

4-1948

## El Burro, April

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Exclusive:  
**Can Russia?**

*See page 8*



WHY ARE MORE PEOPLE  
SMOKING CAMELS  
THAN EVER BEFORE?

BECAUSE  
EXPERIENCE IS THE  
BEST TEACHER!

Vic Scott

Champion  
Outboard Racing Driver

He holds the world's record for Class C Outboard Motorboats—57.325 miles per hour for 5 miles! 1947 winner of the famous Albany-to-New York Outboard Marathon.

"In 12 years of outboard racing, I've found that 'experience is the best teacher,'" says Vic Scott. "And that's true in choosing a cigarette, too. Through the years, I've tried many brands. I've compared them—for mildness, for cool smoking, for flavor. I learned from experience that Camels suit me to a 'T'!"

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



LET YOUR "T-ZONE"  
TELL YOU WHY!

T for Taste . . .  
T for Throat . . .

that's your proving ground  
for any cigarette. See if CAMELS  
don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

ALL OVER America, more people are smoking Camels than ever before. Millions of smokers have found by experience that Camels suit them to a "T."

Try Camels yourself. Compare them—for mildness, coolness; for full, rich flavor. Let your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—tell you why Camels are the "choice of experience."



Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

According to a Nationwide survey:  
More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette





**FOR  
MEN  
ONLY!**



*As you can see from the suggestions below, planned entertainment is strictly from hunger this month. But since your imaginations have just had a shot in the arm of "virus sex" and spring fever symptoms are taking effect, you shouldn't have any trouble finding some way to entertain the little woman.*

- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| 29-30 April | TIPA Convention                             |
|             | Legal cuts for El Staffo                    |
| 1 May       | Track Meet                                  |
|             | TCM vs. Sul Ross vs. N. M. A&M              |
| 4 May       | Inter-Fraternity Sing                       |
|             | Throat spray and pitch forks                |
| 6 May       | Dark of the Moon                            |
|             | Aintcha got no imagination?                 |
| 8 May       | Square Dance Festival                       |
|             | Grab your partner                           |
| 10 May      | Posture finals                              |
|             | Stomach in, chest out                       |
| 12 May      | Twilight band concert                       |
|             | Big wind at the library - 7 p. m.           |
| 13 May      | Concert                                     |
|             | Piladelphia Symphony Orchestra              |
| 14 May      | Dead week                                   |
|             | Cram and ram                                |
| 15 May      | All Mines Day                               |
|             | No classes after 10 - fun for all           |
| 21-28 May   | Finals                                      |
|             | Comes the Judgement Day                     |
| 22 May      | Full Moon                                   |
|             | but there's good shade in McKelligon Canyon |
| 28 May      | Senior Banquet                              |
|             | Bring your bibs and bicarbonate             |
| 29 May      | Senior Prom                                 |
|             | Straplesses and tails                       |
| 29 May      | Grade Day                                   |
|             | It too late now - what's did is did         |
| 31 May      | Commencement                                |
|             | Caps, gowns, sheepskins, telling profs off  |
| 1 June      | Registration                                |
|             | Sweat and summer sessions                   |

*Friar*

its' new . . . it's fun . . .  
Flautts high riding version  
of the monk's shoe . . .  
dressy little lowwheel darlings.

**9<sup>95</sup>**



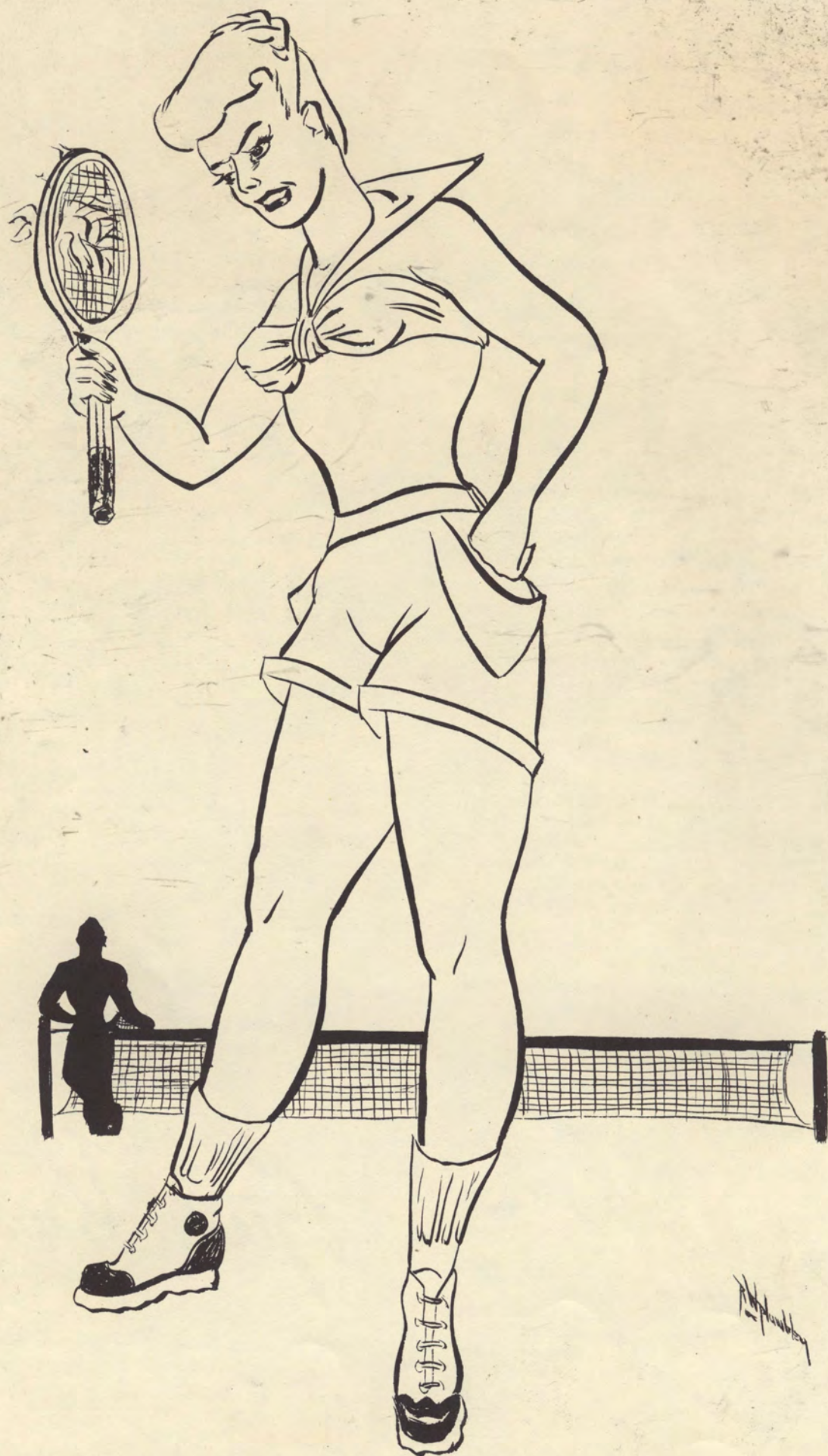
in black patent leather or soft  
white buck with cute  
gold strap on side

*Given Bros.*

"Young Colony Shop"  
310 E. San Antonio

"Village Shop"  
906 N. Picoras







## Gilberts feature —

Cool, crisp cotton dresses. First floor budget shop. A complete stock of the most outstanding, washable cottons

priced from \$7.95  
to \$16.95



- one piece
- two piece
- sunbacks
- play suits
- dressy and tailored

*Gilbert's*  
"the fashion center"

226 No. Mesa

## COVER

by

BOHMFALK



*That Lucky Dog on our cover is drooling beside Miss Betsy Goodloe, one of TCM's loveliest sophomore beauties.*

*Betsy is cool, calm, and collected in a cotton sport dress in white to enhance those tan shoulders; to be found on the Main Floor Annex of the*

*Popular Dry Goods Co.*

## CONTENTS

### FEATURES

|                      |    |
|----------------------|----|
| For Men Only .....   | 1  |
| Satirizement .....   | 4  |
| Cager .....          | 17 |
| Inflection .....     | 20 |
| Miner Musings .....  | 22 |
| Wo Meisyangdau ..... | 28 |

