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OUR EFFLUENT SOCIETY:

LOOK AT IT.

Our "Things Aren't Working" NOVA received more comment — all of it favorable — than any issue in our five-year history. Its striking cover, the ecology flag design of Bassel Wolfe, was shown on two television stations with accompanying stories, both El Paso newspapers carried items about it, copies were requested and sent (or sent anyway) to Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D. Wis.), the leading anti-pollution hawk in the Federal Government: Earth Times, an ecological newspaper, a National Wildlife Society journal, and a dozen conservation organizations. Most recently, the magazine cover was reproduced in a special Texas Times ecology supplement with glowing copy by TT editor Royce Dixon of the UT Austin News Service.

Naturally all this is gratifying, but the brutal truth is that the little "Things Aren't Working" handbook in NOVA was filled with cotton candy — harmless, short-lived, non-nutritive, and, unlike so much of The Problem, bio-degradable.

The ecology issue — The Problem, so long as it does not get too specific, is completely safe. Everyone "buys" it, and is glad to be considered an eco-freak. Everyone likes it because it is in and so he wrings one hand over the choking pollutants in the air and over the ticking population bomb while using the other hand to toss an aluminum beer can out the car window.

The upshot of all this is that everything that has been said about the last NOVA is appreciated but it is just not enough to give lip service to anything as crucial as The Problem. We have to DO something.

For a starter, we need to look at some aspect of it. Every city has it, so you can look at the sky as you drive to work, look at the crud along the highway, look at the industrial filth being pumped into the streams and rivers, look around and realize how nearly impossible it is to be alone anymore.

In El Paso a good place to look at It is from Rim or the Trans-Mountain Road or Ranger Peak or Mt. Cristo Rey. Or, make a special excursion and drive down Doniphan Drive some Sunday afternoon after church and stop along the highway between Frontera and Bird. Go back behind the salt cedars on the north side of Doniphan and just look — and breathe. You will see the sad and indelible evidence of our Gross National Garbage: 100 pounds per person per day, 18 tons per person per year.

Things really aren't working. The comments about our green issue of NOVA prove that a lot of people care a lot about that fact. For that we are especially grateful.

-dlw-
THE GRASSROOTS HISTORIAN

by C. L. Sonnichsen

Historians nowadays are like doctors and engineers. They have to specialize. Nobody takes all history to be his province. He goes in for Colonial Latin America or the Populist Movement or American Diplomatic Relations with France during the War of 1812. The areas of specialization become smaller and more refined every year, and nobody is much surprised to hear of a new one. There is one type of historian, however, who never gets any attention. He is modest and shy, hesitating to call himself a historian at all. He works in out-of-the-way places, reads country newspapers, prowls about in county courthouses, and spends a lot of time interviewing old men and women. When he appears at conventions of state historical societies, he does so a little self consciously and speaks to the professionals courteously and respectfully, if at all. Any word of appreciation or approval overwhelms him and leaves him starry-eyed with happiness.

I call him a grassroots historian. John Jenkins calls him a cracker-barrel chronicler. He is low man on the historical totem pole, but he is not as low as he used to be. His numbers are increasing (probably half the members of the Texas State Historical Association could qualify for the club), publishers are much more hospitable to him than they used to be, and he has a surprising number of readers. It is time that somebody spoke up for him, and since I have been a grassroots historian for thirty-five years, I can tell you a good deal about the diurnal and nocturnal habits of historianus herbidus—what he does and how he does it, and what has happened to him during the years I have had him under observation.

There is one special reason why this matter needs to be aired. Many fine grassroots historians have never recognized themselves for what they are. They think of themselves as harmless eccentrics who collect local history as other people collect mustache cups or Blue Amberola Edison records, not

realizing that they have hundreds of spiritual brothers poking about in the hinterlands and hoping to publish their findings. A sense of group involvement would send them scurrying down their lonely pathways with much more zest and enjoyment.

