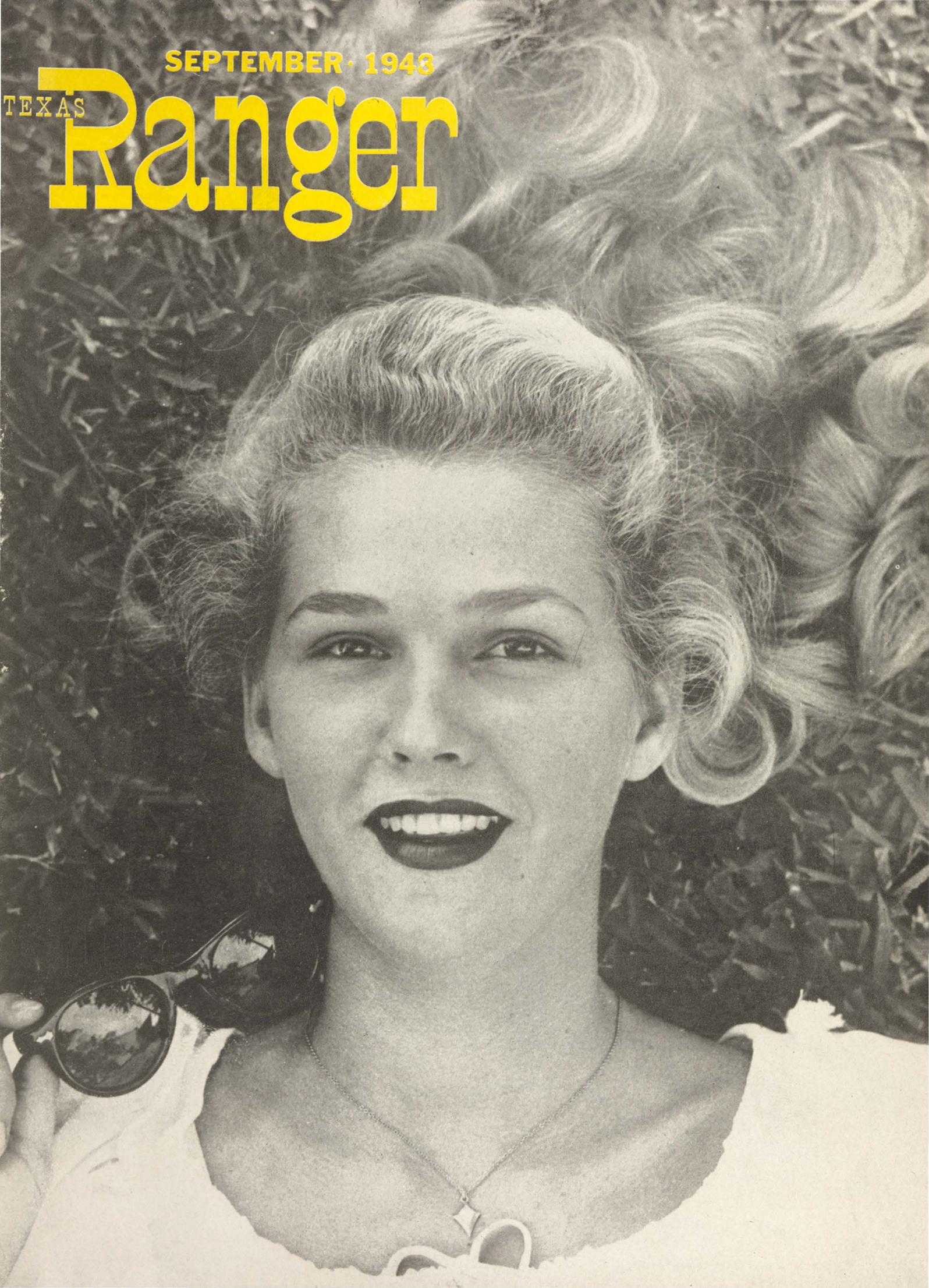


SEPTEMBER · 1948

TEXAS
Ranger



WATCH THAT WING!

Daring BETTY SKELTON calls it "precision flying"—but few men would try it!



LOOK AT THAT! A SLOW ROLL ON THE TAKE-OFF!

THEY SAY SHE'S THE ONLY WOMAN WHO DOES THAT TRICK—AND I DON'T WONDER!



I CAN JUST MAKE OUT THE RIBBONS. WELL—HERE GOES!

BETTY SKELTON'S TOUGHEST STUNT—USING HER WING TIP TO PICK UP TWO SILK RIBBONS—500 FEET APART—EACH STRETCHED BETWEEN TWO POLES, ONLY TEN FEET ABOVE THE GROUND!



SPEED: 130 MILES PER HOUR. ALTITUDE: 10 FEET!

THERE! I GOT THE FIRST RIBBON! NOW IF THE WIND WILL JUST STAY DEAD...

"EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

SAYS BETTY SKELTON, "IN PRECISION FLYING... AND IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE, TOO!"

WITH BETTY—AND MILLIONS OF OTHER SMOKERS—CAMELS ARE THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE."



WHEW! CLEAR ACROSS THE FIELD—ONLY TEN FEET OFF THE GROUND!

NOW SHE'S SCOOPING UP THE SECOND RIBBON WITH HER OTHER WING TIP. WHAT A GIRL!



AH—A CAMEL! I SEE YOU KNOW YOUR CIGARETTES—AS WELL AS YOUR FLYING!

I LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THERE'S NO OTHER CIGARETTE LIKE A CAMEL!

I COMPARED MANY DIFFERENT BRANDS. COOL, MILD **CAMELS** SUIT ME TO A 'T'

Betty Skelton

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!

T for Taste... T for Throat...

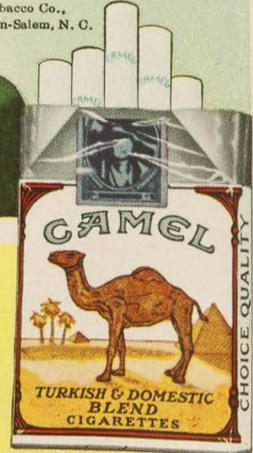
that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

According to a Nationwide survey: **MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING CAMELS THAN EVER BEFORE



THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE

helen

of california



Yaring's

Cutaway jacket with back interest. Satin-striped taffeta cummerbund. Soft, lustrous chamoiskin fabric. Black or brown. 9 to 13.

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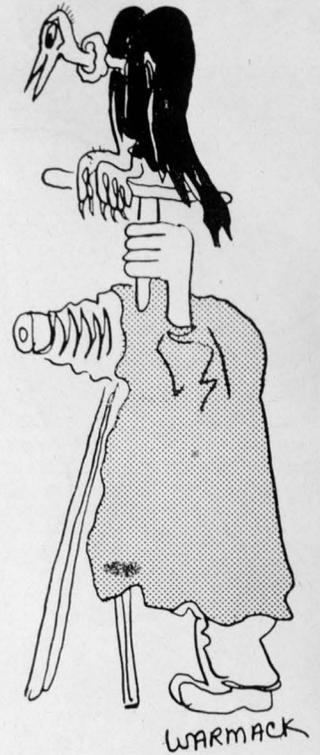
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INN**

friendly student
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DALLAS HIGHWAY

Phone
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"CHIEF attraction"



MOCCASIN

Big chief at whatever you're doing . . . and
heap smart too . . . at making you com-
fortable! By BEVERLY in
BLACK, BROWN or RED ELK.

5.95

Buttreys

West Sixth off Congress
Phone 8-6436

SHOE SALON—
STREET FLOOR

In Boccaccio, it's frankness;
In Rabelais, it's life;
In a professor, it's clever;
But in a college magazine, it's smutty.
—Police Gazette

It is all right to tell a girl that she
has pretty ankles, but don't compliment
her too highly.—Emily Post.

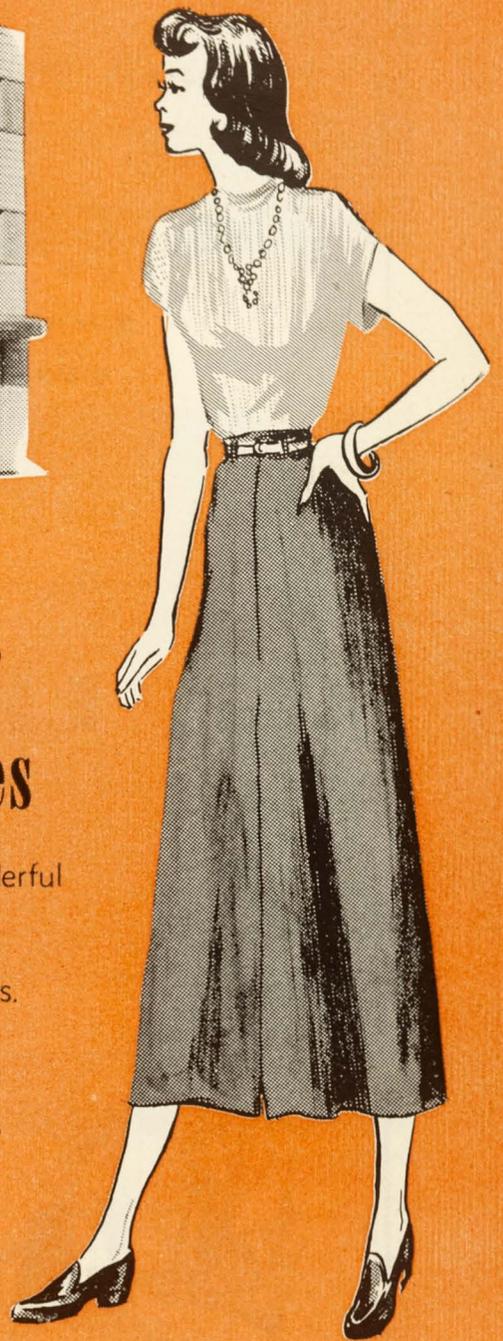
His wife, determined to cure him of
his evil ways, with the aid of a sheet
and an electric torch, transformed her-
self into a fair resemblance of a ghost.
She went in and shook the drunkard.

"Wash that," he murmured.
"This is the Devil," came the answer.
"Shake hands, pal, I married your
sister."—Dante.

Alan Ladd, starred in Paramount's
"Whispering Smith," owns a stable of
horses, also dhrdly etaoi shrdlu etaoi

NOT DIE IN SADDLE

Though Wanda Hendrix at 19 has a
long life expectancy, the amazing new
dramatic star of Paramount's "Now and
Forever" says she'll retire when com-
paratively young rather than shrdlu shr
dlr shrdlu shrdlu shrdlu etaoi etaoi et



It's BUTTREYS for College Bound Clothes

At BUTTREYS you'll find all the wonderful styles for college life . . . tailored school dresses, smart suits and coats, bouffant formals and lovely date dresses.

A Casual Time of California Original. Soft wool jersey in ombre shades of grey and coffee. Sizes 10 to 16.

24.50



Loose-weave all-wool sweater by Brownie in grey, green, brown, aqua and black. Sizes 34 to 38.

7.95

Koret of California all-wool straight skirt, in black or brown. Sizes 12 to 18.

9.95

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Phone 2-4436

FREE DATE BOOKS

There's a free date book waiting for you on our second floor! Just come in, give us your name and we'll put it on the front of your book in gold letters.

"Smash Hit"

- RED
- BLACK
- GREEN
- BROWN
- TAN



9.95

The ever popular Sabot Strap a Johansen Jr.—Exclusive at

LEON'S

SLIPPER SHOP

618 CONGRESS



ONE hour for lunch! Time to enjoy our delicious meats, vegetables . . . appetizing salads, desserts from our tempting variety . . . served in a background of soft music.

TWO AIR-CONDITIONED

MILAM CAFETERIAS

CONVENIENTLY LOCATED

21ST AND WICHITA

8TH AND CONGRESS

An inmate of the lunatic asylum was to be examined for dismissal. The first question he was asked was: "What are you going to do when you get out of here?"

The inmate replied: "I'm going to get me a slingshot and come back and break every damn window in this place."

After another six months in the padded cell, he was again examined, and the same question was put to him.

"Well, I'm going to get a job," was the reply.

"Fine," said the examiner. "And then what?"

"Then I'm going to buy a big car."

"Good."

"And then I'm going to meet a beautiful girl."

"That's wonderful."

"Then I'm going to take her out driving on a lonely road."

"Yes."

"Then I'm going to grab her garter, make a slingshot, and come back here and break every damn window in the place."—Neurotica.

A fraternity had sent its window curtains to the cleaners and there was some delay in having them returned. One morning a note arrived from the girls' rooming house across the street. "Dear Sirs," it read, "may we suggest that you procure curtains for your windows. We do not care for a course in anatomy." The chap who left his shaving to answer the door and receive the note sent back the following answer: "Dear Ladies: This course is not compulsory."—Peek.

Betty Grable entertained a five-year-old niece for a Hollywood week-end. She was in the tub when the little girl entered the bathroom and asked if she could climb into the tub with her. "Come ahead," said Betty, and then noticed that the girl was staring very intently at her.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I am wondering," said the niece, "why is it that I am so plain and you're so fancy."—Happy Hollywood.

It seems that the gate broke down between Heaven and Hell. St. Peter appeared at the broken part of the gate and called to the Devil, "Hey, Satan, it's your turn to fix it this time!"

"Sorry," replied the boss of the land beyond the Styx. "My men are too busy to worry about fixing a mere gate."

"Well, then," growled Peter, "I'll have to sue you for breaking our agreement."

"Oh yeah," said the Devil, "where are you going to get a lawyer?"

—Texas Law Review

BAG PUNCHER

Alan Ladd, starred in Paramount's "The Great Gatsby," keeps in trim by walloping a punching bag each day.

Goodfriends



Congress at 9th

at last! "I've found a place
that caters to me."

It's a statement we've heard often from college girls who are excited to find a store well-stocked with the finest coordinated wearing apparel and accessories. For Goodfriends is synonymous with the finest. This means more than fine merchandise made by really important designers; it means more than a really beautiful store where each department excels in clothes for you. It means a place where the people who serve you are warm and friendly. It's the store where you WANT to shop!

THE TOWER

AUSTIN'S PERSON-
ALITY RENDEZVOUS

U.T. STUDENTS
PAID FOR THIS
ESTABLISHMENT.

You are
Welcome

407 S. CONGRESS
PHONE 2-6382

THE TAVERN

WHERE NEW
AND OLD
FRIENDS
MEET.

12th at Lamar

Phone—
2-3620

HOW HIGH THE SCOFF

For Solvent Students, Our Own Duncan Hines

We want to point out now that these paragraphs probably do not include every good place to eat and be merry in Austin. The establishments mentioned here are personal favorites which we visit whenever we're able, and recommend in varying degrees.

We have the inclination, but not the means, to judge every bistro in Austin. It's getting farther and farther between meals out, and when we do have the price of a check, we tend to go to a place we know and trust. We thought newcomers and others might like to have such a sample itinerary.

Enthusiastic supporters of other eateries, etc., can feel free to call us out to partake of the proof of their particular puddings at the convenience of their pocketbooks.



CHOP HOUSES:

THE HOFFBRAU, 613 West Sixth, won't let you in unless you call (2-0822) and reserve your steak beforehand—and steak's all you can get. One of the secrets of this establishment's success is the mouthwatering wait in the lemonbuttersteak-onion-laden atmosphere before you are served. The place is literally soaked with it, inside and out.

The salads are delicious, if you care to take the keen edge off of an appetite whetted for rare beef, but above all, don't miss the French-fried onions.

Summer nights, try for a table outside; in the winter, the smoky, pungent interior is just right for a chilly night. Inside you can see as well as smell the steaks, weighted down with flatirons, sizzle on the fire.

The Hoffbrau people are very individualistic. They serve from 11:30 until 2 in the afternoons, from 4:30 until 9 evenings, and not at all on Sundays.

A good meal for two will cost around five dollars, or less, if you take water with your steaks. And don't let the prices scare you into coat and tie. You'll look funny among the rest of the clientele, attired functionally in shirtsleeves and loosened belts, if you do. Not that they'll notice.

At **TOONERVILLE**, out on the Dallas highway (5412 Georgetown Road—2-0417) they are proudest of their barbecued shortribs, and justly so. If you like barbecue, you've probably discovered that there's barbecue and bar-b-q. They do it in the traditional manner here, without resort to "smoke-flavored" tomato sauce, et al.

Another nice thing about this place is that you can get a dish of ribs for eighty cents, which leaves twenty cents from a dollar to buy two bottles of milk. Considerably more than you can buy out of a dollar's change lots of places, we've noted.

Last time we were there, the place was crowded with, besides the usual frat boys, people we recognized as faculty members. This may mean something.

No one-dish place this. Besides our favorite above, you can get the usual, and/or a huge wop salad.

At the **SPANISH VILLAGE**, we remember when you could get the finest tacos anywhere (bi-lingual and much-traveled people to the contrary) and at a price which let you eat without a guilty conscience. The Village still serves about the best Mexican food you can find nowadays, we'd imagine, and at about the same price you'd be charged elsewhere. The address is 802 Red River (8-1888), and there's lots of atmosphere, considering that the place started in life as a five-room cottage.

SPANISH VILLAGE NO. 2, across the bridge at 1121 South Congress (8-8461), is owned by its employees on a co-op basis. We mention this for the benefit of the liberal-thinking lovers of good food (of whom we suspect there are too few), and others who might enjoy eating in one of the shadiest patios in town.

KOPEL'S DELICATESSEN, 135 East Sixth, is cramped in behind a doorway leading onto the street, and has hot pastrami sandwiches on rye with beet-colored horseradish and the best-suited accompanying beverages, sometimes quite cold.

