

# Who's the Girl Friend of 'Whirling Dervish'?

## THE YELLOW PERIL

VOL. I

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1939

No. 1

# DRIVE STARTS!

### ANTI-CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN



### CHECK THESE POINTS!

#### Are Your Eyes Bloodshot?

Bloodshot eyes are indicative of eyes overworked from looking for papers and dirt behind the radiators and under chairs. This condition can generally be corrected by stuffing a few papers in odd places yourself; you'll begin to see the thrill behind this campaign business. There's nothing like pretending you're a visitor and walking in to see the result of your handiwork. You'd be surprised just how lousy a room can look.

#### New Wrinkles Around Your Eyes?

You can stop them now! Wrinkles are generally caused by excessive or continuous squinting due to the lack of smoke in the hall. Eliminate the cause for wrinkles by smoking more, especially around the auditorium. In a month or two you might even smoke yourself to death.

#### Eyes Appear Strained?

Do you often have headaches? The most efficient remedy for these "maladies" is to stand out on the sidewalk and watch the speed-demons go by. Just step out in the road a little, and the cure will be guaranteed.

#### Eyes Tire Quickly?

If the ordinary routine of everyday life prevents you from joining the Campus Rats, begin now. It's never too late to become a charter member. Join today. If you have any of these symptoms... You'd better have your eyes tested now!

### Profs Reveal Dope On Making 'A's'

Flush! Straight from the latest faculty beer bust, the Yellow Peri brings the following inside dope on how to make a straight "A" card.

"The best way to get an 'A' from me," mumbles Dr. Balder Haddy, "is just to bring a couple snorts of some kind of good rotgut to class. That's all—just a little rotgut."

"You are a sure thing, a winner every time, if you'll only take my niece to the dance when she is visiting me," slung out Prof. Win Wilton as he dodged the bot-

tlies being thrown by the playful Wehatt kids.

"It's rumored that this practice stands in well also with Dr. Wehbecca Jones of the Esperanto Dept. Not to mention the old one of dating an English teacher's nephew."

And the best method of doing all right in Prof. Layson Ane's classes is to argue with him. Prof. Ane is noted on the campus for his advanced and liberal views and for his habit of allowing students to express their own ideas—regardless of whether they disagreed with him—on any subject, especially the subject of tariffs.

Other methods (and their suggestors) are: Boyz: "treat me right, honies,

treat me right." That little ditty from Sorraime Lerley.

For girls: "Sit on the front row and cross your legs." End of quote from Paul Pinkins. Both profs agreed that members of the sex not mentioned by them in the above statements had better stay out of their classes.

#### HEY! HEY!

Read all about the monstrous contest to determine the lucky (?) weech who will be known hereinafter as the party of the first part—or "The Girl Friend of the Whirling Dervish."

If you really want to read about this hide-and-seek affair, turn to page three.

### Cherryhomes Sisters Will Head Committee On Anti-Clean-Uppers

George and Rawlings Cherryhomes, co-chairmen of T.C.U.'s anti-clean-up campaign, called a meeting last night of the committee on dormitory and campus destruction.

The committee drew up a satisfactory program for drastic action and work will begin tomorrow night. "Highhood" Davis will come see 22 rifle to each Goodie Hall resident with instructions to shoot out all the lights on the campus and in the Administration Building. "Hambors" Peck will give a brief pep talk to encourage cooperation among the bulldozer uppers.

Gail Smith, with Billye Jennings and Leon England, will start work the first of next week to make the "back street" a faster and smoother one. No parking during the daytime will be allowed on the street, but police protection will be furnished for parking at night. With no cars there during the day students will be given a minimum speed limit of 75 miles per hour, and no maximum.

"Would Be" artist Wilbur Matthews will be in charge of the murals for both Goodie and Clark Halls. The theme of the paintings will follow the artistic design much in the manner of "Eggs" Petty. Miss Millicent Ranfar will assist Matthews with the paintings in Jarvis.

The committee also will give its undivided attention, now that spring is here, in air-conditioning the buildings on the campus. This will include the complete demolishing of the south wall of the Administration Building, and the removal of all the window panes in the remaining buildings. Dean Otto Nielsen will be in charge of this work.

"We have conferred with students and the faculty and we believe," says Nielsen, "that the most direct method of air-conditioning the Main building is to tear out the south wall. Students can then enjoy the sun and the fresh air, instead of the more tepid air that is pumped up in the class rooms. We expect to begin work within the next week."

### Three Profs Go On Carpet

#### Roach, Clark, Prouse Lower Faculty Dignity

An inquest was scheduled for this morning in Pres. E. M. Waite's office to investigate the alleged nocturnal activities of a trio of enterprising faculty members.

Profs. Thomas Prouse, Walter Roach and Mack (Poss) Clark were the three arraigned before Proxy and are expected to "go on the carpet" at 10 o'clock this morning.

