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EL BURRO

Variety magazine of The University of Texas at El Paso

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BY GREG VILLASENOR

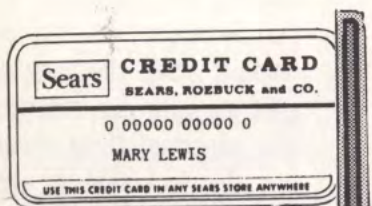
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GET LOST!

AW... COME
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IS GREENER
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Incident At Alamed

fiction by doug leslie

what his name meant, least of all him, we all associated it with the bully who wore it. It fit him. I was only a sixth grader at the time but ever since I had tangled with Roweena Watson, the ferocious amazon of the seventh grade, the gang considered me with due respect. The only important thing about that was the fact that it excluded me from the inevitable arm twisting and shove to the ground that the gang members delivered to every boy at school. Everyone lived in fear, knowing that it might soon be his turn to fall victim to the gang's display of power. Burl was to be no exception.

At morning recess Louie sauntered over to the tetherball poles where Burl stood watching in complete amazement. "I'm Louie da Pimp. Whatcha name kid." Louie added a hard finger poke to the newcomer's chest. "Whatcha name, kid." By this time the tetherballs had stopped swinging and a silence hit the playground. Every boy there knew through experience about the twist of the arm and the shove to the ground that followed. Without a second's hesitation Louie gave the new kid a mighty push and sent him sprawling in the dirt. Louie turned and snickered to the bystanders. That was their cue to laugh and everyone did. He turned back. "You, kid, whatcha name." The boy took his time getting up from the ground then cast a cool stare at Louie.

He drawled out "Burl." Then pointing a menacing finger added, "An' yew ain't gonna fergit it."

A buzz of excitement ran through Alameda Junior High between morning recess and lunch time and

He just stood there chewing with his arms jammed so far down into his pockets that his fists doubled up. He slowly shifted from one foot to the other and every now and then he would spit a big black glob to the ground. The whole schoolyard eyed his huge bare feet, the coveralls and his shaggy head of hair. The girls giggled and a few of the older boys snorted and snickered. His head and shoulders were big and he had no neck. When the bell rang he spit his plug out on the blacktop and shuffled into the building and that was the first time I ever saw Burl Englekey.

At Alameda Junior High the "F Street Gang" lorded over all. Detroit Jack, Snake, Big G and Louie the Pimp were the handpicked nicknames of the gang members. All four were eighth graders for at least the second time. Louie the Pimp was the unchallenged leader and although nobody knew for sure

Junior High

Louie the Pimp was noticeably affected. No one had ever dared defy him even with words.

At lunch the gang was eating at their spot under the tallest slide. They laughed and howled in an over done fashion for all to hear. Out of nowhere Burl walked up to the slide and stood fixed. Then, with the aim of a true professional, he hawked a huge black goober right square on Louie's raisen bread and dill pickle sandwich. He turned and walked away with a defiant smirk.

By afternoon recess the excitement was uncontrolable. Louie's confidence had been badly shaken. Most of the boys, including the gang, were involved in a gruesome game of dodgeball. Burl chose not to play. He stood alone keeping a constant eye on Louie and Louie knew it. A wild ball landed near Burl and Louie carelessly strayed from the protection of the gang to get it. Before anyone realized what happened, Burl scooped up the ball and hurled it full force at Louie's face from a distance of about six feet. While Louie stood stunned Burl backed off, charged and rammed his lowered head into Louie's ribs with frightening power. Louie did a backwards tumbly sault and sat on the ground gasping for air. As soon as he caught his breath he used it to cry. Burl grinned and spit another black goober to the ground.

After school everyone waited to cheer Burl. The crown was on another head now and dethroned Louie the

Pimp was forced to slink away with his swallowed. Amid the "Gollys" and "Holy cows" Burl just grinned a little and drawled, "Sheeit." He shuffled on down the road as unconcerned as when he had come to school that morning.

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THE COVER. Greg Villasenor is a cool art major who digs the funny scene. The Editors wanted a cover that would satirize student dress and attitudes. Greg came through with what we thought an excellent example. In fact, we were so impressed we asked him to help illustrate the pages of El Burro. His work appears in this issue in "Incident at Alameda Junior High," "Greg's Gallery" and the "Prolific Prof." We believe his caricatures give flavor and spice to El Burro.



STAFF

Editor

Ambrosio Sarmiento, Jr.

Business Manager

Lourdes Tinajero

Managing Editor

Deborah McKown

Features Editor

Elaine Bleakley

Humor Editor

Cathy Dunn

Photo Editor

Jay Zatovich

Photographer

Ron Hays

CONTRIBUTORS

Dave Crawford

Ernie Ortega

Carlos Morton

Doug Leslie

Betty Anders

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EL BURRO TODAY

The Editor

At last! The magazine that all UTEP has been waiting for has arrived. El Burro is here—oh my God! Gasp! Shudder! Not again!

No other student publication has been condemned so vociferously by church groups, banned so explicitly in Juarez, threatened so frequently with investigation by the Campus Police, and lost so many editors through murder, kidnapping and banishment.

Yes, Miners, there is an El Burro. And we will probably make you sick and nauseated. But in the meantime, we hope we'll be able to make you laugh and smile a little.

There just happens to be too many people who are so doggone mad about everything. What's happened to the humor in life. El Burro has a brief and simple motto that explains its philosophy:

"Don't get mad simply because you got mad at something that got you mad. Be happily mad by getting mad at something that will get you happily mad. After all, there's nothing like a person who's happily mad because he didn't get mad at the thing that should have gotten him mad."

Don't you agree?

So there, forget your troubles. They can't be as bad as all that. Take some time to laugh at us and yourself. Come to where El Burro is.

We'll try not to bore you by posing as an authority on the pressing socio-economic-political-racial-ecological-ideological issues of the day. Primarily because people who continually talk about these things are bores to begin with. Can you imagine a cool guy and a cute chick sitting in an open convertible on a moonlit night talking about politics?