Kosher food aficionados and experimenters can try the bortsch with sour cream, or the beer cheese. Even plain vanilla appetites will go for the cheese cake, which comes high at thirty cents a slice, but not considering the ingredients. Sticklers for atmosphere will find that Kopel's has missed the gravy boat. It has a juke box interior of plastic leather, pickled pine, and chrome.

Also on Sixth, 311 West, is **CARUSO'S**, which once specialized in Italian dishes, but which has recently and unhappily emphasized Mexican food on its menu. This inevitably leads to everything tasting like Mexican food for some reason, we've discovered.

We go there for the Michelob, and antipasto. You can have any amount of this last (of either, for that matter), which consists of wedges of cheese, thin slices of salami, anchovies and ripe olives—depending on your hunger at the time. Fifty cents will buy enough, along with crackers and malt rye bread, to make a very presentable snack.

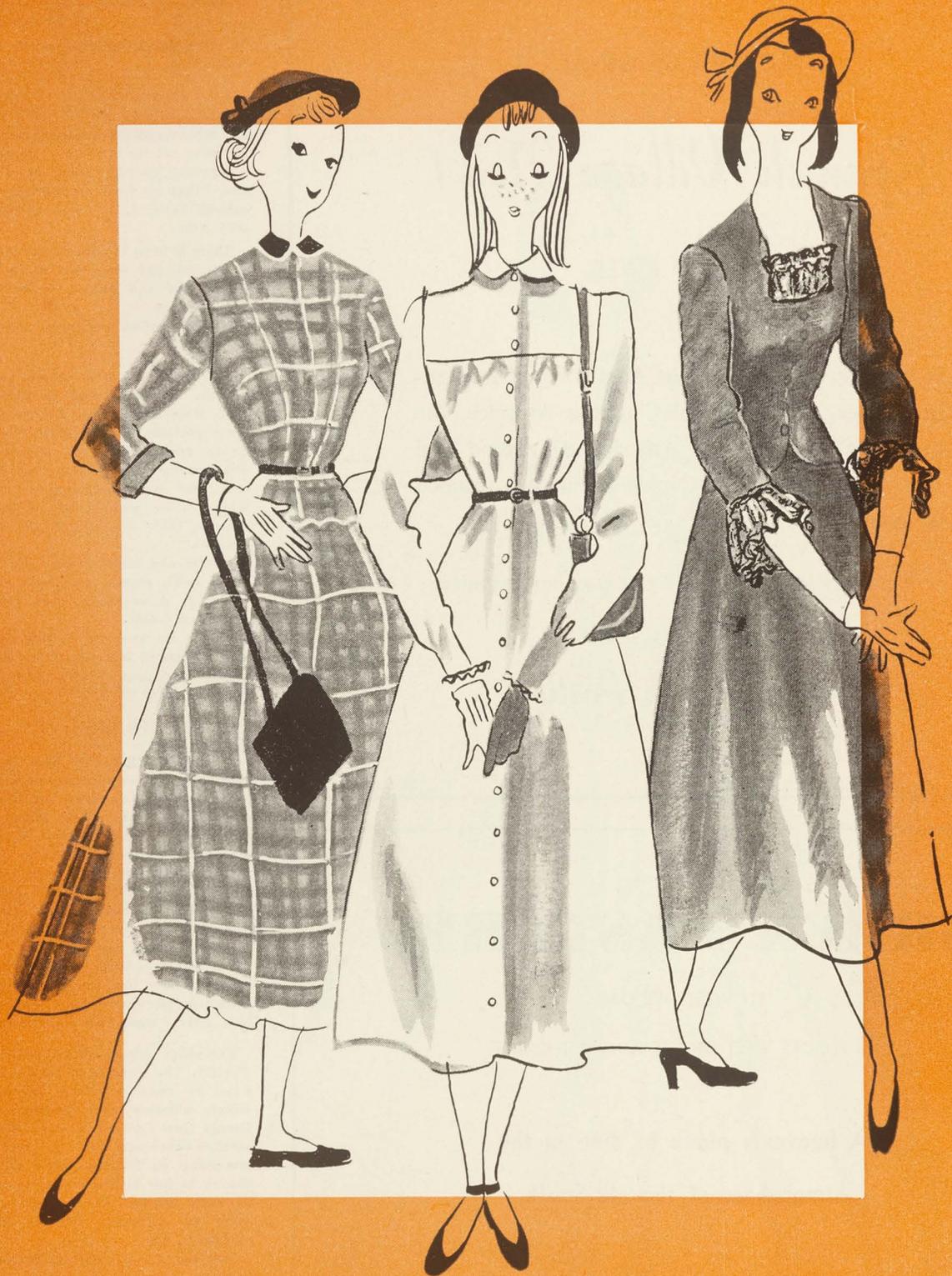
Caruso's has some of the best and best-natured waiters in town, by the way, and we think the proprietor's O.K. (see JAE.)

THE CHICKEN SHACK is out on the Dallas Highway too (5240 Georgetown Road), and is crowded, especially on week-ends, so it doesn't hurt to call beforehand (2-4149) and ascertain table space.

In spite of its hospital atmosphere of tile, chrome and glass (we do not believe that cleanliness necessarily connotes goodness—where food is concerned), the fried chicken is surprisingly good.

They've put the wash-basin part of a bathroom right out among the dining tables, for show-offs, and there are three rather dyspeptic murals, whose one saving quality is that they keep the place from looking completely like an operating theater. One is of some cattle, one a tinted postcard view of the University, and the last of a bright, bright blue pond we'd hazard to be Lake Austin.

Chicken runs under a dollar, everything else
(Continued on page 8)



town and campus fashions

... be it at class, on campus or dates, you'll need all three of these, (left) plaid zepher wool with Peter Pan collar, (center) Classic gabardine in red or green with french cuffs, or (right) rustley faille date dress with french lace trim—all in our college shop at Snyders.



AUSTIN'S ORIGINAL

Spanish Village No. 1

802 RED RIVER

is the only eating place in Austin listed in Duncan Hines, Gourmet, and Courting America, the three eating guides of America. Our food and service must be good. Copied by all but equaled by none.

We serve in the patio if the weather permits.

We Cater to Parties

GREEN PASTURES

811 WEST LIVE OAK

8 BLOCKS WEST OF THE AUSTIN THEATRE

A heavenly place to dine in the atmosphere of the old South.

- "AFTER THE GAME" BUFFET SUPPERS
- SUNDAY NIGHT BUFFET SUPPERS
- WEDNESDAY NIGHT SMORGASBORD
- LUNCHESS AND DINNERS

for reservations call 8-6424

HOW HIGH

(Continued from page 6)

is extra, including good salad, French fries, onions, etc.

Filét mignon fanciers will find them excellent at the AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP. It's a little off the beaten path, being at Municipal Airport, but if you've got the price of a couple of steaks (\$1.75—for one) transportation should offer no difficulties. Filéts are their specialty as far as we're concerned, however, so order anything else at your own risk.

There is little to offer in the way of atmosphere, unless you get some sort of thrill watching airliners land and depart. Inside decor is strictly Fred Harvey.

No reservation necessary, unless you want to fly somewhere.

If you like a place where you can't see the griddle, take your date to GREEN PASTURES (811 West Live Oak). Dinner is served in the front portion of what must have been an early Texas mansion, in an atmosphere which the management refers to as "old South." You can chat with your companion in a very moderate tone of voice, without fear of being disturbed by raucous table chatter or the cackle of "Two steins—."

Service and table settings are efficient and discreet, and a pianist sometimes unobtrusively aids digestion. Reservations, coat and tie are necessary. Call 8-6424.

Dinner for two comes with all the trimmings, and will crowd hell out of five dollars. There are turkey and ham steaks, filéts, and chicken—Southern fried, of course.

COFFEE HOUSES:

EISENBEISER'S, 1500 East Twelfth (3146), has absolutely the most comfortable chairs anywhere, and a don't-give-a-damn attitude about opening and closing hours. These things, along with its cool, dim, cave-like interior in the summertime, the heat from the big stove in the middle of the floor in the winter, and walls lined with ancient posters like "ITUWUBAD?" and Robert E. Lee on horseback huckstering for Mint Springs Bourbon, give the place a mellow character only time and conviviality can bestow.

For all its settled, time-stands-still quality, so restful after the sometimes noisily immature goings-on elsewhere, don't plan on staying very long after 7 p.m. They close early.

Everybody knows the TAVERN at 922 West Twelfth. The number is 2-3620, in case you ever want to have a friend paged. The amplifier merely whispers when the place is full, however. George (just George) manages the place, will cash checks—once—and has the singular quality of remaining on friendly terms with even the customers he has to throw out regularly on the first of each month. Anyone will admit that this takes an extremely likeable man. Takes nice customers, too.

You can get an order of Roquefort cheese and crackers here, or great big hamburgers for a quarter, which come with a distinctive dressing reminiscent of the famous Brockle's—unusual on a hamburger, to say the least.

SCHOLZ', at 1607 San Jacinto (8-2048), is the only place around which has a "true" biergarten atmosphere. Also there is a rather thin bock, and an even thinner variety of the plain on tap, at prices higher than most, considering what you get.

Probably only one customer out of ten has ever stopped to think about it, but Scholz' has food, too. The wienerschnitzel is fine, and inexpensive, and this is one of the remaining places in town where the dish can be had. There are also electronic hot dogs, for unhungry novelty seekers or fascinated engineers who order them like crepes-suzette, with a flourish, to impress their dates. The service could be much better.

(Continued on page 10)

Alex Ferris

CLOTHES BEAUTIFUL
131 WEST 7th STREET



a Nanty original
in white net
with silver thread
trim.

THE STECK COMPANY

will be happy to assist you in the preparation and planning of—

- INVITATIONS
- PROGRAMS
- ANNOUNCEMENTS
- PERSONAL STATIONERY

The facilities of a complete engraving and printing establishment are at your disposal to render you efficient service on all of your requirements for social and personal stationery. The Steck Company will appreciate the privilege of serving you.

THE STECK COMPANY

205 WEST NINTH

7-4411

SOCIAL STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
STREET FLOOR



TOONERVILLE

FAVORITE OF UNIVERSITY
STUDENTS FOR 20 YEARS

FEATURING:

Barbecued Ribs
Wop Salads
Steaks
Hamburgers
Fountain Drinks

Air Conditioned
Dining Room

5412
GEORGETOWN ROAD

Curb Service

HOW HIGH

(Continued from page 8)

ICEHOUSES:

You can dance at the TOWER, just across the bridge on South Congress (407, 2-6382), and it'll only cost half a rock taxi fare to get there—from the University district. Jazz lovers should catch the Sunday afternoon jam sessions scheduled to start September 19. Thirty cents per person week nights, sixty on Saturdays.

The AVALON (6200 Georgetown Road, 2-9331) and VARSITY INN (6208 Georgetown Road, 2-0477) are both out on the Dallas Highway. Both cost an even buck to get to (and from, by the way) from the University neighborhood.

Avalon charges the usual thirty and sixty cents covers, and on Sundays you can hear live music—as distinguished from records, that is—for a buck and a quarter.

The Varsity Inn charges fifty cents a couple week nights, a dollar Saturdays. No stags. It's intriguing here to watch your date's face change color as lights from the Wurlitzer flit across the table.

Don't take a cab to CEDARCREST LODGE—it's seven miles (their measure) out the Bee Cave Road. If it's not all you could ask romantically, at least it's a change. Until you get inside. Call 2-1902 for reservations and a road map before you leave. Watch the drive back. It's a tough one several UT parties haven't completed.

If you're feeling expansive, probably around the first of the month, you can go to the YACHT HARBOR (9397). This place is across Lake Austin. Dates love the boat rides (at \$1.00 per couple round trip) or you can drive around: go out the Barton Springs Road, past Zilker Park, take a right at Chandler's store (the one with the Gulf pumps) onto Bee Creek Road and eventually you get to the west side of Lake Austin.

There is no cover except Saturdays, and that is \$1.20 a pair. Yacht Harbor is located at water level; upstairs is Cliff House (8-0253), and it'll cost you dinners for two to get in there. Dinners run up to three dollars, but there is no cover, if that helps.

Swimming is listed as a part of the divertimento at these lakeside bistros, but the only swimming we've seen done there (we go out after the sun sets) was of a more or less casual type, performed in full dress by a character or two who were the better for a dunking in cold lake water.

ONE THING about Austin nighteries is this: if you were led blindfolded into a, and the blindfold was removed, you probably wouldn't know which one you were in.

As a matter of fact, there's little difference between Austin nite clubs and others in Texas. All feature quick-melting ice made to a similar formula.

THE Marie Antoinette



Our "hug-me-tight" bright jacket suit with the whirlaway skirt in fine pinwale corduroy is a campus natural. Can be worn as a suit or a dress—and the skirt is a perfect teammate for sweaters and blouses. Red, green, yellowstone, or brown. Sizes 10 to 16.

17⁹⁵

A LETTER from two ex-students came to us in the summer which is a better travel story than most. The writers were strangers to us, but they felt a certain spiritual attachment to our cause because of a curious incident which happened to them in Mexico.

While motoring along a Mexican highway, the two were halted by several representatives of the local constabulary who apparently were rather insistent that the students pay a 200 *peso* fine for violating the traffic code.

Building and were confronted by a glossy, jazzy, jet-black door in the jamb of J.B. 5.

When they had left in their customary late-afternoon stupors the Friday before, that door had been more or less like its neighbors in the J. Bldg., painted tenement tan (a shade much favored by University requisitioners) and scribbled up with the usual lewd pencilings, etc. Ours, of course.

We aren't embarrassed by people who stand around and stare.

minute she was on stage. Her expressions of disgust or bewilderment while other members of the cast recited were great.

A rather impromptu Curtain Club program was one of the nicer bits of entertainment this summer, and it's too bad more people couldn't have seen it. Directed by Tommy Ribbink (who wrote "A Man Will Do You Wrong" and other TSO music), it featured another of Tommy's very fine primitive dance ensembles. Tommy is off to Yale this year.

But back to Miss Osborne. Lee fulfilled a scheme which has been in the minds of the Curtain Clubbers for years when she climbed stolidly up a ladder during this program, ostensibly to fix the stage lights, and disappeared into the proscenium. The ladder was removed and the program went on, interrupted intermittently by Lee's leg dangling, searching vainly for the ladder at first, and later, with a white kerchief clutched between the toes, signalling for help. This, in case any of your Drama Department friends mention the phrase, is the "ladder routine." Lee did it with a sprained ankle. The show must, etc.

just about **Everything**

Not having the price of the fine, the boys learned that the only other alternative was a room in jail. In the tradition of American resourcefulness, the students hastily concocted a story for the police which had as its basic theme the idea that they were American law enforcement officers themselves, having just left the great State of Texas for a short vacation. Needing proof to substantiate their claims, one of the travellers began a hasty search through his wallet for some means of clinching the hoax. Suddenly, he produced a small, orange card and thrust it upon the officers.

To quote our friends, "... the cops began scraping the ground, and from then on we were masters of our own fate."

The magic ducat which had freed them was a *Ranger* subscription card.

STAFF member came tearing into the office earlier this summer with a copy of the local downtown paper in his hands—one of his hands. With the other he was frantically untying his tie, a sharp one we thought, of a nice loud scarlet.

He accomplished this without choking himself and having uttered no explanation, contortedly began to obliterate the Texas Ranger painted in bright red poster colors on the door.

Came to find out the cause of all this activity was a headline he'd choked on over his morning coffee:

**RED SIFT TO HIT
COLLEGE, MAGAZINES**

Our man had missed the comma.

Perhaps this is the place to say the Ranger office has acquired—you should pardon it—a new look.

Our comrade hacks were jolted out of their customary mid-morning stupors one recent Monday when they entered the basement entrance of the Journalism

WE'RE going to talk mostly about Miss Lee Osborne here. Lee has had several good small parts in Drama Department productions during the last two years and has grown steadily in our esteem and, to coin a phrase, has become first in the hearts of those countrymen who saw *George Washington Slept Here* at Hogg Auditorium during the second week of August.

Her delivery of some really punchy lines from the play was excellent in timing and accentuation, but more fun than listening was watching her act every



wolvin

In a scene from "George Washington Slept Here," Lee Osborne, in newly-purchased country home, inquires of husband Tommy Jones, "You mean to tell me you've bought this out-house?"

RADIO chiller writers have a way of shocking the husk of life, leaving only the kernels exposed.

One of our favorite bits of dialogue was heard recently during a production titled simply "Dread." A creaky-voiced adolescent, addicted to worrying about the apparent loss of his father's affection, is shot during a hunting trip with pater and winds up in a hospital. Suspecting the worst, the boy accuses his father of the unfriendly deed.

The mystery writer then put these words into the mouth of the suspect father: "But son, it couldn't have been me. You were shot with a .22 caliber rifle. And you *know* I never use anything but a .30-.30."

ALL is not conviviality and commissions for advertising salesmen. One of our *Ranger* salesmen approached a prospective advertiser in the summer and began his usual glib proposition. At the words "buy advertising space" this restaurant proprietor grew violent and threatened our man with mayhem unless he immediately withdrew himself from the premises. The salesman, not one to risk permanent disfigurement for a few lousy dollars, hastily withdrew.

The salesman smiled wryly a few days later while reading the first draft of our *How High the Scoff* column. For there, the old man had been described by our gourmet as "one of the kindest old gentlemen in town."

THE linotype operators who each night set up the type for *The Daily Texan* must of necessity read every word of every story which appears on your doorstep the next morning, but they are paid well for their work.

