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1946

EL Burro

DECEMBER • 35c



You're Invited

This is YOUR invitation to visit

Zale's store and see our enchanting

array of fine jewelry. The magic of Christmas is at

your fingertips when you behold our brilliant dia-

monds, precision watches, gleaming silverware,

sparkling costume jewelry, and hundreds of other

gift items . . . one for each name on

your list.



\$17⁹⁵



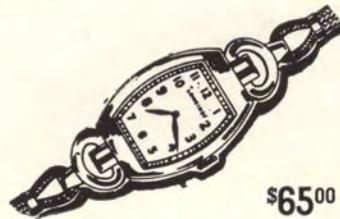
\$6⁵⁰



\$22⁵⁰



\$5⁰⁰



\$65⁰⁰



\$3⁹⁵
each



\$39⁷⁵



\$24⁷⁵

In The Heart of America
ZALE'S
Jewelers

222 N. MESA



The "Field Goal" —

As exciting as the first game of the season. The crown is jaunty, the brim has a full bound edge. In soft resilient felt. Autumnal colors with matching bands.

by
COURTLEY

\$10⁰⁰

The FASHION

Home of Hart, Shaffner & Marx Clothes
216 EAST SAN ANTONIO STREET



GIVE HIM A REAL GIFT!

Give him a real gift . . . give him you for Christmas. Have your picture taken by our expert photographer. Appointments are not necessary, so come in today and have your picture taken.

BAKER-RAY *Studios*

Main 3020

501 Martin Bldg.

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LET US BRAY

with Letters to Santa

Santa Claus
42nd and Lollypop
Sugar and Spice Dept.
Candy County,
North Pole

Dear Santa,

Deliver at once one sugar "Chiquita" with honey hair, chocolate eyes, cherry lips, and flexible hips. Kindly employ special undulation—indentation technique in *RIGHT* places. Omit talking mechanism.

Accompany latter with '46 Cadillac convertible in Dynamite Red with discreet James at the wheel.

Urgently,
O. Cortazar

LET US BRAY

Dear Santa,

Gosh I'm so excited 'bout Christmas this year. You see I'm a little older (no remarks), and this year I don't want a doll. I want a — well — I'll describe it.

First—It's got to have a build like Irwin Brand, and be about as tall as Bill Hintze. And have black curly hair like Posie, and a smile like (hubba-hubba) Bill Black, and if only he could dance like McBee, and sing like Ted Hodges only not Hill Billy songs... (Doc Sonnichsen will never speak to me after this). And maybe he'd better have Bill Sord's or Raymond Odell's mathematical minds to make all those millions I want.

Have you got the idea now?

I'll be waiting up Christmas Eve with open arms, so please don't disappoint me, —as the song says— its been a long long time...

Merry Christmas,
Pat Maloney

Dear Santa,

I have been as good a boy as I could possibly have been. I have done all of my studies very conscientiously, have not stayed out late at all, have not had even one date, have done everything expected of me, have told no large untruths, and have looked after Chaahles very faithfully. As for me, all I want is a steady girl, and a new set of slippers for Chaahles.

Thank you,
I lick your hand graciously,
Dick Redmond

Dear Santa,

I have been a good boy all year. For the past three weeks I haven't cut Philosophy once. I wrote my Government cases by myself. I haven't had any intoxicating beverages in months. I gave up smoking and gambling.

Santa, please send me a wild woman, so I will know why I am living.

Sincerely,
Buddy David Hyde



★ **Ten O'Clock**—
a sandal-of-a-scuff of
rayon satin with mul-
ticolor embroidery. In
red, wine, royal or
light blue. \$2.75

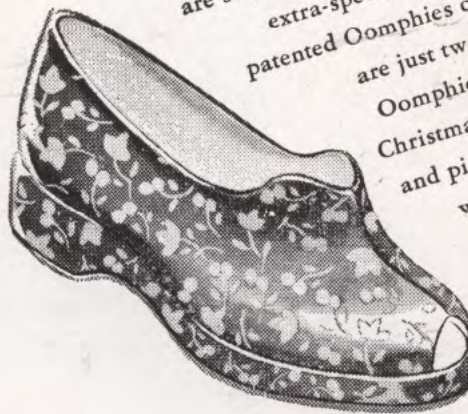
Hey, Santa
she'll love you for

Oomphies

A more welcome gift was never packed
inside the good old Sain't's bag! Oomphies
are so pretty on the foot—and so

extra-special-comfortable because of the
patented Oomphies construction. Here
are just two of the hostess style

Oomphies from our splendid
Christmas collection. Come
and pick the Oomphies that
will be perfect for her.



★ **Hi-de-ho**— rayon
brocade with a high
winged cut that does
divine things for her
foot. Black and gold,
blue and peach, fuchsia
and royal. \$4

Given Bros.

SHOE CO.

310 E. SAN ANTONIO

Harry Mitchell Brewing Company

A PREMIUM PRODUCT



PEACE

By R. R. VANDENHEUVAL

The threatening, guttural rumble of the big guns; the sharp staccotic whining of the smaller guns; the hoarse, feeble cries of the wounded; these had been the burdens of the unwilling breeze yesterday—or had it been yesteryear? Time had no value—for memories purposely blunted could not be troubled with it. To be a part of this peaceful world and to enjoy it, that was more than one could have hoped for not long ago, but now it was a reality and the taste cleansed the air, leaving it crisp, inviting and sweet.

The sky blushed as though proud of the beautiful panorama it had created and the last rays of the sun filtered through the gathering dusk, reluctant to give up the diamonds it had made of the snow. A lone figure, silhouetted by the sunset leaned against an ageless oak, deep in dreams. The quiet of eventide had come to stay and the world was at peace. This was as it used to be long ago, this was as it was now, this was as it would be in the future.

Church bells gently proclaimed to the countryside that it was Christmas Eve and the solitary figure, now dim in the purple shadows, turned homeward. This was his first Christmas in four years, and eager for the feel of it, he quickened his pace and faded into the night.

