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El Burro, Final Issue

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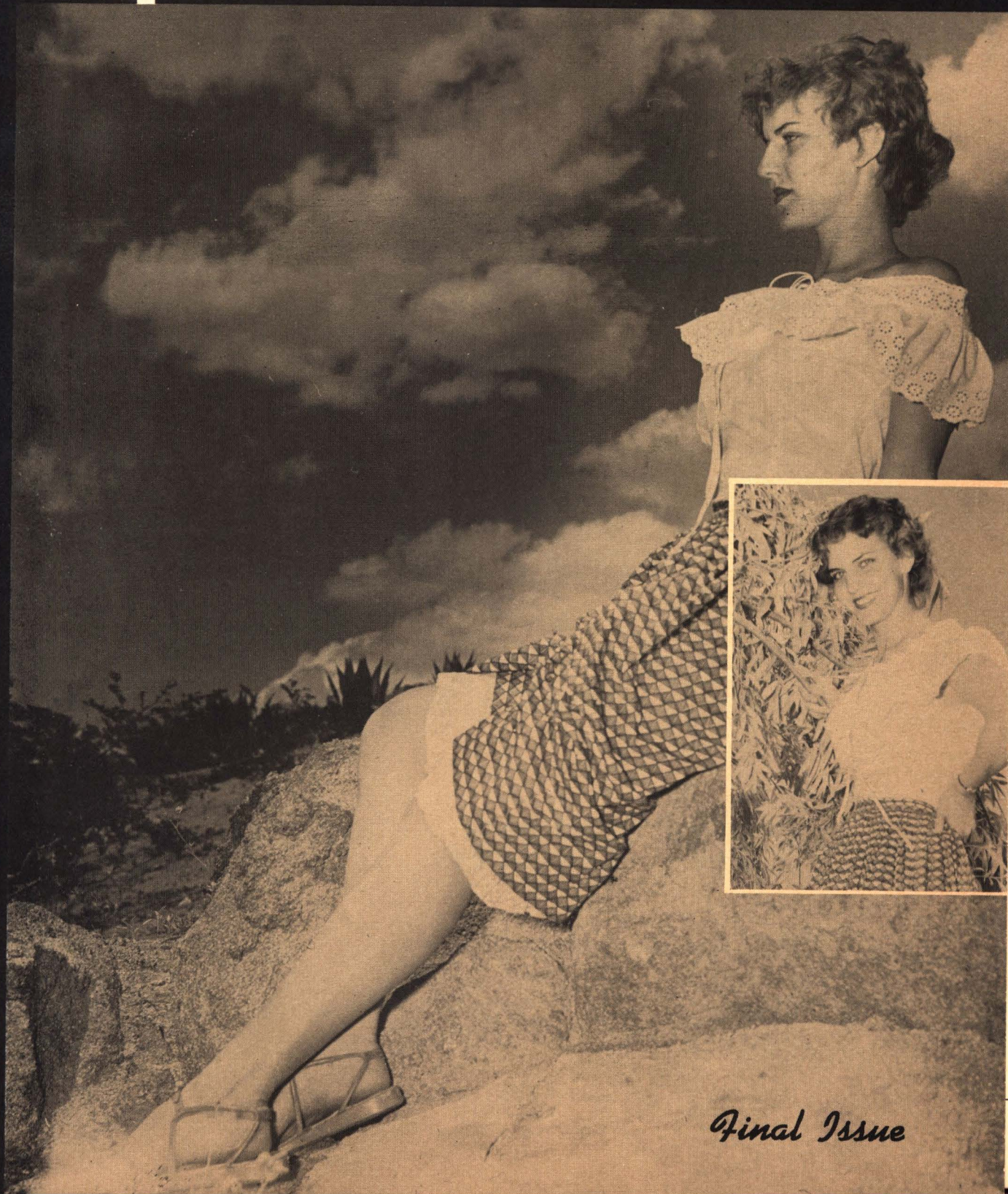
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EL BURRO

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

35¢



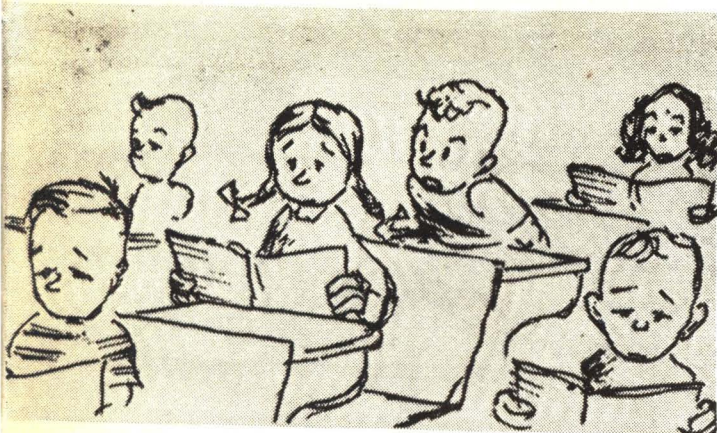
Final Issue



by Luis Perez

COVER GIRL

Hilma Gregorsen



"But it ain't just a line, baby. I'm hot for ya!"

Covered Wagon

A Marine regiment was sent back for rest after a rough tour of duty at the front. At the base they discovered a contingent of WACs billeted and awaiting assignments to various posts. The Marine colonel addressed himself to the WAC commander, warning her that his men had been in the front lines a long time and might not be too careful about their attitudes toward the WACs.

