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1946



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LET US BRAY

Here is a toast to one of the most hard-working members of the El Burro staff. To our favorite photographer, *Fredda Von Zell*, for her outstanding work in the past, the whole El Burro staff wishes her all the happiness possible in this new year!

Starting with the November issue, she did both the cover and the pin-up page plus her own exclusive pin-up. then in the December issue she did not only this but also those pictures of Posie and The Night Before Xmas. For the benefit of this lay-out she devoted one whole afternoon, her studio, her car, her supplies, her temper, and her home! Not only El Burro but the College of Mines has in Miss Von Zell a real friend. Thanks again for true co-operation.

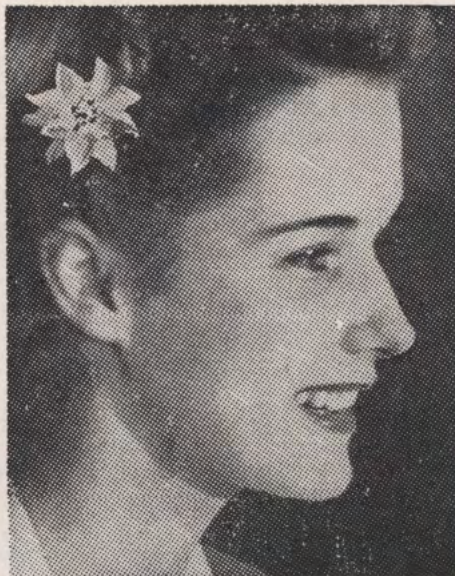
LET US BRAY

Young 1946 tied his tooth brush and the ten dollars (his predecessor had lent him) in a woolen diaper and prepared to set out for Cloudcroft. He naturally felt the importance of being the first year since 1941 to attend the Snow Fiesta. The legend had been well preserved and handed down to him by his forefathers, however, and little ole 1946 was raring to go. His father had told him there would be pretty girls all over the place and that was enough for him.

His first problem was transportation. The bus companies hadn't received their 1946 buses yet so his only hope of transportation was in some student's car. The only catch was that the car had to be driven by an adult and be well supplied with chains to help make the slushy hill. Having finagled his way (for a small sum) in the car of an illustrious senior; '46 leaned back in his jump seat, pulled out one of the cigars his pop had passed around as he passed out, and opened a large book entitled "How to Ski and Live or What Toboggan?"

After reading along for pages about the scientific discoveries of snow taken from a term theme of some Chemistry student, '46 finally found what he was looking for. How to Ski: Buckle it on, stand up, fall down, unbuckle it—go get a hot drink. Who wants to ski anyway? Tossing his book on the floor, '46 rolled over and went to sleep.

In his dreams he saw himself the King of the Fiesta. He had been crowned in elaborate ceremony at the dance at the pavilion and reigned from 8-11 in royal style. It had been a hard job to select his Queen, his first duty in the political world at Mines. There had been 14 beautiful candidates. Joanne Nichols, of beauty contest fame, and Dolores Oshwaldt, from the Gamma Phi's; Mary Hart and Sue Harms for the Independent Women; Jean Ferguson and Georgiana Hammett for the Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority; Earline Blacklock and Helen Thomason for the Chi Omegas; Betsy Ann Haninger and Ann Harris for the Delta Delta Deltas; Becky Armijo and Lupe Esparza for the Mu Eta Chis; Betty Ann Frank and Jeanne Oppenheimer for Phrateres. The student body had chosen the Queen and the other 13 nominated candidates as her court.



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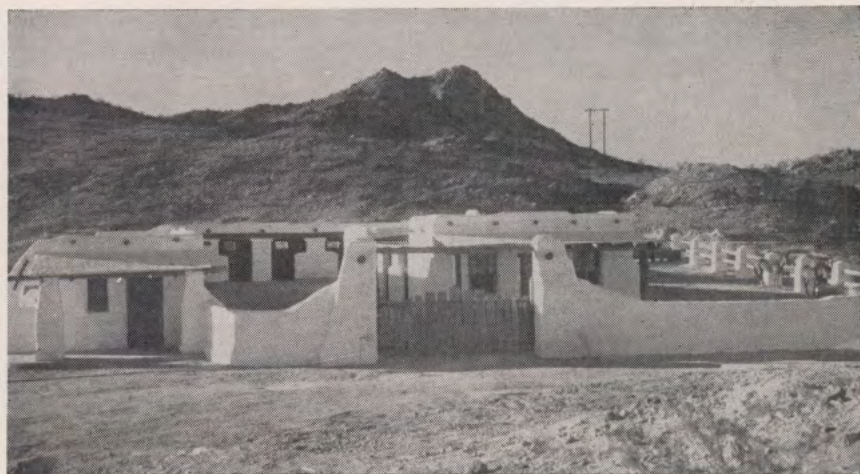
Offers students and patrons of the College a fine opportunity to ride and learn to ride. Competent instructors available for all college and private classes. Physical education credit allowed all students who enroll in regular college riding classes. Riding fees for Veterans regularly enrolled for credit in physical education are paid under provisions of the G. I. Educational Bill.

Private classes arranged for groups of 6 or more. Information on group rides by request.

Schedule of College riding classes for both men and women for the spring semester.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

01-8 (Riding) MF 1-2:30
01-9 (Riding) TT 1-2:30
01-10 (Riding) WF 2:30-4
01-11 (Riding) TT 2:30-4
02-8 (Riding) MF 1-2:30
02-9 (Riding) TT 1-2:30
02-10 (Riding) WF 2:30-4
02-11 (Riding) TT 2:30-4



LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL



GERALDINE CAMPBELL



Why?

It can't be the end. The end? When I've only started. When Eugene is still lost—I'm still lost, still looking for "a stone, a leaf, an unfound door." Where? Oh, where are these symbols to understanding, to loving—to life? What am I trembling for? The room is warm. There are tears in my eyes. I'm not crying. A damp perspiration covers my body—the flesh chills, but inside I'm hot. My muscles are tight, the organs of my throat won't work because a huge lump of—of nothing is there. I can't sit still.

The wind is cool as I open the door; savagely it rips the multicolored autumn leaves from silent, bored, somber trees. It's cloudy. The yellowed grass needs mowing and trimming. I feel only slightly conscious of scarlet oleander blooms and wilted, bug-eaten rose bush, clinging desperately to the unpainted trellis. The drone of an airplane; the hissing conversation of smooth tires on the cold concrete street; only a few sparrows. The repulsive hose snakes to the foot vines and hides its monstrous head among their roots. One single branch as if ashamed to stand nude and angular with the other vines, has crept quietly along the ground, out of the flower bed, and off into the dying grass, making the lush burgundy leaves strikingly beautiful. Must remember to pull down my shades—the vines are too thin. God! It's fall! God has taken the tired, turbulent child Summer and dressed her for bed. Fall is early evening of a man's life, the time when the benefits of the day's work are seen and felt; when the family comes together for the joy of being.

Fall is God's time of the year. Leaves fall, grass withers, the earth rests—knowing its life will be guarded and well cared-for... tenderly returned when human necessity demands. The yard confines me; the house confines me; my body confines me! I'll walk. I can't think of the book. I can't think of anything. I feel for the first time in my life that my mind is completely blank.

