

TEXAS Ranger

September, 1963

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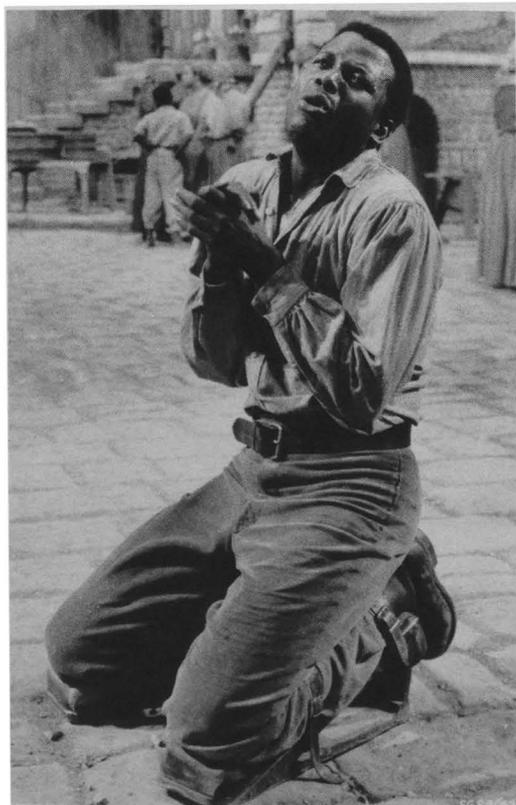
LIFE



In the summer a young mans fancy turns . . .



A scene from the great midnight escape.



Then there were the sit-ins.

Maybe we won't tell you about what happened this summer after all. Very little of note *did* happen, really. To the Ranger staff, that is. We can't speak for you. Oh, we drank at lot. We did that. Spilled a lot too. One night a giant beer fight even broke out between staffers Shelton and Adkins, leaving both drenched and filled with remorse (that's the code you use when you want to send a message *again*) over what they had done—wasted two quarts of beer, that's what they'd done. And two staffers who shall remain unnamed pulled a maneuver that would have made the commandos proud: finding themselves severely behind on the rent, with an irate landlady stalking them by day, they gathered all their earthly possessions and fled under cover of darkness, to start life anew. Until the first of the next month. Little Willy Helmer, who was Ranger editor back in '59-60, is back in town to raise hell (not to mention children) and write three stories for us per issue. Dave Crossley, who has a couple of stories in this issue, has spent the summer in Mexico with Dave Helton. They are going to be serious writers. Byron Black is now in Tokyo, teaching Japanese students dirty American words and making like Marlon Brando with his new Honda motorcycle. Last year's art director Hal Normand got married. It seems people are getting married like flies these days (somehow that phrase doesn't ring true). Anyway, just about everybody we know is succumbing to the curse of matrimony. Or at least it seems that way.

There have been quite a few shake-ups at the top of the UT administrative ladder over the past few months. President Smiley resigned, followed by Deans Hagerty and Barnett. And I suppose you think it's because they wanted to? Wrong again, you naive people, you. Actually, those were just the first steps in the master plan for a massive Ranger take-over of the administration. Already there are some of *us* in key positions. Other top dogs will fall in the months to come, mark our words. By the spring, we should control the administration. *Then* we start on the Board of Regents. By this time next year, we should have beer in the Union, co-educational dormitories, and courses in drinking. Incidentally, they really do have courses in wine appreciation at the University of California, we understand. The wine majors are easy to spot—they're the ones with purple feet. Lab periods must be a blast, and oh, that final! We've been considering taking it by correspondence, but we're not sure what the prerequisites are.

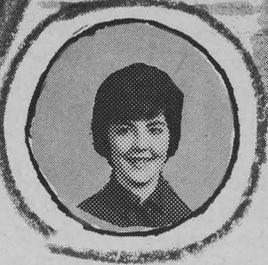
We assume that all students who graduated last June received one of those nice personal letters of congratulation from Governor Connally. We were surprised to read that "government as complex as ours needs intellectual minds as well trained as yours." (We could make a very sarcastic remark or two at this point, but it would probably be censored.) The sentence which intrigued us most, however, was the one which stated that we "should always strive to do as much for your alma mater as it has done for you." For years now we've been wanting to do just that.

ALL 'BORED?

COLLEGE BOARD SPECIAL



Penny Acers



Gretchen Alley



Linda Black



Marilla Black



Barbara Bowling

welcome back to an exciting



Betsy Broad



Nancy Douglas



Teddy Griffith

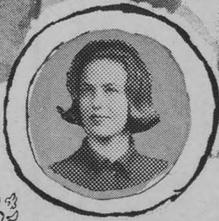


Leila Hanna

Year of fashion



Mary Hardwicke



Louisa Mahone



Kay Tyler



Nancy Smith



Ann Spence



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the REST ROOM WALL

Dear Ranger Goosebunnies:

This is going to be a long one, because I have lots to tell and to propose (not proposition, prithe note). I'm settled down in the biggest big city in the whole wide world, and my my where have all the Japs come from? They all ten million of them seem to be following me around into wee tiny places . . . and poor little sweet me is just crushed in the rush. I no longer have to use the city trains . . . since I've got me a new Hawnder 250 murdercycle. I drove to Kyoto, the old capital, last weekend (thirteen hours and about 400 miles different, with the way just full of fanatic truck drivers who want to have fun and play bumpum with the cute little motorcycles, and roads like you just passed the turnoff at the end of the world), and stopped at the new Suzuka circuit on the way down. I just turned five laps on my beast, and twice was off onto the turf, when I made a wee misjudgement about the maximum speed of certain curves. Both times I managed to stay afloat, but I plowed up so much fertile riceland in the process

I told the track people that they could start a truck garden and name it after me.

I'll have you some nice stories about Japan for the Langer pretty soon, to put in the old funny registration issue . . . if the Japan angle wears out, which I don't think it will, I'll write on something else, like "Confidential: What Uncle Sam's Scholarship Money is being Used for to BUY Things in the Far East."

Till we meat again
Byron Black

(Byron, of "Mad Bomber" fame, is currently in Tokyo to help them get back at us for Hiroshima. If the letter appears somewhat piecemeal, it's because we had our hands full just extracting enough printable sentences from the mother lode.)

Dear Hairly,

We may be back a hell of a lot sooner than I had expected, as we seem to have run out of money. Parris showed up here one week ago today with \$70 but we stayed drunk all week and I got dysentery and Helton got lost for a whole night (he later staggered in the door, falling on his face, saying "I got drunk." I guess that's true.) and we all got into tremendous arguments and then Tom disappeared and I fell down some stairs leading down a cliff and cracked some ribs and all in the world we've got left is \$30 between us. Amongst us, already. Helton's going fishing tomorrow. Pray for abundance.

Dave (Crossley)
(Daves Crossley and Helton have spent the summer in Mazatlán, Mexico, living on iguanas and tequila. Their purpose down there, they have said, is to do some serious writing. We can hardly wait for the result.)

THE TEXAS RANGER is published once a month during the months of September, October, November, December, February, March, and April by Texas Student Publications, Inc., Drawer D, University of Texas Station, Austin 12, Texas. Subscription rate: \$2.00 a year. Single copy: twenty-nine cents. Volume 78, No. 1 September, 1963. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Reprint in whole or part by other bona fide college magazines is prohibited.

Whew, what a drag. Every month we have to type out all that Post Office grahdo, and it's a lot of trouble. You students reading the Ranger for the first time are thinking that this little box would be a dandy place to sneak something by the censors, aren't you? Fat chance. You just don't know our censors. What we really use this space for, as stated above, is to knock the P.O. Really, sometimes they deserve it. Like the day they painted the mailboxes. We went to mail a letter one day last summer and found the letter slot blocked by a sign which said "Wet paint." There was no way to put in the letter without getting in the paint, so we went to another mailbox. Same thing. "Wet paint." Here we started to worry. What if every single mailbox in town is wet? Nobody could mail letters for a whole day, that's what. As a result, widows would starve to death because they couldn't get their pension checks on time, business transactions would fall through, romances would break up, and the postmen would have to just stand around in the sleet and hail and gloom of night, doing nothing. Fortunately, there was a branch Post Office a few blocks away, and at least it wasn't painted. Or it wasn't wet, anyway. We decided not to check to see if mailboxes all over town were closed for painting. The implications would be too frightening for us to think about, had they been. Instead, we drove straight to the nearest bar. And we did not look at the mailboxes.

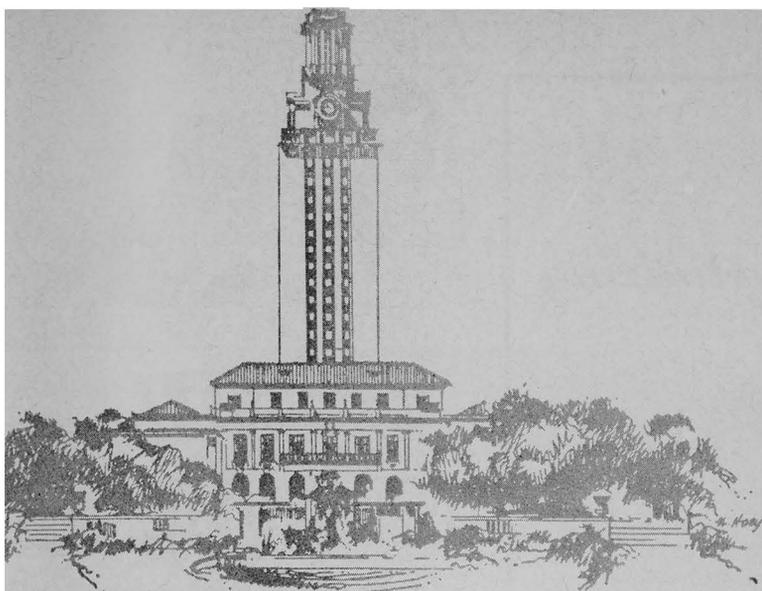


"If your hair isn't becoming to you,
you should be coming to us."

Maison des Coiffures

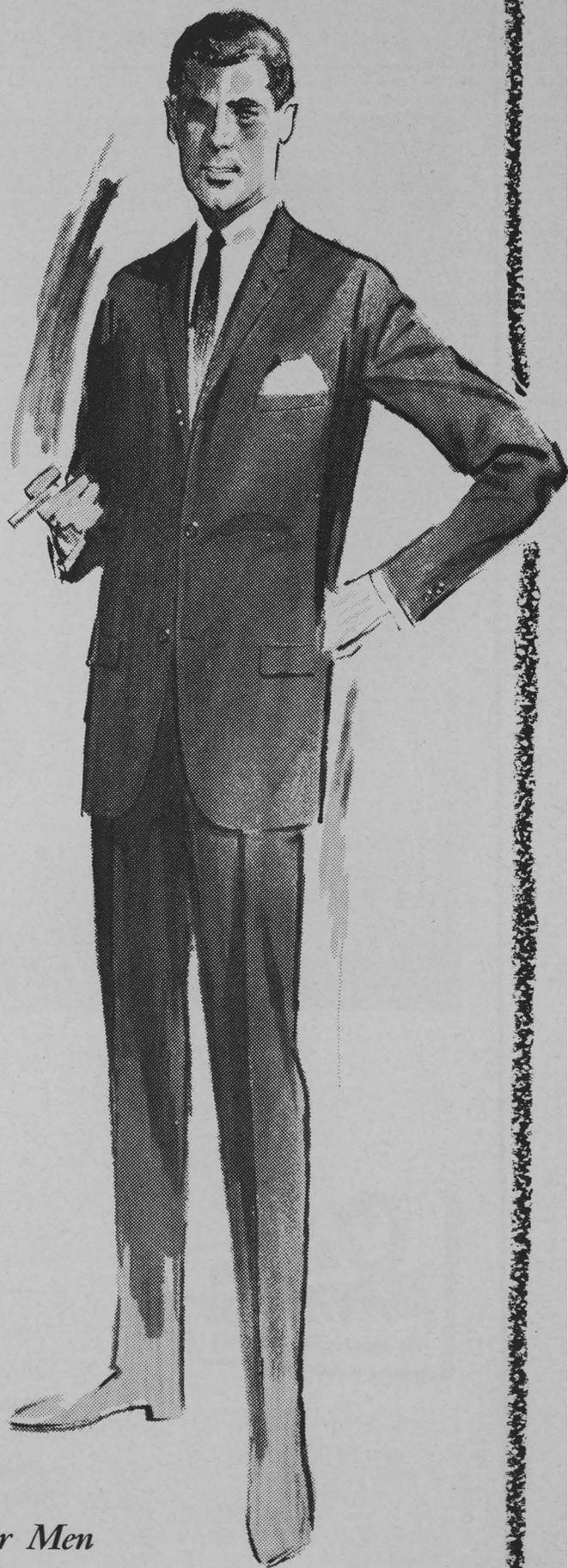
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Monday thru Thursday
7 A.M.—6 P.M.
Friday and Saturday



"I dunno, Jack. Cutting the white goatee, PLUS the age factor, was pretty drastic, but that tattoo is going just too damn far!"

He boarded the bus and found only one seat empty, and that next to a rather undesirable character. But he was tired, so he took it. In not too long a while he became aware of a vile stench emanating from his companion. "Good Grief," he broke the silence at last, "where in Heaven's name does does that stench come from."

His companion did not seem offended. "I'm afraid it's from my work," he offered. "I'm with the circus, and you know the elephants in the parade when they come into town? Well, I walk behind them and clean up."

"Wow, that's tough work. They must pay you a lot for it."

"Well, they pay twenty-five cents an hour."

"What? Is that all? Then why don't you give it up and get a white collar job where you can at least keep clean?"

"And give up show business?"

Texas Mother Of 41 Applies As Astronaut

—Austin Statesman

If she'd only tried Planned Parenthood, she wouldn't have needed to.

THE TEXAN.

NO. 20.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1912.

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NEW STATUE CAUSES STIR

The "Man of Stature" has been elevated at Clyde Campbell's. Admiration has been widespread as in the eyes of this coed in the Villager Rooster print dress. The sculptor has attired the man in an "8 1/2 ounce" blazer, Corbin pants, and a Gant shirt. Critics have lauded the statue as an excellent work in the Traditional style. The statue is located at 2350 Guadalupe.

GENE HARRIS LEADS HIS OLD TIME YELLS

Former Yell Leader Here For the game—is Now Representative of No. 10 County.

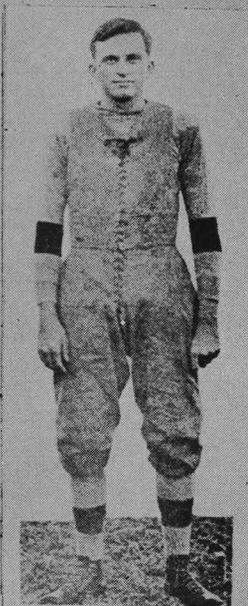
The **Clyde Campbell University Shop**

LONGHORNS DEFEAT THE RAZORBACKS

Varsity Triumphs in Thanksgiving Game by Score 48-0. Arkansas Beaten for Seventh Time

BY RALPH B. FEAGIN.

Headcock's Razorbacks performed like "boon sprouts" on Clark Field on Thanksgiving Day, losing the final game of the season to the Longhorns by the score of 48 to 0. The outcome was a disappointment to those lovers of the game who came expecting to see a hard scrimmage, for it became evident early in the contest that the Longhorns would give the Razorbacks unmercifully. The Longhorns scored early in the first quarter, but the visitors braced and held them helpless for the remainder of this quarter, and even kept so far as to have the edge in the possession of a part of the second quarter. Texas used bad tactics at times, and suffered several costly fumbles near the goal which cost them more than one touch-down. They came back strong in the third, and then the score began to pile up. Two more touchdowns were achieved in this period, and these two number resulted in the last quarter. Arkansas never came within striking distance of the goal and never really had a chance to score. They were put on the defensive for the most part. They rarely ever had possession of the ball, and when they did manage to get it, they lost it in downs or by an intercepted forward pass.



CLYDE LITTLEFIELD
Freshman Fullback. This coming Kingpatrol of Texas.

STAGG SPEAKS IN AUDITORIUM

NOTED COACH OF CHICAGO ADDRESSES STUDENTS ON SPORT.

'SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN'

is Characterization of Texas Team By Referee Of Six Texas-Arkansas Game.

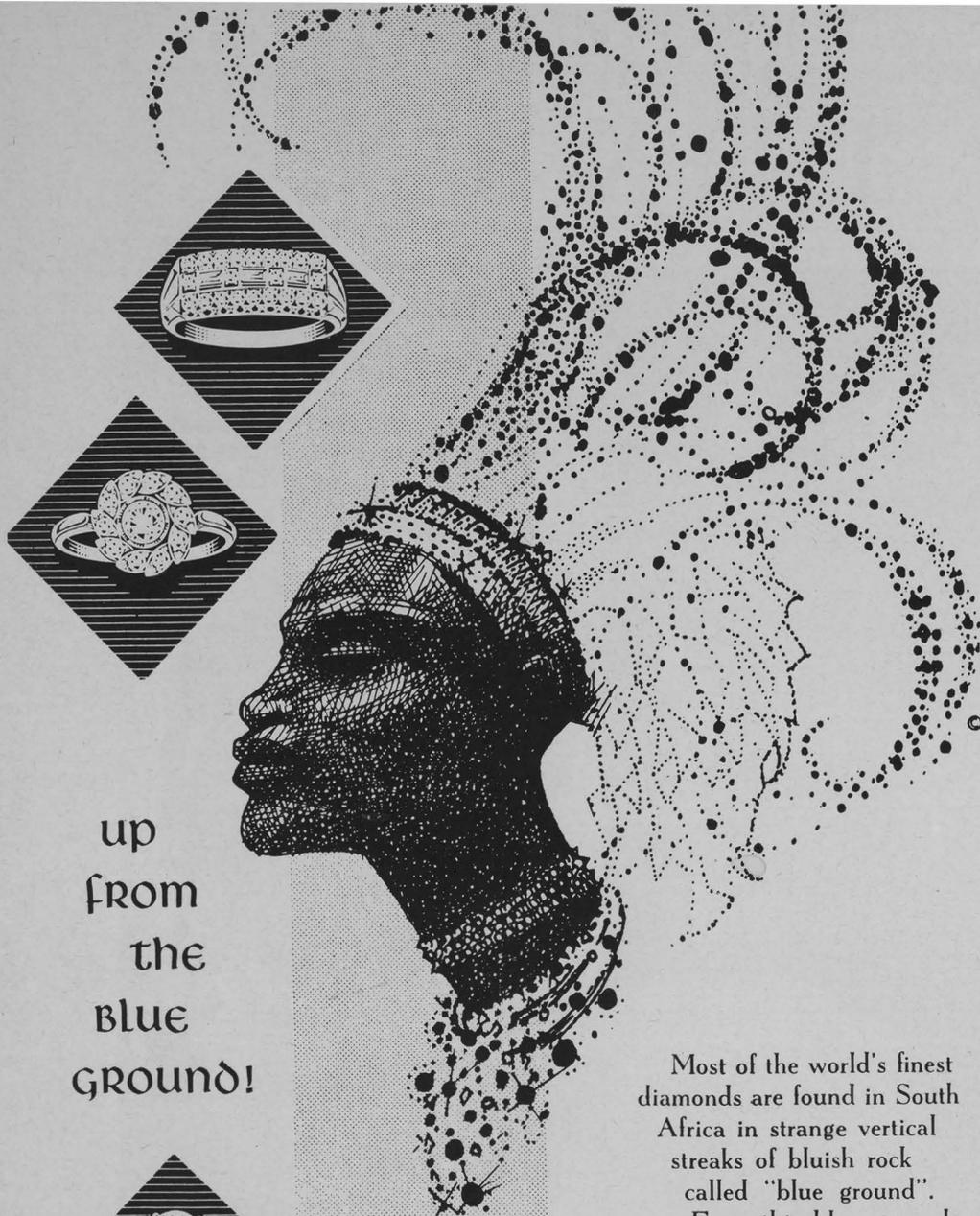
A large crowd of rooters met in the Auditorium at 7:30 Thursday night to hear a few words from Alvin A. Stagg, the famous physical director from the University of Chicago who had refereed the game with Arkansas.