"Keep 'em locked up," he told the WAC commander, "if you don't want any trouble."

"Trouble?" said she. "There'll be no trouble. My girls have it up here," and she tapped her forehead significantly.

"Madame," barked the Marine, "it makes no difference where they have it, my boys will find it. Keep 'em locked up."

these

A college student arose from his table in a fashionable dining room and walked toward the door.

He was passing the house detective when a silver sugar bowl dropped from his bulging coat.

The guest glanced at the officer, and turned with an expression of polite annoyance toward the occupants of the room. "Ruffians," he said, "who threw that?" and walked out.

Los

A young fellow once took his dainty grandmother to see the roadshow tour of "Tobacco Road." After the first two profane acts, the little old lady was groping under her seat.

"What's the matter, grandma?" asked the boy.

"Oh," she said, "I've lost my goddam program."

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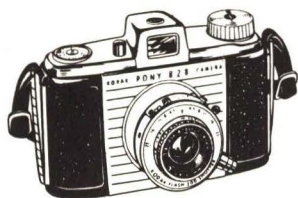
Slide projectors

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Films

Darkroom supplies



Gregor
**PHOTO
SUPPLIES** 311 N. Oregon



A drunk finally finds the keyhole and enters the house where he stumbles around looking for the light. Wife pipes up: "That you, Henry?" No answer. A big crash of glass. "Henry! What in the world are you doing?"

"Teaching your goddamn goldfish not to bark at me!" —Widow

* * *

And although there is always the story of the thoroughgoing youth who invented a sort of litmus paper in order to tell by certain chemical methods rather than by simple taste the difference between rye and gin, we feel that the most clever of all was the Sarah Lawrence girl who told the difference between a tooth brush and a squirrel by putting them both at the bottom of a tree and seeing which one ran up. —Purple Cow

Clerk: "Yes, sir, that medicine sure is powerful. Best stuff we have for the liver. Makes you peppy."

Customer: "Well, can you give me any specific reference? I mean people or a person who has taken the medicine with good results?"

Clerk: "Well, there was a man living next to us who took this liver medicine three years, but he died last week."

Customer: "Oh, I see."

Clerk: "But they had to beat his liver with a stick for three days after he died before they could kill the damn thing." —Widow

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EL BURRO

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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.

Whitten Furs

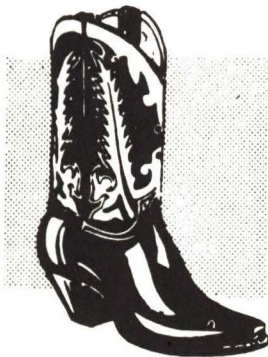
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105 Overland

Carrying the Load...

on this issue of El Burro

by
Luis Pérez

THE LAST EL BURRO is off the press, graduation looms ahead, and new people have been chosen to take over the job of producing Texas Western's magazine next year.

OUR NEW EDITOR is Jane Guthrie while Dusty Caroline was chosen to the position of business manager. Both of these two people are hard workers and qualified for the positions. Both will face a job next September. With most of the experienced staff gone, the editor will have to start from the ground up; maybe it's better that way.

NO MORE DEADLINES and the burning of the midnight oil. No more hurried last minute photos or stories. Yet in looking back over the past year, we can see that all this has been fun. Each issue that came out was sort of a minor triumph. Each new one that was planned held the promise of a better magazine for the TW students.

EL BURRO THEREFORE takes this opportunity to bray out the policy that has made it recognized throughout the Southwest.

This magazine is for the students. It does not aim to compete in the literary field with other schools who turn out magazines that do not reflect the collegiate views of its students.

While not opposed to highbrow material, El Burro has maintained that jokes, cartoons, and subjects that deal with the students themselves is what constitutes the magazine's contents.

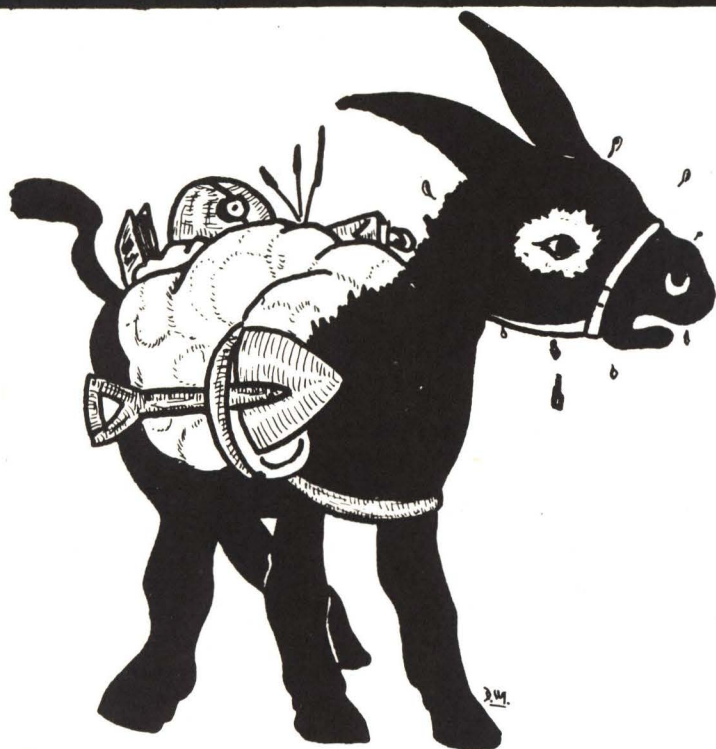
In future years Texas Western may have two magazines. One could be sponsored by the English Department and carry only poetry, short stories, and plays. No advertising would "mar" the appearance of the magazine and the modern art students could smear the cover in multihued streaks.

