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El Burro, Final Issue

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EL BURRO

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

35¢

Final Issue
COVER GIRL

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

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."

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.

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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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 toothbrush 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 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.
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 Gutherie 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.
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.
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. Orgethope, 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 Crook 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.
Three packages of cigarettes later the call came in. With trembling fingers I lifted the receiver and heard the doctor's 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 doctor's 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 Peres

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.
Daughter: Yes, but how long will it last? Some fool aviator will fly around the world or something, and I'll have to do it all over again.

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

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.
—Pell Mell

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'.

The famous detective arrived on the scene of the crime.
"Heavens," he said, "this is more serious than I thought! This window is broken on both sides."

Customer (in drug store on Sunday morning): Please give me change for a dime.
Druggist: Here you are. I hope you enjoy the sermon.
—Widow

"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.
"I guess you think I'm crazy, don't you?" he asked.
"I sure do," the bartender replied, "the stems are the best part."

The English instructor and the Engineering professor were dining together. During the course of the meal the former spoke:
"I had a peculiar answer in class today. I asked who wrote The Merchant of Venice, and a pretty little Freshman girl said: 'Please, sir, it wasn't me.'"
"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Engineering prof. "and I suppose the little vixen had done it all the time."

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."
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,
And he sat on the hills and howled at night.

A cowhand in these parts asked Pete one day
Why he ran around naked with the varmints this way.
He said "Because I am a varmint and a coyote, too.
I got fleas and howl like respectable coyotes 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 nacked 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 grinin'.
They'd grab it and go to the bottom but find themselves misled.
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 Grande 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.

Photos by Luis Pérez
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

"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 Plaza."
"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
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 decollete. 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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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."

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2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
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