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TEXAS TECH

*Cotton Bowl
Edition*

MAGAZINE

*December,
1938*

J. H. Mardoun
Campus



H. R. H. OPAL
Of The House of Hill
Queen Of The Cotton Kingdom

*Welcoming
the Red Raiders . . .*



It's our hope that your first visit will NOT be your last—and that we'll have many occasions to see you later—as members of the Southwest Conference.



BAKER HOTEL

DALLAS

The Texas Tech Magazine

VOL. II No. 4

DECEMBER, 1938

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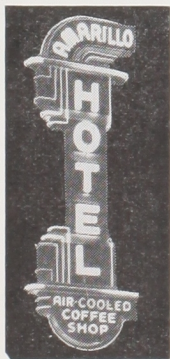
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C. S. PRYOR, Manager

Hotel Amarillo

A WEST TEXAS INSTITUTION
REPRESENTING THE SOUTHWEST

Texas Tech in the Cotton Bowl

Hotel Amarillo in the Panhandle



Clifford B. Jones, *President*

By MARSHALL FORMBY, *Vice-President*
Texas Tech Alumni and Ex-Students
Association,
TOREADOR Editor 1931-32

Clifford Bartlett Jones, a leader of men, has been selected as the third president of Texas Technological college!

Clifford Jones, who knows more about Texas Tech and its needs than any other living man, will guide the destinies of the state's third largest educational institution in the future years. The same guiding hand that has so wonderfully directed the affairs of Tech during its first 14 years will continue to guide the future of this the fastest growing college in the world. The only difference is that where Clifford Jones sat behind the throne heretofore, he will now sit in his rightful place—in the president's chair. Clifford Jones will be on the throne now and direct Tech's future.

Tech's new president does not hold a string of degrees. He is not a doctor of philosophy, nor a doctor of laws, nor even a college graduate. Instead, he is a successful business man, an executive, a leader of men, an organizer, a good politician, a forceful public speaker, a widely traveled West Texan, a gracious host, a gentleman and a scholar in his own way. Back in 1903 when Jones finished high school in Kansas City, he made specific plans to enter Yale. Then came a business opportunity too tempting to turn aside. Clifford forgot Yale and entered the business world in which he has long been an outstanding success. But he did not quit his education. Through long hours of reading in his excellent library, through travel, through contact and through hard work he is today one of the most highly educated men in Texas. Among all the members of Tech's faculty there will not be a man or woman as highly educated as Clifford B. Jones.

Clifford Jones was born in Rico, Colorado, the son of Charles and Virginia Jones. His father had been a miner in Colorado, an executive and a successful newspaper editor. In his youth Jones worked on a ranch, there learning something of the range which he puts into use every day, both as manager of the vast Swenson interests and on his own 12,000 acre ranch is Dickens county. He was employed for a while with the Kansas City Bag Manufacturing company and later with the Jacques Steel company.

More than a quarter of a century ago he came to Spur, in Dickens county, to



become assistant manager under his father of the S. M. Swenson interests in West Texas. Several years ago he became manager of the company, a job which he probably will relinquish when he moves to Lubbock in January to take over the presidency of Tech.

Although an extremely busy man, Jones has found time in the past to be a director of four railroads. He has found time to serve on Tech's board since the college was established in 1923. The first few years he was secretary of the board and during the past 11 years has served as chairman. Jones found time to serve one year as president of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce. He served as mayor of the City of Spur, as chairman of the Dickens County Draft board during the world war, and a member of the District Draft Board for North Texas during the war with Europe. During the early stages of the Roosevelt administration, President Roosevelt called on him to be regional director of the Public Works Administration for the states of Texas, New Mexico and Louisiana. Among the other duties Jones has found time to serve in has been as director of the Spur Chamber of Com-

merce, vice president of the Texas Highway association, president of the Texas Transcontinental Trail, president of the Northwest Texas Fair association, and as one of the members of the original board of 100 of the Texas Centennial Commission. He probably knows more prominent Texas leaders than any other West Texan.

But it was not to Jones' liking that his name was ever submitted as a possible candidate for the president's job. In his spacious office in the Spur Security Bank building in Spur, he turned aside this writer's suggestion last summer that he take the job as proxy for several thousand Texas college students. Applications for the vacancy continued to pour in, but it was Jones' idea that the job should seek the man, not the man seek the job. That's exactly what happened. Members of the College Board of Directors, those who had worked with him and knew him best, began to realize the fact that they need go no farther to "find the man for the job." He was among their group. Not until Saturday, November 26, however, after hundreds of Jones' friends throughout the

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Raiders Prepare For

COTTON BOWL INVASION

By TOM MILLER, '38
Avalanche-Journal Staff Writer

When a football team wins five or six games everyone starts talking.

When the same football team goes through a complete schedule of ten games everybody and his dog starts writing.

That's what I'm doing now (but the dog business is out).

