

TEXAS Ranger.

• OCTOBER • 1949 • 25c





"My
cigarette?
Camels,
of course!"

GOWN BY
MARY MEAD
MADDICK—
JEWELS BY
REINAD.

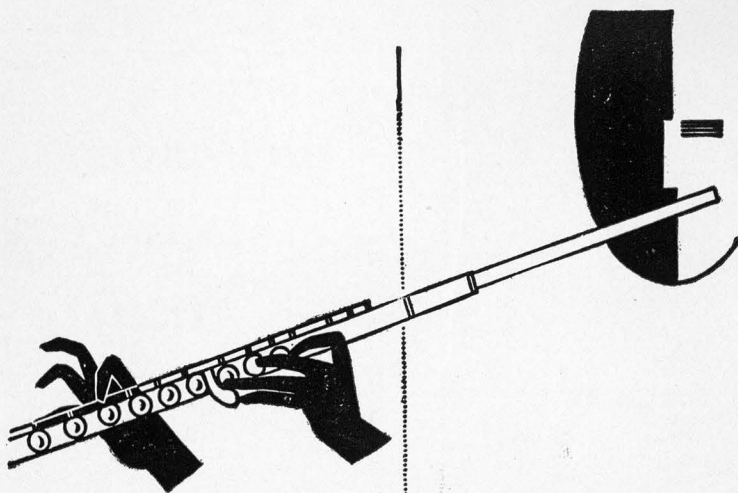
WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

Camels for Mildness

Yes, **Camels** are **SO MILD** that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and *only* Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING **CAMELS!**





your favorites on

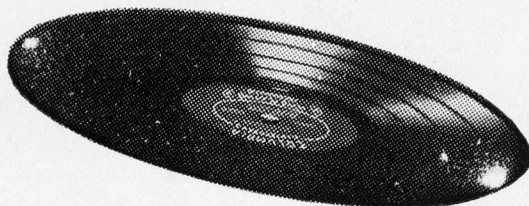
rca victor

columbia

capitol

or decca

78 • 45 • 33



ask to hear the
"songs of the university
of texas" album

radio and record shop
downstairs store

University co-op
THE STUDENT'S OWN STORE

A young lady was on a sight-seeing tour of Detroit. Going out Jefferson Avenue, the driver of the bus called out places of interest.

"On the right," he announced, "we have the Dodge home."

"John Dodge?" the lady inquired.

"No, Horace Dodge."

Continuing out Jefferson.

"On the right we have the Ford home."

"Henry Ford?"

"No, Edsel Ford."

"On the left we have Christ Church."

A fellow passenger, hearing no response from the young woman, tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Go ahead, lady, you can't be wrong all the time."

A passenger aboard a steamboat asked the captain why they had stopped in midstream.

"Well, the fog is so thick that we can't see to move up the river," explained the captain.

"But cap," the passenger persisted, looking skyward, "I can see the stars!"

"True, madam," he replied, "but as long as these boilers don't bust, that ain't the direction we're goin'."

"And now, doctor, that I've told you I'm going to marry Anne, there's one thing I want to get off my chest."

"You just tell me about it, my boy."

"It's a tattooed heart with the name Mabel on it."

Wife: "Goodness, George, this is not our baby. This is the wrong carriage."

Hubby: "Shut up. This is a better carriage."



"It says, 'Keep at room temperature'."

Rae Ann



Winners — worsted jerseys —

cut and blocked and striped to make Carlye's own plaids.

Left, one-piece dress laced with bright diagonals, \$29.95

Right, sweater top fits trimly over free, easy plaid skirt, \$35.00

Sizes 7 to 15. Carlye, St. Louis

enjoy a coke on the patio at Rae Ann

LETTERS

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading a copy of the new *Ranger* and wish to commend you and your staff on the fine piece of work you have done. I think that your publication will no doubt succeed if you continue the high type of publication with which you have started.

If I can assist you in any way, please feel free to call on me.

William D. Blunk
Assistant Dean of Men

To the Editor:

You stink . . . where are those jokes and laughs you promised? Where is your sex appeal? What about college humor? Let's get less pensive and more hilarious.

—J.W.G.

To the Editor:

I wonder if you would be interested in a freshman's opinion of the *Ranger*? You would? Then let me tell you that it is really tops with a capital "T" in this humble freshman's reasoning.

Personally, I don't see how any improvements can be made on the magazine. It certainly is well edited; arranged nicely; and perfectly balanced with type and length of content; and contains *everything* that college students are interested in.

I, for one, am going to support the *Ranger's* advertisers, too!

Bert Tippit

To the Editor:

I don't suppose it is your fault that you are no longer on the blanket tax, making the *Ranger* cost more to the student than it used to; but surely you are partly responsible for the fact that it is no longer as good as it once was. Please stop trying to educate us and go back to being a bellylaugh for the masses.

—W.E.K.

To the Editor:

Please accept my congratulations for Olan Brewer's well-conceived and prepared article on student employment. The article was well-written and is certainly a credit to him.

We appreciate your interest in the problems of students who seek work and in the needs of the Student Employment Bureau in performing our most vital function. We hope that we can live up to the fine things that you have said about us in your article, and that we will be able to place even larger numbers of students this coming year, despite the growing difficulties of our work.

Your assistance and ideas are always welcome.

Ralph E. Frede, Director,
Student Employment Bureau

● *Three of a kind beats a pair.*—ed.

If you have something to say regarding the magazine, or about anything at all, we'd like to have you air it in the "Letters to the Editor" column. Write us what you think—we'll print it. Maybe you can start a revolution or something.

OCTOBER, 1949



gaberdine skirt

Spiked with Pocket

and Belt of

Ponyskin

The magic touch of fur is a satiny accent on this two-ply all wool gaberdine skirt!

Shining ponyskin on the big patch pocket and the belt-front looks new and luxurious on this well-tailored skirt.

Sizes 10-18.

\$10.98

Evelyn's
feminine fashions

2904 GUADALUPE

thursdays till 9



Miss Texas 1949
Miss Austin 1949
Alpha Chi Omega
UT Cheerleader

Miss Ysleta Leissner

... from our collection of beautiful gowns Miss Leissner appears in a Ceile Chapman original of cloud white net aproned by a powder blue silver satin bodice. For your most unusual in formals let us show you our striking collection—from 39.95 to 89.95.



YOU
can afford custom tailoring at

These Prices!

Suits from \$52.50

Slacks from \$16.75



We're not given to expletives, but a suit tailored to your measurement and designed with you in mind, will give you that extra-special, super-smooth feeling. Think we're kidding? See . . .

S. V. NORWOOD & SON
"Men's Shop"

2548 Guadalupe

THAT'S 2 BLOCKS NORTH OF THE
VARSITY THEATRE

YOU CAN GO TO—

● We'll have to string along with Duncan H. on SPANISH VILLAGE number 1, 802 Red River. It's close in, and your best girl won't turn you down on an invitation here for Sunday dinner. The atmosphere is just about as Mexican as you can find in this Latin-catering town, the food is good, and the prices are right. You'll get quite a charge out of watching your date's sorority pin glitter in the candle light.

—O—

● You might never get to use this tip. But take it from us, it can't be beat. In this town, where a good cup of coffee is as hard to find as Wendell Addington's phone number, it might be well to remember that the best cup of coffee is found in the COUNTY JAIL. That's on the top floor of the County Courthouse. Of course, it may cost you several dollars in the end, but it'll be worth it. Ask some of the campus wheels.

—O—

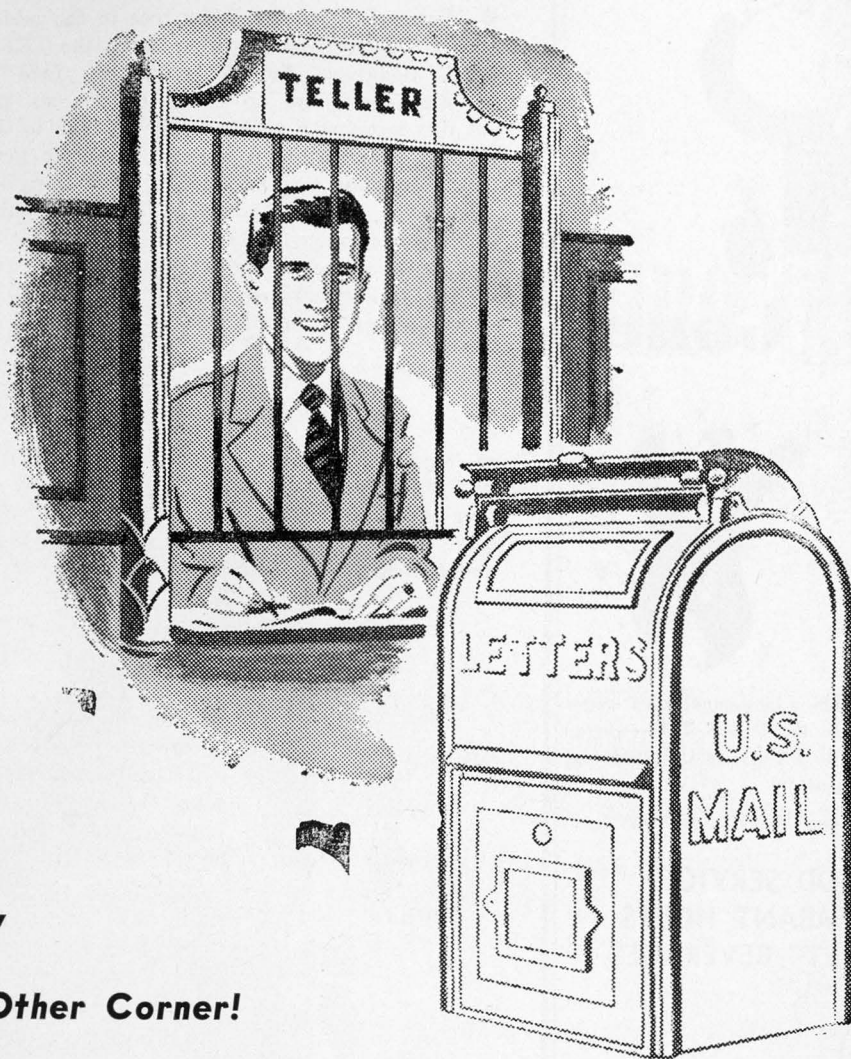
● A boon to the lads and lasses who spend their working hours downtown, is the MOSS ROSE CAFE at 714 Bradford Alley (next to KVET). The 50 and 60-cent lunches and dinners are right for the pocketbook and tasty, besides. And if you're really hungry, let manager Charlie Caraway fix you up with the dollar ham steak with all the trimmings. They have a room set aside for parties, too. Standard fare for the room and a steak dinner is a buck a plate. A better bunch of waitresses can't be found.

—O—

● Out on the north side of town, wheels and cogs alike prefer the VARSITY INN at 6208 Dallas Highway. Small and atmospherish, it furnishes both indoor and outdoor dancing. Don't go there, however, if you're flat and just expect to drink a Dr. Pepper and listen to the music. There's a cover charge every night. On weeknights, it's 50 cents a couple, and on Saturday nights it's a dollar.

(Continued on Page 8)





A Teller's Window

On Every Other Corner!

Everywhere around the Drag and the Campus you will find complete Capital National banking facilities—the nearest teller is the most convenient letterbox. To save precious minutes and steps in a busy students day, any serve which we offer you in person may now be had through the mail.

THE

CAPITAL NATIONAL BANK

Seventh Street between Congress and Colorado



Gone!



This character's long-gone! He's long-gone down to the D & B Cafe—where they cater with a caper to U.T. students—loads of 'em!

It's the "spot" that's loaded with . . .

- GOOD SERVICE
- PLEASANT HOSTS
- "WET" BEVERAGES



And that's not all! As all the wise U.T. students say, "The D & B is strictly the NUTS! The way George and his nice people pass out FREE bowls of PRETZELS . . . Well, believe us, they certainly are a sheer joy to all we old salty dogs with parched throats!"



The NEW
D & B CAFE

2508

GUADALUPE

● You can't miss the lit-up tree in the middle of the Terrace. Of course, we're talking about the TERRACE at 2317 South Congress. For 65 cents cab fare you can have smooth dancing at no cover charge six nights a week, but it'll cost you a rock a head to listen to the orchestra on Saturday night. You'll have to hurry to get your licks in on the outdoor terrace, though, everything's moving inside around the first of November. If you're out on your own, you'd better make early arrangements for cab fare back. The red lights between the San Antonio highway and Littlefield dorm have caused many a co-ed to lose late privileges for three nights running.

—O—

● There may be something else at the STALLION DRIVE INN, 5534 Dallas Highway, but we haven't gotten any further than the suds. It's out in the neighborhood of all the drive-in theaters, so you can't find a closer place to cool off and refresh after seeing "The Postman Always Rings Twice."

—O—

● For an evening of sophistication, about the greatest place in town is the new PALOMINO CLUB at Thirty-fourth and Guadalupe. This small, candle-lighted lounge and bar definitely caters to the "smart set." Dress is required after 7 p.m." (coat and tie), and plenty of folding money is necessary anytime.

Beer, from imported Dutch to Texas, will cost you from 40 to 55 cents, cokes 35 cents, and mixers from 40 to 55 cents. For a dime, you can eat canapes. But at a dime don't think you're getting off light. They're like a kiss goodnight; one leads to a dozen or more.

Next time you're feeling flush and exclusive, give it a try. You'll enjoy the atmosphere and the music by the Larry Wiley Trio.

—GEORGE WYSATTA



"Wal, I dunno, Jeb, them isotopes is affected by thuh viscosity of the deuteron superjet injector y'know."



nly at the palomino club...

will you find this atmosphere!

