

MURKY IS THE WORD

THE YELLOW PERIL EXTRA

VOL. 1, NO. 1, ONLY 1

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, MONDAY, MAY 14, 1934.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

WAITS AND BECKHAM

WARN STUDENTS NOT TO

ELOPE

WITH JARVIS HALL GIRLS

—Story on Page 3



HOW SHE WON—Miss Lizzy Kewthrell, wearing wrist watch, winner of T. C. U.'s recent Poetry Festival, demonstrates how she learned to read poetry so rhythmically. As she milks Pa's Holstein she recites poetry and keeps time to the splash of milk into the bucket.



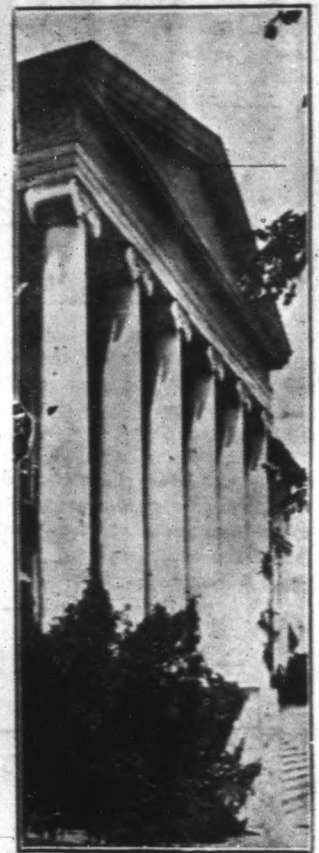
SMILES TOO MUCH — Did you ever see Joe George when he wasn't smiling, as he is doing in the picture to the left?



WE RECOGNIZE YOU, TICKETT—Pom Tickett, T. C. U.'s hell yedd leader, tried to disguise himself behind a growth of beard as he demonstrated an incident which took place at the stadium early in the school year in which Slim Slinzy had a prominent part. Anybody would know Tickett by the cap.



ORGANIZER—Wallace Pliers is pictured here in the garb of the new religious sect he has recently organized.



GRIM, GRAY WALLS—It is behind these grim, gray walls that any boy caught eloping with a Jarvis Hall resident will be sentenced to sit in classes of Dr. M. D. Clubb, Prof. J. Willard Ridings or Mrs. Artemesia B. Bryson.

DAVID SCOULAR'S LOVE LIFE BARED

—Story on Page 3

of the year members of the Student announced this week. The senior din-

invitations would be here next week.

Plans for Group in Chicago

Froment Faris, B. S. '31, who a Squibb's National Research

THE YELLOW PERIL

Published Weekly

Roy Bacus	Chief of Tribe
Joseph Sargent	Printer's Devil
Elnor Evans	Sob Sister
Louise Squawker	Guilty
Benjamin Sargent	Chief Censor
Kathryn Edwards	Livestock

Hares and Hounds: (They smell the news) Raymond Michero, Grace Maloney, Lucille Hatheway, Joe Tills, Charlie Casper, Merry Montrief and others.

If there's anything you don't like just call anybody you like and raise cane.

Our Editorial Policy

This yellow peril sheet is absolutely for the students in every way. We believe in unholstered chairs in the class rooms. We believe in fewer worms in the cafeteria mustard greens. We believe that the professors should not dare come to the class rooms without cigars for the gentlemen and chewing gum for the co-eds.

We believe that school should dismiss every other hour for recreation and that Amos 'n Andy should broadcast every thirty minutes so we can tune them off and get an orchestra.



We Ain't Responsible

As publishers of this yellar sheet we take this opportunity to say that we ain't in the least responsible for a thing printed in this paper. Prexy Waits and J. Willard Ridings wrote ever bit of this copy. Rebecca Smith oked all the grammatical errors. Sam Ziegler is the guy responsible for the picture and the art work. If the United States government lets this sheet go through the mails, then it's just their hard luck. This paper was run off on the T.C.U. mimeograph by Pete Wright and Colby Hall. That accounts for the size being so small. If anything else is wrong you can charge it up to the editorial board of F. Billington, Bertie Mothershead and Mabel Major. They will take all the blame. However, they were broken hearted because the board of trustees made them censor a novellette called "breezy stories" which they wanted to print.

