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NOV.

EL BURRO



TEXAS WESTERN COLLEGE

1961

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EL BURRO

The Texas Western Variety Magazine

Volume XXIV, Number 2

November

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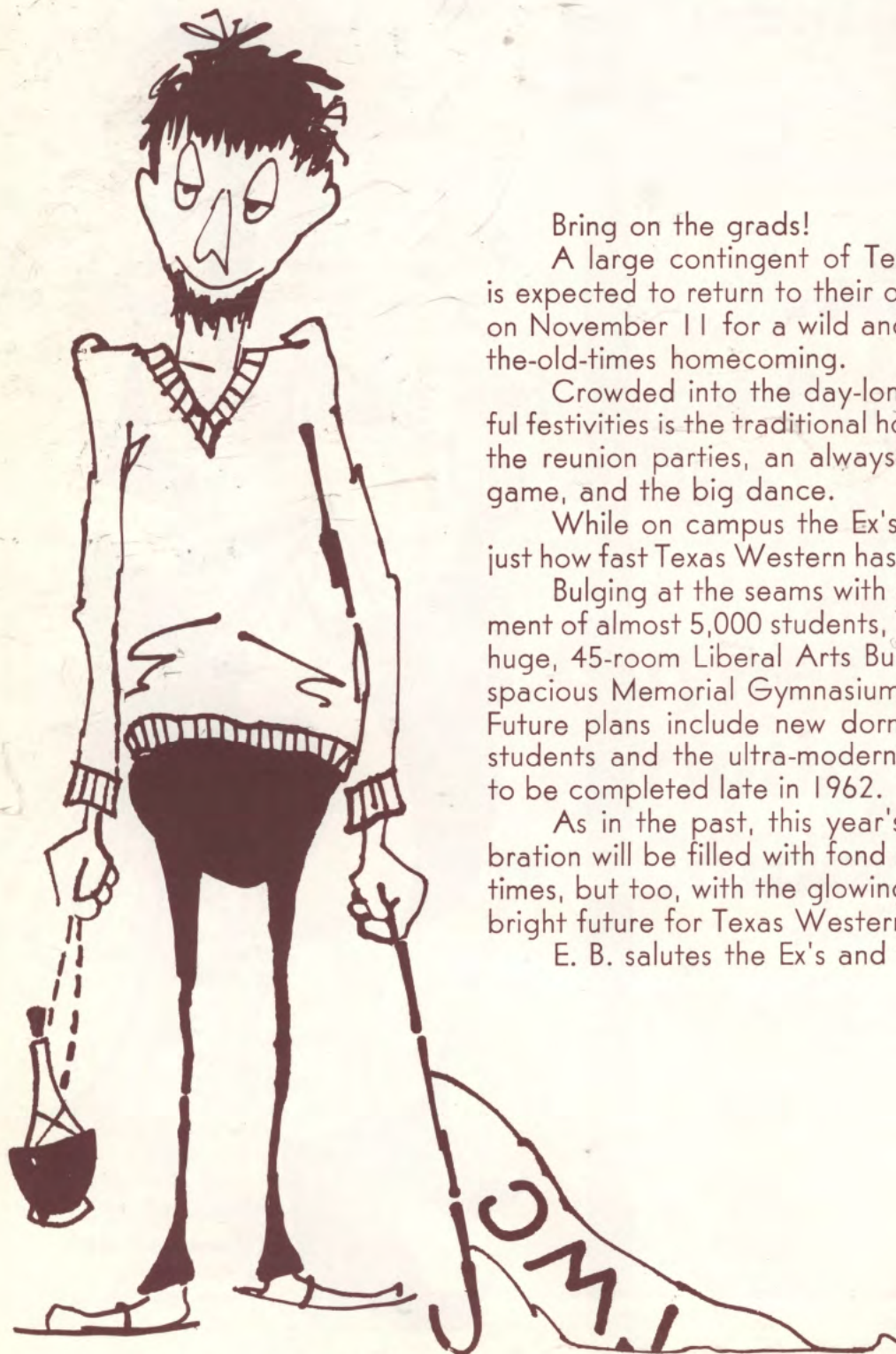
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DOBBERS



"Yea (hic) team, yea (hic)!"

Bring on the grads!

A large contingent of Texas Western alumni is expected to return to their old stomping ground on November 11 for a wild and wholly bring-back-the-old-times homecoming.

Crowded into the day-long schedule of gleeful festivities is the traditional home coming parade, the reunion parties, an always exciting football game, and the big dance.

While on campus the Ex's will be able to see just how fast Texas Western has been "growing up."

Bulging at the seams with a new record enrollment of almost 5,000 students, TWC has added the huge, 45-room Liberal Arts Building as well as the spacious Memorial Gymnasium and Physical Plant. Future plans include new dormitories for married students and the ultra-modern Sun Bowl Stadium, to be completed late in 1962.

As in the past, this year's homecoming celebration will be filled with fond memories and good times, but too, with the glowing expectation of the bright future for Texas Western.

E. B. salutes the Ex's and their alma mater!



"Boy, Sally sure knows how to throw a party . . ."

Since El Burro, with all its vast following and influence, appears only once a month, and Kelly Hall's Prospector four times, E. B. grasps this opportune time to take a few licks at the "lollipop" statement in the September 23 Prospector.*

- **Is there really any doubt that TWC students need to be stimulated to participate in college activities?**
- **Have TWC organizations ever gone all out for mass participation as they did in the first trophy point system year?**
- **Is there any better solution on the horizon or in Kelly 28 for the problem of non-participation?**

One fortunate thing about the Ryan blast is that he used "lollipop" instead of "sucker".

*** Editor Ryan compared the trophy system to using a lollipop as a bribe to a spinach-hating child.**

LAMASERY ON THE HILL

by Dale Walker

Henri de Toulouse la Rettig, BURRO mentor, has finally succumbed to my wheedling, cajoling and beseeching in allowing me to do this monthly column. He came over to my house the other night, drove his MG recklessly on to my front porch, and barged in, permeated with exotic odors—Coors and pizza, mainly—roaring, I'm ALLOWING you to do a column for my magazine." He paused, popping the last of a series of green breath-pills into his mouth, and left raucously singing "Sweet Violets."

The result of his bilious and fearful visitation is this—a potpourri of all manner of highly amusing things pertaining to the TW Collegian and intended to edify, inform, amuse and aid him wend his way through this 1961 year of college-type activity.

* * *

One place we will be wending this year is to the new Liberal Arts Building. And, if you're inclined (or is it "prone?") to calisthenics and that jazz, the Memorial Gymnasium.

The exodus to the Lib Art Building will cause an interesting commotion over at Kelly Hall, PROSPECTOR staffers, long used to working in a closet, can at last get

Continued on Page 22

FOOTBALL FEVER

The thrill of a football encounter, the crisp and crackling excitement the game generates, has been captured in this photo-drawing sequence of Texas Western's first home clash.

From the opening whistle to the final dying seconds our cameraman and artist have captured a graphic record of the tense excitement, the goofiness, even the dull murmur of the crowd in this fast moving, vigorous challenge of the sport.