Of course, to say the Raiders in Red of Texas Tech won ten consecutive games is like bringing out a back number like Washington hurling heads and tails across the Delaware. The ten-game winners of the campus are forgotten men. Cotton queens, cotton menus, cotton chariots, cotton confetti and a Cotton Bowl have left the Raiders in their wake.

As if the Tech football team were ill—which it isn't—the tonic it await-

ed all these years came November 29 when the Cotton Bowl Athletic Association extended an invitation this way for the Raiders to play down that way. First one team and then the other turned down bids to oppose the Big Red; writers advanced the idea that some feared an over-match, but none tittered and claimed that any was under-matched. December 1 St. Mary's Gaels grasped the chance to be the "other half" in the Dallas classic January 2.

Some critics made so bold as to suggest that the Southwest Conference was the sick one and would gullibly welcome Tech into its midst. The Raiders were to be medicine men. Tech officials swore off door pounding last year, told the conference dads no more requests for admittance would be tendered, so no of-

ficial request was made at the conference meeting last Saturday.

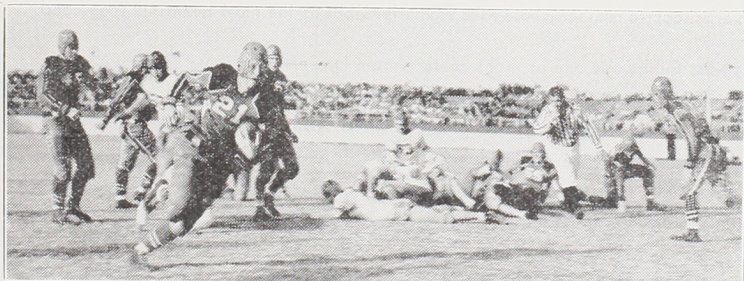
Tabling of discussion 'neath the Red Raiders hitching a berth gave rise to speculation. If Tech defeats St. Mary's in the Cotton Bowl encounter the 1940 team might line up weekly against circuit members.

If you are not familiar with the make and model of the Southwest Conference, you probably at least know that Siwash college is as mythical as Cinderella. However, the conference is a seven-seated affair, without a rumble seat. Tech would like to ride the spare tire because it's no secret that bubbles and worn tires sometimes burst. Sports writers over the state climbed aboard the Raider bandwagon pleasingly and, with few

Continued on page Sixteen

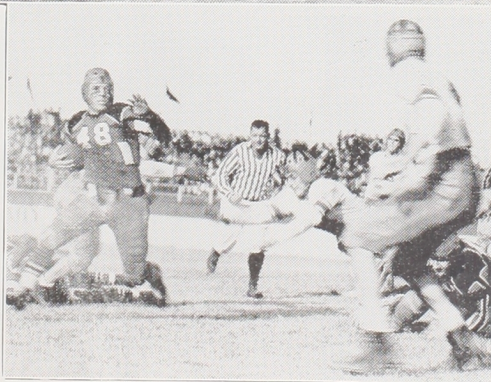


Coach P. W. Cawthon. "There is a football player on everybody's sand lot."



Above, Elmer Tarbox (21) shows change of pace up and down the field, which, together with unlimited speed, accounts for the many touchdowns piled up during his gridiron career. Voted the best all around football player in a recent statewide contest sponsored by a popular breakfast cereal, Tarbox truly is the most valuable Tech player of the year.

Below, Gene Barnett (48) runs with the ball for a change. Acclaimed the best passer to wear the scarlet of Texas Tech, his accuracy in shooting the spirals has set up touchdown after touchdown.





HOLLINGSWORTH



LEWIS



WHEATLEY



GIBBS

Pulchritude On Parade

Exclaiming "that's the prettiest girl I have ever seen!" Carola Goya, Spanish dancer appearing on an artist course number, chose Miss Emmarie Gibbs as the most beautiful Tech coed.

Miss Gibbs was one of eight coeds chosen by Senorita Goya to occupy full pages in the beauty section of *La Ventana*. Others selected by the Spanish dancer were Helen Hollingsworth, senior from Childress; Mary Price, Pampa sophomore; Jane Prickett, freshman of Lubbock; Rolinda Chappell, freshman, Dallas; Elray Lewis, junior of Brownfield; and Othrene Autry, Coleman sophomore.

The eight chosen by Miss Goya were from a group of sixteen nominated by students in a campus-wide preferential balloting.

AUTRY

PRICE

PRICKETT

CHAPPELL



DEAR MAC



December 23rd.

Dear Mac:

Well, I finally arrived home, and did I get a welcome, oh boy! But no more fooling around. I'm going to spend Christmas studying and nothing else but. I know I said the same thing the last three years, and didn't get anything done, but this year is going to be different. I was just about to open my psych book when I remembered the letter I promised you. So I decided to get it off my mind, and then settle down to business.

