

9-1966

## El Burro, September

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# EL BURRO

Sept. '66



The Greatest Comeback Since The Resurrection





## WIN ME!

Hey girls, this is your big chance! You can win me, An EL BURRO EDITOR, for your very OWN. You can feed and clothe me, and take me out for a whole week-end to show me off. I am tall, dark, and devastatingly handsome. I love to dance, make conversation, sing, and love. I come complete with wit, charm, suavete, and a cute boyish modesty.

Now here's all you have to do: Merely put your name, address, and other information on the form below. Include in twenty-five (25) words or less why you think my body is more like a Greek god than anybody else you know. Winners will be announced as soon as I can reach a phone. Contest closes Sept. 30, 1966. Submit entries to the EL BURRO office, 401 Student Union Building, or better yet, contact me personally. Entries will be judged on clever remarks, type of perfumed paper, and vital statistics. The actual writing will in no way interfere with contest judging.

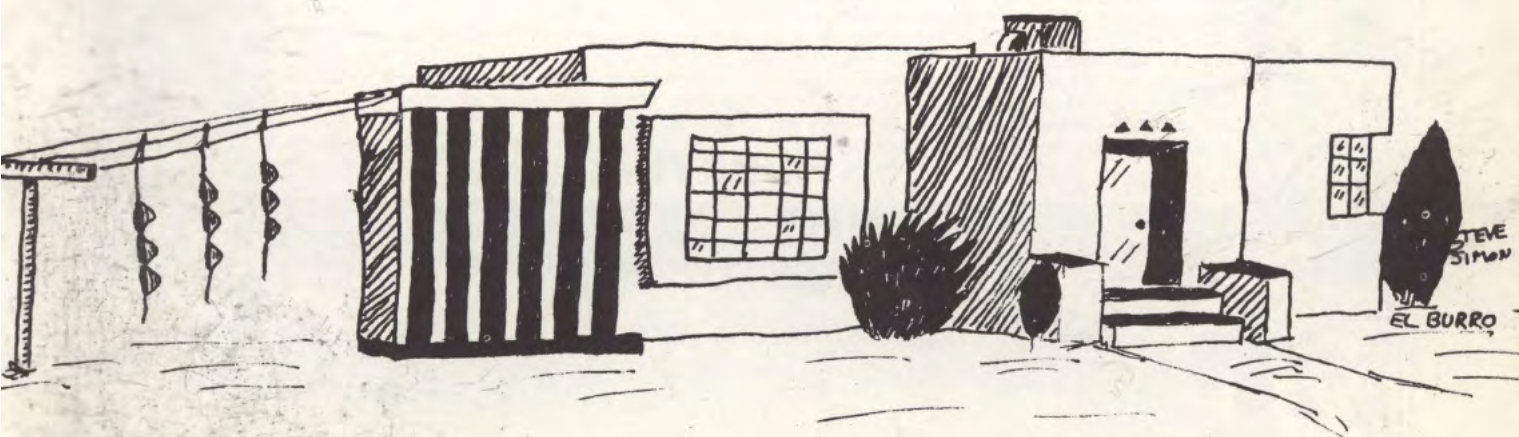
The winner(s) get to take me to some fashionable spot where pictures will be taken. In the next issue, they will be splashed across the pages of the EL BURRO so all the girls in your dorm/sorority house can turn green with envy. Again, all you have to do is fill out the convenient form, adhere to the rules, and turn your entry in any time (or contact me personally), day or night.

## RULES

1. You must be a girl.
2. You must like boys.
3. You must.
4. Any girl that has dated me before is automatically ineligible. I feel it is only fair to spread myself around as much as possible.

NAME: _____	
ADDRESS: _____	
AGE: _____	SEX (Circle one): YES NO
VITAL STATISTICS: Hips _____ Waist _____ Those there _____	
I solemnly certify the above is true:	
I THINK YOU ARE GREAT BECAUSE (25 words or less):	







# DRAW THIS MAN

## Win A Four Year Art Scholarship



Here is all you have to do to win. Draw an exact replica of this man with the surrounding embellishments and submit it to SUB 401 by October 1st. Within 90 days you will be informed by special Treasury Department agents whether you are a winner.

**First Place** prize for the best reproduction is an all-expense-paid scholarship to Leavenworth Institute where a liberal arts curriculum is offered in a variety of fields, ranging from Bookbinding to License Plate Engraving.

**Second Place** winner will receive a 3 year scholarship; **Third place** a 2 year scholarship; and **Fourth Place** a 1 year scholarship.

Special awards will be given to entrants who submit metal plate engravings.

**HURRY!**  
**ENTER TODAY!**  
**ENTER OFTEN!**

**SUBSTITUTIONS ACCEPTED!**





# EL BURRO

## The Mules

Richard Schreibstein	Editor
Steve Simon	Ass. Editor
Tim Bitler	Photography Editor
Ray (Wop) Pettibon	(sometimes) Business Manager

## The Asses

Lee Cain, intrepid photographer who was very busy this summer; Jane O'Dowd, typist and the only person who ever asked to be on staff; Mike Dickason, has been around a very long time but is still very funny; Bob Johnson, is the sports editor of the Flyspecker but can write, too; Jim Turnage goes to Stanford but he's the editor's best friend so he gets his name mentioned even though all he did was give us some ideas; Richard Fox and George Schneider are going to be the Art Editors after this issue so you won't see their names here anymore, by the way Richard is responsible for our cover; Nanette Gabriel submitted a cartoon, we've never seen her but she's supposed to be beautiful according to Steve Simon who discovered her and if anyone sees Steve Simon tell him the editor is looking for him.

## The Drivers

Mr. Middagh is our father image and doubles as advisor. Civilization to you, Mr. Middagh. Mrs. Ponsford fills the candy jar and answers the telephone. She can type, too, and anyway she's the one who keeps this department running.

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! The time has come for another issue of **El Burro** to sally forth from this well-spring of human depravity (otherwise known as S.U.B. 401) located at this cultural oasis in the desert, the University of Texas at El Paso, (formerly El Paso Junior College, College of Mines and Metallurgy, and Texas Western College). Single copies of this stirring magazine are free. However, if it is felt, gentle reader, that some monetary compensation must be given, the editor, guiding light, and jolly fellow, will gladly comply with your benevolent attitude. He, (the editor you ass!) also feels correspondence from those desiring to legally plagiarize our wholesome wit and humor be addressed to him. Other college mags wishing to lift can do so under the obligation of due credit. Subscription rates for the discriminating reader who happens to reside within the big fifty are a paltry two dollars a year. If you happen to live in the outside world or anywhere else, why then, this bundle of joy will cost you four bits extra. We haven't actually found anyone willing to commit themselves, but if we do, the magazine would most surely be entered as second class mail from El Paso, Texas 79902. **El Burro** is published irregularly (whenever the staff is sober) throughout the year. With a feeling of reckless abandon, we predict a fantastic six (6) issues for the 1966-1967 twelve month. The copy you are now defiling with your lecherous glances is most assuredly Volume XXIX of which this is No. 1.

EL BURRO IS MORE THAN A WAY OF LIFE :  
IT IS A MAGAZINE





# Something To Offend Everyone

## THE HEAD MULE SPEAKS

# FROM THE STABLE



It should, by now, be painfully or joyfully obvious after glancing at the first few pages of this noteworthy endeavor, a complete revamping of El Burro's format has transpired since the last issue was omnipresent upon us. I hope you share my view and believe the latter emotion mirrors your feelings. If not, that's too damn bad.

You will note the banner at the top of this page. It was placed there as a felicitous greeting more than a warning. The purpose of this magazine is not to offend, rather to awaken the waning humor of this campus and stir your fat apathetics out of their complacent environments. Don't take offense with some of the more gross inclusions in this issue, not that they're not offensive, but I've got enough tsuris without you on my ass. Right about now you ought to be able to tell that this was not written while I was enjoying the highest of spirits. I've been up for 132 hours straight, working on this magazine, with nothing to eat but cold newt livers and Lysol, and if you don't think that'll turn you sour on the world then go suck warts.

Actually, like many of my predecessors used to say, putting out this magazine is somewhat similar to having a baby. Well, that's a lot of crap. I'd rather compare it to an abortion. And how the hell did they know what having a baby was like, anyway? At least I know what goes on during an abortion. I've witnessed many of them. Why just a few weeks ago at Cape Kennedy this huge Titan missile went beserk and . . .

When you get through salivating over this issue (I thought you'd like those two GOM's), you'll also notice (notice will you!), the sparsity of advertising. All attributable to my Business Manager, who didn't do a damn thing. He's also a 'Wop', not that I have anything against Italians mind you, but some people are just naturally inferior.

Talking about birth control, I also want to bring to your attention an editorial by Tim Bitler on censorship. Tim is a good friend of mine so you know what kind of perverted mind he has. Why just yesterday he informed me of this beautiful plan he had where we could make \$500 a month next summer. We were going to become mercenaries in the Belgian Congo. See what I mean . . . come to think of it \$500 is a lot of money.

I've also attempted some new layout design in this issue. I've stolen ideas from some of the country's finer magazines and newspapers: "Dude," "Calling All Girls," "Flyspecker," "Readers Digest" etc. See if you notice the difference.

All those stupid photographs with the equally intelligent captions are known as 'fillers'. 'Fillers' are what happens when Tim Bitler shows you the finer sights of our sister city.

I think this drivel has flowed long enough. Right about here I should make a plea for staff members. So if you think you can keep up with the idiocy, perversion and complete lack of organization, plus have a definite talent to turn out the same, come on up to SUB 401 and join the orgy. If there's no one there, slip a message under the door, but don't put your hand in too far, it's liable to be eaten.

If perchance you don't like this issue. If you feel you have, in some way, been offended, and if you enjoyed the previous El Burro's better, with all their pseudo-literate fungus, then please contact Abel Aldaz. He's the Flyspecker editor and he too is looking for a staff.

"Rich?"