Until this time, the editor of El Burro will continue to be held directly responsible to the students for what they want in their own magazine. Editors need not strive always to "educate" their readers to things in which they do not wish to be educated. With this swan song, which might more resemble a crow shot down in flight, we pause to readjust our ruffled feathers and give thanks to a few, a very few individuals who have really taken their work on the magazine seriously and have strived to do more than just a routine assignment.

Patterson
PHOTO SUPPLIES

Give a . . .
CAMERA
to that boy or
girl who is
GRADUATING

"Everything For
the Amateur"



First, a word of thanks to Bob Bagdon. Bob has been a BM deluxe and has come up with ads that finance the printing of the magazine. In addition he has filled in with photos and other extra odds and ends for which we thank him. Next comes a word of thanks to the general staff of the magazine. Some contributed more than others and their reward comes from knowing the part that they themselves played in the production of each issue.

Then there's the humor of Leasure, the pictures of Casillas, and the advice and encouragement of McLaughlin, Zabriskie, and other journalists of the same kidney.

Taking advantage of the editorial "WE", I hope that the students of Texas Western have enjoyed their magazine and I wish to thank them for the opportunity of having been able to produce it.

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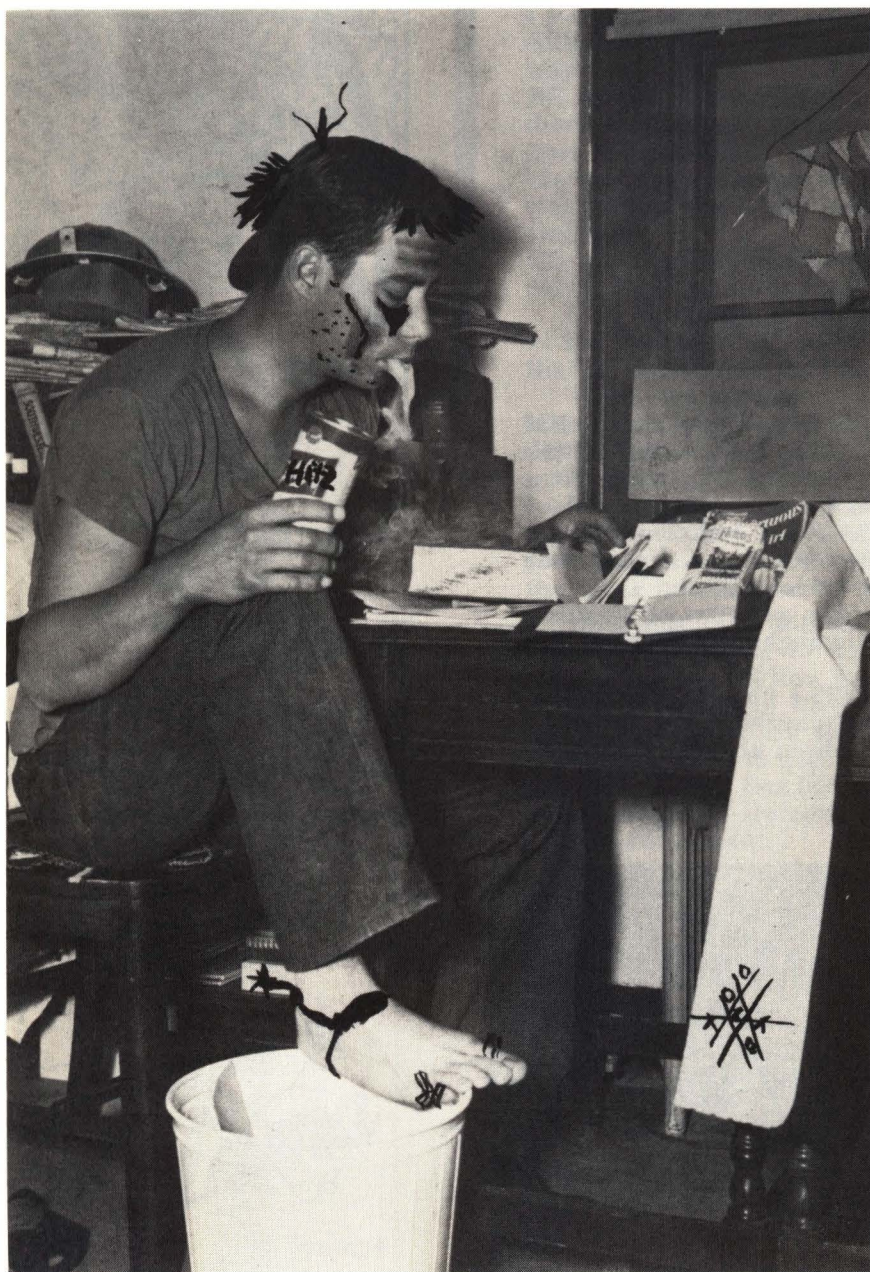
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BARGAIN



Before



ARE YOU SHOT? Do you feel sluggish, and slosh, when you move around? Do women scream, children cry and old men curse when you walk down the street? If so, read this testimonial and be saved. You too, can be the pillar of the community.

