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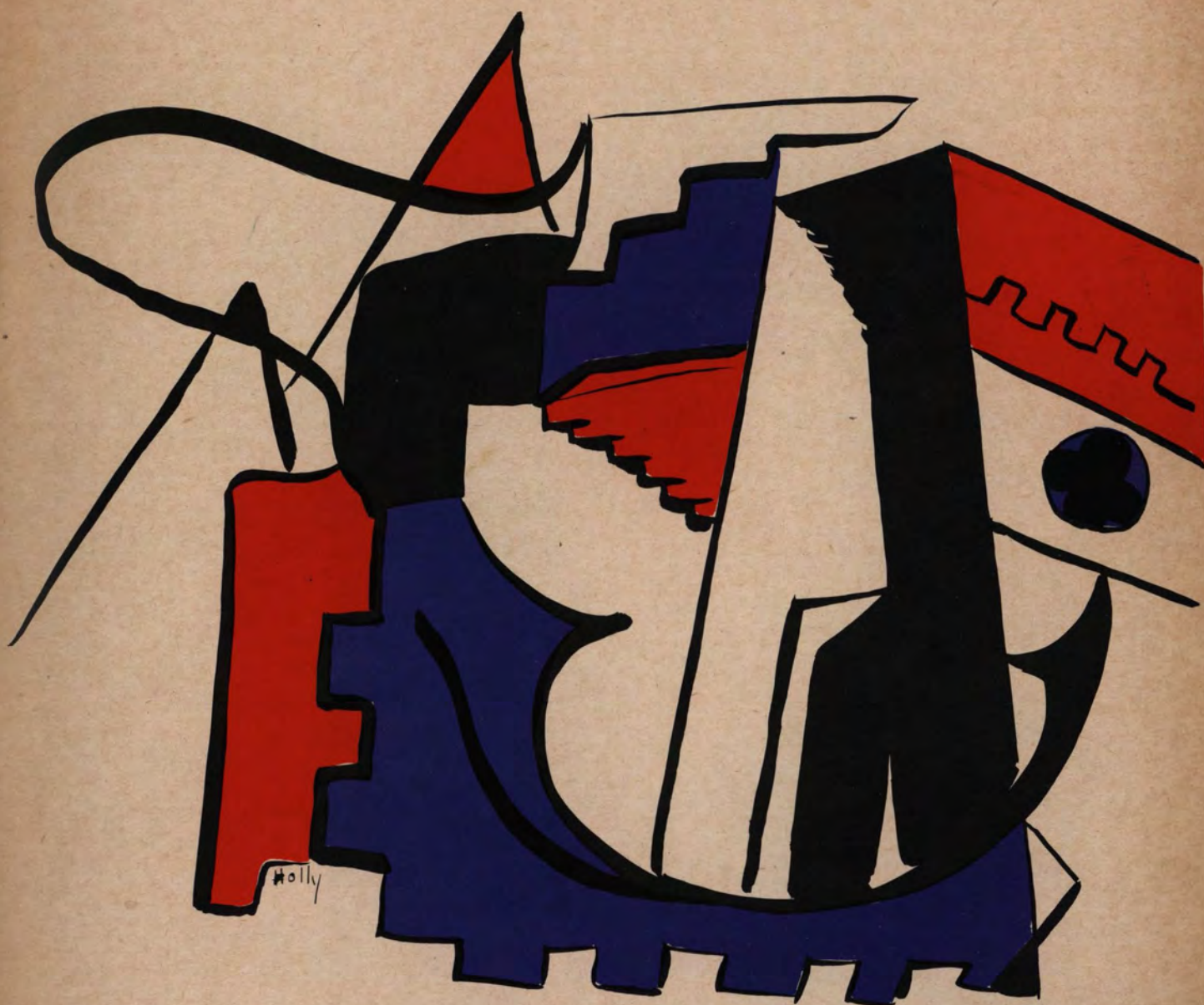
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El Burro

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Painting by Trudi Farmilant page 12

Miss Til Brugman
an excerpt from the **Wooden Christ** page 8

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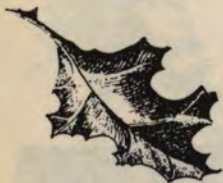
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COVER PORTRAIT

by



ACHILLES

Slag and Tailings

"Who's that?"
"Girl I used to sleep with."
"Shocking! Where?"
"Physics lecture."

OH, George, let's not park here.
Oh, George, let's not park.
Oh, George, let's not.
Oh, George.
Oh.

The ice man smiled as his glance fell upon the sign: "Please drive slowly. The child in the street may be yours."

Chaplain: "I will allow you five minutes of grace before your execution."
Condemned man: "Well, that's not very long but bring her in."

She—I'm Suzette, the Oriental dancer.
He—Shake.

Shootgun wedding; A case of wife or death.

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."

"What is number 26845973 laughing about?"
"He caught the seven year itch."
"I don't think catching the seven year itch is very funny."
"He does... he is being hanged tomorrow."

Reporter: "To what do you attribute your old age?"
95-year old woman: "I've eaten moderately. I work hard. I don't drink or smoke. I keep good hours.
"Have you ever been bed-ridden?"
"Yes, many times. But don't put that in the paper."



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El Burro



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Slag and Tailings

She: "Where are you going to spend your honeymoon, my dear?"

Her: (blushingly): "In France."

She: "How lovely!"

