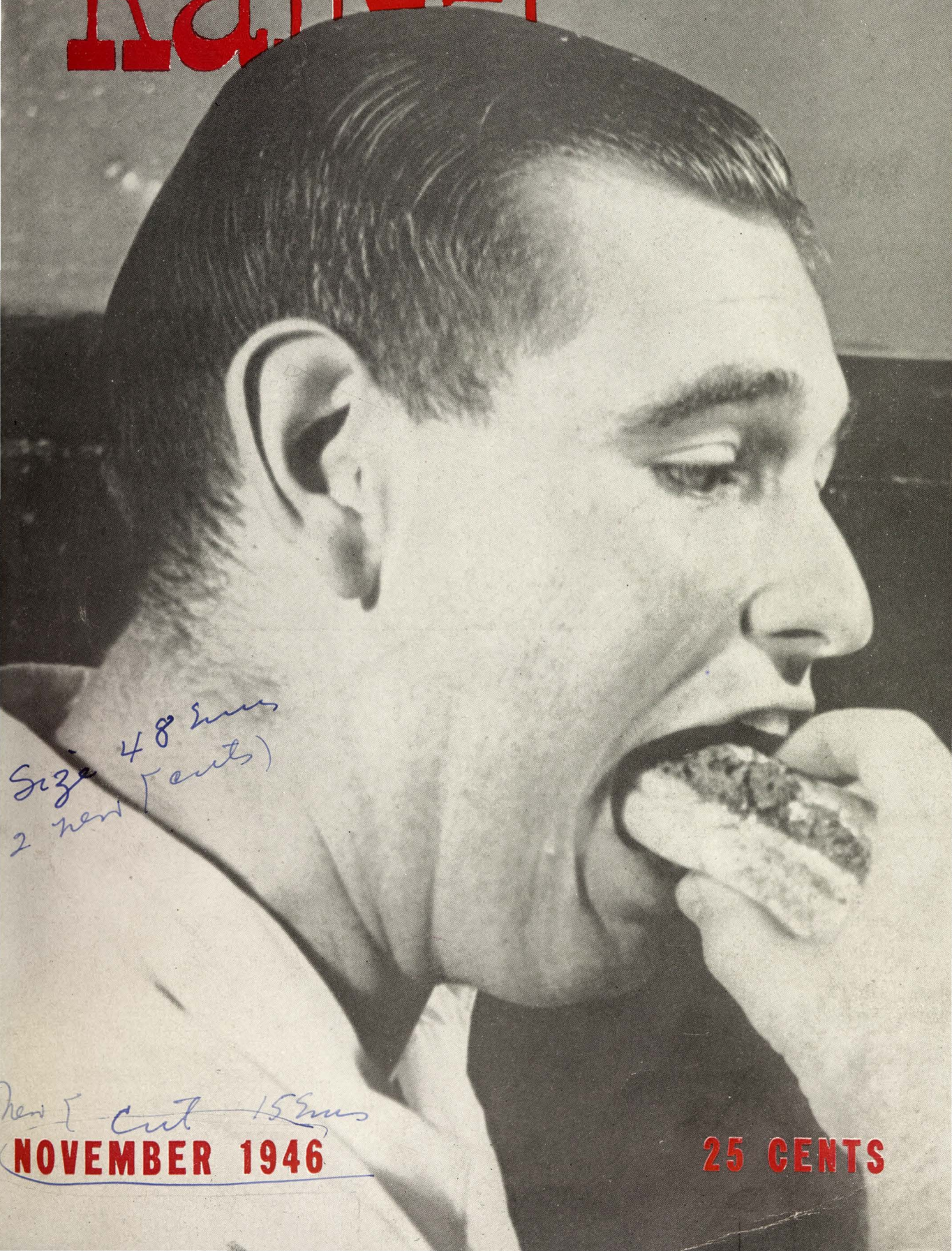


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25 CENTS



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Suit, \$19.95
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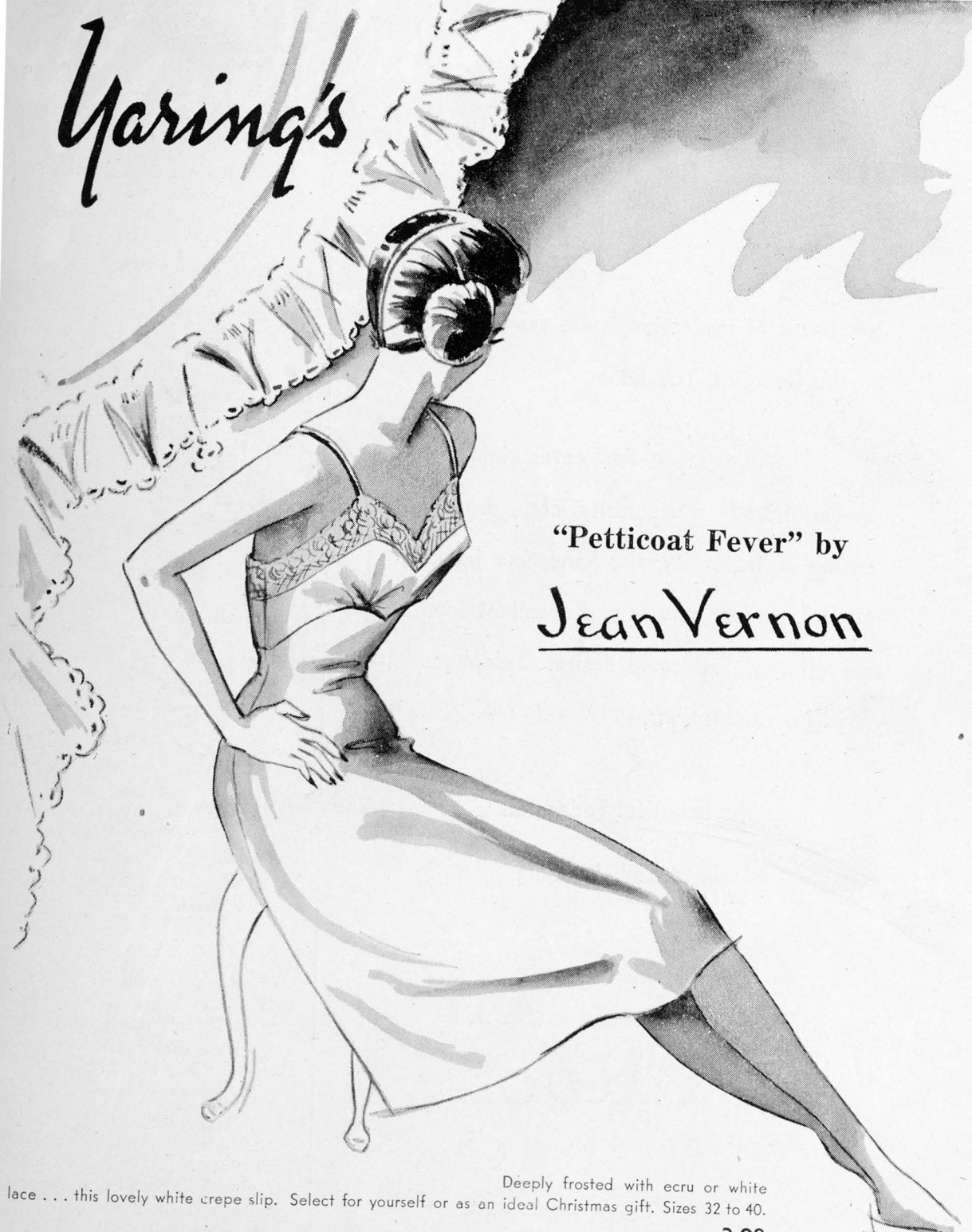
Three pieces in superfine rayon
gabardine with a dashing air... jacket
buckled at waist and cuffs to top either
slacks or skirt as you choose. Chisel
slim skirt and pleated, draped slacks
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Deeply frosted with ecru or white lace . . . this lovely white crepe slip. Select for yourself or as an ideal Christmas gift. Sizes 32 to 40.

