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TWC - library p.10

SEPT.

EL BURRO



TEXAS WESTERN COLLEGE

1962

twenty-five cents



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EL PASO, TEXAS

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BACK-TO-COLLEGE ISSUE

Cootex '62



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EL BURRO

The Texas Western Variety Magazine

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NEXT MONTH: October

DR. JOSEPH M. RAY
PRESIDENT





Office of the President

Texas Western College

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

at El Paso

To All New Students:

Greetings at the beginning of another college year.

Those of you who have attended here before share with the staff an enduring affection for our splendid institution, and we know that you who are new with us will soon come to share that sentiment. Your responsibility is to strive to the utmost to derive optimum benefit from your studies here.

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.

I wish for each of you the very best of everything in the year before us.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Joseph M. Ray".

Joseph M. Ray
President

BIENVENIDO

Spanish

BIENVENUE

French

WILLKOMMEN

German

WELKOM

Dutch

BINE VENIT

Rumanian

VELKOMMEN

*Norwegian
and Danish*

BENVENUTO

Italian

BENVINDO

Portuguese

WITAMY

Polish

ISTEN HOZTA

Hungarian

SALAM

Persian

?AHLAN WA SAHLAN

Arabic

CHUHOOM

PERPSOOMNEEDAH

Korean

ALOHA KAKOU

Hawaiian

MABOOHAE

Tagalog

KOHN NEE-CHEE-WA

Japanese

GUN AYDIN

Turkish

ALA-SLAHM-MAH

Moroccan

KHER-ET-E

Greek

GOOAN DAGINN

Icelandic

Whatever language you speak, wherever you're from and whatever your status, WELCOME!

We hope you'll find something of interest in this issue of EL BURRO, and we're looking forward to seeing you often this school year. We'd like to publish a magazine that *you* will enjoy, but in order to do so we need to know *what* you like. Won't you please help us? Come by and see us in SUB 401 or drop a note for us in P. O. Box 153. Let us know what you liked or didn't like about this issue and what you'd like to see more of.

Our sincere thanks to the people who contributed articles this month, and our deepest gratitude to the El Paso Times, The El Paso Chamber of Commerce, the El Paso Natural Gas Company, Joe Prenskey and Tom Newman, Jr., for photographs used in this issue.

The world is not a dung heap after all.

See you next month.

THE EDITOR

SOURCES AND CREDITS



THE AMORES OF A GUERRILLA

Dr. Haldeen Braddy

Dr. Haldeen Braddy has been teaching in the English Department of the College for sixteen years. He was awarded his Ph.D. from New York

University. A man of wide interests, Professor Braddy has written and published many articles and books on subjects including, but not limited to, Chaucer, Poe, Medieval French, Middle English, modern argot and slang, education, Shakespeare, the local dope trade, and Pancho Villa. He is also known as a poet and short story writer.

KNOW YOUR LIBRARY

Mrs. Marie M. Loewenstein

Mrs. Marie Loewenstein has been the Cataloguer at the TWC library for three years. She received her A.B. from the College of The Ozarks in

Arkansas. Her husband, Albert, is a yardmaster for the Southern Pacific Railroad: they have three daughters, two attending Ysleta High School, one attending Ysleta Grade School. Mrs. Loewenstein has published reviews in the El Paso Times and in El Burro.



WHAT FRESHMEN BELIEVE

Joe Smith

Joe Smith is a native of Big Spring, Texas, in his sophomore year. Joe is majoring in physics, minoring in metallurgy: his hobby is hot rods

and his goal is a job in the automobile industry. Joe's 19, single, with brown hair and hazel eyes topping a 6-2 frame.

A STUDENT SPEAKS

Gerald L. Snyder
James A. Blake

Gerald L. Snyder and James A. Blake are juniors and mathematics majors. Gerald is interested in amateur radio operation: he's 19, a blue-

eyed blond, and 6 feet tall.

James is 20, has green eyes and brown hair, and is interested in classical music, outdoor sports, chess, and Go.



POETRY

Jim Burns

Jim Burns is an English major in his freshman year. An aspiring author, Jim is planning to minor in psychology to understand his char-

acters. Currently in the Army; assigned to night duty in the emergency ward of Beaumont General Hospital. his interests are folk music and painting as well as writing and girls. Jim is 6-1, with brown hair and brown



POETRY

Dr. Robert Burlingame

Dr. Robert Burlingame has been a Professor of English at the College for eight years. A member of Phi Kappa Phi and Phi Beta Kappa, he

received his Ph.D. from Brown University, and has studied at the University of London as a Fulbright scholar. Doctor Burlingame did his undergraduate work at the University of New Mexico. He has had poetry and criticism published in several anthologies and in many magazines, including the *Saturday Review*.



Villa and riders

The Amores of A Guerrilla

(A product of "Organized Research")

BY DR. HALDEEN BRADY

The outstanding folk-hero of Mexico, Francisco Villa typified the enamored general. His dynamic character, his military talents, and especially his consuming ardor for women made him a legend.

Pancho Villa was reared a peon, the word meaning a poor Mexican worker, but he grew to have one grand ambition—namely, to abolish Mexico's feudal system and eliminate its horrors. In fighting to attain this end, he displayed a savage attitude towards his enemies, because he thoroughly convinced himself that what he did was to better his underprivileged countrymen. In Mexico he became almost as much of a fable as his storied horse *Siete Leguas* (Seven Leagues).

Today Villa's inordinately amorous career appears more distinctive in his history than his military deeds, heroic though they be, for his erotic longings dominated everything else in his life. Although Villa sometimes turned into a ferocious beast, lusty for the blood of his enemies, he also

was human enough to show a capacious love for women. Consequently this became his greatest weakness, a flaw his enemies and detractors later took advantage of in criticisms that damaged his glorious record as a helpmeet of the poor. His ardor waxed as intense as the hurricane he described. History records no other lover so stormy, violent, and destructive as the great Pancho.

