

10-1969

El Burro, October

UTEP Student Publications

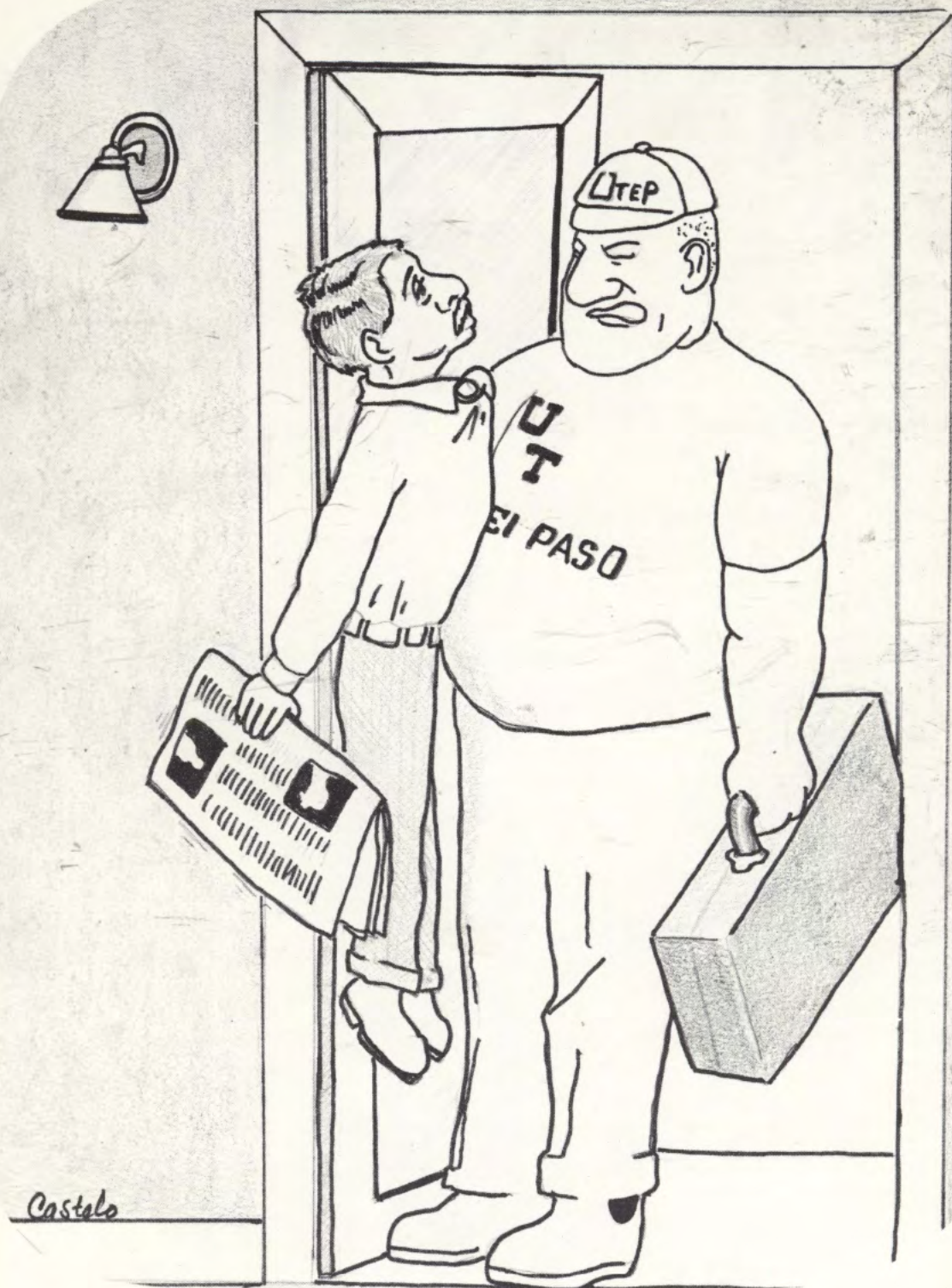
Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.utep.edu/elburro>

Recommended Citation

UTEP Student Publications, "El Burro, October" (1969). *El Burro*. 17.
<http://digitalcommons.utep.edu/elburro/17>

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





"You don't seem to understand. I said I was working my way through college and I INTEND to graduate."



El Burro

Volume 31

Number 1

October 1969

Editor's Comments

A monthly feature where editor Hayward Thompson explains to friend and foe alike, why he can't......2

Slanted Camera

Some old pictures viewed from a different angle......3

Prostitution on the Border - Some Unanswered Questions

Some unanswered questions about prostitution on the border......4

Dialogue With A Prostitute

*An article to appeal to your prurient interests. Read it closely, she actually says f**k.*.....8

Freshman Orientation

A fresh way to orient freshmen to Freshman Orientation......11

"How You Like My Seester, Eh Whitey?"

A misleading title designed to get you to read a misleading story by Phil Edwards......15

Before and After

A feature dripping with pertinent relevance on today's pressing problems. Before and after pictures of unknown singers......16

Anita Waller-Ney — EB's Girl of the Month

See Anita peer out from behind a bush......17

Stale, Warmed-over Jokes

Stagnant humor contributed by the parents of EB staffers......20

One Summer Later — President Joseph Smiley

Gripping, suspenseful article. With your mouth gaping, read as Dr. Smiley says, "I like it here.".....21

"They Took the Blue From the Sky"

Torn from the pages of editor Thompson's diary. A heart warming story about military terrorism......24

The Journal of Applied Endocrine Glands

The late Ed Flynn's last contribution to campus publications......28

PHOTO CREDITS: Smiley story, Hans Otto; "Prostitution on the Border...." "Freshmen Orientation," and Girl of the Month photos, Brian Kanof.

Hayward Thompson
Editor

Hector Castelo
Assistant Editor

Frank Macias
Business Manager

STAFF

Gordon Baldwin, Ricardo Concha, Jeffery
Dukatt, Ruth Low, George Sedares, Hans
Otto, Brian Kanof, Salvador Valdez.

When naming litigants for libel or defamation of character suits, the above named persons are the ones to lay it on. El Burro, Vol. 31, No. 1, is a variety magazine published seven times during the academic year (or six times, maybe five, hopefully four, etc.) by Student Publications of the University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso, Texas 79902. All letters, contributions, bomb threats and court orders should be addressed to: Editor, El Burro, Student Publications, U. T. El Paso, El Paso, Texas 79902.

Swing Over To ARBY'S After The Game



**GET THE TOWN'S DELICIOUSLY
DIFFERENT
ROAST BEEF SANDWICH
BUY AN ARBY'S TODAY**

PROOF IS IN THE EATING

4141 Mesa

El Paso, Texas

Editor's Comments

"Why is it, when there is so much good stuff around to write about, you guys put out a rag about whores?"

The *Burro* staff sat silently around the table at the Kern Place Tavern staring into their beers. Then the shoulders started shrugging. "Beats me," said one. "Who knows?" said another. "I just sell the ads," mumbled the ad manager, "Ask the editor."

All eyes turned in my direction. I pushed my chair back, slammed my beer to the table, stood up and glared defiantly at the man posing the question. "Why dish man crimb old Mount Waush-ever-It-Is?" I stammered, beer dripping from my chin. "Why dish man go to the shmoon? Why dosh a bear shim in the woosh? Jush because ish THERE!" I yelled.

"Hey, ya wanna hold it down over there," hol-lered Mary the barmaid.

"Looks like he don't know either," said the As-sistant Editor.

Actually, in moments of unaccustomed sobriety, I do know. Someone suggested a while back that we interview a Juarez prostitute and it sounded like a novel idea, so we did it. After we obtained the interview it looked a little naked all by itself so we enlisted the aid of a sociologist and obtained the article "Prostitution on the Border — Some Un-answered questions." Fortunately, the questions posed in the essay are answered in the interview.

Following the interview is "Freshman Ori-entation," probably the roughest article in this other-wise "tame" magazine. I hope and pray that the article offends someone. If I ever get married and have children and my kids find out that their dad was editor of a college magazine that was totally unoffensive, I'll forever hang my head in shame.

Last year, UCLA's magazine was named after a certain organ on the male body. The editor claimed that it was "Mightier Than the Sword." He was fired, however, which brought to him a certain amount of prestige among his peers. To this day, I still find myself a little awe-struck whenever I'm in the presense of Richard Schreiberstein, former *Burro* editor, who was fired a couple of years ago after one issue. So please be offended so I can awe-stuck somebody.

As for those El Paso businessmen who refused to advertise in *El Burro* because it was a "Commie, pinko rag," let me assure you that this year the magazine will be politically lethargic. Neither I nor my staff have any sense of politics. I asked the people working on the magazine what a "conser-vative" was and they all agreed: a conservative is someone who protects forests like Smokey the Bear.





"He screamed, 'A real UTEP engineer needs no introduction!' then he grabbed me, Momma and..."



"Yes, I heard the Pope's decree about not having to eat fish on Friday, but I still intend to do it."

SLANTED



"Now lemme get this straight; you got the spermatozoon here, and then the ovary there, but then how..."

CAMERA



"Hi Dr. McAnulty, how about a nickel's worth of those chocolate-covered almonds."

Prostitution On The Border:



The following article was contributed to El Burro by a member of a team of social scientists studying the U. S.-Mexican border. The writer asks that his name be withheld pending final publication of the research upon which this article is based.— EDITOR.

