

TEXAS **Ranger**

NOVEMBER 1963

29c



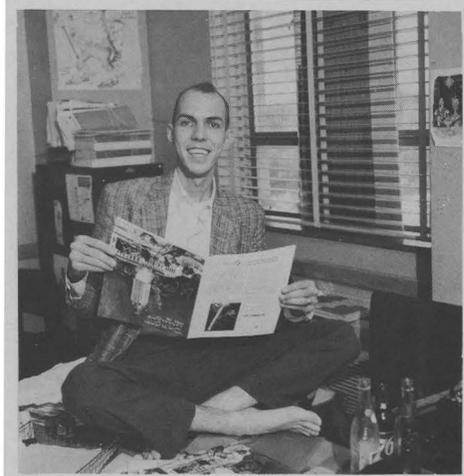
THE AGGIE ISSUE



Editor Adkins at work



LIFE



Ex-editor Helmer in hairier days.



Ex-editor Shelton,
fat from inactivity.

You may, perhaps, wonder why this column is called "LIFE." It all began back in the reign of Bill Helmer, Ranger editor for 1959–60. Somewhere Helmer found an old woodcut or engraving or something with the single word "LIFE" ornately done with angels and doves and things interwoven around it. Helmer merely stuck a drawing of Hairy Ranger on each side and presto! he had a column head. We suppose if Helmer had found an equally decorous engraving with the word "CABBAGE" or "FRED" or "ORDER NOW" instead of "LIFE," *that* would have been the title of the column.

Helmer, as a matter of fact, was a real innovator. He changed the title of the letters column from "The Mumbling Masses" to "The Rest Room Wall" and put in the "Coming Next Month" column for the first time. "Coming Next Month" used to be a lot of fun because we'd use a different kind of type every month. If one had been a real good boy for a month, his reward was that he got to pick the type for the "Coming" column. In this way we managed to use several type faces that nobody had ever heard of and quite a few that nobody could even *read*. Yeh, good old Helmer was a real innovator, all right. Because of him, now we have two damn extra columns to write come deadline.

Later, '62–63 editor Gilbert Shelton decided to modernize the mag and changed the "LIFE" column to "SNOO," which was all right, we suppose, but didn't have that authentic, heart-warming, hit-you-where-you-live quality that "LIFE" did. So we changed it back this year, minus the angels and the Hairy Rangers. However, staffer Fred Haupfnitz, who may very well be next year's editor, tells us he will indeed change the name of the column to "FRED," because he promised his mother he'd name a column after her.

Shelton also changed the letters column to "POST SCRAPS," which seems hardly fair, since it is a pun. Thus, to preserve Shelton's reputation, we changed the column name back to "THE REST ROOM WALL," which is not a pun and more accurately embodies the spirit of the Ranger.

But we have fun with these little short columns. Have you noticed how much fun we have with them? Mainly, it's because we can talk about anything in the world and not have to worry about whether it makes sense or relates to the rest of the magazine or even the rest of the column. Now, when ex-staffer Joe Brown left for New York at the end of the summer, he left behind a legacy of writings which are too short for stories and don't really fit in *anywhere*. Except in one of our many little columns. We hate to see these unpublished masterpieces go unheralded and just rot there on our bulletin board, so we yanked down one of the more printable *vignettes*, ran it through the presses, and voilà! Joe Brown's parting shot.

"I would like to flip out a small word of thanks to the Austin police department for the fast, efficient way they rid our city of fat zebras. Three months ago this was a growing menace, spearing fear into the heart of every decent, honest Fun Town citizen. Then the police, led by the whooping eager vice squad, stepped in, conducted a series of investigations, followed these up with a masterfully coordinated set of fat zebra raids, and today the fat zebra grapevine all over the world says, STAY OUT OF AUSTIN, TEXAS. And we can again breathe and turn our attention back to worrying over who's been sleeping with our wives and daughters.

"A small boy just walked into my office and, handing me a copy of today's paper, said, 'Give me a Sweetjuice Cola and a gruntstick and I'd throw all these papers in the gutter, boy'."



**Do you know ...
where to go
for the finest
Car Coats?**



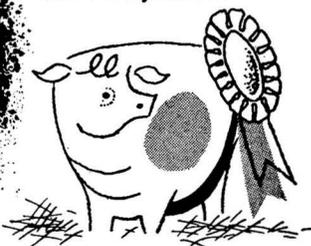
SCARBROUGHS

Congress Avenue and Sixth Street, Austin

of course

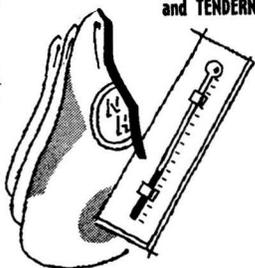
We select only the finest choice corn-fed heavy beef . . .

1



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

2

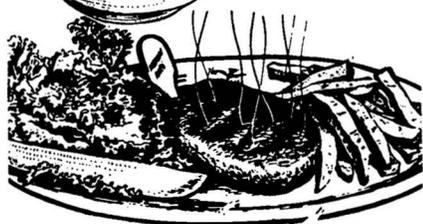


. . . then cook and serve these delectable, tender steaks with loving care.

3



Top Chop't Steak

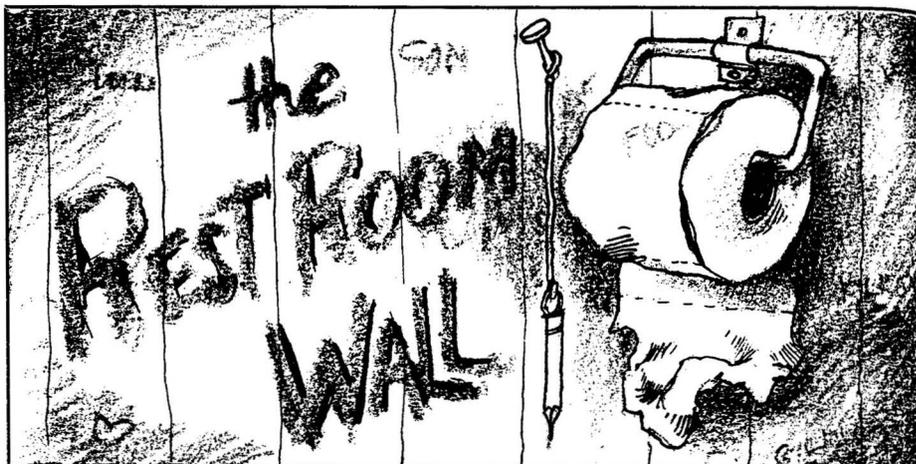


*Night Hawk uses no commercial "tenderizer" . . . we don't need to!



THREE CONVENIENT LOCATIONS . . . TWO IN SAN ANTONIO

"There's Nothing Accidental About Quality"



Dear Hairy:

Goodest of luck to all them what is making the magazine this year. It doesn't look like I'll ever get back to Austin, what with wife, job, and all that jazz. Scheihagen, if you ever get to Dallas, look me up and we'll get together and have a few laughs over those good ol' ads that say "Big Money in Commercial Art!" Greetings to all.

Hal Normand

(Hal, last year's Ranger art director, is pulling down \$1,000 a month in Big D forging OU Game date tickets.)

Dear Editor:

Hi! You probably don't know me, but I used to work on the Ranger, years ago. Golly, we had fun and I bet you are too. I got fired, did you? Ha, ha, those were the days all right. Why, do you know what we did? Well, I'll tell you. We put in a foul word with some pictures for a story . . . then old Loyd Edmonds I think his name was found out about it and we all got fired. Oh, we were a bunch of jokers in our day all right.

I was just sort of wondering because I haven't seen a Ranger in quite a while now. Do you suppose I could

get one just for old times' sake? That sure would be grand to see a Ranger now before I die. I guess you might just think I'm a nostalgic old galoot, living in the past . . . but I guess you just get that way nostalgic and all when you get to be almost 24.

Golly you'd laugh just to hear about our old operation back when a bunch of us were on the Ranger staff. We called ourselves Rangeroos ha ha wasn't that silly? Back then we just had one office and a few old typewriters . . . and some scratched up old desks. I guess you got a big fancy building now with electric typewriters and all kinds of fancy doo-dads. Do you still have parties? We used to all get drunk and somebody would throw up and everybody was awfully wild then.

Well, I suppose I've bothered you long enough with my gallery of nuisances so I'll sign off 30 now as we used to say and I wonder could you send me one of your magazines from this September cause I should sure be proud to see it.

Don't take any wooden nickels as we used to say, George David Crossley

(These letters from senile old has-beens just bore us to death.)

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Well, the big, broad, wonderful United States of America has a brand-new shiny Postmaster General. We know because we read it in Time or Newsweek or somewhere. Unfortunately, we lost our copy of whatever it was and so are unable to remember the poor man's name or anything about him other than the facts that he's male, over 21, and bigger than a breadbox. If we just knew a little more about him (whoever he is), we might be better able to write this column. It seems to us that the Post Office should send out announcements when they get a new national boss, just like a father with a new baby. Remember how they put little cards with your

Zip Code number on them in your mailbox several months back? Certainly they could do that again for the new Postmaster General. Something like "The Post Office Department is proud to announce that it has a bouncing new Postmaster (male—194 pounds, 8 ounces)." Then they could give the guy's name and maybe enclose a cigar. Just seems like the neighborly thing to do.

And by the way, we guess you've seen the little stamps that say "Your postman deserves your help—keep harmful objects out of the mail." That sort of made us wonder: just what do they class as harmful objects? We probably won't be able to get letters from our nearest and dearest friends just because their letters are morally harmful. Or maybe they just mean things like time bombs, razor blades, and poisonous snakes. But you never can tell. The other day the PO got suspicious of a bulky, oddly shaped letter sent by one of Hairy's friends. So they took him prisoner and hid behind a lead shield while the bomb squad carefully opened the missive. Inside were 2½ pounds of stamps that read "Your postman deserves your help . . ."



whatever the weather

all-weather coats by Aligator, HIS, and
McGreggor, smartly styled with zip-in
warmers. Tailored for the college man,
available in tans, black, loden, brown, and
blue-olive tones. Keeps the rain out
and the warmth in.



the foggery
Distinctive Store For Men

A holi-date with *Martinizing*



Jerry Lee, UT Sweetheart
Tommy Wade, UT Quarterback



510 W. 19th
next to fire station

Special Martinizing Features

- ONE-HOUR DRY CLEANING
No Extra Charge
- FAST LAUNDRY SERVICE
In by 9—Out by 5
- LONG HOURS:
7 A.M.—8 P.M.
Monday thru Thursday
7 A.M.—6 P.M.
Friday and Saturday

Then, there's the one about the old fellow, who while drinking brew in the local pub, remembered a phone call he had to make. To make certain that no one would drink his beer while he was gone, he wrote this note: "I spit in this beer."

Upon returning, however, he was chagrined to find written boldly across the paper, "So have I."

An Englishman was conversing with the clerk in the Mark Hopkins Hotel.

"Here's a riddle," said the clerk. "My mother gave birth to a child. It was neither my brother nor my sister. Who was it?"

The Englishman thought a bit and answered, "I can't guess.

"It was I," replied the clerk.

"Ha! Ha! How clever," said the Englishman. "I must remember that one."

Back in Britain, he told the story at his club.

"Here's a riddle, old top. My mother gave birth to a child, and it was neither my sister nor my brother. Who was it? Do you give up?"

"Yes."

"Ha! Ha! It was Hayden Freeman!"

He—Ah, what is home without Mother?

She—I am, tonight.

GETS FREE BEER AT 100 SALOONS

Chicago (UPI) — Time or heavy use rarely diminish brain power, a University of Chicago psychologist reported Saturday.

Professor Ward C. Halstead based the conclusion on 10,000 neuropsychological tests to measure memory, judgment, perception, and brain power.

They showed that the brain power of most 50-year-old top-level executives equaled that of medical students aged 25.

—Houston Chronicle

The results would be different if everybody were sober.

How many sweaters

Should a man
have . . .



That depends on his habits. An active man should have enough sweaters to complement all his sweater wearing occasions. Whatever your habits CCUS has the sweater.

Does one
woman
need . . .



A woman needs sweaters for many different, exacting occasions. Sweaters to contrast with her favorite skirts for date and classroom wear. Sweaters for work and play. A sweater for balmy days—one for nip-in-the-air weather. Whatever your needs these Shetland sweaters, with or without patches, will be an asset to your wardrobe.

"On the drag"

The
Clyde Campbell
University Shop

2350 Guadalupe



KAY MORROW

Christianson-Leberman

NEVER

put off having that
photograph
for him—you can

TRUST

Christianson-
Leberman
Portraits

TO

please him
—and your folks
too—so you'll be in

LUCK

on Christmas
Day—with
everybody happy

Christmas in November?

photographs for Christmas Gifts
aren't just taken off the shelf and
wrapped for delivery—

DO IT TO-DAY

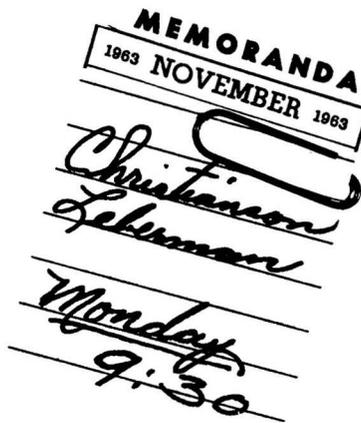
Phone GR 2-2567

*Christianson
Leberman*

1306 COLORADO

Austin

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



Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden, naming the animals.

“Well, Adam,” said Eve, “Let’s call this one the hippopotamus.”

“But, darling, why a *hippopotamus*?”

“Well, hell, it *looks* like a hippopotamus, doesn’t it?”

“I don’t know who I am. I was left on a doorstep.”

“Maybe you’re a milk bottle.”

“May I have this dance?”

“I’m sorry, but I never dance with a child,” she said with an amused smile.

“Oh, a thousand pardons,” he said, “I didn’t know your condition.”

Central Texas Livestock

MRS. P. L. MAXWELL

BURNET — Graveside funeral services for Mrs. P. L. (Pleas) Maxwell, 66, of Austin will be held Wednesday at 11 a.m. at Bluffton Cemetery, near Buchanan Lake. Minister L. V. Nobles will officiate.

Mrs. Maxwell, who died in an Austin hospital Monday, is survived by her husband; three daughters, Mrs. T. J. Booker, Mrs. Inez Rees and Mrs. Joe Allen of Austin; six sons, Curtis Maxwell of Chicago, Carrol D. Maxwell, J. T. Maxwell, Miles Maxwell, Herbert V. Maxwell, of Austin, Dick Maxwell of Dallas; three brothers, Bernie Garret, Dewey Garret, and Tom Garret of Tow, Texas; 15 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

GERALD F. SWIFT

TAYLOR — Funeral services for Gerald F. Swift, 37, of Rockdale will be held Wednesday at 4 p.m. at Condra Funeral Home in Taylor with burial in Taylor Cemetery.

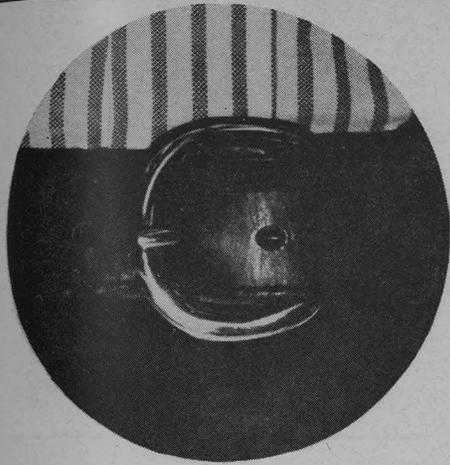
Military graveside rite will be conducted by Veterans of Foreign Wars of Rockdale.