Dress for the Men in Your Life

Hi, you worldly women of the great campus of the University of Texas, El Paso Branch (better known as the College of Mines and M.) (can't spell the last word). Here we go again with your monthly round-up of fashions...

Since it's cold (December, you know) coats are being worn over all (naturally). These are of colors ranging from shocking pink to dramatic black. Note: *Coats are garments which are warm, wool, and very coat-like.* For those of you (sigh) who can spend about \$198 on one, there are some gorgeous abrigos at the Popular which have fur lapels down to the knees! Now let's quit dreaming and get on the level of the average college girl. For us, on the other hand, they have lovely Chesterfields in all colors for both campus and date wear. These are the kinds of garments that can be dressed-up with scarfs.

Shoe rationing is off so maybe this month everyone can splurge and buy some. Heels range from flat to high—highest about four inches. Note: *Shoes are things worn on feet so we won't resemble our ancestors and they usually come in pairs (shoes, I mean).* The most practical dress shoe on the market is the patent leather pump or sandal that can be worn for all occasions all year around. Talking with our minds way low (on feet, not in the gutter, Dr. Wiggins!) there are some darling



slippers which have fur-like stuff on the outside and inside. They feel so goood!

For Christmas this year, why don't we give something besides soap. Now at the costume jewelry counters in town there is an amazing array of stuff to pin any old place (WoW!). One of the latest fads is to pin two (naturally) twin pins on the s-o-o-o severe dresses that are coming out on your left shoulder (the pins, not the dresses). These also look good on sweaters. Chokers are still a rage. These can be had in gold (yellow or pink) or in silver beads, chains, or merely strings. Note: *Chokers are necklaces which are short and fit snugly—usually worn on the neck.*

Nylons, my dears, will again be on the counters for about 6 minutes (if I know women) (I'm a woman) this month. I shall not write any more on this subject but as Pat Maloney says in Letters to

Santa (plug), "It's been a long, long time!"

Hats are still amazing. Do you know what they consist of *now?* Feathers! AND I HATE FEATHERS (unquote)!!! Just think if I had told you this before, you could have offered to pluck the Thanksgiving boid (or toikey). (or aves) (we try to explain all to our multiple kinds of readers) and saved all the feathers. You then could have dyed them any color to go with your Christmas spirit (added decoration—four roses on top). Then you could have gotten the crown of any old hat and sewed the feathers on it and presto—a hat. But since I feel sure no one thought of doing this, go to the store and get one for a nominal fee.

Vivian, on the opposite side of the page is wearing a black date-dress from the 5th floor of the Popular. Flattering to the figure, it has a slim satin skirt and a molded bodice.

Merry Xmas (means I hope you get a lot of presents) and Happy New Year (means I hope your hang-over isn't too bad) !!!

—C. G. P.



You had better STOP, LOOK, and LISTEN to a few facts about our December girl. Her name is Vivian Michael. She is a beautiful brunette who was one of our beauty finalists last year. Vivian is now a sophomore on this campus. She is a member of Phrateres.

Miss Michael dressed by

THE POPULAR DRY GOODS
STORE.

Portrait by Fredda Von Zell.



Department of Art

TEXAS COLLEGE OF MINES

(A Branch of the University of Texas)

EL PASO, TEXAS

OFFERS

a full program of professional training in Painting, Commercial Art, Industrial Design, Interior Decoration, Costume Design, Ceramics, Jewelry Craft, and Sculpture.

Degrees are offered with Art Major in either the Painting and Commercial Field of Art or in the Crafts.

The curriculum of the Department of Arts is arranged so that the art student may secure a strong educational background, with electives that combine effectively with his major.

The Centennial Museum building houses the art department, but in the very near future a new \$100,000 building is to be constructed for the art department alone. Excellent new equipment is now in use in the craft classes.

Workshop methods prevail, so that the student may advance according to his ability. Emphasis is given to the practical phase of art training. The use to which such specialized knowledge may be adapted in the home, in industry and even as a hobby is the foundation for teaching. This is particularly necessary in a post-war period, where designers have great opportunities before them.

Summer school classes are held in Old Mexico with travel for its broad cultural value, and sketching and painting in a colorful atmosphere.

Regular exhibitions of the work of contemporary artists are held in the museum under the sponsorship of the art department in order to acquaint the student with what is being accomplished in the art world of today.

For further information write:

MISS VERA WISE, *Director*

DEPARTMENT OF ART

TEXAS COLLEGE OF MINES

EL PASO, TEXAS

EL Burro

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The beauty on our cover is Barbara Jean Petersen. She transferred here from Stevens and is a junior. Her sorority is Zeta Tau Alpha. Doesn't she make a delectable gift for someone? (Maybe someone named Bernie.) Barbara Jean was dressed by **The Popular Dry Goods Co.** Portrait by **Fredda Von Zell.**

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EL Burro

... for you

El Burro

Our staff became full of that Christmas spirit early this year. We decided to try to make this issue as much like a Christmas package as possible. (Notice Gift Tags on material) In an indirect manner El Burro conducted a poll among the students to find out just what they liked to read in it. The staff discovered the trend of the contents becoming more and more a medly of humor, seriousness, sex, and art.

Next El Burro looked around for a Christmas slogan and the result "Peace on Earth, Good Will on the Campus." The way to start this would be for someone to stand up in assembly and lead all in a rousing yell for Texas College of Mines. As it is all the yells ever given are those of two political parties. What do you say? This is a swell college and deserves school spirit.

For the men this December issue has a double page spread of pin-up beauties. Select the gal you like and then read about her in the article, "Our December Beauties". For both eds and co-eds we have a little thing entitled "Know Your Profs".

Here it is. The staff wishes every member of the faculty and every member on the campus a very Beery Xmas and a Slap-Happy New Year! See you next year.

The Editors

Air-Speed

fashions reign
from the skies . . .



