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El Burro

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

35¢



This Month

Ole! Pat

by Lucius Casillas

pan-O-ra-Ma

by John Rechy

A PUBLICATION OF

TEXAS WESTERN

COLLEGE



COMPROMISE



Joke



"In this outfit they don't refer to me as the 'Housemother'!"

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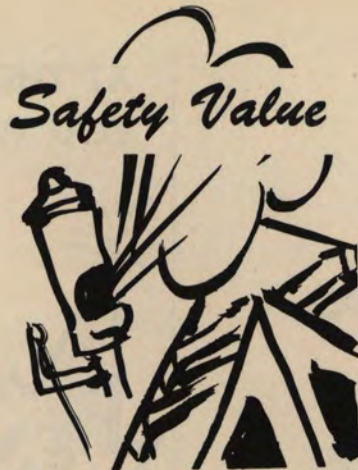
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Letters to the Editor should be addressed to: El Burro, Publications Office, Texas Western College, El Paso Texas. Letters **MUST BE** signed, names withheld for publication if requested. Maximum length, 200 words. The Editors reserve the right to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

Editor
El Burro
Texas Western College
Dear Ed:

Last year the Military Science Department was requested by the College President to take over the job of raising and lowering the flag each day. This job is being done, very well, I would say. But, I have a gripe. There are many, many students of this campus who do not seem to know what is expected of them in connection with this ceremony. All of us are darned lucky to have the privilege of living in or attending schools in this country, and the least we can do is pay our respects to the national colors. It takes about thirty seconds to raise or lower the flag, time which we all can spare, so let's face the flag and stand at attention, (men should remove their hats) or, if in uniform, salute.

Jim Maloney

* * *

"Papa, what is the difference between prosperity and depression?"

"Well, my boy," Papa replied. "In prosperity we have wine, women and song; but in depression all we have is beer, Mama, and the radio."

* * *

"How did you puncture that tire?"

"Ran over a bottle."

"S'matter, didn't you see it?"

"Naw, some freshman had it under his coat."

* * *

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El Burro



Volume 9

Number 3

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El Burro is published monthly during the school year by Student Publication, Inc., at Texas Western College of the University of Texas at El Paso. Subscription, \$2.50 a year, 35 cents for single issue.

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Slag and Tailings

Gold Is Where You Pledge It
Here comes the nugget, ain't he a
honey?
His eyes are crossed, and his feet are
funny.
Here comes the nugget, beaut of beauts,
He's got a Packard and sixteen suits.
Now he's just the one for our fair tong
His hair's cut short and his ears are
long.
He frightens babes with the size of his
boots,
But he's got a Packard and sixteen
suits.
So come on, Nugget, into our den,
You won't come out 'till we say when.
You'll have our pin, you can bet your
boots,
And WE'LL have a Packard and six-
teen suits.

—Battalion.

* * *
Women are different from a house.
A house gets plastered first, then paint-
ed.

* * *
"Why are you wearing that toothbrush
in your lapel?"
"Oh, that's my class pin. I went to Col-
gate."

* * *
"Where did you get that black eye?"
"In the war."
"What war?"
"The boudoir."

* * *
Love is like a poker game: it takes
a pair to open, she gets a flush, he
shows a diamond, and it ends with a
full house.

* * *
Junkman: "Any old rags, any old
clothes?"
Sorority Girl: "Of course not, this is
the Delt house."
Junkman: "Any old bottles?"

* * *
Zeta: "Oh, Professor, whatever do you
think of me now that I've kissed
you?"
Prof: "You'll pass."

* * *
"For what was Louis XIV chiefly
responsible?" asked the History prof-
fessor.

An eager beaver in the first row had
his hand up in juffy.
"Louis XV, sir," came his reply.

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fine
impressions"

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Printing
Company*

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El Burro

Burr

Talks Cold Turkey

by Julie Ann Oden



HI LO again!

Gallopin' greezed gobblers. Thanksgiving time rolled around and it was time for my first holiday from college, and golly, was I glad. Of course, I don't feel like some of the kids I've talked to, that the only reason for going to school is the holidays, but anyway, I was glad to see 'em come.

These holidays found me at home in the loving arms of my family: the college *man* returned, triumphant. And I slumbered soundly and undisturbed through the entirety of the vacation.

I have successfully made the first hurdle of the first semester of the first year of my college career. Huzzah! Being none the worse, except of course, for a couple of unimportant little details, i.e. my ruined health and shattered nerves, I feel great.

Upper classmen are wonderful about advising you on your problems. They assure me if these two small details are ignored long enough, that eventually a student can enter into a state of perpetual, utter and complete exhaustion, which, they tell me, is a type of hypnotism which greatly aids a person in acquiring a college degree.

Now I understand that fixed, glazed stare of the upper classmen, and loose hanging jaw following an examination period. This is called "post exam relaxation", or better known on the campus are "post-ex-lax."

