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EB

el burro

MAY, 1968

**GOD
IS
ALIVE**

**War Is
Good Business
\$
Invest Your
Son**

**SOCK
IT
TO ME**

**Beautify
Lady Bird**

**REALITY
IS A
CRUTCH**

**DOWN
WITH
PANTS**

**COME
CLOSER**

A LITTLE CLOSER

**I HAVE BAD
BREATH**

**KING KONG
HAS
B. O.**

*Cancer
Cures
Smoking*

**SANTA
CLAUS
IS DEAD**

Fiat solves the topless controversy



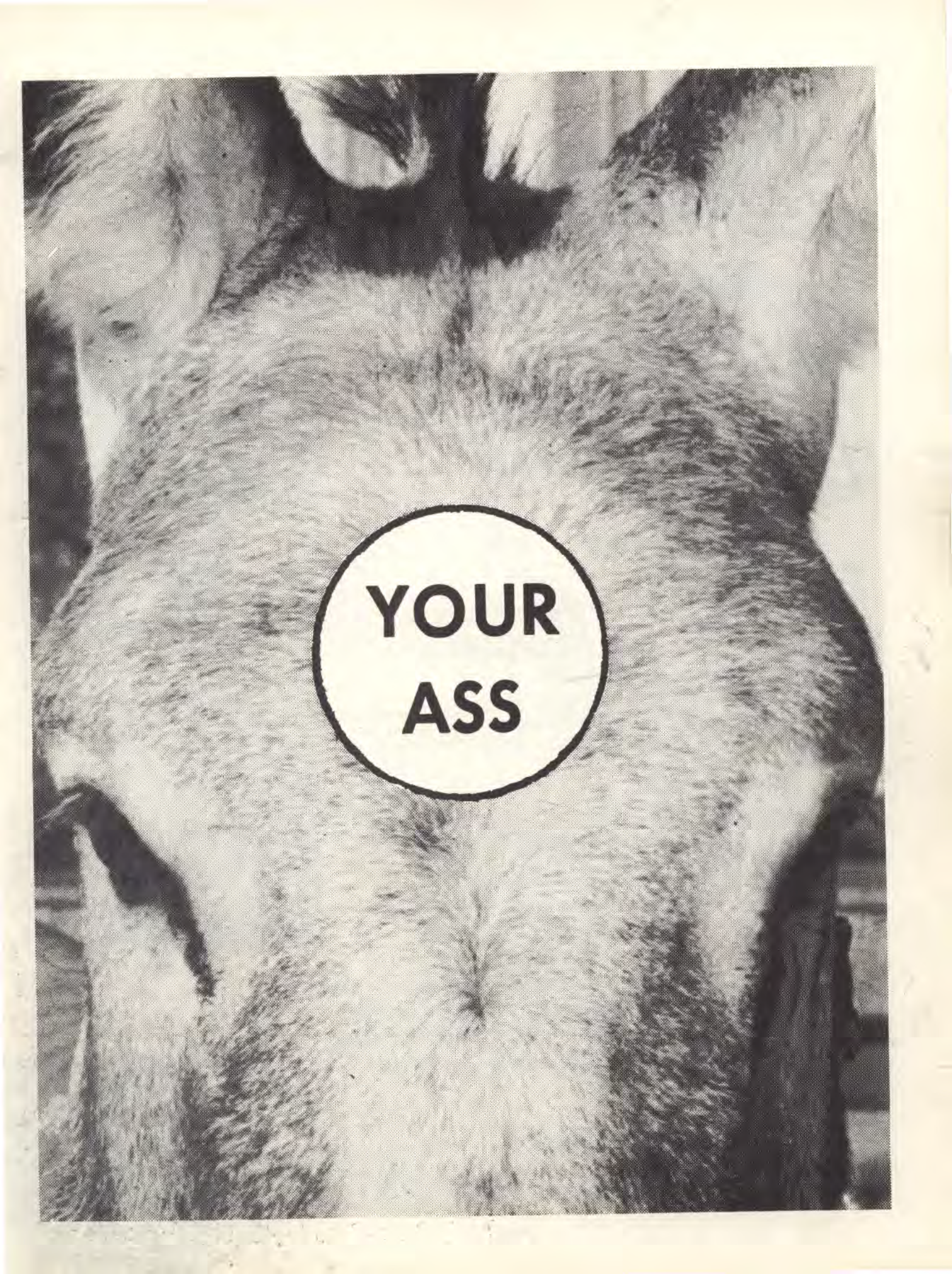
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**YOUR
ASS**

EL BURRO

MAY 1968 28

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



CONTENTS. For the last damned EL BURRO:

Front of the book..... p.8
Middle of it p.19
End of the Book p.24

Presenting in no particular order: Something on Devils by Minerva Lopez, A little stuff on Religion by Byron S., pictures of some Broad by NEDOW, and other goodies.

NOTE:

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(a one-man band)

Assistants to the Editor... Linda Fox and Alan (Nasty) Nasits.

