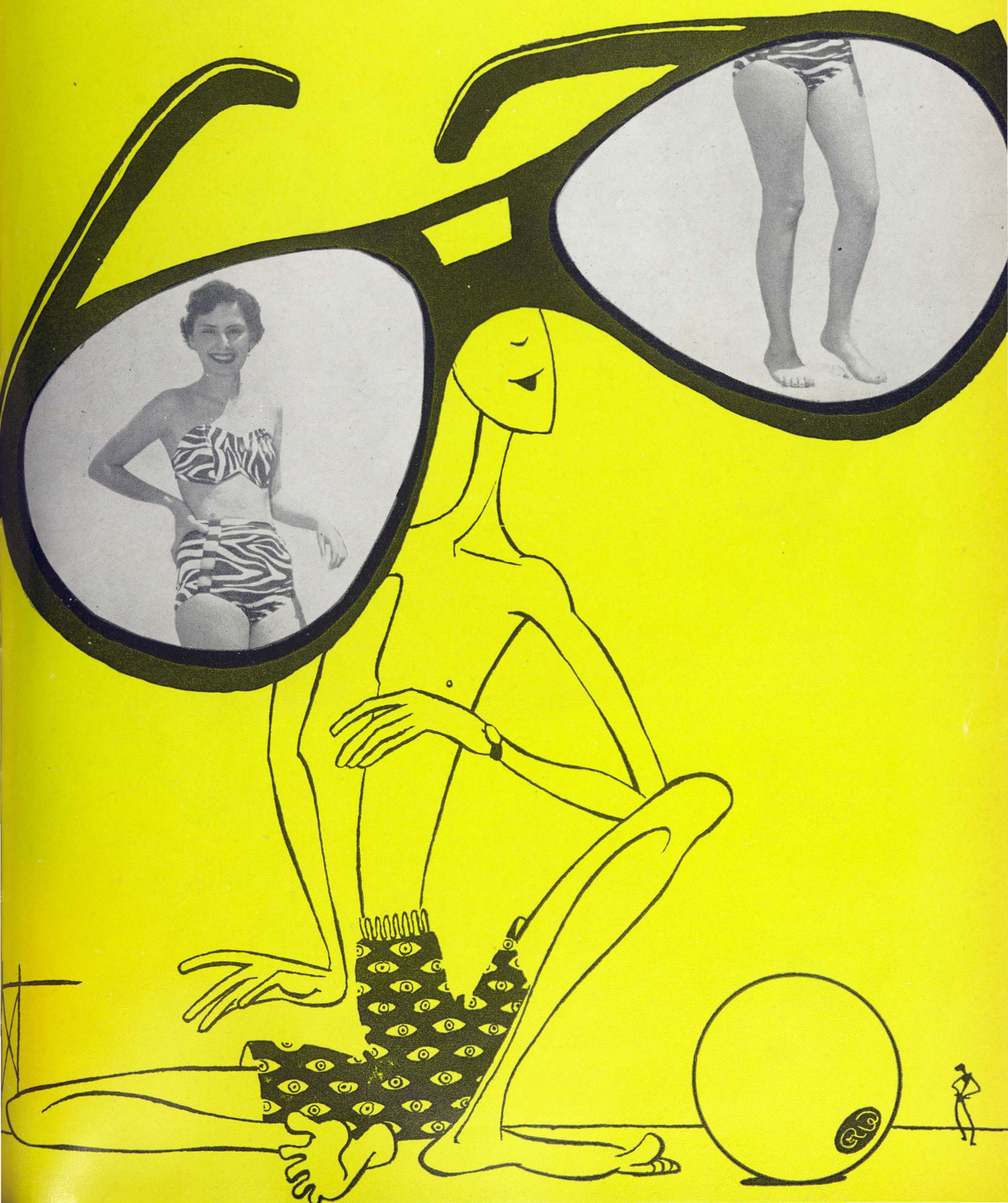


TEXAS  
**Ranger**

• APRIL • 1950 • 25c





*"My cigarette? Camels, of course!"*



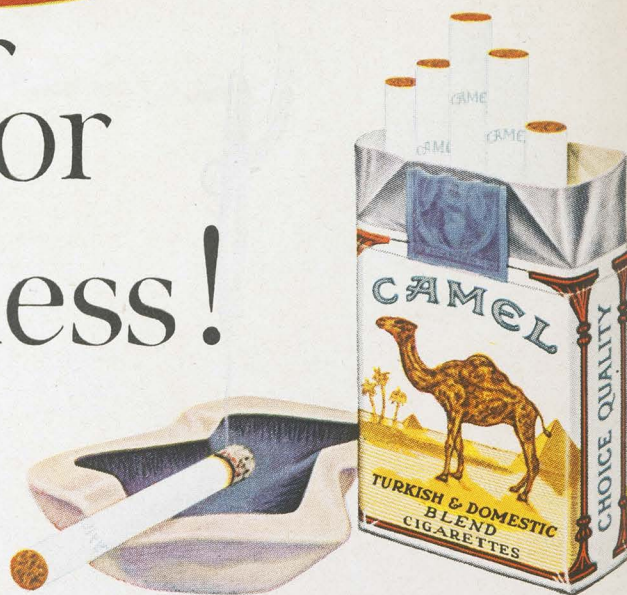
WITH SMOKERS  
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JEWELS BY CARTIER.

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IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!**





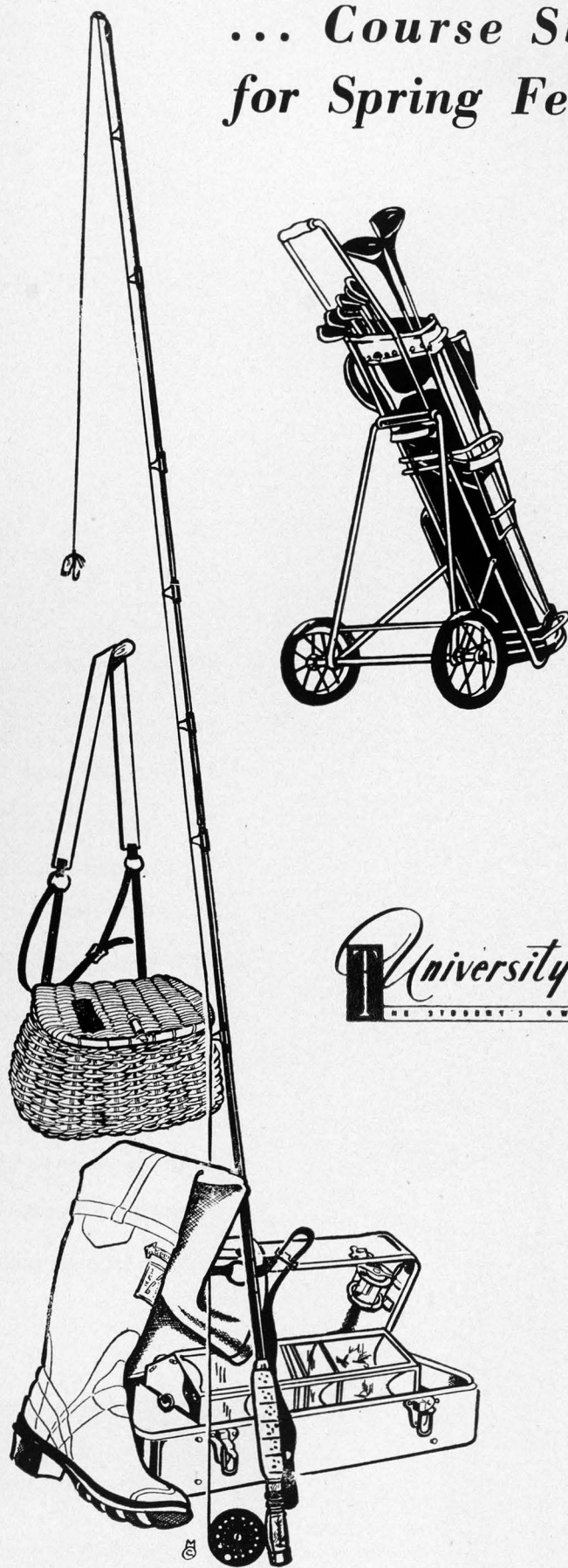


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striped cotton.  
Both designed to give  
you a wonderful slim  
figure. Both from  
Yaring's...where else?  
So if you want to look  
keen this summer  
better drop in soon..

*Yaring's*

## ... Course Supplies for Spring Fever 406



**University co-op**  
HE STODDY'S OWN STORE

equipment for fishing, tennis, baseball, golf, hunting, swimming, cards.

There was a funeral for a UT-ex, and one of his older friends came. After the services, the funeral director approached him.

"How old are you, if I may ask, sir?" he asked.

"I'm 99," answered the mourner.

The funeral director's eyes narrowed as he said softly, "Hardly worth going home, is it?"

A graduate of the Texas University School of Law was looking for a likely town in which to set up practice.

"Do you have a criminal lawyer in this town?" he asked a certain native.

"Well," answered the citizen, "we think so, but so far we ain't been able to prove it."

"Son, after four years of college, you're nothing but a drunk, a loafer, and a damn nuisance. I can't think of one good thing it's done!"

The son was silent a moment. Suddenly his eyes brightened. "Well," he said, timidly, "it cured Ma of bragging about me."

A young co-ed brought charges against an elderly professor and had him sentenced to jail for a long term. As he was led away, a friend approached him.

"I know you're innocent," said the friend. "Why did you plead guilty?"

"Well," admitted the professor, "The complaint was so flattering I just couldn't resist."

A little whiskbroom asked his parents, "How did I get here?"

The mother broom answered quickly: "Your daddy and I swept together."

Two college girls went out to eat dinner together. One heaped her tray, but the other took only a little bit of food.

"Oh, eating makes me fat," she said, when the two were seated.

"Nonsense!" cried her companion. "Prove it!"

"Well, I can't right now," the co-ed blushed. "I'm sitting on the evidence!"

A young man was trying out for the police force recently. One of the questions was: "What is the quickest way to disperse a crowd?"

Without hesitation the fellow wrote: "Pass around the hat."



# LETTERS

To the Editor:

. . . I believe every post office that my *Ranger* goes through must read it from cover to cover. I really don't blame them; it's that good—but let them buy their own subscription. Why don't you put a wrapper around the magazine instead of sending it loose? The March issue arrived (??) with the front and back covers half torn off and finger smudges throughout.

. . . May I congratulate you on this tops of college humor magazines. Even my Aggie friends up here enjoy it, although they won't openly admit it. . . .

Al Schumann, UT '49  
Gary, Indiana

To the Editor:

We at N.Y.U. feel a bit selfish at the moment, not being able to requite you for the fun received from the several issues you have sent us. *Medley*, though reinstated as the school humor magazine, is again having trouble passing certain eyes. We hope the difficulty is soon cleared up, and by about the middle of this month should be able to restore happiness to the cultural void that is New York City. At best, we will get two issues this term. To the *Ranger* we give exclusive rights to anything worthwhile in these pages as we have lifted freely from you in the past.

H. Prince, managing editor  
*Medley*, New York University

● *Maybe lifting from us is what got you in trouble.—ed.*

To the Editor:

Quite a few of us Texas Ex's would like to have an issue on what our UT lovelies of bygone days are doing now, complete with pictures. Where are our ex-queens? I, for one, would like to know where that beauty of beauties, Bonnie Bland is—then there's Pat Calhoun, Jackie McKay, Nell Walker, etc.

● *Good idea. Be sure to subscribe to next year's Ranger.—ed.*

To the Editor:

"You Can Go To—" last month picked a lemon. Me, I'm gonna keep following the recommendations of the Steer Here committee. It takes more than a bottle of beer to convince those boys.

