

GRAFF ZEPPLIN TO FLY OVER CITY 'N DROP CREAMPUFFS

FLASH!

John D. Wattafeller has donated \$25,000,000 to the Houston Junior College, according to an announcement today by Eddie Cantor, self-styled president of this great institution.

The money will be used to endow a University of Houston and tentative plans call for a large campus situated on the present site of Herman Park.

The new school will include 15 academic buildings, 7 dorms, a football stadium seating 100,000, and a student's building where beer will be served free to those making E's or better.

Concerning the gift from Mr. Wattafeller, Doc. Eddie Cantor said:

"We deeply appreciate Johnny's gift and we hope that he will make a habit of donating to us. You see us school guys is gotta live."

Willie Dates, president of the school Board issued the following statement:

"Since Johnnie has give us some dough, we are passin the benefits to students by havin free tuition."

Lean Dupre says:

"I reckon as how our jobs is safe since Jawn D. broke loose wid a little kale."

The trustees of the new school decided to name it "Wattafeller Institution" in honor of the great benefactor of humanity.

Other features of the new college include:

- (1) "Free ice for free nearbeer."
- (2) "Smaking permitted in class."
- (3) "Teachers don't mean a thing (if they ain't got that swing—poop poop padoop,—shamey.)"
- (5) "Classes will be 15 minutes or less."
- (6) "Etc."

FLASH! AGAIN

On looking at Wattafeller's gift again we find it to be one of his famous "shinney dimes." What a man, what a man!

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"Buy American" Says Local Street Sweeper

Here's news for you for the first time published and by the request of the students mentioned. Hamp Robinson and Mary Bradley have secured their marriage license, wish you the best of luck . . . Kitty Furlock is now going steady with Clark Gable . . . Libby Lewis is secretly married to a boy whose initials are A. S. . . . Ada Dickey has a boy friend at A. & M. College . . . Lucy Grady once won a beauty contest. (Believe it or not) . . . George Moers, short, brunette, graduate of San Jacinto, is now attending Houston Junior College . . . Bill Henderson will not tell his hobby—we wonder why . . . This may be a shock but Max Cohen made six A's in his courses . . . T. V. Rogers, and Welton Lee Salm, are two of the nicest boys in our school, saw them at Boyson's the other night, with Lucille Black and Dorothy Frew . . . Saw Isreal Rabinowitz after two o'clock in the morning kissing his girl, in fact we even know who she is . . . Did J. P. Morgan blush the other night; you ask him why . . . Read in yesterday's paper from New York that Adolph Marks is the advertising

Bull, Burp, Balogna Featured In Tent

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WHAT! NO DEER, OR NATHY NATHY ON ALL YOUSE GUYS

The charming newspaper man, C. W. Skipper was startled last night by a peculiar noise. A few moments later a window was opened and in stepped two young ladies, wearing 2 glowing red masks. Mr. Skipper backed against the wall with wide eyes, and his mouth a large gap in his face. Horror was the dominating emotion writ across his map.

While one of the girls held a small mean-looking pistol leveled at the heart of this insignificant "Walter Winchell," the other young lady explored his pockets and finally found a small black note-book. After thanking C. W. for his co-operation they disappeared through the window from which they came.

Students can now eat their dinner without having their favorite dessert published in "The Cougar" now that the "little black note-book" is gone.

Latest Flash! Police report that the two heart bandits have been captured and are now in Cell 418, City Jail, where their friends may visit them. They are listed on the police blotter as Ethel Margaret Falk, 14, 1907 Dowling Ave., and Mary Elizabeth Horan, 12, 4909 1/2 Ave E, Galveston, Texas.

The damning evidence which caused the apprehension and incarceration of the two bobbed-haired thrill bandits was a small black note-book, which is said to contain much damaging evidence concerning activities of students and faculty members at the H. J. C.

BURGLARS CAUGHT OPENING DOOR TO SCHOOL OFFICE

"The Big Conflagration"

Great clouds of black smoke were billowing toward the sky. The whole etherial domain was tinged with red as great tongues of fire leaped to the heavens.

General confusion reigned as a third degree fire alarm sounded. All the fire-fighting apparatus in the city was called out because Junior College was burning, and Dupre just fiddled around.

Students ran helter-skelter. No one seemed to know what it was about.

Night classes were in full force, all the students were so silent, as usual in their lessons that the alarm startled them. Each scholar grabbed his precious books and ran out of his class-room in a daze. All were so bewildered that a wild scramble of bumping and knocking-down prevailed.

Soon the big sturdy footed gigolos were safe on the outside. Then came the crippled brigade of flappers marching out in squad formation.

The brave fire-fighters were running hither and thither in their mad search for the fire.

