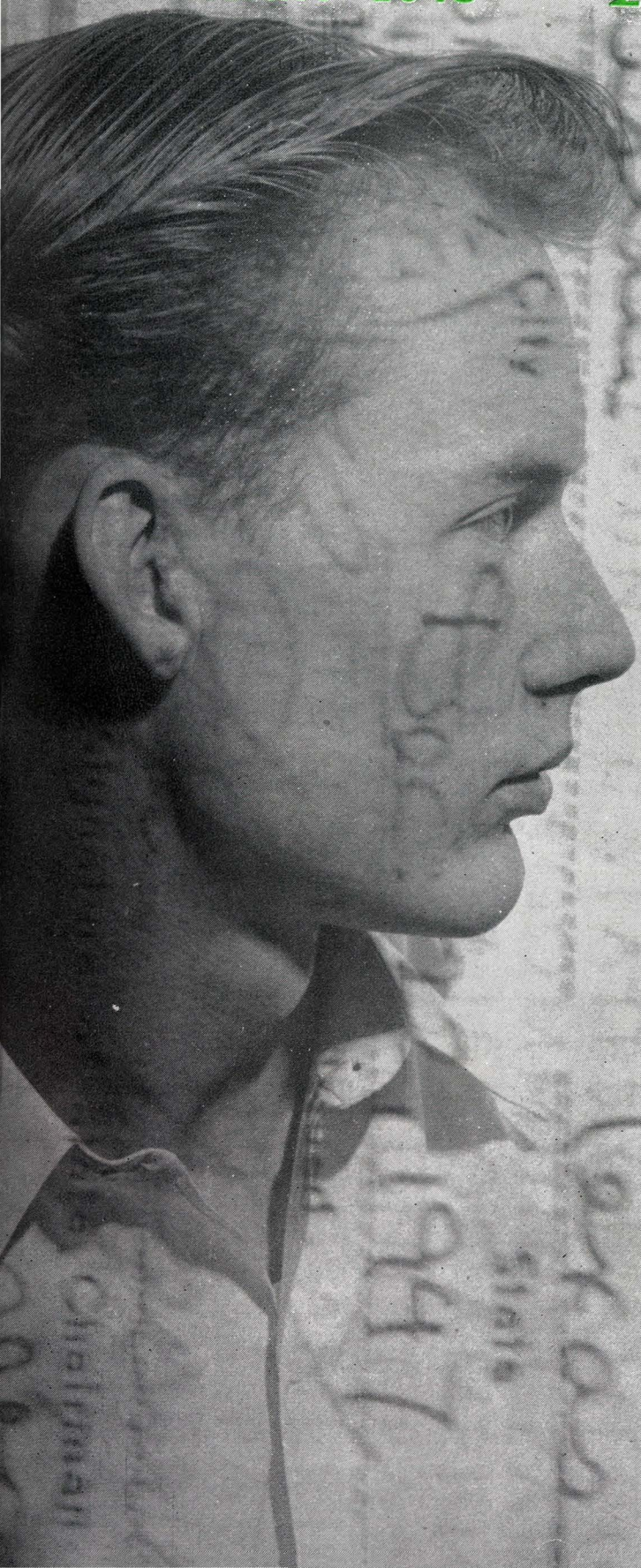


Texas Ranger

FEBRUARY 1948

25c



1948 MEMBERSHIP CARD
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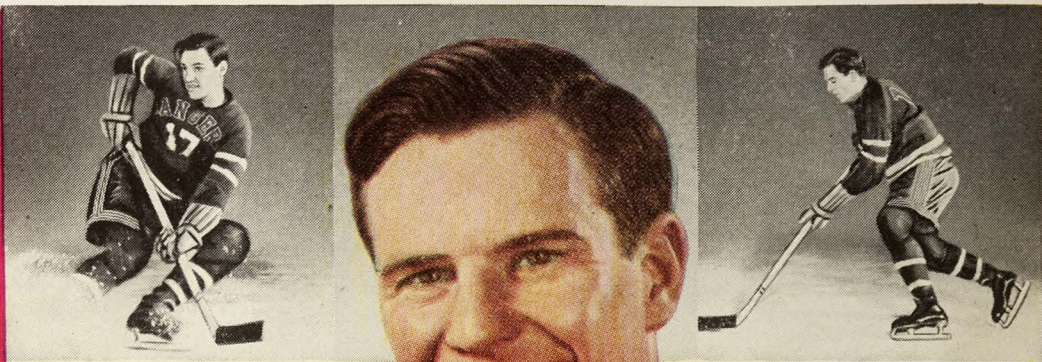
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Chairman

Experience
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HOCKEY STAR

CAL GARDNER
says—

EXPERIENCE? New York Ranger Cal Gardner has 15 years of hockey behind him, including two years with the junior champions of the world and "a most valuable player award."

R. J. Reynolds
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I'VE SMOKED MANY
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Let your "T-Zone" tell you why...
More people are smoking
CAMELS than ever before!



Your "T-Zone"
Taste...Throat

...that's your final proving
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cigarette.
Try Camels.
See if Camels
don't suit your
"T-Zone"
to a "T."

● You'll read about it . . . hear about it . . . you'll see it for yourself — In sports, in business, in homes all over America, smoker after smoker who has tried and compared different brands during the wartime cigarette shortage has found Camels the "choice of experience"!

Why? Hockey Star Cal Gardner says, "Of all the brands I tried, Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

And that's where you'll find the answer—in your "T-Zone." Try Camels and let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

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NAVY BOLERO SUIT

Navy blue . . . in every port for Spring! And fashioned here in JULLIARD Worsted Tricotene. Also in brown or black . . . sizes 10 to 14.

49.95

Yaring's Young Fashions
Street Floor



Just About Everything



Discrimination

NOTE to Jim Crow: The *Daily Texan* style book insists that "Negro" be capitalized, but "white" gets the old discriminatory lower case.

Another Spin

CAMPUS WHEELS, to our way of thinking, are straining a spoke in planning to lease—yeah—a ferris-wheel for the outdoor Varsity Carnival next month. The *Ranger's* contribution to the sideshow, in case you're wondering, will be a trained geek. The *Ranger* has a corner on the geek market.

"Un-Texan"

FOOT-IN-MOUTH disease was bothering Governor Jester again last month. No sooner had the classic "un-Texan" statement escaped him than an anguished cry was heard from campus vet leaders. If the Governor stuck to his gums (sic) about it being "un-Texan for World War II veterans to ask for a bonus," then, they predicted, he might very well have to denaturalize about 80 per cent of the W. W. II vet population. Or possibly deport a governor.

Turnabout

OUR GULF COAST correspondent reports that the Millenium has arrived in Houston. Rice students are grading (you'll never guess) their professors. And they claim to be getting some admirable results, or repercussions. They rate the profs on, among other things, enthusiasm, interest in the course, lecturing ability, receptiveness to questions, and gum chewing. Just what results, other than "admirable" ones, are being obtained our informant didn't say.

Crime

OPERATIVE C-321 reports from the book-stacks that crime was at an all-time high last semester. Official re-

ports set the number of book thefts at "about 100." (C-321 estimated the number at near the G-mark.) Highly alarmed over even a 1/800,000 casualty rate, the bibliothec COMINCH mobilized a sort of Elite Guard. All imports and exports were closely checked and auditor's receipt-passports inspected. Most people who found it necessary to read a book took the manifesto philosophically. But there were those who saw it as another step toward regimentation. "Ah," said one disgusted student, giving the checker the old straight-arm, "The heil with it." The pun is the lowest form of humor.

Politics

Monster

PROSPECTIVE member of the next Legislature (species grassroots) came boiling out of Gregory Gym during exam week after taking the departmental final in Government 10. As nearly as we could decipher his remarks, "There's gonna be an investigation if I get elected." He said that if the Legislature went so far as to make the government course compulsory they ought to keep tabs on the monster of their own creation. Present plans, according to the aspirant, are to submit the following question, from the government final, to

the Legislature. If a majority of them can't figure it out he is going to introduce a bill making the course compulsory for legislators, too. The typical question, from a batch of 100:

Which of the following must be included in the meaning of laissez-faire capitalism?

- I. Use of property to make profit.
 - II. Freedom of contract between employer and worker.
 - III. Exploitation of colonialism for national benefit.
 - IV. Economic life governed by "Natural Laws."
- A. Only I and II
 - B. Only II and IV
 - C. Only I, II, and III.
 - D. Only II, III, and IV.

Platforms

THIRTY University students were members of last year's Fiftieth Legislature, and at least nine of these, according to a recent report, are going to ask for more in the coming elections. We are gratified to note that one aspirant has courageously come out for "making Gatesville into a reformatory instead of a crime school," and another is going to give a re-run of the farm-to-market-roads spiel of the '46 campaign. The
(Continued on Page 4)



with
versatility
as the
keynote . . .

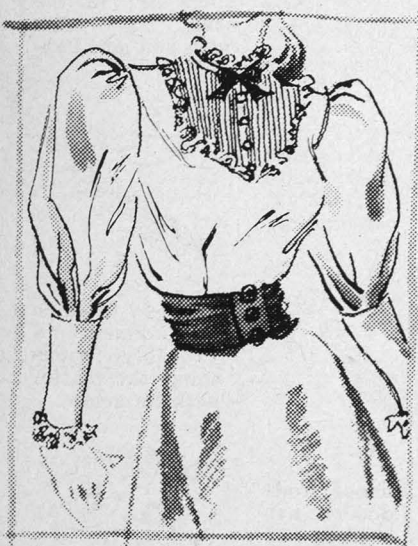
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 - CHILDREN'S
 - FOLK DANCES
 - PLASTICS

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RADIOS
and
PHONOGRAPHS

★

EXPERT
RADIO REPAIR
SERVICE

Everything (Continued)

others have not committed themselves but we presume they will be red-hot for free speech and a democratic form of government.

The Press

The Germ

JUST HOW MUCH the holiday season had to do with it we won't hazard any, but from all evidence the contagious foot-in-mouth disease (see above) was rapidly spreading northward from the Capitol and engulfing Forty Acres officialdom. The holiday headline gems from the *Daily un-Texan*:

**DEAN NOWOTNY SAYS
'STAY OUT OF THE DARK'**

—December 12.

**'DRIVE SAFELY,'
SAYS PAINTER**

—December 19.

**STEPHENS SAYS—
DON'T PARK YOUR
CAR IN THE MUD**

—January 11.

Evidence

Headline from page 1 of our favorite campus newspaper, pre-Sugar Bowl edition:

**'T'-MEN TO EYE
BOWL SCALPING
IN WANT ADS**

And from the same edition, page 3:

SUGAR BOWL tickets for sale. Call Bill afternoons and nights, 7-4837.

SUGAR BOWL tickets for sale. Phone 2-3179.

4 COTTON BOWL tickets, 4 non-student Sugar Bowl tickets for sale. Call 4967.

2 35-yard student tickets at cost for Sugar Bowl. Phone 2-0285, ask for Moe or Jake.

4 CHOICE SEATS, reserved, for Sugar Bowl. For tickets write T-TW, University Station.

SUGAR BOWL special! 4 non-student tickets at cost plus round-trip N. O. for 2 or 3 with reserved room. All for \$90. Leave 31st, return 2nd. Phone 5442 after 6.

Theatre

Polish, Polish

LOREN WINSHIP's direction of *L'ecole des Femmes* was the best thing that's happened to the Drama Department this year. It is a witty but talkative play as Moliere wrote it; the stage business and interpretation which pointed up the lines are Professor Winship's.

A small but intelligent cast headed by Bill Pitts gave a good account of themselves—during Dead Week, too. Pitts was on the stage almost continuously—a terrific strain on any actor, unless he likes being in every scene. Pitts seemed to enjoy it. Betty Voertman and Bill Hogan as the young lovers were convincingly young and enthusiastic, and Willie Russell was for once out of his usual clownish character. Very fine, too.