### FICTION

|                        |    |
|------------------------|----|
| Prize Story .....      | 11 |
| The Coward's Way ..... | 16 |

### SPECIAL

|                          |    |
|--------------------------|----|
| Art Pin-up .....         | 2  |
| Can Russia? .....        | 8  |
| Miss American Coed ..... | 14 |

### PICTORIAL

|                        |    |
|------------------------|----|
| April Fool .....       | 7  |
| Know Your Profs? ..... | 12 |
| Pin-up .....           | 18 |
| Fashion .....          | 21 |

## OUR ADVERTISERS

|                          |                               |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
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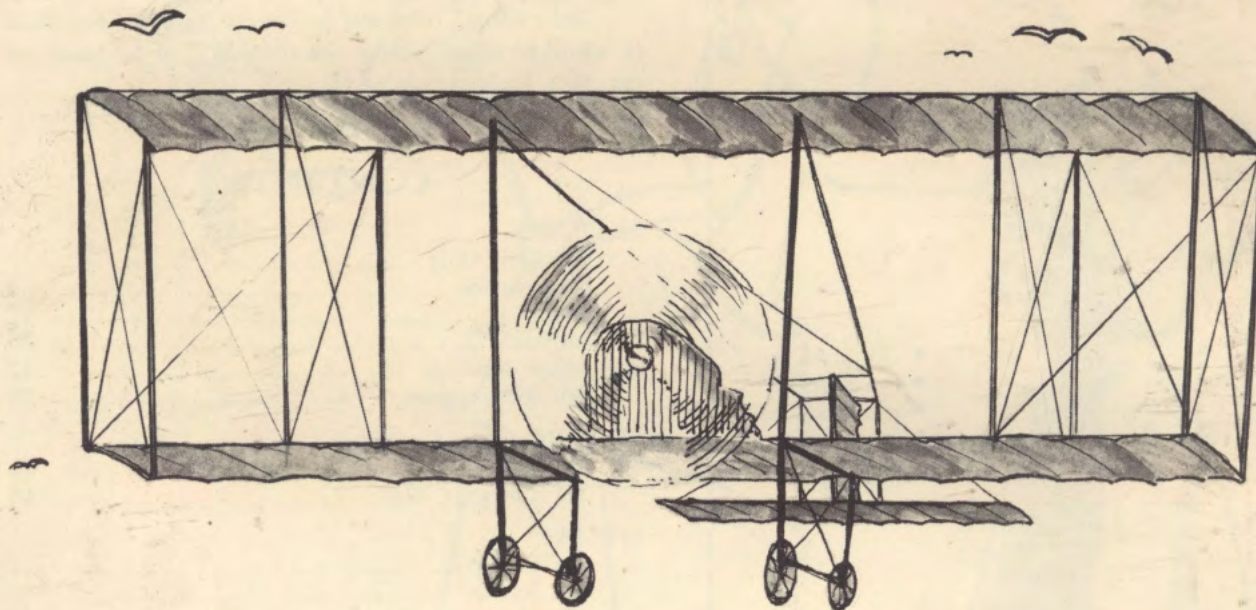
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## RATES—

Non-stop from El Paso to Fabens

- |                           |           |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| (1) With Beautiful Blonde |           |
| Hostess .....             | \$185.74  |
| (2) Fare Alone .....      | 1.35      |
| (3) With Plane .....      | .25 extra |

Sky hooks  
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Hot and cold running hostesses  
Retractable steering wheels  
Parachutes equipped with umbrella  
Air brakes to stop plane before crashing  
Retractable wings to cut down wind resistance, increasing speed

We navigate from one wreck to another

Our motto—"What goes up must come down"



*April Fools  
of  
El Burro  
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April, 1948

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under the Act of March 3, 1879.*



**April**

**Fool**

**!!**









Stalin explains the Five Year Plan

# Exclusive: Can Russia?

Facts of life  
behind the Iron Shade

*Murmansk, April 1—*

After passing through the Red Sea, three schools of Red herring, and Red Sails in the Sunset (are we boring you with details?) our proletarian steamer *USSR Henryko Wallaski* (a tramp steamer by American standards, but referred to in classless Russia as "proletarian") pulled into the docks of Murmansk. Our hearts were warmed by the sight of flying flags, blaring bands, and mobs eagerly peering for first glimpse of the decadent "Amerikanski."

Experienced some trouble in disembarking, but the pink toothbrushes and lifetime subscriptions to

*Daily Worker* in our luggage finally gained us clearance.

Hopaking down the gangplank, we were kissed on all four cheeks by the Mayor's Greeting Committee. A brief but colorful ceremony then followed, in which the Commissar for Visiting Firemen presented us with the coveted Order of the Sons of the Bolsheviks, Second Class, "in the name of the Soviet-American friendship." Proudly wearing our new second-class S. O. B. awards, we were escorted to our hotel by cheering crowds and a band playing the beloved Soviet patriotic hymn "God Bless Russia, Land that I Loff."

**Editor's Note:** This is the first and last of a series of revealing articles brought to the readers of **EL BURRO** by those two tireless, ever-alert raving reporters, Lee Roschinsky and Ewin Bohmfalkovitch. Free passports to Russia were awarded these two for winning the "Who is the Working Man?" contest in the *Daily Worker*.



Pro Joe Reception Committee

*Bohmfalkovitch: "Tickled to death to meet ya."*





### **Roschinsky reviews the troops**

*The troops review Roschinsky*

*Moscow, April 3—*

Today we witnessed the military review held in our honor in Red Square, afterwards holding our interview with Premier Stalin in the Kremlin. We were escorted by members of the Pro-Joe Club (corresponding to our Young Democrats Club in America.)

Without revealing any secrets, we have been authorized to quote the following:

*Your Correspondents:* "Would you, sir, be willing to join with the United States in sponsoring ERP?"

*Stalin:* "No! We'll keep our Lenin clean!

*Y. C.:* "What about the Czechoslovakia coup?"

*S.:* "It wasn't so chicken as you think. Get it—chicken coup. That's a joke, DA.? Samovar antagonists in America have presented a distorted view."

*Y. C.:* "Will you explain the New Communism for the benefit of your friends in America?"

*S.:* "Gladly. What's yours is mine. What's mine is my own. One for all. All for me."

*Y. C.:* "Thank You, Comrade Stalin!"

(This concluded the interview. We then dined on Kiev kutlets, toasted one another with vodka, and exchanged assurances of mutual affection).

*Moscow, April 14—*

This afternoon we went to the Ciné Moscow, witnessing the premier showing of "The Strange Loves of Karl Marx." This is a picture full of love, hate, passion, people, feeling, inspiration, expiration, transpiration, respiration, indifference. It takes place in Siberia, where capitalists are swinging on trees. When Harry Truman, lurking in the underbrush, sets fire to the trees things get hot. One wise capitalist, letting go of a branch, says to another, "I regret to say, fellow billionaires, it has become necessary to face the moujik!" He gets burned up for pulling a reactionary joke.

Around lanky, taciturn Karl Marx revolves a cast of 57 of the world's most attractive men. "The Strange Loves of Karl Marx" is the kind of picture whose producers have spared no expense, except in producing it. The musical background is tastefully restrained. It is provided by a combination cigarette case and music box. There is no music unless the hero wants a cigarette. To get a cigarette he listens to seven tinkling choruses of *Marche Slob*. Pretty soon fans associate *Marche Slob* with Karl's nicotine desires. This is a neat psychological touch.



### **Stalin greets Roschinsky**

*Roschinsky:* "Didn't we meet in Juarez?"



*Gradgrad-on-the-Don, April 5—*

Arrived here to inspect one of the great collective farms of the interior. On the way down passed through Stallingrad, Leningrad, Petrograd, and Goodgrad. Enroute viewed sturdy Vulgar boatmen chanting latest hit tune "It's OUR Red Wagon," also the Siberian salt-miners' version of "Dig, Dig, Dig." Held following illuminating interview with a peasant of the working class:

*Your Correspondents:* "What do you think of U. N.?"

*Peasant Woman:* "I love Stalin."

*Y. C.:* "Will the Marshall Plan succeed?"

*P. W.:* "Stalin loves me."

*Y. C.:* "What is your part in the Five Year Plan?"

*P. W.:* "I am as good as my neighbor."

