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El Burro, February

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El Burro

"Reflecting the Collegiate Panorama at T.W.C."

1950

**VALENTINE
ISSUE**

35¢

With a

Be my Valentine...



IN THIS ISSUE

The Fiesta Brava
Feature

Art For Art's Sake
Pictorial

Fanged Victory
A Short Story

Flair

A PUBLICATION OF
TEXAS WESTERN
COLLEGE



ORGANDY TAKES A SPIN IN

Whirligig

SEPARATES

New . . . fun . . . exciting! Whirling organdy separates to spin you into a new season. Wear them as you please over the basic camisole and skirt in black rayon taffeta.

Sleeveless Organdy Blouse \$4.98

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DRY GOODS CO.



Or Else!

TW's Most Beautiful
Coed of 1950-51
Melba Pyle

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Gun and Western costume from Del Norte Saddlery



Bob Bagdon, Texas Western photographer, is a frequent customer at Gregor's Photo Supply, 311 N. Oregon. He knows he'll find what he's looking for in the way of cameras and camera accessories because Gregor's keeps a good stock of nationally known camera equipment on hand. Stock up on your camera needs now—at Gregor's.

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Safety Valve



Letters to the Editor should be addressed to: El Burro, Publications Office, Texas Western College, El Paso Texas. Letters **MUST BE** signed, names withheld for publication if requested. Maximum length, 200 words. The Editors reserve the right to shorten, edit, and express opinion on all letters.

Dear EL BURRO:

It grieves us to tell you this but our magazine, THE RUSTLER, is defunct. If you want to keep us on your mailing list, we would appreciate it... We have enjoyed receiving EL BURRO very much.

The Rustler
Texas A&I
Kingsville, Texas

Dear Sir:

VARSITY... publication was discontinued. We have been receiving EL BURRO and would like to continue to receive it if you can see fit to keep us on your mailing list.

Varsity
East Texas State College
Commerce, Texas

EL BURRO

Texas Western College
... We would like to tell you that we would most certainly like to continue the exchange of our magazines... We are receiving and enjoying EL BURRO monthly. We like your pin-ups, jokes, layout and features and cartoons—even if you do swipe one now and then... Liked your "Take Home" issue best of any this year. Keep up the good work.

C. R. Graham, Editor
The Avesta
No. Texas State College
Denton, Texas
(Continued on page 4)

EL PASO- DEL NORTE

DRIVE-IN THEATRES

WATCH FOR FEATURE ATTRACTIONS

El Paso-Del Norte
Drive-In Theatres

Kampus Kalendar

A flare of activities are scheduled on El Burro's calendar for month of February-March. Fraternity rush, College Players production, St. Pat's day and others combine to make this time a busy one.



February 17 (Saturday) Tri-State Speech and Drama Tournament, Cotton Memorial Auditorium. Alpha Phi Gamma rush party.

February 19 (Monday) Phi Kappa Tau rush party. Basketball, Hardin-Simmons, Abilene.

February 20 (Tuesday) Basketball, Texas Tech, Lubbock.

February 21 (Wednesday) Basketball, W. Texas, Canyon.

February 22 (Thursday) Fraternity Preferential. Coed Fashion Show, SUB.

March 1 (Thursday) Pre-Med Club, Sc. Build. 301, 7:30 P.M. Basketball, West Texas, El Paso.

March 3 (Saturday) Basketball, Hardin-Simmons, El Paso.

March 5 (Monday) Lambda Chi Alpha Alpha Mother's Club, SUB, 7 P.M.

March 6, 7, 8, 9 (Tuesday-Friday) College Players production, GLASS MENAGERIE, Cotton Memorial Auditorium.

March 14 (Wednesday) Western Day.

March 15 (Thursday) Pre-Med Club, Sc. Build. 301, 7:30 P.M.

March 17 (Saturday) St. Pat's Day. Hard Luck Dance, SUB.

Yes...it's a famous Van Heusen shirt



In white and colors
In regular or widespread collars . . .

Why settle for less when you can get a Van Heusen shirt at this low price—with traditional Van Heusen quality, fabric, styling and seamanship.

and still only . . . **\$2⁹⁵**

Prion
CLOTHING CO.

Corner San Antonio and Oregon Sts.



Hard-ridin', gun-totin' Lee Wade, 17-year-old Texas Western cheerleader, is off to the Southwestern Rodeo in fancy dude clothes—a Caxton Western hat, white leather jacket, a pair of handmade boots—all from El Paso's most complete western store, the Del Norte Saddlery, 110 W. San Antonio.

- El Paso's best selection of handmade cowboy boots
- Top-quality western pants, shirts, and hats
- Hand-painted western ties

Del Norte Saddlery

110 West San Antonio

"Headquarters for the real cowboy and drugstore dudes"

Safety Valve

(Continued from page 2)

EL BURRO

Texas Western College

Thank you very much for sending your magazine to us for the past year. We have enjoyed each issue very much.

James W. Creasman

Executive Secretary

ASC Alumni Assoc.

Tempe, Ariz.

And thanx to all of you. Our deepest sympathy to those who are now defunct. May your resurrection be glorious and imminent.—ED.

EL BURRO

Texas Western College

What, may I ask, happened?

Where are your beautiful pin-up pictures? Just as we were getting interested, too. As much as I admired Mr. Blancos, you'll have to admit he just doesn't have the appeal that some of your other students have—get what I mean?

You dog—betraying your fellow students by disclosing their sole means of getting through college. May this letter find you tarred and feathered.

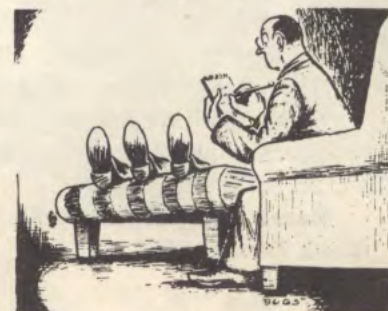
Not bad jokes this time—even some we hadn't seen before—and you've begun to give credit lines. Gads.

Nughburg College, Pa.

R. C. Colloway

THE SHOUTER

RC—Gads yourself. Your letter found me, unfortunately. Not tarred and feathered, bless you, but run out of college. Run out of beautiful coed, too. Not that there aren't more here (it says) but they flat refuse to have their pictures taken. Have you a solution, RC, ol' kid?—ED.



"Any ideas why people stare at you?"

El Burro

with a Glair

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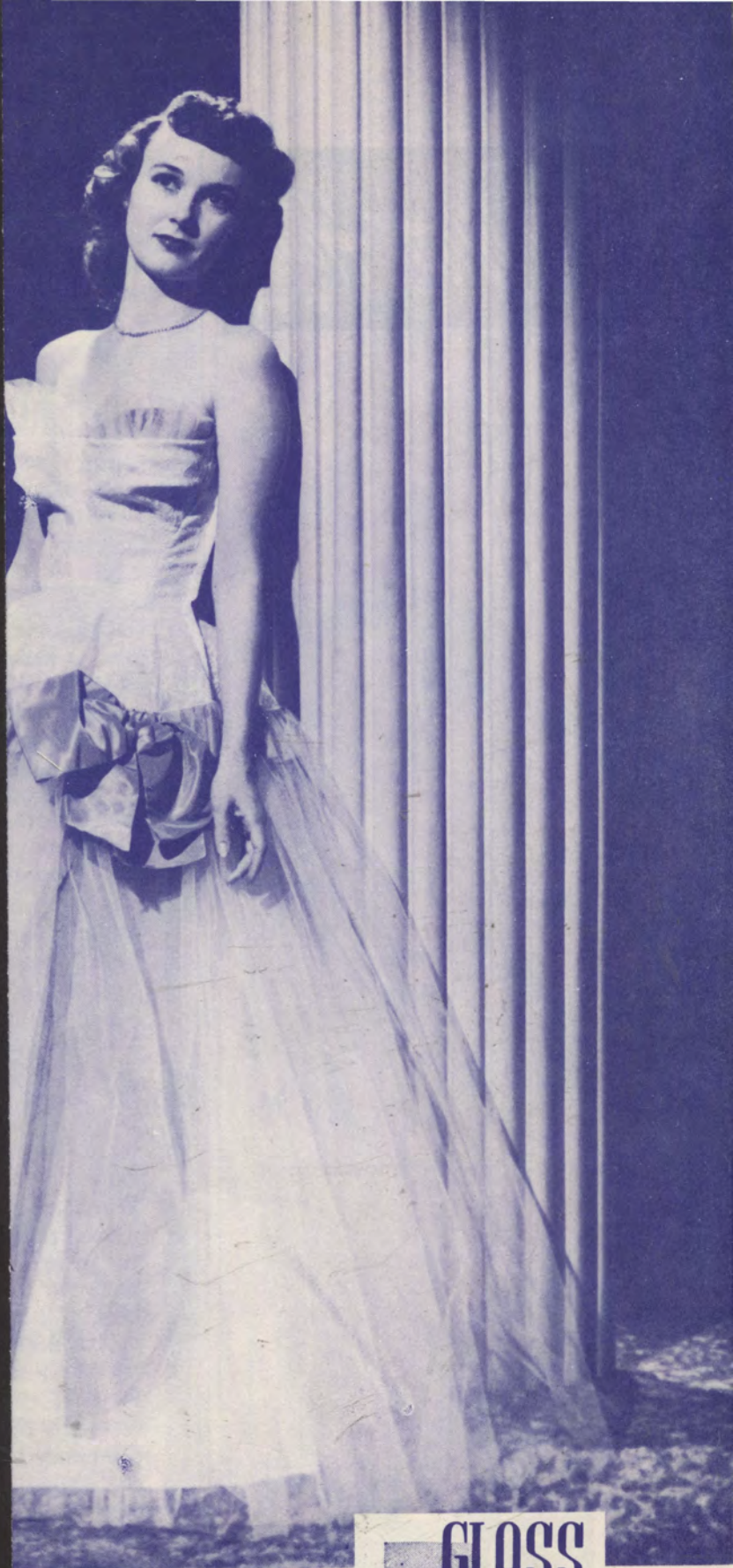
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A PUBLICATION OF