*at the Palomino Club it's sophistication first!
a small and intimate bright-night spot
that has all the distinctive and sophisticated
surroundings you've read about—or seen in
New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles.*

*... now in Austin ... The Palomino Club
... its plush ... with the right interior
touch ... and catering to the discriminating
student and faculty member.*



miss pat stephens, tso "most beautiful" 1948-49

featuring

- continuous "soft" entertainment
- palate-pleasing canapes, hors d'oeuvres, and sandwiches
- imported and domestic beverages

Palomino Club

3405 guadalupe street
open 4 p.m. daily
coat and tie required after 7 p.m.

by
*Junior
House*

beige, gold
and cinnamon brown.
\$8.95

Photography—Studio Gilmore



24th and Guadalupe

PAT MCGREGOR

October, 1949

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 Tony Guerra: associate editor
 Liz Smith: managing editor
 Olan Brewer: feature editor
 C. W. Nelson: art editor
 Bill Prince: fiction editor
 Rowland Wilson: cartoon editor
 Bill Bridges, Don Spencer: humor editors
 John Wolvin: picture editor
 Fred Sanner: sports editor
 Maxine Smith: fashion editor
 Kenneth Roberts: publicity and circulation
 Simon Rubinsky, H. E. Brunson: staff assistants
 Ted Nelson, Walter Rundell: music columnists
 Joe Capps, Mark Batterson, Ronnie Dugger: writer contributors
 Harrell Lee: editorial supervisor
 Cal Newton: business manager
 F. R. Moerke: advertising manager
 Ken Rice, Bill Sears: advertising salesmen

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RANGING

Ranging time reminds us that this was the month we almost became a picture magazine exclusively. For a while there all the ideas evolved into photo stories. But space restrictions finally pulled us back into line.

When the boys got off in a cloud of lust to shoot the Cactus theater pictures, they ran into some real atmospheric action. On the first try they were regarded with much suspicion, given an initial bums rush and told to get the hell out. Later they explained their artistic interest more fully to the manager and pointed out the resultant publicity that was sure to be his ultimate reward.

He relented. After that photographer Wolvin kept snapping pics right and left with infrared flashbulbs (so as not to disturb patrons who had come in to nap) while the reporters (there were lots of volunteers on this assignment) watched the screen closely in order not to miss

any details that might add luster to the story.

Magazine work is usually in a state of fluidity and staff changes are the rule rather than the exception. This month we have a new fashion editor, a pert miss named Maxine Smith. Not long ago the *Texan* reported that she was one of the eleven most-mentioned celebrities in the *Cactus* (we mean the yearbook, not the movie). At any rate, the *Ranger* is glad to have saved Maxine from lower journalistic endeavors.

George Wysatta, a lanky lad, who has taken charge of our "You Can Go To —" section, unfortunately gets no expense account for his researchings into food and entertainment. But he does come around the office looking very sleek and well-fed lately and occasionally we have to edit small "hics" and "burps" out of his ecstatic copy.

We wouldn't like to scoop ourselves, but bet'cha that next month you'll see something about a Peggy Lee record

called "Goodbye John" in the Just Jazz column. Listening circles report that our boy Ted has gone all out and plays this number every other spin of the turntables on his nightly program.

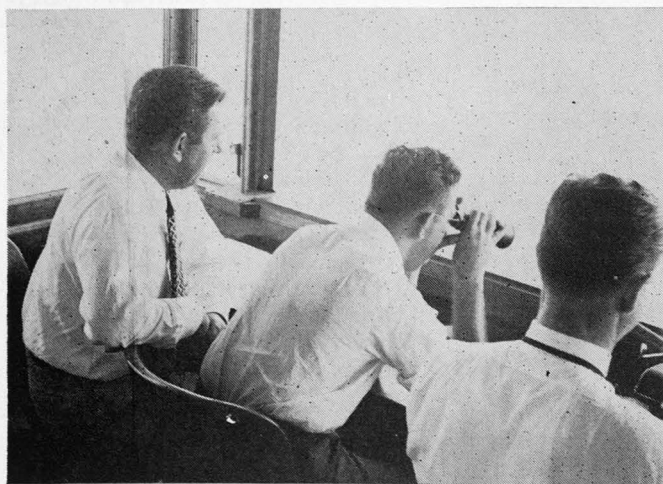
Speaking of the air waves, editor Floyd Buford Yates himself was on recently after telling the staff that we must all listen at such and such a time. He returned flush with the egomania that comes from lipping into the mike, to find the staff immersed in cutting out jokes and paper dolls, opening bottles of ink, and reading copy and the comics. None of them had thought to turn on the radio.

Incidentally, the boss who is without honor in his own office, has lost ten pounds fretting out this magazine. But he still has a sense of humor and has managed to keep his wife, Skippy, from filing for divorce while he stays out almost every night with—you guessed it, the *Ranger*. Skippy says, "How can you divorce a guy for coming home with printer's ink on his shirt collar?"

—L.S.



PENTHOUSE OF THE PRESS



Wilbur Evans, (left) lord of the press box, and his two top assistants, Abe Weiner (center) and Weldon Hart, keep track of events below. Evans, sports publicity director, rides herd on all press box activities. Hart, secretary to the Governor during the week, takes time off on Saturdays to type a play-by-play account which Weiner runs off on a duplicator and distributes to the press and radio men.

● PRESS BOX! Magic words to the average sports fan who would be in hog-heaven if given an opportunity to watch the Longhorns from its all-encompassing heights.

Press box! Nerve-straining work for the minions of the press, radio, and news reels, and others who carry on tasks that the unthinking public takes for granted.

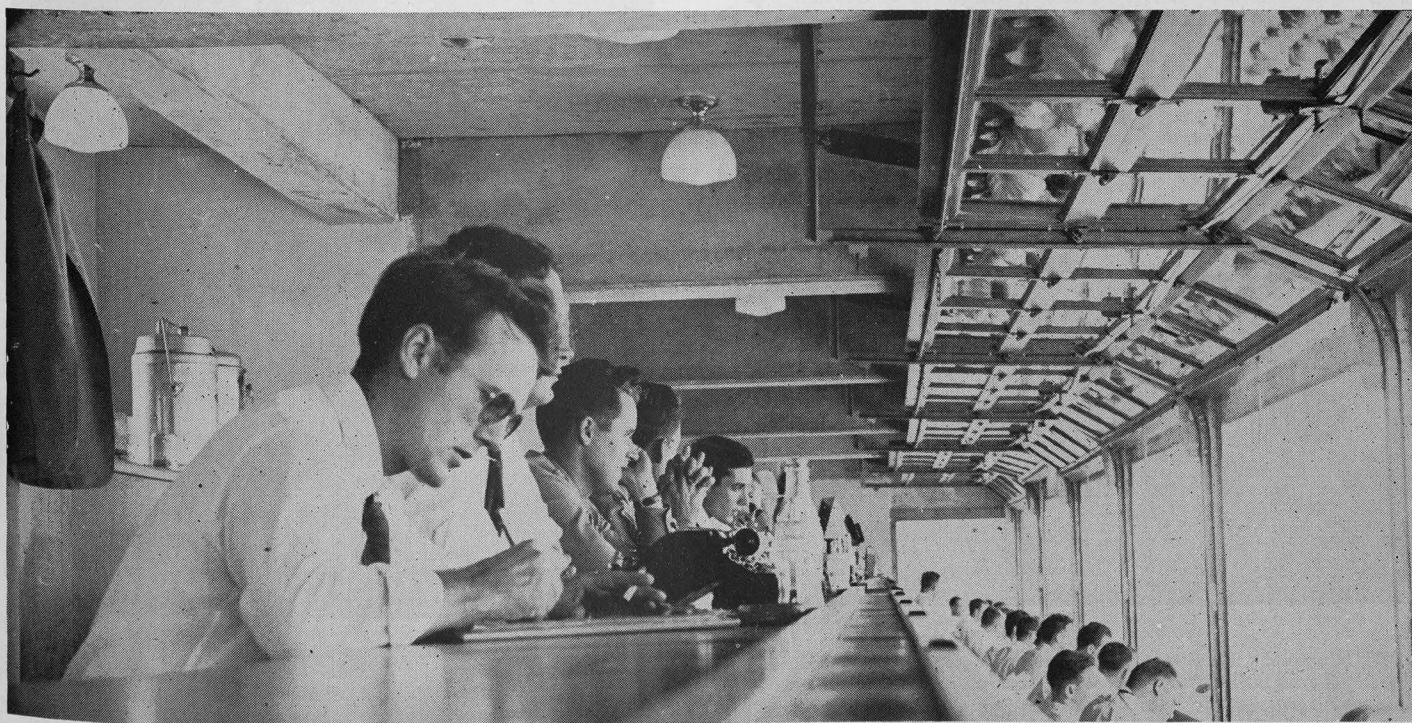
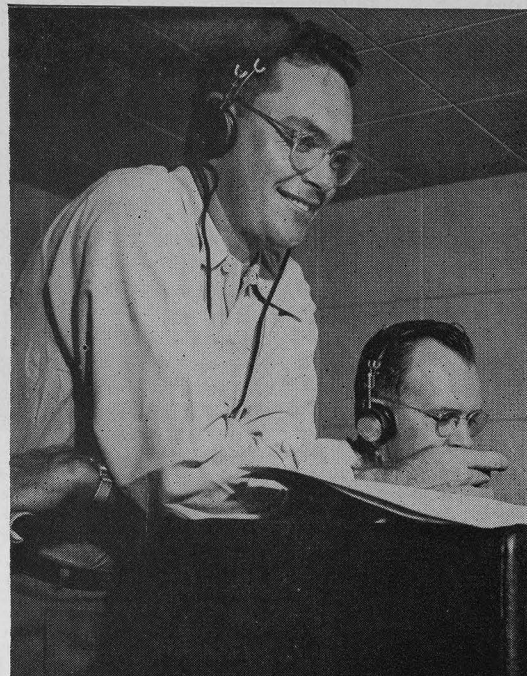
Whether he sits behind a mike, keeps his glasses trained on the playing field, types out a play-by-play account, or points his camera at the fast-moving action below, every man in the two top levels of the 125 by 18 box is studiously bent on giving Mr. Fan, present or anxiously awaiting a first-hand story of the game, the best possible record of what happens to the Longhorns on these crisp October Saturday afternoons.

The *Ranger* climbs seventy-four rows, slips past the cop at the bottom of the press box stairs, and takes you on a tour of the best-equipped press box in the South, perhaps in the nation.



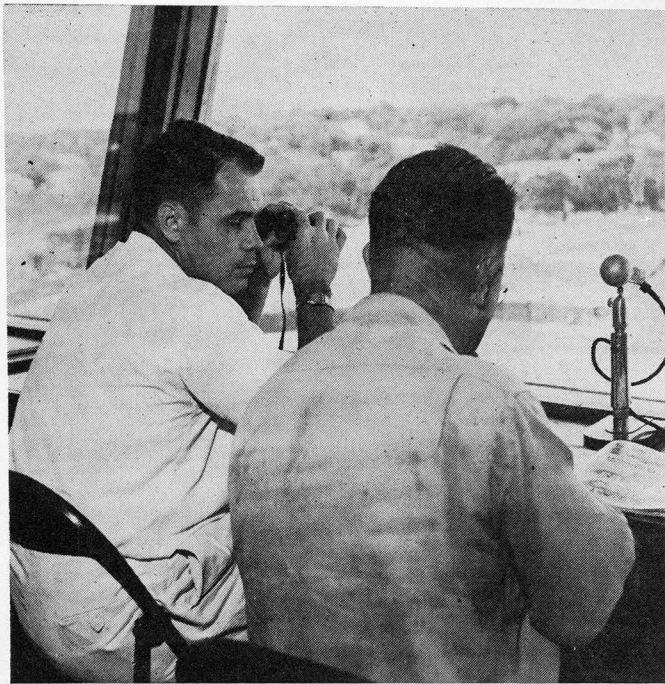
The gentleman in the center is Kern Tips, the man behind the crackling voice that keeps thousands of radio listeners on top of the play. Men on the right and left are spotters—one for the Texas team and one for the visitors. Tips's flow of chatter never stops as these two identify the players for him, pressing buttons that correspond to the players' names on an electrical board directly before Tips. The yardage gained, the ball carrier, tackler, key blocker, and type of play are out of Tips's mouth before the average guy can say "Glad to meetchal!"

Important members of Tips's six-man broadcasting team are his engineer (left) and his co-ordinator. The co-ordinator, trouble shooter for the broadcast, is Billy Sansing, predecessor to Evans as sports publicity director at the University. Sansing was the man who broke in the new press box in 1948.



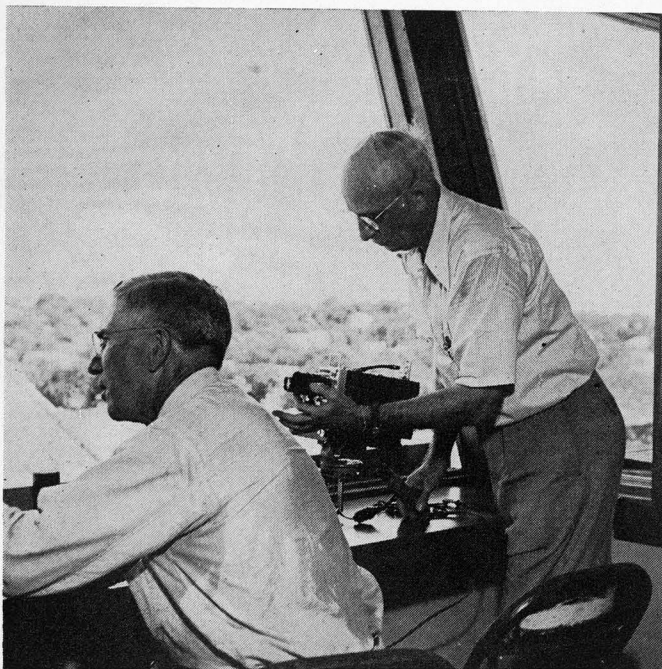
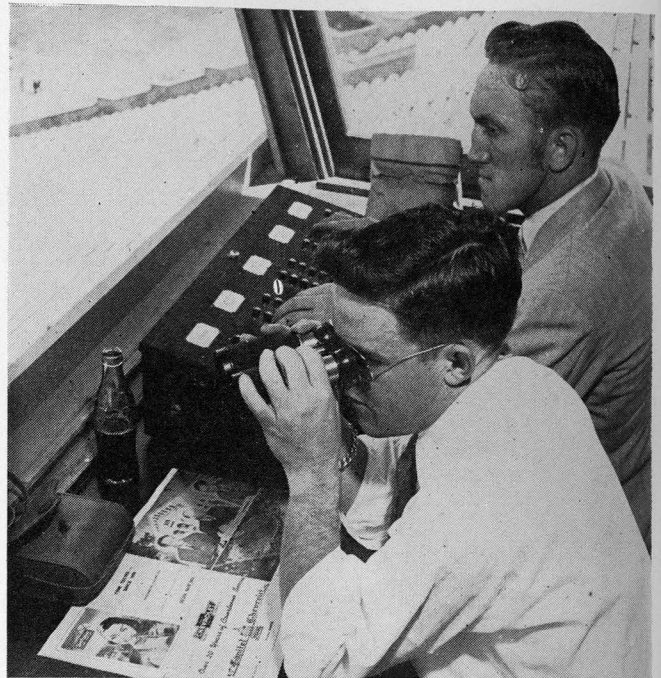
Bottom floor of the press box, the working home of the newspaper reporters, is a sports writer's dream. Seated in a comfortable chair and furnished with a play-by-play account and all the necessary statistics of the game, the reporter is free to note the more spectacular plays, catch some of the inevitable color that always accompanies a football game, and compose his story as the game progresses. At halftime, he is served sandwiches, coffee, and cokes from the snack bar shown in the background, and when the game is over, the Western Union men are waiting in the second row of seats above, ready to send the stories to Dallas, Houston, Amarillo, or Yourtown.

