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# EL BURRO

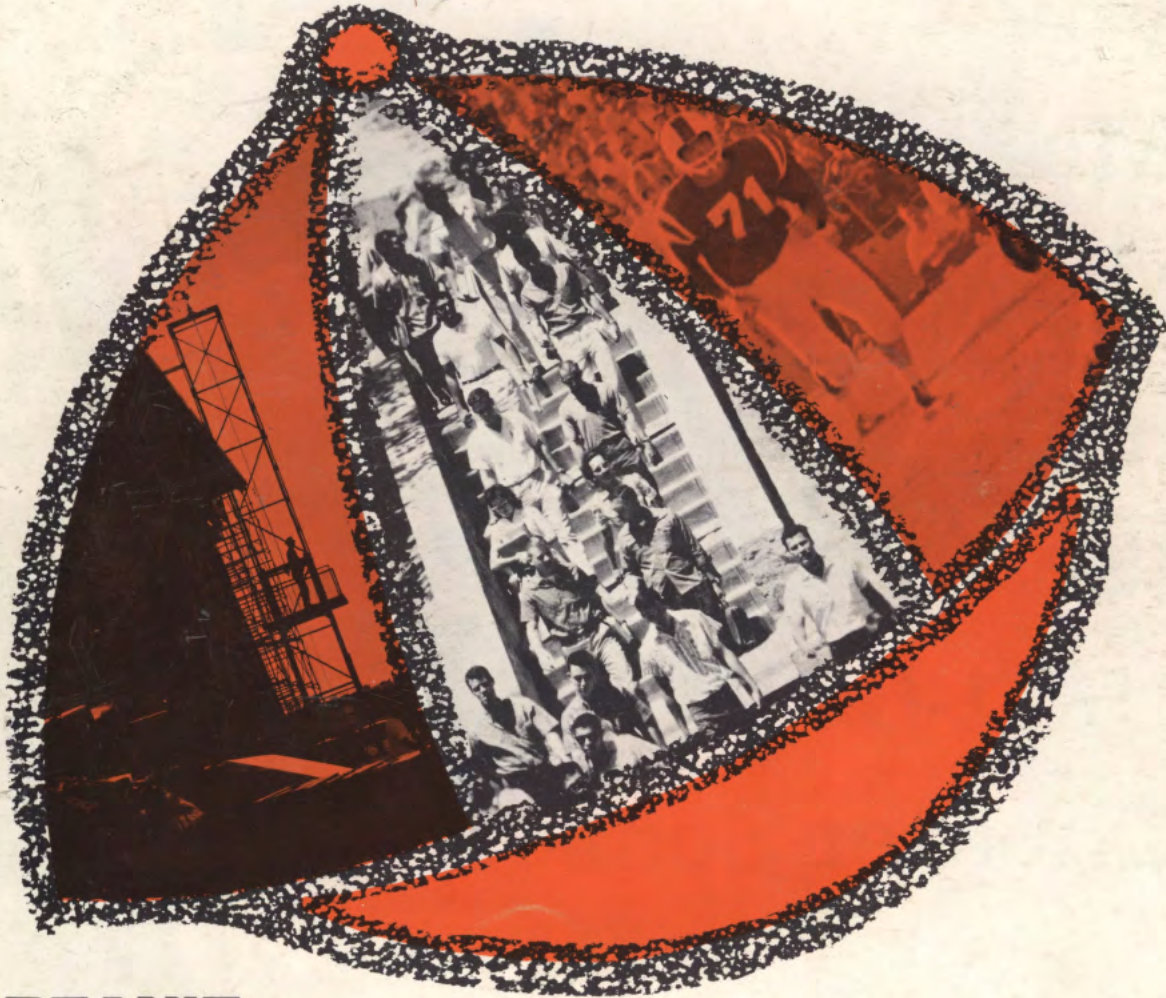
TEXAS WESTERN COLLEGE

OCT.



1961

*twenty-five cents*



**BEANIE  
WEARERS'  
ISSUE**



**TEXAS WESTERN'S  
COLLEGE PLAYERS**

**PRESENT**

**Four  
Major  
Productions  
for  
the  
1961-62  
Theater Season**



**Freshmen and upperclassmen can participate in the drama program  
by enrolling in Drama 11.**

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# EL BURRO

*The Texas Western Variety Magazine*

**Volume XXIV, Number 1**

**October**

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# DOBBERS



"... and in conclusion gentlemen, let me say that this fraternity is for Motherhood, the American home, and against sin."

A hearty E. B. welcome to all you wide eyed, bushy tailed freshmen converging on the noble grounds of Texas Western this month.

The end of summer is just around the corner now, only a wee bit to the right of that "BEGIN REGISTRATION HERE" sign. But be brave, for a new and wonderful episode in your life is about to begin.

Somewhere, deep inside, that old razzle-dazzle college spirit comes to life. Collegians, young or old, freshman or senior, band together to uphold the unfaltering traditions of the grand old orange and white.

This is to be a year long remembered, and to the Frosh especially, it will be one hellacious experience. The fun times, the tests, the games, the profs; all to be cherished and none forgotten.

Welcome to college. It's great!

To the older sports at Texas Western, this is a new-look El Burro. Let us explain.

Almost a quarter of a century ago the first E. B. was slapped together. It was intended to be a variety magazine. As the years progressed however, its content swayed from strictly humor rubbish to overwhelmingly literary rubbish, enjoyed by only the select few in each case.

In rummaging through the endless stacks of E.B.'s it seemed that by far the most acceptable issues were those in which the Editor chose a happy medium. So therefore, let it be known that El Burro is once again a periodical of variety, with the expressed desire to entertain all students at TWC.





## Campus Calendar

### September

Monday, Sept. 11	Freshman Orientation
Tuesday, Sept. 12	M Day Bean Feed Sorority Rush begins Registration begins Fraternity Rush begins Classes begin
Wednesday, Sept. 13	Pershing Rifle Smoker—SUB
Sunday, Sept. 17	Reception honoring International Students—SUB
Monday, Sept. 18	Baptist Student Union Retreat in Alpine, Texas
Wednesday, Sept. 20	First home football game. Texas Western vs. West Texas State—Kidd Field
Thursday, Sept. 21	
Friday, Sept. 22	
Saturday, Sept. 30	

### October

Saturday, Oct. 7	Ballet—Magoffin Auditorium; Texas Western vs. New Mexico University—Albuquerque
Monday, Oct. 9	Classic Film Series—Magoffin
Wednesday, Oct. 11	Lecture Series—Magoffin
Thursday, Oct. 12	F. W. Membership Brunch
Saturday, Oct. 14	Texas Western vs. McMurray—Kidd Field
Tuesday, Oct. 17	Sing Song—Magoffin
Saturday, Oct. 21	YMCA Prelegislative Conference—SUB
Wednesday, Oct. 25	Lecture Series—Magoffin TWC Favorite and Sun Carnival Princess election
Saturday, Oct. 28	Texas Western Women's Auxiliary membership tea—SUB; College Players Production; Texas Western vs. N.M.S.U.—Kidd Field

## Texas Western Football Schedule

Sept. 16	Utah State	Logan
Sept. 30	West Texas State	El Paso
Oct. 7	New Mexico U.	Albuquerque
Oct. 14	McMurry College	El Paso
Oct. 21	Trinity U.	San Antonio
Oct. 28	New Mexico State U.	El Paso
Nov. 4	Hardin-Simmons	Abilene
Nov. 11	Arizona State U.	El Paso
Nov. 18	U. of Arizona	Tucson
Nov. 25	North Texas State	El Paso

Monkeys have such a good time because there are so many of them, and there are so many of them because they have such a good time.

He: "Are you afraid of the big bad wolf?"

She: "No, why?"

He: "That's funny, the other three pigs were."

In these days of low-cut gowns, tight fitting waists and sheer stockings, it takes will power for a man to look a woman in the eye.

Friends were gathered for the funeral of a distinguished gentleman of a small Idaho town. Everything went smoothly until, just as the casket was being carried out, the toupee slipped off the deceased, exposing a very bald head.

The widow was very upset, and told the minister to halt proceedings while she went to look for a pot of glue. She was gone for several minutes and when she rushed back in the minister stopped her at the door.

"Never mind," he whispered, "I found a tack."

"Just because my eyes are red is no sign I'm drunk. For all you know I may be a white rabbit."

Familiarity breeds attempt.

Adam: "Eve! You've gone and put my dress suit in the salad again."

"I know a place where women don't wear anything — except a string of beads once in a while."

"Holy gee, where?"

"Around their necks, stupid."

"Don't you think you might learn to love me?"

"Well I might, after all I did learn to eat spinach."

"Don't you ever wear gloves when you go see your girl?"

"Nah, I feel better without them."

He placed his hands over her eyes, and said, "If you can't guess who this is in three guesses, I'm going to kiss you."

"Jack Frost, Tom Thumb, Santa Claus."



Less than four months after President Kennedy's executive order calling for the temporary establishment of the "Peace Corps," Texas Western College became the training ground for 41 of the first volunteers to make up the President's eventual "pool of trained men and women to be sent overseas . . . to help foreign governments meet their urgent need for skilled manpower."

Prior to June 26, arrival date of the first corpsman, summer school began and was moving along as unassumingly as ever. After another hectic and record-breaking registration, the summer-school campus settled down, cloaked in that part-time aspect peculiar to the hot months. In June and on through August, when the usual student activities are at a stand-still, graduate students come and quickly go to summer jobs, TWC-stories are passed back and forth in the SUB by dorm residents in thongs and bermudas, and campus publications are closed for the 12-week newsless summer. In short, the first week of June seemed to indicate that another long and lackluster summer was indeed upon us.

But in the second week of June, to the apathy of some and to the enthusiasm of others, the College was catapulted into national prominence by the announcement that Peace Corps headquarters in Washington had chosen 27 young men—it's vanguard corpsmen—12 of which were to undertake training

at Texas Western College for a road-building and surveying project in Tanganyika, East Africa.