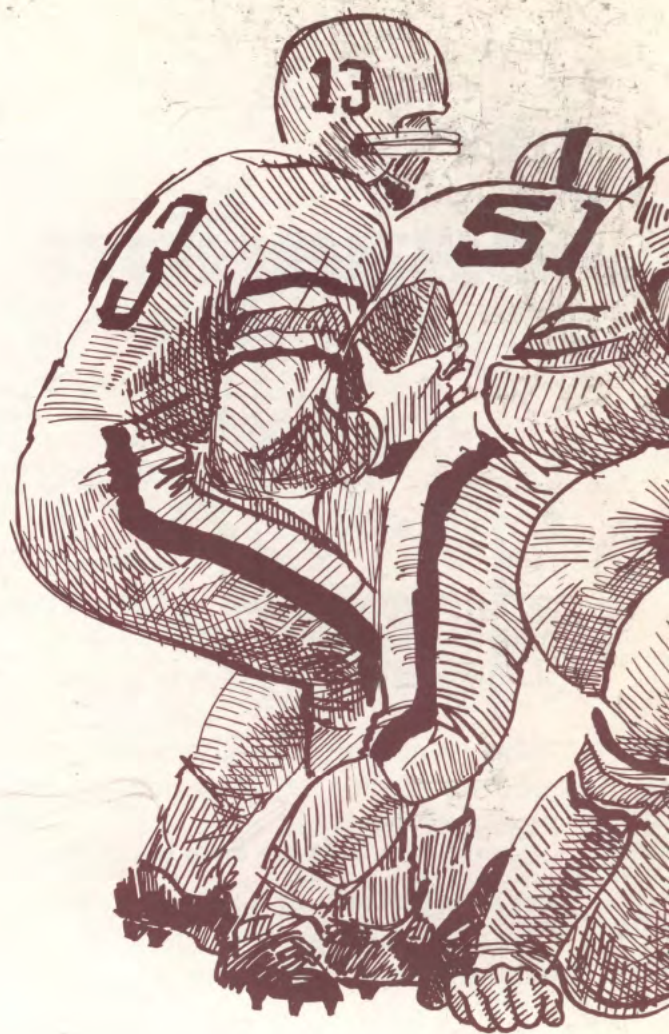
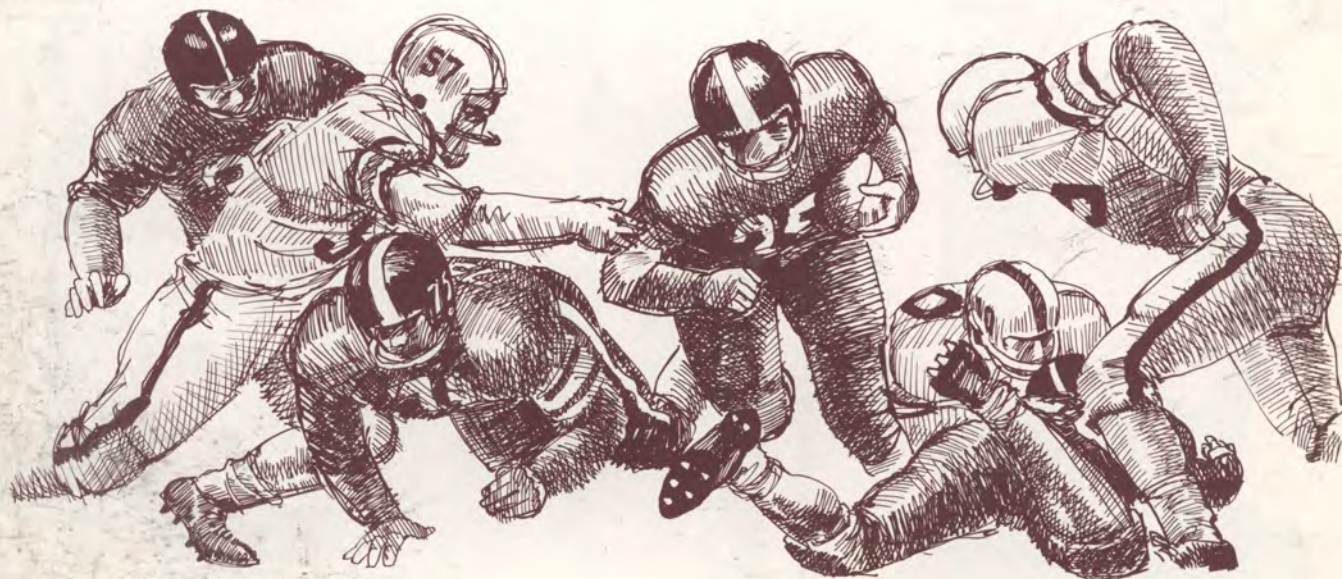
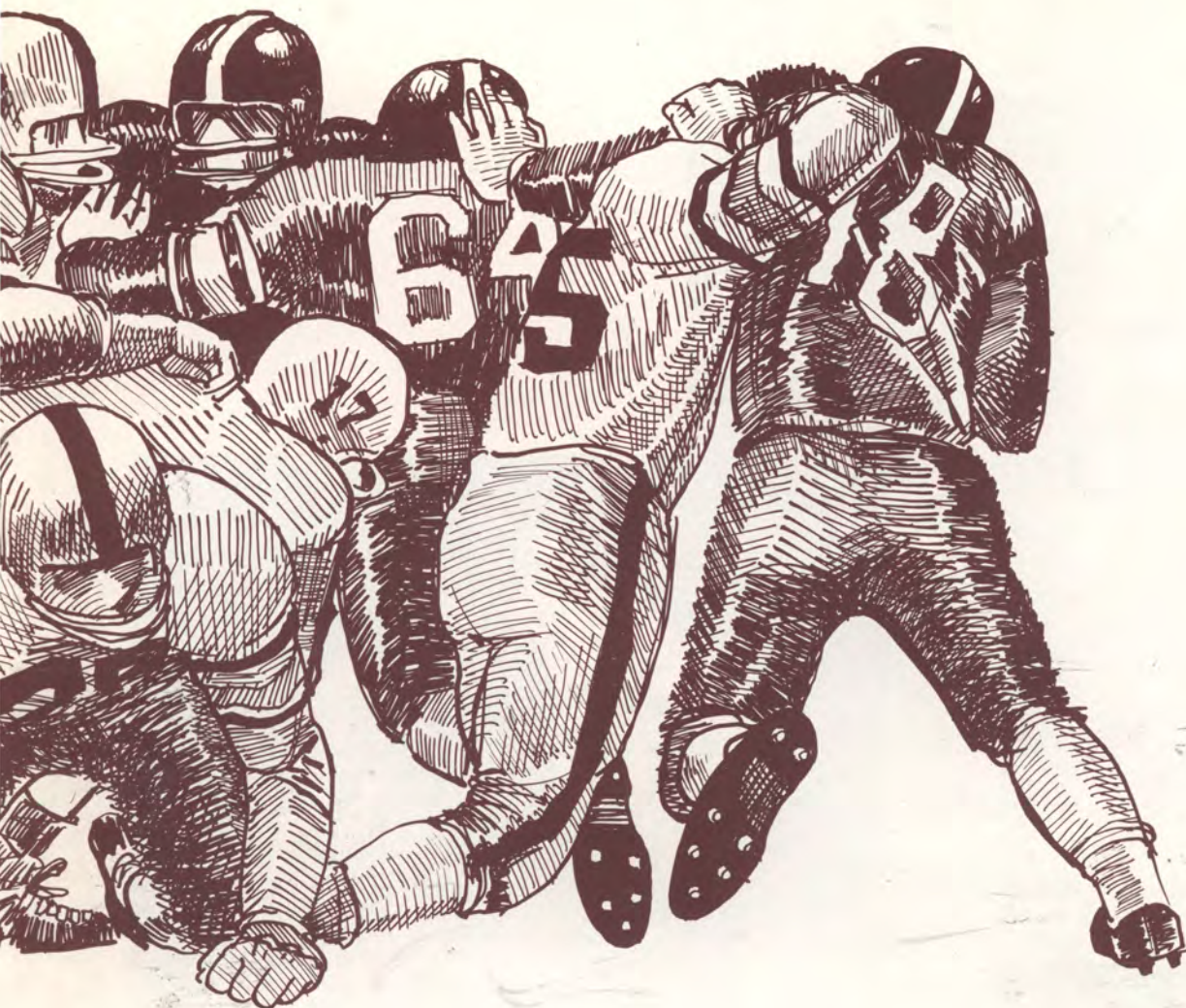
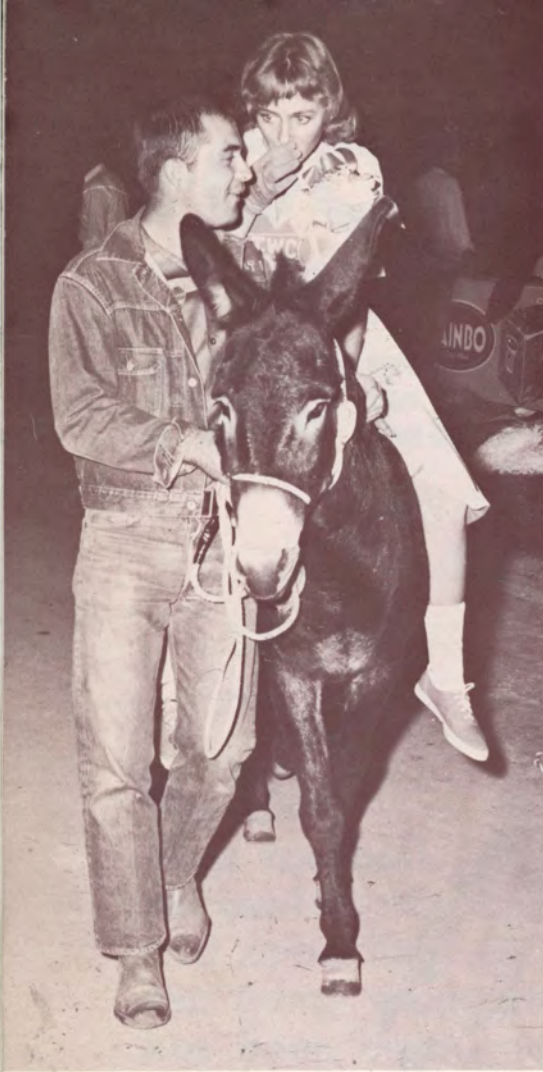