We AIN'T responsible.



Red! Red! Red!

We believe that the University should discard the colors of purple and white and adopt the color of red. Because why? Because red means valor, red means BLOOD and red means that some poor girl whose mug is as white as a Ku Klux uniform can have the freshness of a dew drop on a bunch of garden greens.

We believe in red. We BELIEVE in red. Red means courage, red means bravery and red means BULLFIGHTS. Red means more than that. Red means propaganda. Just think what happened to one of our dear profs who last year was found harboring a back yard full of red ants!

Ah friends, let's adopt the color of red.

Down With The Government!

Down the with government! On with radicalism! Thas our motto. We're socialists. We believe in lotsa socials. We promise that if we ever are elected we see that there's two flivvers in every garage and a hot dog in every fist. We are anarchists becuz we believe everybody should be face an easy—at any cost. We are socialists because we've already mentioned it. We are communists because we believe everybody should live in one great big community. We are democrats because we like their generosity. Billions they're puttin' out. Yes billions. We're republicans because we they got all the money—at least they had it.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country. Ask the man who owns one if it ain't good to the last drop. An' another thing we're for. We think the government should subsidize all golf courses, picture shows an' marble machines—and reduce the cost to the tax—and do away with all taxes.

We believe in lotsa food, plenty of drink, and whon'll couldn't be merry. Eat drink and be sociable for tomorrow we gotta go to chapel.

Come up to see us sometime and bring the ducks.

Au Revoir but it's the custom to go Dutch.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BADIE SECKHAM.

Dear Badie Seckam: My name is Ellen Hadams. I am in a quandary. (Ed's note—Didn't your mother tell you to stay out of such places?) I've been working hard all season and think I've just about made the freshman basketball, football and track teams. But woe is me, after all my hard labor, the coach refuses to give me my numeral. What should I do?

Expectantly,
Hero Worshiper

Dear Hero Worshiper: Don't take it too hard. I am personally acquainted with your case. Even if you don't get the letters you can find consolation in the fact that you did your derniest. Lovingly,
Badie.

Dear Seckham: I love my country. I LOVE my country. I don't know what to do. It seems like we're in such a jam. What do you think. I have worried until I'm afraid it's no use. Please oh, please help me Mrs. Seckham.

Hopefully
Louise Squawker.

Dear Lou: Just take it easy, ole gal. This knob has been here for millions of years and we're just starting. I suggest you go down to the drug store and drink a coke—only don't take it too strong.

Yours Truly
Badie Seckham.

Dear Seckham: I'M just plain nuts. I hold all records for goofiness. Next year I shall be a dignified sophomore. How can I improve my actions?

Yours Truly
Dizabel Dackerman.

Dear Dizzy: I know your case personally. It's no use.

Badie Seckham.

DEAR Badie: I am a senior in the University and I am very much worried. Being an upright citizen of the school and interested greatly in politics it distresses me greatly because I am referred to as Clark Gable. Pull me out of this, will you Badie?

Yours Squeezingly
Watt Nells.

Dear Watt: I suggest that you cut off your ears.

Badie.

Dere Badie: I guess I'll kill myself. I've lost my fortune. Here is my story: I got my check from home last month and went into Gus Stagg's Penny Arcade to get it cashed. I saw little machines in every available place. Before I knew it I was playing one of the infernal things and when I came to again my money was gone. My creditors are pressing me for their money, and I won't get another check this year. What kind of poison would you suggest?

Despondently,
Joe Plumber.

Dear Mr. Plumber: Pay Augustus another visit but the next time take your ax with you. If this fails eat a tube of Pebeco tooth paste.

As ever,
Badie Sackam.

Dear Miss Seckam: Unless you help me I'm afraid I'm sunk. My girl informed me that unless I did something to make myself famous she would quit me. I also ran in the recent student body election, but confidentially, Badie, I get tired so easily. Please help me out.

Answer soon,
Johnnie Cruise.