TURN PAGE

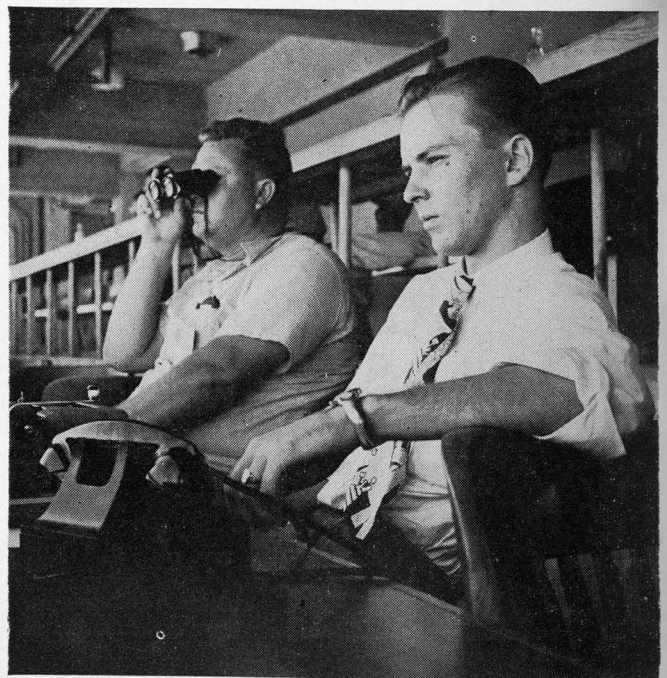


The man behind the mike is Dr. C. J. (Shorty) Alderson. What Tips is to the fan in front of a radio, Shorty is to the fan in the stands. With the aid of two veteran spotters, Shorty keeps him abreast of the action on the field. And if you lose your little black book or want to meet your mother-in-law at Gate No. 2 after the game, Shorty is the man who tells your troubles to the crowd.

Behind the glasses and fingering the button-board are two of the most indispensable men in the press box. They handle the score-board mechanism, keeping track of the score, the quarter, the down, and the yardage needed for a first down. Thus, when you've been battling the mob for fifteen minutes, striving to bring back a hot dog and coke to your lady fair, a quick glance at the score-board will bring you up to date and save your asking a foolish question of your lovely companion. She wouldn't know anyway.



Did Campbell throw that pass to the right spot? Did Jackson block his man? Yes? No? The movie camera comes up with the undisputed answers for Steer practice sessions. And a second camera in the booth watches the game for the numberless alumni, boys' clubs, and civic groups. This second movie is the after-dinner speaker's constant companion as he builds good will for the University throughout Texas.



Mentally organizing his material and wondering what would be the best lead for his story, a pensive wire service reporter contemplates far-off roof tops, while his spotter keeps his eyes on the ground, helping the reporter to fill in the details. When the reporter's story is finished, the telephone at his elbow, a direct line to the local bureau of his wire service, will take it to a teletype operator who will send it out over the United States.



WHEN THE GOVERNOR WAS PRESIDENT

—The saga of a wheel that kept rolling

by ronnie dugger

● ALLAN SHIVERS, a congenial, calculating sort of cuss who never had to worry about the feminine voters, carried University student politics in his vest pocket in the early thirties.

And it was quite a vest pocket. The spiffily-dressed young man once worked as a part-time shoe salesman at Penney's, but somehow never looked like he needed the money.

He was elected student president in 1932 and opened the way for one of the most inflamed election contests on campus record a year later. Then he had a fist fight with one John Patric, an educational tramp who boasted of being thrown out of eight colleges—and, by the way, wrote a column in the *Daily Texan*.

Shivers, a member of Delta Theta Phi, led a coalition with the Kappa Sigs, Phi Gams, SAE's, and Dekes in a bitter campaign to break up a Clique of Delts, Phi Psi's, and Phi Delts that consistently lampooned their opposition in the "Grind" section of the *Cactus*.

He and his buddies used to hang out at Pete's Hamburger Stand, just the other side of the Varsity Theatre, as he remembers it. He was a fair law student, but as he puts it, "I was never a Chancellor."

Dean Arno Nowotny ranks him in a class with Barefoot Sanders as a student president. DeWitt Reddick remembers him as "a good student leader—and a good politician." Bill

McGill, then director of publications, now his secretary, describes him as "a pretty practical person. He was always telling his associates that the vote of the little man counts as much as that of the big shots."

Like anyone in power, Shivers came in for vehement criticism. In those days politics was the campus whiskey and Dean V. I. Moore had to issue statements against "mixed campaign parties" that ran all night. It is understandable that things often got rough and that slander and libel occurred frequently.

Young Allan's baptism of fire into campus politics came in 1931 when he ran fourth in a field of four Law School Assembly candidates. In that and later campaigns he learned the fabulous political tactics then in vogue that put today's campus election customs in the shade.

When Joe Spurlock ran against him for president in 1932, Allan had real competition. Joe hired a pilot to buzz the University and pitch out "dodgers." At that time, orchestras who "donated" their services accompanied serenaders on foraging parties. Night flares, parades, loudspeakers, and all-night parties were the political paraphernalia of the time.

The \$50 expense limit was often stretched beyond recognition. In that same era, as much as \$6,000 was spent by a single candidate.

(Continued on Page 31)



Sound of Laughter

She would be surprised to see him . . . surprised to death.

It was cold. The fog swirled in lace-like patterns of curling dimness around the light on the corner. The sound of the horns from the harbor were lonely, far-away voices that seemed to drift on the wings of the ghostly fog. The city was a haunted tomb of feeble lights and muffled sound.

He sat in the darkness, a darker shadow against the hazy outlines of the porch; tense, hunched over in the old wicker chair. He shivered as the cold dampness of the fog came through the light coat. He was afraid of the fog. The distant horns from the bay cut into his memory with the ruthless precision of a surgeon's scalpel, and he was looking into compartments of his mind that had long been closed.

He thought of Gloria, and he wanted to laugh with a mirth born of fear and hate—and something that went much deeper. He had heard the striking of a distant clock at midnight long ago—ages ago, and she would be coming soon—coming from the days and nights of ceaseless merriment, drinking, laughter, and crowds of people which he hated.

But even if she didn't come soon, he could wait—it was easy to wait now—he had waited so long. He wondered vaguely if she would be surprised to see him, and this brought his thoughts into focus. Yes, she would be surprised to see him . . . surprised to death.

The drifting fog etched vague figures against the light from the corner—unwelcome figures, but ones which he knew intimately. In the dimness he could see the faces; faces that shifted and changed. He wanted to shout at them—to force them back into the passageways of his memory where they belonged—but it was useless and he knew it. He tried it many times. How do you command a shadow?

And then, from among the faces, one stood out with startling clearness—and did not change. He felt the same fear he always did; the tightness in his chest, the dryness in his throat, the tautness of his muscles. He was not yet used to it—this face which haunted him. On the wings of the fog it moved closer to him, vague and shadowy. He could almost hear the words Jim would have said, and the thought of it racked him with terror, and he crouched deeper into the

dark recess of the porch. But there was no voice, nothing—only the fog, the horns from the harbor, and the face etched in the dimness. Then the face was gone, back to the past where it belonged, and he fought against being carried back with it, but there was no use, he could not escape.

The hellish nightmare of rifle and grenade fire, the starshells bursting in soft brilliance over the scarred landscape, the occasional scream of the wounded, and the sounds of the furious battle raged in undulating tides about him—almost unnoticed. He was looking at Jim Lasky, stretched prone on the ground before him in the unearthly glare of the starshells.

For months he had been constantly with Jim. They had been drawn together by a curious bond. Jim Lasky thought the world of Roger. And Roger Terrell hated Jim with every fibre of his being—and no one ever knew—no one.

The bond that drew them together was Gloria Lasky, Jim's wife. Roger loved her. Not at first; not the first time he saw her pictures, or heard parts of the letters Jim read aloud to him, but later, in the dark and lonely nights. And so he attached himself closely to Jim in order to see the pictures, and hear the voice of the woman he loved from her letters to her husband. He knew her only from these—from these, and from the lonely outpourings of Jim's heart in the darkness of the long nights. But he loved her fiercely, with a crushing passion that almost made him wild when Jim would tell of their few short weeks of married life. He suffered this torture with sadistic pleasure, and all the time he was making plans. . . .

"Damn, Rog," Jim would say, "I've never known a woman could be so wonderful . . ." and on, and on until Roger wanted to smash his trusting face.

Roger knew all the little intimate things that made Gloria what she was to

Jim; how she looked in the black gown he had bought her, her freshness across the breakfast table in the morning, and even the passionate way she made love. For Jim talked of her incessantly—and Roger listened. Roger knew other things about Gloria, too; he knew that she was a flame which made shadows of all the other women he had ever known. He could see the look in her eyes in all the pictures, and he could read between the lines of every letter.

What he saw and read told him that Gloria Lasky was his woman, not Jim's; that she was wild, uncontrollable, passionately taking every ounce of living from life. He knew within himself that she was for him, and he hated Jim bitterly for ever having taken her.

And now he was looking at the prone figure of Jim stretched before him; the prone figure of the man he hated—the man who was married to the woman he loved.

"Jim," he said.

Jim turned toward him, and Roger Terrell raised his rifle and shot Jim Lasky through the head. . . .

He held her in his arms as she cried softly on his shoulder. The nearness of her made him shudder violently. The sobbing ceased, and she dried her eyes quickly and looked at him.

"I'm sorry, Roger, I thought all the crying was over long ago."

They sat in silence in the darkened room for a long time, and then she spoke again.

"He was always writing about you, you know. He thought you were such a wonderful friend."

The silence was heavy, and she went on speaking, not conscious of the twisted look on his face.

"Were you . . . were you there when it happened, Roger?"

"Yes," he answered flatly, "I was right beside him."

"Did he suffer long?" she asked quietly.

"No, Gloria, he died instantly," he said woodenly. His hands clinched into tight balls and his mind raced crookedly along the narrow corridors of his brain. He died instantly, he kept saying to himself, he died instantly . . . he died instantly . . . with the top of his head blown off . . . staring at me.

(Continued on Page 27)

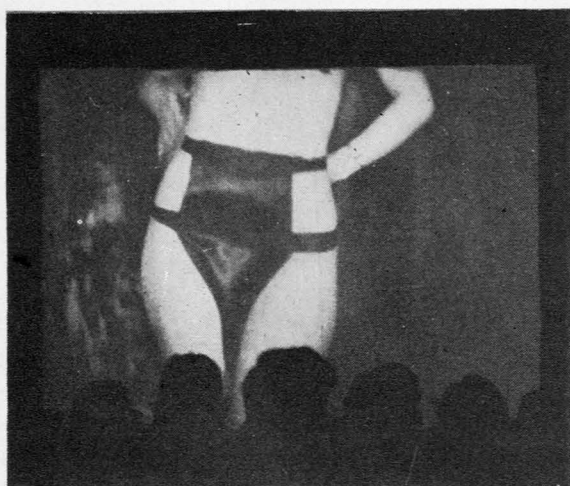
by bill prince

illustrated by c. w. nelson



Sex On Sixth Street

"Entertainment for Intelligent Adults"



"Play it on the E-string, take it off the G-string." In this scene from "Dancers of Burlesque," one of the most popular short subjects, the lady in question took it off shortly after RANGER photographer John Wolvin cleaned the hot-breath-clouded lens of his Ciro-flex and snapped this picture.

● "Take it off! Take it off!" cries a bug-eyed freshman from his seat on the front row, forgetting momentarily that the buxom, quivering stripper before him is only light and shadow on a movie screen.

The time is midnight. The place is the little Cactus Theatre on East Sixth Street, where the weekly sex shows are the only outlet in Austin for burlesque-hungry students.

Started several years ago as an experiment and continued because of their popularity, these Friday and Saturday midnight "burlesques" are usually bared before a packed house. Most of the ticket buyers are UT students—some eager for the sight of bare bodies, some merely interested in satisfying their curiosity, some stringing along with the gang, and some, no doubt, out to further their education.

Not many of the main features are as exciting as the advertisements would make you believe. A number of them are almost tame enough for regular showing, being merely pre-Hays Office productions with slightly suggestive plots and well-timed fade-outs. But these features are generally supplemented with spicy shorts such as "Dancers of Burlesque," "Satan and the Virgin," and "How To Bathe."

It hurts the manager to see someone walk out early on

one of these less exciting shows. Most people don't know that these pictures get better as the story moves along," he says.

There are other main attractions, however, that are good enough all the way through to stand on their own merit without "Satan and the Virgin." Several such flickers have proved so popular they have been brought back "by demand" for the ninth and tenth showing. And some of the regular customers see their favorite show every time it returns. At the sixth showing of "Elysia the Nudist," one such character, overeager for the show to begin, asked Tommy, the manager, how much longer it would be before the reel would roll. Whereupon Tommy replied, "Hell, Joe, why ask a question like that? You've seen it ten times already!"