This is not to say El Burro will shy from issues that affect the student body and our society. On the contrary, El Burro will examine those issues, but will try not to champion causes simply because it might seem fashionable to do so.

So in this light, the Editors of El Burro hope you will find the magazine amusing, entertaining and, at times, educational — ugh, what a nauseating thought!



YOU'RE KIDDING ME! Is what this young mother-student might be saying as she proudly displays her exemption from the Parietal Rule — the slip of paper she's holding. The ruling caused a furor among students when it was first introduced. Now, surveys by El Burro and the University Housing Office show that students affected by the ruling are either resigned or apathetic to it. (Staff photos by Ron Hays).

Do I Have To?

Despite the verbal protests, survey reveals student apathy toward the new Parietal Rule. Other students admit, "It's not so bad."

It seems students are always warming the air over something. Lately it's the Parietal Rule, and certain members of the administration are noticeably singled around the edges. Many students, whether directly influenced by the ruling or not, are indignant over the fact that the school would try to govern their lives so closely.

The arguments against the ruling have covered a wide range from civil liberties to the ever-increasing cost of higher education. The students' rather cynical explanations of the crackdown have been hardly flattering to the administration. But some of the dissertations on the subject, however sound they may seem, are backed by little more than hot air and insufficient or incorrect information. Eavesdropping in the SUB and various other places on the angry speeches and protests, we discovered that although the rationalizations sounded good there were too many different versions of the rule and the reasons for enforcing it now. We kept asking, "What is right?" "I don't know," came the answer, "but I heard . . ."

The main controversy on and off campus has been whether or not the University has the right to dictate where students will live. It sounds like a gross infringement of basic human rights, but it's legal. On September 16, 1970, in the case of Pratz vs. Louisiana Polytechnic Institute, a three-judge federal court ruled in favor of parietal rules. On April 5, 1971, the U. S. Supreme Court upheld the lower Court's decision.

El Burro recently tried to learn of student attitudes toward the ruling and of life in the dorms by distributing to dorm residents a simple questionnaire. Of the 92 summer residents only one was sufficiently interested in his own situation to check a few yes or no answers and return the form.

The whole idea was to obtain concrete issues and questions from the "inside" with which to address the administration. The questionnaire was evolved by us "thinking" like dorm students in order to come up with the questions. The only questionnaire returned exposed the holes in our thinking. This individual's only complaint was of the early-morning garbage pick-up. Don't misunderstand—if that one person hadn't replied, we'd have thought we halucinated the entire idea.

After recuperating from the thud our survey made, we dug up the official version of the parietal rule. In black and white, it says:

"It is the policy of the University of Texas at El Paso that all single, full-time undergraduate students not living with their parents are required to live in on-campus residence halls to the capacity of the facilities.

"Exemptions from on-campus residence requirements may be granted by Proper Officials:

A. In any case where it appears that a full-time undergraduate student will otherwise suffer significant hardship or because of sufficient financial, medical or other good and sound reason shown.

B. In the case of older students, as, for example, (i) a returning military veteran; (ii) a previously married person where Proper Officials make a finding of fact that such individual is by virtue of age and experience incompatible with the educational objectives and values sought to be provided by on-campus residence . . .

All students subject to the rule must come into compliance or petition for an exemption.

This rule is not new. Every college has one of some kind. Many are so stringent as to be ridiculous. As for UT El Paso, the rule has not been enforced before because, according to Dean Gayle Coyle of the Housing Office, the space available was always filled by volunteers and there was a waiting list for dorm rooms.

With the addition of the two new dorms, Kelly and Barry Halls, the consequent increase in space caused some ill feelings among the dorm residents. Some students lost their enthusiasm when a strike last summer delayed construction of the new dorms. They moved into the unfinished buildings despite their lack of hot water, telephones and air conditioning. The number of applications dropped.

Dean Coyle and the Housing Office are trying to make the dormitories more enticing by attacking the dormitory doldrums in three campaigns: light entertainment, intellectual entertainment and recreation. The intellectual aspect will be fulfilled by more departmental special-interest lectures along with weekly confrontations between members of the faculty, labeled "Dean Coyle's Shooting Gallery." Plans for so-called academic houses have been started. These will group together serious students who need quiet. Scholarship winners and those with high

grades are eligible for these groups which will be on an entire floor or wing of the dorm.

Weekend entertainment has been planned for dorms students. The recreation halls in the old dining hall and the Union will be keeping longer hours.

Even if the administration's reasons for suddenly enforcing the parietal rule are really dark and evil, not to mention commercial, things may work out for the better. There might even be a blossoming of intellectual activities and projects on campus, and the generation gap between the faculty and students might narrow, and apathy might diminish—but to tell the truth, we're not holding our breath.

The main problem is that we have just this year realized that there is a parietal rule and that universities and colleges all over the nation have been using them for years to fill up dorm space and create a center of learning on campus. They have the legal right to do this, but it still seems to many students like a blow to personal freedom. The rule has been accepted, although protests, feeble ones, are still being heard.

DORM RESIDENTS. Dale Kolaczowski (below left) and Charlie Mason (below) live in Hudspeth Hall. Despite the fact that Hudspeth resembles a tenement on the inside (it was built in 1947), Kolaczowski and Mason both have expressed somewhat favorable views toward living there. Kolaczowski, who prefers it to Burges Hall where he lived last year, said, "It's not bad. But they could afford to put in air-conditioning." Mason had two requests for exemption denied by the Administration. Now, he also admits, "It's not bad . . . convenient, but the food stinks."



MAN-TAN REVISITED

The year is 1988. The scene is a small shop somewhere in Harlem. The man behind the counter is talking to a customer.

"Look man, it's never gonna work. You just wasting' your time and money."

"But I can't give up now! I know it'll work. Look at my hair. Nobody knows it doesn't grow this way!"

"Yeah, I gotta admit your hair turned out pretty good. That was good stuff I sold you."

