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El Burro

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

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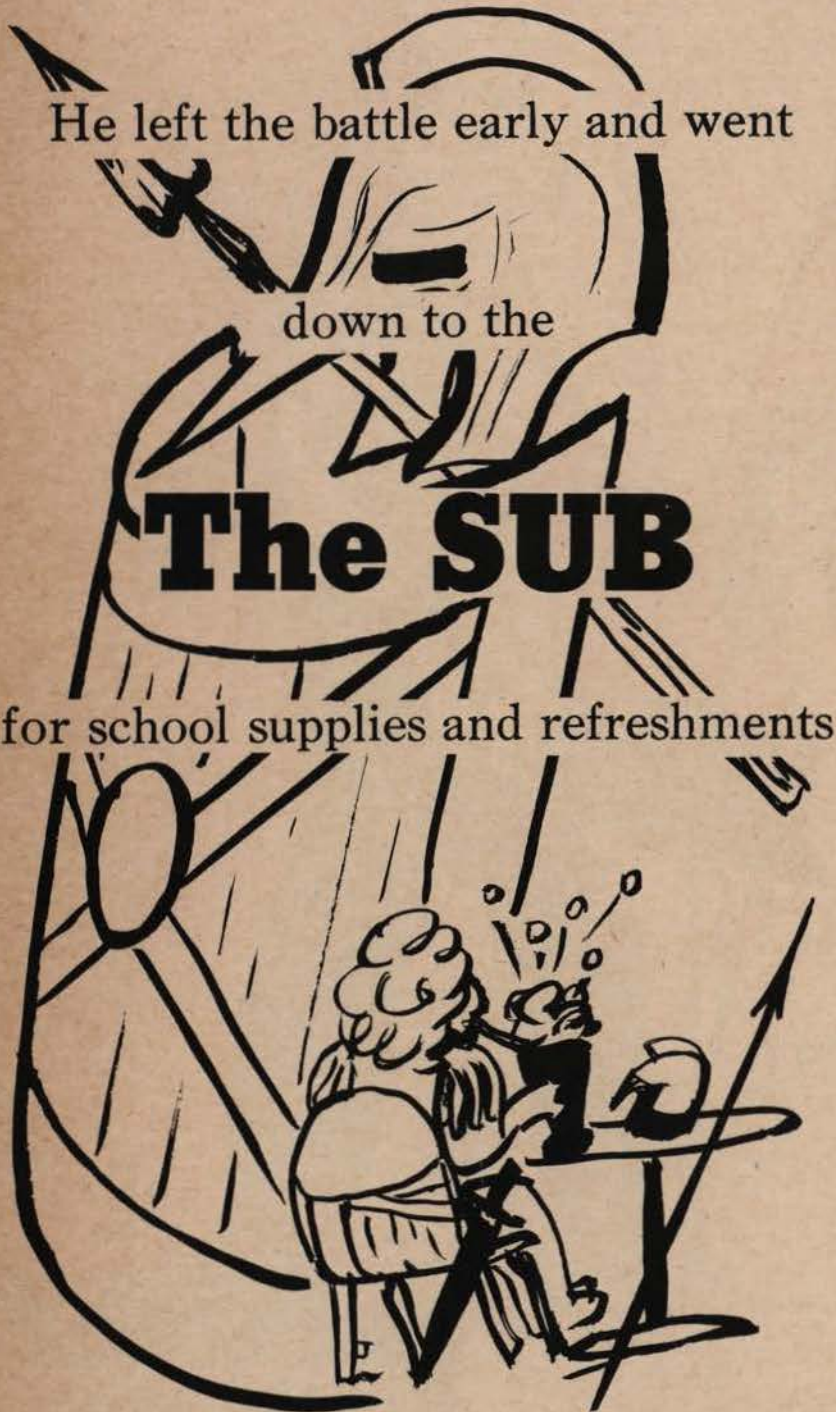
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Tommy's Place



One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting, and the Caravan
Starts for the dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!

. . . Omar Khayyam

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Slag and Tailings

Two students were sitting in a local tavern and one of them called the bartender and told him they had a bet on with the loser buying the beer.

"Can we have them now and pay for them when the bet is decided?"

"Sure, the bartender agreed.

After the pair had finished their drinks, the bartender asked, "What is that bet of yours?"

"Well, my friend here bets that when the Washington Monument falls, it will fall toward the North, and I'm betting the other way.

—Spartan

* * *

Walking with a friend one day, a professor passed a large fish shop where a fine catch of codfish with mouths open and eyes staring were arranged in a row.

The prof suddenly stopped, looked at them, and clutching his friend by the arm exclaimed: "Heavens, that reminds me. I'm supposed to be teaching a class."

* * *

Chi O: "Why didn't you find out who he was when the professor called the role?"

Zeta: "How could I? He answered to four different names."

* * *

If she looks young, she is camouflaged
If she looks old, she is young but
dissipated.

If she looks innocent, she is fooling
you.

If she looks shocked, she is acting.

If she looks languishing, she is
hungry.

If she looks sad, she is angling.

If she looks back, FOLLOW HER!

—Spartan

* * *

Cannibal King: "What am I having
for dinner?"

Cook: "Two old maids."

C. K.: "Leftovers again."

* * *

College is like a laundry: you get
out of it what you put into it . . .
but you'd never recognize it.

* * *

"What's the idea of the big crowd
tonight at the church?"

"There's a traveling salesman there
confessing his sins."

* * *

Patterson

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Teacher (warning her pupils
against catching colds): "I had
a little brother seven years old,
and one day he took his new
sled out into the snow. He caught
pneumonia, and died three days
later."

Silence for ten seconds.

Small voice from rear of
room: "Where's the sled?"

El Burro

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Volume 9

Number 2



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Slag and Tailings

A college professor was calling roll in one of his classes.

