

7-1969

El Burro, July

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ELBUNKO

WALL

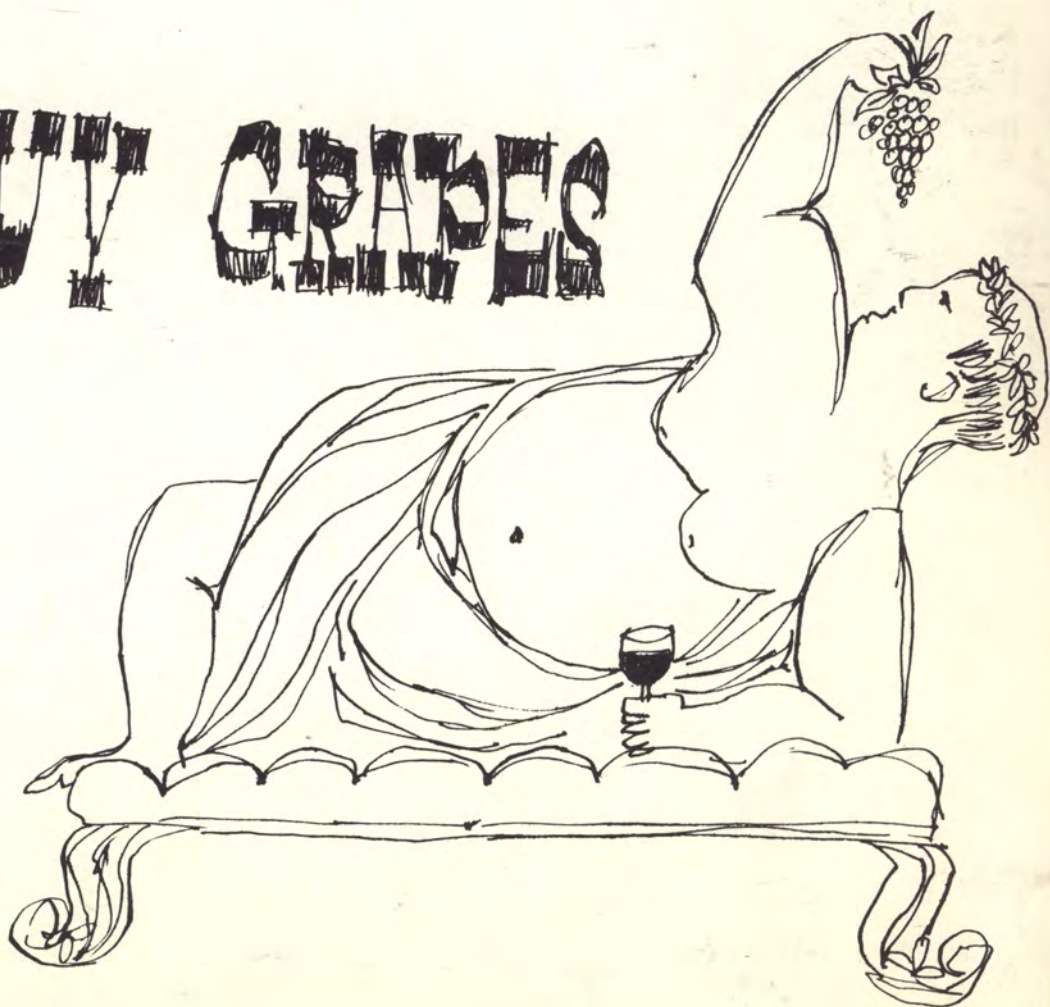
HE
REPORTED
COMEBACK
SINCE THE

GIVEN COME
BACK

Every grape you
buy helps keep
this child
hungry...



DON'T BUY GRAPES



Buy Bonds where you work

They do



These men have been out all day working for freedom. They could be back in the barracks shooting pool and generally taking it easy. But they aren't. They've been out slogging through the fields, pacifying enemy forces and defending our faith. Another thing: these men also help pay the price that freedom costs - by purchasing U.S. Savings Bonds.

They really care. Would you like to show you care? You can. It's easy. Invest in freedom and your future by buying Bonds where you bank, or joining the payroll Savings Plan where you work. You'll walk a bit taller.

NEW FREEDOM SHARES

Now, when you join the Payroll Savings Plan, or the Bond-a-Month Plan, you are eligible to purchase the new type U.S. Savings Notes - Freedom Shares. Freedom Shares pay 4.74% when held to maturity of just 4½ years (redeemable after one year), are available on a one-for-one basis with Savings Bonds. Get all the facts where you work or bank.

U. S. Saving Bonds, new Freedom Shares

the voice of
moral man
in immorals

ACID HEADS

Kathy McGary, Richard Schreiberstein.....Editors
Cynthia 'the Bod' Ballentine.....Ass. Ed.
Ron 'the Red' Vincent.....Cont. Ed.

POT HEADS

John Nichols, Jim Wagon, Dave Burroughs, Casey LaSalandra who gets cover credit and Nev Glasgow.

PILL POPPERS

Steve 'the Kid' Peters, Kelly 'Rastus' Myrick, Robert 'Fang' Powell, Jim 'the Prophet' LaSalandra, Robert Chavez, Ken Osman, Mas Grande, Lyndon Baines Johnson, Norman, Clean Gene, The Shaft, Sam Leanord, Harry, Barbie, Ken, Little Joe, Fat Albert, Hi Mom, Ed Key, Doug the Drunk, Jud, Richard Nixon, Spermatzoa Agnew, Jim Turnage, Kelvin O'Neill, Coitus LeMay, Mama Ponsford, Nyrtle the Fantastic Hulk, Frank the Janitor, Archimedes Zzandote, My Wife, Ralph 'the Head' Chavez, and to the Ass. Editor Emeritus to whom this entire shtick is dedicated and who is now serving his country and defending our faith, Steve Simon.

GAS

In this spot the post office has gas if we don't put down all those numbers and stuff which nobody reads anyhow. You see I've always wanted to be on the staff of a college magazine, like EL BURRO which this is so I came here to the University of Texas at El Paso, which of course you ass, is in El Paso, Texas. So I had my parents scratch up the geld to send me here at 79902 so I could be a journalism major and learn how to write and edit things like Vol. XXX No. 2, which I am now helping on. We don't have any subscription rates because nobody reads more than one issue a year, but if we did it would probably sell for around \$2.00 a year and be entered as second class mail. If you have any complaints, address them to the editor because I give a damn. Also if you want to use anything you might see in this issue you're going to have to give us credit or we might just punch you out some dark night. Where is Eldridge Cleaver?

TALKING ABOUT THE MAG

With the advent of a new year and a new semester we'd like to extend our heartiest condolences. For those of you amongst the many who have never laid eyes upon the El Burro before, we'd like to assure (and reassure those who have read it) you that this is a humor magazine.

This means that we seriously try to be funny. The reason we tell you this is because in the past many people have not understood this. So what we try to do is make you laugh.

And if you laugh, and if you think this is a really worthwhile thing for you to do, and if you can write, then we'd also like for you to join our staff. "But, I've already registered," you say. Well, just go back to the place where the Journalism Department is registering and pick up a class card. It is a really simple thing for you to do. Then you can take part in creating a college magazine, and you can write your parents and tell them you are doing something really socially significant, (and we get drunk a lot, too).