The honor bestowed on TWC was based on practicality. It seems that El Paso's terrain, climate, and temperature closely approximate those of Tanganyika. Also, since the College's beginning in 1913, TWC has established a reknown for work in geological science. Writing for the EL PASO TIMES on June 25, as the first five corpsmen arrived at TW, Joe Demic remarked, "The terrain which four decades ago, exhibiting as it does a kaleidoscopic variety of formations, was

one of the factors in choice of the school to train Peace Corps volunteers."

The practicality of the choice made it no less an honor. Dr. Joseph Ray was quoted by the TIMES as saying, "This is going to mean a lot to us. Primarily of course, it will draw national attention to TWC. We have a splendid college and we are pleased to have the eyes of the nation focused on us."

By June 22, the Peace Corps named close to 30 more men for the Africa project, and by June 26, 41 corpsmen were on campus, bedded down in Miner's Hall, and ready to embark on their eight-week, 462-hour training schedule.

The special faculty picked to train the corpsmen included Dr. Clyde E. Kelsey Jr., Assoc. Prof. of Psychology, as project coordinator, Dr. W. H. Timmons, Prof. of History, in charge of programming and history instruction, Dr. LeRoy Seils, Prof. of Health and P.E., as director of physical training, and William S. Strain, Assoc. Prof. of Geology, as geology instructor.

As the corpsmen arrived, and the local news media began covering the activities, it doubtlessly occurred to many El Pasoans to ask themselves "Why a Peace Corps anyway?" and "What's it going to cost me?"

The answers to the first question are varied. Peace Corps Director R. Sargent Shriver remarked that "there is a large supply of Americans who want to work for peace,"

# TWC PLAYS "HISTORIC" ROLE IN NEW FRONTIER

by Dale Walker

**"TWC's participation in the Peace Corps has an historic significance beyond the excellent work it did in training volunteers for Tanganyika.**

**"It was one of the first schools to undertake a training program and therefore was closely examined by everyone in the Peace Corps. Its achievements impressed all of us in Washington and established policies which now guide us in training projects throughout the country in many of the most distinguished universities in the United States."**

*—The above is taken from a letter to Dale Walker, El Burro writer, from Mr. Tom Mathews, Deputy Director of Public Information, Peace Corps Headquarters, Washington, D. C.*



and plenty of jobs to be done in that direction. An official P-C pamphlet states the "why" in more detail: "The Peace Corps represents an opportunity for individual citizens to work directly with the people of other countries to provide economic, social, or educational assistance and to further the cause of peace through personal relationships and development of mutual understanding." At an extreme pole from these views is that of the January 13, 1961 issue of "Human Events," which, stating its case behind a 1936 cover picture of Hitler's Nazi youth asserts, "Kennedy proposes to offer 18-to-25-year-old youngsters a chance to escape the draft if they will go to the underdeveloped countries and tell those poor people how they can become modern nations in a hurry."

Probably the most important answers, however, come from the Peace Corpsmen themselves. One of the first TWC-trainees to arrive in El Paso said, "I believe the corps is a good step in improving our foreign policy. It offers a better way to aid underdeveloped countries than to give financial aid to some." Another corpsman remarked that the trainees are not a bunch of "dewy-eyed zealots" but men hoping to do a job in Tanganyika which will reflect on the good intentions of the U. S. and provide Americans with an opportunity of representing their country to the world.

Of interest to taxpayers, many of whom couldn't care less about the high-sounding reasons for the corps, is the cost of the program, or as Robert Ruark (an Anti-Kennedy, anti-New Frontier, anti-Peace Corps columnist) calls it, "the new zeroes and decimal points in the red margin of the national ledger." The greatest cost, according to the March 13 issue of "Newsweek," is the training, transporting, and maintenance of corpsmen in the field. Estimates of which vary from \$5,000 to \$12,000 per corpsman per year.

The TWC program, according to Dr. Clyde Kelsey Jr., will cost around \$100,000 for the training of 44 corpsmen.

Under the cost-reimbursement plan (TW's estimate was considered one of the best out of several colleges submitting budgets), all costs of training including surveying and engineering equipment,



In the classroom . . .



. . . and in the field

clothing, lodging, meals, and a \$2-a-day subsistence allowance, all come under the \$100,000 bid.

By mid-July, the Peace Corps hit its stride. No longer a campaign

promise, the program was rolling along, for better or worse, with over 200 trainees processing in

(Continued on page 29)





Illustration: Eddie Apodaca



# Bullfighters and BULL-SHOOTERS

by Terry French

There is a difference between the bullfight in real life and the bullfight in literature. Sired by such men as Ernest Hemingway, Barnaby Conrad, and Tom Lea, the bullfight in fiction takes on such heroic proportions that a real bullfight, faced with the realities of uncooperative bulls and varied talent in its matadors, could never bridge the dividing gap. However, the blame does not lie with the bullfight because the bullfight cannot rise above itself; the blame lies with those authors who would have you believe that the bullfight is the epitome of pageantry, and the matador the living incarnation of courage, bravery, and heroism.

Assuming an ideal fight is about to begin, let us see how Tom Lea sets the stage for the corrida. He says that around four o'clock you can feel "something in the air." Also, the hubbub of voices, mixed with the bright sun (and probably with Cruz Blanca), gives one a feeling of excitement and a certain anxiety. All of this, and we haven't arrived at the bullring yet. At the gate, a small group of men on the sidewalk are playing peppy *paso dobles*. Then you buy your ticket and walk through the dark corridors of the stadium until you reach an opening which, when reached, gives you the impression of having just reached the summit of a tall mountain.

After you find a seat, with the rest of the crowd, you become impatient for the fight to start. You amuse yourself by watching the crowd amuse itself. And it does, too, because most have been working at menial jobs all week, slav-



ing for somebody else. This is their day to shine. And why not? Especially when they have such a wonderful audience as the gringo tourists who listen to them and try to understand the insults yelled in Spanish to friends and bullring officials. Finally, the anxious applause begins. It starts and fades away. Then another wave comes. This goes on until the show starts when it reaches its greatest intensity, finally merging into the actual fanfare of the show.



Up to this point there does not seem to be much difference between this and any other kind of American entertainment. Everyone is impatient for any show to start and all audiences indicate this by waves of applause. To prove this, all one has to do is go to the Plaza Theatre on El Paso on Sunday night, at intermission time. Ten minute after the organist comes out of his hole to play, the audience is tearing the house down with applause. The musician thinks it is because he has done such a fine job, but it is only the audience hoping he will go back into his hole so the show can begin.

At the bullfight, the difference emerges when the band comes in and begins to play the song which captures all the bravery, valor, glory, spirituality, and seriousness of the corrido—"La Virgen de la Macarena." Tom Lea describes the scene:

"And then the band comes in from the balcony, the sun shining on its big brass horns high up there on the rim of the plaza, and it starts to play, 'La Virgen de la Macarena,' the old Andaluz song of bravado in the minor key that brings a roar from the throats of the crowd and sinks into the hearts of the bullfighters.

"The trumpet player tilts the horn high over the rim of the plaza up there in the sun and the notes he makes come from far beyond like a humble trumpeter of Cuenca. They arch out into the air like hope, clear and sweet, to climb and turn and fal at last into the quietness encircled by the curved walk."

"La Virgen de la Macarena" does remind me of all the things Tom Lea mentions. But what is so disillusioning is that in real life this little "humble trumpeter" is not the Gabriel that Tom Lea makes him out to be. Instead, he is a little, dirty, old man, with an unshaven face—a perfect caricature of Shelley Berman's "the day after the night before." Nevertheless, he makes you feel, by his song, that something exciting is about to happen. My only complaint is that I have been going to bullfights for the last five years and I have yet to see that certain "something" actually happen.

Moving on to the actual fight itself, we find that Conrad divides it into seven acts. The first act consists of *doubling*, which "gives the matador a chance to quickly size up his opponent, to find out if it charges straight, sees well with both eyes, follows the cape, and which horn it favors."

I could be smart and say that if the bull does all these things, the matador will not fight him. But I do think this is done so that the matador can size up the bull, and also, if for no other reason, to tire out the bull. I have my suspicions

when I see a matador wait and wait until the bull seems so winded that it just stands there, and only then does the matador decide to make his grand entrance into the ring.

This phase of the bullfight is depicted in *The Brave Bulls*. Luis Bello is getting a chance to demonstrate his courage in the ring. The bull has just come out and the little peon (Monkey Garcia) takes him so that Bello can determine the bull's characteristics. Bello sees the monster charge his peon across the ring. As Garcia dodges behind the *burladero*, and the bull's horns crash into it at the same time, the sight shakes Bello up mentally and physically. Then Garcia runs madly out into the ring. When he returns, he tells Bello all the information the latter needs—which way he hooks, that the bull can see, and that he uses his left horn more than the right. Bello says, simply, "Run Him." Later, Garcia comes back winded and exhausted after having been chased all over creation by the bull. Bello takes a look at his peon and again, because his courage fails him, all he can say is "Run him," on the pretext that further evaluation is needed. Finally, the music lets him know that he has had enough time and that this particular act is over.

So much for that part of the fight. The next act, according to Conrad, is the one in which the matador exhibits his first capework. The three rules for good capework are "*Parar, matar, y templar*."

*Parar* means to place the feet and not to move them until the bull has passed. This takes nerve. *Mandar* is to control the bull and make him follow the cape in whatever direction the cape is led. This takes experience and nerve. *Templar* is when the art begins to come in. It means a "slowing down, a prolongation of the danger of the bull's charge, a grace in the man's movements which means the difference between a willing and courageous hacker and an artist" Hemingway describes *templar* as performing "the usual movements of bullfighting so slowly they become, to old-time bullfighting, as slow motion picture is to the ordinary motion picture." This is what brings the "*Olés*," and each time the matador brings the bull by him, he is supposed to let it come a little closer to his body. The matador then finishes up a series with a half-veronica, gathering the cape at his hip and making the bull turn so sharply it must stop in its tracks.

