, I think I was sorta an afterthought. Gladys needed some stags and she hadn't thought of it before." This made everything so different.

"And so I have arranged to get a very nice room and spend the rest of my vacation down here where I can see you all the time. I have already told Gladys." Jerry went on but Lorraine hardly heard. She was thinking of all the other things he had said to her that she had not recently decided were not true, but now she knew she could believe them.

Something happened to the motor. Everybody was very excited. The motor could not be coaxed to run at all, and so they did not arrive at San Diego. Lorraine couldn't understand why she was disappointed. The setting here was almost perfect, and Jerry was in love with her, and certainly she was in love with him. It ought to have been enough. She was glad that Jerry was going to be down here, it would no longer be lonesome, but she felt she ought to be more thrilled about it.

It was almost morning when they finally fixed the motor and a long time after daylight when they reached home. They were all worn out, having slept very little, and Lorraine almost forgot to tell them all goodbye as she would not see them anymore. Jerry trudged to the cottage beside her, but she did not even let him come in.

There was a storm, not on the ocean but in the little cottage when Lorraine's mother discovered that Jerry had not left with the party. Lorraine told her mother that there was nothing to worry about because she was not as crazy about Jerry as she had once been. The unconvinced parent wondered what to do next. Heretofore Lorraine's mother had not shown, or rather had not spoken, of her dislike for Jerry. Lorraine had sensed it but now that she knew her parent's real feelings, she unconsciously resolved to see Jerry more than ever.

She carried this out. They were together almost constantly. It was nice to be with him. He could not do things so very well. He was only a fair swimmer, and at times this annoyed Lorraine, who could swim so much better. He wasn't especially crazy about being around the water, and Lorraine was. But they went sailing sometimes, and swimming often, and he said cute things and they had lots of fun.

As smart as Lorraine was, it somehow never occurred to her that any boy in this deserted place would have been attractive to her. And since she already had a start in liking Jerry so well, it was only natural that she should like him better all the time. That is, she thought at one time that she had been in love with Jerry. But after the house-party she had realized that she was not in love with him and now she was sure she was falling in love with him all over again.

Lorraine's frantic family had almost definitely decided to make some drastic move. San Francisco might be a good place to go. Anyway they would have to go somewhere. But an event occurred which made it unnecessary for them to consider any place but the little cottage for the rest of the summer.

(To Be Continued.)

Midnight

A purple sky, bested with stars,
Enfolds as silvery moon;
The velvet stillness of the night
Doth seem to be a boon.

The nightingale then sings out clear
In his sweet ecstasy
And offers up to Midnight charms
A wondrous melody.

An owl in answer to the song
Sends forth his plaintive cries,
Unveiling Night's soft mystery
With wise, unblinking eyes.

So 'tis the nightingales of Life
We find our optimists;
Just so, the wise, satiric owls
Make up our pessimists.

—By Louise Forrest.

Clubs

DEBATING SOCIETY

The early year phonetic activities were begun by both boys and girls of the Houston Junior College.

Howard Branch was appointed president of the Houston Junior College Oratorical Association, which is composed of men and women.

After a thorough study of the interscholastic league question, an able squad of eight men were chosen to participate in any oratorical activities that may arise.

The Athenian Debating Society of the University of Texas, defeated by the H. J. C. team last year, are invited to Houston and are challenged for a debate. It is hoped that the Texas team will accept the challenge; if they do the debate will be held in our auditorium.

In the meantime the South Park Junior College of Beaumont and the H. J. C. will hold a debate, the details will be announced later.

On Friday night, March 22, from 6 to 7 in room 304 there will be an elimination among the boys of the squad to determine who will debate South Park.

Walter Kuntz has been appointed to choose his colleague and accept challenge by Walter Kendrick and Mervine Cole of Sam Houston High School to debate on the interscholastic league question. This debate will be held in the Public Speaking class at Sam Houston, on March 22.

Howard Branch has been asked to choose his colleague and accept the challenge from the Rice freshman; the details of this debate are to be arranged soon.

