

6-1962

El Burro, June

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JUNE

EL BURRO



TEXAS WESTERN COLLEGE

1962

twenty-five cents



LAST BLAST ISSUE

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EL BURRO

The Texas Western Variety Magazine

VOLUME XXIV, NUMBER 6

JUNE 1962
ASCENSIÓN'S
WISH

HELPFULLE ALMANAC

BURRO
BLAST
THE ROOM
ACROSS
THE HALL

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DALE WALKER LITERARY EDITOR/RHODA
MILNARICH ADVERTISING MANGER/JERRY
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KEE JOHN FINLEY EDDIE APODACA TED
MACIAG MARSHALL MEECE PAT RESCHEN-
THALEE JUDY RETTINGER COUNSELOR/DR.
RAY PAST

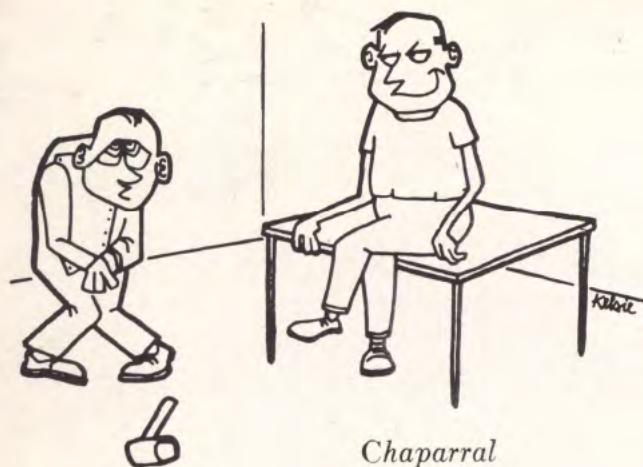
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The Ass finally made it. *Flyspecker* editors, their overseer and most of the staff were unable to join us at the Texas Intercollegiate Press Association convention in San Marcos to collect their many and well-deserved honors because of the need to finish it. So they burned the College's light-bulbs all hours of the night, Mike dressed up in that funny "Pearl of the Month" costume and posed for pictures, Jackie was reinstated long enough to probe a *Prospector* file for literary tidbits, and the overseer did the writing. Actually, it turned out very well; as a matter-of-fact, all Asstaffers deserve a special commendation for their effort to leave the dreary and stale columns of their "newspaper" for a jaunt into the world of literature.

Will the Richards-type petitions come pouring in? Alas, we doubt it. While the Asstaff are waiting and munching fingernails with worry, worry, worry; it appears no one took offense at the *Ass* at all. Quite possibly the answer lies in the ineffectiveness of the familiar: after all, asses are well-known, having appeared in the Bible, in fairy-tales, and behind desks at Kelly 28. All in all, we enjoyed *The Ass* very much. Ass any of us. Seriously.

The pure, honest, forthright, non-controversial, literary, snow-white, innocent, instructive, and humble *El Burro* and it's staff wishes to bid you all adieu. It's been great fun, this Year of the Petition, 1962, and we've had more laughs with the Prospector, and they with us, than ever before in Mine history. The Burro Blast swung, we thought, and we hope to be invited to it next year. We'd like to give our especial vote of thanx to Tex Maciag, without whom this issue would have been delayed; to Hersh Mooms, Otis Lint, and a whole caboodle of well-wishers, friends and enemies who helped make our year successful and gratifying.

2



Chaparral



Lamasery on the hill

by Dale Walker



A box-shaped space-ship settled silently and unseen to earth in a craggy recess in the Franklin Mountains. From a small aperture in the ship's side, two diminutive figures emerged hesitantly, testing the air with short inhalations.

"Ah," said Vil Briskit, the smaller of the two, "this atmosphere is similar to our home planet, Clou, heavily laden with Sulphur."

Clou Nember, Briskit's companion, padded slowly to a brink of an overhanging ledge and mumbled, "Let us make our observations and leave, Vil; I observe a number of bizarre buildings below and see groups of quadrupeds scurrying around."

A few minutes later, Vil Briskit and Clou Nember, planet observers, were padding around, in and out of the bizarre buildings. They went unseen into all build-

ings inhabited by the quadrupeds. Later that afternoon, Briskit and Nember met back at their box-shaped space ship to compare notes before moving on.

"Remarkable," sniffed Vil Briskit, "remarkable. Obviously some kind of institution of higher learning and yet the upper quarter of the students are preparing to leave . . . many of them have minds yet completely innocent of learning yet they are all to be turned loose on the unsuspecting community . . . absolutely incongruous and remarkable."

"They have a great penchant for ritual," added Clou Nember. "Something akin to primitive tribal rites. They were a huge bulbous ornamentation on their left third finger, flimsy gowns and square hats—quite inadequate for protection — and each of them works a month on their own life story, hands it over to the Place-

ment Bureau which in turn enters it in a file, never to be seen by human eye again."

"Great amounts of currency spent in the bookstore, little of it spent for books," interrupted Vil.

"Greater amounts of currency spent in the 'snackbar' for sustenance, greater amounts spent on the Jukebox," added Clou.

A wheeze issued from Clou Nember's left ear. "Perhaps there is too much Sulphur in the air," he remarked.

"Perhaps," his companion answered. They both padded back into their box-shaped space-ship; it rose silently and unseen. Inside Vil Briskits was saying: "Remarkable. Perspiring inside that ridiculous costume, running around, eating and drinking. There's so much they could be learning."

"Remarkable and incongruous," Clou Nember agreed.

THE ROOM ACROSS THE HALL

The woman who stood at the doorway of what was a large white apartment building, was a blonde of about thirty. "I am sorry," she was telling the ivy league-dressed young man. "But the room which you are inquiring about is rented." It did not matter to her that she was lying to him, but what did matter was that she got the right occupant. This was the third young man she had refused that week and all of them had inquired about the room she was renting. And because she was indeed renting it out at some ridiculous price, she knew that several more inquiries would be made. Thus, insuring herself of the fact that the room would be rented to the young man that she felt should occupy it. Therefore, keeping this in mind, it was rather easy to refuse the well dressed young man who stood before her. "I am terribly sorry," she told him again. "But I rented the room out yesterday."