Albert R. Elam

● *It took more than a bottle to satisfy us, too.—ed.*

• • •

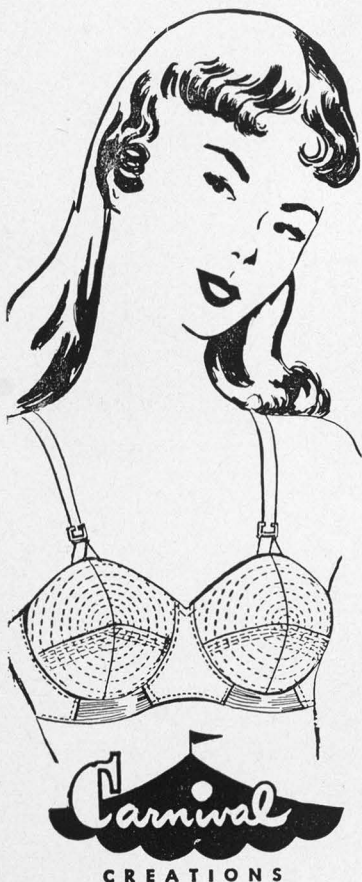
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TOWN & COUNTRY



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• the perfect fit—that lasts and lasts

*RaeAnn*





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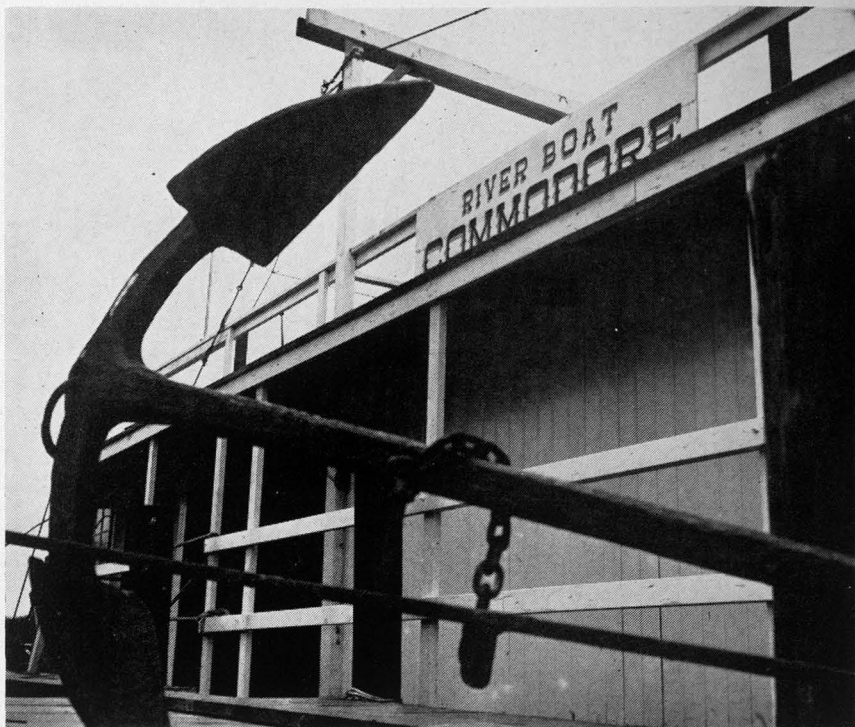
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# YOU CAN GO TO—



● UP THE RIVER for a different afternoon or evening is the River Boat Commodore, catchable at either Green Shores off Bull Creek Road or the Bennett Boat Docks, 3826 Lake Austin Boulevard.

Games, dancing and less violent types of entertainment are available at the Green Shores picnic grounds, while dancing and romance are provided for on the boat. Necking, though not encouraged, seems almost inevitable. Captain and Mrs. Fowler, proprietors of the enterprise, also have applied for a beer license to add a little spark to a perfect outing.

For a weekday trip on the boat, rates are \$1.15 per person, with accommodations for fifty persons. The large river boat may be leased during the weekend for seventy-five persons at \$86.25 per trip. Green Shores also has provisions for eating, ranging from hot dogs to chicken and shrimp. Rates vary between \$1 and \$1.50 per person—or you can take your own chow.



Hoist anchor! In the competent hands of Captain Fowler, the 75-foot vessel edges away from the picnic grounds.

As the boat noses its way peacefully up the river, landlubbers are hesitant about trying out their sea legs.



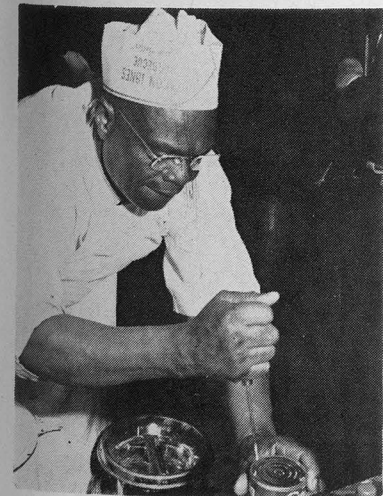




The double deck furnishes extra dancing space and vantage points for sight seeing.



Exhausted after a vigorous outing, two students endure the trip home.



After the vessel docks, Deacon Jones prepares chow, usually the climax to an enjoyable outing.



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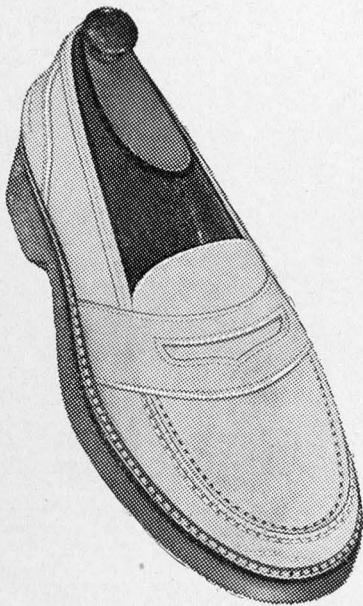
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THAT'S 2 BLOCKS NORTH OF THE  
VARSITY THEATRE

## RANGING

With this issue we bring to a close another *Ranger* year.

Now that we are no longer pressed by future deadlines, we can take time out to reminisce. And as we do, our feeling of relief at having finished a job changes to one of sadness. Those problems which made us pull our hair at the time are fond memories now, ones we will recall time and time again in years to come.

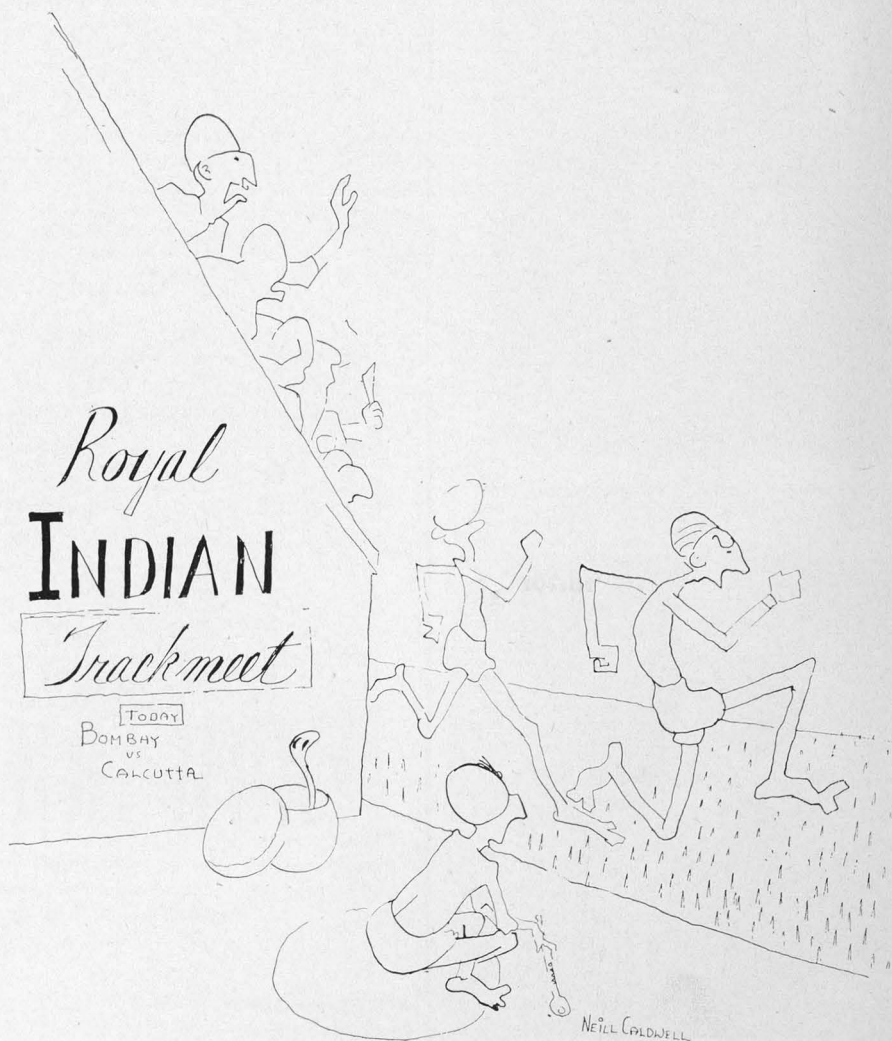
We'll remember how hard we worked to put over the subscription drive, how faculty members used to frown on the messy way the office looked and the clippings we tacked on the bulletin board, and how the censors got us so riled sometimes. We'll remember the time our camera fouled up when we were trying to get a picture of cartoonist V. T. Hamlin drawing Alley Oop on the wall, and the time we disrupted a *Texan* lab by shooting some cheesecake outside their window.

We'll remember these and a hundred other things and picture ourselves back in the high-ceilinged old office clipping corny jokes from a stack of exchanges. Although right now we are a little weary from a hard year's work, we are happy that we had the opportunity and honor to contribute our bit to what we think is one of the best college magazines in the country. We learned a lot and had fun doing it.

I would like to offer a hearty "thanks" to all the staff members who worked so diligently and to the faculty members who gave encouragement and advice. I am grateful to the boys at Von Boeckmann-Jones for their patience and understanding and to the 6,500 students who contributed their dollars to make the subscription drive a success.

If the same help and cooperation is given the incoming editor, Tom Carter, I am sure he and his staff will turn out a good magazine.

—B.Y.





h. e. brunson, sports editor • maxine smith, fashion editor • kenneth roberts, circulation & publicity • wallace engle, simon rubinsky, staff assistants • harrell lee, editorial supervisor • f. r. moerkel, editor

editor  
f. b. (bill) yates  
associate editor  
tom carter  
managing editor  
bill prince

ever, feature editor • harvey schmidt, art editor

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Printed by Von Boeckmann-Jones Co.  
Austin, Texas

# TEXAS RANGER

April, 1950

rowland wilson, cartoon editor • joe capps, fiction editor

## THE COVER

Not only did June Grove serve as an eye-stopper in the tiger bathing suit reflected in the glasses, she supplied the cover idea as well. June is a senior applied art major from New London and a model in the art department. The art work came from the versatile hand of Rowland Wilson, cartoon editor.

And for the technical minded who say a true reflection does not come out staggered in two lens, as pictured, might we remind you that in the spring everyone gets a little cockeyed.

john wolvin, picture editor • bill bridges, humor editor

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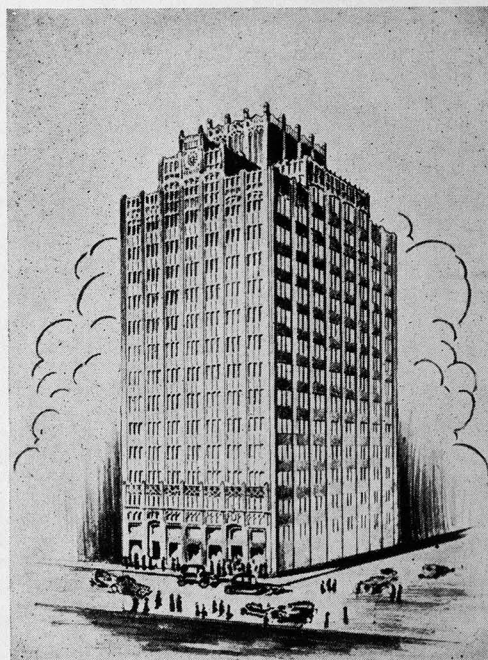
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# THEY PASS BY NIGHT

Just  
before  
finals  
the  
library  
is crowded.  
But there  
are some  
students  
who don't  
head for  
the campus  
until after  
the library  
has closed.  
They pass  
the quiz  
with a  
bent  
coat hanger  
and a  
lot  
of  
nerve.

by bill yates

● THREE YOUNG MEN wearing coveralls and carrying tool kits entered the front door of a University building. With an indifference typical of repairmen, they ambled down the hallway and a short time later stopped in front of an office door.