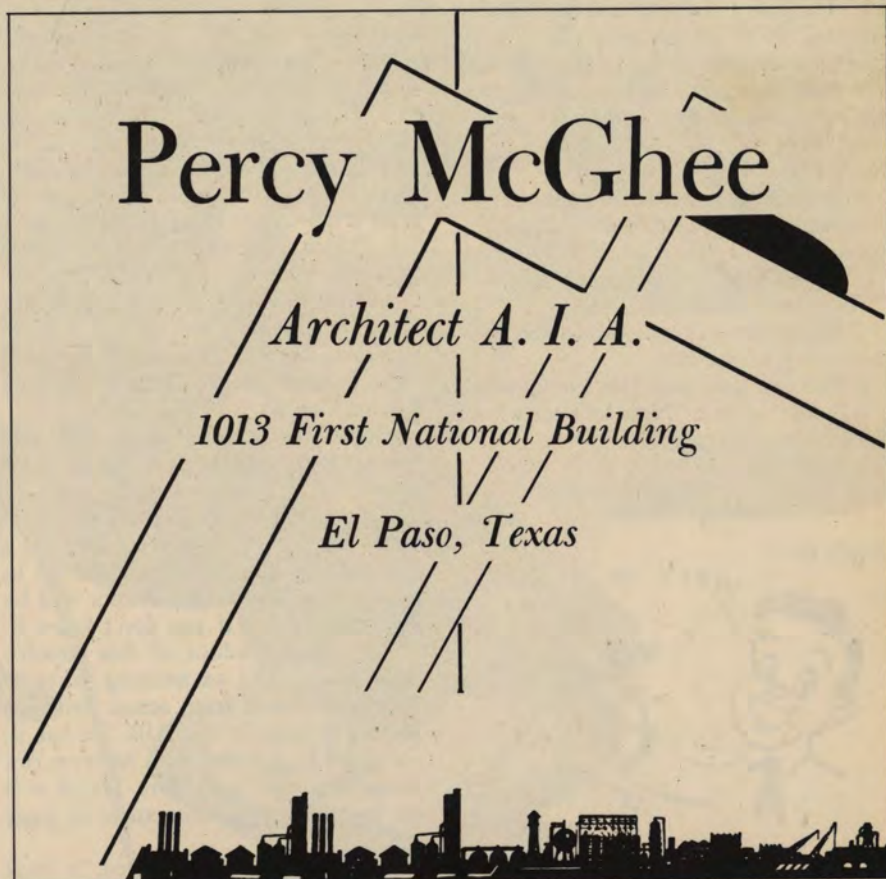
However, I am advised that when a student once begins to shake and twitch, this is a horse of a different breed, and is diagnosed as the "test tubers," or maybe it's the "test tremors." I'm not sure. Anyway, this is definitely harmful to one's college career. The most successful cure, the Big Boys tell me, is a strange new medicine they carry with them at all times in case of an attack. It comes in a small bottle, usually carried in the

hip pocket, and the dosage is left entirely to the discretion of the sufferer. At football games, especially, one may note astoundingly large numbers of students afflicted with this strange malady of higher education. Me, I've never felt the symptoms myself.

I was glad to see my family again, and all that old stuff, but I realize that I sorely missed the hospitality, friendliness and wholesome companionship of dorm life, to say nothing of the cafeteria meals. But one owes his family something, even if he is a college man.

So far college life has been quite a success. There are a few attitudes of other students which I do not as yet understand, such as the abominable habit of cutting classes, borrowing themes, and going to parties. For instance I have just recently found out the difference between a party and a party-party. But I am sure that before the next holidays, I shall be quite in the swing of things.

Until then, I remain affectionately,
Burr





From where we're standing

... at the wrong
end of El Burro

- by Linda Hassel

We were seated, working frantically at our typewriters. The office had an air of urgency hanging over it, which was felt by all of the staff. The murmur of conversation was scarcely audible over the clack, clack, clack of the typewriters sounding in unrhythmic melody. Faces were set in a look of determination.

"What's going on here?" asked the BM, as he strolled nonchalantly into the room.

"Get to work," we cried in unison. "There isn't much time."

"But we haven't recovered from the last one yet," he said.

"The last one was late, very, very late," we snapped. "Now let's see what is to be in

THIS ISSUE

El Burro brings to its readers its own account of Ex-Student, Pat McCormick, and her new found fame in the bull ring. Lucius Casillas, El Burro's prize photographer, has turned his hand to writing to produce his account of Miss McCormick's first fight. Photography is by a newcomer to El Burro's pages, Jim Fulton. The article will be found on page eight.

Pictorially yours gives a visual account of the activities of last month, depicting both M-Day and Homecoming. Pictures are by Luis Perez and Lucius Casillas.

Robert Heller brings us another campus poll with the title: *What Do You Think of Ablution?* Turn to page 15 for the enlightening answers of several of Texas Western's students. We suggest that you look the word up in a dictionary so that the humor will be apparent, that is if you don't know it.

John Rechy, editor of this month's issue has written an amusing satire in free verse, taken from actual conversations overhead in the SUB. He has illustrated it, further, with his own cartoons. Entitled, pan-O-ra-Ma, it will be found for your amusement on page 14.