Ad man... Ben Garcia

Jokes.... STEVE BLEST

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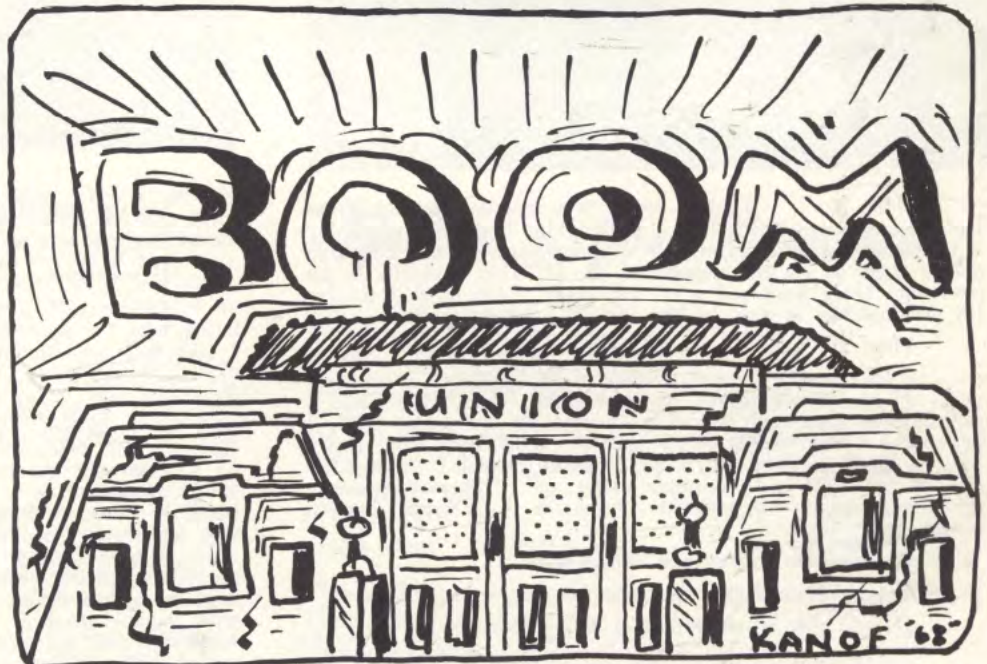
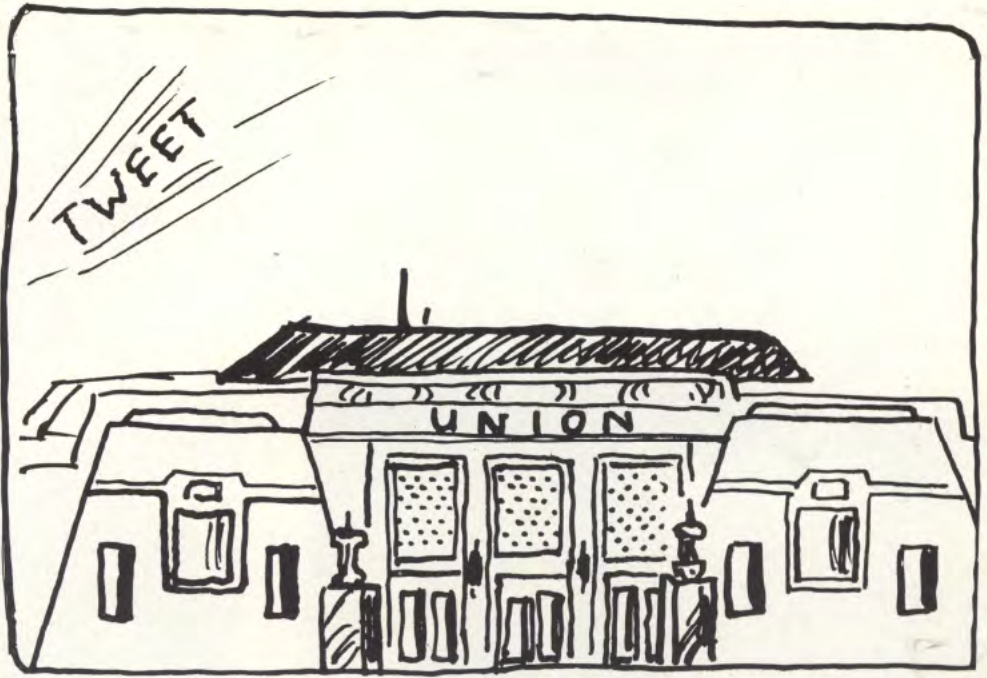


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YOU
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ABOUT
S. B. A.



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Bassett • Northgate





Doug Baird, a U.T.E.P. senior, is a candidate for the Texas House of Representatives. He is running for Place 2 in the May 4 Democratic primary. Doug is working hard on his campaign and is eager to get the support of the U.T.E.P. students. In an interview, Doug answered some important questions that involve his personal life as well as his political campaign.

What are some biographical facts about yourself?

I was born in Toronto, Canada in 1943. When I was eleven years old, my family moved to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and I stayed there until high school graduation. In February, 1962, I joined the United States Army and was discharged from active duty in El Paso, February, 1965. I entered U.T.E.P. in the fall semester of 1965 as a business major and right now I am a graduating senior and resident advisor of Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

Do you plan to continue with school?

Yes, I will go to graduate school sometime in the future.

Do you plan to enter politics as a career?

I am uncertain about this at the present time; it also depends on the outcome of this election.

Has anyone in your family made a career out of politics?
No.

What do your fraternity brothers think about your campaign?

Most of them are very enthusiastic about my political race.

Why are you running for this office?

I am running because I believe a definite need exists for an effective full time representative in the Texas Legislature who is young, energetic and willing to do a fine job representing the people of El Paso.

Who are you running against?

The incumbent Ned Blaine and also Ray Ramos.

Who is directing your campaign?

Angel Beltran who is a senior business major at U.T.E.P.

Has this campaign had any effect on your personal life?

The campaign has changed my personal life to some extent.

It keeps me busy in my spare time as I contact people and campaign.

Making The Scene

Do you expect to win this race?

Yes, I expect to win; this is why I am running.

If you do win, what will you do for U.T.E.P.?

In the past, Texas legislators have been accused of interfering with the operations of the University of Texas at El Paso. I feel that such activities, however well intended, constitute a rank interference with the accepted principle of academic freedom. You may be assured that after I am elected to the Texas Legislature, there will be no grounds for any allegations that I have ever meddled in the internal affairs of the university.

Naturally, my prime interest is in education. The salaries of the professors here at the university are woefully small compared to other institutions. Through the Excellence Fund which was introduced by President Joseph Ray and with legislation which I pledge to introduce into the legislature, I will see that the salaries of the professors are raised so that we may keep the good ones that we already have and be in a position to attract other capable teachers. Being a student at U.T.E.P., I am familiar with what the legislature can do for the school if an aggressive representative is elected; I intend to be that representative.

U.T.E.P. has to rely a great deal on the financial support of the downtown people for the athletic department. These people have shown wonderful support, but I think that the time has now arrived when we should no longer continue to expect them to assume such a large burden. I intend to introduce legislation to ease this situation.

We have had excellent leadership in the past and I am sure that the Board of Regents of the University of Texas will appoint a man equally as capable as President Ray to head the university. I do not feel that it is the role of the elected representatives to tell a capable president of the university how to run it.

What is your platform?

As a candidate for the Texas House of Representatives, I pledge to the voters of the El Paso County to work diligently for a fair share appropriation of Texas funds for U.T.E.P., for a fair minimum wage to ease poverty, for the continued progress of our Texas highway system in El Paso with increased efforts to speed up the completion of the North-South Freeway. I also want to have an institution built for the mentally retarded, to pledge cooperation with the farmers in obtaining their fair share of water as provided for by the Rio Grande Compact Commission, and to also enlarge the Veterans Land Program.



When Pat McAfee graduated from New Mexico Military Institute in 1965, his future was somewhat undetermined. After attending Stephen F. Austin State College in Nacogdoches, where he almost flunked out, Pat lived for a short period of time in a city dump with an older Negro man. McAfee returned to NMMI, where he received his commission, and is currently enrolled at U. T. El Paso as a junior majoring in English.

On the subject of blues and folk-singing, McAfee feels that his association with the Negro, Archie, has greatly influenced his blues technique. "It wasn't until about the second or third time we caught the freight train to Houston in the middle of the year that I realized what blues could be." McAfee's folk writing career received a boost when he met the Pozo Seco Singers in Las Cruces recently. He gained admission to their dressing room by claiming to be a reporter for the Prospector. A female member of the group was impressed with some of McAfee's songs, and plans are being made to include one or two of them on the Pozo Seco Singers next album. One of the songs may be "Rockin' Chain Blues" a talking and singing dialogue of singers in prison.

