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EB

el burro

DECEMBER 1967

MERRY
CHRISTMAS



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but lots of good looking babies will.

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EL BURRO

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
AT EL PASO

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DECEMBER, 1967

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The opinions expressed in El Burro are not
necessarily those of the university or of the
Student Body.

The front cover is by Albert
Nedow and the model is just
any 'Innie'.

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Jokes... Jokes... Jokes

A nun had just been attacked and molested on a dark street. She ran back to the church crying, "Father! Father! I've been raped. What can I do?"

The wise priest replied, "Drink some lemon juice."

"Why," she asked. "Will that keep me from becoming pregnant?"

"No, but it will wipe that smile off your face."



The father, passing through his son's college town late one evening on a business trip, thought he would pay his son a surprise visit. Arriving at the lad's fraternity house, the dad rapped on the door. After several minutes of knocking, a sleepy voice drifted down from a second story window: "Whaddayah want?"

"Does Ramsey Duncan live here?" asked the father.

"Yeah," replied the voice. "Dump him on the porch."



If a light sleeper can sleep with a light on, can a hard sleeper sleep with a window open?

The traveling salesman stopped at a farmhouse and asked for a place to sleep. "We only have two beds," said the farmer. "My wife and me sleep in one, and the young school teacher sleeps in the other. Which do you want?"

"Well," leered the salesman, "I wouldn't want to inconvenience you and your wife. After all, I'm a gentleman."

"Glad to know it," said the farmer. "So is the school teacher."



From The Editor...

Up until now the Great Navel Crisis on this campus has consisted of a few biased rumors. In the finest tradition of analytic reporting, El Burro is attempting to educate the world on the facts.

It is the editorial policy of this magazine to explain, in depth, all facets of the navel crisis and to at last reveal the far reaching effects of it.

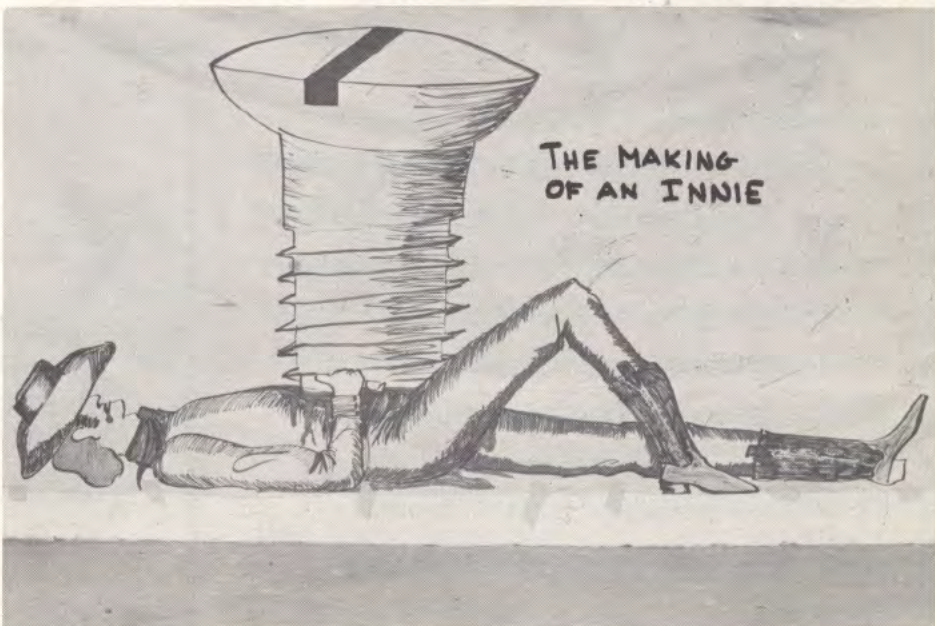
On the surface at least, the campus seems to be pro-Innie. This all-powerful group has voiced itself on the Union Marquee and there is evidence that it has influential press support.

It appears that Innie Power is on the move. With the death and burial of the Hippie movement and the current policy of drafting draft card burners, it appears that the leaders of the Innie Movement will align behind, and eventually take over, the student power campaign.

This takeover will not be as smooth as is expected. As the movement grows, the pro-Outie faction has already begun to take shape and the heated crisis will be at its peak.

This strife can be avoided if all clearheaded people on both sides will put peace and harmony above emotions. Being a leader of modern thought and action, EB has already made it its policy not to discriminate either in its editorial positions or its employment practices on the basis of race, creed or navel appearances.

El Burro readers, being among the most intelligent and democratic of people should completely ignore the difference between protruding and receding navels. As the cover shows, the navel should become a symbol of nothing but good and happiness. The Guru blesses you.

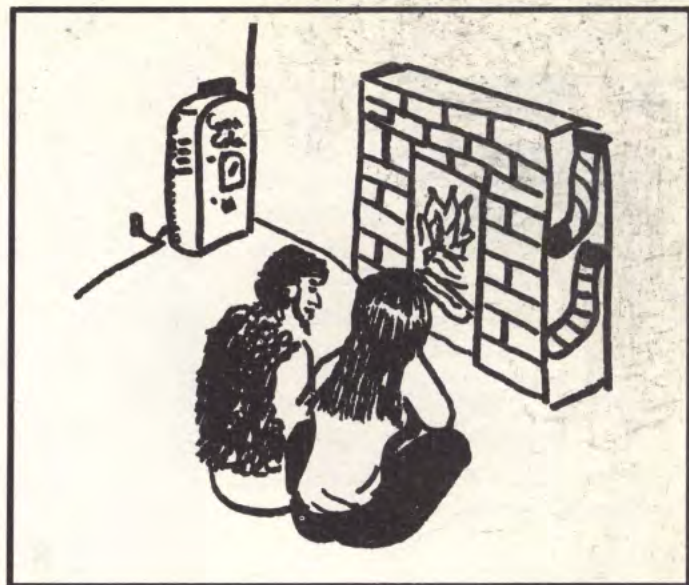




'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS,

when all through the pad

*Not a hippie was stirring, and no one was sad;
The baggies were hung by the coke machine
In hopes that Santa Head would soon be on the scene;
The kids all crashed in their mattress beds,
While visions of love-ins danced in their heads;
Big Momma in her blanket, and me with my cap,
had just straightened our heads for a long winter's nap.*



When out on the porch, noise all about,
I sprang from my mattress to see who was freaking out.
So off to the window pane I split in a flash,
Gently opened the blinds and lifted the sash.
The stars and the moon lit up the sky,
So I knew it was real, and I wasn't too high;
Out of the third bardo there started to appear
A psychedelic sleigh and eight ugly reindeer,
With a wierd little driver wearing beads colored red,
I knew right away it must be Santa Head.



Across the sky to my pad they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
Now Leary! Now, Alpert! now, Pig Pen and Huxley!
On, Mothers! on, Grubbers! Haight and Tolkien away!
To the top of the poster, to the top of the hall!
Now flash away, flash away, flash away all!
So up to the housetop this motley group flew,
With a sleigh full of acid, and Santa Head, too.
They landed on the tenament roof with a crash,
And the fat man jumped out of the sleigh in a flash.