"Robinson.

"Here"

"Rosenthal."

"Here."

"Mary Smith."

"Here."

"Wanamaker."

Chorus, "Yes."

* * *

A young nurses' aide, driving along the avenue the other day, noticed a young man sprawled face downward in the street. "At last" she thought, "Providence has sent me someone to administer to." Parking the car, she rushed over and commenced resuscitation. Presently the man stirred and looked up. "Lady, I don't know what the hell you're after, but I wish you'd quit tickling me. "I'm holding a lantern for my buddy working in this manhole."

* * *

*"I'm going to have a little one,"
Said the gal, gay and frisky;
But the boy friend up and fainted
Before he knew she meant whiskey!!*

* * *

*"Where in the hell have I seen
you before?"*

*"I don't know. What part of hell
are you from?"*

* * *

*Daughter: "I can't marry him, he's
an atheist and doesn't believe there's
a hell."*

*Mother: "Marry him dear, and be-
tween the two of us, we'll convince
him he's wrong."*

* * *

*Platonic love is like being invited
down into the cellar for a bottle of
ginger ale.*

* * *

*Host: "That whiskey is twenty
years old!"*

*Guest: "Rather small for its age,
isn't it?"*

* * *

*"I have a report here that says that
coke, soda, and whiskey were found
in your room. What do you make of
that?"*

"Highballs, sir."

* * *

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Burr

Meets M-Day

by Julie Ann Oden



Hi again! At last, the long awaited and anticipated M-Day has come and went. It was a wonderful experience. A memory which I shall always cherish and hold dear to my rapidly pulsating heart for as long as I shall survive. I know now what it is to get that wonderful feeling of "belonging." After the fifteenth milk can full of water, the "Big Boys" allowed me to carry up that steep, winding, narrow, rugged little path, I feel like I have left a little piece of my life up there on that majestic old "M." (About twenty years or so.)

Whew-w-w-w-w-w! Excuse the breath please. Breathing is a habit I acquired very early in my youth which I mistakenly classified as a necessity until "M-Day". After the third time into the lime barrel head first, I began to realize the futility of this habit. Since then my respiratory powers have been somewhat limited.

Really, though, the upper classmen are such good sports. When I passed out they threw water on me and draped me over a boulder to dry. One was especially kind. (The one with the bull whip.) He kept encouraging me on my several trips down: "Steady, lad, steady. It's not half so hard carrying empty cans, now, is it?" He's a real gent for my money.

I have acquired a rather odd habit which I think can be attributed to spending so much time in the lime barrel. Every time an upper classman forgets himself and shakes my hand, to the tune of gently crushing bone and a bell clanging in my Freshman Beanie, two limes roll up on my eyelids, and my mouth pours forth \$3.50 in 15c pieces. The "Big Boys" always laugh appreciatively at this and pound me on my sacroiliac until my ears light up "tilt" in neon.

That afternoon I was invited by the KPT fraternity to their frat house, which logically enough is the KPT. After I had bought eight rounds with my first three month's allowance, I was cordially invited to become a member. It was a tendere moment. I

accepted. There were loud huzzahs, and I bought two more rounds.

My first duty as a pledge of KPT is to make ash trays for all the members out o fbottle tops. I do not think that the task will be too difficult, or that it will take me too long. At meetings there always seem to be more bottle tops than members. I don't know the exact significance of this, however, as logic is not a Freshman course.

Now that I am KPT pledge, I am sorry to say, I have noticed some colleness on the part of the WM's, or West Mainers. I might add, this is not true interfraternity spirit, and is frowned upon on this campus.

That night the Beta Peta Gams serenaded us. Beta Peta's president is pinned to my big brother in KPT.

Their BPG sweetheart song is:
The man of my dreams
Is the manly man
With hair upon his chest.
Try and catch if you can
This KPT man
Who wears the BPG crest.

Then they embraced and traded bottle caps (my big brother and BPG's president.) This was another tender moment.

It was a wonderful day, as I said before in the beginning of this dober. I feel that it was a definitely enriching experience, and I know now that I have traded my naivete for real sophistication, and that I am wiser in the ways of the world. Who wouldn't be after living through "M-Day" as a frosh?

* * *

Percy McGhee
Architect A. I. A.
1013 First National Building
El Paso, Texas



From where we're standing

... at the wrong
end of El Burro

—by Linda Hassel

We were lounging gracelessly in the smoke-filled office racking our brains to find a way to finance some cokes, when in stumble the BM with six of the desired objects in his hands.

"Cokes," we shouted delightedly.

"Just a moment," he countered, slapping our expectant hands. "Do you know what day this is?"

"Sure," we replied. "It's Wednesday."

"That's not what I mean," he said, disgust filling his voice. "What date is it?"

He waited, glaring at each of us in turn. No one answered.

"Well, I'll tel you then," he answered his own question. "It's time to be thinking about

THIS ISSUE

El Burro is proud to bring back our favorite character, Burr, on the cover. Burr has led a fascinating life this past month in his efforts to assimilate knowledge in the typical Freshman manner. His activities are further elaborated inside the mag.

Highlighting this issue for interest content is a spirited debate in which Chester McLaughin, editor of the *Prospector*, will pit his views against those of Jack Raines, reknowned on the campus for his work in the field of radio. The topic: College Athletics, Pro and Con. Mr. McLaughin will handle the "pro" side of the issue, while Mr. Raines will act as the "con-man." In light of the public attention which has been given the matter

in the last few months, the article to be found on pages 12 and 13 should prove interesting reading.

El Burro's photographers went wild this month in gathering material for "Pictorially Yours." TW men will be particularly interested in the display of pulchritude on pages 14 and 15.