So long, you old rat, and if you do one-tenth the work I do, you can't miss all A's.

Your hard-working pal,

JIM.

December 26th.

Dear Mac:

I got your letter yesterday, but I was too busy to answer it. I'm sorry to say that I haven't really done any studying as yet, but that was all due to unavoidable circumstances. As soon as I finished my last letter, I

went down to mail it. In the post office I met an old flame who just *had* to throw a party in my honor. I couldn't refuse that, could I? It was a swell affair. I didn't get home until 5 A.M.

Got up at twelve yesterday morning because my folks forgot to wake me. I couldn't decide what to do first. I took up my math book, then the French, and so on. Finally, I decided that the only way to get anything done was to have a schedule, so I made out a nice one which will keep me occupied every minute of the day. I'm starting on the schedule this afternoon, and then watch my smoke. I still have a whole week left, and that means a couple of hundred hours.

I won't even take time to write down yours truly.

JIM.

December 30th.

Dear Mac:

The heck with it. Tonight is Friday, tomorrow is New Year's Eve, and I'm going to have a good time.

Just as I finished my last letter to you, a distant cousin breezed in. She had a friend with her: 18, blonde hair, blue eyes, and what a chassis. Boy, could that blonde neck! But honestly, I would have much rather been doing philo.

I didn't get home until morning then, revising my schedule because I had missed some subjects. I got down to work that afternoon, even though I had a terrible headache. I kept staring at my philo book for two hours, but only could get through six pages. My headache was driving me nuts.

I then saw that my schedule was too rigid, so I spent the rest of the day revising it, making it more elastic. I fixed it up so that if I had a headache or something, I could do archaeology, or something easy.

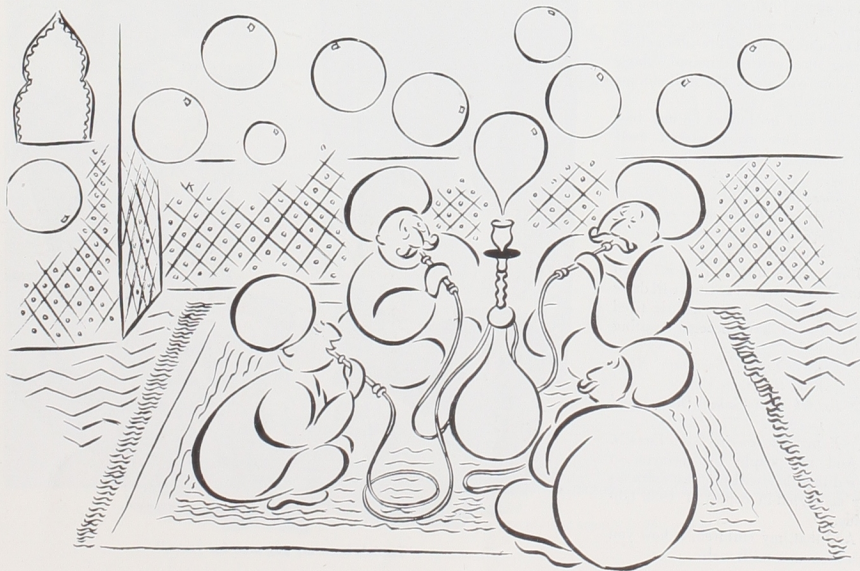
After supper, my father started asking me questions about college, and I had to spend the whole evening explaining to him everything I did to the smallest detail. A guy can't study nowadays even if he wants to.

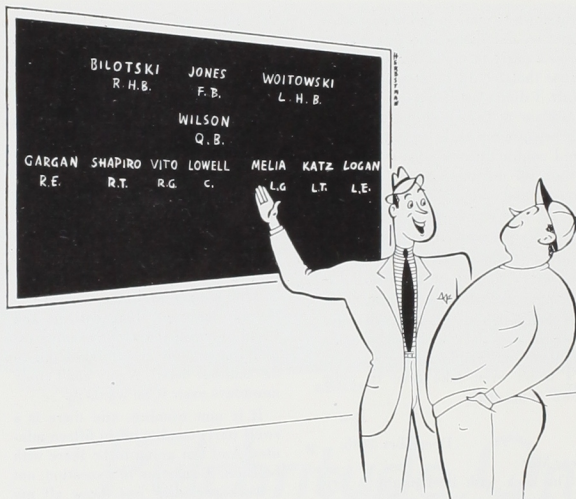
It is now evening, and there is a swell party coming off in fifteen minutes. And I'm going to be there with bells on. A vacation is a vacation, not a work period. I just threw all my books in my valise and locked them up. Boy, it's a grand and glorious feeling. This is my last Christmas vacation and I'm entitled to a little rest.

See you in school,

JIM.

P. S. I'll never make Phi Bete anyway.





"Yep, that's what I call a well balanced team."

