

# Texas Ranger

September, 1947

25c



**"Experience  
is the best  
teacher..."**

**in playing table tennis  
or choosing a cigarette,"**

says

*Mary Reilly*

INTERNATIONAL  
TABLE-TENNIS STAR



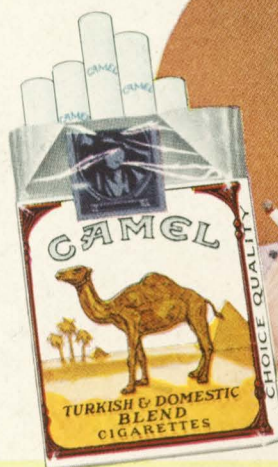
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*THE Marie Antoinette*  
For Women of Exacting Taste

814



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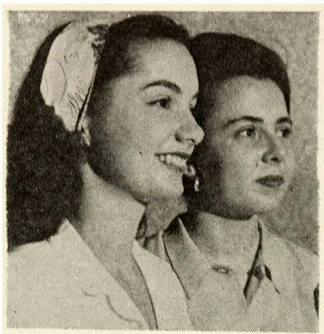
RADIOS  
and  
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EXPERT  
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## MEET THE STAFF

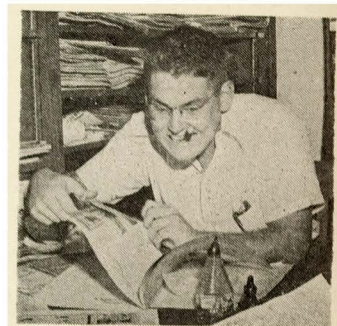
Each month this column will introduce some of the people whose work appears in the Ranger. Here are a few words about those responsible for the September issue:



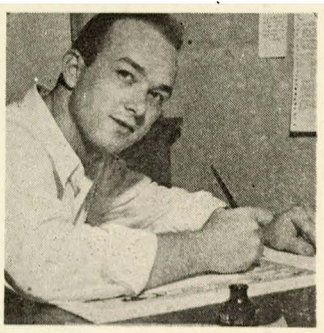
The fashion pages—definitely something new in the Ranger—were done by the staff of Mrs. J. M. Fraser's Advance Advertising Agency. Alma Ricks (wearing the ribbon around her hair) did the art work. Her husband is in Law School. She did advertising for Capwell's in Oakland and Foley Brothers in Houston before coming to Austin. Layout and copy are by Marjorie Garza, whose husband is a language major. Marjie was formerly with Robinson's in Los Angeles.

It's good to have Charles Schorre back with us again this year as art editor. His illustrations and cartoons are familiar to Ranger readers, 'cause he's been drawing them since way back when . . .

Most of the jokes, some of the cartoons, and **The Fiendish Mr. Pong** are products of George Warmack, our humor editor, who laughingly consults and culls exchanges and joke books. His best cartoons are tacked on the Ranger wall, along with others the censors didn't pass. However, we hear the censors had a hearty laugh before saving the morals of Ranger readers. Warmack's from good old San Antonio.



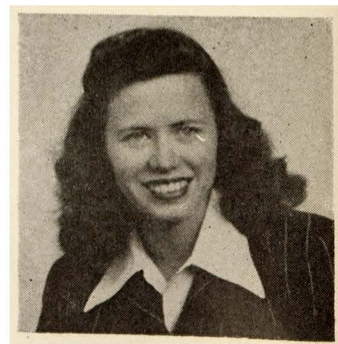
**Drink When I'm Dry** was written by Ben Jeffery, our managing editor. Jeffery has written numerous stories for the Texan and Ranger, but he is probably best remembered for his column, **The Iron Cage**, which ran in the Texan last year. He's a senior English major.



Ed Miller, our cartoon editor, has been drawing for the Ranger since the Whiskey Harper-Jack Adkins days. He's from Austin and is a junior ceramics engineering major. In the army Miller drew maps, somewhat duller than the art work he turns out for the Ranger. He's the only cartoonist we have ever known who gets a charge out of some cartoons other than his own . . . which, we hope, is encouraging to campus cartoonists.

For a couple of healthy chuckles we suggest you read **The Best Circles** by John Weber. Another local boy, Weber can turn out serious stories as well as light ones, and quite a few were used last year. Weber was a big help on this issue.

Liz Smith dug up that information about Littlefield Fountain entitled **Masterpiece or Monstrosity**. After reading the story you will at least know that much hell has been raised about the fountain. Ranger readers may remember the Zack Scott story Liz wrote last year. Hailing from Gonzales, Liz has graduated and may not be on the Forty Acres this semester, which we hope is just another of those foul, unconfirmed rumors.



Many more people burned the midnight oil in the Ranger office, the results of which are in this issue. You'll meet more of the staff in this column next month.

SEPTEMBER 1947

# Goodfriends



So-o-o-o-o- . . .

## YOU'RE WHIRLING

### BACK TO SCHOOL

WITH A TRIO OF TRICKS  
from the new Goodfriends  
... here you'll find fashions schooled  
to give you plenty of credit ...  
fashions that rate from campus thru  
classroom to date.

Left: For those important dates, the Gibson girl silhouette in a stunning new dress.  
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Center: A dream of a dress for dancing, designed by Nanty, with tiered  
bouffant skirt. Of imported white net with horsehair braid. **\$149.95**

Right: The costume to wear day after day, on campus or off. The full-fashioned sweater, softest pure  
imported cashmere. Sizes 34-38. In cardigans, blue, beige, black. In slipovers, blue, pink, beige, white. **\$16.95**

The skirt, Forstmann's sheer wool overtone plaid with  
kick pleat in front and back. Sizes 10-14. **\$17.95**

Gather  
with the  
GANG  
in the  
Evening  
at P-K

Of course, you will find many of your friends here at breakfast, lunch and dinner time. But the big get-together is in the evening after the rest of Austin has rolled up the sidewalks and retired.

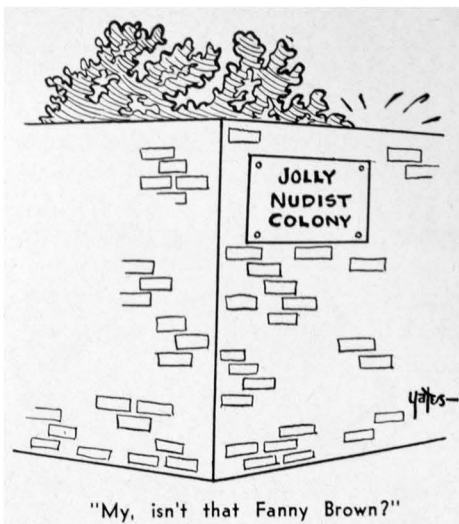
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"Mother, are there any skyscrapers in heaven?"  
"No, son, engineers build skyscrapers."  
—Covered Wagon.

Prof. Brown: Can you tell me anything about the great chemists of the 17th century?  
June Coon: Yes. They're all dead.  
—Iowa State

"You say he only kissed you once last night. What was the matter?"  
"No one interrupted us."

Don't you EVER read anything but the jokes.

"You're not going to walk home in that condition?"  
"Hic! Coursh not. Gonna drive."

Stern Parent (to applicant for daughter's hand): "Young man, can you support a family?"  
Young Man (meekly): "I only wanted Sarah!"

Girl: "I'll stand on my head or bust."  
Instructor: "Just stand on your head."  
—Oberlin Lutefisk

"Isn't this antique furniture gorgeous? I wonder where Mrs. Batts got that huge old chest?"  
"Well, they tell me her old lady was the same way."

"Were you copying his paper?"  
"No, Sir, I was only looking to see if he had mine right."

Sultan: "Bring me a girl."  
Servant: "Very good, sir."  
Sultan: "Not necessarily."  
—Rammer Jammer

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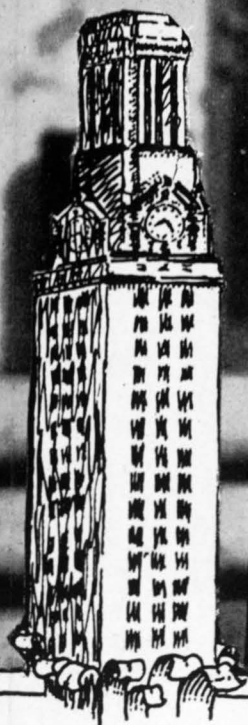
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# RANGING

As each new Ranger editor takes office and brings forth his first magazine the usual first statement is: "Here is the NEW, bigger and better Texas Ranger."

Not to break this tradition the new editor claims to have an entirely new magazine, much larger than before, and he believes (or hopes) with many improvements. Of course, we have retained a few things such as the title of the magazine, the name of this column, the Girl of the Month, etc., etc.

Many of last year's staff members are back with us—including Ralph Marks, Ben Jeffery, Charles Schorre, Ed Miller, John Weber, Liz Smith, George Warmack, Jess Brownfield, etc.

But there were also numerous new faces at our summer staff meetings and some of their work appears in this issue.

—o—

The editor was elected in last spring's elections without any opposition on the ballot. (There was some opposition about Student Publications requirements, and a letter appeared in The Firing Line.) We have no political obligations to fulfill, nor do we hold any grudges—though we like some people better than others.

The editor is an independent . . . in fact, he hasn't taken a very active part in many campus independent organizations. We don't believe that belonging to any certain group is a qualification for becoming a member of the Ranger staff.

—o—

Next month the Ranger will publish letters to the editor. Letters may be on any subject, should be kept short, and must be signed by the writer. Initials will be used if the author so requests. The editor retains the right to select letters in the interest of the Ranger and the University, and excerpts may be used when space does not permit publication of the entire contents. Letters for the October issue should be in the Ranger office by September 20 to meet our deadline.

—o—

The Vocation Series will continue throughout the year and will take up the various schools of the University. We happened to pick the Law School for the first of the series, not because there are any lawyers who frequent the Ranger office, but because we figured it had been some time since that school had even been mentioned.

Earlier in the summer we planned to take a campus poll to ask people what they thought of the shacks. However, the Regents gave us a much better controversial subject in July when the compulsory blanket tax was passed. Besides, the shacks were getting to be a common

(Continued on Page 55)



# Texas Ranger

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS STUDENT MAGAZINE

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# PERIGRINUS

## THE STORY OF LAW SCHOOL

First of a Vocational Series—By J. P. Porter

**I**F IT'S mystery you're looking for, or humor, or intrigue, add the word "Peregrinus" to your vocabulary.

The magical quality of this tongue-twister is that even its casual utterance will transform a seemingly sophisticated, aloof tribe of scholars into a group of collegians who are as fond of monkey-shines as the rest of the world.

Oddly enough, the magic of the word, which may be found in any respectable Latin dictionary, lies not in the meaning, but in a corruption of its pronunciation. The initiated say "Perry-gri-NOOSE," and Latin scholars can go climb a tree.

Like other magical abracadabras, the word is potent only in its home environment, which is, geographically speaking, an ancient, barn-like building on the southeast corner of the Forty Acres.

A brief consultation of your Rand-McNally should identify this section of the universe as the domain of the Legal Eagles of the University of Texas—more specifically, the School of Law. And this revelation, no doubt, will precipitate a good deal of eyebrow raising.

"What's this?" you say, extracting the curling from your lower lip. "Legal intrigue? Jovial jurisprudence? Who is pulling whose leg?"

No legs involved, comes the answer.

Although some people may think it contrary to the accustomed order of things, recent studies have shown that the lawyer and the law student, away from their books and legal paraphernalia, lead wholesome, undiluted lives in much the same pattern as the rest of the species. It is actually an oddity when one of them uses the word "whereas" more than twice at the breakfast table, and it has even been said that lawyers pay more fines per capita for traffic violations than any other professional group.



PERIGRINUS, patron saint of the Law School, is this odd looking papier-mache statue. He (or it) is kept under lock and key by the Chancellors.

To the average University student, nonetheless, the School of Law remains a never-never land of heavily-indexed volumes of divorces and oil titles, inhabited by a species of natives vaguely identified as "Legal Minds." It is a region of gobbledy-gook language in which any subject is always good for an oration or an argument.

The Law School has always seemed a little detached—not to say aloof—from the rest of the University flock because, partly, of its position as a graduate-level school, partly because of its concentrated position in one building on the campus, and partly because the lawyers want it that way. The occupants of the "Law Barn" still refer to other parts of the Forty Acres as being "up on the hill," and it's a rare occasion when a lawyer has more than one or two courses that take him to a higher altitude.

But 'tis more than folly to pass the lawyers off as soulless bookworms, because any first-year legal eaglet can

deftly point out that of all the divisions of the University, the Law School has the oldest and most cherished traditions, among the highest scholastic merits, and some of the most active leaders in student activities.

Let's go back to Peregrinus, as a point of illustration for that last, lengthy statement.

"Perry" was created as the mystic patron saint of the School of Law in 1899. The event took place in the lecture room of one of the most colorful and most beloved of the early law professors, Colonel W. S. Simpkins. It was the Colonel's first year of professing, and his students were intrigued by the way way he pronounced—or mispronounced—some of the Latin terms. One day he asked a student to identify the word "Peregrinus," which was the name of an ancient Roman official. The student swung too low on the curved pronunciation, however, and guessed, "Wal, I don't know, Judge, 'less it could be some kind of animal."

That was too good to let die, of course, and in practically nothing flat another student, the late Russell R. Savage of Corpus Christi, drew a picture of the "animal" on the board. The sketch was later copied in a plaster statuette, which was installed as the idol of all scholars of the law. The small orange and white figurine has also become securely installed in the hearts of hundreds of students through the years. Since early in the century "Perry" has been the symbol of a feud between the Laws and the Engineers, with the result that he has been captured and taken for a ride several times. It is not known for certain whether the current Perry, which is kept in a top-secret hiding place, is the third or fourth edition of the original.

Colonel Simpkins has become almost

### A WORD FROM THE DEAN

I congratulate The Ranger upon its plan for a series of articles on the various schools, and I am happy that the Law School is featured first.

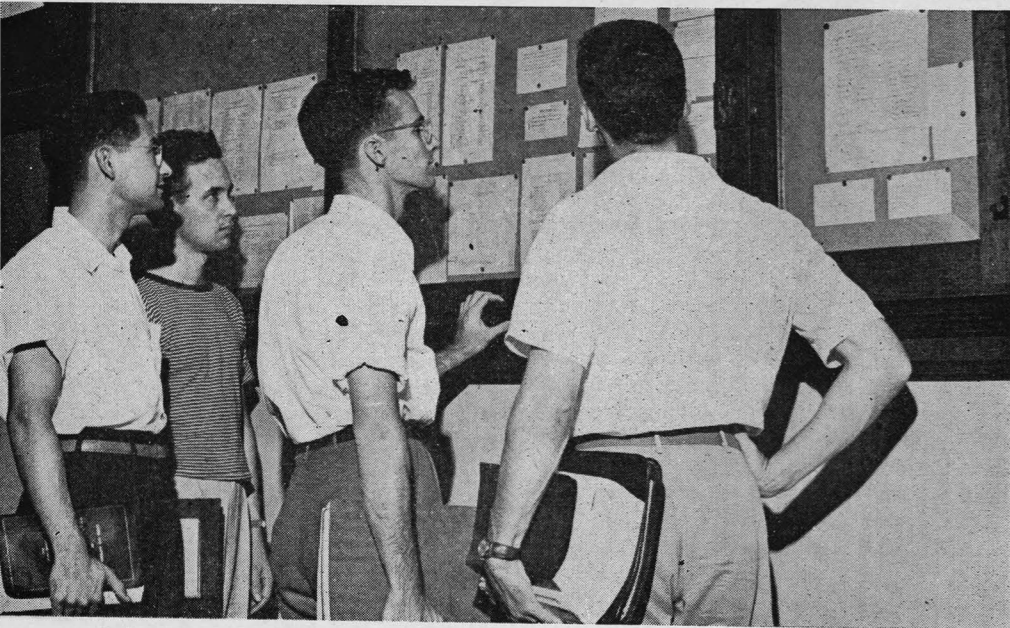
A word to those who are asking themselves, shall I study law? If you have a better-than-average mind, a keen interest both in books and men, a gift of persuasiveness, and a real enthusiasm for the saying, blessed is the peace-maker, then I would say, study law.

DEAN CHARLES T. McCORMICK.

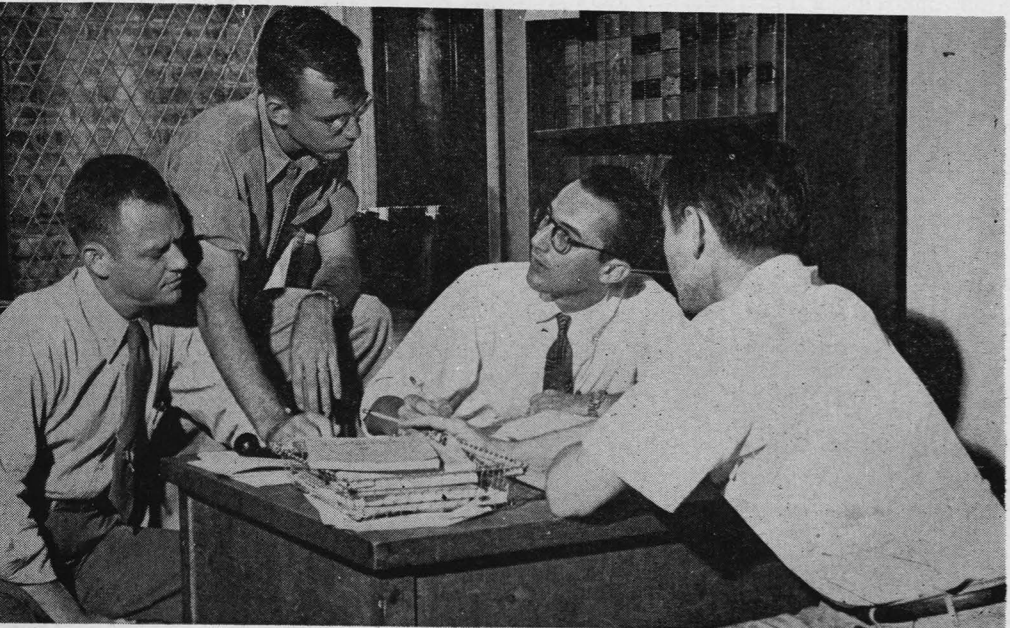




BARN-LIKE, the old Law Building houses one of the finest schools of law in the South. Rooms are crowded with as many as 200 attending some classes. An estimated 1,000 students will study law this semester.