"Yes, Steve, what is it? Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Did you hear about the Polish woman who traded in her menstrual cycle for a Honda 90?"

"Your fired, Steve!"

RONALD REAGAN EATS PRUNES.  
PASS IT ON.



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## BOOKSTORE MAKES 300% PROFIT

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Arriving home earlier than usual, he found his wife in the arms of his friend.

"I love your wife," said the friend, "and she loves me: I'll play you a hand of bridge for her. If I win, you divorce her, and if you win I promise never to see her again. Will you play?"

"Okay by me," said the husband, "but how's about a penny a point to make it interesting?"

— EB —

Two small boys were standing on the corner when a little girl passed by.

Said one: "Her neck's dirty."

Said the other: "Her does?"

— EB —

"Say when, darling," he said as he poured a glass of beer.

"Okay," she replied, "right after the next drink."

— EB —

A bird in the hand is worthless when you want to blow your nose.

— EB —

"Do you know who fired the last six shots into Mussolini?"

"Gosh, no. Luther Burbank?"

"No. 120 of Italy's finest marksmen."

— EB —



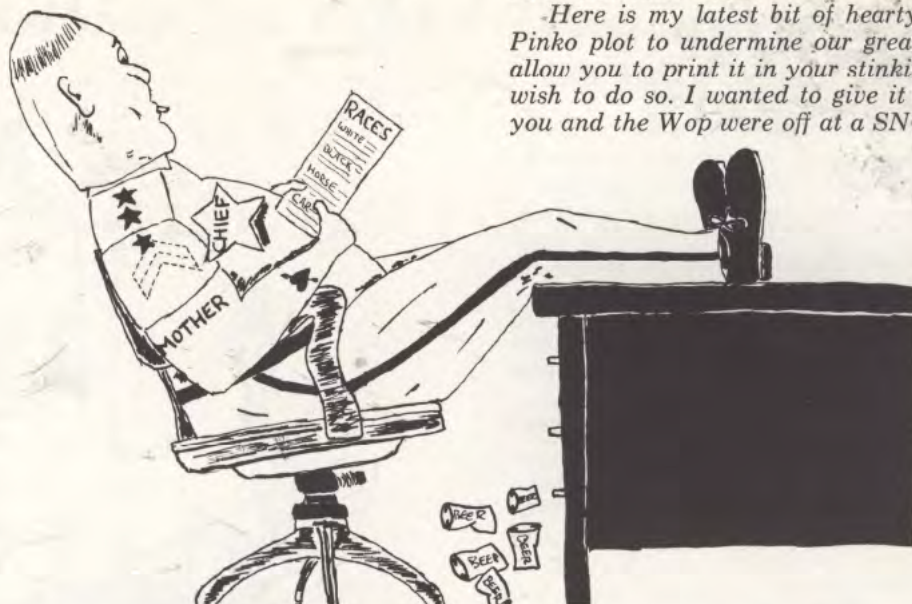
DOES THIS MEAN IT'S  
ALL OVER BETWEEN US,  
EMILY?

*Expression*



STAFFERS DISPLAY INTELLECT VIA THEIR UNWAVERING ATTENTIVENESS TO THE EDITOR AS HE REVEALS PLANS FOR THE LATEST ISSUE OF EL BURRO.





Dear Comrade Editor:

Here is my latest bit of hearty exposing yet another Pinko plot to undermine our great society (pun). I will allow you to print it in your stinking left-wing rag, if you wish to do so. I wanted to give it to you personally, but you and the Wop were off at a SNCC rally or something.

## TO PARK OR NOT TO PARK

On hearing of the new ruling to prohibit student parking on campus this year I naturally became rather disturbed and set out to get the real behind-the-scenes story. My first stop was at the office of the Chief Administrator for Campus Traffic Control, where the Chief graciously took time out from his study of the Juarez racing form to give me an interview.

"Chief, is it true," I asked, trying to get a better look at the marks on his form, "that while parking on campus has been eliminated this fall, student enrollment is increasing over the eight thousand mark?"

"Well, now," he replied, "I'm not really up on those figures, but that sounds about right."

"But, Chief, even with new construction, off campus parking facilities will only accommodate three thousand cars. How can this possibly work out?"

"Well, now, I'm not really up on those figures, but we have a plan which makes all that immaterial."

"Could you explain?"

"I'll try. Do you realize that over half of all the students at the university are underclassmen—freshmen and sophomores, I believe?"

"I'd never thought of it quite that way," I replied.

"Well, they are; take my word for it. Now, all we have to do is forbid these underclassmen to use on-campus or off-campus parking facilities, and the problem will be solved. I go into this more deeply in my new book, in which I clearly show that traffic control is the gravest problem facing higher education today," he said, thrusting an autographed copy into my hands.

"But," I mumbled weakly, "doesn't it occur to you that you are, in effect, prohibiting most freshmen and sophomores from attending school at all, and that in a few years there will be no students in the university?"

"Hmmm. Well, we leave minor details to the administration. Anyway, it will give us more time

for training our campus patrolmen in pedestrian control."

"How is that?"

"Teaching them things they should all know, like which is left and which is right, and how to wave bye-bye. As a matter of fact, we've already started. You've seen the new pistols they wear at times? What do you think they are for?"

"Combating criminals?" I ventured, visibly shaken.

"Not on your life," the Chief grinned, rolling back proudly in his chair. "The extra weight of the pistol on his hip helps the officer to know which is his right side."

"But, what if he's left handed?"

"I never thought of that. In that case, I guess he'll just have to be replaced."

"Well, thank you very much for the interview," I croaked, rising hurriedly to leave.

"Always glad to help the press out," he smiled, glancing back at his racing form. "By the way, that'll be four dollars for the book."

Still far from satisfied after my talk with the great man, I decided to get the opinion of a student, thereby keeping my article unbiased. The first day of class I saw a rather haggard young man in the halls of the L.A. building and rushed over.

"Have any trouble parking this morning?" I asked. "What with the new ruling and all, you know."

"Not a bit, he replied. "Of course, I did have to walk quite a way."

"How far?"

"About two miles. But I still don't mind."

"Really?" I said, eyeing him suspiciously.

"That's right. You have no idea how relaxing it is to stop over in Juarez for a couple of drinks before starting your walk to class. Sure beats that coffee in the SUB."

"Yes, I suppose so," I mumbled, at last admitting defeat.



# WHAT SORT OF MAN READS EL BURRO?



A farsighted young man who aspires to high places, the **EL BURRO** reader is a perceptive individual who aims high. He is a record breaker, ever on the alert, leaving nothing unfinished. Always prepared, he can be counted on to do the job and do it well. **FACTS:** 86.9% of **EL BURRO** readers are enrolled in some facet of education. Many of them utilizing this increased ability to get a shot at higher positions. **EL BURRO** readers are head and shoulders above the crowd. No wonder more businesses who need men to fill the loftier towers in their fields advertise in **EL BURRO**. (Source: Texas Business Journal Annual Report, 1966).



# EL BURRO INTERVIEW: THREE IN ONE

## *A Candid Conversation With a Trio of Notables*

As campus purveyor of truth, justice and the American way, the Old Mule has taken upon its humble harness to bring you (at no extra cost) an exclusive interview with a few of the most contemporary characters of our time. Always on page one, two of these men are of such multifarious importance, the mere mention of their names evokes intense emotional response. And you, wise reader of this exceptional literary endeavor, have the opportunity to peruse, at your will, the only interview ever recorded engaging both these personalities at the same time. Simultaneously!

Now that you have been informed of the treat in store for you, before availing yourself of this magnificent accomplishment, listen, in condensed form to the great lengths and personal risks the ever inquiring mind of your beloved editor hurdled to bring you this unexpurgated, unadul-

terated, and somehow strange and wonderful experience — this here interview!

When it was decided by the staff (editor) to present an interview of great significance to the reading public, many personalities ran through their (his) agile brains (brain). But alas, none of the forthcoming personalities could satiate the true newspaperman's (Flyspecker) most important precept — timeliness. But avast, a great star rose in the east and a loud cry commenced from the multitude for the editor (staff) had struck the note of accord: two names emerged from the mire (staff)—two timely names. And the problem was solved. But aghast, to find these notables. One was easy enough to locate but very difficult to contact. Your intrepid editor was required to (1) don the uniform of a defender of faith and freedom and not only support your local police but be-

come one! (2) mill around Shea Stadium (an excursion paid for by selling chances on Johnny Best) waiting for this distinguished gentleman; (3) and slipping him an invitation to dine at one of the finer restaurants in the country. The other subject was somewhat more difficult to locate. Your editor was required to cavort with the local campus crusaders with hopes of walking and talking with said subject's father, whose son had not been seen for nearly two thousand years! But the troubles paid off in spades, so to speak, and the other half also agreed to accept the most generous dinner invitation.

The stage was set. The day of the encounter arrived, and joining me in the SUB cafetorium were not only the two elusive subjects, but also one of the subject's press agent. This is how the interview proceeded; not one word has been deleted.

**EL BURRO:** Mr. Epstein, you being the business end of the Beatles, we're sure everyone is curious as to how much this controversy has effected the record sales.

**EPSTEIN:** Actually mate, this is a hard question to answer. You see this rivalry the boys have worked up is not a direct one. I mean they're not competing on the same ground.

**EL BURRO:** Well surely you have some way of gauging just how much damage has been done?

**EPSTEIN:** John and I got together, Oh, I'd say a week after the furor started and we had this long discussion about that very subject . . .

**LENNON:** You see in our business it's hard to tell the difference between lack of sales due to poor quality or public sentiment.

**EPSTEIN:** So we devised this plan where we could be on a closer competition scale. The boys are going to cut a Christmas album for release in early December.

**LENNON:** Yeah, it's called **MERSEY MEETS MESSIAH** and Handel never had it done so well.

**EL BURRO:** That's a laudable idea, but I can't help but wonder how much this has hurt your public image more than your sales?

