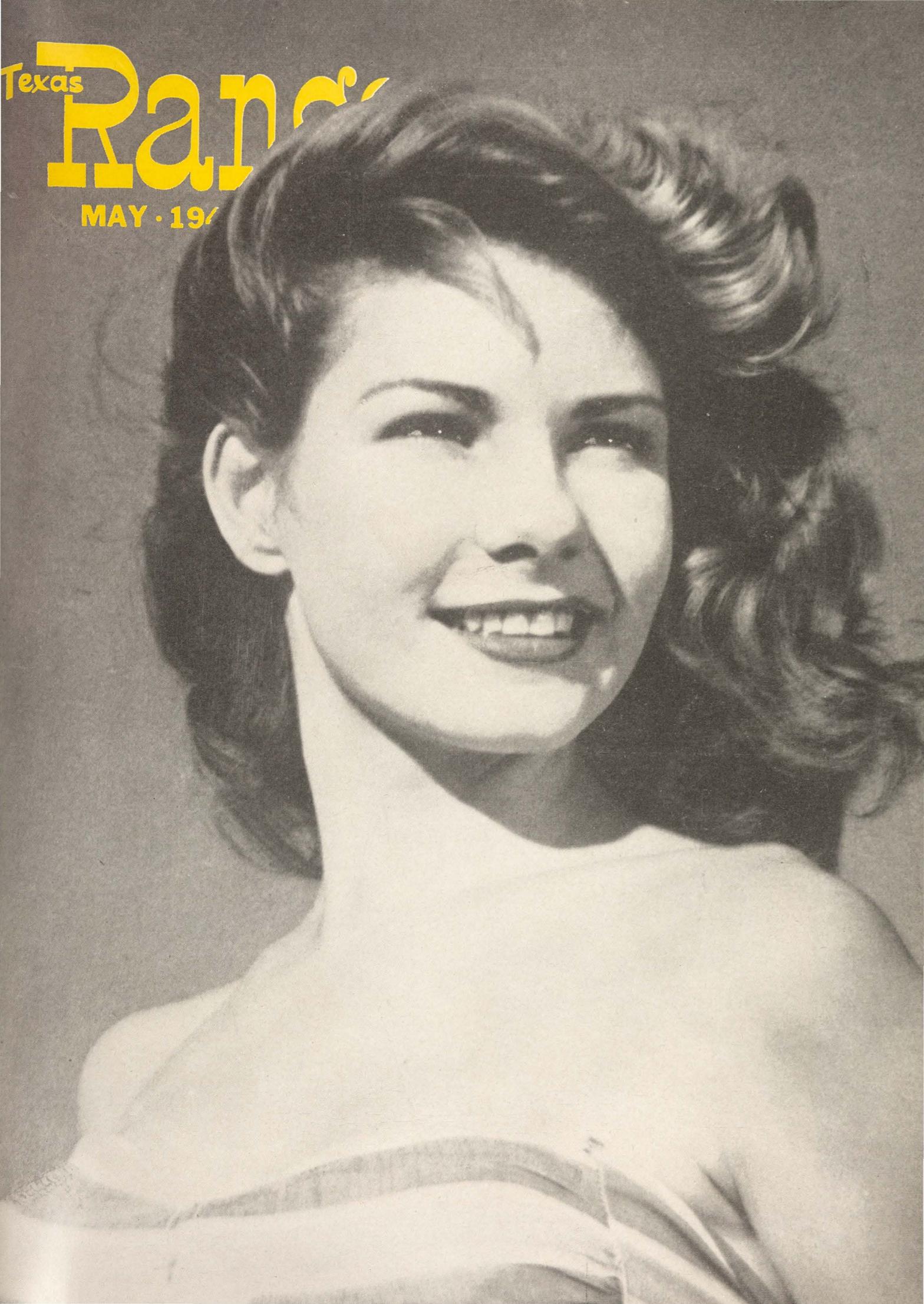


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MAY · 1947



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... and Champion
NANCE STILLEY
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THE "T-ZONE"
T for Taste...
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Let your  Zone tell you why

More people are smoking Camels than ever before!

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Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER
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CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE!



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Sunback dress in Stonecutter
cord . . . just add the cute
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Brown, blue, or green.
Sizes 9 to 15.

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Yaring's

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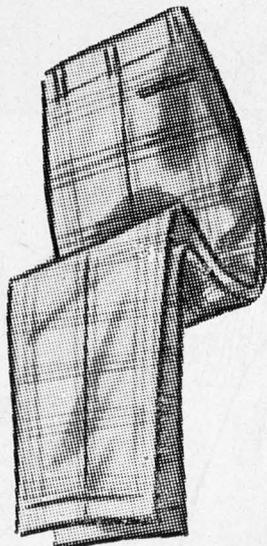
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"Just what were you planning to take me away from, Sidney?"



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● PRICED TO FIT
YOUR BUDGET.



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609 Brazos

The old maid called in her lawyer and explained her last will and testament "I want to give \$3,000 to the art museum, \$1,000 to my nephew, \$1,000 to the Y.M.C.A. and \$1,000 to the library."

"What about the remaining \$500?"

"I've never had a lover, and I'll give that to anyone who will kiss and make love to me."

"I'll do it," said the lawyer. He hurried home and explained to his wife. That evening he called on the old maid.

At nine o'clock his wife became nervous and called him on the phone.

"It's all right, dear," he explained. "She has cut off the art museum and the library, and if you'll let me stay another hour, she'll drop the Y.M.C.A."—Hi-Y

An elderly woman visiting the zoo wanted to ride a camel. The keeper hoisted her up but was unable to make the camel move.

At last the lady dismounted and started to pet it. Suddenly it went running off as fast as it could. The keeper turned to the old lady.

"Madam," he said, "what did you do to him?"

"I tickled him," she replied.

"Well," said the keeper, "you'd better tickle me. I've got to catch him."



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SLACKS FROM \$12.75

SUITS FROM \$42.75

NORWOOD



ON THE DRAG

AT 2548 GUADALUPE

BOOKS

Man: I want a loaf of Mumsie's Bread, a package of Krunchies, some Goody Sunny Spread, Ole Mammy's Lasses, Orange Pully, a pound of Aunt Annie's Sugar, Bitsey Bite size.

Clerk: Sorry, No Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oatsie-Toasties, Malty-Wheaties, Ricelets or Eatum-Wheetums?

Man: The Wheetums, then.

Clerk: Anything else? Tootsie, Tatory Chips, Cheesie Weesies, Gingie Bits, Itsey Cakes, Sweetie Toofums or Damma's doughnuts?

Man (toddling toward meat counter): Tan't det anysing else. Dot to det some meat. —A&P News

“How did you find the ladies at the dance?”

“Opened the door marked ‘Ladies’ and there they were.”—The Woman

Sherlock, the famed detective arrived on the scene of the crime. “Hell,” he said, “this is more serious than I figured. This window is broken on both sides.” —Horrors

The sergeant strode into the barracks and shouted, “O.K. you lazy æ/&()æ|%'s hop to and fall in.”

The soldiers grabbed their hats and lined up—all except one, who lay on his bunk blowing smoke rings.

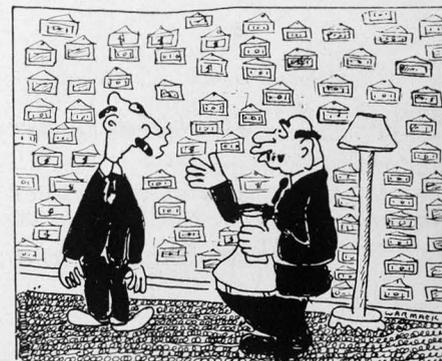
“Well,” roared the sergeant.

“Well,” said the soldier, tapping the ashes off his cigar, “there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?”

—Stars & Stripes

“What lovely antique furniture. I wonder where Mrs. Smith got that huge old chest?”

“Well, they tell me that her mother was the same way.”—Bassoon



“My first million.”

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McGregor "BRILLIANTS"

COMPLETELY WASHABLE SHIRTS AND SHORTS DESIGNED
TO BLEND PERFECTLY IN ANY COMBINATION.



"Brilliant" Interlock Basque Shirt

Colors that glow with a rare radiance, in fine combed cotton, specially yarn-dyed to match or blend with the shorts.

\$1.50



"Brilliant" Zanzibar Basque Shirt

A repeating three-striper in a sparkling collection of colors. Fine combed cotton—cool as the ocean, light as a sea breeze and washable as a mermaid. Action knit for complete comfort.

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Reynolds
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Austin's Finest Man's Shop

just about Everything

WHEN Floyd Wade assumed editorship of the *Ranger*, he asked for more material, including "any New Yorker rejects you have around." We received the following:

Editorial Offices
THE NEW YORKER
Gentlemen:

I was so delighted with Gerta Kennedy's poem in your March 6, 1948, issue that I promptly wrote a take-off on it. Naturally I would be delighted if you considered it good enough to use in some spring issue.*

MARCH

This is the season
of banked fires,
red unreason
and black desires.

Voluptuous dreaming's
no longer hid,
hiss is scheming
pushes the lid.

This is the season
of Moon and Mars;
count on treason
and long black cars.

—Gerta Kennedy

APRIL

(with apologies to Gerta Kennedy)

This is the season
of hearts lit with arson,
showers and flowers,
demands for the parson.

March's banked fires
come aglow with a start
and the world is on fire
from the flame in my heart.

This is the season
of desire that's assertible.
Count on some lust
in a yellow convertible.

—M. E. Smith

*They didn't print it, but we did, with apologies to April.