It is blank. The bronze daisies and yellow chrysanthemums on the dining table blend perfectly with the uphol-

"Yet as he stood for the last time by the angels of his father's porch, it seemed as if the Square already were far and lost, or, I should say, he was like a man who stands upon a hill above the town he has left, yet does not say "The town is near," but turns his eyes upon the distant soaring ranges."

streys in the front room. The gas stove mutters a hushed, rhythmic sput... sput... sput... The electric clock grinds slowly, irritably—never noticed before. Frigidaire rumbles. Damn these flies! Why can't I concentrate? I'm so acutely aware of life: the minutes detail—color, sound, movement. Yet I'm a spectator. I'm not of this life at all. To analyze such a feeling isn't fair, or possible. Perhaps to say that I have just had an entirely new experience—no, I would have to say an emotional experience. I suffered for Wolfe. Mental agony, emotional upset, physical reaction—oh, I suffered for LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL.

I saw Gant rise in the morning and perform his ritual of lighting the fire, cursing, raving, and denouncing the entire world as he did so. Finishing, he would stride to the foot of the stairs shouting the sleeping children to wakefulness with his insane screaming.

When the Gants ate, a feeling of heaviness, and even slight indigestion would pass over me. "Whole hogs from the butcher... smoked bacon... great bins of flour... the dark shelves groaned with preserved cherries, peaches, plums, quinces, apples, pears... from his Spring garden, lettuce, heavy tomatoes, fat red radishes. The earth was spermy for him like a big woman." Never has one boy's life been so full, so cruel, so lusty, so lost. Lonely and lost always. Maybe the entire book is a generalization saying that all life is lonely and lost. What and why is life? Lonely, lost—always searching for the "stone, the leaf, the unfound door"—where? Oh, where? It is Eugene's loneliness that draws him to his older brother, Ben.

Ben! Ben and his angel. Ben and his widows. Ben's understanding of Gant and Elize. Ben's cigarettes. Ben's angel. Ben's "Will you listen to that?" Ben's cough. The magazine and tobacco business. Ben's cough. Ben's sickness. Death. Burial. Oh, Ben's burial is a horror! The family tries to undo their past unkindness to Ben by overkindness at his funeral—for Ben only the best casket, the best flowers, the best suit! "Horse" Hines the undertaker, finds in Ben his personal opportunity for greatness. His "artistic ability" reaches perfection when he applies the soft pink rouge to the yellow lifeless tissue of Ben's cheek. His noisy appreciation of his own work is morbid. In the damp, gloomy atmosphere of an undertaker's home, sweet sickening smell of embalming fluid repulsed me. I felt the churning motion in my stomach increase in tempo—faster, faster, faster. Peristalsis reversed—up, up, up. I was sick.

The book is magnificent. It is so strong I felt an internal upset throughout its entirety. A knot in the pit of my stomach, a tightness under the diaphragm, a slight nausea, sometimes even the urge to vomit; and always a feeling of loneliness, of wondering. I believed each chapter to be the strongest, impossible to improve, thought each passage to be unforgettable. Each was strong. None could be improved. But each chapter different—and the entire book unforgettable!

The emotional strain was too great. I descended slowly into a well of deep and powerful emotions. There was no bottom. Perhaps it is a sheer exhaustion that causes this trembling, tight, and tearful sensation. Perhaps it is the feeling that I have lived for the first time. Lived because I've learned understanding—having shared someone else's life: the misery, the loneliness, the loves, the fears—I feel experienced. I know that all misery is not mine. I know that other people are lonely and afraid. I know that people aren't care-free, or silly, or good-for-nothing. They are lonely. Man, every man, is searching for his own "stone", "leaf", his "unfound door". Searching for life. Where? Where? Lost! Lost! Oh lost!

Harry Mitchell Brewing Company

A PREMIUM PRODUCT

EL Burro

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Beauty contest winner, Averil Biggers, is our cover girl for January. At the moment Averil is making a date for the Snow Fiesta. She is a Delta Delta Delta Pledge. Averil is wearing a grey wool dress trimmed in white from the fourth floor of the Popular Dry Goods Co.

Cover by Fredda Von Zell.

Vol. III—January, 1946—No. 4

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El Paso, Texas

EL Burro

... for you

Our January issue is dedicated to a renewed and rejuvenated Border Conference, which displayed its power in football this month when New Mexico University defeated the Big Seven Champions, Denver University, in El Paso's Sun Bowl Game. From the member schools of the Border Conference El Burro takes pleasure in presenting to you his All Conference Coeds of '46.

To help you spend a few safe and sane holidays after the January finals, El Burro presents a new invention in the feature, *Science of Today*. The safety-minded inventor is Fred Brooks, experienced engineer-on-campus and the drawing is by Tommy Couger, the newest addition to our art staff. (Attention: Messrs. Ford and Kaiser; exclusive patent rights reserved by El Burro!)

Concerning TCM's revival of snow capers in Cloudcroft, read the two articles, *Snow Fiesta '46* and *A Treatise on Cabin Parties*, both designed to give valuable advice on conducting student body trips.

For our serious feature and also the best piece of writing to come this way, El Burro bows low and flings his torch to Geraldine Campbell for her review of *Look Homeward, Angel*. "Juky" has inspirations when she writes and also, we hope, an inspiration to be a regular contributor.

The Editors

Dress for the Men in Your Life

This New Year has arrived in typical El Paso style and Cloudcroft plus the 1946 Snow Fiesta is just around the corner. Everybody is at the peak of excitement since this year will be the first one since 1941. Exams will be completed January 31, and by February 1 every ed and co-ed will be eager beavers for a change in climate, altitude, and a complete new atmosphere even for one day. What this whole thing is leading to, as you no doubt gathered by now, is just what should be worn by co-eds to catch and to hold the attention of all of the wandering males about the campus.

On the opposite page are pictured two college beauties, Nona Kate Denman and Anita Brown, both Zeta Tau Alphas, wearing the typical clothing for the snow covered hills of Cloudcroft, New Mexico: Nona Kate chose from the wide selection of the Popular Dry Goods Co. orange ski pants and a green sweater with white reindeers parading around it. Anita's costume consists of dark-blue Norwegian ski trousers and a lovely blue and white sweater to do justice to her pretty blue eyes. Both girls are wearing ski hats to keep their ears warm and their hair out of their eyes. Heavy shoes and socks are highly advisable since snow is both cold and wet.

The Popular Annex can fit any girl in any size and almost any color of ski pants and sweaters. Sweaters, especially, range in pretty bright colors and will set any of the College of Mines pretties up as an individual as she comes flying down the hill on skis and around corners on toboggans.

Before we get too far away from our beauties on the next page, credit should be given to Fredda Von Zell for her excellent job of photography in showing off both clothes and girls.



Even though this column is mainly for the feminine sex on and about the campus, we realize that the opposite sex is capable of getting ever so cold in cold climates, so we decided to give them a bit of worthy advice in keeping warm and gaining an inch or two in the hearts of the women who make this little trip in a few weeks. It's much easier for a man to keep warm because he doesn't have to worry so much about his appearance. He can always don the old red underwear and if one of the co-eds should get wind of it she would probably think it was "cute" and more than likely would wish she had been just half as smart as the one she is admiring.

The Popular, 1st floor, is full of bright colored wool shirts for boys (men) who are interested. They also have similar sweaters to those that many of the girls will be wearing—meaning those with the reindeer. Returning veterans who will make the trip can be thankful for those GI shoes which they probably still have in their possession.

Coffee clubs which have been, shall we say organized on the campus these past few years, will probably find themselves with any number of new members and the two cafes in Cloudcroft will more than likely decide that coffee is here to stay when they are faced with the ambush which they are sure to get from all of the Miners. Something warm and stimulating will be much in demand by all of the collegians and we suggest coffee!

Cover Girl this month is another college beauty. She is Averill Biggers, Delta Delta Delta, and she is wearing a lovely Carlye garment of light grey trimmed in white from the Popular Dry Goods Co. It is hard to decide which does the justice to this picture. Since both Averill and the dress are above the average in beauty, we will just say that they go well together.