Tom Lea also describes the second act of the bull fight. "Bello's body turned out like some solemn sculpture swaying with glittering arms, sweeping the cloth low, fastening the horns into a long pink swing that pulled the plunging blackness past,

and, when it was gone, settled to rest around the immobile slippers on the sand. Weightless and poised, divorced from time in its magic slow lightness, the rose arc of the veronica flared out, curving and carrying away the rush of the beast as it returned and returned again."

Now, I submit that this is just too fantastic. First of all, the only slow motion action I have witnessed has been the span of time that passed when either the matador was reluctant to come into the ring or when the bull was so dead tired on its feet that it could hardly run by the brave matador.

Another feat which has always amused me concerns the matador who goes into some fancy and elaborate pass after the bull has already gone by him. And what really climaxes this fiasco is the fact that the cape invariably gets caught on some part of the matador's clothing, and he has to spend time getting it loose before he can acknowledge the crowd's applause.

The next act is *pic-ing*. There are three of these, not very attractive to watch. The main function is to weaken the bull's neck and to encourage the bull by allowing him to hit something solid.

I fail to see how jabbing long lances into the bull's shoulders could encourage him to want to fight. With my own eyes I have seen the solid objects the bull meets. It is true that the bull gets the feel of hitting something solid by ramming into the poor horse. But it is also true that before the bull ever meets the horse, a one-pronged pitchfork is driven deep into the bull's back. Most bulls make two charges and then quit, either because they are discouraged or because they are wounded. I saw one bull fall down and die right there on the spot. The lance had gone completely through his lung. However, it was a very small bull, and perhaps the smaller bulls are more easily hurt than the larger ones.

The next act is called the *Quite*. Here the matador takes the bull away from the horse. This represents the second half of *Pic-ing*, although these two acts are separate. After the bull has charged one of the horses, the matador runs out to take the bull away and aim it at the next horse. This is done three times in all, provided, of course, that the bull survives. There are usually three matadors in each fight, and during the three *Quites* each of the three takes his turn trying to "out-do the other in the gracefulness and risk-taking of the passes, and this is often the most competitive and exciting part of the fight."

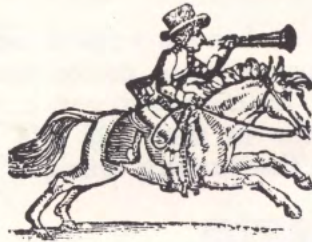
I believe that most artists, actors, and performers have a touch of the exhibitionist in them. Because matadors also perform before the public, I sometimes

(Continued on page 26)



*Instruction For The Younger Sort*

# THE FRESHMAN PRIMER



*To Which Is Added A Further Improved  
Freshman Week Schedule  
And A Map Of The Campus*

---

*The Alphabet*

---

*And A Noteworthy Attraction*

GIRL OF THE MONTH

---

*Adorned With Cuts*

---

*Calculated To Amuse Freshmen And Excite Them*



# *Freshman Week Schedule*

## A Revision

The activities listed herein have been carefully selected by EL BURRO to better confuse incoming freshmen regarding the varied aspects of campus life at TWC. The importance of attending these voluntary (i. e. compulsory) events cannot be over-emphasized, so EL BURRO will not attempt to over-emphasize them.



In the event that two of these varied aspects of campus life are scheduled at the same time, make sure you attend both of them simultaneously, or however you can manage it. If you encounter any difficulties in meeting this schedule, see your Freshman Counselor in the faculty lounge.

### **SUNDAY, September 10**

**9:15 a.m.** Residence Halls open.

**9:16 a.m.** Residence Halls close.

The traditional TWC "B.Y.O.L." picnic for all dorm residents, hosted by the Bell-Hall Women's Welcome Wagon. Here you will get a chance to talk about what fun you had touring your new residences, what clique you intend to join, and how you plan to become B.M.O.C. by your sophomore year.

**6:15-**

**10:30 a.m.** Welcome address by Prof. Maynard Eugene Gombody, ex-professor of Slavic Languages, including about 400 amusing anecdotes on campus life in 1913.

**10:30-**

**1:30**

First session of Freshman testing. Oral examination conducted by Crest. All freshmen who use ordinary toothpaste please sit on the right side of the auditorium and display your cavities.

**1:30-**

**2:00 p.m.** Luncheon. Entertainment furnished by the Texas Western College Steel Drum Band. Following this cacophonous display, you will hear several more amusing anecdotes by the imperturbable Prof. Gombody.



**3:33 p.m.** General Assembly. Discussion (following roll-call) of student activities by R. Melvin Gohard, president of the "Chaps" the male counterpart of the "Spurs" and one of TW's perienially outstanding organizations.

Also, campus traffic regulations will be discussed, illustrated by still pictures of maimed auto accident victims.

**3:33-**

**4:44 p.m.** Second session of Freshman testing—microphone type (like where you say "testing, one two, three, etc.")

**4:44** Engineers only. Discussions on "How to identify a wet stoep in the field," "The proper wearing of beard, slide-rule, and clip-board," and "The origin of genus 'Pedogii'."

**4:44** Physical Education Majors only. Clinic on "The importance of taking showers." Free hotel-size bars of soap passed out in class for scrutiny by students.

**4:44** English majors only. Discussion on "How to not split infinitives."

### **TUESDAY, September 12**

**5:00** Rotcy orientation. Men students only, please. Film on "Brain-Washing: the Only Cure for Dirty Minds?" Followed by ceremonial presentation of perfect attendance citations ("Gung-ho ribbons.")

**6:21-**

**6:37** Meeting of all freshmen for pre-registration instructions. Clearly illustrated 400-page manual with line-drawings on "Elbow and knee techniques," lessons on "Forging ahead in the transcript line," etc. Also words and music to TWC-registration song:

"Rush, shove, and ram  
Smite hip and thigh,  
We'll all be seniors  
In the sweet bye and bye."

**6:37-**

**12:30** Get-acquainted Luncheon sponsored by the Student Association for all purchasers of Student Association cards. Traditional orange and white are to be worn regardless of the snickers and whispers of upper-classmen.

**12:30-**

**1:30** Bean feed. All you can eat within reason and within the boundaries of your personal ability to control yourself. Beanies (little round hats, not little beans) will be worn.

**1:30-**

**12:00** Traditional "M" painting on scenic Mt. Franklin. First bucket of paint will be thrown by Prof. Gombody who found the Big "M" on the side of the mountain in 1913. \*Prof. Gombody will also punctuate the ensuing merriment by relating several more amusing anecdotes circa 1913.

### **WEDNESDAY, September 13**

**5:30 a.m.** Registration for day students begins with the letter "H". This particular letter was picked **at random** by a person working in the Administration Building, who, oddly enough, has a last name also beginning with "H."

### **THURSDAY, September 14**

**5:30 a.m.** Registration continues. Freshmen at the end of the registration schedule will be delighted to learn that the little schedule they made up at home will not work since nearly all classes are closed at this point.

### **FRIDAY, September 15**

**5:30 a.m.** Registration continues, particularly for those mentioned above.

### **SATURDAY, September 16**

**5:30 a.m.** Late registration: either sign up or get out. This is the day when you leave your money at the bookstore.

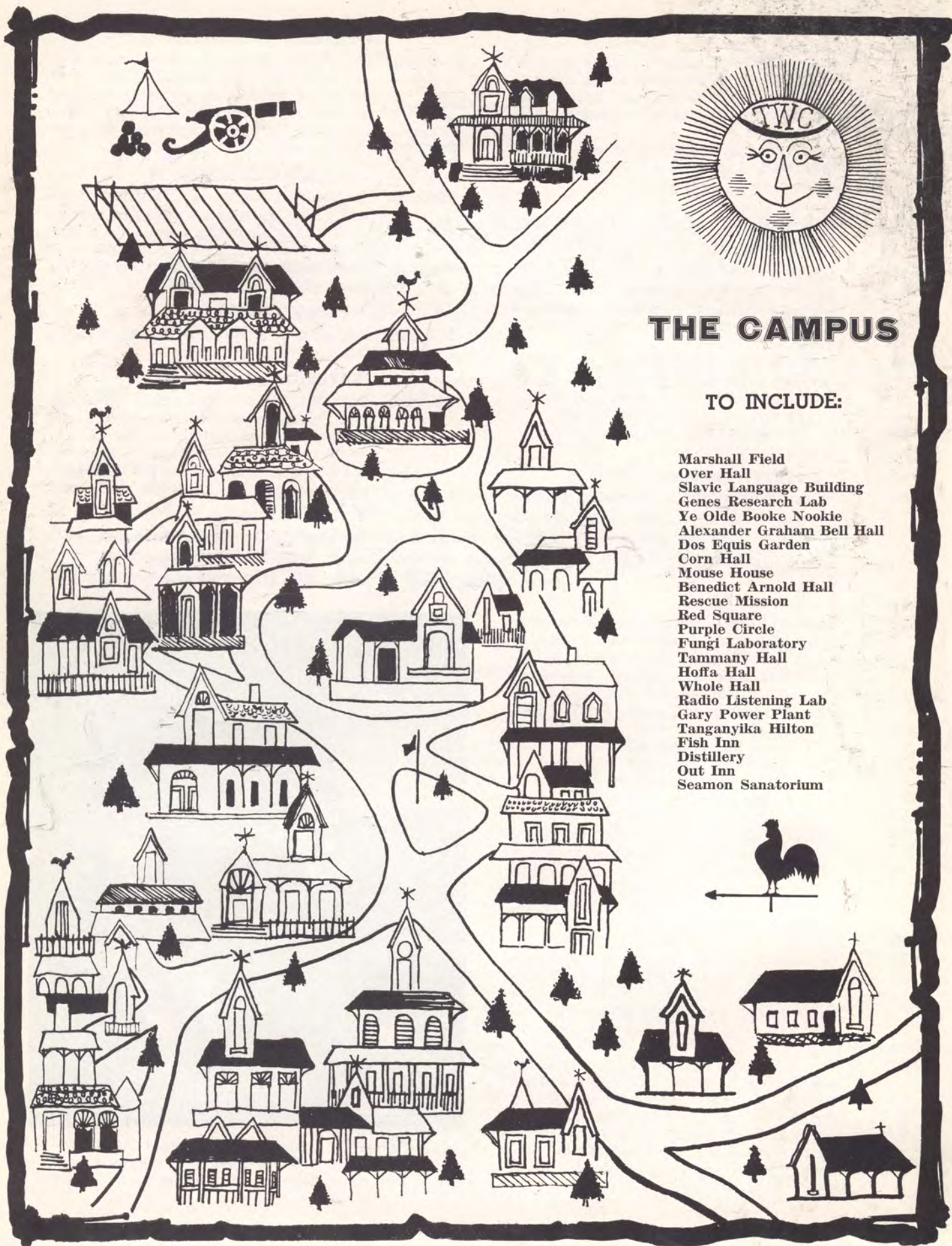
We'll be seeing you Monday when you are struggling up the hill by Kidd Field with about 20 lbs. of books under your arm.

