

3-1952

## El Burro, March

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Welcome Visitors Issue

March 1952

Volume 9 Number 6

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# EL BURRO

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

**35¢**



A PUBLICATION OF  
**TEXAS WESTERN**  
COLLEGE

Welcome Visitors Issue





Our sweet-looking cover girl, with personality to match, is Dorothy Skinner. As compared to the blustering gusts of March winds that are trying to blow off her hat, Dorothy is more like the gentle breath of May breezes. She wafted in at Texas Western from Austin High about two years ago.

In addition to good looks, Dorothy is an almost straight A student. We remember that she made a B once, or was it a couple of times? At any rate, Dorothy Alice, that's her middle name, can usually be found working in the library or over at the Zeta lodge where she's standards chairman. Her hobbies are golf and tennis. Her major is history and minor is English. She lives at 3001 Frankfort and her telephone number is 5-2251. Her steady, Dan Foster, is AWAY at Southwestern Medical School in Dallas.



*portraits of distinction by*

**S A M F A N T**



# CAMPUS CALENDAR

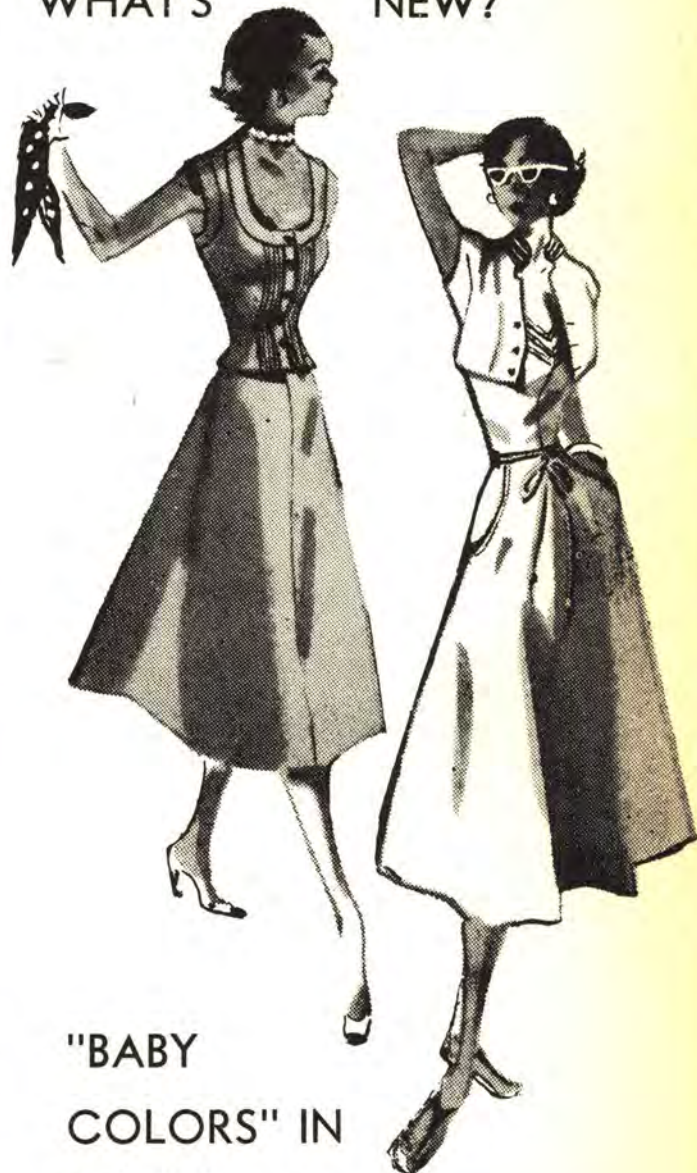
MARCH - 1952

FEBRUARY - 1952	SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT	APRIL - 1952
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17 18 19 20 21 22 23	16 17 18 19 20 21 22	20 21 22 23 24 25 26
24 25 26 27 28 29 .	23 30 24 31 25 26 27 28 29	27 28 29 30 . . .

- SAT. MARCH 1—Tri Delta Alliance bridge party for the benefit of the blind. SUB Ballroom. 1:00 P.M.  
 Preferential singing of fraternities at Cotton Memorial. 12:15-1:15 P.M.  
 Basketball game. T.W.C. & New Mexico U. 8:00 P.M. at Coliseum.
- MON. MARCH 3—T.W.C. Women Auxiliary Meet. 1:00 - 5:00 P.M. Cotton Memorial.  
 Beaux Arts meet. 7:00-9:00 P.M. Cotton Memorial.
- WED. MARCH 5—T.I.S.A.  
 Show at Magoffin Auditorium by T.W.C. Players. 7:00 P.M.
- THUR. MARCH 6—T.I.S.A. meetings all day at Magoffin Auditorium.  
 T.I.S.A. dance at SUB. 9:00 P.M.
- FRI. MARCH 7—T.I.S.A. meetings at Magoffin Auditorium.  
 T.I.S.A. banquet at campus dinning hall. 7:00 P.M.
- SAT. MARCH 8—Continuation of T.I.S.A. meetings.  
 Rifle team will meet at the SUB in the morning.  
 ROTC RIFLE MEET 6th, 7th, and 8th. Will hold dance in connection with T.I.S.A. at SUB. 9:00 P.M.
- SUN. MARCH 9—Continuation of T.I.S.A. meetings.
- MON. MARCH 10—Zelca Club Meeting at Women's Lounge. 7:00-9:00 P.M.  
 Beaux Arts-Cotton Memorial 7:00-9:00 P.M.
- WED. MARCH 12—S.A. movies, Magoffin Auditorium. 7:00-9:00 P.M.
- THUR. MARCH 13—Spring Football Game Stadium. 8:00 P.M.  
 Trans Pecos Teacher's Association will meet at Magoffin Auditorium 7:00 P.M.
- FRI. MARCH 14—T.P.T.A. will meet at Magoffin Auditorium and all day on campus. No school all day.
- SAT. MARCH 15—Saint Patrick's dance. SUB Ballroom. 9:00-12:00 P.M.
- SUN. MARCH 16—Opera Rehearsal. 2:30 P.M. Magoffin Auditorium.
- MON. MARCH 17—Saint Patrick's Day.  
 Opera Rehearsal. 7:00 P.M.  
 Beaux Arts meeting. 7:00-9:00 P.M. Cotton Memorial.
- TUE. MARCH 18—Opera Rehearsal. 7:00 P.M.
- WED. MARCH 19—Opera (Matinee) Performance. 2:00 P.M.
- THUR. MARCH 20—Opera. 8:00 P.M.
- FRI. MARCH 21—Opera. 8:00 P.M.
- SAT. MARCH 22—Opera. 8:00 P.M.
- MON. MARCH 24—Jean Leon Destine (Haitian Dancers). 8:00 P.M. Under Artist's Program.  
 Beaux Arts meeting. Cotton Memorial 7:00-9:00 P.M.
- WED. MARCH 26—S.A. Movies. 7:00-9:00 P.M.
- THUR. MARCH 27—Student Recital. Cotton Memorial 5:00 P.M.
- SAT. MARCH 29—Tri Delta's dance at their lodge. 9:00-12:00 P.M.
- MON. MARCH 31—Beaux Arts meeting. Cotton Memorial 7:00-9:00 P.M.

