



INCONCEIVABLY  
INSPIRATIONAL  
INTERVIEW WITH  
BLESSEDLY  
BELLIGERANT  
B. T. BONNER

CLASSICALLY  
CAPRICIOUS COMIX

OUTLANDISHLY  
OVERDONE  
OUTSIDERS'  
HANDBOOK

GLOWINGLY  
GORGEORGOUS  
G.O.M.; DUCKY  
DONNA BYROM

QUAINLY  
COLOSSAL  
COXVILLE ZOO

Cover:  
AUSTIN SPRING  
FASHION FORECAST:  
a skunk on  
each WHATtock?

Photo/Baker

TEXAS  
**Ranger**

MARCH, 1964

29c



# IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MARCH



Oh, lordy, March is really a fun-filled month! The optimists can look forward to spring vacation (three whole days! Wow! Shall we organize a jaunt to Nassau?), or the nostalgic can look back to that wonderful day, March 2, which as we all remember was "Last day for filing in Registrar's Office petitions to take advanced standing and postponed examinations and re-examinations."

So really, the only thing of note in this month is the publication of the not-soon-to-be-forgotten MARCH RANGER AND HAIRY COMIX, a copy of which, if we can judge by what you are reading, sir, is not far from hand. This is the first issue published in entirety by the New Rangeros, the intrepid leader of whom is pictured below.



... as seen by her mom.

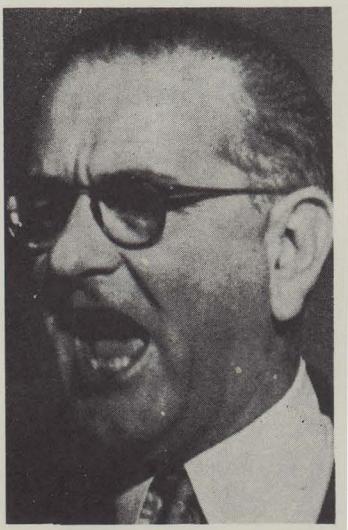


... as seen by censors.

Featured in this issue is a bit of satire by the Ranger's 1964-65 heir apparent, Bryon Black ("But First, a Word from our Sponsor"—p. 32). Bryon is a studious linguistics devotee who, through constant study and unflagging attention to his duties, is hoping to soon receive his Ph.D. (*see picture*).



Studious Bryon Black.



What?!!!

We are sorry to announce that no contribution to the March Ranger has been forthcoming from President (of the United States) Lyndon B. Johnson, even after all the help he got from us in his 1960 campaign. We're sure this is just an oversight, and he will surely be featured in the Ranger's forthcoming Saturday Evening Post Parody.



What's so funny here?

Read it again, then!

In the March issue the Ranger breaks in a brand new JOKE EDITOR, Bob Simmons. We spotted Bob walking down Guadalupe one day, clad in a raccoon coat and strumming a banjo, and singing "Boola, Boola," and we knew he was the man. Pictured here is Simmons testing a Ranger joke on a would-be reader.



First annual demonstration against peaceful demonstrations.

As a further service feature to its readers, the Ranger is sponsoring the first University of Texas annual *All-Purpose Protest March*. Each demonstrator will be expected to provide his own sign or placard, on any subject he desires: "Down with Friday!" or "Beer in the Union" or perhaps just "Shut Up." We will assemble peaceably at 3:00 on March 18 at 24th and Guadalupe (see page 26) and then demonstrate like hell until the world knows our viewpoints, or until some agitator breaks up the meeting by suggesting that we all go get a beer. See you then!

In the merry month of March,  
We held a protest march!

# Outstanding anywhere

Our spring clothes reflect the fact that you allow no compromise to your idea of perfection. This fact shows, anywhere.



**SCARBROUGHS**

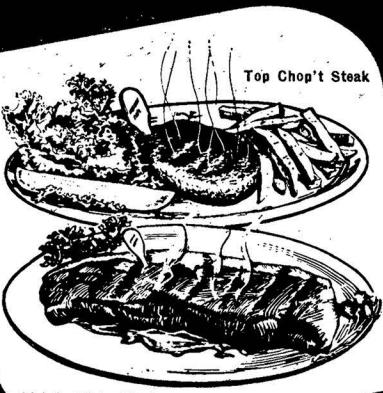
Congress Avenue and Sixth Street, Austin



Model: Nancy Douglas



# DELICIOUS Steaks

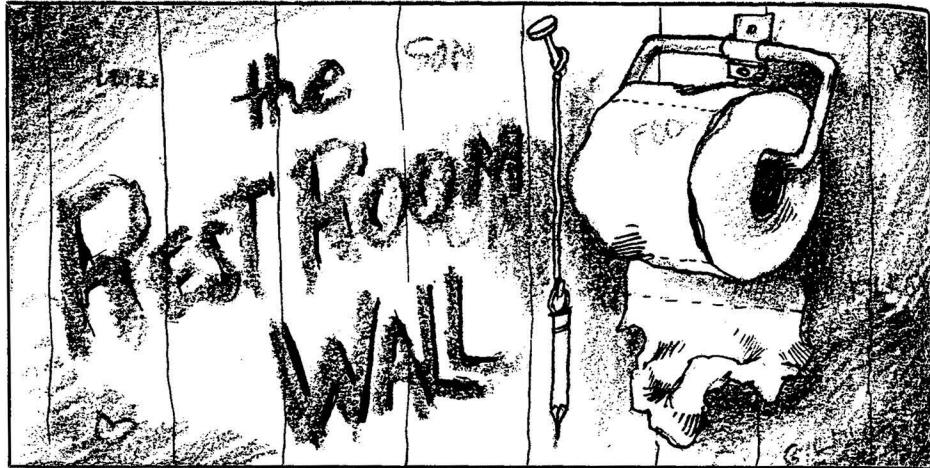


... FROM  
**Choice**  
CORN-FED  
HEAVY BEEF!

AUSTIN'S UNIQUE  
STEAK HOUSES!

**NIGHT HAWK**  
RESTAURANTS

Guadalupe at 20th / 336 S. Congress



Dear Hairy:

Ranger is very funny; if you could send us something free which has been rejected or unpublished, we'd really appreciate it.

Something the Ranger might start, because it is Strong and Powerful and Has a Man in the White House: some sort of syndicate handling articles written by national humorists. What do you think?

Alan Magary, Ed.  
*Blue Baboon*  
Middlebury College

(*We've got our own type of syndicate, thank you—see page 19—ed.*)

Dear Hairy:

Your magazine has some stories that have got grammatically some bad scenes.

Yours Effronterily,  
James H. Bryan

P.S. It's very cold in Newfoundland and git pertier GOM's.

To the idiot of the Ranger—whoever that may be this month: Your mag was its usual quality—bad. Congratulations on not getting worse (I bought this one!).

Dammit, that "Beer Can Be Fun" story (Hell, we all know that, except for the WCTU, a few assorted deans, and other Keepers of the Moral Code) was unusually terrible. Not a Pearl in the lot.

Roy Beene  
Box 8262 Univ. Sta.

Dear Hairy:

The Houston Chronicle is starting a student's section in their Sunday magazine, *Zest*, and I am campaigning to replace the usual "teen" (#%@\*) claptrap with a more intellectual, satiric, individualistic spirit—in short, direct it more to the college student and let the "teenager" follow if he will (and he will).

If you would be willing and have the time to help me in this effort, I would be delighted.

Katherine Pope  
Houston Chronicle

(*Lady, don't use them big words around here.—ed.*)

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, Texas 78712. Subscription rate: \$2.00 a year. Single copy: twenty-nine cents. Volume 78, No. 6, March, 1964. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Reprint in whole or part by other than bona fide college magazines is prohibited.

Say there, Post Office, have you noticed that not an encouraging percentage of your customers have switched over to the habit of using their zip-code numbers? You want to know why? Well, just as a personal favor, in

Dear Hairy:

Heard about your delightful little lass, in a picture where the sunlight silhouettes her grand chest, covered only by a fine little linen blouse. For God's sake, kiss off trying to run it in your magazine and send glossies on the exchange circuit. Better yet, send *her* on the exchange circuit.

Shearer, Ed.  
*UCLA Satyr*

(*UCLA manages to get their magazine published before their censors see it.—ed.*)

Dear Hairy:

It was a pleasure to include material from the Ranger in our October college issue. Perhaps you can do us a favor. Would you be so kind as to send us copies of the Ranger and other University of Texas publications? We are planning to have a contribution from an undergraduate at the University in an early Fall issue. Thank you, and I hope you will be in touch with us.

Sincerely,  
Lawrence Linderman  
*CAVALIER* magazine

Hello darling,

It was with chagrin and quaking incredulity that we received your threat to cut us off from OUR LIFE BLOOD i.e., the Ranger. We were banned in '63-'64, and all earlier issues of our mag were arbitrarily confiscated.

Joyce Teitz, Ed.  
U. of Cincinnati

(*Come to Texas, baby—old Hairy will take care of you.*)

Dear Hairy:

My, but what a fine mag you have, yes, indeedy, yes. So fine, in fact, that we would like to insure the continued corruption of our staff to the extent that we crave repeated and constant exposure to it i.e., we want a copy each time you print one. MY, yes, we will then be such jolly friends. . . . Ohhhhhh (I swoon).

Emory U. Phoenix  
Bud Rosser

(*THAT sounds like a letter to PLAYBOY.—ed.*)

return for all the kind things you've done for us, we'll give you a little hint.

It's that MR. ZIP. Let's face it, Post Office, you can't expect the public to do anything THAT little fink tells them, can you? Look at him: fried-egg eyes, unequal length limbs, and GEE, what a square drawing style! Why, the very sight of Mr. Zip whining and begging obsequiously for us to write our zip-codes makes us want to make our addresses as obscure as possible!

So here's what you have to do, Post Office: get a mascot with an air of AUTHORITY about him! Let's see—maybe a HAIRY COWBOY, toting a GUN! We have one we'll RENT you for fairly low rates . . .

# Quench Your Thirst For Fashion



... with the most in spring wear from The Toggery ... the light weight suit in this season's all new lighter shades.

Hues of blue, gray and the ever popular olive, with emphasis on the light and cool appearance for the enjoyable months ahead.

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distinctive store *the Toggery* for men

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&  
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No Extra Charge
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In by 9—Out by 5
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7 A.M.—6 P.M.  
Friday and Saturday



"Where the hell is the pencil sharpener?"

Walking along a dimly-lighted street, a gentleman was suddenly approached by a stranger moving out of the shadows nearby.

"Please, sir," said the stranger, "would you be so kind as to help a poor unfortunate fellow who is hungry and out of work? All I have in the world is this gun."

The defense attorney was bearing down hard: "You say," he sneered, "that my defendant came at you with a bottle in his hand. But didn't you have something in your hand?"

"Of course," answered the battered plaintiff. "His wife. Charming, of course, but not much good in a fight."

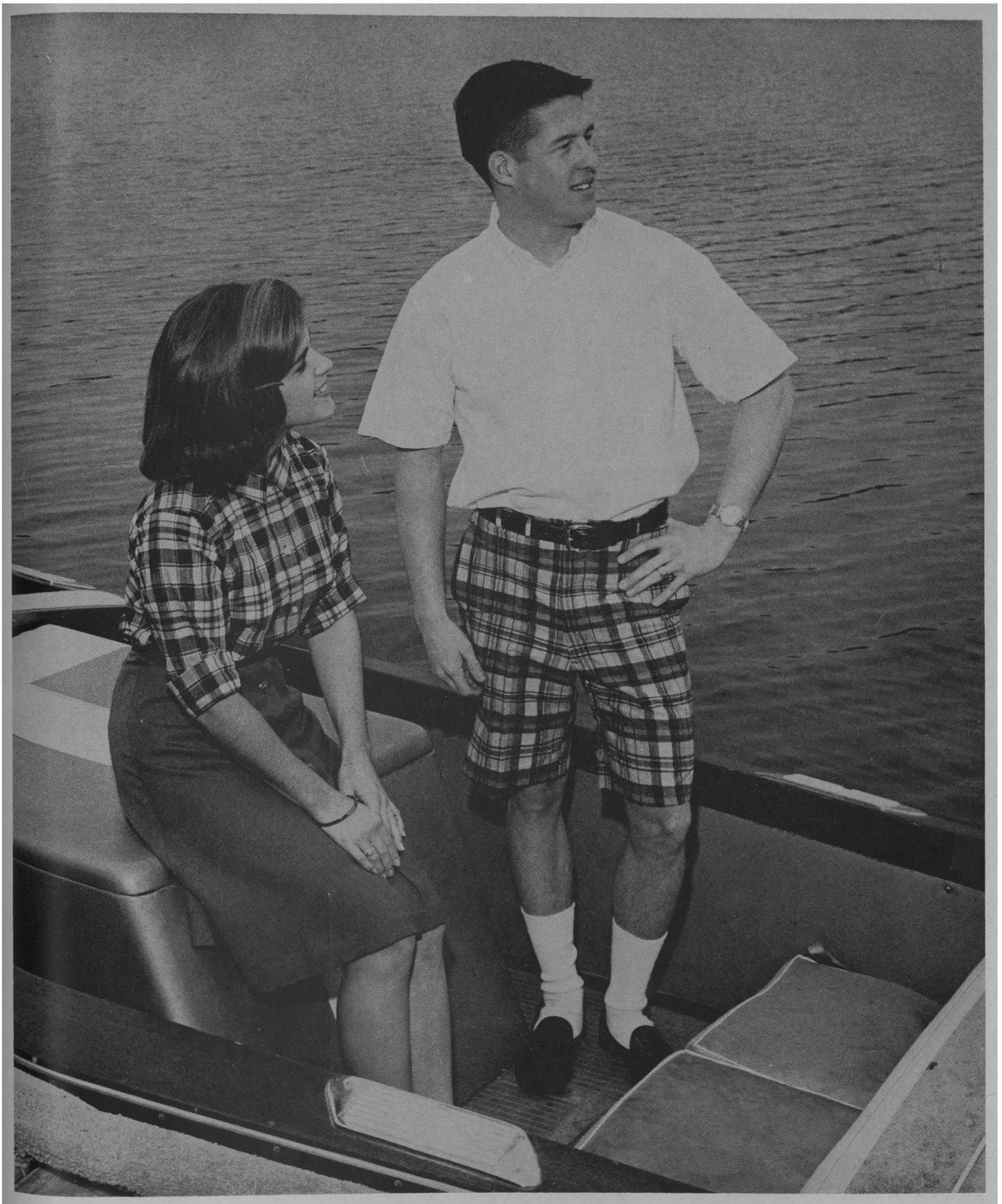
Farmer Brown, disappointed with the performance of his roosters (the last of which had died the day before), purchased a prize red rooster in the hopes that the thoroughbred would keep the hens a-laying. To his great surprise and pleasure, the rooster not only kept the hens fertile, but also the ducks, geese, and wild turkeys that roamed the area.

But alas, as the farmer returned from the market one day, he spied his prize rooster sprawled out in the road. Approaching the animal, he thought out loud, "It's a shame to lose such a fine rooster, but I halfway expected it." At this, the rooster looked toward the farmer, winked, motioned up in the air and said, "Sh! Buzzards!"