Although McAfee is only twenty years old, his experiences have enabled him to establish a philosophy on life which is reflected in many of his songs. "Rockin' Chain Blues" was written shortly after McAfee and Archie were arrested and put in jail in Houston for vagrancy. One of their cellmates was a man who had recently murdered his wife. The man laughed constantly and explained that "you gotta keep laughin' to keep from cryin'".

Explaining the difference between white man's blues and the black man's blues, McAfee feels that the white man turns his feelings inward and tries to hide his problems. For the white man, everything looks bad on the outside. The Negro, on the other hand, can isolate his blues and by getting outside of himself, is able to laugh at it. ("You got to be happy sometimes, sad sometimes, to sing blues.") McAfee has been influenced by Archie, who would like to be another James Brown. McAfee met Archie in a bar called The Exit in Nogales. They have traveled to many parts of the United States together, picking apples in Uba City, California, and from there they spent some time in San Francisco. They later worked in Oregon as pea-pickers. ("I will never eat a pea as long as I live.")

Upon graduation, McAfee plans to meet Archie and bum around again. ("The only reason I want a degree is to be around young people. At least young people think. We have gone to human ideals.") McAfee performs at the Polenesian Club at the El Paso International Airport every Sunday afternoon.

Evil and Fine

I can't understand what's between a woman and a man to make one say good-bye...

*Was it something in my touch?
Did I lie to her too much?
That left us wondering, "Why?"
She's the evil that's on my mind
She's there day and night
She's the evil that's on my mind
But sometimes...
Evil turns out fine
Ah, but sometimes...
Evil turns out fine*

*Was it something I said?
That turned her eyes so red,
And left me feeling like a heel?
But there was something in the air
That told me she didn't care
About me or how I feel
She's the evil that's on my mind
She's there, right or wrong.
She's the evil that's on my mind
But sometimes...
Evil turns out fine
Ah, but sometimes...
Evil turns out fine*

Ballad of Jose Navarette

*Jose Navaretté was a friend to me
And I'm going to tell you how an honest man
Spends his life in misery
Spends his life in misery*

*He left his starving family to work in the U.S.A.
Though the Border Patrol would try 'an catch him,
my friends,
I knew he'd find a way
Yes, I knew he'd find a way.*

*The rich ranchers welcomed him, with such open minds
They'd let him work for a dollar-a-day
Or for an hour one thin dime
For an hour one thin dime.*

*He didn't complain of taxes like you and I do
Because one word from them, my friend
He'd be in prison, too,
Like you and I in prison, too.*

*One day while riding, in the arroya looking for sheep,
A Border Patrol plane saw him and dived
And a left wheel put him to sleep
Hit him in the head and put him to sleep*

*They held a trial to satisfy the people's ire
And the pilot got what was coming to him
He had to pay for the damaged tire
He had to pay for the damaged tire*

*Somewhere in Mexico, and old wife waits
While a scoop of dirt and a filled-up grave
Cover up an old man's fate
Cover up an old man's fate*



SEE THEM AT



CLOTHING CORNER
SAN ANTONIO & MESA

A man came into a bar and said to an unescorted young lady: "Hey you, let's copulate."

She looked up, smiled, and replied, "Okay, smooth talker."

ROAD MAP



A well-known othopedic surgeon (that's a foot doctor to you, flake) was touring a hospital in the provinces. (It was in Canutillo, Texas, if you must know.) His host, a boorish, windy little man possessed with an exaggerated idea of his own importance, showed the good doctor a young Latin American patient. "This cute little child limps because her right leg is longer than her left. What would you do in this case?"

"I guess I'd probably limp too," quipped the surgeon.

"Filthy gringo!" cried the little girl. Then she bit the visiting doctor on his nose.



MY GIRDLE IS KILLING ME

"Oh what a funny cow," the fluffy co-ed in the GTO giggled to the farmer. "Why doesn't it have any horns?"

"There are many reasons," the kindly farmer explained, "why a cow does not have horns. Some do not have them until late in life. Others are dehorned, while still other breeds are not supposed to have horns. That cow does not have horns because that cow is a pig."

"Jam it, hick!" the girl bubbled as she ran the farmer down, driving over both his legs.

A man walked into a bar, holding a small dog under his arm. "Behold the world's only talking dog."

The bartender looked up and said, "Oh, yeah... groovey."

"Watch my dog whilst I go to the John."

"Yeah," said the bartender. "Hey dawg, could you trot over to that machine and get me a pack of cigarettes?"

"Sure, man," said the dog. But the machine was empty.

Said the bartender: "Hey, I'll give you a quarter if you'll trot across the street and get me a pack."

The dog took the money and went out the door. At this time the man came out of the John. "Where's my dog?" he asked.

"Just across the street for a pack of cigarettes."

"Arrgh!" cried the man. "You let my valuable and unique dog go across that busy street to get a lousy pack of cigarettes? And he ran out the door looking for his gifted animal. But the talking dog was gone. For days, then weeks, the man feverishly searched for him. Finally, in a dingy back alley, he found his dog shamelessly entangled with a mangy bitch (girl-dog).

"Dog!" cried he. "In all the years I've had you - ever since you were a pup - you've never done this to me. Why? Why now?"

"I've never had any money of my own before."

An executive boarded a bus and found only one seat empty, and that next to a rather undesirable character. But he was tired, so he took it. Soon, he became aware of a vile stench emanating from his companion. "Good grief," he broke the silence at last, "where in Heaven's name does that stench come from?"

His companion did not seem offended. "I'm afraid it's from me. It's my work. You see, I'm with the circus, and you know the elephants in the parade when they come into town? Well, I walk behind them and clean up."

"Wow, that's tough work. They must pay you well for it."

"Well, they pay twenty-five cents an hour."

"What? Is that all? Then why don't you quit and get a job where you can at least keep clean?"

"And give up show business?"

A student was taken to the campus police station, and when asked his name, he replied that it was Smith.

"Alright, wise guy," a tough, sixty-year old campus cop growled, "give me your real name."

"Okay, put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better. You can't fool me with that Smith stuff."

Fred and Schuppie went duck hunting. While they were sitting behind the blind, Schuppie started drinking from a thermos of coffee, but Fred opened his plastic clorox container full of bourbon (and just a little clorox). After some hours of sipping, they spotted a lone duck winging through the sky. Schuppie put down his coffee, took aim, fired, and missed. Then Fred lurched into position, fired, and brought the duck down. Amazed, Schuppie complimented him on the shot. Fred replied, "Aw, thash nothing. I usually get five or six out of a flock like that."

here's muck!

Schuppie: "What makes you think we're getting closer to the city?"

