

5-1967

## El Burro, May

UTEP Student Publications

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.utep.edu/elburro>

---

### Recommended Citation

UTEP Student Publications, "El Burro, May" (1967). *El Burro*. 14.  
<http://digitalcommons.utep.edu/elburro/14>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Serials at DigitalCommons@UTEP. It has been accepted for inclusion in El Burro by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UTEP. For more information, please contact [lweber@utep.edu](mailto:lweber@utep.edu).

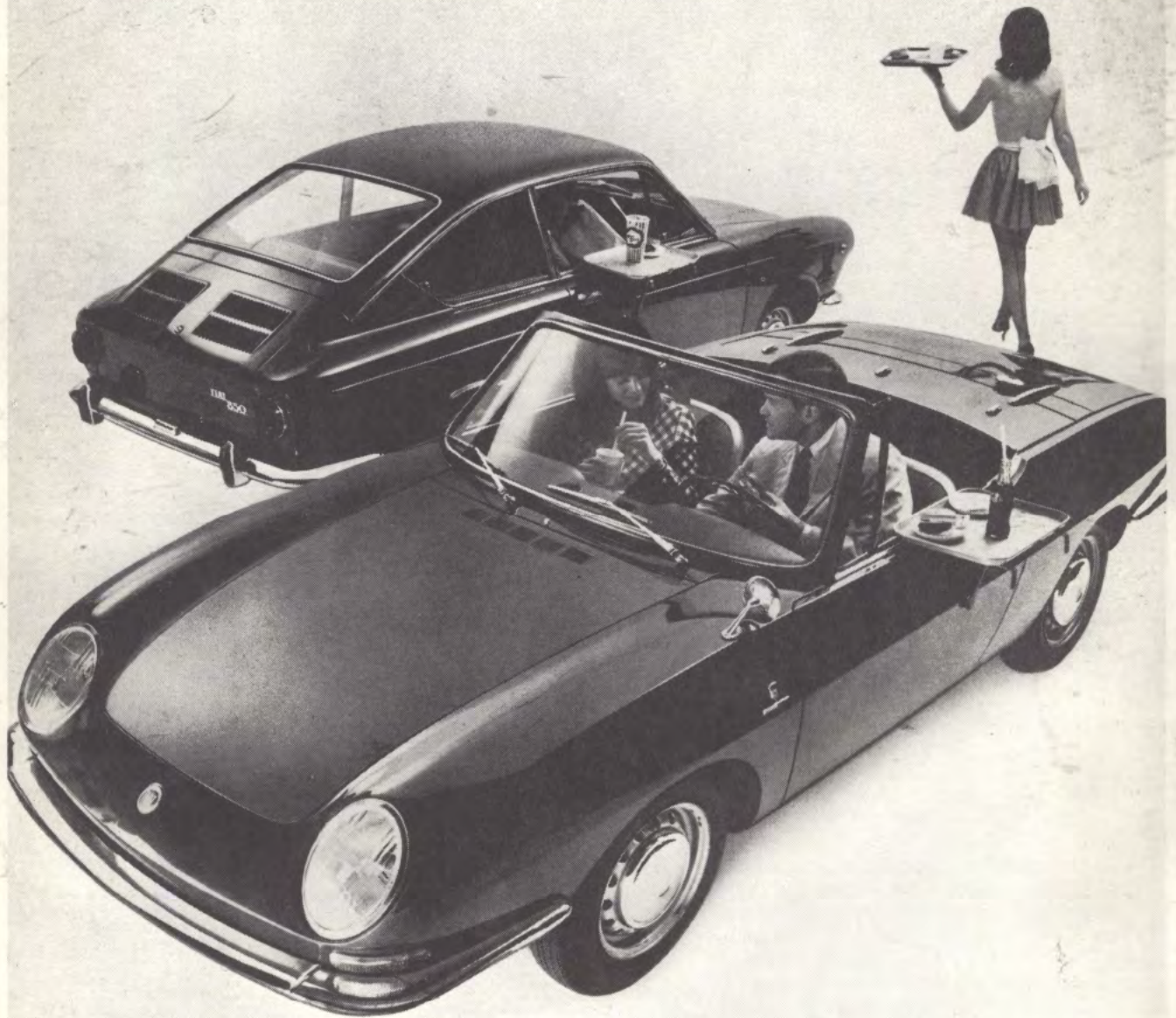
**MAY**  
**1967**



**EL BURRO**



# Fiat solves the topless controversy



## Get that King-of-the-Road feeling with Fiat.

Top or topless? You can have either or both with the fast, colorful, and popular new Fiat 850. So easily! You can afford both at Fiat prices. One with a top that comes down (model 850 spider \$1998\*) to give you the sun and the moon; the other with a top that stays put (model 850 coupe \$1795\*) but manages to make you look just a little bit wicked anyway. Both give you the time of your life in carefree automobile ownership...the design, economy and safety that won a Fiat model the "Car of the Year" Award (voted by 50 automotive editors from 12 countries). The Fiats here have independent wheel suspension; front wheel disc brakes; instant, big-power pickup; easy-clean, vinyl upholstery; dozens of safety extras and glamor extras at no extra cost. And economy? *They almost live on love.*



**BRITISH & EUROPEAN AUTOMOTIVE -- 1400 Texas**



# EL BURRO

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS  
AT EL PASO

EL BURRO: a publication of the University of Texas  
at El Paso. Address all correspondence to: the  
Editor, EL BURRO, SUB 403. U. T. El Paso  
El Paso, Texas 79902.



VARIETY ISSUE  
MAY, 1967

William Lovelady,  
Acting Editor In Chief

Dana Dunkle,  
UTEP Publications Art Director

Mr. Luis Perez,  
Journ. 3352 Class Instructor

## CLASS MEMBERS:

Lydia Andow, Louis Belmont, Gayle  
Bleakley, Kathryn Bridges, Douglas  
Burnside, Penny Byrne, Nat Campos,  
William S. Carver, Irene Corral, Karen  
L. Davis, Harry S. Gamble, Pete Hein-  
lein, Lucille Hellums, William Kelleher,  
Lane McDaniel, Ruben Norte, Aleen  
O'Leary, Rosemary Peabody, Mike Pem-  
berton, Steve Putnicki, John Skogland,  
Mary Anita Terrazas, Fred Whitecotton,  
and Robert Ybarra.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS



<b>NEW MORALITY:</b>	
24 Hour Summer School	Bill Carver 4
<b>SMELTER — Poem</b>	Bob Johnson 7
<b>THE LOST QUEST</b>	Carmen C. Scott 8
<b>SUSIE ON CAMPUS Photo essay</b>	Albert Nedow 12
<b>NEVER — Poem</b>	Marquez 16
<b>BUDDING BREAST — Poem</b>	Don Morgan 16
<b>GATEWAY TO THE OLYMPICS</b>	Penny Byrne 17
<b>POEM</b>	Donna Reed 18
<b>WHAT TIME IS IT? — Poem</b>	Abelard 18
<b>POEM</b>	Mollie Pearce 19
<b>UTEPIA '75</b>	D. Beene 21
<b>HOW THE LAND OF HABIT     IS PASSING THE UP THE HOBIT</b>	Bill Carver 24
<b>WHO'S ESTABLISHMENT?</b>	Mike Pemberton 28
<b>ANGEL ON THE GRID</b>	Simma Galston Leslie 31
<b>UTEP See-nery Photo essay</b>	Albert Nedow and Lee Cain 33



The cover photo was taken by our one  
and only Albert Lee Nedow. Never will  
figure out how he conned so many  
girls into posing; but what could be  
better than E B in human form?



# There's Nothing UNUZUAL

about

# Fed Mart

Just

better merchandise  
at lower prices



**FedMart**

1600 Montana  
and  
9728 Dyer

A spinster schoolteacher took her fifth grade charges on a field trip to a county fair. There was a race track on the grounds and she asked them whether or not they would like to see the horses. The children enthusiastically exclaimed they would, but as soon as she got them inside the gate, they all asked to be taken to the lavatory. She accompanied the little girls, but sent the boys to the men's room alone. They trooped back almost immediately and announced that the facilities were too high for them to reach.

The situation was an awkward one, but after looking about to make sure she was unobserved, the teacher ushered the boys back in. She lined them up before the plumbing and moved methodically down the line. After several, she came to one who was unusually heavy.

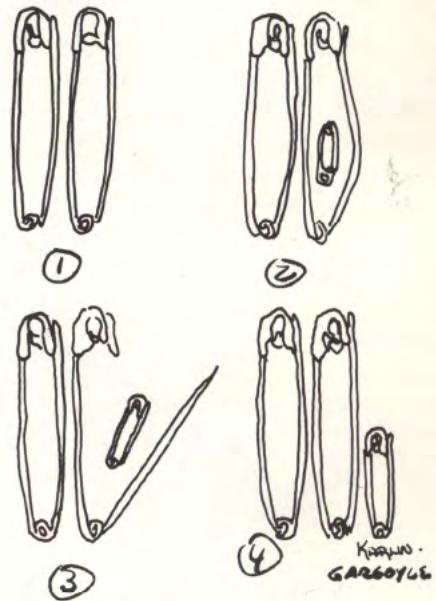
"Goodness," she exclaimed, "Are you in the fifth?"

"Hell no, lady." Came the reply. "I'm riding Blue Grass in the third."



Husband: "After I get up in the morning and shave, I feel ten years younger"

Wife: "Why don't you shave before you go to bed?"