An occasional "educational" film is shown which gets some of the old folks down to the Cactus. The most popular of these was "Mom and Dad," which reportedly caused eighty-five men and thirteen women to faint. The picture was later shown by the Texas Federated Women's Club, but without the same sensational success it enjoyed on East Sixth.

The Cactus doesn't subsist alone on appeals to the libido. It is one of the few places in town where you can catch a revival of Charlie Chaplin, Ben Turpin, Rudolph Valentino, or Doug Fairbanks, Sr.


But Friday and Saturday nights, it's "Adults Only" and hard seats have no deterring effect on Joe College. He's there in droves with four bits clutched in his eager little hand.



Sometimes a bigger kick may be had from reading the well-worded copy in the advertisements than from seeing the movies themselves. This, however, isn't true of "A Night at the Follies," which recently returned for its twenty-fifth showing. Evelyn West, star of the picture, measures 39.5 in the pectoral region and bills herself as the girl with "The \$50,000 Treasure Chest," insured by Lloyds of London.

TURN PAGE

CACTUS
Late Shows Tonight 11:30
And Saturday Night
*Meet the Girls ...
from the Bureau!*



CACTUS
LATE SHOWS TONIGHT 11:30
AND SATURDAY NIGHT
ADMISSION 50c — ADULTS ONLY


Daringly Modern!
Private lives of
glamorous girls
in glittering
Hollywood ...
... LAID BARE

*Secrets
of a
Model*



A LESSON FOR EVERY GIRL
A WARNING FOR EVERY PARENT!

CACTUS




**THE WAGES
OF SIN**

THEY
KEPT
FROM
MAKING
AN
HONEST
LIVING,
WHAT
COULD
SHE DO?

ADULTS
ONLY

Plus: HOW TO BATHE

**ESCORT
GIRL**



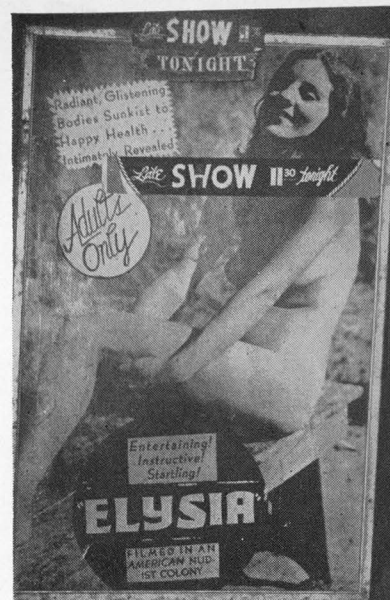
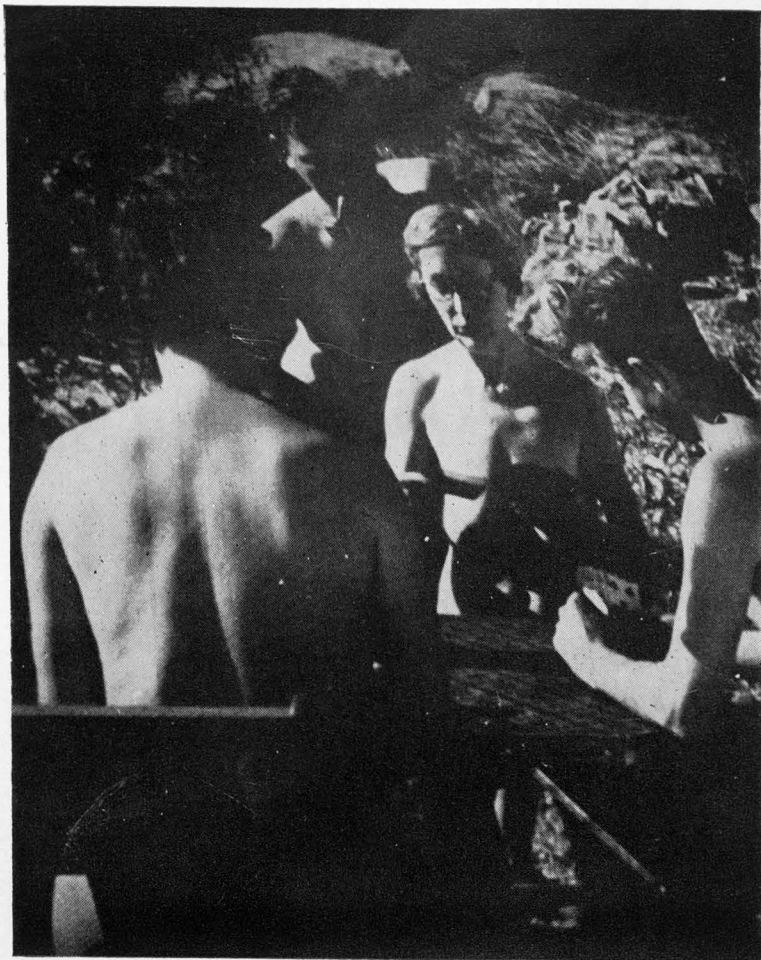
You've Heard of
Escort Bureaus.
How Lonely Men
Are Away From
Home! Now See for
Yourself!

SATAN

It's
VIVID
It's
DARING
It's
POWERFUL
BUT It's TRUE

Wierd Orgies - Wild Parties
Unleashed Passions

Plus: Satan And The Virgin



The sidewalk display sign for "Elysia" (above) was startling enough to cause a traffic hazard and helped draw a crowd that overflowed the rump-sprung seats and sat in the aisles.

In a scene from the picture (left) the attempted touch of humor involving a kibitzer in a nudist colony bridge game went virtually unnoticed by the audience, which was more engrossed with "art" than plot.



Unaware that their pictures were being snapped by use of infrared flash bulbs, these boys showed varied facial expressions as they watched "radiant, glistening, sunkist bodies." If their expressions are any indication, they will be back for the "seventh showing."

CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

win a valuable
prize for playing
this easy game
of wit.



.....

Paste Gag Line Here

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... Taken from page.....

HERE'S HOW

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

Clip the printed caption you choose, paste it beneath cartoon and mail before November 1, 1949. Make as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be on clipped entry blank, properly filled in.

The winning caption will be published in next month's RANGER. In case of identical captions, award will go to first entry. RANGER staff will judge contest.

PRIZE

A HANDSOMELY BOUND
VOLUME OF THIS YEAR'S
RANGERS...

will be awarded the winner of each monthly contest. This is a "year book" you'll enjoy keeping—several hundred pages of good reading, smartly bound with heavy cover that will endure a lifetime of sliding in and out of book shelves. Valued at \$7.50.



"I'm glad you're off the damned blanket."

LAST MONTH'S WINNER

MARGARET BURCH

HONORABLE MENTION

"Bug" McReynolds: "No cover charge during week nites."

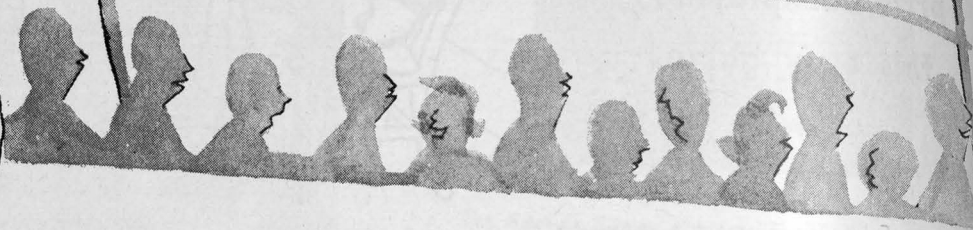
Ray Reed, Jr.: "Hey sloppy, let's get a scoop o' suds."

Jessia Turpin: "Settle for a good movie, a couple of cool beers, a package of cheese crisps, and a little fond affection."

Allan Fox: "Over 20 years of courteous service."



QUALIFIED CAPABLE DEPENDABLE



With the smell of campus politicians in the air, MARK BATTERSON took a whiff and shoveled out this true story on his battered Underwood

"He's the most organized person I've ever met," people always said. "Gad, but he's organized. He's so organized it hurts."

Campus kingmakers heard these things, and one took it upon himself to talk to the lad.

"He's the most stupid person I've ever met," the politico told his cohorts. "Gad, but he's stupid. He's so stupid it hurts."

"That's great," the cohorts said. "He'll make an ideal candidate."

So Phineas was started on a grooming period, under the blood-shot eyes of his managers.

"We gotta change your name to 'Piny Woods,'" one advised. "That'll give the East Texas vote hell and we can throw pine needles off the Tower on election day."

"You gotta start wearing ties more," another lisped. "And quit wearing those damned tennis shoes around the campus, unless you're carrying a tennis racquet."

Said another, "Start dating different girls in different sororities. And stick to the bags. The good-looking ones probably wouldn't date you anyway, and a bag will work harder for you when the time comes."

They taught him lots of other things, too. Being stupid had both its advantages and disadvantages. It took him longer to learn, but since he was stupid, he was willing to spend more time practicing.

He had a flabby, clammy handshake when he started in. But after a couple

of weeks of squeezing oranges and like articles, he had a firm, steady handshake that wowed them. And he soon got the habit of running his palm down the side of his trousers so he could produce a nice, unclammy handshake. After he warmed to his new hobby, he went around the campus day after day, trying to break the previous day's handshaking record. It was almost as much fun as going to club meetings.

And he learned to say "Hello" in lots of different ways. On one of his better days he gave sixteen greetings in a row and none of them were phrased the same way.

His managers were very proud of him.



They started passing the word around about him next.

"Keep an eye on Piny Woods," they would wink. "He's the most campaign-

ing sort of person I've ever met. Gad, but he's a campaigner. He's so campaignish it hurts."

They really began to step things up then. They got him a campaign manager next. Not a smart, wily campaign manager, because that kind always looks smart and wily and that never goes over. Instead, they got a debater who owned four suits, an innocent smile, a pocket comb, an impressive voice, and an amazing memory for cliches.

"Gad, what a front this rube will be," the behind-the-scenes managers chortled. "He knows how to say 'capable and qualified' in twenty-three different ways, all in the same language."

So the campaign manager started making the rounds with him. In addition to saying "Hello," the manager was instructed to pinch Phineas on each cheek just before he made an entrance. He did this because (1) it made Phineas's cheeks ruddier and thus healthier-looking, and (2) it made Phineas more alert. Phineas was very, very stupid.

Everything wasn't smooth sailing, however. For instance, when the time came to go around to sorority houses and girls' dorms, Phineas's managers discovered that he was a complete flop. He was no good at all. He had no gift for gab. Instead of seeming sincere or organized or even campaignish, he just looked like a stupid lout.

So his managers had to pull Phineas out of the line-up for a couple of days and teach him some phrases to use when he talked to girls. Since one sorority girl learns to say the same things as the other sorority girls by the time she has cheated her way through the first half of Geology 601, they found that as soon

as Phineas had memorized six or seven different phrases, he was ready for any occasion.

That is, he was ready for any occasion until he came upon a girl barb



who had chanced upon the sorority house where Phineas was speaking one evening. As the girl explained it later, she was nearsighted and had taken the chapter house for a funeral parlor. She liked funeral parlors very much.

Anyway, when Phineas presented himself to her, the girl didn't say, "Where are you from?" or, "What's your major?" or, "I haven't a damned thing to do tonight."

Instead, she said, "You're the most stupid looking person I've ever seen. Gad, but you're stupid. You're so stupid it hurts."

Phineas was so unnerved that he said,

"Hello" the same way three times in a row. As a matter of fact, that was the beginning of Phineas's downhill slide as a politician.

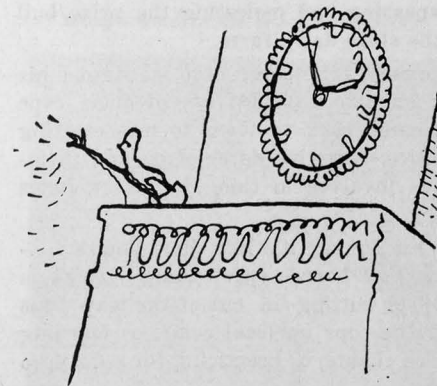
No matter where he went, he kept seeing that near-sighted barb blinking at him and saying, "You're the most stupid-looking person I've ever seen. Gad, but you're stupid. You're so stupid it hurts."

Somewhere down in his subconscious he realized that he was stupid, and being reminded of it didn't help a bit. It tore him apart so much that instead of acting just naturally stupid, he acted extraordinarily stupid, right up to election day.

But did he lose?

No, he did not. His stupidity somehow seeped down to the voters, and since most of the people who waste their time voting in student elections are stupid, too, they felt an affinity to Phineas which swept him in. Phineas won by a landslide, amidst a shower of 50,000 pine needles from the top of the Tower.

E pluribus unum.



ONCE upon a time a young lout we shall call Phineas C. Woods, even though he was really named ———, came to the campus.

Now Phineas wasn't a good student. He was a worse athlete, he couldn't play the piano, and he wasn't worth a damn at making passes at babes.

But Phineas liked what he called "fellowship," so he joined every club he could find. His search was hardly taxing. And he had a stupid look on his face that passed for sincerity.

"He's the most sincere person I've ever met," people always said. "Gad, but he's sincere. He's so sincere it hurts."

Then he ran out of clubs to join, so he formed one called "The Clubbers' Club," which took anyone who already belonged to at least six other clubs. He became president of this one, and people began to call him a good organizer.



"People should go to the theater and let themselves go."

HOT PASTROMI!

by liz smith

● IN A PASTURE outside Austin, a slender young man was harrassing a bull with a tattered bullfighting cape and cries of "Toro!"—trying to get him to charge.

Indignant authorities put an end to this attempted mayhem by informing the quaint-looking "torrerro" that he was trespassing and molesting the prize bull of the state dairy farm.

Tommy Jones, our hero, shrugged his thin shoulders, folded his precious cape and came back to town to less exciting practice. Even his dates often find themselves involved in this, the latest Jones hobby.

With Tommy it's like that. You're running the horns (pretending you're a bull) or sitting in out-of-the-way bars while he sops up local color, or learning voodoo chants, or practicing for a Calypso war.

For Tom Collins Jones is a wonderful confusion of talent, imagination, guts,

sensitivity, and ambition. Sprung from the unvarnished realism of West Texas, influenced by writers like Shaw, enamoured of the theater, this boy with the mobile face and great heart is an actor and a character, and moreover, a character actor.