A very heroic squad of the more manly students composed of Robert Piehl, J. J. Mooney, Joe Green, Joe Yates (no kin to Jack Yates) formed a unit and decided to venture back at great peril into the fire illuminated building.

Stealthily they stepped. Each second brought them nearer, maybe, to certain death.

On they fearlessly marched. What a courageous band of "men," (?) everyone suddenly thought.

Smoke filled the air, it was stifling but onward they went. Down a corridor where volumes of thick black

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NICE PEOPLE TO REPEAL JONES LAW

(Story will appear in last issue)

WHY DANCE? ASKS 100 YEAR GIGOLO

(Special to Dean Dupre from Grantland Rice)

Dear Sir:

Please allow me to congratulate you on the marvelous records made by the athletic teams of Houston Junior College during the past several years. You and the entire coaching staff composed of one (1) Archie W. French, deserve much credit for the fame these teams have brought to your school.

I also wish to congratulate you and Coach French because of your work in developing those All-American football players; namely, George Adams Le Fever, Jr. (Ah, how my heart grieves with you when I realize how sorely you need a player of his caliber this year), Israel Rabinowitz, H. A. Willich, and Stillman Taylor. What big brutes of men these specimens of American manhood are!

Archie (Mastermind) French has also been selected as All-American all-around coach. Ah, the strategy that man used! I will never forget the time he had his star fullback, Rabinowitz, make a touchdown for the opposing team so that they would become over-confident. And how he could take defeat! Remember the time the opposing basegall team nosed out his nine by the score of 597-0? What a man!

You will probably be pleased to know that you have been awarded a membership in the N. A. V. A. M. Club. I take great pleasure in bestowing this honor upon you. By the way, could you lend me five dollars until next Tuesday? Your old pal,

Grantland Rice

P.S.—Don't forget the five.

AL CAPONE GIVES TALK IN ASSEMBLY TO H.J.C. STEWENTS

"I'm pleased to meecha and I hope that youse guys will profit by de mistakes dat I made," said Al Capone when he recently addressed the H. J. C. assembly, "and if dere is any ting dat any of youses wants me to tip you off about—then lets hear it, or forever after keep yer trap shut."

Capone moved his audience to tears when he told them about the time he had to bump off his mother. "Mudder was as good a dame as a guy could find anywhere, but she tried musslin in on me business—and I just had to bump yer own mudder, but I was kinda sorry frterwards."

Al told about his rapid rise in the crime world from the very beginning. "I wuz mish—, ambish—, aw hell! I wanted to do something big so I enrolled in nite school. That was the Chicago Crime College. I majored in beer running and hijacking getting me degree in tree years time. That wuz because I did so much outside work. An you mugs listen, I paid me entire tuition tru dat school by forged checks."

The noted gangster explained how he decided to continue his education in crime.

"I wanted one o dim doctars degrees, and I tawt dat I would look swell in one o dose black nite gowns dat collics guys wear. So to de institution of higher loirning for you, Al, I sez to me."

Capone explained the importance of machine gunning in gang wars, and told about his post graduate work in those fields. In fact he wanted to show just how adept he was with the gun by plugging Lucy Grady, but that could be no proof because it is almost impossible to miss hitting Lucy.

"I don ant to bore yuh wid a lot o chin music, so I will have some o de boys to pass out pretzels and beer. And dat beer is de best stuff dat crooks can steal."

BIRNEY BUYS RACE HORSES

Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee and their company of seventy-five famous stars will offer one of the most magnificent musical extravaganzas ever to be held in Houston, in Houston Junior College, April 5, at 7:00 o'clock.

Among this group of internationally known celebrities of radio stage, and screen are Walter Winchell, the Boswell sisters, Ed Wynn, the fire chief, the Baron and Charley.

One of the highlights of the program, which is full of the latest musical numbers just off Broadway, will be a beauty parade, with Clara Bow, Kay Francis, Greta Garbo, and Marlene Dietrich, exhibiting the latest in bathing wear from Palm Beach.

Phil Cook will imitate three tongue-tied men in a zoo, Little Jack Little will play two pianos at the same time and Douglas Fairbanks will demonstrate his athletic ability while Will Rogers gives humorous comments on topics of the day.

One hundred gigolos, most handsome—and pleasing will assist Rudy Vallee himself, who promises that

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What Is This Thing Called Courage? OR, IS A BOY'S BEST FRIEND HIS MOTHER

BY THE EDITOR

Of all the ambitious young men earning glory an livelihood by their fistie prowess, Kid King was among the least promising. He was big enough, strong enough, and ugly enough—but he just lacked courage.