Villa married a countless number of women. He had at least seven or eight legal wives: Luz Corral de Villa, Juana Torres de Villa, Pilar Escalona de Villa, Asunción B. . . de Villa, Austroberta Rentería de Villa, Maria Amaliá Baca de Villa, and Soledad Seañez de Villa. Manuela Casas, who bore Villa a son named Trinidad, was an authentic eighth wife. She and her son Trinidad wrote their sentiments about Villa's death in Parral on a wooden cross and attached their names to it. Somebody later defaced the inscription, but a photograph of the cross clearly shows the name of his "hijo Trinidad."

Luz Corral de Villa, green-eyed and of fair com-

plexion, wedded Villa in 1911, to become his first sincere love. Best known as the bandit's legal widow, Luz received confirmation of the legitimacy of her claims from President Obregon. She says in her book, *Pancho Villa en la Intimidad* (1948), "I was the only woman that Pancho really loved." Luz also stated, "I am his only legitimate wife. Some day I shall have it [her book] translated into English. It is the only true story of my husband."

Her story goes about like this. She lived with her mother in San Andres. One day, her uncle, a friend of Villa's, came down from the mountains, and Mrs. Corral asked him for money. The uncle said that he had none but that she should ask Villa. The next day Mrs. Corral asked Villa for money, and he said he would give it to her if she would provide each of his men with some provisions. While Mrs. Corral was giving out provisions, she called on Luz to help her, something that had never been asked of her. While Luz was helping, her hands began to tremble. Villa asked why she was trembling, and the mother interrupted and said that her daughter was trembling because if she made a mistake she would be punished. The next day Villa came back to the Corral's home and asked for Luz's hand in marriage. Luz, whom he called "*Guera*" (a word for a woman of light complexion), accepted his proposal, and three days later Villa returned for her with 10,000 pesos.

Villa and Luz went to Chihuahua to buy a wedding dress. When they returned to San Andres, everything was ready for their wedding. Villa and his wife went to the Church, where they met Father Muñoz. The next day at eleven o'clock in the morning they were married. Three days later Villa left for Chihuahua; within two days he sent for Luz. When she arrived in Chihuahua, he stood tall and alone, waiting for her. He was handsomely dressed in a *charro* suit, and Luz felt flashes throughout her body. He built her a beautiful home in Chihuahua City, and called it *La Quinta Luz*. In later years, Pancho returned here many times for her love.

The enamored general adored his wife even though he had many other *inamoratas*. She also adored Villa and never tried to change him because she knew that she was his only true love. Another proof of her adoration of the philanderer is that she adopted and raised a number of Pancho's children born of other women. Villa never ceased to love this wife, his first real sweetheart.

Maria Luz Corral de Villa now lives in Chihuahua. Her home, spacious and neat, has become the showplace of Chihuahua City. She is a respectable

lady of middle age, plump and aggressive, who now lives with only memories of Villa. She still has the ancient bullet-riddled Dodge car in which Pancho was killed in Parral.

Juana Torres, Villa's second wife, was twenty-three years old when they married. Villa had the nerve to build her a home only two blocks from the home of Luz Corral. Juana and Villa had a baby girl, whom Villa adored. The little girl was the only reason why Villa stayed with Juana so long. His life with her ended one day when he found out that she had gone out with another man. Villa sent the little girl to Los Angeles, California, with some of his Mexican friends, because he felt that Juana had not conducted herself as a worthy mother. When Juana died October 27, 1916, the general felt himself to be free to marry again.

Pilar Escalona became his third wife, but he abandoned her when he found some old letters and photographs of a former lover whom Pilar had greatly loved. Pancho, who had a jealous streak, sent their little girl to El Paso to live with his sister-in-law.

Asunción B. . . . was Villa's fourth and, many say, his most beautiful wife. His intimate friends report that Villa loved her deeply, perhaps more than any other woman except Luz and his dead mother, whose ghost came to him in visions during the Punitive Expedition to warn him of Pershing's approach. Yet Asunción was also the only woman who made Villa suffer because of her fear and hate for him. Villa met her in Durango when she was only sixteen. Villa courted her rather indirectly. Seeing that she would not return his love, he sent presents to her mother. Finally, Villa won the mother's consent to marry Asunción, and she married him even though she did not love him. After their nuptials Villa took her to Chihuahua, where after a year of wedlock they had a son named Augustin. Villa did not like the way his wife treated the boy, so he sent him away. One day Asunción decided to escape. While on her flight, she became seriously ill. A young American happened to see her and helped her. She fell completely in love with this American and later married him. When Villa died, Asunción found and reclaimed her son, Augustin, taking him to live with her and her American husband.

Austroberta Rentería, Villa's fifth wife, worked as a dressmaker in the household of Luz Corral de Villa. Austroberta was fat, but usually Villa liked them fat, so he married her. Villa and Austroberta had two sons, whom they named Hipolito and Francisco. After Villa's death she laid claim to some of his property, but the Obregon government

decided on Luz Corral as Villa's established legal wife. Austroberta used to shave Pancho every morning when he sojourned with her. She told one of her friends, Mrs. Jean Abel, now of El Paso, that she often wanted to slit his throat with the razor but could never summon the nerve to do it.

María Baca de Villa, a sixth and lessor-known wife, became the victim of Pancho's furious temper because of her infidelity. After he married this María, he left her with a son. A few years afterward Villa returned to find María married to another man. Now it happened that when Villa kept a wife he placed her and her children under his protection, providing her with all of the necessities of life. Because of this, the general felt he could be unfaithful but that his wives, or mistresses, should not be. Thus he never forgave his sixth wife. One time Villa told Manuel Gonzales, "An unfaithful woman ought to be shot."