Fred: "We're hitting more people."

I KNOW IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, FATHER, BUT THIS ANGEL APPEARED, AND.....

COME WITH ME

Father: "Are you sure our son is spending his evenings taking an art course?"

Mother: "I'm sure. He called just last night, and I heard someone yelling in the background, "Draw another one, Smitty - and this time put a head on it."

MUCK'S PRIZE OF THE WEEK: In the form of two passes to the Palace to the Zetas for putting up with Judy and Betty Mueller in the constant showing of "Little Nell." Peg pants to Jimmy Heid to match his "pink hat." The Co-op garter to Marilyn Willis and Dick McConn.



"Do you realize that every two minutes a lady has a baby in El Paso?"
"We've got to find that woman and stop her."

On a lonely road, far from any town, the traveling salesman's car suddenly went dead. Night had fallen, so he made his way toward a light in a house some distance away.

When he got there, he knocked, the door opened, and before him stood a voluptuous young girl wearing only a filmy, revealing night gown.

"Pardon me, miss," gulped the salesman, "but my car broke down. I wonder if you could put me up for the night."

"Well," said the girl in a soft, seductive voice, "I'm here all alone, but I guess I can take a chance." And she escorted him to a neat little room upstairs.

As he prepared himself for bed, the salesman found it difficult to think of anything but his tantalizing hostess. Finally, with a sigh, he crawled into bed. But sleep did not come; he lay awake, still thinking of the girl and her abundant charms. Suddenly, there was a soft tap on the door. "Come in," he said in a voice trembling with expectation.

There, in the doorway, the girl stood smiling a warm, golden smile. Shyly, she lowered her eyelids; then, in a caressingly feminine gesture, she brushed back a long lock of hair that had drifted across her cheek. "Would you like company?" she asked sweetly.

"Oh yes, yes, yes," he whispered, never taking his eyes off the ripe young figure silhouetted by the light that flowed easily through her gown.

"Fine," she replied. "Another salesman's car broke down and he wants me to put him up, too."

A man and his wife were setting out for a costume party, he dressed as a horse and she as a cow. When their car broke down not far from the party, he suggested that they cut across the field to the house. Halfway across the field they spotted a bull and the bull spotted them. As the huge animal ran toward them, the wife asked nervously, "What shall we do?"

"Well, I'm going to eat some grass," said the husband, "but you had better brace yourself."



The elderly wolf had been trying for some time to date his new secretary. He always got a polite but firm turn-down. On his birthday he decided to try again, and this time to his delight she said, "Yes."

He was on his best behavior all evening, the perfect gentleman with no hint of his wolfish tendencies. On the stroke of midnight he took the girl home. At her door he kissed her hand, deciding to make a good impression for a future campaign.

"Won't you come up for a night-cap?"

"Why yes," he said, licking his chops, not expecting this sudden turn of events.

"Why don't you go in the bedroom and make yourself comfy while I fix a drink," she suggested when they entered her apartment. "That dinner jacket must be uncomfortable."

"Wow!" he silently drooled to himself. "Who expected this?"

He stripped down to his wrist watch, and returned to the living room which was pitch dark. "Hey! Where are you?" he asked groping.

Suddenly the lights went on, and all his employees sang, "Surprise! Surprise! Happy Birthday to you!"

One night a huge ape walked into a downtown El Paso bar and sat down at a table. When the astonished bartender asked the ape what he wanted, the ape muttered, "A beer," and held out a hundred dollar bill in his hairy fist. The bartender, figuring that the ape would not know the value of money, took the bill, rang up the cash register, and gave him fifty cents in change. The ape said nothing and picked up his change. While his unusual customer was drinking his beer, the bartender decided to make conversation.

"I don't get many gorillas in here."

"Hell," replied the ape, "not at \$99.50 a beer."

"Came to help you move your piano."

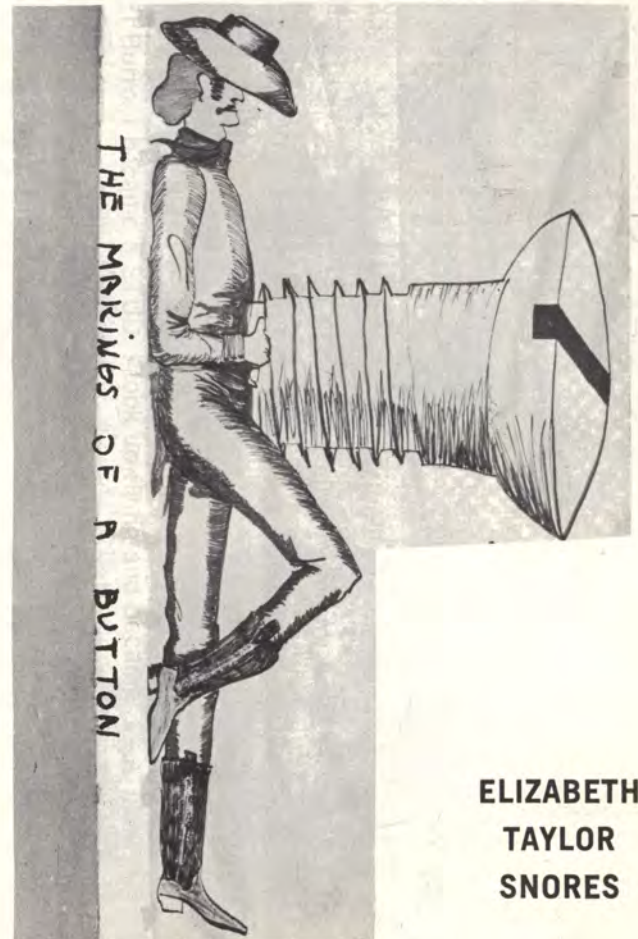
"Already finished."

"Alone?"

"Nope. Hitched a cat to it and drug it right up."

"You mean to tell me you got a cat to haul that piano up two flights of stairs? How'd you do that?"

"Used a whip."



**ELIZABETH
TAYLOR
SNORES**

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.

GET LOTS
WHILE YOU'RE
YOUNG

"Your fly is open."

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

GRASS NEEDED

HOW TO CATCH A POLAR BEAR

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



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



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.



This little Marmoset is fully grown

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

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

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KKK IS
COLOR-BLIND

THE
BEST
OF THE
BURRO'S
BUTTONS

I
GAVE

ALL
HANDS
BELOW

I
ATE MY
DRAFT
CARD

DRAFT
BEER-
NOT
STUDENTS

ACID

Cure
Virginity

KING
KONG DIED
FOR OUR
SINS

GOD IS
ALIVE AND
WELL IN
MEXICO
CITY

FEEL A
LIBRARIAN
TODAY

TIE
ETHEL'S
TUBES

LET'S
HAVE AN
ACCIDENT

ORGANIZE
AN
ORGY

Make Love,
NOT
WAR

DOWN
WITH
CHASTITY

WHAT
WILL YOU
THINK OF
ME IN THE
MORNING?