They say a lot about him around the Drama Department, where flattery is often cheap, but it seems the things his fellows say about T. J. are touched with some of his own sweetness and fairness.

"I'd rather work with him than anyone else," says one leading lady, "because he gives so much to his fellow actors and is unselfish, believing that if he helps others in the cast, the show will be better and he'll be better."

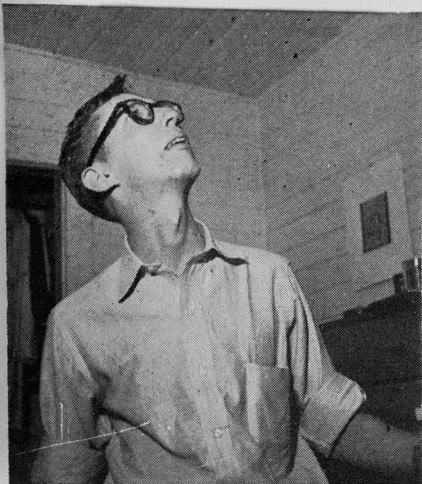
Being impressed with T. Jones, is nothing unusual. Some ardent Curtain Clubbers once started a fan club for him. Tommy turns a rather jaundiced eye on these activities, though he admits, "I have occasional daydreams wherein I'm the

idol of millions and during such fantasies am invariably lifted to the shoulders of an adoring crowd which is shouting 'TOMMY — TOMMY — HOT PASTROMI!'"

T. J. came to UT in 1945 to major in acting. "I signed up for Drama 1a and learned to do the 'You're A Regular Wreck' speech four times with one breath. I discovered how to spell 'diaphragm' and got so I could punch myself in the mid-section without getting sick to my stomach."

"I was also taken into the Curtain Club where I found that theater people are more theatrical than people!" Later in '48-'49, the boy who made good became one of the best presidents this club ever had.

But back in 1947, he was so discouraged at never being cast that he changed his major to directing. Immediately he began to get roles and has been a threat to other thespians in try-outs ever since.



"I look like an ostrich up on the stage."



"I'm scared to death of charming females."



"Theatre people are more theatrical than people."

His worst role, he says, was his first one in "Right You Are." Terrified of the play, the actors, and the director; unable to tell up-stage from down-stage, Tommy spent a miserable six weeks.

"I didn't speak my lines, I gargled them," he recalls. Three times he phoned Coleman to ask about openings in his dad's hatchery business and was told by his family to stick it out.

He did. Now he has appeared in eighteen major productions and many call him "the best actor in the department."

A close friend says that Tommy's enthusiasm for the theater is his most outstanding characteristic. But back in high school, skinny, farsighted Tommy wasn't enthusiastic. He was looking for a good deal and says he made the mistake of assuming that kids taking dramatics had it easy.

In his first play, "Six Who Pass While The Lintels Boil," he boiled lintels. "After a week of rehearsal," he says, "some kind soul finally told me what the hell a lintel was."

Later, he endeared himself to his drama teacher by exhibiting theatrical presence of mind in exiting through the audience when a door jammed on stage. The teacher's praise caused Tommy's enthusiasm to burn a little brighter.

Time passed and at UT Tommy ran into a similar situation in "Arms And The Man" when he jammed a door by pushing it in when it should have pulled out. The door stuck fast leaving only a small opening. The cast was frozen. But Tommy was undaunted. He snaked an arm through, then a leg, then inched his thin frame onto the stage. When he emerged, he straightened his uniform, tweaked his mustache and said in an irritated tone, "We must have that door fixed."

"I was the hard luck kid of that show," he sighs. "Later I tried to put my coat on and ran my arms down inside the lining."

A great storyteller, he gets excited, uses his hands, pulls his mouth out of shape, jumps up and paces the floor,

rubs his head and acts out every part of an anecdote. In an evening he may mimic everyone from B. Iden Payne to Ann Tynan.

His best stories are the ones about his experiences in summer theater in New Braunfels. With nine other actors, he starved, sweated, lived on No-Doze, dropped to 108 pounds by working 18 hours a day. They had one week to memorize, rehearse, and build a three-act play set. Crew members who passed out were propped against the walls until they recovered. All became ill. One had a heart attack. None of them quit. In the end the show lost money. Tommy looks back on it as a great experience.

In his familiar blue-jeans and sneakers, he is usually moving and busy, clipping his six-foot frame along at a fast stoop. With his cropped hair and angular face, he has been compared to a bald eagle.

There is something in his often sad and pensive appearance that reminds one a little of Hollywood's best comic era—a faint recollection of the Buster Keatons and Harold Lloyds—the fluid countenance, the horn-rimmed glasses, the expressive hands. He is a master at the hysterical leer, the frustrated cringe, the seriocomic look of despair. He is perfect acting the Casper Milquetoasts who fill this world and this world's plays. He can submerge himself into Shaw's common man with a sly dig at your ribs, a wink, and a grin. In modern dress, he comes alive like a Thurber character. If he only carried a spear, it would probably be a sharp one.

A disciple of Bernard Shaw, Tommy says that G.B.S. has had a great influence upon his life. On the fly-leaf of his copy of Shaw's "Sixteen Self Sketches," some lady admirers wrote these words, "To T.J.—until he writes his own."

Tommy says they just love him more than they do honesty. Nevertheless, he has tried his hand at writing; two one-act plays presented in drama lab, some poetry, and several successful sets of lyrics for T.S.O. Writing, like dabbling

(Continued on Page 40)



"What I need in my work is maturity."



"What I need in life is a good woman."



"Can't see laying an egg in the hatchery business."



ENID LOFTIS

When "The Play's The Thing" opens in Hogg Auditorium, our luscious brunette G.O.M. will be seen in her first acting assignment as the *only* female in the show.

Glamorous Enid Loftis as the prima donna "Ilona," an actress playing an actress, is at last coming into her own after much unglamorous, long-suffering activity on crews backstage.

One hundred and twenty-five pounds of duly proportioned anatomy, Enid grew to be five-foot six out in Odessa where women are women and the men are glad of it.

If you like the bathing suit shot, you should see her dance, lounge, or just breathe in a leotard (brief dancing garment to you laymen). And if you like olive complexions, non-stagestruck drama majors, and knowing people whose star is in the ascendant, try adding this one to your collection.

The lady herself collects antique china and tall slender men.

• • •

GIRL OF THE MONTH



SOUND OF LAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 17)

"I'm so glad he didn't have to suffer. I couldn't bear the thought of him suffering."

And then she saw the look on his face for the first time, "I'm sorry," she said quickly and poured him a drink. He took it gratefully, and the fiery sting of the raw liquor soothed his tortured mind. . . .

He was holding her in his arms and moving to the slow tempo of the soft music. It hadn't been easy. His punch line had been delivered softly, and at just the right time.

"Jim would have wanted you to live . . . he would have wanted it this way."

And she had smiled wistfully at him, and he had trembled at the look in her eyes—until he had realized that it was not for him.

"Yes," she said softly, "he would have wanted it this way." And they had gone out together for the first time.

After that it was easier, but it was maddening the way the nights ended abruptly at the door. Sometimes she let him kiss her briefly, but her eyes filled with tears, and he hated Jim Lasky more than when he was alive. His desire for her became a torment, and he blamed Jim Lasky.

He began to drink heavily, and the liquor sometimes blotted out the ever-present picture of the dead man between them, so that he saw only Gloria. Lovely Gloria, with her patient smile for her dead husband's dearest friend. Lovely, wonderful Gloria.

Then one night, when he had been almost unable to walk, she had taken him into the house. He needed coffee, she said patiently, hot, black, steaming coffee. . . .

He watched her through the door of the kitchen. Then she was setting coffee on the table in front of him. Suddenly she turned instinctively to face him, and her eyes grew wide with terror.

He knew no more until the sound of the racking sobs brought him back. His face was lined with bloody scratches, and he held a piece of her blouse in his hand. He stumbled to his feet, knocking the coffee to the floor. The lukewarm liquid spilled on one leg and ran down into his shoe. It felt like blood.

Suddenly he was laughing madly, drowning out the sound of the sobbing. He stumbled blindly from the house amid the insane cackle of his own laughter.

They found him wandering in the fog down by the harbor. The dried blood from the scratches on his face, talking blankly to the lights along the quay.

"I killed him . . . I killed him," he kept saying over and over to them. They

(Continued on Page 42)

THE TAVERN

WHERE NEW

AND OLD

FRIENDS

MEET.

FINE FOODS

12th at Lamar

Phone—

2-3620



"What fox?"

SKITTISH APPETITE?

try

the tasty meats,
scrumptious
vegetables and
delicious pastries in
tempting variety
at the

TWO

MILAM CAFETERIAS

21st and Wichita

8th and Congress



"Those Baylor transfers have a helluva time adjusting."



"Well, that's be-bop for you."

"Are any of the boys living in the frat house across the street good looking?"

"I don't know. I've never seen any of their faces without binoculars in front of them."

A newspaper reporter was interviewing a millionaire who was said to be quite morose despite his wealth.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the reporter, "that not one of your boyhood hopes has been realized?"

The millionaire thought a moment. "Yes," he said, "I recall one. When my mother used to spend so much time combing my hair I always wished I didn't have any."

Prof: Well, is the theory clear to you now?

Student: Yeah, just as though it had been translated into Hindustani by Gertrude Stein and read to me by a tobacco auctioneer!

A patient at the psychiatrist's office had been complaining of a recurrent dream that a screw was where his navel should be. The doctor advised him to also dream that he had a screwdriver in his hand, and could remove the screw. Days passed, and patient and doctor met again.

"Well," asked the doctor, "how'd my suggestion work out?"

"I did as you said, doc," replied the other, "and it worked out all right, except for one thing. My legs fall off when the screw comes out."

The author of a famous book on economics received a phone call one night. The voice said: "I question your statistics on the high cost of living today. My wife and I eat everything our hearts desire and we get it for exactly 68 cents a week."

"Did you say 68 cents a week?" echoed the economist. "Could you speak a little louder?"

"Yes," said the voice. "I did say 68 cents a week, but I can't speak any louder. I'm a goldfish."

The first day at school the teacher informed the class if they had to go to the rest room, they should raise two fingers. Little Willie listened to these instructions, and then said aside to his pal, "I really don't think that'll stop it!"

bop to BACH

JUST JAZZ by Ted Nelson

● HERE IS a recipe that must be good for something. Take a small portion of fall registration, add a large dose of weariness from a fast and furious vacation, stir in just a pinch of Ranger deadline, place your head in the middle, and for effect, shake well, and out comes this month's edition of "Just Jazz."

A lot has come limping into the local record shops since our last visit, but nothing of really earth-shaking importance. Probably the most exciting sound from the listening booth is the latest George Shearing effort. Who, you ask, is George Shearing? Well, he's a lad from Merry Old England, who plays some of the greatest piano this country has ever

heard, and that isn't an individual opinion. The crowds he has been drawing in New York, and currently in Chicago, will back us up. So far, two records have come out by George with an MGM label attached. The first is a wonderful arrangement, with an up tempo, of "September in the Rain," backed by an original, "Bop, Look, and Listen." Then this month, number two came out. Slow, melodic, beautiful, and any other adjectives you might want, could be applied to a trio treatment of an old tune, "You Are Too Beautiful." Again the back side is a George Shearing original labeled, "Good To The Last Bop." Add vibes and Chuck Wayne, of old Herman Herd fame, on guitar, and the sound is something that is a sure tonic for jazz goose bumps. And just to add to the picture, Shearing opens the record playing both accordion and piano.

Woody Herman slipped in his usual one this month. It doesn't stack up with "Early Autumn" or

"That's Right," but the big side is well worth your time. It is an old tune, "Tenderly," and is big, slow, and rich. Woody comes through with another alto solo which is at least pretty, but the great green-eyed monster, Bill Harris, again takes the spotlight, as he has done so many times before. Buddy Savitt takes a solo that is more than slightly influenced by former Herdman, Stan Getz, but it doesn't quite make the grade. The ideas seem to be there for Buddy, but we can't think of any good excuse for playing out of tune.

The back side features Mary Ann McCall on the vocal, and will somebody please explain why this gal isn't right at the top of the ladder? The label reads "Jamaica Rhumba" and Savitt repeats, plus a great, as usual, vibe solo by Terry Gibbs. By the way, Buddy Childers from the old Kenton band is the latest addition to the Herd.

Harry James hit the market with a Columbia record that is bop all the way, just as we mentioned last month. The title is "Ultra," the style . . . well, the notes are bop, but the tone and phrasing is still Harry James. The results may surprise and please you, or it may just be a surprise.

We shouldn't do it, after the terrific beating one Tommy Dorsey has been handing us, but give a listen to one of his recent efforts, an old



October

is a good month to

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at the

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VILLAGE
NO. 1**

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*the only restaurant in Austin
recommended by—*

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Better*



Look Smarter

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IN STUDENT
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EYES EXAMINED—

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*Specs
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Optometrists

Seventh & Congress



WHAT'S COOKING?

Nothing but real home-cooked spaghetti (and other tasty Italian dishes) that's done up plate-right at Victor's!

Try Victor's (he's a genial host, too) ONCE and you'll be a repeat customer ALWAYS!

And brother, he's remodeled his spot . . . more space . . . more comfort . . . all for good eatin'!

VICTOR'S

409 W. 23rd

timer, "The Continental." It has one basic charm . . . it swings beautifully. Billy Ainsworth, a Fort Worth boy, plays the clarinet.

To wind up, just a mention of the country's number two vocalist, Herb Jeffries. Herb has just released his new Columbia record, "Twilight" and "Pagan Love Song." The latter tune was originally recorded by Jeffries with Duke Ellington in 1940. Both sides are wonderful.

SERIOUS SIDE by Walter Rundell

The tales about the inspiration of musical compositions are often much more romantic and fanciful than the actual circumstances surrounding their being. Is it not a great deal more dramatic and poetic that Beethoven was inspired to compose his *Moonlight Sonata* by seeing the silvery moonlight streaming across the hands of a blind girl at the piano, than the actual prosaic circumstances of the composition?

The legend that has grown up around Handel's *Water Music Suite* recorded this month by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra on Columbia LP, is one of the most fascinating in all music history.

