

Shelvia: Texas Techson

Dorothy Rylander

TEXAS TECH

Homecoming
Number

MAGAZINE

October,
1938





"A Touchdown Machine"

That is the title Elmer "The Great" Tarbox deserves. Scoring three counters against Montana in the mud and the winning tally over Texas Mines as well as adding many more yards toward goal lines, he has established himself as one of the greatest ball carriers in the nation. Want a touchdown?—Just ask Elmer and . . . it's there!

Raiders Smash Six Straight

With the smoke of last year's contests still in the skies, with two great backs again in the line-up who paced the Nation in yards gained rushing—Bobby Holmes and Elmer Tarbox, rated third and fourth respectively—and one of the Nation's top-notch passers—Gene Barnett—plus the spark of the Freshman team which dealt the regulars havoc, the Red Raiders have forgotten temperament for stamina and are today marching neck and neck with the power teams of the Continent. Unbeaten and untied yet with Coach P. W. Cawthon holding the score down as much as possible, the trick plays reserved for the latter part of the season when a magician might be needed, Tech's panoramic blaze of players continues to streak across goal lines and bring fame to the Nation's fastest growing college.

The colorful Texas Tech Red Raiders remain unbeaten and untied in their first six games of the 1938 grid season.

Rolling to a 35-0 victory over Montana State in the first game of the season the Raiders have looked very impressive with successive wins against Wyoming 39-0; Duquesne University, at Buffalo, New York, 7-6; Oklahoma City University 60-0; Montana University, in Missoula, Montana, 19-13; and Texas School of Mines at Odessa 14-7.

Hindered by the loss of the great all-around playing of Captain Frank Guzik at Quarterback who has been out of the line-up since the Montana State game because of a severe knee injury and Bill Davis, a key lineman at left tackle who sustained an injured knee in the Duquesne contest, Tech has relied on Sophomores and reserves along with their potent regulars to round out a winning combination.

Although Tech supporters believe the Red Raiders have one of the finest all-around clubs in the Southwest five hard contests remain to test their real power and greatness.

The football skill and magic of Head Coach P. W. Cawthon and Line Coach R. T. "Dutchy" Smith is recognized as being directly instrumental in the success and victories of the Raiders. Offer-



Coach Cawthon

ing a varied offensive attack based on the Notre Dame system with quick thrusts and power from the T formation, Single Wing Back set-up and man in motion plays Tech has a season average of close to 30 points a game.

Texas Tech stars have been few, the entire team as a unit having borne the brunt of both the offensive and defensive play. However, Elmer "The Great" Tarbox the brilliant Raider right half-

back has continued the sensational pace he set last season. He is the team's leading scorer to date and one of the best blockers on the squad.

Bobby Holmes is the most dangerous runner in the open field in Tech's history and Gene Barnett the best passer to wear the scarlet and black. Ray Flusche has taken the injured Frank Guzik's place as the first team quarterback and has turned in very creditable work. Charlie Calhoun, fullback, can ram a line and punt with the best. Johnny Sims, Milton Hill, Jodie Marek, Ralph Balfanz, Woody Ramsey, Walter Rankin, Dudley Akins and Ty Bain have all turned in excellent backfield performances.

George Webb and Prince Scott are both good defensive men and fine pass receivers at the ends and Line Captain A. B. "Red" Murphy and Leonard Latch have allowed very few gains at their tackle positions. The three W's—Williams, center, and White and Waldrep, guards, take very good care of the center of the Tech line. George Philbrick, Lloyd Taliaferro, Elbert Overton, J. B. Gilbert, E. J. McKnight, Chester Hemsell, Rafe Nabors, Primo McCurry, Jack Wheelis, Steve Miller, Wilmer Green, Durwood Herring and Philip Harmon have been pushing the regulars for their positions and have turned in fine games.

SCHEDULE

	Tech Op
MONTANA STATE	
Lubbock, Sep. 17	35 0
WYOMING UNIVERSITY	
Lubbock, Sep. 24	39 0
DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY	
Buffalo, N. Y., Sep. 30	7 6
OKLAHOMA CITY UNIV.	
Lubbock, Oct. 8	60 0
UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA	
Missoula, Mont., Oct. 15	19 13
TEXAS MINES	
Odessa, Oct. 22	14 7
LOYOLA (New Orleans)	
Lubbock, Nov. 5, PM	
GONZAGA	
Lubbock, Nov. 11, PM	
NEW MEXICO UNIVERSITY	
Albuquerque, Nov. 19 PM	
MARQUETTE	
Lubbock, Nov. 26, PM	
CENTENARY	
Lubbock, Dec. 3, PM	

Secretary's Notebook

Flashing The News To Thousands Of Tech Exes And Alumni Over The World

"It's always a pleasure, fellows," welcomed Coach Pete Cawthon to the



Coach P. W. Cawthon

A & M squad for a workout on Tech field en route to the Santa Clara game on the West Coast, "to have you Aggies with us. We hope you boys like it out here on our campus. Make yourselves at home."

"Good to be with you," replied Coach Horner Norton for the Aggies. "There's something about your school that makes us feel that we fit right in."

"This is the springiest grass in the state, I'll bet," romped Captain Rogers. "And your goals are the easiest to kick we've run across. Whatever it is you have must be in the air out here."

Accompanying the squad and seeing that all things were in perfect shape were Coaches James, Smith, and Trainer Dimmitt.

"We're hearing some mighty good reports on your Tech team," says Smith. "We're looking for a good many favorable surprises from you."

* * *

And that's how it is, folks. A & M likes it here. We like A & M. We want the Aggies to feel entirely at home on our range. We want them to get some of that "umph" that has carried our Red Raiders up into its high ranking place in the nation. But then, again, there is probably more to it than that.



A. & M.'s Captain Rogers

OFFICIAL NOTICE

It is hereby resolved that the following paragraph under Article X of the Constitution of the Alumni and Ex-Students Association be taken out and replaced by the following paragraph:

The annual meeting of the Association shall be held in Lubbock, Texas, at a time and place determined by the Board of Directors, with a general announcement being made to members of the association at least thirty days prior to the meeting.

(Signed) Jennings T. Lewis

And now we have Homecoming! OPAL McMAHON, *Avalanche-Journal* representative par excellent, is watching all corners and keeping up with all comers to the festive occasion. "Will BING CROSBY be here? We just had information that he had accepted." No Soap. The Number One Crooner of the Land who's been-eating-dough hasn't replied to his many invitations, probably because he is not in Hollywood at this time. His alma mater, the mighty GONZAGA, will need him and all his delegation on the day of the eleventh to be rootin' and tootin' for the home team. Invited also is his side-kick BOB BURNS, the Arkansas Sage, who could very handily help W. LEE O'DANIEL

pass the biscuits at the CHUCK WAGON FEED.

HON. CLIFFORD B. JONES, Chairman of the Tech Board of Directors, promises to say a few words during the celebration, with CONGRESSMAN GEORGE MAHON also honoring us with a talk.

EMMETT MORSE of Houston, slated to be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives, has accepted the invitation to be on the program, too. JERRY SADLER of Longview, Railroad Commissioner-Elect, will be on hand, together with REPRESENTATIVE and MRS. HOMER LEONARD of McAllen, REPRESENTATIVE and MRS. MAX BOYER of Perryton, and our own REPRESENTATIVE-ELECT ALVIN R. ALLISON and the MISSUS, SENATOR G. H. NELSON, who takes in faculty frolics, promises to be there hungry as a bear.

GOLDEN PORCUPINE EGGS, souvenirs introduced last year at this time, will be in evidence. DOC HARBAUGH'S steak's, broiled over an open fire, will be the most appetizing part of the menu.

And here is news! All members of



Aggies Practice

the alumni and ex-students association may purchase tickets to the Homecoming game at a 50c discount, says W. E. STREET, athletic representative of the association. "Tickets will cost members



A. & M.'s Homer Norton . . . and . . . Asst. Coaches James, . . . Smith, . . . and Trainer Dimmitt

of the association \$1.70 instead of \$2.20 for the Gonzaga game, unless they already have season tickets," says Street. "This discount is restricted to members of the association, however, and won't work for those who haven't paid their dues."

Homecoming Dance will be held in the Tech Gym the night of the eleventh, with Ned Bradley's 12-piece orchestra playing. All former students are urged to make a date for the affair and prepare for a HI-larious good time.

While the first two teams of the Raider delegation were in Buffalo, N. Y., tending to the royalty of Duquesne 7-6, Freshmen and third stringers tangled on Tech field for a rehearsal, much to the chagrin of the Fish squad. JESS PIPKIN acted as linesman while Referee PRITCHARD kept order in the squabble.

"I never saw so many bald-headed Freshmen in all my life," said MRS. M. G. PEDERSON who came out to review the excitement with PETE. "What happened to the boys?"

"You can't tell what kids will do next," commented BO WILLIAMS, veteran athletic manager of the squad. "Especially these Freshmen."

Fish JOHN GREGORY didn't seem to care about being bald-headed, however, with a good crop of stubble sprouting out after his crazy initiation spree.



Doyle Settle

Idea of the farce was brought to Tech last year when little JOHNNY SIMS and DURWOOD HERRING took an old Mineral Wells High School custom and had the top of their heads shaved closely by brother ALLAN SEALE, initiating



Jess Pipkin



John Gregory



Bo Williams

tiating themselves into the Raider Fraternity.

"When you come to Lubbock on the day of a big game," says association president FRED FAIRLY, "be sure to drop by the hotel room we have down town for our exes. For the remainder of this season we will have a room in the HILTON hotel for your convenience. Drop by the headquarters there and let us know you're in town. You can find out about your other friends at the same time."

* * *

Predicting clear and cool weather for the big day, DOYLE SETTLE says "Bring a friend, particularly someone who hasn't been on the campus in a long time. Show them around and let them know that Tech is growing into the college of West Texas."

Nice letter from GORDON TREADAWAY, who is an attorney with the Department of Labor in the Division of Public Contracts in Washington, gives credit where credit is due when



W. E. Street

he says "I would not be where I am today had it not been for the assistance and encouragement which I received from such men as DR. JACKSON and DEAN GORDON of Texas Tech." To have men like Gordon, upon reaching the higher rungs up the ladder, look back and say, "Thanks, Texas Tech," it does the college good and makes the administration smile and feel that it is doing its part to make MEN.

Another letter, this time from VOLNEY HILL, athletic director at Burk Burnett High School. Says he hardly recognized his picture, and only then after his wife pointed it out to him, in last month's magazine. By the way, POLK ROBINSON is line coach with VOLNEY in charge of the BULL-

DOGS. Their team was untied and undefeated last year.

EVELYN GULLEDGE encloses her check for the year, saying that she is late getting hers in and would we please send the first issue of the publication for 1938-39? Her address is 34 Aragon Boulevard, San Mateo, California.