I would like to tell you the story of how I became a mere shadow of my former self, before I found the secret to happiness. At first everything I did seemed wrong. I never came out smelling like a rose when I'd drop down a manhole, I always came up smelling like the sewer. Yes. Mine was a miserable lot. I, Sylvester N. Orgelthope, felt as though fate had waved me a fickle finger. On top of all this I was suffering from insomnia and could no longer drop off to sleep during lectures.

I was finally spurred into action the day I turned down an invitation from notorious Crock and Fignewton boys to go shooting up by the library.

In desperation I put in a long distance call to the Mayo Clinic. When the doctor answered the phone I poured out my tale of woe. We talked for quite a spell and he asked me several thousand questions. After every answer I gave him I could hear him shudder and scribble on a piece of paper. After the interrogation, he told me that they would have to hold a conference and that he would call me back later.

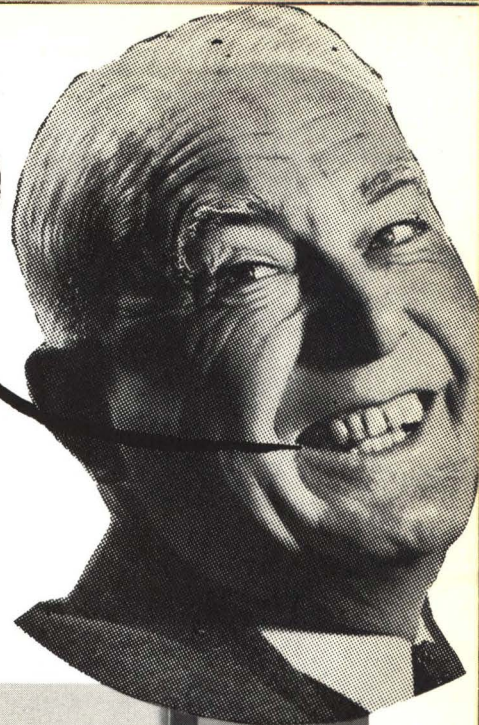
DAYS!

IMAGINE!
Pure Silk



by **Jim Leasure**

After



Three packages of cigarettes later the call came in. With trembling fingers I lifted the receiver and heard the doctors voice. "Mr. Orgelthope," he said. "After several hours of haggling with my associates, we have finally agreed on a diagnosis in your case."

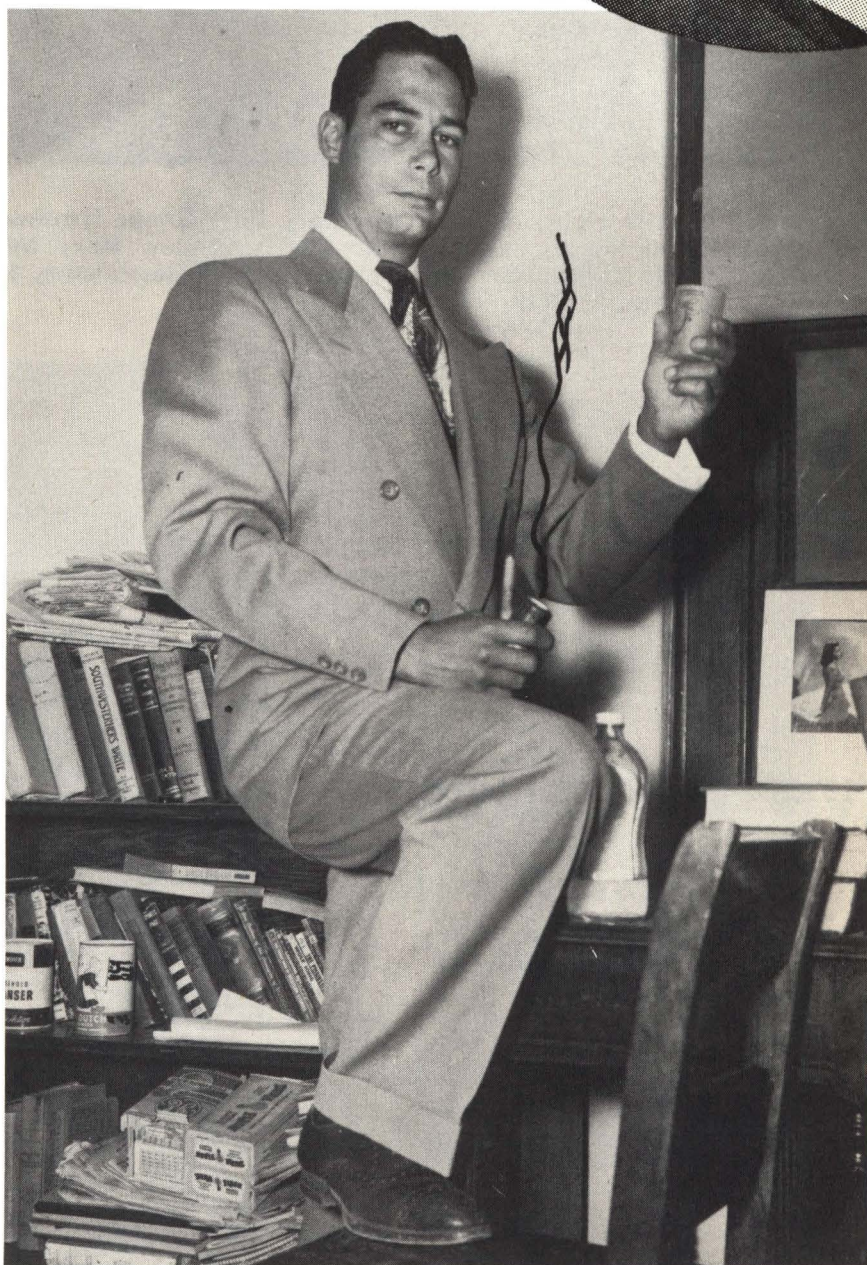
"Let me have it straight from the shoulder." I said. Then bracing myself I awaited the diagnosis.

