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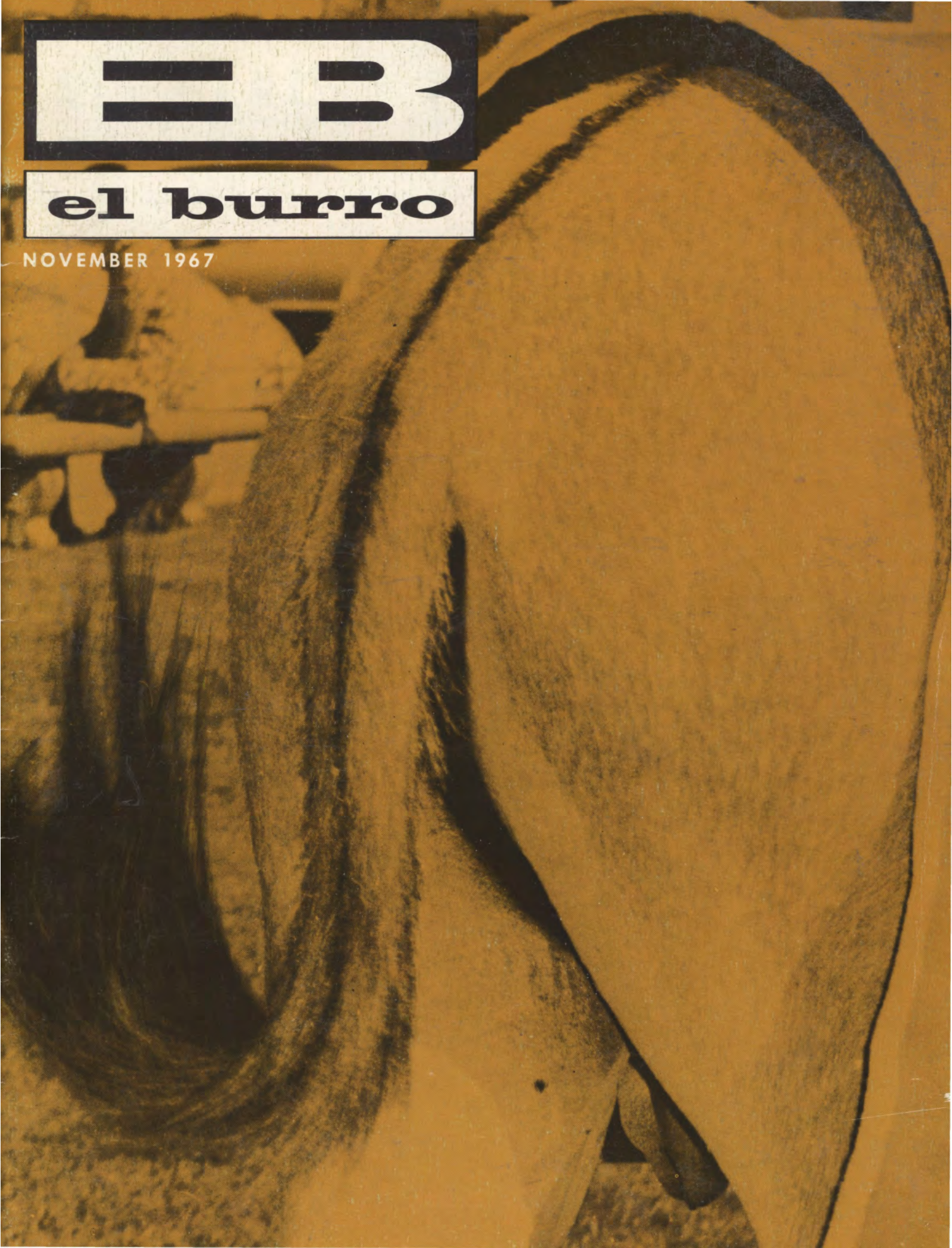
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NOVEMBER 1967



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I Don't Know what it does.

I Don't Know if I want to Buy it.

I Don't think you can sell it to me.



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NOVEMBER, 1967

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Front Cover: Our Back shot for
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A little boy went to his mother and asked, "If dogs can have puppies and cats can have kittens, why can't trains have choo-choos?"

His mother was busy and told him to go ask his father, who was reading the newspaper and had no time to discuss the matter, and so told his son to go ask the conductor at the train station.

When the little boy got to the train station and asked the conductor his very important question, he was told to ask the engineer, whom he found sitting in his engine.

When the engineer heard the boy's question, he looked at him for a long minute and then asked, "Son, did your father send you here to ask me that?"

The little boy said, "Yes, sir."

Whereupon the engineer said, "Well, you go tell him that the Baltimore and Ohio always pulls out on time."



A rather washed-up lady of the night, came into a bar after an unsuccessful night of business. Feeling discouraged, she decided to give it away for free.

"I'll give it to anyone who wants it." She said.

No one in the bar moved.

"I'll give it away, and pay you at the same time." She said.

Still no one moved.

"If any one can tell me what I've got here in my cupped hands, they've got me for the night." She said in desperation.

A drunk sitting next to her said, "Is it'n elephant?"

"That's close enough," She said.

"Do you mean to tell me," the judge said, "that you murdered the poor old woman for a paltry three dollars?"

"Well, Judge, you know how it is, three bucks here and three there - it soon mounts up."

Weenuts



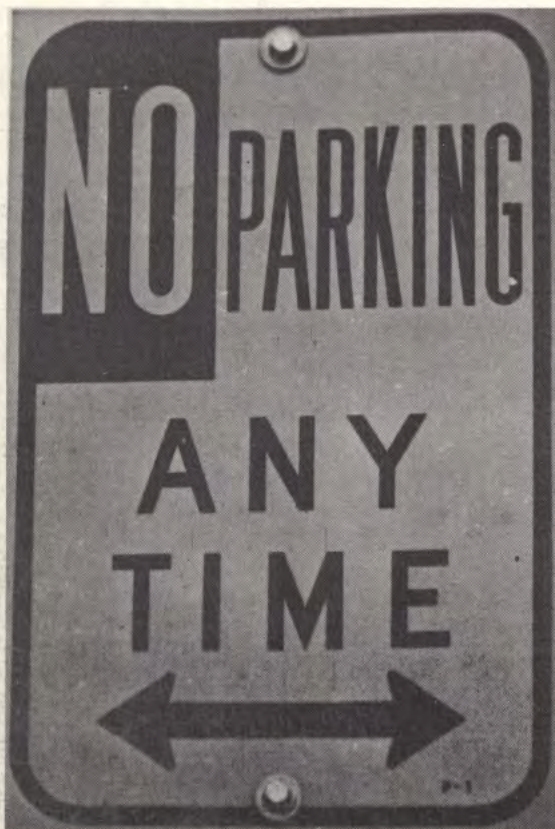
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The Nutty Way

by J. P. McAfee

Once upon a time in the little thought of kingdom of Nut lived a very unwise king named John. Now John had a son named Mac who wanted to be a warrior more than anything else in the world. He studied tactics, maneuvers, leadership, but only one thing was lacking: he was near-sighted. He had to wear little, clear, horn-rimmed glasses that gave him the look of a know-it-all. Men just wouldn't follow him because as everyone knows, know-it-alls do not really know it all and usually wind up very dead warriors. When the generals told King John that his son Mac just couldn't become a warrior, King John flew into such a rage, that he made his son head Nut of the army. This was a position (usually held by a civilian) of great importance and only tended to make a certain swell-head bigger.