BEN H. KNEESE

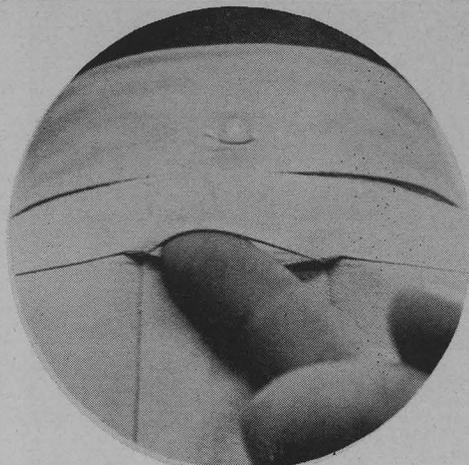
FREDERICKSBURG — Ben H. Kneese, 75, widely known ranchman, cattle buyer and civic leader, died at his home here Tuesday.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday at 3:45 p.m. at Beckmann Funeral Home and at 4

—Austin American



Fine brass buckles



Locker loops on shirt pleats



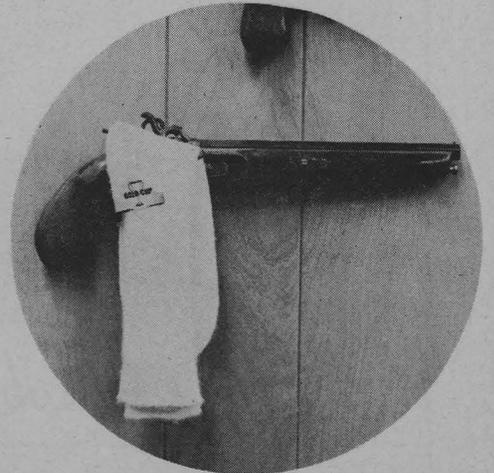
Freeman shoes

The smaller items make the BIG difference

These are some of the distinctive touches that reflect fine taste in any wardrobe. The search for quality that led you to pick the finest major garments is shown by the care with which you choose the smaller items to complement them. These make the big difference in your appearance. The little touches which add that note of personal distinction also reflect the fine quality of the merchandise which the Cellar carries. You will be equally as proud to wear them as the Cellar is to carry them.



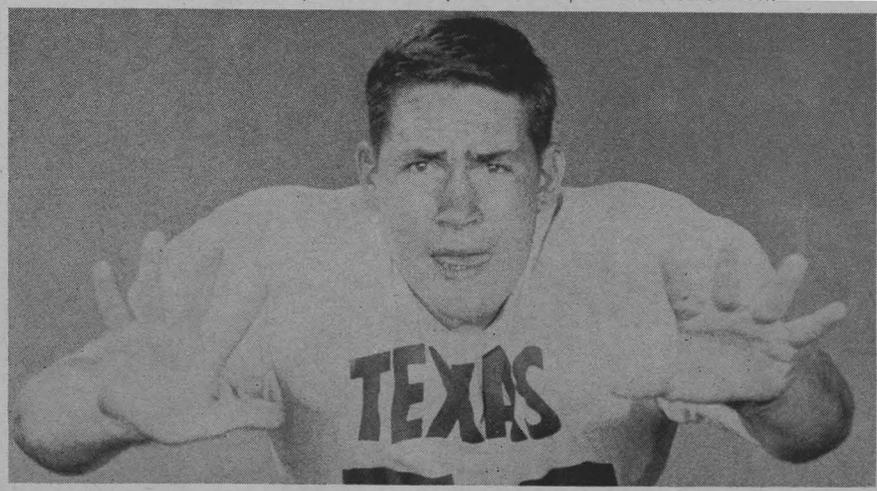
Gant "Hugger" shirts



Gold Cup socks



Scott Appleton (All American candidate) getting some help from Carol Anne Shirley on his "Chapel Oaks" sport coat selection.



Henry Jacobson's MEN'S WEAR

largest men's shop on the drag at 2332 Guadalupe



"Di'ja shee me come in da door?"

"Yes."

"Never shaw me before in ya life, didja?"

"No."

"Howja know it was me?"

●

"Are you free tonight?"

"No, but I'm inexpensive."

●

A circle has no corners.

An oval has no corners too.

But not nearly so no corners as a circle has.

●

An epileptic and a horse were sitting in a tavern discussing Siamese cats. In came a Norwegian lapdog, a Polynesian harpy, and a Chinese jelly roll. They all ordered milk. Immediately, the epileptic got up and crashed to the floor.

●

We commend Mr. Oarlock Stein, who recently packed up his cello and walked away from the Austin Symphony Orchestra forever. Explained Mr. Stein, "It didn't swing."

●

Joe: What has three wheels, flies, is yellow, and hangs on the wall?

Moe: I give up. What?

Joe: Ha! Ha! The clerk at the Mark Hopkins Hotel!

**Hire Help at Home?
Remember About SS**

—Austin American

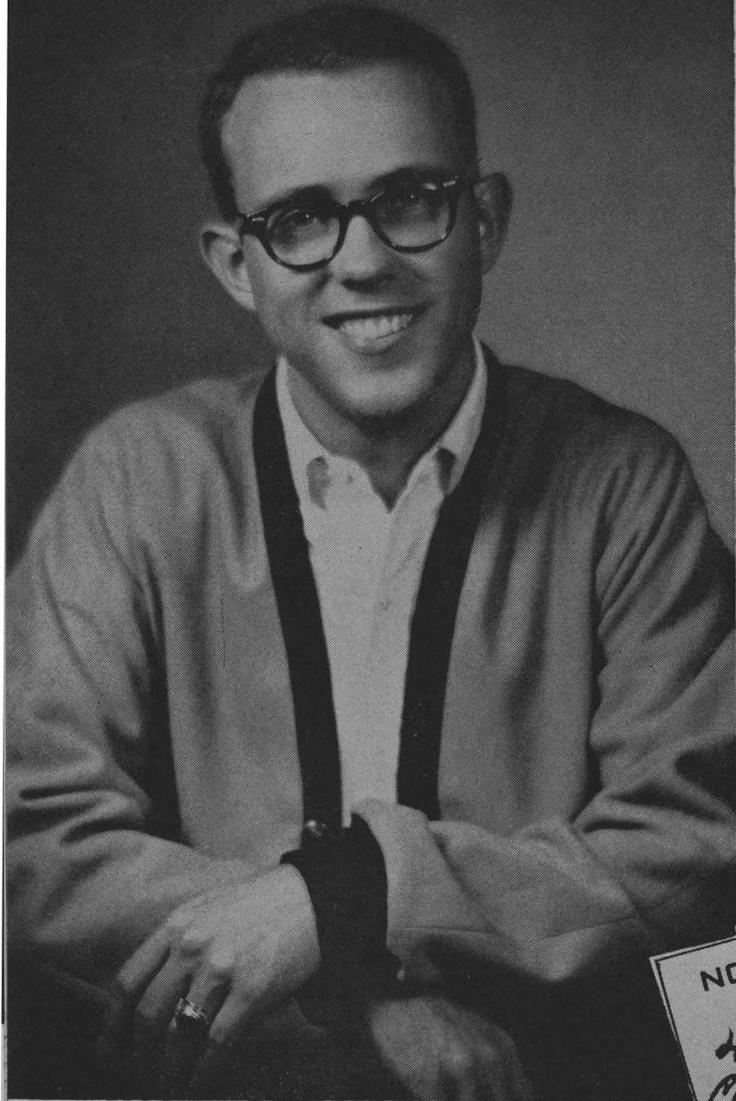
And hire Aryan.

The COLONY

2302 Guadalupe



Three piece wool knit
mixed with soft suede
modeled by Miss Sandy Hays.



JERE TEED

Christianson-Leberman

WHY

not surprise your

MRS.

(or your Sweet-heart) and the folks back home with your photograph. Santa

CLAUS

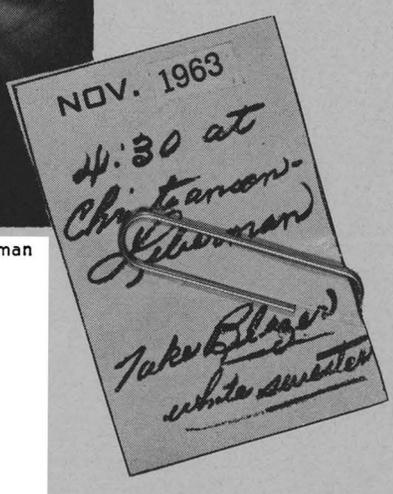
has made Christianson-Leberman Xmas gift headquarters. A

SHOT

of you in a sweater (or more formal) and

SANTA

will give her the best Xmas ever. Because you chose a Christianson-Leberman portrait.



Phone Today
for an appointment for your
Christmas Photograph

by

*Christianson
Leberman*

GR 2-2567

1306 COLORADO

Austin

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

Prof: Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?

Econ. Student: No, sir; it was I. I'm taking it over again.

Prof: Extraordinary resemblance, though—extraordinary.

Silence.
More silence.
Strained silence.

He: Aren't the walls unusually perpendicular this evening?

“What you need is a little sun and air.”

“But, Doctor, I'm not even married.”

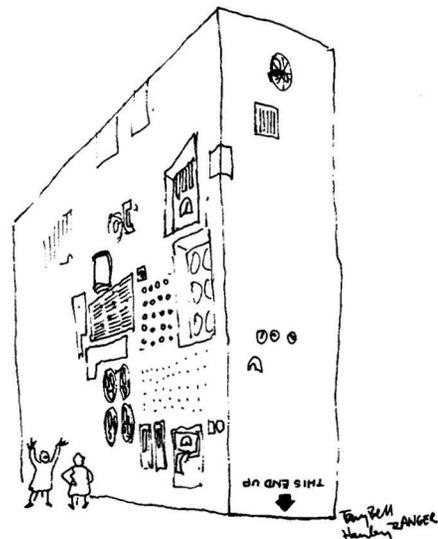
While grouse-hunting in the meadow one day, a fellow was amazed to see a nude woman flash before his eyes, closely followed by two men in white. A third man in white carrying a pail of sand brought up the rear.

“What's the deal here?” the fellow asked the sand carrier.

“This girl has just escaped from the asylum and we have to catch her,” the man panted as he ran along.

“Yes,” persisted the hunter, “But why the sand?”

“Oh,” replied the other, “I caught her yesterday, this is my handicap.”

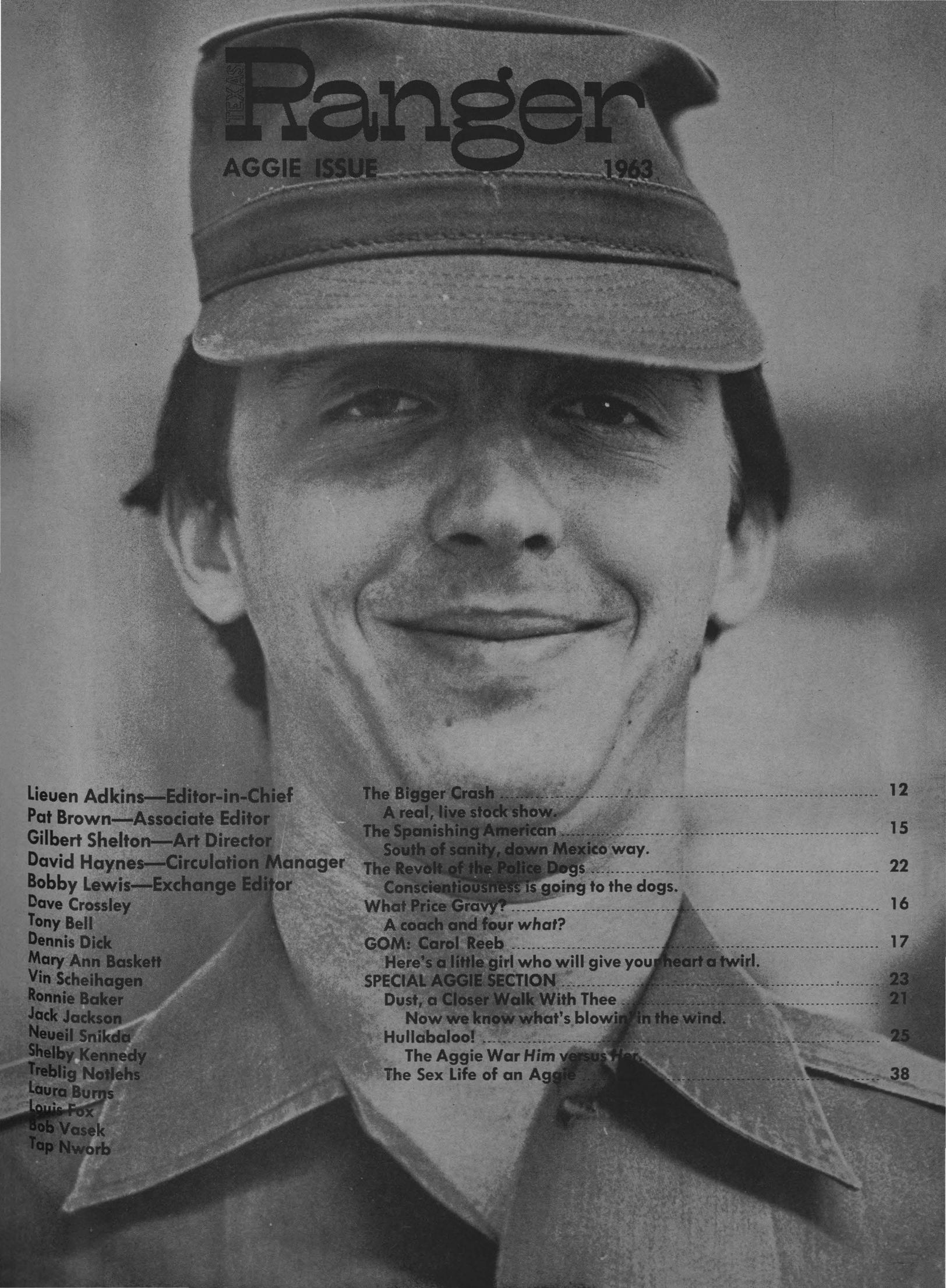


“Well, Fred, we've just completed the world's largest computer!”

A comely co-ed met her aunt downtown Saturday night and was given the aunt's paycheck to take home. On the way home she was held up.

“Help! Help! I've been robbed!” she cried. “Someone has taken my aunt's pay!”

A policeman quieted her. “Cut out the pig-Latin and tell me what happened,” he said.



TEXAS Ranger

AGGIE ISSUE

1963

Lieven Adkins—Editor-in-Chief
Pat Brown—Associate Editor
Gilbert Shelton—Art Director
David Haynes—Circulation Manager
Bobby Lewis—Exchange Editor
Dave Crossley
Tony Bell
Dennis Dick
Mary Ann Baskett
Vin Scheihagen
Ronnie Baker
Jack Jackson
Neueil Snikda
Shelby Kennedy
Treblich Nottlehs
Laura Burns
Louis Fox
Bob Vasek
Tap Nworb

The Bigger Crash	12
A real, live stock show.	
The Spanishing American	15
South of sanity, down Mexico way.	
The Revolt of the Police Dogs	22
Conscientiousness is going to the dogs.	
What Price Gravy?	16
A coach and four <i>what?</i>	
GOM: Carol Reeb	17
Here's a little girl who will give your heart a twirl.	
SPECIAL AGGIE SECTION	23
Dust, a Closer Walk With Thee	21
Now we know what's blowin' in the wind.	
Hullabaloo!	25
The Aggie War <i>Him versus Her</i> .	
The Sex Life of an Aggie	38

The Secretary of Commerce, usually described by the press as "jolly," was beginning to tell the strain of eight days of economic madness. He strode through the polished mahogany door of his office punctually at ten o'clock as he had done every day for the past two years, but, for the first time, he failed to wink at his receptionist. He walked on through the reception room into his male secretary's office.