Style rockets to new heights in Miss Hollywood, Jr. dresses . . . appealing designs that are sky-borne from loom to you with breath-taking speed! Made from a brilliant collection of Vegas Fiesta Panorama prints . . . that capture the enchantment of Nevada's desert playground. We have many different and new styles to offer you . . . one of many illustrated. Choose now, from this exciting versatile collection!

19.95 to 22.50

"Boulder Baum Shell" scores a top fashion hit with wing-wide shoulders and deep-skirted peplum. Comes in four color combinations.

22.50

JUNIOR SHOP . . . SECOND FLOOR

THE WHITE HOUSE

YOUR FASHION STORE SINCE 1900

JOKES for ACADEMS

An unobtrusive gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring."

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped: "Well, what are you waiting for. . . Autumn?"

* * *

"She's the type that whispers sweet nothin' doin's in your ear."

* * *

Joan: "How did you happen to quit teaching school to join the chorus?"

Jean: "Well, I think there's more money in showing figures to the older boys."

* * *

Son: "Pop what is the person called who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"

Pop: "A bartender, son."

* * *

There are only two kinds of women:

Those who suspect things

Those who expect things.

* * *

She: "You deceived me before our marriage. You told me you were well off."

He: "I was but I didn't know it."

* * *

Prof: "Give me a significant number."

Student: "M. 9433 J and ask for Pat."

* * *

First Zeta: "Are you gonna be busy tonight?"

Second: "I dunno. Depends on the guy I'm out with."

* * *

She was a second-hand dealer's daughter and that's why she wouldn't allow much on the old davenport.

* * *

Vulgarity is simply the conduct of others.

JOKES

for ENGINEERS

"Did your wife like the new bathing suit you bought her?"

"Like it, you should have seen her beam."

* * *

He: "You're Mae West aren't you?"

She: "No I'm June West, thirty days hotter than Mae."

* * *

Breathes there a frosh so abnormal,
That he can't be stirred by a low cut formal.

* * *

Mother: "What are the young man's intentions?"

Jeanette: "Well, he's keeping me pretty much in the dark."

* * *

Miner: "What would I have to give you for one little kiss?"

Co-ed: "Chloroform."

* * *

"To hell with the expense, give the canary another bird seed."

* * *

Some girls are like a zipper nightie: pull anything and it's all off.

* * *

He: Throwing stones into the river: "I'm only a pebble in your life."

She: "Then try and be a little bolder."

* * *

Errol Flynn and Charlie Chaplin have collaborated on a new novel which will be out soon. The title is "On Whom the Belles Told."

* * *

People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

* * *

Familiarity breeds attempt.

* * *

Editor: "That story can't be printed. It says that the heroine was nude."

Author: "That's all right. I cover her with remorse in the next paragraph."

Southwestern Supremes--

In Education it's--

T C M



In Printing it's--

HERTZOG

and

RESLER COMPANY

Both in El Paso

Both Leaders in Their Fields



A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS

and
A
HAPPY
NEW YEAR!

Borden's

Fine Dairy Products Since 1857

Merry Christmas to All



and to all
A Happy New Year

El Paso Natural Gas Company

The Pipe Line Company

EL PASO, TEXAS




New Year's Resolutions...

by Wilma Jean Smith

Tho' its early for New Year's resolutions, a few of the students are thinking about it now. Eloise Burtis has resolved to keep up as many morales as she can, while Barbara Adams has decided to be on time for a change. Georgina Jacquin desires to write a story in French for Dr. Bachmann. As for Betty Jean Sunderland, her one ambition is to stop riding horses that insist on throwing her. Eddie Egbert's high resolve is bigger and better dates, and Liz Leasure determines never to believe anything that men say. While Dean Miller wants to be a better husband, Gabriel Cordova wants only to stop being so prolific...two (?) are enough. Doris Sue Potter's noble resolve is to catch Larry during 1946 or bust! Mary Ann Caldwell wants to lose five pounds. Posie Bilodeau just wants to quit getting himself involved into so many situations. Mrs. Valentine resolves not to make New Year's resolutions, whereas Elaine Derrick plans on giving up her bad habits before she takes them up. Tommy Conger is going to stop ditching classes, and Jean Gilbert is going to make better grades. Esperanza Ortega says she is going to stop talking so much. Nancy Burns' high aim is to give up smoking and trips to Chihuahua. Warren Baxley plans on making some new and different resolutions so that he can have the pleasure of breaking all of them one by one! B. David Hyde resolves to think of the person who will do him the least harm and be kind to him for he and Buddy are the same. Jimmy Carpenter isn't going to give Dr. Langston any more Easter eggs. Catherine Burnett is going to be nicer to everybody, and Dodie Sadler plans to study more. Til New Year's day these hopeful, well-intentioned students may carry on as usual, but there really is no time like the present to begin putting into practice your resolves, is there? Seguro que hell no!

—The End

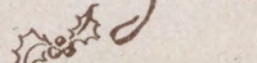



The Following Ten Pages
Are A Christmas Gift
From The EL Burro
STAFF
To Its Readers

CHRISTMAS VERSE.

I'm what old maids
Consider shocking!
But just the thing
For your Christmas
Stocking

Leasure



The THREE DEERS



A key fumbles in the lock and the door opens. Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Williams are home after a series of drinks at their neighbor's going-away for Christmas vacations party.

Mr Williams' hand goes out in a clutching gesture and the room becomes flooded with light.

"Damn," murmurs he and sinks in a chair.

Into the silence of the room penetrates the wail of an angry child:

"Mummie!"

Mrs. Williams giggles softly, "Bob, your son is awake."

"More than I can shay for us."

"That was some party. Reminds me of last New Year's Eve. Remember?"

"Please, Alice. All I can remember was my head the next morning."

"Mummie!"

"Oh dear, Bob, I suppose he wants to hear a story."

"Well, go tell him one."

Mrs. Williams curls up in the sofa and regards her husband mischievously.

"He doesn't like me to tell him stories," says she gently, "He says my stories stink!"

"My God, Alice, I'm in no condition..."

"I know, darling, you're drunk but go up anyway."

"Mummie!"—insistently.