(continued on page 6)

by chance williams



(continued from page 4)

Laura Newton's apartment house was located some three blocks from the college. It was a large white building, that had at some time been converted into a usable apartment house. And at thirty-nine and a widow, she was the sole owner of the apartment house that was her only possession of any importance. Its importance could be measured by the fact that it kept her from starving. In fact, it was her only way of making some kind of living for herself. It had been ten years since Howard has died. Her sweet Howard, so kind and so gentle, had left her this building for security for her protection. Since then, she had always managed to keep the place in operation and most of the rooms filled. All except this one room. This room, which she had only a moment ago refused to rent to the well-dressed young man. The room demanded a special kind of occupant. And because she had turned down three would-be occupants this week and several more last week, she was beginning to wonder if the right person would ever come. Invariably he would come. Someone always did.

She was not a beautiful woman, barely a pretty one. Her face showed the hardness of her years and on it were the thin lines of age. Yet in a small way, she did possess some attractiveness. Her hair was blonde and lifeless, a dull yellow, where it had once been the color of gold itself. And her figure, once beautiful and curvaceous, held only a dull reminder of what it had once been. Once, she had been desired by Howard, but now he was no longer with her.

It had amazed her when she was a young bride, how she could make Howard so angry. He was so darn jealous. Didn't like for other men to so much as look at her. Of course, it couldn't have been helped all the time. And there was the time when she had merely been talking to the delivery man and Howard had walked up. "Get into the house!" He had said angrily, his face flushing a deep

red. He had followed her into the house, jealousy plainly on his face. "Just what did you think you were doing? Flirting with him in your housecoat."

"I was merely talking to the man, Howard." But Howard had known and insisted there was something more. He had been like that. Certainly a very jealous husband. But now there was nothing. Ten years now, he had been dead, and she had been free to do what she pleased. He had left her nothing. Nothing except the apartment house and the room.

A week went by, then two, and it seemed to her that the room would never be rented. It had been almost two months since the room had last been occupied. Two months since the last one. Andrew had been his name, a red-headed fellow. Andrew had lasted two months. And then there had been Carl. Carl had lasted only three weeks. And through the years, there had been others. Johnnie, Frank, Pete, Mike, and others who left no memory.

All of them good-looking young fellows. All of them different, and she had liked them all.

It was toward the end of the week, that would have made it two solid months, when the young man she believed to be the right one came to the door. She had been drinking coffee that morning and was in unusually good spirits when she heard the ringing bell. "Yes," she said when she reached the door. And her mind had known at once, that this was the one. There could be no doubt, for he had that familiar appearance. Clothes, clean but cheap. Shoes with many days wear, worn and unpolished, and he himself in need of a haircut. But most of all he was big. Big and strong, with huge shoulders and a muscled chest that stuck out. And he was young, too. There was no doubt in her mind. He was the one.

"I suppose you came to see about the room?"

"Yes," the young man said. "I hope

(continued on page 11)



"Ist dis nicht ein happy grup? Ya, dis ist ein happy grup."

BURRO BLAST

a misty summer evening

solid entertainment

a super swinging scene







Down from College Avenue and into the campus a balmy and misty evening breeze carried the varied sounds far from their origin. There was the mellow harmonizing of the Troubadors singing "Cotton Fields Back Home" and the quicker, pointed melody about Harry Pollet who became First People's Com-misar of Soviet Hell. There was a plaintive banjo note too as Oklahoman Steve Brainard picked and sang about "Ol' Blue" and a couple of hundred voices joined him in "Why O Why O Why O Why?" There was Dave Wade with a crash helmet and a five foot horn, a witty story or two about James Louis. College-type sounds were heard from the Smith-Martin-Peters Trio and from the Gentlemen. Even from a distance it sounded like people were having a good time . . . and if you come closer, you'll remember people *were* having a good time. A whacky, twisty, blasty time in dim lights and instant revelry . . . the Burro Blast . . . by way of El Burro.



(continued from page 6)

it is still vacant."

"It is. Would you like to look at it?" And she led him to the room, instantly feeling attracted to him, to his muscles. "It's a very nice room, completely furnished and there is a bath across the hall. In the back is a small kitchen. Really a very nice room for a young man."

His eyes wandered about the room, finally resting on her, almost as if they were piercing her thoughts. "I'll take it. Before I do though, I would like to be sure about the rent."

"You needn't worry about that. It's exactly as advertised." She smiled inwardly, aware of the surprised look on his face. Usually, they couldn't believe that she would rent the room for such a low price. They were always surprised when she confirmed the ad. She knew that was what attracted them in the first place.

And so the young man had taken the room and given her his ten dollars. "I will move in over the weekend," he told her.

She had awakened with much anticipation that next morning, knowing that he would be moving in, knowing that the room would be occupied.

The first few days were always interesting ones. Almost like going on a great journey. It would be pleasant to find out what he was like. All morning she watched him and kept her eyes on his activities. He certainly did not have much in the way of possessions. But then they never did. A couple of pieces of luggage, a typewriter, a phonograph; the usual fare of college students.

When he had been there for a few days, she decided it was time to get to know him better. The only thing that she really knew about him, was that his name was Anthony. She had forgotten and couldn't remember his last name. He was whistling a lively tune and the bustling sound of activity was coming from his room.

She took extra pain with her hair that morning, making sure there were no loose ends. She used just a little lipstick. Too much would make her

look painted. Young men didn't go for that. They didn't go for painted women. What they usually liked, were fresh young wholesome things. To them thirty-nine was old. No, she couldn't use too much lipstick. It was necessary to make the right impression, give him something to think about.

She walked across the hall to his room. "Good morning, I came over to see if everything was allright. You just about settled?"

"Yes, I think so. I have a couple of pieces to bring over yet, but so far everything is fine."

"Good, good. I heard you over here and I thought you might like to have a cup of coffee."

"I could use a cup," the young man said. "Sure appreciate the suggestion."

"Fine then, come on over when you finish. I stay just across the hall."

That morning was the beginning of their friendship. He came over often afterwards, and together they would drink coffee and talk. Laura learned that he was one of several children and that he came from a poor family.

"It got a little too crowded," Tony had said. "So I decided to move out and see what I could do on my own."

He had gone on to explain that he was in his second year of college, hoping to get to his third.

In no time at all, Laura knew all there was to know about him. She was quick to learn his moods and feelings, and to know his moments of restlessness and desire.

Gradually she began to do the things she had done for the others. One day she would suggest to do his washing, since she happened also to be doing her own. And then followed the ironing and sewing. It was easier when she was cooking, for she had only to offer him what she was preparing for herself. Soon these things became routine and it was taken for granted that these things would be done by her. Sometimes she offered him money. There was no doubt that he needed it. He would go weeks without a haircut if she did not offer to pay for it. He had been embarrassed about it at first, and his face had flushed a deep red. "I really can't take money from you," he had complained.