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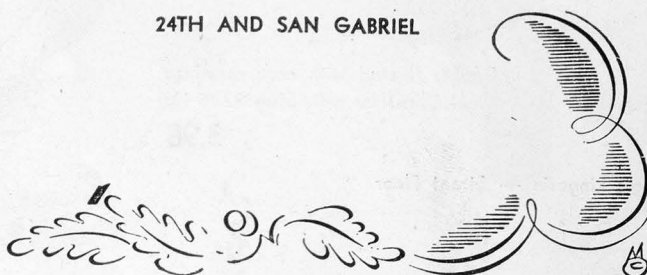
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24TH AND SAN GABRIEL



A dashing young fellow named Spice,
Devoted a lifetime to vice,
He ruined the morals
Of thousands of goral
With never a thought as to price.
—Pelican

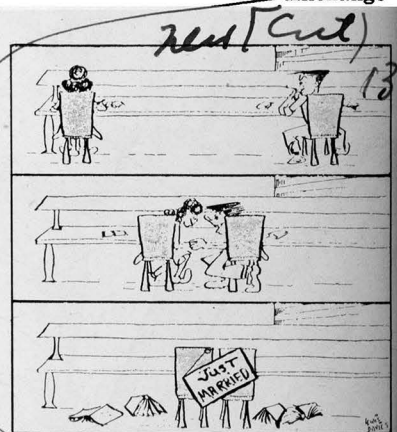
He: Do you believe in free love?

She: Have I ever given you a bill?

—Exchange

I bought my girl some garters
At the Woolworth five and ten,
She gave them to her mother—
That's the last I'll see of them.

—Exchange



A young couple were sitting in the parlor late one evening, when suddenly the young man made this remark: "Gosh, it's dark in here. I can't see my hand in front of my face."

"Don't worry, dear, I know it's not there," the gal replied.

—Rebel.

"How about a date?"

"I should say not!"

"Oh, I don't mean now. Some nasty wet winter afternoon when there's nobody else in town."

—Pointer.

Girl: Horace was over to my house last night, and as he started to leave he asked me to wear his pin, but I had to tell him I couldn't wear it until I knew him better.

Gal: But you're wearing it now.

Girl: Well, you see he didn't leave right then.

—Drexler.

TEXAS RANGER

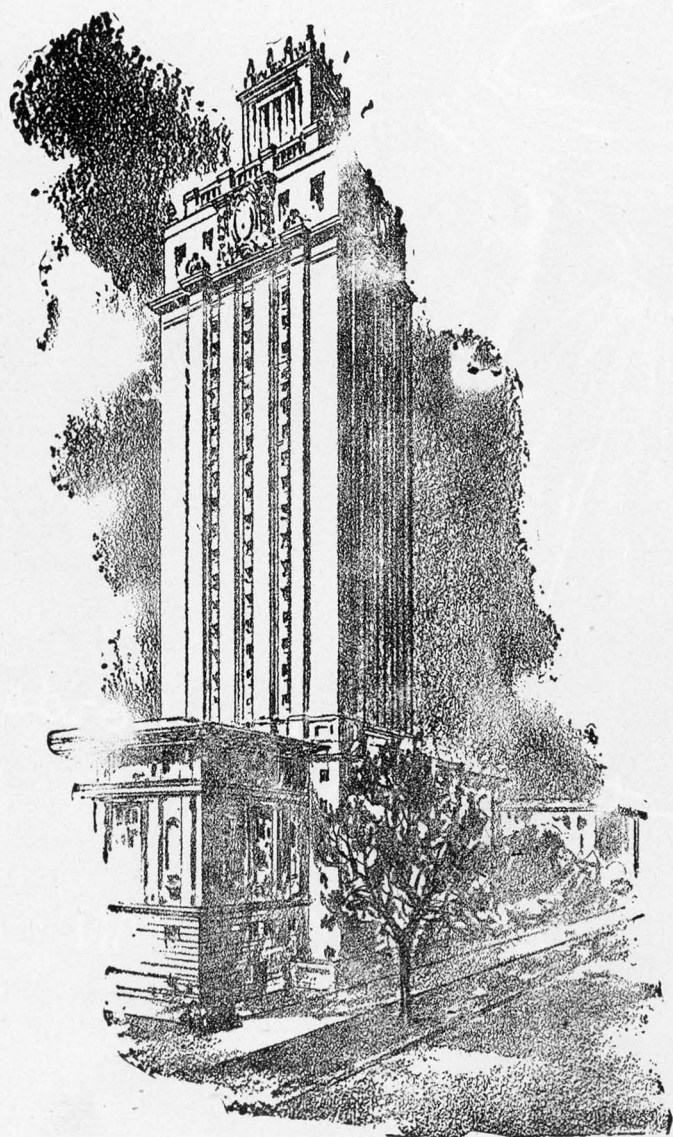
Good Friends



—too pretty for words

A CEIL CHAPMAN
ORIGINAL

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and it's time for lunch or dinner,
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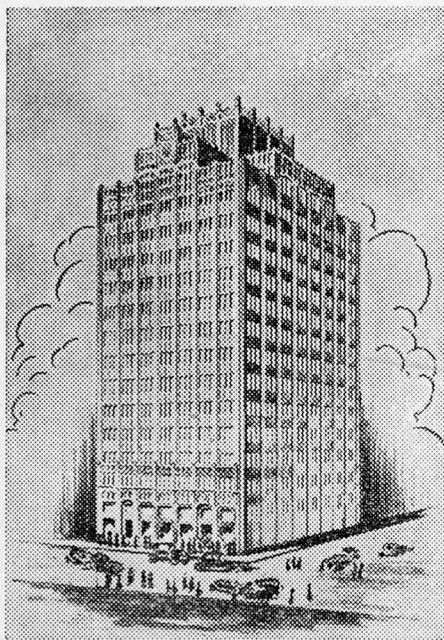
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Capital National Bank Building

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welcome HOME

By Wallace Masters

THE TAXI wheeled up to the old fraternity house and shivered to a stop. One fender fell off. I stepped out, ripping my pants on the orange crate which served for a back seat, and handed the driver the door.

"That'll be a dollar for the ride," he said. I reached for my wallet.

"Plus a dollar for the trunk."

I produced another bill.

"Plus four bits for the bags."

I reached for my loose change.

"Each."

I turned to go, but the driver did not move. "Pardon me; I forgot the tip," I said. The old place hadn't changed a bit, I mused. The living room contained one languid youth draped on the couch.

"Hiya, Pop," he said, lifting a limp hand.

Fleeing, I found my old comrade "Robber" McVeigh, who had served as housemanager for four years during the war, and asked about a place to stay.

"Surest thing you know, brotuh," he said. "Friend of mine just bought a chicken ranch which he's converted into apartments. Chickens all died of the pip, but a little pip never hurt anyone, did it? Heh, heh."

"Brother, I've had the pip for four years," I said, and collected my luggage.

So, with a minimum of formality and a \$50 deposit, I moved into El-La Rancho Courts. I shall not complain that the ceilings were but five feet from the floor, that we brushed our teeth in a baby chick drinking trough, or that the heat was from a defective oil brooder, but I will state that when I told the manager that I did not mind sleeping two in

a double-decker bunk, I did not understand that there would be two above and two below.

After all, we got all that for \$60 a month including two meals a day leaving five dollars for dates, cigarettes, laundry, and breakfast.

At registration I was told: "Some of the sections are a little crowded. You will have to take classes at seven, one p.m., and a lab at seven p.m."

"But I eat at seven, one, and six," I protested.

"I'm sorry. You'll have to eat on the drag."

Sixty dollars plus \$60, less \$65 is \$55. I fingered my great-grandfather's gold watch. It didn't keep very good time anyway.