*As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney Santa Head came with a bound.
He wore a coat and an old work shirt,
And his clothes were all ragged and covered with dirt;
His burlap bag laid 'cross his back'
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes were all glassy, his nose slightly bent,
And I couldn't really tell where his forehead went;
His shoulder length hair hung down so low,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.*



*His corn-cob pipe was held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a balloon-like belly
That shook when he laughed, like a pot full of jelly.
He was happy and friendly - a right jolly old cat,
And I laughed, when I noticed his stove-pipe hat.
I was up-tight, but the ring in his ear
Gave me to know I had nothing to fear.
He spoke not a word, but just like a king,
he filled all the baggies - doing his thing;*



*And laying a finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He split to his sleigh, gave his team a yell,
And away they all flew like the sound of a bell;
But the old hippie said, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"*

Bob Moore

*"When I hold you in my arms like this, Nadine,
something seems to snap!"*

"I know. Pardon me while I fasten it."

It stopped about ten yards to my right, haunched down under a large fern and stared me down. Only for a minute. After that I couldn't stand it any longer and gave in.

"Grumph, what wishest thou?"

"Food. I hast need of milk and red, raw meat."

"It shall be." And I left down the dusty road to slaughter the cow.

On my way I met John Jacob Jingleheimer Smith who asked what I was doing. I sat under an elm and used part of the seventy times seven minutes that a Grumph allows for delivery, to tell him.

"A Grumph has desired red, raw meat and milk."

"That sounds like a Grumph. They never are satisfied with bread and honey like the Dienkys." He fooled around with a blade of grass. "I guess someday we'll have to war them again. Only for a total victory. You feeding him your last cow?"

I nodded.

"Oh, we're all getting short on 'em, I suppose. Will he take deer meat?"

I shook my head.

"He only likes cows and virgins. And the only virgins I know are one, or maybe two in the convent. I've had trouble with this Grumph before."

"Why don't you get a loan from the little people?"

"Oh, the fairies are probably nicer, but the Leprauchaus are better at handling loans."

"Well, I don't know. I'm already five hundred in the red." I saw some white specks in the woods, circles of about twenty or thirty mushrooms. "I think I'll go see the fairies. See if they have any free advice. See ya later John-Jacob."

I walked over to the fairy rings I'd seen. I still had 465 minutes of my time left, so I didn't hurry. The sun came out of hiding and warmed the green world around as I approached, and I took it for a sign and crossed myself.

"Puck! Puck! Hey, little man!"

Ah, shaddup I'm sleeping already!"

"Hey Puck, I've got a problem."

"Yeah yer mouth."

GRUMPH

Doug L. Eckberg

"Hey I'm serious. Listen, will ya?"

"Okay, what's the problem?" Puck always talked crappy, but he's soft-hearted really.

"A Grumph ordered me to bring him some milk and some red, raw meat, and I've only got one cow left."

"Oh." He sat lost in thought for a few seconds. "No virgins, I suppose."

"None."

"I didn't think so. Well then, why don't you just refuse payment?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"Well, I uh, humans just can't!"

"Yeah, there's a lot that humans can't do."

"Well we can't help it. We're only human!"

"Okay, Okay, simmer down. I'll see what I can do." And with that he sat on a soft white toadstool and thought.

We'd been having Grumph trouble for a long time, on and off for over thirty years. When the Grumphs had come out of their bottomless pit, where they'd been, as far as we know, all eternity, they'd started right off eating people, and we'd had to declare war on them and threaten to plug up their pit before they'd finally compromise and said they'd eat only cows and virgins. Once in a while one would eat a person, but he was always punished quickly, and all-in-all it was a good relationship. The Grumphs left us pretty much alone, only once a month converging on a cow. They did stay near the humans, though. It seems that the little people regarded them with a

sort of cold politeness, and gave them no food, and the Satyrs just plain snubbed them. Humans were nice though, and they had plenty of cows.

Then the big change came... The Grumphs began eating cows once a week, then once a day, and sometimes even at midnight. We began running out of cows, and up north, in Transylvania, they began to run low on virgins, a few of whom were actually eaten by Grumphs.

Puck jumped up. "Eureka! Eureka! I can handle your problem!"

I barely managed to hold down a belly laugh. I was in dead serious trouble, but the sight of a six-inch fairy jumping up and down yelling "Eureka!" was almost too much to bear.

"What is it, Puck, huh?"

"Hey, Grumph!"

The Grumph turned from where he had been wallowing and looked questioningly at me. Humans just did not talk like that to Grumphs.

"Where is my red, raw meat and my milk?"

"I don't have it with me, Grumph! And I don't think I'll get it! "You'll just have to get Nature's health food somewhere else!" I twitched at the words, because the milk and cow were behind some redwoods down the path.

"But you must!" the Grumph pleaded.

"Who says so?" Before he could answer, I shouted, "Grumph, I have need of a new cow! Now!"

"I give you no cows!"

"Grumph, look!" I made the sign of the cross within a Star of David, in the air, and pointed to where all-of-a-sudden an oak was tottering. "Grumph, we have put up with your silliness long enough! Now you release me from my duty and bring me a new cow!"

"You can do nothing." Said the damn petulant beast.

"Look Grumph!" I made the sign again, and an elm toppled. "Would you like that to happen to you?"

"Ahhh!" he made a deprecating gesture. "You cannot hurt me, but I will

give you no cow; you cannot frighten me."

When I got back to the redwood where I had the cow and milk, I met up with Puck.

"Goddamn, that was great psychology and woodsmanship, Puck."

"Well, it was great psychology anyway."

"Whaddaya mean? You cut that tree perfectly."

"I didn't cut the tree. You did. You humans have more power than you realize."

"Well, uh, God, well, GAWD-DAMNIT, I'LL BE GAWDDAMN-ED!"

And I was gawddamned again the morning when all the Grumphs were gone, and their pit was closed up after them.

In a little town in Brazil, Pedro was sipping beer at a tavern when an excited friend rushed in. "Pedro!" he shouted.

"I just saw a man go into your house and start making love to your wife."

"Is that so?" replied Pedro calmly, and continued sipping his beer. "Was he a tall man?"

"Yes, yes!" shouted his friend.

"Don't get excited," cautioned Pedro. "Did he have on a brown suit?"

"Yes he did!"

"And did he have a big mustache?"