Mr. Stagg spoke in an easy and natural manner, complimenting the work of the team and rebuking a few of the fans when he was a guest at twenty-five years ago. Among other things he said: "You think you are going to impress me, but I see as they live in getting the staff plays. A dozen times I thought a kick would still be in motion when the ball was snatched and that it would have been penalized, but each time he stopped a fraction of a second before the ball was snatched, and I had no objection to refer to them on that account. Only once during the game was it necessary for me to penalize your team. It was the year fourth mainly made on both sides, but the most noticeable was whose work was great, however, made some good

in advance of their opponents, much to the delight of the crowd. Following this stunt, the Shriners gave their annual initiation stunt, which was cleverly executed. The line-up:

Texas.	Position.	Arkansas.
Deaky	Left End.	Dickson
Leary	Left Tackle.	Phelps
Berry	Left Guard.	Harb
Murray	Center.	Rayne
Jordan	Right Guard.	Ratcliffe
Kane	Right Tackle.	Hinton (Capt.)
Woodhall (Capt.)	Right End.	Marlin
Phast	Quarterback.	Schachtel
Barrell	Left Half.	Rudd
Littlefield	Fullback.	Stover
Brown	Right Half.	Poff

Substitutes: Texas, Higginbotham for Woodhall; Arkansas, Huntley for Harb, Nichols for Schachtel. Officials: Referee, Stagg of Chicago; Umpire, Johnson of West Point; Head Linesman, McGinnis of Southwestern. Time of quarters, 15 minutes. Score: First quarter, Texas, 7; Arkansas, 0. Second quarter, Texas, 0; Arkansas, 0. Third quarter, Texas, 14; Arkansas, 0. Fourth quarter, Texas, 27; Arkansas, 0. Final score, Texas, 48; Arkansas, 0.



up
from
the
blue
GROUND!

Most of the world's finest diamonds are found in South Africa in strange vertical streaks of bluish rock called "blue ground". From this blue ground came the fabulous Cullinan stone. And from it come some of the finest diamonds in our own collection... sparkling stones mined from the "blue ground".

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\$15,000.00

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Terms
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Austin's Keepsake Jeweler

Visit Sheftall Jewelers in Allandale Village, 5726 Burnet Rd.

The quiet little freshman co-ed from the country was on her first college date, and thrilled beyond words. She didn't want to appear countrified; she had put on her prettiest dress, got a sophisticated hair-do, and was all prepared to talk understandably about Music, Art, or Politics.

Her hero took her to a movie, and then to the favorite college cafe.

"Two beers," he told the waiter.

She, not to be outdone, murmured: "The same for me."

An airline pilot, having set the plane on automatic, took advantage of the opportunity to exercise with a pair of small weights. At this point, the stewardess entered with lunch, but just as she set it down the plane hit an air pocket, causing the pilot to drop one of his barbells on the tray, knocking the dishes to the floor and breaking all but a bowl of soup, in which the barbell lodged. The co-pilot then jumped up and cried angrily, "Flier, there's a weight in my soup!"

—Dennis Dick

Wife of Student Victim of Attack

The wife of a University student was attacked by a teenager molester late Tuesday night. The attempted assault took place outside a washateria in the 3200 block of Red River.

Police are looking for the youth.

The woman said she was waiting in her car for a friend who was in the laundry when the attack occurred. She told police that the youth, about 14 or 15, approached her car, asked for change, reached into the car, struck her face with his fists, and tore off her blouse.

Wash Your Clothes at



—The Summer Texan

Never a dull moment while waiting for your clothes at good ol' KWIK WASH.

I TOLD YOU SO!
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CLOTHES COME FROM
THE CELLAR.



THE CELLAR

Merritt Schaefer & Brown

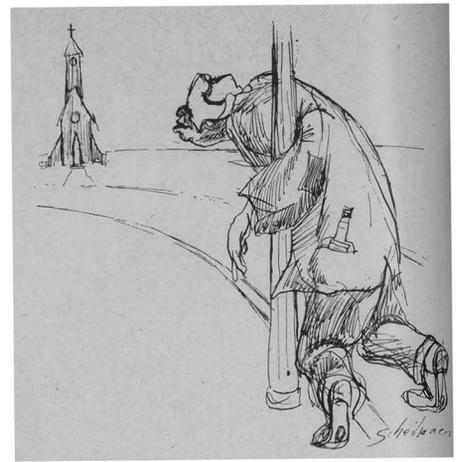


He's a Jacobson Man

Jimmy Clark (Phi Gamma Delta)
Janet Rink (Chi Omega) admires his "Varsity Town" sport coat

Henry Jacobson's **MEN'S WEAR**

on the drag at 2332 Guadalupe



"It'l never get off th' ground."

"Young man," said the judge sternly, "it's alcohol and alcohol alone that is responsible for your sorry state."

"I'm awfully glad to hear you say that, your honor," replied the fellow with a sigh of relief. "Everybody else says it's all my fault."

A tramp knocked at the door of an English inn named "George and the Dragon." The landlady opened the door, and the tramp asked, "Can you spare a poor man a bite to eat?"

"No!" and she slammed the door. After a few minutes the tramp knocked on the door again. The lady opened the door.

"Now," said the tramp, "may I have a few words with George?"

A man who came home from work one day to find his wife lying on the sofa doubled up with hysterical laughter. Rushing over to her, he shook her by the shoulders and cried, "Honey, what is it? What's happened?"

She, however, was so convulsed by mirth that she could but answer "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" between bursts of laughing. Suddenly, sensing the truth, he demanded, "You've been reading the jokes in the Ranger, haven't you?"

Wiping away tears of laughter from her cheeks, she nodded in affirmation.

Now we defy anyone to claim that the Ranger runs nothing but the same old jokes every issue.

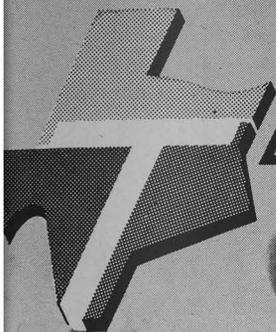
The only other All-Star Game in Cleveland attracted a record crowd of 69,831, July 8, 1935.

—Austin Statesman

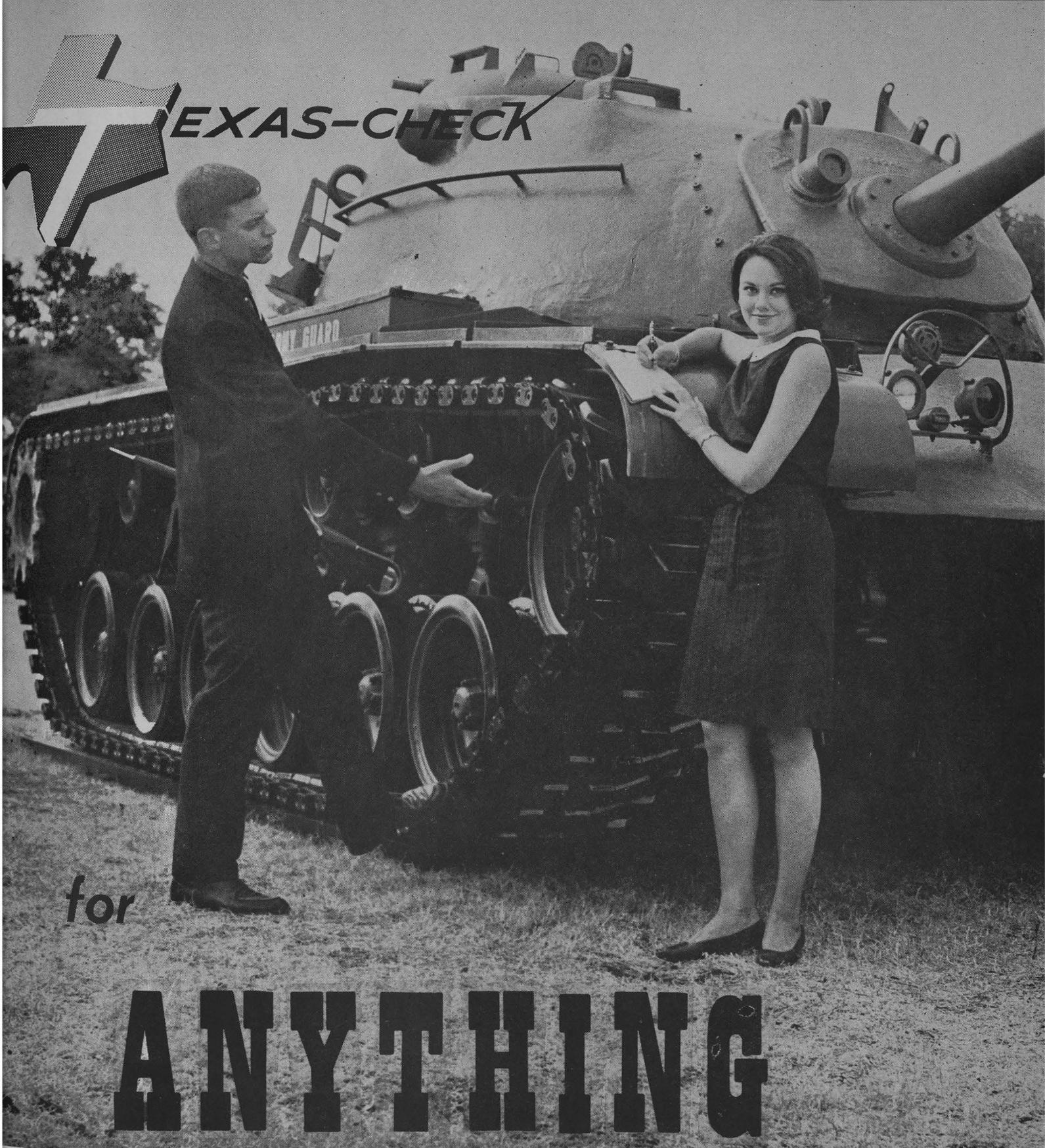
The game was called on account of rain in the sixth inning before any real damage occurred.

Diamonds
by

ZALE'S
JEWELERS



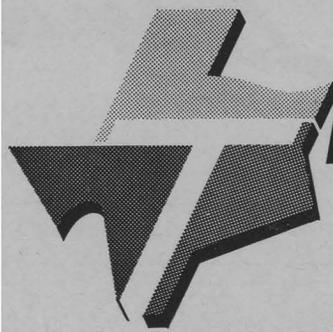
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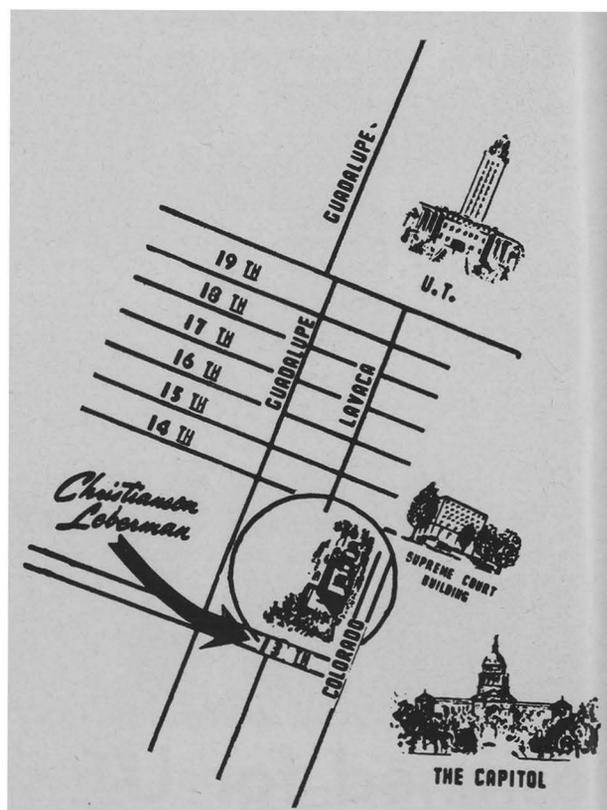
Start your year
with a sparkling
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AUSTIN



YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO USE OUR BUDGET
PLAN FOR THE PURCHASE OF YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS

SEPTEMBER

TEXAS Panther 1963

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Sarah Judd—Sunshine Editor

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Cliff Endres
Dennis Dick
Lynn Ashby
Neueil Snikda

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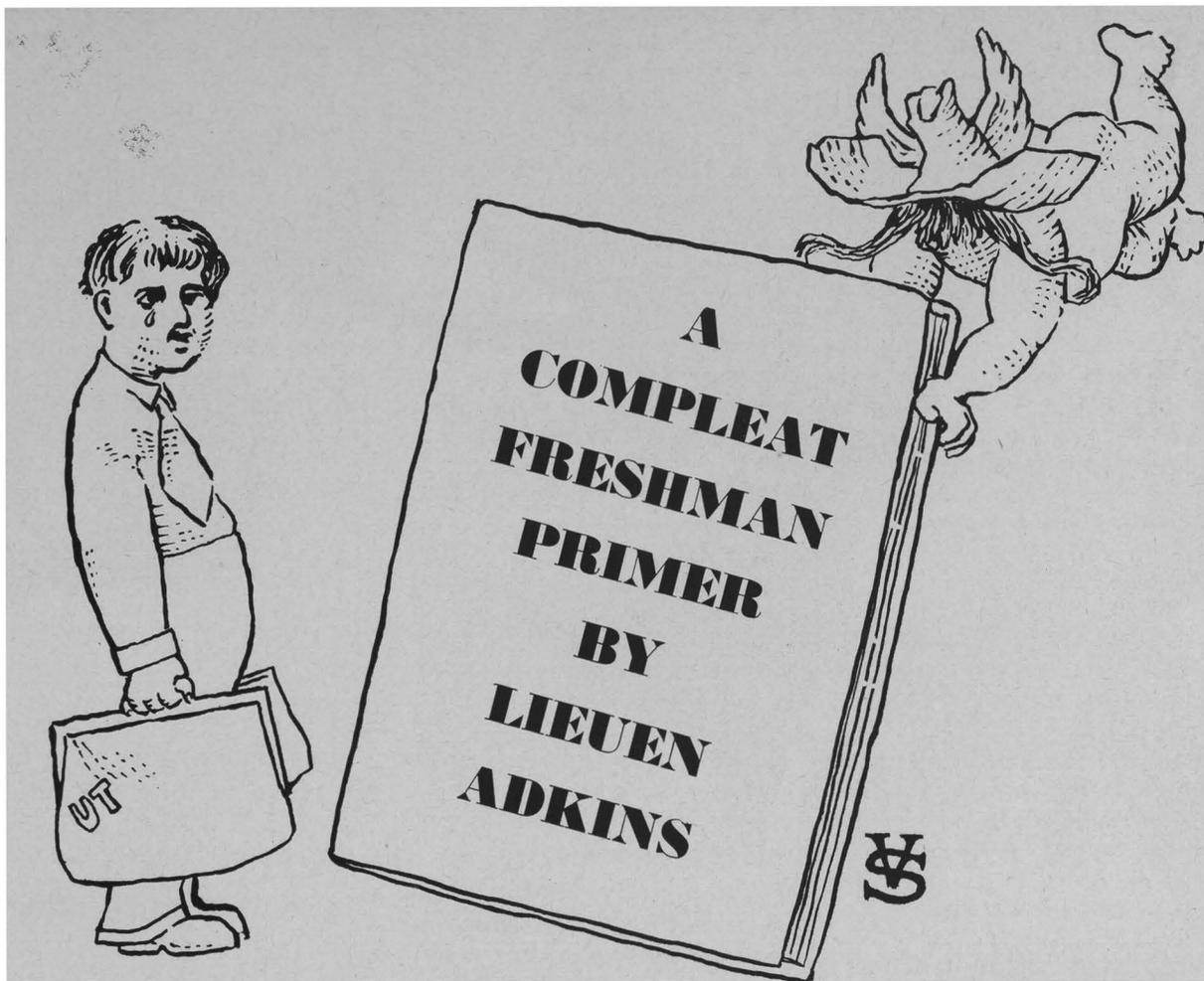


Illustration by Vin Scherhagen

The brand-new freshman, confronted by the colossus of the University of Texas for the first time, can hardly help but be awed and confused. Everything is so big and different and complicated and oh gee gosh what's a fella gonna do? To further confuse our bewildered new plant, or "neophyte," as Latin scholars are wont to call him, he is besieged from all sides by advice, both solicited and unsolicited, and generally conflicting. In the face of such "confusion," as the English say, whom is the uninformed one to believe? Huh? Whom?

Well, sir, there is just one answer, as any worldly-wise upperclassman can tell you (although they won't; they're much too worldly-wise to talk to freshmen). That answer is, of course, the Ranger. Our staff members have been in school for an average of 12½ years apiece. One learns much in that time, and because we always have had a deep love for the "little people," we want to share our knowledge with you, that you may profit from our vast experience. In our primer, we deal with all facets of university life, academic and otherwise, as well as much essential information

about Austin and the surrounding area. May you emerge better men and/or women for having studied our little guide.

REGISTRATION: First things first, we always say, nor would we have it any other way. Registration is the first encounter the green freshman has with the ponderous wheels of university bureaucracy, and the experience may well be traumatic. Firstly, the student discovers that, ponderous though they may be, the aforementioned wheels often turn in an arbitrary, illogical, and unpredictable manner. There is no way you can fight The System on its own ground: it is always right, and always prevails undaunted by such obstructions as justice, reason, and conscience. Thus, the student must take measures to circumvent the official rules, procedures, and boundaries. In the case of registration, the student has before him an adversary which will tax his ingenuity to its limits. Now, you all know that your object is to get your schedule just as you have it on your card when you enter Gregory Gym, right? In the opposite corner, the object of all those official-looking people inside is to completely rearrange your schedule so as to cause you the greatest misery. All

right. The battle lines are drawn. Let the contest begin.