GLASS
apparel

219 E. San Antonio

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS DEPT.



WHERE YOU EXPECT
(and get) NICER THINGS



THE ONCE OVER

From where we're standing

... at the wrong
end of El Burro



EL BURRO BIDS FAREWELL

To its editor, amid the usual chaos that is the publications office, added and abetted now by the jubilant shouts of the under-editors, the chortlings of the B-M, and the sighs of relief of the **Flowsheet** staff who share the same office. Serpentine and confetti filled the air as the staff (all three of them) joined hands and danced around the limited space with glee. No longer would the lash descend. No longer rubles be deducted from their pay for failing to meet a deadline. No long-ah, well. The reign of terror had ended. The sign proclaiming "All Hope Abandon Ye Who Enter Here" had been removed from above the portals—the grim, gaunt, ungainly ghastly raven had flitted from the bust of himself the editor kept on his desk — the torture rack used by him to produce laughter for EL BURRO jokes was broken — the reign of terror had indeed ended.

Ye Olde Ed had picked up his blue pencil and eye-shade and like the Arabs he imitated in forms of torture, he had stolen away—and stolen half the office furniture too.

The scene of parting was mag-

nificent and memorable. With one last gallant gesture the editor whipped an assignment sheet from his battered typewriter, pinned it to the bulletin board with a bone sliver of a departed staffer, and without a backward glance, stalked from the office, strode down the hall, and fell down the stairs for the last time. The G-M paused celebrating long enough to inquire.

ABOUT THE COVER

Which, flamboyantly presents Miss Melba Pyle, most beautiful Coed at Texas Western College for the year 1950-51, who is an education majoring junior from El Paso. Miss Pyle was awarded her honors at a recent beauty contest held in conjunction with the Annual Flowsheet Starlight Formal. One glance at our provocative cover girl, and it isn't hard to understand the judges' decision. She wouldn't even have to use those pistols to convince us. Let it suffice for us to say, if we can drag our eyes away long enough, that she makes a very fitting cover girl to introduce the contests.

IN THIS ISSUE

Which include many things, all dished up in the best Flair Magazine style which served as

a prototype for this issue of EL BURRO. Although Flair Magazine ceased publication last month (probably as soon as they heard about our intention of parodying them) they have wrought several innovations in magazine production that will undoubtedly live for some time to come. To our knowledge no other college magazine has undertaken the task of parodying Flair, so with the bravery that is born of foolhardiness, EL BURRO has done their best. Among articles in this issue is a brief pictorial on the art department, **Art For Art's Sake**. In one last parting gesture the editor chose for EL BURRO's personification, journalism's own professor Middagh. Whether it was to revere him or to get even with him, is still conjecture. Anyhow, you too can meet this paragon of the fourth estate in a **Journalist's Journalist. Pictorially Yours** for this time reviews the last semester and at the same time previews the next term.

Since tossing the bull is the journalists' favorite passtime, the **Fiesta Brava** is a natural consequence. The article was written by our dear departed Hugh Appell who will be remembered by many because of his PROSPECTOR column, "Appell sauce". Hugh, who was a true **aficionado**, probably knew as much as anyone at TW about the art, and is now studying **las corridas** at first hand in Mexico City.

Former editor R. Neal Richards, long recognized as a proponent of the macabre (and who undoubtedly has mummified corpses hanging in his closet, since he rooms alone), leaves us with one last tale of the super-

natural. His **Fanged Victory** recalls the shivery suspense of his previous horror stories, and deals with a phantom car and an avenging rattlesnake.

Touring the Town may seem superfluous for some of the old-timers, but there are still a few neophytes, many who just arrived this term, who have yet to discover the many facets of El Paso and Juarez night-life. To them, a bucket of red paint and a **voila**, sucker!

Short-story writer Jane Mayo makes a reappearance in the pages of El Burro with a brief commentary on a recent Dress Rehearsal she reviewed recently. You may well be able to recognize some of the actors—and perhaps you've seen the play, already.

EL BURRO's search for a typical TW Co-ed did unearth one very pleasing bit of femininity who had, up to this time, escaped the notice of campus photographers. An eye-catching reproduction of this young lady is on the back page — and EL BURRO's only comment is that it sincerely wishes that all TW Co-eds were as captivating as this one—and had a brother to bring in their pictures. Our brief, but deeply heartfelt thanks (accompanied by a long, low whistle) to both of them. Which belatedly brings us up to.

THE NEXT ISSUE

Which is to be done by the Engineering side. Yon pazzants are already formulating plans for their annual St. Pat's day, which will be accompanied this year by EL BURRO. To them our best wishes — and complete sympathy. Until the next time then — say you saw it "in EL BURRO, the best d—n magazine at TW".



* * *



"I wonder what darn fool editor thought this up."

* * *

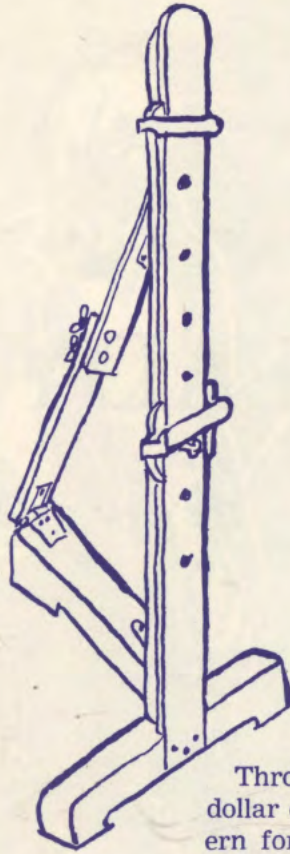




Art



For Art's Sake



Through provision of million dollar estate left to Texas Western for purpose of establishing Art Department, facilities offered TW students in any one of number of phases of field are unexcelled in this part of country.

TW's "aesthetic seat of learning" centers about beautiful Cotton Memorial, \$300,000 edifice which houses classrooms, laboratories, galleries, and auditorium for use of department. There students learn practical methods used in all types of creative activity. Ample provision is made for training in painting, design, crafts, sculpture, and commercial art.

Under direction of Miss Vera Wise, Associate Professor of Art who heads Department, and competent staff members, carefully selected on basis of professional skill and public recogni-

tion, students may work toward B. A. degree or do graduate work in any one of specializations.

During week Cotton Memorial is alive with activities of students pounding silver, painting canvas, carving wood, running pottery wheel. Reward for careful, beautiful work is display of specimens in well lighted galleries provided for display of student talent.

Students less talented than artistically minded may visit building to view constant turnover of student displays. Within galleries, also, are found some of finest early-American and Southwestern paintings. Each month some of outstanding paintings of world are displayed.

Open to public on Sundays from 2 to 5 P. M., Cotton Memorial is often filled with interested townspeople. #



WE'RE NOT READY

to kiss the girls goodbye . . .

THE TYPICAL ATTITUDE of the majority of war eligible young college men, according to the current issue of Look Magazine, is bitter and resigned, frustrated and disillusioned . . . not being mad at anybody specifically, and . . . not saying 'to Hell with it'."

The attitude at Texas Western differs somewhat, and appears to be less dramatic, but goes along with the general opinion. Disillusionment here is mostly on the part of veterans who invested years of their lives in the war, more years in completing their education, and now face the threat of another war without the chance of reaping returns on their investment.

