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El Burro, Next Issue

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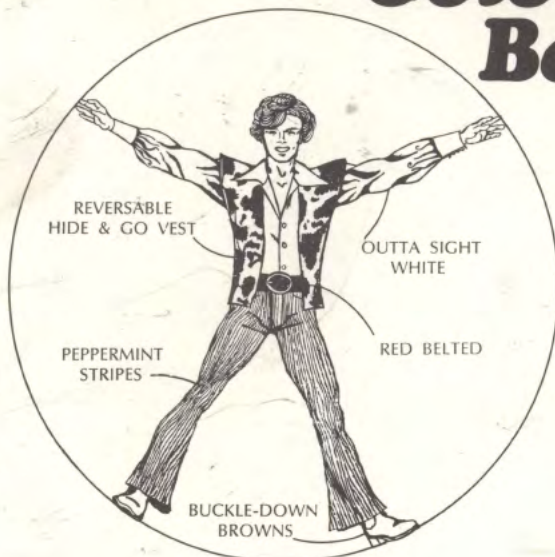
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In memory of Ruben Salazar, Chicago journalist who was there just doing his job as a reporter, as any journalist would be doing if he were dedicated.

FRONT COVER

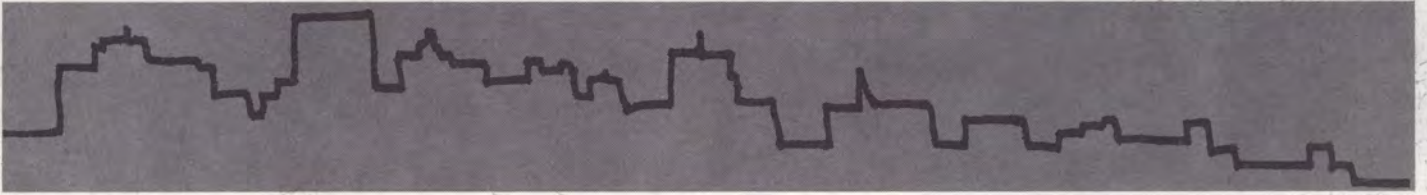
POLLUTION is the theme of this imaginative illustration done by Joe Ochotorena. Joe is also responsible for the illustration on Page 4, and sponsored "The Creative Corner" art gallery held in the Union last April. In addition to being an ingenious artist, Joe is also owner of the clothing store "Dash Riprock".

EL BURRO STAFF

Editor in Chief Henry de La Garza, Jr., Managing Editor Richard Concha, Associate Editors Don Dean, Albert Franco, Hector Castelo, Art Editor Carlos Morton, Humour Editor Charles Mayfield, Photo Editor Barney Napolske III, Poetry Editor Raymond Swiesford, Reviews Editor Kelly la Rue, Special Advisor Frank Macias, Writers Terry Acosta, Elsie Hayden, Gayle Malloy, Leah Rubalcaba, Albert Chavez.

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EL BURRO After 5 p. m.



When I initially decided to make journalism my career, I was inspired by the dedication and spirit of the news-beat reporter, the A. P. correspondent, and men like Walter Lippman, James "Scotty" Reston, and Kenneth Crawford. I never contemplated going into magazine production. Now I find myself more involved with magazine work than with news reporting or column writing as I had initially aspired to. I am very happy, though, with my present involvement with El Burro, but I have often had visions of future newspaper production.

Local professional journalists say that a third El Paso newspaper would fold in a short period of time due to the local business monopoly by the Times and Herald Post. But there would be room for another Mexican newspaper along the lines of El Continental, and El Fronterizo. Well, I would like to begin a newspaper which would be offered in both the Spanish and English languages. My name for such a local newspaper would be, "El Chorizo," (The Sausage).

Lionel and Ann Cenisceros are now living in Austin, Texas. Lionel, the former Prospector Editor who took office in an atmosphere of some controversy, is attending Law School at the University of Texas at Austin. Ann recently wrote me to say that they both missed El Paso and all their friends. So, if anyone wants to write them, their address is:

3307 Hollywood
Austin, Texas
78722

Frustration to an Editor and his business manager, and more specifically, ME, is having people mistrust you when you are trying, as hard as possible, to be completely honest about editorial policy. Many advertisers still have reservations about anything or anyone associated with El Burro. Perhaps, it's a sad commentary that the words "El Burro" seem to spell "POISON" to many local businessmen. Further perseverance and patience will be needed as I continue my movement for "El Burro Liberation", and, I don't mean that in the literal sense either.

Incidentally, that reminds me. First there was the Spiro Agnew watch that criticized you after you wound it up. Then the Teddy Kennedy watch that only runs in Massachusetts. Now, I am proud to announce, there is the El Burro watch! You wind it up, it periodically gets a little dirty, and you have to clean it up every now and then. Oh well.



Frank "Poison Pen" Macias, more specifically known to his journalism colleagues as "True Grit Macias", recently attended the National Student Association Convention in Minneapolis as a delegate/reporter. At the convention, Frank's charisma evidently overcame several delegations, because he was persuaded to run for NSA President. Immediately after his announcement, red posters were put up all around the convention walls proposing "Elect Frank." Well, Frank's opposition caught wind of his candidacy and decided to put a stopper to the "Macias Blitz for Power". Shortly thereafter, numerous blue signs could be seen which countered with "F??K FRANK!" Well, Frank's blitz eventually blotted and he wasn't elected. However, some of our other delegates were elected to other high positions and they do deserve congratulations for their efforts, as does Frank. As for Frank "Poison Pen/True Grit" Macias, I wouldn't necessarily say "Elect Him or F??K Him," but rather, "Read Him or Leave Him".

I came across an actual letter written to the Ohio State National Guard which mildly applauds the Guard's actions at Kent State while also adding that such resulting tragedies could be avoided if certain precautions are taken by the Guard, one of them being that guardsmen avoid the future use of live ammunition. Here was the response from the Ohio National Guard:

Dear Friend,

This is to acknowledge with thanks your communication expressing your views in support of the National Guard in recent campus disturbances. It is very gratifying to know that you are one of the "silent majority" who wishes to stand up and be counted.

Inclosed is a National Guard sticker which you may wish to display on your car.

Sincerely yours,

S. T. Del Corso
Major General
The Adjutant General

As stated
I Incl.