Pancho Villa's seventh wife was beautiful Soledad Seañez, the only girl child in a family of stalwart men. When Soledad married Villa, she gave up her place at home, where her family revolved around her magnetic presence. She maintained a fine household for General Villa at Rancho Canutillo, some distance from Parral. Today *la Señora Seañez, viuda de Villa*, lives across the river from El Paso in Juárez. She is yet a handsome woman, with stately bearing and refined manners. This Mrs. Villa has an alert, quick mind, displaying no inconsiderable artistic ability in the portrait she now is painting of her dead husband. All of the Villista household servants, it may be important to note, expressed their loyalty from the first to Soledad Villa alone and still pay homage to her. Soledad also had other excellent claims as a possible legal wife, because she bore Villa several children. Soledad Seañez, whom Pancho affectionately called "Chole," had further sounder bases of marital legality than the other women, because General Villa married her twice, in both the law court and the Church at Valle de Allende.

Many other women besides these seven wives shared the love of the much enamored Villa. Nobody knows how many bogus marriages Villa had performed for him just to satisfy his desires. Though several theories exist as to his assassination, Villa died as he had lived, losing his life over his amorous career. The seven men who killed Villa had Salas Barraza for their leader, and he sought vengeance on Villa because of the dishonor done his sister.

Today the poor peons remember Villa's generosity, the rich his daring antics, his troops his military genius, but the women will never forget his virility and sultry desires.



Pancho Villa



Luz Corral de Villa

WHAT FRESHMEN BELIEVE

by joesmith

Research in the field of psychology has shown that every campus group has its own special array of superstitions and popular beliefs. The Freshman class, a unique segment of collegiate life, is no exception. It, too, pulsates with peculiar ideas and startling misconceptions. For example, it has been indisputably proven that almost every member of each TWC Freshman class has believed one or more of the following:

- that the Newman Club is a campus organization for Freshmen and transfer students.
- that Dean Thomas is a jolly little prof in the drama department.
- that the PROSPECTOR is the Delsey tissue of the campus.
- that sleep isn't necessary.
- that TW will have a winning football team *this* year.
- that the Pershing Rifles are Arabian bandits who frequently invade the TW campus after dark.
- that an ice cream social is a dainty church function.
- that President Ray once set fire to his grandmother and laughed.
- that the Phi Taus talk only to the Zetas and the Zetas talk only to God.
- that the purpose of TWC is to train Peace Corps members and provide fraternities with a base from which to operate.
- that Fraternity Rush gives the rushee a *true* picture of what his future fraternity life will be like.
- that TW coeds are basically women.
- that the Schellenger Lab is carrying on some kind of secret underground activities.
- that America's inflation has centered on the TW bookstore.
- that KVOF campus radio does *too* have listeners.
- that you must pass 15 hours to stay off "scopro."
- that all freshmen *must* wear beanies.
- that you have to have a Corvette to get in SAE.
- that school spirit is 100 proof.
- that EL BURRO is a bawdy magazine full of lewd stories, obscene language and nudes.
- that the Freshman parking lot is on the New Mexico State campus.
- that a student can hold a different opinion than his prof and still pass the course.
- that "dead week" exists.
- that the Snow Fiesta is the week before finals when all students visit their profs during office hours.
- that they — the Freshman class — are entering the most wonderful four years of their lives and will thoroughly enjoy every minute of it.



KNOW

By Marie M. Loewenstein

To all TWC students, and particularly to freshmen and other newcomers, the library staff extends a sincere welcome. We earnestly hope you will not overlook the many opportunities for cultural enrichment offered by your library. Using the library merely for work assigned by your teachers, or related to your courses, is denying yourself wonderful enjoyment and much useful knowledge.

The book stacks are open; you have free access to their contents; restrictions and limitations are at a minimum. Look through the card catalog; you'll find books indexed under the name of the author, the title of the book, and under subject headings. Learn to use special aids like the many guides to periodicals, abstracts of publications in various subjects, special subject bibliographies, and book-trade bibliographies. Enjoy the attractive and varied selection of current magazines in the Periodicals department.

Browse in our two special collections. In the special art collection, there are magnificent books of paintings, books on architecture and landscaping and costuming and sculpture and jewelry design. Many of the books in the John H. McNeely collection, including a large number of books written in Spanish, were donated to the library by Dr. McNeely. Others added to this collection include old or rare works, and books about the Southwest or of particular interest to Southwestern readers.

Our microfilm holdings include the New York Times from its inception in 1851 up to date; the El Paso Times from May 1, 1884 to date; and some issues of other newspapers. On microcards, we have over five hundred volumes of the Wagner-Camp Plains and Rockies series (a treasury of research material, especially for history students), as well as some other books on microcards.

Don't fail to investigate and make use of our extensive collection of government documents, which offer historical materials such as Congressional documents and records; and also up-to-date materials on such subjects as education, mining, and geology.

Another tremendous source of pleasure and profit which should not be overlooked or neglected

YOUR LIBRARY



is our collection of fine recordings. There is music by all the greatest composers; there are operas, operettas, symphonies, musical comedies, motion picture sound tracks, glee clubs and choirs, jazz bands and dance orchestras. There is folk music from many lands. And if you know little or nothing about music, there is an album of eleven music-appreciation records to help you learn about it.

But music is not the only thing offered in our record collection. The work of great poets has been put on discs—Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Walt Whitman, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and many, many others: some of the authors reading their own works.

There are readings from the Bible, by such artists as Judith Anderson and Herbert Marshall. There are folk and fairy tales; there are discussions on the future of architecture, and the theory of relativity; and speeches by Bertrand Russell and Bernard Shaw. There are records to help you learn to speak German, Italian, Spanish, French, Portuguese, modern Greek, Russian, Hebrew, or Japanese.

You can laugh with Robert Benchley, Henry Morgan, Bob Newhart, and other comics; you can listen in on an authentic shortwave broadcast from Moscow, in English; you can sit in on a session at the United Nations; you can be an “ear-witness” to the CBS re-creation of the signing of the Magna Carta or the Battle of Gettysburg; you can learn about animal sounds and communication.