The first and most numerous obstacle to be encountered are the little men with the armbands. These are called APO's, and they are to be utterly disregarded. They are rather dull-witted creatures, their chief function being to wear down your resistance by the time you reach the advising tables. At the loyalty oath table, you have several courses of action. For one, you can pick up the oath without looking at it, sign it, and hand it back in the space of a second and a half. Any APO's watching will get the impression that you are a seasoned veteran of many registrations and a man to be feared. Of, if you feel bold, take issue with one of the women at the table, arguing against the oath in your best debating-team manner. These people really don't know *why* you have to sign the bill or what's it's really all about, so a convincing speaker should be able to completely cow any of them. You have to sign the thing eventually, but do so with an air of great disdain. If you are a communist, of course, you simply can't sign.

At the bottom of the Gregory Gym maelstrom are the rows of advising

tables, where sit the advisors, resplendent in their malevolence. It is against the official code of the Ancient and Amiable Order of Advisors to let a student's course card go by totally unchanged. It is best to prepare beforehand a list of alternate times and courses (even majors) in case your first choices don't make it. But don't give them the satisfaction of suggesting the alternate for you. For instance, if one says, "I'm sorry, but we don't have any anthropology courses open. How about psychology?" do not agree. Instead, say "I don't think so, but how about astronomy?" This even if you hate astronomy. Remember, you are striving for a moral victory.

If you can get a fairly presentable schedule, consider that you have successfully met the challenge of registration. Minor problems like tuition you can probably solve for yourself. CLASSES: Classes are classified (no pun intended) into three . . . uh . . . groups: required classes, eight-o'clock classes, and others. Attendance is required in all departments but English, where it ain't. Classes are a very important part of university life, since they are where one meets lots of dates. A very easy course is called a "snap" course. The definition of a snap course is a course you are now taking, minus one semester, add a different professor and a friend who took it then and told you it was a snap course. Classes are traditionally taught by professors, of which there are several grades. Your best bet is simply to call everyone "Doctor"—*everyone*, even people who look like janitors or co-eds, because you never can tell who is really a professor, and if he really is one he will feel good if you call him "Doctor." When you get to know them better, you may call your professors by their first names, such as "John," or "Tom," or "George." Still later you may even call them by nicknames, such as "Hezekiah," or "Twinkletoes," or "Doctor."

DEANS: Deans are the students' friends. Everyone knows that. It says so in the Freshman Information Bulletin, the Daily Texan, and the Yellow Pages under "Friends, students'." You are supposed to take your problems to the dean. This is only fair, since that is where most student problems originate in the first place.

FRATERNITIES AND SORORITIES: "Should I join a fraternity or sorority?" is the question that plagues many freshmen. In an overwhelming number of cases, the answer is "a sorority." This, however, is but idle dreaming, and many are forced to

join fraternities anyway. Some people choose to join neither, depending on their sex. And *that* brings up a point. DATING: The most satisfactory method, next to radiocarbon, is with a member of the opposite sex, depending on whether one is in a fraternity or sorority or neither. There are lots of places to take a date around Austin. All you need is a car to get there and an I.D. to get in. Oh, well, frosh, there are other places too. For transportation, an enterprising young man can rent a bicycle built for two, which many girls find quaint and romantic, we're told. You try it and let us know. STUDENT PUBLICATIONS: Texas Student Publications, Inc., has something for everyone. If you want to appear intellectual, carry a copy of Riata, the campus literary magazine. If you want to appear hip, intellectual in a satirical way, yet warm and human and a good all-around guy, carry the Ranger. If you want to develop your muscles, carry a copy of the Cactus. If you want to fight off the flies, carry a Daily Texan. If you want to know where you are, or where someone else is, carry a Student Directory. If you want to speak softly, carry a Big Stick.

DRINKING: Have you heard people say college students drink too much? That's not true; they don't drink enough. Have you heard people say that you don't have to drink to have a good time? That other people won't mind if you come to a party and don't drink? It's lies, all lies! *We* mind if you come to a party and don't drink. Even if it's another party way on the other side of town. We're sorry, you just can't do it. There's no way. And of course you have to drink to have a good time. You have to drink to have a bad time. You have to drink just to *live*. You'd get all dried-out inside if you didn't. Worse, you'd get all sober. THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE ON CAMPUS: There are also many places around campus where one may go to satisfy intellectual needs. The best known of these is Scholz's, a gay place on San Jacinto. Intellectuals read books, so read lots of books. Don't be seen reading "Catcher in the Rye," but be sure you've read it, so you can put down people you see reading it. That's a sure sign of a freshman, and *you* want to be a sophisticated, aloof uppclassman intellectual, now don't you? Intellectuals take dope too. You take lots of dope, hear?

POLICE: Everybody knows to watch out for police, even ignorant freshmen from teeny country towns. Austin police are especially resentful of

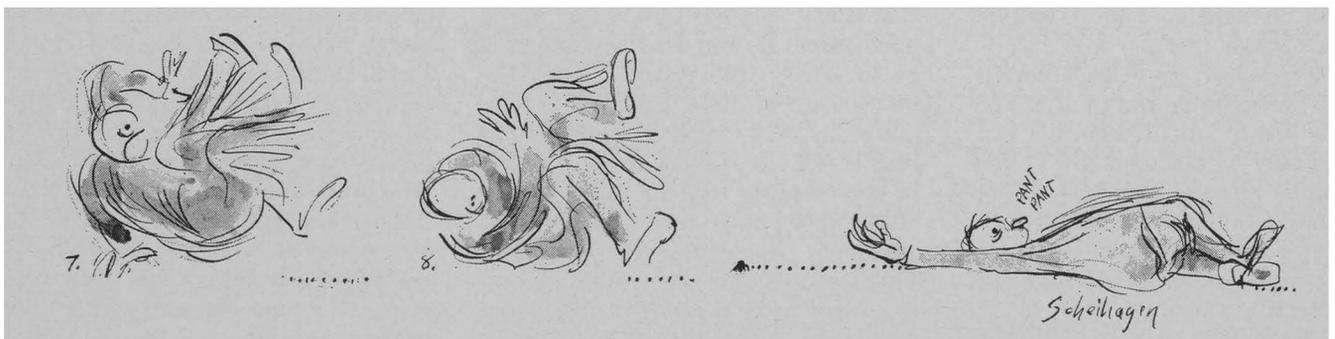
students, because of our superior intelligence. Of course, anyone's intelligence is superior to a cop's, but college students are the worst of all. Then UT has its very own campus cops, who don't carry guns like Austin cops. This seems very dangerous to us, because mobs of aroused students could just beat up a campus cop gee! something awful, just because he doesn't carry a gun. We hope no students try to take advantage of the campus cops because they *don't carry guns*.

LIVING QUARTERS: Freshmen don't have much choice of living quarters, but maybe this will help you in a few years when you can have an apartment of your very own. If one has money, there is no problem—you just find an apartment you like and take it. That is really not any fun, however, for you miss the excitement of apartment hunting among some of Austin's most colorful neighborhoods. Many of these inexpensive pads have marvelous features not found in swankier places. Such things as fireplaces with pink stucco roses around them, secret doors, genuine antique window fans made from Spad propellers, picturesque bullet holes in the wall, a whole tree, reaching to the ceiling, left there by the previous inhabitant, commodes that flush by a pull-chain hanging from the ceiling, stainless steel bathtubs, and many other fascinating things. Apartments like these can present a challenge, can make just living in them a game. Even the drawbacks, such as roaches, rats, a railroad track through the living room, can be part of the game. And besides, they're cheap.

DEALINGS WITH THE LOCAL MERCHANTS: Unavoidably, every student has to buy things from stores around Austin. One of the first things you will learn about is the thriving book trade along the Drag's book stores. Marvelous indeed are the ways of capitalism—how a book which was worth \$10 a semester ago is suddenly worth nothing at all, how there may be a total of six books in all the stores to service a class of fifty. Many Drag book stores were started by students who, after four years of college, found themselves with several thousand dollars worth of books that they had no use for, but could not sell back to the stores. So they started selling them back to the students, being careful not to buy any back themselves.

Other stores deal in vast arrays of ornate and generally worthless gimmicks, at exorbitant prices, to satisfy the fierce craving of every student to

(Continued on Page 35)



Ambrose Bierce Is Lost Again

or, Ambrose, You Come
Home This Instant!

By Dave Crossley



"Hayes!" D'Arcy shouted, exploding through the door of my study.

"Pull yourself together, there, D'Arcy," I said, noticing the little bits of him splattered around the door-jamb.

"Excuse me," he said, pulling himself together, "But I always go to pieces when I explode through doors."

"Yes, I see that, and I wish you would be more careful in the future. Please go out and try again."

He went out and disappeared for a few seconds. Then I saw him walking past my window, his suitcase in his hand and a tag around his neck which said "My name is D'Arcy In Case of Accident Please Deliver Me Unto Temptation."

"Shut up," D'Arcy said to the tag. "This is a respectable neighborhood." And he was off to Patterson, New Jersey, to get another door. He returned in a fortnight, causing me to speculate as to where he might have left his car. Probably lost it, if I knew D'Arcy, and I thought I recognized the face, but couldn't be sure.

"Hayes!" he shouted again as he walked calmly through the hole where the door had once been and laid the new door at my feet, a revolting scene. "Rutherford B. Hayes."

"Rutherford, as in bus," I corrected.

"Probably so," D'Arcy was forced to admit. We drank on it, at which point it became furious and, tossing its head in great disdain, it stomped out the door, which was on fire.

"What about Hayes?" I queried.

"Hayes was the nineteenth President of the United States," D'Arcy said, as he wrote "Hayes" next to the number 19 on the blackboard which had appeared out of nowhere. He kicked the blackboard once and put it back in nowhere.

"That's quite true," I said. "True indeed."

"True in word," D'Arcy quipped. We danced around the desk, throwing cauliflower blossoms into the air, where they stayed.

"Of what importance is this fact?" I asked D'Arcy, who was scrubbing the walls.

He dried them off and replaced them, then informed me that he was making a list of all the Presidents of the United States without looking them up. We agreed that was probably for the best as I had, one month earlier, looked up Martin Van Buren only to be told that he had disappeared, as had a number of his friends, but that Truman was still knocking around somewhere and perhaps he could help, though I doubted it and

dropped the whole matter, smashing a Ming vase.

After turning off the lights and putting away the rubber hose, I released D'Arcy and sent him back to his room to cogitate on the Presidents he did not know. I certainly didn't want anybody cogitating in my study, not on two President, and certainly not on two total strangers. He had his own room for that and I told him he could use it as he wished, whereupon he wished to use it as a flatiron and was promptly struck down by lightning.

D'Arcy was a strange man, I thought. He had come wandering into my life one day 48 years ago, and I told him it was closed and would re-open at nine. D'Arcy would not be put off, however, and insisted on staying, telling me I would be an evil man if I put him back on the street. With a quick glance, I realized he was right, as he was naked. Stealing to the window (whereupon I found myself loaded down with all the living room furniture), I pulled down the blinds and told him he might stay for one night, but after that I was putting my foot down.

"You can put it down now, if you like," D'Arcy said, "Or, for that matter, I'll hold it awhile and you won't have to put it down at all."

I thanked him, then wept in his arms, which must have been a startling scene, what with his being naked. He moved in with me (even helped me replace the living room furniture) and we became fast friends, though as the years have gone by, we have become somewhat slower, yet I still beat him to the maid's room and back again, usually dragging the maid who died in 1942 but insisted in her will that I couldn't get along without her.

D'Arcy sulked in his room—ruining the carpet—about the two Presidents whose names eluded him. He stayed there for two years, sending out for his meals, but I intercepted his notes, censoring them and leaving only the cryptic message "logogriph," and sent them on to the Central Intelligence Agency, where we both kept our intelligence and where I knew D'Arcy would be treated with respect.

Then one day in June—or perhaps it was both days—D'Arcy crept into my study, a shadow of his former self.

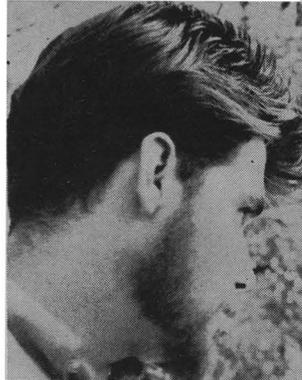
"What's happened to your former self?" I asked.

"What's happened to my former self?" D'Arcy's shadow reiterated.

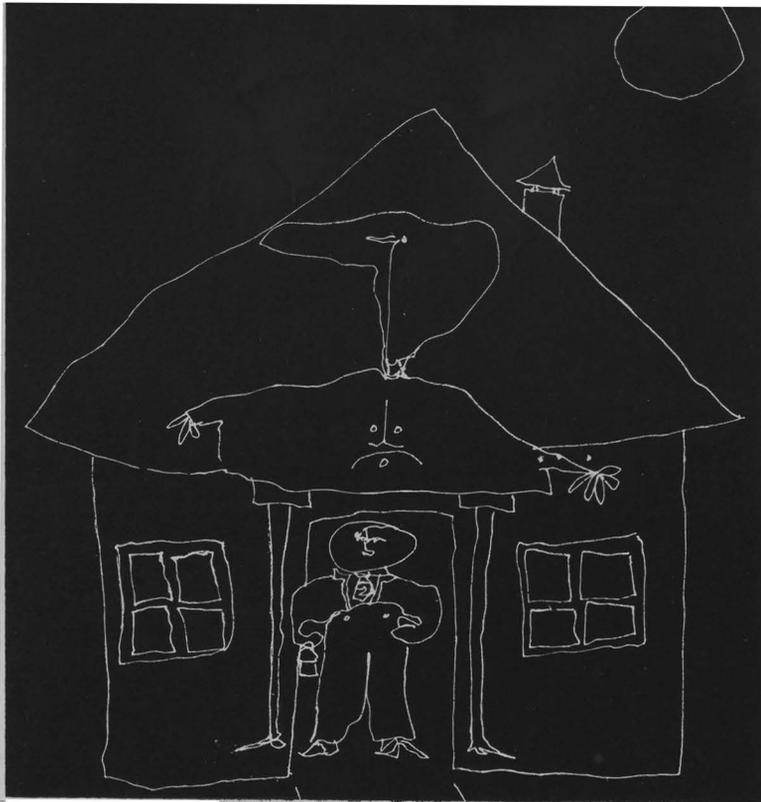
"I just iterated that," I told him, and we decided to drop the subject, breaking another Ming vase.

(Continued on Page 38)

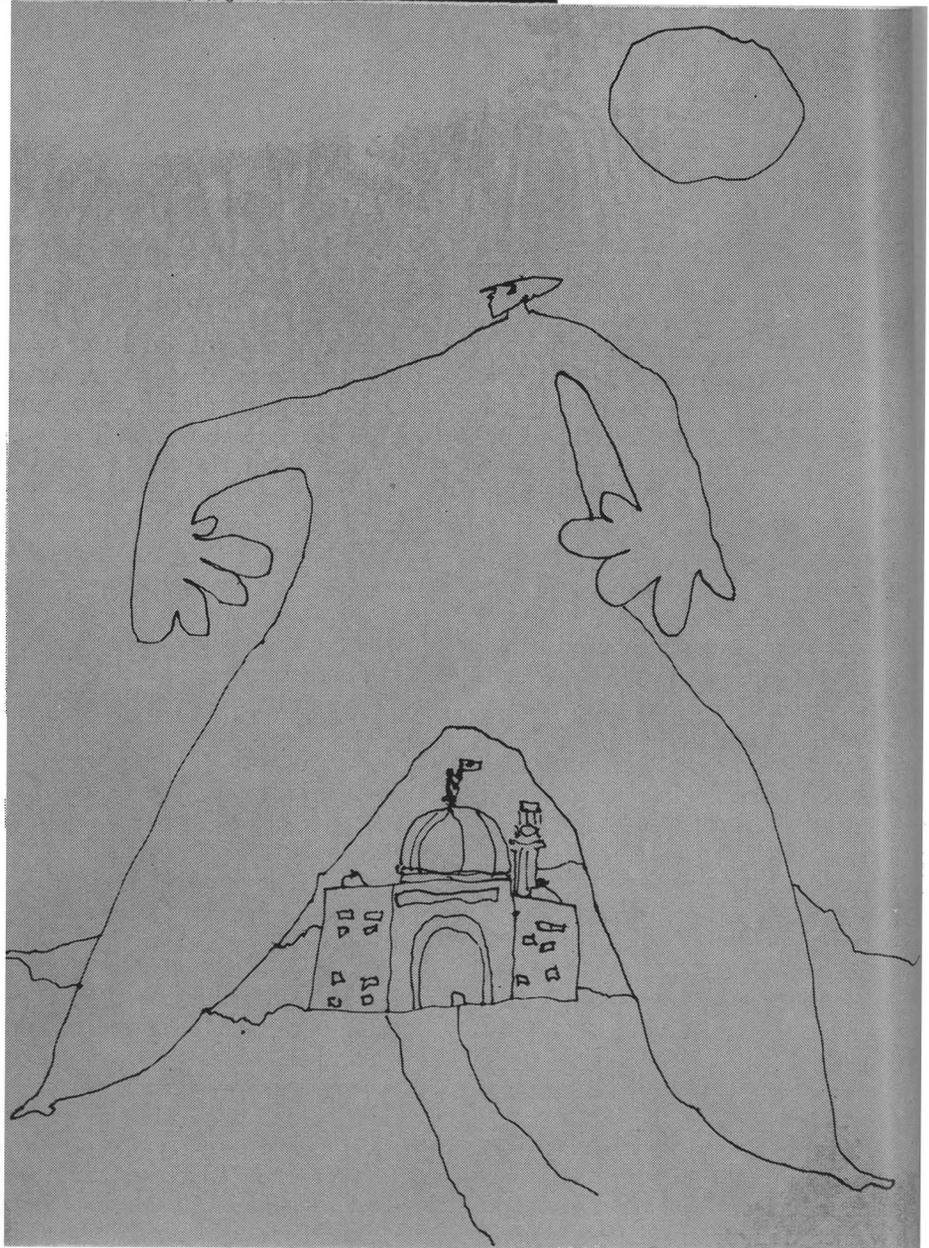
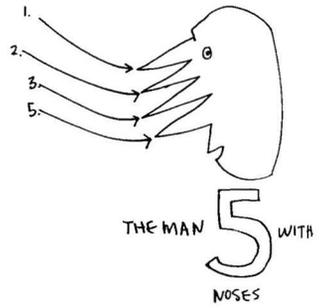
drawings by shelby kennedy