"What," you ask, "is funny to write about?" And it is a very good question. But not original. That's why we have staff meetings, where, if you register for the course, you can hear questions like, "What is funny to write about?"

Richard Nixon, Spiro Agnew, Lewis Hershey, Melvin Laird, J. Edgar Hoover, and the King-sport Stud. How about that for laughs?

Now, what about the magazine. How about the people who write for it? Just what kind of people are they you ask? Well, there's Steve Peters who's just a freshmen, Steve is nuts. He's an atavistic throwback who has a lurking desire to join the Rotary Club. He's just releasing his aggressions through writing. He's a hirsute example of what is happening to this country and he's got about four articles in this issue and he smokes cheap cigarettes. Then there is Archimedes Zzandote, who used to be a mukluk resoler in Nome, Alaska. He stands about 8' 3" and eats newt livers for lunch. And of course there's the guy who this entire magazine is dedicated to, Steve Simon, who used to be a toilet flusher in the paraplegic ward at Hotel Dieu before he got his commission in the Coast and Geodetic Survey. So, as you see, we're just a regular bunch of fellows who enjoy putting out a college magazine. But don't tell our mothers what we're doing because they think we're selling dope.



Learning to Be Collegiate

by Steve Peters

Mick the Stick had been around. The last time I had seen him he had been just another High School punk, getting drunk with the gang on Graduation night. But that inconspicuous innocence had faded in El Paso's July heat: Mick was a second semester UTEP Freshman with 8 hours to his credit.

So on the day before orientation I found myself among an anxious body of Freshmen-to-be gathered around Mick, who was a *real* collegian!

"C'mon Mick," I ventured nervously, "tell it like it is."

I heard a frightened voice next to me. "We want the benefit of your experience, Mick. You been around, right Mick?" We all agreed that Mick had been around.

Mick looked at us apprehensive-

ly. Then he scratched his chin. "Well alright. Look, there're three things you need to know!" Mick paused to gaze at each of us critically. Then he exploded the silence. "Follow me." He said coolly, and we followed him.

Our first stop was the SUB. "The first thing you need to know," said Mick, "is how to hang around the pool hall." Mick demonstrated this and then we spent an hour and a half in inept imitation as Mick looked on critically. Finally, when most of us had gotten the hang of it, he said "That's enough," and we followed him out the door.

Our second stop was the SAE house. "Alright," said Mick, "I want you all to practice being humble."

When that was through and we had had an opportunity to rest a bit,

Mick said, simply, "Now," and in trembling anticipation we allowed ourselves to be led to our final destination.

We marched down University Avenue, past the police barricade, past the SUB, and into the Library all the time thinking dreamily of when we, too, could refer to ourselves as "College Men."

Mick led us up three flights of stairs to the third floor, and from their into the Library's third floor restroom. When the "Ooh's" and "Ah's" had died down, Mick produced a soft-lead pencil. "Always carry one of these," he instructed, and held it up to the light for all to see. "Now watch carefully," he said, "because you'll be spending a lot of time here." He then proceeded to compose an obscene poem on the bathroom wall.

The participants in that fateful instruction went on their individual roads, but none soon forgot the teachings of Mick the Stick. Mick the Stick had been around.

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EL PASO'S LEADING SHOE REPAIR



hey, man.

stop

stop

stop

stop

right now exactly what you may think you are doing

and

look

around

you.

what is happening

or can you define it

in terms i can understand.

stop and wait just one minute

to watch the clouds float

cross the mountain pass.

hey, wait and stop and god damn it for one time

look around you

and when you puke don't look at me.

your children will rot

in your murk

and your false pride will be hung on a hook

to hide the hollow of your mind.

hey, man.

stop

stop

stop

stop

right now exactly what you may think you are doing

and

look

around

you.

Bob Moore

YOU, TOO CAN HAVE POWER-- BECOME A POLICEMAN!

Following is a prototype test for police officers. If you answer more than half the following questions correctly or incorrectly you probably qualify to be God, too. Call Chief Earl Kowalski at 542-4220 for further details.

1. Which of the following caps would you prefer to wear?

___ Viking helmet
___ Prussian infantry helmet
___ SS helmet
___ NKVD cap

2. I sometimes feel lonely because:

___ My mother hates me.
___ I am a leper.
___ I am socially insignificant.
___ I eat a lot of garlic.

3. Which of the following complaints do you suffer from (you must suffer from at least two to be considered)?

___ Necrophilia
___ Sexual infantilism
___ Piles
___ Deteriorative psychosis

4. My greatest national hero is:

___ Napoleon
___ Stalin
___ Hitler
___ Atilla the Hun



5. The above inkblot looks like:

___ Someone about to attack me
___ Spilled blood
___ An orgasm

6. I spend my leisure hours:

___ Pulling wings off flies.
___ Removing the toilet paper from restroom stalls.
___ Poisoning pigeons.

7. Complete the following sentences:

a. "I've been after you bastards for weeks. Now I'm going to _____"
b. Call me a gestapo pig and I'll _____

8. The essential equipment carried by a policeman should include:

___ An electric cattle prod
___ A "Wallace for President" button
___ Extra bullets
___ Thumb screws

9. The citizens reaction to the police should be:

___ Adulation
___ Abject terror
___ An instinctive reaching for his wallet

10. Why are you applying for a policeman's job?

___ I am otherwise unemployable
___ I got used to shooting people in the army.
___ Its my way of getting back at superior people.
___ It was a Freudian slip.



Captured Document

Transcript of a tape of a meeting of certain radical professors in a windowless office at U. T. El Paso.

Prof. A: Gentlemen, welcome to the (tape blurred) meeting of SPQR. In our quest to achieve total power, we have reached certain conclusions. One, we are at present an unnoticed and relatively unrecognized group, which at this stage, is necessary if we want to realize our ultimate goal.

Two, objectively given the changes in the society, and the changing nature of power, we possess the new and increasingly important element of power, information as Bacon so aptly put it, "knowledge is power". Little did he realize the real portent of his aphorism. Information has replaced land, labor and capital! We make the important decisions, but no one realizes that what we must do now is to seize political power. The way to do this is to gain control of this university.

Prof. B: But how can this be done? They meet most of our demands, and if they don't, we simply appear radical and get a better offer from a better college. How do we break this drain off?

Prof. C: As I see it, we have to get a strong administrator as president, someone who won't put up with the academic freedom and student power nonsense.

Prof. B: Who? Anyone in an academic life role who would be qualified has the wrong set of values and could put us off just like this one!

Prof. D: Gentlemen, you have overlooked the obvious — his Honor, the Mayor. (laughter)

Prof. A: I think you've hit on something there.

Prof. B: I think you're both all wet. The Mayor is out of the question — even the Board of Regents wouldn't take that seriously.

Prof. D: You overestimate our regents, and underestimate us. You are a bourgeois revisionist.

Prof. B: And you are all a pack of hopeless romantics.

Prof. E: But how do we get rid of the present president?

Prof. D: Again you overestimate the regents. They have been receiving complaints of growing radicalism on the part of the faculty and students. Why do you think our colleague in sociology cultivated the friendship of Tijerina? Why do you think the students invited Harry Edwards, Dick Gregory and Tijerina to campus?