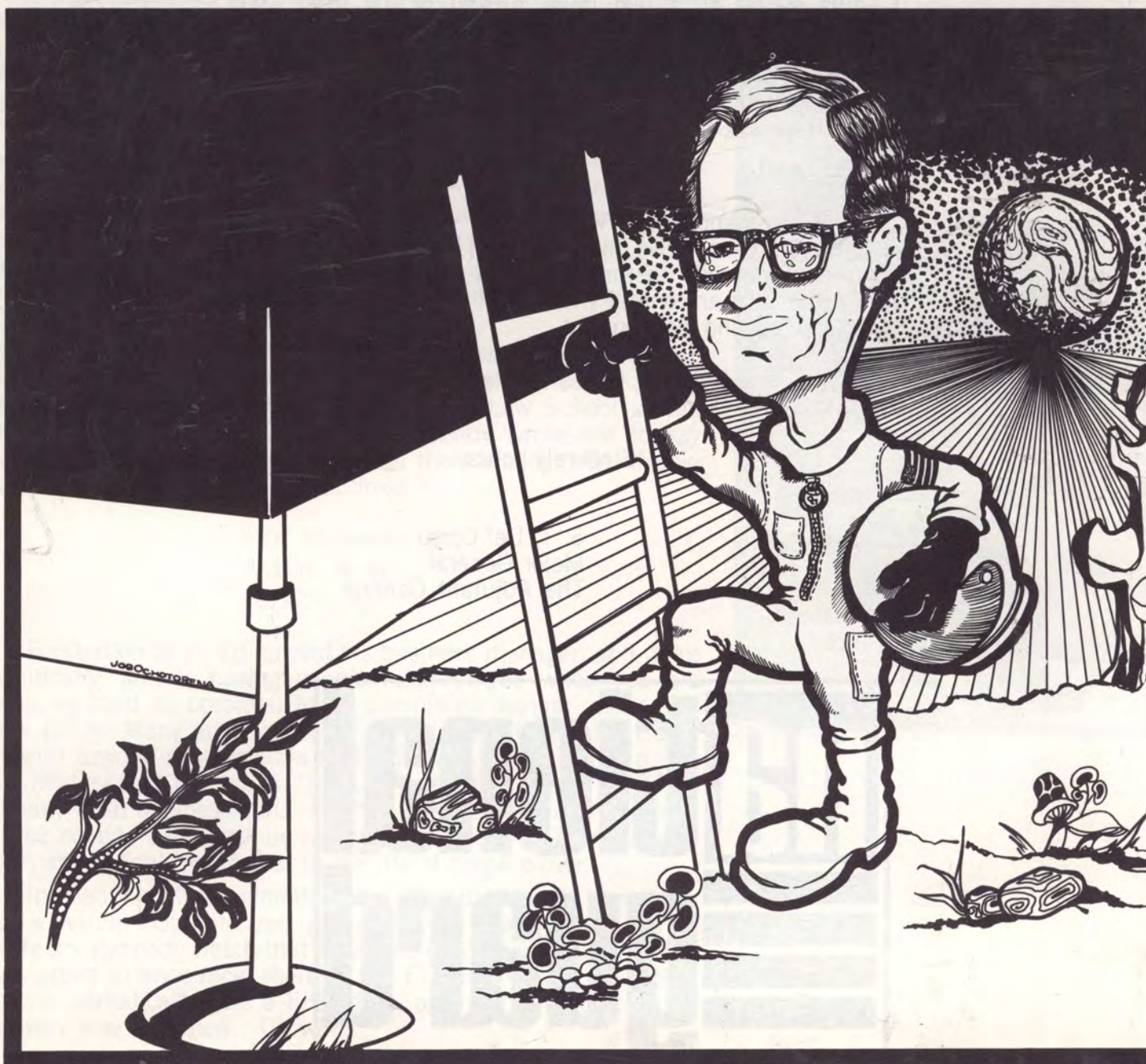
His Honour The Mayor

/by Henry de La Garza, Jr.

"One small step for man..."

Mayor deWetter recently spoke in the Union Suite before an audience made up of three classrooms of business majors. The Mayor spoke for twenty-five minutes on the social and ethical responsibilities of businessmen, after which he ask-

ed if there were any questions the students had for him to field. A rather attractive co-ed raised her hand, was recognized by the Mayor, stood up and asked, "How many women presently hold executive positions at city hall?" Mayor deWetter



placed both hands on the lecturn, closed his eyes as he slowly tilted his head and upper portion of his body back, and then very slowly repeated the question to himself out-loud, "Let's see, how many women presently hold executive positions at city hall?" Mayor paused, leaned forward, opened his eyes slowly, and then, in a long-slow fashion, responded, "Not--too--many, maybe two or three." There was a good deal of laughter, even from the Women's Lib co-ed who asked the question. When the laughter subsided, the Mayor proceeded to explain his answer.

The Mayor began by saying that he has very little to say about the hiring or firing of city employees, because the majority of them are Civil Service employees, who answer only to the Civil Service Commission. Further, the Mayor is only allowed to hire one secretary, an Executive Assistant, and as Mayor deWetter said himself, "the City Attorney is there at my pleasure." Other than those three employees, the Mayor enjoys a somewhat watered-down employer-employee relationship at city hall.

Mayor deWetter continued by saying that if he had his way all of the city employees would be taken off of Civil Service so that they would be directly responsive to the Mayor. This proposal would not only strengthen the Mayor's employer-employee relationship, but would also make the city employees much more responsive to the citizens of the city.

After the Mayor offered this opinion, another student raised his hand and asked if this proposal would lead to parochialism in city hall. Mayor deWetter replied that parochialism could evolve from his solution and that this was one flaw in his solution.

Incidentally, it should be noted that El Paso is one of the few cities in our country today whose city employees are servants of Civil Service. And, that to take the city employees off of Civil Service would require an amendment to the city's charter, which would have to be put before the voting populace of El Paso for approval. This reality doesn't appear to be in the not-too-near future either.

In El Paso there are also other existing phenomenas when it comes to the subject of public servants. For instance, the Mayor of El Paso is paid \$9,600 a year, and his Executive Assistant is paid around \$17,000 for the same period of time. This reversal of-what-anyone-would-expect has been the subject of many jokes by those around city hall, and by Mayor deWetter himself. The Mayor recently gave a speech at a no-host luncheon for over 500 local businessmen on the 17th floor of the Holiday Inn Downtown.

Mayor deWetter began his speech by saying, "I have had a couple of snide comments about this being a no-host luncheon. My only response is that on my salary, I would have to force Oliver Goodman (Executive Assistant) to pick up the tab, and I can't afford to be indebted to him because of the employer-employee relationship." The Mayor's comment is funny and very true.

But why is the Mayor's salary rather low for a city boasting a growing population of over 350,000 citizens? Well, some El Pasoans seem to believe that, if the Mayor's salary remains at the present \$9,600, then anyone running for the office will not do so for the money, but rather for the responsibility of the Mayor's office.

