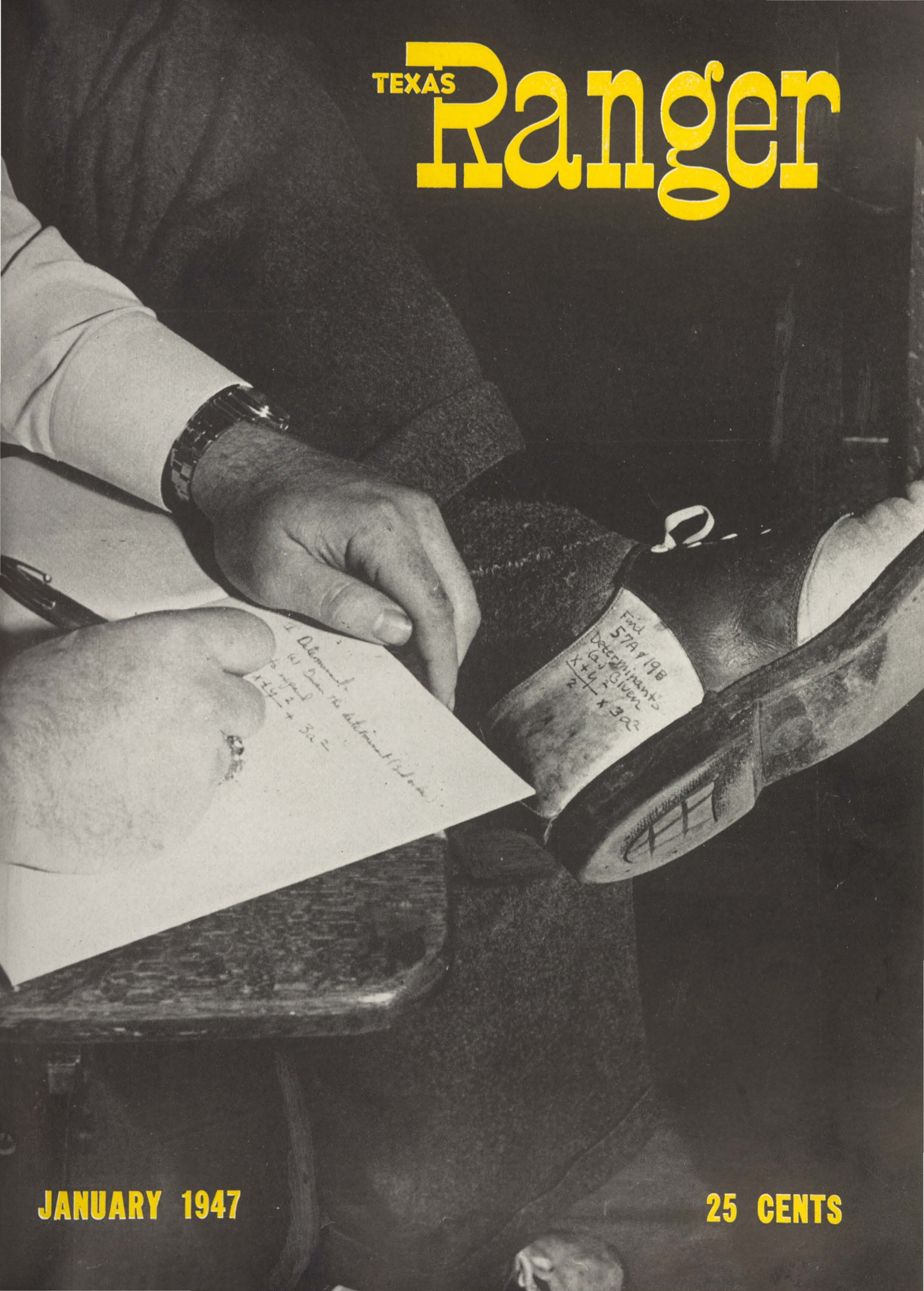


# TEXAS Ranger



JANUARY 1947

25 CENTS



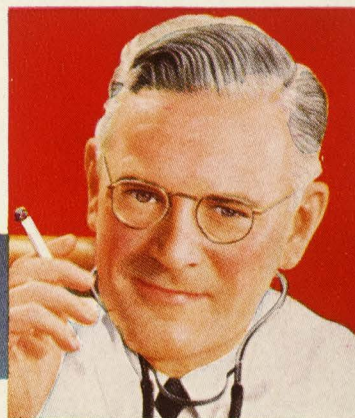
*According to a recent Nationwide survey:*

# MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

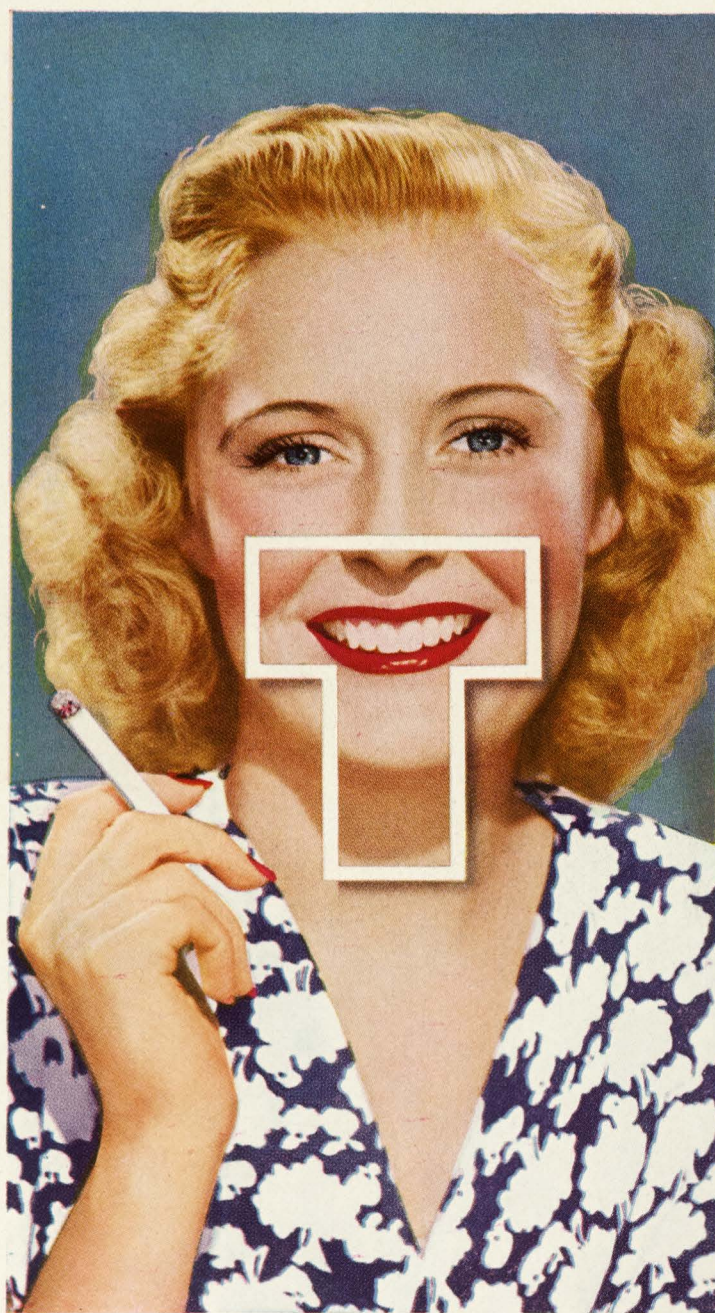
• Like the rest of us, doctors smoke for pleasure. Their taste recognizes and appreciates full flavor and cool mildness just as yours does.

And when 113,597 doctors were asked to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camels than any other brand.

Three nationally known independent research organizations conducted the survey. They queried doctors in every branch of medicine.



R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co.,  
Winston-Salem,  
North Carolina



*Your "T-Zone"  
will tell you*

**T for Taste...**

**T for Throat...**

• Taste and Throat...your "T-Zone"  
...that's your proving ground for  
any cigarette.

See how your own critical taste  
responds to the rich, full flavor of  
Camel's choice tobaccos.  
Tobaccos of uncompromis-  
ing quality . . . tobaccos  
blended in the fine, tra-  
ditional Camel way.

See how *your* throat  
reacts to the cool mild-  
ness of Camels.

See if Camels don't  
suit *your* "T-Zone"  
to a "T."





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Rest is a surcease from worry and care,  
Sleep is a blessing no one of us mocks;  
Thinkers and statesmen agree on this  
fact,

I move we eliminate all eight o'clocks.

—Froth.

Bert—And now I'm going to steal a  
little kiss.

Flo—Let the crime wave begin.

—Varieties.

Senior: "There are some 60 odd  
teachers in this school."

Freshman: "So I've noticed."

—Widow.

Rockabye baby

In the tree top;

Better not fall,

It's a helluva drop.

—Log.

Salesman: "Do you wear nightgowns  
or pajamas?"

Young Lady: "No."

Salesman: "My name is Bowers. John  
Bowers."

—Froth.

Does your husband snore in his  
sleep?"

"I don't know; we've only been mar-  
ried a few days."

"I suppose you dance?"

"Oh, yes, I love to."

"Fine—that's better'n dancing."

—Sundial.

Here's to the girl with the turned up  
nose.

The turned-in eyes and the turned-down  
hose

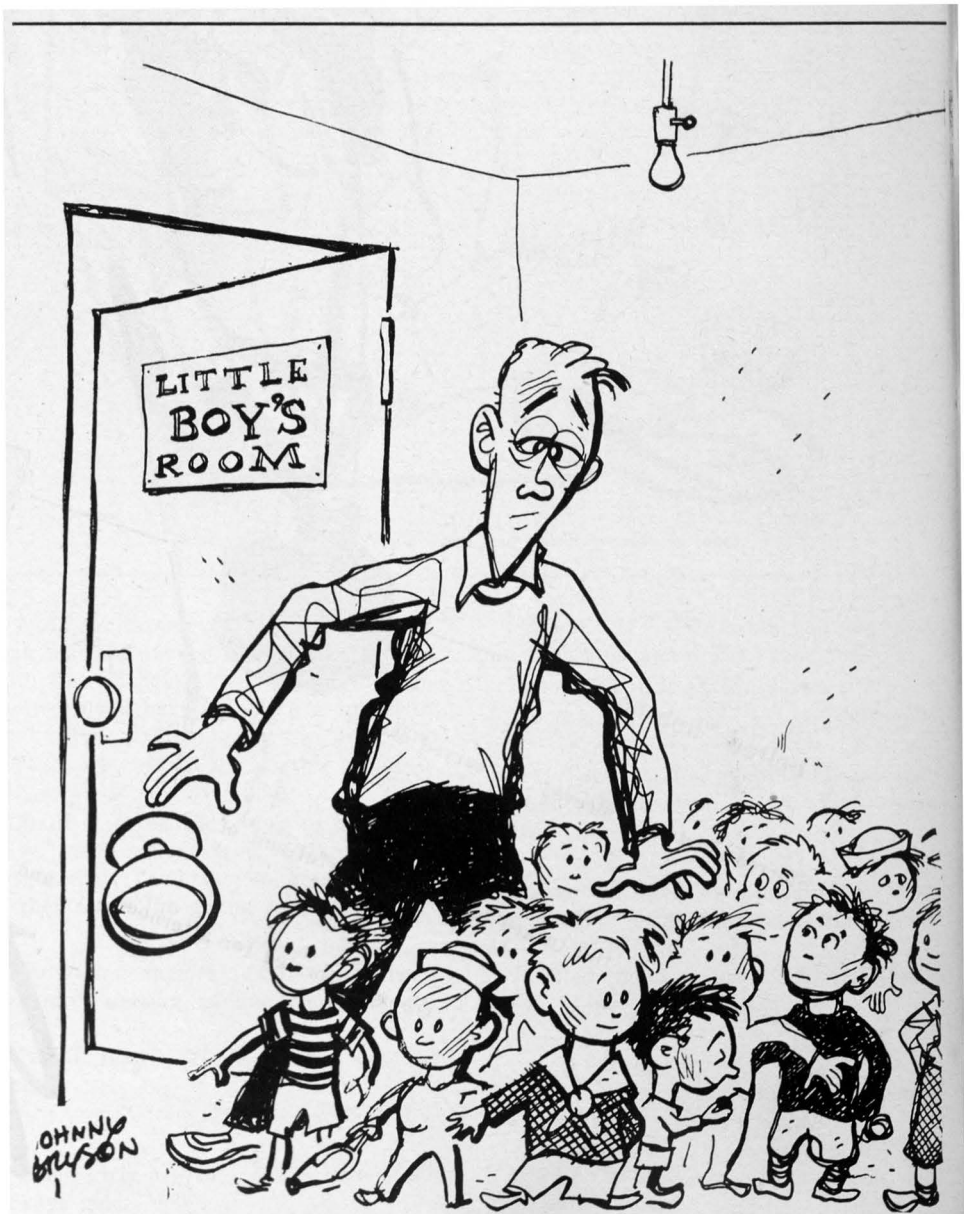
With the turned-on heat and the  
turned-down light—

The hunch I had turned out all right.  
—Ski-U-Mah.

A beauty, by name Henrietta,  
Just loved to wear a tight sweater.  
Three reasons she had:  
To keep warm wasn't bad,  
But her two other reasons were better.  
—DoDo.

He: "I'm feeling a little frail to-  
night."