When Joe Devon, his diminutive, but astute manager, sought the Kid for a training period he always found his fighter engaged in moody session of thumb-twiddling. When Kid King was not active at playing with his digits he would climb under the gym's boxing ring and sit and bite his finger-nails. All efforts to exorcitate him were of no avail. His manager told him the gloves were as large as pillows, his sparring partners were small, and the mat well padded—but Kid King refused to become addicted to the manly sport. The Kid not only refused to grow enthusiastic, but he also expressed complete and profound lack of interest. Put in its mildest form—the kid was afraid.

One day the Kid's customary brooding spell was interrupted by his manager:

"I just signed you for a fight. The opposition will be old Tom Gunn. He is so punch-drunk that he thinks John L. Sullivan is still champ.

King's only response was a half-audible sigh of regret. Somehow he could not sum up the courage to make his local debut in the prize-ring.

"I was just thinking, Joe, and I decided to get a job and go to work. Then I can pay you back the money you spent for my railroad fare here."

"Don't look so morbid Kid. Why, when I picked you up at Colton College I thought you had the markings of a champ, but now you turn out like this."

"I am afraid you don't understand," explained the ex-Colton football star. "I'm not ungrateful, but I want to smoke the calumnet of peace and forge the swords into plowshares." What he, no doubt, meant was to turn the padding of boxing gloves into padding of a pillow so he could lie down and sleep it off.

"If that's the way you feel about it—Okay. But you can beat this punk with one hand. Why he's so old that . . ."

The night of the fight found fight-manager Joe Devon engaged in tapping the hands of an inspired Kid King. The Kid understood that Gunn was just a set-up who spent most of his time in the ring in a

horizontal position. When the duellists met in the center of the ring for final instructions from the referee, King beheld an aspect that almost staggered him. He looked at Gunn: never had he seen so hideous a face. There were cauliflower ears that were evidence of his inability to ward off blows. Deep scars above his eyes suggested the trench-work of the late war. A flattened nose was nothing more than a pancake of distorted flesh and cartilage which had probably been hammered on more than a blacksmith's anvil. The mouth! It was studded with so many scars that one glance at it reminded Kid King of the sides of a zipper. The ugly countenance of Gunn looked as if it had been run through a sausage-grinder.

At the bell, King proceeded to play the Anvil Chorus on that flattened nose with such rapidity and sureness, that Gunn looked up to see if some body wasn't dropping bricks on his head from up above. He was still looking up when he regained consciousness.

After having clouted Gunn into a sharp solo, King's confidence and eagerness to fight increased. He even

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JUNIOR COLLEGE CREW TEAM



Pictured above is H. J. C.'s rowing team in action! Fred R. Birney, notorious instructor, is seen at the helm of the good ship "Greased Lightning." Birney's picture was snapped just as he was crossing the finishing line of a round-the-world tour.

Note Birne's lithe, graceful form as he forces the craft thru the water at break-neck speed. Observe the powerful, sinuous muckles of Fredrick's ears as he holds them to the wind—hoping to catch enough wind to drive the lil boatsy-wostsy fru the wava... (He ought to. The ears are big enough) Birney is seen with a piece of stick candy in his lil mouthie (it must be explained that he usually has his bottle and nipple, but the dry crusaders thought it might resemble beer instead of baby's milk—so the candy was substituted.)

Note the sardine aht has left his haunts of the briny deep to welcome Frederick with that well known high-sign. Or maybe the fish is hitchhiking. Who knows?

THRU THE KAMPUS KEYHOLE

BY SEYMOUR SCANDAL

Ethel Margaret Falk, the gal who is now giving the H. J. C. lads a whirl, was once upon a time "up in the air" about a boy who came to Houston from Arkansas.

In fact, she was so far up in the air that she accepted his invitation for an airplane spin. Before the couple could ascend, however, little Ethel's parents arrived at the scene and prevented the aerial adventure. Miss Falk used to drive by the place George worked, and almost cost Mr. Hudson his job.

.....Now, however, Ethel has been pulling ears with Andrew Shebay. It might be a variation of the ancient game of "Postoffice."

.....And it is the opinion of this scribe that she should at least stay within calling distance of the group when she skates with a youth on MacGregor Drive. The pair were at least a half-mile from the rest when spotted by Seymour Scandal.

Orlo McGeath's nerves were in a bad shape after he played a recent game of "scavenger." Orlo was told to bring in a pair of unmentionables—one at the scantier of female undergarments. He succeeded in producing them, but ask him where he got 'em. Don't believe him.

Pat (Toothpick) Foley, has about decided that no women are true. Pat had a date for the Soph days, and lo and behold, if Mr. Foley didn't come out of Ye Old College Inn and find Miss Owen, his date, casting her affections on a handsomer brute.

.....It was also Mr. Foley who thought he knew just about every

parking spot in Houston, but a recent offered to show Patrick a new place that would beat his old haunts. She did, and he admits that it is even dark and secluded enough to satisfy HIM!

A blessed event is expected by the wolf at our door.