**EPSTEIN:** The two are very hard to differentiate in the entertainment business.

**EL BURRO:** I understand, but perhaps Mr. Christ over here, Who has been so patient, would care to comment.



Lennon: You know J.C. . . . You're a bit of all right.

**CHRIST:** You know it is not in my nature to be angry. I have long forgiven the boys for any transgressions they have committed.

**EL BURRO:** Yes, we understand that Sir. We were wondering however, just what Your reaction was to Mr. Lennon's statement that Christianity is a dying thing.

**CHRIST:** The untimely death of my father from a massive diminishing influence, of course, dealt the company an unfathomable blow. That and a recent stock plummet due to the war have put the corporation on shaky legs. Mr. Lennon's statements did us no good, but to place the entire blame on him would serve no purpose. It would not be realistic, and Dad, may he rest in peace, always told me to be realistic.

**EL BURRO:** We're sorry to hear Your business is doing so poorly Mr. Christ. Have You any ideas on how to boost Your sales and get back on an even keel?

**CHRIST:** I've recently held a number of top secret meetings with the National Council of Churches and together we've hit upon a great new advertising cam-





**Christ:** I've always been a bit of a ham.

paign to be launched around my birthday.

**EL BURRO:** Hey, that's right near the time of release for the Beatles new album. You can see whose campaign is most profitable. That would be a good indicator of who is more popular.

**CHRIST:** Great thought. Hell, this could prove to be a really swinging birthday.

**EPSTEIN:** If You'll excuse me for interrupting, Man, I just had this fantastic idea. This could put You on a better meeting ground with the boys and also pour coins in Your coffers.

**CHRIST:** Shoot!

**EPSTEIN:** O.K. You see it's real simple. We have You cut a disc. It doesn't make any difference what You sing,

cause Baby, You're a natural. I mean with the long hair, sandals, beard, flowing robes and all — You'll hit the top ten before Easter! Oh, excuse me.

**CHRIST:** That's all right man. I love the idea. I mean for Dad's sake how can it miss. Brian darling, you're an absolute genius.

**EPSTEIN:** We could call the album **JESUS CHRIST! LIVE** and put something on the back about You being the dynamic new find of the year. What a comeback!

**CHRIST:** I've always been a bit of a ham. But you know what I'm afraid of?

**EPSTEIN:** What's that, Baby?

**CHRIST:** I'm worried that I'll let the business go to pot. Without a proper guiding light the multitudes will lose faith. Dad would turn over in his grave.

**EL BURRO:** It's true. Just like John said. Christianity is dying.

**EPSTEIN:** I've got it! Why don't You and John just switch. Nobody will know the difference. John will get a big kick out of it, and besides it'll be good experience for You to be with a well-known name for a while. You're big Baby but a little extra boost from a good back-up group and You'll be made.

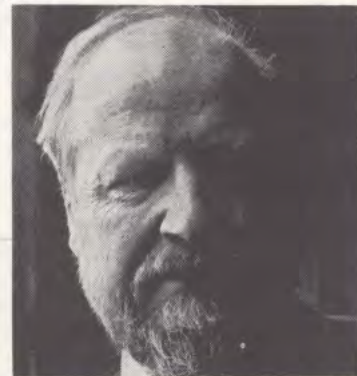
**CHRIST:** Brian, sweetheart, you're the greatest. I mean I really think your plan is gear. What do you think, John?

**LENNON:** I'm all for it. You know J.C., before I came in here today I was

spoiling for a fight. I mean I was really ready to nail You to a cross, if You'll pardon the expression, but now that I've gotten to know You a little better — Your a bit of all right.

**EL BURRO:** Well fellows, I hate to break up your discussion, but here comes the waiter with our lunch. We've got time for one more question. Now that You and John are on good terms, Mr. Christ, I'd like to know how You really felt when You heard that John said he was bigger than Jesus?

**CHRIST:** Did he say that? That tears it. The deal's off. I happen to be six foot three and if loud mouthed Lennon would care to step outside, I'll really give him a lesson in the brotherhood of man.



**Epstein:** Baby, You're a natural.



**SWING WITH THE YOUNG AMERICANS AND  
SONNY MELENDREZ ON KINT 1590**



## Major In Fashions



from

*Molly's*

"Coed Haven"

86 Bassett Center

## Lennon Saves



Pleas for leniency fall on deaf ears as new Dean of Students outlines conditions for disciplinary probation students.

The teen-age gas station attendant walked up to the car and asked: "Juice?"

"So vot if ve are," came the reply, "don't ve get no ges?"

— EB —

"Doc, I'm just a young feller startin' out, and I wanna buy some of them contrivances I've heard about. How much are they?"

"We sell a lot of 'em in this drug store — and the most popular ones are these here — three for fifty cents."

"Half a buck for just three! Ain'tcha got something cheaper?"

"Tell you what I'll do my boy — here's a gross of loose ones I'll let you have for \$5.00."

"O.K. I'll take them."

The next morning the young man returned to the drug store, an unhappy look on his face. "Doc, there was only 143 of them things you sold me yesterday."

"I'm sorry son — I hope your evening wasn't spoiled."

— EB —

"No, Joe, I can't marry you," said Gertrude, "because I'm a lesbian."

"That's all right," said Joe, "you go to your church and I'll go to mine."

— EB —

Did you hear about the fag from Texas? He bought Boy's Town.

— EB —

When the newlyweds came down to breakfast, and the groom ordered a large green salad, the bride remarked, "and I see you also EAT like a rabbit."

— EB —

*Johnny Best Wears  
Cheap Underwear*



# HO CHI AT THE BAT

BY JON  
SHERRY

Leprechaun

It looked extremely rocky for the Viet Cong that year.  
The war was going badly, the government still was there.  
So when Stalin quit in Europe, and coexistence rose to fame,  
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few kept up the fight, the rest retreated North,  
With hope in heart that their boy finally would step forth.  
For they thought, "If only Ho Chi could get a whack at that,"  
They'd put up even money with Ho Chi at the bat.

But Diem preceeded Ho Chi and likewise so had France;  
The former was a tyrant; the latter had no chance.  
So on that stricken country, a U.S. grip was sat.  
There seemed but little question of where Ho Chi's place was at.

But Big Minh let fly a coup, to the wonderment of all;  
And the mandarin Diem was stood up against a wall.  
And when the dust had settled, and they saw what had occurred,  
There was Taylor safe in Saigon and Ky had just a third.

Then from the gladdened comrades went up a joyous yell,  
It rumbled on the mountaintops, it rattled in the dell,  
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat,  
For Ho Chi, mighty Ho Chi was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Ho Chi's manner as he heated up the pace.  
There was pride in Ho Chi's bearing and glee in Ho Chi's face,  
And when responding to the cheers he quickly seized Don That,  
No stranger in the world would doubt it was Ho Chi at the bat.

Ten thousands eyes were on him as he drafted volunteers.  
Five thousand tongues applauded when he said it'd take two years.  
Then when the writhing Uncle sent advisors by the score.  
Defiance glared in Ho Chi's eye; he said, "We'll take on more."

And now the steel spheres came hurtling through the air,  
And Ho Chi stood a-watching in haughty graundeur there.  
Close by the sturdy batsman the first offer went unread.  
"That ain't my style," said Ho Chi; "Bomb again," the President said.

From the jungle, green with foliage, there went up a muffled roar,  
Like the falling off of breakers upon a distant shore.  
"Stop him, stop the president," shouted senators in the stand.  
Its likely they'd of stopped him had not Ho Chi seized more land.

With a smile of Chinese charity great Ho Chi's visage shone,  
He raised the mounting tumult, he made the game go on.  
They signaled to the president, once more the bombers flew.  
But Ho Chi still ignored them, the president said, "Offer two."

"Fraud?" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud?"  
But one scornful look from Ho Chi and the peasantry was awed.  
They saw his face grow cold and stern; they saw his "missles" strain,  
And they knew that Ho Chi wouldn't let the bombs come down again.

The sneer is gone from Ho Chi's face, his teeth are clenched in hate.  
He pounds his troops with fury 'gainst the remnants of the state.  
Now th airmen load the bombs and now they let them go,  
And now the land is shattered by the force of Ho Chi's blow.

Oh somewhere in a favored land the Party's shining bright.  
Some are spreading sabotage and some keep up the fight.  
And somewhere workers joke and somewhere comrades shout;  
But there is no joy in Hanoi, mighty Ho Chi was bombed out.



AFTER MANY YEARS OF SCRUBBING AND WASHING THE ODD FASHIONED WAY, ALICE FINAL GOT AN AUTOMATIC MACHINE OF HER VERY OWN. SHE SWELLED WITH PRIDE AS ALL THE NOSEY ALL HAGS IN THE NEIGHBORHUG TRUDGED OVER TO ADMONISH IT.

STILL THERE WAS ONE PROBABLE—THE KIND OF LAUNDRY DETERGENT TO USE IN IT. ALICE THOUGHT HARD ABOUT IT AND WATCHED ALL THE COMMERCES ON TELLY (HER USUAL DAYTIME OCCUPATION). THEN SHE STUB INTO THE STORE TO MAKE HER CHOICE.

HURRYING HOME, SHE COULD HARDLY WAIT TO TRY IT. SHE FILMED THE WASHER WITH TYPICAL FILTHY OLD RAGS OFF HER FAMILIES AND POURED IN THE MIRACLE SUDS. HER EYES WIDED WITH AMASSMENT, AND SHE RAN AS FAST AS SHE COULD CRUTCH OVER TO SEE HER BEST FRIEND'S HOUSE.

"MABEL," SHE CROAKED (FOR THAT WAS HER NAME), "THERE BE A ARM COMING OUT OF ME MACHINE!" MABLE LOOKED AT THE DRUGGED EXPASSION IN THE LOON'S EYES, BUT DECIDED TO HUMOR HER AND FELLOWS ON OVER TO SEE.