"Your Daddy is going to tell you a story, hon."

Wearily the head of the house stumbles up the stair-case.

"Lo, Daddy," says his son.

"Lo, son," says his father.

"Story?"

"Yep."

Once upon a (hic!) time (pardon me) there were three little beers... eh, mean deers. They lived in a big, black forest far away from drunkards, rather hunters.

Now these little deers were very energetic and also hard-working so one day they said:

"We are tired of living like animals. We suggest we build a bar... we mean house."

So in order to get ideas they decided to see how the rest of the forest-kingdom set to work on like projects.

A way they flew to where the beavers were constructing a damn.

For hours they watched intently while the beavers beat the damn together eight to the bar with their tails. Suddenly the same thought struck our heros and they turned their heads simultaneously.

"Guess not," they said.

Next they journeyed hell-mell to where a fuzzy bear was getting ready to inebriate er, hibernate for the winter.

All the three remembered their grammar-school days and in a voice recited:

"Fuzzy-wuzzy was a bear,
Fuzzy-wuzzy had no hair.
Fuzzy-wuzzy wasn't fuzzy,
Wuz he?"

After this they went to see how the skunks worked but left soon after.

"Let's go see the wolf now."

"Naw, he's probably at Cedar-wood and Vine."

"Well, what about the lion?"
(Note: The lion happened to be in the forest visiting because of a mother-in-law who lived in the jungle.)

"O. K." all said musically and off they ran.

The lion, however, was very catty.

"I want no stock with you," he said, "You're the type of people who come home in the early hours of the evening on four feet."

"You beast!" Our friends burped as they hurried away.

By sun-down the three exhausted deers were ready to give up their project.

"Oh, hell," was their opinion.

MORALE: Never try to do anything unless Mother Nature's gifts are suited for it. Or. An apple a day never gathers any moss.



—The End

THE CHRISTMAS BELL

by Betty Neugebauer

*Its ring opens wide the gates
of Christmas morn
As the sound cuts clear
the air of dawn.
The first to rise rush out to hear
Its peals of joy from far and near.*

*Its sweet tones chime
His birth to all—
That child born in a distant stall.
It tells of a star on that
cold clear night—
A guide to shepherds with its
mystic light.
It rings so proudly,
the peace attained
By those who gave
what we have gained.
The mountains echo its refrain
A "welcome home" to fighting men.*

*Its music is a symbol to all
who possess
Life, liberty, and the pursuit
of happiness—
A symbol of hope that "peace" will be
Our motto for eternity.*



ROSA HERNANDEZ



The devil stalked Dunningville on that cloudy, melancholy Christmas day. The people had the scent of blood and like hungry hounds they milled in fury around the jail house. Through a small window in the upper story a dirty, stricken face pressed against the bars. Eyes mad with fear, lips quivering, morosely looked on his tormentors. With one knotty hand, he pulled at the iron bars wildly. His horror was like a blanket winding around him tightly, smothering, sucking his strength and leaving him helpless. He broke suddenly into inhuman convulsed sobbing. He was racked with a choking cough and still the horror was there. Looking down, he saw a thousand eyes, animal eyes in panting faces, waiting to see him dangle between earth and sky as his lungs burst.

They broke in, their heavy boots thundering through the halls, always nearer. He slid along the wall wanting to merge into it, to become a part of that unyielding mass of brick and mortar. But he was only a man wild with fear. He was weeping again, the low pathetic whimper of a wounded animal and he slid slowly to the ground in a crazed stupor as the pounding boots came into view.

They dragged him out, his feet leaving a deep trail on the filthy floor, on the trampled gray snow and on into the immaculate white of the woods.

On the church door dangled a sign which read, *Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men*. Christmas bells rang mellow and sweet while under a tree the wind twirled a strung puppet at will and God wept tears of snow.

Know Your Profs . . .



1



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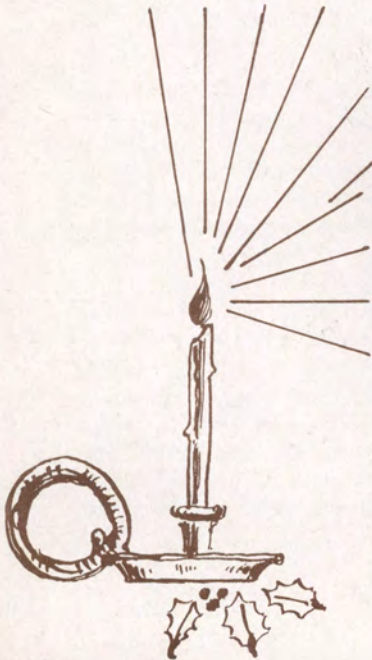
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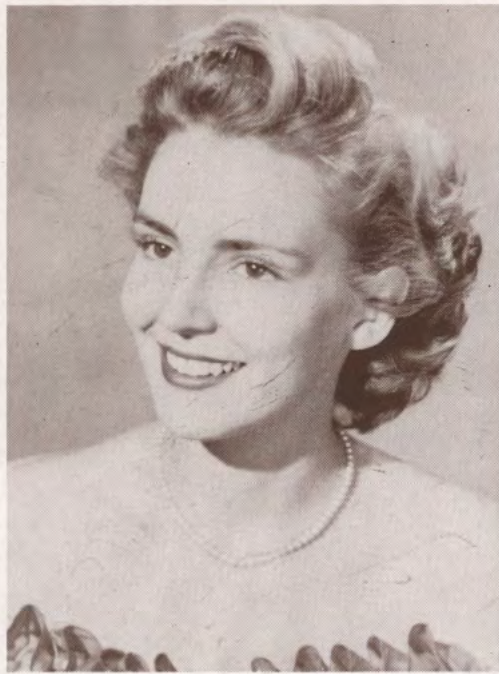


10

(Answers on page 33)



"UNDER





THE MISTLETOE



PORTRAITS BY TONY CANALES
FIRST NAT'L BANK BUILDING

GIVE THE TWIRL

By BILL MCBEE

Saludos Amigos, Feliz Navidad y Próspero Año Nuevo. (In case you can't figure it out, it's Greetings, Friends; Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.)