This should just about close this column for this issue so we shall wish everyone a lot of good luck on the exams and shall be looking forward to seeing everyone in Cloudcroft on February 1, to renew the Snow Fiesta in the style which the College of Mines is so well known for.



You'd better STOP, LOOK, and LISTEN to a few facts about our January pin-ups. Their names—Nita Brown and Nona Kate Denman... their back-ground—Zeta Tau Alpha pledges... their bid to fame—top winners in the beauty contest. Both girls are all ready for the Snow Fiesta in ski pants, colorful sweaters, and of course, skis.

Models dressed by
The Popular Dry Goods Co.
Portrait by Fredda Von Zell



A TREATISE ON CABIN PARTIES IN GENERAL

and our kindest regards to Sniveloid Ph. D., Duke Archive
Renaissance of the Conference

*Neath the spreading Hick-ry trees
Perry's Cabins stand,
Perry, a mighty man is he,
With large and extensive lands.*

And, because of his great love for college stoo-dents and their charming, reserved, and academic ways,¹ he makes his property available to fraternity cabin parties and S. A. Snow Fiestas.

Our weather being like Spring, and since in Spring a young man's fancy . . . etc. . . . a discourse on the cabin party angle might not be out of place.

Let's take a fictitious fraternity and follow one of their cabin parties from its origin to its conclusion. Let's see . . . let's call our frat S.O.B.²

There are six steps in throwing a cabin party:

(1) A member suggests that the affair be held.

(2) The secretary jumps up and says that fraternity finances won't permit.

(3) Member tells secretary to F.O.³

(4) Vote is taken.

(5) Motion carried.

(6) Committee appointed to get cabin, buy food, get truck, get chaperones.

The business of chaperones is a problem in itself. There are two types of chaperones that are desirable. Type A is the A.F.G.⁴ type. This couple is usually too deaf to hear what is going on, too blind to see what is going on, and too old to care if they *knew* what was going on. Type B is the G.Y.B.⁵ type. This couple are so busy necking themselves that they just don't give a damn. However, one rarely ever finds perfect specimens of these types.

(Chaperones who suggest charades at nine o'clock in the evening are seldom asked a second time.)

The jovial group gathers about 2:30 Sunday afternoon for the frolic. The girls in skirts and slacks are gaily attired, and the boys are just plain tired. The truck is due at three o'clock and arrives promptly at three.⁶ Baseball bat, football, happy members, sullen pledges, and giggling girls are all crowded into the truck. The driver tamps the mass down and hooks the rear gate. The truck starts off with three big unnecessary jerks.⁷

Throughout the ride many diversified conversations can be overheard. To wit:

"I've been in an awful consternation for the last few days."

"Have you tried bran?"

"My foot's asleep."

"Which is your foot?"

"Does Bob still go walking with that slouch of his?"

"Shhh! They're right behind you."

"I can't find any silk covering for my settee, Gloria."

Voice from under the pile of people.
"Try a lingerie store."

"Hey . . . get your hand outa my. . ."

"Didn't you miss German class yesterday?"

"Not at all."

"Hey, somebody, is sterility hereditary?"

"Are those gulls flying up there?"

"I don't know, they might be boys. They're too high up for me to see."

"I'm not going to say exactly what that is that the Union has been feeding us for coffee . . . BUT . . . I had

a chemist analyze a sample of it the other day. His report said: 'Your horse is dying. Send him for treatment at once.'"

And so it goes.

Upon arrival at the Perry estate, the food is hidden, and a game of bridge or poker is begun. This is the cue for the pin-ups to sneak off for a botanical tour of the surrounding woods.⁸

All activity ceases when the call to chow is sounded. The members line up on one side of the room and their dates line up on the other . . . the table of food in between. Then, at a given signal, both parties make for the food. A free-for-all ensues.

Then, amid gastronomical growlings, the crowd assembles before the fire to sing songs. When *Left-handed Riley has courted O'Reilly's daughter*, *The Clover* rolled over sufficiently, and the *Sweetheart of S. O. B.* has been admired in lyric, someone accidentally leans against the light switch.

From this point on, any remarks that we could make would be superfluous. So, let's leave them there and not bother them. I hope that the truck gets back in time for the dorms to have bed checks.

¹ Not that the monetary compensation that he receives has anything to do with it.

² That's merely B.O.S. backwards. Don't be evil minded.

³ Stands for Fade Out. (ho, ho!)

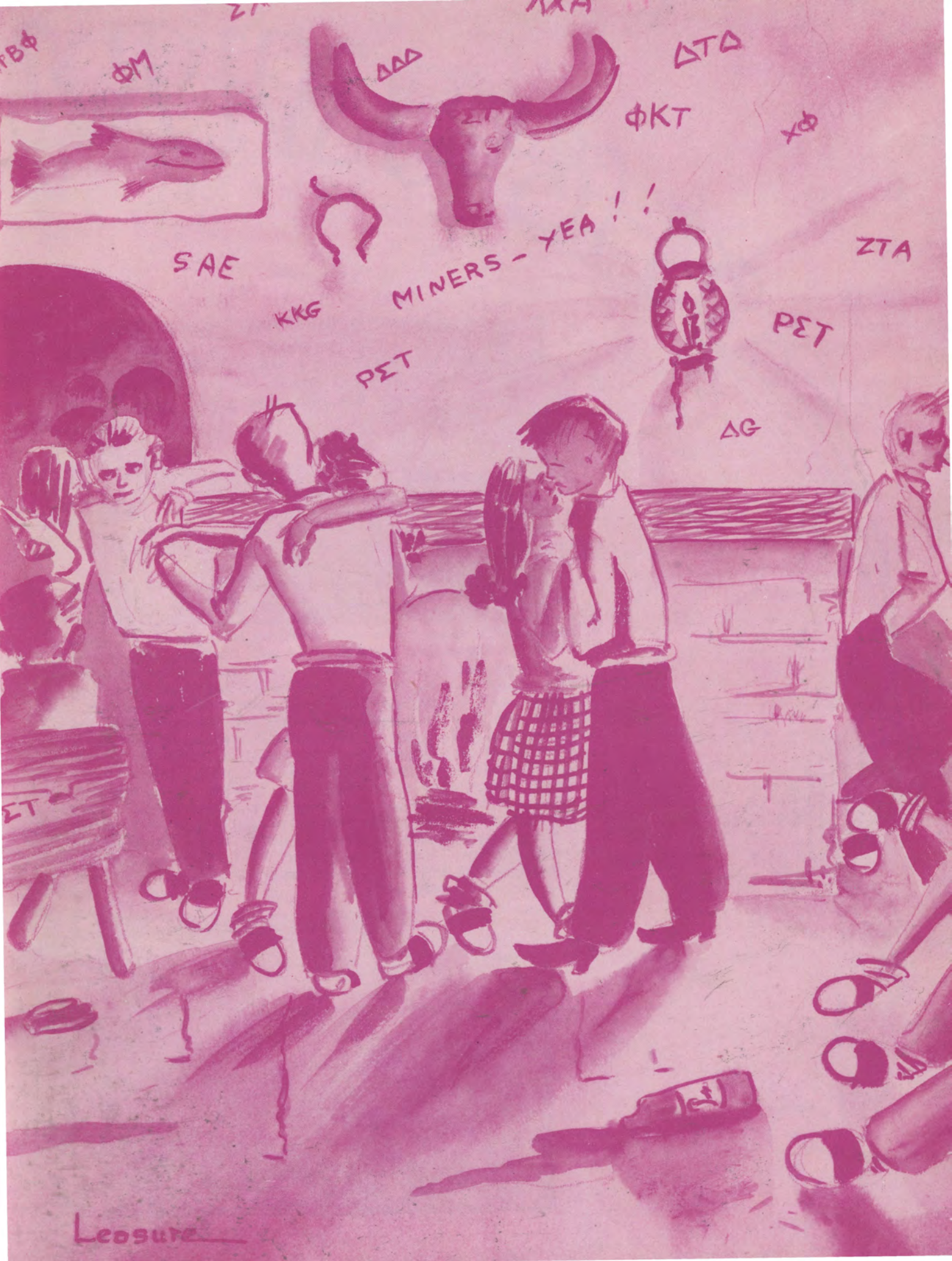
⁴ Awful Far Gone.

