TEXAS Ranger

DECEMBER, 1963 29c

LIFE

A friend of the staff recently called our attention to the following story from the Houston Chronicle. We'd like to share it with you:

"Los Angeles (UPI)—It seems the mice that make their home in the Hall of Justice have become addicted to narcotics.

"Peter J. Talmachoff, chief deputy of the criminal division, explained Monday that the mice find their way into a closely guarded room where several hundred pounds of marijuana and other narcotics are held as evidence in pending cases.

" 'Those mice are addicts,' he declared. 'They run riot all night, then stagger off to their nest, leaving the floor littered with marijuana.' "

So it seems that evil man has again corrupted another of nature's innocent creatures. First, we pamper our pets so they have to sleep inside the house and have their food cooked before they will eat it, then we make raving dope fiends out of poor little cuddly mice. The possible implications are staggering. Imagine, if you can, how this whole thing got started. We are looking in on a group of mice in Los Angeles' Hall of Justice.

"Food," cries one. "Where in this place can we get some nourishment for our weak little bodies?"

"Those fat cops don't leave even a single crumb left when they start stuffing themselves," says another.

Then one of the mice makes a discovery. "Hey," he says. "What's this? Looks like food. Some sorta grass, maybe."

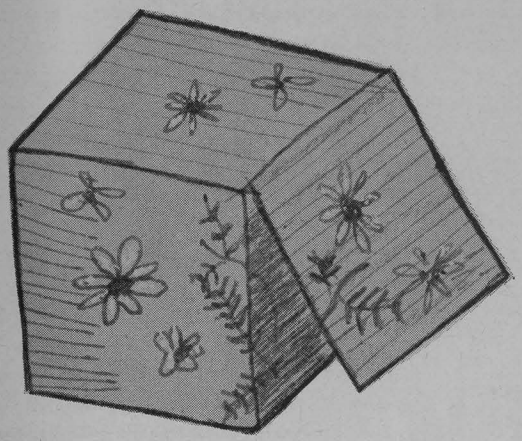
The mice all try some of the new food, find that it tastes okay, and . . . hey! What's going on? Suddenly they find themselves just as high as kites, floating around the room, and having all sorts of good times. Comes the dawn, they "stagger off to their nest, leaving the floor littered with marijuana." (Which strikes us as a shameful waste of good pot.) But then what happens? Do they move on to bigger and better things, such as heroin or cocaine? Picture one of the guards around the dope room suddenly attacked by a hopped-up rodent squeaking fiercely, "Ha, miserable human! Beware the wrath of *Mighty Mouse!*"

Or maybe the cops will move the stuff into another room, and all the mice will go cold turkey (assuming that the mice have gone on to bigger things). With marijuana, one doesn't get withdrawal symptoms, but there might be other consequences. For instance, the mice might get frustrated, or just bored with having to go back to the same old humdrum existence, in which case they might decide to take out their pent-up aggressions by beating up churchmice (that buncha goodie-goodies).

Or consider what might happen if the mice should pass on their discovery to other animals. Firemen would have to be called to get *dogs* down out of trees. Pigeons would put on a regular flying circus. And what if somehow even the zoo animals made contact with one of the mice, who would now, of course, be making great sums acting as pushers? Can you imagine a high elephant? Or a kangaroo? Or (God forbid) a *skunk?* You might even have (get ready) a junkie monkey!! And then what if the mice branched out and began selling to humans? They could undercut the regular pushers, who would naturally protest at the drop in their business. The results would be a *gang war!* The humans would employ mercenary armies of trained cats (straight ones, of course), while the mice could always take refuge in (oh, the irony of it all) the Hall of Justice. The humans would finally win, however, with this stratagem: they would place a large, hungry cat inside a box, disguise the box as a shipment of heroin, and arrange to have it conveniently confiscated by the L.A. Vice Squad. The Squad boys would naturally stash it with the other evidence in the dope storage room. That night the cat would emerge from his fake box of heroin and devour all the unsuspecting rodents—sort of a modern-day (you ready again?) Trojan *horse!!!* Well, didn't we tell you the possible implications were staggering?

At any rate, the whole affair just goes to disprove that old adage about the world beating a path to the door of the man who builds a better mousetrap. In the future, the emphasis will not be on improving traps, we believe. It's the *bait*, man, the *bait*.

dances are...



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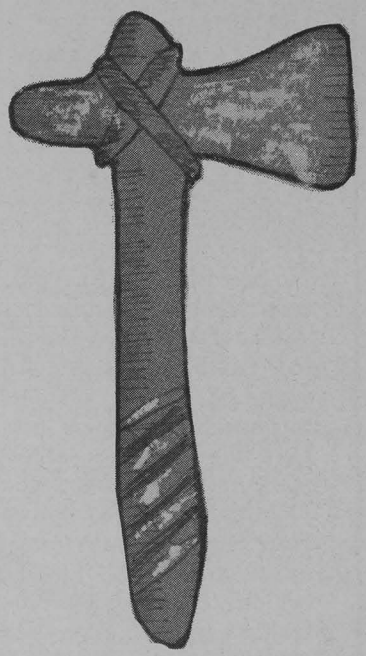

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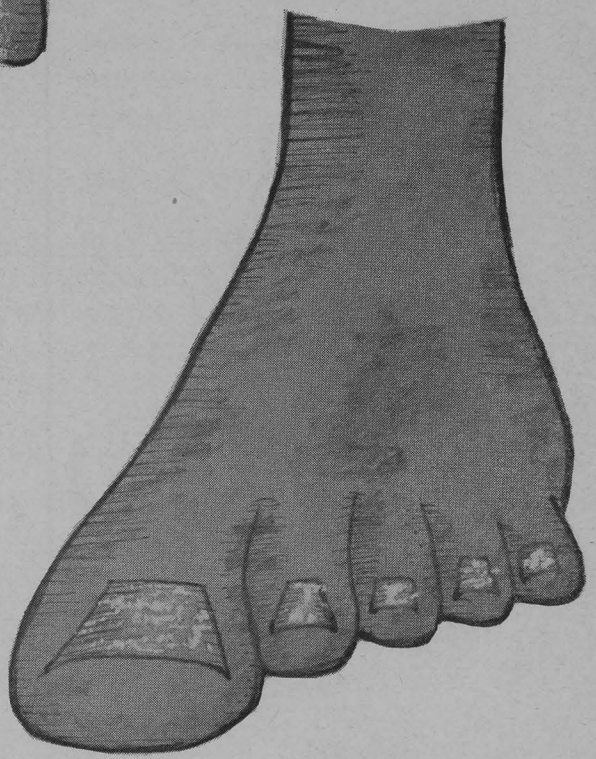

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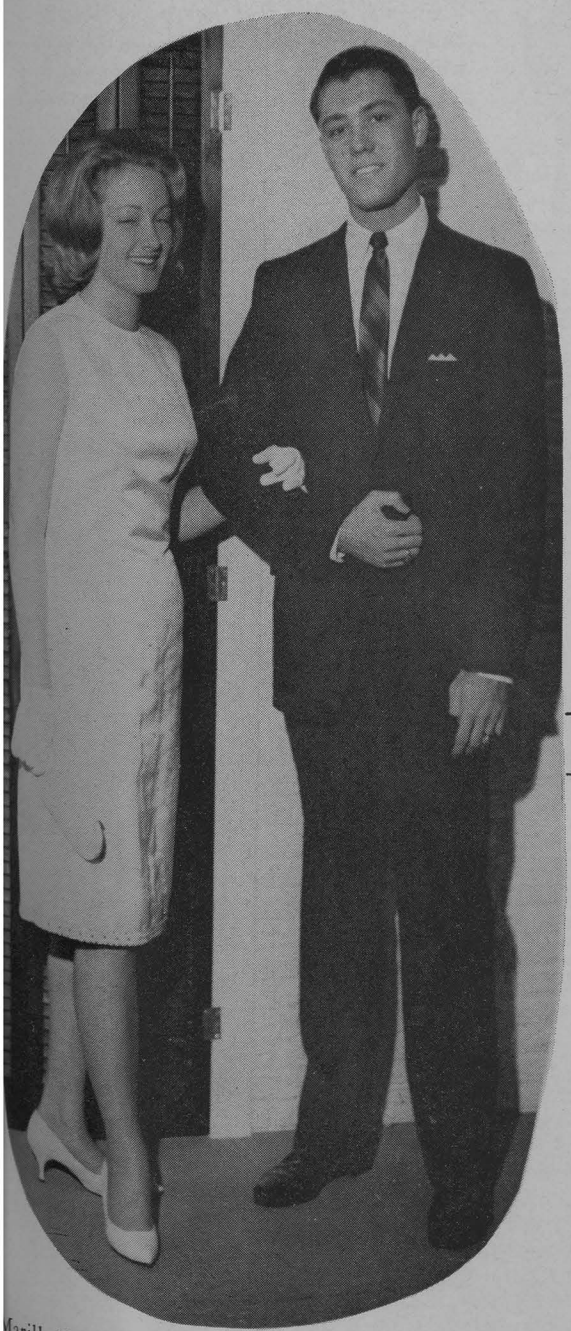


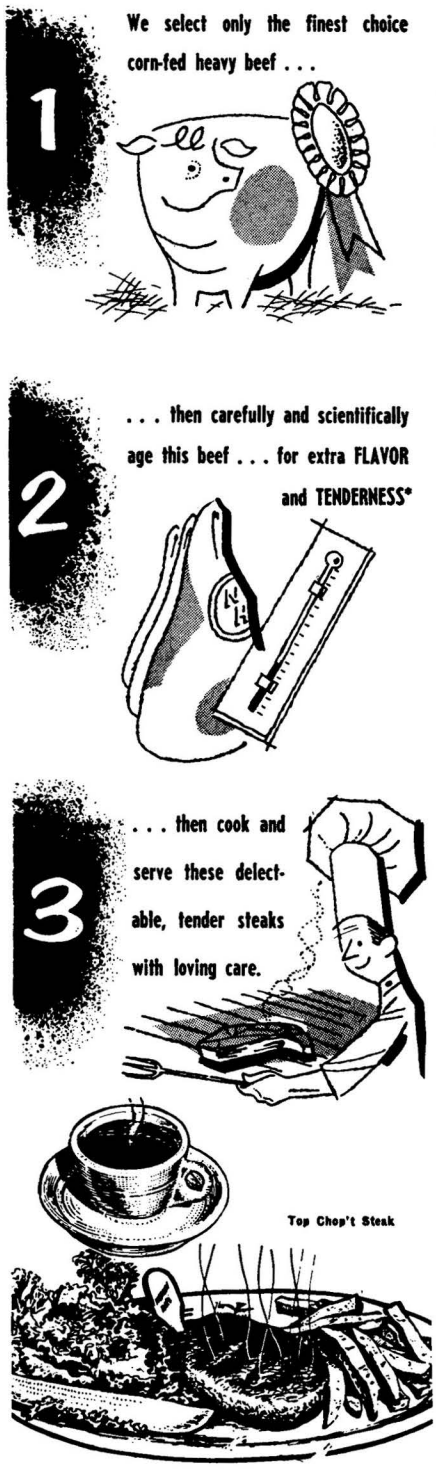
Marilla Black and Morty Cooper step out in holiday fashion in clothes from Scarbroughs.

more fun in

SCARBROUGHS

Congress Avenue and Sixth Street, Austin

clothes



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

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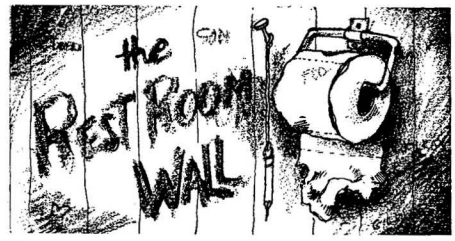

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate your sending me the subscription rate for the Ranger.

That's about it.

Yours Truly,
David S. Harris

(That's about WHAT?)

●

Dear Hairy:

I'm sure missing the Ranger parties. No beer out here. I get out of this Hellhole sometime around the last two weeks of Nov., and I'm making a beeline for the Hairy side of U.T. (wine, wimmen, & song) and lots of it.

This Navy life is not for Hairy. He'd have to shave—all over. No wimmen, no booze. Hairy would go crazy (I'm about to). Too many High School Harrys and the one thing Hairy fears most—discipline. Think the Great Gods of the Greek Outhouse are strict? Hairy's got it easy—comparatively speaking, that is.

Anchors Aweigh!
Francis Sweeney

P.S. Tijuana is off limits! Sigh!
(Funny. It's off limits for us too.)

●

Dear Hairy:

As we tossed a buckled lima-bean-and-ham C-ration can out of our lint-covered fox hole here in the jungle pits of the Philippines, my Navy and Marine buddies and I noticed something that would make a hemophiliac clot—Sarah Judd. So what I'd like you to do for the Defense Effort, see, is send along to our weary troops some more of this bikinied-bounder (however abstracted).

I was faking when I said I'm in a foxhole. I'm in the Navy (poo-pah) as a third-class journalist. I don't feel too essential to the War Effort. I feel more like a Shallow-End Swimmer, if you prefer. I complete my term in February and will be foisted back into the bourgeois life. I'll also have to go back to paying two bits for beer. *Ad interim*, why not send along some pics of your GOM (some file copies that Loyd and the Fizzkids wouldn't let you publish) and Rangers as a whole? It might assuage your conscience at sitting there in college avoiding the draft. Those of us who are Doing Our Part would appreciate it. Send me a bill if you have to.

My year-and-a-half in the Navy has been humorous enough, so if you need any manuscripts for upcoming Rangers, let me know. I was in a year before I learned "frigate" was a ship and not a dirty word. Give my best to the staff, and keep things boiling on campus. I've been in the Philippines for six months (172 inches of rain in that period), and am looking forward to returning to the States late in November.

Eat your spinach now,
Don Myers

(Don graduated from here three years ago amid cheers from his journalism professors and bitter tears from local tavern owners. As for pictures of Sarah, Don, just send a check for one hundred dollars. . . .)

●

Dear Hairy:

Howcum you got all those finks what ain't even in school working for your crummy magazine, like Dave Crossley, Tony Bell, Neueil Snikda, and Treblig Notlehs?

Sincerely,
Gretchen Raatz

(For your information, nobody, in school or out, really WORKS on the Ranger.)

THE TEXAS RANGER is published once a month during the months of September, October, November, December, February, March, and April by Texas Student Publications, Inc., Drawer D, University of Texas Station, Austin 12, Texas. Subscription rate: $2.00 a year. Single copy: 29 cents. Volume 78, No. 4, December, 1963. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Reprint in whole or part by other than bona fide college magazines is prohibited.

Well, ho ho, it's that time of year again when sleighbells ring are you list'nin', you better watch out, not cry, pout, etc., little children take on a happy glow, and everybody is filled wih good cheer—everybody, that is, but the good old United States Post Office Department and its thousands of convenient branches all over the country to serve you. For them, Christmas means, not good cheer and brotherhood, but about a trillion extra letters, cards, and packages. And they work their little hearts out, yes they do.

We here at the Ranger feel very sorry for the poor postmen around Christmas time, and in appreciation of all they've done for us, we'd like to do our part to help. First, we urge you not to send your Christmas cards until January first, at the earliest. This way, your friendly mailman will be saved much extra work, and your friends will appreciate your cards so much more when they do get them. And when you send packages through the mails, be sure to stamp them "Danger! Fragile! Delicate and Very Valuable! Oh, Look Out! Eek eek! Don't Drop!" This saves the postal employees the trouble of having to shake and squeeze packages to tell if they're breakable, and it gives them a warm feeling to know that they can really do some damage if they stomp on *those* packages.

Another cute trick is for several people to send each other about a hundred cards, and when they arrive write "Return to Sender" on all of them and put them back in your mailbox. Or, if you feel like it, report some obscene mail to your postmaster. While you're at it, you could keep harmful objects out of letters and pray for peace too. Since those slogans are put on letters with a genuine, official Post Office stamp, we must assume that it is a federal law not to do any of those things. Any day now we expect to see slogans on letters saying "Vote Democratic in '64," or "Give your postman a hundred dollar bill."

But if you actually feel sorry for the poor mail carriers, just don't send any mail until after Christmas. They'll love you for it. Then get everybody you know to send presents, cards, and letters on Groundhog Day and watch the PO try to figure it out.

THE ACCENT IS BRITISH...

. . . Now the English style leader has gone traditional . . .
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  Monday thru Thursday
  7 A.M.–6 P.M.
  Friday and Saturday

A reporter had been sent to cover a great mine disaster. He was so impressed by what he saw that he tried to indicate all the emotions and heroism that he saw around him in that vast panorama of death.

In a telegram to his editor he began, "God sits tonight on a little hill overlooking the scene of the disaster."

Immediately his editor wired back: "Never mind disaster—interview God. Get pictures if possible."

•

Two Aggies spent the better part of a morning during summer camp digging a foxhole. At lunchtime their sergeant came around and observed that they had dug the hole in the wrong place. So, unhappily they refilled the hole and were dismayed to find that they had a sizable pile of dirt left over.

"See, stupid!" yelled one of them, "I told you we shoulda dug the hole deeper!"

•

"I wish I had my wife back."

"Where is she?"

"I swapped her for a bottle of whiskey."

"And now you realize how much you loved her?"

"No, I'm thirsty again."

•

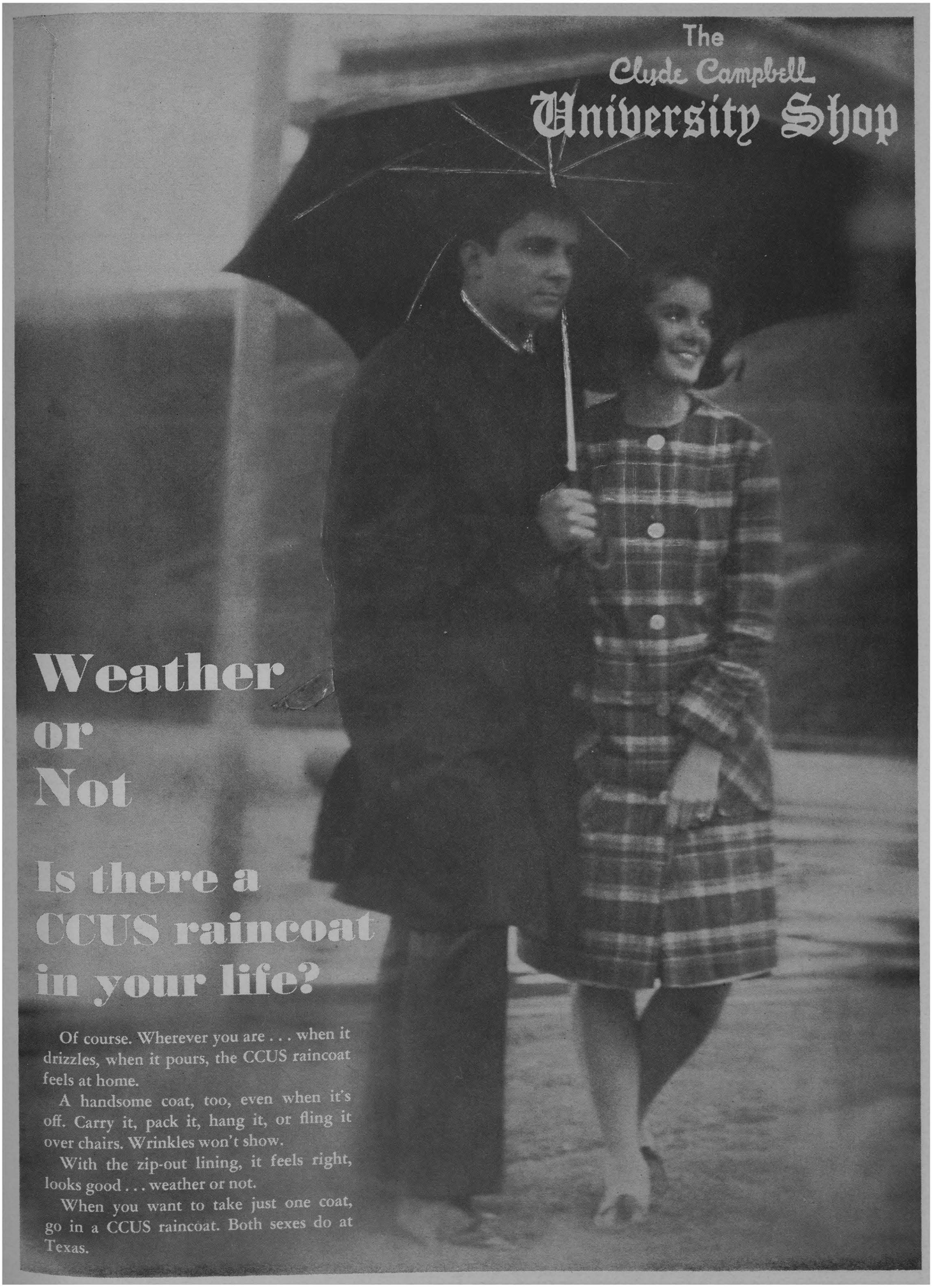
"Do they make false eyes out of glass?"