Let's start off with a bang on my December effort.

DECEMBER EFFORT:

With Christmas in the air and so much for those old Christmas Spirits floating around, the merriest place we can think of is Posie's house, commonly known as "Pookie Plateau." There is always a big crowd at the Plateau every week-end (just ask Ruth Gayle Jennings, next door). A week-end at the Waldorf has nothing on a week-end at Posie's. There's always something coming off. Betty Lou Schwartz was launched as queen of the Plateau. Some of the regulars are Barbara Jeanne Petersen, Martha Satterwhite, Susie Fleming, Frank Wiedner, Walter France, Lonnie Sims, Bob (Turk) Turrentine, Bill Shaffer, Patsy Trustman, Jerry Boney, Jimmy Young, Bill Swan, Bob Fisher, Jane Freeman, Paul Pyburn, Pat Brann, Deane Guynes, Evelyn Krauss, Gene Evans, Pat Rand, and Willie Baldwin. They play bridge, poker, dance and just make whoopee in general.

I just received a prize bit of scandal. It seems that cute, blonde Mary Jo Brown is carrying on two love affairs and neither man knows about the other. The two being Danny Higdon from Cathedral and Bob Terrel, Rho Sig.

Jeanne Oppenheimer, Copy Ponsford, Bill Wade and Joy Gallagher were among the Miners who attended the War Bond Premiere of "The Stork Club."

Not only the Engineers at Mines, but the Army, Navy and Marines enjoyed the Tri Delta weiner roast on November 9th. Dr. Sonnichsen was the feature attraction with his cowboy songs. During the height of the festivities the doorbell rang and Anne Harris went to the door. Opening the door, she couldn't see anybody until she looked down, and there stood two little kids. Thinking that they were just freshmen (they get younger every year), she said come in, but they were too shy for Miners and just said "Is our daddy here?" Turned out they were Dr. Sonnichsen's little boy and girl.

Some Saturday nighters at Tom's: Martha Satterwhite, Betty Lou Schwartz, Doris



WE LIVE



Potter, Jeannette Harper, Betty Davis, Georgiana Hammett, Bill Randell, Windsor Nordin, Bill Holick, Eddie Walsh, Al Adkins, Lynn Sullivan, Ruth Curtiss, Eddie Layman, Leroy Lowe, B. R. Leonard, Jo Nell Nelson, Bing Armstrong, Dick Miller, Maryon Chapman, Kenneth Walser, Anita Brown, Jimmy Baker, Sonny Sanders (who are both out of the army), Margaret Borders, Deane Guynes, Hattie Belle Calisch, Anne and Margo Burchell, and Eddie Egbert. I think the name of Tom's should be changed to "The Sardine Can." He really packs 'em in.

The Phratares' Co-Ed dance was really swell, as is the rule with Co-Ed dances at Mines. If the boys all got dates as well as the girls, all the Mines dances could be a lot better. Peggy Durrill took Frank Wiedner; Gretchen Munzinger was stag until 10:30 when her date, Pat Rand, got off work. Bobbie Bickley was with Bob Redman (you know I still can't figure out what happened to Bob and Peggy White; he was with beautiful Patty Maloney the other night, too); someone called Claire Parker sex-box in front of her date who is from Biggs Field, so now everybody at the field is calling her same; a few stags who were doing some fast tagging included: Nancy Burns, Marion Tatum, Patty White, Rita Russell and Pat Duffus. Anne Blaugrund was with Joel Harnett who presented the prizes for the heaviest and the lightest person there.

Gene "Cupie" Barrett, was heaviest, tipping the scales at 230. He received a lovely, two-way-stretch girdle, and Maryon Pickel who weighed in at 96 pounds got a box of Wheaties. Jimmy Young, who came to the dance early to turn on the lights, tripped over a bale of hay and broke out a tooth.

Since John Dyal left, Pat Huddleston had been dateless until lately. Guess who the lucky man is, none other than Bob "Turk" Turrentine.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 9 a big bunch of Miners retire to the Mills for coffee. They call themselves the Coffee Clubbers. Red Mitchell, Lorraine Guffey, Shirley Lynch, Betty Mueller, Pop Gill, Windsor Nordin, Georgiana Hammett, Quita Blakemore, Anita Brown, Skeeter Stenbridge, and Bill Slack all enjoy the coffee, doughnuts, and warm conversation.

Well, again, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and so long until next year.



T'was the Night Before Christmas

*T'was the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse.*



*The stockings were hung
By the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas
Soon would be there.*



*When out on the lawn
There arose such a clatter!
I sprang from my bed
To see what was the matter.*



*Away to the window
I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters
And threw up my bash.*



*Down the chimney St. Nicholas
Came with a bound.
She was dressed all in fur
From her head to her(wouldn't
rhyme anyway)*

T'was the night after Christmas.





A Lost Christmas

Old Dr. Beeman paced his dingy office in the south side clinic. All he had left was his practice which he didn't want and a superfluous bank account which he refused to use except for life's bare necessities. Here it was, Christmas Eve again, and only vendors of seals dared to approach the town's hated doctor.

"Maybe the old man will break down this year," they always said.

"Damned fools," the doctor would mutter, "I want no part of the world or its bitter memories." This Christmas Eve he walked over to the window and forced the time-rusted lock open. Stray snow flakes drifted in and melted quietly into the small blotter on the cracked three-legged desk. Sounds of laughter mingling with the jingle of bells drifted in. People carried packages, joked and caroled their way down the narrow unpaved street. Holly-wreathed store windows and pastry shops were very much in evidence.

An enticing odor of plum pudding came from across the street where his nurse, Miss Bailey, lived. Her life to him seemed a "damn stupid routine". Doctor Beeman could see through the window her two small motherless nieces excitedly discussing what they would find in their stockings the next morning. Anne, small and tow-headed,

was trimming a tiny tree haphazardly, while her adored big sister, Jenny, watched happily and quietly from her little bed in the corner. She had been stricken with paralysis when only two. Now at seven, her merry gurgling chuckle had not been dulled by her confinement.