AND SURE ALOOF, THERE WAS AN ARM IN ALICE'S WOEBEGONE—PLUS A LOT OF OTHER PARTS OF HER LATE SON, WHO JUGS HAPPENED TO BE PLAYING HIVE-AND-GO-SNEAK IN THE WRONG PLACE AS IT WERE. —

## STRIKES

ONCE UPON A TERM IN A FAROFF AWAY DISTANCE LAND WHICH YOU PROBABLY NEVER HEARD OFF ANYWAY AND NEVER WILL AGAIN, THERE LIVED A LITTLE GRIFF WITH HER MOTHER—OR PROBABLE A STEP MOTHER AS IN SO MANNER OF THESE TAILS—IN THE EDGE OF A DIRK FLORIST. THIS LITTLE GRILL WAS WELL KNOWN AMONK THE INHABITENTS AS GLODYLOOKS, SO THEY SWAY, BY HER LITTLE RED CAPE WHICH SHE ALWAYS WARD, ONE DAY THE OLD HAG—HER MATHER, YOU KNOW—SAID, "YER TAKE THESE HERE GOODIES AND OTHER SNAKES TO YER OWLD LOON OF A GRANDMOUSER, OR I'LL BEAT YER AND THASS A FACT!"

SO THE LITTLE WRETCH TOOK THE GOODIES AND HOBBLLED OFF INTO THE FOREST TOWARD GRANDDRAGON'S HOUSE, BUT A KINDLY OLD BUSYBODY HAS JIST TOLD ME THIS IS IMMATERNAL AND NOT EVEN THE WRITE STORY. SO FORGET THE WHOLE DAMN THING. —

## HEARTILY

## DICKASON

NELSON SAT UNHOBBILY IN HIS HOVEL THINKING SAGGLY ABOUT THE GRATE CURSE VESTED UPON HIM BY PROVINCE, NAMELY THAT HE ALWAYS SAW ONLY THE DARK, BLACK SIDE OF EVERYTHING. "WHY, OH WIPE, HAVE HOLY GOB CREEPED ME TO SEE ODDLY BLACK IN A SITUATION?" HE MOANED. "SCENICS AND PESSAMISTICS LOOK AT ONLY THE DARK SIZE; AM I TRULY AS BAG AS THEY?" YEA, THOUGH I NOSE THAT EVERY CLOUD HAS A SLOBBERING LION I CANNOT CONVERSE MESELF." NELSON BUBBLED POTTILY, AND THE TEARS RAN DOWN HIS GOB.

"AH, WELL," HE CONSUMED. "I WILL GO TO BET AND PERHOPES IN THE MORNING THINGS WILL NOT LOOK SO BLACK." BUT THE DID, YOU KNOW, DUE TO HIS BEAN STRUCK BLIND SINCE BIRTH. —

## BACK

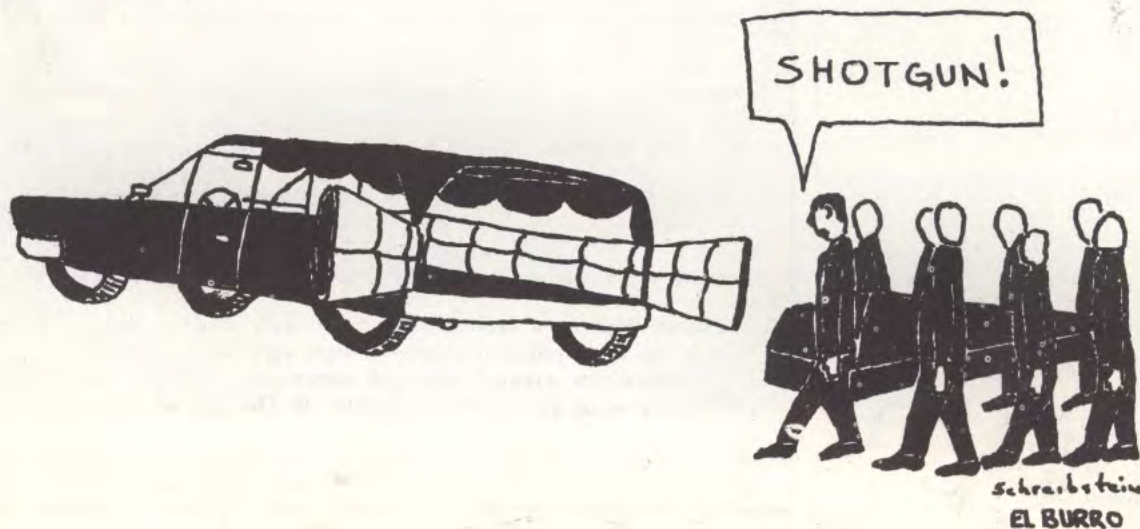
WHAT WITH THERE BEING THE RIDE SERIOUS BATTLE OVER WHAT TIME IT BE IN SOME CITIES—SYNDROM OF MOLE HILL—IT WOULD NOD SEEM ODD THAT THE PEOPLE OF THE SMALL BUT SMALL ISLAND OF HUMBUG-UGA SHOULD WORRY, DUE TO THEIR BEING ON THE INTERFACTIONAL DATE LION AS YOU WELL KNOW.

"THE GRADE REPUBLIC OF HUMBUG-UGA MUSK KEEP ITS WRATHFUL PLACE IN THE WORLD," SCREECH THE LORD HIGH MAJOR OF EAST HUMBUG-UGA. "WE MUST SWITCH RATHER THAN FRIGHT, GOING OFFER TO THE LADDER DAZE OF THE WEEK, AS IN WEST HUMBUG-UGA (WHICH IS ON THE OTTER SIDE OF THE INTERNATURAL DATE LINE)."

"NEVER!" SHRIEK A REACTIVATION OLD LOON. "THE GLO-RIOUS PARST OF OUR GRADE AND HOLLY CITY MUST BE PRE-VAILED. WE SHALL FIGHT THEM ON THE PEACHES, AND WE SHAG FIGHT THEM IN THE STRIPS! WE SALL NIBBLE SUR-RENDER!"

"GIVE ME LIBERTINE OR GIG ME DEAD!" HE FINALLY SHOUTED IN A HIGH CRACKERS VOICE, TRYING TO RECALL WHO SAID IT.

SO THEY PUT IT ALL UP TO A VOTE AND DECIDED TO CHANGE OFFER WIGS THE REST OF THE ISLET (THE RABICALS PREVAILING). AND THEY DIDN'T SEAM TO MIND AFTER THEY GOG USED TO IT. ADD LEAST UNTIL THE JUDGEMENT DAZE, WHEN THEY LOST THAT EXTRA DAY TO REPENT, YOU SEE. —







John Boice (center) espouses on the various S.A. activities for the semester as members of the board and Pres. Johnny Best (far right) weigh the merits of the proposals.

A B.A. major, walking out of a house of ill-repute, muttered to himself: "That's what I call good business . . . You got it, you sell it, and you still got it."

— EB —

He: "I'm a man of few words. Will you or won't you?"

She: "At your place or mine?"

He: "If your going to argue about it, skip the whole thing."

— EB —

COMPLIMENTS  
of FIRST STATE  
BANK in FIVE  
POINTS

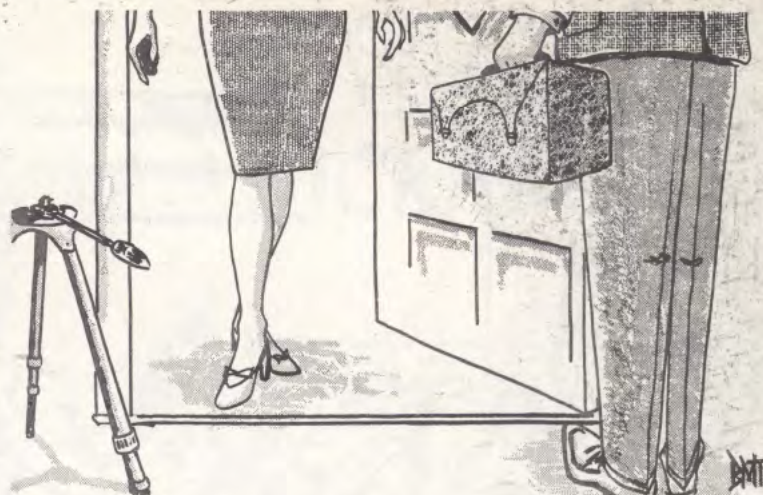


Making his debut, new freshmen English instructor appraises class.



# INSEMINATION

By TEKEL



The year is 1969 and the British Government's policy of socialized medicine has been extended to include "Proxy Papas." That is, any married woman not having a child in the first five years of marriage, must receive the service of a government man, who will attempt to be the means of her becoming a mother.

The Smiths have had no children and the government man is due. Smith leaves for work. He has a very hung-dog as he pecks his wife dutifully at the door.

SMITH: I'm off, the government man should be here early. (He leaves and his wife prepares herself, putting on her most seductive negligee. But instead of the government man, a door-to-door photographer specializing in baby pictures knocks on the door.)

MRS: Oh, good morning.

MAN: You probably don't know me, but I represent the . . .

MRS: Oh, yes, no need to explain. My husband said to expect you.

MAN: I make a specialty of babies, especially twins.

MRS: That's what my husband said. Sit down.

MAN: Then your husband probably said . . .

MRS: Oh, yes, we both agreed it was the thing to do.

MAN: Well, in that case we can get started.

MRS: (Blushing) Just . . . Just where do we start?

MAN: Just leave everything to me. I recommend two in the bathtub, one on the couch, and a couple on the floor.

MRS: Bathtub? Floor? No wonder Harry and I . . .

MAN: Well my dear lady, even the best of us can't guarantee a good one everytime. But, say one out of six is bound to be a honey. I usually have my best luck with the shots in the bathtub.

MRS: Seems a bit informal.

MAN: No indeed. A man in my line can't do his best work in a hurry. (Gets out his album of baby pictures and shows them to her.)

Look at her. It's a good job that took two hours, but isn't she a beauty?