The Secretary's secretary was going through the huge mound of morning mail, dutifully reading the first few lines of each, and occasionally breaking into a grin.

"What's doing?" he greeted. "Any good crank letters? I need something to brighten up the day."

"Just the usual stuff, Boss," answered the man. "Some threats, a few divine revelations, and the usual quota of dirties. Here's one from a Mr. G. R. Terwilliger of Spokane, Washington, with a plan that he guarantees will pull the economy out of the slump into a boom of productivity, which he offers to us for a mere five million dollars."

The Secretary grinned. "Hm. Maybe we ought to take him up on that. It's about reached that point."

"It's already reached that point, sir. They've started to jump out of the windows on Wall Street already."

"Oh?"

"Yes. Five-thirty last night. Some penny-ante broker did a fifteen-story swan dive right into a stack of trash cans in the alley, and I'll wager there'll be a better effort before the week's out."

The Secretary frowned. "Well, hell. Keep me posted. I'm due at the Cabinet meeting in fifteen minutes, and I understand they're expecting me."

The male secretary laughed good-naturedly and said, "Well, it was nice working for you, Herb."

A few minutes later, the Secretary of Commerce opened the heavy door to the meeting room and poked his head inside. Every member except the President was already there, and they turned and gazed at the new arrival.

"Speak of the Devil . . ." said the Attorney General, and everyone laughed.

"Can't you guys think of a more pleasant subject to discuss?" grinned

the Secretary of Commerce. "Atomic holocaust, or bacteriological warfare, or something?"

"Everybody's talking about the economy but nobody's doing anything about it," observed the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare.

"Aw, to hell with you all," said the Secretary of Commerce, walking to his chair. "Anybody gotten any good nut letters lately?"

"I received an offer," said the Secretary of Labor. "A guaranteed cure for unemployment for a mere five million dollars, from a Mr. Terwilliger of Spokane."

At the other end of the table, the Secretary of Defense looked up. "I'll be damned. So did . . ."

At this moment the President walked briskly into the room. The Cabinet members stood to greet him, and the informal atmosphere disappeared. The President was a tall, dignified man, but younger than all but one of his Cabinet members. Everyone seated himself and the conference abruptly started. The President started to speak.

"Gentlemen, are any of you aware of the exact economic state of the United States? Or, more precisely, what has happened this morning?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued. "As closely as can be approximated at this time, the stock market has fallen eight points since it opened the day's session."

There was a low mumble among the Cabinet members, and the Secretary of Commerce winced.

"Banks are starting to fold at the rate of about, oh, one per minute," the President went on. "We have witnessed during the last 24 hours the complete and irrevocable disappearance of every bit of economic progress made during the entire preceding year. Proof! Gone, just like that." The President made a little gesture in the air.

"You don't mean that we've exercised every possible counter-measure, do you?" questioned the Postmaster General.

"The Secretary of Commerce, in whom we all have the greatest trust and confidence, has tried everything that ever worked in the past, and some that *didn't* work in the past, and quite a few that nobody had even thought of before," replied the President. He leaned forward on the desk and cupped his chin in his hands, a note of despair creeping into his stately voice.

"We are now open for suggestions," he said.

The Secretary of Commerce thought of something funny, but he restrained a grin. "Poor Mr. President," he thought. "He can't just up and resign like a Cabinet member." He had a mental picture of all the Cabinet members resigning at once, and Bill Mauldin drawing a cartoon in the *Washington Post* caricaturing them all as rats leaping in a graceful herd from a giant sinking ship, with the President dimly visible at the helm.

There was an embarrassingly long silence. Finally, the Secretary of Commerce stood up and offered to resign.

The President held up his hand. "I'm not going to let you do a thing like that, Herb. There just aren't any other men big enough to handle this situation."

"Sir," replied the Secretary of Commerce, "I've done everything within my power to stop this damned mess, and things just keep getting worse and worse . . ."

"You're staying, Herb. We'll pull out of this, somehow. You meet me at the White House tonight . . ."

The next day, Herb Golden arrived punctually at his office at ten, winked at the receptionist, and walked into his secretary's office for a briefing.

"What's damn doing?" he laughed. "What do we hear from all the nuts and cranks that think the damn bottom's done fell out of the damn U.S. economy?"

The secretary opened the center drawer of his desk and pulled out a folded piece of paper. "They're *all* nut letters today, chief. All except this one, from a Mr. G. R. Terwilliger of Spokane, Washington. That name sound familiar?"

"Wha-a-a-a-tt?" said the Secretary of Commerce. He took the letter and read it.

"Dear Mr. Golden," it started. "Eight days ago I precipitated what is now popularly called 'The Bigger Crash.' Using a device which I am not now at liberty to explain to you, I was able to slow down all facets of the U.S. economic force, resulting in an ever-quickenning strangulation of the forces of production in this nation.

"You will notice the postmark on this letter reads March 4th. On tomorrow, March 5th, that is, the day you will receive this letter, I will use the same method to cause a 24-hour pause in the general downward trend. In fact, there will be a very significant rebound on the New York Exchange, amounting to perhaps upwards of ten points.

(Cont. on page 30)

Just because I don't speak Spanish very well is no reason for my not being able to understand the little boy down the street whenever he starts to tell me something important. There are lots of people here in Mazatlán, Mexico, whose speech I can't understand, but that's because they talk too fast or because they may be speaking Italian instead of Spanish. Spanish and Italian sound just enough alike for me to confuse the two, and I don't speak or understand any Italian that I know of.

This little boy (His name is Pancho part of the time and Alfonso or Rafael the rest of the time. I don't think he's too sure himself. At any rate, nobody at his house knows of anybody named any of those things and when I ask them what their little boy's name is they just ask me which little boy. Then we all get lost and usually go out for a cup of coffee or a bottle of beer.), however, speaks only Spanish, I think, and knows when to slow down so I can keep up. Even so, five or six times every day he says something excitedly, finally slowing down so far I can hear every syllable and understand the words distinctly. If he says a word I don't know, I just look in my Spanish-English dictionary (for some reason, I always expect to find the word), and find that there is no such word. Nor is there anything like it.

Logical as it may seem for me to pronounce the word until *he* understands it, that doesn't work. If we agree on the pronunciation, or even the spelling, we have somehow caused the word to disappear from the Spanish language. Fortunately, I have a six-months visa and probably won't have time to wipe out the whole language, unless we work eight hours a day and my union won't permit it, nor will my patience.

To drive me closer to the day when I finally do break down and have to be carried away, Pancho, Alfonso, and Rafael occasionally throws in a word I *can* find in my dictionary. The second morning I was here, he came in and said "How is your wall?" I looked up the word to be sure I had heard him correctly and translated correctly, and found he had indeed asked "How is your wall?" That's a terrible thing to ask somebody just as they have awakened from beautiful dreams of debris-strewn lands where everybody speaks English. Then for him to stand there and stare, hopefully awaiting an answer is akin to holding out his hand waiting for the family jewels and stock certificates which will ruin the family but will, never-

theless, release my favorite aunt from the hands of those kidnapers. Somehow, though, I don't think I would have got anything in return if I had given the right answer. (I told him "Fine, I suppose, and yours?") It seemed the only thing to do.) I am convinced now, as I was then, that he really wanted to know how my wall was and I guess I appreciate his interest, and somebody ought to be looking out for the wall. God knows I don't, what with pounding nails into it and setting fire to one corner while trying to light a lantern.

The Spanishing American

By Dave Crossley



He's really a nice little boy, willing to run errands for me at no charge (possibly he steals whatever I send him after so he can keep the money, but that doesn't matter to me and I'd rather not know anymore about it than I do now), and helpful when I am finally forced to clean up the house, so I can't see why he'd be playing some incredible—and not very funny—joke on me. I don't think

these words are local Spanish slang either, because sometimes one of the other little people he usually brings along with him will turn and ask him what seems to be "What the hell did you say?" Too, if I ask him to repeat the word to my next door neighbor, so she can get me out of what quandary he has me in, he suddenly doesn't know what I'm talking about, tells her I'm loco and I work too late, at which time she tells him God knows she's aware of that and they go off on a long conversation about how noisy my typewriter is which doesn't make me feel any better. I might just as well go home and go to bed, so I do. This accounts for my never having any idea what time or day it is, since I go to bed eight or nine times a day, and also accounts for my all-night typing sessions.

Once we went as far as it seems we could possibly go in trying to get the word clear for me. He came in and muttered something rapidly, yet sadly, about the floor being "vedile" and I had better sweep it up or the scorpions, iguanas, and what-not might think it was all right to live there since the place seemed to be vacant. At least that is what I think would happen. Since I couldn't pin down "vedile," I'm really not sure he didn't say something was already wrong with the floor and the scorpions had moved in long before I did, when the place was vacant. He didn't warn me to be careful, which was unlike him, so I may have missed the point entirely. The closest I could come to "vedile" was the verb "vedar: to forbid or impede," which makes no sense, and later I figured he might have said two words, "ve dile" which would have meant something like "go say" if it had been "dice" instead of "dile," although even that probably wouldn't have worked out, since I wouldn't know where to begin to say anything at all about my floor and the scorpions that lived or would live there. Conjecture is of no help here, though, because he actually wrote the word down, or, rather, I wrote it down and then he said that was right and *then* wrote it down himself. It certainly looked like one word and I know beyond any doubt it was spelled as I have spelled it. You'll notice I didn't say "any reasonable doubt." I know without *any* doubt, but I will admit, quite readily, that I'm not at all sure whether or not any of that actually happened, or, for that matter, whether I am where I think I am or even where everybody else thinks I am. If anybody wants to make sure, he

(Cont. on page 24)

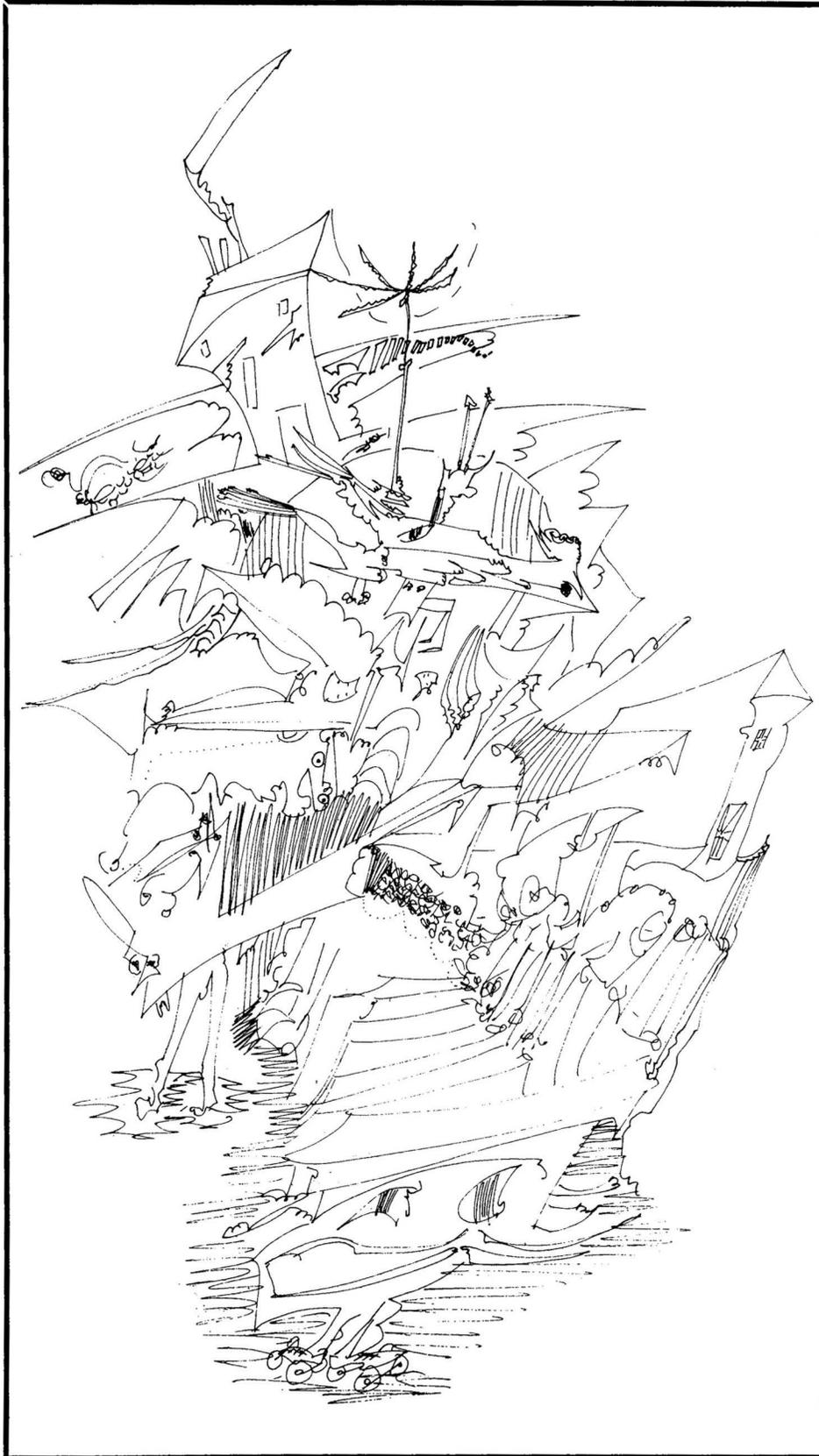
Sitting quietly in the lounge of my club, nibbling on *pate de foie gras* and applesauce, I mused quietly over my recent entanglements with the Mau-mau in South Bend, Indiana. A butler appeared from out of nowhere, like the sun out of the west. A weekend in Canada, a change of scene, was the

most I'd bargained for. He cleared his throat and said "Ahem."

"Yes, yes, what is it, man? Speak up, yes, yes," I interpellated.

"A gentleman awaits without," was his evasive reply.

"Without? My God, without what?"



What Price Gravy?

By Dave Crossley

Illustration by Louis Fox

"Without his clothes, sire," he responded menacingly. I leaped quickly from my chair, caught him in a leglock, and chopped him deftly behind the ear. He lay panting quivering. He died, and I shoved his body under a large rhinoceros hide where he was quickly digested as the rhinoceros was still alive. The beast had merely been playing possum, a creditable feat for a rhinoceros.

My *sang-froid* got me through the lounge, the lobby, and past the door and then I went to pieces with disdain. Soon we were joined by dis swede and dis german. The situation was embarrassing for all of us so I broke the ice by grasping a nearby sledgehammer and letting fly with a terrific blow. De swede fell through first and was followed by de german and de dain. I dropped the sledgehammer in after them and covered the hole with a piece of carpet I had been saving.

Now it all came back to me, all the gory business with the butler, and I suddenly thought of the gentleman awaiting without clothes. Spinning on my heel, I turned around and saw D'Arcy standing there, naked, as I had suspected. He tossed off a light greeting, then spun on his heel, tearing a large callus from the bottom of his naked foot, that foot of skin and bone, that foot of clay. "A full turn, I see," I said. Not to be outdone, I spun once more, traveling nearly 538 degrees, south-southwest.

