

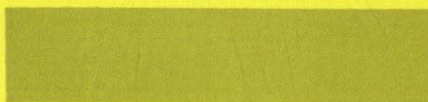
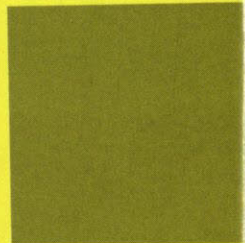
## "IN PONDERING THINGS PAST"

I am a freshman, going on sophomore. I remember September. I remember registration, gag. I remember the beanies. I remember selling mine to a colorblind Brownie. I remember the day we white-washed the "M". I remember not knowing if it was for *Mandingo* or Mickey Mouse. I remember my shorts were ruined. I remember that it was a rough day since I started with long pants. I remember the "Bean Feed." I remember I remembered it late into the next afternoon. I remember my first class. I remember my first test. I remember they seemed to occur on the same day. I remember pledging . . . and depledging. I remember meeting "her". I remember re-pledging. I remember the SUB. I remember my peptic ulcer. I remember ROTC. I remember my oversized uniform and undersized platoon leader. I remember passing that semester, me, the scourge of the probation lists. I remember how I thought I would be this day. Confused. I was right.

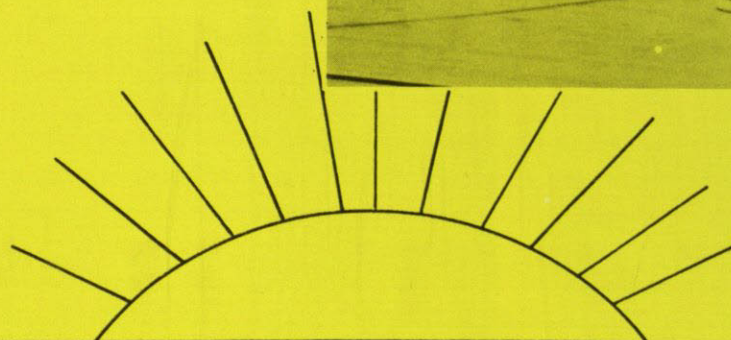
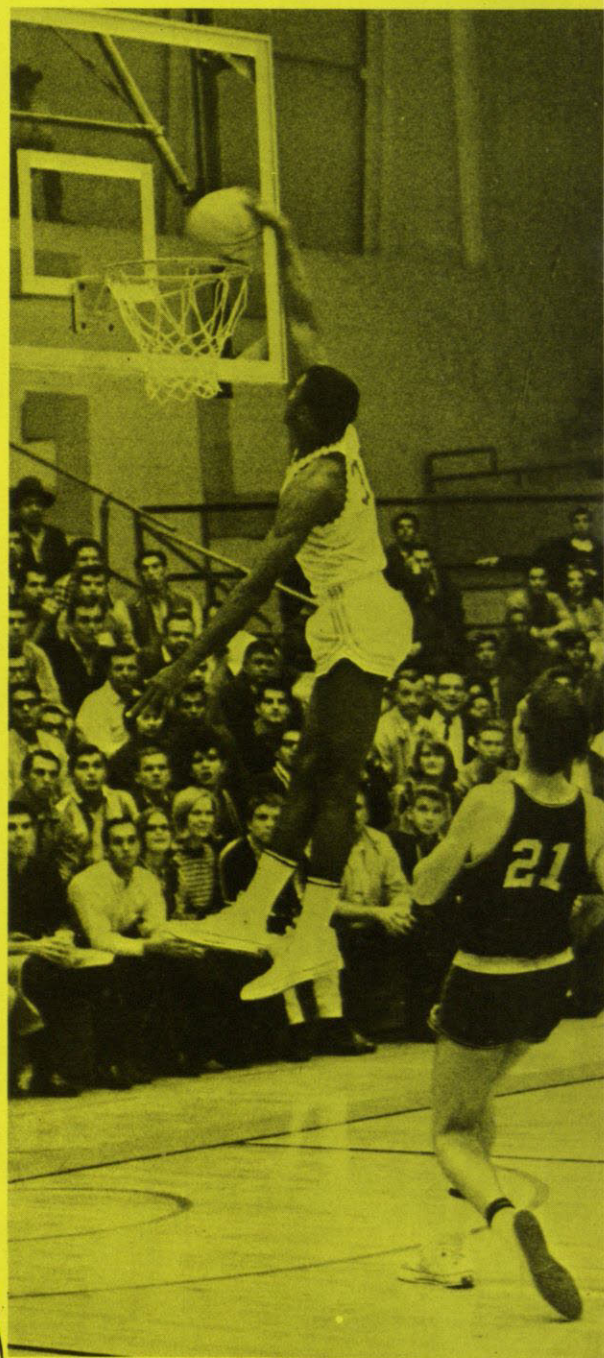
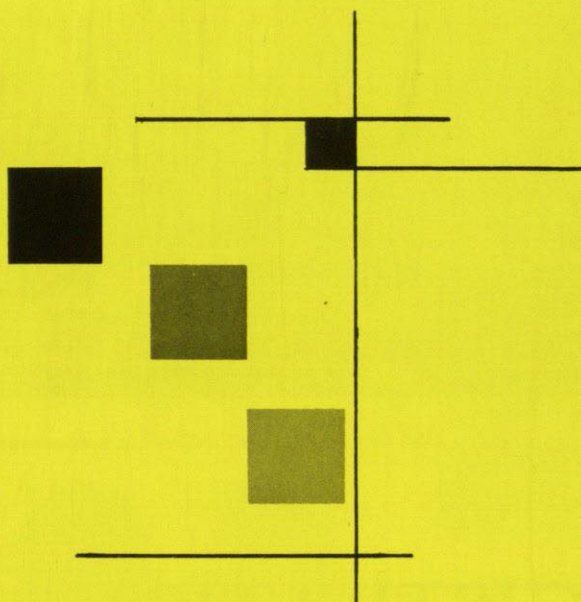
I am a sophomore, going on junior. I remember September, a hard month to disregard. I remember how young and innocent the freshmen looked . . . so very wet behind the high school. I remember preparing for registration this time and hacking my path through a wall of human flesh. Gag! I remember checking-out the senior girls. I remember their chuckles and guffaws. I then remember checking-out the freshman girls . . . same reaction, different reason. I remember picking my profs at the advice of my friends. I remember hurling rocks at the sneaky liars. I remember the pledges. I remember how great it was to be an active instead of an activity. I remember boosting the Miners in hopes they'd start manning their boosters. I remember studying late into each night like a modern-day Lincoln by the light of my Zippo on Scenic Drive. I remember how happy I was to pass that semester . . . and seeing that semester pass. I remember how I thought I would be this day. Wiser. I was getting close.

I am a junior, going on senior. I remember looking on the freshmen and sophomores as social and scholastic lepers. I remember my connections in the registration line. I remember how I managed to get the right professors, but at the wrong time. I remember discovering that my "connective" friends were still liars. I remember becoming an officer in ROTC, an officer in my fraternity, and a committee chairman. I didn't have to remember never cracking a book, the new probation list was a graphic illustration. I remember how I managed to park in the wrong spot too often. I remember Chief Jones. It was his spot. "Look, Jane, see spot change." I remember being pinned. I remember the money spent on my pin. I remember the dates, I remember the money spent on the dates . . . was generally worth it. I remember the dances and Homecoming. I remember the mornings after. I remember the Bromo. I remember how my teeth felt soft and my hair hurt. I remember making pretty good grades that semester. I remember how I thought I would be this day. Surprised. I was. I remembered wrong about those grades.

I am a senior, going on sheepskin. I remember those first three years . . . as seldom as possible. I remember how I had to make good grades this year. I remember how I became president of my fraternity, how I shined at ROTC summer camp, how I became engaged. I remember forgetting about those grades again. I remember seeing the Dean. I remember we were almost on a first name basis with each other. I remember growing a beard that a man could be proud of. I remember that "she" had an allergy to hair. I remember buying a can of Foamy. I remember how pleasant it was to legally park on campus if I wished. I remember how silly it would have been to park an engagement ring. I remember cramming for finals. I remember crying quite a bit. I remember how neat my blue-books were . . . untouched by human hands. I remember how tough these four years have been. I remember Texas Western, that little bit of James Hilton in old El Paso . . . I wish I could stay for another four years and remember them, too. I don't think I'll have to wish too awfully hard.





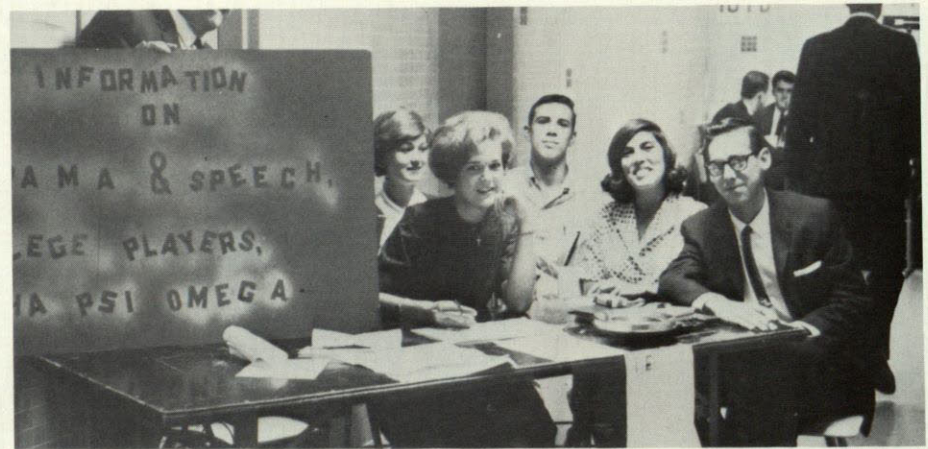
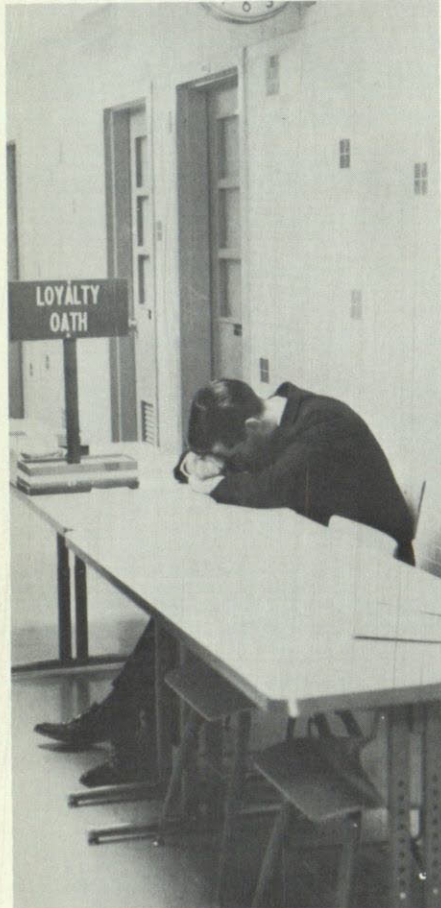


# CAMPUS LIFE





"To be very truthful, I'm sick to death of banquets . . ."



And then we find the "smilers" in kooks corner

## REGISTRATION

"... I'm loyal, you're loyal, he's loyal . . . Is everybody loyal? . . . Just once I'd like to spot a commie . . . just once!!!"



"'Name' . . . Er, Ah . . . Happy Birthday dear Clara . . . Yes, Clara Cluts . . ."



"Yes, everything is closed . . . C-L-O-S-E-D . . . and that's the way The Tortilla topples."



"Let me see . . . 'Born' . . . yes, I suppose so . . ."



# REGISTRATION

"... and these shots were from the first few hours."



Registration often gets to be a bit much for everyone . . .



"Get within ten feet of him, Bertha, and I'll pull every blond hair out by their black roots."



"Look out Juarez, the Tippling Trio is back in town . . . hic . . ."



"Sure, it's great to see you, but you've got to give up wrestling, Sappho honey."

## and RUSH

Will the real Christine Jorgensen please stand up?



"The harder you clap, girls, the more he takes off."





Laura supervises the painting of the "M" en.

A prerequisite course has always been "advanced hog slopping."



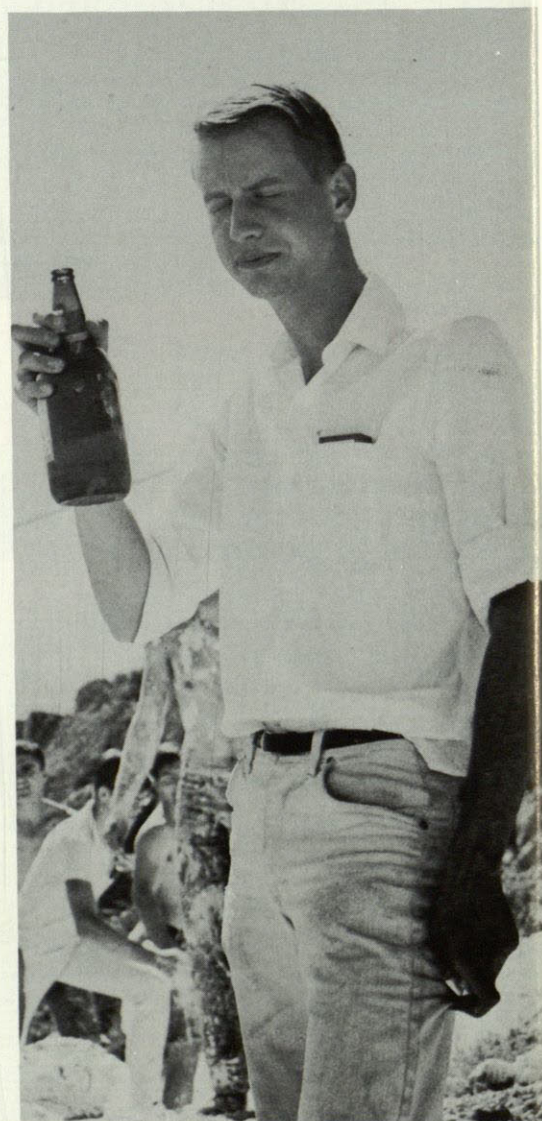
## "M" DAY



It's a shame to shampoo without Tame.



"Fellas, I've heard of working for peanuts . . . but beans?"



A soothing sip of domestic soda generally intensifies the desire to work.



# "M" DAY FOR SOME



"Alright . . . what idiot taped the dynamite to the cow's udder?"



Some Girls can't even draw a straight line  
... or handle a phony one.

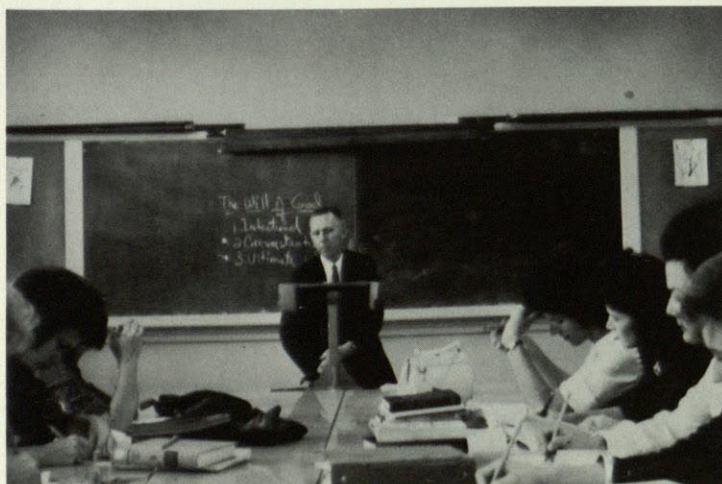


She often pauses to pose

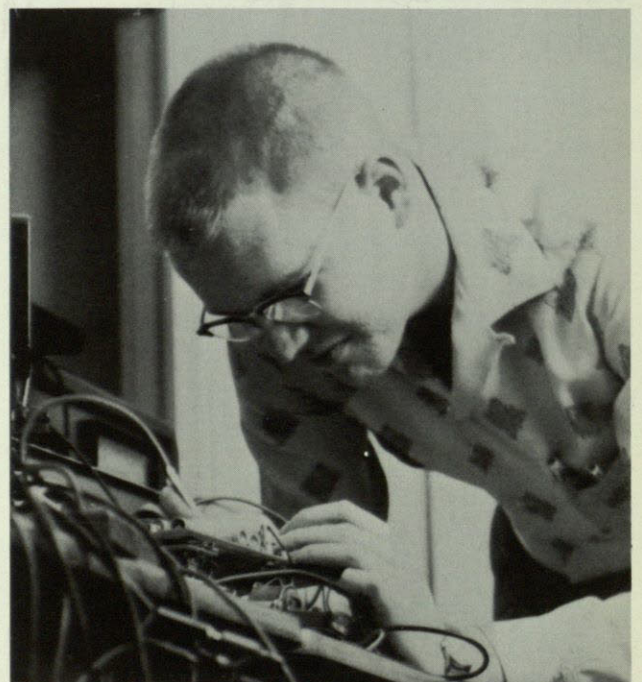
## CLASSES FOR OTHERS



The TW campus abounds with a wide assortment of cans



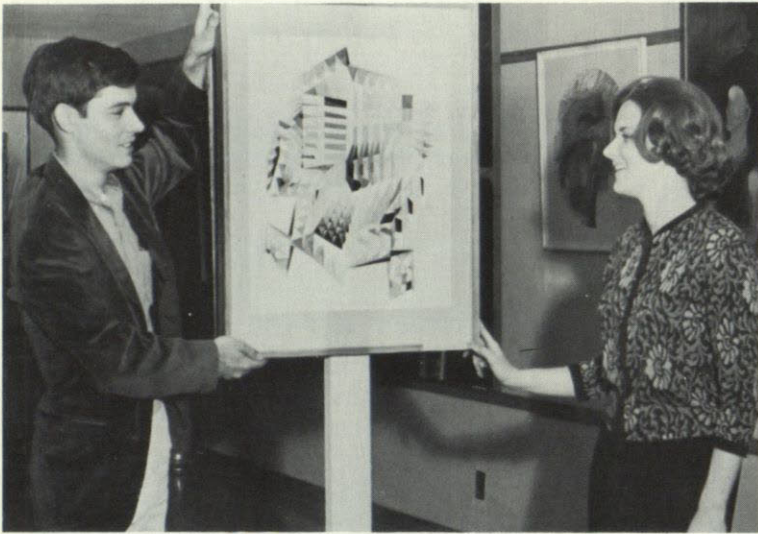
Profs. frequently write their objectives on the board.