Two natural comedians, Jeanne Dawson and Jerry Harvey, easily carried off every scene they were in. High point, however, was Mouzon Law's superb bit as the notary. Mr. Law seems to make a practice of polishing jewels to perfection.

William Epstein and Tommy Jones walked on at the last moment—Jones with another variation of his almost-legendary makeup.

★

Those who saw the first run-through of *Dona Rosita* claim it's something terrific. This Lorca combination of music, drama, and dancing is being directed by James Moll. Marjorie O'Madigan (in the title role), Chappie Pitt, Marie Hokenson, and Bill Green head the cast. It will be in performance when this issue hits the campus.

—B. J.

Art

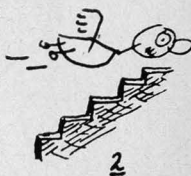
Pablo's Progress

PABLO PICASSO made the Academic Room again last month, this time with several series of his modern lithographs. These purported to show, step by step, just how he produces whatever it is he produces. The *Daily Texan*, always willing to improve on the masters, ran by way of comment on the exhibit a painting by Art Student-Ranger Artist Charles Schorre which, as far as we could make out from the caption, was a picture of J. Frank Dobie as Picasso would have done it. Over J. Frank's dead body. Always willing to improve on Pablo Schorre, our own artist has executed the following series depicting, *à la Picasso*, "Fruit-fly Ascending Stairs."



Step 1 is a very simple line drawing. Art in the raw. How raw can you get, Pablo?

In Step 2 the stairs take on two dimensions, indicating fruit-fly's dual personality.



Fruit-fly takes on two dimensions. Probably something the matter with its genes.

The finished product. Modern art is to be felt, not appreciated. Do you feel something?



(Continued on Page 6)



MARIE ANTOINETTE

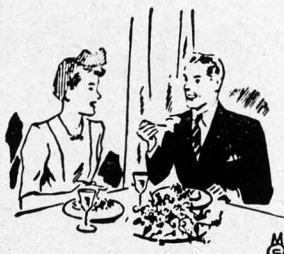
COTTONS

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OTHER COTTONS UP TO 49.95

FIT FOR A KING AND QUEEN—



Our tasty, varied dinner menus, attractively priced and served. You'll enjoy your meal whether it's breakfast, lunch, dinner, or that evening snack.

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STAYS OPEN ALL NIGHT!

Under the new
management
of TOM BARNETT

On 7th Street
across from the
DRISKILL HOTEL
and
next to the
STEPHEN F.
AUSTIN

Everything (Continued)

Record Reverie

WOODY HERMAN's first coupling from his new aggregation will disappoint most fans of his former Hot Herd, although the clarinetist does bring forth the top dance platter of the month. Woody takes over the vocal chores on both *I Told Ya I Loved Ya, Now Get Out* and *If Anybody Can Steal My Baby*. "Be-bop" followers will be delighted with the solos by Herman's youngsters, but it's still good music.

June Christy, Stan Kenton's pert vocalist, tries to sing *I Told Ya I Loved Ya, Now Get Out* in front of a brass section that insists on attempting to crack the echo chamber. It wound up as a draw. *Unison Riff*, another of the Kansas man's "riff" series, illustrates Kenton's ability to play "be-bop," too. Unfortunately, Capitol's small recording studios necessitates use of the echo chamber which gives the band a metallic, two dimensional sound. This "riff" series is good balm for neurotics. (Even Kenton admits it.)

The Sammy Kaye of the Cuban bands (quoting Kenton again) and the best commercial singer in the field (quoting Barry Ulanov, Metronome editor) combine for some pleasant, innocuous music entitled *You Don't Have to Know Languages* and *An Old Sombrero*. Cugat and Buddy Clark give balm for the romantics.

A group of pleasant jazz tunes ably presented by Dixieland specialists such as Pee Wee Russell, Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, "Wild Bill" Davidson, Peanuts Hucko and George Wettling are wrapped up in an album dubiously titled *Eddie Condon — We Called It Music*. Condon has as much to do with jazz as beer does with wine—in other words, they don't mix very well.

(Continued on Page 34)



"Sorry. I thought you said down."



Austin's
Distinctive Store
of
INDIAN
and
MEXICAN
ARTS AND CRAFTS

GIFTS

SILVER WITH JADE
AND TURQUOISE



BASKETS POTTERY



HAND-MADE PURSES



MOCASSINS DOLLS

COMPLETE SELECTION
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NEW BRAUNFELS PIECE GOODS
AND OTHER FINE COTTONS

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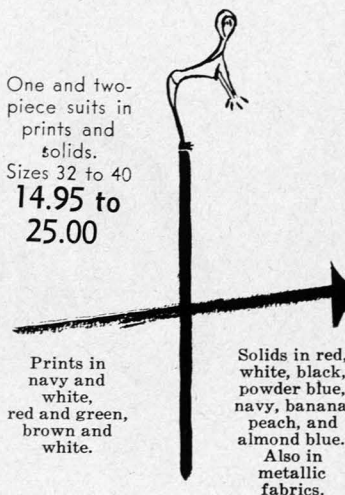
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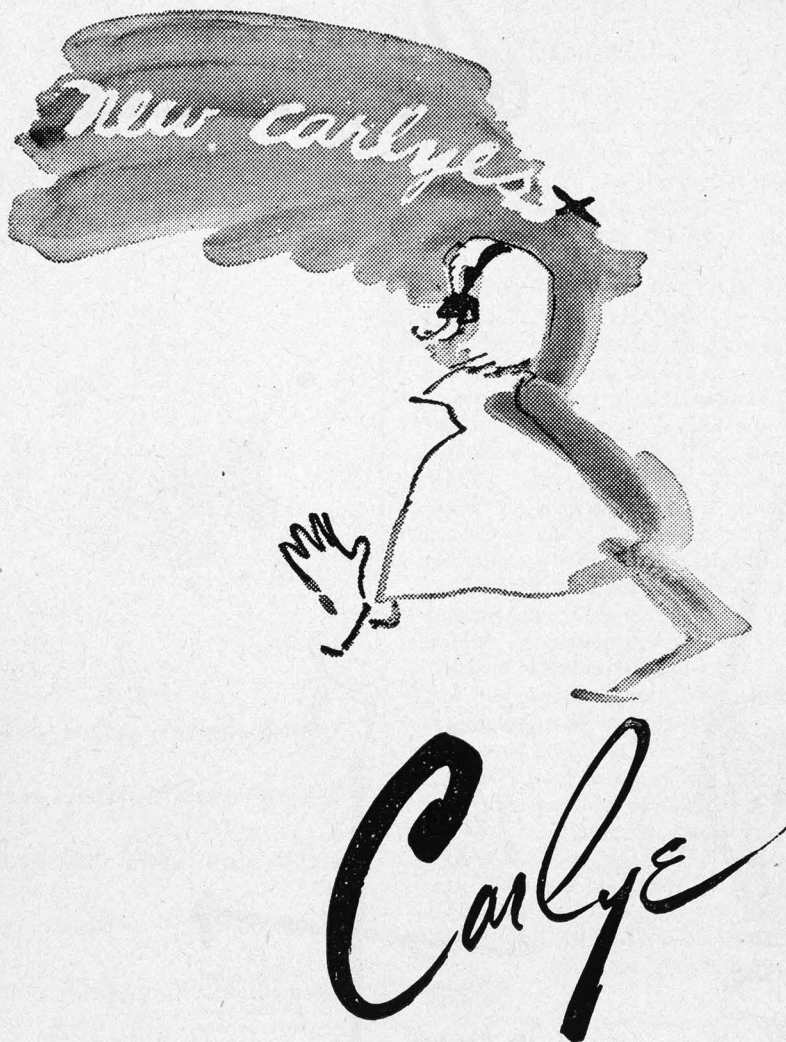


Prints in
navy and
white,
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almond blue.
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... **REAL RUBBER** ... bless the day ...
yes, real rubber in MABS Lastex swim-
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see our wonderful new collection:
a veritable spectrum of shades.

One of a fine collection of sports fashions from Goodfriends
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New crepes and
faillies, size 7 to 15
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own . . . new wide,
tiny waists, shown
off by hug-me-tight
midriiffs . . . new full
sway of skirts bell-
shaped and
beautiful . . . a new
You when you see
yourself in the
new Carlyes
at

Rae Ann Shop

2404 Guadalupe

That Was My Wife, Etc.

Said the artist: "I'll give you \$5 if you'll let me paint you."

The old mountaineer shifted his tobacco from one cheek to the other and back again.

"It's easy money," said the artist.

"Thar haint no question 'bout thet," the mountaineer replied, "I wuz jist a-wonderin' how I'd get it off."

Papa Rabbit, most annoyed, put down his evening paper and asked of Mamma Rabbit: "What in the world is the matter with Junior? Why is he bouncing around and laughing and turning flips?

"Oh, it's just that he's so happy," answered Mamma Rabbit. "At school today he learned to multiply."

"You should be more careful to pull your shades at night; I saw you kiss your wife last night."

"Ha, ha, ha, the joke is on you; I wasn't home last night."

Senior: "Say, kid, you gotta match?"

Frosh: "N-n-n-o sir, but here's a cigarette lighter."

Senior: "Aw, keep it. I can't pick my teeth with that."



OOPS . . .

AFTER A QUICK GANDER at this picture, we think you'll agree it should have been larger. We worked hard getting it, but hell is paved with good intentions.

Just as we had the Aquabelles all posed—after carefully arranging twenty legs—two of them fell in the pool. They swam out under their own power, but with ruined hair-dos, so there was no question of taking the picture over.

R. to L., Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, Bean, Pliny, Cluny, Hattie, and the twins—Veloz and Yolanda.

WE CHOSE THE MONTAGE of Adding-ton and his party card for the cover instead of the leg art. Our thanks to Betty Wallace for effectively merging the profile and the card in her darkroom.