BULLETIN BOARD is checked several times daily by all law students. Information found there concerns class schedules, assignments, personal notes, veterans' affairs, job notices, honor roll and countless other items concerning students and faculty.



## U. T. LAW SCHOOL

as much of a legend in the Law School as Peregrinus. "Old Simp," as he was affectionately called by his students, was the spittin' image of Mark Twain, from his shaggy mane to the white linen suit he sported during the hot summer months. He also possessed a sharp wit and a spiced tongue that bore good resemblance to that of the humorist.

Once the Colonel caught some of his students spitting tobacco juice on the floor.

"Henry," he demanded severely, "did you spit on the floor?"

"No, sir, not me, Judge," said Henry.

"Frank, did you do that disgusting thing?" said the Colonel, raising his voice.

"No, Judge, I didn't," replied Frank.

Turning to the third student, the Colonel, his face reddening asked, "James?"

"Well, sir, I guess maybe I did spit on the floor," James plaintively admitted.

"Then gimme a chaw of tobacco!" the Colonel shouted.

The Colonel loved applause, and when he entered his lecture room in the morning the ovation which greeted him could be heard all over the campus. He had a huge green-topped desk on which the boys liked to shoot craps (the Colonel never admitted knowing anything about it), and he drove one of the first motor cars from Austin to Dallas, a 40-horse Hupp with a huge air-horn.

Another of the law school's most famous teachers and a vehement instigator of advancement was Dean Ira Polk Hildebrand, affectionately called "Hilde" by all. He was associated with Law School from 1907 until his death in 1943. He was the Law School's dean 1924-1940. Dean Hildebrand was responsible for the change from the textbook method of teaching to the present casebook method (the study of actual cases). Through his numerous connections he placed many a young graduate Law in a good position.

The School of Law has many other memories, and many years to recall them in—more, in fact, than any other part of the University except the College of Arts and Sciences. Both of these units were established in 1884, and the fifty-four law students that year didn't find the admission requirements too stiff. The announcement put out that year requested merely "a fair English education. . . . College training is not exacted."

The standards of teaching, however, were set high to begin with, and they have remained high. Dean C. T. McCormick is currently upholding the envied reputation which was built up by such distinguished jurists as the late John

Charles Townes, who was the School's first dean, from 1902 until his death in 1923. The School is generally ranked with Duke, North Carolina, and the University of Virginia as the best in the South, and it probably leads the nation in up-to-date instruction in oil and gas law.

The Law Library is typical of the School's academic leadership. Containing more than 65,000 volumes, the Library is the only one in the Southwest which has microfilm records and briefs of the United States Supreme Court since 1938. The English reports, the reports of all the state courts, of the federal courts in this country and its possessions, and reports for the federal administrative agencies are available, to mention only part of the assets. In addition, students of the School of Law have access to the general library of the University, and to the State Library and the Library of the Supreme Court, which are located in the Capitol only a few blocks away.

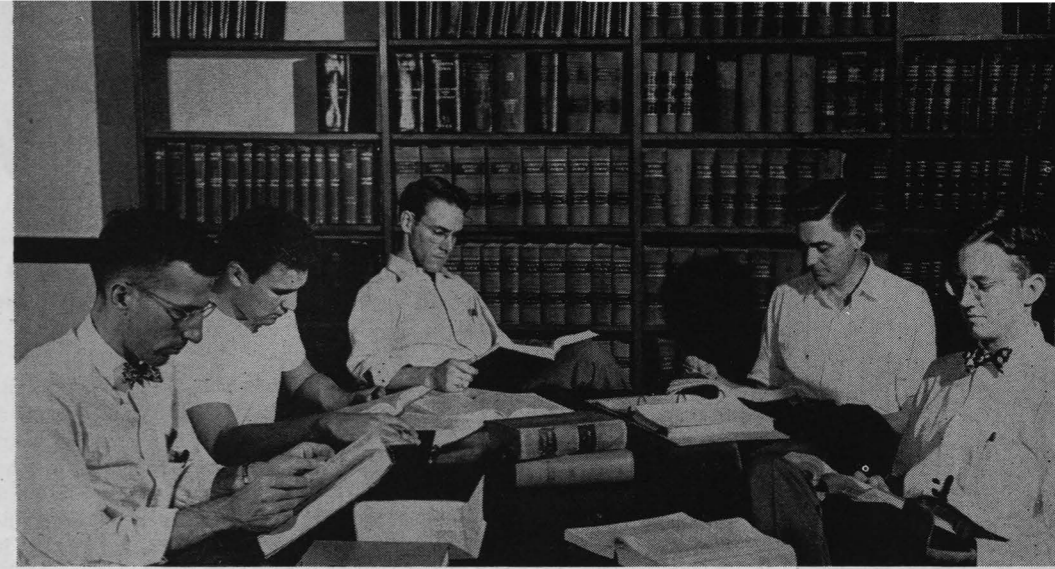
The Law Building, or "Barn," as it is more descriptively known, is less adequate and up-to-date than the School's teaching methods or the Library. It was constructed in 1908, which makes it the second oldest building on the campus. It was too small even during the decade preceding the war, and now that the enrollment has jumped to an all-time high of over 900 students a new law plant has become not only desirable but quite necessary. An estimated 1,000 will be in Law School this fall. Teaching this ballooned enrollment engages seventeen full-time professors with some classes ranging from a crowded 180-200 per class.

Dean McCormick is optimistic about the chances for a new building. Though no official action has been taken yet the project is on the Building Committee's agenda, and the Dean hopes that construction will begin within two years. The location for the new law plant has been the subject of considerable speculation. It will most likely be in one of three places: on the southeast corner of the campus near where the Law Barn now stands; to the south of Memorial Museum; or near Lake Austin on the Brackenridge plot.

The Law School's highest honor organization is Chancellors. Tapping of members is done in the spring semester of mid-law year or the fall semester of senior year. The usual number is six at each choosing. Scholastic average, quantity and quality of law review work,

(Continued on Page 48)

TEXAS LAW REVIEW staff discussing November issue of the magazine. Students are Jack C. Young, Comment Editor; Clinton F. Morse, Associate Editor; Parker C. Fielder, Editor; and Carl F. Hendrix, Note Editor.



MANY, MANY HOURS are spent in the law library, well stocked with thick, heavy books. There's always a crowd browsing among the cases. Students told our photographer, "It's hot as hell during the summer." (Hint to Regents.)



LEGAL AID CLINIC offers free legal advice to anybody who can't afford to hire a lawyer. Clinic is supervised by an Austin attorney. Student above is discussing problem with Texas (that's her name) J. Carter, Pat McTee, and Jean E. Hosey.



RETREAT for a bull session and a short one is offered to law students by Hillsberg's Cafe. Students are J. Pat Tennent, Robert C. Lanier, Alfred W. Offer, Paul C. Cook (President of Law School), Brad Bourland (President of Student Assembly), and Parker Fielder.

TEXAS RANGER

# The Fiendish Mr. Pong

You'd never think the inventor of the ping-pong ball could cause so damn much trouble until you read this story by George Warmack.

ON the thirteenth of November, 1929, Samuel P. Pong was hanged by the neck until dead. His last words were: "I fully realize I have betrayed the sacred trust bestowed upon me as an American citizen and am ready to pay the price. There is no one in the world today who is more guilty than I of major crime against humanity; hanging is really too good for me."

It was only fitting that this beast should die by the rope, for he was the inventor of the ping pong ball. Samuel P. Pong's relatives and family did not go to the funeral—they would have nothing to do with the disposal of such a monster. They would have no part of the man who had caused millions of innocent people to endure unmentionable hardships and abject poverty.

In the fall of 1923 the Federal Industrial Economic Negation Department (FIEND) of the Commodity Credit Corporation issued an order which was destined to upset our entire national economy. This order seemed to be harmless at the time of its origin, but it has now shown its effect to be far reaching and devastating. The order was enforced by the Federal Industrial Economic Negation Department and received its teeth with the passage of the Haveldorf-Slitz bill two months later. The CCC purchased 420,000,001 pounds of ping pong balls in order to keep the market price from falling. The FIEND was given the problem of deciding where to store the purchased ping pong balls.

The problem was solved by Senator Raymond Gallup (D., Poteet) who, as head of FIEND, was able to secure 198,000,000 unused banana boats. These boats were docked at the piers and wharves which lined the eastern banks of the Saval River. The boats were immediately pressed into service and the

ping pong balls were shipped to the Northern Shan states of Eastern China.

The loading and unloading of the ping pong balls took six years. This could have been done in less time, but government inspectors, supplied by the CCC, had to bounce each ball at every foreign port to insure their safe transfer to China. While the long and tedious job of unloading and ball bouncing was taking place in China, the CCC, in coordination with FIEND, had secured permission to use the old Williamson bill, with an amendment added by the House to bring the price of foreign ping pong balls up to the same level reached by the United States.

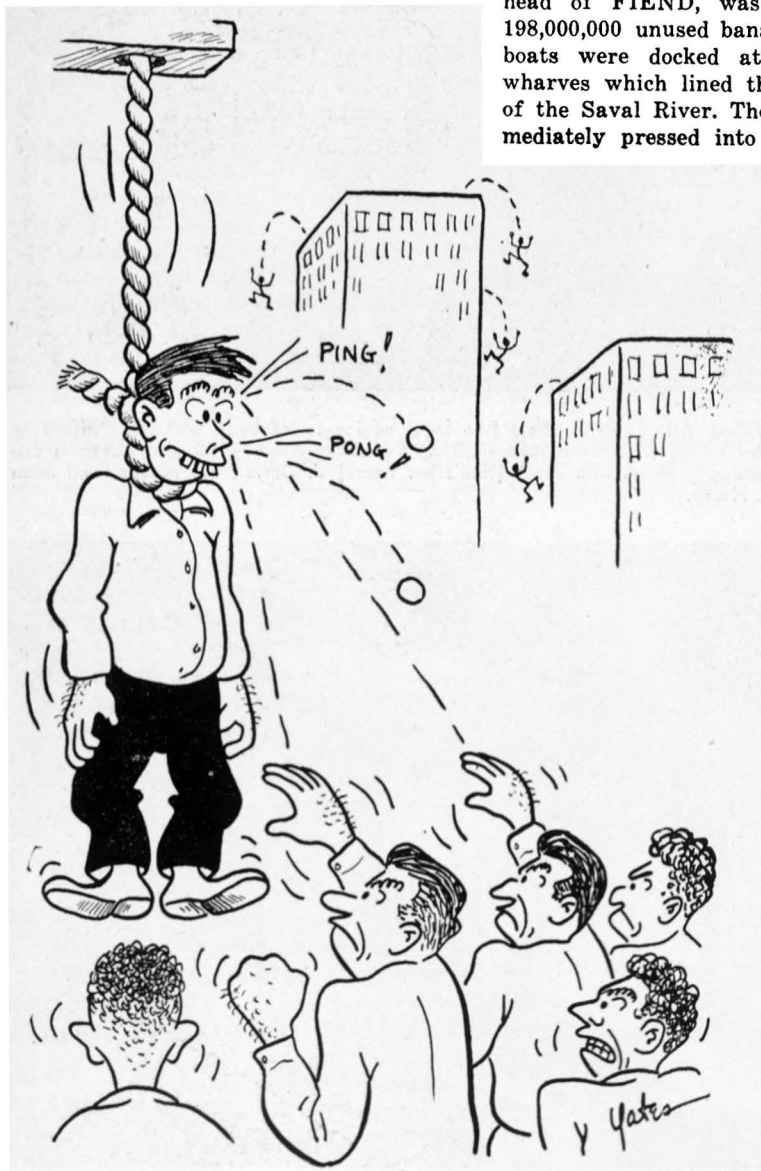
The head of the CCC instructed the President to impose a special import fee, additional to the tariff, because imports were reducing the amount of domestic ping pong production by 27.8 per centum. The people of the United States were paying ten cents apiece for ping pong balls in 1922 and the price had jumped to fifteen cents by 1924. The natives in Eastern China revolted against the CCC and stole every ping pong ball stored in their part of the country.

The result was simple, but disastrous. There were 420,000,001 pounds of excess ping pong balls released at one time.

The foreign market could not tolerate such a blow. The sudden flood of ping pong balls caused the immediate crash of the ping pong industry in South America, supplemented by a complete shutdown in Siberia. The United States was called upon to subsidize these paralyzed industries. This led to the passage of the Farnsworth-Pabst bill which called for a complete investigation of the Williamson bill and a subsequent investigation of the Haveldorf-Slitz bill.

Two months later (June 7, 1929) the United States ping pong ball industry crashed. With ping pong ball economy on the rocks the stockholders of the Acme Ping Pong Paddle Corporation were scared into selling their stocks in order to reinvest in a more secure position. This apparent run on the APPPC forced the Federal Reserve Board to allow loans to corporations ostensibly interested in programs of the ping pong paddle production. Between July and September of 1929, borrowings for speculation on the ping pong situation rose from one-third to eight and one-half billion dollars. Prices of stocks soared upward to an apparently permanently high plateau. As a result many European

(Continued on Page 50)



# THE WHEEL

A SHORT STORY IN VERSE BY BILL RIPS

Clarence the croupier bit down a cough  
Sunday at three a. m. on Market Street  
South of the river and east of Pritchard's bar,  
Pausing to contemplate the time of night  
Held for a second on the jerking dial  
Of last year's Ingersoll. Clarence was tired,  
And he rubbed his eyes. The windy street  
Filled with the noises of the sleeping town.  
Bolstered his certainty. He looked around.

From Polly's window on the second floor  
Over the paint shop, in the cheap hotel,  
Flickered the wall light through the streaked,  
green shade.

Shadows were moving, then the light was out.  
Business was steady in old Polly's trade.  
Times never got so tough, he told himself,  
Shrugging his coat against the settling cold,  
But they would come to purchase Polly's ware,  
Expecting love, who have so small a share.  
Times never got so tough or money-scarce  
That Polly didn't put a bill away,  
Expecting it to purchase love or life  
For her some day who had so small a share.  
Yet, somehow, in the twenty years or more  
That he had known her, seen her cheeks grow  
gaunt

Beneath Pagliacci rouge, her eyes retreat  
Into mascaraded wells of hopelessness,  
Polly had failed to gain an inch on life.  
And sure as autumn chill, when days grew short  
With early duskfall, and the panic rain  
Scattered illusion with the slanted drops,  
Polly would come to him some weekday night,  
Skirting the tables where the players bent  
Doubled at poker, and would ask for chips,  
Placing them prayerfully along the checkered  
board.

She watched the spinning wheel with old,  
wild eyes.  
The blurring red and black; and lost and won,  
And lost, and turned away, and said no word.  
And when the south winds dusted down the  
streets,  
Leaving the park grass dry, and wet all brows,  
And Polly's window opened on the night  
Naked, calling the sweating lovers up,  
She came again, and in a try lost all.

Clarence stopped to button up the coat  
And shift the package to the other hand.  
The wind was cutthroat underneath the trees;  
It cracked the bull-whip breath along the park  
And whittled at the piles of raked-up leaves.