That afternoon I called for a date. Of course, I thought, Gracie would be out of school, but she was a local girl and doubtless still around. However, it appeared that Gracie was married and had triplets, but now her little sister Guinevere was in school and eligible for dates. The last time I had seen Guinevere she had been in short dresses and had been sick in my lap. But I called.

"Why I'd love to go out some night. I'm all dated up for several days, but how about the twentieth of next month?"

When I called her on the nineteenth to confirm our date, Guinevere said, "I was about to call you. An old friend, who was stationed at Randolph Field all through the war, has just come in town. I simply must go out with him, but I know a very cute girl who would love to go out with you."

Evangeline, as she was called, would be delighted to have a date the next night, and why didn't we go to the Lake Club. Why shouldn't we?

In preparation for the big date I went for the laundry I had sent



"How in the Hell should I know?"

out on arriving.

"Sorry, it ain't ready yet," I was told.

"But you've been telling me that every other day for a month. Won't you check it, please?"

The girl returned. "I found out about it. All laundry left over thirty days we sell, and yours has been sold."

That night I called for Evangeline. She was a vision in a bur-lap gown with sashcord straps. From a height of six feet two she flashed me a gold and porcelain smile.

"The Lake Club," I told the cabby.

"Yuh gotta take a boat; I'll drop you at the landing."

Sure enough, there was a boat. We climbed aboard and were off in a cloud of spray.

After an hour's ride, we docked.

"Where is it?" I asked.

"Up there," Evangeline gestured.

Two guides appeared in Tyro-lean attire and before I knew it a bow-line was around my waist, a barrel hitch thrown about Evan-geline, and we started up.

After a three-mile climb we were at the Lake Club. With a sigh I led the way to a table and ordered a bowl of ice and two bottles of soda. Eventually the waiter returned with the set-up and a bill. At my raised eyebrows he explained, \$1 for the ice, \$1 for the soda, \$1 for the lemons, and \$1 for the cherries.

"Where are the cherries," I asked.

"Tonight we got no cherries," he snarled.

I mixed two drinks and raised one to my lips.

"Oh," screamed Evangeline.

I exhaled my drink in a fine spray.

"It's nine-thirty, time to start home," she announced.

She seized my hand, and we ran madly down the mountain.

Then someone was shaking me gently. "Have I been asleep? Was it all a nightmare?" I asked.

A strange but kindly face looked down at me.

"No, sonny, you fell off the mountainside. I just happened past. My name is Dr. Pinkham. He smiled gently. "And my fee will be \$10."

To Highlight The Evening



Now again a large se-
lection of formals and
dinner gowns. Choose
them with the covered
look, or strapless.

Rae Ann Shop

NEXT TO VARSITY THEATER

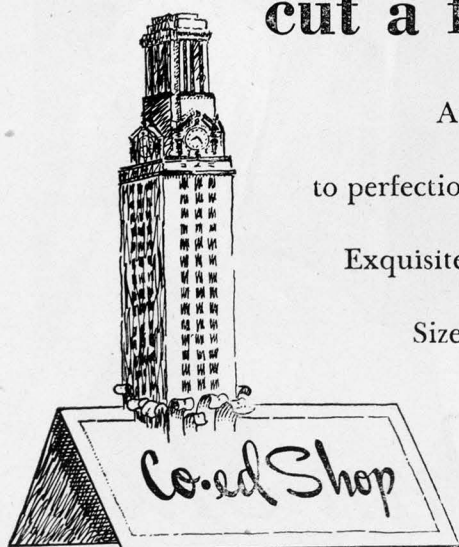


cut a fine figure!

And let Seamprufe cut it for you in a slip that fits
to perfection . . . that gives you good lines for good grooming.

Exquisitely made . . . of the finest Bur-Mil* rayon.

Sizes 00 to 00. **seamprufe* slips**



ranging

Well, here's November, and we only have a little more than thirty drinking days until Christmas. You will find this issue a little small; we didn't like it either, but it is necessary to save paper for a big Christmas issue. Paper is still as scarce around here as dates for aggies.

Those screams you hear are probably from an organization we dissected in this issue. We think such articles are healthy; more are scheduled, some with which we agree, and some with which we do not. However, the policy here is to let an author have his head, as long as we don't get sued for libel. The author of the article mentioned is an old hand around the campus, and according to those in the ken, he knows whereof he writes.

More and more people are coming into the office and walking out as staff members. Roy Fellers, who wrote the freshman story, is one; Jack Gallagher of the Raborn story, is another. The Raborn story, by the way, is the first of a series of UT characters, people who stand above the crowd.

It is with deep regret that we announce the passing of Joe Belden into the great beyond, where there's money, that is. Mr. B., our editorial supervisor, was present at the birth of the revived Ranger, and without his help, there is some question as to whether the magazine would be back on the campus at all. Mr. Belden is a very smart gentleman; the world of commerce had best watch out.

In case anyone is interested, the Ranger staff, with rare foresight and acumen, fixed things up for the New Year. However, our plans were slightly changed, so if anybody wants three hotel reservations in Los Angeles for the Rose Bowl week, they are down here in the office.

NOVEMBER, 1946



THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS STUDENT MAGAZINE

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NOVEMBER, 1946

VOLUME FIFTY-NINE

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Transition

full page new
47 lines.

THEY walked back into her living-room, he with his arm around her waist, she leaning against him. Halfway into the room she stopped and drew away, looking at him.

"This is the last time," she said, "now you remember that. I don't care what you say. Mother won't be back for another week, but this is the last time. Positively. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you," he said, and grinned. He reached across and took hold of her waist. "Anything you say, Mighty Mouse." She pushed his hands down and stepped back. He could see a smile flicking at the corner of her mouth, but she tried hard to frown, and with an effort to hide her failure she whipped the skirt of the house-coat around and walked over and sat down on an overstuffed chair.

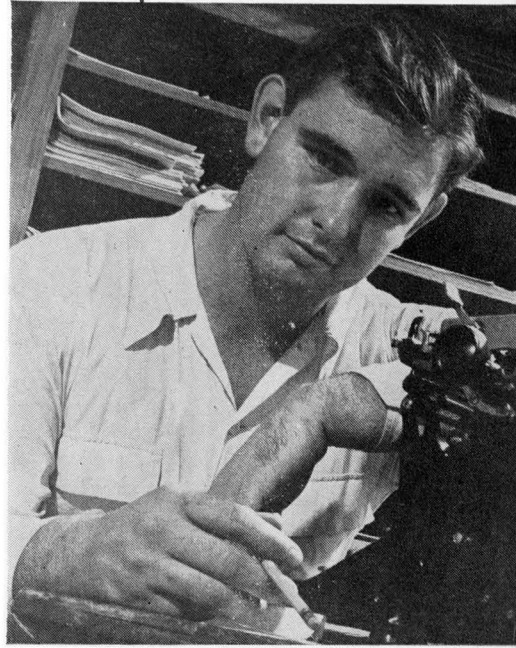
He flopped down on the sofa with a bump. The springs were about gone. He looked over at her. She was intently looking at a fashion magazine and there was a flush on her face. He stirred lazily and stretched, then leaned forward and put his elbows on his knees and gazed at her. "Come over here," he said. She shook her head. "What's the matter?" he asked.

Continued on page 22

new (cont) 17 Enns

characters (1):

GEORGE RABORN



JACK GRAY pointed to a fat, swaggering youth lumbering across Clark Field early this September, and in the dry wit that has made him the Oscar Levant of Gregory Gym cracked, "So that guy's back for another semester. You know, I don't know who's been here the longest—George Raborn or Dr. Penick."

Drawing a comparison between a student who has spent six years in the University and an eminent professor famed for over a half century may seem a bit far-fetched, yet to those who went away to war and returned, only to find that Genial George was still in school and still writing for the Texan, the boy who has spanned one war and threatens to span another remains the original Methuselah of the Forty Acres.

His friends swear George Washington Raborn, Jr., is the number one character on the campus, Jack Halliburton notwithstanding. He's as colorful as a mad man in a dye factory, and just about as unpredictable.