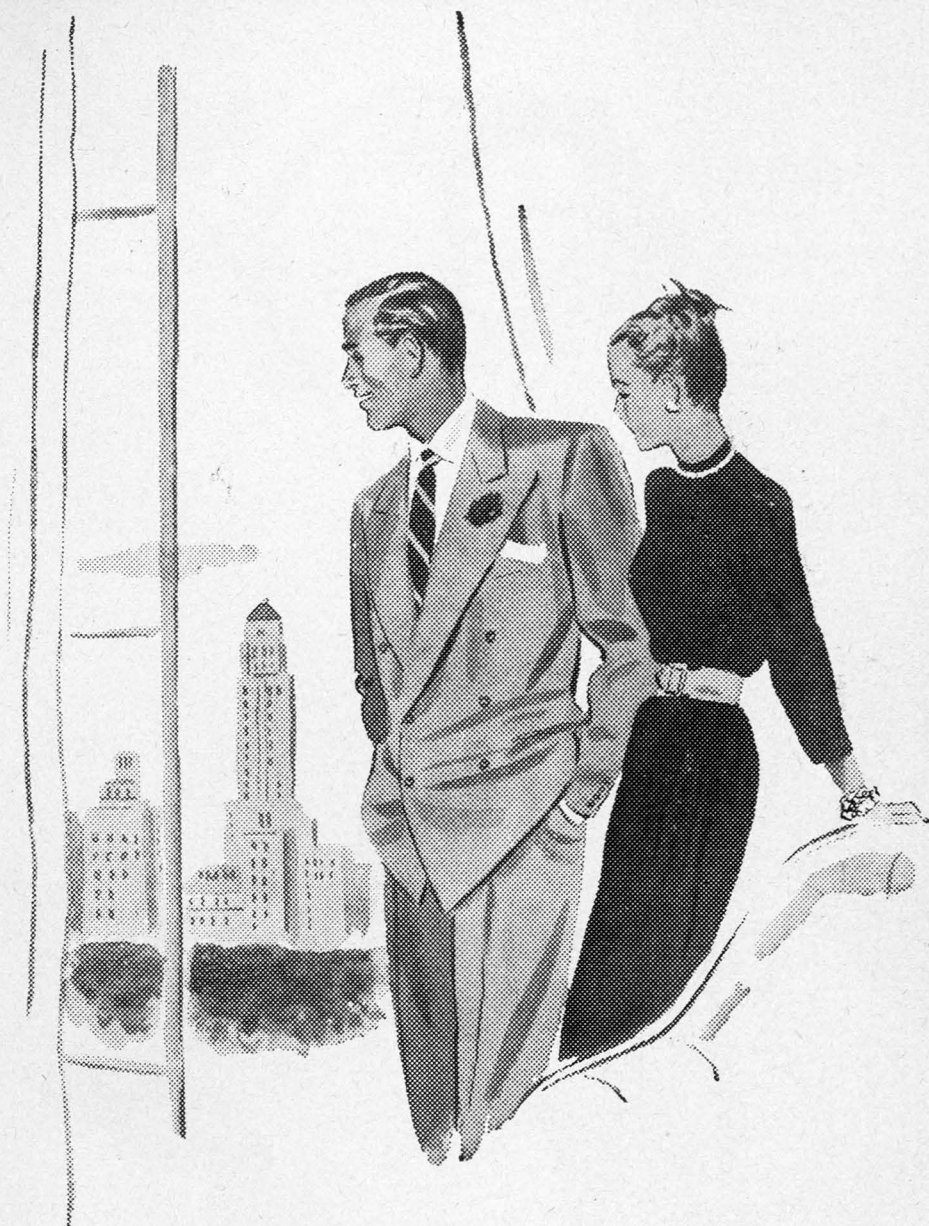
Reynolds Penland

Austin's Finest Man's Shop

709 CONGRESS

LOOKING
TOWARD
BETTER
THINGS
THIS
SPRING

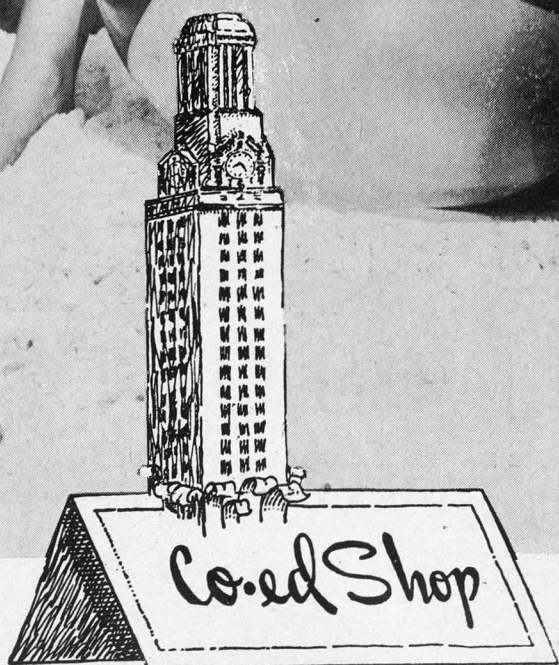
Yes, you're looking toward bigger and better things this Spring when you select an expertly tailored suit from Reynolds-Penland. Fine accessories, rayon knit ties, and Oxford cloth shirts are found in our complete Men's Shop. When appearance comes first . . . come to Reynolds-Penland.



HOLLYWOOD SUITS

SHOWN ABOVE IS ONE OF MANY FULL-DRAPED DOUBLE-BREASTED
HOLLYWOOD SUITS AT REYNOLDS-PENLAND...AUSTIN'S FINEST MAN'S SHOP

Jantzen



24th and Guadalupe

RANGING

In case you're wondering what ever happened to the *Ranger's* campaign against certain loan companies, the score in court thus far is one victory and one loss.

The suit against Grand Finance Company, on a charge of illegally advertising themselves as a bank, was thrown out of court on a legal technicality. It seems the County Attorney couldn't prove the auto finance company *wasn't* a bank.

They had a couple of lawyers from Houston for the defense. They presented several Houston newspapers in which loan companies had advertised themselves as banks. Possibly there will be a chance for testing the legality of such advertising after all—the details of the matter have been forwarded to the Houston Better Business Bureau.

You will probably recall that the injunction was granted against Mike Donoghue and the Federal Finance Company. They have appealed their case.

The case against the Louisiana bank (on a charge of illegally doing business in Texas) should come up before long. Incidentally, this bank does business with 29 loan companies in Texas.



But back to the Grand case. Since all this legal bickering was too much for our non-legal minds, we took a break for a cup of coffee. At the cafe we ran into Mr. Eugene Scheffels of Houston, owner of the Grand Finance Company (with offices in several cities).

We introduced ourselves and were somewhat surprised to find him very cordial even though we were on opposite sides of the fence. We told him we were interested in his side of the story. His arguments and explanations regarding added loan costs, such as insurance, investigation fees, mortgage fees, etc., made his case convincing to Mr. Scheffels.

While Mr. Scheffels expressed appreciation of the *Ranger*, he believed we should print more jokes and less serious stuff such as (for example) the loan shark exposé.

About that time J. P. Porter came running in from the courtroom and shouted, "Gimme a cup of that coffee! Black!" It wasn't necessary to ask him the outcome of the case.

Mr. Scheffels shook hands with us and said, "Look us up when you're down Houston way." As he turned to leave, we said, "You never can tell."



Texas Ranger

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS STUDENT MAGAZINE

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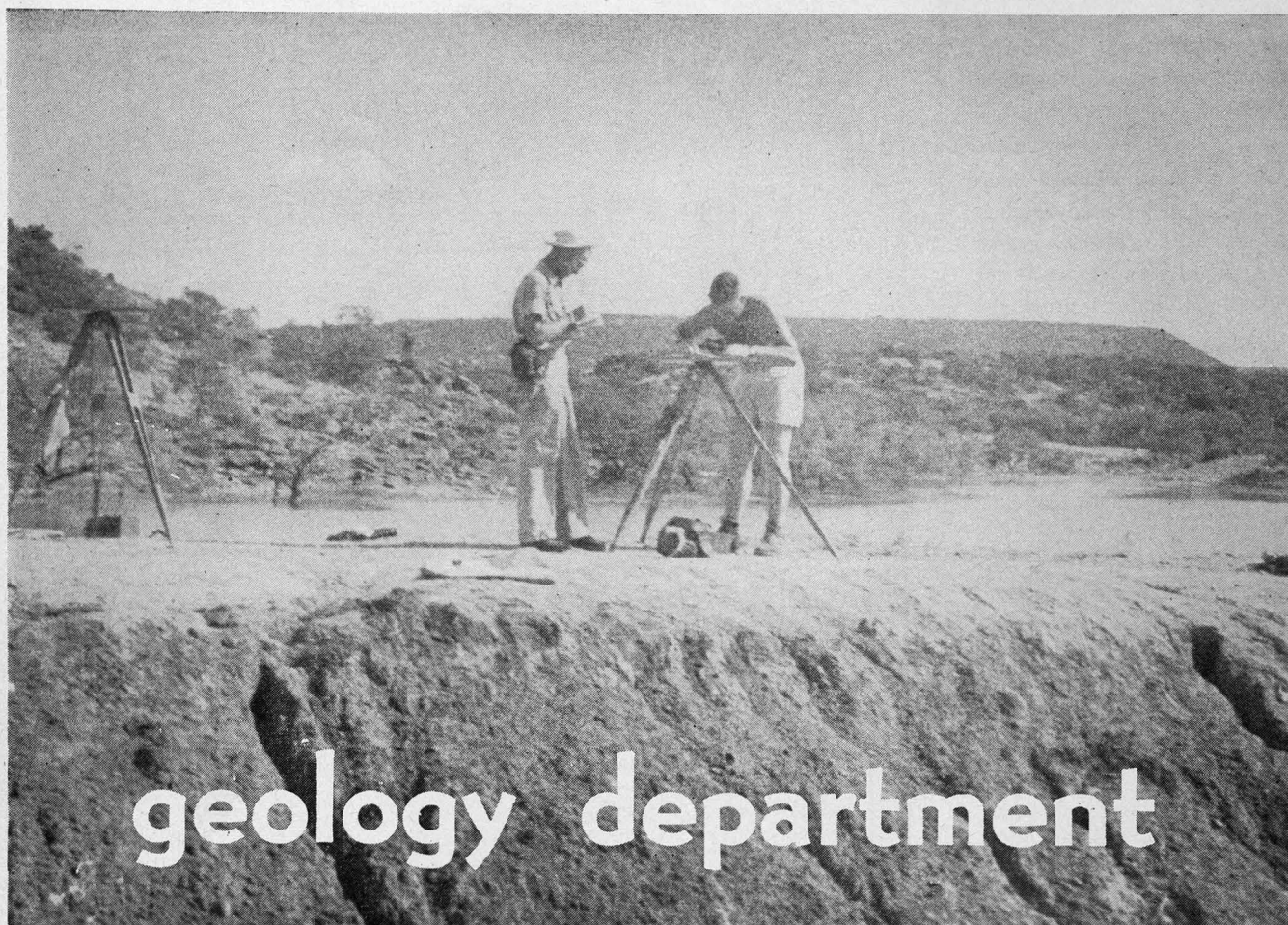
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geology department

IGNORING POOL'S LURE, SUN-BAKED STUDENTS CONCENTRATE ON MAPBOARD

SIXTH IN A VOCATIONAL SERIES

● The Yankee wildcatter who brought in the fabulous Spindletop gusher forty years ago didn't have a geology degree.

But the men who have found the greatest Texas fields since then have been geologists, and the chances are a hundred to one that the man who strikes oil tomorrow will be a trained scientist who has substituted a multitude of facts and skilled methods for the divining rod.

Geology is concerned with many things besides locating an oil pool, but at least 95 per cent of the geologists who graduate from the University of Texas are obsessed with the one dream of some day bringing in their own gusher of black gold. That's what they're studying for, and that's largely the reason the University of Texas has one of the world's largest and best equipped geology departments.

A lot of University-trained geologists have made good, too. But not many have struck oil by themselves. The search for oil today is carried on by a highly intricate machine involving many people, and the individual geologist is merely one cog in this machine. But an important, and usually highly-paid, cog.

When the first geology course was taught at the University in 1888 oil was not yet an important commodity. The study of rocks and earth formations was still considered just a bit frivolous—a nice bit of knowledge for the well-rounded education, but not of much practical value. In fact, the first geology professor, R. T. Hill, quit in a high dudgeon when the University refused to buy a microscope “for studying rocks.”

The real study of geology at the University began in 1909, the year that Dr. F. L. Whitney, now senior member of the geology faculty, joined the Department. In the same year the all-important Bureau of Economic Geology was established.

Today the Department of Geology has its headquarters in a modern (1933) \$350,000 building. Housed here are some of the world's most complete collections of geologic specimens and well equipped research laboratories. And the Central Texas hills which surround Austin, the plains country near Brady, and the fabulous geologic wonders of the Big Bend country serve as the world's biggest and richest natural laboratory for University geology students.

a geology major surveys his own field

The Geology Museum, hidden away in a corner of the Journalism Building basement, is a foreign land to most students except geology majors, partly because of names like *brachiopod* on the fossil exhibits and partly because not many people know the museum even exists, stuck as it is off the beaten path.

Four fully equipped study-and-research labs in the Geology Building are devoted to work in paleontology, mineralogy, petrology, and micro-paleontology.

Women geologists, since they are not admitted to any of the upper-class field courses (which become pretty informal during several weeks of continued study in the open), usually concentrate on the micro-paleontology. This course, which was originated at the University and first taught by Dr. Whitney, does not require field work and is mostly concerned with the preparation of slides and the identification of specimens.

One of the things that attracts a geologist (and now we're speaking of the male species) to his particular profession is a love of nature and a yen for the great outdoors. As upperclass students they get plenty of both when they start going on extended field trips, some of which last the better part of the summer season.

Three undergraduate field courses are now offered each summer. Since these courses are similar, let's take a look at one, Geology 60.