The "nocturnal activities" were not defined in the summons ordering them to appear, but it is rumored that the trio have forgotten that their positions on the faculty call for dignity, and they have lowered this dignity by illicit and degrading pursuits on and about the campus for the past three weeks.

Prof. Clark will not be able to appear today because of injuries resulting from these activities.

#### FLASH!

Vardeman Shultz and Warren Messenger are now learning to do a polka dance popular in the Swiss Alps since the Glee Club's adoption of the "Beer Barrel Polka" as its theme song.

### UNSOCIAL CALENDAR

Monday, May 8 — Freshman class banquet to be held at "Bad Liquor's" chaperoned by Mrs. Hazel Tucker—a regular customer.

Tuesday, May 9 — Meliorist Club to "brew up" at Ted's Trolley. "Dude" Roosa will chaperon.

Wednesday, May 10 — Lecture in Auditorium by Dr. John Lord on "How to Be a Democrat in Ten Easy Lessons."

Thursday, May 11 — Bryson Club to meet at Urraine Sherley's tavern for some "suds" — "Everyone bring your own case," she says.

Friday, May 12 — Faculty to have "jam session" at home of Mrs. Artemisia Bryson followed by a slumber party at home of Dr. Rebecca Smith.

Saturday, May 13 — "The crucifer" to be held in barn west of campus with the Eskimos Rhythmic Kats playing for the shin diggers.

Raymond Mack is slowly recuperating in the school infirmary from the head concussion he received in a Vernon Hotel on the Glee Club trip. Mack, after smothering a beer bottle cap, stumbled through his door only to have a bucket of water fall directly on his cranium.

Marie Roget," dramatized for radio by Miss Winta Beth Crawford, will be presented 8 o'clock Monday night

at the Creative Arts Program. Mrs. Artemisia Bryson will award the \$10 prize to the winner of the

Carol," two original compositions by Miss Gene Roberts, will be sung by Miss Jeanette Hopkins. Miss Rob

Church in Jacksboro. Wilbur Mindel spoke on "United States and Italy-Ethiopia." Jewell

education for Journalism." She is past national president of Theta Sigma Phi, national professional journal

Yellow Peril

Senior Editor: Robert Rolyat; Associate Editor: New Research; Society Editor: Renner Nelson; Business Manager: Kenning Niss; News Editor: Everett Hink; Church Editor: Nancy Torrey; Assistant Society Editor: Yvonne Griffin; Editorial Staff: Jimmy Matthews, Helen Ruth Verheyden, Lois Hess, Bill Howarth.

CONGRATULATIONS, FELLAH!

The Yellow Peril is glad to get on the back that loyal campus rat who dug up the magnolia tree in front of the Administration Building and planted it in mail hall. It is students like this unknown benefactor who should be encouraged to come to our Alma Mater. We need and want original campus rats. There is no originality in leaving a hydrant on in Goode Hall or throwing a cigarette at a radiator.

WRITER'S CRAMP

Somebody once said, "Hail, Caesar. We who are about to die, salute you!" That has nothing to do with this, but it's a very good quotation. The purpose of an editorial is to give an opinion, and that's our opinion. It's a darn good quotation. Our opinion of a Yellow Peril can't be printed, even in a Yellow Peril. Everybody in the journalism department works all the time to put out a paper according to the way somebody else thinks a paper should be put out.

SMILE WEEK

You've heard of "Write a letter home week," "Eat a doughnut week," "Fly an airplane week," etc. You've heard the old song, beginning, "Pack up your troubles in an old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile!" You've read the ads about see your dentist twice a year, and "Charming - until she smiles," and things your best friend won't tell you. If you want to be popular, you've got to learn to smile. Then you'll be elected to offices and everything. We're going to conduct a campaign and get everybody to smiling. That is, we were going to conduct a campaign, but all the dope on smiling seems to have been used. Shucks, there's not a thing now to say about smiling, is there? Not even a "Smile Week" would do any good. Just forget the whole thing. After reading this editorial, we decided not to have a "Smile Week."

D is for his daintiness. A is for his azure eyes. V is for his vanity. I is for his ingenuity. D is for his devotion.

O is for his other self. B is for his Beaumont trip. R is for his "right nice" smile. J is for his interests with Jimmy Pratt. E is for his Easter holiday. N is for his niceness when he wants to be.