"Oh, go on. You really need it and I trust you. I know that you will pay it back." And she had thrust the

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(continued from page 11)

money into his hand before he had had time to refuse. Once he had accepted money from her, it became easier for him to accept it the second time, so that soon, he was asking her for money.

What followed was inevitable and certainly planned in all respects by

Laura. Tony was a strong and virile young man, his youth unjaded by life. And the freshness of his youth was what Laura desired.

Tony was quick to understand the full implications of Laura's actions, so that when she appeared in his room clad in only a skimpy robe, he asked, "Laura, do you know what you are

doing?"

"Of course, I know what I am doing, Tony. You shouldn't have to ask me that."

"I know," he said. "It's just that you look so—"

"So tempting, Tony? Maybe you are afraid of me, Tony. Maybe you are afraid of being tempted?"

"That isn't so," Tony answered. "I've always felt that I could handle anything which tempts me."

"Can you handle me?"

"Yes."

On hearing this, an understanding smile came across Laura's face. And from that moment on, Tony had proven a fitting partner to her demands, so much so, that she felt it would be impossible to alter her situation with him. Yet, there had been much he had not known and she happily taught him the intricate and hidden delights of togetherness. She considered herself his teacher, exposing to him the secrets of life.

It was a happy situation for all concerned, but experience had taught Laura, that it was one that could easily lead to boredom. Only, with Tony such an implication did not yet seem in the offering.

They spent many hours together and sometimes when Tony had no classes, they spent days together. Days together in his room. She teaching him the many lessons of experienced love and at the same time enjoying to the utmost what she was teaching him. These were the days to be happy, the days to enjoy life. And she did enjoy life. Thoroughly.

It was something to Laura to be desired by men, especially men. Young men were always so eager, so impatient. And for that reason, she liked to tease Tony. Watch his youth get the best of him.

"Why do you do it?" Tony would say. "Why do you do it?" His eyes would not be able to resist looking at her; staring at her womanliness.

What she particularly liked to do was to tease him while he tried to

(continued on page 17)



"All I said was 'to hell with William Tell.'"

MISS MAY



SARAH KRAUSE

GIRL OF THE MONTH



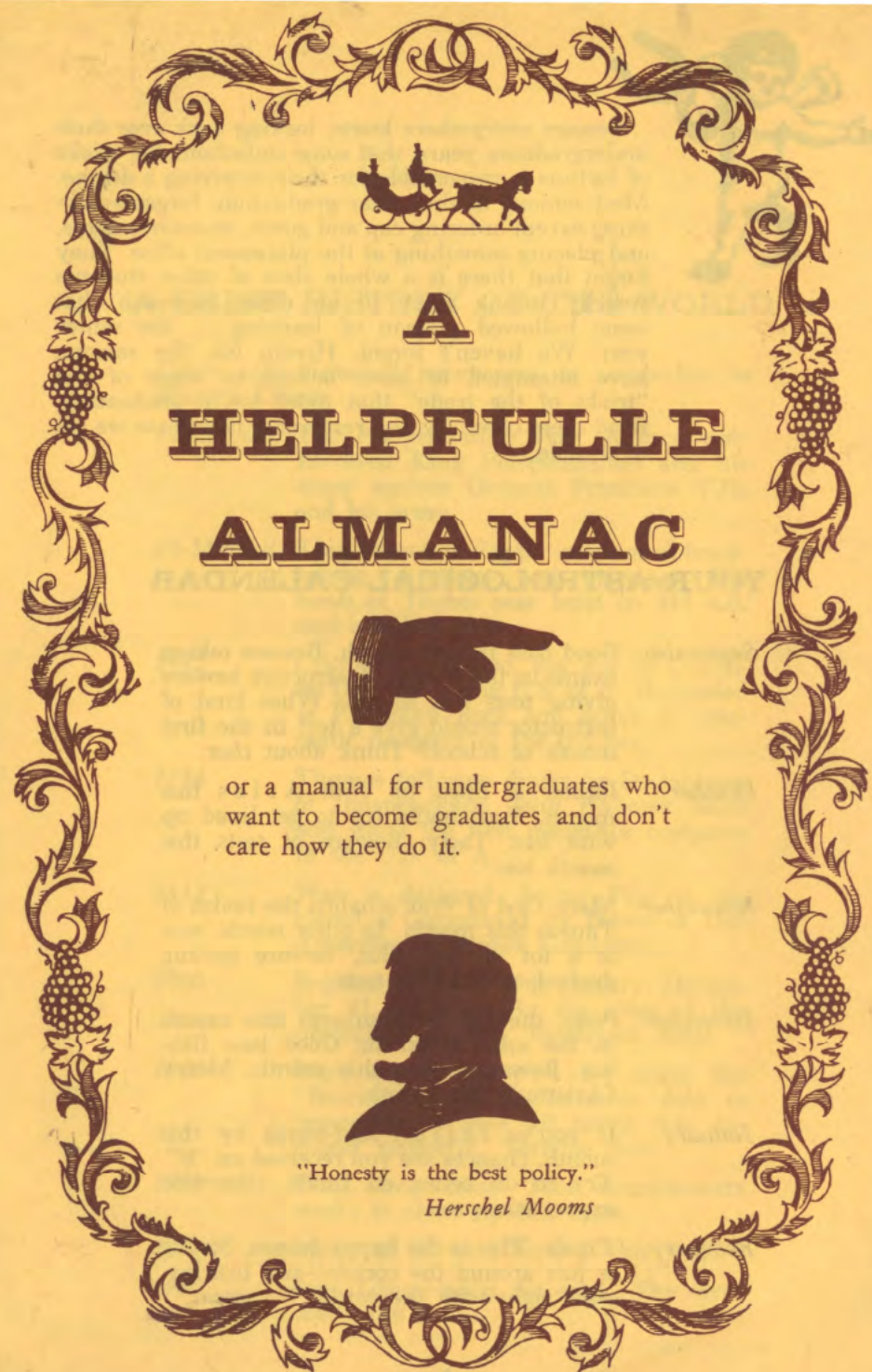


Who, Me Horny?

FOLD

FOLD

FOLD



or a manual for undergraduates who
want to become graduates and don't
care how they do it.