Selecting the proper tools from their kits, they proceeded to remove the pane of glass. The door was then unlocked from the inside and further inspection made of the handle mechanism. While two of the men continued their work on the door, the other stepped inside and took time out for a smoke. The repair job was evidently a simple one; for only a few minutes from the time the job was begun, the glass had been replaced and the workmen were gone. Gone also was a copy of a final exam from a desk in the office.

Although this operation, pulled smoothly in broad daylight, was nothing short of fantastic, the fact that some students stole a final and got away with it is not unusual. It happens every semester.

Dean of Student Life Arno Nowotny recently said that there isn't an exam period that goes by when attempts aren't made to break into some buildings at night. Last semester over a dozen students were caught for either stealing or buying finals. And there were at least that many stories circulating about other stealing operations.

Unless the thief is caught, such stories are not authentically founded and may become distorted or exaggerated via the grape vine. But enough thieves are captured, or enough finals are reported missing, every semester to keep the University administration in fresh ulcers.

A review of last semester would appear to be an exam-stealing heyday. One radio station broadcasted, for everyone to hear, the announcement that a government final was out. Twelve students were suspended for buying copies of a

stolen chemistry final. One student was caught in Geology Building at night trying to steal an exam. A professor in BBA School foiled an exam thief by switching questions at the last minute. Yet, Dean Nowotny said that cheating was then at its lowest point since the war.

Before the war, more than 100 students were found guilty of buying a chemistry exam at \$5 a copy. It had been copied from an old stencil reclaimed from trash by a student who was consequently suspended. Although stencil stealing at present has been all but eliminated by the burning of "potential" trash immediately, this means of obtaining the exam was one of the most frequently used methods for a number of years.

In 1946 a national furore was caused when *Life* magazine carried a reprint of a *Ranger* story about cheating at the University. The *Ranger* claimed that over half of the students interviewed in a campus poll admitted they had cheated on exams.

No doubt there are students already laying the groundwork and making plans for the big push next month. But these advance planners aren't likely to be the ones caught. You will hear their story from one of your friends, who heard it from someone else. Although the boldness of some of the ventures may grow each time they are retold, more incredible will be the amount of work and ill-used ingenuity put into the operation. In most cases, had the student spent half the time and effort studying, he could have made an honest A.

One "Cloak and Dagger" veteran, applying all he had learned from Uncle Sam, started his campaign of operations about two weeks before finals. He began by studying thoroughly the work routine and all the little habits of his professor. At prescribed OSS distance he would follow the prof to and from classes, ener-



getically taking notes on every movement. It wasn't long before he knew exactly where the prof—or the prof's briefcase—would be at any given time.

He then made a similar study of the nightwatchmen, observing closely their routine and the exact times they always appeared at certain points. As if this wasn't enough, he obtained complete architectural plans of the building and thoroughly memorized them.

The night before the final he donned his service uniform (a pair of black coveralls), picked up his special tool kit, and set his plans into action with clock-work precision. Timing his approach just right, he entered the building, proceeded along his well-memorized route, fitted the proper key into the prof's door, placed the proper papers into the proper pocket, and exited unnoticed through the proper window in the basement. Mission completed.

One story, coming from three independent sources, relates how a student, using high-power binoculars, watched a professor in a Main Building office making out his final. Seeing the prof put the exam in his briefcase, the student and a friend then followed him home. The prof was careless and left his briefcase in the car. Another final was out.

One fraternity, according to an unsubstantiated story, needed desperately a certain final but knew that it was securely locked in an office safe. One of the boys contacted an out-of-town "safe specialist," who quoted a job price which didn't seem to be too unreasonable. Though they made a game attempt, they were never able to raise the required cash.

Probably the biggest boon to office breakers is a little gimmick called the "Jim Dandy" door opener. Reportedly brought back from the service by OSS veterans, the "Jim Dandy" is made of two coat hangers and a piece of inner tube. It is inserted in the mail slot of a door and hooked over the inside door knob. Students who have seen it demonstrated say you can open a door so quickly with it that you hardly need to stop walking.

Some old-timers still insist on using the conventional door key. They say you have a better chance of talking your way out if you are caught. They also claim that keys are simple to obtain if you get to know the right grader or proctor. Some students in administrative positions are granted keys. Others get hold of them by making a fast wax impression when they have to borrow a pass key sometimes. It is said there are students in school who now have pass keys to every building on the campus.

A few less imaginative thieves still put their trust in the "transom" or "hinges" method. The hinges method paid

off for a student last semester when he found a new lock had been placed on the cabinet holding the Chemistry 801a final. He removed the hinges on the cabinet, took a final, and put the door back in place, no doubt chuckling at the naivete of the prof. Crawling through the transom only works, of course, when the prof is careless enough to extend the invitation.

While the careful planners usually depend on "cool talking" to get them out of a tight situation, some thieves carry camera flash guns for protection. Should a nightwatchman approach them, they would shoot the flashbulb in his face and turn on the speed, making their getaway while he is blinded from the glare. The majority of thieves, however, depend solely on their athletic prowess.

One night a watchman on his rounds noticed a spot of moving light in an office on the first floor of the Journalism Building. He called a helper, and the two slipped up on the office, one from the front of the building and the other from the back stairs.

The man coming in from the front caught a student standing apparently as lookout. The other watchman gave warning as he turned the key in the lock of the office door. The student inside, seeing his retreat cut off, dived head first through the window, which is about twenty feet from the ground. He did a neat flip in mid-air, landed on his feet and ran away. He was never caught, and his confederate would not give him away.

Last year two nightwatchmen stopped a student at the door of Sutton Hall about midnight. They asked him what

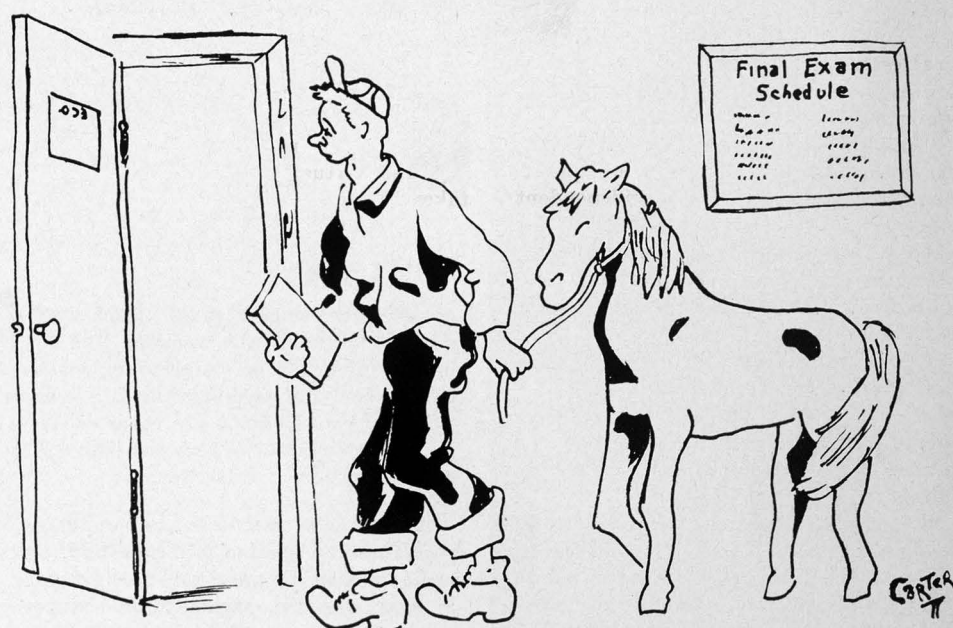
he was doing and demanded identification. His heart pounding against the final tucked inside his coat, he told them some spur-of-the-moment story about being out to get a bite to eat after studying for several hours. He was told to step inside where they could look him over in the light. As one of the watchmen stooped down to unlock the door, the student swung a fast left and right, one for each watchman, and made his getaway.

A few minutes later the athlete's buddy came innocently along and ran into the two highly irritated nightwatchmen. Evidently groggy from the first experience, they made the same mistakes again and had one more bruise each to show for it.

Another slugging escape took place on a stairway inside Main Building. Two students who had just lifted a quiz out of one of the offices were about midway down the stairs when they met a young man on the way up. The man told them he was an instructor and wanted to know what they were doing there. For an answer they sent him sprawling down the steps, overtaking him on the way. They believe now that he was possibly another thief, who used the challenge routine to avoid having to answer any questions himself; for they never heard any report of the incident.

Probably the funniest escape story is the one about two students being chased through Sutton Hall one night. The watchmen hot on their heels, these two boys were running up the stairs and down the halls trying to find an open office in which to hide. Outsiders said

(Continued on Page 18)





# Bob WHEELer



**What do you know about the behind-the-signs men who make campus politics go around? Here is the story of one of UT's most colorful.**

● ONE OF THE "BIG GUNS" behind campus political highlights, Bob Wheeler looks more like he drifted down from the hills to sell a wagonload of peanuts. First glance gives the impression of an amiable farm boy with freckles.

But Wheeler, often referred to as "Wheel" for obvious reasons, has been tangled up in so many campaigns at the University that he is probably the greatest source of political information on the campus. He has as many sounding posts as the best of them.

"And I've jumped the fence so often," he says, "that I'm welcome—or unwelcome—in either Clique or Independent meetings. The reason, I tell them, is because I always support the best man."

At this he grins and adds, "But of course that isn't right. I merely support my friends."

Twenty-three-year old Wheeler, an economics major from Tilden, has been a senior at the University for three years. All that is keeping him from graduating is the foreign language requirement.

"I've flunked Spanish 407 five times," he explains, "and it looks like I'll never get by. I've even thought seriously about getting eligible and running for *Texan* editor. Then I'd run a crusade to do away with the Spanish department."

He registered at the University in late

1943, and has been here ever since, except for a two-year interval in which he "served as a private in the infantry of Uncle Sam's army."

He has held the majority of offices in the Hogg Debating Society and is a member (and of course a Clique representative) of Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity. The most outstanding organization he ever made, however, according to Wheeler, is Ten Most Hated.

"I'm most proud of this honor," he says. "It may not be too hard to make TMH when in a big responsible office, but for someone virtually unknown to make it takes talent."

Scholastically speaking, he states, "If you don't get education up here, you will at least learn a trade."

Among such trades, he lists sign painting, construction work and how to carry signs. Most important, however, he explains, is that politics teaches a person how to handle people.

"Campus politicians as a rule," he smiles modestly, "are indeed very superior people."

His first taste of campus politics came in 1944, when he and his roommate at that time, a student named Tommy West, managed a girl's campaign for Student Assembly. She was beaten, but after that first whiff of the political realm of life, neither Wheeler nor West could quit.

"Politics is a disease," Wheeler says. "It gets into you and you love it. I virtually live from one election to another. And during every campaign, I go on sco-pro. That's the reward of the politician."

A noted campaign which Wheeler helped manage was that of "Pic" Wagner for Cactus Editor in 1948. Wheeler thought this was a hopeless battle and hated to enter into it.

"But being as how Pic was my roommate, I figured I'd better help."

Wagner won by more than 1,000 votes.

"And that's why," says Wheeler, "the picture of Bob Wheeler was seen in the cheesy Goodfellows section of the Cactus."

Some of his most notorious electioneering has been in "railroading" candidates through the Student Assembly for appointive positions. He was largely responsible for Bill Strassman's achieving the vice-presidency in 1948 and for Marlin Thompson being appointed to the same office in 1949.

He was a vital part of the campaign mechanism in the Bill Bruce-Mark Baterson fight for *Texan* editor and associate, 1949.