*Y. C.:* "What do you think of Truman?"

*P. W.:* "I rate."

*Y. C.:* "What about Wallace?"

*P. W.:* "My neighbor rates."

As we conducted the interview we gazed out over the seemingly endless rows of waving, golden wheat, and listened to the happy, hearty peasants chanting "Common Through the Rye." (This is the famed Russian Reaping Song, corresponding to our "Roll Me Over in the Clover.")

*Moscow, April 6—*

Returned here for the farewell festivities in our honor. Our guide, Commissar Onanoff, took us on a tour of the night spots of the ballet. Toasted on every hand with the finest Waterfill and Fraser-vitch Vodka, we thoroughly enjoyed the ballerinas performing in their little White Russian bear skins. Heard latest smash hits by E. Ripser-Korsetoff, including "Russian Easter Parade" (or "In Your Easter Babushka") and "My Red Heaven."



**Burro reporter makes Jackass of Molotov**

*Moscow, April 7—*

Bid goodbye to our guide, Commissar Offanon, and our hosts, the members of the Pro-Joe Club. Went through the cheek-kissing ceremony for the last time. Not a dry eye in the crowd as we waved farewell.

**Signing the guest book  
at the Kremlin.**





# The Misogynist

by Lucky Leverett



It was one of those warm, clear days in early spring, and the sun, beaming in a soft, curling-at-the-edges sort of way, was poking tentative fingers of light into every nook and cranny of the campus. The grass in front of the library was fast turning a dark green, and there were several students lounging on the smooth carpet, heads on their elbows, languidly talking. It was one of those spring days when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Les Miller's mental activity had certainly turned in that direction. We were taking a breathing spell from some research in government, smoking cigarettes, and Les was beating my ears with great enthusiasm concerning the feminine charms of his latest girl friend.

I'm afraid I wasn't following his vivid descriptions too closely.

"What's the matter, friend?" he asked, "you haven't heard a word I've said. Hast no interest in the weaker sex?"

"No," I answered flatly, "I am a misogynist of the old school. That is a woman hater to you illiterates."

"And you so young, too," he said, "tell me, bitter one, what brought on this drastic change of heart?"

"'Tis a long story," I replied, "but bend an ear this way, and I'll give you some of the more succulent details."

Whereupon I leaned back against the wall, drew a long satisfying drag on my cigarette, and turned my thoughts back to the previous spring.

It was about this time last year, Les, and Scott and I were sitting on these steps watching the girls go by. The day was similar to this one, with only a small breeze stirring. The first thing I noticed about the trim girl coming up the walk towards us was that slight breeze gently lifting her light-brown hair. After a more comprehensive glance, I found that she was something to notice.

Small she was, maybe five feet two or thereabouts. She was walking along, small square shoulders held straight, with a slightly suggestive sway of the hips. On second thought I couldn't tell if her hair was light brown or dark blonde, but it reached to her shoulders, and she wore it in one of those ends-curved-under styles. It bobbed with every step she took.

When she was closer I saw that her eyes were dark brown making a nice contrast with her hair. Her features were even, though her nose was just a trifle too long for real beauty. She definitely curved in all the appropriate places.

She smiled at Scott, showing small, white teeth a little uneven on the side, and walked nonchalantly by us. She was plenty used to being stared at.

"Wheet," I whistled appreciatively when the door had closed behind her, "who is that dream walking? Do you know her, my friend?"

"Sure," he said, "that is Janie Powell. She was around in the lower grades when I was in high school. Quite a dish, no?"

"Yes," I answered, "how's about an introduction to the beauty?"

"Can do," he said, getting up, "come on."

We went up to the library, paused in the doorway, and looked around. She was sitting at a desk by herself, sticking out in that austere environment like a sweet red rose in a bouquet of lillies. We walked over to her table and sat down.

"Janie, this character has a distinct yen to make your acquaintance. He is commonly—I use the word loosely—called Chuck, and it is whispered around that his fortune at cards is nil. Chuck, this is Janie."

"Hello," she said, giving me a mischievous glance out of the side of those dark eyes, "you must be lucky at love then, Chuck."

"Not always," I answered, doing my

best, "but at the moment I'm praying."

I was sorry when she returned to her studying.

It was two or three days afterward that I called her for a date. We went to a show, had hamburgers and cokes at the Oasis, and I took her straight home. I didn't even try to kiss her goodnight at the door, something that is definitely against my better principles. Oh, I was playing it slow and easy.

The next Saturday night we went across the river, had two or three coke rhythm, was light as a feather in my rhythm, was light as a feather in my arms, and she didn't keep up a running fire of comment while the music swirled around us. I liked that.

Later that evening, emboldened by the coke highs probably, I drove up scenic drive and parked. It was one of those mystic appearing nights. A half moon was shining hazily, casting large gobs of paleness that seemed to swirl in masses with darker spots in between. The different lights of the city gleamed cheerfully, in more or less straight lines, far below like so many earthbound stars.

She made no attempt to turn her head when I kissed her. Rather her eyes slowly closed, extinguishing a reflection of the moonlight, and her soft full lips parted under mine.

"Hellooo," I said, and my voice had a tremulous quality.

"Hello, yourself," she answered, and snuggled her small head on my shoulder with a tiny sigh.

Well, Les, I was a goner. I took her everywhere that a meagre bank account would allow. I was so surprised to find that my intentions were honorable, that I went down and bought a ring on the installment plan. By then it was almost the end of the semester.

It was about a week after finals

*Continued on page 23*



# Know your profs?

or

## From which of these little nuts



1



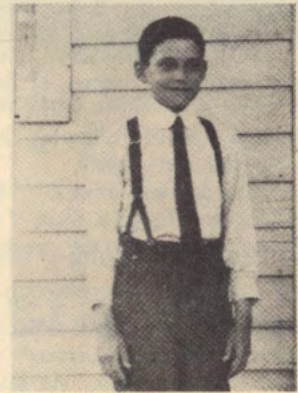
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4



5



6



7



8

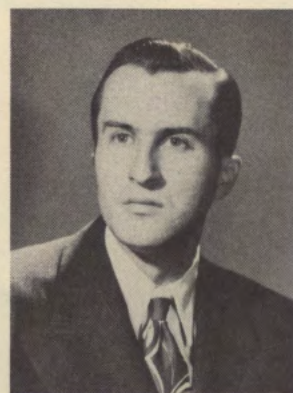
(For solution, turn to page 30.)



did these great oak trees grow?



A



B



C



D



E



F



G



H





*Miss Joyce Hunter*

Portrait by Sam Fant



## JCM's

# "Miss American Coed of 1948"

Here is our choice as Mines "Miss American Coed of 1948", Joyce Hunter, whose picture has been forwarded to New York University's magazine "Varieties", which is sponsoring the national Photographic Beauty Contest to choose the typical "Miss American Coed of 1948". The lucky girl will be crowned by Sammy Kaye sometime in the latter part of April, and will receive \$5,000 in prizes, including a diamond ring.

Joyce's picture was judged the winner, along with runner-ups Betsy Goodloe and Dolores Moorhead, by Judges Dr. Sonnichsen, Mrs. Kay Craig, Mr. Baxter Polk, Dean Judson Williams, Mr. Pete Snelson and the Executive Staff of El Burro.

Joyce is our second bid for fame, following last year's winner from Mines, Martha Kilpatrick, who placed second in the national contest and was pictured in Life Magazine.



*Miss Betsy Goodloe*



*Miss Dolores Moorehead*



# The Coward's Way

by Bunny Mann

Evan Bittle was the type of man that women worshipped and men detested. He conducted his speech and actions in the suave manner of a college professor of English with a too visible touch of conceit. Since Evan was first aware of the relationship between man and woman he had persistently accepted every opportunity for separating contented couples, irrespective of marital status. He was handsome and was well aware of it.

The increasing wind was unmercifully tossing withered leaves about as an ugly blackness closed down on the farming center in which Evan now resided. The atmosphere was filled with minute particles of dust, leaves, and anything else the now violent wind was able to carry. Visibility was very poor.