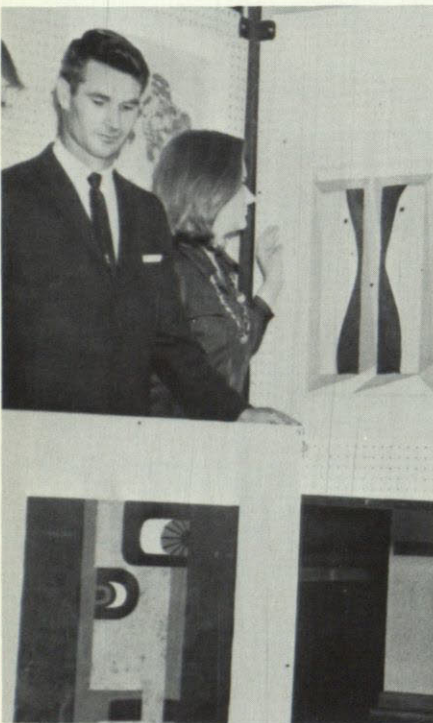
"And when he turns the ignition key . . . varoom . . . no more  
Sat. classes:



"If you promise not tell anyone . . . it's a copy of a discarded cezenne."



"It's actually a hybrid style . . . a combination of 'op', 'pop' and 743 old toothpicks."



"I call it 'A Bloodshot Morning VIA Carta Blanca' "



"But you've got to make a choice. It's either Igor or me!"



ART and

'It could kill me . . . but, man, what a way to go.'

FAVORITE  
ELECTIONS



"We like to think of it as being in memory of all students who looked and felt just this way around Finals."



Well, it certainly isn't the playmate of the month!



"But it's not a sit-in, sir . . . He claims he's from India."

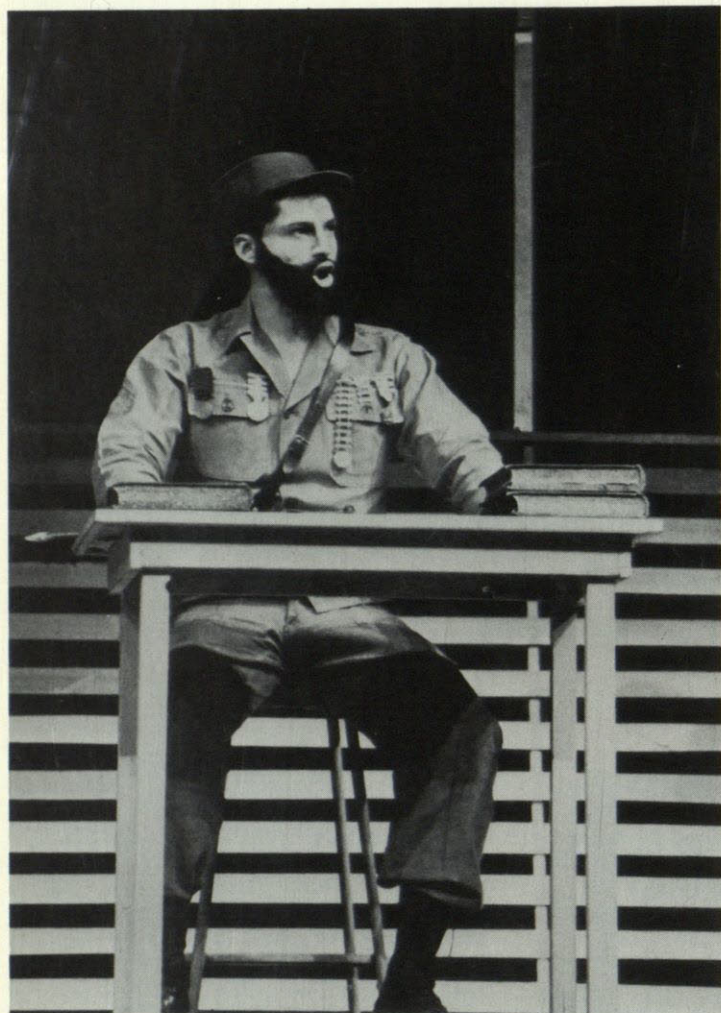
"... So, I hacked a path through a wall of human flesh . . . dragging a canoe behind me . . ."

## DRAMA

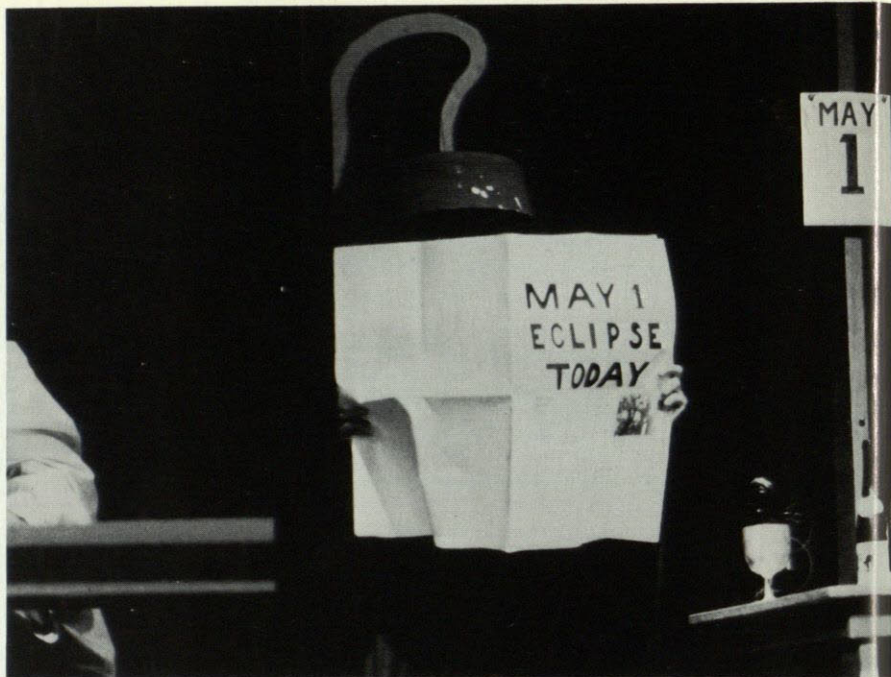
"Thay, fella, got a thigarette?"







"Even if Cuba does need maney, I wil not do a yanqui shaving cream commercial."



As always, *The Prospector* scoops all news media.



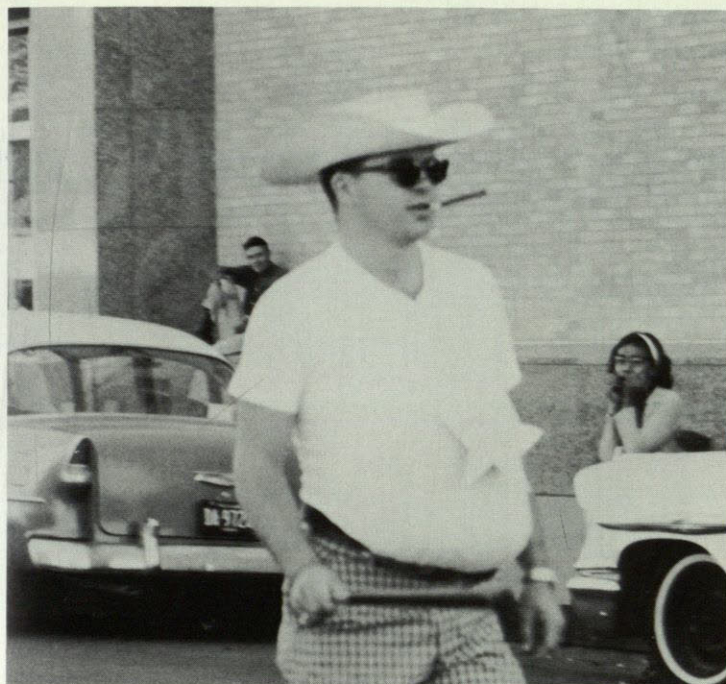
"Is it loop one, purl one or the other way around?"

## "PANTAGLEIZE"



Don't look now buddy, but somebody stole your ruby.





The Chief of Police makes an inspection tour.

# HOMECOMING



"But I tell you Ethel, I feel something wet under me . . ."

"Whaddya mean, 'I got too much sun'?"



We wonder about the apparent increased interest in transvestism.





"I'll take three 8 x 10 glossies if they turn out, Craig."



"The Day of Homecoming always means smartly dressed co-eds . . . it also means Homecoming night . . ."



"So, we've come home . . . Then, what?"

## HOMEcoming ANTICS

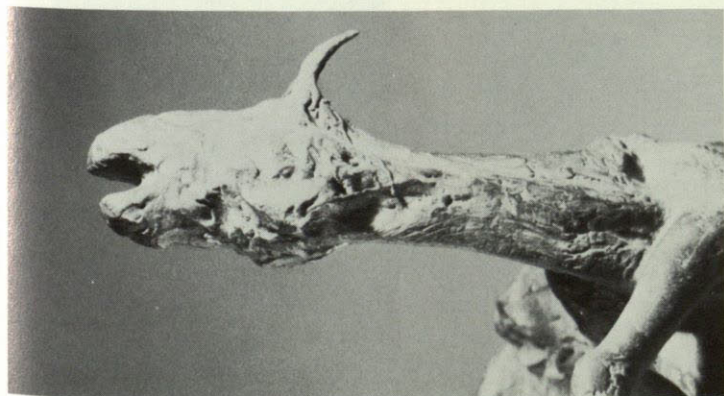


Later that day, the victory seeking Greek sisters of Venus were attacked by Victorious Romin' Boys





"Well, it's either a girl, or a very hairy boy with strange dressing habits . . ."



"Relax . . . it's only the annual attack of the horned engineers."

A smile means you're seeking acceptance—a stern face indicates you demand it.

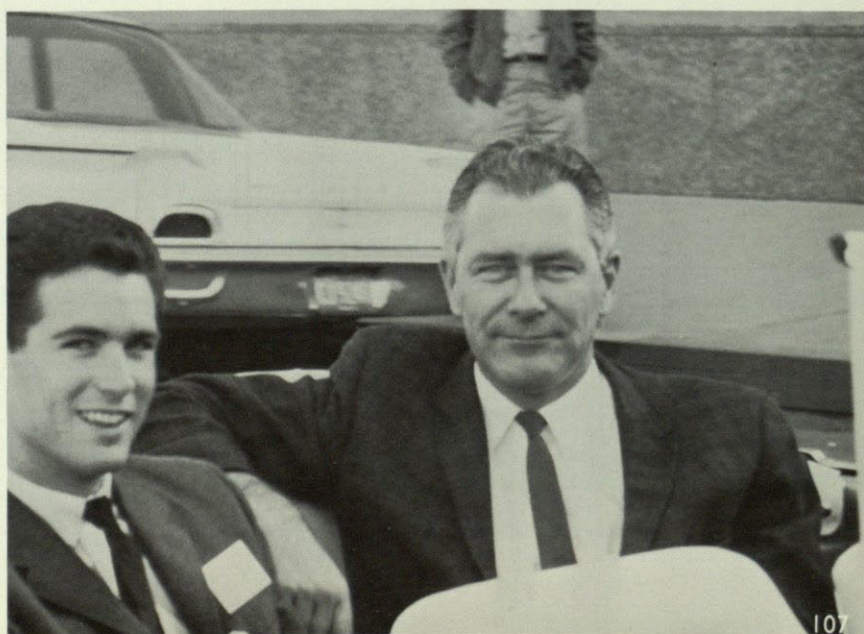


"Some Exterior Designers just don't know when to call it quits . . ."

## HOMECOMING



"Clara, you're sitting in the end zone."







"The camera slipped on this one . . . sure it did . . ."



The caravan to the Lobby started early.



Note itchy-fingers at left.



"Stop shuddering Roger, it just *looks* like a military wedding."



Looks as if Ulcer-Avenue finally got to everyone.



"By golly coach, if you can make the line, I can walk it!"

#

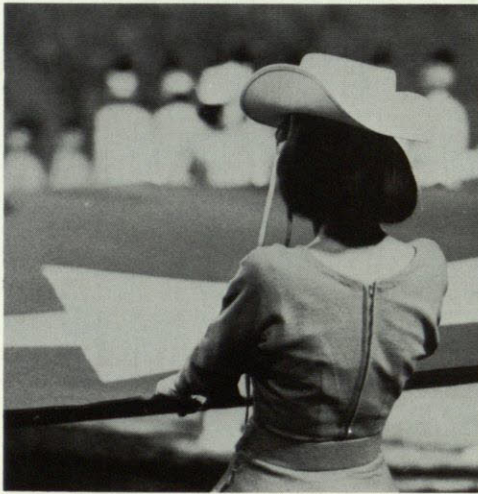




"No it's not a reverse Lolita, I don't even know her . . ."



"Yes sir Mr. President . . . and later we're having a Texas Bar-B-Q in your honor . . . a local Republican."



Unique at TW is the flat-chested girl with bangs that just don't stop.

## LBJ AND H<sub>2</sub>O VISIT AMIDST BOMB THREATS

"It may be an ominous sign Barry old boy, but 'he' is on the top right-hand corner of this page."



Bomb scares are becoming a TW tradition . . . Boom, boom, you all.





"I feel pretty, so damned pretty . . ."



In the dorm at night the girls generally let down their bleached tresses . . and faces.



"And after the awards . . . I will attempt to deliver a brief and totally unbelievable temperance lecture."

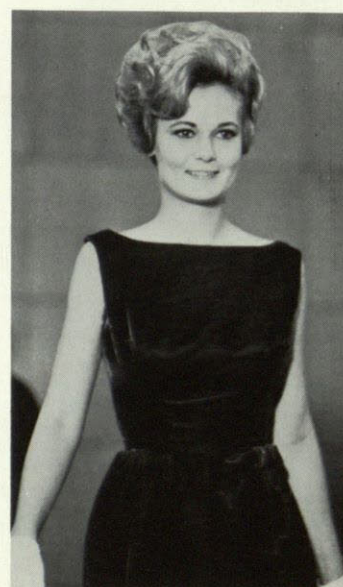


"Baritones, be baritones . . . this isn't The Vienna Boy's Choir."

## HALLOWEEN BEAUTY CONTEST SING SONG

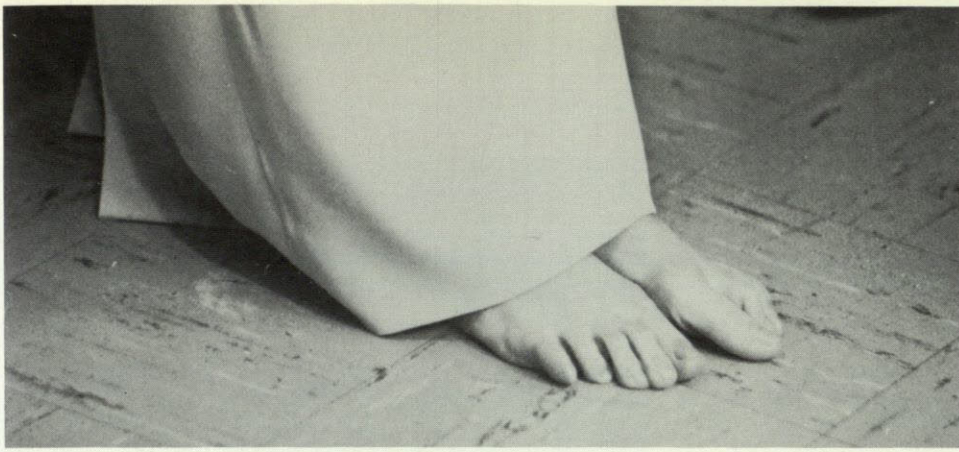


"Tell the one about the travelling Bracero . . ."