With such a record and reputation for putting his candidate into office, Wheeler has been nicknamed the "King Maker." He has even edged into national politics.

(Continued on Page 25)



# State of the Union

**Is it worth a few bucks out of your pocket to have bowling alleys, workshops, and abundant space all bound up in a larger union? How will you vote?**

by jeanine eminian

● AS MID-APRIL rolls around, bringing with it sprigs of new green, posters, spring fever and a rash of handshaking, students will go to the polls and choose their officers in an election that has already been termed one of quiet confusion. The same might be said for one of the direct issues to be voted upon along with officers—a compulsory fee for long-heralded union expansion.

If Texas Union expansion goes through, tentative plans call for twelve to eighteen bowling alleys, twelve billiard tables, a 30x50-foot room for table games, a browsing library, a small ballroom to serve also as a banquet room, and two new lounges. Special activities such as music, crafts, darkrooms, and workshops will occupy 3,942 more feet, and meeting places will be expanded by 4,000 feet. This will include five small rooms, four seminars, and two rooms to seat up to 400 people. An art exhibit room will mean that the men can have their lounge to themselves again. Five new offices will be added.

It has taken three years of back-of-the-scenes maneuvering and administrative red tape to bring the issue to the students themselves. As early as 1947 union expansion began appearing on politicians' platforms and a union investigating committee was appointed to study the needs of an increased enrollment. Temporary plans were submitted to the Faculty Building Committee in 1948, but action was never taken, and the Union Expansion Council appointed this fall by Ellis Brown and headed by Barefoot Sanders has spent more time waiting for the Regents to say yea or nay than in making concrete plans. When the Board of Regents finally got around to considering expansion plans at their February meeting, they gave the go-ahead signal, but checked it with two big "if's."

The first is that the students must okay the compulsory fee, which would be not over and probably less than \$4. Then the legislature must pass it, since compulsory fees can be levied by state law only.

The question in the minds of the student officials that have pushed union expansion is, now that the students have a chance to vote yes or no on this four-year-old issue, will they pass it or pass it up? And students, beginning to feel the pinch of post-boom years, are wondering, what will my money buy?

The need, for example of other schools, and the clamor for enlarged union facilities for several years would indicate an easy approval by the students, but the almighty dollar will be the deciding factor.

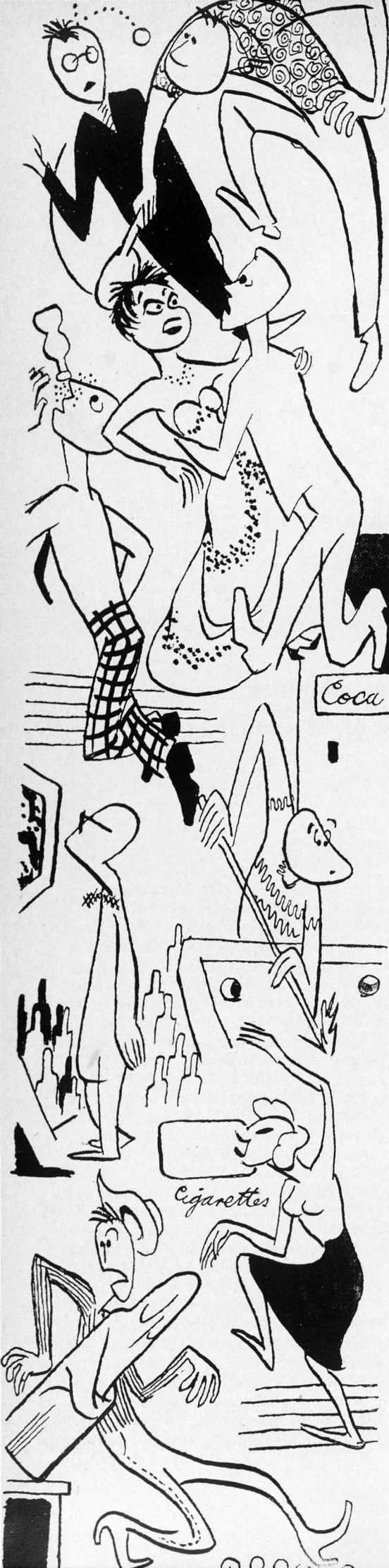
The present union, built with \$417,000 of ex-students' money in 1932 to accommodate a student body of 6,408, began to shrink in 1946 when the veteran-swelled enrollment hit 17,000. A survey last year showed that 83 clubs met weekly there, 25 met occasionally in screened-off parts of the Main Lounge, and 32 other groups were on the waiting list. Eight clubs were served by five offices, but eight more were on the waiting list. Sixty-two large dances and 12 conferences were held in the Union last year, and the Main Lounge is often the scene of hurried activity when the furniture is being rearranged to take care of three different uses in one day.

Texas isn't the only school with an increased post-war enrollment, of course, but judging from replies to a questionnaire sent out by the Union Expansion Council, it is one of the few that is doing nothing about an inadequate union.

Students at Purdue, Cornell, Minnesota, Michigan State, and Iowa State already take for granted such union facilities as browsing and lending libraries for popular books, music listening rooms and lending record collections, arts and crafts shops, special game rooms, darkrooms complete with enlargers and developing chemicals, and dozens of guest rooms for visiting parents, dates or celebrities.

The Toronto union's 500-seat theater would be the envy of Texas' Curtain Club, and the Canadian school also has

(Continued on Page 22)







## RUSTY RAY

### GIRL OF THE MONTH

A glowing red suntan, received seven years ago in girls' camp, secured for Marilyn Ray the nickname of "Rusty." And the name well fits this girl of the outdoors whose hobbies are swimming, horseback riding and picnicking. Of course, dancing—anything from a jitterbug to a rhumba—also comes in as a favorite pastime.

A 19-year-old sophomore costume designing major from Houston, she is five feet five and one-half inches tall, with 124 pounds distributed along 34-24-34 lines.

Rusty, a Navy ROTC sponsor, was in the top twenty-five of TSO, the top twenty Aqua Carnival finalists and was a Blue Bonnet Belle Finalist. She also is a member of Spooks and Alpha Delta Pi sorority.

• • •





# The Murphy Bed

*Josephine Shelley is sitting on the couch, using the coffee table for her typewriter, and working busily. She is dressed in a satin lounging robe, and has a highball on the table and a cigarette in a long holder resting on an ash tray. The telephone on the table at her left elbow rings. She answers without changing her position.*

SHELLEY: Shelley-Kelley residence. Who? No, you have the wrong number. Good afternoon Mr. Kelley.

KELLEY: Good afternoon, Miss Shelley.

SHELLEY: Some woman just phoned you.

KELLEY: Did you tell her she had the wrong number?

SHELLEY: Of course, darling.

KELLEY: Thank you. *(Crosses to her and picks up her cocktail, finishes it and puts glass back on coffee table.)*

SHELLEY: There's more in the kitchen. *(He starts out)* Make it two, bartender. *(He returns for her glass and exits)* And Joey, don't forget to put lemon in mine.

KELLEY: Where did you hide the bottle?

SHELLEY: In the liquor closet.

KELLEY: Do we have any ice?

SHELLEY: You might try the oven.

KELLEY: The obliging Miss Shelley, as usual. *(Angrily)* Josephine, you did not wash the coffee pot.

SHELLEY: Why Joey, I was saving the last cup for you.

KELLEY: I wouldn't touch your lousy coffee, if I were dying.

SHELLEY: I wish you'd say that every morning at 6 a.m.

KELLEY: *(Entering with two glasses)* And just who made the coffee this morning? And who washed the Sunday dinner dishes?

SHELLEY: You did, Joey — three weeks ago. *(He crosses over behind her and tries to read what she is writing without being obvious)* It's not polite to read over people's shoulder.

KELLEY: *(Suspiciously)* Then what are you writing?

SHELLEY: Just a story.

KELLEY: Jo, if you've jumped me on the Christopher story—

SHELLEY: No, not quite. But by this time tomorrow, the answer will be yes.

KELLEY: What makes you so sure?

Ever hear of marriage on a business throw out the rules, roll out the sleeping couch, and you come up with a one-act play by Ann Priddy—the first live drama televised in Central

illustrated by

SHELLEY: I met him today and he's fascinated with my irresistible charms.

KELLEY: That still doesn't get you the story.

SHELLEY: No. But I'm having lunch with him tomorrow in his hotel suite—just the two of us. And that, my dear Joey, will give me ample opportunity.

KELLEY: That is exactly why I object to career women.

SHELLEY: Why, Joey? I never can remember your reason.

KELLEY: You are capitalizing on your feminine wiles for professional purposes and I don't like it.

SHELLEY: It puts you at rather a disadvantage, doesn't it darling.

KELLEY: That does it! I am sick of competing with a typewriter.

SHELLEY: Oh, come now, Mr. Kelley, it's not really the typewriter that's bothering you, is it?

KELLEY: No, I can cope with a machine; but wives! Marriage is a much-over-rated luxury. And furthermore, the ancient and honorable institution of marriage is outmoded.

SHELLEY: A popular habit nevertheless.

KELLEY: Marriage is wholly illogical and unreasonable. It's groundless, unscientific and psychologically unsound.

SHELLEY: Yes, dear.

KELLEY: Are you listening?

SHELLEY: Yes, dear.

KELLEY: What have I been talking about?

SHELLEY: Yourself.

KELLEY: No! I have been giving you an objective discourse on matrimony.

SHELLEY: I beg your pardon. What did you say?

KELLEY: I said I am damned fed up with marriage.

SHELLEY: I'm sorry, darling—do you want a divorce?

KELLEY: I do not! Divorce is a common device of the unstable masses, and I refuse to be associated with such insipid weakness.

SHELLEY: Just what do you propose then?

KELLEY: I have here a most unique solution. *(Shows her a big sign which reads "Liberty Hotel")* For the front door.

SHELLEY: I'm fascinated, but come to the point.

KELLEY: From now on out, baby, this place is a hotel. Strictly a business proposition. You go your way and I go mine. We are under absolutely no obligations to each other. No questions asked. It's time marriage was broadened to include the basic ideals of democracy, equality, and freedom. There have been pioneers in every field; and in marriage, we are it.

SHELLEY: *(Picks up the phone and starts to dial)*

KELLEY: What are you doing?

SHELLEY: I am reserving you a room at the Y.M.C.A.

KELLEY: Put that phone down. I am not leaving.

SHELLEY: Am I to presume you are staying for love of me?

KELLEY: You are to presume no such thing. To put it grossly, two can live cheaper than one; and besides, somebody has to rout me out of bed at 6 A.M.

SHELLEY: This is a business proposition. What do I get for my services?

KELLEY: You may live here rent free. And I hope you realize the salary is far above union scale wages; but it's worth it because at least you're something alive around the house.

SHELLEY: Let's leave personalities out of this, shall we? *(Picking up the cards)* What are these for?

KELLEY: Property identification tags. And this is the constitution under which our hotel will be managed. *(Has pulled paper from his pocket)*

SHELLEY: Now I understand why socialism cannot exist without a dictator.

KELLEY: Listen to this. You have to sign it. That the Liberty Hotel may live up to its name and reflect the spirit of democracy, the following rules are henceforth in effect. Rule one—the household budget will be proportioned according to the ratio of our salaries with the excep-

tion of the rent. Two—Fanny May continues as chief janitor. Three—all property is to be equally divided. Respectfully submitted, Joe Kelley. Sign here Joe Shelley.

SHELLEY: Most willingly. Give me your pen. *(She signs with his pen)*

KELLEY: And furthermore, all personal items such as fountain pens, soap, and toothpaste, et cetera, are to be regarded as private property.

SHELLEY: *(Hands him the pen and paper)* That's fine. And we start here. *(Crosses to the closet and shoves the roll-away-bed into the middle of the floor)* If this is going to be a hotel, it's going to be a respectable one. *(She unlatches the lock and both ends hit the floor with a bang)*

KELLEY: Now, don't be childish, Jo. There is nothing in the contract that says you have to sleep on the roll-away-bed.