"Bah!" the doctor thought, "they won't get a cent from me! Bailey can spend earnings on such tommyrot as Christmas trees and plum puddings, and she had the brass to ask me for more salary. Her brats have a roof over their heads and three meals a day!"

Bells chimed in the distance and Doctor Beeman could hear St. Paul's choir practicing for midnight services. He slammed the window shut and dropped into his rusty swivel chair. No patients today, yesterday, or the day before that, thank God. They had dwindled to approximately six or seven in the past three years. He forced his mind back those thirty-six months to another Christmas Eve.



BETTY NEUGEBAUER

The doctor and his wife, Diane, had been quarreling again. Had their stubborn pride not intervened-but...

"Won't we ever have enough money?" she had asked.

Purple with rage, he roared, "You should be thankful I'm not starving you to death!"

Diane, in tearful fury snatched her coat off the chair and rushed out into the blinding snowstorm.

He could still hear the sudden screech of brakes and the slam of a door. He didn't remember how long

he had stood frozen with fear when Anne had come screaming into his office that "Aunt Diane" was calling for him. She led him out into the blood-soaked street. Diane was dead. The truck driver, white as a sheet, was babbling, "She got in the way... I swear to God she did!" After the funeral, three days later, he burned her new fur coat, and refused to see anyone for a month. During that time, his metamorphosis quickened him into a tyrannical, mercenary monster. Yes, he had made his money, and now he would keep it. Cynics marvelled that he had left his wife's wedding ring on her finger through her last rites.

Doctor Beeman turned wearily to his desk and switched on the shade lamp. There were reports Bailey should have attended to, but he was too tired to do them now...

A hesitant knock was heard on the door. He bellowed "Come in!" without looking up. It was little Joe, his asthma patient. But strangely enough the tiny fellow stood straight and proud, and even looked a little stern. He beckoned to the doctor, who helplessly followed him out the door into the wet slushy streets. The seven-year-old guide was silent to the questioning glances of the old man as they visited, unseen, the shabby hovels of the doctor's patients. Yes, there was widow Ainsley pitifully attempting the role of Santa Claus for the benefit of three shivering children huddling around a mere spark of a fire. The doctor turned to leave, but Joe touched his arm and pointed to little Mary, who had begun reciting, starry-eyed, to an enraptured family, the story of the Nativity as she had learned it in Sunday school. "Peace on earth and good will toward men" were the only words he had captured. Guiltily, he walked to the door and down the sunken steps. Their next stop was old Ned's barber shop. Its owner was cheerfully hobbling among his many costumers with a small gift for each one bidding them good night with a hearty "Merry Christmas!" Upon their departure he busily set

(continued on page 25)

EL BURRO:

Here is your Pin-Up Girl of the Month!



Jerry Boney is the attractive lovely coming out of this Christmas present. She is a freshman on the campus and one of the most popular girls up here. Blonde and vivacious—member of Zeta Tau Alpha.

Yours truly,

FREDDA VON ZELL

Studio at 303 Mills St.



1st to 2nd: That rushee told me she thought she forgot something!



Passenger: I'm afraid to say "Come In."
C.R.



Goodness, Joe, this isn't our baby, this isn't even our carriage. Shut up, this is a better carriage—
Leasure

A Lost Christmas

(con't from page 23)

about clearing the small room and gathered his family around him while he slyly made his children guess and sing for their presents. For the little girl there was an obviously damaged and repaired doll which she jealously clutched to her and crooned over. Young Neddie was presented with the longed-for baseball bat without the ball, and seventeen-year-old Jane was at last the proud owner of a whole box of sachet! They happily dined on such a meal as Doctor Beeman would not have fed a kennel of dogs, and retired after more song fest, tired but filled with the Yuletide spirit. "It must have been a dream," the doctor murmured. "...all so familiar."

By this time he had his fill of being proved a tyrant, but Joe refused to let him return until he had visited the old Cathedral. It wasn't a long walk to the steps of St. Paul's and the strains of "Noel" reached him clearly as he hesitated reverently at the door. The choir leader beckoned to him, but he could not force himself up the stairs.

A loud continuous pounding startled him out of his nap, and brought Anne bounding into the room laden with holly and begging him to come and see their tree. He motioned her to come sit on his knee. A little doubtfully the child moved toward him, but at his heart warming smile, she bestowed on him a hearty hug and kiss. He quietly rose and donned his overcoat. "The first stop," he chuckled through a sob, "will be toyland. And what was it Tiny Tim said? 'God bless us, everyone!'"

—The End



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for December



Miners, like Little Brother—
follow the leader when it
means **GOOD FOOD**

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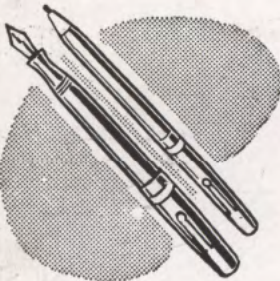


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Just beyond the
Santa Fe Bridge

Midnight Matinee Madness

By BETTY L. NEUGEBAUER

Hurry, Dick, we'll be late. You poke even at a Christmas matinee. Well—don't just stand there . . . buy the tickets! If you can't find the rest of your money, you can wait in the lobby because I'm not going to miss this picture . . . T. S.! Of course I want to sit downstairs! You know perfectly well I'm allergic to balconies! . . .

Oh, wait, don't give him the tickets yet. Let's take some peanuts and Cokes with us. I know I had supper—but that was 20 minutes ago . . . Hurry up! Anyone who can't carry two Cokes and a few measly peanuts and hand a man two perfectly small tickets must be absolutely helpless! Do you have to drop all the peanuts?

Good grief but it's dark in here . . . No, I didn't expect spotlights, but they could certainly—damn! Why do people with the longest legs have to stick them out in the aisle? I did not have that fourth eggnog! Shall we go in here? Oh, I'm sorry, little girl! You'd think people would at least leave their children on the floor instead of letting some poor unsuspecting person sit on them.

