

10-1951

## El Burro, October

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# El Burro

*"Reflecting the Collegiate Panorama at T.W.C."*

**35¢**



**THIS MONTH**

**Friends**

**by John Rechy**

**Summer Camp Saga**

**by Luis Perez**

A PUBLICATION OF

**TEXAS WESTERN**

COLLEGE

*in Juarez*

# Tommy's Place



**Thick Juicy  
Steaks**

**Entertainment**

with

**Mood Music**

# Tommy's Place

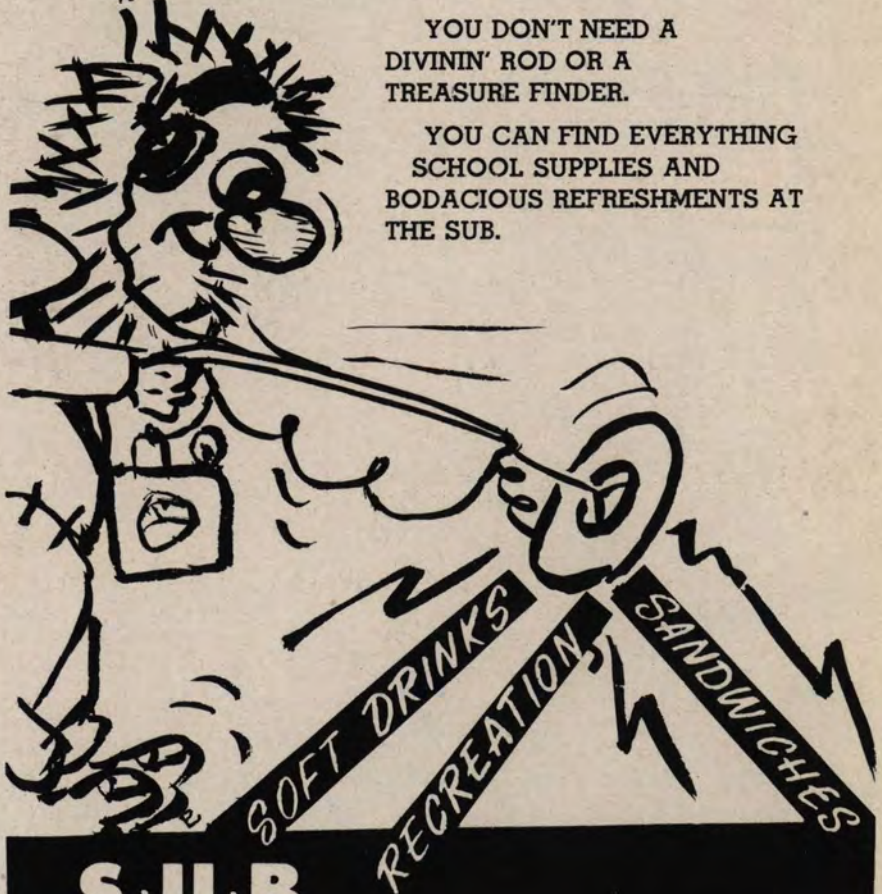
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THE SUB.



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# From where we're standing

... at the wrong end of El Burro

With a long sigh, we sat back in our chairs. Before us lay the final dummy of El Burro, ready to go to press.

The BM climbed atop his desk, and shouted:

"A cheer for the first issue of El Burro."

"Oh, sit down," we told him, "And let's take one last look to see what's in

## THIS ISSUE

We owe a vote of thanks to the writers, artists, and photographers who took time out from their summer vacations to whip out material for the mag.

First of all, you will notice immediately the change in our covers from the photograph of last year. We are indebted to Miss Holly Thurston for her ideas and hard work to make the new covers so interesting and attractive. The character of Burr was instituted and designed by her, and the column in the front of the magazine written by Will Nevertell will, along with the cover, be a regular feature of the magazine this year.

John Rechy's story, The Friends, on page 8 offers darn good reading, and a little food for thought. Illustration is by Gerrie Sue O'Shaughnessy.

Summer Camp Saga, a humorous article by Luis Perez on page 12, should bring back fond memories to all the TW men who attended summer camp. The girls might read it too to see just what they did do while they were there.

A personal interview with Miss Signe Swanson introduces her to all of the new students on campus. Incidentally, those of you who have not as yet met her personally have missed meeting a very charming and interesting person. Make it a point.

Miss Beverly Pack, the girl of the month, adds an interesting and very lovely finale for this month's issue. Beverly, a Freshman, was chosen Summer School queen during this last session, and promises to be one of Texas Western's outstanding beauties.

## NEXT MONTH

El Burro has dubbed its October issue the Football Issue. Featured will be an article titled "Athletics... pro and con." Burr will be back again, and there will be another personality of the month, as well as another campus beauty gracing the last page of the issue. As for the rest, we will have to see, but El Burro guarantees that every page will be filled with interesting and entertaining copy.

Finally, El Burro will welcome the contributions of any student to the magazine. El Burro is a student magazine, primarily, and we would like to see more of you contribute to its pages. Those of you who write, who take pictures, or who have artistic talent are more than welcome to turn in any of your work... or just hang around the office, and we'll find plenty to keep you busy. Those of you who are less talented in these things come on up anyway... we'll put you on the editorial staff.



Just one of the twenty nine thrilling styles we are showing from our new collection of **CARLYE ORIGINALS** as featured in the September issue of Junior Harper's Bazaar. Choose from an endless variety of styles in wonderful fabrics. You'll find Carlye only at the Popular in El Paso. Sizes 7 to 15.

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Dear Jud Williams

April 1953

# Pinup



# Tony Canales

1101 E. Yandell Blvd.

Phone 3-5822

## Safety Value



Letters to the Editor should be addressed to: El Burro, Publications Office, Texas Western College, El Paso Texas. Letters **MUST BE** signed, names withheld for publication if requested. Maximum length, 200 words. The Editors reserve the right to shorten, edit, and express opinion on all letters.

The Editor  
EL BURRO

I extend to all students, and especially those who are here for the first time, a warm welcome to Texas Western College. The aim of his institution is to serve you properly and efficiently. Here you will find that the administration and faculty and staff are sincerely interested in your welfare, and that they will do all within their power to help you. In order for us to work effectively we must have the cooperation of the students. We can offer suggestions, advice, and information, but you hold the key to your progress. At this time we look forward to a highly successful year. May we work together so as to accomplish our aims.

Sincerely yours,  
—Wilson H. Elkins

## Jokes

\*\*\*\*\*

"Why were you running away from that parked car last night?"