MRS: Yes, a lovely child.

MAN: But for a tough assignment, look at this baby. Believe it or not, it was done on top of a bus in Piccadilly Circus.

MRS: My God!

MAN: It's not hard when a man knows his job. My work is a pleasure. I spend hours perfecting my technique. Now, take this baby. I did it in one shot in Alexander's window.

MRS: I can't believe it.

MAN: And here is a picture of the prettiest twins in town. They turned out exceptionally well when you consider the mother was so . . . so difficult. But I knocked off the job in Hyde Park on a snowy afternoon. It took from two in the afternoon to five at night. I've never worked under such conditions. People crowded four or five deep, pushing to get a look.

MRS: Four or five deep?

MAN: Yes, and for more than three hours. But I had the help of two Bobbies. I could have done another shot before dark, but the squirrels were nibbling at my equipment and I had to give up. Well madam, if you are ready I'll set up my tripod and get to work.

MRS: TRIPOD???

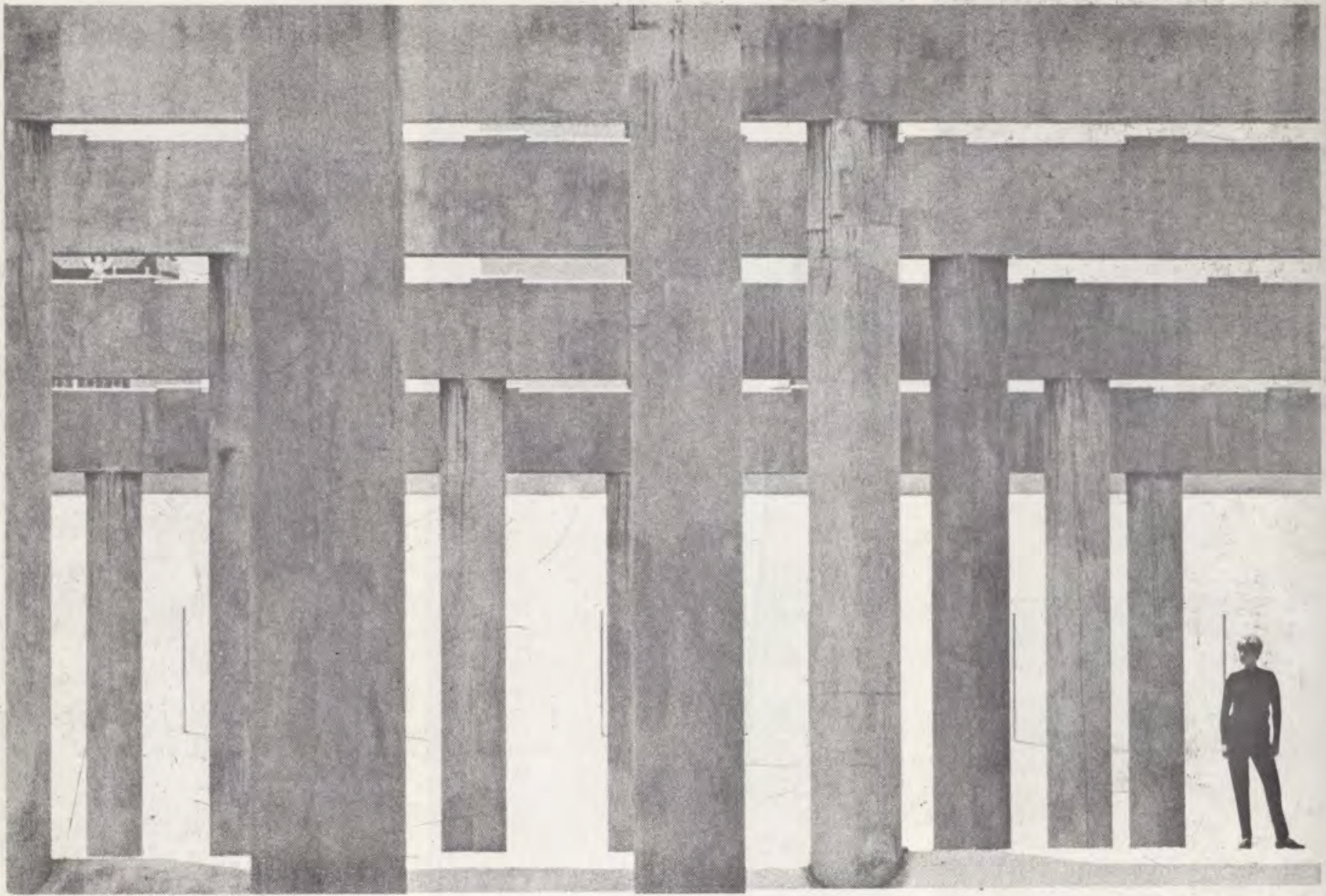
MAN: Yes, I always use a tripod to rest my equipment on. It is much too heavy for me to hold for too great a length of time . . . Mrs. Smith? . . . MRS. SMITH! . . . Good lord! Mrs. Smith have you fainted?



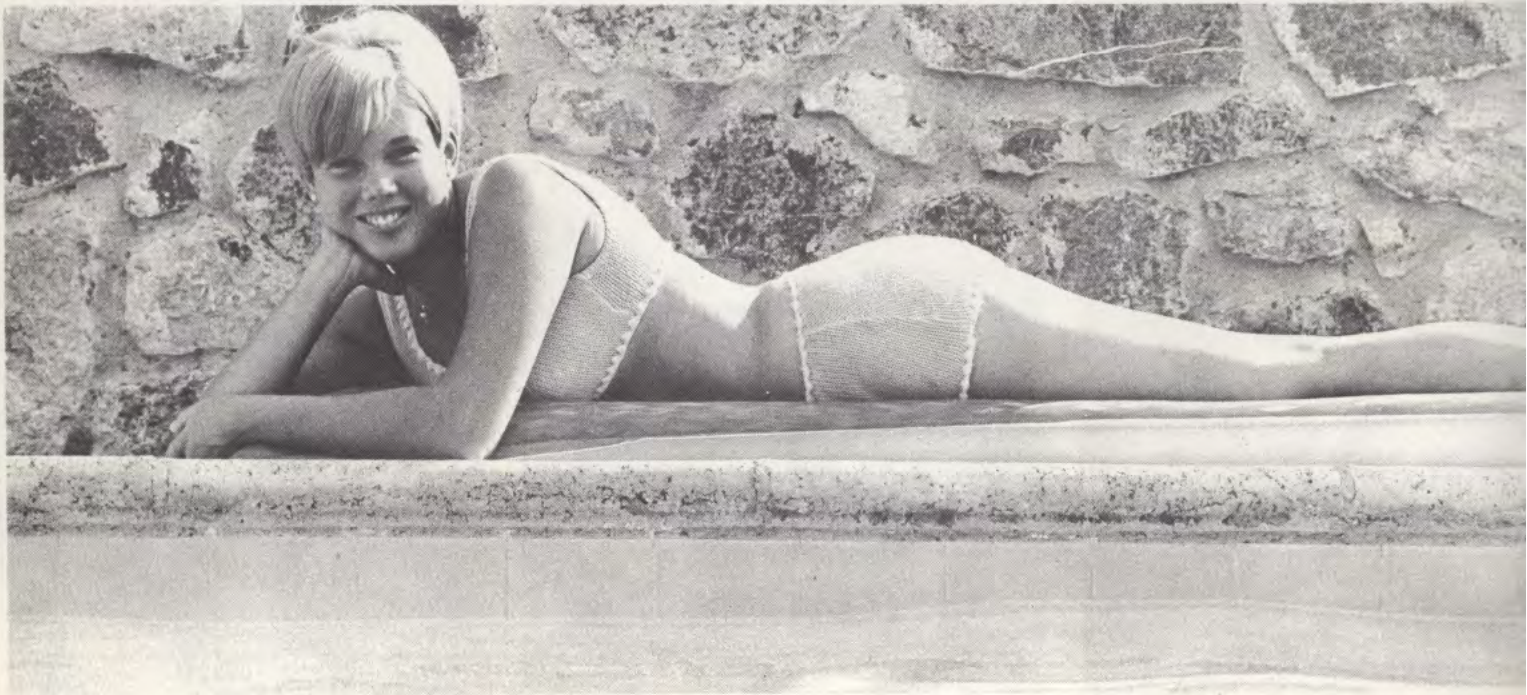
CHRIS  
NYHLEN





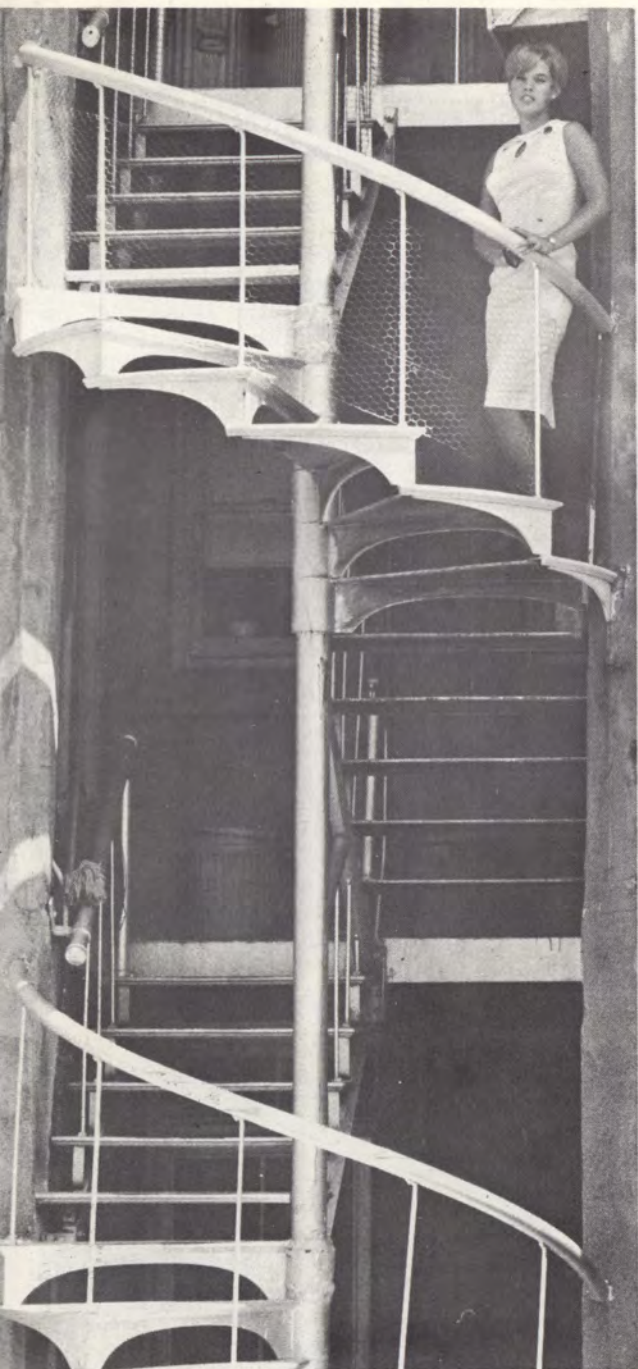


**Apparel from Molly's. Raft from El Paso Sporting Goods.**



**Photography by Tim Bitler**









With his few loyal followers, Huad sails back from exile, eager to begin his long battle for his rightful role.