Red Oak, By Gum!

WE don't want to appear to brag, but then we don't believe in hiding our lights under a bushel of old jokes, either. We just thought we'd let you know that we're pretty good at picking short stories—sometimes.

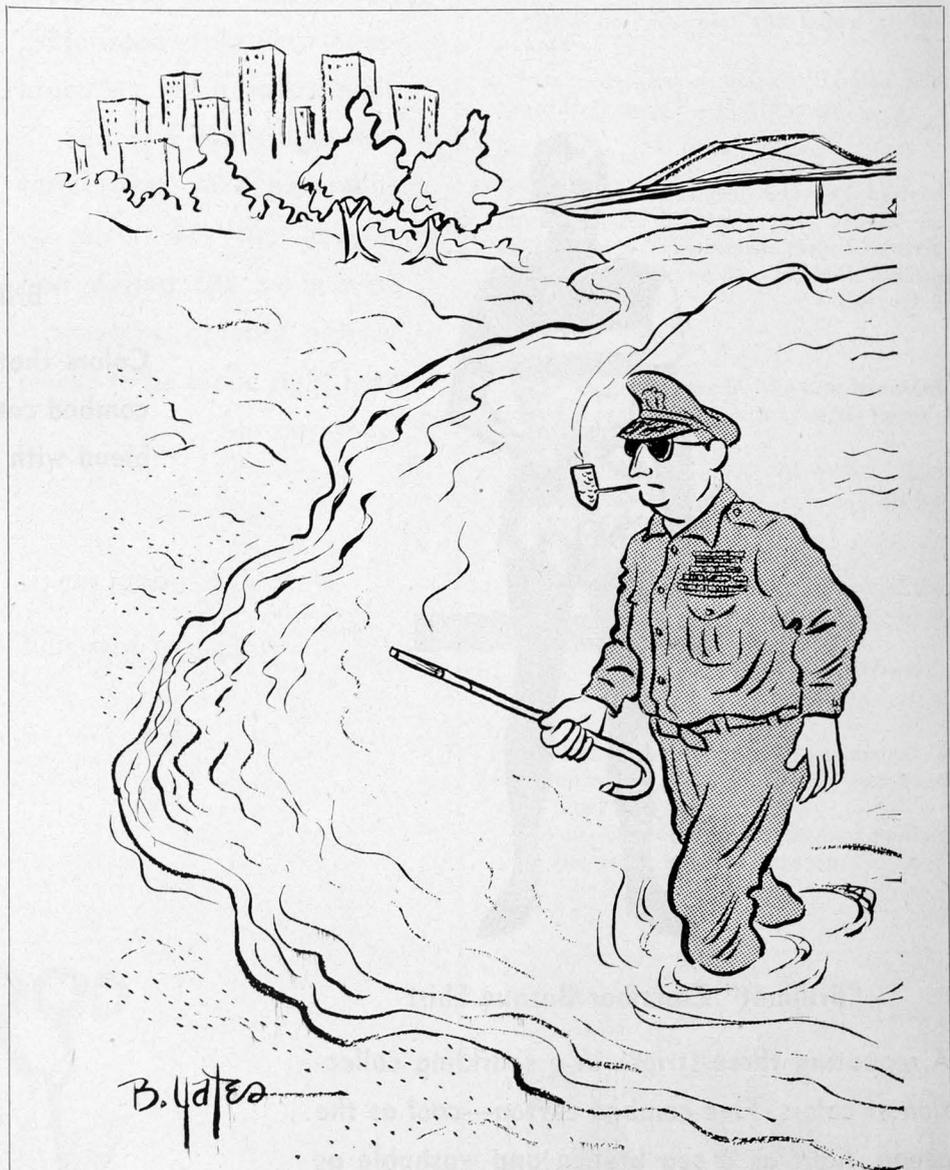
The hero of this tale is Joe K. Phipps, whose "Coming Home in Style" and "Stars Ain't Worth Seeing" appeared in our October and December issues.

Mr. Phipps has recently been selected as the University of Texas representative in the Dallas *Times-Herald* college contest, with a group of short stories (including the above). This proves, we claim, that we were perspicacious enough

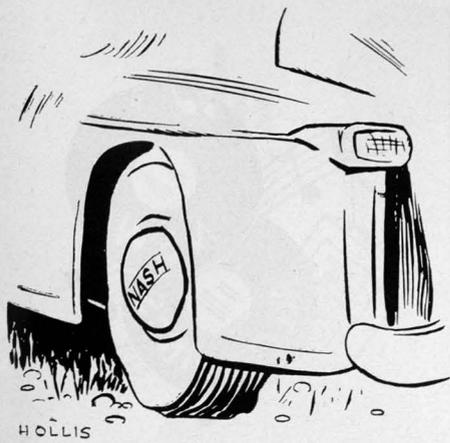
to grab off the best stories being written on the campus.

The contest here was judged by visiting professor Walter Pritchard Eaton, former drama critic for the *New York Sun* and a rather astute *litterateur*. The final prize will be awarded from Dallas, of course, with entries from colleges all over the state.

Red Oak, by the way, is no longer Red



"In this hour of momentous import, national and international, temporal and spiritual . . . I can say, and with due humility, that I would be recreant to all my concepts of good citizenship were I to shrink because of the hazards and responsibilities involved from accepting any public duty to which I might be called by the American people."



"Maybe I have a little extra gas here in the trunk."

Oak. Mr. Phipps checked up and found that there was a town named Red Oak in Texas, so he changed the locale of his stories to White Oak. We're sentimental, though, and Jody Watson and Good-eye Carrington are Red Oak folks to us, come hell or high water.

#

Exes

THERE recently came into our hands a fancy volume called

The Inauguration of
WILLIAM VERMILLION HOUSTON
As President of The Rice Institute

It has some good reading in it—a speech by Dixon Wecter, chairman of research at The Huntington Library, author of a fine book on veterans, *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, and native Texan. We'd like to lift quite a bit of the address, but this stuck with us longest:

Texas has not yet produced any important body of literature, although a recent article in the magazine *Holiday* goes much too far in announcing boldly that the state has only one considerable writer, J. Frank Dobie. One thinks immediately of his running-mate Walter Webb, of bright young men like George Sessions Perry, Henry Nash Smith, and Edwin Lanham . . .

We point with pride to the fact that Mr. Dobie and Dr. Smith were formerly associated with The University of Texas.

#

If you like poetry of the tough-but-sensitive type, we'd like to recommend *Losses* by Randall Jarrell, former instructor in English at the University.

Some of the poems in the little book pack a wallop—we're especially touched by "Lady Bates," "Death of the Gods: 1945," and "Burning the Letters."

TEXAS RANGER

Record Reverie

WE were all set to vent our spleen on the latest recorded tripe that is so prevalent these days. But what's the use? Even the jazz the real boys are putting out of late gives off (to put it mildly) rather sad odors, too.

Oh, we could say that Harry James has a new platter out, nice, danceable, a little spark of his first great band. Or we might mention that Stan Kenton has at last presented what he evidently has been trying to do all these years in a thing called *Thermopolae* composed and arranged by Bob Graettinger. But Stravinsky might claim that he's been cooking up stuff like that for years.

And we could say that Claude Thornhill, who leads the finest dance crew today, has out a smooth little thing called *Robbins' Nest* backed by another top-notch vocal offering by Fran Warren. And Johnny Guarneri and Slam Stewart pull some neat jazz punches on a Savoy discing of *My Blue Heaven* and *New Exercise in Swing*.

But that's all.

You see, the record business evidently regards Austin like the band business—the Steppes of the Sticks. The smaller, lesser-known labels, such as Majestic, Mercury, Keynote, Savoy, Disc, Asch, and others, seldom reach the Austin

hinterlands. And these small labels, not the Big Four, carry the best in progressive jazz.

There is a possible solution, although a slow and tedious one. Just stop buying all the junk issued by the Jameses, Benekes, Carles, Lombardos, Kysers, Kayes, and Kings, and write scorching letters to the Big Four home offices asking them to re-issue the old, and good, masters. When sales subsequently drop and letters pile up, you can bet your "un-Texan" attitudes that there'll be a change in the music weather eventually. After all, these companies only love their musicians as long as they bring in the moola. And when that stops, they break off the romance quite abruptly.

In the past three years of the recording boom, never have so many people paid so much for such poor music. With current platter prices up, it would be nice to get just ten per cent of your money's worth.

But, as the Republican said to the Democrat, the situation is difficult in all localities these days. So keep going to your favorite platter palace, spin all their latest releases, put 'em back, and at least you'll save wear and tear on your phonograph—a device which is rapidly becoming a museum piece.

But aren't we all?

—E. GARTLY JACO.



"To the tables down at Mory's . . ."

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Austin's Greatest Silver Center
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FROM
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of course

2236 GUADALUPE

Owned and Operated
By
TEXAS EXES



RANGING

AS depleted bank accounts slowly sink behind mile-high piles of unpaid bills, we come to the end of another school year.

On the campus in 1947-48, the GI metamorphosis from number to name was almost complete until Harry Truman's speech to Congress caused vague mumbblings of war talk among the boys. It continues.

The girls, as always, remained calm and watched for opportunities for advancement.

The Ranger has had what we jovially call a successful year. Bryson's drive in reviving the magazine last year carried over to this year's staff, and Candy succeeded in putting out a number of popular editions. The Ranger's sober tone has reflected, perhaps, the senility of its staff members. Significance, however, was the goal. And Candy boosted the Ranger several notches above the usual college joke book.