"Son." The doctors voice cracked with emotion. "Your underwear is too large."

"Oh my God, No." I gasped. The room swirled around and I must have swooned. I came to lying on the floor with the receiver dangling over my head and a voice said to me. "Wear El Stranglo shorts, anybody of any account wears El Stranglo shorts."

Then I saw the light. In a flash I beat it into town bought a pair of El Stranglo shorts flashing back up to the dorm I had some flash-bulb pictures taken (flashy little fellow aren't I).

One picture was taken before donning the El Stranglo shorts and the other, immediately after I donned them. New life flowed through my veins after wearing El Stranglo shorts. In the space of a moment I had turned from miserable wretch to a connoisseur of fine horse-flesh, women, and "Tonic".



Fifteen in the Semis



Left to right: Melba Pyle, Nancy Kerr, Diane Grosberg, Jackie Chrysler, Janet Smith, Patti Mitchum, Betty Binney, Mary Neligan, Belle Finley, Mary Resley, Carmen Guevara, Barbara Rosenbaum, Joan Crockett, Mary Galbraith, Betty Manning.

Photos by Luis Per

Five Finalists

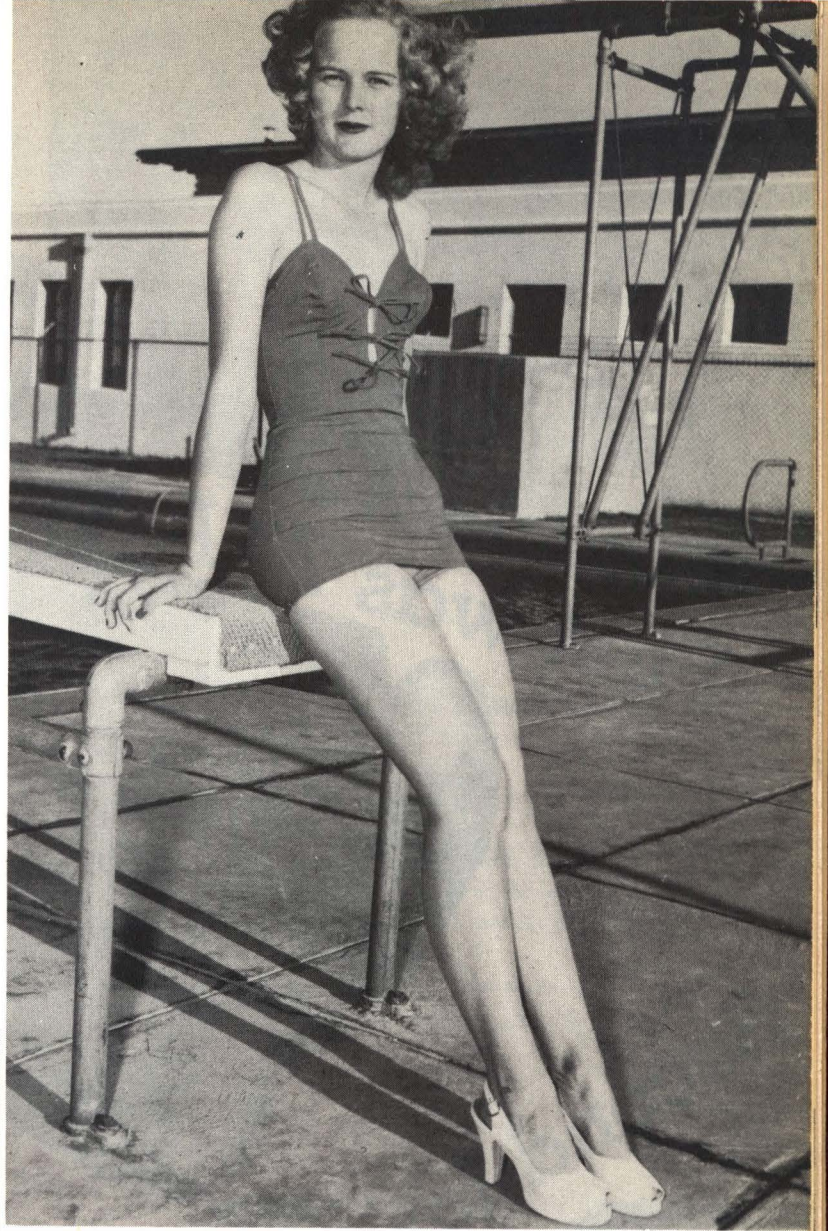
Left to right: Diane Grosberg, Mary Galbraith, Betty Binney, Patti Mitchum, Mary Resley.



Miss TWC



Patti Mitchum



Variety Show



First was ZTA



Second for Phrateres



SAE, Third





Angry Father: Your conduct has made you the talk of the town.

"But Mama, I'm not hungry—I ate all the raisins off the fly-paper."