Illustration: Eddie Apodaca





photos by maciag





As the Tibetan envoy to the United Nations was motoring across the United States, passing through the sunshine-and-desert country of the Southwest, he paused for a week-end in a town that boasted a medium-sized state college. The dry climate, the mountainous high altitude of the terrain, and the sparse vegetation reminded the envoy of his home country from which he, his government, and the sacred Dalai Lama had been exiled. His nostalgia was much increased when he visited the college campus and noted that the architecture of the buildings was of a Bhutanese motif. Some designer, years before, had chosen this particular style of construction partly, no doubt, because its straight, uncomplicated lines and modified flying buttresses provided distinction without overburdening the college budget, and partly because it blended in so naturally with the rock-strewn mountains and semi-desert.

The envoy viewed the campus and was struck with the thought that, if one overlooked the automobiles and macadamized roads, here was a setting that more closely approximated his Himalayan homeland than any place he had seen since leaving Lhasa.

After a conversation between the envoy and several members of the local Chamber of Commerce, the latter, not blind to the publicity as well as the humanitarian values of the gesture, invited the Dalai Lama,

THE DAY THE DALAI LAMA CAME

**by
bertram
wright**

his family, and his staff to come to the college community to sit out their exile.

The glowing reports of the envoy and the needs of the Lama for sanctuary where he could meditate and still be easily in touch with the world powers caused him to agree to accept the invitation.

After considerable bickering back and forth between them, the County Judge and the Mayor of the town sent a joint telegram to the State Department, helping to pave the way for the admission and accommodation of the Tibetans.

Suitable facilities were prepared for them. The Dalai Lama and his party arrived and occupied some of the quarters that had been recently vacated by a contingent of the Peace Corps. The state authorities erected some additional buildings of Bhutanese style and design to take care of the influx of Tibetans.

When the initial hubbub had died down, the Tibetans, led by the Dalai Lama, began to exert an influence on campus life and social affairs. As a result of the Lama's presence, several important diplomatic officials visited the town and the majority of them were prevailed upon to address the student assembly, the academic senate, and other gatherings of the faculty and local bigwigs. Out of courtesy to the Lama, each speaker included laudatory remarks that heightened the pontiff's prestige and empha-

Continued on Page 20

Bacchus, banjos, bridge, bells and "Best"—to which some might add "booze," is a sampling of answers given by the SAE's to the question, "What most typifies your fraternity?"

Others, less alliterative, suggest "the Haas" (Hacienda,) partying, Cloudercroft, and the "B.O.O.C." (Best Organization on Campus)—to the latter, all swell proudly and agree.

The boon of being B.O.O.C. was realized by SAE in the College's first year of the trophy system after the 14-year-old fraternity racked up an amazing participation record—placing in all competitive events, winning the intramural championship, and accumulating the highest grade point average (2.586) among TW frats. Besides the illustrious title, also going with the Sig Alphas is the brand-new "Old Prospector" trophy, end-product and coveted prize of the much discussed, much criticized, and little understood "trophy system."

Called "false," "forcing," and "reminiscent of the parent who gets his child to eat spinach by promising the tot a lollipop as a reward," by PROSPECTOR Editor, Mike Ryan, and "great," "encouraging participation," and "revolutionary" by Student Association President Jim Wells, the trophy system, in its first year at least, was an unfixed and complex operation known to most TWC students as a great chaotic compilation of points irregularly posted on a bulletin board in the SUB. It was initiated to "stimulate a greater participation in campus activities."

In operation, last year's system consisted briefly of 19 TW organizations competing in scholastic, intramural and S. A. activities (such as Sing-Song, Variety Show, Homecoming Parade, dances, Spring and Snow fiestas, intramural sports and scholastic achievements.) Plus, minus and winning points were awarded—participation being the keynote

in point accumulation. At the end of the year, four organizations were honored—Best Fraternity (Lambda Chi Alpha,) Best Sorority (Tri-Delta,) Best Independent Organization (Phrateres,) and Best Organization on Campus (SAE.)

Sig Alph President Jake Young praised the system, especially the "united effort" required to win. He admitted, however that "like any new thing it has its bugs. My major objection is that it could have been more specific. Most organizations were in the dark as to where they stood in the race for the big tro-

phy before being in the range of winning the overall trophy. Intramurals, which created the major area for complaint, will play a minor role in the totals. Organizations can still win the overall trophy without participating in intramurals."

* * *

In the November, 1954 EL BURRO, in a review of TWC fraternities, the writer, in an effort to acquaint the unknowing frosh with the Greeks, spoke facetiously of the SAE observing, "In English that means the quality of the oil, in

BOOC

phy." Another "bug" was pointed out by Jim Wells, "Competition was difficult for the independent organization. With many of their members also being Greeks, they often had trouble mustering enough people to compete."

Of upcoming improvements in the trophy system, Wells remarked, "This year the S.A. has revised the point system because of the complaint that some independent organizations wouldn't be able to win. A maximum number of points has been established with organizations required to get a certain to-

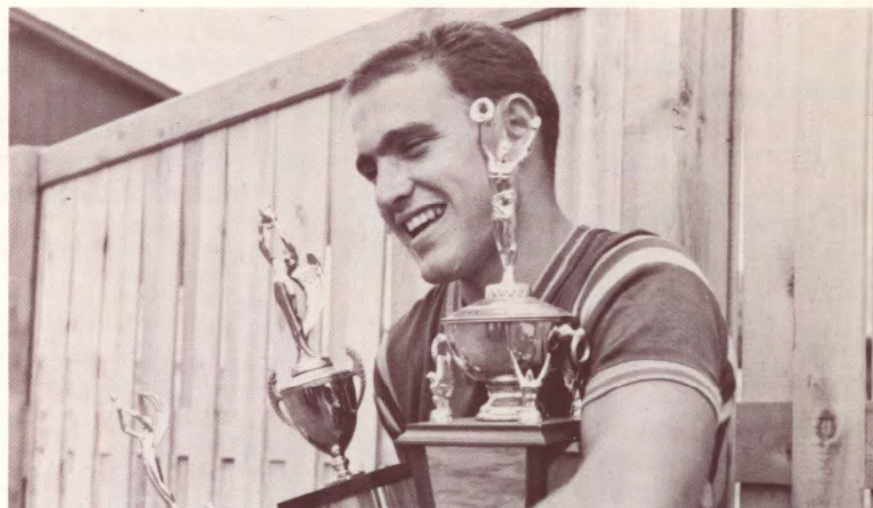
Greek that means Sigma Alpha Epsilon."