WHAT'S

NEW?



"BABY  
 COLORS" IN  
 DENIM!

PINK AND BLUE now appears in denim. Wonderful campus togs and so pleasantly priced too. Left to right; Blouse \$5.95, Skirt \$5.95, Bolero \$3.98, Sun Dress \$8.95.

First Floor Annex





# Safety Value



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

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Lama**  
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## LETTER TO EDITOR

Editor, El Burro:

May I call your attention to page 12 of the last issue of El Burro and the editors' note which I quote:

"(Since such indignation and resentment greeted last month's article on modern art, we are giving certain Texas Western students something which—perhaps—can be understood without too much straining of the intellect.—Editors.)"

Since this issue was compiled by the previous editor, and the editors' note is signed in the plural form, I assume that "editors" refers to Linda Hassel and associate John Rechy.

This reflects, to me, the spiteful attitude of a child who has created something amid gleeful handclapping at his own cleverness, only find it unwanted and unappreciated by his fellows. The inference being that since we didn't like the article on modern art, we're stupid.

My humble suggestion to the previous editors is to avoid the subject of intellect as long as they display such childish spite toward us for not applauding their work wildly. Printing such editorial notes reflects not adult intellect, but adolescent immaturity.

Sincerely,

CHESTER McLAUGHLIN  
We still live in a free world.  
ED.

Editor, El Burro Magazine  
Campus Publication Office  
Texas Western College  
Dear Sir:

It was with a sigh of relief that I read in the Prospector that El Burro has decided to fulfill its primary function by once again becoming a college humor magazine. I have just finished reading the last issue, and for sheer snob appeal, it should get some kind of award.

I think I speak for the majority of students on campus when I say that our patience has become extremely thin with TW/C's AVANT GARDE, who have taken advantage of the difficulty of obtaining material for the magazine to gleefully heap all sorts of intellectual rubbish, obscure cartoons, and artistic abortions on our poor plebeian heads. What a waste of time and money!

Of course, there were a couple of honest poems in the issue that even the most rabid poetry-bater could appreciate, and the cover was a beaut. But these cheerful touches were overshadowed by the cries of the self-appointed pseudo-Mencians who would be surprised at the enormous number of us who also get a kick out of going to concerts and the ballet and who enjoy an occasional dose of good literature. But we also like football and the Charleston and scotch & soda and dirty stories.

So I am gratified that we are once again to be treated as healthy human beings. The intellectuals had their chance; let's get back to "reflecting the collegiate panorama."

Sincerely,  
WARREN R. HOVIOUS

Dear Editor,

I have always had to struggle for the better things in life, and what few pleasures I do have, I've gotten the hard way.

One of these pleasures used to be reading El Burro, Texas Western's (pitui) magazine. Once I could depend upon it for a good old fashioned belly laugh, at least once a month.

It seems that a few fanatical fugitives from the Joycian movement have gotten a strangle hold on El Burro, and print it solely for the pleasure of their own little artistic minds.

Perhaps some kind Samaritan will clue these mis-led individuals in on the fact that the Joycian movement has long since been flushed down the drain. The "chain of thought" or "stream of conscience" trend is as obsolete as the square wheel.

I presume also, that the Editor was trying to be funny in his article: "Babbitt ain't dead, boys; he just went to college." Let me say this: you are about as comical as a broken leg. You headed your timely little article with a quotation from Nietzsche. That sounds, to me, like a bad case of: "The whole world is crazy, except me and thee, and sometimes I wonder about thee."

I say to you, that it is about time we all came down to earth, and started viewing things proportionately from a normal, rather than an abnormal point of view.

Sincerely

Jim (.30-.30) Leasure  
Tis same Leasure of Weekly Quizz  
fame—ED



# EL BURRO

## Staff

### EDITOR

Luis Perez

### ADVERTISING

Bob Bagdon

### PHOTOGRAPHY

Lucius Casillas

### ART

Holly Thurston  
Gerrie Sue  
O'Shaughnessy

### CONTRIBUTORS

Diane Jensen  
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Sally Krause  
Dusty Caroline  
Chester McLaughlin  
Marjorie Zabriskie  
J. C. Primera

### CIRCULATION

Leo Michelson

Volume 9

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High Grade Concentrate

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



"makers of  
fine  
impressions"

*Guynes  
Printing  
Company*

printers of

**El Burro**



As one DeeGee explains it: "He's tall, dark and hands."

It's with peroxide, blondes are made,  
Brunettes are made with dye,  
But lots of guys make either shade,  
With rum or gin or rye.

Sun Dial

Tri Delt: "Are you on the rowing crew?"

Deke: "Why, no. Virginia doesn't have a rowing crew."

Tri Delt: "Then stop stroking."

"Say, what's that crawling on the wall?"  
"Lady bug."  
"Gad! What eyesight!"

A glow-worm with tendencies coarse,  
Used to tell lewd jokes until hoarse,  
But he kept up his vice,  
By the celver device,  
Of learning to blink them in Morse.

*Record*

An inmate in an insane asylum was troubled with the notion he had a cat in his belly. It tore around inside and clawed him up something fierce. One day the fellow got a real pain — his appendix had to come out. The doctor figured here was a chance to cure the patient of his cat notion.

A real cat was obtained, a lively black one, and when the patient came out of the either the doctor held up the animal and said: "You're all right now. Look what we took out of you."

The patient took one look, grabbed his tummy and howled: "You got the wrong cat; the one that's bothering me is a gray one."

Record

THE EL PASO  
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GOODS CO.

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BARBER SHOP**

SHE WILL POINT

WITH PRIDE



WITH FLOWERS FROM

**Wilshire  
FLOWERS**  
508 N. STANTON ST. PHONE 3-6700



# From where we're standing

... at the wrong  
end of El Burro

*by*  
*Luis Perez*



EL BURRO WENT ALL OUT this month to welcome numerous visitors who are in addition, with us on campus for T. I. S. A. convention and the rifle meet. There are various entertaining stories done in pictorial sequence for students who might be in a rush to look through the magazine and not have time to read the short articles.

Gerrie Sue O'Shaugnessy turned out the swell cartoons for the story on Boy Rogers and Harry S. The editor took a hand in whipping out some crude stuff for the degree plan story. (It was an emergency) Skee Strain will carry local gossip in her new social whirl which begins this month and Lucius Casillas came across with his usual fine pictures to add a touch to the poetry page that is lacking this month in material. You just can't get those poets to turn in their stuff. Finally, there are plenty of snapshots around campus and the usual assortment of jokes to round out the issue.

\* \* \*

AT THIS TIME the staff of the magazine takes time out to pledge itself to give the TW students what they most desire, humor. Serious articles will be carried to give our mag depth and short stories will be carried in every issue.