Her: "Isn't it? Harry told me as soon as we were married he would show me where he was wounded in the war."

Taxi Driver: Damn! What a clutch.

Voice from the rear: You just keep your eyes on the road and mind your own business.

"Gosh, Gus," said Sam, newly married, "I'm worried about my wife. Last night she talked in her sleep, and kept saying, 'No, Charles, no, Charles.'"

"Well, what are you worrying about?" asked Gus cheerfully. "She said 'No' didn't she?"

*I think that I shall never bear
A poem as lovely as a beer,
A beer whose gently effervesce
Can seem so like your hand's caress.
I like both you and beer, my one,
But beer I think is much more fun.
I like the way it dulls my nerves
And makes your angels turn to
curves.*

*I look through beer's warm lovely glow
And all my imbibitions show,
So what care I for you, my dear,
When all I want is one more beer.*

You remind me of Nero.

Why?

Here I am burning down and you're just fiddling around.

There's one thing worse than being a bachelor and that's being a bachelor's son.

Mosquito: And to think that when I was young I only bit girls on the hands and face.



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impressions"

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From other Mags



"He said he was teaching me to rumba."
—Cracker

THINGS WE LIKE TO HEAR GIRLS SAY

(but never do)

1. "Sure I do."
2. "No, Bob, it doesn't make any difference when we get home to-night."
3. "Let's go Dutch."
4. "My, but I'm cold, Jim."
5. "Why bother? There's no one home here."
6. "No, Ed, I've never seen the Tower in the moonlight."
7. "I get high as hell on one beer."
8. "Bob, you don't think this bathing suit's too tight, do you?"
9. "Aunt Jenny just left me two million dollars."
10. "Say, who is that good-looking boy over there?"
11. "But, Bob, I know Mother wouldn't mind your staying another week or so."
12. Chaperone, what chaperone?"
13. "We can move in with the family, Bob."
14. "Do you know the score?"
15. "No, I'm not."
16. "Yes."

Janie will
And Nancy won't.
Janie dates,
and Nancy don't.

Some people sow their wild oats on Saturday nights and then go to church on Sunday and pray for crop failure.

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Vooley voo . . . rooley voo . . .
rooley voo . . . rooley . . . ?

Percy McGhee

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El Paso, Texas





From where we're standing

... at the wrong
end of El Burro

—by Linda Hassel

Jingle bells were ringing merrily outside, and with just a little imagination, you could see the snow piled high outside the window. If this were not enough to suggest the holiday spirit, a wreath hanging at the window of the Burro office and an Esquire calendar on the North wall completed the picture, while the completely euphoric state of the staff members indicated that the spirit (s) had infiltrated them also.

The BM abruptly stopped his silent humming of "Silent Night," looked up from his drawing board, and said: "Know what I'm going to do this vacation?"

"No," we chorused.

"Sleep," he replied. "For two solid weeks I'm going to sleep."

"That's all well and good," we countered, "But please wake up long enough to tell us what is to be in

were made by Mr. Fulton. El Burro appreciates the excellent work done by Jim on these pictures, and it is regrettable that credit did not go where it was due.

This month El Burro presents its Holiday Issue. Students will note that it is larger than usual, and that it presents some features which we hope will be of interest.

Featured this month is a short story by Miss Til Brugman, an expert from a longer novelette, *The Wooden Christ*. An introduction by Dr. Haldeen Braddy gives a little background material on the author and the story, the latter being inspirational in nature not only for the Christmas season, but the whole year as well. It does, as Dr. Braddy points out, "probe the deeper meaning of spirituality." The story is presented for your edification and enjoyment on page 14.

Striking a college theme, Dorothy Hausleithner's short story, *The First Christmas Gift*, offers good reading on page 18. A familiar feeling to all students who have felt lonely is intensified in fictional form under the pen of Miss Hausenlithner.

El Burro's adaptation of a calendar for 1952 is presented on page 19. It is suggested that the calendar be cut out and placed upon your wall as an extremely lovely way to count off the days of the new year.

An exposé on modern art is presented by Johny Rechy on page 16. It

might be noted here that all too few of the students take advantage of the art exhibits which are presented in Cotton Memorial, or know of the serious work which is done by the students in the Art Department. The two are combined in Mr. Rechy's article, *Modern Art*, which covers a vast area in the field, and in pictures, presented with the article, by Miss Trudy Farmilant.

Finally, gracing the last page of the mag is El Burro's Girl of the Month, this month being Miss Barbara Karsendiek. Barbara, a Junior Psychology major has a long line of honors for being one of Texas Western's campus beauties.

THE NEXT ISSUE

Next month El Burro has entitled itself the Final Exam Issue. Due to come out at a time when it will enlighten your depressed final examination mood, and distract your final cramming, El Burro will be designed to lighten the prevailing atmosphere. More jokes, more features, and back to the old size will be the key to the magazine. Till then, bye for now.



THIS ISSUE

But before we go on, El Burro would like to extend its sincerest apologies to Jim Fulton, staff photographer, for the mistake made in regard to the pictures accompanying last month's article, *Olé Pat*. The photographs on page 12 of the article were those of Lucius Casillas, as the credit line showed. Those, however, on pages 13 and 18

**HAIRCUT at
KERN PLACE
BARBER SHOP**

EDITORIAL

Only Six Nights in a Barroon

"Isn't it the damndest thing," I asked a friend of mine, "the way they want to close all the bars, theatres, and stores here in El Paso on Sundays?"