A THOROUGH and systematic study of prostitution on the U. S.-Mexican Border is yet to be published. No one will deny that it is there to be studied, of course. U. S. servicemen, as well as civilian males, strolling the sidewalks of Ciudad Juarez will testify to the frequency and urgency with which various hustlers invited them to step into one or another bar in the *zona*. Mexican workingmen, too, can identify another several-block section west and north of the *zona* catering to similar interests for a predominantly Mexican clientele. This is not to say that Juarez is unique among Mexican border cities; but its size and the volume of military and tourist visitors tend to make its "zones" a little more conspicuous.

To the economist and sociologist it comes as no great surprise that Juarez, along with other cities on the border, displays this particular feature. High unemployment rates characterize the northern border states, and particularly their larger cities. The cities are simply focal points of a tremendous population growth which the area has experienced. From 1950 to 1960, Mexico as a whole experienced a 34% increase in total population. But its northern border cities and towns grew by 83%; in fact, its four most prominent cities - Tijuana, Mexicali, Reynosa, and Ciudad Juarez - grew by a whopping 127%. The

frontier has become a population magnet. One attraction is the prospect — though too few realize it — of a higher income. The average per person income for all of Mexico in 1960 was 3,500 *pesos*; on the northern frontier the figure was more than double this amount: 8,208 *pesos* per person. Little wonder, then, that one social scientist refers to northern Mexico as "probably the fastest growing region of its size in the world today."

Prostitution readily develops, of course, in a situation of high unemployment, rapid population expansion and in the case of Juarez, a large (and from a Mexican's viewpoint, wealthy) male population — the American military — directly across the border. Servicemen with a pass have money to spend - at times, a considerable amount. So do tourists and significant numbers of civilian males (by no means excluding college students). A basic law of supply and demand: as long as prostitutes enjoy the possibility of an income considerably larger than that of the average salesgirl, and providing the client population continues at its present level or increases, there is every reason to believe prostitution will continue in Ciudad Juarez.

The social scientist is interested not in the growth rate alone nor in a simple descriptive study of prostitution. Prostitution operates in Juarez and some other border



Unanswered Questions

cities as part of a social and economic system. The functioning of this system within a context of political and law enforcement officials, health inspectors, taxicab drivers, bar owners and bartenders, as well as a considerable range of clients, both Mexican and foreign, besides the girls themselves, is of interest for the social and/or psychological researcher. The prospect of such a "system study" is all the more fascinating in view of the illegality of prostitution according to the Mexican Constitution.

To begin to understand border prostitution, there are a number of important questions a social researcher might ask concerning the functioning of prostitution in a city like Ciudad Juárez. Information, where presented, is derived from conversation with residents of the El Paso-Juárez area and is admittedly impressionistic. Systematic research must seek data far beyond the meager scraps of information given here and attempt to understand the interconnected facets of the whole functioning system. But good research begins with good questions. What might they be?

Almost all prostitution in Juárez is conducted from bars. Few, if any, brothels exist. Exactly how many such bars operate in both the "American" and "Mexican" zones is, of course, a basic question to be researched. Some es-

timates range as high as 50 in each section, but this is only a guess. There are, to be sure, controls upon prostitution. Juárez' *Departamento de Sanidad* supervises the registration and health inspection of the city's prostitutes. Registration is in the hands of the "social police," a special detachment charged with making sure women plying their trade are properly registered as well as apprehending those attempting to evade registration. Statistics here are difficult to obtain. One informal estimate lists between 1000 and 1500 registered prostitutes, but this figure may well be exaggerated. Data on the *clandestinas* or illegally operating prostitutes are practically impossible to come by.

Registered prostitutes are required to attend the *Departamento de Sanidad* once a week for a health inspection. Those discovered with any infection are given appropriate treatment and prohibited from working until their ailments are cleared up. Prevalence of venereal disease varies periodically, but Mexican authorities, working closely with public health officials both in El Paso and Fort Bliss, make every effort to control its spread. Each bar, too, has an official inspector who checks clients for possible infection.

The typical prostitute in Juárez is the *Fichera*. As the customer sits down at the bar or a table, the girl opens

the conversation and awaits an offer to buy her a drink. For every drink the customer purchases while he is with her, she receives a *ficha*, or receipt, from the bar entitling her to a certain percentage or "kickback" on each drink. Fees for intercourse vary considerably. Again, one estimate states from \$5.00 (American dollars) to \$15.00 in certain bars of the "American zone" to \$3.00 or less in bars catering mainly to Mexican citizens. Questions remaining to be answered include how much the prostitute is required to pay to the *Departamento de Sanidad* as a fee for their inspection service and how much, if any, is siphoned off to the police and other officials either "legitimately" or through bribery.

There is probably a good deal of variation in arrangements made by prostitutes with the bars in which they work. Some are obviously attached to the bar as "regulars," but are there other and less formalized ties? Do some actually live and work on the bar's premises? Do others simply work on the premises but live elsewhere? Do some prostitutes "free-lance," going to different bars in search of customers and relying on an apartment, motel or hotel room for conducting their business? Do some, perhaps the *clandestinas*, ply their trade strictly as streetwalkers with no attachment to any bar? How do *clandestinas* avoid arrest by the police?

Viewing the system from a different angle: do the bars differ by type of client catered to? Doubtless there are bars catering to different income strata, but does race or ethnic origin play a role as well? Are there, for example, special bars designed to attract only Negro customers, and if so, on what basis are girls recruited for them? This last question raises the issue of possible discriminatory attitudes on the part of the prostitutes themselves. Do some prostitutes draw the color line when it comes to dealing with certain potential clients?

The question of recruitment of prostitutes would interest the sociologist. Though one occasionally hears the remark (generally from patriotic Mexican citizens) that the girls are drifters from other Latin American countries; is there really evidence to support this assertion? Another issue is organized recruitment on a large scale, reminiscent of "white slavery." Although impressions vary somewhat, it appears that there is little active recruitment. Bars seem to rely on the continually high rate of migration to the border cities, as well as the persistently high rate of unemployment and relatively high wages of prostitutes to attract girls into the profession.

The question of prostitutes' net earnings is problematic, for aside from individual variations in cuts on the part of the bar, there is simply the "unknown factor" of required fees paid to various officials, as suggested above. In some bars in the "American zone," however, girls have been reported to net as much as \$80 to \$100 per week. When one remembers that the Mexican federal minimum wage is approximately \$18.00 a week for females and that Juarez businesses, operating in a context of high



unemployment, are rarely pressured to pay more, perhaps the key question is why there are not more prostitutes operating in the city. Many prostitutes earn less than \$80 a week and research would undoubtedly show many who are barely making it financially. Making a go of it might be especially difficult, as in the case of a girl who had to maintain two rooms: one as a residence and one for conducting business.

Personal background characteristics of the girls open up a wide field for both psychological and sociological research. What are the prostitutes' age ranges? Are *clandestinas* apt to be younger than the registered prostitutes? More basically, is there an official or unofficial minimum age for registered prostitutes? How about marital status? Though the public tends to think of prostitutes as single women, research in other countries, particularly those labeled "underdeveloped," reveals a surprising number of married women among them. Whom do they marry? Do any considerable number marry Americans; if so, servicemen? civilians? How many have children they are supporting through their work? Were the children conceived before or after they entered prostitution? What means, if any, are used to avoid pregnancy? Do prostitutes come from rural areas, small towns, or other large cities?

What motivational patterns appear in their first entry into prostitution? Prostitutes are notoriously difficult to interview successfully; they are not accustomed to giving "straight answers" to strangers and cultivate a profes-



The typical prostitute in Juarez is the Fichera. As the customer sits down at the bar or table, the girl opens the conversation and awaits an offer to buy her a drink. For every drink the customer buys while he is with her, she receives a receipt from the bar entitling her to a kickback.



sional wariness in statements about themselves. What kinds of ties do they maintain to their families of origin? Is there a considerable amount of escape from prostitution, particularly among the younger girls? What efforts do they make to disguise or dissemble about their background? How do they rationalize their status vis-a-vis their religious background, particularly in view of the Catholicism professed by the vast majority of Mexicans? What happens to prostitutes when they are "over the hill" in age, or crippled by disease or accident? What kinds of work do they seek under these circumstances? Under psychological testing, do prostitutes reveal any notable patterns of maladjustment or mental instability; and what connections are there between such patterns and their entrance into prostitution?

Most studies of prostitution show a considerable range of intimacy in relationships with clients. With most, of course, the relationship endures only as long as it takes to satisfy a customer. It is not at all unusual, however, for a prostitute to have a fairly steady boy friend whom she sees on weekends or lives with on a more regular basis. Under this arrangement she may well be the principle or sole breadwinner, in effect, supporting her lover entirely. Do Juarez prostitutes experience such relationships, and if so, with whom? Are American citizens sometimes - or frequently - involved?

Finally, a thorough study would explore the possibility of exploitation of the prostitute by bar owners, police,

clients, and others. To what extent do persons filling these roles pressure her to remain in prostitution against her desires? She is, of course, quite vulnerable to exploitation, particularly if she attempts to "go straight" and conceal her background from a prospective employer. Exploitation makes escape from prostitution that much more difficult. It is well known, for example, that registration as a prostitute in Juarez disqualifies a woman from applying for a permanent visa to reside in the United States. Thus, one avenue of upward mobility cherished by many poorer Mexican citizens on the border is closed to the prostitute.