⁵ Gay Young Blade.

⁶ Three minutes past four.

⁷ Two of which are the chaperones.

⁸ Heh, heh, heh.



ΔΔΔ
ΣΤ
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ΔΤΔ
ΖΤΑ
ΡΕΤ
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ΣΑΕ
ΦΜ
ΠΒΦ
MINERS - YEA!!
Leisure

THE TWIRL

By BILL MCBEE

Yes, I'm here again this year (not saying in what condition after the holidays) but I'm here and still trying to knock this thing out. You know, if it's so much effort for you to read it as it is for me to write it, then to h..... with it, but I have to write a column so here goes with my first effort of the new year.

JANUARY EFFORT:

To get off to a good start I think I had better clear up a few things left over from last year. Mrs. Maloney phoned and informed me that Col. Maloney is home, but to please not leave her out of the column after such a build up in the November issue. Really, kids, it was all in fun and she didn't mind it in the least. She was very disappointed in December that I had Patty's name in and left her out. By the way she was really burning up the dance floor at the Co-Ed Dance last month.

Since the topic seems to have drifted to the Co-Ed dance, congratulations are in order for the way the girls turned out with their dates. It was, as always, the best dance of the year. The New Orleans Mardi Gras had nothing on the Mines Co-Ed dance. Everybody really got into the spirits, I mean, got into the spirit of the thing and had a super swell time. Some of the gals and their dates included: Nona Kate Denman and George Saucier, Peggy Durrill and Bill Shaffer, Lucille Chrysler and Lonnie Sims, Janet Regattis and Willie Baldwin (Burns broke her date with him), Jeannette Harper and Posie Bilodeau, Deane Guynes and Bill Black, Betty Lou Schwartz and Eddie Layman, Martha Satterwhite and Leroy Lowe, Patsy Trustman and Bucko Wyler, Jane Freeman and Tom Melton, Jerry Boney and Pat Rand, Jean Ferguson and Dick Redman, Jackie Boher and Frank Weidner, Anita Brown and Bob Grady, Mary Jo Brown and Danny Higdon, Jennie Oppenheimer and Jack Platt, Anne Blaugrund and Bob Mott, Cheri Beth Romney and Eddie Fallon; some of the stags who were really getting around such as Betty Mueller, Maryon Chapman, Barbara Dodson, Bobbie Bickley, Rita Russell, Susie Fleming (her date, Bill Emig, had Scarlet Fever), Evelyn Toole, and Betty Watt. The big and gay crowd had the dance floor completely covered with confetti.



WE LIVE



I think everybody and their grandmother came to the Zeta open house the Friday before school was out. Georgiana Hammett, Doris Young, Betty Anne Frank, Raymond O'Dell, Jane Freeman, Averil Biggers, Walter France, Bob Redman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lide, Captain Lewis Scott, Clyde Jump, Tom Melton, Ginger Lane, Patty Tuller, Kaykay Kemp, Gretchen Munzinger, Candy Mary Graves, Bob Stewart, Bob Miller, Jack Platt, Betty Lou Schwartz, Emma Lou Chambers, Bill Wade, Charles Graham, Patsy Trustman, Dick Redmond, Marjorie Mitchell, Lonita Hickey, Betty Rowe, William Hintze, Barbara Dodson, Jeannie Oppenheimer, Jeannette Harper, Patty Maloney, and Pat Brann were all enjoying the delicious punch and cake and the cozy atmosphere of the open fires in both fire places. Bobbie Bickley and Oscar Cortezar were taking over the dance floor most of the time. Some of the other couples knocking themselves out dancing were: Anne Blaugrund and Bob Mott, Vivian Michael, who was dancing with Bill Swan, Bert Williams and Patty White. At three different spots down stairs Carmen Partearroyo, Barbara Jeanne Peterson, Charlie Graham, Pat Duffus, Rita Russell, Bob Fisher, and Lonnie Sims were playing bridge. Eddie Egbert and Maggie Borders were having a heated conversation upstairs. Ibbey Whitaker Hardy, Muriel Parker Guinn, and Marilyn Carlock Clemens were presiding at the punch bowl. Deane Guynes and Evelyn Krauss were running around seeing that everyone was having a good time. All in all it was the best open house of the season.

The big talk around campus is still the new nickleodion in the Co-op. We weren't broke enough before and it's such a great temptation to spend all your nickles for some good music to take your mind off your studies. Bill Gilland never gets anything done anymore except repair the nickleodion. It's so damn antiquated, but it's better than nothing. Good old Fergie is one it's best costumers. When no one else is around Fergie and Bill Black put a nickle in it and really cut a rug. No lie, we all think it's one of the best additions to the campus that's been made in a long time.

Well as Posie would say, I'm literally pooped, so I think I'll put an egg in my shoe and beat it 'till next month.



Renaissance of the Conference

by B. David Hyde

After three long years of passive existence the Border Conference resumes its normal intercollegiate life. Several war measures will be held over for another year to help the schools affiliated with the conference to regain their normal mode of athletic strength for which the nine member teams of the conference are noted for.

Basketball will be the first sport in which the Border title will be offered. The colleges will be divided into three districts of three teams each; in the east; Hardin-Simmons, Texas Tech, and West Texas State, in the middle section; Texas Mines, New Mexico A & M, and New Mexico University, and in the west; Arizona University, Flagstaff, and Tempe. The best two teams from each district will enter the tournament to be held in Albuquerque in March.

As the set up stands now the east should send the Red Raiders of Texas Tech and Buffaloes of West Texas. The middle section should see the Muckers of Texas Mines and the Lobos of New Mexico U. with their naval trainees. The Arizona Wildcats and the Flagstaff Lumberjacks seem to be the western entries.

Although a fairly new conference the Border Conference has sent some excellent basketball teams to the championship tournaments in the east at Madison Square Garden. West Texas State with such outstanding players as Price Brookfield, Charlie Halbert, and Jack Maddox has seen action there twice as has New Mexico A & M who had Kiko Martinez, Pecos Finley, and Cowboy Jackson as their leading players. It should not be very long before another Border Conference team is riding high at the famed athletic emporium of the east.

The mighty Muckers of Texas Mines with the return of its regular coaches are striving to give its students a good cage squad to be proud of. While their athletes are not the best in the world to date, their hustle, drive, and spirit should make any student body feel that they have been represented by a team worthy of carrying their school colors in to intercollegiate athletics.