Over and Under

Love strikes the T. C. U. campus: And, oh, the people left behind! There's JACK SMITH, who forsakes all others (including MARY HARDING DILLIN, HELEN JANE THOMAS and MARTHA FALLS) for CAROLINE WELLS. There's J-DOP HOPKINS who forsakes M. R. JONES for LLOYD WRIGHT. There's MARY HARDING DILLIN who forsakes BILL DOUGLAS for JIMMY MERRITT. There's BILL SINCLAIR who forsakes HELEN RUTH VERHEYDEN for a new flame at MONTGOMERY WARD. And JULIUS MENEZOFF who forsakes TOOKIE WATSON for VERHEYDEN. There's MARY VON ZURIN who forsakes a mysterious dark horse for CHARLES JENNINGS. (And where, oh where, has DWIGHT SAUNDERS gone?) There's LAURA CAMPBELL who forsakes JOE DAY for HAWLINS CHERRYHOMES. There's BOBBY CHILDRESS who swiped BEN ABNEY'S girlfriend at BAYLOR recently. There's LOIS HERZ who insists her heart belongs to JACK REEDY. There's MARTHA CELL GLAVES who forsakes practically everybody for FRANK LOZO. And then there's... and... and... etc. far, far into the night. P. S. It's all a lie (Oh, yes!)

The English office is happy to announce the long sought after culmination of "the Shirley-Bar third-floor kibernetion." Harry Hill thinks Dottie Stubble is "a pretty sweet manna." As is any of the fellows on the Glass Hall party line. Things do get around over there. It seems that Gene Roberts scored down the heat between Ann Cole and Douglas Martin on the Glee Club trip. Since then Ann has been all leech-dovey toward Homer Tomlinson and it looks like the real McCoy, too. Another incident of importance that had everyone but the Amstis poles awake was the attempted suicide of one of the touring team over a broken heart. Uncle Billy Marsh didn't say "good-bye" either, when the frantic miss called for help. This is just to let Millie's Ren-fie know that her vagabond red-headed heart-throb had his hands full while on the Glee Club trip, and just couldn't get around to writing. "Eye got my eyes on you" seems to be the song of the moment, singing now, especially since Paul Sorrels comes around looking so well, nice.

FROM OUR READERS

Dear Ed: We have a whole flock of complaints to make against a whole bunch of people.

To begin with, we wish those silly girls in room 309 (TROY'S and JOE'S), Goode Hall, would make less noise at such ungodly hours. There are others who might feel some envy for those unfortunate lads.

We don't appreciate MR. DEES' putting MISS SHELburne to so much trouble on the matter of the outside door to one of the girls' rooms in Sterling. Why, she nearly broke herself in two testing the door to see if some little sliver of a girl could sink through the crack it made at some early hour of the morn. We believe in protecting our dean of the ladies' morals against such suspicions.

What method would you suggest, ED, to get FRANCES DONOVAN to enlarge her course in the art of courting? She says it consists of three lessons, but she refuses to teach beyond the first two. In such an institution of higher learning, like Texas Courtin', there should be ways of extracting such valuable knowledge for general enlightenment.

And who asked JACK SHERLEY'S opinion on the effects of guzzling? He swears he indulges just to test the results.

Love, A Disgruntled Reader.

To Whom It May Concern:

Don't you think that ELMA CUDLIP should have some assistance in her campaign to assure the world at large that she has never had a thought that wouldn't do to give out at her most important S.C.A. meeting? She outdoes herself.

JESSIE VAN HORN and WILBUR MINDEL have put their all into trying to educate the student body on how to conduct elementary schoolwork at night, holding class on the Alice Carlson campus. We think that more support might be given this worthy cause, and maybe Jessie and her sweetie pie could add to their "hope" box.

We could complain about the false pretenses under which I. E. and DAVID play the pursuer, but we suppose they need all the protection they can get.

"Butch" McCalliard.

Active Studes Are Selected; Four Are Named

The selection for the most active students has been completed. They will be given a page in the Huntsville Burglar, published yearly by the inmates of the Texas State Prison Farm.

The selections were made on the following points: Active in society; active in sports and active in love.

Horace Carswell headed the lead with 18 points. Horace is known as the boy who can't rate a date on the campus, but made up for this factor in many other ways. Seventeen points were awarded Carswell, because he has been a constant contestant for the other boys' drug store dates. The other two points were awarded because of his swelled head and his flat pocket book. "Ask the girl who has had one" is date, we mean.

Winton Mitchell won 14 activity points as he is one of the few boys of the Service Varieties who had rather dance than eat. Too bad he can't.

Mitchell won one point because he at least tries to dance... the other 13 because he can say more things that mean so little and after all that's what the Service girls like... dumbells.

The female title went to Marion Miller, with her little business smile and witless jokes. Miss Miller is the one student in school who can snare-em, and loose-em in 24 hours. All ten of Miss Miller's points were awarded to her because she is the girl most likely to never amount to nothing that the Freshman class has. By the way Marion is working on Virgil Cleer at present.

Betty Davison won the second position with six points as she is usually there when the dancing starts and leaves when it quits. She is a great fixer too. Can get you in a "fix" real quick. Ask Guy Baird.

All four of these dopes will have their pictures in the Prison Paper, starting soon in life and ending rather late. It is "Hats off to the four most active on our campus."

New Council Takes Office Dancing Prohibited

Kids Arrested For Inhaling Cornsilks.

Progressive students on the campus (those few left since the recent bloodless revolution when the preachers faction took control) shouldered in their hats today as the latest pronouncement was issued by Dictator Bill Chappell.