A close observer will notice the omission of "The Safety Valve," our letters to the editor column. The omission was not intentional, but was brought about by a total lack of letters. Staff members have heard many reports and comments, concerning the last issue, printable and otherwise, hence the lack of letters was a matter both of surprise and concern to us. Remember the magazine is the *student's* magazine; any comments either favorable or otherwise will be greatly appreciated.

Luis Perez, our faithful Business Manager, has returned to the pages of the magazine with his article on the Football team. Pictures and an introduction to the team will comprise the double page spread on pages 9 and 10.

Bobby Heller, El Burro's new feature editor, has conducted a survey for us this month. Six of Texas Western's students have given their opinion in answer to his question: "What is Your Opinion of the Opposite Sex?"

Before leaving this month's issue, there is the very important matter of introductions. El Burro has a new editor. *John Rechy*, Senior, English major, writer, and man-about-campus will take over the position next month

of co-editor of the magazine. A full editorship will be his come the next semester.

John has been a frequent contributor to the pages of El Burro in the past. His scintillating short stories and poems have afforded enjoyment to TW students many times now, and he has been at our call in many a tight situation. The magazine, under his capable management will, we feel certain, be the well-rounded campus publication that it is meant to be.

All of which brings us to the

NEXT ISSUE

El Burro has titled its November issue the *Thanksgiving Issue*. It will come out just prior to Thanksgiving so that you may take it home, or read it during your leisure vacation time in the dormitory. Joan Shock will appear for the first time in El Burro with a pictorial article and feature on College Players. A special interview, also with pictures, will be presented by Lucius Casillas on Miss Patricia McCormick, TW student-turned matador. Another special opinion poll will be taken by Bobby Heller, the topic of which will be our secret. The rest? Well, we have to save something for a surprise.

FINALLY

Every campus has its intellectuals and humorists, but El Burro is having difficulty in unearthing them here at Texas Western. Short stories have proved the headache, with original humor in the form of either features or jokes vying for the top position. It is our function to present the best of the talent on the campus to the general student body. If any of the readers of El Burro write fiction, humorous or serious, articles, or jokes, bring them around to the office. Come on, students, let's see what you can do!

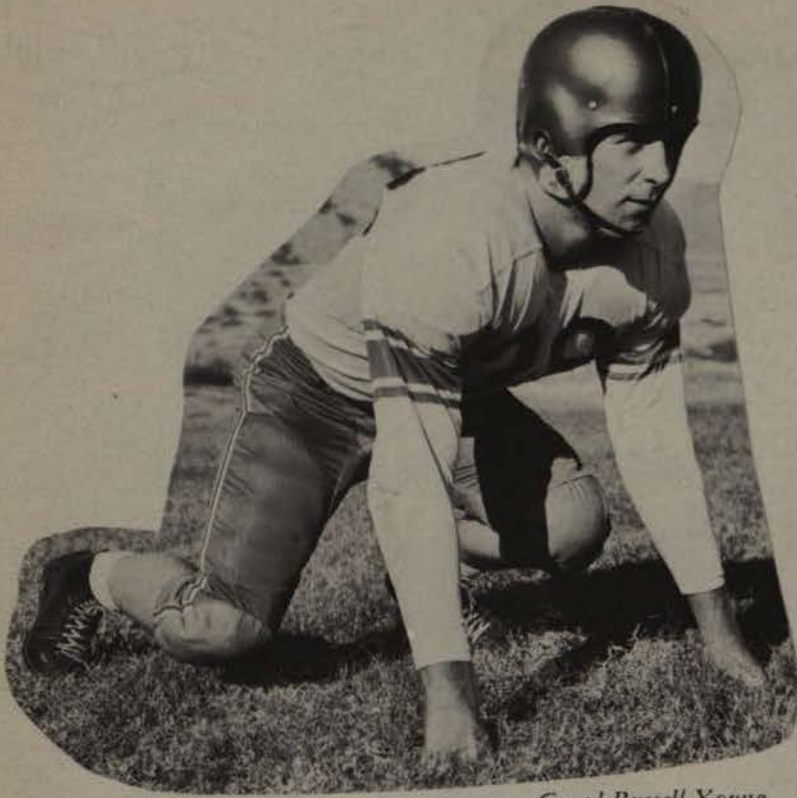


Excitement runs rampant through the crowd watching the swiftly moving players in their uniforms bright under the lights of Kidd Field. The tension mounts, and suddenly bursts as a bomb into its many colored fragments, and thousands of spectators voice together the one word symbollic of their climatic emotion: "TOUCHDOWN!"