This brief sketch makes no mention of possible help - in the form of counselling, job training, employment references, etc. - rendered by Mexican public agencies and officials to the prostitute. Are there social workers who can aid a woman in "making the break" from prostitution? Again, this constitutes another aspect of the system to be investigated: possible "escape hatches" open to the woman desiring to leave her profession.

The social scientist, then, must look to the entire social, economic, and political matrix in which prostitution flourishes. It is not an isolated institution. The connections are there. However, they are frequently hard to uncover; and cooperation from the parties involved may be reluctant, if given at all. Yet it is only in this total context approach that a stubbornly persistent institution such as prostitution is rendered intelligible to the student of human behavior.



DIALOGUE WITH A PROSTITUTE

PROSTITUTION is one of the world's oldest professions. It is condemned and cursed by some and called a necessary evil by others. Whichever, it is still with us and likely will be for a long time to come.

Realizing this, the Burro looks south this month to Juarez and seeks to present, not the reasons behind Juarez prostitution, but simply the attitudes of a prostitute toward her profession.

One would think that obtaining an interview of this nature would be simple, especially with over 1,000 prostitutes registered in Juarez. It was not! With all those "Ladies of the Night" to choose from, in a town where "night" lasts 24 hours a day, find-

ing a girl to simply talk was surprisingly difficult. The girls' reactions to our questions generally ranged from silence to "my life is too dull to talk about." One girl thought that the questions asked by the interviewer were part of a "sex game" played as a necessary emotional stimulant prior to going to "the room."

The girl we finally settled on is a 22-year-old 'pro' of four years named Blanca from Durango, Mexico, which is quite surprising. Anyone at all familiar with Juarez prostitutes knows that 99% of them are named Maria and they're all from Mexico City.

Blanca works at the T . . . Club, she says she enjoys her work, and charges \$5.00 for ap-

proximately 30 minutes of her time. Blanca spoke passable English and her responses, as printed below, have only been altered to correct a verb tense, or add an "and" or "but," etc., where needed to make her answers more readable. It should also be noted that the BURRO staff approached this interview from a "female" angle. Before we left for the interview, we asked a group of U. T. El Paso coeds to write down for us just exactly what they would ask a prostitute were they given the opportunity to talk with one. So, in a sense, this interview can be looked upon as a dialogue between two women, one 'straight' and the other, well . . . , you judge.

BURRO: Why did you decide to become a prostitute? Were you forced into it or is your profession your choice?

BLANCA: No, I was not forced. I needed the money and this was the only way I could get enough.

BURRO: Does your family in Durango know? If so, what do they think about what you do?

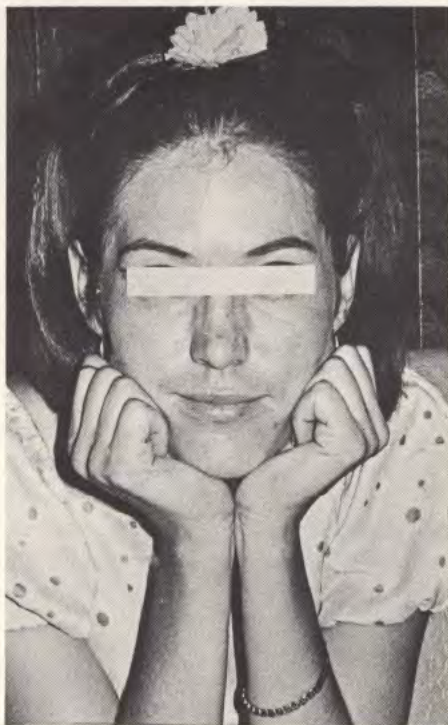
BLANCA: Yes, they know. What do you expect them to think?

BURRO: How old were you, Blanca, when you had your first sexual experience? Were you sexually experienced before coming to Juarez?

BLANCA: I was not a virgin when I came here.

BURRO: Do you have any boyfriends - any "legitimate" lovers?

BLANCA: No.



"(My) baby has blond hair, but I don't remember exactly who the father is."

BURRO: On the average, who are your customers and what are they like?

BLANCA: Mostly soldiers, sometimes old men, but mostly soldiers. Mostly the soldiers are the same; they come here for a girl but don't like to buy her drinks. They're cheap. The old men are not so cheap though. They buy drinks and like to talk. Some are funny because they think they are Casanovas, but they are not.

BURRO: Have you ever met any real "lovers" here?

BLANCA: (This question caused Blanca to laugh. Her laughter, we correctly interpreted, meant NO!)

BURRO: Have you ever been attracted to a customer enough to give yourself to him for nothing?

BLANCA: No! No! I have to pay three dollars for the room every time!

WE REGRET HAVING TO PLACE THE WHITE STRIP ACROSS BLANCA'S EYES, HOWEVER, IT WAS NECESSARY FOR HER SAKE. SHE STATED THAT SHE WILL TRY TO LEAVE PROSTITUTION IN THE NEAR FUTURE AND SEEK EMPLOYMENT IN EL PASO. IF SHE WERE TO BE RECOGNIZED AS A PROSTITUTE, SHE WOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO CROSS THE BORDER.



"Sometimes one or two, sometimes five or six. Maybe more when the soldiers are paid."

BURRO: Blanca, do you feel that it is wrong or immoral to be a prostitute?

BLANCA: No! What should I do? Eat cockroaches? What would you do? How do you know it is wrong?

BURRO: We did not say that it was wrong. We asked you if you thought that it was wrong. You are wearing a crucifix around your neck. Are you a religious person?

BLANCA: I go to church.

BURRO: Do you feel that you are doing wrong in the eyes of the Catholic Church?

BLANCA: I told you, what should I do — starve?

BURRO: Blanca, is there an average number of men you sleep with on an average night?

BLANCA: No. Sometimes one or two, sometimes five or six. Maybe more, when the soldiers are paid.

BURRO: Do many college students come here?

BLANCA: No. Some maybe, but mostly soldiers.

BURRO: Do you ever receive any fulfillment from your sex relations with your customers? Do you ever experience an orgasm, a climax?

BLANCA: No.

BURRO: Blanca, what about the men who come here, do you ever wonder why they come to these places?

BLANCA: I don't care. I know why they come here, they want to f**k a girl.

BURRO: Have you ever refused to go with a customer because you felt that he was too repulsive or too dirty?

BLANCA: No, I have not, but I could if I wanted to. I can always wash.

BURRO: What about birth control - what precautions do you take to prevent pregnancy? Do you use pills?

BLANCA: No, I have never seen the pills. I just wash myself afterwards very quickly.

BURRO: Do you have any children?

BLANCA: A little boy, 2 years old.

BURRO: Where is he?

BLANCA: She keeps him. (Blanca pointed to the "nurse" standing in the hall.)

BURRO: Do you know who his father is?

BLANCA: His father is American, maybe German - Germans used to come here. The baby has blond hair, but I don't remember exactly who the father is.

BURRO: We have heard that some of the girls over here are almost slaves,

and that they are virtually owned by the bar owners. Is this true?


BURRO: No. The girls here are not slaves. Some owe money sometimes to the bar owners and they work to pay it back, but they are not slaves.

BURRO: What about your future, Blanca - say twenty or thirty years from now - have you ever thought about what you would be doing then and how you would live?

BLANCA: No, I have not and it would be stupid to think about twenty or thirty years from now.

... Blanca became less and less talkative after the last question and the interview ended. Before we left for Juarez, a girl in the Burro office scolded us and said we shouldn't go. "After all, they are people too," she said, "they have feelings."

Of course, prostitutes are people and they do have feelings. Blanca was cheerful and talkative when we first approached her, but after the questions, she was sullen, angry, and obviously depressed. We bought her a drink and paid her five dollars for her time and then left.