She: "Will you stop calling me that?"





## *Here is a Bank that Understands University People and Their Needs*

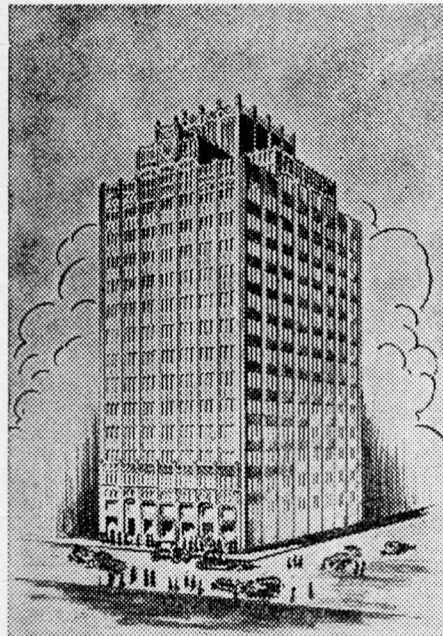
When University People . . . students, assistants, professors, employees . . . need the services of a bank, they come to the Capital National. When you need assistance, come in and discuss your needs with these understanding officers.

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LEO KUHN, Cashier  
AUG. DeZAVALA, Special Representative  
F. M. DuBOSE, Assistant Cashier  
JOHN S. BURNS, Assistant Cashier

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WALTER BOHN, Vice-President  
W. C. KENNEDY, Ass't Vice-President  
JOE S. DUNLAP, Assistant Cashier  
WILLIAM KUHN, Assistant Cashier  
WILFORD NORMAN, Assistant Cashier

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MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

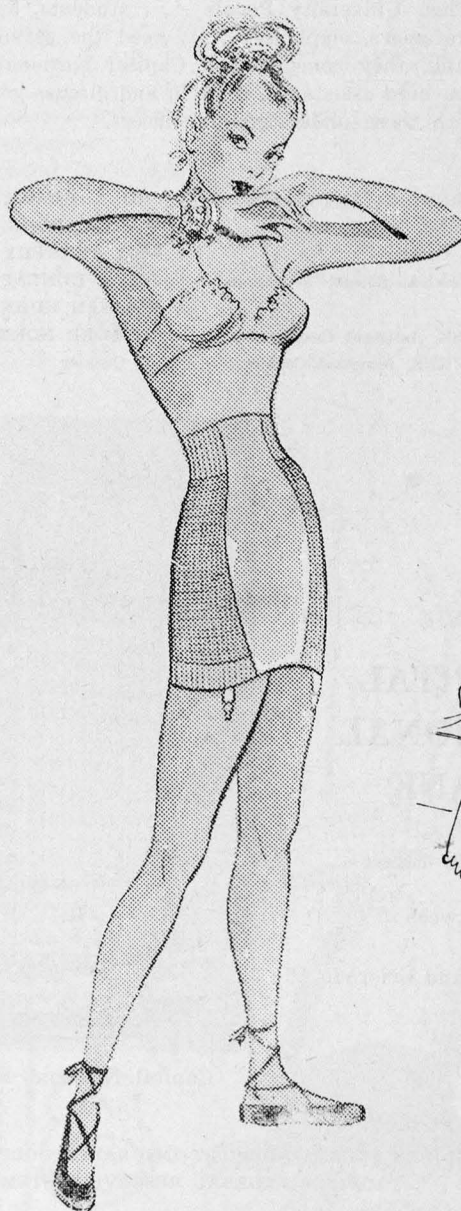
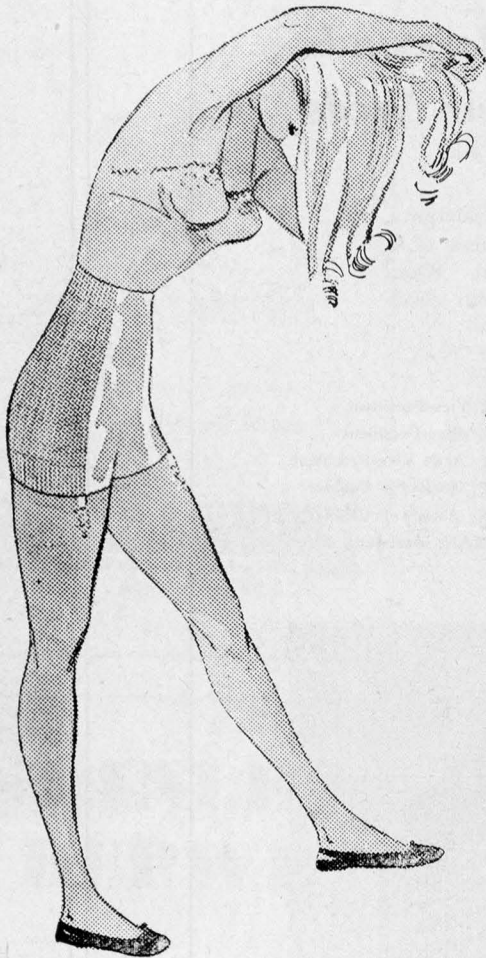


# Jantzen

marvelous little

Jantzen de-inchers

they take down your waist, firm your hips, increase your  
rhythm, give you more glow, more glamour, more freedom for  
living. Girdles and panty-girdles even more wonderful than  
the Jantzens you got in the ante bellum days . . . in light-  
as-air elastic yarn fabrics, easy-to-wear, easy-to-wash.



24th and Guadalupe





This issue stinks.

We admit it, we apologize, but the psychiatrist told us there would be months like this. Maybe it was the exams, maybe it was the Christmas hangovers, maybe it was the bad weather. Everything seemed to go wrong, so all we can do is apologize. If we're still eligible next month, we promise to do better.

This is a good time to explain how the Ranger works. So far, we have carried on with a rather small staff, supplementing them with a great deal of work handed in by interested spectators. The staff, which uses the office mainly to help ease the housing shortage, weaves this material together into what may or may not constitute the magazine.

One mistaken impression we would like to correct; journalism majors do not run things around here, and it is not a prerequisite to working on the magazine. Even if you can't write or draw or photograph, if you just have good ideas, come on in and tell us. The only key to popularity in the Ranger office is to laugh at the jokes.

The thing is, the so-called staff of the Ranger is not a select, fixed group. As we once said in the Daily Texan, the Ranger staff is very fluid. We need, beg, beseech, plead, and ask, for contributions and help. This is a big University; it takes a lot of people to put out any kind of magazine which purports to represent it.

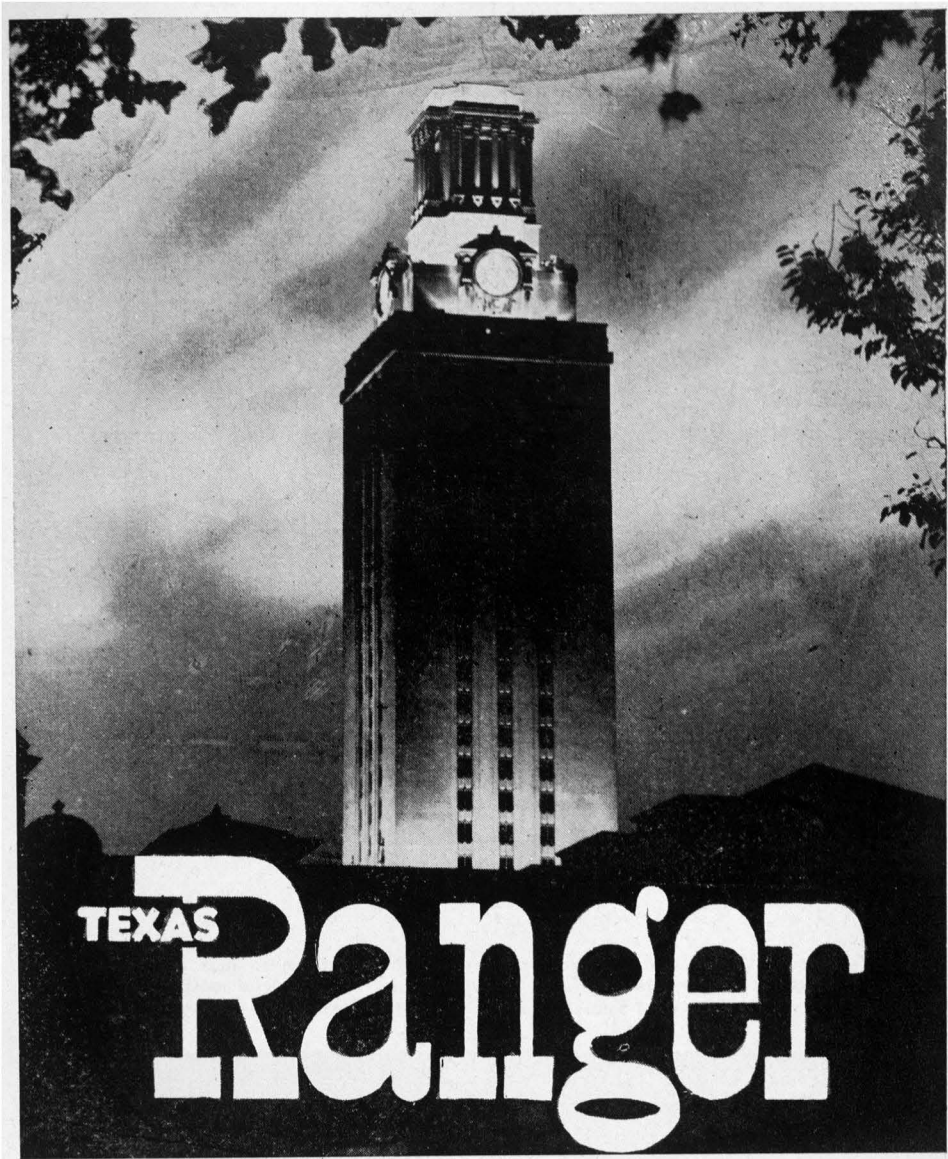
If you are an artist, writer, photographer, poet, or just plain character, come by, with samples. The same applies to prospective Girls-of-the-Month.

Speaking of Girls-of-the-Month, we are interested in seeing any pretty young things who are interested; it is best to bring in photos so we can see how you photograph. It ain't hard to be Girl of the Month. Any of the staff members will be glad to help you.

For the Cheating story in this issue, we are very indebted to the many friends who gave us so much data on it. Especially do we thank the Journalism Laboratory which ran the poll; without their help it would have been impossible to get an impartial cross-section of the campus.

The many requests for membership in the Rustlers swamped us for awhile, and just the idea seems to have done its work, so we will let them lie dormant for awhile. Besides, a bunch like that couldn't organize in the open, anyway. We wouldn't be safe from the Retail Credit Assassination. Looks like we'll have to go underground.

JANUARY, 1947



THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS STUDENT MAGAZINE

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JANUARY, 1947

VOLUME FIFTY-NINE

NUMBER FIVE

Published by Texas Student Publications, Inc. Editorial Office: Journalism Building 5. Business and Advertising Offices: Journalism Building 108. Application for second class mailing permit pending at the Post Office, Austin, Texas.

Printed by Von Boeckmann-Jones Co., Austin, Texas



**TWO THIRDS OF THE STUDENTS  
DO IT ANYWAY, SO YOU MIGHT  
AS WELL DO IT RIGHT . . .**

# THE CHEAT COMPLEAT

TWO out of every THREE students admit cheating on examinations, so look around, the odds are that the fellows on either side of you are paper-peeking. The choice of most cribbers (47.1), this method merely involves extending the Good Neighbor policy to the next guy's paper.



● When you sit down to take an examination in the next few days, look around. Over two-thirds of your classmates will probably be cheating.

Statistics prove that on the Forty Acres the gentle art of cribbing is more than a hobby, and it isn't confined just to the fellow over in the corner. When three students get together, the odds are that at least two of them have had experience cheating on an exam.

In a poll taken by the TEXAS RANGER, results showed that 66.8 per cent of the student body of the University of Texas has cheated on exams. In cold figures, that means approximately 11,700 of your classmates. What's more, 1500 of them do it often.

In such an intellectual haven, methods of raising the grade points via dishonesty range from the simplest to the most devious. Cheating has been fraternized, commercialized, and even plagiarized, but above all, it seems to have been successful. Though statistics show over 11,000 students who have cheated, the Disciplinary Committee only convicted 155 students last year.

Various reasons are given for the rise in cheating in recent years. Many authorities blame the war, and this may be borne out by the fact that of the 155 students convicted by the Disciplinary Committee, 131 were men. This could also be due to the fact that women are harder to catch, as will be explained below.

Arno Nowotny, Dean of Men, believes that the overcrowded condition of the University is one of the main reasons for the growth of cheating. "Students are human," says the dean, "and these crowded classrooms just put temptation in their way." Younger and more careless instructors are another factor, according to Dean Nowotny.

The University once operated examinations on the Honor System, such as practised at West Point and Annapolis, requiring students to sign a pledge with each quiz paper, swearing that they had not received or given aid, or observed anyone else doing so. With the growth of the University, the system became impracticable, and the student body asked that the system be dropped.

*(Continued on p. 10)*

ON THE COVER is one reason why saddle-oxfords have been so popular in collegiate circles for so many years. Indispensable to the campus cribber, they are non-expendable and can be used forever.

STANLEY DEPWE took the pictures.