\*Prof. Gombody was quoted, after finding the huge white "M" on August 3, 1913, "Maybe it stands for 'mountain,' huh?"



"They've made a ruling that I can't take Golf 1101 because I've punched too many holes in the greens."





## THE CAMPUS

### TO INCLUDE:

Marshall Field  
 Over Hall  
 Slavic Language Building  
 Genes Research Lab  
 Ye Olde Booke Nookie  
 Alexander Graham Bell Hall  
 Dos Equis Garden  
 Corn Hall  
 Mouse House  
 Benedict Arnold Hall  
 Rescue Mission  
 Red Square  
 Purple Circle  
 Fungi Laboratory  
 Tammany Hall  
 Hoffa Hall  
 Whole Hall  
 Radio Listening Lab  
 Gary Power Plant  
 Tanganyika Hilton  
 Fish Inn  
 Distillery  
 Out Inn  
 Seamon Sanatorium



The inexperienced young backwoods teacher scratched his head when a school kid asked him for a definition of the word "alabaster."

Finally he admitted, "I'm not downright sure, but it might mean be an illegitimate Mohammedan."

Brown's party was a roaring success except in one respect—there were no napkins. The store was sold out of paper ones and the linen one's hadn't come back from the laundry. So Brown mounted a chair and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, there are no napkins but at frequent intervals a large wooly dog will pass among you."

Did you hear about the deaf-mute who said so many dirty words that his mother had to wash his hands with soap?

"So your brother is a painter, eh?"

"Yep."

"Paints houses, I presume?"

"Nope, paints men and women."

"Oh, I see. He's an artist."

"Nope, just paints women on one door and men on the other."

Kappa Sig: "But darling, why aren't you wearing my fraternity pin?"

Tri Delt: "All the fellows say it scratches their hands."

"You want to know why I came home half loaded?" asked the soused freshman. "Because I ran out of money, that's why."

"Have a drink."

"I beg your pardon, I'm a TKE."

"Pardon me, here's the bottle."



"I don't care if the upperclassmen DO snicker, my son will not cut his hair."



"Right here's where I got pinned last night."



"Don't look now Charlie, but we're on Candid Camera."



## The Alphabet

**A** as in APO, Animal, Absurd  
**B** as in Boring, Botany, Bookkeeping  
**C** as in Courting, Coaxing, Cease-fire  
**D** as in Dormitory, Dames, Delicious  
**E** as in El Paso, Eye Sore, Egg  
**F** as in Frat man, Four-flusher, Flunker  
**G** as in Gold digger, Good, Gangbusters  
**H** as in Homework, Hell, Hangover  
**I** as in Independence, Idiocy, Irk  
**J** as in Juarez, Joyride, Jail  
**K** as in Kidd Field, Knocks, Knots  
**L** as in Liquor, Laxative, Life-preserver  
**M** as in McCarty, Master, Monster  
**N** as in N.M.S.U., Nuts, Novel  
**O** as in Orange Key, Orange-ade, Orgyless  
**P** as in Peace Corps, Picnic, Panic  
**Q** as in Queens, Quit, Quiet  
**R** as in Registration, Registrar, Ridiculous  
**S** as in Sorority girl, Saint, Scenic Drive  
**T** as in Texas Western, Tiddlywinks, Trenchmouth  
**U** as in U. of T., Upper house, Unavoidable  
**V** as in Virgin, Virtuous, Void  
**W** as in Worrell Hall, Womenless, Wormy  
**X** as in Exam, X's, Ex-student  
**Y** as in Yell leader, Young, Yeal  
**Z** as in Zeta, Zoology, Zebras



Student: "It's outrageous. I saw two rats fighting in my room last night."

Housemother: "So, what do you want for thirty dollars a month? Bullfights?"

"Doin' anthing Saturday night?"

"Nope."

"Kin I use your soap?"

Thinking she recognized her husband, a lady in a suburban train left her seat and put her arms around a man sitting several seats ahead. Naturally she was greatly embarrassed when the man turned around and she saw that he was a complete stranger.

"Oh, pardon me," she stammered, "but your head looks exactly like my husband's behind."

"Are you sure this motel is University Approved?"

Did you hear the one about the nearsighted whale that fell madly in love with the submarine and followed it all around the world? Every time the sub fired a torpedo, the whale would pass out cigars.



## OUR GIRL FOR OCTOBER

Susie Boyd, a frosh class lass, is El Burro's Miss October and a luscious back-to-school present to the TWC undergraduate.

Susie is adorned with some mighty pleasing features, which we might add, are well situated on her statuesque five and a half foot frame.



**SUSIE  
BOYD**





EL BURRO GIRL OF THE MONTH





MISS SUSIE BOYD





Our tantalizing, brown-eyed Miss October lists bowling, horseback riding, and cocktail parties on her favorite activity list.

FRESHMAN



CLASS



photos by maciag



# OH BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME



**By Linda Robinson**

It was a small informal party, all of them people Tom knew well except the one girl, Elaine, a slim, tranquil brunette. Her husband was captain of a merchant ship and was currently away on a trip. There was Bill and Betty Thomas, John and Grace Fellows, David and Evelyn Turner—all friends of long standing to both Tom and his hosts, Edie and Joe Graham; and Edie had explained Elaine as "just moved in over in the Brownlow place, and her husband had to go off and leave her, poor dear"—this with a pat on Elaine's elbow, and then, turning to Tom, "you two should have a lot in common, you know: you being a ship's engineer, Tom, and Elaine's husband is—"

"May I have another drink, please Edie?" Elaine interrupted with a smile, and the hostess took her glass and wandered off.

"Haven't I met you somewhere?" Tom asked Elaine.

"No, I don't think so, how long

are you in port, Tom?" Elaine asked.

"Oh, only until tomorrow. We're out of New Orleans, really, so I don't often get up here any more. But New Jersey used to be my home and I always drop in and see Edie and Joe and the rest of the gang whenever I get here."

"Watch your step, Elaine," Bill said, grinning, as he handed her a refilled glass and sat down. "You're talking to a bachelor, and a sailor at that! What kind of a trip did you have, Tom?"

"Same as usual. You guys seem to think that just because I don't keep office hours in the Empire State Building I'm always off on some romantic cruise!"

"Well, aren't you?"

"Hell, it's usually routine like any other job, but the hours are worse. I didn't get much sleep this trip because of the weather. It gets rather wearing at times."

"Any interesting females on

board?" Bill was half mocking.

"Nothing like that secretary you have right outside your office door!" Tom retorted.

"But at least you do see places, and sometimes there are good-looking girls, right?"

"I guess. Dockside in Jamaica, and oil hoses all over the place. That's all I saw of it, plus the dawn come up. But once in a while you get a smooth trip and a new port with time off to see it, and a lively bunch of passengers." Tom looked around. They were all listening.

"I remember a trip I made several years ago. I shipped for a while with Moore-McCormick and the ship I was on made a trip to Venezuela. That was one for the books!"

"Go on. Tell us about it," said Bill.

"Okay, you asked for it," said Tom.

*(Continued on page 20)*



## OH BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME

We sailed from New York. It was just routine. Nothing fancy or exciting like going out on a passenger ship with streamers and parties. But as far as I'm concerned, I prefer it, because visitors on a departing liner are a headache. Someone nearly always gets left on board and has to go back with the pilot.

Anyway, we went out at night and it was impossible to see what was on board. We were busy and the passengers went to bed.

It was lunch-time next day when I first saw the passengers. They eat in the officer's dining room on a

freighter. There was a businessman and his wife—he had something to do with some rubber company, I believe—a young engineer going to an oil company, a middle-aged couple returning to their home in Jamaica, and five women of assorted ages making the round trip.

One of these was a very good-looking girl around 22 with hair like midnight, enticing eyes, and very short shorts.

Now some skippers don't care what their passengers wear to meals, but this guy figures it's the officers' domain and he prefers the ladies in skirts there. So after lunch he stopped this girl and asked her to cover up for meals. She was pretty snooty, but she did as he asked. Only the rest of the time I remember she sure got around in

as little as possible!

The girl was a real looker, as I said, and she knew it. It wasn't long before she had the young oil engineer crazy about her. That's about all I noticed, though I didn't actually see much of her because my job was below decks. But I heard a lot. The skipper used to entertain the passengers at cocktails once in a while, and sometimes after dinner if we were at sea and not about to make port, he'd have the whole crowd in for a drink or two and dancing to a phonograph.

We made a call at Curaçao and this girl went ashore with the engineer. It's a little Dutch island with a famous bridge that lifts up in the middle to let the shipping through, and it's what people call a free port. That is, you can buy watches and jewelry and perfumes duty-free, so they're much cheaper than Stateside. We sailed that evening, late, and when the two kids came back, the girl was wearing a ring and a watch that must have cost plenty.

Tom paused a moment and looked at his audience. They were all listening eagerly but Elaine, who was sitting quietly in her chair, eyeing the carpet. Tom sipped his drink and went on.