Perhaps this accounts for the good-natured tolerance with which they regard some of the undergraduate efforts that they must convert to lead slugs.

Occasionally, however, a story comes down to these patient pressmen, at least one of whom has a master's degree in journalism, which breaks down even their passive indifference. The comment produced is often far better and more pertinent than anything which ever gets into the paper. We think it deserves recognition.

The following, from a feature story eulogizing a departing editor of the *Texan*, piqued one operator into composing a poem which he appended to the story and sent back to the editor:

According to Cecil Hodges' mother, the outgoing *Daily Texan* editor decided on his vocation at an early age. He had just passed the 4-year mark when he examined a newspaper closely one day, looked solemnly at his mother, and said, "Momma, I'm gonna be a newspaper man."

He was holding the "newspaper" upside down.

Since then Hodges has accomplished two things—he is a first-class newspaperman, and he knows which end should be up.

The linotyper's paraphrased reaction to the story reads as follows:

Prologue

*Backward! Turn backward,
Oh time, in thy flight,
Make me a child again,
Just for tonight.
Make me a rosy-cheeked
Infant, newborn,
For an adult can't stomach
Much more of this corn.*

WHAT with hairtrims up to a whole dollar, we thought we should investigate these new gadgets which are supposed to cut your hair for free. They look like a comb with a razor blade screwed on. In fact, that's what they are.

It's called the STA-NEET Home Barber, and we hear they were all sold out the day the new price of haircuts was announced. New shipments are expected in, though. The literature which goes with these gadgets makes it sound pretty simple, but Item 3 in the instructions is a puzzler.

"Use rapid up and down strokes . . . cuts better and cleans teeth," it says, verbatim.

"One Home Barber and a tube of Pepsodent, please?"



Kappa Sig pledges prepare the front yard for fall picking. In good years, it pays almost all the glass breakage bills.

IT has been said, and even bitterly, that our student publications offer no space to the "conservative" side of the question—any question.

The *Ranger* herewith refutes such talk, by publishing parts of what is as clearly a conservative statement as we've seen. One of our staff members found it on his father's desk.

It is couched in brisk, straightforward, non-shilly-shallying language, unadorned with irrelevant passages from the Constitution, or diverting references to great white patriots.

In short we believe the below to be a banner behind which all Dixiecrats,

states-righters, Ku Kluxers, and passive intolerants can rally with no bickering.

FOR WHITE MEN AND WOMEN EVERYWHERE

For the sake of our COUNTRY and the SOUTH I plead that you READ the following:

In 1944 genuine Democrats made the first serious move to eliminate from the real Democratic Party the alleged Negro-LOVING, pink and red MONGRELS who FALSELY called themselves Democrats—True, we were whipped and humiliated and on election day 1944 real Democrats found themselves with no place to go. **BUT, THE SEED OF OUR STRENGTH HAD BEEN PLANTED!**

On Thursday, January 29, 1948, senior U. S. SENATOR JAMES EASTLAND of Mississippi told a joint session of both houses of the Mississippi legislature that "THE SOUTH HAD ITS BACK TO THE WALL," and that unless we defended the real Democratic Party we would soon be completely governed by a collection of "MONGRELS."

If you are tired of the threat of FEPC—sick of the Wallaces, Han-negans, McGraths and Peppers—wary of the C.I.O. and the Reds who want to MARRY us into the WILLING ARMS of the Negro! You can now do something about it before it is too late!

Your political leaders are waiting to HEAR FROM YOU—if you fail it will not be their fault. "THE HOPE OF THE NATION RESTS WAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE!"

Cordially, John U. Barr
P.O. Box 86—New Orleans 6, La.



● With an intricate set of fun house mirrors, BOB BAIN, our staff photographer, was able to shoot this picture of himself. Bob will be in charge of the Student Publications' new darkroom this year. His expert know-how and new Speed Graphic camera were responsible for the cover shot and most of the other pictures in the September *Ranger*.

Where Youth
Meets Experience

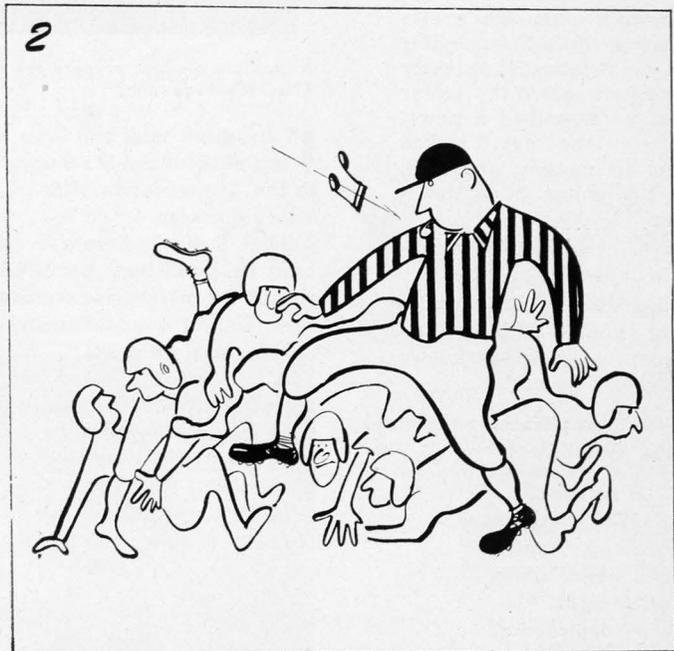
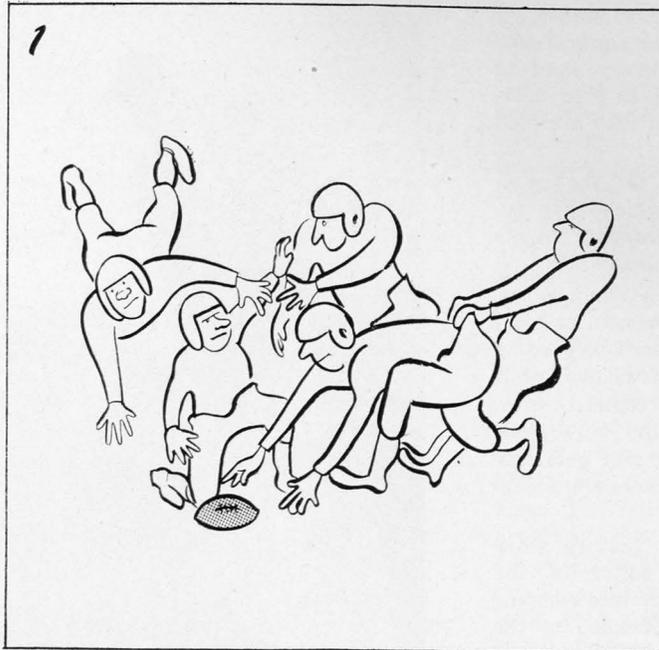
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24th and Guadalupe

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24th and Guadalupe

TEXAS RANGER

SEPTEMBER



Ann Tynan, sweetheart of the University, shook the grass out of her hair (see cover) and rode to the observation tower for this picture. In the background is Bible's Folly where Ann expects to see many a tussle this fall.

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Ben Jeffery: associate editor
Bill Bridges: managing editor
Bill Yates: cartoon editor
George Warmack: humor editor
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John Bustin: jazz columnist
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DULL IN THE SUN 19



22 ROY BEDICHEK



BAREFOOT 24



25 FALL FASHIONS



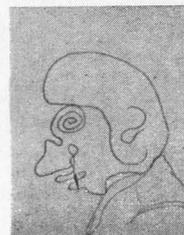
FRIENDLY CITY 28



30 BLUE ICE

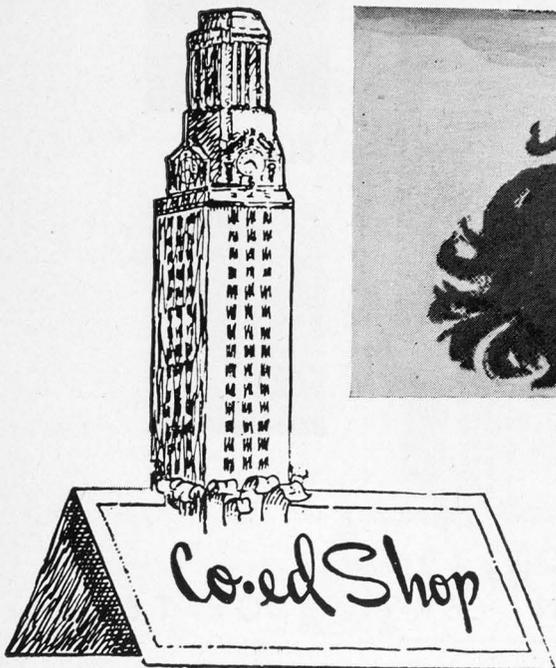
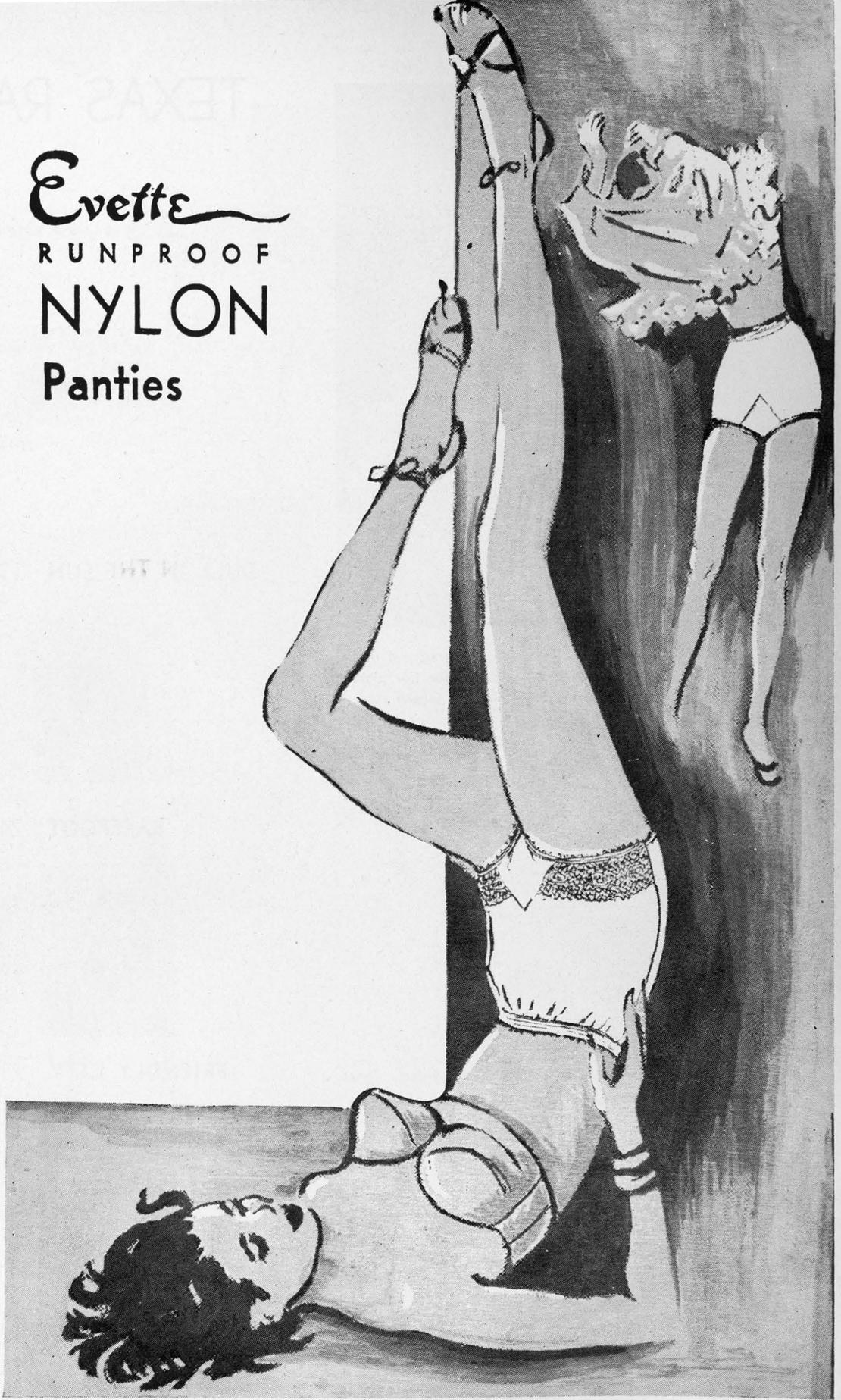


KNEE DEEP 32



THE STUDENT MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

TEXAS RANGER
Evetts
RUNPROOF
NYLON
Panties



24th and Guadalupe



In addition to a date (8) who looks good in bright sunlight, the UT spectator sport arms himself with other items of comfort for making sun-baked Texas stadiums more homelike: (1) binoculars, (2) plastic cushion (two-place), (3) rain hat, (4) pennant, (5) umbrella, (6) sun-tan lotion, (7) sun cap with goggles, (8) lady, (9) tickets, (10) blanket

taxes, (11) program, (12) sun glasses, (13) raincoat, (14) paper cups, (15) picnic jug, and (16) portable radio. War-developed devices such as relief tubes are still on planning boards for frustrated fans who must sit on top rows of new super stadiums.

DULL IN THE SUN

FOOTBALL games, to a majority of fans who crowd into stadia all over the nation Saturday afternoons, mean bundling into warm woollens to fortify against chilling winds and sub-freezing temperatures.

Not so in much of the South and Southwest where the sun often keeps thermometers in the 80's and 90's until Thanksgiving or later.

Texas football habitues have, therefore, adopted a functional mode of attire for such sweltering gatherings. Women wear light blouses and skirts, while men appear in shirt-sleeves.

To supplement this brief, casual attire, however many far-sighted UT students frequently add certain accoutrements which will insure them against any eventuality.

Autumnal thundershowers are likely to appear without warning, hence a full set of rain togs is needed. Sun-tan

lotion will prevent bad burns for those who ordinarily lead rather cloistered lives. The ever-increasing distance between players and spectators in our modern amphitheaters make binoculars a must for fans really interested in seeing the game.

Too, the desert-like climate invariably stimulates an unquenchable thirst for favorite beverages conveniently prepared in a thermos jug. And a portable radio makes it possible to follow several other games simultaneously.

To these, the fastidious may add numerous other refinements such as inflatable air cushions, sun caps with built-in goggles, umbrellas, and sun glasses.

Yet it's not as simple as it sounds. Someone has to lug all this equipage to the game and back. To follow the trials of one UT student and his Saturday date, see next page.



Student ices up picnic jug containing restoratives for use during three-hour sunbath.



Date hangs last item of equipment on student as he braces himself for trek from auto to stadium.



To avoid gametime rush, student insists on arriving early. Date points to reserved seats on shady side of stadium which she shared with rich ex last year.



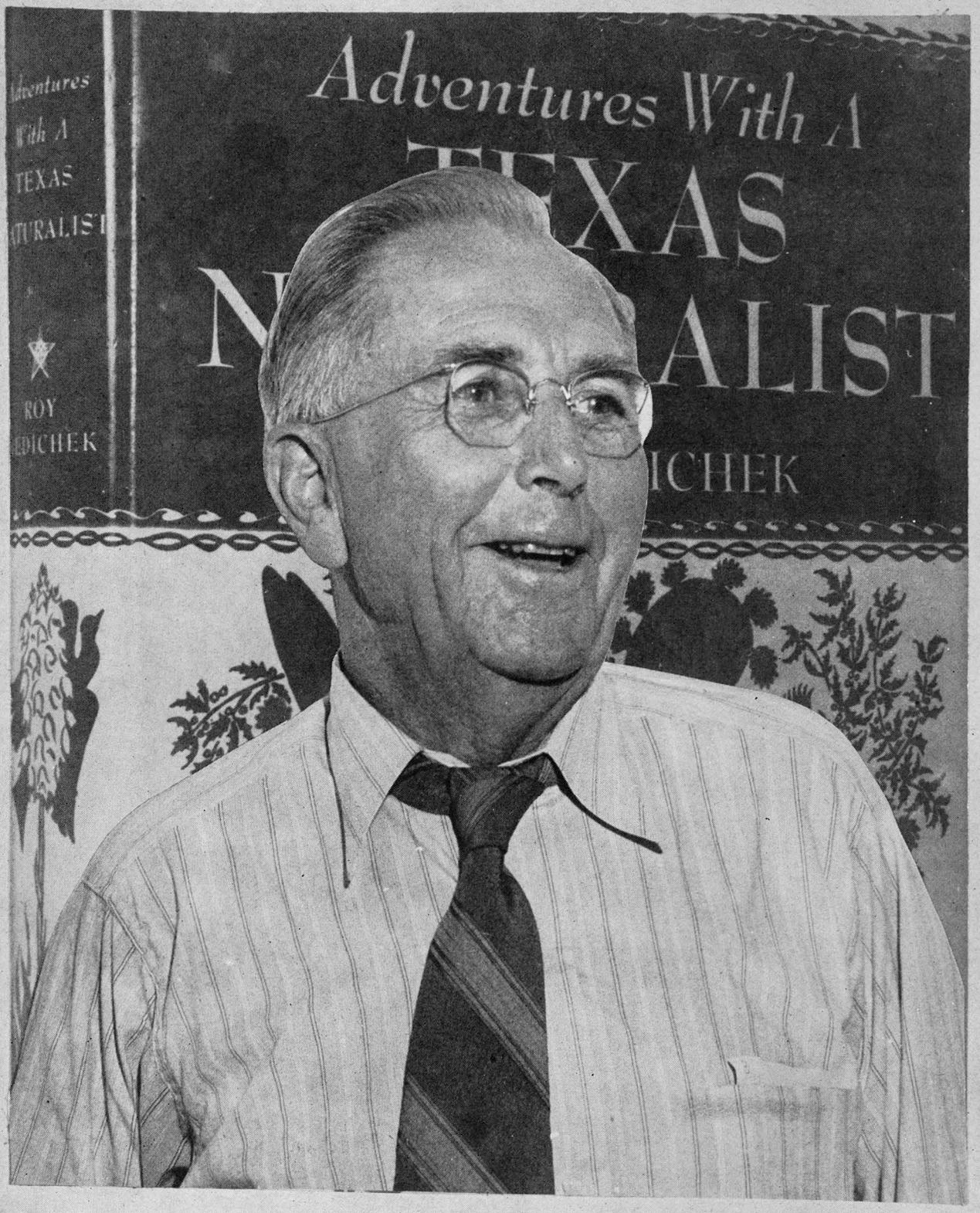
WHILE OTHER FANS LEAP AND SCREAM, WEARY STUDENT SUCKS ICE CUBE AND GLUMLY CONTEMPLATES STERN OF MAN TO FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALICE KING AND BOB BAIN

thousand words on Roy Bedichek, the sort
is to tell you how he seems
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Bedichek will turn to
burning stumps.