We are told that Chile Spencer was very stingy at the Junior League dance recently. People say he was certainly tight.

If you enjoy getting rises out of people, try mentioning the word "Trees" to Harold Renfro.

SWEETHEARTS SIP SODA, SIPHONING SWEETS WITH SINGLE STRAW!

M. E. Horan invited herself to share George Hedrick's Chawket ice cream soda in the Almeda Pharmacy. Need we say that Mary Elizabeth got the most soda?

.....Miss Horan also broke the spring on the scales at the same pharmacy. Seymour Scandal is not sure whether she was weighing or doing a jig on them.

A miss is as good as a smile.

We think that Duncan Neblett and Elamey Fisher could select a more suitable place than an Analytical Geometry class to carry on their romance.

Hall of Flame

Laurene Bettencourt and Stillman Taylor.

Minnie Topek and any boy she can catch.

H. A. Willrich and Jean Harlow. Laura Munson and Jesse Darling. Nell Wade and Jesse Darling. Any old girl and Jesse Darling. Robert Piehl and himself.

-TNX.



Our College Cutie Says

(By Evelyn Coffey)

My Favorite Liars

Without any blush of false modesty I may say that I am now one of the world's foremost authorities on the subject of fibs, whoppers and just plain darn lies.

Eddie Mavasek, who for some time, has had the honor of serving as Exalted Giraffe of the Tall Story Club (the genial brotherhood devoted to the glorification of the Great American Whopper) is the most shameless prevaricator of the year. Here's Long's credentials:

"A friend an I were fishing in a trout stream when we came upon a wide, deep hole which was full of fish—that is, it was practically full of one particular fish.

"We observed that fish carefully, and noticed that he had one red eye and one green eye. Presently we discovered how the big fish managed to get something to eat.

"He would lie there and close his green eye and keep his red eye open. The smaller fish traveling downstream, upon seeing the red eye, would stop and wait for the lights to change. Pretty soon there would be whole swarm of fish crowded together, obeying the traffic rules.

"Then the big fish would close his red eye and open his green eye. The moment the swarm of smaller fish saw the lights change they would dart forward in a wild rush. And the big fish would open his mouth and swallow hundreds of them."

I'm a lover of dogs, and was deeply touched when Mary Stephenson told me of the strange fate that befell her faithful hound. A neighbor killed the dog and had a vest made of poor Fido's skin. Mary knew this because the neighbor showed up with a dog skin vest. On the vest was the stump of a tail, and every time Stevie approached, the tail started to wag.

And I dare say this was the same faithful animal that learned to wig-wag his tail. One day, George Snider went quail hunting with this dog. Presently, Fido's tail began making rapid movements—waitwaging the following code message:

"KGeorge—have you got any buckshot?—If you haven't—you better—git-to h— out—of here. There's a big brown bear up—ahead—and he's coming—your way.

Signed Fido."

Being the grandfather of a surgeon and having inherited a special scientific interest in all surgical matters, I was particularly interested in the story told by Paul Spanks which concerns a peculiar accident. A man had his nose cut off and also his big toe. Both the nose and the toe were sliced off as neatly as you please. A surgeon of great skill sewed the severed members back into place. The only trouble was that he put them back in the wrong places. He grafted the big toe on the man's face and grafted the nose on the man's foot.

"The operation was a success," says Mr. Spanks, "except for a few

GUTTER STUFF

We would like to know why Mary Elizabeth Horan gave up Charles Puse for her bright Spark Paul.

There is a little scandal out about Bill Holt and Margie Wilkie were seen parking on Main St. recently. They were getting along very fine together.

Jimmy Waite had a falling out with Homer Holcomb at a dance. She was eating a sandwich while dancing and he asked her if she wanted to dance with him or eat her sandwich and she replied that she would rather eat her sandwich. What a woman!

Melvin Feeny has been going with three nice girls but if he want's to keep them he had better stop going around with these Taxi Dancers.

When Ed Smartt and Ruth Sparks want to neck they better find a better place than the drive-way at the end of school.

If Mack Douglas knows what is good for him he'd better keep his mouth shut and keep away from a girl who's middle name is Elizabeth.

peculiar results. Everytime the man has to blow his nose he has to take off his shoes, and whenever anyone steps on his toe he is really being kicked in the face."

Newest Heart Throbs

All the H. J. C. femmes are a-jitter and a-flutter just now in respect to the charms of one Elmer Hamilton. Most any fair damsel of this student-body can vouch for the fact that Elmer is a swellegant dancer—and, as for his personality, I'll wager my new sea-green pajamas that he will continue to take femine H. J. C. by storm.

Depression Rates

Ed Smart, who collects garbage in one of the residential districts in which a great many H. J. C. students live, reports that this depression is simply terrible. He says his profits on the sale of empty ginger ale bottles has fallen off more than half.