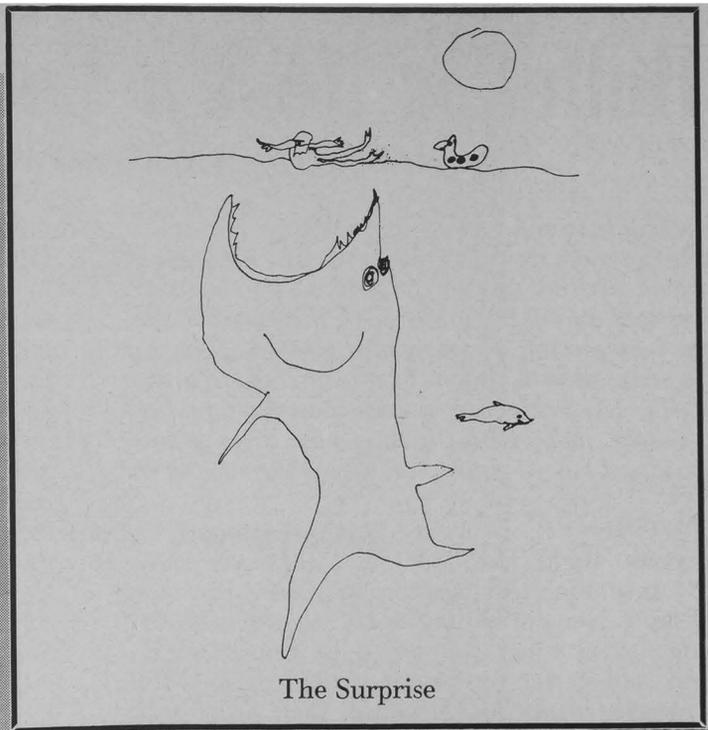
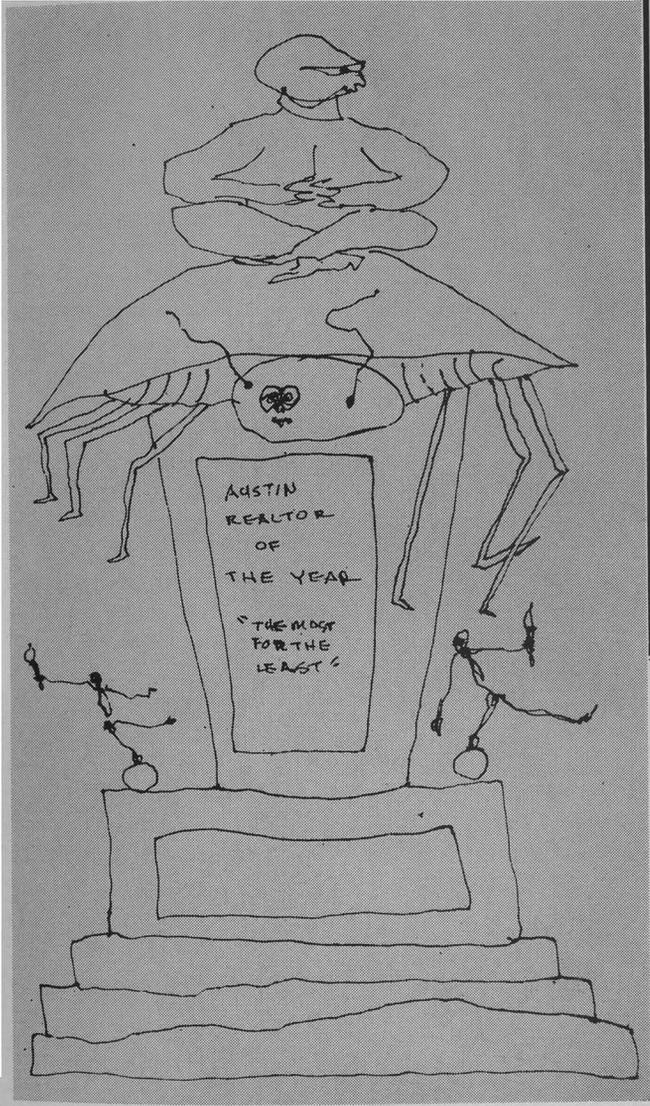
Here, for the first time in the pages of the RANGER, we present a new type of humor—it's cartoonery, buffoonery, or a bit of madness. Or maybe Shelby Kennedy is playing a joke on us all. At any rate, these drawings made us laugh, and maybe they'll make you likewise. Shelby is a sophomore art student, a good artist, and witty in an original way. So here he is.



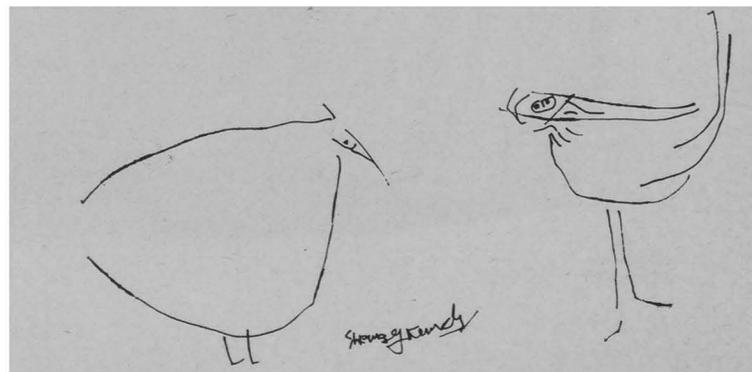
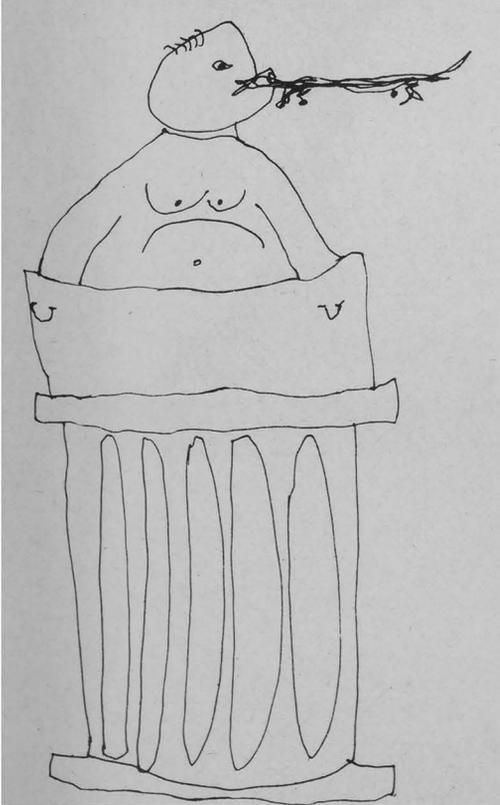
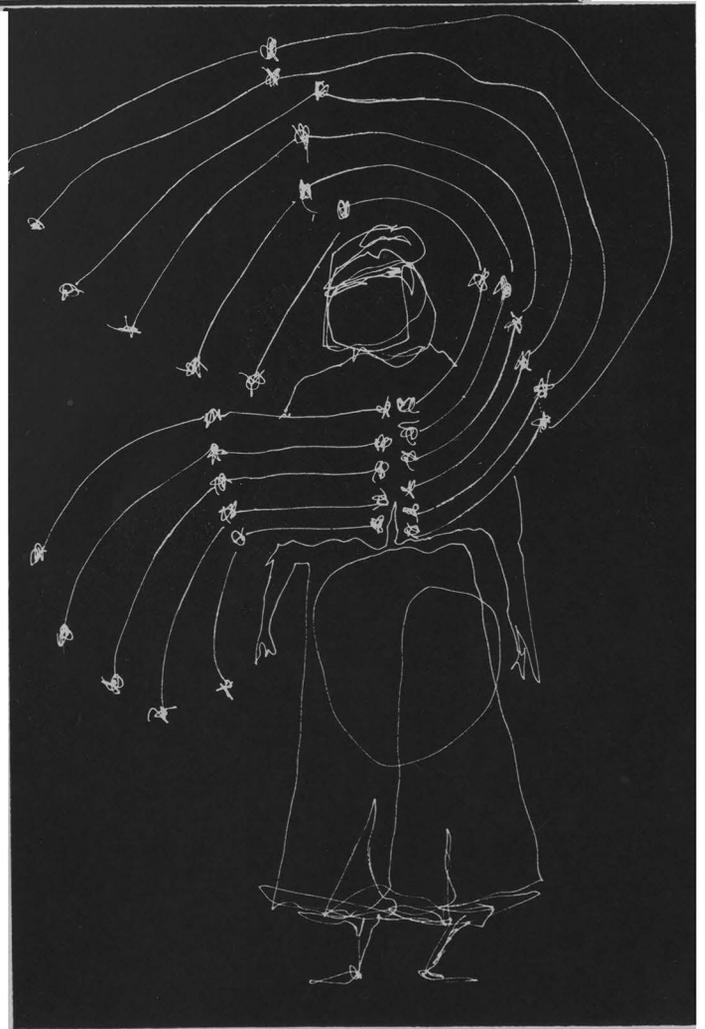
Another Uneventful Day



The Colossus of Austin



The Surprise



Relief is Just a Commercial Away

or, Run it up the flagpole and see if it stops at half-mast

The time is late summer; the year, 1970.

The scene is a room in the headquarters of a large Madison Avenue advertising agency. Several empty chairs are arranged around a long table. Through the open window one can see, between the skyscrapers, a portion of the sky. It has a strange, greenish glow to it. Suddenly the door opens and Haydon Persuader, chief ad supervisor of the company, enters, followed by three young men in gray ivy-league suits. They sit down, Haydon at the head of the table.

HAYDON: Mr. Tareyton, we are ready for your report.

HERB TAREYTON: Right, H.P. Well, as I guess you know, we're all doomed. Heh heh (*nervous chuckle*). But more about that later. Now, according to Huntley-Brinkly, the whole thing started when a young American officer just went berserk and started pushing buttons, sending a fleet of atomic missiles toward the Kremlin. Well, what could they do but retaliate, and . . .

VANCE MADISON: Wait a minute. What about the hot line? Where was President Kennedy?

HERB: Out sailing with her husband John. Anyway, the first wave of Russian bombs hit the U.S. right in the middle of "Gunsmoke."

GEORGE FRIZBY: That's all right, it was a re-run.

HERB: I think I should pause here to inject a note of sad-

ness, and all pay our last respects to our beloved president, Edsel J. Huckster, who died during the attack, trying to reach his \$750,000 shelter. He would have made it too, if he hadn't tried to carry his portable TV with him. He had three in the shelter, of course, but he didn't want to miss the new Solar cigarette commercial. His aged mother tried to lend him a hand, but he refused. His last words were "Please, Mother, I'd rather do it myself!" His left pocket held a TV Guide, his right, the Wall Street Journal.

HAYDON: He would have wanted it that way.

HERB: Well, to continue, both countries finally came to their senses before they totally annihilated each other. However, the damage had been done. Everything has been contaminated by radioactivity. As I said, we're all doomed. *But*—and this is an important point—death will not be immediate. Some of us will last weeks, some even months. For the implications of this, I give you our chief ad supervisor, Mr. Haydon Persuader.

HAYDON: Well done, Herb.

GEORGE (*giggling*): So are a lot of us these days.

HAYDON: That will do, Frizby. Now, as I explained to you at our last meeting, this does not mean the end of Huckster Advertising Corporation. No, indeed. We merely have to utilize the situation as best we can. As Herb told you, death

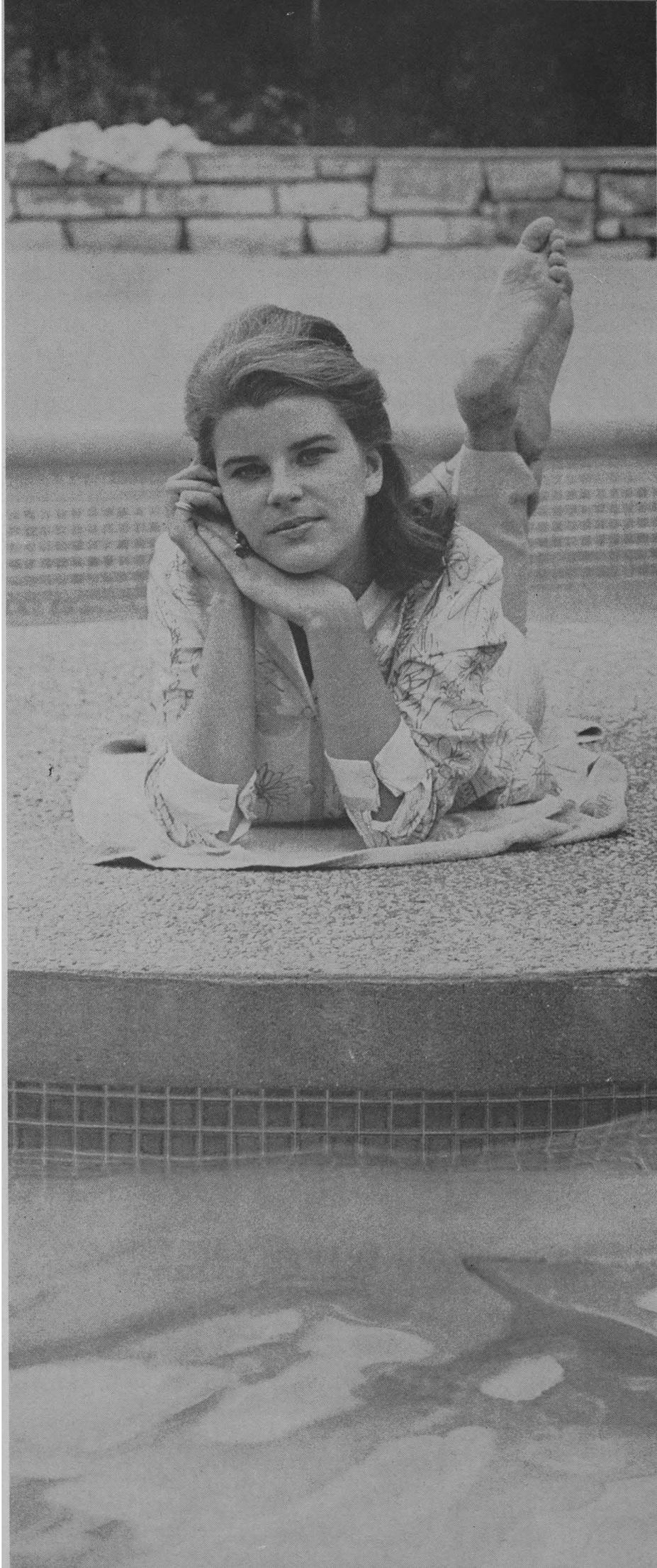
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By Lieuen Adkins

Illustration by Gilbert Shelton

Girl of the Month

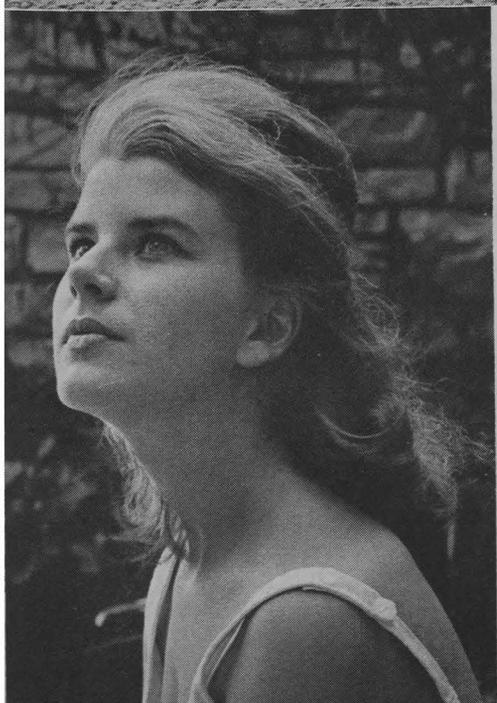


Sarah Judd

We believe in starting the new school year off with as much optimism as possible, and what could fill the days ahead with joy and hope more than these pictures of Sarah Judd, our very firstest GOM. Sarie, as she is known to her friends, currently hails from Houston, although she has lived in England and various other European countries. Asked for a statement about her hopes, plans, and philosophy, Sarah sagely replied, "I believe in starting the new school year off with as much optimism as possible, and what could fill the days ahead with joy and hope more than your paying me the \$1000 you said you'd give me for being GOM."

Unfortunately, we were not able to obtain pictures of Sarah with no bikini atoll. That would have been a *blast!*





Photos by Bob Draddy



Here Comes the Bribe

By Lynn Ashby

Illustration by Tony Bell

"I don't understand it," said Groveston, shaking his head back and forth as he peered at the box. "What am I gonna do with a case of 160 proof vodka? Any why did they send it? Just doesn't make sense." He got up from his desk and walked over to the picture window. From there he could see all the way to the White House. Even see the windows in the White House. Even see into the windows. HmMMM.

Groveston quickly looked away. The Secret Service would rip up his *Eros* if they caught him. And that fink, Mildew, would probably tell them.

"What do you think, Finkdew . . . uh . . . Mildew?" His assistant was trying to remember the Secret Service unlisted number and was taken unaware. "Well . . . I, uh . . . think we ought to send it back."

Silly ass. "Y'do, huh? Just like that. A slap in the face. They soon as wipe out Louisville. What are you, a War Hawk? We've got to keep it. Use it to clean the floors, it it doesn't eat up the linoleum. But *why* did they send it. So far they've given me three wrist watches, two dachas, a Volga boatman, and that fellow Vonovich keeps asking if I want to meet his daughter. No, they're after something. Can't trust 'em at all. So help me Edwin Walker."

There was a rap on the door and a secretary appeared carrying two cases of rice wine, a sampan and two miles of the Great Wall. "More from the Chinese People's Republic," she said, tossing the wall into Mildew's lap. "Came by way of Warsaw, Geneva, New York and several hundred dead coolies."

Groveston was stunned. Mildew was stunned. And the secretary was obviously stoned on rice wine. "M'gawd. Peking. If the HUAC ever hears of this I'll be banned from Disneyland."

Senator Groveston returned to his desk and wiped his forehead. "Things haven't looked so bad since they connected me with those damned fertilizer tanks. Lawdamightly, if the voters back home ever hear of this I'll be back drilling slant-hole wells."

A short rap at the Senator's door was followed quickly by the entrance of a man wearing a double breasted suit, wide silk tie and a large silver star over his heart.

"Who the hell are you?" asked Groveston.

"Never mind who I am, Commie-symp, it's you we're interested in. But if you must know . . ." he looked behind the curtains, in the wastebasket,

out the window . . . hmMMM, can even see the White House from here . . . even see. . . "Just call me Agent 007-FBI-1124-dash-GHQ."