IF YOU WANT TO GET **GASSED**  
FOR LESS  
SEE US FIRST



**UNIVERSITY T-BIRD STATION**  
**KIRBEY at MESA**

---

**2 Great Gassers**

100+ Proof Premium  
93+ Proof Regular

---

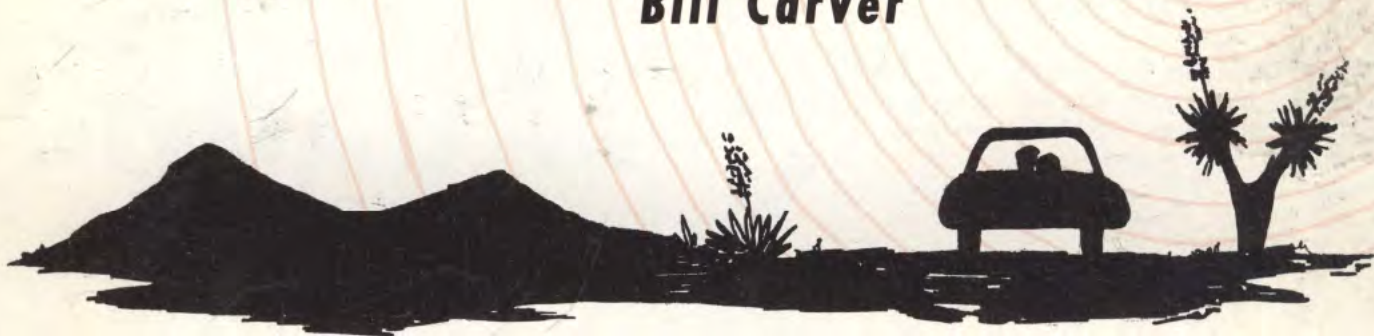
**Lowest Prices on the Drag**



# NEW MORALITY:

## 24 Hour Summer School

**Bill Carver**



"Twenty-four hour summer school?", I asked as a friend recently made the suggestion to me. "Twenty-four hour summer school? How would it work?"

"Well," he said, "apparently someone somewhere has tried it and found it a pretty handy thing for students who work all day and who still want to go to school. With this set-up, a student can go to school any time of the night or day."

### **START SOMETHING NEW**



**SUN CITY YAMAHA**

**8951 Dyer St.**

**751-2617**

"Wouldn't that be pretty expensive?" I asked. "After all, more would have to be spent on lights, air-conditioning, clean-up work, and teachers, provided, of course, you could find enough teachers who were willing to teach a class in the middle of the night."

"That's true, but I was thinking more in terms of the human element," he said. "Just think of the students who would take certain night classes just because it was only offered at that time, and who have to work during the day."

"So what? What are you getting at?"

Let me give you an example," he explained impatiently but beginning to smile. "If you didn't have to do anything but play and go to a couple of night classes what would you do if, say, you had a midnight class and not another until two in the morning? You wouldn't go home, and yet there would be nothing open here so where would you go? Juarez, right? And by the time for your two o'clock class what kind of condition would you be in? After all, Juarez isn't exactly noted for it's coffee!"

"Humm, I think I'm beginning to see what you mean," I said, beginning to see what he meant. "I guess it would work better if we had a

higher per-centage of dorm students."

"Yea, but we don't," he answered, beginning to warm to the idea, "and it could prove a wild thing for this campus. In fact, I'm for the idea; we haven't had enough controversy around here."

"I still don't see how 24-hour summer school would be so controversial," I said, noticing a fiendish gleam in his eye.

"Look, man, What's wrong with you? Don't you see the possibilities?" (He was getting more enthusiastic.) "There's this little chick in my 11 P.M. class, see, and we both have a class at one in the morning. We can't go home because we'd wake everybody up, going in and out all the time, so what then? If it was during the day, we'd just have to sit in the SUB or something, and if I wanted to know her better, I'd have to take her out at night. But this IS night. So we just sneak out to my Rambler, with the seats that fold into a bed... you dig?"

"You sure have a dirty mind," I said, evaluating my own evil thoughts on the subject. "At least the big morals revolution would hit UTEP in style, even if it was late!"

"Now you're getting hip," he said, panting. "This could be the start of something new," he continued, whist-



ling an old tune. "I forsee the end of dating as we know it today. The average student wouldn't have to work in order to be able to date; summer school would soon become the place to go!"

"Man, can you see some of the profs at three A. M.! I can just picture them, dragging in with tooth picks under their eyelids to keep them open. '(Yawn) Excuse me. I was up all day yesterday grading papers. Did anyone bring the coffee?"

"I can see mattresses in the SUB, tents in the parking lots, and an upsurge in the population. I can see," he continued, eyes glowing with a strange far-away look, as he began walking away, "I can see new bars opening to serve night students. I can see an increase in..."

As my friend weaved toward the LA Building, I felt certain that the 24-hour summer school idea was sure to be well-received by many more students, who, like my buddy, could perceive of the excellent educational opportunities it offered. Even I was amazed at the way he had grasped at the question and boldly put forth his ideas on the many facets of the unorthodox school. An idea which had just moments ago seemed so ridiculous to me now had a new meaning and importance. I stood straighter, put my shoulders back, tightened my tie, and headed to the dean's office, full of the sense of importance of my mission.



The beautiful girl living in a Miami Beach hotel, got out of bed, put a house coat over her sheer nightgown, went to her dressing table and began to comb her hair. In the reflection of her mirror, she noticed the window washer cleaning the windows. She decided that she would give him a thrill so she stood up and stretched her arms above her head, looking at him languidly; but he kept on cleaning the windows. She took off her housecoat, stood in her sheer nightie, walked a couple of feet closer to the window, made a few moves with her hips, but no reaction came from the window washer. Finally she took off her nightgown stood there completely nude, walked right up to the window and glared. The man flung open the window and said, "Wassamatta, Lady, ain't you never seen a window washer before?"

*Mahout*

# ACHILLES *Studio*

P O R T R A I T S

O f

D I S T I N C T I O N

105 E. SAN ANTONIO AVE

532-8082 • 532-7376

EL PASO, TEXAS

**C. LARRY CASTEEL**

DISTRICT MANAGER

**UNITED FIDELITY LIFE INSURANCE CO.**

DALLAS, TEXAS

1001 Exec. Suite - Southwest Center

Phones: Res. 566-7802 • Bus. 532-4991

EL PASO, TEXAS 79901



*Blossom Shop Florist*

1922 E. Rio Grande Ave. at  
Cotton and Grant  
El Paso, Texas

TELEPHONE

**532-4959**

WE TELEGRAPH  
FLOWERS







"PERHAPS IF WE TURNED THE HOSE ON THEM . . ."

M. Hoffm  
BACHEL



## Smelter

*The sulfuric film shrouded  
The steadfast Franklins.  
But like a black negligée  
It darkens the firm flesh  
Beneath, but cannot veil  
The eternal charm.*

*Unmoved, the majestic, unseated  
Throne of centuries stoically  
Outstares the Tallest Smokestack:  
A gimmick to efface men's  
minds into meek faithfulness,  
While students hack-hack  
To imaginary smog.*

*Oh, mountains of rock, if only  
We possessed your power.  
But the Nature who endowed  
You with uncontested strength,  
Burdened mankind with lungs.*

Robert J. Johnson

"How do you get through?"  
"There's a giant zipper on the side of every modern  
mountain — just unzip it and drive through."  
"Well, that certainly sounds more practical."  
"Don't count on finding a zipper every time, though."  
"Why not?"  
"Some of the older mountains still have buttons."



A Harvie and a Cliffie were parked on a lonely road.  
"Now," she said, "you can go as far as you like." So  
he drove a few more miles out in the country. You can  
take that any way you want to.

*Lifted from the Voodoo*

He: "How many drinks does it take to make you  
dizzy?"

She: "Three, and the name's Daisy."

## "LOOK TO THE SOUTHWEST"



WHERE THE ACTION IS

JOIN THE

# YMCA

SPECIAL SEMESTER RATES



"I don't know who I am. I was left on a doorstep."  
"Well, maybe you're a milk bottle."



# The Lost Quest

Carmen C. Scott



A red Alfa-Romeo sped down the California coastal highway. Its two occupants were silent. The driver was a man with *sandy hair, hooked eagle nose and piercing eyes*, of about 47 years of age. His companion was a young boy of about 18, dark haired, brown-eyed and *bronze of skin*.

The afternoon was warm and the car had its top down. The wind whipped by with terrific force. Suddenly a few drops of rain fell. The driver looked up into the sky.

"Barry, look at the clouds, will you? Looks like we'll have to beat them to La Jolla or we'll get drenched."

The boy turned to look at the man and for an only answer adjusted his seat belt more snugly, and fitted himself deeper into the bucket seat.

"Wow," he thought, "I bet we'll end up like wet ducks!"

But he did not voice his misgivings. Instead, he smiled as he heard the powerful engine roar in answer to the call for haste.

The driver's powerful hands tightened on the wheel as his eyes squint-

ed against the wind's driving force.

Barry watched the speedometer climb with fascination. He knew the back of the car was loaded down with the scuba gear which they would use in the morning. Yet the little car literally skimmed the highway, heedless of the weight of the tanks, the underwater camera, spearguns and other gear it carried.

In little less than an hour they had traveled the hundred miles to La Jolla and arrived well ahead of the storm.

"Well, Barry," exultantly shouted Jansen Lacey over the roar of the car and wind, "we made it!"

"Yes, sir, we did, although I'll admit, at first I thought we would get wet. This car is much faster than anything I have ever been in."

The boy affectionately patted the dashboard.

The man smiled his answer. He slowed down as he reached the beach by the Cove and finally selected a place where they would make camp.

The man and the boy got busy. They pitched their tent high on the

beach overlooking the Pacific and had to duck into it as the rain fell down with force.

"Well, Barry, looks like we'll have to wait until the storm dies down to get our gear out of the car. But this won't last long. Are you hungry?"

"Sure am, Mr. Lacey, like a bear."

The man's stomach gave an answering grunt.