MOST INGENUOUS OF GRADE-GETTERS IS THE PREPARED WATCH; INSTEAD OF PASSING THE TIME IT PASSES THE STUDENT. A SPOOL OF PAPER INSIDE CAN CARRY MORE NOTES THAN THE BLUE BOOK.



## CHEATING:

The Honor System is still practiced in the Law School, where there has not been a case of cheating reported in the last five years. This, however, is largely due to the type of questions given in the Law School, which are not of the type which can be easily cribbed.

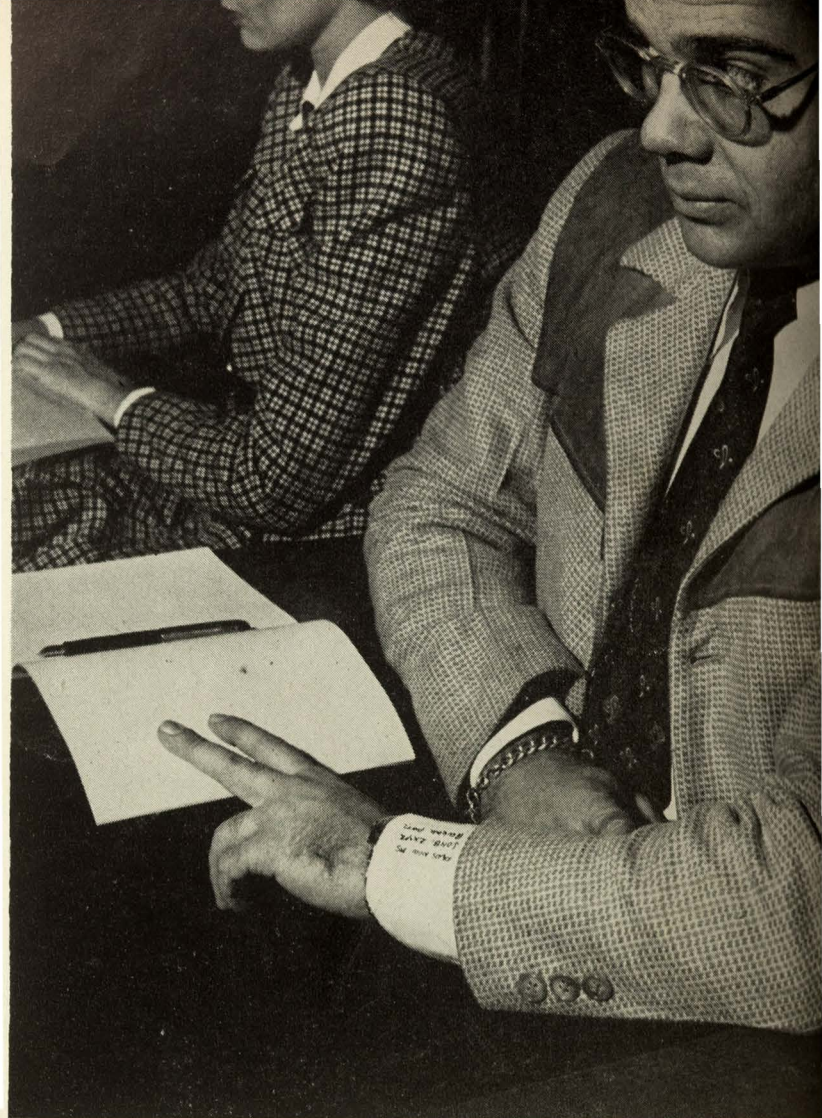
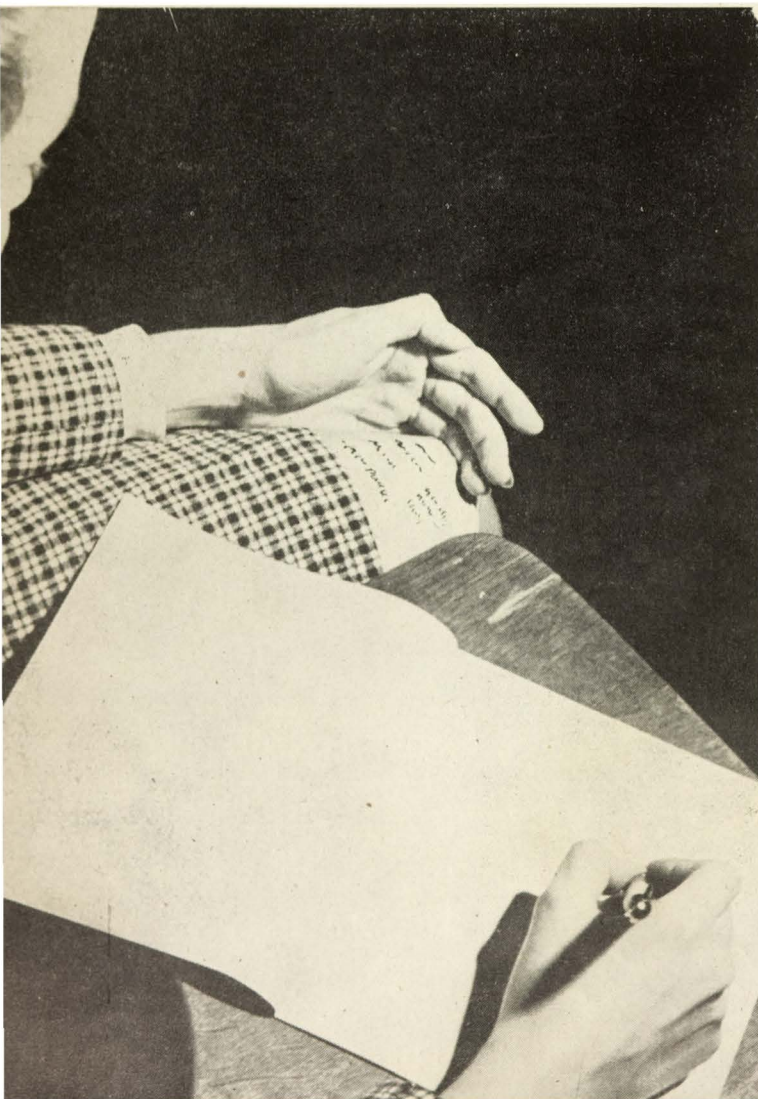
Methods of cheating are outnumbered only by excuses for doing so. According to the TEXAS RANGER survey, the most popular method of cribbing is the time-honored practice of copying a look at someone else's paper.

Closely following is the use of notes brought surreptitiously to class. This method, of course, has numerous variations with notes being smuggled in on saddle-shoes, fingernails, palms, cuffs, blue books, etc. It is a variation of this method that makes women almost invulnerable in the cribbing competition; the silk-stocking method leaving the male cheater completely in the cold.

The silk-stocking method involves notes hidden above the knee, held in a stocking. To view them, the girl merely lifts her skirt slightly, pulling it down if a proctor strolls by. A University of Southern California professor called this type of cribbing, "The most fool-proof system I have ever encountered; the professor is obviously stymied in the matter of proof or investigation."

Of complicated and devious methods of passing exams sub rosa, probably the most costly is the wrist-watch converted into a miniature encyclopedia. Several years ago, these watches were sold in college towns for thirty-five dollars

ON THE CUFF refers to more than credit. With white shirts back, new territories can be staked with everything from poetry to nuclear fission formulas. This is supplanting the past methods of false pages in the back of blue books, member: "The professor is obviously stymied."



each. With the works removed, the timepiece was fitted with a small spool of paper which rolled through the watch displaying a semester's notes for any examination required.

Getting examinations ahead of time has been developed to a fine art, but the present stenographic system at the University has almost wiped out this method for pass positive. All waste paper from the Stenographic Bureau is now burned by a full-time employee, so there is little chance for getting a mimeograph smudge from the waste-basket. One student did so several years ago, but in attempting to sell copies to an entire class, he only resulted in being the star of the biggest case the Disciplinary Committee has ever handled. Penalties ranged from reprimand to three-year dismissals.

A poll of the faculty reveals that the majority of professors have a tendency toward leniency for first-year students on the first offense, but for upperclassmen their views range from dismissal to loss of credit and probation. As a variation in penalties, 16 per cent of the faculty recommend an increase in the number of courses required for graduation.

There is no faculty answer for such mass cheating on the part of two out of every three students. Some critics will decry it as an indictment of our civilization. Undoubtedly someone will mention the Younger Generation.

There's one thing, though. With 66.8 of the students doing it, it certainly is democratic.

Story:—Johnny Bryson  
Pictures:—Stanley Depwe



THE MOST FOOLPROOF way of cribbing is, like motherhood, strictly a female function. The notes are hidden in the tops of stockings directly beneath the skirt, which is shyly and slyly raised when help is needed. Said one faculty member: "The professor obviously stymied."

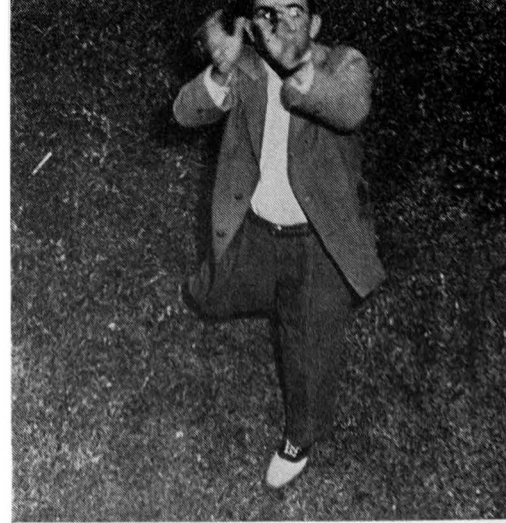




THE ULTIMATE in complex cheating is shown on this page, taken from a case that actually occurred. With a look of innocence, the student goes to class and receives his examination paper.



Having secured a WINDOW seat in the beginning, he makes a copy of all the examination questions, wads it up, and throws it out the window, laughing slyly to think how he is outwitting all them smart-alec communist professors.



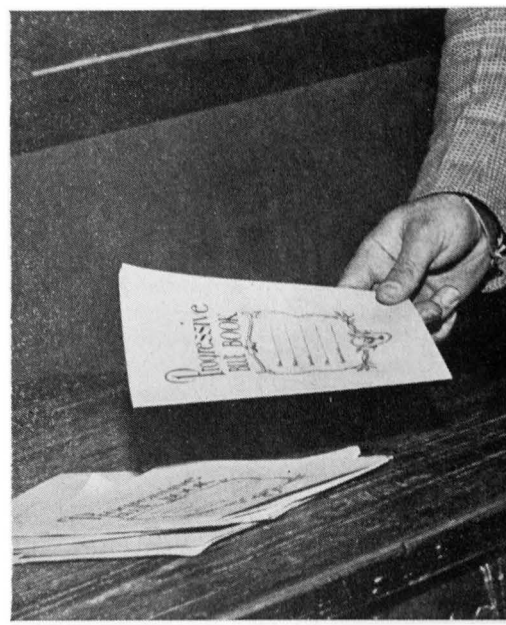
OUTSIDE, an aide de camp is waiting, sees the little ball of white paper descending. Catching it, he knows it is time for him to go into action. This paper should not be given to a dullard; this man is the one who passes the examination.



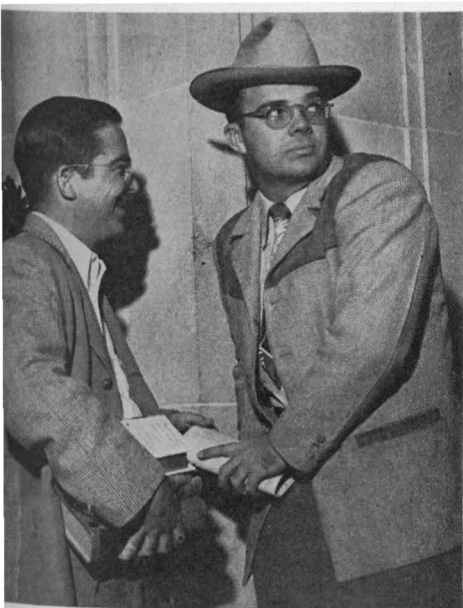
STOOGIE takes the examination questions and answers for the library, where he checks out all the necessary text books for passing the examination. Going through these, he answers the questions and puts them into a regulation blue book.



BACK in class, the scholar is passing the time inventing new facial expressions for pained concentration. This is the hardest part of the technique, for the poor student is unable to keep comic books or anything to combat boredom.



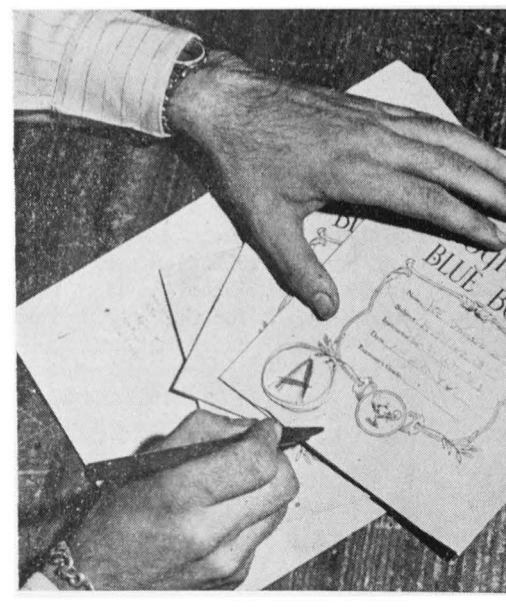
AFTER KILLING a suitable period of time, the future Phi Beta leaves when the rest of the class starts leaving, but, instead of putting an examination blue book on the professor's desk, he deposits a BLANK one.