I know about this because I was slipstreaming my way back. As I look back now, however, I can see that at every turn I was digging deeper into those grassroots—just as if I knew what I was doing. I began working at ground level soon after I became a Texan when I heard about the Jaybird-Woodpecker feud at Richmond, Texas, which ended in a riot around the courthouse in 1889. The Jaybirds and the Woodpeckers! You have no idea how strange and wonderful that sounded to me. Minnesota and Massachusetts, where I was most at home, could offer nothing to compare with it. I had to know more. So in the summer of 1933, I went to Richmond. When I got back to El Paso, I was thoroughly infected and started collecting information about the El Paso Salt War. Then came an old gambler and saloon-keeper named Billy King who sent me off to the grassroots at Tombstone, Arizona. After that I began finding out about Judge Roy Bean and simultaneously kept files going on more Texas vendettas. Since then I have turned out four books on Texas and New Mexico feuds, one on Brushy Bill Roberts, who said he was Billy the Kid, a study of the contemporary cattlemen based almost entirely on interviews (good grassroots material), and a history of the Mescalero Apaches which cost me many weary hours cornering old Indians who did not wish to talk to me or anybody else. It was all grassroots history. The projects I am working on now are grassroots history. Like all my colleagues in the unorganized fraternity of grassroots historians, I am hooked and it is too late for me to reform.

When I began operations, I found that I was a prophet without honor in any country. Zane Grey and the romancers were riding high. The skeptical historians of the fifties and sixties were still in high school, and Eastern publishers were politely incredulous that anybody would want to know, for its own sake, the truth about pioneer times. It took me seven years to place my first book. New York publishers wanted more fiction. Regional publishers wanted less. As late as 1954, Bernard W. Shir-Cliff of Ballantine Books wrote of one of my manuscripts, “There is a surprising amount of information in the book but very little feeling for individuals. It is almost as if Sonnichsen’s main objective has been to get together in one convenient place the source material which other writers might use.” Savoie Lottinville of the University of Oklahoma Press, on the other hand said in his letter of rejection, “there is not here a long term historical significance. . . . You wish to tell us a rattling good story of frontier violence and you’ve done it. If you had been writing for purely scholarly purposes, I think you would have used other devices. . . .”

I was neither fish or flesh, and if I had not been doing exactly what I wanted to do, published or not, the thirties and forties would have been traumatic times. As it was, my record was one book, one publisher for a long time. For the next book I had to find another publisher.

My feud material was hardest to handle. When I suggested to the management of the Dallas News that what I had dug up might make a good newspaper series, Ted Dealey, then vice president, wrote me, “Frankly, we would be afraid to handle any of this kind of material. There are very probably descendants of the participants of these feuds still living in South Texas, and we think it would be very bad policy on the part of any newspaper to rehash this ancient trouble.”

New York publishers were even more difficult, but for different reasons. They were not worried about repercussions in the “Pure Feud Belt” but they had other hangups. After I’ll Die Before I’ll Run was actually in press at Harper’s, I found that my picture section—the product of years of scouting and, in my view, priceless—would not do at all. “What we would particularly like,” editor John Fischer wrote me, “are photographs which are not simply the conventional studio portraits. . . . A photograph of a hanging, a body in a morgue, or almost anything else that would give us some action and variety would be desirable.”

Although Fischer is a Texan, he had obviously been away too long. I had to tell him that on the Texas frontier lynch mobs did not wait for a photographer and would probably have hanged the picture man along with the horse thief if he offered to snap his shutter—and that there were no morgues out on the “lone prairie.”

There was also a deep-rooted prejudice in some quarters against anything with shooting in it. It was a natural and understandable feeling. The sensational chapters of frontier history have always attracted yellow journalists, thrill seekers, and romancers. A grassroots historian, be he ever so serious in his pursuit of truth, is guilty by association—or he was a few years ago. Frank Wardlaw of the University of Texas Press commented in 1955 a preface a manuscript I had sent him: “There has always been a considerable feeling among the members of the Advisory Board that our regional publishing should be entirely outside the tradition of the Wild West and its badmen. Granted that your book is a serious and historically meticulous study of an important aspect of the state’s past, it does deal with bad men and thus has at least one strike against it.”

That was the way it was in 1935 and 1945 and 1955. By 1965 everything had changed completely. The pulp magazines were all gone. The writers of “westerns” had been severely weeded out, and some of them had taken to the writing of legitimate history. Some of them had even gone to work. Magazines like True West and Real West had appeared in response to the universal demand for “fact.” University presses, including the University of Texas Press, had abandoned some of their prejudices against feuds, outlaws, and the bad old days in general, and new presses—such as the Press, Pemberton Press, the Texian Press, the San Felipe Press, the Palo Verde Press, the Stagecoach Press—were publishing grassroots history. Even the newspapers had given ground. On October 20, 1963, the Houston Post initiated a series of articles on feuds and gunfights, in the Sunday magazine section. The author was Roy Grimes of Victoria, but I was given credit for “painstaking research.”