"We'll eat soon. In the meantime, let's secure the flaps or we will get soaked."

They were busy for a few minutes, then the boy voiced his thought.

"How long have you been scuba-diving, Mr. Lacey?"

"Just about four years, Barry. I wanted to learn for several reasons. As a sport, it is the most exciting thing I've encountered, then if I intend to make a good physical oceanographer, I must dive to do my research."

"Yes," agreed the boy, "diving is tops. I am crazy about it."

"You're damm lucky, Barry, that you got started so young."

Jansen Lacey sighed. He thought,



"But I'm not too old, I have stamina and know-how..."

He looked outside and the clouds had cleared. The rain had stopped.

"Barry, let's get our gear and make a fire. Supper will feel good. Remember tomorrow we can only have a very light breakfast before diving, so we must have a good supper."

The two men soon had all their equipment out of the car and a cheery fire going. Their meal consisted of canned stew, canned peas, slices of cheese and apples, which they ate ravenously.

"Barry, the dive tomorrow will be very different from anything you have experienced in the sweet water lakes."

"I know. I'm glad you let me come with you. I'm very excited over it."

"You are highly qualified, Barry. Don't kid yourself. The information that I am seeking down on that shelf is of the utmost importance to me. I needed someone I can trust and your teacher at Oregon State recommended you highly."

"Professor Denning is a hard task-master but he makes me want to excel. His oceanography course is fantastic."

"Yes, Denning is good, but of course, he no longer dives, there comes a time when you can't hack it anymore..."

"Listen, Barry, you must get a good night's sleep. I'll brief you in regards to the dive in the morning, goodnight."

"Good-night, sir!"

The man sat by the fire staring moodily into it. He was always nervous before a dive... This night his thoughts ran wild...

"What if this kid gets scared?"

"After all, he has never seen any life to speak of in the water, and if we see shark..."

"God in heaven, why did I agree to bring him?"

He shook his head and answered his own thought.

"Hell, I know damn well why

I did. I need stamina down there with me, and guts. This is my fourth try. If I can just get enough time down there with lights, I know I can find the evidence to support my thesis. Those committee people will have to accept my theory of the relative age of the fossils imbedded in the cave walls, if I can just get a picture clear enough."

Jansen Lacey started down the beach. Up and down, he went kicking the sand. The turmoil in his mind could not subside. His thoughts came one upon another like the waves on the beach.

"If I had brought a more experienced diver to help me, they would have to quit before I got anything done, like before. I don't know if they tire too fast or they want out because they chicken out. And, dammit, I must have the proof. My dissertation for my doctorate is about finished and without evidence to support it, I'm through. My committee will

## **ENGINEERING CAREER OPPORTUNITIES WITH EL PASO NATURAL GAS COMPANY**

The natural gas industry supplies approximately one-third of the nation's energy needs — and the industry is growing fast. Natural gas use will more than double by 1980. And El Paso Natural Gas Company, with home offices in El Paso, is continually expanding its services to meet the energy demands of the 11 western states it serves.

Engineers are of vital importance to the operation of El Paso Natural, and there is an increasing need for the engineer's combination of technical knowledge, creativity and problem-solving capability.

You are invited to visit us and see first hand the fine opportunities awaiting mechanical, civil, electrical, chemical and petroleum engineers.

**Want details?** Contact Employee Relations Department, El Paso Natural Gas Company, P.O. Box 1492, El Paso, Texas 79999.

**EL PASO NATURAL GAS COMPANY**



not admit another failure, and neither will Catherine."

He went into the tent and laid down on his bed-roll. His mind continued, "I have till the end of summer... and this is August..."

Jansen tossed from one side to the other and could not go to sleep. He knew a man his age could only make one last bid at attaining his doctorate. Physical oceanography was an open field, but it was for the young men. He was too old for it, and though he knew it, he would not admit it. His body responded well to discipline. His torso was that of an athlete and his lungs had a tremendous capacity for making his air supply last underwater. But, still, he had to make the degree. He wanted the distinction of being a diving oceanographer. There were not many of those.

He looked at the boy rolled up in his sleeping bag and could not help wondering out loud.

"Does he have the guts to stay with me?"

Full of doubts and anxieties, he went to sleep.

\* \* \*

Early the next morning, Barry got

up, put the coffee on the fire and woke Jansen Up.

"Coffee, Mr. Lacey? It's almost ready... smells good."

After awhile the man came out of his tent looking drawn, pale-faced. He took the cup which Barry poured him and sat down to drink it.

Barry did not say anything else but started getting his gear ready, checking his pressure gauge, sprinkling talc into his wet-suit, checking his spear gun, his underwater light.

After he had gotten through, he noticed his companion still sitting looking down at the ocean with a frown on his face, holding the empty cup in his hands.

"Say, Mr. Lacey, anything wrong?"

"No, Barry, no. You okay?"

"Sure thing! All my gear is checked. Do I get my wet-suit on?"

"Sure, go ahead. I'll be ready in a few minutes."

Barry noticed a reluctance about the man.

"Gee," he thought, "maybe he's sick. But, no, he couldn't be. Maybe he's nervous?"

"But, hell no, Mr. Lacey couldn't be nervous. About what?"

When the man had gotten his gear checked out and had put his wet suit on, the boy approached him.

"Look, Mr. Lacey, I'll be all right. I'll follow your instructions carefully and I am sure you will find the strata that you are looking for. The pictures will come out great!"

"Yes, yes," shortly replied the man. "Let's go."

When they got to the edge of the sea, the man turned to the boy to give last minute instructions.

"Now remember what I said. Do exactly what I do. Stay one yard away from me on my left side. Don't wander off. If you see shark, don't move. Put your light out. I'll do the same. They will not attack you if you stay still, got it?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, Okay. Watch me carefully. If you get into trouble, signal me. Do nothing until I instruct you. Understood?"

"Yes. Sure!"

The pair walked into the sea holding their flippers, spearguns, camera and lights in their hands. They looked weird in their black rubber suits, air-tanks strapped to their backs, black caps with snorkel and mask on their heads. When they had walked in about twenty feet, they put their flippers on, fitted their mask over eyes and nose, put the snorkel in their mouth and dove in under the waves.

They snorkled out half a mile, then changing their snorkel for their air-hose mouthpiece they began descending to the ocean floor. The deeper they went, the more beautiful the sea world turned. Sea urchins danced fantastic dances around the divers. Small fish of vari-colored hues swam by.

The boy thought, "How great, how big, it's the most!"

The man turned his face left and saw the boy a yard away just as he



Model U-5

Eliminate Parking  
Worries

Ride an easy to  
buy

**YAMAHA**

Only Pennies a  
Day

**RATHBUN MOTORS**

5509 Paisano (Loop 16)

772-1215



had instructed him. Satisfied he signaled him that the cave he was interested in was just ahead. The boy signaled back.

Jansen then swam eagerly ahead, the boy keeping up with him. Down, down they went. Ninety feet, one hundred feet, one twenty-five. They had reached the cave. And they had thirty minutes of air left.

The man circled around the walls, inspecting them minutely. He signaled Barry to come in with his light. The boy obeyed.

As he shone his light into the cave, a swift shape, a huge shape whizzed by followed by two more.

The man saw the sharks and froze. His breathing became labored.

He signaled Barry to cut off the light and cut off his own. Instinctively the boy slowly moved towards the wall of the cave.

The man was already there, his back to the wall.

Jansen was thinking furiously.

"Let's see, we can stay down here ten more minutes, that's all. Then we'll have to make it to the top or we won't have enough air. Damm, I feel light-headed."

He put on his light again and he saw a shark circling the area. He doused the light, put his hand on the boy's shoulder and pressed it. The boy returned the pressure putting his hand on top of the man's.

"Well, he's all right," thought the man. "But I'll have to use the lights. The time is giving out. I must get those pictures! I have to find the right spot. Damm sharks! I'll have to chance it. I must!"

He flashed the lights on, signaled the boy and got the camera ready. The sharks circled overhead.

As Barry flashed on his light, a shark came down bearing straight for him. Jansen focusing the camera saw the action. He flung the camera at the shark, missed him, got his spear-gun and at the shark's next turn, fired it.

"It hit him!" he thought, as he saw the deep red tinge the waters.

In a moment he had reached the boy, doused his light and with hand on his shoulder guided him away and slowly up.

Barry resisted. "The pictures," he thought.

But Jansen was having difficulties with his air. His breathing was getting shallow and so he continued up, up. The climb was slow and agonizing, their air was slowly giving out.

Finally they reached the surface. Putting his snorkel in his mouth, the man signaled Barry that they would have to swim and snorkel to the beach.

Barry obeyed the signal. Discarding the mouthpiece to the air tank, he put his snorkel in his mouth, cleared it and started swimming.

The man unhooked his tank and let it drift off. He was having difficulty with its weight.

The divers got near the shore and went in on the crest of a big wave.

The boy, as soon as he could get off his mask and snorkel turned to the man.

"Mr. Lacey, the pictures!"

"Barry, it does not matter. I found out something down there. The shelf and the picture can wait..."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive," the man answered with a crooked smile, "let's go to a restaurant. A big meal will do you good, and I have an urgent phone call to make..."

THE END

Little Bo Peep  
has lost her sheep—  
stupid bitch

Mahout



## **feder's** JEWELERS

HOME of FINE

DIAMONDS,  
WATCHES,  
SILVER,  
CHINA,  
AND CRYSTAL

- DOWNTOWN, EL PASO
- BASSETT CENTER, EL PASO
- LORETTO DE LAS CRUCES, N. M.