"And look at my skin. Nobody'd ever guess I wasn't born this color."

"Yeah, but you just don't act like what you look like!"

"Damn it, brother, gimme a break! I been practicin' and studyin' for weeks."

"You just comin' on too strong, man."

"What am I gonna do? I fixed my hair and I fixed my skin and I practiced for weeks! I even bought a lemon yellow Caddy convertible!"

"Take it from me, it aint' never gonna work. You oughta just quit right now. The way I see it, some of us is born black and some of us is born white, and you is better off the way you was born."

"I guess you're right."

"Sure I'm right. Now go on home and forget about changin' color. That hair stuff'll grow out in a month or so."

"Okay, but what about my skin? How the hell do I get this black stuff off?"

Sociologists and psychologists have been warning us that the major American cities are deteriorating and are destined to die in the near future. Can you imagine anyone living in these death traps? I can. Take Chicago for instance:

I'm in the kitchen wearing only underwear and the fan is blowing nothing but hot air. The electric power failed again this morning, it's impossible to keep ice cream. It is one hundred degrees outside and the humidity is so high that one is literally bathed in sweat. The toilets are plugged up again and the smell is suffocating. Yesterday, as I rode my bicycle on the steaming streets, I saw a dismembered arm lying near the gutter, and large brown rats scurried half-heartedly from my path.

An elder from the Ministry of Love spoke at a block meeting last night and gave, according to early morning news accounts, a "double-plus-good-duck-speech" on the current water crisis in the city. The speaker, an amiable man with silver hair worn fashionably long, assured the community that water pollution is being solved thanks to a new chemical recently discovered by the Dow Company that is twenty times stronger than bleach and able to dissolve bacteria, mercury, and atomic radiation to the ratio of one drop per one thousand cubic feet of lake water. He told that special sanitation crews were working around the clock and dispensing the new wonder chemical in Lake Michigan.

At the same time, however, the general populace was warned to desist from wading or boating in the lake as direct contact with the water could "possibly and very likely be injurious to health."

The air inversion that gripped the city for ten days has blown away to the south; reports have that it finally settled over Memphis, so it is now safe to move about without the aid of gas masks. However, even the most hardy individual dare not walk too many blocks without stopping for a dose of fresh oxygen from one of the many portable Air-Supply Tanks located on every corner.

However, the Ministry of Air has announced that they will purchase ten thousand new "Pollution-Patrol" cars as a move to combat and arrest offenders. An elderly woman in her seventies was publically set to the torch last Saturday when it was discovered that she had been secretly burning leaves in her back yard. Her next of kin were promptly carted off to detention camps and their property confiscated. The news media praised the "Pollution-Patrol" for their "professional efficiency in dispatching the case."

Conflicting reports have it that young couples are riding up to the John Hancock Building, the tallest in the city, and throwing their babies out the window as a form of warning and protest against the upcoming environmental catastrophe.

I have not been eating as well as I should be, and not because there is not an overabundance of food—it's

just that my appetite seems to be deteriorating in the face of a diet of pre-packaged frozen foods spiked with preservatives and laced with pesticides. I have a friend who is a butcher and he confesses that they inject the meats with artificial coloring and other ingredients in order to disguise the offensive odor and make the product appear blood red. (He says he is leaving that business and taking up a safer trade like undertaking — it seems that the little hotdogs were beginning to scream at him.)

I myself stick mostly to a water diet supported by alcohol. The Ministry of Hunger declares that alcohol is rich with life giving properties and urges the general populace to embrace this diet so as to make the end much more pleasant. The people are also taking up the banner of hard drugs (by the millions) so as to facilitate their demise. (All of this is known as "prolefeed.")

I just looked at myself in the Victory Mirror. It's odd, but the forty or so pounds that I have lost during the last six months have all been from below my waist; my legs look like legs on a high chair. My chest and shoulders are intact, but my legs are almost gone. (Perhaps I should walk on them more often.)

Another thing—my teeth are going to seed! I was chewing bubblegum last Thursday and when I spit it out, I discovered two molars in the spent wad. Oh, and I must admit that much of my hair has also fallen off—the other morning I was surprised to discover a great shock of black curly hair on the pillow. I picked it up and ran to the bathroom, trying to glue it back on my ragged scalp—holding my black hair under the dim yellow light and moaning sorrowfully.

All of this is very depressing, I know, but what can one individual do? I used to, long ago when the flowers grew orange in the sun, run out to Michigan Avenue and spill used cooking grease on the sidewalk in front of the **Chicago Tribune**. But no one listened. I would even throw it on the doormen who stood guarding the plush apartment buildings on Lake Shore Drive. I did this to **alert** the people, but no one understood. And as for the doormen—they were so infuriated that they began screaming like wild men at my distant approach.

A splatter of gunshots just ripped through the alley. The neighborhood hooligans must be fighting our glorious police again. It's a common occurrence around here—the long-haired, filthy punks stand around the street corners in the night, twirling their zipguns. Those commie-jew-nigger-spick perverts seem to think that fighting the police will gain them power. How ridiculously absurd! Like Big Mayor said: "da Chicagah Pleez are heah to preserve dis order." So what are those sillies fighting for? Why don't they go pick up their beer cans off the street and do the community some good? (If this paragraph seems out of context, it's because it is forbidden to write derogatory remarks about our police—there are special Thought Police to combat this crime.)

There is no doubt in my mind that the city is dying, but the people are afraid to leave their homes. The

authorities have built an invisible fence around Chicago that is guarded by spiritual forces. At night, flood lights beam their erie eyes around the city, and helicopters whirl constantly in the air. A recording, designed to lull one to sleep, is played everynight:

"I got plenty of nothing
and nothing's plenty for me
I got no water, I got no air
I just got misery—
'cause **nothing's** free!"

It's impossible to stop this madness; in the morning all of the workers are herded into buses and driven off to labor in the Loop. As of this writing, the people are paid off in appropriate amounts of gasoline and oil, respectively. Next year, who knows—we may get paid off in slinks.