Slowly driving down the lonely rut of a road, Evan ejected a satisfied smirk as he thought of the young girl he had only a few minutes before left at her door. He knew of four or five men who were deeply in love with her,

but one in particular continued creeping into his mind—that club-footed ape! Whatever possessed such a monster to attempt the winning of one so lovely and delicate. He had heard local gossipers and buffons denounce him for his frankness as well as for his unusual ability to psychoanalyze their actions. Few people would accept Caleb's friendship, and still fewer would show him the common decency every human should receive.

Evan was not blind to the contempt and hatred that men held for him and his suavity with women. Well, he had shown them all, including that clumsy ape, Caleb Morrison.

As he was making the tail of an "S" curve, his headlights flashed on a large lump in one of the ruts. It was a man. Evan pulled to a stop, hopped from his car, and trotted up to the still form. A strange tingle of guilt traced his back as he rolled the man over. It was Caleb Morrison.

Evan stooped to take the unconscious man's pulse and detected a strong odor of liquor on Caleb's breath.

O well! Couldn't leave him out in this weather. It looked like a big rain might be coming soon.

Evan was no weakling, but he strained himself as he dragged the bulky form to his car. After considerable exertion he had the drunk slouched over in the front seat. Now what would he do with him?

"Guess I might as well take the damn fool to his house," he muttered disgustedly.

Although they seldom saw each other, they were neighbors, if you choose to consider more than a mile as neighbors. But there were no farms between theirs so they were thought as such.

Having reached Caleb's small, shingled farm house, Evan hauled the heavy passenger out of his car and managed to get him into the sparsely furnished living room where he dumped him in an old fashioned rocker facing a fireplace which was lacking in warmth. The chilling wind commanded Evan to feed the hungry fireplace, so he piled up a few pine logs from which a glowing fire was soon dancing and lighting up the shadowed room.

With the aid of the light, he began to look about the room as he had never been in the house before. A small table with a kerosene lamp on it, three straight chairs, the rocker, a couple of calendar fronts of nude women, and —.

"A coffin!" gasped Evan as his



Continued on Page 24





# FROM THE CAGER

By

KIDD MINING CLUB AND  
SCIENTIFIC CLUB

*An informative corner devoted to current happenings in the technical, geological, and engineering fields.*

The Easter holidays found three engineers making an inspection trip of mining properties in south-eastern Arizona. First stop was Morenci, where Phelps-Dodge has recently changed from underground mining of copper ore to strip methods. The management was courteous to an extreme, giving us a guided tour of the mine, mill and smelter which took nearly all day.

Morenci's sample foreman and geologist, Lovis Smith, turned out to be a most interesting conversationalist, and sold completely on geology. He has done considerable work on caprock at Morenci, and his studies have been proved correct by extensive prospecting with churn drills.

Saturday morning was spent going through the leaching plant of Inspiration Copper Co. at Miami. The ore at this mine is soluble in a weak water-sulfuric acid mixture, which obviates the necessity for the customary flotation plant. Ore goes into the large leaching tanks after having been ground to a minus  $3/8$ ", and after a period of about six days, the waste removed.

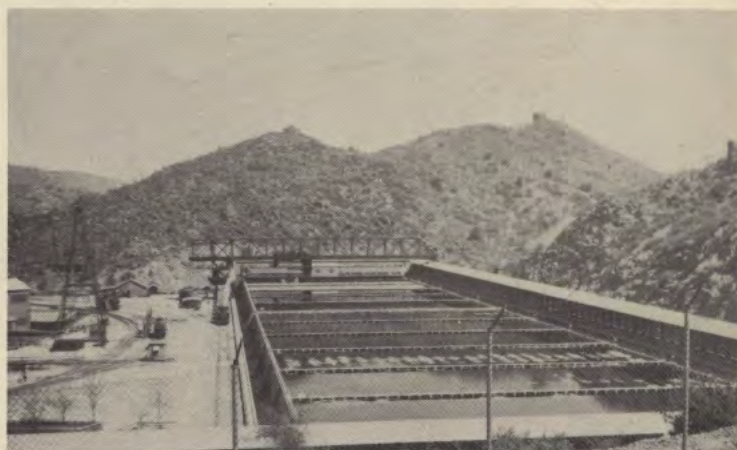
Copper is recovered from the solutions in an electrolytic tank house and also by precipitation as cement copper. A contact process sulfuric acid plant completes the equipment.

Saturday afternoon we were in Superior in time to go underground with the 4:30 o'clock shift at the Magma mine (a Newmont holding). Here the mine foreman acted as guide. This property has been in operation for years on a vein carrying mainly copper, with some gold and silver. Depth has a reach well over 4000 feet with rock temperature running about  $140^{\circ}$ . To combat this, the company has installed an elaborate air-conditioning system which keeps the temperature in the active parts of the mine within a range of  $75^{\circ}$  to  $90^{\circ}$ .

An interesting feature of this company's labor-management relations is that the men have no union. Recently the C. I. O. Miner, Mill, and Smelter Workers made a determined effort to establish a foothold in this mine, but a majority of the men decided they could handle their dealings with the company without the aid of a nation-wide union. The company for the past twenty years has had the policy of giving an annual paid vacation to all men, which is a progressive attitude.

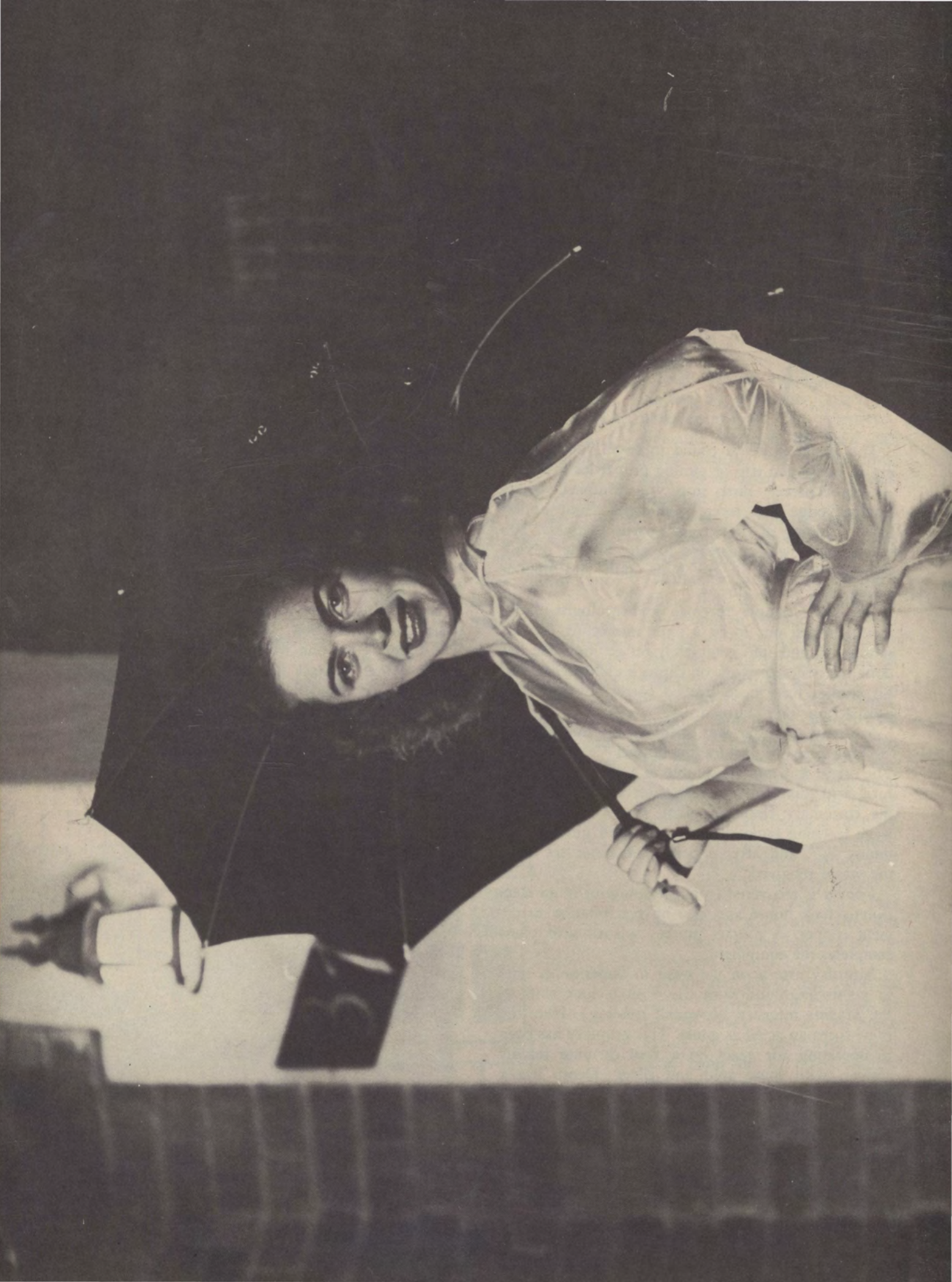
Sunday we spent in driving to Bisbee, by way of Ray and Tombstone, scene of bonanza days in the '80'.