We didn't see the two kids that night because of sailing, and that always ties up most of the officers and crew. But next morning my first assistant came in yawning just before he took over from me and said, "Listen, Tom. You know that young broad that's been making time with the young oil fellow: she was down in Phillips' room all night."

"What?" I said. "They got engaged yesterday—the girl and the oil man."

"No! Good God! But this is for real. I don't like mentioning it—none of my business except they kept me awake—only even if Phillips is a no-good bastard, I hate to see him get in trouble." You see, the rules aboard the ship were that no passengers were allowed below decks except in the dining room, meaning that engineers might not entertain in their rooms.

You can imagine I didn't know what to do.

Then just before lunch next day—I still hadn't decided what to do—I heard two of the lady passengers talking. One was telling the other that this little tramp, who





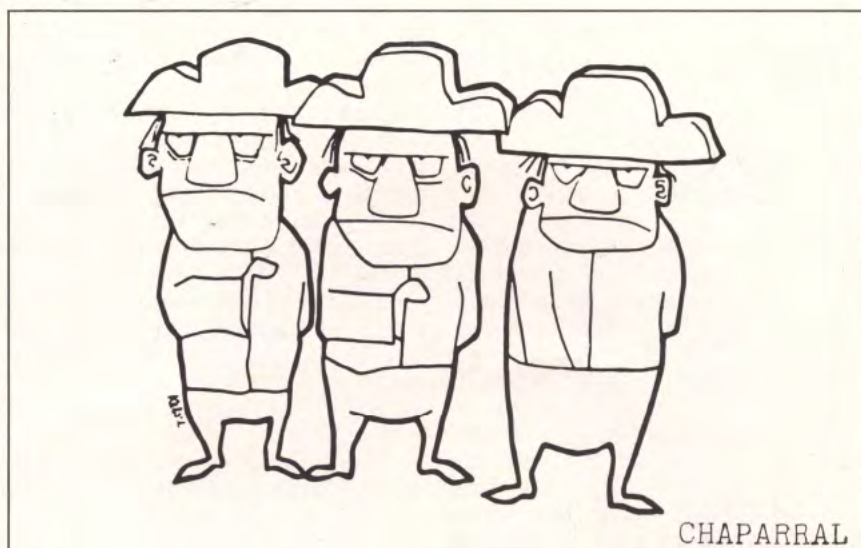
shared her stateroom, set the alarm clock and got up about two a.m. Now you know how women are—some women are. It seems this woman crawled out of the sack and followed the kid and saw her go into the second mate's room.

Tom took another sip of his drink. Bill shook his head in wonder, and Edie said "Whew!" Elaine bit her lip. Tom lit a cigarette and went on.

So that made two of the officers, and all the time the girl was snowing that nice young oilman during the day and still wearing his ring and watch.

I had about made up my mind to tell the skipper all about it, because it looked like a powder keg to me. But we were getting into Caracas the next day and I was busy and I half thought the girl might get off there with her fiancé.

That night the skipper gave a little farewell party for the young oil engineer. It was a very early one, and everyone left before nine, because I came up to see the skipper about that time. Then later on—a couple of hours later—I was



coming up the inside staircase to see him again, when I heard the girl's voice—from inside his stateroom! Well, I knew the skipper was a reliable man and never got in any kind of a mess that would endanger the ship, or drank before making port, but I didn't know what to do. As much as anything it was embarrassing, especially knowing

what she was.

I went downstairs and waited a while, about 30 minutes. Then I went back up and had just reached the head of the stairs which opened on to a hall when I saw the girl come out of the skipper's room—in her nightgown. I ducked out of

*(Continued on page 22)*

# SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

SELECTED AS  
TEXAS WESTERN'S  
MOST OUTSTANDING  
ORGANIZATION  
FOR 1961





## OH BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME

sight until she went into her room, and then I knocked on the skipper's door.

Tom's listeners were showing mixed reactions. Bill shook his head with a wry grin. Edie looked shocked. Elaine lit a cigarette, carefully. Tom said, "You asked for it!"

I didn't say anything to the skipper about the girl, Tom went on. I didn't know what to do. I only wished she would get off. But she didn't. She spent most of the time ashore in Caracas with the young oil man, but at sailing time she was back on board and the young fellow was with her, looking miserable. I heard him beg her to stay and get married and she said no, she had to arrange things in New York.

The trip back up from Venezuela was nerve-wracking for me. There is a certain tension, you see, and people are bottled up like being shipwrecked on a desert island. This was an attractive little girl, all right, and anything could happen before we docked.

We had only one stop this time, and that was at Jamaica. The passengers and all the officers who were off duty made up a party and went out to a night club called the Glass Bucket. I couldn't go, because we were oiling. As usual.

But about two o'clock I saw the skipper come home, alone. Around three the agent came on board, and some officials. We were sailing at six, and still loading. About four o'clock, the girl came back with the first mate, and both were pretty well loaded. Apparently she went to his room with him, and the captain must have caught them. First I knew I heard the first mate yell something, then I heard the captain order the girl to her room. All this was right over my head. We sailed, with the first mate restricted to his quarters and the girl to hers.

Of course he couldn't do anything to her, really, and according to reports it didn't stop her midnight activities. The alarm clock sounded regularly, according to her outraged room-mate. But at least whatever went on was done discreetly, and nobody seemed to know who it was this time. There was no more trouble and eventually we docked in New York.

So there. That was the most worrying peace-time trip I ever made, all over a passenger. But it was unusual.

"What happened to the girl?" Bill asked.

"I don't know," said Tom. "I never heard. I really didn't see much of her myself and it was several years ago and I doubt if I'd know her again. I don't even remember her name."

"Well," said Edie, "That was quite a trip." Turning to Elaine she added, "Now don't look so miserable. Tom said it was exceptional, and I'm sure your husband won't have any such problem."

"No, it was exceptional," Tom said. "You get a woman or two on the make, of course, but I've never known anything like that one, before or since."

Tom stood up. "Edie," he said, "I must go. I'm short on sleep now, and we sail at noon tomorrow. Thanks again—it was good to see you all, and I'll see you next time." He turned to Elaine and as he looked down he noticed her watch, a little white gold one with a curious blue enamel design that was something like a Dutch tile. "Nine-thirty!" He looked at her. "Nice to meet you, Elaine. What did you say your last name was?"

She looked at him, and her eyes seemed to Tom to have a fixed, fearful look.

"Williams," she said finally.

"Williams," Tom repeated. "Williams. No, I don't believe I know any skipper of that name." He paused, then patted her on the shoulder. "Be good." He opened the door, waved and called a last goodbye, and left.

His toes curled in the black soil. It was marvelous to feel the good cool earth beneath his feet again. Tenderly he bent down and crumbled a piece of rich sod between his fingers. A man was a fool to leave the land. He thought of the city as loathsome. All it had brought him was unhappiness and sorrow, but that was over. He was back to his first love—the earth. For a while he was motionless in silent contemplation; a prayer of thanksgiving arose from his heart. Once more he was part of nature and not just a shadow in the city. A voice called "Dinner's ready." Slowly and reluctantly he took his foot out of the flower pot.

You're taking accounting, aren't you son?"

"That's right, Dad."

"Then account for the brassiere in your laundry last week."

He: "Do you have a fairy god-mother?"

She: "No, but I have an uncle I'm not sure about."

The guy and the doll were flying low through the valley when the guy brought the car to a screeching halt. On their left in a grazing field there was a cow and an amorous bull. The guy put a big mit around the doll's middle and murmured softly, "Boy, would I like to do the same thing."

"Go right ahead," the doll said. "I'll wait here for you!"

Bartender: "Highball of Martini?"

Freshman Coed: "Just a straight ginger ale, if you don't mind."

Bartender: "Pale?"

Freshman Coed: "No, just a glass!"

Prof: "Why don't you answer when I call your name?"

Frosh: "I nodded my head."

Prof: "You don't expect me to hear it rattle all the way up here, do you?"

Coed: "It's shameful the way you start making passes at me after a half-dozen drinks."

Guy: "What's shameful about it?"

Coed: "Wasting six drinks!"

If all the coeds in the world who didn't make out were gathered into one room, what would we do with her?

Some people sow their wild oats on Saturday nights and then go to church on Sunday and pray for crop failure.



At the beginning of every new semester comes the usual complaint by students about the extraordinarily high cost of textbooks. Having heard these complaints many times, and having participated ourselves, El Burro decided to try to discover whether these gripes are justified or not. Is our bookstore charging too much for our books? Is the manager of the bookstore really waxing wealthy from the profits obtained from fleecing innocent students? Is there any way to stop this practice? Are we the only students suffering from this insidious practice, or is it prevalent in other colleges throughout the nation? We felt it was indeed time to find out how we stand!

A comparative shopping survey among bookstores was begun. We sent explanatory letters and questionnaires to the following colleges and universities:

The University of Texas, Austin, Texas;

New Mexico State University, University Park, New Mexico;

Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona;

University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, New Mexico;

University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado;

University of California, Berkeley, California;

University of Southern California, Los Angeles, California;

Texas Tech College, Lubbock, Texas;

Texas A. & M. College, College Station, Texas;

University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois;

University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona;

Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

In these letters, we explained our purpose and enclosed a list of representative textbooks for all departments and classifications. We asked the bookstore to let us know the prices they were charging for these textbooks, or for other similar ones. We inquired about the policy of buying used books; about the mark-up on supplies and equipment; about faculty discounts; and various other points to be considered and discussed.

*(Continued on page 24)*



**DOES  
OUR  
COLLEGE  
BOOKSTORE  
CHARGE  
TOO  
MUCH**



**by anne lieberman**



We received prompt, courteous, and comprehensive replies from all the colleges and universities except Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Some of the replies were just a few words scrawled on our original letters; some were very complete and lengthy; all were co-operative.