photograph by Lucius Casillas



KNOW YOUR



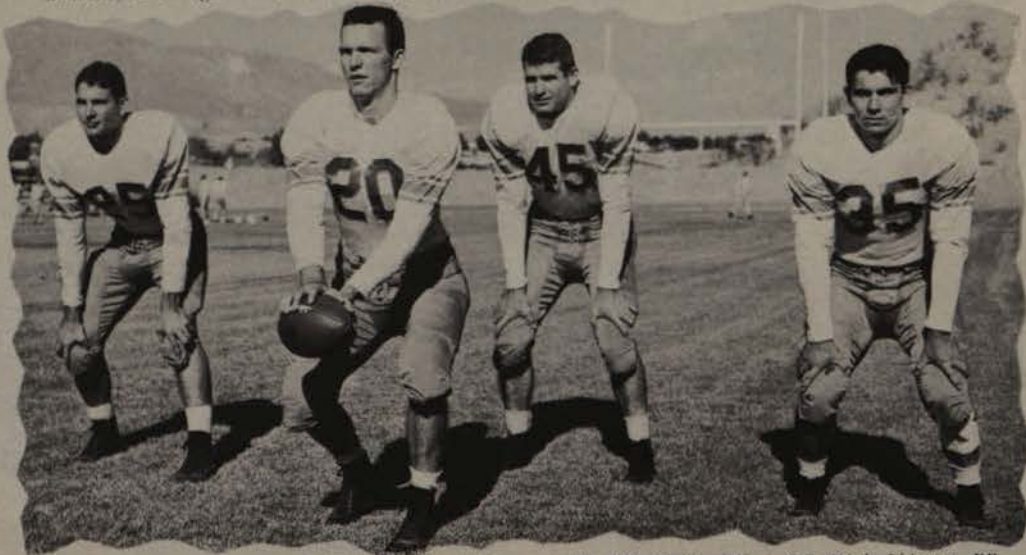
Guard Russell Young



Riley Runs For It



STARTING OFFENSIVE LINE-UP—(left to right) RE Curtis Wells, RT King DuClos, RG Harris Cantrell, C George Clements, LG Coy Jones, LT Alvin Whaley, LE Jimmy Walker.



STARTING OFFENSIVE BACKFIELD—(left to right) RH Clovis Riley, QB Dick Shinani, FB Lulu Cannell, LH Jimmy Williams.

GRIDMEN



Campbell Stops Renfro



Co-Captains John Connell and J. D. Partridge



STARTING DEFENSIVE LINE-UP—(left to right) RE Rene Rosas, RT Harlan Smith, RG Russell Young, Left Line Backer Bobby Dirmeyes, LG Howard Greenlee, LT Roy Heard, LE J. D. Partridge.



End Jimmy Walker



STARTING DEFENSIVE BACKFIELD—(left to right) RH T. Harvey, Right Line Backer Paul Matejowsky, Safety Gerald Campbell, LH Billy Davis.



ALICE LINGEL

"The conceited ones."



BILL F. SMITH

"You can't believe a thing you see."



TOMMY RAY

"They're non-impeccable."

What Do You Think

of The Opposite Sex

by Bobby Heller



DALE ALLEN

"They are always late on dates."



BOB LITTLE

"The way they spend my money."



NANCY McCREE

"There aren't enough of them."

6999 $\frac{3}{4}$ Ways to

Improve Texas Western

or Cutting Classes Made Easy



THAT'S just a couple of names. I might have called this: "How to Win A's and Influence Assistant Professors." But I didn't, so forget it in the first place.

What we need around here is more girls, pretty or beautiful, or if you can't get that kind, even the kind that they have in Midland. Why? You ask me why. I'll bet you don't know that there are only three girls here to every four boys. If everybody had a date at the same time with only girls from the campus, that would mean that some of us guys, probably me, would get stuck with only .075 percent of a girl.

Now, I ask you, who wants to go out with only .075 of a girl, even if you get the good parts. Well, now me for instance. Suppose you only had from the waist up. Now, that definitely cuts out dancing for sure. But I can't dance the way they do nowadays anyhow . . . I'm too old fashioned, I still dance with my feet. In the Agricultural Journal, I read about dancing the Hula . . . plant a crop of grass on each hip, then rotate the crops. Take away the music and what have you got? Calisthenics, or setting-up exercises if you prefer, depending on what you are setting yourself up for. Ended that one with a proposition . . . er, preposition.

Now supposing we shipped in some extra girls. Maybe upped the ratio to one boy to 1.068 girls, which is a good round figure, if you catch

by Billy Tisdale

the innuendo. This way you could go with only the best parts of the best girls available, and even if they weren't so hot as a whole, how could you miss? An arm from this one, legs from another, hair from another . . . let's leave it at that.

Now about how to improve classes: I could say that I am against classes on the grounds that they break up the day, awfully. And I do. The other day I dreamed I was sleep in Eco. When I woke up there I was, Clobbered. But seriously, they make classes too rough for some people. Now take a lot of these little dolls with the stupid expression. They're not really stupid, just innocent. Innocent of studying, innocent of brains, etc., etc. Why are they up here? To get a husband. Then there are some of the older ones, innocent in other ways, and yet in some, Wow! Why are they here? To get away from their husbands. Until they take out the ping pong tables, a man ain't even safe in the pool hall.

Now about the Sub's snack bar. I am definitely against those perverted gambling devices located in the corner. These are definitely (this

work I like) apt to lead the inexperienced freshmen astray. What a blow to fight the pinball machine for three hours, nickle after nickle, only to win and receive for your effort nothing more than a loud pop. This is payment for honest labor? Pop! This I heard nothing more. I that if these vicious thieves of time and money are to stay, that whosoever make these devices pop shall immediately, herewith, herein, as aforementioned (I'm awful tricky when it comes to words) buy drinks for the house, receiving, of course, a kiss from every girl he chooses (not every girl, it could turn into punishment) and a firm hand-clasp from every male, having within his hand a fin (this is literary term for \$5.)

I have heard it rumored that there is a lot of drinking in the SUB, too. It was said that there were those who drank so many cokes they got a Southern accent from the Dixie cups.

Now I promised to tell you how to cut classes the easy, sure way. This is simple: Talk your mother into having a twin brother for you, then just alternate. (or sister in the event that you are a female girl. Also, in this event, I am available should you succeed in cutting. I had to give up my other girl. She was dumb, ugly, repulsive and got married, so I took the advice of my friends and let her go.)

As to hoy to influence Assistant professors, who knows?

* * *

FOOTBALL . . . *Healthy, Honorable* . . .

COLLEGE athletics have received severe criticism in recent months for numerous violations of laws, statutory and moral.

Players from several of the top basketball teams in the nation have been arrested for accepting bribes to throw games dating back two years or more. Several of the schools involved have suspended the sport of basketball as a result.

Football has come in for its share of criticism with the exposure of cribbing in exams among football players at West Point and the allowing of special privileges to athletes at William and Mary College.

West Point expelled some 90 cadets for their part in the violation of the Military Academy honor system. At William and Mary the president of the college and the coaches of the football team resigned.