In 1969 if one of us fails to interest a commercial publisher and has to pay a subsidy press to have his book published, he usually gets his money back, often goes into a second printing, is reviewed in the city newspapers—and may be quoted by important historians. As we used to say, he can “hold his head up” even in pretty fast historical company.

This is the day of the grassroots historian if he is ever going to have one. Beginning novelists and short-story writers find it next to impossible to break into print, but good grassroots material is in demand. Try writing an article on “The Red Light District in Early-Day Austin,” or “The Hanging . . .”
Feud at McDade in 1877," or "The Day Wyatt Earp Was Run Out of El Paso" (there is a tradition that he found signs of the times are all around us. Joe Small's True West and Frontier Times circulate nationally and internationally. Virginia Madison and Hallie Stillwell have just republished their companion volumes The Big Bend Country of Texas and How Come It's Called That, fine examples of grassroots writing. Eugene Bowers of Clarksville, with the help of Evelyn Oppenheimer of Dallas, has just brought out Red River Dust, the fruit of many years of living and collecting in the Red River country. In April, 1969, Maude T. Gilliland of Pleasanton unveiled her second volume of grassroots history called Horsebackers of the Brush Country, the inside story of liquor smugglers and the law officers who pursued them during the decade of Prohibition.

All sorts of subjects interest the grassroots historian, but for most of us who work at this level, the most intriguing years—the years which offer the biggest challenge—are the decades after the Civil War when the law broke down or was not available. In times like these people find it necessary to make their own law, and the records are likely to be few and far between.

Those times were about as bad as they could be. Organized gangs of thieves preyed on the settlers, and the settlers protected themselves by setting up vigilance committees, locally called "whitetops" or "mobs," which shot or hanged the desperadoes. When these invaders of "self-redness" or "folk justice" went too far and began extending their activities to citizens with nothing on their consciences, the victims formed their own groups and "moderated" the regulators.

The feuds which resulted were characteristic of the seventies, continued through the eighties, and even cropped up in the nineties and early 1900's. Some are said to throw off sparks even today. There must have been at least a hundred of them, big and little—excluding many a grudge murder, crime of passion, or "difficulty" (the old Texan word for a pitched battle) which never quite developed into a series of revenge killings. Texans fought about anything in those days. There was feuding over race, politics, prohibition, and stock stealing — especially stock stealing. Once ablaze, a feud tended to move out of the rocky hills and mesquite pastures and involve the people in town, including the law officers. It never slowed down by itself but moved toward extermination of both sides unless an outside agency—Sam Houston or the Texas Rangers—took charge and cooled it off. Small armies marched and countermarched in Shelby County during the war of the Regulators and Moderators. The Sutton-Taylor feud went on for over thirty years.

In such times, when legal redress was not available or not wanted, people went back to the customs under which their Saxon forbears had operated—an eye for an eye, a life for a life. Revenge was a duty, the death of one of the enemy was an occasion for loud rejoicing, and all scruples vanished about the method of killing him. Waylaying (sometimes called "laywaying") was not merely tolerated but strongly recommended, and everybody knew that the right way to handle it was to get down behind a bush beside the road, wait till your target for tonight rode past you, and then fire at the place where his suspenders crossed, the steadiest part of a man-horse combination. If you warned him to leave the country and he didn't go, you liquidated him without compunction and reasoned that he had committed suicide.

Eventually it was all over and the survivors followed a new pattern. They walked warily and they kept their mouths shut. Some of them had heavy burdens on their consciences and didn't want their deeds discussed—might eliminate a man who told what he knew. Others were afraid the trouble might break out again if somebody "talked," and sometimes it almost did. There was also a feeling that if nobody mentioned those awful things, they might somehow be forgotten or go away.

In spite of the no-talk rule, it took a long time for the hatreds and guilt feelings engendered by a feud situation to cool off. Fifty years would be a reasonable estimate of the time required for the fire to die out—and even then there would be embers. The result, historically speaking, was usually a great scarcity of recorded information about these troubles. So carefully were they hushed up that a feud which had upset everybody in one county might be almost unheard of in the county next door.