"I wasn't running. I was being chaste."

\*\*\*\*\*

We call our professors "profs", but what in the world do we call their assistants?

\* \* \*



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# El Burro

Volume 9  
Number 1



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## Slag and Tailings

My lady, be wary of Cupid  
And heed to the lines of this verse—  
To let a fool kiss you is stupid;  
To let a kiss fool you is worse.  
—*Yale Record.*

\* \* \*

An American meets an elderly Britisher at sporting club:

A. "Care for a game of checkers?"  
B. "No, tried it once, don't like it."  
A. "Care for a game of chess?"  
B. "No, tried it once, don't like it."  
A. "Care for a game of tennis?"  
B. "No, but my son will play with you."  
A. "Your only child, I presume."  
—*Spectator.*

\* \* \*

They call my twin brother Encore  
because he wasn't on the program.  
—*Blot.*

\* \* \*

It's paradoxical  
As the dickens . . .  
You go to the dogs  
Chasing chickens.  
\* \* \*

Trying to rest after an exceedingly hard day at the office, poor father was being besieged by an endless stream of unanswerable questions from Junior.

"What do you do when you are down at the office," Junior asked finally.

"Nothing," snapped the irate parent.

It looked as if the child had been put off for a while, but not for long. After a thoughtful pause, "Then how do you know when you're through?"

—*Yale Record.*

\* \* \*

Love is like an onion  
You taste it with delight  
And afterwards you wonder  
Whatever made you bite.  
\* \* \*

And then there's the one about the college student who stayed in bed all Sunday morning because he was sack-religious.

—*Kitty Kat.*

# Whitten Furs

## Finest Furs

## Lowest Prices

## Easiest Terms



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adhered to the underlying  
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communities at the  
least possible  
cost. It is our earnest wish  
that under the American  
system of free enterprise we  
may have the privilege of  
serving these communities for  
another fifty years.



# Burr Cuts in at Texas Western



HI! I guess you are all wondering who I am and what I am doing on the cover and in the front section of your magazine. That's a good question, but I'm just the guy to answer it.

I am Burr; new to most of you. In fact I am new to all but my creator, Holly Thurston, to whom I am most thankful, and should be. After all, my future activities depend entirely upon her. Anyway, on with my story. I am

a typical freshman boy, innocent, bashful, and 100 percent *naive*. I plan to be around for a long time so let's get acquainted. First I want to tell you about my first day here at Texas Western; while I am doing that, you will get to know me.

This is a great place; the people are so friendly. Why just this morning when I first came on campus I walked up to one of the "Big Boys" and he greeted me with "Hello MULLETT." That just goes to show the extra attention they give you here. Why at most schools you are just a plain fish, lowly and slimey, but at Texas Western it's different. Here you are a dignified, extraordinary MULLETT.

And the Girls . . . Wow! There's nothing like them. They are not only cute but smart too. When I went up to one of the senior girls this morning in the SUB she told me that anytime I wanted to know something just to ask her. I wondered why this was, but one of the boys told me that she is the smartest girl on campus. "She knows all of the answers because she has been asked all of the questions."

Yep, they are just all right. There's only one thing that has me worried. They must indulge in unfair practises during exams and in class. Because this afternoon when I was sitting with some of the guys in front of the dorm, some of the girls walked by and one of them said, "There, my boy, goes one of the finest collections of cheaters in any school in this country." That is really bad; don't they know that such false ideals are bad on morals of the nation?

I know I'm going to learn a lot in college; all you do is just look and bang! it hits you. Why this is my first day and I could already disprove an age-old theory of mathematics. After registering this morning I can prove that a line is not the shortest but the longest distance between two points.

It took me two hours and two miles to go 1 block and I was in line all the time.

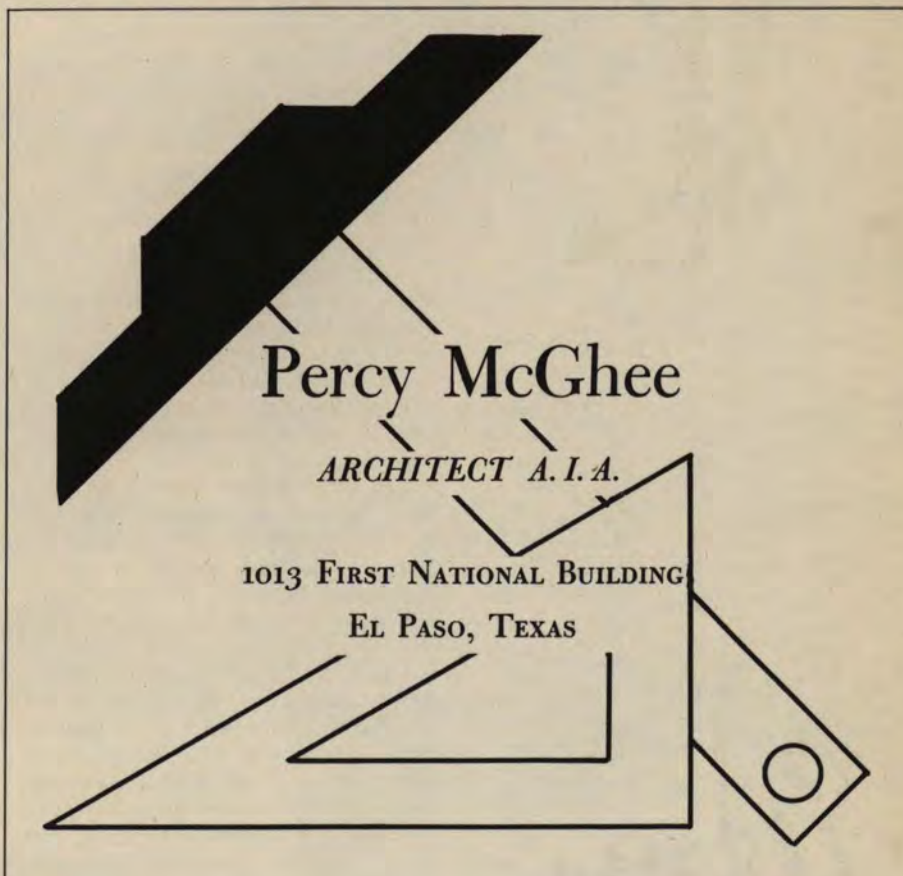
You learn a lot if you just listen. I already found out that the mining students use words common to their field of study, but I'm surprised to hear that there are so many mining students. Many times today I have overheard various conversations and I always hear this phrase from the mining students; "Congratulations, old man, you have now become an official member of the Grand Order of The Purple Shaft." That must be an honorary "Miner-Gold-digger" organiza-

tion.

men, everyone here at Texas Western is glad that we are here. A sophomore very thoughtfully quoted Mark Twain in reference to us. "Let us all be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed."