His accomplishments include enough to fill a book, so much so that George himself has come to realize it, and has completed 120 pages of an as yet unnamed tome that is tentatively titled "A New Novel by George Raborn." Like his prodigious idol, the late, great author, Thomas Wolfe, Raborn's book is a shocking exposé of the life of a small town boy. Like Wolfe, he is awed by the big city.

In fact, just about everything awes the uninhibited Raborn, and the Ox that calls Orange, Texas, home manages to cause his own share of bewilderment, particularly at the dinner table.

Some call a full-course dinner a meal—Raborn considers it an appetizer. No less a culinary authority than Harlan Wetz, the celebrated corned beef and cabbage sampler from New Braunfels, concedes him the title of number one eater in the University. Wetz, who can devour a half dozen candy bars and a case of beer about as casually as the ordinary person would consume a couple of crackers and a coke, watched Raborn polish off three chicken pies and a double round of desserts at the Night Hawk recently and swooned like a Sinatra ogler.

"If I had enough money," Raborn vows solemnly, "I would eat and eat and eat." Lack of funds prevents him from going as far as he would like, as witness the memorable night at the P-K Grill when he apologized to the waitress for not leaving a tip. Seems his \$3.79 check used up every penny he had. Last spring he accepted with considerable pleasure the task of eating 14 Pronto

(Continued on p. 24)

By Jack Gallagher

The March of Slimes

By Roy Fellers

A LEGAL brickbat angled off my noodle a few weeks back when I filed my name in the PRA assembly race. Student Prexy Jim Smith and other connoisseurs of our constitution crooned *You Can't Break the Chains*. The student court thereupon chimed in with a 4-0 decision nullifying my candidacy.

My crime? I'm a freshman.

So you can accept me as an expert in the field of freshmen affairs.

And, having prudently eyed all the factors involved, I opine to my harassed classmates:

"Fellow underdogs, you don't know how lucky you really are!"

Compared with the urpy chowbelly that frosh used to get shoved down their gullets, the fact they don't have direct assembly representation now is sheer tenderness.

In the good ole days when Arno Nowotny—dean of student life—was known as "Shorty" Nowotny—head yell leader—, UT beginners were dubbed as Slimes and had to wear green class caps called skypieces. The scorned Slime's rank was so low he couldn't even paste a Longhorn

replica on his headgear. "In no case," read a stern warning to would-be derelicts, "can a freshman take the privilege to substitute another cap or hat for the class cap."

Another regulation kept freshmen from walking between the west end of the Old Main Building and Guadalupe Street. Nor could they invade the engineering building to powerhouse path. Best disciplinarians were the Cowboys, but it was the solemn duty of all upperclassmen, especially sophomores, to see that Slimes didn't drift out of bounds.

Freshmen had to salute their scholastic overlords, too. A frosh shot his right index finger to the yellow button on his sky-piece when an upperclassman passed.

Upperclassmen used to ramrod freshman class politics. "Outside influence" helped elect a Negro cook president of the class one year and an ex-governor another year. Slimes finally slipped out of the cloak of upperclass interference by electing officers right after their yearly football pep rally.

It was always hard for a freshman to find his way around. His

academic superiors pseudo-nyms for all the build he was almost forced to take a decoding course to lead a location of classrooms. For drivers liked to mislead. For when a prospective hit town and boarded a night to haul him to the Acres for his first glance, a driver would prankishly him at the deaf school or um.

Exes also joined Slime persecution. Once a slute wielded a perforated against a cluster of freshmen without avail to make the Take Me Home to Mamak a spunky sophomore, by a peach tree limb, to harmonize.

March 2nd was a trial day for the slam-ban-sophomore battles. It began with a push-ball when inflated, a pushball six feet in diameter. Frosh would push on one side of the push to cross the opposites. And what a game fractured skulls, black and mashed bodies were. As the 1912 Cactus applied to exaggerate, almost except actual murder committed. The next involved capturing a lion,

which since has disappeared. When a class held it long enough to fire it, the battle ended. Class presidents stayed in secret hideouts on March 2nd, but if either were captured, the apprehending class won a great moral victory.

On March 2, 1925, a band of over-zealous Slimes swooped down on the B. Hall dorm for sophomore men and pirated all surplus underwear, as a blushing bevy of co-ed dappers snickered on. An all-day battle ensued, resulting in about \$12,500 worth of damage. This incident evoked statewide publicity and ired legislators to such an extent that they threatened to slash UT appropriations. The Board of Regents instantly put a stop to such antics and overturned the March 2nd tradition.

Evidently, during 1917 and '18, an "era of tranquility" in which freshmen had relative freedom of action prevailed. But the old trend tapered back with the return of World War I vets.

When the class system was replaced by the students association, Slimes got most of their rights affirmed, except the basic rights to vote and hold office. (They weren't even called Slimes after that.) Possibly the biggest political tilt came when freshmen got their right to vote in

(Continued on p. 26)



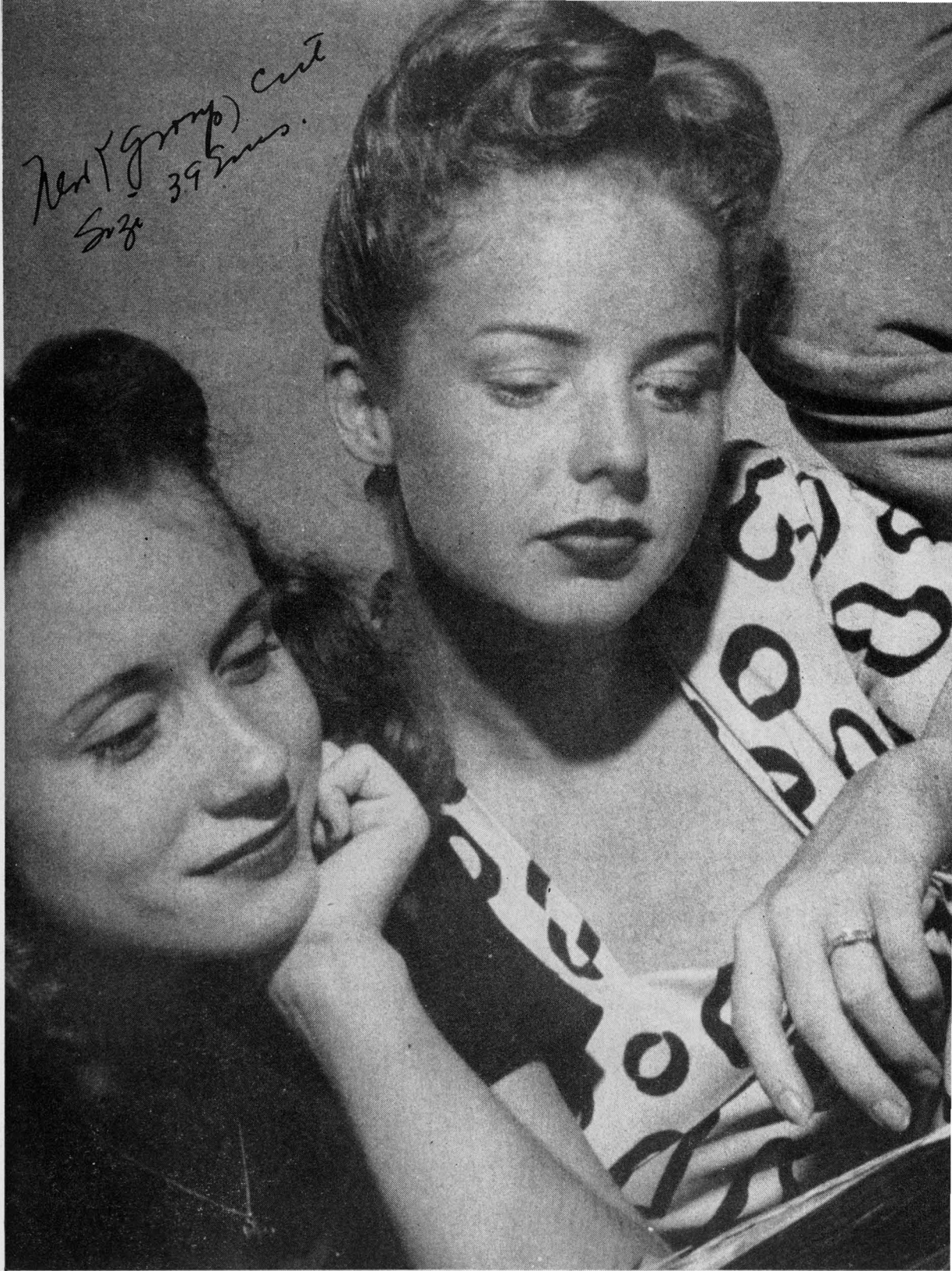
New Page Cut Size 39 Lines.