M. ZED GLIMP, E. E. '29, who is with the Westinghouse Electric Company in Joplin, Missouri, invites corres-



President Fred Fairly

pondence from his old classmates. Address your mail to 420 School Street in Joplin.

THE Texas Tech Magazine

OCTOBER, 1938

VOLUME II

NUMBER II

Calvin Hazlewood	Managing Editor
T. J. Harris	Campus Editor
Wilmot Eaton	
	Typographical Editor
Sylvester Reese	Makeup Editor
Ann Tyler	Advertising
Weldon Birdwell	Circulation

Official Publication Sponsored By Alumni and Ex-Students Association of Texas Technological College

Published Monthly at Lubbock, Texas.
Editorial and Business Offices, 112
Library Building, Texas Technological College

Entered as Second-Class Matter February 17, 1938, at the Post Office at Lubbock, Texas, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
\$1.50 PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 20c



Referee Pritchard

"Go Up, Thou Bald Head"

A SHORT STORY By DR. A. B. CUNNINGHAM

Ten steps before he reached the plate-glass front of Deceivers, Inc., Andrew McGrew slackened his pace. He was determined to go in, but first he would make sure no one else was there. It was one thing to enter a deserted shop and ask for a toupee; it was quite another to encounter interested spectators, any one of whom might chance to be a student in one of his own college classes. He glanced again at the neon sign over the door—Deceivers Inc.—and his fingers itched to insert a comma after the first word and a good solid period after the abbreviation. If he should ever be given the college courses in business English, he would devise some means of enlightening the merchants of Lubbock in the use of the mother tongue. What made the situation awkward was that Deceivers Inc did a flourishing business supplying costumes for the many plays and masquerades; and how was a college instructor to impress a skeptical student with the value of correct English when those who violated the most rudimentary principles were so obviously successful?

Yes, the shop was deserted. But since he had approached it so stealthily, it wouldn't do to enter now, as if he had slunk in. He would go on a half block, turn, and come back erect and purposeful, as if his errand were the most natural conceivable.

But even so, his heart behaved uncomfortably as he stepped across the waxed linoleum floor. A woman—no, it was a girl, a young and beautiful girl—approached him, but he refused to look at her, save in the most fleeting fashion. A man would have been better, much better; say a man with a bald spot of his own, who could be expected to understand how such a misfortune might shatter a person's self-confidence.

Andrew had not been greatly affected until the series of advertisements began to appear in the magazines. He had been disturbed, of course, and terribly sorry. He had even used a great deal of hair tonic, and taken to massaging his scalp with the tips of his fingers every night and morning. But he had remained fairly philosophical until the advertisements informed him that everything was all right until he tipped his hat.

There were pictures. The first showed a youngish man approaching a young woman on whose face were both admira-

tion and interest. The second depicted the man tipping his hat to reveal a smooth bald head, and the consequent vanishing of all interest from the girl's beautiful face.

It was most disturbing. Andrew McGrew arose from his study of the pictures, put on his blue felt, stepped to the mirror above the dresser of his bachelor room, and tipped the hat decorously. The before and after effects were all the advertisement claimed them to be. And being disposed to a considerable amount of brooding, he ruminated over the problem with growing distress.

It was just at the time when he felt he might seriously begin to think of marriage. Having won the doctor's degree from New York University, and received the year before an appointment to the English department of Texas Technological College, he was discover-



Andrew McGrew

ing in himself a rather mellow longing for romance.

"Something I can show you?" the clerk asked brightly.

But Andrew was not looking at her. Instead, he was briskly regarding the glass-fronted shelves, the while his mind was feverishly trying to find an excuse for bolting the place and fleeing ignominiously back to his office. But it was only in the pursuit of truth that his mind was alert.

"Why," he managed; and then "H-m-m-m!"

"Something in a masquerade costume?" she urged, following his glance. "We have some lovely ones."

The glass fronts were evidently set in wheeled frames, for at the touch of her fingers one rolled contentedly out of the way to display more perfectly what might have been a headless and footless George Washington.

"Ha! Neat, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" she echoed.

But this would never do. He stifled the impulse to hire the costume and get out. There was Emerson's essay on self-reliance—a man ought always to have the strength to be himself! He squared his shoulders, without, however, looking at the girl. There was no need to be brazen.

"Indeed it is. But I really came in to look at toupees."

There was an awkward instant before she caught his drift. He let his eyes wander exploringly down the wall of shelves.

"For yourself?"

But the slight note of incredulity in her voice stiffened him. That was just what he could expect—interest and disappointment afterward. He decided to carry it off facetiously.

"Just a little bald spot!" he said airily. "We're not as young as we used to be. Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" But he knew her interest was now only professional.

He took off his hat and dropped his head for her to see. The rake of her eyes over his scalp was almost as tangible as if made by a sharp new comb. But luckily his downcast eyes prevented their sharing together his humiliation. And he was more determined than ever: better get it over with before this mere salesgirl, than to risk some future moment when the one woman might step into the picture.

"I think I have just the thing," she said crisply. "If you come back here, and take the seat before the mirror..."

She led him to the back of the shop, where he sat on a triangular-bottomed chair before a small square glass, while she pulled out large drawers with her fingers and shoved them shut with her knee. But she did not have just the thing.

Wib Kane, owner of Deceivers Inc., made that clear to her as soon as he entered. Toupees, Kane explained to Andrew, had to be ordered to individual specifications; but before he began to draw up such a set of specifications for Andrew McGrew, he gave the girl a dirty look which sent her to a narrow partitioned-off room in the back, where she began to whip a hem in Martha Washington's generous skirt. It was only then that Andrew felt free to lift his eyes and look boldly about him.

When the toupee finally came and

Wib Kane had set it, explaining how the overlapping hair should be combed carefully in with the hair of the head to hold the wig firmly in place, Andrew stepped from Decievers Inc into the autumn sunshine with a feeling of elation comparable only to the thrill which had swept over him at the notification that his doctoral thesis had been accepted. It was the one little push that his self-confidence had needed to put him across. He swaggered as he walked; he even decided to walk the two miles to the college instead of taking the bus.

He had timed his purchase to coincide with the opening of the fall semester. He would, consequently, have a new set of freshmen before him, no one of whom had laid eyes on the ignominy of his bald spot; and should his course in *Dryden and Pope* (which was thrown to him as a kind of sop to his conviction that he should be teaching only graduate courses) contain an old acquaintance or two—well, it wasn't likely: the class was always small. Besides, advanced students had learned restraint and deference; theirs was not the adolescent buffoonery of freshmen.

He heard little of what went on in the initial faculty meeting. He was toupee-conscious. There was old Prof. Maley sitting down in the fourth row, his preternaturally bright eyes playing over President Griffiths. He was in biology, and a demon for research. But wasn't the top of his head a more boyish shade of brown than the stubborn pepper-and-salt of the back? That was a thing you had to watch—the wig remained always the same, while natural hair had a way of changing. But these old boys often grew indifferent to their appearance.

However, it was something to watch; and his mind once given a gloomy turn, Andrew recalled a story he had heard of a gesticulating clergyman who inadvertently hooked his thumb under his wig and tossed it over into the lap of the soprano in his choir. A gasty moment, that. Andrew squirmed in his seat and felt a little wave of heat run up his body to his face.

But this trepidation was short-lived. Standing before his classes, he was witty, he was jocular. No longer shrinking from displaying the top of his head to his students as he looked down at his notes, he left out nothing, but was systematic and thorough; and in the excess of his pleasure, he made delightful quips about the comma and invested even the split infinitive with a lush zest.

The students were delighted. Some let it go at that, dumbly inarticulate. But some were more vocal, and news spread quickly over the campus. A big old football boy, who had flunked English for two successive years, made

the discovery that the class for which he had signed up under Prof. Burroughs came at the hour he was supposed to sweep out the gymnasium. He deferentially asked McGrew to sign a transfer card admitting him to Andrew's section. A half dozen girls, so lush in their sweet young beauty as to make Andrew feel a great love for *all* students, transferred to him with every evidence of delight at the move.

There had always been just enough confusion about the opening of a new semester to intoxicate him slightly, but now he rode as on a tidal wave of popularity. Out of a clear sky came the heady distinction of being asked to chaperon the first big college mixer in the gymnasium. He was not only there; he was there smiling, shaking hands with the students, teasing the men about their dates, and looking at the girls in a way that sent them off giggling with happiness.

He greeted Prof. Smoots and his wife Dotty with some constraint. They were the other chaperons, and he felt at once that they were out of sympathy with the occasion. Smoots was also in the English department—a middle-aged man with a thin flapping mouth and the conviction that the quality of students admitted to American colleges was steadily deteriorating. Andrew experienced a moment of illumination when he knew that Smoot's distemper came from within and not from without; and with a smile of forced enthusiasm he left man and wife looking with boiled eyes at the mesquite-and-cotton decorations of the gymnasium, while he went off in search of a partner for the first dance.

He saw her then—a tall still girl in pink, standing slightly under a branch of mesquite which, sprinkled with cotton, hung from the rafters. It was her



poise which arrested Andrew McGrew. She was not flitting about like the other girls, waving, whirling, laughing. She might have been alone on the rim of some canyon, her eyes dreamy on a cluster of cottonwoods in the distant bottom.

She did something to Andrew McGrew. The ebullience of his mood suddenly froze. An air-pocket came in his throat, which necessitated his swallowing, twice, in an awkward way. There was a classic beauty about her face, but her hair was a warm brown under the white lights.

"Hello," he managed, smiling.

"Good evening." There was deference in the greeting, deference and distance.

Perhaps she knew that he was a professor. But more than he had ever wanted anything before—more even than he had wanted to hear that he had passed the final orals for his doctorate—he wished to obliterate all distance between himself and this still, lovely girl, to see her smiling and gay and flushed with intimacy before him.

The orchestra broke into a swinging fox trot. The selection annoyed him momentarily: he would have preferred the stately beat of a waltz. But he snapped out of it. He musn't go showing his age the first thing. These students were used to being gay!

He bent low before her. "Shall we dance?"

She nodded. A kind of diaphanous scarf seemed to run from her shoulders to her waist; and as she lifted her arms to him, the rich cloth spread like unfolding wings behind her. Exultant, he straightened his body to receive her.

But as they stepped out, one of the overhanging twigs caught in his hair. The fact did not communicate itself to him at once, covered as his scalp was by the comfortable pad of the toupee. It was only when he felt and undeniable but dispersed pull that he became aware.

His eyes popped with sudden horror; he leapt slightly into the air. The hands which he had extended to her he snatched away, and was instantly fumbling with the top of his head. But as suddenly as it had caught, the twig let loose.

"Ha, ha! It almost had me that time!"