He sat down and pulled out a clipboard and pen. "We've had our eye on you for some time, y'know. As head of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee you're a Big Boy in this town. At least up till now. Notice you're left handed." He made a mark on the clipboard. "That show any political sympathies? Don't lie."

"No!" said Groveston.

"Chronic liar," said Agent 007-etc. marking on his pad.

"What is this?" hollered Groveston, visibly shaking.

"Trying to pry information out of a government employee," mumbled the Agent. "Hoboy, this is getting good. You'll love Leavenworth . . . fresh air . . . good food. At least Mother does. Smoke Havana cigars?"

"Of course not," said the Senator.

"That's un-American."

"Read the Blue Book?"

"Seven times," said Groveston.

"Ever try to look in the White House windows?"

"NO," said Groveston. That *#!\$*?@&% Mildew must've told the F.B.I. I'll emasculate that fink. Should've never hired anyone with a picture of G. David Shine tatoood on his chest.

"Sure you don't smoke Havana cigars?"

"I told you I don't."

"Here's three boxes of Havana cigars for you Senator," said the secretary walking in the door. "Plus a year's pass on the Moscow subway after 10 p.m., hot bird's nest soup, and a cane once used by Mandy Rice-Davies."

The agent, giggling to himself, wrote furiously on his pad. "Yessir, you'll love it. Fresh air, lotsa rest. . ."

"You don't understand," said Groveston, grabbing Agent 007-etc. by his Robert Hall lapels. "I don't know where all of this is coming from."

"Neither did the Rosenbergs," said the agent, as he lit up a Havana and stuffed several more in his pockets. "Evidence. Well, so long, Dr. Soblen."

Groveston stumbled back to his desk, a shell of a man. Suddenly his eyes lit up. "Crenshaw! Yeah, ol' Crenshaw would know. He's an under-secretary of state now, and almost got through the fourth grade. Smart man, that Crenshaw. Takes *TV Guide*. Can understand road maps." Groveston dashed out the door pausing only

long enough to kick Mildew in the gut as he ran through the outer office.

"It's really very simple," said Crenshaw, trying to figure out a Gulf road map on his desk. "You're head of the Foreign Relations committee. Right?" Groveston nodded his head. "And you've been getting gifts from both Moscow and Peking? Right?"

Groveston nodded his head as he peered out Crenshaw's window. HmMMMM. See the White House from here, too. Even see. . .

"Don't you read anything in the papers besides Big Ben Bolt? Don't you know that there's a big fight between the Russians and the Chinese? And that they are both trying to line up support with the rest of the world?"

"That makes the United States an uncommitted nation. Kinda like Egypt and Yugoslavia in the old days."

The Senator smiled. It was beginning to sink in. "So that's why I've been getting all that loot."

"Peanuts, chicken feed," said Crenshaw wadding up his road map and tossing it out the window. "Hold out for more, kid. Senator Long has been offered a bridge over the Mississippi."

"They already got a bridge over the Mississippi," said the Senator.

"Lengthwise?"

"I get the point."

"De Gaulle was offered help on his atomic bomb by the Russians. But the Chinese promised him help and a testing ground."

"Where?"

"Red Square." Crenshaw lit up a Havana cigar. "The Russkies promised Kennedy that their next man in space would be Barry Goldwater. So the best for you to do, Groveston baby, is to hold out for more. Graft-wise."

"Like what?" said the Senator, snatching up pencil and paper.

"Oh, I dunno. What about the White House?"

Groveston frowned. "No, I don't think so. Doesn't have any window shades."

"I've noticed that," said Crenshaw, glancing out the window, "Well, make a parking lot out of it. Or sell it to Nixon, he was interested in the place a while back."

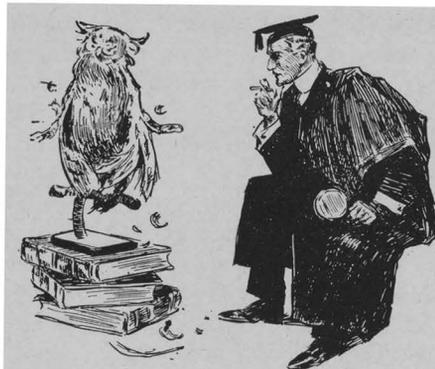
"Still, President Groveston sounds pretty good, doncha think? Maybe I *should* hold out for something else," he said walking out the door. "King Groveston. Pope Groveston I, Count Groveston . . . the Groveston-Hilton . . . Captain Groveston vs. Godzilla . . ." ●

POEMS:

by Ambrose Havermil



When the sun goes down
At my house at night
The moon comes up
Behind the streetlight
And it gets pretty all over
And I want to fight
With guys who dont like moons and things
And think poets like me aint right
Because when the judgment comes
Its going to bite
For those fellows who spent
All their time getting tight
Like that guy Dwight.



There never was a human
Who knew all there is to know
So don't sit there fuming
As neither was there a crow
Who knew all there is to know
Or a grackle or even an ant
Cause those things cant
Come close to knowing
About much more than crowing
As man is equipped
With brains and has them all whipped.



The grackle is a pretty bird
With feathers shiny black
If I was a grackle instead of me
I'd have feathers on my back
Too, cause all grackles do
And if I was a grackle
I'd be a grackle too
And wear my black coat
All over the woods
And the girl grackles
Would get a lot of woo
And grackly goods
Too.



Floyd Havermil was a big tough man
With fifteen fingers on his big left hand.

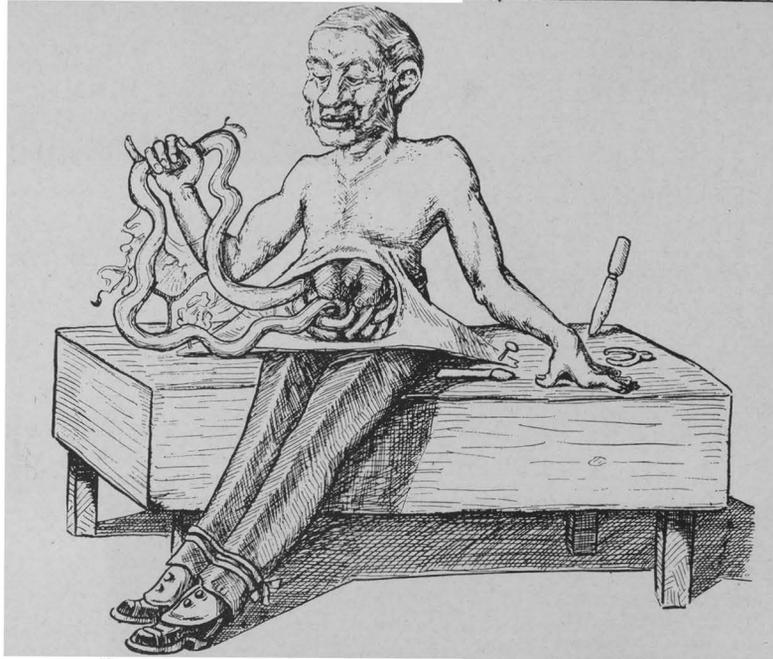


I like to smell the flowers
Growing by my feet
I could just smell for hours
Cause smelling flowers is such a treat
And I'm telling you really
It gives me the willies
To smell the flowers by my feet.

When you sleep outdoors
 You get chilly all over
 Cause the skys so big
 And youre laying in clover
 And on maybe a twig
 And a shooting star soars
 And makes a red light
 Right there in the night
 And makes you feel piny
 And kind of tiny
 And you squirm in your drawers
 And you feel all good
 Like youre full of yeast
 Anyway you should
 It does me at least.

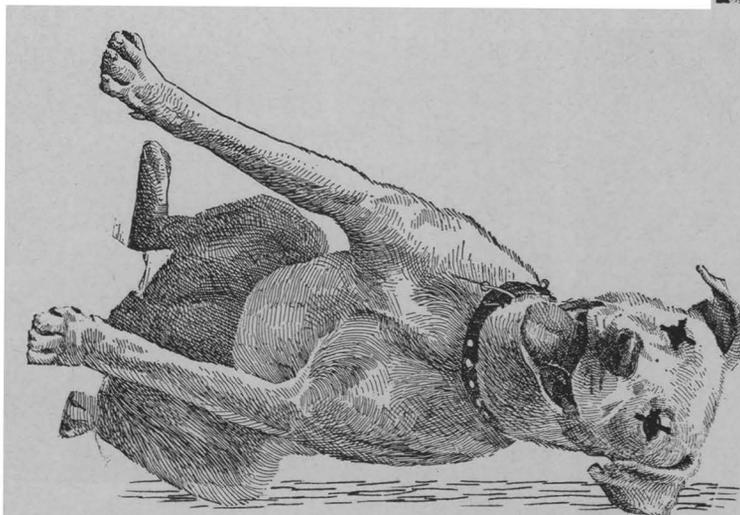


The water ought to
 Be brought to
 Me
 Cause I got to
 Be not too
 Hungry
 Cause a drink can
 Make me think and
 Be
 Full and great
 Like I just ate.



Sunset makes a specter
 Across the twilight sky
 And me and Joe and Hector
 Get up and say goodbye
 Cause Joe and Hector and me
 Were been talking all day long
 About good things and we
 Always know when to say so long
 As we dont like to linger
 When theres nothing more to say
 Or when someone cuts his finger
 Like Hector did today.

I'll turn my gun in
 For a buffalo skin
 And wrap it all up
 With my tin star and cup
 Then I'll follow the sun
 Till the day is done
 Then I'll lay down to rest
 Out here in the west
 Then when the sun comes up
 I'll get right up
 And put on my hat
 And that'll be that.



I saw a dog
 Get mashed by a car
 And I sat on a log
 And looked at a star
 And thought of that dog
 And what we all are
 Just squashed on the road
 Like that poor little pup
 And the seeds that he sowed
 Will never grow up
 And the dog is as dead
 As I'll be someday afar
 If I don't get mashed by a car
 Or a truck or even a bus
 Filled with passengers
 Just like us.

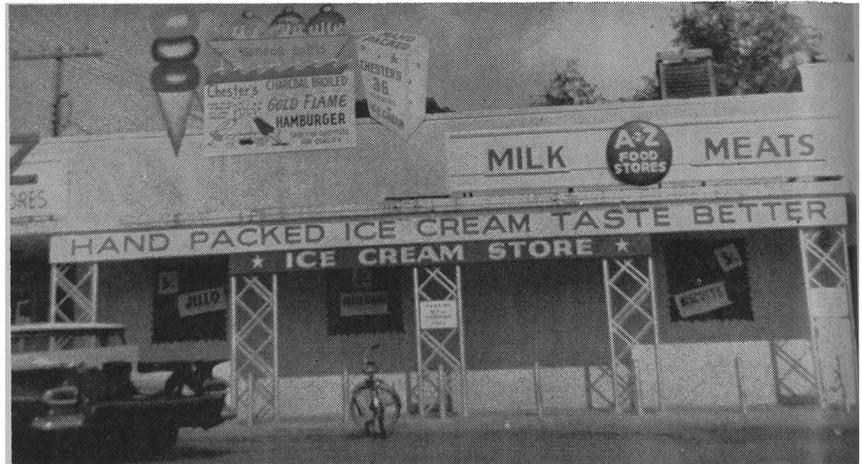
SIGN OFF

A perceptive tour of Austin business establishments proves either that there is no correlation between intelligence and success or that there is one stupid old sign painter in town making a hell of a lot of money.

photos by Lieuen Adkins



Platitudes, platitudes.



It do?

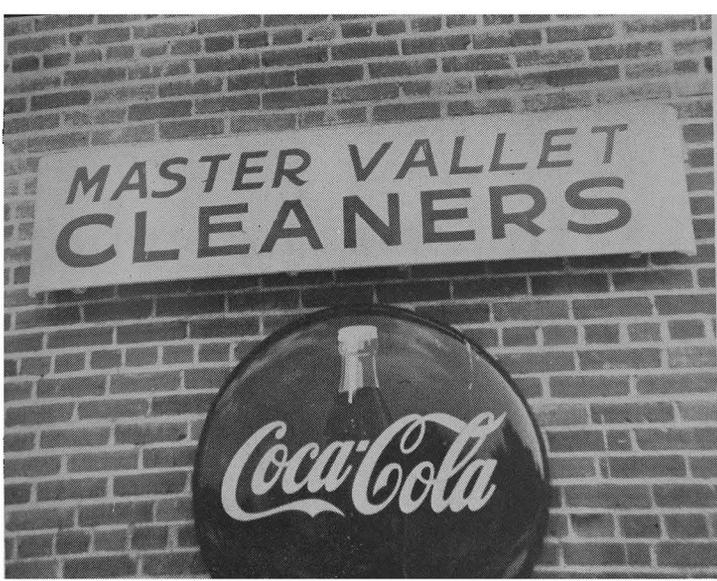
SANDWICHES		SELECT & PAY WHEN NUMBER CALLED		BREAKFAST	
1 COLD BEEF	.35	12 BABY T-BONE	1.00	24 HAM & EGGS	.45
2 FRIED HAM	.40	13 CLUB STEAK	1.50	" 2-EGGS	.29
3 HAMBURGERS	.25	14 FILLET MIG.	1.65	BACON & EGGS	.45
4 CHEESEBURGER	.35	FISH with SALAD	.75	" 1-EGG	.29
5 HOT BEEF	.55	15 FRIED FISH	.75	SAUSAGE & EGGS	.45
6 FRENCH FRYES	.25	16 1/2 DOZ. SHRIMP	1.25	" 1-EGG	.29
BEEF with SALAD		FRIED CHICKEN with Salad		2-EGGS Any Style	.30
7 CHICKEN Fried STEAK	.75	17 1/2 CHICKEN	1.00	HOT CAKES	.30
8 BREADED VEAL Cutlets	.75	18 1/4 CHICKEN	.50	With Bacon	.45
9 SMALL Hamburger STEAK	.50	MEXICAN		" Ham	.45
10 LARGE " "	.75	19 TACOS	.75	" Sausage	.45
11 " T-BONE	1.50	20 ENCHALADAS	.75	ANY CERAL	.25
		21 TAMALAS	.75	BUTTER TOAST 10" @ 1-Egg	.25
		22 MEXICAN PLATE	.75	DRINKS	
		23 BOWL CHILI	.35	COFFEE	.10
				MILK	.15
				SANKA	.10
				POP	.10
				HOT CHOC.	.10
				BEER	.25
				ICE TEA	.10
				JUICE	.15

Five points for every correctly spelled word you find.

They're quiet right about that.



And what "more" can we "say" about! that.



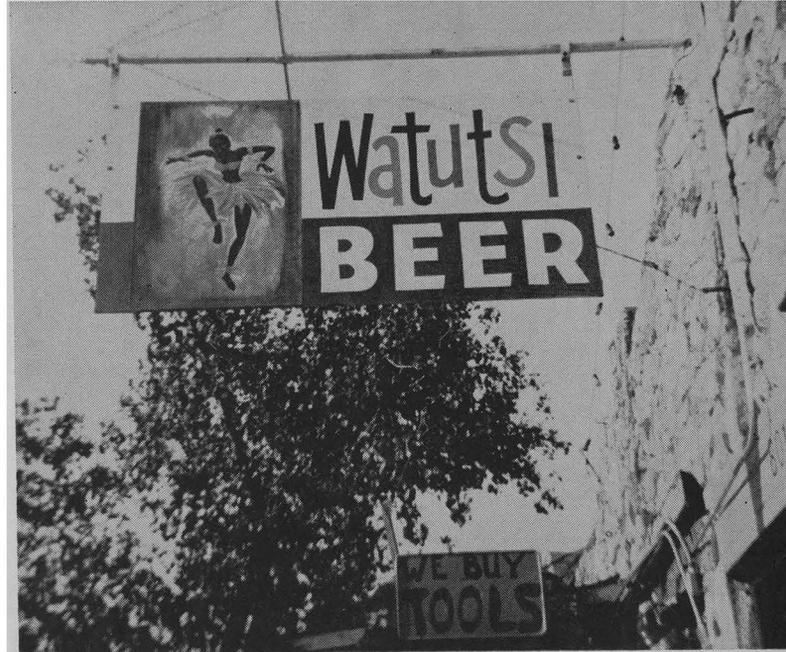
Suddenly there's a vallet.



Or sign painting, for that matter.



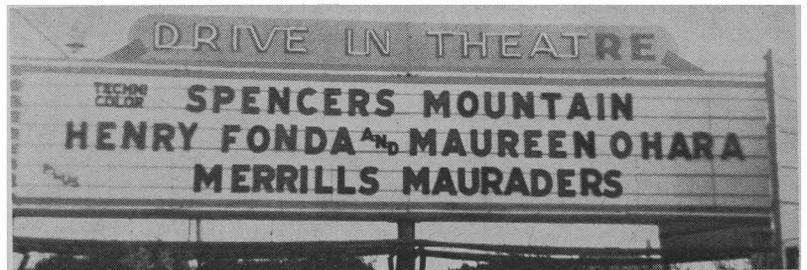
A loaf of bread, a kup of koffee, and thee.



Looks like a good place to get Wa-tutsi rolled.



That was no lady, that was my drss.

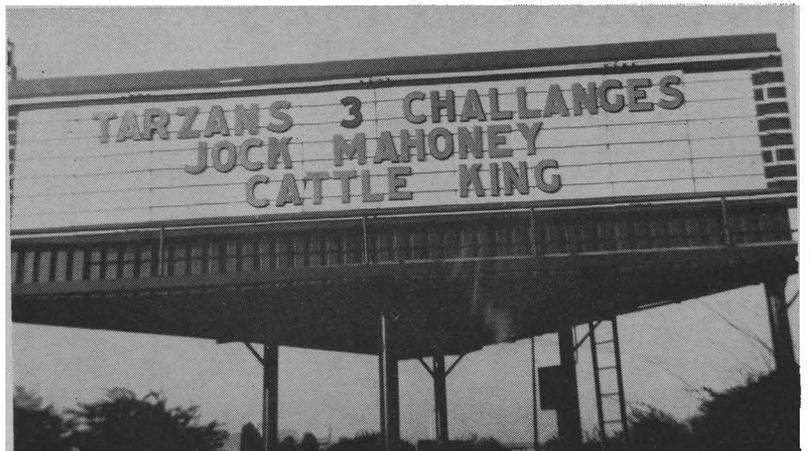


You have to watch out for mauraders.

His first challenge is the English language.