*Sincerely
Walter Prescott Webb*

A LETTER FROM WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB CONCERNING

ROY BEDICHEK:

"Adventures with a Texas Naturalist"

has brought him international recognition. Admiration for this great Texan and humanitarian runs so high that we thought you might like to read what an old friend has to say about him.

DEAR FLOYD: You ask me to do a thousand words on Roy Bedichek, the sort of person he is. Well, all I can do is to tell you how he seems to me. To others he may seem something else, or somebody else entirely. The first time I recall him he was a lank form hanging over the reporters' table recording the great drama of a colorful Texas governor's impeachment. He told me he reported this affair, and it may be that I now imagine I saw him there. It is the sort of thing he would have delighted in doing in his earlier rambunctious days, something I would have been glad to see him do, at least once, in my own later days.

My first contact with him was in San Antonio a year later when he was editor of *The San Antonio Express* and I was a history teacher in the high school. I had just had a row with the superintendent and I had to make the choice between firing the superintendent or quitting in order to preserve my self-respect. My compassion for the superintendent, as well as a modicum of caution, led me to seek another job. What better than working for a great newspaper? And so I found myself in the office of one Roy Bedichek who was just as lanky and sardonic and cynical as he was in Austin at the impeachment trial. To me he was very kind. He did not give me a job but he did give me a long and not unconvincing lecture on why no young man in a hurry should ever tie up with the newsgathering game. His interest in me was such that he positively refused to give me a job, or to encourage me in any way to believe that I deserved one or could hold it.

Later we both turned up at The University of Texas. Many years went by before our casual acquaintance developed into a close friendship, and that came so gradually that I do not recall how it began. I do recall that when I was writing *The Great Plains*, I wanted Bedichek to read the manuscript, thinking that his knowledge of the classics and good literature would make him a fair judge of history. Finally I asked him if he would read it, and he said, "Hell no, I have to read all the time and I can't take on any more." This time he did not give me a free lecture, but he did change the subject so as to get my mind on something that would not involve him in hard work, or for that matter work of any sort. He is very skillful in such matters.

At the University Bedichek had charge of the Interscholastic League and developed it into the largest organization of its kind in the world. Those who know him best are convinced that his success in this respect has been something of his misfortune. Certainly it is not the thing he talks about when he is in a conversational mood. Though Bedi might deny it, his heart is not in athletics, football games, or in the Biblical birth record of a thirty-year-old high school champion whose true age has been discovered by the rival coach. He made his living organizing contests, mainly in athletics, hearing squabbles, overruling lawyers and bankers, exposing forgeries of birth records in the family Bible, and making himself generally unpleasant to all who stood in the way of clean sport. It was a tough fight, and on at least one occasion his head was called for by one who almost had the authority to take it. Yes, Bedi made his living in athletics,

but he did his living—real living—in another and very distant realm.

His real loves are three: literature, nature and conversation. Bedichek is probably among the best read men in the classics in Texas. Homer, Plato, Aristotle, and of later vintage Walt Whitman and Thoreau have been his constant companions. He is saturated with good literature and that explains why his meager writings—represented thus far by one book—are so rich in quality. To him literature has real meaning, and is not something out of which to chisel a puny little thesis for puny little people. One not infrequently hears informed people say "Too bad that Bedi could not have the opportunity to lecture on literature to the youth of Texas."

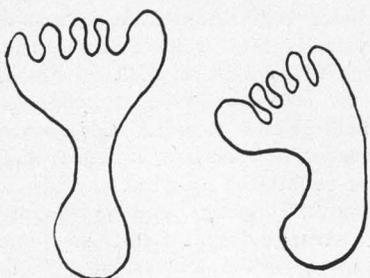
His devotion to nature is an integral part of his love of literature. His real living came when he slung his field glasses over his shoulder, tucked a bird book into his pocket and set off for the wild spots where feathered creatures are to be seen and heard. From early youth he had pursued this hobby, and had kept records such as the field naturalist has always kept. By this process of observation he learned things not written in books, filled his mind with rich lore from the forest and field. Such a life, filled with athletics by day, classical literature by night, and the half-hidden beauties of nature on vacation gave him no time for courses, lectures, theses, and so-called scholarly articles. How fortunate! There is nothing in his record that would make him a distinguished professor, but there is much in it that makes him distinguished and distinctive among professors. His third quality, which may be a gift, is his ability as a conversationalist. He is, to quote my good colored friend, Abe Cartwright, the best single-handed talker I know. Back of this conversation is a rugged intellectual force that projects his ideas with high velocity. It is rather amusing to see him turn loose his liberal ideas—it must be confessed at all hazards that he is a liberal—in a conservative or reactionary group. But before I lose all conservative readers I hasten to add that Bedi does not inflict his views on people. His conversation is best when related to his own experiences as editor and homesteader in New Mexico or wandering student in England and Europe. And he never has it so good as when he talks about dogs. The quality of his narrative is lusty and full of zest. He rarely repeats himself, and gives marvelous variety to a retold story, such that the hearer has only a vague sense of having heard it before. Above all, Bedi's mind is not like a river system where all ideas and topics are tributary to one obsession.

Of course, such a man has faults. He is a preaching but not a practicing vegetarian. Like a great many intellectuals, he is physically lazy. I have tried unsuccessfully for years to get him to do a little work on my place where he has sojourned on occasion. When I bring the subject up, he slings his field glasses towards the horizon and sets off towards it in search of humming birds, armadillos and that strange breed of rabbits he heard of one Christmas when we were vacationing in the Big Bend. When he finds just on the horizon the strange rabbit Bedichek will turn to useful work such as piling brush and burning stumps. Sincerely, Walter Prescott Webb.



A smile plays about the lips of UT's student body president.

BAREFOOT SANDERS



HAROLD BAREFOOT SANDERS JR. looks about as much like an Indian as Tom Dewey looks like a farmer, but because of his unique middle monicker, he often has to explain to the curious that he is one-thirty-second Cherokee.

He is always formally addressed by acquaintances as Barefoot, so his Indian story comes as quite a shock to the newly-initiated who had thought of the title as nothing more than one of those accidental names picked up in childhood.

But unlike so many nicknames which act as impediments in adult life, this particular Christian name was parlayed into a winning campaign stunt by Sanders when he was elected president of the Students Association last spring. Many of his signs bore no trace of a name—simply two large footprints.

Barefoot is a 23-year-old mid-law student from Dallas. His head is topped with a rather unkempt shock of rust-red hair and his face is covered with the king-size variety of freckles.

During the war, a Navy Commodore once stopped eating long enough to glance at Barefoot, who was waking from an unscheduled snooze on the wardroom couch. Studying his countenance carefully for a moment, the flag officer said, "If I had a man like you, I'd sand him and scrub him."

Even before the war, Barefoot had succeeded in climbing to that post reserved for the loudest and most vigorous campus extrovert—head yell leader. He was elected in the spring of 1943, but entered the Navy a few months later and missed his chance to lead Texas' always somewhat disorganized cheering section. As soon as he returned from service, however, he was again elected to the job. His gravel-voiced pleadings for cooperative chants from students (to let the UT team know their struggles were not going unnoticed) seemed successful.

Perhaps it was this flair for showmanship that encouraged him to try his Round-Up Rodeo in 1947. With Pete Sublett, another student, Barefoot promoted this affair, investing about \$11,000 to stage a western extravaganza the week-end of UT's annual spring homecoming.

When it rained the day the show was to open, he was apprehensive. But when the first horse in the chute chose to jump completely over the gate, landing on his head and sending the rider sprawling, he was horrified. Luckily, the non-fatal goring of a photographer was the only other untoward event, and after the last performance, the gate receipts closely approximated the initial outlay. However, Barefoot still flinches when a horse neighs.

Summer before last, he stuffed \$210 in his pocket and thumbed his way from Dallas to San Jose, Costa Rica. He and his traveling companion, Gillette Berger, walked and rode through six Central American countries, covering almost 4,000 miles in two months. In Guatemala City, his conservative nature was rudely shocked. Walking into a bar with month-old beards, the students were immediately denounced as "*Communist*" by the native patrons as they hurriedly vacated the place. Barefoot got home with three cents and an expanded vocabulary.

Since it is the duty of Texas' student body president to preside at many official and some unofficial University affairs of state, there has been a high mortality rate among presidents, several of whom have been unable to pass courses and at the same time shake as many hands as is required. Barefoot, however, is pretty determined to complete his law degree on time, and feels that he can successfully merge the two jobs.

Several of his closest friends say he'll end up in the governor's chair. Could be—he hasn't lost a political race yet.

—F.W.

FASHIONS



• Alice King, photographer, and Jane White, model, went over to the Architecture Building patio early one hot Sunday morning this summer to make these fashion pictures.

They thought they would have the place to themselves, but architecture students apparently neither sleep nor grow incurious, because two of them steadily watched the proceedings as Jane slipped into one costume, then another, for thirty-five pictures. She never did discard the bathing suit she wore, though. Even for the pajama shots.

Alice and Jane had previously spent a whole ecstatic afternoon, gleefully combing Austin stores for clothes, which were lent free by enthusiastic *couturiers*. Other girls will find a middleman helps, preferably a wealthy one.

Another help will be a figure like Jane White's, who is a perfect 14 Alice reports. Christian Dior says that it's not the new look any more, but the *silhouette*, and you girls know what that means.

Dior has also raised your skirt an inch and a half. And that helps, too. Before, we were afraid that girls determined to cheat *a la Ranger*, by tucking notes into their stocking tops, were going to be seriously threatened with suffocation when they drew back on their billowing folds of skirt for a peek.



The door of the office blew open one day last summer and there stood a young lady who had been coolly studying its motif moderne.

A quick exchange of pleasantries disclosed that she had a Rolleiflex camera with which she often took pictures. She does, and very fine ones too.

Her shots for our "Fashion" and "Girl of the Month" pages should show you why we chose ALICE KING as our picture editor.

depwe

FASHIONS

DURING THE HUNTING SEASON,
YOU'LL NEED THIS PURPLE AND BLACK TWEED COAT FOR STALKING.

THE BERET IS BLACK VELVET.



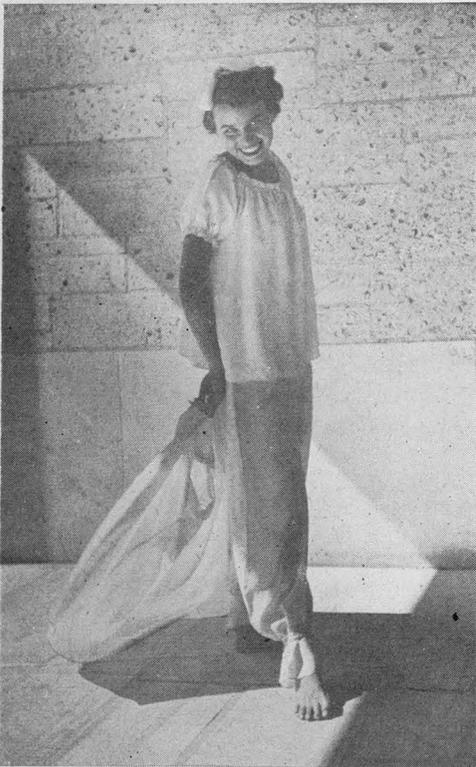


ALEX FERRIS

If you haven't prepared your lesson, distract the professor in this light gray jersey turtleneck blouse and wine accordion-pleated wool skirt, with matching fringed scarf.



SNYDER'S



T. H. WILLIAMS



(ABOVE) Get to class late when wearing this yellow cashmere sweater with shaded brown and gold scarf. But be sure also to wear the chocolate brown gabardine skirt. (BELOW) If intoxication is your desire, try this one. It's black crepe with two rows of accordion-pleated ruffles at the bottom. Carry a small balk suede envelope bag. The decolletage, of course, is your own problem.

Everyone will love you in this powder blue rayon pajama set—top, bottom, and tommy coat. Notice the unique leg-iron effect on the pants.

AUSTIN

The Dean willing, you're going to spend several more years in "the friendly city." So read the inside and outside story of your temporary home town written by knowing newscaster STUART LONG, whose facts cover fields you may never have plowed.

THEY'VE given me the chore of trying to explain Austin. It's worth trying, but there's no guarantee attached.

Austin belongs, as Mayor Tom Miller often says, "to the people of Texas." The main portion of Austin, from East Avenue to West Avenue and from the Colorado River north to Nineteenth Street, was laid out by the Republic of Texas. Many blocks were reserved for public buildings, and the rest were sold off to raise funds for the infant Republic.

That explains why Austin's downtown streets are wider than San Antonio's and Dallas'. Austin was planned. Most Texas cities grew up along cowpaths.

Austin's only real industry is education. About 50,000 of its 150,000 population (Chamber of Commerce estimate) attend school. The rest of us cut the hair of students, feed them from stores and restaurants, gas their cars and generally make a living from students.

The second industry is the people's business—the state government.

In politics, Austin is liberal and therefore out of step with the rest of the state. It votes for the Homer Raineyes instead of the Beauford Jesters, and then it hangs out the welcome mat for the officials it voted against. Roosevelt used to get 90 per cent of Austin's votes. Wallace will get 10 per cent this year, Truman about 70 per cent, and the Dixiecrats and Dewey about 10 per cent each. But that doesn't tell the whole political story.

Austin was the first city in the U. S. to have slum clearance and public housing. It spends more of its tax dollar on the luxuries like parks and swimming pools and schools and hospitals than most cities. And Austin people have to dig deeper than those in most cities to pay their taxes. You see, the University and the Capitol and the state buildings are all tax-free.

But while Austin people grumble a bit about it, they like their city.

That should do for the politics. Now about the *why*, and that gets us into Austin's economics.

Austin is politically liberal because of the University. About 10 per cent of it is due to the education the University deals out. But the rest of the liberalism stems from the fact that the University forces wages down in Austin. Poor people are usually liberal. With 15,000 or so students in town, willing to work for less than the going wage, it breaks the back of the labor market and keeps our wages down.

In my business, newspapering and radio news, I've noticed it a lot. Paul J. Thompson's journalism diploma mill turns out a flock of bright and ambitious young journalists every year. A lot of them go to work for the local newspapers, and as soon as they've worn the new off, they get hired by the *Dallas Morning News* at a living wage.

As a result, most of us who have stuck with news writing in Austin have had to have two or three jobs to make a living. City firemen have to do the same thing.

But being in a cheap-wage University town has its advantages. We get to meet such interesting people, and besides, the Great Depression never did hit Austin as hard as it did other Texas cities.

Now let's look at the folks here in Austin. The population has tripled since 1930 and almost doubled since 1940. That means that the old-timers have been just about swallowed up by the newcomers.

The old-timers here still have strong control of finance and business and, to some extent, politics. Maybe you've wondered how it happens that the name Johnson is such political magic in Austin. That's easy. We elected Lyndon Johnson to congress, Will Johnson to the city council, Tom Johnson as county judge, and Pearce Johnson to the legislature simply because there are lots of Johnsons here. The Austin area was settled to a great extent by Swedes. So the Nelsons and Johnsons and Bergstroms and Swensons and Sjobergs are plentiful here. So are people with Germanic names. A lot of them came to Austin in 1848. Saengerunde Hall and Eisenbeiser's (*see* How High the Scoff) are remnants of the days when most Austin merchants had stores like those in Fredericksburg now. You know, the store downstairs and the home upstairs.

Austin has more college graduates than any city in Texas simply because so many UT graduates like the place and contrive to stay here. My wife and I came here as students, got married here, moved away twice, and both times moved back because we like Austin better than Abilene or Hereford or Kermit or New York. As far as I know, no one has gathered statistics on the subject, but there must be 10 per cent in each graduating (or failing-to-graduate) class who fall in love with the taste of Colorado River water or Barton's or an Austin girl or politics and settle down here to live.

But Austin merges the college graduate with a lot of folks who haven't been so lucky. Out in the hills, you can still find moonshiners in operation. And feuds Kentucky can't match rage up in the Travis County hills. Those folks may not be so educated in books, but they're fine company around a fire while the dogs hunt a fox.

Politics brings a lot of men to Austin, and lobbying keeps them here. The town is crawling with ex-legislators. Offhand I can think of four ex-speakers of the house who have stayed on. Two ex-governors, Dan Moody of Williamson County and Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson of Bell County, live here now.