In 1927, neither meant very much to TWC students. The organization that was later to become SAE was known then by the cryptic title "DeMoley Exemplars." Ten years later, the DeMoley group became Nu Kappa Sigma Fraternity and in 1947 the Texas Gamma chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon was installed at the Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy—91 years after SAE's genesis at the University of Alabama.

What has taken place in the en-

suings 14 years is, of course, a part of the history of the College and of El Paso. The fraternity has over 600 local alums including such prominent El Pasoans as Dr. Louis Breck and Eugene Donohue. Dr. Thornton Hardie, Chairman of the Board of Regents of the University of Texas, is also a local SAE.

"The-Best-Organization-on-Campus"-type Sig Alph is probably much the same as his predecessors, but more so. He now builds luminarias, parties, rings, bells, sings, "partakes of liquid refreshment"—their jargon, and the latest addition



The winner

OUTSTANDING ORGANIZATION

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

OUTSTANDING FRATERNITY

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA

OUTSTANDING SORORITY

DELTA DELTA DELTA

OUTSTANDING INDEPENDENT

PHRATERES

to the activity list — rolls hula-hoops.

Whatever wizardry it took for the SAE's to come on hale and hearty in trophy competition while not missing the weekly agenda of parties, dances, meetings, classes and occasional studying, one thing seems certain: as sure as a hula-hoop rolls 40,716 times between Las Cruces and El Paso, they'll be reluctant to let their "travelling trophy" travel very far.

by Dale Walker



40,716 rolls from Las Cruces

They dragged the student down to the jail and took him before the sergeant.

"What am I here for?" he asked.

"For drinking," the officer sternly replied.

"Good. When do we start?"

* * *

"Did you give your penny to the Sunday School?" asked the mother.

"No, Ma, I lost it."

"That makes three Sundays in a row you've lost your penny."

"I know, Ma, but that kid's luck can't last forever."

* * *

Voice on phone: "John Smith is sick and can't come to class today. He requested me to notify you."

Professor: "All right. Who is this speaking?"

Voice: "This is my roommate."

* * *

Then there was the fellow who has a hobby of collecting stones and putting them in his bathroom. He had rocks in his head.

* * *

Boy & girl in passionate embrace:

He: Darling, am I the first guy you've ever made love to?

Her: Well, I don't know. Your face does look vaguely familiar.

* * *

Someone has observed that it takes a student twenty minutes longer to say what he thinks than to tell what he knows.

* * *

Mother: I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

Dean: Is he in ROTC?

Mother: Yes.

Dean: I wouldn't worry madam, he isn't.

* * *

"Let's not have any more jokes about sex, drinking, or profanity."

"Okay. I'm tired of putting out this magazine anyway."

* * *

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on her tuffet
Drinking her gin and rye
Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner—the fool.

* * *

New Student: "How is the girl situation here at TWC?"

Old Student: "My friend, never have so many pursued, so few with so much and obtained so little."

* * *

"You're charged with habitual drunkenness. What is your excuse?"

"Habitual thirst."

* * *



Campus Calendar

NOVEMBER

Friday, Nov. 3	Spur regional convention
Wednesday, Nov. 8	College Orchestra Concert—Magoffin
Thursday, Nov. 9	Faculty Women Progressive Luncheon
Saturday, Nov. 11	HOMECOMING — ARIZONA STATE vs. TEXAS WESTERN
Monday, Nov. 13	Classic Film Series—Magoffin
	MID SEMESTER
Tuesday, Nov. 14	Four Freshmen—Magoffin
Saturday, Nov. 18	Arizona vs. Texas Western School Trip
Thursday, Nov. 23	Thanksgiving Holidays begin
Saturday, Nov. 25	North Texas State vs. Texas Western

DECEMBER

Friday, Dec. 1	Faculty Women Christmas Party
Monday, Dec. 4	College Players Production
Friday, Dec. 8	Military Ball
Saturday, Dec. 9	Phillips 66 Oilers vs. Texas Western—Memorial Gym
Monday, Dec. 11	Classic Films Series—Magoffin
Tuesday, Dec. 12	Marshall Izen—Magoffin
Thursday, Dec. 14	College Players Orphans Party
Saturday, Dec. 16	Coed Ball—SUB Ballroom

OUR GIRL FOR NOVEMBER

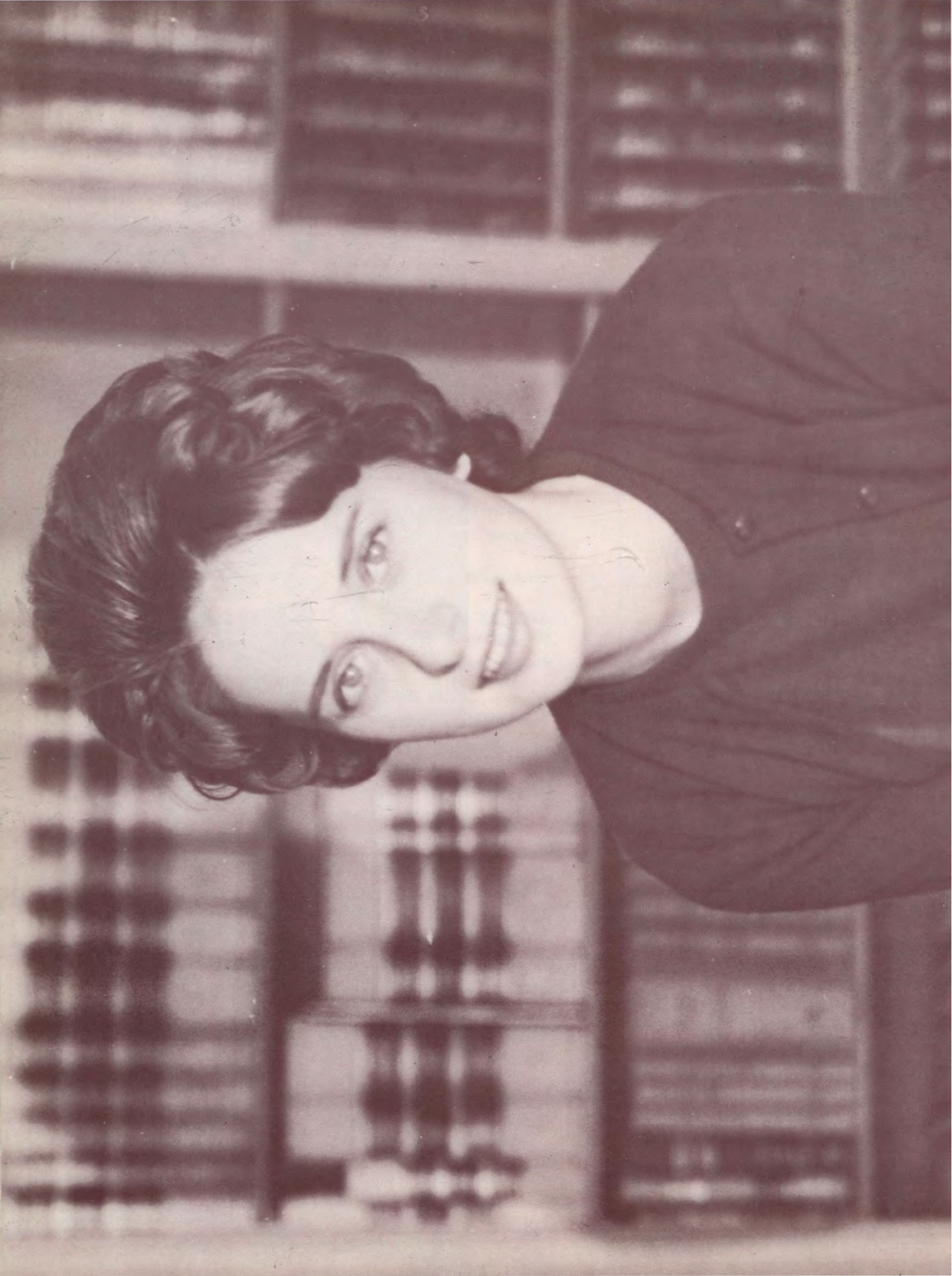
CAROL

Proving that good things still come in small packages is Carol Knapp, a hometown sophomore miss and our girl for November.