Obviously a library-type historian would not be the man to gather the facts about a Texas feud. It takes a specialist—a real grassroots historian—to do it. He has to use every source, likely and unlikely, that he can get to. He doesn't merely read newspapers and court records—he checks the land records, the church records, and the census reports. He works with tombstones and wills. And everywhere he goes, he tries to get people to talk. He knows they can't be trusted; that they must be forever checked against each other and against the record. But he can't do without them because they were there. If he finds no way of reconciling or choosing between their stories, he has to tell both versions and let his readers make the choice.

Half the time he is dealing with folklore. His informants pass on the original facts with all the embroideries which time and a partisan interest can attach, and he has to draw a clear line between fact and fabrication. He knows, better than most historians, that folklore is a branch of history. What people have agreed to believe about the facts is a fact in itself, and sometimes much more influential than the reality. Jesse James may have been more interested in booty than in justice, but it made considerable difference in the unfolding of his career that his neighbors thought of him as a crusader against the iniquities of the railroad magnates.

Thus it is that the grassroots historian brings some special skills and some special understanding to his task. He also brings a sense of urgency. He has a limited time in which to work before the night cometh in which no man can work. Hervey Chesley of Hamilton, Texas, a grassroots specialist himself, commented on this fact:

"Back as far as I remember, you were not supposed to talk about those old feuds and mobs, of course. It just was not supposed to be discussed, I guess. Then for a short period of years you could probably have learned something about it when so many had died off that the few remaining did not mind spilling the beans. I just happened to pick up enough from the last survivor of one of those episodes that I don't suppose my life would have been worth four bits in depreciated currency if I had known it way back then and they had known I knew it. Then soon of course practically all of them passed on and all you can pick up now is just a little second-hand stuff and not much of that."

So grassroots history has to be collected like the manna of the Hebrews, at exactly the right moment, and a researcher is lucky if he does not come too early or too late. The difficulty in timing, however, is overshadowed by the fear a grassroots historian often feels for the integrity of his own hide.
He just might get shot.

From the beginning, I was nervous about the business of feud collecting. It was not easy to knock on doors and ask the gentle ladies who perked out at me about the scandalous doings of their family and friends, and I kept running into bits of folklore and tradition which were anything but reassuring. The last researcher who came to Cuero to investigate the Suttons and the Taylors, I was told, was escorted to the railway station by a committee of townspeople, hustled aboard a train, and told not to return. I had heard the same story closer to my home about a man who inquired about the trouble between Colonel A. J. Fountain and Oliver Lee in Las Cruces, New Mexico. I was prepared to believe that this was standard procedure in the Pure Feud Belt, and I thought it would probably happen to me.

Kindly old Dr. Lay in Houston assured me that when the ladies of Richmond got together for a card party, they very carefully avoided all references to Jaybirds and Woodpeckers and allied forms of bird life for fear of starting the trouble all over again. I believed him.

Somewhere else I picked up the idea that neutrals were not allowed in feuding towns and even strangers passing through had to declare themselves. It seemed to me that this must be true when I heard what happened to a circuit-riding minister who visited Richmond when feeling was running high. This was before Carrie Nation had given Texas up as a bad job and gone to see what she could do for Kansas. She and her preacher husband were still running the National Hotel, and the circuit rider registered there and was given a room on the second floor. About the time he got his shoes off and started to relax, he heard footsteps on the stairway and responded to an imperative knock on his door. Half a dozen citizens faced him.

"Reverend," said the spokesman, "we're having a feud here. The Jaybirds are fighting the Woodpeckers and we don't allow any neutrals. If you are going to stay in Richmond, you'll have to tell us which side you are on, so there won't be any mistakes. Which do you want to be—a Jaybird or a Woodpecker?"

"Well, I hardly know. I just arrived and don't know a thing about local matters. Could I have till tomorrow to decide?"

"Yes, I guess so. We'll be back in the morning."

They clumped back down the stairs and the preacher began to breathe a sigh of relief, but before he got it all the way out, he heard another knock on his door, and there were the Woodpeckers, who went through the same routine.

This time, however, the preacher had recovered from his first astonishment and knew what to say. "Gentlemen," he told them, "I am a preacher of the gospel. I came here to save souls, not to get involved in your political troubles. I am neither a Jaybird nor a Woodpecker, but if I have to be some kind of bird, I am a turkey buzzard and it's ten dollars fine to shoot me."