Have our collegiate athletics grown to such proportions that flagrant violations of moral and statutory laws are occurrences to be winked at? Will the expulsion of players involved in scandals, the suspension of

PRO

By Chester McLaughlin

sports at a few colleges, and the resigning of officials and coaches at these colleges abolish the dishonesty in our athletics? No. These measures are merely making scapegoats of players and officials and will have no effect upon the overall problem.

Athletics, collegiate and otherwise, are intrinsically noble and honorable. Participation in them not only aids the physical being of a person, but develops the necessary elements of sportsmanship, honest effort, and fair play better than any other way. Sports should be participated in only by those who are deriving lasting benefit from them and not by athletes who are playing only for momentary personal gain.

The abolition of dishonesty in our athletics does not rest solely with the administration of our colleges. For we, in the final analysis, are the cause of all the ills in our sports. Too many of us demand that our teams win at all costs, with sportsmanship and fair play secondary. We form touchdown clubs and other organizations which support and encourage mammoth collegiate athletic programs. We demand that our teams keep up with the athletic Joneses and demand the scalp of coaches who fail to produce winners.

Therefore it is our responsibility, we students and supporters of colleges, to lead collegiate athletics from the dark road upon which they have embarked and set them once again upon the road of honor, sportsmanship, and fair play.

Some advocate the complete abolition of collegiate athletics as the solution to our problem. That is as logical as the abolition of women because prostitution exists in the world.

Others are so blinded by their own desire for a winning team that they fail to see the danger of continuing to build and build until athletic teams become absolute professional publicity for colleges.

How, then, can we cleanse our athletics? A number of steps may be taken that will eventually lead to honorable athletics.

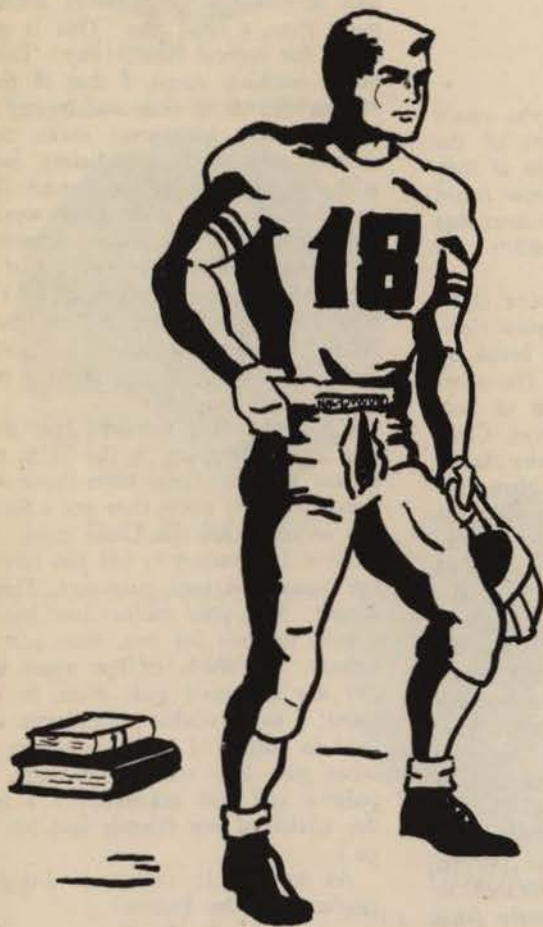
First, drop from the schedule of opponents schools which have subsidized athletics until the name of amateur may be applied only in jest.

Second, cease the mammoth recruiting program in which colleges compete, often financially, for the services of athletes.

Third, obtain a capable coach who will instill the ideas of sportsmanship and fair play instead of a coach who wants to win at all costs, in order to build his own reputation and secure his position.

Fifth, encourage students to participate in sports for the value of sports themselves, rather than for any reward they may receive for their services, and to take pride in their athletics.

These steps will not produce immediate results. It may be years before clean, honorable athletics supported by the spirit not the purse, of students and supporters will result. But they will produce athletics of which we can be proud, with no excuses to be made for dishonesty in them.



. . . Demoralizing . . . Professional . . .

CON

By Jack Rains

FOOTBALL season has again descended upon us. Soon professors all over the country will be furiously upgrading exams in order that the team will be eligible to play for the glory of Siwash U.

At one time in America, we were blessed with two major classifications of football, professional and amateur. There was a definite line which could be drawn between these two. Unfortunately this is no longer true. Amateur football has made a line drive across the mid stripe into the domain of professional football.

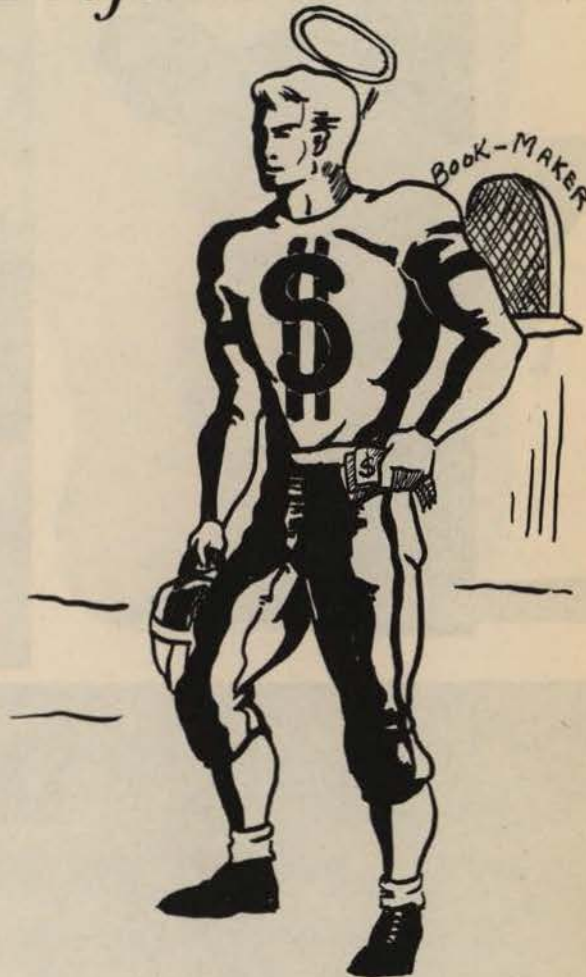
On whom can we pin the blame for this situation? Surely not the player. If he was good in high school, he can merely sit back and let the colleges bid for him. Naturally, he then accepts the best bid, simply because it's the logical thing to do. As a rule, this includes paid tuition and all fees, books, a monthly allowance, and/or a certain amount paid for every game, often with a bonus for winning.