\* \* \*

IT'S A LIE that there aren't good-looking girls at TW. In order to do away with this fallacy, El Burro will carry pictures of some of the more attractive and relatively unknown beauties on campus, every month.

IN MARCH, an issue at which we are already hard at work, El Burro will bring out the tradition-steeped Engineer's job. The West side boys have gone all-out to give TW students a super production which will carry color on the inside pages. A couple of cuties have already been picked to grace the cover and back page.

Confident that the students will go nerts over the March issue, the printer has been notified to turn out a few more copies. We're willing to bet that not many of these issues will be found lying around in the SUB.

\* \* \*

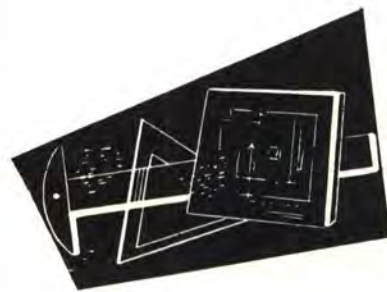
AT THIS TIME the editor takes the opportunity to thank the small but hard-working staff that helped turn out this issue. Bob Bagdon, our new business manager, has done a great job for the short time in which he has had to go out and sell ads to finance our mag.

El Burro staff had adopted the policy that no one gets their name on the magazine who didn't contribute to it. Too much deadwood has been carried in the past. This term the nonworkers are being given the axe.

Until our super issue in March. Begorrah!



## Percy McGhee



*Architect A. I. A.*

1013 FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING

EL PASO, TEXAS



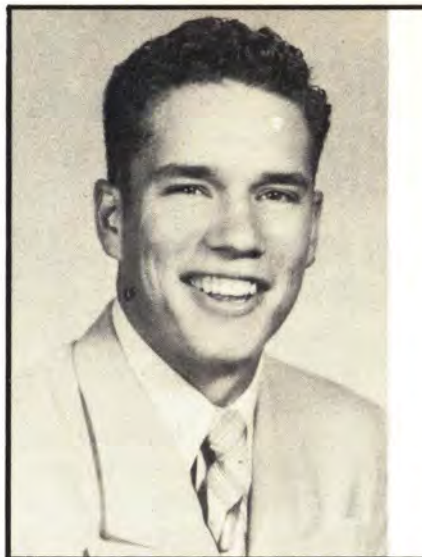
# Welcome T.I.S.A.



FRANK LADY  
*President*  
Baylor University



EVELYN HARGROVE  
*Secretary*  
Austin College



HAROLD BRANNON  
*Vice-President*  
Texas Tech



KENNETH WIGGINS  
*Culture and Entertainment*  
Texas A & M



HOLLIS REYNOLDS  
*Executive Vice-Pres.*  
Texas Western



MARY ANN SZOKE  
*Executive-Secretary*  
Texas Western



JACK MOREE  
*Treasurer*



E. J. RICHEY  
*Parliamentarian*

by Diane Jensen

TWC IS BEING GIVEN a chance to show true Western hospitality on March 6-8, when it plays host to representatives from 30 Texas colleges and universities. These delegates are members of the Texas Intercollegiate Students Association which in their last convention at College Station in 1951 voted to meet at TWC this year.

This is the biggest meeting of this type that Texas Western has ever played host to, and in accordance, many plans were made to give the visiting students a truly Western welcome.

Purpose of the T.I.S.A. is to create better students and faculty relations and to find solutions to problems facing today's student government leaders. Discussion and exchange of ideas as to solutions of student government.

In the spring of 1948, T.I.S.A. was organized. The University of Houston student government under Bill Bradbury's direction made an attempt at organization but statewide response was not sought at the time.

The first and founding convention of the T.I.S.A. was held April 23, 1949 at North Texas State College with Dick Barneby of North Texas presiding. Delegates from twenty-three colleges attended the initial meeting at which a constitution was drafted and officers were elected. At this first meeting delegates discussed such problems as election procedure, student government, finance, honor system, and union building support.

The second convention was held at Baylor University in 1950. At this convention delegates met to discuss problems confronting student government leaders. Bill Hamilton of TCU introduced a motion that said "membership in T.I.S.A. shall not be denied or abridged to any qualified college regardless of race, color, or creed." It was promptly passed by the convention.

Last year the Association met at Texas A&M College. There two TWC students were elected to serve as officers. President of the T.I.S.A. is Frank Lady, Baylor University; Hollis Reynolds, Executive Vice-President, TWC; Mary Ann Szoke, Executive-Secretary, TWC; Harold Brannon, Vice-President, Texas Technological College. Other officers are: Evelyn Hargrove, Secretary, Austin College; Jack Moree, Treasurer, University of Houston; E. J. Richey, Parliamentarian, Stephen F. Austin College; and Kenneth Wiggins, Cultural and Entertainment Chairman, Texas A & M College.

TWC has been honored by the fact that T.I.S.A. is holding its convention here this year. Its being here is a complete advantage to us. In order to show T.I.S.A. that the students are behind it, all TWC students are urged to attend the General Assembly. Let's all do our part in making our visitors at home by giving them a warm welcome.



# Welcome



SIXTEEN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES from the Southwestern part of the country will meet at Texas Western College on March 6-8 where the Third Annual Southwestern Invitational Small Bore Tournament will be held. Altogether, 21 teams will compete.

The first tournament was held in March of 1950 with thirteen teams meeting in five shoulder-to-shoulder matches. The first year saw Utah State Agricultural College take first place honors with New Mexico Military Institute running a close second.

In last year's meet, Texas Western's rifle team, playing dark horse in their own tournament, won by defeating Utah State for first place honors. Third place went to.

This year no team has been picked as favorite. Rumblings from the West Coast show that San Francisco University is picked as one of the top teams while the Utah State contingent will send its usual first class team.

Host team Texas Western has been picked to be among the finalists due to their three semester unbeaten winning streak of some 47 shoulder-to-shoulder matches against college and civilian small bore teams. High score of the Western shooters for the season is 1896.

