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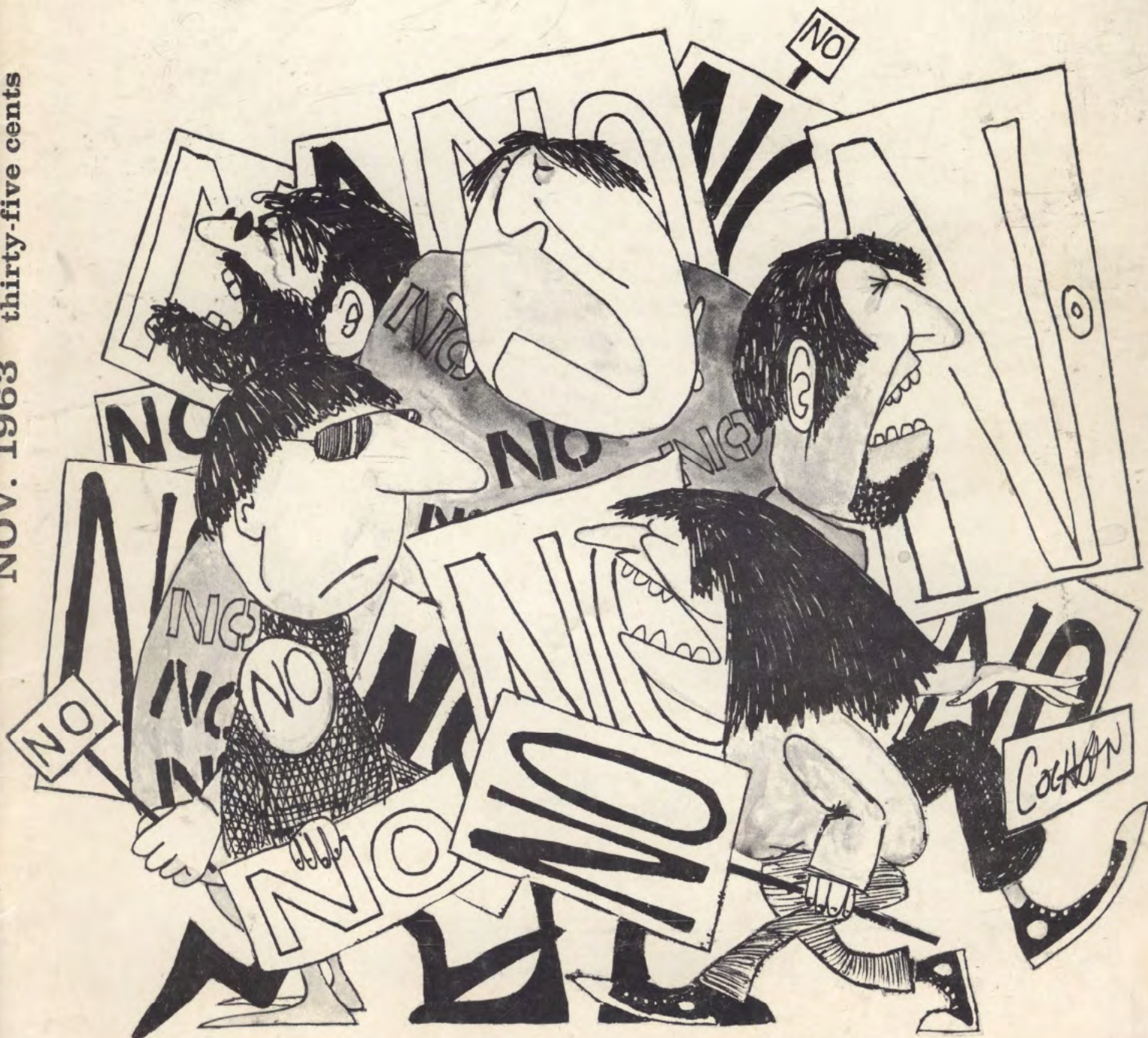
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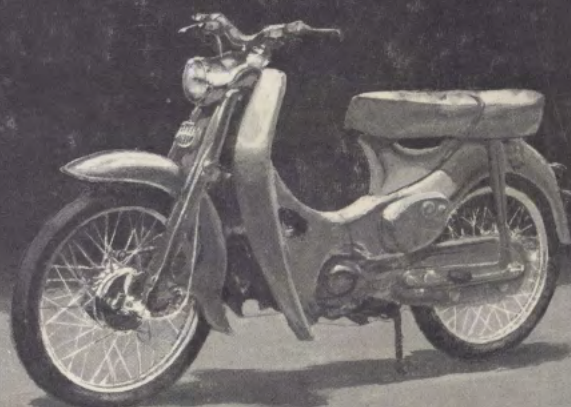
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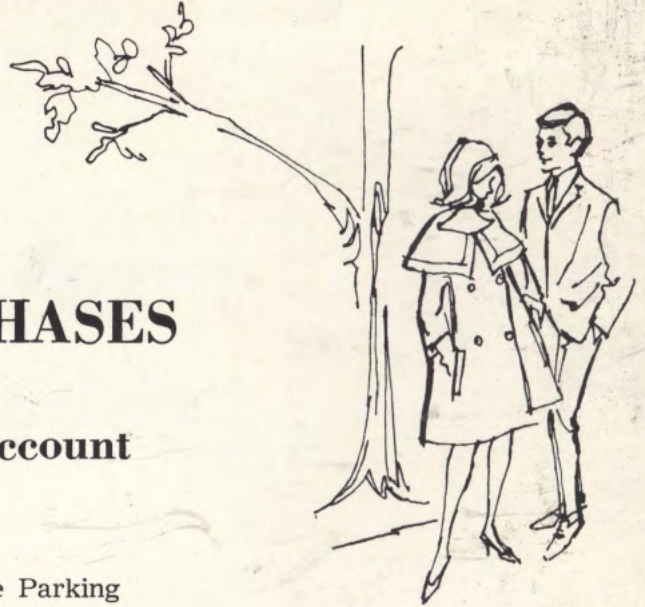
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EL BURRO



VOL. XXVI. NO. 2

NOVEMBER, 1963

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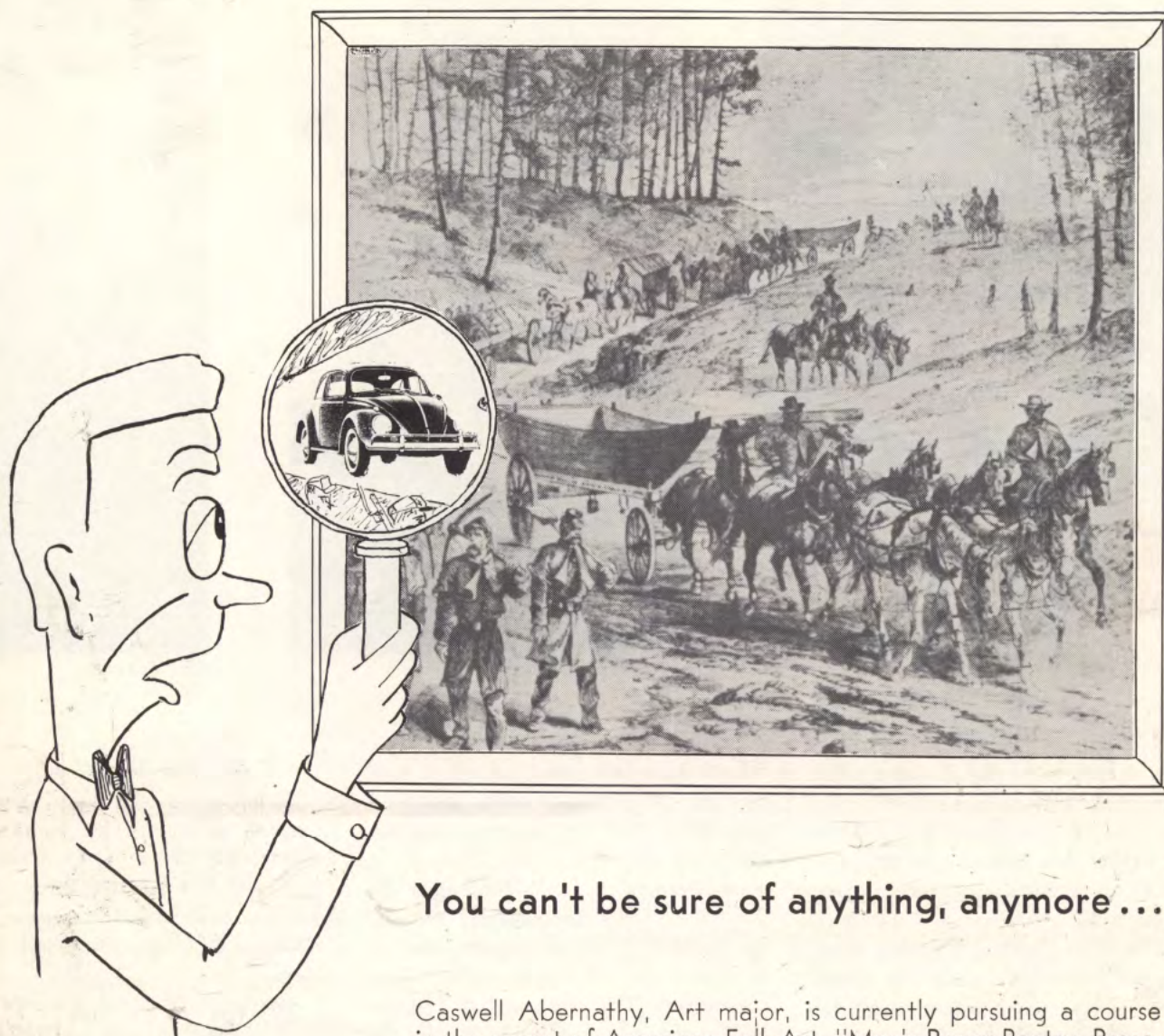
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DOWNTOWN • BASSETT



DORIS OBER

EB



HOWARD SIGMAN WHITE



CLIVE COCHRAN

A girl came into the *El Burro* office last month gnawing a hand-carved ankh strung about her neck on a thong. Then Ray's mother came up saying he had paid, but he had lost his receipt, and could he still get it. Who Ray was, I don't know. All I know is that Ray's mother needs to be put in a rubber room. She almost slipped into a "straitjacket way" because I couldn't help her. What kind of people wear ankhs around their necks? And what kind of people come up and get it for Ray when Ray could have gotten it himself? I prefer people who wear ankhs. It gives them something to gnaw on. Which keeps them out of rubber rooms.

All this is an indirect way to work into a discussion about this "No" issue of *El Burro*. It is common around this time in the *El Burro* publication year to print a "Rush Issue" or a "Lotsa Funnies" issue, or other such perfectly good diversionary issues. I picked the "No" idea—I *am responsible*; I hope the readers of *El Burro* understand that all this downputting is directed at propagating the big "Yes" humanity seeks to evade. Enough people said no to enough other people to effect the recent Bomb test-ban. Those oft-ridiculed people carrying negative

banners have been good enough to save my sex cells from possible biological scrambling. And that impresses me. I'm very fond of my sex cells. This is the point! Perhaps enough of those dirty old "beatniks" and "rabble-rousers" around the world will say no enough times to effect the end of bigger, better Titan construction. Then we could all run like hell to the nearest starving Hindu and feed him. Of course, a lot of people would lose their jobs . . .

The above statements are nice, homey philosophy, but not, I think, *inhuman*. Take a leisurely stroll behind the College someday toward the border and look at the huts clumped on the hills around Juarez. All the aspiring folksong-types in this Great Southwest have managed to miss the opportunity to compose a really hot-dang, golly-gosh song about this particular and immediate bit of pain and squalor. "And it's one more chorus of the Smothering Brothers singing bits of ethnic stupidity . . ."

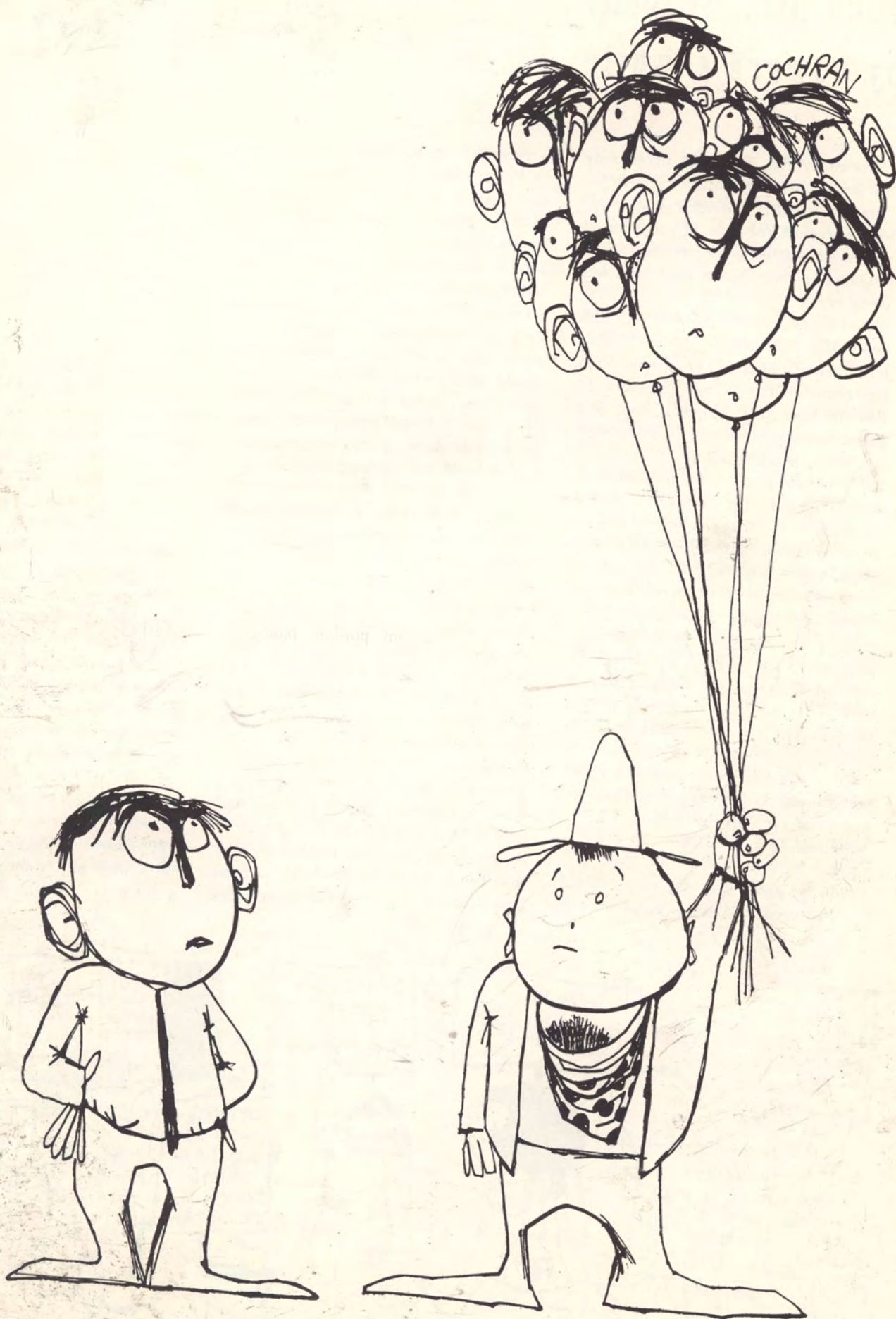
Read the stories by Doris Ober. ("Rain"; "Scotch—Thump—and Baby Alligators") They are worth your effort. Doris manages to bring two conditions of misery into careful perspective to produce the best fiction printed in *El Burro*

in my three years on the staff.