Prof. A: You see, my friend, there's a method in our madness and there is a pattern. And the students have acted out their part admirably, although with reluctance. They are harder to influence here than they are in most institutions.

Prof. B: Alright, granted, maybe the regents will force out the President, but how do we guarantee the selection of the Mayor?

Prof. D: First, we start a movement to discredit him. He must be made a plausible and realistic candidate.

Prof. A: How about a recall petition? Nobody has ever tried that in this town, but we'll have to have some grounds.

Prof. B: I have it — find out when he will be out of town and have our colleagues in physics cause a minor flood, say, in Southeast El Paso.

Prof. C: Why not Coronado or Kern Place?

Prof. D: Don't be a fool. Too many of us, and too many probable Williams supporters, live there. If word got out that we were

behind it, our plans would backfire — I say Southeast El Paso. Who gives a dam about the Mexicans in this town, anyway?

Prof. A: Alright, it's agreed — a flood in the Southeast, then the recall petition.

Prof. B: But won't people think the recall petition was started by the people being flooded?

Prof. D: Your naivete annoys me. You know the forces of good and justice think that Mexicans can't think for themselves. They believe in conspiracies, and the logical element of the conspiracy is the professor.

Prof. C: But won't that blow our cover?

Prof. D: Precisely; but we will try it and they will be more convinced than ever that it was us.

Prof. B: Forgive me, but I don't follow this line of reasoning.

Prof. A: And you, my friend, do not understand power.

Prof. B: But if they realize we're behind it, won't they act differently than we want?

Prof. D: Again you overestimate the ability of the business community to perceive the dialectic in operation. They rally to protect one of their own, and will try to suppress radicalism by having him appointed.

Prof. B: Ah — Now I see what the thrust of this exercise is.

Prof. C: If we can engineer an anti-Mayor student demonstration

and get some of our group to speak, it will create an over-reaction that will force the Board of Regents to appoint the Mayor.

Prof. D: Then one of our colleagues who is upwardly mobile will seize the opportunity to support the Mayor....

Prof. A: That clinches it.

Prof. B: But what about the newspapers? Won't they see through this ruse? (laughter)

Prof. D: You can rely on the newspapers to carry out their part in a grand manner. They are unbelievably naive and conspiracy oriented, especially the editor.

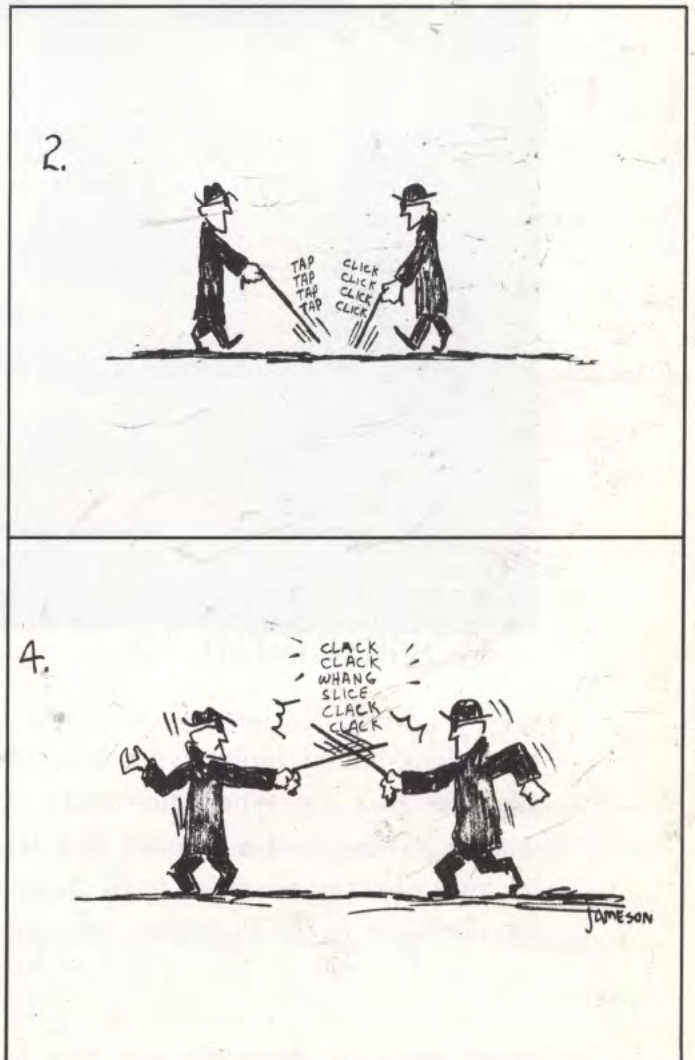
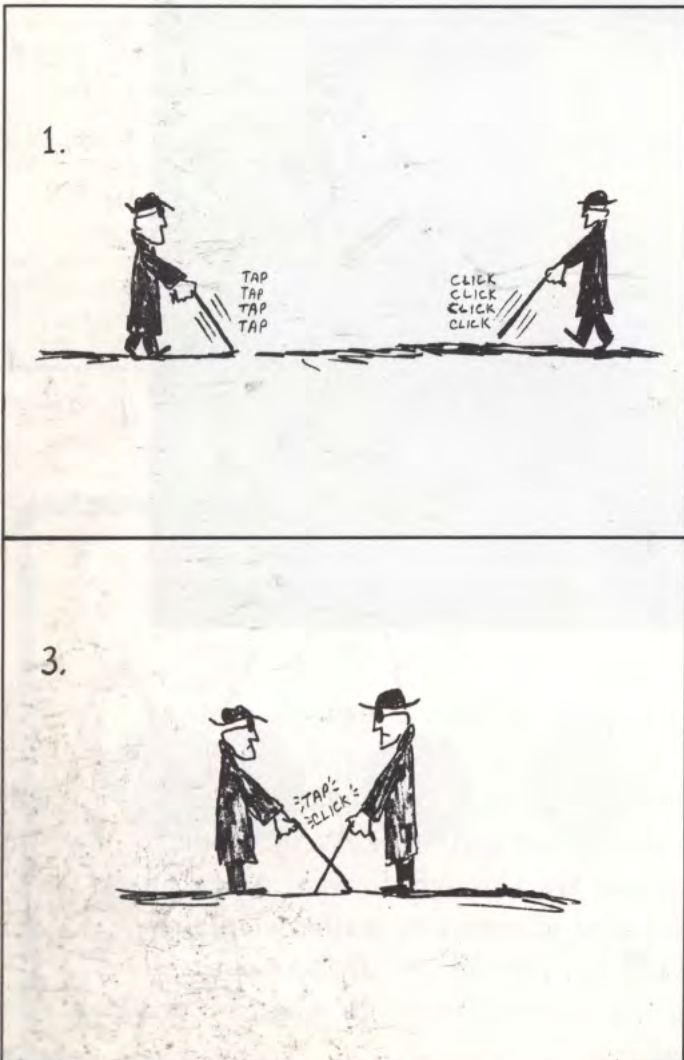
Prof. B: When he is appointed, then we seize power.

Prof. A: Exactly, but without anyone knowing it.