Resignment and bitterness there is aplenty at TW. Bitterness at the situation as being irremediable except by licking the hell out of the enemy just to prove that we can do it. Resentment at the grasping of Uncle Joe, and his silent partner, by way of his bungling, our own dear old Uncle Harry. Frustration hasn't reared its ugly head here. The hope that springs eternal is evidenced by the enrollment of some 95 Freshmen this term, many more than were expected under the circumstances.

There is a definite "to hell with it" attitude here, but it is better expressed in graphic, four letter words. Flag waving is at a minimum, and few students are jumping at the chance to remedy the situation they feel was created by the incompetent leadership we have. One war-eligible coined the feeling of reluctance with, "We're not going to kiss the girls goodbye . . . yet."

But others were not only kissing the girls, they were scrambling down the aisle with them . . . and they didn't care what anybody thought about it.

"They have my address; let them come after me," is their general attitude.

A Northwestern campus leader put it this way: If the foreign policy were more intelligently handled, or at least more clearly and cleanly handled, I'd be more willing to go. I'm not going to volunteer . . . I'll go when they call me, but not willingly."

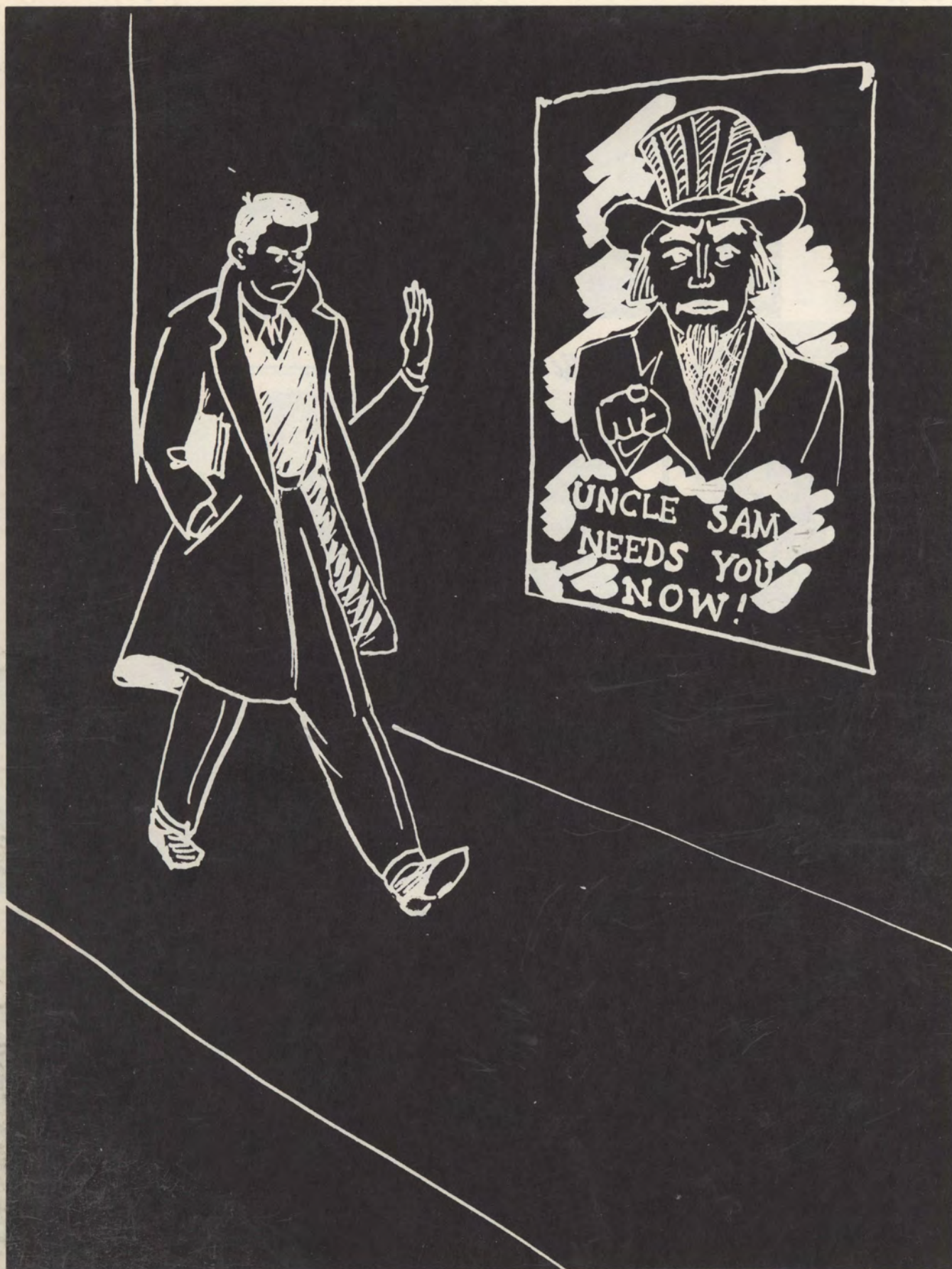
This closely parallels the consensus at TW. Most men here feel that the present situation doesn't warrant the interruption of their college careers. If these skirmishes flourish into global war, TW males will not hesitate to don uniforms and serve their country as best they can, but as it is now . . . NO!

Look points out that there is a general falling off in the quality of classroom work, and Texas Western profs confirm that the trend is holding here. There seems to be little inclination to work on things abstract in the face of the present concrete situation.

The magazine concludes that there is a realistic acceptance of the future by our young men and women. Today's student is ready for "blood and sweat . . . but not tears."

How a global conflict will affect the college as a whole is something to be reckoned with. Profs recall when enrollment dropped to record lows during WW II, and fear that history will repeat itself this time. The many new buildings and dorms erected to accommodate the post-war education boom have not yet been paid for.

If war brings on low enrollment, the situation will be indeed tough. As one student so aptly put it: "The war giveth; the war taketh away."

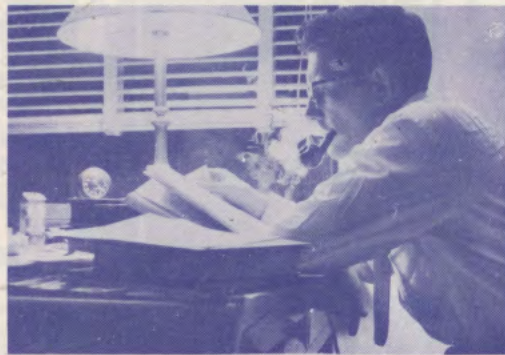


Been

Pictorially



To Be

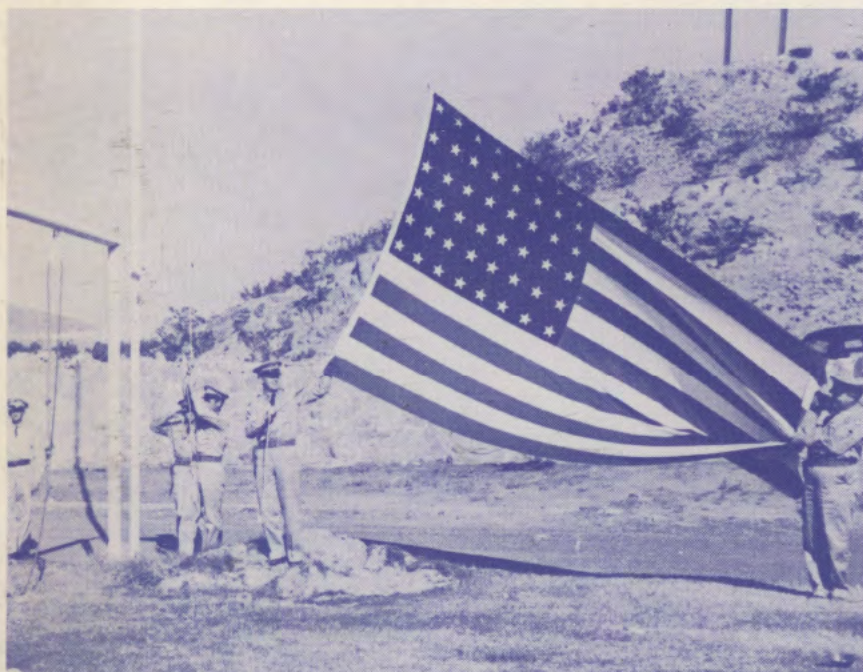


Yours

Been



To Be



John J. Middagh

Portrait by Neal Richards



A Journalist's Journalist

One of TW's most promising mentors has talents no one has even considered.

Besides his journalistic talents, J. J. Middagh (sometimes pronounced mi-dawg) is considered an expert on lunches in Juarez, the sound of German firearms and artillery and life in Odessa, Tex.