"Hell," my friend said. "That's supposed to get all the people to church. But the way I see it, freedom of religion implies freedom *from* it, too."

That was witty, but there was pretty much to it. So I pursued the subject. "I'm not too familiar with the women's clubs and stuff like that," I said. "What is it all about?"

"A bunch of ministers are backing up the thing, to-

gether with some ladies," my friend said. "They say we've got to get back to religion and things. So they want to revive an 80-year-old law that says everything stays closed on Sundays."

"What about all the small stores that can't compete during weekdays with the big chain stores?" I said. "They stay open because that's when they get all their business."

"Sure," my friend said. "But some people are such good Christians that if the only way to get people to church is to push them out of business and let them starve, well, hell, that's the way they'll do it."

"Yeah," I said.

"Hey," my friend said, "maybe they ought to go all the way: not allow the radio or television to operate Sundays. Then *we* wouldn't have to listen to *them* preaching over the air if *we* didn't want to. Works two ways, see?"

"I have a better idea," I said. "Outlaw sin. Then there won't be any more."

"The whole thing's pretty damn silly," my friend said. "I'm glad not all the churches are backing it. I thought religion was something personal and voluntary, not show-off stuff."

"Yeah," I said. "Makes me sort of sick. Think I'll go to the show and forget it."

"Ugh-uh," my friend said. "It's Sunday."

by John Rechy

Intellectual Rubbish

Social science students who attended the recent panel discussion of Socialism versus Free Enterprise were somewhat appalled at the nature of the "free" and "open" discussion. With expectation running high for a fairly objective study of this important problem now facing the American people, they found to their chagrin that the panel was as open and objective as a group of alcoholics discussing prohibition. Characterized by a high degree of emotion on the part of the panel members, the only things missing from the rally were a team of cheerleaders, and a picture of J. P. Morgan to adorn the wall.

A panel discussion implies calm consideration of all facets of an issue, usually accomplished by pitting persons of opposing views against one another. The force of opposition, so notably lacking at this particular meeting, serves to keep both the panel members and the audience on their toes. It further eliminates the side-stepping of questions, and the advancing of unqualified data. Had this procedure been followed, the evasive, stereotyped answers and the drum-thumping propaganda routine might have given way

to a serious, rational discussion which afforded an opportunity to the students to learn something from their time spent at the meeting.

As it was, however, all too many people left the discussion with strong feeling of disgust. It was apparent from the beginning, when the connotation of "bad" was given the term "Socialism" even before its definition, that the meeting would follow the dubious direction which it took. And the answers which followed, the smug unreflective, and opinionated information which was dealt out, was enough to chill a scientific mind. It served to increase the anger on the part of the students who considered the discussion a slur to their intelligence.

The idea behind the meeting was excellent. A panel discussion is one of the best methods to start people thinking, and the introduction of men outside the academic field, men who are intimately connected with the problem first hand through the medium of their business relations, could have been a stroke of genius, had the situation been properly handled. As it was, however, perhaps the feelings of many of the students could be expressed in the words of one who said: "The best thing about the meeting was that it made me so angry that I started investigating the problem on my own."

It is not in defense of Socialism that this is written, for the criticism would stand were the situation reversed. It is, rather, in defense of the student body. It is relatively easy to gain all of the biased opinions one wishes by following the newspapers. At least in college, free, frank and reflective study should be encouraged, or, at least allowed.

by Linda Hassel



Introduction by
Haldeen Braddy

A well-known author in Europe of novels, stories, and sketches, Miss Til Brugman, of Holland, is an accomplished linguist who writes with great facility in the English tongue. Her work is becoming better known recently in both England and America. One of her newest international projects is to translate into Dutch **Three Lives**, a book by the famous American stylist Gertrude Stein. A lover of human nature and a strong supporter of the democratic principles of freedom, Til Brugman's novelette, **The Wooden Christ**, is written in radiant language, her style vibrating with a tender humanity for people in humble stations of life. The selection below from **The Wooden Christ** has a poetic mysticism; its effect is to bring the reader away from a tense and frenzied world into the presence of an unusual manifestation of deity, a savior who protects even the lowly suicides. Til Brugman probes the deeper meaning of spirituality.

El Burro Proudly Presents . . .

Miss Til Brugman

with an excerpt from The Wooden Christ

FOR miles around the wooden Christ was the last watch which the distressed passed by before they sought their death. Many a time the Crucified One had succeeded in deterring one suicide, and another, and yet another from his irrevocable deed. And old documents preserved their self-recorded histories, nameless confessions from many periods which accumulated under the vertical beam of the cross in an iron chest, on which the Mediator seemed to keep his feet firmly planted, so that no outsider could read of the distress suffered. In the long hours of solitude which came for him afterwards, the wooden Christ had time and to spare to reflect upon all the particulars of his eventful life. Round the little church a city had gradually arisen, which had left this quiet nook alone. The livelier the neighbourhood, the more solitary this spot became. The graves of those who had at one time been separated into the just and the unjust were now carelessly covered by the same sticky asphalt. And only once a week, early on Sundays, a divine would read mass in the decayed little church lest the prebend be lost. Then, scanty incense would curl round the worm-eaten statue, a few panting tones

would issue jerkily from the carcass of the ancient organ, like a cough which no one had attended in time, and which now hurt the tortured wind-pipes. And the few believers who came to hear mass here merely preferred the little church of the Suicides because its nearness suited them so well.