Let us begin with certain generalities ascertained by this survey. Most, but not all, college classes do require textbooks. Some professors teach with the lecture only method, which may require outside reading but no actual textbook. In effect, therefore, these classes would still require the purchase of some book for the course. Other professors insist upon several textbooks for a particular course, thus raising the expenses for taking **that** course. Comparable classes in different colleges are taught by professors who use very different methods of instruction.

Almost all bookstores in colleges and universities are owned by the institution, or by the student association thereof. They are not necessarily **subsidized** by the college; usually a bookstore must stand on its own merit, financially. Profits, if any, in the stores owned by the student associations go to support student association activities.

The manager of the respective bookstore is usually an employee of the college, and does not—naturally—receive **any** of the profits which may accrue. This debunks a beloved theory among students to the

effect that “their” money has helped pay for a new house, or new car, or other signs of affluence.

Textbook publishers traditionally establish a “list,” or retail, price for their publications. The books are sold to book dealers throughout the country at list price less a 20% discount, **plus** freight or shipping charges. This same price applies whether the book store is owned private or by the college. Most textbooks come from the Eastern part of the United States, and transportation charges to the Southwest will likely average about 3% of the list price, thus leaving our bookstore a gross profit of about 17%. However, national surveys of college book stores show operating expenses of from 19% to 25%, and selling textbooks alone, therefore, will always leave the bookstore “in the red.”

This explains why most college stores sell college novelties, stationery, records, etc. There is usually a greater mark-up among these items, and this mark-up varies from city to city. For example, at one Arizona University, there is a 33 1/3% mark-up on such items as binders, looseleaf paper, pencils, art supplies and engineering items. There is a 40% mark-up on “non-required” items such as pens, pencils, clothing, pennants, etc.

Most of the bookstores buy back books at the end of the semester from students. There is a common practice of buying the book back at 50% of the original price, and sell-

ing it again at 75% of the original list price. One of the colleges contacted, however, sells the used books at 60% of the original price. One of the bookstore managers mentioned that he believed that the sale of a textbook handicaps a bookstore, because a professor decides on which book to use, and a publisher decides at what price the book is to be sold. This, he states, means that the bookstore manager must be very capable in order to operate the store satisfactorily within the limits imposed, and still show a profit to satisfy the University to which the store belongs.

Some of the bookstores offer a discount to members of the faculty, and some do not. All of the bookstores must cover all their expenses from the gross income every year. This may include the normal operating expenses of salaries, rent, heat, light, repairs, insurance, and will certainly include the large item of pilferage loss, which—although not usually mentioned or stressed—seems to be increasing every year. A conservative estimate of such pilferage would be about 2% of gross sales.

Most bookstores are open twelve months a year. Inventory, cleaning, sorting, must go on continually. All bookstores employ student help as much as possible, on a part-time basis, but usually employ several full-time employees like the manager and assistant manager, depending upon the size of the store

## A BALLAD

by Rhoda Milnarich

*Once there was a lassie born  
to be love's own sweet bride;  
To know the world in laughter's spring,  
her true love by her side.*

*But he went wandering off to war  
and soon his love forgot;  
And though she stayed steadfast and true,  
the laddy, he did not.*

*Soon his soul was sinful in  
its lust for one young lass;  
Who scorned him till he said for her  
the unblest devil's mass.*

*Two can play at any game—  
the devid knows that well;  
He listened to the laddy's mass  
and wished his soul to hell.*

*Twice it travelled round the world  
And reached the purest maid;  
She took his sin as for her own  
With all the curse it laid.*

*She comes at midnight when the clock  
must strike the knell of death;  
Twelve times twelve the toll is tolled  
In hushed witches breath.*

*She comes alone at midnight when  
the dead alone can show  
The living as they stand against  
the black of hell's own glow.*

*Burdened with consuming sin  
she comes and takes away,  
The faithless soul denied to her  
when she did walk by day.*



and the demands upon the employees.

Now we have concluded with generalities. Let us become specific and talk about our own bookstore at Texas Western. In discussing this subject with the manager, we discovered many facts which are not usually known among the students.

For example, we did not know that the bookstore profits here, as in other colleges, must cover all expenses. Any balance goes to amortize the Student Union Building. We have four full-time employees, and usually about 5 part-time employees who may be students.

We order directly from the book publishers. Professors send the names of the textbooks which they will use on order cards, usually after consultation with their department heads. Sometimes, the number they order will be too few, or prove to be too many. After a short time, the bookstore personnel becomes familiar with the individual professors, and are able to compensate for such overage or underage in his estimate.

Unsold textbooks can be returned to the publisher, but only if they are returned **before** an expiration date. This means that the bookstore staff must be alert enough to take advantage of this arrangement. Much money can be lost by keeping books too long, and later they can be sold only at a fraction of their original price to reduce the inventory and free shelf space for

more timely and necessary textbooks.

The Texas Western bookstore, as everyone knows, will buy back currently-used books from students. But how many of us know that throughout the entire year, they will also help students by acting as agents of a Nebraska book company and will buy books no longer used here at prices established in a catalog issued by the Nebraska company. This is done as an accommodation for students.

How many of us know that the bookstore has a catalog of every book in print, from which students may place special orders at any time? These special orders are received in about fourteen days, and the student is charged only the list price of the book plus postage of twenty-five cents per book. The special order books, however, must be prepaid before ordering, to insure that the book will be picked up upon delivery.

In addition to the required textbooks, the bookstore always has a great variety of other books, called "trade books," to sell. Being a State institution, Texas Western cannot advertise its wares in competition with privately-owned stores, but we have a greater variety of book merchandise than we have yet seen in El Paso. The prices are the same list prices as those found in other stores. Several times a year, merchandise is placed on special sale to clear shelf space for incoming books, and the values at that time are always unusually good.

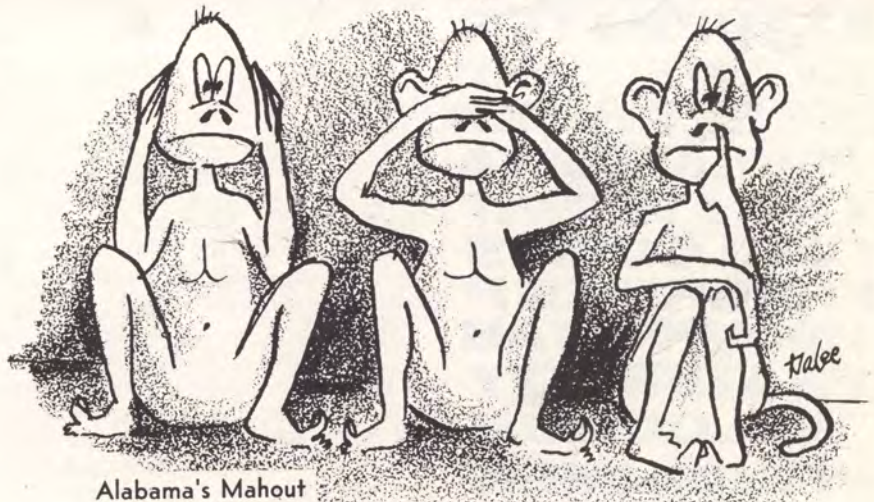
Other services offered to the students are gold-leaf monograms, ordering of senior class rings, caps and gowns, and graduation invitations. Magazines may also be ordered through the bookstore, usually at student discounts which are quite high.

Now that we have amassed the foregoing information, can we really know any more than before whether textbook prices are too high? What we have discovered, it seems, is that **if** we believe textbooks are priced too high, it is not because our bookstore wants it that way. We have found that our bookstore charges no more than do other bookstores across the country; that the prices are not set by the individual bookstore manager, but are set by a system which will not permit the lowering of such prices and still result in a profit for the bookstore. We do not, therefore, maintain that textbook prices are low by any means, but we do **now** believe that whatever the reason for the high prices, we must look elsewhere for the cause. It is not our purpose at this time to examine the **publishers'** reasons for setting the list prices. We still believe that **all** textbooks carry what seems to be higher prices than students believe necessary, but despite all the complaints, it is a proven fact that out of every dollar spent by a student for his education, actually less than four cents will go for his books. Without textbooks, the job of learning would be much more difficult than it is now.

## THE HAPPY MAN

*rejected, he  
sat up on the edge of the bed  
looked for pity  
found none  
shuffled sad feet  
into sad japanese sandals  
shuffled the whole sad mess  
into the bathroom  
took his razor  
and was sad no more*

*by Edwin Lent*



Alabama's Mahout



PHIKAPPATA  
UFRATERNIT  
YWELCOMES  
FRESHMENP  
HIKAPPATAU  
FRATERNITY  
WELCOMESF  
RESHMENPH  
IKAPPATAUF  
RATERNITYW  
ELCOMESFR  
ESHMEN PHI  
KAPPATAUFR  
ATERNITYWE  
LCOMESFRE  
SHMEN PHIK  
APPATAUFRA  
TERNITYWEL  
COMESFRES  
HMEN PHIKA  
PPATAUFRAT  
ERNITYWELC  
OMESFRESH  
MEN PHIKAP  
PATAUFRATE  
RNITYWELCO  
MESFRESHM  
EN PHIKAPP  
ATAUFRATER  
NITYWELCOM  
ESFRESHMEN  
PHIKAPPATA  
UFRATERNIT  
YWELCOMES  
FRESHMENP  
HIKAPPATAU  
FRATERNITY  
WELCOMES  
FRESHMEN

## BULLFIGHTERS AND BULL-SHOOTERS

wonder if they are not in part motivated by a need to be loved by their audiences. This seems especially evident during the *Quites* when each matador get a chance to "show his stuff."

One matador comes out and drives the audience to a frenzy. Then the next matador comes out and tries to outdo the first. Meanwhile, each hopes the other will look bad in the eyes of the audience. According to the books, however, what should be motivating the matador, at this point, is a feeling of tragedy and the sense of death. If these emotions were occupying the matador's being, he would have no room for such selfish thoughts as how he was shaping up in comparison with his competitors.