"Honesty is the best policy."
Herschel Mooms



Seniors everywhere know, looking back over their undergraduate years, that some unfathomable stroke of fortune is responsible for their receiving a degree. Most seniors, as they near graduation, forget everything except ordering cap and gown, announcements, and placing something at the placement office. They forget that there is a whole slew of other students wearily toiling away in an effort to reach that same hallowed plateau of learning... the senior year. We haven't forgot. Herein we, the seniors, have attempted to leave behind us some of the "tricks of the trade" that aided us in graduating. Read them carefully and remember us in case we get in trouble.

YOUR ASTROLOGICAL CALENDAR

- September* Good bass fishing month. Beware taking exams in this month. Instructors beware giving tests this month. What kind of instructor would give a test in the first month of school? Think about *that*.
- October* Jupiter is lined up with Aries this month. You should try to get lined up with her. Tasty. Beware of tests this month too.
- November* Mars, God of War inhabits the realm of Taurus this month. In other words, war is a lot of bull. But, beware getting drafted, and taking tests.
- December* Pices, the fish is prominent this month in the solar spectrum. Good bass fishing. Beware exams this month. Merry Christmas this month.
- January* If you've failed mid-terms by this month, chances are you received an "F" Try to do better on finals, otherwise expect scho-pro.
- February* Finals. This is the happy season. Spring is just around the corner—tira lira lay. All's right with the world. No sweat.



1. you might try "esteemed prof.," "intellectual instructor," "ravishing pedagogue" or "benevolent mentor" but some teachers look askance at such epithets. So watch that stuff..
2. be sure to include the course number, most profs get teed off if you don't remember the course number.
3. if you've been a student over five years, just say "three years," otherwise they'll think you're stupid or something.
4. you might also try "thought-provoking" (commonly accepted among the teaching profession as a high compliment). Do not mention anything about "bright presentation of a dull subject." Most profs., whether they teach economics, education courses, or whatever, think it's the most interesting thing in the world.
5. "unfortunately" is a good word, five syllables and thirteen letters; this word is highly prized among the teaching profession. Avoid such ear-bangers as "Due to circumstances beyond my control" and that jazz.
6. even if you haven't written a word, always say "complete," that way they'll think you've at least some thought to starting it.
7. a whole world of possibilities here. "a sickness in the family which has taken my mind off my studies," my books were stolen and I lost my notes for this class," and "football practice starts this afternoon and I am desperately needed at the quarterback position." Avoid that stuff about not being able to concentrate, they never believe it.
8. repeat yourself, even smear this sport with an imaginary tear (spit).
9. repeat yourself again; repetition is the spice of life.
10. "doing the twist in Juarez," "riding in a sports car with Prof.....," "crying at the Plaza Theatre during an Elvis Presley movie," etc. just use your imagination here, everyone is guilty of something or other.
11. "on the Board of Regents," "a prominent lawyer," "contributor of large sums of money to the college," a policeman," etc.
12. avoid "lenience you will give me," don't beg for anything, they lose respect for you. Say "good grade" or "superior mark" or even, if you want to be pushy the 'A'."
13. don't say "sincerely yours" or that stuff, "yours very truly" sounds confident and familiar.

FORM LETTER TO ATTACH TO YOUR FINAL EXAM

Dear Mr. (Mrs. or Miss)¹

First I want to congratulate you on your excellent presentation of this highly intriguing course of ____². I have been a student at T.W.C. for ____³ years, and I can't remember a more interesting, objective⁴, and wholly fulfilling course in all that time.

This final exam, which I have attached to this letter, is proof of the amount of time you have devoted in making this course a complete and unforgettable experience. Unfortunately⁵ I was unable to complete⁶ this final exam due to ____⁷. However, I do not wish this to reflect in any way on your presentation of the material. It's just that I ____⁸. I'm sure you will take into consideration that I ____⁹. The reason I am sure you will take this into consideration is that I saw You ____¹⁰. I don't think it would do your spotless record any good if certain people found out about that. Now let's away from such sordid things and let me again congratulate you on your masterful method of teaching this course. My father, who is ____¹¹ remembers you quite well, as I am sure I will, years to come.

Thank you for your kind consideration of this attached exam and for the ____¹² you will give me. Hope to see you next year!

Yours very truly¹³

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Dates and historical personages to remember in History Exams:

- 12-83 a.d. The Pelopennasian War. A long war. Involved King Pelopennasian and his army against General Francisco Villa and his army.
- 64-312 a.d. King Farouk of Egypt, inventor of brick-laying, astrology and marriage. His tomb at Thebes was built in 311 a.d. and is still there.
- 1492 Cristoforo Colombo, discover of Colombo Day and of the U.S. of A. He landed at Plymouth Rock and began a systematic slaughter of the Indians.
- 1776 Thomas Jefferson draws up Declaration of Independence. John Hancock helps and starts the first insurance company in the U.S. of A.
- 1812 War is declared. Irving War is declared a Communist by House of Un-American Activities Committee.
- 1900 Beginning of the 20th century. December 31, 1899, marks the close of the preceding century. Important dates.
- 1920 Beginning of the period called the "Roaring 20's". A disastrous date to remember because all booze was declared unlawful. Terrible date.
- 1929 Wall Street crash. Took streetcleaners weeks to clean up this mess.
- 1937 Many of us were born in this year.
- 1962 John Glenn orbits the earth. The earth orbits the sun.

THE FINE ART OF MAKING CRIB NOTES

Surprisingly, considering their wide spread use, crib notes have never been the subject of an authoritative study. Perhaps a brief history of these ingenious exam aids would not be out of place here.

First

Crib notes can be little slips of paper, melba toast, or other impressionable material upon which important dates, names, and places are written—usually quite small—in order to aid the student (or in some cases, the prof.) in passing an examination. They do not *have* to be made of paper; as a matter of fact, the most ingenious cribs are seldom made of paper. A contact lens exquisitely etched, a finely tattooed phlange (finger, as in cases of those wearing thongs, even a toe), infra red lettering and special glasses, hidden pocket tape recorders (very clumsy if you haven't been wearing a hearing aid all semester), morse code flashed with a mirror by a confederate on a distant mountain top, and many, many more.

Second

Crib notes date back to Shakespeare, and even earlier. Scholars only recently have unearthed evidence that points to Hamlet having used crib notes while a student at Whittenberg. One fragment had "Chaucer, born 1340?, died 1400" written on it. Shakespeare himself, who is responsible for everything, left behind some interesting cribs: among which is this notable reminder—"Christopher Marlowe, author of Shakespeare's plays, born 1564, died 1593."