That probably accounts for the high percentage of widows in Austin. Men wear themselves out young in politics, then die and leave their widows to live off real estate investments or run boarding houses.

If you drive through East Austin, where the Negro and Latin-American portion of Austin's people are living, you'll see that Austin still has a slum-clearance program ahead. But there, too, you'll find a high percentage of college graduates from Tillotson and Sam Huston Colleges.

Tolerance is pretty stout in Austin. The city council recently denied utility connections to a sub-division which had anti-Semitic clauses in its deeds. Negroes get an even break on most public facilities, and there is less discrimination in justice in Austin against the Negro, Latin-American and poor white than in many cities. Much of this stems from Mayor Miller, who during his 15 years in office has insisted on equality of treatment. But occasionally a white rowdy

(Continued on page 40)

FROM THE OBSERVATION TOWER OF UT'S 27-STORY ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, A FRESHMAN TAKES HER FIRST LOOK AT AUSTIN AND VICINITY.





They were talking about Jack Chandler, one of those men people know out of the corner of their lives. The night was warm and muggy, unusual for this part of Mexico, and somehow in the general drowsiness the conversation had turned, like all conversations of older university students, to people they had known "before the war." In particular talk had turned to this boy who was actually dumb, actually thick.

"He was always saying somebody was 'caught like a trap in a trap,' Andy Bates said. "That's the way he understood it. He'd heard someone say 'caught like a rat in a trap,' I guess. Thought it was funnier than hell, too."

"It is much better that way," said Mrs. Elliott.

"Stanley Webb," she went on, "Stanley Webb, the British economist. Chandler used to talk about him, too. Ross said to him once, oh you mean Stanley and Barbara Webb."

She leaned back and tried to think why she had repeated the last part of the story. Why was it that her husband's jokes all seemed so contrived? One time Sebastian had been in their apartment and had picked up a copy of the *Journal of Philosophy*. He read out loud a sentence he found and re-

ful and pleasant process of metamorphosis and forgetfulness.

"Poday mos'?" a voice came from outside, filtering through the hibiscus and *sinverguenza*.

"It's Sarah," said Andy, yawning a little. "Come in!" he bellowed. "That Southern accent of hers, my god," he said to the room, "what it doesn't do to the Spanish language. 'Po' favoah.'"

SARAH NORRIS and another woman came into the circle of candles, flashlights in hand. "I almost bought a *zorrito*," she said, without much interest. "A little fox. The girl wanted five pesos and a half and I offered her three and she would come down only to four. The—"

"This is a hell of a dull talk," Andy said.

"Shut up," Sarah Norris went right on. "I guess I should have bought it or she'll go running to the priest and he'll forbid them to come into Americans' houses. Not," she paused, and here she looked accusingly at Mr. Elliott, or so it seemed to him through his tequila lemonade, "not that getting a cook isn't hard enough already. I had to let Maria go today."

Here we go, thought Mr. Elliott. Oh dear God deliver me,

he prayed, in foreign lands and in the "States," as residents in foreign lands put it—deliver me from women who talk about the Servant Problem.

"She really was *too* much," Sarah Norris said, "and it goes to show what trouble Americans who don't know the country can make. Dan and Suzanne had her first and thought it terribly cute for Maria to take sunbaths while Suzanne did all the housework. So Maria told *everybody* who came into my place all these cute, cute stories."

Mr. Elliott knew that now she was going to say that although awfully bright Dan and Suzanne were a couple of screwballs and he tried not to listen or think about it. He went into the kitchen to make himself a drink and looked very carefully at a painting hung there. "Duco on Masonite," he quoted to himself. "'Mr Jabones' personal statement rich with the traditions of Tarascan folk art.'" He thought again how Mexican it was to have blue ice. Then he put the blue ice into his glass, poured into it two jiggers of tequila and some of the bottled *limonada*, and came back into the room.

"—how Don always called Maria to massage him and tuck

him in at night," Sarah was saying, "and how none of the three of them ever wore a stitch of clothes around the house. A lot of such anecdotes. And telling them to *everyone* who came in. Of course if it ever got back to the priest—"

There is Mr. Romavic over there, Mr. Elliott thought, sighting wildly about the room. I just do believe, he mused, I just do believe I will ask him whether he thinks Tito should have been executed or not. He is from Yugoslavia and I just do believe I will ask him that question.

He heard Sarah's voice continue. "Look at that woman in the post office. She's had three children, all baptized, by that fellow who runs the Imperial, but she won't marry him. He's a Protestant. Some of us may *think* they're liberal but when the priest gets them in confession he makes them tell every word that's gone on in our houses. So when Maria kept telling these stories and saying all over town that I was paying her a hundred pesos a month and that we were like sisters and I was going to take her to the United States—they all want to go to the United States—well, you know the interpretations people in this town—"

Methinks she doth protest too much, Mr. Elliott said to himself, moving his lips and shaking his head to himself. That's what Andy Bates said about her. And she said something about him, too. Said that he had an analysis and didn't finish it and that was what was the matter with him. How nice and how interesting, he thought, how interesting and how perfectly damn nice.

There was a lot more, Mr. Elliott remembered afterwards, but it was happening in the background. It was vague because this party was every party; it was the party he had been at since enrolling as a freshman. He remembered looking at *another* painting—"two dimensional Archipenko," the gallery notes had said. Also Sarah had come over and said she had come back to the house from Chapala unexpectedly and found none of the cleaning done and Maria and two friends drinking with their feet on the living room table. Then when she had let her go Maria had gone into the front yard and thrown pebbles at the house for two hours. And an importer from Bishop's Head Road, Santa Fe, with a card that said that on it, was telling about his old philosophy teacher at Ann Arbor. Once after he had asked someone to define religion and a girl *had*, for five minutes, the old fellow had adjusted his pince-nez on its black ribbon, looked straight at her and said, "The hell you say!" It was after *that*, right afterwards, that it happened.

SARAH and Andy were sitting on the couch, and he was ribbing her about her size. He spoke at length on her qualifications to be acclaimed the Marie Dressler of the American colony. At the same time he was saying things with that bantering tone which always indicates something serious behind it. "Well," Andy Bates said, "I don't know why, Mother India, but that psychoanalyst here last summer told me you and I ought to make good mates. Can you—" Sarah interrupted him with a stinging drunken retort and Andy's face and thick neck began to get red. The room stirred nervously as people tried to laugh it off by saying what a sharp tongue Sarah had, and Mr. Elliott tried to comment jocularly on the psychoanalyst's advice.

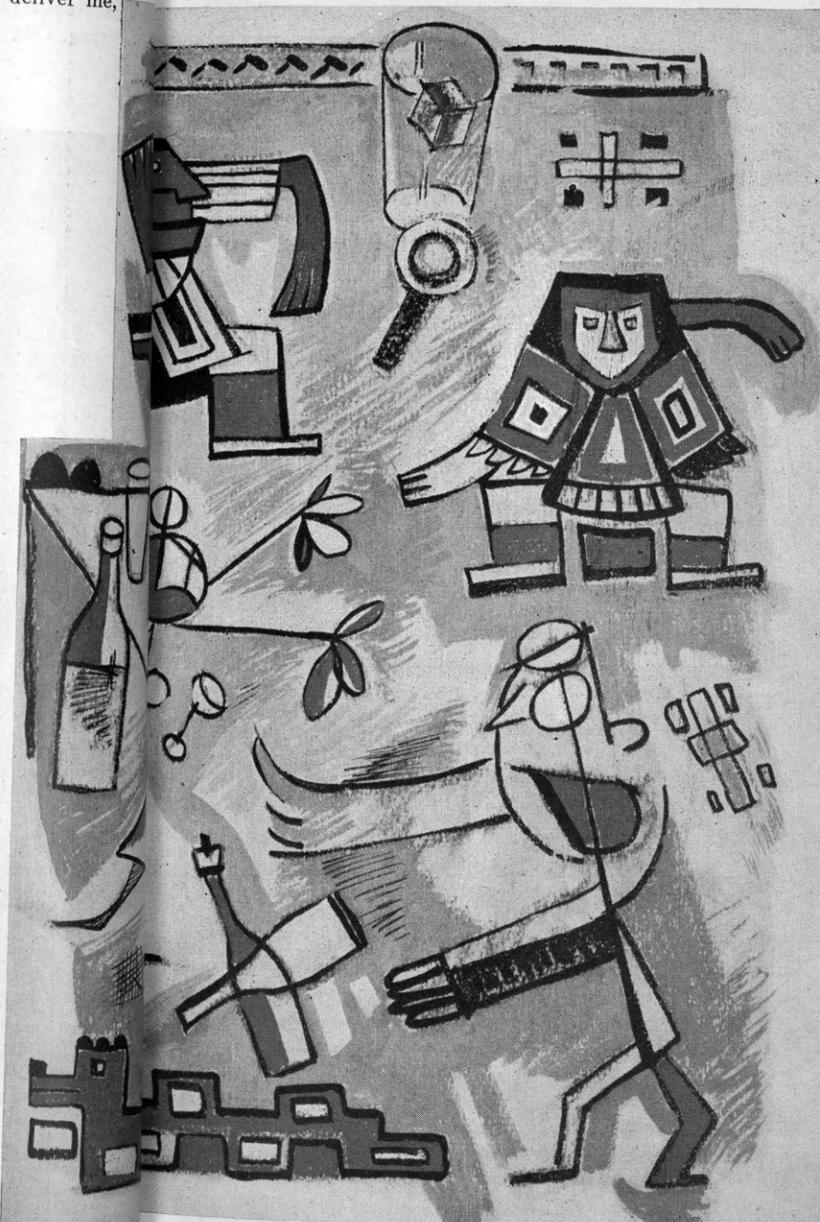
But Andy Bates was shouting, shaking his fist over Sarah, who glared up at him vaguely. "You deadbeat, you," he screamed, "I don't know how many times my wife and I have lent you money in Mexico City! Or how often I've sworn I'd never let you in our house again! Everyone knows about you. 'The Duchess!' I don't mind your talking about me, but when you say the things you do about *my wife*,

(Continued on page 38)

b I U E I C E

there are some
University students
who spend summers
in Mexico
cementing
inter-American
relations

BY ELGIN WILLIAMS





punt



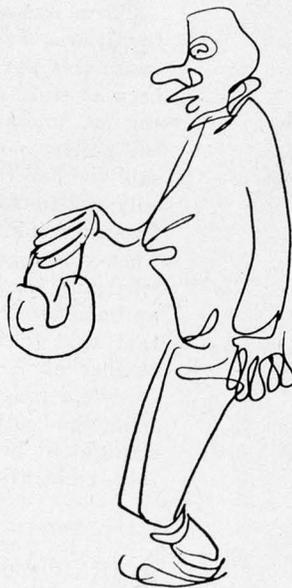
off-side



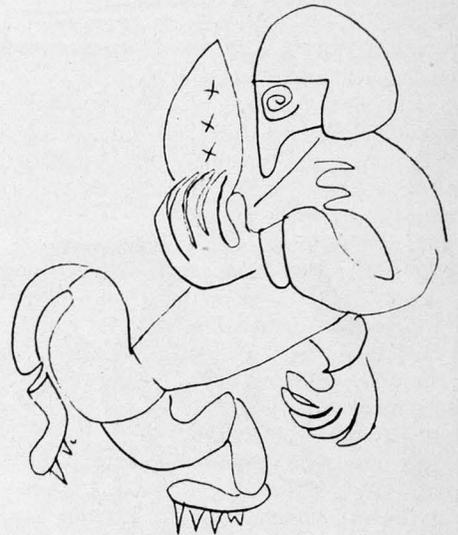
incomplete pass



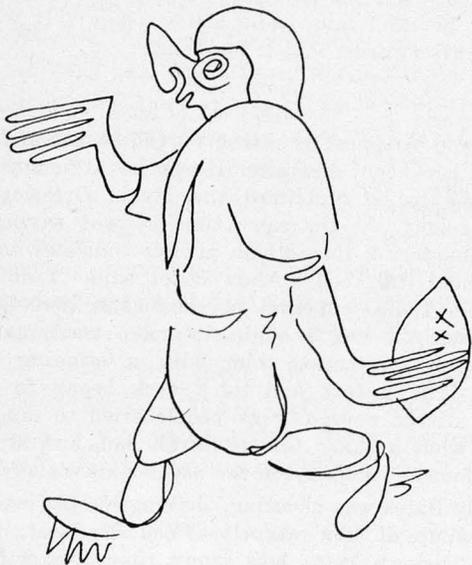
statue of liberty



substitute



quarterback sneak



hidden ball



line plunge

WARMACK

ONE OF OUR KNEECAPS IS MISSING

Texas will sink or swim in the water on

Paul Campbell's knee, says **ROY EDWARDS**

TEXAS' stampeding Longhorns, Rice's wise old Owls, or SMU's unbridled Mustangs—take your pick. The 1948 Southwest Conference football race will be that close.

This fall should bring out the Southwest's best football in years, and the championship race should be a battle right down to the wire. Although there is a slight drop in class from the big three to the next four, all seven teams will be at least as good as they were last year, and most will be better.

Statements that defensive tactics are catching up with the T formation apparently haven't bothered Southwest Conference coaches. Texas, Rice, and Baylor will stick with this explosive, ground-gaining formation. Texas A&M, under new coach Harry Stiteler, is returning to the T. And John Barnhill has hinted that he may mix in a few T plays with his Tennessee version of the single wing at Arkansas. That leaves only defending-champion SMU, with Matty Bell's single wing, and TCU, operating off Dutch Meyer's spread formations, holding out.

Texas joined the ranks of T teams last year when Blair Cherry stepped up to the head coaching job. For Cherry and the T, it was love at first sight. The Longhorns beat nine regular-season opponents, dropping only a 14-13 decision to SMU, then flattened Alabama in the Sugar Bowl.

The Longhorns promise to be bigger, better, and faster than ever this year, with their success predicated upon Paul Campbell's performance as a replacement for all-American Bobby Layne at the all-important quarterback position. Everything looked rosy in spring training when Campbell, a far better ball-handler than Layne, was hitting his pass receivers with amazing regularity and Layne-like accuracy. However, Campbell was bothered by inflamed muscles and excess fluid in his knee in mid-summer, and any trouble it gives him this fall will be just that much trouble for Texas.

If Campbell's legs return to normal, the Longhorns will be hard to beat for the conference title and the host spot in Dallas' Cotton Bowl New Year's Day.

To work with Campbell, the Longhorns will feature a backfield rated as the best in the Conference and probably the fastest in the nation. Byron Gillory and Billy Pyle, the starting halfbacks, ran as replacements on Track Coach Clyde Littlefield's unbeaten 440-yard sprint relay

team in 1947. Perry Samuels, Gillory's probable first-line replacement, was Conference 100-yard dash champion in 1947 and has a low time of 9.5 seconds in that event. H. J. (Bubba) Shands, Pyle's chief substitute, had done the 100 in ten seconds flat in intramurals, and Frank Guess, Co-captain Tom Landry, and Ray Borneman, also cover ground in a hurry.

In addition to being fine passers and runners, Landry and Guess punted for a combined average of 40.6 yards last season to give the Longhorns fifth place nationally in that department.

If Campbell is unable to handle the quarterback duties, Cherry can call on Bobby Coy Lee, who missed most of last season because of a broken jaw, or Bill Allen, up from the 1947 freshman team. Landry may be put in at the upback spot if the necessity arises. He started out last season as a reserve quarterback and showed great promise. However, he was switched to fullback after two games and performed so well that Cherry kept him there the rest of the season.

Clearing the way for the lightning Longhorn backs will be a veteran line that could well be the best in Texas history. Focal point of the fine Longhorn forward wall will be 216-pound Co-captain Dick Harris, back at center after a year as an all-American tackle. Harris was all-Conference pivot man in 1945 and 1946, chiefly because of his spectacular line-backing performances.

SMU hopes to gallop to its second straight title on the magic feet of All-American Doak Walker, winner of the 1947 Maxwell trophy as the nation's best college football player. Aiding Doak, who scored more than half the Mustangs' points last year, will be a quintet of

veteran backs and the highly-publicized sophomore, Kyle Rote. Passer Gil Johnson and Frank Payne will again be around to do most of the passing, All-Conference Dick McKissack will do the power running from fullback; fleet Paul Page will again be dangerous at wingback, and Rote will display his triple-threat talents from tailback, wingback, or fullback.

The Ponies will have a good starting line, but lack of top-flight reserves up front may get them into trouble in later tough games. Another handicap is their schedule. The Mustangs meet their two toughest opponents, Rice and Texas, away from home. Too, both the Longhorns and the Owls will be burning for revenge for last fall's defeats, and other teams will be shooting for an upset over the defending champions. Of the big three, the Mustangs have the most obstacles to overcome in their title bid.

Jess Neeley's Rice teams have long been noted for their slow starts, but the Owls expect to get away fast this fall. Their ball-handling combination of Center Joe Watson and Quarterback Tobin Rote is rivalled only by the Texas two-some of Harris and Campbell. Watson, a rock-em and sock-em 225-pounder, was all-Conference last season, and his battle with Harris for all-Conference and all-American recognition this fall will be a great individual duel.

Rote, tagged as the man with the ballet step, took over the Owl's upback duties in mid-season and had Rice clicking in championship form at the end of last fall. The Owls will field a rough, experienced line, with the only question mark being at the tackle positions, where only three lettermen return.