Clive Cochran, the new art editor, is a *talented* cartoonist. That is, he manages to transcend the realm of ordinary funny character drawing and move into that strange area endeavor which I call somewhat apprehensively, "serious humor."

The assistant editor, Howard White, joins the staff actively for the first time in this issue. His singing ability and direct knowledge of goings on on the folk scene make him a suitable author for a new feature on folk music. Howard is also a poet whose work is rarely rejected due to my weakness for fine writing.

There are no jokes in this issue, mainly because they are, I think, useless space fillers that can be replaced by student writing. It seems that humor in a joke is gauged in relation to sex. I find myself tripping about in a panic at the edges of the risqué, fearing a fateful plunge into printing useless vulgarity. Everyone knows lots of dirty jokes. Ask your friends to tell you some. If you have no friends come up to the *El Burro* office. I know a few goodies I learned on my grandmother's knee.



LOOK OVER YONDER!

by howard s. white



Remember that so-called hootenanny that was presented in Memorial Gymnasium last month? This attempt at recapping a scene is for those of you who, as victims of that elaborate private address system, were not able to hear what was going on.

About half-way through his set, Josh sang "Miss Otis Regrets," a quietly powerful murder ballad. It was memorable on two counts. First, its rendition revealed that the heretofore inimitable Josh Sr.'s guitar technique will not be completely lost when the elder White decides to retire. Secondly, as the last plaintive refrain was hanging in the air over a hushed audience, as the song's emotional content was reaching its most delicate plane, what should come shattering into the stillness but the raw howl of the period bell that no one remembered to disconnect.

The show continued. As his last song, Josh sang "The Road to Freedom." He left the stage, but the audience wanted more, and Josh came back with another freedom song for an encore. During the guitar introduction, the period bell decided to intrude a second time. Josh didn't miss a note. As the clang died away, the man came on with the opening lines of "Freedom Calling."

*In my ears I hear a ringing,
I've heard that sound before...*

From that beautiful ambiguity, he went on to sing about the ringing call of freedom. And as he sang, the senseless scream of that period bell began to take on a deeper, more meaningful connotation. It became something of a symbol for this writer. If only it could become a universal symbol, that raucous ring! Then every time it announced the beginning or end of a class period, an arresting image would pass through the mind of everyone within hearing. It would be an image of a new kind of liberty bell ringing through the halls of this college, punctuating each class day with reminders...

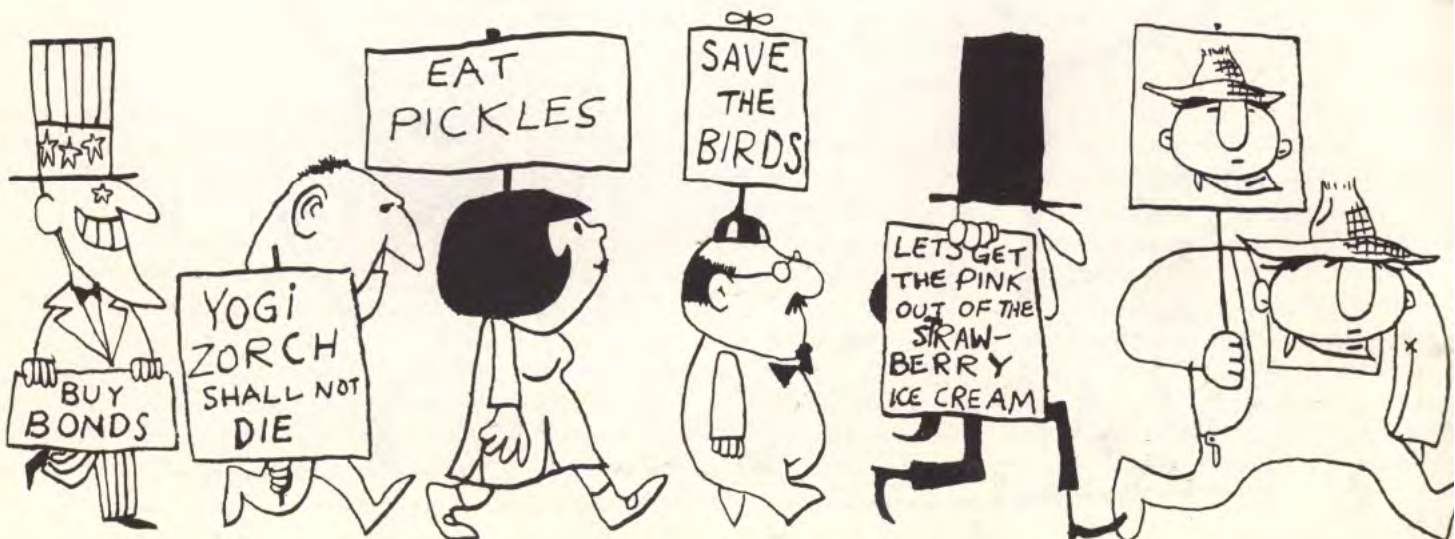
* * *

When folks have their civil rights threatened by governmental enmity or neglect, they usually don't like it a whole bunch. When their employers give them a raw deal, they usually don't like it even more. In fact, whenever people see someone working against their own interests or the interests of their friends, they tend to get riled up. The things they decide to do when they're in this state of mind may or may not be peaceful. But it just so happens that the common working man usually has a well-developed temper, and it is a rare day that he gets mad and does nothing at all about it. But what if the forces united against him are stronger than he is? What can he do if, say, the government and the law and the employ-

er are all friends? All together like that they would be too many for him to lick. To be sure, things have often been that bad or worse for the working man, and any history book will disclose. And one of the weapons that groups of oppressed people have often found to be of aid in their fighting is the topical song of protest. Every street fighter knows that the best weapon is often the one that looks most harmless—be the avenue of battle Wall Street or the road to freedom. That way one's opponents don't really know how well armed he actually is until it's too late. And songs aren't such poor weapons, either.

"The songs of the working people have always been their sharpest statement, and the statement that cannot be destroyed. You can burn books, you can buy newspapers, you can guard against handbills and pamphlets, but you cannot prevent singing."

John Steinbeck said that. He was right too. Songs of protest have been with us almost as long as singing. The new music we hear so much of lately under the general heading of "freedom songs" is only a very recent development in the history of the sung protest. For most of us today, of course, it is the most important part of that history, since it definitely has a message for the present. But that is not to say that the older songs cannot



be a source of great enjoyment when one understands their sources and the conditions under which they first came to be sung.

Since most protest songs are written for a particular issue and are not expected to embody any lasting sentiment, many of them are written to standard folk tunes. Often, near parodies result, as in this Southern picket-line song. Try singing it to the tune of "We Shall Not be Moved."

*Berker is a stinker,
He should be removed;
Berker is a stinker,
He should be removed;
Just like a fly that's sticking in the
butter,
He should be removed.*

For obvious reasons, such a song is not hard to learn. A striking group of laborers or a mass of demonstrators can pick up the words and tune in no time at all. This, of course, is the protest song's most potent characteristic. When a milling group of protesters starts singing a song together, they cease to be merely an unorganized and angry mob and become an angry mob with a single purpose. They become united in a common effort.

And by making their grievances known to the opposition, the singing protesters may be able to bridge the gap of misunderstanding and animosity between the disagreeing parties.

Among the most outstanding protest songs are those which have to do with the labor movement. A few that come to mind are "Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill," "The Workingman's Train," "Pat Works on the Railway," "Roll the Union On," and an interestingly brief song that was sung during the disputes between the CIO and Henry Ford.

*Go tell young Henry,
Go tell young Henry,
Go tell young Henry,
The Old Ford system's dead.*

The tune, of course, is "Go Tell Aunt Rhody." Not infrequently the fury in a protest song is hidden behind enough simple ridicule to affect one's sense of humor. If it is possible to get many people laughing at the person or persons who are causing the trouble, a lot has already been accomplished.

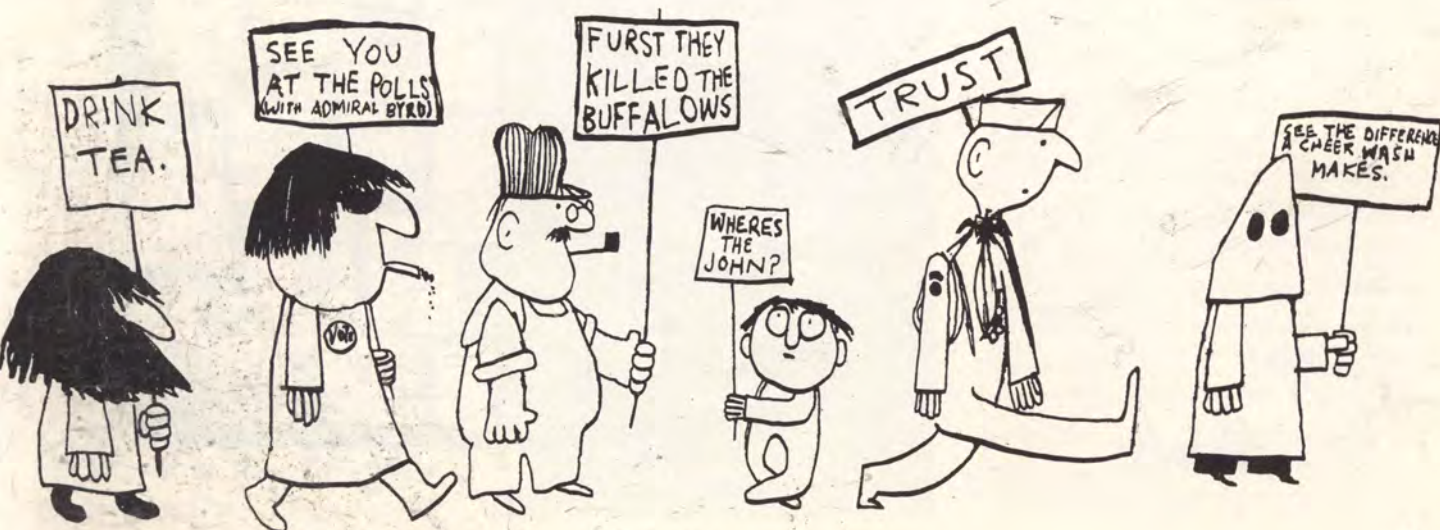
There is a large body of the protest music, however, in which humor is rare. As a whole, the songs of the Negro people are the saddest songs in the world. Every now and then, examples of musical joking or horsing around can be located. But, as often as not, it is of the sort that puts one in mind of that old blues line, "Lord, I'm a-laughin' just to keep from cryin'." It's not easy to mix comedy with tragedy, though.

One outstanding characteristic in nearly all Negro freedom songs is the great pre-

ponderance of future-tense verbs. It's about time for a change, it seems. When will it be possible to sing "We *have* overcome," or "We *did* walk that road that we walked long before"?

Even so brief a discussion of topical songs as this would not be complete without some mention of those composers whose works were good enough to cause their names to be remembered. In his excellent book, *American Folksongs of Protest*, John Greenway mentions Ella May Wiggins, Aunt Molly Jackson, Joe Glazer, and the master of them all, Woodie Guthrie. Alan Lomax had called Guthrie "The best folk ballad composer whose identity has ever been known," and with good reason. To try to mention a few of his best efforts would be futile. All of them are better than every other one, believe it or not. A few of his better known ones are "This Land," "Roll On, Columbia," "Pastures of Plenty," "So Long—It's Been Good to Know You," "Great Philadelphia Lawyer," "Plane Wreck at Los Gatos," and "Pretty Boy Floyd." There are at least five-hundred more, though, that nobody big has recorded recently. Don't worry, The Trio will go to them soon enough.

It is doubtful that Woodie Guthrie will ever again put any more words and music together, though it is hard to believe that such a spirit as his will ever really



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die. Perhaps something of his vast native wisdom has rubbed off on a young man who goes every now and then to visit Guthrie in New Jersey's Greystone Hospital. Fellow's name is Bob Dylan. He has made two albums of the best recent music this writer has heard in years. Songs like "Blowin' in the Wind" and "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right" and "A Hard Rain A-Gonna Fall" and "Oxford Town." When one first hears Dylan, he realizes what folk music really is. It is true that Dylan writes almost all of the music he sings, and there are those who would argue vehemently that his work is not "of the folk." That all depends on which *folk* they are speaking of, seems like. Perhaps they would like to have the whole folk process shut off like a faucet of something. There are already too many words on this subject though. Big Bill Broonzy said it quite well a long time ago. "I guess all songs is folk songs. I never heard no horse sing 'em."

To wrap things up, here is an original protest song that was inspired by a certain person in authority in a certain Southern state. It goes to the tune of "Where Have You Been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy."

GUV'NOR WALLY

Come and listen unto me, Wally Boy,
Wally Boy,
Come and listen unto me, Guv'ner Wally,
Come and listen unto me, soon we'll

have a jubilee,
Won't be long now, the great day is a-coming.

Oh, where will you be, Wally Boy,
Wally Boy,
Oh, where will you be, Guv'ner Wally,
Oh, where will you be when the
Negroes all are free?
Won't be long now, the great day is a-coming.