Burr, as you have noticed, is back

with us through the medium of his creator, Holly Thurston. His activities, in column form, will be found on page 5, their usual spot. Julie Ann Oden is the author of that column.

Personality of the Month is Miss Natalia Crenwelge, known to most Texas Westerners for her fine work as a majorete with the band. Her write up is to be found on page 27.

Girl of the Month is Miss Jane Collins, Freshman majoring in Education. Hailing from Clinton, North Carolina, she is now living in El Paso. Picture on page 24 is by Lucius Casillas.

All of which leads us to the

NEXT ISSUE

The December issue of El Burro is traditionally titled *The Take Home Issue*. It will be designed to please students and family alike, with stories, features, and pictures of interest to both elements.

Highlighting the issue will be a story, *The Wooden Christ*, written by Til Brugnan, and obtained for El Burro by Dr. H. A. Braddy of the English Department. In addition El Burro will take in an Art exhibit, and will present it to its readers in the form of a pictorial. And there is now in the making a seven page feature, new in type to El Burro, subject of which is our secret until the time comes. In other words, more features and more stories will fill more pages next month. Watch for it about the fifteenth of December.

FINALLY

El Burro wishes to take this opportunity to wish all of the students and faculty "Happy Holidays." The short vacation, followed by the longer one in December, have been greatly looked forward to, no more by students than faculty. Whether you are staying in the Dorm, or going home, whether you are going to utilize your time catching up on studies or catching up on play, we hope you'll get what you want to done, and have fun. See you next month.



MEET THE STAFF

Lucius Casillas

Dusty Caroline

Bobby He

Linda Hassel

John Rechy

Luis Perez

Bob Bagdon

Leo Michelson





Photography by Lucius Casillas



OLÉ! PAT

by Lucius Casillas

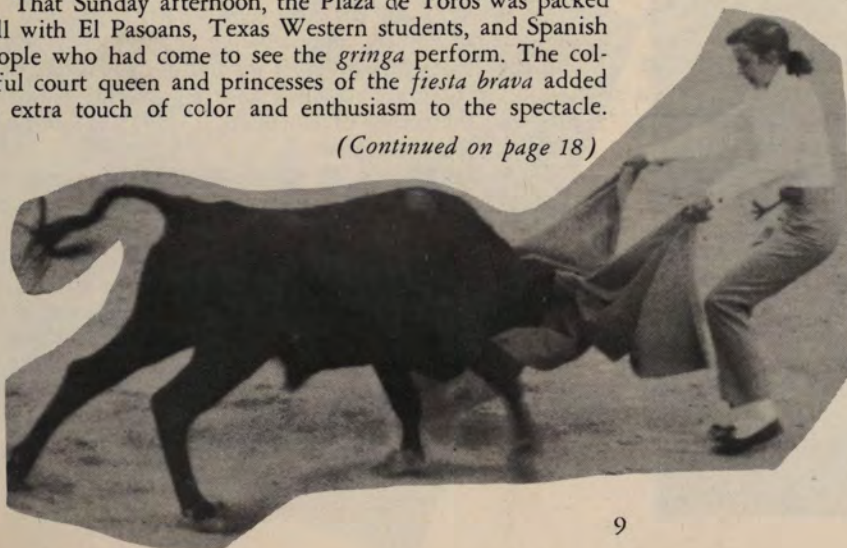
IN Texas, it is said, you have to lend an ear before they can shoot the bull. However, Texas Western's own Pat (Patricia in Spanish) McCormick set out to show that you must also kill the bull before you get an ear. And this she did show, early in September, thereby becoming the first North American girl to spill a young bull's blood on the glittering sands of a bullring, and to carry away the honors of a successful *Corrida de Toros* (bullfight).

In her widely publicized border debut, Pat saw her childhood dreams come true. While most little girls are dreaming of becoming nurses or airline hostesses, Pat thought of the future only in terms of the day when she should don the colorful *Traje de Luces* (suit of lights) and enter the bullring. And the dream was not just childish fancy which faded away as adulthood approached, for during the years which she spent as an art major at Texas Western, her preoccupation was apparent. Often she could be seen behind Bell Hall practising the complex passes at an imaginary bull.

At long last, one day last Spring, opportunity knocked in the form of Salvador del Hierro, a retired *matador*, who offered her his services. In addition to her college curriculum, she added two or three hours of workout with the cape and *muleta* to fit her daily routine. Several months of practise, under the guidance of her able instructor, conditioned Pat for the day for which she had waited for so long, her first fight. She carried the cape of Silverio Perez and a *muleta* (red cloth) of Carlos Arruza, both world renowned *Matadores*, as symbols of the fame and bravery which she hoped to achieve.

That Sunday afternoon, the Plaza de Toros was packed full with El Pasoans, Texas Western students, and Spanish people who had come to see the *gringa* perform. The colorful court queen and princesses of the *fiesta brava* added an extra touch of color and enthusiasm to the spectacle.

(Continued on page 18)



Why Apathy?