She made no reply, but again lifted her arms to him.

"Now we are off!" he said gaily, looking down at her.

She looked up, as if surprised that he had spoken. Just for a moment her deep large eyes were on his. Then they lifted to his hair before they dropped again. She settled closer against him.

But the one sweeping glance was enough. He was sure that he had seen a fleeting amusement on her face. And it was possible that her very shrinking against him was a movement of shame to hide herself from his disarray. The limb had evidently unsettled his toupee. Yet he could not stop to examine himself, put himself to rights, but must go on dancing, dancing.

In a lesser way he had experienced the feeling before. A few times in class, when he had exposed like a target to the battery of student eyes, some unexpected titter or a covert excited whispering, had sent small prickles of fear up his back that something about his appearance was wrong—his necktie skewed to one side, or the fly of his pants unbuttoned.

His gliding right toe came in contact with her foot, finishing the step

before he had intended. He was thrown off his balance, his left knee striking her soft thigh. Almost, they reeled.

"I'm sorry!" he mumbled.

She giggled, without lifting her head. He felt the sweat break out under his collar. He had heard of boys holding dollar bills behind the backs of girls the were stuck with, as a reward to anyone who would cut in. Maybe this girl was waving some distress signal behind his head.

The music ceased. He dropped his arms and stepped backward. She lowered her hands, and in the unhesitant gesture the graceful wings folded. Her face was again still, composed. As soon as he decently could, he slipped to the men's locker rooms where was a desecrated mirror. But the toupee was all right, only a few hairs standing unevenly where the twig had caught.

His worry shifted from himself to her. Ordinarily he was perfectly sure of his dancing, but the exhibition he had given her wasn't flattering. He knew how the girls valued dancing in men. He had seen the wry look on too many of their faces as they wiped their pumps on the backs of their stockings; he had also seen the dreamy satisfaction which settled over them when they realized their partners were tops. Even now this still, wonderful girl he had found might be secretly contrasting him with her new partner.

He would show her. He *had* to show her. The sudden, sure knowledge came to him that she was the woman he had been waiting for. Oh, he wasn't in love yet; he wasn't so adolescent as to think that. But she was the woman. He wanted to shatter that self-possession, to create in her a helpless eagerness; and later on in the year, perhaps at another dance, or better still, some clear evening when a crescent moon hung upon the rim of the great staked plains, he would tell her . . . tell her, and all her still composure would vanish and she would melt in his arms.

He stopped at the edge of the floor, searching her out. He did not see her at once, so great was the press of swaying bodies, but at last she came floating down the floor. She was not a little thing; she was just comfortably generous without being big. There was substance to her, the clear marks of a distinct personality. And she danced perfectly. Her confident feet retreated as her partner's advanced, shifted as his shifted, as if she had some subtle prescience, just an instant in advance, of every move he would make. Her cheek rested against his chest, the warm luster of her hair catching the light.

Andrew lifted his eyes from her hair to her partner. Yes, it was Ty Golden, the big footballer who had transferred to Andrew's section. Ty had scorned

a coat, preferring only his thick red varsity sweater. All the football men did that, coming to dances in their jerseys—big, full-chested and arrogant, they often formed on the stag line a clique of their own, standing haughty and condescending until they should choose to cut in on some little bookworm and take his girl away from him.

Ty was talking now, his head lowered, a look of swollen confidence on his face. He was evidently trying to be funny, for when his lips ceased to move, his features assumed a look of waiting complacency. She laughed, and made some reply.

Andrew turned actually hot with fury. He longed to wipe the look of complacent arrogance from the rough-hewn face of Ty Golden. He was delighted when, farther down the floor, another letterman cut in on Golden and with a triumphant grin took her toward the orchestra. He was evidently showing her a new step when they reached

After HOMECOMING what?

On the roofgarden of the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas, former Tech students will banquet at 6 o'clock (promptly) November 25, highlighting the Texas State Teachers Convention. All Tech exes who live within driving distance of Dallas are urged to attend this festive annual affair. Plates for 100 have already been ordered. Please make your reservations early, addressing your correspondence to the alumni office here in Lubbock.

Andrew, for he was holding her off and catching her to him the while he gave her little nods of commendation. It was this that stopped McGrew from cutting in, for he had no new step to teach her. Her face, too, was flushed with pleasure; perhaps she would not relish being robbed of her popularity with the lettermen.

All right. But he was on the faculty. These adolescents with their petty vanities and selfishnesses might sneer, but that meant something. Why, he, Andrew McGrew, had the authority to go out there and put anybody he pleased off the floor!

He walked down to where Henry Smoots sat with his wife Doty. They were not dancing, but humped in the third tier of seats like two lean hawks surveying the floor below them. Andrew nodded, feeling suddenly friendly.

Someone slapped him companionably on the back. "Hello, Prof.!" he heard in the distance above him.

He looked up into the tanned face of Ty Golden. Andrew was restored—no one ever slapped Smoots on the back. I.

perceived the error into which he had almost fallen: It would never do to retire carping to the bleachers. Pleasantness did it, the old smile! Besides, he didn't know her name.

"Hello, Ty," he said as one man to another. "Cutting up, eh?"

"It's a nice party," Ty conceded.

"But somebody took your girl. Who was she, Ty?"

"Which one?" Ty came back waggishly.

The waltz had ceased, and the dancers were slowly circling the room, two by two. Andrew saw her over near the orchestra, in the tow of Billy Wiltshire, editor of the *Toreador*.

Golden followed his gaze. "Her? That's Aileen Wharton."

"Too bad you lost her."

"They's others," Ty said complacently.

Andrew made a mental note to speak to Ty about his English.

He got another dance with Aileen just before the intermission. She lifted her arms again, and again the fragile wings spread behind her. But her face expressed neither delight nor disappointment.

All right. All he wanted was a chance, although something more than determination fired him as she settled fragrantly in his arms. It was a good swift fox trot, and he did things with it. He hopped, he hesitated, he glided. And always she was right with him; not trailing, as one who picks up delayed signals, but moving simultaneously, beautifully. When at last the music ceased and he stooped down to look at her, her aloofness vanished in a companionable placing of her hand on his arm—a gesture which united them, swept away all differences.

There was not exactly a rush for the front doors, but the push was undeniably in that direction. The big barn-like gymnasium had become pretty hot; and outside were cold drinks and a kind of sandwich known as pink pups. Aileen took a coke and a pink pup, then another coke. She shivered as she tossed the second bottle over by a Chinese elm. Andrew sprang up and took her back inside. They stopped tentatively below the Smootses.

"You seem to be enjoying yourself," Smoots said to Andrew.

"I am."

He presented Aileen. They did the proper thing. But Smoots seemed mystified. He kept searching Andrew's face, then wrinkling his eyes at the ceiling, as if trying to recall something.

"What have you done to yourself, McGrew?" he asked at last.

"Done?" With Aileen's substantial young body beside him, Andrew had a way of forgetting.

"It's something," Smoots worried. "I

Continued on Page Eighteen

THOUGHTS WHILE DOZING IN CLASS

Young people attending college are called "students" for want of a better name.

Students should be allowed to wear pajamas in class—a subtle rebuke for tiresome professors.

More than a murder a day has been committed in the United States during the last year. People are lucky to live in the United States.

A lot of people who have invested cool millions in a business have gotten nothing but frozen assets out of it.

For years everybody was yelling for the working men to get back his beer. Well, beer did come back, but it may be years before the working man will.

Our landlord is so hard up that he insists he is going to move in on us.

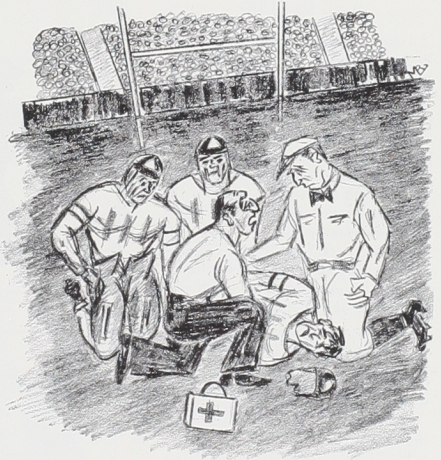
One good thing about the repeal was that it took thousands of brewery horses off the race tracks.

Two balloonists fall into lakes; four gas bags down. The names of the congressmen they had with them weren't disclosed.

One critic says that the majority of comedians are not funny in private life. The last three words are superfluous.

A good way to achieve world peace would be to replace all our statesmen and politicians with prize-fighters.

Wish the bell would ring.



"If he's not a contortionist, he's got a broken leg."

IN THE NOOSE

"Two-Gun" Bumper had just been captured by the G-Men. He was immediately led to the local jail where he was given temporary lodgings until an appropriation was made to send "Two-Gun" to his more permanent home in Alcatraz.

Everything went on all right until, one morning, "Two-Gun" went wild as he read an article in the local daily, credited to the Associated Press reporter, Luke Bradford. "So I'm a pushover for blondes—wait'll I catch up with that guy Bradford."

"Two-Gun" didn't have to wait too long, for he was introduced to Bradford on the same day he boarded the California Special enroute to fill a ninety-nine year engagement with the government officials. "What's the idea of writing that I'm a push-over for blondes?" queried the displeased "Two-Gun" Bumper.

"But you are a 'push-over for blondes,' aren't you?"

"Sure," said "Two-Gun," "you show me a real man who isn't? My disappointment is that the Associated Press should use such language."



"Say, ah!"

KEN
KNEVELS

JUST AS GOOD

A stout Negress came before a New York magistrate, complaining that her ex-husband had made a barbarous attack upon her with a large pair of shears.

"Mistah Judge," she bellowed, "dis here man, he rushed at me wid dese scissors! Yas, suh! An' he cut an' slashed mah face mos' to ribbons. He jabbed mah eyes and carved mah face like it was sausage meat—all torn an' bleedin', it wuz!"

The magistrate looked at her broad smooth countenance, on which appeared not the slightest sign of conflict.

"When did you say this happened?" he inquired.

"Only las' night, Mistah Judge," was the reply.

The puzzled magistrate gazed at her carefully.

"Only last night! But I don't see any marks on your face!"

"Marks!" she roared. "Marks! What de debbil do I care for marks? I've got witnesses!"

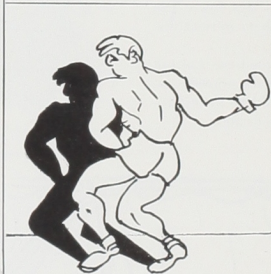
The son of a policeman was learning music.

"How many beats are there to a bar in this piece of music, dad?"

"Fancy, asking a policeman a question like that," said the boy's mother. "If you had asked your daddy how many bars there were to the beat, he might have been able to tell you!"