Thirdly

It takes an artisan's touch to construct a passable crib note. How embarrassing are the reports of students caught redhanded—that is, with notes written in red ink on their hands, and those caught twisting their shoes around to read the bottoms of them, and those caught peering too intensely at inscribed desk tops and those caught adjusting their french cuffs too often and those egregious amateurs who blatantly carry huge placards of information to class.



"Come back with those feelthy pictures."



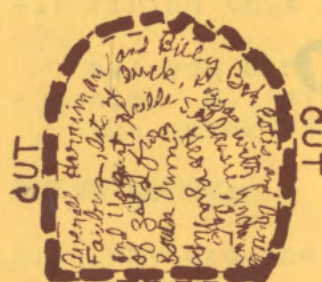
"We're looking for the gentleman who's selling feelthy pictures."

Forthly

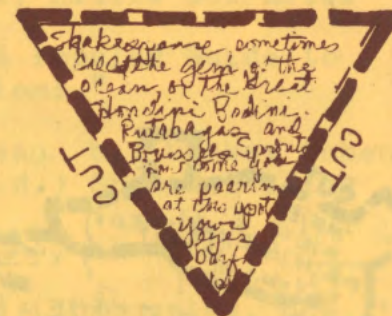
Follow these simple instructions and avoid that embarrassing moment when the prof drums you out of class.

1. Make your cribs small. It is a cardinal tenet of physics that the smaller a thing is the less likely it is of being noticed (unless of course it is so small you can't find it yourself.)
2. Don't include unnecessary information. For example, don't write "Virginia was founded in 1638." Just write "Virginia — 1638". Thata way, if the prof sees that particular note you can throw him a lusty wink and say "that Virginia is some babe." If she asks you what the 1638 means, just say "She was born January 6, 1938" or some other answer.
3. Don't get flustered. Cool it.

NOW FOR A FEW EXAMPLES:



The Thumb-Nail Crib



The Between-The-Legs Crib

NOTE: Here it is. Don't be coming up to the office and asking us where we got it, please. Just take it and use it and pay us whatever you can. Multiple choice only: pick your nose, pick an answer and get on with it.

LITERATURE:

- 1.) What famous novel begins "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."?
 - a.) the History of the Eisenhower administration
 - b.) "Roman Escapade" by Eddie Fisher
 - c.) "A Brier History of Watch-making"
 - d.) "Frontier Newspaper" by John J. Middagh, Jr.
- 2.) "Room at the Top" was written by whom?
 - a.) John F. Kennedy
 - b.) Robert Kennedy
 - c.) Rose Kennedy
 - d.) Billie Sol Estes
- 3.) Name the author of "A Popular Guide to Your Income Tax Problems."
 - a.) Woodrow Wilson Bean
 - b.) Mickey Cohen
 - c.) Bernard Goldfine
 - d.) Spanov Bailing
- 4.) Finish this famous statment: "Et tu _____?"
 - a.) you dirty guy
 - b.) crabapples, now I'm sick
 - c.) pizzas last night, now I've got the quick-step
 - d.) Ben Casey

BONUS QUERY:

- 5.) Why did the Safeway Stores install rest-rooms?
 - a.) so their customers wouldn't go to the A & P.
 - b.) all the above.



"Hey kid, you wanna buy feelthy pictures?"

GRAMMAR:

- 1.) What is a good rule to remember in trying to decide whether the "i" goes after the "e" or the "e" after the "i"?
 - a.) "i" before "e" except after school b.) "i" before "e" except after the ball is over
 - c.) Able was I ere I saw Elba d.) Syntax is a tariff levied on a Red Light District.
- 2.) What is wrong with this sentence? "Our friends in Argentinier, Venezueler, Columbier, Havener Cuber, and all over South Americer are in trouble."
 - a.) it's wrong b.) "trouble" is spelled wrong
 - c.) Kennedy said it d.) actually they aren't in trouble.
- 3.) What is a participle?
 - a.) part of a ciple
 - b.) head of a high school
 - c.) Kool-aid on a stick
 - d.) "i" before "e" except after recieve.
- 4.) What is wrong with this sentence? "Abraham Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address while travelling from Springfield to Washington on the back of an envelope."
 - a.) Abraham Lincoln didn't write it
 - b.) he typed it
 - c.) he was going to Hyannisport
 - d.) they didn't have envelopes in those days.
- 5.) What is an umlaut? A diphthong?
 - a.) a boor-ish person
 - b.) nasty remarks
 - d.) I care less
 - c.) Polynesian shower-shoes.



SLENDER

DELICATE

SLOE-EYED

WOWISH!!



photos by Jerry Burkes

Most children are descendants of a long line their mother once heard.

* * *

Frank: Funny thing, my wife had been reading "The Three Musketeers" just before we had triples.

Ed: Good heavens! Mine has been reading "The Birth of a Nation."

* * *

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* * *

Have you heard about the devil who backed into a lawnmower, then went into a liquor store because he heard they re-tailed spirits?

* * *

A fraternity man promised his girl he'd cut down on drinking. About to call for her one evening, he found he was a bit boozed.

"I'll sit down and read," he thought. Whoever heard of a drunk reading a book?"

His girl came down the stairs and walked into the living room. "What in the world are you trying to do?" she asked.

"Just reading," he replied happily. "You drunken bum, she yelled. "Close that suitcase and get out of here."

* * *

Sadist: A person who locks a fraternity bathroom door the night of a beer party.

* * *

And then there is the story about the freshman who, on his first visit to a bank, was asked to endorse his check, and wrote: "I heartily endorse this check."

* * *

Every man has his wife, but the iceman has his pick.

* * *

There once was a happily married couple who believed in reincarnation. One day the husband died. Keeping a pact they had had for years, the wife communicated him in the spirit twelve months later.

"Are you happy there?" she asked.

"Happier than I ever was before," he replied. "The pastures here are greener and it is indeed a beautiful world. The weaker sex are the most gorgeous creatures you ever saw with wistful eyes that speak of love and sleek bodies with beautiful rounded forms."

"Oh, dear!" she said. "With so much temptation about you, I'm afraid you'll do something that you will be ashamed of. I hope that I can soon join you in Heaven."

"Heaven?" boomed back the reply. Who said I was in Heaven? I'm a bull on a Montana stud farm."