Bill Bull's latest decree eliminated all dancing from the campus during the next five years. It read:

"Listen to me, ye survivors! Be it now proclaimed and announced that henceforth there will be no more of this obscene activity known as dancing indulged in by students and good party members on this campus."

Five minutes after the announcement was tacked up in two conspicuous spots in the basement of the Administration Building, two persons, both long suspected of treasonable activities (such as smoking cornsilks), were arrested, tried and shot for circulating the rumor that the reason for Bill Bull's ultimatum was that he "can't dance 'cause he's got (oversold) in his pants."

Of course, all members of the Student Christian Council (formerly known as the Student Center) agreed heartily with the dictator's remarks. In fact, it is rumored that Buster Reynolds (only member of the old Progressive party left alive on the campus) shouted "Yea" as loudly as he could through the gag over his mouth.

At considerable expense and danger to our reporters and correspondents, the following comments were obtained by those members of the opposition still left in hiding: (Naturally, for reasons best known to one and all, their names will be omitted):

"It's a daisy shame. Dey're exploitin' de woker again. Dat's what dey're doin'—exploitin' the woker."

"Well, it's no more than I expected. I felt sure that those Preachers would eventually reach that stage when they destroyed the water fountains in the buildings and refused to let us drink anything but sacramental grape juice from cups that had been blessed by H Bull, Angel Nielsen and Keeper of the Morals Shelburne."

Traffic Jam

"10 o'Clock Push" Is Explained

Dr. Rebecca Smith, who is reputed to be the only living female dictator, was responsible for the almost unbreakable traffic jam on the second floor of the Administration Building last Thursday. Dr. Smith's American Literature class met at 9 o'clock and was supposed to give way at 10 to another English class, but at 10:15 Dr. Smith was still winding up her talk with "just one more point."

The 10 o'clock class crowded up against the door and were soon stuck here by students on their way to an 11 o'clock class in the same room. Dr. Smith was making the assignment for Saturday at 11:30, and at 12 o'clock all those that were awake began to make their way through the crowd at the door.

It was not until 3 o'clock that the jam was broken up and Dr. Smith was found to be only one in the classroom. She was reading the Wild West Weekly.

Poets' Corner Ode

Here's to Hammond / Tried and true / He's a blow hard / Through and Through / It's a red, / So they say / If he doesn't stop the ball / He may go the other way

THEY PAY They pay To go to schools And study not. They are fools. They pay To stand in line To go to shows. They waste their time. They pay To those who serve. Tips galore. They don't deserve. They pay Enormous sums. To get thick smoke into their lungs. They pay For music pure, Exactly why They're not sure. They pay For dirty glasses Around their drinks. The silly asses.

WORTH "Love in the Raw Is Never Mild" with Connie Clark and Bob Decker

Palace "HOLD TIGHT" with J. Van Horn and Wilbur Mindel Also "The Deans Night Out"—with Hall and Shelburne

MAJESTIC "I Want a Man" (Romance for Sale) with Jo Martin, Nita Shurman, Ann Goodner 10c — 15c — 25c

PARKWAY "Loveless and Lovely" (Yours For the Asking) with Winton Mitchell, Horace Carswell Others

Candidates for 'Girl Friend'



Dervy's Gal Friend To Be Elected Soon

Bird Legs, Lulu, Poppy Squatty, Jezebel, Dizzy

Among Nominees for Post.

Girls, girls and more girls but none for the whirling dervish—

The election will take place Wednesday in the back left hand corner of Stopy Joe's pool hall.

President Guy Daniel asks the gal body to cooperate in selecting the dervish's girl friend by voting at once for the place from every angle (?) She MUST have 50 plus "omph" plus the ability to shout and whirl.

Girls who have been nominated for the title are: Misses Betty (Badgers) Davison; Lulu Frances Bates; Mildred (squatty) Smith; Venus Louise Bonita Hill (Poppy) Bass; Dizzy Dandy Holt and Jezebel Jordan.

Dervy and his girl friend have been invited to attend the holly-hock festival at Yokum and the Old Settlers Picnic and Reunion at Leamy Switch.

"If everyone will vote we can look forward to a bigger—and-gal friend of the whirling dervish," says President Daniel.

Plane Crashes On Goode Hall

A small cabin plane, piloted by Harry Gillespie and carrying four other T. C. U. students, crashed into the roof of Goode Hall at 1:15 o'clock this morning. Injury to the passengers was slight, but damage to the building and the plane was estimated at about \$500. H. B. Burr, Eric Powell, Wiley Alliston, and Jimmy Morris were the others in the plane.

It seems the boys, after a large crowd of the more famous nose-ends in town, ended up at the airport about 12:30 a. m. Gillespie, against the better judgment of his companions, persuaded them that they needed a nice airplane before retiring. After circling over the city several times, Gillespie decided that he was ready to go home and headed straight for Goode.