The recent College Players' production of *Charley's Aunt* has served as a stark culmination in bringing to the surface the fact that the city of El Paso is disgustingly indifferent toward the students of this college and their activities.

Not only did the city's loyal residents "not bother" to attend the play, but those organizations ostensibly dedicated to the betterment of El Paso—that is, to the "selling" of the city to non-residents—did every thing but yawn disinterestedly in the face of the Players Group and its attempt to stage a successful production.

Granted that the choice of scripts has, in the main, been rather unfortunate: Tried and trite plays have been the thing, time-tested plays that generally go well in all small cities. (This is true with notable exceptions, such as the fine production of *All My Sons* some seasons ago.) But the fact still remains: The city itself can be blamed for this.

The Call to Arms

On Wednesday, November 14, Audian Paxon, President of the Senior class, called the first class meeting to be held at noon of that day in Magoffin Auditorium. It was meant to be a *short* meeting, but not an *unimportant*, and thus *vacant* one. On the day and hour assigned, approximately twenty-five seniors showed their faces in Magoffin.

Now a quick check of the student roll shows at least 297 seniors enrolled in Texas Western College. That was a quick check, there may be many more. Mathematically speaking, then, about one-twelfth of the senior students were there. That is a pretty poor showing for the "leaders" of the campus, or as *Burr* calls them, the "Big Boys."

There may have been a number of reasons for the seniors' inattendance at the meeting. For example, the hour may have been bad. But the meeting was purposely called for that time because it is one when few students have classes. Except for the minority that do, then, it must be assumed that either the great majority could not give up fifteen minutes of their feeding time, or else that there was another reason.

On the other hand, there may have been some who didn't

For how can intelligent mature productions be presented to a non-existent audience? If even the tried, time-tested plays flop as far as the audience attendance goes, can anyone justly expect the college players to dare, say, an experimental production (which seems to be, after all, one of the primary functions of a good college theatrical group), such as Cocteau play? Of course not.

The fault here rests mainly on one very important source: the newspapers. Very few people in El Paso, we would venture to say, know that a local college players group exists. And why should they? The city's own newspaper editorial department does not seem to know it either. When any sort of review (usually a grudging three inches long), appears, it does so in an obscure, unimportant position in some obscure, unimportant section.

Furthermore, such generosity on the part of the paper is usually strained to the breaking point by printing a "canned" review, undoubtedly written days, possibly weeks, before the play was even presented! And if the newspaper is so guided by charity that they do send a reporter to review it, that reporter is so intent on seeing who is at the play, that the review appears as a two-line mention on the society-page, heading a string of monotonous, bold-face names.

And all this seems very paradoxical in view of the fact that at least a small portion of the advertising in the newspapers is aimed at students. At the sake of being called vulgar, we would say that the slogan of the newspapers and the business "city-betterment" groups must be:

Get the most for as little as possible.

know of the meeting. However, a large poster conspicuously placed in the SUB eliminates that excuse except for the few who do not visit the building sometime in the morning.

That leaves only one reason to be considered, a worn-out hackneyed excuse which seems to be dominant in any such situation. That is the lack of interest in the class affairs by the class itself.

Now, the purpose of the meeting was to discuss the senior gift, and to start the students thinking about a date for the Senior prom and banquet. The latter two social events are held for all of the seniors, not for just twenty-five of them. Could it be that only these few are interested in the affairs? If so, then the functions hold little purpose. And the gift, too, is that of the entire class, not of just one-twelfth of them. While there was a common consensus of opinion concerning the nature of the gift, the small group present was scarcely representative of the class as a whole, and could not in all fairness reach any conclusion. At least a quorum of the class must have a hand in planning the gift, and the means of financing it, before anything definite could be accomplished.

Come on, Seniors, it's up to you to set the example for the underclassmen. Sure, it's your last year, and your minds are working in terms of after graduation, and admittedly, no one likes to spend a lot of time attending meetings. But show, at least, that you are interested in your own class. Attend the meetings, and dispense with the business at hand. Fifteen minutes of your time isn't too much to ask, nor is a half an hour, if it runs to that. Then get back to the more important business of feeding your face, or cramming for the next hour quiz. You *do* owe something to your fellow students.

present . . .

TIME

(a musical comedy—book by Tommy Jones
music by Harvey Schmidt)
(in order of their appearance)

Mrs. Harrison, a janitress.....	Alma Rodriguez
Mrs. Grey, a janitress.....	Adela Semon
John Matthews, a freshman at TWC.....	Rosendo Gutierrez
Douglas Douglas, editor of El Burro.....	Jim Winters
Hawthorne T. Newton, a draftee.....	Jimmy Brennand
Joe Bob Joe, a frat man.....	Alden Turner
Linda Smith, associate editor of El Burro.....	Jane Piatt
Bennyboy Benson,	
Grand Pater of Delta Delta Tau.....	Arthur Meyer
Recruiting Sgt.....	Harry Adkinson
Lungs Bedlow, the campus queen.....	Barbara Joy Crawford
Pat Mahoney.....	Ken Berggren
Flash Doggin, El Burro photographer.....	Joe Falco
Suzie, a secretary.....	Janie Guthrie
Randy McNally, El Burro ad man.....	Sherrod Anderson
Lee de Fleur, El Burro fashion editor.....	Joyce Godwin
Billie, a waitress.....	Carolyn Van Trease
Dottie, another waitress.....	Betty Barnes
Ethel, still another.....	Sally Ware
Maria, a foreign student.....	Alma Rodriguez
Cisco, a waiter at the KPT.....	LaVerne Harris
Stephen F. Houston	
Leader of the campus Independents.....	Buzz Sawyer
A fella in love.....	Eldridge Bradbury
Hipsy Boo Girlies Chorus	