SHELLEY: Not me. You!

KELLEY: *(Furious)* If I sleep in here, then this entire room is mine. That closet is mine. *(Crosses to closet and hurls her coats to the floor)* And these are yours.

*(Shelley calmly picks up the coats and exits into the bedroom. The scene quickly changes from that of a dignified living room to one of disorder and confusion. Kelley continues his outraged removal of her things from his room and closet. First he moves her luggage from the closet to a spot just outside the living room almost blocking the archway. Then he remembers the book case. He crosses to it, and starts scanning the titles for his books. He sees one that looks interesting, glances at it, then peers over his shoulder to be sure she is out of sight and sticks it under the chair. He stands up and yells at her)* The remainder of these intellectual narcotics are yours. Remove them. *(He starts taking things off the top of the bookcase and puts them on the floor, but notices the picture over it. He smiles sarcastically at the picture then removes it and places it on the couch. Then for her benefit)* Farewell, "Pakisso."

SHELLEY: Picasso, darling.

KELLEY: *(Mumbling and returning to the bookcase)* Monstrosity! *(He shoves the bookcase out into the big middle of everything, closes her typewriter and sets it on the floor near the B.R. door. Shoves an odd antique chair toward the*

*(Continued on Page 19)*





SINCE his roommate's bunk, the lower one, was more convenient for a quick sprawl, Mike Cameron was sprawling there when this kid from home appeared in the doorway. He edged into the room sheepishly—in fact, about as sheepishly as one can without knocking—and he obviously was no longer a kid, but Cameron still thought of him as one.

"Hello, Mike," he said.

"Well, hey, boy, how you getting along?" Mike rolled his head over to look at his visitor. A cigarette dangling from his lips precariously supported a long ash,

which quivered over the bedspread, his roommate's bedspread. "Come on in. Drag up a chair and make yourself at home. I do."

"Thanks, Mike, thanks." The kid sounded mournful. He perched on the edge of a table across from the bunk, his hands in his pockets.

"Matter, boy, homesick?" chuckled Mike. "Hell, you'll get over it. We all do."

"Naw, Mike, it's not that. I . . . well, it's Margaret, Mike, she . . ."

"Dear little Maggie."

"Yeah." The kid looked down at the floor. He was choked up.

Mike peered up at him and saw the hurt expression standing out on his face. "Giving you hell, huh? Shoot, kid, they all do. Everyone of them . . . Women!" With a half and somewhat skeptical smile, he rubbed his face back and forth across his roommate's pillow and repeated, "Women!"

"But she's wrong about this, Mike, dead wrong. She still loves me. I know it. I know it as well as I'm sitting here. But she doesn't. We've gone together too long to be mistaken. People don't

change that fast. They just don't."

"Again I could pass it off with just 'women'," Mike shrugged, no longer smiling, "but why the hell come to me about it. I'm hardly the fatherly type."

"I've got to talk to somebody, and you know us both from home. I thought you might help."

"Help! Shoot, boy, nobody can help. It'll just hurt for a while and then quit. You'll get over it. We all do. They say there's a barrel of fish . . ."

"But who wants a fish," put in the kid.

"Okay, so we're both trite," Mike said.

"I can't even think of another girl. I don't want another girl."

"Grow up, kid," said Mike. "Hell, you're a big college boy now. When one toy breaks, you can always get another just as good or better."

"I don't feel that way about it."

"You will."

"Well damn it, Mike!" the kid stood up, beginning to get a little mad. "You don't see. You don't even try to see." He moved for the door. Mike pushed himself up on his elbows.

"Hold on, boy," he said. "Just take it easy. Take it easy. Sit down and I'll tell you something. Go on, sit down."

The kid hesitated, then with a dubious expression, went back and perched on the table, folding his arms. "All right, what?"

"You didn't know I used to go with Maggie, did you? Oh, before you started coming around. You didn't know that, did you?"

The kid shook his head, his eyes growing a little wide.

"Yeah," said Mike. "I went with her one summer, when I was fresh discharged, just before I came down here. We went regular. Got a little thick, too."

"I didn't know that," the kid murmured soberly.

"Course you didn't. You probably

weren't even thinking along those lines, then. There's one hell of a lot of difference between a boy sixteen and a girl the same age."

"What finally happened?"

"You really want me to tell you?" Mike said, cracking another half smile. The kid nodded.

"Same as you. Sounds exactly like your case. Finally, for no logical reason, she decided we weren't . . . er, uh, shall we say, meant for each other?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" The kid grinned.

"Sure," said Mike, "that's the way it goes. You'll get over it. Find yourself another fish."

Mike stopped to let it soak in on the kid, who sat for a long time on the table, his grin gradually fading. Then he got up, but didn't move for the door. He just stood there, listening, and for the first time Mike noticed the radio was playing in the living room. Some recent hit tune was oozing forth. It didn't mean a thing to him. He couldn't even think of the title. But the kid was taking it in. He was a long way off, it seemed.

"Mike," he groaned when the song ended. "Mike, talk to her, will you? See if you can't straighten it out for me. She's wrong. She really is. Talk to her for me. She's in school down here now."

"The hell you say! I thought this was a correspondence problem. I didn't realize she was here."

"Yeah, she's here. She's staying over at Carothers. Talk to her, will you?"

"Shoot, boy, it wouldn't help. You better forget it. You'll get over it."

"You can try, Mike. I'll help you out sometime. Give it a try."

"Well, hell." Mike sat up on the bed. "I could go see her. Guess she and I are still friends enough for that. But for God's sake, no guarantees."

"Just talk to her. See what she says."

"Okay, kid, okay. But try to forget her, will you? She won't come back now. They don't play that way. Best thing to do is go dive in the barrel and see what you can hook. You'll get over her that way if nothing else. But I'll talk to her."

"Thanks, Mike." The kid shook his head. He seemed grateful for the outside chance. In fact, he was even whistling the tune on the radio when he went out the door.

Sprawling back on the bed, Mike tried to think the situation out. He had known Margaret was going pretty steadily with the kid—she had started just before their own big bust up—but he didn't realize the seriousness of it. Mike couldn't remember being that serious over a girl for a long time—since Margaret, as a matter of fact. Thinking about it made him feel funny inside. . . .

Darkness was creeping in over the campus as Mike stood in the doorway of his rooming house, gazing absently along the walk that eventually led to Carothers dormitory, and pretended to be listening to the radio still playing in the living room behind him. The rows of elms looked like shadows from giant hands making figures on the rambling, black lawn.

Just as he pushed open the screen door to leave, another song came over the radio—an old favorite which had made a comeback in recent years. As if paralyzed, he stopped in the doorway, holding the screen open. Something akin to excitement sent chills through his chest. Quivers shot along his feet; he felt that he was swaying. Funny, the melancholy that goes with music and memories, the glory that burns inside and takes a fellow back.

The screen door slammed behind him, and he began strolling down the walk, reminiscing as he whistled to the tune of "Sweet Sixteen." . . .

by tom carter

illustrated by c. w. nelson

# Barrel of Fish

*How does the song go? Since first I met you on the village green . . .*



## THEY PASS BY NIGHT

(Continued from Page 10)

that light fairly blazed up all over the building in the middle of the night. Finally the boys found an open office on the top floor and dashed madly inside. Though the nightwatchmen searched the office, they were never able to find the students. One of them had crawled into the typewriter well of a desk, and the other into a filing cabinet. They spent the rest of the night there and left the building the next morning. One of them said it was "really funny to see a 200-pound guy crawling into that little bitty hole in the desk."

Although few, if any, students sustain themselves on the sale of stolen quizzes, some of the thieves pocket tidy sums of cash at the end of every semester. A student last year is reported to have made \$60 for four B Law finals he had stolen. One student says he was in a pool hall when a man came in and offered copies of the Chemistry 801a final for \$35 each. Last spring a student who paid \$100 for a Government final was selling "looks" for \$5.

A person with access to an office, a story goes, was offered \$100 to get an engineering final. He tried, but it wasn't there. Another student was present when an offer of \$50 was made by five students for one copy of a Biology final.

Ironically enough, there are students who make money "cheating the cheaters." They fake some questions and start a rumor that they have the final. Many students are "taken in," along with the cash.

Exam thieves can expect much tougher sledding this semester. Professors and nightwatchmen are becoming more cautious, and the administration is making a study of preventive methods. Last January Dean Nowotny sent a letter to faculty members advising them to take greater care in supervision and in the selection and training of proctors, and warned them against leaving examination questions in their offices.

The Chemistry Department is contemplating a policy of mimeographing finals only on the day of the exam. Another measure being considered is placing the chem exams in a safe after they have been prepared.

The majority of students apparently are against exam stealing, but few will hesitate to take the advantage once the quiz is out. Barefoot Sanders, former student body president, probably expressed the majority attitude. "It's a sorry business," he said, "but you can't blame students for joining in after the final is out. Then it's anybody's ball—in self defense."

Policeman (to pedestrian just struck by hit-and-run driver): "Did you get his number?"

Victim: "No, but I'd recognize his laugh any place."

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

Mr. Brown: Extravagance, your honor.

Judge: Extravagance? How's that?

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

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

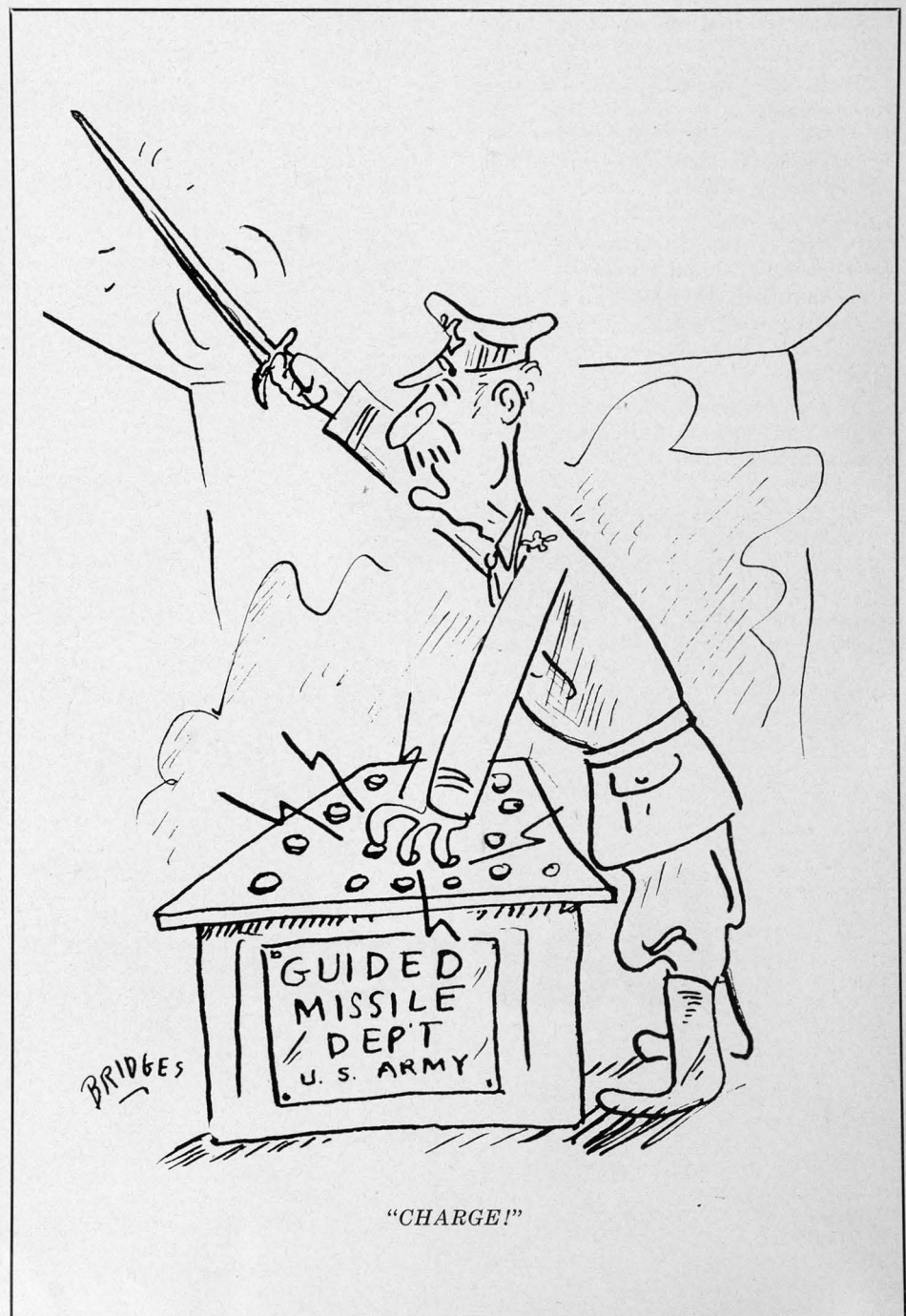
Bureaucrat: "If we are unable to figure out a way to spend that two hundred and twenty million dollars, we lose our jobs."