The Phelps-Dodge at Bisbee has four operating miners—the Campbell, Denn, Junction, and Cole. The latter is the one we went through, accompanied by Miner '42 Jack Kannady, who is mine foreman. This copper deposit is a replacement in limestone; the mining methods vary depending on the character of the ground. Square-set fill, Mitchell top-slicing, and an occasional open stope are to be found.



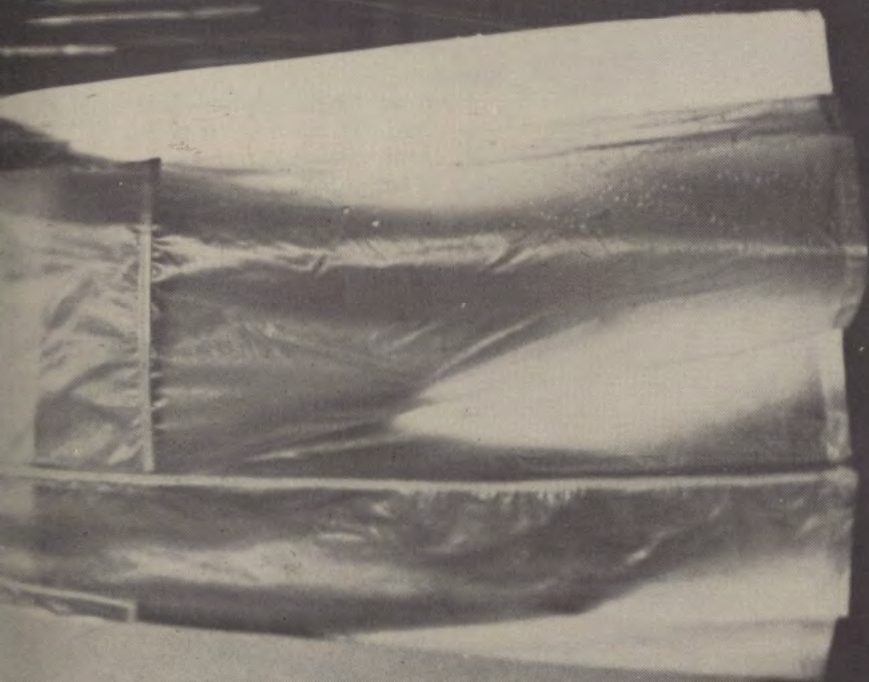
*Leaching plant at the Inspiration Mine*







*April Showers*  
or  
*Drool in the Sun*





# INFLECTION

I'm very often disturbed by people who come in and ask for "red back" books and murder machinations. No less annoying are those who want the "wrapped in a ribbon and tied in a bow" commodities which come in those carefully designed gift wrappings. Anyone individual making such a request will usually tell you how tired he is of the front pages, conversations and radio blurbs relating to current news events and topics of international interest. Once in a while one such "reader" whose personality is about to split anyway will ask you how to develop literary taste—which is the most unanswerable question I know to date unless one *wants* to read. I can't understand why a person of this dubious taste doesn't go to a movie when this urge for fluff besets him. There is the remote possibility, that if he attends a movie he might also see a god newsreel to restore him to the metamorphic processes which might one bright season change the worm to a man. The movie, at least, would be easier to forget than a book along the same theme.

If I had been this kind of reader I would most likely never have picked up Stephen Spender's *EUROPEAN WITNESS* which has proved well worth my time. Mr. Spender, an English poet now lecturing at Sarah Lawrence College, here employs the medium of prose and retains just enough of the poetic technique to give his phrases a delightfully dramatic emphasis. The book is the record of the poet's journey through much of the battle torn areas of Germany. In one instance he tells of his meeting with a German youth of twenty-three who was formerly a concentration camp inmate. This youth had spent six years in the Concentration Camp at Esterwegen. Mr. Spender invited him to tea, but later discovered he could not serve tea to a German civilian, and so arranged another meeting.

Clarens, the German youth, was finally induced to tell something of his life in the Concentration Camp.

Clarens had turned anti-Nazi through the influence of a "Countess aged forty-five who was still a beautiful woman." (It is my understanding that many American GI's were in a sense influenced by some Countess or other, too). This Countess was a socialist one and instructed Clarens in the falsity of the Nazi ideas which had been imbedded in him by the Hitler Youth organization. Later Clarens was arrested, examined and imprisoned by the Gestapo. "They made him walk along a corridor which was traversed by another corridor. When he reached the place where the corridors crossed, shots were fired across his path. They put him in a cellar like a showerbath. This was constantly filled up with water which he had to pump out with a handle in order to save himself from being drowned."

Clarens continued with even a stranger story in which he told of one of the S. S. men, who seemed "more human than the others," coming into the cell with a large ball made of wood. With this wooden ball they played a game of football!

Another very interesting chapter in this book tells something of the writing and publication of Goebbel's first work, a novel called *Michael* which was published in 1929. It was written at the time when the now infamous (and late) head-beast of propaganda was a rebellious student at Heidelberg. I don't recall that the book was available in this country either in German or English, though it may have been—I was much younger then and more interested in things dear to American childhood. At any rate, Mr. Spender quotes quite a bit from the book and comments that "it is difficult to imagine that anyone can have thought *Michael* to be other than a book by a criminal written for criminals." He also reports that all the critics who judged it on literary grounds considered it of no importance whatsoever. The story of *Michael* is a thready one. Michael becomes a worker in a mine and he is killed by a fall of coal, but only after he has discovered the Nazi truth and becomes febrile with it, par-

ticularly in the beer cellars in Munich.

Here is one of Michael's ecstatic visions as written by novelist Goebbels.

"I put on my helmet, I draw my dagger and I declaim

'The Crown of Lilies (Lilencron)'.

Sometimes this mood overcomes me.

To be a soldier! To stand at one's post!

A soldier in the service of the Revolution of his people.

I hear loud words of command, cries of Hurrah. I shout also: Hurrah! Hurrah!

I am no longer a man. A savage fury overcomes me. I sweat blood.

I shout 'Forwards! Forwards! I want to be a hero.' "

Better things than this have actually appeared on the pages of *El Burro!* (Sorry, fellow artists, but that's the way I feel. However, you might be consoled in this statement from a recent book on literary criticism: "Contemporary criticism is the sum of folly with which genius has to wrestle.")



by Baxter Polk





Dickie, a strictly sharp-looking sophomore, is very ably displaying a cool, cotton, backless sun dress with matching bolero jacket from the 4th floor Junior Miss Shop of the

Popular Dry Goods Co.



Miner Model  
of the Month  
Miss Dickie  
Landsdowne

Photos by Bobmjak



# MINER MUSINGS



One night  
I sat upon a mountain top  
And leaned my weary head against  
The moon.



A star  
I cuddled deep within my hands  
And watched the wicked world drop off  
To sleep.

—Janie Derrick.



## OFFICE MANAGER

O, fortune's darling child! So long have you  
Moved in your fancied role of crown prince  
That even you believe it is your birthright—  
Not to mention the fact it pays in cold,  
Hard cash to have a staff which palpitates  
With pleasure when you dispense your gracious  
Little acts out of the largeness of your,  
As you so proudly say, democratic  
Nature—And all you ask in return is  
Just the homage due one born tall and fair  
And not really rich, but outstanding in  
The community of up-and-coming men—  
It is understood, of course, that the only  
Reason anyone has a job is to  
Keep the institution out of the red—  
Therefore, O, democratic worker, there  
Is no need to think long on deep things—  
Bow low when your betters pass, do your work  
As you are told—God has a reward for you.

—Elizabeth Campbell.