Until recently, record carrels were available for individual use. Unfortunately, repeated acts of vandalism have made it impossible for the library to continue this service. However, there is a listening room for large groups or classes; and records may be checked out, like books, and enjoyed at home.

You will find the library staff, from Mr. Polk (librarian) to the most recently employed student assistant, eager to help you. No other department of the college is so completely dedicated to the benefit of the **entire** student body and faculty. Use and enjoy your library. As Harry Golden says, “You’re entitle.”



September! Or, if you prefer

Spanish, *SEPTIEMBRE!*

In French, it's *septembre*; in Rumanian, *septembrie*; in Hungarian, *szeptember*; in Italian, *settembre*; and in Russian, in case anyone wants to compete in this area, *sentyabr*. The root of the word in the languages derived from Latin is *septem*, seven, as it was the seventh month in the ancient Roman calendar attributed to Romulus, the legendary founder of Rome.

This calendar—from *calends*, the first day of the month, on which the order of the days of the month was proclaimed, from *cal*, also the root of *calare*, to call—had ten lunar months and a total of about three hundred days. The first month was *Martius*, after the god of war; the second, *Aprilis*, from *aperire*, the opening of flowers and leaves; the third, *Maius*, after the goddess of growth; the fourth, *Junius*, from *juvenis*, youth. Having run out of names too soon, the remaining six months were numbered: from *Quintilis*, fifth month, to *Decembris*, tenth month.

BY ED FLYNN

No one seems to have noticed that there were sixty odd days between the end of *Decembris* and the start of *Martius* until the era of Numa Pompilius, who, according to legend, added *Februarius*, meaning repentance, at the end of the year, and *Januarius*, named after Janus, protector of gateways and symbol of beginning, at the start of the year. With *Januarius* now the first month, the numbered months were one month behind in number, but the names were not changed.

Septembris was now the eighth month, and so it remained for about two hundred and fifty years. In 450 B.C. the Council of *Decemvirs*, under the direction of Appius Claudius, reshuffled the months into their present order. With *Februarius* now the second month, the months from *Quintilis* to *Decembris* were two months away from their name and our *Septembris* was the ninth month. So it has remained—a confusion to Latin students.

Whatever it is called, this period of time we call September is the time when the traffic light of nature changes from green to amber and the world of plants prepares to stop. The grass dies, and the politicians sprout: making, however, more noise than the grass did. As the crops of man mature, the harvest time and the festivals

of the harvest come. Our September is the Swiss Herbstmonat or "harvest month," and there are cognate names across Europe. The Anglo-Saxons called this period Gerst Monat or Gerstmonath for "barley month." It was at this time that they realized the barley crop, one of singular importance to them, as they brewed their favorite beverage from it. Similarly, this was the time that the grapes were ripe in early Rome and time for the Vinalia, the feast of wine.

In modern America, September includes Anti-Freeze Week.

On the eleventh of September, in 1777, the battle of Brandywine was fought between the armies of Generals Washington and Howe. September is also the anniversary month of the death of Commodore John Barry, the Irish founder of the American Navy. It is the anniversary of the births of Marie Jean Paul Ives Roch Gilbert de Motier, the Marquis de Lafayette, and Baron Friedrich Wilhelm Rudolph Gerhard Augustin von Steuben. It is easy to see why the American Army was delayed at Valley Forge: they were not waiting for spring, they were waiting for the roll call to be finished.

A second battle of Brandywine was fought later. September marks the birthday, in 1839, of Miss Frances E. Willard, a pin-nez-wearing old maid who was one of the early leaders of the WCTU. September also marks the anniversary of the Galvesto tornado, in 1900.

In Oklahoma, September 16th is Cherokee Strip Day, if anyone would care to drive that far to see a Cherokee Strip. In case any of them get cold, let them be aware that September is also National Insulation Month.

As we return to classes, let us remember that September includes National Sweater Week. Those who can, of course, wear them all year. For those who get the right idea during this week, it coincides with—on the 20th—St. Eustachius's day, the patron saint of huntsmen. As an omen, however, note the presence in September of Labor Day.

For those laboring to collect the tuition money, it may be some consolation that there have been other financial troubles at this time. On September 18, 1873, Jay Cooke & Company of Philadelphia closed their bank and triggered the "panic of 1873." The 21st is the day of St. Matthew, patron saint of bookkeepers and bankers, and, if matters get too bad, keep in mind that the 19th is the day of St. Januarius, patron saint of blood banks.

To return to the harvest time: in those semi-civilized areas where there are schools and also field crops, the school children are released in the summer to help bring in the harvest and the end of harvest marks the time when the children may return to school. This schedule has been maintained even in those areas where the harvest season does not correspond with the customary school holiday, and in those urban areas where the children see a cow only when they go to the zoo. Fellow examples of cultural lag, *welcome back from the fields!*

are implying that in our government policies government that the papers cannot Communist spears — these on- out — and gather them into their at they might shield not only the from this evil but our American ell.