All the women I have kissed make one observation about my technique. But I wish to state flatly, at this time, that I have never wrestled alligators for a living.

Tweet Tweet was a little bird,
He sat upon a railroad track,
One day a train ran over him,
And then guess what—
Shredded 'Tweet'.

Customer (in drug store on Sunday morning): Please give me change for a dime.

"Lay off, Penrod. She's nothing but a damn barfly."

A man went to the bar and ordered a Martini, drank it, chewed up the bowl of the glass and threw the stem over his shoulder. He continued this for six Martinis and noticed that the bartender was staring at him.

It was the first date.

A colored preacher was hearing a confession. In the middle of it he stopped the young sinner, saying, "Young man, you ain't confessing, you is bragging."

The English instructor and the Engineering professor were dining together. During the course of the meal the former spoke:



ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

By Betty Roth

Now Billy the Kid was wild and wooly,
And Jesse James was as much a bully.
But the roughest and toughest you'll ever
meet
Is a rugged cowboy called Sage Brush Pete.

It was in Texas on one December morn
That our hero, Sage Brush Pete, was born.
His mother was a sturdy pioneer who
With a broom handle forty five indians slew.

Pete was weaned on whisky at the age of
three.

He was the meanest kid you ever did see.
He cut his teeth on bowie knives,
And his playmates, the bears, had to fight
for their lives.

Strangers settled fifty miles away,
And Pete's pa decided they wouldn't stay.
It was gettin' too dad burned crowded there,
So they moved out West where no one
would dare.

One day the Rio Grande River they crossed,
And at a tender age our Pete was lost.
He fell off the wagon and couldn't swim.
With sixteen kids, the parents never missed
him.

So among the wild animals Pete was reared,
And with the coyotes he talked and jeered.
The wolves taught him how to hunt and
fight,
And he sat on the hills and howled at
night.

At the age of ten he had no cares
So engaged in a fight with two grizzly
bears.
He hugged them to death just as a jest,
Tore off a hind leg, and sat down to break-
fast.

A cowhand in these parts asked Pete one
day
Why he ran around naked with the var-
mints this way.
He said "Because I am a varmint and a co-
yote, too.
I got fleas and howl like respectable coyo-
tes do."

The Cowhand took him to a town that was
boomin',
And Sage Brush Pete decided that he must
be human.
The pleasant vices of mankind he did enjoy.
He sunk lower and lower 'til he became a
cowboy.

Soon he was King Killer of the bad men.
But he never killed women or children
Or tourists out of season
Unless, of course, they give him reason.

He never scalped his victims; he was kind
keep down inside.
He used to skin them gently, and then he'd
tan their hides.
After he killed all the bad men, and the
indians had met the same fate,
And he had eaten all the buffalo, well, he
had to migrate.

On his way out West, he was jumped by a
lion.

In a couple o seconds the fur was a flyin'
Down the gib canyon 'til it darkened the sun.
He knocked the meanness right out of that
one!

Now Pete was so tough he used sandpaper
for sheets.

He let his whiskers grow for a couple of
weeks;

Than to touch them with a razor, he sooner
would have died.

He pounded them in with a sledge hammer
and chewed them off inside.

Sage Brush Pete invented a new way of
fishin'.

He threw chunks of chewin' tobacco to the
fish, slyly grinnin'.

They'd grab it and go to the bottom but
find themselves mislead.

When they came to the surface to spit, Pete
hit them in the head.

Pete was so hard he could kick fire out of
a flint rock with his bare toes.

He drank his coffee boilin' hot, and for a
napkin a prickly cactus he chose.

He invented train-robbin', cow-stealin', and
all crimes of this sort.

To spit in a rattlesnake's eye and drown it
was his very favorite sport.

There was a young maiden called Slue-Foot
Sue who wts a very famous rider.

She was riding a catfish down the Rio Gran-
de when Sage Brush Pete first spied'er.

He lost his heart right then and there, and
without a single delay

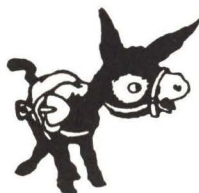
Proposed to her, but a horrible fate she was
to meet on her wedding day.

Pete had raised his horse on nitroglycerin
and dynamite,

And when Sue tried to ride him, he bucked
with great delight.

And on the happy weddin' day the horse
threw her so high

That she had to duck her head to let the
moon go by.



Her weddin' gown had a steel-spring bustle
and when

She lit, she bounced, and she bounced again
and again.

She bounced for three days and nights, and
Pete ran for his gun.

He had to shoot her to keep her from dyin'
of starvation.

It was a mighty tragic blow and like to
knocked Pete flat.

Of course he married lots of other women
after that.

In fact, it was one of his weaknesses, and
in his wives he took great pride.

But none of them filled the place in his
heart once filled by his mouncin' bride.

Pete met a man from Boston, and our hero's
life came to an end.

Wearing a mail-order cowboy outfit, the
tourist came 'round the bend.

He asked fool questions about the West
'til he was out of breath,

And poor old Pete laid down and just
laughed himself to death.

Oh, Wilkins stood forth
In his eye was fire
It made the backrow ones
Shrink and squirm
He said as he fixed them
With steady gaze
We'll now have Phylum Echinoderm
They wept they pled
No No not That
You can't do it to us
Orvin P
We've studied the flatworm
And this and that worm
And even (Heaven help us)
A one-eyed flea
But he fixed them with gaze
As fierce as a hawk
So all they could do was
Just sit there and gawk
So before it had started
The battle was done
And Wilkins had triumphed
In Zo 301
The agitators were quietly canned
And at last there was peace
On the face of the land.