"When the Jews entered the ovens at Dachau, the Nazis played hip Wagner music, passed out flowers and handed out free bars of soap. We are all gonna groove mit da showers . . . ya ya . . . by the way would you mind it if we pulled your teeth out . . . just step over here kinda. That's nice . . . be boppa do."

—Abbie Hoffman

Da Chicagah Pleez

A concerned environmentalist describes the new scene in the Windy City.

fiction by carlos morton

2
 Television has acclaimed its Dynamic Duo
 and radio has heralded its Motar Marauder.
 But what of Utep? Will this fine institution
 be destined to obscurity for lack of a
 crusader to champion the cause of higher
 learning? Will it fall prey to the everyday
 dum-dums of mediocrity and mere existence?
 Will it be... just another university?

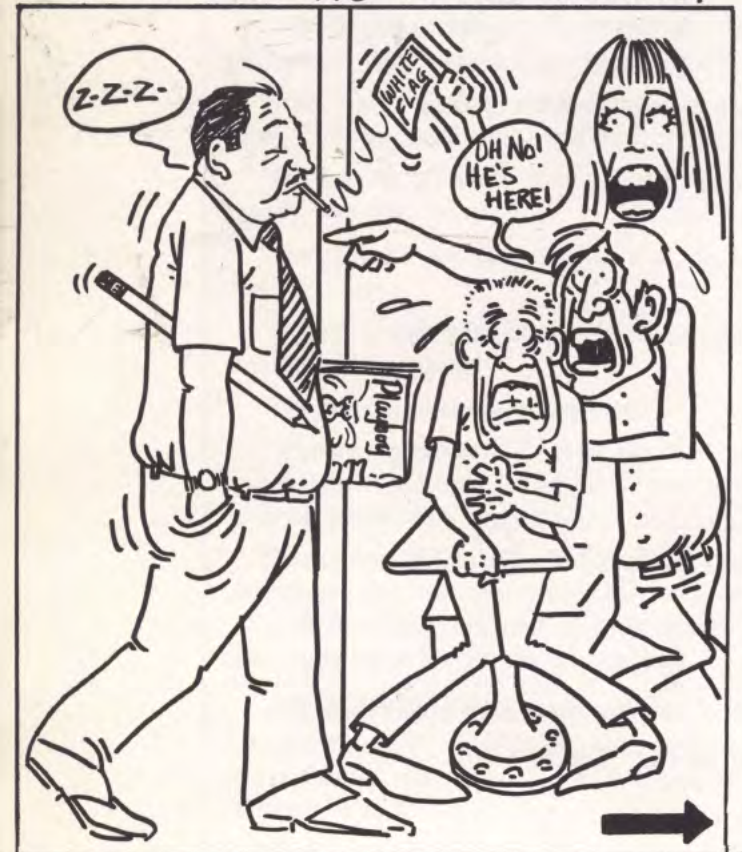
No! Look there! In the classroom! It's
 Him. He's arrived. It's...

★ PROLIFIC PROF! ★

... in the form of
 "Morgan J. Broaddest." He's come to teach us
 American History 3101... golly... swell!... far out!

As with others of his kind, PROLIFIC
 PROF clearly commands the adulation and
 attention of his students. See how graceful
 and fluid he is as he enters his classroom.
 And see how happy his students are!

The Prolific Prof is direct, void of senseless superfluous
 social amenities. In short, he don't say nuthin to
 nobody! Deftly, he outlines the days lecture
 on the chalkboard amidst the applause and
 cheers of his students. For to him, time is
 precious and education is paramount!



Now he begins his dynamic lecture. See the flawlessness of his expertise, free of trite clichés, distracting idiosyncracies, and irritating redundancies!



THE VICTIM

humor by cathy dunn

RECENTLY, a friend became victim to the parietal rule. Protesting that she was unable to meet the additional financial burden of a dorm bill, she was told that that was not the University's problem. Indeed, if the Administration chose to do so, they could make her live on campus until she was eighty. It was the sort of statement that could easily be dismissed as simple exaggeration, but in checking the catalogue I discovered that the school is well within its rights if it insists that the dorms be filled in this manner. There is absolutely no mention of what age one must attain before he ceases to be fair game for the Housing Department. A student who is a single undergraduate not living with his parents is liable to be told at any time that he must transfer to one of UTEP's faintly seedy dormitories. As such is the case, can one expect a scene like this when the semester begins...

"Got everything, Grandma? Your pin-up of Herbert Hoover? Your electric back scratcher? I think... yes, it's right here in this box. I didn't want you to forget your mustache bleach. Remember, Granny, twice a week with this stuff or you'll inspire them to do a remake of KING KONG."

"Well, dear, we're on the road now, aren't we? I wish that I could stay at home with you and your family, Helen, but since I'm a widow... well, I guess that I'm single but it's going to be hard to make a change at seventy-two. All those college students running around and having sex and going wild—Helen, could you speed up just a trifle? You know, Helen, put your foot on it? Thank you. You're a sweet child. Listen, what I wanted to tell you was not to worry if I'll make friends or not. I've been practicing all the things the kids say: boo! a-boo! and see you later, alligator, and gimme an F... gimme a U... gimme a C... Why, you look really pale, dear. Not enough iron, I think. And if I don't make friends right away, I still have my electric back scratcher. I won't lack for things to do."

A month later, Grandma is residing in Hawthorne Hutch where the friendly comings and goings of student counselors and directors is matched only by the amount of people going out the window on bed-sheets. Granny is sort of up-tight about things. For one, her roommate Shirley has a few strange habits. Every day she spends three hours praying to Satan to bring back the Mickey

Mouse Club, and it's not so much what she's doing as the way that she does it. After all, wouldn't you be frightened to see a nineteen year old girl wearing Mousketeers ears and sacrificing a chicken on your bureau? The girl next door is also slightly eccentric. She hangs by her feet from a clothes peg in her closet.