One day, King John realized that his country was facing inflation. So, in order to reduce the amount of grog in the economy, he decided to have a war. Calling his son Mac, he asked him if he had a war handy. Mac, remembering that his daddy had been born in the nutty county of Tejas, where the war of the Ohno was fought, decided immediately that he had the war for Dad.

"In your county, the legend of the battle of Ohno is taught to every babe before he or she can walk," said Mac.

The battle was so named because of the famous statement made by private Chicken Heart: 'Oh no, just look out yonder. A million mad mekins'. We wouldn't be in this mess if that damned general hadn't confiscated all the tequel' back in San Tone'. Now we have another war just like this one. It's located in a little country called Nam."

"Where is the country?" asked the King.

"It's about a thousand megs from here," begins Mac, "and we can win it in about two or three days."

"Oh no, we can't have that," says the King. "This war has got to last a long time. It balances our economy."

"Hmm, I see," says Mac. "Well, I think the best thing to do is send our men over there with guns but no bullets."

"An excellent idea!" says the King. "But we've got to do it diplomatically. They can only use the bullets on certain days. That way the mothers of Nut won't complain."

So the war began. All the Nut generals complained about the use of weapons because they couldn't kill fast enough. The enemy (called the Gong) told their friends that the Nuts fought in a battle formation meant for open fields not a jungle. Their friends who worked as farmers during the day, and moonlighted as soldiers

for the Gong at night, giggled at their private joke, when the Nut soldiers walked by. The Nut soldiers fought bravely and quickly won the admiration of the Gong. The Gong couldn't understand why the air force of the nut bombed their own men and they just chalked up their observations as one of the curiosities of the War.

Meanwhile, back home, the King had met obstacles concerning his war plan. The youth of Nut could not understand a war that didn't involve them personally. ("Wait until they have someone killed they know personally," muttered the King, "then they'll become involved.") The King controlled the papers of the country and made them publish patriotic things. Anyone who was against the policy was branded "unnutish."

"This is a holy war," the King told the people. "We have to beat the Nam philosophy because it means tyranny. Our policy works the best because it is based on human rights: Greed, Cunning, and freedom of the Right Kind of Speech. Men are dying over in Nam right now for these basic freedoms. Of course, we have to up our Draft call for the month of Hickory. I know this is a great incentive for our young people because they would rather join the army than hide like cowards in the Nut colleges. Besides, says the King, "If they become too educated, they might find out what we're really up to."

"Yeh, yeh," says Mac. "You tell'em Pop."

So the war continued. The Nut economy prospered but Nam did not. The number of bombs dropped on the little country began to take its toll. Slowly the country became one big crater hole and the sea was slowly creeping in. In order for the war to continue each side started using aqua-lungs except for the Nut Army who used no air (so the war could continue without a victory). But King John had not reckoned on the human factor. Through the years, each side recognized the other and some individuals on both sides became close friends.

Since the war lasted so long, these men taught their sons to like each other and so on down the line. (After all, it was a long war.) Since the Nut philosophy was based on human nature, it was used to some extent by the Gong. Sometimes, one side or the other would have a strike (Unions form anywhere) for better aqua-lungs or their choice of battle fields or for more leave time. King John was at his wits end.

"Who do these men think they are? Civilians? This is a war! And war is hell! Some of our men and the Gong are flying on the group-plan for Rest and Recreation. This has got to stop!"

"Well, Dad," says Mac, "we've tried just about everything to make our men hate the enemy. We said that they would rape our women and our wives but instead marriages have dropped 50% over here. Our men prefer to marry the Gong's women because the women over there (unlike ours) seem to think a man

comes first and not the other way around. We say that our system is the best, but those Hemerroids (an off-color race located in Nut) kept reminding us that that isn't true. We say the Gong Philosophy is so evil that it couldn't possibly work, but it does. I don't know what to do anymore."

"We are going to have to use the WEAPON," says the King.

"Not the WEAPON!" says Mac.

"Yes, and I'm going to use it right now! And with so saying, the King pushed The Button.

About three days later an Angel passing by stopped in to say hello to King John. He was told of all the troubles that had beset the Kingdom of Nut.

The Angel said, "You're troubles are over my friend because the answers to your problems are located right on earth."

"Oh, really?" says the King.

"Yes, the answer is buried in the tiny kingdom of Nam."

"But I just blew Nam off the face of the earth!" said the King.

"Well, you can't win them all," said the Angel as he flew away.

(I mean, what the hell, THIS IS ONLY A FAIRY TALE.)

- 1- A neighboring tribe
- 2- Neighboring tribe's favorite drink
- 3- The county seat of Tejas.



Did you hear about the Aggie who stepped in a fresh cow pile and looked down and said, "Oh, my gawd. I'm melting."

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THE LOSER

Jim Morrison

"**H**ERE I stand, John B. Healey twenty-three years old, a college graduate, a pharmaceutical salesman, and a virgin by chance not choice."

"A situation soon to be corrected," I said in my most authoritative voice. "Johnny, I'm going to fix you up with one of the cutest things you have ever seen in your life, and all you have to do is look like you want to go to bed and you in."

Well it sounded simple enough, and by all rights it should have been, would have been, for anyone but Johnny. I mean Peggy Harris is the original "easy mark". Now I'm no Don Juan, never claimed to be, but I get my fair share and maybe a little more. Anyway, no one ever bombed out with Peggy, at least no one but Johnny.