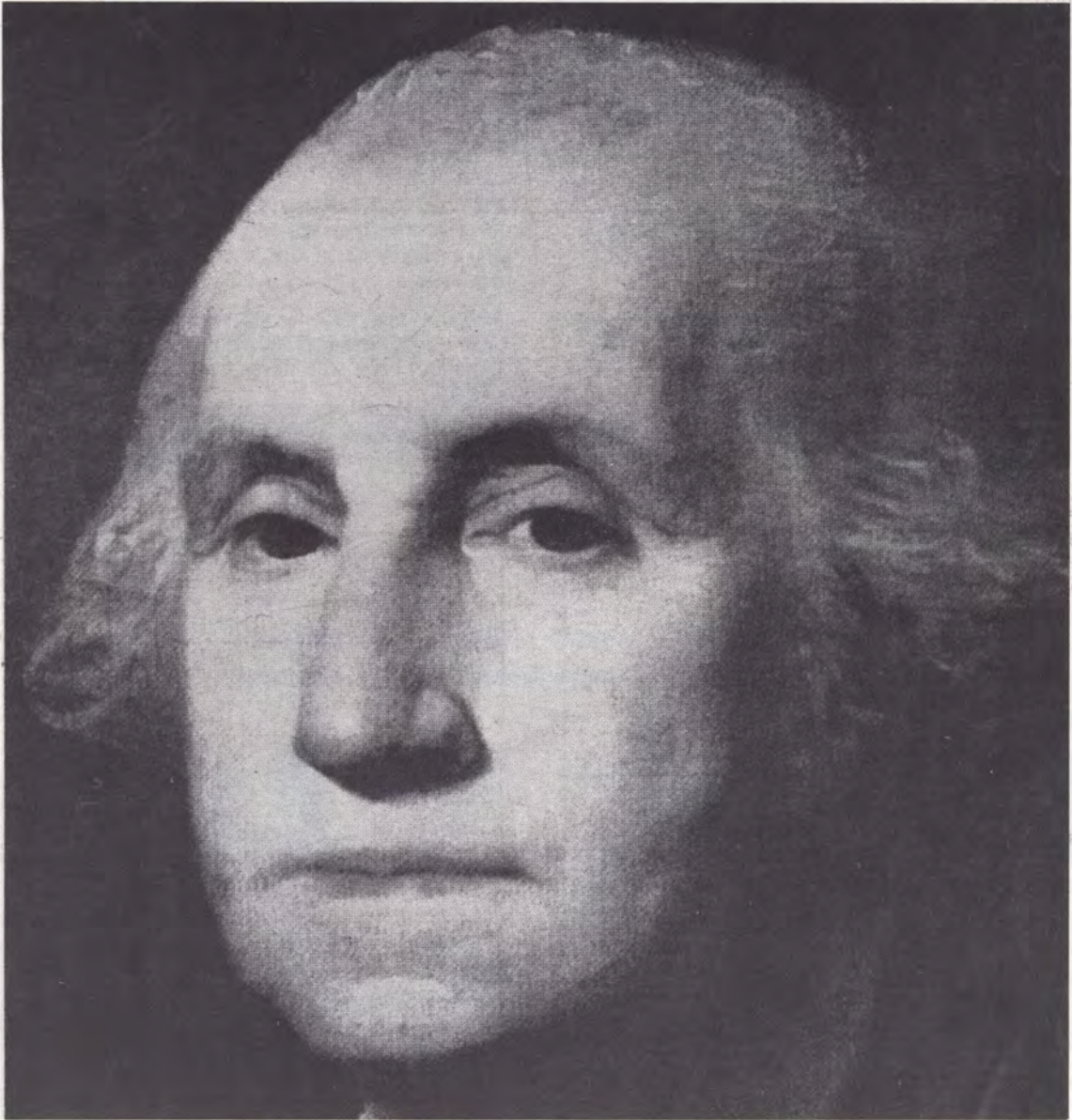
Prof. D: You see, my friend, what the administration doesn't know is that they are only rubber stamps — all their decisions are made by us in the form of information. They merely ratify our policy.

Prof. C: And no one will accuse the Mayor of being a weak sister, soft on commies, and on students, or of being a fuzzy thinking liberal who never met a payroll.

Prof. A: He will be our puppet and will be used just as we use the local papers and the students. Remember, you can always count on the establishment to react the wrong way.— Mas Grande



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS EL BURRO?



Certainly not a person like this. You can't call him a man. He's one of those long-haired hippy types who always goes around spouting revolutionary rhetoric. He's the type who would overthrow the government, fight a guerrilla war right here in this country and flip the bird to law and order. Well, we don't let guys like him advertise in El Burro. But if you are a straight-forward American who believes in the Protestant ethic of making a lot of money no matter what, then you need to talk to Mrs. Ponsford at 542-5129. She can tell you all about our really low advertising rates and also a lot of gossip about the people who put this things out. So why don't you give her a call?

THE LAW AND ORDER MACHINE

I was at the hardware store shopping for hardware when who should I bump into but the D. A. And he's up for re-election so naturally he shook my hand and we started talking about the real gut issues of the campaign: baseball, hot dogs, and the Flyin' Miners. Eventually I got around to asking what he was doing there at the hardware store.

"I'm building a Law and Order machine." He answered.

I had never seen a Law and Order machine so naturally I was quite interested and followed him around asking questions.

"What's that for?" He was ordering an enormous cast iron bulldog and an electric chain saw.

"Well now, this here's the first part of the machine." He said in his Texas accent. "We're gonna paint the bulldog bright blue and put the chain saw in his mouth and label it 'The Long Arm of the Law'."

The next part of the machine consisted of twelve gallons of pure botulism poisoning, twelve hundred sewer rats, and a birdcage. "This here's gonna be the jail." He said.

"Gee," I commented, "It sure is interesting to be learning all about our country's great system of justice!"

His eyes narrowed and his mouth hardened. "You got something against it?" He demanded. "You can always go back to Russia, you know!"

When I had assured him of my patriotic intent we proceeded to gather materials to construct the final and most intricate part of the machine: The Courtroom.

"The first thing you need is lots of Mahogany."

"Mahogany?"

"Damn right Boy! You can't have a courtroom without Mahogany! Lots of Mahogany and about 4 thousand American flags. And then you need a judge. You make that out of shiny white ivory. And for the jury you need a nice big block of styrofoam."

"Don't forget lawyers!" I was really getting excited over Mahogany courtrooms.

"Right this way." I followed him over to the toy department and watched him select two toy wind-up clowns. "The way it works is, these two clowns come out of the floor of the courtroom and each one has three balls. Everybody stands up and the judge comes in and then everybody sits down and the lawyers start juggling the balls. Whoever keeps one ball in the air the longest wins."

"How do you tell which one is the prosecutor and which is the defender?" I inquired.

He ripped one of the arms off of one of the toy wind-up lawyer clowns. "This here's the defender." He said holding it up in the air.

"But what about Justice?" I asked.

"What about wha-at?" He looked at me like I had just defecated into the Holy Grail.

"Justice. J-U-S-T-I-C-E." I said. "Ever hear of it?"

"Oh, *that*." He said disdainfully. "Well... A little fool's gold oughta do." He ordered four ounces of fools gold.