AND if it had not been for Aggie, who knows what the wooden Christ might have come to? When the everlasting lamp rocked monotonously, and the windows, through which the light was filtered, admitted night before its time, all sorts of thoughts passed through his head. Then he felt terror inveighing his own bosom, an oppression which caused his heart to contract. And he would think with fearful solicitude of those who were faced with the ultimate decision in that hour.

Then in the semi-darkness he would call and coax all those desperate people to come to him, mindful of his own sorrowful *Eli Eli lama sabacthani*. But his calling, which appeared to echo along the low vault did not seem to break through the crumbling walls. Powerless to give them a Heaven on earth, he promised them a bliss here-

after, provided they would persevere. If only for his sake

AGGIE, an elderly woman, would look in every day in the early morning hours when her task was finished. She had a permanent job at a station lavatory and, as the little church was in her way home, she had accustomed herself to drop in for a moment's rest. She would then draw the worn-out *prie-dieu* of the priest a little closer, spread herself out over the mock-velvet and sigh with pleasure. Now and then she would look up askance at the Christ on high, moisten her thin lips, cross herself or offer up a little prayer, all of them, things which preceded her morning slumber like a pleasant yawning.

Imperceptibly Aggie had begun to prolong her visits. At first she had stealthily passed a few crumbs of bread to her mouth, until one day she gently unpacked her bread and, her head bent down for seemliness, ate her breakfast at the foot of the crucifix.

"I've got more time like this!" she had explained aloud the first time. And it was not many weeks before she

(Continued on page 10)

Miss Til Brugman

also started spelling her newspaper there.

It seemed quite homely to her, this little church, which according to the prevailing view was to be open night and day, an unwritten agreement with the God of the suicides. She really thought it a homely place. And she even said so to the Crucified One. As if he were an old friend with whom one does not need big words, she would tell him in her artless prattle about her working-hours, about the proceeds, which were so meagre that an honest body had to devise means to make a decent show. And about the lease, which was far too high. Yes, the lease indeed . . . In her simplicity of heart, she seriously spoke of the possibility of a slight brightening of prospects, for example through some laxity of the bowels sent by God at the right moment and in the right proportions and which, as far as she was concerned, might stop short immediately behind the station. She would be better able to afford an occasional candle then, and she was quite willing to do this for him. "It warms a little," she explained. And she looked pityingly at his bare feet.

And thus one day, among other prattle, the wooden Christ learned how that morning, towards the first dawn—your worst time of the day, as Aggie said without any further comment—behind the third door on the left of the lavatories she watched over, a shabby man had taken off his rubber collar and neatly wrapped it in a scrap of paper, obviously in order not to crush it with the rope he intended to hang around his neck. And how, caught, just in time through her vigilance, he could be taken down in the nick of time and was now being patched up at a hospital, after which he would be left to his misery anew. Aggie sighed deeply, while smacking her lips over her little meal, a single lump of pity, which knew no other way of airing its confusion at a fellow-creature's lot, but the monotonously repeated exclamation, partly lament and partly remonstrance: "O God! O God!"

Then she came out with her little plan of comforting the half-strangled man at his bedside with a bunch of asters, a bunch such as was fading at

this very moment in the tin container before his own screen. Before locking the door, the suicide had turned his frayed trouser-pocket inside out and bequeathed to her the whole contents, as if by a secret last will. Well, it had not been much, the poor beggar.

"And it was that," she explained, which put the thought into my head. Such a thing is a bit fishy, don't you see. And I thought right away . . . look out, Aggie, he's up to something, I daresay!" Thus her vigilance had been roused, as was her compassion now. And if you came to consider it, the silly fool had bought back his life, of which we wanted to rid himself by all means, with his own last pennies. "Well, life is often a rum business!" was Aggie's resigned comment.

The wooden Christ felt that both Aggie and the hospital were bound to be of greater importance to this soul marked for suicide than he, though he was waiting here on the cross for the sake of such desperate people. Meanwhile the good soul lit a candle for the repentance of the saved wretch from her few miserable pennies, which she had laboriously counted over. But in the very moment that Aggie hurried to the hospital through the gate on the right, the wooden Christ heaved a deep sigh, so that the candle went out, like a soul not allowed to live. So low were his spirits. This man did not need him. Was not he being tended by the doctor instead of seeking his protection? A great sadness at his own superfluity quivered through his stretched body. And in order not to be overcome by the same sense of worthlessness which in the course of time had brought so many creatures to his feet, creatures which nowadays sought their salvation elsewhere, he turned over in his mind, by way of diversion, the motley news which Aggie had read to him from her newspaper. His memory halted at a great entertainment to be given that night by those who overwhelm their fellow-men with winged news, for which the fate of the world-weary man also supplied material. But in their reports they at once trotted away again from the body that had been taken down. For this body was nothing but the miserable raiment of a beggar's soul and not the expensive casing of an important personage. They preferred to rush on to more important items of news and inflated themselves to produce glowing descriptions of the hats recently worn by the upper ten at the races.