To change the Mayor's salary would require, again, a proposed amendment to the city's charter and its due process of approval or rejection by local voters. But, such an attempt was tried in 1968 and it failed to win approval by El Paso voters. Why did it fail?

One reason has already been given. Another, is the way the '68 amendment was worded. For example, what if the '68 amendment had been written to ask that the Mayor salary be raised so that it would be comparable to that of some Civil Service employee doing the same amount of work as the Mayor? The '68 amendment wasn't worded in this fashion and this is possibly why it was turned down.

City council chambers has seen it share of irrate citizens demanding that the Mayor fire so-and-so, because so-and-so isn't doing the job right, or, not at all!! Or, even questions like the one posed by the Women's Lib co-ed on the number of women holding executive positions at city hall. Mayor deWetter's usual reply to these city personnel demands, questions, and complaints is almost embedded in the walls of city council chambers by now: All such complaints, demands, and questions must be taken to the Civil Service Commission for investigation and corrective action. The resultant thinking by some of the more irrate citizens after hearing the Mayor's reply is that city hall, or, more specifically, the Mayor, is giving them the run-around!!

So, whose hands are tied, and who has had the blade all this time? Further, if the hands were to be cut lose so that the entrepreneur responsibilities of the Mayor could be exercised fully, would the Mayor's salary increase in proportion to this added responsibility, or remain the same? Well, at any rate, such a two-fold reality in El Paso would indeed be, **"One small step for man."**

EL BURRO *Reviews*



PHILOSOPHY OF A WAR

Glenn Gray

"... a broken hearted idealist ..."

Glenn Gray received his Doctorate of Philosophy and his draft notice the same day in 1941, and four years later he was discharged. In 1959, fearing that the lessons of the war were being forgotten, he wrote this book. Largely unnoticed at the time, it has been earning a following ever since. This is a book that all will enjoy; the war veteran as well as the anti-war radical. Soldier-philosopher Gray does not present war as attractive or horrible, but rather as both, as indeed anything must be which has attracted so much damnation as well as such a large following for so many centuries.

"To be a soldier! That is at best to be something less than a men."

Homo furens, a subspecies of the genus *Homo sapiens*, was discovered by Gray during the war. This subspecies lies dormant within most of us and under certain circumstances can rise up and transform the personality of numerous civilians into fighters. *Homo furens*, however, is not a uniform species. Within this killer species are those who will enjoy killing to the point of it being cold-blooded murder and those who will never develop a taste for it. Most of this species fall somewhere between these two extremes.

"The emotional environment of warfare has always been compelling; it has drawn most men under its spell."

There are at least three secret attractions of war. One, the delight in seeing. The Bible calls this "the lust of the eye." An example of this is seen in the popularity of high speed auto races and in the wide circulation of sensational newspapers.

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Secondly, the delight in comradeship. Comradeship is different from friendship in that the lat-

ter is individual while the former is communal. Many soldiers have died because they knew if they save themselves they would be endangering their comrades. One of the strengths of the German army lay in that the members of a unit were not separated from basic training to the end of the war, thereby greatly strengthening this communal spirit. Comradeship leads to acts of great self-sacrifice as the community becomes more important than the individual, and death becomes unreal since it is the community that is endangered instead of the individual.

Thirdly, the delight in destruction. This attraction of war probably does more than any of the others to keep war alive because it is the most difficult to fulfill anywhere but on the battlefield. For the true humanitarian this urge would seem inhuman but nevertheless it is present and to deny it would only make war more difficult to understand. Many writers have tried to incorporate this tendency into their books, with Hemingway being the most successful. Man does not become an animal when he destroys because, like the satisfaction of creating, the satisfaction of destroying is peculiarly human. And man seems determined to satisfy this appetite.

"... the Greeks were wise men when they mated the god of war with the goddess Aphrodite."

Sex, more than anything else, seems to occupy the soldier's mind when he is not fighting. The most common word in his vocabulary stands for the act itself. This would be easy to explain if it weren't for the fact this fever seems to inflict women also. For many soldiers sex is merely another periodic physical need like eating which has to be fulfilled. For some sex is just another act of aggression and for others it is an art, but in both cases the woman is an object. Others have found love in war, a love that seems infinitely good and tender. These loves can cross political boundaries and do with unseemly rapidity.

There is another kind of love present in war, that of concern or preservation. It is possibly this, more than anything, else that distinguishes the normal *Homo furens* from the impersonal killer *Homo furens*. It is this love of concern that helps us back to peace after the hostilities have ceased.

It is in the love of friends, however, that we have the most dependable enemy of war. Friendship, unlike comradeship, is individual; friends revel in one another. They are not willing to sacrifice their lives for one another because they enjoy being together too much. War is the worst enemy a friendship can have, and like the love of lovers, it is directly opposed to war.

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"Perhaps the hardest thing of all is that I feel no guilt."

Probably all men have a conscience but group pressure and propaganda can do much to soothe one's conscience during war. But sometimes one man's conscience will awaken and this unfortunate person can go through seven kinds of all. The author tells of a German soldier who stepped out of the ranks of an execution squad and refused to participate any longer. He was executed by his own squad. He also tells of an unusually brutal and sadistic act committed by some Americans who laughed about it at the time. This is an example of the unawakened conscience. One of the strange things about war, even for one whose conscience has awakened, is that when he returns home his memories of the war will fade and his conscience will heal. The author, who hated the war and what he had to do, wrote this book partly for this reason: he was forgetting all that he had gone through, including what he had awakened to.

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The ultimate cause of war must lie in man himself. When man no longer desires war, there will be no war. Wars can be blamed on population or economics or politics but still take men willing to fight, willing to allow *Home furens* to subordinate their higher selves, to wage war. Glenn Gray has done more than write a book about warriors, he has made a plea, a plea that men come to their senses and put an end to wars. Before wars put and end to us.



Goliath

Philosophy of a Revolution

by David Harris

Sidereal Press and the Richard W. Baron Publishing Co.,
Inc., New York, New York, \$4.95

... all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government . . . Thomas Jefferson.

It seems strange, even paradoxical that a government which is making such a conscious and unparalleled effort to create true equality among men should be such a popular target for revolutionary activities. But then this same government is waging a world wide campaign against an enemy of questionable existence. The young people of this country must helplessly stand by as the heavy boots of their own nation smash through country after country in pursuit of a faceless enemy.

And this same government is asking its young men to fight a war in which many do not believe. They are told to wage a war that has such a taint to it that the whole world smells rotten from it.

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(Continued)

Men are seen as prisoners of society and dupes of the State. But in order to come to this conclusion David must overlook a staggering amount of intelligent, concerned people who are quite able to think for themselves whether they be Doctor Spock's or William F. Buckley's. Just because a person accepts communism as an international conspiracy determined to subjugate the world to the Kremlin's rule does not mean he is a zombie with no will but the State's. There is a great deal of evidence which can support such a belief.