This perky, green-eyed autumn beauty stands wonderfully at just a shade over five feet, is 18 years old and lists her hobbies as swimming and tennis.

KNAPP







MISS CAROL KNAPP



EL BURRO



GIRL
OF
THE
MONTH



photos by Gil Good

The house in which Jason Kent lived was a huge white thing. The entire front of the house was covered with rose vines, so that when spring came and flowers bloomed, the sweet perfumy smell of roses would fill the air of Jason Kent's house. Jason Kent loved roses, especially big red ones.

On this spring morning when the smell of roses was strong, Jason Kent's mind was troubled. The words kept coming to him as he drank his morning cup of coffee.

"Six months—maybe a year," Doc Willows had said. "Nothing I can do. Nothing no one can do." Doc Willows had shaken his head then. "Cancer's a terrible thing, Jase. Just ain't no cure been found yet. I'm sorry, Jase."

Jason Kent thought about the words of the doctor. Here he was, some sixty years old, with nothing more than a year to live. All because of cancer. A disease called cancer was snuffing out his life. Six months to live. Even then he couldn't be sure of six months. Life wasn't something that was promised. He would be dead in six months just like his sweet roses would be dead with the winter to come. Cancer was eating his insides out. Cancer was eating his life out.

Helen Kent came into the kitchen and interrupted his thoughts. "More coffee, dear?"

"No, not now," answered Jason Kent. "I think I'll go on down to the office."

He kissed his wife and walked out of the rose covered house. At his law office he read the morning paper, his mind superficially grasping the news. The letters in the mail rack proved to be only routine business. Somehow the haunting thought of death refused to leave him.

All of his life he had lived in this small town, he thought. For thirty-five years, he had been a practicing lawyer. The only one for miles around. His cases hadn't been great ones, but yet they did pertain to human problems. And he had did his best to solve them. He had tried to be fair and honest with people. Somehow, it seemed all in vain. Perhaps it was because he knew it would all end soon. The words of Doc Willows came to him again.

"Cancer Jase . . . advanced case . . . lungs, chest cavity . . . Nothing to be done, Jase — nothing to be done. Six months, maybe a year . . . who knows, Jase?"

The shuffling sound of feet caught his attention. He turned his head towards the door as Lillie Johnson walked in. She was a young woman, but somehow seemed to convey the impression that she was an old woman. Her graying hair had not been combed too good. Her green dress

was wrinkled. The quick movements of her eyes told Jason that she was nervous.

"Morning, Mr. Kent," Lillie said.

"Morning, Lillie," Jason Kent repeated.

"Mr Kent, they got my man," Lillie said slowly.

"Yes, I heard about that, Lillie. Seems Rufus stole some money from the widow Hawkins."

"He stole it, Mr. Kent, but he was going to pay it back. Wasn't much—just thirty dollars."

"Stealing's a bad thing, Lillie. Rufus should've known better."

"Hungry, Mr. Kent. Rufus hasn't been working. Unable to get a job. Kids are hungry. No food, no milk, no nothing. Just glazed eyes, crying and hunger. Rufus was going to buy food, Mr. Kent. He didn't mean any harm."

Food for life, thought Jason Kent. He had plenty of food, but cancer couldn't wait. Food or no food, death wouldn't wait for him. He looked up at Lillie's tired, worn face. Times had been hard for these people, he thought. He could see the small kids in his mind. Crying. That incessant wail. The smooth bloated bellies and thin limbs. Physiques that only hunger could bring.

Lillie continued to talk. "Mr. Kent, see if you can get Rufus out of pail. He won't steal any more. We was just hungry, that's all. We'll pay the money back. I promise—I just want my man back, Mr. Kent. I want my man back home."

Jason Kent stared at the pitiful lean woman in the wrinkled green dress. "I'll do what I can, Lillie. Can't promise you anything. Sheriff Bricker's got different ideas 'bout this whole thing."

"Thank you, Mr. Kent," said Lillie relieved.

Jason lowered his head and began to read the paper again. Lillie did not leave.

"Mr. Kent," she said nervously. Mr. Kent, the kids are so hungry. I was wondering if—"

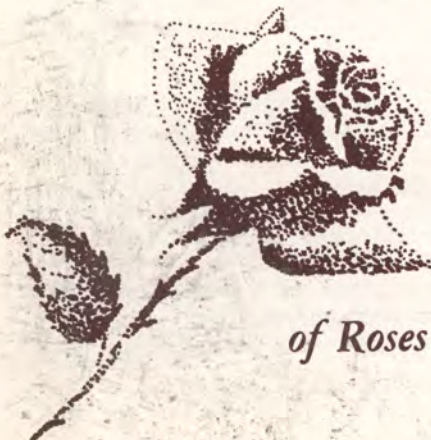
"Sure, Lillie, sure." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a black wallet. He handed two crisp ten dollar bills to Lillie. "Take this and go buy some food for the little kids, Lillie."

Hesitating a bit, Lillie grasped the two bills tightly. "Thank you, Mr. Kent, Thank you," she said. Slowly she walked out of the office.

Sheriff Lee Bricker, Lawyer Jason Kent, and Doctor Harmon Willows had all grown up together. Their childhoods were as intermingled as life itself. Yet each man was different. Lee Bricker and Jason Kent were as different in their attitudes toward life and its problems as was the difference in heaven and hell. Lee Bricker was an enforcer of the law. He could tol-

The Sweet Smell

of Roses



erate no sympathy and therefore, was a strict enforcer. He felt the law should be devoid of emotional impulses. A crime was a crime. And where there was crime, there must be punishment. Especially where people like Rufus Johnson were concerned.

Jason Kent knew this as he entered Lee Bricker's office. Lee Bricker was sitting at the back of the desk with his feet atop it. Occasionally he would swat a fly. He was powerfully built and his gray hair was cut short.

"Morning, Lee," said Jason Kent pulling up a chair.

"Morning, Jase. How's it going?" Lee Bricker hit at a fly on the desk top.

"Lee, what are you going to do about Rufus?"

"Teach him a lesson," Lee Bricker said. "See that the judge gives him five years—maybe ten."

"He only stole thirty dollars, Lee."

"Stealing is stealing, Jase. And you know these people. It's not an occasional thing."

"The man was hungry, Lee. You know that. He stole cause he was hungry."

"I'm sorry, Jase, but he's got to pay for it. This'll be the last time he steals for anything."

"I'll give you the thirty dollars, Lee."

"It's the principle of the thing, Jase. You know these people. They steal once, they'll steal twice. No stopping them. Got to teach 'em a lesson."

"Five—ten years, that's a big lesson for thirty dollars, Lee. You can't teach a man who's hungry a lesson. I've known Rufus all of his life and he's a good man, Lee. It's just that hunger can bring out the worst in all of us."

"I'm sorry, Jase, but Rufus stays in jail. Won't hear no more about it. A man

stole some money and he's gonna pay for it. I'll see that he pays for it and make sure the rest of them learn a lesson at the same time. I'm sorry, Jase."

With these words, Jason Kent knew was useless. He left the office as Lee there was no use for further conversation. Bricker swatted a fly with his feet still atop the desk.

Lillie would be broken-hearted when she found out that Rufus wouldn't be coming home, he thought. But, he had tried, even though it was a wasted effort. Besides he had his own short life to worry about. Doc Willows had said that cancer would take his life in six months. Somehow, the thought did not shake him as it had earlier that morning. Perhaps, it was because he knew it was inevitable. Just like he had known that Rufus wouldn't be freed. Rufus' imprisonment had been inevitable. So many things in life were inevitable, he reflected. So many things unknown, like cancer.