Yet if some one were to speak to

them in the right tone about this wretch and about the ocean of inhumanity and yet so human suffering which reduces such creatures to the last extremity and which consigns them to oblivion—of less account than the winged lime-tree fruits fluttering through the avenues—, they would be sure to befriend the downtrodden and all those who in their weakness needed the support of the strong as long as humanity is a divided realm of misery and not yet ripe for harmonious happiness. And if only they knew, they might send such wretches to him, who had leisure to hear them, until in the silence of their own listening they had come to their senses and once more summoned up all their strength, which, once found back, might be a source of constant inspiration. But as they did not send anyone and people did not find the way to him without assistance, if he came to think of it, he had better go himself and find those who did not come to him and did not send others either, and perhaps did not even have an inkling of his mission in the Sacred Reprieve.

AGITATED at the thought of this strange plan, the wooden Christ restlessly shifted his head and his feet began to fidget of their own accord on the chest with documents, as if a sufferer from the fever were kicking about in a restless sleep. As soon as the twilight had deprived all things of their everyday aspect and they had been transfigured to something unreal which seemed to live a more intimate existence than before, the Christ had himself under control again and he was now resolved to set out on his mission. With the flat of his hand he pushed the rusty nail from his palm, unfastened the nails from his insteps, and put them in the chest of confessions, together with the crown of thorns and the lance. Upon this he strode with stiff steps to the tiny sacristy and drew the priest's cassock over his loin-cloth. He slid into the felt altar slippers of the sexton and under the latter's flat hat he hid most of the shaggy locks, which were still as black as the sculptor had designed them in days long past. Intent on performing his mission adequately, he pondered on human activity and its meaning, returned to the little church and, using the hammer which his maker had hung

(Continued on page 22)

The First Christmas Gift

by Dorothy Hausleithner

THE dorm was quiet and Mary's room had grown cold. Even the hissing and faint sounds of the radiator's internal actions had disturbed her. The bleak winter sunlight was hardly strong enough to read by, yet she sat on her bed amid stacks of books and notes. A blanket was drawn up about her legs and a notebook was open on her lap. But her pen lay motionless as she gazed out the single window.

Why had they done this to her? She did not understand, and her mind was numb from trying to think about it. The last class before Christmas vacation was finished, and she had been in her room ever since, deciding to devote her holidays to study.

Mary still did not understand. She had written to her folks just a week before. Just one week ago . . . she had been so happy and full of anticipation of Christmas at home, of her family, of seeing Bob. She glanced at the lopsided grin of the picture on her desk and her hurt went deeper. They were even depriving her of a chance to see Bob. Mary's thoughts went back to remembering her home, the view from her mom's cooking, hurrying to the store for extra bread and once more counting the familiar boards in the ceiling when she awoke . . . all of the memories of the homesick.

Mary had already packed when she wrote the last letter to her family. As she had said in it, "All I have to do to leave is to throw in my toothbrush and pajamas and lock that one last suitcase."

She had been carried through the days on a cloud of elation, barely hearing lectures for thinking about her

family and about Bob being home from school and living just across the street. They could go back to last summer, she could forget some of her newly acquired responsibilities for a while. Then the telegram had come.

Mary had carefully selected gifts for her family, but she wouldn't send them now. She wouldn't even bother to send them greeting cards. Why should she? If they cared so little for her, she certainly wouldn't acquiesce.

Mary had been working for over three hours. Really thinking, mostly, but periodically struggling to recall her attention to the task of taking notes. She had even skipped lunch, not wanting to see friends rushing home, being glad that she didn't have a roommate to bother her in her unhappiness.

Why? Why had they told her not to come at practically the last moment? It had been last Saturday, exactly one week ago that she had sent her letter air mail special delivery telling them when to meet her and enclosing some small portion of her joy.

The telegram had arrived Monday:

Dearest Mary:

*Do not leave school—stop—Stay at
Dorm for holidays—stop*

Mom and Dad

The yellow sheet was limp from being crumpled and straightened.

Perhaps there were a lot of her dad's important business friends in town taking up the family time, of maybe it was all of mom's relatives overflowing the house. Whatever it was, it didn't add up.

She savagely turned to her notes. During her four hours of study, she

had heard practically everyone else leave the dorm. She had been able to hear everything that was going on from the faint clatter of luggage on the stairs, snatches of conversation, and hurried, but gay, departures in honking cabs. She was an unwilling witness to others carrying out what had been her wish for so many weeks.

Mary knew what to do. She took some paper and started a letter to tell her parents just what she thought, but she soon laid it aside in disgust. She really shouldn't care. A lot of work could be finished in those empty days, and she could be working ahead. No more wasting time writing letters . . . a note once every six weeks or so should be enough.

Finally Mary got up and turned on the steam for company. Besides, it was cold. She was standing before the window when the loudspeaker crackled to life. Startled, she did not at first understand her name being called.

Mary crossed quickly to her door, and answered, "Yes?"

"Mary, you have a visitor."

"Oh, I'll be right down." She trudged wearily to her closet and selected a heavy wool skirt to replace her warm slacks and a pair of slippers to replace her moccasins, also against dorm rules for apparel in which to receive guests.

She tried to dress quickly. Even if it were just poor George stopping for his book, she didn't want to keep him waiting. He had given her the English book for the holidays, except, he said, that if he made a low grade on the

(Continued on page 24)



paintings by trudi farmilant

by John Rechy

*"... whose end, both at the first and now, was and is,
to hold as 'twere, the mirror up to nature..."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Yes, but how is the artist to accomplish this if his images are so distorted, so divorced from "reality," that they become incomprehensible?

The answer is, in turn, a question: How else?