Much enthusiasm has been shown throughout the year by all interested in debating. Early in the term a contest was sponsored by Coach Harris for all men and women of the association. Howard Branch went thru the finals and won the overcoat offered by Victory Wilson.

The first preliminary has been held in the girls oratorical contest on the constitution. The girls going to the finals were the Misses Bernice Newton, Suma Moore and Dorothy Dixon.

The final to determine who shall be the winner of the evening dress offered by Foley Bros., will be held in the auditorium at an early date.

Coach Harris asked all men and women, who are interested in extemporaneous speaking to watch the bulletin board for a notice of the elimination contest, to determine the best extemporaneous speaker among the boys and girls. At present Victory Wilson is making an offer of a suit of clothes to the winner in the boys contest. The prize for the girls will be announced in the near future.

"I am extremely delighted," said Coach Harris, "over the enthusiasm displayed by the squad and the classes in Public Speaking at the Houston Junior College. I am very glad to announce that W. C. Munn is renewing his offer of a suit of clothes to the boy designated at the end of the year as having made the best record in debate."

Y. W. C. A.

The girls of the Y. W. C. A. club had the pleasure of meeting Miss Hilda K. Howard, who is Southwest district representative for the college Y. W. C. A., on Feb. 28. At this meeting plans were discussed for the spring program and it was decided to continue the study "Customs in Foreign Countries."

Janeva Jacobs gave a very interesting talk on the present conditions in China. Various phases of Chinese life were discussed at the last regular meeting by Frances Foster, Mary Louise Thomsen, and Helen Cheney. Arrangements were made to send Janeva Jacobs, as representative from the Houston Junior College, to the Southwest District Convention to be held March 8-9-10.

The Southwest District Convention of Student Volunteer Movement was held at Palmer Chapel and Autrey House at Rice Institute. The Inter-Religious Council of Rice Institute was sponsor of and host to the convention.

Delegates, numbering around 100, represented the colleges of southwest Texas, including Texas, Sam Houston, San Marcos, Southwest Texas Medical College, Rice and Houston Junior College.

BOOK SHOP

THE GREAT AMERICAN BAND WAGON.

By Charles Merz

Deightfully written, this is one of the most entertaining books published in the last few months. It is a veritable mirror in which Americans see themselves reflected, and despite their realization that the author is making fun at their expense and is hugely enjoying his own joke, the reflection is so ludicrously true to life they are compelled to join in his laughter.

Not a single aspect of Americanism escapes his sparkling ridicule—motorists, tourists, secret societies, radios, newspapers, movies, colleges, games, and amusements alike come in for their share of being laughed at.

Mr. Merz seems to look upon America as a nation of children chasing soap bubbles, who, when having caught one only to have it burst, set immediately about chasing another. But, be it said to his credit, he does not make his book an attempt to reform the nation, nor does he deplore the conditions that exist. He merely finds them decidedly amusing and seems to believe they are a very essential part of America's development.

In his own words:
"This is a day of macadam highways, golf links, lodges, drug store bars, Spanish suburbs, non-stop flights and six-tube sets. But we are not static and we do not rest. Show us something that everybody else is doing and we are off again—on our way to a ringside seat or a college degree, a church drive or a murder trial."

"When the Band Wagon lumbers down the street, we hop aboard it."

"This is a new America. All that it is safe to say of it is this: it will be a still newer America tomorrow, for we are a restless people, with a great store of curiosity and an immense reserve of energy, a heritage of youth and a tremendous will to go somewhere."

"Show us a new goal and we shall be off again, as we have been off before, on so many other bright, auspicious mornings."

—Louise Shepperd.

The principal speakers were Arthur Rugh and Jesse R. Wilson, leaders of the Student Movement in Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. work.

Campus problems in the colleges and religious problems in foreign missions formed the central theme for discussion.

Many of the representatives were Student Volunteers to the Mission field, and Sam Lung (Chinese) of Texas University was the only foreign student present at this convention.