First of all let me explain why I am so interested in helping Johnny out. You see, he and I were room mates in college, and for three and a half years all I heard was Diane this, and Diane that. For three and a half years Johnny let this girl lead him around by the nose, they were engaged and he was in "luv". Well, about two months ago he received one of the most beautifully engraved wedding invitations I have ever seen. Since we had rented an apartment together when we graduated, I felt sort of responsible for him and decided to help him along in his arrested sex education.

Now I know Peggy Harris, and like I said, no one ever missed with her. Not that she is a slut or anything like that, she just likes sex.

Well, when Johnny came in that evening at eleven-thirty I knew something was wrong.

"Nothing happened dammit, that's just the trouble" he said as he sat down on the sofa, "Not a damned thing!"

By this time I had to know what had gone wrong so I asked him. He was quiet for a couple of seconds, and when he finally started to talk it was more of a whine: "Accidents can happen to anybody but do you think she would stick around? Hell no!"

"Alright," I said, "in words of one syllable — just what happened?"

"Well, I picked her up at seven-thirty and we went to see that play, what was the name of it? Oh yes, The Amourous Flea. Everything went great, then I decided it was time for a drink, so we went to The Islander, had a couple of drinks and danced a little."

"Great," I said, "What happened next? What went wrong?"

"Everything! I had to go to the John, and when I came out I noticed my fly was open so I reached down and zipped it shut."

"And . . ."

"And . . . Well . . . We started to talk, then she invited me up to her place. We 'joke around a little,' I paid the check, and we started to leave. The only trouble was — when I stood up I didn't even think. I just stood up and moved over to hold her chair for her, and here comes the whole damned table after me. I couldn't help getting the damned tablecloth caught in my fly. Jesus what a mess. Drinks spilling, me standing there with a table cloth hanging out of my fly, and to top it all off the candleholder broke and almost caught the place on fire!"

"I admit it was a little difficult, but somehow I managed to keep a straight face. 'Don't worry about it.' I told him, 'I've got another idea.'"

My other idea was a girl named

Dixie Lawrence, one of the sweetest kids you have ever seen. Now Dixie's claim to fame is her capacity for liquor — two drinks and she would go to bed with the abominable snowman.

The next night I sat by the phone and listened to Johnny introduce himself and get invited over to her place. This time I was sure nothing could go wrong. I was in bed when he came in but I had to get up and find out how he had done.

"Some friend!" he said as I walked into the living room. "I ought to put you to sleep with a hammer. Take some booze with you, give her a couple of drinks and she falls into bed you said."

"What happened this time?"

"Why didn't you tell me she was a candidate for A.A.? She drank a half a fifth in fifteen minutes, and then got sick as a dog. I spent two hours holding her hand while she prayed to the great God of the Commode."

"I said ply her with the stuff, not plow her under with it."

"I'm a loser, a natural born loser. A girl looks at me and she says: 'Oh isn't he sweet,' or, 'He looks like a Teddy-Bear, all soft and cuddly.' But do I ever find one who wants to go to bed with me?"

"I am the only guy I know who meets a girl on the street, strikes up a conversation with her, and gets so interested in talking to her that I walk into a telephone pole."

He sat there babbling like that for an hour or so, looking like a whipped puppy before he finally went to bed. I have all but given up hope on him — but there is one last chance. Tomorrow night I am going to introduce him to Sue Ann Dailey, and she IS that type of girl.

Wish us luck — Johnny, for the obvious reasons, and me, because I am losing all faith in mankind.



Scoobie on Campus

photography by Albert Lee Nedow

THIS KID'S
COOL!







Scoobie . . .

Winter is coming but the weather is still summer-like on the UT El Paso campus. El Burro's "Femme fatale"* for this month is — SCOOBIE! A business administration major, Scoobie is evidence of the fact that the woman's place is becoming very prominent in the business world.

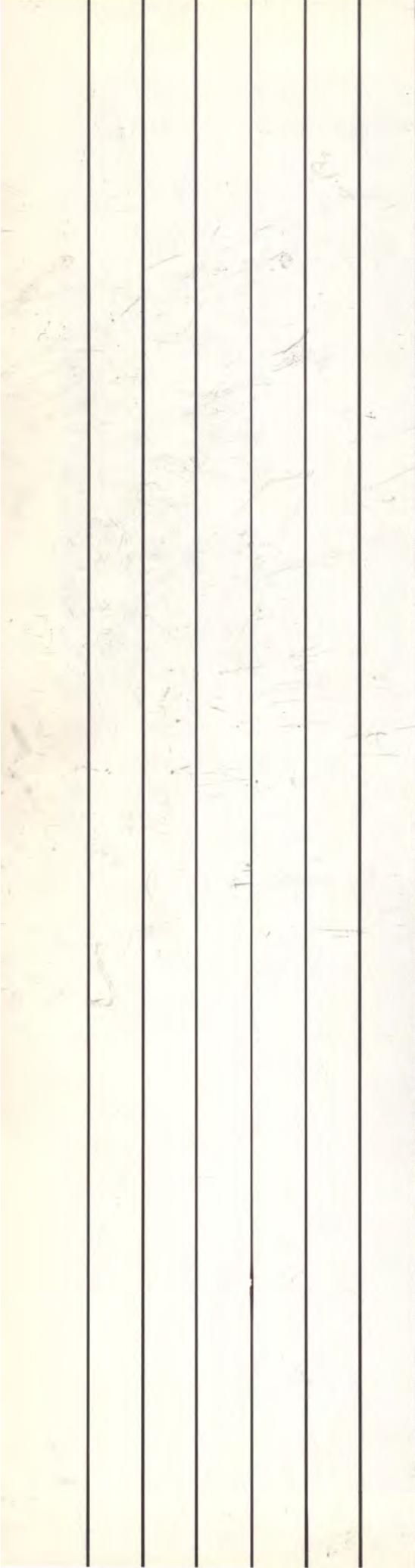
She shows that UT El Paso is the place where any attire is acceptable, that mountains make fine observation points, and that it's not too late for swimming - or sunning.

As you can see, El Burro is proud to present Scoobie.

*"femme fatale" - dangerous woman.









THE EDUCATION OF A GAMBLER

Minerva Lopez

HE WASN'T going to tell Ninón how much money he'd gotten. Because Ninón might tell Chato and Chato would make fun of him. Not that Ninón was the kind that told; she was pretty good about keeping secrets. But sometimes she got happy, Ninón did. And then she'd start talking and "Oops! Sorry. Slipped out. Forget I said it." Of course nobody ever forgot anything she said once she said it. And that was the bad thing with Ninón - how everybody always remembered what she said.

Perico Counted the dollar bills again. "It's only four bucks," he thought. "Not enough to brag about anyway."