"Left, Right, Left, R . . ."

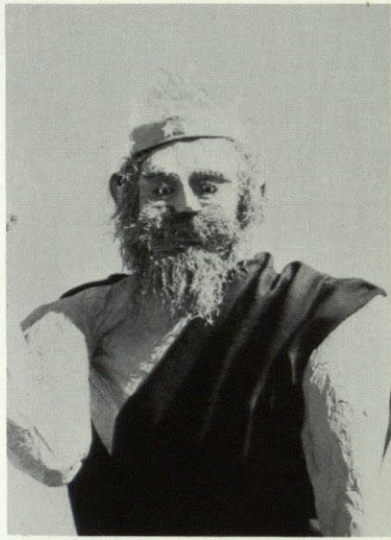




"If you think this is sexy, you ought to see my ankles."



"This outfit goes well with a hairy chest"

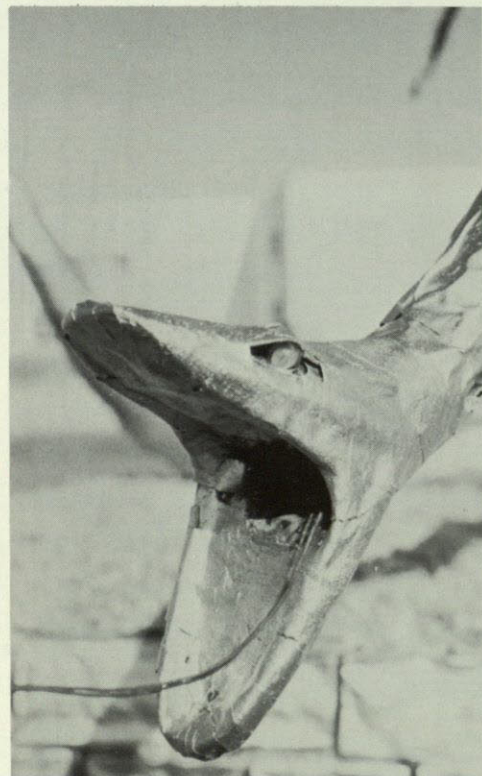


"Hand over my degree in Mining Engineering or else!"



"Yes, they're actually my own eyelashes."

"I'd like to smile for the judges but I don't have any teeth."



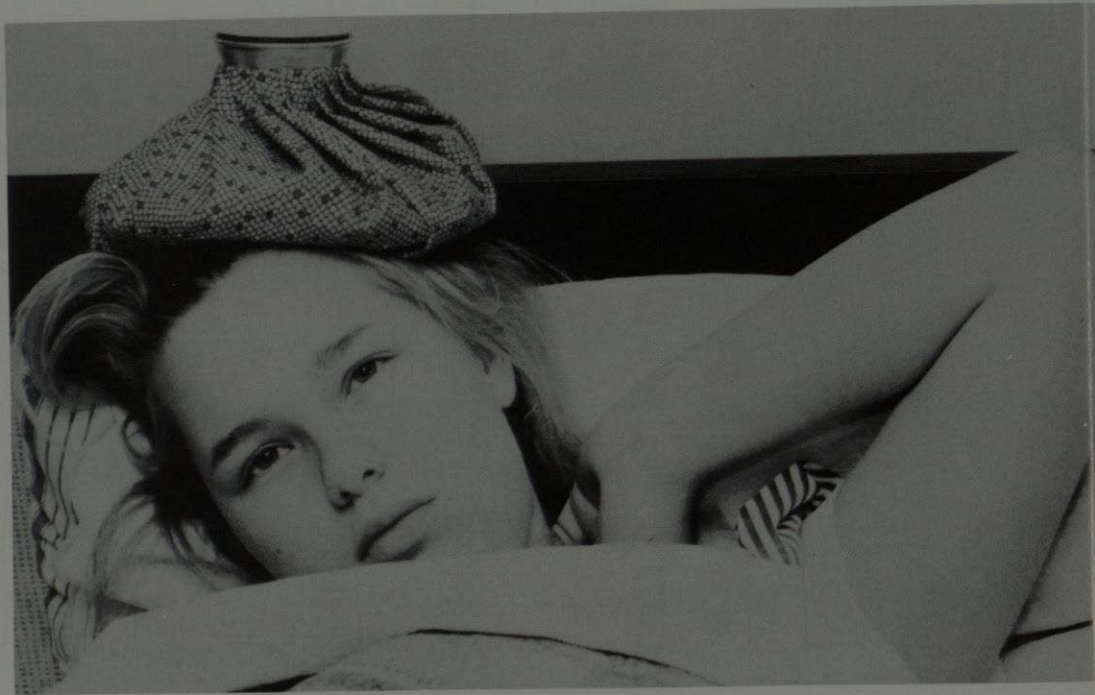
"Puff, the Magic Dragon, lives by the sea . . ."

# BEAUTY





"Minuet anyone?"



"I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair . . ."



"Get me to the church on time."



"What a cold nose you have, my dear."



# NOTICE!

TO THIEVES, THUGS, FAKIRS  
AND BUNKO-STEERERS,

Among Whom Are

C. L. SONNICHSEN alias

"OFF WHEELER," SAW DUST, BILLY THE KID,  
Billy Mullin, Little Jack, The  
Cuter, Pock-Marked Kid, and  
about Twenty Others.

If Found within the Limits of this City  
after TEN O'CLOCK P. M. this Night,  
you will be Invited to attend a GRAND  
NECK-TIE PARTY.

The Expense of which will be borne by

100 Substantial Citizens.

Ghost Town, March 24th, 1868.



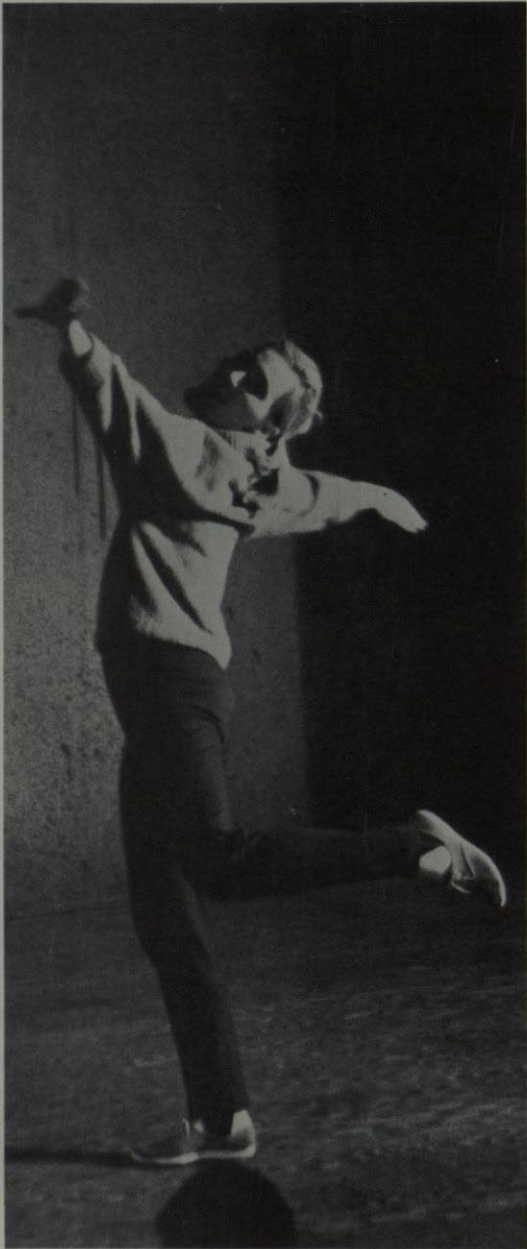
"Run thief, run."



"Mirror, mirror on the wall . . ."



# DRAMA ART



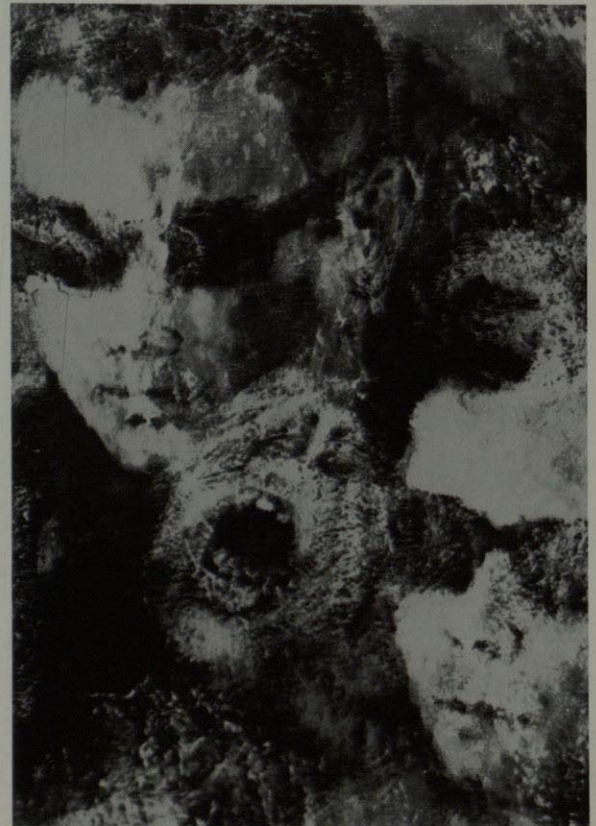
"Fly me to the moon."



"I forgot my dentures"



"We're fans of muscel plans"



"Now, now son Moon Maid will return"





"Look! Up in the sky . . ."



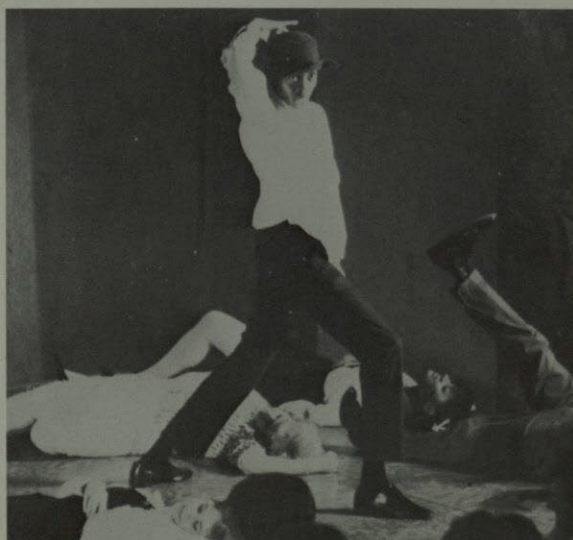
Wanta learn how to Frug fellas?



Don't, Don't, Don't be a Litterbug.



"If paw had only told me about de birds and bees."



I didn't do it!





"Durned fast horse, I'd say . . ."

## A SPLASH



The figure in the vest in the center isn't a star—just an extrovert Faculty member.



"Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte . . ."

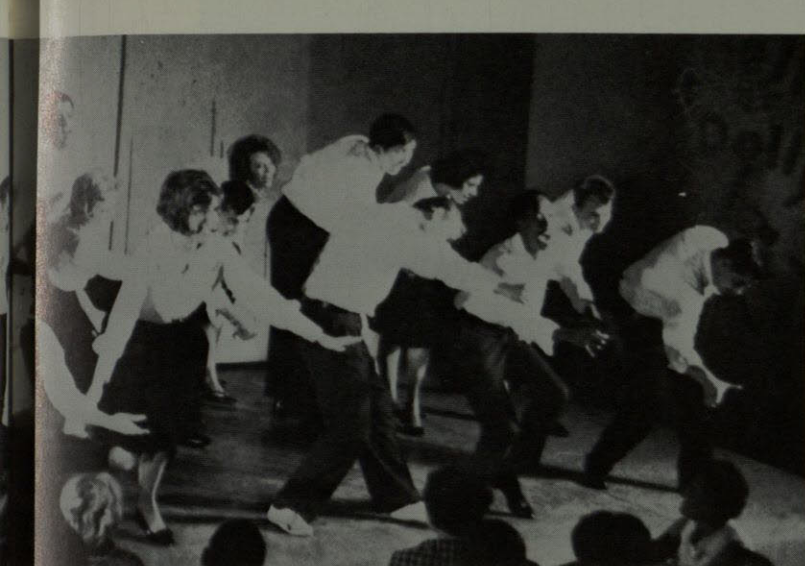


"Houses? . . . Well, you go down Stanton about 4 blocks and turn right at the first light . . ."

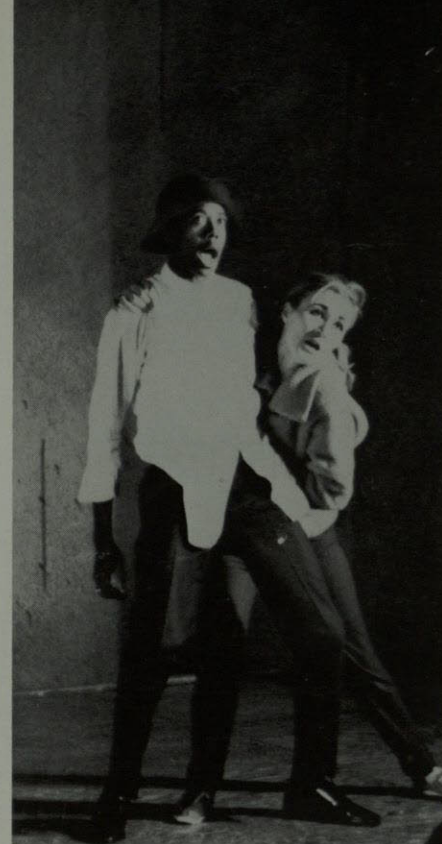


"It only hurts when I lisp, Doc!"





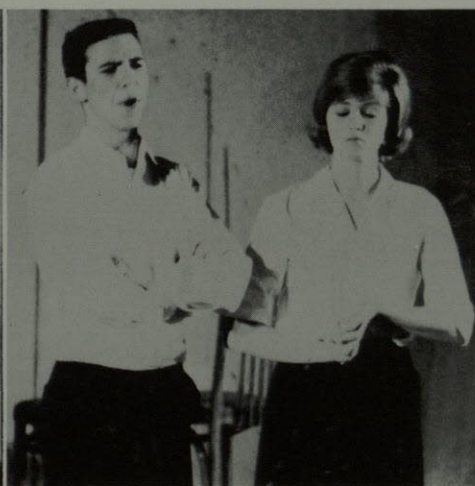
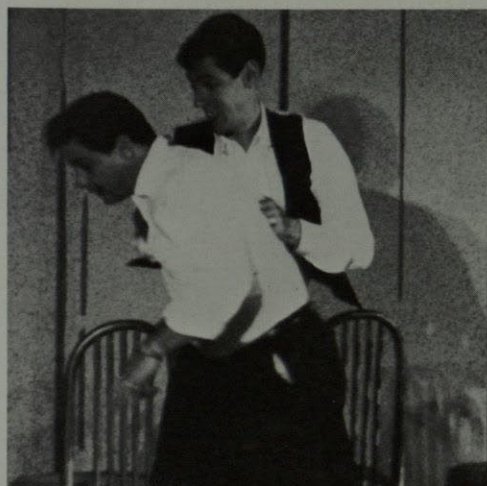
## OF BITTERS



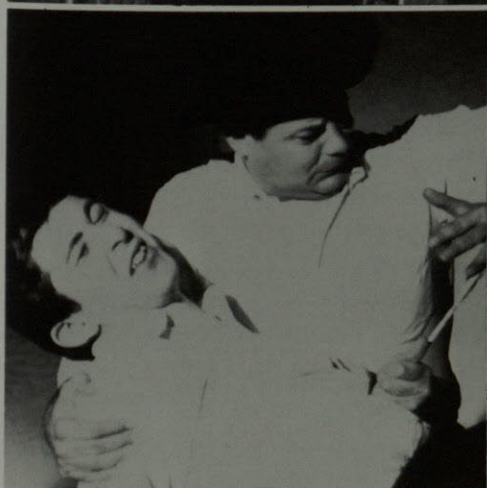
Two lost souls on the Highway to Selma.

"O. K. Lou, just stop barfing on the 1st row, that's all."

Pete took over when Bob Merrill didn't show . . .



"But I *thought* I didn't believe in student-faculty fraternization."