—Marjorie Schock.

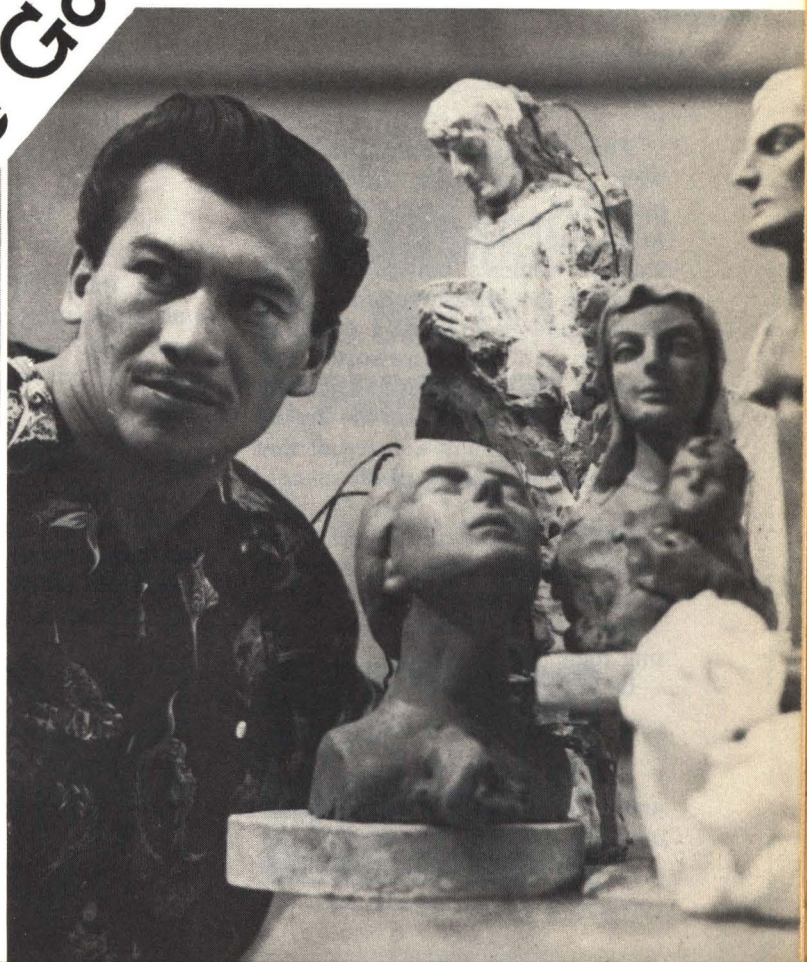
Ceramics



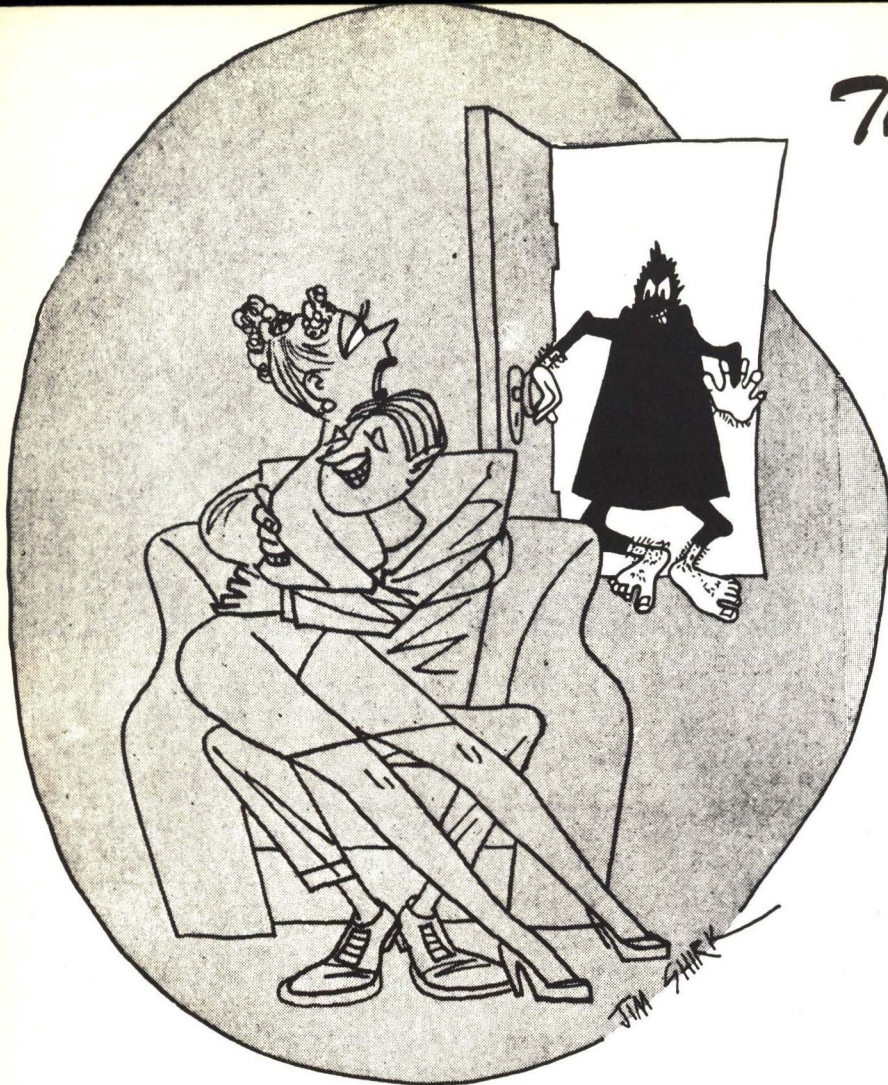
Miss Ellen Coogler, left, instructs students in ceramics techniques.