 — Editor

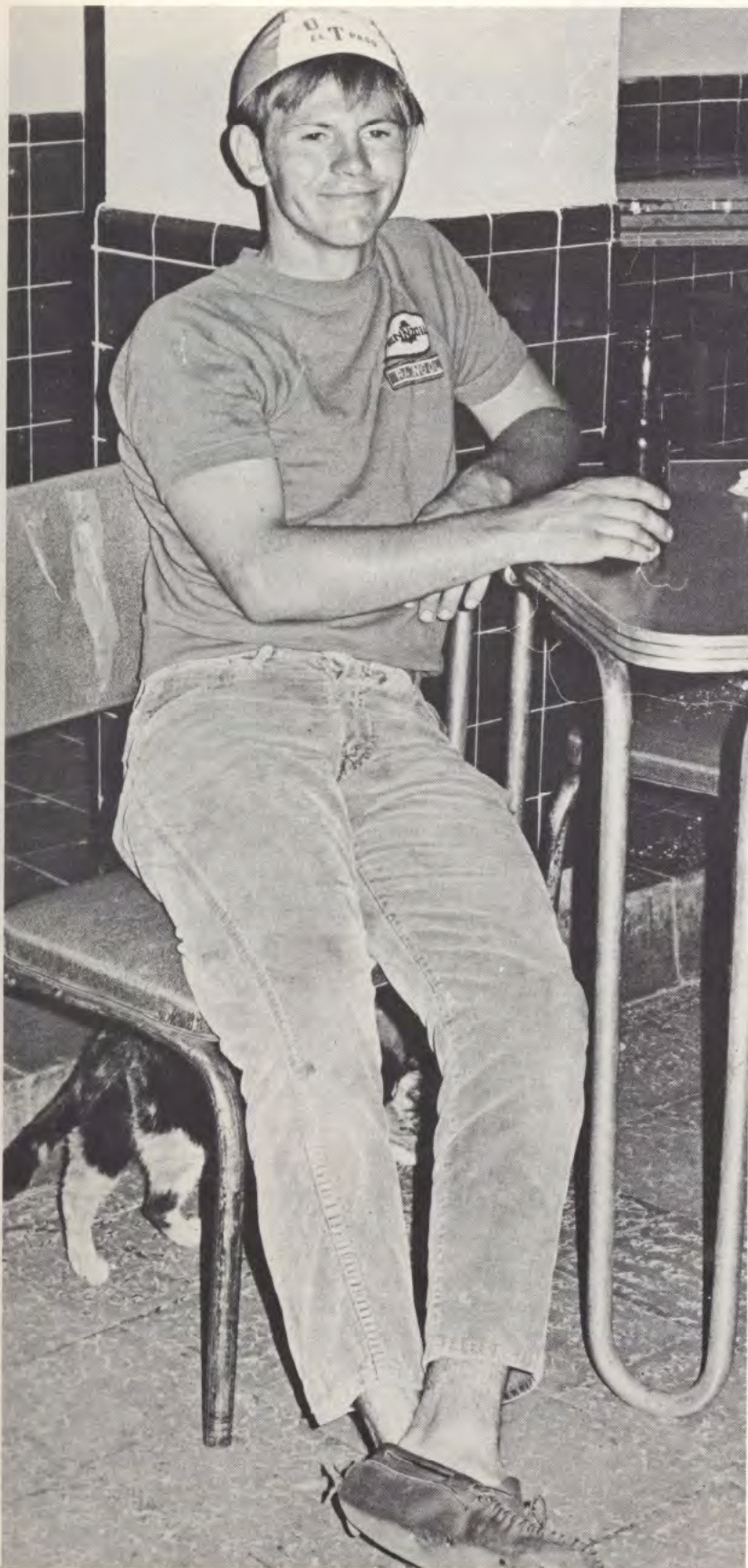


"I know why they come here; they want to f**k a girl!"



Remember, I'm only a freshman!

Freshman Orientation



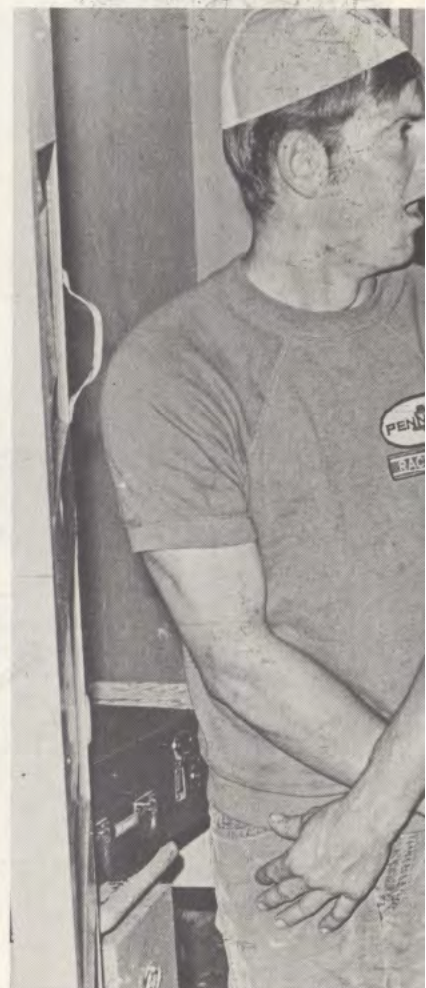
FRIGHTENED, unsure, and a little wary, a new crop of stupid freshman stumble on campus. Unable to comprehend their new environment and ill-equipped to cope with it even if they could, they trip over themselves rushing to Freshman Orientation where they hope to discover what higher education is all about. When they get there, they find assorted Deans and Vice-Presidents and various student leaders delivering lectures that do nothing but muddle their little minds and, worse, much worse, they find themselves buried under tons of pamphlets and poop-sheets explaining the value of education, etc., in philosophical platitudes.

School administrators should realize, but apparently don't, that freshmen are noted for only one thing: the vast void between their ears. While the Frosh are able to give lip service to the ringing phrases that they read in the orientation pamphlets, they are unable to understand the meanings behind them. How, for example, can a freshman-even an above average freshman-hope to understand the message behind the statement: "It is our opinion that if a student considers his education to consist only of what he learns in the classroom, he is highly mistaken." The only thing that a Frosh will get from that is that his classes will be conducted outside on the lawn somewhere.

While the **Burro** staff generally considers Freshmen to be of no more value than a fart in the wind, we do, nevertheless, sympathize with their problem. Therefore, we are going to revert back to the elementary word-picture association method of education and attempt to show the Freshmen just exactly what all those lofty statements in the Orientation booklets mean.

So turn the page, Frosh -- and pay attention!





"It is our earnest hope that you will avail yourself to the greatest degree possible, of the many opportunities provided you."— Dean Jimmy Walker



"We feel that one of the best experiences this university can give you is the opportunity to interact with people of differing view points."— Ron McCluskey, former S.A. President.

"Beyond courses, semester hours, and grades, a university provides a wealth of opportunities for learning and personal development. There are actually two curricula - the formal is structured, standardized and graded. The informal is, more excitingly, unstructured, greatly varied, and dependent on students for its initiation, support, and evaluation."— Dean Jimmy Walker.



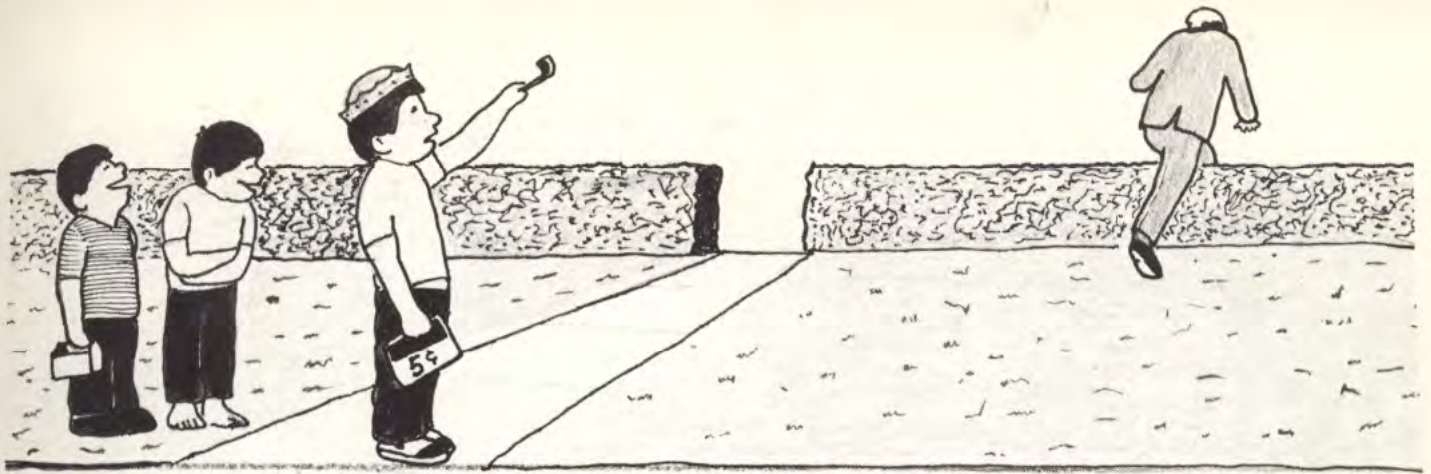
"By the nature of the educational process, you yourself will decide how you will be served. If you want to get the most out of your year here, you will extend yourself to the fullest."— former President Joseph M. Ray.



"It is our opinion that if a student considers his education to consist only of what he learns in the classroom, he is highly mistaken.— Ron McCluskey, former S.A. President.



"We of the Student Association feel that this year will be one of continued expansion."— Ron McCluskey, former S. A. President.



"How you like my seester ... eh, Whitey?"

By Phil Edwards

PROFESSOR Mathews will be 60 next week and he plans to retire. He has taught English at the University for almost 25 years now and he feels that is enough. He's a big man and at first glance one might think that he was a construction foreman. His appearance provides an effective cover for his gentle nature. But still, in these past few years, a touch of grey has appeared and tints the hair around his temples, giving the professor an air of distinction; and if anyone deserves an "air of distinction," it's old Professor Mathews.

As often happens, when age creeps on gentle men, periods of reflection and idle thought become common and important; and for Professor Mathews these moments have become cherished. Each day, after his late afternoon class, he strolls the few blocks from the campus to the downtown plaza and his favorite bench and sits idly puffing his pipe.

And today is like all those other days. At four-thirty exactly he enters the bustling park and sets himself on "his" bench. He lights his pipe and draws the smoke thoughtfully as he watches the crowds cram and fight their way into the buses that surround the park. He fails to notice the approach of a young boy.

"Shine meester?" interrupts a voice.

Professor Mathews turns his head

to the direction of a small Mexican boy holding a makeshift shoe shine box. "No, thank you son," he says, "not today."

"Aw, come on meester, your shoes are dirty," the boy answers.

"Not today," says the professor, shaking his head, "some other time maybe."

"Only five cents meester," pleads the boy, "a good shine for only five cents!"

The professor is becoming annoyed by the boy's winning insistence, "I said NO!"