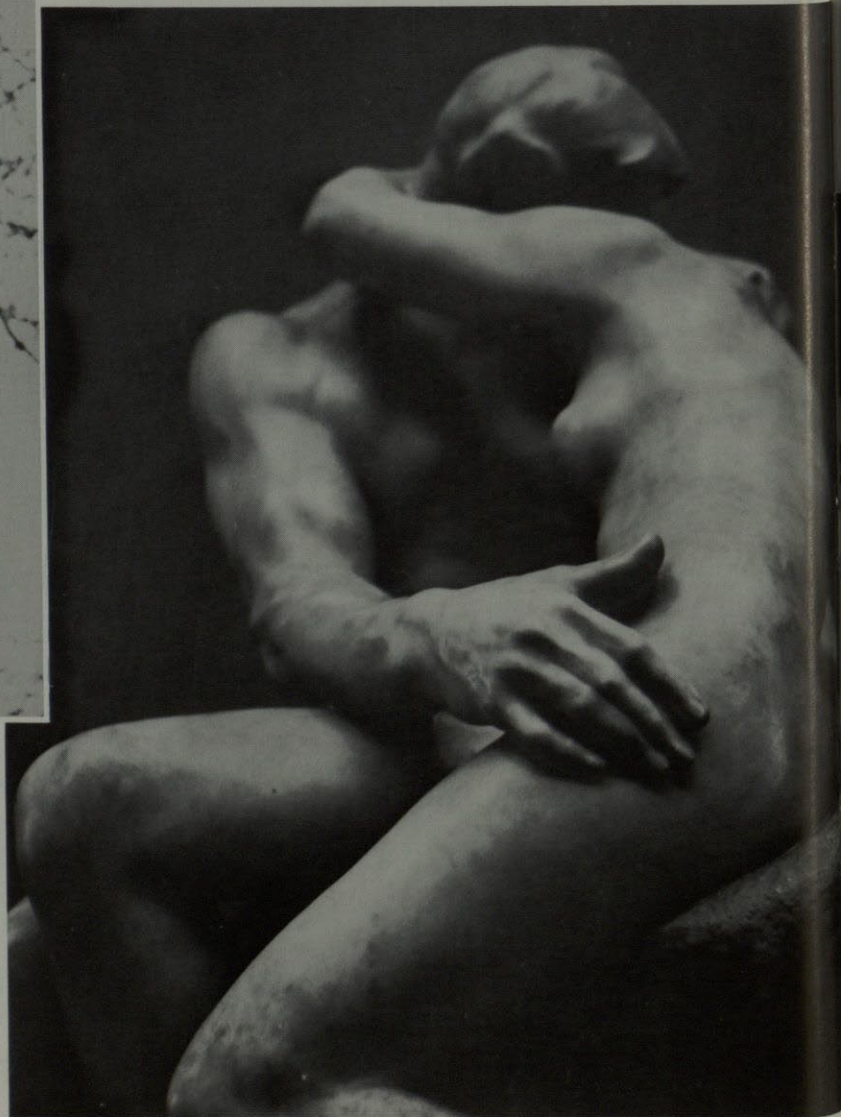
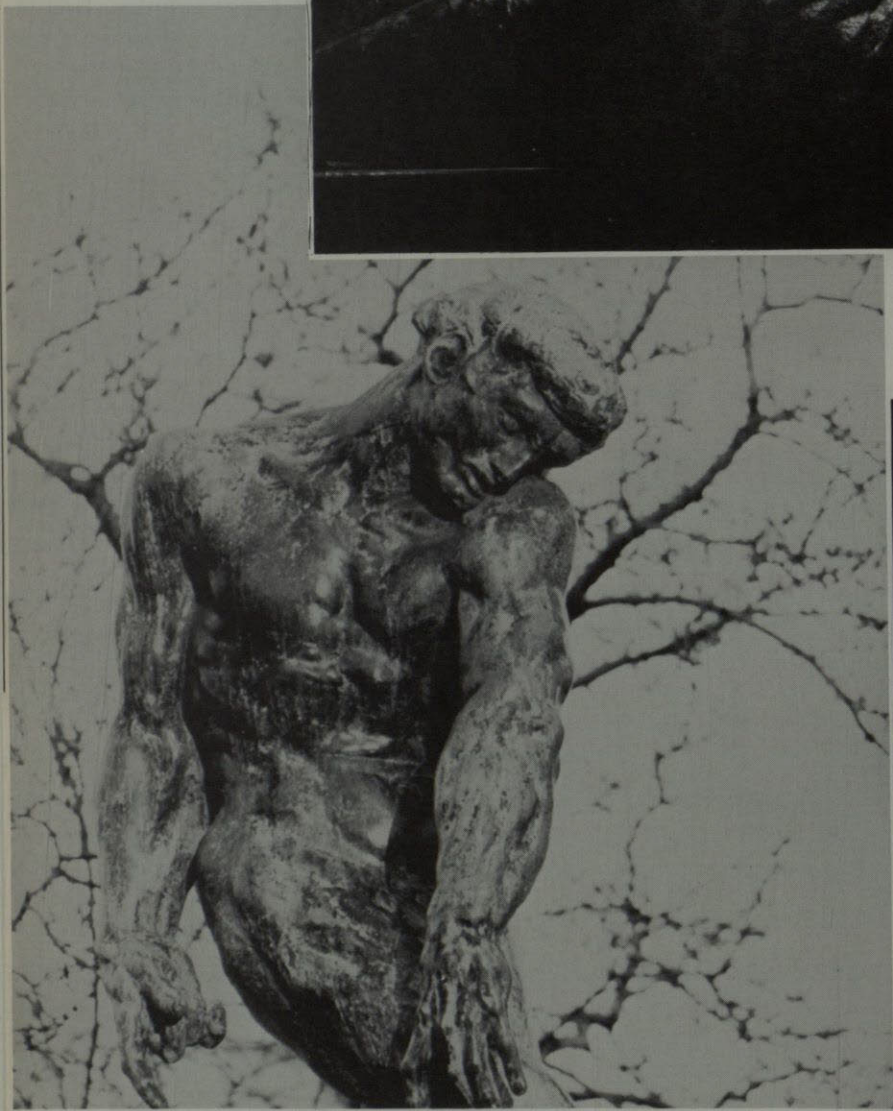
"I tell you those Apaches really know how to hold a grudge,"



Max says "grace" over a typical dorm meal.







ART



# BEAUTY CONTEST FINALS



"Smile Sarah, I think I see Alan Funt behind the potted palm"



Finalist answers crucial question. Figure at left was not an entry.



"Always a bridesmaid—never a bride, my foot!"



"She's such a lovely person, but if she gets it I'll scratch her eyes out!"



You'd never guess he edited this "rag", would you?



Photographer catches Candy Cline flashing her Maclean's smile.



"Did Katy Winters ever tell you about the new secret?"

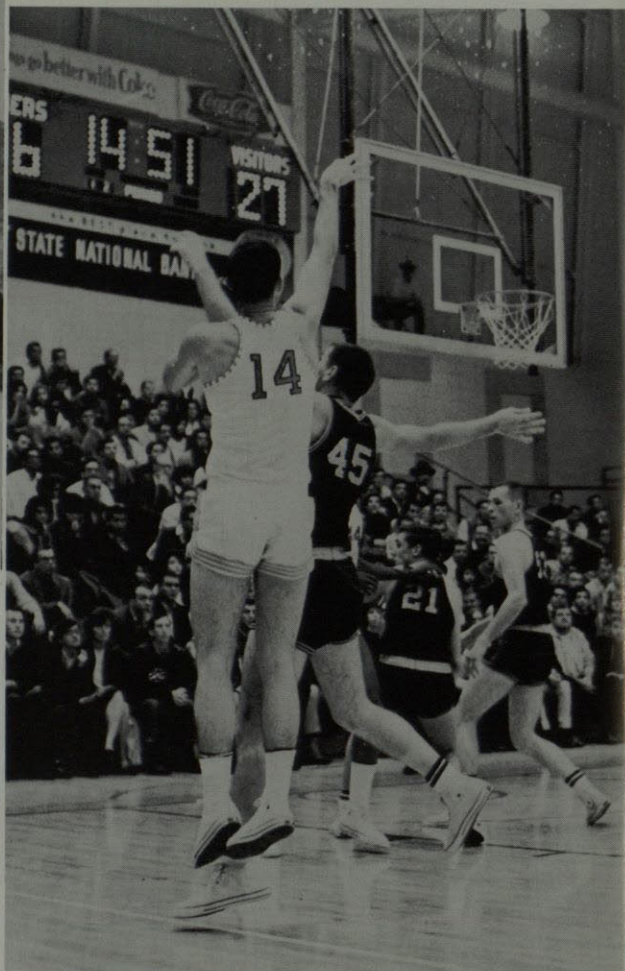


# SPORTS?

"Feet together, back straight, elbow locked, wrist bent,—and push!"



"Next time I'd better use medium starch"



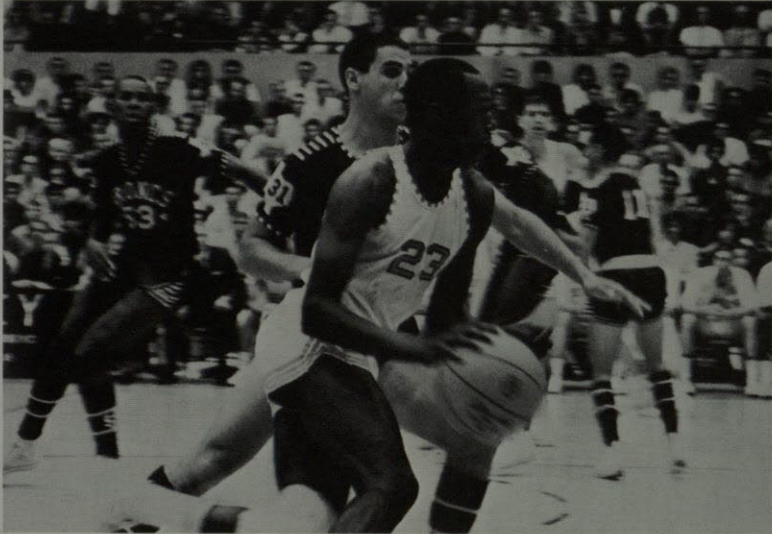
"Let's see if they can block this shot"

Looks, talent, money—how could she help it, fellas?

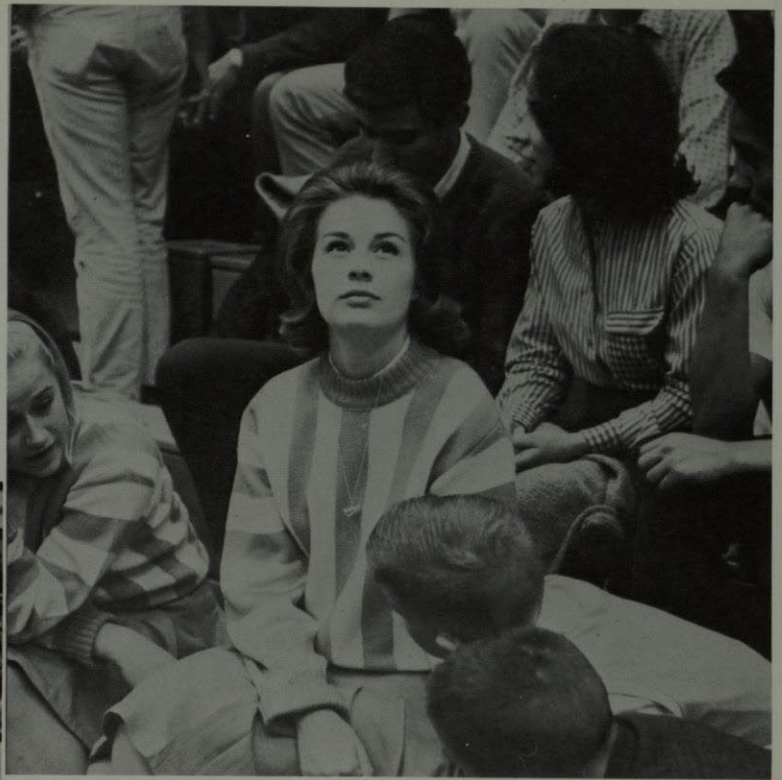




Why aren't they ever  
any older?



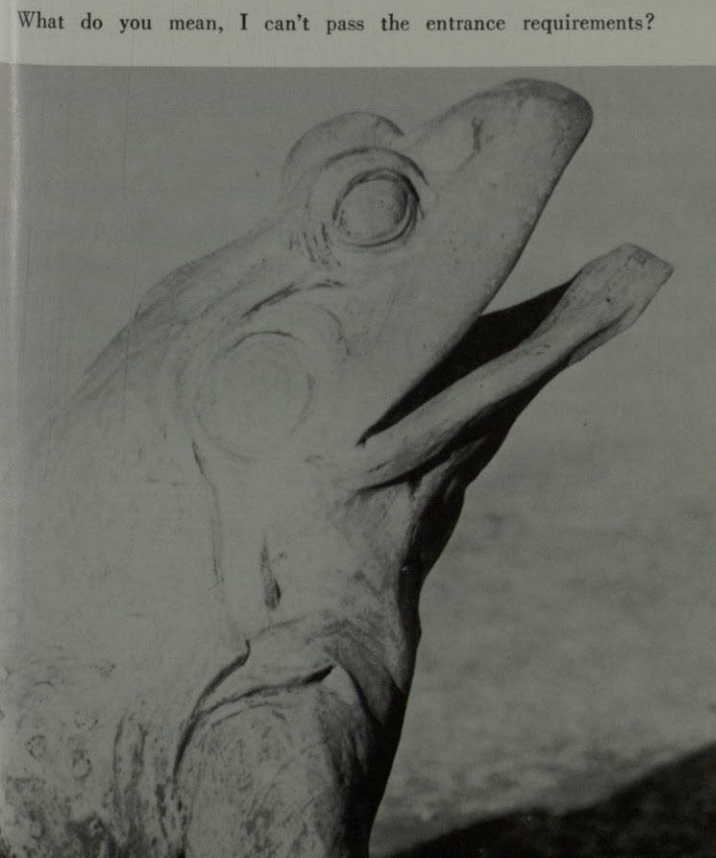
Pardon my dust, but I believe you're in my way.



## BASKETBALL

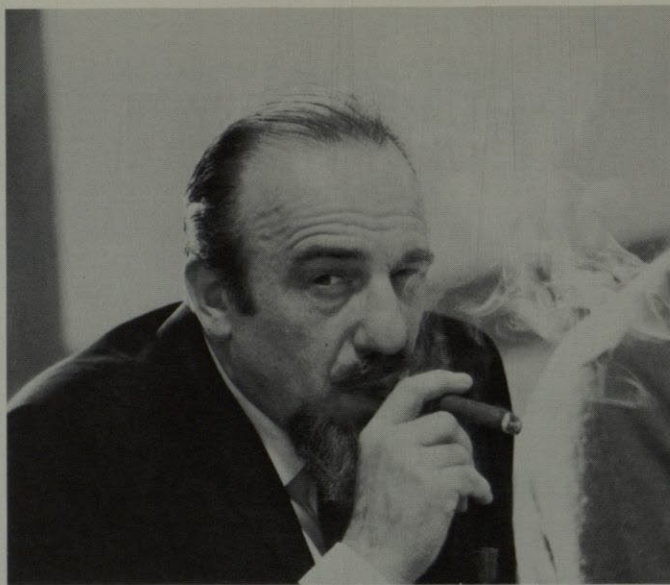


Notice the style, fellas—my minor is in Ballet.





# BAND GOLDDIGGERS “CELEBS”



Mitch Miller contemplates offering a lady a Tiparillo



Then there was the day the TWC Band made a wrong turn during half time

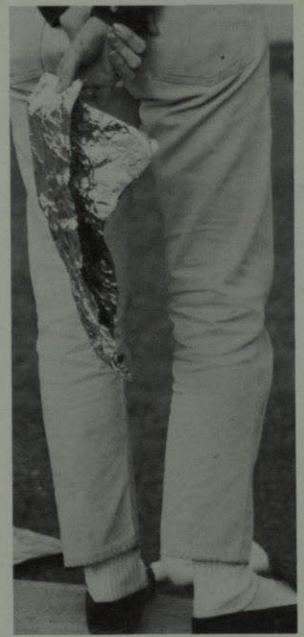


Since this photo, the Science Dept. has ceased its extensive experimentation with fishworms





This Party is by no means dull . . . it's just early.



Aluminum tails have become prevalent as of late . . .

## MARDI GRAS



The Rice Krispy duo.  
"Crackles" in the johnnie.