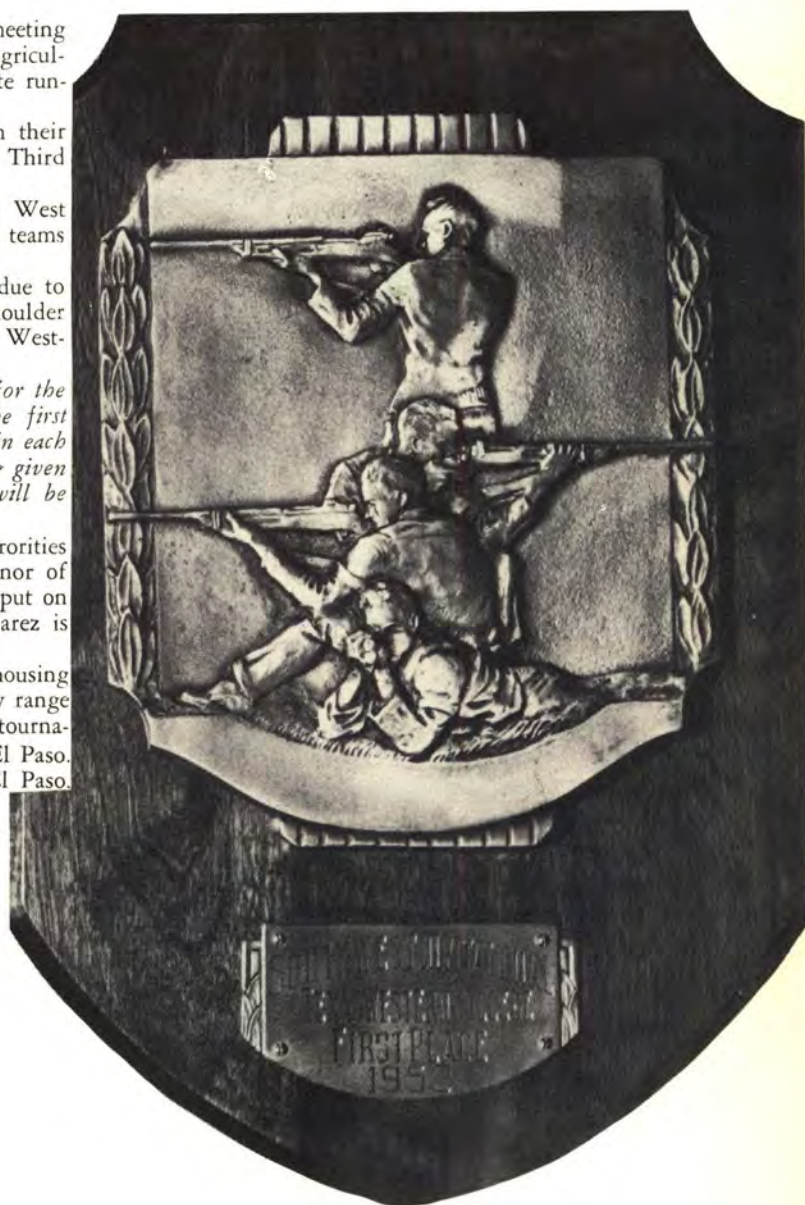
The Chamber of Commerce of El Paso has donated beautiful trophies for the first three teams. Also, individual medals will go to the members of the first three teams. Individual medals will also be given to the top three shooters in each prone, sitting, kneeling, and standing positions. Aggregate medals will be given to the top three shooters for the grand total. Altogether 30 medals will be presented to the victorious marksmen.

The meeting of the rifle teams will not be without its entertainment. Sororities and other campus organizations have teamed up to give a dance in honor of the visitors. Entertainment will be further bolstered by a vaudeville act put on by members of the drama and music departments. A guided trip to Juarez is mounted in the agenda of the entertainment committee.

Fort Bliss authorities have shown their usual hospitality in providing housing and meals for the visitors. Fort Bliss is also putting its ten-point gallery range at the disposal of tournament officials. Other ranges to be used in the tournament include those of Texas Western and the public high schools of El Paso. Officials of the meet include members of smallbore organizations in El Paso, police officials, and military personnel.

Complete list of schools attending and number of teams are as follows:

- Allen Military Academy—1
- Arlington State College—1
- McNeese State College of Louisiana—1
- New Mexico A & MA College—1
- New Mexico Military Institute—1
- New Mexico University—1
- St. Mary's University of San Antonio, Texas—1
- Tarleton State College—1
- Texas A & M College—2
- Texas Western College—2
- Utah State College—2
- University of Arizona—1
- University of Louisiana—1
- University of San Francisco—1
- University of Texas—2
- University of Utah—1
- University of California at Los Angeles (tentative)





# To Be Or

Cartoons by Gerrie Sue O'Shaughnessy



1

February 25, 1952  
Whouston, Texas

Boy Rogers  
Ballyhoo, California

Dear Boy,

I am offering you 200,000 dollars cold cash for Rigger. I have herd of mares that need to know about the birds and bees. Rigger would be ideal bee.

*Jinglingly yours,*  
JOE PESOS

P



2

February 26, 1952  
Ballyhoo, California

Joe Pesos  
Whouston, Texas

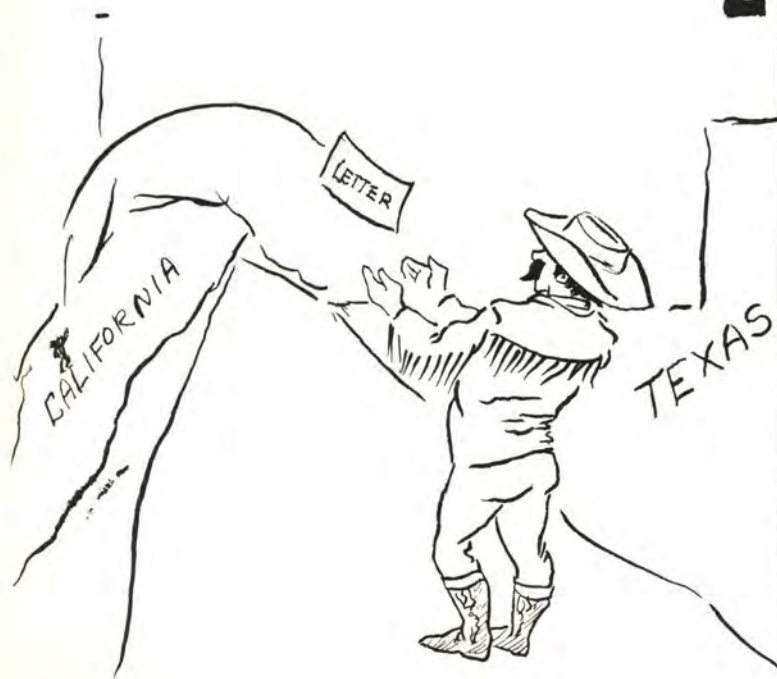
Most Exalted Joe Pesos:

Had Ale Devans pen you a reply as soon as I received your letter. Put letter in bullet of my trusty .45 and fired in the general direction of Texas. Knowing you important man, anyone found letter would immediately deliver same into your hands.

Sir, how dare you insinuate I would part with dear ole Rigger. However, we must always strive to seek sense of proportion. Therefore with much sorrow I announce that Rigger is SOLD!