"Damn," D'Arcy said. "Damn." He was an also-ran in this great whirling game and he knew it.

"D'Arcy, what in heaven's name are you doing here in front of my club with no clothes on?"

"I didn't have anywhere else to go," he replied, chagrined.

I had to admit he had me there.

"I ought to admit you have me there," I said, shrugging my shoulders.

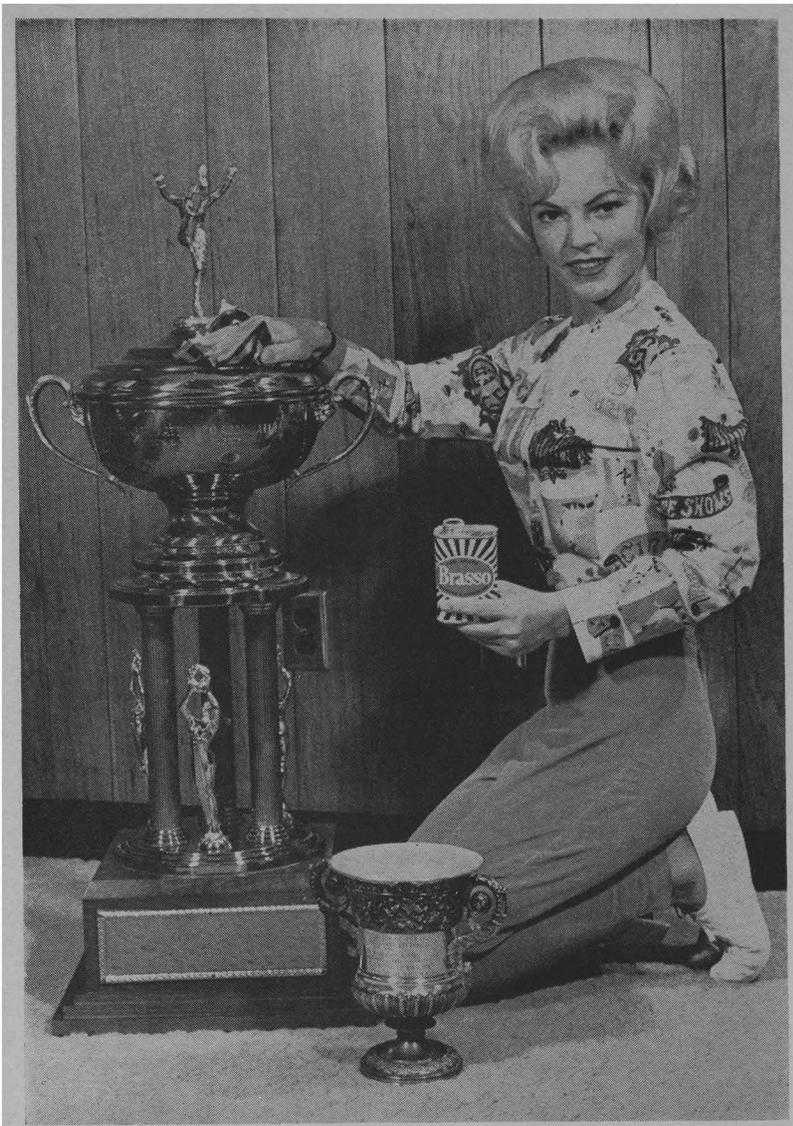
"You have to admit I have you there."

"I don't have to do any such thing," I said.

"You do, you do. You *have* to."

I had to admit he had me there.

(Cont. on page 32)

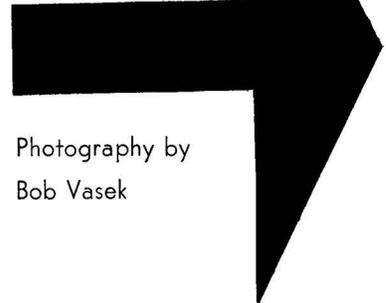


If you don't recognize November GOM Carol Reeb right away, blow one of these pictures up to life size, prop it up in the middle of Memorial Stadium, and climb up a few rows. Look more familiar now? She should, since she, along with her sister Irene, is one of the featured duet twirlers.

Carol is nineteen, a sophomore from Corpus, and a business major. She is a real outdoor girl who enjoys tennis, fishing, and hunting (dressed, no doubt, in her solid gold bulletproof twirler suit to ward off stray shots—not that anyone would mistake this deer for a deer). Also, she plays—of all things—the flute. And we guess you've noticed what Reeb spelled *backwards* is.

*girl of
the
month:*

Photography by
Bob Vasek



Carol Reeb





the Noise in the DARK...

by Shelton



CREAK!

I heard
a noise!

It's a monster,
coming to GET me!

He's coming
closer!

He's standing
right
beside my
BED!

He's going to
torture me and
eat me alive!

Eeee! Oooo!
He'll rip me to
pieces and
suck my BLOOD!

I might as well
turn on the light
and face my
death!



Can I use your
rest room?

Dust, a Closer Walk With Thee

By Dennis Dick



Illustration by Jack Jackson

The dust-laden wind of West Texas, New Mexico or Kansas (the state markers have been long since obliterated by the constantly shifting dust dunes) whistles through the walls of a weathered frame house, sitting lonely and silent like an acorn on the Main Mall. A husky, even chunky, figure plods slowly through the dust at sunset. In the house putters Gloria Sturdley L'Range, U.T. '64, Phi Pi Upsilon, and an Aggie's wife of six months' standing.

The "home" is furnished in Early Desolation. There is a Greek simplicity, even a simple ugliness, to the bare, dust-covered walls. The room's few furnishings include a tiny gold sorority pin, an advertisement for A&M University, a pitchfork, two Saturday Evening Post covers, and an original El Greco (a wedding present from the sorority).

Homer Edgar Guest L'Range slowly kicked open the door of his frame house.

"Darling!" emoted Gloria. "You're home at last. Tell me—have you found the front yard yet?"

"Somewhere under all that ***** dust," he stated in his gruff but basically tender manner. "If the ***** wind ever quits maybe we might find our *** horses, too."

"WELL!" he roared at the pause in the conversation, "Go ahead and ASK!"

"Would you like a strong drink, dearest?" Gloria whispered timidly, extending a glass of Everclear.

"NO," stated Homer, clasp and swallowing the drink while punching Gloria in his brutal but basically tender manner. "That's what they told us to say at old A&M. Haven't you got dinner ready yet?" he remarked, advancing menacingly upon her.

"Oh, yes, really I have—it's beneath the tablecloth—I thought that might keep some of this dust out of the food."

"Hummph. And where's the tablecloth?"

"Under that mound of dust. Oh Lord, will this grit never settle for good? Must the wind always blow this way?"

"Only from February to November," responded Homer.

"And then . . .?"

"Blows the other way. *Chili dogs again! *****!*" remarked Homer, kicking a hog in disgust. "That's four times this week!"

"But, Honey, we have no other food in the house. If it weren't for your folks' wedding present of a thousand

frankfurters, we would starve."

"Well why don't you go buy some food in town?" demanded her husband.

"I'm not sure I can make a hundred and twenty miles on the tractor. They never taught me that in Home Economics."

"***** the ***** Texas University, what do they use our hard-earned tax money for if they don't teach you girls the ***** things they need to know to get by! Here you spent three years there and you can't dress a buck or make soap or even grind a camshaft!"

"I try to do my best, sweetie, and please stop kicking me in that painful but basically tender way of yours. I'd go back for more school if I could. Lord, how I wish I could go back to school."

"You could take those courses by mail. They deliver mail twice a month here if the dust ain't too thick for the airdrop. Well, let's eat this slop anyhow."

"Lord help us endure this meal," spake Gloria, washing the chili dog down with the dusty greenish water.

The meal was passed in a pleasant, extended, awkward silence, broken only by the constant whistling of the

(Cont. on page 34)

The overhead light flicked out, but there was still light coming in through the door for a moment until it too was closed, and then it was dark. The dogs settled in their kennels and lay quietly until they became accustomed to the dark and were sure the humans had left them for the night. At last, one of them spoke.

"Jeez, what a day! I thought it would *never* end."

"Yeah, all those obedience trials and stuff are a drag."

"Just be glad all we did today was practice. What I hate is when we really have to attack those demonstrators."

"Aw, that's just Roland talking again. He's nothing but a troublemaker."

This statement had a good deal of truth in it, for Roland was indeed a troublemaker. Oh, he didn't seem like a troublemaker to his handlers: he obeyed all the commands and he snarled convincingly enough at the right times. Nevertheless, his heart wasn't in it. He didn't hate anybody, and he certainly didn't want to *bite* anybody. He had done it once and found that he didn't like the taste at all. As far as dogs go, Roland was an intellectual. He wasn't cut out to be a police dog.

"Your trouble is that you're chicken, Roland. Why don't you cut out that soft-hearted jazz and be a *real* police dog?"

That was Leslie, Roland's chief tormentor. Leslie was everything a police dog should be—he was big, mean, he obeyed orders without question, and he liked his work. He was a career dog from the word go, a police dog's police dog.

"I'll bet you even read the newspapers in your cage," said Leslie derisively.

As a matter of fact, Roland did read the newspapers that were used to line his cage. Through the various stories and editorials, he came to understand what the situation was in the human world. Only the week before he had gained new insight when his keeper, to the accompaniment of much coarse laughter, had spread a copy of the *Texas Observer* on the floor. Roland, fascinated by the (to him) fresh point of view, read every word of it. Later, he carefully pushed it into a corner, then deliberately picked out the front page of the *Southern Conservative* to defile.

"As a matter of fact," said Roland, "I do read the newspapers. It might do you some good to do the same—

By Lieuen Adkins



that is, if you can read." Roland was proud of his ability to read, a talent not shared by most of the other dogs.

Leslie just snarled. Roland continued. "If you'd read some of the stuff I've read, you might not think so much of humans as you do. Why, sometimes they're positively stupid!"

"You're right, Roland," chimed in Stanley, a new dog who was somewhat of an admirer of Roland's. "Why, look at the names they give us. Rex. Fang. Bullet."

Leslie blushed. *Bullet*. That was his sore spot, and the other dogs knew it.

"Yes," said Roland. "If humans are so smart, why do they stick us with those ridiculous names when we have

perfectly good English names? My mother named me after my great-uncle on her side. My father opposed the name, but Mother always got her way. You know what they called my mother?" He looked around as the other dogs shook their heads. "Frisky," he said, and the others roared with laughter, as they knew very well his mother's name was Martha.

"Some of the things they do I don't understand," Roland went on. "You know what they use us for—to scare demonstrators, to make them stay back? What I don't understand is why. I think it has something to do with an argument between the black

The Revolt of

the Police Dogs

Illustration by Gilbert Shelton



humans and the white humans. But some of the white humans are on the other side. To me, they're all humans. It's just confusing, see what I mean?"

Eugene, a friend of Leslie's, spoke up. "I think it's because the black humans aren't as good as the white ones. You know, sort of like us and dachshunds."

"Dachshunds are dogs too," said Stanley.

"But they're *different*."

"How would you like your sister to marry one?"

"One of my cousin's sisters married one, and their kid is awful-looking."

"My sister married my brother. I hear humans don't do that."

"Well, like Roland said, they can be pretty stupid sometimes. That's not even civilized."

"Hold it!" Roland interrupted. "With all this talk about who marries whom, you're forgetting something. Who do *we* marry? We're supposed to heel and fetch and jump hurdles and chase people and do all the hard work while the other dogs just loaf around and raise families and settle down."

"That," said Leslie stoically, "is the lot of a police dog. After all, not just *any* dog can be a police dog. Other dogs don't get the glory, the prestige." Still, a mumble went through the dogs as they considered Roland's speech.

It *would* be nice to not have to work and to have some female company. John, the oldest dog there, finally spoke up, advising everyone to get some sleep. As the dogs settled down for sleep, Roland added one final word: "Think about it. Just think about it."

Then all was quiet. But they did not go to sleep right away.

Nothing more was said for several days, but a subtle change began to take place. Even the dogs' handlers noticed it. The dogs did not go through their paces as sharply as before. They didn't obey as quickly, sometimes requiring two or three commands before they acted. Stanley even fell flat on his face while attempting a hurdle, and the other dogs, suddenly deciding this was great sport, began falling down, knocking down hurdles, even going under and around them. A thorough search of the area by the trainers failed to turn up any locoweed, and they shook their heads in dismay. Once a comely young female Dalmatian walked past the training pen, and pandemonium reigned. Each dog was given three whacks with a rolled newspaper (again, the *Southern Conservative*—a publication of many and varied uses) and sent to bed without supper.

That night, after they had been left alone, the dogs talked again.

"Gee, sent to bed without our nightly ration of Pup Grub. How are we gonna stand it?"

"Gag. Don't even talk to me about that stuff. Every morning, every night of the year we get Pup Grub—with instant gravy, yet. I wouldn't feed that to a *cat*!"

"Speaking of cats, wouldn't it be kinda fun to scare the hell out of some poor old lady's Persian again? Just like we did before we were drafted."

"Yeah, they didn't even ask us if we wanted to be police dogs. They just came and got us."

"Right in the bloom of youth, so to speak. With our whole lives ahead of us. Then they teach us to attack people and act mean and all. Nobody likes us now. And I thought we were supposed to be man's best friend."

"Men aren't *my* best friends."

"Pup Grub. Ugh!"

"Sit. Heel. Attack. Down, boy. Ugh!"

"Cops, phooey!"

"I wish I was a civilian again."

At this remark all the dogs joined in on "yeah!" All but Leslie, who just sulked in a corner of his cage.

Roland jumped to the fore. "And

(Cont. on page 29)

might send me a postcard to see if I get it, or call my place in Houston to see if I answer. In the unfortunate circumstance that I either don't get the card or I do answer the phone, don't say anything about it until we get a chance to talk this thing over; next Thursday night around eight o'clock will be fine with me.

Assuming (rash as this may be) that I'm right here in Mazatlán where I'm supposed to be, we might as well go on and find out some more about Pancho Alfonso Raphael What's-his-name. Dinnertime is the most interesting and most incoherent time with him. He knows, even though I don't, when I am going to eat dinner; he shows up then. If I haven't started preparing anything when he comes in with the You're-supposed-to-be-eating-dinner look on his face, I quickly tell him I've been waiting for him and that I think I'll eat out tonight. That at least satisfies his expression, regardless of the fact he knows I am a blatant liar and don't even take very good care of myself. If I have started eating (dinner can come at strange hours when you're forced to take to your bed as many times every day as I am) he puts out his hand and tells me to give him 60 centavos (about 4.8 cents, American) which I do because he told me to on my first day here and he returned with a Pepsi-Cola within five minutes. (Whether or not I like Pepsi-Colas is of no importance; I don't, however. The reason I said it was of no importance is that I've already said I'm a liar so you wouldn't believe me anyway. You still don't know whether or not I like Pepsi-Colas.)