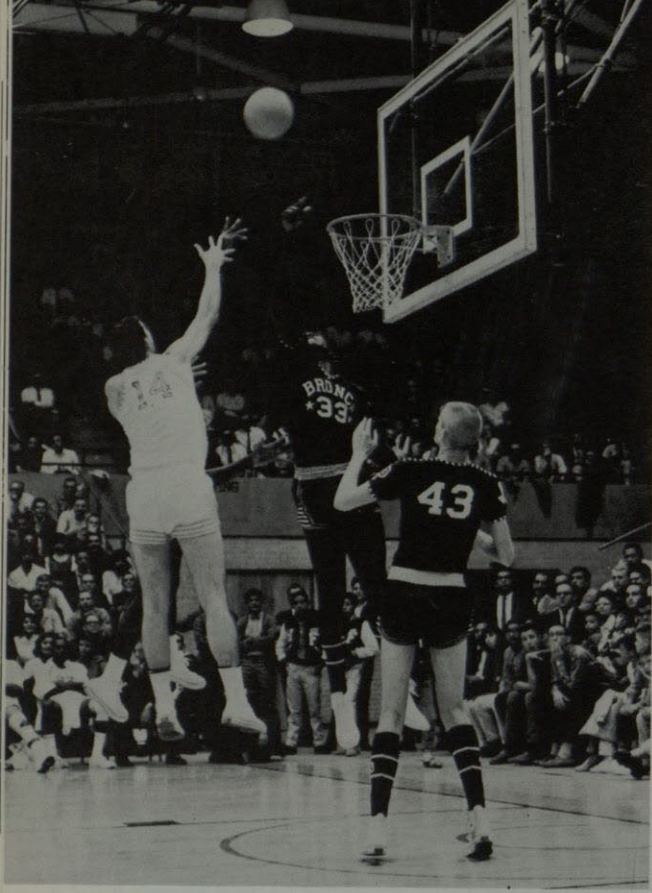
The young lady at left has either been to D. C.'s Cherry Blossom Festival or has a very scaly scalp.



The clown is real, only the people are cardboard.  
A sign of our times?

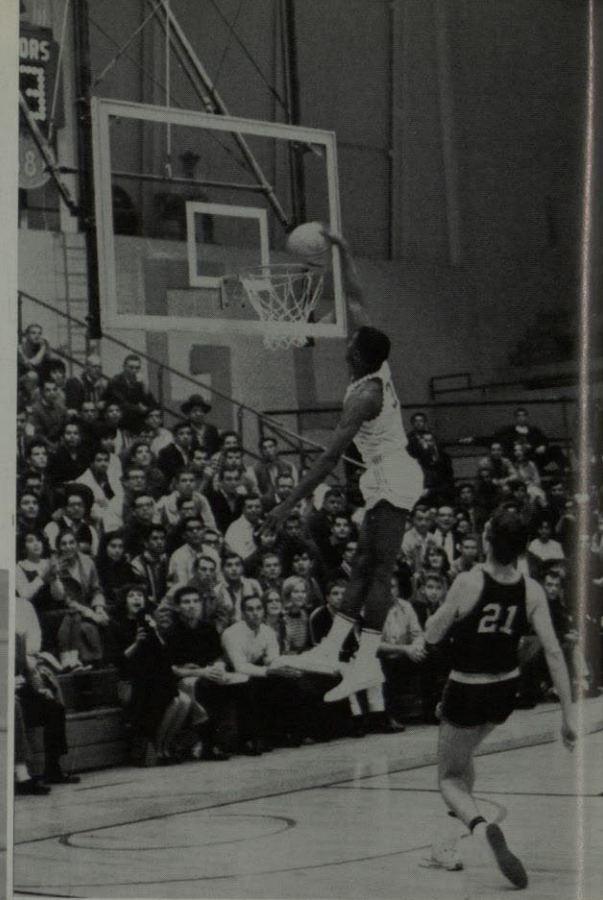
Geisha or a Flapper, girls the world over love hooch!



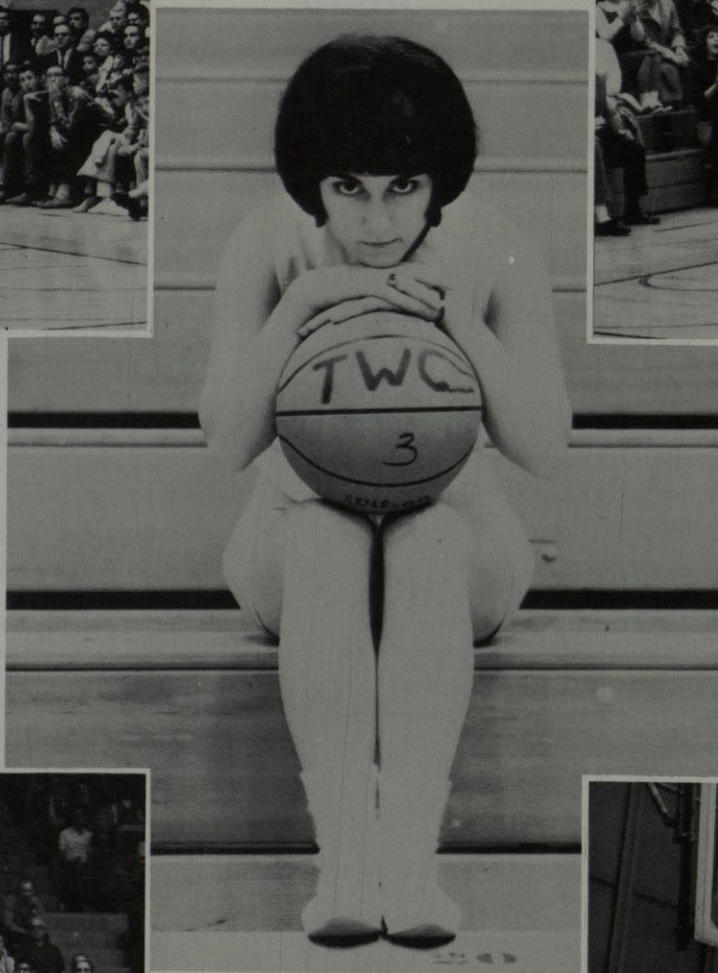


The secret of TW's success is quadrupeds such as number fourteen

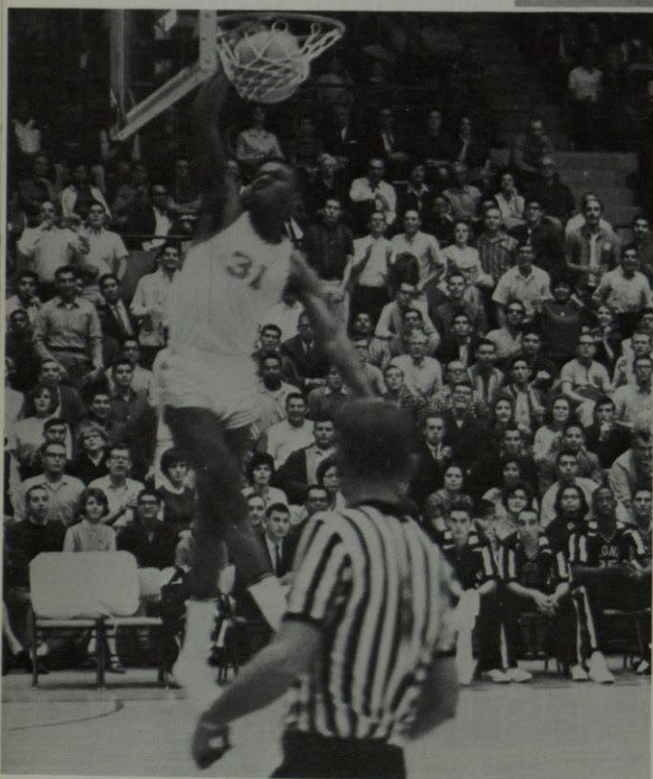
## BASKETBALL



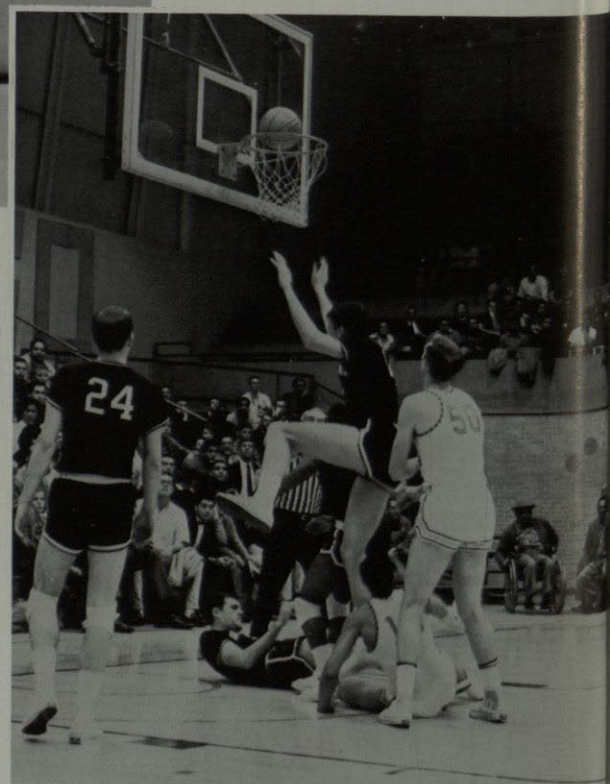
A good swift kick from #21 aids TW cager to sink two points



While a penny for her thoughts might not make you rich, they could prove stimulating



Ever feel stupid when your hand got caught in the net?

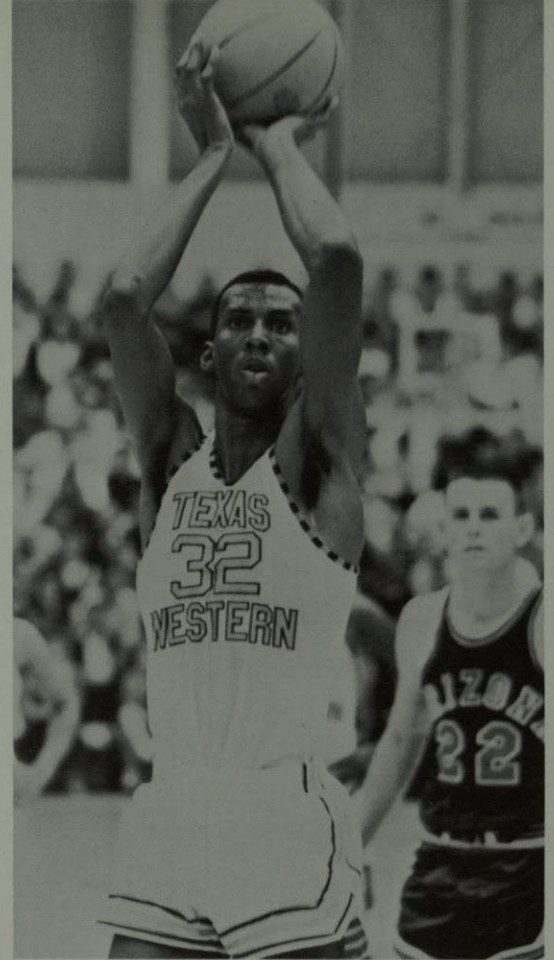


Energetic athletes playfully stomp each other for the sake of scoring





Faculty member asks to leave the room



Arizona cager regrets forgetting his ladder

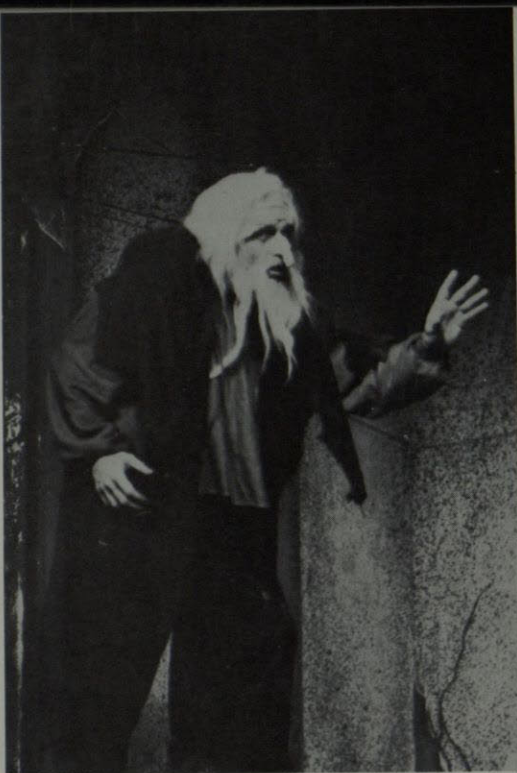


Meetings of the faculty are constantly vibrant and enervating

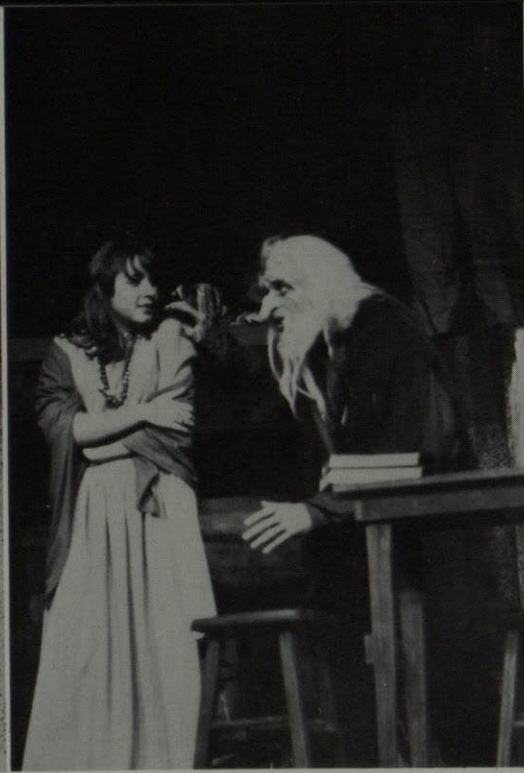


No comment





Rip Reynolds plays a dirty old man



Rip Reynolds verifies the first caption



Director Bill Gourd plays a dirty young man.

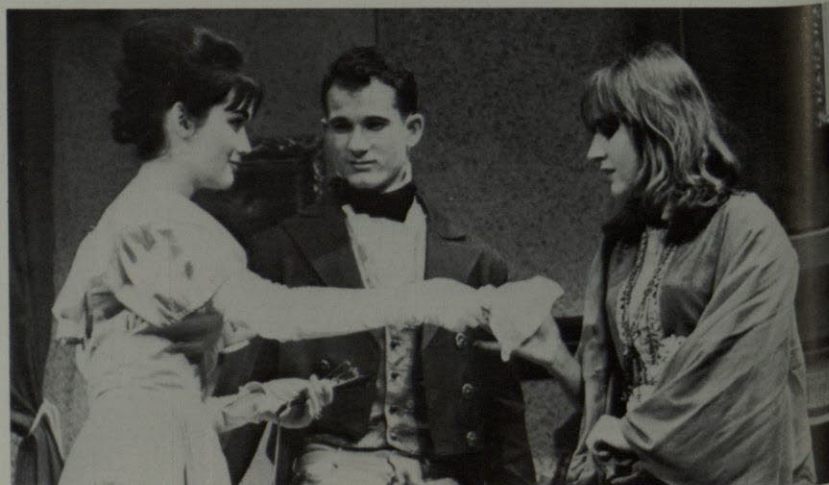


Two young *Oliver* cast members relax with a friendly game of mumble-peg.



A pushy domestic demands higher wages

# OLIVER TWIST



"Does She; or doesn't She?"



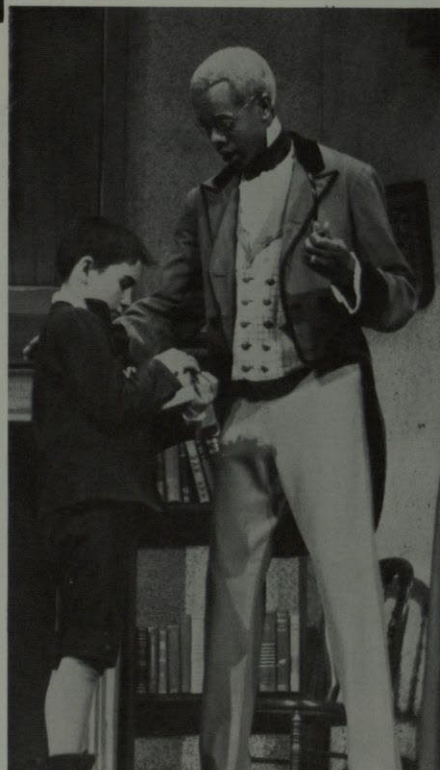


Nelson Sanders "mugs" from up-stage center



"Lissun, kid, how'd you like an enlarged nostril?"

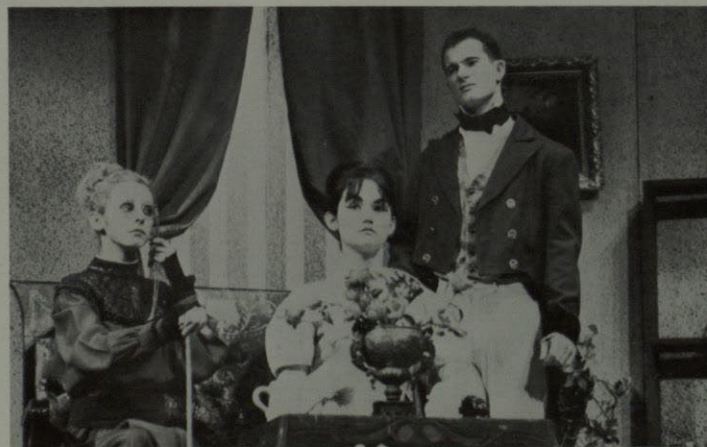
# OLIVER TWIST



"I'm very sorry, but the Bobbsey twins must come before Henry Miller!"