OUTSIDE the building, the student assistant is waiting with the blue book all filled with answers right out of the book, and waiting for grading. Taking it, the cheater returns to the professor at a run.



EXPLAINING his error, and laughing at his own stupidity, the student explains that he made a mistake and left an unused blue book on the desk. Depositing the answer-filled examination, he switches a blank blue book for a guaranteed grade of "A."



With the SWITCH complete, the professor does his part and gives the student a good grade, making everyone happy and proving that it was worth the trouble and better than silly, old-fashioned ways of cheating. **GOOD HUNTING,**



# BUZZ SAWYER'S PAPPY, THE FORTY ACRE'S OWN . . .

**M**OST universities and schools keep public relations agents busy plugging their famous alumni, but the Forty Acres possesses an ex-student, who, in his usual vein of breaking rules, has kept busy plugging his Alma Mater.

Roy Crane, world-famous creator of "Buzz Sawyer," and "Wash Tubbs," has, in his comic strips, visited or mentioned the University perennially since he departed twenty-four years ago, by request.

In a society where academicians and professional professors preach a formula that hard work and good grades plus a degree equal success, Crane's scholastic records are enough to start a mass hair-tearing frenzy. Though he never pledged Phi Beta Kappa, his yearly stipend now probably equals the combined wages of the 1922 chapter.

In spite of the fact that he has been gone from the University since before the present student body was even into thought processes, Crane's exploits are still familiar stories on the campus. The fact that he broke all the rules for success has only enhanced the glamour of his career, and it is impossible to say where reality ends and legend begins, for sure.

A native of Sweetwater, Crane arrived here from Hardin-Simmons University; the reasons for his departure from that center of Baptist civilization are hidden in the mists, but the following summer he worked as a cartoonist on the Fort Worth Record. He was fired at the end of the first week for asking for a raise.

Crane had already been working at the business of cartooning for years. His father, well-known as a jurist in West Texas, had allowed his son to pick his profession at will and had encouraged the embryo cartoonist to keep an illustrated diary for the purpose of improving his work. His first published work was in his high school annual, and it was but a short jump to his first printed newspaper cartoon, in the old Dallas Evening Journal on the day of America's entry into the first world war.

Dissatisfied with his first year in the University, Crane departed for a year at the Chicago Academy of Arts, returning here in 1921. Besides the various escapades attributed to him, he found time to work for the Austin American as a reporter and artist, and to include as extracurricular activities work on The Daily Texan, The Cactus, and The Longhorn, father of the Texas Ranger.

It was the Golden Period of college life in America, with coonskin coats and hip flasks vying with flappers for the eyes of the local jellybeans. Crane participated in the annual March 1 fights for B Hall, the Germans, and the picnics

to Bull Creek, immortalizing most of them in drawings in his capacity as Art Editor of the Cactus.

A member of the local chapter of Phi Kappa Psi, he helped decorate the walls of the house with cartoons which were proudly shown to visitors, until the building was recently redecorated. In a recent comic strip where "Buzz Sawyer" revisited the University, the comic strip character visited the Phi Psi house, stating, "Gee, the old house hasn't changed a bit."

Besides fighting the battle of the

grades, Crane's extracurricular exploits were of no small interest to the deans. His scholastic record here is still well remembered in some quarters, and viewed with some awe. Of his grades Crane only says, "I had a lot to do."

One of the campus deeds attributed to Crane, but never proved, were the tying of the Pi Phi pledge ribbons to the rear of a well-known large dog which made the Forty Acres his home. For some days the canine paraded the campus, much to the dismay of the sisters.

Drawings by Crane from the 1922 edition of the CACTUS, made while he was Art Editor. He also worked on the Daily Texan and the Longhorn, predecessor of the Ranger.





← Crane drawing his famous characters, "Buzz Sawyer," and "Sweeney," on the walls of the Texas Ranger office, during his last visit to the campus, in October.

from school. Another year passed, and Bullington met the boy in Chicago; his name was Crane. "What are you doing for a living, son?" asked the future regent. The ex-student replied that he was drawing a comic strip and at that time was making \$10,000 a year. "Three years after busting out," says Mr. Bullington, "and he was getting more than we paid the University president then."

After leaving the University, Crane had bummed all over the Southwest with a friend, then shipped out from Galveston on a tramp steamer. While in Antwerp, he missed his boat and was left penniless and on the beach. Sleeping in boxes and almost starving, he finally borrowed a few francs from a good Samaritan on the United States Shipping Board. With this money he made his way to England and on home. On the way, the ship almost sank; the day it arrived in New York it blew up.

In New York, he took samples of his work to various newspapers, and ended up working for H. T. Webster, creator of "The Timid Soul." From that job, he was called to Cleveland, where he began drawing "Wash Tubbs" for a syndicate. For twenty years, Crane drew the world-wide exploits of adventure-loving "Wash Tubbs," and his pal, "Captain Easy."

Changing syndicates in 1943, Crane began drawing the adventures of "Buzz Sawyer," which have carried on his love for the unusual and romantic. Syndicate press agents have said that Crane's comic strips take the trips and enter the conquests for glory which Crane would like to have made, if the world did not demand that man settle down and go to work.

He has travelled widely in doing extensive work for research and authentically, having hit the road on tramp steamers, box cars, mule treks into Mexico, and even with safari into Africa.

(Continued on p. 20)

Another side of Crane's University life were revealed two years ago by Regent Orville Bullington, who described an event which took place when Bullington was president of the Ex-Students' Association in 1920.

The student loan committee, of which he was a member, had stipulated that students must have a B average to receive aid. Bullington had dissented, stating that a student working outside of school would very likely not have a B average, but the motion had passed anyway.

Shortly thereafter, a student applied for the loan, but was turned down because of his grades. Mr. Bullington was informed by some of his fellow boardmembers that he could make it as a personal loan if he desired, and he did so, mailing the boy a check for \$150. Several months later the boy flunked

out. "The president and dean kidded me everytime they saw me," says Mr. Bullington.

Two years later, he received a check for the entire amount, plus interest, from the boy who had been dismissed



→ "Buzz Sawyer" is a Texas ex, returns to the Forty Acres often. This scene shows "Buzz" and his girl walking by the Memorial Fountain.



## THOUGHTS ON FLYING THE ATLANTIC

*"I came like water, and like wind I go."*

*The RUBAIYAT.*

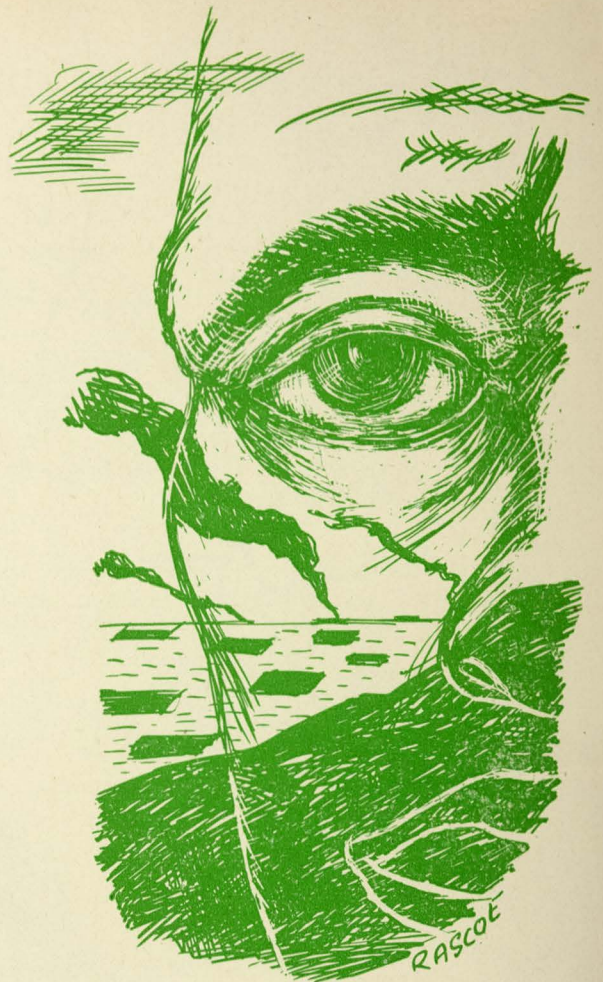
*Dustless, dustless in the hollow room  
Words like silence penetrate the sound  
Of speed expanding on a waste of time.*

*Often into singing I will go,  
Pregnant with song, who once knew silences  
Sterile as water and the change of tide.*

*Grind of the garbled motor rasps the air  
In patterns only mentally defined.  
Click of the ratchet in the cracking mind.*

*Of pistons falling like the spigot drip,  
Dropping, dropping in the rocking back  
Of water hunched against the nervous wind,*

*Segregates reason in a moment's wrath.  
Accepting momentum, I will go  
Riding to limbo on the hurricane.*



POETRY: BILL A. RIPS

ART: STEVE RASCOE

## LINES UPON ARRIVING BY PLANE IN NATAL

*The backlog of tomorrows hesitates a moment in space,  
In the dust between eons,  
Flutters in the time between two stars . . .  
Waiting . . .*

*Young men . . . waiting . . . squat in the  
rain between shells*

*Alone . . .*

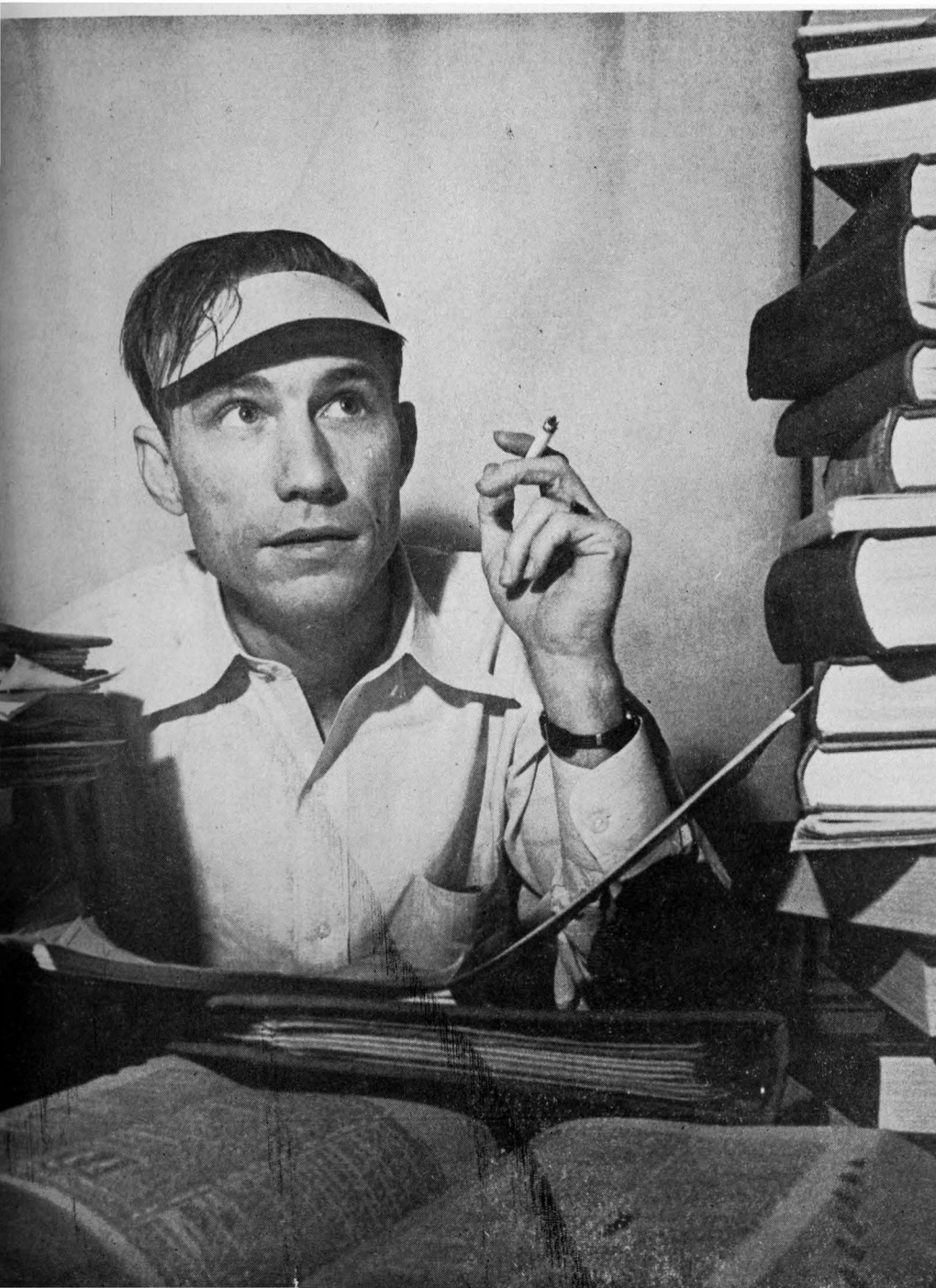
*Or sit in the fleshpits of tanks and wait.  
Or wait alone in the big intestines of ships . . .  
Five thousand together.*

*I saw six men swaddled in loneliness  
Hunch in the swift cylinder of the plane  
In the time between two stars.*



# CHARACTERS (3) :

## VERNON NELSON FERGUSON



If figures were compiled to discover the statistically complete answer to a business administrator's prayer, they would probably come out somewhere very near Vernon Nelson Ferguson, the character who has topped the BBA College honor roll the last two semesters.