My main trouble has been getting to the right buildings for the right classes. This morning I waited two hours outside the door of the faculty lounge when I should have been over at the museum. The class: THE ART AND APPRECIATION OF OLD RELICS.

It promises to be a great year, though, and just look at all we have to look forward to. Why next year at this time we will be Kings in the highest meaning of the word. That is we will be sitting on the throne of knowledge, courting the Queens, and throwing away the Jack.





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## The Disenheartened

Many of us remember well the time after the war when the colleges were flooded with ex-servicemen. Those were times of frivolity, of fast living, of an eagerness for activity. There was little of a leisurely, scholarly atmosphere present on campuses at that time.

This prevailing mood was brought about primarily by the return of older men, of men who had been away during the years that, under more normal circumstances, would have been spent in college, and they wanted to make up for lost time. But their frivolity was a veneer for an underlying seriousness. They applied to their work, their study, the same energy that went into their play.

Students at one college adopted as their theme:

"When we work, we work hard; when we play, we play hard; and when we drink, we drink hard."

Tough words. But those were not "normal" times, and the students were not "typical" students. They were mature; many of them were married and many of these had families; they knew the meaning of the word responsibility.

Now times have changed, and with that change has gone the drive to catch up and to miss nothing that was rightfully theirs from a college education. We have approached, rather, almost the antithesis of that feeling: a general apathy prevalent on campuses today. Educators have noted and commented on the lack of interest demonstrated by students in regard to their education, and students themselves have noticed the disinterested attitude shown toward school affairs.

Last year, student leaders at Texas Western became concerned with the general despondency displayed by the students, and they sought to combat this feeling by filling the publications and their conversations with the need to raise school spirit, but it was to little avail. Perhaps the attitude merely seemed apathetic in contrast to the spirit shown after the war. Or perhaps there actually was a feeling of unrest among the college students brought about by the conditions prevalent after the war, for the students know that they would be among the first to be directly affected by any sudden change

in world affairs.

Whatever the reason behind the change and the low ebb of morale, it will be the task of the students who are entering college now to face it. They have gained their idea of college as it was during the first postwar years, and they may find it far different from what they expected. But it is their job to bring college back to normal, to its prewar status and spirit.

If a change is to occur, it does not depend so much on all the students as on each one of them. School spirit is found where there is a feeling of pride in deriving benefits from the school. Yet the truth remains as it has been stated many times in the past: an individual gains from college in proportion to the effort that he, himself, expends. Hence, school spirit depends on the students, or at least the majority of them, being determined to make their years in college as beneficial as possible.

Students entering college now will set the course for education in this institution. It should be a matter of personal concern that the level be maintained as high as possible. But it depends on the individual.

Presumably, everyone here is here for an education. College cannot be called a seat of learning, for knowledge is a ubiquitous thing, but a college does offer opportunities to broaden your scope in both a social and an academic sense. It is up to the individual to take advantage of those opportunities. Enter college with spirit and determination. Make your school a matter of personal pride.

Potentially this is a fine school, but in the last analysis, a school is determined by the students.

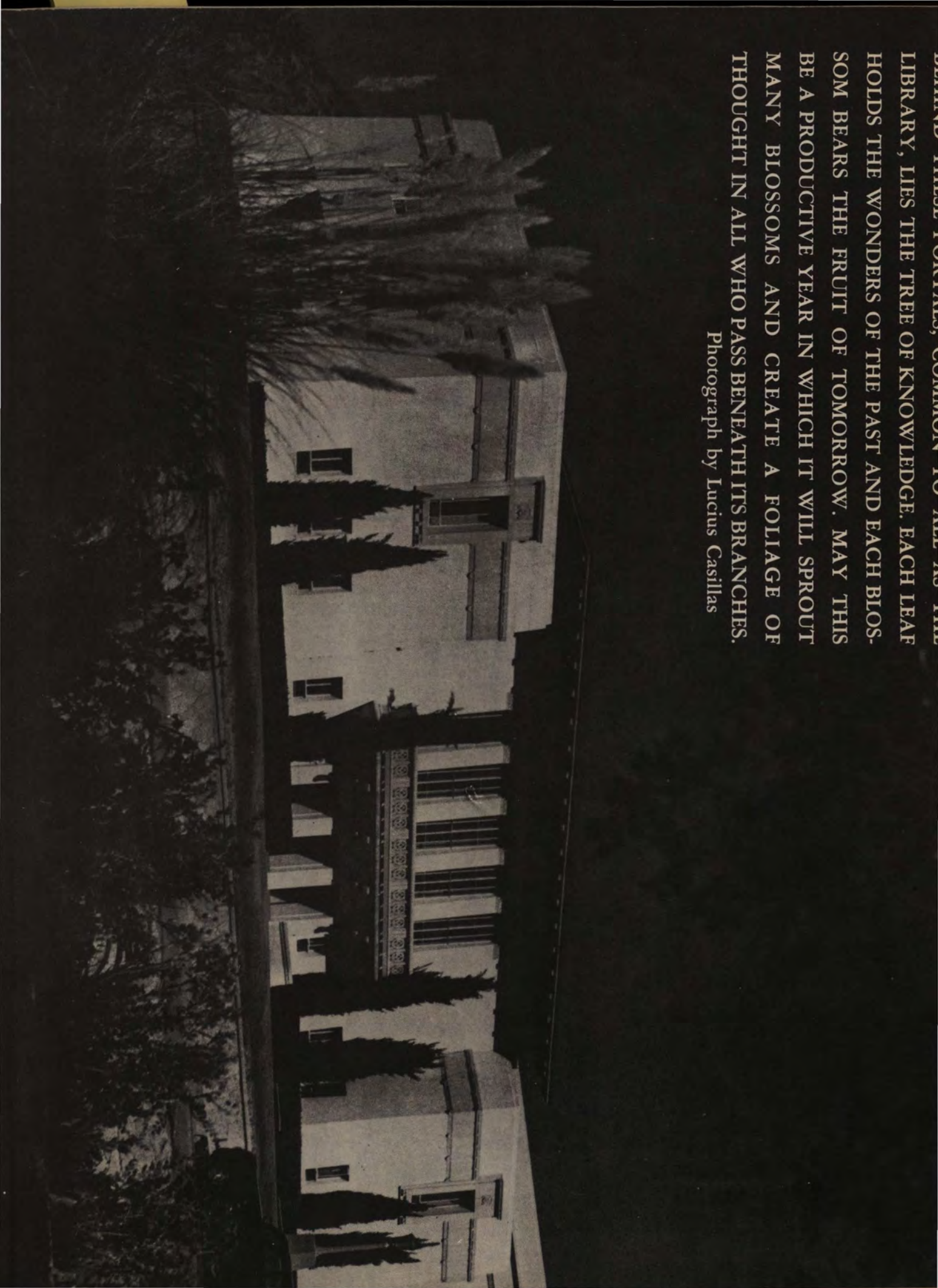
\* \* \*



This no Fun!