HOW TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE IN ONE SILLY LESSON

If you want to become a millionaire, all you have to do is to save tabloids and live for another fifty years, for, in about 1980, the cooperation so desired between the police, scientists and criminologists will result in eliminating the entire criminal class. Everyone will think the millennium has arrived.

There will no longer be any bad people because every wicked deed will be deleted from the reign of possibility.

*There will be no more robberies.
There will be no more murders.
There will be no more divorce scandals.*

For a while this will be accepted whole-heartedly, but as time will draw on, people will become a little tired of what will have become exciting news:

Extra! Young Secretary Beset With Hives.

Extra! Boy Scout Does Good Deed.

Extra! Millionaire Loses Tonsils.

And so, people will become so bored that they will pay vast fortunes for smuggled-in copies of 1938 tabloids.

And that, my children, is how you can become a millionaire.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

A board marked "Dynamite" is a sign of danger.

It is unlucky to lose \$13,000,013.13.

It is unlucky to get hit by an auto on Friday the thirteenth.

If you break a mirror, you won't be able to look at yourself. This is a lucky thing.

If you give a person a knife, it will break your friendship—especially if you give it to him in the back.

If you walk under a ladder and it falls on you, it is a sign of hard luck.

If a black cat with 13 tails crosses your path, it means it's time you went to bed.

Mother: Willie, if you don't behave I'll make you read the book that Grandmother gave you for Xmas.



"Louie's been my gag man for years."



"Look startled, I wouldn't disillusion the old boy for all the money in the world."

OVER THERE

No one travels for travel's sake. Who relishes sea-sickness? (If it doesn't get you on the way over, it will get you on the way back.) You're bound to eat like a pig; the food usually tastes like it was prepared for one. Yet, everyone likes to be able to say he's been abroad.

For the nominal sum of ten dollars we are prepared to give you the complete continental trip without ever leaving your favorite easy chair. Upon receipt of your money, we shall send you five dozen labels from the choice hotels abroad. All you have to do is paste these on your trunks and descend from a taxi whenever the particular boat you would have chosen happens to dock.

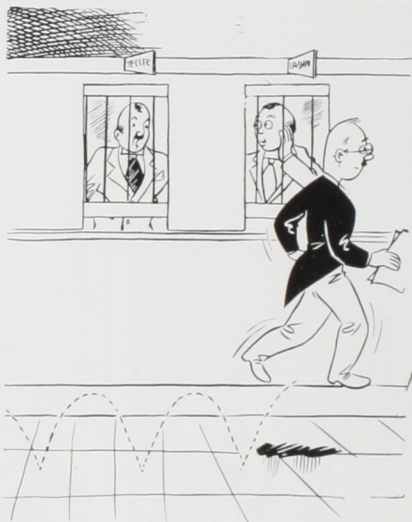
Besides these labels, we send you the names of the head-waiters in every important restaurant and night club, so that you can refer to them personally whenever you discuss your trip. If specifically specified, we have on hand, with no extra charge, a complete description of all the famous landmarks. After one reading, we guarantee you'll be able to discuss the places as if you were a native.

However, we have found our booklet, No. 2, of more importance as it includes the places where you would have gotten drunk, a list of foreign nobility (specify sex of noble) always met in travelling. You may use your own ingenuity in making up stories of your adventures with the nobility. Stock situations are also available.

You can also have included an affair with a Hapsburgh Countess (for males) or an exiled Spanish Duke (for females).

Photographs of all ocean liner captains will be sent autographed to you. "To my dear friend" with space open to write in your own name.

This is exactly the type of stuff with which your friends who return from the continent will bore you. Only it will cost them several thousand dollars. Now, for *only* ten dollars you can become just as big a bore as your neighbor.



"That's Trevar. He's in our phony check department."

Guest: I suppose I can sit here until I starve.

Waiter: Hardly that, sir! We close at eleven o'clock!



"After all, dear, a cup of coffee is a cup of coffee."

CRIME CLUB

She was peacefully reading before the fire. Her eyes were glued to the page in front of her. For a second, her mind wandered from the book to take in the weird reflections on the walls caused by the sparkling fire. Heavy irregular footsteps sounded outside the room. The door opened, as he entered the reading room.

Her eyes became horror-stricken as they noted the red, red stains on the knife he held in his hands. Other splotches of red were vivid against the white of his knuckles—still a few more on his sleeves just above the wrists.

"Junior," she murmured, "didn't I tell you to stay away from that strawberry jam?"

The real trouble with our youth of today is that they were out all of the night before.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'



WHAT I WANT IN A PIPE TOBACCO IS JUST WHAT I GET IN PRINCE ALBERT—A **COOL, MELLOW SMOKE FULL OF RIPE, RICH TASTE BUT NO BITE**

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

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.

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

The billiard champion and another chap were on a walking trip and put up one night at a village inn. After dinner at the inn they went into a room with the word "billiards" painted on the door, but the table was little and rickety, and the balls were discolored.