MAGOFFIN AUDITORIUM

December 6-7, 1951

STAGGERS ON



directed
by
CHARLES BAKER





Nancy Crown

*"Couldn't be worse then,
my room-mate."*



Jean Surratt

*"The greatest thing
since bubble gum."*



Jim Winters

*"She's a nice kid, but I
just don't like her."*

What Do

You

Think

of Ablution



Carl Norberg

"It's got to go."



Mary Margaret Webb

*"Are they thinking of
freeing the slaves again?"*



Joyce Brocat

"You name it, I'll feed it."

pa-nO-ra-Ma...

(Carry me along, taddy, like you done through the toy fair. — James Joyce)

by John Rechy



Ladez and Gentlemen!
The Funniest Show on Earth:
(Our colleges are the backbone of
The American Way of Life:
Our students are the leaders of
Tomorrow . . .)

I

Oh, I don't give a damn what the people say,
Oh, I don't care that they point!
Me? I'm an In-Di-Vid-U-Al,
And I'll wear what I want
When

I

Can (But We don't
wear slacks on Our Campus, dear.)

II

A Conversation in Blank Verse,
With Unaccented Syllables,
"Hi." "Howya?" "Kay. You?"
"Purtygud." "Cig'rut?" "Ugh-uh."
Blub, Blub, blub . . . (What ya're
attackin' are basic 'merican principles.)

III

The Beauty Contest:
X: "Isn't she tacky?" Y: "Just HORriBLE!"
Three minutes: On Stage, Y:
X: "Isn't she tacky?" Z: "Just horRible!"
(Life is a cycle, said Nietzsche.
An' ain't that shrew-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-wd?)

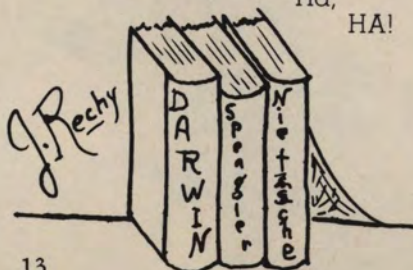
IV

I've never studied for a test,
I always cheat, you see,
But I never, never, never drink
So I'm going to draw up a petition
To have all Decadent Drinkers
Expelled from Our Campus be-
Cause in Our Group we have very high
M-O-R-A-L-S

V

Requiem: shes sweet she never talks about
anybody dont tell him him but and isnt he pec-
uliar well a frahturneetys sorta nice lak
we was all bruthers see how fabulous oh hell
what filthy weather
this is the way the world ends this is
the way the world ends this is the way
the world ends not with a bang but a
ha,

Ha,
HA!



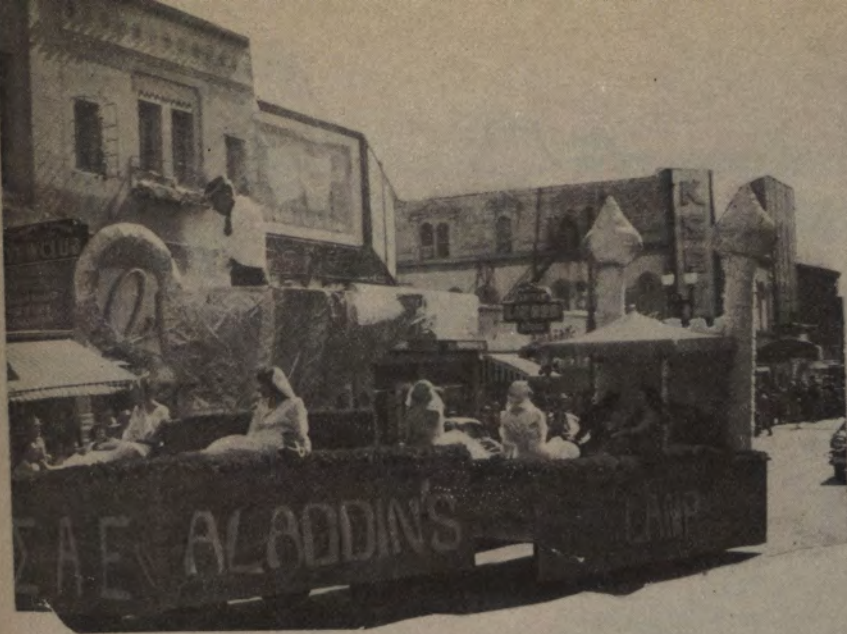
Pictorially Yours



M-Day



Life at 7th W^{est}
M-Day



The Joke Exchange

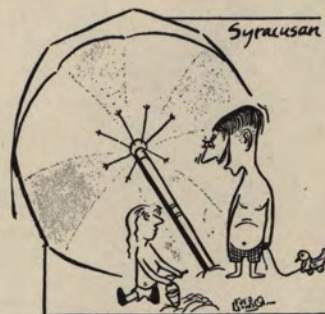


"Liza, honey, git yore pore ole pappy the cocker spaniel,
mah lap is cold."
—Ski-U-Mah



OCTOPUS

"Now then, we are all alphabetically arranged in the front row: Allen,
Atkins, —Miss Zylanco."