"Geo. 60" is taught on the wide West Texas plains near Brady. A six-hour course which is required for the Bachelor of Science Degree in Geology, it is designed to give the student an opportunity to learn by doing. He becomes familiar with various methods of geologic work by actually working under conditions required for commercial and scientific investigations.

The Brady area is particularly satisfactory for student field work because of the many types of geologic exposures available. It is a center of exceptional geologic interest, and is not too complicated for undergraduate work.

From a central camp at Brady the students travel by station wagon to surrounding points of interest for their outdoor lectures and research. As noted before, life is very informal on these field trips—and the dress as well. Some students may learn more geology than others, but they all come back to Austin with the same berry-brown suntan.

In addition to the undergraduate camps, the Department maintains a permanent camp at Fort Davis, Texas, for graduate students. From this headquarters the students study the surrounding Davis Mountains and the Marathon Region.

Geology students, possibly more than any other group in this crowded post-war University, have the best opportunities to get acquainted with their classmates. Especially on the extended field trips, where the students live, work, and study together, there are often formed fraternal bonds which rival those found in any organization, social or academic, on the campus.

One of the most important contributions to Texas industry, and particularly the oil industry, has been made by the Department through its Bureau of Economic Geology.

The Bureau, now operating on a budget thirty times the original appropriation in 1909, is engaged mostly in research problems and the furnishing of information to oil companies and other fields of industry interested in geologic data. Dr. J. T. Lonsdale, director, and Dr. E. H. Sellards, director emeritus, head a staff composed of faculty members, graduate students, and special researchers.

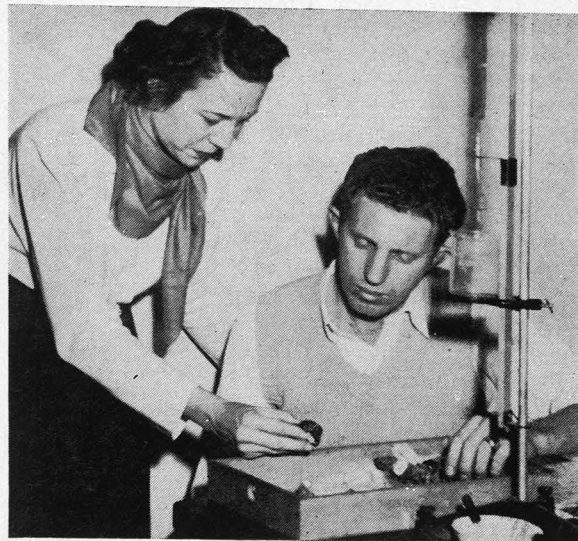
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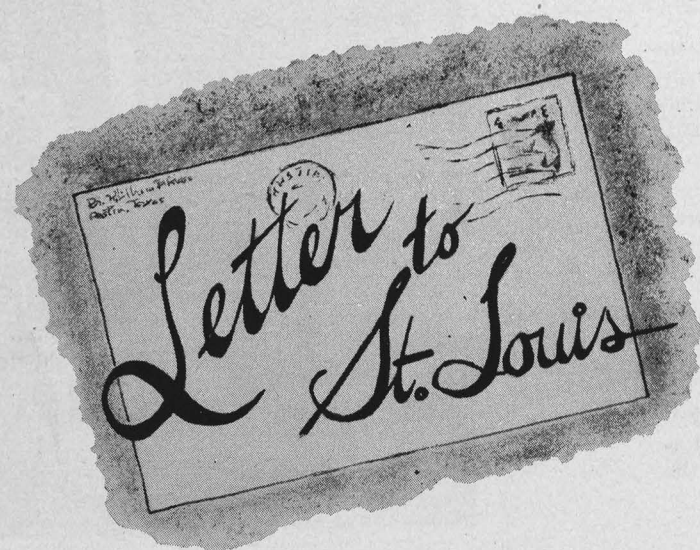
JUST ROCKS to the uninitiated, these fossils mean bread and meat to embryo geologists.



STUDENT peers intently at magnified sections of rock to determine structure.



LAB INSTRUCTOR shows how to determine mineral content by chemical test.



Doc Weever thought he should be paid for bringing Willie Brace into the world . . . if Willie was worth \$50,000 to Detroit

NOT long after I started to school (a number of years ago) my father retired. He closed the office over the drug store where he had practiced medicine and moved the big brown desk into the corner of the little den that opened off our living room. Sometimes a very old patient would come by and talk to him. But most of the time he was alone in the little room, leaning back in the old-fashioned swivel chair or slowly turning through the file of unpaid accounts on his desk.

"Here are two hundred and seventeen people who belong to me," Father said one day as he waved a stack of the slips at Mother. "Two hundred and seventeen babies that I've never been paid for."

"That's an awful lot of babies," Mother said.

"Guess some of them are grown now. Probably have babies of their own, but I still own them."

"You don't really own them, dear."

"Of course I do," Father said gruffly. "I brought them into the world. They wouldn't be here if it wasn't for me. I haven't been paid for my work, so I own them."

"But they could have had some other doctor."

"But they didn't," Father said. "They had me, and they didn't pay me, so I still have first rights to the baby."

"Do you own me?" I asked.

Mother looked up from the potatoes she was peeling in the sink.

"Of course we own you, darling. Nobody else could own you but your father and I."

Father slipped a rubber band around the slips in his hand and put them in a

cigar box on the top of his desk.

I was still awake that evening when John came into the bedroom. He didn't have to go to bed as early as I did.

"Who owns you?" I said to him.

"Mother said that she and daddy owned me."

"Go to sleep," John said.

"You may belong to somebody else," I said.

"I don't belong to anybody. I belong to myself."

"Mother and daddy own me," I said. "I belong to them."

☆

"Houston sold their first baseman to the Detroit Tigers today," John said one evening at supper. "Got fifty thousand dollars for him!"

"That seems like an awful lot of money for just a baseball player," Mother said. "What's his name?"

"Willie Brace. He's a good player."

"He must be a very good player for anyone to pay that much money for him."

"Brace?" said Father. "I used to wait on some Braces."

"They're probably not the same ones," Mother said.

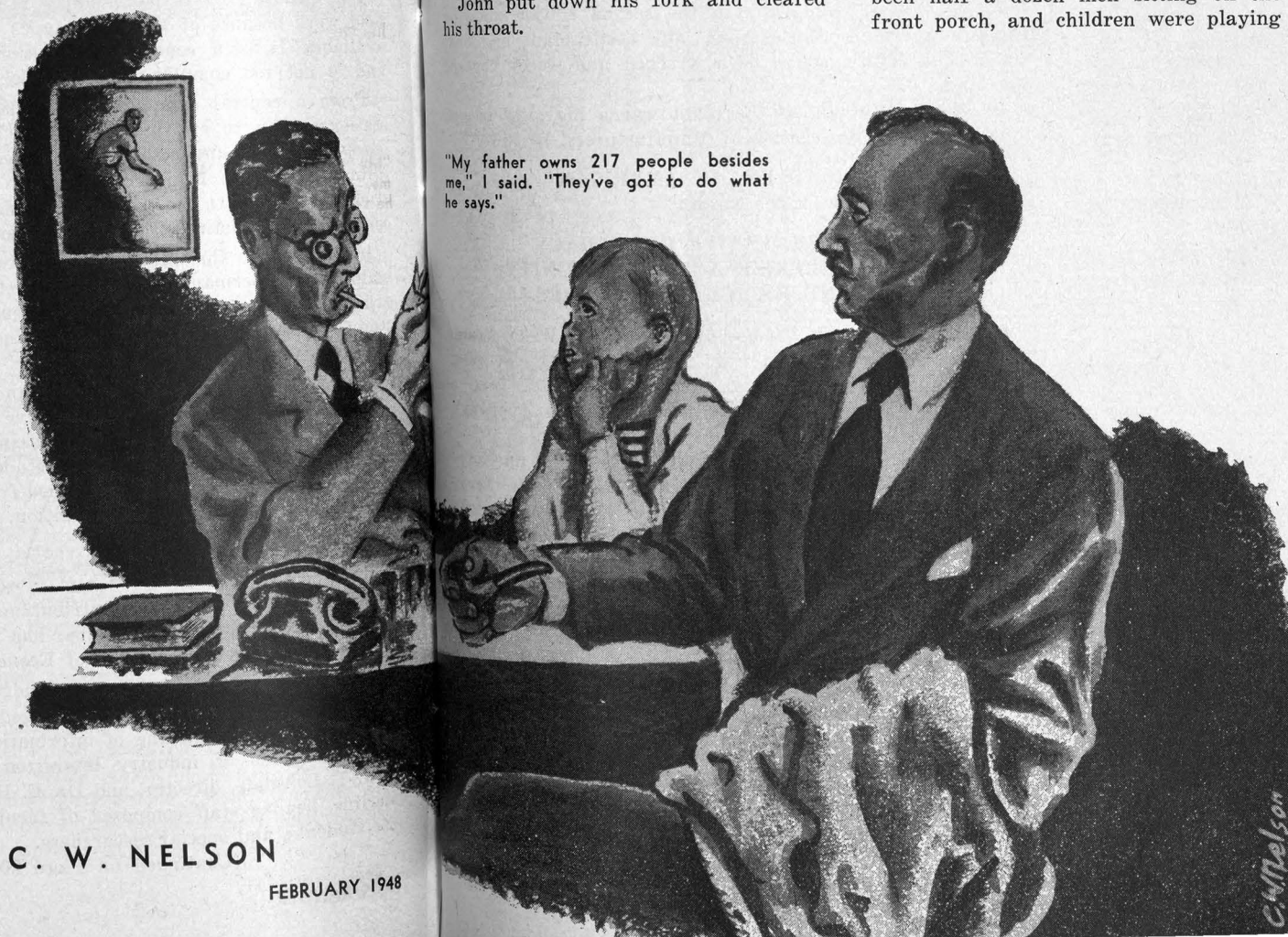
"There were several children," Father went on. "I think they lived on 14th Street."

"Willie Brace comes from Houston," John said.

"Maybe you own him," I told Father. Father said, "Maybe I do," putting down his fork. He left the table and returned with the cigar box from his desk.

Opening the box, he took out the stack of account slips and began to turn through them slowly as he continued eating.

"You may have owned him once," John said, "but Detroit owns him now."



"My father owns 217 people besides me," I said. "They've got to do what he says."

by robert robinson

"How many people does Detroit own?" I asked.

"Don't be so dumb," said John. "You don't know anything about baseball."

"That will do, boys," Mother said. "I won't have you arguing at the table."

Father was halfway through the stack before he found the Brace slip.

"Here's the evidence," He began reading from the paper. "Timothy Brace, 714 South 14th Street, October 11, 1907, delivery of baby Timothy Brace Jr., \$15."

December 1, 1908, delivery of baby, William Brace, \$15."

"That long ago and they still owe you?" Mother said.

"They made only one payment," Father continued. "January 15, 1909, \$5 paid on account." They still owe me ten dollars for Timothy and fifteen dollars for Willie. That makes a total of \$25."

"Father owns Willie Brace," I said.

John looked at me from across the table and started to say something, then went on eating.

"They should have paid you before now," Mother said. "Twenty-one years is long enough for anyone to pay a baby bill."

"Old Man Brace never was any good. Never could keep a job."

"He should be able to pay you now," said Mother. "With fifty thousand dollars he should be able to pay all his bills."

John put down his fork and cleared his throat.

"Father, the Braces won't get any of that money. It was paid by Detroit to the Houston baseball team."

"But father owned him," I said. "Father owned him ever since he was born."

"They paid the money for Willie Brace, didn't they?" Father said. "It stands to reason the Braces would get some of the money. Willie is their boy."

As Mother began clearing away the dishes, Father opened the cigar box again and read over the Brace account. I went and stood beside his chair, looking at the slip.

"Where does it say you own him?"