#### **Joe Massey Is Married To James Ray Nowotny**

—Austin American

The newlyweds will spend their honeymoon in Sweden.

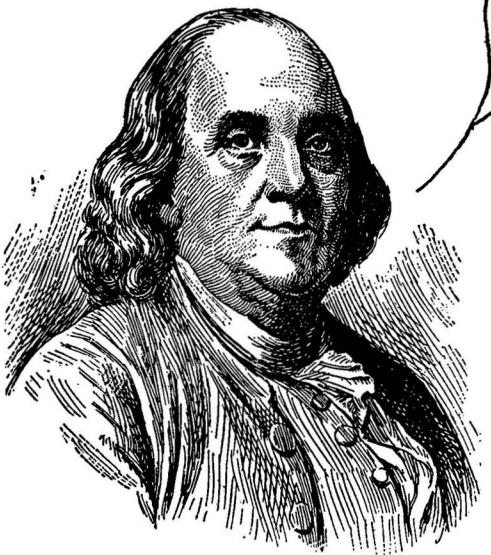


## *Short Cuts to casual good looks*

Genuine Madras Bermudas—ready to cast off for fun

Madras blouses go with poplin skirts like boats to water.

The  
*Clyde Campbell*  
**University Shop**  
2350 Guadalupe



# COMING in MAY the POST parody

Scheibenzen

  
THE BEATLES



The most courteous greeting in the whole world is in the Lustaferian language, "Agsurap ekhos kecklapit srumm." This lovely sentiment cannot be translated into any other language, however, due to a law enacted by the Lustaferian parliament.

A young woman went to the psychiatrist. "Doctor when I'm in the next room I develop a dreadful fear. I'm so afraid I won't hear it if the baby falls out of his crib. What can I do about this?"

"Easy," said the doctor. "Just take the carpet off the floor."

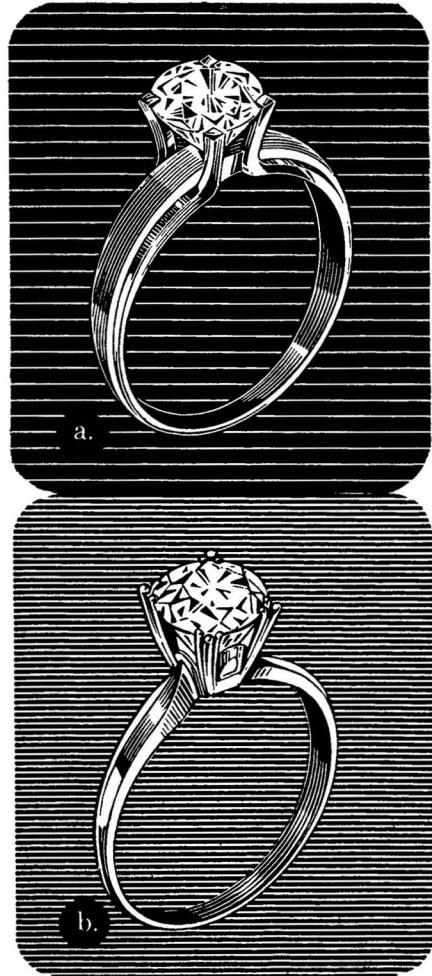
In a large hotel recently, an operator was about to close the doors of her crowded elevator when a well-dressed, but tipsy gentleman pushed his way in. As the car started up he tried to turn around to face the door but was wedged in so tightly he couldn't move. The other passengers stared into his bleary eyes with growing embarrassment. Finally, when the strain became quite painful, the drunk cleared his throat and remarked, "I expect you wonder why I called this meeting."

A woman on a train suddenly rushed up the aisle and embraced a man sitting about five rows ahead of her. Surprised, he turned around, revealing himself as a complete stranger.

The lady, embarrassed, stammered, "Oh, pardon me, your head looks exactly like my husband's behind."

## Boarder Incidents Recede, Says Israeli

—*The Daily Texan*  
But roomers are flying . . .

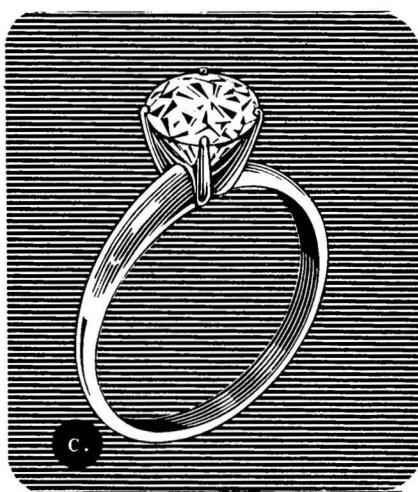


When you buy a Zale diamond . . . you get fine quality in your diamond and award winning design in your setting. You have the assurance that your diamond is one of the most beautiful in the world because it was chosen according to Zale's high standards of excellence.

a. Majestic styling sets the skyline solitaire apart from all others, 14K gold. \$195

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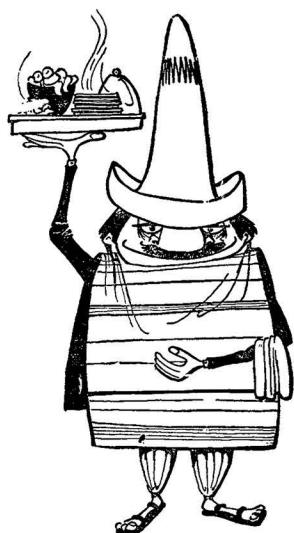


**MEET SPRING . . . the fashionable way**



**Merritt Schaefer & Brown**

CONGRESS AT SIXTH



## Austin's Own Big Four

Monroe Lopez and his staff take pride in their reputation for serving the finest Mexican food in Austin. The Big Four have become a traditional part of University life because students have enjoyed the delicious Mexican dinners, the perfectly prepared side orders, and tender fried chicken from their first registration week to the time they bring their kids back for football weekends.

Become a part of this tradition. Enjoy Mexican food as only the Big Four can prepare it.



Mother: "Do you like your new nurse, Jimmy?"

Jimmy: "No, I hate her! I'd like to grab her and bite her neck like Daddy does!"

"Oh, my poor man," exclaimed the kind old lady. "It must be dreadful to be lame. But it would be much worse if you were blind."

"You're absolutely right lady," said the beggar: "When I was blind, people kept giving me foreign coins."

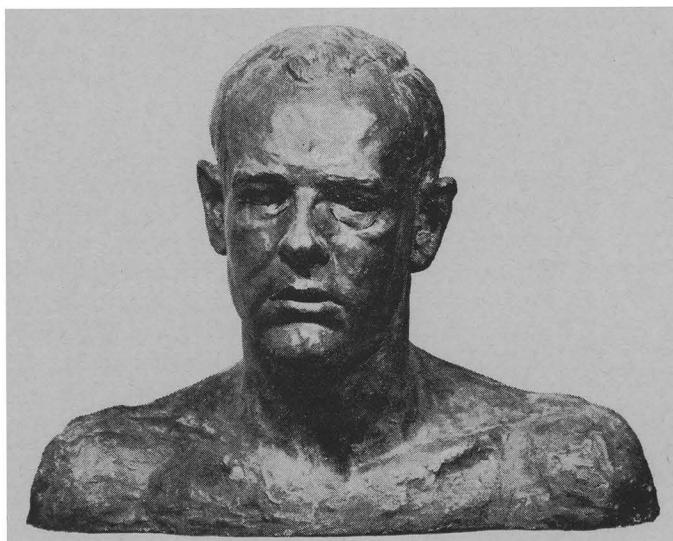
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## Feel tired and run down?

Then hurry down San Jacinto to Scholz Garten, UT's oldest and refreshest hangout. Make it yours too.

1607 San Jacinto

# Scholz Garten

UT's oldest and "refreshing-est" rendezvous

A doctor was awakened in the middle of the night by the telephone.

"Come quickly," said a voice, "this is an emergency."

The medic could get no more details but finally convinced the worried caller to come to his office.

Soon the doorbell rang and the doctor put on his bathrobe and hurried to answer it. He flung open the door and faced a man on whose head stood a pelican.

"Say, Doc," asked the pelican, "can you get this thing off my feet?"

The American-Statesman's happiest-ending news story of 1963:

**WORCESTER, Mass. (AP)** Night watchman Dennis Tsourides, making his rounds at the bakery heard noise in the shipping room and went to investigate. He found a boy about 18 heading for the door with a lemon pie in his hand.

Tsourides tried to stop him and caught the pie full in the face. The boy escaped.

Many, many years ago, when knighthood was in flower, Sir Lancelot was riding through the merry hills of England on a huge St. Bernard dog. On this particular day, night was fast approaching, and a storm was brewing.

Sir Lance halted his canine at the first inn he came to and asked for a night's lodging. With many apologies, the innkeeper told him that all available space was taken.

The storm had broken in earnest now, rain spattering off his armor and lightning flashing through the sky. The St. Bernard plodded on, from inn to inn, but the same sad tale awaited Lance at each stop. Finally at the last shelter before the lonely moors, Sir L. begged for a dry corner.

"It pains my very soul," replied the innkeeper, "but even the hearth is occupied."

Heaving a sigh of despair, the valiant knight prepared once more to mount his patient St. Bernard, as thunder rolled from hill to hill.

Moved by this pitiful sight, the innkeeper shouted, "Very well, Sir Lancelot, come back and stay in my room. I couldn't send a knight out on a dog like that."

"Doctor, doctor," called a man frantically, "come quick. My wife sleeps with her mouth open and just now a mouse ran down her throat."

"I'll be over in a few minutes," said the doctor. "Meanwhile, try waving a piece of cheese in front of her mouth and maybe the mouse will come out."

When the doctor arrived at the man's apartment, he found him in front of his wife's prostrate form desperately waving a six-pound flounder. "What's the idea?" said the exasperated doctor. "I told you to use a piece of cheese. Mice don't like flounder."

"I know, I know," gasped the man. "But we've got to get the cat out first."



## University of Texas

Hul - la - ba - loo Hoo - ray  
Hul - la - ba - loo Hoo - ray  
H-o-o-r-a-y H-o-o-r-a-y  
Varsity, Varsity, U - T - A.



An A & M lab technician was assigned the task of providing an exhaustive study about fleas. He painfully trained a medium sized flea to hop over his finger every time he said "Hup." Then he pulled off two of the flea's six legs. "Hup," he shouted. The flea jumped over his finger. Off came two more legs. "Hup," repeated the technician. Again the flea jumped. Then he removed the flea's final pair of legs. "Hup!" No response. "Hup!" Still none. The technician nodded sagely, and wrote in his report: "When a flea loses all six of its legs it becomes deaf."

A doctor was on duty in a state medical bureau in the Blue Ridge Mountains district when a mother entered with a husky, tough-looking son of about sixteen and promptly proceeded to nurse him, to the consternation of the entire staff.

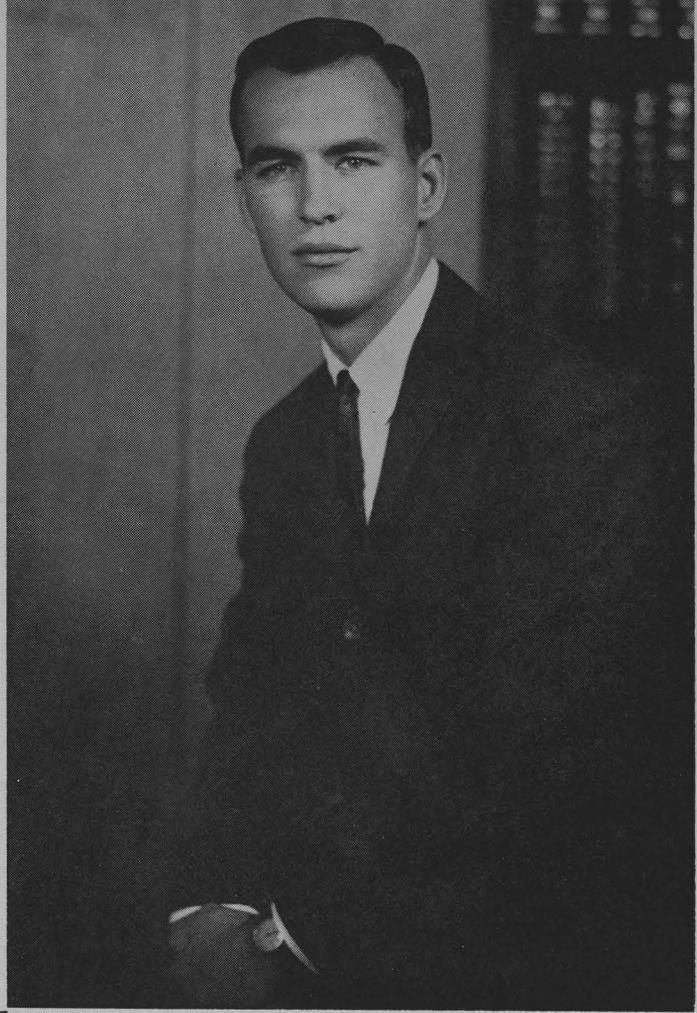
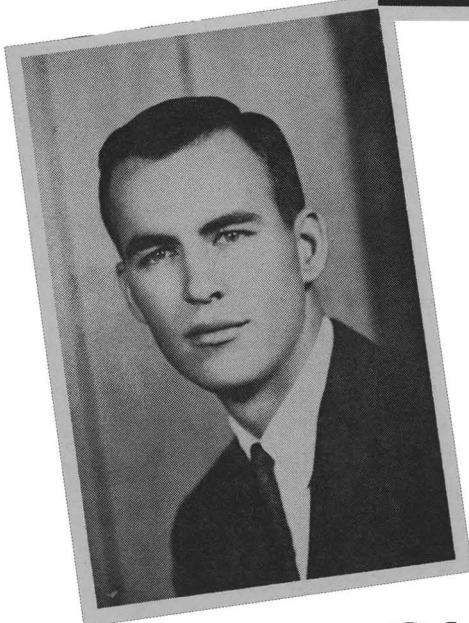
"My dear lady," sputtered "that boy is too big to be nursed. You should have weaned him long ago."

"I know," admitted the mother sadly. "But every time I try, he throws rocks at me."

The evil traffic cop stopped the unsuspecting out-of-state motorist and said, "I'm going to give you a ticket for driving without a tail light." The motorist got out to investigate and set up a wail of dismay. "Aw," said the fuzz, it's not that serious. The motorist explained, "It's not my tail light I'm worried about. What's become of my trailer?"

# TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

*First*  
A PLEASANT  
SURPRISE  
for—  
SOMEONE  
  
YOUR  
PORTRAIT



FRANK COX

Christianson-Leberman

*Second*  
A PERSONABLE  
PHOTO TO MEET  
THE CHALLENGE  
OF JOB PLACEMENT  
All From the One Sitting  
  
AT

*Christianson  
Leberman*

1306 COLORADO

DIAL GR 2-2567

AUSTIN

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

The Texan and his wife, attending an oilmen's convention, were in their hotel room, dressing. The wife suddenly discovered she had left her girdle at home and sent her husband out to buy a replacement. He walked in to a lingerie store and told the clerk what he wanted. "Do you wanna Playtex?"

"Not now—just give me the girdle."

Lady: "Are you the young man who jumped in the river and saved my little son from drowning when he fell through the ice?"