Johnnie (looking out of the window): Oh, mother, a motor car has just gone by as big as a barn.

Mother: Johnnie, why do you exaggerate so terribly? I've told you 40 million times about that habit of yours, and it doesn't do a bit of good.



The young man had been overjoyed at getting a job as commercial traveler but after a week he began to feel rather fed up.

"How are you getting on?" inquired an old hand at the game.

"Badly," was the reply. "I have been insulted at every place I have visited."

"That's strange," was the reply. "I've been on the road 40 years. I have had my samples flung into the street. I have been taken by the scruff of the neck and hurled downstairs, and I don't deny that I have been rolled in the gutter. But insulted—never!"

A former resident was asking about the old town. "I understand they have a curfew law out there now," he remarked.

"No," his informant informed. "They did have one, but abandoned it."

"What was the matter?"

"The bell rang at 9 o'clock, and almost everyone complained about being awakened!"

Lawyer: Why do you always run down the legal profession?

Doctor: Your profession doesn't make angels of men, does it?

Lawyer: Ah, that's where you have the advantage of me.

THE PLAY'S THE THING

The play had just opened and all the papers, but one, had given it a good review. The producer, burned up, because of this one thaw, in an otherwise perfect report of his play, went down to the office of the newspaper and began to berate the editor on having such an imbecile, as the critic in terms that would have even made a critic feel good, the object of the discussion entered.

"Look at him," shouted the irate producer. "Just look at him. He's so nearsighted, he couldn't even see the play!"

"Is that true?" asked the editor. "Are you really so nearsighted that you can't see what's going on upon the stage?"

"Yes," confessed the critic, "but my nose is all right."



"Ah—Sahib has been our guest before!"

ONLY FOR A FRIEND

Martinez was an artist—a true artist, he hadn't eaten in the last five days. He was just about to give up all hope when a friendly man, who was attracted by one of his paintings, offered him a job as a photographer. The pay wasn't too good, he explained, but it was better than the river. So, Martinez took the job.

The first customer that came in had a face that would have given Dracula goose pimples, so you can imagine what it did to Martinez' delicate artistic soul. He tried to remember all that the friendly man had told him. "Be patient and above all flatter the individual and never notice any of their extraordinary bodily characteristics."

"What can I do for you?" asked Martinez, hoping that the woman in

front of him was nothing but the imaginary workings of his disgruntled stomach or at worst a saleslady. But no such luck—she wanted a dozen pictures. She must want to haunt the ghosts of a haunted house, thought Martinez, but he only smiled and asked, "How would madam prefer them?"

"I would like to have a few profile—that is if you don't think I run a little too much nose," she replied.

"Oh, no," flattered (lied would be the better word) Martinez. "You have a regular Barrymore nose. Yours begins where his lets off."

"I was told that the most favorable light for my face—"

"Is pitch darkness," interrupted

Martinez whose soul was getting the best of him.

"Well, what do you suggest?" she asked.

"Let's see," said Martinez, closing one eye to make things look only half as bad as they really were. "I might photograph you from a right angle shot, but that would emphasize your receding chin. And then again, I might take an overhead shot, but that would bring out your low forehead too much. All in all, madam, the only two redeeming features about you are your eyes. Each of them is quite good in its own way, but they are not a pair."

"That seems to exhaust all the types of photographs I've had in mind," she said sadly, "but I must have some pictures. Can't you suggest how I should hold my head?"

Martinez' eyes lit up. "Yes, madam," he replied promptly. "Madam should hold her head under a two-ton truck."

Then everything went blank as the woman hit Martinez over the head with the camera.

Martinez lost his job and is again, an artist—a true artist; he hasn't eaten in the last five days.

"You said your medicine would cure my dog. I gave it to him for a week and he died!"

"You didn't follow my instructions. I told you to give it to him for two weeks!"



"He lost his car—but he still has his chauffeur."

A STORY FULL OF COLOR



organization?"

"The Rainbow Legion, your honor, is a nation-wide secret clan of collegemen for the righting of vital social wrongs."

"Vital social wrongs?"

"Yes, I founded the Rainbow Legion to fight professors who write textbooks and change one or two sentences every year and then insist upon the use of only the new edition."

"Just what is the threat of the Indigo-seal?"

"That, your honor, is the boycott of all campus lunchrooms that insist upon the balanced meal and then serve hash because it is a composite dish of all the vitamins."

"You have also threatened the United States post office."

"That's right. At our last meeting we found the Postmaster guilty on the charge that post-office pens should write. We sent him the threat of the Orange Facsimile."

"Orange Facsimile?"

"We give him twenty days to correct the blotter situation or have a facsimile of the latest three cent stamp on his chest."

"Will you please tell the court all you know about the Violet Inner Circle?"

"The Violet Inner Circle, Judge, is made up of the charter members who have suffered grievous wrongs. For example, the Royal Red Avenger lives in a fraternity house where every one has the smoking habit, but only he has the cigarettes. The keeper of the Green Poisoned Cheese eats in a restaurant where they only serve one pat of butter, and the Sender of the Yellow Death attends classes in which the instructors scrape the chalk against the blackboard."

"In the last two months, twenty-eight persons have been known to flee

the country as a result of Rainbow Legion terrorism. Is there any basis for that charge?"

"Yes and no, your honor. We are not responsible if every recipient of the Black Spot chooses to run away."

"Black Spot?"

"The Black Spot is the cream of our threats. The last one we sent out to a manufacturer who insisted upon flooding us with mail telling us what we should have the family buy us for graduation."

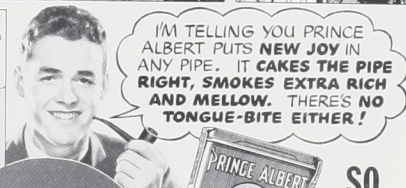
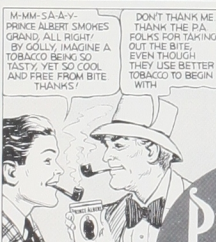
"Did the man whose mangled body was found in the empty lot receive one of those Black Spots?"

"He did. He insisted upon asking every senior he met what he, the senior, intended to do after he got out of college."

"Now that I have all the facts, I'd like to say a few words. Individuals like you are detrimental to a civilized community. Each and every member of the Rainbow Legion should be tarred and feathered as an example to all those others who feel they should take the law in their own hands. Case dismissed."



"Let's move. There's that awful bore from the next stateroom."



PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



SO MILD!

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Judge Q—, who once presided over a criminal court, was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge. A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked.

"Never, never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry," said the judge, consolingly; "you're going to be now."

Diner: Waiter! This stew is terrible. What kind is it?

Waiter: The chef calls this his enthusiastic stew.

Diner: Why?

Waiter: He puts everything he has into it.

"This young man who calls so often, Mary—are you thinking of marrying him?"

"Yes 'm."

"Do you know enough about him?"

"Oh, yes! You see, the girl he's been engaged to for three years is a friend of mine."

Prof.: Why don't you answer me?

Frosh.: I did—I shook my head.

Law Prof.: Well, you can't expect me to hear it rattle 'way up here!

Club Bore: On one side of me a lion was creeping up; on the other a tiger approached stealthily. When they were about a yard from me, what do you think I did?

New Member: Woke up?

Club Bore (indignantly): No, sir!

New Member (in admiration): Gee! I couldn't have slept on after that.

The dramatic critic started to leave in the middle of the second act of the play.

"Don't go now," said the manager. "I promise there's a terrific kick in the next act."

"Fine," was the retort; "give it to the author."

"O look, Mabel!" said Mr. Henpeck, pointing to the circus poster. "They've got man-eating tigers!"

Mrs. Henpeck looked her husband up and down.

"Well, don't worry, Herbert, You've got nothing to be afraid of!"

"Name?" queried the immigration official.

"Sneeze," replied the Chinese proudly.

The official looked hard at him, "Is that your Chinese name?" he asked.

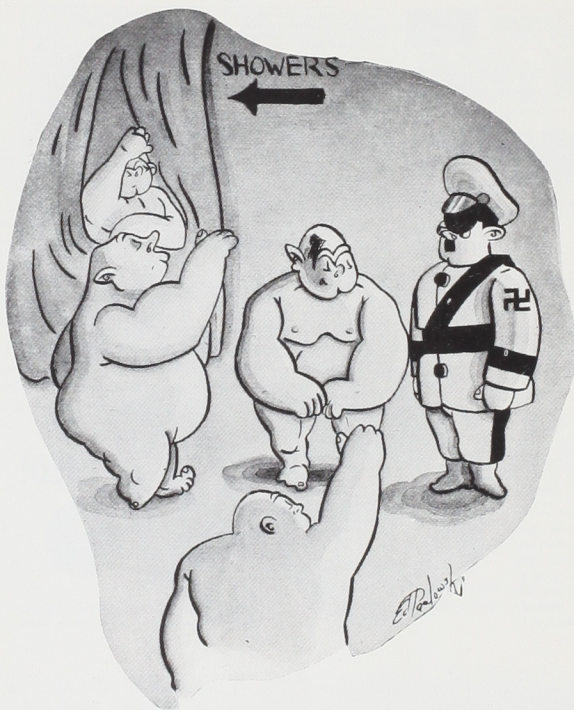
"No, Melican name," said the Oriental blandly.

"Then let's have your native name."

"Ah Choo."

Mr. Scribbler: How much board will you charge me for a few weeks while I gather material for my new country novel?

Hiram: Five dollars a week unless we have to talk dialect. That's \$3 extra.



"Aw have a heart, Chancellor."

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT IN SESSION

ADOLPH HITLER: G-ntlemen, we have met today to debate and vote on a proposal recently made that a life-sized statue of the great national savior of Germany, Austria and perhaps Czechoslovakia, be erected in Berlin. We shall first hear what the Minister of finance has to say.

ADOLPH HITLER: Ten thousand times yes! But before taking up details let's hear from the Minister of War.

ADOLPH HITLER: I am all in favor of the project. But while about it, let us do it correctly. Why confine this treat to the people of Berlin? Let us also have a statue of Adolph Hitler in Frankfort. What do you think, Mr. Minister of Interior?

ADOLPH HITLER: Huzza! And in Hamburg and Nuremberg, and Munich.

ADOLPH HITLER: And in Salzburg and *don't* forget Vienna and—

ADOLPH HITLER: Come, come, gentlemen, let us not allow our enthusiasm for this truly noble undertaking to run away with us. But stay! Let us pass an edict ordering the erection of a statue of Adolph Hitler in *every* city and every town in Germany.

ADOLPH HITLER: And in Austria.

ADOLPH HITLER: Of course. I shall now call for a vote.

Those in favor say "aye".
ADOLPH HITLER (Loudly): Aye.
ADOLPH HITLER: Those against? (No reply.)