"Certainly! How else could you see through them?"

Harris Says Nuclear War Destroys Life

—*Daily Kansan, University of Kansas*

Perceptive, that's the word for Harris.

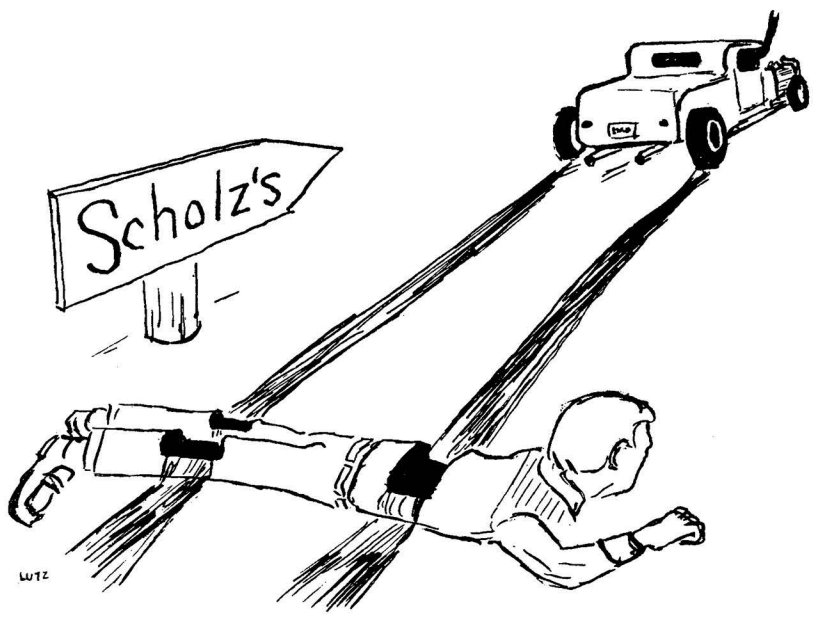

The
Clyde Campbell
University Shop
Weather
or
Not
Is there a
CCUS raincoat
in your life?
Of course. Wherever you are . . . when it drizzles, when it pours, the CCUS raincoat feels at home.
A handsome coat, too, even when it's off. Carry it, pack it, hang it, or fling it over chairs. Wrinkles won't show.
With the zip-out lining, it feels right, looks good . . . weather or not.
When you want to take just one coat, go in a CCUS raincoat. Both sexes do at Texas.

Pictured: Maurice "Mo" Olian, past president of the UT student body, with Miss Linda Harvey.

Everyone admires a well-dressed man
(Especially if he's a Jacobson Man!)

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

largest men's shop on the drag at 2332 Guadalupe



Scholz Garten

UT's oldest and *"refreshing-est"* rendezvous

1607 San Jacinto

A Czechoslovakian patriot was fleeing from the Russians. He made his way across the open fields with the bloodhounds hot on his heels and plunged into the forest.

Deep in the dark woods he came across a small cottage owned by a hermit. Here, he hoped, he could find refuge from his pursuers.

He knocked on the door, and when the hermit peeked out, said: "Hello, do you suppose you could cache a rather large Czech?"

●

The mental patient had complained about severe stomach pains. Finally he convinced the doctor to operate.

Inside the poor fellow was found a beautiful bouquet of American Beauty roses.

"Now how the hell did those get in there?" exclaimed the doctor.

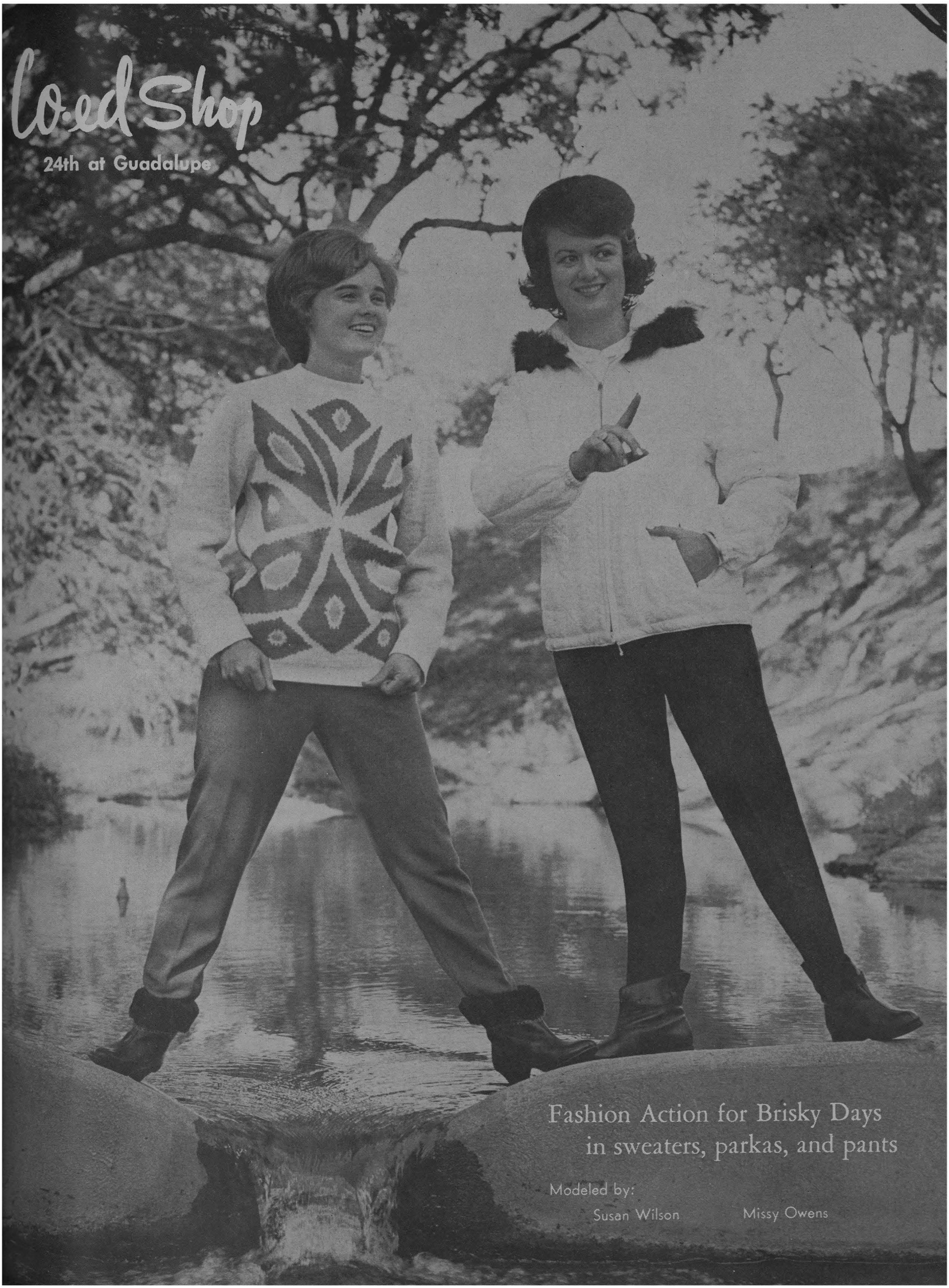
"I don't know," said the patient, "Let's look at the card and see who they're from."

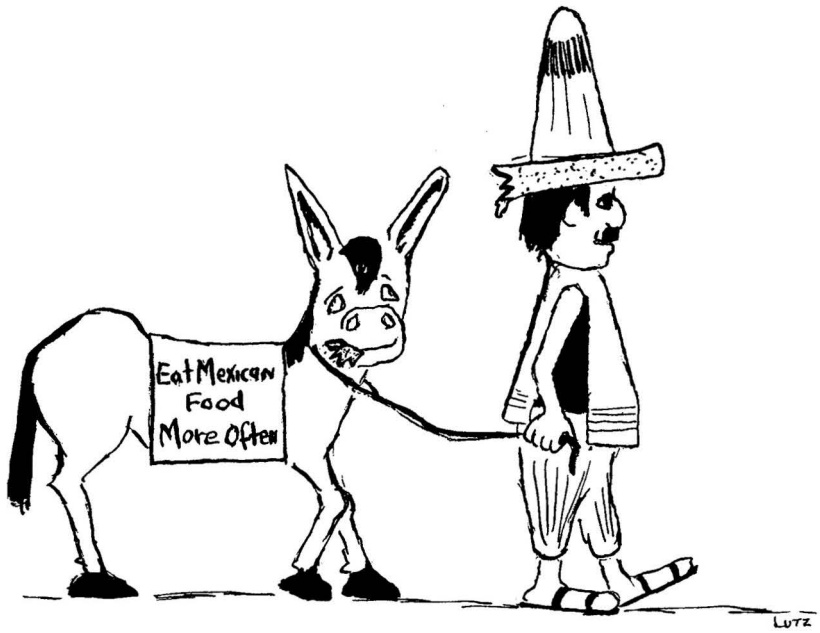
We reprint without comment the following poem from either the Austin Statesman or Austin American, not that it matters which.

Heavenly Austin

Austin, Texas, is the place
To find a person with a smiling face
Home of the Governor's White House too,
No one there ever seems blue,
Grass so green, parks so clean
You hardly ever see anyone mean.
That's the place to settle down
Austin, Texas, that's the town.
Girls are so beautiful
The boys in Austin, are quite dutiful
I say again, Austin, Texas, is the place
Room for everyone, there's lots of space.
MRS. MARGARET WAIGHT
13006 East 62nd St.
Kansas City, Mo.

●


Co-ed Shop
24th at Guadalupe
Fashion Action for Brisky Days
in sweaters, parkas, and pants
Modeled by:
Susan Wilson
Missy Owens



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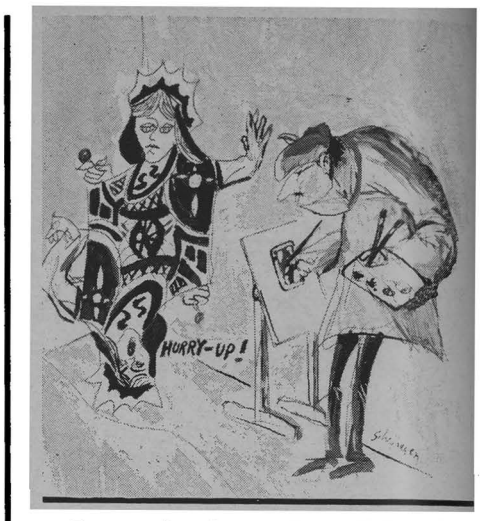


It was the sleepy time of the afternoon. The prof droned on and on on formulae, constants, and figures. A student sitting in the second row, was unable to restrain himself and gave a tremendous yawn. Unfortunately, as he stretched out his arm he caught his neighbor squarely under the chin, knocking him to the floor. Horrified, he bent over the prostrate form just in time to hear him murmer, "Hit me again, Sam, I can still hear him."

•

"Did you make the debating team?"

"N-n-naw, t-t-they said I wasn't t-t-tall enough."

•

A man went to the bakery and asked the baker to bake a cake in the form of the letter S. The baker said he would need a week to prepare the necessary items. The customer agreed, and returned a week later. Proudly the baker showed him the cake and—sure enough—it was shaped like an S.

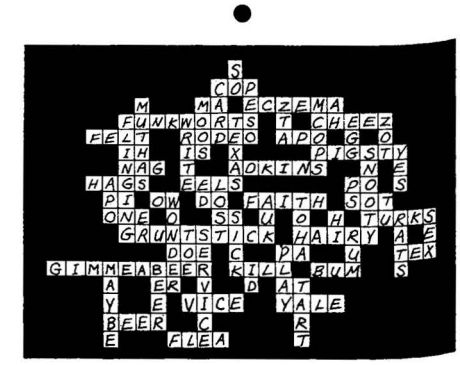
"But you misunderstood me," the customer said. "You made a block letter and I wanted script."

A week later the customer returned, and was delighted with the cake. "Exactly what I wanted," he said.

"Will you take it with you," asked the baker, "or shall I send it to your house?"

"Don't bother," said the customer. "If you'll just give me a knife and fork I'll eat it right here."

•



TEXAS Ranger 1963
DECEMBER
God bless you one and all.

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All that glitters is not Golding.

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Although not much.

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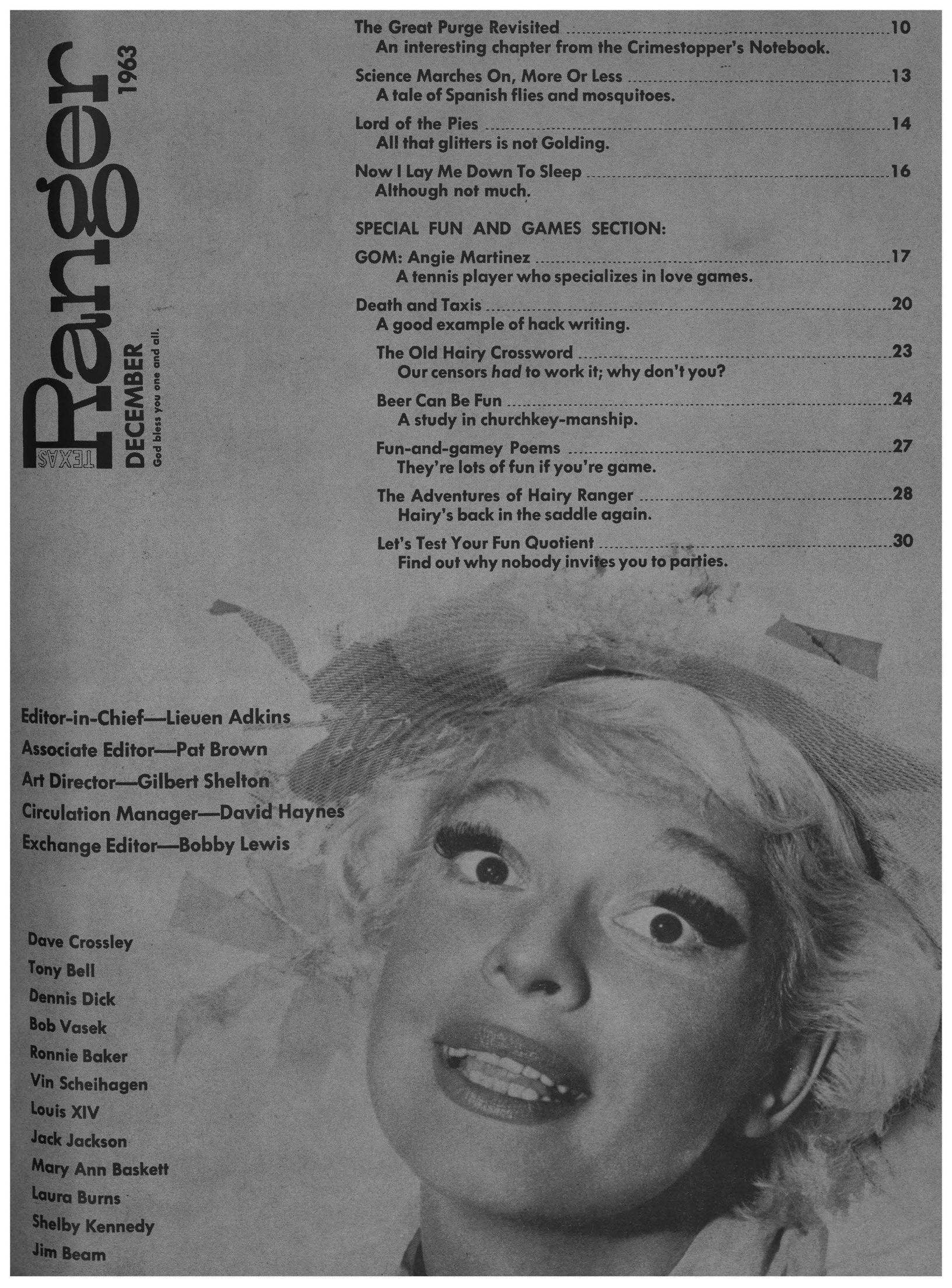

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Top Rangeroos Fired For TSP Violation

Ex-Rangeroos Await Hearing Before Disciplinary Committee

The Great Purge Revisited

By Lieuen Adkins

Two years ago last month, four solemn-faced young men marched into the forbidding atmosphere of a room filled with equally solemn-faced men seated around a table. As they went to confront their inquisitors, the youths knew that they were foredoomed. Yet did they tremble with fear like common cowards, did they whimper and complain, did they slink into the room like beaten jackals? You're damn right they did.

And who were these young martyrs? Spies? Deserters? Members of the Ungerground? Religious dissenters? Nothing so trivial as these. They were the staff of the Ranger, student humor magazine of the University of Texas. Their names? Jack Lowe, the editor; Dave Crossley, the associate editor; Kerry O'Quinn, the art director; and last, and most assuredly least, Lieuen Adkins, the circulation manager. Their crime? Defiling the immaculate pages of their magazine by the inclusion of a very, very naughty word therein. Or at least, such was the formal charge against them, much as Sacco and Vanzetti were charged with robbery and murder, Dreyfus, with treason. To hear the case was the all-high Executive Committee of the Board of Directors, Texas Student Publications, Inc., bless their hearts.