If not the player, can we blame the coach? He is in an unusual position. Granted, he is paid more than the philosophy or the English instructor, considerably more, but then his job is more unstable than the professor's. If he should happen to have a bad season, out he goes. And this is the fault of the "booster clubs."

There have been a few colleges that have realized their place in society, have urged a healthy de-emphasis of football. One such college is William and Mary. When they became faced with the revelation of the fact that grades of the team had been raised to make certain that the players were eligible for athletics, they accepted the president's resignation and decided immediately to de-emphasize football, stating, "The increasingly ambitious intercollegiate athletic program . . . sapped the academic standards of the college . . . and has become a commercial enterprise demanding winning teams at any cost."

Another such case is that of Georgetown University, which withdrew completely from intercollegiate football in March, 1951. Colleges such as these two cited have finally come to realize and practice under a different sense of values. They know at last what place colleges should occupy in American life. They realize that their goal is one of genuine education.

This article is not intended to be against amateur football in college. It is written as an attempt to show



the evils of professional football in college, as practiced under the guise of amateur football. The majority of the colleges do practice professional football, because if one receives remuneration for a service, then he is truly a professional.

Even the game of football has suffered from this abominable condition. Coaches have invented the two platoon system, unlimited substitutions, and others, in hope of winning more games and thereby retaining their positions on the faculty. The spectators have, in turn, suffered. The evils of unlimited substitution and the two platoon system have made it nearly impossible to follow the players.

The fact remains, then, that this situation must be given very serious consideration. We must decide what type of football we want for our colleges. If we want professional college football, let us call it just that. If, however, we want amateur football, the type of football in which honesty and decency and above all else good sportsmanship will prevail, then we must put it on an amateur basis—and keep it there.



Pictorially Yours



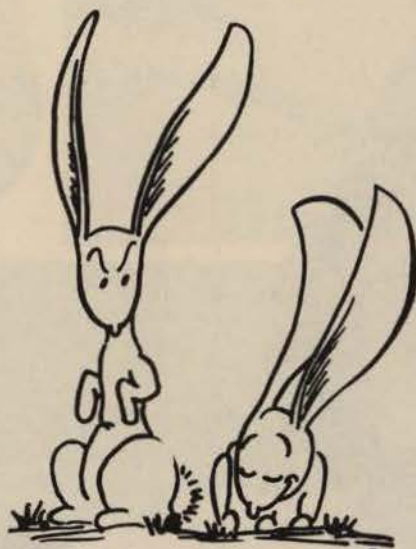
The Joke Exchange



"I was only trying to roll down the window!"



"Dammit, Sturdli, no tracing!"
-Sour Owl

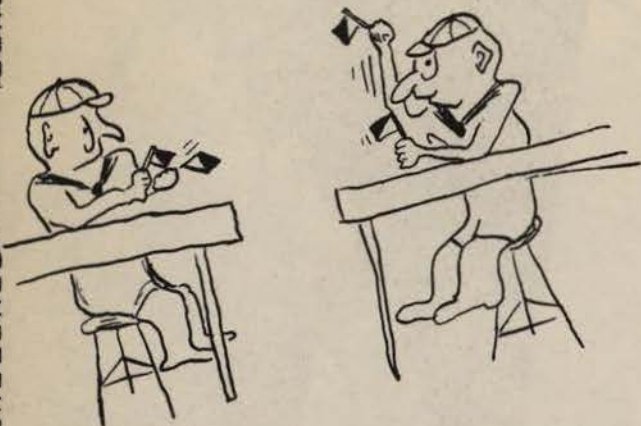


"What! Again?"

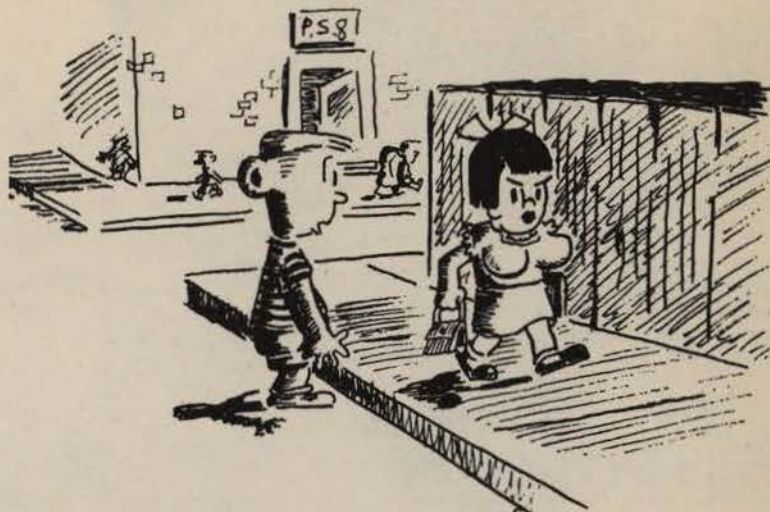


"Gesundheit!"