Man: "Yes, Ma'am."

Lady: "All right, where's his mittens?"

The fellow entered an almost empty bar and ordered an Old Fashioned, and told the bartender to fix up the guy at the other end of the bar so he wouldn't be drinking alone. Finishing his drink, he told the barkeep, "Another of the same, please, but leave the fruit out of it this time."

"Ah, go to Hell!" screeched the little guy at the other end of the bar, "I never asked for a drink in the first place!"

A drunk lying on the floor of a bar began to show signs of life, so one of the customers smeared a little limburger cheese on his upper lip. The drunk arose slowly and walked out of the door. In a few minutes he came back in. Then he went out again, only to return in a few more minutes.

Shaking his head with disgust he said. "It's no use, the whole world stinks."

"The laundry made a mistake and sent me the wrong shirt. The collar is so tight I can hardly breathe."

"No. that's your shirt all right, but you've got your head through a button hole."

The patient was near death, but his family asked the doctor to keep the patient's spirits up. The doctor, with false heartiness, consoled the dying man with phrases such as: "You'll be up and around in a week. In a few weeks you'll be back on the golf course." After an hour, even the doctor was sure the patient would pull through.

All the doctor's efforts were in vain, however. In parting, the doctor noticed the narrow door and remarked, "How they're going to get the casket out of this door, I'll never know!"

TEXAS  
**Ranger**  
MARCH

1964

Student Magazine of The University of Texas  
and for the Ladies in Lubbock

**Editor-in-Chief:** PAT BROWN  
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Roy I. Mumme  
Mary Ruth Magruder  
Nobody

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We went to the animal fair, the birds and the beasts were bare . . .	

A REGULAR SATURDAY NIGHT MEETING OF THE HAIRY RANGER PHILOSOPHICAL  
AND STIMULATING IDEAS DISCUSSION GROUP AND THEOLOGICAL FORUM



# FREEDOM NOW!



Bright and early one Sunday morning several weeks back, several Rangeroos bundled into a borrowed car packing along a borrowed tape recorder, a couple of borrowed tapes, and several privately financed hangovers. Off they went down East 19th street, map and head in hand for another Ranger-type interview. They rousted their quarry out of his Sunday-morning-on-the-couch-with-funny-papers-and-coffee, plugged in their machine (you guessed it, they used his outlet.) and settled back for a long session with civil rights crusader Booker T. Bonner, candidate for County Commissioner and, but for Spanish courses, graduate of the University of Texas.

Our first question, a most prosaic one—where were you born, raised, educated, and the like—informed us that Booker was born in a farmhouse 3 miles from Wallis, Texas, on Sept. 6, 1927. He first went to a one-room country school 14 feet by 29 feet with seven grades and three windows. Each grade taught the other in turn; the third grade the first, the seventh grade the fifth, and so on. Later the school board added four more windows (one window per grade).

"The history book that I had in 1939 did not have the last administration of Woodrow Wilson in it. The teacher seemed to remember something from that part and that was my first experience with class notes and lectures."

Booker later moved to Jefferson, Texas, where he soon became a school leader. He was sent down to Prairie View as a delegate to the N.F.U. con-

vention, a counterpart to FFA and FHA conventions held everywhere to discuss vital issues of the day in farm management. That was Booker's first disagreement with Authority—subject: Jersey Cows. "The *ideal* milk cow was supposed to be built a certain way, and if she was built this way she gave this amount of milk and that, and we had a milk cow that was not built that way and she gave more milk for being built that way than she was supposed to for the way she was built. It was much the same way with chickens. . . . We had a lot of *ideal* chickens that I never saw near a nest."

After high school, now in Houston, Booker joined the army in January of '46, from which he was honorably discharged, having seen duty in Korea, and having received injury in the performance of his service to his country. "I got hurt a couple of times. . . . dismounting tanks."

"I never was an athlete. Dad was an exceptional baseball player. When I go home this is what I got my face washed with, 'You'll never be the baseball player your daddy was!' Like, who gives a damn?"

With the G.I. Bill, Booker decided to get to Texas Southern. At the time he entered school, the leading Negro fraternity on campus was looking for some pledges. Booker commented that although he was elected President the second week of his membership, it was due primarily to the fact that everybody else had graduated. At first he had not been interested in joining, but his roommate at that time offered to lend him the money to join even though the roommate did not belong to that fraternity. There was the usual

Frat pitch. "I thought a man's a fool not to want to join an organization that all a man has to do is say, 'I'm an Alpha,' and everybody says, 'OH!'"

"During Hell week, everybody was blindfolded and they wanted to whip on you. There was nothing much I could do, there were two big guys holding you. So I went home. I didn't get much sleep that night and the next morning told the fraternity advisor that it took me a long time to get angry but now I didn't want to join. He was going to embarrass me saying I was a coward and that I wasn't a man. I said that if taking a whipping proves that one is a man then Negroes should have proven to white people by now that they are *really* men because they have been taking a hell of a whipping from them."

"Later on the issue of changing the name of the school came up, at that time it was named Texas State College for Negroes, and there was a lot of agitation about that last phrase, but I figured what the hell, we *are* Negroes and let it go at that. Well, anyway, some smart legislator down in Austin had decided that we would change the name from Texas State to Texas Southern, the reason for this being that the mail gets mixed up with the University of Texas. Now I said that somebody was lying, and why? We piled in a car, having raised \$12 for the trip, came up here in the middle of that freeze in January 1951, not knowing anybody nor where to go. Well, the next morning we went down to the State Capitol and that was my first experience with newspaper reporters. That night I was sitting there trying to figure out how in the world

# An Informal Interview with Booker T. Bonner

By Gowen J.



we could win this argument when for some reason, maybe it was Divine Guidance, I picked up Webster's Intercollegiate Dictionary and looked at the back of the book. There was a list of colleges and in New York State there were twenty-three New York State Teachers Colleges. That was the name of all twenty-three of them. I knew it was futile to try and ask the woman who rented us our room to borrow the dictionary, she was one of those women who counted the threads after you left, so I reminded them that all they (the legislators) had to do was look in the back of that dictionary 'There are, I said, twenty-three N.Y. State Teachers Colleges, there are four of them in New York City alone. You don't ever have a complaint that *their* mail gets mixed up. Now you are either telling me that the New York Post Office is so advanced over the Texas Post Office, which it seems gets mail from Austin and Houston mixed up, or somebody is lying.' We had tossed the ideas about and had come up with one distinction between Texas and other states with State schools, they were all white. They didn't want Texas State named for a Negro School."

Booker went on to relate that he had never ceased to dislike the newspapers after that trip up here because while he had said, 'There ARE twenty-three teachers colleges, they reported Bonner *said* there are twenty-three, "You know, like . . . maybe that ain't true," Bonner said.

Bonner said that he had gotten mad and made his second mistake. . . . writing a letter to the editor of the Houston Post around March of that year.

"Boy, when this cat got through cutting out the sensible parts of that letter and leaving in the background, it was a long letter, maybe two or three pages, well this guy grabbed certain parts of this letter and cut out parts of it out and made me sound like a ranting raving maniac. And maybe that was the first time that the newspapers branded me a radical."

Leaning back, Bonner remarked, "And I pledged myself never to write another letter-to-the-editor."

After a while Bonner moved up to Austin, his wife enrolled in Houston Tillotson, and as they did not have certain courses in psychology there, Booker enrolled in the University of Texas. While at the University he met a number of people involved in the integration movement and protest organizations such as Students for Direct Action. During this time, just before he became involved with any of these groups, a petition concerning the Cowboy Minstrels was passed around.

"The way I had always thought of the Cowboy Minstrel type thing or the nigger joke type thing was," here Booker paused, "I always knew what we referred to as 'Paddy Jokes.' And I had always figured that the thing for the Negro students at UT to do was to have a Paddy Minstrel. And all the Negroes paint their faces white and chew tobacco. . . . and really make it ole Kaintucky."

After a while, Booker lost his original disdain for some of the people who were picketing the theaters on the Drag and began to protest along with them. One night, after an incident in front of the theater, Bonner

again began to become angry.

"I fought for this country. I thought to myself, I ought to sit right down in this damn door and let people hear my arguments."

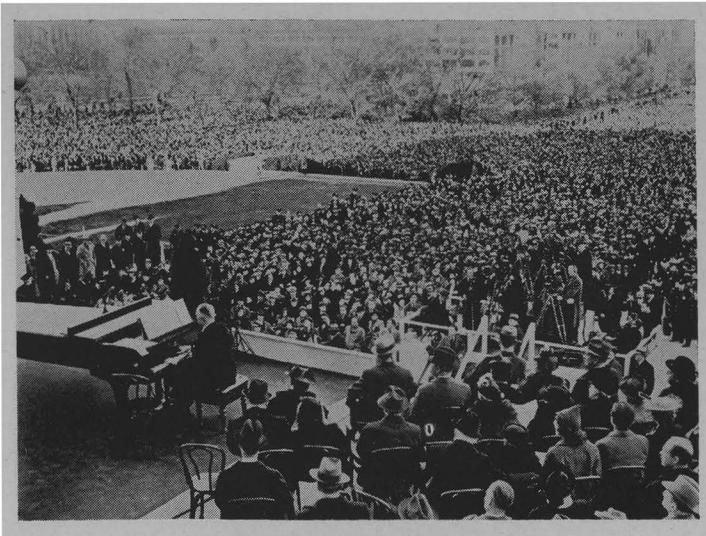
"I talked it over with my wife, the first thing that she said was that I could get killed that way and that this was supposed to be non-violent. I said that I knew that but if somebody tried to shoot our little boy I would get in the way and this was my way of getting in front of the gun, and I said that I was going to try to learn how to be non-violent."

"So then I brought it up in front of the SDA group, and they thought maybe this cat just wants publicity, and did I have to be the person to do it? I said no, but I didn't want to see anybody *half* do it, and another thing . . . some nut might drive by there with a scatterbarrel shotgun and blow your brains out some morning and I don't know if I have the right to ask anyone to do it when I conceived the idea."

"I had heard a lot of arguments about why segregation should exist. You know other than the canned ones, and most of the ones I heard out there were, I'll admit, just canned ones. But every now and then some character would come up with something that would bear a little thinking about. I finally realized that all my life all of my arguments had been designed toward a complaint about segregation. I got a chance to pay a little more attention to this non-violence thing, it sort of made sense. I started accepting it. Another thing I realized, you read about the things that were going on in

(Cont. on p. 38)

# STUDENT ELECTIONS 1964: A HAIRY PREDICTION



"Good evening, candidates for A. & S. Assemblyman..."



Rep party candidates speaking to International Club get enthusiastic reception.



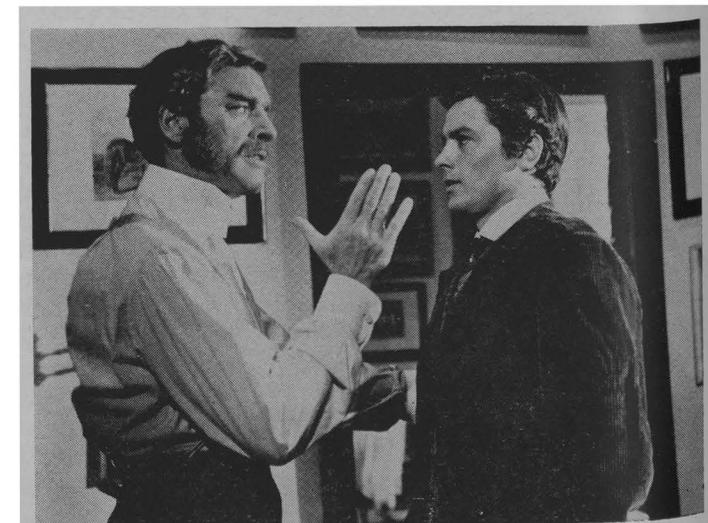
Tri-Delts gather to cast votes for sorority sister running for Education Assemblyman.



"What's that? You'll give me back my son if I come out in support of the Rep Party slate?"



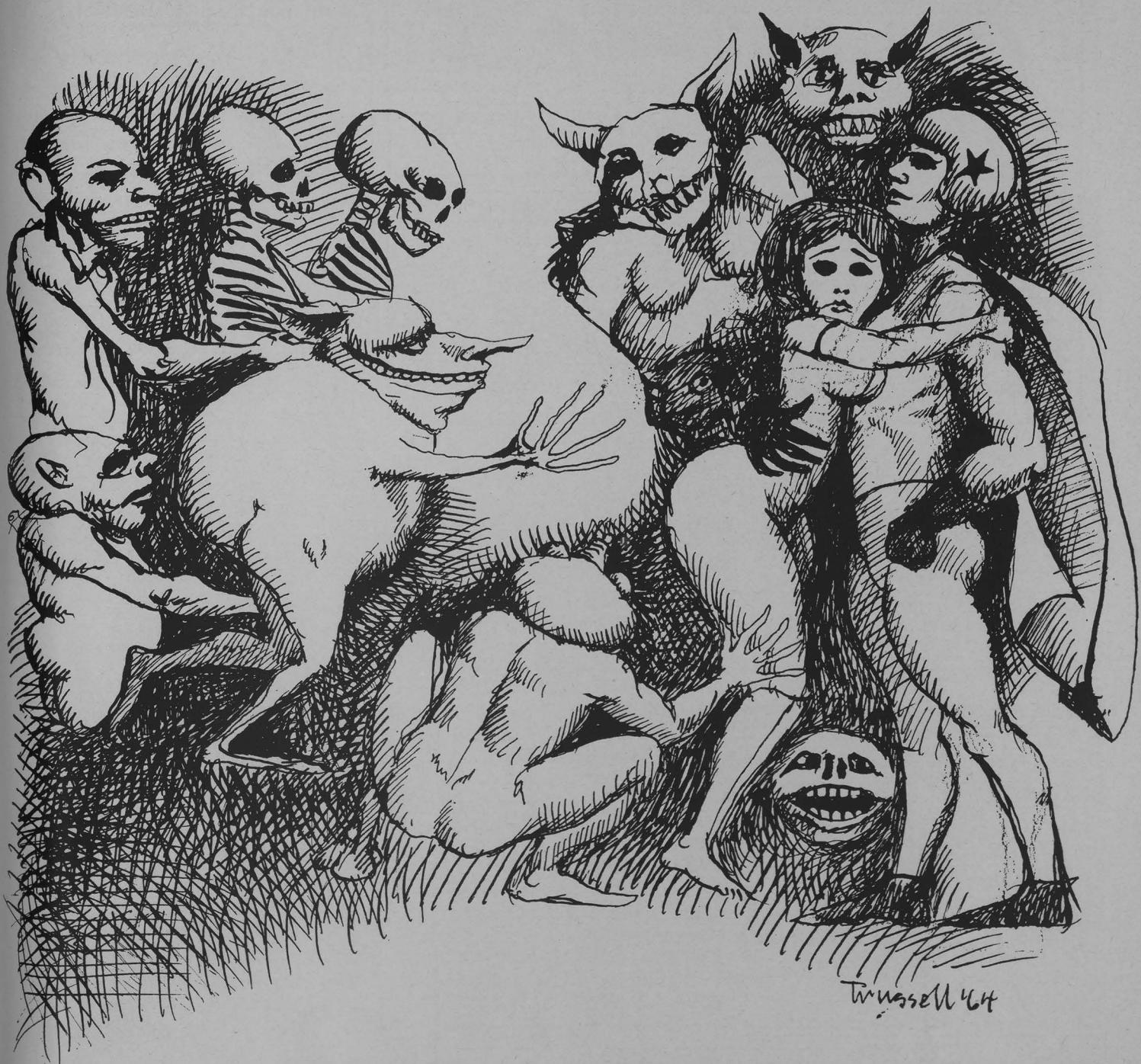
Candidate uses his powers of rhetoric, logic, and reason to sway voter to his side.