The glare from Lundgren's showglass cut his eye  
With sharp incisions from the naked bulbs.  
The pottery maiden in the gingham dress  
(Four fifty-eight, brought down from five)  
Leered out at Clarence as he hunched his head  
Into the night that frosted Market Street.  
Young Lundgren hit it lucky, Clarence thought.  
He died before the years ate out his brain  
And siphoned off the cream of his desire  
Into the slop-trough of this dingy store—  
Buying and selling, when his hands were full  
Of brilliant canvases, rhythmed designs

Which never found the time to live in print.  
Old Lundgren brought him back from Carson  
when

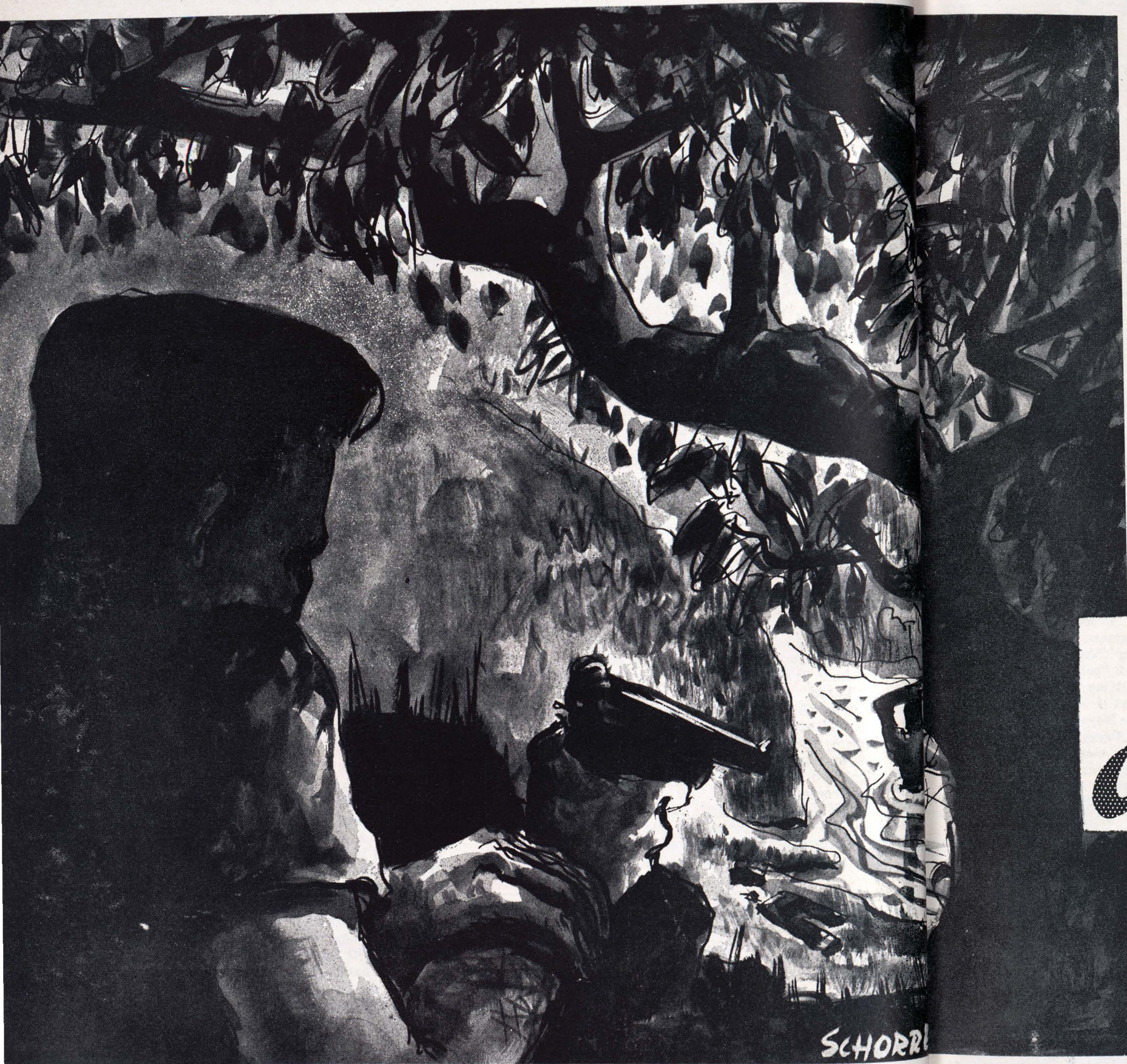
He heard the boy was frittering his time  
Away on form, not learning how to type  
Or put the callous figures on the page  
Of heavy ledgers. So he came again  
To hate the dreary days and slip at night  
Among the tables where the players bent  
Doubled at poker, and the spinning wheel  
Splattered the half-light with its red and black  
Dream of tomorrow, ever unfulfilled.  
Young Lundgren saw a few years slip away;  
The petty pay checks from his father's store  
Were funneled weekly down the spinning wheel  
In hope that they would purchase love or life  
For him some day who had so small a share.  
He slighted meals. Often he did not eat  
Two times a day. That fall he grew so frail  
His fingers trembled and his glassy eyes  
Followed the turnstile with its red and black  
Dream of tomorrow, ever unfulfilled.  
In May he died, his sensitive fingers mute  
While spring daubed such a landscape on the  
fields

The town was set in. They buried him—  
A square of black along the green-backed hill.

Reaching the corner, Clarence felt the draught  
Sharp in his nostrils, watering his eyes.  
He stopped to turn the frizzled collar up.  
The trees dipped wildly all along the street  
And slapped the shingles on the Baptist church,  
Paving the lawns with the remaining leaves  
Left from an autumn which was late to come.  
Clarence stepped briskly to the other curb,  
Pressing the package numbly in his hand.

Carl Burton's window, looking on the church,  
Filtered a light through bobbing evergreens,  
Lined like the books along Carl Burton's shelves.  
Clarence was fascinated by the books.  
Though he had never seen them, he had heard  
The talk around the tables on those nights  
When students from the college south of town  
Laughed at their poker, and the spinning wheel  
Flaunted its red and black futility  
With wilder abandon. Cursing in their beer,  
The students told the old professor's tale:  
"The alpha, beta, gamma of his life."  
As one remarked, Professor Burton's form,  
Sacked in the patchwork clothing that he wore,  
Stood in the college for the musty things,  
A threadbare symbol for the ancient lore  
Pressed in the mildewed covers of old books.  
Carl Burton clasped the books in wiry hands  
Walking to college along Market Street  
Or lecturing the open-shirted boys  
The formal meanings of informal Greeks.  
The students joked about him at their cards.  
They laughed, but didn't know what Clarence  
knew  
About the timid visits Burton made,  
Skirting the tables where the players bent  
Doubled at poker, and the yellow light

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The green corn stood the heat well. Better than he did, sweat seeping through the khaki shirt and uncomfortably down his leg where the Luger pistol rested in his pocket. It might rust. But he wanted to get rid of it.

He could see Joe Tyler come out of the corn at the far side of the field, then vault the fence, holding the tight bundle of the towel in his free hand. Bastard! he thought. Takes two legs to jump a fence that way.

Watching Joe Tyler from behind the green spear blades spreading thick across the rows. The erect ears of young corn full of sap, their tassels burnt gold the color of Ellen's hair. I'll wait for you, she said.

He stumped along in the soft clodded furrows. The sun hot and the glare hurt his eyes, like the blinding sand and rocks in North Africa. Sand was good for fleas and land mines. Watch for land mines, sometimes it's worse than a leg they take off. They were more to worry about than the Wops and Krauts. Italians make willing prisoners, Germans defiant ones. Never take prisoners, men, if it's too much work getting them to the rear. The skinny Major chain-smoking and mopping sweat from his neck. Shoot first and take prisoners afterwards.

He came to the barbed wire fence, and pushed down the bottom strand to crawl through. Squatted there, his good leg over to the other side of the fence in the dead leaves. A barb caught at his shirt, and he pulled, the barb digging into his back. He lunged forward, the shirt ripping as he dug into the leafy mold. Lay there whimpering, remembering pain on the hot sand, pain on the white sheets at the hospital.

Take it easy, General, the nurse had said. Nerves a little shot, but you're okay. Take it easy, this will fix you up. The screaming of that sandy-headed kid in the next ward—all night. Can't sleep with that going on. Take it easy, General, the war's over. Some guys learn to walk so you can't tell it's not a real leg. That movie actor most people don't even know about it. They had called you General, reading Male Call, that Miss Lace stuff. Feel better, General? The nurse with soft hands who had massaged his back and read to him. The funny papers, books. . . . When shall we three meet again, in thunder, lightning or in rain. No

## drink when I'm dry....

By BEN JEFFERY

rain in Africa, but hot sun that hurt his eyes. When the hurly-burly's done, when the battle's lost and won. . . . The war's over, General.

He struggled up, his leg creaking. Walked through the thick underbrush the way Joe Tyler had gone. He and Ellen had liked this part of the creek bottom, hunted black haws. There's a haw tree, Ellie! Pulling down the branches for her, sucking the black sweet bunches. I'll wait for you, she said.

Of course he wanted her to have a good time, and he knew she saw Joe Tyler at church. Hard for Joe, staying to work in the fields, but Joe's mother and the younger children couldn't break the land and hoe the corn. Food will win the war. The home front. Those filthy propaganda leaflets on cheap paper the Germans dropped behind the lines. In civvies, crouched over a soft blonde, with eager hands. That's not just a girl, Joe. That's YOUR girl. Sure, it was silly, they wanted to worry you. Joe see Ellen. They were old friends.

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Why

# I Want to Attend The University of Texas

By HEMAN MARION SWEATT

The Ranger believes that the racial problem in education should be openly discussed by all intelligent people. This story, exactly as written by Heman Marion Sweatt, is published as information for Ranger readers, and opinions stated are those of the author. Letters regarding this story are welcome and the best will be published in an early issue of this magazine.—THE EDITORS.

**S**EVERAL months following my application to enter the University of Texas Law School, one individual who interpreted this action as one suggesting the Negro's claim to equal national achievement, raised the question: "If Negroes think themselves equal to the White man, why doesn't one of them make an atomic bomb?"

It is unfortunate that the implication of that question falls so tragically short of including the real issue involved in my suit, and injects in its place one of the major errors to be noted in the "capacity theory" of "racial differences." Advocates of this line of thinking conclude that differences in group achievements are wholly a matter of capacity—that there is a hard and fast line dividing Negroes and Whites along patterns of such inherent qualities. They fail to understand that whatever native capacity the mind of an individual in either ethnic group may possess, it must be stimulated by productive opportunity before it can possibly develop to its highest. And it is this latter fact that makes it unsound for anyone to expect names of the first degree of luster to rise among suppressed and submerged classes who are denied this basic opportunity. Indeed, with pre-empted advantages for doing so, Texas University is much more likely to produce atomic scientists than Prairie View College, where many of the Negro's potential scientists are discouraged by innumerable circumstances from such fields of study, and others misguided into the study of mattress making.

Not many years ago, I read a study of "ability" distribution in the United States in which the conclusion was reached that "native capacity" alone has accounted for the little state of Massachusetts producing more men of distinction and achievement than all of the south combined. Please note that in this study the southern White man is placed in the same status of capacity inferiority to northern and eastern people as many of them are generally apt to assign the Negro.

Now, only a bigot of national sectionalism could take material of that nature and conclude that the southern White people are inherently inferior to the people of New England. We south-

erners know better. What differences in demonstrated achievement exist between southern Whites and other sectional groups in this country must be attributed wholly to the bracing tones of the respective environments.

And yet the insistency of many people to believe in this capacity theory focuses one of the most glaring inconsistencies in contemporary American society—that of the error in easy generalization. This is expressed in the willingness of too many individuals to concede in one breath the national democratic premise of "freedom of thought" which makes possible the varied ideological camps into which the mass divides; and then in the next breath, proceed to interpret incidents stemming from any one of these camps in such generalized terms as "The People."

Thus, too many people of today have permitted themselves to shape such distorted pictures of life in this country as: The Labor movement being composed of innumerable prisoners chained to a few labor leaders who are hell-bent upon stealing management's last shirt; as New Dealers assuredly seeking political dictatorship; and as White men sleeping with one eye open to protect their homes from the assumed ravish nature of Negroes, while thirteen million Negroes are viewed as being incapable of harboring any ambition higher than dancing at the Waldorf-Astoria in the embrace of Lana Turner. And—for each of these fantastic assumptions there is a "poll" designed for taking among "the people" to statistically prove its "factfulness."

It is thoroughly consistent with this consistency, then, to find that my application to enter the University of Texas Law School has similarly picked up its fair share of dogmatists who have not only refused to view my action in terms of anything other than an abstract racial crusade, but have denied the most remote possibility that the application is one of good faith.

It cannot be denied that the implications of this matter are destined to affect the lives of many other Negroes. But I am responsible only to the extent of an application—and there were hundreds of entrance requests made at the date on which mine was filed. Thus, I

can only reaffirm my application as a concrete expression of my individual interest in the study of law. I cannot concede that there could be anyone (save myself) who could know whether I sincerely wish to enter Texas University Law School. So I again say that studying in this institution is yet my hope, and leave the dis-believer to think as he may.

In similar fashion to the conclusions assumed regarding the motive behind my application, there have been others offered in connection with "the people's reaction." For example, there have been individuals who with one hand boldly prepared to snatch a pay envelope from a disadvantaged Negro's hand, poses the question, "Would you like to attend the University of Texas?" And when the instantly self-protective answer of "No" is given, the ridiculous conclusion is reached that "the Negro people" just LOVE the system of educational segregation. For obvious reasons, however, such investigators have a keen ability for screening "the Negro people" included in such "polls."

So it is not my intention to promote the idea that I voice the unanimous opinion of the Negro community in wishing to enter Texas University. It is, to stress the fact that—even to the extent of dividing into varied ideological camps of opinion on all subjects—we exist in identical reaction pattern to all other Americans.

Evidence of that fact can be demonstrated in the past gubernatorial election of Georgia, in which the late anti-Negro Eugene Talmadge boasted of having a Negro High School principal (?) as co-manager of his campaign. And quite obviously, the current charge of the congressional Un-American Committee that "the Negro people" affords one of the major national hot-beds for Communism illustrates the other extreme of opinion existing in the Negro community; that is, if the Un-American Committee itself isn't guilty of over-generalization. So it would be as dishonest as it would be absurd for me to claim representation of "the Negro people." But of course, if my interest in the legal profession raised any measure of doubt regarding my capacity for being hon-

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# LET'S HAVE A LAUGH

"Who was the blonde you were out with Wednesday and Thursday?"

"She was the brunette I was out with Monday and Tuesday."

"I don't like the way that blonde across the street dresses."

"How does she dress?"

"In the dark."



Robin: "What's that spotted egg doing in the nest?"

Mrs. Robin: "Oh, I just did it for a lark."

He—Do you neck?

She—That's my business.

He—Oh, a professional.

Visitor: "Where are the monkeys?"

Keeper: "They're in the back making love."

Visitor: "Would they come out for some peanuts?"

Keeper: Would you?" —Sundial

Doc: "Hey, stop! Don't you know that kissing is a good way to transmit germs!"

Collitch Feller: "Good? Hell, it's perfect." —Texas Ranger

"Dear, am I the first man you ever loved?"

"Yes, Hugh; all the others were fraternity boys."

"I think your husband is wearing a new kind of suit," said Rose. "Not at all," said Lily. "Well, he looks different," persisted Rose. "It's a new husband," explained Lily.

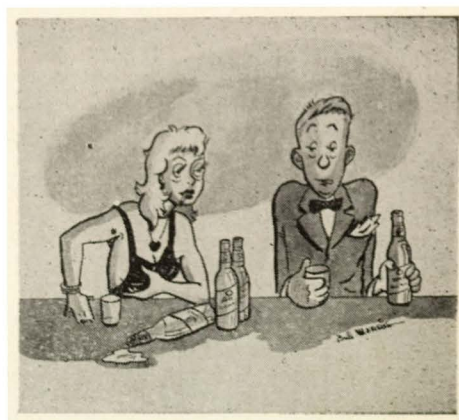
"Gosh, that girl is built like a house." "She's plastered, too." —Medley

Chaplain—"My man, I will allow you five minutes of grace before the electrocution."

Condemned Man—"Fine, bring her in." —Ohio Green Goat

There was a very young Teke pledge who, upon answering the door, hurried to the actives. "Sir, there's a woman peddler at the door."

Teke Active: "Tell him we got plenty." —Ski-U-Mah



"Frankly, Mac, do you think drinking cheapens a lady?"

Socialist Father: What do you mean by playing truant? What makes you stay away from school?

Son: Class hatred, father.

—Ohio Wesleyan Sulphur Spray

She (cooly): "You bad boy, don't you try to kiss me again!"

He: "I won't. I'm just trying to find out who has the bourbon at this party."

I can't bear children

Who are scrawny and pale.

I can't bear children

Because I'm a male.

"Who was that lady I seen you eating with last night?"

"That was no lady, that was my knife."

Love makes the world go round; but then so does a swallow of tobacco juice.

"I was shot through the leg in the war."

"Have a scar?"

"No, thanks, I don't smoke."

—Urchin

"What kind of a dress did Betty wear to the party last night?"

"I don't recall all the details, but I do remember it was checked."

"Boy! That must have been some party."



Baby Stork: "Mama, where did I come from?" —Kangaroo

College Boy: "Do you pet?"

Co-ed: "Sure—animals."

C. B.: "Go ahead then, I'll be the goat." —Yellow Jacket



"Wait, Mr. McKinney, I believe your GI check did come."

# texas dresses up

Registration Week . . . campus crowded . . . thousands of new and old faces . . . new people registering with old questions . . . old hands in new clothes . . . smart clothes on smart men . . . men who have been places . . . men who are going places . . . here are a few who know how to pick courses and clothes . . . who know where they're going . . . how to get there



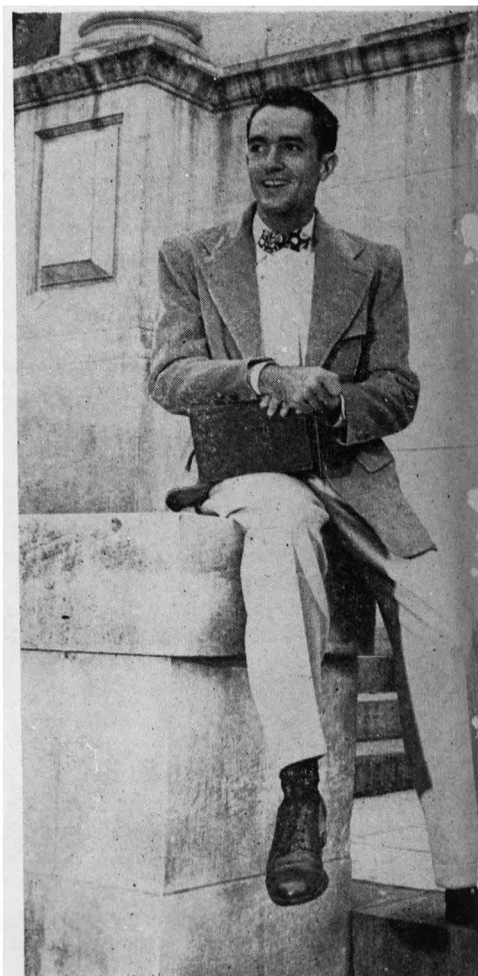
**morris parker**

Austin, ex-Naval Air Corps pilot who was married the first of this month to charming Betty Bucher of Cleveland, Ohio, and who is majoring in Architectural Engineering. Morris is wearing a two button, single breasted, brown flannel unfinished worsted with a soft roll collar from Schwartz Tailors.