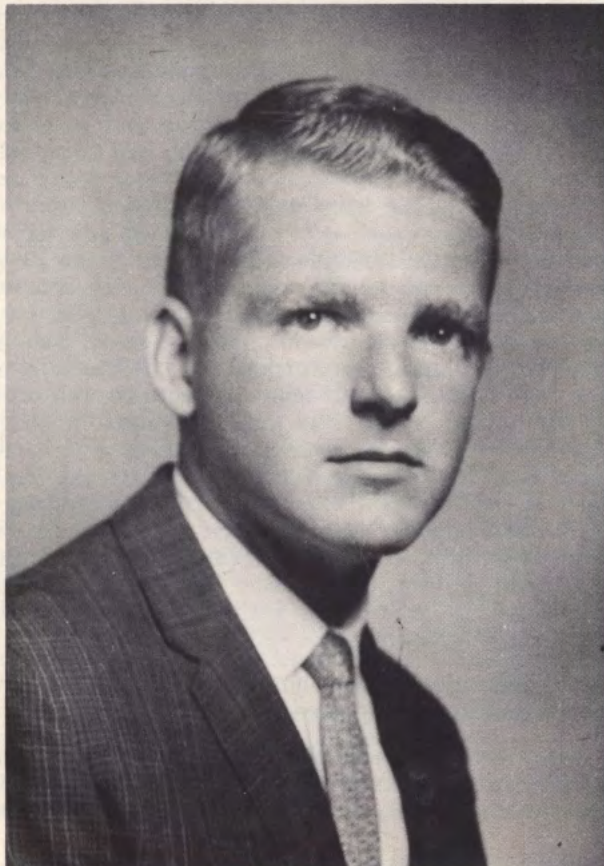
I am not sure just what you mean all some patriots around outside of who are willing to tell the people foreign policy. Arthur B. Lane, a signed from the diplomatic service "I saw Poland Betrayed," a factual names, dates, and places. The book ings which he saw when he served as the betrayed state. His book, if it had ashed by Communists or Communist would have enraged the people and o a fury of resentment against the d State Department under Truman's

You do not know what you are talking ve not only misrepresented all of the ve grossly oversimplified them. Now, business of our society and therefore of society's representatives, the press, c tenet that the people should have nd of information and to choose e theories which are circulated. not prove that the press or any is been restrained from presenting ace is the business of our society "friends of Humanity"—our news- the inferential social function sed in turn by that society for a inferential purpose which benefits and further that all the interest- self-styled, would-be reformers icy who think they have a special to society to consider and decide ble ought to do, rob the legiti- sion from the guiding of to the more im- and therefore all perti-

MEET

BILL COLEMAN

THE REMARKABLE EDITOR OF THE PROSPECTOR



We've singled out Bill because he seems well qualified to be on this particular page facing three beautiful women. He is a senior journalism student from Atlanta, Georgia, active in campus politics, a key man in the independent Student Party, dormitory counselor, teller of tales, singer of songs and *admirer* of beautiful women. Bill is 22, and has red hair and green eyes. His hobbies, other than the editorship of The Prospector, include shooting, bowling and tennis. He plans to enter the newspaper field after his graduation in June. El Burro proudly salutes BILL COLEMAN.

SPOTLIGHTS

Beauty in three acts . . . from the TWC campus. **Center.** Miss Barbara Harrell, regal dark-haired beauty, talented ballerina, fine artist and cook. Barbara is a freshman zoology major; was chosen Miss El Paso recently and was a contestant for the Miss Texas title. Her hobbies are tennis, swimming, dancing, painting and cooking.

Lower left. Miss Mary Alvarez, pretty and petite. Mary is a senior secondary education major and hopes to teach Spanish after her graduation in June. Mary enjoys sketching, swimming, writing and dancing.

Lower right. Miss Vivian House, willowy and winning, with brown eyes and brown hair. Vivian is a sophomore art major, proficient conversationalist and talented ballerina. Her hobbies are dancing and semi-classical music.







----- CLIP THIS OUT -----

The following groups will report to room 314 in the Student Union Bldg. for pictures to be taken for the Flowsheet.

SENIORS

Monday Oct. 1 thru Friday Oct. 5

FACULTY

Monday Oct. 8 thru Friday Oct. 12

JUNIORS

Monday Oct. 15 thru Friday Oct. 19

SOPHOMORES

Monday Oct. 22 thru Friday Oct. 26

FRESHMEN

Monday Oct. 29 thru Friday Nov. 2

Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

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of Photography



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advertisement

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PUT ITSELF INTO A
BOX AND SHUT IT!**

This ad paid for by fourteen disgruntled students

advertisement

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and Dinner Menus**

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CAMPUS CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

Monday	17	Freshmen Orientation and Guidance Activities Registration Activities
Tuesday	18	Sorority Rush M Day
Saturday	22	Late registration TWC vs North Texas State, Denton, Texas
Monday	24	Classes begin Fraternity Rush Newman Club Mixer
Thursday	27	Last day for adding courses and transferring sections
Saturday	29	TWC vs West Texas State, Canyon, Texas

OCTOBER

Tuesday	2	Tri Delt Greek party
Wednesday	3	Pershing Rifles Smoker
Thursday	4	ZTA pledge fry—(all Greeks) Student Senate convenes
Friday	5	Sorority Pledge Open House
Saturday	6	TWC vs Univ. of New Mexico, El Paso, Texas
Thursday	11	Lecture series, Magoffin Auditorium
Saturday	13	TWC vs University of Wyoming, El Paso, Texas
Thursday	18	Ballet
Saturday	20	TWC Freshmen vs Univ. of Arizona, El Paso Tri Delt retreat TWC Women's Auxiliary Membership Tea
Saturday	27	TWC vs Arizona State University, Tempe, Ariz.
Tuesday	30	ZTA Greek Halloween party

COACHING STAFF

O. A. Phillips	Head Coach
Bill Cross	Defensive Secondary
Warren Harper	Offensive Backfield
Fred Jackson	Tackles
Howland Reich	Ends & Linebackers
Jim Stanley	Guards



STUDENT ASSOCIATION

At the Pass of the North
EL PASO, TEXAS

To The Students of TWC:

1962-63 promises to be one of the most significant years in our school's history. An air of growth and progress surrounds our campus.