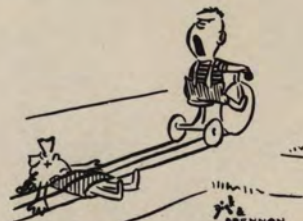


"Hello, Baby!"



—Varieties

"Your theme, Miss Sanders, on our subject, 'My most interesting experience,' is not exactly what was wanted."



"Damn brakes!"



"Wasn't it great, Mrs. Magines' daughter pledging Theta."
—Urchin



TEXAS RANGER

Personality of the Month



Miss Natalia Crenwelge

El Burro's choice for its PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH column is a smooth gliding gal, and a sharp looker, especially in her white majorette uniform. Now that you know she's a majorette, she could be none other than Natalia Crenwelge.

Nat, as she's known to her friends, hails from Overton, Texas, and is here on a \$500.00 scholarship, not for her effectiveness on the football field leading the drum corps, but because she is an excellent flute and piccolo player. Nat is a transfer student from Stephen F. Austin College in Nacodoches, where she was head drum-major.

At the present her major is Business Administration, but her main interests revolve about music, not to mention a certain B. G. Her minor is music.

Nat is a member of three bands, not to mention the T. W. band. They include: The Canadian-American Girls Band that has toured Canada and is planning on touring Europe this summer, The Region 4 Band for three years, and the All-State band for two years.

Her high school days were spent at New London, Texas, where she was very active in student government, dramatic clubs, and where she was a cheerleader and drum majorette.

El Burro takes pleasure in presenting ability as a student, as a leader, and as a terrific asset to Texas Western College.

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SUPPLIES** 311 N. Oregon



OLE! PAT

(Continued from page 9)

Then a drum and a bugle broke the monotony of the murmuring crowd, and the wooden door of the *Cuadrillas* swung open, revealing the three women who, with bright capes glistening in the sun, walked with poise and elegance to the other side of the ring.

Pat fought with Mexico's only two girl *Novilleras* (fighters of young bulls), Miss Gloria Martinez and Miss Teresita Andaluz. The latter showed the valor and elegance, derived from long experience, in their style, and they created an atmosphere of friendly rivalry which made the spectators wonder as to Pat's ability to compete.

Pat's initial steps toward challenging the bull, however, were filled with courage and determination. She showed an amazing sense of serenity which surprised the spectators. Her cape work was excellent and daring. Her feet well planted in the sand were well coordinated with the movements of her wrists, which maneuvered the cape in a rhythmical and artistic manner, executing *Veronicas*, *Gaoneras*, *Chicuelinas* and *Revoleras*.

After the *banderillas* were pinned to the bull, Pat took the *muleta* with her right hand, approached the bull with the challenging words, "*Mira Toro*," and began a series of spectacular and dangerous passes. There were times when she lost her footing and found herself completely disarmed, at the mercy of the bull. Twice she was thrown into the air, and saved from the pointed horns by the close assistance of her trainer and the other two *matadores*. Her suit was stained with dirt and blood, but always she returned with bravery to face again the bull's charge.

Then the time for the kill arrived. Her trainer gave her a few words of advice, then escorted her several paces into the arena. Pat faced the furious bull again. Several times the bull came in contact with her body as he swept by her *muleta*, shaking her, while she moved not a step. Suddenly the exhausted animal came to a stop. Pat carefully placed herself in front of him, lowered the *muleta* with her left hand, raised the steel sword to the level of her nose, and took aim. Some

of the spectators cried out from the stands, "*Cuidado muchacha!*" (Careful there girl!) and "*Todavia no!*" (Not yet!). Pat thrust the sword forward as the bull charged. In a few seconds, he was dead.

Hats and flowers poured into the bullring from the stands. She was awarded an ear, symbol of success, by the judges, and 1000 pesos by Mr. Bilbao, Empresario of the ring. Applause from the spectators was almost deafening.

Despite the fact that Pat McCormick's first bullfight in Ciudad Juarez was only the first step of the long stairway to success in professional bullfighting, it can be said that it was prodigiously successful in its own right. Her courage and sense of gypsy artistry had the crowd on their feet and cheering wildly throughout the performance. Texas Western students were surprised and elated at the degree of success which their colleague had attained during the afternoon. Most of the comments heard from the



spectators were filled with savory optimism for Pat's future.