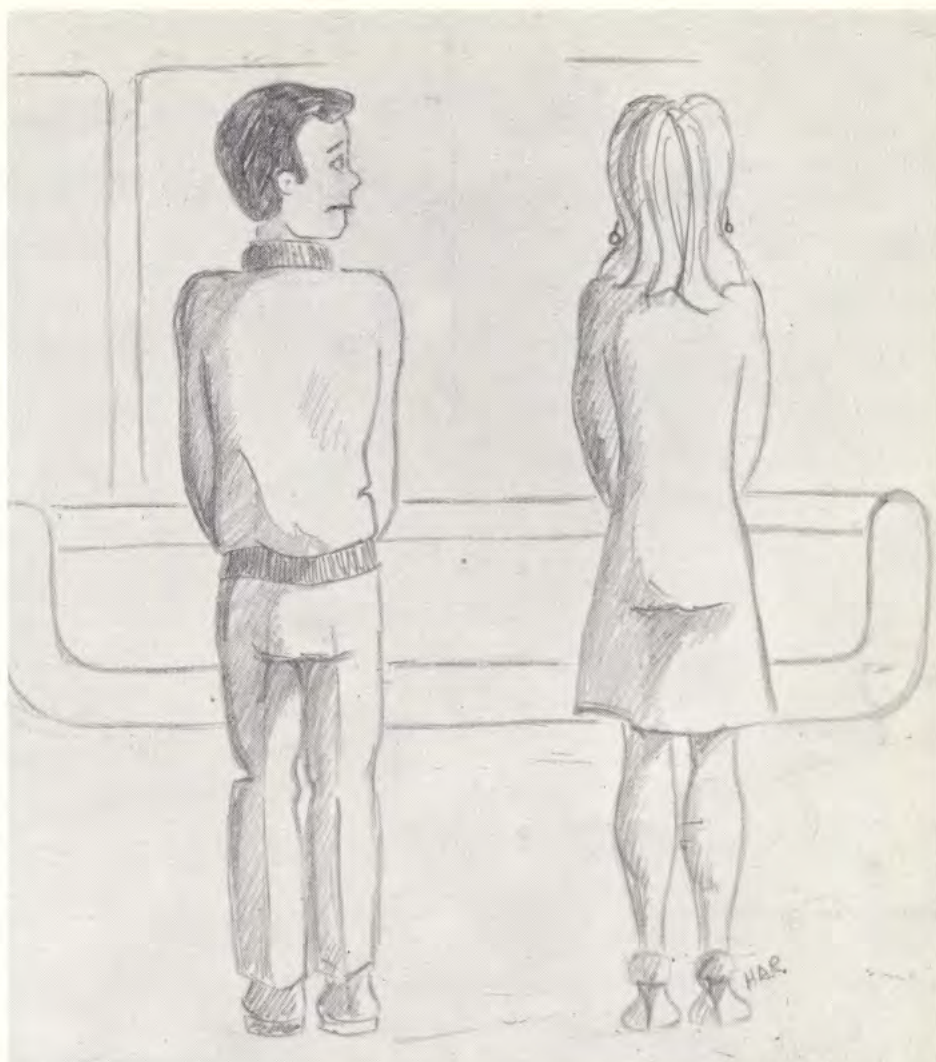
"yes, yes!"

"Oh, that's Emanuel. He'll make love to anyone."



A male patient went to his psychiatrist and told the doctor that all he ever dreamed about was baseball. The doc asked, "Don't you ever dream about a beautiful girl... winning her, dining her, and holding her tight-- listen, don't you ever dream about girls?"

"What?" screamed the patient, "and lose my turn at bat?"



On campuses across the nation, men try to look their best and act gentlemanly at all times. In this particular case, appearance of the basic garments will be discussed.

In one instance, a young man from a well-known southern college went into a clothing store for underwear.

"How many sets do you want to buy?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, fowah sets will do, I 'spose. I like to change most every other day!"

So the story went in the South, but in the North at a well-established university the conversation went:

"How many sets would you care to buy, sir?" asked the clerk (his grandfather was English).

"Oh, seven should suffice, I am sure; Mumsy insists I change every-day, you know."

Well, all was fine and dandy there; but, in the sunny Southwest a mental giant from a famous and much-ridiculed school that shall remain nameless because everyone already knows which one it is, went to make his purchase.

The clerk asks (he really makes the rounds) him the now well-known question: "How many sets would you like to buy?"

Super Dummy answers, "Duh, twelve sets." (He never was too much with words).

"Twelve? How do you expect to wear twelve sets in the space of a week?"

"Oh, you know, January, February, March"

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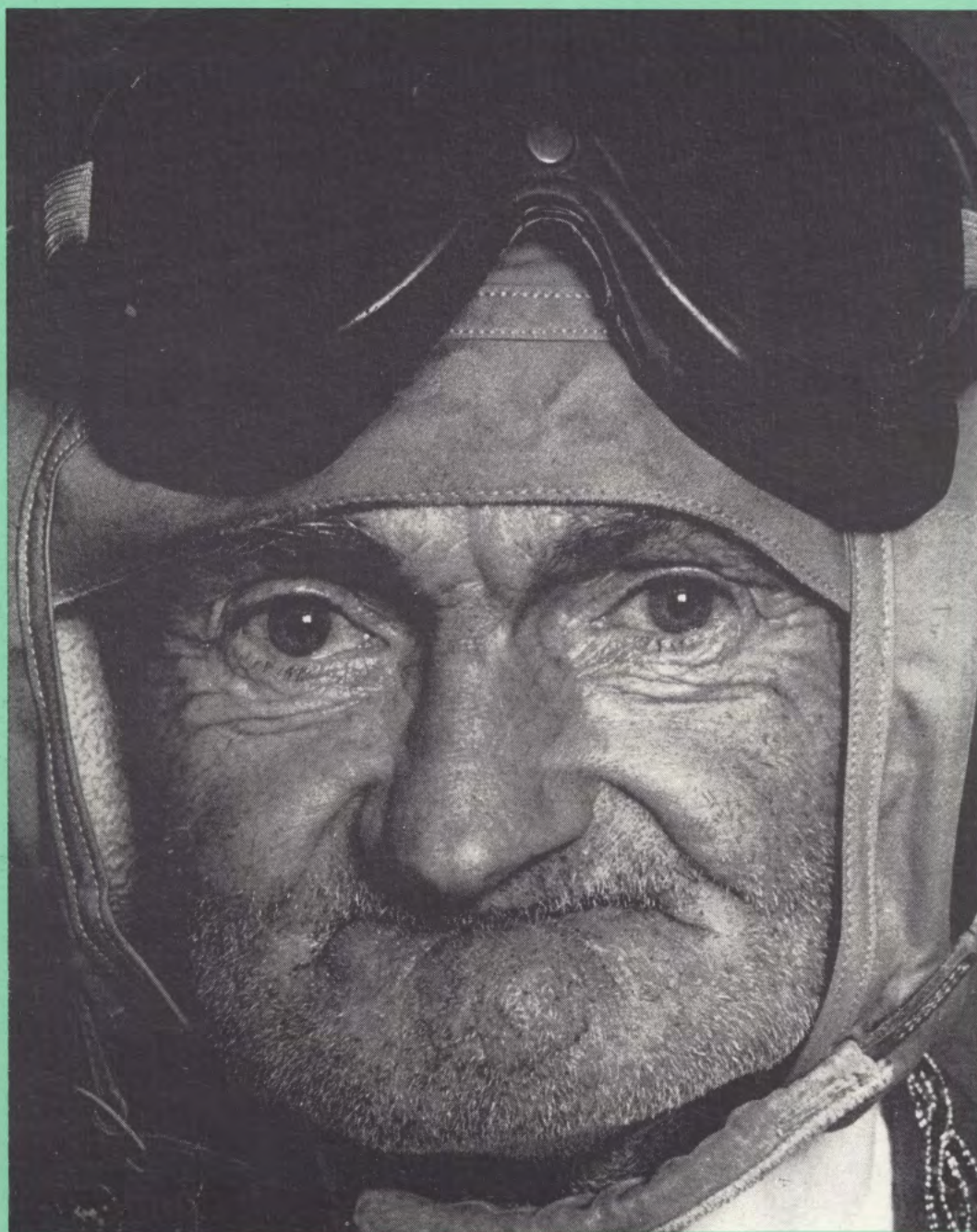
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"Before I started reading El Burro, I was really a hopeless mess. No reputable cat-house would cater to me. Not even El Gato Rojo would have me. I had chronic armpit rot, crabs so wild that Maine fishermen would chase me, and an advanced case of rectal cancer.