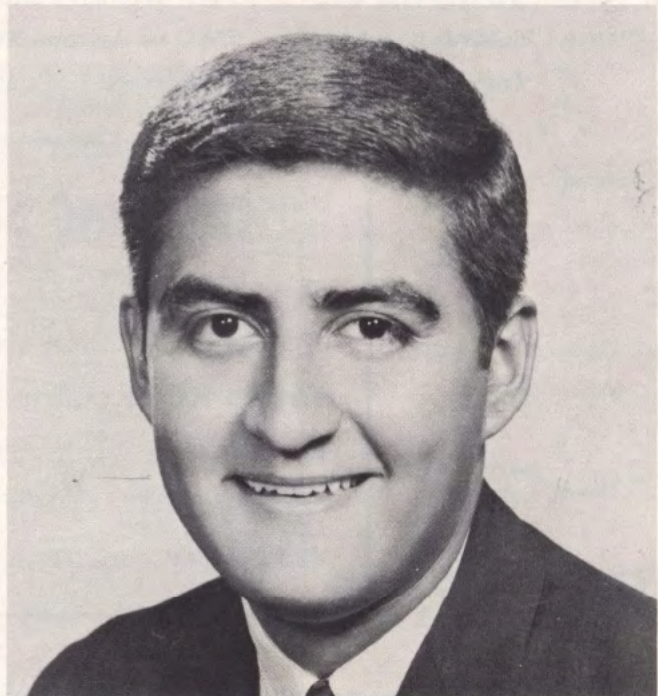
Therefore, it is with eager anticipation that I extend a warm welcome to our new students and an equally warm welcome back to our returning students. It is my sincere hope that you too feel great pride in seeing our school advance as an institution of higher learning.

Scholarship and academic pursuit are, of course, every student's primary obligations. No student should, however, neglect the other vital aspects of a college education--broaden yourself socially by joining organizations and supporting Student Association Activities, and take an interest in student government and politics by participating and by being informed. Be an active member of our college community; be proud to be a student of Texas Western College.

With best wishes,

Tony Uribe

Tony Uribe, President
Student Association



WANTED

ARTICLES

ON ANY SUBJECT

FOR PUBLICATION IN EL BURRO

(1500 words or less)

For example: Articles on education, politics, communism,
foreign policy, corruption, science, art,
music. Anything that interests you the
student interests EL BURRO.

SHORT STORIES and ARTICLES

(1,500 words or less)

PARODIES

PHOTOGRAPHS

CARTOONS

ANECDOTES and JOKES

PLAYS


POEMS and LIMERICKS (unpublished work preferred)

NOW you can be heard!

Put your thoughts on paper and bring or mail to us for
publication. This is your magazine; we appreciate your
interest and welcome your participation.

Send all manuscripts and communications to:

EDITOR
EL BURRO MAGAZINE
P. O. Box 153, TWC
(Office, SUB 401)



Autumn

*Autumn. Skeleton and seed.
Consent to the mystery. Weariness.
After the ripe red summer, sleep.*

*Autumn. Abyss and plateau.
River over silt. Again, defeat.
The hands old maps of Greece.*

*Autumn. Eolith and bone.
Crushed shell under surf, cleft peak—
And the first frenzy of leaf.*

"Autumn" written especially for El Burro
by

DR. ROBERT BURLINGAME

Poems

Beyond

jim burns

Beyond the depths of murmured passion,
Beyond the infinite of a lover's selfishness,
Reality stifles a lover's perfection . . .
and the truth strangles his unwilling throat.

Beyond the untruth of whispered words,
Beyond the caresses of her warm smooth skin,
The truth stands naked and you become sick.

Beyond the hollow corpse of this love,
Beyond this selfish physical desire,
Floats a realization . . . you ignore,
but you cannot escape.

The more beautiful, the more fulfilling
is beyond the depths, the untruths, the caresses.
It stands as understanding, kindness, and
devotion stand

Unafraid and unmodest in the light of God.
It says I love you as eyes meet,
It says I love you as gentle hands touch in
casual union.

It says I love you in small words,
It exists as the realm of Beyond,
. the realm of Love.

my room stage I

jim burns

the beauty one sees comes not from
the transition of reality to the eye,
but from the eye's image in the brain.
to see a gnarled tree kneeling
to God—supported by the youngness
of a green bush
is to see divine grace
in an old one's face.
to see a rocket of green and brown
launched by a pad of grass
is to see a lance of steel
thrust in the side of a grassy hill.
to see the purple star of a flower
virgin to man
yet open and unafraid
is to see a child's soul
unstained, tender, and whole.
to see is the sight.
the seen is the reflection
of one
to one
the one that sees.

3 A.M. WRY by Ed Flynn

Far away is a rainbow:
Drawing men on
A band of bright color
Hangs in a low-grey sky.

Men see, and seek.
Because it is distant
And they need adventure
Because it is beautiful
And they need loveliness
Because it shows gold
And they need power
Because it is
And they need knowledge.
Excelsior!

Yet
The way is long and hard:
The road becomes a path
The path becomes a trail
And disappears
Into rocky land.

A few continue to the rainbow
—to find that it has vanished
Into the clouds:
Leaving the clouds
The driving rain
The bitter winter wind
The blackness of the sky
And their hopes.

Far away is a rainbow:
Drawing men on
As long as there are men.

THE WORLD OF EVE by Howard Baron

The black clouds in the sky
And the glisten of the streets
The breeze as it flaps
The windows as it beats
The reflection off the clouds
And the wind as it swishes
Humidity's in the air
It's aroma so delicious
The half built skyscraper
Blending with the old
Lights in the windows
Passers strolling bold
Whispers, coughs, and music
Conversation in the night
The sound of a rolling train
The city dark but white
With eyes a-closed
Silent is the night
Contentment prevails
The world of eve a delight

Poems

WISTFUL

Every other day I see her
Impatient always that time slows
To nothing, when I am alone
Oh! How my love for her grows

I would be alone utterly by myself
If not for the visions of her eyes
Stolen and well-kept in secret vigil
To comfort and soothe my empty cries

Her eyes bubble of warmth and intrigue
With promise mirrored but not for me
Her world is an alien one, far and distant
And recognizing this, my love must never be.

The fate of a man is sometimes told
By a quality of eyes he can't behold.