*Itchingly awaiting the moola,*  
BOY ROGERS BY ALE DEVANS

X





# Not To Bee

El Paso Herald Boast  
(Via PU Wire)

February 26, 1952

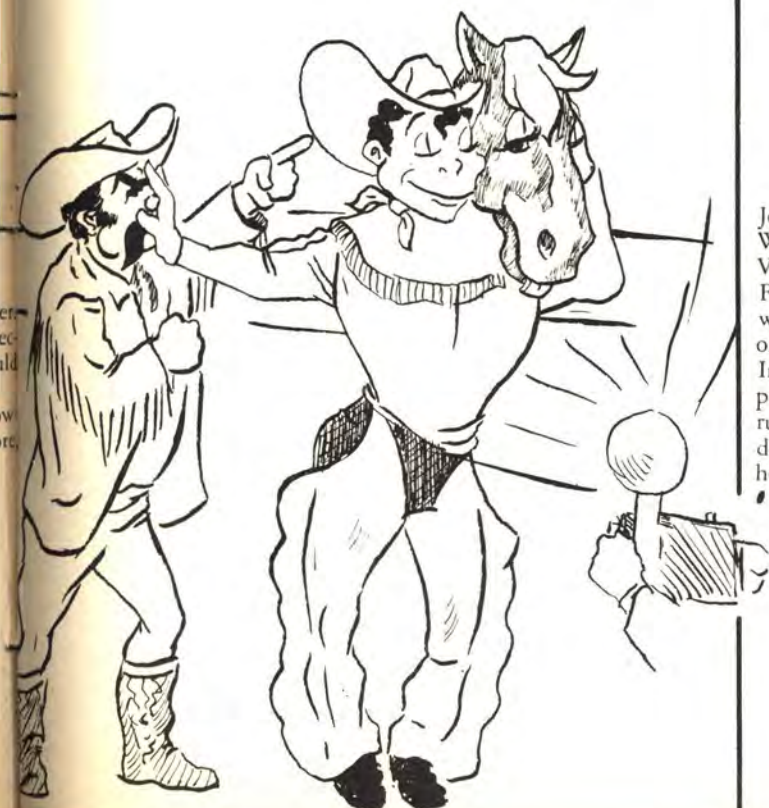
Word has been received that Boy Rogers is selling his horse, Rigger, to Joe Pesos of Whouston for beeing purposes. Children of Texas and United States heartbroken.

Luke Horseopera, president of the Children's Association of Horse Opera Preservation Society, sent Boy a tersely-worded telegram saying, "We protest."

3



4



February 27, 1952  
Ballyhoo, California

Joe Pesos  
Whouston, Texas  
Villain,

Forsooth, it has passed many moons since any scoundrel as low as you would put me in a bad light to embers of the Children's Association of Horse Opera Preservation Society.

In my cheapest and most contemptible manner I accuse you of depriving the children of their joy-on-the-screen in order to let a quadruped harem have him. Besides, 200,000 letters I received from my dear little fans each contained a grubby dollar bill. Buzz of you horsefly!

*Newly rich and contemptously,*  
BOY ROGERS BY ALE DEVANS

X!





BONG-BONG-BONG-BONG. The massive voice of Big Ben blared out at me over my car radio. Four o'clock in London. Making a quick mental calculation, which involved the quadratic formula and Olm's law, I figured it to be somewhere around ten o'clock. Checking the problem, I looked at the sun and sped off towards my destination.

Ten minutes later I pulled up in front of the administration building. I'd have been there sooner, but had car trouble on the way over, and had to overhaul the transmission. Wiping grease from my hands I lurched into the registrars office, and crowded my way up to the counter.

Everywhere, everyone was busy. The office hummed like some great machine. Typewriters clacked in unison. Harassed looking girls darted in and out of offices, clutching student's records to their bosoms. Truly this was the heart of the college, where all material confidential and otherwise was kept secretly filed away. Grade books were handed out, only through permission of the Dean, along with two co-signers. I stood for a while shuffling my feet, then became deeply engrossed in the antics of the switch-board operator. Deftly her hands would dart about the board plugging in calls. Equally as deft her hand would dart into a drawer, and come out clutching a bon-bon. With a quick snap of the wrist she would pop these into her mouth. Watching all this I nearly forgot my impending disaster, when one of the office girls came up to the counter and offered her services.

I was determined to be calm about it, and cheerily asked for my grade book.

The reception room was packed. The reception room in the Dean's office is always packed. His office is on the main floor of the administration building and the countless thousands of students that wander aimlessly about often drop in to sit and rest. Some make it a regular practice of coming to the Dean's sanctuary, for here, one may pleasantly while away the hours, listening to the every day drama that goes on inside the inner office.

**by Jim Leasure**

Bringing the book up, she wanted to know where my two co-signers were. I didn't bring any with me, so left my bill-fold as security.

Then came the question I had been dreading.

"What do you want with your grade book?" She asked.

This was the test, with each word coming out one active higher than the preceding one, I fairly screamed. "I'm going down to the Dean's office and have a degree plan made up."

An electrifying silence came over the room. Type writers stopped in unison. It finally dawned on me why the typewriters stopped and started in unison. Due to a shortage of class room space, they were holding the beginners typing class in the registrars office.

Bolting from the counter, I went reeling and lurching towards the Deans office.

# Degree Plan Orgy

"Name please?"

"John Roscoe—senior—class of '52." I said, putting an emphasis on '52 for some reason or other.

"Just your name Roscoe, we don't want you autobiography." She flipped back at me.

Carrying my grade book across the room she would occasionally stop, break into shrieks of laughter, and show it to some typist. The typist would then look, up single me out, and break into a loud guffaw.

Walking up to the receptionists desk I stood by nervously waiting for her to put down *Forever Amber*, and recognize me.

Stirring, she finally showed signs of life. Coming to the end of a paragraph she rolled her eyes to the ceiling and said, "Gads! what a man." Then coming back to earth, she glared at me and said, "well don't just stand there Rollo, speak up."

"I have an appointment with the Dean." I whispered. Then in a confidential manner I added. "The name is Roscoe, Miss. John Roscoe."

"Details, Details." she snapped. "What time is the appointment?" "Ten o'clock, mam, but I'm a little late."

"Well, well, well." She said, looking at my grade book again, and thumbing through it. "We are a little late at that, aren't we? Only about four years and ten minutes is all."

Getting up, she slunk into the inner office, where I heard a lot of low whispering, followed by an explosive, "What?" In a few seconds she came slinking back out again, stopped in front of me and eyed me up and down.





"Just don't make em like they used to anymore," she said. Then with a jerk of her head, indicated that the Dean was ready to see me. As I entered the inner office I glanced back over my shoulder and noticed that the receptionist had again seated herself at the desk, and was lustily thumbing through the book trying to find her place.

Enter the inner office, I found that it was bare. The Dean was no place in sight. I was just starting to get panicky, when I heard a rustling noise over in the corner of the room. Jerking around I saw a door, no doubt, a closet door. From within came the sounds of a struggle. Presently the struggling ceased and the tinkle of glass against teeth could be heard. This was then followed by an apoplectic fit of coughing. Then the Dean emerged from the closet, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, stood for a second cramming his hands into his pockets, and finding his sen-sen, popped a handful into his mouth.

Seating himself at his desk, he started to re-arrange the papers piled on top of it. Meticulously he would square the corners, slide back in his chair, gaze critically at the stacks, then square the corners again. All this time I was standing on one foot drawing circles in the rug with the other, and nervously blowing bubbles with my bubble gum.