ACCENT on AGGIES



JOHN BRAYSON



For November, The Texas Ranger breaks a tradition, running two Girls of the Month. These girls symbolize the women on this postwar campus of 1946. JEANETTE BLOCKER epitomizes the UT coed preparing for the future; an Alpha Chi Omega, she began studying for her master's degree this fall. JACKIE CHILDERS, Mrs. Childers, that is, exemplifies the over 2100 wives on the Forty Acres this year. A New Orleans belle, she married her husband while he was on duty there with the Coast Guard. Preparing for the future, also, she works while her husband studies pre-law.

GIRLS of the MONTH

*Blocker, Jeannette Joyce (and) 2
Chelly & fine arts working on her
M.A.*

next cut 8 lines!



the cards

The paper had them rated
By one Williamson, Paul V.
They'il score like this said
Williamson,
I think you're right, said me.
I knew a way to make some cash
It paid off five to one,
You only picked three winners,
It was really lots of fun.
So off to Wirsch's Drug Store
I took myself and money.
I picked a card that had to win
It really was a honey.
"Victory Selections" that card said,
Oh irony supreme,
The victory was the other way,
I lost on every team.
Now this was nothing new for me
I've done it weeks on end,
But now I've learned my lesson
So please pay heed, my friend
You just can't win on those darn cards,
The odds are far too high.
Oh, yes, I've learned my lesson
I bid them all goodbye.
Napoleon had his Waterloo,
MacBeth had his MacDuff
I too have met my nemesis,
I now cry "Hold, Enough."

—Anonymous

next cut 13 lines



a little wink

Though I forget all else about you,
As faces come then go,
There's a thing will always haunt me
When years of memories roll.

It's not much to remember
Just a moment—then it's gone
Only a silly twinkle
A smile that's not for long.

It's just a tiny little wink
Long Lash drawn softly down,
Across brown eyes so tender
But all my world spins round.

I know you're young and foolish
And your ways a bit too vain,
I know your heart is no ones
So I'll not come back again.

For your love is like a flower
It's only for a day
And any man may have it
That comes along your way.

Your face has blurred before me,
Your form is not quite plain,
But wait—ye Gods I'm beaten!
I see that wink again!

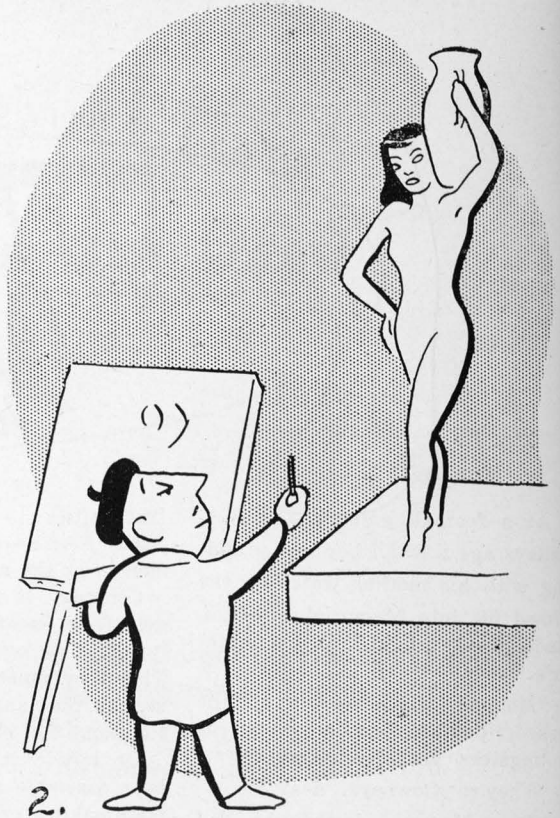
—By Jack D. Harwell

19

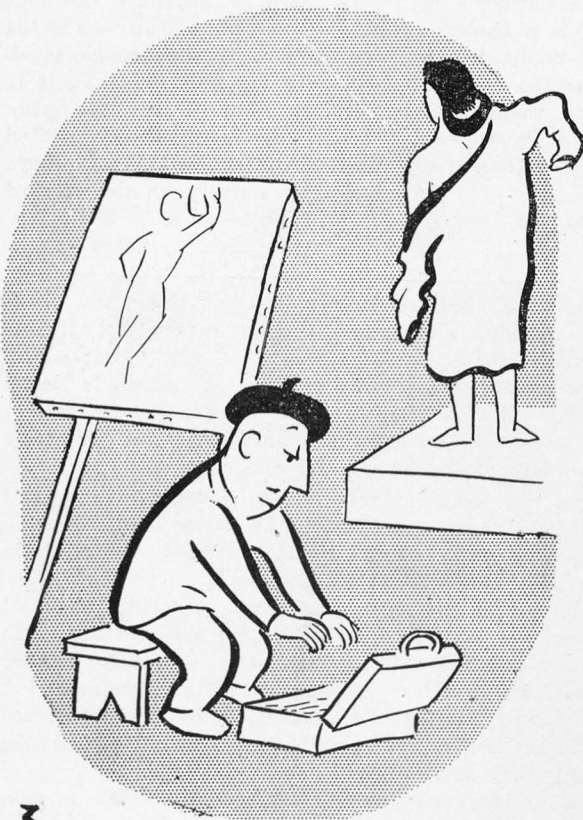
new cut
size 39
free post



1.



2.



3.



4.

RASCOE

t.h. williams

Jaunty Junior

The Tunic Suit

... this is the "suit-look" of the season! The tunic coat is softened with a touch of fur and leads a double life as it may be worn as a separate coat. Choose from a varied selection of furs and colors.

Featured in MADEMOISELLE.



(Continued from p. 12)

"This is the last time," she said, still looking at the magazine carefully. "I just don't want to go on this way. I never thought I could. When you came home, that time right after I got the telegram about Jim, you kept me from going crazy, no one else could have, no one else can take your place, but it just can't go on like this. It's alright for you, you're a man, but I want more than that. I want a home and children and all the things that go with it."

"Well," he said.

"You're out now," she interrupted, "you're going back to school, and that's good because it's what you've always wanted, but what about me? You always say you're not the type to settle down; you're going to be in school for another two years, anyway. I don't want to go on with this existence of waiting for you to come home on furloughs or vacations or whatever it will be now."

"Aw, hell, honey," he said,

stretched again, and grinned. "What got you started off on this? Don't be like that. You're not mad at me. You couldn't be. Come here."

She shook her head, but didn't look at him. He stood up, walked around the coffee table, and over to her chair. He caught her chin in his hand and turned it up, with some effort. She was frowning at him, with her lip stuck out. He turned loose, and sank to his knees in front of her, reaching forward to take her waist.

"Let's make some coffee," she said, standing up suddenly. He sighed and pulled himself up, then followed her into the tiny kitchen. The two of them filled the small room. She bustled about, making coffee. "Get out of the way, awkward," she said, but she looked up and smiled with her eyes.