CUPID SAYS—

Boy, bring Dan Cupid an Asprin! H. J. C.'s romances have given him a severe case of the "jitters." Fax Moody is hitting the high

AEBI TO GRADUATE



Working on the theory that all things come to him who waits, Fred Aebi, man about town of the H. J. C. is finally about to be graduated. Mrs. Bender disclosed late Thursday. A consultation was held between the members of the "We Like Pie Betta" fraternity and they consented to let Fred go. Fred has no plans for the future as yet... After he gets a shave he will disclose them.

Homer Reilley is still wondering how he can win an argument with a woman. Anyone who can supply the desired information will please get in touch with Mr. Reilley. Mr. did you get that!

Mrs. Ebaugh read her class a story last week, and after it was finished she asked if anyone noticed an unusual simile in the story. Lucille Holland remarked that she knew what it was and stated that it was something about "worms." Mrs. Ebaugh quickly corrected her by saying it was not about worms, but about fishes. Someone spoke up and said, "Well, what's the difference, you catch fishes with worms." Wonder if Mrs. Ebaugh heard it? Everyone else did!

spots with Israel Rabonowitz.

Melvin Feeny and Woogy Anderson are flitter-fluttering all over every place. Feeny has completely left Hamp in the shade even tho Woogy and Hamp were at fever heat before the advent of Melvin.

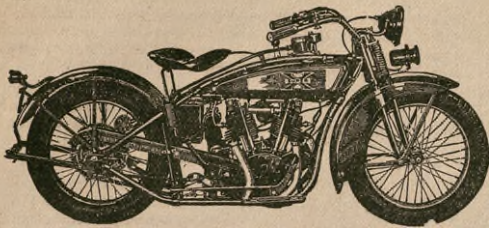
John Hill and Evelyn Bashara are now purring. They battle ever now and then 'cause it's so much fun patching up a scrap.

Technocracy, war debts, unemployment and prohibition repeal are pale and trivial questions when compared with such a tremendous issue as the effect Jesse Darling's kisses have on Virginia Cotten.

Ain't it good !!!



ROBOT COW



Pictured above is one of the two robot cows acquired for the practice sessions of the H. J. C. summer school dairying classes. Newly invented by Prof. Lucifer G. Futz, the machine is virtually human, and very ticklish. Coach Bench tried the machine before it was purchased, and stated Thursday that it is a real innovation in practice milking. After cleaning the carbon it gives east Texas milk, and Pennsylvania motor cream . . . Note the contented Look . . . Moooooowoooo.

Because of the numebr of requests that have come into the office, dairying will be offered to students during the summer semester, according to an announcement from the Louisiana St. Offices of President E. E. Overdoser. Tentative plans call for this course to be fully affiliated with that offered by the junior college in Hillsboro, Texas, and students planning to go there after leaving the Houston institution will receive full credit, and a letter of recommendation, as well as a blessing from Father H. W. Harris, college chaplain.

According to Ignatious K. Whoopee, dean of the college, no instructor has as yet been appointed to instruct the course. He admitted, however, that the decision will be upon either Coach Archie W. Bench or Prof. Red R. Wormey, both of whom are well qualified.

Coach Bench was born in Delhi, Texas, and lived there for the most part of his younger days, riding on the Phony express between there and Houston for many years before he was promoted to drug clerk at the Gabbles. He came in contact with many Junior college students in this position, and was requested by them to come to H. J. C. and teach. Willing to try anything once, coach Bench readily accepted, and has done wonderfully well, as the records of his teams will readily signify. When interviewed, Coach had this to say: "One of the first things I will do, if I get the job, will be to organize a cow-milking team at the H. J. C. to compete with the Four H clubs in neighboring metropolises. We have a wealth of material here, I believe, and should easily win the regional championship. As yet, we have no cows to practice on, but you can say that a requisition has been made, and after it goes through the necessary channels, we will get one or two. The school already has enough equipment for the team."

Prof. Red R. Wormey, other candidate for the position didn't dwell so much on personalities when interviewed. Wormey is a graduate of Pagoda college in California, and took three courses in cow's philosophy, he disclosed.

"Why do they always milk cows early in the morning?" we asked him, and he replied with the air of a professional, "Because if they wait until noon, the cream will sour."

SUGAR LIP SMARTT

Ed Smartt the Emancipation Park Gild Savant Collegian Outdoor Club was awarded a medal for bravery



displayed during a recent pie-eating contest. Smartie saved 2 H. J. C. coeds from the vicious onslaughts of a goldfish.