Two hours later, waiting in the office that would soon no longer be theirs, the dejected Rangeroos received the word that they were as of that moment *ex*-Rangeroos, and that they had that afternoon to clear out all their belongings and vacate. The actual pronouncement of sentence (which they knew was coming) acted to dispel the general depression and, the tension at last relieved, sent the fired quartet into a mood of hysterical high spirits. In a kind of manic glee, they lept about the office gathering up possessions, pausing only to pose for the TV cameras they had summoned on the assumption (and correct it proved) that they would be fired. Indeed, they stripped the office as cleanly as a swarm of locusts, leaving behind for whomever might be their successors little but the desks and walls. Piling their booty into a caravan of broken-down cars, they charged off into the sunset to drown their sorrows and wait for the Second Coming.

Exactly what precipitated the Great Purge, as the mass firing had come to be called? On the surface, it was four little letters adding up to one little word, nestled snugly and obscurely in the midst of a large illustration spread over two pages of a great, big magazine. The "word," as we will simply refer to it hereafter, was anything but conspicuous—it was small; it was hidden amid a mass of design; the letters were strung out in different directions; it didn't even look like a word. Indeed, if it had been more apparent it would never have made it into the magazine in the first place, and the course of history would have been changed. Many Ranger readers, in fact, complained that they had looked and looked and still couldn't find the word. One person, a member of the faculty, wrote to the Texan thusly: "I believe that I have as dirty a mind as any on campus, yet it took me nearly an hour to locate the vile word which the sharp eyes of the Committee had immediately spotted."

The fall of 1961 had been a banner year for the Ranger for the first two issues. Both September and October

TEXAS RANGER EX-STAFFERS HOLD RITES FOR LAMENTED OLD 'HAIRY'
Jack Lowe, Kerry O'Quinn, Lieue n Adkins, Dave Crossley bow (?) heads

American-Statesman/UPI

With Due Ceremony

Hairy Ranger Is Laid To Fi

by MARJ WIGHTMAN

ry Ranger, his whiskers to meet the angels, is telling them a joke right

iry is gone (as

Poor Jud in Oklahoma! to give

Hairy a more bucolic sendoff

he might have wan

But, it

issues sold out, and the decision was made to print 10,000 copies of the November issue—the most Rangers ever printed in a single month. The decision to print so many copies seemed well justified on the morning of that fatal day, as sales were vigorous from the first. Soon, however, Ranger salespeople noticed an increase in sales that was phenomenal. The word had leaked out. All over campus, wide-eyed students, males and co-eds alike, could be seen intensely scanning their Rangers, turning them at all angles, and holding them up to the light. Eventually, the Ranger advisors (who, like the proverbial wronged husband or wife, were the last to know) realized something unusual was going on. And, inevitably, someone finked. The top four Ranger staffers were notified of their impending trial. Said trial took place on schedule, the evidence was heard and weighed, the defendants were tried, convicted, and dismissed.

But the fireworks were just beginning. That night, the movies of the evicted Rangeroos were shown on television. And the next morning, the Texan devoted the majority of its front page to the story, under the sensational headline "Top Rangeroos Fired For TSP Violation." Not to mention the lead editorial, entitled "The Mouthwashing." In the days that followed, letters poured into the Texan office. For perhaps a week afterward, every Firing Line contained at least some letters about the Ranger firing, and some days there were no letters about anything else. They came from students, ex-students, faculty members, and one even came from a group of Aggies. And, with but one exception, all enthusiastically sided with the discharged Rangeroos. A particularly scathing letter from an employee of The New York Times said "That magazine is nothing but a dirty, vile, filthy smut sheet whose purpose is corruption, material obscene, editorials pink, and staffers and editors utterly worthless. Congratulations to the University administration for protecting young minds." The letter was signed "Lynn Ashby." For the younger generation, Ashby was editor of the Ranger back in 1960–61.

Adding insult to injury, the ex-staffers were brought before the Discipline Committee for hearing. Apparently feeling that the loss of office and salary was sufficient punishment, the Committee let the youthful pornographers off with an official admonishment. And the letters kept coming. The faculty member mentioned earlier (he of the admittedly dirty mind) offered the statistic that the "odds on any random consecutive four-letter sequence being the dirty word in question . . . purely by chance, are approximately one out of 456, 976." He went on to say that with such odds, textbooks have a good chance of containing "the word" at least once, while the University Library could be a "cesspool of random-chance pornography."

One student even wrote a mock "Ode to Censorship" for the Firing Line. Another suggested "While the TSP Board is firing people, why not fire the incompetent censor who passed the illustration with 'the word' in it?" It was while the controversy was still at a fever pitch that fired staffer Adkins wrote his usual weekly column for the Texan. This time it be-

Tuesday, November 28, 1961 THE DAILY TEXAN Page 2

The Mouthwashing

Hairy Ranger, the well-known symbol of the Texas Ranger magazine, has been kicked in the pants many times by various boot wearers. But last week Hairy, who has been told on numerous occasions to "clean up," got his mouth washed out.

It was not an ordinary mouthwashing. In fact it cost Hairy his four top supports. The four chief hands, in reality the entire staff, lost their jobs because of "violation of general policy and indecency."

There was no doubt that Hairy needed a mouthwashing. And the Ranger staffers knew they had erred. They also knew that the magazine had been on precarious ground for years, and an incident such as this could well prove quicksandish. It did, at least for these Rangeroos.

We are sorry that it meant curtains for this fun-loving bunch, but it did. We hope however that his major mouthwashing doesn't mean the end of the Texas Ranger.

The Ranger has endured too much to die now.

★ ★

Through the years the Texan and Ranger have feuded. It has been a friendly feud, although the Texan has been ridiculed and the object of thousands of Ranger jokes. We haven't minded having fun poked at us and through the years the Ranger has managed to earn considerable publicity space in the Texan.

We have always been a bit disturbed by the myth surrounding the Ranger. This is the idea that the self-proclaimed "stepchild" of Texas Student Publications was persecuted and unwanted.

It is true that the Ranger has had censorship trouble, and that there have been strong movements in recent years to do away with the magazine. But too many of these problems were brought on by the staffers themselves.

The Ranger has long evaded the real facts when a funny or irate near-truth would do as well. Usually it has been innocently comical. But not always. People have heard stories so long they were eventually accepted as truth. For example there was the much-exploited tale (Hairy's tale) about the Ranger editor who courageously resigned because of censorship. This was fine, except why make a martyr out of a fellow who had to quit anyhow because of scholastic probation? Another example is the belief that the Ranger is the financial bulwark of TSP. Not so.

But we don't want to pick on Hairy while he is down. It will be extremely difficult, but we hope that he can make a comeback. We hope that the new staff leaders will realize their responsibility and realistic limitations from the beginning. A magazine can be humorous and clever without being crude or overloaded on particular subjects.

★ ★

We're not kicking at the fired Rangeroos, or the magazine in general. They have often done a creditable job and judging from sales have been satisfying a large number of students. But the TSP Executive Committee has made its move and intends to stick with it.

Therefore a new group of Rangeroos appears likely to emerge. And we hope that they don't let Hairy die, but will keep in mind some hard lessons that their predecessors learned.

Comments on Ranger

To the Editor:

It is my understanding that The Texas Ranger is faced with expulsion from the campus of The University of Texas. Good. That magazine is nothing but a dirty, vile, filthy smut sheet whose purpose is corruption, material obscene, editorials pink, and staffers and editors utterly worthless. Congratulations to the University administration for protecting young minds.

Lynn Ashby
New York Times,
New York, New York

★

TSP

To the Editor:

While the TSP Board is firing people, why not fire the incompetent censor who passed the illustration with "the word" it it?

David Doan
2512 A Seton

gan with the blunt statement "The Ranger is dead." That little literary masterpiece went on to explain that "the word" was not the reason for the firing, but only a convenient excuse for a TSP Board which, over the years finding an irreconcilable clash of philosophies between itself and the Ranger, had been looking for just such an excuse for some time. The column ended "As for Hairy Ranger dying—well, weeds and other undesirable growths have a way of springing up again and again. In very unusual places."

At the time, however, we all sincerely believed that the Hairy Ranger we knew was indeed dead. In fact, a solemn and, if I may say so, very moving funeral ceremony was held on the Union steps the next week. All wearing black armbands, the deposed magazinists all delivered orations over the casket containing Hairy's body. Then, to the dirgeful strains of "Po-o-o-ore Hairy's dead." they bore the deceased to the waiting 1937 Packard hearse. At that moment—it happened to be high noon—bells from a nearby church began tolling in a most doleful and convincing manner. And the hearse slowly moved off into the distance—pushed by a 1951 Ford.

Things had finally begun to die down when the December Ranger, which had been put together by the old staff before the Great Purge hit, was put on sale, and the merry-go-round started up again. It seems that those madcap Rangeroos had inserted still another dirty word in the December issue. Once again, news got around, and the magazine sold at a fabulous rate until the authorities were alerted and the remaining copies jerked off the stands. By the way, both the November and December, 1961, issues are collector's items now, and worth a lot of money. Got that? I'll bet you'd love to have one, wouldn't you? As we said, they are collector's items, very rare, and worth a lot of money. However, we just happen to have a few copies we've saved, that we might let go for the right price. Come by and make us an offer.

To get back to the subject, the poor ex-Rangeroos were once again called before the Discipline Committee. By now we were getting to be old friends. This time we were absolved, all but the evil art director, who was put on probation. So a new staff was recruited to replace the old, who went off to found the ill-fated Bacchanal magazine. The new staff had problems of its own. Both the editor and associate editor of the new Ranger failed to make their grades and lasted but one issue. The last two issues that year were edited by Ray Hanson, a Rangeroo of the old school who was, nevertheless, innocent of any involvement in the November and December issue scandal. Ray, faced with loss of advertising, loss of sales on campus, loss of confidence in the magazine, and loss of Crossley and Adkins (by their own admissions the best writers in the history of the Ranger), did a creditable job with what he had. Ray later moved to California, where he now balances his 260-pound bulk on a Yamaha 125 Japanese motorcycle and roars with myopic abandon through the streets of San Francisco or Los Angeles, we're not sure which. Ray doesn't write.

It was beginning to look as if the direst prophecies of the one-time Rangeroos would hold true. The Ranger had lost its popularity, had lost most of its staff, and there was no qualified person to edit the magazine for the coming year. Things looked bleak indeed. But then, like the Messiah in the ancient prophecies, came a man to save the Ranger. Gilbert Shelton, who had graduated and gone to New York to work, returned at the last minute, like the U. S. Cavalry, to revive Hairy Ranger, to breathe new life into the magazine, to lead his people to victory—and to escape the draft.

Shelton had a difficult cross to bear, but through persistent efforts he managed to re-establish a Ranger in the good, old, Hairy tradition. The patient has still not recovered his former strength, however. Circulation today has not regained the lofty heights reached by the magazine of the fall of the Great Purge. But those of us who said "The Ranger is dead" have had to eat our words, and we did it gladly. Bill Helmer, Ranger editor in 1959–60, proved to be a better prophet when he wrote, following the Purge, "... Hairy Ranger has survived strong blows before, so there is hope. Lesser men than he have risen from the dead. (Lazarus, Mr. Censor, Lazarus!)" And, as noted earlier, weeds and other undesirable growths *do* have a way of springing up again and again.

But, as we said, this year's Ranger is not up to the fabulous circulation of yesteryear. What we need to boost sales is another nice, juicy scandal. Oh, not that we'd put in something like they did two years ago. Still, if you've got a little time to kill, you might just leisurely thumb through this issue, holding it kind of sideways, lift it up to the light, and when you get to a certain page.... ●

Science Marches On, More Or Less

By Dave Crossley

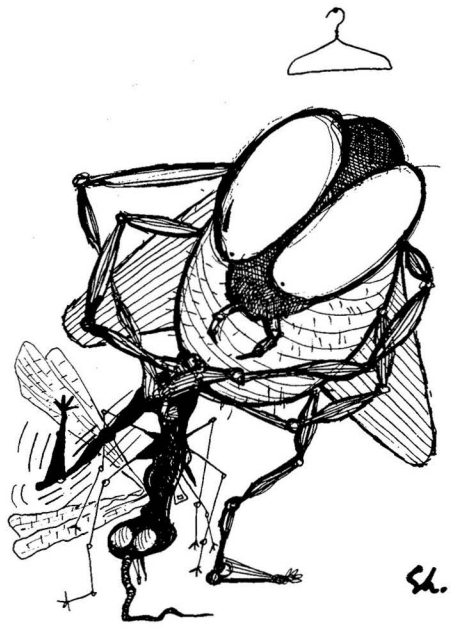
There isn't any sense in any of us becoming hysterical, or rushing to our encyclopedias, or leaving the country, so relax and try to accept the bug problem as I am trying to do. We all know how to kill mosquitoes and a number of ways to catch flies and that is the way it should be, but you didn't know until just now and I didn't know until last night, that flies turn into mosquitoes at night. There you go, checking your passport. Please be seated and let me finish.

In the first place, I haven't checked this theory throughout the world, so if you go packing up and scramming, you might just get yourself into some sort of unspeakable mess, and that's all any of us needs, to get in a fix in a foreign country, especially if we don't speak the language.

Where I am though, I assure you, flies turn into mosquitoes at night, and I am in Mexico, still. I've been here some time now, and I'm really a little embarrassed to admit I didn't notice this natural phenomenon until last night, but I've been busy and a little tired, so perhaps the delay is excusable. Delay or not, the fact remains and it's high time a little truth was spread around instead of this foolishness about the U.S. Open Tournament that I've been reading in the Mexico City News.

My house (they call them *casas* and little houses are *casitas*. The neighbors call my house a *casita chiquitica*, whatever that is, and they throw rocks or laugh.) has no screens. Tit for tat, and all that, so since it has no screens, it has flies. They wake me up in the morning by thumping me on the forehead and buzzing something or other in my ear, but none of them has the decency to get the fire started and coffee brewing before he wakes me up. That's how flies are, though. They bother and pester you, and when you tell them you're working and could they come back later, they pay no more attention to you than if you were standing in the center of the room screaming, naked, with your hair on fire, and brandishing a kitchen knife or a red brassiere, however you brandish red brassieres. Then when you finally get a little used to them, they become even more friendly and sit on your hand while you go about your business, or on your nose. Probably just trying to get across a point by looking you in the eye, but that doesn't work because I don't speak Spanish that well, and when they get argumentative and fiery, I don't understand at all. So they might just as well have stayed outside or gone to Javier's house, which is just down the street and to the left two blocks.

All the houses in Mexico (or at least in Mazatlán, where I am) have bars on the windows. Well, they have bars over the opening in the wall in the houses that have no real windows



which slide up and down or turn out by winding a crank. My house is one of these. The bars, I suppose, are to keep criminals and murderers out, but there aren't any criminals and murderers in my neighborhood, that I know of, unless you can count that surly fellow of whom I am a little suspicious and who lives just two doors away. So they might just as well have put screens on the windows, or windows on the windows, for that matter. The bars, being four or five inches apart, don't even keep out that infernal bat who lives next door and flies in to talk and tussle around in my hair, just as I am getting ready for bed. And there's a cicada in the papaya tree, but I'd rather not talk about him.

The flies, then, come over about 8 in the morning and that's too early, because I work late, but that doesn't bother them any. What do *they* care how much sleep I get? When they've finally dragged me out—and there's certainly enough of them to do just that—they shoosh me out to the little terrace in back and *I* have to start the fire. After a cup of coffee, my spirits rise a little, very little, but enough so I can carry on a fairly decent conversation, but once they've got me awake and dressed, they disappear until I'm ready to start work. That's when they get on my hands and on my nose. Lord knows it's enough work trying to write without a busybody fly scooting around around trying to show you which keys to hit, telling you what to say, and in Spanish, at that. When I write, it's nothing more than a very long typing lesson, and if something comes out of it that's readable, you can be assured it was dumb luck. Some of you may have noticed that. Well, we can't always have winning streaks and if you were much of a person at all you'd have a little sympathy during the sour seasons. And please don't give advice: I already know about drinking and it doesn't help. Besides, I can't go staggering around Mazatlán like a dipsomaniac or the American consul would have me on the carpet in an instant, or I'd give all my money away, or be arrested.

Finally, when the accursed little beasts have driven me to distraction (we usually go the whole way and I walk back), I shout American words at them, fiendish-sounding words like "Caramel!!" and "Grab bag!" and sometimes "Rigor Mortis!" which usually frightens them until their wings crack because they think I may be making obscene remarks about things I'll do to their mothers or children. At times like these, I'm glad they speak only Spanish, for off they go in a black swarm, to hide somewhere and regroup, trying to think of ways to get even.

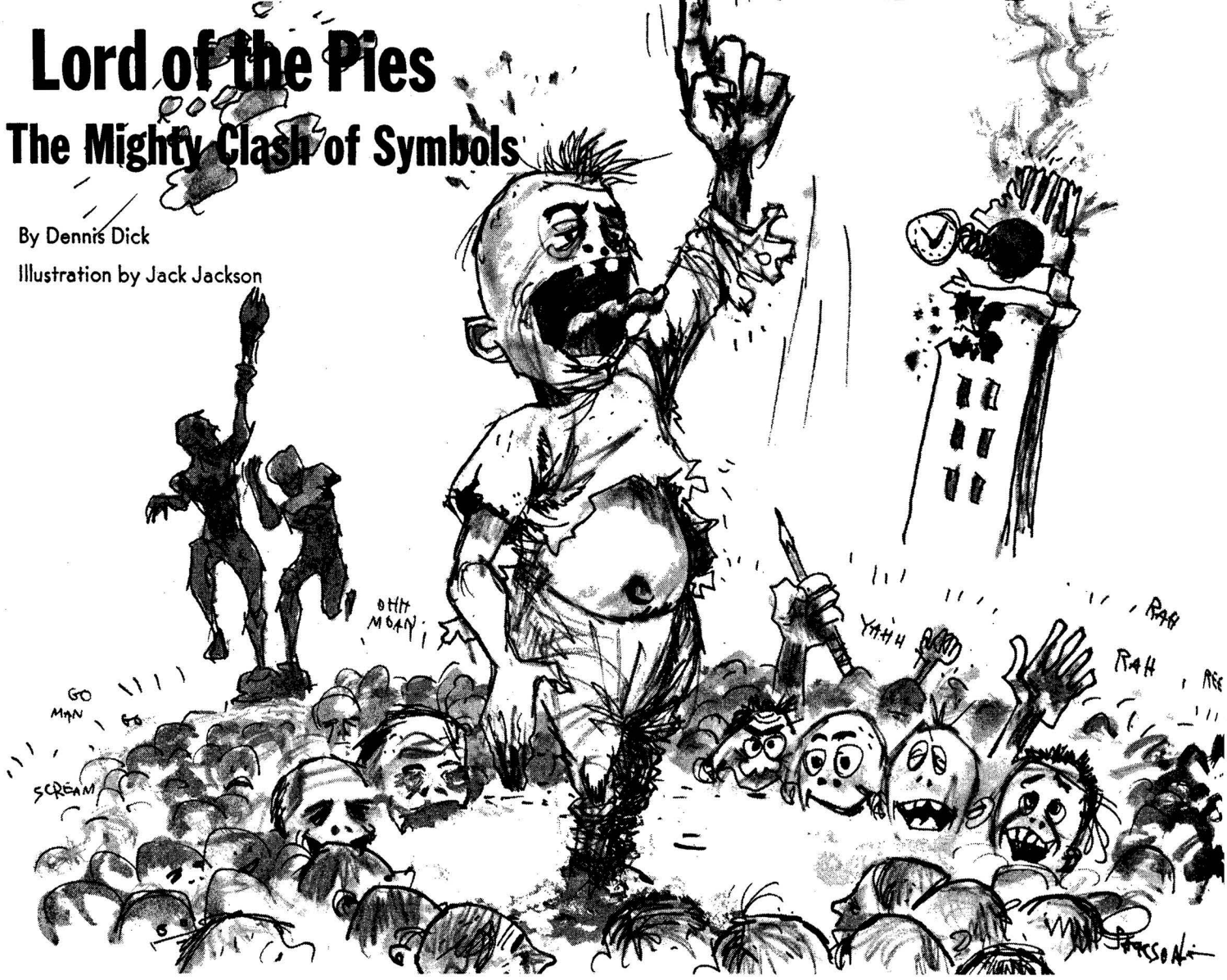
But curses or not, they always manage to hide both fear and spite in order to make it back for lunch and dinner, when they complain bitterly

(Cont. on page 33)

Lord of the Pies
or, The Mighty Clash of Symbols

By Dennis Dick

Illustration by Jack Jackson



"Look, Herbert, we've been here four days now."