"Game of billiards, gents?" inquired the landlord.

"I don't know," said the billiard champion. "I don't like these balls. How do you tell the red from the white?"

"O, that's easy," stated the landlord. "You soon get to know 'em by the shape."

There once was a liverish colonel
Whose grouses and groans were etol-
-onel.

His bitter abuse
One could not reproduce
In a really respectable jolonel.

Jackson: I like the civil service.

Johnson: So what?

Jackson: It gives the job to the best man who belongs to the right party.

Husband: What would you do dear, if I should die?

Wife: I should go nearly crazy.
"Would you get married again?"
"I said nearly crazy."

A skeptical man was Bill Feeter,
Who wouldn't believe his gas meter.

He pulled out a match,
And gave it a scratch—
"Good morning," he said to St. Peter.

A homely young Englishman, whose view was obstructed by the headgear of the girl in front of him, ventured to protest:

Young Englishman (leaning over): See here, Miss, I want to look as well as you.

Young Miss (in a rich cockney accent): Oh, do you? Then you'd better run home and change your face.

Teacher: What is the name of a group of islands belonging to the United States?

Pupil: Huh? Why-ah...

Teacher: Correct.

Diner: I beg your pardon, but why are all these girls staring at me?

Waitress: I'm not supposed to tell you, sir, but we get some of our food from the school of cookery and home economics, next door, and if you get sick after that omelet you've just eaten those girls have all failed in their examination.

"I'm 60 years old," said a wealthy man to his friend, "and I want your advice. Do you think it would be better to tell a certain young lady, whom I would like to marry, that I am 50?"

"Well," said his friend, "if you want me to be quite frank, I think your chances of getting her would be better if you told her you were 75."



“GOOD EVENING, ladies and gentlemen, this is station WGIP bringing you once again the Uncle Billy's Pipe Tobacco Company's Highlights in sports. Tonight, our most generous sponsors have arranged to bring you an actual account of that most famous annual sleigh ride—*Santa Claus' Ride From The North Pole*.

“We have just received a flash which means that your regular sports announcer, Ted Jones, is ready to pick up the broadcast from his seat beside Santa in that famous sleigh. Take it away, Ted.”

“H'ya folks, this is your favorite sports announcer, singing out the news from the North Pole. And I can tell you I wouldn't trade my pipe of Uncle Billy's Pipe Tobacco for all the gifts in Santa's bag.

“And now while Claus is making final preparations, it gives me time to tell you you're in for a big treat this Christmas. Yes, sir, it looks like a white Christmas. Yup! Here comes the snow. Hold on a second, and I'll let you hear the snow falling. Here you are: 'Woop!' Hear it? That's it.

“And now we're about ready . . . Santa shifts his pipe — oh yes, he smokes Uncle Billy's Pipe Tobacco, too. What's more, he taught me it's good for chewing and making cigarettes.

“Santa's checking his gift bag; it's

packed to the top. Santa's sampling some of the toys to make sure everything is in tip-top shape. Did you hear that rattle? Yes, you guessed it! That's a toy snake for some good little boy to scare the life out of his mother. And listen closely now: 'Hark-Hark'. Hear it? Yes, that's a horn to make some blue little boy, a happy Little Boy Blue.

“And now Santa's beside me in the sleigh. He's getting ready to give the starting signal—oh—! Skipper, the captain of the reindeer has slipped. Whoa, Skipper! Whoa! He looks a little shakey. There he goes down! He's getting up now. He's on one knee. He's up. Skipper's up!

“Santa's out to check up on Skipper. Everything is O. K. and Santa's coming back — oh — Santa's slipped.



He's picked himself up from the snow. Now he's wiping the snow off his face. He's saying something. Let's listen: 'My what cold snow!'

“Now he's in the sleigh and we're off. We're actually sailing in the air. It won't be long before we sight civilization—always easy to recognize—everybody's always fighting. Yes, there it is!

“Now, Santa, before I have to leave you, I'd like to ask you one question. Why do you prefer Uncle Billy's Pipe Tobacco?”

“That's a silly question, Ted. There's no other tobacco like it. Often I wish I had a Santa Claus to write to, so I could ask him to bring me this fragrant, mellow, soothing and — (coughs). There goes a lung, Jones. In spite of times being so bad, I'm beginning to wonder if it was worth \$5000 to me to smoke that—”

“Now take it easy, Santa. Ouch! Good-night folks, Ouch!—

“This is your favorite sports announcer, Ted Jones, signing off, Ouch! Santa's some kiddier—eh—Ouch! Ha-Ha! Ouch! Merry Christmas. Ouch—Ouch—Ouch!!”



"Well, of course, if Madame teaches school, I can readily understand why you don't care for that type of hat."