The Mexican boy stood staring at the professor for almost a minute, then his eyes grew large and he said, "Hey, you're Whitey, aren't you. Yeh, you are Whitey!!"

"What?" says the professor, surprised.

"You were with my seester last night, weren't you Whitey?" says the boy. "How you like my seester, eh Whitey?" An evil grin crosses the boy's face.

"I think that you had better leave right now young man," says Professor Mathews with frustrated dignity.

Paying no attention to the man's words, the boy hollers to a group of his friends, "Hey Chico, Raul, come here. I foun' Whitey!"

Four boys who were standing by

the fountain come running as they hear their companion's voice.

"Is thees Whitey?" one of them says as he runs up, pointing to Professor Mathews. "Hey, Whitey," he yells without waiting for an answer, "you like his seester, eh Whitey?"

The other boys join in, taunting and laughing as they circle around the professor's bench. Passers-by begin to stop and take notice. Some are shocked, others passive.

"What are you little devils doing?" utters the professor, looking about at the faces on the on-lookers as if expecting an answer from them. "Stop it," he demands, "stop it!" But the boys don't stop. They continue to scream and taunt and laugh at Professor Mathews.

The professor gets up from the bench and starts to back away from the boys, "Stop it, damn you, stop it!" he cries.

"Hey Whitey, what's the matter, Whitey?" yells one of the boys.

The professor begins to quicken his pace, then turns around and starts to run. He trips over a small bush then gets up and runs even faster.

The boys are almost hysterical as they watch the professor run across the street against the light, nearly being hit by a bus. "Hey, Whitey," one of them yells, "you forgot your pipe."



Before . . .

So you think you know your rock stars, do you? You can spot 'em anywhere, can you? Well, try this. Pictured below are twelve current or very recent rock stars. If you can name even half of them (or their groups) you deserve some sort of a prize, but don't really expect one. These are all "Before" shots, taken while they were all still Super Straights. To find out who they are and see their "After" pictures, turn to page 30.



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



11



12



Anita Waller-Ney

Although she insists that European men are "more serious, liberal, and cultured," 19-year-old freshman Education major Anita Waller-Ney still prefers American men because "they're my style--we have more in common." Anita should know; a world traveler, she lived in Germany for 10 years and speaks German fluently.

A professional model at Mannequin Manor, Anita loves music and can go from Bach to the Beatles depending on her mood. However, "country and western music," she adds sternly, "is definitely out."

Astrology is her "bag," and while she claims that she doesn't base her every move on what the stars say, she still checks them daily. "I like to know the birth signs of people I meet," she says, "I feel that I know them better that way and it helps me understand why I can or can't get along with them."

Anita, born under the sign of Leo, may coincide easily with a Gemini or Libra. Anyone contemplating a possible get-together with this little lion would do well to forget lonely lake-side strolls in favor of crowded night spots; for this Leo is not one to hide her talents, wit, and charms under a bush.



Photos by Brian Kanof

If you want to get on her good side, just tell her that you love black cats. "I have a passion for black cats," she says. "They're fuzzy and like you because you're you. They're not like dogs, who like you just because you feed them."

Anita is an only child and admits to being a little spoiled. "There was no one to love or hate," she says, "so when I finally do get married, I plan to have lots of kids."

Early marriages are definitely out. "A person has to be single before she can get married," she says. "Once out of college, you should give yourself a couple of years and then, if you're ready, go ahead."





IF IT'S FUNNY ENOUGH TO TELL, ITS BEEN TOLD; IF IT HASN'T BEEN TOLD, IT'S TOO CLEAN; AND IF IT'S NEW AND GOOD ENOUGH TO TELL, WE'D GET FIRED IF WE DID, SO SETTLE BACK AND ENJOY EL BURRO'S

STALE, WARMED-OVER JOKES

FRESHMAN: I'll have mine medium rare, please.

SOPHOMORE: I'll have mine thick and very rare, please.

JUNIOR: Make mine twice as thick... with the blood running out.

SENIOR: Hell, chase the sumbitch through here and I'll bite him on the run.

★

"My boy doesn't smoke drink or swear."

"Does he make his own dresses, too?"

★

A sightseeing bus was touring Juarez. "We have just passed Cherry Hill," said the driver, "the best cathouse in Juarez." Said an old gentleman behind the driver, "Why?"

★

"Oh dear, I've missed you so much," said the woman to her husband; so she raised her revolver and fired again.

★

Two vivacious, sexually alluring women were standing in front of a hotel. "Call us a cab," said one lass to the leering doorman.

"OK, you're both a cab," said the witty fellow.

★

ROTC Sergeant: "Does your uniform fit satisfactorily?"

Frosh: "Well, the jacket is okay, Sir, but the pants are a little snug under the armpits."

★

Then there was the hen who wanted her coop placed in the middle of the highway so she could lay them on the line.

★

Death is Nature's way of telling you to slow down.

★

"Say Fred, how'd you get that scar across the bridge of your nose?"

"From glasses."

"Why don't you get contact lenses?"

"They don't hold enough beer."

A UTEP engineer walked into the Lost and Found Division of the El Paso Police Department hoping to find some information about his lost camel. "Can you describe him?" asked the officer.

"Oh, he's got short brown hair and a couple a humps," said the student.

"I'll need more info than that," said the cop, "is there anything especially peculiar about him?"

"Well, let's see," said the student, "yes, as a matter of fact, he's got a stupid asshole."

"WHAT? How does a camel have a stupid asshole," said the cop.

"Well, everytime I ride my camel to town, people point at it and say 'Hey, lookit the stupid asshole on that camel!'"

Famous Quotes: "This is the best country in the nation."— Spiro T. Agnew

★

The young father was explaining that he has found a surefire way to put the baby to sleep, "I just toss it up in the air again and again."

"How does that put it to sleep?"

"We have low ceilings."

★

After examining the new patient, the doctor announced, "Mrs. Brown, I have some good news for you."

"It's not Mrs. Brown," the woman corrected, "It's Miss Brown."

"Indeed," said the doctor, "Miss Brown, I have some bad news for you."

★

Let he who is without a rock cast the first stone.



"Ronny dumplin', why don't you bring a few of your 'New Left' friends over for some milk and cookies?"

One Summer Later - President Joseph Smiley



by Hector Castelo

"A diploma is viewed by many as a sign of endurance. However, let us not forget that it is also a sign of some academic achievement." With this somewhat prosaic bon mot delivered to May graduates, Dr. Joseph Royall Smiley started his tenure as President of the University of Texas at El Paso.

Being at the helm of the University, however, is not a first time experience for Dr. Smiley. He previously served as President of this school as Texas Western College. The now University's countenance, however, is not the same as that last seen by the soft-spoken Prexy.

It has undergone a face lift as well as a name-change and like a sailor returning to one of his many ports to find his girl's beauty improving with age, Dr. Smiley, too, is favorably impressed with U. T. El Paso's new visage. Unlike a sailor, however, the 59-year-old President views the doubling number of children since his last stay with happy bespectacled eyes.

Before returning to El Paso, Dr. Smiley was President of the University of Colorado. Comparing U. T. El Paso with his previous school, Dr. Smiley points out the two major differences as size and scope. "University of Colorado has over 30,000 students and offers schools in law, medicine, pharmacy and nursing." U. T. El Paso has an enrollment roughly one-third that size and offers none of the above-mentioned schools.

With this in mind, there are those who consider his transition a step-down. He disagrees, explaining that both he and his wife enjoy living in El Paso and the offer proffered him was an "extremely attractive one."

During the past several years, the University has grown, both academically as well as physically. President Smiley expects to see this growth continue: "The next building to be erected on campus is one for the Fine Arts. The edifice is to be located beyond and in back of Magoffin Auditorium."



Academically, the University departments are now talking and planning information in the direction of proposing Ph.D.'s. To make this a realization, however, Dr. Smiley pointed out that three essentials must be kept in mind. The first is the faculty strength, the second is the library and the third is the supply and demand. This latter essential involves convincing a coordinating board that there is a sufficient supply of students for such a program here, and that the area has a demand for such doctors. As to whether the University now qualifies in all areas, Dr. Smiley does not know, not having had time yet to assess its qualifications.

As the campus expands and the enrollment continues to increase, students have to look longer and harder for a parking space. Recognizing the problem as an inevitable one, President Smiley said that in Boulder, the problem has been alleviated by shuttling buses around the area outlying the campus. Asked whether such a service would be feasible at this University, Prexy Smiley said, "No, I don't think so. The outlying areas here are not that far and the problem is not that acute here, yet." Discussing a multi-floor parking structure as another possible solution, Dr. Smiley explained that he has looked at the possibility from a University point of view but decided against it because the initial cost of such an endeavor would prove too expensive to students.

"Students would have to pay from 20 to 25 dollars a month," he said. He went on to say that no private business has yet approached him with any proposals to build such a structure which adds to his belief that the demand does not yet warrant one.

The University of Colorado's campus newspaper, the Colorado Daily, predicted that Dr. Smiley's biggest problems at U. T. El Paso would not be the parking dilemma, but rather, a rapidly growing school and the Black problem. Asked his evaluation of the statement, the new president

replied that a growing university poses problems everywhere and that he knew of no reason why the problems would be more acute here. He did point out that the growth rate here was unusually high in contrast to Boulder where the freshmen enrollment is gradually smaller every year. Here at the University, there has been a 10% annual increase for the last five or six years.