Dear Con, Why don't you cut your throat. You can get your name in the paper that way.

Glad to help you out,
Badie.

THINGUMBOOBS

By SUSIE THE SNIPER

This d— colyum is a nuisance but it ain't gonna be no trouble as long as Raymond Michero takes the time to personally write ye chief of tribe and warn him not to print the said Michero's private life. Michero in his annoymous letter said that the matters of rather personal and of a somewhat private subject . . . Open letter to Michero: Dear Mike: My dear boy, your private life is so clean that it wou'dn't make an angel snicker. Don't be conceited! . . . among other things we think the administration is sorry fer not upholstering chairs . . . Jack Graves is in love . . . Jack Langdon dearly loves his squirrel named Crappo . . . Emma Louise Flake has not reported on her Glee club . . . Milli is silly . . . Izzy is dizzy . . . Flora is dumb dora . . . oh, yes! say, Nat, what are you going to do about all these admirers following you around and referring to you as Clark Gable? . . . Louise Cauker, if you don't get in a hustle you're going to be late to your own wedding . . . have any of you boys been up to Tiner's house lately? . . . at the present ten thousand frosh are holding up their passports to T. C. U. just waiting to find out whether their bill includes a free bonfire haircut . . . there's one thing about this blooming yellow sheet . . . The administr-

tion put it out and we ain't denying the fact . . . the only thing wrong with this colyum is that we didn't get more nameless letters . . . if we're gotta turn sob sister though we think: that Cy Perkins should be called Ducky Wucky, that Lou Briscoe should cease to lead Dallas astray, that Johnny LeBus should carry a red flag and be done with it, that the Chuck Wagon Gang, should sing at every cafeteria meal, that the cafeteria cockroaches should be more polite (It ain't nice to walk around in peoples plates), and that Helen Adams should be awarded her frosh numerals in football, basketball, baseball, track, golf, tennis and cross country . . . Archi Archenhold dresses with studied carelessness . . . he probably spends hours before a mirror for his effects . . . Ben Sargent wrote a great, great story for the faculty's yellow sheet but they wouldn't print it. If you want to read this story about the Penny Arcade just get in touch with staff members . . . Wallace Myers will someday be a preacher . . . Lee Glasgow is getting weak-kneed . . . Frank Miller is still in love . . . just think how revealing this yellar sheet would be if we had waited until the band got back offn their trip . . . Joe George still has puny ideas . . . Potsy Waterman is handsome . . . all complaints must be addressed to Susie the Sniper.

Purple Velvet Pantaloons Favored By T. C. U. Co-eds

By LOUISE SQUAWKER

What is the well-dressed co-ed wearing? Listen, my dears, and you shall hear. As we go to press the wires from Paris send the following flash:

"The best dressed co-ed wears 16 petticoats under her chiffon evening dresses, and 14 under taffeta ones. Each petticoat must be a different color, the colors blending into each other . . . Hats must have brims at least two feet wide and laced with wood so as to prevent too much drooping, or they must consist of no brim at all but have from two to five peacock feathers rising in a vertical position from the back of the crown."

Black and red striped grograin ribbons joined by faggoting is the newest material used in evening frocks for the younger beauties. This ultra-late creation combines the most fashionable bustle with the twelve-foot long train which is again smashing the front ranks to popularity. No slippers are worn with the Basou model, the toe-nails being tinted alternately red and black and each toe being decorated by a green velvet bow. A green velvet bow of enormous dimensions is worn in the hair.

Some of the most fashionable co-eds on our campus are wearing purple velvet pantaloons.

Miss Virginia Dragford appeared yesterday in church wearing red pantaloons, which will probably start a new color vogue. Though Miss Juanita Freeman's clique will doubtless prove an exception and begin "the wearing of the green" for the sake of variety.

Elbow pads of satin and crepe in various pastel colors are proving their usefulness as well as attractiveness when they prevent rough elbows by softening the contact between elbow and desk.

Miss Isabel Ackerman highly recommends them.

Knuckle buttons of gold and silver rimmed with diamonds are also proving useful to young co-eds in more ways than one, according to a blooming young co-ed, Miss Gerthude Wiedeman.