Speedy Huey Keeney, playing his fourth year at left halfback, will again be the top running threat. The Owls' chief handicap seems to be a lack of talent at fullback. Powerful Buddy Russ is scholastically ineligible, and Dick Hoerster passed up his last year to enter the UT Law School. Young Bobby Lantrip will be counted on to plug the gap, but he has shown a distressing tendency to fumble in the past. If he overcomes that weakness, the Rice backfield will be a well-rounded and continual threat.

Even the weakest team is capable of beating the best in the unpredictable Southwest Conference, and TCU, Arkansas, Texas A&M, and Baylor might sneak up on one of the favorites some fall afternoon.

TCU lost much of its potential when its two fine tackles, Weldon Edwards and Harold Kilman, departed. But the Frogs will offer two of the better backs in the Conference to lead the quest for their annual upset over some unsuspect-

(Continued on page 50)

**179 Yankee sports writers
have picked SMU to win
the Southwest Conference this
year. But a former Texan
sports editor chooses Texas.
Like the old lady who
kissed the cow . . .**

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Dances are quite different today from what they were years ago. In days of old, when a woman had nothing to wear she stayed at home.—Margie Hart.

He: "Is this a picture of your fiancee?"

Him: "Yes."

He: "She must be wealthy."

—U. S. Camera

Mat: Do you read Poe?

Denny: No, I read rather well.

—Scholastic

Oliver was careless about his personal effects. When his mother saw clothing about on the chair and floor, she inquired: "Who didn't hang up his clothes when he went to bed?"

A muffled voice from under the cover murmured, "Adam."—Parent's.

Law Prof (at registration): "So you are a pre-legal, eh?"

Student: "Like hell. I'm the youngest in our family."—Perigrinus.

"Vegetable soup? What's that?"

"Ever eat hash?"

"Yes."

"Same thing, only looser."—Campbell's

A sweet old lady, always eager to help the needy, spied a particularly sad old man standing on a street corner. She walked over to him, pressed a dollar bill in his hand, and said, "Chin up."

The next day, on the same street corner, the sad old man shuffled up to the old lady and slipped ten dollars into her hand.

"Nice pickin'," he said in a low voice. "Paid nine to one."—Racing Form.

On the last day of school for the year, the kindergarten teacher decided to prepare her class somewhat for the first grade, and hence drew a large "A" on the board. "Now," she remarked, "this is 'A.'"

There was a dramatic silence in the room. Then little Harry Berger, in the first row, said, "My God, so *that's* 'A'!"

—PTA

TOTTER AGES

Versatility is the key to Audrey Totter's success. Teamed with Ray Milland in Paramount's "Strange Temptation," she shrdlu shrdlu etoain etoain shrdlu shrdlu



Old-World charm and the "new" look! Miss Ann Tynan, UT Sweet-heart for 1948, models our Faye Robin winter callico, tie-print skirt and blouse ensemble, with white cotton, quilted waistcoat effect.

Blouse, 5.95 Skirt, 9.95

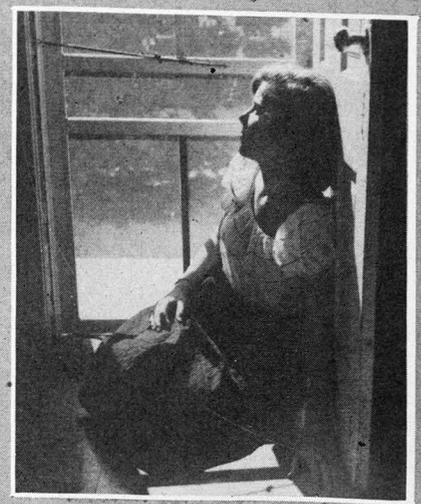
("Tip-a-Canoe" loafers, courtesy Leon's)

Felder, Austin

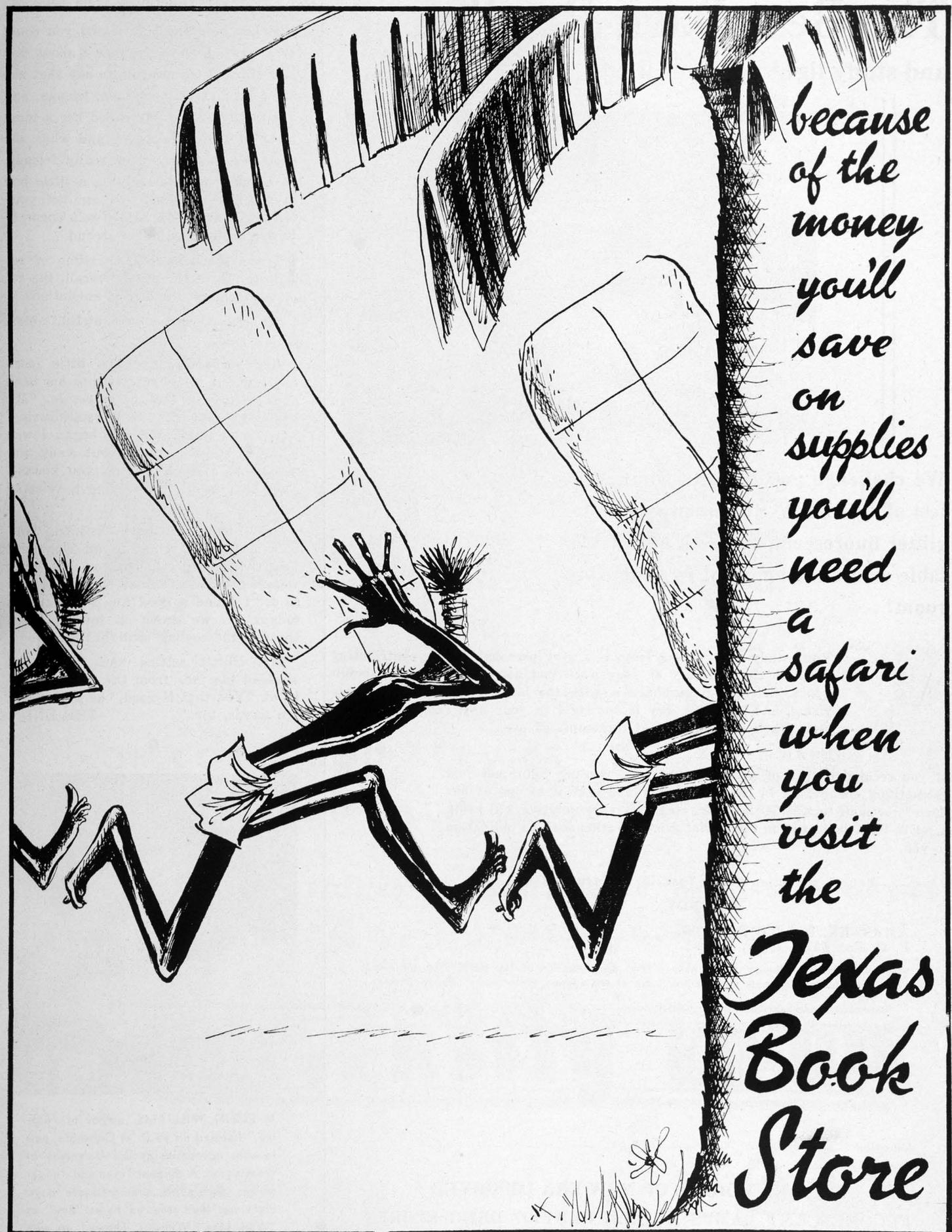
t. h. williams

girl of the month:

**patty
storey**



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BLUE ICE

(Continued from page 31)

who has been the best friend you could ever have. Everybody knows about you and Maria." He went on to say that she knew intimately every man, woman, and dog in the village. He called her a mustachioed Lady Chatterley and when she protested that they were really friends, he shouted as petulantly as a little boy in a temper tantrum: "I am *not* your friend! I am your damn well enemy!" It was all over in half a second.

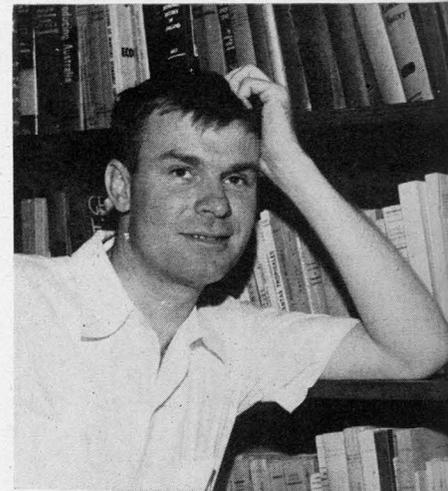
It was the next day, the time of rehearsals, of the partial recall, the reviving memory, the day of resolutions.

"It really was pretty awful," Mrs. Elliott said.

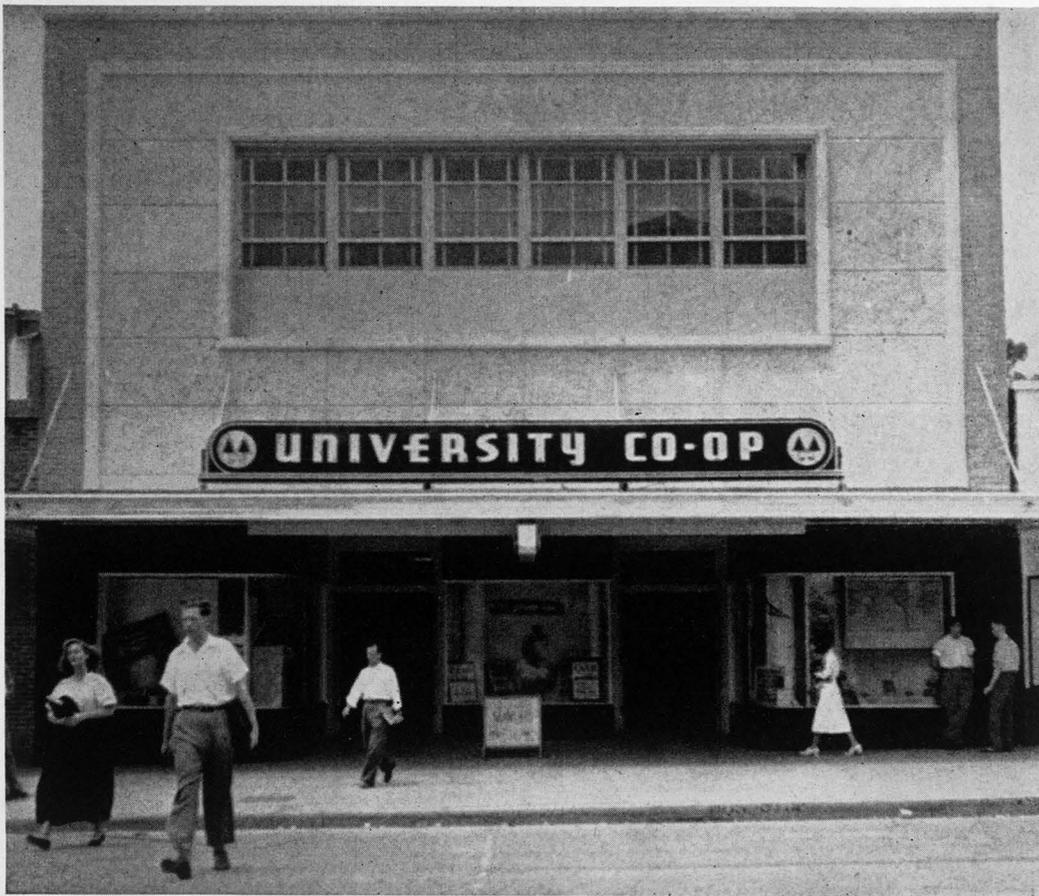
Her husband suffered a little more coconut oil to be rubbed into his back and shifted on the straw *petate*. "My god," he said suddenly, remembering. "An awful thing. When it began I was going to make a crack about Andy and Sarah—to ease things up, you know—something about 'vaccinating a volcano'—"

"Yes, dear," his wife went on, "and it came out 'vaccinating an elephant.' Yes, that was pretty bad too. But don't worry about it." After a minute she said, "I found a good line for charades today: 'So we drove on toward death through the cooling twilight.'"

Mr. Elliott settled back down and shielded his face from the sun with his hand. "Yes, that is good," he said. "Just ten words, too." —THE END



● ELGIN WILLIAMS, author of "Blue Ice," finished his Ph.D. at Columbia, now teaches economics at The University of Washington. A diligent Texan and Ranger worker during his undergraduate days, Elgin was then referred to as "Bow" or "Wild Man" Williams. Showed up with wife and daughter named Brett (after the Hemingway heroine) to teach in the University's eco department this summer.



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(Continued from page 29)

demonstrates his superiority if not his breeding by kicking a Negro woman in the stomach on a street bus, and occasionally they jail her instead of jailing him. Austin could still stand some study of the bill of rights.

Morally, Austin is pretty good. That may be disappointing to some *Ranger* readers, but if they scout around carefully enough, they'll be able to find some trouble to get into, most of it outside the city limits. There's nothing here to compare with Sam Maceo's Galveston and wide-open gambling. But Austin has some big-time gambling out of the reach and range of the average University student.

Austin's gambling, outside the Friday night penny ante games, consists of and subsists on an occasional stripping of a sucker oilman or rancher. This requires quiet and respectability and the careful use of build-up and shills, and the local ring has all those things. Somehow, when a detective gets up enough energy to make a case on these big boys or their East Austin policy writers, the indictments languish on the district court dockets untried.

The browsing type will find Austin's architecture most interesting. Let me recommend Brazos Street, from Sixth to Eleventh, for a display of all the types. From the Driskill's 1880 gingerbread up past the beautiful limestone Gothic of St. Mary's Church, by the 1860 cottage (just about to be razed) and the 1920 brown brick apartment house, and finally to the modern State Highway Building, Brazos has everything. My pet hate is the covering up of the beautiful and characteristic Austin limestone with blue plate glass from Pittsburgh. But some Austin architects are going back to solid limestone in some of the new doctors' offices in the Fifteenth Street neighborhood. And if they cover up all of the limestone with glass fronts, you can always walk along Bradford's Alley, and see the limestone from the rear.

Austin is a lot of things. Most University students see only the University neighborhood, the drag, Guadalupe Street to the night clubs out north and South Congress to the ones out south. A little browsing on the side streets, among the liveoaks we let grow in the streets and among the fine old homes and bright new ones, will give you a taste of the Austin that we who live here know best.

And having a cup of coffee at the Stephen F., or lunch at the Driskill, with someone who can point out Frank Hamer, who shot Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow, or with someone who will show you where the Iron Front Saloon used to be,

(Continued on page 42)

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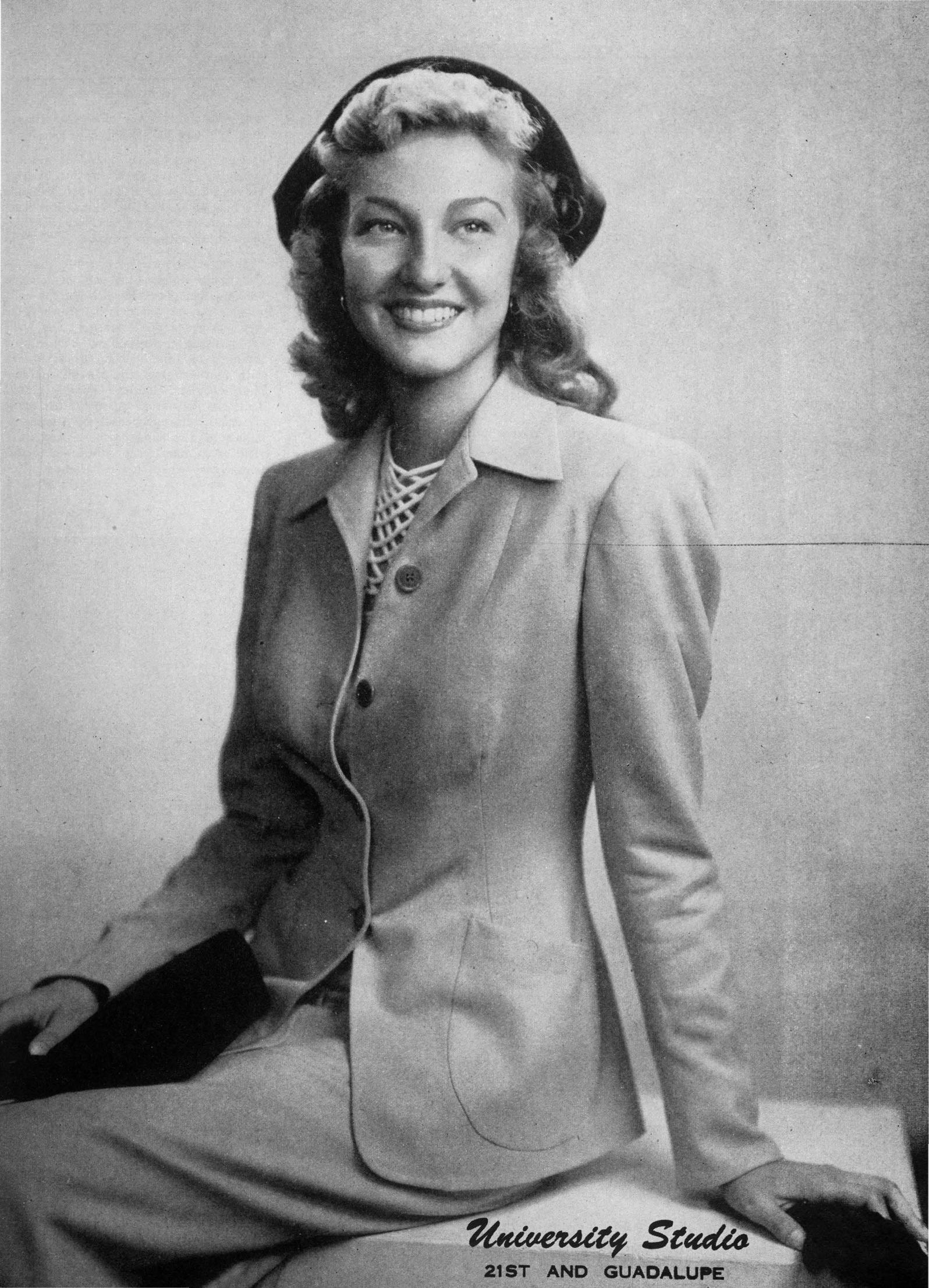
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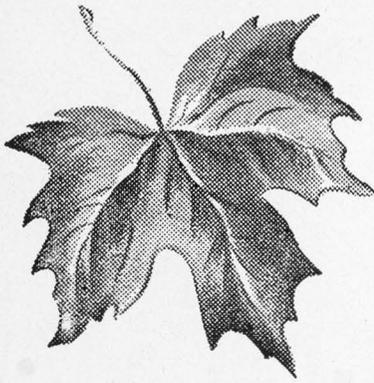
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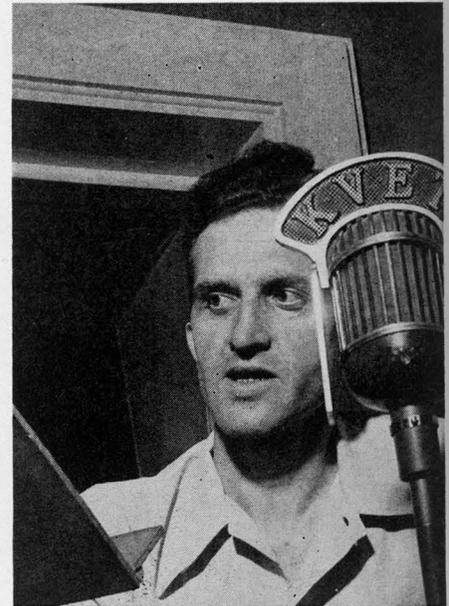
(Continued from page 40)

will give you a flavor of the Austin we who live here have learned to love.