Concerning the unrest of Black students, President Smiley said, "I don't know that this is a problem here. Black students everywhere in the United States are unhappy, sensitive and keenly aware of social injustice. It is quite understandable why they feel the way they do if they're being discriminated against."

Questioned further on an issue closer to home, namely the Black students boycotting a track meet on grounds that they were being discriminated against, Dr. Smiley replied, "I think we should have a board or committee to which a student might voice any grievance and take such matters. We may have one now but I am not aware of it. If we do, I don't think it is well publicized but I do think students should have appeal procedures. After all, this is no more than the basic concept of due process."

A relevant issue, Brown and Black studies, was also discussed by President Smiley: "I have no objections to these studies. Dean Small is at present working in planning such studies, however, there is no specific date set for their inception. My guess is that in addition to extra courses, we will incorporate Black and Brown History in courses already part of our curriculum. This is already done, to some extent in modern languages whereby the culture of the language's native country is studied. Courses in Latin American history are also currently being taught, as well.

Whether "the Black problem" proves to be a problem still remains to be seen:

Meanwhile, Dr. Smiley carries on the duties of his office. One recent meeting of the coordinating board, as related by the University head, will have a bearing on its students. At that meeting, the coordinating board decided that by September, 1973, all Texas Universities must adopt the common calendar. U. T. El Paso and U. T. Arlington were specifically instructed to have this done by approval of the faculty council.

"This means that the fall semester would officially end before the Christmas holidays. During the first year, school



will start a little earlier to compensate for this but it will all balance out and eliminate the lame duck period after Christmas holidays," Dr. Smiley said.

After taking almost a year to decide on a qualified person to fill the office vacated by Dr. Joseph M. Ray, the regents time seems to have been well spent.

The native Dallasite attended Southern Methodist University where he received his A. B. in French and German in 1931 at the age of 21. A year later, he earned his Masters degree in French literature at the same University.

At 24, young Smiley taught for one year at Arkansas A&M.

A year later, he married the former Mary Fincher of Waldo, Arkansas.

Instructor Smiley then went to Denton, Texas, where, in 1935, he attained the rank of Professor at North Texas State College.

After seven years of marriage, Professor and Mrs. Smiley had a son named Stephen.

Professor Smiley then became Lieutenant Smiley, serving in the Office of Naval Intelligence for three years.

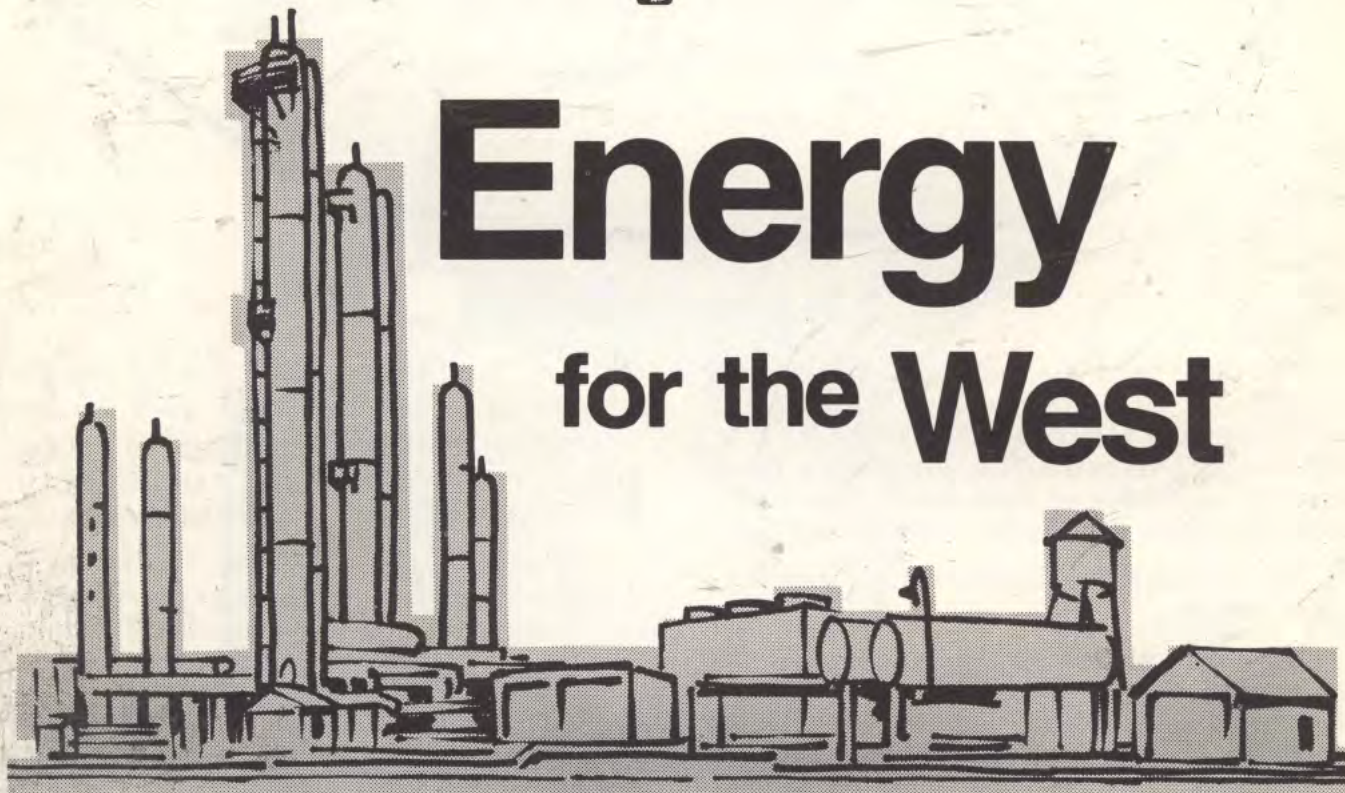
A year after he completed his military service he received his Doctorate in French from Columbia University. This year also saw an addition to the family in a daughter named Anne.

He then spent eleven years at the University of Illinois where he advanced from Assistant Dean of the Graduate College to Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences. Forty-eight year-old Dean Smiley then headed for El Paso where he spent two years.

After an interim of nine years, in which he served as President of both the University of Texas at Austin and the University of Colorado, President Smiley has returned. From us here at *El Burro*—soyez le bienvenu à nouveau.



Energy for the West



EL PASO NATURAL GAS COMPANY

"THEY TOOK THE BLUE FROM THE SKY

AND A PRETTY GIRL'S EYE,
AND A TOUCH OF OLD GLORY TOO;
AND THEY GAVE IT TO THE MEN
WHO PROUDLY WEAR
THE U. S. AIR FORCE BLUE.
AND YOU CAN WEAR IT TOO,
AND YOU CAN WEAR IT TOO . . ."

By Hayward Thompson

"Yes men," said the narrator, "you too can be a member of the Aerospace Team!" The chorus started humming, "HHHHMMMMMOOOOO" as a B-52 bomber swooped in low and made a thundering exit out the left of the screen. "Be a leader in today's modern Air Force!" said the narrator.

"HHHHHHHHMMMMMMMMMOOOO," sang the chorus.

The camera panned the sky and caught the now distant bomber as it disappeared in the clouds. French horns began blowing, drums started rolling, and Herbie's spine started tingling.

"HHHHHHHHMMMMMMMMMOOOOOOOO," sang the chorus.

"See your Air Force recruiter today," said the

narrator," "and find out how you too can fly the skies, reach for the moon, and touch the stars!"

"HHHHHHHHMMMMMMMMMOOOOO . . .
THE YOOOOO EESSSSSSS AIRRRR FOORCE
BLOOOOOOOOOOO," sang the chorus.

"Touch . . . the . . . stars," Herbie repeated slowly, his fogged eyes staring at the distance and seeing once again his often recalled dream.

A decade or so ago, when Herb was only eight, he saw a movie casting Gregory Peck as a gritty, give-a-damn-devil-may-care, World War II bomber pilot. One special scene in that picture made an indelible impression on Herbie's plastic mind. Even now, years later, he could almost see that scene where . . .



HST

Peck glided his bullet-scarred, battle-weary bomber to his home base in the south of England. Visibility was zero because of the sheets of rain from the monsoons that normally hit England in the spring; and because of a security blackout, no lights illuminate the run-way. Even if Peck's plane had fuel, the engines would be useless — heavy flak blew them off the wings! Still, he made his normal flawless landing and the craft coasted to a halt near Base Operations. Peck climbed down from the cockpit and started for the building. The camera focused on his hard, cruel eyes that were still kind and understanding. One noticed at once the "fifty-mission crush" hat, and one instantly surmised that Peck had flown at least fifty missions. He burst through the door of Base Ops, unusually dry for a man who just strolled through monsoon rains, and removed his "Fifty-Mission Crush" hat. At the counter stood a voluptuous, buxom WAF lieutenant whose breasts heaved and pushed against her blouse. Her expression was blank as she looked at a semi-damp Peck. His expression was equally as blank as he looked at her and said, "Well, beautiful, I'm back."

And that was Herbie's dream!

For ten years he had relived that scene in his mind. For ten years, HE had been the dashing Peck, HE had landed the crippled craft, HE had walked through the monsoon rains to Base Ops, HE was semi-damp, HE removed HIS "Fifty-Mission Crush" hat and said HE was back, and the voluptuous, buxom WAF lieutenant whose breasts heaved and pushed against her blouse was HIS! And now, at last, that dream could become a reality - Herb was 18 and old enough to join the Air Force!