-Quirk



"On my honor I will do my best,
To get the answer and pass the test."



"But won't your sister be mad?"

Taylor

Patronize

Our Advertisers

Personality of the Month



El Burro's choice for its *personality of the month* column wasn't half so hard as catching a few words with him, 'cause, man! this boy moves fast, literally speaking, of course. With his various and asundry duties as cheerleader, director of intramural sports, active member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and joke editor of El Burro, not to mention the small matter of just being a college student, he has learned to make like a track star, and as a matter of fact, he usually does.

Who is this paragon of motility? This epitomy of the campus "wheel"? This (to use a gross understatement) BMOC? Who else but Mr. Robert A. Caroline, familiarly known as "Dusty."

We speculated widely on where Dusty came about his nickname, and found the answer when he told us he hailed from Pecos, Texas. (Did you hear the quip on the radio the other night about Texas being nothing but Siberia without the ice?) He is a product of the Pecos schools, and he graduated from Pecos High School in 1947. After graduation he spent some time at the University of Denver and Sul Ross State College, then entered Texas Western last year. His elected major is Business Administration.

Although just a Sophomore (almost a Junior) now, Dusty has proven himself as an active student at Texas Western. And we can feel that we are lucky to have an asset like Mr. Caroline for the next two years at TW.

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fine
impressions"

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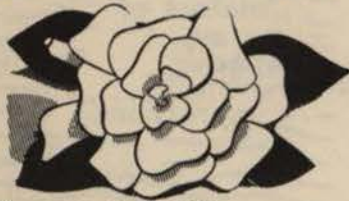
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DAY & NIGHT
CAMERA AT A

**BUDGET
PRICE!**

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**PHOTO
SUPPLIES** 311 N. Oregon



Cartoons...

He: "Do you know what knee ac-
tion is in a car?"
She: "Yes, and don't you try it!"
* * *

Famous Last Words: Hell, he
won't ask us that.
* * *

A modern mechanical genius is one
who can shift gears in an Austin
without getting his face slapped.



"I yam sooo gl-aad I yama Kaaaa-pa
Kaaaa-pa Gamma..."



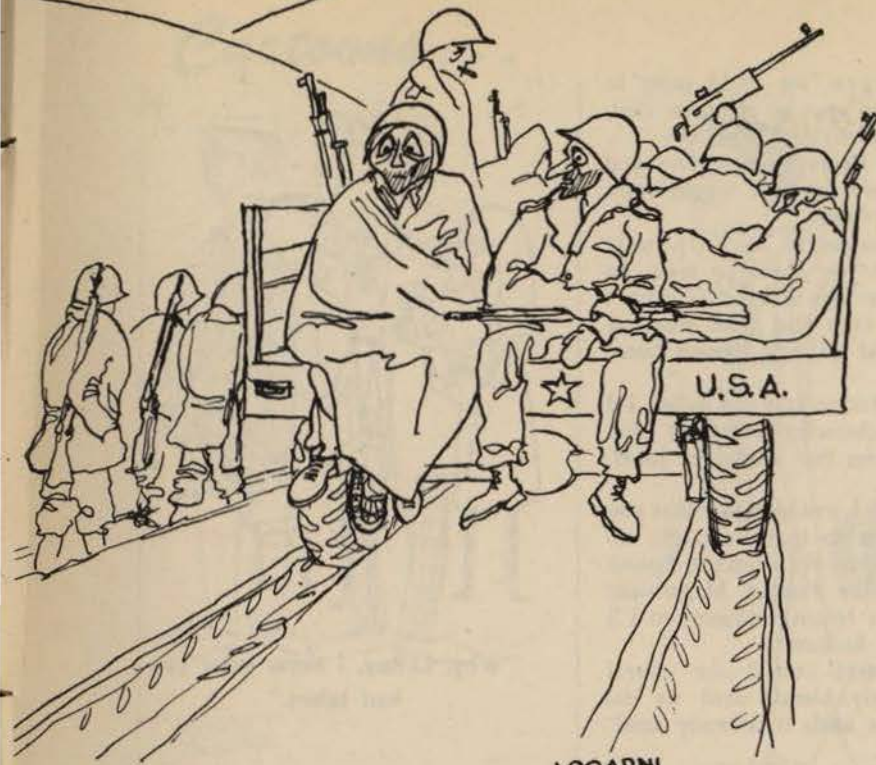
D. G. "Your head is like a door-
knob."
Tke. "How Come?"
D. G. "Any girl can turn it."
* * *

Psych Prof: "Who is smoking in
the back of this room?"
Student: "No one, sir. That's just
the fog we're in."
* * *

THE EL PASO SPORTING GOODS CO.

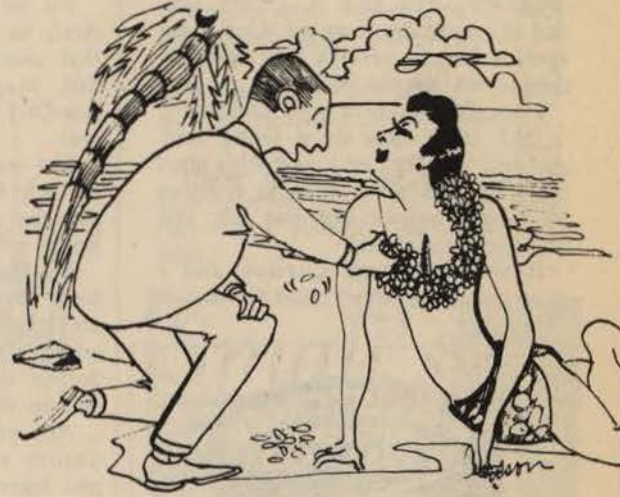
208 N. Stanton 2-3772

Cartoons...