SEX
HURTS

JEWISH
POWER

STUDENT
POWER

Save
Water-
Shower With
A Friend

CURSE
YOU
RED
BARON

POWER
IS
SICK

ORIGINAL W.W.I.
GERMAN LUGER

Firing
Pins!!

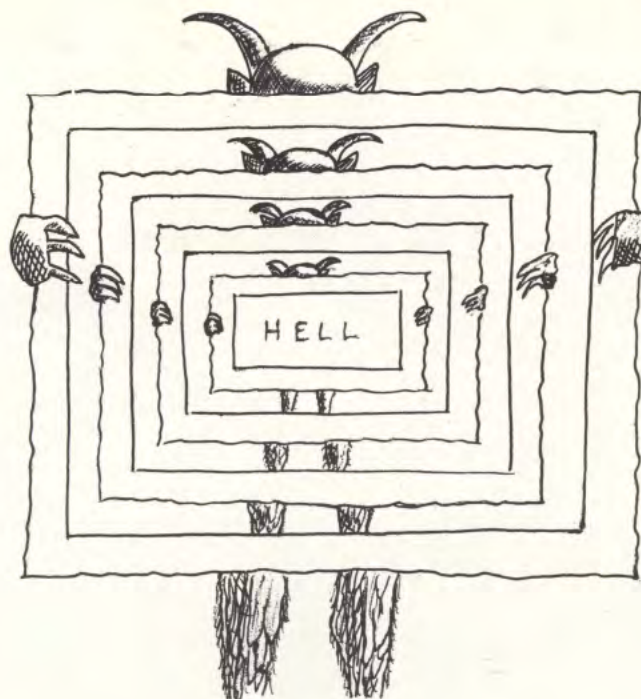
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I'm a Different Kind of Devil, Sir

By

Minerva Lopez

The captain opened his eyes and saw the lieutenant saluting. He returned the salute and barely stifled a yawn. He glanced at the clock on his desk and said, "It's three o'clock." He surprised himself. He didn't know his voice could sound so hoarse and out of pitch.

It seemed misty in the room. Or at least that's how he saw it—his eyes were clouded. He spoke unlike himself; he didn't recognize his own phrases. "At ease, lieutenant. Sit down." Then: "What do you wish?" He didn't want to sound distrustful. He had no reason for it but he asked, "Who are you?" And a moment later, "What are you?", which didn't make any sense.

The lieutenant, a remarkably handsome and yet oddly repulsive man—repulsive to the captain—answered, "I'm a different kind of devil, sir." And that's when the captain realized for the first time that his wish had come true.

Captain Foster had a moment of panic. He was afraid he was going to laugh during an occasion so serious as the present. However, he managed to maintain his solemnity a while longer. "So you are my 'devil,'" he said.

"Rather possessive, aren't you, captain," smiled the lieutenant. "But never mind. I'll overlook that on account of your flaw—your particular

flaw. You were going to laugh, I believe, captain."

"No,..." Foster started to interrupt.

"But you were," continued the lieutenant. "Go ahead."

And in spite of how Captain tried to keep from obeying—which he figured would have been a challenge to his Satanic subordinate—he couldn't control himself. He burst out laughing.

"I know the cause of your merriment, sir," said the other. "I also know that you'd like to tell me about it. So when you have finished..." the captain was laughing and coughing alternately now "...when you have finished laughing feel free to express yourself, sir."

Foster was lost in a fit of coughing which subsided eventually. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "The situation," he said slowly, "amuses me somehow. You yourself must be aware..." the lieutenant looked at him without interest "But of course you're aware of the irony. You invented it."

"A clever way of putting it, cap-

tain. To say that I invented it. I'm seldom given credit for inventing anything. That's not bad at all, considering your... flaw."

Foster frowned. He wasn't trying to be clever or to match wits with his guest. He wanted to get down to business. "Well," he said, "I just thought it rather funny that you should appear as a lieutenant. Why didn't you come as my superior? As a colonel or a general?"

"Because I have a certain fondness for the absurd," answered the lieutenant. "You might say I have a sense of humor."

Captain Foster looked at him steadily for a moment. The malicious green eyes of the junior officer regarded him indifferently—a kind of indifference that insulted and humiliated Foster. He felt himself being treated as an inanimate object and he shivered, sensing a loss of identity. He thought suddenly, "Who am I?" and then, "What am I?" He shook his head and said, "Alright, alright."

"Your wish is my command," smiled the lieutenant. "Or rather, your command will be carried out immediately, Sir." His voice sounded exaggerated and not unlike that of a Hollywood magic-lamp genie. His demeanor, however, was that of a lieutenant in the presence of his superior.

"What is your name, lieutenant?"

(Continued on Page 19)

*Sandy Avritt flows gentle
across your mind.*

*She says she likes ruffles
and intimate perfume
and likes her men
to be decisive and
intelligent.*

*With a major in
secondary education,
Sandy plans to teach
journalism and English in
high school.*

*But education is not her
only interest.*

*Sandy loves animals and
owns 3 cats, 10 ducks,
50 chickens and 2 geese.*

*Chi Omega is her sorority
and a lazy day is the theme
presented by her pictures on
the following pages.*







*as i sit here
 in and under the synthetic
 smog of flaming grass
 that manages to appear
 disappear
 an appear again
 higher,
 my mind grows broader
 an my heart darker
 an the future
 blacker.
 there is on one side
 the black of the white
 in a neon checkerboard.
 not in a man
 or in men
 do blacks mark the whites
 of the board;
 an only in greys,
 blending paradox and madness,
 can the collage of greyness
 cover the blindness of distinction.
 man can not be drawn
 but in this collage of grey
 but that thought leaves
 with the wilted apple peal
 an probably goes
 to
 the
 same
 place..
 why?
 why do?
 why do they?*

- Bob Moore

definitely . . .



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the way to go!

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Norte
 Stanton at Overland

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"KING KONG HAD GLANDULAR PROBLEMS"

"HO CHI MIEN IS A PAIN IN THE EAST"

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS"

**"SOCK IT UNTO OTHERS AS YOU
 WOULD HAVE THEM SOCK IT
 UNTO YOU."**



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Take Refuge From The Light

Of sky she paints enough to show
The colors red and indigo,
But other hues he knew would stand
Unpainted by that precious hand.
And yet, somehow, he went his way
Daydreaming of that never-day
When sunrise would explode in shades
Of orange, yellow, red But color fades
As day flows on;
Too late, he looks: a dream is gone.

A might brush sweeps parallel
To daylight's orb which rose and fell.
The other side from here we see
Beginnings of an ecstasy
Which color, sound, emotion stir
To form a fantasy for her.