The average aspiring journalist can, in the pursuit of knowledge, learn many things at Texas Western, including journalism as this talented pedagogue, affectionately known as Chief to his students, is a veteran of ten years in the quandry . . . I mean field.

As is to be expected, he is not free from eccentricities. Among these is the practice of spearing the window shade with his baton during lecture. He is believed to be behind a recent order that all reporters must rise and sing "Hail to the Chief" whenever he makes an appearance.

He vigorously denies this, but when the reporters rise to sing, Middagh turns, faces Odessa and sniffs moistly.

Mr. Middagh leads a pleasant life in the company of a charming wife and two sons who do their utmost to make him feel his thirty-some years. He bought John Mac, the older, a helicopter toy and when it developed that daddy had to oper-

ate it, he cleverly contrived to land it on a neighbor's roof, where it remains to date.

He doesn't lose this faculty for sly strategy when he dons the guise of an assistant professor of journalism. He is apt to bound into class and ask such questions as "What is the difference between libel per se and a country newspaper?"

This, of course, completely founders the whole class and the Chief dances gleefully around his battered desk, secure in the knowledge that he is America's gift to journalism.

Away from his scholastic duties, Mr. Middagh is an avid gun fan, having several foreign makes which he keeps in top condition. And on Sundays, when El Paso is not threatened with an andecite rainstorm, he and John Mac take off for the boondocks to target shoot.

Bullfight also interests him. One look at his office would lead you to believe he receives as many trophies as do the toreros. He has a lance shaft, a memento of Canedo's appearance here and a banderilla which an obliging ring servant pulled from the shoulder of a passing bull.

His pet peeves are loud radios, people who don't read newspapers and students who don't come to class.

His effect on students is varied. Juniors manage to keep their

balance pretty well, sophomores are constantly confused and freshmen suffer from unknown terror. The seniors, or hardshells as they are sometimes called, just mumble when his name is mentioned.

On meeting a new student for the first time, the Chief smiles affably and then throws a battery of rapid-fire questions at the wretched hulk standing before him (this is, no doubt, an after-effect of his earlier OSS training.) If it comes out that you're a veteran, Mr. Middagh grabs convulsively at your lapels and tells you the complete history of the Ninth Infantry division and the march across Europe . . . in detail. That portion of his story that deals with his hospitalization in the "loony ward" he slides over with the smoothness of a career diplomat, and it soon slips your mind. But he's all right now . . . I think.

The Chief is easily recognized on campus. He appears as a man with a purpose, with briefcase in one hand and his lunch bucket in the other. (This he calls his badge of honor.)

His purpose in being . . . to enlighten the unenlightened, to inform the uninformed . . . to guide.

He is for home, motherhood, the American home and against sin.

—HA

OF A CHARACTER

A CHARACTER SKETCH

EL BURRO GOES TO A BULLFIGHT



La Fiesta Brava

Hugh Appell



The following pages are not intended as a complete document on the art of bullfighting on the border or anywhere else. They are offered in the spirit of introduction and amateur observation on the part of the author.

My apologies are offered, and I hope, acceptable to the true followers of the FIESTA BRAVA and I sincerely hope to be granted, in my inaccuracies and omissions, the lenient understanding of the ones who know.

When a fighting bull dies in the arena, bravely and with the beauty borne of courage and his own destiny, there is completed another act in the drama of life and its close association with death.

For fighting bulls, or *toros de lidia*, there can be but one course — four years of life dedicated to a final judgment in the Plaza de Toros, one Sunday afternoon. And this is the way it should be.

Bulls of savage blood have been raised for hundreds of years by well-to-do ranchers devoted to the bull fight, and contrary to public opinion, are the only breed of bulls suitable for the bull fight. They originated in the wild cattle of Spain where this ancient sport turned art was first practiced

on horseback, and they have since been bred down through the years ever striving to maintain the same wild spirit.

Fighting bulls are not only different in fundamental type but also in appearance. They differ from the ordinary stock bull with its tremendous weight and sluggishness, in that they are in most cases faster and more powerful in the region of the neck and shoulders. The *morillo* or strip of muscle over the shoulders and neck is developed greatly, and the legs are slim while the hooves are small and sharp. The horns are still the most functional on any bovine existing today. The bull's chief weapon and protection, they curve outward and slightly upward from the sides of the bull's head and then turn frontward and extend to a sometimes very dangerous length. As in the case of the Miura bulls of some years ago, the horns extended at times eighteen inches in front of the bull's head. However, this length of horn was to some extent bred out.

The four years of a bull's life are spent on the open range in complete celibacy. He is tested for bravery at the age of two years. From the time of the test until he enters the arena, he has no contact with man as an enemy. He is not goaded or teased to make him ferocious as this is already part of his nature—it is his heritage, and in the twenty minutes he is in the arena, he answers with his bravery, the demands of this ancient birthright.

Bullfighting on the border will never be of the highest type and there are a number of sensible reasons for this unfortunate situation. In the first place, the toreros will always consider fighting in the "provinces" as a necessary evil. They are not judged by the experts in these regions and usually their fees are considerably lower than in the Plaza Mexico. Undoubtedly, they consider the people of small towns not worthy of a top-notch performance. There are other reasons, of course, but



R.W. Thomas

The Fiesta Brava

this does have a place among them. Still another good reason for the less-than-first-rate fights is that usually the rings in these smaller towns are small and the budgets than they operate on are very limited. This may result in two possibilities; one, only second-rate toreros may be contracted for, and two, the **Impressario** or promoter of the ring may economize on the bulls. Either of the two may result in a poor or just average bull fight.

In spite of the above, though, there are a good number of fine performances in provincial rings. Some of the responsibility for this lies in the matadors own sense of honesty and his devotion to his profession. Or too, he may be a local boy, or maintain a position as a "favorite" in a given area, such as Canitas enjoys with El Paso and Juarez fans, and if this is the case, he nearly always gives ones emotions a workout.

The third possibility is rare but breathtaking and unforgettable when it occurs. It is when an honest and skillfull matador meets the perfect bull. Here, as each meets his opponent, is unfolded the awe-inspiring spectacle of life and death and the beautiful crimson line that runs between them.

. . .

The formal bullfight consists of thirds or **Tercios**: that of the pics or **varas**; that of the sticks or **banderillas**; and finally that of the death or sword—.

At the beginning of the first third the bull enters the empty ring, whereupon the members of the matadors cuadrilla or troupe cite the bull for the benefit of the matadors. While this is happening the matador may study his adversary and note such points as the swiftness and the trueness of a bulls charge, he may note the carriage of the head, and whether the bull will favor a horn, either right or left. Then, his inspection over, he will enter the ring himself to receive the bull in a series of passes called **Veronicas**, said to be named after, and in honor of the manner in which Veronica wiped Christ's brow as he carried the cross to Calvary. This is the most common of the passes of the bullfight. It is not only very beautiful but also functional and is often called upon for emergency defense from a bull's charge.

From this first series of passes, while the picadors are entering, it is sometimes possible to tell whether or not the matador is going to give a good performance, but as this depends on so many other things, one should reserve judgment. The bull should never be judged at this point, for he has yet to taste the steel of the varas, and a good deal of a bulls bravery depends upon his willingness to accept punishment while trying to deal it himself in the object of horse and picador.

After three pics and the performance of the subsequent **quites** (take-aways) by the matadors, the picadors leave the ring and the second act is at hand.

Matadors fight bulls in the order of their own seniority, but during the **tercio** of the **varas**, the matador closest at hand can make the **quite** and thereby gain a few plaudits, if well done, no mat-

ter to whom the bull belongs.

The second act, that of placing the **banderillas** to further weaken the large neck muscle of the bull already started by the picadors, is done without the comforting protection of the cape. The **banderilleros**, (or, if the quality of the bull merits it, the matador himself) place six barbed and gaily colored sticks into the same neck muscle. This will soon cause the bull to lower his head even further in preparation for the third act in which the matador must go in over the head with its deadly sharp horns for the kill. Sometimes **banderillas** are used to correct the carriage of the head by placing them farther up or back, or lower on the side of the bull. This is often mistaken for sloppy work. But, as bad work does appear in this form, it takes a skillful eye to determine whether one is seeing a frightened or a calculating performance.

The final act — the **tercio de la muerte** — done with the **Muleta** and the **Estoque**. The **muleta** is a piece of red felt, doubled over a baton eighteen inches in length. Hanging straight down, this offers a small target for the horns, and passes made with this lure are spectacular to watch if done honestly. The matador can increase the size of the lure by spreading it over the length of the sword and pinning it so with the point. This offers a greater amount of movement in the **muleta**, and a much greater defense to the matador. Contrary to popular belief, the color red does not entice the bull — it is the motion which provokes the charge.