"You play along with the administration, boy, or we'll see that you don't get a vote!"

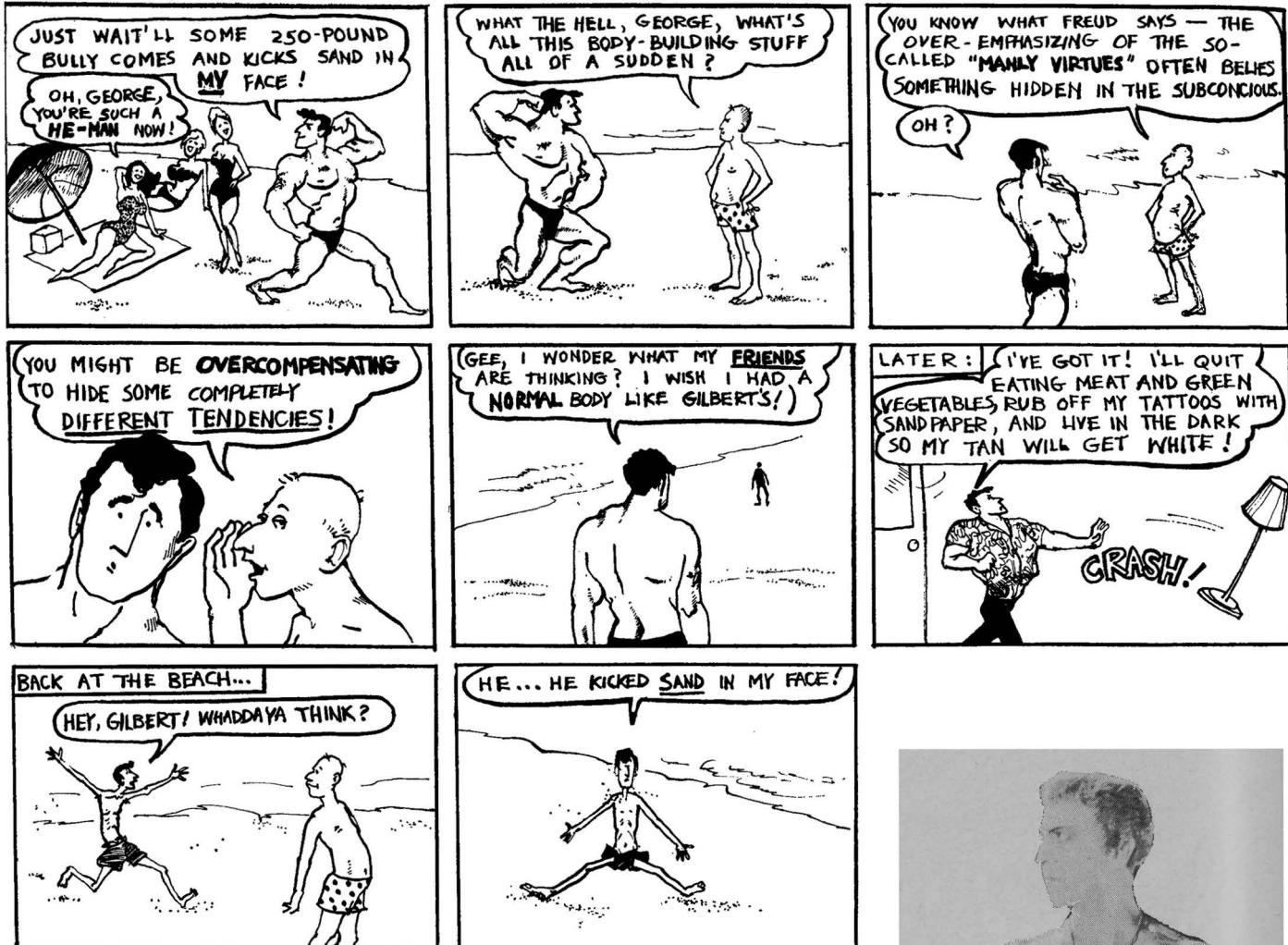
# HAIRY'S ★ HAIRY COMIX

"SEDUCTION FOR THE INNOCENT"



Russell Wright

# THE SAD STORY OF GEORGE AND THE BULLY ON THE BEACH



LET ME GIVE YOU A NORMAL BODY!

Don't let YOUR OVERDEVELOPED BODY stand in the way of your acceptance by the more and more psychologically hip society in which we live. Send TODAY for our BODY-NORMALIZING COURSE, giving you the forgotten secrets of NON-NUTRITIOUS FOODS, MUSCLE RELAXANTS, and many other secrets which will enable YOU to become the most PHYSICALLY NON-CONSPICUOUS PERSON in your in-group. Then YOU TOO can kick SYMBOLIC SAND in the faces of STRUTTING MUSCLEMEN.



Actual picture of Gilbert Noggin

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BODS

Dept. 2152, Scranton 5, Pennsylvania

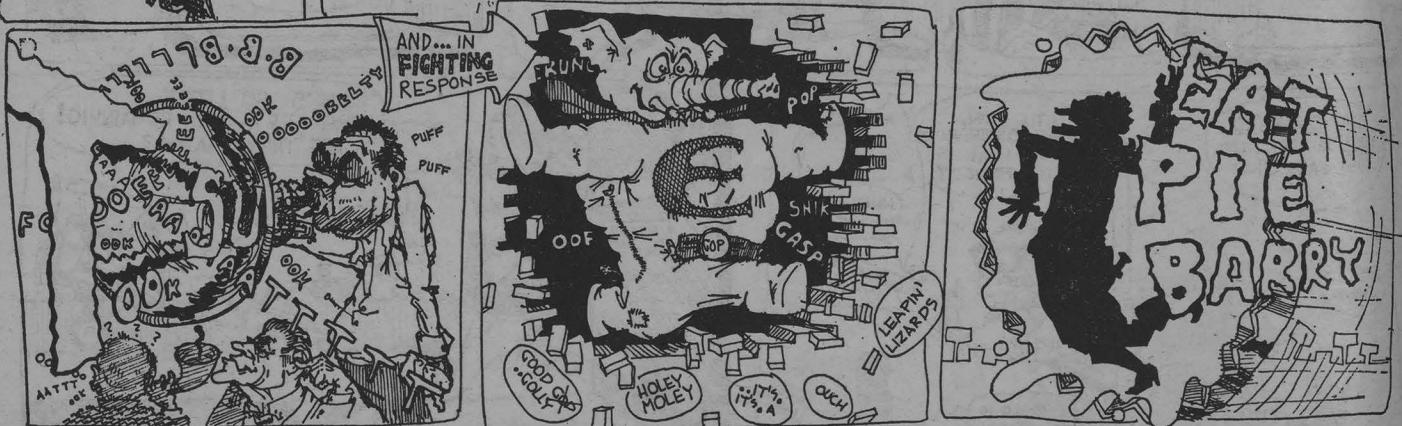
Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

CHECK HERE AND SAVE MORE! Enclose check or money order for \$4.98 and we pay all postage and handling charges. You save as much as 67¢. Same money-back guarantee, of course!





A PROMINENT FLORIST IS FOUND STUCK TO HIS ADVERTISING MARQUEE..

ON FEBRUARY 14<sup>TH</sup> SEVEN SHADY CHARACTERS ARE MOWED DOWN IN THE ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE!

CITY NATIONAL BANK



THEN, A GANG ENTERS A LOCAL BANK WITH BANJO CASES, AND...

IT'S THE BEGINNING OF THE LAWLESS DECADE IN AUSTIN, THE COMING OF THE

# MERANGSTERS!

WRITTEN - SHELTON  
DRAWN - JACKSON

OH MY GOD! LOOKY YONDER!  
GO FOR YOUR PIES, MEN!

WE'RE DOOMED! THEY'VE GOT A SAWED-OFF PIE!

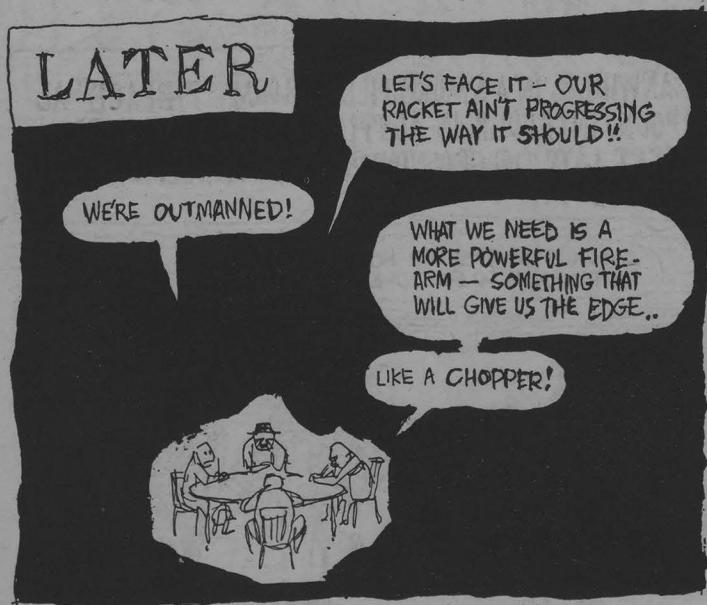
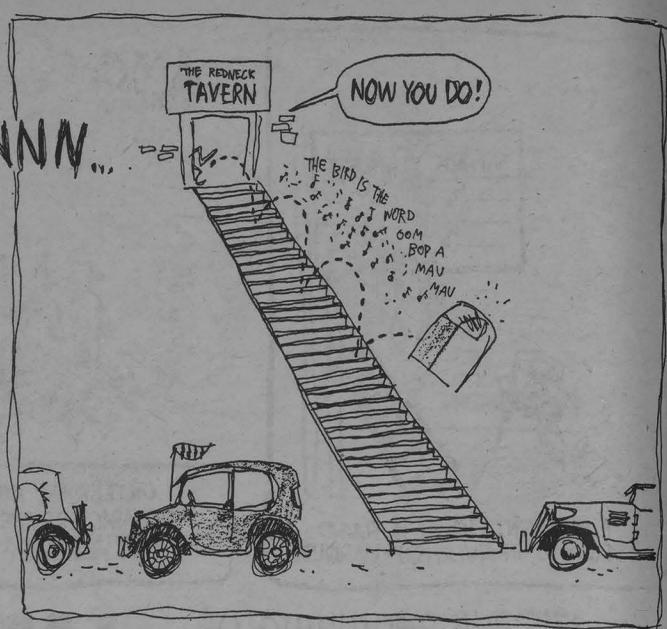
AMONG THE POLICE FORCE, CONSTERNATION REIGNS...

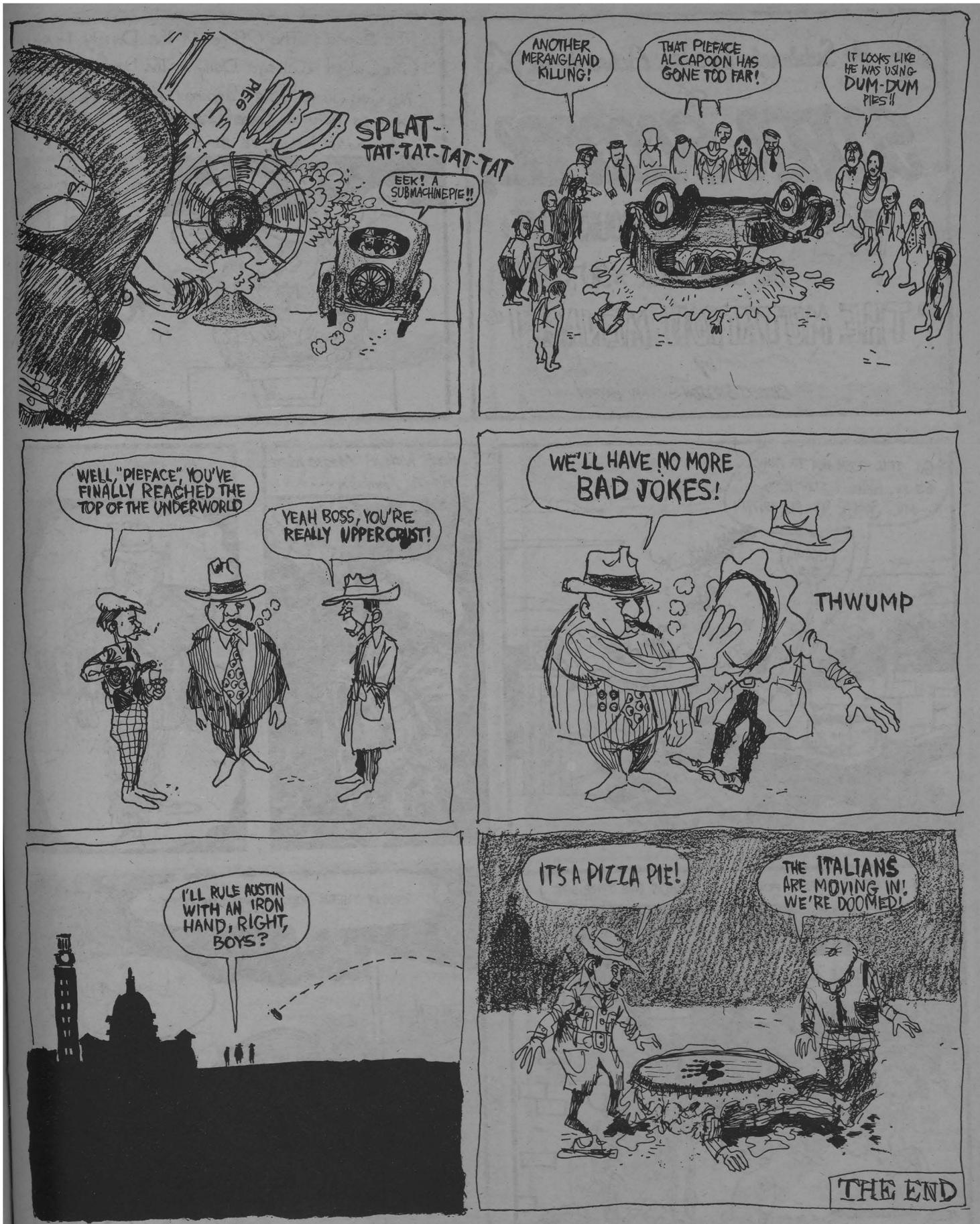
THIS TASTES LIKE THE WORK OF "DUTCH CHOCOLATE" SCHULTZ!

THEY'VE ADDED SALT TO CONFUSE OUR BALLISTICS MEN!!

MEANWHILE, IN A SMOKE-FILLED ROOM, "PIEFACE" AL CAPOON, INTRUDER IN AUSTIN'S "PRIVATE" JUKE-BOX RACKET, LAYS THE GROUNDWORK FOR DOMINATION AND CONTROL!