On July 17, 1717, the Thames was blanketed with barges filled with persons of nobility. On the central one sat His Majesty, King George the First of England. Directly following came a barge on which fifty musicians "played all kinds of instruments—trumpets, hunting horns, oboes, bassoons, German flutes, French flutes à bec, violins, and basses." What these musicians were playing as the nautical cavalcade proceeded up the Thames from Lambeth to Chelsea were "the finest symphonies, composed expressly for this occasion by Mr. Handel." This music so delighted King George "that he caused it to be played over three times in going and returning," although each performance of what was originally a twenty-movement suite required a full hour.

Popular fiction relates that in 1712 Handel incurred the displeasure of George, his patron, then Elector of Hanover, by failing to return to Hanover from England, where he found music to be more profitable. Two years later, in 1714, when George became king of England, he was still indignant and refused to see the composer. To patch up the difference, Handel was said to have composed this music and played it for the king at his water party. George was so taken with the composition that he forgave Handel and bestowed a pension upon him.

Actually, the two had been reconciled previous to this water pageant in 1717, and Handel was already receiving a stipend.

Eugene Ormandy's ingenious arrangement and interpretation of this vigorous, spirited music captures the buoyancy of the occasion for which it was written.

On the reverse side of the LP record is Corelli's *Suite for Strings*. Divided into three movements, "Sarabande," "Gigue," and "Badinerie," this dance suite is an excellent vehicle to display the Philadelphia strings, purported to be the best in the world. How well the conductor achieves the stately, reserved quality of the seventeenth-century sarabande and the lively abandon of the badinerie!

Helen Traubel's latest release is an album of Negro spirituals, including "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"; "Were You There?"; "Deep River"; "Steal Away"; "Go Down, Moses"; and "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen."

Another recent item to reach the Co-Op shelves is Enesco's *Roumanian Rhapsody Number 1, in A Major Opus 11*, recorded by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Artur Rodzinski.

Based on Roumainian folk tunes, this strongly rhythmical rhapsody grows to dynamic and impassioned heights. The lilting principal theme, based on a drinking song, should be familiar to many Austin listeners, since it was KTXN's themesong for "Coffee Concert."

Also on this LP in Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz."



WHEN THE GOVERNOR WAS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 15)

"They observed the limit then like they do the state rule now," Shivers remembers. "Just like everybody else, I spent \$49 on my campaign."

There was at least one point of similarity to today's campaigns: Posters left on the campus overnight had about as much chance of survival as a snowball in the tropics.

An editorial in the *Texan* just before Shivers's election deplored an "attempt to revive the fraternity-barb controversy." Independents in those days lined up either with the Delta Phi's or the Clique. Dean Nowotny remembers that Shivers got the support of most of the "great unwashed," as the dean playfully phrases it.

Patric, the "hobo journalist" and fabulous character, entered the scene in the 1932 election. He ran a hapless freshman

It is unlawful to kill or injure any bat.

DIGEST OF GAME, FISH AND OYSTER LAWS, TATE OF TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 1949

(But you can still beat her with a stick smaller than your little finger!)

dandy for president and had him promise to kiss all the girls in Kirby Hall. "Nicky," the freshman, also promised to make a fishpond out of Littlefield Fountain and feed the fish on chopped politicians.

But Shivers piled up a 2,287-1,412 victory over Spurlock, carrying every school. Just the same, he had not heard the last of Patric.

Shivers' election ended the stranglehold the Clique had on the *Cactus*. It had been customary for the *Cactus* editor to characterize his opponents on "The Fairy Page" or in some other uncomplimentary section of the yearbook. These characterizations were of such nature that the late Senator Morris Sheppard once threatened the *Cactus* with a libel suit because of a comment about his daughter.

Shivers didn't get into any real scraps until the 1933 spring election, when he was still president. On the first count of April 4, D. B. Hardeman led Joe Hornaday by six votes for *Texan* editor and

(Continued on Page 32)



Marie Antoinette

Mix and Match

Tom Boy corduroys, the fall fashion news for amiable separates. Straight cut jacket with big pockets in rust, green, camel, and red. Sizes 10-16. 10.95

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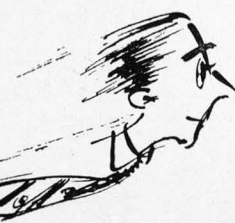
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WHEN THE GOVERNOR WAS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 31)

Ben Parkinson led his vice-presidential opponent by only eight out of 4,000. A recount was demanded.

Shivers was advised by at least one faculty member to vote for the recount, but he had been backing Hardeman and Parkinson, and the pressure against the recount was considerable.

He, Joe Pool, chairman of the Judiciary Council, and Zula Williams, secretary of the Students' Association, were the committee on election protests. Shivers and his friend, Pool, voted against the recount; Zula voted for it.

The Texan (supporting Hornaday) howled; students split violently.

Texan Editor Bob Baldrige printed accusations that Shivers and Pool had decided against the recount before a public hearing that was called to let all sides speak their minds.

Hems Are Shorter
This Season, Girls

THE DAILY TEXAN

(Ah, nertz.)

Shivers, thoroughly angry, wrote the *Texan* a letter saying the "scurrilous editorial" was the "last wailing cry of a man whose hand-picked candidate and political henchman has met with defeat."

He said the editor had "prostituted his editorial powers," made "malicious mis-statements," and made a "specious plea for fair play." About a *Texan* accusation that one of Shivers' candidates had been assured no recount early Wednesday morning, Shivers shot back in capital letters:

"THIS IS A LIE AS FALSE AS IT IS MALICIOUS AND WILFUL."

About a charge that a trailing candidate whom Shivers and Pool supported was assured a recount by them, he wrote:

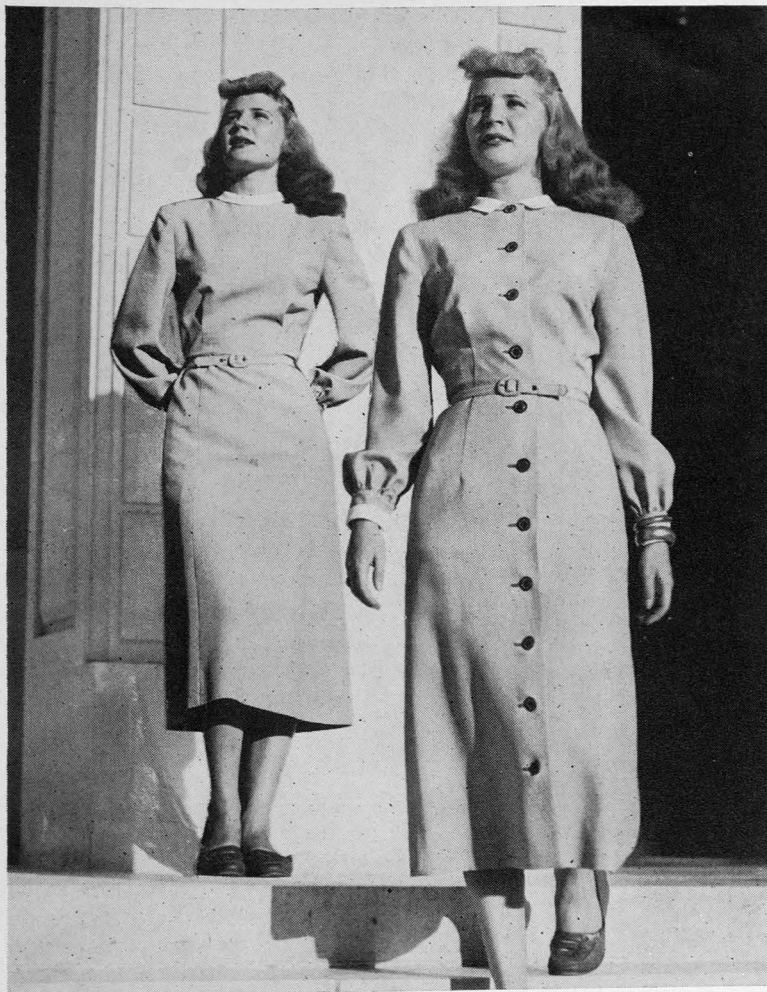
"That, Mr. Baldrige, is another D---LIE, whether coming from you or from the candidate."

He finished his column-long letter:

"The sole and only issue is whether a disgruntled and defeated political combine and dictatorship shall be permitted to impose its own will and expressed desires over the will of the student body. . . . There will be no recount. I consider the whole matter a closed incident."

(Continued on Page 36)

FASHIONS



YARING'S



Turn about's fair play. And this brown and white number that Myrna Ruff wears can be turned backwards or forwards. It buttons down the front, no, maybe it buttons down the back. Anyhow, either way looks fine to us. By the way, Myrna's her own shadow.

There's a skirt on these pockets that Dorothy Hartman is wearing. She even considered carrying her books in them. The skirt is a 100 per cent wool with a white background on the red and blue plaid. The Cumberland type blouse is a white weiner jersey.

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For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

"This pen leaks," said the convict, as the rain came through the roof.
—Drue Hightower, 2352 Guadalupe

"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's O.K. buddy. We ain't arresting you for breeding purposes."

Help raise the devil while you live. You will meet him soon after you die and those who are acquainted with him will get the best shovels.

"Did you get home all right after the party last night?"

"Fine, thanks; except that just as I was turning into my street some idiot stepped on my fingers."

Hubby went out with the boys one evening and before he realized it the morning of the next day had dawned. He hesitated to call home and tell his wife. Finally, he hit upon an idea. He phoned, and when his wife answered, he shouted, "Don't pay the ransom, Honey, I escaped."

A big-time gambler had just died. The funeral was well attended by his professional friends. In eulogy, the speaker said, "Spike is not dead. He only sleeps." From the rear came a voice, "I've got \$100 that says he don't wake up."

"I see you are not a gentleman," hissed the woman on the street corner as the wind swept her skirts over her head.

"No," he replied, "and I see you aren't either."

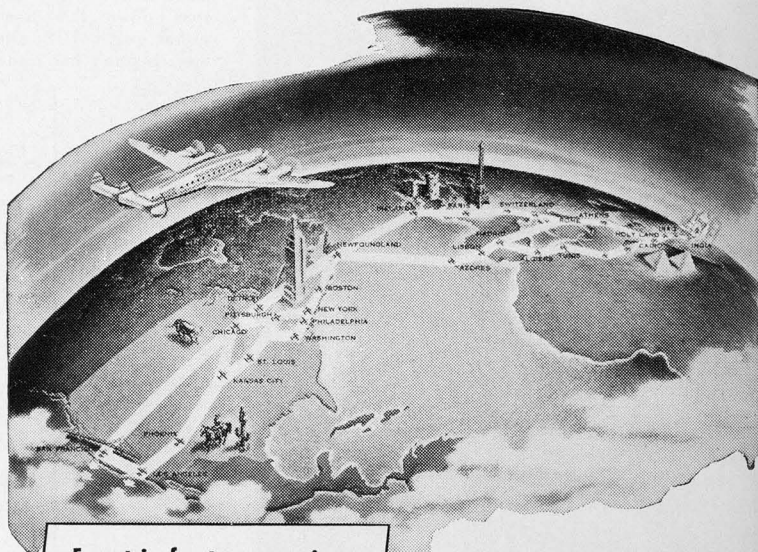
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"Doc," said the old mountaineer, leading a gangling youth into the presence of the village medico, "I want you should fix up my son-in-law. I shot him in the leg yesterday and lamed him up a bit."

"Why," said the shocked doctor, "shame on you for shooting your own son-in-law!"

"Wal, doc," explained the mountaineer, "he warn't my son-in-law when I shot him!"

Two teaching fellows were fishing on Lake Austin, when they hit a spot where the fish bit particularly well. As they rowed back to shore, one of them said, "We'd better mark that spot, in case we want to come back tomorrow."

The other replied, "Oh, I did. I've got a chalk mark on the left side of the boat."

The first snorted. "You idiot!" he shouted. "We might not get the same boat tomorrow!"

The wife heard the telephone ring and saw her husband answer it. She was puzzled to hear him say, "I don't know. Why don't you call the weather bureau?"

After he hung up, she asked, "Who was it, dear?"

"Ah, some sailor, I guess," he replied. "He wanted to know if the coast was clear."

"My wife is scared to death somebody will steal her clothes."

"Doesn't she have them insured?"

"She has a better idea. She hires a guy to stay in the closet and watch 'em. I found him there the other night."

There are two kinds of dances: the formal kind and the kind at which you wear your own clothes.


STRAPLESS EVENING GOWN DEPT



"What's this I hear about your sales falling off?"



"All he'll do is keep writing 'You can't teach an old dog new tricks!'"



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WHEN THE GOVERNOR WAS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 32)

The next day, Weldon Hart, now press secretary to the governor and his close personal friend, wrote the following in a letter to the *Texan* which they both chuckle over today.

"I understand that Mr. Shivers has chosen the law as his profession . . . In trials, when lawyers have no case to present, they sometimes try to . . . shower the opposing side with sarcasm, abuse, and defamation. I wonder if there is not an analogy here?"

Hart referred to the letter as "full of high school inconsequentialities with college trimmings."

You might say the controversy raged. Eventually, the administration took a hand and overruled the recount denial. Hornaday was elected by about 50 votes. Hardeman made it the next year.

Patric had not been on the sidelines. He had been writing a *Texan* column, "Simon Legree," since December, consistently lambasting politicians, deans, Dekes, and Pi Phi's. He had an impish Schopenhauerish streak that caused him to delight in attacking anything pretentious or powerful. And he was quite good at it.

Shivers did not escape his wrath. When Patric was ordered by his "boss" to stop writing about politics, he ran the order in a funeral-black border in his column for several days, then wrote another political column. Thereafter—no column.

Not to be denied, Patric defied an administration threat of expulsion and printed "The Blunderbuss," a devilish rebel newspaper of ten pages that caustically insulted Shivers and his friends.

Patric distributed "The Blunderbuss" on a Saturday evening. It was selling slowly, so he sidled into a drug store near the Texas Theater. He sidled out again.

The brown brick chimneys of the University "Y," outlined by the marquee lights of the movie, jutted into the hot night sky of May 13, 1933. In this setting two protagonists met and traded heavy blows; one was the tramp journalist who later wrote for *Reader's Digest* and *National Geographic*, the other was the student president who later did all right for himself, too.