Although there is some merit to most of what David says, his description of the United States suffers from too shallow, too simple and too wooden an analysis. Little attempt is made to support his thesis and he has chosen to ignore all that is good about the United States.

While his analysis is too shallow, his prophecy of the future is too idealistic. The revolution, which is nothing more than a new reality, has already started on the individual level and will spread to the community. Eventually it will usurp the State's monopoly on reality and establish the new one. This revolution will be nonviolent and natural. As people choose to live by the new reality the State will atrophy from a lack of lives to feed on. Then people will live in peace without fear. Love and trust will prevail and men will never again have to live as a State tells them.

Beautiful, and about as likely to come about as Karl Marx's utopian society. Like Marx, David has placed too much faith in human nature.

But it is not to be forgotten that David Harris now resides in a Federal prison for following his conscience. He followed a voice too many have never heard. He listened to a voice society has refused to respect. He believed a voice that many of us fear to acknowledge.

David's book may not always make good sense, but his actions speak for themselves. And the sincerity of his beliefs and his lack of bitterness come through loud and clear.

Kelly La Rue

DIGGING

*Finding the skeletons
under the wall
could bring the insanity of
knowing how the next tier.
years from now, will be built;
or why the self remains
undiscovered.*

Richard Santelli

ICING

*Drunk A** burned,
cigarette stud
and shooo fly
apple candy
nonsense about love
and what will not burn
formica,
bourbon and ronsol blues,
virginal beer labels thumbbed
and torn, goodnight and
sugar cookies for breakfast.*

—Santelli

*A procession of timelessness,
inconsequential cliches
striving for peace-create
laughter happy pseudonyms
wiping away each other's tears . . .
leave me saddened.*

Raymond G. Sweisford

ALTRUISTIC SUICIDE

*Hierarchical insanity
destroys homes - lives,
for sky-scraper madness.*

Raymond G. Sweisford

I would like to demonstrate my newfound expertise

I'm no expert on foreign policy.
1/7/69.
I don't think I'm going to have
much trouble being a contributing
member of that National Security
Council. 1/7/69

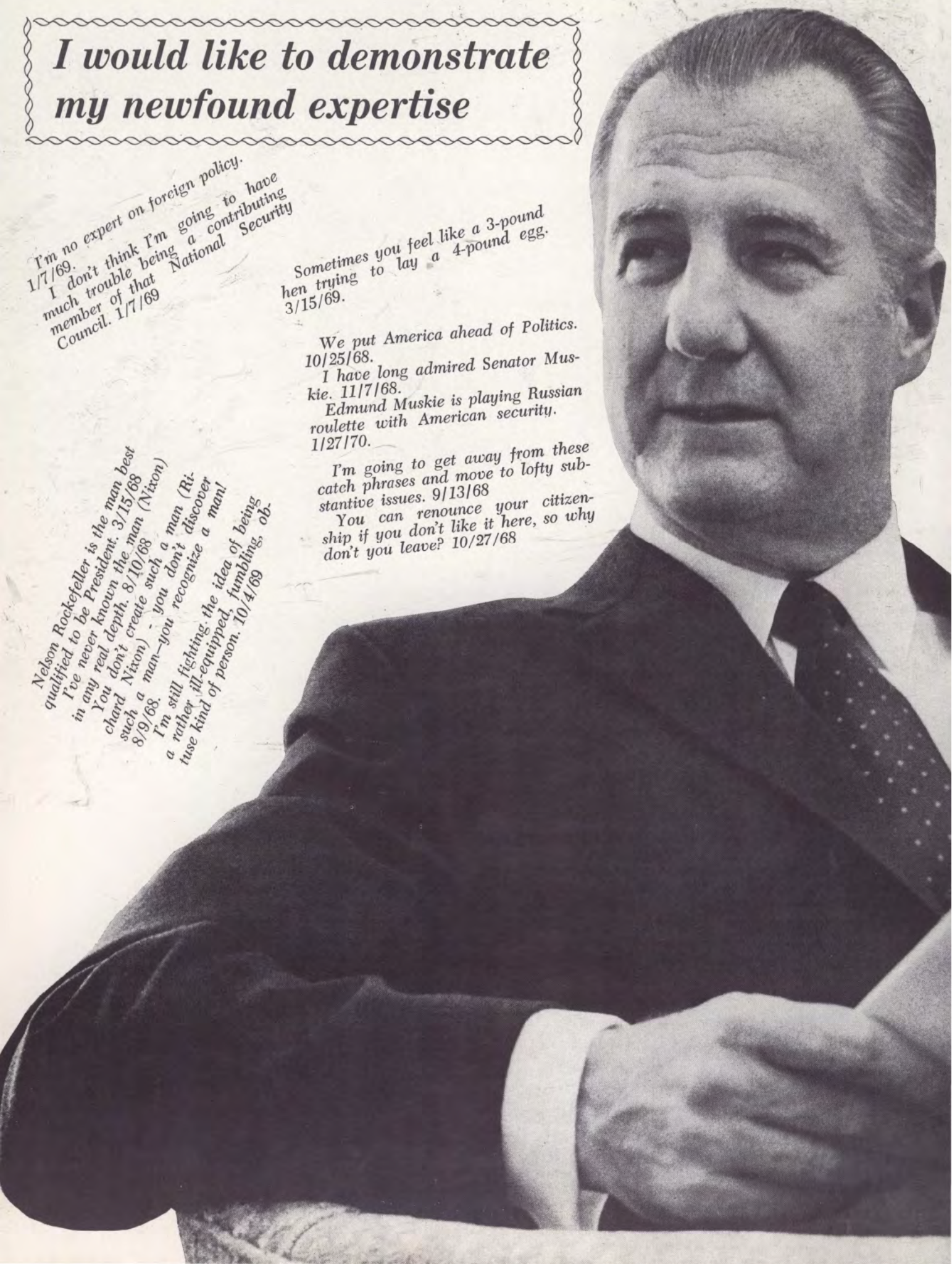
Sometimes you feel like a 3-pound
hen trying to lay a 4-pound egg.
3/15/69.

We put America ahead of Politics.
10/25/68.
I have long admired Senator Mus-
kie. 11/7/68.
Edmund Muskie is playing Russian
roulette with American security.
1/27/70.

I'm going to get away from these
catch phrases and move to lofty sub-
stantive issues. 9/13/68

You can renounce your citizen-
ship if you don't like it here, so why
don't you leave? 10/27/68

Nelson Rockefeller is the man best
qualified to be President. 3/15/68
I've never known the man (Ri-
chard Nixon) - you don't create such a
man (Nixon) - you don't discover
a man - you recognize a man!
I'm still fighting the idea of being
a rather ill-equipped, fumbling, ob-
tuse kind of person. 10/4/69



When I look at a crowd, I don't
see there a Negro, there an Italian,
there a Polack. 9/14/68
What's the matter with the fat Jap?
9/21/68.