Here's What 1936 Collegian Will Wear



What will the well-dressed collegian wear in 1936? According to Blotto Sneilsen the well-dressed college man of the thirty-sixes will wear peg leg trousers up around the ankle, the coat will be long and dove-tailed and the dern shoes will be buttoned up clear to the knees. Long red drawers will provide an itchy foundation and a ten gallon hat will work for head-gear. The sox will be the knitted kind like the soldiers wore in 1918.

There will be silver buckles on the knees.

NEEDHAM ENJOYS SHOW.

Charley Needham reports that he spent an enjoyable afternoon last Sunday witnessing a performance on the third floor of the Yellow Cab Building.

CO-ED PAYS PENALTY FOR LICENTIOUS LIVING

Revealing a past blotched with the stains of licentious living, pretty little Snora Garshall, Jarvis Hall co-ed, came before the Bored of Trustees today to tell the lurid tale of her life as an inmate of Jarvis Institute for Girls. Her testimony was preceded by that of Pres. E. M. Baits and Dean Sadie T. Reckham.

The Bored of Trustees were chosen to hear the confession after an investigation revealed that Tayle Scott, member of the Discipline Committee, had at one time bought Miss Garshall a copy of "Breezy Stories" at A. Stagg's Gip-Joint. This same investigation also brought to



light the facts that made it necessary to call Pres. Baits and Dean Reckman before the Bored.

Sobbing into a bright red handkerchief, Miss Garshall admitted spending hours parked behind the stadium in the cars of certain T. C. U. athletes. After hours of grilling Miss Garshall still failed to reveal the names of her companions.

The most dramatic moment of the trial came when Miss Garshall raised her tear-stained face and admitted, "But everyone does it. It's a common practice among the co-eds."

The testimony of Dean Reckham, though not so revealing as that of Miss Garshall, was nevertheless sufficiently shocking to start the Board in an effort to have private detectives trail all T. C. U. professors.

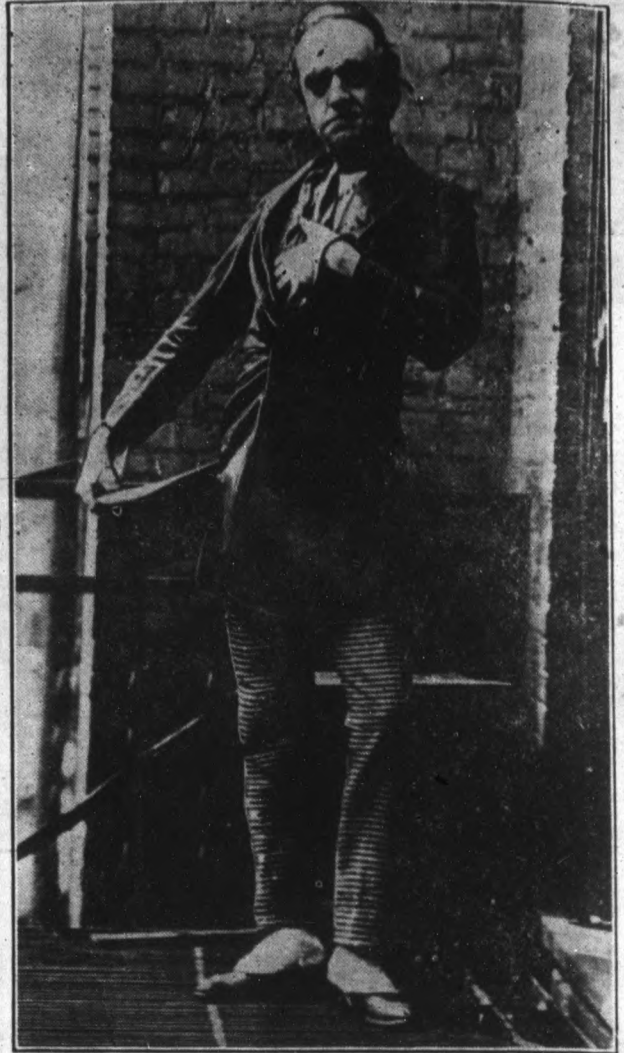
MORRO WILL GO TO HOLLYWOOD

W. C. Morro will leave tomorrow for Hollywood where he will play opposite Mae West in her new picture which is entitled: "Sing You Sinners." Morro expressed deep regret that he would have to give up his classes at the University, saying that his course in "Cure for the Insomnia" was a most enjoyable one.