To the artist of today, ours is a shattered world, a tentative world as rudderless as that fashioned by Stephen Crane's "God." It is, in other words, the rank unweeded garden of Hamlet. The modern artist (and the writer and the composer of music) sees himself, along with the rest of mankind, adrift on a sea of nothingness and clutching for non-existent roots.

If, then, this is the world that exists for the recorders of our time, can we blame them for attempting to convey out of this chaos that sense of a composite "Awful," as Tennessee Williams has described it? Shall we say that the mirror which the artist holds up to nature is cracked and thereby overlook the fact that that very nature he is reflecting has itself become a horrifying unintelligible one?

And in what other way can this sense of horror, of impending doom, be expressed than by distortion, by symbols?

At a time in which the isolation of one individual from another has come as a natural result of the triumph of science over man, the triumph of the millions over the sum-total of one, what more effective means of projecting this isolation is there than by depicting man stripped of the vestiges of human identity, as the Mexican revolutionary Siqueiros has done in "Nuestro Imagen Actual"?

Further, is it not the task of any universal artist to show the soul of man as it exists, so that (if that inner something is lost and wandering aimlessly) the artist of today is justified in depicting this spiritual disintegration, as the Dadaists of yesterday and the Surrealists of today?

Moreover, in an age in which "systems" and "causes" and "patriotism" are more important than man himself, can the artist be blamed for seeking to create through his compositions an anarchical haven by iconoclastically destroying "reality," by, even, attempting to stop the unrush of a progressively more complex time—like Tanguy in "Slowly Toward the North" and Dali in most of his work?



Nathaniel Hawthorne, staring once at the shifting figures reflected in a river, wondered whether the image were more real than the original, "the objects palpable to our grosser senses or their apotheosis in the stream." And like the modern artist, like Masson who fuses time and motion, like Magritte who pierces the facade of our symmetrical lives, like these, Hawthorne answered, "Surely the disembodied images stand in closer relation to the soul."

It is with this belief as basis that the modern artist paints. And if one understands this, he will not see the work of a Picasso, a Matisse, or a Miro as complete "distortions." He will begin to see, rather, that the mirror which the artist is holding before our civilization is not so much cracked as that very reality which is therein reflected.

Christmas Joke Exchange





Joan Falconi

JANUARY

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

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Jackie Crysler

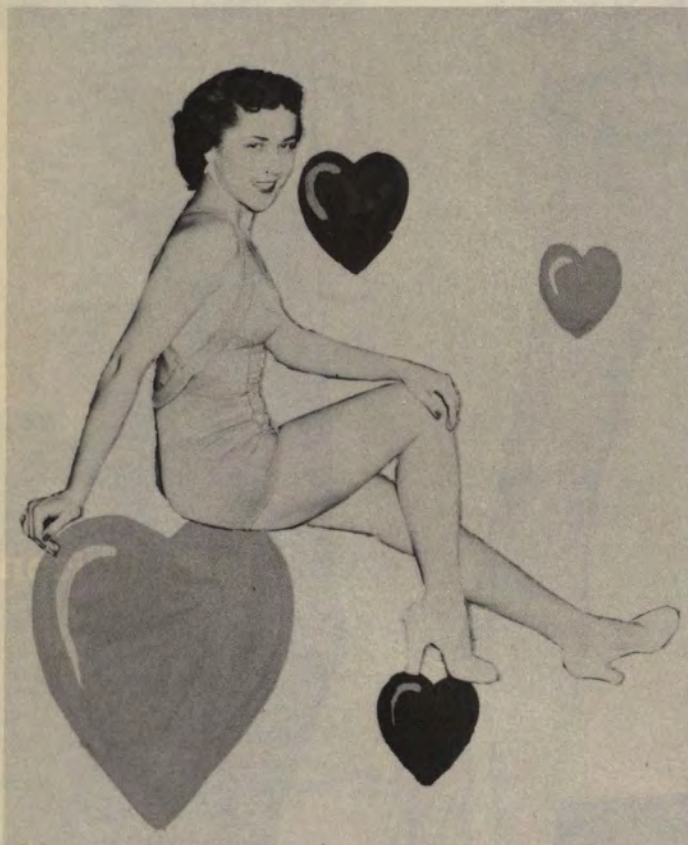


FEBRUARY

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Jo Ann Barry



MARCH

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23/ 30	24/ 31	25	26	27	28	29	

Barbara Reynolds

Jean Fink



APRIL

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Roberta Durrill

Bettie Manning





MAY

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

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Barbara Reynolds

JUNE

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29	30						

Roberta Durrill



JULY

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

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Fredda Marcus



AUGUST

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Joyce Godwin





SEPTEMBER

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Barbara Reynolds

Gerri Sue O'Shaughnessy

OCTOBER

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Joan Schock

Joyce Godwin



NOVEMBER

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Patty Mitchum



DECEMBER

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28	29	30	31			

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Miss Til Brugman

(Continued from page 10)

among the instruments of torture, struck the offeratory-box to pieces and slipped the meagre takings of the month into the pocket of his cassock. Having done this, he slunk again through the door to the right and stole a last timid glance at the empty beam. Turning his legs stiffly from his hips, he strode erect and yet as if burdened by the whole weight of the world. Pressed close to the houses, he slid past through the crowded streets and for a long time looked in vain for the right signboard.

Just before closing time he disappeared into a blind alley and descended the steps to an old-clothes shop.