ADOLPH HITLER: The motion is carried. I now declare this meeting adjourned sine die. Heil Hitler.

(And cheering loudly, Adolph Hitler lowers his right hand, takes off his pants and goes to sleep.)

CORRESPONDENCE ROMANCE

They met by mail. It was a case of love at first sight. He fell in love with her photograph, and she with his handwriting.

Eventually, he proposed by Registered letter.

She accepted by Air Mail.

The wedding was by Special Delivery.

The honeymoon was a parcel post affair. He went to Niagara Falls, and sent her a Post card. She thanked him by Telegraph and returned a Post card of the place she was visiting.

Gradually they settled down to a humdrum married life. Their letters became less frequent.

Eventually it was only a New Year's card.

A special letter from the President made it legal for the Postmaster General to grant them a divorce.



"Would you mind letting my grandson off this afternoon?
We want to go to the ball game."

INTERVIEW

"How do you do, madam. May I ask what you are doing here?"

"I am dining, wining, and dancing luxuriously amid the white lights of a notorious cabaret."

"And who might your companion be?"

"He is a gentleman attracted by my beauty and sparkling wit."

"What will you do to this man?"

"I shall drag his proud name down into the gutter."

"You will do that?"

"Not only that, but I shall make him the victim of a scandal case in a court trial."

"Have you no feelings or shame?"

"I have none. I exult in my evilness as I bring destruction to all about me."

"You weren't always like this?"

"No I wasn't. Not until another woman stole the affections of the man I loved."

"Who was the other woman?"

"She was my best friend."

"Oh, that was a shame."

"Then I became a vampire, preying upon men, and scorned by all I respected."

"Do you think you will ever be redeemed?"

"Oh, yes. Love will redeem me—it will work a miracle."

"What, then?"

"I shall write my story and send it to 'True Story' magazine."

"What will be the purpose of the story?"

"It will serve to warn young girls of the pitfalls in life, as I will tell all."

"But if you tell all, what will happen to the magazine?"

"It will have the largest circulation in the world."



"May I see your ticket, please? You have this gentleman's seat!"

A BED TIME STORY

"Daddy, tell me a story."

"Be a good little boy and go to bed."

"First tell me a story."

"Can't you see that daddy is busy and you're annoying him?"

"But you promised to tell me a story before I went to bed."

"You know I did no such thing. Now run along to bed."

"But why won't you tell me a story? All my friends' daddies tell them stories."

"I don't believe it. Now go to bed before daddy loses his temper and puts you to sleep."

"But their daddies do tell them stories."

"Your friends are lying. All daddies are too busy to tell stories to their

little children. Go on now and let daddy work!"

"But daddy—"

"Daddy! Daddy! Stop your pestering and get to bed!"

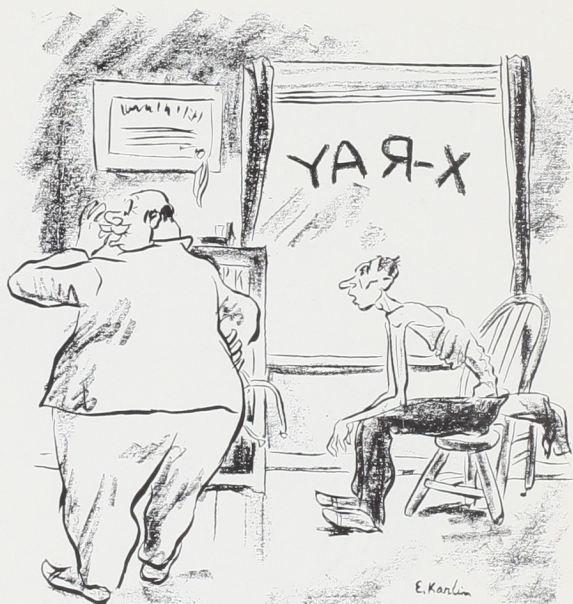
"Won't you please, daddy?"

"Did you hear me, son?"

With the child finally gone, the nerve-wracked father again tried to pick up his work from the point where he had been interrupted. "Let's see," he said to himself. "This should do for tomorrow's broadcast. It's not the best I've turned out, but after working on the same program for five years, you can't help a little repetition." And then he began to read out loud what he had written: "Good evening, kiddies, this is your Uncle Bunny again. Tonight's story has to do with a very mean old witch. Once upon a time—"



GROUND LESSON



"Never mind, the X-ray, nurse, just get me my glasses."

A SCIENTIFIC REPORT

Dr. A. Z. Iceheart who has just returned home after flying over the North Pole during his latest Arctic expedition, sent in the following report of his scientific findings.

The expedition, besides consuming at least one column on every front page in the country every day, discovered that:

Water freezes at a temperature of 32 degrees above zero.

Eskimos are apathetic toward the invention of the electric refrigerator.

Palm beach suits are out of place on an Arctic expedition.

You can get static on your radio even in the Arctic Circle.

Three deuces beat two aces all over the world.

That the Eskimos don't eat Eskimo pies.

That cold beans don't taste good.

That there isn't any pole at the North Pole.

That it's darn cold up there.



"You just sink into our chairs!"

If It's Progress You Want-- Business Administration Has It --And Future Is Brighter

Department of Economics and Business Administration has adopted as its primary objective the training of young people better to earn or produce a living, and secondly, better to live. We assume that every person, living in our modern society, will need certain skills in basic business principles. To this end our courses have been organized and programs covering four years of training have been developed.

We assume that most students will seek employment upon graduation from college. Regardless of his ultimate good as a certified public accountant, or sales manager, or credit manager, or personal manager, or president, or owner of a business firm, the student must first learn the business and therefore will generally begin at the bottom. Experience in the desired business and training in the methods of the firm are indispensable to advancement and ultimate success. Desirable contacts with the executives in business are increasingly possible if the young graduate possesses wanted skills. To be a "whale-of-a-good caddie to the boss" usually calls for super skill in typewriting, shorthand, and accounting. Mastery of these skills provide an easy entry into a desirable firm. "What can you do?" is frequently asked. Next, "How well can you do it?", and accompanied by a practical demonstration may either "break" or "make" the applicant.

Freshman Courses Adopted

With the foregoing conditions in mind, skill in typing is now required of all freshmen. Courses intended for three different skill requirements are now open to freshmen. Students also take six hours the first year in "Introduction to Business" and in "Introduction to Economics." Subsequent courses are organized to build on this background and are grouped into majors in Accounting, Marketing and Salesmanship, Finance, Industrial Management, and Public Administration.

M. B. A. Degree Now Offered

The Department of Economics and Business Administration now offers, for the first time, the advanced degree of Master of Business Administration. Candidacy to this degree requires as prerequisite the B. B. A. degree or its equivalent. Candidates may do as much as

half of their work at other approved institutions providing their program is approved in advance by the department and the graduate division at Tech. This arrangement offers many advantages to students who wish to enjoy graduate experiences at other institutions.

Increase In Enrollment

Enrollment in classes in Economics and Business Administration for the first semester is twenty-three per cent greater than the first semester of 1937-38. To meet the increase, new sections have been organized, but many existing sections are yet far too large. One hundred and fifteen students are in one section of Business Law.

Ninety-four students are in the one section of Marketing. The new course in Salesmanship has forty students. Three sections of the freshman course "Introduction to Economics" has 176 students. Two sections of freshman "Introduction to Business" has 124 students.

Field Course In Business

The study of business problems in the field will be made possible by a field course conducted during the first term of the 1939 summer school. The course will carry credit through the eastern and southeastern states. Plans are rapidly being developed to study business institutions in Fort Worth, Dallas, Austin, Houston, Galveston, Baton Rouge, New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Columbia, Raleigh, Richmond, Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York City, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Tulsa, Oklahoma City, and Amarillo.

Travel will be made in a chartered bus and a detailed itinerary will be followed. Authorities in various fields of business will be contacted daily. The trip will cost about \$185 which will cover transportation, food, lodging, and registration.

The field course will be conducted by the head of the Department of Economics and Business Administration who has conducted two previous courses of a similar nature. Interested students should contact the department soon.

Better Fit School Into Business

Arrangements have been completed whereby students, after finishing the

work of the freshman year and one summer school, may take advantage of the highly seasonable nature of industry and business in West Texas, and accept full time employment for the months of September through January and attend college only the second semester and during the summer when the volume of business is at a seasonal low. Students are accordingly encouraged to secure employment in the business they expect to enter later thus obtaining the much needed practical experience so essential to business success.

Practical Instructors

Upperclassmen generally are desirous for authentic subject matter. They enjoy hearing a lecture from one "having authority." To satisfy this need two part time instructors have been added to the staff. J. I. Kilpatrick, a practicing lawyer in Lubbock, teaches the course in Business Law. Mr. Kilpatrick has practiced in Lubbock for over ten years and has served for most of that time as chairman of the Y.M.C.A. board on the campus. He is a graduate of the University of Texas with the LL.B. degree and is a director of the Texas State Bar Association.

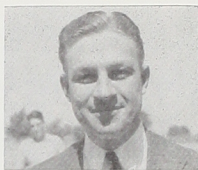
W. W. Condray, a C. P. A. in Texas with a Master's degree from the University of Chicago, teaches the course in Advanced Accounting. Mr. Condray is accepted as one of the leading auditors of the Southwest.

Clarence Whiteside, a graduate of our own department with a Master's degree in Business Administration from New York University, joined the staff October 1, 1938. Mr. Whiteside has had several years experience in business operations in West Texas.

Following is a list of graduates in the Department of Business Administration since 1932, the first year the degrees of B. B. A. were conferred. The records are not complete on many, but latest information is supplied on all possible. Former students herein listed are asked to correct any discrepancies herein contained and to report new addresses on former classmates and friends.

June, 1932
John T. Brown, Lubbock
William Horace Garrett, Lubbock
Mary Edith Henderson, Byers
Joe Oliver Hill, Lubbock, 2218-13th St., Hemp-
hill Wells

Continued on Page Nineteen



J. C. Kellam, State NYA Director, and Victor Jagelli, his Works Projects Engineer, came out for a visit to the NYA Boy's Dormitory on the campus recently, approving also the NYA College Aid Program well under way which employs 223 undergraduates at work which would not otherwise be done. Bowman Dorsey, one of the active alumni of El Paso, in a recent interview at the alumni office, asks cooperation in having a Tech float in the Sun Carnival parade this New Year's Day. Manuel DeBush, visiting the campus too, has his mailing address changed from Washington to Dallas where he is office manager of the Federal Housing Administration.