MACFEE HONORED

Numerous efforts on the part of the faculty of the H. J. C. have finally resulted in securing for Richard Macfee the title of assistant



LIVING MODELS

baseball coach and feature writer of the college team and paper respectfully yours, E. E. E. E. Whatymacallit.

dOnT ReAd tHIS

laDies and GentlexMen of ThIS colleGe, As YoU caNSEE fRom thIS beGin'NG, i am a nu RePoRteR oN the PaPeR. ALL i wonted too DO; x5 is 9 To tELL u foaks i wilbe Writin in EvRy ISSU3333 .
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2 of the RePoRteRs laFFed when they Saw mY colUm, but thay dindt no i was the Bes neuspapereham in punonio, cal.

someBoDIE pjust brout in sune neWs to rthe paPeR, but U foaks new about it alPa has monthH neway, sew till nex Time i jsu wunt put ine of it.

your paL

O. O. mC ntir, jR.

Dopey Daniel asks, "If Horace Greely was alive today, and if he was broadcasting on Rudy Vallee's program, would he say, 'Go yeast, young man, go yeast?'"

STOP ME!

IF YOU HAVE HEARD THIS ONE
BY MILTON GREGORY

Again, your pardon Mr. Ripley. Lincoln was wrong. At Gettysburg he said: "The world will little know nor long remember what we say here." Yet this address is remembered longer and more universally than any other.

A provincial actor in France was able to move his hair at will, cause it to stand on end, fall or curl. He could also make one side curl while the other side lay flat.

Try this on your Larynx. If you remember how easier it is to remember what you would rather forget than remember, than to remember what you would rather remember than forget—then you can't forget how much easier it is to forget what you would rather remember than forget, than to forget what you would rather forget than remember.

Turkish baths are not Turkish—nor are they baths. They are hot-air room of Roman origin.

Talking about depression. J. Ogden Armour, Chicago packer, lost a million dollars a day for 130 days.

The jugular vein is not a vein—it is an artery.

A two-inch pipe will give four times as much water as a one-inch pipe. The volume of a pipe varies as the square of the diameter.

A storage battery does not store electricity.

Westminster Abbey is not an Abbey. Its true name is the Collegiate Church of St. Peters.

John Howard Payne, author of "Home Sweet Home" never had a home. He was a wanderer on the face of the globe all his life.

Japanese cherry trees bear no fruit. They are merely ornamental.

Contradicting proverb: Great minds run in the same channel. Fools think alike.

The ice-flower of Switzerland forces its way up through the solid ice to blossom in the sun.

A schoolboy made 13 mistakes in spelling the five-letter word "usage." He used eight wrong letters and none of the correct ones in his attempt. His version was "Yowzitch."

There is a left-handed and a right-handed sugar, termed Dextrose and Levulose.

Elizabeth King, yes, the dear girl, she's a bit all right, forgetful, but still a bit all right, you know . . . and Marjorie Wilke, somewhat of a runt but a nice girlie with which to play hands, so 'tis said . . . which brings us to Margaret Scriber, an inmate of our own Junior College, and quite a bit of a hert breaker if we can believe our eyes, you know . . . and still there is Harry Echols, our own College boy, something of a charming smile and personality no end . . . and last but not least in our heart comes the dear, dear Harriet Allen, somewhat of a beauty and charming without a doubt.

Elmer Hamilton, the accomplished dancer—was he missed at the Sophomore dance, and N. C. Jensen, one of the crooners of H. J. C. noted especially for his handsome profile.

What's This—

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thought it fun—that is as long as his manager signed him with push-overs. Joe Devon was a manager—that's why he kept feeding his charge set-ups. He knew Kid King wasn't ready for a real trial, but he kept along these lines. It costs money to hire set-ups because it's worth a pocketful of pieces-of-eight to take a beating such as King began issuing out.

When Devon thought his fighter was ready for a "trial-horse"—he signed him to meet "Tiger" Van. The Tiger was sometimes good and sometimes bad, but any boxer who hoped to gain recognition had to first dispose of him.

Devon was not only good as a fight-manager, but also as a gambler; and when he had a hunch he usually backed it with his bankroll. It so happened that he had a hunch that Kid King could beat "Tiger" Van—consequently he bet several thousands on his charge.

"Smack him over, Kid. Smack him over," the Kid was instructed by his manager. "He has been slammed moretimes than door. Smack him over."

When the bell sounded to send them into action, King didn't know whether to circle his opponent first, or just go out and "smack him over." The problem was decided for him. No sooner had he started from his corner than he found his opponent before him. Van led a wild right hand. King cleverly ducked and countered by ramming his left into Van's face. King set so fast a pace for the remainder of that round that he won it by a large margin.

The next four rounds found Van's face hidden by a medley of fast-flying boxing gloves, and he had yet his first solid blow to land on the hard-fighting Kid.

"Smack him on his chin," King's manager told him during the rest period before the final round,—it's glassier than a ten-cent diamond."