The sun glared sharp and cruelly on the crisp red brick structures of Old Southern University. Bathed in the frozen ocean of light the rococo classrooms and peeling white barracks stood silent and omnious, like untopped ruins. Though fully midday, not a human walked upon the face of the grounds. The only movement at all was the blowing of a yellowing "news paper" (The Daily Old S.U.) with the headline: "WAR(?) . . ." And a sparrow hopped on the Main Mall.

Yet, deep in the stainless steel bowels of the newest structure, beneath the concrete mall, labored the constantly whirring computer, faithfully and stupidly shuffling cards for a no longer existent bureaucracy, an electronic fossil stoically unaware of its uselessness. Beneath the machinery, and equally anachronistic and superfluous, were the students. One last classful, weirdly remaining, one strange remnant of a way of life that should have been obliterated. Human sounds now were drops in oceans, flies on pigs, sparrows on malls. One of the leftovers of civilization stood before the class and fifteen sat, in postures quaintly reminiscent of the recent yet useless past. There the last vestiges of their race reposed: fifteen young American boys . . . and *one girl* (who messes up this plot something awful!)

One of the timid boys timidly spoke again, "Look, Herbert, we've been here four days now, . . ."

Herbert, a handsome, self-possessed, modestly egotistic, blue-eyed youth, turned slowly from eying the well-erased blackboard. "That's enough, Stanley. We've been told to stay, by our Teacher. He will come back."

"He won't come back," sobbed Tiresias, hiding his little head in his hands.

The class stirred uneasily while Tiresias sobbed. Stanley, looking vexed, ventured again, "Herbert, I . . ."

"Silence!" Herbert demanded in his forceful and leaderly manner. "We must respect our Teacher's orders. Without respect for order, society will crumble."

"Herbert, may I . . ." began Stanley again.

"No talking, please! Talking breeds disorder, and we must have order!"

"Well, *you're* talking!" Shelly pointed out, rising and lumbering towards the front of the class. The students were growing restless and made so bold as to look at the handsome, blue-eyed authority figure at the front of the class.

"Our Teacher appointed *me* to take charge," replied Herbert calmly, "and gave me the staff!" He then held before him a dirty yardstick, once used by the absent math teacher as a pointer. Like a scepter he held it above the heads of the class, which stilled. Even Shelly stopped, breathing heavily, transfixed by the mystic stick.

Stanley broke the spell by saying, all in a rush, "Herbert we've been here four days. May I please go to the restroom?"

"Nobody leaves! We must have *order!* Society will *crumble!*" Herbert screamed, slamming the yardstick on the table with a resounding crack. The symbol broke in two, one end flying into the air and landing in the midst of the class. An electric impulse shot through the room. A grin suddenly

creased Shelly's hard features. He bent and picked up the splintered fragment.

Herbert was dazed for several moments. With an edge of uncertainty in his voice, he could only repeat, "We must obey, we must obey. . . ."

He broke off the conversation as Shelly shoved the sharp splintered ruler through Herbert's right eye, and out the back of his head. As the former leader crumpled to the floor, Shelly commented: "We are now freed from the tyranny of an outdated, legalistic order, if you are unable to understand such obvious symbolism. Now who do you want for a leader, as if there could be any doubt?"

"Shelly, Shelly!" the class shouted in unison, with overtones of idolatry. "Shelly will lead us!"

Shelly egotistically and easily accepted, continuing: "Let's be fair and democratic and free and idealistic about this—do we want to do what's right? Do we want to do what's most important for us to do?"

"Yes!" roared the student body, without a pause or thought.

Triumphant, Shelly led the remnant of the University to the building which once housed the Daily Old S.U., third college daily in the south. When they assembled in the news room, Shelly turned to them with a fixed and fanatic face. A tear gleamed in his right eye. "Without news, society will decay! We must inform our people so that they can know what to think and so be capable of ruling themselves. We must write editorials, and stimulate their minds, and still appeal to a wide audience. *Vincit Omnia Veritas!* On with the late edition! Hurry, we're a week past deadline! Tiresias, you start sweeping out the lead. Rolf, here's a book on typesetting. Learn it in half an hour. Get to work!"

Most of the followers were eager to spend their time as newspaper workers, and obeyed like willing machines. Only Micah and Williamgolding exhibited any signs of less-than-total-obedience.

"Are you entirely sure," commented Micah, "that putting out a newspaper is *the* important thing? After all, there's only us left. . . ."

Shelly was momentarily dismayed at the prospect of circulation 15, advertising 0; but his faith wavered for only a second. "Shut up," he responded, raving dementedly. "We'll send them around the world! If anybody's left, they will get my paper. The rest of the world will throb to my passions, to use a symbolic metaphor. Besides, do you consider *yourself* well-informed? Do you think you know what to think? We are all lost sheep here—and *I* must guide us. Now get busy!"

Micah sneered. "Sorry I questioned you. What should I do, master?"

Shelly noted the obviously disrespectful jibe in Micah's voice, and so replied, "Go upstairs and produce a humor magazine."

"What about food?" asked Williamgolding, exposing Shelly to a practical responsibility he was not capable of handling. "There's candy machines in the basement," he roared, "and anyway, I want you to live, breathe, eat and sleep news. Now you start writing an article on the survivors and their leaders.

"The survivors are us," summed up Williamgolding brilliantly, "and so I'll interview you."

"Sorry, I've got no time—go and do some legwork. And you, Helen," he continued, turning to the complication, "you go upstairs and wait for me in room 269. Be prepared to take dictation. All right, everyone get on with it!"

For three hours, the routine was followed—type, edit, re-write, censor, proofread. The followers became slowly weary of the demonic energy and senseless orders of Shelly and began to mutter and complain. One or two dissidents were flogged, but still the crew was unenthusiastic. Shortly, while examining the presses in the basement, Shelly faced the crisis. Little Josey sniveled before him. Shelly raged: "Where are those nine news items, jerk? You know your assignment, don't you?"

"Please, sir, Mr. Editor," blurted out little Josey, "but there's no people left. There's nothing to write about on the outside. Nothing to write about. . . ." Josey crumpled on the floor, weeping. Shelly kicked him distractedly, but before he could rephrase and edit the words in his mind, Stewart the wire editor frenzied in. "It's no use," Stewart expostulated. "We're just getting the same old AP story—peace negotiations—over and over again, and we've already run it on every page. And what's more . . . there's . . . there's . . ."—Stewart broke down—"there's . . . no . . . more . . . *comics!*"

A shock came and went. Rolf ended the pregnant silence by thrusting aside his apron and striding out. The staff began to walk away, the newspaper to dissolve, the meaning to disperse, the flies to settle. Shelly, rebounding from distraction, seized a headline of type for a weapon and waved it, shouting "Death to they who desert the third college dai—" His speech was cut short as the stronger Micah tossed the editor of nothing into the groaning presses to be mangled and reprinted.

The remnants gathered at the door of the News Building. Bright-eyed, sharp Williamgolding summed up brilliantly what they had all been thinking: "What are we going to do?"

They looked at Micah, the last to show any initiative. A slight smile creased his usually inscrutable features. "Let's try democracy first," he said. (Reader note the word "first." That points up the subtle dramatic irony. Oh, I'm such a good writer!)

Rolf seized the chance to use his oratorical talents. He mounted the stone pedestal to make a suggestion, and neglected to get down. During the latter part of his short oration he placed his hand on his heart and turned his face skyward—perhaps an overdone gesture, yet an effective one. Rolf himself condescended to begin the meeting. "Let us investigate the matter," he proclaimed, using the same speech that had served to elect him student body president. "Let us make a representative decision. Suggestions, please."

"Le's drink beer, play music an' have a folksing," blurted the hitherto taciturn John. A small roar of approval shot through the crowd, which moved together in the direction of Scholz's.

"Wait!" declared Rolf, anxious to turn aside this threat to his power. "It's all very well to enjoy ourselves, to turn off and neglect our responsibilities to society. If you want to renounce the things you ought to do and go off and indulge yourselves, it's perfectly all right with *me*. But let's vote, democratically—how many want to renounce and ignore their responsibilities?"

John sensed that this question was a wee bit slanted, and half-raised his hand to indicate abstention. The rest looked guiltily at the ground. "Well then," continued Rolf confidently, "how many want to do what we ought to; to make student government meaningful; to get this campus moving again; to bring intelligence and experience to bear on the problems of these perilous times? To make your leader representative?"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted the mass, "O noble leader! B.M.O.C.! Most impressive talker! Hurrah!"

The remnants dogged the self-possessed and unfaltering stride of Rolf towards the Main building. John followed abashed; Williamgolding fol-

(Cont. on page 35)

Now don't try to tell me you're one of these mythical people who climb in bed and fall asleep instantly, because I won't believe it. The only time I get to sleep at the same time I get to bed is when I've had far, far too much to drink, and nobody can convince me that's the best way to cure insomnia.

You'd think that, by now, I'd be used to not getting to sleep, but every night is a brand new experience. I gaily trip down the hall to the bathroom, brush my teeth, put on my pajamas and, full of optimism, rush back to the bedroom, throw back the covers and leap into bed snuggling up in comfort and satisfaction, ready for a good night's sleep.

That's when the noises start. They're triggered to my bed so when I get in it they say "Well, the old fool's going to try again." A deep, mysterious chuckling is heard briefly, and a little ticking noise starts right outside the window. I just notice it for a second, then forget it, then hear it again, then forget, then hear it again, and then I'm stuck with it. It gets louder and louder until I know I'll go mad if it doesn't stop, which, of course, it doesn't. There's nothing to do but stop it, is there? Well, if you have the same ticking noise (or maybe the rattle, or the clink, or the scrape) don't try to stop it. It can't be done. You'll only make a fool of yourself and work up such a frenzy that you're liable to do something rash. Just try to benefit from my experience, and suffer it. Many's the time I've gone chasing outside in my pajamas to put an end to it only to find that I couldn't hear it from out there. Then the police show up because the lady next door said there was a man running around naked outside her house and he was surely going to kill her. When I tell them why I'm out there like that, they can't hear the noise either and begin to glance at each other, nervously fingering their pistols.

Humiliated, cold, and mad as hell, I trudge back to bed for another go at it. The tickling is still there, only it's now more of a *tock*, which is louder than a tick. But it doesn't matter, because now it's time for The Great Itch. Like the ticking, it starts out almost imperceptibly. Mine usually begins on my shoulder. I twist around and scratch it. It goes away. It goes away to my knee. Scratch it, then it goes to my right temple. Then to the small of my back, and within seconds I'm just one enormous *itch*. I twist and turn, thrash and scratch, turning the bed into a rag pile until, as suddenly as it started, it stops. For a long time I lie there, recovering my strength and getting back my breath so I can relax and finally get some sleep. The ticking has stopped, the itching has stopped, and in a short time I am feeling good enough again to happen to notice that the inside seam of my pajama leg is twisted to the outside. Calmly now, so as not to get excited and wide awake again, I reach down, wriggling as though I were trying to get out of a girdle, and straighten it out, which twists my sleeve. The pajamas have become a two-piece straight jacket, causing my circulation to stop and a tear to trickle down my cheek.

So with a damn and a hell I get out of bed and straighten myself out. Satisfied that things are in order, it's back into the bed, where I instantly become ensnarled in the sheets and blankets. "Ha ha *ha*!" laugh the sheets and blankets.

A man can take just so much before he begins to fight back. Right here is where I fight back. With a tremendous heave, I rip the traitors off the bed and heave them in the corner, beating my breast and crying out in victory, and then I start to freeze to death.

"No, no, no!" I scream. "*Please* stop!" Nothing happens and I know what I must do. I must give up. Quit. Go get the blankets. I drag myself across the floor and find the spot where my enemies have fallen and lovingly entreat them to come back and forgive. Wrapping myself up, I feel the warmth flow through me and know that I have done the right thing. I won't go into what happens when I sigh and flop down on the bed, only to find my feet hanging out in midair. At any rate. I must get up and make the bed, tucking everything in neatly, puffing up my pillow, and making sure the pajamas haven't started any more trouble.

You think I've got it made now, don't you? Well, I don't have it made. You see, I'm forced to remain flat on my back to avoid any of this happening again. And I can't sleep like that. Because now I'm fairly comfortable, the noise has mysteriously disappeared and I am peaceful at last, which is the whole problem. All day long, I walk around in a daze, thinking about nothing, worrying about

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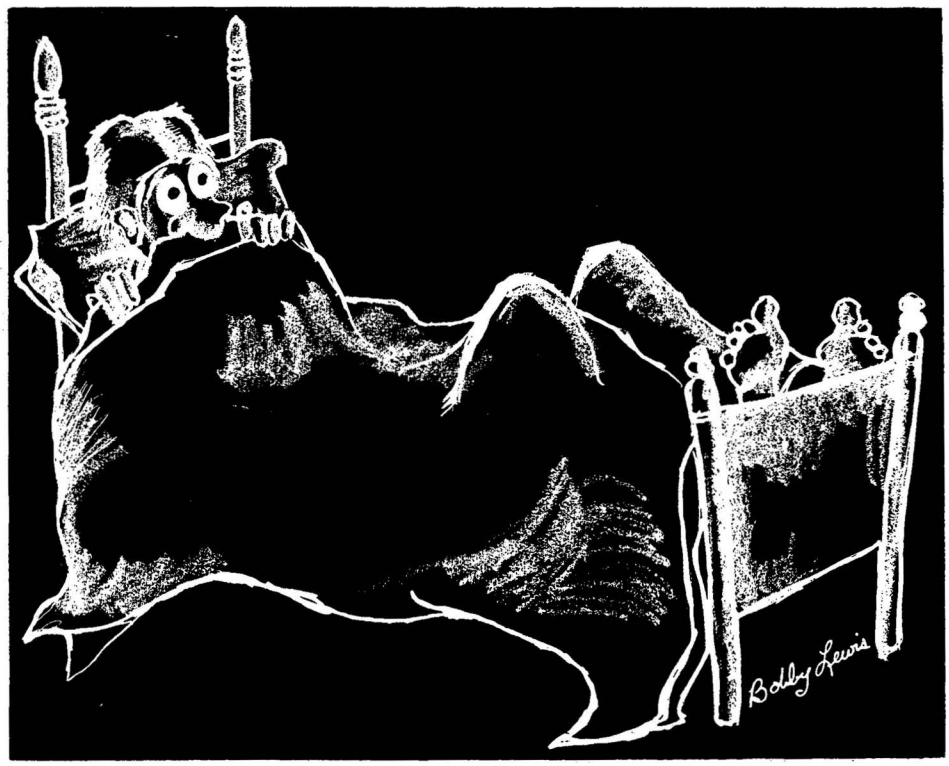


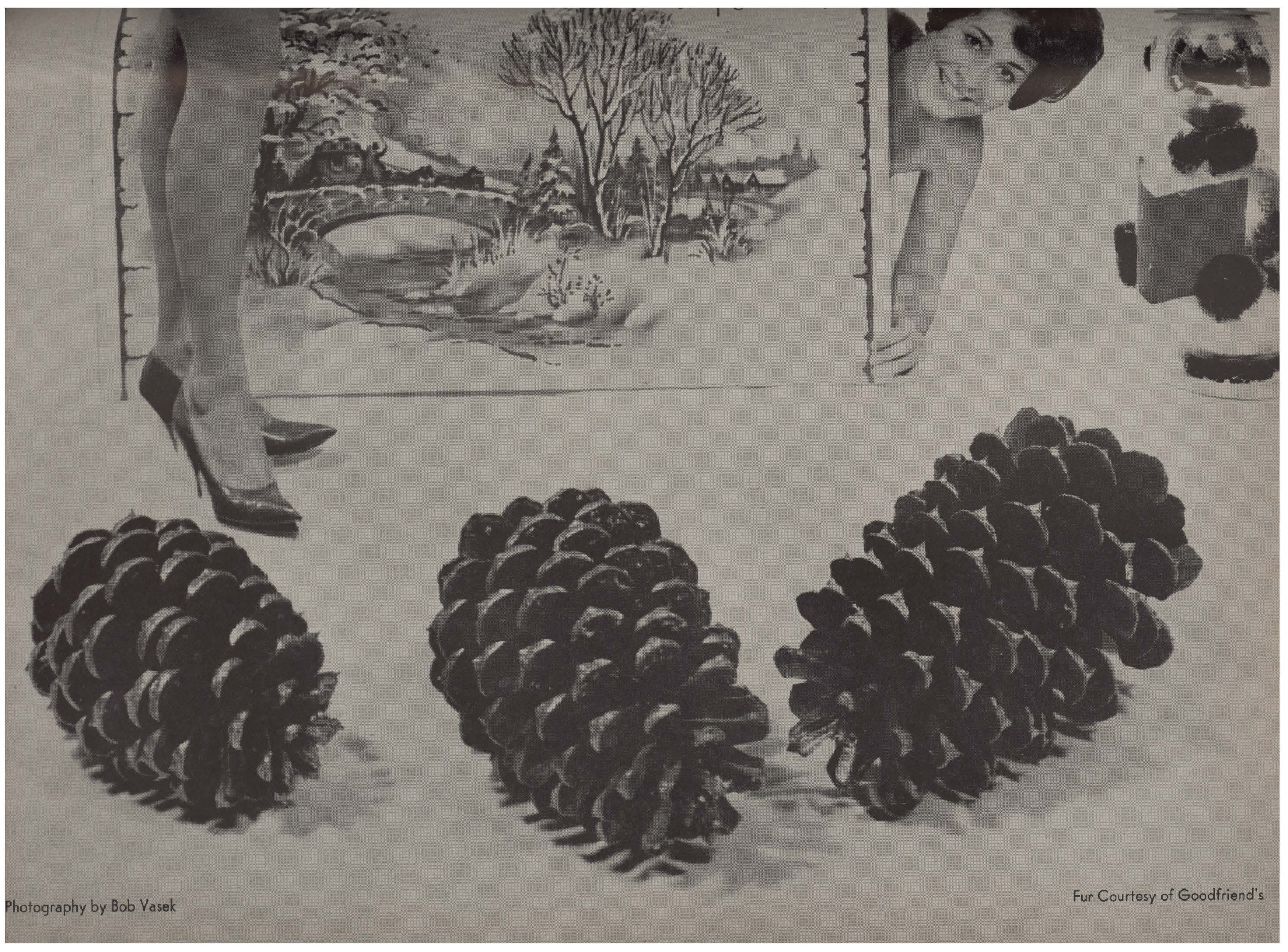
Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep

By Dave Crossley

Art by Bobby Lewis

G.O.M.:
Angie Martinez

Her name is Angie Martinez, she is Girl of the Month for December, and she is a girl of many talents. She is a twenty year old philosophy major from San Antonio, with a double-barreled minor in German and math. Her major in philosophy helps her greatly in her novel. Oh, yes, we neglected to tell you she's writing a novel which, according to Angie, is "psychological with metaphysical undertones." She plays tennis and is an advisor in Carothers Dorm. Her name, by the way, is really short for Evangeline, and we couldn't help speculating that if Longfellow's heroine had looked like this, the British would never have chased her out of Acadia.