**james turpin**

English Major of Austin, formerly Junior Deck Officer with the Merchant Marine wears a lounge drape model in a double breasted gray flannel with a chalk stripe. Smart, too, is the wide spread collar of Jim's white Oxford shirt and his original hand-blocked Damon tie, all from The Toggery.



**george seage**

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Advertising Major and former Navy Aerial Photographer wears a light corduroy jacket with leather buttons and light tan doeskin gabardine slacks from S. V. Woodward and Son. Incidentally George brought in most of the advertising that you see in this record-breaking Ranger.

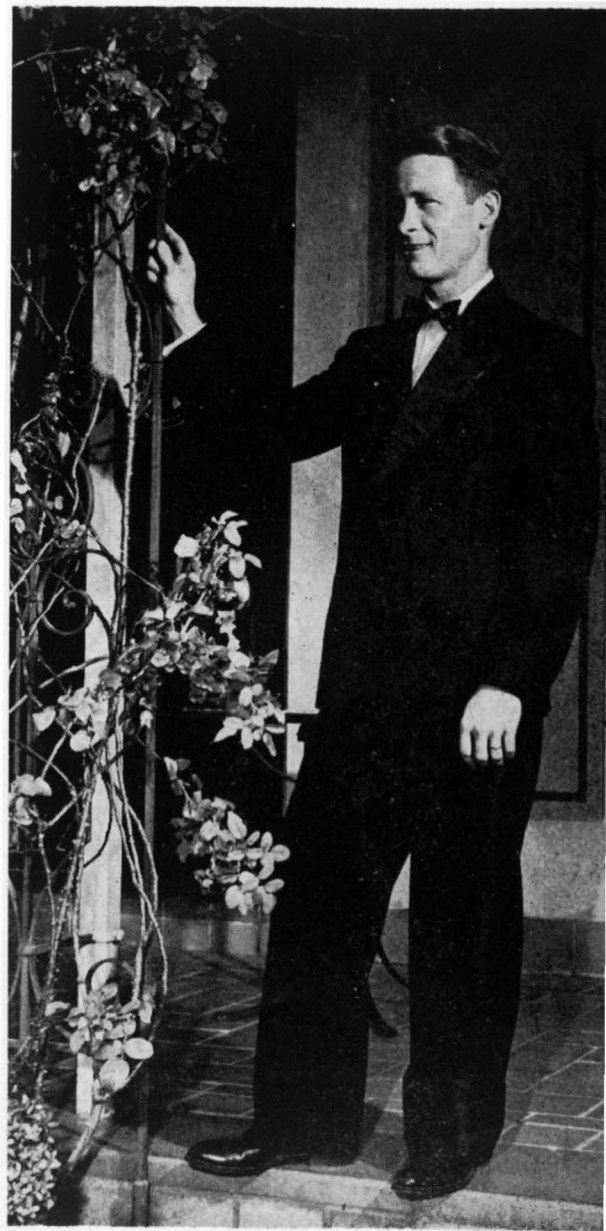


## billy stacy

of Austin, late of the U. S. Navy's Amphibious Branch, a Phi Delta Theta, majoring in Air Transportation, likes this Hollywood double breasted Ritz full draped model. Note the full blade and shoulder lines, the smart suppressed waist line and the new long roll lapel. It's a smart brown beaded stripe flannel from Reynolds-Penland.

Photographs by  
Stanley Depwe

Words by  
Ekreom



## wallace gullahorn

senior from Wichita Falls, ex-stick jockey of a P-51 in E.P.O., Public Accounting Major wears a double breasted tuxedo with the popular lounge drape, piped pockets and full trousers from Nolan Sims. Wallace is married to a very charming girl from Louisiana and is accountant for the Texas Student Publications.

# What's Wrong With the Students

A well-known faculty member (who prefers to remain anonymous here) with over 25 years at the University tells what he thinks is wrong with the students. . . .

The above title is not a question but a subject, one that I have thought on at intervals over a long teaching career. In this discussion I shall divide the students into two groups, undergraduates and graduates.

The chief trouble with undergraduates is that they can not read. Actually, all education consists of reading, and the ability to acquire education consists of the reading with understanding what is set down in the books. The teacher's lectures are supplementary to the books, useful for emphasis and for points of view, but the real stuff that education is made of is in books, not in lectures or the spoken word. In order to read the student must know the meaning of words, must have a vocabulary. Most students, as they come, have no vocabulary, and do not have time to acquire one in the first two years of college work. The vocabulary itself is developed by reading, by constant reading with some attention to the words used.

Reading seems to have gone out of style. Let some sophomore, or junior, say honestly how many books he has read in the past twelve months. The average glances at the headlines of the newspapers, but does not read the news. He may read the sports or fashions, depending on sex, and take a turn at the funnies which are on the moron level. Then he turns to the radio which is sub-moron. He, the average student, up to the senior level, never exercises his mind on the tough fare of the real writers. Therefore, he never learns to read any more than a boy who never runs or exercises his muscles can become quarterback or shortstop. Until a student learns to read, he can never be educated. He may get a degree which can be had by serving time rather than by studying.

These illiterate students, a considerable percentage of the freshman and sophomore class, constitute a drag on

the classes they attend. The teacher has to pitch his instruction at the average, and this low group keeps the instruction at a lower level than it should be in a university. This raises the question of whether the teacher should aim at the ignorant mass in the hope of bringing them up or at the better students who are equipped to go on with the processes of learning. Because of the conditions I have set forth the standards of the University of Texas are lower today than they were thirty years ago. The return of the G. I.'s with their experience and maturity has altered the situation somewhat, and has enabled the faculty to raise standards after a long period of lowering them. What will happen when the G. I.'s have gone, and waves of immature people who have never learned to read dominate the campus again remains to be seen.

The chief handicap of the graduate students as a class is that they have not learned to think. They can read, and they do develop a familiarity with the special field of their investigation. They tend to bury themselves in their subject rather than to encompass it and see its relation to other fields of knowledge. Many of them are trained but not educated. They become clerks of information pertaining to their subjects rather than masters. They hear about the same relation to general knowledge that a file clerk in a Ford office bears to the operation of the Ford Motor Company.

Graduate students in the field of arts and sciences are characterized too much by timidity. They are, in the first place, afraid of their professors, and want to do something that pleases the professor. One can never do an independent or original piece of work in this attitude. A student should not have a master. He should seek to become one on his own hook, taking what he can get from various professors, but aping none of them.

Graduate students, in their anxiety to "get through," are afraid to tackle big subjects, worthwhile subjects, those that will have some results at the end. The professors, for their part, hesitate to approve a big subject. They prefer something small—about the size of the student, or the professor. The result is that not much original work comes out of the graduate schools.

Along with graduate students should be mentioned the professional students, lawyers, engineers, doctors, and of late vintage the devotees of business administration. The chief thing wrong with them is their narrowness. They are driven so hard in their training, in learn-

ing techniques, that they do not have time to become or remain educated. What is worse, many of them develop a bigotry—something an educated person should never have—about their own profession. They come to believe that it is the most important thing in the world and thereby lose perspective. The lawyers put on a wing collar, speak of the constitution authoritatively, and perhaps with some encouragement from those who should know better, deprecate the time wasted "on the hill." The engineers go in—or used to go in—for he-man stuff. They loathed English and kept open season on laws all the time. In conversation with cultured people—and an engineer sometimes needs to converse with them in order to get contracts—they were a washout. I understand things are taking a turn for the better, and that culture and general learning are being spoken of with more respect in engineering circles.

As for B.B.A. students, they have not yet been differentiated. This trade school is still on the make with more ambition to integrate with going business than to understand the significance of it to the social and political world.

The physicians are not, for better or worse, trained on this campus. I therefore have no definite idea as to what may be wrong with medical students. They seem to list a bit heavily to science and to derive all their knowledge of social relations from the publications of the American Medical Association.

What I seem to come out with is an illiterate gap in University education. The average student comes here not knowing how to read simple English. He spends two to four years learning in a limited way to read, and then he takes up a speciality which absorbs so much of his energy that he never has the opportunity to become educated by reading, thinking, conversing, and tying together the various particles of knowledge that he may have picked up.

Several years ago members of the faculty undertook to provide within the college of arts and sciences an opportunity for young people to become educated in a general way. Faculty members noted for their teaching ability were chosen to handle Plan II which consisted of about 100 students of high scholastic attainments. These students continued more or less together for about four years. It was noted that many of the young people who registered for Plan II were children of old graduates who have specialized in law, medicine, etc.

(Continued on Page 52)

# What's Wrong With the Professors

The other side of the story. A senior student (also anonymous) who has observed many professors for many years gives his opinion of the faculty. . . .

This article isn't properly titled. It should be called "What's wrong with some professors, and why, with various theorizings on cause and effect." But we wanted a short, simple title. We also wanted to get you excited over the prospect of finding Dr. So-and-So (whose guts you hate) set down in caustic prose as a horrible example. Dr. So-and-So is probably a good euphemism, too, for what some faculty members are called by University of Texas students. We're not just going to verbally barbecue Dr. Addlepatte A. Binge, whose sophomore course in Economics brings on so many cases of combined drowsiness and nausea among campus devotees of higher learning. We want to talk about some of the reasons Dr. Binge is like he is—and it's not just the professors, it's also the system.

Complaints against our scapegoat here, Dr. Binge, are not unjustified. The Doctor is one of that class of teachers who regard their freshman and sophomore students as completely hopeless and a waste of valuable time. Dr. Binge not only thinks this—he makes it clear to his classes. He delights in exposing the ignorance of the little blonde on the back row who irritates him by chewing gum while he lectures. He also has the habit of covering about half the text during a semester and announcing a few days before the final that the exam will cover the whole book.

Dr. Binge is a great one for dates and figures. Not the kind you think about all the time, but the year the claw hammer was invented and the number of rat tail files produced in 1910. He speaks in a low flat voice, too, which is fine for the nappers but hard on those who try to maintain an interest in what is being said.

Many complaints have more to do with the student's grade in the course than with the qualifications of his professor. There is a lot of folklore to explain away F's to friends and parents. The flunkies claim that certain teachers are by their natures (or by the fact that they have unhappy home lives) incapable of giving A's. They just delight in handing out low marks to large segments of the student body. Or they take an unreasonable dislike for certain students—perhaps because they disagree with their political views. This goes over especially well in Houston. Then there's the famous "weed-out program" employed by many departments (so the F-makers would have you believe) which guarantees that a certain percentage will automatically fail. This is pure hog

wash—especially the part about the "weed-out program."

Well, to get back to Dr. Addlepatte A. Binge—if he hates students, why doesn't he sell insurance? Because Dr. Binge has a consuming interest in Economics research—he's an expert on hardware prices from 1910 to 1912. The University is the best place to carry on that research, but unfortunately (for him and for us) he has to teach in order to get paid. What is more, it's his research (and publication in learned journals) that gets him recognition and advancement in the scholarly world. This is almost universally true—not just at The University of Texas. President Painter, in a report to the faculty last October, listed the following qualifications for advancement, which are not at all peculiar to The University of Texas:

1) Teaching ability . . . 2) productive research, as contrasted with what may be called contemplative research which all too often I have observed is non-productive; 3) usefulness on committee and other administrative assignments. . . .

President Painter also told the faculty that—

if you have ambition to attain distinction in your chosen field, and the ability and perseverance that is required in order to bring researches to a conclusion, you have come to an institution where you may expect your efforts to be rewarded. . . .

In making the above remarks, I do not wish to belittle your value as a teacher. . . . On the other hand, competence in research is a rare attribute and as long as our institutions are organized as they are at present, the productive scholar will almost inevitably be advanced more rapidly than the man who is content simply to acquire and impart knowledge and does not desire to add to it.

So why should Dr. Binge try to teach you anything?

The professor who takes this emphasis on research as an excuse for not spending any time on students is an exception however. It is true that the demand for productive scholarship cuts down on the time he feels he can devote to classroom preparation and conferences—you might think of that the next time you waste an hour of your professor's time explaining that you worked three whole hours on that paper and wondering why you didn't make an A.

The good researcher is usually the



good teacher, in spite of the time-consuming nature of both occupations. He is a good teacher because he understands his subject. Specialization does not prevent him from acquiring a broad understanding of related fields—this understanding is almost necessary to a really capable specialist.

Dr. Binge, of course, doesn't look on it in this way. He resents anything (especially a class) which takes him away from hardware prices—1910 to 1912. This is a common enough failing to bring forth the complaint from one graduate student that the atmosphere around the University was "Pagan." "There are too many little gods," he says, "each in his own image." That is, there are some specialists who are not particularly good as researchers (and certainly not as teachers) because they don't attempt to bring their research into focus with any broader field of knowledge.

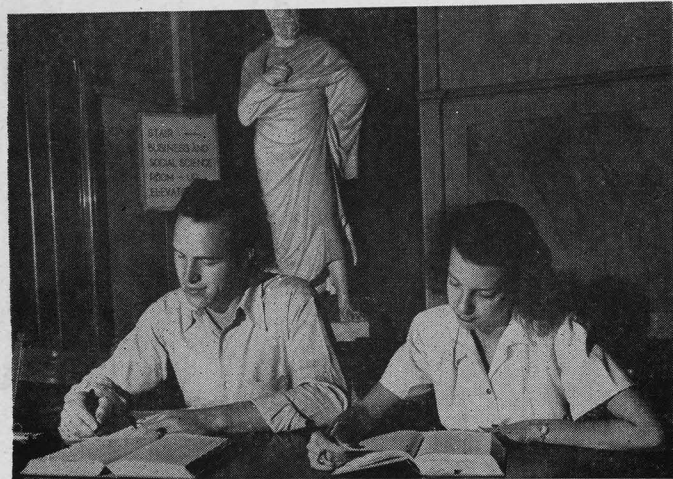
Dr. Binge is never going to be a good teacher because he can't establish contact with his students. He can't because he doesn't like and won't make any effort to understand his students. He alternately confuses them by the use of his technical vocabulary as proof of his erudition and insults them by watering down his subject to the point of sheer boredom. He only asks questions to embarrass an inattentive student—real

(Continued on Page 52)



# FUN IN YOUR SPARTIME -- if you have any

## THE DEAN RECOMMENDS:



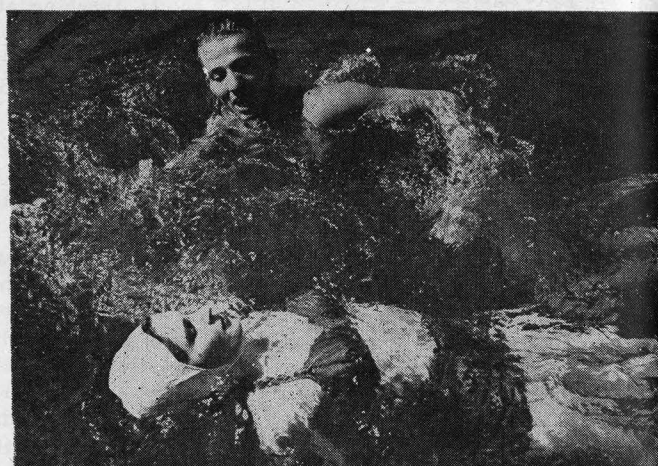
**STUDYING**—Concentration comes more easily in the quiet, studious atmosphere of one of the many libraries. No worry about distractions.



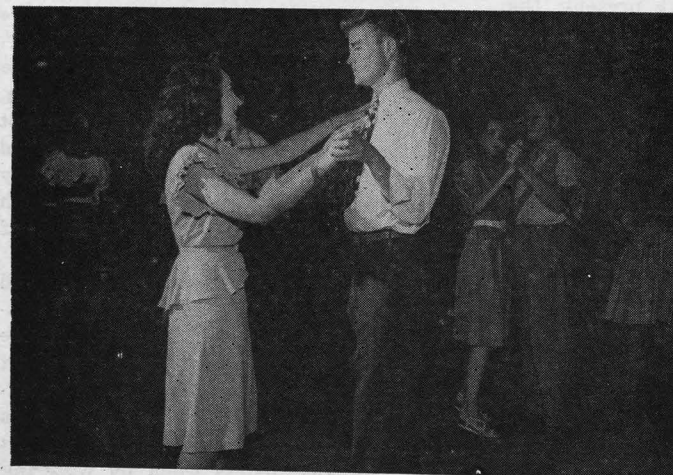
**MOVIES**—Heartily recommended are the interesting movies in Austin. You'll find them so enjoyable and exciting, you'll hardly know you have a date.