Unfortunately, the motor stalled and caused him to land on the roof instead of the front lawn. Failure of the motor was the result of the boys' putting "spirits" instead of gasoline in the tank "to give the plane more omph" it has been discovered.

Damage to the passengers: Jimmy Morris' pork-pie hat was battered beyond recognition and his brand new 5-cent cigar was trampled considerably at both ends.

At the time of the crash, Burr was lighting a cigarette and burst off all his beautiful eyelashes. Wiley Alliston was practically smothered in his half-open parachute. Another body, which at first was unidentified, turned out to be Eric Powell, who was tied in at least three knots.



Beauties Give Exclusive on Best "Technique"

The sophomore favorites revealed in an exclusive interview—just how to make enemies and alienate men.

The girls chorused the view that the most popular girl is the one who is awfully silly and talks on baby talk. She should act dumb and talk loud enough to be heard in Big D., limiting her conversation as much as possible to "Oke."

"In my long and varied experiences," confided Miss Elizabeth Hager, "I have found that men especially go for girls who wear extremely short skirts and condescend to let their slips show. I also find it a good policy to swear long and loud, and flirt with men other than my escort. Bob just loves for me to flirt."

Miss Poppy Bass declared that her most effective means have been to insist on hill lilly music with her midnight snack of chicken and all the trimmings at Bayside Inn.

"Men just will insist on yard-long feathers on their women's hats," Miss Bass stated earnestly, "and they do love for you to swoop over their shoulders to see what they're doing."

Miss Elorrie Buckingham twisted a cart (she isn't very adept at arranging her hair in public) and admitted that going steady with a country boy doesn't give one much of a philosophy on the cornering of the male market. But she did confide that she roped Connie in by her affected personality.

"I think that men never want to know the real self of a woman," she continued, "and an affected accent will get them every time. I also make a practice of wearing a very bored with-it-all air, and they—at least Connie—always feel that there is something behind it all."

"Oh, I bring 'em running," exclaimed Miss Dot Finlayson, "by scraping my brilliant red nails on

Short Short About This Hyar Generation

Ho hum. This mad, mad younger generation. They're broad-minded, though, as is proved by this wild escapade in Service Drug.

Carman (Sky-hawk) Schenck had just "returned" from Randolph Field and after a trying day of diligent study in the classrooms was resting in the drug by cutting rugs with any skirt who would.

Sitting in a nearby booth was Roy Deary and wife, Mrs. Kathryn Kingsbey Hearne. Seeing Carman sitting one out over a cherry-pie a-la-mode, Kathryn tripped lightly and politely over to him, plunked herself down on his knee, turned on her distinctive personality and began helping him eat.

Now the Service Drug is strictly a nice drug; so when "Ma" Cyrus saw the cry, she moved in on the scene with the following request:

"C'mon. Get off his knee."

Kathryn had a guilty conscience or something, for although her state of wedlock was not mentioned, she grinned sheepishly and countered with "Aw, all right; but I have to do it; my husband's flirting with another girl."

Whether or not Roy was flirting with the kid with whom he had been in such earnest conversation is debatable perhaps, but he did look up suddenly and repeat Kathryn's sheepish grin.

Broadmindedness prevailed, however, for man and wife had the next dance, Carman drilling the "earnest conversation" kid.

window glass. It acts as a sort of siren, or something, that they can't resist. Then I act very stubborn and never make up my mind, which keeps them guessing, and as long as a man has to guess, he'll hang around."

Purple Sport Parade

By BILL HAWORTH

Howard Grubb, the "Stifle Kne" dropped into the office today all excited over the Frogs' splendid prospects for the coming football race. His face beamed in its customary smile that would rival old Sol himself, he boldly asserted, "Barring another gyp by the bowl powers, we'll be out there on January 1 rising up another national championship. I really don't see how we can miss."

Wondering if there could be any basis for the optimistic outlook on the part of the athletic director, we cornered the Dutchman himself for a little heart-to-heart chatter. "Yes," the mentor assured us, "it's a sure thing. All we have to do is to keep the rest of the nation from getting too scared of us. I plan to do that next year by using six strikers."

When questioned about finding six quarterbacks to fill the shoes of little Dave, the Dutchman smiled expansively. "Well, I didn't want to break this so far in advance, but I plan to use Loos, Anderson, Clever, Gule, Cowart and Gillespie in that order. I'll probably put Sparks in a wing, but not real rim in Hoffman at full."

"Boys," he chuckled, "that lineup oughta cross 'em up."

T. C. U. wins another football title!

The Horned Frogs were triumphant in their recent campaign to win the House of Dawis grid league. The Frogs defeated Poudre Commercial College 75-0 to open their successful season. Other high class colleges to feel the sting of defeat were Missup Teachers, Hackensack Tech, Eastern Coxwaders College, the Latehook

School of Techniques, Cantwood U., Louisiana Courting University and the all important finale with Teachmetoneck U.