Then I heard about El Burro. I became a STUD. I took up flying and became an ace pilot and skydiver. The chicks can't stay away from me. Right now I'm in astronaut training and I'm writing a book on new sexual positions. I owe it all to a truly great magazine."

NAVELS IN DEPTH

Richard Schreibstein

Rock Power, Sail Power, Fire Power, Flower Power, and now Navel Power! Throughout history various power sources or power elites have established themselves as definitive of a time or movement. Some of the most notable, mentioned above, remind us of memorable eras in world history.

No one among us can forget our archetypal ancestors and their quest for survival which established Rock Power.

And can anyone deny the effects of Sail Power, so magnificently man-

Frederick (Fat Freddy) Finger, founder of the Navel Movement, casts a jaundiced eye on the entire controversy precipitated by dissenting factions in his foundation.



ifested by such leaders as Ericson, Columbus, Magellan, Bligh and Chichester?

Could the world have survived without Fire Power? Do you remember the influence Colt, Winchester, Zip, McNamara and Bonnie and Clyde had in widening humanity's scope?

The more recent Flower Power associated with the new morality and hippie movement has presented us with new heroes in Leary and "Speed." This movement is still with us. Still effecting change while yet another power is usurping its strength. This new movement promises to be even more powerful because it effects larger segments of the populace.

This new movement, known as Navel Power, umbilically connects all the earth's billions. To cope with its monolithic size it necessarily has been divided.

"We had to split the movement," said its founder Frederick (Fat Freddy) Finger, "and the dividing factor was Navel impression or depression." These divisions became known as 'Innies' and 'Outies'. And from this division arose a debate, with often violent flareups, to the forefront of the movement.

The question, as might be assum-



Lester Know, chairman of the conservative N. O. group, displays fine form when photographed by El Burro.

ed, entails the equality afforded to both sides. Since the "Innies" in this country vastly outnumber the "Outies" by some ten to one, there is a tendency for them to subjugate their depressed counterparts.

However, the Constitution does call for equality and great strides have been taken towards accomplishing this end. N. O. N. E. (National Organization for Navel Equality) is the most influential in this drive. It has, by utilizing its powerful Congressional lobby, seen large sums of Federal aid allocated to depressed areas.

But there are firebrands in every cause and the Navel's is no exception. Because equality has been slow materializing, a group of radicals has formed a separatist organization aimed at disrupting, through civil disobedience, the sluggish but steady course equality attainment is taking. This radical organization, known as P. O. P. (Power for Outward Protrusion), has been infiltrated by Chinese Communist elements and several leftist leaning groups. Its leader significantly is of Chinese descent. He is Ime Won Too, a Berkeley grad

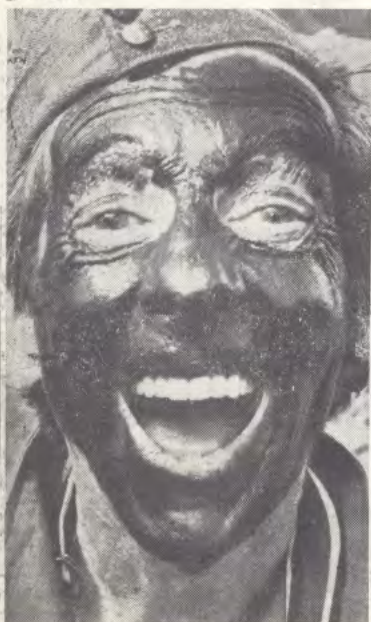
student in Phenomenological Epistemology, and has coined the movements slogan "Get Out Now!"

In diametric opposition to P. O. P. is another radical organization called N. O. (Never Out), which advocates deportation of all 'Outies'. N. O. hits a snag here, however, in being unable to suggest where the 'Outies' be deported to. But this doesn't bother N. O. chairman Lester Know, an apprentice service station attendant from Biloxi, Mississippi, who has been quoted as saying, "They're not just like us!"

Debate continues. A debate, according to Sen. Everett Dirksen, that is "liquidating the fabric of freedom in this country."

But, the outlook isn't all dim. N. O. N. E. has set up a summit conference of the Big Three, Founder Finger, P. O. P. President Too, and N. O. President Know, to discuss their disagreements when they meet in Boise, Idaho during the first week of January. So, with a little luck a final solution is in the offering. But it's all in the hands of Finger, Too, Know.

"Get Out Now!" Screams Ime Won Too, leader of the separatist P.O.P. faction. Too, a Berkeley grad student, formed his organization as a protest against de facto integration.



A group of N.O.N.E. delegates reveal the true meaning of Navel integration at a recent national convention held in Boise, Idaho last month. Note "Outie" on right.

THE UNIVERSITY COMMENTS ON NAVEL POWER

Steve Simon: Navel power is one of the relevant issues of our times. Without it we cannot survive, and it is the Innies who must make this country the strongest navel power in the world. The Outies have their place but ultimately it will be the Innies that supply the final thrust. It is only through this umbilical force that we will attain our rightful position in international affairs. Ultimately it is our inner strength which will accomplish this.

Jim Phelan: Innie Power should be next to Student Power in the concern of university students. The National Student Association is sponsoring protests for Student Power and I think that we should stage spontaneous demonstrations for Innie Power of which I am an advocate.