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

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

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

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





## THE MURPHY BED

(Continued from Page 15)

*B.R. By now, everything is mass confusion. Shelley, unnoticed by Kelley, has been repeatedly appearing in the doorway with armloads of his things and dumping them just over the threshold. She appears this time with shirts and ties.)*

SHELLEY: Joey, your drawers are disgraceful.

KELLEY: If you throw one more thing out of that drawer, I'll break your damn neck.

SHELLEY: (a defiant pair of rolled up socks sail through the air into the L.R.) Do be civil, darling.

KELLEY: (Stalks to the B.R. and as he crosses over this pile of his clothes) Take your hands out of that drawer, Miss Shelley. I am perfectly capable of moving my own things without your assistance.

SHELLEY: Joey, (Sweetly) would you move the bookcase into my room, please.

KELLEY: Madam, I do not relish being mistaken for room service. (She just looks at him and he melts) Oh, hell! (Takes bookcase into the bedroom) ..

SHELLEY: (Crosses to the phone and dials) Stevedore Hotel, please . . . Mr. Christopher, please! Hello, Chris, darling, this is Jo Shelley . . . oh, fine, and you? . . . But I'm terribly bored tonight. . . . Your wife's with you? . . . But surely you can make some excuse . . . Of course she'll believe it. . . . Ten minutes? Yes, that's perfect . . . Bye, darling. (She hangs up. Kelley re-enters. She sits on the couch to wait)

KELLEY: Which of your adoring hypocrites was that?

SHELLEY: No questions asked, remember.

KELLEY: And no infringement upon individual privacy! You are trespassing.

SHELLEY: I beg of you, grant me a narrow pathway through this bedlam of yours—that I may come and go by the front door.

**Herder Named Institute Head**

—San Antonio Express

(What did he name it?)

KELLEY: From now on, my sweet shrew, you will go and come by means of the fire-escape, conveniently located just outside your window.

SHELLEY: If you're human at all, you won't force that upon me.

KELLEY: You think not?

SHELLEY: I know not. The bathroom, darling, is this way. (Indicates through B.R.)

KELLEY: The bathroom and kitchen are neutral territory.

SHELLEY: And the front door.

KELLEY: I see no way of avoiding it.

SHELLEY: (After an awkward pause) Kelley!

KELLEY: What?

SHELLEY: (Hypocritically sweet) Now that everything is settled, do cheer up.

KELLEY: You needn't look so smug. I am also going out for the evening, as soon as you get out of my way.

SHELLEY: Why, that's wonderful, Joey. I'm so glad you're at last becoming social minded. (He ignores this. Another silence) I just thought of something.



What are we going to do about entertaining?

KELLEY: That's obvious! Your territory is the bedroom. And if you want to be discreet about it, there's always the fire-escape.

SHELLEY: My, (Delightedly) what a popular hostess I shall become.

KELLEY: Don't let success go to your head, darling.

SHELLEY: I still think you're witty, Joey. It's just that I've lived with you too long to be amused. Now, let's be practical.

KELLEY: Oh, Lord forbid!

SHELLEY: (Logically) I would rather go out on Saturday nights, and you would probably rather entertain some very special guests here on Saturdays; so I'll give you Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and I'll take Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

KELLEY: What happens to Sunday?

SHELLEY: Well, we really ought to be good on Sunday.

KELLEY: Then Sundays are henceforth set aside for repentance!

SHELLEY: Agreed. (Door bell. They both jump to answer it) I will go to the door.

KELLEY: Why, Miss Shelley, I thought you would like a butler.

SHELLEY: I would. But your intentions are showing, dear.

KELLEY: So what? We'd still be in the dark ages if man hadn't been curious.

SHELLEY: Yes, dear. And you wouldn't have those glowing green eyes now if man hadn't been jealous. Good-night. (she exits)

KELLEY: (He stands looking disgruntled. He sees the roll-away bed. Then a more pleasant thought hits him. He crosses to the bed and picks up one

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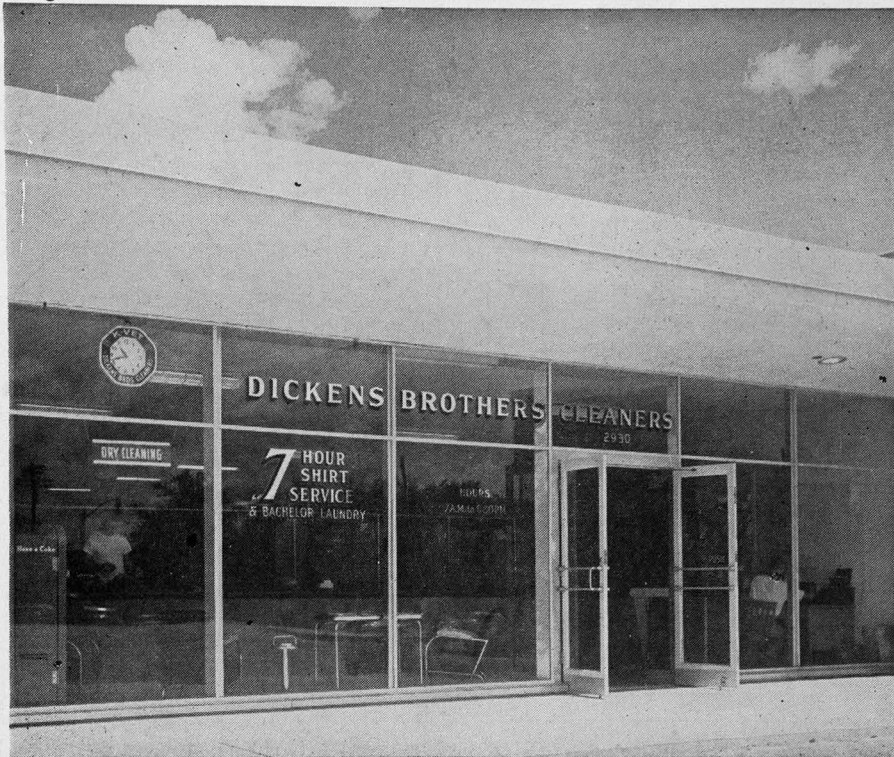
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end of the mattress and looks under it, drops and picks up the other end, drops it. He is most perplexed. He shoves the whole mattress off on the floor, and stands looking at the bed very puzzled. Then he remembers the story. He takes it out of the typewriter and starts reading it. The front door opens and Shelley appears for a moment. Kelley quickly puts the story behind him and grins guiltily at her.)

SHELLEY: Oh, darling, I forgot to tell you, your little black book is in your shaving kit now.

KELLEY: Thank you. But I don't need it now.

SHELLEY: Oh, you're welcome anyway. Goodnight—and darling, don't wait up for me—I might be late. (She exits and he picks up the phone and dials) Stevedore Hotel! . . . Mrs. Christopher please . . .

Blackout

### Law Fraternity Honors Justice

—Daily Texan

(It's time somebody did!)

(When the lights go on, almost immediately, the scene is the same except that the mattress is back on the bed. Kelley is home alone, dressed in pajamas and robe. It is much later and Kelley looks as though he would grind his teeth to powder, if he thought he could grow another set. He is reading. Shelley enters tip-toeing with shoes in hand and lipstick noticeably missing. He doesn't look up from his book. She starts to her room—as she passes him, she leans down, glances at title of book, takes it out of his hand, and before he has time to react, she opens the book to fly-leaf and in explanation of her action reads)

SHELLEY: Shelley!

KELLEY: Bah!

SHELLEY. (Crosses to table where big sign and puts down her purse and book) The Liberty Hotel! Oh, I love this freedom. Darling, why haven't you thought of this before? (He merely turns his back on her) I just adore it. It's such an original idea, so completely unconventional.

KELLEY: (Vehemently) Have I ever





been conventional?

SHELLEY: Not very often, dear. But I do remember one incident rather vividly.

KELLEY: What?

SHELLEY: It was your idea to get married.

KELLEY: I'm not infallible . . .

SHELLEY: *(Interrupting)* It's encouraging to hear you admit it.

KELLEY: *(Continuing)* But I always abide by my mistakes!

SHELLEY: Am I to consider myself a mistake?

KELLEY: I don't care what you consider yourself. But this damned hotel is a mistake.

SHELLEY: Oh no, darling. I think it's absolutely ingenious. It's working beautifully.

KELLEY: It is 4 a.m. Everything closes at 12. What have you been doing? *(The telephone rings. Both jump to answer it, but Kelley gets it.)*

SHELLEY: *(Defending her dignity)* It's probably for me.

KELLEY: *(Into phone)* The Liberty Hotel, Kelley speaking.—No, you do not have the wrong number, and Miss Shelley is here.

SHELLEY: *(She takes the phone with great dignity and settles on the couch before answering)* Yes? *(Suddenly*

*brought to life)* No, darling. But I'm not keeping a man. . . . Yes, I know it's late. . . . Kelley? Why, he's-he's the bellboy. . . . But of course I live in a hotel. . . . What? A very respectable hotel.

KELLEY: *(Flops on the Murphy bed and with sardonic vehemence)* Ha!

SHELLEY: That was my parrot. He's a very disagreeable sort of bird. *(Feigning utter broken-heartedness)* But, darling, you must believe in me. . . . But you know I do.

KELLEY: *(Rousing, but not too loudly)* Do what?

SHELLEY: *(Removes one shoe threateningly)* That will be all, thank you, Kelley, goodnight. . . . What, darling? *(Cooing)* Oh, I did too. *(Listens contentedly)*

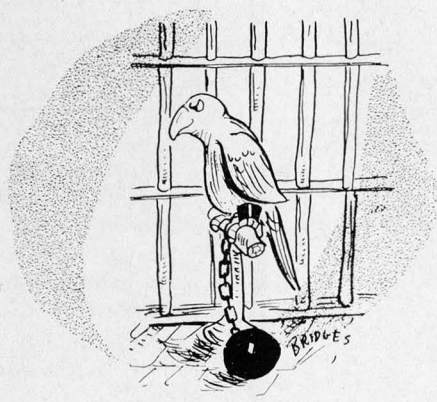
KELLEY: *(Crosses and stands in front of her)* This is a business phone. Please limit all calls to one minute.

SHELLEY: *(Ignores this)* Tomorrow? . . . I'd adore it. . . . Good night, darling. What? *(Looks disdainfully at Kelley, who is still glaring at her)* Not now, dear. . . . Yes, much nicer then. Sweet dreams to you, too. *(She hangs up and sighs dreamily)*

KELLEY: Stop acting!

SHELLEY: *(Breaking her pose)* I am not acting.

# FACULTY CACKLES



FROM behind the Iron Curtain comes this one: A Czech citizen had a parrot which shouted "We shall hang Stalin!" all day long. Eventually, police informed the citizen he must stand trial for treasonous acts, and bring the parrot with him for evidence.

Worried, he went to a village priest who told him, "Do not be afraid. I will loan you my parrot who will not say that."