In the Teachmetoneck U. game mighty slugger' artist Sammy O'Brien connected up with that great end Tom Lounse on three occasions to rack up 18 points. The mighty plunging of Tom Takit was superb in the game. The Coach Wize of the Frogs thinks that the Frogs played one of the best games he had ever witnessed. The Frogs want so to win the deciding game 21-00.

Snip Coach Wood's friend of the losing team, "Those Wizenmen went as elusive we had to use sandpaper to hold on to the runners. I think that it would only be fair that a team as good as the Frogs should be made to wear pants with buttons on them so that the opponents can stop them."

Slugger' Sammy will be presented with the Misenurus Trophy for being the outstanding player in the country. The annual trophy is a large brick of cheese.

So the Frogs can chalk up another honor to her Sammy O'Brien.

"Early Is Modest" Says Donor of Pretypuss Prize

Cleland E. Early, tremendously popular sophomore from the wilds of the Panhandle, was awarded the annual "Pretypuss" Prize for being the most handsome guy on the T. C. U. campus at a recent gathering in the Auditorium.

Early was described by I. E. Pretypuss, donor of the annual award, as having "a countenance so handsome that it approaches femininity."

The donor went on to say that "Early is not only good-looking, intelligent, and versatile in every physical and mental respect but he is one of the most modest men I ever knew."

Early's only statement after being given the award was, "Wann't guthin' at all," trying to keep his modesty.

Advertisement for 'Jeepers Creepers' underwear. Features a cartoon of a man in a tank top and shorts, looking surprised. Text includes 'Jeepers Creepers', 'Are You A Jitterbug Performer?', 'This is what T. C. U. Jitterbugs Say:', 'Bill Douglas', 'Winton Mitchel', and 'NARROW UNDERWEAR'.

# Coles-Tomlinson Tie Knot In Gawdy, Bawdy Ceremony

To the strains of "It Makes No Difference Now," Miss Ann "Ankle" Cole trucked on down the aisle in glee with open arms (as usual) her waiting boy-friend, Homer "Cluck-cluck" Tomlinson, at 9 p.m. Friday, June 15, 1934. The Rev. Rawlins Cherryholmes, sometimes referred to as "Limehouse," officiated at the ceremony.

Johnny Estill, who is still waiting for Elwyn Espy to find out about his charms, was best man, while Ethel Carlwright, past sweetheart of "Cluck-cluck," was maid of honor. Miss was attended by Arthur "Flagyour-Coat" and Arthur Rugeyman. John Hayes gave the bride away (shadily) and Jack Sherby passed the collection plate. Bugeyman sang "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You" during intermission. Colby D. Hall, Jr., was garter-bearer.

The couple, who knew each other as long as to go steady, broke their one month and five days before continuous Glee Club trip which long enough to announce their wedding plans for June 18. A penny bank was given the couple in help towards the wedding project. Jack Smith and Carvyn Webster did a Mot and Jeff duet, entitled "Hold Tight."

The couple will make their home at the Narcotic Farm, and ask all of their friends to drop in some time soon for a wed.

## Farewell Party Given O'Brien

A going-away party, honoring Davey O'Brien, was given by the "T" Association yesterday afternoon. The affair took place at the Cactus Tea Room and Antiqu Shop where refreshments were served.

Don Looney, Bob Cook, and Bud Taylor appeared in a short skit, entitled "What'll We Do Without You?" Karl Clark concluded the program with a violin solo, "Auf Wiedersehen."

O'Brien will leave June 1 to conduct a class in "Football Appreciation" at a girls' camp in the Kaskaskia Mountains. Lectures for the course were prepared by Davey, Forrest Kline, Bob Jordan, Ward Wilkinson and L. B. Hale.

## Sigma Tau 'Winds Up' At 'Dark' Spots

Sigma Tau Delta members will wind up the year's activities with entertainments at Harlem Inn and the Ristocrat, "dark brown" night spots, Wednesday and Friday of next week.

Several members of the club are doing term projects on negro folk lore. They expect to get some atmosphere from the final blow-outs.

Mrs. Kate McAlphin Crady will be master of ceremonies for the dinner at Harlem Inn. Management of The Ristocrat has promised to furnish an instructor for each guest to teach the cornfield shuffle. Dr. Rebecca Smith promises a surprise. Arrangements for the affair were made by Miss Martha Cell Graves and Miss Virginia Barkley.

## Ministers' Wives Plan Social

Ministers' wives decided today at their regular club meeting on their final social. They had previously obtained their husbands' promises to foot the bill for any arrangements.

The affair will begin at 9 p. m. Saturday. The evening's itinerary includes a stop off at each of the following places: Buck's Place, Chickon Inn, Roy's Wayside Club, the Nite Spot, Bad Liquor, and Ted's Trolley. The farewell toast will be given at the Dutchman's.