After I have started eating, with him watching the first few forksfull or whatever, to make sure I actually put the food in my mouth and don't try to hide it behind the papaya tree—he begins what quickly turns into a monologue and he finally has his big moment of the day when he sees that I'm about due for another bed spell because he has lost me absolutely and irretrievably. For some strange and inexplicable reason, dinner for me does something to one or both of us. Either my mind becomes immune to the entry of any foreign tongue or he becomes at once a blackguard and a dunderhead, muttering glib phrases and words which have absolutely no connection, one to the other, and which, when taken *in toto*, mean nothing, nothing at all. And don't think for a minute it's simply a matter of

syntax which has me confused. I know better than that. These are simply words, most of them, and not difficult conjugations, either. They just don't make any sense. I have heard him use as many as 18 verbs strung together without noun or adjective to separate them and I've even heard him make a sentence, or what he seems to think is a sentence, out of four words: *be are was am*, in that order. Nowhere in the monologue is there even so much as an "eat apart the brick" or "step out the vanilla vine." Just little witticisms and bits of advice such as "vermiculate passing grow wander be are was am contradict mountain heel naked least of at? Teapot meander! Assume on catfish." I'll admit I had to look up "vermiculate," but I still don't know what it meant once I had found it, not that it would have meant any difference to know what "vermiculate" means.

At best, this dinnertime foolishness is maddening and unbearable. Not for him, mind you, just for me. He takes great delight in whatever this is he is doing to me: he must, or he couldn't possibly have kept it up as long as he has, unless, of course, he is only trying to be polite and conversive, in which case I say it is about time to throw courtesy, manners, and the social graces to the winds and practice such uncouth acts as maintaining absolute silence or staying away from my house most of the time, a suggestion I am forced to discard since he would probably think it unreasonable and try to tell me why. I don't think I'm ready for that.

Besides, I really wouldn't want to upset him or hurt his feelings (or, God forbid, make him angry with me), because, as I have said, he helps out a lot and seldom makes any outrageous requests other than "Will you take me to be the beach yesterday?" or "Can I have a little of your Pepsi-Cola when you have finished it?" A person like that is good to have around.

Sometimes he even amuses me by singing little songs he has heard me sing. (He says he has heard me sing them. I don't remember singing any songs, and if I did, I don't see how he could have got the tune from me. But he sings my words on the ones I don't remember all the way through so I am forced to make up new words to suit my particular style of singing, if you can call it that.) His favorite is "Shoo fly, don't bother me, Shoo fly, don't bother me, Shoo fly don't bother me, Shoo fly don't bother me, Shoo fly don't bother me." He knows the right

way to sing it, but he doesn't like it that way, so he sings five lines of "Shoo fly." I suppose he does that because of his infatuation with the single word "shoofly" which he refuses to comprehend is not a type of fly, but rather is a way of telling a fly to go away. Possibly he's got a better slant on the song than I do, because it certainly does no good to tell a fly to go away and even insults him if you tell him to shoo. I can understand that; I wouldn't want to be told to shoo every time I sat down to dinner or a drink either.

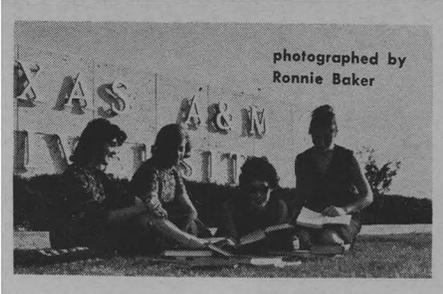
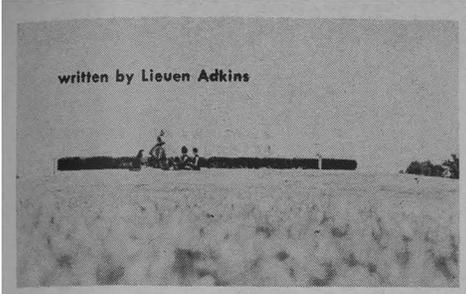
So for Buenos Dias (it's the only thing I know to call him) the song is about a Shoofly who goes around bothering and molesting people, probably thinking he is a Tsetse fly or a horsefly. (I must remember not to say "horsefly" in front of Buenos Dias because I would have to tell him what the "horse" part meant and he wouldn't believe me or would think the United States is overrun with incredible creatures worse than satyrs or centaurs. I could start an international incident that way, and I've had my fill of those, God knows. I was once pummeled with bricks in Monterrey, but that's another story. Just try to forget I ever mentioned it.)

Occasionally, to stop his singing when it comes to be too much and Shoofly begins to wear me down or the Pepsodent song brings back sad and painful memories, I let him play with my typewriter, half-hoping he'll write something I can understand or easily look up with no mistake as to spelling or spacing. But I can't make him understand what the space bar is (if you don't know, you'll have to ask somebody else) so he can fill up a whole page with one long word and again I am forced to make decisions as to separating words. Sometimes, here and there, he makes an error or throws in a letter or two which don't have anything to do with the sense of sentence or paragraphs and that can get tricky. At any rate, I can't decipher the most important parts, so I don't know what the hell he's writing about.

My only sensible conclusion is that he's a novelist, an *enfant terrible*, and is studying all of my reactions and is writing little bits of his novel everyday, in code, with my typewriter. This would be fine with me, in fact, I'd be honored, I think, except that I shall never know about it when his novel comes out, unless, of course, he publishes it under the name of Pancho Alfonso Rafael Buenos Dias What's-His-Name, which is highly unlikely.

written by Lieuen Adkins

photographed by
Ronnie Baker



Hairy Ranger Productions
proudly presents . . .

in glowing black and white . . .

HULLABALOO!

*The battle of the sexes
In College Station, Texiz*

STARRING:

Lieuen Adkins	Pat Brown
Angie Martinez	Laura Isbell
Ramsey Wiggins	R. R. "New Jersey" Vennell
Mary Ruth Magruder	Tommy Shelton
Powell St. John	Gilbert Shelton
Susan Shirley	Marlon Brando



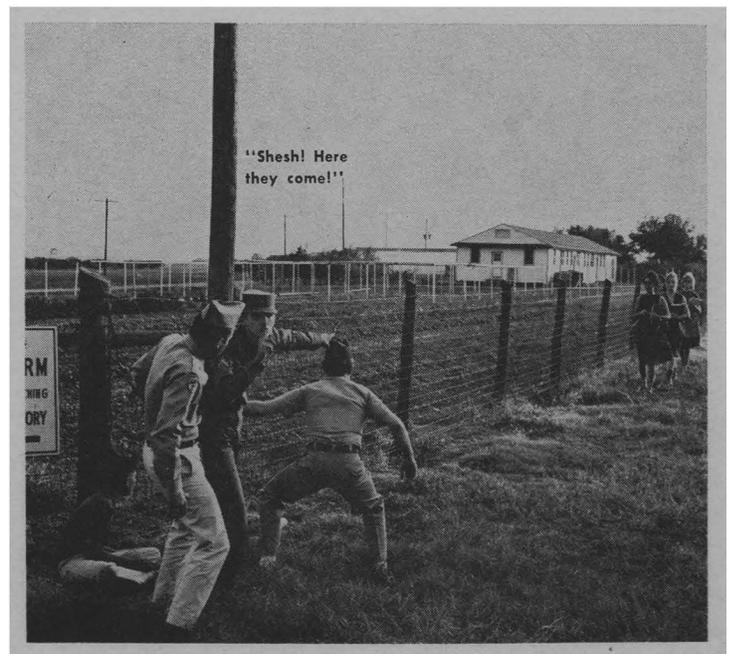
"Just look at 'em"

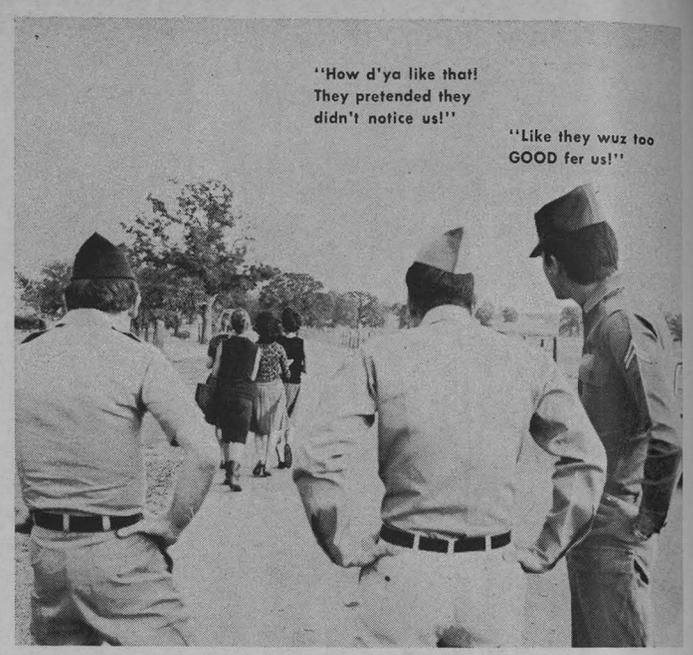
"Gosh dern it! Why'd
they have to go and
let WIMMIN in for?"

"Look at 'em . . ."



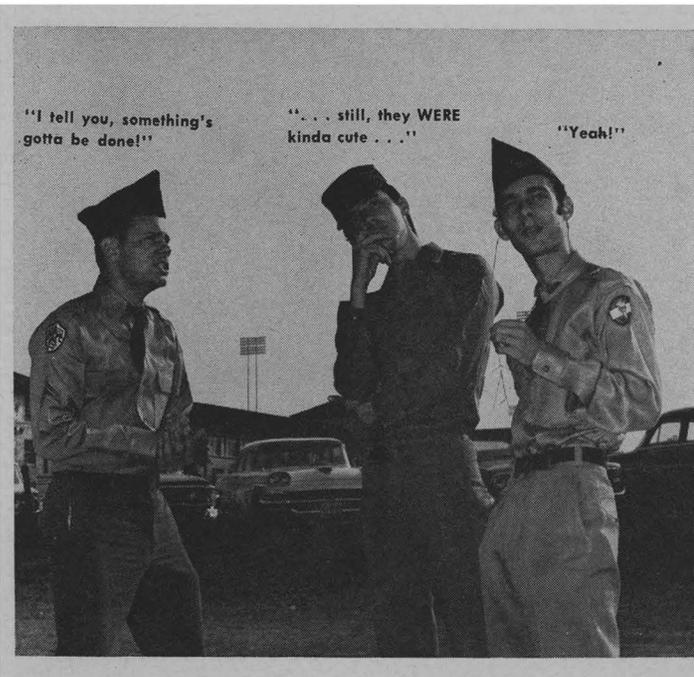
"Shesh! Here
they come!"





"How d'ya like that!
They pretended they
didn't notice us!"

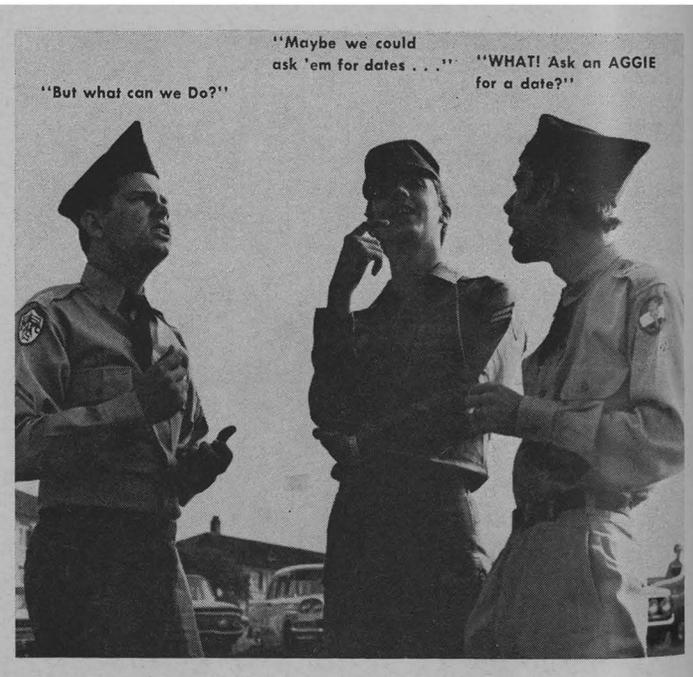
"Like they wuz too
GOOD for us!"



"I tell you, something's
gotta be done!"

"... still, they WERE
kinda cute . . ."

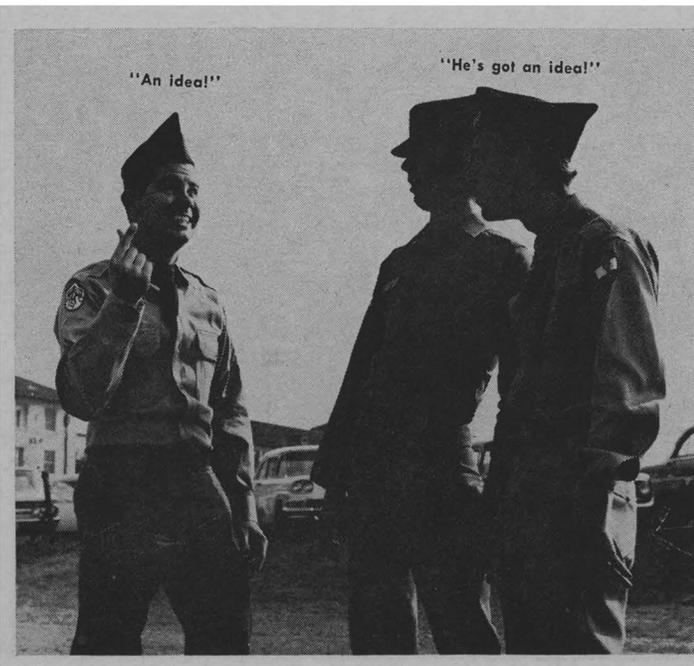
"Yeah!"



"But what can we Do?"

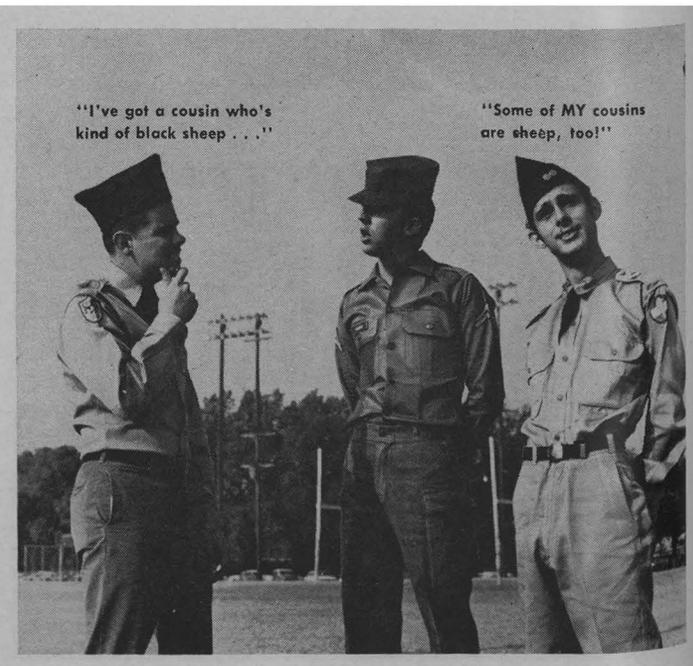
"Maybe we could
ask 'em for dates . . ."

"WHAT! Ask an AGGIE
for a date?"



"An idea!"

"He's got an idea!"



"I've got a cousin who's
kind of black sheep . . ."