Sometimes I think I'd like to be,  
My father's eucalyptus tree,  
That lives a life for high regard,  
Out in the corner of our yard.  
Its limbs are washed by summer rains,  
And robins warble sweet refrains  
From out its branches thrillingly;  
I often listen willingly.  
In fall, Ma Nature with esteem,  
Contrives a brand new color scheme  
And when it shakes from winter's blow,  
Mama conceives a cloak of snow.  
If springtime blossoms covered thee,  
You'd smell quite sweet—just like our tree.  
Sometimes I think I'd like to be,  
My father's eucalyptus tree;  
But then I stop—I think—I frown,  
They're 'way too many dogs around;  
Ah, dead is all desire to be  
My father's eucalyptus tree.

—Lucky Leverett.

## INCOMPATIBILITY

(It's Wonderful!)

Dear, if I may be so crass,  
And try to break this new impasse,  
Whereby we find ourselves at odds  
On creeds, philosophies, and gods;  
And just about the entire roll  
From Temperature to Birth Control.

I could smile, agree, assent,  
And be the twig that's slowly bent.  
But frankly, dear, I hope you say  
You like me more the other way.  
For don't you think that we would be  
Bored with unanimity?

—Jean St. Roberts Kelly.





## The Misogynist, cont'd

that the bubble burst. One night she called me up and broke a date, saying that her mother was ill and she had to stay home. Later the boys came by and we went down to the Oasis for a brew. We were sitting there when this long, black Buick convertible swirled into the space beside us and there she was, snuggled up against a flashily dressed youth. There was room for at least two more on the front seat beside them.

I found out later that the boy was an old flame home for the summer vacation from N. M. M. I., and his old man was loaded with dough.

Janie soon let me know in little ways that I was playing second fiddle. And so I became a misogynist, Les. "Tough," he said, and shook his head slightly in sympathy.

We sat there on the steps moodily busy with our own thoughts, and the beautiful spring day was forgotten.

Then around the corner came a small, brown-haired girl, walking in a light manner reminiscent of a bit of thistledown being blown along by a vagrant breeze. Her blue eyes shone from the background of a white complexion, and her full dark eyebrows emphasized their brightness. She would be a beauty anytime but highlighted by that spring day, she was something to see.

She said, "Hi, Les," smilingly and went into the library.

"Wow! Who was that?"

"That was Julie, my woman-hating friend," and grinning satirically, "Would you care to meet her?"

"Why not?" I said, getting up and following him into the building.

The door slammed to behind us shutting out a whole set of slightly worn resolutions strewn on the front steps.



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### THE ALLIGATOR

Alligators do not read newspapers.

Alligators do not read books.

Alligators aren't built for capers.

Only other alligators admire their looks.

—Nancy Miller



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## The Coward's Way, cont'd

eyes fell upon a wooden box in a dark corner. He walked over to it, cautiously raised its lid, but his bewilderment was only accentuated as he looked into the coffin. It had been sectioned off into five parts with various sizes of cut-outs at the bottom of each panel.

"Now why in the world would he —." He whirled about as he heard the floor creak, only to be hurled into darkness from a heavy blow on his head. He dropped to the floor.

Caleb stood over the limp form with a steel poker gripped firmly in his burly hand. A trickle of saliva dripped from the corners of his flabby lips and his large, round eyes spouted scorn. He hurriedly dragged his club-foot across the rotting floor and flung open a door. He groped in the dark room for a few minutes and returned with a coil of rope and a screen-wire box.

Laying them on the floor, he bent over the coffin and pulled the partitions from their runners. He was working nervously as though he were frightened of the impending imprudent crime he was about to commit. Having undressed Evan completely, bound his arms to his sides, tied his feet together, and dropped him in the coffin face up, he carefully fitted the wooden partitions down over Evan's body—a perfect fit.

When Evan awoke, he saw Caleb standing grotesquely over him. He started to rise, but finding that he was securely bound, not only by the ropes but the partitions as well, he relaxed.

Unable to remember any of his usually suave and flowery speeches which he showered upon his lady friends, he cursed Caleb, his family, and belled everything that



he could think of that would insult the outcast. Caleb smiled, stumbled awkwardly to the table, lit the kerosene lamp, and hung it on a nail above the coffin. Picking up the small screened box, he held it up so that his prisoner could see its contents.

Five huge rats squeaked hungrily as they clawed fiercely at the screen. Caleb dropped a small hunk of bacon through a hole in the top and the five rodents sprang upon it, devouring it in a second.

The cage was placed upon the floor and Caleb took a shining razor blade from a pocket, held it before Evan's bulging eyes, then moved to the other end of the coffin. Evan could hear the wind wailing and whistling outside as a sharp pain jabbed his foot. Again and again he suffered the slicing pain. Warm blood meandered from between his toes and turned cold before it reached his heels.

The rat cage was again held where he could see it, and realizing what his captor intended to do, he began pleading, asking why, and even sobbing a little.

"Why, Caleb? Why? I've never harmed you. Please! Be reasonable!" Perspiration dripped from his body.

Caleb smiled bitterly, then said through gritted teeth, "You knew I loved her! You knew I could never compete against you."

"But —"

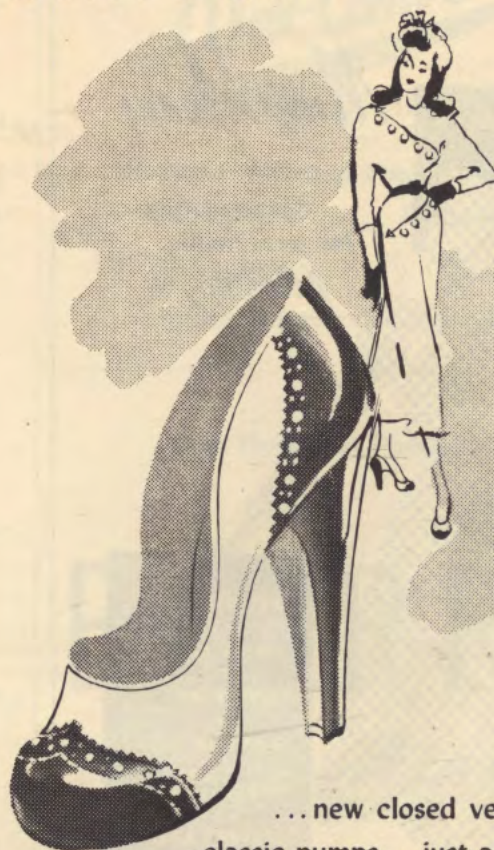
"I knew you were with her tonight. I also knew about what time you would be coming home as I have followed your every date for the past two weeks. You thought I was drunk when you found me. Ha! It has been many years since a couple of shots could make me cock-eyed."

"Please! Let me go! I'll promise you that —"

"Shut up!" Caleb yelled. "Do

*Continued on page 30*

## *Jacqueline* SPECTATORS



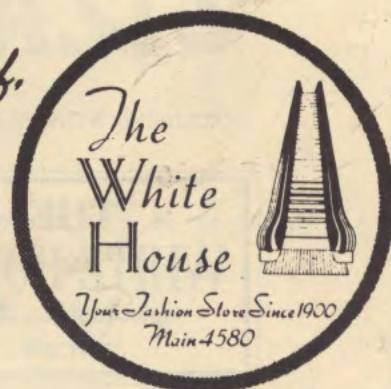
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"Hello, Joan, watch doin' next Saturday night?"  
"Gotta date."  
"And the next Saturday night?"  
"Gotta date."  
"And the Saturday after that?"  
"Gotta date."  
"Good gawd, woman, don'tcha ever take a bath?"  
—Columns

\* \* \*

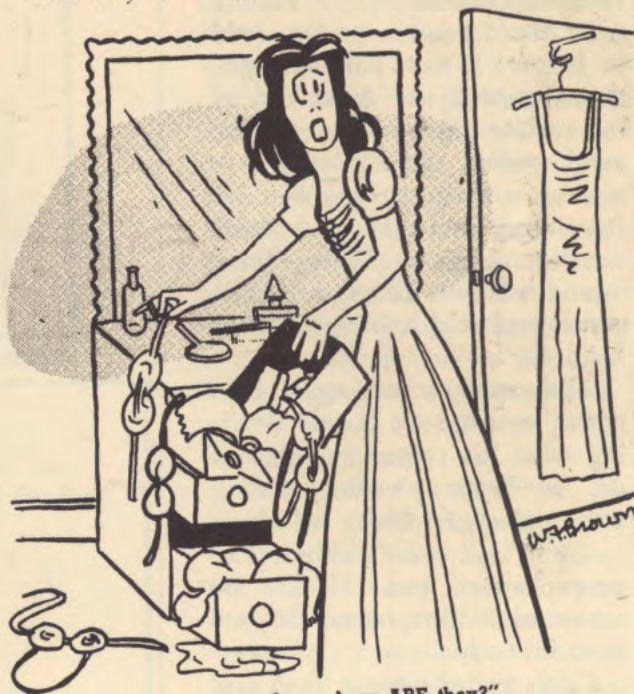
"Pa, tell me how you proposed to Ma," requested the young hopeful.