New Car
Sticker Assortment

Mail Orders Filled Promptly

VARSITY
BOOKSTORE

Bobo and Marsh
BARBER SHOP

"Come By And See Who's Modern"

THE HUB
CLOTHIERS
"Everything a Man Wears"
1002 Broadway

College Cafe
\$5.50 Meal Ticket \$4.75
Special Rates By Month

1105 A College Ave. Phone 1066

Kinney's Shoe Store

1005 Broadway

"Beautiful Lady" 3-thread Hosiery

SPECIAL
Suits C&P 20c
Dresses (Plain) 30c
AZTEC CLEANERS

1109 College Phone 3104

When In Plainview Visit

Max Garrett's
"BARBECUE PIT" And
"NO NAME" CAFES

"Go Up, . . ."

Continued from Page Eight

was trying to remember whether you had a moustache and shaved it off. Darned funny!"

Andrew remembered, then, and felt something like a cold draft on the back of his neck. But he was resourceful. "Been outside yet?" he inquired.

Smoots, however, was not to be diverted. "It might be that double-breasted coat," he said.

Aileen turned to Andrew, her eyes sweeping over him, as if she also would determine just what had taken place. Then Andrew saw a look of understanding come over Smoots's face. It broke on him suddenly, as if in the snap of a finger the mystery had been cleared up. His eyes, more or less dilated, and touched with enthusiasm, roved over Andrew's head. He crossed his legs and slapped his left knee.

"My gracious!" he cried. "I never would have—"

His wife dropped a dark small bag. It rolled from the first bleacher seat, and hung precariously on the second. Smoots retrieved it neatly, just as Doty rose.

"I believe I *am* thirsty," she said to him, inclining her head toward the door.

Andrew and Aileen went on a few steps, then sat. The room was pleasant after the chill outside air. A man was setting up a big electric fan down near the piano.

"They mean to keep us cool from now on," Aileen said.

"With one fan—in a big place like this?"

"It's one of those new ones. See? It stands on its own pedestal. They blow a perfect gale."

But Andrew was watching the play of rich color in her cheeks. "Did you see *Romeo and Juliet* when it was here?" he asked her. The question did not seem at all irrelevant.

She nodded, bringing her eyes to his. "Wonderful, wasn't it?"

She didn't answer at once. Then, "I

have never found words to say just what it meant to me."

She was altogether serious, yet perhaps she did not mean what he thought she meant. Nor would he like her to think that his viewpoint was different from hers. He decided on a bit of banter.

"That from the hard-boiled younger generation!"

"We put most of that on, just like you do." He was grateful that she included him. "It's a kind of pose. In out hearts we are not cynical."

Her eyes were gentle. He noticed that she breathed with an effort. His hand dropped lightly on hers. She met his gaze for a moment, then grew timid before him.

"There is a good show at the Palace tomorrow. Will you go with me?"

"Yes."

No coquetry, no stalling about other dates. Just 'yes!' The orchestra struck up a waltz, and as the rich winds spread behind her, he was certain that she breathed a slow deep inhalation of contentment.

He did not talk as they danced. The top of her head was directly under his chin, and there was a fragrance about her hair. They were immediately in front of the powerful fan before he felt the blast of air upon him. He looked up, startled. The wind caught him on the face, drove savagely against his eyeballs.

Instantly he felt the toupee lift, the air like a cool breeze on his bare scalp. He stiffened, and his left hand shot to his head. But the fingers of his right were entangled with hers, and the unexpectedness of his movement only caused her clasp to tighten. He made a sound which resembled 'u-u-u-uh!', and tore himself free. For a moment he reared backward, his arms waving as though he were in the street trying to flag an onrushing car. A few of the near-by dancers saw him, and craned their necks to follow his staring eyes to the distant rafters.

But he was in time. The overlapping hair had saved him, combed in as it was with the hair of his head. The toupee settled under his hectic pressure, while a few deft movements of his palms served to fix it in place. When at last he

remembered Aileen, he found her waiting, as still and self-possessed as ever.

"Ha, ho! I thought that fan was going to blow me away!"

But he was not satisfied with the lie. It didn't sound very convincing. Besides, he didn't want to lie to her at all. With the thought came the sure realization that his whole relationship with her was founded on a lie, on an unfair deception. He had been an egregious fool, thinking of the moment, and not of the future.

For suppose he should win her—then what? He had a quick picture of the scorn on her face when on their bridal night he should hang his toupee on the

bedpost. Before and after, indeed!

And he knew he could not go on with it. He would have to give her up, and just now, when the distance was spanned between them. He drew a deep sigh that came near being a groan.

"It takes time to get used to it, doesn't it!" he heard her saying.

"To get used to it?" He had been far away.

"The toupee, I mean," she explained.

They stopped, and immediately someone bumped them. He pulled her out of the crush. No, she was not laughing at him, but he felt his face burn with shame.

"You know?" he managed.

She nodded. "I thought you knew I did—that that was why you spoke to me tonight."

"How did you find out?"

"I work part time at Deceivers."

He started to say something, then he thought himself. "But it—it doesn't make any difference?"

She smiled and extended her arms. The orchestra had struck up a fox trot—a good swift one.

ADDRESSES UNKNOWN

Anyone knowing the addresses of HILLERY ALLEN LESLIE and NATHAN JOHNSON please advise the alumni secretary.

WARD GARRISON, industrial representative of the Gates Rubber, Co., Amarillo, who married MILDRED LY-TLE, Amarillo, August 10, was hobnobbing with BYRON CLAUNCH, now in the marketing division of the Skelly Oil Co., Kansas City, Mo., during the Oklahoma Goldbugs game. Claunch was here in 27-31.

WILLARD M. NOTT, E. E. '33, wants all Tech exes on the West Coast to come see him at the L. A. Note Company, 1016 Howard Street when they are in San Francisco. His red-headed daughter puts in her invitation, too.

Business Ad

Continued from Page Seventeen

Joseph Martin Jackson, Plainview, Plains Co-operative, Inc.
W. C. Morgan, Littlefield
Dena Mason Perkins, Meadow
Lena Lacey Perkins, Meadow
Irene Allison Self, Crowell
Alfred Burton Steen, Graham
Lloyd Blake Zellner, Hobbs, N. M.
Charles Adams, Jr., Lubbock
Harold Ammons, Bryan, G. M. A. C.
Cason, Clements, New York, Henry Schroder Banking Corp.
Milton Clements, Los Angeles, Calif., West Coast Painting Co.
Bill Eakin Collins, Lubbock, Hemphill Wells
James Lyle Holmes, Shamrock, Com. Loan Co.
Ralph Erskine Penney, Lubbock, Kuykendall Chevrolet
Wilbur Irvin Pittman, Amarillo
Adolphus Smith, Glendale, Ariz., Miller Gin Co.
Helen Vidia Lundell, Lubbock

August 1932

Josephine Alice Cowsert, Dimmitt
Gus Dallas, Greece, Law School

Heber Michael Ellsworth, Berkeley, Calif., 2343
Ellsworth St. Research
Robert Dyer Lowrey, San Antonio
Jesse Clayton Reed, Deceased
Cordell Windle Reeves, Vallejo, Calif., Newberry Co.
James Henry Whiteside, Jr., Salt Lake City, Utah, Dr. Pepper Bottling Co.

Photographers Engravers

REEVES

1719 Broadway

Phone 3584

Butter Kist Bread

At

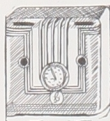
Your Grocery



Good Eats Bakery

Your Credit Is Good At

Goodrich
Silvertown Store



Motorola
Raidos

Goodrich Silvertown Tires
and Tubes

1112 Main Street

Phone 154

DuPont Paints Are Used

By TECH



Let Us Furnish Du Pont Materials
For Your New Home.

Free Estimates

Exclusive Wall Paper
Art Leather

Lubbock Paint & Paper Co.

1105 Main

Phone 839

Everybody
Looks Good
At Homecoming

To Make Your Homecoming
Becoming
You Should Be Coming
To Levines

Lubbock's Largest Cash Dept.
Store, 4 Big Floors



Wilton Samuel Wilks, Plainview
Tommy Abraham, Canadian, The Fair
Solon Clements, Jr., Plainview
Julius H. Craver, Amarillo, C. I. T.
Garland Davis, Lubbock, U. S. F. O.
Ellis Ray Porman, Lubbock, Tech Bookstore
Earl Brian Hobbs, Littlefield, High School Principals
Charles B. Jackson, Plainview

June, 1933

Dick Slaton Carter, Plainview
Seth Barton Cox, Stamford
Raymond E. Dunn, Slaton
Milo Manning Feierabend, Lubbock, 99 N. Polk,
Allie Chalmers Co.
William Russell Pickens, Jr., Deceased
Harry C. Hazel, Lubbock
Clarence Maurice Reed, Corsicana
Marvin Clarence Renfro, Lubbock
Joe Fulton Taylor, Amarillo, Public Schools
Clifford Daye Vannoy, Lubbock, Davis Humphries Co.
Lula Terrie Watson, Lubbock
Thomas Hugh Williams ("Bo"), Lubbock, Athletic Mgr., Texas Tech
John Hugh Beauchamp, Sherman
Ozell Alonzo Bickley, Kilgore, "Mr." System Store
William Bacon Caldwell, Houston, Fed. Land Bank
Sarah Evelyn Carson, Stamford
Allie Mae Collins, Claude
Campbell Hill Elkins, Lubbock, 1803-13th, Elkins & Elkins, Attys.
Clyde Wolfe James, Tulsa, Public Schools
Ernest Nelson, Lubbock
Warren Powers, Amarbert, Teacher
Alan Bryan Seale, Lubbock, Tech Barber Shop
Mary Elizabeth Warren, Cleburne

August, 1933

Aud Felton Darr, Santa Fe, N. M., New Mexico State Prison
Lois Elizabeth Hall, Lubbock, 1614 Bdw., Guy L. McAfee Agency
Cecil Glenn Kersey, Lubbock, F. W. D. C. R. R.
Ebbie Lee, Lamesa



"HELLO, BILL, HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE NEW U.S. ROYAL MASTER TIRES?"

"YES, I HEAR THEY STOP 4 TO 223 FEET QUICKER. THEY'RE DE-SKIDDED!"

See THE NEW SAFETY OF U.S. ROYAL MASTER

DEMONSTRATED IN ONE-MINUTE TEST

Prove to yourself how this new tire stops quicker... controls slide skids.

FREE DEMONSTRATION DAILY

Dryer's AAA Service
Personal Service
For You And Your Car
1217 Ave. J Phone 182

Jackie Lucille Rogers Fletcher, Pampa
Henry Chester Williams, Clarendon
Glenn Lee Allison, Hereford, 210 W. 4th, Teacher
Glenn Dobkins, Roaring Springs, Ginner
Marcus Homer Duncan, Jr., Lubbock, Minister
John W. Palmore, Lubbock, Asst. County Agent
Leland Dixon Payne, Odessa, Box 336, Bank Cashier
Virgil Rowland, Amarillo, Resettlement Admin.