CHECK YOUR SHOULDER HOLSTERS, BOYS..  
WE'RE GONNA GO SELL SOME JUKE-BOXES!





**The Sublimely Exciting Adventures**

**of**

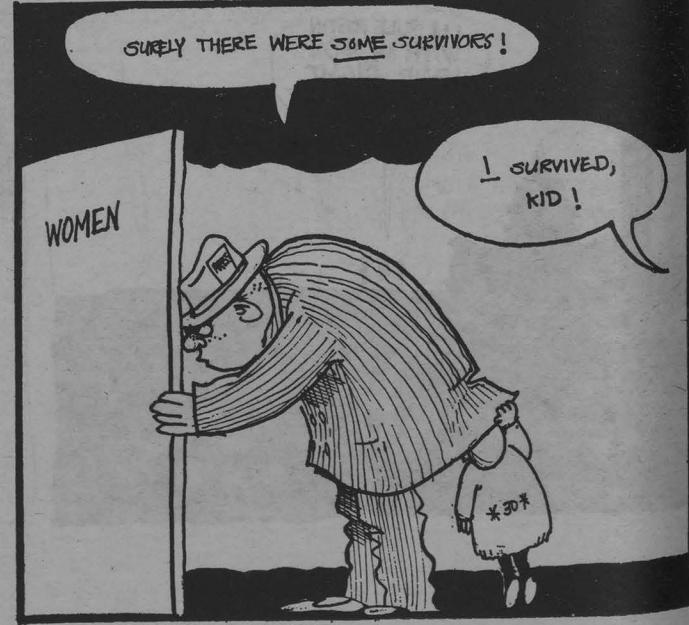
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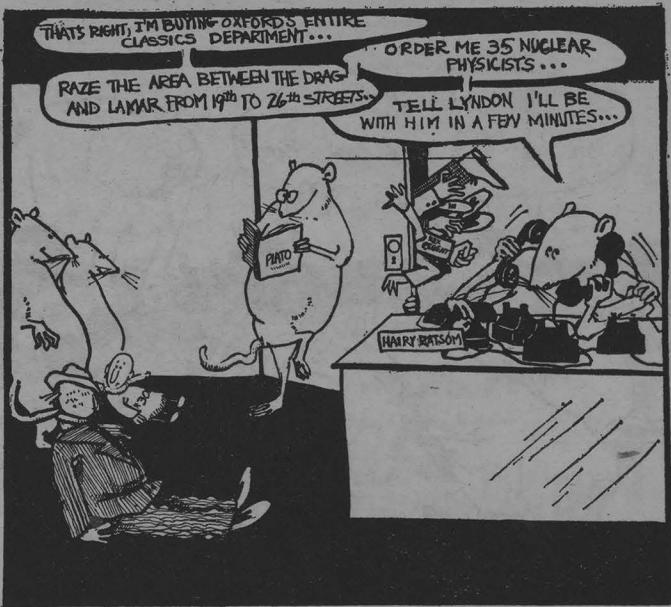
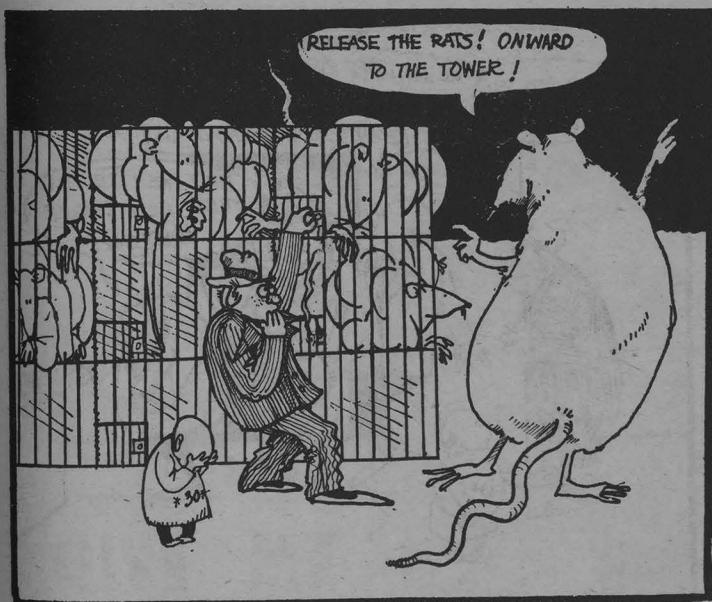
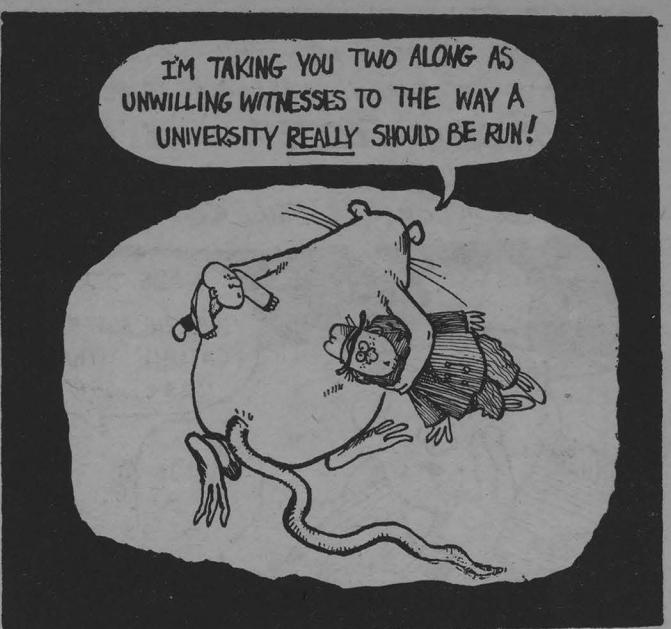
**ACE COLLEGE JOURNALIST &**  
**HIS SIDE KICK \*30\*, IN**

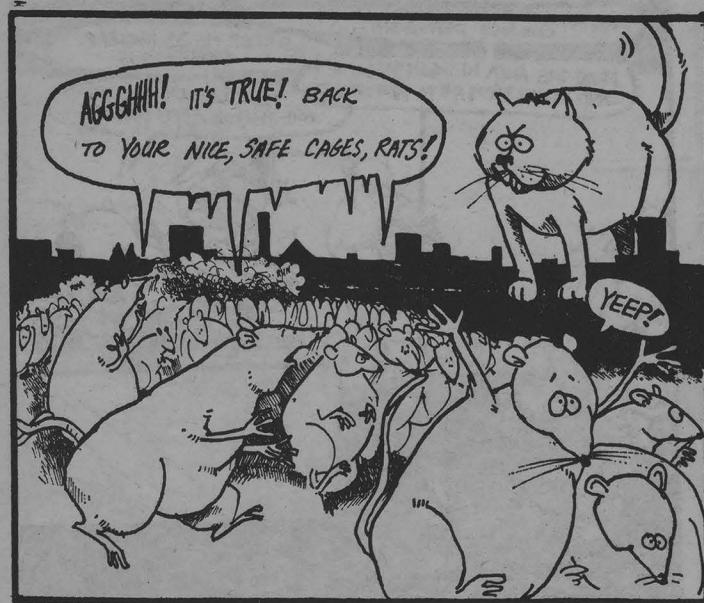
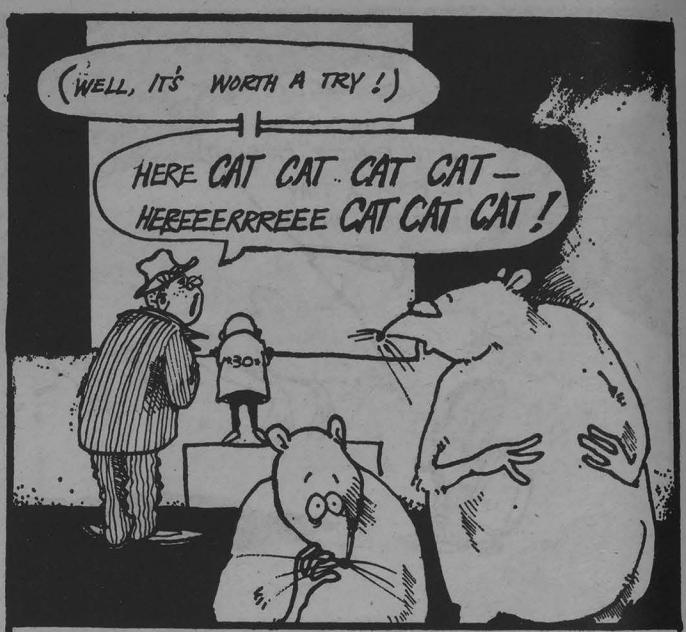
## **"THE MUTATION MENACE!"**

by  
 GILBERT SHELTON and PAT BROWN

The Scene: The Office Of The D\*\*\*ly T\*x\*xn (The Daliest College Daily In The Daytime), Where We See Suave, Mild Mannered HooPLAH McYAHOO (Who Is Actually Super Sooper, Ace College Journalist) Hard At Work ....







# 11,750 TOY SOLDIERS!



You Get:

Yours  
Machine gunners  
Infantry  
Miners  
Runners  
Bad guys  
Tanks  
Trucks

GUNS

BOMBS

WOMEN

LOVE

MORE

DEAD GUYS

DEAD

GUYS

TRUCKS

You won't BELIEVE  
THERE ARE SO MANY  
GOODIES FOR SO LITTLE!

Packed in Very  
Own Footlocker!

ACTUAL  
SIZE

for  
only

10¢

MAIL TO:  
TRASH, BOX O,  
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.  
OH WOW!  
GEET GASH!

Imagine!

NOW YOU CAN

take off your shirt CALL HI-12000 Please.



CATHODESCOPE  
X RAYS THE NEW  
DISCOVERY

Roentgen's theory of penetrating solid matter actually demonstrated so simple and cheap a form that all can now see the wonders of this new and greatest discovery. You can look through the human flesh, wood, or stone, seeing what is beyond, as plainly as through a window pane—with this instrument. See press notices. Price, size No. 1, 50c.; No. 2, \$1.50; No. 3, \$2.50; prepaid. LONGACRE & CO., 1215 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sole Agents for United States and Canada.

ALLIGATOR TO WATCH SICKEN AND DIE!

8 ft. long  
200 lbs.

ORDER NOW!

SHIPPING COST: \$ .75

\$100

REPTILES  
Washington 16, D.C.

Make \$500 to \$2000 a  
Week EXTRA operating this →



Precision Miniature

**POOCH!**

FUN...  
NON-  
TOXIC

Less than half size  
Weights 2½ ounces.

Wear On Your Lapel

BLACK AND WHITE, BROWN, GREEN  
YOU PAY ONLY  
\$1.98 Alive! If you act now  
0 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.

GIVE ME JUST  
ONE EVENING

and I'LL TEACH YOU!

CONTRITION  
GUARANTEED!

YOU DIRTY RAT!

LET DR. AMOS O. KIST SHOW YOU!

Yes, sir, just one evening and you can learn how to be sorry. Learn the secret of repentance! Feel rotten! You get my booklet with complete instructions on feeling shame, eating your words, hating yourself, etc. Illustrations included. Start the program now!



ARE YOU ASHAMED? HURRY If you are a boy 12 or older  
IT MUST WORK FOR YOU OR MONEY BACK!



\$3 A DAY SURE

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully. We offer no guarantee of a clear profit of \$3 for a day's work; absolutely guaranteed at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX M 4, DETROIT, MICH.

NAME on 125 SILK FRINGED CARDS for 1936  
Pen and Pencil Holder, Ring, Album, Japanese Handkerchief, ALBUM, etc.  
350 Sample Cards, etc.  
ALL for 10 CENTS. IVY CARD CO., HAMDEN, CONN.

696 New Sample style of Envelope Silk Fringe  
CARDS, etc. 20 New Songs, 100 Rite and Easy  
Jokes, 1 pack Escort Cards, 1 pack Fun Cards,  
1 pack Acquaintance Cards and Standard Bean Catcher.  
ALL for 2 CENTS. CHAMPION CARD WORKS, UNIONVILLE, OHIO.

Boys! Boys!  
SEND NO MONEY!

Come On, Fella

You've Everything to Gain — ORDER NOW!  
Nothing to Lose

Sell Dirty PICTURES!

sales of \$158,000 in one year.

PRIZES LIKE THESE:  
BEAUTIFUL BODIES

Parent's Signature  
Sensational!  
WRITE IN NOW!  
BOX 3 N.Y.

MAIL NO-RISK FREE TRIAL COUPON!

SEND TO—TORTURE, BOX 3X, FIRST AVE., N.Y.  
DON'T DELAY!

I enclose \$1.98 - payment in full - which will be refunded to me if I am not 100% delighted.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

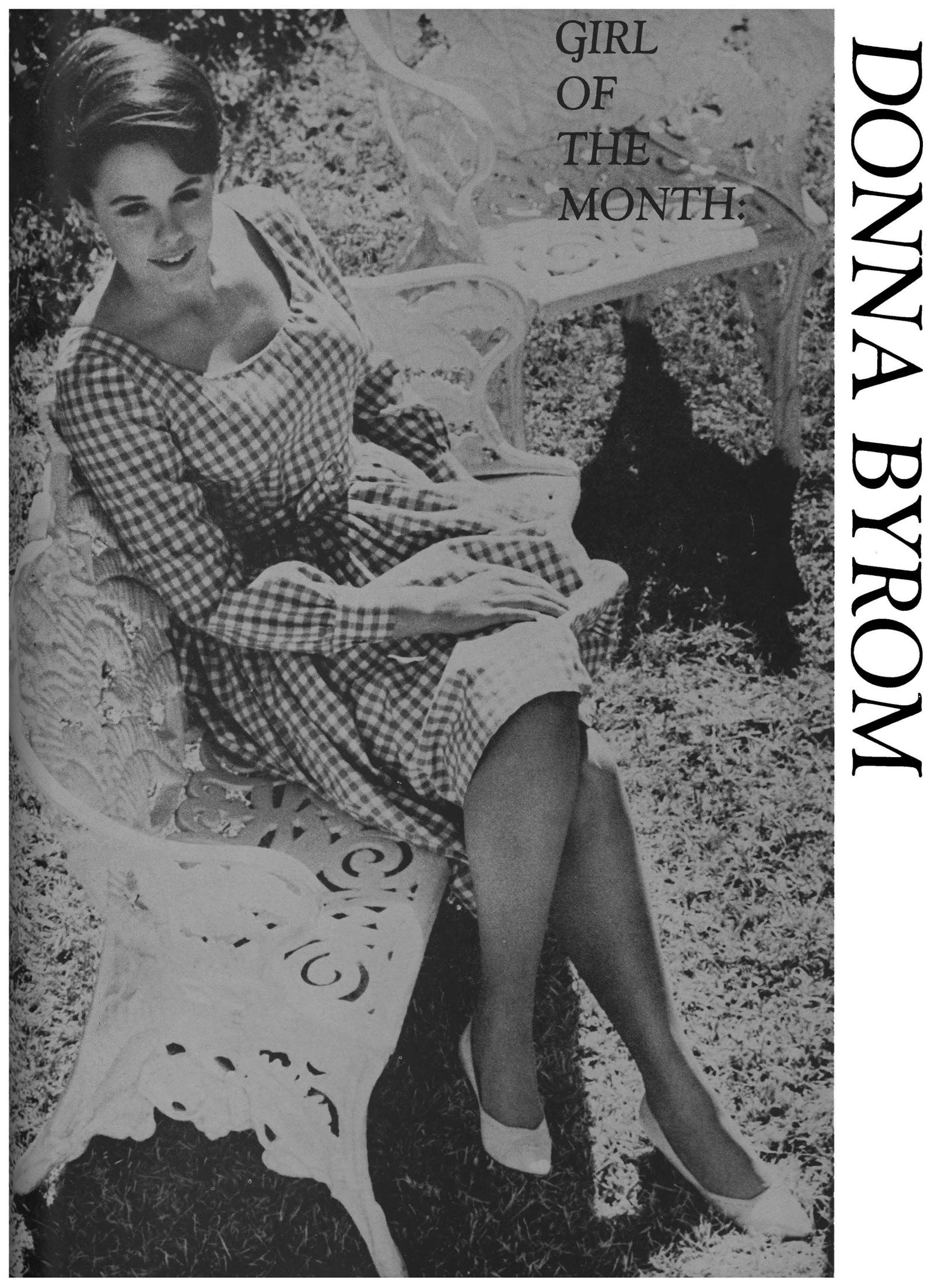
I agree that I will not use this power for other than proper use.