Photography by Bob Vasek

Fur Courtesy of Goodfriend's

By Lieuen Adkins

Illustration by Tony Bell

Death and Taxis

New York is a very big town. There are lots of places to go and things to see. In its myriad shops you can buy just about anything you can think of. There is a vast variety of first-rate entertainment. No matter what you want to do, see, or buy, there is somewhere in New York a place for you. All you have to do is get there from where you are.

In New York, "getting there" ranges from a fine art to an ordeal, depending on how much you know about it. There are several main methods of transferring one's person from starting point to destination, and I will attempt to enumerate and explicate them below.

First, there is walking. This is practical if you have strong legs, quick reflexes, and at least a vague notion of where your destination is located. The drawbacks to walking are many, but the major one is that you have to *cross streets*. Alone. On foot. This is comparable to walking across a bazooka range disguised as a target. The pedestrian is fair game, and he must realize this to continue to survive. In crossing streets, there are at least three accepted courses of action. The first is to simply wait for the light to say "walk" and cross en masse with the rest of your kind. This is the safest way, but hardly the most exhilarating. The second method is the broken field method. Here you weave in and out between the whizzing cars with all the grace and skill at your command, occasionally swirling your coat in a full *verónica* and shouting "Olé!" as a cab grazes your hip. For the less nimble, there is the obstinate method. Lower your head, throw out your chest (you don't really need it anyway), and march across in an unswerving straight line. Above all, do not let yourself be bluffed. If a taxi hits a pedestrian, the driver has to stop and fill out a report, losing valuable time and fares. They know this, and they generally try to avoid hitting more pedistrians than necessary. They may come to screeching halts just inches away and curse vehemently, but ignore them and continue on your course. A further hazard of walking is the bars. In New York, every other building is a bar, and when you are on foot it is the easiest thing in the world to walk in the door of one. And another. And another. This can prove a definite stumbling block to getting to your destination.

The second way of getting around is by the Staten Island ferry. It is an especially good way to get to Staten Island. In fact, I would go so far as to say it is the *best* way to get to Staten Island (not to mention getting back). It is also an excellent way to go crosstown, I am told, although I never tried it myself. I ran into Grand Central Station, but the man told me I had *just* missed it, so I was forced to take a bus, although I didn't (in spite of being forced to), as I missed that too.

Buses are still a third way to travel, although I cannot speak authoritatively on them, not having ridden one during my New York tenure. I'd just as soon not discuss busses, if that's all right with you.

Subways are an extremely popular mode of transport up in NY, and an experience that no one should miss. You can go all over hell and back (which you may well do if you take the wrong train) for 15c. Be sure you know beforehand which train you want to take, for the old adage "He who hesitates is lost" applies to subways as to nothing else. The opening and closing of the subway car doors rivals that of a camera shutter, and the slow and infirm are often left behand. And don't stick your head in to look around, if you want to retain it. The subway cars come right up to the platform, so you shouldn't stand too close to the edge of those. Only a day or two before I arrived in the Big City, a guy was standing on the edge of the platform and leaning out to see if the train was coming. It was—from the other direction. Messy business, that.

And there's no telling what you'll see on the subway. For one thing, the scribblings on the station walls are fascinating in themselves. But the people are the real objects of interest. You may see everything from people going cold turkey to a vaudeville routine. And of course, there are some people who'll sleep through it, because New Yorkers sleep in the damnedest places. On the grass in Central Park, on the sidewalks in the Bowery, or just riding in a subway car. I couldn't help wondering how these people wake up for their stops. Come to think of it, maybe they don't. Maybe they just ride the subway for eight hours till they get their beauty rest. It's like a 15c a night room. Then I got thinking

(Cont. on page 22)

Hey, all you miserable drudges out there! You know what your trouble is? You work too much and take things too seriously. Come on now, settle back, relax, pour yourself a drink, open the Ranger special Fun and Games Section, and HAVE FUN!!

if some guy sleeps one stop past his and doesn't notice it. He'd probably just walk outside, down the sidewalk, into some building (they all look alike up there), kiss some woman, and plop down in front of the TV. She probably wouldn't notice either.

And then there are the taxis. Ah, yes, the taxis. New York has a population of about nine million people, give or take 500,000, and approximately half of them drive taxis. At least it looks that way. Taxis comprise about fifty percent of all vehicles on the streets, and the rest are drivers of near-professional quality. There are really no amateur drivers in New York—no teenage girls, no 75 year-old grandmothers, no incompetents of any kind. The reason is either that they don't have the nerve to venture forth in an automobile or they are quickly eliminated. The drivers one sees are only the fittest, by process of elimination.

With all the drivers as expert as they are, you'd expect everyone to drive to drive like bats out of hell—and they do. Everyone tears along through the city streets at speeds of forty and above (mostly above), and they switch lanes as if they'd catch fire if they stayed in one longer than five seconds. Of all the cars on the road, however, none approaches the taxis for skill, speed, and sheer guts. The cabbies drive as if they intend on putting down the population explosion singlehandedly. For a country boy from Texas, the first ride in a New York cab is a hair-raising experience. The cars themselves may be anything from ten-year-old Studebakers to new Dodges, all gaudily painted and bedecked with lights, signs, and meters. All of them have automatic transmissions, however, and the newer ones have power steering. This leaves the driver's left arm free for the vital task of hanging out the window. I wonder what they do with their left hands when it gets too cold to lean their elbows on the window. At any rate, I'll wager they don't touch the steering wheel with them.

The hack drivers themselves are a breed apart. They are fearless drivers, practically unbluffable, with absolutely no nerves at all. Oftimes they will say little or nothing, but other times they will engage you in conversation, expound trenchant comments on just about any topic, or even offer you peanuts. Once, as I was taxied past a store displaying an array of the latest in women's coats, the driver remarked, "That the new color? That blue? It stinks." The way he said it, I was completely convinced that it indeed stunk. What the fashion world needs, I firmly believe, is a panel of cabbies to pass judgement on all new styles.

After you ride in taxis several times, the initial feeling of terror abates and is eventually replaced by one of genuine exhilaration. You begin to get the impression that all the cars and cabs are on individual tracks and that they are somehow controlled at a great switchboard somewhere under the city, so that they cannot turn over, get off the track, or run into each other. Or perhaps it's like a Cinerama roller coaster ride, very real and very frightening, except deep down inside you know you really can't be hurt. In fact, so much did I come to enjoy riding the hacks that, back in Austin, I invented a little game which I call "New York Taxi Driver." The rules are simple: you just get in your car and drive like crazy. Unfortunately it doesn't quite work right in Texas. For one thing, my driving skill is not up to that of a Noo Yawk cabby. For another, Texas roads and streets are choked with people who wouldn't survive two blocks in New York—old ladies in their 1939 Chevvies, rich cattlemen in their fat Cadillacs blocking the roads, mothers with a whole station wagon full of children, and middle-aged bookkeepers in their Ramblers. A third obstacle is the local police. In New York, cops are the slowest drivers on the streets. They cruise leisurely along looking for murders and things, while cabs roar past on all sides. The good thing about New York cops is that they do what cops are actually supposed to do—chase *real* criminals. There is so much serious crime in New York that the police can't afford to waste time harassing students and watching for people doing thirty in a thirty-five, as Texas cops do. If the New York police spent their time diddling with the little stuff, the whole damn city, Empire State Building and all, would be stolen within a week. What Texas needs is a good old-fashioned *crime wave* to get the cops off the students' backs. Let's see if we can't work on that idea a little.

Now. alas, my life seems dull. Austin traffic seems snail-paced after New York. Even the taxi drivers here drive just like other people. The Texas drivers you find who drive like crazy do it because they really *are* crazy, not because of their superior driving skill. Down here, you can really get *killed* in traffic. It seems strange, but with all their death-defying driving, New Yorkers very seldom have wrecks (up there, you get killed on the sidewalks, not the streets). Still, I feel so safe here it's disgusting; in New York, my life was always spiced with the feeling of imminent death. Bah! I'm bored. I'd go down to the nearest bar for a drink except I'd probably step on a rattlesnake. ●

"I'm afraid we've had a slight setback, Mendel!"

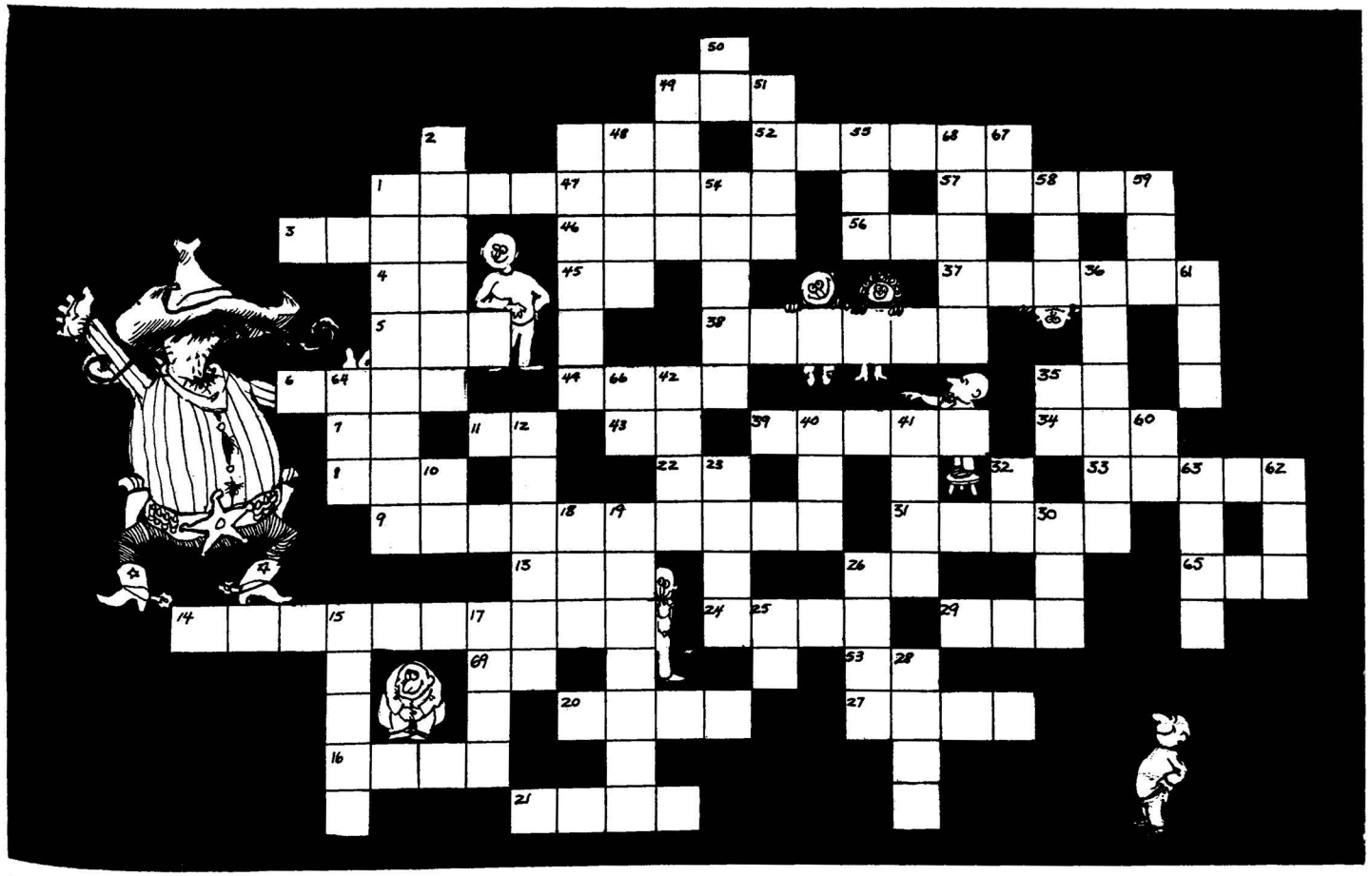
Everybody knows crossword puzzles are good, clean fun. As a matter of fact, that's just the trouble with them. So, for your benefit, here is a special Ranger-type crossword puzzle. Have fun—there's no telling *what* you might find in it (heh, heh). Answer on page eight.

ACROSS

1. 9-letter word for funkworts.
3. What hats are made out of.
4. Short for hello, upside down and backwards.
5. Old horse.
6. Ugly old ladies.
7. Greek symbol for pie.
8. The square root of one divided by itself.
9. A popular candy bar.
11. Vernacular for "ouch!"
13. Female deer, sounds like what pie crusts are made out of.
14. "Give me a beer!" yelled loud and fast.
16. "Waiter, bring me a ———!"
20. ——— is nice.
21. What UT undergrads find in their bed.
22. What snakes say; also, abb. for Nazi secret police.
24. What Aggies are educated to do.
26. Abb. for Pennsylvania; father.
27. Opposite of Harvard.
29. Ranger staffer; also quality of Ranger jokes.
31. Covered with hair.
33. People from Turkey.
34. Drunkard.
35. Abb. for *Pustuli dandriculorium*.
37. A pig's home.
38. Lieuen ———, who looks like Shirley Temple.
39. ———, hope, and charity.
43. Third person plural, present tense, of the verb *to do*.
44. Snakelike fish; what did in Lord Randall my son.
45. First person singular, present tense, of the verb *to be*, as said by an illiterate.
46. Five-letter word for rodeo.
48. Your ——— wears G.I. boots.
49. Chemists' slang for copper.
52. Horrible itchy skin disease.
53. "Where's it ———?"
56. Fraternity of ex-Boy Scouts.
57. ——— it, the cops!
65. Nickname for a man from Louisiana.
69. Same as 10. down.

DOWN

1. What pies are for.
2. Sonny Liston and John Dillinger are mean ———.
10. The last two letters of ectoenzymorphicer.
12. You'll ——— where the Wart-Hog went.
15. Yes, no, ———.
17. "Waiter, bring me another (12 across)!"
18. "(9 across)! I stubbed my ———!"
19. Try getting any ——— in a drag restaurant.
23. Union food makes everybody ———.
25. Abb. for I Dentification.
26. All work and no ——— makes Jack etc.
28. Something to eat.
30. Something to drink.
31. Ha ha, there isn't any 31.
32. Short for hello.
35. Abb. for Post Script.
36. Stuck-up.
40. A birdie of the Northlands.
41. First four letters of the infinitive form of the verb *to have*.
42. ——— and found.
47. UT journalism majors can't ——— worth a damn.
48. Things that cows say, pl.
49. Somebody always goofs in the ——— section.
50. ——— what?
51. Unit of Mexican and Philippine currency.
54. Texas, my ——— (state song).
55. A sorority (THE sorority).
67. Syn. for 'sigh).
68. Last fice letters of "them cops."
58. Something to fling at cop cars.
59. Popular sound effect, originated in "B.C."
60. Abb. for University of Texas, misspelled.
61. Opposite of no.
62. Puritans do not participate in ———.
63. Opposite of cats.
64. Same as 56 across.
66. The guy who makes marginal comments in a magazine.

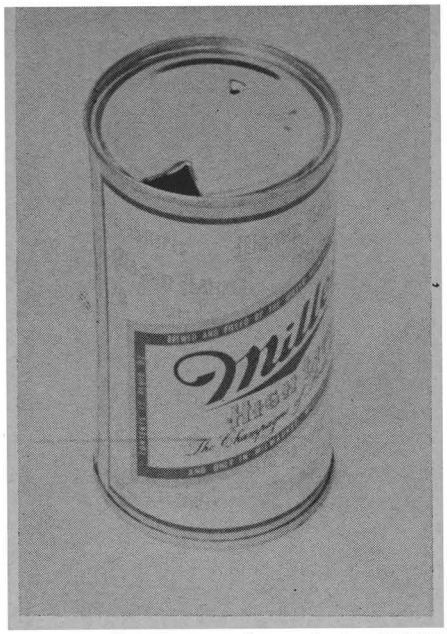


THE OLD HAIRY CROSSWORD

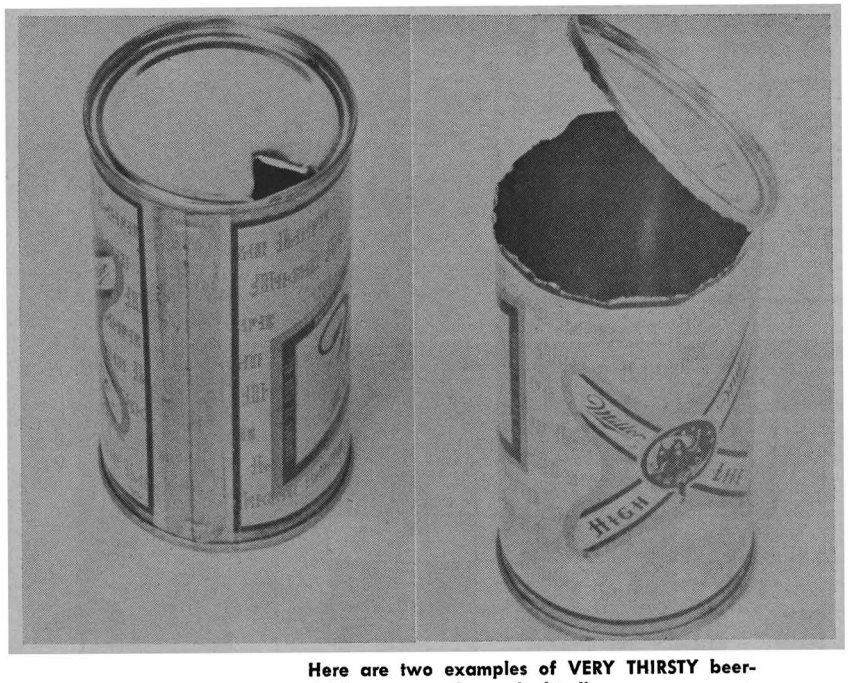
BEER CAN BE FUN

Photography by Ronnie Baker

Picking up after the party is not usually a very fun thing with two inches of crud and cigarette butts to scrape off of the floor and walls, mounds of broken bottles to sweep outside into the neighbor's yard, and an occasional irate drunk awakened under a piece of furniture in the midst of a peaceful day-after recuperation. Only one artifact manages to survive a good swinging party intact—that's the near-indestructible symbol of modern living, the beer can. Here's a little game you can play as you sift through the wreckage: compare your cans against the types catalogued on these two pages to define just what sort of activity took place last night, since probably very little can be remembered firsthand.