How long will you last, etc.
How long will you last when the
Negro vote is cast?—(Refrain)

You do not have time to waste, etc.
You do not have time to waste to
find a place to hide your face.

Take your friends to that place, too,
etc.
Take your friends to that place, too,
We don't want no more like you.

If your friends don't want to hide,
etc.
If your friends don't want to hide,
Send 'em over to our side.

No more breath I'm gonna waste,
etc.
No more breath I'm gonna waste,
Your name leaves a bitter taste.

—HOWARD S. WHITE



His arms hang from his shirt sleeves like clangers from a bell.—It bothers me, although I know it's just a dream. I'm in a speeding car with someone I don't know, but I know for sure that we're going somewhere—we have a destination. It seems that we can't go where we want to, we can't seem to drive in the right direction. No one actually stops us, there's just detour signs and road blocks of some sort. The faster we go, the more signs there are and we just keep on driving and driving. Just as we're about to turn down the street that we want to, another "detour" sign appears and . . . — He looked up and seemed to wonder at the presence of others.— Must be some sort of psycho stuff or something, he half-laughed and then—It's sort of like "the man who wasn't there." You know, he told the questioning faces, the jingle:

As I was going down the stairs,
I met a man who wasn't there.
I met him there again today,
I wish, I wish he'd go away.

It's not actually anything, it just bothers me.—He left them with "back to the old grind" or some such euphemism that he thought they expected him to say. And they probably did.

Detour signs. The no-ism that infects young people and usually erupts in a rash of ban-the-bomb or civil rights demonstrations. "Avoid touchy subjects" or "that's not the thing to do." "Don't think that because you are acting different that you really ARE different," they tell youth. "You're just being exhibitionists." It's popular to be beat and that means rebelling against organized society.

Nothing, after all, is wrong with organizations. The Ku Klux Klan or

NO!

AN ESSAY

By Therese Melendez

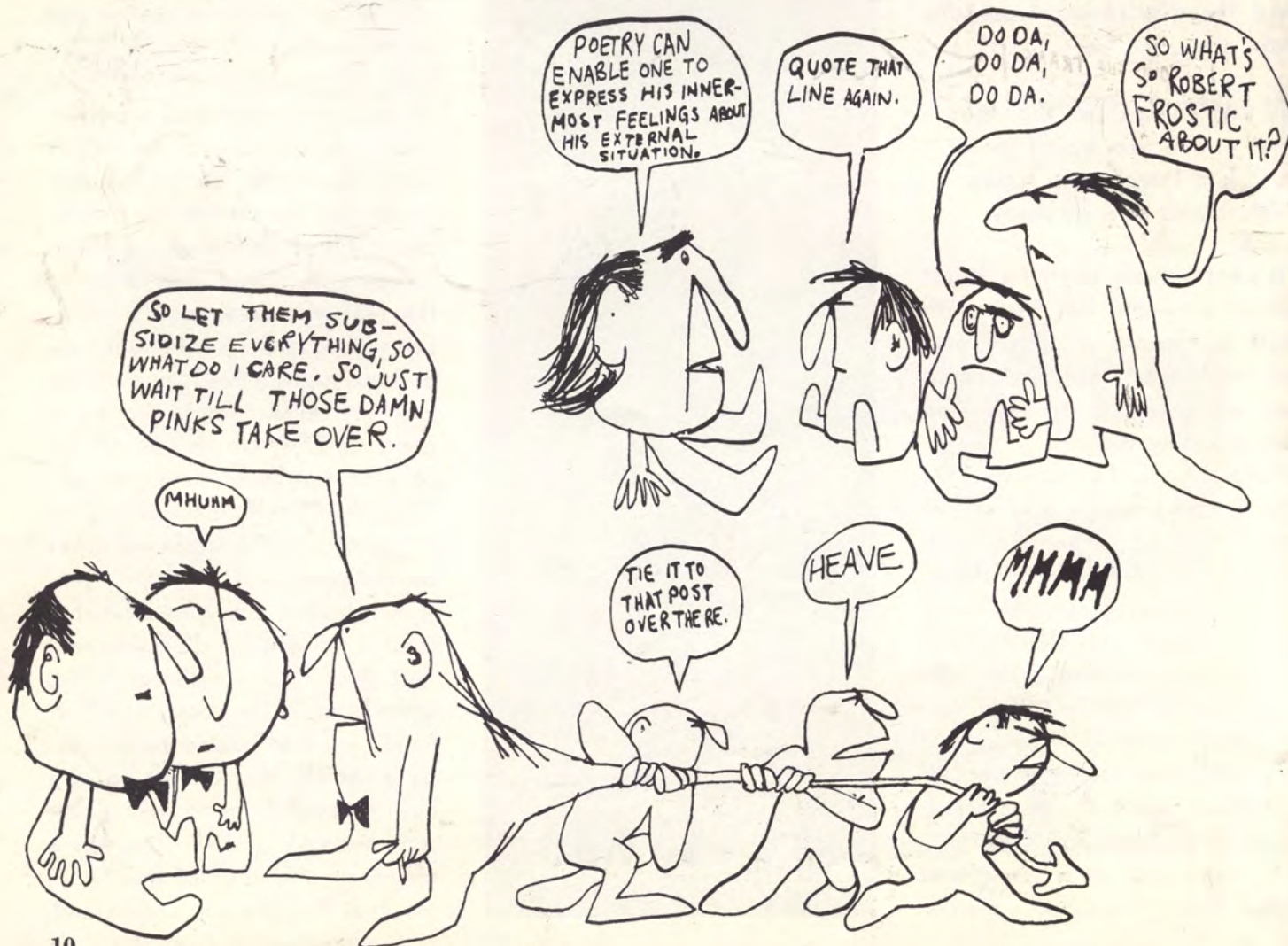
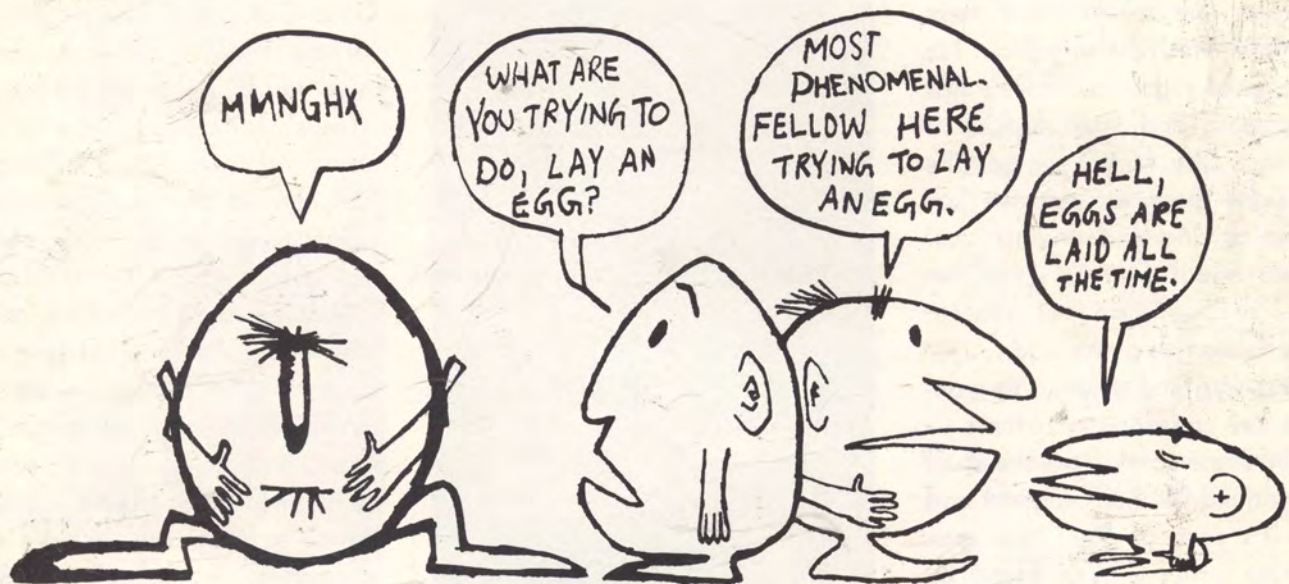
the Black Muslims or the Cosa Nostra or Murder Inc. are all products of organized society. So are prefabricated houses, prefabricated families, and prefabricated thoughts. Read the books on the best-seller lists, visit "guided" art museums, go on world tours. Drink Coca-Cola, go first class, live better electrically, die—no one will miss you. There are too many "You's" for one less you to make any difference. Never attempt to look at God from a different viewpoint; paint, write, think of Him as all others do. A different painting, a beat poem might change Him into a Person that you won't be able to recognize because you never bothered to know Him anyhow. And never, under any circumstances, let people change things as they are. What's good enough for him is good enough for you. Round and round you go and when you fall off, don't look for help—there ain't any. Everyone is on the merry-go-round up there over your head. See all the bright, shiny faces. See all the painted smiles and the rest of the clowns. Like children on a ferris wheel. Frozen with fright and gripping the seat with cold, sweaty hands, but smiling and trying to look happy because Mommy is down there and she thinks you're having a good time. Wave as you go by, children, but never, never get off. You might just find something totally new and the world will never be the same.

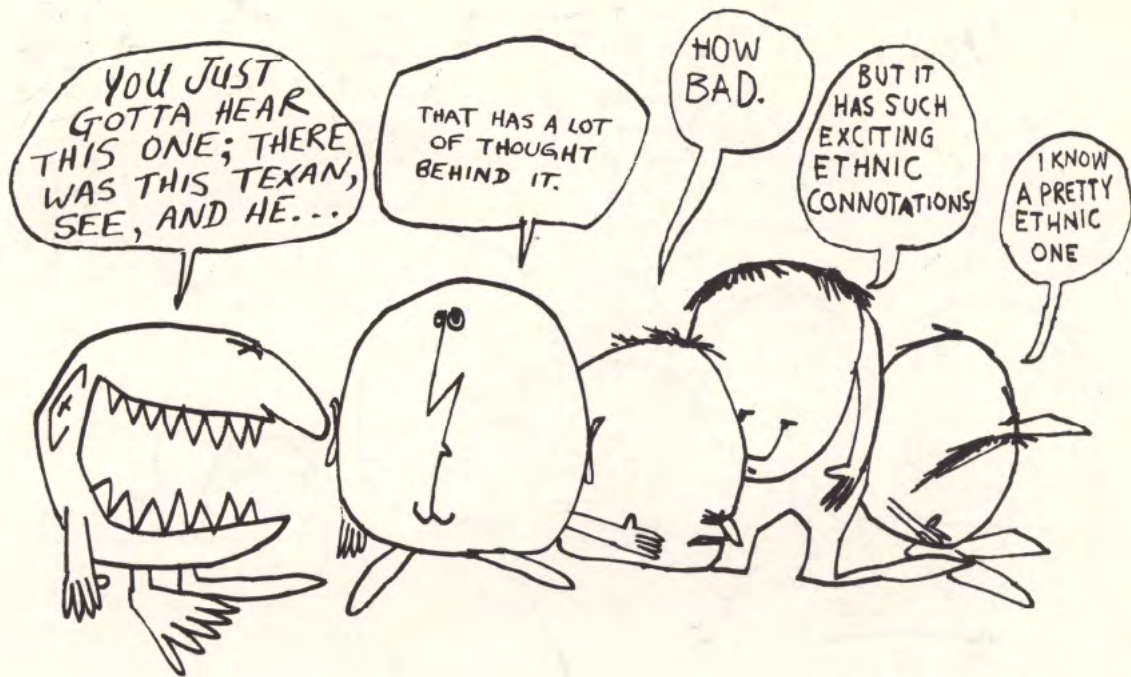
A rebellion does not exist, but what is worse is the disillusionment that does. The world's future lies in the hands of the young, and their hands are tied behind their backs by a society that refuses to give any responsibilities to willing persons because of their age. It's a play-like world in which these people live. Play-like you understand,