"Yes, it's been the lap of luxury for me since I posed for Uncle Ben's Rice."



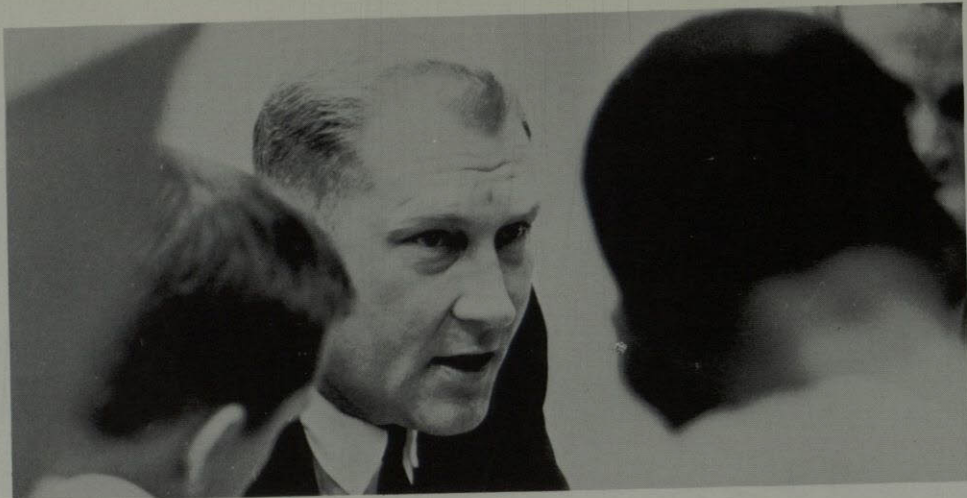
There are triangles, then there are triangles.

"Is that so? Well, If I only felt 10 years younger, honey, you'd be, too old for me!"



"Chuck Miller prepares to mount his horse in a highly unorthodox fashion."





Faces always make unusual photographic studies. They vary in expression, mood and degrees, contemplation... but generally allow the observer no insight into the secrets they hold. Perhaps, it's just as well!!!!

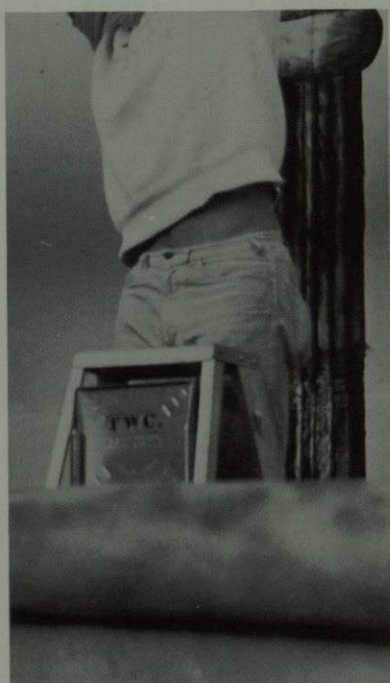






"His neck is broken, I just know it...!"

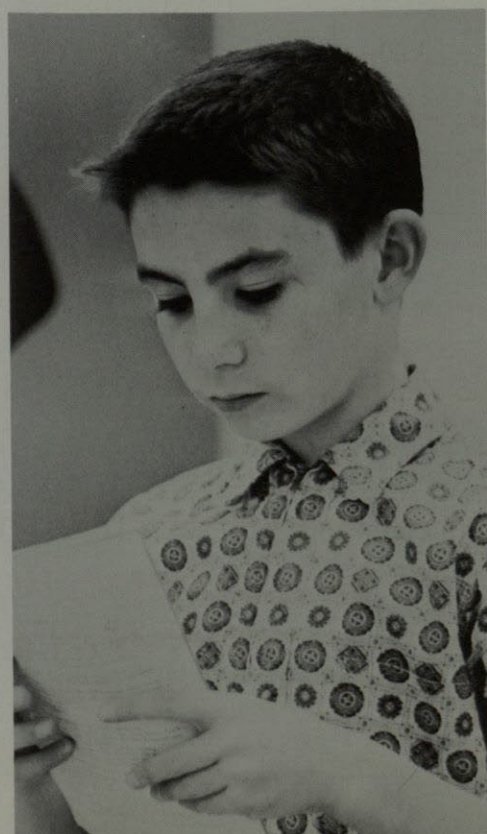
Some people seek solitude for study, but this seems a bit much!



Some girls might want to enter Flow-sheet's "Place the Navel Contest."

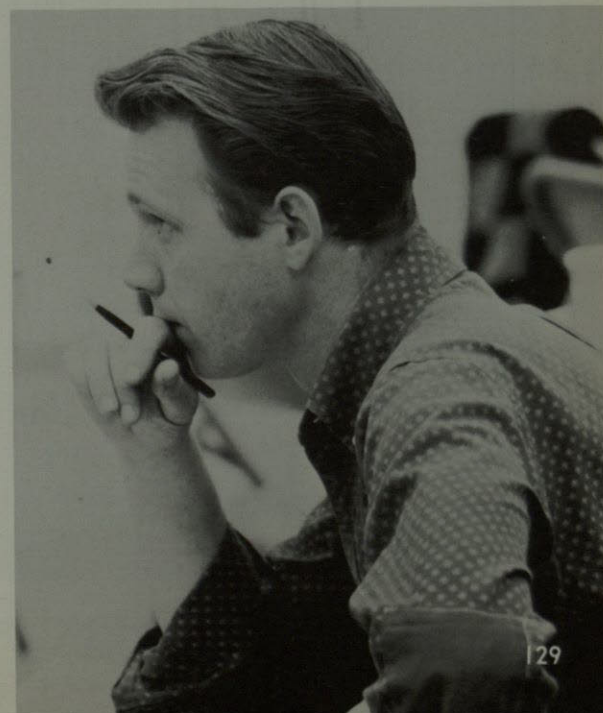


Patty, Maxine, Laverne, and Zelda.



"I've almost memorized the lines, but I wonder if Brandon de Wilde started this way."

"Intelligent meditation is the mark of a good student." Bill is one of many persons who vainly try to prove our profound statement.







The "brothers" of Sigma Alpha Epsilon cop third place by "going it in drag."

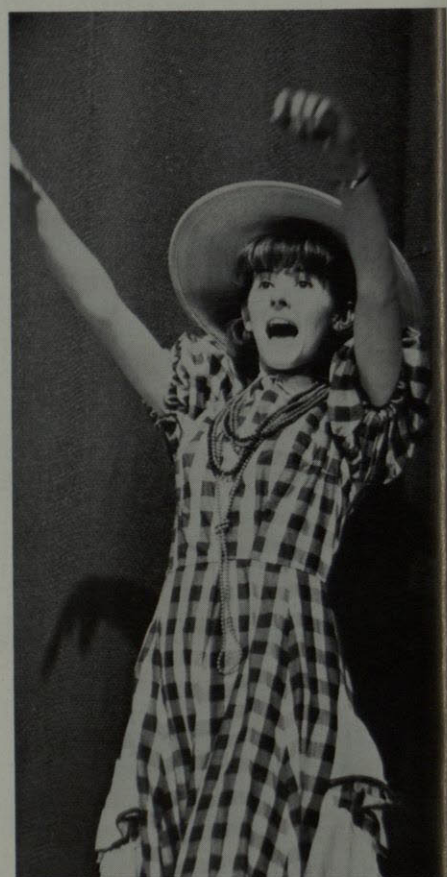
Tinfinger theme of Alpha Epsilon Phi skit features singer playing "Selma sufficient."



# V A R I E T Y S H O W



"... and furthermore, my name's not 'Butch!'"



Miss Clara Cluts didn't go far in the beauty contest eliminations.



"I've heard Swiss doctors were good, but . . ."

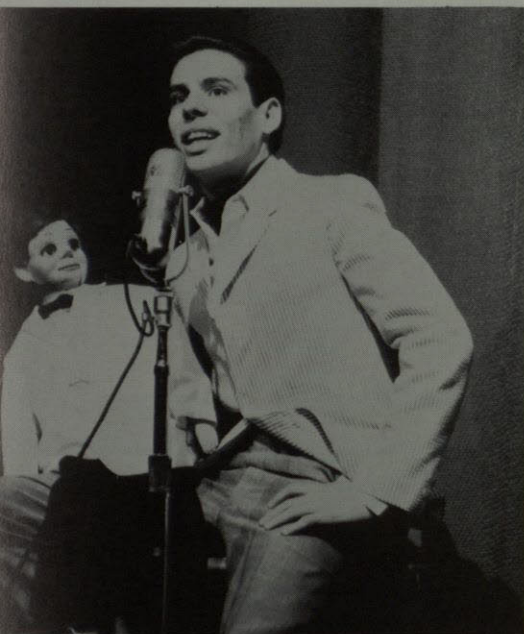


At far right is newest innovation in textured hose.





Some of the shorter girls were determined to get in this shot.



TW's smallest student manipulates the country's largest dummy.

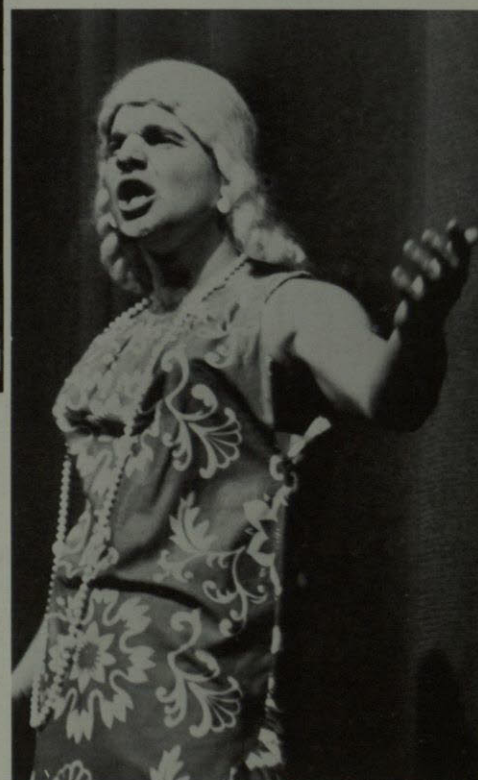
## VARIETY SHOW



"Dosey-doe, nothing! Just keep off my feet, Stella!"



Tri-Delta sorority (2nd Place) illustrates to audience, "The Wonderful World of Fairies." Some patrons lisped in agreement.



The very last of the Red Hot Mama's.

First place Chi Omega's rehearse. Harriet smiles while partner simultaneously shoots off her big mouth and big toe.





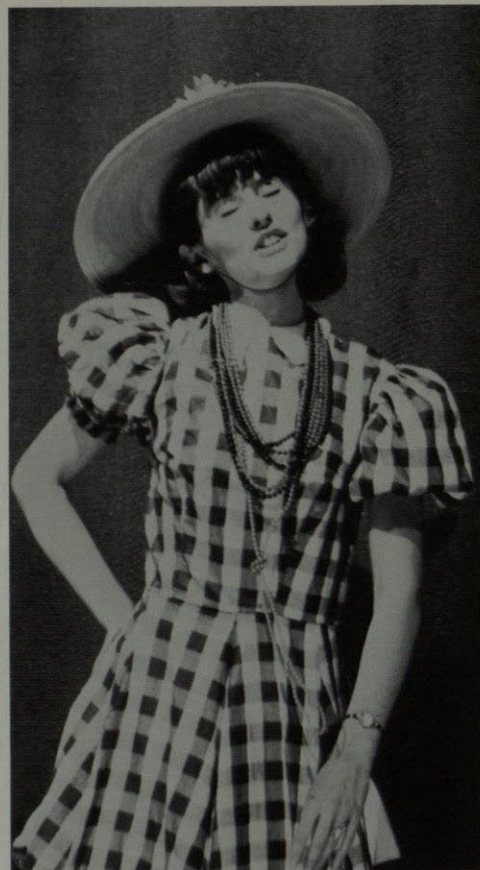
"Well after all, she did deserve the award."



"Sorry, you can't take it with you."



"The least you might have done is dress for the occasion."



I don't normally dress like this, but I've got a big date tonight."



Does she or doesn't she—only Dr. Zorba knows for sure.



"C'mon, fellas—this is better than pushups."



Mrs. Smith smiles out of class, too.



Being asked to join isn't half the fun as being stared at.

This was the day that was, and the people that weren't.



I'm twice as strong as she is.



Being a member of a women's Honorary doesn't really chain you down, does it?

Well, I have to do something to keep from being bored.

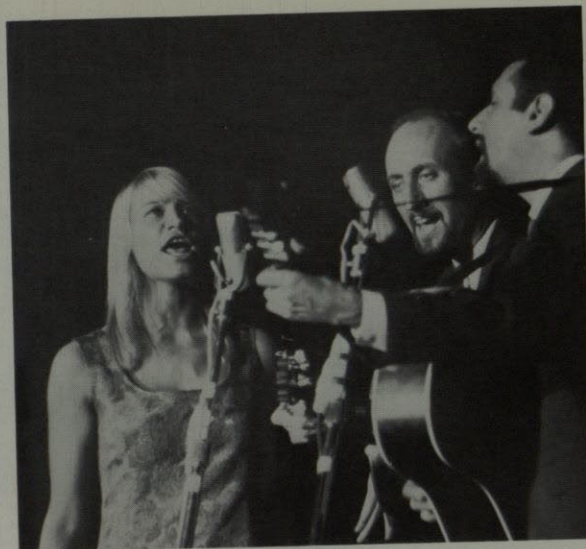


Who'll start the bidding at a quarter?

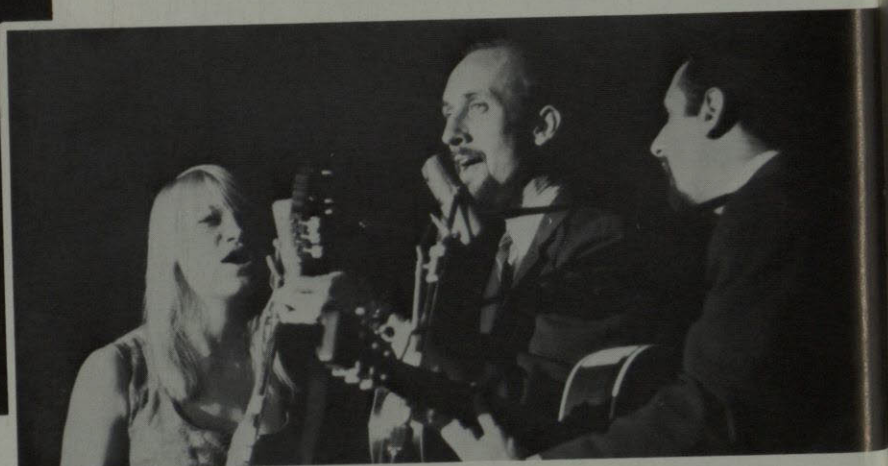
# HONORS



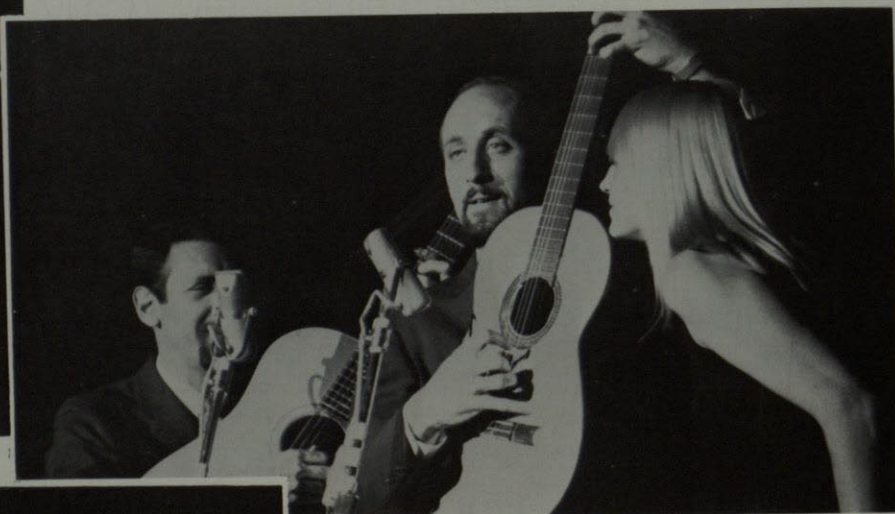
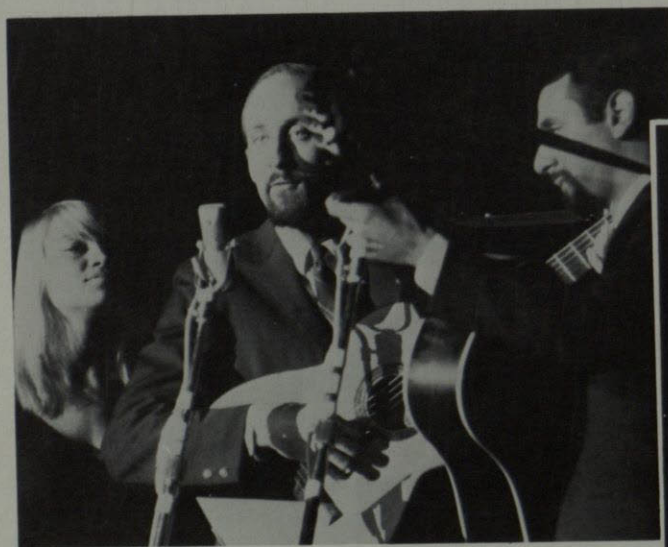




## PETER



## PAUL



"Actually, there's this *magic dragon* backstage who writes all our lyrics for us."