Pat is now training in the interior of Mexico. Her apprenticeship will last two years. But her friends North of the border are awaiting the time when she will return in her full splendor as a *matador*. And her friends everywhere say Ole! to the first North American girl who has braved the Brave Bulls.

* * *

HUMOR

JOKES

The plain, prim old lady who stood beside a male customer at the department store counter was nervous and embarrassed; finally, she asked:

"Please, Miss I'd like two packages of bathroom stationery."

* * *

Lad, looking through a telescope:
"God!"

Friend: "Oh, g'wan, it isn't that powerful."

* * *

He: My mother used to rock me to sleep every night.

She: How sweet!

He: I wish she hadn't used such big rocks, though.



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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: Fom 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.

From other Mags

A patient in an insane asylum was trying to convince an attendant that he was Napoleon.

"But who told you that you were Napoleon?" inquired the attendant.

"God did," came the reply.

"I did not," came a voice from the next bunk.

—Dodo.

A beauty by the name of Henrietta
Dearly loved to wear a tight sweater,
Three reasons she had:
To keep warm wasn't bad;
But the other two reasons were better.

—Green Gander.

Four out of five women haters are women.

* * *

Just 'cause your head is shaped like a hubcap, don't think that you're a big wheel on campus.

* * *

"Do you have a fairy godfather?"

"No, but I have a roommate I'm a little suspicious of."

* * *

It's better for a girl to have a big bad wolf in front of the house, than a little bitsey bear behind.

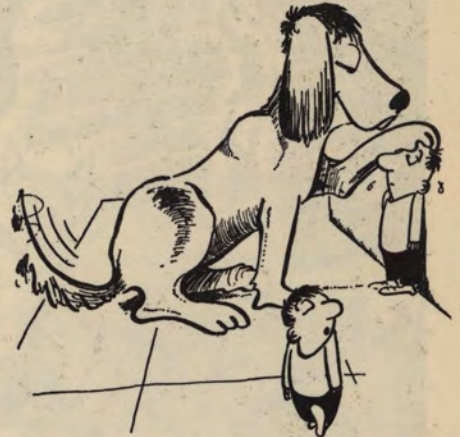
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"You hold him, I'll get a rope."

—Arrowhead

Have you heard about the new college game?

No, what's that?

Button, Button, here comes your housemother.



"Now getting back to Freud . . ."

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

- ★ Chevron Supreme Gasoline
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- ★ Atlas Tires, Batteries and Accessories

A young man and his fiancée had wed and were spending their honeymoon at a large hotel. When bedtime came the bride went to bed and the groom sat by the window gazing at the moon and stars.

The bride called to him, "Why don't you come to bed?"

He answered, "Mother said tonight would be the most beautiful night of my life, and I'm not going to miss a minute of it."

* * *

One American is a tramp.
Two Americans are a gang.
Three Americans are a corporation.

One Austrian is a paperhanger.
Two Austrians are a coffeehouse.
Three Austrians are a—well, there is no such thing.

One of them is always a Czech.
One sorority girl is a sorority girl.
Two sorority girls are two sorority girls.

Three sorority girls are the first scene from Macbeth.



"Going steady?"

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FOR GIRLS

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- MARIE
- SUE
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| <input type="checkbox"/> European (General) | <input type="checkbox"/> Spain and Portugal | <input type="checkbox"/> Africa |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mediterranean | <input type="checkbox"/> Scandinavia | <input type="checkbox"/> Other (specify) _____ |

Are you interested in university credits? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Are you interested in resident study at a foreign university?

☐ Yes Please specify area _____

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Your choice of the following 2-week tours:

(Check one for further information)

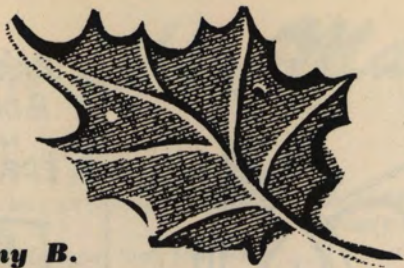
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☐ Holy Land

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C-11



**To Jimmy B.
Repugantly**

My heart is like a lonely bird
Which sings and crys and yet is ever heard,
And tossed and blown by every wind,
Shall always heaven-ward ascend.
My soul is like a falling star
Which streaks a lighted path afar
To some elusive destiny
Known to God alone, and me.
For far beyond that seventh vale
Lies the goal to which I'll ever sail:
If I should live for an eternity,
It would be spent pursuing thee.
At last when our two paths shall cross
All time before will be a loss.
And I shall toss you in the moss,
You have the rear end of a hoss.

—Julie Ann Oden.



*High
Grade
Concentrate*

MASTER CUPID

Love is a fellow
Blind as a bat,
A short little fellow,
Paunchy and fat.
With his bow and arrow,
With his little quivir,
He cleaves the heart
And upsets the liver.
—Haldeen Braddy.

CREATION

He spoke, and it was as He had said
And what He did not say was not
And there was no compromise
Then He created one in His own image
Who looked but saw not beauty
And who said in his conceit,
"Let us bow before the will of the Lord."
Thus he branded himself.