After several passes are performed which further tire the bull, and work him into position, the sword is bared and the moment of truth is at hand. This is the climax of the bullfight. The matador unsheathes from the **muleta** seventy-five centimeters of shining, razor-sharp steel, grooved in the middle and curved downward near the tip. Now, he must do two completely different things at once. He must guide the deadly horns under and around his body to the right with his left hand, and steer the point of the sword to an opening high up in the bulls shoulders with his right hand — an opening approximately the size of a silver dollar. He must push it in and downward to cut the artery over the bulls heart, the **aorta**. There is sure death in his hand, and there is sure death on the head of the wild bull. This is the instant of God, this is the meeting place of life and death—one will remain and one will depart. Here is where the matador gambles his life. If he loses, there is Eternity. If he wins, there is love and laughter, and

(Continued on page 28)





Fanged

R. Neal Richards

Sunlight glinted through the tall pine trees, dappling the road with splotches of light and shadow. A soft summer breeze murmured sleepily through the tree tops, and moved the needles gently. Over on the horizon, white thunderhead clouds were piling up on each other.

A huge mountain rattlesnake slithered its sinuous way from the underbrush by the side of the road out onto the paved highway, its head raised an inch or two above the asphalt, its body alternately weaving from side to side or stretching directly ahead.

Far down the highway came the sound of an automobile engine's humming, and the whine of tires on pavement. The snake, feeling vibrations from the oncoming vehicle, began to draw itself together in a defensive movement, then suddenly aware of the movement almost on it, it struck instinctively at the motion.

I saw the snake when it was still about 30 yards ahead of the car, and recognizing it as a rattler by its thick sluggish body, its dark black color, and, upon drawing closer, the tip of white on its tail which would be its rattles, I made sure I ran over it. I felt practically no bump of the tires, and heard no sound above the hum of the engine, but imagination made me think I had felt the squishy snick as the tires passed over the reptile's body.

Looking back at the road's reflection in the rear vision mirror, I saw the long dark line in the road, now bent at a grotesque angle, like some bent stick of wood.

I had run over the rattler because I didn't like silent killers. I told myself I had done some of the smaller forest dwellers a favor, and had relieved the countryside of an evil, dangerous denizen. But for some reason, behind my satisfaction, there was a small backwash of uneasiness. I couldn't shake a feeling of imminent catastrophe.

Then I began thinking of legends I had heard of the Hopi Indian tribe and their respect and veneration of snakes, including rattlesnakes. I remembered one summer of visiting one of their famous rain-dances in which they performed weird rituals with live snakes held in their mouths, and I also remembered that a good portion of those snakes had been rattlesnakes.

I was reflecting on the Hopi's tradition that it was bad luck of the worst kind to kill one of their "little brothers" as they called reptiles, and I remembered they believed that anyone who did would come to death themselves. At that moment

Victory

the feeling of danger grew more intense, and I smiled wryly at myself for letting my mind's fantastic musings get such a hold on my thinking.

Over the top of the hill I was climbing, a car appeared. I noticed it particularly because from the peculiar front design of it, I recognized it as a make and model in which I had a particular interest. I had always wanted to own an automobile made one year by a particular company, so I scrutinized the oncoming car very carefully. First I noticed that it was a sedan model, while I had always been interested in the coupe style. Then I glanced hurriedly at the car's occupants—a blond haired young man was driving, a small child stood in the seat beside him, and a woman was on the far side. The back seat of the car was loaded to the top with bundles, clothing and suitcases.

They swept past, and once again I was left to reflect on my feeling of uneasiness that seemed to permeate my body. Thinking I had a tire going soft I pulled to the side of the road, got out, and walked around the car to check the tires' inflation. They were all right. I started to stretch, but changed my mind and climbed hurriedly back into the car. Was it imagination, or had I heard the buzz of a snake's rattle?

Telling myself it was only the engine, or part of the car vibrating, I drove on. I had just started to pick up speed when up ahead I saw a car coming into view. Even at that distance I had no trouble distinguishing it as my favorite make and model of car — even the color was my favorite one, and oddly enough, the same as the car that had passed me a few minutes earlier.

As the car swished past, I jerked my head around. Was I seeing things? Possibly, but I could have sworn that driving the car had been a blond haired young man, that a small child stood in the seat beside him, and a woman had been on the far side, with the back seat of the car loaded to the top with baggage.

I became aware that my car was approaching the soft shoulder of the road, and I swung back just in time to prevent the front wheel from slipping off the pavement.

Clouds I had noticed earlier on the horizon were piling up higher now, and were turning dark blue-black at the bottoms. Mentally I hoped there would be no rain for me to drive through — and then realized that this was undoubtedly the thought that had been bothering me for the past several miles. I had been driving all day long, and still had over two hundred miles to go, and being tired, I did not anticipate driving through a summer thunderstorm. My biggest worry was that a sudden cloudburst might disrupt travel, or cause

a flood somewhere that might hold me up along the road.

A sign along the road proclaimed a dip some three hundred feet ahead. I glanced ahead to see, and felt the hair on my head tighten. Out of the dip a car was coming. It was of a make and model I had once looked forward to seeing, but now regarded with something approaching apprehension. It was of a color I was beginning to shun, rather than approve. I slowed down and looked carefully at the car's occupants.

Driving the car was a blond haired young man. Next to him, standing on the seat was a small child, and over on the far side was a woman. The back seat of the car was heavily loaded.

Then I slipped down into the dip, and as I topped the other side, I glanced into my rear vision mirror for a glance at the departing car. There was no car visible. I reached to adjust the rear vision mirror, thinking it had slipped from its usual position, but it showed the road behind me clearly — and empty.

The shrieking blast of a horn brought my gaze back to the road, and I found myself wandering across the white line directly into the path of a huge oncoming diesel truck. I swerved sharply, managed to get out of its path, and felt the concussion of the air wave thrown out by the diesel buffet my car. I managed to straighten out my careening automobile, and slowed down almost to a crawl. My hands were perspiring on the steering wheel, making it slippery. My foot was trembling as I lifted it from the gas pedal. I felt a



tight knot in my stomach, and I felt breathless.

Mentally scolding myself for such carelessness, I gradually picked up speed again, and it was with a feeling of physical relief that I saw the black line in the distance sprinkled with spots of sun reflection that proclaimed a town.

As I rounded a curve, I saw a sign reading that the town was two miles distant. By the sign the

(Continued on page 29)



Photograph by Neal Richards

Like a jewelled tiara curved over the brow of Mt. Franklin lies El Paso, crossroad of two nations. By day, it pulses with the comings and goings of the buyers and sellers of goods. By night, its tempo is heightened as people press their search for pleasure and excitement . . .

T ouring T he T own

When it comes to entertainment, El Paso might be thought of as the brotherly boyfriend to



TOMMY'S PLACE — good steaks a specialty, a good, quiet, friendly place. Fine American and Mexican meals. Tommy Sookiasen, prop.

SAN ANTONIO HOTEL — nice lounge with rooftop dancing in summer. Good Mexican bends.

STORK CLUB — for floor-shows, dancing, music generally loud and Latin.

THE RIO—main attraction is five-girl orchestra that beats most Juárez music. Play great mambo, but mostly popular dance music.

CAVERN OF MUSIC—offers Cheque's classical piano arrangements in a cave-like room. Candle-lit tables, and unique decoration. Best to go in middle of week, Saturdays crowded.



A Shot of Red-Eye



By VINO

Ahhh, Co-eds of TW, the worm begins to reverse its direction, and the shoe is being transferred to the other pedal extremity.

And its pinch is being felt, maintenance.

What is meant, flowers of West Texas, is that with a draft blowing on their shaven necks, and the spectre of war casting a shivery shadow over them, the men of this, and many other schools, are, like other dodos, becoming extinct.

And the effects shall affect the feminine population.

And they shall either be too young or too old — and a 4-F bookworm may become the answer to a maiden's prayer, particularly at prom-time.

Chances are, old sweet and two-faced, that you won't be able to get a date unless YOU have a convertible and foot the bills.

In other words, mankind at TW will be liberated, and no longer will the woman shortage that has existed for far too long be the CROIX D' HOMME.

And there will be lengthy, lonely lamentations.

So, as a word to the sophisticates should suffice, perhaps you'd best do your latching now.

And if that cannot be done, it might be well if you paved, with a few well chosen intentions, the road of the future.

For 80% of the men are expendable and are being exploited.

Verily—the worm turneth.

The Disenheartened

Back in the gay, mad roaring 'Twenties — the Jazz Age, some chose to call it — there were many who considered themselves a "lost generation" — a group of people who had been "betrayed."

Today, at Texas Western and in colleges throughout the nation a similar feeling of pessimism, discouragement and despondency is current. Professors reveal unequaled number of failures, drop-outs and "what the hell" attitudes. Interest in all courses except ROTC has dropped to negligibility.