In fact figure-whiz Ferguson would probably be picked to do the compiling.

A virtual human adding machine, Ferg, for want of something better to do after he finishes his accounting homework, has carefully kept an exact to-the-minute record of the time he has spent on the books since he has been in the University. But *every* minute.

Whenever he opens a book over his coffee at Hillsberg's or snatches a minute for study in the bathtub—or elsewhere

—Ferg carefully jots it down. These figures are later transferred to the three charts he utilizes for his computations.

From these statistics, plus his time spent in class, Ferguson is able to state positively to two decimal places just how much time is required to make an "A" in any one of the courses he has taken.

For Economics 313, which he considers his easiest course, Ferg spent only .36 hours outside study time for each class hour. However, Ferg says it took 3.8 hours of toil matched with each hour in class for an "A" in that scourge of bosses' sons, B.A. 420. He adds that the letter writing course, long suspected by other BBA's of having been formulated by the Devil's business manager, was tough, even for him.

As evidence of his ability to drain the most out of whatever he does, the dogged Ferguson is now marketing an outline, designed to aid less adept students in getting through 420, which sells for seventy-five cents the copy in Drag Bookstores.

In addition, Ferg is continuing his letter writing in a direct-by-mail advertising job for which he was recommended by his prof—at the soothing-to-anybody incentive of five dollars per missile.

While the majority of the University's teachers are "pretty keen," some of them are a little backward about divulging all they know about the subjects they teach, Ferg says. The eager Ferguson advocates pushing them a little—"to be sure they aren't holding back."

For himself, an "A" is never satisfactory unless he feels he has gotten everything possible out of both course and Prof.

During his stay at the University, Ferguson has racked up fourteen "A's" and two "B's", the bad grades resulting from a course for which he took an advanced standing exam and English in which he

(Continued on p. 26)





## GIRL OF THE MONTH

BARBARA BOXWELL is the answer to that old question: "How good-looking can a woman get?" A transfer from Missouri's Christian College, she is a native of the plains of West Texas. Brunette and sultry, she has a look that can start the beeat-beat-beat of the tom-toms. No wonder she's a Kappa pledge.



She eased her back restfully against the cushion of the bus seat. It felt good despite its hardness. She was tired. Eight hours was a long time—some days seemed longer than others—there were more customers, more dresses to rehang, more skirts to unpin and slid helpfully over the heads of other women—fat ones, slim ones, kind ones—those who were never pleased, those who never knew what they wanted—gripping, complaining—

"Boy, what a day!" The words slipped aloud from her lips before she could check them. Her face flushed in embarrassment. The man across the aisle smiled in her direction as she scooted lower in her seat and gazed out the window to hide from his look.

The neon signs blazing brightly against the black sky always reminded her of a lighted Christmas tree as it stands alone in a darkened room its lights ablaze. "Pandy Handy" bread flashed an eye blinking blue against the sky. Only half way home. Her eyes followed an amber stream of beer as it flowed from an uptilted bottle into a glass. *That glass never gets filled before I race by.*—The bus made a sharp turn to the right. Playland Park with all of its redness—its giggles, screams of delight, popping corn, jingling pin ball machines and pushing, shoving crowds—came into view.

The bus stopped for a moment. No one got on. The usual gang of laughing kids were not there. *Damn Mondays! They're never here on Mondays. The ride home will be long, longer than usual. Those kids are always happy. They have fun. No jobs to go to every single morning. No worrying about pennies and dimes. No wondering if the future holds anything—anything but more and more drudgery. Just fun! Just happiness!*

She sighed and closed her tired eyes, resting her head on the chair back. She didn't notice when the man across the aisle moved. She was not even aware

that he sat down beside her until his shoulder touched hers.

"I beg your pardon." His voice was low, soft, almost gentle. "I didn't mean to startle you." His face was kind. There were tiny laugh wrinkles in the corners of his mouth and at the edge of his eyes. His face was smooth, like after a fresh shave, and above his narrow lips was a smartly trimmed, tiny mustache.

Before answering, she moved a bit, just far enough so their shoulders no longer touched. "That's alright," she said. *A business man probably. Doesn't make much though. That suits a bit seedy, frayed at the sleeves.* He crossed his hands over the paper in his lap and she noticed a thick layer of dirt beneath the nails. *Funny. Maybe he isn't a business man after all. Maybe down on his luck.*

"I didn't move over here to be wolfish," he began, and the wrinkles at his eyes deepened for a moment, "but I'm afraid that Negro in the back is watching you." Her eyes popped open wide and her lips dropped apart in complete amazement, in disbelief. Automatically she started to turn, but he checked her. "Don't look now!" he warned. "I want him to think we know each other."

"Ever since you got on, I've been watching him and he hasn't taken his eyes off you for a moment. I got kinda worried, so moved over."

She was trembling. "Are you sure?"

"Turn around slowly and look back," he whispered. "Don't do it quickly, but slowly. He won't have a chance to look the other way."

She turned slightly in her seat, looked at the man beside her, then allowed her eyes to dart quickly over the expanse of

empty seats to the long single narrow row across the back of the bus.

In a flash, every nerve in her body seemed to jangle at once, like a series of burglar alarms. Huge black eyes, a wide fat sulky mouth. Coldly, evenly those eyes returned her stare. The corner of two full lips turned down in an open insult. She turned hurriedly back around in her seat, her body trembling, control of her hands completely gone.

*Rape!* She shuddered. *That only happens to other people. Never to anyone you know. You just read about it in the papers. It couldn't—a Negro—.* Her stomach seemed to do a complete flip and she felt all strength slowly ebb from her body. She sat limp, helpless in her seat.

"Don't worry, I'll be here." His voice seemed to come from a long way off and seconds passed by before the full meaning of his words crept into her numbed brain. Her eyes, glazed with the sheen of fear, turned to his and held.

"Maybe he'll get off now, now that I'm sitting here," he said, his voice still soft, still gentle and reassuring.

"Thank you. Thank you so much." She felt better. *He'll never bother me as long as I'm with a white man. He'll —Bzzzzzz. The stop signal. Maybe he'll get off. Maybe—get off you damn black fool.* Get off! She turned and watched a woman laden with grocery bundles stumble through the back door.

She sank back in her seat. Three, four, five blocks sped by. Zip, zip they seemed to pass, each one drawing her nearer—nearer home, nearer to the time when she must leave the bus. She looked at her companion. He had unfolded his

(Continued on p. 32)

BY JUNE BENEFIELD

# THREE GOT OFF



# I Was Dreaming . . . Was'nt I?

(Dedicated to the University girls, but for whom this would have never been written.)

"Here it is seven o'clock and I haven't got a date for next Saturday yet," I thought as I pocketed my last dollar's worth of nickels and headed for the pay-telephone our house-mother had just installed. "It's damn expensive just trying to get a date." After thumbing through my address book and last year's Cactus without a decision, I finally started with the A's in the Student Directory.

When I had spent all of my change, I walked back into the living room and sat down in an easy chair.

"Oh, well," I thought philosophically, "I did wait until pretty late in the week. After all, it is Tuesday."

I stretched out comfortably. It was pretty cozy. No studying to do, might as well relax. . . . Pretty sleepy, could go to bed. . . . Be an effort to get up now. . . . I'll just rest. . . .

Slowly I became conscious of voices. The voices steadily grew louder, though not closer, like turning up the volume of a radio. Bodiless, sexless voices engaged in a half-rhythmic, staccato-like chant.

*"If you feel blue, a little downcast,  
Or discouraged, try getting a date.  
The feminine touch—  
Hard and calloused—will toughen you."*

The voices died, and in their place there appeared a lounge with several girls seated in a partial circle. One girl, seemingly the leader, assumed a remarkable nonchalance as she sucked spasmodically on a cigarette and blew out quick, fluffy puffs of smoke between shots of Coca-Cola. Another girl had a box full of flies on her lap. She opened the box tenderly, caught a fly and slowly ripped off a wing.

The girls were talking, their voices blended almost indiscriminately. "We shall organize all of the independent girls first. The sororities are fairly well organized and will quickly fall in line with us." The leader spoke in the manner of a trade-union organizer.

"Each man must spend at least \$5 a date," spoke up a voice from the corner.

"If he wants a date two consecutive week-ends, he must spend \$10 on the second date." As this girl finished speaking, she carefully placed one wingless fly in the cage, and caught another.

The girl in the corner saw the house-cat enter the room. She got up, closed the door, turned around and started speaking. "The boys should have to spend more money on us charter members."

She picked up a small bow and several arrows made of match-stems and needles. "After all, we deserve some recognition and distinction." She edged toward the cat.

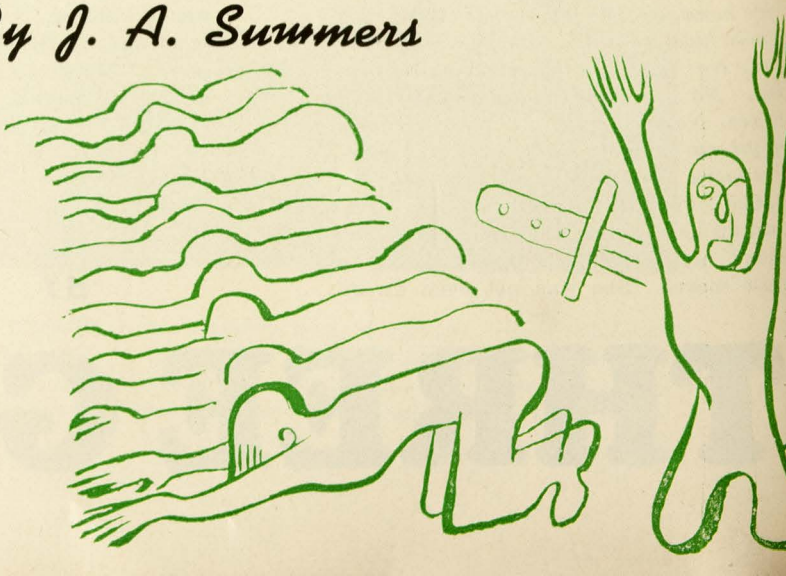
"Yes," the leader ejected a stream of smoke. "Where the boys spend say \$10 MINIMUM on dates with us charter members, they will have to spend only \$5 on dates with the common variety."

"The boys must make their dates a specified number of days ahead of time," came from a girl on the divan. This girl had picked up

(Continued on p. 21)

By J. A. Summers

SCHORRE





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t. h. williams



(Continued from p. 13)

On one occasion he ended up in the fog and alligators of Okefenokee swamp of Georgia, and once he travelled with a circus crew as a clown, gathering material.

Crane married Evelyn Cecile Hatcher, of San Antonio, who he met on the Forty Acres. His mother-in-law, Mrs. V. M. Hatcher, is assistant to the director of Grace Hall here at the University. With his wife and two daughters, the cartoonist now lives on a peninsula in Orlando, Florida. His last visit to the University was in October, when he came through for the Texas-Oklahoma football game. An avid devotee of the Longhorns and the University, Crane said, "Texas has the finest school in the world."

Small, and sporting a well-trimmed mustache, his quiet manner belies his love for the adventurous. His wife says he has never been known to wear a hat, and his best work is done under pressure. This is, she says, because he is never bothered by schedules, and works only as the mood strikes him. This necessitates many telegrams from the syndicate at dead-line time.

The best description of Crane, however, was made by a coed during his last visit to the campus. "I don't know why," she said after meeting him, "but he reminds me exactly of Wash Tubbs."

—J. B.



"I called for one of them 'pink ladies,' and they brung me a damned drink!"

A professor, who suspected his class was drowsing off on him, decided to catch everyone off base. So he suddenly dropped into double talk.

"You then take the loose sections of fendered smolg and gwelg them—bring careful not to overheat the broughtabs. Then extract and wampf them gently for about a time and a half. Fwengle each one twice, then swiftly dip them in blinger (if handy). Otherwise discriminate the entire instrument in twetchels. Are there any questions?"

"Yes," came a sleepy voice from the rear. "What are twetchels?"

Active: "They tell me that you pushed a wheelbarrow down the street last night right after our fraternity party. Is that right?"

Pledge: "Yes, sir! I was pretty well crocked."

Active: "Well, how do you think I feel over the possible loss of prestige that your actions may have brought upon our fraternity?"

Pledge: "I never thought to ask you, sir. You rode in the wheelbarrow."

—Sundial.

She stroked my hair; she held my hand.

The lights were dim and low.

She raised her eyes with sweet surprise, And softly whispered, "No."

—Sir Brown.

"Is there anything you want to know?"

"Yes, is it true that raisins are just worried grapes?"

I studied abroad for a year and then I married her.

—Medley.

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ON THE DRAG



## I WAS DREAMING—

(Continued from p. 18)

one of the needle-arrows and was going through *The Ladies Home Journal*, pricking out the eyes of all the pictured babies.

"Why not get a complete roll of all the men and we can notify them when their turn comes?" The girl with the bow-and-arrow asked as she sent the third arrow into the running cat.

"That would be too much trouble," the leader snapped.

"Yes, and it would leave the men almost care-free to spend their \$65 while waiting the time for their dates," the girl with the flies murmured.