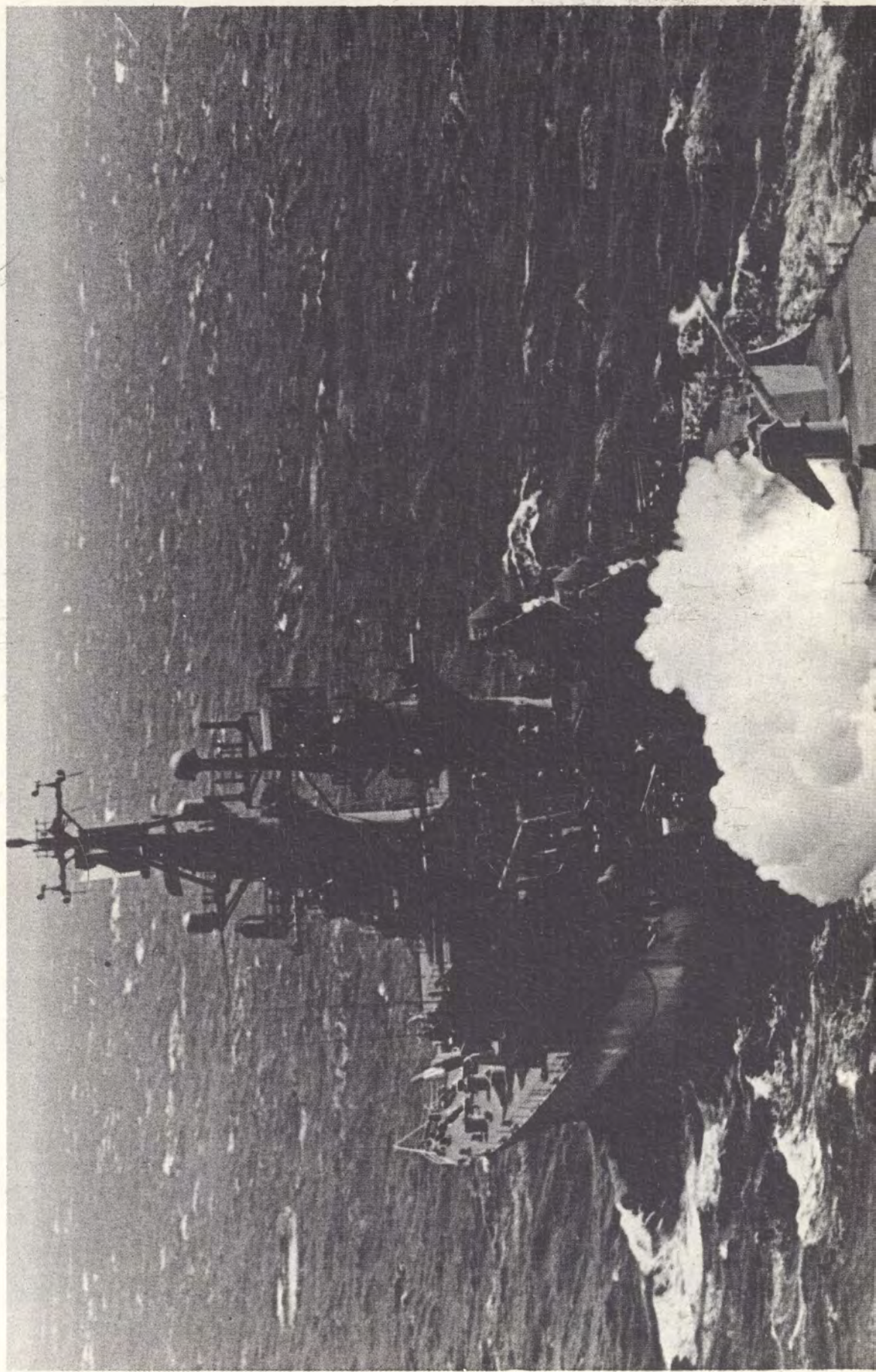
John Judy Middagh, Head of the Journalism Department: I don't know enough about the Navel Crisis to make an intelligent comment.

Lou Belmont: As an Innie, I think that the Outies, as a minority, are the kind that if you give them an inch they'll take a mile.

Dale L. Walker, Director of News and Information: Its been my experience that the outies were generally fat and lethargic types. I recall some in junior high school gym classes that were always eating Twinkies or Milk Dubs. In high school they always owned a 1946 Ford that had a Coke bottle rolling around in back of the seats. In the Navy I recall that the outies turned very pale during inoculations for overseas duty but I think a lot of the innies did too. I know I did.

All this is based on a failing memory, of course, and I hesitate to offend either faction with such generalizations. The outies are, I assume, a minority group and one should be very careful in talking about them. I see good characteristics in both.

ACTION!



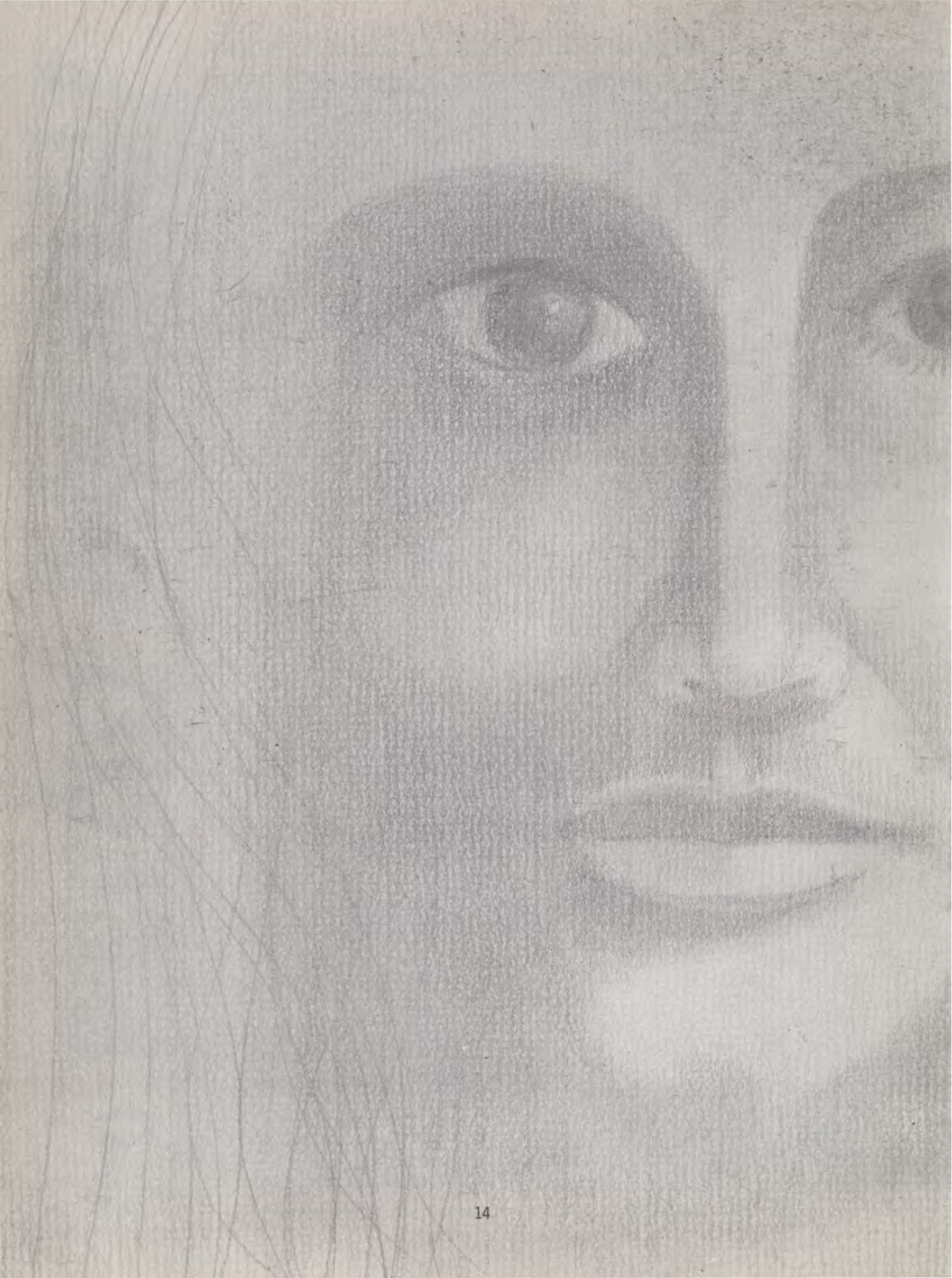


Be Part of:

**NAVEL POWER
NAVEL MIGHT**

GO





TO VIRGIN ANN

J. P. McAfee

Dust down in Juarez
Clung to my heart's desire
Whore Maria smiles and laughs
like you never did before

□
□

She knows her secrets
Are only naked dreams
And you, Snow-White-
Are not the fairest of them all,

□
□

The mirrors do not lie
They mockingly mirror
Her smile. But Society
Loves you because you
Lie so well, and condemns
Whore Maria, who, too,
Lies in classic style.