With from 50 to 80 per cent of the male student bodies faced with induction or voluntary enlistment, it is natural that concern diminishes regarding college courses that do not aid one in firing a rifle or sleeping comfortably in a fox-hole.

While students are being indoctrinated with the beautiful idealism that was the foundation of our democracy, they are also being indoctrinated via press and radio with the realism that is foreign politics and world relationships — all of which make the principles of democracy appear as outdated as the Golden Rule. Small wonder interest lags.

It's true that a college education may prepare one for the future — but when there is so much doubt about the future, or even the existence of a future — then the importance of a higher education also begins to pale.

No one can say, "Take interest." No one can assure "a bright and glorious future." No one can blame those of the "last generation" who cry betrayal and regard the times with disenheartenment.

The only bright spot that seems relevant to the times is an admonition, "Have fun while you may — make your college career pay off in pleasure, enjoyment and happiness." This does not mean EL BURRO advocates a complete wild abandonment of studies and classes, and the adoption of debauchery and debacles. It can be done in other ways — by participating wholeheartedly in college activities, enjoying your fellow-students and their companionship, absorbing as much as possible — including a spiritual and cultural unity that can be achieved among intelligent young men and women.

If there is no future, then have, at least, a present, and create as much of a golden past as you can.

Last month closed the March of Dimes drive. Texas Western College contributed approximately \$100. This means that less than half the people on campus contributed — far less than half, for fraternal organizations and individuals swelled the total by generous donations. However, a great number of fraternities and sororities were conspicuous by their contributory absence — as were the majority of students who ducked the nickle tariff in the snack bar, and ignored the contribution boxes.

We hope that none of these ever know first hand the horrors of Infantile Paralysis. Evidently they do not share the fear that many do of this dread killer, that, in spite of higher prices and increased taxes, does not stop its relentless devastation.

DRESS REHEARSAL

Jane Mayo



The scene opened as J.D. slipped in noiselessly and sat down close to the stage so he could easily hear the gaily banded words that screeched across the audience. The sophisticated poses of the actors gave them an air of distinction.

J.D. took out his notebook and began jotting down criticisms; he was looking for weak spots and artificialities. First he diagrammed the stage on one page of the book. He noted that at upper right was the main entrance and at lower right were three pinball machines; lower left was another entrance. By this entrance was a large juke box, blaring out the currently popular blues tunes. All over the stage, at various intervals, small tables were set up, and the long bar that ran the length of up-stage was groaning with the weight of all the actors that were leaning on its polished surface.

J. D. disgustedly threw down his notebook and, as he watch-

ed the frenetic young actors playing the part of being grown-up, he gave a sigh that was desperately close to desperation. He patiently picked up his notebook again, however, and jotted down a couple of comments as he listened to their forced dialogue.

1ST GIRL: Let's have a party!

1ST BOY: Hi Willie; howya-coming boy.

2ND GIRL: (with suggestive lift of eyebrow) Say, Nell, do you think she really...

Too possessive, J. D. scribbled in his notes as he watched the coy blond leaning on the shoulder of the boy next to her.

Glancing at lower right, at the boy who had been intent on the pinball machine during the entire scene, J. D. leaned back, pleased with himself and the boy.

1ST GIRL: Johnny, you're really a darling, but God, how I hate you!

"Egads!" winced J. D. "What dialogue. The critics will tear hell out of that." With another

sigh he slid down in the seat and mumbled to himself, "Will this play go over? Will people like it? Well, why not? The actors know their lines, they never falter, and the makeup is perfect. (No wonder, they spend so much time with it.)"

He thought of his critics again. Oh yes, critics! If they call this a success it will come from the fact that like all good troupers, these actors live their parts; every line is perfection, when you really stop to think about it. Every move they make is the action one would normally expect from a play such as this.

They are the actors of Life. Their stage is the world, their critics are themselves. And they live but to impress their critics like all neophyte actors. Their audiences now are their fellow students. Someday some may be impressing larger audiences, but the plot will be just as bad, the lines as forced but the acting and make-up as carefully prepared.

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The Fiesta Brava

(Continued from page 20)
sun—and seven more days of
living.

The bull passes the muleta, and staggers, the sword having traveled truly, then settles, as though very tired, to the ground. A ring servant with a short knife severs his spinal cord and as the bull receives his lot in eternity tumult seizes the crowd and white handkerchiefs demand honors for the matador whom God has chosen to live. He has won!

If you are follower of the bullfight, you will feel a little tired now — and a little elation. For you too, have faced death, and brushed the horns as the matador did. Now you share his victory as he proudly circles the ring with his trophies.

Even here on the border, it has been a good Sunday, and the hot sun feels good on your back as you walk to your favorite cafe — and life is good to have.

There are so many things I have not told you. I could have tried to explain the philosophy of the bullfight and why they continue to exist. I could say that to some people, death is something to study since it is omnipresent and to be considered in one's daily life.

I do tell you that the matador loves his work, and that he sleeps with fear. Sometimes he is brother to his enemy, and his throat is full when the sword strikes true.

I could tell you about the wounds — the cornadas. How when the horn makes one wound on the outside, it can make six or seven separate wounds on the inside because of the rethrusting of the horn again and again.

Bullfighting is no longer a sport in the accepted sense of that word. It is an art. The matador attempts to deal death while subjecting himself to it, and he must do this bravely, and with the beauty of a ballet dancer. He must fight the outer manifestation of danger that is the bull, and the inner terror in his own heart.

This then, is the Ballet of Mexico and Spain, and the men who perform it must necessarily be the first men of the world!



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He sent her another bouquet
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**TRI-STATE
MUSIC CO.**

Fanged Victory

(Continued from page 23)

roadbed shoulder was torn up and deep tire tracks rutted the soft sand. There were skid marks on the highway, and dusty tracks from cars that had driven off the road and then back onto the pavement.

Looks like an accident, I remarked to myself, and drove on, anxious to get to the town.

I stopped to get a cup of coffee and a slice of pie, then drove over to a filling station to get some gas and oil for the drive ahead. The station man was an old gentleman, inclined to be a bit gabby, but I didn't mind, and welcomed the opportunity for conversation after having endured an enforced silence while driving alone for the past hour or so.

We discussed the possibility of rain, the condition of the road ahead, and the number of miles to the next town. I inquired about any places on the road that might be dangerous should it happen to rain.

"Speaking of dangerous places," the old man said as he wiped off my windshield, "there ain't no place that ain't safe these days. Did you see that accident just out of town here a ways?"

"Where was that?" I asked him.

"Why it occurred not more than two miles out of town," he told me. "It was on that last curve where in the road just before you come into town."

"Yes, I did see markings on the road that looked like an accident," I told him. "They must have come and taken away the wreckage before I got there though."

"I didn't see them tow the car in," the old-timer remarked, wiping industriously at a stubborn speck on the windshield, "but I watched the ambulance come whizzing by here. You know," he went on, "it sure was a shame — those people that was in that wreck stopped right here at this station for gas not more than a half-hour before. It was just too bad — and I understand the whole family was killed. Just makes me feel downright miserable."

He had moved over to clean the other windshield now, and didn't hear me when I first asked him about the family.

"What did you say, son?" he asked.

"I said, what did the family look like—I mean how many were there?" I replied.

"Well now, that's the saddest part of the whole thing," the old man said shaking his head. "There was the man and his wife, and their little boy—cutest little youngster you'd ever hope to see. Sure too bad they all got themselves killed."

"Did the man have blond hair?" I asked. "Was the back end of the car loaded?"

"Right up to the gunnels," the old man replied, "and the young man did have blond hair—so'd his little boy. Did you see them? Guess you must have done—seen their car, too, I guess."

"Yes, I remember now, I saw them," I said, and an old familiar gaunt feeling tightened in my stomach.

"Sure too bad," the old man said, it seemed to me for the fortieth time. He counted out some

change in my hand, and said, "Seems like they left a trailer load of a stuff here in town. Planned to pick it up sometime later, I guess. Wanted to store it here at my station, but I didn't have no room. Sent them on down to Pete's garage there, and he told them it would be O.K. You can see the trailer when you go past Pete's—it's a green one, and that's his garage down there in the next block. But I guess they won't have much use for that trailer now. Sure too bad."

"Yes, it is," I said. I started the car, put it into gear, and rolled slowly out of the station driveway.

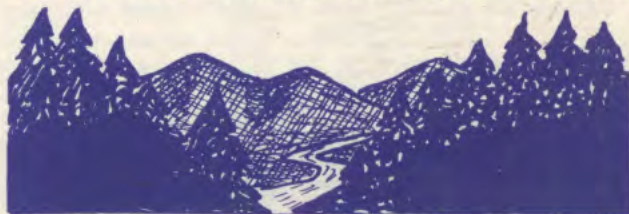
"You take it easy, son," the old man called after me. The rest of his farewell was lost in the sound of the engine, and I went on down the street.