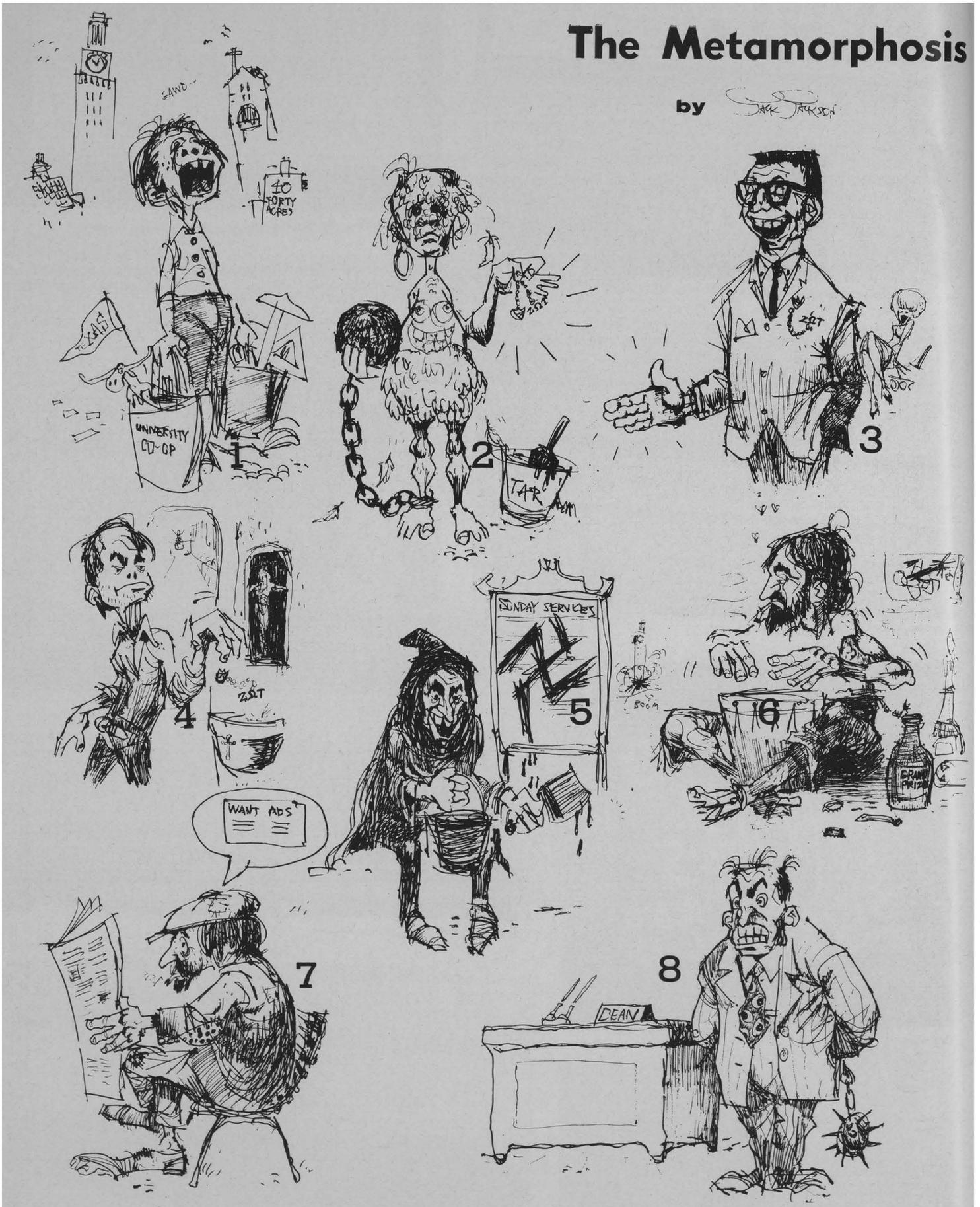


Don't be silly; there's no market for used articals.



The Metamorphosis

by JACK JACKSON



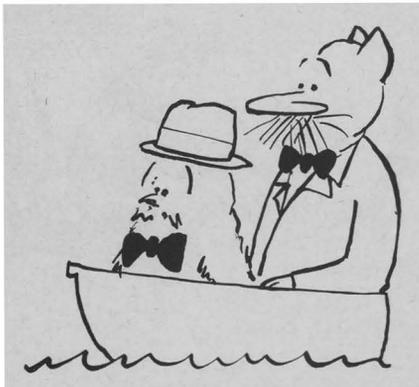
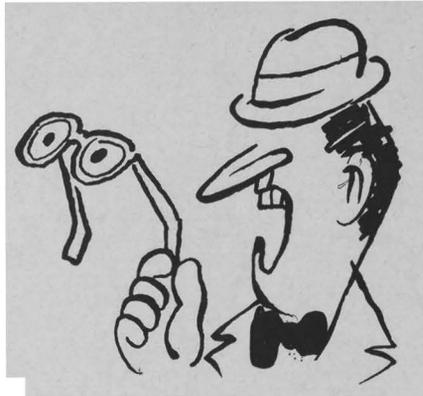
SWIFT KICKS

By Lieuen Adkins



As everyone who reads anything at all should know, "Swifties" is the latest craze to hit the word-game fans. They have appeared in everything from Playboy to newspaper headlines, and we understand that there are even little books of them out now, complete with instructions on how to make more of your own. They're sort of like peanuts: once you start with them, you just can't stop. We print these with the full knowledge that they may be obsolete by publication date, or even already. But the editor assumes full responsibility for them and, in fact publishes them at the risk of having his entire staff resign. Credit and/or blame must also go to lovely Miss Sarah Judd, who not only provided inspiration (the beer helped too) but even contributed some of her own. We publish this list in the hopes that it will put an end to this matter once and for all, if only by exhausting all possibilities. A final warning: any letters we receive containing more of these things will be unceremoniously burned.

1. "My glasses are all fogged up," said Tom optimistically.
2. "I think I'm going to throw up," said Tom retchedly.
3. "I had my left auricle and ventricle shot off in the war," said Tom half-heartedly.
4. "Looks like I've got gangrene *again*," said Tom neurotically.
5. "I'd like to spend a night in Tunisia," said Tom dizzily.
6. "The hippopotamus is the most worthless creature on earth," said Tom hypocritically.
7. "For the first time in my life I feel really clean," said Tom zestfully.
8. "Let's eat Kosher food tonight," said Tom judiciously.
9. "Eat lemon meringue!" said Tom piously.



At this point we depart from the realm of Swifties proper to explore the possibilities in using names other than "Tom." We might inject a little literary flavor with these:

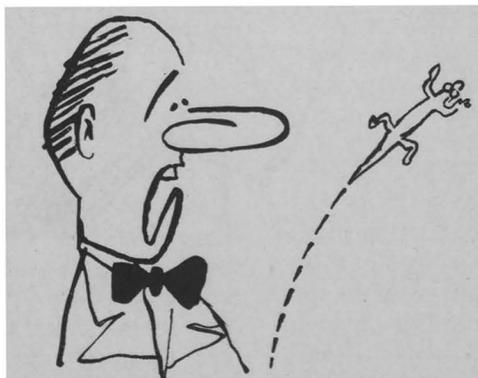
- "Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot," said Alfred noisily.
 "You can't go home again," said Thomas wolfishly.
 "Each man kills the thing he loves," said Oscar wildly.
 "Had we but world enough, and time," said Andrew marvelously.
 "Seize the day!" Saul bellowed.
 "The owl and the pussycat went to sea," said Edward leerily.

Something for the folk music fans:

- "Give me my guitar," said Lester flatly.
 "Give me my banjo," said Tom palely.
 "I'm certainly glad I quit the Kingston Trio," said Dave guardedly.

A little private joke:

- "Give me another drink," said Dave crossly.



And a raft of assorted esoteric allusions:

- "Anyone for a chariot race?" said Ben hurriedly.
 "I've got a lot at stake," said Joan darkly.
 "I feel pretty," said Maria nattily.
 "Let us prey," said Thomas nastily.
 "I've got the St. Louis blues," said W. C. handily.
 "Leapin' lizards!" said Harold grayly.
 "I think I'm getting seasick," said mal de merrily.
 "I think it's time we quit this nonsense," said Tom haltingly.



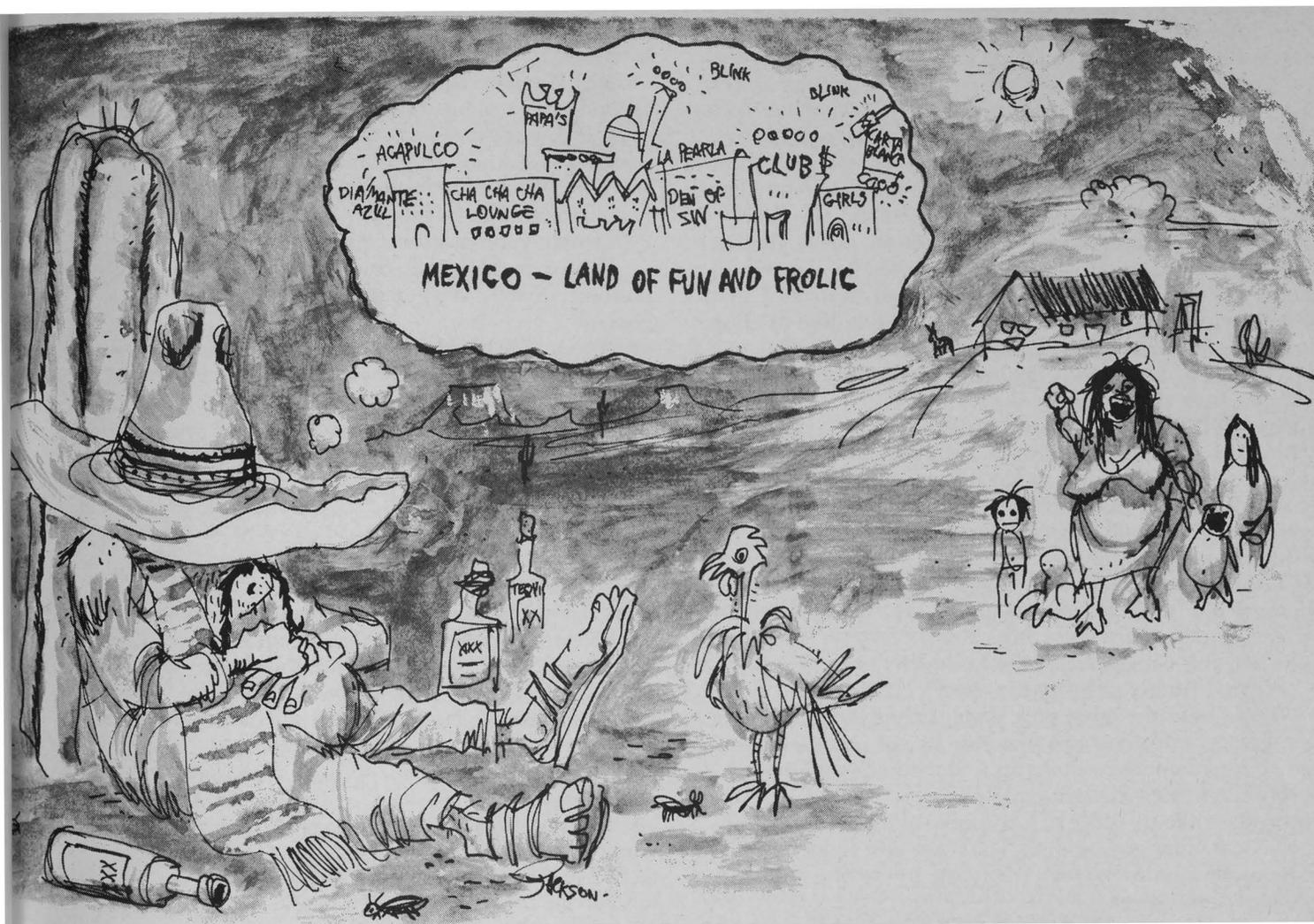


Illustration by Jack Jackson

A Misguide to Mexico

By Dave Crossley

You've just been absolutely dying to know more about Mexico, and don't deny it. I know you, you carefree wanderer, you. You're sitting there smug and stupefied, probably loaded to the gills, mumbling about Abyssinia and Iceland and God knows where, while I'm down here, flat on my back, dying of heat prostration. Well, snap to, sweetheart, and pour the stuff in the sink, because you're gonna listen, see, and listen good, or you get bounced all over the walls, and don't think I haven't got what it takes to do it. I got what it takes, all right, Mr. Clean; I got distance. Yeah, I got a couple thousand miles between me and you.

I'm not going into this single-handed, either. Not by a damn site. I got help like you nor nobody else ever got help. I got "Answers to Your Travel Questions About MEXICO, The Friendly Land," that noble piece of literature drafted, refined, printed, and distributed by the Mexican Government Tourism Department and when a man's got that, he don't need no friends.

You might be wondering where I got this pamphlet. I'm wondering about that, too. It seems to me the sudden appearance of a pamphlet which answers all my questions about Mexico (the friendly land) is pretty silly, since I've been in Mexico for too long now, and I've already asked all my questions to the bartender in the quaint little Mexican club, O'Briens, down the street. But appear it did, and, laying in a supply of chili peppers and Cokes, I settled into my downy bed of dead scorpions, pulled the sheet over my head to keep out the iguanas, and read the pamphlet right through, cover to cover, just for you. Now you listen for a while. It's the least you can do. And I thought I told you to pour that hooch out!

In the first place, I met a blonde, not bad, a little young maybe, but not bad. In the second place, I met a brunette and two more blondes. In the third place—well, the third place is one of those places I'd rather keep to myself. You probably wouldn't have liked it anyway. No, you'd have hated it. Nothing, really, to do.

Whew! This is getting a little exhausting, isn't it? Then let's get out of the places and sit under that banyan tree over there and talk for a while. I've been wanting to tell you about Mexico's history and its culture. Thumbing through this "Questions" pamphlet here, we see this little bit of info for the confused scholar:

"Its (Mexico's, of course) first inhabitants belonged to an archaic era, shrouded in impenetrable mystery. They later developed great civilizations and established farflung empires, as attested by the incomparable ruins of their once magnificent cities . . ."

Now *there's* a bit of literary jai alai. That's getting right into the matter, changing the subject, right back in again, and all over hell. I don't know about the first inhabitants, and I certainly don't think that "first" was necessary in there. Maybe the present-day inhabitants don't belong to an archaic era yet, but I've never met a nation of people that was so shrouded in impenetrable mystery. Don't start telling me I read the sentence wrong;

(Continued on Page 34)

may take as long as several months. However, toward the end it gets pretty painful. Well, what could be more natural than to end it all? In fact, people are doing it every day, all round us. But what concerns *us*, gentlemen, is *how* they do it. There are any number of ways to do oneself in, and this is what our clients are interested in. You know our motto here at Huckster: "The show must go on—*but* first a word from our sponsor." Fortunately, the government sponsored a massive effort to restore, above all else, our television stations and our breweries, so Americans could die with the things they love most. But, as I said last meeting, in these troubled times, people like to cling to the old familiar things. Even with a new twist, they just sort of feel at home with the old slogans. So let's see how you did with your assignments.

HERB: Well, chief, we've been thinking and we've come up with what we think are some good things.

GEORGE: Real killers, you might say.

HERB: Well, for that Jiffy-Kil insect spray account we whipped up this one. Two guys, kid and an older guy, are sitting around all depressed and rotting and all. Young guy decides he can't take it any longer and pulls out a bottle of some old-fashioned insect spray, gets set to drink it, when the other guy stops him. "Hey, Jimmy," he says, "are you still using that greasy kid stuff?"

"Yeah," Jimmy says, "what else?"

"This," says the other guy, "new Jiffy-Kil. Guaranteed non-greasy, effective, and painless. Its got just the kiss of the hexachloroepoxyoctahydro, dimethanonaphthalene. Real gusto in a great, light poison."

HAYDON: I like it, I like it. Get some well-known scientist to play the older guy, and it'll go. What else you got?

VANCE: We could end the whole bit by having him say "A little dab'll do ya."

HAYDON: Hmmm. We'll label it 'poison' and see who drinks it. What else?

GEORGE: How about "Remember how great poisons used to work? Jiffy-Kil still does. No halfway jobs with Jiffy-Kil; it gets you dead clear through."

VANCE: And Jiffy-Kil tastes good, like a poison should.

HERB: Maybe we could add, for large groups who want to go together, "Twenty-one lethal ingredients make twenty wonderful deaths."

HAYDON: Now we're cooking. Which reminds me, what'd you do for that Southern Union bit?

VANCE: Simple: "Try Southern Union—it's a gas."

HAYDON: Nice. We'll blow it into the atmosphere and see if the crowd sniffs it up. What about the DuPont Chemical ad?

GEORGE: "Take TNT and see."

HAYDON: That's a good one—short, catchy, to the point. What have you done for Greyhound?

HERB: We're aiming at the togetherness groups, trying to get them to charter a bus and drive off the Grand Canyon together. And what could be more natural than "Take the bus, and leave the driving to us"?

HAYDON: Good, good. Don't even have to change that one. We'll put it on the train to Westport and see who throws himself under it. Who's got Burma Shave?

VANCE: I do. I worked three hours on this one, and I'm kinda proud of it:

"If your throat you wish to slash,
Slice it cleanly, don't make hash.
Burma Shave."

HAYDON: Great: We'll spread 'em all over the highways, maybe even set up little stands a mile or so down the road selling razors and shaving cream. What's next?

GEORGE: Well, for the G.E. commercial, I thought we could

show a calm, happy guy sitting in an electric chair, with a clean-cut young man in a lab suit about to throw the switch. He does, the guy in the chair just slumps peacefully down, smiling, and above the whole scene some kind of flashy, electric letters spell out "At General Electric, progress is our most important product."

HAYDON: We'll plug it into the wall and see if it lights up.

HERB: Here's one I like:

"Double your pleasure, double your fun,

With a double-quick, double-barreled Remington gun."

HAYDON: Swell. We'll put in the chamber and see if it goes off.

HERB: And for people who don't like to make a mess of it, we ought to recommend single slugs over buckshot—"23% fewer cavities."

VANCE: And for people who just don't like guns, we could have a "little old knifemaker."

GEORGE: We could push the sleeping pill route as a nice, easy, quiet way to go with "Aren't you glad you use sleeping pills? Don't you wish everybody did?"

VANCE: And plastic bags over the head, "For those who think young."

HERB: Or we could show the inside of a closed garage, with a whole smiling family stretched out on the floor and a new Dodge with the engine running, under which is the simple slogan "The Dependables."

GEORGE: Make it a *big* family and add "You get lots more."

VANCE: And in case somebody wants to . . . uh . . . take the *high* road, so to speak, with an overdose of heroin, we could show this broad sittin' in a chair, see, all smilin' and glassy eyed. Underneath we could flash "Does she or doesn't she? Only her pusher knows for sure."

HAYDON: Great, men, great: You've really come through for old Huckster. By George, we've told people how to come into this world, how to get through it, and now, how to leave it. I wonder if there's anything we haven't done for the American public?

GEORGE: I doubt it, H.P.

HAYDON: Well, let's take a little break and get us a martini.

GEORGE: Great idea, chief. Coming, fellas?

HERB: No, I think I'll just stay here. I don't feel so well.

VANCE: Same here.

GEORGE: Well, suit yourselves. Let's go, chief.