"Right here," Father said, pointing to the last line. "'Balance Due, \$25.'"

John banged the front door as he left the house. Mother came in from the kitchen.

"Think we could find the Brace house after dark?" asked Father.

"I wouldn't try to go down there tonight, dear. Tomorrow morning is plenty of time."

"Can I go with you Father? I've never seen a real ball player."

"Of course," Father said. "I'll show you the only ball player your Father owns."

☆

The small house on 14th Street needed a coat of paint. There were several cars parked in front and the house was crowded with people. There must have been half a dozen men sitting on the front porch, and children were playing

in the yard. As we got out of the car a large dog came running from under the house and barked at us. Father kicked at the dog, but it kept on barking.

"He won't bite," one of the men called from the porch.

As we crossed the yard, which was worn bare of grass, the man who called came down from the porch. He picked up a stick and threw it at the dog, and it stopped barking and darted under the house.

"Guess it's been twenty years since I was here," Father said. "But I remember delivering those babies right in that front bedroom."

An old man, who looked like he had been asleep, came to the door. His blue overalls were torn at the knee and he had no shirt on. There was a tattoo mark on his arm with the word "Louise" under it.

"Howdy, doc," he said.

"Howdy. You must be old Tim Brace."

Mr. Brace laughed as he moved across the porch and showed teeth the color of tobacco juice. He sat down on the top step and rubbed his eyes.

"It's been a long time since I've seen you," Father said. "Just wanted to check on your account."

Mr. Brace hunted in his pocket for a toothpick which he found before he spoke.

"You're the fourth bill collector's been here today. Guess you read in the paper about my boy, Willie?"

"Yes," Father said. "I'm interested in Willie, since I've never been paid for bringing him into the world."

Old man Brace laughed and slapped his thigh.

"Guess you never thought he'd be worth fifty thousand dollars, did you, doc?"

"Never know how they'll turn out."

Father drew the account slip from his pocket and read it a moment.

"According to my records you never paid but \$5 on Tim and nothing on Willie."

"I've had a hard life," Mr. Brace said. He rubbed his hand through his gray hair. Two of his fingernails were blue and they looked cracked.

"You've got money now. I'd like to collect the bill."

"You got me wrong," Mr. Brace said. "I didn't get any of that money. Looks like they ought to give something to the old father of a boy worth fifty thousand dollars, but they won't."

Father stared hard at the account slip for a long time, then he returned it to his pocket. He kicked at the sandy ground with his foot.

"Who got the money?"

"I dunno," Mr. Brace said. "I didn't get any of it. I know that."

(Continued on Page 22)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. NELSON

FEBRUARY 1948



WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

BY ROBERT E. V. JOHNSON

Editor, The Texas Ranger

● Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, professor of history, is probably most famous for his books. He dedicated *The Great Plains* to his parents, and *The Texas Rangers* to William E. Hinds. He intended to dedicate his third book to his wife, but changed his mind when he decided on the title: *Divided We Stand*.

Of the three books Dr. Webb has written, this has been the best seller. In it he points out that the United States is still divided into three distinct regions—the North, the South, and the West—and big Northern corporations have extended their control over the nation. With big money at their disposal they are able to impose a system similar to feudalism on the South.

To illustrate his point, Dr. Webb wrote a chapter entitled "The Story of the Texas Milk Bottle." This true story concerned the plight of some Texans who built a milk bottle factory at Santa Anna and were closed up by a Connecticut corporation which controlled patent rights on important machinery. Fearing a law suit from the corporation, the publishers omitted this chapter over Dr. Webb's protest.

Seven years later, after the government had broken up the Connecticut milk bottle monopoly, Dr. Webb and a friend organized the Acorn Press and reprinted *Divided We Stand* to include not only the deleted story, but the government investigation.

There was a photograph in the second edition showing the site where the Santa Anna milk bottle plant had once stood. The buildings had been wrecked and weeds covered the land.

On the former site of the plant was a big sign erected by the National Association of Manufacturers. It said:

I'M GLAD I'M AN AMERICAN

And underneath were the words:

A REPRESENTATIVE DEMOCRACY
FREE ENTERPRISE AND OPPORTUNITY
CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTIES

At another place in *Divided We Stand* Dr. Webb wrote: "The tractor came with a thin coat of paint and several coats of tariff." Later he received a curt letter from a tractor manufacturer who gave notice that his company's tools were well-painted.

Dr. Webb is not content with writing a series of unrelated data; he is interested in the significance of historical facts. While teaching a course in "American History Since the Civil War," Dr. Webb discovered that the two factors which had had the greatest effect on America since the Civil War were the closing of the frontier and rise of corporations. The result of his extensive research was *Divided We Stand*.

The economics of *Divided We Stand* isn't hard for the layman to comprehend. Dr. Webb is gifted with an ability to take a complex subject and present it in a manner any literate person can understand.

In connection with the Texas Centennial, Dr. Webb released *The Texas Rangers*, the story of Texas' colorful and unique police force. Paramount Pictures bought the screen rights to the book, and a year later a motion picture

(Continued on Page 32)

"The future
of this University
is limited only by the size
of the men in charge of it.
If they have the vision,
the courage and the integrity,
the University of Texas will be great."

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University Studio



SANDY FERRIS



WHY I AM

WHY I AM NOT A

COMMUNIST

BY WENDELL ADDINGTON
SECRETARY, COMMUNIST PARTY OF AUSTIN

LIKE every other member of the Communist Party, I was taught to be a Communist by the conditions of American life. There have been Communist attempts of the people to win a Marxists, in the United States nearly a hundred years now. We didn't find much of the real history here to stay. Some of the students reading this article will learn to be Communists—in the same way I did, through their experiences as Texans.

The first lessons were taught me by my grandmother. The family I came from is not much different, I suppose, from that of most University of Texas students. Farmers, mainly, and some small town folk—schoolteachers, small merchants, workers. Grandmother used to tell me how the independent farmer-peon was reaching its depths, and a our family among them, had been driven off the good Southern farming land by the huge slave plantations before the Civil War, being forced to migrate west without clothes? Men need jobs, peonward to Texas. She told me how peon need goods—why must the plants whites had helped the Negro people? Why is prosperity around nearly every one of their repeated revolts against slavery. She told me how a great many Texans, Sam Houston among them, had refused to support the slave owners when war came—the year she was born.

Grandmother grew up in the days of Reconstruction, when the common people of the South, Negro and white, were getting their first chance to govern themselves. Together they established public schools for the first time, granted women their first political rights, shifted taxes from the poor to the rich, and made other democratic advances.

They made mistakes too, but democracy was on the march in the South. It was smashed by the force and violence of the former slave owners' Ku Klux Klan, which closed many of the schools and ended free elections. The Klan ruled by lynch-terror, and about as many whites as Negroes were lynched. But the people of the South were to

again. Grandmother still tells how the great Populist movement—the People's Party—swept Texas in the 1890's with its militant defense of farmers against Northern finance capital. And she knows of the Farmers Alliance, the Hogg variety of progressive thought, the old Socialist Party of Debs, and other attempts of the people to win a better life for themselves.

We didn't find much of the real history here to stay. Some of the students reading this article will learn to be Communists—in the same way I did, through their experiences as Texans.

The South wasn't a very pretty place while I was growing up. The Great Depression was reaching its depths, and a our family among them, had been driven off the good Southern farming land by the huge slave plantations before the Civil War, being forced to migrate west without clothes? Men need jobs, peonward to Texas. She told me how peon need goods—why must the plants whites had helped the Negro people? Why is prosperity around nearly every one of their repeated revolts against slavery. She told me how a great many Texans, Sam Houston among them, had refused to support the slave owners when war came—the year she was born.

I guess, though, that our family made a better than most during the depression. We were not forced on relief, we were a lot of our neighbors. I didn't have to leave school to go to work, as a good many of my schoolmates. I knew some people were actually starving to death in the South, particularly in the Negro communities. By the time I got to high school I was doing a great deal of reading. I found

(Continued on Page 26)

"THERE ARE ABOUT 40 MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY IN AUSTIN, AND APPROXIMATELY HALF OF THEM ARE IN THE UNIVERSITY. THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF TEXAS HAS ABOUT 500 MEMBERS."

BY BEN JEFFERY

MANAGING EDITOR, THE TEXAS RANGER

ONE of my faculty friends told me the other day that he didn't think Communism would ever take hold here because it's un-American. He wasn't joking. What the remark means is that Americans are used to a lot of things—like free speech—that the Russian peasant didn't have under the Czars and doesn't have under Stalin. The Russian doesn't miss it. I would.

I've been speaking freely ever since I came to the University, and I've enjoyed it. As nearly as I can make out, I couldn't do that in Russia.

And this year I will have the choice of voting for Truman or Wallace or Taft—or even something worse. I read in the papers where the Russians voted recently—they had the choice of voting for Stalin.

Now, American Communists will say this in an unfair way to discuss Communism in America. They say they have no ties with Russia aside from the natural fraternal feeling of one Communist for other Communists. I have noticed, however, that American Communists will defend every phase of Russian foreign policy and every official act of Soviet Russia.

I agree with the American Communists that the present regime in Russia has done wonderful things in wiping out illiteracy, improving the health of the Russian people, and industrializing a backward country. I am impressed with Russia's contribution to the defeat of Nazi Germany, and I have seen the figures which show their losses in lives and

property, which were heavier than the losses of any of the other allies. I am not so impressed with Soviet Russia's treatment of citizens who oppose the Communist regime, nor would I enjoy being subject to the official frown of *Pravda*, which seems able to send into some kind of artistic exile any writer or composer whose work lacks "warm ideological conviction."

American Communists may be entirely separate from their Russian brothers and sisters—and they may not plan to set up the Russian form of dictatorship here should they come to power; but their willingness to defend everything Russian gives me the feeling that the United States will not be served best by Communist control.

I've never been to a Communist meeting, but a young friend of mine went to one. It was an orientation of some sort where the doctrine was expounded, and my friend interrupted to question one of the Communist principles. He claims it almost broke up the meeting, and he wasn't invited back.

I mention this incident because it is indicative of one of the things I like least about American Communists. They're too set in their ways. They're too sure of the answer. If it's not Communist, it's Fascist. If it's not Party Line, it's reaction.

This doctrinaire approach does not prevent American Communists from doing amazing mental back-flips.

Before Russia's non-intervention pact with Germany was brought to a sudden end by the German attack on her "ally," all proposals for U. S. intervention in the recent war were branded by American Communists as imperialistic; when the German armies blitzed into Russia, American Communists immediately came to the fore in demanding that the United States join the war to stamp out fascism.

I change my own mind on occasion, but never, I hope, so obviously.

The Communists I know, as far as I know, are not dangerous. It is my opinion that any actually subversive activities they may engage in cannot

(Continued on Page 29)

● WENDELL ADDINGTON, the only University student who is an announced Communist, gives his reasons. He's a veteran and a junior economics major from Lubbock. As to future plans, he says, "I haven't any job offers."

● BEN JEFFERY, Ranger managing editor, doesn't feel that Communism is the answer. Jeffery is a senior English major, claims Austin as his temporary home. He describes himself as a liberal democrat, will argue with anyone.

Just mention the word Communism. You will find a variety of reactions. The most common are either fear or violent cursing. Most people seem to think that a Communist is a bomb-throwing zealot who is out to destroy the American form of government. We are neither Red-baiters nor Communist-sympathizers. The Ranger prints these articles by two students, with the firm conviction that both stories should be told. Opinions expressed are those of the authors.

—THE EDITORS



"This is a favorite with the movie stars. It's called 'Red Menace.'"

SENIOR RINGS



ONE
MONTH
DELIVERY



TEXAS BOOK STORE

GEOLOGY

(Continued from Page 13)

The Bureau has published, or promoted the publication of, many books, pamphlets, and charts, and serves as a storehouse of information on all phases of geologic endeavor. One of the most valuable possessions of the Bureau is the Well-Sample Library, which without doubt is the most unique library on the campus.