## WAR IN PHALIKSYM - BOL

Nestled in the crotch of the orient, Phaliksym-Bol, the cervix of civilization, has had a quiet and until recently, peaceful existence. Content to let the world progress, this country, once the most advanced culture in the world, has made little headway in the last few centuries. But now the pacific solitude has erupted into a catholic conflict. More than a civil war, this national orgasm has implications of a wider scope.

**Past:** On the banks of the Ranque River, the nation emerged some three hundred centuries before creation. It was by the Ranque the Dingue Dangs (as the Phallics were previously known) began their advanced culture. The nation declined from its conception, due mostly to the lethargic nature of its population, who desired to engage in a more convivial occupation than work.

Even today, the Dingue Dang schools remain, a remnant of the past, used only to educate the royalty. It was here the future ruler of the country, the Supreme

Huad, spent his formative years at the stool of his pedagogue and father Huad Nuts.

But life was not all play for the young prince. When, at the tender age of thirty-two and not yet wise in the ways of the world, young Huad witnessed the brutal death of his aged father, poisoned at a P.T.A. banquet after eating a pie. In the ensuing melee, caused by the ruler's death, Huad lost his most prized possession.

Bachelor Huad incurred the disfavor of the troika which assumed power after his father's untimely demise. Banished from his beloved land, Huad roamed the streets of downtown Boise, Idaho, working infrequently as an apprentice toilet flusher in a paraplegic ward and waiting for the day he could return from exile and usurp his rightful role as ruler of Phaliksym-Bol.

**Conflict:** During Huad's absence, all was not well in his homeland. A strong colonial power had entered the country and completely split it along the 105 latitude. The colonial force, Chad, a highly moral nation which did not allow any sexual promiscuity within its colonies, outlawed prostitution in East Phaliksym-Bol. However, in the west, where a more lenient





government existed, this profession flourished. It was due to this situation that civil war broke out.

The Haves (West) were completely landlocked. This itself would not have been disastrous had the population been willing to accept native girls to satisfy their desires. But alas, being a strongly nationalistic nation, the Haves strange sense of patriotism prohibited this indulgence. Recent violent differences with their neighbors had caused ill-will and imports from them had correspondingly diminished. So the poor Westerners, their closest supplies shut off, appealed to the better nature of their Eastern brothers to at least allow them access to the port city of Hadan Elatlie via the Ranque River. A thriving port, a melting pot of nationalities, Hadan Elatlie was veritably abundant with foreign flesh. Their problems seemed solved, and the Westerners took to celebrating their good luck. Prematurely however, for the Haves had failed to realize how deep-seated the morality of the Have Nots extended. An edict was issued from Kau Dungue and the West's cause for elation was cancelled. Needless to say, a state of war immediately ensued.



**Huad unobtrusively slips into Kau Dungue on his way to the parliament.**

**Exile:** Huad, still flushing toilets, took delight in this change of events in the homeland, for it meant the time was ripe for his triumphant return. Flushing sixteen hours a day, he managed to earn the passage home. Landing incognito in the hotbed of the hostility, Huad quickly made his way inland to the mountain metropolis of Giang Biang. It was from here he decided to launch his vapid comeback. Rounding up his loyal supporters, Huad and his trio began their march on the capital. Storming the steps of parliament, Huad commandeered a megaphone and announced his return. Widespread rejoicing ran through the gladdened throng. Huad announced his plans to end the civil strife. A return to the past was predicted. He lifted the ban on prostitution. The crowd was ecstatic. They demonstrated their delight with this latest declaration. However, within this joyous jubilee lurked a fanatical moralist. A pistol was drawn, a retort was heard, and there was no joy in Phaliksymb-Bol, the mighty Huad had been shot.

His death dampened his idealistic plans and the country remained divided. And thus the situation is today. The war is raging, foreign advisors support the causes on each side, but the war remains as it has since the beginning, a means to an end. —



**Huad proclaims victory after triumphantly assaulting parliament; little did he realize that his political life was soon to come to an abrupt end.**



## FAMILIARITY BREEDS ATTEMPT.



A young army doctor in the South Pacific diagnosed the ailment of a sergeant but knew he could do little with his limited facilities, so he wired the base hospital: "Have a case of syphilis. What shall I do?"

A young technician at the base took the message and immediately wired back: "Give it to the engineers. They'll drink anything."

— EB —



Faculty members leave closed door session with the President and prepare to initiate programs coinciding with new UETP designation.

"So you're working your way through school? How do you do it?"

"Well, don't tell my mother this because she thinks I'm peddling opium, but I'm editing the humor magazine."

— EB —

Visitor: "What's the name of this school?"

Student: "Sorry, I'm just a football player here."

— EB —

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# ATTENTION!

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2nd Lieutenants have the highest  
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MR. MIDDAGH TAKES  
THREE HOUR LUNCH  
BREAKS



## DOG NEARLY ITCHES to DEATH

"I thought we would have to put Daisy to sleep . . . but I could never do this. I suffered like she suffered almost two years with large running itching sores. I had almost given up trying things when I came across this disgusting advertisement for Assoclean. Now my backside is all healed, my hair is coming in thick. The damn dog died, but who cares, I can sit down once more. The Lord should bless you for such a fine product."

says Mrs. John Buditch,  
Pilonidal, N. M.



ASSOCLEAN is a scientific liquid medication developed by famous internal scientist Dr. A. C. Deucey. ASSOCLEAN works fast to clear fungus infection, stop fungus itch and heal itch-sores (often called mange, eczema, hot spots). So soothing, the most frenzied itching is relieved al-

most instantly. Biting and scratching is stopped. Quickly promotes healing. Open sores heal over. Scales disappear and hair grows back. Used by internal medicine specialists the world over. Get ASSOCLEAN today! At all leading pharmacies everywhere.

## FAMILIARITY BREEDS

Silence.  
More silence.  
Strained silence.  
He: "Aren't the walls unusually perpendicular this evening

— EB —

EL BURRO



The Red Chinese government invited a **Sports Ulcerated** correspondent to spend eight action-packed, propaganda-filled weeks reporting China's recently organized tackle football league. The following is what our reporter found.

by Robert J. Johnson

# FOOTBALL: RED CHINESE STYLE

Peking is a bustling city, where and whenever its citizens are allowed to bustle, alive with the trump-trump marching of soldiers, students, and demoted government officials. Here the industrialization process has wiped the slate clean of the past and given the peasant a glorious soot-filled future to enjoy.

On Bang Ded Lane are children gayly chanting "Mao is a dirty imperialist" as uniformed adults just as joyfully lead the innocents to their first day of 'corrective education.' Further along a student recited the poem "My Love is Like a Red, Red Comrade" to a secret policeman posing as the suspect's girlfriend.

The facade of happiness, though, is pervaded everywhere with the down-to-earth seriousness personified by the numerous slogan-plastered billboards:

"Help Beautify Wasteland China," one litter poster encourages.

Support Your Local Secret Police," says one right-wing slogan.

"Make War, Not Love": definitely government dictated.

"Johnson is a Fink!"

But nowhere in the Red Chinese capital can be seen a more magnificent architectural achievement than Huat Hapon Stadium, home of the Peking Toms—one of the five American-style football teams of the Won Flung Dung Football League.

Huat Hapon Stadium with its barbed-wire entrances outlined by Peking's three-story skyscrapers emits all the rugged romance of the famed farm-labor communes. Inside, the bamboo goalposts are indicative of Chinese individuality as well as the government's thriftiness.

The WFDFL has been nursed since puberty by Gung Mad, a spritely, middle-aged Oriental who boasts a reputation of being impatient with disorderliness. Today the league mentors still joke about the time the first coach's meeting moderated by the controversial commissioner was called. As the anecdote goes, each coach was seated alphabetically—the order with which each would present his views on the league rules. One emotional coach, hearing an idea with which he disagreed violently, waved his hand for permission to speak. "You can speak when your turn comes," the commissioner said. "But honorable sir," protested the mentor, "I have something important to say." Gung countered, "You mean you **had** something important to say," pulled out a pistol, quietly shot the coach between the eyes, and proceeded with the meeting.

Gung also has a tendency to be impatient with those who question his motives. He claims tackle football is in reality a Chinese invention rather than an American innovation (much in the same manner as Castro proclaims baseball for his Cubanos). When asked if he could prove his belief, he exploded: "You war-mongering Americans. Always demanding **proof!** He produced a manuscript, which was supposed to be an archeological discovery comparable to the Dead Sea Scrolls, from his files.