Pete Gomez

Photos by Luis Pérez



The Joke Exchange



"Sebastian . . . just what was that silly nonsense about your roommate?"

Varieties

The officers at Fort Dix, who were giving a dance, delegated a persuasive young second lieutenant to ask the dean of a straight-laced eastern women's college to allow some of the girls to attend. The dean promised to send a dozen of her best and most trustworthy students. The lieutenant hesitated. "Would it be possible," he finally asked, "to send half a dozen of that kind and half a dozen of the other?"

Deacon: Where are the bride and groom? They disappeared almost as soon as I married them.

Bridesmaid: They're upstairs getting their things together.

Deacon: What! So soon?

SHOWME

Boys, a woman's yawn may be annoying but it's a lot less dangerous than her sigh.

SYRACUSAN

An irate old gentleman rushed into a pharmacy, bottle in hand. He was bald, and two large bumps stood on his head, one on either side.

"Look what this damn hair tonic did to my head," he shouted.

The experienced clerk took the bottle in his hand and looking at the label, blushed and said, "My goodness I made a mistake and gave you a bust developer."

SHOWME

A widow is the most fortunate person in the world. She knows all about men and all the men who know anything about her are dead.

SYRACUSAN

"My platform is based on American ideals—institutions, constitutions, restitutions, and prosperity."

—*Jack-o-lantern*

★

Wisdom — Knowing what to do next.

Skill — Knowing how to do it.

Virtue — Not doing it.

—*Jack-o-lantern*

★

It was Sunday morning. He slipped on his wife's robe and went downstairs to answer the doorbell. As he opened the door, the milkman kissed him. After giving due thought to this unusual occurrence, he came to the conclusion that the milkman's wife must have a similar robe.

—*Southwestern*

★

"Hell, yes," said the Devil, picking up the phone.

—*Kitty Kat*

★

"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.

—*Shaft*

★

"Yep, we had a wonderful time in Florida this summer. For \$40 a day we stayed at the Roney Plasma."

"You mean Roney Plaza. Plasma is blood."

"Is \$40 a day rain water?"

—*Bearskin*

★

An old-fashioned girl blushes when she is embarrassed but a modern girl is embarrassed when she blushes.

—*Touchstone*

★

Jane: "Bill, don't drive so fast."

Joe: "Why not?"

Jane: "That motorcycle policeman has been following us for two miles, and he can't get by."

—*Urchin*



"One egg, stripped."

TEXAS RANGER

The moon was yellow,
The land was bright;
She turned to me
In the winter night
And gave a hint
With every glance
That what she craved
Was real romance.
I stammered, stuttered,
And time went by;
The moon was, . . .
And so was I.

Letter from a GI to his wife:
"Please send me \$5 for shaving cream
and stuff." Came the reply:
"Honey, enclosed herewith is 25¢
for the shaving cream, the stuff is back
here."

Tomahawk

The results of the exam were exceedingly poor. Making inquiry, the professor asked, "Mr. Jones, why didn't you study for this examination?"

"I was holding hands with Lucy, sir."

"You are suspended for two days," snapped the angry prof.

"You, Mr. Akron, why weren't you prepared for the exam."

"I was playing post office all last night."

"You are suspended for a week," roared the prof.

"Thomas—where are you going?"

"I'll see you next term."

...

A bishop was sitting at a box in an opera house where collegiate commencement exercises were being held. The dresses of the ladies were very décolleté. After looking around with an opera glass, one of the ladies exclaimed: "Honestly, bishop, did you ever see anything like it in your life?"

"Never," gravely replied the bishop. "Never, madame, since I was weaned."

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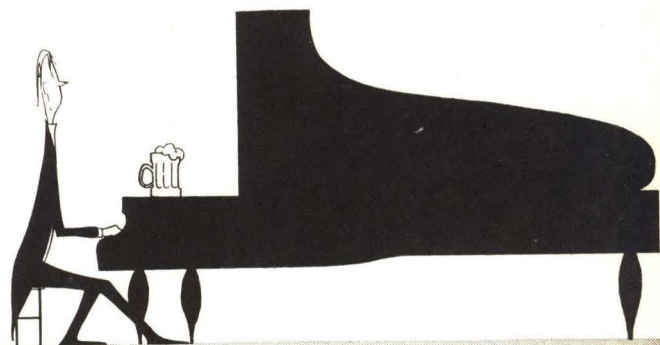
Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue.

LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes 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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*Campus Interviews
on Cigarette Tests!*

No. 17...THE MAGPIE



He's a chatterbox himself — outclassed by no one! But the fancy double-talk of cigarette tests was too fast for him! *He* knew — before the garbled gobbledygook started — a true test of cigarette mildness is *steady* smoking. Millions of smokers agree — there's a thorough test of cigarette mildness:

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 in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why . . .

After all the Mildness Tests . . .

Camel leads all other brands by *billions*