LOCARNI

As a matter of fact, I never got through 8.03 either.



"She loves me . . . she loves me not. . ."



"I'm snowed."



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of TEXAS



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- ★ Atlas Tires, Batteries and Accessories

Trade-Marks CHEVRON and RPM, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LOVE COMES TO A
CHEMISTRY PROF

by Billy Tisdale

MARY, let's face it. I love you, and of course, you love me. Our flame spreads like the affinity that exists between two simple bodies:

I am Potassium to your Oxygen.

If I could only be a living acid, and you an alkali endowed with good sense, so that when brought together we might coalesce into one salt, one homogeneous crystal.

If you were only Carbon and I

were Hydrogen, we could unite to form olefiant gas, or common coal, or naphtha-by my test tube!

If I were Phosphorus, and you were Lime, we together would compose a Phosphuret.

I'd be satisfied to be Sulphuric Acid, so that you could be soda. In that case, we should be Glauber's Salt. Maybe even the gaint economy size-Oh! Great scalding Bunsen burners!

If I were Romeo and you Juliet, I'd not ask for character references, despite the rumors that whenever Juliet, Rome owed.

Much more I would rather that you were Magnesia so that we might react to Epsom salts-Ha! React to Epsom salts-sprinkle my Ferrous Magnesium Sulfate with a tensing reagent, so I'll end up solid, Sackson!

Ah, yes, thus could our several natures sweetly blend, until we die and leave our souls to eternity amalgamated.

Honey, your name's Jones and mine is Johnson. Wherefore, therefore, shouldn't we agree to form a Johnsonate of Jones?



"Why, LeRoy, I never knew you had talent."

Spartan



Engineering Supplies

* * *

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Cartoons . . .



MELVIN SHESTACK

" THAT'S PROFESSOR HEMSTONE, CURRENT ECONOMICS!"



" . . . said something about going to comb her hair."



Don Segura '65

. . . "VERY SIGNIFICANT"

Sign in a Real Estate office window: *Get Lots While You're Young.*

Help-Wanted Column in a recent Newspaper: *Help Male Wanted!*

Marque of a local theatre: *Mother Wore Tights, also Selected Shorts.*

Poster in the Coke Room of the SUB: *Help Wanted: Part Time Male; Part Time Female; and Full Time Male!*

* * *

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7⁹⁵



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Much Magic As
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High Grade Concentrate . . .

TROY, 1951—

by John Rechy

Why, Cassandra, why?
 "Because the world is marching ineluctably to its annihilation,
 Because Time still survives, resisting clutching, clinging fingers
 Of man,
 Of man, futilely searching roots, an anchor, serenity, escape,
 Death,
 The womb . . .
 (O Childhood, could I recall you now!
 Could the vast plain of memory bear fruit—unreal—oh, so unreal
 that it would drown reality's vicissitude of horror,
 Despair and loneliness,
 All emptiness,
 Or further could the silent, secret womb embrace again her—
 Oh, dreamer, life is now, and peaceful childhood has disappeared
 into that land of dreams and happiness
 Now lost!)
 Because night flings its heavy purple shroud of utter desperation
 with a sigh of grief and smothers with icy frozen star-tipped
 white-mooned fingers the life's-breath of its sordid children,
 Because
 nothing
 remains
 but Nothingness!"
 But why, Cassandra, why?

The gray dawn stole across the horizon and took hold of me. I wanted to deny its existence, I wanted to turn back Time. The memory of the night just past was vivid in my mind and heart, yet there was One thing, One moment which I could not grasp, like a picture blurred.

I remember walking in a forest, the night was black and sinister, great trees would loom up in front of me, and I stumbling, would veer from their path. I felt that I had to get away, away from Time. I remember feeling numb, cold, and afraid. I recall the desire to shout out against this . . . this thing which I could not comprehend. And on I walked, on and on and on and on.

The night was my shelter, it hid me from the eyes of the trees, and the grass. They could not see the pain that distorted my features, the physical pain that was brought about by that One moment.

And now as I stand at the edge of a cliff, facing the dawn, watching the changing colors of the sky, the picture clears and is no longer blurred. I crumbled within, and my heart and soul cried, for the realization of that One thing that had happened in that One moment was that . . . you had died.

—Delo Kimmel



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Same for
Men's Sizes



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Your're Looking
For
Are At

Del Norte
Saddlery

110 West San Antonio



DAGUERROTYPE—

Love, I said you were as plain and
 common as a noun,
 But I lied.
 You are an adjective, a languorous
 word
 Held above me like a sword
 Ready to fall,
 To splinter,
 To shatter me into delights.
 And all the time, dear, all the time
 I am a short, four-letter work: a verb,
 A verb full of action and aching
 Desiring you,
 Wanting you
 Prepositionally near.

—Haldeen Braddy

* * *

From



to



America's **FLAVOR-ite**
 from coast to coast

First prize-winner
 "Love, Miss. to Neck,
 Mo." submitted by
 Miss Shirley Collins,
 Ithaca, N. Y.



still only 5¢

\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes December 31, 1951. All entries must be postmarked prior to midnight that date to qualify. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

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photograph by Tony Canales

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LIBRARY
TEXAS WESTERN COLLEGE
EL PASO, TEXAS

Campus
Interviews on
Cigarette Tests!

No. 11...THE ROOSTER



You have to get up early in the morning to put one over on *this* cock-of-the-walk! When it came to making "quick-trick" experiments of cigarette mildness, he stated flatly, "That's strictly for clucks"! How 'ya going to keep 'em down on the farm—when they *know* there's one convincing way to prove cigarette mildness!

It's the sensible test . . . the 30-day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels as a steady smoke—on a day after day basis. No snap judgments. Once you've enjoyed Camels for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why . . .



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