OBSERVATION

Blackness based at my soul
Blue clouds floating tangent
Whiteness in a blind flask
Red bursting, exploding my foundation.

Myself in a silent world
I the center of my universe
The white cosmos whirling around
My forbidden world: black, black, black.

Moody, lonely, thrust out in castration
A satellite trespassing upon alien domain
A burning spiral downward to destruction
No existence, no freedom, no being . . .

WAYS OF A WOMAN

OH I am weary and tired ,
In need of a brief recluse, a shelter,
A strong, soft shoulder to rest my burdens
To make me whole, send me back into
the world again.

INDIFFERENCE

I stopped by the park, yesterday
Drama at the water fountain drew my attention
A little bird fluttered into the deadly,
silvery beams
of water, why it drowned is beyond my comprehension.

And all this time peacefully letting the world go by
Was an alligator sleeping in restful content
Indifferent he lay there while a desperate cry
Echoed and died with the world's consent.

INTRUDER

Death follows me
Abiding its time
To catch unaware
One looking behind.

I must hurry
To place aside
Joys and wrongs,
Flesh and pride.

It shall not
Upon me creep
As night falls
Inevitably comes sleep.

Flung open arms
Mine will be
When the stranger intrudes
To set me free.

by Welborn Williams

SEE THE AMERICAN EAGLE.
SEE HIM FALL. FALL, AMERI-
CAN EAGLE, FALL. THE
EAGLE HAS ONLY HIS RIGHT
WING. SOON THE EAGLE WILL
SPLAT AGAINST A ROCK. PITY
THE EAGLE. PITY, POOR
EAGLE, PITY.



HATE AND FEAR

"SPOTS ON THE GALLERY WALL"



"... Another day like this and I'm turning to drink ..."



"Mommy, mumps or no mumps, I won't eat this damn apple."



"Honey, after the price I paid for it, you eat that apple!"



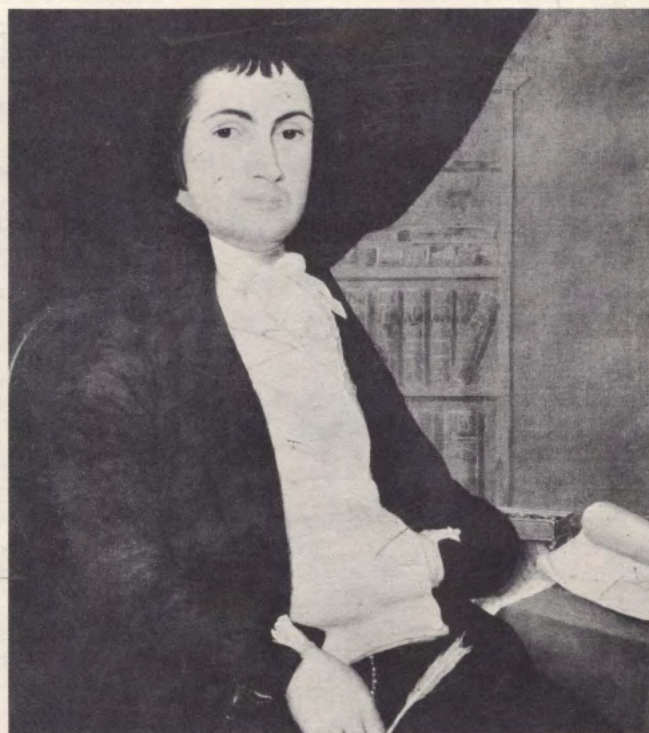
"Just try pushing the black button, wise guy, and see what happens."



"Bring back that damn ladder, you fool."



"... And he just walked up as brazen as anything and propositioned me!"



"To tell you the truth, the old bag looked pretty good at the time."

Did you hear about . . .

. . . the actress that got on Broadway the easy way—she was made for the part?

. . . the bee that broke his leg falling off his honey?

. . . the lady that wore black garters in memory of those that had gone beyond?

. . . the goose that made the broad jump?

. . . the guy that fell in a cesspool . . . he couldn't swim, but he went through all the movements?

A secretary on campus has told us that her hours are from 9 to 5: she'd work longer, but her sorority serves breakfast at six . . .

There was an old maid from Madras Who had a magnificent ass, Not rounded and pink, as you probably think, It was grey, had long ears and ate grass.

The little cockney woman was asked how many children she had had.

"Me an' 'erman we 'ave twenty-six children!"

"Twenty-six children! My goodness, the Queen should give him a knight-hood!" said the questioner.

"'Twouldn't do no good, ma'am, the bugger refuses to wear one!"

"All right back there?" asked the street car conductor.

"Hold on!" said a feminine voice, "Wait until I get my clothes on."

The entire car turned and craned their necks—a girl with a basket of laundry got on.

If an apple a day
Keeps the doctor away,
They'll soon be condemned,
By the A.M.A.

GREEK PRIMER

ALPHA—used to mean half of.

Ex: Alpha pint of bourbon

BETA—synonym for "ought to"

Ex: You Beta beat it before the cops come.

GAMMA—baby talk for Grandma.

Ex: What big teeth you have, Gamma.

DELTA—used in cards.

Ex: He Delta hand of pinochle.

EPSILON—a laxative.

Ex: Go get a nickle's worth of Epsilon salts.

ZETA—to repeat a phrase.

Ex: Zeta again, Virginia Dare.

ETA—to devour.

Ex: I Eta slab of horse meat.

THETA—to devour (plural).

Ex: Theta whole cow.

IOTA—a duty.

Ex: Iota slap your face.

KAPPA—a pair.

Ex: Dem girls was justa Kappa broads.

LAMBDA—a pugilist phrase.

Ex: So I Lambda guy on da snoot.

MU—love song of a cow.

Ex: Mu, moo.

NU—recent.

Ex: What's Nu?

XI—dialect.

Ex: Xi in love? I is.

OMICRON—expression of pain when dancing.