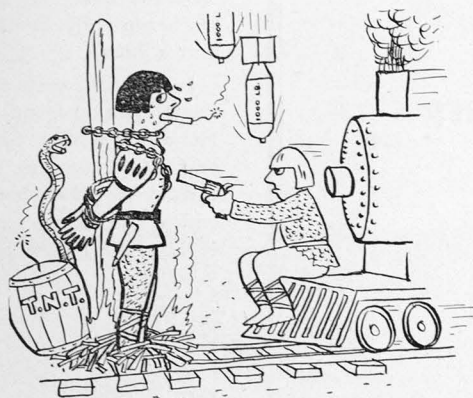
Shivers won the fight, but the self-dubbed "hobo" rushed forthwith to the police station and filed charges. On May 18, the University expelled him for writing "The Blunderbuss."

Nine days after the fight, Allan Shivers paid a \$1 fine and a \$10.80 costs in Corporation Court for "making an affray by fighting together with John

(Continued on Page 38)



FACULTY CACKLES



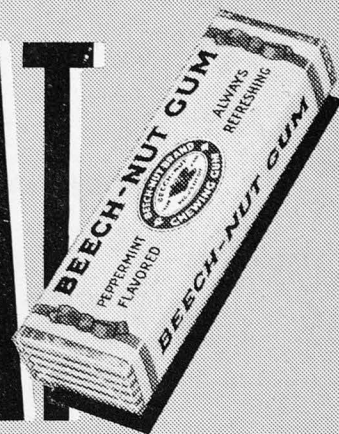
IT seems that an English professor who taught a course in Shakespeare's plays had an exceptionally slow class, with the result that the semester's end caught them in the middle of "Hamlet."

Five years passed, and the professor met one of the members of this particular class on the street. He appeared overjoyed to meet his old teacher. "You know, doc," he confided, after the handshakes were done, "I've been meaning to write you over these past five years, but just haven't had time. There's something been preying on my mind all this time: How in the world did Hamlet ever come out of it?"

—Mody Boatright
Professor of English

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WHEN THE GOVERNOR WAS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 36)

Patric in a certain public place: to wit, Guadalupe Street."

Patric had first charged "assault" (indicating that he was rather soundly whipped) and later changed it to "afray."

Shivers today, asked if he won, laughs, leans back in his chair, and says, "Of course, I'd say I did."

As governor, Shivers is a mild-mannered but dynamic personality. He wears natty, well-tailored, subdued clothes and at 41 has retained the personal charm and political acumen that made him a "wheel" in campus politics seventeen years ago.

As lieutenant governor, he so candidly wielded the power that was his that he surprised some of his many critics out of their words.

However, he didn't surprise anybody who could remember back to the days when the governor was a mere president.

Not so many years ago a school of basket weaving known as "A&M" was having no small trouble in meeting its enrollment quotas. Things got so bad that the board of admission was forced to accept all sorts of strange people and a horse.

In his first year the horse had a little trouble. The second, however, was easier. He didn't study too hard, drank a lot and was known as one of the boys. His third year was even better than the second as his bridge game was really sharp. In his fourth year he was forced back in to study to keep on the dean's list.

June came and with it graduation for our hero. The candidates lined up alphabetically: A's, B's C's. The horse was in line under "H" wearing his cap and gown. The moment arrived. Our hero marched up on the platform, took his diploma in his mouth and raised his right hoof to be shaken. The president took the extended hoof and, as he shook it, was heard to say, "Congratulations, you are the first FULL horse to graduate from A&M!"

Two fraternity boys were fumbling around trying to get into their apartment.

Said one, "Say you don't open the door with that; it's a cigar butt."

"Oh hell," said the other, "I've smoked my key."

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Featured in the Ranger "You Can Go To—" Column

HOT PASTROMI!

(Continued from Page 25)



in art, is just a part of his versatility. One year Tommy and some friends formed a "Junior Birdman Club." They set objectives and went to them across the campus as the crow flies. In this exhausting and absurd experiment, they even climbed over the law building.

Another time, Tommy decided to stage a voodoo party at Bull Creek, complete with drums, fires, rituals, and chants. A Calypso war was held wherein one faction sang the other down. Eventually people began disrobing and falling into the fire. Things got out of hand. Rather sadly, T.J. gave up his preoccupation with voodoo and turned to bullfighting.

**Manhunt Nets
Two Teen-Agers**

HOUSTON POST

(Oh well, boys will be men.)

In Mexico this summer, he was given a working cape by a budding "novillero" and asked to join a group of apprentice matadors. But he decided more practically to come back to UT and work on his masters. Mr. Jones, Sr., has been more tolerant of a son in the theater since Tommy raked in cold cash and some free beers directing the Austin Little Theater last spring.

Tommy numbers among his collection of friends, The Sheik, who owns a bar on East Sixth Street. It is Tommy's

OCTOBER, 1949

present intention to stage a private production of "A Streetcar Named Desire" with The Sheik (a virile ex-wrestling champ) as the he-man lead.

Since T.J. has shown considerable promise as a director, he can probably pull it off. He says, "If I had any guts though, I'd go to New York and starve, begging Elia Kazan or Josh Logan to let me run errands for them and watch them direct."

In The University, his directing notwithstanding, Tommy is best known for his vivid portrayals of DePinna in "You Can't Take It With You" (the little man who made firecrackers in the basement)—of Kit Carson in "The Time of Your Life" (I don't suppose you ever fell in love with a midget weighing thirty-nine pounds?)—of Doolittle in "Pygmalion" (Whut's a five-pound note to you, guv'ner, and whut's Eliza to me?).

Anyone can do a genuine oil painting with this Picture Craft kit. A canvas 12x16" is stenciled with a landscape or still life, with numbers where the color goes. You paint in colors from correspondingly numbered capsules of paint, using a brush in the kit, and you have an oil painting.

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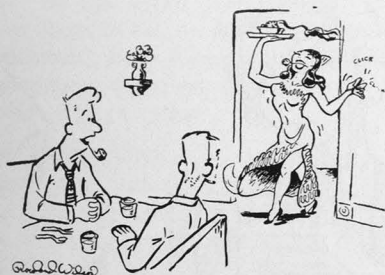
(See page 16)

Tommy says his idea of heaven-on-earth would be a situation where he could have a group stock company in an ideal theater-family-community life. "I'm no Bohemian," he says, putting on his western-style straw hat and beginning to sing "Ida Red."

"You know, though," he'll muse, "more than anything in the world I respect talent. It's a shame how much I respect talent!"

We respect talent, too. Maybe that's why it's easy to close this shouting, "TOMMY — TOMMY — HOT PAS-TROMI!"

• • •



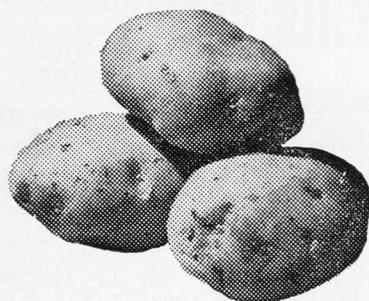
"I just took a chance and ordered the Spanish Surprise."

NEWLY CROWNED, MISS AMERICA



P. K. WILLIAMS NASH CO.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—"Miss America of 1949," Jacquie Mercer of Phoenix, Ariz., receives the first of the major prizes awarded following her triumph in the annual "Miss America" pageant here. The 18-year-old chestnut-haired dramatics student accepts the keys to a new Nash Ambassador sedan from E. M. Christie, eastern sales executive of Nash Motors. Nash is a sponsor of the pageant's \$25,000 scholarship fund. \$5,000 of which goes to "Miss America" and the rest to 15 runners-up.



We polish the potato. Call 'em spuds, taters, murphies—we take the lowly potato . . . bake it golden crisp on the outside and all flaky on the inside . . . add a pat of butter . . . and serve it surrounded by mouth-watering steaks and seafoods. Baked potato is famous at

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... and beginning
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our new Sunflower Room

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turns its back politely
to Fall and concentrates
its warm panorama toward
making luncheons, dinners
and banquets glow with
perfection.

The Hitchin' Post

1101 Lamar Boulevard

SOUND OF LAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 27)

checked, but found no bodies. They never found where he got the scratches. They sent him to a mental hospital. . . .

The sound of the horns from the bay brought him back again. The fog swirled about him in thickening patterns of greyness. He was waiting to kill Gloria Lasky. She was the cause of this. The long-ago pictures with the light in her eyes had lied to him. The things she had written between the lines of the letters to Jim had been lies. She had killed Jim with those lies. It had taken him a long time to find it out—much too long, but now he knew. He was going to kill her for these things.

Prices Up for Women

THE SUMMER TEXAN

(And no improvement in quality,
either.)

WHEN YOU SEE THIS SIGN . . .



You're at

The "Spot" U. T. Students Built

... and support!

That's

The Tower

The Rendezvous of Texas U

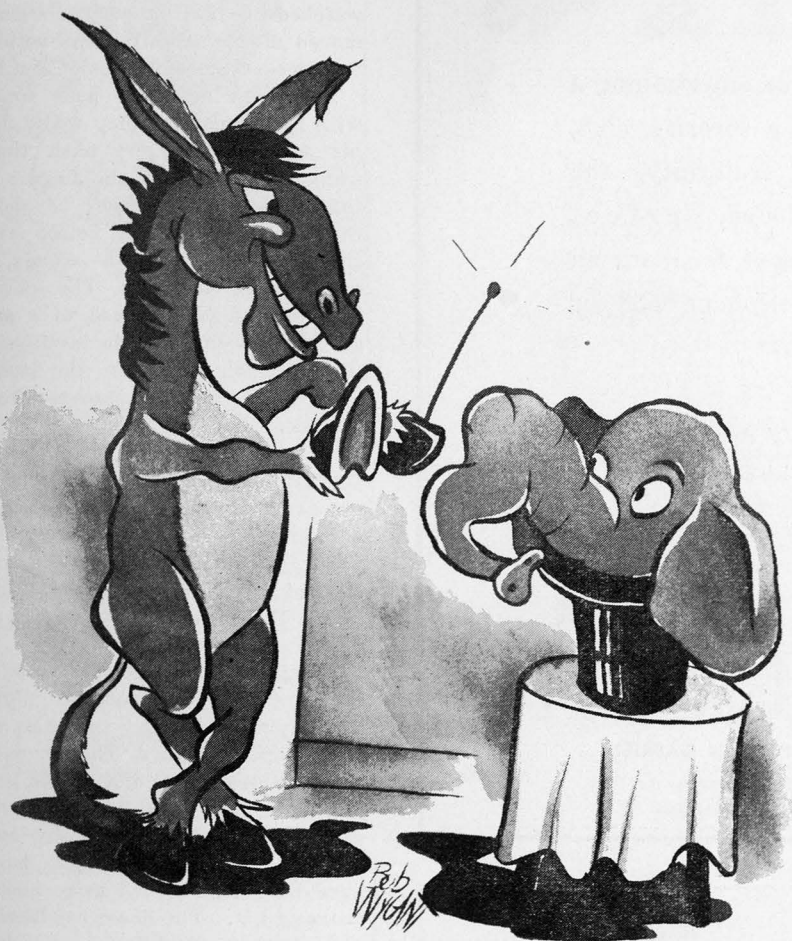
The hollow sound of the clock striking four brought a sense of urgency to him; she must be coming soon. He knew vaguely that they would be looking for him, and in the day that was creeping upon him he could not escape. He stirred restlessly in the creaking wicker chair, and the movement seemed to send the fog swirling around him.

Suddenly the face loomed again in the mistiness. It was closer now—closer than it had ever been before, and he began to feel the terror that was moving in upon him with the face. He wanted to cry out but the fog was choking his breath, and he could make no sound. He

(Continued on Page 44)



MUMBO JUMBO



—or how to make an elephant disappear

by bill bridges

● THE GUESTS sit at one end of the room so that the other end is bare. An elephant is brought in and made to stand at the far wall. A large canvas is thrown over the animal so that he is completely hidden. The magician points a trench mortar at the object and fires it. The canvas drops to the floor and in place of the elephant, there stands a small geology professor, absorbed in a rock he is tapping with a pick.

HOW IT IS DONE:

First, it is necessary to get an elephant with a mortal fear of red herring. Since everything red excites fear these days, this will be easy.

Prior to the party, you go to the home of your host and remove half the floor from the living room, installing a portable elevator, the roof of which is

just large enough to serve as that portion of the floor that has been removed.

The elephant is covered with the canvas. When the trench mortar is fired, the herring, which has been behind a picture at the far end of the room, is jarred loose, falling to the floor in front of the elephant. The animal moves backward, tripping the control lever of the elevator, which drops to the basement. The elephant steps off, two confederates push a geology professor, busily tapping a rock, onto the platform and send the elevator back to floor level.

With a little practice, the trick can be done rather quickly, though the geology professor will become a burden on the Scotch, should he lose interest in his rock.

• • •



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THAT SAYS TO ANOTHER

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I wouldn't believe it if I didn't know she gave him a portrait from Ottis Stahl's



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(\$2.00 Per Picture)

SOUND OF LAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 42)

watched the face in horrified silence as it moved slowly toward him—nothing but the face—the bloody face of Jim Lasky.

And then he could have touched it with his hands, but they would not obey his will to rise and push the thing away. Then he felt the fingers on his throat—fingers that were as ghostly as the face that hovered before him—but they were choking him—slowly, surely, choking him to death. The questioning look on the face turned to a smile of ghostly pleasure, and the invisible fingers tightened on his neck. He knew then that there was no escape from the shadow.

The wild laughter that rang out startled the sleeping neighborhood into pre-dawn life. It choked suddenly into a strangled sob and died away.

The policeman stood on the porch as the sun rose in the east. They had taken Roger Terrell away, but still the curious came.

"Yeah, this guy escapes from an institution down the coast last night," he was saying knowingly to a new arrival. "It's mighty strange. The doc says this guy dies of a blood clot on the brain, or something like that." He lowered his voice, "Can't figure out why he came here, unless it was to see the dame that lived here. . . . Moved away about four years ago. . . . The house has been empty ever since. . . ."

• • •

Al Weinstein, a UT ex, who used to write vitrolic movie reviews for that college newspaper, recently sent along what he calls his most hysterical conversational tid-bit of the year.