A grassroots historian, just learning his business, got no comfort from a story like that, and it was worse when he heard about the toughness of those feuding towns. The old men told how the brakemen on the train from Houston behaved when they approached Hempstead, known then and now as Six Shooter Junction. They would pass through the coaches intoning, "Hempstead! Hempstead next! Prepare to meet thy God!" And all the passenger would crouch down between the seats and wait for the shooting to start.

They told about two men sitting out in front of the Three Brothers Saloon in Hempstead on a peaceful spring morning, serene and kindly men without a grudge in the world. One of them turned to the other and asked: "Jim, you got any chewing tobacco?"

"Yes, I do."

"Give me a chaw, will you?"

"Sure. It's in my hip pocket. Reach in there and get it."

Jim would not reach for his hip pocket under any circumstances. If anybody happened to shoot him at that moment, the jury would call it self-defense.

The fact is, none of the things I was afraid of happened to me. Nobody escorted me to a train. Nobody suggested that I ought to mind my own business. All the Woodpeckers left Richmond in 1889 and the survivors of the feud—all Jaybirds—were the soul of kindness and courtesy. I did call on one Woodpecker lady in Houston, but when I explained my business through a screen door, she burst into tears and disappeared into the back rooms of the house. But she was not discourteous—just unhappy. One prominent Jaybird (the party continued to function until recently) who wanted to know what I was doing asked me to meet him in a Houston hotel lobby. Guileless as I was, I was eager to see him, and as soon as we were settled in a couple of hotel chairs, I began showing him my extracts from the "Richmond Rulings" column contributed to the Houston Post by David Nation, husband of the immortal Carrie. David was not accepted in the social life of Richmond and was eventually beaten up and run out of town by a group of young Jaybirds who were displeased by something he said in his column, but he did report on the Richmond parties and he brought back some wonderful memories to my Jaybird friend. "Why, that's the girl I married," he exclaimed, pointing to a name in a list of guests. And there was peace between us.

So the Jaybirds gave me their blessing, and some of them are still my friends. I think my ignorance and innocence were on my side. I worked for twenty years, off and on, on this incendiary material and had no trouble in Texas, though I ran into some heavy weather in New Mexico which delayed me for two years in publishing Tularosa: Last of the Frontier West. If I had known at the beginning what I knew at the end, I probably would have let it alone. But the people I worked with were almost always helpful.

I was never really easy in my mind, however, until I began working on the Johnson-Black-Echols feud, which reached its climax at Coahoma, a village a few miles east of Big Spring, in 1911. Shine Phillips, druggist and sage of Big Spring, introduced me to a senior representative of one of the clans, and we had an interview in the back of the Phillips drug emporium. I explained my objectives and my new friend listened. He told me what a burden the memory of that old feud had been to him and all the family—how they had tried to lead good Christian lives and serve their community, hoping they could "live it down." He did not object to my telling the story, he said, "if I thought it would do any good," and I went on down to Austin to check on the files of the appeals court where the litigation had finally reached an end.

In July, 1945, after I had put everything together and written the story, I did what I always make a practice of doing—I sent a copy of the manuscript to the man who had given me the information. I got a letter back. It said: "Dear Mr. Sonnichsen:

I have read your letter and have shown it to my brothers. We would like to talk to you about your manuscript. Could you meet us at some place between Coahoma and El Paso, say Barstow?"
I knew well enough what this meant, and I sent back a soft answer to the effect that if anybody was going to be unhappy about publication of this particular episode, I would give it up. After all, 1911 was not very long ago. Perhaps it was too soon to tell the story. I got back a touching reply, dated August 5, 1945:

"Dear Mr. Sonnichsen:

I received your kind letter a few days ago and note that you are willing to leave out the Coahoma trouble from your book. After I talked with some of Uncle Price's children I found out that it would break their hearts if the story is ever published."

That put a different face on everything. The last thing I wanted to do was to break somebody's heart. So the Coahoma Shootin' story is still unpublished and will probably remain so. But the letter removed the last trace of uneasiness from my soul about what might happen to me personally. I knew at last that if I talked straight and kept my hands in sight, I would probably survive—and I have.

I have felt better, too, as the years have gone by, about the value of grassroots history. I once defined a grassroots historian as a man who spends his time finding out what nobody wants to know—inevitably his roots history. He will publicly write his results as a luncheon address at the Association's annual meeting on May 10, 1969. He has published many books of grassroots history, some of which are mentioned in later notes in this article.