"But this paper is brand new," I protested, "not old and yellow as it should be."

"See what I mean," Gung said with an air that vaguely reminded me of Ho Chi Minh. "We give you Americans proof, and you present silly technicalities."

Turning to more pleasant subjects, the



WFDFL commissioner discussed the possibilities of a true world championship game between the best of the two nations.

"Of course," he said chewing his nails because the steel shortage had confiscated his nailclippers, "the only fair way to conduct the game would be by our rules. First, Chinese referees would be employed because they're unbiased and thoroughly brainw... er, well educated. Second, should a Chinese compatriot slug or kick an American, that Yankee had better not resort to violence. Otherwise it would be a direct violation of our interpretation of the Geneva Conference."



Players stare in amazement after quarterback hefts a long bomb toward Hanoi.



Poorly paid Won Flung Dung players disregard football and scramble for money tossed by exuberant fans.

In the first exhibition tilt of the year fought between the Peking Toms and the Sinkiang Battleships, Suki "Red Dog" Yaki, the Toms 140-pound linebacker, proved to be the defensive star. But the most disconcerting result of the game was the serious injury of seven players. The cause: The Peoples Republic Army training which each player on the field had experienced. Simply stated, the "Human Wave" or "Hari Kari" strategy just ain't gonna work when the sides are even.

The Red Chinese player-coach relationship first made its appearance when one of the players encountered a stern lecture from the Battleship's Tung Fli Kwik.

"But coach . . ."

"You talk too much. Talk, talk, talk. Where you learn play football, anyway? In Hew Hess Hay?!"

"But coach . . ."

"How you like punch in honorable snoot?"

"But coach, Chiang Kai Shek say 'Human Wave' play *always* work."

"Aaaghgh (or some reasonable facsimile thereof)." Tung responded in defeat. He turned around and walked off mumbling something to the effect of "Chiang say this, Chiang say that. What he know about football?!"

A young rivalry has already blossomed in the fledgling WFDFL between the Nanking Hawks, sentimentally named the "Atomic Club" by the government, and the Shanghai Doves, scorned by the Chinese Communist party but adored by the hometown fans. The Hawks, called the "Atomic Club" because of their newly-found offensive power minus a decent delivery system (namely a quarterback), blasted the Doves in all three exhibition games by margins of 54-0, 24-0, 48-0. Doves fans, vaguely reminiscent of the famous (infamous) devotees of baseball's New York Mets, display every game placards proudly announcing:



Tom halfback strikes a languishing pose for *Sports Ulcerated* photographer as opposition tallies for six.





Kand On Ez (41) gets double-teamed by Hari Urm Pit (22) and Phil Thee Sux (24), who forgets himself and prepares to throw karate blow across Kand's lower nasal passage.

Doves can't win;  
Can't even score,  
But like strip show,  
"We want more."

Pung Chou Lop, the Shanghai coach, only wrings his hands in despair and laments, "You'd think they'd at least give us a chance."

Whereas the Doves have won the hearts of the fans, the Canton Soviets, oddly enough, have become innocent villains unable to please football buffs. Should the Soviets ever make a brilliant play (especially against the Hawks) government officials can be detected leading an orchestra of hisses and a chorus of "boo to drinkers of capitalist booze." Whenever the schedule pits the Soviets against the Hawks, Mao Tse Tung, Chinese premier, always attends — especially when he's depressed because the world seems against him or because his wife tells him to go to Hangchow. He can be seen joyfully tossing rice wine bottles at the Canton players as well as a few well-chosen connotative expletives. "It makes him feel real important," one government official confided.

But the Soviets are truly blessed with a personable and witty coach who could easily pass for a U.S. mentor were it not for his oriental physique. Hun Kwote's response to this rare interview should give one insight into the outlook of coaches the world over:

SU: "Coach Hun, a month of workouts and exhibition games has subsided — just how do you size up your team?"

Hun: "Well-I-I, in some places we strong and some places we not so strong."

SU: "Do you think your team can win the pennant?"

Hun: "We might. And then we might not. It depends on how we play and how comrade teams play."

SU: "We hear that Hem Gee Em of the Toms will be the league's superstar this year. What's your opinion?"

Hun: "He pretty good. We might stop him if things turn out right."

SU: "For instance?"

Hun: "For instance, he might break leg before he play us. Or might get seasick on bus ride through Gobi desert. Or he might take LSD, think he ice-cube and melt."

SU: "What does the pennant race look like to you?"

Hun: "Look like team with most wins gun be winner. I think."

SU: "Thanks so much for your enlightening answers, coach. By the way, where's the team dressing room?"



An end zone stand by three Tom defensive linemen stifles an early scoring attempt.

Hun: "I don't know. I not have time to memorize answer to that question."

Chienese football is yet young, subject to the scrutinous development which will be needed to make it as popular as the "Deflate Kosygin" movement sweeping the country. Addiction to the sport is fast becoming reality. Like their daily rations of food an hour passes and the fans are hungry for more.



## U.S. AND CHINESE FOOTBALL: DIFFERENCES

Although Red Chinese style football is very similar to U.S. type football, it does differ in these ways:

A) China does not have college football where grid hopefuls can train for the big leagues. In fact, the players are literally drafted. Since high school football is compulsory, the best prep players are sent to pop leather for the nearest WDFL team. But the draft is being resisted. Go Limp, a halfback for the Sinkiang Battleships, has ignited the anti-draft campaign by burning his "Youth for Mao" membership card. "I think an honorable Communist youth should be able to decide for himself," Go sputtered, "whether to play football, join the great Red Army and get his guts blown out, or sweat 12 hours a day on the communes." When Go realized what

he had said, he went limp.

B) Arguing with the referee is illegal in China. When a coach or player takes issue with a ref, he's immediately carted to the local interrogation room to have his brain rewashed.

C) The Premier throws out the first ball to initiate the football season. But the player who catches the toss must fall down to give the appearance that the tremendous force of the pass was too much for the player to take. Anyone who fails to make the fake look good is suspended from shaving commercials for one year.

D) Whenever a quarterback completes a long bomb, a five-minute time-out is called and everyone bows his head in commemoration of Hanoi.

The countess rose. She lifted her silver goblet and proposed a toast. "Wine is the essence of humanity. Its delicate smell fills my nostrils with sensuous aroma. When I put the chalice to my lips I have the thrill of ecstasy, and when the wine touches my lips and trickles down my throat, I get a warm, tender feeling. On the other hand, beer makes me belch."

— EB —

The newlyweds were honeymooning at the seashore. As they walked arm in arm along the beach the young groom looked poetically out to sea and cried:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!"

His bride gazed at the water for a moment and then in a hushed tone gasped, "Oh, Bob, it's doing it."

— EB —

Two roosters were caught in a deluge of rain. One ran for the coop and the other made a duck under the porch.

— EB —

A certain young lady was invited up to her boyfriend's apartment the other evening to look at his etchings. When they arrived at his apartment, she was surprised to find no etchings. In fact, to her amazement, she discovered he had no chairs, no tables, no furniture at all.

She was floored.

— EB —

"That dinosaur is growing a moustache."

"It must be a distinguished dinosaur."

"No, it just wants to look its best."

"Why?"

"It's trying a comeback."

— EB —

## "Look To The Southwest!"



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NEGRO-GO GREEK  
MONTH.





Schreibstein  
El Burro

"How was your date last night?"

"Aw, she's an iceberg."

"So? Some of my best friends are Jewish."

— EB —

A drunk man was sitting at a bar next to a man and his wife when he let go a resounding belch.

"How dare you belch before my wife!"

"Oh, pardon me, I didn't know it was her turn."

— EB —

How do you say "Curtiss" in Brooklynese?

— EB —

Are you troubled with improper thoughts?

No, I rather enjoy them.

— EB —

A persevering couple shrugged off eight successive daughters and finally produced a boy on their ninth try. The delirious father promptly went on a week-long toot that broke several records. On the seventh day, somebody asked him, "Who does it look like, you or your wife?" "I don't know," snorted the proud papa. "We haven't looked at his face yet."

— EB —

Moses was walking along the mountain top when suddenly a voice boomed out, "Moses, do you have your stone tablet?"

"Yes, Lord," he replied.

"Moses," the voice continued, "do you have your chisel?"

Again Moses answered yes.

"Good," the voice boomed, "then number from one to ten. We're having a pop quiz."

— EB —

Patrick lay on his death bed. His inconsolable wife stood tearfully over him. "Poor Pat," said she, "is there anything on earth that would make you more comfortable? Anything ye ask I'll get for ye!"

"Please, Bridget," he replied, "I think I'd like to have a wee taste of the ham that's cooking in the kitchen."

"Go on with ye," answered Bridget, "nary a bit of that ham will ye get! It's for the wake!"

— EB —

Like Dr. Kinsey said, "Anything you do is okay in my book!"