The people he would thank for their help during the year are aware of his appreciation.

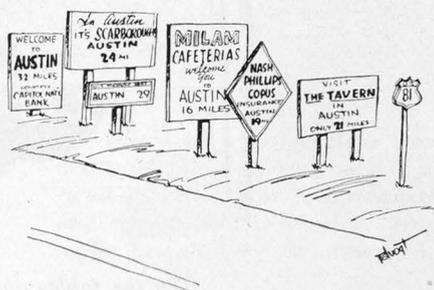
My efforts as editor were confined to the last two issues. For sleep lost, I'd like to thank Bill Bridges (and Ann) and Ben Jeffery, whose taste and talent showed up on every page.

For their many contributions, I'd also like to thank Bill Yates, George Warrmack, Ralph Marks, C. W. Nelson, Betty Wallace, and the staff.

Also Werner Jessen and his tolerant printers at Von Boeckmann-Jones Printing Company. —F. W.

#

EDITOR'S NOTE: We were planning to run a story by Hart Stilwell entitled "An Ex-Student Looks at the University," together with a story by President Painter on "The Future of the University." But Dr. Painter's administrative duties prevented his writing his story. Stilwell wrote his a couple of months ago and it was set up in type. But our censors requested that we hold Stilwell's story until it can be run alongside the opposing point of view. In the meantime, read Ralph Martin's account of UT in the May Cosmopolitan.



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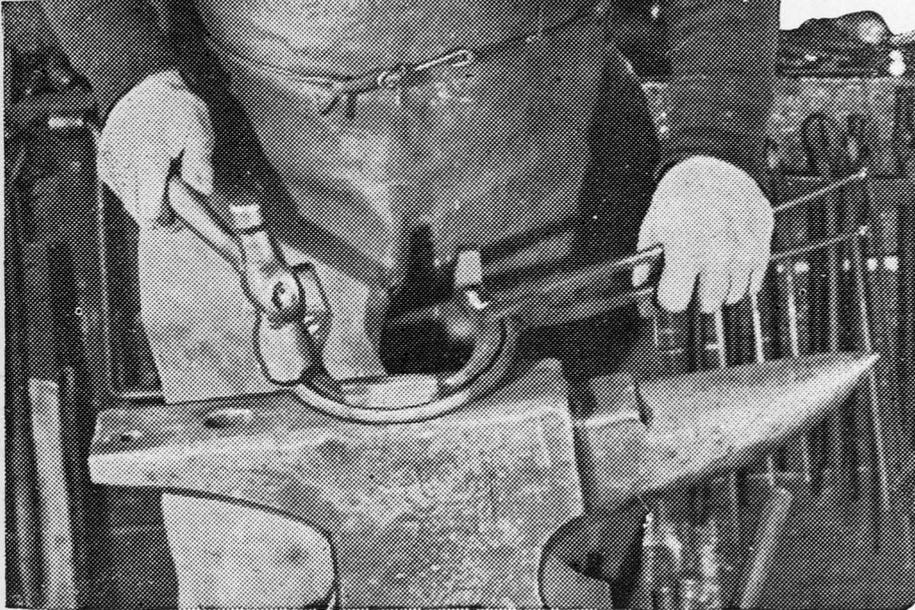
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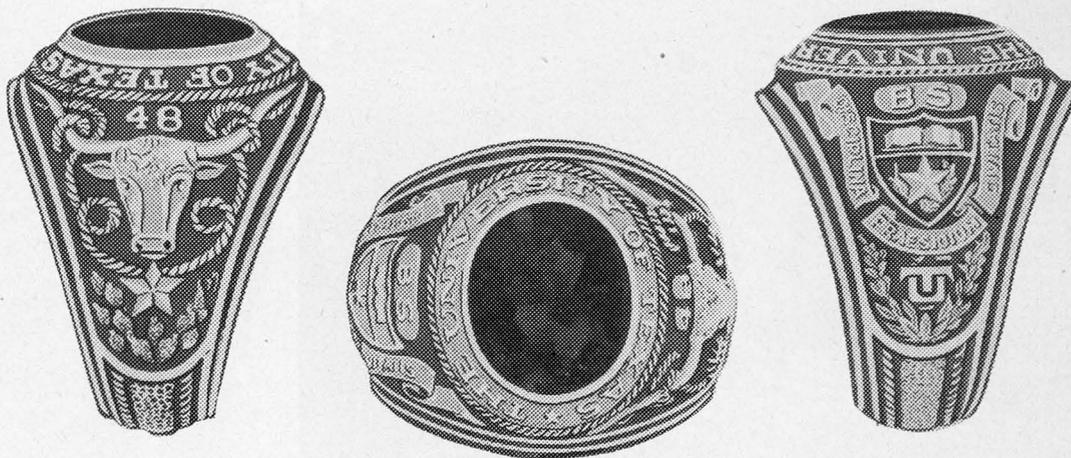
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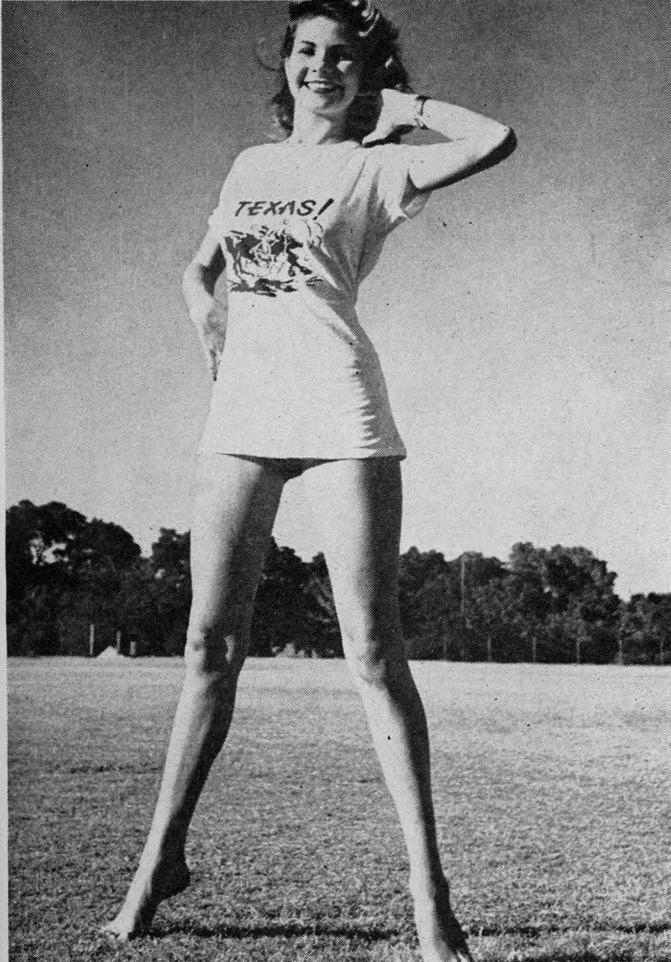
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THE STUDENT'S OWN STORE
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Name of BETH TULEY.

Austin girl.

Freshman.

17 yrs.

34.

21.

33.

STUDENT MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

FLOYD WADE, editor

- Bill Bridges, Make-Up Editor ● George Warmack, Humor Editor ● Bill Yates, Cartoon Editor ● C. W. Nelson, Art Editor ● Madeline Bynum, Exchange Editor ● Betty Wallace, Photography ● F. R. Moerke, Advertising Manager
- George Seagert and Don Moore Advertising Salesmen
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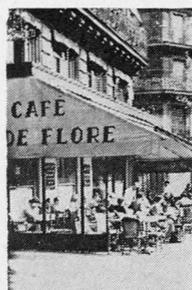


Explosion of stone

See CACTUS

K.C. is rare

See TRAVEL



Pensive mood

See GOM

JUST	6	about everything
THE RANGER	13	needs a cactus
A STORY	17	of another war
FICTION	18	but not fantasy
AN ACTRESS	20	poses pensively
TRAVEL	22	broadens one