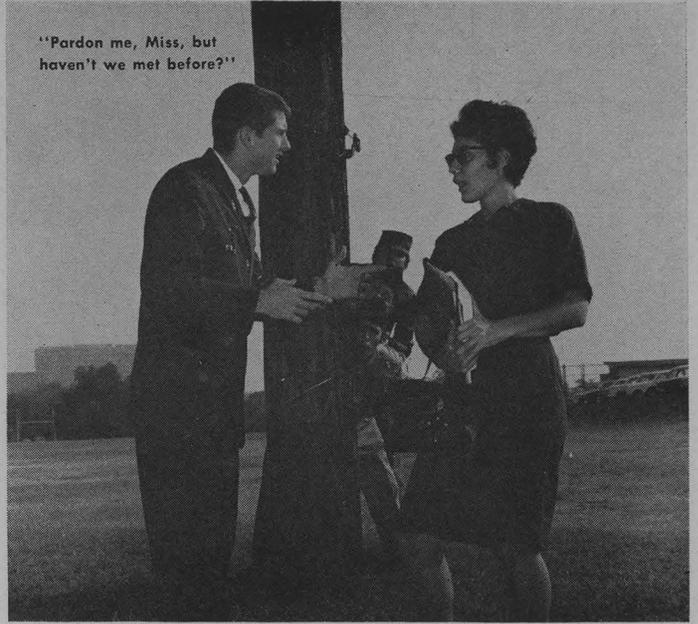
"Some of MY cousins
are sheep, too!"

LATER:

"Here He is, boys! RICK
STUDD, my cousin from UT!"



"Pardon me, Miss, but
haven't we met before?"



"Well, I don't know. Could
it have been at the Fat Stock Show?
Or the Chicken Judging Contest? Or
was it the Dustbowl County Annual
Rodeo and Old Fiddlers' Contest,
or Hank's Honky-Tonk, or the
showing of the '64 model John
Deeres, or the . . ."

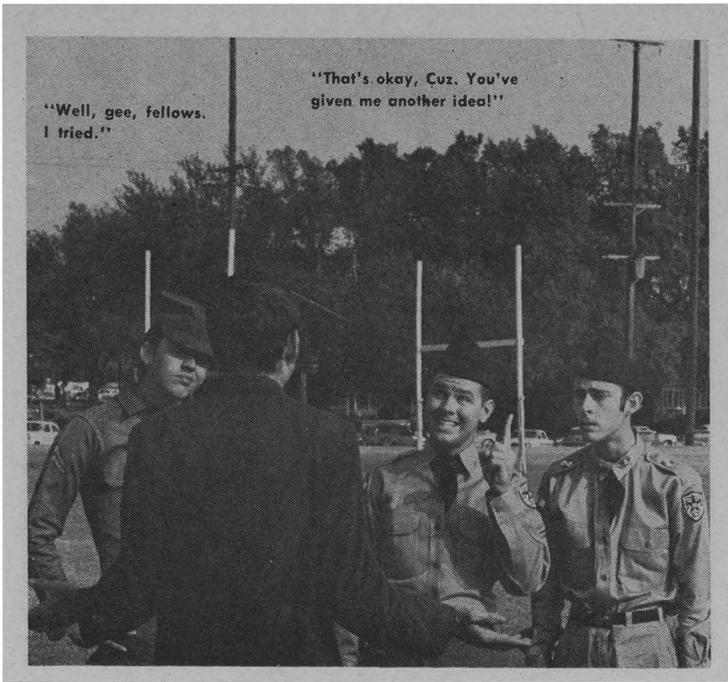


"You don't understand. I'm
from UT, and I've come to take
you away from this square place
to where things REALLY swing!"



"Go to UT and be a TEASIP?
Are you NUTS? Especially
with somebody dressed like
a damn YANKEE?"





"Well, gee, fellows. I tried."

"That's okay, Cuz. You've given me another idea!"

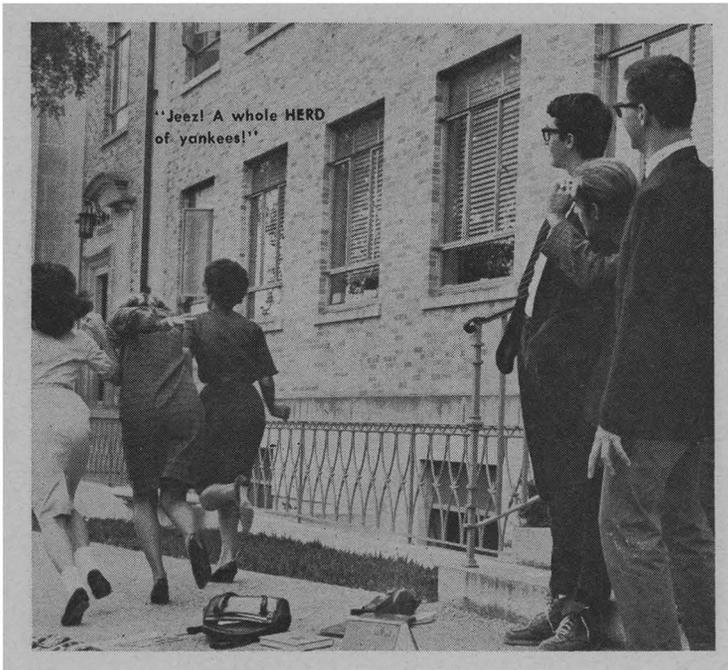


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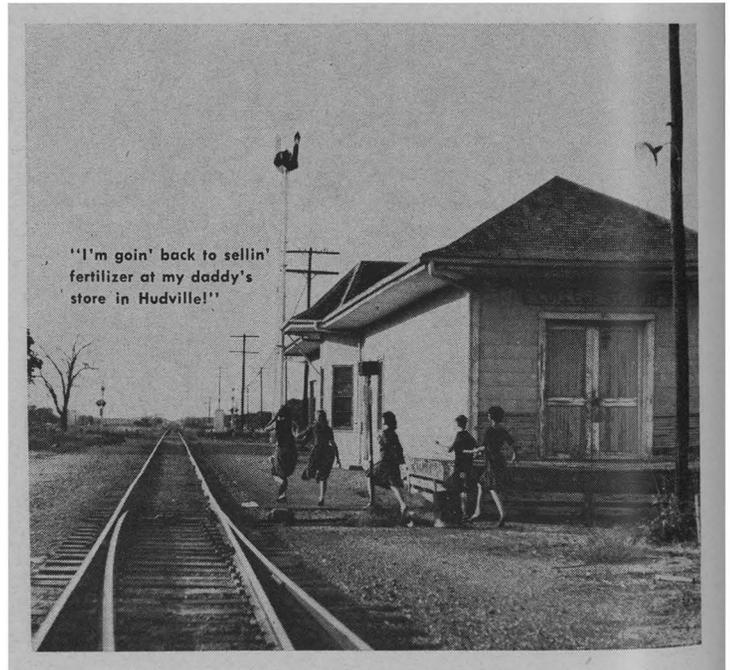
"Shall we stop the hogs, fellow?"

"... and clean out the horse barns!"

"Definitely!"



"Jeez! A whole HERD of yankees!"

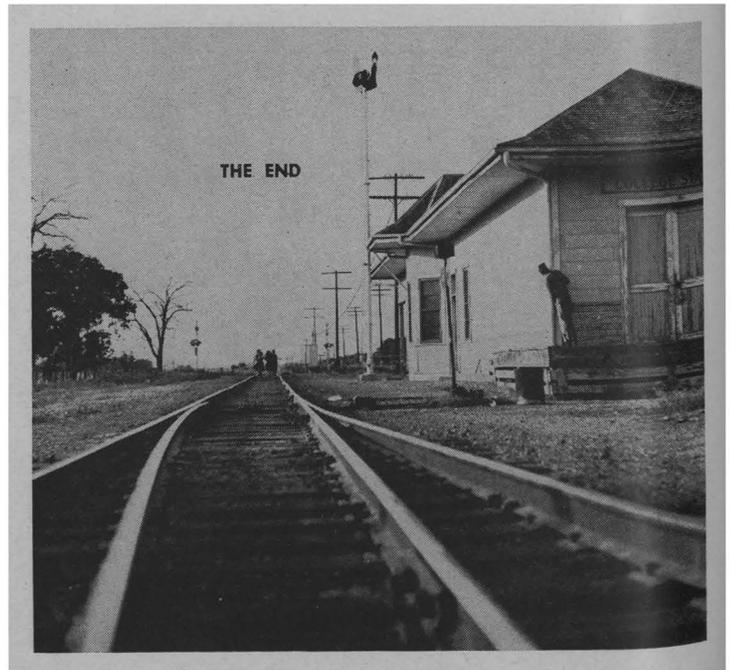


"I'm goin' back to sellin' fertilizer at my daddy's store in Hudville!"



"Me, too!"

"Me, too!"



THE END

why not be civilians again? What we need is a *mutiny!*"

The dogs began hopping up and down in their cages, crying "Mutiny!" and "Revolt!" All but Leslie.

Leslie jumped to his feet. "Wait!" he said. "Where's your *esprit de corps*? Think of all that being a police dog has done for you!"

"Yeah," exclaimed Stanley. "Think of taking orders all day, and getting whacked with newspapers."

"Think of all the female companionship we don't get."

"Think of all the things people throw at us, and the dirty looks we get, when we have to attack somebody."

"Think of the Pup Grub."

"Yeah, think of all that," said Roland. "Just think about it . . . 'Bullet'."

It was the last word that did it. Leslie hopped up and down in his cage, growling "Revolt! Revolt! We'll show those sons of . . . uh . . . *revolt!*"

"Great," said Roland. "We're all together. Now we wait for our opportunity."

It wasn't long in coming. Three days later, pickets gathered around the city hall, protesting discrimination. The police were called out, and they brought their dogs with them.

"All right, you people, git back there," commanded the fat sergeant in charge. "Officer Gritski! Git that man with th' sign over there. He stepped on th' grass. Bring in th' dawgs an' drive 'em back."

The dogs were brought to the edge of the crowd, and Gritski ordered everyone back. No one saw Roland turn to the other dogs and wink.

"All right, if y'all don't git back faster'n that, we'll see that ya do," said another officer. "Git 'em, boy."

He gave his dog slack on the leash and ordered him forward. The dog didn't move.

"I said 'go!'" repeated the officer. Still the dog did not move. All along the edge of the line police were urging their dogs forward, to no avail. They all sat there. The demonstrators inched forward as the police still tried to get the dogs to drive them back. Then, as one picketer approached closer than he should have dared, Roland suddenly got up and came toward him. But not to attack. He merely stood there, tail wagging, before the startled man. Roland's handler was too dumfounded to do anything other than stare when the man gingerly reached out a hand to pat Roland on the head. Roland licked his hand.

"What the hell!" roared the officer, jerking Roland back. "Has somebody been givin' these mutts tranquilizers? What the hell you been feedin' 'em, anyway?"

"Just the usual Pup Grub, sir," came the answer. Immediately, all the dogs growled in unison.

"Then what's the matter with 'em?" said Roland's handler. "Come on, you. Come on. Go git 'em!" He shoved Roland with the toe of his boot, hard. Roland didn't budge. He drew back his foot and delivered a kick to the base of Roland's tail. Before the policeman could react, Roland had surged forward with such force that he jerked the leash from the man's hand. Then he turned and charged headlong at the amazed cop. There was no time to draw a gun or nightstick; Roland was too fast. The officer turned and fled in fear, leaving a large piece of blue cloth dangling from Roland's jaws.

Meanwhile, the other dogs followed Roland's example. The handlers, taken completely aback by this sudden reversal of character on the parts of their charges, fled in panic as the crowd cheered wildly. Then, at a signal from their leader, the dogs left off the pursuit and ran back through the crowd, which parted to let them pass. Through the crowd they went, around the corner, and out of sight, leashes trailing behind them. Later, they were to surround a man on the edge of town, who, frightened nearly to death by the pack of police dogs around him, could only stand trembling until it finally became clear to him what the

dogs wanted. He carefully removed the leashes and collars from each dog and waited to see what would happen then. He later reported that the dogs gathered closely together, making strange noises, then dispersed in different directions.

Several days afterward, behind the police station of a medium-sized Southern town, several policemen were lounging at the back of the dog training pen, taking a smoke. They did not notice the German shepherd that had padded up to the corner of the ten-foot high cyclone fence topped with barbed wire. They did not notice until they heard more than the usual quantity of yaps, whines, and growls coming from where the dogs were tied up.

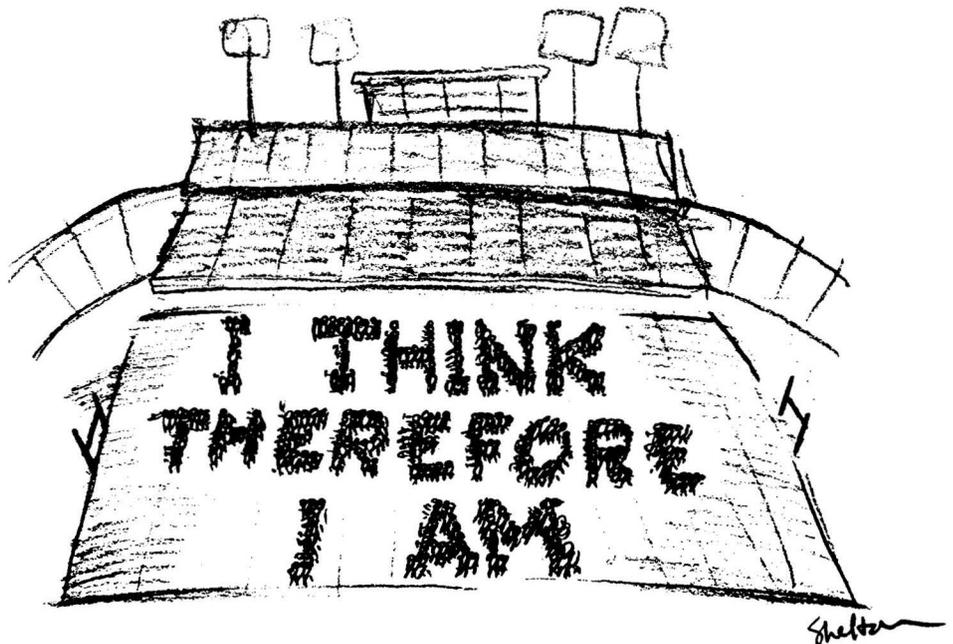
When they looked up and saw, one of the cops walked over and, waving, his arms, yelled, "Hey! Git away from here! Git!"

The dog outside the fence turned and loped away into the bright afternoon sunshine, around the edge of the building, and out of sight. The cop threw down his cigarette and ground it out with his foot.

"Okay, break's over," he called out. "Let's go."

The other handlers likewise dropped their cigarettes and, walking over to the dogs, untied them.

"Okay, boy, let's go," said each man to his dog and, holding the leash, started toward the center of the pen. The dogs didn't move from the spots they sat in. Not a one of them. And not all the frenzied commands of their trainers could make them stir.



"However, if you fail to contact me within 24 hours, I will cause the crash to continue. My price, by the way, has gone up to ten million dollars."

The Secretary of Commerce looked at the secretary in bewilderment.

"Look at the ticker reports, Herb. The industrial average is up three points since opening. Now you tell me who's nutty."

The Secretary of Commerce sat down in a leather chair and read the letter through twice more. Then he stood up. "See if you can get me in touch with a Mr. G. R. Terwilliger of Spokane, Washington. I just want to chat a few minutes with this distant prophet."

One hour later, George R. Terwilliger of Spokane, Washington, was drinking a martini aboard a jet airliner bound for Washington, D.C., courtesy of the Department of Commerce. He was wearing a light green double-breasted suit, light tan perforated shoes, and in his left-hand coat pocket was a small black box with a tuning knob which controlled the national economy of the United States of America. Mr. Terwilliger tried in vain for the entire trip to engage several other passengers in conversation, but when he arrived at the Washing-

ton airport there was a reception committee in a black Department of Commerce limousine waiting for him.