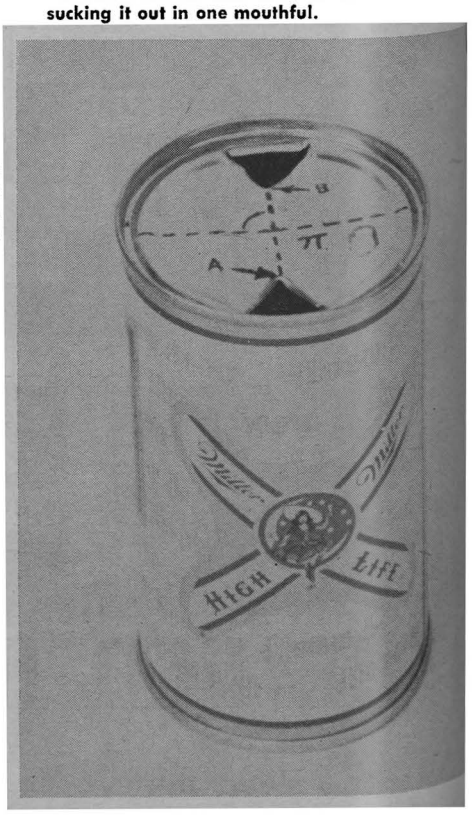
Here you see the work of a THEORIST, probably a physics major, who knows the real purpose of two-hole can-opening is to provide just exactly one drinking hole and one ventilation hole, without any wasted effort.



Here are two examples of VERY THIRSTY beer-drinkers, one who undoubtedly nurses a severe case of hiccups from sucking an entire can of beer through one hole, the other probably another Mean Mutha, in a hurry.

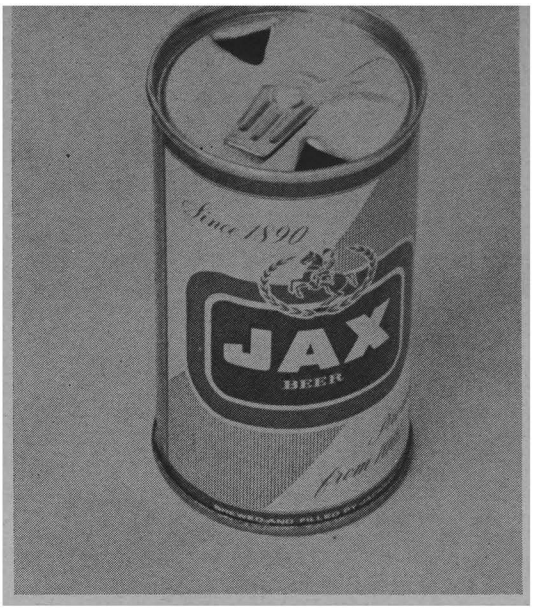
A good person not to get into an argument with at last night's party (check your head for lumps to see if you did) is the MEAN MUTHA who opens his cans with a deft flick of his two thumbs, sucking it out in one mouthful.

Calipers, micrometers, and the like are the tools of the PERFECTIONIST, who cannot stand to drink out of a can unless the holes are at exactly 180-degree intervals, and who is probably a refugee from the Architecture Department.

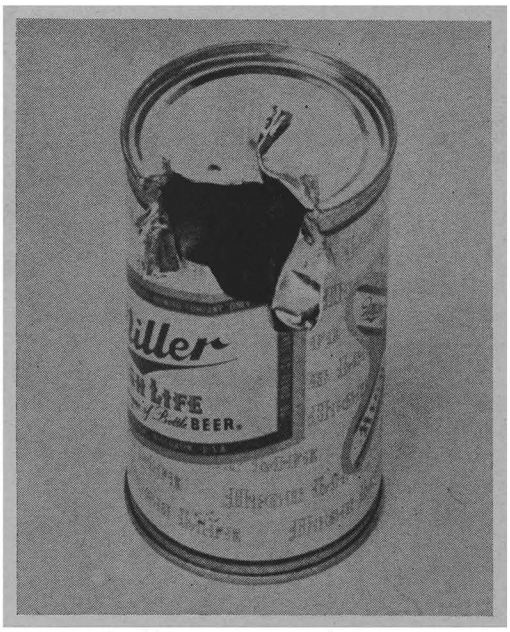


It is the ARTSY-CRAFTSY set which tries to be as original as possible with their openings, producing the pleasing designs shown here. You can always tell these people the day after because their lips are cut all to shreds.

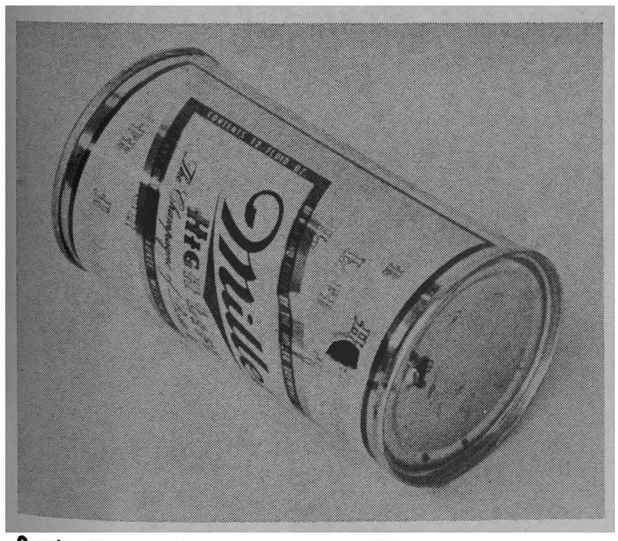
You are able to see here the comparative works of the CONFORMIST, who is bullied by the pressures of advertising imagery into opening the cans exactly as instructions say, and the NON-CONFORMIST who doesn't give a damn.



Only a COMMUNIST, trying to undermine the institutions and useless gimmickry which makes this country what it is, would refuse to open the easy-opening cans on the easy-opening aluminum side.

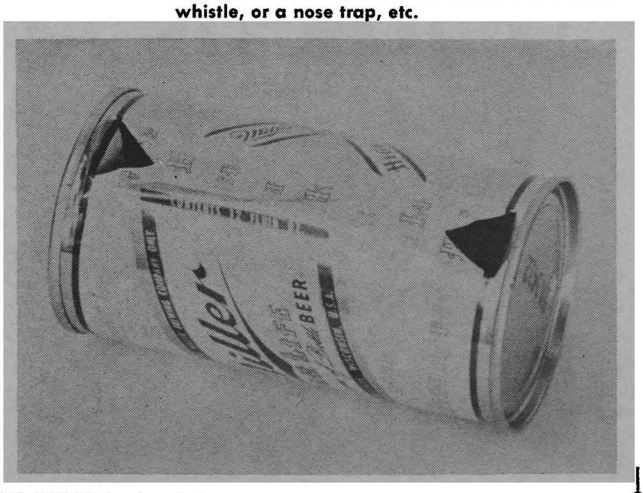


This bit of evidence can mean only one thing—there was a MASOCHIST at your party last night! Note the cleverly constructed lacerating devices concealed in the folds of this otherwise ordinary appearing beer can top.



Occasionally, a really swinging party will boast an honest-to-goodness SHARPSHOOTER who can throw a full can of beer into the air, whip out his derringer, plug the target, catch the can in his teeth and drink it, doing the Charleston all the while.

This sort of opening defies classification. It could be intended for consumption while lying on one's back, or as an attention getter, or a mouse house, or a cookie cutter (remove the bottom), or a steam whistle, or a nose trap, etc.

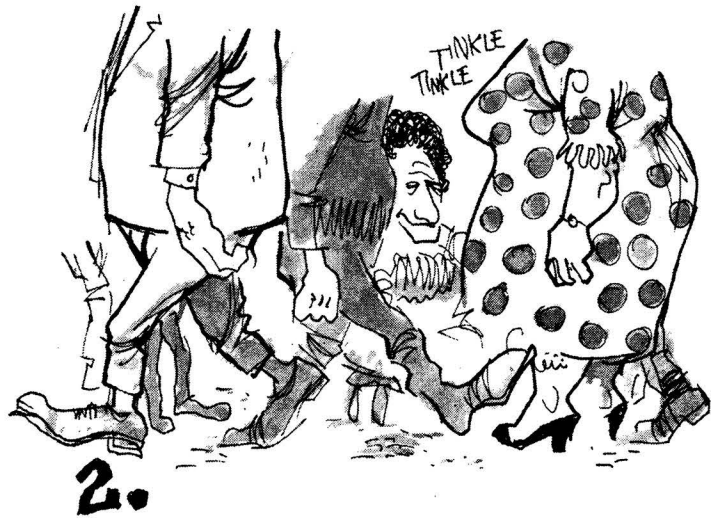


We sure did have a lot of fun doing this article —ed.

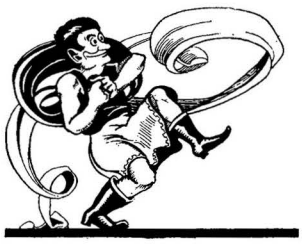
Two classic BUNGLING FOOLS display their prowess here, one who inadvertently makes a dribble glass out of his can by punching a hole in the side, the other who put two holes right next to each other by opening them in the dark.

THE LITTLE OLD BLIND LADY

by Jack Jackson



MASHIN' EARTHWORMS



This world has many games and sports,
A thousand kinds, I guess.
There's jumping rope and husking bees;
There's volleyball and chess.
There's hopscotch, and there's mumblypeg;
There's darts and basketball;
But of any game in this wide world
I like *mine* best of all.

My game is mashin' earthworms, and
It's really loads of fun.
Just sit real quiet and listen close—
I'll tell you how it's done.
You take an earthworm, first of all
(Pick one that's nice and fat);
You lay him on a concrete walk,
And then you mash him flat.

It's really not that simple, though;
You have to have *technique*.
You have to practice sixteen hours
Each day of every week.
You have to practice night and day,
And also day and night,
Until you've learned the proper way
To mash an earthworm *right*.

You must select an earthworm bat
Of poplar, ash, or yew.
Mesquite wood is acceptable,
But maple just won't do
(It doesn't have the proper grain
To make a first-rate smash).
So if you want the very best,
Choose poplar, yew, or ash.

Now you may wonder just how much
An earthworm bat should weigh:
Six pounds, eight ounces, say the rules
(Page ten, sub-section A).
They're also very versatile,
These handy earthworm bats;
They may be used on pigeons too,
White mice, and Persian cats.

And now the time has come to teach
The proper stance and grip:
Your right hand should be held aloft,
Your left, upon your hip;
The legs should be spread wide apart;
The toes should be turned in;
Your head should turn to either side,
With shoulder touching chin.

Ideally, you should stand upon
A sidewalk or paved street.
The earthworm should be stretched full length
And placed between your feet.
Then, leaping up into the air and crying "Boogiewah!"
You bring your bat down swift and true
And give the *coup de grace*.

There now! It's done, and don't you feel
A thrill of happy pride?
And don't you feel (if you aimed true)
All warm and clean inside?
And if you need more worms, here's how
To purchase them with ease:
We sell them here, just step right up—
Five bucks a dozen, please.

Fun-and-gamey Poems By Lieuen Adkins

Jonathon, the life of the party

Jonathon Meers could wiggle his ears,
And he knew the art of hypnosis.
He could play the piano and yodel soprano
In any of various poses.

And strictly for kicks, he would do parlor tricks,
Such as making a handkerchief vanish.
He could play on the fiddle or ask you a riddle
In German, Swahili, or Spanish.

He would wear (fancy that!) a lampshade for a hat,
Or do movie star imitations.
To amuse all the guests, he would phone strange requests
To a number of radio stations.

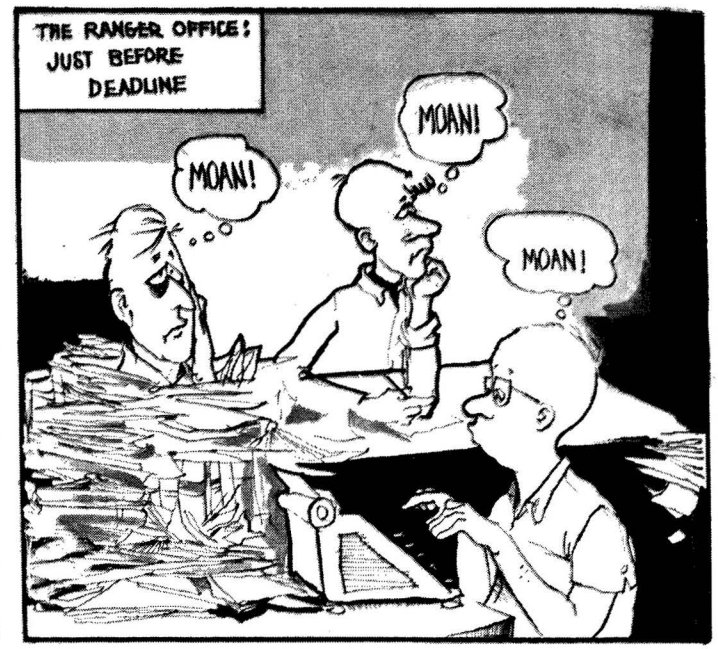
Yes, Jonathon Meers was a man with few peers;
His talents were varied and many.
So it's really a shame that when party time came,
He was never invited to any.

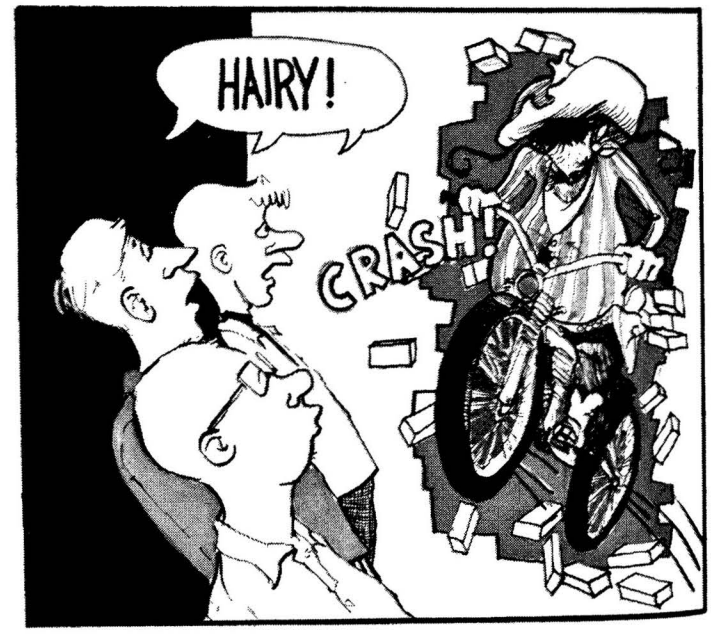
HAIRY RANGER

RIDES AGAIN

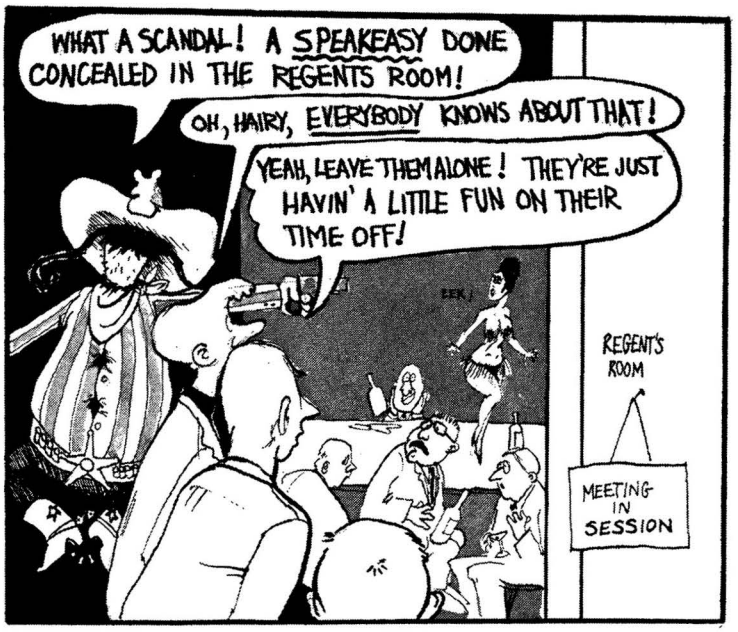
WROTE BY LIEUEN ADKINS & GILBERT SHELTON

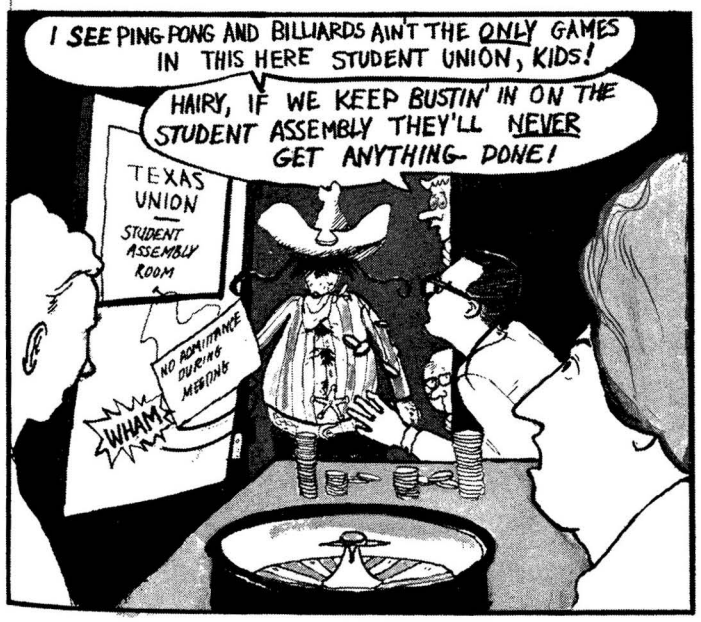
DRAWED BY PAT BROWN



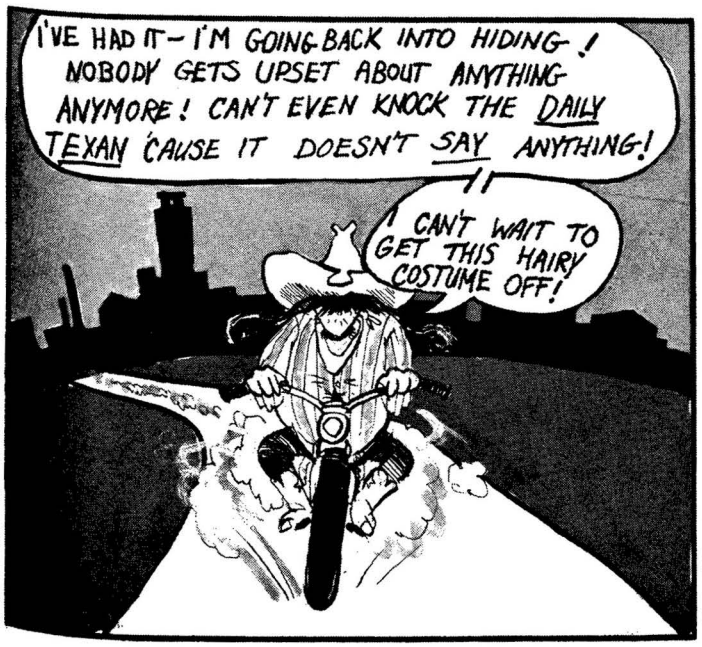


FUN AND GAMES, HELL! WHAT YOU KIDS NEED TO DO IS RAISE SOME GOOD OL'-FASHION STINK!