As he walked up the street towards his office, he saw Doc Willows slowly approaching him from the opposite direction. He was a thinly built man with long white hair and a thin white mustache. After many years wear, his brown suit fit him loosely.

"Morning, Jase," Doc Willows said coughing.

"Morning, Doc, You just come from a case?"

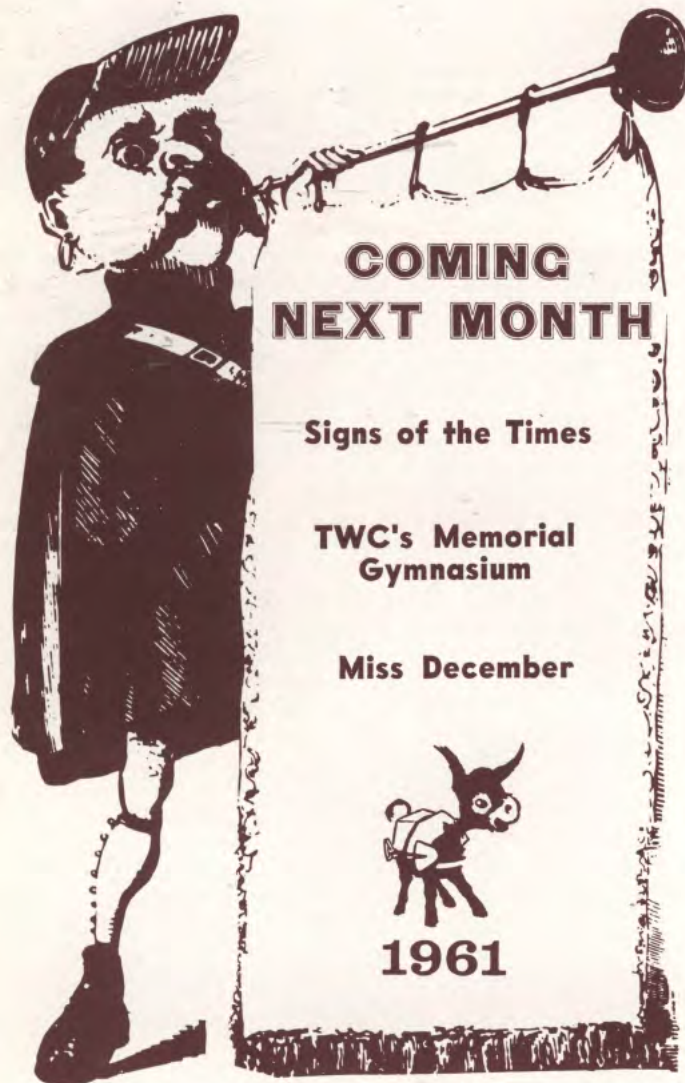
"Yes," said Doc Willows. "Sad thing too. Lillie Johnson's boy—the youngest one, just died. Died of starvation. Others don't look too healthy. Young ones need milk. Lots of it, Sad thing, Jase."

Death was always sad, thought Jason Kent. The image of Rufus Johnson sitting in jail crossed his mind. Somehow it all seemed to be tied in with his death. Even though he knew there was no physical connection. It was all unexplicable.

Doc Willows continued, "Know, Jase, of all the things people should die from, least should be starvation. Leastways shouldn't die from it in this country. It's a cruel way to die and young ones don't know what it's all about. And it don't have to be like that, Jase. If people would—" He threw up his hands in despair.

Arriving at home that evening, Jason Kent had resigned himself to his death. Roses were in bloom everywhere. Forgotten was cancer and death—forgotten was Rufus. He picked several of the flowers and held them close to his nose to smell them better.

And as the sweet smell of roses filled his nostrils, the sour smell of death entered the house of Lillie Johnson . . .





SECULARISM

A DRY WEED

*I saw a dry tumble weed
A weed, it rolled down the street
at night
I asked where it was going
Why was it going?
It mutely replied, "I am like people
People going where and blown by what.
I have seen dead children in glass jars
wax colored bodies, expressionless lips"
Why do you tell me this I questioned?
The prickley brown weed muttered,
"Moons and suns I have seen,
Yesterdays always yesterdays,
Tomorrow is always gone,
Maybe it never really comes
But yesterday comes
Yesterday always comes
With its moons and suns."
What madness is this my mind screamed?
"Yes" it answered,
"I have seen you living and being fools,
Then I have seen you dead under the grass
Quit and there too quiet.
The winds of truth howl, move
With, like the slashing jaws of the sleek
Blue shark"
"I can tell you,
Be careful of things,
For I have seen,
I have known,
When the last yesterday has gone,
with no moons, suns; loves of dead children
Be ware that you have done truth,
Been happy with her loving breasts her warmth
For the dead are very cold
And very dead."*

by Truett Maddox

In the beginning the world was matter
And today the world is matter
And in a world of matter
There is no room for a god or some gods.

Our saints were cave men
And our altars laboratories
And we worship the minds of men
And we kneel down to progress.

Our dogmas are test tubes
And our faith electric wave
And the sign of the cross a telephone pole
And the bishop is a scientist.

Let's bow to men in white uniforms
And fear the powers of knowledge
And abide by the rules of development
And prey through electronic brains.

Our daily bread is scientifically made
And our health in the hands of drugs
And while we sink in comfort
We know there is only a life.

Let's wrap the after death nonsense
In atomic formulas and jets
And altho once drunk with such
We are now sober in electric lights.

Man can rule and judge men
And see to it that he doesn't steal or kill
And what better hell than a solitary cell
And greater reward than peace of mind?

And so in secularism I grew
And never questioned the beyond
But considering that there had been a god
My only question is; "Who abandoned whom?"

by Abelard



Continued from Page 3

up, rest the duff, and stretch . . . limbs and imaginations.

No more English classes in the anatomy lab either. During the "Modern British Novel" class, we all loved watching those pre-meds digging around in a box of dead cats, coming up every time with a particularly stiff, stinking and peculiarly un-catlike specimen to carry it, with loving care, to the adjoining room.

* * *

L & M cigarettes are still conducting their "Campus Opinion Polls." They have sent me 12 interview sheets to be filled out and returned. My reward for interviewing 12 smoking students of TWC is to be a new "Limelighters" album called "Hot Limes" or something like that. Anyway, the results are sort of interesting.

Sample Question: Who is the greatest living American?

Sample Answers: General MacArthur, Billy Graham, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Carl Sandburg. One

over-zealous student timidly answered "Mr. Liggett" and "Mr. Myers" until I assured him no free butts were being given out, he changed his vote to Mr. Reynolds. A nervous senior ventured the name John Birch and admitted embarrassedly that Mr. Birch was indeed dead. When I suggested that he must have meant Joseph Welch, founder of the Birch society, he confessed that there were probably greater Americans still alive. Like George Lincoln Rockwell, perhaps?

One other question asked, "Which of the following would you like to do most on a date?", and listed such bland pasttimes as dancing, athletic events, bridge etc. The final choice was "a few brews with friends," and it won, hands down. One rather bloated sophomore asked seriously, "What do they mean by 'a few'?"

* * *

Handing out the first issue of the PROSPECTOR at Cotton Memorial prior to freshman orientation was great fun. Some refused it, thinking Mike Ryan, Bill Coleman and myself street urchins peddling the FRONTERIZO or something. Coleman was offered 50¢ for a copy by an unknowing frosh—Bill

says he refused the money.

My thanks to Prof. William Russell for introducing to me this summer, the fiction of Pérez de Ayala and Ramón María del Valle Inclán. If you want to read some great Spanish literature in English, read "Prometeo" by the former, and "Sonata of Autumn" by the latter. Both are available in a Modern Library book "Great Spanish Stories" which you may or may not find in the bookstore.

* * *

GRAVE: A place in which the dead are laid to await the coming of the medical student. (From THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY, Ambrose Bierce.)

* * *

With the first issue of EL BURRO this year—the Beannie-wearers issue—you have doubtless noticed something drastic has taken place in the mag's format, content, and general excellence. Don't miss one issue of the NEW EL BURRO this year—surprises are in store . . .