"I think you like me awkward," he said, crowding into a tiny space between the refrigerator and the sink. "You like a big old awkward boy that you can take care of, and mother, and who'll think he's doing the dominating, but of course, he really won't be. Domi-

nating you would be about as easy as dominating a herd of wild horses."

She looked up again, and cocked her head, grinning. She pattered around the small square of the kitchen, her house-coat making slithering sounds on the linoleum. She carried two cups of coffee through the door into the dining room. They sat down, facing each other.

"You've got to decide now," she said suddenly, turning her eyes to his for emphasis. "Dick Scarborough has asked me to marry him. He's older, but he represents security. He's already set up. He wants me. He loves me."

"Why baby, you know I want to marry you," he said.

"I mean about school and all. If you want to stay here and settle down into something, alright, but I'm not going down and starve in some little two-bit room while you go to school and keep on playing around. You've got to cut out being a character and grow up." The smoke from the coffee drifted up around her face and disappeared.

"I don't guess you love me, after all," he said soberly, "or you'd want me to go to school and make something out of myself. This is just your way of getting rid of me."

"I do love you," she said. Now she was biting off her words and there was a force behind everything she said. "It's just that this is serious and we've got to make adjustments. I'm not going to jump into this thing like I did with Jim. I'm not a silly little girl anymore. I'm a woman, and I've got to think of what kind of life I'm heading into."

"That's alright," he said, "if you don't want me . . ."

"Don't be an ass!" she said. "You know I want you, but I want you to grow up and stop being cute. For someone who spent as long as you did in the army, you can be the most immature person I ever saw. I just mean I want a home and children and all that, and I don't want to go following you off on some of your wild goose chases."

He stood up, looking at her with

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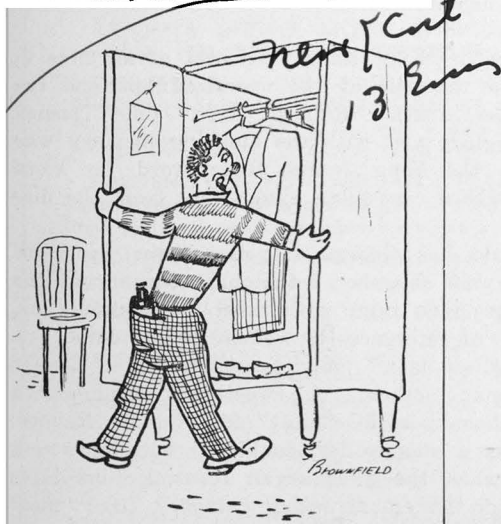


seriousness, and licked the coffee from his lips. His voice was huskier than it had been before. "That's alright," he said, "you don't have to go into all this. If you don't love me, if you don't want me, I'll get out. You're the only girl I ever loved; I wanted you before you married Jim, I want you now, but if you don't want me, that's o.k.

"Go ahead and marry your damn dull Dick Scarbough. I hope you get fat and bourgeois and are very happy. Just remember, if you ever need me, I'll be there." He wheeled around, walked through the living room, picking up his coat from the overstuffed chair with bad springs, and disappeared through the door with a slam.

She looked after him, her eyes wide with amazement. Her jaws worked, and she seemed to be about to say something but no sound came forth. She stared down at the coffee, and slowly stirred it, her forehead creased in a frown. Her eyes were moist and she looked back up at the door, the frown still hanging on her forehead.

Walking down the street, he glanced back at the house and the frown of anger disappeared into a grin. It was the grin of the pleased American male. He took out a small notebook and crossed out something in it with a short pencil. He grinned, and shook his head, as he started down the dark street, just now coming to life in the early morning. —J. B.



"Chee, this is the biggest damn book I ever read!"

NOVEMBER, 1946

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RABORN

(Continued from p. 13)

Pups—after the owner had assured him he would pay for all above 5—and berated Texan writers for publicizing the feat, which he considered commonplace.

At the Night Hawk, where the name of Raborn commands more respect than the owner, admiring waitresses named a sandwich after him—the Georgeburger—consisting of a double portion of hamburger on plain bread. None of these fancy Twentieth Century adornments for Raborn; give him plenty of plain old meat and you can have all the tomatoes, lettuce, chili, cucumber and assorted vegetables.

Avid readers of the Texan know him best for his Raborn's Ratings, a column of high school and college predictions that has appeared regularly in the Texan for the past four years. Although dissenting opinions on Raborn's Ratings can often be heard in the noisy corridors of Hill Hall, the bashful fat boy devotes countless hours to the task and receives very little thanks or recognition for his efforts. Some Hill Hall boys would be very happy if "Raborn's Ratings," as they call them, were discontinued, but the feature is one of the most popular in the paper, and will stay until Raborn graduates—if ever.

Raborn's Ratings extend into another field—the movies. He judges stars on a five-decimal point basis, with Lana Turner's .99633 percentage leading at present. Actresses are rated on face, figure, and sex appeal. Raborn admits the latter category counts more heavily than any other. If a star can fill a sweater like the famed cigarette advertisement—"so round, so firm, so fully packed. . ."—she'll get a first place vote every time.

Betty Grable, long-time first place holder, experienced a gradual drop in Raborn's Ratings in the last year. "She just doesn't have it any more," he comments sadly. On his trip to Hollywood the past summer he got a close-up look at some of the stars, and came away with this impression: The women are much more beautiful than they appear on the screen, but the men aren't nearly as handsome as the movies make them appear.

George, probably the keenest movie fan on the campus, waited seven hours in line to get a glimpse of the stars at a Hollywood prevue, and considered it time well spent. He once saw 77 movies in the space of a month, and calls New York and Los Angeles the Valhalla of movie-goers because the movie houses there remain open all night.

His 1946 goal is 365 movies—one for every day in the year. At present he's about 15 behind, but after football season he hopes to catch up.

He also rates movies, with "King Kong" the best of all time in his opinion. He has seen the epic of the oversized ape and the entranced woman 33 times, another Raborn "first." Like Thomas Babbington Macauley, English poet with the amazing memory who said he could reproduce the King James Bible word for word if all copies were lost, Raborn can quote extensively from the dialogue of "King Kong."

In only one rating field has George felt the bitter pangs of disappointment. Much to the chagrin of the male element of the campus, his Date Ratings have been withdrawn from circulation. They consisted of a series of references to women he had dated . . . "most beautiful date," "ugliest date," "most passionate date," "worst conversationalist," and many others. A sweetheart candidate a few years back dominated many of his "most" departments. Raborn, who is about as naive as a steamroller, could see nothing wrong with the rankings, but when the girls began refusing him dates lest their names appear in an embarrassing category (like "most frigid date") George decided to call it quits.

A frustrated football player, the whale that walks like a man

came to the University in 1941 on a football scholarship. A bad knee and a tremendous yearning for seconds and thirds at the training table convinced D. X. Bible that George's talents lie in eating pigs rather than in tossing around their skins. Result: he got his walking papers from Hill Hall.

Gorgeous George's departure to the stab and grab field—the boarding houses—occasioned a unique arrangement with his housemother. Forced to pay at the usual rate of three meals per day, Raborn was allowed only one meal a day because of his gargantuan appetite. At that he still thinks he got the better of the bargain.

Famed in intramural circles for his Red Raider teams that were constantly getting in hot water because of ineligibilities — its members used to boast secretly that Raborn was the only eligible man on the team—George's collection of "ringers" have done well enough to win Mica championships in several sports.