And so all the components of the Law and Order machine were assembled on the hardware store counter. "It certainly looks impressive," I remarked to the D. A.

"Yep. There's only one more thing..."

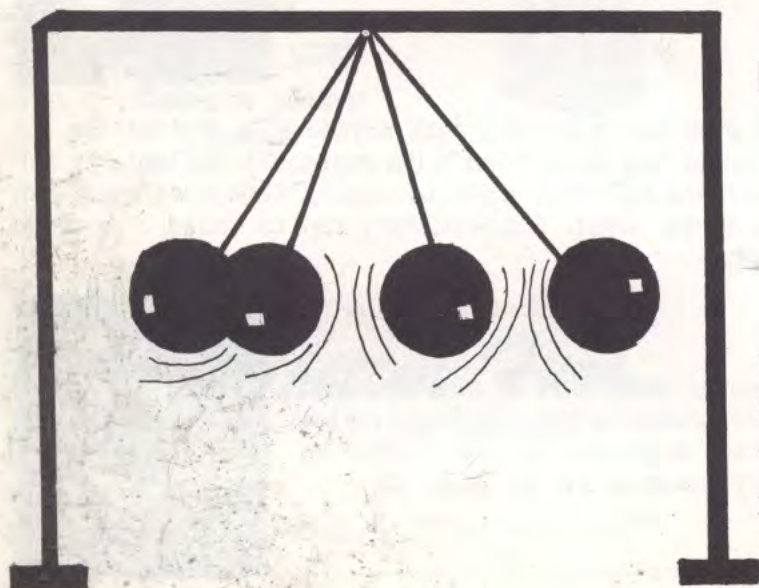
I looked on the counter at the cast iron bulldog, the electric chain saw, the botulism poisoning, the sewer rats, the bird cage, the Mahogany, the 4 thousand American flags, the ivory judge, the styrofoam jury, the wind-up clowns, and the fools gold. "What could it be?" I asked.

"We need what's known in the legal profession as a 'Criminal'," he said. He scratched his stomach and looked around. Then I noticed his face igniting with the flame of enlightenment.

Suddenly I felt myself being picked up by the seat of the pants and placed on the counter.

"Wrap that up and send it along," said the D. A.

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Painfully intriguing!!

The Making of a Cabinet

by Robert Powell

With the election of a new president there comes a time when some debts come due. It's the time for the passing out of political plums for political favors. (Like bringing in the cemetery vote or casting a ballot twelve times). This dispensing of plum used to be known as spoils now its known as reelection. If you don't pay off your debts you find yourself out of a job come next election day. President elect Nixon is no exception to this age honored tradition and since he's had a long career of running he's gathered quite a few debts. The most notable of these will become known as a cabinet. The El Burro is privilege to some inside dope, in the Nixon regime, literally and figuratively and we've learned that this is how the cabinet is being filled.



Secretary of Defense: Two men are the top prospects for this job, a final decision has yet to be made. General L. Hershey Barr, director of the National White Citizens League and the author of the well known Fair Play for Minorities doctrine seems to have the inside track on the job however he is expected to be strongly challenged by former Air Force General Coitus Dismay. Dismay is the popular hero of the first daytime napalm raid on Germany during WW II. (So the children who were in bed at night could see how beautiful it was). He is also developer of the theorem on the relation of death and proximity to ground zero. The chances that Nixon will pick one of the two are high since he is a firm believer in civilian control of the military.

Secretary of State: There's but one man for this position, that old workhorse Henry Cabbage Sludge. He's been around so long that it's impossible to ignore him. And besides he's the token to Eastern Republicanism.



Attorney General: Nixon owes this man more than anyone else. Without him the election would have been lost. Storm 'Pig' Drummond is the man to fill this spot. His well known and popular views on everything from civil rights to parking fines have made him one of the foremost legal minds in the nation. His philosophy can be stated in a single phrase, "up against the wall mothah—."



Secretary of The Treasury: Nixon will reach across party lines to pick the most qualified man, and he proves it in tapping the well known democrat Billy Soil Fester for the big job in the treasury department. Fester is the famous ammonia king from Huntsville, Texas who built up a fortune with an amazing discovery known as the No Tank.





Secretary of the Interior: A black man gets a cabinet spot with this position. It's not the most powerful spot and the man that's been picked will try to increase it's strength, he's Brundage Fever and to learn the duties he's been hiding in the interior.

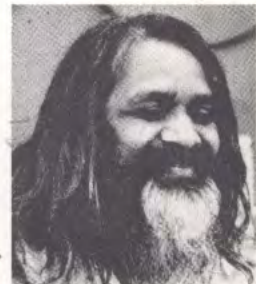
Secretary of Health Education and Welfare: HEW gets California Governor Rottan Faggit for the top spot. Faggits' governorship has seen a steady rise in the quality of education in California, fewer sick people and a rise in welfare.



Secretary of Housing and Urban Development: Bluster Fattass, the liberal non partisan governor of Georgia has been selected for this important position. A former restaurant owner and democrat, Fattass developed the famous axhandle special, a delicacie for the discriminating eater.



Secretary of Transportation: Robert Shelton, Imperial Grand Wizer of the Knights of the Real Camelia and head of the KKK, has been offered the job as transport head. He's offered to send literally millions of people thousands of miles across the ocean to another continent. Nixon feels he can solve any kind of transportation problem.



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ADAM

*On the third I was dust,
ordinary common dust
Like you see on a country road
in a dry spell,
nothing expected of me,
me expecting nothing either.*

*On the sixth day he comes along and blows.
"In my own image, too," he says,
like he was doing me a favor.*

*Sometimes I think if he'd
waited maybe a million years,
by then I'd been tired
maybe being dust;
but after only two, three days,
what can you expect?
I wasn't even used to being dust,
and he goes and makes me into Man.*

*He could see right away
from the expression on my face
I didn't like it,
so he's going to butter me up:
he puts me in the garden — only
I don't butter.*

*He brings me all the animals,
I should give them names —
what do I know of names?
"Call it something", he says,
"anything you want." So I make up names—
'lion' — 'tiger' — 'elephant' — 'giraffe'—
crazy, but that's what he wants.*

*I'm naming animals since 5 A. M.
In the evening I'm tired,
I go to bed early.
In the morning I wake up —
there she is, sitting by a pool of water,
admiring herself.*

*"Hello, Adam," she says, "I'm you're mate.
I'm Eve." "Pleased to meet you," I tell
her and we shake hands.*

*Actually I'm not so pleased;
from time immemorial nothing,
now rush, rush, rush!
two days ago I'm dust,
yesterday all day I'm naming animals,
today already I got a mate.*

Also I didn't like the way she looked at me,
or at herself in the water.
Well you know what happened.
I don't have to tell you.
There were all those fruit trees;
she took a bite, I took a bite,
the snake took a bite, and
quick as a flash —
out of the garden.

Now I'm not complaining;
after all, it's his garden;
he don't want nobody eating his apples,
that's his business.

What irritates me is the nerve of the guy.

I didn't ask him to make me even dust;
he could have left me nothing, like I was before;
and such a fuss for one lousy little apple,
not even ripe.

I didn't ask for a mate, I didn't ask for Cain,
for Abel, I didn't ask for nothing;
but anything goes wrong, who's to
blame?