Later, the citizen appeared in a "peoples" court and the judge demanded a plea of guilty. Baffled by the parrot's silence and thus a lack of proof, the judge began to prompt the bird. "Come, come," he said, "we shall hang Stalin!"

"May God help you!" quickly cried the parrot.

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Department of Government

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## The Hitchin' Post

A DUNCAN HINES SELECTION

## STATE OF THE UNION

(Continued from Page 12)

an archery and revolver range and a chapel. A six-chair barber shop and twenty-person beauty parlor help pay for the Minnesota union, and Antioch, Baylor, Illinois and Indiana all have bookstores. Swimming pools have graduated from the realm of day-dreams and begun to help pay the costs of expanded unions at Toronto, LSU and Indiana.

Even the Texas Aggies are in on the trend. They already have eight bowling lanes, and a new million-dollar union is nearing completion.

Even if the compulsory fee passes the students, it will be another year before the legislature can give the final approval.

Buried as it is beneath the quiet confusion of spring politics, union expansion has aroused little excitement thus far. But four years of planning will sink or swim on whether the students think union expansion plans are worth the price of a compulsory "lab fee" in campusology.

### Miss Campus Chest

### Appears Total Bust

—The Daily Tar Heel

Warden Smith, a UT-ex, had been in charge of the prison for ten long years. He called the prisoners to attention.

"Boys," he said, "I'm thinking of having a little celebration. Have any of you a suggestion?"

A lifer quickly raised his hand. "Open house!" he shouted.

"What's a bachelor?" a co-ed asked her worldly companion.

"Why a bachelor," answered the fellow, "is a man who can get a girl on his lap without having her on his hands."

Indian Chief Lotta Bull had ten wives and the government agent had just found out about it.

"Bull," he said firmly, "We must all obey the laws. Now you go straight home and tell all those wives but one that they must go!"

The chief reflected a bit. "You tell 'em," he said finally.



# THE MURPHY BED

(Continued from Page 21)

KELLEY: (*Raging*) Bellboy! Parrot! SHELLEY: You and your hotel!

KELLEY: (*Mimicking her*) But, darling, I thought you loved it. It was working so beautifully.

SHELLEY: From now on, I will answer the telephone.

KELLEY: You got yourself into that one.

SHELLEY: I accept no blame for the impossible results and unpleasant elements in this establishment.

KELLEY: That's not what I meant. It seems you have had a lapse of memory. I distinctly recall that on October—October (*Trying to recall the date, then breaks his pose to ask*) When were we married, dear?

SHELLEY: (*Wearily bored*) I don't remember, but I'm quite sure we were.

KELLEY: (*Mumbles*) It doesn't matter, anyway. (*Resuming his lecture*) It was upon *your* insistence that we keep our names and our friends separate and our marriage secret.

SHELLEY: You know as well as I that married women are not allowed on the *Daily Inquirer* staff.

KELLEY: And, thank God, wives are banned from our staff.

SHELLEY: And considering that it was professionally necessary, you might have been a little more discreet at times. Things have been very hard for me to explain.

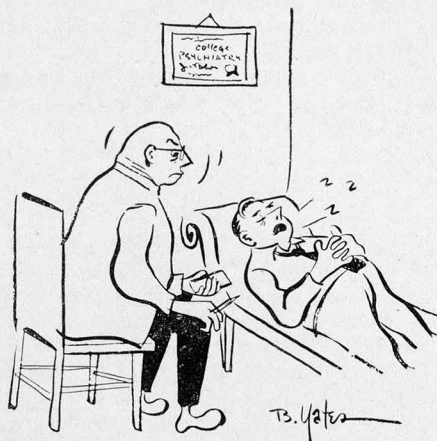
KELLEY: And some of them impossible to explain. (*Enjoying this*)

SHELLEY: That I am a dishonest woman in the eyes of the public is no cause for you to gloat.

KELLEY: I'm not responsible for the immorality encouraged by the policies of your unethical employers!

SHELLEY: (*Angrily*) I've heard enough. Goodnight, Mr. Kelley. (*Exits*)

KELLEY: (*Trying to detain her and still be subtle*) Oh, I say, Miss Shelley, would you care to compare notes on how we spent our evenings?



SHELLEY: (*Off-stage now and very flippant*) No, thank you!

KELLEY: Well, I would. Come back here.

(*She returns and waits for him to speak. This throws him for a minute, then he changes his approach*)

KELLEY: Would you mind proofreading this story on old Chris for me?

SHELLEY: (*Jerks story from him*) How did you get this?

KELLEY: No questions asked, remember!

SHELLEY: (*Tosses story casually onto table*) I am not at all interested in how you spent your evening, Mr. Kelley.

KELLEY: Well, I'm interested in yours. (*Explosively*) What have you been doing since 12 o'clock?

SHELLEY: (*Coily*) Just exactly what you think I've been doing.

KELLEY: Well, I just want to know one thing. Did you *enjoy* it?

SHELLEY: I refuse to be cross-examined. Goodnight again, Mr. Kelley. (*She crosses to the B.R. door. Kelley is standing in the middle of the mess looking most dejected and sat-upon. Shelley turns back to him in the doorway, quite sure that she is "three jumps ahead of him" and loving it, she says*) But, I had a lovely evening. (*She exits*)

KELLEY: (*This last statement is the last straw for him. He can't take any more of it. With pathetic sheepishness and no consideration for the hour, he draws*) Jo

SHELLEY: Yes, Joe?

KELLEY: This won't work!

SHELLEY: What won't work?

KELLEY: You know damned well what!

SHELLEY: (*Appears in doorway*) No, dear, I don't.

KELLEY: This confounded hotel.

SHELLEY: You don't think so? But it was your idea.

KELLEY: (*Dogmatically*) The theory of it was fine, only it doesn't work.

SHELLEY: Just like Communism.

KELLEY: Yeah, except Joe Stalin isn't in favor of junking unworkable institutions . . . and Joe Kelley is!

SHELLEY: Why don't you dissolve the contract then?

KELLEY: Can one party dissolve a contract signed by two parties?

SHELLEY: If the second party agrees to it.

KELLEY: You're holding up progress, but I'll make it easy for you. Here, pull.

SHELLEY: Just one thing, if questions are now in order, how did you get that story?

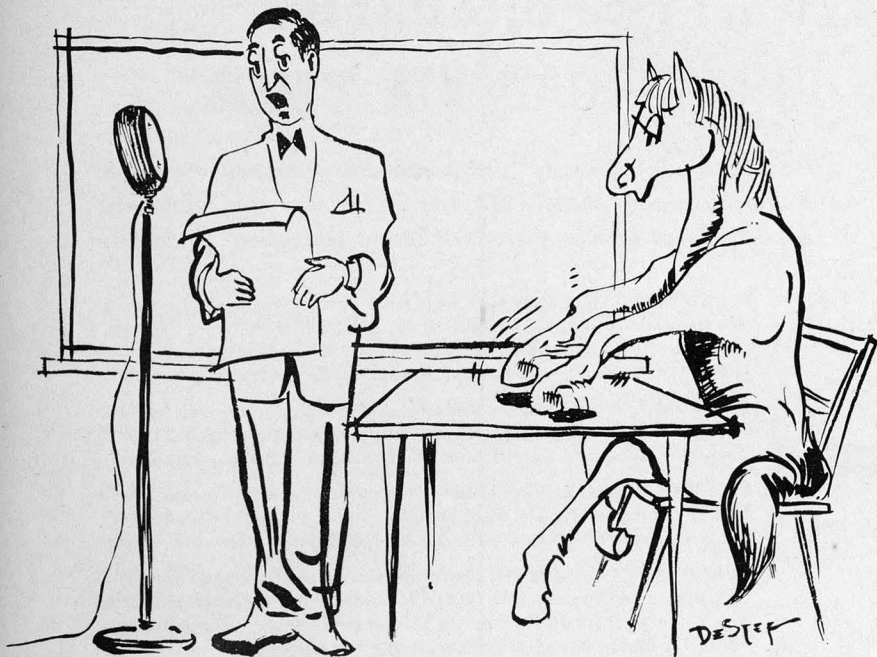
KELLEY: (*Smugly*) Ingenuity, my darling. (*Rips paper*) The Liberty Hotel is now formally dissolved. And we start here! Take that end! (*They take their respective ends and fold up the bed during their dialogue*)

SHELLEY: (*Helping him*) Surely you're not turning domestic at this hour? (*He ignores her*) Rule two says Fanny May is chief janitor.

KELLEY: All rules were abolished two minutes ago. And besides (*shoving bed out from between them*) that mattress has never been the same since you sewed rocks in it, seven fights back!

SHELLEY: (*Amused*) Oh, I remember. That was the time you hurled my entire wardrobe into the back yard.

KELLEY: Patience, my darling, is the virtue of kings! (*Embrace*) ● ● ●



"With a cloud of dust, a fiery steed and a mighty Hi Yo, Silver . . ."



From Pravda:

A great Russian scientist has just refuted all previous theories concerning the hearing of fleas.

Recently, before a distinguished audience, he placed a flea in his right hand and ordered it to hop to his left. It did this several times. Then he pulled off the flea's legs and again ordered it to hop. It did not move.

"This proves," said the scientist, "that a flea becomes deaf when its legs are removed!"

A minister was talking to a notorious drunk who was also something of a flirt.

"You ought to taper off a little, Sam," said the minister. "Which would you rather give up, wine or women?"

The drunk thought a moment. "Well," he said, "it would depend on the vintage."

A married student dropped into the campus dispensary, and while there, decided to try for a little free advice.

"Doc," he said, "My little boy twisted his ankle and now he has to limp a bit. What would you do if it were you?"

"Why," answered the shrewd doctor, "I imagine I'd limp, too."

Beggar: "Have you a nickel for a cup of coffee?"

Student: "Oh, I'll manage somehow, thank you."

A farmer approached a friend who was working with hammer and nails on some pieces of wood.

"Heard your wife's been pretty sick," said the farmer.

"That's right," his friend admitted. There was a few minutes of silence. "That her coughin'?" suddenly asked the farmer.

"Oh, no!" cried his friend, throwing down the tools. "This here's a henhouse I'm makin'."

The Aggie officer had been having trouble with one of the men in his squad.

"Tomkins," he said, "this makes five time this week I've given you demerits. What have you got to say?"

"Thank God you've got a week-end pass!"

Aggie Senior: "Why didn't you salute me yesterday?"

Freshman: "I didn't see you, sir."

Senior: "Thank Heaven, I thought you were mad at me!"

"Gosh, Gus," said Sam, newly married, "I'm worried about my wife. Last night she talked in her sleep, and kept saying, 'No, Charles, no, Charles.'"

"Well, what are you worrying about?" asked Gus cheerfully. "She said no didn't she?"

Two fraternity brothers were discussing modern co-eds. One of them emphatically declared that old-timey gallantry was out of place with present girls.

"What makes you say that?" the other asked.

"I burned my nose on Helen's cigarette when I tried to kiss her hand last night," was the reply.

The joe had just been pulled over to the curb for speeding. The officer, pad in hand, approached the car.

"OK, you," he snapped, "what's your name?"

"Aloyicious Gloustershire Merkowitz-skyvitch," the driver replied.

"Well," the cop said, pocketing his pad, "don't let me catch you again!"

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\*price includes all expenses



## BOB WHEELER

(Continued from Page 11)

He was Lyndon Johnson's campaign manager in McMullen County in the last senatorial race. Members of his family have been office holders in McMullen County for a number of years.

Wheeler expresses intentions of running for the legislature himself in the near future.

There is a lot more to campus politics than slinging up posters and sweating out the polls, Wheeler says. The strongest factor of campus politics is personal friends and contacts.

"People don't vote for ideals," he explains. "The way to get support is to look at a man and say, 'who can get to him?' You need to know who knows who."

Wheeler started remembering people's first names for political reasons when he first got a smell of campaigning. Now he says that he enjoys knowing them.

"A politician must like people."

In politics, there is no such thing as a secret, he says, even if you know something by yourself. "You must not think too much about anything political or someone will find out what you're thinking and spread it around."