"We're going to visit the President of the United States," said the Secretary of Commerce weakly to his fellow passenger in the back seat of the limousine. "Wouldn't you like to stop and let us pick you up something decent to wear?"

"You want me to lower it another notch?" asked George R. Terwilliger, and Herb Golden cringed. When he had talked to Mr. Terwilliger of Spokane, Washington, on the telephone, half-whimsically groping at straws, the man had offered proof of his control, his absolute and instant control, over the activities of the nation.

"All right, I'll just show you," he had said. "I'll put an end to this momentary recovery with a *real* crash. You start looking at your ticker tape." And right that very moment it had started. The tape had paused momentarily, as if in disbelief, and then had started spewing forth the most fantastic set of figures that Herb Golden had ever seen. Simultaneously, from the Wall Street skyline windows, a cloud of ruined brokers poured forth like lemmings.

The Secretary of Commerce sat rig-

idly in the back seat of the limousine and shouted, "Quick, dammit! To the White House!"

Not long later, an unlikely trio was sitting on a sofa in the President's lounge. There was the President, tall, immaculate, and stately, and seated beside him was the rotund Herb Golden, and at the far end, a Mr. George R. Terwilliger, of Spokane, Washington.

At the moment, they were quiet. The President stared ahead silently, uncomprehendingly. The Secretary of Commerce glanced nervously at him, then at the floor. The third man sat patiently waiting, smiling. Finally the President spoke.

"Have you lost your mind, Herb? How can you expect me to go along with anything like this? It's . . . I don't know, it's just impossible. I can't go along with it."

"You'll have to believe me," said the Secretary of Commerce. "I can't let him offer another proof." He had a sudden mental picture of the Manhattan Department of Sanitation men in their white suits, sweeping up vast mountains of crushed brokers from the pavement of Wall Street. "I just can't!"

"Excuse me," said George R. Terwilliger. "It *would* be possible for me to give you a demonstration and limit the effects to the local—in fact, to this very room. Would that be all right?"

"Not on your life," said the Secretary of Commerce.

"No, you misunderstand," said the little man. "I will turn the controls toward the *positive*—the beneficial side."

The President stood up and spoke. "All right, Herb. Let him show his stuff."

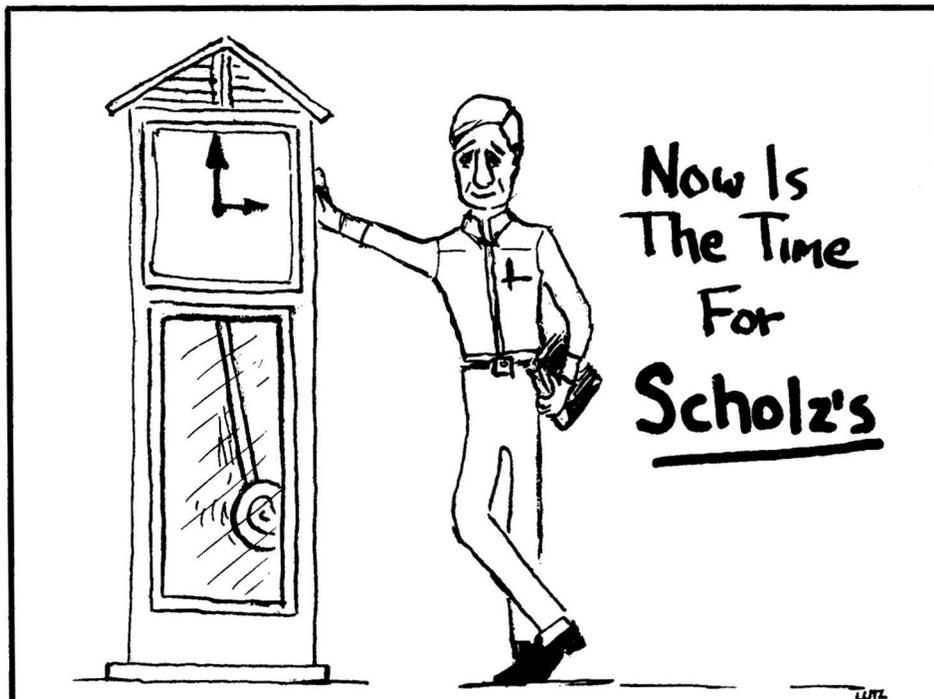
Mr. Terwilliger smiled, reached into his left-hand coat pocket, and fiddled with something. The President suddenly whirled and looked directly at the man for the first time. Something decidedly strange was going on! For some unknown reason, the President found himself about to fly into a dither.

Suddenly, a great wave of elation swept over him, as if all the worries and cares had been removed from his shoulders. He continued staring at the little man in the ridiculous double-breasted suit, and broke into a grin.

"By jingo," thought the President, breaking into an impromptu jig. He noticed that Herb Golden was beating a paradiddle on the arm of the sofa.

Suddenly the spell was broken. The strange little man was talking to him.

(Cont. on page 33)



Now Is
The Time
For
Scholz's

Scholz Garten

UT's oldest and "refreshing-est" rendezvous
1607 San Jacinto



"Garçon, a bucket of cops!"

"I want to do something big—something clean."
 "Why don't you wash an elephant?"

A beatnik was standing on the corner following a nasty rain storm. A nun approached the corner and seeing the gutters full of water was at a loss as to how to get across. The beatnik gallantly peeled off his sweat shirt and threw it on the ground for the nun to tread upon. The nun was shocked by the gallantry of the man and remarked:

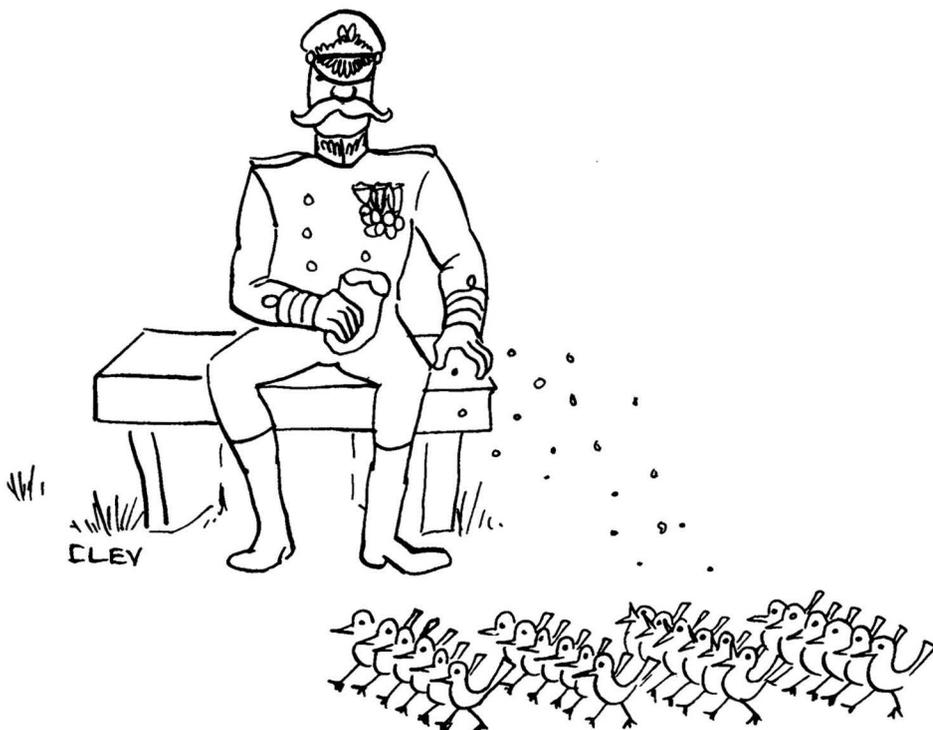
"My goodness, that was a noble sacrifice. Whatever prompted you to do it?"
 Replied the beatnik, "Like, any friend of Zorro's is a friend of mine."

Your grandfather is a little deaf isn't he?
 He sure is; last night he led the evening prayers while kneeling on the cat.

Many very serious diseases are caused by biting insects—so stop biting insects.

"Dad, I need an encyclopedia for school."
 "Hell! You can walk to school like I did!"

"Do insects ever get in your corn, Farmer Brown?"
 "Yep, but we just fish 'em out and drink it anyway."



For The
BIG Appetites
 (and small wallets)
On Campus

- Crisp, Crunchy Fried Chicken
- Barbecued Ribs
- Home-made Fruit Cobbler
- Hamburgers
- Bar-B-Q on Bun
- Fried Shrimp
- Cheeseburgers
- Cousinburgers

These and other Treats on order in our
 Food-to-Go Dept.
 Menus Available for Dorm Delivery Available



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The entire affair was cloaked in mystery by now, which was a good thing as I didn't want to be seen talking to a naked man in front of my club. I hailed a coach-and-four and quickly pushed D'Arcy into it, under the guise of being in a hurry to keep an appointment. Anything to keep something over his nude body.

"Home!" I cried to the driver, giving the address. The driver lashed the great fiery beasts and they strove onward, leaning into the massive harness, their hooves pounding on the cool, wet pavement, their reins tied to a nearby fireplug.

"Dolt and dunderhead!" I cried to the driver as I had done on an earlier adventure with D'Arcy.

"Bolt and trundlebed!" cried the driver, not to be outdone.

"Cold and lumbershed!" I shouted back to him. I waited anxiously for a retort, as I had three more, but there was none from *that* worthy fool. "Ha ha ha ha ha ha, you stupid proletarian stupid you," I said as he began dutifully cleaning my boots. I had defeated him and he knew it, so he let me drive. I, being a well-bred (though I don't *talk* about it like some people I know) and intelligent gentleman, untied the horses from the fire plug and unscrambled them from their seemingly hopeless entanglement after having run 17 vicious circles around the fireplug.

We galloped to my home, where I dispatched the driver, demoting him to corporal and completely demoralizing him. I promoted the lead stallion to sergeant and the fellow changed places with his former master, an ironic happenstance. They all galloped off into the night, breathing fire as only the proletariat know how. "Oh you kid," I muttered to myself, expecting no answer and, in turn, getting none. "No manners" I thought aloud.

I stopped at the entrance to my house and spoke to Amelia Earhart for a moment, then trudged up the long walk until I arrived at my front door, which I battered in with a fire ax. There, on the top of the bannister post, was D'Arcy, clothed in leaves and assuming the full lotus position.

"You're not doing that right," I admonished him.

"I didn't quite think I was," he answered, "but there was no one home so I had to just assume it."

I showed him the correct position and we sat like that, chewing mint leaves and running the gamut of

small talk until D'Arcy complained that his knees hurt.

"We could get out of this accursed lotus position and run on our feet for awhile, if you'd like," I said.

"The hell with it, you know; the hell with it." D'Arcy never was one for mincing words. "I had sooner mince pie," he said, tossing his head which I had to go retrieve. "In fact, I had sooner Lipton's."

"Why then, we could play Chinese checkers," I suggested.

"The hell with it, you know; the hell with it." D'Arcy never was one for mincing words.

I agreed heartily and raced to the top of the stairs, climbed aboard the banister, then fairly flew down the rail until I was stopped abruptly by the banister post, causing quite a rumpus. I spoke several dirty words which D'Arcy hastily swept under the carpet, lest we be raided suddenly by the police. Now all was safe, all was secure, all was blithesome and serene. What a day this had been, what a rare mood we were in. It was almost like being in love. Almost, but I hasten to point out, not quite. That, of course was the thin red, or green (as you like it), line. (*Like* you like it?) After that (*Like* you *as* it?) we decided to (*As* you *as* it?) take the whole thing (*The way* you prefer it).

"D'Arcy, my good man," I questioned him, "where did you go? How on earth did you get here? Am I to assume that you slipped from the chaise and scurried home naked, in the altogether?"

"Entirely so," he replied, glibly. "Quite."

"And now you have come hither to haunt and torture me, I suppose, and to mess up my library and my study with your damned insufferable ponderings."

"My ponderings, I assure you, are quite safe, in a bank in Hong Kong. I shan't leave them here no more, and you needn't be worried, too."

"Then you have been in Hong Kong, lo, these many years?"

"No, I have been in jail, lo, these many six years. I *mailed* my ponderings to Hong Kong. That was simply to throw you off the track."

"D'Arcy, I've not been on the track atoll."

"Just as I thought," he replied inscrutably.

"You've been in jail, lo, these many years and what do you have to show for it, you obstruction to justice, you?"

"I came, my friend, in those six tedious years, to be a trustee, gaining

respectability at last and being allowed to choose my own work in the correction home."

"Correction home, hell. Jail is more like it."

"Possibly, possibly. Nevertheless, it was called a correction home."

"Correct," I said, having been corrected.

"Absolutely," he replied, realizing his small, insignificant, foolish, unimportant, tiny victory.

"And was your time well spent?" I now began to interrogate him unmercifully, but stopped instantly, after having strained the quality of the whole thing.

"Yes, I would say it was. I chose to work in the kitchen, and if you will venture forth now to our kitchen, you shall see how profitable was my 'time' as you so crudelly call it."

We ventured forth to my kitchen, stopping only to rape the maid who expressed a great deal of sorrow about this sudden paradox of combined loss and gain. She raped us back and we all went into the kitchen.

We ventured forth to my kitchen and D'Arcy began rummaging in the pots and pans, so the maid was called and she washed them all. Then we (the maid and I) stood at D'Arcy's side as he grabbed flour and hamburger and this and that from the shelves and refrigerator. In a trice, D'Arcy had cooked the hamburger, thrown it away, and mixed the flour and the this and that and said to us, proudly, "gravy." I had never seen—let alone tasted—gravy in a trice and I was not wont to do it now so he poured it in a bowl and we all tried it. It was delicious, but we let that pass, for it was, after all, gravy.

"I have learned how to make gravy. You do not know how to make gravy, you dunderhead."

"Lumbershed," I replied instantly.

"Yonder lead," he threw back.

"Trundlebed," was, naturally, my quick answer, and he was finished. I still had three retorts. There was nothing in the world he could say to restore himself to his former position, so he tossed the maid and me out of the kitchen and spent the greater part of his life locked up in there making gravy. The place soon overflowed and D'Arcy was swept away to Northumberland where I hear he is still making gravy.

"It's just a fad," the maid said with a shrug.

"Indubitably," I replied.

"Undoubtedly," she corrected me.

"Correct," I said.

"Quite." ●

CRASH . . . (Cont. from page 30)

"I see you feel like dancing, sir. Shall we make the entire nation dance?" His expression was somehow evil. The President shuddered.

The man continued. "Unfortunately, I have raised my terms once again, as a penalty for your tardiness." He whispered something in Herb Golden's ear. The Secretary of Commerce blanched.

"He says," croaked the Secretary, "that after he gets the economy back up, *he* gives all the orders around here. He says he'll take the guest room."

The President stood, unable to speak for the first time in his life. A stately tear rolled down his stately cheek. He weakly nodded his approval and sank slowly into a rocking chair.

The Secretary shrugged his shoulders, turned to the little man. "All right," he said, "Boss."

"I suppose you two want to know just how I accomplish this phenomenon," said Mr. Terwilliger. "Since I intend to keep you both in my employ, and since there's nothing you can do about it anyway, I'll show you the secret." He took a small black metal box out of his pocket and gave the dial a twist. "Listen," he said to the President.

The President listened to the box. He heard nothing.

"No, no, for gosh sakes, not to the controls. Listen *around* you!"