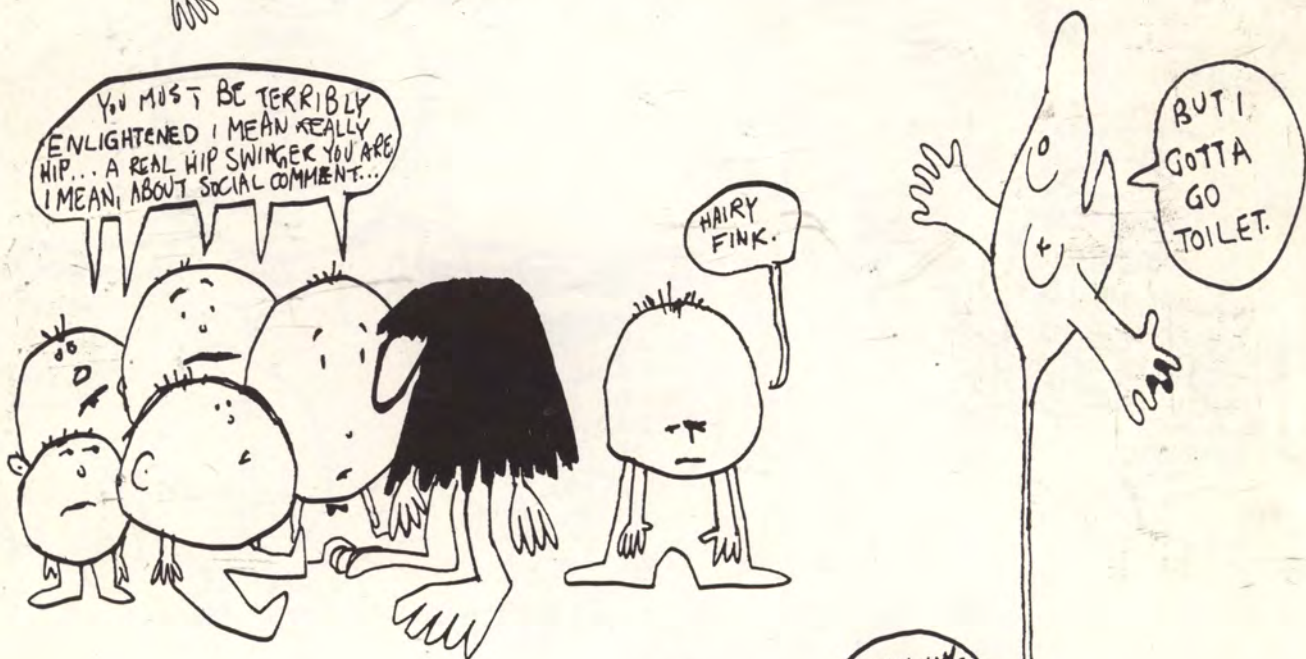
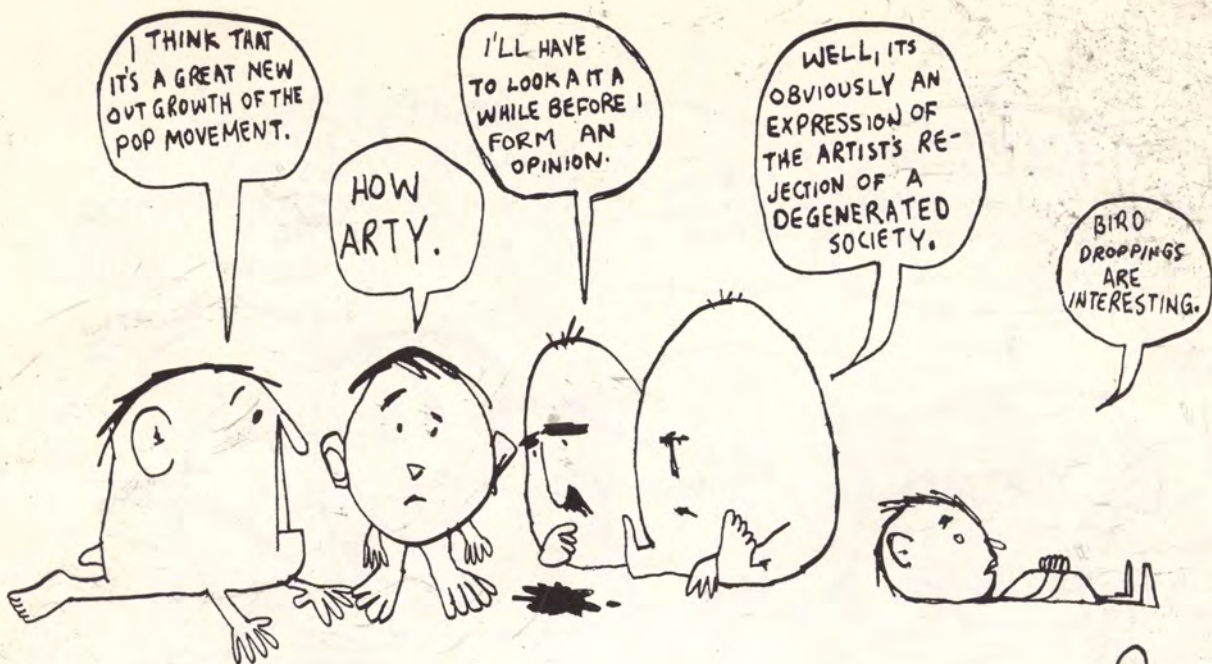
(Continued on Page 45)

The Oval Ogres

Cartoon art by Clive Cochran







THERE IS NOTHING,
SON, LIKE A GOOD
CIGAR. A MAN FEELS
LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS
WITH A GOOD CIGAR.
THIS ONE COST 39¢,
CARE FOR A DRAG.



GET
THAT SMELLY
THING AWAY
FROM ME



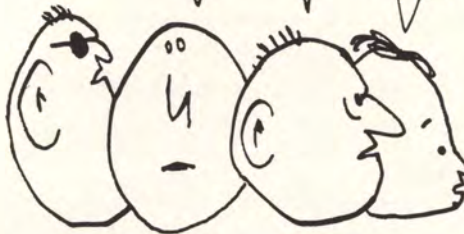
I SANG
THE SOUL RIGHT
OUT OF MY
BELLY.

HOW
ETHNIC.

BRINGS
CULTURE
RIGHT STRAIGHT
TO OUR FOLK-
WAYS.

HUM

DO
DA
DO
DA.



THE
WHOLE
WORLD IS
WONDERFUL.
I LOVE IT, THE
WHOLE WORLD.
I LOVE EVERY-
BODY.

WHAT
AN
ASS.

YOU'D
THINK HE'D
KNOW BETTER.
AFTER ALL,
THEY TOOK
AWAY HIS
FIG NEWTONS

SOME
PEOPLE
NEVER
LEARN.

ALL THE TIME
ON YOUR HIGH AND
MIGHTY PEDESTAL WITH
YOUR ROSE GLASSES. WHY'NT
CHOD COME DOWN, I BET
YOU'RE CHICKEN.



DON'T
BLAME YOUR-
SELF, DAMMIT.

YES, ONE CAN
ONLY DO HIS BEST.
HE WAS ALWAYS TOO
SELF CENTERED. SUCH
A SELFISH LAD. TOO
BAD.

YES,
TOO BAD,
HE SHOWED
SUCH PRO-
MISE

YES, HE HAD A
GOOD THING GOING AND
HE BLEW IT. JUST SHOWS
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU
LOOK A GIFT HORSE
IN THE MOUTH.

OH
WELL, HE
WON'T GET
FAR NOW.

YOU GET
A FACEFUL
OF BAD
BREATH.



RABBLE.



COLLIER
13

A MEASURE OF TIME

*It is easier to see him now.
Two thousand miles and many months distant
Is so much closer than the length of a room
Or the width of a bed
When time pretends to be forever.*

—DORIS A. OBER

AMONG THE BRAWL

*flung somewhere, thither, hither,
whither,
among the brawl, the daylight crowd that packs the township park;
i am incensed, i dash spittle to the populace;
oh, they come ceaselessly, rowing small boats upon blue lakes,
feeding swans, and building tabernacles,
growing carbuncles, flaying flogging,
hoplessly, i tell you,
heartlessly, i tell you,
heartlessly,
and sometimes they are deadly,
but don't know the extent of their death,
and feed instead on cotton candy.*

*mother runs fat fingers across child's well-combed hair:
she loves him so and feeds him minute oat meal
and somewhere, alone, child whimpers hoplessly,
child child
what more or less, the sum and purpose,
the epigrams of high priests,
the daydreams of the neighbor-daughter,
five years old and long-deflowered
by thoughts of father, middle-aged and undersexed.*

*but true to form and less than more
the hubbub rouses sanities and followings,
mass castrations,
tearful mournings for the son kilt by tha gooks
—all pleasures these, like liverwurst and beer . . .*

*but i am led on, saying more and less,
the time to come, alleluyas,
symphonies and poems—the people that don't starve don't live
i think, to say the least, at least;
and poppycock and buttermilk and*

*Freude schöner Götterfunken,
Tochter aus Elysium!
Alle Menschen werden Brüder,
rumbadumbarattattatum*

—WILLIAM KLEY

RAIN

by doris a. ober

"Did you bring anything?"

"No; it's a bad night—raining."

"Look, we gotta eat. The rain don't stop *that*."

"damn it, Ma, it's raining; there's just nobody out tonight."

"It ain't raining in the bars is it? What am I supposed to do about food? We count on you Lēs; you gotta bring the money. It ain't a sin if you do it for food."

"Oh, Jesus, Ma, will you leave me alone. It's raining. It's cold and raining."

"You think it's fun for me? Yeah, I love the sound of that brat always crying. Oh, yeah, it's great sitting in this rat hole listening to that brat screaming for food. It's real comfortable for me. It's real nice here. I just love it. And what the hell if there's no food? Girl's got to watch her figure."

Her mother's comment was accompanied by a frozen chuckle, and a pat of her baby-bloated stomach. Leslie turned away. "Jesus, leave me alone." She crossed the cramped room, a kitchen whose function had been almost forgotten, and fell onto the cot near the refrigerator. She was sixteen; a skinny, old woman-child. She was extremely plain; all prettiness that exists on the inside of young girls had been gnawed away by necessity in this one, and had left her with only a small bit of Self hidden in her very large eyes. Her hair was long straggles of brown around a sallow complexion, and her small-boned body was clothed in a dress of her mother's former profession.

"That's fine, just fine. Little Miss Sunshine herself. You come in from a day of doing God knows what, you throw us a 'Jesus, leave me alone,' and then you go to bed. We supposed to eat that 'leave me alone' bit? We supposed to tuck you in? You must be really damn tired."

"Shut up."

"Crap."

The girl got up from the cot and started toward the bedroom that she and her mother and brother shared. At the door she turned to face her mother. "I was embarrassed to wear this dress. It's too big, and the color is terrible."

"Are you nuts? I think you're nuts. Jesus Christ! I can't believe it. Well, dear, I'm sorry. I'll run right out and buy you four or five different dresses right now. And while I'm gone, there's one potato left; you see to dinner."

The door slammed shut, the little boy began to wail, and Leslie stepped into the dark room and closed her door. It was a box. A box that held an old iron-posted bed, a mattress on the floor, a dresser, and a sink. She knelt beside the mattress and, lifting the lower corner, picked up a small chipped mirror. Slipping the glass into the pocket of her mother's dress, she came out again into the kitchen.

"We're going to play a game, Boo. But you have to stop crying . . . Good. Now. You count to ten, and then you go into the bedroom and lie down on the bed, and don't talk or anything until I call you. OK? 'Member how I showed you to count? One, two, three . . ."

"One, two, three, four, five, seven, eight, nine, ten."

"Very good. Now go in the bedroom."

She stood for a minute, stiff and alone in the quiet; and then her shoulders slumped. She bent to salvage the remaining potato, under the sink, and ran cold water over the rough brown skin, watching the pock-marked sockets fill and run over the spud like tears over cheeks. On the window ledge over the sink she felt for the paring knife, and began to peel the potato. She swept her hair away from her eyes, and unwound from the food a single curl of meaty paper. After dropping it in the sink she reached up for an old and bruised pot which hung from a nail on the wall. She sliced the potato, filled the pot with a little water, and walked to the stove. Automatically she turned on the gas, and looked for the flame that hadn't lit without help for months. She reached tiredly for a match.

"Leslie?"

"I didn't call you yet."

"But I don't wanna play this any . . ."

"You just be quiet. Here take the potato peel, and don't bother me again till I call you, or I'll get mad."

Leslie dragged a chair over to the stove, and sat down so that the light from the window was full on her face, and took out her mirror. The first days of the mirror she had cried to see herself so plain, but now she had become strangely objective. Not only her appearance, but her whole thoughts and real life seen through the looking glass. There was nothing of herself that was not examined, studied, made a part of her mirror. Life was as real as her mirror saw it. From

(Continued on Page 42)



town built on sand

by **howard s. white**

He swung the duffel bag off his shoulder and set the typewriter case down in the middle of the alley and stood looking up at the window above the garage for several minutes. He knew she was up in the apartment, for he had seen her faded blue station wagon parked out by the front curb. She's sitting on the bed across the room, he thought, combing her hair or writing one of those mysterious letters. She wouldn't be drinking this early, not alone anyway. He tossed a pebble at the window to announce his presence and waited for a reaction. Nothing happened. Maybe she's asleep, he thought. He tried the door. It was unlocked. He picked up his baggage and mounted the stairs to her room. The front room was empty, but once he had set his things down in a

corner, he heard the shower running in the bathroom.

There was nothing to drink in the place but some cheap wine. He sipped it once, sat down on the bed, and tried to keep from thinking as he finished off the rest of the bottle. The shower noises stopped. In the second before the bathroom door opened, he realized that his whole ruse was as transparent as a childhood lie. She would see through his excuses immediately. What had kept him from going back to El Paso as soon as he had lost his job? Why did he feel compelled to stay an extra two weeks in California? How could he explain without coming right out with the truth and telling her that he couldn't go back without knowing—His thinking was chopped off with the opening of the

bathroom door. She walked into the room drying her long blond hair with a towel that was bright turquoise and very large. He started to speak, but he found that there were no words to be said. His tongue seemed to have tightened up at the base, frozen. And so he just stared, unable to speak, unable to move his eyes from her nakedness.

He had never before seen her naked, but he had tried to imagine what she would be like. He had looked at the way her clothes loosened here and tightened there, and he had wondered. Now he no longer had to wonder. The parts of her body that she had taken so many pains to conceal from him over the months were now, by accident, completely revealed to him. Now, his physical knowl-



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edge of her was without limit. He could do nothing to keep himself from looking at the way her shoulders and breasts moved as she rubbed the turquoise towel briskly through her hair. The slim thighs and slightly rounded stomach tensed and relaxed when she shifted her footing for balance. His emotions were drunk with sensual desire, but his mind remained strangely passive, almost dormant. It was as if some basic, necessary store of mental energy had left him. His mind was turned off. Because of this, when he was later to try to call up an image of the scene, he found that nothing very clear remained in his memory. From what he was later able to picture in his mind, the whole thing might well have been a dream or vision of the moment, a simple erotic hallucination. After a long, long time, she finished drying her hair on the towel and hung it on the back of a chair. Then she turned and looked up, and their eyes met. She started.

"Oh!" she gasped, jerking the towel up to cover her body. "I... I... I didn't expect..." She stopped and smiled and laughed nervously. It was the first time he had ever seen her out of control in a situation, but it only lasted a second. All of a sudden, she was her own calm, graceful self again, thoroughly composed. "I didn't know you were coming, Shannon," she said. Smiling pleasantly at him, she wrapped the towel around herself and sat carefully in the chair.

"Well, uh, neither did I," he said inanely, trying desperately to remember some fact that would account for his presence in the room. "Things got to happen kind of fast up there. My job fell through and I got put out of my apartment a couple days ago." He talked as fast as his thoughts allowed so that she would ask no questions and so that he himself would ask no questions either. "I didn't want to get stuck up in Ventura for the rest of the summer, so I caught a ride down. Anything happened since last Sunday?" Maybe I can get her thinking in a safe direction, he thought.

"Not a lot, really."

"Have you been accepted at the art school yet?"

"No, I haven't even sent in the portfolio. If you really want to know, I don't want to get involved with anything like that right away. I mean not until the end of the summer, at least."

"Yeah." He couldn't think of anything

else to say. There was a pause.

"Are you going to go back right away?" she asked.

"Uh . . . I thought I'd try to do a few of the things I came out here to do first. I didn't really intend to get a job at all, you know, when I decided to come out here. I just wanted to do some writing and look at the Pacific Ocean for a few months. I don't know for sure what happened, but suddenly I was broke, and then I didn't have any choice. I . . . I wanted to see more of you than I did, too."

"Well, that's taken care of," she said. They both laughed.

"Where are you going to stay?" she asked. "Do you know anyone in Hermosa?"

"Yeah," he lied, committing himself to exactly what he had wanted to avoid, "I've got a few addresses. Will it be all right if I leave my stuff here for a few days until I find a place to stay?" Damn damn damn damn! I said it all wrong, he thought.