BEHIND THESE ORNATE, COMMON TO ALL AS THE  
LIBRARY, LIES THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE. EACH LEAF  
HOLDS THE WONDERS OF THE PAST AND EACH BLOS-  
SOM BEARS THE FRUIT OF TOMORROW. MAY THIS  
BE A PRODUCTIVE YEAR IN WHICH IT WILL SPROUT  
MANY BLOSSOMS AND CREATE A FOLIAGE OF  
THOUGHT IN ALL WHO PASS BENEATH ITS BRANCHES.

Photograph by Lucius Casillas





"Is he out yet?"  
"Hell no! What d'ya think he's in there for? Offering suggestions on howda run the damn school?"

"Man, he must be getting it bad poor kid."

The group of boys stood solemnly outside the door in the long hollow echoing corridor.

"You guess maybe they'll expel him?" said the boy with the ugly freckled face like a tightened fist. "I knew a guy who..." He broke off abruptly. Another boy came toward them. "Hi, Lloyd."

"He out yet?" said the new boy Lloyd.

"Naw." Then the door opened before them. A tall, thin man stood staring hostilely at them. His glasses were suspended over the bridge of his nose, and behind them his piercing button eyes were minute, squeezed by the wrinkles of the sockets. The face was bitter and prematurely old, as if the skin were only a veil concealing younger features. He closed the door quickly and hurried away with self-conscious movements.

"The bastard!" said Lloyd. "It's all his damn fault." He clenched his fist and swung at an imaginary face.

"He sure had it in for the kid," said the tight fist of a face. "He hates anyone that knows anything."

Again the door opened. This time the boy came out.



UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU KID?

# FRIENDS

by John Rechy

"What happened, Dick?" "They gonna expell you, Dick?" What they gonna do, Dick?" the voices chorused unharmoniously.

Richard forced a smile. "I'm getting an F in the course," he said. His voice was strange, unnatural, forced. "They're being lenient because of my other grades."

Patting him on the back, they all agreed that was "great", all except Lloyd, who stood silently leaning against the wall.

When the small group dispersed at last, Richard remained facing Lloyd. "Hi, Lloyd," he said.

"Listen, kid," Lloyd said, shifting uncomfortably. "I wanna talk to you."

They walked outside. In the distance was the splash of water from the swimming pool. Lloyd put his arm about Richard's shoulders. "You understand, don't you, kid?" said Lloyd. "I mean why I didn't tell them the truth. Hell, you just got an F, but me, they'd've expelled me like that." He snapped his fingers. "You got damn good grades. But me, I..."

"Sure, I understand," said Richard. Carefully he took Lloyd's arm from his own shoulders and walked away hurriedly.

"Hey, kid!" Lloyd called, but the other boy was already becoming a hazy object in the light of the furious summer sun.

Slowly, Lloyd walked toward the

pool.

Everyone had said that it was a strange friendship, Lloyd's and Richard's. The boys were opposites. Lloyd was the extrovert, the athlete, the boy who must please others to please himself. But Richard was shy, sensitive. He was dreamy, this boy, and silent. They had met in high school, when Lloyd was playing football and Richard was editor of the school paper, and the friendship had continued into college.

And now walking toward the pool, Lloyd was remembering that friendship.

He remembered the time he'd found Richard writing that crazy stuff that didn't make sense:

Coming out of his history class that first term, Lloyd had seen Richard sitting under a tree writing. He peered over Richard's shoulder and read:

*Womb-like the shroud of night  
embraces her sordid children;  
And the obscene purple flower  
lures...*

"What does it mean?" Lloyd had asked.

Richard had closed the notebook quickly. "Nothing," he said.

"You sort of like that stuff, kid? Poetry?"

"Yes, very much. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I never have. It's too 'nice'... you know, about

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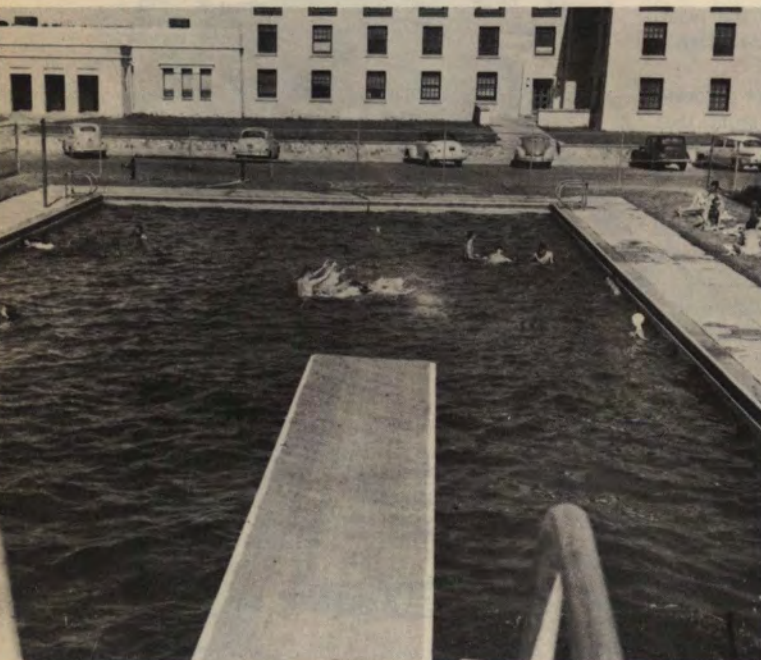
# Pictorially Yours



*A swish of net and taffeta.*



*"I'm sending you a big bouquet of roses..."*



*Clear, cool water.*



*A "queso-pasiel" of Sandy.*



"Drink to me only..."