After the belligerents squared off in the center of the ring for the final round, King threw over a hard left hook that landed flush on the angle of Van's jaw. It was a terrific punch: Van's eyes went bleary and his knees sagged under him, but instead of going down he merely shook his head and bored in. The effect of Van's being able to stand up under such a hard pounding turned the tide of the battle. For five rounds King had pushed forward and had hit Van with everything but the water-bucket. But when he found Van could "take it," he immediately lost heart. Van was quick to sense the let-up in attack, and set out to change his route of defeat to a drive for victory.

It was just too much for King to have to extend himself in battle. He lost heart—his punches lost steam—and he began running backward. At first he was confused, then alarmed; his excitement prevented him from blocking a blow that would not have ordinarily been landed. Down he went. He witnessed a new sensation seated on the canvas—the sensation had an appalling effect on his courage. The average fighter—receiving a body blow of no greater force than this one—would have bounced up and finished the fight at tip-top speed, but King remained on the canvas. He seemed reluctant to leave this haven of safety for a place where he might be subject to receive punches aimed at his head. A voice slowly beat its way into his brain.

"Six. Seven. Eight . . ." it was the referee tolling out the fatal count. King hesitatingly rose to his feet. Van, excited by his chance at victory, let go a wild swing. The blow, describing a speed-blurred arc through the air missed its mark. It landed on King's shoulder.

King fell to the canvas like a felled giant-oak; but he was pos-

NEWS ITEM:

GOBBLER LAYS EGG



THE DERN SISSY

IT COULD BE FUNNY

"Gosh, Bill, I have a funny story to tell you. Hah, hah, hah! Gosh, it's a scream!"

"All right, let's hear it."

"It starts out—haw, haw, Gee, you'll die laughing."

"Well, I'll die happy. C'mon let's have it."

"You see, there was a—Bill Jones told it to me, and I tore the buttons off my shirt, I laughed so hard."

"It must be funny. Go ahead and tell it."

"Well, it starts out that there were—say, have you heard it before?"

"No, I don't think so. Go on."

"Well, it seems there were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike and—hoh, hoh, hoh! Boy, it's a scream!"

"Say, are you going to tell it or not?"

"There were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, and well, I'll be—"

"Whats the matter? Go on."

Gosh, Bill, I've forgotten the joke!"

Kitty Hurlock was walking silently down the hall one night last week, unaware of the fact that Mr. Dupree was behind her. She stooped to pick up a cigarette which someone had discarded, and when Dupree saw her, he said, "Kitty, don't you pick that up!"

"Listen, Dupe, I saw it first" was what Kitty said.

And she picked it up.

Joe Patterson saw a girl standing on the corner across from school one day and even though he didn't know her he seemed to do very nicely . . . saw him cross the street and take her home. Home Sweet Home.

Wonder if she told him the right name?

Lucille Holland is awfully afraid that her Austin reputation is going to follow her to Houston. A hint to the wise!

Where have we been all our life? We just met Buddy Norton that charming new person at H. J. C. Ask him if he knows how to play games.

Johnny Allright is still meandering silently about the campus attempting to find a lady love.

course by cleaning out the stalls,

There's a fellow named LNO DNLI DNV

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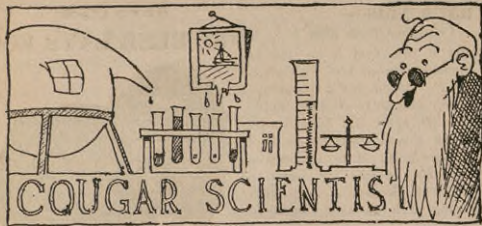
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The strength of Googobocofita, the germ which causes fallen arches, is put at one fuzzle. It takes 10 fuzzles to make a fuzzle, 1,000 fuzzles to make a buzzle, 6 buzzles to compose $\frac{1}{4}$ a bip, and 9 bips to make up an erg. And just what the hell an erg is—nobody knows.

Professor Ignatz Jerywitz has discovered that ordinary grub worms have a high nutrition value when eaten with limberger cheese. These worms, if eaten with due care and consideration, have a tendency to prolong life since they are rich in vitamins J and K.

A Harvard prof astonishes the scientific world by discovering that an ordinary housefly has 6 character genes to every body cell, and each parathyroid gland has at least 2

nuclei in every cell. Wonderful stuff this—and has a great value toward bettering the human race.

Clear pure diamonds can be made in the H?J?C? chem lab by melting a pound of butter in a quart of boiled juuz oil. Everyone can even make diamonds in their own home for a small cost if they have the butter and juuz oil. But the trouble is that there is no such thing as juuz oil.

A Chicago mathematics fanatic recently issued the following statement to the press: "If a car sets out from Houston traveling at a speed of 10 miles per hour—then at the end of an hour's time the car will be a distance of ten miles from Houston." It took the math shark 10 years to complete that research.