My Polish friends never appraised
me of the fact that when they call
each other by that appellation (Po-
lack) it is not in the friendliest con-
text. 9/24/68

People are getting too edgy when
they take umbrage at being called
"Pollacks" and "Japs." 9/25/68.

People just can't live all jammed to-
gether . . . particularly when some of
them are not too clean. 8/14/68
The slum just drags people down.
8/14/68.

If you've seen one city slum, you've
seen them all. 10/9/68.

I don't think Senator Thurmond is
racist. 8/17/68.

Senator Thurmond hasn't been as
interested in achieving some aims of
the black community as civil rights
leaders. 9/21/68

I recognize that I have a unique
problem, due to a barely superficial
awareness of my record. 8/17/68

You can't hit my team in the groin
and expect me to smile about it.
9/10/68.

Alaska is squarely in the main-
stream of American life. 10/6/68

I guess he (George Wallace) is al-
right to some people, but I wouldn't
want my daughter to marry him.
10/18/68.

A Nixon-Agnew Administration will
abolish the credibility gap and re-
establish the truth—as its policy.
9/21/68.

We are waiting for the right mo-
ment to give the details of our Viet-
nam policy. 9/21/68

We have no plan for ending the
war in Vietnam. 9/22/68

After all, what does a politician
have but credibility. 8/25/68

This is not such a bad country to
live in and we want to keep it the
way it is 9/9/68.

Mine are normal mistakes. Anybody
might have made them. 10/26/68

I think I'm entitled to the Negro
vote. 10/1/68
I think the civil rights revolution
went too far the day the revolution
started. 10/14/68.

Total frankness in politics . . . is
dangerous. 1/7/69.
I don't think it's fair to say that
suddenly a yokel has descended on
the national government. 1/7/69

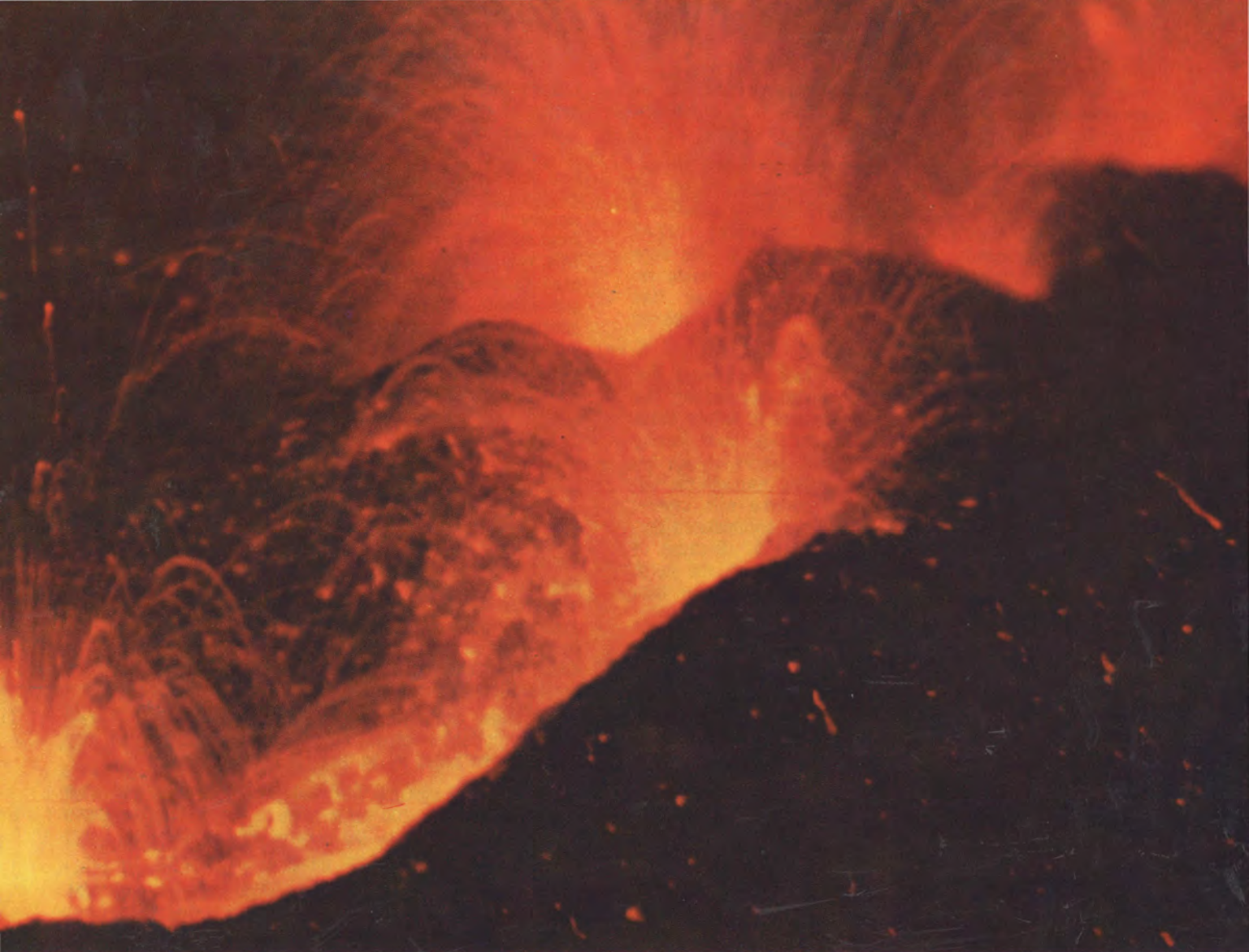
It is going to be very difficult for
the people who are attempting to cast
me in the role of neanderthal man
to continue to do so. 1/7/69.
I'd like to appear supermodest . . .
but I can't in good conscience. 1/7/69
The basis for that statement is that
I've suddenly been jerked from a
zoning board into the Vice Presi-
dency. 1/7/69.

Hubert Humphrey has been soft
on inflation, soft on Communism and
soft on law and order. 9/10/68.
Hubert Humphrey is a loyal Amer-
ican and a man of great integrity.
9/13/68.
Will the real Hubert Humphrey
Stand up? 9/19/68

Under Fire In Iceland



***By
Dr. Jerry M. Hoffer***



During this past summer, Dr. Jerry M. Hoffer, an associate professor in the Geology Department, was a member of an expedition consisting of 21 U.S. scientists that visited Iceland for approximately 3 weeks. The team consisted of geologists, botanists, and biologists and represented an attempt to study with an interdisciplinary group the distribution and colonization of life, both animals and plants, on newly formed volcanic land. Also of interest, was the study of life in terms of extreme environments with special reference to applications concerning the search for life on other planets in our solar system. The expedition was sponsored by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and directed by the Boston College Environmental Center.