# Life at 7WC



Elsie Partridge... contestant number four.

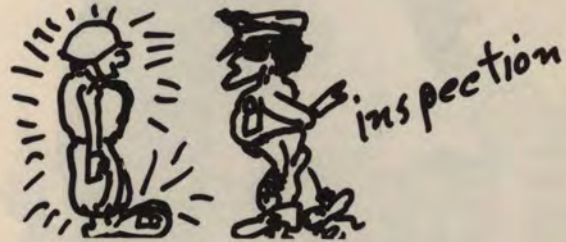


Bandleader Carrico and Miss Swanson discuss marching maneuvers with Golddigger officers.



# Summer

Fill out this stack of questionnaires.



On June 16, 1300 ROTC cadets from all parts of the United States and Puerto Rico arrived at Fort Bliss for six weeks of practical anti-aircraft artillery training.

The boys all checked in good shape. That sunny morning found the cadets in long lines which led to the registration building. A group of stalwarts from Texas Western soon established their reputation as the "home cadets." The out-of-staters were soon being told about TWC, Texas, El Paso, the desert, and (fanfare) Juarez.

The TW cadets shot the breeze with an air of experience and worldliness. They hinted darkly at the fate which befell the unexperienced in the dark alleys of the neighboring city.

From that point on the cadets lost their identity as civilians and entered into the field of long lines, red tape, and "get up two hours early so you can wait two hours."

After receiving some slips, the boys checked out a foot locker full of equipment. The box was deceptively heavy. The barracks were only 200 yards away and frequent stops were needed to negotiate the distance. The morale was down to the proper level of "O" when the boys finally reached their goal.

of curfew hour." After an appropriate interval he added, "Gentlemen, the honeymoon is over!" "From now on things will be different."

That following night was the scene of an official bed check by a couple of the brass. Again many of the bunks were empty. Some cadets had anticipated the inspection and had constructed clever imitations of a sleeping body covered with a sheet. The officers saw through this thinly veiled attempt at camouflage. Next morning the guilty cadets were severely reprimanded.

Soon the first two weeks were over. Most of this time had been consumed in basic training. The instructors had monotonous voices and were simply marvelous at picking out sleeping cadets.

One genius thought up a clever scheme. He wore dark glasses and sat back in the rear of the shed during lectures. Secure in the knowledge that the dark specs protected him from being caught asleep, the cadet dropped into a restful stupor. The instructor came up to our hero and awoke him with an ungentle shout. The cadet

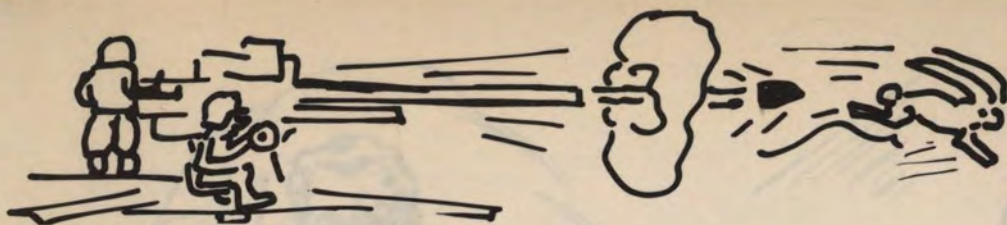
The first days of camp found the ex-civvies learning to take orders. Clad in fatigues and wearing cartridge belt and canteen, the students grumbled at everything from the chow hall to the ovenlike lecture sheds. Those sheds would put any pressure cooker to shame. All the "miserables" were done rare after the first class session.

Strangers soon struck up friendships and then the fun began. The TWC'ers were quartered with the cadets from Utah State and Florida A & M. In order to prove themselves genial hosts, the Western students took it upon themselves to show the uninitiated visitors the sights around El Paso. The first curfew hours were not very well observed, if observed at all. The early mornings were often the time of discordant though vociferous attempts at quartet singing.

Finally our dear battery commander, Major Lea, (may his tribe increase) took the situation in hand. "Men," he said, "at first I thought you would act like grownups." Here he paused to look accusingly at the wretched group before him. "However," he continued, "there have been numerous infractions



A fearless instructor with hand on shell fuze.



# Camp Saga

by Luis Perez

bluffed and pretended to be annoyed. It didn't work. From then on no cadet wore dark glasses in class.

There was never enough water. A break in drill saw the cadets tearing madly for the water faucet. Then the thundering mass began to invade the barracks in search of the precious liquid. In doing so the clean floors were thoughtlessly soiled by booted feet. The officers soon put a stop to this. With their water supply cut off, the cadets had to find something else to do. They began throwing rocks at each other's helmet liners. Those poor helmets took quite a beating.

Finally the actual firing with small arms rolled around. Oh joy! The battalion was divided into groups. Some manned the targets, others fired, others sat. When the order for firing was given, a ragged volley broke out. A cloud of dust flew up behind the targets. Some of the targets were hit. But you can't blame the shooters for the numerous "Maggies Drawers" they got. Those carbines were sighted to put the bullet high or low, right or left of the bull.

While the heat-stricken marksmen

were on the line, an ice-cream cart rumbled up in the vicinity. It was more than one TW cadet could stand. Nickel in hand, he broke for the cart. He envisioned the coolness of a popsicle or a milk nickel to soothe his parched throat. He never reached his goal. A line officer thwarted the rebel when he was but a scant foot from his heart's desire. Kill-Joy!

Three days the cadets got up at four a. m. and returned to camp at seven p. m. If you want to commit suicide, invite one of the senior cadets to ac-