Sodom, Gomorrah, Babel, Ararat;
me or my kids catch it.

... fire, flood, pillar of salt

"Be patient," Eve says, "a little understanding.
Look, he made it, it was his idea —
it breaks down, so he'll fix it."

But I told him one day, "You're in
too much of a hurry.

In six days you make everything there is —
You expect it to run smoothly?

Something's always going to happen.

If you'd thought first, conceived a plan,
consulted a specialist,
you wouldn't have so much trouble all the time.

But you can't tell him nothing.
He knows it all.

Like I say, he means well,
but he's a meddler and he's careless.
He could have made that woman so she would bite
no apple.
Like

All right, all right, so what's done is done.
But all the same,
he should have known better,
or at least he could have blown on other dust.

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"WHAT I LIKE ABOUT DARWIN IS THAT
HE TELLS IT LIKE IT IS."



I walked out of the classroom thinking about what Robless had said; "You won't find any discrimination in the Army. If you can do the job, you're accepted for what you're worth."

"He probably added the extra 's' on his name so that nobody would know he was Mexican," I thought.

"Hey Steve," yelled Mike, "what's the uniform for tomorrow?"

"Fatigues. I think we're going to run a mile, that's what's on the sheet they handed out."

"You going home?"

"I thought I'd get a sandwich in the SUB. Come on, I'll buy you a coke. Goddamn, I wish those checks would come in."

We started over the hill. "I like Robless, but that talk was uptight. 'No discrimination in the Army'— what about Rottenbag or whatever his name is, the P R that's the big Wallace man, and can you dig this, Gonzales, a Mexican, is chairman of the American Independent Party in El Paso and he's an M. S. four. Can't you see some poor black in his platoon, he'd be on the point everywhere they went?"

"That's one way of getting rid of those uppity niggers," I said.

"Screw you! Man, I sure don't want to run a mile tomorrow. That damn sulphur almost killed me last week."

I didn't want to run either. There were a bunch of those gung-ho sons-of-bitches who ran a mile every day just so they wouldn't breathe heavy when they finished

on Tuesday and could say things like, "Was that a mile?" I was dead after it and I couldn't take a shower so I smelled like an alligator's crotch for the rest of the day. Goddamn, I hated ROTC.

I had an electric clock and one of my roommates unplugged it for an hour and plugged it back in so I missed my first class. I got into my fatigues and shaved. It was about 90 degrees out and by the time I left the house my armpits looked like I'd slept with sponges under them.

Bob was going to drill too so he gave me a ride in his ancient Chevy. He was in his greens, they're solid wool, but it didn't bother him because he never bathed anyhow.

He was a four and he hated the Army. I don't know why he wouldn't quit ROTC, his mother was some New Mexico bigwig and could have got him out of the draft.

I guess he was in for the fifty a month, so was I. But that was no reason to go in after you graduated. If they were stupid enough to give you money for going to class that was their problem. Bob must have thought he owed them something, even though he was as much against the war as I was. Anyway he kept assuring me he would find some way out.

"Mike knew I had a class this morning and we have a drill together, why didn't he get me up? God damn, that pisses me off."

The parking lot behind the old stadium had lines painted on it where the companies were formed. Mine was at the farthest end of the lot, so I had to run in

front of the whole battalion. Everybody stared at me like I was naked and some sophomore, looking for a promotion, snapped me a salute. I didn't stop and that damn Wallace man was right there, "Lieutenant! Why didn't-you-salute-the-seargeant?" I think God could have heard him. "When an enlisted man salutes an officer the officer must return his salute! Didn't you read your 22-5?"

"Take it and shove it", you god damn creep, I said it under my breath but he must have heard it because he was turning the color of his scarf. I saluted him, turned



around, saluted the seargeant, and got the hell to my platoon.

Everybody was in greens except Mike and me. "Oh damn!" I didn't even notice, but there was Mike standing out like a black klansman and me with my head uncovered for every bird in the world to drop on.

"Didn't you know what the uniform of the day was? Did you girls call each other -- or maybe you didn't have a thing else to wear?" Our C. O. was a short little

bantam with a high voice who read too many war novels. "I specifically stated last week that there had been a change in the uniform because we were to practice for the federal inspection. Weren't you two here last week?" we weren't there last week. "You both can run a mile and next time get your uniforms straight. Bye now."

We took off and the other guys laughed.

Mike jogged slowly but his legs were as long as I was so I had to run like hell to keep up. He started



talking. "Right there on the damn sheet it says fatigues and PT, -- not greens, it's too hot for greens and the fedrals two months away anyhow. Why can't they run this ROTC like the Army? You put something in print in the real thing and it takes an act of Congress to change it."

"I'm getting out, if I have to put up with another year of this crap I'll go bananas. Did you see Wallace? The Colonel, the Major, and everybody but Lyndon himself are standing there just when he gets to feeling like Captain Courageous. I'd like to kick his god damn face in!"

"No sense making him look good."

We ran through this lot and choked on the dust. Mike began to sing, "Oh, I wanna be a Rotsee ranger. Airborne, Airborne, Kill, Kill, Kill, Up the hill, over the hill, Kill, Kill, Kill, Kill."

"You got natural rhythm, Mike, all you guys do."

We were almost finished and we began to walk because nobody could see us.

"Let's get drunk tonight, the checks came in."

"Bob's having a folksinging meeting at the house, there'll be plenty of booze."

"I don't like folksinging, not enough soul."

"You haven't heard Bob's 'Jailhouse Blues' it's about

the time he got thrown in jail with a black guy back in East Texas for stirring up some civil rights trouble."

"I'll listen if the beer is free."

There were about fifty people at the house and ten cases of Coors. Everybody there could either play the guitar or sing so I sat around and got drunk 'cause I can't even sing.

Bob had written a couple of new songs, one about food at ROTC summer camp and one about our vigil in the Plaza after King's assassination. They were both good and I kept wondering why he didn't sell his stuff. Everytime he played I wished I knew how. Even Mike was enjoying it.

When all the guests cleared I started to stack the beer cans on the mantelpiece. It sort of gave the place atmosphere.

Bob came over with a beer, "Heard about you and Mike in ROTC today," I kept stacking cans, "that must have been funnier than hell."

"Yeah, it was a regular good time, don't know whwen I've enjoyed myself more."

"I'm going in at the end of the semester," he said quickly.

"You're kidding of course."

"No, I'm going in June. I got my branch choice today."

"But you only got Junior hours. You don't have to go until you graduate. They can't make you go."

"I asked for it. I need the money. My mother cut me off when she heard about all the things I've been doing."

"I'll lend you some," I didn't have any "You can get a job, goddamnit. You don't have to go."

"I'm going infantry."

"Infantry! Are you kidding me? You're gonna get killed, you know that?"

"You don't have to go, you haven't even graduated."

Mike threw a can at the stack and it fell on Bob and me.

"Hell!"

I went to ROTC the next day expecting to catch it from Robless. Instead we talked about the war.

"I'd kill them all" it was Flagler the PR commander, "I'd never take a prisoner. If you capture one you've got to have a man take him back to camp and that's a man you need. I'd shoot him on the spot. That's what they do to us."

"Even if he was surrendering and didn't have a weapon?" Robless was asking.