"Sure, you can leave your things here as long as you like," she said. The conversation was entering upon important matters now, and he wanted to postpone it because he was having trouble thinking clearly. How could he think clearly with her wearing nothing but a towel? He improvised an excuse and told her that he wanted to go down to the beach before it got too cool to swim. He went into the bathroom to put on his swim suit. When he came out, she was wearing shorts and a halter.

"Do you mind if I go down with you?" she asked. He repressed a sarcastic remark and said he would like it very much. He got a towel from his duffel bag and followed her downstairs. They walked down the alley towards the beach.

"You could always stay with me in my apartment, you know, Shannon," she said sweetly, nearly causing his legs to buckle beneath him.

"What?"

"Why don't you stay in my apartment? There's not very much room, but if you don't mind . . ." He jumped gratefully into the opening she had created, knowing as he did that he had reacted too quickly to her proposal, that the things he said were too eager and unsubtle.

"Are you sure it won't be any trouble, for a week or two?" She looked away from him and blinked her eyes several



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times as if she hadn't asked him to stay at all, as if he had been the one to ask, as if two weeks with him would be hell. He tried to think of something that would amend what he had just said, but couldn't.

"Well," she started. She stopped and frowned slightly. You said it too fast, you dumb ass, he thought, now she knows for sure. She spoke, and he hung on every word.

"It's completely all right with *me*, of course, but there's something you should know. You see there's this boy named Greg who I used to sort of . . . go around with. He's living here, now. Uh . . . I'm not sure how to say this." He waited quietly while she thought. They reached the beach and found a place to spread their towels. He knew that this dramatic pause was most likely part of one of her little facade-protecting productions, one of her "tact acts," as he called them. He hoped that her tendency to put on these shows was due to a sincere desire to be kind and sweet to other people. Not that he could understand such a desire, but such an explanation was better than admitting that she was a phony. So he did not really hold it against her. One can accept many distasteful things in the right person. Finally she looked up and spoke with studied concentration.

"Greg has been coming over a lot the last few days. I . . . I . . . haven't encouraged him at *all*, I don't want to get involved with him again. What I'm trying to say is that things might be a trifle . . . uncomfortable . . . at times. With both of you here, like that." She was speaking hurriedly, trying heroically for just the right nuance of ambiguity. "I mean, I *know* you're thinking that it's really my fault." She paused. "Shannon." It was her most endearing tone. "I don't want you to get the wrong idea about Greg. He's really a *very* nice boy and all, very intelligent and interesting. It's just that . . . well, he's also quite persistent." There was another slight pause.

"I see," he said. When speaking to him of Greg, she was apparently somewhat dismayed, but not so apparently that he could be sure which one of them she was dismayed by.

"When did you meet him?" Might as well have a little more to go on, he thought.

"Out here two years ago. He's a surfer." Shannon winced. "Oh, stop it! He isn't like the ones around here. Those

aren't actual surfers, Shannon." Suddenly, convulsively, he laughed. It was one of those rare laughs that is stimulated by a realized absurdity. He was thinking of surfing music playing on the radios of a city located over a thousand miles from the nearest ocean. He was thinking of legions of slim, tanned, peroxide-blond boys in loud bathing suits. He was thinking of beaches lined with unwaxed, unscarred surfboards. And for just a second, before he was able to force the thought back to oblivion in his mind, he was thinking of the kind of girl who would travel across the country to be near these things of the ocean while never once touching the water herself. He stood up from the sand and, still laughing, ran into the water. He swam out past the crowded shallows until he was in colder, darker, rougher water. There, he trod water for nearly an hour, watching the horizon line dip and rise next to the sky.

That night at the apartment, there was a party of sorts. At first, actually, there were only the two of them and a few bottles of wine. He got her to talk for a while about Greg and began to feel a definite antipathy toward him. He was still unsure of the way *she* felt about the guy, but if he could take her words at face value, she considered him something of nuisance. He was never quite sure of the level of interpretation he should apply to her words though. She was very intelligent. And she was either the most honest and genuinely gracious person he had ever met or the most deceitful. He could not tell which. He was only partly aware of a slight sense of perplexity and, perhaps, of dejection. And these things, at this time, only made him want to drink.

He had come to a conclusion about Hermosa the first day he had been there at the beginning of the summer. It was a town built on sand and full of cats. Wherever one looked, on the streets of the town, on the beaches, in the empty lots, stray cats wandered. In the daytime, anyway. At night, the cats went away someplace, or maybe they just hid. But they were replaced, as if with a changing of the guard, by other wanderers who probably liked to think of themselves as cats of a different sort. When it was dark, these people came out and walked through the town built on sand looking for things to do.

It seemed that everyone in Hermosa

was broke. There was no visible reason for suspecting that any of them had money. But, strangely enough, they were rarely without a bottle in the evening. They roamed through the town with their bottles of cheap wine, for though all had bottles, few had places to drink. Several of these groups ended up at the apartment. As more and more people crowded into the small room, he lost track of time and the number of drinks he had consumed. He also lost the chance to talk to her. There was laughter and music and talking. He met many names and a few people.

As the evening progressed his first jealousy and distaste toward Greg grew into a clear, pure hatred. There began to grow in his mind a somewhat drunken plan of action. He wanted very much to find the guy and attack him with a large club. Although a part of his mind knew very well the impracticality of his actions, he decided to take a bottle of wine and go down to the beach and study the way waves broke. He had some confused notion that knowledge of the surf would in some way make up for his scant knowledge of Greg and give him some foundation for the future. He tucked a bottle

under his belt and left. Once down at the water's edge, however, with a cold wind cutting through his shirt, he found it easy to re-evaluate the worth of such knowledge. He watched a couple breakers come in and then turned to go back to the apartment. As he started through the sand, he noticed a lone figure standing by the lifeguard tower. At second glance, he was able to make out that it was a slim girl with long blond hair. He went a little closer. Yes, it was she. As yet, she had not seen him. He took the bottle out of his belt and finished it off and threw it into the water. Then he walked unsteadily over to where she was standing.

"Hi, there," he said. She started, recognized him, and smiled.

"Oh, you startled me. What are you doing down here?"

"Same thing as you, I guess. It's pretty at night," he said, nodding at the ocean.

"Well, I'm getting cold," she said. "You about ready to go back?"

"Just a minute, I'd like to talk to you for a minute, if you don't mind." He didn't really know what he wanted to say to her, but he didn't want her to leave. He was too drunk to care much whether

he gave himself away or not. "You know, something's been bothering me quite a bit, lately. I been thinking of chances and all. Did you ever stop to think of how much chance there is against any certain thing happening? I mean, like just any particular thing, like... like..." He looked around him for an example and could find nothing to really illustrate what he was saying. "Oh, you know, something which wasn't planned out or intended, something like... well, like you or me living as long as we have. You know, thousands of babies don't live for any length of time at all, and thousands of kids get killed, and thousands of teenagers. By the time you get to be twenty or so, you've already defeated all kinds of odds against you living. Have you ever thought about that?"

"Yes, I think so, if I understand what you're saying."

"Well, you got to take into account the possibility of wars, and accidents, too, you know. And then, what I'm getting at, what are the chances of any two people meeting, you know? What if there really is only *one* person in the world that any other *one* person could really understand and love? They try to convince us

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that it isn't like that at all, that *any* two people could get along just fine, could live together all their life with no sweat if they just worked at it. But what if that isn't the way it's supposed to be at all? There's only that one person, say, well what are the chances that you'll ever meet that one person? Maybe you just happen to pass her on the street, come that close, and then not ever even see her again. Or maybe that one person, the only one you could ever love, just happens to get killed by a train the day before you would have met her. What about that? But the worst thing of all, the thing that's really been bothering me lately, what if you *do* meet her, and get to *know* her, and then, because of one little mistake, some little slip, the two of you don't communicate well *one* time, and she doesn't realize that you are the only person she will ever find that she could love. And she goes off, just because of that one misunderstanding, and the both of you end up just wandering around for the rest of your lives." He paused a minute, thinking that she might say something that would let him know she followed what he said. But she said nothing.

"Something else I been thinking about. Kerouac said it in his Mexico City Blues. And it's really true. He said something like 'Be sure to tell them you love them which you do.' It's a funny way to say it, but it's clear enough, I guess, and it's something I've remembered a long time. And so, just in case you never suspected it or something like that, I just wanted to tell you that I love you." He felt strangely out of breath, but he knew that it would ruin everything unless he finished. "I love you because of too many things to say *what* they all are. You seem to agree with my image of the one person I might be able to get along with for a whole lifetime. That's an awful long time, you know. It'd be taking too big a chance *not* to tell you this, you know what I mean? Because just maybe you never thought of it, that I might love you, and maybe we would never understand each other because of me not telling you. I know I might have screwed everything up by telling it to you like this, and I wanted to tell you when I was sober, but I don't think I ever would have done it. I know some people can't bear the thought that somebody loves them. For some reason, it seems to make them all uneasy and jittery. I don't know why. To have

ment there is, and you don't have to do anything back..." He paused again, hopefully waiting. She spoke very slowly and carefully, it seemed to him. And as she spoke, he died a little.

"I... I... Well, I don't think you need to worry that... I mean, what you said about the person being jittery." Now he knew. If she felt anything for him, she would have said it first. He interrupted her.

"What I meant was I *know* you don't feel towards me anything like what I feel towards *you*," he said quickly. "I had to tell you now because I'm going to be here for such a short time and all. But I want to make sure you understand. And I would like very much to keep in touch with you, to be friends, at least. No, I didn't mean 'at least.' A friendship is a very big thing..." He had to stop to catch his breath. His head felt very cold and light.

"God, I'm glad you said that, about being friends," she said. He looked at her eyes and saw a lot of things.

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you." His body felt so unsteady, all of a sudden. He staggered, and she caught his arm.

"Come on, let's go back," she said.

When he awoke the next afternoon, he was alone in the apartment. He showered and dressed and went out for a walk. He wanted to take one more look at the town before he left. After going down to the beach, he started walking toward the large pier he could see to the south.

There was now no doubt but that he should leave as soon as possible. In spite of her reassurances, he knew his presence would make her uncomfortable. When one is loved by another, certain inexplicable obligations somehow limit one's actions around the other person. At first it isn't too bad, but eventually one begins to feel some guilt for the simple fact that he is not returning the proffered affection. And with the guilt comes resentment. He knew these things well enough to know that he should leave.

He was yet halfway to the pier when he realized that it would be long walk. He started back. His steps gradually slowed until they were paced to the rhythm of his thoughts. He was rationalizing, maliciously and desperately. What did he expect from a girl as beautiful as she? What with the big formula that the society had caused to grow up around

male-female relationships, how could he have expected anything from her but rejection? These questions didn't in the least make him feel better, but they did make it possible for him to continue taking one breath after another, one step after the next.

It was growing dark. He reached the alley and started up it, eyes downcast. He would go in and get his stuff and say good-bye and leave. He would find an ad in a paper for riders going east and return to El Paso. Something about this plan was wrong, something was unsatisfactory. But he could not locate the exact point at which the plan fell through.

He was nearly to the apartment when he noticed someone walking ahead of him. He only got one good look at the guy. He was a tall, slim, bronzed boy with bleached hair. Shannon watched as the boy turned into a door at the end of the alley. It was a door beneath a garage apartment. Several things totaled up in his mind. He turned and walked back down the alley and circled around the block to the little park opposite the upper end of the alley. He lay down underneath a clump of bushes and stared up at the window above the garage.

About an hour later, the light went out in the apartment. It was another hour or so before the light came back on. Greg left soon afterwards. Shannon lay still beneath the bushes, waiting. Finally the light went off a second time. He waited until he was sure she was asleep, crossed to the alley, opened the door as quietly as he could, and climbed the stairs slowly, a step at a time. She did not stir as he gathered together the few things that he had taken out of his duffel bag. He wrote a short note of thanks and stole back into the night.

He paused for a minute beneath her window, staring at the black space just below the shade. To his mind came a jumbled image of blond wave riders and girls with beautiful faces and beaches of clean white sand. The picture blurred. Then for a moment, he found himself thinking of the lemmings, the light-haired arctic rodents that periodically stampeded into the sea to commit mass suicide. He looked to the west, in the direction of the now-invisible ocean, and whispered something into the night air. Then he turned, shouldered his duffel bag, and picked up his typewriter case.

scotch -- thump -- & baby alligators

by doris ober



"Empty, empty, empty . . ." Julie tapped an ice cube in her glass and placed it carefully on the small table in front of the couch. She stood up slowly, pushing her body forward, placing her hands against the edge of her seat, and concentratedly rising. The exertion had wiped from her mind the purpose of changing position, and she collapsed, giggling, into the cushions, letting her hair fall in rich bands over her face.

"Can't see what I'm doing," she mumbled, pushing her hair back and reaching over the arm of the sofa to turn on the light. Her eyes were tight shut against the sudden glare, and when she opened them finally, to see the *Sunday Times* spread over her roommate's piano bench and onto the floor, and the empty glass on the tiled coffee table, and the cards hastily left on the floor next to large homely ashtray filled with butts and one ashy peach pit, she laughed in mock joy, "Nothing! I'm not doing nothing . . . anything. Not doing anything . . . That's no way . . . gotta *do* things. Gotta make a list of things to *do*. Gotta get some paper," she slid off the couch to the rug, and crawled the short distance to the newspaper, "and a pencil."

She looked between the pages for a pencil, and sitting back, rattled the paper above her head. "Pencil, pencil, who's got the pencil?" She giggled, and then screamed with all her pent up hysteria, sweeping the rest of the *Times* from the bench, "damn it—where's a pencil."

Almost immediately she heard the dull thump, thump of Mrs. Goldenberg's stubby broom handle right above her head.

"You damn bitch—thump—you lay with your—thump—ear on the floor? You filthy—thump—bitch; a person can't be in private—I can't have—thump—one damned night alone without your—thump—filthy noise . . . Oh, shut up—thump—please, please, please shut up Mrs. Goldenberg?"

Julie sat with her forehead resting on the floor between her legs. Her question was punctuated with silence by Mrs. Goldenberg on the floor above, and Julie slowly raised her head and looked with surprise at the ceiling, mute and in one piece.

She sighed a dry sob and with the help of the piano bench pulled herself to her feet. "Oh, hell—I need a drink." She wobbled over to her glass and picked it up. Drinking the melted ice as she walked toward the kitchen, she tripped over the ash tray, scattering the stale dregs of a contented day ago on the rug. "Oh . . . Gotta clean this crap up. Gotta get a drink first. Gotta need a drink."