# TODAY!

## ANNOUNCING THE FIRST ANNUAL RANGER ALL-PURPOSE PROTEST MARCH!



Downtrodden students, here's your chance to air your gripes, vent your pent-up emotions, or just make a fool of yourself. It's all in the good old Hairy hell-raising tradition. All causes are welcome: protest inequality, equality, death, taxes, protest marches, or just carry a sign saying "I'm a good guy." The march will take place on Wednesday, March 18 (if this magazine comes out on schedule, that should be today), at 3:00 right out on 24th and Guadalupe. So, come one, come all, bring your own signs, your pies, and your grievances. And down with EVERYTHING!



GIRL  
OF  
THE  
MONTH:

DONNA BYROM



Although March's G.O.M. was raised as an air force brat, she has both feet on the ground here at UT—Donna is a real book worm, and her favorite subject is—wonder of wonders—government! She's a Plan II sophomore, so she'll be with us for a while yet. We hope this information won't spark a mad rush for government courses next semester.

Donna tells us that her father is an exercise advocate, who makes his family exercise each morning. This, we understand, is why Donna has such a healthy form. Let's hear it for exercise!





Photography by Bob Vasek

# AN OUTSIDERS' HANDBOOK

*A List for our Huddled Masses, Longing to Belong...*



## THE DEAF SMITH COUNTY CLUB

This student organization meets in the Chuckwagon and in local taverns to organize parties, to drink, to get rides back to Deaf Smith County for the holidays, and to reminisce.

In the Deaf Smith County Club, the "social side" of University life is emphasized. The club is small but active; meetings are daily. As "Hunk" Akins says, "Ain't there nobody but me from Deaf Smith County?"



## UNIVERSITY CHRONOLOGY GROUP

The members of this organization are the "observers," who notice and remark upon the passage of time. By showing concern, they make the passage of time important. "Like night watchmen who keep the world preserved in the mystic hours from sunset to dawn, so does the Chronology Group tie one semester to the next."

Occasional ritual observances are performed to solemnize a particular moment and to make activity seem worthwhile. Members point out that noting the passage of time is much better than being apathetic; thus the club motto: "Look—Wait—Appreciate!"

This club is often mistaken for the Student Assembly.



## THE CARRILLION CLUB

A group of amateur musicians who like to ring bells are invited each day to practice on the Tower carillon. The fun lies not only in the ringing but the selecting of tunes, of which a typical day's repertory includes "There Is Nothing Like a Dame," "Fugue in E Minor," and "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd." The concerts receive lengthy plaudits from the campus, especially from students who listen to the tunes while finishing their 12:00-1:00 examinations.

No experience is necessary.

## SUPERIORITY INGROUP CLUB

Inconsequential people can become snobs simply by becoming a member of this group. Belonging assures confidence, contentment, augmented pride, and, ultimately, a glow of transcendent superiority.

At meetings, members may paint, write, talk, sing, or just sit, for which they receive overwhelming applause and praise. The remainder of the meeting time is spent disparaging non-members and formulating in-group jokes (like "Jane has **five** problems now!" or "Ha, ha! My father is the clerk at the Mark Hopkins Hotel!").

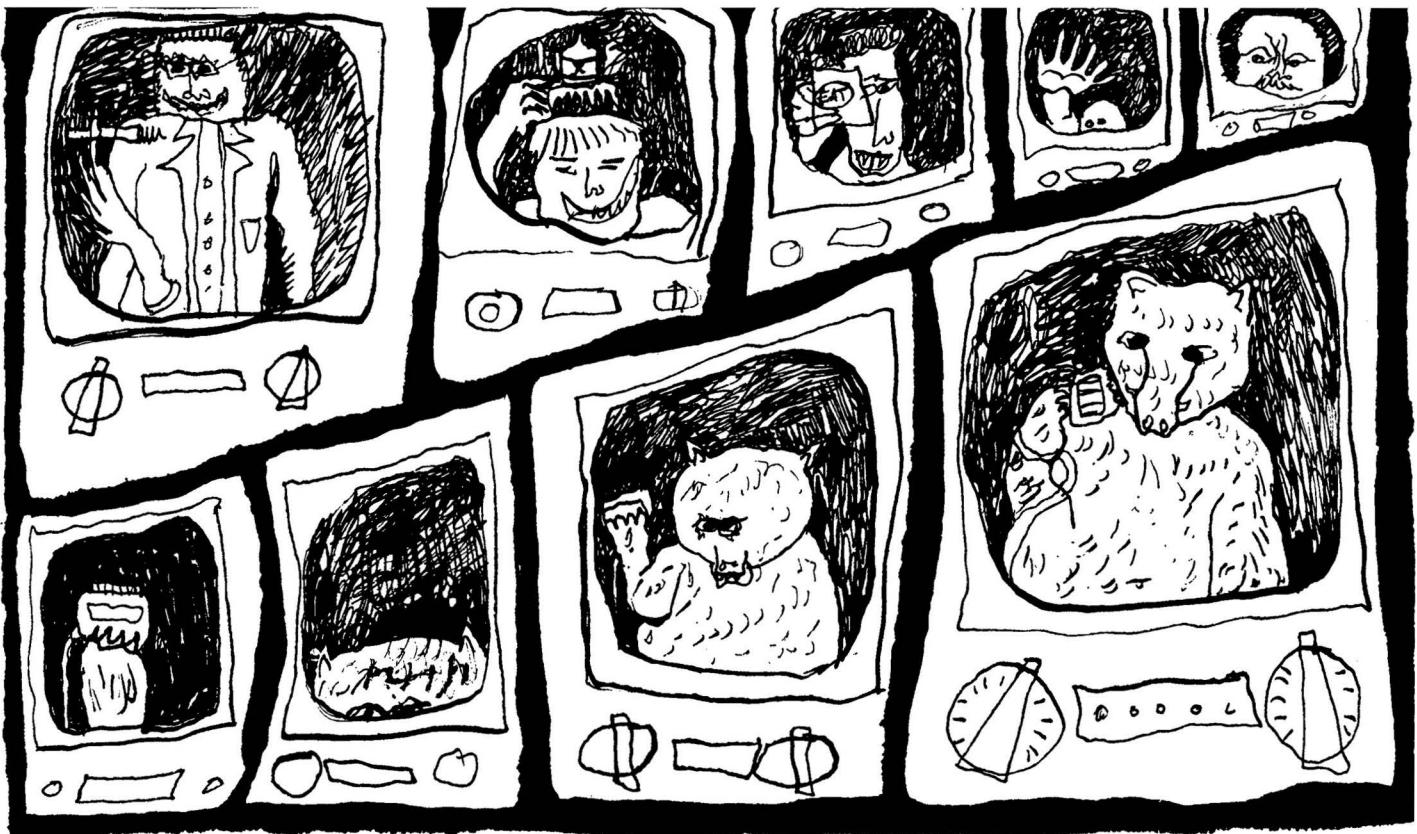
Membership selection is based on appearance, talent, service, "sharpness," ethnicity, scholastic achievement, wealth, and money.



## THE HIGH DIVERS

This group has been one of the few stable clubs on campus. Although there is a constant turnover in membership, the members always seem to be intense and dedicated.

The group meets only once a semester in the Main Building, and airs its concerns on the observation deck of the tower, preferably the last three days before final examinations. These group meetings are characterized by a carefree abandon.



By Byron Black

Illustrated by Shelby Kennedy

## BUT FIRST, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR

That particular day had been especially difficult for Leonard Ball, a normal, nondescript man who had a tiny, uninteresting job with a large oil company in New York, and as he walked into Mickey's Bar he wanted nothing more than to drown his sorrows in Plasma Marys (vodka and pineapple juice) in the smoky privacy of a bar stool. But no such luck was due Leonard that night. He walked into the bar, looked briefly around to make sure there was no one he should recognize, and stopped dead. His jaw dropped as he saw, right in front of him sitting with a pack of oily-looking advertising men and women, an enormous grizzly bear, shaving himself with an electric razor.

Leonard closed his mouth and backed slowly away, trying to find a place to escape the ridiculous scene being enacted in front of him. But there was no hope as the bear spotted Leonard, waved a big friendly grubby paw in recognition, and removed its head. Leonard blinked as he recognized the balding pate and sagging jowls of Harvey Wiseman, a television advertising man of long, dreary, and painful acquaintance, to whom Leonard had been shackled socially through marriage: Harvey Wiseman was Leonard's brother-in-law. Leonard wished fervently that it had been a real grizzly instead of Harvey in a bear suit.

"Well, if it isn't the man on the ball, Lennie Ball! Hi Lennie, come sit with us and have a dinner or two!" He waved a huge paw toward an empty chair at the table, which was thick with cocktail glasses and whiskey bottles.

Leonard saw no chance of escape and decided to take it like a man; maybe, he thought, I can get myself really loaded and go on the blink before their influence has time to sink in. "Thanks, Harvey. Hello, gentlemen."

The others smiled dimly through the alcoholic fog and half-heartedly mumbled something, which for all Leonard knew could have been a recitation of Buddhist sutras for the dead.

"Hey, Len, I bet you wonder why I've got this bearsuit on, don't you?" asked Harvey Wiseman.

Leonard choked down the desire to say something appropriately dirty with a gulp of drink, and replied weakly, "Why, yes, of course. What's it for, a Halloween party?" It was January 20.

"Hell, no, Lennie, can you imagine, we're actually using this costume to advertise this new model Superthrust Jetcomb electric razor. Isn't it a work of art?" he commented sarcastically, holding up in one paw a shiny metal object about as big as a pencil sharpener, which Leonard dutifully assumed was an electric razor.

"Hey, Harv, tell 'im about the *real* bear," growled one of the more distant members of the party, out of the alcohol and nicotine dusk.

"Don't tell me you tried that thing on a real bear," asked Leonard, his interest aroused somewhat.

"Hell, we didn't have to," said Harvey Wiseman. "We'd gone to the trouble to train one of the buggers to use it, for a two-minute ad on one of the biggest network shows. Had the thing trained to shave a grape, and then itself, to show that it wouldn't damage even the tenderest skin, while it would mow down the toughest beard with no trouble whatsoever."

"Do grapes ordinarily grow a beard?" asked Leonard doubtfully.

Harvey ignored him. "Had a kind of problem at first with the grapes, though. The bear ate 'em all. Seems he had a fixation on grapes, or something, and every time we gave him one to shave he popped it into his mouth and swallowed it. Finally fixed him, though, by giving him one of those wax grapes like they use in decorations. Didn't take the bugger long to find out how edible *that* was!" he snickered. "After we got him to do that, we had him shave himself. Or we tried, that is," he commented grimly.

"What happened, don't bears worry about five-o'clock shadow?" asked Leonard calmly, his mettle trebled by

the second drink he had inhaled in the short time since entering the bar.

Harvey Wiseman looked at him irritably, and continued. "Trouble was, the bugger didn't know how to use the thing right, and the first time we tried it he cut the hell out of himself. Oh God, what a mess that was, blood and hair all over the studio floor, and that bear dying in front of our eyes, bleeding like a—almost started to say 'stuck pig,' but I guess more like a ruined bruin." He paused for the sacramental lifting of the cup, and drained the umpteenth of how many martinis. "Of course, the first thing we had to do was find a veterinarian, to patch the monster up. And you can't imagine how low the population density of bear veterinarians is in the middle of Radio City. Then we had to call in a battery of lawyers to patch up the trainer, who was screaming at the top of his lungs how his baby, all eight hundred and fifty pounds of him, was dying in front of his very eyes, and assure the man that he would be amply paid for whatever damage resulted to his child."

"Did you ever get the bear to use your product again?" asked Leonard.

"Yes, that was the hell of the thing," Harvey Wiseman went on. "The animal got to where he liked to use the machine; I mean it got a real thrill out of using it, and it shaved itself naked as a baby. And, my God, what a sight," he paused for a drink, "have you ever seen a naked, hairless bear? That poor beast looked like he was dying of the mange. Of all the horrible, pitiful sights in the world, and God knows we couldn't use *that* in a commercial to be broadcast nation-wide, which children and everybody would see."

"Right. Wouldn't want to lose the child market for electric razors," agreed Leonard forcefully.

Harvey Wiseman went on unheedingly. "So finally you know what that damn bear did, right in front of the cameras? He electrocuted himself with our clients product. Killed himself, right in front of the cameras. Oh, thank God the commercial was taped."

Leonard chuckled joyfully. Seeing Harvey Wiseman dressed in a bear suit, dissolving in a mass of bubbling tears, was too much for him. "So they got you to act the bear's part, and shave yourself while dressed in your bearsuit?"

"That's it, Lennie boy, you've put the nail on the head," said Harvey Wiseman a bit erroneously, too drunk to realize that his torment was a

source of delight for the other. "But the bear thing wasn't the worst of our problems. At least we caught that one in time. What about the ones which go on the air and then bring in a flood of letters to the sponsor, our client?"

"Does that really happen," asked Leonard, egging the other on. "Do people really write letters saying how much they enjoy your commercials?"

"No, Len my boy, not at all. Why, from something as innocent as that coffee ad where we showed the pot pouring a cupful of coffee, and then keeping on pouring until half a cup more ran up magically out of the cup—you remember that one, Lennie?"

"Yep."

"Well, after running that one for two weeks we had half the housewives in the nation, sleepy and hung over in the morning, pouring half a potful of boiling coffee in their husbands' laps, thanks to what they claimed was the 'unconscious effect' of our commercial."

"But at least you had a product which everybody used and liked," commented Leonard, referring to the lack of popularity his firm's products enjoyed.