Ninón would probably laugh at him for the four dollars. "Who cheated you today, kid?" she'd ask. "Somebody pick your pocket?"

He decided definitely that he was not going to tell her anything. Not even if she was real nice to him when he came up to her room to play a game. That's what they called it, playing a game, but the only game they ever played was poker. And that only on Thursday when he had money to bet.

On other days they listened to records - flamencos and paso dobles

mostly. Or they talked about "La Cueva". That's where his money came from, and it wasn't such a bad place really. Even if the Reverend Mr. Rivas did call it the "cave of the lost souls."

Perico went to "La Cueva" whenever he collected all his "papelitos" on Thursday. He had to wear a cap and a patched-up shirt and carry newspapers just in case. The bartender always shouted at him, for effect, "Get out of here, mocoso. Can't you read? No minors allowed."

Then Perico would say in a stupid-sounding voice, "Please, let me sell a few papers. I have five little sisters. I have a sick mother."

In the back room he emptied his pockets and read his "papelitos" to Roque. "Fifty, national currency, on Lady's Pride. Six, American, on Tomasito. On Lucifer's Arrow, twenty-five, national. To place. To win-ten, American, on..."

Today hadn't been so good. Roque gave him his commission, four dollars. Not enough to have even a fairly good week-end, not the way things were going now-days. And there was Ninón who could smell money before you got it out of your wallet. Perico wondered if he shouldn't skip visiting her today. But she'd get real sore if

he did. She knew it was payday for him on Thursday.

"Hell, I'll just tell her I don't have no money today," he thought, "and she'll have to believe me."

Ninón was the maid. She had her room above the garage. And whenever Perico wanted to see her he had to go by way of the alley and climb up to her window. It became dangerous sometimes, especially when Mom was around. Because if she ever caught Perico going up to Ninóns... well, that'd be the end of both him and Ninón. And not even the good Saint Anthony could save them. Mom would fire Ninón for sure. And as for him... He shuddered to think of it. Boarding school or something like it.

Perico hid the four dollars under a rock close to the garage. Then he went around to the alley and climbed up the mulberry tree. He knocked on the window. "Come in," said Ninón. She was smiling beautifully and Perico felt guilty.

"Wait till she finds out," he thought.

She had her card table all set out. "Hello, Perico," she waved. "Come and sit down." She was shuffling the cards. "Want a smoke?" He nodded and picked up her pack and matches from the table. "Well, how was Roque today? Getting over the arthritis in his hands?"

Perico was silent for a moment. He hadn't heard all she said. "I think he's going blind," he answered. "He dropped his pencil twice today. And he couldn't see where he dropped it."

"Oh, that's too bad," she shook her head. "But that's the way it goes. You get to a certain age and..." Perico was staring at his cigarette. "Hey, kid, wake up. I'm still here." She gave him a look that told him she knew something was wrong. But she didn't ask what it was. She just said, "All right, slap it down there, kid. How much are you betting today?" She always counted the money first to make sure they both had the

same amount before starting the game. It was her own rule and she stuck to it. Maybe to protect him, or to protect herself; Perico wasn't certain which.

He looked her straight in the eye. "Nothing Ninón. Not a peso. Not a cent silver. I'm broke."

"You got paid today. What did you do, put it on the horses yourself?"

"No, I just don't have money." He had nearly shouted. And now he was puffing so quickly on the cigarette that he almost choked.

Ninón was studying him carefully. She didn't seem angry at all, or even annoyed. "I think you're fibbing, Perico." He threw her a startled look. "I think you're keeping all your poker money to yourself." She got up and walked near him. "Is that fair, I ask you? Do I ever keep my poker money from you?" He gulped. "Come on, Perico, don't be such a mean little punk. Don't be so stingy."

"I'm not, Ninón. I just don't have money." He wondered if she had been spying on him while he was hiding his money. "You can search me."

"Sure," she said. "You tell the truth so well. I can see it in your face. And such a pretty, red face it is, too."

"I wouldn't of come if I wasn't gonna tell you the truth, Ninón. I don't have to come, you know." Then he thought that that was the biggest joke in the world. If he hadn't come Ninón would have figured out some way to make life miserable for him. After all, she was the one who made breakfast, lunch and dinner. And she knew where he hid his cigarettes and other things.

"So you don't have no money."

"That's right. I had to pay a fellow I know."

"Since when do you borrow? I thought you were the one with the loans."

"Just had rotten luck, I guess."

Ninón crossed her arms and looked down at her shoes. She didn't speak to him for a long time and he was too confused to do anything except chew on his thumbnail. Then she looked up. "We're going to have us a nice little game anyway." Perico." she told him.

"Without betting?" he asked.

"Without money. But we'll do something to make it interesting."

Perico didn't like her tone of voice; it sounded malevolent. He stared out the window and saw Chato limping down the alley, searching in the trashcans. Maybe he'd had bad luck too and nobody wanted any knives and scissors sharpened today.

"All right, what do we do?" he asked.

"We'll play highest card."

That sounded very dull. "And what's the big deal with highest card? I'd just as soon listen to records."

"Highest card," she repeated. She had a glimmer in her eye - a funny kind of look that gave her a peculiar appearance. Perico had never thought of her in that way but today... well, she seemed pretty. Yes, that was it - she seemed real pretty. And she must be nearly thirty too, not so young.

"Highest card," he agreed.

She smiled. "This is how we'll do it," she said, "Highest card wins an article of clothing. You take off something every time you lose, and I do the same every time I lose. Either one of us can quit whenever he feels like it. And each takes with him what he's won. Agreed?"

Perico thought for a moment. She was looking so pretty today, and being so nice. Why hadn't he ever noticed her prettiness before? He noticed it in some of the girls he knew. But then Ninón wasn't a girl. That is, she was an older woman. He'd never seen an older woman in her underslip. Nor a girl either, for that matter, unless it

was somebody's baby sister. And he figured that the underslip was as far as Ninón would go in this game. Besides, she said either one could quit when he felt like it.

"I'm with you, Ninón," he grinned. "Let's see what colors you're wearing under that blouse."

She laughed. "Kid, you're going to grow up today." And she shuffled the cards as he sat down across from her. "Cut," she said. He did.

He took off his cap and threw it on the floor. She shoved the deck toward him and let him go first. He picked up a card and put it face up in front of her. "Queen."

She drew hers. "Nine. I'm loser."

He burst out laughing. "Take it off, Ninón. Go on, take it off."