The kitchen was cluttered with more newspapers, *Vogue* magazines, milk bottles, the ingredients of a manicure, and hangers anticipating clothes to be ironed. Julie looked in the sink for surviving ice cubes, then opened the freezer for a fresh tray. When she had poured herself a full glass of scotch, she returned to the living room and collected the papers, heaping them in one corner of the couch. She picked up the cards and piled them on the table, and then sat on the floor in front of the spilled ash tray. She took a gulp of her drink, coughed, and began to pick up cigarette butts.

"He loves me, he loves me not; he loves me, he loves me not; he loves me, he loves me not—Well, well, well, how about that, you grey little peach. You funny little seed. He doesn't *love* me."

Julie suddenly raised her eyes to the ceiling.

"Hey, Mrs. Goldenberg — *Hey*, honey. You'll *never* guess! I was just telling little peachy here—'He doesn't *love* me!' Isn't that *jus'* the absolutely funniest thing in your life?"

She bowed her head and began to shake.

"He said he guessed it was a mistake. He didn't mean for anything to get serious. Goodbye.

"And now I've got nothing. I'm just empty. Just so empty, except for this damn scotch, and this *seed*." She threw down the pit and tried to stand.

Thump, thump, thump.

"You think that's funny Mrs. Goldenbroom? You think its so funny that you want to come down here and laugh with me, *through the ceiling?*"

Thump.

"You know, Mrs. Mophead, you got a real nice rhythm with that mop. Would ya like a little accompaniment?... Here, how's this—" She crawled to the piano, raised herself up, and hit the keys with her fist.

Thump, thump, thump.

"That was really nice Mrs. Goldenberg. Really nice." She fell back onto the floor and drank half the remaining scotch. "Tell me about yourself Goldy—you don't mind if

I call you that do you? Well! feel like I know you—we have a mutual acquaintance—a broom. Yes. Well, excuse me Goldy honey... I've gotta go to the bathroom. You know how it is... You don't?! You mean your never... Well just a minute honey, I'll be right back."

Julie dragged herself into the bathroom, and returned in a few minutes to the living room floor. Looking up at the ceiling she screamed, "*I'm back*."

Thump.

"Hi. Hey, Mrs. Goldenberg, did you know that people flush baby alligators down the toilet sometimes? And they found a regular *society* of alligators in the sewers? Well they did. Baby alligators and all sorts of other crap. Babies too; I mean *regular* babies. Not born yet... I think it must be real interesting to work down in a sewer. Don't you think so? Don't you? *Hey*, don't you?"

Thump, thump.

"Mmmmm, me too.... I think it's up to all of us to make sewer people's life interesting, don't you Mrs. Goldenberg... Not than I think you should buy an alligator *just* to flush down the toilet—or *anything* like that. But if there's no other choice, and you really have to get rid of it—well then, I say: **FLUSH IT DOWN THE TOILET! BRING A LITTLE JOY INTO THE LIVES OF THE SEWER MEN!** After all, its patriotic."

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

"Yes, well, I'm really tired. I think I'll go to bed. G'night... *g'night* Mrs. Goldenberg."

THUMP, THUMP.



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NO! WITH SUGAR ON IT

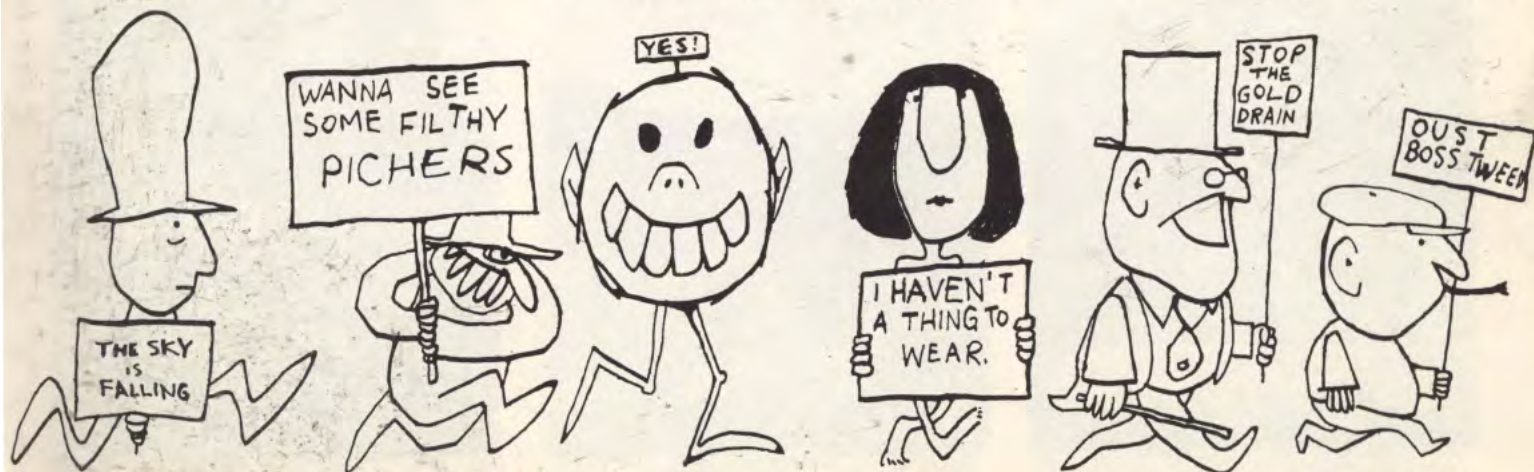
Being a number of ineffectual ways to rouse your very own rabble, provoke your very own riots, or waste your very own time.

1. Picket a dogcatcher's house.
2. Don't join a Greek organization.
3. Join a Greek organization and quit.
4. Steal a sorority pin.
5. Tell your analyst lies.
6. Cash in your savings bonds before maturity.
7. Mail your letters with green stamps.
8. Sue one of your professors for defamation of character when you flunk his course.
9. Write "Shakespeare was a fink" on your English final.
10. Burn 1000 copies of "Catcher in the Rye" publicly.
11. Drink unsafe water in Mexico.
12. Change your sex.
13. Sing the praises of the Kingston Trio.
14. Eat anchovies.
15. Wash your sneakers.

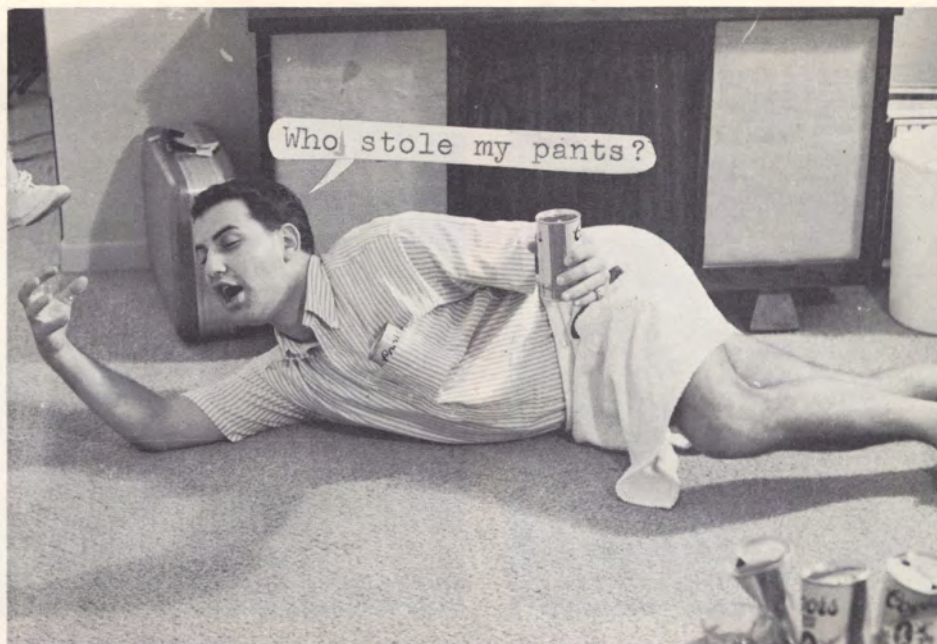
16. Have a platonic relationship with that shapely creature who sits in front of you in botany.
17. Park in the Dean's parking place.
18. Change your major your senior year.
19. Burn down Bell Hall.
20. Refuse to participate in dissection in zoology on grounds of being a vegetarian.
21. Send your professors sympathy cards.
22. Send samples of cafeteria food to the Food and Drug Administration.
23. Buy War Bonds.
24. Wear sneakers with your ROTC uniform.
25. Let your hair grow. Take a drama course. Learn karate.
26. Suck your thumb in Health Ed.
27. Take finals without those little pills you've been buying in Juarez.
28. Laugh lasciviously during the lecture on reproductive systems in zoology.
29. Look up "lascivious."
30. Write a term paper on "Four-letter Anglo-Saxon Derivatives in the Lesser Works of Chaucer."
31. Use four-letter Anglo-Saxon derivatives as found in the lesser works of Chaucer in a conference with the Dean. Take your expulsion with courage.
32. Make beer in the dorm.
33. Stand on the roof of Bell Hall and scream "Don't come near me or I'll jump."
34. Jump.
35. Sing folk music with an electric guitar.
36. Marry a sorority girl.
37. Refuse to fill out a religious pre-

- ference card at next registration.
38. Hate folk music.
39. Order a martini in the SUB.
40. Marry a virgin.
41. Become a leader of a "Down with Homecoming" movement.
42. Run for a campus political office on the basis of "fairness for all."
43. Become a professional mourner.
44. Mail your draft card back to the authorities.
45. Develop a lisp.
46. Over the period of a week see how many books you can check out of the library. Hold all of them until they are overdue.
47. Go to class in jockey shorts only.
48. Speak softly and carry a big stick. Beat people with it.
49. Stage a male sit-in at the Hawthorne House cafeteria.
50. Keep on the grass.
51. If you are male, pierce your ear.
52. Stop reading newspapers, except for "Peanuts."
53. Picket a funeral parlor.
54. Write a nasty letter to Joan Baez.
55. Put gum in water fountains.
56. Whistle while brushing your teeth.
57. Sing "Boney Maroney" at a Hootenanny.
58. Learn how to say "ice" with a Texas accent.
59. Fill out your religious preference card with lies.
60. Join the staff of a college magazine.
61. Flood the Sun Bowl.
62. Carry a sign saying "YES."
63. Sometime during the next football game, bomb the band.
64. Move for the adoption of a white and blue American flag.

(Continued on Page 43)









giggle

smack



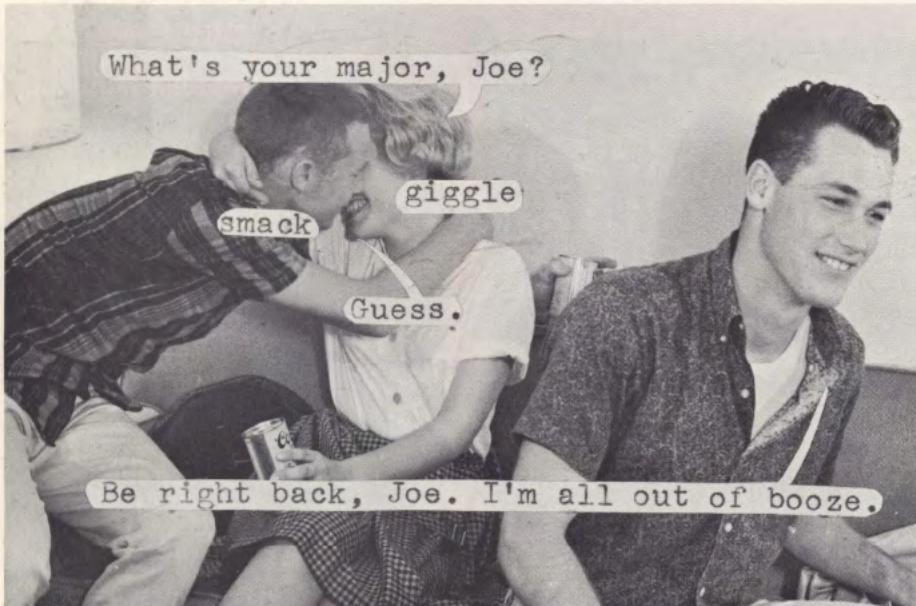
giggle giggle

uh hum

smack smack



Joe! Hey boy. This is
Barbara Miles, Joe.
Barbara - Joe Coldon.



What's your major, Joe?

giggle

smack

Guess.

Be right back, Joe. I'm all out of booze.



ummmmm. Ahhhhhhhhh.
Business Administration

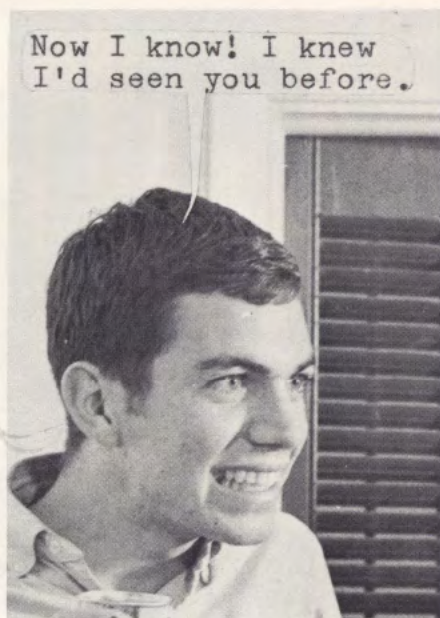
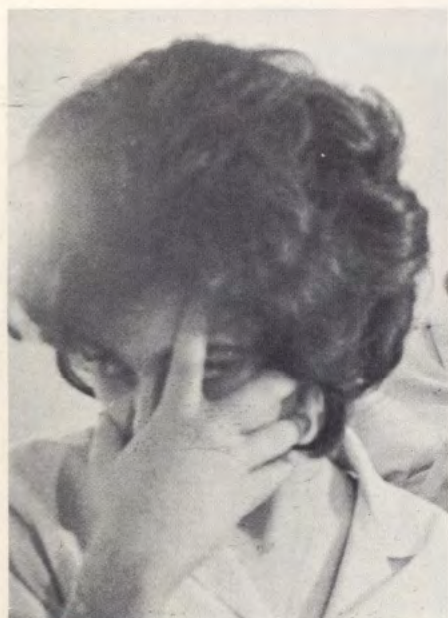
Gee, how did you know?
I didn't think it
showed that I was the
executive type.