Ex: Ouch! Omicron!

PI—the great American dessert.

Ex: Gimme a piece of cherry Pi.

SIGMA—part of warning.

Ex: Watch out or I'll Sigma dog on you.

UPSILON—an explanation.

Ex: See the acrobat Upsilond on his head.

PHI—expressed condition.

Ex: I'd go away Phi had the dough.

CHI—slang for a man.

Ex: He's a helluva Chi.

PSI—cockney for an American expression.

Ex: Psi it again, Virginia Dare

OMEGA—part of a prayer.

Ex: Omega good girl out of me.

RAMMER JAMMER

The newlyweds had been married the day before and this was their first breakfast together. Shyly, the bride spoke.

"Darling, I have a confession to make. I should have told you before. I suffer from asthma."

"Thank Heavens," cried the groom, "and all the time I thought you were hissing me."

Jack be nimble . . . Jack be quick,
Jack jumped over the candlestick.
Alas, he didn't clear the flame,
And now he's known as Auntie Mame.

The darndest accident was reported the other day. It seems a sports car driver stuck out his hand to signal and ruptured a cop!

Mother: (Putting her four year old son to bed.) "Shhh . . . The Sandman is coming . . ."

The Kid: "Give me a quarter and I won't tell Daddy."

New cocktail for the tense student:
Take one jigger of Vodka, then fill up the glass with milk of magnesia. It's called a phillips screwdriver!

The old man stood at the gates of the cemetery and wept. A passer-by stopped to comfort him.

"Why are you crying?" the passer-by asked softly.

"My daughter is laying in there," explained the weeping old man: "sometimes I wish she were dead."

Once there was a man named Bound While cutting his lawn, he drowned. 'Twas dark and he fell Down the shaft of a well; Couldn't tell his grass from a hole in the ground.

The birds do it;
The bees do it;
The little bats do it.
Mama, why can't I take flying lessons?

I think the Mormon prophet was
A very funny man.
I wonder how his wives enjoyed
His prophet-sharing plan!



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ON THE
AIR

BEGINNING

Monday Sept. 24



Hear the NEWER,
BIGGER, BRIGHTER

Sound of . . .

KVOF

TALKING TWC

Once upon a time a young man from
Boston decided to come to TWC



a solicitous friend warns him



be sure to pick up a cowboy
hat to avoid being conspicuous



**Clothes?—Man, you hardly need any,
with the tropical climate and heat**

**And so John Smith, well briefed,
arrives in El Paso and through
narrow, dirt streets drives
to the campus**



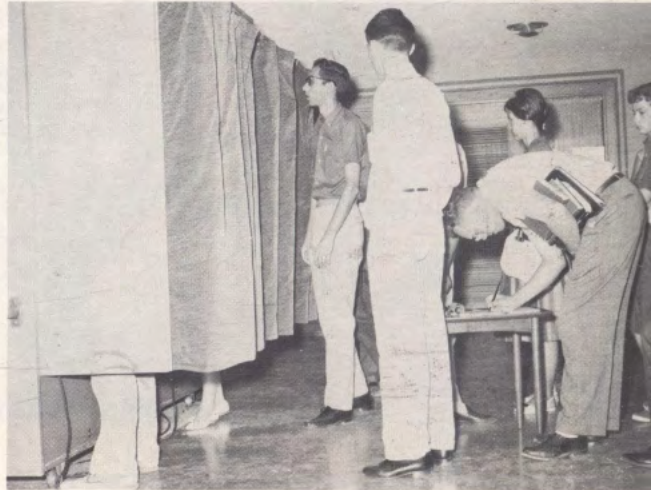
**He can't wait to see
the quaint adobe huts they live in**



Culture? No!
nobody is interested in it



Politics on the campus? No!
only one man decides



Oh! These students . . . they take their studies lightly



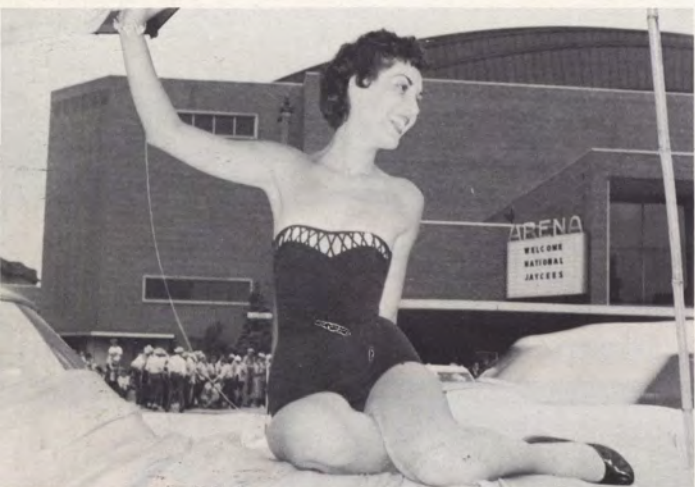
*girls idle away their time
in the sun*



Ah . . . Girls . . .



in their baggy skirts and shapeless sweaters



**Hidden behind stacks of dusty books
and confined to the dorm**



**with no interest in extracurricular ac-
tivities**



**and no voice in the affairs of the
campus**

The nights are
dark and lonely



everybody is resigned
to a quiet evening
at home

Laurence Savit



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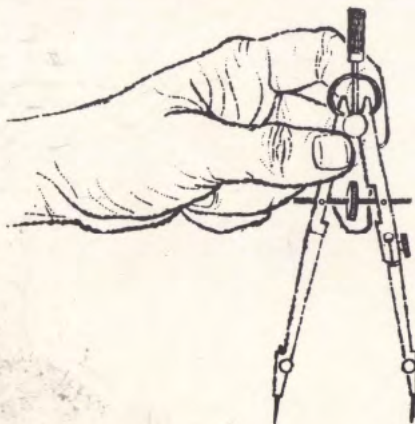
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