□
□

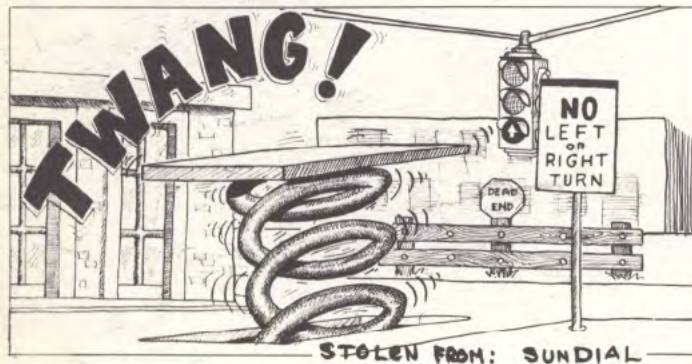
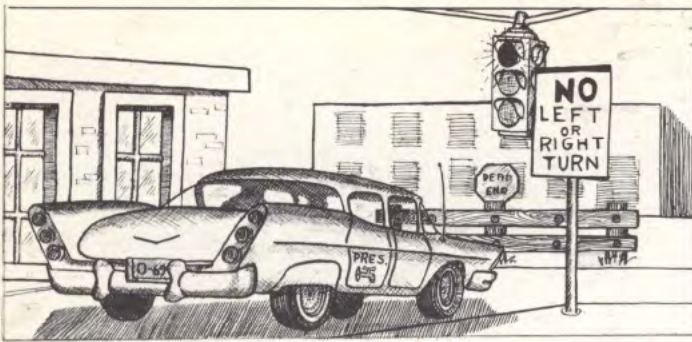
Virgin Ann talks to me of
Tender desires, but stops
My Juarez Wanderings when
She thinks I've gone to far.
Does she think I do not pay her?
Am I just a broken bum?

□
□

"I don't want to hurt you,"
She scarcely smiles.
And I say,
"Smile you're on Candid Camera, and
I think you're telling me wrong"

□
□

Whore Maria was honest;
Her price, just about right.
Her bargain basement laughter
Was top drawer to me.



"Anything else, sir?" asked the attentive bellhop, trying his best to make the lady and gentleman comfortable in their suite in the posh hotel.

"No, No thank you," replied the gentleman.

"Anything for your wife, sir?" the bellhop asked.

"Why, yes, young man," said the gentleman. "Would you bring me a postcard?"



Freshman: "Why didn't I make an 'A' on my quiz?"

History Professor: "You remember the question: 'Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?'"

Freshman: "Yes."

Prof.: "Well, your answer, while very interesting, was incorrect."

A man who had just checked out of a hotel room discovered that his umbrella was missing. By the time he got back to the room, it was already occupied by a newly married couple. Listening at the door, he heard the following conversation:

Groom: Whose lovely eyes are those, darling?

Bride: Yours, sweetheart.

Groom: Whose lovely, gorgeous lips are those?

Bride: Yours, lover.

Groom: And whose precious swan-like neck is that, baby?

Bride: Yours, dearest.

At this point the man yelled through the key-hole: When you get to the umbrella... it's mine!



Bill and Ellen were riding out in the country on horseback. As they stopped for a rest, the two horses rubbed necks affectionately.

"Ah, me," sighed Bill, "that's what I'd like to do."

"Go ahead," said Ellen, "It's your horse."

Two drunks were seated on bar stools swilling down drink after drink. Finally, one of them named Fred toppled and fell flat on his face, out cold. His friend looked down at him, then said to the bartender, "That's what I like about Fred; he knows when he's had enough."



IT'S NICE... BUT WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY?

December 13, 1967

Dear Santa,

I would like to take this opportunity to extend to you a very joyous Season' Greetings. I realize that you have been working hard all year long preparing for your ever-famous ride to take place again this year on the night of December 24th. I would imagine that you and your mighty team of hard-working elves have just about wrapped things up for this year and hope that it is not too late to make one request for the only gifts that I want this Christmas.

Due to the recent crisis concerning the controversy over Navel Power (i.e., Innies vs. Outies) I feel as though the Outies are truly being neglected and that something should be done to help rebuild their image. I would be glad to head this campaign if I could only count on your help. I hope that the fact that you're an Innie won't make you feel as though you are a traitor to the cause but I think that you, being the wise old man that you are, can realize the problems that could arise if an Innie Monopoly should take hold and envelop the entire Campus, or the world for that matter.

I have been thinking and have come up with an answer for this problem of Navel Power. I have come up with what could be a very emotional campaign that, if powerful enough, might cause a large majority of the Innies to take pity on the Outies that they know. If we could just show how harmless Outies actually are, then maybe with a little luck, Innies would be more willing to accept the few Outies that they know and not leave them standing constantly on the sidelines watching the Innies enjoying themselves.

It is only through your help that we can have the big kick-off for our campaign. I would like to order, for my gifts, your model 12-D in your Special Christmas Catalogue which is an 8x10 color enlargement of a HARMLESS OUTIE. With this picture I can begin to show all of the Innies of the world what an Outie really is. Then as a follow-up, if you could please send the model 12-E WE WANT AN OUTIE FOR PRESIDENT campaign kit, we can successfully fight the subversive organizations like N.O. and P.O.P. and win all out victory for the Outies in the end.

Like I have said earlier, I realize that this might be a rather unusual request but I am sure that upon examination and close study of the omnipresent Navel Crisis that you can see what a worthwhile undertaking this will be and therefore fulfill my request.

I hope that you have a very profitable Yuletide Season this year and get lots of milk and cookies. I am anxiously awaiting my gifts and will ever remain

Yours very truly,

Zamoo Pitts
Zamoo Pitts

Photos by Albert Nedow

Yule Dual

Claudette . . .

Since it is the Holiday Season, EL BURRO readers are getting a double treat.

Many would be overjoyed to find this treat in their stocking on Christmas morning. Claudette LaMelle is more than just a stocking filler, she is half of our Season's Yule Dual.





Carol . . .

ZAP! POW! WHAMO! MERRY CHRISTMAS! to the second half of the Holiday DYNAMIC DUO.