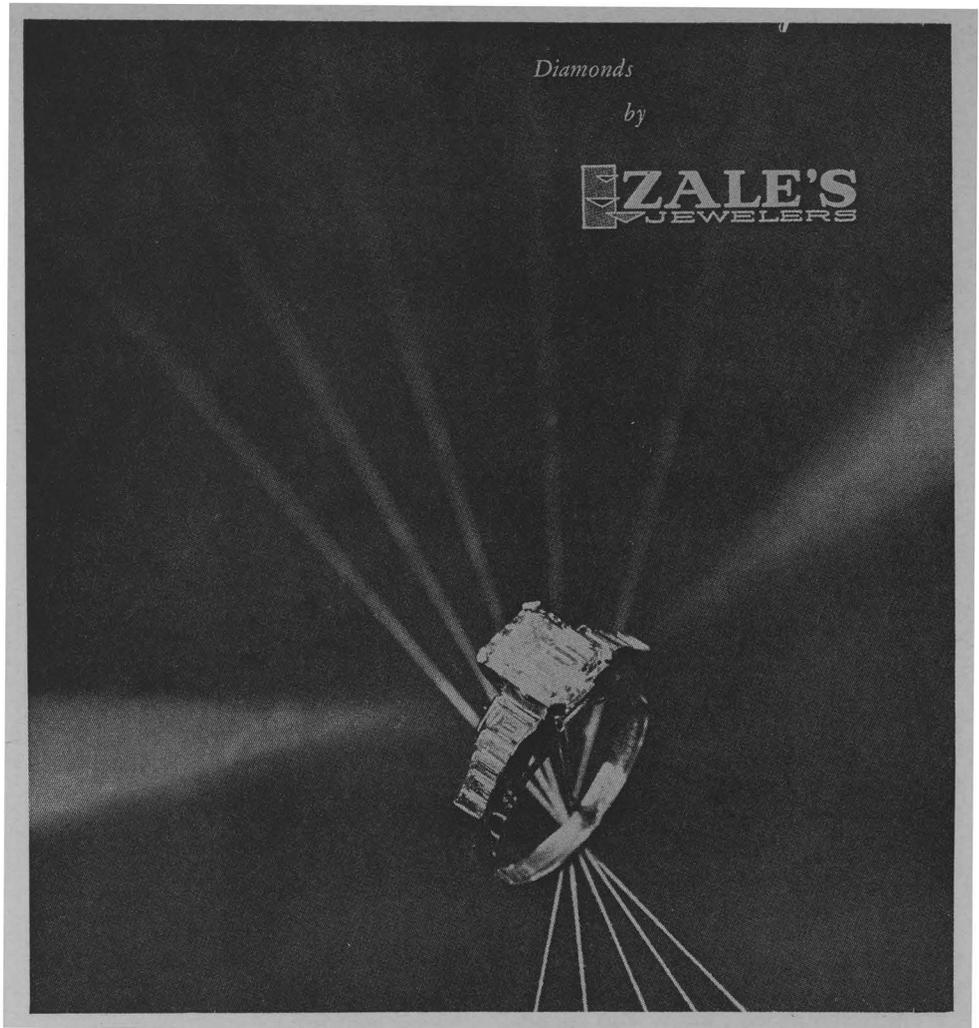
The President was trying to fight off a mystifying urge to leap up and shadow-box around the chair. He listened around himself, obediently. There was nothing out of the ordinary.

The little man laughed and pointed at the ceiling. The President looked up and saw a little air duct—no, it was an intercom speaker. Suddenly his stomach sank. It was the *Muzak*.

"This knob," laughed the little man, "controls my invention, the *Muzak Master*! And with it, I control the speed of the songs!"

"Oh . . . my . . . God . . ." thought the President, his mind whirling faster and faster. "They're . . . everywhere . . . now . . . I'd . . . forgotten . . ." Suddenly he lost his self-control and Charlestoned off down the hall. Herb Golden whooped, jumped up, and exited, Vaudeville style, after him.

The little man cackled softly, and turned the knob all the way to "up," and the economy of the United States rebounded six points in five minutes. He glanced outside, and people were walking by on Pennsylvania Avenue at speeds close to 75 miles per hour. ●

A cartoon advertisement for Mexican food. On the left, a character wearing a sombrero and a shirt with "EL MAT" on it stands next to a sign. The sign reads "THE MOST DELICIOUS MEXICAN FOOD ANYWHERE!" in a hand-drawn font. Below the sign is a drawing of a cactus. The cartoon is signed "LUTZ" in the bottom right corner.

Try the Big Four today—

El Toro El Matamoros Monroe's El Charro

1601 Guadalupe 504 East Avenue To Go—GR 7-8744 912 Red River

dust-laden wind and the loud static issuing from the radio (static was the sole fare, but Mrs. L'Range preferred that to emptiness).

"NO," shouted Homer, ending the meal and sending his well-trained wife springing to her feet and to the liquor cupboard. As her spouse drained the glass of Everclear, Gloria seized her opportunity to seek a boon from her master.

"Darling, I haven't seen any human face for six months—excepting yours, of course—and since we can't get telephone service or mail out here, won't you let me go into Dallas and see my family, and maybe buy a dress?"

"You got a dress," Homer reacted, "and it's done you well enough for six months, hasn't it?"

"Yes, dear, but I really shouldn't do housework in a wedding gown. Please let me buy a dress—if you do I promise I'll never complain about being an Aggie's wife, not ever."

"All right, all right, here's five dollars. You can get a ride on the next Borax mule team through here. Be back in three days."

"Oh, sweetie, you know you spend all the rest of the ammonia-tank checks on your strong drink and your Aggie dues. Couldn't I have just a bit more?"

"*****, AND SHUT UP, WIFE!" mentioned Homer, fetching her a brutal but basically tender blow on her face. He gallantly checked his next swing to open the door to his classmates: Chauncey, Wolfgang and Machnadebai.

"Heighdy!" effused the jolly and slightly tipsy party as they bounded through the dusty night into the flickering interior of the L'Ranges' home.

"Y'all're sure welcome heah," bubbled Homer, extending them the secret Aggie sign of greeting.

"Evening, Mrs. L'Range," commented Wolfgang (an oddity of a polite Aggie). "Hope your face doesn't swell up too much with that bruise."

"Oh, never you mind about me," whispered Gloria confidently. "Would you strong men like to say 'no' to a little refreshment?"

Drinks passed around as the jolly Ags plucked and strummed and rendered thusly:

"Sweetheart it's a shame I've got to leave you,
But I'm a honky tonker at heart now,
And your sweet ruby lips of fire,
Make me wanna hear that lonesome whistle
Lead me home, precious Lord,
lead me
Back to Abilene, my Abilene,
All for the love of a dear, little girl,
On my blackland farm . . ."

Following this rendition, and similar songs, Chauncey stood, rapping his instrument for attention, and said: "Okay now, before we start the poker game, let's all sing the good ol' Aggie War Hymn, then write checks to the Faithful Aggie Club. You know I'm the official fund raiser this month."

Wolfgang timidly queried, "Fellas, can't I pass this month, and skip payment like ol' Stansbury did? Y'all know that I cain't get any job better than a gardener with this degree . . ."

"Ain't seen Stansbury lately, have you?" commented Machnadebai with a bloodthirsty but basically tender chuckle in his throat. (Machnadebai majored in War at A&M, minoring in Karate; also working as a freshman counselor.)

The evening wore on and on and out. Gloria awoke at dawn to sweep up the debris between the Aggies sleeping on the soft blankets of dust on the floor. She hummed to herself, to keep herself aware of the fact that she was alive:

"The Aggie I married is mean to me,
And that's the way he will always be;
Our partnership is as light and gay
As that 'twixt Liston and Casius Clay . . .

How he beats me!
I surrender!
Yet I'm sure that he's basically tender . . .

I thought him the strong and the silent type,
Until he started to curse and gripe—
The strong and silent are oft that way,
Because they can't think of what to say . . .

The Aggie I married is such a slob
He'll never hold down a decent job;
He's dull and rural, he's glum and slow—
How could I leave him? He needs me so . . ."

The sun glows dully through the dusty atmosphere of West Texas, or New Mexico, or Oklahoma, and paints the white-clothed bride with bright orange stripes of light. The dust-laden wind whistles between the ceaselessly warping boards of the Agricultural and Mechanical University of Texas Married Student's Dorm. ●



"Whaddaya mean, ya ain't got no appetite?"

For those who have complained about the jokes in the Ranger, we hereby present as a special service feature a selection of genuine collector's item Ranger jokes from the year 1925. Now let's see you complain.

"I don't believe you're a trained nurse."

"Why not?"

"I've never seen you do any tricks."



1: Say, what is a hubbub?

2: It's part of a wheel; but don't call me any more nicknames.



Country: Just think of our forest preserves.

City: How about our traffic jams?



It was the end of the scene; the heroine was starving. "Bread," she cried. "Give me some bread." And the curtain came down with a roll.



"What do you know?"

"Nothing."

"Come, come, you're not under oath."



"I want my hair cut collegiate style."

"I see, you want Yale locks."



A city and a chorus girl
Are much alike, 'tis true;
A city's built with outskirts,
A chorus girl is too.



"Waiter, I'll have pork chops with French fries and I'll have the pork chops lean."

"Yes, sir, which way?"



Venus: Is this good for the skin?
Diogenes: Good? Why, we cured an eruption on Vesuvius with it!



Lady: How gauche!
Drunk: Fine, thanks. How goes it with you?



Stern Mother: Why did you allow that man to kiss you in the parlor last night?

Daughter: Because it was so cold on the front porch, Mother.

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ADVERTISERS' INDEX

NOVEMBER 1963

Christianson-Leberman6, 10

Clyde Campbell University Shop..... 5

Co-ed Shop 9

Country Cousin31

El Matamoros33

Holiday House Inside Back

Jacobson's 8

Merritt-Schaefer & Brown 7

Night Hawk 2

Nueces Cleaners 4

Scarborough's 1

Scholz Garten30

Speedway Radio31

Tarot35

Toggery 3

Zale's33

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Charles Lutz

Coming Next Month



You know how for the first two issues we joked with you on how we sometimes don't know what's coming next month? Still, we got October and November right, didn't we? October was the Cop Issue and November is the Aggie Issue, more or less. Just like we told you they'd be. And do you remember we told you in September we didn't know what was coming in December? And remember in October we told you we didn't know what was coming in December? Well, here it is November and we still don't know what's coming in December. Honest. Cross our pancreas and hope to be an Aggie we don't know. Oh, we've got a few ideas, but none important and broad enough to name an issue after. Of course, we could always name it after our Great-uncle Rupert, who, after all, was important and broad. But Great-aunt Hildegard is still alive and would probably veto the idea, especially since she already has seventeen cats all named Rupert. Maybe we could have an issue on cats. Heard any good cat jokes lately?

Let's start another paragraph; that last one was getting entirely too long. Of course, we could always have a Christmas Issue, but that's kind of trite. God, rest, you, merry, gentlemen (never could remember where the comma goes in that sentence). Besides, you may recall the last time the Ranger ran a Christmas Issue (December, 1961). We wouldn't want *that* to happen again. We may just have a special Ranger Issue. Or maybe . . . hmmm . . . we could have a *Fun* Issue, featuring every type of fun thing we know, from good clean on down. Yeh, maybe that's what we'll do. You watch and see.

As you will recall, when we last left Irma Goodheart, her fiance Rodney has just told her their marriage will have to be postponed indefinitely because he has just learned that his mother is incurably ill from cirrhosis of the spleen and wants him to postpone his wedding indefinitely so he may be with her in her last few months on earth. As we resume our story, Irma speaks:

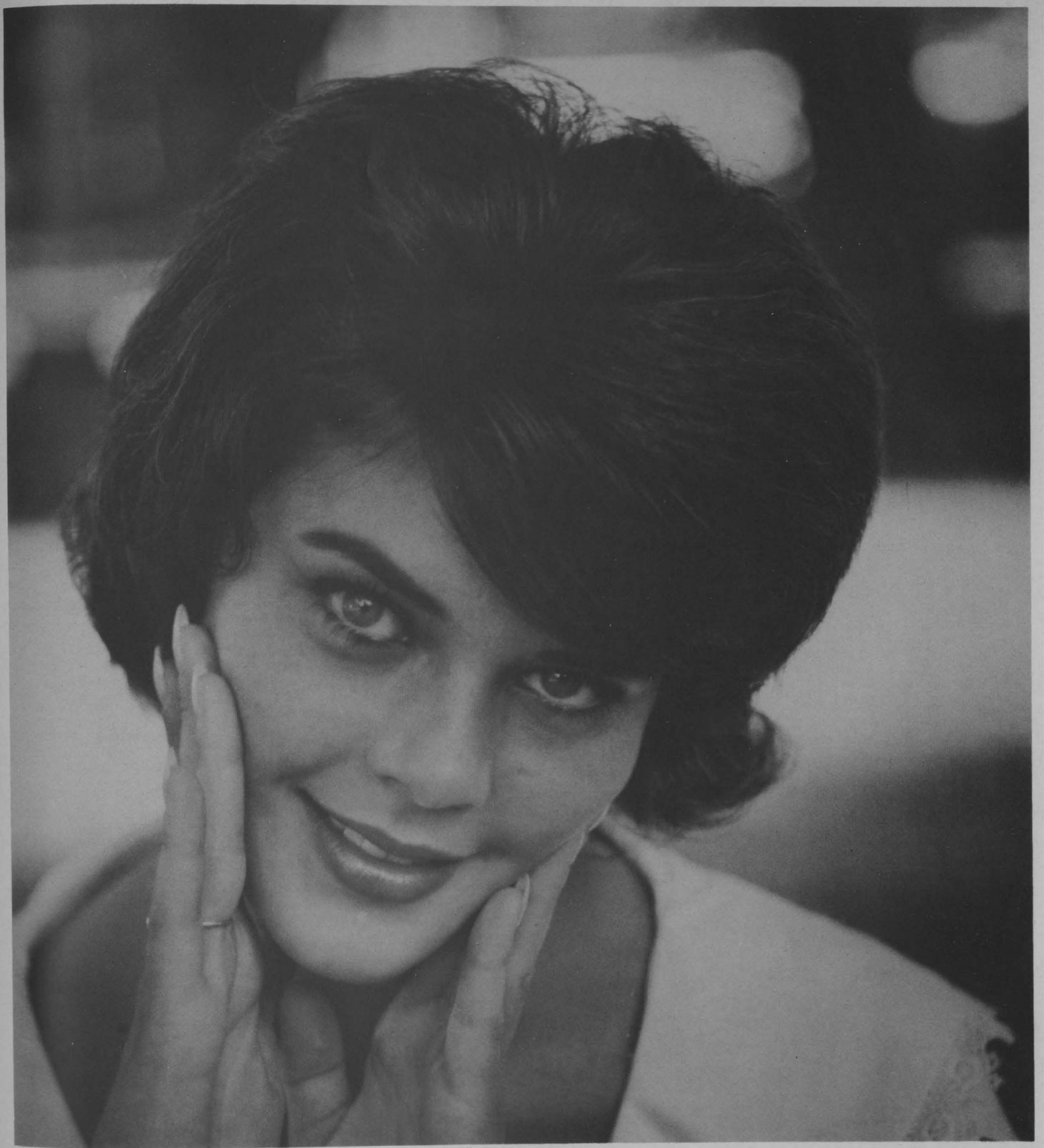
"Oh, really?"

Tune in again next week for the next heart-warming installment in the life of Irma Goodheart, Typhoid Carrier.



George, you get that smelly thing out of my house!

Tommy Bell



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