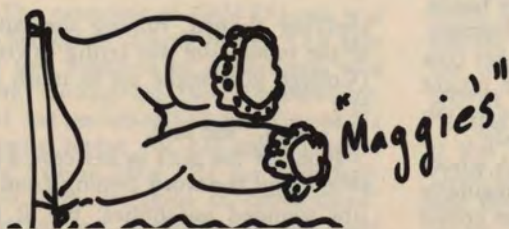
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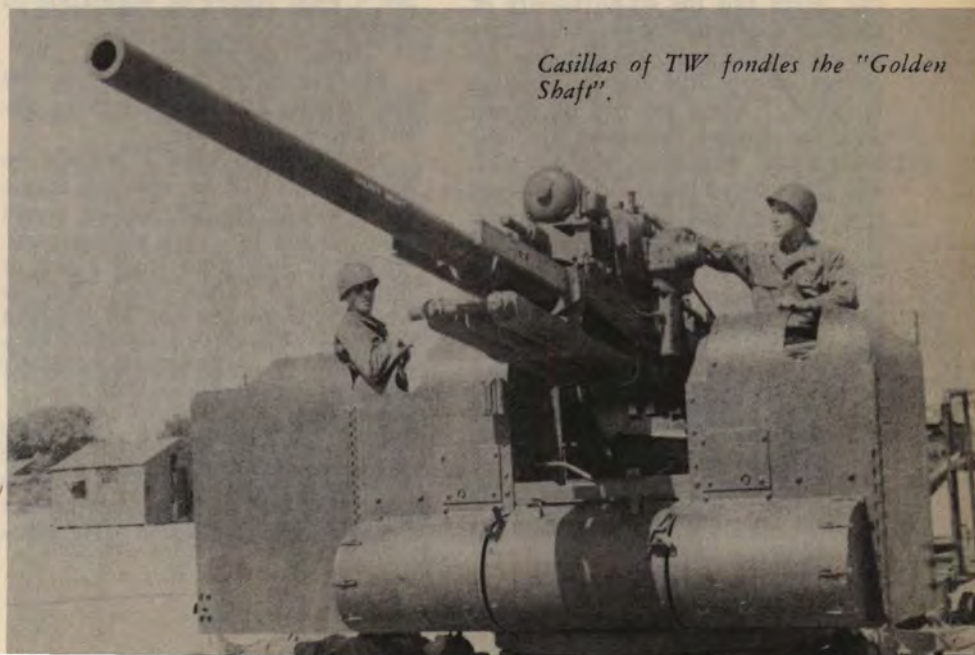
*The boxes were deceptively heavy.*



*The novelty of sleeping in tents wore off on the first night.*



*That night the cook's tent blew down...*



*Casillas of TW fondles the "Golden Shaft".*





# A Date With A College Man

by Anne Ellison

She stood before the mirror in her dormitory room, applying her makeup with quick, nervous strokes, trying to stop the slight trembling of her hands. *He* was due to arrive at any moment. It was too good to be true . . . her first date with a college man. She caught her breath quickly, and felt the excitement glow throughout her body.

Many of the girls in her high school class had dated college men regularly during their senior year, but her crowd had never had the opportunity of meeting the older boys. Thus, they considered the girls who did date the college men a little fast . . . putting on airs . . . acting too old to go out with the fellows their own age. She went steady with Buzz, also a senior. She remembered the self-righteousness that she had felt in going out with Buzz, and the small pangs of jealousy that had nibbled at her, even with her self-righteous air. (When one matures, one can face the truth of one's feelings.)

But now things had changed. Now *she* was in college. And high school boys were, after all, awfully juvenile. It would be so different now, dating only college men.

Her hands shook slightly with excitement. The lipstick which she was

applying slipped, ruining the outline of the mouth she was trying to create. (College girls make up so much older.)

"Damn," she said.

None of the girls in her crowd ever swore, and the word coming from her lips sounded unfamiliar. But it gave her a great feeling of satisfaction to utter it.

"Damn," she repeated.

She glanced at the clock. He was five minutes late. A good thing, for she was not yet ready.

She visualized what it would be like. He would be standing in the lobby waiting for her, and he would look tall and handsome and very collegiate (College men wore a sort of distinctive air about them). And he would be wearing a suit. High school boys, she reflected, almost never wear suits. And Buzz had been the worst of them all. He fussed about the Homecoming dance and almost refused to take her to the Senior Prom because they wouldn't let him go in a sports coat. They had an angry scene, but Buzz had finally given in. (He was a

dear.)

Well, there would be no more of that now. People in college act like adults.

Her name sounding over the loud speaker abruptly broke the chain of thoughts running through her mind. *He* was there. Quickly she donned the sophisticated black dress she had bought for rush, then checked for the last time her image in the mirror. Seams straight? Hair in place? She brushed a small piece of lint from her high heeled pumps (She had seldom worn high heels in high school. Buzz did not like them.) and rushed out.

Composing herself just outside the lobby, she walked in gracefully, erectly on her high heels. She smiled at her escort.

"Hello there," she said in the low, sophisticated voice she had practised all afternoon.

He looked exactly as she had pictured him, so casually good looking.

She signed out rapidly, anxious to start the evening. It meant so much. It was almost a symbol of her new status.

They left the dormitory. She looked up at him, and flashed a happy smile. "Oh, Buzz, isn't it wonderful being in college?"

Meet . . .

# Miss Signe Swanson



Girls, here is your new Dean of Women. We had heard of her abundant charms, but you know the old maximum . . . seeing is believing. So, naturally, we went down to her office to see what it was all about.

The president of Gold Diggers was in her office talking to her. Out side sat two members of Panhellenic who were waiting for their appointment, and her secretary had just finished a lengthy report for her consideration. The phone rang: "Is the SUB ballroom free the third of November?" Another girl, a member of the Coed Council rushed in: "We were just discussing this regulation in the *Campus Whirl* and we were wondering if . . ."

We were still wondering if she would hold up under the strain, when our turn came to interview her.

What struck us most in the interview was the ease and informality with which we interviewed her. None of this old stand-at-attention and asking for routine questions (everytime we did we'd get off the subject.) The beautiful office fixed for her disposal aroused the monster of envy in us. "Dean Swanson," we said, "we'll trade you even seven our office for this." We swept our hand around, the little finger trailing grandly. Dean Swanson laughed, but did not accept the dubious exchange. The rest was easy.

The public life of Miss Swanson is

not always that hectic, we found out, but the many responsibilities which accompany the title of Dean of Women are enough to keep her more than busy. Her work includes her being advisor and counselor to the women students, a job in itself, and their social advisor as well. In addition, this year, she is acting as coordinator of social activity on the campus, and is also the "keeper of the social calendar." And if this were not enough, she sponsors Gold Diggers, the Panhellenic, Dorm, and Coed councils. And the list could go on . . .

But Miss Swanson is well prepared for her job here. An Iowa girl by birth, she took her undergraduate work at the University of Texas, when, incidentally, she is said to have "adopted" Texas. This combined with her years as an officer in the Waves and her graduate work at Syracuse University in their College Personnel course have stood her in good stead for her job here.

What impressed us most with Miss Swanson has nothing to do with college work or preparation for her job. It was rather her charming and gracious personality, something you don't learn from books. She has combined the friendliness of the Midwest and the graciousness of Texas into the one very likeable person of your Dean of Women.