"HELEN, really it was nice of you to visit me. And so nice of you to bring flowers. I just love plastic tulips. They're so... Well, you can wash them. I'll put them somewhere nice. Right in my dresser drawer. You remember that I was telling you about the girl who lives in the closet? Well, I figured out her problem. Poor dear, she has false teeth. What do you mean, how do I know? I heard her just the other day. A girl came by and asked her if she had any uppers, and she said. "Now I have both uppers and lowers and never a problem since I gave up corn..."

"Grandma, I was wondering if you've got any problem with alcohol? You know, drinking?"

"My heavens, what a question to ask, Helen. But I guess it's natural. To tell the truth, the counselor came around and we had a little raid here. Yes indeed, Helen. Just like Prohibition. He came up with a bottle of Ripple, three bottles of Boone's Farm Apple, and a quart of Hailey's M.O."

Grandma is also disturbed by one other thing: sex. She lives on the only X-rated campus in America. Between Women's Lib, Free Love, Gay Lib, and her roommate's brother who has a fondness for sheep, nobody is getting any rest. Grandma is really worried about the animal lover; while other boys are religiously reading PLAY-BOY, he's drooling over LIVESTOCK MONTHLY. In her sweet and simple fashion, Granny has been trying to advise these wayward children.

"Dear, don't you think that it would be better to wait until you're married?"

"What difference does formality make? Doesn't love enter into it?"

"YOU must not confuse one with the other, my child. Think of the benefits of marriage; community property, alimony, and child support. Marriage means never having to say you're sorry—if you nag enough, your husband will always say it first. Think of the beauty of it all; two human beings carping and bickering down life's highway. Always knowing just the right insult, exactly which nerve to hit. It can be a truly

Grandma: "All those students running around and having sex, I can't wait to get there"

rewarding experience, especially if you get a really good divorce attorney. Almost every day I think of my dear, departed Nurford. He passed away in the prime of life, my dear."

"His heart?"

"No, it was a '37 Packard, actually. Nurford never believed that stop signs were 100% American. The color, you know. But that's besides the point. We had a marvelous marriage; nothing like these sordid little attachments that young people seem to have these days. Of course we had a few problems in the beginning; the blonde in Personnel, the brunette in Records. But we talked it over like two sensible adults and then I told him what to do."

Since being introduced to on-campus college life, Grandma has really come to appreciate the enforcement of the parietal rule. Without such a rule she never would have known the joys of eating in the cafeteria, where the menu relies heavily on cold hamburger and Lysol. The lack of privacy would never have been revealed to her as the special privilege that it is. There is a certain heart-warming glow when you know that it was a friend and not just any stranger who wandered into your room and lovingly stole everything that could be carted away. Is it any wonder then that every morning when Grandma awakens to the wonderful sound of thirty-six people marching on the same bathroom, she smiles happily and murmurs a brief but unmistakeable sigh of thanks to the Housing Department?

The Hiller High Life

"If you want the truth, Barb, you got bad breath."

humor by carlos morton

THE SCENE: An expensive automobile. The plush bucket seats separate the young couple. Actually, the gearshift is in the way. The man is a hero from Vietnam, and a member of the Miners football team as well as president of his fraternity. The girl is a Goldigger as well as an alternate cheerleader majoring in physical education. They are parked in front of her sorority.

She: Well, goodnight Ken...

He: (Yawning) Goodnight Barb...

She: Gee, golly, aren't you gonna walk me to the door?

He: Uh, I really would like to, but you know how much my leg hurts.

She: Oh. Sure, Ken...

He: I really screwed up my bad knee at the dance tonight. You know, the one I got from the war.

She: Ya, sure Ken. (Starts to open the door but suddenly whirls around.) Ken, why don't you want to walk me to the door? Think of what my sorority sisters will say!

He: Well, Barb... if you want to know the truth—you got bad breath!

She: Oh my gosh! Is there anything else?

He: You also have acne.

She: Is that all?

He: Oh, now, there's your dandruff and the underarm odor, and the frizzies.

She: Tell me more, don't stop now.

He: Well, you're not a blonde and you don't wear make-up, and you don't smoke cigarettes or drink scotch. But worst of all—and I can't emphasize this enough—you've got to stop wearing a bra! I'm sorry, Barb. I can't afford to be seen with you if "you're not with it."

She: Oh, Ken, I'm so grateful that you finally told me the truth—no one else would. Will you love me if I change?

He: Barbie, you know I will, just look like everyone else, please?

She: (They embrace.) Darling, I'll have Amen Wardy do it to me.

He: My dear sweet Barbie.

(They kiss and he plays the theme from "Love Story" on the tape deck.)

Goldiggers Means Girls! Girls! Girls!

article by dave crawford

WE are a precision dance team," explained Leah Rubalcaba, the head "digger," as we watched the other girls breeze through a routine.

It was an uncomfortably hot afternoon, and the temperature in the gym where the girls were practicing wasn't any cooler.

Some of the girls were obviously affected by the heat. Sweat formed dark spots on their blouses. Leah went on: "This is a new routine we've been practicing for a day. Normally, we work on a routine for at least a week before it's used."

Though often the subjects of unjustified criticism, I couldn't help admiring the girls' "devotion to duty." What could motivate them to sweat like that for only one hour of credit, I wondered. Then I learned it's not the credit the girls are after. It's simply a matter of love—love for what they are doing.

Leah, our vivacious 19-year-old hostess, probably summed it up best for the girls. "I've always loved dancing," she quipped.

The girls held up well under the pressure of learning the new routine. The number appeared complicated. Under the circumstances, I had expected to find tense undercurrents. But after questioning many of the sweat-soaked dancers, the consensus was, "We are performers first, people second."

THERE is a sad side to every story. The girls, too, have a gripe. They aren't given enough opportunity to travel out of town with the other half of the "Marching Cavalcade," the university marching band. The budget cannot afford it, they've been told. Still, reliable

sources say El Paso's Eastwood High School is able to afford out of town performances for its Trooperettes.