* * *

"What does that circle pin signify?"

"Virginity."

"Really?"

"Well, it's and old pin..."

* * *

Then there was the sailor who broke his arm trying to make a wave in the bathtub.

* * *



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ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY

(continued from page 12)

study. She would walk into his room, clad sometimes in only a negligee. "What are you doing, Tony?"

"Studying," Tony would answer, not looking at her, as he sat behind the desk haunched over his typewriter or some book.

"What are you studying?"

"Math or psych," Tony usually said. Math always seemed to give him trouble.

"Can I help you?" Laura said only to distract him.

"If I don't understand it, what makes you think that you could."

And she would laugh, thumbing through the pages of some book. She knew he could never get anything done while she was in the room. "I got some coffee in my room."

"Oh, all right," Tony would say, angrily giving in. But once she got him in her room, she knew he would become his old self again. Eager to learn and eager to please.

It was when Laura noticed that Tony had been there for three months, when she fully realized her strong attraction for him. In the past, no one had ever lasted longer than two months. But with Tony it was different. She found herself wishing that he would forever remain with her, for there was something about the muscled, black curly-haired Tony that kept her coming to him. In the past, it was never like that. They came to her.

One night she even surprised herself. "I like you very much, Tony," and before she had known it, the words were out of her mouth.

"I like you to, Laura," Tony replied and he had carressed the stringy blonde hair of hers, tenderly and softly.

"Am I good to you, Tony?"

"Yes, Laura."

"Tell me then, Tony. Please tell me that I am good to you."

And patiently Tony had told her. "You are good to me, Laura. Very good to me."

Had Laura been her old self, she would have detected the note of bore-

dom in Tony's voice. Usually, it was she who had grown bored with them, never had they grown bored with her. But that night her mind betrayed her. Instead of hearing the boredom in Tony's voice, she heard only the sweetness. Still, had she been aware of the fact that she was boring to Tony, her mind would have refused to accept the fact.

Each day, Tony's boredom became more and more apparent. He seldom came to her room and if she wanted him, she came to his room. It was almost as if he didn't care about her.

When he failed to ask her for money, she knew something was wrong. "Tony, why do you avoid me so these days?"

"I've been very busy, Laura."

"To busy to see me?"

"Yes."

"You were never this busy before."

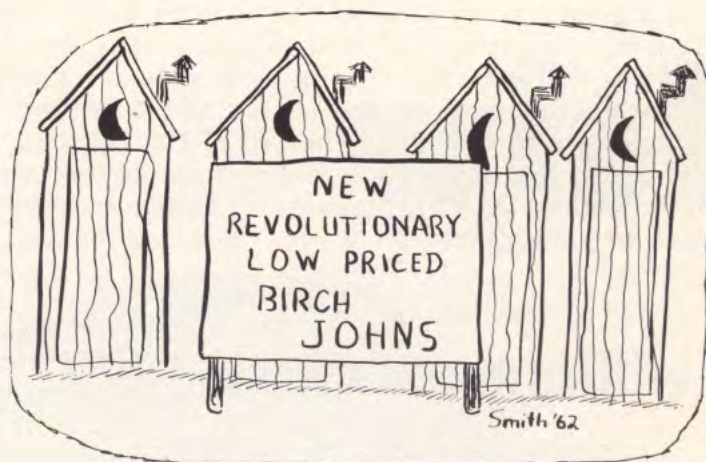
"Things are different now, Laura. There are other things which demand my time."

"Must these things take all your time?"

"Yes."

"For how long, Tony? For how long?"

"I don't know." With these words he had left her and went into his



TEXAS RANGER

room, slamming the door.

She waited in vain for him to come to her room, but he never did. And because of this strange new feeling between them, she hesitated to go to his room.

It did not seem to matter to Tony, when she told him she would no longer do his ironing and cooking and sewing. In fact, he appeared to welcome the change. This indifferent attitude of his hurt her, and slowly, what Laura thought had been a pleasant relationship, deteriorated into nothing.

When she finally made up her mind that she could not take his coldness any longer, she went to him.

"Tony, what has happened? What has happened to you . . . to us . . ."

"Oh, come now, Laura. What did you expect. You must have known this thing would come to an end. After all, what I can offer a woman your age," she said sarcastically.

Laura thought. So that's it. He has found himself a young sweet thing, something fresh. Something pretty. "I wasn't too old for you a couple of weeks ago, Tony. Why did you change? Why am I suddenly too old for you." Her voice pleaded with him.

(continued on page 28)

Ascensión Morales stood quietly before his open locker, carefully cutting away the paper sacking shrouding his freshly sponged and pressed tuxedo. As *maitre d'* of Arturo's East, he took particular care of his—well, his uniform. He took it past Schlemy's shop for sponging and pressing every day on his walk to work. During the fourteen years Ascensión Morales had been *maitre d'* of Arturo's East he'd had any number of tuxedos. He had never been able to discard one of them and each one now hung inside its own protective covering in his basement storeroom, each a silent witness to long and faithful service.

Ascensión stripped away the last of the covering and began to check the jacket's sleeves for any overlooked stains. The door of employees' dressing room crashed open and young Arturo walked in. A slight, distasteful frown crossed Ascensión's face, he was not yet accustomed to young Arturo's ways. (continued on page 20)

by william crawford



illustration by

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DON CROUCH

ascensión's wish



Young Arturo had only recently taken charge of Arturo's East, coming in from the Coast where he had very successfully managed Arturo's West. Ascensión frequently regretted old Arturo's retirement. Of course the old man wanted things just right, always, but this youngster tried to be everywhere at once. And then Ascensión smiled — he had been to the Coast and it was all different out there; not bad, just different: glare and blare and chrome. Give the boy time, he would recognize the real class of Arturo's East.

"Hey, 'Censhun! How's to come to my office before you change? Got something to tell you."

"Very well, señor."

Young Arturo crashed out of the dressing room. Ascensión closed his locker carefully, then followed. Arturo was in the kitchen talking loudly to the salad chef, he slapped the man on the back as Ascensión approached.

"He's the best greens man we've ever had," Ascensión offered, as he followed young Arturo toward the door. "He knows exactly what goes well with each season."

Young Arturo flung open the door to the dining room. "That's crud, that seasons stuff. We don't want no seasons— 'especially no slack seasons.'" He thrust his hand toward the huge dining room. Ascensión thought it beautiful, the snowy white cloths on the tables, the crystal and fine silver glistening softly in the subdued, carefully controlled lighting.