Here is a mathematical phenomenon—the fourth member of a trio.

"I just won't sing if you won't lower the microphones."

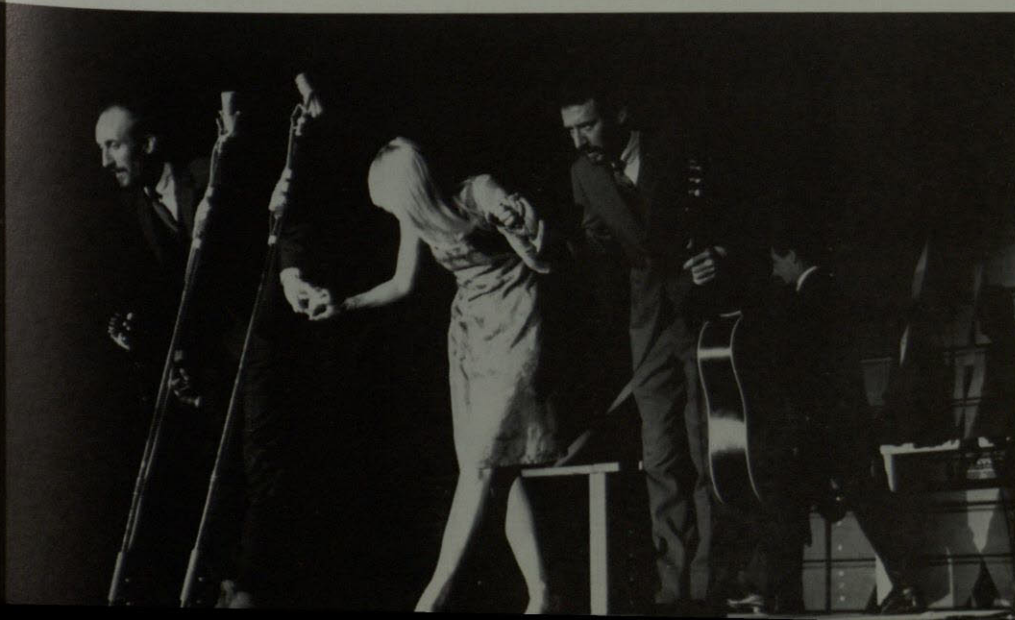
## AND MARY



"Remember—not one autograph."



"I'm not laughing—I'm crying because my finger is caught in the strings."





# TEXAS WESTERN CIVIC BALLET

*presents*

## GAITE PARISIENNE

*and*

## RED SHOES

*starring*

NATALIE KRASSOVSKA  
*World-famous Ballerina*

ALAN HOWARD  
*Premier Danseur Ballet Russe*

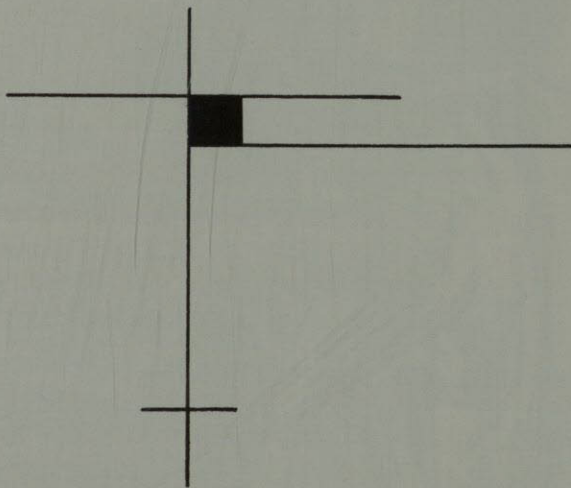
TEXAS WESTERN COLLEGE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MAGOFFIN AUDITORIUM

TWC Ballet goes to the dogs.





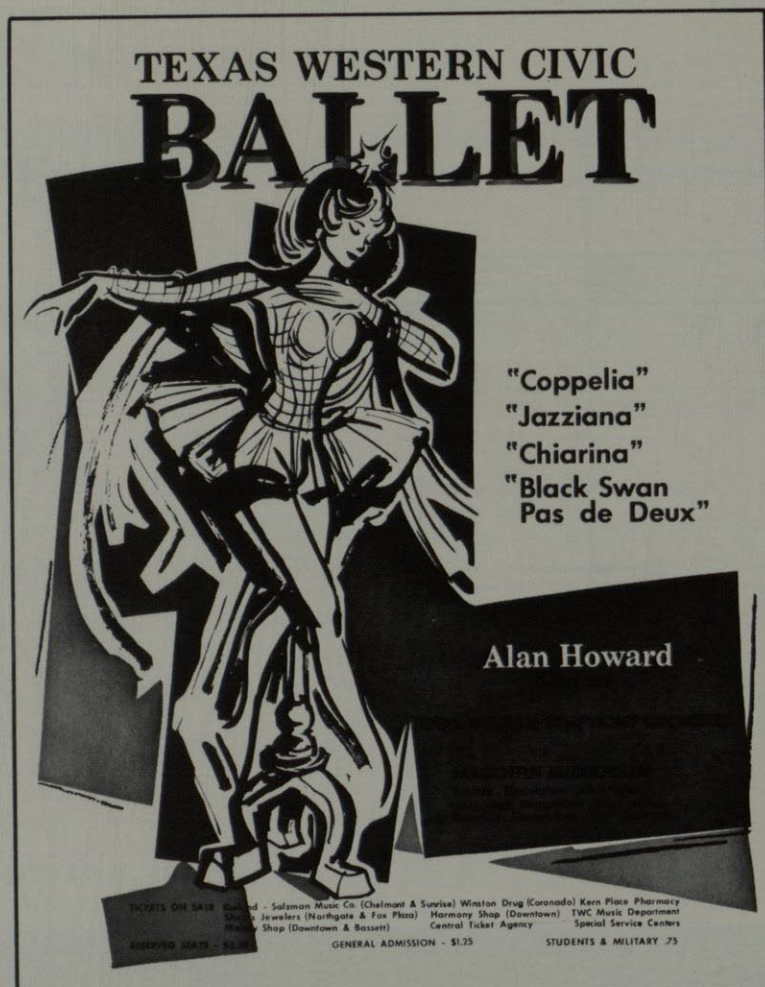


INGEBORG HEUSER, Artistic Director  
TWC Civic Ballet





January 1960	"Les Sylphides" Magoffin Auditorium
April 1960	"Les Sylphides" "Sylvia" "Don Quixote Pas De Deux" Liberty Hall
November 1960	"Sylvia" "Raymonda" "Gaité Parisienne" Magoffin Auditorium
April 1961	"Pas De Quatre" "Jazziana" "Grand Pas" Magoffin Auditorium
July 1961	"Dances from the Bartered Bride" "Grazioso" El Paso Symphony Summer Concerts
December 1961	"Hansel and Gretel" College Community Opera
October 1961	"Grazioso" "Boutique Fantasque" "Jazziana" "Rendez-Vous" Magoffin Auditorium
February 1962	"Rendez-Vous" Austin, Texas
April 1962	"Creation" "Jeu De Danse" "Graduation Ball" Magoffin Auditorium
December 1962	"Merry Widow" College Community Opera
January 1963	"Three Cornered Hat" "Sylphides" "Graduation Ball" Magoffin Auditorium
May 1963	"Walpurgisnacht Dances" from "Faust" College Community Opera
October 1963	"South Pacific" College Community Opera
December 1963	"Grand Pas" "Red Shoes" "Gaité Parisienne" Magoffin Auditorium
April 1964	"Carte Blanche" "Red Shoes" "Coppelia" (3. Act) Magoffin Auditorium
May 1964	"Aida" College Community Opera
December 1964	"Coppelia" "Jazziana" "Black Swan Pas de Deux" "Chiarina"



## TEXAS WESTERN CIVIC BALLET

1960 - 1965

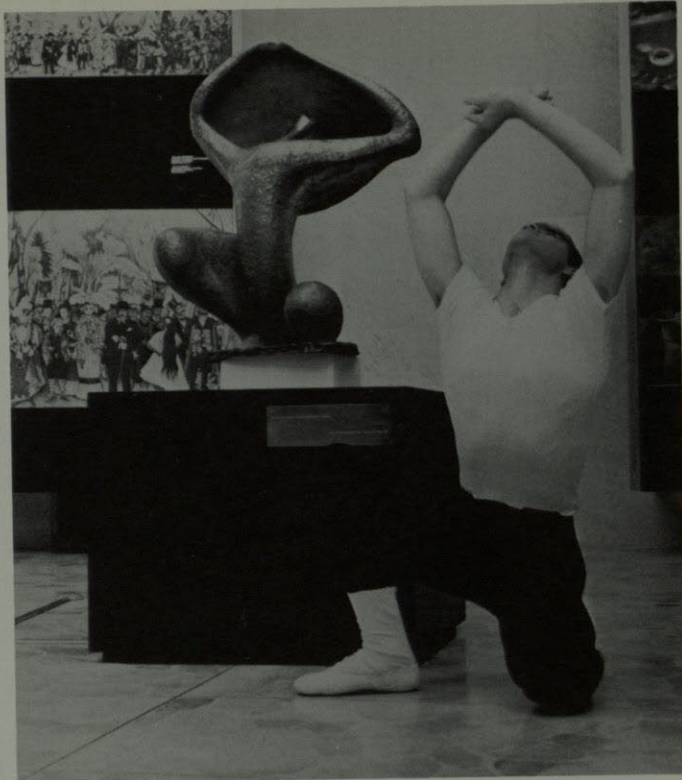
Almost five years have passed since the Texas Western Civic Ballet made its debut on January 17, 1960. These have been an encouraging five years, a period during which the joint college-community venture has proven itself worthy of taking a major role in the cultural life of the Southwest. Together with the El Paso Symphony and the College Community Opera the Texas Western Civic Ballet has become part-parcel of the community expansion and become an important stimulus toward attracting new industries who are linking industrial growth with cultural growth. Having gained nation-wide editorial recognition, the Texas Western Civic Ballet has taken part in the great burgeoning of the regional companies all over America; it, too, served to create demand for higher standards of the professional touring compan-

ies who for years subjected communities to poor fare, often shoddily danced and sketchily accompanied. All of this remarkable success was made possible through the generosity, the never ending enthusiasm, and the willingness to explore new frontiers of Texas Western College who offers all its facilities, faculty, theater and orchestra to the company. It was made possible through the highly endeavoring, cultural-minded citizens of El Paso who have patronized the Civic Ballet so generously and donated so much of their time and effort; through all the guest artists who have travelled so far to contribute their help and talent. And, most of all, through the dedicated young people who are rehearsing and performing not for any monetary gain but for the joy of disciplined endeavour and communication with an audience.





"Liz" comes to TWC



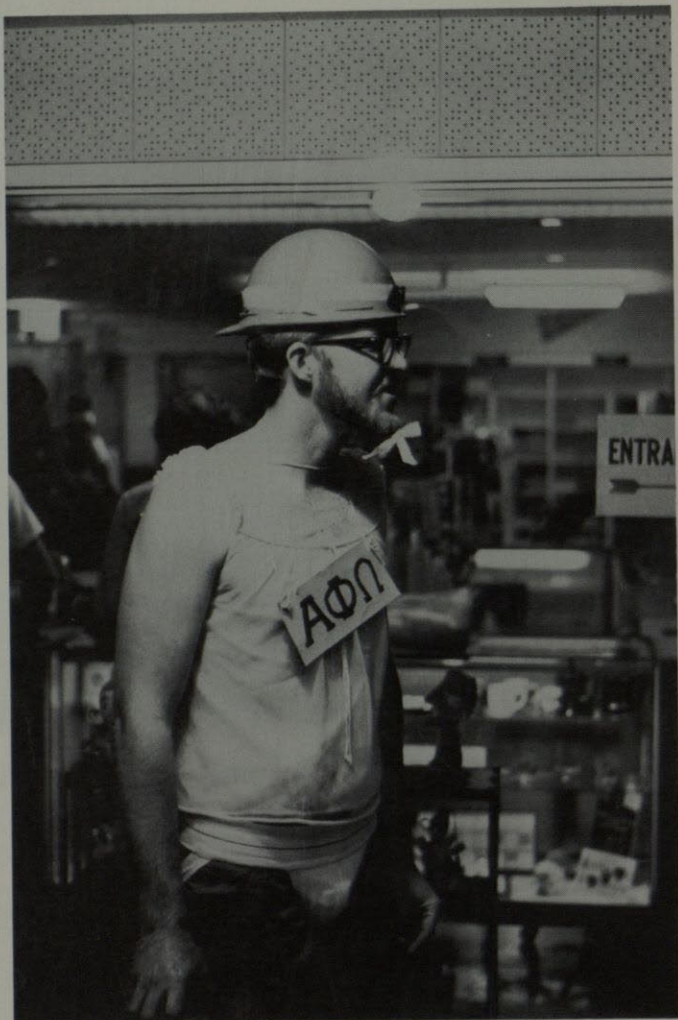
Isometrics anyone?

## BALLET

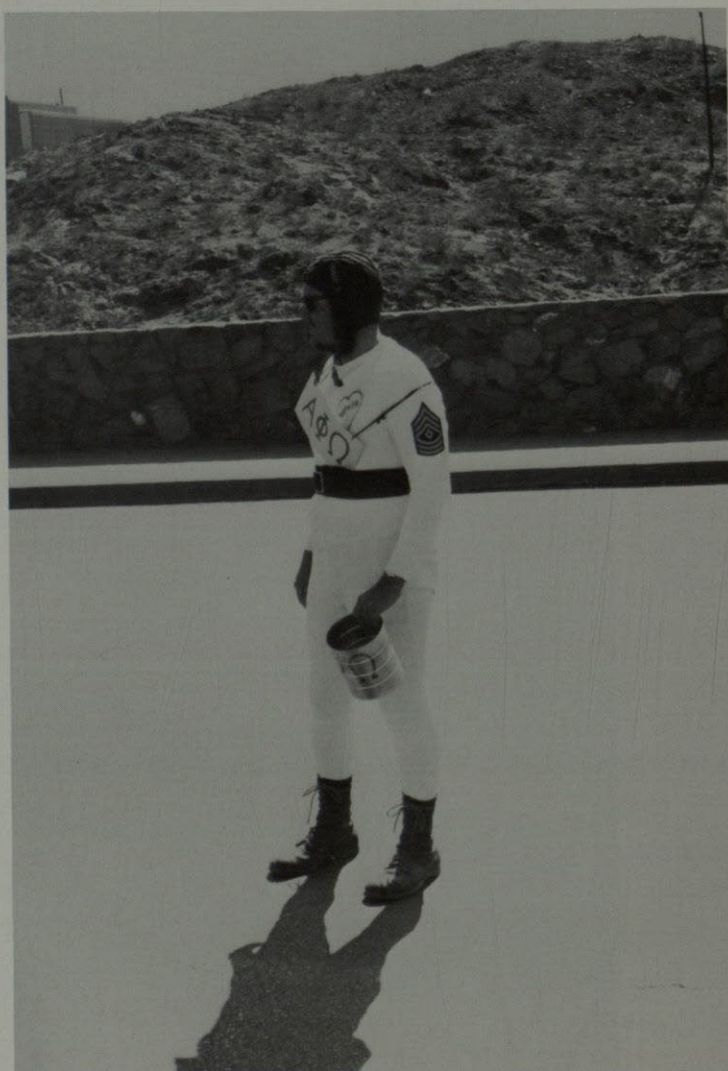
"Say, it, say it, tell me that you love me!"