The guiding light behind the 'diggers is choreographer Liz Gaidry, more commonly called "Miss Liz" by the girls. She is cool, patient and aloof, but she has earned their respect and maximum output. Miss Liz creates each dance in the 'digger routine. From a purely amateur standpoint, I'd say she's been doing her job extremely well.

DO IT! DO IT! Under the critical eye of choreographer Liz Gaidry, (below left), UTEP's fine bevy of beauties do their thing at practice. Pictured on these pages are: **BELOW:** From left to right: Nita Corral, Laura Montoya and Cheri Guy. **TOP RIGHT:** Denise Williams. **MIDDLE RIGHT:** Leah Rubalcaba. **BOTTOM RIGHT:** Identified from left to right: Nancy Ollis, Diane McGuire, Deborah Mathews and Patricia Butler.



staff photos by jay zatovich and ron hays



Those Precious Fraternities and Sororities...

Some say frats and sororities are no longer relevant; even dying out. The trend is toward service organizations, others say. Will these clubs continue to survive despite new attitudes on campus?

article by elaine bleakley

THE question of whether or not sororities and fraternities are dying out is no longer relevant. They are here and will be here for some time to come. Actually, they have as much place at a university as Black Students Union, SDS, or Women's Lib. And like these organizations, Greeks are becoming a product of their times.

A university should serve the needs of all its students. Today these students are a varied lot. Being Queen of the May probably has as much prestige in some circles as being gassed by the National Guard has in others. Both are experiences a college student could find himself going through.

Lately there **has** been a change in the Greeks and their organizations. In keeping with the present mood of campus activism (which appears in a 40-year cycle, like some kind of plague), sororities and fraternities are becoming more involved with helping others. Some of this makes sense, of course. Greeks are, for all practical purposes, the only organized groups on campus. If the Cerebral Palsy Telethon needs volunteers to answer phones, who does it turn to? The sororities and fraternities, of course. Who else can supply upwards of 40 people (per house) right away?

Greeks also serve a social purpose. On big, modern, impersonalized campuses, they are often one of few ways a student can meet with other students. But it's not all beerbusts and dances, despite the old movies.



...are alive and well at UTEP

At UT El Paso there is only one formal dance in the spring. Not much to write home about.

Yes, they've come a long way, baby. No longer are they the hard-to-get-into snob organizations. Of the girls who go through rush, almost all are accepted. And the Greek organizations on this campus are integrated, to some degree. There are few Blacks belonging to traditional organizations. In the last few years however, several all-Black Greek organizations have emerged. And the sororities and fraternities are no longer sanctuaries for the intellectually misfit—average GPA for Greeks are nearing the 3.0 mark. Pledges are required to spend a certain amount of time each week studying—and they do.

Things are not all roses-and-petunias for Greeks. There is the problem of alumni, who are notorious for dragging their feet about changes in their dear old frat and sorority houses. Things were fine while they were in school so they see no reason to change them now (never mind that rules were archaic **then**, for heaven's sake, and are ridiculous now). Alumni remain very active till the day they pledge to that great big house in the sky and will not tolerate any messing around their fine, old institutions.

Case in Point: In preparing this article EL Burro wanted to photograph a typical pledge party. Permission was granted to attend a rehearsal at the Kappa Delta House. Then permission was rescinded by the alumni on grounds that it would be violating secret rites, etc. The Sisters over-rate their own fascination for others. They

suggested we try the Zeta Tau Alpha girls who always welcome publicity. Here is evidence of the competition that exists between Greek organizations, who often have an unhealthy interest in knocking each other.

There are other evidences of insanity. Rush rules for instance, verge on the stupid, but are explained away as the result of competition (that word again) for Sisters and Brothers. Apparently, one's Brothers and Sisters stick with one for life. Now there's a horrifying thought—that you will know the same people 50 years from today. But Greeks are steeped in this sort of mysticism. One's fellow-members should be as close to you as blood relations. Greeks spend a lot of time talking about the bond they have with other Greeks, often to the point of being cloying (especially for non-members).

Greeks are changing, no doubt. Whether they are changing fast enough to survive is problematical. Their membership figures haven't kept up with college enrollments. But they're certainly giving it the old college try (to coin a phrase). And is it so wrong for them to retain their old ways? Greeks don't have a corner on the silliness market—a campus would have to have strange standards to tolerate some groups that are around, but to refuse to allow Greeks to operate. Greeks are really innocuous organizations that set no bombs, instigate no riots and, in fact, often do good (an unchic phrase today, perhaps, but appropriate). Greeks **are** changing—they know they have to.



Cristina

fiction by ernie ortega

In another hour I will be at the Playboy where Cristina works. What better way to spend Friday evening. No bachelor in his right senses would give up a week-end of pleasure and relaxation. This time we will have the whole beach-house overlooking the bay to ourselves. Furthermore as a writer I need to be in constant touch with reality. A writer without experiences is like a lawyer without his books. It is as a man living in a vacuum; what can he work with; experiences, he wouldn't have any imagination nor would he be able to create. Without an active life, a man would become a parasite; a writer would cease being a writer. I especially need this week-end with her so that I can finish my twelfth and final chapter on **Profunda**, next week. **Profunda** by the way, is a fictitious name of the girl I am writing about, in my book. The plot and all the scenes take place in Acapulco.