Finally he looked up from the stacks, glared at me quizzically for a few seconds, then bellowed, "sitdown boy, you're wearing out the rug. I sat down sideways and faced the wall:

Picking up my book he stared at the cover for a while then said. "Roscoe, eh! knew a fellow named Roscoe once. Student up here at college, the first year I was Dean, and headed the disciplinary board. Had him flogged for carrying on with one of the dormitory maids. No relation of yours, I hope." I shook my head in the negative, still keeping my eyes glued to the wall. "Well, Roscoe," the dean said, "We won't hold that against you. Were always glad to have you freshmen come up here at the very beginning of your college careers to have your degree plans—" Slamming his fist on the table he roared. "What the hell, you're not a freshman, what are you doing in here getting a degree plan made out this late, for?" "Well?" He yelled.

I tried desperately to say something, but all that came out was a short hysterical laugh.

"Oh! So now you think it funny eh?" Swallowing hard, I got rid of the bubble gum and blurted out. "No sir, it isn't funny." Another burst of hysterical laughter, and I bit my tongue trying to calm down. "All I want to know is if I can graduate this year."

"Oh! So all you want to know, is can you graduate this year. For four years now you've come and gone as you pleased. Taking courses in basket weaving, pottery making, early morning bird calls and so on. Then you nonchalantly stroll in to my office and want to know if you can graduate this year." The Dean scribbled on paper and scrutinized the grade book. Occasionally, as he turned the pages in the grade book, he would jerk up his head, fix me with a stare, then turn back to his scribbling shaking his head.

Finishing up with the last page in the book, he signed his name to a sheet with a lot of scribbling on it, fixed me with another stare and said, "With the help of God and some extremely lenient instructors, there is a remote possibility that you might get out in August."

Touched by this sudden change in him, I wept silently as I grabbed for my grade book and the scribbled sheet. Passing through the reception room I noticed that once again the receptionist had the book in her lap and was staring at the ceiling. I felt like running and shouting with joy and gaily I skipped down the hall to return my grade book.

When I entered the registrars office, a loud cheer went up, typewriters stopped in unison again, and the switchboard girl tore off her head-phones and came rushing towards me. Reaching me, she gripped my hand warmly, looked me squarely in the eyes and in a voice choking with emotion congratulated me. Then unable to check the flow of tears she fled back to the buzzing switch-board. The office girl that had taken my bill-fold for security came up and returned it. Starting to walk off she stopped and meditated for a minute, then turning around dug into her pocket and handed me back my four dollars and seventeen cents. Knowingly, I smiled at her, signed three autograph books, and shook hands with two familiar looking students who had torn up their resignation slips and with determined looks on their immature faces were boldly walking back towards the Dean's office.





SPRING HAS NOT YET SPRUNG, but there is enough lurge in the air to confuse old Mother Nature herself. Pins have been swapped, second payments have been made on diamonds and the marriage bureau will never go down because of trade.

Wedding bells have banged, we hope that their marriage will not do the same, for Janet McKim and Bob McDermott. This man has switched to khaki because someone asked him to... Mitzi Kessel and 2nd Lt. Bill Thompson went under the swords recently... 'twas a military wedding... Julie Ann Oden and John Hendricks are tied in one knot now... Gerald Campbell and Barbara Joy Crawford have promised to stay together forever and ever... Betty Gutierrez and Bob Lawrence are Mr. and Mrs. now... They were wed over a year ago... Why the deep secret...??

Many of the boys on campus are saying goodbye to their old gangs so that they may enter into that institution called marriage. Dick Issacks and Wanda Walker are among the brave ones... Pat Shaw and Clyde Anderson will also see if they can live as cheaply as one... Bud Roland has left the walls of the KPT so that he can keep tabs on Iris Ashton... No date as yet... W. P. Kirby, one of our campus peacemakers, and Darlene Nystrom have set the date for May 31st... The bug has even hit ole Footch Ragland and Dorothy Ransdale. The former business wheel of the El Burro, Les Turner and Pat Shay are getting rather serious... Jimmy Angelos and Kathy Beys are rather close these days... No wonder, with that beautiful ring that she is showing...

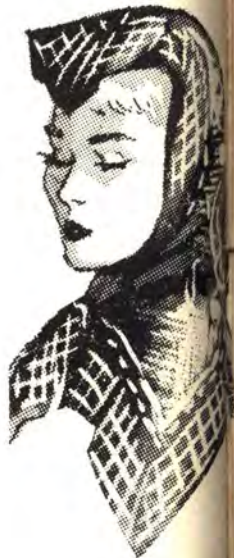
Everyone is wondering about Bob Vickers and Joanne Crockett. What's the scoop... Ed Lee has lost his pin to Donnie Measday, a former student of the TWC grounds... Ken Womeldorf and Mary Jo Nelligon have swapped glances and more recently a pin... The women of TWC are wearing more SAE pins than the boys... Among those in this class are Kathy Cauthen, Bob Little's, Bird Keeling, Joe Golding's, and Joy Cook and Claude Baron... Nobody can tell from one day to the next about Gloria Anderson and Jack Funk...

## Social Whirl

by Skee Strain

Fashion is hitting the high note this spring and the latest word from Paris, New York, Dallas and of course, El Paso, the fitted jacket, full skirt and big bows on blouses are the rage... Quilted skirts are fresh and pert looking in lovely prints and stripes... That's another thing that is really in the spotlight... Stripes can be found on anything including petticoats... The hats this year are their dizzyest... Small and petit, fitted for the poodle cut, they are found to have small what-nots and little sprouts coming out of the top... Straw and velveteen are combined in these hats... Velvet and velveteen, once retired to the cedar chest when spring came, are now all year round fabrics... The somber blues and blacks are no more... Any color is the style... If one can think up a color and put it into a dress, it's the style... Shoes, gloves and handbags are being shown in lovely pastels this year...

In this fashion column we not only cater to the women, but the men will learn what is the latest... of course they will keep on wearing what they have had on for years, oh well... Plaid jackets combined with colorful trousers are found from New York to California... The golf links are providing the styles now... Fancy hats with plaid bands about them are quite popular... Shoes are canvas with rope soles, or tennis shoes with loud colors imbedded in them seem to have the men quite wild... However I suppose that levis will predominate the campus for many years yet to come....





## WHAT IS POETRY?

"THERE IS PREVALENT today, a serious misunderstanding in regard to poetry," wrote Archibald Mac Leish. No truer words were ever written. Poetry is a word which, to most of us, stands for a generalized idea of all poems; a summary of all the poems we know something about and those we do not know anything about. As such it is a useful word, but it is only a word. And it is not a word which stands for any *one* thing that we can point to and say, "There it is."

A few people have realized this—in fact, MacLeish has pointed out that a poem must be, not mean. In other words when the word "poem" is used, it should signify the experience which the reader creates in his mind by using the words of the poet. So the purpose of poetry is not to escape life, but it is to help one rediscover the significance of life in all its various forms. And without preaching, poetry sets us face to face with life for an experience whose end is, as Robert Frost says, wisdom.