# The Joke Exchange

Men, remember that your girlfriend still likes candy and flowers. Let her know you remember. Speak of them occasionally.

\* \* \*

Dressed to kill in a coat of fur  
Lounging against a cocktail bar.  
Baby, what I wouldn't give if you were  
One third as bad as you think you are.

—Spectator.

\* \* \*

Appearances are deceiving: Whenever you see a big house without any plumbing, there is usually something behind it.

—Limbo.

\* \* \*



Judge: On what grounds are you applying for a divorce?

Mr. Brown: Extravagance, Your Honor.

Judge: Extravagance? How's that?

Mr. Brown: She kept on buying ice after I had installed an electric refrigerator.

—Sundial.

\* \* \*

There are three classes of women: the intellectual, the beautiful, and the majority.

—Yale Record.

\* \* \*

"I had to change my seat several times in my 9 o'clock class."

"Why? Did a man get fresh?"

"Well, finally."

—Rammer Jammer.

The height of bad luck . . . seasickness and lockjaw.

—Yale Record.

\* \* \*

A census taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," snapped the answer. "Me, the old man, kid, cow, and cat."

"And the politics of your family?"

"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old man's Democrat, the kid's wet, the cow's dry, and the cat's a Populist."

—Blot.

\* \* \*

Gather your kisses while you may  
For time brings only sorrow;  
The girls who are so free today  
Are the chaperones tomorrow.

—Yale Record.

\* \* \*

The moon outside  
Stirs up the tide  
And may misguide  
The untied.

\* \* \*



"Let's quit studying and go out and have some fun."

Spartan



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## Personality of the Month



*George H. Mengel*

A very busy man these days is George H. Mengel, president of the student body here at Texas Western. Elected last Spring on the ticket of the Progressive Students Party, Mr. Mengel will officially assume his duties as S. A. prexy with the opening of school.

Starting his academic career in 1947 when he enrolled in Texas Western College as a Freshman, George finished one year, then entered the Navy for a period of 13 months. He returned to resume his studies in Civil Engineering in 1949.

Always active in affairs of student government, George served on the Student Council last year as a Junior Representative. His other activities, when he is not snowed under with his studies and his responsibility to the Student Association, include baseball (he played for El Paso Natural Gas this past summer), hunting, fishing, and his fraternity, Sigma Alpha Epsilon to which he expects to be initiated this Fall.

Under his capable direction, the Student Council is busy now with a program to aid Freshman Orientation. Activities for this year, in addition to the regular Student Council business, include the big T.I.S.A. convention to be held here this Spring.

Mr. Mengel extended the invitation to all students to offer their suggestions for student government to the Student Council, and reminded us that the meetings of this body are open to everyone on campus. In addition, all students who are interested in the activities of the Student Council are invited to drop in at the S.A. office in the Student Union (it's open every day) to offer their opinions, or just to get acquainted.

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*Gregor*  
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# Cartoons...

A cute trick from St. Paul  
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball  
The dress caught on fire  
And burned her entire  
Front page, Sport section, and all.  
—Yale Record.

\* \* \*



"Watch out for Penrod. He's on the make."

THE IOWA STATE

Think it over: A pinch of salt is  
always greatly improved by dropping  
it into a can of beer.

—Limbo.

\* \* \*



"Here's to Milly, she's true blue!"

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## Summer Camp Saga

(Continued from page 13)

company you to the Castner Rifle Range.

Finally another memorable day arrived. We were going to Oro Grande to fire the 90 mms. and the automatic weapons.

Naturally, this momentous event had been preceded by two weeks of gun drill. Early that morning a 100 truck convoy departed for Oro Grande. That first night wore off the novelty of living in pup tents. A 45 mph wind kicked up a dust storm and it rained at midnight. Many of the tents came down on the sleeping cadets. There were shouts in the dark, vague, cursing forms, clad only in shorts, ran about trying to repair the canvas abodes.

Next morning the camp was a shambles. The cook's tent had blown down during the night. Oh catastrophe! Needless to say, Cookie was not in the best of moods. He served us Eggs a la Carbon and enamel remover.

The firing of the guns wasn't so bad. All you have to do is be deaf-

Then we had four days of automatic weapons firing, perimeter defense, and everybody wanted to turn their helmets in. The night problems featured defense against "enemy troops." According to the briefings, the enemy was to attack us from their main base in Jurez. Some way suggested that we go over there and surrender. Seconds to the motion were many and rapid. The motion did not carry.

Although bodily contact was prohibited with the enemy, there were many grunts and groans heard on that night that testified to the contrary. Dawn saw the attacking force captured, bruised, and glad that it was over. The defenders were in the same shape. Some of the cadets had been hit with flour bombs. They made a dazzling note against the brown of the sand and mesquite.

Shouts of joy escaped the cadets when they were once more trucked "home." That night in the barracks was one of revelry. Water fights, short sheeting, singing, and bull sessions went on into the early hours.

Reveille was a shock. Major Lea, (may he rest in peace), stood glowering at us. "Men," he said, "Those



A 45 mph. wind blew everything down. Cadet in rear heads for bushes.

ened by the first blast; after that you can't hear anything that will bother you.

One incident demonstrated the fearless type of instructor that taught us safety and firing procedure. One of the guns almost blew up. The jammed recoil apparatus caused the platform and gun crew to go up into the air about a foot. When the platform hit dirt again, exits had already been made by the students. The fastest set of tracks belonged to the instructor. Then he cautiously came back and announced learnedly, "Something's wrong with this gun."

TWC did pretty well in the 90 mm. firing. They were part of the battery that placed second in the whole regiment.

barracks look like pig stys." "If the barracks aren't clean tomorrow, there will be hell to pay!" That night mysterious parties made their way to adjacent buildings and "borrowed" mops and brooms. Next morning the major took one look at the spotless building and retired complacently.

Every Saturday there was a parade and inspection. One week our battery even won the "best marching" ribbon. It was a yellow affair that floated gallantly from the battery guidon.

Finally camp was over. We had become attached to our battered equipment and we shed tears (of joy at having to get rid of it.)

Promises of "I'll write you if you write me" were exchanged among the cadets. Next day—homeward bound.



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# The Friends

(Continued from page 9)

flowers and things."

The dreamy eyes seemed to flame with something close to anger. "It's not. It's violent, vital. It... Jeffers, he's not 'nice', nor Rimbaud. I mean, poets like Hart Crane..."