She was laughing too. Slowly, very slowly she started to unbutton her blouse. He had the feeling that he wanted to look away but he knew better. She'd make fun of him. So he watched in what he thought was a bold manner. He took another of her cigarettes and lit it with his own lighter. She didn't want one.

She held the blouse between her thumb and finger. "Here, kid, it's all yours." And he took it gingerly and hung it on the back of his chair.

At first he felt uncomfortable looking at her front - almost transparent blue slip, tight, her bra showing through, and a bra that seemed too small for her. But he tried to ignore the picture and said, "Your turn."

She drew a ten. "Now you." He showed her his card. Five. He unbuttoned his shirt and gave it to her.

"Nothing to it," he said. "Easy as pie."

"Wait till the pants come off," she smiled. "I wonder how easy it'll be then." He tried to answer her smile but he couldn't; he was feeling too warm around the neck and face.

They kept drawing. Off came her skirt. "Treasure it Perico, I bought it

on sale." Then her shoes. "They're not my best ones, thank God." His shoes were next, socks followed, her stockings came down.

By this time he was as worried about her as about himself. His hand trembled as he put down a jack of spades. She got a king and pointed at his trousers. He bit his lip. "All right, all right," he said. He fumbled with his belt and glanced at her to see if she was going to laugh. She had such big eyes and they stared so hard. She might start any minute. He unzipped his trousers and let them fall. And he saw her whole face turn into a big, unforgivable smile.

"Oh, boy. Oh, boy," she said.

She laughed so loudly now that the whole room seemed to tremble. And Perico looked around because he felt as if the room was laughing too. "You're just skin and bones, Perico. Look at those legs."

He sat down quickly and scowled. When was she going to call it quits? You'd think she'd have some shame. In that transparent blue slip - with bra and panties showing through. He started to feel trapped. What if she didn't call it quits until...? No, she wouldn't do that. She couldn't.

"Six," said Ninón. She had such a devilish expression on her face that he almost hated her. He drew. Eight. "My bad luck," she sighed and pulled down the straps of her slip.

He watched her, fascinated, as she unwrapped herself. That's what it looked like, unwrapping more than undressing. Or maybe even peeling. The slip was made of a material that seemed to cling to the body. And when she peeled it off there were funny noises, like crackling. It gave off electricity in the same way as hair does sometimes, when it's being combed. Now she was wearing only two things and he pretended it was a two piece bathing suit. After all, he'd seen plenty of those and there wasn't much difference.

He picked up a card. "Queen," he said. His throat was dry and he coughed. She drew a three and he sat back. He felt as if he had been running and was out of breath. It wasn't such a good feeling to have.

"I'm not so lucky today," she said and began to do something with her bra at the back. He did look away this time. He pretended to be interested in his smoking. But when she said, "Here, Perico. Take it. It's a collector's item" he cried.

"No! You... you don't have to." He wouldn't look at her. "Put it back on."

"You want to chicken out now?" she asked sweetly.

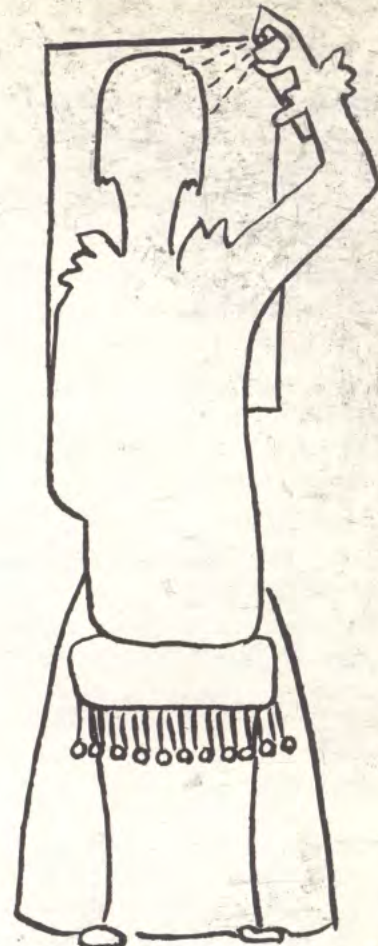
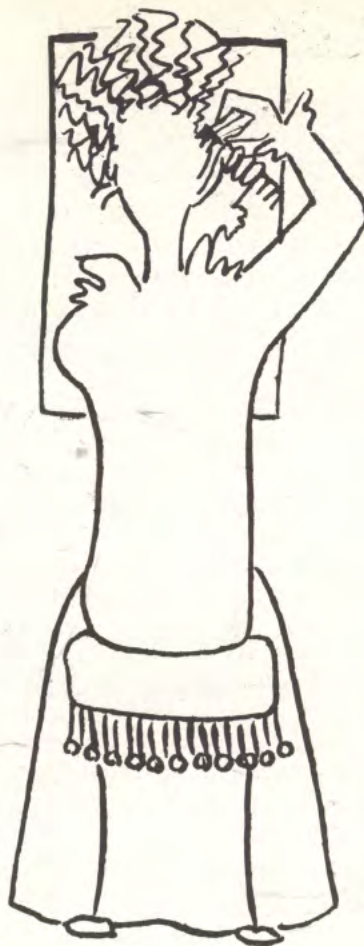
"I'm not chickening out," he said.

"I'm letting you keep your... thing."

"My, that's so kind of you," she



"Long distance please"



C. COCH

said. "You're a little gentlemen, Perico."

"Oh, shut up," he told her. He felt very foolish in only his drawers and undershirt. "Don't accuse me of things. I just don't want to . . . well, take advantage of you. After all, you're a woman and, well . . . Well, you're a woman."

He was relieved when she didn't laugh. "O.K., Perico, we'll quit. Now, take my things, or rather, your things, and get out of here. I've got to have me a nap before I go make supper." When he turned around she had a bathrobe on.

He stood and grabbed the blouse, skirt, stocking, shoes. And then he looked at his legs. "Ninón, I can't . . ."

"If you run real fast nobody'll see you. Maybe. It's only a couple of yards."

"Ninón, you've got to give me back

my things. I'll make a trade." He offered her her own clothing.

"No, I think I'd like to keep your stuff," she said.

"Oh, come on. What do you want with my crummy clothes. I'll give you some better ones when . . ."

"No, I want these. Sorry, Perico."

"Damn you, Ninón."

"Damn you too, kid."

He had a moment of panic. Was she serious? She yawned and he knew she was. He felt a cold sweat spread over him. He'd have to leave her clothing here. What else could he do with it? Where could he put it? And then he'd have to run into the house. In his underwear. And if Mom was there . . . Mom, I was just . . . That'd be the hardest thing to explain. "What a lousy deal," he muttered. "Oh heck." He dropped her things on the floor and sat down again. She went to the

record player and put on "Amor gitano."