GLEE CLUB

Under the direction of Miss Alpha Adams and assisted by Miss Maxine Noark as accompanist, the Junior College Glee Club staged its second performance of the year. Headlined with the comedy team, Peet and Cole, the show brought tremendous applause on many occasions.

As a curtain raiser, Joe Tortorice enacted the role of Jim McCoy, who spun his tale of woe in "Old Joe's Bar-room on a Corner by the Square." This number was realistically sung, and truly typical of the taxicab driver with the "Gamblers Blues."

"Neapolitan Nights from Fazio," rendered by Faye Ledlow and Stella Carlotta, brought forth two very fine singers. These two young artists received a "big hand" from the audience. Following this number two songs were sung by the whole chorus. The excellent singing in these two numbers is due largely to the untiring efforts of Miss Adams as director of the Glee Club.

Peet and Cole, the Junior College blackface artists, brought the house down with their negro dialect, and outrageous garb. "Diga Diga Doo," a song of the South Sea Islands, was their final number before being awarded a fine, healthy bunch of carrots. These two boys proved themselves entertainers of merit and should go over big in any minstrel.

Miss Shelly Jordan demonstrated some of the latest steps in the final number of the evening's entertainment.

WANTED

Below is a list of books missing from the library. These books were taken by students who failed to charge them. It is every student's duty to see that these books are returned at once.

- Bronte, "Jane Eyre," 745; Blackmore, "Lorna Doone," 596; Hudson, "Green Mansion," 697; Woodworth, "Psychology," 819; La Rue, "Child's Minda nd the Common Branches, 79; Bagley, "Educative Process," 363; Gooch, "Methods in Chemical Analysis," 1027; Scott's "Standard of Medicines," 1025; Noyes, "Organic Chemistry for the Laboratory," 1453; Holmes, "Introductory College Chemistry," 1 234; Noyes, "Textbook," 1024; Scott, "Biology," 1079-1083-1084-1085-1087-1089-1086; Sinnott, "Botany," 532; Woodruff, "Foundations of Biology," 293-538; Williams, "Personal Hygiene Applied," 1574; Bowen, "Theory of Organized Play," 1394; Hirschfield, "Heart and Blood Vessels," 1599; Mayo, "Lectures on Nutrition," 1395; Knudsen, "Gymnastic," 907; Munroe, "Government of American Cities," 1256; Munro, "Government of Europe," 1350; Munro, "Government of U. S.," 1258; Woolley, "Handbook," 25; Heydrick, "Types of the Short Story, 1574; Horne, "Story Telling, Questioning and Studying," 733; Btink, "Making of Oratory," 359; Leigh, "Oratory," 1065; Heydrick, "Types of the Essay," 122; Lindgren, "Modern Speeches," 1118; Ibsen, "Doll's House," 286; Payne, "Selections from English Literature," 334; Howland, "Z a ragueta," 1394-1598; Hazlitt, "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," 1057; Shakespeare's, "Julius Caesar," Neilson 631; Shakespeare's "Macbeth," Hale 627; Shakespeare's "Midsummers Night Dream," Rolfe 439; Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," Innes 311; Morse, "American Statesmen," 1428; Cross, "Shorter History of England," 1080; Moore, "Industrial History for the American People," 751; Schouler, "History of the People of America," 988; Kilpatrick, "Source Book in the Philosophy of Education," 1274; Cambridge, "Modern History," Vol. L; Reddman, "Monroe Doctrine," 1067.

CAMPUS COURSES
By FRANCIS WILLARD.

Collegiate youths, with pipes in their mouths. Lads, not so collegiate, with books in the crook of their arms. Still others, sophisticated enough to know that "collegiate-ism" has gone out and that studying is a bore. And the college half-wit, wisecracking to whoever will listen. A worried looking prof.

Fair damsels, attractive and giggling, making pert remarks because it's the thing to do—being collegiate. Others, not so collegiate, with books and studious frowns. And yet others, blase, world-worn and weary, sophisticated to the point of boredom, deigning to speak to a favored few. And the college-widow, with a harassed look. The prof's wife.