* * *

SPLINTERED SPANISH:

Sin Embargo—the Mann Act
Dónde estará Juan?—which way to the men's room?
Corazón—belongs to Cora.

Alabama's Mahout



"What do you think of the frat, Dad?"

Bursting into the parlor where, on the afternoon of April 1, her mother was entertaining the bridge club, little Sue exclaimed excitedly: "Oh, mama! There's a strange man in our kitchen kissing the maid!"

Excusing herself, her mother started for the kitchen to put an end to such carrying-on in her chaste household.

"April Fool, mama! It's no strange man at all. It's only Daddy."

Two cannibals met in a mental institution. One was tearing out pictures of men, women, and children from a magazine stuffing them into his mouth and eating them.

"Tell me," said the other, "is that dehydrated stuff any good?"

BOOK REVIEW

Rats, Lice and History

Hans Zinsser

Bantam

This is not a review of a current book. **Rats, Lice and History** was published over twenty-five years ago, but it forms a neat peg on which to hang the question, "What should be the basis for the re-issue of books in paperback format?" Even more, it raises the question, "what should be the criteria used for the purchase and perusal of paper back re-issues?" Obviously, the answer is simple. The critical evaluations used in the publication and purchase of a hard cover edition (\$4.95 and up) should be the same for the publication and purchase of the paperback (50¢ and up).

Rats, Lice and History purports to be the "biography" of a disease. The author states that he hesitated to write this biography, but that his resistance was broken down when he saw how many cobblers were painting on Sunday afternoon. He too forsook his last, and his book proves that the Greeks really had the correct phrase for it.

As a biography of a disease, the book falls short. Only in the last few chapters does the author discuss typhus per se. The book starts with a somewhat adolescent diatribe against modern literature. A heavy-handed attempt at humor is made as the author complains of the "obscurity" and the "guessing game" qualities of the prose and poetry of the nineteen twenties. The critical evaluations not only have nothing to do with his subject, they are, unfortunately, shallow and pompous.

From an appreciation of literature, Dr. Zinsser goes on to a history of some of the major ills of mankind. Here he writes with authority and (I am informed by a Doctor of Medicine) great accuracy. Here, also, he is most interesting—as long as he sticks to the facts. The moment he rises from his work bench, he becomes dull.

History, if intended to be history, should be a presentation of facts interpreted in any of many ways. The author is even permitted to write from a point of view, and no one believes there is such a thing as a truly impartial historian. History, however, should never be used to air prejudices, biases, personal opinion and gossip. Zinsser does not write good history, because on every page he commits at least one of the above crimes against history.

On the last page of his book, he writes of the casualties of an epi-

demic, and, speaking of the mortality statistics, he says, "Figures, when they begin to approximate those of President Roosevelt's expenditures . . . lose effect." In the middle of the book, he writes, "the louse has attained the ideal of bourgeois civilization . . . a secure and effortless existence on a living island of plenty." And in the beginning of his book, he states, "Typhus is far less perilous" than "Mr. Joyce's preoccupation with the intestinal functions or . . . Mr. Eliot's shadow boxing with passion."

Regardless of whether or not we agree with these opinions (some of which are now sadly out of date), the statements are out of place in a book on medical history. Both the author and the work lose stature when he voices his soon to be outdated literary criticisms, social opinions, and political beliefs.

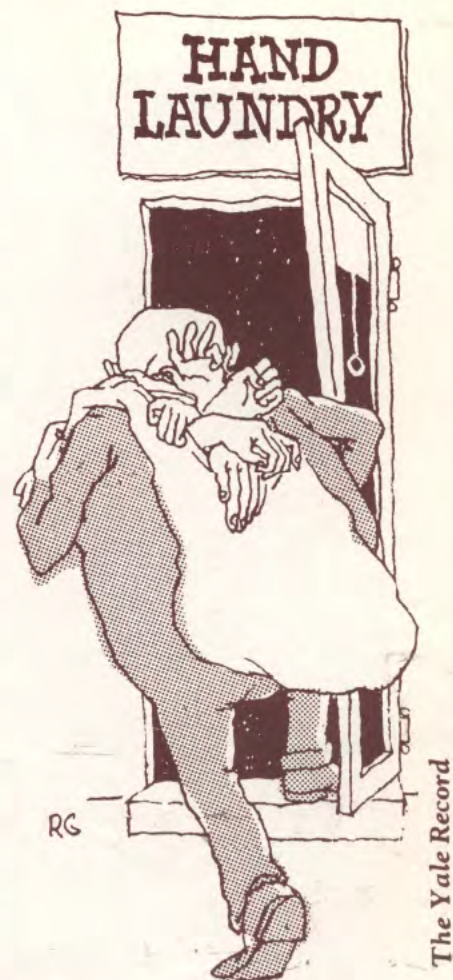
To boot—the author is contemptuous of his reader. He never misses an opportunity to take a pot shot at the poor sucker (in this case, me) who spent the money for his book. **Vide** the footnote on page 45. "If the reader does not understand this word, it is too bad."

Obviously, I don't think this is a good book. The style is heavy and pedantic; the humor is forced; the facts are tied to bigotry. Anyone really interested in medical history can get the information by reading the books Dr. Zinsser read. This brings us back to the question first posed—"Why was it reprinted?" The critics, twenty-five years ago thought it was rather good, according to the excerpts on the back cover of the paper back. But the same "sustained wit" that delighted the Atlantic Bookshelf, I have here stated to be forced. I will agree, however, that this work "utterly defies literary classification."

Obviously, we grow up. The world matures and men's minds mature with it. Perhaps this is the reason so few writers can stand the test of time. Zinsser has not passed this test.

My guess is that the book was reprinted because the publishers had a need to supply the market. After all, if a bad book can be printed once, why cannot it be printed twice? Especially if people continue to buy it. (Me, for instance.)

—Rhoda Milnarich



The Yale Record





"But son, you promised me you'd eat better."

"Hello, Coach."

"I thought you were told not to drink while in training."

"What makes you think I've been drinking, coach?"

"I'm not the coach."

* * *

Kindly Clergyman (pinching little boy's knee): Who has nice chubby pink legs?

Little Boy: Brigitte Bardot.

* * *

An English Prof. and an Engineering instructor were lunching at the Faculty Club.

"I had a peculiar answer in class today," said the English Prof. "I asked who wrote 'The Merchant of Venice' and a pretty little freshman said innocently, 'Please, sir, it wasn't me.'"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Engineering instructor. "And I suppose the little vixen had done it all the time."

* * *

When the husband came home drunk his wife assailed him with, "If you don't stop this drinking and carousing, I'm going to kill myself!"

Retorted the hapless husband, "Promises! That's all I get . . . Just promises!"

* * *

A man walked into a lingerie shop and asked the salesgirl for a brassiere.

"What size, please?" asked the girl.

"Seven a half," he replied.

"Seven a half?" gasped the girl.

"You must be mistaken, sir."

"No mistake, I measured it myself."

"Wel, uh, how did you take this measurement, sir?"

"With my hat."

* * *

A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins, and other supernatural creatures.

* * *

G.D.I.: Do you believe in free love?

Coed: Did I ever send you a bill?

* * *

A young man about town approached a cigar counter and asked the cute young thing: "Do you keep stationery?"

"Yes," she answered, "up to a certain point, then I just go all to pieces."

* * *

"Did you make the debating team?"

"N-n-n-no. They said I w-w-asn't t-t-tall enough."

* * *

Prof: How many revolutions took place in France during this period?

Soph: Four.

Prof: Enumerate them.

Soph: One, Two, Three, Four.

* * *

Student: Is it true that low salaries have lowered the quality of teaching at this college?

Prof: Whatever gave you that idea?