The "books" in the Well-Sample Library are rocks and other geologic specimens, which are called well samples because most of them have come from wells (mostly oil drillings) all over the State and the Southwest. These samples may be checked out of the library for study just as books are checked out of other libraries. Besides two permanent samples which remain in the Library the Bureau furnishes duplicate samples to other educational institutions and to oil companies which request them.

A. H. Deen, as present chairman of the Department, heads a list of twenty-eight teachers, among whom are the men who have given the University of Texas the reputation of being the world's best training ground for oil-hunting geologists.

This year there will be over 100 geology graduates. While this may not seem like a large number in comparison with the number of BBA students coming out each semester, the significance is in the fact that there have been only 650 graduates since 1888.

Opportunities in the field of geology have just begun to be recognized. While the main oil deposits in Texas may have been picked over, there undoubtedly are many traps still to be discovered and tapped. And scientifically-trained geologists will be the ones who will do the discovering.

Oil hunting is not the only vocation open to geologists—not by many means. More and more industries are recognizing the importance of geological research—any industry interested in the location of mineral deposits, from coal to uranium, has an interest in geology.

And the University of Texas Department of Geology is well represented in the executive offices of the largest oil companies all over the world. University graduates fill such positions as President of the Continental Oil Company, Vice-President of Humble Oil Company, and Superintendent of Foreign Exploration for Standard Oil of New Jersey.

These positions, and many others similar, will in all likelihood be filled tomorrow by the students of today.

—THE END

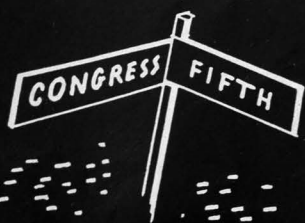
Professor: "I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice from the rear: "Go home and sleep it off."



Felder, Austin.

Billie Louise Luckett, RANGER'S January Girl of the Month, and the New Look step gracefully into a warm-weather fashion forecast by Royal of California. This gladsome resort ensemble of snowy white Birdseye Pique features swing skirt, basque jacket, beach coat, shorts and halter. From our exclusive collection of coed fashions. Spectator pumps courtesy of Leon's.



t.h. williams



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LETTER

(Continued from Page 15)

One of the young men on the porch got up and came over to the steps. He stood by Mr. Brace.

"Willie, this is Doctor Weever," Mr. Brace said. "He's the one who brought you into the world."

"Glad to meet you, Doc," said Willie. He came down the steps and shook Father's hand.

"Doc wants to know who got that fifty thousand dollars," old man Brace said. "I told him we didn't see none of it around here."

"That's right, Doc," said Willie. "We sure didn't get any of it here. I wrote to Detroit last night for traveling money."

"I was just checking up on my account with your dad," Father said. "Thought maybe he could pay the bill with that money."

"I guess Houston got the money. They sold my contract to Detroit."

"You were the man they sold and you didn't get any of the money?"

"That's right," Willie said.

"That's a mighty funny way to do business," said Father as we drove home.

"How could they sell him when you own him?"

"They probably think they own him," Father said.

"Willie says Detroit owns him. Don't people know who owns them?"

"It's a mighty funny business," said Father.

☆

After lunch Father announced he would not take his afternoon nap. He was going to see the president of the Houston baseball team.

Mother said, "I wonder if it's the right thing to do to go to the Houston baseball team."

"I don't see anything wrong with a man trying to collect an honest debt," said Father.

"John thinks the Houston team doesn't have anything to do with the debt."

Father looked at John as if he didn't believe John said it. John stared at his plate.

I said, "When you own a man he's got to mind."

Father kept looking at John. "Speak up," he said. "If you've got something to say, speak up."

John didn't answer right away. He took a sip of water and seemed to be trying to think of what to say to Father. Then he cleared his throat.

"It'd be better to get a lawyer to collect the bill." The words were muffled and Father didn't understand them.

"What's that?"

(Continued on Page 24)



"Say, when will this new dormitory be finished?"



BOB KENNEDY

popular economics major

likes this good-looking
double-breasted grey
striped suit by
NOLAN SIMS

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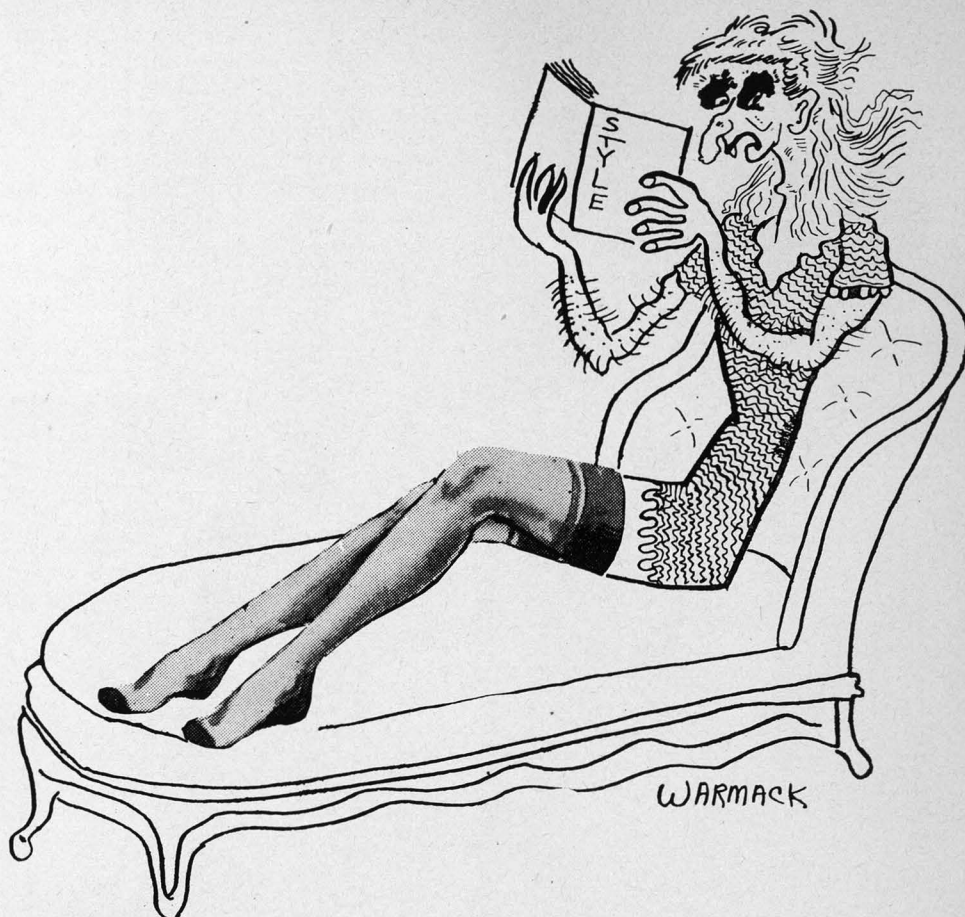
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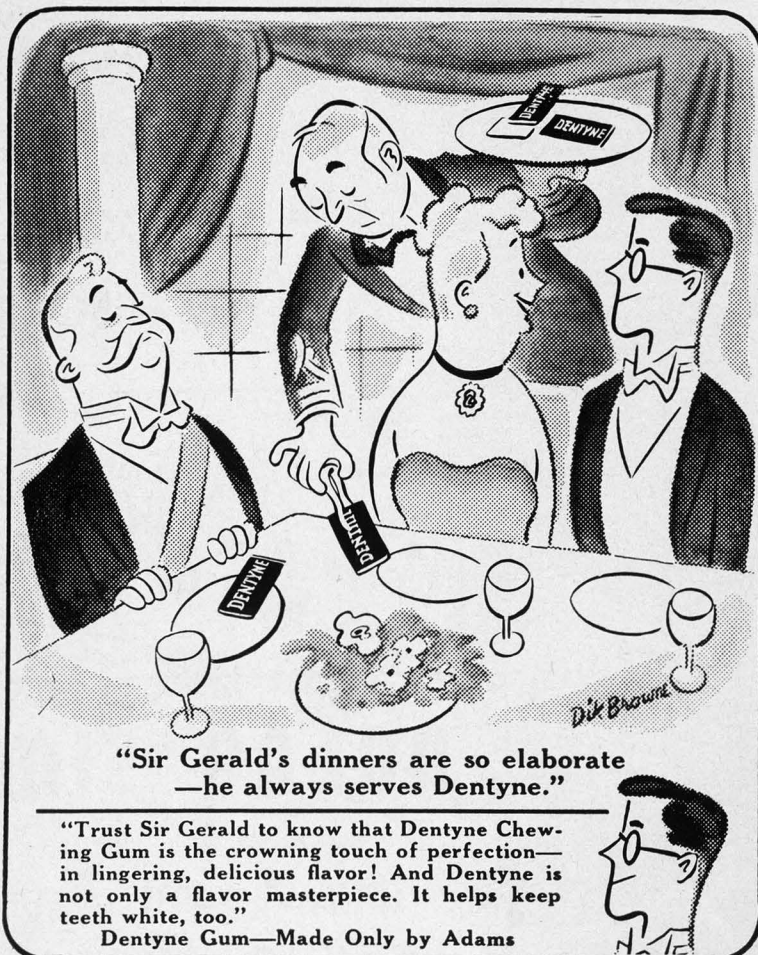
WARD & TREADWELL *Optometrists*

Seventh & Congress

WHERE THE STUDENTS
GET THEIR GLASSES



"Damn these new long skirts!"



LETTER

(Continued from Page 22)

"He says you should get a lawyer," Mother said.

"Lawyers always want half. Might as well get nothing as only half."

"But you don't need the money," John said. "You'd never have thought of the Brace account if Houston hadn't sold Willie."

"The money is beside the point." Father's head shook from side to side. "It's the principle of the thing. If Willie Brace is worth fifty thousand dollars to someone, I should be paid for bringing him into the world."

John said, "The Houston team won't listen to you." His face was very red. "They don't owe you money."

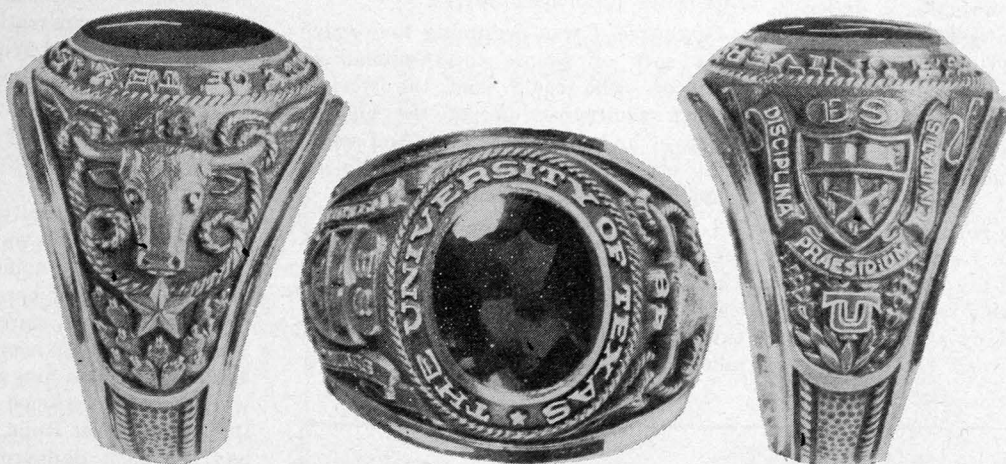
"But they got fifty thousand dollars for Willie Brace," Father said.

☆

The Houston baseball team had its office in rooms over the entrance to the ball park. We entered the outer office where a woman was working at a typewriter. Father explained that we wanted to see the owner, and after going into another room the woman came back and told us to go on in.