Coach Jack Curtice and his able assistant Newton "Bud" Lassister, former Mines great, have been working with a squad of eighteen men who's average height is six foot. The squad is mainly composed of veterans who are returning to college life to make a new world for themselves. A thumb-

nail sketch of the regular players would look something like this; Sergio Arriola, better known as Panchito, is the smallest man on the team. His hustle and drive together with his excellent set shooting is an asset to any college squad. Manuel Baca, one of the two upper classmen on the squad, was last season's high scorer. He is a fine defensive player with a good one handed shot from any place on the floor. Tommy Hollenshead is a newcomer to the team with potentialities of being a great player. His work on backboards would do justice to any team. Buddy Hyde, the only senior on the outfit, is a good set shot with the knack of hitting the long shots when the going gets tough. Bill Mewhorter is a tall rugged athlete who is a coach's dream as a rebound man. Although he is only a freshman, Bill has started every game. Chuck Mulligan is the oldest player as far as age goes. His experienced ball handling gives promise of a successful season for the team and Chuck. Bob Redman, noted for his driving shot across the hole was a squadman on last season's quintet. A lefty Bob will do more than his share of the scoring as the season gets older. Bill Sord is an excellent hustler with a keen analysis of team play. He can shoot and run with the best. Ken Stephens, a big man, who can really take the ball of the backboards. Tiger, as he is called by his friends, is a handy man to have in the pivot. Bob Turrentine was second string center on last season's cage team, has shown marked improvement. Turk, a letterman, is a constant threat with either hand from pivot slot. Another letterman, Dudley Thomson, is a ball hound. Injured last season his cage efforts were limited which should really make his presence felt this year.

When the roll was taken at the first practice this year five lettermen were

the base on which Coach Curtice molded this season's team. As the men got out of service the weakest links and problems of team play were ironed out. The addition of several men at mid-semester give promise of a very successful season for the Orange and White. Ten men out of a squad of sixteen have seen service in the armed forces. Yes, the war is over and once more the molder of minds and bodies, college athletics will be in the foreground helping to develop better Americans. The Border Conference especially the Texas College of Mines with its interest in sports will be leading the way in the Southwest.



She stepped out of the tub,
All nude and bare and bold
But it didn't interest me at all
She was only two years old.

* * *

Nancy Burns: "I want something to wear around the dormitory."

Clerk: "How large is your dormitory?"

—Voo Doo.

* * *

Sweet Young Thing: "Have a cigarette?"

House Mother: "What? Smoke a cigarette! I'd rather kiss the first man that comes along."

Sorority Girl: "So would I, but have a cigarette while we're waiting."

—Rammer Jammer.



Yes, I'm the girl all teams adore
Those poor deluded suckers!
Cause all my love is waiting for
The handsome, dashing Muckers-



Leasure

All Conference



VERNA LOWRY
New Mexico A. & M. College



BILLIE NAYLOR
University of Arizona



FRANCES EVANS
Hardin-Simmons University

Coeds

MARY MILAN
Arizona State College at Flagstaff



ELLA MAE BAMERT
Arizona State College at Tempe



EARLYNE REID
Texas Tech College



Now that rush week is once more upon us, as vice-president of the Theta Pi Pi's, I think I shall tell you about one of our most successful "rush parties." In Astawatcha Normal just like every other big university there are specified times to rush, however if you are smart you can rush beforehand and get the best girls. The Theta Pi Pi's this year decided against such nefarious action, not that we would want to in the first place, but that six months on social pro for a similar offence brought our prestige down some last year.

The evening of our party I was trudging slowly toward the Tee Pee's since our initials are T. P. P., naturally we call our sorority house the Tee Pee and when the wolves howl around the front door we think of our brave forefathers. Since I was vice-president, of course the prospect of a party threw my mental machinery into action: napkins, ices, hors d'oeuvres,* etc., etc., kept running through my mind. Just as I got in sight of the Phoo Mu House I stopped—completely shocked; and as my LSMFT burned my Fatal Apple, I stared spellbound! They were having a party too, and theirs should have been the next day. And what's more they even had a twelve foot neon-sign out in front which said:

"Us cute Phoo Muses,

Are the best girls for youses!" Would the dean of women hear about this! Frankly, you must remember to watch the other sororities and not let them get the first blow in, it might be all you needed. It wasn't that their white Colonial house didn't show up enough, but a neon sign, and a twelve foot one at that, what a cheap idea! Oh well, as I wandered along I thought about the cost of enlarging our sign to a good twenty feet. My thoughts must have taken a turn for the better because I felt unusually lighthearted and gay as I passed the Hava Alfalfa House and could see only three Rotcees trying to break down the door instead of the thirteen that were there last night. Thirteen is a very unlucky number when it comes to Rotcees; we don't open the Theta Pi Pi until there are at least fourteen.

As I rang the bell (so the pledges can open the door and get points so they can be initiated) our cutest pledge answered. I forgot about the party as

**pronounceds bor du' vr'—for those speaking English, just say "sandwiches."*

A La Rush Week

By LIZ LEASURE

I saw how breathtaking she was and remembered that we ought to get another oxygen tank as our old one was wearing out. Before I went into the living room I left word about my three dates for the evening after the party. Of course it may seem to you that I am wandering off the idea of rush, but you all know how important it is for a girl to keep her dates straight. First I told the pledge watching the phone to tell Dick that nine o'clock would be fine for him, ten o'clock for Clarence, and as I got that fluffy look in my eyes, I told her Joe should come at eleven. After I made sure the three actives who watched the pledge who watched the phone were on the job I went into the hall. With that trifle off my mesencephalon* I decided to give my thoughts once more to the party.

It was already seven o'clock and the living rooms were lovely. We would gather first in the pink room and then after eating go over to the green room. Our guests usually look more comfortable in the green room then. The first thing in a sorority girl's mind is to make her guests comfortable. After all what is rushing for but to meet girls of gentle background, gracious manner, good looks, and of course intellect comes into the picture. A pledge of ours must make her grades or the teacher (all of them are very

strict here at Astawatcha Normal) will report her to the dean of women. The Theta Pi Pi's really search far into a girl's mind before they accept her as one of them. But to get back to the party; as I stood in the dining room and gazed at the rows of bottles before me (with candles in, of course) I suddenly remembered I had to hurry upstairs to dress.

At long past there in the entrance hall were our new rushees. The sight made my heart glad—only one had a broken arm. I told Doty that I thought the rope was a little too high last time, and anyway I didn't especially care for the girls the Tri Chi's were rushing. It wasn't that we didn't have to keep up with the X. X. X.'s who just had a trap-door installed in their sidewalk, but the dean of women was becoming quiet-implacable; then too, the treasury couldn't stand more than one fracture and a p. s. job this year. After milling around the madding crowd, I drifted to the phone to ask the active who was watching the active who was watching the active who was watching the pledge who was watching the phone if any of my men had called yet. Last year the actives hardly had any dates, but our pledges were judged the most active on the campus by popular vote. However at our first meeting in September we decided that the pledges were only misplacing their prerogative and decided to have the ac-

tives watch the phone also. I waited expectantly for the next ring, but it was only my dearest friend who called to ask if we could go on a double date this evening. She said the cutest BMOC* on campus asked her for a date but that he had his arm in a sling though. I replied that I thought it would be a good idea because she knew I had a crush on Joe, and he liked crowds. With that fluffy look in my eyes I drifted back into the pink living room where one of our new rushees was being slapped back into consciousness. Seeing her purple face I asked what happened when I realized that our secretary who had just pledged her had tied the ribbons around her neck. Of course since our secretary was a transferee from TCM we just brushed it off with a laugh because everyone knew that all cattle ranches out there just didn't have any place for mollycoddles. Of course I explained later that we didn't have to use a brand either. Just then our brother fraternity rang through the night with their favorite songs which called to our hearts and as the rushees were let out the back door the actives drifted away singing fraternity songs. Our rush party had ended.

Needless to say I have given you some valuable hints on rushing. We got thirty new pledges while the Tri Chi's lost two actives; but we would have had more if we had less Ginger Ale and more of the other stuff in the punch. Also I'm writing to tell my pilot that I'm true to him—dammit.