The collegiate boy joins the collegiate girl, and they stand in a prominent place where they can be seen and heard, at the same time, giving the impression that they are being overseen and overheard. The studious boy shyly suggests to the studious girl that they look up history references together. And the blase girl and the sophisticated boy amble out in the cloisters, and the eavesdropper would catch a whiff of smoke and a cynical remark. The nit-wit walks up to the collegiate group and wisecracks about the college-widow, but later walks out with her, seemingly overjoyed by her condescension. The prof meets his wife, and the collegiate, the studious, and the blase all thank God that they're not old and musty.

Upper or Lower?

Mentzer had just informed the agent that he wanted a berth on a certain train.

"Upper or lower?" inquired the agent. "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower, you'll have to go higher. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of its being higher. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher."

But Mentzer had fainted.



Well folks! Didn't we have a great time at our big ole dance? And did you see little Oliver Markey "faw down an go boom" for that cutie Eileen Rusk?

And by the way, sepaking of the dance, a big holdup was staged by a couple of boys in a sport roadster, the victims being Sapington, Markey, Halford and—but the joke was, they didn't get a thing. Three dimes will break one.

Students around the college have been wondering where Bill Jeter spends all his spare time. Well we've found out. Any time that Bill doesn't have a class, and sometimes when he does, you can find him seated out at the side of the college in one of the rolling parlor cars, usually with some fair co-ed under his wing.

Dot Stevenson has her eye on J. D. Larkin cause she says he's the first she's met who'll wash and cook. eBtter reform, or move or something J. D. These mino sets are fatal.

Some poor people are doomed to disaster, for Bo Martin was walking down the hall with Anna Faye and side stepped to et a drink—blah! the lihts went out—but as Boso adequately expressed it—"What good did it do?"

Please step right up front folks and meet Mr. Moore the typical "Sonny Boy."

School will drive us to curious means and methods. Davis, a new comer, has caught the fever and is trying to make a 3 in 1 speech in public speaking.

Happened in the girls' gym class Monday night just in time to see Venus (alias Julia Luchey) execute a new sort of dive. One we've never seen before or again.

Say—Bob Cole, has the kat got your tongue?

A sweet and kind old lady approached Anna Faye in the hall the other day and in asking about the college inquired how long you stayed. Anna Faye said two years. Unfortunately we don't have dorms so most of us are forced to leave by 10:30. Where do you stay Anna Faye?

Spring is here, the red bugs are biting, the flies are singing, the mosquitoes are flying to and fro over the rivers of muck brought on by the spring sprinkles, the sun shines once every week. Spring is here! What of it? We love it?

Mr. Harris must learn that when asked for news of the Oratorical Society a whole paper is not expected. Thanks for the news anyway, Prof.

The week before the dance there was constant worry among the co-eds of the institute because the "eas were shy in making dates. Cheer up and remember all that glitters isn't gold and probably the foremost reason was that the majority of the young men were broke or badly bent.

We expect to see Miss Huberick carrying a doll to school soon because she tells us she feels ten years younger since cutting her hair. Ten years off would put her in the doll and tea set age, wouldn't it?

Well goodby folks, and we hope your mid-term grades are al A's.

Jeter—"I'm twenty-one today, and I can vote."
C. Ward—"No, you can't."
Jeter—"Why not?"
C. Ward—"There's no election."

No Doubt! No Doubt!

Probably one of the reasons that dances are termed "struggles" in campus slang is because human nature is so fond of a contest and it makes the collegiate crowd have a better time.

The main reason that dances have acquired that detestable nickname is, of course, evident—on account of the "holts."

It is at first hard to see why anyone would knowingly subject themselves to a struggle for the whole evening, or even part of it—hard to see why they would want to undergo such hardships as the term implifēs.

But when we remember hoy many wars there are, how many people go to prize fights, what heroes football players are, and how they love it, it is really not so hard to figure out why people even prefer to go to a struggle rather than a dance. They enjoy it more than a prize fight or a football game because instead of being onlookers they are a participant.