—Marjorie Schock.

El Paso Natural Gas Company

The Pipe Line Company

SERVING THE SOUTHWEST





Wake, my love,
And end your eternal slumber.
From this vale of tears
Let us fly to proud Olympus
Where the grief of yesterday
Will but make sweeter
The joy of our tomorrow.

—Chester McLaughlin

Ah, Moon

The Seeds of the moon are bitter
And slip between the teeth,
But the moon is ever and ever
On sedge and sward and heath.
The seeds of the moon are bitter
And cold upon the tongue,
But the moon is ever and ever
On quick and dead and young.
The seeds of the moon are bitter
And shivered by the blight,
But the moon is ever and ever
On boy and girl's delight.

—Haldeen Braddy.

An Empty Bottle

A toast to Beethoven, sonata king,
Aye, too, Caruso: Let him sing.
My cup is raised to geniuses of war:
Napoleon, Caesar, and many more.
Socrates and Plato, philosophers past:
Let memories of them forever last.
Forgotten not is Frederick the Great
Among the kings I celebrate.
But for a man without a cause
My bottle has but empty walls.

—Buz Sawyer.

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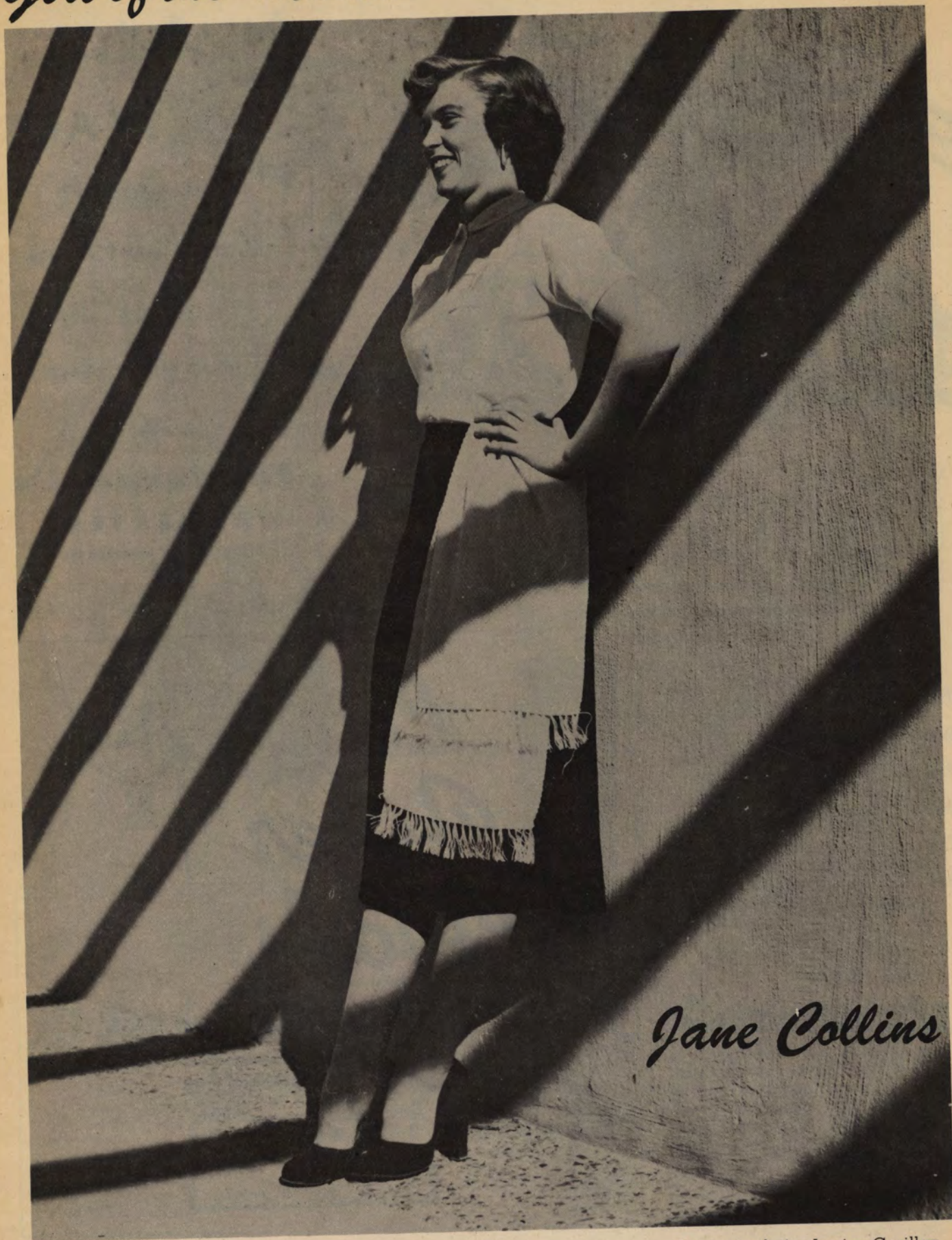
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