The second office was bigger. There was a carpet on the floor and the windows had blue curtains with the words "Hous-
(Continued on Page 28)

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THE STUDENT'S OWN STORE
UNIVERSITY CO-OP

WHY I AM

(Continued from Page 19)

out that the unemployment, race hatred, poverty, and fear that my generation of Texans had grown up among were not things confined to the South, nor to the United States. They seemed to characterize the entire capitalist world. I gradually came to realize that a good portion of the population of the globe apparently considered capitalism obsolete. I understood how capitalism itself had once replaced an outworn system, feudalism—but was it possible that capitalism had in its turn played out its role upon the stage of history?

Then I began to find out that alongside of the old and dying capitalist world, there was being born a new world, the world of socialism. I started to read everything I could get my hands on concerning the remarkable social experiment being conducted by the people of the Soviet Union. I read books by all

sorts of authorities—journalists, churchmen, social scientists, statesmen—and I became proud of the job the workers and farmers of Russia were doing in constructing the first socialist state known to man. I thought that, in many ways, the Soviet Union was to the world today what revolutionary America had been to the world of a century and a half ago. It seemed only natural that when war came America should find Soviet Russia its staunchest ally.

Of course, I was beginning to wonder what sort of people the Communists could be—who could lead the world's largest country in one of the biggest jobs ever undertaken by man. And something else had occurred which made me wonder about the Communists.

I had been working part-time for a theatre chain while going to Texas Tech. The projector operators, who were getting about thirty-five cents an hour, decided to organize themselves into a union. I knew how badly they needed a

raise and some measure of job security, and it came as something of a shock to me when they were all fired. They set up a little picket line, but were forced to give that up, defeated, after a few months. The other employees had all been warned against associating with or helping the union men, who were "acting like a bunch of Communists."

Could there, then, be Communists even in Texas? I began to recall some stories from the 1930's. Hadn't the Communists led a big demonstration by the unemployed in Houston? Weren't they accused of organizing the pecan shellers in Central Texas? Perhaps, I decided, there would be Communists anywhere in the world where working men and women fight for progress.

But I didn't actually run into my first Communist until I was an infantryman in the Southwest Pacific. He was Herman Bottcher, the most heroic, the best-loved, the most famous man in my outfit, the 32nd Infantry Division. General Eichelberger had called him a "one-man Army" when he commissioned him a Captain on the battlefield at Buna. Captain Bottcher had the most dangerous job in the division — leader of the econnaissance troop—and kept on getting decorations for bravery until he was killed, on Leyte. He had been the most democratic officer we knew of, always refusing to accept any privilege which his men couldn't have also.

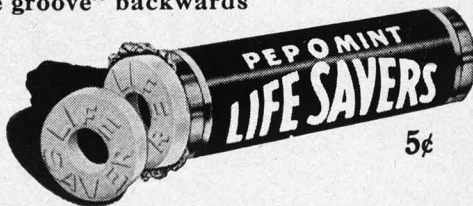
(Continued on next page)

Are you EVOORG EHT NI*



You might be—if you love onions and men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

* "In the groove" backwards



JOKE OF THE MONTH

Letter from Junior . . .

Dear Dad,
When I first came to the university last fall I was conceited, arrogant and stuck-up. But the fellows beat hell out of me and now I'm one of the swell guys on the campus. Please send me thirty-five dollars.

Junior.

George Carlisle
3200 Grandview
Austin, Texas

Whoever, in the opinion of the editor, submits the best joke for the next issue, will receive a carton of LIFESAVERS.

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I knew that Bottcher was no exception — that everywhere Communists were proving themselves the most loyal and effective fighters against the fascist barbarism which threatened to enslave all mankind.

Another hero of our division, for example, was Staff Sergeant Bob Thompson, awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for "extraordinary heroism" in New Guinea, and today chairman of the New York Communist Party. When we got to the Philippines, our division was fortunate enough to work for a while with the outstanding guerrilla army in Luzon — the famed Hukbalahaps, who were led by Communists. In tortured Europe, the underground resistance to Hitler initiated by the Communists was gaining the support of all democratic people. While on occupation duty in Japan, I learned of the courageous role the Japanese Communists had played in opposing the disastrous course to which their nation was led.

I resolved to find out, when I returned to Texas, what the Communist program for peacetime would be.

But I discovered that to search for the Communistic answer to the problems of post-war America was no idle academic pursuit. I was facing a host of pressing problems to which no other group—certainly not the Republican or Democratic parties — offered adequate solutions. Every veteran knows what these problems are—the high cost of living, the housing shortage, the educational crisis, the threat of a coming depression, the attack on civil rights, and the danger of a new, atomic, war.

In reading the Communist publications and listening to their speakers, I became aware for the first time that social problems can be approached scientifically. Every position taken by the Communist Party, I found, is based upon an exhaustive scientific analysis. Communists don't just talk about inflation, for instance—they examine its causes, trace its course, and present the necessary solution. The science employed is Marxism, the science of society, the most significant intellectual force in the world today.

I saw that it is this science which makes the Communist Party truly the party of socialism. Through its application, in accordance with the specific conditions of American life, the Communists are able not only to favor socialism, but to know concretely how to achieve socialism.

The Communists explained to me that socialism can only come when a majority of the common citizens want it, and that the American people will have to blaze new paths to socialism, that we could not follow those being taken by the people of Russia, China, or Eastern Europe. I was told that the Communists feel that the issue facing the United States today, however, is not socialism versus capitalism. It is, rather, democracy versus fascism. This means that

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WHY I AM

(Continued from Page 27)

Communists are expected to bend all their efforts to defending peace, the living standards of the people, and the achievements of American democracy against the monopoly of capitalists who would destroy all three.

Then I investigated the Communist Party organization itself. I found that the Party is as democratic in structure as in outlook, each member participating fully in making decisions and in carrying them out. I had never seen any group as self-critical, as anxious to acknowledge its own mistakes and profit by them. I was tremendously impressed by the honesty, the ability, the unassuming good nature of the Party members I had met. I had confidence in the leadership of the Party, as symbolized by William Z. Foster, National Chairman, and one of the outstanding figures in the American labor movement for the last fifty years.

So I joined the Communist Party, in the fall of 1946. I believe that to be a Communist is the highest honor in the world today—for the Communists represent the future of mankind.

To fight for the people against their oppressors is never the easiest thing in the world. I knew that—like Jefferson—I would be called a "foreign agent." I knew that—like Lincoln—I would be accused of "advocating force and vio-

lence." I knew that—like Paine—I would have my character and morals maligned.

I did not realize, however, that in a short time there would be semi-official threats against the very lives of Texas Communists. In November of last year, an important State official said that Communists "are so dangerous to the American form of government that there should be a bounty placed on the heads of every one of them." Three days later another high official said that when we find a Communist, "we ought to treat that person to a necktie-party."

Such statements, coming in a period increasingly reminiscent of Germany in the early 1930's, should be profoundly shocking to all Texans. It is not the welfare of the Communists which is at stake today. It is the welfare of the whole American people. There is danger that the upward march of humanity can be seriously impeded.

I am confident that it cannot be halted.

—THE END

LETTER

(Continued from Page 24)

ton Buffs" on them. Around the walls were pictures of baseball players. Behind a glass-topped desk was a small man who wore horn-rimmed glasses. He looked at us as we came into the room.

"My name's Fred Kruger," he said, holding out his hand to Father.

"I'm Doctor Weever. This is my son."

Kruger nodded to me and we sat down in the leather chairs.

"I wanted to see you about the sale of Willie Brace," Father said. "I don't think you had a right to sell him."

Kruger had struck a match to light a cigarette, but when Father said this he dropped the match and burned his hand.

"What do you mean?" Kruger sat up on the edge of his chair. "We have his contract and it's air-tight."

"I'm a doctor," Father explained. "I waited on Mrs. Brace when Willie was born. I've never been paid. Now I read in the paper where you've sold him for fifty thousand dollars. I don't think you had the right to sell him. I had first call."

Kruger leaned back in his chair and lit his cigarette.

"Of course I don't want to stand in the boy's way," Father continued. "I could claim the fifty thousand, but I'm willing to sell my interest for the amount of my bill against the Braces. I knew as soon as I explained the situation that you'd want to do the right thing."

"My Father owns 217 people besides me," I said. "They've got to do what he says."

Kruger looked at me severely, then exhaled a cloud of smoke.

"Really, Doctor Weever," he said, "I don't see . . ."

"In 1908 the bill was \$15," Father in-

(Continued on Page 30)

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WHY I AM NOT

(Continued from Page 19)

be curbed by banning the American Communist Party, forbidding Communists to speak on the campus, or refusing to employ them as scenario writers, professors, and janitors. I do not think you can prove a person plans to betray this country by exposing him as a Communist; prosecution should be based on facts produced by actual investigation. At least that is my understanding of what the Bill of Rights means.

Persecution of party members (and that is how I regard much of the present hue and cry about the Red Menace) merely serves to make martyrs of Communists and to keep them underground. And their underground nature is one of my big objections to the Communist movement in America. I cannot blame them for not coming into the open: they have to make a living. I understand that the chairman of the Austin Communist Party cannot make public his affiliation because he would be fired from his position with an Austin firm—and his job is just an ordinary one having nothing to do with national security.

Thus the attitude toward Communists in America perpetuates them as an underground organization. I might add that martyrdom makes Communism more attractive to some.

I would like to see American Communists in the open because the present state of ignorance concerning them makes it entirely too easy to obscure any liberal motives as Communist-inspired.

I have been known to criticize the methods of The National Association of Manufacturers; I don't like the Taft-Hartley Bill; I think the Thomas Committee's investigation of Hollywood was a disgusting display. American Communists say the N.A.M. is potentially (or positively) fascist, that the Taft-Hartley Bill is an attempt to enslave American labor, and that the methods of the Thomas Committee are the be-

(Continued on Page 30)



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WHY I AM NOT

(Continued from Page 29)

gining of concentration camps in the United States.

In the eyes of many people (including some of my family) this similarity means that I am Communist. The fact that I am willing to argue for the civil liberties of Communists is proof positive. Yet I am not a Communist—that some of my aims coincide with Communist aims means nothing: I voted for Roosevelt in 1944; I assume that Mr. Beauford Jester did likewise; so did most Communists. If this proves me a Communist, it also proves Governor Jester a Communist. I think I have made my point.

This confusion in the minds of most Americans is perpetuated by the fact that most discussion of Communism (in the press and elsewhere) is either purposely or ignorantly misleading. I would like to see more clarification of the differences between Communism and liberal democracy and less cloudy hysteria.

I am not a Communist because the Communist aims which happen to coincide with mine can be achieved—without the danger of totalitarian control—under a liberal democracy. —THE END

LETTER

(Continued from Page 28)

errupted. "That was my fee at that time for delivering a baby. I believe that I'm entitled to a reasonable rate of interest, say six per cent. Six per cent for twenty-one years on fifteen dollars would make the bill thirty-three dollars and ninety cents."

Mr. Kruger pressed his lips together and smashed his cigarette out in an ash tray.

"That's simple interest, not compound," Father said.

"This is all very interesting," Kruger stood up. "But I've got to meet an appointment now and I'm late already." He walked across to a hat rack and took down his coat and hat. "Besides, I was only acting for the St. Louis Cardinals. You see, they own the Houston team. I just work for them. The fifty thousand dollars went to St. Louis because Brace was their property."

Father followed Mr. Kruger into the outer office. He looked very mad and I wondered if he could whip Mr. Kruger.

"Glad to have met you, Doctor," Kruger said, and went out the door.

Father stood for a moment and looked at the Brace account slip in his hand. Then he turned to the lady at the typewriter.

"Who owns the St. Louis team?" Father asked.

"The owner's name is Mr. James Higgins," the lady said. "Would you like his address?"

"Yes," Father said. "If you don't mind."

She wrote the name and address on a
(Continued on Next Page)

LETTER

(Continued from Page 30)

slip of paper.

As we drove home from the ball park, Father didn't say anything. When he got to the house he went straight to his desk and began writing. He was still writing just before supper when John, Mother, and I were in the kitchen.