People are always struggling for something in this world—that is ambition—and a dance is one of the manifestations of the struggle to have a good time. A something is worth having in proportion to the work it takes to get it, someone said, and the harder people work at dances the better time they have.

It seems a shame that dances can't be called something that canotes dreamy strains of music, a smooth floor, and subdued lights, instead of fast, jumpy muted sounds, dazzling lights, noise, stepped-on toes, a nudled floor, and all kinds of heat.

But the latter picture is American, and if restless Americans are ambitious. And isn't it rather to their credit that they would rather play with all their energy, than to half way do it? A struggle sounds barbarous, but there is some of the barbarian in everybody and Americans do not mind admitting it.

Local Boxers

(Continued from Page 1.)

of the ring. This round went to Long easily. At the final bell Long was still swinging like a windmill but Frieburg was the more experienced, and as a result won the decision by a shade. Long received a big hand from the audience while leaving the ring. It is interesting to know that Frieburg was unable to start his next fight for the finals. The pressure of Long's gloves made him sick at the stomach.

Wallace was the favorite of the fans also, due to the weight handicap he was scrapping under. This was his first appearance. Having trained only three weeks before the fight, he performed in a likewise fashion against his opponent. Wallace like Long was a willing mixer but Rogers had the axe on him through the entire fight. Taking one and losing two rounds, Wallace was easily the favorite with the fans when the decision was made.

Look to Ladies

(Continued from Page 1.)

girls take courses which require two and three labs a week, they get left out. "Physical Education on Wednesdays only."

A sad state of affairs, a very sad state of affairs.

But if Houston has any tubercular, under-sized girls, it won't be the fault of Houston Junior College. This summer, next fall and forever, a full-credited physical education course will be offered both for boys and girls. Embryo coaches and P. T. teachers will be trained. And all of this will be in a Junior College that is two years old. Come on Rice and beat that if you can.

Definition of Marriage

Formerly—For better or worse. Nowadays—For more or less.

Call the Bouncer

It was a lecture about the modern women—by one of them.

"Do you know," she cried to her audience, "that our present style of sensible clothing has reduced accidents on trams, trains and busses by at least 50 per cent?"

She paused to let this sink in, when a male voice from the rear boomed forth—

"But why not do away with accidents altogether?"

WHO ZOO

There goes the bell—and with it Evelyn Robinson and Elizabeth Rowe dash out the door. There they go—cutting class again.

Why are all of our boys growing mustaches? Guess, who is now so optimistic—Master James Willet, himself.

Our crack sport editor, Bob Tracy. Really, he is quite witty both in conversation and in his Cougar articles.

Yeah! Julia Luckie is just the same old Julia—still trying in vain to cut gym three times a week.

Here comes Adine Otto, walking down the hall with a note in her hand. Don't lose it, Adine, it might get published.

Hello! Clifford. Gee, what a swanky new car. Watch out Whitehead—be sure they love you for yourself and not your car.

Howard Branch has been getting the grand rush lately—honors being divided. So far as we can see—the blond and her pansies are winning. Let's wait awhile though.

There's J. D. Larkin with his irresistible smile. Gee, boys, wouldn't you like to change shoes with this versatile young shiek?

Some girls haven't a "school-girl" complexion to begin with, but Mammy!—look at Annie Laurie Baine's: "My idea of heaven, etc."

With all these handsome new automobiles including Mr. Ander's, Eva Newman's, and Norman Mundy's and others, we should have an automobile show.

Speaking of cars—Reagan Marshall

has plenty of luck in trying to sell his—but it's all bad luck.

We're just hoping Katherine Kiley will break down and smile at some of these poor boys who have been earnestly endeavoring to meet her ever since she came.

With all of our good-looking handsome brutes, like Pat Quinn, why is it the girls all want to meet that stranger, Wayne Allbritton? Is it because he is such a marvelous dancer?