"Look at it," young Arturo pointed. "Like a crummy tomb. We gotta get some light, some air, some life into this joint."

Ascensión felt himself cringe at that word. Joint! He was grateful they were too near entering the office for him to speak.

Ascension was thoroughly puzzled to find two men waiting inside. Then he recognized them as the attorney and the banker who

had handled the details when old Arturo had retired and turned over the place to his son. Old Arturo had frequently consulted his faithful *maitre d'* perhaps . . .

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," Ascensión said. Each nodded coolly, puffing cigars. Young Arturo stepped behind his desk and sat down. Ascensión remembered when old Arturo got that desk, had it shipped in from Mexico, a hand-carved work of ancient art in black hardwood. Ascensión flinched as he saw a long cigar scar along the back edge.

Young Arturo seemed to be having difficulty finding words. He went through his desk until he found a cigar, then lit it slowly. The attorney coughed, the banker crossed then uncrossed his legs.

Ascensión stood quietly with professional posture, respectfully but certainly without servility. He waited. The attorney coughed again, and looked at his watch.

"All right, all right," young Arturo said. "'Censhun," he said, looking up at Ascensión. "I found out something a couple days ago that just about stoned me. Now— well, look, you worked for the old man all these years and he says it was you more'n anybody made the place. But, well, man I found out you can't read or write!"

"Yes, sir?" said Ascensión, astonished that young Arturo should seem so utterly amazed. "Your father knew that, sir. He never seemed to mind."

"Of course he didn't mind!" exclaimed the attorney. "He made you headwaiter, didn't he? But it, it's insane! A *maitre d'* who cannot read or write!"

"How on earth . . ." The banker was unable to complete his question.

"Why, I just remember, sir. I've never had the slightest trouble."

"Everything?" young Arturo demanded. "You remember everything, all the details, the wines, the dressings, *everything*?"

"Why, yes sir," Ascensión was obviously the least upset person in the room.

"But—Well, look, man, don't you ever want to become a citizen?"

"I *am* a citizen. It is true my people were from Mexico, and that I spent my early youth there. But I was born under a wagon beside a Colorado beet field, señores. When my people were contracted as braceros one summer." Ascensión felt his chest push out. "My son Martin is a lieutenant of Marine's aviation."

The banker's legs crossed and uncrossed; the attorney coughed, and Young Arturo looked down very carefully at the tip of his cigar.

"See here, Morales," the banker said, finally. "We have discussed the situation and it simply won't do. Arturo's East is a first-class, almost exclusive restaurant. We simply cannot have an illiterate *maitre d'hotel*."

Ascensión swallowed. And he thought they wanted to consult him! For the first time he began to feel uneasy.

"Of course," said the attorney, "we don't question your ability, nor your efficiency. But, well, we would be foolish to take further risks, especially with these credit cards and charge accounts becoming so popular."

(continued on page 23)



Hey, Fly, Your Charlie is Unzipped

(continued from page 20)

"Look, 'Censhun," young Arturo said, "we don't wanta make it tough on you. Why can't you learn to read and write?"

"Certainly," said the attorney. "With your memory it should be a simple matter."

"No, señores, not so simple I've tried. Before the death of my wife she tried to teach me, then my daughter, even my son I can remember everything I hear, but..."

Ascensión looked around at the men, then settled his gaze on young Arturo. He had never really liked the loud, crude young mistake; he was opposite the needs of a refined, expensive place of elegant reputation like Arturo's East. And *he*, Ascensión Morales, the illiterate *maitre d'*, had made the "joint" all that it was; even old Arturo said so!

"Señores, I have worked since I was nine years of age. First in the fields, then as dishwasher, bus-boy, waiter, and then I became majordomo of Arturo's East. I married, raised a family, and university educated my children without myself knowing how to read and write English." Ascensión Morales felt his chest push out again. "Even if I were able, señores, I am not certain I wish to learn."

"Then that's it," young Arturo said. "I'll have a check for you in a couple minutes."

Ascensión nodded to each man. "Good afternoon, señores."

(continued on page 25)

* * *

"Darling, am I the first man you ever loved?"

"Yes, all the others were fraternity boys."

* * *

She: "What's the difference between dancing and marching?"

He: "I don't know."

She: "I didn't think you did, let's sit down."

Hear about the new deodorant called Vanish?

It makes you disappear and everybody wonders where the odor is coming from.

* * *

The mental patient was about to be released after twenty-five year sojourn. He put on his best suit, and then decided to shave himself. As he stood before the mirror, razor in hand, a nurse passing by called out, "Good luck, Harvey."

As he turned to answer her, the razor caught the string supporting the mirror, and it slipped to the floor. The patient turned around and found himself staring at a blank wall.

"Damn it," he mumbled, "just my luck. Just as I'm ready to leave this place after twenty-five years, I've cut my fool head off."

* * *

They lay side by side on the couch.

Both were deathly white.

This can't be censored because They were both pillows.

* * *

A local cop waved a co-ed over to the curb and complained, "Miss, why have you no red light on the rear of your car?"

"Officer, said the coed, "it's not that kind of car."

* * *

He: "Please!"

She: "NO!"

He: "Just this once!"

She: "No, I said."

He: "Aw, heck, ma! All the rest of the kids are going barefoot."

* * *

"Darling, let's have a secret love code. If you nod, I can hold your hand. If you smile, I can kiss your lips."

"Oh, don't make me laugh."

* * *

(continued from page 23)

After he closed the door to the office, Ascensión could no longer contain his emotions so carefully. As he passed through the dining room that was no longer his, a tear rolled down each tan cheek. He remembered certain parties, particular affairs, certain customers; he remembered the Easter and Christmas cards, and even invitations to marriages that Arturo's East regulars had sent him. It seemed a terribly long walk to the dressing room.

He got his tuxedo and a bundle of fresh shirts and other effects from his locker. Young Arturo had not stayed, and Ascensión was handed his check by the doorman. It was a very generous amount, and Ascensión knew it would greatly assist young Arturo to overcome any sting of conscience he might have had. Ascensión hardly knew what to do, it was utterly strange to be on the street as evening approached. He looked at the clothing in his arms and decided to go Schlemmy's shop. He knew nothing else to do. His daughter had a date this evening, and he did not relish the idea of being alone this night. He would see Schlemmy, and they would take a little cup together. Not get drunk, as would some of these youngsters nowadays when tragedy occurred, for headwaiter Ascensión Morales had seen often the effects of excess; there was no elegance there.