"And they wouldn't appreciate our efforts," affirmed the girl as she dropped her bow and started chasing the cat to regain her arrows. "But we might let the men keep their own records."

"Why not just let the girls ask the boys for dates?" The girl with the magazine wanted to know. She saw a particularly attractive baby and scratched out the mouth and nose also.

"Oh, no! The men would object," exclaimed the girl as she started pulling the arrows from the cat. "And woman should always strive to please man."

"Besides," said the girl with the fly-cage as she caught a seriously injured fly and crushed it between her fingers, "It wouldn't be ladylike."

The scene with girls dimmed, and the chant began anew:

*"The feminine touch—*

*Unresponsive, cold, unfeeling,*

*Will harden you, will brace you."*

The dirge-like, monotonous chant died, and was replaced by four masculine voices, labeled Naiveté, Experience, Cynic, and Philosopher in neon-lights.

"What is a woman, hey?" asked Naiveté.

"She's the female of the human species," replied Experience.

"She was created so man would know the difference between heaven and hell," filled in Philosopher.

"Oh, I saw a number of them overseas, I guess, a kinda lumpy sort of people?" Naiveté questioned.

"Yes, those were women. But didn't you have a mother?" Cynic wanted to know.

"I don't know for sure," Naiveté sounded doubtful. "I had parents, but they were around so seldom and dressed just alike, and I never did learn to tell them apart, or notice there was any difference in them."

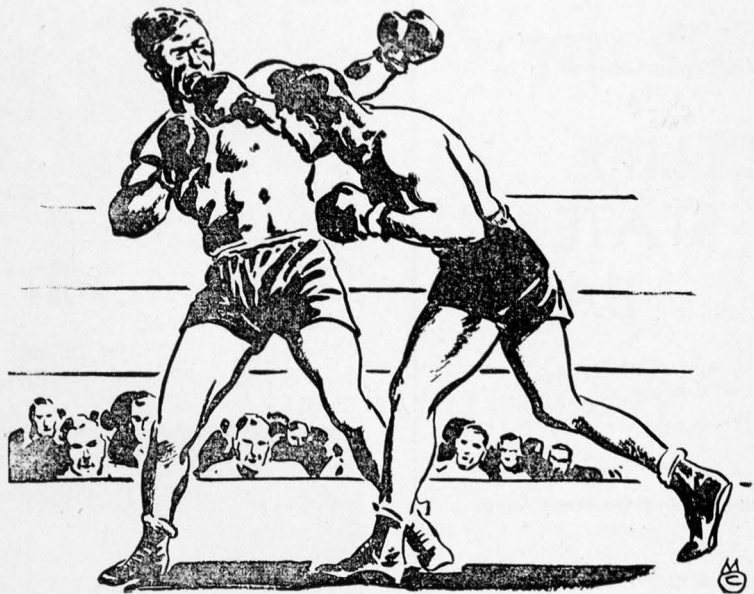
"I learned to tell my parents apart by smell," Experience related. "Mother always smelled worst in the morning and the best at night. Also, I even had a sister."

"Well, what's an American woman look like then?" Naiveté interrogated.

"Physically they look like a water-colored copy of a small, ill-shaped man," Experience said.

(Continued on next page)

## "IT PAYS to PLAY"



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Where the Students  
Get Their Glasses

## I WAS DREAMING—

(Continued from p. 21)

"And usually dressed so as to cover up most of the middle and leave both ends bare," added Cynic.

"Well, you really can't say how they look. Their skillful employment of paints and pads gave our general's staff many valuable ideas on camouflage," supplemented Philosopher.

"And if you show any curiosity around them, and ask for a date while standing up straight and looking them in the eye, they'll laugh in your face," Cynic continued.

"What's a date?" Naiveté inquired quickly.

"That's a short interval between two long waiting periods in which it is your turn to try to make life interesting for some physically exaggerated female," Experience told him.

"Several of us boys in my physics class heard there were two girls in an-

other section," said Philosopher. "We tried to transfer, but the section was so full they wouldn't let but one of us in. We drew names, but I lost out."

"I found out once that a certain girl had an eight o'clock class," Cynic confessed. "I'd get up an hour early so I could watch her go into the class room. I got to see her several times."

The masculine voices faded, and once again the chant sprang up:

*"The feminine touch,  
It gets in you, it insures you  
Against breaking  
Under any nervous strain."*

The interlude passed, and the scene with the girls reappeared.

"No dates unless he has a car," the leader asserted, "and no junk heaps either," she added bitterly.

"Any man observed dating a non-club girl will be blacklisted as long as he is in school." The girl had collected all of her arrows and was looking for the cat again.



"I don't know, but he comes in here every Saturday afternoon and asks 'How about buying a drink for a war veteran, buddy?'"



"Forever," put in the girl with the flies in her lap.

"Yeah, and all their sons too," the girl on the divan added. "Long periods are more effective."

"Any man breaking a date will be blacklisted." The leader spat out a mixture of syllables and smoke.

"No excuses whatsoever," suggested the girl on the divan, "Unless it's his own death warrant signed by the coroner. In that case he has to include us in his will."

"And blacklist any boy who gets fresh or independent." The girl started removing the legs from her flies.

"Sure," agreed the girl with the bow-and-arrow.

"Dr. Painter may have some objections." The girl on the divan remarked as she started through *The Ladies Home Journal* again. This time she was removing the upper lip of all the men.

"Oh, we'll elect Mrs. Painter as an honorary vice-president," answered the leader.

Then the chant, like a radio commercial, supplanted the scene of the girls again:

*"If you feel blue, a little downcast,  
Or discouraged, try getting a date.*

*The feminine touch—*

*Hard and calloused—will toughen you.*

*The cold, unfeeling, the unimpassioned,  
the insensate touch,*

*The feminine touch,*

*Stimulates you, encourages you, assures you*

*Against weakening under conditions less insensitive than*

*The feminine touch itself."*

"Hey! Lover-boy!" my room mate called.

I shook myself. "Yeah," I answered.

"Get a date for this week-end?" he shot at me.

"No."

"I thought so. But cheer up man! I got news!"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah! I just heard they are going to release two girls from the state hospital this week!"

#### PORTRAIT OF AN ELEPHANT DRINKING TO FORGET

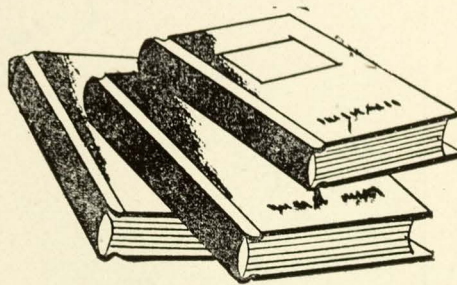
By E. E. Simms

A sight I did not wish to see,  
And, having seen, regret,  
An elephant with memory  
Was drinking to forget.

"Oh, why must I be cursed," said he,  
And trumpeted for more,  
"This pachydermic memory  
Is really quite a bore."

"A memory is quite all right,  
But mine is quite all wet.  
It costs me so much to get tight,  
That I drink to forget."

JANUARY, 1947



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"The truly perfect composition," lectured a professor of English at Harvard, "embodies an appeal to the imagination, has in it something of religion, and besides, for these modern times, is somewhat risqué."

A number of compositions were submitted by the class, each trying to exemplify these salient points. The one the professor considered the best he read to the class at the following lecture. It began thus: "My God," said the Duchess, "take your hand off my leg!"

—Pelican.

You've read that passage wrong, Miss Adams—It's "all men are created equal"—not "all men are made the same way."

"For goodness sake," sighed the young modern as she wearily trudged home from an auto ride.

—Pelican.

T.N.E. (offering a drink to female): Here have a sip.

Female: "Sir! I'm a Pi Phi!

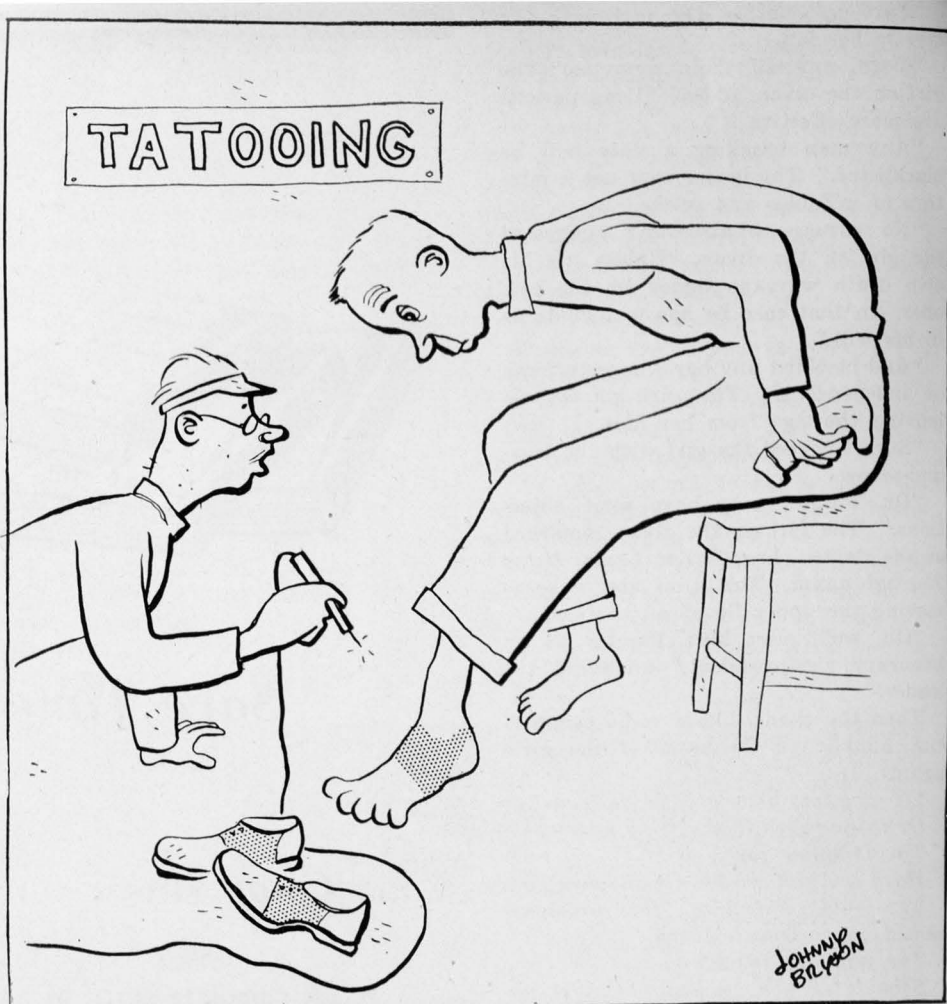
T.N.E. "Aw Hell, take the jug.

—Exchange.

The Father: "But young man, do you think you can make my daughter happy?"

Suitor: "Can I, say you ought to have seen her last night!"

—Bored Walk.



"Is that what you wanted?"

Kappa: I walked in the woods with Sig Ep for three hours this afternoon.

Pi Phi: I'll bet you were good and tired.

Kappa: No, just tired.

—Frosh.

There are, to me, two kinds of guys And the only two that I despise:

The first, I'd really like to slam—  
The one who copies my exam;  
The other is the dirty skunk  
Who covers his and lets me flunk.

She: "Love me always?"

He: "Sure. Which way do you want me to try first?"

—State Froth.

A lying old soldier named Muddy  
Was telling a tale to his buddy.  
"If it's not true," he said,  
"Let the Lord strike me dead."  
Then fell to the floor with a thuddy.  
—Pelican.

Suitor: "I wish to marry your daughter, sir.

Dad: "Young man, do you drink?"

Suitor: "Thanks a lot, sir, but let's settle this other thing first."

—Punch Bowl.