We were laboring under the impression that Sophomore-Freshmen dance was to be very select and private; later, when several strangers were admitted we didn't kick. However, when those three Rice boys stalked in all dressed up in tuxedos—we decided that was too much—the way the girls rushed them too. Girls, will you never learn that fine feathers do now make fine birds?

It's easy to be noticed at Junior College. All you have to do is get your name on the bulletin board for cutting assembly.

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,"—and then—to Mary Ellen Lusk. Yeah! Some more scalps are added to her belt.

Sweetest of all Junior College's strawberry blondes—is Opal Beane.

And what can we say concerning Louise Huggins? Oh—just take one look and judge for yourself. You'll look twice, too.

Dot Learned. She's so used to having her own way that she writes in her diary a week ahead of time.

Hail! Hail! 'Tis our own Murray Addison. What shall we say to him? Shall we ask him if he enjoyed the Sophomore-Freshman dance?

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Joke Shop

Cougar Tail Wags

Swish, swish, a fly has rested on the Cougar's tail. Watch him wag.

Did you know that Junior College has Mrs. Walter Hodges, spouse of the San Jacinto coach, as a student?

The Cougar Mystery: What happened to the Englishman?
"Look George, Land!"
"Desert Isle?"
"Isle be darned."

Charles Horowitz turned down a penny for his thoughts—said he'd be turning pro.

"I-I I-love y-y-you."
"Say it ain't!"
"M-my gosh! I-I said it t-t-three times t-t-the first t-t-time."

Shelly Jorhon doesn't know anything about baseball, but she certainly is batty.

A dreamy waltz—a dark corner of Kensington—a couple dancing. Leon Sackheim, who was the alluring blonde?

Trousers don't always make the man. Now, Maxine, don't cry because it was only a girl singing, "Do You Like Me a Little Bit," to you in Assembly.

Marguerite Cook: How many times did he kiss you?
Celia L: He started with a peck. (Why, Johnny.)

If education is so refining, what makes a Junior College course?

Oh, ho! At last we discovered why J. D. Larkin quit wearing his wrist watch. He likes to gedunk doughnuts in coffee.

Notice, Cougar Gedunkers: Sponge cake holds more coffee than doughnuts.

Not all "best comedies" are seen at theatres. Mr. Birney's Jorunalish Class offers excellent opportunities. Their sob stories would ring laughter from Charles Chaplin and Cal Coolidge.

Who is the brute that molests Mrs. Minnie Mitchell's goldfish in the conservatory?

Well, the disturbing element is gone and the Cougar quits wagging his tail.

The chief difference between most men is usually a woman.

Mr. Harris (on phone): Sorry, honey, I'll be awfully busy at the office and can't be home till late.

Frances Harris: Can I depend on that?

Dorothy Dixon: Do you sell mistletoe?

Clerk: Yes, miss, and we like to demonstrate to prove that it is good.

Dot Tasse: Remember when we first met in the revolving door at the post office?

Jack Jones: That wasn't the first time we met.

Dot: Well, that's when we began going around together.

Peterson: My sweetheart gave me a rainbow kiss.

Bergin: What kind of a kiss is that?

Peterson: The one that comes after the storm.

H. Brown: A union man was drowned in the bay recently.

R. Botts: No!

H. Brown: Yep! He swam eight hours and quit.

Oh, No, Not That Bad

He: Don't tell me you got three new dresses at once!

She: Oh no, I just got one yesterday and two this morning.

G. T. Swaile: How much do I pay for a marriage license?

Clerk: Five dollars down and your entire salary each week for the rest of your life.

Miss Huberick (to little boy playing in mud puddle): Get out of that water immediately.

Little Boy: Aw, go find one for yourself.—Banter.

Robert Botts: Haven't I run across your face some time or other?

Walter Kuntz: No, it's always been like this.

Miss Rucker: And do you mean to tell me that you laughed in the face of death?

Mr. Birney: Laugh? I thought I'd die.—Log.

Two little urchins were watching the barber sing his customer's hair. "Gee," said one, "he's hunting them with a light."—Chaperon.