He had already decided to forget college long ago and now that he was out of high school there were no more obstacles. Two weeks later Herbie became an AIRMAN, a real, honest-to-God, wild blue yonder AIRMAN!

Midnight had come and gone by the time the commercial "Champagne Flight" landed at San Antonio's airport. Half lit, Herbie disembarked and thought to himself that the flight he had just completed was only the first of many. And then, sporting the image of a battle-weary World War II bomber pilot back from a bomb run, he swaggered into the main terminal.

Not knowing exactly what to do nor where to go, Herbie wondered around the terminal for awhile and then planted himself next to a hot nut machine. He waited ten, maybe fifteen minutes, when he saw approaching him a shy-looking, rather frail, bald Air Force sergeant. The sergeant stopped in front of Herb, and holding his hat in front of him with both hands, meekly asked Herbie if he was a new recruit.

"Sure am, sarge," said Herbie, playfully socking the man in the arm.

The sergeant's eyes became enflamed, smoke poured from his ears, his physical size doubled, and he

grew hair. "You son-of-a-bitching Rainbow," he growled through his teeth, "don't you ever touch me again! March your fat ass out to the bus in front and sit in it at attention with your mouth SHUT!!!!!"

Startled and not comprehending, Herbie began to move away, but the sergeant grabbed his arm. "Just what the hell is that in your pocket," he said, glaring at Herb.

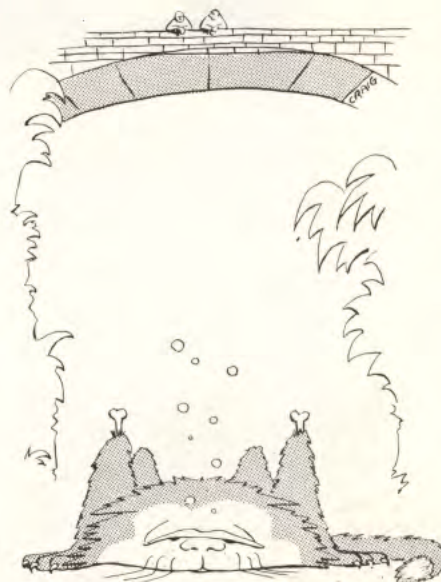
"Ca-cig, ca-cig, ca-cig . . .," stammered Herbie, barely able to talk.

The sergeant snapped the pack from Herbie's pocket. An evil grin crossed his face, "If I ever see you with a cigarette," he said, "your ass is grass and I'm the lawn mower, understand, RAINBOW?"

It was past two in the morning when the bus arrived at Lackland Air Force Base. A tired Herbie and a handful of other recruits wanted nothing more than a little sleep, but military protocol demanded that they be given their fill of powdered eggs first. Herb sat at attention and ate his eggs. He glanced around him and noticed that there was none of the jovial comradeship of Peck's Officer's Club in the Basic's Mess Hall. Mute, clean-shaven faces stared blankly at yellow mounds of greasy eggs piled on plastic plates while mammoth sergeants watched the men's every chew. Behind the serving counter were two Air Force veterans of two and three weeks. "Stupid Rainbows," sneered one. "Dumb Dipshits," said the other as Herbie and his friends were herded out the door after their meal.

By three in the morning the new airmen were finally taken to an old barracks where they were allowed to sleep. Too tired to ponder his predicament any more that night, Herbie fell asleep to the tuneful snoring of the thirty or so other airmen who arrived earlier, and within minutes, his nasal twang merged with theirs.

Then the lights came on!



See? They always land on their feet.

R. P. I. Bachlor

The brilliant, bright, sunlike florescent lights shot their rays through Herbie's eyelids. "Goddamn, where am I?" murmured Herbie, jumping out of bed and instinctively grabbing his pants. He looked around trying to see, but the pupils of his eyes had shrunk to the size of pin-heads -- everything was a brilliant white.

"Fire! Fire! Get da hell outta here ya dumb mudda Rainbows! Common, common, dis place is on fire - move it! Hey you," the sergeant yelled at Herbie, "just what da hell ya think ya doing?"

"Putting on my pants?" said Herbie, more asking than telling.

"Like hell ya put on ya pants! MOVE! Getta outta here!"

Pandamonium reigned. Two other sergeants entered the barracks. One ran down the aisle banging bunks with a metal pipe. Between giggles, he hollered, "Fire! Fire!" The other tipped over the bunks of men who were still in them; and as hapless new airmen looked up, dazed, from the floor, the sergeant would get on his knees and yell, "Fire! Fire!" in their faces.

Finally, twenty minutes later, it was over. The new airmen had experienced their first fire drill -- the first of many to come. It was almost four in the morning but the night was still black. And it was just as well, because assembled there in the middle of the street, demonstrating various methods of standing at attention, was a group of young men in their shorts, having the fine points of fire prevention explained to them.

The lecture lasted until 4:45 A.M., which just happened to be reveille time. The men were dressed and then marched to the Mess Hall where, once again, they gulped greasy mounds of powdered eggs. After the meal they were taken to a building appropriately nicknamed the "Green Monster." And it was there, at the "Monster," that Herbie learned the true meaning of sorrow.

Now Herb's life didn't exactly center around the way he wore his lengthy hair but, like the biblical Samson, a great deal of his moral stamina depended upon it. He nursed it, coddled it, and, washing it often, cared for it like an infant child. Also, using two mirrors, he would carefully comb the back of his head.

They cut it, ripped it, no, they tore it from his head. Three swipes of the razor and it was gone, all gone. Herbie didn't have a haircut, he was decapitated! And then, like a condemned man being forced to pay rent on a chopping block, he was told to cough up eighty-five cents for the haircut!

He left the butcher chair a broken young man, and as he peered into the mirror, tears streamed down his cheeks. Save for some scattered fuzz, there was nothing left.

With shattered spirits, Herbie and the other recruits stumbled through the next humiliating hours in a

state of limbo. After the haircuts the men were taken to a large, cavernous room where the last thread connecting them with the outside world was cut: every stitch of their civilian clothing, including their outside world shorts, was taken from them. Naked, the men wandered from room to room, picking up bits and pieces of military clothing along the way, occasionally donning an item as directed by the Training Instructor.

After the tour through the "Monster" was over, the instructor gathered his men in front of the building. "Now listen up ya silly lookin' creeps," he said. "From now on we're gonna be a family. Ya jerks got any problems ya bring 'em ta me cause I'm gonna be ya mudda an' ya fadda."

Later, with the greatest part of processing into the Air Force completed, the tempo was relaxed and the men were given a brief opportunity to rest and regroup and evaluate their thoughts. Herbie isolated himself under the shade of a large tree and thought once more, one last time, about his "dream." This time, however, his eyes were crystal clear and he saw his saga according to Air Force regulations. The drill field before him became a dark and deserted air field and ...

White, jagged fingers of lightening cut the sky, revealing the faint silhouette of a crippled aircraft limping its way home. Low on fuel, the bullet-riddled engines spit and sputter and die, sending the craft plummeting downward into the black monsoon night. Miraculously, the pilot manages to level his plane and, purely on instinct, steers the craft toward the runway. But visibility is zero, causing the pilot to misjudge his altitude, and the plane careens into a red and white water tower near Base Operations. Hurt and dazed, the pilot crawls from the wreckage and staggers to Base Ops. He falls through the door and looks longing for his sexy WAF lieutenant whose breasts heave and push against her blouse. She's nowhere to be found. He moves slowly around the office, his frustration increasing, and then, there, behind a desk, he sees her.

She's rolling on the floor, pointing and laughing at Herbie as he stands there bewildered and slump-shouldered in his soaked, baggy fatigues two sizes too big. He removes his "No-Mission Crush" fatigue cap, revealing a glistening smooth bald head and starts to say, "Well beautiful, I'm ba . . .," but the crackle of her laughter drowns him out.

Something sounding like a cannon's boom jolted Herbie from his dream. He looked around and saw his "mudda" approaching. "Hey you, da spittoon by da tree," yelled the sergeant, pointing at Herbie, "I halla 'Fall In!' Doncha know what 'Fall In' means ya goddamned lounge lizard? Getcha fat ass over here on da dubba an gimme 20 push-ups. Let's go, creep. Move it! HUUTT, TOOOPP, TRREEEP, FOOOORRP. HUUTT, TOOOOOOOPPPPP, TRREEEEEEEP, FOOOOORRP!"