*Mrs.*

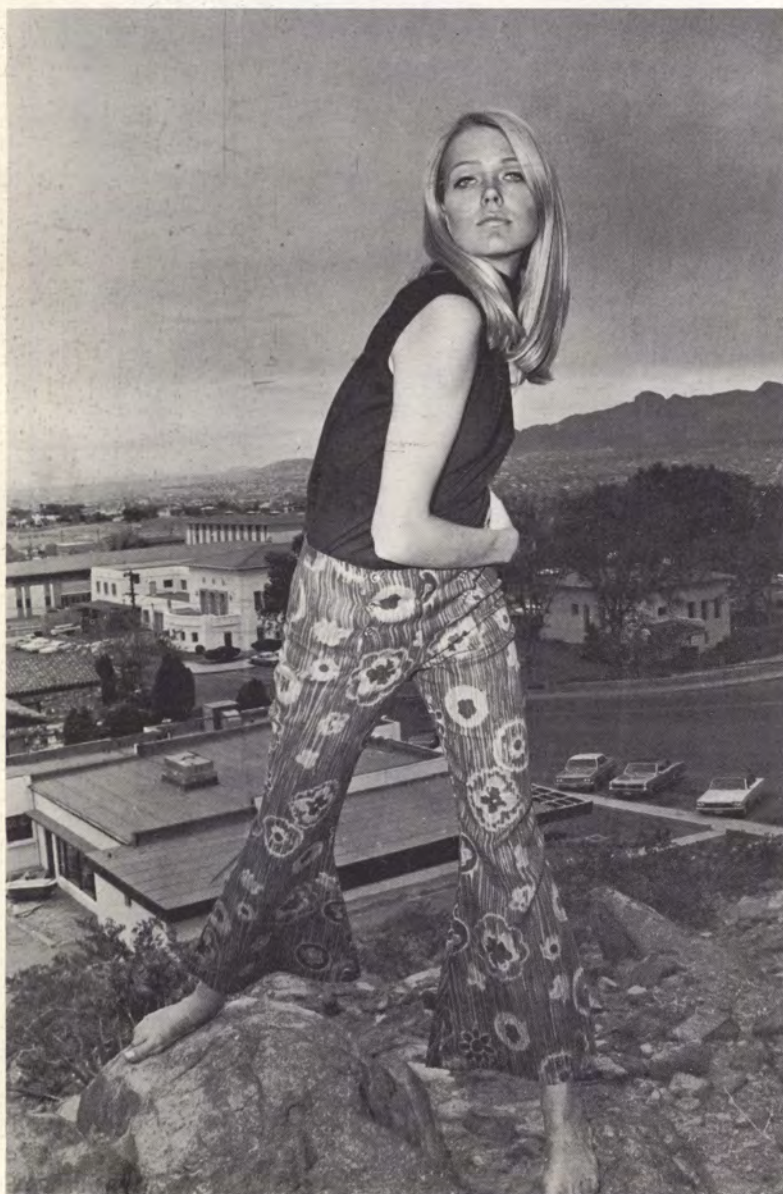
*K. S. Windover*

PIANO AND ORGAN  
LESSONS

772-4685

152 S. Glenwood Dr.  
EL PASO, TEXAS





## *Susie on Campus*

Susie Blakely is the feature girl for May '67. She is a freshman art major and daughter of Col. and Mrs. Larry A. Blakely.

As anyone can see from the following pages, Susie is a very attractive young lady. She has received considerable recognition for that beauty and personality. This recognition has brought honor to the city and our university.

Susie won third place in a large beauty contest in Hamburg, Germany to find "THE IDEAL GIRL FROM THE SOLDIERS' GIRLFRIENDS". As a result of the contest she has modeled in cities throughout Europe.

Our blond-haired Susie likes to play golf and she "adores artichokes." She went to high school in Korea, Hawaii and Pennsylvania.

photography by Albert Lee Nedow









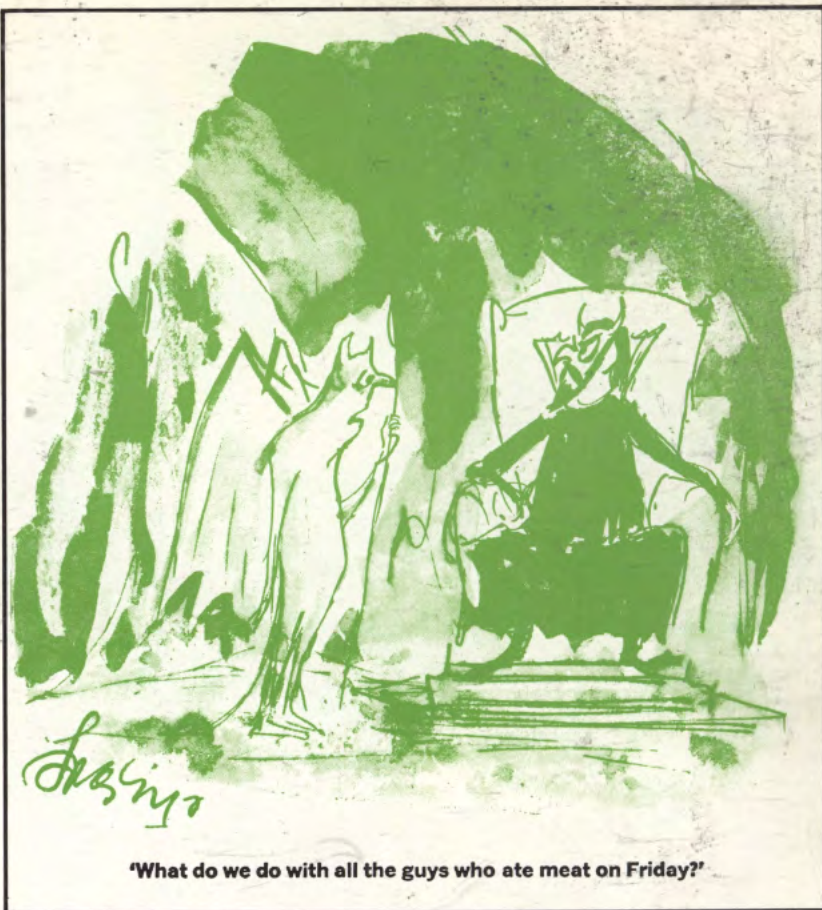








SMOKE SIGNALS



'What do we do with all the guys who ate meat on Friday?'

## Never

*A tree will never grow where I have seeded  
No limbs will sprout to bear my name  
I am solitary in genre; oneness and wholeness  
Nothing will remain of me but:*

*A cry of anguish to be carried by the wind  
An insult hurled at the sun in childish anger  
A prayer whispered in fear to an unanswering night  
And foolish tears shed for the foolishness of love.*

**MARQUEZ**

## Budding Breast

*Fondle such a soft breast,  
A genesis of womanhood.  
Kiss or caress these tender delicacies  
For such intimate blossoms are  
Ripe of the vestal virgin.*

*Cuddle such sweet buds  
For as two blooming bulbs  
Do grow and swell,  
Flowering into a pair of pink tulips  
To tease a hungry bee.*

**DON MORGAN**



"El Paso? Isn't that some sleepy cow-town on the border somewhere?"

"I can just picture it—dusty streets with urchins on the corners!"

"Did you say El Paso? How far's that from Dallas?"

To almost any El Pasoan who has left the Pass of the North and dared to go east, such comments are all too familiar. No matter how long or how hard one talks, it's pretty difficult to convince anyone from more than five hundred miles away that El Paso is a modern, busy metropolis with its own unique advantages. Most of them don't even seem to care if El Paso is the home of the world's largest manufacturer of men's and boy's pants, the world's tallest smoke-stack, or the busiest border crossing between the United States and Mexico. It might appear that the only selling point the city can offer is that rum sure is cheap.

In 1968, El Paso will have a rare opportunity to make thousands of tourists and travelers aware of its many drawing points besides border booze. In 1968, the Olympic Games, one of the world's great spectacles will be held in Mexico City. No other

single sporting event can match the stature, the excitement, or the glamour of the Olympics. From virtually every country in the world come not only the competing athletes, heads of state, major dignitaries, and lofty personages of every description. No matter where the Games are held, the host city becomes the capital of the world for a short time.

El Paso will be put in the position of being the last stop in the USA for many travelers who will make the trip by car or train or bus. Motel and hotel keepers in El Paso are expecting a record number of tourists to stay in El Paso during the games. Travel agencies have already recorded a high rate of inquiries and reservations for tickets and accommodations to Mexico City. Border officials expect a high number of visas and passports to be issued. The normally busy summer season will be busier than ever in every way.

Such traffic is of immediate monetary value to the city's business. But it also provides an opportunity to exhibit the city to many who would otherwise never see it. The traveler on his way to Mexico City in 1968 might well be the businessman who

# Gateway to The Olympics

**Penny Byrne**

plans to expand his operation in 1970. The teen-ager traveling to see the greats of track and field might be considering a university to attend. A concerted publicity campaign can make these travelers aware of the opportunities our city offers. City offices, advertising agencies, hotel keepers all are planning such publicity. But much of the work will be done by the people of El Paso as they welcome these visitors and make them comfortable.

The "cow-town" with "dusty streets" doesn't exist, and in 1968 El Paso has a chance to wipe away that image and replace it with one of a bustling transportation center, industrially busy, economically active, and socially pleasing. The busiest border crossing is about to have its biggest year. El Paso must work to send off its Olympic visitors with fond memories of the Pass of the North.



**SPONSOR OF TEXAS' FIRST POCKET BILLIARD TOURNAMENT SANCTIONED BY  
THE BILLIARD CONGRESS OF AMERICA**

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO JOIN YOUR FRIENDS AT OUR FAMILY TYPE BILLIARD CLUB..  
REMEMBER, OVER 50% OF OUR PLAYERS ARE FROM UTEP.