REGIONAL SETTING

Iceland is of special interest to a person studying volcanoes. The country represents the emerged portion of a long submarine mountain range called the mid-Atlantic ridge that extends from the arctic region to the south Atlantic and is located about half-way between the continents. This ridge system is thought to represent a crack in the earth's crust along which lava has welled up from within the earth and built up a large mountain range on the floor of the ocean. Iceland represents a portion of this ridge that has been built-up above the level of the sea. One currently popular theory in geology states that along this ridge, and on other similar ridges in other parts of the ocean, the ocean floors are "spreading-apart." If this is true, then Iceland is being split apart with the western half of the country "drifting" to the west and the eastern portion "drifting" to the east. Along this zone of "splitting" lava from within the earth is able to rise to the surface and erupt forming volcanoes and associated lava flows. The central region of Iceland, from north to south, is one of the most active volcanic belts in the world today. There are some 150 volcanoes that have erupted since the last Ice Age (about 1 million years ago) and a volcanic eruption occurs on an average of once every 5 years. During the last 500 years roughly one-third of the world production of lava has the label "Made in Iceland."

The highlight of the expedition was a visit to an erupting volcano, Hekla, and this author's first experience at viewing a "real live volcano."

Hekla is Iceland's most famous volcano. Since the year 1104 A. D. it has produced 15 major eruptions, averaging one eruption every 58 years. The 1970 eruption represents a pause of 22 years, but the interval before the 1947-48 activity and the previous eruption was 102 years. We were therefore extremely fortunate when, on May 5, Hekla resumed activity in preparation of our June 15 arrival. Had Hekla "waited" two months longer we would have missed a very spectacular event.

Our first view of Hekla came on June 16 after a five hour bus ride from Reykjavik, the capital, located on the southwest coast of Iceland. We approached to within about two miles of the cone from the northeast side. Upon leaving the bus we could feel the rain of small pieces of ash being blown from the main vent and settling through the air. The entire area for many miles was covered with several inches of dark, colored material which had accumulated during the first two hours of activity on May 5. Because of the presence of a still hot, blocky lava flow on the north and east flanks of Hekla we could approach no closer than



two to three miles to the eruptive cone. Distant examination of the lava flow gave the appearance that the flow was not moving and had cooled sufficiently to allow it to be traversed. However, at a closer approach of 10 to 15 feet, heat emanating from the flow could be noticeably felt. Also evident was a strange cracking and popping noise and occasionally a large block of solidified lava would roll down the front of the flow thus exposing a red, hot molten interior. This type of flow is called aa, which is a Hawaiian term used to describe a lava flow typified by a rough, jagged, and spinose surface. It represents closely a tongue of clinkers moving with a molten interior stream, rafting and pushing already solidified, irregular fragments of lava. The flow, near its terminus, was moving at a slow rate of a fraction of an inch per minute.

Later in the afternoon we bused to the northwest flank of the cone where we could walk directly to the volcano without interference from the hot lava flow. Here we could walk to near the base of the cone and observe amidst the rain of falling ash, the ejection of large fragments of partly molten lava being thrown several hundred feet into the air. These larger fragments are called volcanic bombs and commonly reach a diameter of several feet. They represent hunks of molten lava expositively discharged from the vent by rapidly expanding gases. During flight an outer crust quickly forms by rapid cooling, but upon falling to the ground they usually break open and expose a red interior of molten lava. Temperature measurements in similar lava vents indicate that temperatures can reach as high as 2000°F. During the 1947-48 Hekla eruption a photographer was killed when he was struck in the chest by an ejected volcanic bomb.

Because of variable wind, we were unable to get much closer than 100 to 200 yards from the vent. The vent was hidden from our view by the cone of cinders and bombs that had been built up around the throat of the volcano.

On our return to Hekla on June 28, several of us managed to traverse around the west side of the cone while under a constant rain of small bombs. One member of our group was assigned the task of keeping his "eyes on the sky" while the others were on the move. If he yelled "heads", we would all stop and remain stationary until that particular group of "hot missiles had landed." During the approximately 10 minute walk around the northwest flank several large bombs landed 20 to 30 feet down slope from our group. After a half hour of struggling over the jagged surfaces of older, but still warm lava flows, we reached a vantage point where we could see a large opening in the south end of the cone. Here the cone had been breached by lava and we could look directly into the vent at a distance of 300 to 500 yards, upwind. The sight was magnificent, a continuous array of bright red, molten lava tongues issuing from the vent to heights of several hundred feet. Each ejected tongue spouting every second or two, was accompanied by a loud rumbling noise resembling thunder; the noise being caused by the rapid expansion of air as the hot lava passed through it. In addition, the vent was bubbling with molten lava some of which spilled over the rim giving rise to a lava stream that flowed out of the crater through the breached area on the south end. The flow passed within 20 feet in our location; it was moving at a rate of several feet per minute.

Our return to the bus was uneventful, although it was exciting to cross the heavy bomb area again. At the time of our departure from Iceland on July 1, Hekla was still going strong and this will probably continue for several months to come. The average life of a Hekla eruption is close to one year. ■



by Kelly La Rue

Out of 83, seven were left, adrift in an indifferent ocean.

First Mate Mark and Ensign Malone survived; the Captain was glad as they were probably the most capable men under his command.

Four able-bodied seamen had made it safely to the boat. The Captain was unable to recall their names but he remembered them as stable men, willing to work and obedient.

The Captain knew they had gone down 700 miles from land which could be reached by keeping the North Star to their back. But food was a problem. If carefully meted out it would last only a week, and water even less.

The men rowed smoothly, discussing among themselves what had caused the sinking and what would happen when they got back to England. The Captain discussed the problems with his officers and took note of their suggestions. When night fell he took the first watch and prayed for rain.

The days and nights went slowly. Morale and strength gradually ebbed as the water ran out and the food ran low. The Captain began taking turns at the oars and standing longer watches. He shared his food and water with the others, this both shamed and inspired them. And the Captain prayed.

Rain came. A jubilant crew

laughed and shouted, gathering what they could and drinking what they couldn't. The Captain felt God had answered his prayers and he gave thanks.

My name is Rami-Tak. I am the Chief and the greatest warrior of the village of Saptu. I am a humble and religious man however, even though I hold an exalted position in my tribe. I give thanks to the gods after battle for giving us victory and I appease the gods when they see fit to shame us on the field of honor. I honor the brave warriors of the enemy who fell trying to oppose our gods and I put to death those who have shamed us by showing cowardice.