"I have to go to a masquerade," he said timidly, "and the dress I have put on does not lend itself to pleading a good cause." The old-clothes man advised him to put on an old-fashioned waistcoat, and behind the clothes stands he handed one piece after another to his baffling customer. The stranger then handed him his own bundle and requested him so urgently to take good care of it that the dealer suspected it to have some mysterious value and did not even press for a deposit.

FAVOURED by the crowd in the main porch, the wooden Christ entered the halls unobserved, the pawnbroker's voucher still in hand. Presently he was swallowed up by the big crowd of many people, who tried to approximate their character in the array of one night and, thus metamorphosed, would perhaps be more susceptible to truth.

The half-long hair which, parted in the middle, at the sides almost touched the eyebrows, the square beard lying in petrified waves above the white plastron, gave him a weird look, so that more people began to look round at this unreal reveller, who was attired in a more or less conventional costume, whereas *they* claimed for themselves the pomp of queens, squires, doges and doges' wives this evening. Meanwhile the women stole covert glances at him, on account of his eyes, which seemed to be of dim gold. And the men also halted, absent mindedly fumbling at their finery. As yet they were all seized with wonder. Then the queer guest addressed them. And the

ring of bystanders narrowed like an eye intent on spying. Until the stranger gently released himself and a few paces off spoke the same words.

"At the end of the Sacred Reprieve," he spoke, "an alley which now turns off Old Simon Street behind the tall post office, there is a little church and there hangs a Lord Jesus who is well-disposed towards all. Especially, however, towards those who are plunged in the distress of their self-selected last hour . . . And even though they should already carry the halter, poison or bullet in their pocket, this Crucified One will give them back the scruple of courage that they need to endure their life for the predestined little while. This wooden Christ solely exists to help such utterly despondent people. For does not he know suicide from his own experience on the mountain of skulls where, as in the old mysteries, both sacrificer, sacrifice and auctor were one? Pass it on to all that he has been waiting for them ever since. And if any among you should ever need him . . ."

At his gentle instance, one group after another released him again and under the merciless light of the sparkling chandeliers foreheads were wrinkled and puckered.

"Deuced interesting, eh! A particularly integrate academical case it appears to me. The very thing for colleague Bies, of the medical column! Don't you think so?"

And Bies already seized the wooden arm and asked for a hearing greedily putting out his lower lips, like a leech.

"May I ask you when you began to entertain this extremely remarkable notion? What impression from your childhood has determined your opinion on this matter? Do you suffer much from oppressive dreams? A trauma?"

"Do you smoke opium perhaps?" asked a pierette and she shook an admonitory forefinger.

"Mind what I say," a husky voice provoked general curiosity. "It's like this . . . I know lots of such cases. It's simply a man who has long been tormented by thoughts of suicide himself, and now . . ."

"He's quite a kill-joy, I must say!" a Don Juan exclaimed. And he took off his cap with ostrich feathers to fan himself with it. "He's a damned kill-joy!"

"From a scientific point of view," a scaly dragon whispered into the ear of his nymph hung with vine-tendrils,

(Continued on page 23)

"this is a peculiar case. Megalomania with a dash of persecution mania and religious mania, whatever you like. All complete. Don't you see the immobility of his limbs. I'm sure he is far and away the most intriguing figure going about here tonight. You excepted, of course! You needn't pout! Look, ducky, how clumsily he strides about! How his hands are rowing through the air half-way up his head with wooden gestures, as if they were riveted to something or other. I shouldn't be at all surprised if we heard of a very curious case of suicide early tomorrow morning!"

"Don't give me the creeps!" And the nymph laughed all too loud. "I'd rather drink a glass of champagne to the success of the evening. Whenever I hear of suicides I can't help thinking of Gustave and his wife . . . She wore the whole trimming of a peacock at the latest press ball, don't you remember? But she could not sit down in all that finery . . ."

little past seven, when the last reveller had left the halls, the Christ from the Sacred Reprieve was sitting on a bench in the little park of Suicides' Repose leading up to his church.

His head sunk on his chest, his melancholy eyes staring from their hollow sockets into vacancy, he pressed his extended hands together, like one who wants to clutch the air, as if the thinnest object were still a staff on which he could raise himself. A groan as of wood about to yield to violent pressure broke from his chest and sank back into it, the last echo of a weak cry for help. Like a trunk round which the storm has long raged and which now bends and succumbs, the upper part of his body was swaying to and fro.

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!" the fated mouth wailed.

"Steady! Steady! Or you'll lie in the Apostles' Nook yet!" a husky voice by his side comforted him. Aggie had sat down there, as she usually paused here in long and wearisome walk from the station hall to the suicides' church.

"I can't carry on! I can't carry on!" It was the immemorial complaint which had so often ascended to him from equally despairing mouths, the complaint which the surrounding world is so eagerly bent on ignoring.

"I'm out of it, and good for nothing . . ."

"Fiddlesticks! Nothing but drunkards' babble!" Aggie said with conviction. "Just look how crooked your dicky is! And if you're in earnest, it's trash all the more! Oh, come now!

Look at me! What have I got, if you please . . . ?"

And briskly garrulous, as people are who seldom get a chance to talk at any length, Aggie told him of her thirty year's service as a lavatory attendant.

"But I've got my refuge . . . O dear, yes! One always has a last resource. You can believe me! For I go to the Sacred Reprieve myself every day. There's a wooden Christ there, and he listens to you. It's quiet, and the world outside may pass away, we are content together. Quite content . . . But if *he* was not there! Well, I shouldn't be living now, I can assure you! He? He's like home to me. I'm going there just now . . ."