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FRANK ABRAHAM

S.A.E. and Honor Law

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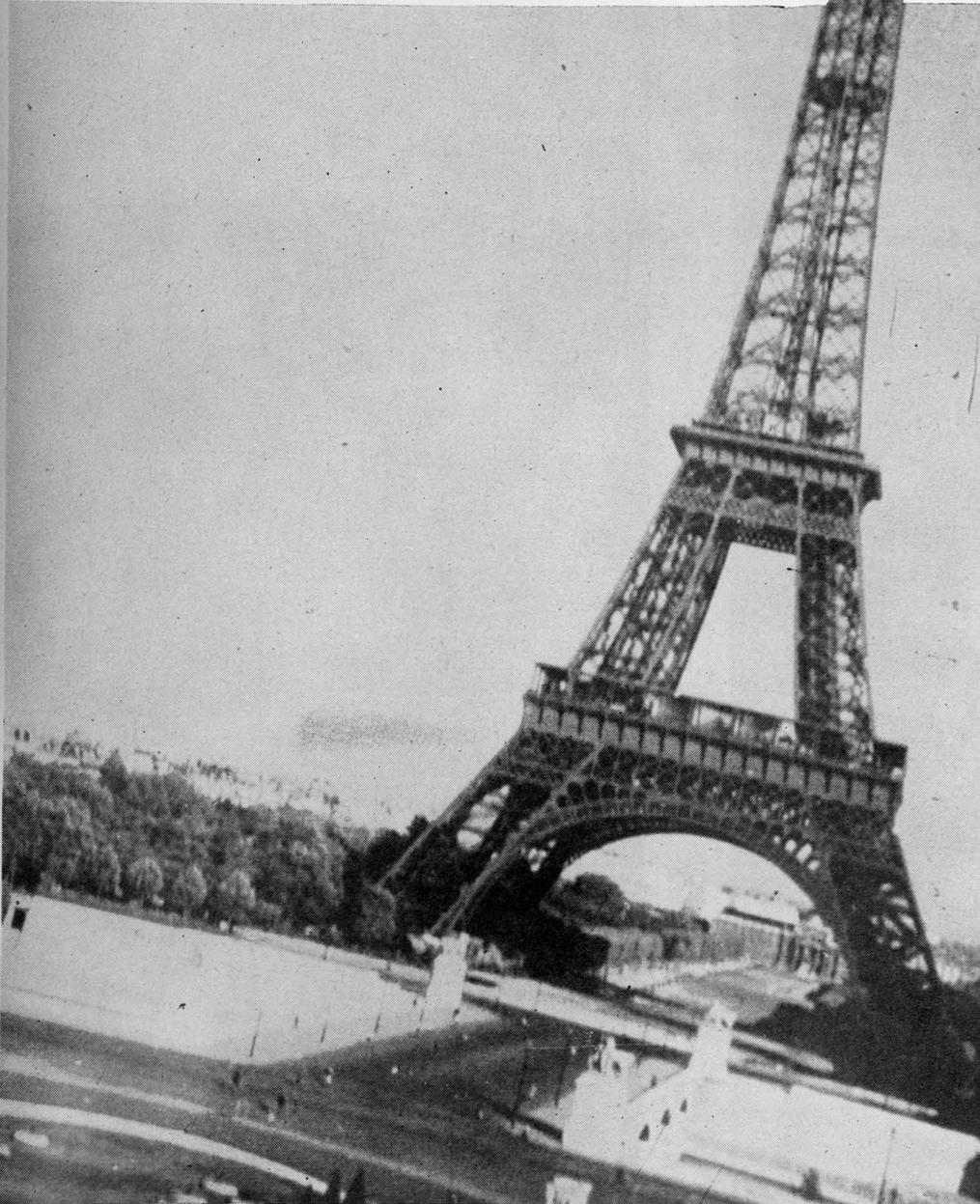
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A PREVIEW OF YOUR 1948 CACTUS



in which
Ranger editors
peek at this
ten-pound
snapshot album
to show you just
how much
\$6 will buy
these days

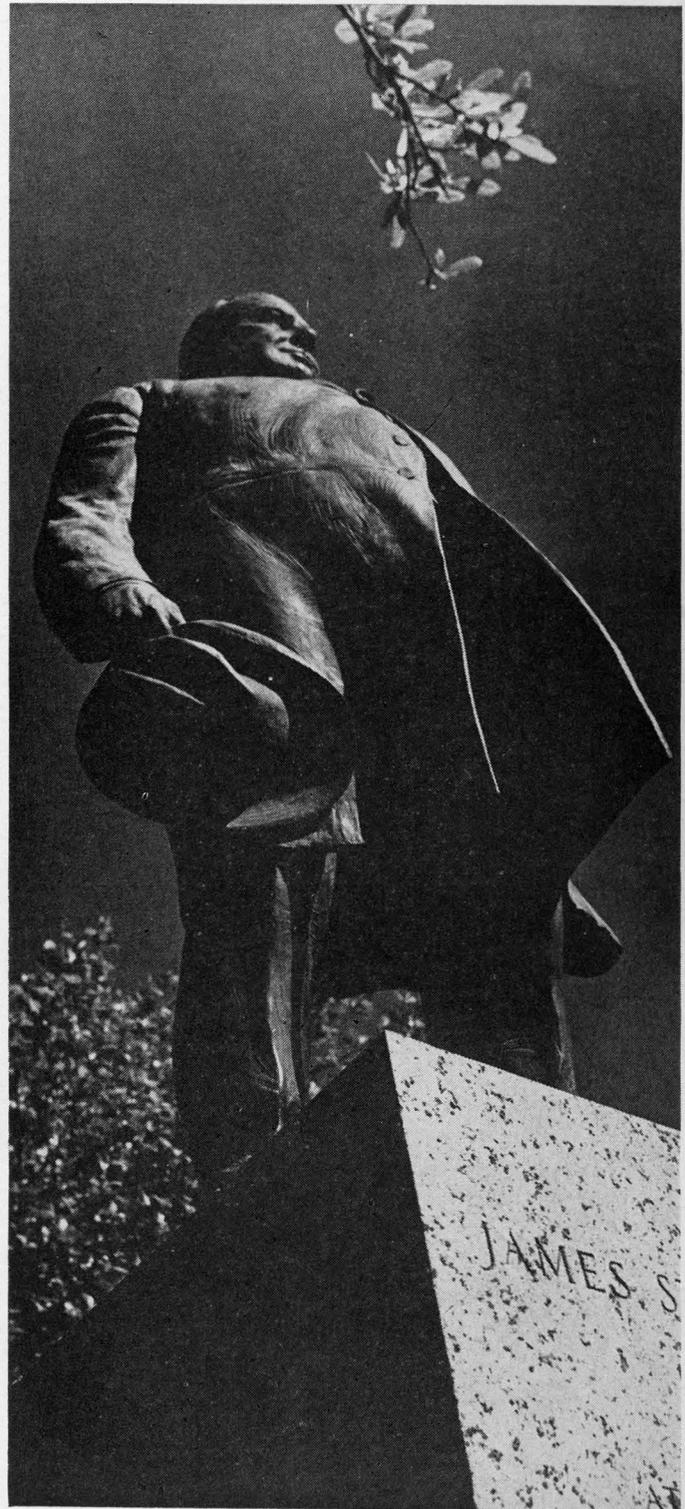
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a frozen explosion of stone
burst in flight
to the cobalt sky."

CACTUS



BARTON SPRINGS, haven for class-conscious students

WILLIAM HEIRENS, founder of UT Night-Snack Service



CACTUS



DOG quizzically eyes UT Prexy, T. S. Painter, watering lawn.



NROTC ROOKIE Alfred T. Mahan haughtily eyes the civilian campus.



DISGRUNTLED GREEK moodily eyes punch bowl after friend refuses to schottische.



CAMPUS POLITICIAN invitingly eyes prospective voter while she smiles coyly.

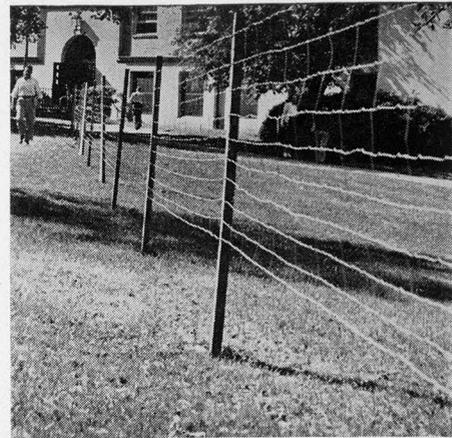


COWBOY FOREMAN Schenley Lush delightedly eyes his own handicraft.

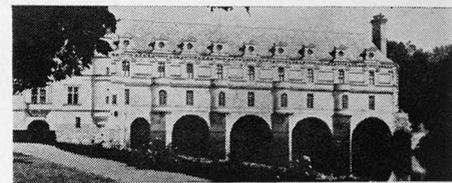
CACTUS



SPURRED by Legislature, UT administrators dig for further evidences of underground activity.



MICA MAN rides fence between Circle Dot and Lazy H Districts.

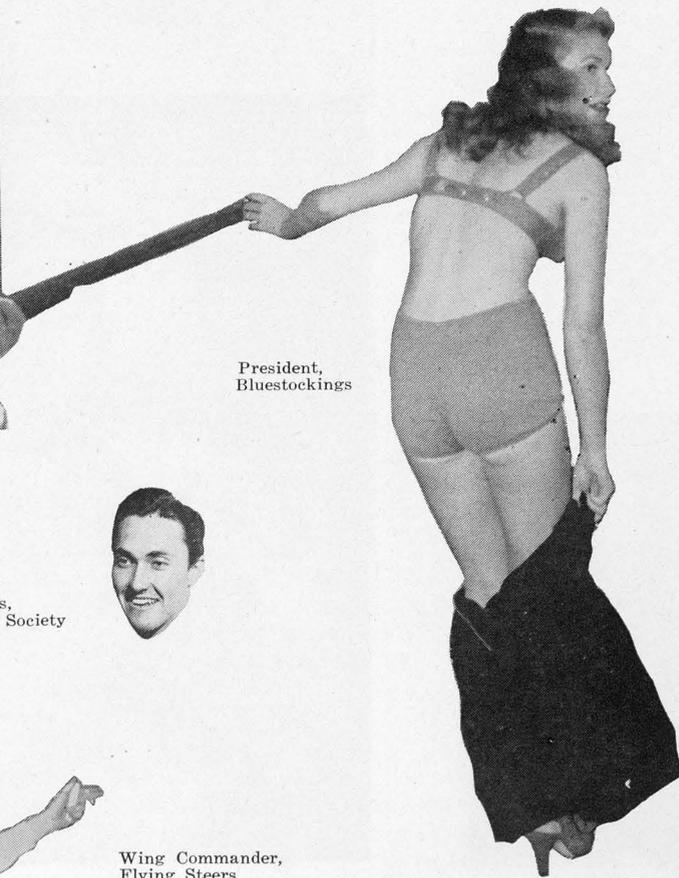


GI SURPLUS HUTMENT makes dandy FPFA dorm.