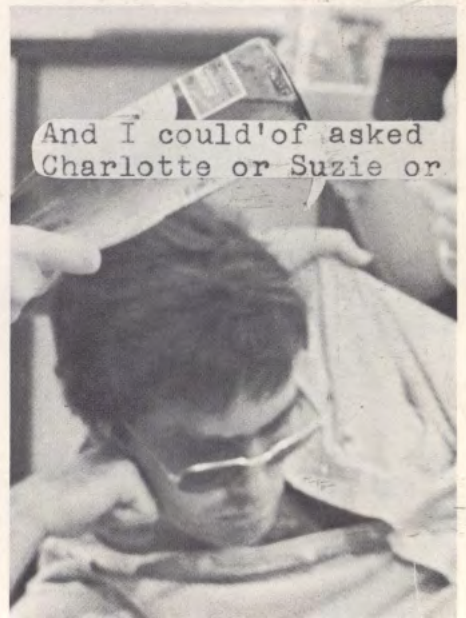
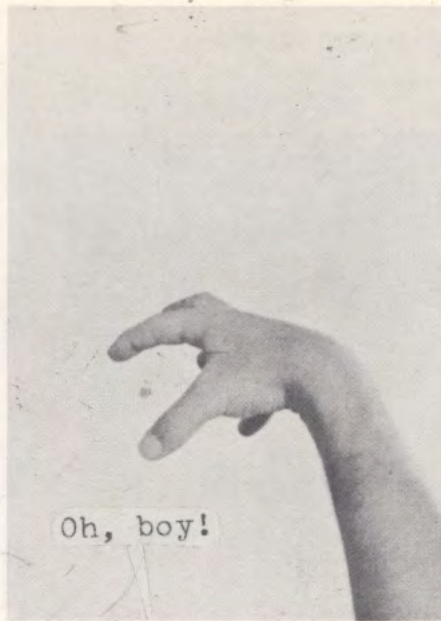


Now guess mine.



Yeeeeeeooooooooow!







Ahhhhhhhhh.

Ummmm!



Ummmm.

Ahhhhhhhhh!



Ummmm.

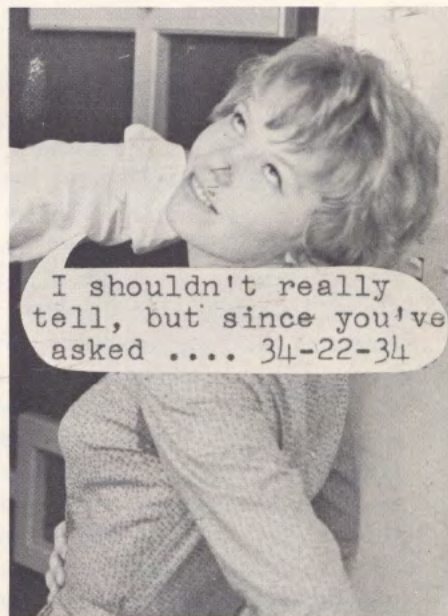
Ummmm! Ahhhh!



Ummmm.

Ummmm! Ahhhh!

Uhhhhhhhhh!



I shouldn't really tell, but since you've asked 34-22-34

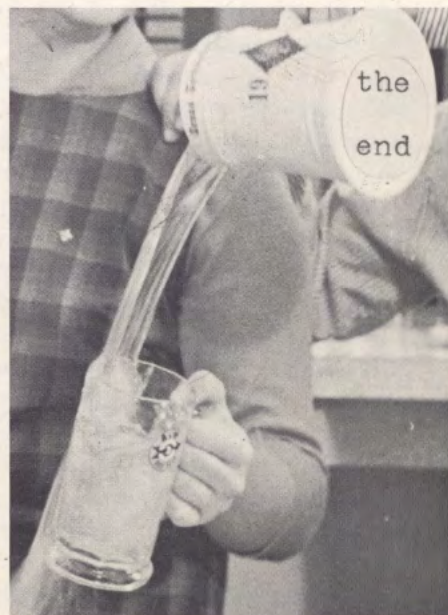


ooooo!



Hey, yea.' How come I never noticed?

Y'know, Dan, fella, Ya got a pretty nice bod yourself.



the end

RATHER THAN JUST SIT THERE

*Rather than just sit there,
Talk to me of how wide
This world is, and how long
You will put up with it
Shut your eyes against the artificial light
Of sun, and tell me the truth,
For you know it, you've said.
But keep your eyes closed
Lest you see here something false—
A baby, or a dewy rose.
And tell me once before I go
That I am the only
Beautiful thing you know
On earth, and that you will surely die
When I finally bring myself to say goodbye.*

—DORIS A. OBER,

THE POSITIVE FLOW

*Who are those liquid globules of
protest rising to the surface of time?
What are those misty vapors that
form on the horizon, those
droplet clouds in the distance?*

*They are virgin snow melts on clear stone,
not the whorey muds of indifference.
They are dew drops on the purple passion flower,
not spittle on dead-wood-altar.
They are the innocent tears of martyrdom,
not the sewer sweats of mobbing prejudice.
They are clear mountain springs of freedom,
not the land-locked sludge pools of custom.
They are the light bubbles of seafoam froth,
not the heavy residue of melted flesh.*

Yes,

*They form the trickle that may stream, grow,
swell, flow, rush to a sea of sanity.
They shout NOW not NO to the
sleepy currents that ripple the
surface of the stagnant social waters.*

—JANUSONS

bysshe as in shelley

by william kley

Medford Bysshe as in Shelley climbed the bleak stairs to his room, thinking empty thoughts of stairs. He noticed in painful repetition the worn places central in each wooden step; the splintered rail three-fourths up; the shreds of a former carpet lining the second floor, these tatters that each day spelled in faded maroon a new and always meaningless word.

The grotesque plod down the gray hallway; the worn brass key marked "YALE," which he always noticed in dread. The key in the hole; the familiar "grrclrk" of the opening lock. And Medford Bysshe entered the room, switching on the light, and closing the door behind him.

Medford Bysshe as in Shelley Bysshe of books and battered furniture; Bysshe of absurd old prints; Bysshe of driftwood, stones, and cheap tin pots and pans.

Medford Bysshe turned rubber-faced to the mirror, affirming his presence to himself, wishing for a dream. He suddenly stood erect, thinking in faint mental glints of Medford Bysshe age thirty-three, of dull brown hair and dull grey workman's dress. He strutted dramatically around the room, glancing at his pretentious walk in the looking-glass.

Then, like a crazed bird Medford Bysshe flitted along the wall covered with books. Here Baudelaire; a quick look at "Correspondences"; there Dostoevsky, which he only held and replaced. A glance for Rimbaud. A second's honest intention to read the *Textbook on Zen*; a switch to a puzzling work on existentialism. Twenty titles sank into his roll-

ing brain.

Growing tired, Medford Bysshe replaced the last book, walked to the pitiful refrigerator and pulled the handle, feeling quiet revulsion at the slight suction of the opening door. He stared at the sparsely-placed food, cursed for having a bulbless refrigerator and closed the box.

Across the room he went, falling upon his bed, the midpoint between refrigerator and bookshelves. The fussy, cheap bedspread met his uninterested eyes once more, to add to countless times before; the heavy hospital-type bedstead presented itself for inspection.

"S-E-X," thought Medford Bysshe, who built upon this starting point a pleasurable fantasy. "Oh, oh, oh," said Medford Bysshe, acting an unknown part to himself. His energies for thought left him and the fantasy turned into new contemplation of the battered bed.

"The ceiling; the walls — one, two, three, four; the floor, the door, the dingy window," thought Bysshe without a purpose in his mind.

"*This is it*," he groaned, pretending he was saying the most important line in a drama.

"Medford Bysshe who has a room with a ceiling, four walls, a door, a floor. Medford Bysshe of books and refrigerator," Medford Bysshe of worn linoleum and fussy bedspread whispered to the imaginary audience.

"Cut!" cried the non-existent director of the tragedy entitled *Medford*. He escaped the scene by doing a pseudo-ballet to the lavatory, where he put cool water

on his face. He returned to flop again on the flowered bedspread. Medford Bysshe of boredom scratched his foot by placing his long forefinger inside his shoe. He removed the shoe after a satisfying scratch and looked at a foot covered by an outlandish argyle sock. Medford Bysshe thought to look at his bare foot, and so he did, removing the sock by carefully rolling it down to his toes. The toes were grotesquely bent. His amusement was of short duration.

Medford Bysshe boiled water on the burner with one foot bare. He grew annoyed at the interim from tap to boiling. Removing the last bag from a box of green tea, he took his only cup and poured the steaming water into it. He dunked the bag into the overdecorated cup. With a bold motion he drained the hot liquid from the vessel. He felt that perhaps he had done damage to his throat. The pain was intense.

Again to the center of the room to the shaky table beside the bed, upon which stood a half-burned Christmas candle. He lit it with a large wooden match plucked from out his breast pocket and struck upon the wall.

In pretentious excitement: "Medford Bysshe strikes a match on the rough plaster wall!"

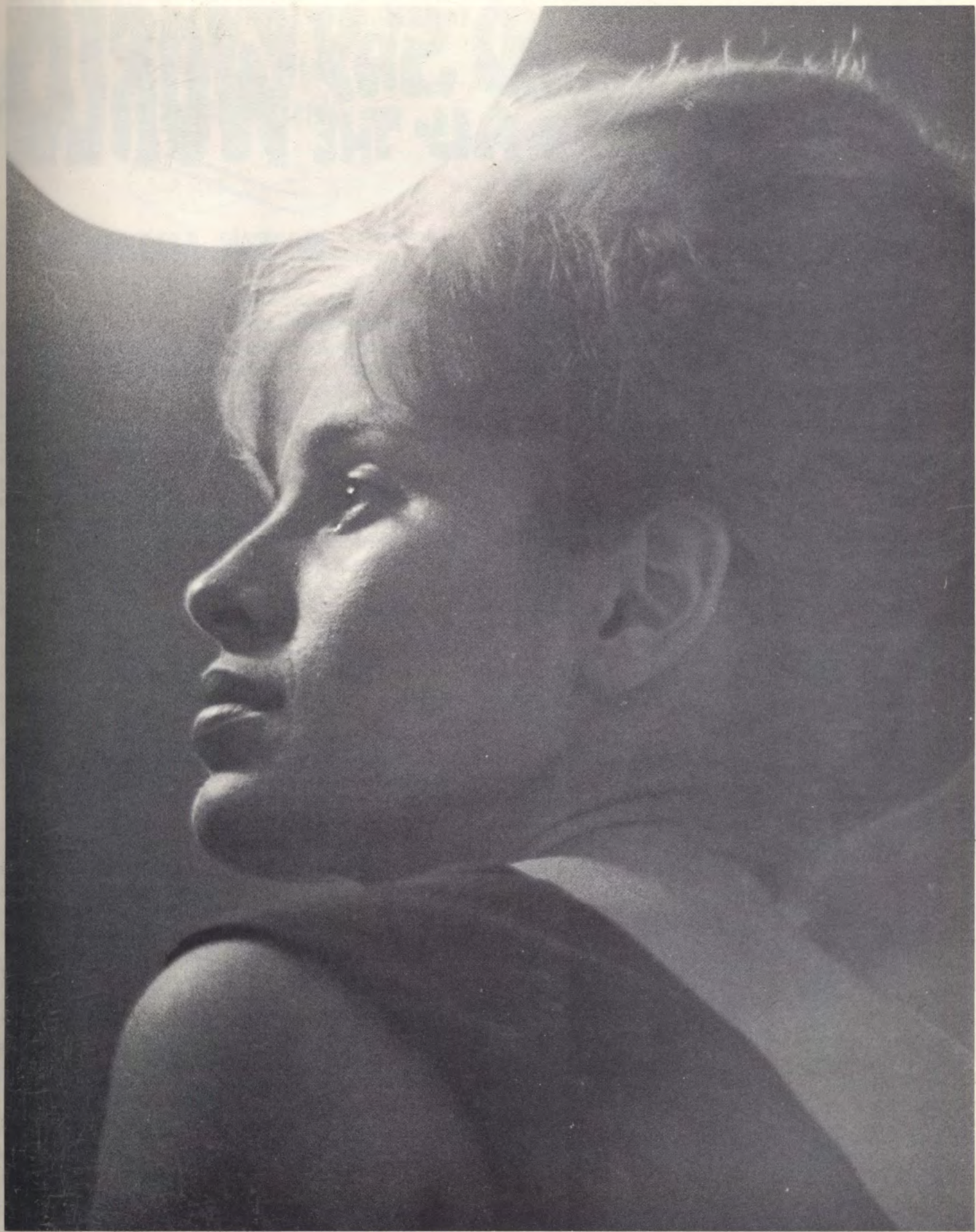
"Schopenhauer," thought Medford Bysshe as in Shelley. "Schopenhauer!" cried Medford Bysshe to the four walls, the ceiling and the floor. He crossed the same eternal room, extracted Schopenhauer from the carefully alphabetized shelves, returned to the bed, read for five minutes, grew bored and went to sleep.

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AND SAY WORLD TO ALL THE WORLD

By JON WEISHER

"Attention, number 47-405-2B. You are to explain why you did not change the reel of that televised calculus lecture eight seconds ago."

The terse click of the intercom signaled each worker to return to his or her job, with the hapless exception of 47-405-2B. He began weaving, yet picking his course carefully; obviously he has made the same trek before. Moments after he vanished behind a large computer he appeared at an escalator moving up to the director's office.

Once inside, he marveled at the vast panorama below him. Through the long pane, objects and movements that went unnoticed on the level he had just left were readily discernible from this vantage point. It was almost as if the window were a magnifying lens. Most noticeable—and this was what brought a hollow sensation creeping into his stomach—was the kaleidoscopic pattern that made him feel he was watching the same thing, time after time. When viewed as a whole the scene was varied, but upon inspection the singular functions which comprised the integer were, within themselves, tasks of incessant repetition, boring even to those who were unfamiliar with any other way of life. One word—vapid—described the picture he saw then, a picture he wanted to write books about, not infrequently what he said too much about, and what he started thinking about...

If only these nascent generations could be told how very different life should be: it was not meant to be a Sisyphean existence, a struggle never ending in personal victory, satisfaction, or a sense of accomplishment. How could anyone caught in a web of *nihilism*, such as the one which had ensnared mankind, act with direction or motivation? Surely man,

being superior to nature's other creatures, was born to more than push buttons and pull levers, nourish his body and sleep.