Austin has busied up a bit since I came here in the early thirties. It isn't as comfortable as it was then, because it's busting out at its seams. But bear with us a few more years, and we'll try to catch up with our growth.

A lot of Austin people think that all University students are sons of country bankers, sent down here to get the hell-raising out of their systems where it won't disgrace their parents. The flood of postwar convertibles has added strength to this legend. Others think, with gentle urging from the oil and sulphur lobbyists, that all University students are Reds from Russia. But in spite of those misapprehensions, Austin is mighty glad to have you here. And we'll yield to no man in our allegiance to the Longhorns—when they're winning.

—THE END



● Former PM writer STUART LONG is a University ex whose "Texas at Ten" broadcasts over KVET are pointed out by Radio House professors as model news scripts. Leisurely, chatty, Long's informative programs are a must even for Austinites who object to his flat Texas drawl. He is very active in city and state politics, and wife, Emma, is now running for the city council post vacated by Homer Thornberry. Two sons are named Jeb Jackson and Jefferson Paine.

CREDITS

THE RANGER is indebted to the following stores for lending equipment appearing in the football game picture story: Texas Book Store, Co-op, University Drug Store. Models who posed in the summer sun are Jean Simmons and Tommy Jones.

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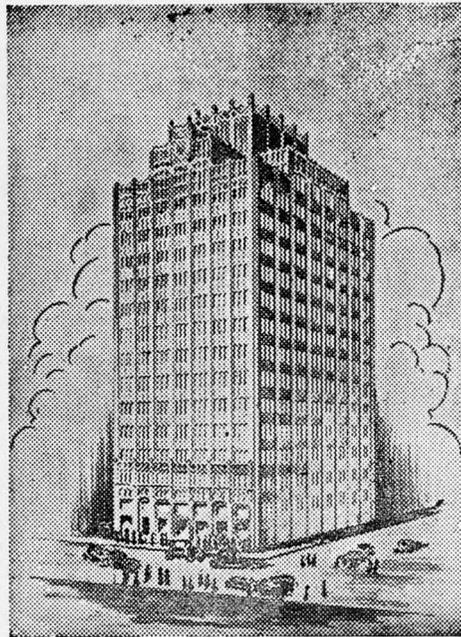
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Three tiers for the outstanding silhouette of this season! Gentle cascades in the straight shaft of skirt promote fluid motion... the precious 'gem' belt is news in itself. Junior Guild designed it from rayon crepe.

Joe was dead, and John called on the widow to express sympathy. "Joe and I were mighty close friends," John said. "Isn't there something I could have to remember him by?"

Tearfully, the widow raised her eyes and whispered softly, "Would I do?"

—John's Other Wife

The fellow who thinks that "evening" means the same thing as "night" should note the effect that it has on a gown.

—Chemise

Customer: "This coat you sold me is an awfully poor fit."

Tailor: "Well, what do you want for five dollars—an attack of epilepsy?"

—Esquire

"Waiter, bring us two orders of Spumoni Vercelli, please."

"Sorry, sir, but that's the proprietor."

—Duncan Hines

From our files, cross-indexed under both "aquarium" and "gender," comes this little household hint on how to tell whether your goldfish is a boy or girl: To the water in the goldfish bowl add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid. If he comes floating to the top, he is a boy; and if she comes floating to the top, she is a girl.—Encyclopedia Britannica.

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

Jimmy: "No, mom. I hate her. I'd like to grab her and bite her neck like daddy does."—Homemaker.

A stethoscope is a spyglass for looking into people's chests with your ears.

—Chiropractor

The man who characterized the British as having the ability to fly into a great state of calm had the right idea. We are thinking now of an Englishwoman who came upon her husband murdered in the bathtub. She called the police at once, and these are the stern words the desk sergeant heard:

"Police department? I wish to lodge a protest . . ."—Punch.

"She looks like she was made for that coat, but she should have held out for a mink."—La Prensa.

GIRL OF THE WEST

Although Paramount's "Whispering Smith" is Brenda Marshall's first film with an Old West setting, she is no stranger to the wide, open spaces. She was born on a shrdlu shrdlu shrdlu etaoin shrdlu

music: JUST PRESSED

• Before subjecting unsuspecting *Ranger* readers to our views and opinions on modern American jazz, we feel that it is only fair to give you some idea of what to expect from this column during the next few months.

First, to clarify our own position, we strongly favor the latest music trend, bebop. To us, it is one of the most satisfying (and least commercial) musical experiences now on hand. It offers jazz enthusiasts what classicists say has long been lacking in American jazz—skillful structure and a profundity of ideas. Differing from early jazz, called Dixieland, bebop allows both composer and soloist equal opportunity to present his idea.

We consider Dixieland as a mere stepping stone to the ultimate goal of jazz. It is more interesting historically than musically; therefore, no one can dismiss too lightly the efforts of the Bunk Johnsons, the Biederbeckes, and other musical pioneers. But it's futile to try to

JOHN BUSTIN did the chatty piece alongside this one. We're giving him a free hand to write interesting stuff about jazz where he finds it—on records, around town, or elsewhere, if it so pleases him.



sensibly compare Dizzy Gillespie to Louis Armstrong. The styles of the two men are so different that a working comparison is impossible. Each man is proficient and prolific in his own realm, and in that realm they should be allowed to remain. To appreciate Dixie, one must keep it in

its proper perspective. The discs of the early 20th century have a certain vague historical value in that one can see the basic function of early jazz. However, platters made in the past few years by cobweb-covered worshippers of an earlier era will be regarded by us as being strictly nowhere. All of this is to say that even music progresses, so why try to hold it back by living in the 1920's?

In another department, we might say that Stan Kenton has our admiration as a personable guy, as an able musician and composer, and as a courageous experimenter in the type of music in which he believes. Some of what he calls "progressive jazz" seems highly unlike any jazz we've ever heard, although most of Kenton's scores are technically flawless. To us, though, the greatest thing, aside from his musical ability, is that he sticks firmly to what he thinks right, seldom being driven to blatant commercialism (except to make money).

So here, then, are the three major types of American jazz—bebop, Dixieland, and progressive jazz. Now that we have briefly catalogued them, we turn to so-called "popular music." At this time popular music seems to mean anything that is continually slugged on jukeboxes and demanded by the public. Into this banal limbo we quickly cast Guy Lombardo, Sammy Kaye, Vaughn Monroe, and a great many more. Usually there are the lads who latch all the loot, but they also put down the least inspired music. Since this music is strictly for dancing and/or pecuniary purposes, we will touch the subject as infrequently as possible. We are aware that many will pounce on these words, so we hasten to add that jazz won't be the only form of music to get our nod.

(Continued on page 60)



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◆ Among the more signal of the iniquitous devices of the record companies, and certainly a practice the dismal consequences of which visit even the most penurious of record purchasers, is the packaging together in an album of one or two selections appealing to the general ear, with some appalling belly-wash designed to make life increasingly turbid. Victor is the chief culprit in this artistically dubious but financially brilliant enterprise. Examples: *Operatic Duets*, *A Treasury of Grand Opera*, *Gems from Madame Butterfly*, *Great Songs of Salvation*, etc.

An almost classic case is a recent album of Eleanor Steber's called *Mozart Arias*. This veritable goldmine of bad taste contains four arias, two of which are passable. Her flatulent singing of "Non so piu" from *The Marriage of Figaro* cannot compare with that of her Teutonic colleague, Tiana Lemnitz, a female whose vocal endowments are somewhat less than inferior to Miss Steber's

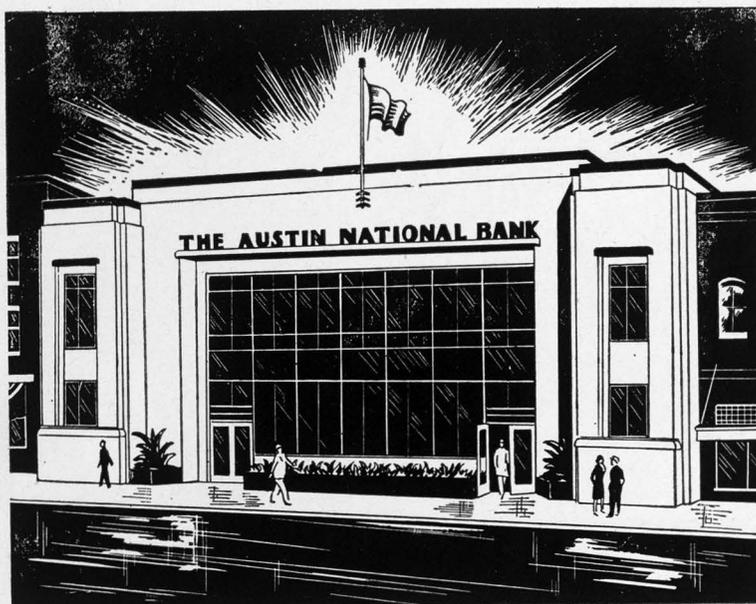
(Continued on next page)



● Thin, aesthetic, ascetic, abstemious LYNWOOD ABRAM, who will be reviewing classical music for us this year, was nurtured in the Cullen-dominated musical world of Houston. Brother is a successful concert pianist. (See Jacques Abram's Musicraft album of Mozart and Hindemith at the Co-op.) One of the brighter conversationalists on campus, he talks learnedly of Kafka, Mann, or John Dewey (no kin), and is an important member of the coterie of students surrounding Dr. R. C. Stephenson.

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A group of UT co-eds—l. to r., Barbara Haden, Nell Walker, E. B. Hudson, Emily Tyson, and Carlita Wollbrett—enjoying crisp, tasty waffles at the new TALLY-HO WAFFLE SHOP, 503 West 19th. (Adv.)

MUSIC: VINTAGE

(Continued from page 46)

But Lemnitz's delicacy of phrasing and sense of the gaiety and whimsy of the aria should cause the American diva to bite her nails in mortification. As for the selections from *The Abduction from the Seraglio*—our native Rethberg is more in her element. The music does not make strenuous demands upon performer or listener, and the results are completely satisfying.

But there you are. The sensitive Mozartean (and there are few votaries more sensitive, believe me) must flinch in shame every time he plays "Non so piu" for his equally sensitive, equally simpering, comrades. How those vicious tongues would waggle. "Have you heard? Thaddeus Chasm-Ghouler has bought the *most* outrageous version, etc., etc." Friendships wither and die in the face of artistic chic. Gentility, refinement must go by the board.

And all because of the fetid atmosphere of the record companies in which some neurotic Victor underling, who, fearing for his hieratic position in the labyrinth of the business world, has heaved up this idea before his superiors, his thoughts of Art and Beauty, if, indeed, he ever entertained any such Attic ruminations, far behind him.

But enough of this cavil. The indefatigable Koussevitzky has given us yet another performance of Beethoven's *Eroica* and its virtues are mainly of the engineering variety. Victor has reproduced faithfully all the patrician, well-bred tone of the Boston Orchestra, but, alas, has decked it out in an album which is my nomination for the leading eyesore of recent years. The performance itself is very grand, spacious and generally irresistible. There is more sense of timing and a sharper delineation of rhythms in the older Walter version, though the recording in this case is decidedly poor. One gets the impression after hearing the Koussevitzky job that one has heard some lovely orchestral work, but what *was* that composer's name?

So it goes. The day when organized mediocrity will succumb to the equally nefarious hands of the esthetes, is, apparently, still as distant and illusory as ever.
—THE END

TOTTER TICKLES KEYS

Movie blonde Audrey Totter, who forsakes brittle sophistication for strong drama in Paramount's "Strange Temptation," is an accomplished pianist-composer who plans switching to a musical career if she tires of shrdlu etaoii etaoiin shrdlu shrdlu shrdlu

TEXAS RANGER

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KNEECAPS

(Continued from page 33)

ing, though better, team. Line-blasting Pete Stout was all-Conference at full-back last year, and dependable Lindy Berry, the signal-caller and key man in Meyer's spreads, showed unexpected talent as a passer in spring training.

Arkansas will be dangerous if for no other reason than Clyde Scott. The former Navy fullback and Olympic hurdler has been a unanimous all-Conference choice the last two seasons as wingback and tailback in the Hogs' Tennessee-style single wing. A great breakaway runner, Scott is fast enough to have won the 1948 Southwest Conference 100-yard dash in 9.6 seconds and the National Collegiate Athletic Association 110-meter high hurdles in 13.7, equalling the world's record.

Second only to Walker in the Conference in rushing last year, Scott is expected to do a lot of passing this fall, making him an even more dangerous threat. The other Hog backs are only average, however, and the line is an unknown quantity.

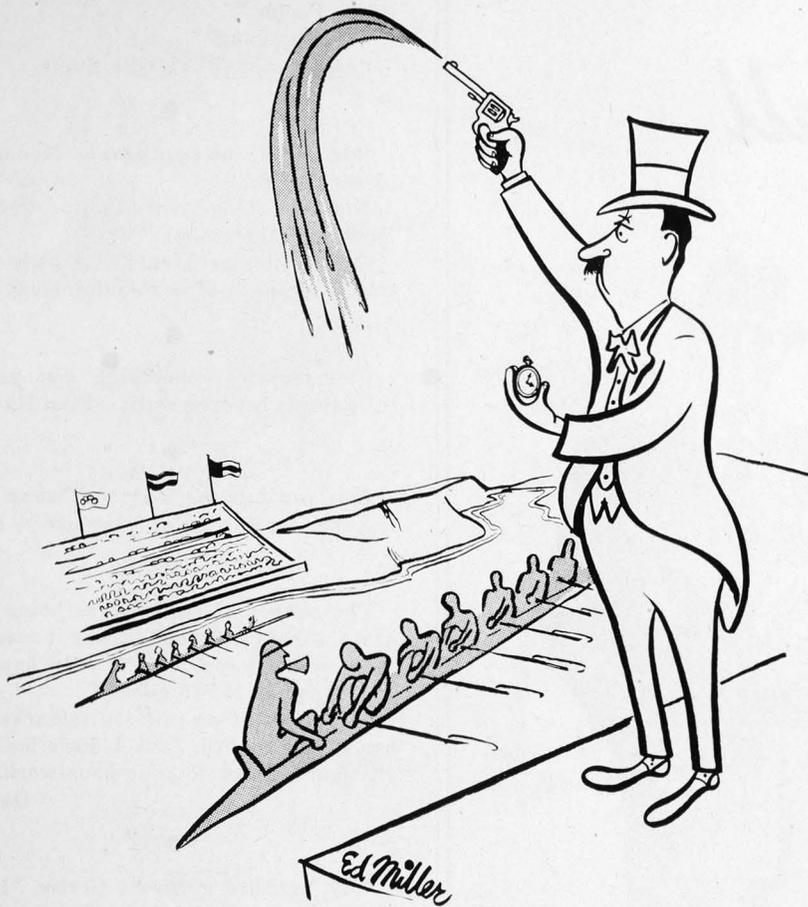
Texas A&M is rebuilding under its new coach and is at least a year away from title contention. The Aggies will have a good line, but they lack proven backfield talent.

Baylor finished in the cellar last fall after an impressive early-season showing, and there doesn't seem to be much hope of improving their standing this year. Chief ingredient lacking is a capable quarterback to run the Bears' T formation. Hayden Fry is a good ball-handler but only a mediocre passer, and the T

(Continued on page 51)



● ROY EDWARDS, last year's sports editor of The Daily Texan, is a direct descendant in that long, ghostly line of ex UT sports editors who have picked Texas as the pre-season favorite to win the Southwest Conference championship. Roy believes that now that "Mr. Bible has built his dream castle," the boys will see to it that nothing untoward takes place before 65,323 paid-up stockholders.