EXECUTIVE ABILITY

If you want to be an executive, you must have that ability which allows a man to dash into his office at ten-thirty; put in a call to arrange a three-hour luncheon engagement at twelve; get back at three-thirty and arrange to knock-off at four so that you can stop in at the club on your way home. But before leaving you must dictate the following office-memo:

To All Employees:

Please remember that as an employee of this concern, your office hours are from nine to five. Loyalty to the organization demands that our employees maintain these hours. Nothing so well marks the ambitious man or woman as the practice of being at the desk at nine and not leaving until the work is done for the day.

Continued flagrant disregard of the office hours on the part of many of our employees can only result in drastic changes in our personnel.

This also applies to returning late for lunch.

SIMON LEGREE,
Office Manager.



"Thanks, Mam, and don't forget to report this—my Social Security number's 064-99-797."

COLLEGE BRED

Whom are you doing for your education?

If you are one of those individuals who has to work his way through school, allow us to present our unique, but inexpensive, system to provide for a college education.

All you have to do is buy a slot machine (chewing gum, peanuts, chocolate—the choice is left to you) and during the night when no one is around, set it in an accustomed spot where people are used to finding such machines. If you so desire, you can have the machine divided into sections offering a variety of gum, or chocolate (the choice is up to you). The number of sections makes no difference as there will be nothing in any of them.

On an average, forty people will invest in our (we share the profits with you) machine. All shall lose. No one will investigate. Every Monday, your job will be to empty out the pennies from the machine. Every week there should be 230 coppers. In a month this should amount to \$11.20. Every year this should amount to \$134.40.

Judging from this, you can tell exactly how many machines you'll need to carry you through. If you doubt the strength of this business, anyone of our salesmen will be able to drop around in his Rolls Royce and give you further particulars.

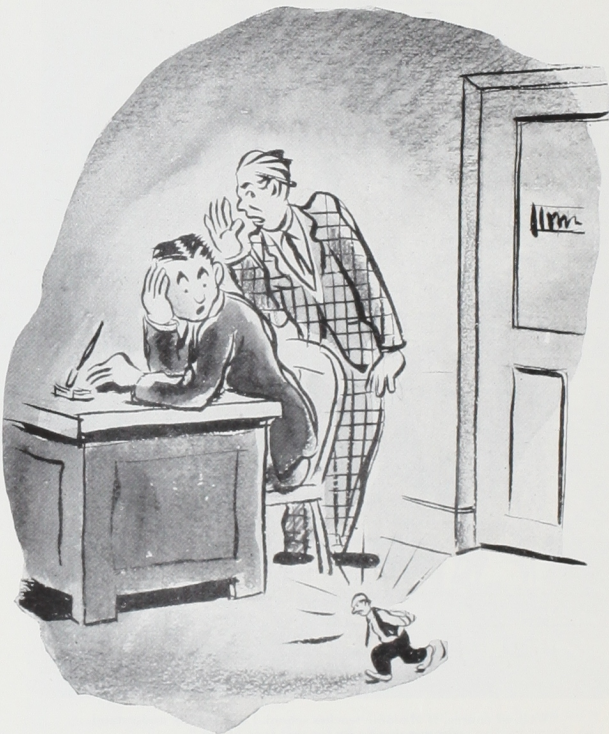
THE THEORY

The jury has just brought in a verdict of "Guilty," and the judge has sentenced me to death, but I'm not sorry. If I had to do it over, I would have shot Elmer Gunk, President of the "Never Forget Memory School."

I always did have a poor memory, so when I received one of Elmer Gunk's circulars, I decided to take his memory course. Memory was nothing but a matter of association, Gunk pointed out, and after bleeding me for three hundred dollars, I was graduated and sent out in the world to prove the theory.

It wasn't long before I had a chance to prove the worth of the course. My girl asked me if I would bring her two packages of green crepe paper which she wanted to decorate her house with for a party. At first I became afraid with the thought that I'd never remember, but Elmer Gunk's association theory for remembering immediately came to the foreground. "Two packages of green crepe paper," I said to myself. Crepe is what they put on the door of a house in which lies a dead man. Green is the color of grass. Therefore, all I have to think of is the dead men buried in the grass, and I couldn't forget the two packages of green crepe paper. All evening, I kept repeating to myself, "Two dead men buried in the grass."

The next day as I started out for my girl's house, I remembered that she wanted something. The first thing that came to my head was "two packages of green crepe paper." After an hour of deep concentration, I figured out



"Timmins must have had another argument with the boss."

what that meant, "Two dead men buried in the grass," and although I couldn't imagine what my girl would want with the two dead bodies, I proceeded to the cemetery.

It is sufficient to say that the police caught me as I was digging up the second body. As I didn't want to involve my girl, I refused to talk.

I was released from the sanitarium in two years, and on my way home I purchased a gun with which I shot Elmer Gunk.