Santa Claus is excited about this gift pack even if he only gets to ride from the North Pole to El Paso with Carol Price. Carol makes pretty tinsel for our magazine.

At this time of the year visions of sugar plums dance through your heads and we know that you will like these two 'sweets'.





... Carol



EL BURRO INTERVIEW

Interviewer: Douglas Lee Eckberg

EB: We have as our featured guest this afternoon, Mr. S. Nick Khilz, noted protester, piece marcher, and President of S. A. D. (Students Against Down). "Mr. Khilz, exactly what is your stand on Down?"

Khilz: I, uh, the society is against Down because they make napalm to drop on little kids and women.

EB: Do you have any proof that napalm has ever been used on the civilian population.

Khilz: Yes, scads of it. When George Lincoln Rockgood toured Vietnam last year, he reported millions of dead babies with no one taking care of them.

EB: But Rockgood was the leader of the American Noisy Party. Wouldn't that seem to repudiate his testimony?

Khilz: You can't win 'em all.

EB: Yes. Well don't you feel that napalm is a necessary weapon for dealing with the Viet Cong?

Khilz: What!?? Do you mean to stand there and tell me that we should burn alive the men who are so valiantly safeguarding their country?

EB: No. I'm sitting.

Khilz: Oh.

EB: Another thing. You have stated publicly that you intend to drive Down out of business. Do you have any plans beyond that?

Khilz: Yes we will drive out of business any company that kills innocent kids and womens.

EB: What about the Viet Cong?

Khilz: They sometimes have to hurt the little people to save their country.

EB: What businesses do you plan, at the moment, to drive out of business?

Khilz: Plenty. We are going to

get rid of Down, then Jerusalem Steel because it makes steel for bullets and rockets that are used on the little kids and womens. Then, we will harrase Gentle Motors out of the country because they make tanks and staff cars that run over little kids and innocent womens. You would rather be red, than have a tank run over your head. Hey! That rhymes.

"You'd rather be red,
Than have a tank run over your head."

EB: Yes, Mr. Khilz, but what other plans do you have?

Khilz: Well, I can tell you right now that we're to destroy *El Burro*, because it supports the Navy.

EB: That's the Navel.

Khilz: Details, details. After we destroy you, we're gonna' kill *the Prospector* for showing their side of the Vietnam story. Then we're gonna' blow up R.O.T.C. headquarters, then we're gonna' burn down Furd Motors and Wall Street: Then we're gonna'...

EB: Wait a minute! WAIT A MINUTE! If you do all those things we'll have a massive depression.

Khilz: You mean to say you are against us?!? You must be a COMMUNIST.

EB: No, it's just that...

Khilz: COMMUNIST!!!

EB: No, no, it's just that...

Khilz: You better watch out *El Burro*—communist—guy. The Minute-Men are gonna' get you. Yeah, we're gonna' get you...

EB: Just a minute...

Khilz: Pinko! We're gonna' get you...

* Editors note: Contrary to popular belief the *El Burro* interviewer is not dead. He is alive and well someplace in Fort Bliss.

On the first day of class the teacher was explaining to the kindergarten class that if anyone had to go to the washroom they should hold up two fingers. The voice of a little girl came from the back of the room:

"How's that going to help?"



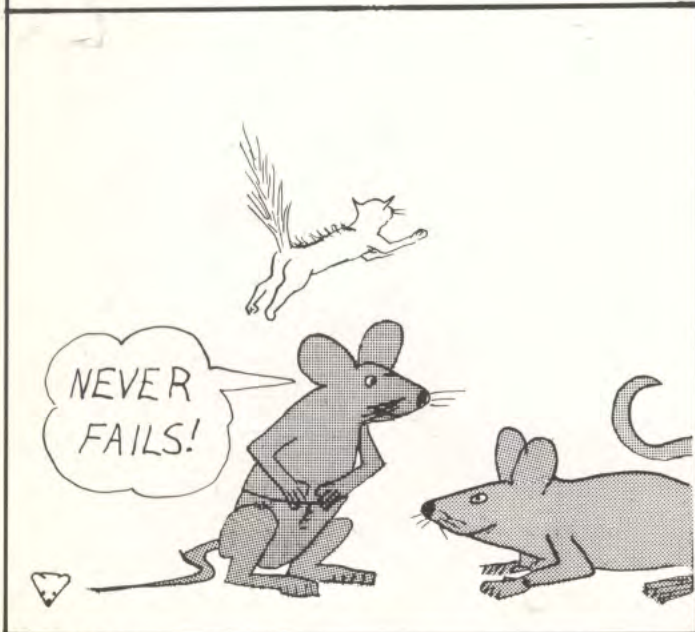
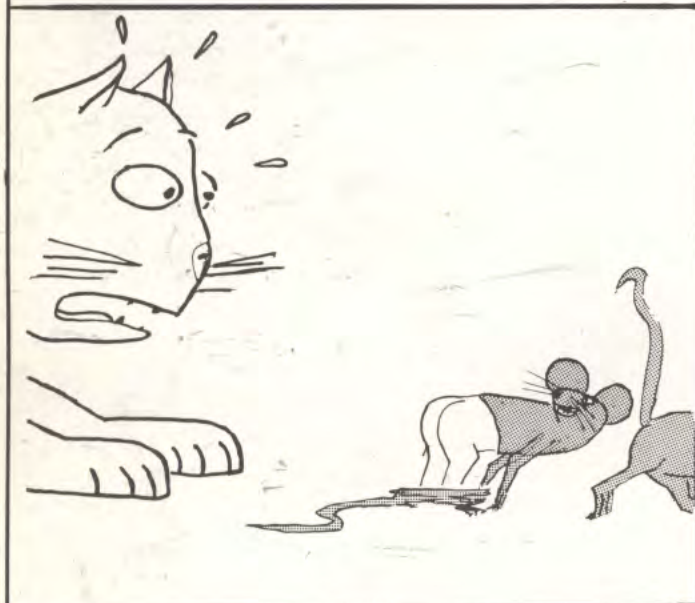
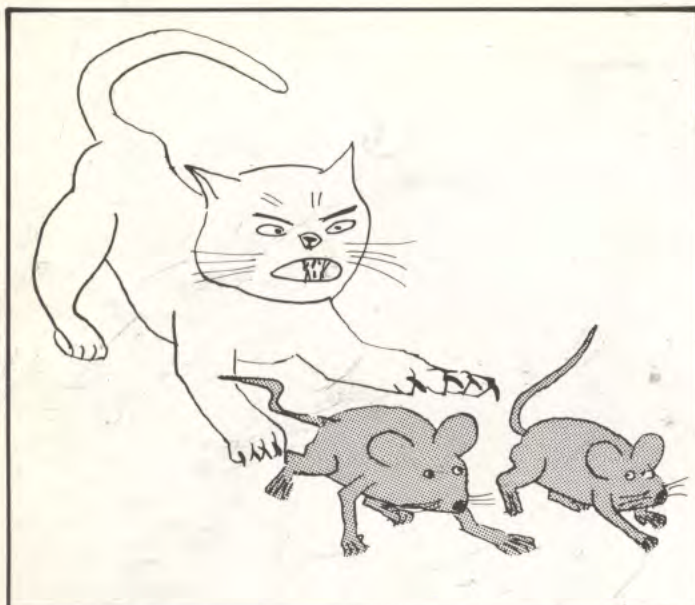
A Kustom Kar Konstruktor devised a machine that was truly in a class by itself, especially as regarded its rather sensational accessories: a telescopic rear-view mirror and a button on the dash which, when pushed, would automatically double the car's speed instantaneously.