His sunset now must go unseen,
As night time steals to set the scene
For growth, and life as yet unborn;
Thus he waits for early morn,
Despite intents of sleep to weave
A repeat of the dream, to cleave
To memory throughout the night,
And spoil his best resolve to fight.

A heart has warmed, a glow has filled
A space which now has not yet chilled.
Perhaps the light will burn again,
But will it have much meaning, then?
And fairy tales are rarely seen
Portrayed without a movie screen;
And thus he turns within his mind
To worlds that he will never find.

— Victor J. Ross



1. "HERE COME DA JUDGE"
2. "I COULD HAVE MARRIED ANYONE I PLEASED.
SO FAR I HAVEN'T PLEASED ANYONE"
3. "KING KONG DIED" - Emerson
4. "LOWER THE AGE OF PUBERTY"
5. "FORNICATE"

ON FINDING FAITH

By Byron Sandford

"Is there a God? I doubt it!" is often the question and answer of many college students. Finding faith in the existence of a god is probably one of the major difficulties facing the youth of today. For whether he is atheist or religious, the student is so affronted with obstacles that the current or popular religions often appear to be either useless or unapproachable. These difficulties can be attributed to a number of causes ranging from the insane war in Vietnam to the Playboy Philosophy.

The physical problems such as the war in Vietnam, the automobile, and other tangible factors in the student's life are often the most frustrating; for these problems affect him through a fate which he is unable to control. Knowing that this fate may, at any time, strike and disrupt or destroy his life, the student feels that he is striving for advancement and success against overwhelming odds.

With these problems being constantly flashed before him, the student will often forget or discard his former beliefs and begin searching for a philosophy of life which will present him with answers now. Due to this quest, he will naturally be attracted to those ideas or organizations representing certain ideals which appear to possess the most realistic answers to life.

Besides these physical problems, there are also the problems created by the new technology and the sequential new concepts of philosophy. Every fourteen years, the knowledge available to man doubles and with this increase, many old beliefs and customs must be dissolved as fact and theory undermine their existence.

As a student, this new knowledge is one of the major ingredients in his life; and he must, therefore, decide which elements of his religion are of the most relevance and of the greatest importance - those based on moral beliefs or those based on the concepts derived from primitive customs.

The increasing and changing field of philosophy is also of vital concern to the student. One of the basic requirements of a true student is for him to possess a desire to expand his own knowledge and to adapt his beliefs to those ideas and ideals which he feels are true. Among the new phi-

losophies is the new theology which is, at present, illustrated by the "God is Dead" belief. Others are those which set man up on an equal pedestal with God. But the most dominate is the evolution of major Christian denominations into social conscience reformers.

Also among these new philosophies are the new morality beliefs which are aptly illustrated by the ideology of Hugh Hefner, editor of *Playboy Magazine*. Mr. Hefner's beliefs are on the verge of existentialism: one should live for today and be only mildly concerned with tomorrow. But here the similarity ends, for Hefner's beliefs are centered around moral reformation whereas existentialism is a complete philosophy of life.

Among these new philosophies, the Playboy Philosophy is definitely the most popular among young adults. For this philosophy is one of realism and is attractive to the basic barbaric character of all humans - their sex drive. Hefner simply believes that man should first satisfy his sexual appetite and once this is satisfied, the problems of life can better be handled.

All of these problems are of course great and have a tremendous effect upon the religion of the college student, but there still appears to be one problem which dominates all of these. That problem is the current change of policy and interest of many churches.

Today the churches are becoming increasingly involved in the struggle against poverty, in the civil rights movement, in service projects with the wealthy and the poor. Indeed, the church has an entire new look about it. And this is one of its major problems, for the church no longer appears to be the disciple of Jesus and God but rather a social welfare agency.

Due to this new humanitarianism "appearance", many students feel that the answers to their problems can better be found elsewhere - in a religion which specializes in philosophy first and through this philosophy brings aid to others. For the student is looking for God in some form which he can find acceptable. Often he does find his god; then he might be more prone to engage in these social-aid programs.

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LITTLE JIMMIE RODGERS

By Harry Gamble

Little Jimmie Rodgers was sitting on the river bank, his feet swishing in the cool water below. He was throwing pebbles close to shore as he watched tiny circles grow into enormous perfect rings.

He was thinking about the rest of them and what they were doing in the overcrowded wood-frame school house just over the hill behind him. "Probably that crummy arithmetic or that English," he thought almost out loud. He was glad, very glad, he was here, in the shade of his favorite oak tree doing just what he was.

He lifted his head in the direction of two singing sparrows. They were building a nest. "Imagine that," thought Jimmie Rodgers, "birds love, too."

Then his thoughts changed to the blue-eyed Ginger Jameson, Dr. Jameson's daughter. "Oh, you're a beau-

tiful sparrow," Jimmie thought, this time aloud. "I love you, beautiful Ginger. I love you, I love you." Then he chuckled, amused by what he had said. He turned his head around and searched for someone who might have overheard. But no one was there. He felt relieved and alone again. And somehow that's the way he wanted to be... always alone...

"Yes, I love Ginger Jameson."

And it was mostly because of Ginger that he was sitting on the bank and not at school today. Jimmy Rodgers could hardly tolerate being in that one room school house, listening to that teacher telling him he should learn his multiplication tables. He could hardly stand that. All he ever did lately was stare at Ginger's long, blonde braids and the soft, milky-whiteness of her cheeks.

Yesterday he had reached over and touched her. She was so startled

she screamed and the teacher sent him home. Besides, the rest of them laughed.

"They can all go straight to hell," thought Jimmy. But he felt a little strange and uneasy when he realized what he had said.

"Oh well, let them. They don't realize how much I love you, Ginger." He grew restless, because he thought perhaps they did know. Even she had laughed after she realized it was only Jimmy who had touched her cheek.

Suddenly little Jimmie Rodgers fell back onto the grass and cried.

After what seemed a long time, he heard the two sparrows again. "Yes, birds love, too," he thought.

Then he picked himself up and started the long walk home, certain he would return tomorrow.

I'M A DIFFERENT KIND OF...

(Continued from Page 11)

asked Foster. "I've got to call you by some name."

"You've changed a great deal in the last few minutes, captain," said the lieutenant. "So that's it." He looked at his fine, long fingers for a second. "You actually desire to know my name. Would you also like to know me better?"

Foster closed his eyes. He felt very hot and wanted to turn off the lamp on his desk. "Yes! Yes!" he shouted. The words echoed loudly through the room.

"Daugherty, James S., second lieutenant, United States Army. Serial number..."

"Stop it!" Captain Foster stood up. "That's enough. You've amused yourself. Now, let's talk. Let's talk business."

"You want to be a hero," said Daugherty, "a war hero. That's right, isn't it, captain?"