He turned into the wet steam and soggy wool odor of Schlemmy's shop. Schlemmy was nowhere about, his skinny son was yelling over his shoulder at a spotter to hurry.

"What can I do for you, friend?" he asked Ascensión.

"I was looking for your father. I—I don't have to work tonight and thought we might take a glass of wine."

"He ain't here; and he pro'ly wouldn't anyways. It's too far.

"Madam," said the owner to the uppity sportswoman, "I offer you this thoroughbred bloodhound."

"How do I know it's a bloodhound?" she asked doubtfully.

"Hector," the owner ordered the dog, "bleed for the lady."

* * *

Contrary to popular to belief, Sky King is not a religious figure.

* * *

A harassed father was trying to tell his son that there was to be an addition to the family.

"Son," he said, "Someday soon the stork is going to swoop down over our house."

The son thought carefully then said, "Well, I hope he doesn't scare Mother. She's pregnant, you know."

* * *

First Korean Vet: "And there we were on top of that shell-torn hill, fighting for our very lives at two hundred to one odds."

Second Korean Vet: "Boy, that must have been rough."

First Korean Vet: "You said it! That was the meanest Chinaman we ever saw."

* * *

"Hello, Department of Bridges, can we help you?"

"Yes, how many points do you need for small slam?"

* * *

A sedate old lady was horrified to see a small boy kicking a little girl who was lying in the gutter.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she admonished.

"It's all right, lady," replied the boy. "She's dead."

* * *

Fashion note: They are wearing the same thing in brassiers this year.

* * *

"I'm from the International Knitting Mills, madame, are you interested in any coarse yarns?"
 "Yes, tell me a couple."

* * *

"Why did you take up piano?"
 "My glass of beer kept sliding off the violin."

* * *

Old lady: "You don't chew tobacco do you little boy?"

Little boy: "No ma'am, but I could let you have a cigarette."

* * *

The difference between war and peace is that there was never been a good war.

* * *



-Showme

He grabbed me around my slender neck;
 I could not call or scream;
 He dragged me to his dingy room,
 Where we could not be seen;
 He tore away my flimsy wrap
 And looked my form;
 I was so cold and damp and scared,
 While he was hot and warm.
 He drained me of my very self—
 I could not make him stop;
 His feverish lips he pressed to mine
 I gave him every drop.
 He made me what I am today—
 That's why you find me here ...
 A broken bottle thrown away—
 That once was full of beer.

* * *

A woman was shopping for a pair of pants for her little boy.
 "Do you want pants with a zipper?" asked the clerk.

"No, Johnny has a sweater with a zipper and he is always getting his tie caught in it," was the reply.

* * *

"Please May,"
 "No Willie."
 "Why not?"
 "I shouldn't"
 "Why shouldn't you?"
 "It isn't right"
 "Just this once"
 "NO"

"Mary, give me a break"
 "Sorry Willie, the answer is no"

"Other girls would"
 "I'm not other girls"
 "Mary, you're not being fair"
 "I think I am"
 "I can't go on like this"
 "You'll have to"
 "Mary please... please, Mary"
 "Willie, I..."
 "Mary, What do you say?"
 "Oh, Willie... I don't know"
 "Come on, Mary... come on"
 "I really shouldn't but..."
 "But you will Mary won't you?"

"All right, Willie... all right."
 "Mary..."
 "Willie..."
 "You will, Mary?"
 "I will"

(What the hell did you expect? some trick ending??)

* * *

Her: Robert, I know lots of couples who don't park.

He: Yeah, I know, the woods are full of them.

* * *

Chaplain: "The Governor has allowed you five minutes of grace before your execution."

Condemned man: "Well, that's not very long but bring her in."

* * *



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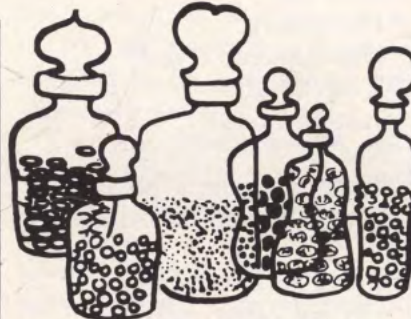
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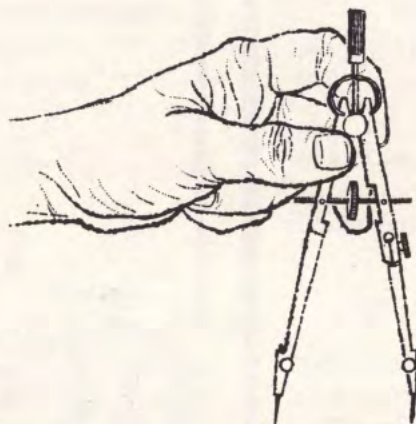
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614 N. STANTON

(continued from page 17)

Tony's eyes became piercing, his voice hard and cruel. "You're a tramp, Laura. You know it and I know it. But I am tired of the free ride, Laura, and I'm tired of you."

The truth in the words hurt her and like something frightful, they left her pale. It should never have happened to her, but it had. And hadn't she used those same wards when she had grown tired of Andrew and the others? Hadn't she once told Andrew she was tired of him? Why would Tony do her like this? Hadn't she been good to him and didn't he once say so himself?

Finally, she asked, "Is it another girl, Tony?" When he did not answer, the fear made her mouth dry and tasteless. "Is she a young sweet thing, Tony? A fresh smelling beauty? And am I just an old bag... something to be used. Something you have had your fill of. Something you've used and now you're tired of."

She lunged at him, when he did not answer, both fists balled, beating him on the chest.

Tony shoved her on he bed. "You dirty tramp," he said, spitting the words out as if they were poisonous.

"Get out! Get out, you filthy pig!" she screamed incoherently at him and she collapsed back onto the bed, her face in her hands sobbing uncontrollably.

Sometime later, Laura methodically cleaned what was once Tony's room. Everything that was his, she threw out until finally the room was as it had been before. No one would ever know that Tony had stayed there.

Two months later, the memory of Tony was a vague and unreal quality in her mind. It was then, that the familiar restlessness, which had only one meaning to her, seized her thoughts. From that moment, she knew again what it was that she must do and that it was time again to find someone for the room. Someone would come. They always did—to the room across the hall....

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