(They leave. Herb and Vance pace around silently for a minute, then Herb goes over and looks out the window.)

VANCE: Herb?

HERB: Yeah, Vance?

VANCE: You know that officer, the one who went crazy and started the whole thing off?

HERB: Yeah. What about him?

VANCE: Well, I mean, did they find out why he did it, what caused him to crack up like that?

HERB: Well, I didn't want to include this in my report, but the story goes that when they found him he was still pushing buttons, turning knobs, frantically punching and twisting everything in the place. And he was babbling, "Won't come on. Damn set won't come on. I'll miss 'Gunsmoke.' Gotta get it to come on."

VANCE *(quietly, after a pause)*: I see.

HERB: Well, that's how the story goes anyway.

(They look away from each other nervously. Herb looks out the window again.)

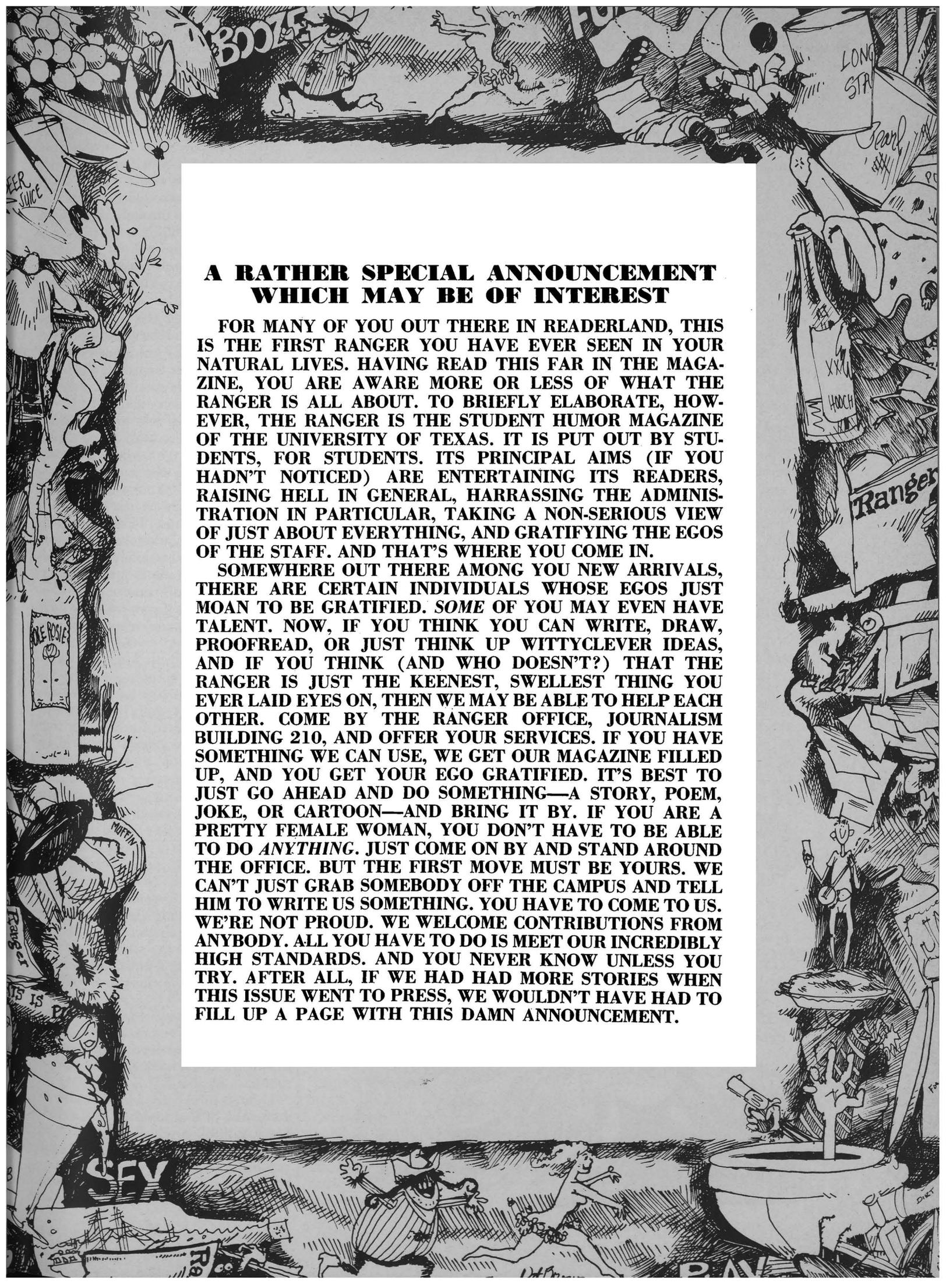
VANCES Herb?

HERB: Yeah, Vance?

VANCE: When it comes your turn to go, how are you gonna do it?

HERB: Well, I thought I'd defenestrate myself.

VANCE: Gee, I'm just gonna jump out a window. ●



**A RATHER SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
WHICH MAY BE OF INTEREST**

FOR MANY OF YOU OUT THERE IN READERLAND, THIS IS THE FIRST RANGER YOU HAVE EVER SEEN IN YOUR NATURAL LIVES. HAVING READ THIS FAR IN THE MAGAZINE, YOU ARE AWARE MORE OR LESS OF WHAT THE RANGER IS ALL ABOUT. TO BRIEFLY ELABORATE, HOWEVER, THE RANGER IS THE STUDENT HUMOR MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS. IT IS PUT OUT BY STUDENTS, FOR STUDENTS. ITS PRINCIPAL AIMS (IF YOU HADN'T NOTICED) ARE ENTERTAINING ITS READERS, RAISING HELL IN GENERAL, HARRASSING THE ADMINISTRATION IN PARTICULAR, TAKING A NON-SERIOUS VIEW OF JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING, AND GRATIFYING THE EGOS OF THE STAFF. AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN.

SOMEWHERE OUT THERE AMONG YOU NEW ARRIVALS, THERE ARE CERTAIN INDIVIDUALS WHOSE EGOS JUST MOAN TO BE GRATIFIED. SOME OF YOU MAY EVEN HAVE TALENT. NOW, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN WRITE, DRAW, PROOFREAD, OR JUST THINK UP WITTYCLEVER IDEAS, AND IF YOU THINK (AND WHO DOESN'T?) THAT THE RANGER IS JUST THE KEENEST, SWELLEST THING YOU EVER LAID EYES ON, THEN WE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP EACH OTHER. COME BY THE RANGER OFFICE, JOURNALISM BUILDING 210, AND OFFER YOUR SERVICES. IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING WE CAN USE, WE GET OUR MAGAZINE FILLED UP, AND YOU GET YOUR EGO GRATIFIED. IT'S BEST TO JUST GO AHEAD AND DO SOMETHING—A STORY, POEM, JOKE, OR CARTOON—AND BRING IT BY. IF YOU ARE A PRETTY FEMALE WOMAN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING. JUST COME ON BY AND STAND AROUND THE OFFICE. BUT THE FIRST MOVE MUST BE YOURS. WE CAN'T JUST GRAB SOMEBODY OFF THE CAMPUS AND TELL HIM TO WRITE US SOMETHING. YOU HAVE TO COME TO US. WE'RE NOT PROUD. WE WELCOME CONTRIBUTIONS FROM ANYBODY. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS MEET OUR INCREDIBLY HIGH STANDARDS. AND YOU NEVER KNOW UNLESS YOU TRY. AFTER ALL, IF WE HAD HAD MORE STORIES WHEN THIS ISSUE WENT TO PRESS, WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO FILL UP A PAGE WITH THIS DAMN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Misguide . . . (Continued from Page 31)

I'm down here, remember, and I know how the sentence ought to be read if anybody should. If you don't think there's anything mysterious about a mailman who only speaks English on MWF, there's none of the old perceptivity in you that was in your father. And I defy any one of you smart-alecks to tell me there's nothing mysterious about a woman who goes out with her broom and sweeps the dirt and rocks from the bottom of the hill, up into the woods, and eventually to the top of the hill where she piles it all up and leaves it to gradually fall down over the sides so she can go sweep the thing again. She usually disappears into her house, cackling, and mumbling something about a kettle, although I can't be sure because she speaks Aztec and I'm a little skittish in my Aztec. I'm a little skittish in my Mackinaw too, but I think that's just the heat. A lot of this may be the heat, for that matter. There's a man, old and wrinkled, lying in the funeral parlor, and *he's* shrouded in impenetrable mystery, so nobody will go near him. I've heard rumors that they're going to leave him there and close the old place up. I certainly would.

Some of you, I suppose, wanted to

discuss that sentence, from the pamphlet, about the development of great civilizations being attested to by the incomparable ruins of the once magnificent cities. Well, I've seen that coming for a long time in the United States, and it only stands to reason that Mexico, what with its once-archaic inhabitants, would be one jump ahead of Uncle Sam, whoever *he* is.

Further on in the colorful pamphlet, there is some flight of fancy about the architecture, some of which dates back as far as the early 16th Century. Then, oh *then*, all right, we have

"Perhaps nowhere else in the world does the past stand forth so vividly with its messages to future generations emblazoned in imperishable stone."

I wouldn't say they were emblazoned, really, although that's the Tourist Department for you. Actually, these messages are sort of, well, I suppose you'd say they were *scratched*. Dug, maybe. No matter how the messages are standing forth so vividly, they're shocking. You'd be shocked, you really would. I was. I still am. You should see what it says on the wall in my kitchen (I call it

a kitchen because if the Department can be loose in its usage of words, and even damned inaccurate, so can I). In fact, that's not a bad idea. If you like, come over sometime—call me first, or write—and see what it says on my kitchen wall. If you have time, I'll show you some really classic stuff down in the marketplace. Wow.

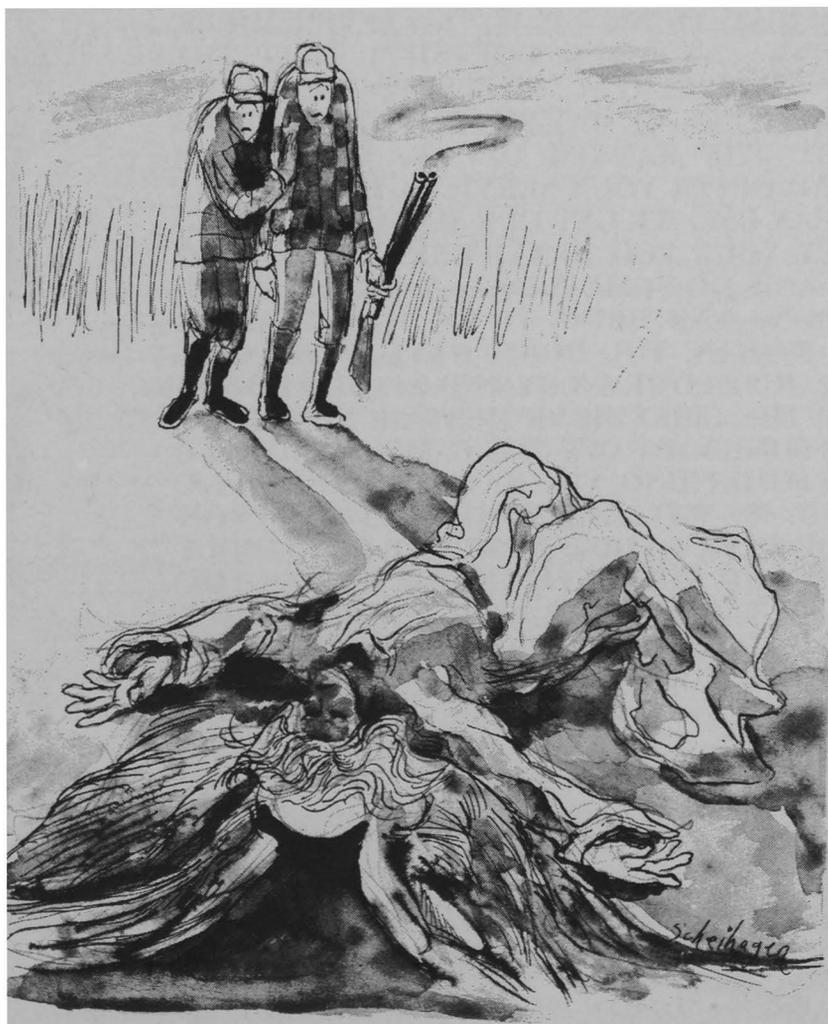
Well, we got through the history pretty easily, didn't we? I have a minor pain behind my left ear, but if it doesn't get any worse maybe we can go all the way through the book. I'll spare you a lot of the important messages, such as the lies about the climate, the lies about ease of travel, the lies about the traditions, and all the rest of the lies, including the beaut about the health conditions. Just by way of information, though, I will say you'd better hie thee to a Mexican Consulate if you're think about taking anything across the border other than money. Then hie thee to wherever one hies oneself to find out what you can bring back to "The States," as we call them in The States. There is no way of finding any solid information about customs regulations on either side, because, as I understand it, these things must change with time, and besides, all the customs officials want is your liquor. What do *they* care what you take across? What would *you* care?

Changing into my Japanese smoking jacket and spraying myself for lice, I now prepare to tell you a little something about your travel wardrobe. The Department suggests that you plan your wardrobe so as to be comfortable in the different climates and that doesn't seem unreasonable to me. For the most part, though, you can count on the weather being (how to say it?) balmy. It's hotter than hell. The Department also suggests that you carry formal attire only if you expect to attend formal functions. That, too, seems reasonable. (I get the distinct feeling that they had outside help in preparing this part of the book.)

Now, however, I must take exception to one item in the wardrobe section.

"Ladies should bring along low-heeled shoes for roaming around the countryside, when visiting archeological sites or when having to walk along cobble-stone streets."

I don't think any lady should be doing any of that tomfoolery. In fact, I don't think anybody should. You should all stay in bed as I do. But if you insist on getting yourself in trouble, and still want to go tottling around the countryside, low-heeled



shoes are not the article. Better, hob-nailed boots with steel toes and an archsupport. Getting out of bed is not such a simple matter, either, so you'd better be prepared for that. I suggest hip-length fishing boots, which you can either wear while you sleep or toss on the end of your bed. Remember, those scorpions I've made my bed out of weren't always dead, not by your mother's peignoir. If you wake up and see you have a black floor and recall that it was white or green the night before, you've either got delirium tremens again or you've got a school of scorpions. Of course, if you'd stayed in bed the whole time, as I told you to, you wouldn't have to worry about anything more dangerous than bed-sores, which I've become rather fond of.

The next five million or so pages are devoted to various ways to get to Mexico and various ways to get around in Mexico, and it's all just a nuisance and a bother. It's as simple as this: If you have the money, fly; if you don't have quite so much money, take a train, as they go all over the place; if you're broke and have a lot of nerve, take the buses, which go absolutely everywhere; and if, for some unfathomable reason, you're going from Los Angeles, take the cruise ship "S.S. Acapulco" which, oddly enough, goes to Acapulco (in fact, it goes only to Acapulco, twice-monthly). Of course, there's always driving, in your car or one you've stolen. Yes, there's always that. Well listen to me, Uncle Jim, if you're going any further than Nuevo Laredo, you had better be ready for some excitement if you insist on driving.

Right off the dingbat, the pamphlet gets down to the heart of the matter, beating around no bushes, no ma'am. "Country roads," it says, "often lead to enchanting villages and towns off the beaten track which are worth visiting." Even the Tourist Department isn't entirely sure where they'll wind up, since they imply with that "often" that the roads shift around, going to Colima one day and the Yucatan Friday and their Aunt Bessie's the next. For my blood (RH-negative, damn it), a road that can't sit still for five minutes is a worthless derelict and a bum, and probably burns barns everytime it leaves a town. As Bartlett's Famous Quotations says, "The only good shifty road is a dead shifty road," or something to that effect. You can look it up, under "Shifty Roads, Dead."

Watch the highway signs, el Pamphleto warns, and a good piece of ad-

(Continued on Page 37)

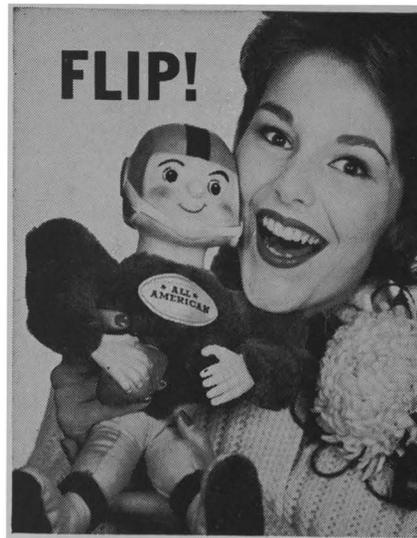
Primer . . . (Continued from Page 13)

own a stuffed snake, a musical snuff box, a luminous olive pit holder, or an imported ivory longhorn, painstaking carved by authentic Old-world craftsmen. These stores are somewhat kin to the Drag fashion shops, both masculine and feminine, who set the clothing trends for the vogue-conscious student. Without their sage counsel, who would know that *the things* to wear this fall are Madras T-shirts, reverse-tapered slacks, button-down ties and handkerchiefs, and white socks (for men); cast-iron jeweled sandals, Madras dirndls, button-down false eyelashes, and white socks (for women).

Another establishment every student should familiarize himself with is the restaurant. Once again, if one has money, there is no problem. For the rest of us, the selection of an eating place can be an ordeal. The main objective is to find a place which strikes the happy balance of edible food and reasonable prices. These are few and far between, and the poor student may spend many an anguished mealtime in his search for them. As a general rule, the places that specialize in foreign food, such as Mexican, Chinese, or Italian, charge prices that, did the average Mexican, Chinese, or Italian have to pay in his native land, would quickly decimate the population. Good old American food, like grits, sowbelly, chili dogs and meat loaf, is the cheapest. They are also the main offenders in cases of ptomaine. The apartment dweller has an advantage over the dorm-dweller in this instance—after all, why pay someone else to poison you when you can do it yourself so much cheaper?

* * *

Golly, that's just about all we can think of. We've indubitably neglected something important, we are sure. Tell you what. If you have any questions about university life, write the Daily Texan, and their experienced staff of friendly, Abby-type advisors will tell you anything you want to know in down-to-earth, heart-to-heart language that every Jill and Joe can understand. And they'll be happy to do it. In the meantime, keep consulting this little guide, keep reading the Ranger (the student's Bible, many call it), and you'll never go wrong. Or at least they won't catch you at it. ●



FABULOUS Football Doll

FLIP is a handsome hunk of doll with rugged he-man shoulders who will snuggle on your pillow, stand on your desk or dresser, or lounge in the back of your car. **FLIP** is 17½" tall, is cuddly, has plush jersey and polished chino pants. Head, hands and football are vinyl.