*Amor de los gitanos,
El corazón se escapa de las manos..*

He'd never speak to her again, that was all. If he got out of this he'd think of something to louse up her fun. Nasty dame. She was filing her fingernails. But she was pretty; he couldn't help thinking that. Even if he had to say good-bye to her forever, now that this had happened. If only...

Then suddenly he remembered the four dollars hidden under a rock. His face lit up. "Ninón, I'll pay you. . .

"And you say your husband is divorcing you on account of a slight misunderstanding"

"That's correct, I understood that he would be out of town over the week-end."

The Washerette Blues

Robert J. Johnson

*A luxury jet humm emanated from the floppity
Dryer
As sundry-built women lugged
Like lumberjacks
With pounds
Of cotton-silks-and-acrylin.*

Smiles and frowns.

*A washer rumbled on spin
And a girlish cricket hopped about - -
Sort of cleaving
Her tykish laugh into
Old hags pasted smiles
And Mama's patience.*

*A coin clicked, Las Vegas style,
And an aplomb, lock-jawed oldster
nodded - - assured of his bet.
A sheet flapped in fold-up routine;
Spiny curlers glared threatenly
From a bloated, tattered young woman.*

*DRY CLEANING DONE HERE
"But those slacks, I need for
my trip . . ."*

*I leave, the weight of 50 pounds,
five quarters
And an hour-and-a-half
on my strained patience.*

*All for what was once
naught but a
Change of leaves.*

— Robert J. Johnson

A party girl believes that
children should be seen
and not had.



A man and his wife were setting out for a costume party, he dressed as a horse and she as a cow. Their car broke down near the site of the party. "Let's cut across the field to the house," he said. In the distance, they saw a bull. It started to run at them. "What shall we do?" said the wife. "Well, I'm going to eat some grass," said the husband, "but you's better brace yourself."

Holdsworth

Jeweler

and

Silversmith

205 MILLS AVE.

EL PASO, TEXAS



CHASE MANSION

Bob Moore

During the first few days of this semester, when you were waiting in a line three hours long to buy your text books, you probably thought that nothing could be less organized or more inefficient than the U.T. El Paso campus bookstore.

Lines stretched through the S.U.B., outside, and half-way around the building. Hungry people with sore feet. Angry people. Waiting in a seemingly endless line from opening until closing. On the first two days of classes, it required on the average, two to three hours of standing in line just to take a look inside the bookstore; then you were sweating out if there were any books left for that required English course you signed up for.

But it is hard for a small operation like the campus bookstore to distribute books to over 9,000 students in just two or three days. If text books weren't needed for a week or two after classes began, the campus bookstore might be able to take care of the book distribution adequately. Unfortunately, however, texts are needed before that time, thus making rapid distribution a most important factor in bookstore operation.

The bookstore problem is not a

new one, nor is it unique to this campus. Bookstores throughout the country have been facing the same problems that this bookstore faces; and they, too, have been unable to find an operable solution to it.

Seeing the obvious demand for text books, especially through the first week of each semester, and noting the inadequate service by campus bookstores, many privately owned bookstores have begun to stock college text books. This practice is growing rapidly, and it's definitely worthwhile to know that there are other bookstores that handle college texts.

The Chase Mansion, a unique, comfortable bookstore, located about three blocks from the U.T. El Paso campus at 2323 N. Mesa, is one local privately owned bookstore that has begun to carry text books.

The Chase Mansion (how it got its name still remains a mystery) was opened by Drew and Terri Wagnon, immigrants from San Francisco, California, in November, 1966. When the doors first opened, the only books in stock were from Drew's own library, and from the libraries of his personal friends.

But in the short year the bookstore has been in operation, the collection of books has magnified geometrically and the present collection is sure to inspire extra hours of nightly reading, especially among the industrious English majors.

Coffee and sandwiches are on hand in case you want a snack while browsing through the store, and tables and chairs are available if you're feet start feeling the strain.

Starting this semester, especially for U. T. El Paso students and faculty, Drew and Terri have started a 'book co-op' to make ordering text books more efficient, and to offer savings to the members of the 'co-op'. One of the major benefits to 'co-op' members is the 5% discount they receive on all book purchases, but there are other benefits, too.

Through the 'co-op', members can order all their text books for the coming semester. Just determine the courses you'll be taking next semester, check with the professor to find out what books will be required, then give the list to the Chase Mansion. The books will be individually wrapped for you and ready when you register; and the usual 5% discount applies.

At the end of the semester, 'co-op' can re-sell their books through the bookstore; each seller determining his own selling price. The used books will be displayed in the bookstore, so you



won't have to worry about pinning cards up on the union bulletin board.

'Book Co-op' membership costs \$1.00 each semester, and may be obtained at the Chase Mansion. They are open from noon until midnight, Monday through Saturday.

The Chase Mansion isn't limited to the sale of books and coffee, however. They also display art work in various forms (oil paintings, drawings, sculptures, etc.) which are on sale. Art students seeking an outlet for their creations are welcome.

Wall posters, post cards, and psychedelic posters can also be found in the bookstore; and if they don't have what you want, an order will start it on its way.

The basement of Chase Mansion - what is now the 'Chase Mansion Basement Co-op' (not the 'book co-op') - functions with close communication and cooperation with the bookstore, although it is operated separately. Its function is to provide space for individual or group workshop projects and weekly entertainment programs for its membership. Those interested in creating and/or performing, especially in the areas of visual arts, letters, drama, music, and crafts, are especially welcomed for membership.

Through the combined efforts of the bookstore and the "basement co-op", a 'total environment center' is developing, from which artistic sti-

mulation would, hopefully, be easily sparked.

The workshops range from bead making to publishing a 'free press' newspaper, and more are being organized. And if there isn't a workshop involved with what you want to do, you are encouraged to organize people with similar interests and initiate a workshop. Materials for the workshops, in most cases, are not furnished.

Entertainment is featured every week-end, with light shows by the Transcendental Eye sponsored each month, usually the first week-end. Other entertainment features (folk-music concerts, Jam-sessions, Blues Concerts, or maybe a Charlie Chaplin movie) are scheduled through the month.

The basement is usually open from about 5 p.m. to 10 p.m., Monday through Thursday, and until midnight

on Friday and Saturday nights. On Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, the basement sponsors 'reading and coffee' for its members. Soft music is usually on the stereo, and, hopefully, there's a big pot of coffee warming in the corner. Reading and relaxation are keynoted during these days, and members are encouraged to stop in.