GOODFELLOWS



Campfire Chief, APO



President, Bluestockings



Sergeant-at-Arms, Mental Hygiene Society



Wing Commander, Flying Steers



Secretary, Euthanasia Literary Society

**“As long as
you’ve got to
get shot, Sam,
why not let a
friend do it,
instead of some
Kraut you can’t
trust?”**



ON MY way back to the outfit, I stopped in at battalion rear CP switchboard to see Stoneman, who'd been transferred back from our platoon before the division had gone into action in November.

Stoneman was just about to take off forward with a portable switchboard when I got there, so I offered to help him carry it up. The switchboard was fitted with pack straps for one man, so Stoneman started off with it, and I came up behind, and we walked along talking like two GI's who hadn't seen each other recently, which he hadn't.

Once outside the little valley village the battalion had set up their CP in, the road began to steepen, and Stoneman and I had to take turns pretty often. We'd gone for about an hour, changing every ten minutes or so, and I'd begun to sweat and blow pretty hard. I'd just come up from the medics and I hadn't counted on working my way back to the outfit, but it was worth it for two buddies like Stoneman and me to get to gab awhile.

We'd gone about an hour, like I say, and had got about three-quarters of the way up the road to the top, when all of a sudden Stoneman cut off the road, and started heading straight up. I asked him what the hell, and he said that we had to follow where the wire went, and here it went up instead of by the road. It was logical that we should follow that wire, or what good was the switchboard, but I thought my God, you ain't even back to the company yet, and you start cutting over mountains, Sam Wilder.

I said to Stoneman that the joes that laid out the wire must have had a Loyt-nant with them, or they'd sure have gone around, even if it took all the wire they had, which would have been even better, because they could have knocked off and gone back to the CP and sacked up where it was warm.

Stoneman said yeah, and he kind of puffed when he said it, so I took over the switchboard for a while and quit gabbing.

I'd just begun to wonder just what kind of a bastard would stick pack- straps on a piece of lead like that switchboard and call it portable, when we came over a shoulder of the hill and right below us was the road, which had come around and was running level now, and looked to head down the other side a little farther on. I immediately felt much better, and said to Stoneman that those joes weren't so dumb after all, laying the wire like they did. It wasn't so steep or so far up that hill, and we'd saved by not going with that damned twisting road.

Stoneman agreed, and said that if the Jumper had known about a road like that, he'd probably have taken it, instead of the short cut, just for meanness. The Jumper was L Company's CO, and Stoneman hadn't forgotten.



We'd sort of stopped there above the road for a breather, so I let the switchboard down and we decided to take a short break.

We opened a couple of light cans of C ration biscuits, and then had a smoke. It had begun to grow just a bit chillier by then, which always happens the last part of the afternoon, before dusk, in the mountains.

From where Stoneman and I sat, we could see down the road about a quarter of a mile each way. Right below us, on the shoulder above where the road cut through it, the Jerries had built a fir- lined foxhole, which had almost as good a field of fire as we would have had where we were, probably better, along the road. Two of them were still in it. One huddled in the bottom, and the other sort of hanging, half in, half out.

They must have figured all Americans rode in cars, I thought. I wondered if it had been L Company that had cut across the top and got over them. I hadn't noticed any holes or Jerries coming up, but it had been pretty heavily wooded, and when they had cleared out—and from what had happened below, it was pretty obvious that *somebody* had cleared out—they probably wouldn't have disturbed anything much.

I wondered if they had set any mines when they left, and began to sweat a little bit.

It was pretty quiet up there on that hillside, with me thinking, and Stoneman thinking, or at least not saying much. When he spoke it made me jump.

“Things get tougher on the line all the time, I guess,” he said. I said I guessed they did.

“How many of the old outfit left?” he asked then.

“Five, when I left,” I said. “I don't know how many are left now. Do you?” Stoneman occasionally monitored at the CP switchboard, and got the casualty lists as they came over the wire from the different companies.

Stoneman looked down the hillside.

(Continued on Page 26)



Failure . . .

THE late Dr. David A. Walsh, associate professor of history, was buried with appropriate ceremony in Live Oak Cemetery, a property of the Federal Investment Company, situated on the edge of town. The funeral services were conducted at the First Baptist Church by the Rev. William Duncan, and they were attended by members of the late Dr. Walsh's family (his widow and a brother from St. Louis) and by numerous friends.

The services began promptly at 10:30 on Tuesday morning with the singing of "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder." This was exactly as Mrs. Walsh wanted it. Mrs. Walsh was also pleased at the size of the gathering. Of course David had so many friends—she and David had been here since before the first war—there were a number of students at the funeral, too. And Dr. Sinclair, chairman of the history department, and Mrs. Sinclair. Mrs. Walsh had been afraid they wouldn't come, because he and David had always been more or less at odds. He wouldn't keep his hands clean. Kept

running around with Pendleton and Fitch and the rest of the faculty members who were interested in state politics.

It was hard to live with a man like that, who wouldn't do what he had to do to get ahead at the university, and wouldn't leave.

She wasn't listening to the sermon, she realized. Reverend Duncan had such a fine voice, and he was being so nice about it. She knew he never approved of David, but he talked about David's good points, about how much his students thought of him—that was true, of course. But that didn't get him promoted, and she always told him he shouldn't spend so much time with them.

"By their works ye shall know them," the Reverend Mr. Duncan was saying. "And certainly such a man as David Walsh was, devoting himself to his students—"

And to getting himself in trouble with the administration, David's brother Mike

illustrated by C. W. Nelson

was thinking. He glanced at Ellen to see how she was taking it. Crying a little. Well, it had been hard on her. God knows, though, she might as well have stopped punishing him years ago. Gave poor old Dave hell, but what could he expect. A wife wants a man to provide for her. But David never had any ambition or any sense about business. Real estate is different from teaching, of course; but a job is a job, and you get ahead in one business the same way you do in another. Just a little soft soap. It wasn't dishonest, it was just getting ahead. Of course after he got himself mixed up with the Reds. Imagine a lowly history teacher being stupid enough to get on the wrong side of the political fence.

Probably didn't have enough saved up to leave Ellen more than just comfortably provided for—after all these years. She was used to living on little of nothing, though. Frances wouldn't be caught dead in the clothes Ellen wore. Frances wouldn't wear anything but the latest. Expensive, but it certainly couldn't be said that his own wife's appearance lowered his prestige.

"Dr. and Mrs. Walsh were never blessed with children of their own," the Reverend William Duncan was saying, "but that does not mean their home never knew the youthful touch, for to Dr. Walsh's students his home was their home away from home."

in a world of fugitives the person taking the opposite direction will appear to run away

At the back of the church, Bob Wilson smiled. What a dope, he was thinking. 'His home was their home away from home.' Dr. Walsh would have gagged on that. He was going to miss going by Dr. Walsh's office and over to his house. How would you put it? Certainly it would take a lot better man than that ass Duncan, with his syrupy phrases.

Mrs. Sinclair leaned over to whisper in her husband's ear. "Someone should have told Reverend Duncan they lost their little girl." Dr. Sinclair frowned and puckered his lips, which was his way of letting Mrs. Sinclair know that she should be quiet, or that he was engrossed in great thoughts, or that she should bring the matter up later. She settled back obediently.

Mrs. Walsh seemed to be taking it rather well, Mrs. Sinclair noticed. Poor woman, she had always felt sorry for her. It wasn't as if it were someone like Deena Pendleton, who was just as radical as her husband. Lord, that time she and

Mrs. Sanders were talking in the beauty parlor. Well, actually Mrs. Sanders was doing most of the talking. "David Walsh and the rest of those Communists are always making trouble—they ought to be asked to resign." And just then Mrs. Walsh walking out of the booth where she was having her hair done. She must have heard, and it made Mrs. Sinclair feel like a fool; but you couldn't beat Louise Sanders—just acted as if nothing had happened and said hello.

Bob Wilson was remembering a phrase from one of the *Rosenkavelier* waltzes. They had played it over at Dr. Ware's one night during the campaign when they dropped in for beer. He had told Walsh he and Mary Frances planned to get married and do graduate work at Columbia. Walsh just asked, "Does she know what she's letting herself in for?" Funny about Walsh's wife. What did they have in common?

David could easily have gone somewhere else to teach, Mrs. Walsh was thinking. It had been clear enough for years that he was out of the running here, and he had friends all over the country. They all wrote him and stopped in to see him when they were in town.

She had married him with such high hopes, but it didn't seem to work out the way she planned. Mike said David didn't have any ambition, but he worked

hard enough, and she was proud of him. It was just that he wasn't practical about things like that. And his radical ideas.

She was always afraid something would happen—like when that young Claude Phillips was dismissed in the middle of the semester, and stories got around about his being in trouble over one of his students. David said it was gossip, and they fired him because he was just an instructor and active in politics. But she didn't know. Young people didn't seem to have much morals any more. David got him another job—wrote some letters for him. He wouldn't leave the University himself, though, and she had tried to get him to leave. Maybe somewhere—if they didn't know him, or if nothing radical was being done. David always said, "This is my home, Ellen. I'm too old to settle down somewhere else." But that wasn't true—he wasn't near sixty . . .

Once when she had talked a long time to him about leaving he told her he wasn't

going to run out on a fight. He told her to shut up. It was the only time he had ever said anything like that to her. They had really lived a very beautiful life together, she thought. And she had always tried to be a good wife to him.