John said, "Father's doing wrong, writing to St. Louis."

"Well, I don't know," Mother said.

"What if the fellows found out my old man was writing to the Cardinals trying to get some of the money they received for Willie Brace? Everybody in high school would laugh at me."

"Maybe Father will sell you," I said. "Then you can go to another high school."

John ignored me.

"Won't you try to stop him," John asked Mother. "You could tell him."

"You know very well that you can't tell your Father anything," Mother said.

☆

Father brought the letter to the table, sealed and ready for mailing. He was in a good humor. The next train to St. Louis was leaving at nine o'clock. As soon as supper was over we'd all drive to the station and put the letter on the train, he said.

"Will Willie Brace take this train when you let him go?" I asked at the station.

"He may," Father said. "Or he may go straight to Detroit, without going by way of St. Louis."

"He'll go straight to Detroit," John said, while father was talking to the man on the mail car.

We hung around the station and watched the train leave.

☆

It was a week before we heard anything from the letter to St. Louis. Then one day the postman brought a fancy envelope with a red cardinal on the left side. We crowded around as father tore it open.

"'Dear Doctor Weever,'" he read aloud. "'For several days we have been considering your letter, claiming a first mortgage upon Willie Brace, who we recently sold to Detroit."

"My lawyers tell me that they can find no precedent in the cases for your position. It appears that neither the common law nor the Missouri statutes cover this particular point. However, they believe that it might be best to settle this matter outside the courtroom. Especially is this true should a jury trial result."

"Therefore I'm taking advantage of your offer to settle the account for \$25, your present fee for delivering a baby, in lieu of the original fee at interest for twenty-one years."

"I have directed Mr. Kruger of our Houston office to settle this matter with

(Continued on Page 34)

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WEBB

(Continued from Page 16)

by that title starring Fred MacMurray and Jean Parker was released. The world premier, complete with spotlights and celebrities, was held in San Antonio, and all the Texas big shots were invited to come down and rub elbows with the Hollywood stars—all but Dr. Webb, the author. Judging from the picture, the movie producers hadn't bothered to read the book, so their failure to invite the author is understandable if not excusable.

While writing *The Texas Rangers* Dr. Webb became intimately acquainted with the Rangers. For years he rode with them and listened to their stories. They made him an honorary Ranger after the book was published, and he served immediate nitice (via the *Daily Texan*) that "law and order has come to stay in Garrison Hall."

His interest in the Texas Rangers illustrates why Dr. Webb continues to stay at the University of Texas when he could probably teach at any university in the nation. He likes Texas. However, on leaves of absence he has taught at Duke, Northwestern, Harvard, Wyoming, London and Oxford.

He was appointed to the position of Harmsworth professor of American History at Oxford in 1942-43. This is considered one of the highest honors that can come to an American professor. Dr.

Webb is equally at home sitting around a campfire on a Texas ranch or teaching at the world's oldest University. And whether the subject is the resistance movement in Europe or how to trap armadillos, Dr. Webb will contribute to the conversation.

Dr. Webb is not only a good speaker, he is a good listener. In conferences at his office he gives his full attention to students, listens sympathetically, and offers a quiet encouragement that seems to get the best results.

You won't find our much about Dr. Webb's accomplishments by talking with him. You'll have to refer to *Who's Who* and question his intimate friends like Roy Bedichek, Mody Boatright, J. Frank Dobie and Bob Montgomery. He is extremely modest, and instead of talking to you about himself, he will maneuver the conversation around until you are the subject for discussion.

Ask any historian about Dr. Webb's *The Great Plains*. You will find that the book is recognized all over the English-speaking world as a revolutionary and completely new treatment of Western culture. It is required reading for most advanced American history courses throughout the United States. Its reputation continues to grow. Last year it sold more copies than any year except the first year when it came out seventeen years ago.

When the book was released in 1931, Henry Steele Commager, professor of history at Columbia, in a *New York Herald-Tribune* book review, called *The Great Plains* "one of the most original, suggestive, and thoughtful contributions to the science of history in recent years."

Bernard DeVoto, then editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, said in 1937 that *The Great Plains* should have been first choice for the Pulitzer Prize in 1931 rather than second. General Pershing's *My Experiences in the World War* (which DeVoto called "the worst book on the list") won first prize that year.

Two years later *The Great Plains* was given the Loubat Award, an even higher honor in some respects, because the field of selection was wider and the judges were all scholars.

In his "Great Plains" course here at the University, Dr. Webb brings a paper sack to class for one of his lectures. In the midst of his discussion, he whips a Colt six-shooter out of the sack. This startles some of his students, but none of them forget Dr. Webb's lecture on the importance of the six-shooter. He collects Colt revolvers as a hobby. He also collects books and once thought he might try to keep all the books written in Texas, but gave it up as impossible because "there are too damn many of them."

Dr. Webb has donated his original manuscripts, publishers' proofs, correspondence, and all notes used in writing
(Continued on Next Page)

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ing his books to the Texas Collection of the University Library. He has persuaded other Texas authors to do the same, with the result that a wealth of information is now available to students interested in book writing.

In 1939, Dr. Webb launched *The Handbook of Texas*, a four-volume encyclopedia of Texas which will be indispensable to all well-informed Texans. This is probably the biggest single program of research ever undertaken in the state. Over 200 people are contributing information to the handbook which will be completed in 1950. As Dr. Webb puts it, "This is the people of Texas writing their own history."

Dr. Webb's interest in Texas history undoubtedly prompted him to buy a 600-acre ranch near Austin. When looking around for some good ranch property a few years ago, he found an old building which had housed Texas' first school for boys. It had been built in 1853 by a man who had consumed much liquor in his life and knew from personal experience the evils of alcohol. So he built the school as far away from bars as possible. Dr. Webb bought the ranch, old building and all.

This has turned out to be a good investment as have most of Dr. Webb's business ventures. Royalty checks from his books have undoubtedly provided Dr. Webb with fairly nice financial assets. Still, with his unostentatious nature, he wears dark suits which don't look like the very latest from Hart, Shafner and Marx, and his old '38 Studebaker coupe has surely seen better days.

Rather than spending his vacations on Miami's beaches, Dr. Webb prefers to sit around the campfire with some intimate cronies and have bull sessions. Or maybe he will take a trip to some part of the United States or the world he hasn't seen before. Dr. Webb likes to keep active. You might call him a contemporary historian, for he is intensely interested in the history being made every day and its effect on our futures.

Today he is gathering information and data for a book on "Frontiers and Democracy," the subject of a seminar course he teaches. He believes that our democratic way of life has been effected greatly by the closing of the frontier, and there hasn't been a book which treats the subject completely. His theory on writing is: "You ought to write a book when you have one in you. Anything else is a pot-boiler."

Long an advocate of a great University press, Dr. Webb thinks Texas should have a press comparable to those of North Carolina and Oklahoma, where books are printed locally. Texas writers today must have their books printed out-of-state because our press doesn't have the facilities for much more than catalogs, bulletins, and small booklets.

While he thinks the University of Texas is a wonderful place, Dr. Webb

believes it has some serious defects, the worst being lack of faculty benefits. He cites these points as examples: No retirement system (Faculty members can go on half time when they reach 65) and no sabbatical year (Most colleges give the faculty every seventh year off).

Dr. Webb has criticized the University administration on several occasions. Ordinarily he hasn't much to say, but when he speaks, it means something. He can compliment a person for doing something right; likewise he is capable of a verbal blast that packs a wallop. After the recent dismissal of J. Frank Dobie, he called on the University administration to rehire the professor-folklorist to get both "out of the trap into which they fell together."

After thirty years of association with the University, Dr. Webb has seen it grow in enrollment, size, and wealth. He has seen many improvements and sees much more that needs to be done.

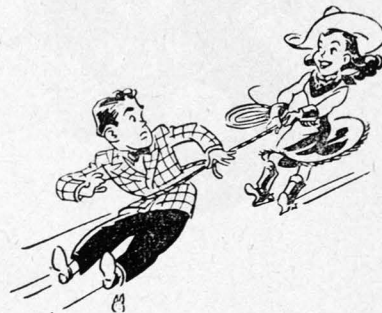
Looking ahead, Dr. Webb says, "The future of this University is limited only by the size of the men in charge of it. If they have the vision, the courage, and the integrity, the University of Texas will be great." THE END

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(Continued from Page 6)

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LETTER

(Continued from Page 31)

you. If you will sign the enclosed form, which releases us of any further claim you may have upon the person of Willie Brace, and deliver it to Mr. Kruger, he will pay you the \$25.

"Sincerely yours, James Higgins."

"I'm so proud of you, dear," Mother said, and she kissed Father on the cheek.

John took the letter from Father and read it again. I went to the bookcase in the den and pulled out the atlas.

"Willie Brace is going to Detroit," I said. "Show me where Detroit is."

"It's in Michigan."

"Will his mother and father go with him to Detroit?"

"No, they only bought Willie," Father said.

"If Detroit paid fifty thousand for me, would you sell me?"

"We wouldn't take a million for you, baby," Mother said, and she squeezed my hand.

I looked at all the cities on the map. They seemed so small. It would take an awful big city to pay a million dollars.

—THE END

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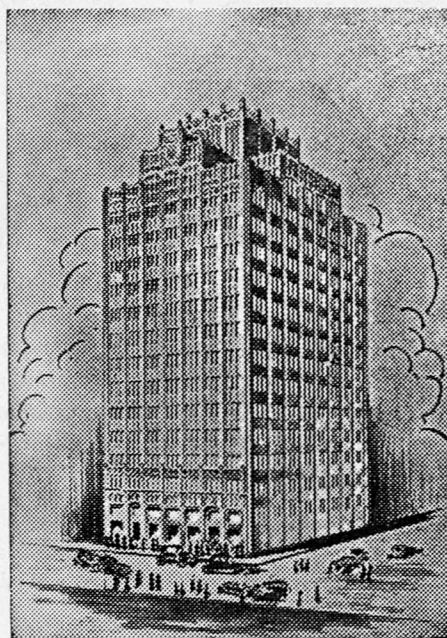
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An Editorial



Student pedestrian Jerry Harvey (R.I.P.) demonstrates how fenders get bent on San Jacinto Boulevard.

FEELING RUN-DOWN LATELY?

With more and more shiny new cars being driven off the second-hand lots every day it seems only fair that some remedy be provided for the atrocious pedestrian hazards on San Jacinto Boulevard. It is really dreadful what a pedestrian can do to a radiator grille at 40mph.

And these un-Texan veteran pedestrians who persist in wearing cast-off GI clothes with metal buttons. Tires aren't exactly being given away these days, you know.

But the most insidious thing about this pedestrian menace is that there is a low-down conspiracy going on against the honest, democratic car drivers. Just why is it that a flood of student pedestrians appear at exactly the same time that the motorists (who, after all, are the **taxpayers**) are trying to get to work so they can earn enough money to pay taxes to keep this University running? Just why is it that these ambulatory ingrates gang up not once but **three times** every day—morning, noon, and night—to make life miserable for the defenseless motorist?

Those frat boys who live on the corner, for

instance. They take a fiendish delight in running across the street one and two at a time—just **trying** to hit a car. And those 300 veterans in the FPHA dormitories across San Jacinto—how many of them do you think carry collision insurance?

And those married veterans in the Oak Grove pre-fab units. Some of them even bring their **wives** down to get in the act. It's this sort of thing that makes brake linings old before their time.

The police have been very cooperative in the matter. So far they haven't had the audacity to stop cars for pedestrians, the way they do at some school crossings. And they did agree not to put any signs or safety islands in the street. (They'd better not. The first driver who hit a street sign could sue hell out of the City for obstructing traffic.)

But even with the police on his side, the motorist needs and deserves better protection. We are going to get our grass-roots representative to introduce a bill in the next legislature making it a penal offense for a pedestrian to hit a moving vehicle. **That**, at least, should take some of them out of the streets.

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