And Lloyd had only laughed, secure in his one-dimensional world of the football field and the baseball diamond.

Now, Lloyd waved absently at someone who had honked. But he was remembering this:

When they were seniors in high school, Lloyd's team had lost an important game. Richard had waited outside the dressing room for him, and they had walked toward the familiar drugstore. Behind them in the booth where they sat were three boys and two girls. One of the boys was shouting: "If they *wanna* win games, they *gotta* get rid of that guy in the *backfield*. That one that *falls by himself*. You know, the one that *missed* that pass right in his *hands* like a *baby*. Jeez! I never *seen* such playing." He made as if to catch a pass, then dropped his hands clumsily on the table. The girls giggled giddily.

Lloyd had not been mentioned, but both he and Richard knew that the boy had been talking about him. Neither said anything. But later, as the group passed the table where Lloyd and Richard were, Richard stuck out his foot, and the boy who had started the conversation fell on his face. As the two boys with him pulled him away playfully by the legs, he muttered something like a curse.

Richard called after him: "*That's* the boy that *falls by himself*. He looked at Lloyd, and they both burst out laughing.

That was one of the many ways that Richard had proved that he was furiously loyal. But it wasn't the only way, Lloyd couldn't help thinking, and in a moment he remembered what he had wanted to avoid:

The room had been silent. Everywhere heads were turned toward the small blue notebooks on the desks. Before the room was the professor, the despised man with the tiny glasses and the minute, wrinkle-hidden eyes, peering. Lloyd squirmed nervously. If he failed the test, he'd fail the course. If he failed the course, he

wouldn't be able to go out for anything. He glanced at Richard. He was writing rapidly. He looked at the professor, then again at Richard. He tapped his pencil, cautiously. Finally, Richard turned. Lloyd's lips formed the words, soundlessly: A piece of paper. The answers. Numbers 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 13, 16... (The others he could guess at.) And then he added with silent lips: I'm going to fail, kid.

Lloyd squirmed more nervously as Richard reached for a paper in his pocket. He hardly breathed as he saw the kid writing hurriedly from his paper. He's not even afraid, Lloyd thought, astonished. And then he saw the paper extended toward him. He reached out for it. The paper fell. It was tightly folded, and it made a noise in the silence. In a minute, the professor was standing with the paper in his bony hands. "Who wrote this?" the voice shattered the silence as the wrinkle-squeezed buttons stared demandingly. He turned toward Lloyd. "Was it you?"

"That's not my writing," Lloyd said indignantly. "Look at it, you'll see."

"It's mine," came Richard's voice. Now again, Lloyd heard the calm voice: "It's mine."

So it was they had accused Richard of having had the answers to the examination. He had been summoned before the examining board this afternoon, and he had admitted that he had brought the answers into the room with him...

At last, Lloyd had reached the pool. He walked into the dressing room, quickly, to forget Richard. Gay voices greeted him, and he undressed hurriedly. Finally, outside by the pool, in the hot sun, he heard a boy call to him: "Say, you know what they did to Richard?"

"Sure," Lloyd said. "They just gave him an F."

"Poor kid," the boy said. "Funny, how he's so smart and everything and would do a thing like cheat on a final. Man, I couldn't hardly believe it. He was the highest boy in his class when he graduated from high school, and he won the..."

"Yeah, I know," Lloyd said thoughtfully. He seemed concerned. "But you never can tell about guys like that. Maybe that's how come they get such good grades." They both laughed heartily.

Then Lloyd plunged into the cold-blue water, shattering his own image with a vortex of waves.

\* \* \*



BARHAM & SMITH

\*\*\*\*\*

"Pardon me," said the man to the blind beggar, "are you the father of these children? All five of them look like you."

"Yes, they're all mine," said the beggar.

"Well, my friend, do you think it's sensible for a man in your position to bring all these children into the world?"

The blind man shrugged and said: "Can I help it if I can't see what I'm doing?"

\*\*\*\*\*

From Pravda:

A great Russian scientist has just refuted all previous theories concerning the hearing of fleas.

Recently, before a distinguished audience, he placed a flea in his right hand and ordered it to hop to his left. It did this several times. Then he pulled off the flea's legs and again ordered it to hop. It did not move.

"This proves," said the scientist, "that a flea becomes deaf when its legs are removed!"

Voo Doo

When you're young you do a lot of wishful thinking; when you grow older you do a lot of thoughtful wishing.  
—Yale Record.

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Like a dream that wasn't,  
Or should not have been.

Pink, proud, and patient  
Sits the pretty girl,  
Prettiest pretty thing,  
Waiting for the world.

—Haldeen Braddy.

(Reprinted from *Kaleidograph* and  
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The thoughts which linger in the  
minds of men,  
Build countries, states and futures yet  
to come.  
But when their minds are turned to  
thoughts of sin,  
Then all their works of wonder are  
undone.  
Brilliant minds can build a book with  
works,  
And skillful hands can mold a man  
of clay,  
But when those hands are laden  
with a sword,  
Then we have missed the purpose of  
a day.

—Donnie Measday.

He stood upon a hill  
In the beginning of time.  
Something was stirring within him,  
Nameless, for there was no language.  
His lips moved inarticulate,  
For his dream  
Was almost past his comprehension.  
Then, suddenly, there was a noise  
And he froze to alertness.  
For that reason, God had to wait  
Ten thousand years to speak.

—Marjorie Schock.



A person never knows exactly what  
life has to hold:  
It seems to be a mystery that no one's  
ever told.  
One thinks he has a thing that's not  
been had before,  
And then he turns and finds that he  
has nothing more.  
He strives through years of toil just  
building for a life sublime  
And this can go like fire in wind in  
the shortest span of time.  
Let one of his great dreams in life be  
shattered like a glass:  
And all the things he's strived for a-  
long the way are gone as fast.  
There's no explaining why man never  
really knows the game:  
The answer seems to lie within his  
complex human brain.  
He has the power to think and act to  
a limited degree:  
But his mind and strength is harnes-  
sed by the power  
We cannot see.

—Donnie Measday.

They told him  
All right here's your  
Whole wide world  
Start looking  
So for fifty thousand years  
He searched  
Without any luck  
Then went back  
And told them  
I've looked all over the place  
And haven't found it yet  
What'll I do?  
And they said  
Why don't you ask God  
He can tell you  
Maybe an ant can too.

—Marjorie Schock.

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# *Girl of the Month*

*Miss Beverly Pack*



Photograph by Tony Canales

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