I wonder, Mrs. Sinclair was thinking, how Reverend Duncan can talk like that about David Walsh. As if he had been anything like a Christian or respectable. Ellen Walsh tried to get him to go to church, of course. Ellen had told her once, "I try, but David says religion is a personal matter." Told her he just couldn't feel very honest in church. It certainly was a shame—Mrs. Walsh was one of the best workers in the Baptist Church, and to be married to a man who served beer to his students in his own home. Had to wait until he died to get him to church. . . .

"And so we have gathered together today to pay homage to a scholar, a gentleman, a dear husband, a beloved friend to young and old alike. . . ."

"Jesus Christ!" Bob Wilson said, almost audibly. He sank down into the pew. If the Reverend William Duncan only knew how Dr. Walsh hated the stringing together of pomposities. That triteness would be fine for an academic tapeworm like Sinclair. That was one of Dr. Walsh's own expressions, he realized. Walsh's phrases seemed to stick. What he had said about Dean Frost got repeated so often that Frost eventually heard it. "He has a mind like a mousetrap. When a little squeaking idea stumbles in for the bit of stale cheese he has to offer. . . ."

Mrs. Walsh was crying. The Minister's words seemed to her such a beautiful last tribute. And if David had had his way, there wouldn't have been a funeral. He said they were obscene, the last remnants of ancestor worship. But he never told her not to hold the funeral, and it wouldn't have been decent. . . . Reverend Duncan had such a beautiful voice. She was grateful to him.

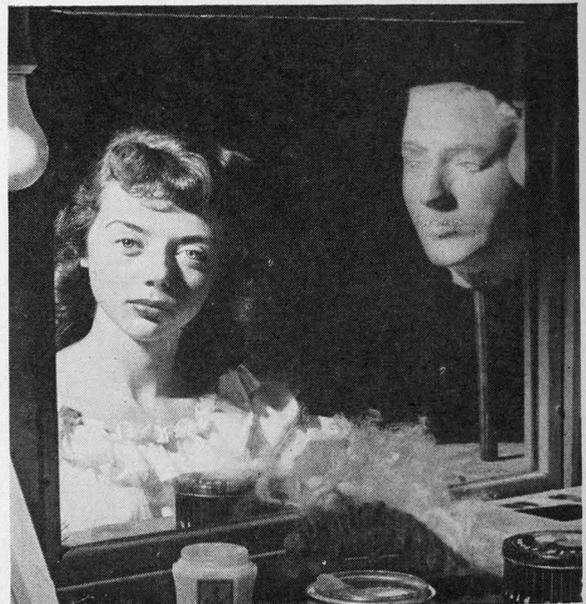
The chimes in the University Chapel were striking the hour. Eleven o'clock, time for David's European history class. Almost she wanted to go home and start fixing his lunch. It was going to be strange. Maybe she would go on living by those chimes, even now when it wasn't necessary.

The late Dr. David A. Walsh was buried in Live Oak Cemetery, a property of the Federal Investment Company. Floral tributes covered the grave in an impressive array, and a granite marker suitably inscribed was ready.

Everything was exactly as Mrs. Walsh had wanted it. —B. M. J.



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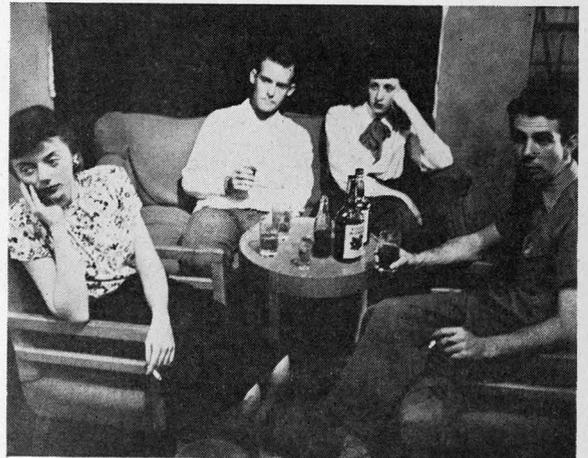
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The three-year-old and his father were being pushed toward the rear of a rapidly filling elevator. A kindly woman turned to the father and said, "Aren't you afraid your little boy will be crushed?"

"Not a chance, lady," answered the father. "He bites."—Reader's Digest

Will: Gee, Darling, you certainly have a lovely figure.

Jill: For heaven's sake, let's not go all over that again.

In the shipyards, the instructor in riveting was coaching a feminine novice.

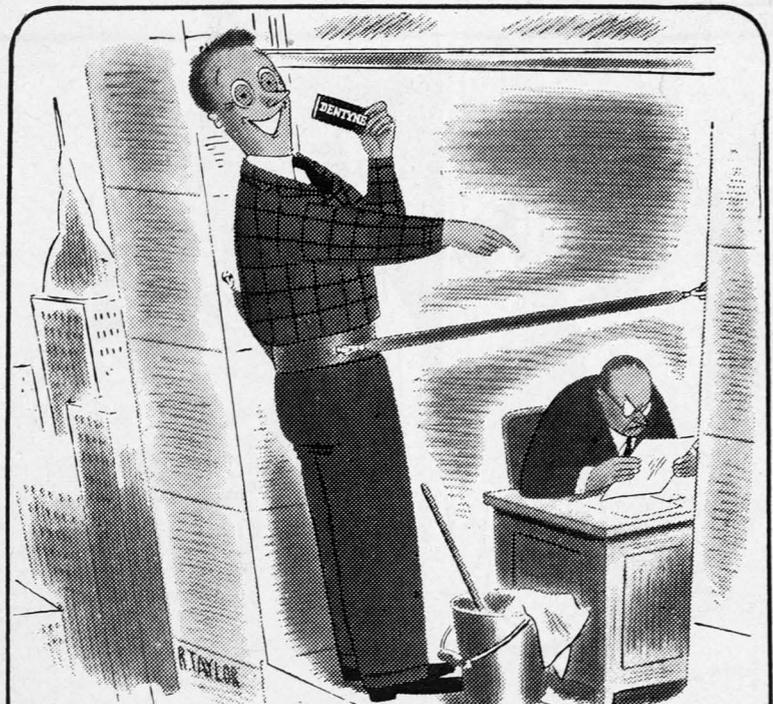
"Look," he said, "I'm placing the rivet here in the proper place. When I nod my head, hit it with your hammer."

... She did.

The instructor left a wife and four children.—Quill

A new bunch of enlisted men got seasick over the rail. Soon one of the old salts joined them and sarcastically inquired, "What's the matter Jones, got a weak stomach?"

"Hell no," gasped Jones, "I'm throwing it as far as the others."—Air Force



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The governor had gone to the state insane asylum to look over the work done by a new superintendent. While he was there he had some difficulty in getting a telephone connection. Exasperated, he shouted to the operator, "Look here, girl, do you know who I am?" "No," came back the calm reply, "but I know where you are."—Tilt

He was a small, timid freshman—the wallflower of the party. But when the orchestra played a familiar and sentimental tune, he took courage and walked across the dance floor. Picking a beautiful but over-sophisticated damsel for his partner, he asked: "Pardon me, miss. May I have this dance?"

A quick glance at his diminutive size and she replied: "I'm sorry. But I never dance with a child!"

But quite unscathed, the freshman bowed deeply. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" he said. "I didn't know your condition."

—Fragrant

An eagle-eyed mortician noticed an old crone shuffling away from a funeral service at his parlor, and asked her how old she was. "One hundred and one," cackled the old lady proudly. "Well, well," said the mortician suavely. "Hardly worth going home, is it?"—Suave

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CINEMA

Sailor: "Don't bother me. I am writing to my girl friend."

Marine: "But why are you writing so slowly?"

Sailor: "She can't read very fast."

The young bride approached the druggist timidly.

"That baby tonic you advertise," she began, "does it really build bigger and stronger babies?"

"We sell a lot of it," said the druggist, "and we've had no complaints."

"Then I'll take a bottle," said the bride. "And do I have to take it—or does my husband?"—Mirth

Two drunks were leaning over a bar telling intimate stories of their life.

"I weighed only a pound when I was born," said one.

"Only a pound! Did you live?" asked the other.

"Did I? You should see me now!"

The bandage-covered patient who lay in the hospital bed spoke dazedly to his visiting pal:

"Wh-what happened?"

"You absorbed one too many last night, and then you made a bet that you could jump out the window and fly around the block."

"Why," screamed the beat-up citizen, "didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you, hell—I had \$25 on you."

—Peasant

Then there was the rich old gentleman sitting in his wheelchair beside an open window as a slick chic walked by, displaying a comely figure.

"Quick, Jenkins," called the old gentleman to his valet. "Bring me my teeth, I want to whistle."



"Ask him can we have a case to go."

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(Continued from Page 17)

"Leo got it yesterday," he said.

That snapped me up. "Leo! Where?"

"Remember that knocked-out house we passed coming up? Just outside the village, on the right?. Knocked out completely?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, Leo's squad was on the point going up yesterday, and the Krauts had an AT set up in one window of the place. Leo got it right in the chest, first shot."

"Why in the hell didn't you say something about it this morning?"

Stoneman hesitated. "Well, Sam, I didn't want you to get hot and rush on up . . ."

Stoneman had been back a long time, I thought.

"I wouldn't have done that," I said. "Anybody else?"

"No. As soon as Leo got it, everybody else stayed pinned down until a nigger half-track outfit came up and knocked out the house. Those damned niggers practically drove right up and stuck their gun in the window. The Krauts had pulled out by then though."

"Too bad about old Leo," I said. I meant it. Leo was a much better man



than I was. They all were.