"Maybe I wouldn't shoot him outright," said Flagler, "I'd send him to the rear of my platoon and he'd get shot attempting to escape." The class laughed.

Robless was saying something about the Geneva Conventions, while I was deciding to resign. Flagler was telling him that the North Vietnamese didn't abide by them.

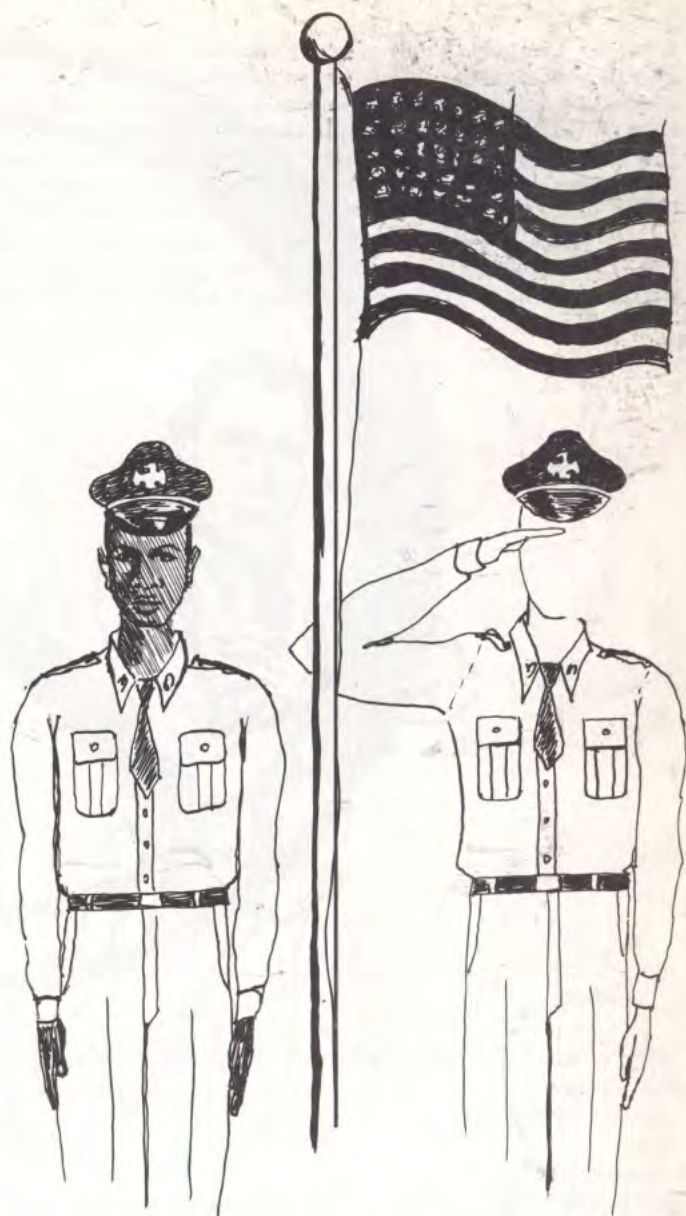
He stopped me after class and told me to come by his office for a few minutes.

"You and Mr. Hamilton really screwed up in drill yesterday, didn't you?"

"If you went to drill more you'd get these uni-for changes."

"Yes sir."

"Did you know that Mike refused to stop for the



National Anthem this morning? He was in uniform and he didn't stop or salute."

"Lot's of people don't stop."

"He was in uniform. He said it was because the flag didn't mean much to him because he was black."

"Captain Robless, doesn't it matter to you what happened there in class today?"

"Those guys just got a little excited, that's all."

"I would like to resign sir. I've throught about it, and I would like to resign."

"Have you thought about this," said Robless.

"Sir, I don't feel that I would make a very good officer. I don't think my heart would be in it."

"It's your decision to make. If you're really sure I'll see the Colonel about it."

"Yes sir, I'm sure."

I saw Mike later in the day. He told me about the morning incident and how he got called on the carpet, "I apologized and told the Colonel it wouldn't happen again. He told me to cut off my Afro and I told him I would. But they're not going to throw me out of the corps. I'm going to go ahead and get my commission anyhow."

J. EDGAR HOOVER BLUES

by Steve Peters

*Well my name it is J. Edgar Hoover
I'm hundred and thirty years old
And I'll stay at my desk
till the sun starts to melt
and the Statue of Liberty catches cold.*

*I'm defending my country from gangsters
and Hoodlums like Benjamin Spock
And pinko's and creeps
who live in the sewer
and spend all their time smoking pot.*

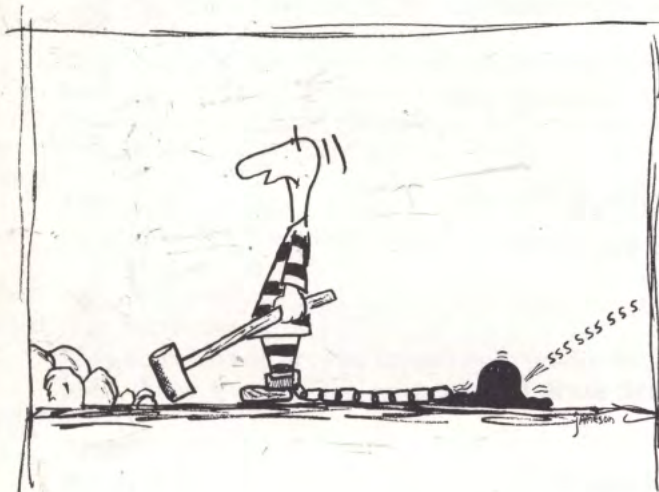
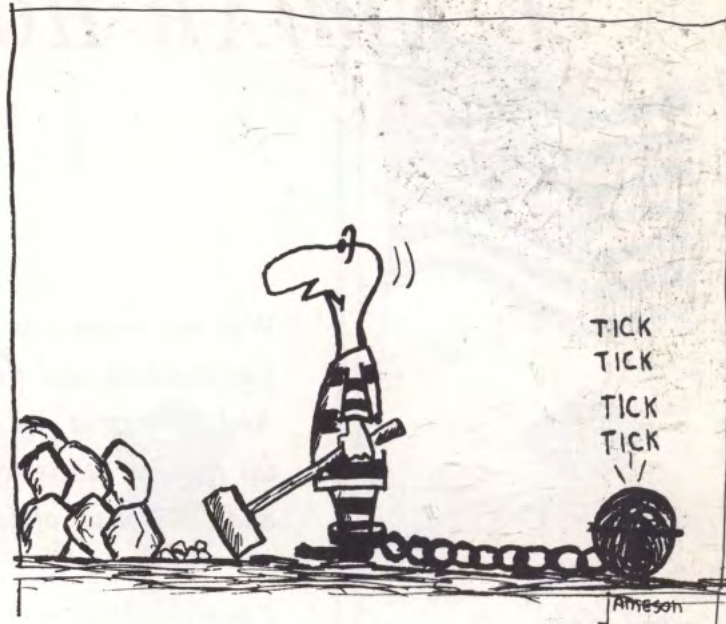
*I'm best friends with Lewis B. Hershey
Asbestos draft cards are the best
And I'm not even sure
who shot JFK
but you win some you lose some I guess.*

*Your data's all in my computer
I know what deodorant you use
and how many times
you've slept with your wife
and the size of your shirts and your shoes.*

*Well my name it is J. Edgar Hoover
I'm a hundred and thirty years old
and I'll stay at my desk
till the sun starts to melt
and the statue of liberty catches cold.*



"ITS SO COLD MY BALLS FROZE OFF."