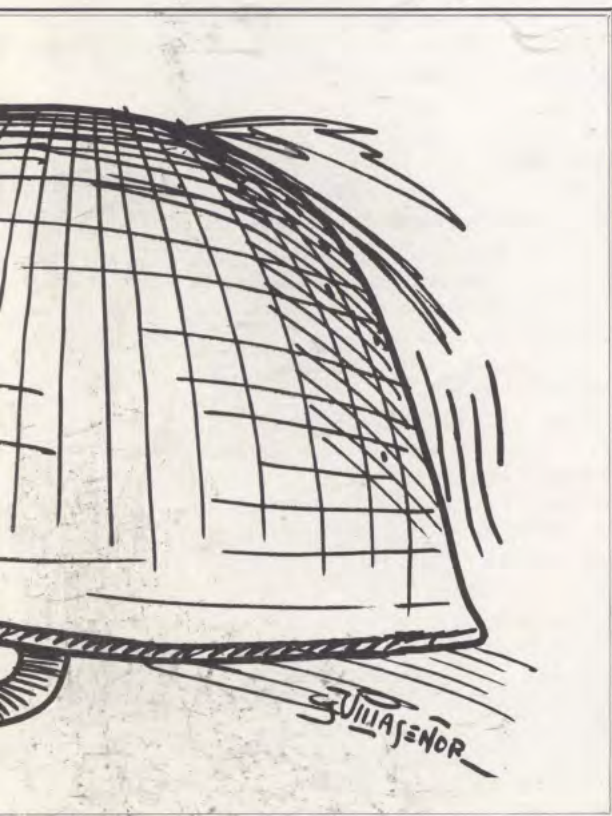
I only hope that she has made arrangements for her room-mate Rebeca. I don't want her and Charlie spending this week-end with us. For over a month I surely haven't, been getting much rest. After the Playboy Club tonight, the gang is supposed to go to the beach or to one of their pads to continue the party. I only hope she has straightened things out and not leading me on.

This will be a very exciting week-end, the two of us alone, in her luxurious pad, swimming-pool and all. Not to be selfish, but the past five weeks have really been



rough. This will be the first week-end that we will be alone together. No more of the long social parties that last the usual three days—Friday, Saturday and Sunday. For once we would be able to spend our time together, alone and relaxing as I have been dreaming, all week. Quiet and Solitude is what I actually need. I need this for reflection and meditation. Most important, I will have an opportunity to talk to her about her life, her future and have her for myself. As anxious as I have been all this past week, I think I can stand to wait a few minutes longer. What better way to spend the time, dreaming in the spaciousness of the house, in the immense patio, under the shade of the trees, next to the swimming pool. These hot sub-tropic summers of Acapulco can be spent constructively at ones own work, but only if you know how to make use of them properly. All everyone seems to want-to-do, is drink, dance, go to the beach, swim and paint this sailors paradise red. Practically glued to my typewriter all week long, I need something else besides exertion. I need to slow down and enjoy life some.

From what I know, an American millionaire with a chain of hotels around the world, first set eyes on her in Madrid. She was a dancer in a cabaret, working her way through college, majoring in Philosophy and minoring in theater. The man was quick to notice her artistic



talent and ability; he contracted her on the spot. The \$500 a week offered her was more than she was able to earn in a whole month. This gave her the opportunity to see another country, and to save enough money to finish her senior year of school. It was with this that she planned to pay for her thirty-thousand dollar home, very soon, as she once mentioned it.

I have drunk my coffee and still haven't proof-read any of this eleventh chapter. Who gives a damn; I can do it over the week-end. For once I'll be able to mix pleasure with work, besides — I feel like the luckiest man in the world. Maybe I should call her to verify that Rebecca and Charlie won't be staying with us. I think I'll wait, she always calls me before picking me up. There's still an hour left before she begins her shift. She should call me shortly.

Soon I will be with her; my "little Arab," I call her, because of her resemblance to the people of Arabia. Her olive complexion, chin length, dark of darkest hair, give her the appearance of an Arabian goddess. Her beauty is in her simplicity. Yet it is this very simplicity that makes her stand out as a phenomenon among all the girls I have met.

Tonight I shall see her dance in all the exotic splendor of motion that only a true blooded gypsy can perform. The other playmates are good dancers, but she stands out among all of them. No other girl had ever attracted me so much as my "little Arab." "Loaded and willing," I had heard other members of the club talk of the other playmates, but none in my opinion, could ever get near, in comparing with her, the contrast was too plain to be overlooked. This half-breed was just too much to drive any man crazy. Originally she is a native of Granada, center of great culture, from where the Moores once ruled over Espana. Through her veins ran the hot blood of her conqueror and of the conquered. Being a Granadense I would tend to think that the Moorish culture influenced her more than the Spanish. Also, because of her gypsy-like appearance, her olive-complexion, her manners and mostly because of her profound, mystic personality and exotic mysticism, in the ways of love.

She possesses a quality so rare, that one could go through a life-time and never meet it. It is a quality possessed only by great artists and poets, persons of great genius, but seldom found in ordinary people.

Maybe she is really beginning to get under my skin. Or is it my book and **Profunda**? What ever it is, I am beginning to feel about love, as Larousse once described. "A sentiment which impels the spirit towards that which is beautiful, great, true and just, making of it an object of our affection and our desire."

"Good morning, University of Texas at—"

"Yes, ma'am. What I need is—"

"You have not let me finish, sir. Under Article Two of the Switchboard Operator's Field Manual, I am required to state the name of my employer and to make some sort of general observation as "good morning." This never varies, except in instances of nuclear holocaust. Then we are allowed to dispense with "good morning." However, there are many of us who feel . . . Sir, what is that strange noise coming over the wire? Sir? Are you there, please?"

"Uh, ma'am, could we hurry this along? I'm calling from a pay phone and I seem to suddenly be under attack from a huge black dog. He has this foam all over his mouth. There's a nice doggie . . .

Phun With Phones

"Really, operator, he's going to tear me from limb to limb."

humor by cathy dunn

no, ma' am, I was not refering to you. I was trying to placate the dog. PLACATE. No, that's not an obscene word. No, I'm sure that it's not. Please don't take the time to check with the other secretary. The dog is rocking the phone booth . . . ooh, you should see his teeth. Looks like a training ground for Mr. Cavity. Would you mind calling someone to try and distract this beast? I'm just right out here a block from the campus—"

"I'm sorry, sir. This is the Registrar's Office. We are not authorized to perform such duties. Now if you have some record which you need checked, I will walk over to our files . . ."

"While you're there, see if my student insurance covers accidental death by being devoured. When you get back, all you'll have here is a body."

"—which are neatly scattered here on the floor, and see if I can . . ."