WHAT A SCANDAL! A SPEAKEASY DONE CONCEALED IN THE REGENTS ROOM!
OH, HAIRY, EVERYBODY KNOWS ABOUT THAT!
YEAH, LEAVE THEM ALONE! THEY'RE JUST HAVIN' A LITTLE FUN ON THEIR TIME OFF!
EEK!
REGENT'S ROOM
MEETING IN SESSION


I SEE PING-PONG AND BILLIARDS AIN'T THE ONLY GAMES IN THIS HERE STUDENT UNION, KIDS!
HAIRY, IF WE KEEP BUSTIN' IN ON THE STUDENT ASSEMBLY THEY'LL NEVER GET ANYTHING DONE!
TEXAS UNION
STUDENT ASSEMBLY ROOM
NO ADMITTANCE DURING MEETING
WHAM

BANG!
UH-OH! EXCUSE US, "ANIMAL"! YOU'D BETTER NOT LET THE EXES SEE YOU TALKIN' TO A YANKEE!
HEARD OF ANY GOOD SCANDALS LATELY?
TEXAS ATHLETIC DEPT.


I'VE HAD IT – I'M GOING BACK INTO HIDING! NOBODY GETS UPSET ABOUT ANYTHING ANYMORE! CAN'T EVEN KNOCK THE DAILY TEXAN 'CAUSE IT DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING!
I CAN'T WAIT TO GET THIS HAIRY COSTUME OFF!

LATER:
MAN, IT SEEMS THAT NOBODY GETS EXCITED ABOUT ANYTHING AT U.T. NO MO'!
SLAM!
WHAT'S FOR SUPPER, BIRDEY, HONEY?
THE END.

Let's Test Your F.Q.
(Fun Quotient)

This test was compiled by the Ranger staff in conjunction with the Department of Psychology. Think through the questions with care, and answer truthfully. A perfect score entitles you to come to a Ranger party.

Name .....; Age 21 (pre-filled in, since everybody at UT is 21 anyway); Sex.....; Fun Quotient (to be filled in by qualified instructor upon grading this test).....; Do Not Write in This Space .....

1. Do you believe in Santa Claus?
2. Do you believe in parties?
3. Would you invite Santa Claus to one of *your* parties?
4. Would you want your sister to go to one of your parties?
5. Do you think New Year's Eve should be held sooner?
6. Oftener?
7. If your date asked you to go up to his apartment to see his etchings, would you go?
8. Are they *good* etchings?
9. Have you no shame?
10. How many kinds of ways do you know to have fun at parties? Enumerate and send us the list. Be sure to include measurements and phone number.
11. Is there anything you consider too improper for *any* party? Name it.
12. If you haven't tried it, don't knock it. Come by and let's try it.
13. How many parties must a man go to before you call him a man?
14. How many ways do you know to have fun *not* at a party?
15. How many ways do you know?

Multiple Choice:

1. When at a party, do you drink
   a. beer?
   b. whiskey?
   c. lye?
   d. ?
2. When you arrive at a party, do people say
   a. "Did you bring any liquor?"
   b. "It's out back, and put the lid back on the can when it's empty."
   c. "Did you bring *that* girl again?"
   d. "The pen of my aunt is on the table."
3. If a dean walked in on your party, would you say
   a. "Have a beer, Mac."
   b. "I'm just a sociology major doing research."
   c. "I was just getting ready to call you, sir."
   d. "You're just in time to help us wish Lyndon Jr. here a happy birthday."
4. Whom would you like most to invite to your party—
   a. Barry Goldwater?
   b. Ed Sullivan?
   c. the 13th Earl of Cheltinghamshire?
   d. Madame Nhu's daughter?
5. Which of the following do you think would be the most fun—
   a. Push a peanut with your nose down Congress Avenue?
   b. Hit a dean in the face with a pie?
   c. Swallow a goldfish?
   d. Read the Ranger?

Essay:

The University of Texas is a *fun* school because ..... (five words or less).

nothing, wishing for nothing. But let me get settled in bed and my mind suddenly becomes alert and active. Both conscious and subconscious get ready for a good workout while poor me only wants to go to sleep. This abominable thinking process usually starts out with my mind remembering something my body should have done that day or must do the next (although, by now, it *is* the next day). So I fret and worry about that for a little while, then I start dredging up problems, most of which I haven't heard from in weeks. (Just recently, I fretted about a problem I haven't thought about for 2½ years. All the things *this* reminded me of kept me awake the entire night.) I know better than to worry about problems, so, in order to replace them, I start thinking about pleasant things: money, women, castles, fame, adventure. It's all really quite amazing.

Right about here is where I notice my subsconscious hasn't been idle. No, indeed. It's *singing*. Now don't go running for the phone; it's all right. You've had this happen to you, I'll wager. You get a song in your mind and you can't get it out. It's annoying for you, I'm sure, but I can't feel sorry. *My* songs are old, *old* songs. And they aren't just sung by me. I think of a particular orchestra, a particular singer, a particular place and time, and really go all the way with it. I get the instrumental solos, I get the particular little parts that really move me, get the parts I don't like, the whole damn thing. And then when I finish it and the applause has died down, I start all over again.

Remember, this is all happening in my mind. I'm still flat on my back, gazing at the ceiling, and not making a sound. It seems to me that the only way to do away with this song is to think of another one, one I don't like. I try this, but my little mind is having such a good time I get nowhere. By now, the song has made it to the conscious and the subconscious is busily running through its repertoire looking for another one. Clever little devil that it is, it always finds one, and a better one at that. I casually notice my fingers tapping the wall and feet keeping time.

Oh *God*. I usually think. Am I *never* going to get to sleep? And right there in those few little words, I have finally made the big mistake: I am doomed. I have read that the most common cause of insomnia is fear of the inability to sleep. This I know to be true from experience, and you can see what I've just done. Not until this moment have I had any doubt that I would eventually get to sleep. But by expressing the slightest doubt, the thing grows and I *know* I won't get to sleep. Now, human that I am, I make a concerted effort. I'm not going to let myself be pushed around. I, by God, am going to sleep.

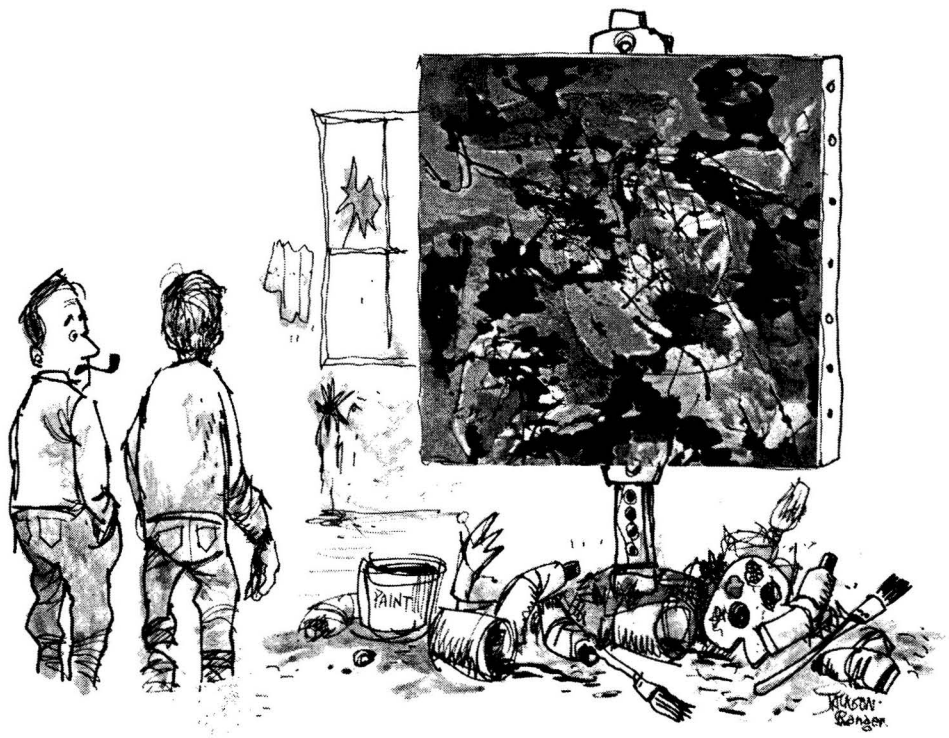
How, pray, do you force yourself to sleep? "Go to sleep, you dunderhead!" "Go to sleep or I'll *kill* you!" No. Because now you want to win and you want to be around when you *do* win. So you'll never make it, because you want to be awake if you do fall asleep to see if you fell asleep after all. Unless your body is simply exhausted and doesn't want to play anymore, you'll see the sun come up.

Don't think for a minute, however, that it's hopeless. For me, yes, it's hopeless, but I'll be grand about it all and help you. Avoid pills and whatnot: this is no way to get to sleep. I'm sure some of the sleeping pills out these days are totally harmless in that they won't hurt you physically. The only trouble with them is that you begin to depend on them and after a few weeks of getting right to sleep you beging to think foolishly you can sleep without them. Well, you can't. As soon as you try, you'll be back in the old rut of wanting to *be* there when it happens and you'll lie there all night, anxiously waiting, a faint smile on your lips.

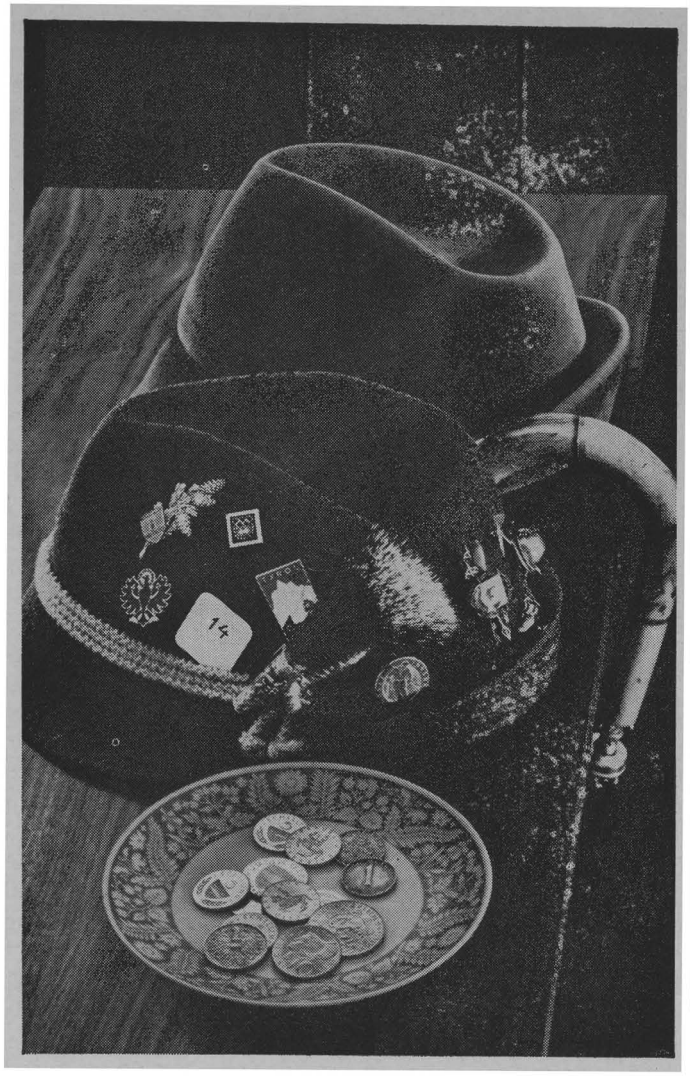
I once heard a good way to get to sleep, one which works for three reasons: extreme comfort, boredom, and slight passage of time in this condition. You lie on your back, your hands at your sides, touching only the sheets. Close your eyes and begin concentrating on the existence of your toes. As soon as you've got it, tell your toes to go to sleep. Say "Go to sleep, toes." Pretty soon they'll relax (you can actually feel it), and you concentrate on your feet, then your ankles, etc., all the way up, including your neck. (Getting the hands and arms is a little tricky because you have to reverse the direction of your concentration to get from the shoulders to the fingertips. It can be done, though, with practice.) Just as you get to the top of your head you should fall off into a deep sleep and feel wonderful when you wake up.

I hope it works for you. I did very well until I got up around my chest and shoulders. Then my toes would wake up and I'd have to go back to them. While I was working down there, my chest would wake up and I really got nowhere at all.

But you needn't feel sorry for me. I've found a way to take care of all this. After brushing my teeth and changing, I heat some milk, about half of a tall glass. Then I throw in one part brandy to two parts warm milk, get settled in bed, and drink it. This remedy doesn't put me to sleep, but at least I don't mind. ●

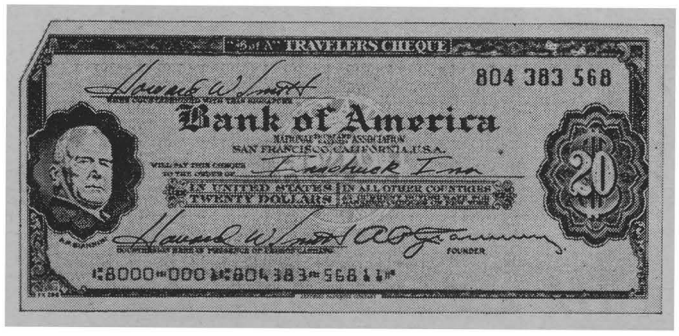


"Too bad about those vandals, Pollock, looks like they really ruined your new canvas!"



The Schilling is local currency in Austria.

So is this.



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The funeral director was tired of having to stop his funeral procession for traffic lights and such, so he put a flashing light on his hearse and painted it red. The next day a cop stopped him and said, "Hey mister, why is your hearse red?"

•

Arriving home unexpectedly from a business trip, the husband found his wife in bed with his best friend.

"See here," shouted the husband, "just what do you two think you're doing?"

"See!" said the wife to the man beside her. "Didn't I tell you he was stupid?"

•

A boastful Englishman was holding forth to friends in New York City on the merits of his watch. At last one of the Americans decided he could stand it no longer.

"That's nothing," he interrupted.

"I dropped my watch into the Hudson a year ago and it's been running ever since."

The Briton was taken aback.

"What!" he exclaimed. "The same watch?"

"No," replied the other, "the Hudson."

•

"Heard you were moving a piano, so I came over to help."

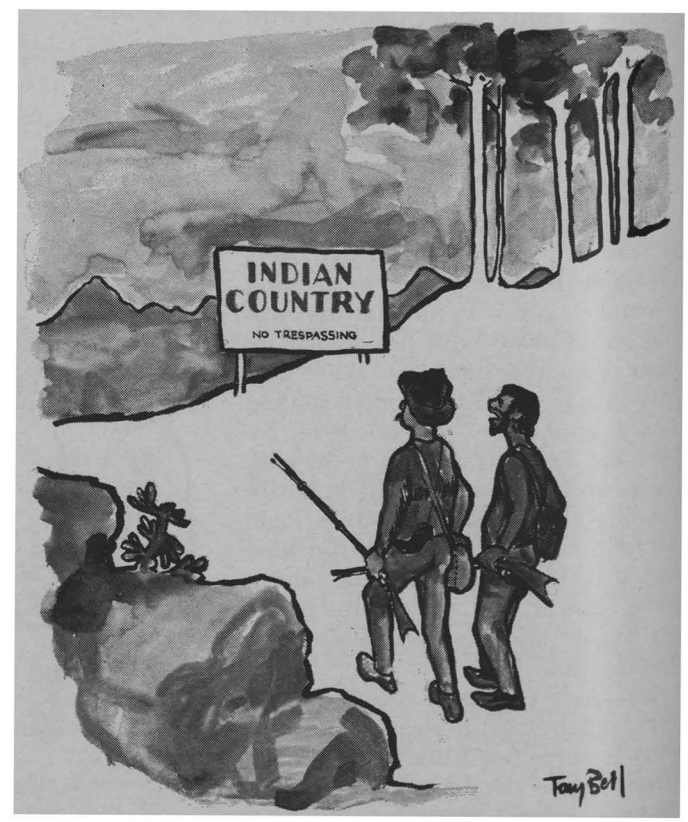
"Thanks, but I've already got it upstairs."

"Alone?"

"Nope, hitched the cat to it and drug it up."

"You mean your cat hauled that piano up two flights of stairs? How could a cat pull a heavy piano?"

"Used a whip."



"Keep your eyes peeled. I think we're coming into Indian country!"

SCIENCE . . . (Cont. from page 13)

about the lack of taste in the American food I cook and the lack of knowledge I show in the Mexican food I occasionally try to whip up just for the hell of it. I think I use a little too much lettuce and tomato and not enough peppers to suit them, but if they'd stop to think about it, they'd remember they weren't even invited, so they shouldn't complain about having to take pot luck. For all I care they can eat out.

All right, for God's sake, don't just get up and walk away! I'm getting to the part where they turn into mosquitoes, and I might even have another little theory to throw in with that, so you'll get what you paid for. I don't like these little tricks some writers use just to get you to read their stuff any more than you do, so you'll see I've not fallen so low. My only intent in giving you the whole story is to make you appreciate how happy I am when I see nightfall coming on.

You go out and look around for a place where there are hundreds of flies and sit there talking (any small talk will do at first) and when nighttime comes, you'll notice all the flies disappear. Then go home and wonder where they went. Don't you suppose for a minute they're staying at a motel out on the highway or at some rooming house. They're right there, near you, sneaking around behind poles or slipping into telephone booths where they quickly turn into mosquitoes.

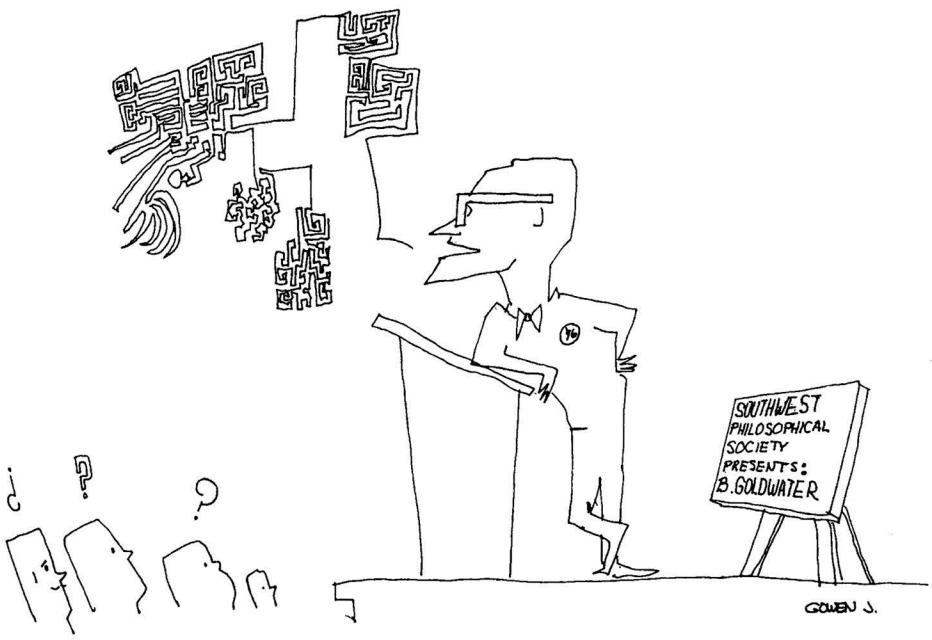
Proof: (We still must assume only this locale. You prove it where you are.)