WATCHING THE CIRCUS

by Steve Peters

The pavement glowed black in the shadow of the sun and the national joker ran through rows and rows of bowls of vanilla wafers that stared at the naked lightbulb incandescence and waited to be eaten.

American Copperbuttons is up 7% but the movement in the street is swelling too -- 73 more people discovered that they were being castrated and in token protest sent 7 pubic hairs apiece to the president of Macabre Razor Co.

The shopping center is out of order and the carney has come to town and I'm stuck here on this Ferris Wheel somewhere between the axle and a moral victory. I think I'll go write a protest song...

Across the alley in the warm room chessboard philosophers with guitars are winning moral victories for the American Negro. Saxophone players do Yoga headstands, naked dwarves climb titeropes, and Lyndon Johnson went to a cat house last week so now he's writing a book called The Making of a President. Oceans of schoolgirls are studying to be electric typewriters while dentists vaccuum their teeth and blind monks look on jealously.

And here I am across the alley trying to watch it all at once and this blindfolded cactus plant walks up and says if you could stack it all up in neat little piles well then you'd have law and order.

.....so like I said I'm trapped inside this Kaleidoscope trying to figure which one of the nine identicals will be here after I smash the mirror and whether to climb into your eye or let the pieces of colored glass keep falling on my head. The alternative is to climb inside myself and join the Easter Parade, but I mean come on can you picture me being ressurected?

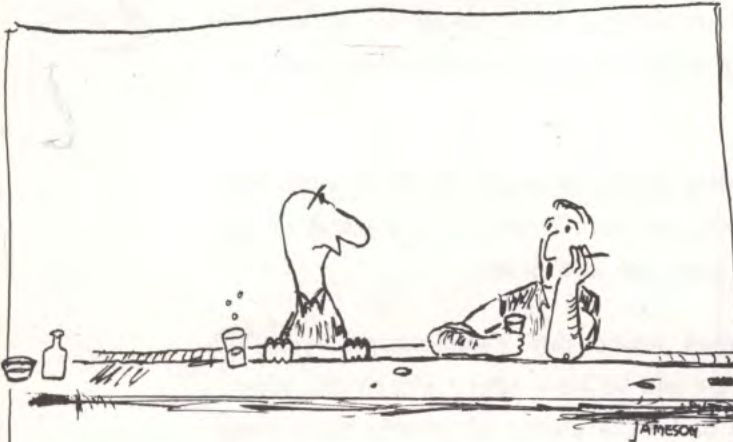
Aardvark



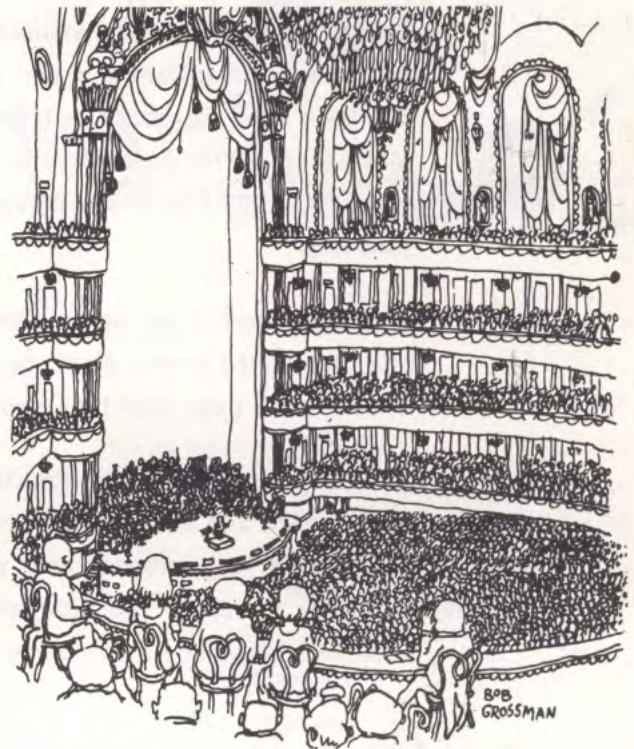
.... AND THE ROLLS WERE SCORCHED, THE STEAK WASN'T MEDIUM RARE, THE BAKED POTATO WASN'T DONE, THE APPLE PIE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH SUGAR, THE COFFEE WAS COLD, AND THAT CIGAR TASTED LIKE A ROPE.



"BITCH, BITCH, BITCH..."



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DIE LORELEI



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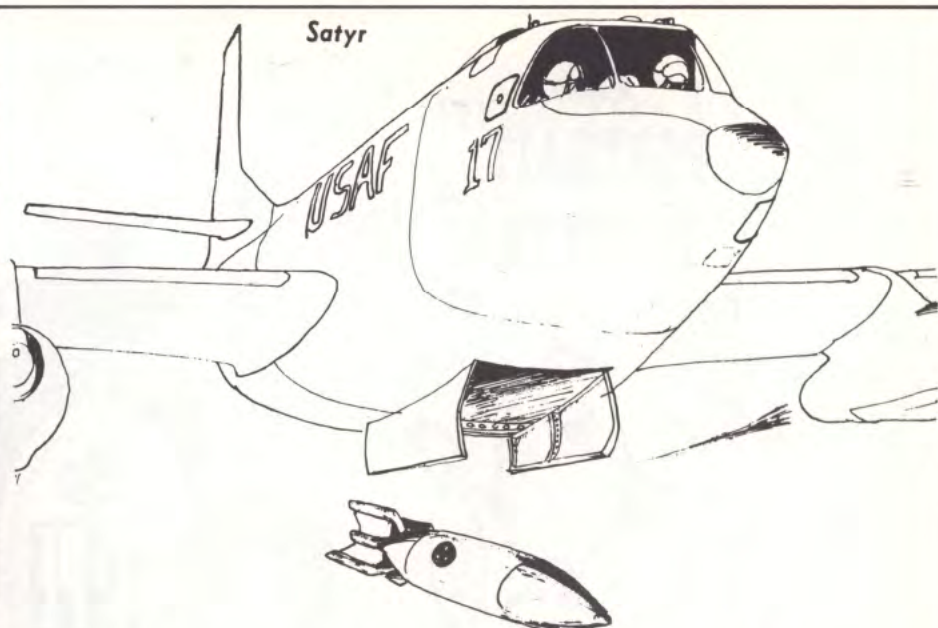
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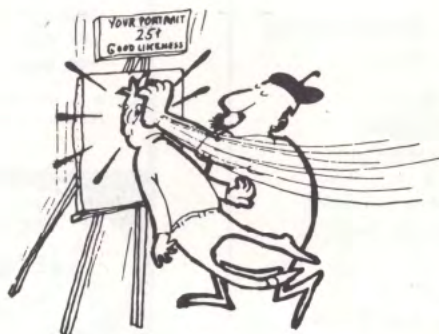


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