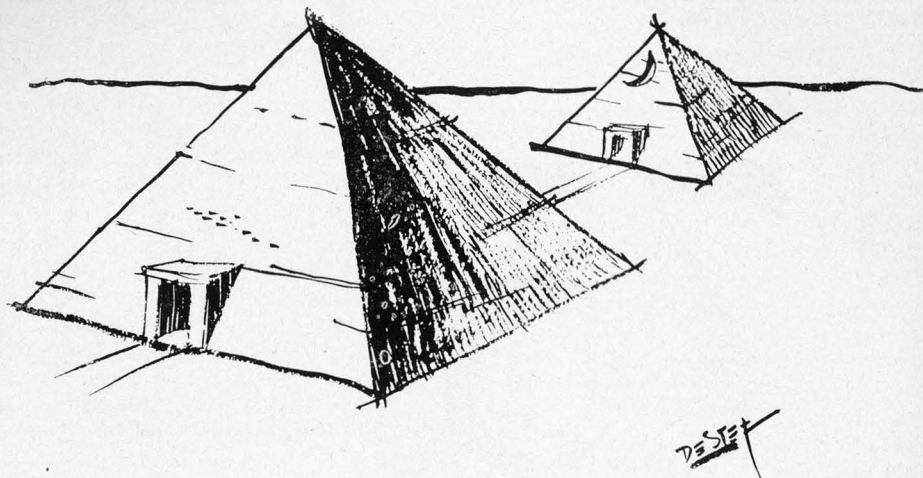
As for his stand in campus politics, he calls himself a "hatchet man." He defines a "hatchet man" as somebody who is willing to do all the work to get somebody else somewhere, yet take none of the credit and get most of the blame.

He strongly advises anyone against being a "hatchet man," for more enemies are made this way than any other.

Successful politics consists of building up long standing obligations, according to Wheeler. Principles and platforms are almost inconsequential alongside this factor.

The greatest political advantage goes to the individual who decides he wants a position first. Early planning and laying groundwork often decide an election.

As the grinning, backward-looking Wheeler quotes it, "Power goes to those who seek it."



## HISTORY REWRITTEN

### CUSTER'S LAST STAND



Gosh, there's only me left! Gimme a Life Saver!



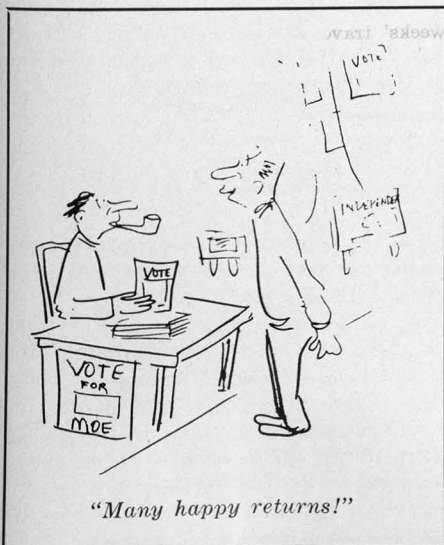
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## TEXAS FOLKLORE

by bill bridges

### NOT WORTH A DAM

Fifty years ago, when the *Daily Texan* was originated, a University lobbying group at the capitol suggested that a dam be erected on the Colorado and named for a *Texan* editor. When the news finally reached the governor, years later, he snorted, "No *Texan* editor is worth a dam!" The same phrase, misspelled with an apostrophe, is now sometimes applied to things of little value.

### ON THE BALL

An unknown UT student was assigned, during the war, to an Army office working at peak efficiency. Being a private, and the only one in the group, it seems this fellow did most of the work, while his lazy fellows played. One day the general's voice boomed from his private office, and the UT private jumped to respond. As he did so, his foot came upon a golf ball, left where a major had been practicing putts and he rocketed through the door into the general's lap. "I guess I-I was on the ball," he stammered. The general, impressed by his speed, made him a second lieutenant and thenceforward the term "on the ball" meant efficiency.

### GONE TO POT

When the Tejas Indians controlled Texas, early pioneers thought of a clever way to wrest it from them. Introducing the game of poker to the redskins, the pioneers quickly won all their money. Then they suggested the state land be put "in the pot." The gullible Indians lost again, and returned home to inform tribesmen that "state now gone to pot." Since then, almost any political faction not in control will use this ancient phrase to describe any government.

### ON THE CARPET

An early University president had a humorous way of telling instructors they were fired. He would call them to his office, tell them to stand on an old carpet in the corner, then press a button dropping them into an alligator pit below. The office girls, impressed by the fun, soon came to use the phrase "on the carpet" as synonymous with dismissal, though today the term means only a reprimand, legislators having been substituted for alligators.



A spinster was shocked at the language used by workmen repairing a telephone line near her home, so she wrote the company. The foreman was requested immediately to make a report of what had happened.

The report read as follows:

"Me and Spike were on this job. I was up the pole and let the hot lead fall on Spike—right down his neck. Spike looked up at me and said: 'Really, Harry, you must be more careful.'"

Income tax returns were in, but a treasury clerk found a bachelor had listed one dependent son. He returned it to the bachelor with a notation which said: "This must be a stenographic error."

The bachelor returned the form, unchanged, with his own notation: "You're telling me!"

Seating himself in a Drag restaurant recently, a student began to examine the menu.

"Boy," he drooled, "I could eat a horse."

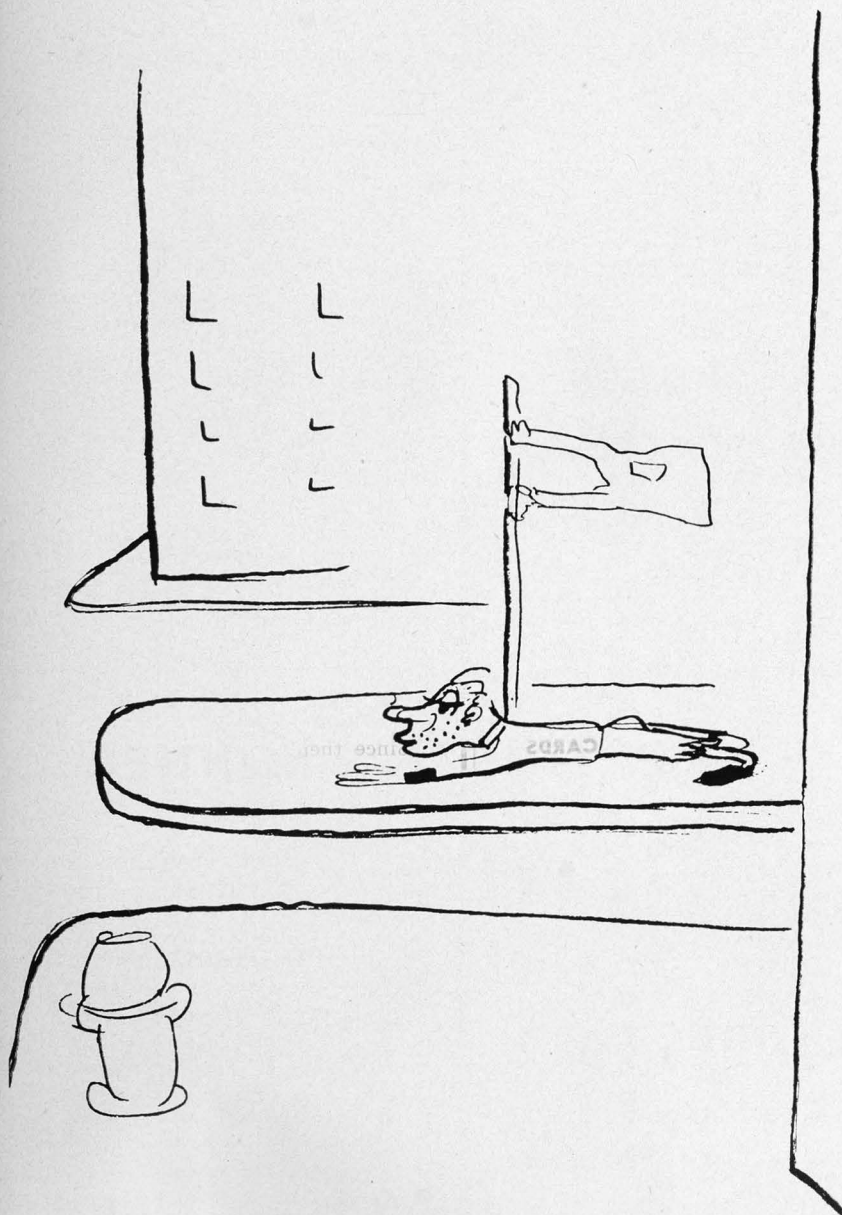
Instantly the waiter, eyes narrowed, rushed to his side. From the corner of his mouth he said, "You've come to the right place, bud."

"What's the matter, Chief?" asked the judge. The police chief told him that he was having trouble with an elusive crook. It seems they had no evidence to hold the man on. The judge consulted his legal tomes.

"What's he do for a living?" he asked suddenly.

"He's an orderly out at the hospital," the surprised chief answered.

"Good!" exclaimed the judge. "I can give him ten days for pan-handling!"



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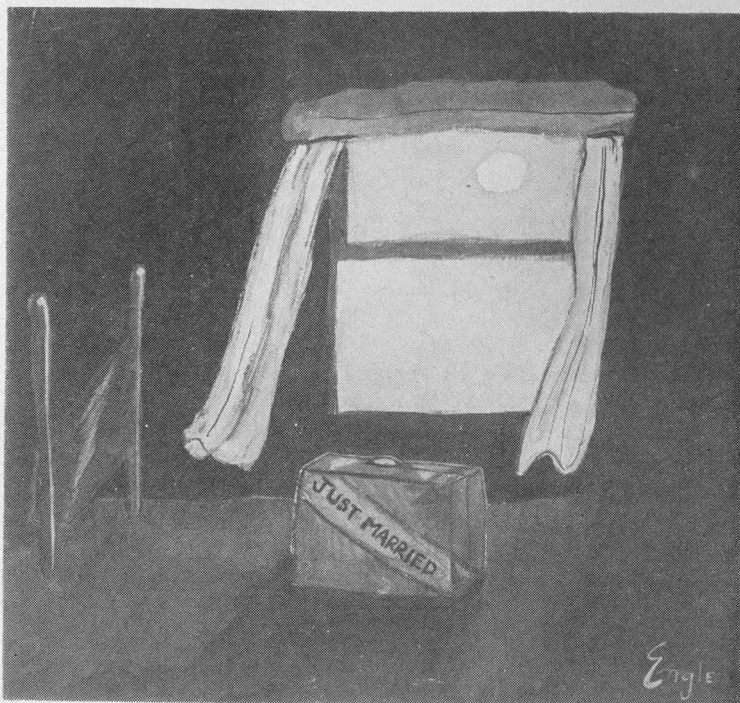
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Find a piece of copy anywhere in this issue of the RANGER that will make an amusing caption for the above cartoon. Caption may be taken from any printed matter on the inside of the magazine (advertising or editorial) and may be as many consecutive words or lines as you consider necessary.

Clip the printed caption you choose, paste it beneath cartoon and mail before May 1, 1950. Make as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be on clipped entry blank, properly filled in.

In case of identical captions, award will go to first entry. RANGER staff will judge contest.

## PRIZE

A HANDSOMELY BOUND  
VOLUME OF THIS YEAR'S  
RANGERS.

## LAST MONTH'S WINNER

Jack Hagemeyer

## HONORABLE MENTION

Rob Robinson:

"Hey, Pledge Hosenose, what're you doing lying down?"

Nancy Lou Sledge:

"Well, don't just lie there, start doing push-up!"

Ray Wiggins:

"Have a seat, buddy, and wait your turn."



"Would you like to sign up for the Health Service?"



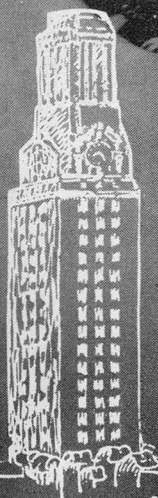
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