"Oh sure, *that* was, but you should see *some* of the things we get. Like the one for toilet paper. Can you imagine having to do a TV commercial advertising *toilet paper*? Jeez, we couldn't even call it that. We had to eliminate all such words like toilet, bathroom, paper, and all that, and invent a nice cozy set of terms which even a babbling idiot would know what we meant, and yet use names like 'Pretty Petal-Pink Blossom Bouquet' for the red rolls, and 'Soft Snow Winterfresh White Morning Tissue' for the regular rolls. You can imagine the kind of letters *that* brought in. Like, have you ever seen a bathroom on television which had a *commode*? Hell, no, you haven't, Lennie, and you won't, either. Foreigners who come to America must get the impression that people on television don't do anything as nasty as going to the bathroom, and that stuff we sell is only good for wiping the dew out of a maiden's misty eyes."

"You've got a problem, all right," said Leonard, realizing for the first time that he *hadn't* ever seen a commode on TV.

"But the worst are the cigarette ads," Harvey Wiseman went on morosely. "First of all, the FCC people made us stop using doctor actors to endorse our product, and now people are *really* sure that cigarettes cause you-know-what since the doctors quit

endorsing them. Then there was the youth problem, when parents began burning up the mails demanding to know what the hell we were doing using young people for models, and luring America's youth into depraved habits like smoking. Kee-rice, Who do they expect us to use for a model, Boris Karloff?"

"Yeah, but you have to admit that the unconscious effect of some of these commercials is pretty strong, Harvey," commented a man who could have been Harvey Wiseman's twin except that he was carrying more baggage under the eyes, and had a little pencil mustache. "How about the toothpaste affair, Harv? You remember that?"

Harvey Wiseman winced.

"Sure you do, Harv," came the piercing voice of a woman sitting at the far end of the table. She smashed a cigarette out of existence and leaned forward, saying deliciously, "That was the one where we said that our product is for people who couldn't brush their teeth more than once a day, or week, or month, or something. People ran out and bought the stuff, and began cleaning their teeth just about once every time the sun eclipsed, and half the country was walking around with breath smelling like the inside of a cave. Cavities were eating up the teeth of American children, forcing people to buy full sets of false teeth for eight-year-olds, and all the dentists in the country sent telegrams to us, to the food and drug people, and to our client, who was the least happy of all."

"And I'll bet," said Leonard tipsily, "that sales fell down around zero after the first run on the stuff."

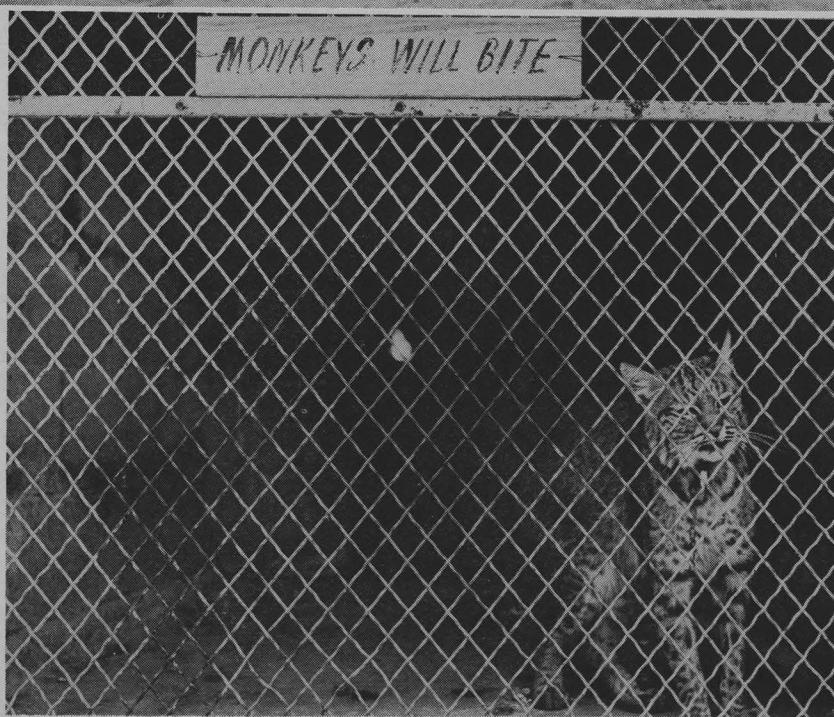
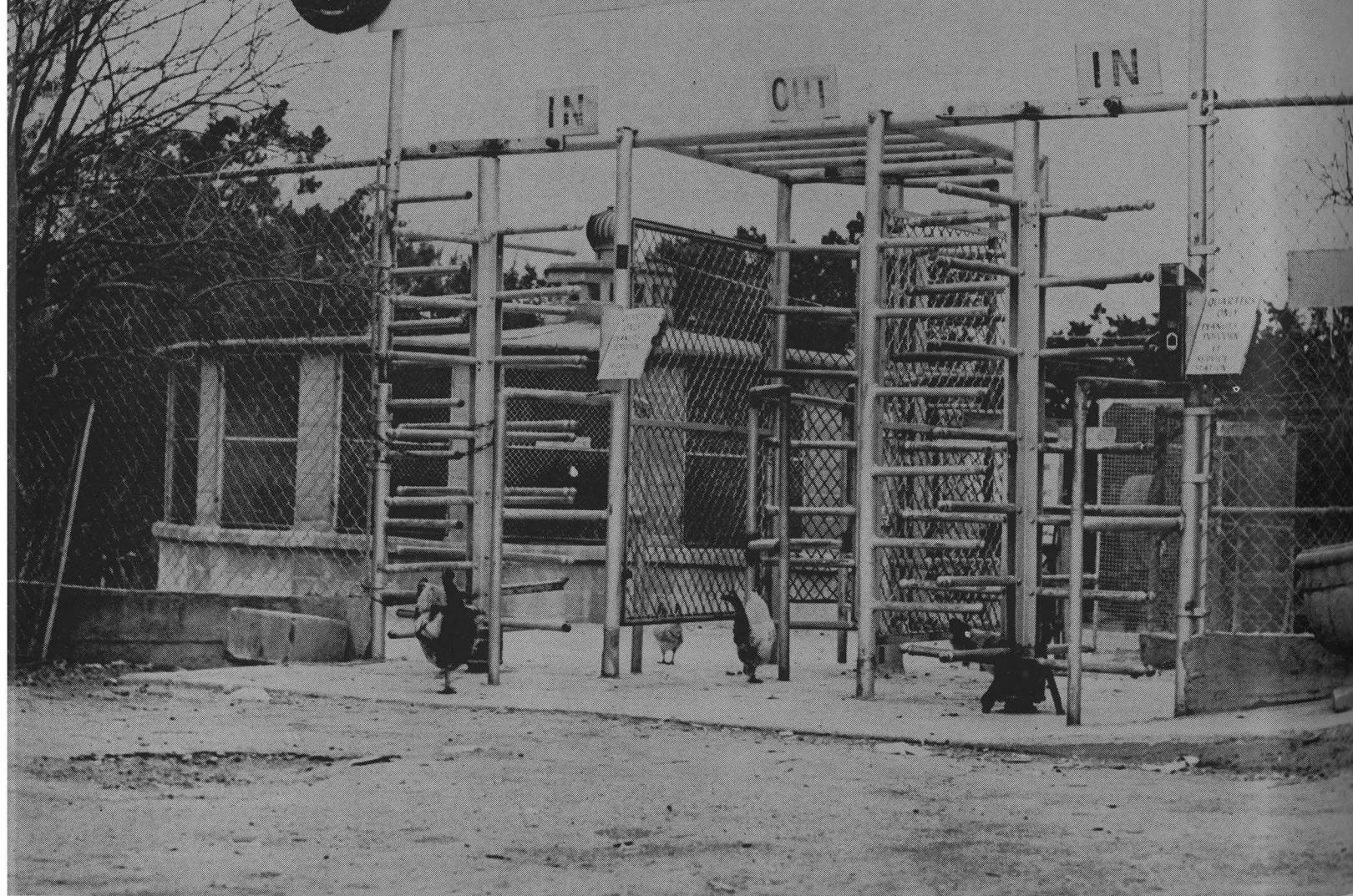
"That's right," continued the woman. "People would make one tube last a year, and the company just about went around the bend."

"I remember that terrible thing with the soap," said Harvey Wiseman, anxious to forget the toothpaste. "You know, the white-of-whites thing, where our client's product washes something which just dazzles beside the competitor's product. Can you imagine, the 'Brand X' we were using, some cheap cruddy laundry soap we bought by the barrel, washed shirts just as damn white as our client's product, and cost about one-fifth as much. We tried everything, even sprinkled dust over the competitor's product." He noted a startled look on Leonard's face, and explained, "Hell, let's face it, Len, this is show business. Soap is soap. An that junk we were

(Cont. on p. 37)

Pictorial Essay:

# COXVILLE ZOO

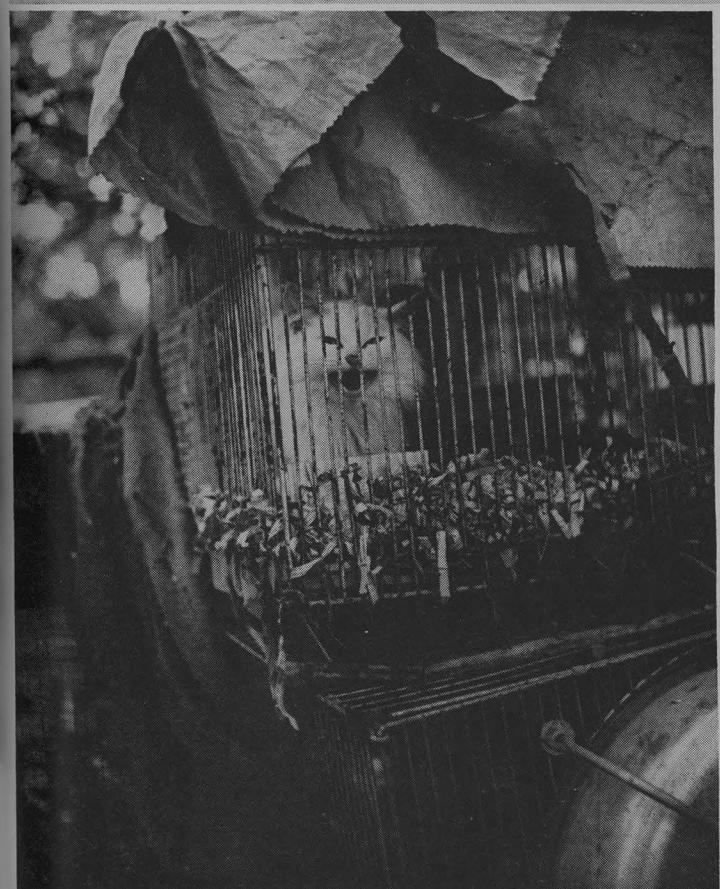


"Have you heard of the wonderful one-horse  
shay . . . ?"

—Oliver Wendell Holmes in  
"The Deacon's Masterpiece"

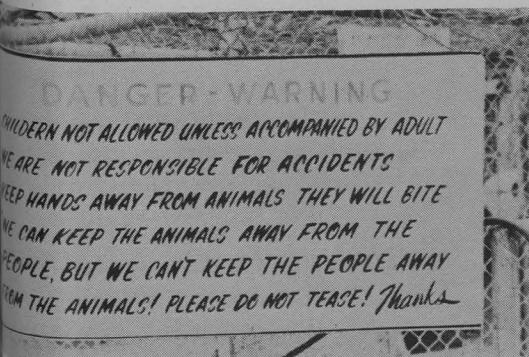


"Tiger, tiger, burning bright . . ."  
—William Blake in "The Tiger"



"Brer fox, he lay low."  
—Joel Chandler Harris in Song of the South

"There wasn't room to swing a cat there."  
—Charles Dickens in David Copperfield



Little Johnny came home from school crying.

"Hey, Ma, all the boys are picking on me. They say I have a big head."

"You don't have a big head, Johnny. Now run along and play."

The same thing happened the next day, and once more Johnny's mother comforted him. The fourth day Johnny came home with the same story.

"For once and for all, Johnny, you don't have a big head. Now please go downtown and get me ten pounds of potatoes."

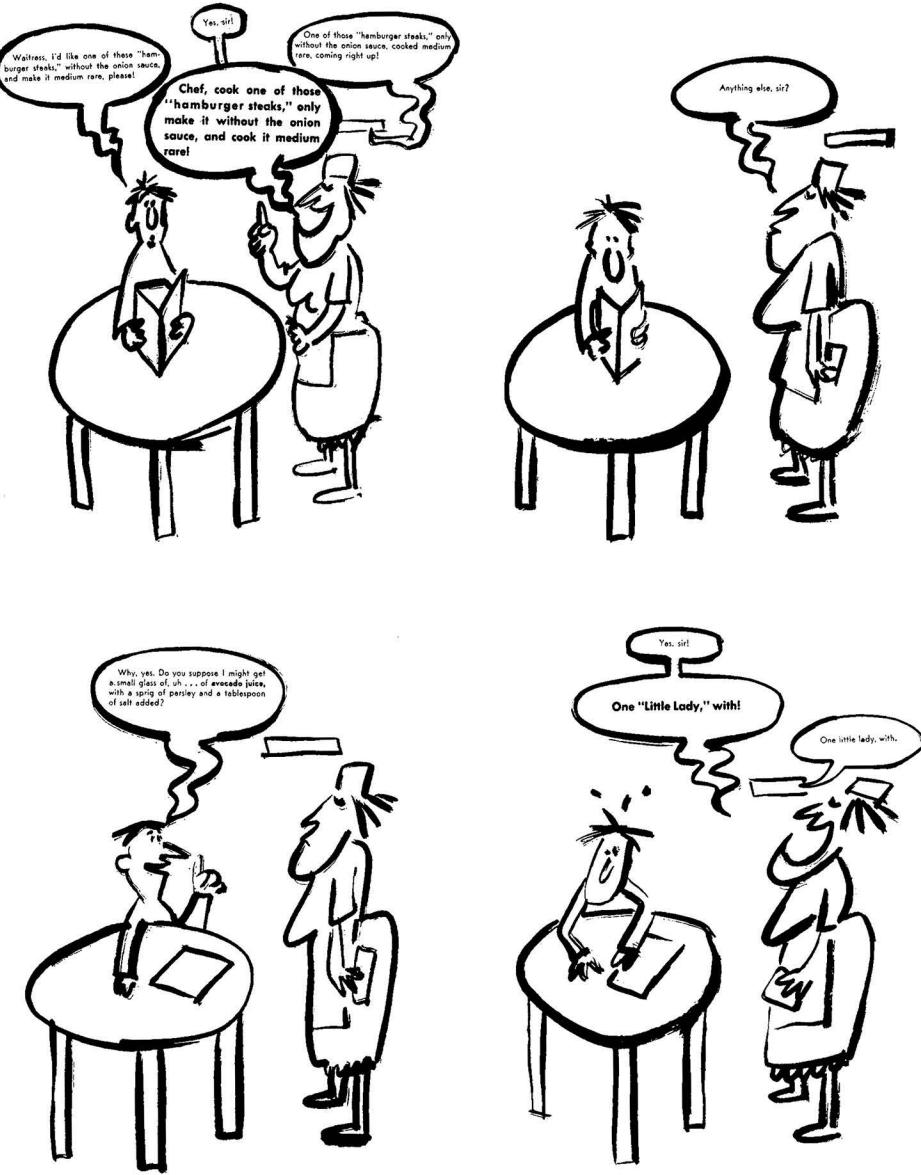
"O.K. Ma, give me a sack."