Morro, in this picture, will play the part of vicious sea-captain who carries a gun with 21 notches. "I have always admired Mae West," Morro said, "but there's absolutely no truth to the statement that we were ever more than friends."

"Fashion Plate" Hoskins Dressed Up



Hose Hoskins, T. C. U.'s own fashion plate, poses in the latest evening wear for gentlemen, in this exclusive "Peril" photograph.

Poor Little Mountain Looks Underfed



Little Paul Mountain, shown above in a characteristic pose, is underfed. He recently went into a restaurant with Tony Vargas, Jewell Wallace and others, where all ordered extra-large steaks. The steaks were so large that Vargas and Wallace could down only half of theirs, but Mountain not only ate all of his but got a sack from the waiter and carried what was left of the other two steaks with him to eat on the way home.

Hogan Scored for Making Rats Suffer

Prof. F. W. Hogan was haled before the Humane Society last week to defend himself in a charge of chasing rats from the chemistry laboratory with stink bombs. This, according to the society, is inhuman.

"To kill rats is one thing," the committee is reported as having said, "but to make the poor little rats suffer from the same stink that is used on the T. C. U. students is not only inhuman but it is immoral."

Hammond, Ziegler Dragged to Court

Jack Hammond, Sam Ziegler and a bunch of other crooks were haled into court this morning and charged with harboring communistic intentions. Hammond stated that he too was not a communist but was a revolutionist. Ziegler stated that he too was not a communist but that he was an anarchist.

"Charges dismissed," said the judge.

Darky Demands Donally

A dusky damsel, a daughter of old Africa, was searching the campus for J. B. Donally last Wednesday.

It has not been ascertained what the motive for the dark-skinned girl's quest for T. C. U.'s ladies' man was, but she was apparently anxious to find him, as she covered the entire campus in her search, asking everyone she met if he knew where Donally could be found.



Intimidating Threat Bared by Reporter

An attempt at political intimidation at the polls was recently discovered by a Peril reporter on the T. C. U. campus.

At the election of officers of the class of 1937, Weymon Roberson attempted to intimidate Warren Agee to vote for a candidate that Roberson was supporting.

"If you don't vote for the one I told you to," Roberson told Agee, "I won't give you a ride to school any more."

One time when Dean Scolby Gall was a little boy he was given a dime by the pater to go to town on. Deen picked up a boy friend and together they went to the carnival. They bought two coca-colas and went out under the maple tree.

They drank.

"Boy," said the Deen, "wouldn't my old man raise Cain if he knew we wuz out here drinkin' and carousing aroun'."



An Eye for an Eye—
A Tooth for a Tooth

Thass Our Motto—

GUS STAGG'S
**PENNY
ARCADE**

Heads I Win—
Tails You Lose

Walter Snox to Sue Hair Tonic Company

Walter Snox, T. C. U. man mountain and prize fighter, decided today to sue the amalgamated hair tonic corporations for results undreamed of.

"It's this way," Snox said. "I bought a bottle of the Amalgamated Company's product. It stated clearly that a nice growth of hair could be obtained in ten days.

"Well, gentleman of the press, I proceeded to wash my hair—that is what I had—with the product and imagine my surprise after I had treated my locks and then found that the instructions read as follows: 'Take the billiard ball firmly in the hands, pour the oil on top of the ball then rub viciously. The results should be a real-shiny polish.'"

Miss Acres Demonstrates How to Enjoy 8-o'Clock Classes



Miss Florence Acres is shown above as she demonstrated what she termed a "sure-snore" way to enjoy 8 o'clock classes. "I have found from experience," she said, "that the best way to enjoy such a class is to stay in bed in my room during the class hour."