I passed Pete's garage, and couldn't keep from looking inside the huge barn-like building. I had no trouble looking into the interior, and there in one corner was a green trailer, heavily loaded with household furnishings.

Half an hour later I was beginning to feel better, and some of the despondency that had hung itself around me was beginning to wear off. The clouds ahead were lifting, and it looked as if I wouldn't have to worry any more about rain.

I was driving through mountains now—the sun was sliding down behind the trees—and the cool evening air smelled good, scented with the smell of pine trees. The road was winding, and the sides of the road vanished into precipitous slopes, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other.

And then I saw it again. Coming around a curve ahead was a car. I didn't even have to glance keenly at it to know what kind it was. I knew I wouldn't have to wait until it drew abreast to



know what the occupants looked like. But the object that drew my attention, the one thing that fascinated me, was the trailer, painted green, loaded with furnishings that swung behind the car.

I stared, my gaze fastened to that trailer. I saw, somewhere in the corner of my eye, the blond haired young man driving, the little child standing in the seat beside him, and a woman at the far side. And then I knew this was the moment I had been dreading all afternoon. I knew it as well as I knew I had looked too long at the trailer—knew that my front wheels were already off the road—knew that I'd never make that curve ahead. And then I was rolling down the slope, over and over and over into a pounding roaring blackness.

Sunlight glinted through the tall pine trees, dappling the cloud of dust with rays of light and shadow. A soft summer breeze murmured sleepily through the trees and was already dispersing the cloud of dust from the plunging vehicle's wild

(Continued on page 30)



America's favorite
from coast to coast



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Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. 1st contest closes March 31st, 1951. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

Fanged Victory

(Continued from page 29)

rolling.

A huge mountain rattlesnake slithered its sinuous way from the underbrush toward the smell of blood and animal warmth. Cautiously, it raised its head an inch or two toward the place where some minutes before there had been the sounds of breaking trees and the crashing of steel on boulders.

The snake, feeling vibrations of something moving toward it, drew into a tight coil, its tail-tip vibrating dizzily, sending out a buzzing sound of warning.

The man crawled painfully away from the crushed wreckage that had been an automobile. A groan wavered for a moment in the stillness—and the snake poised itself to strike. Suddenly, aware of a movement almost in front of it—the movement of the man as he crawled along—it struck instinctively at the motion. **##**

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PHILANDERER

He has you for now, but he won't keep you long.
Someday you'll follow another one's song.
I didn't believe this could happen to me—
But here I am lonely, indignantly free.
You always said love, but you also said fun,
And what better sport than to find a new one?
I've done it myself so I know, never fear—
But this time I loved you, and wanted you near.
So you've gone and I'm left. I'll be wiser by far,
In case someone else hitches onto my star.
Tho' you've gone, I know now you always will stray—
So perhaps you'll return to me, darling, someday.

—PAT COOPER

TIME HEALS

Once again I pause
And kneel to gather up
The pieces of a broken heart,
And put them back together
While time heals the wound.

Once again my dreams
Have gone astray—are lost
Amid the clouds of misery—
Have been o'ershadowed by pain,
But time will heal the wound.

Once again I'm left alone
To dream of days gone past,
And sit alone in reveries
Of happiness that vanished
While time heals the wound.

Once again the days drag by—
Life has lost its sheen—
The future stretches, bleak, ahead,
But I don't mind
For time will heal the wound—
Or will it?

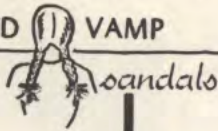
—R. NEAL RICHARDS

LAST NIGHT

The cold breath
Of a dying love
Chilled me last night
So that I shivered
With longing
And wept
With loneliness.

—RNR

BRAIDED VAMP



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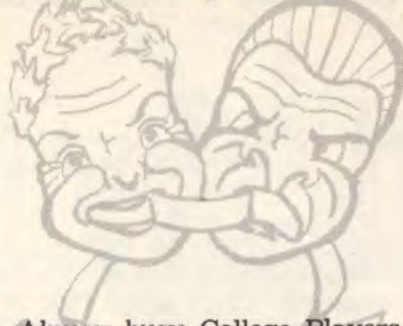


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Dramatically Speaking



Always busy College Players have show on agenda for this semester you were warned about. Tennessee Williams' **The Glass Menagerie** is next audience appealer. One of modern theatre's most famous plays, the show has been greatly successful in New York, on road, and in many countries abroad. It is a drama of great tenderness, beauty, and charm.

Texas Western College's production will be directed by Mr. DeRoo with cast of capable actors, actresses. Amanda Wingfield will be played by Doris Tickell; Laura by Tommie Lou Brown, Tom Wingfield by John Sawyer, and Jim, the gentleman caller, by Duane Jurvad. Three acts open March 6, 7, 8, 9 in Cotton Memorial Auditorium.

Story involves Amanda Wingfield who is faded, tragic remnant of Southern gentility living impoverished in digny St. Louis apartment. With her are son, Tom, and daughter, Laura. Amanda strives to give meaning to her life and lives of her children, though methods are ineffective and irritating. Tom, driven nearly to distraction, seeks escape in alcohol and movies. Laura also lives in illusions. She is crippled, and this defect, coupled with her mother's desire to see her married, has driven her more and within herself.

Main crux of action comes when Tom invites a young man to eat dinner at his house. Jim is at once pounced upon by Amanda as husband for Laura. She involves several crude ways of creating this twosome which helps for awhile, but suddenly world crashes for everyone concerned.

What really happens to this poor family? Come to see for yourself March 6, 7, 8, 9 at Cotton Memorial Auditorium. Eight o'clock is curtain time.

"House of Bargains"


113-115 E. Main

(Have you heard about Patterson's exclusive offer of making jumbo prints at no extra cost? At the same price that you formerly paid for contact prints, Patterson Photo offers you larger prints bound in a small "Snapshot Album." Take advantage of this offer the next time you have film to be developed—take it to Patterson's!)

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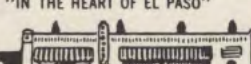
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101 EAST MAIN
"IN THE HEART OF EL PASO"



Sporting Propositions



distinctive

portraits

by

Sam
Fant



The noble Fourth Estate has come up with a game that will sweep the country. We have been informed by the Minnesota University Daily that pekoe tea was named after a game invented by Chinese journalism students. For this great discovery by the Fourth Estate-in-China, the journalistic field has been awarded the Pullet-itzer Prize and a special scroll from the Poultry Gazette. Although this game has long been practiced in China, it has only recently hit our shores.

It happened in a Far East hotel that several journalism students went into the Fourth Estate-in-China Room and purchased bowls of tea. The lounge was too crowded to drink in comfort so the boys wandered off into a cool tiled hallway. From a doorway that was labelled "Ladies, Señoras, Frauleins, etc. . . ." a feminine tone was heard indicating trouble with a balky zipper. One of the students, he had been told that reporters were nosy, put his eye to the keyhole. What he saw inside exceeded his expectations and he exclaimed "Peek!" The lady inside retorted with a startled "Oh!"

So the game of Peek-Oh was born.

Afterwards crowds of students roamed around looking into keyholes of doors that were marked "Ladies, Señoras, Frauleins, etc. . . ." They would yell "Peek!" In accordance with the rules of the game, the ladies would answer "Oh!" Since it was customary to play this game only between classes, the students invariably carried bowls of tea to drink while playing this throat-parching game. The type of tea the students drank was comparable in quality to the coffee sold in some parts of the United States and for this reason the tea became known as pekoe.



Cover
Girl

by

Tony Canales

1101 E. Yandell

The Cager



Newly formed organization on campus is **The Engineering Council**, whose purpose is to coordinate activities of three engineering groups, ASCE, AIEE, and AIME. The Scientific Club, whose place the Engineering Council has taken, was originally an AIME group, but eventually took in all engineers. Now that there is a student chapter of each of these groups on campus, there is no need for the Scientific Club.

Engineering Council is not governing body, but strictly coordinating one. It is made up of the presidents of the three organizations plus a junior and senior elected representative from each group, the junior to serve for two years and the senior for one. The Council meets in the Engineer Study Room every second Monday of the month. The present members are: ASCE, M. W. Franks, Fred Quillin, and Herb Brasseur; AIEE, John Giliewicz, Bill Joy, and Barry Green; AIME, Wally Dow, Kenneth Bearden, and Rush Muse.

Council is working on arrangements for engineering holiday, **St. Patrick's Day**, March 17, and **Hard Luck Dance**. AIME is in charge of the initiation of new engineers, AIEE, the food, and ASCE, the Hard Luck Dance.