I am a happy man. I love my village, for it is favored by the gods to be the most beautiful and the happiest in the world. I love Nitika my mate, who was chosen for me by my father, the wisest and most powerful man to ever live. I love my children, who will grow to be the strongest and wisest in the world. And I am loved, the gods have truly smiled on me. I am forever grateful.

The seamen were able to row only a few minutes at a time.

The water was low again and the food gone. The tropical sun turned the water into a mirror, a mirror which threatened to blind them, and if they closed their eyes

the after-image was just as blinding. It turned the oars to red hot coals and the air became so moist it was like a steam bath.

"I can't stand it," First Mate Mark would scream and the Captain shuddered at the look which appeared on the seamen's faces. They don't believe they are going to reach land. He had difficulty comprehending this belief but he knew it was there. Their faces, their eyes, their slumps all combined to scream this belief at him. He once again began encouraging and pushing the men. His will held them together and maintained their sanity; they were almost afraid not to hope. But all his strength could not soothe their increasing pain or quench their terrible thirst. They were so tired. The Captain prayed.

The gods truly love us! And how I adore them! We have had a great battle and killed many enemy. Tonight we will honor the gods and the brave warriors who fell before us. I love these nights when we can show the gods how true our devotion is. We are so fortunate!

First Mate Mark was dead, suicide. The men now only went through the motions of rowing for the Captain's sake. Worse than felling despair, the men were indifferent to their fate. Even Ensign Malone, who had been the Captain's right arm, no longer had any hope.

Were they meant to die? Is it possible that God had let them down? Was there a God? NO! He must not think such things!

Then it happened! A thin line on the horizon! Land!

It took half a day to reach the island and their boat was broken up over the reefs but all survived. Weeping, they crawled ashore, oblivious of their pain and weakness in the joy of being on dry land.

A sign from the heavens! Strange creatures have emerged from the waters which separate the land from the skies. Pale, with puny bodies and much hair. Yet they have the eyes of a man and walk erect. The gods truly love us to give us such a magnificent gift. Tonight we will share them with the gods. How pleased they will be. ■

The Gallery

Photos and text by Barney Napolske III



Looking back to our beginning

*the Youth we so desperately
try to hold on to,*

*can easily be lost in our
crumbling Surroundings,*

*Unless we seek further knowledge
we will never see the Light.*





**"The way the '68
Flowsheet would
have looked if
El Burro had
been in charge"**

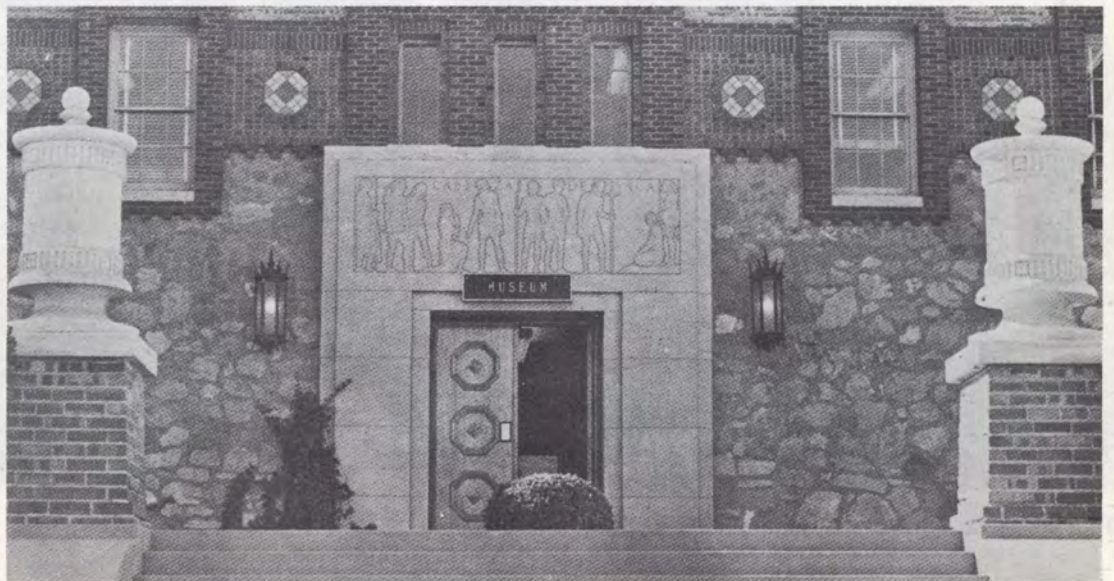
**"You were kind to walk me to my class, Alice.
I'll take back my purse and books now."**



Meet the faculty Hot Studs for the month of October



**Meet the Frank Macias
Fan Club, Don Kasa-
koff, President.**



**Meet the Don Kasakoff
Fan Club, Frank Mac-
cias, President.**



**Meet the sons-in-law of
Frank Macias**



The Frater's motto: "If your heart isn't in it get your A** out of it!"



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"1968 was the year that the Goldiggers finally reached some agreement on which arm is the right one and which is the left. All right, girls, let's show em! Extend your right arms!"



"See, son, you merely lick the back and press firmly with your Bozo no-no finger."



"Crud! What a time to get my scabbard caught with my braces."



"Hmmm, can't understand it. Where are all the hairs in my enchiladas coming from?"



"Would you mind moving your binder, please?!"

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the League of Women Voters . . ."

"Chicago is, was, and will be a great city."

Chicago ★

"The spotlight of publicity is a guarantee of the democratic process, and in those countries where the spotlight has dimmed, democracy has faded. The people of Chicago certainly have kept abreast of all the operations and happenings in their city, state, and county governments through the broadcast industries."

"We have conditions existing in Chicago that shouldn't exist anywhere in the U. S., I don't care what the intellectuals or the university professors say."

"We have had a lot of newspapermen in this town. We still have. I could spit on some from here."

"In the heat of emotion and riot some policemen may have overreacted."

"Gentlemen, get the thing straight, once and for all—the policeman is not there to create disorder, the policeman is there to preserve order. The police officer is among the first individuals that a visitor turns to for assistance and friendly advice."

"We have a fine police department, but we cannot be content until we have the best. We must, and will, insist upon higher and higher standards, and those in the supervisory ranks must exert a leadership based on respect and integrity. I'll certainly take action to improve the police department."

"Our police are not all guilty of brutality. They are decent, family men."

"Convince them they should come to a friendly city like Chicago."

"Thousands of troops can be on our streets within an hour. We've demolished more buildings than any administration in the history of Chicago."