The fifth act is the placing of the *Banderillas*. Its purpose is "to tire the neck muscles more and also to correct any hooking mannerism by placing them on the opposite side of the Hook." I always feel that this part of the act is unnecessary because the bull has just suffered the ordeal of the previous act. At this point, the bull's head has only one peculiarity—it droops down like that of a grazing cow. Hence, after the punishment of the *pic-ing*, and the severing of most of the bull's neck muscles, perhaps the real purpose of the *Banderillas* is to keep the bull's head pinned on in order that the fight may continue. After having watched many matadors perform this act, I'm not so sure that the purpose has anything to do with the bull's head and neck at all. I have seen some bullfighters miss the mark so far that the barb has landed in the rump of the animal. I say, "animal," because by this time I am not sure whether the game is bullfighting or "pin the tail on the donkey."

Compare the above description of what really happens with how Tom Lea describes this part of the bull fight. "Slowly with grace, as if he commanded some great music, he brought the sticks up pointing, holding them high, higher yet, rising on his toes, lowering slowly, arms outspreading, in the silence, pointing at the beast. He saw the bull's eyes fix, the hoofs gather. Suddenly he hit the stick shafts together with a clack and called "Toro . . ."

It is probably enjoyable to read material such as this, especially if one has never seen a bullfight. But once exposed to the real thing, one approaches bullfight literature with the same reservations with which one approaches, say, for example, fairy tales, folk lore, and Russian propaganda.

Act six is called the *Faena*. This is supposed to be the most important part of the fight. "It is more dangerous because it presents half the target to the bull that the cape does, and most of the passes leave the man's body exposed, giving the bull his choice of the small cloth or the inviting bulk of the matador's legs." The small cloth is called a *muleta*, and it is decidedly smaller than the cape used up until this time. Here is where "the matador must unfurl his stylish, statuesque passes. He should plant his feet, lock his knees, straighten his body, and take the bull as close to him as his skill and nerve will permit."

The last act is the kill. The ideal situation is "for the man to make one perfect sword thrust" and have the bull keel over immediately. Maybe this is the way it is done in the books, but in real life, even the great stars of the ring fall short by comparison. The slow-motion, dreamy movements of the writers turn out to be the fastest movements I have ever seen in my life. The fighters are in and out—sticking around no longer than necessary. Even though the matador may slow down for the sake of his art, this does not necessarily mean that the bull is bound by the same aesthetic considerations.

From the above, it should be apparent that my wrath is not directed against the bullfight. (After all, I have been going to them for five years.) No, I am not angry with the bullfight for failing to live up to the fiction that is written about it, but rather with the fiction for its failure to report accurately what really happens in the bullring. I am angry with the fiction that improvises, invents and reads something into bullfighting that simply is not there. Perhaps the remedy lies in having the authors warn the readers in advance that they are merely "shooting the bull."

Adam and Eve in the garden had a pretty hard day naming the animals.

"Well, Adam," said Eve, "Let's call this one a hippopotamus."

"But, darling, why a hippopotamus?"

"Well, hell, it looks like a hippopotamus, doesn't it?"

Women are a problem, but they are the kind of a problem that men like to wrestle with.

Lambda Chi: "Would you call for help if I tried to kiss you?"

Chi-O: "Do you need help?"



# BOOK REVIEW

## The World of Law Ephraim London

To a class in elementary education, a professor once said: "In teaching, it is almost impossible to overrate the value of a well-told story; this is an extremely important principle. How can I impress you with its importance? How can I make sure you will never forget it?" And a student replied, "Tell us a story about it."

Teach me. Tell me a story. Before he can even say the words, a child begins to make these demands; and as long as he lives, an intelligent man keeps repeating them.

For those who would learn about the law, but have neither the time nor the inclination to plow through endless tomes of **whereases** and **res gestas** and **to wits**, Editor Ephraim London offers a highly readable two-volume set entitled **The World of Law**. Volume I is called "The Law in Literature;" volume II, "The Law as Literature."

As described on the title pages, here is "a treasury of great writing about and in the law—short stories, plays, essays, accounts, letters, opinions, pleas, transcripts of testimony—from Biblical times to the present." There are selections from Plato, and from Robert Benchley; from Rabalais, and from Mahatma Gandhi; from Guy de Maupassant, and from Judge Learned Hand.

The characters: a 14 year old boy, accused of stealing and cashing a money order; a United States naval officer, accused of mutiny, a Chinese juggler who cannot honestly say whether he killed his wife accidentally or purposely; an aged English rector, arraigned for stealing a loaf of bread; a vegetable peddler, arrested for blocking traffic; a former law student who arranges to have himself tried for defamation of character, and angrily appeals the verdict when he is acquitted . . . and hundreds of others, real and fictional.

In these volumes, there are chuckles (for example, in John Mortimer's play "The Dock Brief"); there is a touch of nostalgia (in Damon Runyan's report of the divorce trial of "Daddy" and "Peaches" Browning); there is fuel for the fire of indignation (in Rebecca West's account of

the Nuremberg trials); there is information and entertainment in rich variety.

The reader who always skips prefaces and introductions may wonder on what basis the stories, essays and other items were chosen. Why, for instance, include an open letter on the Dreyfuss case, and leave out any mention of Bruno Hauptmann? Why include the trial of Lizzie Borden, and ignore Leopold and Loeb? Why quote the testimony at the trial of Joan of Arc, and not that given during the Salem witchcraft trials?

Editor London explains in his introduction that the selections were made on the basis of their literary quality. He says: "There is no Plimsoll line . . . for the judgment of literature. Great literature should ignite or inspire; but whether it does or not depends in part on the reader. I believe each work included here met that test when I read it . . ." He has therefore chosen some writings which "deal with problems of more immediate interest than those omitted," and some pleas, trial transcripts, dramas and essays because they are "better reasoned and more artfully and interestingly developed."

Poetry is conspicuous by its scarcity in this work. Mr. London comments, "I have read a very great deal of poetry about law and lawyers, and almost all of it is terrible."

Perry Mason devotees to the contrary, there are a great many aspects of the law equally as fascinating as those revealed by a handsome lawyer's histrionics in the courtroom. Quoting again from Mr. London's introduction, "The law deals with every aspect of life, and the literature about the law deals with every subject, condition, and circumstance, and in almost every conceivable manner . . ."

**The World of Law** offers new insights into people and their problems, as well as into that all-pervading, little-understood entity known as The Law.

—Marie Loewenstein



"Would you mind not reading over my shoulder."

"Mother, remember what you told me about the shortest way to a man's heart?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, last night I found a new way."



"Stranger, I'm going to have to ask you to apologize for that."

The Missouri Showme



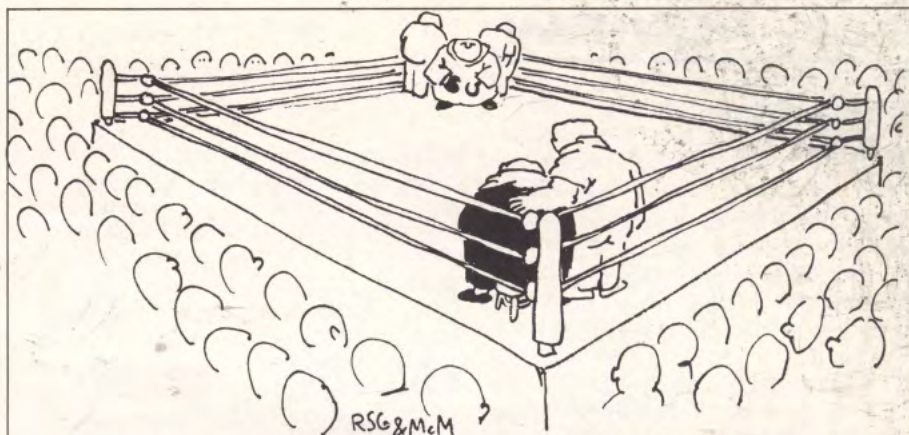
Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame trembled as I looked into her eyes. Her body shook with intensity as our lips met, and my chin vibrated and my body shuddered as I held her, pulsating, close to me.

Moral: Never kiss them in a car with the engine running.

"Ma, can I go out to play?"

"What, with those holes in your pants?"

"Naw, with the kids across the street."



"Watch out for him kid; I hear he's got a mean left hook."



"FIRST GEAR."



"...SECOND..."



"...THIRD..."



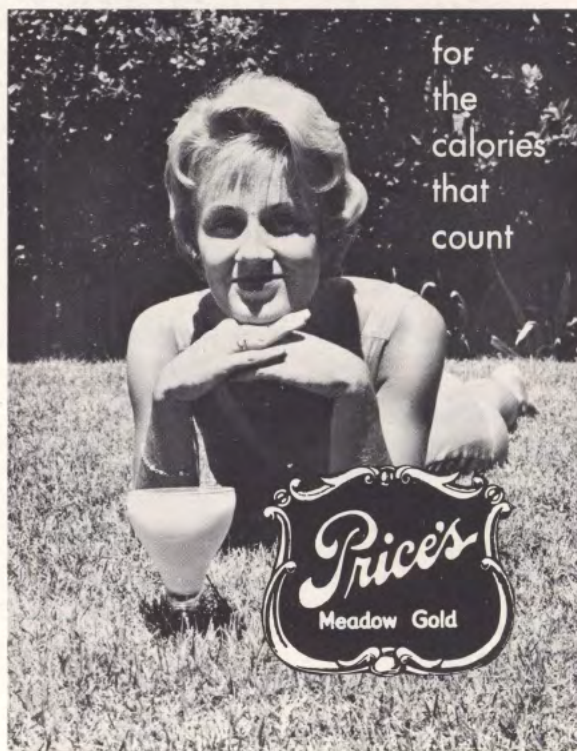
"...FOUR"—SLAP!



"...THIRD..."

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## Peace Corps

Texas, California, and New Jersey.