Buy FLIP . . . in your school colors with your team name emblem, your favorite player's number on his back. An ideal gift for the girl friend, or for a gal to give her guy. He'll be a conversation piece in any setting, right at home in your dormitory, fraternity, or sorority. Manufactured by Columbia Toy Products, Inc., Kansas City, Mo.

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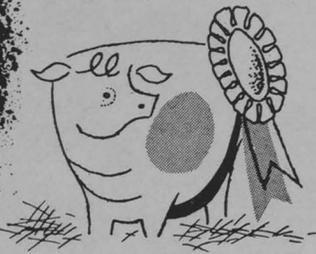
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Send me _____ Flip dolls at \$4.98 ea.
Enclosed is CHECK M.O. in the amount of \$_____. This includes postage and handling costs.
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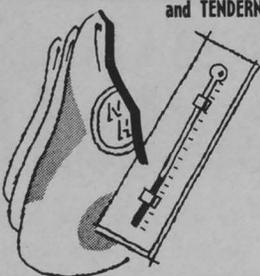
We select only the finest choice corn-fed heavy beef . . .

1



. . . then carefully and scientifically age this beef . . . for extra FLAVOR and TENDERNESS*

2



. . . then cook and serve these delectable, tender steaks with loving care.

3



Top Chop't Steak

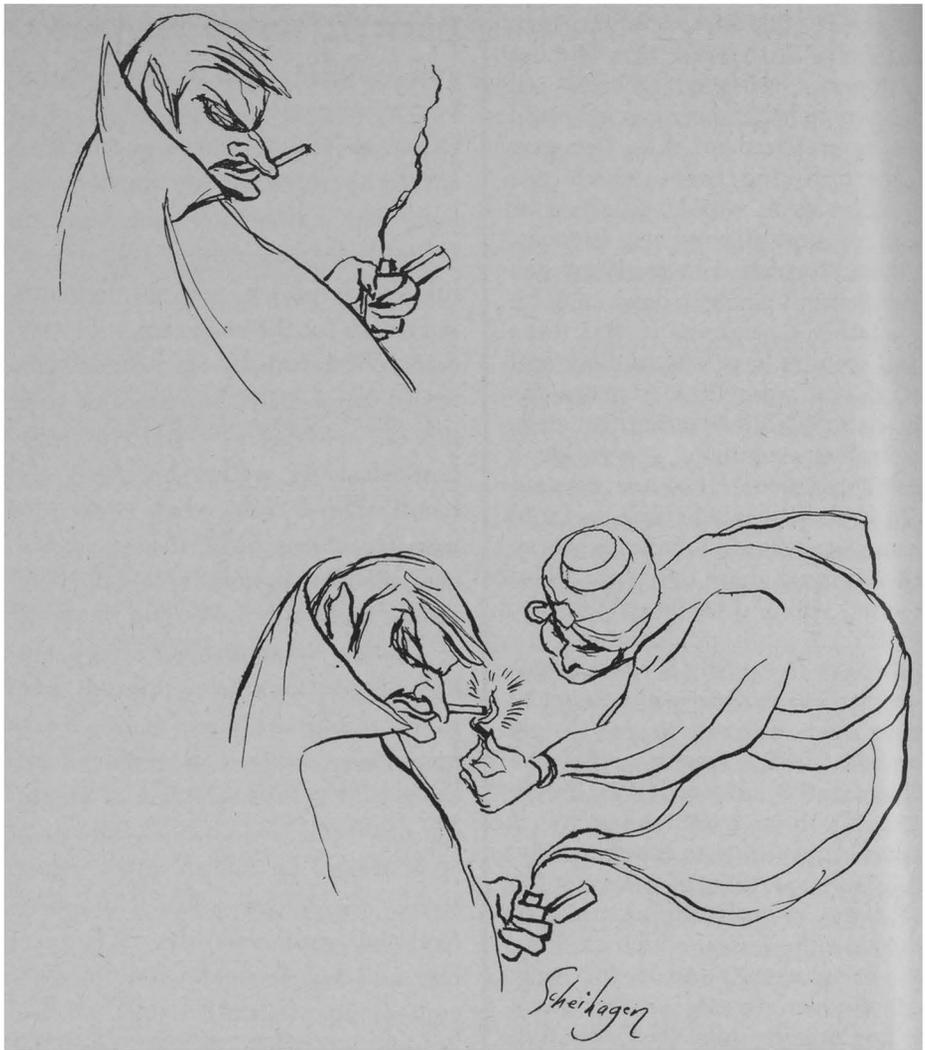



*Night Hawk uses no commercial "tenderizer" . . . we don't need to!

NIGHT HAWK
RESTAURANTS

FOUR CONVENIENT LOCATIONS IN AUSTIN . . . TWO IN SAN ANTONIO

"There's Nothing Accidental About Quality"



Late one night a farmer was aroused by a knock at the door. Opening it, he found a traveling salesman who asked to be put up for the night, explaining that his car had run out of gas.

"I hate to bother you," said the salesman, "but it's miles to town, and since my car is only a little Nash, I can't sleep in it."

"Let me see your car," said the farmer, putting on his robe and slippers. Despite the salesman's protests, he walked out the road with flashlight in hand. There the farmer discovered that the car was not a Nash at all, as the salesman had said, but a large Buick.

"Well, so it's not a Nash," said the salesman. "What difference can that make in whether you let me spend the night at your house or not?"

"No," replied the farmer, "you lied your make, now bed in it."

The pun is not, as has been previously supposed, the lowest form of wit. Actually, it is the second lowest; the lowest is the *triple entendre*, as the French say.

A funny thing happened while we were writing the joke column. We saw a cockroach run across the floor, up the table leg, and into the sugar bowl. Fortunately, we caught it and killed it before it did any real damage.



"Garçon, a bucket of snails!"

Misguide . . . (Continued from Page 35)
 vice it is unless you get so wrapped up in watching them you drive off into the Pacific. Some of the signs warn you of impending disaster, usually of the type you can do nothing about. Two, for instance, which would make me turn right around and go back to Port Arthur: Landslide Zone, which speaks for itself, and Approaching Town. In Spanish those are, respectively *Zona De Derrumbes* (and I suggest you do a fast rhumba to hell and gone out of there), and *Poblado Próximo*. I've seen houses, late at night, being moved down the middle of major streets in Houston and that frightened me into a serious coma, but I couldn't begin to guess what I'd do if I were sitting calmly by an Approaching Town sign and the whole place came sauntering down the road, chewing a blade of grass and whistling "Town Without Pity." *That*, I'm sure, would be the end and you'd have to write these essays yourself.

"Careful driving is strongly recommended when approaching villages or towns and while passing through them; also when groups of people are seen trudging with beasts along the highway," and, later, "Excessive speeds are to be avoided even on long straightways for, seemingly out of nowhere, people or cattle may suddenly materialize on the highway without warning."

My God, what kind of place is this Mexico, with roads knocking around, whole towns that move, and now people and outrageous beasts *materializing* before your very eyes. Then the Department has the audacity to say "Use your horn sparingly, as immoderate use will often confuse rather than warn." What kind of shape do they think we're already in, if not confused, and confused seems to me to be a pretty mild way of saying we're frothing at the mouth. You've got the picture, haven't you? You're just as phrenetic as I am, aren't you? Okay, mom, now watch this and tighten your grip on the steering wheel. "Highways in Mexico often rise to impressive heights, 10,000 feet or more above sea level." Just like that, zip, up and away, to get a little air, maybe. You drive. I'm going to sleep in the back seat and don't wake me for anything, anything at all.

They try, though, there at the Department. Their first concern, I'm sure, is to help us out of our dilemmas. They even tell us, just in time, that tequila is a stimulating liquor, and so we'd better get a little of that. I'm getting tired of sitting under this banyan

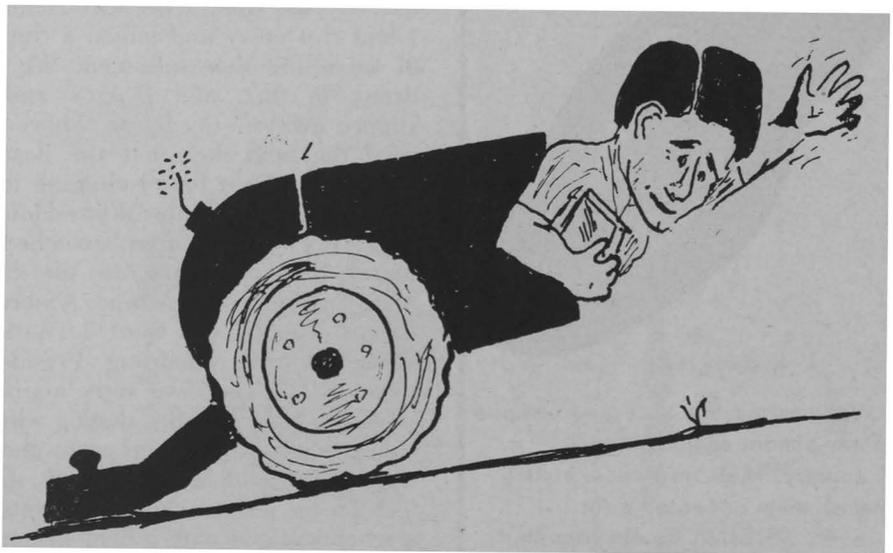
(Continued on Page 39)

Cops are keen,
 Of this we're sure,
 Pure and honest,
 Sweet and pure.

In their uniforms of blue,
 Staunchly watching out for you.

For these men so brave and true,
 In the October Ranger,
 Next month on the stand for you,
 Kudos for the Boys In Blue,
 Saving us from danger.

For October, the Ranger proudly presents a special issue on cops. Watch for it at your nearest cell block.



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G.H. BASS & CO., 413 Main Street, Wilton, Maine

Bierce . . . (Continued from Page 15)

"What tidings ho!" I asked D'Arcy, who had been hiding behind the door as a joke.

"Pierce," he mumbled through parched lips. The desert had not been kind to D'Arcy. "Franklin Pierce."

I hardly knew how to answer. Never had such a thing been proposed to me and I was at a loss. D'Arcy and I looked at each other. They were deep, piercing gazes, but after 7½ minutes D'Arcy gave up and looked away, knowing he had been defeated once more. "You can outstare anybody," he said, ruefully.

"Yes I can, I certainly can," I admitted, with all due humility.

We drank to that, and then drank again. We were found, three days later, clinging to a vine on the side of the White House, and were promptly sent through the channels (where I developed motion sickness but managed to keep it down with will power. Will was an old friend of mine who lived in the channel), then returned to 66 Elm Street. D'Arcy and I stayed there less than a month before we were bounced out by the Boston Celtics. They explained we were too old to make the team and would have to return to my house, at 482 Prospect. I, in turn, explained that there had merely been an error in time, that I had lived at 66 Elm Street as a boy, but when it grew into a man, I had run away and joined a troupe of travelling shoe salesmen. We all drank to that, and D'Arcy and I slipped away to my house, where we read the next day that the Boston Celtics had been found clinging to a vine on the side of the White House.

D'Arcy was as a man bewitched. I found him muttering in the hall "Hays and Pierce, One to go; Ambrose Bierce, where'd you went?" The lost name of the remaining President plagued him, and we were quarantined for eight months, during which time we began to get on each other's nerves. I would brush him off, then leap on his nerves, sometimes getting a whole ganglia with a firm stranglehold. We crashed about the room this way, and I finally killed him, for which I apologized profusely.

"Think nothing of it," he said, magnanimously.

I tried to think nothing of it as that was the least I could do, but I thought of it day and night until my mind was ravaged by the thought, which was arrested and executed for breaking and entering, then I forgot the matter.

"I think I've forgotten the matter," I told D'Arcy the next day.

"What was that?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," was all I could do to help him as the matter had slipped my mind and broken its ankle.

Then one night (as I remember it, it was a dreary night, around midnight) we received a visitor. Tipping the postman, D'Arcy slammed the door in his face and began tearing open the visitor. Inside was a raven, which looked knowingly at D'Arcy, causing him to ponder. There was something strange about the raven, something mystic and *jamais plus*, but I could not fathom it, so I lopped it over the head with a lop I happened to be holding. D'Arcy turned on me, furiously, and when he was through, he climbed down, weak and dizzy, leaving me with a mild headache. We ran to the kitchen and broke out the cooking pot, so we decided to fry the bird instead and when we were through D'Arcy retired, saying "Send my Social Security checks up by the dumbwaiter," who I remembered had been standing there for fourteen years, saying nary a word.

I saw D'Arcy again that year, and he was lying on the sink, moaning.

"Well, D'Arcy," I said. "And to what do I owe this pleasure?"

"Arthur," he said, fixing me with a cold stare, for I had suddenly gone to pieces. "Chester A. Arthur."

"Wonderful!" I shouted. "Wonderful! Now you have them all."

He leaned back and ran water over his face, breathing heavily; so heavily, in fact, that I could hardly lift him.

"Yes," he said "I have them all, at last. And now, if you don't mind, let's drop the subject."

"No!" I screamed, but it was too late, and another Ming vase shattered, leaving its bloody stain for all eternity, who moved in after we left the old place. ●



"Oh, it bothers me some, but I sure don't get thirsty very often!"

Misguide . . . (Continued from Page 37)
 tree, anyway, because these banyans keep falling on my head, and if I'm going to get knocked out I'd as soon do it in that liquor store over there. Here, you hold the bottle for awhile, and I'll see if I can locate the page we were working on. Oh, no. Quick, give the bottle back for a minute. Now listen to this, and it's all in capitals so it must be important.

"BY NO MEANS SHOULD YOU HIRE ANYONE ACCOSTING YOU UNLESS HE IS AN AUTHORIZED GUIDE."

Lady, if anybody accosts me, there's going to be a little trouble, authorized guide or not. Unless you're talking about something else, and in that case, we don't call them guides in Texas. Well, well, there's more help on this subject. **"DECLINE THEIR OVERTURES AND PROCEED ON YOUR WAY."** That's what I was going to do, and now that I think about it, we'd all better do the same, so come on kids, or no more tequila.

Here are a couple of interesting headings, in case you want to look them up when you've got more time. First we have **"TIME (ASTRONOMICAL)"** and I certainly agree with that, and then there's **"FLORA"** who is another subject altogether, but there seem to be some pretty wild stories about old Flora. At any rate, that's what the bartender at O'Brien's tells me.

I see we've been fooling around quite a bit here, so perhaps we should get down to something more cultural, and I can't think of anything more cultural than painting. In fact, I'm finding it increasingly difficult to think of anything at all. Ho ho tweedledee, and the glorious pamphlet says **"For the painter and for the sketcher, Mexico offers all the richness of its color and the inspiration of its tradition in art. In quaint towns and villages, no one will object to your setting up your easel and getting to work. In fact, you will be surrounded by a number of silent admirers, young and old."**

Boy, there's my chance. I'll just go get an old easel and trudge off to some little town and set 'er up, and Presto! I've got admirers. A few quick flourishes of mauve and bright pink, then I'll just stand back, sighting with my thumb, and say "Fini," or whatever the Spanish word is. Perhaps *that* will break their silence and amidst wild applause I'll cut off my ear and throw it to the teeming masses.

Right now, though, I think I'll just mail the pamphlet to a sick friend and then cut off my wrist. ●

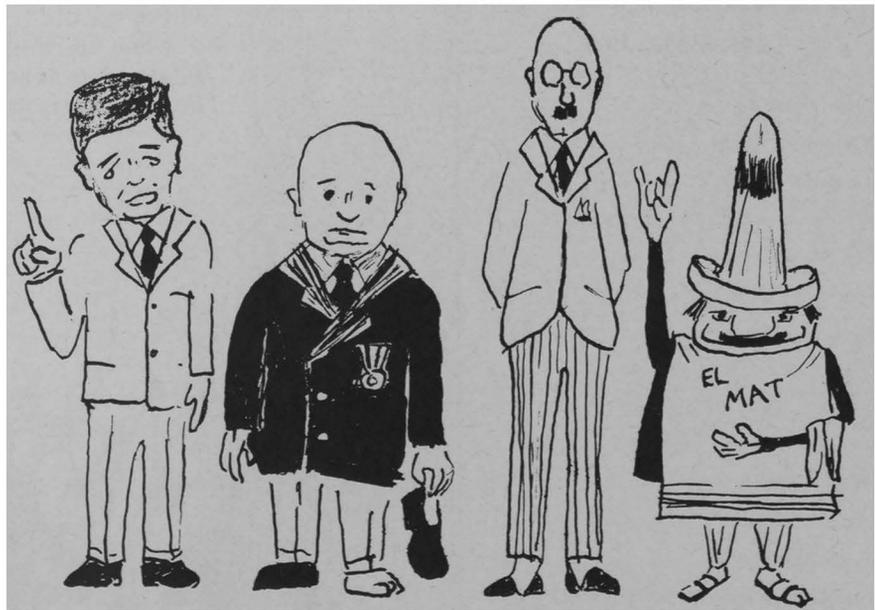
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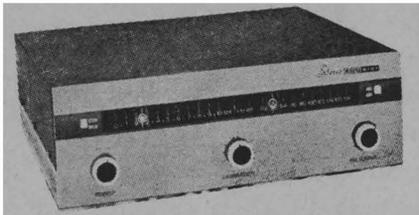
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ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES

Jack Kendrick
Charles Lutz



This column is one of the biggest jokes in the RANGER. In it, see, we're supposed to let you know what we've got planned for the next issue, and the issue after that, and so on. Actually we are lucky if we know what's in *this* issue, let alone the next one. This time, however, you are in luck. We do indeed have planned for October a special issue on *cops!* Yes, that's right, we'll have just oodles of stories, poems, and useful information on those students' friends, the Boys in Blue. You watch for it, hear? November is traditionally the Aggie issue. Need we say more? December? Are you kidding? Why, that's eight months away! We *can* give you a few pointers on what to watch for all throughout the year, though. Watch the joke columns. We might have a surprise or two for you each month. Watch for more poetry (humorous, of course) and probably several Ranger-type musical comedies. And watch for woollybear caterpillars: they're a sure sign of winter.

See? We've already told you all we know about future issues and we've got all this space left. Don't worry, we've got that solved too. We'll simply pull up a cracker bar'l, have a set, and chat with ya kinda friendly-like about . . . oh, what would *you* like to talk about? No, no, we can't talk about *that* in the Ranger. What else? Elephants? Why, we'd just *love* to talk about elephants. Elephants, you know, are some of the most amazing creatures on this big, soft world of ours. They have trunks, a most marvelous appendage. Had you noticed? And long, sharp, shiny tusks with which they dig for clams (the elephant's favorite delicacy). And tails? Lord, yes, do they have tails! Ears too they have yes. The better to hear you with, my dear. We'd like to close with a poem:

"Who has seen the elephant?

Neither me nor I.

But when you hear a noise outside your bedroom
window late at night when you're home all alone,
The elephant is passing by."



"Apparently some of you don't take this course seriously!"



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