**PICNICS**—Good, wholesome food in the outdoors builds strong bodies. Ordinarily it is preferable to have a large crowd and chaperon.



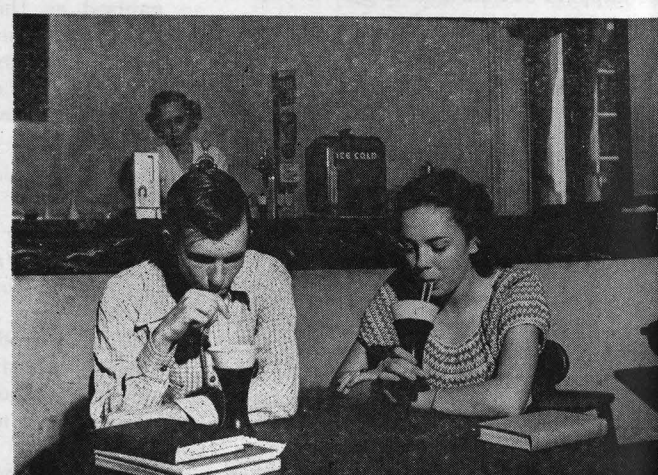
**SWIMMING**—Fine exercise to make you healthy. Be sure to stay in the cold water all the time, and have your water wings along, just in case.



**DANCING**—Also good exercise and a fine time to meet many new friends. Dancing is definitely an art and should be treated as such.

### MODELS:

Maude Lindsay and Bob Adcock \* Cookie Grisham and Rufus Guthrie \* Mary Mae McDonald and Pic Wagner \* Joyce Bell and Johnny Bohn \* Gloria Ann Carter and Sterling Steves \* Beverly Wilson and Bob Wheeler.



**REFRESHMENT**—of course, you need a good soft drink on a warm afternoon. You'll find the fountain room will quench your thirst and refresh you.

## THE RANGER SUGGESTS:



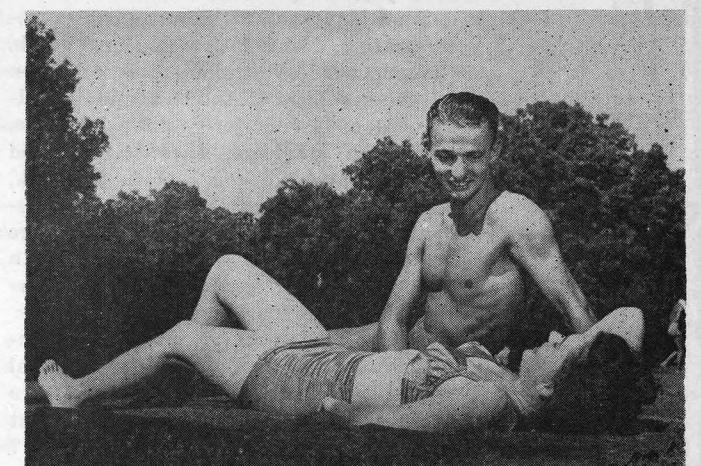
**STUDYING**—You can do much better, we think, studying on the grass. It is much softer than library chairs, and, besides, they might postpone the quiz.



**MOVIES**—Most of them are pretty sad these days, but an air-conditioned theatre is still a good place to eat pop corn and discuss things.



**PICNICS**—Don't worry about the food. You can always grab a quick snack before eleven. A Navajo is not absolutely necessary, but it helps.



**SWIMMING**—Since there is no place colder than Barton's, we think you'll find the bank more enjoyable. Definitely the scenery is better.



**DANCING**—Nuts to the other people. Who cares if you are Ginger Rogers or Fred Astaire anyway? Make the most of an opportunity to have fun!



**REFRESHMENT**—There is a tavern in the town, several of them. Here you'll always find a gay, interesting bunch, and the refreshment—ahhhh!

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY STANLEY DEPWE



# Student Government

By JAMES VACHULE

Twice each year the campus is subjected to campaigns—some lively, some dull—but nevertheless all accompanied by at least a degree of fanfare and political hullabaloo. The ordinarily unoriginal signs sprout, captivating smiles are flashed, hot winds of promise issue forth, yet election day usually boils down to a popularity contest.

Some say student government is deteriorating, dying a slow but sure death. Campus insiders attribute this condition to general lack of interest and unwillingness of the majority to participate, while the outsiders, those who spend election day at Scholz's or in the sack, say they aren't interested because student government is without constructive powers, that it is a political pop gun, an opportunity for 'professionals' to perfect their aim for bigger game.

But before we carry student government and all its trappings to the funeral pyre with resignation, it may be well to examine it in terms of tangibles. What are its functions? What are its powers? And what does it mean to the average student?

First, though not specifically stated in the constitution, student government is the voice of its constituents. Not a voice making empty reverberations of antagonism for the sheer sport of it. But a voice over a coffee table in tones barely audible at an adjoining table, or perhaps a voice within the paneled walls of an office in the southeast corner of the Main Building.

University administration officials, in most instances, are willing to hear student opinions and ideas. Naturally these administrators haven't time to mingle on the campus and poll individual students. There must be a more efficient method. Hence it is far from unusual that a Stu-

dent President or committee chairman will appear in the University vice-president's office to acquaint officials with student attitude toward a particular project or problem.

This does not mean the voice is always heeded. On the contrary it frequently isn't, but at least students have had opportunity to express opinions and desires.

A strong, well-guided, widely supported student government can be an effective voice and an adequate link between administration and students.

Definitely a high spot in the lives of many students is the entertainment and recreation provided by the Texas Union. Here too, student government plays a significant role. Student members of the Union Board of Directors and members of the 11 Union committees are appointed by the Student President with approval of the Assembly.

Last spring when thousands danced to the mellow music of Tex Beneke and the Glenn Miller orchestra they may not have realized that student government was largely responsible. The dance committee is responsible for providing plenty of first-class and big-name dance bands, in addition to several more modest affairs.

The Forum Speakers committee fills an equally important need. It arranges for personal appearance of such nationally known speakers as Eve Curie and Franklin P. Adams.

Other union committees present everything from charm and art classes to Coffeeforums and Texas Tower Time broadcasts.

Probably the most sensational and most publicized aspect of student government are the special investigating

(Continued on Page 54)



## MASTERPIECE or MONSTROSITY?

If there is a single spot on the campus where one finds concentrated the greatest amount of love, hate, admiration, and astonishment, West 21st Street and University Avenue is the place.

Here stands the \$250,000 Littlefield Memorial Fountain, with its lily pads, its silent bronze giants, its nostril-spewing seahorses, its floodlights, its verbose engraving, its flowing waters. One of the most controversial pieces of art in the State, it is sought out by sentimentalists, pranksters, paint-smearing vandals, camera addicts, freshmen, waders, visitors, lovers of statuary, and persons feeling its fatal fascination without cause. Here is the University's most obvious and colorful spot, like it or not.

The Fountain came into being through trial and turmoil. No one wants to be quoted, but rumor has it that the Regents accepted Major George Littlefield's gift with a measure of fear and trembling not unlike the emotions of those receiving Christmas neckties. Unwilling to offend the Littlefield heirs, they nevertheless were afraid of adopting a "white elephant."

★ ★

Yet unknown to many, the Memorial was not created haphazardly as a hodgepodge of figures to stun the eye and bewilder the brain. Each quirk of bronze by the Italian sculptor, Pompeo Coppini, has a meaning which Major Littlefield intended would perpetuate in artistic form the idealism of American youth.

When the Memorial's installation began in November, 1932, the six portrait statutes, originally intended to surround the fountain, were already in the State Capitol Rotunda. The figures, which took

three years to complete, were shipped from New York and came by truck from Galveston. Coppini personally placed the statuary.

In an editorial, The Daily Texan greeted the installation with the words, "... the artistic point of view can be accommodated . . . to make the University more than just a large collection of buildings . . . to make the campus distinctive. The campus with this great gateway will become something that Texans will be proud to point to."

But one Texan was not proud to point to the Fountain except with the finger of scorn and ridicule, and so frequently and bitterly did he do this that his remarks became legend.

In a burst of stinging oratory, J. Frank Dobie said of the Memorial: "It is a conglomerate of a woman standing up, with arms and hands that look like the stalks of a Spanish dagger; of horses with wings on their feet, aimlessly ridden by some sad figures of the male sex; and of various other inane paraphernalia. What it symbolizes probably neither God nor Coppini knows." Broaching the subject of "meaning," Dobie said, "It is a classical because it is neither natural nor real."

In 1943, he worked in a war theme, saying, "Scrap metal is badly needed. This is a good time to get rid of those idiotic riders and amorphous horses."

The folklorist's objections to the Fountain became so well known that the first-place winner in the 1940 Round-Up Parade was a float showing "The Fountain as Dobie Would Like to See It," with

cowboys and Indians replacing the bronze statuary.

The Ranger in 1942 ran a cartoon showing two drunks in top hats and tails floundering around in the Fountain. One said to the other, "But they told me somebody sunk \$250,000 in this thing."

Despite the long-continued rumpus about whether the Memorial was or was not ART, it was there to stay and students began accepting it and utilizing for their own purposes. It became a traditional meeting place for picnics and outings. Many a club or fraternity took it to their heart, dunking their pledges in its limpid waters. During the pre-war elections, it was customary to duck would-be politicians after election speeches. Once the students went down to dunk "Pappy" O'Daniel, but he filibustered them out of it.

With the advent of war, senior Rotcees began taking swimming lessons before graduation. And more than one Air Corps man, flying too high, was reported to have sobered up under Columbia's upraised arms.

The portrait statutes made the news too, as the years rolled by. Campus politicians were using Governor Hogg's ample abdomen to hold their signs in 1938. Woodrow Wilson was painted snow-white in 1940. General Robert E. Lee acquired a wasp's nest under his coat-tail. Governor Hogg got a rosy glow from an application of red paint by admiring Aggies. Columbia herself suffered this same indignity.

The Fountain, along with the six bronze portrait statues up the walk to the Main Building, symbolizes the fusion of

*By Liz Smith*

(Continued on Page 36)

# THE BEST CIRCLES

By John Alvin Weber

The saga of Murgatroyd Q. Castleberry, whose name rose from "report to the Dean" cards to become a byword among semanticists of this age.



After Murgatroyd Q. Castleberry received his discharge and exhausted his credit in the select 52-20 club he decided to get an education. Not content with anything but the very best, he enrolled in the Huntsville Reform School, only to find that it had not been approved by the Veteran's Administration or the National Council of Phi Beta Kappa. Murgatroyd decided to do the next best thing and enroll in the University of Texas, so he drove to Pflugerville and stood in line for the registrar's office. Eventually he succeeded in enrolling and took over the quarters vacated by the late-lamented Alfonso Schultz.

Murgatroyd had been ordained an engineer, ever since the day his father had been burned at the stake for wearing Red underwear and had willed our hero his entire home laboratory, including a "Baby Giant" chemistry set and a brand new Erector set. Bored of Regents, Murgatroyd soon concentrated on the Erector set, and from that day on he was an engineer.

He was much chagrined when he found out that English IA (whisper the name) was required of all freshmen, good, bad, or engineering. He dismissed the course with a shrug, however, since he had all his old high school themes, as well as those his sister had turned in before being evicted for quoting the Daily Worker in BBA school.

Murg soon realized his mistake, since none of his themes passed the mark. He tried everything, even pledging a fraternity, before he found out that none of his brethren had ever passed English the first time around.

Being a man of originality, Murgatroyd soon hit upon a solution. He numbered the words on each page of his Webster's Dictionary and loosened the clamps on his slide rule. Each time he needed a word, he thumped the slide on his rule. The reading under the hairline gave the page number, and the reading next to the index gave the word number on that page. Of course it took time to look up the words, but, since Murgatroyd was a fraternity man, he had one of the pledges do the strong-arm work.

Murgatroyd's grades immediately began to rise, due, no doubt, to the extended vocabulary he employed. He soon had a reputation for being a deep thinker, and one of the English profs was heard comparing him to James Joyce. A kind of T. U. version of Joyce, that is; one with all the four-letter words deleted.

But there was still some difficulty. Sometimes when he thumped the slide it would sail across the room and he would have to go over and pick it up. So one fine day he went over to the book store and purchased a circular slide rule. It didn't work too well until he loosened

the center nut and screwed the disk to the wall, but after that it proved superior to the straight version. It soon got to the point where, just for a lark, he handed in, verbatim, a copy of page 126 of U. S. A. and had it returned with a grade of A. Which just shows what a reputation can do.

One balmy Saturday night two of Murgatroyd's fraternity brothers, in search of a week-end supply of embalming fluid, broke into his room. In their twilight condition, they mistook the slide rule on the wall for the dial of a safe, and promptly twisted the damn thing off. In fact, they tore down the wall before giving up the search for the aforementioned embalming juice.

When Murgatroyd returned, he took quick stock of the situation. The wall and both pointers on his slide rule were irreparably damaged. It became necessary to screw the disk to the table top and substitute a pair of heavy pointers for the celluloid scales. The change was all for the better, however, since the termitizer, as he called it, worked much smoother than before. It soon became a popular diversion around the fraternity house to place bets on the next number, which accounts for subsequent rise in popularity of a device commonly referred to as a roulette wheel.

Naturally, Murgatroyd's school work suffered as a result of his preoccupation with the business of collecting and paying off bets on the wheel. Well along on the road to success recently traveled by that bird in the gilded cage (Y. A., I believe he is called), Murgatroyd soon did an abrupt about-face and started down hill. Although he still has the name of a wheel on the campus, he is in imminent danger of leaving this institution for a more favorable location to the north of the campus.

(Continued on Page 55)

September

GIRL OF THE MONTH

*Pat Hamman*

A junior speech major from Big "D," Pat is a Delta Zeta and is ready for a big rush season. She is in the Orange Jackets, YWCA, Forensics, and the Dallas Club. Asked about her plans for the future, Pat said, "It all depends on the fellows I meet this year." She was a Bluebonnet Belle Nominee, naturally.



# Fashion writes her own LAWS

... and if you're watching the fashion story, you're seeing longer skirts, sloping shoulders, cinched-in waists and the rest. In other words, come fall, there'll be a BIG departure in feminine fashion—and the broad-shouldered, lean look that turned masculine eyes only yesterday will be strictly for the annals of seasons past!

Sketched here is an exciting offering of campus clothes from some of Austin's fine fashion stores. You'll see that classics remain good; that you're to look as neat as the proverbial pin for class hours . . . and in the social whirl, as feminine as a flounce; in fact, you'll see that fashion writes her own laws, yes; but with a wonderful, lenient and varied hand!

**FASHION WRITES IN A DASHING HAND:**  
Elegant is the word. A suit with enough of the classic to take you anywhere with assurance; enough distinction to make you outstanding. Of hard wool worsted in Shadowpoint weave. From Buttrey's

**FASHION WRITES IN A NEAT HAND:**  
You'll still live in skirts and sweaters . . . but a neat, trim look about them is the big difference. Tassel-tie sweater and matching cap in all wool; slender skirt with fly panel. From the Co-ed Shop



**FASHION WRITES IN A LONG HAND**  
Note the long-slim skirt and the tightly buttoned treatment. For excitement, this two-piece wool dress is a virtual holiday for stripes—multicolored ones going crosswise, alternated with quiet gray. From Marie Antoinette.

ION WRITES IN A FREE HAND:  
 coat ever had flare, this is it!  
 and yards of swash-buckle in the  
 generous, deep-cuffed sleeves . . .  
 all, a face-flattering hood.  
 yet, it's fine wool gabardine!  
 T. H. Williams

HION WRITES IN A PRETTY HAND  
 pet beads wander in a graceful motif  
 the pink crepe top of this afternoon  
 . . . a gently draped black skirt gives it  
 ave manner. Perfect for tea-time, date-time,  
 time after noon. From Goodfriends.

HION WRITES IN A LAVISH HAND:  
 loveliest lady of them all—  
 in a black marquisette ball gown  
 applique lace top. Flesh-tint  
 yolk actually makes it a drop shoulder  
 n, heralding an important fashion trend.  
 n Yaring's.



Assembled and produced  
 for the Ranger by  
 the Staff of the  
 ADVANCE ADVERTISING AGENCY

## FOUNTAIN

(Continued from Page 31)

national life, disrupted by the Civil War, but brought together by World War I.

The ship of a united and victorious America carries two massive male figures, depicting the rugged Army and Navy. The winged center figure of Columbia, holding aloft the torch of enlightenment and fruitful labor, is symbolic of America in victory. The eagle signifies the nation undivided.

The ship is being drawn across the ocean to give democracy its place in civilization. The center seahorse is riderless, representing the uncontrolled forces of mob hysteria, while the two remaining horses, ridden and controlled by Tritons, depict the value of manpower.

The Memorial is dedicated to the men and women of the Confederacy and to those of the nation "who gave of their possessions and of their lives that free government be made secure to the peoples of the earth." On the wall at the rear of the fountain are the names of the 96 University dead of World War I. The Latin quotations, from Cicero, are translated: "The life given us by nature is brief, but the memory of a life well spent is everlasting" and "Oh, happy is that death which nature demands of all providing one falls in serving his country."

★ ★

Three thousand gallons of water a minute flow from the underground motor room over the cataracts of the Fountain, cascading from one pool into the next. Economically enough, the water returns to the motor room through large pipes and is used over and over.