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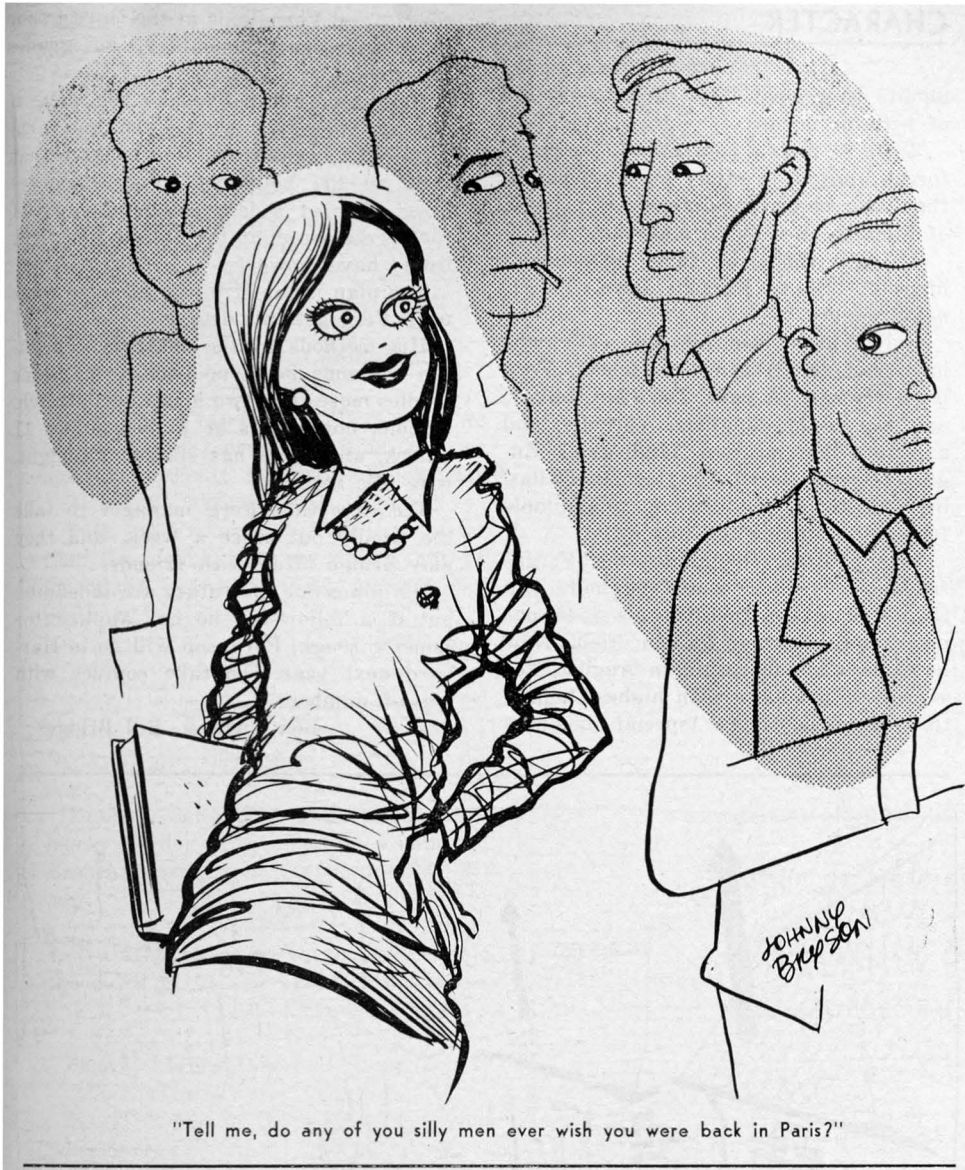
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"ON THE DRAG"

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"Tell me, do any of you silly men ever wish you were back in Paris?"

Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): "I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died."

Silence for ten seconds.

The Voice from the Rear: "Where's the sled?"

—Old Maid.

Joan: "I'd love to go to a fraternity dance."

Jan: "That's the way to get there."

—Pelican.

"Hello coach."

"I thought I told you not to drink while in training."

"What makes you think I've been drinking, coach?"

"I'm not the coach."

—Mis-A-Sip.

Co-ed: "Where is Elsie?"

House Mother: "I don't know; she went to the library."

—Purple Parrot.

A bride who always reads Rousseau  
Decided to practice him too; so  
She returned with her mate  
to the natural state  
And completely dispensed with her  
trousseau.

—Record.

With sadness in our hearts  
We buried Sammy O'Day.  
He tried to live the life of Reilly  
While Reilly was away.

—Pelican.

Mother: "Daughter, why did you take so long saying good night to that boy last night?"

Daughter: "Well, after all, when a fellow takes you to a show, the least you can do is kiss him good night."

Mother: "But I thought he took you to the Plantation."

Daughter: "He did."

"So your son had to leave college on account of poor eyesight?"

"Yes, he mistook the dean of women for a co-ed."

—Pelican.

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## CHARACTER

(Continued from p. 15)

admits long, neat lines of numbers are of little or no use.

When he finds a course dull, Ferguson forces himself to study at first, claims that later he becomes interested in spite of himself, goes on to make an "A".

At such times, he says, he counsels himself: "Study. Knuckle down. This is not drudgery."

Unlike most men his age (29) who have recently returned to school, Ferg is no veteran. A wife, Tec (for Itelka), and 8-year-old daughter, Vernelle, and a responsible position (Industrial Engineer) with North American in Dallas, his hometown, made Ferg unavailable for service during the war.

After V-Day, the calculating Ferguson decided school would be more fun than a vacation, invested his \$545 per month war wages in an education. Now he expects his sheepskin in August, Tec expects to graduate with highest honors this semester in a special business

course, and Vernelle is in the third grade at Wooldridge Elementary, no grades reported.

Ferguson, naturally, has the day, if not the hour calculated when his earnings will be exhausted. The books he has kept on his bounding living expenses have afforded a less pleasurable outlet for his concise mind than other like work would have, however.

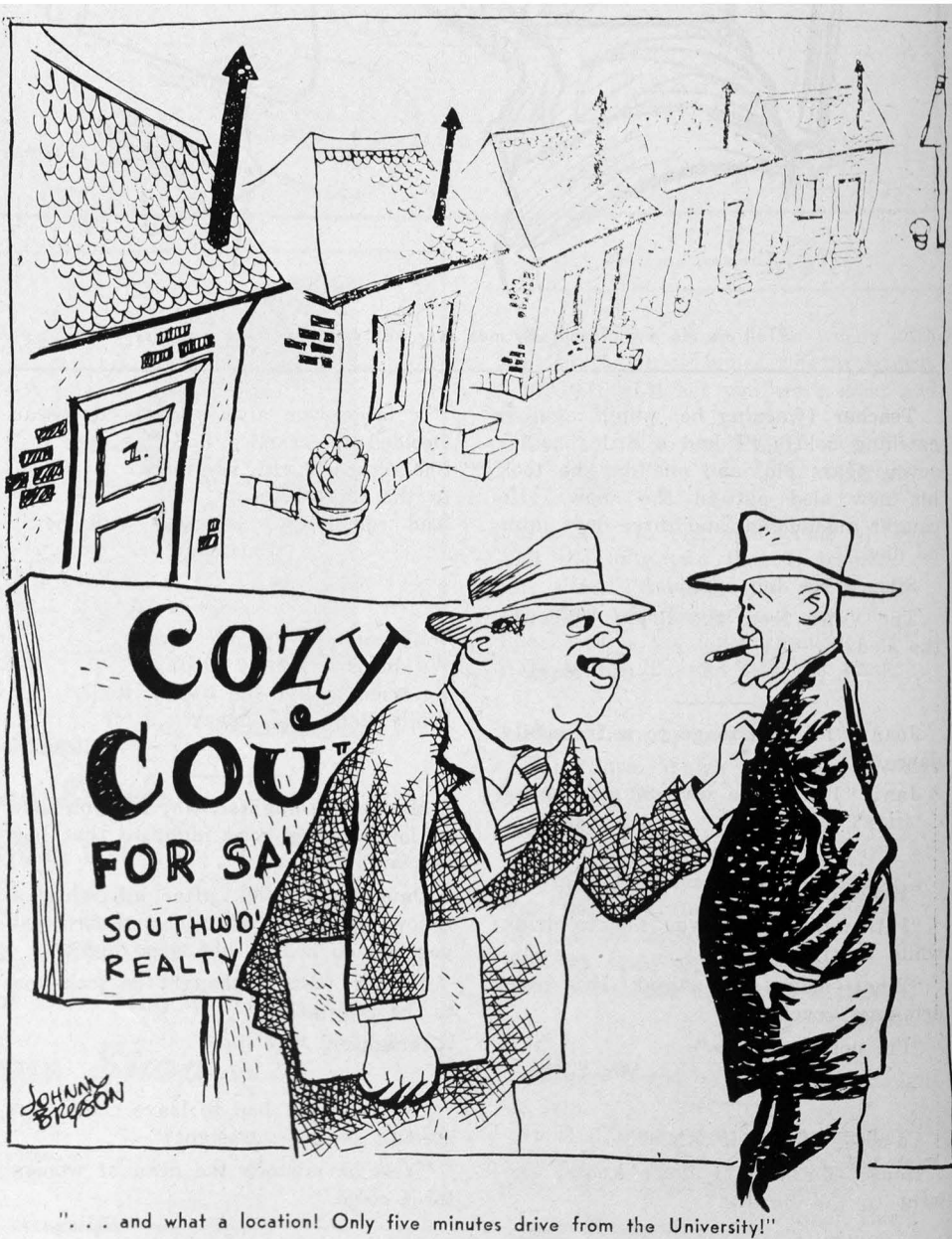
The plan is for Mrs. Ferguson to work until Ferg gets his degree.

His methods to the contrary, Ferguson contends he is no bookworm, never studies more than two hours at a stretch. Seldom, however is he in bed before 11 o'clock, and twice has studied all night, wife Tec reports.

Tec says that Ferg manages to take the family out twice a week, and they play bridge often with friends.

His plans for the future are indefinite, but if a fellowship he has applied for comes through, Ferguson will go to Harvard next year. To take courses with lots of numbers.

Ben Hartley - Bill Bridges



"... and what a location! Only five minutes drive from the University!"



"Yes, madam, what can I do for you today?"

"I'm going to get married next Tuesday and I would like to get some silk pajamas. What color is appropriate for a bride?"

"White is the preferred color if it is your first marriage and lavender if you have been married before."

"Well, you'd better give me some white ones with just a wee touch of lavender in them."

—Carolina Mag.

Pres. of Fraternity: "Brothers, we are in a very serious position and we must act quickly but with diplomacy."

Brothers: "What's the trouble?"

Pres. of Fraternity: "Well, it seems that the drunk that we threw out of the place last night was our national president."

—Pelican.

Prof: Open your books to page 64. (Rustle of books all over the room.) Dunby, begin reading at the top of the page.

Dunby: Send five dollars check or money order for special album of French photographs. Limited offer, act now.

I've taken a shine to your wife, said the stork as he left the Negro's house.

—Covered Wagon.

Sam'l: "Where are you going, Zeke?"

Zeke: "Town."

Sam'l: "What's the matter with that wheelbarrow?"

Zeke: "Broke."

Sam'l: "Who broke it?"

æeke: "Hired man."

Sam'l: "Same hired man who got your daughter in trouble last year?"

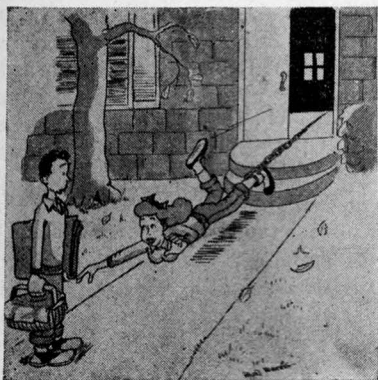
Zeke: "Yup. Clumsy, ain't he?"

—Puppet.

"I represent Mountain - cheap Wool Company," began the salesman. "Would you be interested in some coarse yarns?"

Delta Zeta: "Gosh, yes, tell me a couple."

—Exchange.



"Oops! Forgot to sign out again!"



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## JEFF GUTHRIE'S PARTICULAR FRIEND

On one of our forty-block walks through Midget village—midget blocks, of course—J. G. Boxshobert was reprimanding me for being too curious about his past life:

"You're too concerned about me," he said; "here you get me to tell you the story of my Hollywood adventures, and now you want me to tell you of how my best friend beat a headwaiter within an inch of his life."

Just then a panhandler interrupted us. He spoke to Boxshobert, "Could you spare \$6.00 for a cup of coffee?" Without a flinch Jeff Guthrie reached in his pocket and pulled out a roll of money. "Here, my good man, is \$9.00. Get a damn cup and a half!"

As we walked farther down the street, I asked, "pardon me, but isn't coffee only a nickel?"

"Isn't coffee only a nickel?" he repeated in mockery. "Not here it isn't. In my day I heard a thousand jokes on the same coffee routine. The bum either has a date, is a heavy tipper, or can't

go in the Waldorf in his present clothing. They drove me WILD! So I had a special coffee cup made. It's four feet tall and has a circumference of almost seven feet. It holds over eleven quarts of coffee and if you like it with cream it takes half a gallon to even change the color. I charge \$6.00 a cup and ruin the 'could I have' gag for all posterity. When a panhandler here asks me "Could you spare a nickel for a cup of coffee?", I tell him, 'A nickel? Why man, coffee here is SIX DOLLARS!'"

I reminded Jeff (the Gigantic) Boxshobert that he hadn't told me the story of why his best friend had assaulted a waiter.

"Oh yes," Boxshobert snapped, "that's quite a story, and involves the only man I ever thoroughly liked: Alexander Rednaxela; you spell it the same backwards or forwards. His friends called him Anxdeelra; that's Alexander sideways. This boy was a gourmet. You've heard about men that are particular about food. Well, it so happens that Rednaxela was the Prince of Samoya's body-servant, and ate only royally prepared food until he was fourteen years old. On top of that, he once drank Draino by mistake and it ruined his stomach. Then too, having eaten everything served under covered dishes all his life, the mere sight of food uncovered nauseated him. He arrived in America on his thirty-first birthday with a weak stomach which the Draino had ulcered, and an appetite for only Samoyan food.

Luckily, Alexander Rednaxela was well-to-do and could eat every meal in the most exclusive restaurants. He ate only once a day, and waiters in the restaurants knew just what to serve him after a little practice.

His menu day in and day out consisted of only Hippopotamus haunch and pelican paunch; locust lips and hedgehog hips. He'd eat a mullet gullet and a musk-deer ear; cockatoo stew of Caribou glue—all under cover of course.

During the War, it so happened that this headwaiter at the Walled Off, out of pelican paunch, tried to pass off Poll Parrot paunch in its stead. Rednaxela hit the waiter in the head with a whole hippo haunch and broke a hedgehog hipbone over his skull. No court would convict him as Alexander Rednaxela did have an extremely delicate digestive system, but they did export him . . .