## Preachers Protest Pool Hall Closing

Members of the Timothy Club have entered a protest with the District Attorney against his action in closing the pool hall of Polytechnic at the recent request of the Lion's Club.

The petition was delivered personally by the club officers, Chester Gleason, Ed Bracke, Wessens Dyles, and John Zarafontis. Other members of the organization signed a statement that the shut-down had deprived them of their customary pleasures and social contacts. Prof. F. E. Billington, sponsor, was so insistent in his demands that some adjustment of the situation is expected immediately.

## Dames Favor Stubbs With Invitation

Miss Helen Stubbs has been given an invitation by the Dames Club, as the opening shot in its campaign for members. She received a similar offer last year, but the whole thing was called off after her break with Bill Wilson.

Erle Powell promised the membership committee that it would not be disappointed this time. The expected nuptials have been tentatively set for June 5.

# Gibson Ladies Let Hair Down for Spell

Send out the squad cars to Gibson House!

So uncontrollable and rowdy has this house become that Dean Linzie Shelburne and the administration are up in arms. For more than a week now, a selected group of the faculty, including Lois Shurley, "Whooper" Games, Jackie Hammond, Hula Lee Carter, Curly Holsappy, "Jitterbug" Roosa and the administration has been meeting every night at Bayside Inn to reach some conclusion. So far there have been no results except Shurley got a front tooth knocked out in an argument with the houncer and Holsappy was hit on the head with a beer bottle.

All the Gibson girls have been temporarily confined in the house and a small-pox quarantine has been put on the door to insure their solitude. An extra order of Brown-seltzer and tomato juice has been sent over to keep the girls comfortable. Bars have also been placed over the windows to keep the girls from throwing their empty wh--ky bottles on the passers-by.

The first time this occurred, the fire department was called out to stop the commotion.

However the preachers took advantage of this opportunity and tried to rescue their preacherettes. They swiped the ladders from the fire wagon and were climbing up to get the girls when the firemen discovered them and washed them back down with the fire hose.

Vineta Worthington, Louise Kost, Jewell Billinger, Roth White, Eloise Ellis, Elizabeth and Margaret Hiser, Evelyn Watkins, Mary Frances Watkins, Billye Lou Martin and Ann Goodner are those that are making the name of Gibson House famous. Vineta Worthington's football boy friend is causing a lot of trouble every nite in an effort to see Vineta.

When Registrar Button was interviewed on the trouble, he was ready to tear his hair; he was so upset. He confided, however, that he believed he had found the cause of the commotion. "Up until this year Gibson has been one of the nicest houses. I am convinced now that Mary Ann Goodner and "Gitch" Watson are at the bottom of this. We now believe that we can cure the situation."

Mrs. Jenkins was almost too amazed for words. "The girls used to gather in the parlor and sing Love's Old Sweet Song. Now all I hear is the Beer Barrel Polka."

Briefly, we might say that the convention was fine, but the committee meetings since have been much better.

Our grate society editor, Miss Fran Taylor, has been wandering around (and we do mean wandering) with an ankle all bandaged up ever since the second day she was here. Whether it (the ankle, we mean) is really hurt or whether she is working it to keep from catching cold, no one knows.

Wiona Buster, that demure petite little thing, went out on a blind date five-days ago and just came in with the blind staggers. Helen Ruth "Snooper" Verheyden is working on the case now—trying to find out who the blind date was. Seems he is better looking than the poor devil that drew her. —Rus, Mer. N. J. Matthews, his asst., Bill Dillon, and "our ed," (Please See Next Column)

# Personality of the Week

Ernest Peyton, better known as "Saturn," "Sunbeam," "Muscle" and "Bitch," is this week's personality. A charter member of the Scotchmen's Club, selected for Who's Who in Saloons and Taverns, No. 1 campus cynic, President of the Board in Charge of Making Arrangements for parties at U. L. A., All-American pessimist and editor of T. C. U.'s foremost newspaper, "Muscles" has to be named one of the 10 most back-tire students on the campus.

Also a killer with the women, but he attributes all his ability with the fairer sex to his office associate, "Don Juan" Matthews, whose unique tactics with co-eds cannot be questioned.

While at the recent journalism convention in Oklahoma Peyton double crossed his fellow students by locking himself in his hotel room, coming out only occasionally for a coke and a glass of ice. Any experience told about Peyton at the convention would naturally credit one of his ruses for the bathos with Doug, it was a tie—they took a bath.

Duane Kellam is planning to visit his five-foot-two, blind, 17-year-old grandmother in Denton this weekend.

Concluded our trip by going to SLOPPY JOE'S WINDOW WASHING CONCERN, and talked for a while to GUY DANIELS, president. . . Helping him are SLOAN GENTRY, PHILIP HURWITZ and LON BAKER. . . MILICENT RENTERO does the polishing job. . . Working on the inside is RAY MACK, who sweeps floors, smokes old cigarette stubbs, etc. . . HENRY SWAIN of the new riche and CHARLES ZLATKOVICH are co-partners in the WINDOW WASHING CONCERN. . . drop in any time for a good wash. . . Goodby, now. . .