"Not Tonight, Honey"

KNOW YOUR MINERS



GRADUATING SENIORS

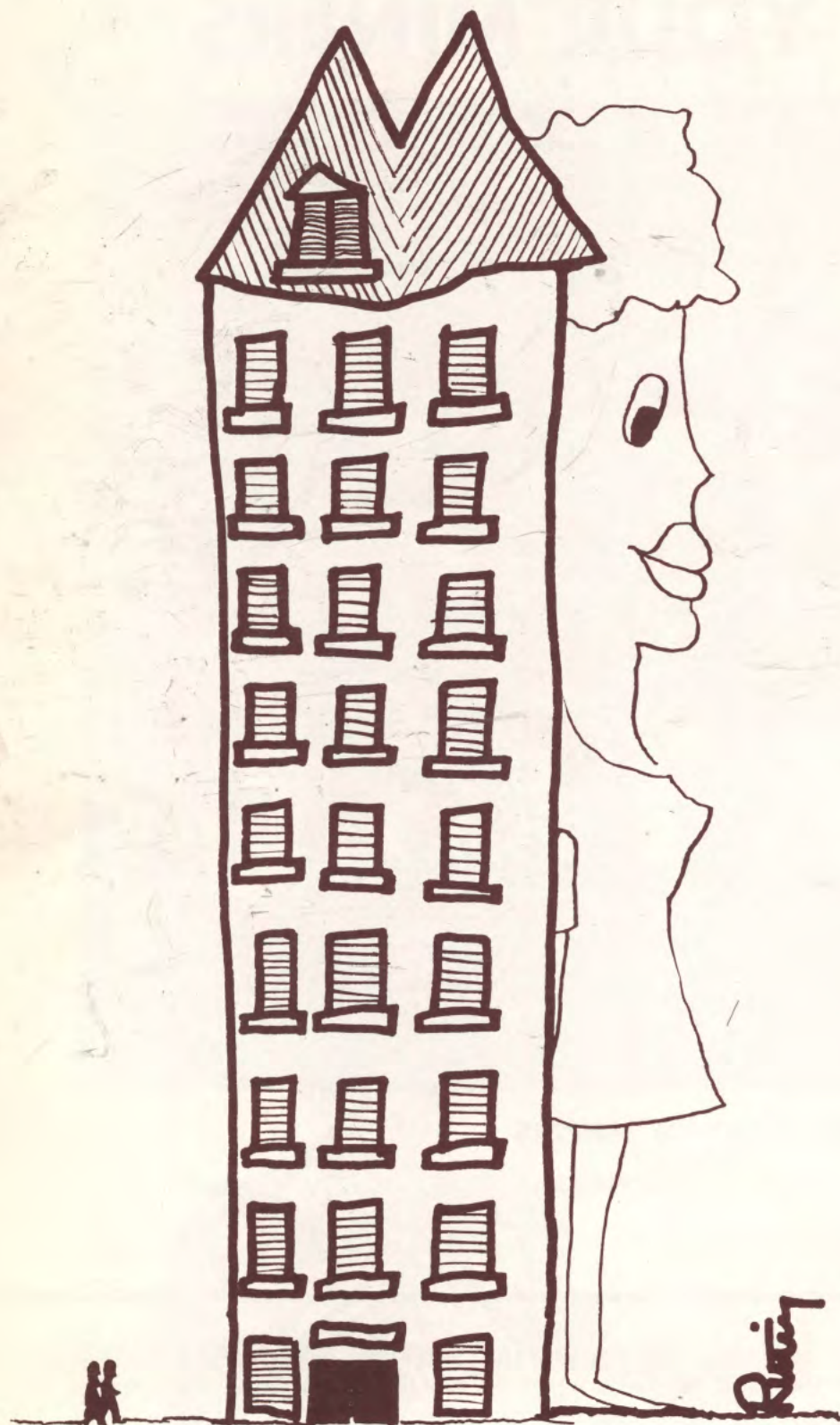
Jake Young Paul Paxson Gene Williams Ronnie Alldredge John Furman Larry Meeks
 Chuck McCalmont Tilmon Kirby Del Williams John Young Kyle Ellis

Continued from Page 20

was not without effect on the people of the college. Several young instructors in the Geology Department formed a class for the pur-

pose of studying to be lamas of the Red Hat sect—the sect which is permitted to marry. As their studies proceeded, they learned that a Lama's wife is not known by the same designation as the wife of a layman, but as "propriess." Thus

is the idea conveyed that the lama and his belongings are in her charge, so that he is free to devote himself to his professional work. One of the novices was heard to remark, "It's always been like this with me."



"Don't get shook if she's a little bit taller than you, pledge Floymar."

Active: "What's your greatest ambition?"

Pledge: "To die a year sooner than you."

Active: "What's the reason for that?"

Pledge: "So I'll be an active in Hell when you get there."

* * *

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

* * *

"What did you do with my shirt?"

"I sent it to the laundry."

"Ye gads. The whole history of America was on the cuffs!"

* * *

Next to a beautiful girls, sleep is the most wonderful thing in the world.

* * *

Editor-in-Chief: "We've met the deadline."

Business Manager: "We've paid the printer."

Humor Editor: "Let's go face the dean."

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT

The little boy who wanted a watch for Christmas—so they let him.

The farmer's daughter who was sent home from the fair because she couldn't keep her calves together.

* * *

"How do porcupines make love?"

"Ve-eery carefully!"

* * *

In Russia a commissar asked a peasant how the new potato crop production was coming.

"Under our glorious leader, Khrushchev," answered the peasant, "Our potato crop has been miraculous. If you were to put all the potatoes in a pile they would make a mountain reaching to the feet of God!"

"But you know there is no God!" said the commissar.

"There aren't any potatoes, either," replied the peasant.

SOURCES



Apodaca

The meticulous craftsmanship in Eddie Apodaca's graphic presentations in the first NEW-LOOK E.B. is just a small sampling of the artist's versatile talent. Pen and ink artist par excellence, Eddie has collaborated with cameraman Ted Maciag to create the unusual FOOTBALL FEVER sequence in the current El Burro.



Boyd

Despite continuous side-long glances and eye-balling by her fellow E.B. staffers, Susie Boyd has remained ever faithful to the gallant cause. This ex-gom (Girl of the Month) heads our fast growing production department, is a journalism major, and constantly meets deadlines. What else could an editor ask for!



Meece

E. B.'s good-humor man for 1961 is a laughing bundle of joy by the name of Marshall Meece. When not worrying over his slide rule or a Saturday night date, the Big M keeps the coffers of El Burro filled to the brim with all sorts of funnys. This likeable fellow is currently planning the E. B. humor issue.



"A half-dozen plastic bags, please..."

TWO

WITHOUT TITLE

*a burning heart
a soul aflame
a love anew
a life so true
a bond of affection*

*and a dream
comfort and happiness
success and satisfaction
existence and death*

*and a dream
a moment
a drift
a life*

*and a dream
—
—
— forgotten*

*going
going
going
running
running
running*

*faster
faster
faster*

*gotta get there
gotta get there
got get there
gotta get where
gotta get where
gotta get where*

*don't know
don't know
don't know*

*but gotta get there
gotta get there
gotta get there*

by Howard Baron

A drunk lying on the floor of a beerhall began to show signs of life. One of the frequenters smeared some limburger cheese on his upper lip. The drunk arose, went to the door, then back into the beerhall again, then out again, then back again, and sniffing the air, said, "Sno use, the whole damn world stinks."

* * *

Collegetown barber: "You say that you've been here before? That's funny. I don't remember your face."

Student: "Probably not. It's healed now."

* * *

Ed: May I kiss you? . . . May I please kiss you? . . . Say are you deaf?

Coed: No, are you paralyzed?

* * *

Has a gooseberry got legs?

No.

Then I just ate a field mouse.

* * *

Gal: "Why don't you come up to my apartment and have a bite before you go home."

Guy: "Naw, you can bite me right here in the hall."

* * *

Virtues are learned at mother's knee.

Vices at some other point.

* * *

Pledge: Must I eat all this egg?

Active: Yep.

Pledge: Beak, too?

* * *

Notice on the bulletin of the Zoo Lab.

"We don't begrudge your taking a little alcohol, but please return our specimens."

* * *



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