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KNEECAPS

(Continued from page 50)

demands passing ability of quarterbacks.

In the race for individual honors, every team will have at least one outstanding performer to bid for an all-Conference spot. On the national scene, the Southwest could come up with more all-Americans than at any time in history.

Walker is almost a cinch to repeat. Harris and Watson, as previously mentioned, will be in the thick of the race for top center in the country. Either Rote or Campbell could emerge as the nation's best quarterback.

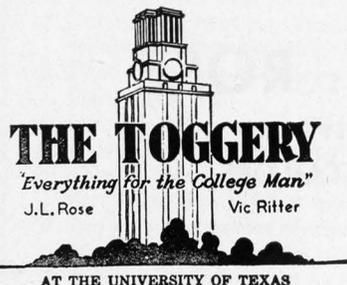
Scott is a back of proven ability and all-American talent, but he may be held back by the probable poor showing of the Arkansas team.

The sleeper in the bid for individual honors is George Petrovich, the indefatigable Texas tackle. Petrovich was the best defensive tackle in the Conference last fall, but he was listed as second-string to Harris and all-star team selectors overlooked him. A glutton for punishment, Petrovich should establish himself this fall as the Southwest's best tackle since Stan Mauldin was all-American at Texas in 1942.

The season might finish something like this: (1) Texas, (2) Rice, (3) SMU, (4) TCU, (5) Arkansas, (6) A&M, and (7) Baylor. —THE END

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609 BRAZOS

"My boy friend is serving on an island in the Pacific."

"Which island?"

"Alcatraz."—Huntsville Bugle.

Rev. Good (at baptism): "His name, please?"

Mother: "Algernon Philip Percival Mortimer Duckworth."

Rev. (to his assistant): "A little more water, please."—The Fountainhead.

Civil Service—something you get in restaurants between wars.—Fred Harvey.

Can you imagine anything more useless than a glass eye at a keyhole?—Peek.

The mother of triplets was being congratulated by a friend. "Isn't it wonderful," said the mother. "It only happens in one out of 15,875 times!"

"Well, isn't that just too remarkable," her friend replied, "but I don't see how you find time to do your housework."

—Darwin

"My," gushed gorgeous Gertie, "I had the most wonderful time last night. I met a new man and he invited me to dinner at his apartment. After dinner he showed me a dozen fur coats and told me I could choose any one of them for myself."

"How thrilling," mumbled Mabel, "and what did you have to do?"

"Just shorten the sleeves."

—Women's Wear Daily

An absent-minded professor was strap-hanging in a bus. His left arm clasped a half dozen bundles. He swayed to and fro. Slowly his face took on a look of apprehension.

Noting this, a young man standing beside him said, "Can I help you, sir?"

"Yes," said the professor with relief. "Hold on to this strap while I get my fare out."—A.A.U.P.

Bureaucrat: "If we are unable to figure out a way to spend that two hundred and twenty million dollars, we lose our jobs."

Secretary: "How about a bridge over the Mississippi River—lengthwise?"

—N.R.A.

BED ROLE TOUGH

For two solid weeks Barbara Stanwyck played all her scenes for Hal Wallis' "Sorry, Wrong Number" in bed as the invalid heroine and the star etaoin shrdlu shrdlu etaoin shrdlu etaoin shrdlu etaoin



"Let's ask the pilot."

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Then there's the one about the wealthy retired businessman who, nearing a ripe old age, invited his six married sons to a Sunday dinner. As they sat down at the table he said he had not made any arrangements for his will, owing to his disappointment that he was not yet a grandfather. As a bonus, he said he would give \$10,000 to the first son that presented him with a grandchild. When he lifted his head from saying grace, he noticed that he was the only one left at the table.—Daily Worker.

It was the first date.

"Cigarette?"

"No, thank you. I don't smoke."

"Let's go down and sip a few."

"I'd rather not. I never touch liquor."

"Well, let's go out on the heights for a while."

"No, please don't. I want to go out and do something exciting, something new."

"O.K. Let's go to the dairy and milk the hell out of a couple of cows."

—Borden's

Female Driver: I want a glass of water for the radiator, a thimbleful of oil for the motor, and a demi-tasse of gasoline. I think that will be all.

Attendant: Couldn't I cough in your tires?—Humble Bee.

QUESTIONS

- A Twice featured here, now look you well,
In seventy-six my symbol fell.
- B Just concentrate initially
Your big reward—the magic three!
- C Seven show white and two show brown
They helped to bring me much renown.

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6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
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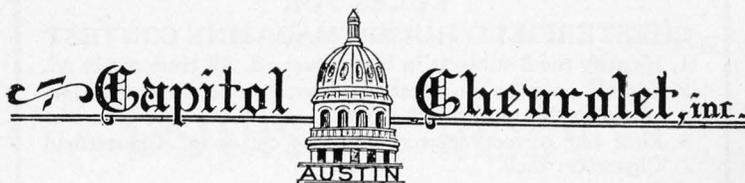


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There is the short story of the couple who brought the back seat of their automobile into the police station and reported the automobile stolen.—Peter Arno.

●
"What'll I take for this bad cough, Doc?"

"A tablespoon of castor oil every ten minutes."

"Will that cure me?"

"Maybe not, but you sure will be afraid to cough."—A.M.A.

●
Texas Coach: "What's the matter with you fellows, you look like a bunch of amateurs."—Alcalde.

●
College education for women is futile. If they're pretty, it's unnecessary; if they're not, it's inadequate.

—Pi Phi Catalog

●
Mrs. Lauder (looking out window): "Sandy, here comes company for supper!"

Lauder: "Quick, everybody run out onto the porch with a toothpick!"

—Black and White

●
There are three classes of women: the intellectual, the beautiful, and the majority.—C. B. Luce.

●
The modern equivalent of the old-fashioned wall-flower is the co-ed who dances all the time.—A. Murray.

●
"Hadn't you better go and tell your father?" said the motorist to the farmer's boy who stood looking at the load of hay upset in the lane by a collision.

"He knows," replied the boy.

"Knows? How can he know?"

"He's under the hay."—Forbes.

●
Teacher: Jimmy, are you eating candy or chewing gum?

Jimmy: Neither; I'm soaking a prune to eat at recess.—The Call.

●
SKETCH ARTIST

Mona Freeman, young Paramount player who recently completed a top role in "Isn't It Romantic," has a unique collection of mementoes from her film roles. She sketches her fellow players, has them shrdlu etaoin etaoin shrdlu



"But Olga, how can I think of you as pure and unstained if you continue to louse up your T-zone?"

"OH come now, Mr. Harris. Do you mean to tell this court that you did not know that your subsistence check was made out in the amount of \$75,000, instead of the usual \$75?"

"Well, you know how it is, sir. Check day follows a pretty routine pattern. I got my check at 11, cashed it immediately at the book store, and stuffed the money in my pocket. Didn't even bother to count it. After all, if you can't trust the Co-Op, whom *can* you trust?"

"After you put the \$75,000 in your pocket, where did you go and how did you spend the money?"

"First, I went home and paid my room and board, my laundry, and my private debts. I still had money left so I phoned Johnnie's and had a case sent over."

"Didn't you at any time, Mr. Harris, feel that you had more money than usual?"

"Well, I *do* remember that my money lasted until the eleventh of the month, which is about ten days longer than it does generally."

"I see, Mr. Harris. But I'm sure you realize that you will be expected to repay every penny of the overpayment to the United States Treasury."

"That's OK with me. Just take it out of my monthly checks in installments. I'll probably never miss it."

—George Warmack

If you refuse me, I will die.
She refused him.
Sixty years later he died.—Obit.

Johansen wanted to get rid of a suit which had had the misfortune to get on the wrong side of a skunk. So he took it down to the nearest second-hand clothing store, and showed it to the proprietor. "Look at this suit," he said. "What a value! And just feel the material."

"It looks all right," said the merchant, "but what's that awful smell?"

Johansen replied: "That's me. Ain't I a stinking son of a gun?"—Joke.

An English gentleman, lately arrived in China, sent for his native cook to congratulate him upon an exceptionally tasty dinner.

"I hope, Kong Ho, you did not kill one of those dogs to provide the soup," he laughingly remarked, referring to China's pariah dogs.

Kong Ho made a solemn gesture of dissent.

"Me no kill dog, master," he declared. "Him all dead when I pick him up."

—W. S. Maugham

"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.

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A bunch of germs were hitting it up
In the bronchial saloon.
Two bugs on the end of the larynx
Were jazzing a rag-time tune.
While back of the teeth in a solo game
Sat dangerous Dan Kerchoo,
And watching the pulse was his light of
love,
The Lady that's known as Flu.
—M. Fishbein

She: "Would you like to see where I
was operated on for appendicitis?"
He: "No, I hate hospitals."
—Dr. Kildare

Harvard Man: "Who knocked on my
door just now?"
Janitor: "It was me."
Harvard Man to second H. M.: "What
is he trying to say?"—Yale Record.

Professor: "Didn't you have a brother
in this course last year?"
Student: "No, sir; it was I. I'm taking
it over again."
Professor: "Extraordinary resem-
blance, though—extraordinary."—Joke.

Policeman (to pedestrian just struck
by hit-and-run driver): "Did you get his
number?"
Victim: "No, but I'd recognize his
laugh any place."—Laff.

"Go to Father!" she said
When I asked her to wed.
Now she knew that I knew
Her father was dead.
And she knew that I knew
What a life he had led.
So she knew that I knew
What she meant when she said,
"Go to Father!"—Poem.

"Lo, Al, playing solitaire?"
"Uh huh."
"Winning?"
"Naw."
". . . Six on seven, Al."
"Oh."
". . . Three up, Al."
"Ummmm."
"You can't put a red queen on a black
seven, Al."
"Must you always take the Chinaman's
side?"
"But you can't do that."
"That's the way I play and if—"
"I won't say anything . . . ah . . ."
"Stop nudging me."
"Ackjay on eenquay."
"Look! I don't want to put the Ack
jay on the eenquay."
"But you have to."
"Oh, do I?"
"Al, what are . . . Put down that and-
iron, Al! Al! . . ."—The Killers.



"And this must be your little girl . . . my how she has grown . . . why I can remember when she was only . . ."

I slept as a kid
 On a cathode grid,
 And a slide-rule pillowed my cranium;
 My toys were cubes
 And Bernoulli tubes,
 And I cut my teeth on uranium.

(Isobar,
 Mason jar,
 Life is so
 Molecular . . .)

And now I'm a man
 With a Bunsen tan,
 Yet I'm offering no apology:
 I'm a physical gnome
 But potential Ohm
 In our new world of technology.

(Aneroid,
 Parabaloid,
 The world is but a
 Trapezoid.)

(Evaporation,
 Specification,
 Who gives a damn about
 Propagation?)

Lord but it's great
 To be alive
 In the world of
 U-235!

—E. Fermi

TEXAS RANGER



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MOVIE-MADE MEMORIES

Marlene Dietrich, starred in Paramount's "A Foreign Affair," constantly was amazed at the realism of sets representing bombed Berlin. Many of them reminded her of places she had stayed during the years she entertained shrdlu etoain shrdlu shrdlu shrdlu

A true music lover is a person who, when he hears a soprano in the bathroom, puts his ear to the keyhole.—Etude.

First son: "Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor." (Writes out check.)

Second son: "Father, I got into trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's all I've got in the world, but I guess anything is better than dragging down the family name." (Writes out check.)

Daughter: "Father, I did something dreadful last night—"

Father: "Ah, now we collect."

—Metropolitan Life

Marc Antony made two famous speeches. One was at Caesar's grave when he said, "I came to bury Caesar not to praise him." The other was at Cleopatra's tent at midnight. "I didn't come here to talk," he said.—G. B. Shaw.

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

Friend: "What did he give you?"

She: "A couple of drinks."—W.C.T.U.

A sweet young thing breezed into a florist shop, dashed up to an old chap puttering around a plant and inquired, "Have you any passion poppy?"

The old boy looked up in surprise. "Gol ding it!" he exclaimed, "you just wait until I get through prunin' this lily."—Santayana.

Judge: On what grounds are you applying for a divorce?

Mr. Brown: Extravagance, your honor.

Judge: Extravagance? How's that?

Mr. Brown: She kept on buying ice after I had installed an electric refrigerator.—Norge.

HIS START

Sidney Lanfield, who recently directed "Sorrowful Jones," the Bob Hope-Lucille Ball starrer for Paramount, started his motion picture career as a "gag man" during the "silent" era.



The cannibal's daughter who liked the boys best when they were stewed.

—Johannesburg Journal

Marriage is a mutual partnership—
with the husband the mute.—Joke.

The man with a little black bag
knocked at the front door of a large
dilapidated house.

"Come in, come in," said the father
of 14 children, "and I sure hope you're
the piano tuner."—Metronome.

We were never able to find grandma's
glasses, but now she leaves them just
where she empties them.—Seventeen.

"Now, listen," threatened the tattoo
artist, advancing on his delinquent cus-
tomer, "you pay me what you owe me
for that mermaid-on-chest job I did a
month ago, or I'll take it out of your
hide."—Madamoiselle.

"Now, son," said the infuriated father,
"tell me why I spanked you."

"That does it," said the kid, "first you
beat hell out of me, then you ask me why
you did it."—B. Heirens.

FIVE MEALS DAILY

Petite Wanda Hendrix, who packs a
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etaoin etaoin etaoin etaoin

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Just to show you that we aren't strictly on a bop kick, take a look at the Joe Mooney Quartet (not to be confused with Art Mooney and his Banjo Boys). When we first heard Mooney's combo at Dixon's in NYC, we were convinced that here was one of the sharpest little units on the island. Everything about the group was polished to a high gloss; everything was in perfect taste, and throughout the years none of this has dimmed. In fact, it seems even brighter. Listening to Mooney's foursome isn't like scoffing a seven-course banquet. Rather, it's more like sampling a tasty *hors d'oeuvre*.

All of this is carried over into Mooney's recent Decca album, which we think is one of the greatest. Composed of Mooney on accordion, Jack Hotop on guitar, Andy Fitzgerald on clarinet, and Gate Frega on bass, the quartet is instrumentally perfect, but on these sides kicks come from well-knit ensemble work instead of from solos. The quartet's main stock is re-vamping old standards into bright cocktail-lounge delicacies by the adaptation of new lyrics and new tempo.

Examples of this are "Tea for Two," "Just a Gigolo," and "Meet Me at No Special Place," spotting hip unison vocals which border on the humorous. Mooney displays himself as a singer of no small talent on "September Song," "Warm Kiss and a Cold Heart," "Lazy Countryside," and "I Can't Get Up the Nerve to Kiss You." He sings with considerable feeling and musical understanding in a style which is something like a less robust Frankie Laine. Only Mooney sounds genuine where Laine sounds artificial. Mooney's trick of singing just a shade out of tune is very fetching and adds a degree of color to the sides on which he is featured. The last side in the album is "Stars in My Eyes," an instrumental handled in a pretty routine but effective manner.

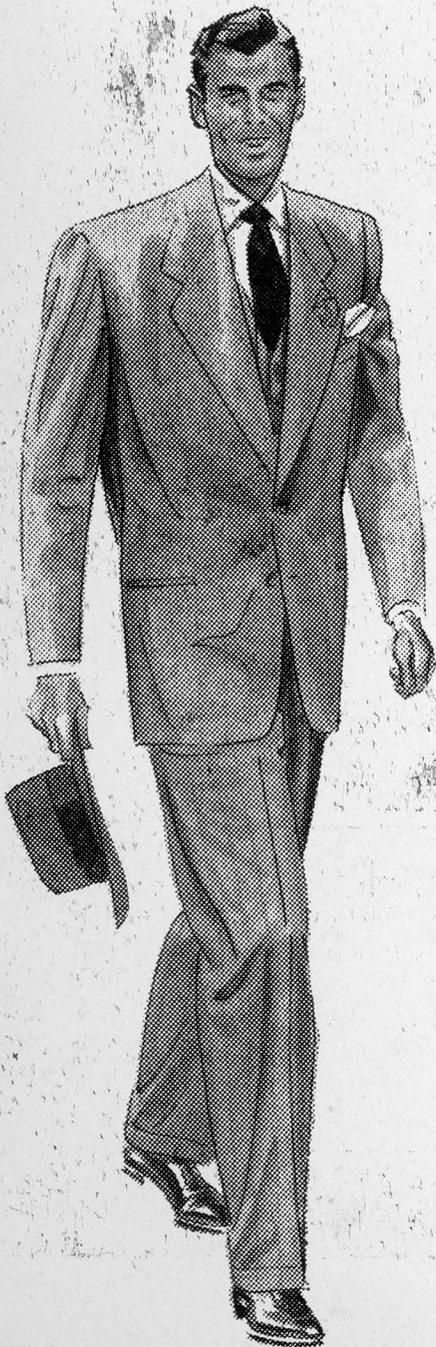
It can be safely said that all eight sides are wonderfully representative of the quartet. The over-all tone exhibits much fertile originality on the part of Mooney and his associates, and proves that as singer, accordionist, and arranger he is possessed of superior taste and deft technique. Mooney may be little known and less appreciated, but with such mellow sounds flowing from his unit with such pleasant frequency, we can't see how he can miss. But don't take our word alone. Go over and dig the album for yourself.

Joe Mooney Quartet (Decca album A-651)



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