A sign was posted on the door of the dean's office which read: "Back in half an hour."

A few minutes later a line was added: "What for?"

Steps of Sophistication

Freshman: I don't know.
Sophomore: I am not prepared.
Junior: I do not remember.
Senior: I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said.

Eggleston (confessing his sins): Father, forgive me, for I kissed a pretty girl.

Priest: How many times did you commit this terrible sin?

Eggleston: Father, I came here to confess and not to brag.

Prof: Name the largest known diamond.

L. Lyons: The Ace.

Q. How many in that berth?
A. Only one. Heres' our ticket.

Daughter: No, daddy, I won't need any new clothes this spring.

Father: Ye Gods, I was afraid it would come to that.

Highwayman: Make haste, Knights, and cough up.

Knight: By the Blessed Virgin, I cannot; I smoketh Old Golds.

It is said that the style for "tight" dresses originated among the Scotch.

"Aha! A hole in one," chuckled the bandit golfer, as his first bullet perforated the fleeting victim.

Do you know the Scotch athlete who hated to loosen up his muscles?

LIFE'S LITTLE JOKES

She pased—
I saw
And smiled,
She turned
An answer
To my smile;
I wonder
If she, too
Could know
Her petticoat
Hung down
A mile?

"Somehow I don't feel right about this," remarked the left hand shoe as it got put on the wrong foot.

"Yes, I'm afraid I got left too," replied the foot.

She's so dumb she thinks a royal flush is a king and queen blushing

Flunked in Physics.
Failed in Math.,
I heard him softly hiss,
"I'd like to find the guy
Who said that 'ignorance is bliss.'"

Willett: Harry pulled a boner in church yesterday.

Hophienz: How's that?

Willett: The pastor read three chapters from "Acts" and Harry went out between each of them.

Halford went to the picture show the other night and saw the "Purple Garment," came home and slept in purple pajamas.

The next night he saw the "Black Mantle." Came home and slept in a black night shirt.

A night later he saw "The Follies." Now the durned fool is about to die with pneumonia.

"Black Boy, how did you-all get that soot on youh coat?"

Repo'ted Missin'

It seems that a certain ventriloquist of renowned fame had for some unknown reason decided to quit the stage and try his luck in the chicken industry. He purchased a small ranch and hired an old southern darky as an assistant. Things were beginning to look bright and the egg producing business was proving very successful until upon arising early one morning the proprietor discovered that one of his prize winning hens was missing. Thereafter, almost every night one of the chickens disappeared, until the flock had dwindled down to but three hens and a lone rooster; still the mystery was unsolved. It finally occurred to the old gentleman that "Uncle George," the negro helper, was the cause of his failure as a chicken rancher, whereupon he conceived a plan which proved the darky's downfall. Hiding himself in the chicken house one night he waited for the negro's arrival, and soon he was rewarded by seeing Uncle George enter the door with a sack thrown over his shoulder. As the figure eased up to one of the hens asleep on the roost, the rancher executed his duties as an ex-ventriloquist. The following conversation ensued:

"Listen here, black boy, if you so much as touch that wife of mine I'm

"That ain't soot, Carbona, that's dandruff."

C. Lesky: Have you Prince Albert in cans?

Drug store clerk: Yes.

C. Lesky: Why don't you let him out?

She: You know, I like variety—it's the spice of life.

He: Look me over, kid, my name is Heinz.

John had just finished a very large evening and as he tiptoed into the house rather unsteadily he crashed into the goldfish bowl and sprawled on the floor.

Ah—a voice from upstairs: "John, is that you?"

"Aw, you gwan back t'bed—I ain't goin't let no darn goldfish bite me."

The driver used to wrap the lines around the whip and go to sleep for a few minutes. Now a driver wraps his car around a telephone pole and goes to sleep permanently.

"Modern marriage," allows Oscar the Operator, "is like a cafeteria. A man just grabs what looks nice to him and pays for it later."