I'm sorry that I'm going to die, for my girl has married another, but for the life of me, I still can't figure out what she wanted with "Two dead bodies buried in the grass."

He: I'm tired of playing checkers.
Haw: Sort of checker bored, eh?



"Oh, sure I can write shorthand, but it takes me longer."

A GRAMMATICAL KISS

A kiss is always a pronoun, because "she" stands for it.

It is masculine and feminine gender mixed; therefore, common.

It is a conjunction because it connects.

It is an interjection; at least, it sounds like one.

It is plural because one calls for another.

It is singular because there is nothing else like it.

It is usually in apposition with a caress; at any rate, it is sure to follow.

A kiss can be conjugated, but never declined.

It is a preposition because it governs an objective "case."

However, it is not an adverb, because it cannot be compared, but it is a phrase that expresses feeling.

Step High, Young Lady!

By ELVIRA SMITH

WITH a flourish of her baton and a click of her white cowboy boot heels, Ruth Clark will march with Tech's colorful Matador band at the Cotton Bowl Jan. 2, according to D. O. Wiley, director of the band.

While this daughter of Breckenridge actively engages in few sports, she is extremely interested in football. A brother, Earl Clark, is the well-known T. C. U. griddy. Another brother, Lester Clark, is in the Texas legislature. Ruth likes swimming and dancing.

She was very popular in her home town, being selected Buckaroo queen, senior beauty, and pep leader. She was also named most popular post-graduate.

Flashing her green eyes with a toss of her golden head, Ruth confidently stated that "Tech will win, no matter who we play." This shapely freshman coed is five feet, five inches high and tips the scales at 120 pounds.

Here is one girl who expects to enter the field she trains for—Ruth aspires to do secretarial work in the capital city.

Asked about her baton twirling, this majorette answered that she just "picked it up." It seems that Ruth saw a band

Marching and was attracted by the baton-twirling, so her aunt bought her one and she started practicing. She has never marched with a band.

Tech's band has not had a majorette before and the idea is quite novel; Ruth will prance behind Lee Heckler, drum major of the band. Her red, black, and white satin costume will harmonize favorably with the scarlet uniforms of bandsters.

Kay Kyser is her favorite orchestra leader and her favorite boy friend must be "tall, dark and handsome." Blue is her favorite color, and though Ruth likes conspicuous jewelry on others, she prefers not to wear it herself.

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Cotton Bowl Invasion

Continued from page Five

exceptions, harbor the same convictions as students and ex-students—that "our" Red Raiders are not missing half as much as the conference by the non-expansion program.

Spurred by recognition of the fine season's record, the Raiders hadn't time to change their red satins for red flannels before they were back on the grid-iron for a "three-a-week" schedule of practice. They will unload their mole-skins and colorful football magic in Dallas December 21, more than a week before they tackle the Moragans.

Blessings of the college student body and administration have been bestowed on the team, and every team member, in turn, has made the solemn vow to go the limit for victory. Dallas will be transformed into a festive host city and plans promise a winter Mardi Gras atmosphere. That's where the cotton confetti plays a part.

Miss Opal Hill of Post, senior student in the textile engineering department, will be Cotton Queen of the Nation. If Siwash is mythical, she believes Cinderella isn't. For four years she has plodded across the vast college campus thinking her only distinction would be her graduation as only woman to complete the textile engineering curriculum. That distinction brought recognition she now enjoys.

What they had to say:

Captain Frank Guzik: "At last, we've got a chance to show what we can do. Tell the fans we'll be going to town for them Jan. 2."

Coach Pete Cawthon: St. Mary's is tough—that's the way we like 'em. We'll have one of the fightin'est teams you ever saw."

Coach Slip Madigan: "Dear Mr. Pecarovich: Send me at once the reasons Texas Tech beat you this Fall."

Miss Hill: "Sounds dulcet to me."
Elmer Tarbox: "I shake hands and sign autographs overtime, and as if my arm doesn't ache enough, they try to make a passer out of me."

Leonard Latch: "That'll be my last game and I'll have 50 years to get over it."

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Cotton Bowl Game

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"If you won't tell, I won't."

—Ski-U-Mah

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"Best Wishes to the Red Raiders"

Clifford B. Jones

Continued from page Four

entire state had persistently insisted, did he finally agree to be considered with the other candidates. He wired his resignation to Governor Allred as chairman and member of the board. That was all the board was waiting for. Within a few minutes Jones had been selected as Tech's third president.

Who is this 53-year old native of Colorado who has lived in Spur for more than a quarter of a century and who is generally known throughout this section of the state as West Texas' Number One Citizen? What is he like? How will he be with the students? Will he allow fraternities and sororities on the campus? Will he attempt to be a dictator? Those who know Clifford Jones have a ready answer for these questions.

Clifford Jones is an exceptionally patient, modest, quiet-like, courteous West Texas gentleman. He is extremely polite. In fact, he has been classed by one West Texan as being a man who is so polite that he will pick up a ladies' handkerchief before she drops it.