It seems he was in New Orleans in a crowd of mutual friends polite chit-chat with a sweet young newlywed whose brand-new husband had been sent out to sea by the Navy.

"How long were you married before your husband left New Orleans," queried Al.

"Four nights," he reports was the unblushing answer.

•

The train for Dallas had just pulled out of Bryan and the passengers settled back for the journey. A tall, dignified man entered the club car and addressing the passengers, asked,

"Is there a gentleman from A. & M. present?"

One man stood up and stated that he was an Aggie.

"Fine," beamed the first man, "I wondah if I might borrow youah co'kscrew fo' a minute?"



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Some Lines to a Cocker Spaniel

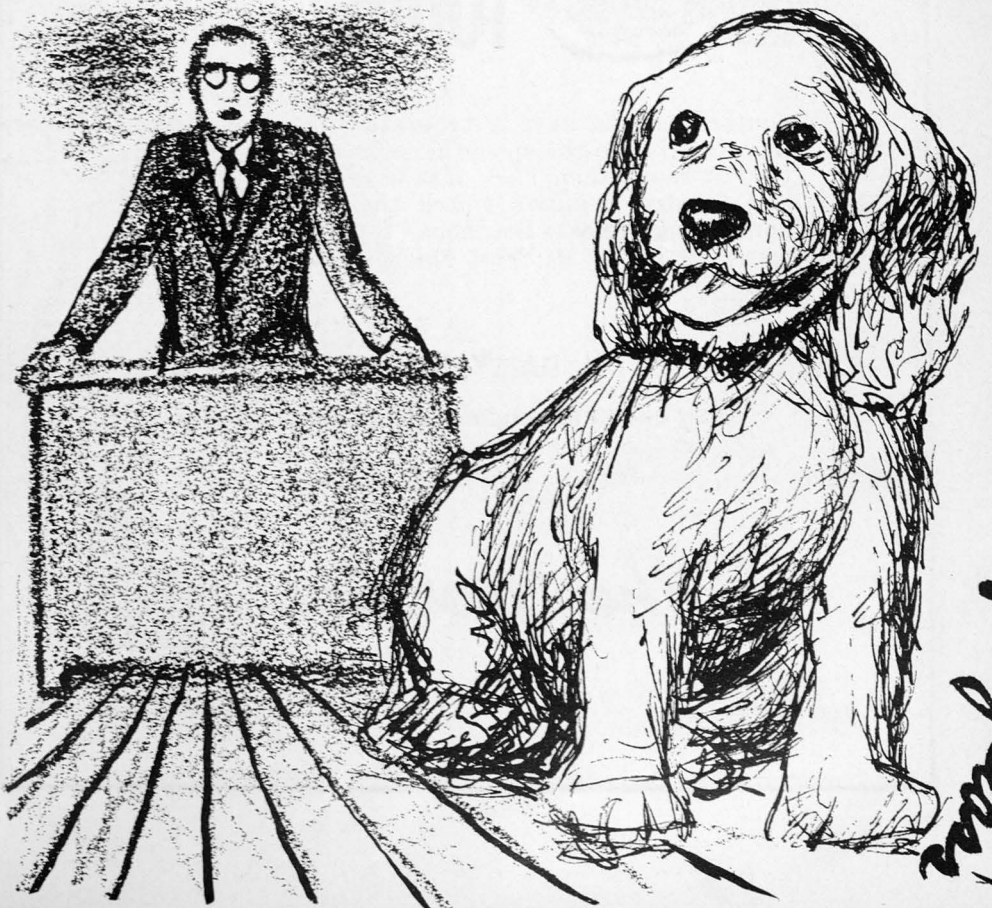
Oh little one, you have no business here.
Leave Garrison Hall and spend the afternoon
Chasing the campus squirrels. The atmosphere
Here in this room is much too foul for you.
Philosophy can make men bay the moon;
What might it make a cocker spaniel do?

Have you not heard that ignorance is bliss?
If you remain, (exuberant quadruped!)
Your sweet, flamboyant, canine happiness,
Your love of simple, tender, foolish things,
Will vanish like the hair on Prufrock's head.
"Philosophy will clip an angel's wings!"

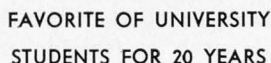
The idiot's tale sounds like a pleasant story
To those who never do reflect upon it;
Hence, innocence is wisdom, a priori,
And unaffected ignorance divine.
Go quickly now; read Santayana's sonnet,
And bid "the tender light of faith to shine."

An ancient moral here is manifest;
Knowledge and misery run parallel
And neck to neck. Go, little one, and rest
Contented in your proper canine role;
Why, I would forfeit my front seat in hell
That mine might be a cocker spaniel soul.

—Joe Capps



... wandered into our Philosophy Class!

[illegible]

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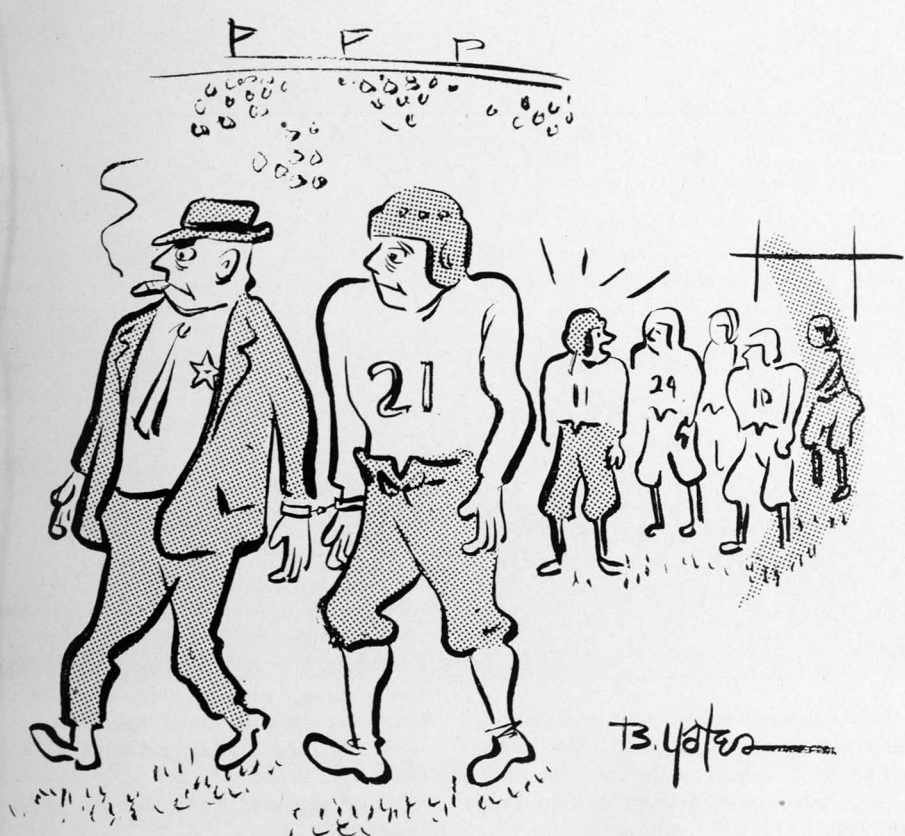
closed tuesdays

"What's your cat's name?"
 "Ben Hur."
 "How did you hit on that name?"
 "Well we called it Ben until it had
 kittens."

GRID GAGS



"Okay, now the Whisper Yell."



"Looks like they're really cracking down on scalpers."

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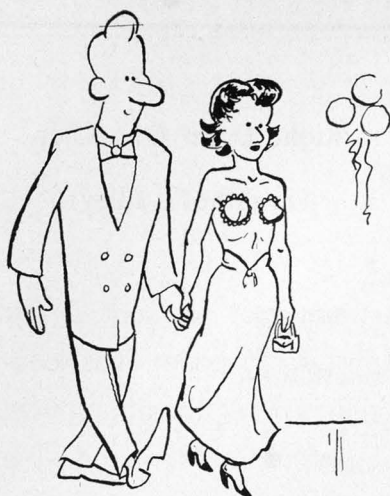
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- Fine Foods
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ACROSS FROM THE
CHIEF DRIVE-IN THEATRE



A young Teasipper was fleeing his old man by telling him he had acquired a talking dog. As the dog became more learned, the son wrote home for more and more money to further his education. Finally, the boy asked for a thousand dollars so the dog could learn French.

Soon the proud father announced he was coming to see this amazing animal and the student in desperation shot Rover and went to meet his dad at the station.

"Well, son, where's the dog?"

"Father, I don't know how to tell you this, but I had to kill him. You see, this morning as I was shaving, he looked up from the *Austin-American* and said 'Is your father still playing around with the French maid?'"

"My word, are you sure he's dead?"

Perplexed Oriental: "Our children velly white. Is velly strange."

"Well—Occidents will happen."

And more in the same vein:

"Our child is white. Velly strange."

"'Tis true. Two Wongs do not make a white."

The Drag cop stopped a young man who charged across Guadalupe against the light.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" inquired the minion of the law.

"Oh," said junior, "I just bought a new textbook and I'm trying to get to class before they change the edition."

The battleship was in port and visitors were being shown around. The guide exhibited a bronze tablet on the deck.

"And this was where our gallant Captain fell."

Said the little old lady in the crowd, "Well, no wonder. I nearly tripped on the damned thing myself."

He knocked at the door of my room. "May I come in? It's the room I had when I went to UT in '09," he said. I invited him in.

"Yes, sir," he said, lost in reverie. "Same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the closet door. There stood a girl, terrified.

"This is my sister," I said.

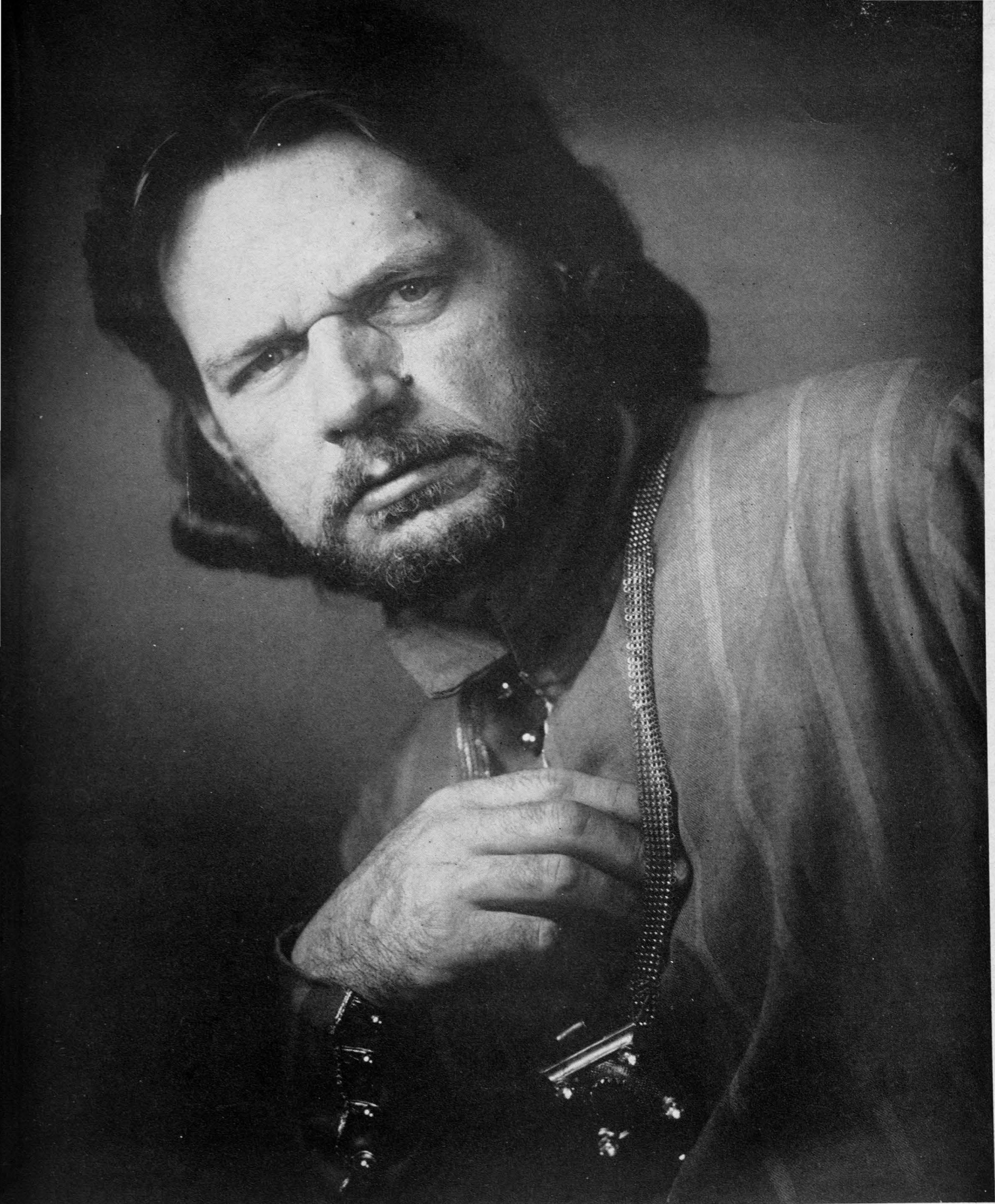
"Yes, sir. Same old story."

Speaking of little old ladies brings to mind the story of a young fellow who took his dainty grandmother to see the roadshow tour of "Tobacco Road." After the first two profane acts, the little old lady was groping under her seat.

"What's the matter, grandma?" asked the boy.

"Oh," she said, "I've lost my goddam program."

Don't you ever read anything but the jokes?



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"Smoke MY cigarette...
Milder Chesterfield"

Glenn Ford

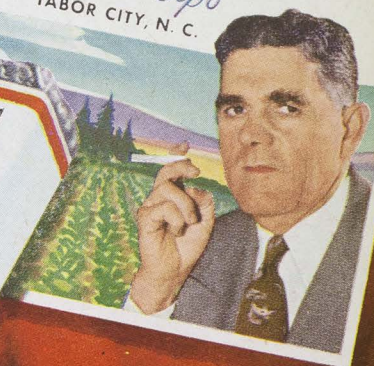
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