**THUNDERBIRD BILLIARDS CLUB** THE HOME OF THE CHAMPIONS  
T-BIRD LANES BLDG., CORONADO



At your door  
 I stand—  
     Weary, tired—  
 Tired of fighting  
     with the outside;  
 Tired of defending.

I leave society  
     to itself—  
 To its petty,  
     petty self.  
 Open the door;  
     let me join you.

Let me share with you  
     The beauty  
         you discover,  
         the beauty  
             you create.

Share with me  
     the intensity  
 Of the love I have for you.

Donna Reed



*Hey  
 Muchachos!*

**WE REPAIR CAMERAS**

*Chavez  
 Photo Supply*

**CAMERA SPECIALIST**

**533-3828**

**(Next to Colon Theatre)**

**521 S. EL PASO ST.**



**Get With It!**

Don't be left out of the scene completely just because you haven't any car insurance. If you're of driving age, you're of Belk age. So give us a ring or stop in and see your Man From Belk, he'll be glad to talk to you.

**810 E. Yandell  
 532-3923**

**Lower Valley Branch  
 7829 North Loop**



## What Time is it?

*Tell me round silver idol  
 Why is the pen now idle  
 Fool, cannot you see  
 That yonder lies  
 The bleeding inspiration stabbed  
 And a thought upstairs  
 Awaits overdue birth pains . . .  
 The theme of social justice  
 Much quicker brings about a riot  
 Than a paragraph  
 And who has time to record a scene  
 When action involves so widely.  
 I know, you're right, someone should,  
 Someone must,  
 Someone has to tell the cosmic dust  
 In words alive  
 Instead of microfilmed newspapers  
 And tv tapes in cans of tin,  
 Someone with a poet's heart  
 And a saint mind  
 And the awareness of a thief  
 And the sensuality of a whore  
 He must tell of today . . . and more . . .*

**Abelard**



But why should  
I  
who  
am myself be someone else  
who  
isn't at all. Concerned with the

curious, the  
original, the  
non-conformity so lacking in our moments,  
the moments which rush by the door, yet  
do not, dare not, will not enter in. This  
is beside itself, for those who sit by the  
door and will for moments to come will  
never truly admit them should they approach  
in the guise of hours, eons, eternity. For  
it is not moments begging entrance into  
the self, but the selves who wait and wish exit  
from captivity. One must create  
for himself  
his usefulness,  
purposes,  
reason,

all according to his own necessity and not to  
that of  
others

who hide behind the moments as though behind  
a lightless wall. These may overstep the  
boundaries of freedom by use of words instead  
of force to build their own eggshell world which  
must inevitably crumble and split,  
only to melt back into the night of impossible  
folly in the face of a strong will to dissent.  
To be lost forever in the minds of mortal men,  
the only minds which exist for those of us who  
exist only for Today and not the relentlessly  
pursuing ridiculing threat of Tomorrow.

You  
may now get  
the  
hell  
out  
of my world  
for by the movements of your facial features  
it is seen that  
you  
do not understand  
and can not  
Belong.



Mollie Pearce

## WINNERS!

### MINERS AND DATSUN

#### '67 DATSUN



#### COMPARE WHAT YOU GET

96HP 1600cc 4 Speed Syncrod  
Disc Brakes - Radio - Tonneau  
Cover - Roll-up Windows -  
Tachometer - WSW Tires - Trip  
Meter - 12 Volt System -  
Heater - Locking Console -  
Carpeting, etc., etc.

1967 DATSUN  
SEDAN  
FULLY EQUIPPED  
30 MPG  
\$1801 IN EL PASO



\$2706 DELV'D  
IN EL PASO

drive a '67  
**DATSUN**  
then decide!

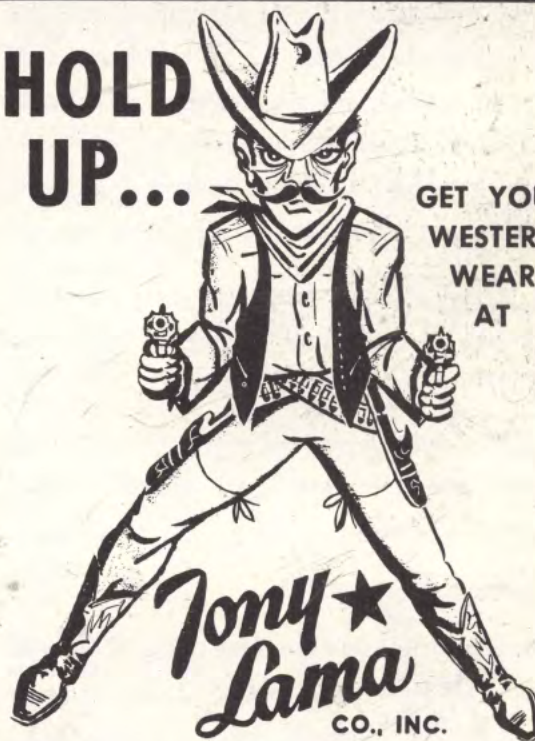
#### CAR CITY DATSUN

4520 Montana  
566-9459

5527 E. Paisano  
778-6397

## HOLD UP...

GET YOUR  
WESTERN  
WEAR  
AT



NORTHGATE & BASSETT CENTERS  
DOWNTOWN AT 109 E. OVERLAND  
EL PASO'S LEADING SHOE REPAIR





There was a professor named Hines,  
Who, while reciting equations in rhymes,  
Used the power of his will,  
To run standing still,  
And thus he kept up with the times.

P. S. Even with the changing times, we still  
hurry up to wait on you at...

**the white house**

**DOWNTOWN • BASSETT CENTER**

A coed who was engaged to an agricultural management major attended Texas A & M University with him. By some mistake she was enrolled in a health class with all of the football players. After two weeks of class, the coed had never answered a question in the discussion and the teacher tried to bring her out.

"Miss Henry, can you tell me what part of the body increases to five times its normal size when excited?"

Casting her eyes downward while all of the Aggies laughed, the embarrassed girl said she refused to answer that question.

The professor then replied:

"Well, your answer tells me three things about you.  
1. You did not read your lesson, 2. You have a dirty mind and 3. Marriage will be a big disappointment to you. The answer is the pupil of the eye." (a real event as narrated by the old Aggie himself, C. W. K.)



**I'VE GOT A SECRET**

"Your fly is open."

**Bachelor**



A rancher couldn't keep his hands off his beautiful wife and finally had to fire every one of them.



There have been many unkind comments made about our athletes and athletic programs by a few short-sighted, un-American, puny bookworm types in the past few weeks. These persons are so narrow-minded as to insist that academics should be emphasized over athletics at U. T. El Paso! They obviously have not been caught up in the spirit of the **WAVE OF THE FUTURE** at this mighty institution of advanced isometrics. The Administration of the University aspires to have this become the only university in the world which has no faculty and no student body—only athletic teams!

Now just let your imagination go, fellow fans; it's 1975, the completion of the world's largest stadium has just been announced. As visitors drive down scenic College Avenue, they are immediately struck by an unusual aspect of our campus: there are no buildings to obstruct the view. Our's is the only school in the world whose entire campus is composed of one mighty structure. Awe-inspiring, a wonder to behold, **GOLDEN JOCK STADIUM** towers above the city of El Paso as a monument to the body of man. Outside of this fantastic structure is a life-sized stature of the most revered man in U. T. El Paso history: 8 feet 5 inches tall, 350 pounds, **HERCULES OOLUK**. Hercules, sometimes known as Super-Eskimo, came to our fair campus from the far-most corner of Iceland. He had offers from many schools, but we made him the best deal—er, scholarship offer. Where else could he have had his own private igloo and Super Sport dog sled with 357 dogpower? At the base of his statue is an inscription immortalizing Hercules' famous words on the eve of the big game to decide the **NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP**. Translated from Eskimoese it came out "CRUSH, KILL, DESTROY!" But don't think that Hercules is the only outstanding athlete-scholar lurking about the training room. No sirree, there are

such international scholars as **EI FU YU**. This remarkable lad, only recently arrived in our city of sun and fun from Sarawak, Malaysia, is following a strenuous degree plan in Alcoholic Chemistry. He hopes to become either a bar-tender in Juarez or a sheep-dip manufacturer. Although primarily a serious scholar, **EI FU** also happens to run the mile in 2 minutes 45 seconds flat. But don't get the idea that Hercules and his fellow athletes do nothing but play games. Oh no, they follow a rugged schedule of courses such as: "Athletic Psychology 3101, Isometric Engineering 3214, History (of football) 3102, and Speech 3101 (not to learn how to speak in public, just to learn how to speak, period). However, even though they have to contend with such troublesome extra-curricular activities as outlined above, our boys managed to make our school the first in history to win the national championship in every sport in one year—well, not *every* sport. This was a rebuilding year for our Indian Arm Wrestling team, and they only took second place in the national tournament. **HOWEVER**, Coach Buster Bruiser has recruited **KUMQUAT KICKAPOO**, the famous arm wrestling champ of the Yapui Tribe, and Coach Bruiser promises a better showing next year. OK Coach, the fans understand that anyone can have an off year—**ONCE**.

With his usual concern for a bal-

anced program, the President of U. T. El Paso will come out with an announcement that he has hired one of the finest **ACADEMICIANS** in the country, and that at the *very moment* scouts are combing the country trying to recruit **STUDENTS**! Of course, we will have to start out on a small scale, but within a few years U. T. El Paso expects to move into the field of education in a big way. Naturally academics will never be allowed to become overly important. After all, the University will have been building bigger and better bodies for a number of years, and the Administration and Coaching Staffs will never lose sight of what is **REALLY IMPORTANT... TO WIN!** So remember, rabid rooters, whenever you hear one of those subversive, bookworm types talking against **OUR BOYS**, harken to the words of good old Hercules Ooluk, and apply his philosophy vigorously: "**CRUSH, KILL, DESTROY!**"



Dogs in Siberia are the fastest in the world, because the trees are so far apart.