"Yeah," Stoneman said. And then: "You know, Sam, if you go back up there again, your odds are shorter, don't you?"

Before I could say anything to that, he said "Three guys had their guns go off on them this week, Sam. Accidentally."

"Accidentally hell."

"Yeah, I know. Everybody knows, but it don't go down on the records that

way. Accidental, the reports read. I've seen them. Then the guys go back for a rest, and then, if they did a good enough job on themselves, they go home. They just don't get the Heart, that's all."

"If they do a good enough job!" I said. "With an M1? You could shoot your foot off, doing a good job with those things. No thanks, I'll wait until I get a carbine, or better yet, one of those little Belgian officers' pistols."

"Sam," Stoneman said softly, "I've got a carbine."

He said it so funny, I sort of moved a little, I guess. I didn't mean to.

Stoneman grinned. "Why not, Sam? You're the best friend I've got in the ETO. I know what'll happen to you if you go back to the outfit. It's bound to happen. As long as you've got to get shot, Sam, why not let a friend do it, instead of some Kraut you can't trust?"

I laughed this time, but sort of nervously. Stoneman laughed too.

"What could be more perfect, Sam? You and I up here alone. The woods could be full of Krauts. One shoots you, I fight them off. You go home with the Heart, I get the Bronze Star and sweat out the war on a switchboard. See you in the U.S.A."

(Continued on Next Page)

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He: I love you like a sister.
She: Gosh! What a family life you must have!

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"I told you it wasn't just a plain bus."



"Yes, but wait Stoneman." I said it pretty loud. "What if the medics can tell the hole a carbine makes? What then?"

"Oh, I'm not going to do it now, Sam," Stoneman said, and I let my breath out. "I've told you about it now, and it would hurt you too much if I did it now. You might move or something and get hurt when I started to do it. I'll wait until some day when I can surprise you."

"Besides, there's no aid station around here, and you might get infected or bleed to death or something before I could get you in. I'll find a place some day. I'll

get a Jerry pistol too. I'm going to get you home, buddy. 'Cause you're my buddy."

The lump was there again.

"Hey! Is that you up there—Stoneman! The call came up from the road, now almost hidden in the dusk.

Stoneman yelled back. It was the battalion CO, walking back from the battalion's forward CP by himself, which is unusual, I know, but he was that kind of a CO. A much better man than I am. He's dead now.

When we got to the road, he looked us over. "What you guys doing up there?"

Stoneman told him. He looked at me. "You don't belong with the wire outfit." I told him why I had half of that switchboard.

He looked at me sharply. "Well, get on back to your outfit, we won't need the portable at the forward CP, now. We're moving the rear up. Stoneman, you just put the switchboard here on the road where the wire jeep can find it, and come back with me. I'll need you."

As I started down the road, past the Jerry foxhole, now just a black spot on the ground. I could hear Stoneman and the Colonel talking loudly as they went back to the village.

I didn't see Stoneman again for quite a while.

—W. C. B.

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MEDICINE

She: "Don't you wish you were a barefoot boy again?"

He: "Not me, lady. I work on a turkey farm."—Wheatley Pumper.

The man took the object of his affections to attend an open air opera on a beautiful clear and warm summer evening. During the first act, he found it necessary to excuse himself. He asked an usher as to where the men's room might be found.

"Turn to the left and walk down to the big oak tree and there it is."

The man did as he was told. In due time he returned to his seat.

"Is the second act over?" he asked his girl.

"You should know," was her haughty reply. "You were in it!"—Friends

"Won't your wife hit the ceiling when you get home tonight?"

"She probably will. She's a hell of a shot."

—Shot

A woman was driving her car along a Colorado road at 60 miles per hour when she noticed a motorcycle cop following her. She pushed the car up to 70 and then noticed two cops trailing her. Not to get caught she upped the speedometer reading to 80, and this time there were three bike cops trying to catch her. Suddenly she spied a gas station so she pulled up in front of it and dashed into the ladies' room.

Ten minutes later she ventured out and there were the three cops waiting for her. Without batting an eyelash, she said cooly, "I'll bet you thought I wouldn't make it."—Cyclist

Mac: "Why did you kick my dog?"

Sandy: "He raised his leg and I thought he was going to kick me."

—Pup

A widow is the most fortunate person in the world. She knows all about men, and all the men who know anything about her are dead.—Widow

The husband who knows where his wife keeps her nickels has nothing on the fellow who knows where the maid's quarters are.—Fortune

Bill Spiller was attending a party. As he stood in a corner, a large woman with a plate full of cookies bore down upon him. "I'm your hostess," proclaimed the lady. "Could I interest you in a hot cookie?" "No thanks," said Bill, "I brought a date along."



T.S. Yates

"I said have you got a nickel?"

They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight alone. No word had broken the stillness for half an hour until—"Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?"

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood. "I'd travel."

He felt her warm young hand slide into his. When he looked up she was gone.

In his hand was a nickel.

—Travel Tales

The softest job we have heard of was landed by an ex-GI. He's in a pantie factory, pulling down about two thousand a year.

His wife lay on her death bed. She pleaded: "John, I want you to promise me that you'll ride in the same car with my mother at my funeral." He sighed: "Okay, but it's going to ruin my whole day."—Mortician

A citizen was walking up Fifth Avenue when he was buttonholed by a character who said: "Shay! Can you tell me where to find Ilcoholiesh Anonymush?"

"Why? Do you want to join?"

"No. Wanna resign!" —Peasant

The good townsman was concluding his address: "Friends, I have lived here all my life. In this town are fifty taverns and I am proud to say I have never been in one of them."

From the back of the hall came the question, "And which one is that?"

—Cheap

Moitle: "When George and I get married we're going to Bali Bali to see what it's like."

Maizie: "Silly.—Bali News

Prof: "You can't sleep in my class!"

Stude: "If you didn't talk so loud, I could."

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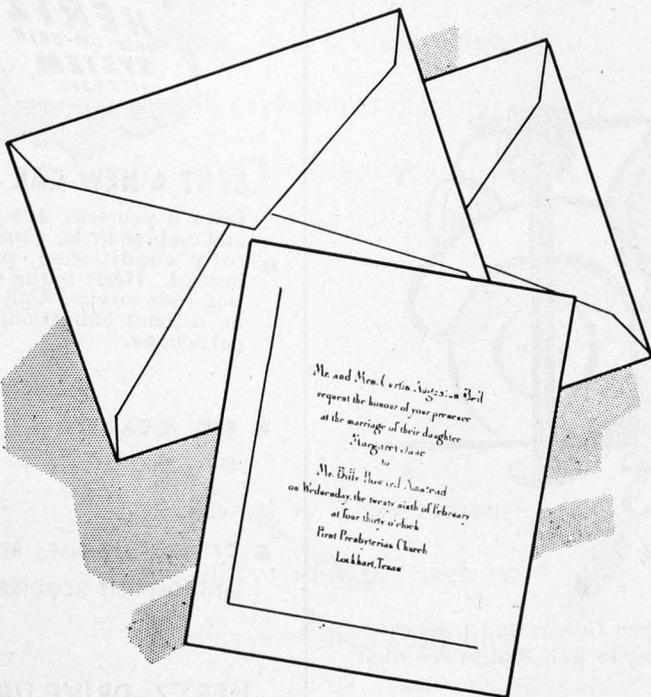
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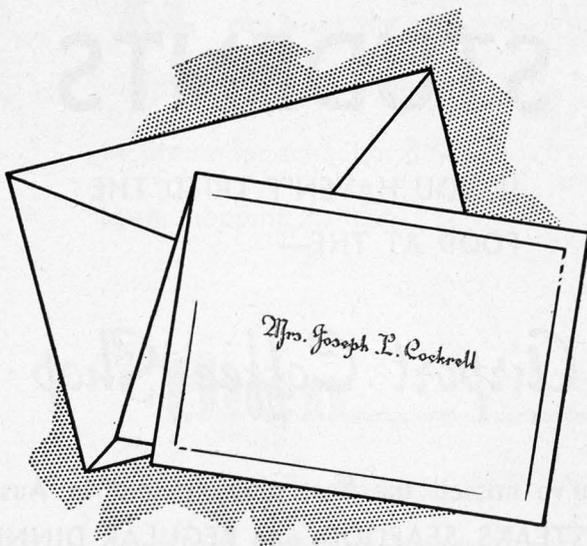
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MUSIC

A rich old maid had a pet mamma cat she never let out of the house. Once she went on a summer cruise and her maid got a cable: Having a wonderful time. Met a swell man. Having dinner and cocktails every night. P. S.—Let the cat out tonight.

The one about the fellow who didn't come home one night and his worried wife wired five of his friends: "Jack hasn't come home. Is he spending the night with you?"

Soon after her husband got home, she received five wires. They all read:

"It's O.K. Jack is spending the night with me."

Shortly after he brought his bride into their new home, he found she had hung a motto on the wall over the beds. It read, "I need thee every hour."

The next night he hung up one of his own which read, "Give me strength."
—Strength

A lady was seated with her little girl in a railway car when a frowzy looking fellow entered the compartment.

A few minutes before the train started the lady, seeing that she would have to travel with an undesirable companion, thought of an excuse to rid herself of him. Leaning forward, she said, "I ought to tell you, my girl is just getting over an attack of scarlet fever, and perhaps—"

"Oh, don't worry about me, madam," interrupted the man. "I'm committing suicide at the first tunnel anyway."

—Collier's

Little Boy: "Teacher, may I leave the room?"

Teacher: "No, Henry, you stay right here and fill up the ink wells."