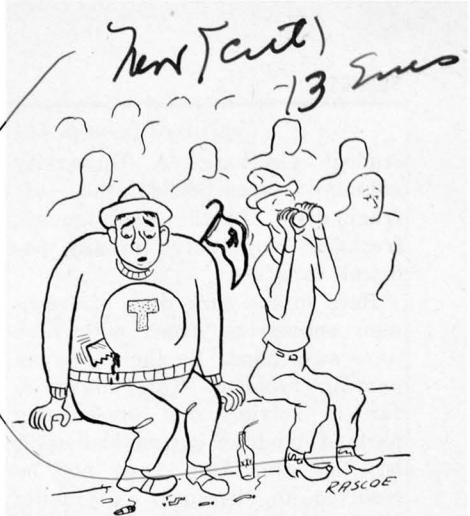
Last spring a Texan Firing Line writer accused Raborn of ruining the intramural program with his persistent use of ineligible players. The story is told of how one of Raborn's able-bodied

but ineligible men played all season under the name of an eligible but most incapacitated cripple. But George has promised Berry Whitaker he won't cause any trouble this season.

Like all unfortunates saddled with obesity, Raborn is blessed with an unfailing good humor, and can take huge amounts of ribbing without becoming irritated. Contrary to popular belief, his individualistic feats are not performed for purposes of exhibitionism. In fact, he's modest almost to the point of bashfulness in the presence of girls and casual male acquaintances.

He offers the best explanation for his peculiar acts: He does them because he likes them, and he doesn't care what people think.

After twelve semesters and 152 hours—with about 40 of them in elective subjects that do not count toward his degree—one might think George would tire of the intramural squabbles, lousy food, sassy waitresses, griping football players, and grouchy profs that can sometimes make college life miserable. Any normal person might seek a change, but not George Raborn. "If my parents didn't make me get out and work," he has often said, "I think I'd stay in college the rest of my life."



The haughty senior co-ed eniffed disdainfully as the tiny freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The freshman hung his head. "Sorry, ma'am, but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five dollar bill at me."

PHOTO CREDITS

Cover, pages 12, 13, 17, John Bryson, Jr. Page 18, Betty Wallace.

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RABORN'S RATINGS

RABORN'S 16TH REVISED MOVIE STAR RATINGS: lists 131 stars according to face, figure, sex appeal. Lana Turner leads with a .99633 rating.

RABORN'S LIFETIME MOVIE ATTENDANCE RECORD: lists every year from 1931 (29 films) to 1945 (265 films).

THEATERS IN WHICH FIRST-PLACE VOTES WERE CAST FOR INDIVIDUAL STARS IN RABORN'S MOVIE STAR RATINGS: lists every theater in which George has cast a first-place vote for a star in his ratings. The Capitol, in Austin, leads with 46 first-place votes.

RABORN'S ONE HUNDRED FAVORITE MOVIES OF ALL TIME: contains George's favorite movies from "King Kong" (No. 1), to "An old train picture I can't remember the name of," (No. 35), etc.

DOUBLEHEADERS: immortalizes theaters where George cast two first-place votes for same picture on same day.

RABORN'S FIFTY FAVORITE BOOKS OF ALL TIME: describes George's favorite books, his age when he first read them, and the number of times he has read each. List includes No. 1, "The Return of Tarzan," (read 10 times); No. 14, "The Wonderful Locomotive," (10 times); No. 20, "The Web and the Rock," by Thomas Wolfe, (2 times); and No. 50, "USA," by Dos Passos, (once).

RABORN'S INDIVIDUAL MOVIE ATTENDANCE RECORD: lists George's cinema attendance since 1933, notes, "Movies seen 3 times are too numerous to mention." Among pictures he has liked, he has seen "King Kong 33 times, "Mutiny on the Bounty" 12 times, and "Gunga Din" 10 times.

(Continued from p. 14)

student elections. A University columnist spearheaded the suffrage drive. To this day, though, freshmen can't serve in any political capacity.

Back in the dark days of freshman oppression, frosh with cars were suspended. So there was no parking problem. This might go far in solving our present-day parking muddle, impractical as it is. But this step need not be resorted to, because a thinking freshman, Lee Gilman, has a better remedy. He has calmed the stormy rippling in the political pool about the University parking problem by proposing a sensible plan that can provide more parking space plus safety. Said a **Daily Texan** editorial, "... what he offers is sound advice..." This Straw in the South Wind mirrors and postulates that freshmen are rising in status through their own unaided efforts.

Indeed, all the straws in the south wind, raked into one pile, make quite a stack. Take the re-

cent freshman speech contest, which was considered so significant that its sponsor, the Hogg Debating Society, asked Governor-elect Beauford Jester to judge the finals. Don't forget, either, that the Southwest Conference, faced with the World War II manpower shortage, admitted freshmen into the sports arena. Many observers seem to think the change is here to stay. Add to these good omens the fact that freshmen vets are pursuing their studies so earnestly that they are

commanding the respect of everybody on the campus.

And as Father Time stalks on, freshmen will doubtless be on a complete par with upperclassmen. But until that day of ultimate progress, when freshmen will be emancipated from political serfdom, then frosh should be ever vigilant.

I sincerely hope that my fellow underdogs won't yawn themselves into such a state of complacency that they can't achieve ultimate progress.

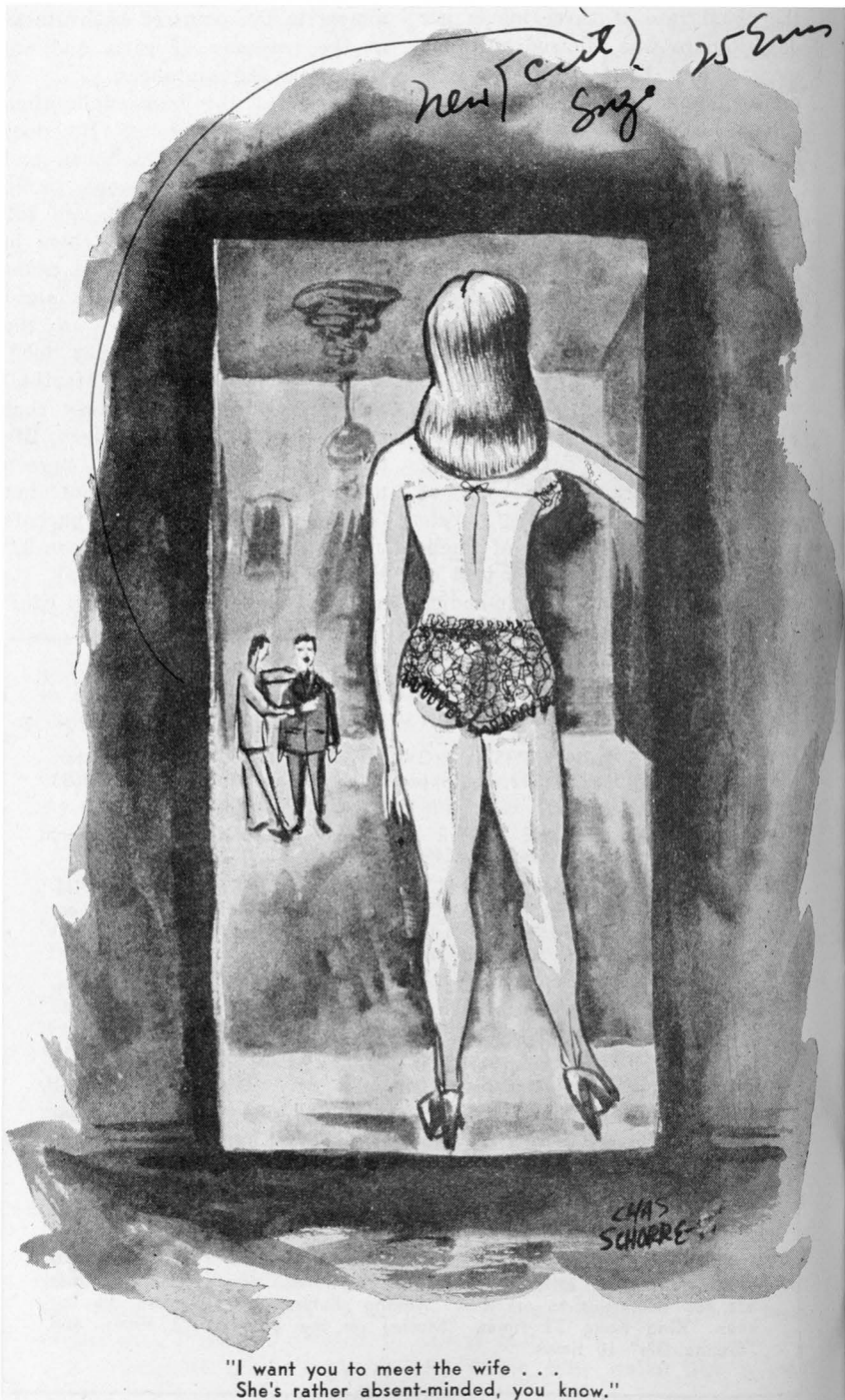
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"I want you to meet the wife . . .
She's rather absent-minded, you know."