Future success of this organization depends upon regular attendance of members and wholehearted support by their groups. Each and every engineering student is urged to join one of these groups, AIEE, AIME, or ASCE, depending on his field of study. Anyone having suggestions is asked to contact one of the above listed members of the Engineering Council.

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The
Southwest's



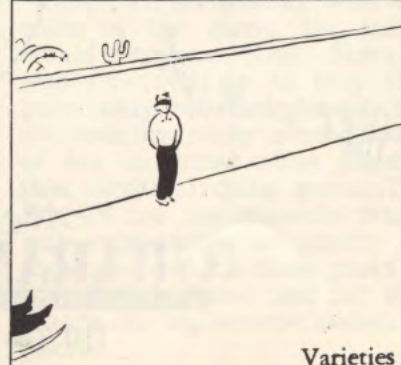
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320 W. San Antonio

HUMOR



Varieties

Leading
Jewelers

Hand made boots
to be proud of



by

TONY LAMA

Yes sir, for cowboy boots that combine good looks, comfort, and long wear — Tony Lama boots can't be beat!

Tony Lama
★
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105 Overland



Shades of Marcus Aurelius—"the perfect man must be free from passion, unmoved by either joy or grief, taking everything as it comes, with supreme and utter indifference."

Conrad

for
over 30 yrs.

Sheldon
-JEWELERS-



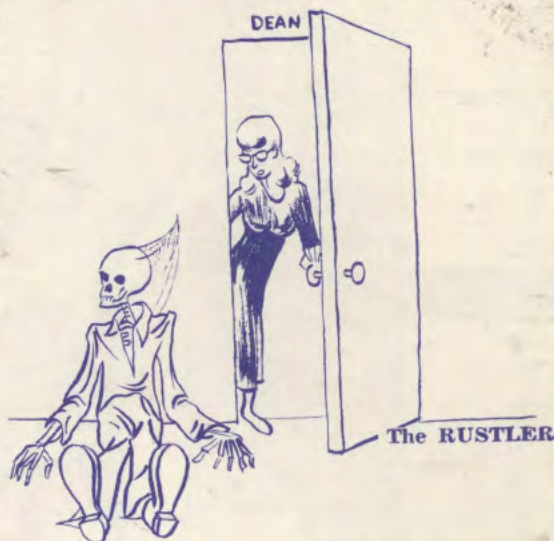
proved that certain materials were poor conductors of electricity and that others were good conductors?

Stephen Grey reasoned thus in 1729. To prove his theory he suspended an 800 foot thread through loops of silk from the ceiling. By means of friction he electrified a glass rod and touched it to one end of the thread. Then he touched a piece of paper to the other end where it was held by the thread, thereby showing that silk was a poor conductor of electricity, for it did not take the charge from the thread which conducted the electricity throughout its length. Grey's experiment impressed very few people, however, and Reddy was not yet put to work.

The extensive electric service in America today is the result of extensive planning and production by business-managed, privately-owned, taxable electric companies.



El Paso Electric
COMPANY



"The Dean will see you now, Mr. Hutchins"

New RPM Motor Oil
Developed
By Atomic
Energy
Doubles
Engine Life *

*A Product of Standard
Oil Company of Texas*



*Time between major overhauls due to lubrication.

HUMOR

"Sonny, don't you know you know you shouldn't drag your little sister down the street by her hair?"

"Aw, that's all right, lady, she's dead."

If you are caught in hot water — be nonchalant — take a bath.

Coed staggering in after date: "Wow!"

Other coed: "Gosh, you look awful. Did your date talk much?"

First coed: "I was wondering about that myself."

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon placed so as to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

Fashion note: Some women take the plunging neckline to heart.

Nancy: "Why didn't you find out who he was when the professor called roll?"

Jean: "How could I? He answered to four different names!"

A rolling stone gathers no moss. But it gets damn smooth.

"How about a kiss?"

"Sir, I have scruples."

"That's all right, I've been vaccinated."



P'tui

Travel and study abroad this summer

You can earn full credits on an all-expense, university-sponsored study tour via TWA

Now's the time to start planning for one of the most interesting and profitable summers you've ever spent... eight weeks and studying in Europe while you earn full university credits. Again in 1951, TWA will participate in the tours that proved so popular for the past three years... in cooperation

with the "Institute of University Studies Abroad." And you'll have a chance to learn at first hand the new concept of air-age geography... traveling by luxurious TWA Skyliner. Remember, half your time will be devoted to touring Europe and the other half in residence study as indicated below.

Look at this list of study-tours being planned for this summer (from four to nine weeks abroad), and check the ones that interest you:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> SWITZERLAND | <input type="checkbox"/> University of Geneva |
| June 18— | <input type="checkbox"/> University of Zurich, School for European Studies |
| August 20 | <input type="checkbox"/> Fribourg Catholic University |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Swiss Camps for Teen-agers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FRANCE Sorbonne (Paris) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ENGLAND University of Oxford (15-day course, lecture, no credit) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> IRELAND University College, Dublin | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SPAIN Madrid | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ITALY Perugia | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> INDIA "India and Problems of the Orient," including Cairo visit, a 6-week tour | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GENERAL EUROPEAN Study and Travel Tour (No residence) | |



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Please put me on your list to receive detailed information about study tours via TWA indicated above, to be sent as soon as available.

Name _____ Position _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Phone No. _____

C-2

Pipe Line Archeology

THE El Paso Natural Gas Company's new pipeline project, which will stretch from Farmington, New Mexico, to the California border, runs through areas which were once a primary center of civilization of the American Indian.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL teams work ahead of the construction "spreads" searching for sites of very early American homes. Whenever an archaeological "find" is discovered, proper steps are taken to excavate the material carefully in advance of any disturbance and to make full scientific notes. Findings of these archaeologists have been important enough to attract nation-wide attention.

El Paso Natural Gas Company

The Pipe Line Company

SERVING THE SOUTHWEST





"Typical Co-ed" is the title given to this charming TW Miss, though it hardly does her justice.

Miss Martha Monedero is senior majoring in Musical Education. Portrait is by Tony Canales.

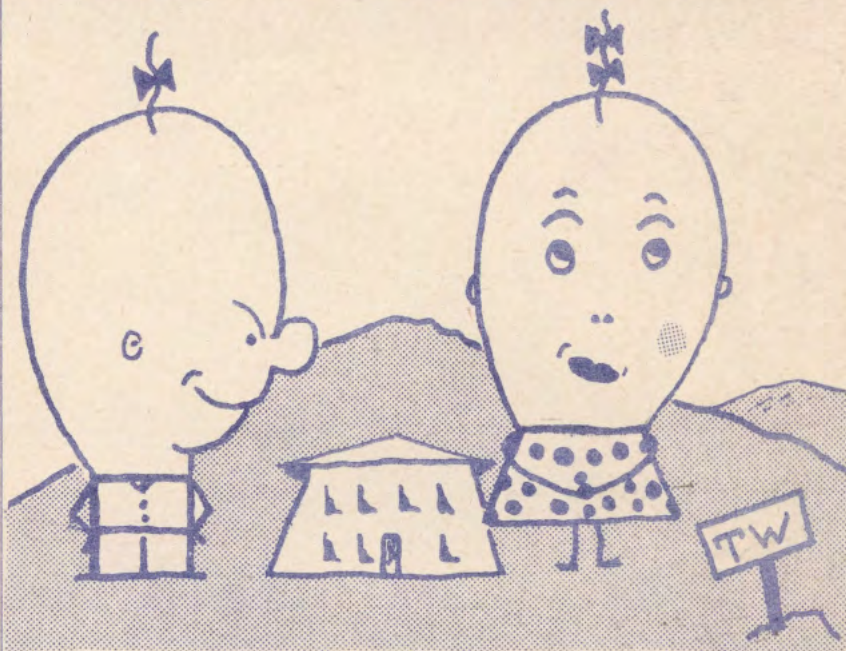
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to a coffee
to be held in the SUB snack-bar
from February to May
and from 7 to 5 daily.

(Also cokes, milkshakes, sandwiches,
hamburgers, bar-b-que, chili,
cigarettes, candy and two fine
pinball machines.)

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Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 5...THE OPOSSUM

"Thereby hangs
a tale!"

THE class clown went out on a limb and tried to prove cigarette mildness by the quick-trick method! He tried the fast puff and huff test—a whiff, a sniff—and they *still* left him up in the air! But then he got his feet on the ground. He learned that there *is* a reliable way to discover how mild a cigarette can be! And that test is...

The sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test which simply asks you to try Camels as a steady smoke—on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll *know* why...

More People Smoke Camels
than any other cigarette!