Sunbeam, recently started on the way to Tulsa. Seems one of 'em knew a gal or a fella or sumpin' there. But they got no further than the Stillwater Hotel where Bill and Sunbeam decided they both needed a bath. They got it, Together.

Duane Kellam and V. G. Smylie made one attempt to leave Stillwater—seems they got homesick for Cowtown—but got no further than Kansas. Can it be that they got their lines crossed?

And you oughta see that cute lil' footballer that Helen Goodner has "latched onto." He's from West Texas, where they grow big and strong. Solokiek Goodner (yes, Annie of Bartlett fame) has switched to Bourbon and at last reports was going "strong," also.

'Tis reported that Marjorie Gibson also has been enjoying the life climate and liquor of this town. But she says she still longs for Dallas. That is, either Dallas or Little Brother Kellow.

That stellar quart-et, Howarth, Graves, Day and Sinclair have been doing the best they can to alleviate the dreadful drought that

hit Stillwater just before the convention. Wal, I reckon that's all, chills. Afraid we won't get to see you till after the convening all in next fall. (Signed) Prof. J. W. yabringmesamemoreofsurroundings.

Down in the drug In a itty bitty booth Sat two brimettes, Bob and Dollye Ruth.

"Hell," said Bob If this ain't the life, Stopping cokes in the drug But it's better than a fight.

It was on the Jackabero highway One windy Tuesday night When Bob was a little worse. And really looked a sight.

Bob thought he was a toughie Dollye brought it to end, When she stepped into the mud And separated them.

She said it was over, It could never be the same, But when she heard of a Bud It was not Bob she blamed.



# DOLLY'S DUGOUT

(For Women Only)

Hi boys! My goodness, we went shopping today, and saw the ennestest things, if you know what we mean. . . There was KITTY REAGAN in the education suit, trying to pretend she didn't have that crush on JACK FERGUSON. . . and we saw DAN LANE, who is still trying to explain what he was doing coming out of THAT apartment house at 3:30 a. m. and BETTY LYNN, who gave DAN the go-by one day not so long ago and hadn't been spoken to since. . . Ah, such is life. . .

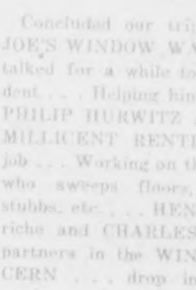


Went to Ye Wedding Shoppe and saw various people shopping around. . . there was LUCILLE SMITH JORDAN and ELIZABETH ANN JORDAN WILSON. . . Of course, the shop had some sling-shooters and bow and arrow and things, but they only bought the prime requisites. . .

We went down to the SCOTCHMAN'S and saw DR. CLINTON LOCKHART enjoying a cool glass of sweet milk (Oh, yeah) . . . also there were DEAN ELIZABETH SHELDORNE, UNCLE RILEY MARSH and P-DINK DINKINS. . . DOUGLAS TOMLINSON, SANDY SANDPETER and WAYNE KNIPE, who don't believe in the frontier things in life, were making prohibition speeches. . . CAROLINE WEBSTER, who was reputedly having a session with LLOYD WRIGHT in VERNON on the GLEE CLUB TRIP, sang "The Beer Barrel" during the boys' speeches. . . Incidentally, the Anti-Beer boys prefer throwing their parties on 3rd floor, Google. . .



Went to the GRACEFUL FANNY DANCE STUDIO and saw MARCELLA RUS and MARTHA CELL GRAVES doing a specialty number together. . . also there was DON LOOS, leader of the private dance, and HORACE CARSWELL, who gives all the girls a boost and lets them dance with him for \$1.25 per hour. He sets his own price. . . ROSS COVEY, who's been wanting to see his name in the SKIFF, did a strip dance number to the tune of "All of Me". . .



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# Newshounds Attempt To Make News 's a Fact!

(Editor's mash note: Quote "Yeah, yo all that that the lugs and lugs in the dept. of journalism wrote this hyar masterpiece of a paper, didn't ye? Well, dey didn't, see? Dose dugs have been lost for nigh onto tree months now and the following is the first word we've had from 'em." 'Tis self-explanatory.)

Stillwater, Okla., By Gin Express.—This is just a short lip note to let all and sundry down their in ole Cowtown know how we are gettin' along up here at

the journalism convention. Briefly, we might say that the convention was fine, but the committee meetings since have been much better.

Our grate society editor, Miss Fran Taylor, has been wandering around (and we do mean wandering) with an ankle all bandaged up ever since the second day she was here. Whether it (the ankle, we mean) is really hurt or whether she is working it to keep from catching cold, no one knows.

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—Rus, Mer. N. J. Matthews, his asst., Bill Dillon, and "our ed," (Please See Next Column)

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