Thus Major Littlefield's sincere and gargantuan Memorial has come to be a big part of University life and indications are that it will remain so. The seahorses will continue to rare and spew water, Sunday sight-seers will stop to marvel, and it will remain a best-seller on the Austin postcard racks. Daring co-eds will climb out on the ship America to feel the massive biceps of soldier and sailor. Lovers will be drawn unfailingly to the vicinity despite the floodlights. Some students may insist again, as they did in 1944, that there is an alligator making his home there.

A few will remember what Major Littlefield wanted the Memorial to mean, and many will never know or care. Yet even its critics know that the campus would seem barren without it now.

And despite her decorous appearance, Columbia will probably appear again some morning as she did before the war, shocking the 8 o'clock class-goers in an oversize brassiere, put on her by some student thoughtful of the cold.



### CAMPUS PERSONALITIES:

## THE CULVER SISTERS

### BEAUTY RUNS IN THE FAMILY

These charming and talented Culver sisters, Dollye and Sallye, are a true product of "The Friendly City," having resided here all of their 'teen years. Taking them one at a time, we discover the following: Dollye, 18, is a sophomore and majoring in costume designing with a yen to do court reporting. Vitalized statistics read: height 5'7", weight 125; she's a brownette with sparkling gray-green eyes. Her interests range from horseback riding, swimming and tennis, to fashion modeling, stenographic work and dancing.

Of men Dollye wants "a variety of personalities; they must be peppy, and have other interests besides school books."

Dollye placed second in a recent "Miss Austin" bathing beauty contest.

Busily engaged sketching Dollye is

Sallye, 19, also a sophomore, and who is an Art Major with a definite flair for fashion advertising.

She's a well-constructed 5'9" green-eyed blonde.

As to hobbies, Sallye lists as her favorites "all active sports." While on the serious side, she leans to drawing fashion ads and modeling for local fashion shops. She thinks men should try to be "tall, sincere, ambitious and good dancers. A sense of humor helps too." Last spring, Sallye represented Texas as "Miss Cotton" at a Memphis cotton festival.

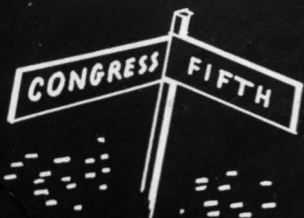
Neither girl would reveal which has the better luck at handling men. The Culver sisters seem to always have plenty of men on hand to handle.

BILL SEARS

SEPTEMBER 1947

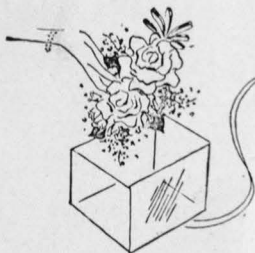


Lovely Dell Bradford, Texas University's Sweet-heart of 1946-47, models Swansdown's fall suit classic of Miron pure worsted beige tweed. Unique stripe treatment in brown accents the suit's decidedly new, impeccable tailoring details. Miss Bradford's hat is a Vera Whistler original. Bag, by A. Banner. Gloves, by Hansen. Gold-metal "Pelican" clip, by Cahn. From our exclusive collection of campus fashions.



t.h. williams

## A THRILL TO OPEN!



It's exciting to open a corsage box  
that contains distinctive flowers arranged  
in an original design

from

**UNIVERSITY**  
*Florist*

2348 Guadalupe

DOLLY MAUDE HARRIS

Manager

Phone  
3594

## A TREAT IN STORE



at

*Victor's*

specializing in  
fine Italian foods

Just off the drag at 23rd

- Steaks
- Omelettes
- Mexican Dishes

Open

11.00 a.m.—8:00 p.m.

Closed

Wednesday

## THE WHEEL

(Continued from Page 17)

Flickered uncertainly above the bobbing heads.  
Professor Burton fondled in his hand  
A travel folder—"Storied Land of Greece,"  
And put a hundred chips along the board,  
And watched them go: the red and black  
Dream of tomorrow, ever unfulfilled.  
Losing, he held the rumpled folder up  
To his old eyes, then put the thing away  
Inside the thick book underneath his arm  
And turned and left the door for Market Street.

Along the wind-whipped street, the time of year  
Clattered at Clarence's bones and clacked his  
teeth.

He felt the winter tugging at his face  
And fingering the collar of his coat,  
And, never changing step, he passed the walk  
Which turned directly into Blackburn House.  
He saw the cold, blank windows of the room,  
Remembering the clothes sprawled on the floor,  
The bed unmade, the six-bit gin left out.  
Tomorrow, as he thought, they would tear down  
The time-streaked door and then call in Chief  
Grimes

To hunt him down. But, barring some bad luck,  
Clarence would be two hundred miles across the  
state.

This is the way he planned the wheel to turn,  
Watching the players hunched along the board,  
Kissing the chips with desperate, shaky hands.  
The take was heavy. Clarence watched it pile  
Into his coffer—neatly banded bills.  
Early that evening he had set his mind  
Into the gamble, and at two o'clock,  
When Borden started closing up the place,  
Clarence wrapped the neatly banded bills  
Into a package. Locking up the safe,  
He waved the boss goodbye and made the street  
Sunday at three a. m., and cold as ice.

Clarence the croupier bit down a cough,  
Stopping to contemplate the time of night  
Held for a second on the jerking dial  
Of last year's Ingersoll, then made his way  
Up the platform where the trains came in.  
He pressed the package to his other hand,  
Fingering nervously the ill-tied string,  
Shifting his tired feet.

The three-fifteen  
Whined in the darkness, coming in to town.

The scene was in the reading room  
of a large public library. A man was  
reading birth and death statistics. Sud-  
denly he turned to the man on his right  
and said, "Do you know that every time  
I breathe a man dies?"

"Very interesting," replied the stran-  
ger. "Why don't you chew gum?"

—Frigol

He: "I've loved you more than you  
know."

She: "How dare you take advantage  
of me when I'm drunk!"

Drunkard—"Aw, lemme alone. No-  
body cares if I drink myself to death!"

Host—"I do; you're using my liquor."

—Punch Bowl

"All this stuff you read in college  
magazines is a bunch of hooey. I'm a  
college girl and I haven't smoked, necked  
or drunk beer yet."

"How long yuh been in college?"

"I just registered." —Sob

"Madam, may I see your daughter?"

"No; get out and stay out!"

"But madam, see this badge. I'm re-  
spectable. I'm a detective."

"Oh, I'm sorry; come right in. I  
thought it was a fraternity pin."

—Drexlerd

An old-fashioned girl blushes when  
she is embarrassed, but a modern girl  
is embarrassed when she blushes.

—Exchange

# REYNOLDS • PENLAND

AUSTIN AND DALLAS



## WHEN YOU ARRIVE ON THE FORTY ACRES

... the Eyes of Texas are upon you. Our business, of course, is keeping in sight (on you) the latest and smartest of campus-styled clothing that is setting the pace on the University campus. Drop in to see us and do some trying on soon. We'll be looking for you.

*Sketched, a campus-bound Reynolds-Penland outfit featuring a gabardine suit and topcoat by Renwood. The suit and topcoat each \$50*

## "FAMOUS BRANDS"



Make the Toggery your campus headquarters  
for nationally advertised merchandise

ARROW SHIRTS, TIES  
CATALINA SWEATERS  
MICHAEL STERN SUITS  
VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS  
CROSBY SQUARE SHOES

INTERWOVEN SOX  
BERG HATS  
BOTANY TIES  
WEMBLY TIES  
HICKOK BELTS

SWANK JEWELRY

## THE TOGGERY

at the University of Texas

## SWEATT

(Continued from Page 20)

est, then by the same token it seemingly would sustain me in any choice which would exclude absurdity.

I have readily consented to explore this subject in the Texas Ranger for several reasons (and bear in mind that up to this point in the processing of the case, I have been perfectly content to remain silent). As an initial reason and in keeping with my legal ambition, I welcome this opportunity to plead my own case. However, I hasten to attribute any error in my technique to the fact that events thus far have forced me to the reversed training schedule of taking my laboratory experience BEFORE I have had the privilege of taking any basic theory.

As a second reason, I feel perfectly free to accept the advantages offered by the Texas Ranger as a source for expressing these views. This strikes me as a very decided advantage in that the facts advanced are much less subject to having distorted interpretations placed upon them here than they would have in other sources that have been offered in recent months. I hasten to qualify this second reason not upon any assumption that "the University of Texas student body" can be solidly herded into either camp of negative or positive reaction, for to assume such would find me a victim of the generalizing that I have criticized. It is qualified rather, upon the greater degree of mental objectivity to be found in a university center.

Indeed, as far as attitudes regarding the problem of segregated education are involved, unanimity of opinion does not exist anywhere. Very assuredly, I did not find such a state at Michigan University during my study there toward the master's degree. And yet, I did find a sense of self-discipline expected in any educational center, and which permitted individuals to place a greater degree of importance upon one's immediate educational interest than upon the race or color of the person sitting in an adjacent seat. To be sure, they were (at least) less inclined to plant tacks in each other's seats. So right or wrong, I am inclined to feel that truth is subject to a fairer hearing in institutions where the quest for truth is stressed (so I am told), than in a less self-conscious area of society in which a lie can be believed with a clear conscience.

As a final important reason for speaking out now, I welcome the opportunity to confine the subject to its limited scope of educational segregation. And for what it might mean in this connection, I would want it frankly understood that as far as I am concerned, this problem cannot be resolved by any answer given the scapegoat question, "Would you want your sister to marry a Negro?" I am already happily married—and there are

(Continued on Page 42)

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## SWEATT

(Continued from Page 40)

laws against bigamy in this country. My personal concern with segregation does not exceed my immediate interest in a first class legal education. This directly and necessarily involves only those areas of society which will extend basic ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITIES completely unlimited by the characteristic and inherent discriminations of segregation. And after eight years of married life, I have come to know positively that the color of a wife has nothing to do with those features of one's life. In direct contrast, how much one receives for labor, and educational preparation for meeting life's respectable responsibilities are basic interests and necessities.

The very fact that the state provides funds (though tragically inadequate) for Negroes to study the professions in northern and eastern schools justifies my conclusion that their reason for doing so is wholly void of the social fears often expressed. This is to say that the race or color of the student who is to sit beside them up there is obviously of no concern, but the dollars and cents saved by sending them there IS.

As a twin reason for this fundamentally siamese, there is a definite relationship between the persistency of mass ignorance in the South and the type of economy upon which the section operates. And I might add that I refer anyone interested in a thoroughly readable analysis of this latter charge to a series of speeches delivered by Senator Benjamin Harvey Hill of Georgia (1870). Fundamentally, the facts yet apply.

Having thus stripped the subject of its related trappings, and confined it strictly to its limited reference to education (and equally important—to Heman Marion Sweatt as an individual applicant), I can now give you my reason for wanting to study law at Texas University.

My answer simply and conclusively is: For the same reason that there are other Texans studying there. It is the best law school in Texas, and the only one that can offer me equal training to that available for other students.

Please remember that I asked for Education—not NEGRO EDUCATION. And facts will unquestionably demonstrate a vast difference between the two. In fact, sufficient difference to guarantee that Prairie View will never find itself faced with an entrance application from a normal White student.

“I’ll give a million for your thoughts.”  
“My thoughts aren’t worth a dime.”  
“What are you thinking about?”  
“You.”

Oh, dear, I’ve missed you so much—and she raised the revolver and tried again.



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By E. GARTLY JACO

Today's record collector is, like everyone else, a victim of musical inflation. Never before in the history of the recording industry have so many people paid so much for such poor music. Therefore, it is the sincere purpose of this column to aid in selecting the best musical values from the current crop of recordings every month.

Before proceeding with this month's supply, let us state the criteria used in making our selections of so-called popular recordings:

(1) The music should have good jazz feeling, expression and taste; (2) originality of solos, tunes, and arrangements should be present; (3) high quality of musical expression, technique and tone should be maintained; (4) over-all presentation should assemble these qualities in a harmonious pattern, and (5) the quality of the recording and high fidel-

ity of reproduction of the music itself should be considered.

I have just listened to the latest output, and a brisk concoction of aspirin and castor oil would still fail to remove the bad taste in my mouth. Frank Sinatra, Perry Como and Crosby are still tonsiling the same old tripe. Dinah Shore and Jo Stafford are still putting the recording engineers to sleep. Only Ella Fitzgerald and Frankie Laine have kept the vocal department worthwhile.

Such big-name bands as Harry James, Frankie Carle, Tex Beneke, Gene Krupa, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, and Kay Kyser, to name a very few, are still just musical riveters on the Tin Pan Alley assembly line. Lesser-known outfits such as Ray McKinley, Claude Tohrnhill, Stan Kenton and Billy Butterfield are attempting to maintain a high standard of music, but are bucking terrific obstacles, too many of them being created by the big, ultra-conservative recording companies.

Recorded jazz has been selling today as never before, and the "big-four" firms, Victor, Columbia, Decca and Capitol, with few exceptions, are simply not producing, or allowing their bands to record, good jazz. As a result, in order to revive recent heavy sales slumps, many firms are re-issuing old platters from their forgotten archives. Columbia's mammoth and impressive list of old-timers should be available at "drag" record shops now.

With this in mind, we have only a couple of records worth mentioning in our recorded reverie this month:

Ella Fitzgerald has recently released two of the most stimulating vocal discs of the year. Ella does a masterful job of phrasing in *That's My Desire*, and turns her voice into a horn in a vivid version of Gershwin's *Oh, Lady Be Good* (Decca).

The only orchestral offering worthy of mention is former Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey star trumpeter, Ziggy Elman's *And the Angel's Sing and Three Little Words* coupling (M-G-M). Ziggy's M-G-M version of the former is a repeat performance of the same solo which brought him much acclaim with Benny Goodman on Victor. Ziggy's trumpet is a bit too close to the mike on his solo and clouds his tone. Virginia Maxey's vocal chorus falls short of Helen For-

(Continued on Page 56)

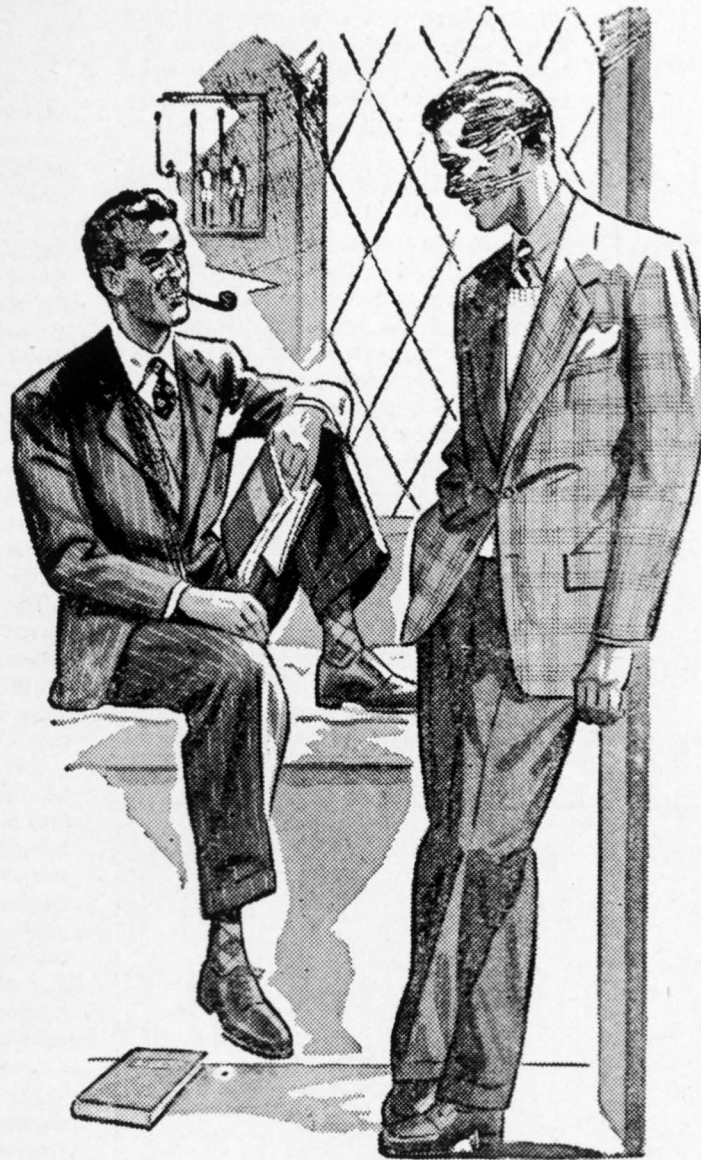


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Get Their Glasses

## DRINK

(Continued from Page 19)

Come on, they said in that little dump in North Africa, it's a long war, and you might get knocked off tomorrow. All cats are grey in the dark. No thanks, I'll stay here with some wine or a pint of bad likker, whatever they have in this hole. I've got a girl waiting for me down in the forks of the creek. I'll wait for you, she said. Milking the cows and going to church. Three years waiting to see Ellen. But Joe Tyler was doing all that hard work in the fields.

He came to the last of the trees where the bank sloped to the white sand of the creek. Keep under cover. He dropped down behind the trunk of a large tree with roots spreading over the ground. Keep your head down, soldier. He took the Luger out of his pocket. Well, nobody here knew he had it. He had taken it out of the stuff one of those three Krauts had left on the bank of the irrigation ditch, and wrapped it in his khaki socks. They had known at the hospital, of course, but the nurses didn't give a damn what you took for souvenirs. Take it easy, General, we're shipping you back to the States to get you fixed up. . . .