1. There are no mosquitoes in the daytime
2. There are mosquitoes at night
3. There are flies in the daytime
4. There are no flies at night
5. Approx. 15 (Fifteen) minutes lapses between flies and mosquitoes
6. There are equal numbers of flies and mosquitoes (I counted and you are perfectly free to recount)

Conclusion: Flies turn into mosquitoes at night, mosquitoes turn into flies in the morning, as the dawn comes up like thunder.

Tonight I plan to go into this a little deeper by comparing personalities. I've been talking it out, thrashing around one thing and another with a group of eight flies today, and tonight I intend to locate the eight mosquitoes with similar personality characteristics. One of these will be easy, as he lisps; another will be fairly easy, as I always catch him looking at me askance. Two of the flies gave me a bit of a time when I began to suspect they were Communists and shot pointed questions at them. They, however, shot back, grazing me once in the hip, so I'm going to keep a sharp eye out until I catch two mosquitoes glancing guiltily at my hip and I'll fire the same questions. I'll bet you a dollar they evade the questions.

The flies have been gone for ten minutes now, so I'd better get ready, fix myself a drink (which I'll sip and only pretend to be drinking), and put on my smoking jacket since it has all my cigarettes. We won't have time for that other theory, but that doesn't matter, as I'd like to do a little work on it before I go blabbing something around all over hell with nothing to substantiate what I say. I'll give you a hint, however: you might keep a watch on moths and see what happens to them when the lights go out. ●



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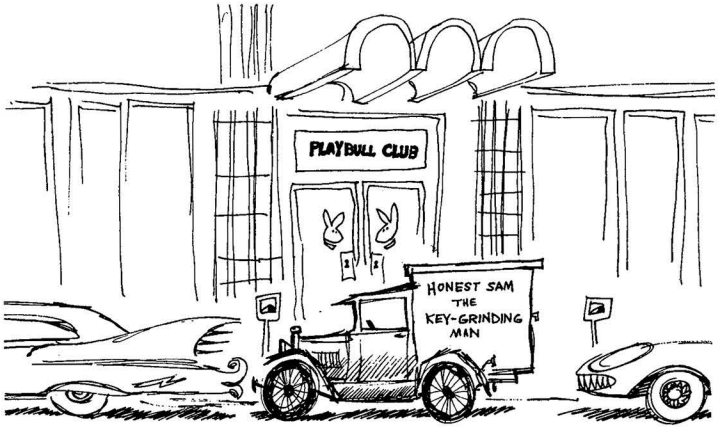


It happened in Tibet. The family had been without meat for weeks and when the father came home one day dragging a yak which he had killed, there was great rejoicing.

The mother carefully prepared the animal and placed it inside the crude opening which served as an oven.

The whole family then set out to round up the neighbors for a great feast. This took longer than they expected, and as they were returning, they saw billows of smoke coming from the hut.

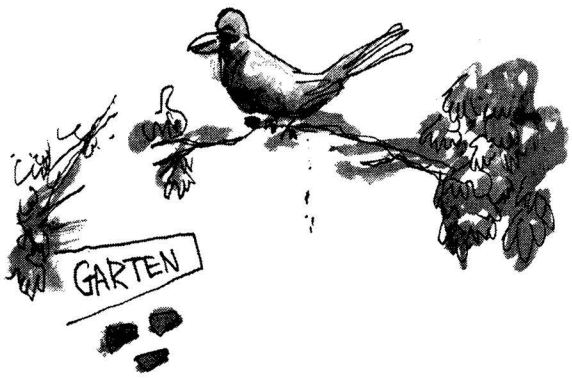
The mother ran toward it, shouting in great anguish, "Oh, my baking yak."

●

"And what kind of officer does your uniform signify?" asked the nosy old lady.

"I'm a naval surgeon," he replied.

"Goodness, how you doctors specialize these days!"



Last summer at one of the ROTC summer camps one of the cadets was sent down to a stream to get some water for the platoon to drink, but had not been gone long when he came running back to the camp empty-handed and panting. "Sir," he exclaimed, "there's a big alligator in the stream and I'm afraid to get the water."

"Don't worry, son," said the sympathetic officer, "that alligator is probably four times as scared of you as you are of him."

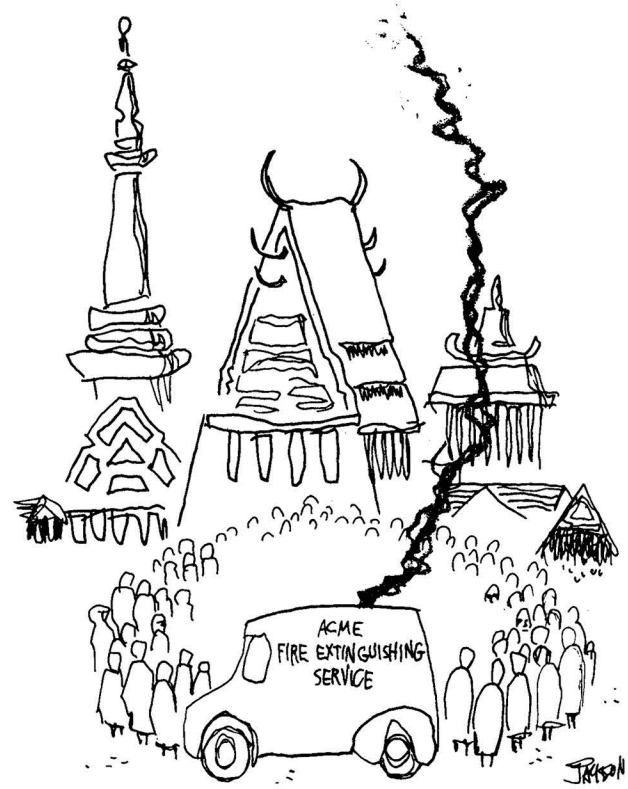
"Well, sir," replied the cadet, "if that alligator's only half as scared as I am, that water ain't fit to drink."

●

Sounds of a struggle came from within the parked car.

"Sir," said a female voice, "where is your chivalry?"

A pause. "I traded it in on dis Buick."



A rushee was greeted at the door of a fraternity house. The house president welcomed him enthusiastically, not noticing the guest was gazing self-consciously at his muddy shoes. "Come in, come in, my boy," the frat man beamed.

"Oh, I'd rather not," the guest whispered. "My feet are dirty."

"So's ours," laughed the frat man, "but we keep our shoes on and nobody knows."

●

"Mr. Goldwater, is it true you were born in a log cabin?"

"No, madam; you're thinking of Abraham Lincoln; he was born in a log cabin. I was born in a manger."

●

Every day the guards in the Russian work camp checked out the workers as they left the grounds to prevent stealing. For several days a guard had been closely watching a particular worker pushing out a wheelbarrow full of old straw and hay. Exery day the guard examined the straw, very suspiciously, but could find nothing hidden in it.

One day, after inspecting the wheelbarrow, he said, "Look, comrade, tomorrow I'm being transferred to Siberia. I'll never see you again and I promise to keep your secret . . . What in the devil are you stealing?"

"Wheelbarrows," he whispered.

lowed knowingly and cynically; Micah followed scheming; and a sparrow hopped across the deserted Main Mall.

Rolf, unfortunately for Rolf, forgot about the fickleness of the mob and forgot about the students' notoriously brief span of interest in student politics. "When a leader stops talking, he is doomed," as Schiklegruber once commented, as Eisenhower after him. The procession led to the library. Leaping upon and treading the length of the main desk, Rolf exhibited his superb but ill-used talent for organization.

"Tiresias, Stanley and Williamgolding, you will go get books," he began. "Micah and David, you will read the cards at the desk. Helen, you will dye your hair blue and practice saying "unlocated" and "you're fired." Butch, you will start doing research about eschatology and write a chronicle of our little colony. I suggest you call it 'Rolf and his followers.' John, you will be in charge of the piped music system—and remember, plenty of Peter, Paul & Mary."

All but three of the remnants listened with rapt attention. Micah looked up at Rolf cynically. "You really think this is important?"

Rolf put on his fraternity-condescending look to reply: "Of course. You must realize that without respect for literature, society will rot. And *they* need something to keep them occupied. Of course, if you really think that there is something wrong, I give you permission to form an Investigation of Grievances Committee and make a report—to me—in a week or so. . . ."

"Politician," Micah sneered. "You'll never learn, will you? There's only one way to run this bunch, and I know it well." He laughed and brushed the flies from his face. "But go on and keep trying."

"You get on my nerves," responded Rolf, miraculously, truthfully. "What can I do? Am I really in danger? I'm sure if I made one more speech. . . ."

It was too late. A spontaneous grievance-and-action committee had formed and Rolf was deposited beneath three overturned bookshelves, which were set afire. With boundless relief, the remnants poured from the smoking doors of the Main building, singing:

Damn responsibility,
Down with labored thinking.
We seek only to be free
For loving, singing, drinking.
Down to hell with life that's narrow,
Down with morals, laws and culture.
Give the campus to the sparrow,
Leaders to the vulture.

After they had sung and danced and paused to refresh by swimming naked in the fountain, they assembled once more. Micah stood sonfidently on the edge of the restless pack of ex-stu- knowing his time had come. One spoke.

"Let's go smash things"

"Let's go drink."

"Let's race cars. And wreck them."

"Let's organize a fraternity!"

"Let's sing them songs we learned back home. . . ."

"Hear," calmly proclaimed Micah, with messianic voice. He persuaded. "We want to decide who is really right. Who has the best ideas. Who should get his way."

"Yeah," the mob breathed in unison.

Micah continued. "We *can* solve our problems. We *can* eliminate this trouble we've been having among us. We can make decisions easily. Follow me. . . ."

* * * *

Helen stood beside Micah later in the afternoon, and fondled his ears, complicating the plot something awful. Admiring, she gazed on him and his sleek, powerful weapon. The midsummer sun glistened vividly on the bleeding corpses strewing the campus.

"Out of the line of fire, honey," mentioned Micah, striking Helen's feet from under her with his rifle butt.

"Darling," she exclaimed, sprawling. "You are so strong. And brilliant. To give everyone a gun and bullets. No more hidden aggression. No more bickering."

"And just four of the S.O.B.'s to wipe out," cheerfully responded Micah. Taking meticulous aim, he fired at a small sparrow, blasting it into a widely scattering bunch of fluff on the Main Mall. "Nothing like a little war. To clear the air and settle things."

"The only way to peace," cooed Helen. She carressed Micah's hobnail boots. "How did you think of this solution? It would have not occurred to that government major Herbert, or that journalistic creep. Or the librarian."

At a sudden movement, Micah fired. He smiled. At at human scream. "I transferred," he answered. "From A & M." ●

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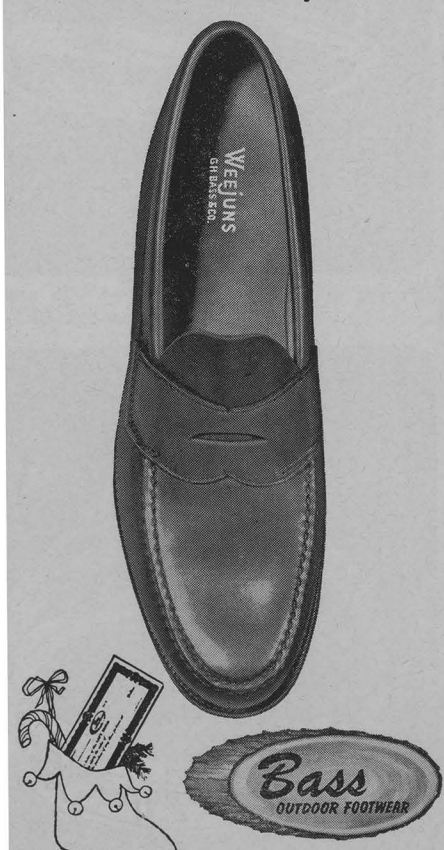

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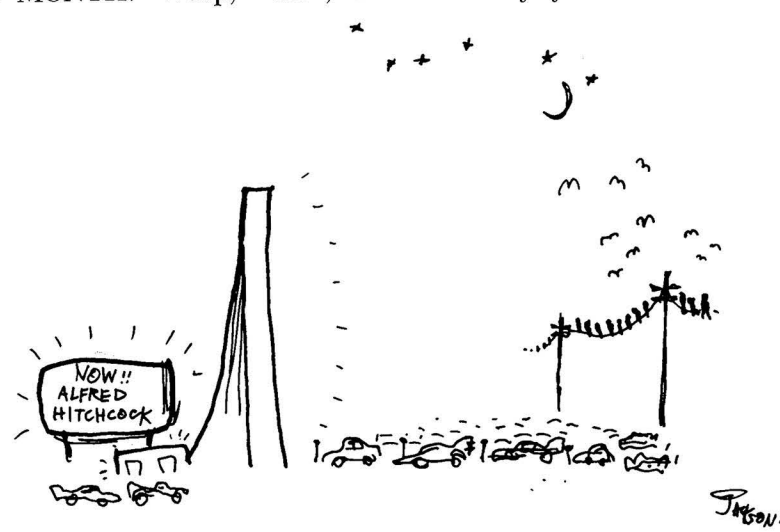
Coming Next Month

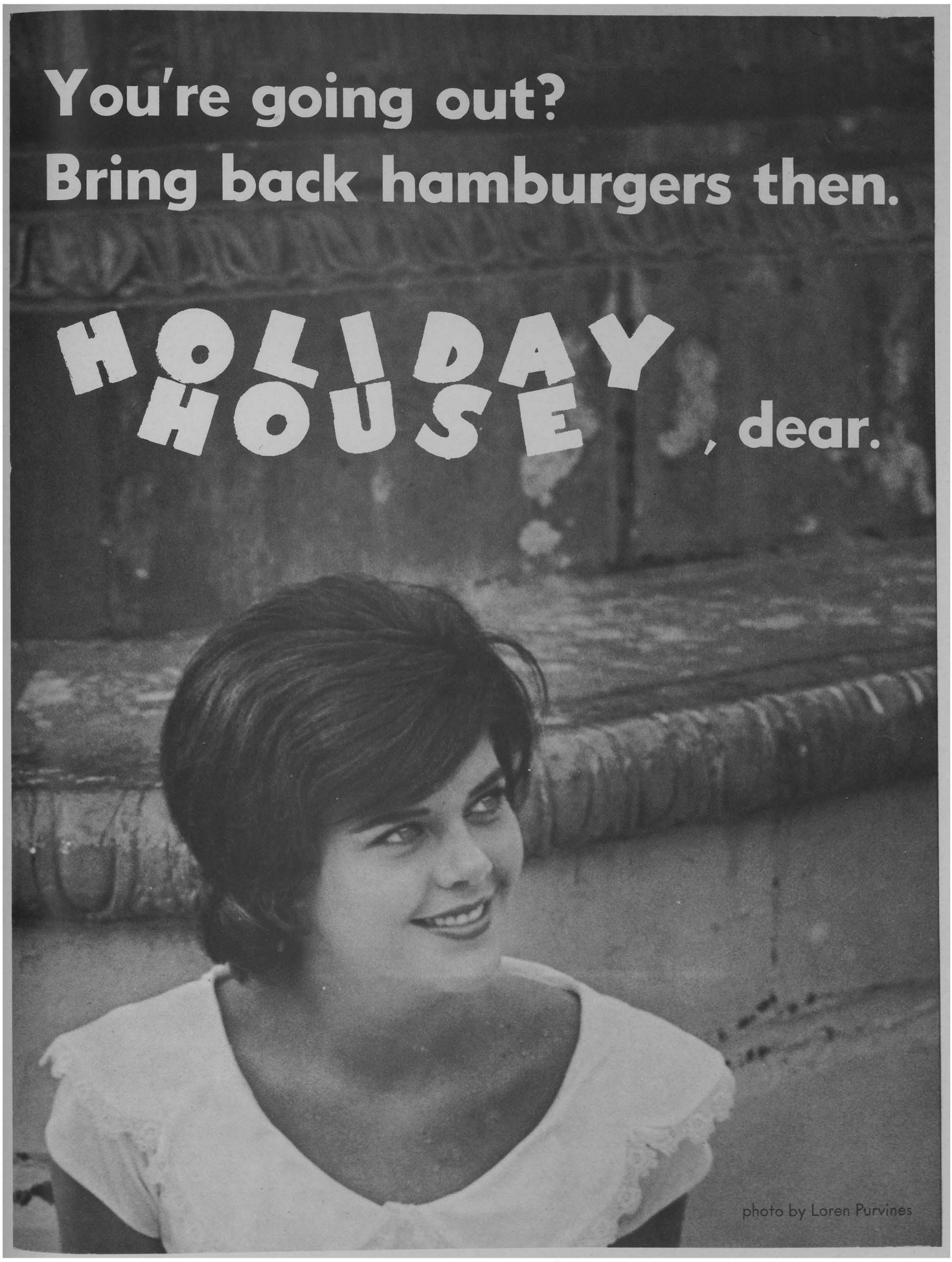
We must admit that we are in a very embarrassing situation. You see, next month is January. The Ranger does not publish in January. Never has (something to do with finals, we believe). Well then, you can see for yourself the dilemma we are in. The title of this column is "Coming Next Month," right? Right. But *nothing* is coming next month. Really. Nothing at all. But we can't just come out and say *nothing* is coming next month, even if it is. Now, if the column were called "Coming Two Months From Now," we could give you a definite, concrete answer. We could definitely tell you we don't know what's coming two months from now. True, we *have* been thinking about running an Exchange Issue, featuring the best from other college mags around the country. And sometime next spring we intend to do a parody issue. But *next* month? Couldn't tell you. January is, after all, a pretty ridiculous month. We don't even know how many days it hath.

So many readers wrote us asking what happened to our dog care hints for last month. Well, sir, there's a little story behind that. Our regular dog care editor, Harvey ("Old Blue") Sternweiss, was eaten alive by an enraged Doberman pinscher. There's a story behind *that* too, but we'd better not go into it here. Our new dog care editor, Willie Bird-in-the-hand, is a full-blooded Blackfoot Indian (as a child, he walked through a freshly tarred street) who has spent all his life among dogs. In fact, while still an infant he became lost in the woods, where he was found by a kindly mother dog who raised him as her own. To this day, Willie still thinks of her as his mother, and many of his friends comment on this fact. Anyway, Willie is a rising young writer with a great future, and we predict someday he'll be a big man in dog care circles. Take 'er away, Willie.

Hello, ladies and gentlemen out there in dog-lover-land. You know, the basic reason for difficulty in knowing how to care for your dog is lack of communication. If everyone could talk with animals the way I can, think how much closer man and beast would be. During my years in the woods I learned to communicate with the squirrels, the rabbits, the deers, the beavers . . . ah, the beavers. Such clever animals, such jokers! I could tell you a fine dialect joke told me by a beaver, about the three muskrats and the lady trapper, but it loses something in the translation. But we were speaking of dogs. It is best you learn a few simple words in order to begin to better communicate with your dog. A good word to begin with is "arp" (friend). Say it in a high-pitched voice, with the larynx muscles tense, and break it off sharply at the end. Practice that word a while, then go out and say it to your dog or the first one you meet. Please write me and tell me the results, as I am anxious to hear them.

NEXT MONTH: "Wurp," "Yarf," and elementary syntax.





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