Andrew Jackson took his Tennessee roots with him to the White House. Lyn-
Josephine Clardy Fox, about 1912.
OF JOSEPHINE CLARDY FOX

The University has received the largest gift in its history by the bequest of Mrs. Josephine Clardy Fox, a widow and El Paso resident of many years who died in May.

Mrs. Fox left her entire estate, valued at more than $2 million, to The University of Texas at El Paso. She placed no restrictions on the University's expenditure of the income from most of her estate, while making specific bequests of $20,000 to establish a permanent scholarship fund, and of $2,500 to create a student loan fund.

Mrs. Fox's estate consists of stocks, bonds and cash amounting to approximately $1 million, 36 parcels of real estate, some of it in the downtown El Paso area, believed to be valued at more than $1 million, and a number of paintings and antiques. Actual valuation of the estate may not be determined for some time.

President Joseph R. Smiley described the gift as "one which will be of lasting benefit to The University of Texas at El Paso and to its community." He noted that the principal of her estate will be that Mrs. Fox's will "wisely provides an endowment, to be known as the Josephine Clardy Fox Fund or Foundation."

Because the principal of this endowment will remain untouched, and its income used to strengthen the academic programs of the University, Mrs. Fox's legacy "is a gift which will be a part of the University throughout its future," Dr. Smiley said. Her gift will enable the University to sustain a level of quality that would be impossible were it dependent on public funds alone, the president added.

Mrs. Fox was a resident of El Paso for more than half a century. She was the daughter of an attorney, and the widow of railroad executive Eugene Fox, who died in 1941. Mrs. Fox left no survivors.

She was best known as a patron of art and her Montana Street home contained many paintings, beautiful books, and antique china and furniture. She was the owner of land which became the site of one of the first of El Paso's post-war housing subdivisions, Clardy Fox Addition. Several other major areas or buildings are named for her or her family. Clardy School, the Clardy Fox Annex of the Public Library and the Fox Plaza shopping center. Most of these occupy land formerly owned by Mrs. Fox.

Although it will be several months before the University receives all assets of the complex estate — El Paso National Bank, trustee for the estate, estimates time of administration to be two years — President Smiley said the University will begin immediately to consider appropriate uses of the bequest in keeping with Mrs. Fox's interests and the University's needs. "We will use the income to create a memorial to Mrs. Fox which will testify to the significance of her gift and to our gratitude for this expression of her faith in our institution." The endowment's principal, Dr. Smiley emphasized, "will be invested prudently, with great care first to preserve the estate for future generations of students, and second for production of income to help provide for the academic needs of the University in areas where other funds are unavailable or are insufficient."

The University received many items from the estate soon after the bequest was announced. Checks were presented to implement the scholarship and loan funds, and Mrs. Fox's books went to the University library, where they will form the beginning of the Josephine Clardy Fox Collection. The collection contains several rare and valuable volumes. A few of the many items of furniture, silverware and objets d'art will grace Hoover House, University-owned president's residence. Others will go to the Centennial Museum, in accordance with Mrs. Fox's instructions.

It is impossible to assess the importance of Mrs. Fox's gift to the future of the University or El Paso, Dr. Smiley noted. "Although the estate obviously can provide only a portion of the University's critical needs in such areas as library acquisitions — where hundreds of thousands of volumes requiring millions in new funds could be usefully added immediately — and in faculty enrichment, where we are just now adding our first endowed professorship, it will provide the resources to enable us to do many of the things that a good university should do. And it will enable us to serve our community, and our state, in a much more substantial measure than ever before."
Re-discovering Fore-Edge Paintings:

ART BENEATH THE GILT

In early July, as UT El Paso librarians sorted through some 900 books from Mrs. Josephine Clardy Fox's library, all the older volumes (some of them dating from the 18th century and at least one from the 17th) were set aside for more careful examination along with such other valuable works as a thick, limited edition volume on The History of the Fan, and an out-sized Gustave Dore-illustrated edition of Poe's The Raven. Looking at the old volumes in the ordinary and casual way, they appear to be simply very nice old books—gilt-edged, musty-smelling, their leather and vellum bindings worn and scuffed, the pages foxed and freckled with the rust-colored stains of age-old chemical reactions.