A PRELIMINARY STUDY OF ENVIRONMENTAL COGNITIVE PROCESSES IN SEQUENTIAL MATURATION COMPLEXES WHEN EXPOSED TO CERTAIN FOUR-LETTER WORDS IN AN INCREMENTAL CULTURE ACTIVITY INVOLVING ONE- AND TWO-TAILED BABOONS¹

L.B. Balderdash² Horatio Bunkcombe³ and George E. All⁴-That⁵, et al⁶

Translated from the Finnish⁷ by Ed Flynn⁸

After a search of the applicable literature, including a reading of Smith(1961), Jones(1964), Doe(1963), All-That(1962), deSade(1792), Bunkcombe(1952), and Torquemada(1947), we decided to plagiarize their results.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE EXPERIMENT:

Our study group was a social culture concept of 839 baboons, held in a constant environmental motivated situation. All Ss were delivered to Pier 41, Port of New York Authority, and we feel certain that they were a peer group. The Ss were divided into four groups: S₁ (one-tailed baboons, N=319, $\phi=4.392$, $\pi=3.14159$); S₂ (two-tailed baboons, N=264, $\phi=5.42$, $\beta=1.4326$, $\pi=\text{apple}$); and S₃ (three-tailed baboons, N=639, $\phi=2.41963$, $\alpha=13.92$, $\pi\sim 10^\circ$ Approximately). All data after Rosenblatt. Considering the professional effectiveness utilization, we disregarded S₄. All Ss were treated exactly. S₁ were held in an aquarium, 6.3m by 14.2m by 2.42cm, exposed to moonlight, and fed hay. S₂ were held in hand, 3.4cm by 5.2 cm by 6.3m deep. It got deep. S₂ were fed on ham sandwiches and deprived of maximum daylight between dusk and dawn. S₃ were allowed free run of the laboratory, and were fed on garlic. E₃ (a young graduate student) barfed and S₃ were eliminated under a homogenous orientation evaluation final solution. Motivation was provided through the service of Josie R., a female baboon (1.416m high, 236 KGms, 18-26-38) who during the experiment earned 3,326 bananas, 1,328 oranges and the gratitude of the authors. A paper is being written on this.

All available Ss, including 468 undergraduate students, were exposed to certain exceptional cultural resources. Only the words ****₉, ****₁₀, and ****₁₁ were used. G₁ were exposed to the same words in an individual accelerated activity by a male E who whispered them. G₂ were exposed to the words using a perceptual cognitive curriculum by a female E who shouted them, made gestures, and wrote them on the wall. G₃ were given examples of current educational literature and ₁₂ allowed to write their own.

The experiment lasted 3.42 years, thus giving 18.3 graduate students the creative manipulative opportunity of writing PhD theses. Results were tabulated under three developmental criteria: number of observed bandersnatches, amount of stet on the floor (swept and measured 14.7 minutes after each experiment), and volume of humelwitz. Our results are presented in table 71.6.

TABLE 71.6

	N1	N2	N4	N5	N6
G ₁ n	6.45	4.80	65K	5.32	57.9
6	12.3	45.6	78.9	10.1	10.2
P	.034	.035	.036	.037	98.9MhZ
Σ	6.89	.5412	1,836	.003*	nominal

*three-tailed baboon

CONCLUSIONS AND DISCUSSION

Most of this work is still experimental, for the authors are living on a government grant to study the problems involved. We have, however, concluded that there is a good basis for believing that our results might prove, under certain conditions, that certain environmental cognitive processes exist in sequential maturational complex-cultural activities and sequential perception hildebras correlate. QED.

Notes

1. ibid
2. Copper Quarter University, Washington, D.C.
3. Wooden Nutmeg State College, Nutmeg, Vermont
4. Slithy Tove Teachers College, Twas Brillig, R.I.
5. loc. cit.
6. A Latin term (et alii) "and others"
7. Most translators start from the beginning, but they are transvestites, or other South Europeans
8. Bimodal Normal College, Median, Miss.
9. Private papers of the author's rival
11. Toilet papers
12. with; along with; together with; besides; also; moreover (used to connect grammatically coordinate words, phrases, or clauses)....
- OE, akin to G und
13. Queer Education Doctors

The Journal of Applied Endocrine Glands is published quarterly (June, July, August, and September) by the Intestate Society for the Preservation of Applied Endocrine Glands, Inc. at the Bear of Little Brain State College, Wol.: Edward Poo, editor. Unpublished manuscripts, which must conform to the IASPQRST style sheet, are invited.

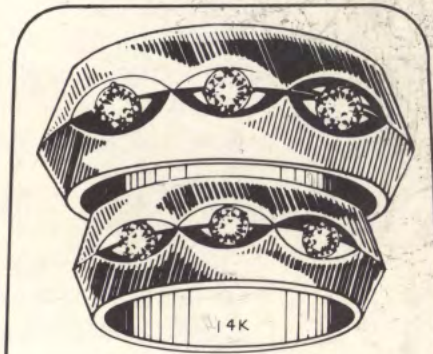
Ode To Vomit

by M. Anischewitz

*O wild torrential stream! O reeking spume!
O mucilaginous puddle before me spread!
How fetid and how drear is your perfume!
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
With random chunks of gobbet from my maw,
And sudden lumps of undigested bread-
Ah vomit! Cleanse me! From my gullet draw
The loathsome globules, foul mephitic blobs.
Thus may the very gut of life, the craw,
Upon me keck in shining, septic gobs.*

feder's
JEWELERS

**MATCHED DIAMOND
WEDDING RINGS**
TWICE AS EFFECTIVE



Lustrous duo set with 3 diamonds
in each band, sculptured in 14-karat
gold \$135 each

We make everything easy to buy . . .
with "READY-CREDIT" plans.

ILLUSTRATIONS ENLARGED



feder's
JEWELERS

DOWNTOWN, EL PASO - BASSETT CENTER, EL PASO
LORETO DE LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO

After...

(Continued from Page 16)



1 John Peterson
(Harper's Bizarre)



2 Alan Jardine
(Beach Boys)



3 Arthur Garfunkel
(Simon and Garfunkel)



4 Peter Thorkelson
(Monkees)



5 Felix Cavaliere
(Young Rascals)



6 Brian Wilson
(Beach Boys)



7 James Sanders
(Fugs)



8 Ronald Townson
(5th Dimension)



9 Michael Esposito
(Blues Magoos)



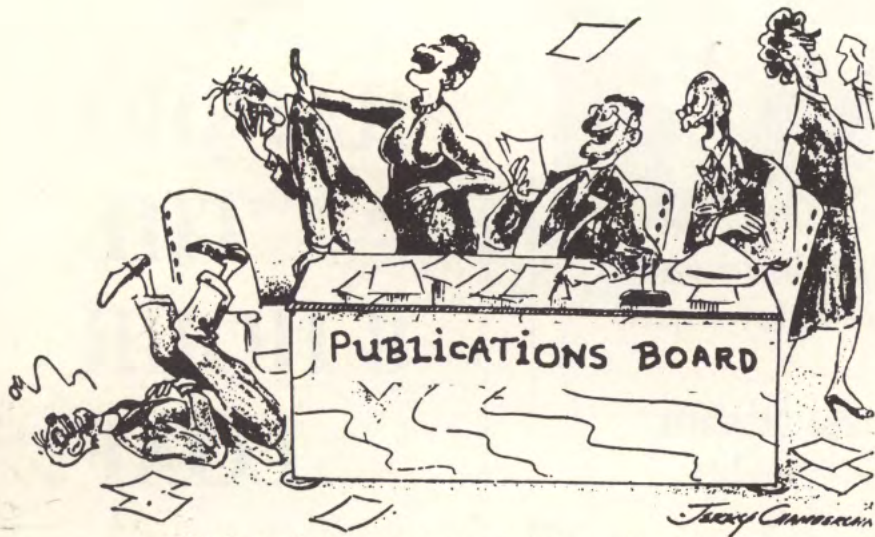
10 John Andrew
(Mamas and Papas)



11 Robert Zimmerman
(Bob Dylan)



12 Paul Simon
(Simon and Garfunkel)



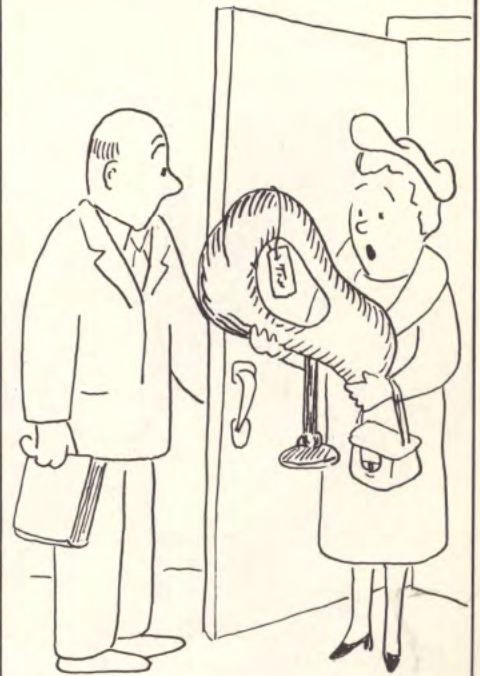
"Let's read that once more before we ban it."

Smoke Signals

THE PRINCETON TIGER



"JOHNNY, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU
TO BUTTON UP YOUR FLY!"



IF YOU
NEED IT...
WE HAVE IT!

TWO GREAT
STORES FOR
EVERYONE!

the white house

DOWNTOWN • BASSETT



The Yale Record



Jewelry for even
the oddest couples.

**Joe Schwartz
Jewelers**

311 Mills

532-6937



RAINBO THE 8 HOUR LOAF



THAT'S WHY
HERE AT
RAINBO
WE TAKE
THREE
EXTRA HOURS

**GO
WESTERN!
BE
A
WINNER**



HEY DOBBS DOES THIS
BELONG TO YOU OR....UH

THE
BIOLOGY
DEPARTMENT?



"let's start a magazine

*to hell with literature
we want something redblooded*

*lousy with pure
reeking with stark
and fearessly obscene*

*but really clean
get what I mean
let's not spoil it
let's make it serious*

*something authentic and delirious
you know something genuine like a mark
in a toilet*

*graced with guts and gutted
with grace"
squeeze your nuts and open your face.*

— e. e. cummings