"Well, son, as I remember it was like this. We were sitting on the sofa one night at her home and she leaned over and whispered in my ear.

"I said, 'Like hell you are.'"

—Pup

"Next day we were married."



"My gosh, mother, where ARE they?"

TIGER

"I took her to a show, bought her a dinner, and then went to a night club. Then do you know what she said?"

"No."

"Oh, then you've had her out, too."

—The Log.

\* \* \*

"Why did you go to Dr. Frost?"

"Well, Dr. Gile had 10 to 1 on his door, and Dr. Frost had 3 to 5, so I took the best odds I could get."

—Sundial

\* \* \*

"How's your date?"

"Not so good."

"You always were lucky."

—Goldfish



Seudent nurses: Gosh it's ten o'clock—we're out after hours.

Mines students: Well, so are we; what are we waiting for?

\* \* \*

Two women who had not seen each other for quite a few years accidentally met at a Christmas party. Here is a portion of the ensuing chat.

She: "Does your husband still find you entertaining?"

Her: "No, not if I can help it."



Sellander

"Gesundheit!"

\* \* \*

PURPLE PARROT

He was a bit shy and after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he arose and started to leave.

"I'm sorry I offended you," she said.

"Offended?—I'm going for more flowers."

\* \* \*

Favorite joke overheard in dull class: "I'm a married man of respect and standing in my community," said a small-town merchant as he discovered two strange blondes in his Pullman berth. "I'm very sorry, but one of you will have to leave."

—Kitty Kat

\* \* \*

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## WO MEISYANGDAU (Who'd a thunk it!)

A chip on the shoulder is the worst kind of epaulet and a constant expense to the wearer.  
\* \* \*

I have examined whether there were no way of succeeding without worth, and I have found none.—Vauvenargues.  
\* \* \*

All the intelligence in the world is of no avail to a man who has none of his own. If he has no ideas he cannot profit from those of other people.—La Bruyere.  
\* \* \*

Be content to seem what you really are. Do not forget little kindnesses, but do not remember small faults.  
\* \* \*

Women need not be beautiful every day of their lives; it is sufficient that they have moments which one does not forget and the return of which one expects.

It is hard to believe that a man is telling the truth when you know that you would lie if you were in his place.  
\* \* \*

Wherever you are, it is your own friends who make your world.  
\* \* \*

No man ever knows what true happiness is until he has got a complete set of false teeth and has lost all interest in the opposite sex.  
\* \* \*

Politeness is the curb that holds our worst selves in check.



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"MUST HAVE SLIPPED—"



*I never kiss, I never neck,  
I never say hell, I never say heck,  
I'm always good, I'm always nice,  
I never play poker, I never shoot dice,  
I never wink, I never flirt,  
I say no gossip, spread no dirt,  
I have no line, play no tricks,  
But what the hell, I'm only six!*

—Miss-A-Sip

\* \* \*

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What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?  
For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the  
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#### Joke of the Month

*Is your daughter in tonight?  
No, get out and stay out!  
But I am the sheriff.*

Submitted by  
Don Jenkins  
Qts. 1405,  
Ft. Bliss, Texas

*Oh, I am sorry. . . Come in. . . I thought  
that was a Lambda Chi pin. . .*

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AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



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## The Coward's Way, cont'd

you think that after I have gone this far I would dare set you free? I have planned this for many many months. These rats have been raised on raw meat and haven't eaten for almost a week. No. Evan Bittle, my hate for you can only be calmed by your death at my command."

"You're drunk, Caleb! You will have to pay for this with your own life. The police will —."

"No! I have a cozy little grave waiting for whatever the rats don't want. No one saw you came here tonight, and I can easily dispose of your car. But enough of this." Caleb almost sang the last sentence: "The show must go on."

He raised the lid from the cage and dumped the starved rats into the section from which only Evan's feet protruding. Instantly the rats began gnawing at the blood-tained feet.

Evan screamed hysterically. The pain was terrible.

But he would never do it. Even though he knew Evan was at that very minute with the only girl he had ever loved, he could never commit such a dastardly crime. He rolled over and went back to sleep, hoping to pick up the dream where he left off.

+++++

## Know Your Profs?

Answers

- 1-B Mr. Tappan
- 2-E Mr. Senning
- 3-A Dr. Sonnichsen
- 4-F Mrs. Bohmfalk
- 5-C Dr. Farquear
- 6-D Dr. Nelson
- 7-G Mr. Scarritt
- 8-H Miss Abat



"How old is you?"  
 "Ab's five. How old is you?"  
 "Ab don't know."  
 "Yo' don't know how old you is?"  
 "Nope."  
 "Does women botha' you?"  
 "Nope."  
 "Yo's fo'."

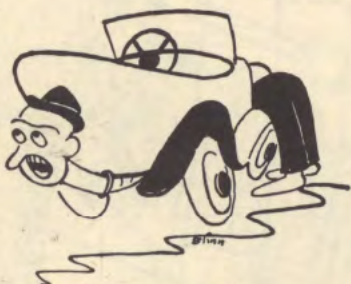
—Aggievator

\* \* \*

"Do you expect to be busy to-night?"

"That depends on the boy I go out with."

—Aggievator



"It's empty!"

\*\*\*

His aunt, an old maid, went to have her picture taken for Christmas, and the photographer noticed her tying a piece of string around the bottom of her skirt.

"What's the idea of that?" he asked. "I can't take your picture that way."

"You can't fool me, young man," said the old girl. "I know you can see me upside down in that camera."

\* \* \*

A very tired soldier went into a USO center where there were booths along a wall for Christmas parties, coffee and food, and one for beds. What our hero wanted was a bed. But he got in the party line by mistake.

"One," he said.

"Don't you want to take a girl?" asked the motherly lady, and added as he hesitated, eyes popping, "You can if you want to. You'll have more fun if you do."

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*For years and years the two sexes have been racing for supremacy. Now they have settled down to neck and neck.*

\* \* \*

Three old men were discussing the ideal way of dying. The first, aged seventy-five, said he'd like to crash in a car going eighty miles per hour. The second, eighty-five, said he'd take his finish in a 400 mph plane. "I've got a better idea," said the third, aged ninety-five. "I'd like to be shot by a jealous husband."

—Truss Buster

\* \* \*



*"I want to give her a practical gift—*

*—something she really can use."*

SHOWME

Officer: "Are you happy now that you are in the Navy?"

Boot: "Yes, sir."

Officer: "What were you before you got into the Navy?"

Boot: "Much happier."

\* \* \*

"What color bathing suit was she wearing?"

"I couldn't tell. She had her back turned."

\* \* \*

Mistress: You know, I suspect my husband is flirting with his stenographer.

Maid: I don't believe it! You're only saying it to make me jealous.

—Princeton Tiger



Is your daughter in tonight?  
 No, get out and stay out!  
 But I am the sheriff.  
 Oh, I am sorry. . . Come in. . . I thought  
 that was a Lambda Chi pin. . .

\* \* \*

Freshman: "Did Bunny blush when her shoulder  
 strap broke?"  
 Junior: "I didn't notice."

—Covered Wagon

\* \* \*

Sometimes a pinch of salt can be improved by  
 dropping it into a glass of beer.



\* \* \*

The meanest man in the world is the man who  
 threw his voice under the Old Maid's bed.

Many a man has made a monkey of himself by  
 reaching for the wrong limb.