At last, two places! Dick, just because that poor man snores with his mouth open is no sign you have to pour peanuts into it . . .

Oh, Dick . . . not here! My mother may be a few seats away . . . No, I don't want my Coke now, and not on my dress, either! I'm thankful you had sense enough to save some napkins, anyway!

At last! . . . Dick, please don't crunch those things in my ear. Oh, pardon me, sir, I guess I could take my hat off. No, these are not ostrich feathers. The nerve! You didn't tell me it would be so blood-thirsty. I adore adventure, but after all . . . doesn't he kiss divinely? Dick, damn it, I said not here. Oh, he'll be killed! I positively loathe dueling! Dick, I can't look! Well, he finally had sense enough to quit, and now they're together. It was wonderful, and I don't see what you were griping about. I had a good time!

O-h-h—where are you, Dick? I'm trampled to death! You could at least come 50 feet closer . . . you and your bright ideas about leaving early! . . . If I ever go to another show with you. . . What? Oh, Merry Christmas, darling! And furthermore . . . Dick, NOT HERE!

—The End.



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Elvira de la Vega, Mgr.

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Bouquet Shop
Lucile Decker

Tupper's Service Station
Charlie Tupper

AND

HAPPY NEW YEAR

11



A loud vibrating sound filled the room, Bill Rowe jumped out of bed with his hangover leading the way. Why do people call in the middle of the night, he thought to himself. Somehow the receiver found its way into the groping hand. He heard a dull hard click and put the receiver back on its hook again. He cursed a little as he walked into the bathroom. A horrible looking figure appeared in the mirror, "Is that me? These week-end drunks are getting me." He muttered something else and closed the door.

Bill Rowe was a three months sub-graduate from El Tuna University in Askiwahwah, California. The school ran on a five day week which left considerable time for the non-athletic element of the undergraduate body to indulge or overindulge as the case may be in the evils of intoxicating beverages. In this respect Bill or "Spongegut" as his friends called him, led the way.

Askiwahwah was a typical college town seven saloons, two movie houses, a bar and grill, a dress shop, a dime store, and a church. The college was the axis on which all life moved. Coach Ripper Grasowosowaski was brought in to conduct the football efforts of the team. The president's salary had to be raised in order to be on the same level with the new molder gridiron robots. The co-eds were mostly made up of the richer element on the slum crowd or "This is an easy place for my daughter to get an education at a respectable college", this conception of respectability came through the fame of the gridiron robots of El Tuna.

With this background one can easily see that it was the ideal place to go to school. Classes were attended whenever the feeling moved you or when the trustees came on a visit.

Bill came out of the fraternity house all beaming, from his red nose to his well polished shoes. Tomato juice and a raw egg is excellent for a hangover. It was twelve o'clock much too late to attend classes, he tought to

himself. I'll just go over and see Maggie.

Maggie was Bill's girl supposedly. One reason being that he was one of the best available left by the war, another that the three men she was engaged to were still overseas. Maggie wasn't a Lana Turner but as whistle bait she could hold her own. She was a blonde mounted on a five foot four frame, and filled out properly in the right places. Her skirts were long enough to cover the matter but short enough to be interesting. Her blouses and sweaters held the eyes of passing male for more than the regular five seconds.

Bill sauntered up the stairs that led into the Alpha Beta Gamma Delta House humming his favorite tune "Hit Me Mama with A Fire Hose Cause I'm Really Hot Tonight". Maggie burst out of the door yelling, "Quiet, some of the girls are still sleeping and besides I feel the Anvil Chorus in my head." The ABCD sorority was the number one co-ed organization on the campus. It catered only to the best of the feminine pulcritude who attended El Tuna. Bill had gone over to see Maggie to ask her if she wanted to go the 467th weekly hayride, given by the M. F. D. club. Nobody knew what M. F. D. stood for but they gave a picnic every week, so everybody joined it.

Maggie was delighted to go to the M. F. D. affair for the refreshments were excellent, including the spiked punch. Besides where else could one neck under school supervision.

After giving Bill a farewell kiss until that evening when they would meet again, she reentered the lodge. The main foyer of the house was decked out with pink elephant designs on the wall paper to make the girls feel at home when they came in at night. The living room was a musty brown in color which was used for extra-curricula studying at night when the lights were low and the books became boring.

The bed chambers were the sanctum of gossip and scandal which roamed



B. DAVID HYDE

the campus from day to day. No male member of the student body had ever been caught there. Certainly the girls would never tell.

Maggie went up to her room where her room mate Barbara Jane Amber, who is no kin of Forever Amber, but it wasn't her fault she certainly tried to prove it. Maggie told Barbs about the hayride she was going on, it was her twentieth. Barbs said that Harry wouldn't take her because she always attacked him on those kind of dates. He was giving her one more chance. Maggie laughed saying he always told you that before but never failed to ask you to go to one of those hayrides.

Harry Filipowiskowski, who was the ace fullback on the football team and also Bill's bosom pal, came running into the fraternity house looking for Bill. Every time he heard a joke he told Bill, so he would know when to laugh. Bill threw down his book, "The Obstetrician and the Desert Island" and went down stairs to hear what Harry wanted. Harry started, "Did you hear what the cow said to the boy who was milking her?" Before Bill could answer, he began again, "You can't pull that stuff on me." Then Harry said, "That was good eh Bill... Where do I laugh?"

Bill mothered the boy as if Harry was his own child. Harry told Bill about his date with Barbs that night. Bill laughed to himself every time Harry came back from a date with her, he was a worn out... football player. Harry would promise himself that he would never go out again with a girl but as yet his promises were all in vain.