Of the considerable publicity afforded the Corps, TWC, and El Paso, perhaps the best out-of-town coverage was that of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch's July 9 story "Peace Corps Girds for Duty" written by the "Post-Dispatch" staff correspondent Virginia Irwin, who, while on the campus, observed, "No man in the Peace Corps training for Tanganyika regards what he is doing as a sacrifice. To each man it is an opportunity to put his beliefs into practice."

"U. S. News and World Report" in their July 24 story "Truth About the Peace Corps," chose to let TWC remain unnamed, a particularly galling fact in view of the picture used in the story's first page — eight corpsmen on the TWC campus working out a surveying problem. TW's fellow P-C Training Center, Rutgers University, was specifically named.

Of great importance was the corp's accomplishment of making clear that what was needed was not a bevy of hard-charging do-gooders, but honest, hard-working, professional people willing to undergo hardships in order to do a job, and able to withstand the "cultural shock," as one news magazine called it, of going from "plush American campuses to the disease-infested and backward areas of the world."

So, as the fall 1961 term begins, 41 Peace Corpsmen, trained on the TWC campus during the summer, are in Areicibo, Puerto Rico, undergoing additional training en route to Tanganyika where they are due to begin surveying and building roads in October.

TWC, being one of the first three colleges stipulated to train Peace Corpsmen, has had the singular honor of helping carry out President Kennedy's plan to "bring bold and imaginative new programs to government," and, the success of the TWC program would seem to indicate that the College's job has just begun.

There is a new drink out made from vodka and prune juice. It's known as a piledriver.

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## Texas Western College

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

July 20, 1961

at El Paso

To All New Students:

I am greatly pleased once again to extend greetings to you at the beginning of our school year.

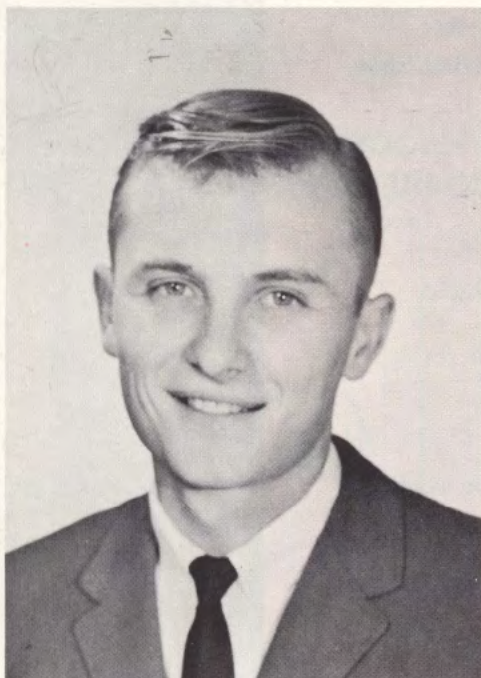
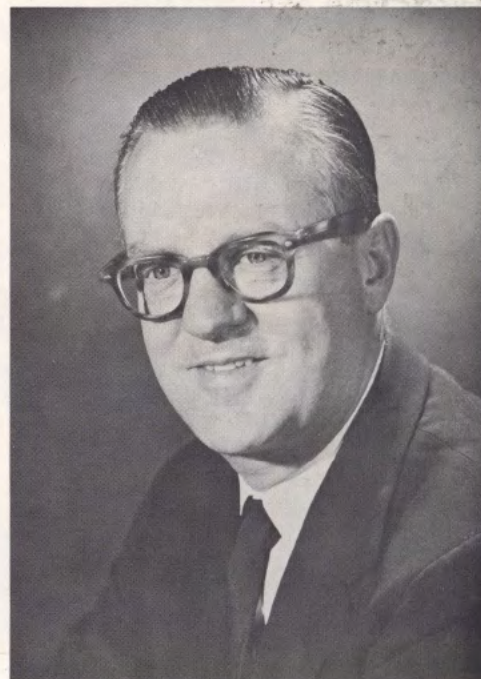
It is our common privilege to be associated in the affairs of an excellent college. The obligation of the faculty and staff is to provide educational programs as good as their abilities will permit. The responsibility of the students is to strive to the utmost to derive optimum benefit from those programs. The College exists for you, and the loss will be yours if you fail to take advantage of the many cultural and intellectual opportunities it affords.

This year--your freshman, sophomore, junior, senior, or graduate year--will be unique in the life of each of you. I wish for every one of you during the year great profit and all good fortune.

Sincerely,

*Joseph M. Ray*  
Joseph M. Ray  
President

JMR:t



## STUDENT ASSOCIATION

July 24, 1961

At the Pass of the North  
EL PASO, TEXAS

TO ALL STUDENTS OF TWC:

The school year 60-61 was the beginning for a number of new ideas. The most important and significant was the Trophy System. It was established to promote participation in college life from organizations and independent students alike. We feel that it achieved this end and shall continue with the program. At this time, let me congratulate Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity for winning the over all trophy the first time it was awarded.

A new constitution will be presented to you soon after the beginning of the school year. We hope you will consider it carefully and compare it to the constitution under which we are currently operating. The proposed constitution provides for three divisions, The Student Council, The Student Senate, and The Student Supreme Court with an increase in the number of students administering student affairs. We also hope that you will be the student who participates and takes an active part in bettering his college.

On behalf of the Student Association officers, let me welcome all new students on our campus. We are sure that you will enjoy college here if you participate in the activities which are offered to you. You have taken the initial step in one of the most important phases of your life. While you are here primarily for an education, there is more to be learned at college than what is found in text books. We suggest that you join some organization on campus and become active in student affairs. If any of the Student Association officers can help you, please don't hesitate to call on us. Be proud to be a student at TWC.

The 61-62 school year looks very promising for TWC. The final word rests with you. Your four years in college are the last place where you can shape your future--make the most of them.

With best wishes,

*Jim Wells*

Jim Wells  
Student Association President



# SOURCES



Rettig

The man behind the bullwhip for the '61 E.B. and recipient of an untold number of boos, cat calls, and poison pen letters for his artistic accomplishments is one Henri Rettig. A genial, balding, journalism major of senior standing, Rettig has for the past two months been laboriously piecing together stray bits of copy, art, and other earthshaking concoctions in an effort to launch this altogether new-look E.B.



McCulloch

Running up and down the flagpole with advertising ideas is Burro ad-man Skeet McCulloch. Bermuda-clad and forever shouting "Let's step on everybody," McCulloch spends his waking hours eagerly pestering local advertisers into recognizing the high degree of Burro selling-power. He has assured the editor that he will succeed next month.



Walker

Special Projects Editor and he-behind-the-Peace-Corps-Article is ex-naval hero and father-to-be Dale Walker. This aging but tireless, pipe-smoking senior is dividing his reportorial talents this year between the Burro and Kelly Hall's Prospector. Not only has Walker undertaken the Prospector business managership, he has contributed the P-C article herein and has collaborated with the Editor on the Freshman Primer. Look for him too, in the November issue.

E. B. editors welcome contributions, including short stories, articles, poetry (light, if you please), wit and whimsy, ideas, and of course, criticism.

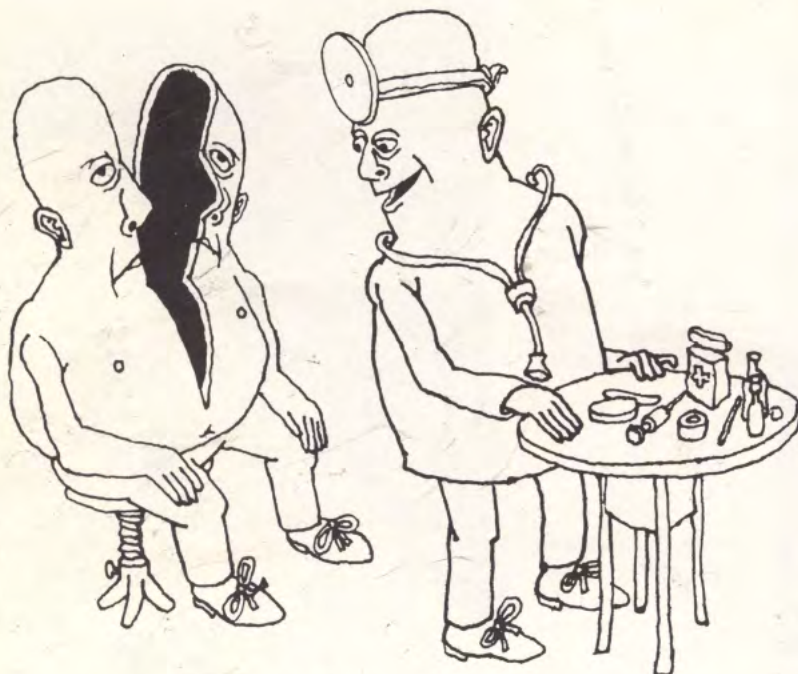
Executive offices for El Burro are located in the Student Union Building, room 401.



meeCe

The Phi Taus decided to reform. They cut out smoking the first week. The second week, they cut out drinking. They cut out women the third. The fourth week, they cut out paper dolls.





"Say, that is a nasty cut!"

*The Yale Record*

A car pulled up alongside a stranded couple seated in a car.

"What's the matter," asked the intended helper, "out of gas?"

"Nope," came the answer from inside.

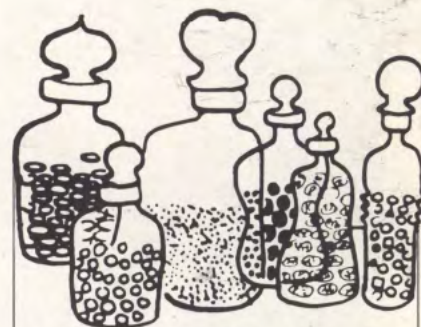
"Engine trouble?"

"Nope."

"Tire down?"

"Didn't have to."

Lesbian, a pansy without a stem.



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"I want you to know, my dear, you're the first girl I've ever made love to," he said as he shifted gear with his knees.

Pledge: Who is that ugly girl?

Active: That's my sister.

Pledge: Beautiful figure.

How can you keep eating at the dining hall?

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