"He's almost in the booth now. I can't believe he wants to crash through the door just for the ecstasy of direct dialing. Really, he's going to tear me limb from limb. What the hell are they putting in Gravy Train these days? Maybe I should try doing a little dog food . . . if I ever get out of here alive. Ma'am, would it be breaking the rules if you just sort of raised your voice and remarked that anyone who wanted to see a particularly good piece of violence could come right down to this corner and . . ."

"—Locate that which you need, sir. Now in the event that . . ."

"What do I have to do to make you send help?"

"Well, I believe that I might be allowed to summon help if I had a verbal order from Dr. Finger."

"Oh, that's wonderful. I was afraid that I'd be here for the rest of my life—all ten minutes of it. How do I reach Dr. Finger?"

"Possibly through a medium, sir. He's been dead for quite sometime."

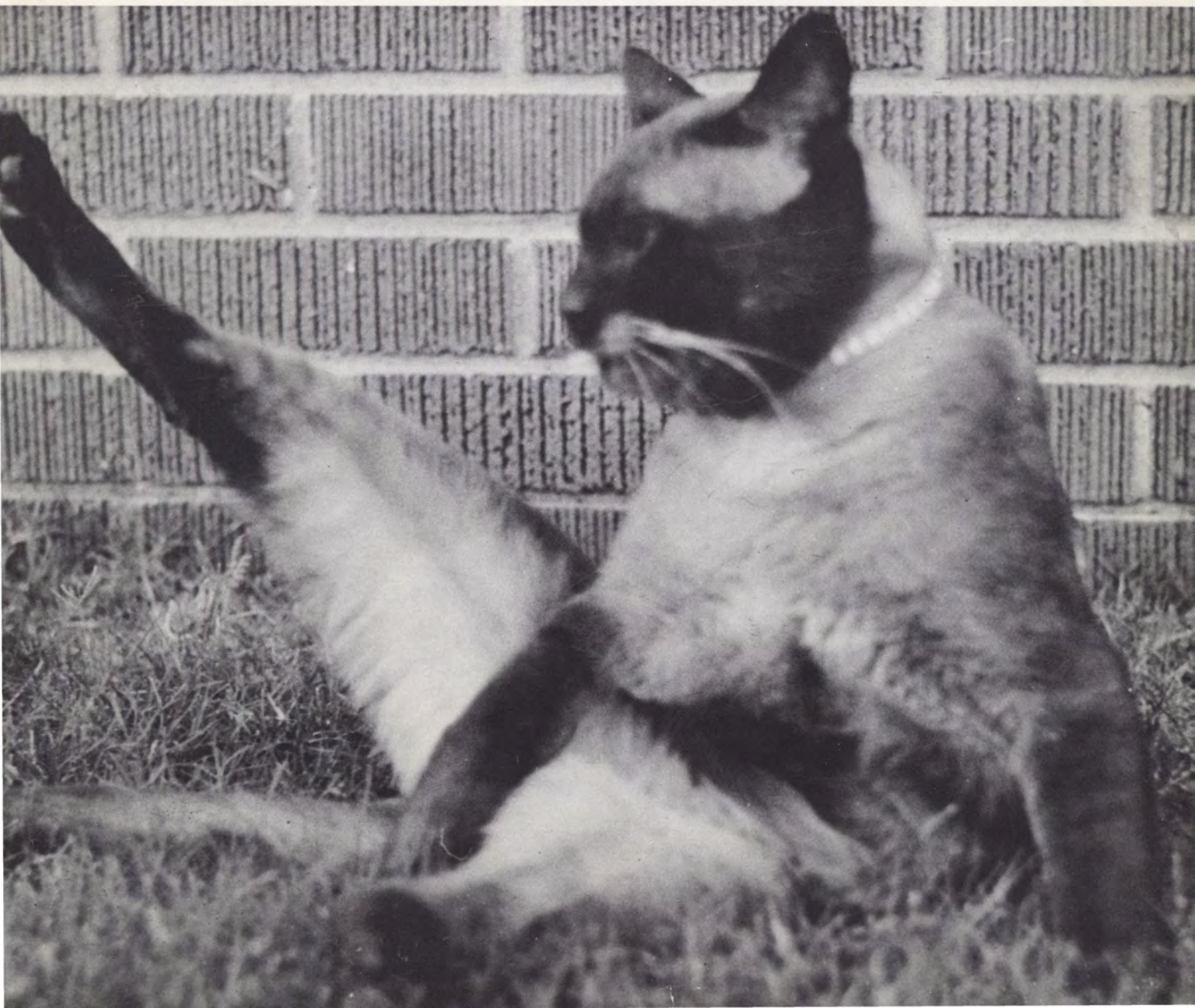
"Dear God, isn't there anyone more recent who can give you permission? I hate to be such a bother, but I think that my face adds quite a bit to my appearance, and after the dog chews on me a while . . . I'd rather not dwell on it. Surely someone else could. . . ."

"Yes, yes, I think that there's . . . oh, but he's on a very important research project this weekend and neither he nor the young lady can be disturbed. I never realized that the site of the Happy Hollow Honeymoon Bungalow was an old Indian shrine, did you? Amazing, isn't it? I mean, what you can find out from exploration . . . sir? Sir?"

"I'm hanging up now. I still have one bright shiny dime left. And I'm going to drop it in the coin box and I'm going to listen to the nice, soothing rings as my call goes through . . . OK, here we go. Three rings and what . . . hello, Dial-A-Prayer? Good. Listen, what've you got in the line of a quickie? Something brief but forceful . . . yeah, sounds good . . ."

AIN'T SHE CUTE? Her name is Neko and the pet of Betty Anders. Betty is a senior journalism major and took the photo for her Photography 4207 class. We think it's a cute shot, but can't seem to come up with a caption for it. How about giving us one? The person who submits the best caption gets a buck (honest!). You can deposit your suggestion in the El Burro distribution box located in Room 204W, Student Union Bldg.

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