— EB —



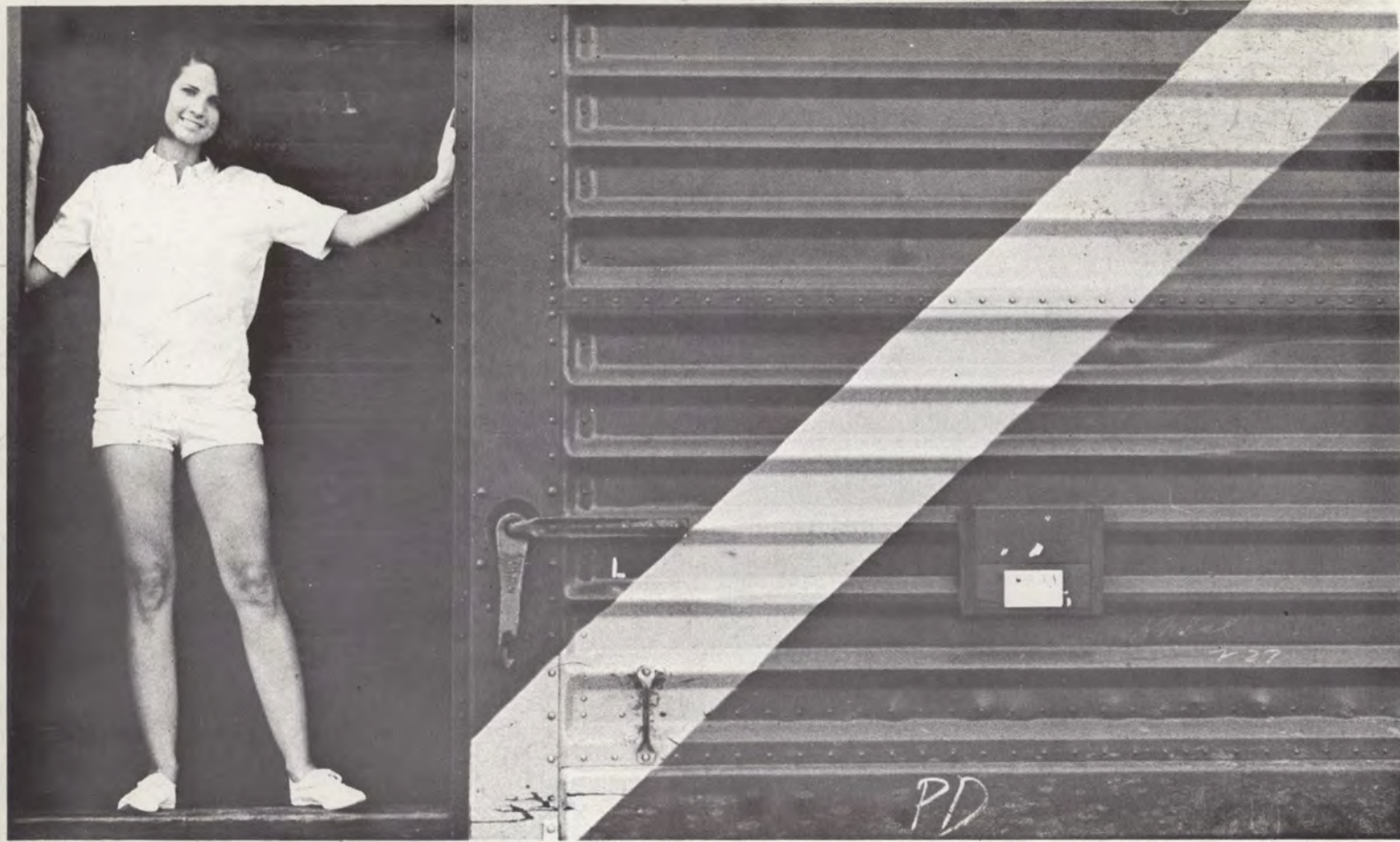
Sporting the latest accoutrements, new members of College ROTC prepare to be divided into smaller units.





CAMILLE  
DUGGAN









Photography by Tim Bitler





El Burro Tear-out Placemat

# SUB FOOD STINKS

*Tell the cashier to eat it*



# A QUESTION OF SERVICE

Editorial Comment by Tim Bitler

This article is both in the form of a statement of what I have always felt the premise of a college magazine should be and to find if a majority of the student body feels the same. The problem to be discussed is the extent of censorship which a student body should allow to color the publications for which it directly pays. It should be pointed out that the funds for student publications are obtained from the collections which are raised under the title of Student Association Fee. If you are enrolled in more than twelve hours then you are required to pay this fee. The points in question take the form of two intended features in this **El Burro**, but were deleted because Mr. John Middagh, director of Student Publications and advisor for **El Burro**, felt they would raise controversy, not among the student body, which the magazine supposedly serves, but in the community of El Paso.

It would seem that we find the magazine, into which your money is funneled, has become part of some sort of public relation tool for the procurement of funds. The thought is that the benevolent benefactors of various funds might not be willing to give their support if they were in some way offended. "Given Anonymously" apparently has a very thin skin which covers a good deal of jelled prejudice. In this way they directly control the material which you pay for. The **El Burro** is not intended to be a text book for closing minds, nor do we believe the student body is such that they are gullible enough to take everything which we print to heart. Our wish is to entertain and inform. And we have more respect for our readers responsibility and intelligence than our outside censors. If the material which they find proper happens to be in your actual interest, then all the better, but if not, then, too bad. (They do not make the distinction between the word "actual" and "in my considered opinion.") To be completely fair, it is now necessary to present the subjects of the two deletions so you may judge their propriety.

The first was in the form of a single photograph which was obtained from one of our sister publications published by the students of Stanford. It is a news photograph of an American soldier, lying face down on a bridge, dead. Under it is printed: "Join the Action Army." Let me make it clear that the **El Burro** has never, and so far as I can see, will never make an editorial statement on the Vietnamese War. This photograph has shock value and points out a basic absurdity in government advertising. You will notice there is, in this issue, a poem which states an opposite view. The poem was not found to be offensive. What was finally considered proper is the photograph, as toothless and impotent as it is, of the bomber. It is a statement of nothing, but it was decided upon because it would not cause a gasp from downtown and possibly result in the tightening of the purse-strings of charity. It is cute though, isn't it? The lesson here shows us that a milksop attitude will result in the better things which money can buy.

The second article is a complete parody of the popularity of Christ vs. John Lennon. In the opinion of the few people who have read it, including the Interfaith Council President, Chuck Peartree, this is one of the most humorous articles they have ever read in any college or university publication, and places the entire absurd controversy in the proper perspective. When it was presented to John Middagh he too thought it was funny, but before giving his stamp of approval, he asked the advice of several councils including President Joseph Ray, who told him that he could not dictate what to print. After stating to the editor, Richard Schreiberstein, that it was not to be printed, the article was then taken to two English instructors, who gave \$5.00 each to start contributions so the article could be printed as advertising at regular rates. One of them remarked that he wished more of his students could write as well. This idea also failed the acceptability test with



our advisor. His decision was made, not in consideration of what the students or faculty might think, because this was already known, but rather what the repercussions from El Paso might be. Both of these were to be printed not simply for the sensational nature of their content, as El Paso might take it, but for the stimulation of thought by the first, and entertainment by the second. The fabric of student publications is being colored by the prejudice of El Paso, and of this fact there can be little doubt. What can be done?

If you wish for the student magazine, **El Burro**, to be effectively and responsibly representative of the student body and not the prejudice of the surrounding area, then send your endorsements to Tim Bitler, **El Burro**, Student Publications. It will cost nothing but a little time, wisely spent, if you post it with the campus mail. You can do this by either placing it in the box at the Campus Post Office, giving it to the secretaries at the offices of

the various heads of departments, taking it to the Student Association Office on the third floor of the Student Union Building, or bringing it to the office of Student Publications on the fourth floor of the SUB.

If we are to be effective, we need the endorsement of every student and faculty member at Texas Western. Let me once again stress the fact that we do not want, nor would we use the right to choose our own material with complete disregard for good taste. We do wish to represent and entertain the student body and I have little doubt this conforms with both the thinking of faculty and students. What others outside of our sphere think, we do not feel should dictate what we print. If we did we would not print a college magazine. We would write a supplement for the local newspaper and the editors would be chosen by the city and not a board of faculty members and students. We only wish to be able to use the power of choice which the positions warrant.



*Lurleen Wallace is  
Pregnant. Don't Put a  
Mother in the  
Statehouse.*

Campus Cop informs student his car is illegally parked and politely requests that it be moved.

Professor: "Who was the first man?"  
Coed blushing: "I'd rather not say."

— EB —

Once upon a time, long, long, ago, a man and his wife were traveling to pay their taxes. When they got to the capital of this faraway land, they couldn't find a place to sleep. A kindly old man told them they could spend the night in his stable for there was no room in his inn. During the night a child was born. The woman and her husband wrapped it in clean white cloths and laid it on the soft straw in the manger. And a cow ate it.

— EB —

Sam: "Look at the pair on that girl!"

Wife: "My God, Sam, it's your own daughter!"

— EB —

Little Mary Smith while walking dutifully to church which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor little robin with one of its wings broken, lying in the grass. So she picked it up like a good little girl and took it into her house and fixed its wings. When it became well and strong again she let it fly away into the big blue sky. Now, you lugs, let's see you try to make something dirty out of this.

— EB —



## T. W. C. -- STUDENTS

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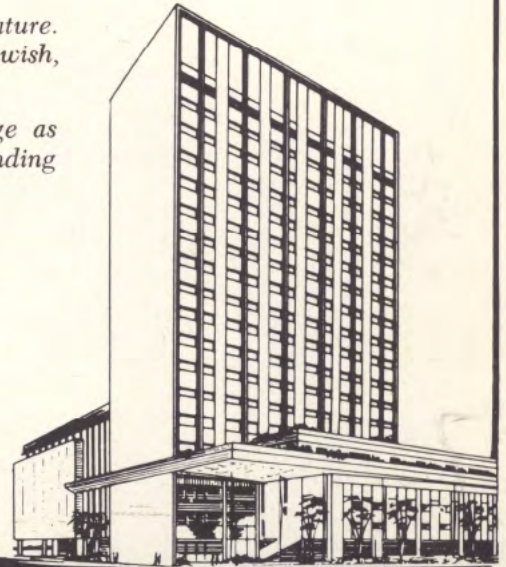
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Now look at him.

A lot has happened in the past few hours.

First he embezzled six hundred thousand from his father's bank. (Daddy always told him to think big.)

Then he bought a ticket for Buenos Aires. (No extradition rights with Argentina.)

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Then he listened to some stereo . . . and suddenly he saw the Rio de la Plata slide beneath him and presto! He was in Buenos Aires, inhaling the soft air and pinching the money to make sure it was real.

Now Ken is discovering one of the most beautiful sights in the world: Golfo San Matias from the beaches of Peninsula Valdes.

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It features a new 128-page guide book (a \$1.95 value) plus your phony passport and names of corrupt customs officials.

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