June, 1934

Chung Wo Au, Honolulu, Hawaii, B. F. Dillingham Co.
Wendell Oren Bearden, Lubbock, Graduate Student
James Marvin Collier, Lubbock
Luia Pelham Eaves, Lubbock, 2221-14th, McFarland-Maisen Co.
Leon Palmer Fisher, Ralls, Public Schools
Ward Seavery Garrison, Amarillo, Gates Rubber Co.
Thomas Ray Headstream, Victoria, General Motors
William Franklin Holmes, Shamrock
Winifred Howard Massey, McLean
Eugene Randolph Mitchell, Collinsville
Elmore Sims Plennou, Lubbock, Investor's Syndicate
B. Weidon Scarbrough, Okla. City, H. J. Heinz Co.
George Harold Simms, Panhandle
Charles Edward Thomas, Lubbock
Max Eliot Wagborne, San Angelo, Standard-Times
Minn Emerson West, Lubbock, Pub. Acct.
George Apostolais Zafaratos, Lubbock, Hilton Hotel
Luia Christine Bailey, Spearman, Teacher
Pat Claggett Caruthers, Kopperi, Teacher
Thurs Horneuse Hicks, Lubbock, Boyce, P. J. Dean & Son (Gen. Mde.)
Chapman Davis, Dallas, John Deere Plow Co.
Thurs Horneuse Hicks, Lubbock, N. M.
Vora Victoria Lowe, Lubbock

August, 1934

Harvey Louis Dunn, Clovis, Coach
Doris Lynn Hull, Lubbock
Elizabeth Lanham, Lubbock
George A. Pratas, Lubbock, W. W. Condray (Jr. Asst.)
Henry Linn Robertson, Wink, Box 688, Humble Oil & Ref. Co.
Preston Earnest Smith, Lubbock, Tech Theatre



Ethridge Eagan, M. G. Pederson, and Fred Fairly, two former presidents of the alumni and ex-students association, and this year's chief executive.

Joyce Dodkins, Lubbock
James S. Lauderdale, Saint Jo
Ray Lamont Waller, Dawson
Neval Neal Wilkins, Lubbock
June, 1935
Fred C. Barron, Box 1062, Albuquerque, N. M.
Vane C. Burnett, Dublin
Theo Cheaney, Lubbock
Ruth Neal Douglas O'Neal, Washington, D. C., 912-19th St.
Edward E. Elliott, Lubbock
James Harvey Fryar, Midland
Price Holland, Oton
William Wright Ireland, Dumas, Shamrock Oil & Gas Co.
Jennings Temple Lewis, Lubbock, Florist
Oscar Noble Peterson, Kilgore, Kilgore Hotel Coffee Shop
John Verlie Pyeatt Jenkins, Lubbock
Melvin Curtis Schumpert, Portales, N. M., Implement Co.
Marjorie Ann Scott Williams, Wells Hotel, Tulsa, Okla.
James Canfield Toothaker, Stanford, Calif., Law Student
Katie Lois Walker, Conroe
Lee Francis York, Lubbock, Lub. Prod. Co. Asso.
Raymond Q. Phillips, Lubbock, C. D. Shamburger Lbr. Co.
Hoque Cadmus Williams, Hamilton

August, 1935

H. E. Archer, Lubbock, Mallory's
Deboe Carpenter, Olney
Van Sullivan Hinds, Amarillo, C. I. T. Corp.
Robert Marion Nash, Slaton, Teacher
Levi Davies Nisley, Kent, Ohio
Truett Leon Owen, Sherman, Coach
Samette Elizabeth Ross, Edinburg, Teacher
John H. Walker, Stillham, Okla.
Gus Fagan White, Borger
Frenton Taylor Davis, Floydada, Merchant
Graces Sewell Snyder, Lubbock
Naomi Whittaker, Littlefield
June, 1936
Gra May Haynie Adams, Fort Worth
James Vance Beauchamp, Lubbock, Lubbock Fruit & Veg. Co.

News About

Bray's Campus Shop

We're putting the accent on youth—here on the Avenue right next to the cloistered halls of Texas Tech.

Come on out and see the place! You'll find a complete selection of shirts, ties, sportswear, and all the other male accessories. And popular priced hosiery for the coed.

*Hope you'll be out soon
for your sightseeing*

1007 College Ave.

WELCOME!

Alumi, Exes
And Students



HOP HALSEY

"If you haven't visited our Drug Store before this Homecoming, then come on in and make our place your headquarters. We have everything here from Postage stamps to tickets to the Chuck-Wagon feed, you can eat right here with us."

Mark Halsey
Drug Store No. 2

Phone 1000 for Quick Service



—Photo by Bledsoe

Youth takes its swing! In answer to the lilting tunes of a popular dance orchestra these Tech co-eds and eds are spending a very delightful evening at one of the many college dances given this year. Identifying the swingers: Dorothy Daniels is the dark haired girl and Roy Kreebs, her partner; the other couple, Mariba Barkley and James Monroe Hamilton. Lansford Ireson is with the girl in the background

Pauline Bule, Stamford
William Spencer Campbell, Spur
Joseph Cromwell Carnes, San Antonio, Insurance Co.
Thomas Preston Conerly, Amarillo, Commercial Credit Co.
James Marshall Cook, Garden City
Elsie Pearl Crausabay, Austin, Tex. Highway Dept.
Rachel Darwin, Station
Magdalen Dederick, Lubbock, South Plains Bus Co.
Earl Wincle Dodd, Lubbock, Hemphill Wells
Mary Louise Douglas, Lubbock, Tech Business Office
Rosemary Duff, Lubbock, Crenshaw & Dupree
Don Nolan Gaither, Abilene, Southwestern Bell Tel. Co.
Elaime Goodwin, Lubbock, 2204-10, Moncrief-Le-nor Mfg Co.

John Edward Grissom, Amarillo, 909 Taylor, Com. Cr. Co.
Bryan Harper, Barksdale, La.
Irvin Lee Herget, Perryton
Hal Hitchcock, Houston, Shell Petroleum Co.
Truman Connell Jones, Mineola
Casey W. Kunkel, Chicago, Ill., Haskins & Sells, Accts.
Chester Carol McCarty, Okla. City, 122 West 4th St.
Floyd McLane, Lufkin, Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co.
Rex Zipher Michael, Jr., Hamlin, General Crude Oil Co.
Dorothy Ann Newhardt, Amarillo
Wilmette Nichols, Marshall, Marshall Publ. Co.
John Norman Prim, Dallas, Inter. Bus. Mash. Corp.
Woodrow Rumpy, Lubbock, Swift & Co.
Orland Russell Seamon, Jr., El Paso, Com. Credit Co.
Haskell Grant Taylor, Lubbock, Texas Tech Instructor
Woodrow William Wilson, Estancia, N. M., Coach
Robert Varnell, Okla. City, 122 W. 4th St.
Dudley Wooten, Borger, Box 1506, Com. Credit Co.
Lennie Dalton Johnston, Lubbock
Homer S. Newman, Lubbock, Stubbs Young Grain Co.
Henry Alfred Roberts, Lubbock, Texas Highway Dept.

Samuel Marvin Black, Jr. Shreveport, La. Arkansas Natural Gas Co.
Frank S. Bundy, Lubbock
Charles Patrick Cosgrove, Dallas, Universal Credit Co.
Verner Claud Couch, Pittsburgh
Jim Mitchell Dalton, Weatherford
Dale William Dean, Dallas, 4320 Junius St., Good-year Tire & Rubber Co.
Winston Wiley Doran, Lubbock
James Troy Epperson, Jr., Cleburne
Elizabeth Sophia Finsterwald, Mobeetie, Tex
John Flache, Coahoma, Tex.
Cornelia Kilpatrick Fry, Lubbock, Teacher
Arthur Earl Gamble, Lubbock, 2402-20th, Gamble Realty Co.
G. B. Greenfield, Austin, Univ. of Texas, Texas Coop.
John L. Griffiths, Lubbock

Time To Stop and Take Stock

There's no time like the present for taking inventory of your printing needs. If you're short on any particular form, right now is the time to see your college printers. They will be glad to supply you with samples and estimates, or to help you plan your layout.

Place your printing orders NOW and be assured of a first-class product.

Tech Press

Basement Engineering Building

August, 1938
Joseph F. Barlow, Lubbock, County Tax Office
Edwin Boggs, Las Cruces, N. M., Box 215 State College
Bedford Cunningham, Lubbock
Freddie Edwards Watson, Houston, Texas
Marjorie Serena Ferris, Dallas, Lone Star Gas Co.
Margaret Lois Hess Coleman, Childress, 609 Ave. C, N. W.
Frank West Hudgins, Lubbock, Tech Student
Cyrus T. LaMaster, Lubbock, Tech Athletic Dept.
George Malcolm Martin, Kermit, Cabot Gasoline Plant
J. H. Smith, Amarillo, 909 Taylor, Burroughs Adding Mach. Co.
Jerry E. Strickling, Denison, Bell Tel. Co.
John Calvin Thomas, Jr., Holliday, Teacher
Orville Le Tigier, Meadow
Jane Tinsley, Rodessa, La.
Dylice Edith Ward, Roscoe, Child Welfare Board
Tracy Goodyear Watson, Jr., Houston, Texas

May, 1937
Edgar Morris Alford, Lubbock, C.I.T. Corp.



Mary Peek of Lubbock receives a radio from Weldon Birdwell, TEXAS TECH MAGAZINE circulation manager, highlighting a subscription campaign the opening month of the school year.

"Chevrolet's the Choice"

●●●●●●●●●●

First in Sale — First in Value

●●●●●●●●●●

Buy a Chevrolet and Be Satisfied

Kuykendall Chevrolet Co.

"We Know Chevrolet—
You Know Us"

Phone 1234

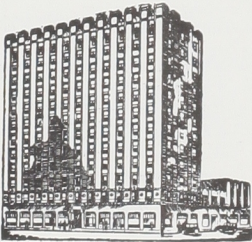
Thirteenth and Avenue K

Hilton Hotel

Lubbock, Texas

*Moderate Rates
Excellent Food*

"Your Hotel on the Plains"



Vernon Herndon, Manager

Football Headquarters

Another

Hilton Hotel

James Melvin Grigg, Lubbock
John Thaddeus Heims, Jr., Pampa, Com. Credit Co.
Jarrett Hervey, Greenville, Ford Motor Co.
Katherine Elizabeth Johnston, Lorenzo
Wayne L. Kelly, Moore, Texas
Eugenia Elnor Lundell, Lubbock
Hector Mackay, Jr., Lubbock, Com. Credit Corp.
Jesse Ruth McWhirter Ellis, Lubbock, Com. Credit Corp.
James Clayton Mallett, Lubbock, County Tax Office



Hop Halley, Number One Druggist on the drag, knows more Tech students and exes than any other individual of the state.