Now the logical question to ask would be, "Why not just state the experiences of life in prose?" Contrary to mistaken impression, the poet is not trying to make beautiful what might be plainly stated in prose. He is expressing emotion by finding a set of objects, a situation, or a chain of events which will be the formula of that particular emotion. Then when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately evoked. As Coleridge stated in *Table Talk*, "Prose—words in their best order; poetry—the best words in their best order." So the difference between prose and poetry is profoundly a difference in the manner of thinking.

Only after understanding the true meaning of the word "poem" can we begin to appreciate the great variety and richness of our poetic heritage. For as long as consciousness exists, poetry will continue to exist!

SALLY KRAUSE

*High*

*Grade*

*Concentrate*

## CROSS-STITCHED

*Oh, button what the purpose  
Had the Sewer in mind  
To cross-stitch your face  
Causing you to be so blind?  
To cling more firmly  
In truth to be secure?  
Expressing could it be  
The ageless struggle to endure?  
For the frail threads of labor  
Interwoven make,  
A man's innermost core  
Of sorrows, joys, and aches.  
Too bad that you can not see  
The reason why  
By being bound we are free  
To live or die.*

—SALLY KRAUSE

## THE WORLD IS MINE

*The world is mine to roam where I will,  
God never built a fence around any hill.  
Among pastures ever so green,  
Upon God, my fate, my trust I lean.  
For this everyone should know,  
Where the heart the mind must go  
To seek and find a place of grace  
Where there's peace and of sin, no trace.*

LUCIUS CASILLAS





# Problem

## 1

Pro-Truman committee looks for place to put statue of Harry S.



## 2

Decide appropriate place would be next to Washington monument. People protest, say Washington was honest.



## 3

Committee moves statue next to Lincoln. People protest, say Lincoln was honest.





# Solution



4

Bedraggled committee places Harry S. next to Columbus because "he didn't know where he was going, where he was when he got there, where he had been when he got back, and he did all this on borrowed money."



5

Dixiecrats solve problem. Steal statue, place it on raft. The whole thing is towed out to Gulf Stream and cut loose.







# Without Words



## TOUGH SITUATION CARD

Mine is a sad story. Never before has anyone had as many troubles as I have had. Please punch my card in order to show your sympathy.

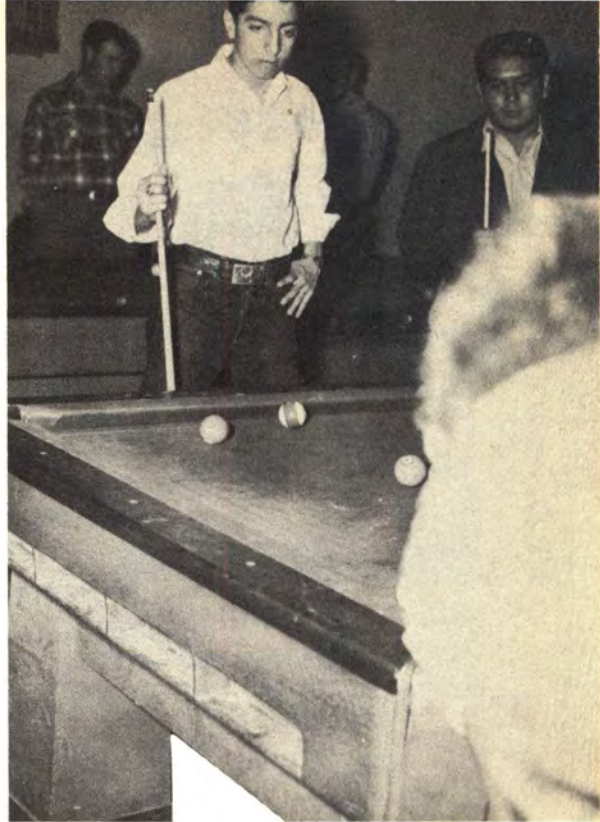
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

Name \_\_\_\_\_





# Poolosophy





# The Joke Exchange



"Go On, I Dare You"

ski-U-Mah

The codfish lays a million eggs,  
The little hen but one;  
But the codfish doesn't cackle  
When her little stunt is done,  
And so we praise the artful hen,  
The codfish we despise;  
Which makes it plain to thoughtful men  
It pays to advertise.

Covered Wagon

A student was called into the Dean's office for calling his professor a jackass. "Son," smiled the kindly old Dean, "I must expel you. One cannot call one's professor a jackass!"

"But," objected the student, "thou wouldst not expel me for calling a jack-ass a professor, wouldst?"

"Why, why, I—of course, not," again smiled the kindly old Dean.

"Thank you, PROFESSOR!" screamed the student, who is now working at a local filling station.

—SPCA



Ann Boleyn and Henry VIII

Yale Record



"Albie, vot are you doing?"

"I'm drunk, Papa."

"Vot?"

"Yas, I'm drunk pictures on the wall."

—Slobbovian Nuz

One: "What happened to your finger?"

The other: "Oh, I was downtown getting some cigarettes yesterday and some clumsy fool stepped on my hand."

Hotel Manger: "Did you find any of our towels in that salesman's suitcase?" Hotel Detective: "No but I found a chambermaid in his grip."

"So your brother is a painter, eh?" "Yep."

"Paints houses, I presume?"

"Nope, paints men and women."

"Oh, I see. He's an artist."

"Nope, just paints women on one door and men on the other."

Record

## Welcome Miners

To

The

## Westerner

Dancing Nitely

Music by

"Lynn Carroll Trio"

Fri., Sat., Sun.

Be here when the bell rings!





The teacher had spent most of the morning telling the class something of the wonders of nature. At the finish she said, "And isn't it wonderful how the little chickens get out of their shells?"

One quick-witted lad went her one better, "Teacher, I think it's far more wonderful how they get into the shells."

Three salesmen were standing on a street corner in North Africa. One was an Englishman, one an Arabian, and one an American. Just then a beautiful dancing girl walked by.

The Englishman said, "By Jove!"

The Arabian said, "By the prophet!"

The American said, "By tomorrow night!"

He: "Some moon out tonight."

She: "Sure is."

He: "Some really bright stars up in the sky."

She: "Sure are."

He: "Some dew on the grass."

She: "Some do, but I don't." **THE LINE**



TED HUDSON

"He can't paint worth a damn but he's the only man that could do the job."

**Yale Record**

"Sam was over to my house last night and as he was leaving he asked me to wear his fraternity pin, but I told him I couldn't wear it until I knew him better."

"But you're wearing it now."

"Well, he didn't leave right then."

**Covered Wagon**



**Engineering Supplies.**



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FOR LUNCH**



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with miracle chlorophyll !**

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**Combats Common  
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Red  
Blue  
Eggshell



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GUARANTEE  
SHOE CO.

New WAC: "Where do I eat?"  
Army Captain: "You mess with the officers."  
New WAC: "I know, but where do I eat?"

"Drink broke up my home."  
"Couldn't you stop it?"  
"No, the dam still exploded."

A bathing beauty is a girl worth wading for.