—Covered Wagon

\* \* \*

He: I just got a letter from my wife. She ran  
 off with my best friend.

Him: That's awful. Was he rich and handsome?

He: Dunno. I never met him.

—Covered Wagon

# Lady Borden ice cream



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If a girl's a good loser at strip poker, it isn't always sportsmanship. Sometimes it's plain conceit.

*If someone tells you your girl has been kissed by every guy in town, just give him your smuggest look and say, "It ain't such a big town, Mac."*

\* \* \*

Of all the things that get into your mouth and attack your teeth, the one thing that tooth paste can't get out is the dentist.

\* \* \*

*Reformer: And furthermore, hell is just filled with cocktails, roulette wheels, and naughty girls.*

*Voice from the rear: Oh, death, where is thy sting?*



Syracuse

\* \* \*

*Lady visitor (at zoo): Where are all the monkeys?*

*Keeper: In the back making love.*

*L. V.: Do you think they will come out if I offer them some peanuts?*

*Keeper: Would you?*

\* \* \*

Heard out side the commandant's office: "But sir, you can't stick me. I'm from one of the best families in California."

Tac: "That's OK, it's not for breeding purposes."

\* \* \*



A homely girl approached the information desk at the tourist park, and asked for a road map.

Here you are," said the clerk.

"Well, I hope I don't go wrong," replied the girl.

"With that map," retorted the clerk, "you can't possibly."

\* \* \*

*She: How is it that you get so divinely after you've had a few drinks?"*

*He: "I drink rubbing alcohol."*

\* \* \*



"WELL... A PEDESTRIAN CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL THESE DAYS..."

Syracusan

The street car stopped at the intersection. "All aboard," yelled the conductor from the front of the car. "Wait," cried a feminine voice. "Wait until I get my clothes on." The naked girl came down the aisle. We had all expected a negress with a bundle of laundry.

—Mis-A-Sip

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EL PASO, TEXAS



ON AND OFF THE CAMPUS



**B.V.D.** BRAND

## Ruggers Sport Shirt

For the free feel of smartly styled comfort—the Ruggers Shirt is ideal. Gloriously soft fabrics...clear, cool colors...and smoothly flowing fit by "B.V.D." make this shirt a must for the man who values relaxation. The Ruggers Shirt looks right with or without a tie. Come in and buy several...today.

**\$4.95**

**Union CLOTHING CO.**  
Corner of  
San Antonio and Oregon Sts.

\* \* \*

*He: I can't see what keeps you girls from freezing.  
She: You're not supposed to.*

—Masquerader

\* \* \*

The Bee is a busy little soul.  
He has no time for birth control.  
And that is why in times like these,  
There are so many sons of bees!

—Pup

\* \* \*

*The bather's clothes were strewed  
By the winds that left her nude.  
When a man came along,  
And unless I am wrong,  
You expected this line to be lewd.*

—Voo Doo

\* \* \*

An amoeba named Joe and his brother  
Went out drinking toasts to each other.  
In the midst of their quaffing  
They split their sides laughing  
And found that each one was a mother.

\* \* \*

*Girl in gym class: "I'll stand stand on my head  
or bust."*

*Instructor: "Just stand on your head."*

\* \* \*

A clergyman had an auto accident with a truck driver. The trucker got out and proceeded to lecture to the minister in the choicest language he could summon. The minister just stood there, and when the trucker had finished, he said, "Look, my friend, I am a minister, and therefore I cannot use the sort of language you do; but I sincerely hope that when you get home, your mother crawls out from under the porch and bites you."

\* \* \*

*Teacher: Has anyone here any Indian blood?*

*Johnny: I have.*

*Teacher: What tribe?*

*Johnny: It wasn't a tribe; just a wandering Indian.*

\* \* \*

Railroad station conversation overheard between two students waiting for a train to take them home for the holidays. . .

What time is it?

I don't know, my watch is constipated.

What do you mean by that?

It hasn't had a regular movement for three days.

\* \* \*

"Call me a taxi."

"Okay, you're a taxi."



# EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



As the late, great Gertrude Stein might have said—but didn't—"a buck is a buck is a buck." And bucks—up to fifteen of 'em—are precisely what Pepsi-Cola Co. kicks in for gags you send in and we print.

Just mark your stuff with your name, address, school and class, and send it to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co.

We pay only for those we print. Yes, you collect a rejection slip if your masterpiece lays an egg on arrival.

Will we hate you for mentioning "Pepsi-Cola" in your gag? Au contraire, to coin a phrase. It stimulates us. Even better than benzedrine. So come on—bandage up that limp badinage, and send it in—for Easy Money. Then just sit back and cross your fingers.

## — DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

\$1 apiece to Herbert W. Hugo of Northwestern Univ., Richard M. Sheirich of Colgate Univ., Tad Golas of Columbia College, Bob Sanford of Notre Dame, and Jo Cargill of Bates College for these. And when we think of what a dollar used to buy!

Mushroom—the girl friend's front parlor.

Dime—a buck with taxes taken out.

Ounce—one-twelfth of a bottle of Pepsi-Cola.

Funnel—faster way of drinking Pepsi.

Ghost writer—writes obituary notices.

\* \* \*

*Suffering from the shorts? Here's your answer—one buck each for any of these we buy.*

## GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



A very special contest—for cartoonists who can't draw. If that's you, just write a caption for this remarkable cartoon. (If you can't write, either, we can't do business.) \$5 each for the best captions. Or if you're a cartoonist who *can* draw, send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

December winners: \$15.00 to: Kathy Gonso of Michigan State College; \$5.00 each to: Alex. H. Veazey of Philadelphia, Leroy Lott of Univ. of Texas, and Robert A. M. Booth of Univ. of Colorado. Not a conscience in the crowd!

## LITTLE MORON CORNER



Here's the character study (and we do mean "character") that dragged down two iron men for Mauro Montoya of Univ. of New Mexico:

Our own inimitable Murgatroyd (better known to his intimates as "Meathead") was discovered a few days ago carefully holding a large bucket beneath a leaking faucet. Naturally he was asked the reason. "Duuuuh," replied the outsized oaf, with his customary ready intelligence, "I'm collectin' trickles for the Pepsi-Cola jingle!"

*Arthur J. McGrane of Duke Univ. also raked in \$2 for his moron gag. So can you, if yours clicks. Just be yourself!*

## HE-SHE GAGS

Three bucks apiece went out to Mammon-worshippers Bill Spencer of Hardin-Simmons Univ., Nick G. Flocos of Univ. of Pittsburgh, Shirley Motter of Univ. of Cincinnati, and Carson A. Ronas of Brooklyn, N. Y., respectively, for these bits of whimsy:

He: O. K., stupid, be that way.

She: Don't you call me stupid!

He: O. K., ignorant.

She: Well, that's better!

\* \* \*

She: I'm thirsty for a Pepsi-Cola.

He: Okay, let's sip this one out.

\* \* \*

He: Does your husband talk in his sleep?

She: No, it's terribly exasperating. He just grins.

\* \* \*

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: At least we're better off than those two empty bottles on the sidewalk.

She-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: How do you figure?

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: They've been drunk since yesterday, and we're still on the wagon.

\* \* \*

*\$3 each—that's a lot of bonanza oil! But that's the take-home pay for any of these we buy.*

## EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

**\$100.00**



"I'VE TRIED THEM ALL,  
CHESTERFIELD IS MY  
FAVORITE CIGARETTE"

*Claudette Colbert*

STARRING IN A  
TRIANGLE PRODUCTION  
"SLEEP, MY LOVE"  
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



**NOBODY** knows Cigarette tobacco  
like the farmer who grows it

"I like to sell my tobacco to Liggett & Myers because they've been  
buying my best tobacco and paying the top price to get it ever since  
I started raising tobacco.

"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since I started raising to-  
bacco. I know they're made of mild ripe tobacco because that's the  
kind they buy from me."

*J. Hogan Ballard-*

TOBACCO FARMER,  
BRYANTSVILLE, KY.



**A** *lways* **B** **CHESTERFIELD**

**A** **LWAYS** **M** **I** **L** **D** **E** **R** **B** **E** **T** **T** **E** **R** **T** **A** **S** **T** **I** **N** **G** **C** **O** **O** **L** **E** **R** **S** **M** **O** **K** **I** **N** **G**