## GRADUATION RINGS



Texas College of Mines  
and  
Texas Western College

Order Anytime-4 Weeks Delivery  
A Small Deposit Will Order  
Yours Today

Available for Men and Women  
Any Year, Any Stone, Any Weight

**Joe Schwartz, Inc.**

311 Mills

Next to Southwest Nat'l. Bank



STEVE  
SIMON

"...AND NOW FOR A REAL GOLDEN OLDIE..."

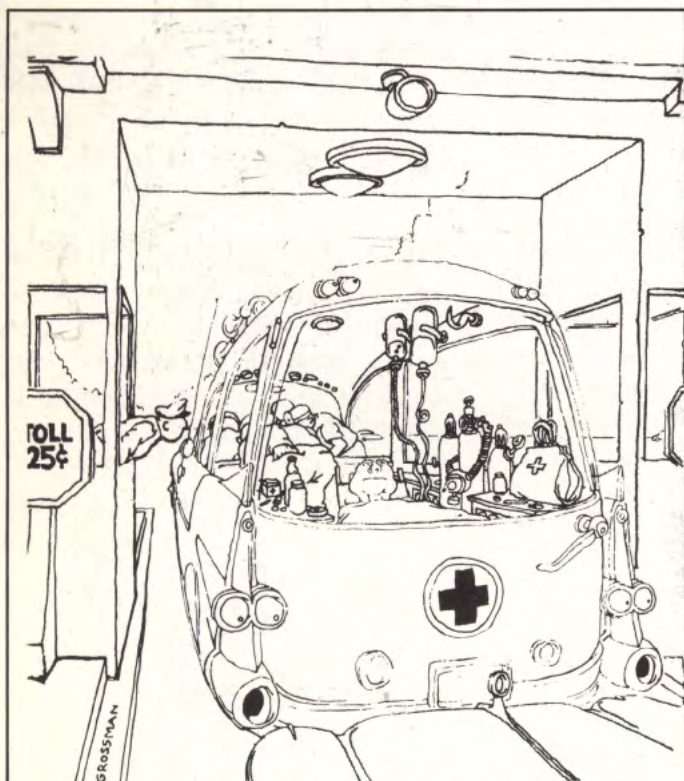
Daughter: "I took Henry into the loving room last night and..."

Mother: "That's LIVING dear."

Daughter: "You're telling me!"



"I want you to know, my dear, you're the first girl I've ever made love to," he said as he shifted gear with his knees.



"AND HERE'S A NICKEL; THAT MAKES FOURTEEN,  
AND ANOTHER PENNY MAKES FIFTEEN, AND...."

*The Yale Record*





C.V. OLSEN





# How The Land Of Habit Is Passing Up The Hobbit

**Bill Carver**

For over two years, a new literary fad has spread over college campuses all around the country; but it seems to have been completely missed by U. T. El Paso. It has been called, among other things, "The Tolkien movement" and college students everywhere are reading "The Hobbit" and a fantasy trilogy called "The Lord of the Rings", all by an English professor by the name of Dr. J. R. R. Tolkien. But it seems that few students at U. T. El Paso have even heard of the books and even fewer have read them.

In an October issue of "The Prospector," campus News and Information Director Dale Walker placed the following ad: "Wanted: Student who knows anything about Hobbits, Gandalf, Frodo or professor J. R. R. Tolkien." Only three people answered the ad—a small but enthusiastic group. Mrs. Kidd of the U. T. El Paso bookstore ordered many copies of the book, but reported that very few of the Ring trilogy had been called for. "One of the teachers in the English Department taught "The Hobbit" and so we have sold quite a few of it, but we rarely have a call for the Ring," Mrs. Kidd said.



Handwritten text in a stylized script, possibly a signature or a note, located in the top right corner of the page.

~ ငါတို့ဆရာတော်က နှစ်ပေါင်း ခြောက်ဆယ်ကျော်ခန့် ~  
ခြောက်ဆယ် ကျော်ခန့် နှစ်ပေါင်း ခြောက်ဆယ်

"One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them, One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them."

What are the books about? It all starts with *The Hobbit* (*There and Back Again*) a fantastic fairy tale describing the typical Hobbit-haflings three or four feet tall with hairy feet instead of shoes, who's loves are to eat six meals a day in his home (a hole in a hill) and read books about things he already knows all about.

The main character-Hobbit is Bilbo who receives a strange visit from an even stranger wizard named Gandalf. Gandalf, with twelve elves, takes Bilbo on an Adventure (spelled with a capital A) during which Bilbo meets

a frog-like creature named Gollum, in a dark underground hide-out of orcs, villainous relatives of globins and trolls. By accident Bilbo finds a ring belonging to Gollum which he discovers will make him invisible when he puts it on his finger. The story goes on as Bilbo and company slay a dragon, many orcs and a large number of wargs, wolf-like killers of all that is good. It is a delightfully simple children's tale.

But in the more difficult, massive, 1,500 page trilogy, we find that the ring has other powers and is dangerous to any who might wear it. The ring is the most powerful of a set of rings, this one being highly sought by Sauron, a cruel and powerful man who is working to take over all of that part of the world, known as Middle-earth. Bilbo has now reached the age of 111 (a good, but not un-



usual age for Hobbits) and so is too old to carry on with the Ring. He passes it to his cousin Frodo. Frodo is given the job, by the wise Gandalf, of taking the ring to the place of it's forging, The Cracks of Doom, in the heart of Sauron's country, Mordor.

From there a company of nine, including Frodo and three other Hobbits, Gandalf, two men, a dwarf and an elf, start on an adventure of epic proportions. There is a happy ending, of course, as they succeed in overthrowing the mighty Sauron and in destroying the ring, but not before the reader has met countless strange, evil and wonderful characters, including tree-like men called Ents, the oldest and most respected inhabitants of middle-earth, an evil-minded wizard named Saruman, nine faceless black riders, and many many others.

But this is only the minute story of the story. The real story is Tolkien's imagination. In the books, Tolkien creates an entire world, complete with different races, languages, writing, customs, idiosyncrasies, and lore. There is a map in the front of each book showing the locations of the various lands and the events that happened within them. In the back of the third book, there is page after page of Appendix, tracing the family trees of the most important characters. There are several charts showing the different letters used by the various groups. And in the story proper, ingenious counter-plots arise, the characters develop under the difficult circumstances, and lore becomes fact. Tolkien's world becomes very real, as he describes everything in such detail that the reader is almost overwhelmed by the imagination it took to create such a world.

Yet, it is fairy tale, an adventure, and the reader must not try to get something really deep out of it. "Tolkien himself said that he didn't write it for that," Mr. Walker said. "The reader will get something out of it, but he won't have to search deep into symbols to get it."

In an atmosphere where, supposedly, the ideal state is "tuned out, turned on, and shacked up", why is the Tolkien movement sweeping campuses all over the country? What do the books offer that has put it on top of the New York Times Book Review Best Seller list time after time? Why are the Tolkien books replacing books like *Catcher in the Rye* and *Lord of the Flies* on the list of college student's favorites?

Dr. Robert Burlingame, professor of English and the only U. T. El Paso instructor to teach Tolkien (*The Hobbit*), suggests that perhaps the appeal of the books can be attributed to the fact that the books appeal to the "Took" -- i.e., the adventuresome or action-side of the reader. Burlingame also points out that these books "have been handed up, perhaps, by high school students, rather than placed in our laps by the critics."

Esquire magazine for September of 1966 attributes it to a change in student behavior. "Previously introspective students have become more active and vocal, through such things as the civil rights movement, and so the Tolkien books, unlike Salinger's *Caulfield* who quietly condemns all adults as phonies, are this kind of active," it says.

The need of adults for some kind of unsophisticated escape from the complexities of modern life could also explain the popularity of the Ring books, although the common reader will probably never be reached. "The

common reader," Dr. Burlingame said, "will continue reading Agatha Christie and Mickey Spillane; meaty books full of blood, guts and sex."

The Tolkien world is the opposite from all of this and all of what college students have been reading. They are a pleasant change from the difficult, pessimistic books which have been taught and accepted by college students as "top books." There is none of the stream of consciousness of Joyce, none of the enormity of Proust. In Tolkien's world, "camp" is somewhere to spend the night, "pot" is something to cook in, and "queer" means nothing more than peculiar.

"The saga of the Ring differs from --and excels-- much current fiction precisely because it is both more fantastic and more nearly true," the February issue of "Commentary" says. The article goes on to say that the books are filled with marvelous things, without being fakey.

Although Tolkien's works are now tremendously popular, they have not always been such. Tolkien started writing *The Hobbit* during the thirties, a very black time for England, where Dr. Tolkien was a professor at the University of Leeds. (He later became the Merton College Professor of English Language and Literature at Oxford, until he retired in 1959). "At this time," said Dr. Burlingame, "England knew she would soon be at war; heavy books by people like Virginia Woolf and Huxley were coming out; Tolkien was overlooked."

(Continued on next Page)



Smart Fashions for  
the IN CROWD  
Always Something New

DOWNTOWN & BASSETT CENTER

"FOR THE ONE WHO LOVES BEAUTIFUL THINGS"





**Kern Place**  
FLORIST

*Flowers for  
All Occasions*

111-A EAST ROBINSON  
EL PASO, TEXAS


533-7593





*The Coronado Crew  
wants U... T. E. P.'ers  
To save with us.*

**CORONADO  
STATE BANK**

MEMBER FDIC



**ZALES®**  
JEWELERS



**YOUR COLLEGE RING AVAILABLE  
THROUGH ALL ZALES STORES AT LOWEST  
PRICES & EASIEST TERMS**



Then there is the young fellow who started with a shoestring and worked his way up until he got slapped.