"Sack? What do you need a sack for? Use your cap."

Then there was the cow that swallowed the bottle of ink and mooed indigo.

*Look, I don't know how many times we have to print this joke before you guys quit coming up to us and asking us guys what the joke means. It means what it says. There's this cow, see, and it drank a bottle of ink, see, so it mooed indigo. That's all there is to it. We thought you guys might like it so we printed it. If you want to go on seeing things into the joke like puns on song titles go ahead, chaucun à son gout we say. But as for us we'll just take the story the way it's printed. How many times do we have to print this before you get the joke?*

## THE SHORT-ORDER RESTAURANT



Patrick lay on his death bed. His inconsolable wife stood tearfully over him. "Poor Pat" said she, "is there anything on earth that would make you more comfortable? Anything ye ask I'll get for ye!"

"Please, Bridget," he replied, "I think I'd like to have a wee taste of the ham that's cooking in the kitchen."

"Go on with ye," answered Bridget, "nary a bit of that ham will ye get! It's for the wake!"

An old Ex was walking by the practice field when he spotted the Longhorns at their spring training. As they ran off the field, he spoke to the full-back.

"Say," the man said, "I haven't seen a game in years. Have any of the objectionable features of the game been abolished?"

"Yeah!" replied the back. "Darrel Royal and the Alumni Association get to pick the faculty now!"

Not so long ago, a disheveled lawyer walked into a psychiatrist's office, tore open a cigarette, and stuffed the tobacco up his nose.

"I see you need me," remarked the startled doctor.

"Yeah," agreed the lawyer. "Got a light?"

Clerk: "You ask if this liver medicine is any good? Well, I'll tell you. There was a man living next door who took his liver medicine every night for three years."

Customer: "Well, did it help him?"

Clerk: "He died last week."

Customer: "Oh?"

Clerk: "But they had to beat his liver with a stick for three days before it would let them bury him!"

Once upon a time there was a baseball umpire in the Texas league who was a thorough brute, both on and off the field. This awful person had for many years beaten his wife and kicked his child on alternate days of the week.

Then all at once, without warning, a change came over this brutish hulk. He arrived home one evening with a mink coat and a three-pound box of chocolates for his wife and a bicycle for his son. He kissed his wife roundly, sat down, and invited his son to come sit on his lap. But the boy absolutely refused to do so.

Moral: The son never sits on the brutish umpire.

## SPONSOR... (Cont. from p. 33)

trying to put over just wouldn't fool that bunch of shrewd hussies who watch those daytime shows."

"What did you finally do?" asked Leonard.

"Finally did the trick with lighting. Got two of the most powerful lamps in the studio, and focused them on our client's wash. Couldn't use our regular female model, of course—it would've put her eyes out. And as it was we were only able to shoot both articles for about four seconds."

"Why?"

"Damned lights were so strong, they set fire to our client's wash. We ended up showing both things for about two seconds, our client's shining like pure light, and then cut right before it burst into flames."

"What kind of commercial would you make for our product?" asked Leonard mournfully, having momentarily caught the spirit of woozy melancholy which Harvey Wiseman seemed to be enjoying so thoroughly.

"That's a hair tonic, right? Yeah, like soap, it's all the same. Except for our client's. It's 'greaseless.' As if there were anything wrong with using grease on your hair. I mean, it's not like you stepped out to the covered wagon and scooped a handful of grease out of the wheel bearings and smeared it into your head, anyway. But nay, *our* product is guaranteed to plaster your hair down so neat and shiny it'll look like it was baked into place. But it does so without a trace of grease, so that if some seventy-five dollar an hour model should waltz up to you and run her white-gloved hand through your hair there's no messy greasy stain. Cripes! What I want to know is, what in the hell *does* it contain to nail down your hair the way it does, glue? But our client would howl bloody murder if we even suggested changing the emphasis from 'no grease' to something more practical, like 'containing scent of adult male lion in heat' or 'guaranteed to hold your hair down without sticking your pocket up.' "

"You tell 'em, Harvey," a little man who looked like Margaret Rutherford with her head shaved said.

"What sometimes scares me, Len my boy, is the tremendous suggestive power those commercials have. Why, we just mention something and the whole nation tramples itself to death running to the supermarket to buy it. Why, I figure that the innocent inclusion of the word 'nix' in one of our commercials—'Give bugs the nix, get Big Bug Fix!'—put Kennedy into the

White House."

Leonard glanced up irritably. The blaring sound of music jutted into his befuzzed consciousness, coming from a huge toady color television set perched above the bar. His eyes focused on it, and his face reflected red, blue, and yellow. The elephantine-proportioned blonde disappeared from the screen, then the picture faded into a faint blue, for commercial time. Leonard sat as passive as a tranquilized cow, ready for the killing. But something deep inside him was stirring ominously.

"Shh, shh, hey everybody, look!" Harvey Wiseman was drunkenly waving his hands for everybody to be quiet. "Here comes that beauty that we did last week, for the National Safety Council."

Everyone at the table stared at the set, eagerly awaiting the latest product of their art, and none was waiting with more anticipation than Leonard, caught up in a deadly staring contest with the picture box.

"Folks, this is probably the poorest little girl in America today. It's her birthday, but there's no one to help her celebrate it. Her who-o-o-ole family was killed this morning in a traffic accident." The camera switched to the somber face of the announcer, and he went on. "Wouldn't you hate for this to be *your* little boy or girl, ladies and gentlemen? Wouldn't you hate for your little child to spend as sad a birthday as this?"

"Couldn't hate it much if I were dead, could I now?" growled a voice at the table.

"Just imagine this, folks," droned the announcer as the camera swung to a montage of wrecked cars and the long, sad faces of several professional actors. "Slow down, folks. Take care. Drive but drive to stay alive." On and on he went. "The life you save may be your own, or that of a loved one."

On and on and on. Leonard took it all in, through narrowed eyes until it faded out, and Leonard slowly got up from the table, and with a more determined step than he had ever taken in his whole life walked straight out of the bar, into the street, and in front of a speeding taxi.

But those at Harvey Wiseman's table simply roared with laughter, considering it a good joke on Leonard for taking anything so seriously in the first place, and refusing to do anything about identification of the body until they had a chance to view the next commercial, product of their craftsmanship, which was due to come on at any moment. •

## For The

# BIG Appetites

(and small wallets)

## On Campus

- Crisp, Crunchy Fried Chicken
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- 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

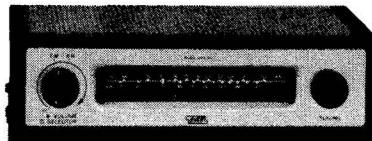
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# SPEEDWAY

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SALES AND SERVICE

## FREEDOM . . . (Cont. from p. 13)

Birmingham, things going on in other places, and you realize that marching alone in front of the Texas theater is never going to make the national press. For one thing the Austin Police Department was cooperating too well."

Booker, contrary to the expressed beliefs of the Ranger Staff and many others, is a staunch admirer of the Austin Police Department. He did not believe that Austin labored under any undue pressure, and that Austin was much better off than Houston.

"For one thing, the Austin Police Department is, I guess the best Police Department in the South, concerning something like this, as far as offering protection, and even interpretation of laws which is something the average police department will not do."

*(Booker, at present is not driving an automobile, which perhaps explains the onesidedness of his opinion—Ed.)*

We asked Booker if he had been subject to the usual prank telephone calls, and he replied that indeed he had and the Police Department usually comes out, but that he did not put much stock in these calls. He related to us an amusing incident that happened one night.

"I had just come in, and about ten minutes later we get a phone call, 'You have got a white woman at your house.' I say, 'Hey, what's this?', and he says, 'I want to let you know that I am a Grand Wizard (or something

like that) from Louisiana and we are going to get you.' I said, 'Well, you better hurry up because the police have this phone staked out.' He pops off and says a few dirty curse words and hangs up. Well, he calls back four more times that night and finally I get tired and I thought I would use the old Negro tactic on him of telling him, 'Look, man, I've just let your mama go home and will you please get off the phone.' We had a real firey exchange and they were sure enough going to come over then, and I told them now you all wear white sheets—because, no kidding, just before they called, about eight of the Negro students who were helping me at the University were here, and I had just been telling them about these calls when one comes through—and I told them now you all wear white sheets and we'll wear blue sheets and we'll bet you two to one that the blue sheets win.' The guy got mad and hung up."

We asked Booker, while he was on the subject of white and blue sheets, if he knew of any activity of the Black Muslims in the Austin Area. Booker replied that he had heard that there were two different people in Austin trying to organize the Black Muslims and that the paper that they publish is being sold around here now.

"My opinion of them is that they are a sick group. They have a legitimate complaint, but I disagree with the way they want to solve the problem. I can understand how they have

been misled like I can understand how the White Citizens Council has been misled. The thing that disturbs me the most about this group is that they prey on ignorance. The Black Muslims haven't gotten quite as bad as some of the little groups in that they (the little ones) are getting really commercial about it. What really disturbs me is, well, like this cult in California, this guy is really supposed to be raking in the money left and right."

We then asked if the attention drawn to Austin as the 'home' of the President was going to help matters. Booker replied that he didn't think that the President being from around here was going to change matters for the simple reason that things are to the point where pressure has already been applied to the little things. Further, he doubted that the President would allow himself to be used by either group, nor that the integration groups would set out merely to embarrass the President.

"However, I would interpret the activities of a group that tried to apply pressure by reminding the world that this is the President's home as an attempt to embarrass the President but as an attempt to solve the problem."

It has been noticed by the Rangers that the local news media have to definite predilection towards referring to Booker simply as 'a local waiter,' etc. We asked Booker about these apparent problems with the local news and he replied:

"Definitely (there are problems). Editorially they have done some unjust things, but the local press has done something that is probably true of the local press in Alabama and everywhere else. I don't think that they have admitted the seriousness of the problem. In the listing of the ten leading news items in Central Texas, for instance. According to the reports, there were more newsmen in Austin to cover our Freedom March than there had been for any other event up to that time, and it wasn't included."

We asked Booker why he didn't make an appearance at the "Headliners' Party and he just laughed and laughed. He said that if he had been planning the party he wouldn't have invited him either, since the Governor was there.

After the tapes had been well filled, we brought the interview to a close. We thanked Booker, and went home to a Sunday afternoon of drinking beer and editing, and relistening with a great deal of amusement to the parts of the tapes which we knew we wouldn't be able to publish. •



"Ha, ha . . . And this one prisoner is saying to the other . . . He he! . . ."



*"... and to uphold the laws of the sovereign state of..."*

We know a girl who said she would do anything for a mink coat and now she can't button it.

One of the airlines made it a practice to give its passengers sticks of gum labeled: "To prevent unpleasant pressure during takeoffs and landings."

On one trip, an elderly woman plaintively appealed to the stewardess: "Help me get this stuff out of my ears. It hasn't done a bit of good."

Austin—where else can you find so much nothing, and centrally located, too.

A drunk stared at a homely passenger on the bus. Finally he blurted out: "My Gosh, but you're ugly!"

"I can't help the way I look," answered the woman.

The drunk looked at her for a moment and then screamed, "Well, at least you could stay home!"

The spinal column is a collection of bones running up and down that keeps you from being legs clean up to your neck.

"Daddy," said little Johnny, "I want to get married."

"Very well, son," replied his father, "and who do you want to marry?"

"Grandma" was the answer.

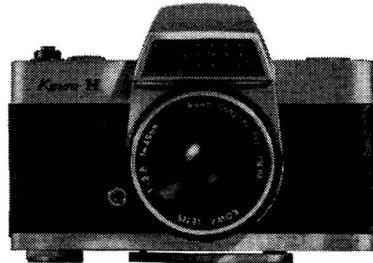
"Hold on there," said Daddy. "You don't think I'd let you marry my mother, do you?"

"Why not," answered the son. "You married mine, didn't you?"



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## ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES

Jack Kendrick

Charles Lutz

# Coming Next Month



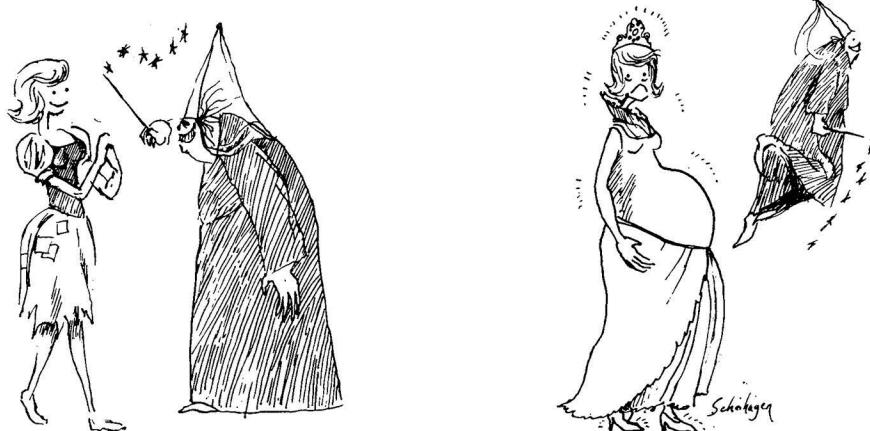
Well, what with all the confusion caused by the departure of editor Adkins, we didn't get around to that Saturday Evening Post parody we promised you for this month. However, we still plan to put one out, as a special bonus issue in May. We decided, as a result of the infamous PIE DUEL, to discontinue our traditional parody of the Daily Texan—there's no use kicking the pie-covered corpse.

This month, as a special service to our readers, the Dog Care column will be written by Lieuen Adkins, who some of you may remember won Best of Show in Peoria in '59.

Our subject for this month is "Training the dog as a watchdog." First, care must be taken to see that your dog is *mean* (a "mean mutha," as we say in dog circles). Feed him nothing but spaghetti for days on end (if you can make the spaghetti *stand* on end). Then, just when he is really beginning to hate it, give him something worse. He will soon be quite mean enough for our purposes. An occasional blow across the withers with a rolled-up mattress is also helpful. Next you must teach him respect for private property. Read to him daily from "The Conscience of a Conservative" and "Oliver Twist," pausing at frequent intervals to let particularly important points sink in. Every so often throw in a random phrase such as "Back to the pound for you, flea-bait," to make sure he is paying attention.

Then show your dog pictures of known criminals, shady types, bill collectors, censors, etc., in order to acquaint him with his enemies (it is best to label the pictures "Known Criminal," "Shady Type," "Bill Collector," "Censor," "Etc.," to make sure he understands). Now for the acid test. Dip the dog in a large vat of acid. That done, we can get on with the other tests. Prevail upon a friend to crawl through a window dressed in a padded suit (the friend, that is) with "Known Criminal" stenciled across the front and watch your watchdog tear into him. Man, will that be a sight! If you have trained your dog properly, he will light into your friend and rip right through that padding in nothing flat. Henceforth you may rest assured that your house will be safe from nocturnal marauders. All else failing, however, you can buy a cheap watch, see, and tie it around your dog's neck, see, and then you'll have a watchdog, see? Get it? A *watchdog*!

NEXT MONTH: Everything there is to know about dogs.





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