'Basement Co-op' membership is \$5.00 per month, and entitles the member and one guest admission to all entertainment in the basement, as well as use of the facilities for workshops or special events.

Down College Avenue to Mesa St., then left for two blocks. That's how to find the Chase Mansion. Both are located at 2323 N. Mesa, across from the Mesa Safeway store. For an English text book, or for a Friday night of entertainment, the Chase Mansion functions for you.

Two pretty girls were squashed in the crowded elevator. One of them, unable to even turn around, asked her friend to look back of them and tell her if the man standing there was handsome.

Her friend, with a furtive backward glance then whispered, "Well, he's young!"

"Look, dearie," the girl said with a trace of irritation in her voice, "I asked if he was handsome, I can tell he's young!"

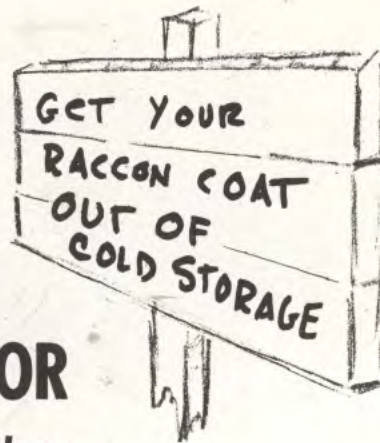


Son: Dad, Fred and I want to get married.

Dad: You can't. Fred's a Catholic.

FORTY YEARS AGO IN COLLEGE HUMOR

Doug Ekberg



THE OTHER day I was in the SUB (pardon - the Union) enjoying a liverworst-on-rye, when a frosh friend of mine named Rotsyman staggered over to my table and fell into the chair across from me.

"Say, what in the world happened to you? You look awful!"

"Oh, its just awful! I just finished reading this 1927 College Humor magazine, and I just don't know what to think about it."

"Well, what's the matter? You know we upper-classmen are here to serve you. Tell me all about it."

"Just let me catch my breath. Just a few days ago I thought the world was in just great shape--- I was safely wrapped in a cocoon of ignorance tempered with justice. Then I read this mag about men so unaffluent that they have to stay married to the

same wives, and of spinsters who take spins, and, well, I'm just all confused. Don't just take my word for it though; read the humor (?) in it and then decide if my view is justified. Get it? JUST-ified. Heh, heh. Well don't laugh. I thought it was funny. Anyway, all I can say is, if this year's College Humor is so bad, what'll it be like in, say, forty years?"

With that, Rotsyman staggered to his feet and stumbled to the door, leaving behind a tattered copy of a 1927 College Humor magazine. I was foolish (or rather, brave) enough to take it home and read it. Rotsyman was right. On these pages are just a few of the thousands of just as degraded jokes that I found in the mag. Read them and you'll see that Rotsyman was justified. Get it? Just-ified. JUST-ified! Well don't laugh, gawd-dammit! I thought it was funny!

First Stenog: The boss bawled me out this morning about my lipstick.

Second Stenog: Gonna quit using it?

First Stenog: I guess I'll have to quit using the kind that comes off.

Mink

SAVED

An angry woman rushed into the marriage license bureau. In her hand she bore a license. To the clerk she said:

"Did you, or did you not, issue this license for marrying me to John Filton?"

"Yes, I believe we did. Why?"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" she demanded. "He's escaped!"

— Williams Purple Cow

"Mamma, where did I come from?"

"The stork brought you, dear."

"And where did Daddy come from?"

"The stork brought him too."

"Mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you mean to tell me that none of our family ever learned anything about the psychology of sex?"

— Brown Jug

I cannot sing of Autumn nights

Nor lovers 'nieth the moon - -

I cannot sing of perfumed winds

That kiss the still lagoon.

I cannot sing of happy hearts,

Of wedding bells that ring - -

Alas! I cannot sing these things

Because I cannot sing.

— Penn State Froth.

The main difference between my girl and a traffic cop is that the cop means it when he says "Stop."

— Arizona Kittykat.

Effie: Pa, I wanna join the Transcontinental Air Mail Service.

Pa: Nopey, nopey, sugar plum. No daughter of mine will ever be a fly-by-night.

— Yale Record

"How dare you accost me, sir! You are a hardened old sinner!"

"I may be bad, miss, but I have reached no noticeable state of petrification."

— M.I.T. Voo Doo.

Disgusted Lady: Does your mother know you smoke?

Small Boy: Does your husband know you speak to strange men in the street?

— Ghost

An old Navajo wood chopper broke his fifty year old axe, so he decided to go to town to buy another one. It was the first time he had seen the town in thirty years. Visiting a warehouse, he was admiring the new machines when a salesman saw him.

"Yes sir, what can I do for you?" Said the salesman.

"I need me axes." Said the Navajo.

"Well, have you tried our new super-duper power axe?"

"How many trees do it cut?" queried the Navajo.

"As many as you need it to," said the salesman:

"I buy. But if not cut more than seven trees a day, I come back and cut your white man jewels."

The old Navajo man went back into the woods around Santa Fe and sure enough, for the first three days, the power saw cut seven trees, but the fourth day, it only cut five. The Navajo man took it back.

"No cut seven trees a day, it cut you, though, I bechum."

"Now wait a minute sir," said the salesman, "there is a two year guarantee on the motor. Let's start it up and see what's wrong."

B R R R R R R R R R R R R

"Hey what dat noise?" Said the Navajo.



It was during prohibition. The railroad station was packed with a gay throng. Over at one side of the waiting room stood a quiet little man fidgeting about and trying to hide himself from the crowd. A Federal agent noticed that the man had something in his pocket from which drops were falling on slow trickles. The Fed, with a gleam in his eye, put a finger out under one of the drops, caught on and tasted it.

"Scotch?" he asked.

"Nope," replied the stranger, "Airdale pup."

• • •

What do you have if you have one moth ball in one hand and one moth ball in the other hand?

An angry giant moth.



Did you hear about the girl who went up on the stage to help the magician and ended up doing the trick?

• • •

UTEP student: Do you know who wears a long flowing Moslem robe, a beautiful white turban, led the Arabs in revolt and rides a dirty ol' pig?

New Mexico Aggie: Duh... Naw.

UTEP student: Lawrence of New Mexico State.

Cookie - virgin:
a - do - nut.



• • •

First son: Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue.

Father: It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor. (Writes out check.)

Second son: Father, I got into trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue.