The man in the evening-dress got up with a jerk. And stiffly, as if he were stalking between beams, he moved away in such a hurry that Aggie could only just call after him:

"He hangs to the left! And don't you trip over the threshold when you enter! For it's as dark as hell there."

Lost in thought, she rubbed her gouty knee for some time and limped behind him at a distance. "Look how he's running! Then it's a serious matter with him after all . . ." But the poor wretch was in such a hurry that she lost sight of him.

WHEN she entered the plump little church, the door was ajar that morning. On his cross hung the wooden Christ, his panting chest all a-flutter above the flickering candle, his whole body bedewed with fresh red colour, as if old wine were flowing from the withered wounds. In front of the iron railing lay a bundle with a swallow-tailed coat and a handful of coins—all that was left of the offerings. Beside the pawnbroker's voucher was a piece of paper with some scribbled words on it. " . . . thanks God for his salvation," Aggie deciphered.

"That's from that silly fool!" she declared after a cursory examination. And she looked up apologizingly at the large crucifix. "I'll tell you all about it some day . . . I'll see to his bundle presently . . . So he's been here all right . . . He has found you, just like my peddler who is also coming to thank you personally to-day."

And Aggie lit two candles, one to the left and one to the right of the wooden Christ. One for the pedlar and one for the queer fish she had sent here . . . and who not hung on his

cross again for her sake and that of the like of her.

Then she winked kindly at the wooden Christ before she dropped off.

"God bless you!" the old woman lisped, already half asleep. And she felt warmed by a genial feeling, the mixed consciousness of having helped and been helped, which radiated from her and also inspired the wooden Christ with new life.

And he meekly pressed himself more closely against the wood.

* * *

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The First Christmas Gift

(Continued from page 11)

last test, he would need it himself. George must have managed again to have studied more and known less than anyone else in the class.

Hastily separating blankets and books she finally found George's volume. Giving her sweater one last straightening tug as she passed the mirror, Mary started downstairs.

She was glancing through the table of contents as she came into the dormitory living room. "George, I'm sorry that..." And she looked up. Instead of George's flushed face and crew cut confronting her, there stood her grinning father.

Mary didn't quite hear everything but someone said, "Honey, we meant to be here at noon... the storm held us... you must have thought... awfully mean!... wanted to surprise you... first present for our gal..."

Everything was sort of hazy, but she saw her mother and the house-mother beaming at her, and her little brother, quieter than usual, was standing by... by Bob! They had brought him too. He started to say something about "Who the devil is this George character?" which was never finished.

Her dad interrupted, "How fast can you get ready, baby?"

Over her running footsteps they all heard, "Just as soon as I can fasten that last suitcase, stack up some books, turn off the heat, and tear up a letter!"



HUMOR



I hear he hates Greeks.

"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!



Tell it again!—I didn't get it!

Then there was the man who appeared in a newspaper office to place an ad offering \$500 for the return of his wife's pet cat.

"That's an awful price for a cat," the clerk commented.

"Not for this one," The man snapped, "I drowned it"

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RAGNAROK

(Twilight of the Gods)

The roaring of rockets
Drowns the thunder of bombs.
The crashing of cities
Quells the terror of mobs.

This is war primeval
From out of our past,
Where a fellow-man's death
Comes first and comes last.

Then suddenly peace
Falls upon earth,
And were any to see,
There is nothing of worth.

The last man is dead,
Civilization is gone.
To the forces of Nature,
The land is their own,

The world's again free
At a terrible cost.
Man is the loser,
He gambled and lost.

—Don Self



When life has burdened
Your heart with sorrow
And in despair you find retreat
Glance at the activity of the sparrow
And lead your soul to a gay tomorrow
With sweet expression of dancing feet.

—Conrad

El Paso Natural Gas Company

The Pipe Line Company

SERVING THE SOUTHWEST



An so it was I entered the broken world to trace the visionary company . . .

—Hart Crane.



Tomorrow, when this day is behind me, when I will no longer care, nor will mind race with thoughts of torment. Tomorrow, when all this will be forgotten, and I will stand where the clean wind can sweep past me. Tomorrow, when I will have paid for my freedom from you. You, above all, you.

I heard your laughter sing, your smile bewitch. I saw you as an ideal, beyond reach and untouchable. I looked and saw your soul, and I, struggling, rushed towards the meeting. You, above all, you.

Could you but know the supreme heights of delight, and yes, my love, disbelief, that I experienced when you favored me, gave me the right to hope. You, above all, you.

You did not trick me, you could not, for I knew. My sorcerer, my ideal, my tormentor, my love. I came to you, seeing you not for you blinded me. I held you tho' I could not for you eluded me. I loved you, tho' I should not for you tortured me. I condemned you, I fought you, I wanted you. You, above all, you.

And when tomorrow comes, my love, this I leave you. The right to bewitch, to pain, to love, to kill. For tomorrow, living, breathing, seeing tho' I may, destroyed of soul, I leave you, above all, you.

—Delo Kimmel

Q. E. D.

The body must needs
always be
The source of human
deviltry
Unless someone can find
the use
Of soul and intellect
obtuse
Though if they never do
there is
The original hypothesis
—Haldeen Braddy



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in Juarez

Tommy's Place



Tommy's Place

*Campus
Interviews on
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No. 12...THE SQUIRREL



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