The titles of the old books are not particularly impressive either, although Gertrude of Wyoming & Other Poems by Thomas Campbell (1810), in addition to being an intriguing title, contains the bookplate of Hugh Walpole. For the most part, however, the old books seem rather dreary and precious: Poems by John Moultrie (1852); Excursions in the County of Surrey (1821); The Seasons of James Thomson with a life of the Author by Samuel Johnson, LL.D. (1808); Meditations and Contemplations by Rev. James Hervey, Rector of Weston-Favel in Northamptonshire (1805); A Practical Discourse Concerning a Future Judgement by William Sherlock D.D., Dean of St. Paul's Master of the Temple, and Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty (1699); Leonidas, a Poem by Richard Glover (1798); The Book of the Thames by Mr. and Mrs. S.C. Hall (1885); The Book of Common Prayer (1792); and, inevitably, one ancient volume in Latin, Sex Aureliii Propertii Elegiarum, Libri Quatuor, Ad Fiden Membranarum Curis Secundis ("The Four Books of the Elegies of Sextus Aurelius Propertius According to Ancient Manuscripts Compiled with Great Care,") published in Amsterdam in 1727.

Examining the old books, UT El Paso librarians made a very important discovery: in riffling the pages or bending slightly the entire inside contents of certain of the old books, the gilt of the fore-edge (that is, the right-hand open edge of the book as opposed to the back edge or spine, along with the book is stitched and bound, disappears and in its place, startlingly, a picture becomes visible.

It was discovered that 13 of Mrs. Fox's books contain these mysterious pictures.

When the books were called to the attention of University Librarian Baxter Polk, he recognized them instantly as rare fore-edge paintings, having seen examples of them in years past. Information on the paintings was sought and it was found that the campus library has a copy of the only reference book on the subject of fore-edge paintings, an exceedingly esoteric book called, not surprisingly, Fore-Edge Paintings, by Carl J. Weber, and published by Harvey House, Inc., Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N.Y. The book was published in 1966 and before that date information on the obscure art was only to be found in occasional articles in fugitive art and book journals.

Mr. Weber's research, based on the examination of several hundred fore-edge paintings and on the examination of the miniscule amount of published information on the subject in the past, provides some fascinating data on the pictures and when and how they were painted.

The art of painting the fore-edges of books flourished for some three centuries before disappearing in a gilded age long ago just as the delicate water colors of the paintings themselves disappear in the gilt of the book edge. The greatest period of productivity of fore-edge works was in the quarter-century of 1800-1825 (although only five of the 13 fore-edge books from the Fox-UT El Paso Collection come from that period).
ALUMNI FUND

Continuing on the crest of the surge of alumni interest in, and support for, the University of Texas at El Paso, the Alumni Fund for Excellence is again set to break all previous records for cash gifts to the University by alumni. Only four years ago, in 1966, $14,654 was contributed by 796 alumni. Thus far in 1970 (July 1) the total of gifts and pledges is $3,192 for $35,937. This is some $6,300 over the total for this date in 1969, when a grand total of $32,121 was contributed.

The 1970 Alumni Fund Chairman, Dr. R. A. D. Morton, Jr. made this statement when reporting the above figures:

"It is gratifying to see that our message is being heard by former students of U. T. El Paso. The pride that is evidenced by alumni support is due not to the growth of size of U. T. El Paso but its growth in stature as an institution of academic excellence. We have a student body generally willing to learn, a faculty generally willing and capable of teaching, and administrators eager to bring the two together. I believe that the success of the Alumni Fund is beginning to prove that we also have an alumni body willing to provide the moral and financial support that any good University must have."

The Ex-Students’ Association is proud of its connection with the Alumni Fund for Excellence. In addition to the positions of leadership within the Alumni Fund which its members have taken, a great percentage of the dozens of volunteer workers are also members of the Association. This year, the Association again provided prizes for the annual telephone campaign.

Assisting Morton this year are Vice Chairmen, Nelson Martin; Weldon Donaldson and past Chairman Hughes Butterworth, Jr.

JOIN US!