Father: It's all I've got in the world, but I guess anything is better than dragging down the family name. (Writes out check.)

Daughter: Father, I did something dreadful last night...

Father: Ah, now WE collect.

• • •



Then there's the one about the thrifty cat. Every week he put a little into the kitty.

• • •

An Aggie football fan was running up and down the sidelines of an Aggie football game with a firecracker. Two minutes before the end of the game, he lit it. The opposing team thinking that the game was over, left the field. Five plays later, the Aggie eleven scored on a field goal.

• • •

Carlsbad Caverns was the scene recently of a most interesting conversation. Hundreds of people were waiting in line to make the tour of the caverns. A young college student turned around and asked the girl behind him.

"Have you ever been down?" She answered, "Only with boys I like."

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT S. B. A.



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THE
popular
Downtown
Bassett • Northgate

A freshman chemistry major came running into his dad's study to tell him about a new discovery that he had made in lab that day. His dad, wanting to watch television, kept ignoring him. Finally the father gave up and said he would watch the experiment.

He went out into the backyard with his son. The son dug up some worms and then got a 2 x 4 and a hammer from the garage. He then took a vial of purple liquid from his pocket, poured the liquid on the worms. After a few minutes, the worm got so stiff that he drove it into the board with the hammer. When he finished, the father said, "That's great! Let me have that purple stuff tonight and if it works, I'll give you a new T-Bird tomorrow."

The next morning the son woke up and looked out the window and saw a new Cadillac parked in front of the house. He was a bit confused and his father came in and the son asked him why there was a Cadillac instead of a T-bird in front of the house. The father replied, "The T-bird is in the garage, your mother bought you the Cadillac."



* * *

A great way to get rid of the Juarez crabs is to take a bath in the sand, then rub down with alcohol. The crabs get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks.

* * *

The student was taken to the police station and stood in front of the desk sergeant.

"What am I here for?" he asked.

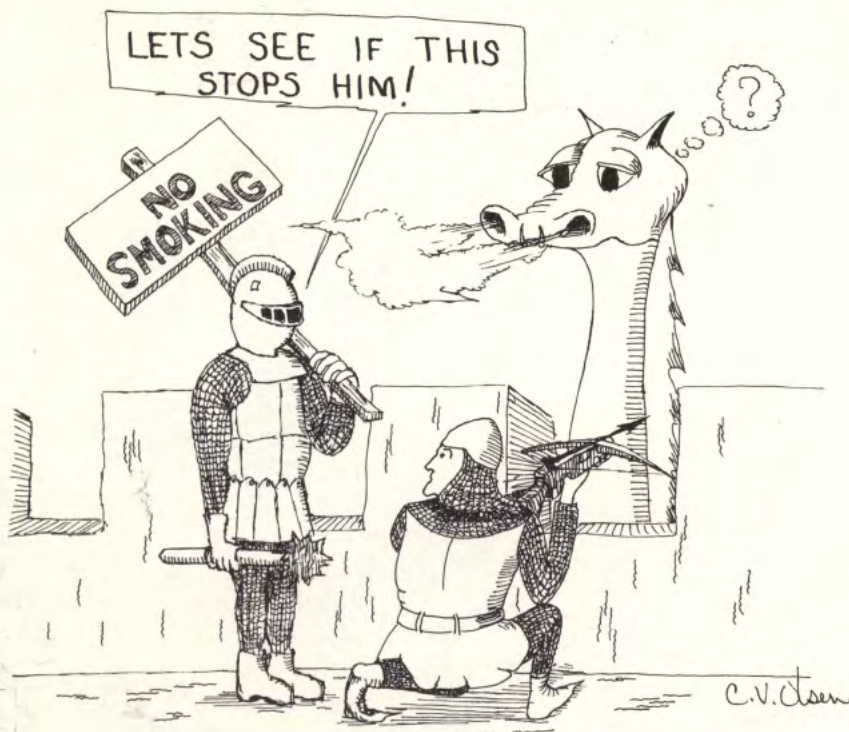
"For drinking," replied the sergeant.

"Good," said the student. "When do we start?"

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



Contrary to popular belief, God is not dead. He is hiding out somewhere in Argentina.



MORE MUSIC

1590

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BOB YOUNG

JOEY RICH

DON GARY

DAVE KELLY

LITTLE RICHARD

U. T. E. P. - STUDENTS

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Good Question. Let's get right to the point!*

*NO MINIMUM BALANCE That's a real special feature.
It means that you carry as small a balance as you wish,
sufficient of course to cover checks.*

*NO SERVICE CHARGE There is no service charge as
long as you are a full-time student regularly attending
classes at University of Texas at El Paso!*

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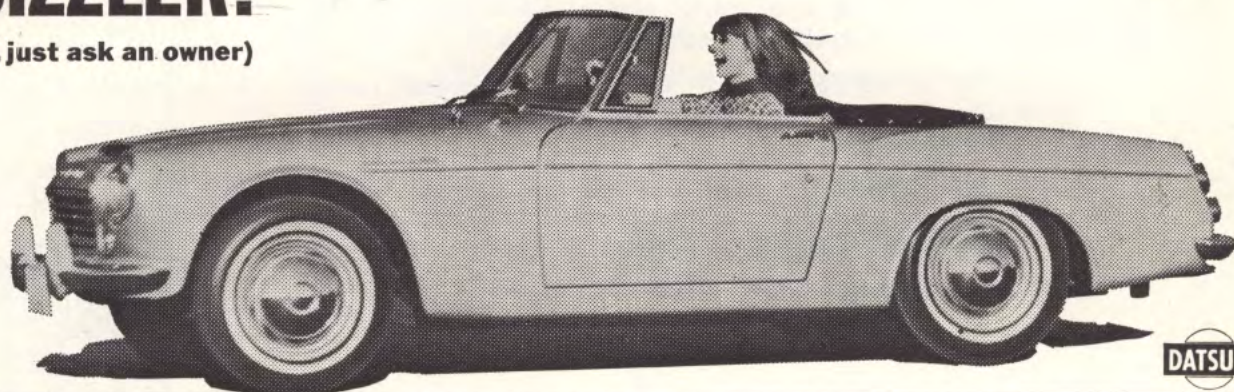
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Of course you are the first.



Leonard, must you be so impatient?



Are you sure you are really a handsome prince?



*Agnes, do you really want to know
why I can't get in the mood?*



*Robert, now that we're married you
are going to have to get over being so shy.*



*I know you said it was going to be a wild
party, but I never expected anything like
this!*



You're going to make a scene aren't you John?

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