## MILK FUND DRIVE

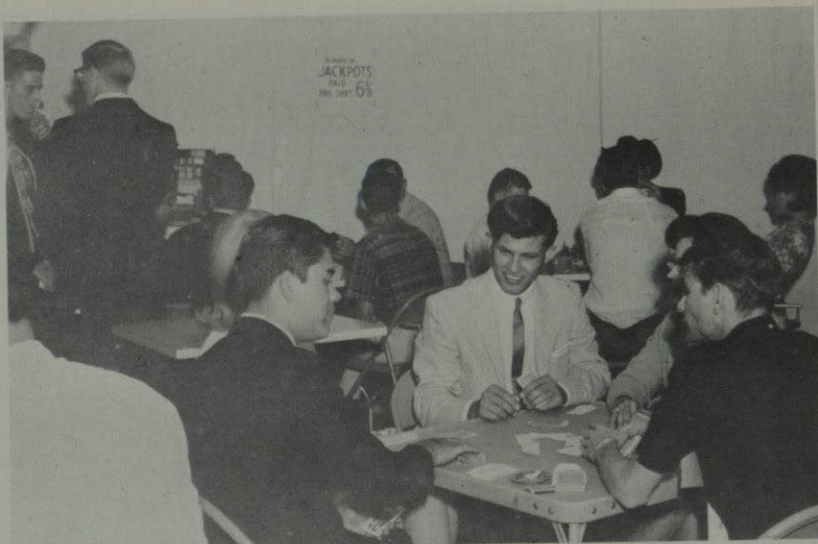






## SPRING SPORTS





## RENO NIGHT





## RENO NIGHT

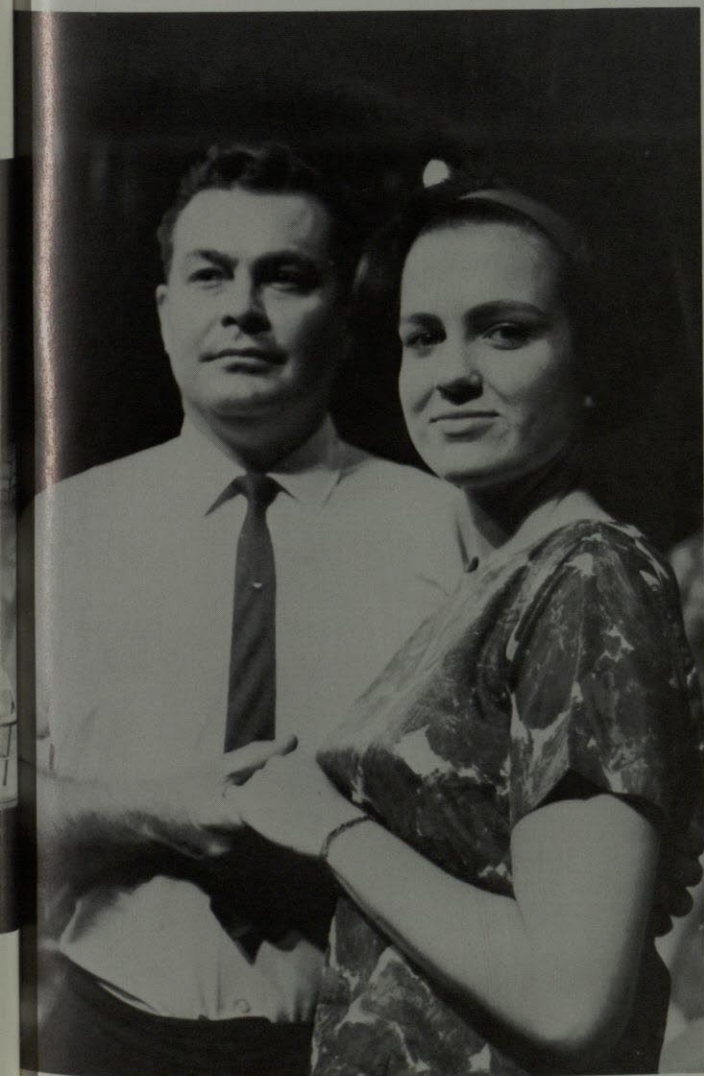
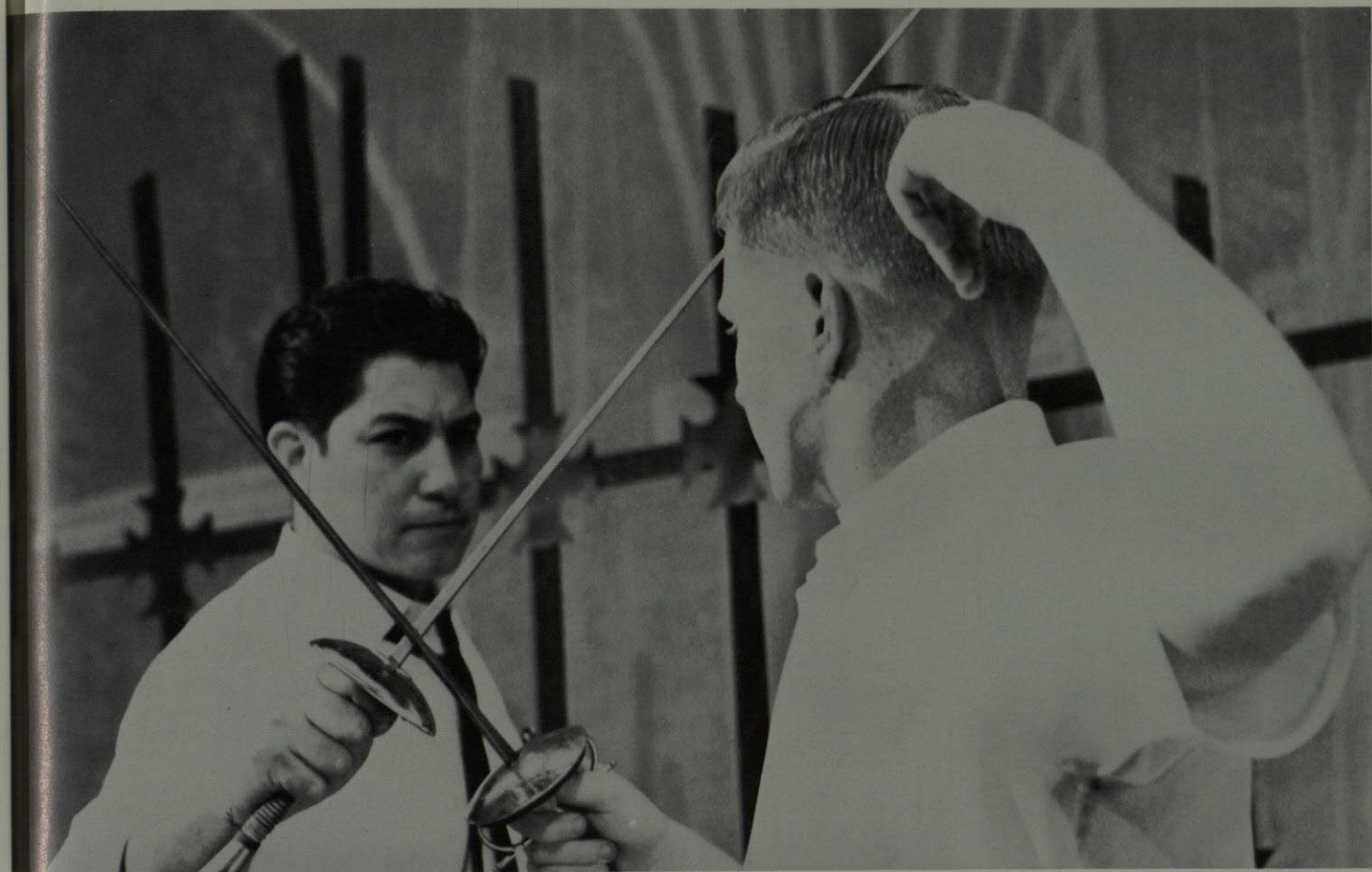




## DON GIOVANNI



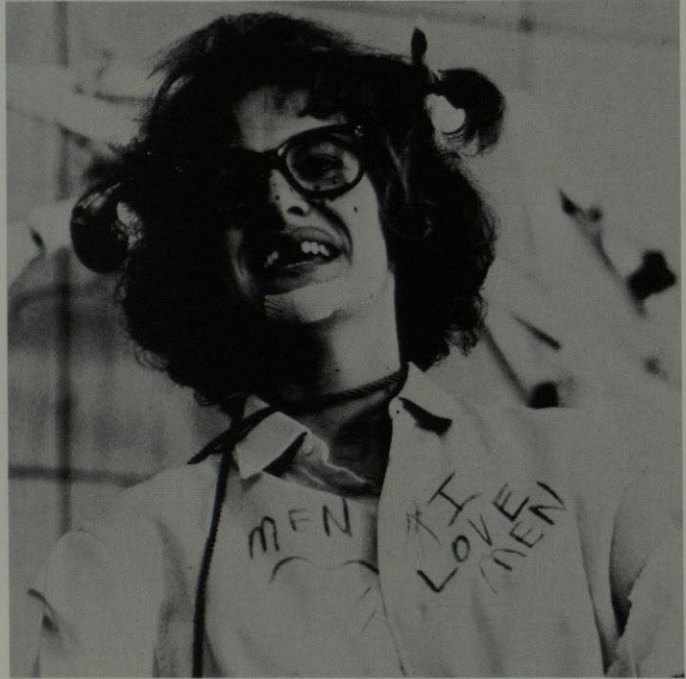




## DON GIOVANNI



# MISS TWC





# CONTEST







Campus Beautification

# SPRING BRINGS A VARIETY OF ACTIVITIES TO OUR CAMPUS



Golddigger Tryouts



Campus Carnival





Senior Prom Invitations Mailed



Spring Romances



A Dip in the Pool





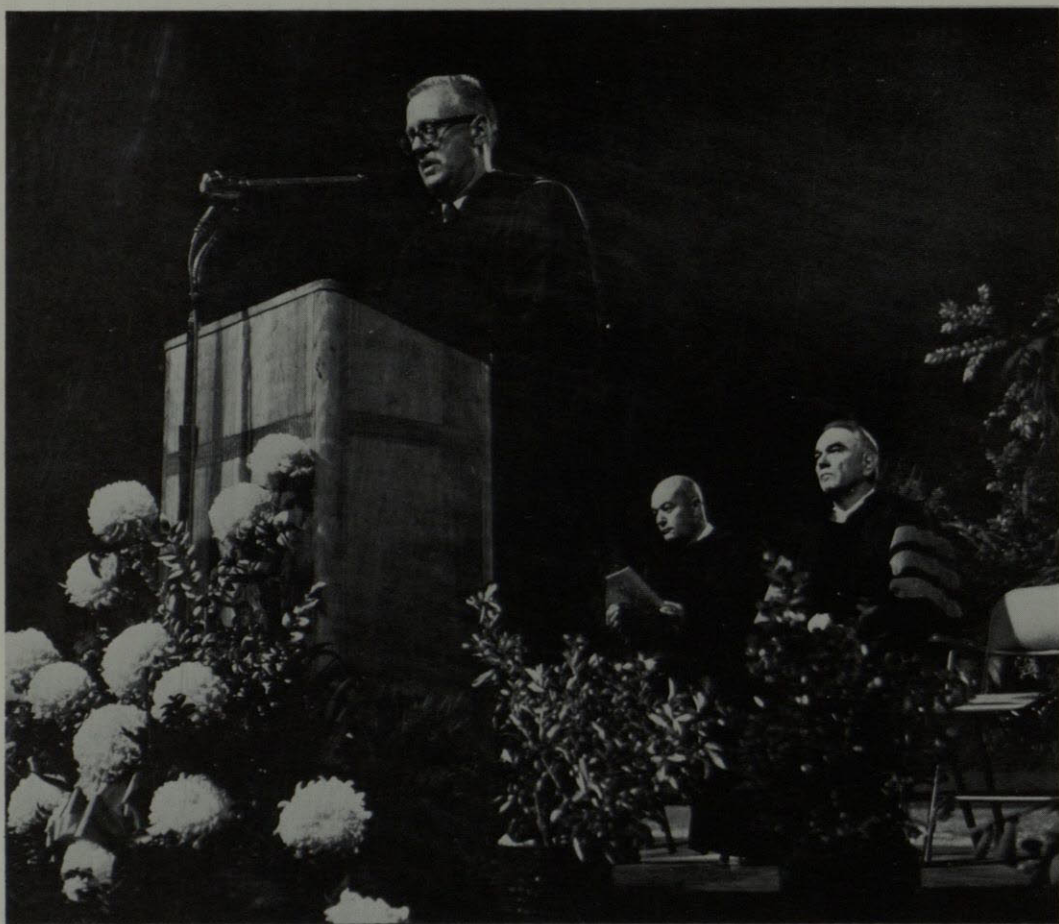


# NEW PUBLICATION HEADS



*From L to R: Martha Toney, Flowsheet Editor—Peggy Sexton, Flowsheet Business Manager—Clive Cochran, El Burro Editor—Linda Dixon, El Burro Business Manager—Walter McCulloch, Prospector Business Manager—Jeannie Todaro, Prospector Editor.*





## COMMENCEMENT 1965







## SUMMER SCHOOL REGISTRATION AND CLASSES BEGIN







Farewell to Vet Village

Freeway Cut-Off



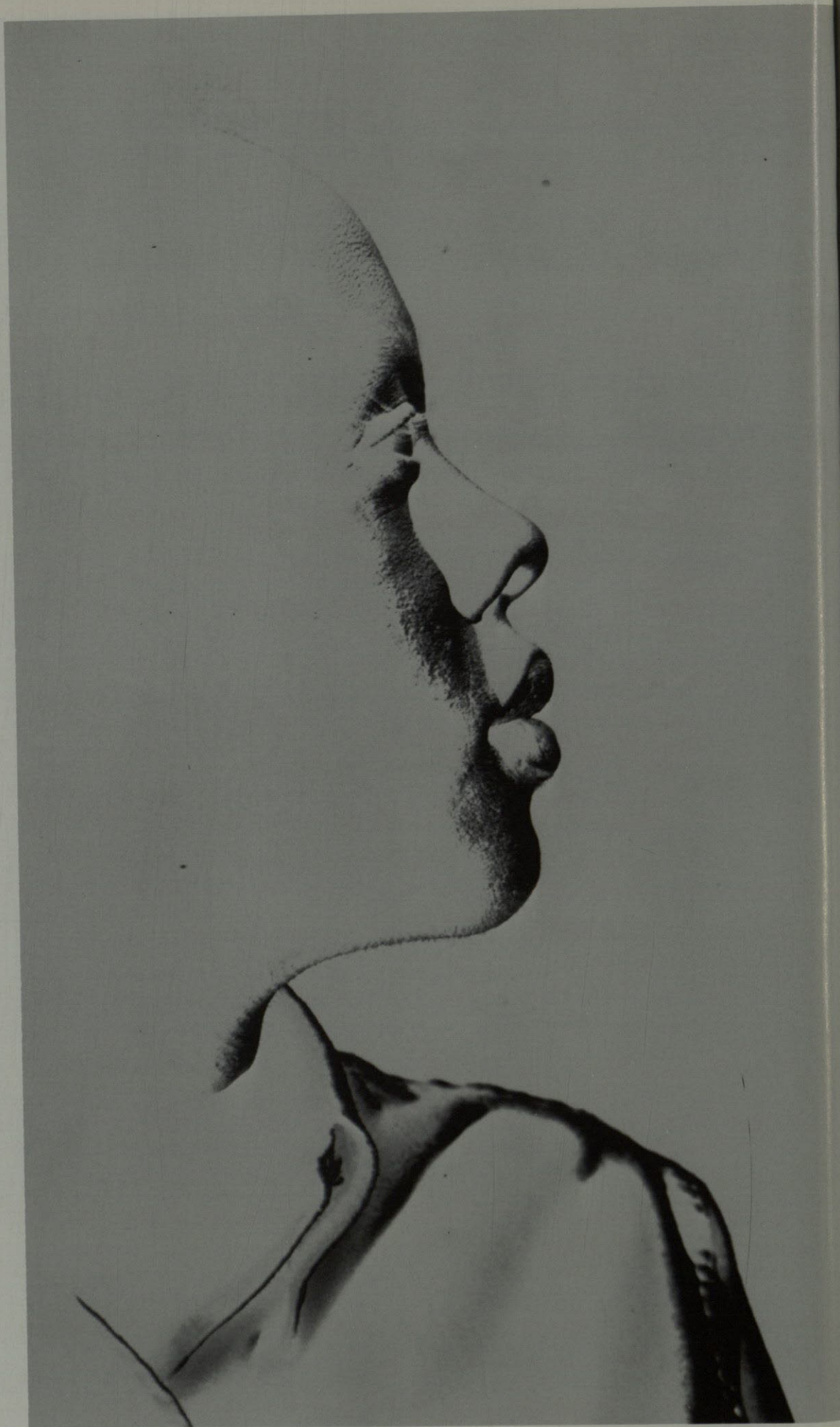




Summer School Dance Anyone?



This was the life that was.



Photograph by  
Craig Waters