"The ammunition will be live. You try it."

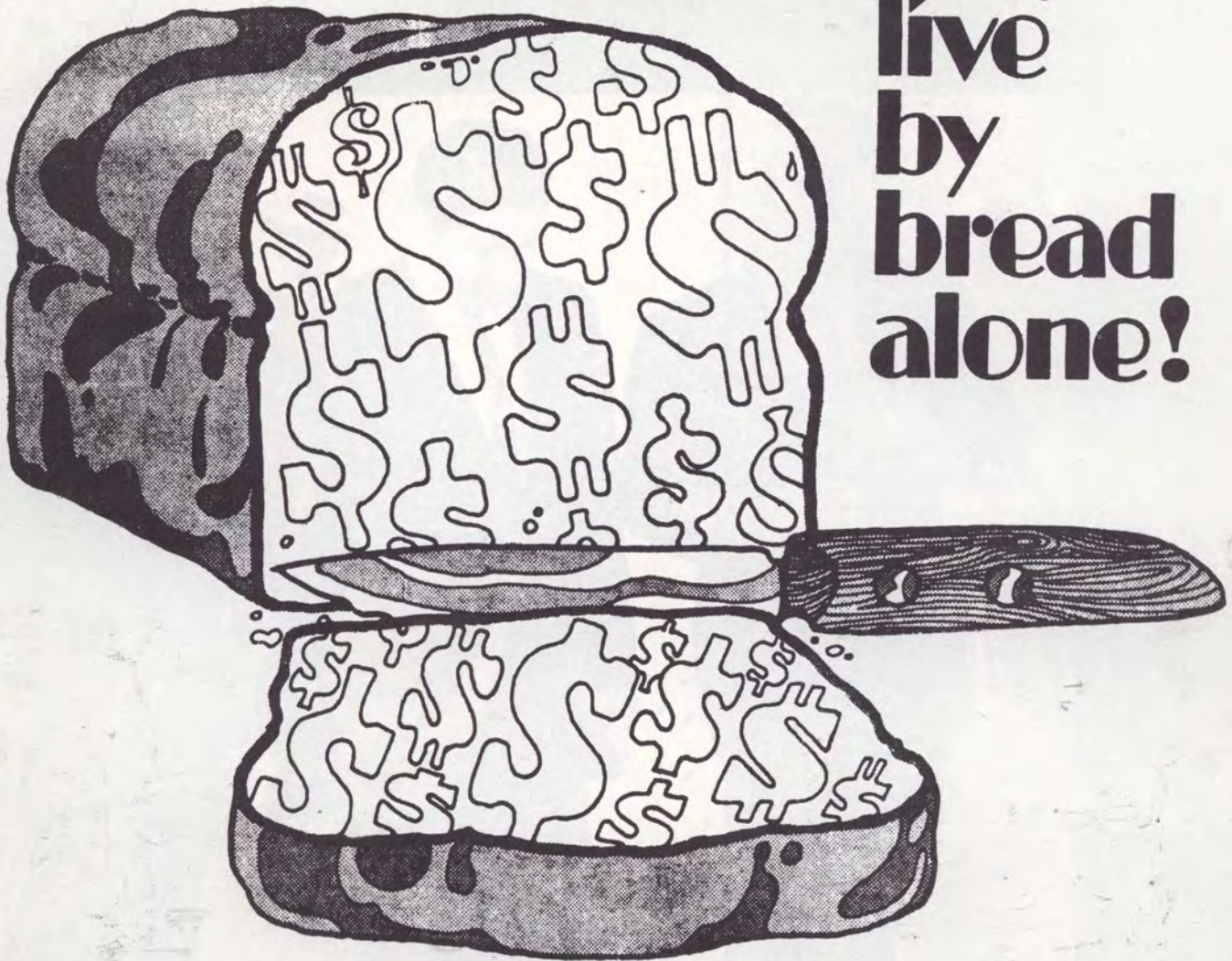
"We don't believe in being hysterical."

"They have vilified me, they have crucified me, yes they have even criticized me."

Quotes furnished by the Honourable Mayor of Chicago, Richard M. Daley.

ILLINOIS - Land of Lincoln

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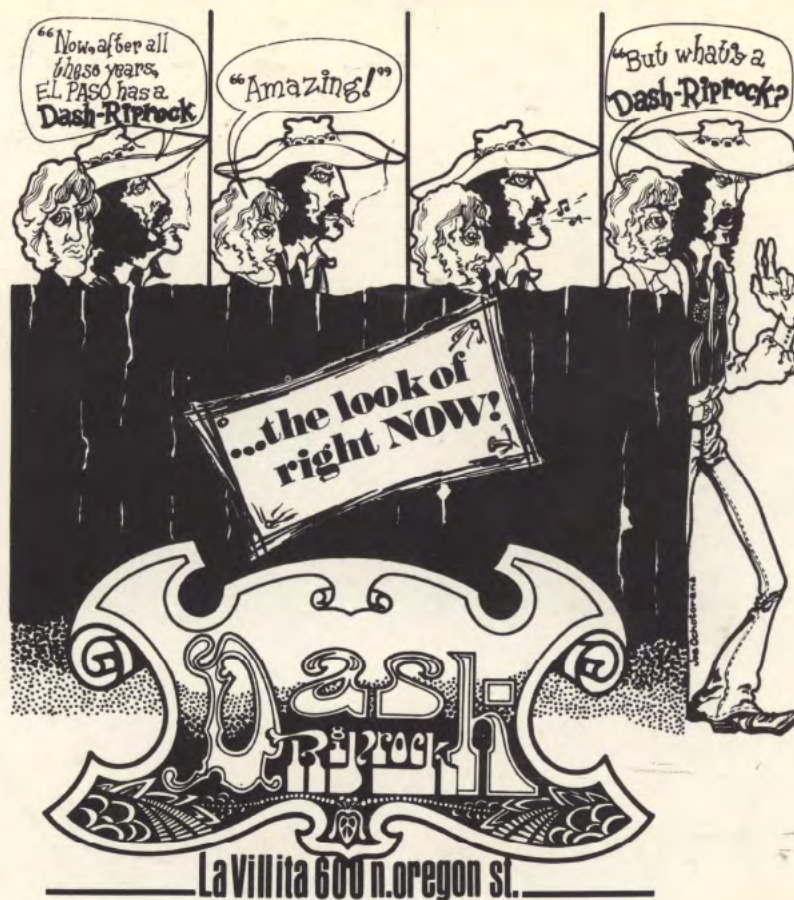
"Away with the can't of 'measures, not men!' — the idle supposition that it is the harness and not the horses that draw the chariot along."

—Canning



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GIFT SHOP
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LA VILLITA**

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