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Bud Morris

"Did you see a blonde come this way with \$50, a pin stripe suit, and a pair of loaded dice?"

back to Samoya, just due East of Samoa.

It was the least I could do to see my good friend to the dock; the last I saw of him was when he ascended the gang-plank, clad in a suit of smoked Shoke-skin and carrying a lunch pail. He turned around and belched.

Bellhop (after ten minutes): "Did you ring, sir?"

Man: "Hell, no. I was tolling. I thought you were dead."

—Exchange.

She: "Do you really love me?"

He: "What do you think I've been doing—shadow boxing?"

—Review.

She: "I nearly fainted when the fellow I was out with last night asked me for a kiss."

He: "Baby, you're gonna die when you hear what I have to say."

—Yale Record.

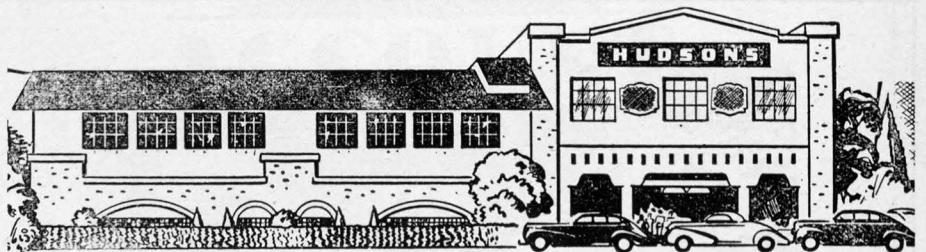
Advice to Co-eds:

If you write funny when you sign out it won't be so obvious when you come in.

—Voo Doo.

"There's the fellow I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.

—Medley.



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DINE AND DANCE

## In Changeable Times, UNCHANGING

IT ALL STARTED when Gordon Dangle, properly indoctrinated neophyte, received a thrilling assignment from the Propaganda Editor of the D. T. He was to prove his mettle as a reporter by garnering an opinion, from every professor in the Tower whose name began with an X, on the possibility of abolishing day-time classes so that some students wouldn't have those damnably undemocratic good schedules. Dangle was given half an hour to make the deadline with the story.

The task appeared to be painfully easy. It required merely that Gordon (1) go over to the elevator lobby in the tower—(2) scrutinize the neatly articulated, professional check list on display there—(3) call in the various offices indicated, and (4) gather the necessary off-the-record quotes. This done, the story should have written itself, or so Gordon's journalism prof had given him to believe.

Step one completed, Dangle gleaned the following information from the directory in the lobby:

XAMICCO, CORNELIAN	— Rm 2808
XENOPHON, QUAGMIRE	— Rm 2121
XHILGER, FLORENTINE	— Rm 666
XYLOCUTT, LEMUEL R. Z	— Rm 1492

He noted all these carefully in his hand-tooled Aggie-hide notebook (that

he had been awarded for being the Easiest Touch in the South Central Medicine Ball Club for the period 14 September—22 October) and took off with a flash—after waiting fifteen minutes for the elevator to make two trips to accommodate the overflow of the last hour—for Room 2808, where he presumed he would find Professor Xamicco comfortably

ensconced.

Arriving at the indicated door, Dangle knocked confidently thereon, his pencil poised in his hand; and when a kindly-visaged old gentleman in a green smock opened the door, the young reporter burst out rashly:

"Mr. Xamicco, I want your opinion on——"

The elderly gentleman raised his hand in protest before the inoffensive sentence reached its destination. "I'm sorry," he said, "But I'm not Mr. Xamicco. I'm Forrest Birgdrass, the toxicology expert."

"But the directory said that this was Mr. Xamicco's office," Dangle protested petulantly.

"This has been my office since September," the old man corrected him, "and I took it from a Mr. Wombat, who is on leave counting the commas on highway signs between here and Fredricksburg."

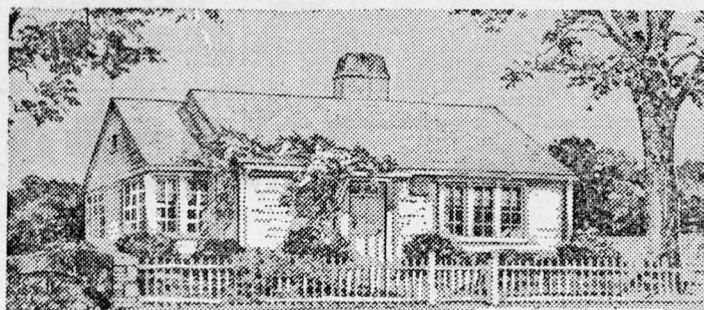
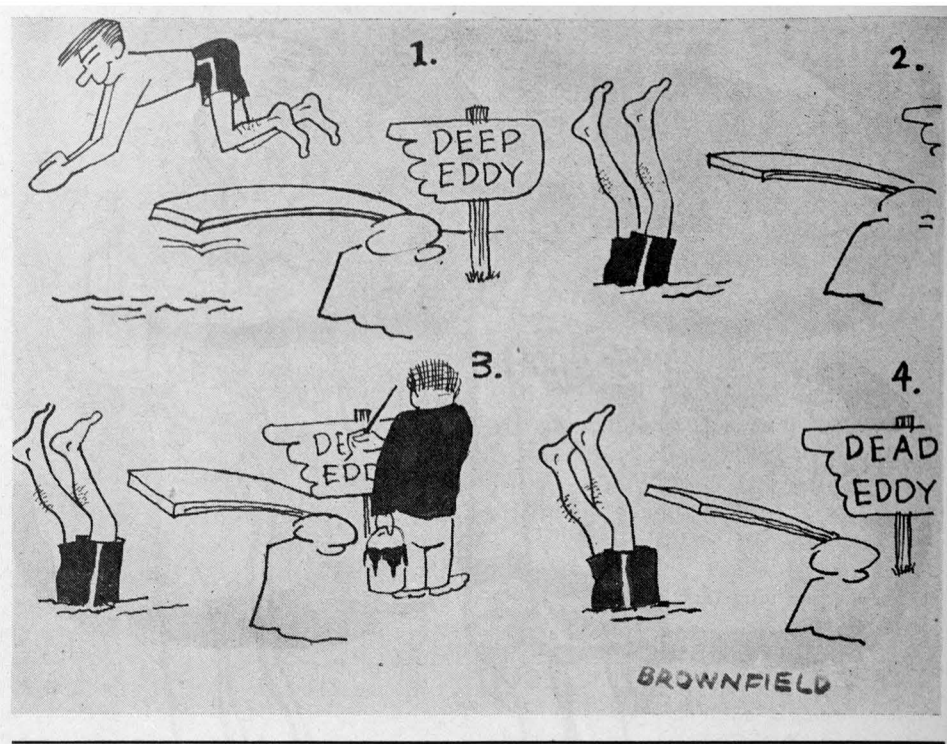
"If you really want to see Mr. Xamicco, I can tell you that he is now in Room 976½, for we still get all his mail here and have to redirect it."

Dangle mumbled polite thanks and rushed off with another flash. Again his rush was somewhat slowed by the fact that he could not attract the elevator operator's attention, and had to devote ten minutes to saring a a display entitled "Our feathered friends who have died of malnutrition."

But five minutes remained of the precious half-hour, Dangle knew that he would have to give his all to the task. When he finally got to Room 976½, he found that Mr. Xamicco was not there and would not be there until the following Saturday when the Infinitive Splitter's Annual Meeting at Arkansas Osteopathic University broke up.

This time he took to the stairs.

The door of 666 was open, but there



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was no Mr. Xhilger within, there was only a very young, very blonde lady. Gordon stuck his head far enough in the door for good observation—something he'd learned in Elementary Reporting—and asked the professor's whereabouts.

"Heffins," the gum-chewing maiden within said, without missing a beat, "Xhilgie left last summer to go to the University of Saskatchewan, they offered him better research opportunities. He wanted to do some radical studies in wheat rot, and the Regents balked at the word 'radical.'"

Gordon nodded sympathically, but wondered momentarily why the name of a departed instructor should be preserved on the directory.

"Possibly," he thought, "it's a sort of *in memoriam*, and maybe they hope that the climate will bring him back, and if it does, it will save them the trouble of putting the name back up again." He had but a moment for such speculative thought though, for he must needs rush off to the twenty-first floor and Mr. Xenophon before the time allotted to him was completely gone. This time he succeeded in catching an elevator because he pretended to be going down and jumped into an Up car, while the operator wasn't looking.

On arriving at the twenty-first level, Dangle was greeted with apparent success for the name of Quagmire Xenophon was emblazoned on a little card on the door. When repeated knocking elicited no answer, a closer inspection of the card revealed that it also contained the following little note: "On leave of absence, December 8, 1941 to indefinite." A further note informed him that the room was being used to store Hittite manuscripts, until such time as someone familiar with the intricacies of Hittite could be obtained. Gordon tried to smile at it all until he suddenly recalled that he had but thirty seconds left, and that Mr. Xylocutt, his last hope, inhabited Room 1492, seven floors below.

Rather than take chances with the elevator again, Gordon found a long piece of rope and lowered himself from the hall windows of the twenty-first floor, to those of the fourteenth, and in that fashion, arrived at Room 1492 in record time. His knock was answered by a kindly-visaged old gentleman in a green smock that Dangle had encountered on the twenty-eighth floor, but he knew this must be just an illusion, as all the old gentleman in the Tower looked alike anyway. The fact that this second man spoke with the same voice as the other, Dangle also charged up to illusion, which was by now running up quite an account.

"Mr. Xylocutt?" he ventured, a note of tremulous anxiety in his voice.

The elderly gentleman looked at him in horror, and finally said slowly:

"Why, my dear child, Mr. Xylocutt was hanged in 1938."

WARREN FRENCH

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## THREE

(Continued from p. 17)

newspaper and calmly was reading the funny page.

*Maybe I'm being silly. Maybe—Gary's Grocery Store—my stop is next.* She nudged the man.

"The next corner is mine," she whispered. Somehow she could not make the words come out aloud.

He folded his paper. "O.K." Without looking to the back, he said, "You ring the bell and get up. If he gets up too, I'll follow."

She nodded and pulled the cord. She picked up her purse and rose. She thought her knees would surely buckle, but they didn't. *Be calm. Be calm.* She moved to the door and waited for the

bus to halt. *I've got to look back. Just have to look back.* She forced her eyes to the rear.

*He's up! He's up!* Trembling again, she looked for her companion. He was up too. *Thank God.* He was by her side as the bus stopped. Together they stepped off into the darkness. As her feet touched the ground, she started to run. Her companion took long strides to stay by her side. As the lighted bus pulled away she looked over her shoulder.

"He's coming. He's coming."

A strong hand grabbed her arm, jerking her to a halt. Thin fingers with sharp nails dug into her flesh.

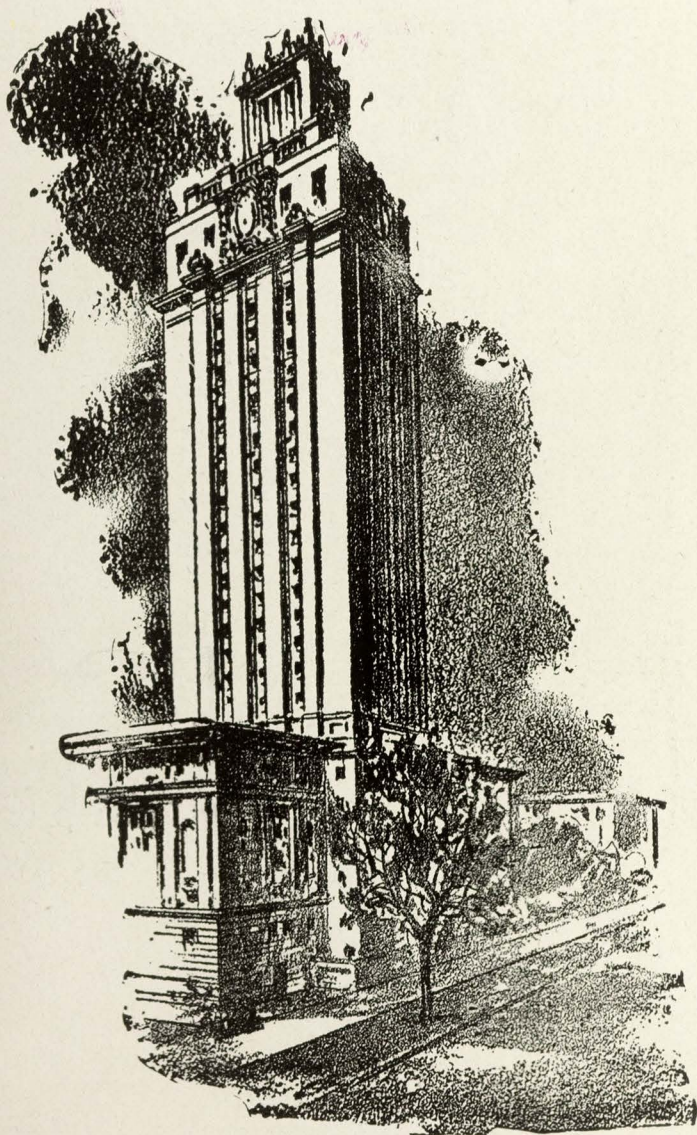
"There's no point in running. That's Rufus. We work together."



"Hurry Mary, bring my towel—John is waiting out front for me!"



# When the chimes in the Tower ring "classes are over"...



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