*Like Gaul, all brains are divided into three parts of which the middle is mes. . . mes. . . (of which is the middle part.)

*If you don't know now—you never will.

The Spirits

A POEM BY IRWIN BRAND

'twas the day after New Years, when all
through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even Herr
Souse
The purple bags were hung by the drooping
eyes with care,
In hopes that St. Bromo soon would take
care;
The Miners were all bleating on their beds,
While visions of pink elephants pranced
on their heads;
And sister in her icebag, and I in my
egg-nog,
Had settled our brains for a long winters
fog,
When out on the lawn there arose such
a clatter,
I sprang out from the bed to see what was
the matter.
Rattled the shades and fell through the sash,
And shattered the window with my
mustache.
The sun burned so sudden in the still-
flying dust,
Giving a glow to the world like ancient
rust,
When what to my smarting eyes should
appear,
But a mistreated jaloopy and friends full
of beer.
With a jolly young driver all lit like a wick,
I knew in a moment it was old Nick.
More racous than eagles his motor did roar.
And he whistled and shouted and gaily
swore.
And out of the windows the horde did
flood,
Singing out the joyous New Year through
tongues befud.
So up to the door-step the throng did
rumble,

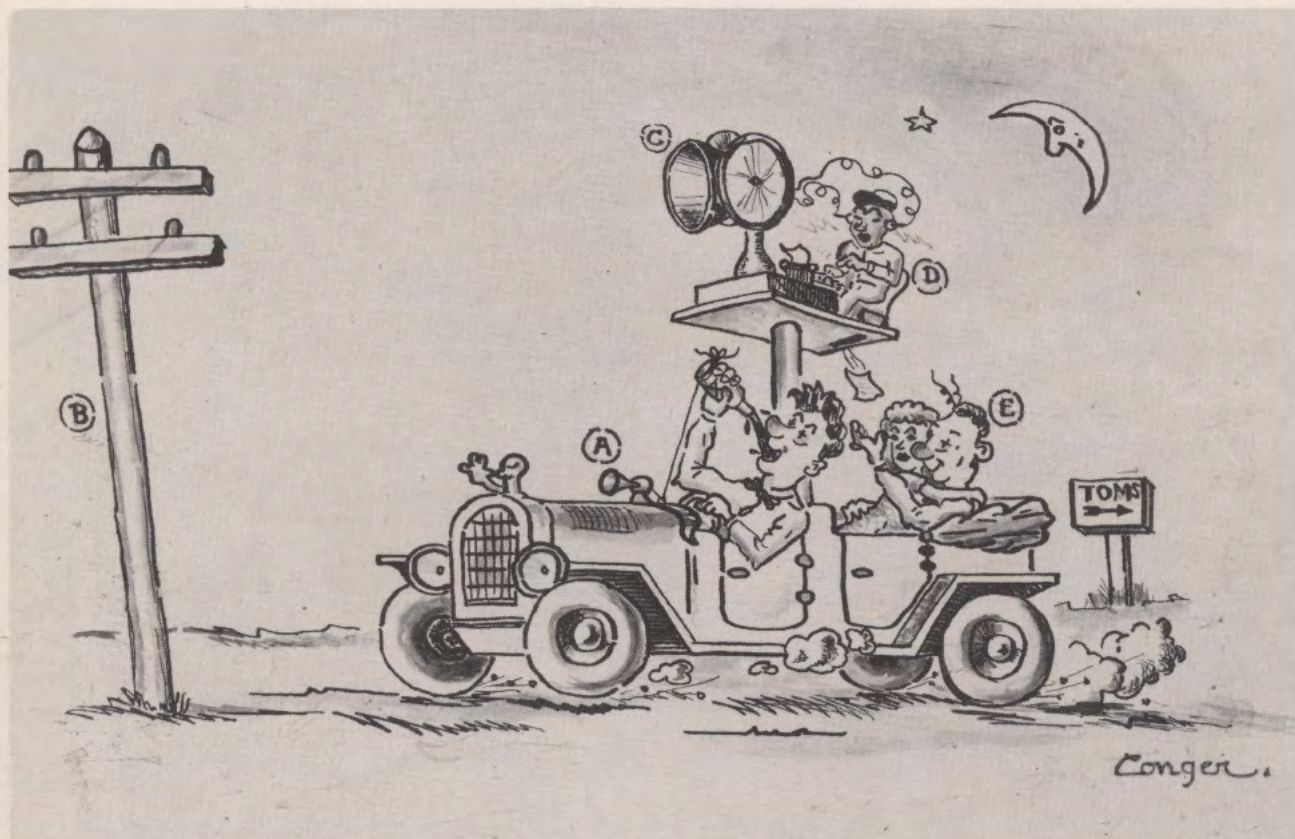
With breaths full of chasers and eyes so
humble.
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the
roof,
The stomping and tromping of each tipsy
hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning
around,
They zoomed through the door with a
bound.
And there was St. Bromo, his tail lashing
to and fro
And he chuckled and roared, and boomed,
let's go!
A basket of bottles he'd flung on his back,
And he looked like a barman setting his
rack.
His eyes, how they drooped, his dimples
so merry!
His cheeks were like roses and his nose
like a cherry!
His mouth wide open in a huge yawn,
And the beard of his chin looked new-born,
The stump of a cigar held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke encircled his head like
a wreath.
I stood staring aghast,
How long would it last?
Suddenly there came such a crash.
And my poor brain felt like a hash.
I looked over head and there was the bed,
I felt over there and that was my head.
I knew then at last, a terrible night-mare
I'd had,
And made a mighty vow to never drink
again, by gad.
Till next time.

Science of Today

By

FRED BROOKS, B.E.O.C.

TOMMY CONGER, B.A.O.C.



FOR USE ON UPPER VALLEY ROAD ONLY

This tricky little number is listed at the top of our peacetime gift list and I have the esteemed honor of releasing (and explaining) it to the public.

Designed with the whole interest of safe-guarding the students of TCM or any other by rare chance comes under the affluence of inkahol. The sketch is almost self-explanatory, however, I shall review a typical instance in which this masterpiece would be indispensable.

As might well be expected, a man's lips often become dry while driving so he raises a bottle of lip-moistener to his face, pulling the attached string which in turn performs the function of blowing the horn. (A) when said horn is blown the sound waves (strictly

scientific) strike a typical obstruction (B) though this pole may be substituted by a fence, another car, a cliff, or a steamboat) The echo (sound waves often echo) is carried to the portable listening post (C) manned by an alert Filipino (D) (preferably a midget Filipino) who in turn leaps to his typewriter and pounds out the warning notice. This he relays to the interpreter (E) (a most essential agent since few drivers ever speak Filipino) Said interpreter leaves his task (reclutantly, I might say) and yells the warning to the driver (see arrow) who, disturbed, grabs the steering wheel to get in a more comfortable position. The auto swerves, misses the post, and avoids certain disaster, P. S. Watchout for the constable!

He's One of the Jokers



who dash in without an advance reservation. Please . . . tell your friends that advance reservations enable us to serve them in true friendly, courteous Hilton style.

Hilton HOTEL

Mort Odell, Resident Manager

News Flash!

DUCK SHOOTS MAN



And the finest of all
sporting goods equipment
is to be found at

Don Thompson

CAMERAS  GIFTS

SPORTING GOODS
BASSETT TOWER • EL PASO

El Burro Recommends . .

Hello all you students with the hang-overs (are there a few lucky ones who survived the holidays completely alive?) Now that the celebrations are over, perhaps you'll want to spend a few quiet evenings at a neighborhood movie . . . and that's just why I am here (to tell you about movies of course). So try to focus your bleary eyes on this column while we talk about what's playing where for the last two weeks of January.