(Continued from p. 19)

line all to themselves.

Even so, Cowboys will still tell you that no greater honor can come to a University co-ed than to be invited to a football game by a Cowboy.

Frequently critics of the organization—which does not condone criticism by the peons who stay out of the muck and never do anything brave for UT—charge that Cowboys never perform outstanding services for the University.

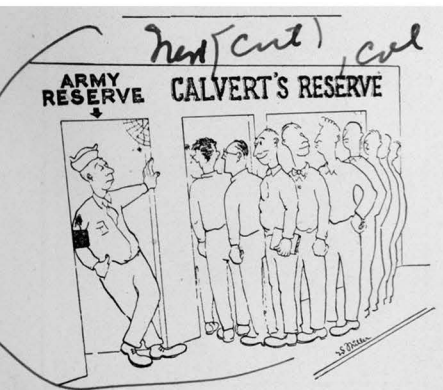
(1) Sit on 50-yard line at all football games, inspiring the team with their yells when the student body deserts them.

(2) Counting votes for the Inter-fraternity Council's Varsity Carnival Queen contest. They do not count votes for Mica's Sweetheart election, of course.

(3) Escorting visiting sweethearts and sweetheart nominees to the fraternity breakfasts, teas, and suppers at Round-Up time. This calls for well-bred young men, of course.

(4) Meeting celebrities at trains and riding at head of most parades in Austin. This gives the public a chance to see only the best of UT manhood, for which the mas sof students should be eternally grateful.

There are other things which Cowboys are too modest to mention. But any Cowboy will tell you that the students at the University should be thankful that such outstanding young men with proven social standings are willing to represent them at public gatherings. Those gatherings where they can wear their chaps, that is.



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 foot isn't big enough."

Tutor: "Scratch it on your—er
 —let me light it."

—Exchange.

First Girl: "I hit a telephone
 pole last night."

Second Girl: "Its a wonder
 your neck wasn't broken."

First Girl: "Well, it wasn't
 broken, but it was sadly inter-
 rupted."

—Pelican.

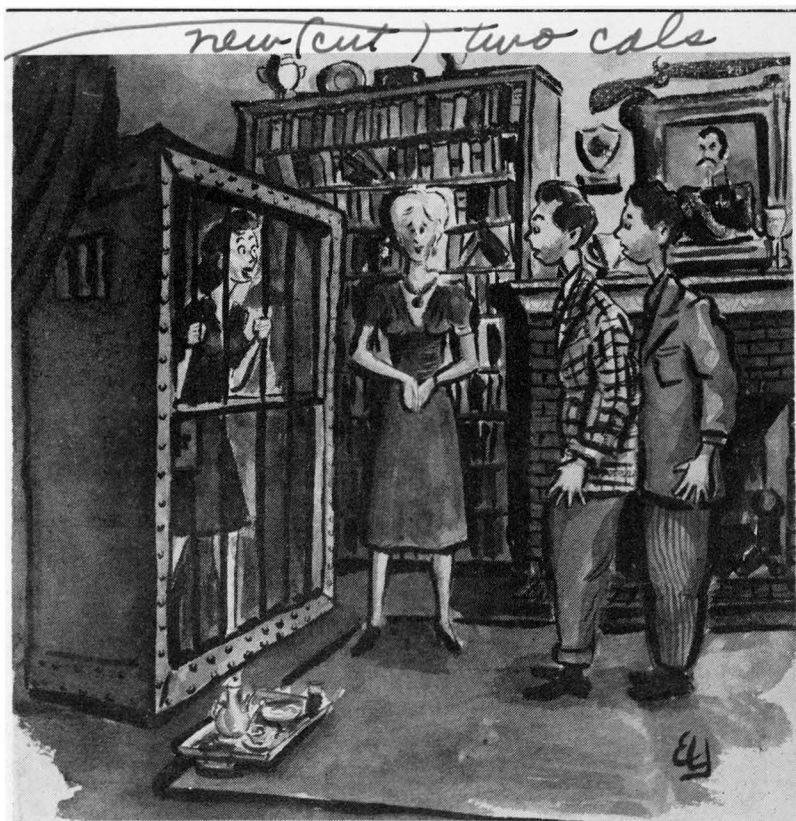
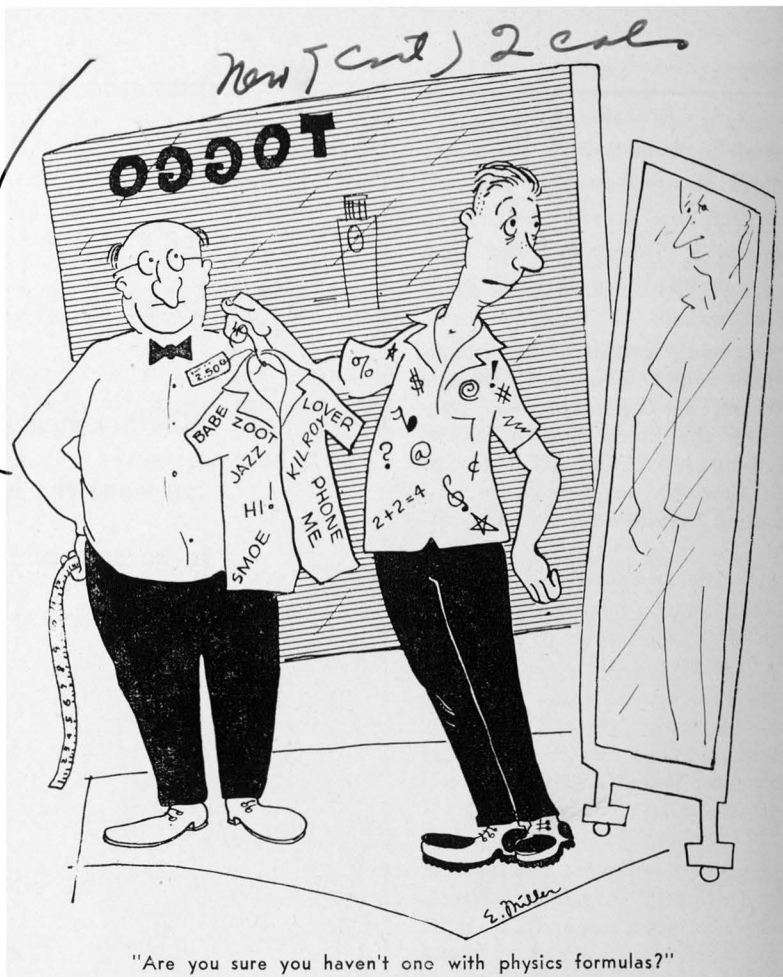
Girl: "I'll stand on my head or
 bust."

Instructor: "Just stand on your
 head."

If every girl followed the
 straight and narrow, where would
 the brassiere manufacturer be?

—Exchange.

ON THE COVER large eater GEORGE
 RAYBORN puts the bite on a hot dog.
 Editor JOHN BRYSON, who took the
 picture, reports that prior to the ses-
 sion, George apologized that he wasn't
 very hungry, then sat down and pol-
 ished off six hot dogs, a quart of orange,
 a quart of grape-juice, and a ham sand-
 wich.



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