Each day the man would take his car out on the freeway and go faster and faster before he pushed the button. Each day he would be chased by the same policeman and each day he would grin fiendishly as he watched the cop disappear in his telescopic rear-view mirror. But one day the highway was deserted and the Kustomizer had his car up to one hundred miles an hour when he pushed the button. He screeched to a stop, however, when he looked in the mirror and saw the cop's motorcycle twisted around a light pole, the officer sprawled and twisted on the ground. He hooked a U and drove up to the prostrate patrolman.

"Officer, officer," he cried in alarm, "what happened?"

"Argh," groaned the cop, "your goddam car took off so fast that I thought my motorcycle had stalled, so I got off to see what was the matter."

When two cannonballs get married and have children, what are they called?
Beebies.



VOODOO

Back in the days of the California Gold Rush, there were dozens of gold mining towns with many men, much gold, lots of liquor, but no women. A stranger entered a saloon in one such town and, after getting a little liquored up, he asked the bartender what they did in that town for women. The bartender told him there weren't no womenfolk, but there was a great supply of pigs behind the saloon.

"You're kidding," mumbled the newcomer in disbelief.

"Seeing's believing," said the barkeep, pointing to a drunk miner going up to a room in the saloon with a pig under his arm.

After seeing this process repeated several times during the evening, and after a few more stiffening drinks, our adventuresome visitor was ready for anything. He went out back, scooped up a squealing pig and reentered the saloon to go upstairs. All of a sudden all gambling, drinking and everything had stopped. Everyone was watching him. He turned to the bartender in surprise: "Whatsa-matter? I thought everyone around here did this."

"Yeah," said the barkeep, "but that's Black Bart's girl."



Advertisement: Gigengack's Breakfast food. The breakfast food that makes dinner a pleasure... 50% iron, 20% zinc and 30% lead. Doesn't snap, crack or pop... just lays in your stomach and goes clang! thud! gazonk!

HOW TO CATCH A POLAR BEAR

1. Cut a hole in the ice.
2. Open a can of peas and space them evenly in the hole.
3. When the bear comes to take a pea, hit him in the ice hole.

Dialogue overheard in a bar:

"Listen lady, your the ugliest woman I ever saw."

"And you're the drunkest man I ever saw."

"I know lady, but I'll get over it in the morning."



News Item: "A roaring twister last Wednesday carried off Jim Benson's house and all of the three children are missing. Neighbors donated a bed to give the couple a new start."

Twas the Night Before Christmas...



... And laying a finger to the side
of his nose, he gave me a nod, & up
the chimney he rose.

ELVES ON STRIKE North Pole (SAT)

Numerous elves walked off the job today, refusing to return until Mr. S. Claus meets their union demands. The elves, upset by the seasonal work, feel that Christmas should come four times a year, insuring them a steady occupation. Also, the elves are demanding pay for jobs performed, rather than getting paid by the simple joy of giving. Claus is trying to meet their union demands so that he can fly on Christmas.

VIRGINIA STILL QUESTIONING SANTA Chicago (STP)

Virginia has written still another letter questioning the existence of Santa Claus. This is the thirtieth letter that the Claus family has received from her. Mrs. Claus expressed sorrow at the deplorable lack of faith of the younger generation. Santa, however, with his usual candor, replied, "It's really a fake. She believes in me; her only problem is the proof she wants in her Christmas stocking. The closest I can get is a Superman doll, and I guess that's just not good enough."

GRASS NEEDED San Francisco (LSD)

Santa's reindeers are reported to be experiencing an acute shortage of grass, rendering flight impossible. To enable Santa and his reindeer to take the trip on Christmas Eve, any one that has any grass to spare is asked to contribute it to this worthy cause.

SHORTAGE OF DOLL'S EYEBALLS CRITICAL North Pole (SAT)

The main toy factory today reported that the expected shipment of doll's eyeballs has not yet arrived. It is feared that the shipment was hijacked somewhere in California, either by Shirley Temple or the hippies.

NORTH POLE MELTING Alaska (EB)

Dr. B. F. Deal has recently discovered that the North Pole is melting. The process of the melting, however, is a slow one, and it will probably take 2000 years for the entire Pole to disintegrate. An increasing loss of stability in the ground has been reported by many residents, who say that they experience floating sensations late at night. Dr. Deal advises against panic or evacuation since, as he says, "Not even Santa will be around in 2000 years."

CLAUS MAKING GOOD-WILL TRIP New York (UN)

In cooperation with the world's continued war effort, Santa Claus will make a good-will trip to Vietnam this year. This will, unfortunately, cause him to bypass Washington. However, Santa considers this no great loss, since he doesn't believe in Washington anyway.

Santa expects a fairly smooth trip. As he expressed his views: "The only problem I might have is the troops trying to shoot me down before they figure out who I am, but they don't usually hit much."

RED LIGHT BULB STOLEN North Pole (SAT)

Brazen thieves entered the stall of Rudolph the Reindeer late last night, stealing his red light bulb. The crime, classified by police as "a most heinous one", is expected to be solved soon. Police are getting fast results investigating areas of town where there is an abundance of red light bulbs.

MRS. CLAUS OPENS SEASON WITH NEW WARDROBE Paris (BFD)

Mrs. Claus today modeled her wardrobe for the season. Her original red and white costume is supplemented with the new look in shoes - black boots. She also models the latest thing in purses, a large brown bag carried over one shoulder.

ST. NICK EXPOSED North Pole (SAT)

For years the spirit of Christmas has been attributed to the benevolence of St. Nicholas. The North Pole, naturally, has completely disavowed all these false rumors, since every one knows that Santa and his reindeer are the true spirit of Christmas. Santa strongly resents the attempts of St. Nicholas supporters to brand him as "crass" or "commercial", but has retaliated in true form by revealing that "not only is Nick a saint, which goes against him, but he is even the patron saint of Russia. Besides, he's still got a hang-up on the Jerusalem bit, which went out of Christmas years ago."

SANTA IS AN INNIE

HANG TEN

Jim Morrison



Gee! Mr. Frobisher, wait till I tell the other girls how easy it is to get an 'A' in English Lit.



George?



You want to know something? Until just now, I never believed in satyrs.



John, I am not bored



*What ever made you ask that?
Of course I love you Ka . . . Jane.*



We may not be old enough to drink, or smoke, or vote, but wait till I tell mom what we are old enough for. . .



George, I know you have done this sort of thing before, but may I make a suggestion?

READ FASTER, RETAIN MORE!

THROUGH
Evelyn Wood

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