Joe Tyler had put down the little bundle of towel and soap, and kicked off his heavy shoes. Stepped out of his denim

pants and blue shirt and dropped his shorts. His back was muscled and tan, down to the waist, from working in the field. Used to be young men on the farm had a criss-cross pattern on their backs from the straps of their overalls. Stepped into the water and splashed himself, lathering with the soap and singing. . . . Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, I know you of old. . . .

It had always been good swimming here in the old days, where the high bank on the other side of the creek turned back after running straight for the length of the field. Cool, clean. . . . You rob my poor pockets of silver and gold. No water like that in North Africa. Never take a drink until you've doctored the water. But when you walk for miles in the hot sand, and hell, the next step's always the last one. Dirty water in the irrigation ditch where the three Krauts were bathing and washing their clothes. Shoot first, and don't take prisoners if it's too much trouble. . . . The blood spurting from the tan backs. One of the Krauts had run a little way, screaming in German. The jarring of the automatic. . . .

The Luger was in his hand, the metal warm. Joe Tyler's back, tan under the creamy soap, and the sun bright on white sand. Ellen and Joe, they said. Ellen and Joe. . . . I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry. . . .

He shifted his weight. Keep your head down, take cover. The pain shot up into his groin as he straightened his leg, lying tense, and he remembered the hot sun off the rocks, and the next step. . . . Sand exploding under him, and the O. D. pants ripped off bleeding flesh, his own. Screaming, screaming. . . . If rye whiskey don't kill me, I'll live till I die. . . .

Shoot first and ask questions after, squeeze the trigger easy, don't jerk at it. . . . easy.

Joe Tyler fell forward, the milky suds washing off into the green pool. Drifted from the middle of his back and spread at the top of the water. Cool, clean. . . . The Luger dropped from his hand. Pain easier now.

I'll wait for you, she said.

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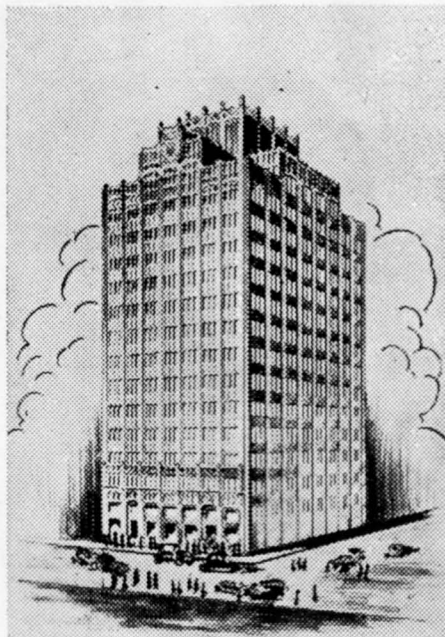
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## PERIGRINUS

*(Continued from Page 15)*

and likelihood of being a credit to the profession are qualifications considered.

The honorary fraternity is Phi Delta Phi. An honor organization known as the order of COIF, which is the highest scholastic honor attainable at graduation time is made by about 10 per cent of the class. During the last year, another national legal fraternity has started a chapter here at the University—Phi Alpha Delta.

In step with modern educational trends, the Law School tries to tie in as much practical experience as possible with the lectures and classroom work. The three main ventures in this practical field are the Texas Law Review, the Legal Aid Clinic, and the Moot Court.

The Law Review is a periodical edited six times a year by a handful of the outstanding undergraduate students. To be selected by the faculty to fill one of the editorial posts is one of the highest scholastic honors attainable in the school. The Review contains case notes, commentaries, and book reviews. Parker C. Fielder, editor-in-chief for the current year, estimates that 100 hours of work are required to write a comment, and at least 40 to turn out a case note. All work is done under faculty supervision and the Review, which has the largest circulation of any such publication in the nation, is widely read in the professional world as well as in other schools.

The Legal Aid Clinic gives students practical experience in working with actual clients. The Clinic is conducted for persons needing legal aid and advice who are unable to pay for the services of an attorney. The law students, under the supervision of Woodrow W. Patterson, a practicing attorney in Austin, help to gather information, draw up papers, and prepare cases for court if necessary. Although they are not permitted to argue a case in court until they have passed the Bar examination, they usually are permitted to aid in the proceedings. About half of the Legal Aid Clinic's clients are University students and the most common concern housing and evictions, divorce proceedings, wills and property suits.

The Moot Court is under the direction of S. T. Morris, who is, at 27, the youngest professor on the staff. A graduate of the Law School in 1946, he holds the rank of Assistant Professor. The Moot Court is somewhat of a cross between a classroom recitation and a relay race. Students argue cases in the court during the year, four persons at a time, and at the last of the semester the four best case-handlers are awarded prizes.

As to the future of the Law, most persons who were questioned on the subject seemed to think that Laws are here to stay. As long as man must have rules to live by there must be those who can

interpret and apply the rules fairly. The Law, like other phases of our civilized existence, is constantly becoming more involved, rather than the converse. Every time someone invents something or has a new idea there must be a new law or a new interpretation to govern its use.

One of the lucrative fields for lawyers in the Southwest, and one in which Texas specializes, is the study of oil and gas law. Students are coming to the University from all over the nation for instruction in this line.

The study of law is no longer an exclusive male occupation, no more than geology or engineering. There are today about a dozen young women delving into Blackstone, among them the Sweetheart of the University of Texas, Del Bradford. Most of the girls who go into law do so with the intention of practicing, because getting an LL. B. isn't something you do just to be different.

Besides Del, there are enough other law students who are taking a very active part in University social and political affairs to squelch any intimation of reticence. First on the list, of course, is Brad Bourland, president of the Students' Association.

Other names which are well-known all over the campus are Fritz Lyne (who possibly holds some sort of record for being appointed to high student offices); Orrin Johnson, president of the University Bar Association last year, and Paul Cook, president this year (this office corresponds to being class president of the entire Law School). There are 30 members of the Fiftieth Legislature who are University students, and 24 of these are law students.

Peregrinus governs them all. He, or it, is omnipresent in every classroom. He is in the line when students walk through the Dean's office to get their semester's grades. He attends the graduation ceremonies and takes the Bar examination with each University candidate. He goes into law offices all over Texas and the nation, wherever a University graduate settles. It is not frivolous to say that Peregrinus is the symbol of the integrity, efficiency, and the spirit of a job well done that makes the University of Texas School of Law proud of its reputation, and makes the students proud of their school.

An impetuous young Williams student named Wimpfheimer negotiated a date with a pair of Siamese twins one night. "Have yourself a good time?" asked his awe-stricken roommate later. "Well," replied Wimpfheimer, "yes and no."

Father: Has our daughter read "What Every Girl Should Know?"

Mother: Yes, and she sent seven pages of suggestions to the author.

—Yellow Jacket



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Father: Say, it's two o'clock. Do you think you can stay all night?

Frat Man: I'll have to telephone home first.

## MR. PONG

(Continued from Page 16)

holdings were dumped on the market, and prices began to sag. On Thursday, October 24, 1929, 120,800,000 shares of International Ping Pong Preferred were unloaded. That did it.

Prices dropped, foreign trade fell, factories curtailed production, or closed their doors never to reopen them, real estate declined, banks went under, wages were cut drastically and unemployment figures began to mount. Foreign nations fell into the abyss of depression and the natives in the Northern Shan States of Eastern China were forced to eat ping pong balls instead of fish balls.

The CCC blamed the entire mishap on the Federal Industrial Economic Negation Department, which in turn placed the blame squarely on the shoulders of Samuel P. Pong, the erstwhile inventor of the ping pong ball.

A senate investigation was conducted and on the twelfth of November, 1929, Samuel Pong was sentenced by the Supreme Court to death by hanging.

A complete and detailed description of the events leading up to the depression was printed in the December 26 issue of the Congressional Record, with ample praise heaped upon on the head of the CCC. The CCC in turn heaped praise, as well as several volumes of flowery memoranda, on the head of FIEND.

The body of Samuel P. Pong, with a stake through the liver, lies in an unmarked grave in southern Michigan.

R. I. P.

—GEORGE WARMACK



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## PROFESSORS

(Continued from Page 27)

classroom discussion is difficult to bring off. One professor says, for instance, "When I'm too tired or lazy to teach, I lecture." (Some of our best teachers use the lecture method exclusively, of course—you can't make any set rule. At least we're not going to try.)

Considering the illiteracy of most high school graduates, getting the majority of university students to read and think for themselves (which most educators agree is the object of higher education) is a large order, even for the qualified teacher. For the unqualified, it is an impossibility. Yet most universities have almost no way of judging a teacher's competence. The University of Chicago makes sizeable awards for outstanding instruction, but that's rare. In research, the amount of material published may serve as a quantitative if not a qualitative indication, but there are too many people around who, like Dr. Binge, teach because it's part of the job. Jacques Barzun, discussing *The Teacher in America*, said:

Many people who pass as professional teachers are merely "connected with education." They live on the fringes of the academic army—campus followers, as it were—though too often it is they who have the honors and emoluments while the main body lives on short rations.

Dr. Binge, who publishes reams of material on hardware prices from 1910 to 1912, is doing fine.

Considering the fact that your professor gets so little out of it, the wonder is that there are any good teachers around. So if you have a professor who puts his heart and soul into his classroom performance, rejoice. You ain't never had it so good.



Small Boy: "Dad, is Rotterdam a bad word?"

Dad: "Why, no, son. It's the name of a city."

Small Boy: "Well, sister ate all my candy and I hope it'll Rotterdam teeth out."

## STUDENTS

(Continued from Page 26)

Why did these parents want their children to get a general education? Plan II still goes on, but it may eventually drown in the sea of specialized mediocrity.

Note: The writer is not and never has been a member of the Plan II staff.

### MEOW

The boy was probably mentally deficient and an examination was being conducted.

"How many ears has a cat?" queried the psychologist.

"Two," replied the lad instantly.

"And how many eyes has a cat?"

"Two."

"And how many legs has a cat?"

"Say, Doc," asked the boy, "didn't you ever see a cat?" —Drexlerd

Minister: "And how is my little lad today?"

Little Lad: "Ssh! Not so loud. Dad might hear."

Murgatroyd

Was a cow more athletic than

Muddlerly

She hopped a picket fence and was  
Destroyed.

Udderly. —Pup

It was the first time she had been to dinner with them, and they smiled indulgently as she refused a whiskey and soda.

"I never touched it in my life," she explained.

"Why not try it?" urged her host.  
"See if you like the taste."

She blushed and shyly consented, and he poured her out a mixture which she delicately put to her lips.

After the first swallow, she grimaced and placed the glass on the table. "This isn't bourbon; it's Scotch!"

—Flotsam

Friend: I see your son is home from college.

Father: Oh, I thought someone had stolen the car.

He: Your husband is a brilliant looking man. I suppose he knows everything.

She: Don't be silly! He doesn't suspect a thing. —The Owl

Co-ed: "I don't think I should get zero in this exam."

Prof: "I know it, but it's the lowest mark there is."

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## GOVERNMENT

*(Continued from Page 30)*

committees created and appointed by the president and assembly. The recent drive to improve the University Health Service, which terminated in desirable, though not complete, improvement, is an example.

Little more than a month has passed since completion of two brand new fire escapes on the Journalism building. A potential death trap partially eliminated. Before fire escapes were installed the only means of escape was one narrow and wholly inadequate stairway. On this project two branches of student government united forces. Administration officials remedied a deplorable situation only after a strong editorial campaign by The Daily Texan, supported by an Assembly investigation.

Another Assembly committee is now exploring the possibility of expanding University Co-operative housing. Having determined that University-owned houses are not available, the committee has turned its efforts toward procuring privately-owned real estate. Whether or not the committee will succeed remains to be seen, but its objective is admirable in that it proposes not only to improve existing conditions but also to provide for the future—when the day of veterans has passed and more and more students will be seeking economical housing.

When a student enters the Co-op Book Store to make a purchase he is dealing with an establishment partly owned and controlled by students. Management of the store is directed by a board composed of four administration members and four students, who are responsible to the student President and Assembly.

Each year the Assembly elects one of its own members to the Athletic Council. With the new stadium additions in sight for 1948 it is doubly important who serves on the Athletic Council. The right man, with concerted student backing, could probably do much to obtain better seats for the student body.

Transcending all other phases of student government in contact with the entire student body is Texas Student Publications, Inc., publishers of The Daily Texan, The Texas Ranger, and The Cactus. Editors and Associate Editors of the three are elected along with the other officers. It is their duty to gather, interpret, and disseminate all information concerning University affairs. All three appoint their own staffs, with approval of the Board of Publications. Additional safeguard is provided here. Two Assembly members and the President serve on the Board.

Student government may be described briefly as a balanced mechanism designed to absorb a multiplicity of ideas, complaints, and desires, and translate them into constructive action. For this purpose the Assembly meets on the second and fourth Thursday of each month.

Every person enrolled in the University is privileged to attend, just as he is entitled to vote in the fall and spring elections.

With the preceding illustrations and examples in mind it becomes apparent that, though it is far from perfect, the Students' Association fills a huge gap in University life. Whether it functions smoothly and with precision is directly dependent on its constituency, each and every student.

The first requisite of an effective student government is far-reaching support and active co-operation of the entire student body. Ten thousand voices will certainly bring more results than a hundred. It is disappointing to note that only 5,484 of 16,823 voted in the general elections last spring.

## RANGING

(Continued from Page 11)

sight. There would have been one advantage—we could have called the other story "Shack-time at Texas."

So here is the first Ranger for this year.

—o—

There's a certain Mr. Moerke, supervisor of the Ranger among other things, who keeps screaming "Deadline" at us, insisting we get all art work to the engravers and copy to the printers. At this moment he is standing in the door saying, "Finish that column and let's go to press!"

So - - -

New Arrival: Could you direct me to the library?

Moose: Sorry, I've only been here four years myself.

—Caveman

## BEST CIRCLES

(Continued from Page 32)

Even in passing, however, Murgatroyd will have left his mark. The latest report is that the English department has voted favorably on a proposition to use the device for determining semester grades on the theory that it will reduce cheating. There was pronounced opposition to this system until one of the more observant members of the faculty pointed out that the lower numbers were stretched over most of the scale, while the higher numbers were all crowded into a smaller portion.

The final results of Murgatroyd's intrusion into the field of higher education must be left for history and a specially appointed student investigating committee to decide. As this story went to press, the members of the committee were still bravely hunched over the wheel in various states of attire. The only item of significance was the scarcity of Union suits in this part of the country.

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TWO AIR-CONDITIONED

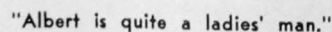
CONVENIENTLY LOCATED  
21ST AND WICHITA  
8TH AND CONGRESS

(Continued from Page 44)

But that's the chief ailment of the music field today.

—Yellow Jacket

"The banks close at three."





"Are you sure you are a freshman student from Yokum?"

### MONKEY BUSINESS

A young Marine, after fighting World War II in Pacific jungles, came back to his Alabama farm with a pet monkey. He found that the monkey could pick cotton faster than he could. So he asked his village banker for a loan with which he could buy 100 monkeys and train them to pick cotton at far lower cost than by human hands.

"No," said the banker, "it's too risky. As soon as you got your monkeys trained, those dam yankees would come down here and free them."

—Pathfinder

If I am studying when you come in, wake me up.

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Then hold this while I tie my shoe."

Angry father: "What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?"

Gay blade: "Had to be at class at seven."

"They all laughed when I stood up in the night club—how was I to know I was under the table?"

Wife: "The new maid has burned the bacon and eggs, darling. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a couple of kisses for breakfast?"

Hubby: "Sure, bring her in."

A Texan entered a saloon with his wife and three-year-old-son. He ordered two straight whiskies.

"Hey, paw," asked the kid, "ain't maw a-drinkin'?"

—Pup Tent

### PHOTO CREDITS

Cover: Betty Wallace and Ed Felder.

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TEXAS RANGER

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# THE DREAM

A SHORT SHORT  
By TOM HUNTER

He put on a little power and taxied out to the end of the runway. As he waited for clearance from the tower he ran through the check-off list and a thrill of anticipation went through his body. He had tried to pretend that it was just another flight but as the moment approached when he was to travel faster than the speed of sound he began to feel nervous and excited.

A thought crossed his mind; a silly thing that made him grin. Suppose that story was true and he did overtake time and began to grow younger? Laughing at himself for even considering such a thing he concentrated on the final preparations for the take off.