It is estimated that the average goldfish can draw in and spurt out 6 fluid ounces of water every 4 hours.

A recent scientific survey showed that out of every hundred matches that are made, they have the following uses.

28 light cigarettes, 6 serve as toothpicks, 4 light fires, 12 are chewed up and thrown away, 5 get wet and become useless, 15 are wasted because the wind blows them out before they become well-lighted, 12 are used as toy soldiers in children's miniature wars, and 18 serve the function of cleaning out peoples ears.

Holbde Katz, biological researcher for Harvard, spent 26 years studying the Planaria or flatworm. He reports that the Planaria, in order to travel one inch, expends enough energy to run a steam engine for one ten-millionth of a second.

STOCK MARKET IN GREAT SHAPE SAY BUTTER 'N EGGERS

One of the bloodiest battles ever staged between a faculty member and a student was witnessed last week in Holman Square Gardens when Pat (Patsy Watsy) Foley and H. W. (Snookums) Henderson fought a ten round draw.

Henderson drew blood severely injuring Patsy Watsy by slapping him squarely on his square head with a paperbag filled with garbage refuse.



The bag broke, leaving a bunch of carrot tops around Foley's neck like a garland wrath.

Foley retaliated by tickling Snookums in the short ribs wif a lil bitsy witsy feather. O doodness gwacious!

The Murdock-Bishkin scrap was a willie dillie. It came about as a grudge which started in Bish's chem lab. The two contestants decided to meet on the field of honor in the prize ring and settle their differences like gentleman—by trying to kill each other. Those birds are real gents and the top 'o the morning to them both. Darn their hides!

One of the most grueling tiddlewink contests ever staged in the annals of H. J. C. was between John MUSCLE-BOUND Hill and Ed PUNY Smartt. Shartt had the weight advantage but Hill was the uglier. "You ole nasty thing," accused Hill, "I shall be forced to chastize your wrist."

And a good time was had by all.

Birney Buys—

Continued from page 1
every girl in the audience will have lots of company.

Ten thousand dollars in cash will be given as prizes. Admission will be 15c for each person, and only four hundred tickets will be sold.

This company of stars have been gathered especially for the one showing in the Houston Junior College. The program, offering hundreds of delightful skits, comedies, radio programs and orchestral music will last five hours.

If present plans materialize, many other famous names will be on the program. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales is planning to join Eddie Cantor and arrive in Houston in time to go before the footlights.

Benito Mussolini will give a short pep talk and do a song and dance act with Jean Harlow.

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What is the extent of a president's power? Who in particular is defending the 18th Amendment? What woman was back of a president?

Gabriel Over the White House
LOEW'S STATE

WHO CARES?

Hello, gang! Station N U T T is about to give the correct time. When you hear the sound of the gong it will be exactly 8 p. m. providing you are listening in between 7:59 and 8:01.

Please stand by for a ram.

Next on the program will be a baritone solo: "He Wouldn't Pay Me For That Tattoo So I Took It Out Of His Hide."

Hey, hey, played by C. W. Skipper and his melody boys.

This will be followed by the Sands Street Sextette singing a song of their own composition dedicated to Milton Gregory entitled, "You Were A Mint For Me."

The next number will be a trumpet solo by Budlar Birney entitled "At Dawning." Mountain Lion Mill will play the accompaniment on the under side of your hammock with a baseball bat.

That's all this time, folks, if you liked us send in your requests to Station N U T T, if you didn't like us, address all mail to the deep blue sea—don't forget to put the cork on the bottle!

Burglar Caught—

Continued from page 1
smoke belched forth, they cautiously slipped.

Off came each hero's coat to beat out the flames. Nearer they came. Now great tongues of fire leaped at them. All coats were quickly raised to whip out the red tongues of flame, when they discovered the fire was not a fire, but Kitty Hurlock was giving her version of the Charleston.

La Verne Lathrop is a keen person if we ever saw one.

If you are going to San Antonio, don't fail to see John (Know 'em All) Hill's diagram on the best places to get liquid refreshments.

Fred Aebi, an infinite number of years on the campus and magnificent old ruin!

Graff Zepplin—

Continued from page 1
A second statement issued by Doc Cantor says:

"John D. ain't no great benefactor of humanity after all. De tightwad only give us a dime an' it looks like us school boids is gotta EARN a livin'."

Other members of the executive board also razzed Rockafelled for his cheap donation. Well anyway a dime a dime these days!

Buy American—

Continued from page 1
manager, a great promotion from the Junior College paper . . . Oh yes, I found out the truth about the phoney letters, they're all a lot of hokey and written by none other than J. J. Mooney and Ben Young.

Well, don't believe a word I told you, but just the same it's in print. I will be seeing you next April fool's day.

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