Tolkien finished the three-ring books, the *Fellowship of the Ring*, *The Two Towers*, and *The Return of the King*, in 1956, having started them in 1936, just after publishing *The Hobbit*, which is actually just an introduction to the trilogy. It wasn't until 1965 that the popularity reached the status of a cult, or movement.

If it was slow to catch, the fire is now raging. There are two Tolkien "fan" magazines published—one in San Francisco and the other more popular one, called the "Tolkien Journal," in New York. The Journal is published by the Tolkien Society of America, an 800 member organization which includes W. H. Auden among its members, and has, as its sole purpose, more knowledge of Hobbits, Dwarfs, Elfs, and other Tolkien characters. One issue of the Journal, for instance, included the start of a "Gandalf for President" movement, poetry dealing with the adventures of Frodo, a crossword puzzle using Tolkien names, and various articles and letters on the books.

Buttons have been made proclaiming "Frodo Lives!", "Gandalf for President" and various Elf and Dwarf runes.

Hip people everywhere are marking the walls with Tolkien slogans. A subway rider in New York is not at all surprised (although perhaps a little puzzled) to see, on a wall, crudely written in black marking pencil "Frodo is God", or "Gandalf is a phony" or "Frodo Lives; all is not lost!".

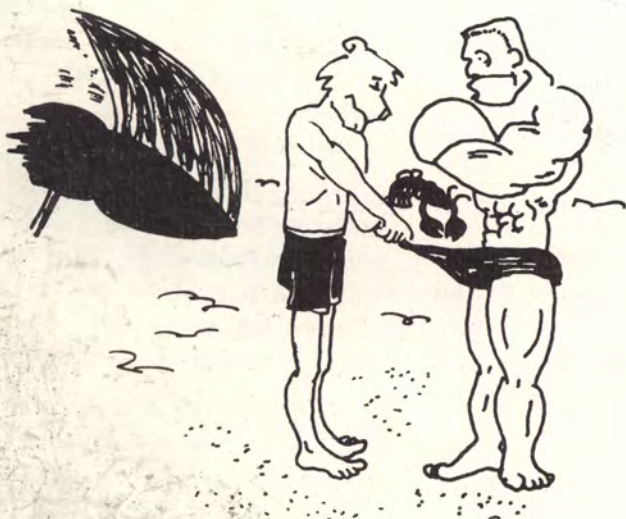
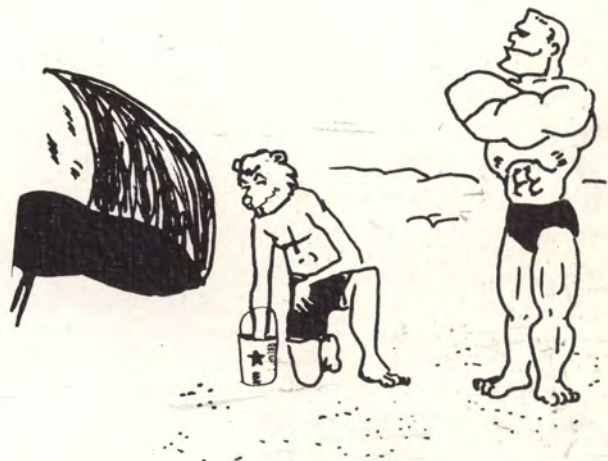
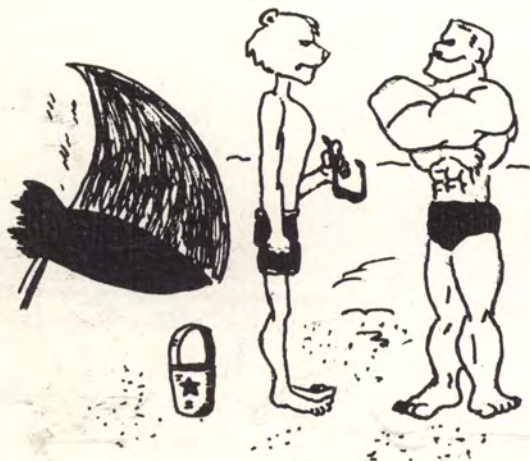
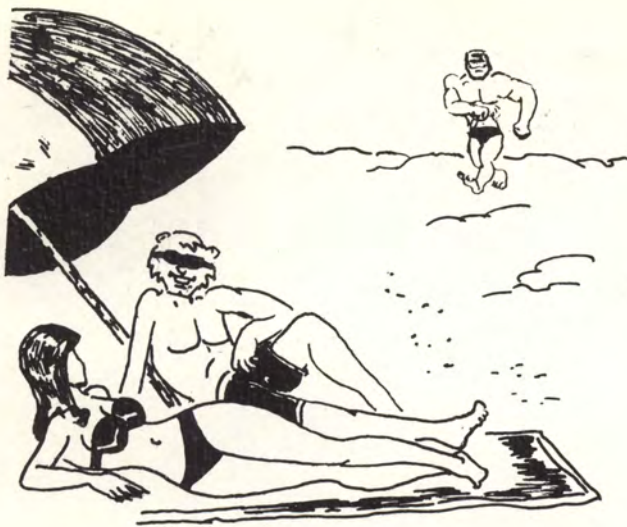
Where will it all end? A last years issue of Saturday Evening Post said, "...the time cannot be far away when not having read it will be, in most literary and academic circles, tantamount to complete boorishness." When this time comes, where will U. T. El Paso be?



If its funny enough to tell, it's been told: if it hasn't been told it's too clean: and if it's enough to interest a senior, the editor gets kicked out of school.







*Gregg McNeil*



# Who's Establishment?

**Mike Pemberton**

One of the increasingly popular games people play these days is speaking sneeringly of "the Berkeley type."

They lump together any student who wears his hair too short, too long or dyed blond; any student who demonstrates for anything; any student who wears clothes which fail to conform with styles like Dad and Grampa wore to college.

A Lubbock legislator is trying to introduce the game to Texas. It proposes to give universities and colleges in the State system power to regulate dress and appearance of students.

Regulation of dress and appearance is one short step away from regulating thought and action. It's merely another power play to punish those who fail to conform with The Establishment. It's even worse than Big Brother. It's Big Daddy with a stick in his hand and a firm grip on the neck of his troublesome son, aged nine.

Enthusiastic game players fail to face a couple of facts which change the odds. Number one . . . there is no such thing as a "berkeley type" anymore than there's a Southern Methodist type and Cornell U type. There are just individual men and women who fail to dress and act and conform as someone else thinks they should.



Number two . . . these men and women are not nine.

In a letter in the April 17th issue of Editor and publisher magazine, Richard P. Hafner Jr., public affairs officer for the University of California at Berkeley, has pointed out some interesting facts about the student body which should affect the game rules.

He says four times as many Berkeley students join the Peace Corps as the national rate for signing up.

They work in West Coast ghettos, prisons and schools to better the lot of their fellow human beings . . . more than 2000 alone in the Bay Area of San Francisco.

They are sought after by a record number of corporations each year for employment at impressive starting salaries.

And they comprise an important

source of officer material for the Armed Forces.

If this is the "Berkeley type," the U. S. is better for it. But again we say there is not any Berkeley type, anymore than there is a University of Texas at El Paso type. On our campus, as on theirs, there's a good cross section of students representatives of both El Paso, Texas and the nation.

Some of them will become teachers, some will become bankers, and some will become bums. Part of them will vote Democratic, part of them will vote Republican and a portion of them will never vote at all. The world has always been that way.

A recent pool of the community and the campus brought these typical answers:

HIRAM OLDGRAD— "So what if I did wear a racoon coat and carry a hip flask, but I got no use for these



young punks who wear shorts and sandals to the bank."

STEVEN JESSE— "I plan to get this campus organized as soon as we get that meeting in the SUB 'JOHN'."

ALFRED ART MAJOR— "Wear sandals, hell I ain't bought a pair of shoes in three years."

BEAU GEST— (Retiring SA President)— "Just let me have three terms and I'll set up my own Establishment."

TYPICAL FRESHMAN "Huh?"

But if there's any reason for going to college at all, it must be the hope that more and more students will be better educated and better equipped to better themselves and their communities when they leave school.

"To better" does not mean "to conform."

It might be well for that Lubbock legislator and the game players to remember this.



"Take off your pajamas. You know what I want."

Stolen from: BACHELOR

Did you know...

That VOLVO is

One of the Seven Best Made Cars in the World.

"Road & Track" magazine picked it,

WE SELL IT.

HERE ARE THE OTHER SIX:

1. ROLLS-ROYCE
2. MERCEDES-BENZ
3. CADILLAC
4. B M W
5. PORSCHE
6. ROVER

You are invited to see and drive a VOLVO at

*America's Best Selling Sports Cars*

**TRIUMPH**

**TR 4-A**

**SPITFIRE**

*and the new*

**GT-6**

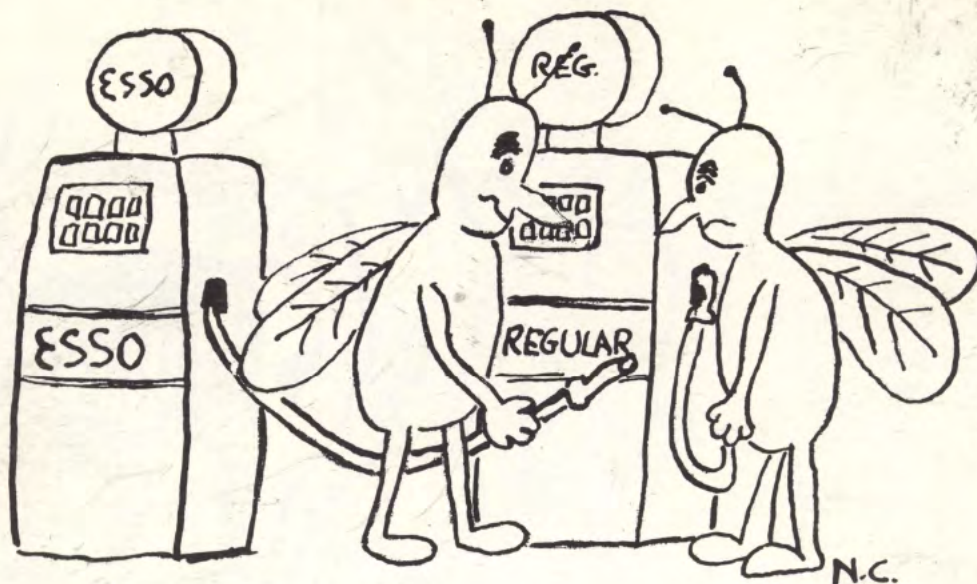


**VIC THUNBERG MOTORS**

8949 DYER, EL PASO

PHONE: 755-5615





"...YOU A REGULAR BEE OR AN ESSO BEE?"