That night arose out of the east. All lovers of the outdoors were getting ready for a turn at the rustic atmosphere of the forest trails through which the hayride drivers always

took. Bill and Harry arrived promptly at eight. The usual crowd of up and growing lads were seen pacing up and down in front of the lodge waiting for their passion flowers to put on their "Lily of the Valley" perfume. The chatter was rising to a pinnacle of its height when Bill and Harry made their entrance. Jackie Smith, the only boy on the football team whose name anyone could pronounce, greeted them, "Lovely night for something naughty." A knowing grin passed over the faces of the fellows around. In the corner Hymie Raskiwaski was telling the boys a "Traveling Saleswoman" story. Finally the house mother came out telling the gentlemen that the women of the A. B. C. D. were now ready to receive guests.

Just at that moment three taxis drove up in front of the lodge. A Flight officer stepped out of the first cab, a sailor came out of the second hack and the third featured a Red Cross Director. Mrs. Murphy, better known as Ma Murphy, not to be confused with the pies of the same name, greeted them, "Who do you want to see?" In unison they answered, "Maggie".

Bill looked the Maggie-seekers over. Maggie came down the stairs at that time. When she saw the uniforms with their buttons reaching out for her, she fainted. Bill revived her and she told him they were the three guys she was engaged to. He thought quickly Filipowiskowski would be the answer to his problem. He told Maggie to turn her ring around. Harry was then called into the room. They told him to say that Maggie was his wife. He was too big for the combined operation of the two service men and the Red Cross would be at loss for the first time in its long career.

As the hay wagons reached the forest Maggie was smuggled up close to Harry while Barbs was being carefully caressed by Bill.

The next morning when the phone rang in the fraternity house, Bill couldn't make it for he was a worn out... college student.



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Co-eds
who like
their clothes
in the very
Latest
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Ladies Ready-to-Wear
206 N. Stanton St.

T'was the Night Before Christmas

by Deanne Guynes

*T'was the night before Xmas, and
all through the cabin,
Not a sound could be heard 'cept
Posie ablabbin'.*

*The stockings were hung
by the chimney with care
(Red Mitchell had worn them all year,
and they needed the air.)*

*The Zetas were nestled all snug
in their beds,
While visions of Phi Taus danced
in their heads.*

*And Ruth in her 'kerchief, and Jerry
in his cap
Had just settled down for a long
winter's nap.*

*When on the rooftop of Tom's,
we heard such a clatter—
We sprang from under the tables
to see what was the matter.*

*When what to my wondering eyes
should appear*

*But three bottles of Schenley's
and a case of beer.*

*As I drew in my head, and was
turning around,*

*Down the chimney Carl Tibbetts
came with a bound.*

*He was dressed in a zoot suit
from his head to his shoes,*

*But his clothes had been soiled
by the spilling of booze*

*His eyes were quite bleary—
his grin, how silly,*

*He was followed down the flue
by that Black boy named Billy.*

*His sport coat was purple,
worn with red pants*

*And his beard would do credit
to the Hard Luck Dance.*

*The hue cry rose—Oh you Rotter!
Just as the door opened and in
staggered Potter.*

(cont page 36)

About Our December Beauties

After deliberating on each of the pin-up pictures, El Burro has chosen words which we feel certain most fit the picture itself... So Miners—decide what you would like to find 'under the mistletoe'!!

(Phone numbers and more particulars can be had by request from the El Burro editors)

An exotic lovely?.....Mary Lozano
—Independent

A hubba-bubba lovely?....Erline Blaylock
—Chi Omega

A sultry lovely?..... Jeanette Harper
—Zeta

A lovely who's fun?....Georgiana Hammett
—Zeta

A kissable lovely?.....Averil Biggers
—Tri Delta

A lovely with green eyes?....Yvette Menard
—Chi Omega

A darling lovely?.....Margaret Morris
—Mu Eta Chi

A lovely queen?.....Joanne Nichols
—Gamma Phi

A sweet lovely? Carmen Gil de-Partearroyo
—Zeta

A nice lovely?.....Dora Hernández
—Independent

A whistle-when-you-look lovely?.....
Pat Maloney—Tri Delta

A beautiful lovely?.....Deanne Guynes
—Zeta

Answers to "Know Your Profs"

Baby	Grownup	Name
1	— 9	Mrs. Sperry
5	— 10	Dr. Sonnichsen
2	— 8	Mrs. de Wetter
4	— 11	Dr. Farquer
6	— 12	Dr. Nelson
3	— 13	Dr. Roth
7	— 14	Mr. Scarritt



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and
A Happy New Year

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BLUE GLASS
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HUARACHES
CURIOS
PERFUMES
JEWELRY

GO TWO BLOCKS FROM OLD MISSION

THE HOUSE OF OPPENHEIM

Ave. 16 de Septiembre 204

Cd. Juarez, Chih., Mexico

Fulfillment

The sky was swollen with stars, then fingers of light streaking magically over the ground, halving the trees, turning the dwellings into a dream world. Then, inconspicuously, they faded until only one remained. Its aura replaced the myriad, but its focus fell upon a dingy, time-worn barn, and the barn was transfigured. It absorbed and reradiated life. It exuded Love and Good Will in infinite waves. And, a baby cried.

One thousand and nine hundred and forty and five years from that moment, a man stood in a long corridor that had the smell of ether. He had been there for two days. He was worried, desperate with fear. He stared at the door behind which the ultimate monument of his Love was to be unveiled. At what cost? He asked himself, "Is this what I fought for? Is this my reward?" He walked over to the window, and stared into the night. The door opened. A woman dressed in white moved to where he stood, placed her hand on his shoulder, smiled. The sky was swollen with stars, but he saw only one. It reflected the gold eagle-button on his lapel. And a baby cried.

T'was the (hic) Night . . .

con't from page 32

The drinks were set up—

*Bill Wade went right to work
Then bellowed for more,
as usual, the jerk.
And Kraus while chugg-a-lugging
bit Swan in the nose,
And that really did it,
so everyone rose. .*

*Maryon Chapman walked by—
the Rho Sigs gave a whistle
And away they flew like the down
of a thistle.*

*They were heard to exclaim
as they faded from sight
"Merry Xmas to all—and to all—
sleep tight!"*



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