Foster felt nauseated. He had thought it secretly; he had pictured it in the environment of a daydream. But hearing it now, in this manner, aloud and on the lips of the dark, vicious Daugherty, the whole thing sounded revolting. "Yes," he answered. "But I want to live. I want..."

"A live hero. I understand." Daugherty's eyes narrowed slightly. After a pause he said, "You will receive a citation." He paused again. "In exchange for..." He leaned forward and watched Captain Foster intensely. "In exchange for a valuable part of yourself, sir."

"Agreed," said Foster. The mention of a proposition made him feel more at ease. He relaxed his shoulders and sat back. "But my wife and sons, my home, everything... I mean, it must all remain the same. Except for... for what you promised me."

"Of course, everything," answered Daugherty. "I'm not interested in your family or your worldly possessions. You must realize that." His eyes sparkled in the shadowy surroundings. "I'm interested in you, sir. In you."

"Very well, what now? What must I sign or do to conclude the deal?"

"A handshake, captain," said Daugherty. "And you will have what you desire. As for the payment... I'll come back in four years."

"Four years! Four years is too short a time! No, I won't agree." Captain Foster stood up and walked to the window. It was dark outside and he counted four stars in the sky.

"Yes, you'll agree because that is more important to you than thirty

years of what you consider nothing, or your life at present. Your flaw, captain—that is your flaw."

Foster turned around. In the half-shadow, half-light of the room he could see Daugherty's singular eyes and sarcastic smile. "Why do you keep referring to it as my 'flaw'? Why not my weakness or my vice, or something else?"

"My fondness for the absurd, sir," said Daugherty. He left his seat and went up to Foster. "To Korea then, captain?"

Foster pressed his temples with the tips of his fingers. Four years seemed so short a time in which to enjoy... And yet, there might be a way. He was going to smile but caught himself in time. "Let him come in four years," he thought, "and see what happens."

Foster answered, "Korea", and stretched out his hand.

The lieutenant saluted. And seven young G. I.'s said, "Right, sir." Foster blinked at the burning sun and motioned to the men to follow. He was Lt. Harry Foster, U.S. Army. And he was trying to lead his men back behind their own lines.

The stars seemed red. Harry Foster could see them in the distance and they reminded him of something. They were jewel-like. He remembered the soft, warm mess of blood and flesh on his fingers—the soldier with the torn side who said, "You can't carry me, lieutenant" and "I'm dead anyway." But he lifted the soldier and walked on, the others ahead of him. The soldier died and he put him down and fumbled for the dogtags.

He had known the grenade would not go off. A voice inside his head had told him so. And that's why he fell on it and told his men to beat it. Then he picked up the thing and threw it and... He ran back to them, the saliva running down the side of his mouth.

The stars reminded him of the voice. He closed his eyes and tried to figure out whose voice it might have been.

An hour later a machinegun had pinned them down. One of the men, Roy Harper—a tall, skinny youngster who smoked cigars—rolled back into the hole screaming. The voice told Harry Foster, "Knock out that machinegun."

"No, I can't," he thought. "How do I do it?" Then he felt suddenly as if he could run toward the fire and not get hurt. It wasn't a momentary, frantic attack of hysterical desperation; he had been too calm for that. He hadn't wanted to be a hero either—

at least not then, when he was so aware of death. But that voice in his head made him say, "Take over, corporal. I'll be back soon."

Before anybody could answer he was gone, crawling on his belly with a grenade in his hand. He was covered by an ugly sweat. A diabolical smell worse than the smell of battle invaded his nostrils. And hunger for the taste of evil gnawed viciously at his insides. He felt like crying out in his terrible pain of darkness. The enemy gun couldn't get him; it seemed to be aiming past him rather than at him. A flame—enormous, hellish—burst out in front of his eyes and he yelled loudly before he pulled the pin. Everything was fire, smoke, and his own laughter, a malevolent laughter interrupted by phrases of, "Thank God, thank God."

Harry Foster shivered and pulled down the venetian blind. He never had nightmares about his past experiences in the fighting. But he thought about them often during the day.

He sat down at his desk and closed his eyes for a moment. A smell—something like sulfur—seemed to be coming in from somewhere. "That was several years ago," he said aloud.

"Yes, it was, sir," answered a voice. And Captain Foster jerked his head back. It was the voice under whose black command he had worked his deeds of valor. He recognized it immediately and, although his first feeling was that of overwhelming fear, he controlled himself and took a deep breath.

"So it is you, Lt. Daugherty," he whispered. "I couldn't remember you for a long time. The only thing that... that seemed familiar to me were the stars." He turned on the light and stared at Daugherty with a slight curiosity. "And even then I didn't know why they seemed so familiar."

The atmosphere, the mood of the conversation, everything seemed to have picked up a lost thread from the past. Captain Foster wondered if he hadn't dozed off while he and Daugherty were making the deal. Daugherty smiled and Captain Foster picked up the clock on his desk. "What are we today?" he asked.

"Four years after our last meeting," said Daugherty.

Foster played with a typewriter eraser. "I was decorated."

Daugherty said, "Yes, of course. Now you will keep your end of the bargain."

"The bargain?" Foster repeated, "The bargain, naturally" and nodded

(Continued on Page 20)

O. K. printer. The editor, those causing you all that pain and heartache in printing the joke pages, has kindly consented to contribute the following space to you. So, sock it to 'em here

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I'M A DIFFERENT KIND OF...

(Continued from Page 19)

slowly. He was beginning to feel an intense, overpowering sensation of joy—such joy that in his mind he termed it a “mystical experience”. He clenched his fists and dared Daugherty with his eyes. The moment had come to make the one move he had subconsciously waited to carry out for a long time. “I’d oblige you if I could, lieutenant,” he said, “but I can’t.” Here he stood up and leaned forward, his hands on the desk. “You see, lieutenant, I believe in you as an inspiration—whether good or bad I don’t know. I have no real ability to define either one or the other term.” Daugherty’s eyes clouded momentarily. “But I don’t believe in Hell, and I don’t believe, lieutenant, that I have a soul”

He waited for Daugherty’s reaction. The lieutenant watched him closely for what seemed a long time. Foster refused to be intimidated by his look and he defied him, lips closed tightly, gaze steady. Daugherty’s handsome face was distorted for a split second. Then, unexpectedly, a tempest of shadows shook the room with extraordinary violence. Foster clutched his head and tried to catch his breath. “You can’t kill me! You can’t kill me!” he thought.

When it was over Foster found himself sitting on the floor, in a corner of the room. “I don’t think you believe your own words, sir,” said Daugherty. “But you’d try very hard to make me believe them. The instinct of self-preservation.” He stood in front of Foster with his arms crossed. “However, captain, as I told you once before, I’m a different kind of devil.”