James Ducey May, Kermit, Fox Rig & Reel Co.
Grace Montgomery, Tahoka, Teaching
Marietta Montgomery, Tahoka, Teaching Com. Work
Lee Roy Mosley, Midland, C. I. T. Corp.
Billy Ross Phillips, Hereford, First State Bank
Bill D. Power, Spur
Clyce Gary Smith, Sweetwater
James Harvey Smith, Lubbock
Arthur Thompson, Hereford
Lowell Glenn Webb, Midland, West Tex. Gas Co.
Julius Jefferson Wiley, Lubbock, West Texas Gas Co.
Bert Williams, Hot Springs, N. M., Coach
Cecil L. Wolfe, Spur
Robert Jennings Work, Crosbyton
Roy Van Jones, Big Spring, Teacher
Lloyd Norwood Lipscomb, Amarillo, 1009 Monroe, International Traveler
Clifford Oliver, Jr., Lubbock, Graduate Student
Lois LaVerne Pulley, Cloco
August 1937
Annabel Allen, Lamesa, 308 No. Katherine
Dan Ernest Archer, Spearman, Attorney
Jack Patrick Bostick, Fort Worth
Aubrey Otis Butts, Regina, N. M., Coach
Robert Cross Case, Hale Center, Coach
Curtis Nathan Cheaney, Lubbock
May Amanda Cooper Frazier, Lamesa, 2519 21st
Floyd Houston Copeland, Hale Center, Teacher
Gaines Nunnally Davis, Lubbock, West Texas Gas Co.
Charles Augustus Duval, Canyon, West Texas Gas Co.
Sidney Sam Forrest, Jr., Lamesa, Forrest Lumber Co.



Lloyd Crokin, Secretary to Congressman Mabon in Washington, is a statesman himself. His friendships are limited only by the Atlantic and Pacific, and it is rumored that some new contacts have been made past these boundaries.

Tom Nelson Hutchison, California, Aviation School
William Harvey McKelvey, Lubbock, Watson Furniture Co.
Curtis Travis Martin, Seymour
Eva Mae Mills, Sterling City
Tom Nabors, Cloco
Carrie Bell Turner, Lubbock
Irving Francher Upshaw, Jr., Amarillo, Insurance
J. W. West, San Angelo
Billy George Yeatts, Amarillo, Com. Credit Co.
Ella Cecile Parsons, Amarillo, High School
Pauline Thompson, Walker, Ralls
Lalla D' Spain, Lubbock, Dean Gordon's Office
Imogene Joyce Gatlin, Weatherford, Teacher
Harold Heard, Fort Worth, Brantley-Draughon's College

June, 1938
Billie Burton Bayless, Lubbock, Lubbock Household Supply
Mildred Ruth Blanton, Amarillo
Milton Richard Bodzin, Colorado, Texas

William H. Bullock, Artesia, N. M.
Harold Maurice Chernosky, Tyler, Tex., 1012 N. Monroe St.
Paul Timothy Coe, Lubbock, Graduate Student
Charles Donnell D'Spain, Houston, 1917 West-heimer
Nathan Hoyt Eudaly, Grandfalls, Gen'l. Mdee.
William Elton Goen, Floydada, Park Florist
Robert H. Hale, Lubbock, 2108-14, West Texas Gas Co.
Rose Elizabeth Higgs, Gruver, Texas
Robert Earl Johnson, Dalhart, Ranch
Austin Reginald Jordan, Lubbock, Retail Credit Co.
Asta McGuire, Lamesa
Thomas Jefferson McWilliams, Brownfield, Arizona Chemical Co.
Sam Monroe Neathery, Lubbock
Dimitry Pratas, Lubbock, Firestone Service
Mary Inez Rose, McAdoo
Judge Cooper Smith, Jr., Lubbock, Asst. County Clerk
Lloyd Burkett Spears, Perryton, Com. Teacher
Robert Earle Steinkamp, Lubbock
Vernon Eugene Thompson, Calif. School
William Robert Blake, Concho, Arizona
E. C. Blythe, Lubbock
Rupy Lee Buchten Keeling, Rule, Armstrong Transfer & Storage Co.
Mary Merie Carpenter, Seminole, Teacher
Charles A. Clark, Cloco
Charles Davis, Plainview, 800 Lexington
Leonard Earnest, Lubbock, 2206-17, Amer. Natl. Ins. Co.
Ruby Barrett Farley, Lamesa
Essie Marie Greer
Kathleen Hastings, Lamesa
August Jeff Holkott, Lubbock, Teacher
Morgan Thomas Jones, Clovis, N. M., 517 Connelly St., Farm Security Admin.
Owen T. Loyd, Amherst, County Agent's Office
Venita McGuire, Lamesa, Teaching
Juanita Ruth Monteth, Clayton, N. M.

Lonnie Langston, Mathematician and statistician supreme, always takes time for a refreshing soda whenever the occasion permits.

Mary Margaret Pickett, Lubbock
Frances Pauline Real, Amarillo, F. C. A.
Beatrice Seitz, Lubbock
Lemuel Edwin Smith, Austin, Univ. of Texas
Arphice Macon Spikes, Lubbock
Sidney Robert Stout, Pecos, Chev. Co.
Hazel Lee Trotter, Lubbock
Rudolph P. Anderson, Florence, Ariz., Safeway
Ben Carl Driver, Lubbock, Graduate Work
August, 1938
Ruth Erlene Barnard, Lubbock, 2321-13
Ralph Morris Brown, Chicago, Northwestern U.
Jack Edward Carr, Hale Center
Jay Floyd Carter, Cloco, Clothier Co.
Sidney Roscoe Clark, Lubbock, 1631-9
Clyde Daniel Corbin, Lubbock, Sweetbriar Shop
Henry Grady Jennings, Ranger, Coach
David Arvin Keithley, Lubbock, Jarret-West Drug
Jacob Chandler Mathis, Artesia, N. M., Natl. Ins.
Bee Moss, Garland
Ruth Marie Payne, Paducah, Box 683, Teaching Com. Work
Wayman Thriest Sowell, Lubbock, Brays Cr.
Felix Scott Walker, Lubbock
John Hiner Wilson, Lubbock, Gas Co.
Robert Jerome Harkey, Lone Oak, Texas
John Dean Milling
Annie Lee Owens Pace



After a full day's entertainment which ended with a Red Rider rampage over the Oklahoma City Goldbug, Jimmy Henley and the missus, Lorens, call it a day and relax in solid comfort at the Hilton hotel toward the wee hours of the morning.

Welcome Home Alumni and Exes!

The Association Is Glad To Announce A Special Membership Discount Of

50c

On Football Tickets to the Texas Tech-Gonzaga Homecoming Game.

Tickets Are Limited *One To A Member*

Make Reservations Through The Alumni Office And Accompany Each Reservation With A Check For \$1.70 (Instead of \$2.20).

If You Have Not Already Paid Your Annual Dues Of \$2 To The Association, You May Do So Now And Get In On The Special Homecoming Football Discount.

Texas Tech Alumni and Ex-Students Association

212 Library Building

Texas Technological College

Lubbock, Texas

It Takes

Sustained Power, Speed, and Dependability

FOR PERFECT OPERATION

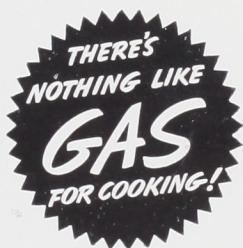


The Red Raiders Have These Qualities



May we congratulate the team upon its performance, inasmuch as the qualities exhibited during the games are so similar to electricity.

TEXAS-NEW MEXICO UTILITIES CO.



It's better for

- BAKING
- ROASTING
- BROILING
- FRYING
- BOILING

MODERN Gas ranges make cooking easier, faster, cheaper! Oven heat control prevents baking failures. Top burners light automatically. New broilers cut broiling time in half. See these marvelous gas ranges at your gas company!

**MODERNIZE YOUR
HOME WITH GAS**

West Texas Gas Co.

Good Gas with Dependable Service

IT'S A THRILLING LIFE!

Folks who risk their lives as a matter of course are careful in their choice of a cigarette. They say:

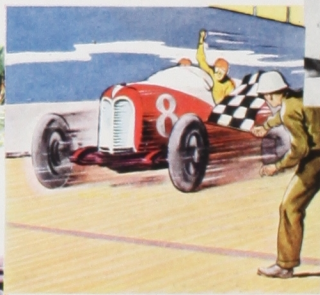
"CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES"



MAN THROWS LION! Mel Koontz, noted lion and tiger tamer, schools "big cats" for Hollywood films. Sketch (left) shows Mel meeting the lunge of a savage 450-pound beast. That's where nerve-power tells—as Mel knows! He says this: "Camels don't jangle my nerves—my mind is at rest as to that! Camels are milder—the natural mildness that's grown right in the tobacco. We animal tammers stick to Camels!"



(Right) **CRASHING A PLANE** through a house is the spectacular specialty of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. And, at this writing, he's done it 33 times—on movie locations, at exhibitions. Time after time, with his life actually in his hands, it's easy to understand why Pilot Frakes says: "I take every precaution to keep my nerves steady as a rock. Naturally, I'm particular about the cigarette I smoke. And you can bet my choice is Camel. I can smoke as many as I want and feel fresh, never a bit jittery or upset."



(Above) **THREE TIMES** Lou Meyer won the Indianapolis auto-racing classic—only driver in history to achieve this amazing triple-test of nerve control. He says: "My nerves must be every bit as sound as the motor in my racer. That's why I go for Camels. They never get on my nerves a bit. Camels take first place with me for mildness!"



(Left) **THRILLING STUNTS** for the movies! Ione Reed needs healthy nerves! Naturally, Miss Reed chooses her cigarette with care. "My nerves," she says, "must be right—and no mistake! So I stick to Camels. Even smoking Camels steadily doesn't bother my nerves. In fact, Camels give me a grand sense of comfort. And they taste so good! Stunt men and women favor Camels."

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Meet these men who live with tobacco from planting to marketing—and note the cigarette they smoke



"Most tobacco planters I know prefer Camels," says grower Tony Strickland, "because Camel buys the fine grades of tobacco—my own and those of other growers. And Camel bids high to get these finer lots. It's Camels for me!"



Planter David E. Wells knows every phase of tobacco culture... the "inside" story of tobacco quality. "At sale after sale," he says, "Camel buys up my finest grades at top prices. It's natural for most planters like me to smoke Camels."



"I ought to know finer tobaccos make finer cigarettes," says grower John T. Caraway. "I've been smoking Camels for 23 years. Camel pays more to get my finest tobacco—many's the year. Camels are the big favorite with planters here."

Copyright, 1936, R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.