E.B. , J.P.  
H.G. , K.D.  
B.K. , A.A.  
A.N. , D.D.  
J.M. , B.L.



"We walked for miles and never noticed a human face."

"Where was that?"

"In a nudist camp."



**"TRY OUR DAQUIRI FREEZE"**  
**31 FLAVORS**

4008 N. MESA

532-9026

**TERRY & PATRICIA McCASKELL**

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

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

"Damn it," he muttered, "just my luck. Just about to leave here after twenty years, I've gone and cut my head off."



The trouble began with New Text College playing the first home game of the season against Utah College of Practical Arts. Utah was rated high and would walk right over New Text, that is, unless a miracle could happen.

"Well the miracle happened," thundered St. Peter, and Angel No. 536, 997, 875 hung his head in gloom, but not shame. "No Angel has the right to step in and take human matters into their own hands, unless specifically told to do so."

Angel No. 536, 997, 875, better known as Rah-Rah, was banished to cloud five to think things over. He thought about the game, and especially of New Text College, better known as the Diggers. This was his Alma Mater, the school with a perfect record of no wins in football. By the law of averages they just had to win once.

Every year Rah-Rah got permission to go down to Earth to see the New Text football games. He had a "Season Pass" on the forty yard line. This year, as always, he watched the small groups of students coming in. The stands were never very crowded as no one expected anything but brutal slaughter. The band even seemed to play a death march.

"If just once they would win," thought Rah-Rah, "the stands would be filled and the band might come alive."

Utah's players rushed out onto the field; big, strong, virile. The Diggers trudged in; small, thin, ungainly. The sound in the stands sounded like dry leaves ready to blow away. Many would be leaving soon.

The whistle blew—the Diggers kicked off to Utah. Utah charged forward. Collins, number 35, got the ball. He zig-zagged down the field. Utah touchdown! Utah missed the kick.

Ball kicked to the Diggers. The ball was dropped and recovered by Utah. Rah-Rah sat stunned. He must

# ANGEL ON THE GRID

*Simma Galston Leslie*



help his team, the Diggers, but he was honor bound not to touch the lives of humans.

"Of course, that's it, not to touch humans," thought Rah-Rah.

Rah-Rah jumped up from his seat and flew into the game. He stood right near Collins. Collins caught the ball, and Rah-Rah tugged it out of Collins' hands. Collins' face turned an angry red. Rah-Rah gently tossed the ball to Skinny Elis, the Digger man.

For a second there was silence, and then a mighty roar from the stands. Utah had fumbled. The shock of the fumble held the Utah players in one spot. Skinny charged forward, but was stopped on the five yard line. In the rush, Rah-Rah had gotten caught and had fallen on his face. Spikes dug into his ribs and wings.

It had to be a force play to the goal. Rah-Rah got in front of the man carrying the ball. He cleared the way for the ball carrier. Utah was pushed back and a goal for the Diggers. The kick—the ball seems short. A sudden wind from Rah-Rah and the ball is over. Score: Diggers 7-Utah 6.

Utah lost confidence. Rah-Rah went back to his seat. The teams went back and forth and the quarter was over.

Utah's ball, Collins caught the ball; he was free; it was sure to be a touchdown. No one is in his way. Suddenly the ball leaps out of his hands and it is traveling back into Digger hands. Skinny has caught the ball. He is standing there, and now he turns and runs. It is a touchdown for the Diggers.

Rah-Rah rubbed his face. That was a tough one. He had done it flying and his wings were in "sore" ways.

Rah-Rah sat down and watched the kick go bad. Score: 13-6, Diggers favor. First half ended. For the first time there was hope in the air; the Diggers might be good this year. They might be lucky this year. They might even have a miracle this year.

At the beginning of the third quarter, Collins threw a beautiful pass to Stanford and over the goal he went. Score 13 all. Stanford in red to kick, when Rah-Rah rushed out onto the field. "Block that kick," cried Rah-Rah as he hovered above the goal post and shoved the kick around the poles.

Fourth quarter and the score was still tied. Rah-Rah was beside himself. He had to go in there and help the Diggers. They had to win this game. They had to win!

Utah's ball, Collins once again had the ball. This time he ran holding the ball tight to his chest. Over the goal line he stumbled and the score was 19 Utah, 13 Diggers. Rah-Rah dashed out to the field. They were getting ready for the kick-off. Rah-Rah caught the ball and shoved it down into the hands of Tiny the Digger man. Tiny dropped the ball in his surprise, and Rah-Rah was not fast enough to pick it up before it hit the ground. Ball, Diggers, on the four yard line.

Only minutes left to play. Skinny got the ball and lateraled it to Tiny.



It looked a little wide but the ball swerved into Tiny's hands. Tiny started to run. Rah-Rah was so busy seeing no one came near Tiny he did not notice that Tiny dropped the ball.

Big 35 had the ball hugging it to his chest. Rah-Rah tried to grab it. Collins seemed to fight with the empty air and let go a mighty swing with his right hand. It rocked Rah-Rah, but he got the ball and threw it to Skinny. Skinny had the ball on a recovered fumble. Second play, Skinny passed to Tiny and Rah-Rah played interference. Over the line went the panting Tiny. Tied score.

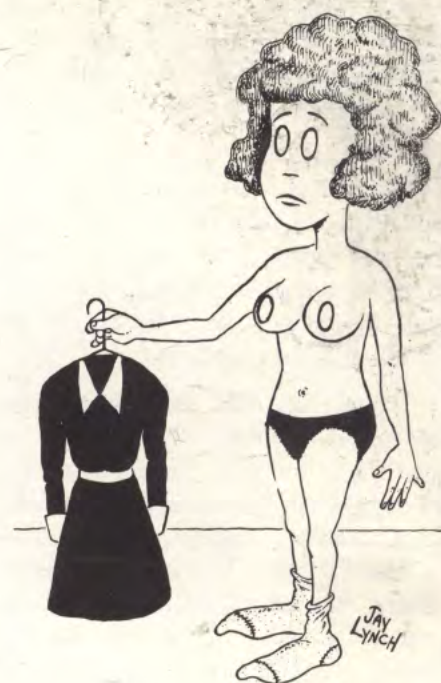
Seconds left to the game. Rah-Rah got so excited, if they could make this point on the kick the game was theirs. Beargrease kicked for the Diggers, and over went Rah-Rah, and the ball. Dirt filled Rah-Rah's eyes. He could not see a thing. Rah-Rah's bones ached and his wings drooped, but the game was over, and the Diggers had won.

Rah-Rah had gone back up, only to be summoned immediately to St. Peter's office. St. Peter had started the conversation with "Angel No. 536, 997, 875 you have done something that has never been done before."

Rah-Rah nodded his head, "yes, I know, the Diggers won."

Punishment was that he would sit on cloud five and think things over, and he would not be allowed to see anymore football games in person. He would have to use the television like everyone else. He felt dreadful that he would not see the live games. Consolation to him was the fact that the Diggers had won, and that the game would be talked about for years to come.

Rah-Rah knew he would have to sit on cloud number five until the rents in his body healed. Who ever saw an angel all battered up? But if there were to be no more football games, there were always miracles to be performed for the basketball team!



Georgia Tech

**Applying for a job?**  
**Have your picture taken at**  
**BERROTERAN BROTHERS STUDIO**  
**100 Photo - Stamps for \$2.95**

**1008 Wyoming**

**Telephone 533-6161**





Albert Nedow

# *UTEP see - nery*



Albert Nedow



Albert Nedow





Albert Nedow



Lee Cain



Lee Cain



Albert Nedow

Wow!!







Albert Nedow



Albert Nedow



Albert Nedow



Lee Cain



## How This Issue of El Burro was Produced

The purpose of Journ. 3352 is to make students aware of the role that campus publications occupy in relation to the university and the community.

The class strives to have students take part in the publication of an El Burro so that they may see the various talents that are needed to produce this campus variety issue. Students also learn the organization of the staff and its different responsibility areas and the basics of layouts, offset printing, and general printing techniques.

Other aspects of the course, financing of the magazine and advertising, bring students into actual selling practices and public relations activities with professionals and businessmen.

For the first time, the class conducted a campus poll to determine the role of the magazine and its future UT El Paso role. The poll also provides valuable information on student preferences and buying habits.

Persons training for future El Burro and Flowsheet editors and business managers, as well as other positions, are finding the course a practical training ground to give them valuable background knowledge in these positions.





*Amen Wardy*

1201 N. Mesa  
El Paso, Texas

New Sportswear and  
Junior Department

Downstairs





your evaluation based on other opinion  
copy photo, taste

outline purpose of E.B.

copy photo.

5425204