Foster mumbled on oath. “Try to take my so-called soul, then, if you can.”

Daugherty didn’t seem to be paying attention to him. He looked down at Foster with the indifference that had so wounded the captain on their first encounter. “I’ll pretend to believe you, sir. You have no soul and therefore I shall be unable to claim it.”

“You what!” shouted Foster. He thought he must be hearing things; he had gotten off so easy.

“Yes, my particular trait allows it—my fondness for the absurd, as you will recall,” said Daugherty. “I’ll go, captain, but...” He walked closer. “I must leave you something to remember me by.”

The lieutenant’s voice was threatening. Foster sensed that something inexplicably horrible was about to happen. And for the first time in his life he had a mad, brutal desire to

run away, to dash through the door and seek shelter somewhere—anywhere. He groaned although he was not in pain. His body seemed to want to shrink into nothing as he sat there, cowering in his corner. “Don’t leave!” he managed to shout. He knew his fear now, and it passed like a hand of ice over his body, making him feel miserably, unbearably desolate.

“This is my gift to you,” laughed Daugherty. And he threw Foster a wallet-size photograph of himself—Second Lt. James S. Daugherty, U. S. Army. “You’ll never forget me, captain, I promise you. In every mirror you look you’ll see me. I will be your greatest obsession—your only obsession. You’ll think about me day and night. And you’ll look for me everywhere.”

Foster was trembling violently. He reached for Daugherty and touched him but withdrew his hand immediately, feeling revolted at having touched himself so intimately and with such ardor. “What have I done,” he said.

Daugherty walked toward the door and opened it. “You’ve found your true love, captain,” he answered. “Your true, tragic love.” And he disappeared, leaving Harry Foster sitting in his corner, staring wildly at a photograph.

Editor's note:

The following story is true, written by a female English major here at U. T. El Paso. The girl's mother, suffering from multiple sclerosis for the past 16 years, died a few months ago. In the last few years before her death, she lost completely the use of her legs and died a cripple.

Rosalie

I remember a doll I had a long time ago named Rosalie. She had blonde curly hair, rosy cheeks, and pink lips and she walked when I held her arms. But after some time her legs didn't move as well when I tugged at her and she became more my little girl doll than my walking doll. I had others, a whole family of dolls, but she was the biggest and by far the prettiest. After many years of good times together her legs broke off entirely and I asked my Dad to fix her. He promised someday to take her to a doll hospital. Meanwhile, she was an excellent patient in my nurse games.

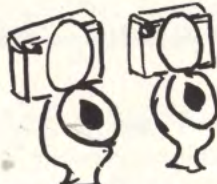
I don't remember when or how, but I stopped playing with Rosalie. Not suddenly, but very gradually my attention found other things. Whenever I saw her lying in the closet or high on the shelf, I remembered the doll hospital. I even tried to repair her legs myself, but never satisfactorily.

And so I grew up, thinking of my favorite doll occasionally. At one time I thought of finally fixing her, not for myself (I was too old then) but for my niece, Tracy. Somehow it was never done and now I don't know where Rosalie is. I had always wanted someone to play with her, eventually, when she was "well" again, if not me, then Tracy or even my future daughters.

I know Tracy liked Rosalie because she had come across her in her rambling through my room and closet. She especially liked the name Rosalie, my mother's middle name, my mother who was a cripple... and I don't know where she is now.



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RANC TEN

Jim Morrison



George?



John, I am not bored



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

"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."

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.

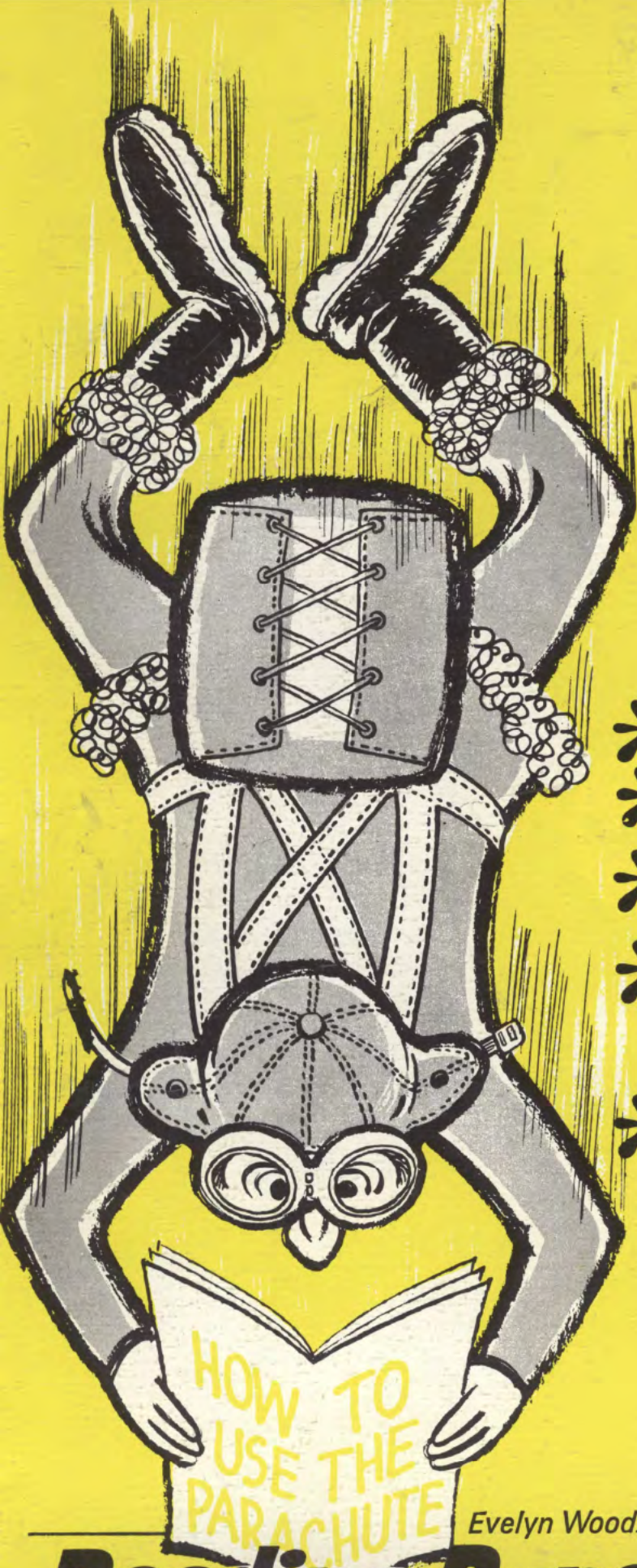
Other aspects of the course, financing of the magazine and advertising, bring students into actual selling practices and public relations activities with professionals and businessmen.

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.

— *THE EDITOR*

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