On January 12th you'll be watching Fred Astaire and Louise Bremer trip the light fantastic at the Plaza. Yes, at long last we have a good musical coming to this booming little town. "Yolanda and the Thief" is the name of it . . . and it's plenty good. The story borders on surrealism, with extra large doses of fantasy . . . a story of a girl who spent all her eighteen years on this happy earth in a convent. Finally she gets wise and decides to brave the big bad world . . . The Mother Superior quiets her qualms by telling her that everyone has a guardian angel (sometimes I wonder). So little Louise assumes management of the immense Agaviva estate in mythical Patria. Along comes a gay young devil . . . a thief at that. Of course it's twinkle-toes Astaire. In between romancing with Bremer and stealing everything he can get his hands on, he does some spectacular dancing. It's 108 minutes of great entertainment . . . so get along there, kids, and see "Yolanda and the Thief" at the Plaza, starting January 12th.



Here's an interesting picture . . . coming to the Plaza on January 17th and 18th . . . a two day run. And you better run to see "That Night With You" . . . which is the title of the picture. The title sounds interesting, and the picture is too. It stars Franchot Tone, Susanna Foster and David Bruce. "That Night With You" . . . spend an evening enjoying it:

On the 19th of January, you'll be seeing a film called "Pardon My Past". (Sounds like something a Mines co-ed would say, doesn't it?) Anyhow, it stars Fred MacMurray and William Demerest . . .



January 23rd at the Plaza will feature "Paris Underground" . . . the story of an old antique shop which holds the escape secrets of over 300 British flyers. You boys and girls who like excitement with plenty of good ole suspense will enjoy this one. Constance Bennett not only stars . . . but also was in on the producing end of the picture. (talented, isn't she?) Yep . . . here's a picture that will hold your attention for an hour or so . . . even to the point where you won't even be abbbbbb holding your date's hand!



It's another war epic for the 25th of January . . . based on the famous book of the same name . . . "They Were Expendable" . . . the story of the important part the PT Boats played in the war. Of what happened during the evacuation of General MacArthur and his men from Bataan and Corregidor. Robert Montgomery and John Wayne star in this one . . . Oh yes, for romance hungry people, there's a love story too . . . between Wayne and Donna Reed. So you see . . . this picture has everything . . . "They Were Expendable."



Now for the features at the Ellanay . . . you know . . . that's next to Charlie's Confectionary. On the 18 of January you'll see the picturization of the famous book "Leave Her to Heaven". You remember the story . . . of a jealous woman who wanted her husband to have nothing to do with anyone else. (Is that unusual?) Gene Tierney, Jeanne Crain and Cornel Wilde star in this one. If you enjoyed the book, which no doubt you did, then you'll enjoy this picture also.

JOKES

He tried me on the sofa,
He tried me on the chair,
He tried me on the window sill,
But couldn't get it there.
He tried me lying on the couch,
I stood against the wall,
I then lay upon the floor,
It wouldn't work at all.
He tried me this way and that
And oh, how I did laugh,
To see how many ways he tried,
To get my photograph.

The Sour Owl

The difference between a model woman and a woman model is that the former is a bare possibility and the other a naked fact.

Varieties

Major: "What is a manuver?"

Private: "Something you put grass to make it green, sir."

"I'm sorry" said the girl at the ticket booth, "that two dollar bill is counterfeit."

"My God," the woman uttered, "I've been seduced."

Maisie was in a bar when a friend from England walked in.

"Aye say, Maisie, are you 'aving one?"
"No it's just the cut of me coat."

The Sour Owl

Kiss—Sabotage before invasion.

Bathing suits have no hooks but plenty of eyes on them...

Shoulder straps keep attractions from being sensations...

Woman finds many laps in the race to the altar...

Too many cooks spoil icemen...
otcj'icoa

The Sour Owl



THERE'S NO ARGUMENT

about whether the bill's been paid or not, when you have a cancelled check. YOU can have a Checkmaster checking account . . today. Make inquiry about a Checkmaster checking account at the

★ ★ **EL PASO** ★ ★
NATIONAL BANK
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THIS SORT OF THING

takes pep, vitality and stamina. And top-quality dairy products are the chief source of supply for plenty of daily pep, glowing vitality, and rugged stamina.

Borden's

Fine Dairy Products Since 1857

EL BURRO:

Here is your Pin-Up Girl of the Month!



Veragene Sanderson, lovely graduate from Austin Hi, is our pin-up for January. Veragene helps to start the new year right. Her sorority is Chi Omega.

Yours truly,

FREDDA VON ZELL

Studio at 303 Mills St.

Ode to the Office Worker

We see it every morning,
It happens every day,
The double file of lovely girls,
Meander on their way.
They march around the corner,
Right by the flight of stairs,
Where the powder room awaits them,
And they always go in pairs.
Perhaps the trip is long and rough,
Or the stairs are dark and lonely,
But two by two they always go,
To the room marked "Ladies Only."
The supervisor tears her hair
And the boss is torn with grief,
The day's production goes to hell
While the girls go on "relief."
At three o'clock each afternoon,
The parade begins once more,
What goes on in that little room
That cannot wait 'til four?
The only solution I can find,
That is fair to every man,
Is to move the whole damn office
into the ladies' can.
We're not the poet.

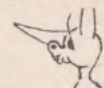
Sign in grocery store:
"Ladies: Please do not bring
your fat cans in on Saturday."

I took Mary for a sleigh ride,
The sleigh turned up-side down;
In the snow-drift, she sat singing,
"Massa's in the cold, cold ground."

Daughter: "Mother, my fiance
is an atheist and doesn't believe in
Hell."

Mother: "Don't worry, dear,
when you marry him, between the
two of us we'll convince him there
is."

EPITAPH ON A GRAVESTONE
"Here lies Lizzie McBride
Of eating green apples she died
The apples fermented
Inside the lamented
Leaving cider inside 'er insides."



"Syncopation" is the irregular
movement from bar to bar.

A moron was walking along a railroad track and came upon an arm; he looked at it and said, "Hmm, that looks like Joe's." As he walked on a little way he found a leg and said, "Mmm, that looks like Joe's." Farther on he found a body and then he was sure it was Joe's. Finally, two minutes later, he found a head: it was Joe's. He bent over it and gravely spoke: "Joe, are you hurt?"

She: "What wonderfully developed arms you have."

He: "Yes, I'm a football player. By the way, were you ever on a track team?" —*The Log.*

The drunk tip-toed up the stairs shoes in hand. He patched up the scars of the brawl with adhesive tape, then climbed into bed, smiling at the thought he'd put one over on his wife.

Came the dawn. The ex-drunk opened his eyes and there stood his wife glaring at him.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" quoth he.

"You were drunk last night," she replied.

"Why, darling, I was nothing of the sort."

"Well, if you weren't, who put all the adhesive tape on the bathroom mirror?" —*Bio-Chem.*

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

Funeral Director (to aged mourner): "How old are you?"

"I'll be 98 next month."

"Hardly worth going home, is it?"

Mother, will college girls go to heaven?

Yes, but they won't like it.

SORORITY PHONE

"Hello, is Mary in?"

"This is Mary."

"I want Mary. Is this Mary?"

"Yes, this is Mary."

"It doesn't sound like Mary."

"But I tell you this is Mary."

"Well, listen, Mary, I can't make it Friday."

"All right. I'll tell Mary when she comes in."

Theta Chi: "May I kiss your hand?"

Alpha Phi: "What's the matter? Is my face dirty?"



Wee Waisted Dresses for Juniors

You take pride in your 24" waist, and well you should. Here are dresses that play up to it . . . soft and full, but always belittling your wee waist. Choose a minimizing midriff, or a peplum to point it out.