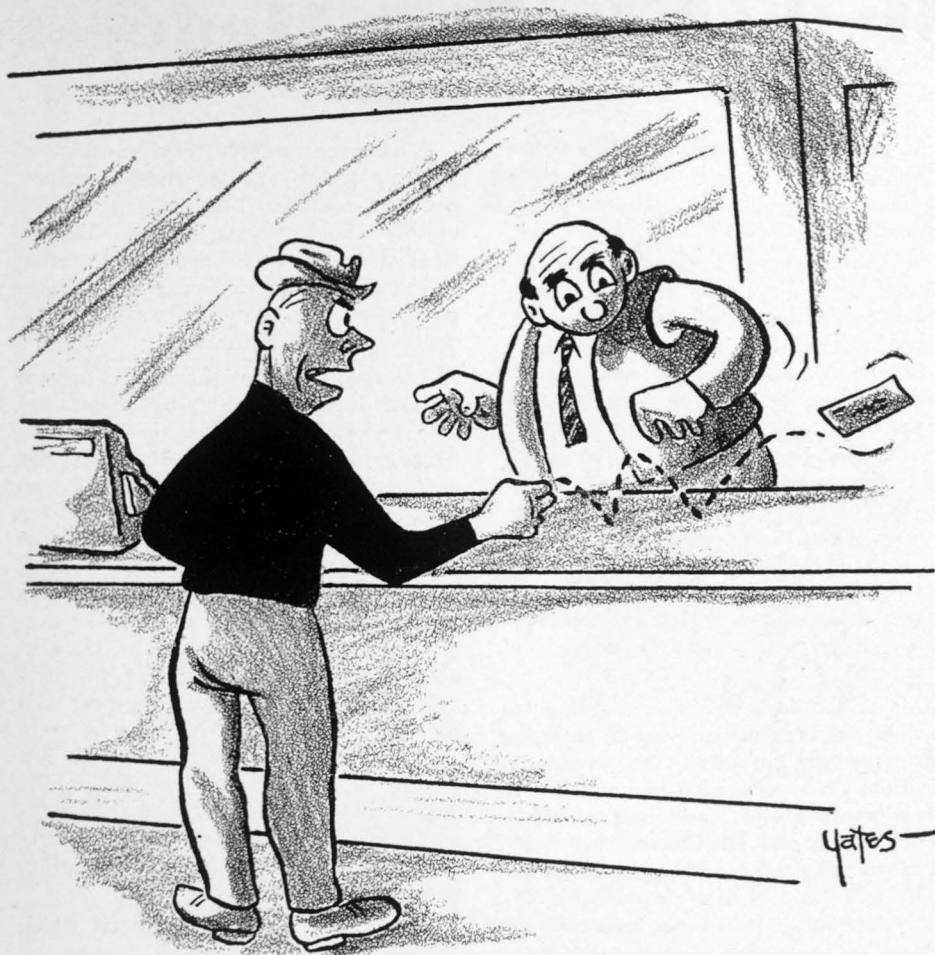
In the air at last; now to see what she could do. The moment he had waited for was at hand. Of course it was just another hop that he was paid to make; paid enough so that he could take it easy for a while. But still there was something about it that gets you, the thrill of flying, of flying faster than any other living thing.

He had reached altitude now and leveled off for his run. He made a quick mental check and eased on the power. Faster and faster; the needle of the air speed indicator began to climb. He gave her some more power and checked his instruments. She was really traveling now and handling perfectly. He gave it all there was left and the plane surged forward still faster.

A giddiness swept through him and he saw patches of black. Suddenly a curtain dropped before his eyes. He was no longer in the plane. It was a room, vaguely familiar, and he was standing in the center. There was a girl in the corner crouched against the wall. She was a red-head with a cute little turned up nose, and she was frightened and trembling. There was someone else in the room. It was a man with a gun in his hand and a leer on his face. A voice came from behind the gun, "So this is your lover boy; well, see how much good he is to you now." The gun spoke twice, he felt the bullets thud into his body and he fell to the floor.

Suddenly the blackness cleared. He was in the plane and shaking his head to clear his mind. He took a quick look around the cockpit, everything was okay. He had no idea how long he had been out. Now to land this thing and go back to his hotel for a good rest.

He stretched out on the bed with a tall cool glass in his hand. Everything was right with the world. He had the



"Would you mind cashing this personal check?"

Baby Ear of Corn: Mama, where did I come from?

Mama Ear of Corn: Hush, dear; the stalk brought you.—Pen State Froth

check for the test hop and there was a bottle of good Scotch on the dresser.

His thoughts were interrupted by an urgent knocking at the door. He roused himself and turned the latch. It was the little redhead with the cute turned-up nose from down the hall he had been running around with.

She brushed by him into the room. She was nervous and frightened. "Please, you've got to help me!" she pleaded. There was a violent banging on the door, she ran to the corner and crouched there. The knob turned and the door slowly opened.

#### ON THE COVER

Sweetheart Del Bradford, laden with law books, is ready for another year on the Forty Acres. Del is from Rock Springs, isn't married, hasn't ever been married. So far as we know, this is the first time a full-color cover has been used on the Ranger. Scarf and sweater from T. H. Williams.

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# Method In This Madness

By AL WEINSTEIN

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A group of us practical lads were drinking our breakfast and discussing off-the-shoulder blouses (those Yoga-controlled creations.)

Our conversation ultimately took on the tone of a dirge and "snafu'ed" class schedules became the general subject instead of that three-lettered word which is usually the predominant topic in such conversations. (One ardent devotee of Freud was so disappointed and confused that he went to class.) We tried to outdo each other telling about our weird schedule assignments but it was a fairly even contest. Few, if any, of our classes met in buildings conventionally associated with the course, and each of us met classes during hours which we normally should have been eating, sleeping, or drinking.

One of the boys who was studying to be a genius took a firm step in that direction when he asked the pregnant question, "Who assigns rooms and hours for courses, anyway, and how do they do it?" That did it! Chances are that all of us had grappled subconsciously, at least, with this obvious explanation of our woes, but it had never occurred to any of us to pursue it to a valid conclusion.

It has been rumored that the Board of Regents makes out the final announcement of courses. The main hypothesis of this school of thought holds that the Regents meet in a graveyard during full moon and accomplish their nefarious purposes by means of a warped Ouija board printed in Sanscrit.

A variation on this theme that became popular during the war years maintained that the Regents masterminded an underground organization designed to find out the most unpopular rooms and hours. Each room and each hour was written on individual kernels of wheat and stuffed into separate cannons; then the courses were printed on grains of rice, one to each grain, and stuffed into another cannon. During final examinations, the cannons are fired and the grains and kernels which landed closest together and contained the proper inscriptions were read and prepared for publication. According to this war-time speculation, the puffed wheat and puffed rice was gathered and sold to local chophouses thereby killing, or at least seriously injuring, numerous birds with one stone.

There were other assumptions which we won't go into at present. Besides, an entry for "hashish" has never been

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found on the Regents' expense account.

But why guess or listen to rumors? Recalling a story about some chap named Diogenes, I borrowed a lantern from a nearby sorority house and went in search of the Truth.

Discreet questioning put me on the trail of the "Office of Official Publications" which, to my surprise, was located behind the Registrar's Office. It had never occurred to me that the Registrar's Office extended beyond Mr. Fichtenbaum's or Mr. Mathew's desk. I approached this inner sanctum with fearful apprehension. Apprehension gave way to incredulity—the office contained nothing more fearful than women, and very attractive ones at that.

Miss Louise Barekman, Editor of Official Publications, introduced me to her staff: Mrs. Sue Allen, Assistant Editor; Mrs. Maurine Plettman, Publications Secretary; Mrs. Sibyl Furgason, proofreader, and Mrs. Francis Brink, schedule assistant. Each of these charming ladies is a graduate of the University, and judging from their appearance, one might logically assume recent graduates.

In short order, Miss Barekman dispelled the mysteries of scheduling which begins with each Department Chairman submitting a list of those courses offered by his department. Included on this list are the various sections, an estimation of the number of students, and requests for meeting hours. The courses are tabulated by departments and hours and the total number of courses at a given hour must equal the number of rooms available at that hour. If this doesn't balance, the extra courses are changed to hours when there are rooms enough to accommodate them. Before the shack era, there were 120 rooms for each hour, now there are 145. This will facilitate a more even distribution of hours.

When the number of courses equals the number of rooms, each course and its probable number of students is entered on a separate file card which is headed by the hour it meets. The cards are arranged according to meeting time; e.g., those meeting MWF 8, those on TTS 8, MWF 9, TTS 9, etc.

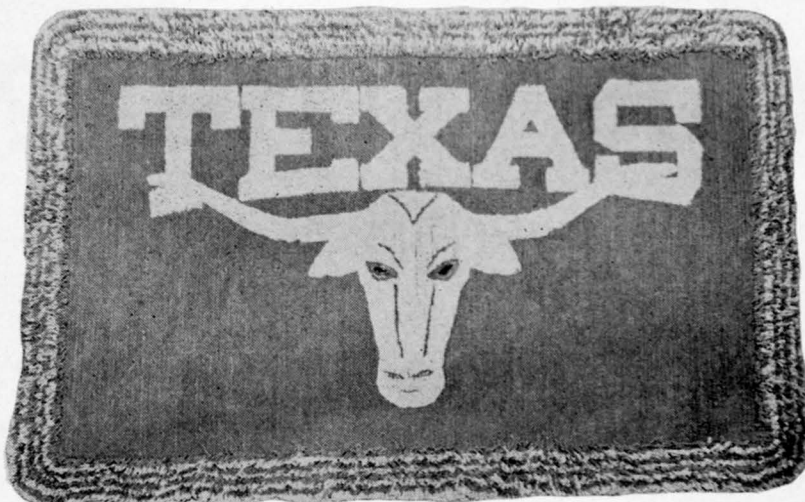
The next step is entering the courses on a master chart. This chart looks like a glorified schedule card, only with different designations. The top of the chart is divided into sections which contain the meeting time (MWF 8, TTS 8, etc.). On the left side are general divisions headed by buildings; each of these divisions are subdivided into the name or number of the classrooms in that building. Such data as capacity and special equipment (platform, projection facilities, etc.) if any, is noted by each room number.

Miss Barekman and her assistant then begin the actual work of assigning the classes, and slow painstaking work it is. They take each card, go down the column of the hour at which it meets, and enter

*(Continued on next page)*

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PRESENTS



### LONGHORN THROW RUGS

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it in the appropriate square opposite the room of the proper building.

So far as the room selections are concerned, the classes which require special facilities (drama, engineering, home economics, etc.) and need certain rooms are assigned first. She tries to place the non-specific courses (English, history, psychology, etc.) in the buildings with which they are associated, but there is usually an overflow due to numerous sections. These overflow classes are placed in the next best rooms available at that hour to prevent possible night classes. The late hours and more inconvenient and uncomfortable rooms are used only as a last resort. Being ex-students, Miss Barekman and her assistants dislike resorting to this last desperate measure and wish that all classes could be in air-conditioned buildings from 10 to 12 a. m. However, they admit this is a mad, impetuous dream.

Hurrying back to rejoin my comrades, I pictured how happy they'd be when I related to them the method behind what we thought was madness. Now, when we (or you, for that matter) are in some midnight till one section, or propping our eyes open at 6 a. m., or when we're in "B" Hall waiting for the roof to fall in, the floor to drop out, or both (depending upon what floor we are), we'll know how and why we got there—if that is any consolation.

When I returned, the Freudian enthusiast was back, smiling happily—the conversation was normal. No one seemed to care about my interesting story nor was anyone in condition to listen to it. Muttering something to the effect of "drop dead," I ordered "a dozen to go" and headed for "B" Hall to wait for my next class.

It would be a long time till midnight.





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# One Campus Drive Is Enough



Attitudes ranging from indifference to downright hostility greet almost every campus drive for funds in each spring semester. Solicitors for many worthwhile charities fail miserably, simply because most of us are sick and tired of seeing extended hands and hearing pitiful pleas.

After Christmas shopping splurges and other debt-incurring devices have strained the budget over a period of a few months, it is no wonder that the \$65-per-month men and their equally poor fellow students and faculty friends find each succeeding drive increasingly disgusting.

Then the answer to the *Texan's* editorial question Why Not One Big Drive Instead of a Dozen? (The Summer *Texan*, Thursday, August 7, 1947) is obvious. There is absolutely no logical reason why there should not be "one comprehensive money-raising drive" conducted by a central agency, "asking each student for a contribution one time." Advantages other than deserved relief to plagued student body and faculty become immediately apparent.

In the first place, if a student could be assured that he would be dunned for contributions only once during the year, it is reasonable to assume that he would be inclined to give rather liberally, and probably cheerfully. Co-operation of the Board of Regents, the administration, student government, and the Daily *Texan* in outlawing all drives but the "big un" would give him that surety.

Still another favorable argument stems from the likely desire of a number of organizations to share the loaded Campus Chest fund. With expenses of the campaign dispersed among the participating groups, the cost per individual organization would be considerably less than if each conducted separate drives.

If the University of Washington can raise in one campaign a sum (nearly \$16,000) which they say far outstrips that raised in previous years by many drives, certainly it is possible for the University of Texas to do as well or proportionally better. The financial report of Washington's Campus Chest Committee attests to the success of their "one drive" and establishes a general pattern which The University of Texas might well follow.

There is reason to believe that a University of Texas Campus Chest would be successful as was that at Washington. However, next spring when we are tired of soliciting and being solicited is not the time for planning. The time to plan is the present—now, before irksome campaigns begin, before Christmas shopping starts, while we still have a little cash and a lot of patience.

## LOOKING BACK

This column, with its advantageous position at the end of all the gore, perspiration, and *lacrimae* (sob!) which makes up the new *Ranger*, has the function of the backward look. Not at the *Ranger* itself; we are leaving you to your own conclusions. If you like it, maybe you'd better not run through again—you might change your mind. If you have decided it's just another one of those things, may we ask you to reconsider? Especially, we think, you should give Bill Rips's *The Wheel* another spin.

What we intend to look back on, though, is the University scene since the *Ranger* last appeared. This month we have the whole summer to mull over.

—O—

If you weren't, you should have been here. Especially the girls. The shortage, bad since the vets started coming home from the wars (or the battle of Shepherd Field), was worse than ever this summer. Not in such a hurry to get a degree, the girls take vacations more seriously than the G. I. Bills, and life was just a round of books and beer, with very little of the feminine soft touch.

It's not that nothing happened. The shacks went up—but they won't help the crowded classroom situation much. Also the J. P. Porter Fire Escapes were tacked on to the Journalism Building. We call them that in honor of *Texan* and *Ranger* super-reporter "Scoop" Porter, who pointed out to the Administration last year that if the Journalism Building burnt to a crisp, several students might too. The Administration made the mistake of arguing with J. P., claiming that J. B. never *had* burned down (in all these years, too) which should convince any reasonable human being that it never would. Porter, characteristically, refused to be reasonable, and so when the fire escapes went up, the *Texan* staff engraved J. P.'s name in the cement landing of J. P. Porter No. 1, which is right outside the *Texan* and *Ranger* office windows.

"Scoop's" poop on the Law School is not sensational in the true Porter style, but rumor has it that he's out to dig some pedestrian tunnels under Guadalupe and San Jacinto, and our advice to the Administration is: "Go ahead and give in—you're licked before you start."

—O—

The compulsory blanket tax was handed to the students this summer too. You probably noticed that extra fifteen bucks added on your fees at registration if you happen to be paying your own way. We have personally decided that even though we haven't time to spend all Saturday afternoon getting a seat for a football game, we're going to be there this year—every time. And if that team isn't good that we're forced to spend our money to see, are we ever going to complain!

—BEN JEFFERY



# EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Look here! Just study this dandy page. Big-hearted Pepsi-Cola will pay you for stuff you send in and we print: \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 ... even \$15.00. It doesn't have to be funny—but we won't buy it unless it is. Of course if the magic words "Pepsi-Cola" appear, you got a better chance. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Company. We pay only for those we print. Just write

jokes, gags, and things—attach your name, address, school and class. Send it to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y.

You could earn a million dollars (\$1,000,000.00)—you should live so long. Send in your stuff—now—then wait for the mailman. Will he bring a rejection slip—or cash? He sure will!

## CUTE SAYINGS of KIDDIES (age 16 to 19 plus)

The next time you're holding that cute baby on your lap, whispering sweet nothings in her ear, do try and remember the sweet nothings you get in return. They may get you nothing—then again they may. Something like these:

"My Hector, aged 22, was holding me on his lap the other night when he said the absolutely cutest thing I ever heard. He said, 'boinnng!'"

Gloria Jane Chickenwing reports that Freddy, the fullback aged 19½, spoke his first word the other day, immediately following a scrimmage. Freddy said, "Ouch!"

Henry O'Henry O'Nuts of the U. of Eire says his colleen, Sadie, berated him for drinking 32 Pepsi-Colas between classes. "Henry," she said, "Careful, or you'll suffer from bottle fatigue."

*For this kind of stuff you should pay us. But we pay you—\$1 each.*

### Little Moron Corner

Murgatroyd, the Moron, was busy going around town buying up all the Pepsi-Cola he could find. When his friend Hazelnut asked him why, he said, "Jones' drug store is givin' two cents back on every Pepsi bottle, so I figured if I bought enough of them, I could be rich."

*\$2.00 for these—You should be ashamed to accept it.*

## EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

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

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



Nothing to this one. All you do is write a title and if it knocks our hat off you get \$5.00. Or the hat—whichever you prefer. Or send in an idea of your own for a cartoon. \$10.00 for just the idea ... \$15.00 if you draw it ... if we buy it.

## HE-SHE GAGS

If you can write HE-SHE jokes you probably have a terrific future as a radio gag writer. You'll make a couple of grand a week easy. But until then Pepsi-Cola will pay you three bucks for He-She jokes. Try and make them funnier than these pitiful examples:

He: Jim's such a B.M.O.C. that they call him Pepsi.

She: I guess that's because he's such a good mixer.

Bottla He: Who is that tall, good-looking bottle over there?

Bottla She: Oh, that's Pepsi-Cola ... drunk everywhere you know. ~

She: If you were any kind of a boy friend, you'd say those three little words that make me thrill.

He: O. K. "Have a Pepsi!"

He: I can't think of any more He-She gags.

She: Then it's time for a Pepsi.

**\$3.00 (three bucks) apiece for these.**



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