He awoke from his daydreaming and began to mull over potential excuses, one of which he would have to present in the near future. Would he say that he had become involved in a chore that could not be left unattended? No. The only assignment like that was the one he had forgotten. Would he say that he had been replacing a worn or defective part? Again the answer was negative. The machines were warranted for more years than he would ever know. Could he feign illness as an explanation for his oversight? Absurd—the state diligently cared for its workers. Perhaps he could offer a feeble "I forgot." Unfortunately that was a punishable misdemeanor (What was he doing during five years of indoctrination and instruction?).

Alas, the truth would have to be elicited: there was no way to evade it. He had been reminiscing of year gone by... days that demanded decisions and the delegation of personal responsibility; days that should have been used to perpetuate individual freedom; but days that had, instead, been consumed by whims and trivia. The results were clear enough: civilization had forfeited liberty through neglect.

But how could he phrase his response so it would fall lightly upon awaiting ears? It would not be easy for he had been reminded on more than one occasion to sever himself from the past and its conjunctions. Yes, the Moving Finger had writ and moved on, and it was impossible to lure it back to cancel anything.

While he was still pondering his reply the public address system interrupted 47-405-2B a second time... "Next."

DISPATCHES FROM THE COSMOS

by jon carleton
& joseph richards




The Greek tragedies are perhaps the most powerful works in the realm of world literary achievements, yet, unfortunately, but a small number of these egregious masterpieces have endured the deteriorative passages of time. We know, for example, that the Attic dramas, by form, were constructed in trilogies—each part having a close mutual relation with the other two and forming one theme—yet the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus is the only complete such tripartite which has survived. We have a first hand indication, however, that another complete trilogy may be available within a short time.

Last summer we were visiting a friend in Athens and doing background work on the origins of lyric drama. During that time we had occasion to do some spelunking in the sea caves near Megara. We spent the better part of two days exploring the damp, labyrinthine passages without finding even a faint trace of relics of the Golden Age. Discouraged, we paid our guide and began the winding journey back to Athens. The trip would have been a total waste had we not stopped in Mandra to investigate the excitement of villagers near the small academy of arts. It seems that a cave-in in one of the caverns nearby had revealed a large number of urns and other antiquated artifacts and the representatives from the Athens museum had just brought them into the city in padded glass cases. There was some mention of manuscripts.

Back in Athens the newspapers were full of information concerning the discovery. The prevailing theory was that some fearful playwright and landowner had hidden the papers and jars about the time of the Peloponnesian War and had forgotten their location. The manuscripts were to be placed on display at the new Athens Cultural Art Building and photostats were being sent to all the major archeological institutions in the world. One of these institutions was the American Museum of Archeological History in Massachusetts. We wrote them for information on the new find immediately upon our return to New York and had them send it to our address in El Paso. The information they have translated and pieced together is highly impressive and we have been granted permission to publish a portion of it in this column. In the meantime the fragments are being further translated and may soon prove a complete set.


The plays are tragedies in the great tradition of Sophocles and Aeschylus are rich in the fire and spirit of the Greek people. The central theme is that of the rise and tragic fall of Proboscis, king of the small isle, Mucous—pronounced Mu-co-us. The passages we are concerned with in this initial printing are in the second play,



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THE TRAGEDY OF POLLEN AND PROBOSCIS Author Unknown

CHARACTERS:

PROBOSCIS—King of Mucous

POLLEN—Daughter of Demeter and wife of Proboscis

HYGEIA—Goddess of Health and patron of Proboscis

LOLITIA—Precious daughter of pollen and Proboscis

SINUS—Messenger of Hygeia

NAUSEA—Mischievous sea-nymph

MESSENGERS, SOLDIERS, SAILORS, ATTENDANTS,
TOWNSPEOPLE.

Scene I: Royal bedchamber at early morn. Dawn has not yet taken her golden throne.

Voices:

PROBOSCIS. Cease and desist!

POLLEN. My lord and master, noble and resourceful provider, answerer of the Great Riddle,* eradicator of all vile odors—NO!

PROB. Yes!

POLLEN. No.

PROB. My dear, why do you persist in putting on airs? As king, I command you to stop.

POLLEN. Forgive me, husband, you know it is only my style of displaying love.

PROB. True, and it is the one stigma which hinders your total perfection. *(Pause)* Pollen, you still have not ceased titillating my olfactory organ.*

POLLEN. Giggle, giggle.

PROB. I'm sick to death of your lack of respect to me, and so . . . *(Sinus enters, invisible to Pollen, and whispers instructions into Proboscis' ear.)* . . . I plan to take leave of you and seek new adventures and glory in a faraway land.

POLLEN. That's nice, dear. Where this time?

PROB. *(Struck for an answer.)* Uhhhh . . . *(Again Sinus speaks softly to the king.)* . . . in the mysterious and danger-packed land of the Membranes. *(During the conversation an attendant has entered unobtrusively.)*

PROB. Attendant, summon my daughter. I must tell her of my plans. *(Attendant starts to scratch his nose, thinks better of it, and exits.)*

Scene II—(Bedchamber of Lolitia. Lolitia is snoring obnoxiously. Malodorous enters in a mist and puts her in a spell: she stops snoring.)

MAL. *(Soothingly.)* Lolitia, I am Malodorous, God of the atmosphere and friend of nymphs and nymphos*. Listen well to what I say. Because your father frustrated my son, Stynx, by answering the Great Riddle, I am now his avowed enemy. I know that you are very dear to Proboscis the wily, but today his affection will fall upon a cold heart.—Thus spake Malodorous. *(He vanishes, and Lolitia begins snoring once again.)*

SERVANT. *(Loudly.)* Princess Lolitia, your father requests your presence in his antechamber at your earliest convenience. *(Softer and lasciviously.)* Hey, Lo-lem'me in. *(Fade out)*

*Proboscis became king of Mucous by answering the riddle of the ogre Stynx, son of Malodorous: "How much can a Grecian urn?"

*Our only comment here is that the author often shows a salacious tendency.

*nasty.

Scene III is here omitted as it deals almost exclusively with the preparatory technicalities of Proboscis' voyage. In the first part of Scene IV, Lolitia degrades her father before his subjects. Because of this, Proboscis makes haste to depart as soon as possible. In the closing lines of this scene, (See below.) Hygeia is consoling Proboscis.

PROB. Oh, Hygeia, Goddess of Good Health, guide of my ways, I am anguished by my daughter's impiety.

HYGEIA. I know, King of Mucous, and I am sorry you were disgraced. But I can tell you this o wily one, that it was not for her doing. Evil Malodorous has cast a spell upon her to make your departure an unhappy one. Do not worry, though, for once you have set sail for the land of the Membranes she will be freed from the trance and will mourn your absence greatly.

PROB. Hygeia, Goddess of Health, you have long been my mentor. Without your advise and knowledge I would surely be feverish.

HYGEIA. Your praise is well-received Proboscis. But come, the time is here for farewells; say good-bye to your wife and daughter. (*Pollen and Lolitia approach. Upon seeing his beloved daughter, Proboscis flings his arms about her and bemoans his misfortune. Lolitia is somewhat repulsed.*)

LOLITIA. Take it easy, Dad, I'm only fourteen! (*Proboscis tearfully boards his swift ship, Pillager.*)

POLLEN. My lord and master, noble and resourceful provider, answerer of the Great Riddle, eradicator of vile odors-Goodbye! (*The scene closes as the oarsmen chant: "With a curse an' a cin*, we are stout-hearted men."*)

FINAL NOTES: In the fifth scene (not yet fully restored in play form) Proboscis looks back sternly on his countrymen and notices that only his faithful oriental counselor, Lee Ward, bows to him in respect for his prowess. Later, after several calm days at sea, the sea-nymph Nausea evokes terrible inundations which hurl the Pillager and its stalwart crew toward destruction. The vessel is splintered upon the straits of Membrane's now swollen passages. Of the entire crew, only Proboscis, guided to shore by Hygeia, survives. Bereft of his comrades, alone on an alien sand, and haunted by sad memories of his ignominious departure, the unfortunate King of Mucous laments his fate in anguished song.

*sin.

THUS ENDS PART THE SECOND OF THE PRO-BOSCIDEAN TRILOGY.

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(Continued from Page 15)

the chair where she sat, she could tilt the glass to different angles, and make her two room world seem twice as big as it really was, or half as small. She lived in fantastic expansion and contraction, and stark reality: potatoes boiling, gas not lighting, a cold, hard bed.

"I'm hungry."

"I told you to keep still. Stop that whining." "But I'm hungry."

She got up suddenly, very angry at his hunger, and the mirror slipped out of her hand and broke into seven pieces on the floor.

"What broke? What broke?" The little boy came to the door. His sister dropped to her knees, and stared at the glass, and her reflection and his came back to her in seven fractured frames. A tear rolled down her cheek. It rolled down seven cheeks. "Don't cry. Don't cry." He knelt near her, his eyes never left the glass on the floor. "Please, please, I'm hungry, don't cry." Seven of her got up from the floor and turned off the stove. Seven of her looked selflessly into fourteen scattered eyes. Seven old women mouthed one voice:

"I'm hungry too." And seven walked out the door and into the rain.



(Continued from Page 25)

6. Have "Aggies" tattooed on your forearm.
5. Become a "rabble-rouser" who lives in an Ivory Tower and wears rose-colored glasses.
7. Send a questionnaire to the sons and daughter of Hellas.
3. Say "Pass the salt, Petre" to the fellow across the table in the cafeteria.
69. Rise in the back of your economics class when the prof's back is turned and sing "Yes We Have No Bananas."
70. Pass out bananas.
71. Wear a clown costume to a faculty tea.
72. Install loud pipes in your Rolls Royce.
73. Go trick-or-treating.

SOME DARK NIGHT

*Some dark night, as I walk thru the city alone,
Perhaps the concrete streets will open up,
Perhaps the underground networks will be revealed
and removed layer by layer.
Perhaps the buildings will suddenly, silently implode,
rivets flying—girders floating off—
and cool light of stars again lie on earthsoil.
Do not forget the ants in their tunnels.
Some early morning I may see mud under the rock of man,
and I may smell old leaves.
Perhaps Japanese beetles will come in hordes
to eat up all those palm trees.
If so, you may rest assured they will send around
an inspection team, a gang of experts snooping.
But there will be laughter, booming, free . . .
I will be laughing at ground level.
The experts will wonder,
But the bricks will keep right on vanishing, perhaps,
and the boulevards parting,
and the sewers peeling up up and away . . .*

*Some dark night,
Perhaps the deer will come again to Manahatta.*

—HOWARD SIGMAN WHITE

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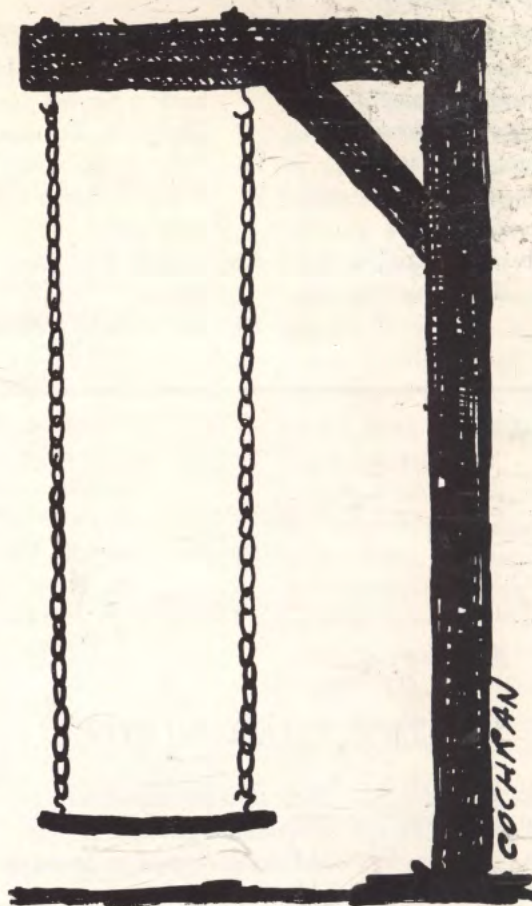
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(Continued from Page 9)

play-like you care, play-like the problem isn't there and maybe it'll go away, and play-like will turn into a two-headed monster of apathy. Or will produce a play-like person with play-like morals. If young people are unable to do anything positively for humanity, the only choice left is a negative one. Hence, the no-signs, no atomic bombs, no segregation; no set rules for one person that is different from the rest. One, three, five hundred's that when added up total yes-yes, I feel responsible for human acts and emotions because I'm a part of humanity, and I separate me from those acts and emotions is to separate me from humanity—debase me. If these acts of negativism attract attention, so much the better. An emotion, even one of irritation, is better than none at all. Detachment is the brother of indifference, and indifference favors the degeneration of society. In "The Heart," Stephen Crane epitomizes mankind's revitalization of itself through a persistent, self-consuming criticism:

in the desert
saw a creature, naked, bestial,
who, squatting upon the ground,
held his heart in his hands,
and ate of it.
said, "Is it good, friend?"
it is bitter—bitter," he answered;
but I like it
because it is bitter,
and because it is my heart."



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IT SHALL COME TO PASS

*It shall come to pass in a summer's sum
Of totals from every and every from one
That the dawn shall break open and Certainly Will
Won't at all in the story that's ready to tell.*

*O the morn will be merry if happy is night
For all time, and specific abilities like
The breathing of air and the pumping of blood
Will be older than getting religion from God.*

*It's funny to think of the echo of quiet,
But funnier still to imagine it night
Quite right in the core of a hot summer's sum
Of totals from every and every from one.*

—HOWARD SIGMAN WHITE

OATS DON'T GROW IN ROWS

*The bisexed
Yena
Screamed forth his prophecy
While the
World
Lost its tongue crossing the shadow of
Meridian sun.
Bright nature's blackness
Lighting the way for
Penguins—
Red, green, lavender—
Paddle-footing across a scorched
Desert
Of tutti-frutti ice cream and
Boxing gloves.
"You have been run down by a careless
Bicycle,"
The wisened pumpkin said,
"And you must walk on your
Hands
Forever."
So Zarathustra combed his
Hair
And slicked his
Eyebrows
And smoked a
Winston Lucky Corona
On the wrong end.
"But we love you
Charlie Brown!"
But don't walk on the
Grass.*

—RUSSELL GOLDBERG



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