In his large office in the building of the Spur bank, of which he is president, Jones sees and talks to thousands of visitors in a year's time. All who enter, whether it be the humblest laborer in Dickens county, or the governor of the state, are treated in the same kind and gracious manner. It may be a farmer wanting to haul a load of wood off the Swenson ranch, it might be a cowboy wanting a job, perhaps a prospective land buyer calls, or it might even be a Spur friend challenging him to a game of golf on the Espuela golf course that afternoon—all are treated like kings when in the presence of Clifford Jones. Even those who go away without getting what they want leave in a pleasant mood.

As Jones has been in the past in a business world, so will he be with Tech students and members of the faculty, this writer thinks. Every student in the future who wants a heart to heart talk with their college president will find a busy man who still will have time for such a talk, and it is my prediction, that students who seek these conferences will reap a profit indeed. During the past years, time after time Tech students, in the secret of the night, have driven to Spur for a conference with the chairman of the Board on campus problems. On most occasions, Jones took the side of the student, if it was a problem of the student against the outside world, or perhaps on occasions against the faculty. His heart is usually always with the college student in all his trials. Cliff-

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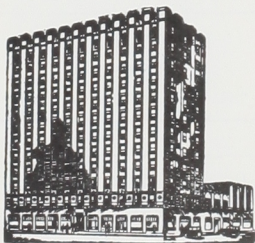
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ford Jones understands the problems of the working students. During the past he has from time to time helped in a financial way students who needed aid so badly.

It would be hard to answer as to the exact attitude the new president will take toward fraternities and sororities. He probably doesn't object to them so far as their direct purpose is concerned. But there can not be too much of a class line drawn so long as Jones is the range boss. He probably will never make any attempt to bring these organizations to the campus, but he might not discourage their establishment. Jones will probably be so busy with other Tech problems in the future such as jumping to Austin for another building or so, for more appropriations, or attempting to bring Tech into the Southwest conference, or seeing that high scholastic standing is maintained among the various divisions of the school, that such trifle things as fraternities and sororities will not matter much. They will be mere details to him.

Clifford Jones, in this writer's humble opinion, will make the greatest executive Tech has ever known. He will not attempt to be a dictator, but he will lead. Jones is not the kind of a range boss who drives his men, he coaches and leads them. He does not and he will not depend on authority to get what he wants done, he will depend on good will. Clifford Jones has a personality that does not inspire fear, but rather it inspires enthusiasm. He will not say "I," he much prefers the word "we." And he not only knows how things around Tech should be done, he will show how to do them.

Although Clifford Jones and his attractive wife, the former Audrey Barber, daughter of a former Dickens county sheriff, do considerable entertaining for their friends, they live a quiet life, typical of West Texans. Jones worships at the Episcopal church in Spur, a structure he was responsible for having built about two years ago. He likes his golf and if he doesn't have anyone to play with, he occasionally shoots a round by himself. He can always be found at the Spur Rotary club on each Thursday noon. His chief hobby now is seeing that his 12,000 acre ranch, near Spur, is kept running as a paying proposition. And on days when he can steal away from his work, Jones can be found straddle of a horse, riding on his ranch during the entire day.

Tech's new president will make Tech a great executive, a towering leader, a smart business manager, a powerful public speaker at convocations—and most of all, he will be human with his college students.



The new year opens with prospects for Texas Tech brighter even than the great accomplishments of this grand "1938" which has been gloriously climaxed by the invitation to our own Red Raiders to participate in the "Cotton Bowl Festival."



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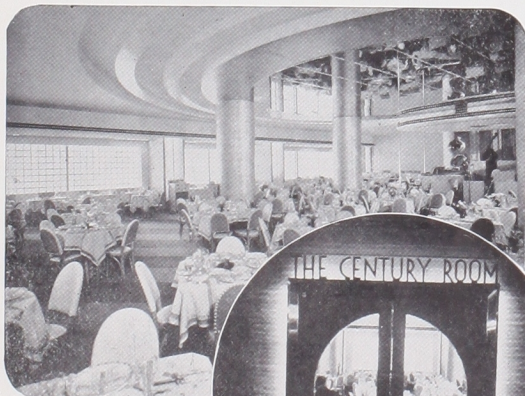


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"Let up—light up a Camel!"



COVERING TRIALS, ACCIDENTS, sports puts a big strain on the nerves of Western Union telegrapher, George Erickson. "I avoid getting my nerves tense, upset," says operator Erickson. "I ease off frequently, to give my nerves a welcome rest. I let up and light up a Camel."

IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO, Leila Denis and her explorer husband filmed Universal Pictures' epic, "Dark Rapture." She says: "Such ventures can be quite nerve-straining, but it's my rule to pause frequently. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are so soothing."



and so is he



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