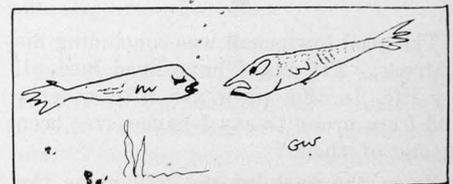
—Scholastic

Smith: "Quite a few of our graduates are working girls."

Vassar: "Well, quite a few of ours are working men."—Peasant

He: "You've a faculty for making love."

She: "Oh, no, just a student body."
—AAUP



"If we could only get out of this cold water."



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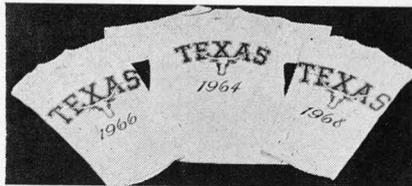
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SCIENCE

Honest Henry Brown was returning answers based upon his family history as the medical examiner went through the long list of questions furnished by the insurance company.

He gave his mother's death at forty-three because of tuberculosis. At what age did his father die? A little past thirty-three. And of what? Of cancer.

"Bad family record," said the doc. "No use going further," and tore up the entry blank.

Impressed by the lesson that one shouldn't make the same mistake twice, Henry Brown applied for a \$10,000 policy in another company.

"What was your father's age at death?" he was asked.

"He was ninety-six," asserted Henry.

"And of what did he die?"

"He was thrown from a pony at a polo game."

"How old was your mother at death?"

"She was ninety-four."

"Cause of death?"

"Childbirth."—Metropolitan Life

In an English army hospital:

"Ullo, Bill."

"Ullo, Alf."

"Come in to die?"

"Naw, yesterdie."—London Times

She: Aren't the stars pretty.

He: I'm in no position to say.

Platonic love is like being invited down into the cellar for a bottle of gingerale.

She: "I finally consulted the college doctor about this craving I have for kisses every time I take a couple drinks."

Friend: "What did he give you?"

She: "A coupla drinks."

Better to love a short man than never to love a tall.—Freshman Handbook.

Brown: Wait a minute, Jones, I'm going to stop in here to buy a new cover for for my typewriter.

Jones: But that's a furrier's.

Brown: Yes, isn't it?

Once upon a time a girl went out riding with a boy. When they were out in the country the car suddenly stopped. The boy hopped out, and in ten minutes, sure enough, he had the darned thing fixed, so that they could get back to the dorm before 10:00.

Moral: Don't go riding with a mechanical engineer.—ME Journal

The professor who comes in late is rare; in fact he's in a class by himself.

—AAUP



"Now smile..."

like you owned a

Nash

"We service all makes"

P. K. WILLIAMS NASH CO.

"On the Avenue"

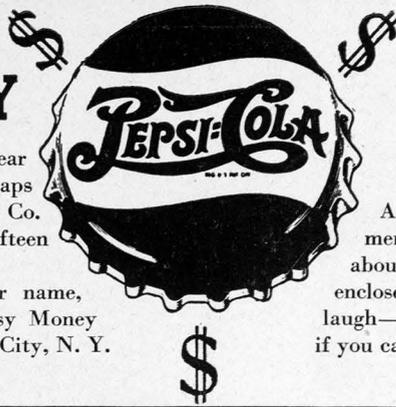
CONGRESS AT SECOND

8-4688

EASY MONEY

If your letters home read like this: "Dear Folk\$, Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t?" then perhaps we can ease the parental burden. Pepsi-Cola Co. will cheerfully send you a dollar... or even fifteen for gags you send in and we print.

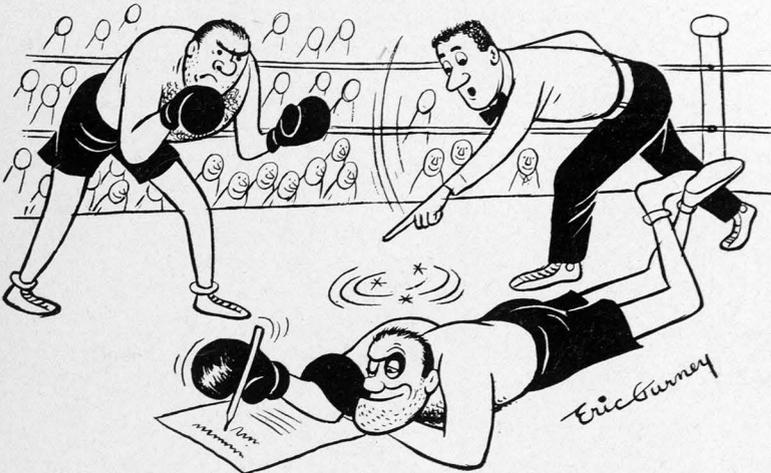
Merely mark your attempts with your name, address, school and class and mail to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y.



DEPARTMENT

All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. As you might imagine, we'll be quite mad if you mention Pepsi-Cola in your gags. (Simply mad about it.) Remember, though, you don't have to enclose a feather to tickle our risibilities. Just make us laugh—if you can. We'll send you a rejection slip... if you can't.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



"... well, as long as I'm down here I'll fill out my entry blank for the Pepsi-Cola 'Treasure Top' Contests."

Got a good line for this gag? Send it in! \$5 each for any we buy (Don't worry about the caption that's already there—that's just our subtle way of reminding you about Pepsi's terrific \$203,725 "Treasure Top" Contests. Latch onto entry blanks at your Pepsi-Cola dealer's today!) Or send in your own cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea—\$15 if you draw it... if we buy it.

January winners: \$15.00 to Philip Gips of the Bronx, N. Y., and to Rosemary Miller of Mary Washington College. \$5 each to Jerry H. O'Neil of Washington University, Jack Marks of Columbus, Ohio, and C. A. Schneyer of New York City.

HE-SHE GAGS

You, too, can write jokes about people. These guys did and we sent them three bucks each for their wit. To wit: Joe Murray of Univ. of Iowa, Bob Prado of the Univ. of Texas, King MacLellan of Rutgers Univ., and Ray Lauer of Cicero, Illinois.

She: Thanks for the kiss.
He: The pressure was all mine.

* * *

He: Yoo-hoo!
She: Shut up, you wolf!
He: Pepsi-Cola?
She: Yoo-hoo!!

* * *

She: What's the best type of investment?
He: Air mail stamps.
She: Why air mail stamps?
He: They're bound to go up.

* * *
She: If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family.

He: (Kisses her).
She: (sighing) Brother!

* * *

Can you do better? We hope so. And we're ready to pay for it. \$3 is waiting. Try and get it!

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

DAFFY DEFINITIONS



\$1 apiece is shamefully sent to C. R. Meissner, Jr. of Lehigh Univ., Bernard H. Hymel of Stanford Univ., T. M. Guy of Davidson College, and Irving B. Spielman of C. C. N. Y. In fact we're almost sorry we did it.

Atlas—a geography book with muscle.
Spot—what Pepsi-Cola hits the.
Paradox—two ducks.
Laugh—a smile that burst.

* * *

Hurry and coin a phrase... you might face some coin. If that isn't easy money, we don't know what is.

LITTLE MORON CORNER



"Yuk, yuk, yuk!" we said when we read this. And promptly peeled off two crisp leaves of cabbage (\$2) for June Armstrong, of the University of Illinois:

"How do you like my new dress?" asked the little moron's girl friend on the night of the Junior prom. "See, it has that new look—with six flounces on the skirt."

"Duuuuh," replied our little hero, "that ain't so great. Pepsi-Cola's got twelve flounces!"

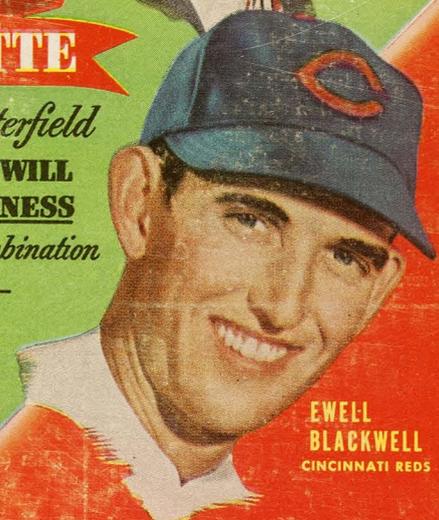
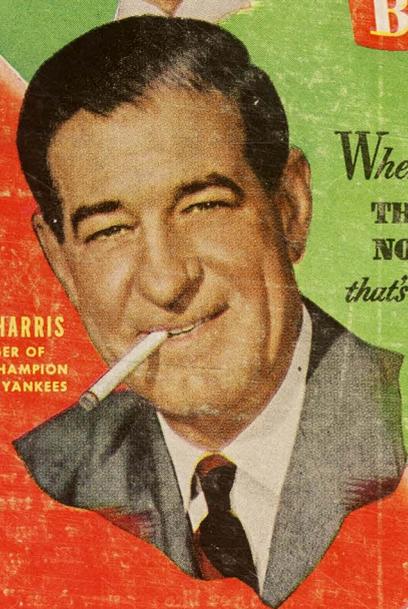
Do you know any little morons? If so, follow them, send us their funny utterances and we'll send you \$2, too. Nothing personal, of course.

TED WILLIAMS
BOSTON RED SOX

STAN MUSIAL
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

BOSTON BRAVE'S
BOB ELLIOTT
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

CHAMPION N. Y. YANKEE'S
JOE DIMAGGIO
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE



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BASEBALL MAN'S
CIGARETTE**

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NOTICE IS THEIR MILDNESS
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They Satisfy