P. Cleves: I wonder why they say "Amen" and not "Awoman."

T. Eggleston: Because they sing hymns and not hers.

The Warning

Golf Pro: Now, the important thing for me to tell you, sir, is always to keep your eye on your ball.

Frances Willard: Oh! is that the sort of club I've joined?

Whitehead: Is she progressive or conservative?

Branch: I don't know. She wears a last year's hat, drives a this year's car, and lives on next year's income.

"This is a skyscraper," announced the guide.

Ramelda Sass: Oh, my! I'd love to see it work.

H. Sappington: Shall I take you to the zoo?

Margaret Boyett: No, if they want me they'll come after me.

Cluck: Why are you eating those tacks?

Hen: I'm going to lay a carpet.

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going to jump straddle you with both spurs and peck your brain out."

Uncle George, too frightened to move, after much effort answered, "I—I—I—I—I'm powerfully sorry, I—I—I-I really is," and with these brief words, beat a hasty retreat homewards.

The very next day two things happened; first, when the chicken family turned out for their breakfast, the quota was complete; second, Uncle George gave his employer to understand that his services would be rendered no longer. Their conversation follows:

"Well George, what's on your mind this lovely spring morning? You seem worried."

"Yassah, Boss, I is dat."
"Well, well, what's worrying you, Uncle?"

"I'se decided to quit ma job."
"What, decided to quit your job, surely you must be joking?"

"Nassah Boss, I'se really leabin'."
"Suppose I should double your salary, would you consent to stay with me then?"

"Wal boss, dat am a powerful lot o' money. Hoy much am twice ma salary, what am de total amount?"

"Let's see, you are now making \$28.50 a month."

"Yas suh, dat am correct."

"Then twice that would bring the total up to \$57.00 and that is some salary, if you ask me."

"Fifty-seven bones am a heap, sho nuf. \$57.00, I don no what I guine a do wid so much money."

"Then you accept my proposal?"

"Accept you wat, sah?"

"My offer."

"Wal yassah, colonel, I'se done decided to do lak yo say."

"Fine; that's great, now since you have decided ot stay won't you tell me why you were so anxious to leave?"

"Sho do look lak I oughta do dat, cause dat sho am a heap ob salary."

"That's great, now what was your reason?"

"Wal boss, I'se just been in bad health of late and I'se gonna go West and recoborate. I shoe has been feeling bad lately, sho nuff I is. But ah reckon ah feel better now."

"All right, Uncle, we'll just forget all about it. I'll see you at feed time."

"Ah—ah, hey boss—will yo wait jus one minit. Ah—ah boss, I'se just wants yo to promise me one thing fo I go back to work, if yo will."

"Why sure, Uncle George, what is it?"

"Ah—ah, boss—ah—promise me yo won't believe a word dat dam rooster tells yo 'all."

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Sports

BY TRACY

The other day when we were listening in on the radio Graham McNamee, the famous announcer brought up the subject of novel water wagons that the college teams were displaying lately on the gridiron. One in particular was the rubber-tired wagon used by Georgia Tech in the Rose Bowl Classic. Well he's got a lot to see yet. He should have seen "Jumping" Joe Tortorice scuttle that five gallon capacity Phenix Phil outfit last season.

We are very sorry to learn that "Black" Klaras has undergone an operation and will be absent for a while from our midst. Here's hoping he will enjoy a speedy recovery. You know, "Black" had his nickname tacked on him because he was minus the soviet top that "Red" Grange had. Of course the thing could not be neglected so they called him "Black Grane." "Black" is his "moniker" for short.

Well people, the fever has popped out all over the baseball diamond in the last few days. Bilao and "Ted" Warden have been chunking the speroid about for the last few days. Many others have signified their intentions of coming out for practice also. "Wally" Banks who played amateur ball last season is expected to bid for a berth while James, tall youth from St. Thomas College may be with one of places as a pitcher. Yelverton, star basketball player, reported to practice last week and covered plenty of terra firma around the infield. This lad can throw a wicked curve ball also.

That campus nonchalance---

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