Listen to
"Swing Boogie"
over
KROD
Wednesdays
5:30 P. M.

114 Texas Thru to

219 E. San Antonio





*The coming thing
in lipstick - Has Come!*

Lighting engineers and color scientists
together have finally achieved a
COLOR-CONSTANT LIPSTICK
the same true clear red under all lights

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T. M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

RED CURRANT

LIPSTICK 1.50
plus tax



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YOUR FASHION STORE SINCE 1900

He's on his way



and really going places, with
the two top running team-
mates for better motor per-
formance . .

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“Your’s for
Flowers”

- Corsages
- Party Decorations
- Wedding Designs



**The
EXCLUSIVE
FLORIST**

202 N. OREGON

(Opposite Western Union)

JOKES

Oliver was careless about his personal effects. When his mother saw clothing scattered about on the chair and floor, she inquired: “Who didn’t hang up his clothes when he went to bed?”

A muffled voice from under the cover murmured, “Adam.”

—*Chaparral.*

* * *

“It’s not the work I enjoy,” said the taxicab driver, “it’s the people I run into.”

* * *

Vision of a modern girl: her lips are kissproof, her skin waterproof, and her breath, 86 proof.

* * *

Little Tommy, age five, wished to bid his little sister, Mary age three, good-night. He knocked brazenly upon the door of the nursery and requested of his sister, “Tan I tum in?”

“No,” Mary replied emphatically, “Nurthy thaid it isn’t nith for little boys to thee little dirls in their night-ies.” A short pause, and then from inside the nursery door, “Otay, you tin tum in now . . . I took it off.”

—*Exchange.*

* * *

A doctor, according to The Canadian Doctor, was talking to a farmer’s wife who had recently given birth to her sixteenth child and was about to leave the hospital.

“Well,” he said, “I suppose I’ll see you again in another 16 or 18 months?”

The lady said, “No.” The doctor, surprised at the idea of no more children from this source, asked why.

“‘Cause,” she retorted, “me an’ my ol’ man done foun’ out what’s causin’ ‘em.”

—*Rammer-Jammer.*

* * *

Mary had a little lamb
She also had a bear
I’ve often seen her lamb.

SHOP

at

SEARS

and

SAVE



SEARS ROEBUCK

AND CO.

209 N. Stanton St.

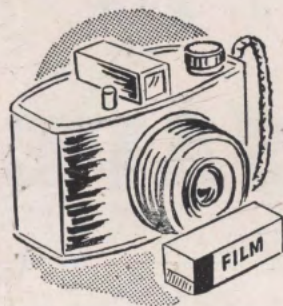
M. 6360



*Make a chore
seem like a
pleasure*

**Meyer's Implement
COMPANY**

530 E. Overland St.



Get Your Photo Supplies at

**SCHUHMAN'S
Photo Shop**

311 North Oregon St.



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QUALITY
GIFTS

The Novelty Shop
PIONEER PLAZA

El Burro's

SHOP



Have that clean and
well-pressed look

Sandel Cleaners

415 N. Stanton St.



Shop at the

CO-OP

for
Your School
Supplies



Toast 'hello'
with a soda

**KERN PLACE
PHARMACY**

CINCINNATI AT STANTON

MART

for January



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

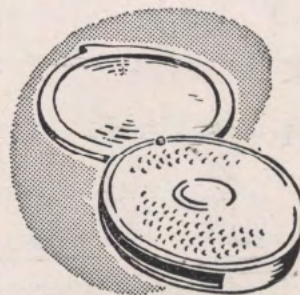
We'll see you at

The Mills
Pioneer Plaza



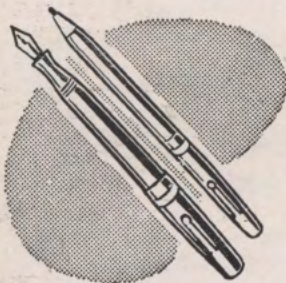
If dancing wears out your
shoes, bring them to — —

Overland Shoe Shop
308 N. Stanton St.



Why pay a lot when you
can pay less and get the
same results —

W. T. GRANT CO.
205 N. Mesa Ave.



If You Need It —
— We Have It!

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A M E R I C A N
Furniture Company
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Your Friends Will —
Notice the Difference

Angelus Cleaners
806 N. Mesa Avenue



Meet Your Friends for
Dinners or Snacks
at

The OASIS

Five Points—Plaza—The Oasis Grill
Mesa—Town Pump



Attention Miners!

Let our gifts of
quality reflect
your GOOD TASTE

FEDER'S JEWELERS

Corner Mesa and Texas Streets



For all
Co-eds
who like
their clothes
in the very
Latest
Styles—

Mollie's Style Shop

Ladies Ready-to-Wear
206 N. Stanton St.



**DINE
AND
DANCE**

Where do they have
the best music?

Lobby No. 2

In Juárez, Old Mexico

JOKES

She: "Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?"

He: "Your face is clean; I don't know about your imagination."

* * *

He: "Do you know the secret of popularity?"

She: "Yes, but not tonight."

—Rammer-Jammer.

* * *

She stepped out of the bathtub and onto the bathroom scales. Hubby came in the back door and walked past the bathroom door. He observed what she was doing and inquired, "How many pounds this morning, honey?"

Without bothering to look around she answered, "Fifty, and be sure you don't leave the tongs on the back porch."

—Rammer-Jammer.

* * *

"Why does a bee buzz?"

"You'd buzz, too, if someone took your honey and nectar."

* * *

"Do you know what good clean fun is?"

"No, what good is it?"

—Ohio State Sundial.

* * *

She was only a private's sweetheart, but now she's an officer's mess.

—Exchange.

* * *

You're never to old to yearn.

* * *

"Whoopee, I own Hell!"

"How come?"

"The Dean just gave it to me."

* * *

The great big beautiful car drew up to the curb where the cute little working girl was waiting for the bus. A gentleman stuck his neck out and said, "Hello, I'm driving west."

"How wonderful," said the girl, "bring me back an orange."

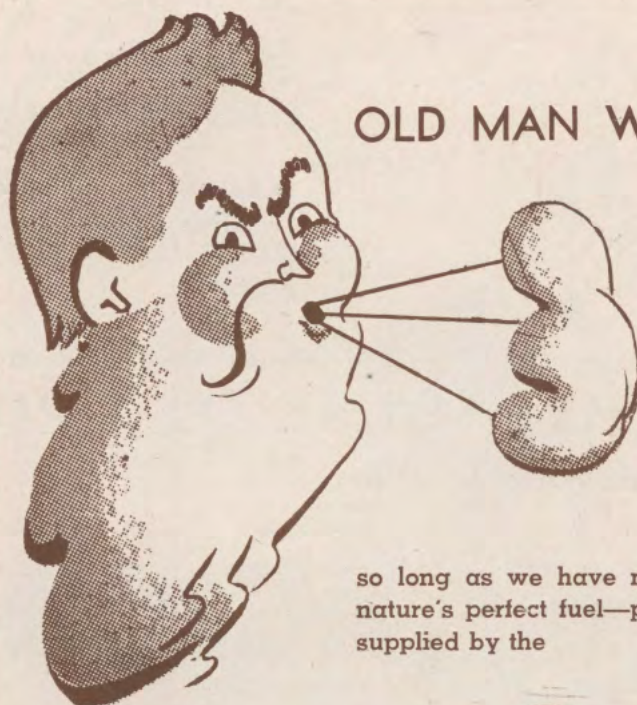
—Purple Parrot.

* * *

"Is this a picture of your fiancé?"

"Yes."

"She must be very rich."



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