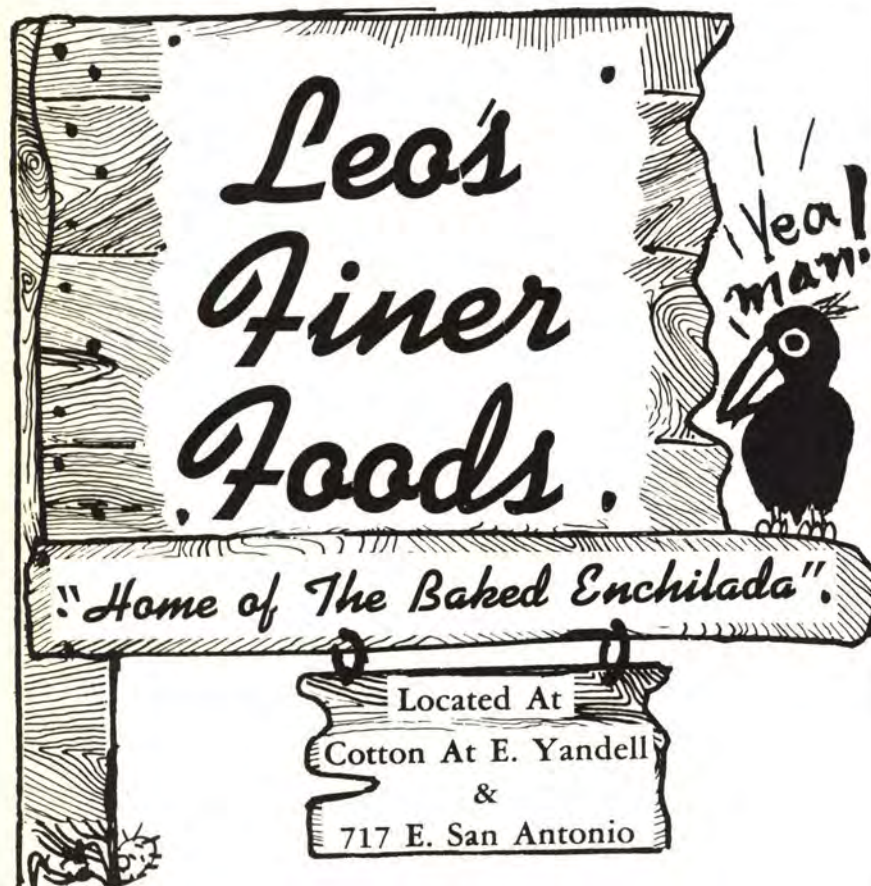
A hearse is Father Time's delivery van.

She: "Pa's the best shot in the country."  
He: "What does that make me?"  
She: "My husband."

From Our  
French Correspondent

place aux dames  
ladies room  
theatre de coup  
drive-in  
fatti parole femine  
fat women on parole  
grand pas  
seduction  
femme de ballon  
bubble dancer  
idee fixe  
chinese handy man  
pur sang  
lousy music  
valse  
falsie  
et hoc  
it's pawned  
he'pax le-go-me-non  
Hey pop, let go of me now.  
jus gen'ti-um  
men only  
a sunt la'cri-moe re'rum  
someone put cream in my rum  
a la belle etoile  
to the ladies rest room  
le roi la veut  
someone give Leroy the boot

GREEN GANDER





Columns  
Washington U.



GORDY  
ANDERSON

"Grand worthy monarch, sir! As scholar and conduct chairman I feel that Brother Bascomb here should be vigorously disciplined for interrupting my report! I distinctly heard him muttering that we ought to ditch this crock and sneak out for a schooner."

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For Banquets Dial 3-6562

Where the gang meets after the game

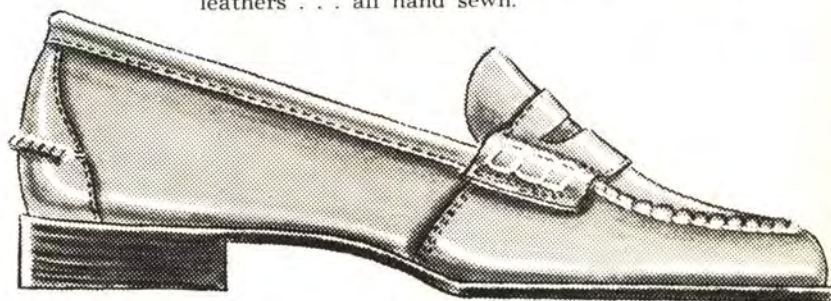


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Underscore your spring wardrobe with the brightest colored loafers you've ever seen . . . in soft pliable leathers . . . all hand sewn.



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Spring Lilac—Cyclamen Pink

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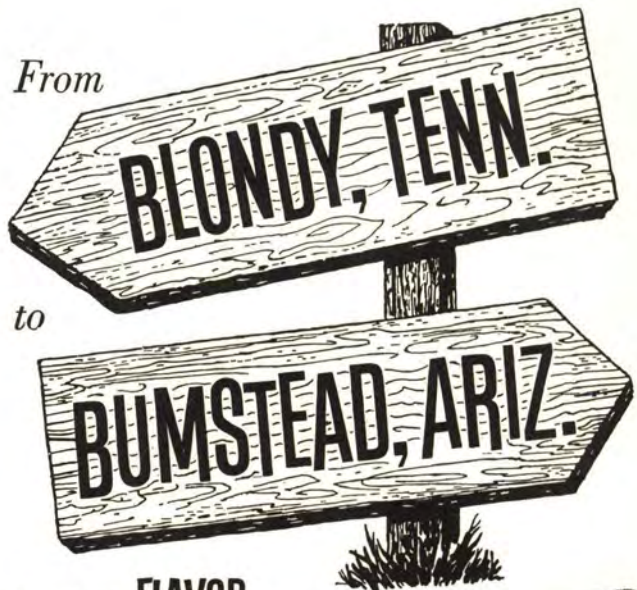
906 N. Piedras





## Welcome Girl

Freshman Gretchen DeBruyn cuts a pretty terrific figure when it comes to diving and swimming. The same can be said for looks, don't you think? We have nominated her as the girl we'd most like to welcome our TISA and Invitational visitors with.



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

"Blondy, Tenn. to  
Bumstead, Ariz."  
submitted by  
Douglas Hausler,  
Washington, D. C.



still only 5¢

**\$100** in cash prizes for interesting town names!

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

## CLEAN

Nature's Perfect Fuel is proven clean by many thousands of regular users in the El Paso southwest. In the home, Natural Gas does a clean job in the cooking range and in the heating plant. And now, more than ever, industries in this Southwest area are utilizing Natural Gas for their greater efforts in building our own community and for the national welfare.

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*The Pipe Line Company*  
SERVING THE SOUTHWEST



### 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 June 30, 1952. All entries should arrive at Life Savers, Port Chester, not later than June 30, 1952, 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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### The Girl With the Scarf is either:

- (a) watching a fly,
- (b) posing
- (c) scratching one foot with another
- (d) or wishing she had a double-rich malt

She can have (d) by identifying herself at the

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Interviews on  
Cigarette Tests!*

## No. 14...THE LARGEMOUTH BASS



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

After all the Mildness Tests...

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