All former students are represented by the Ex-Student Association whether they are dues paying members or not. Many however, take pride in supporting the activities of the Association and become active voting members. If you would like to join them, dues are $5.00 per year or $6.00 for an alumni couple, and may be sent to the Ex-Students’ Association: U. T. El Paso, P. O. Box 180, El Paso, Texas 79999. Join now!
1920

Golden Anniversary

The class of 1920, which now celebrates its Golden Anniversary Reunion fifty years later. Oscar Rheinheimer and Roline Tipton are now deceased, but both were active in mining activities of the U.S. and Mexico, with Rheinheimer putting in considerable time in the mercury mines of Terlingua, Texas. After many years at work in various positions with several mining companies, Walton H. Sarrellas, continues his involvement as a mining engineer. His work has been largely confined to Mexico and he now lives in Mexico City.

John Schaffer worked as an assay-chemist and mining engineer for several companies after graduation. He was at one time, Resident Engineer for El Paso County and for Cochise County, Arizona. He was with International Boundary Commission for three years as an Engineer in charge of the Mexican Boundary Surveys. He joined El Paso Natural Gas Company as Engineer and Pipeline Superintendent in 1928 and he retired from the Gas Company in 1963 as Chief Civil Engineer and lives in El Paso.

Fred Bailey also held various positions as mining engineer, mine superintendent and manager throughout the Southwest in the mining companies. In 1942 he joined the Fresnillo Company in Zacatecas, Mexico where he advanced from mine superintendent to general manager of the Company. Since retiring in 1962 he has been active as a member of the Executive Committee for the Lloyd A. Nelson Memorial Scholarship and as a member of the Alumni Council for Geological Sciences at U.T. El Paso. He is past president of the El Paso Chapter of the Professional A.M.E. and is currently chairman of the Mayor's Advisory Council for the Franklin Mountain Wilderness Park. In 1960, Mr. Bailey was named Outstanding Ex-Student of the University.

1930

James V. King is District Manager for the Southern Union Gas Company’s Northwest New Mexico District and lives in Farmington, New Mexico with his wife, the former Rose Wilma Reynolds. They have four children.

Paul H. Carlton is a C.P.A. with the firm of Bluestein, Carlton and Dicken. He is current chairman of the Matrix Society at U.T. El Paso and a member of the El Paso Public School Board. He and his wife, the former Elouise Sundquist, have two children.

The class of 1940 was a hardy class and a hardy reunion it will have in November. Travel plans are already being made by several members of the class including Roden (Roden) Fazar who is with the Merchandising Group of New York and Jim Stacy (CMRD U.S.N. Ret.) who is now technical editor of “Transport Topics” the trucking industry’s trade paper. Both Mildred and Jim were active in the formation of the Washington D.C. alumni group. Joining us from Mexico City will be Jose Zozaya who is assistant general manager of CIA Fresnillo, S. A. and Wycliffe Bryan with ASARCO Mexico. From Los Angeles, Margaret (Almam) Kahl writes that she will be teaching first grade in San Leandro where she and her husband have just moved.

Most of the class is scattered to the four winds. James Maurice is with the U.S. Bureau of Mines as a Metallurgist and Ray Stiles is Chief Chemist for the Bureau, both now living in Salt Lake City. Lu Venna Arnold has retired as Assistant Registrar at U.T. El Paso. She is now living in Tucson, Arizona. Sam Del Valle is a civilian employee at Sandia Base near Albuquerque and recently received the Meritorious Civilian Service Award, and Wanga (Bryars) Tinnin reports that she keeps busy running the Tinnin Motel at Salt Flat, Texas. On the Professional side, we count James Harper, a lawyer in Atlanta, Georgia, Ward Evans, an M.D., in California, and Harry Mikuimkin, a pediatrician in Maine.

Back in El Paso, Howard Byers, retired as Colonel from the Air Force and now sells securities and real estate. Gordon Black, an El Paso radio personality is active in community affairs having served as chief organizer and first Chairman of the University’s Auxiliary. Morris Ramey is President of Wholesale Building Materials in El Paso and Bob Bowling is busy doing the building, as is J.D. Lambeth, Mildred (Orndorf) Bennett, a coordinator of special education for the Ysleta Independent School District. With the El Paso Public School District, we have Neil (Gibson) ald, Joe Simon, Lenora (Womack) Jennins, Pine Mae (Hays) Earl and Val (Gilford) Strain.

Dane Tappan is currently President of U.T. El Paso’s Ex-Students’ Association, therefore our host for Homecoming, and El Paso Attorney Morris Ramey works closely with the El Paso Natural Gas Company and Bob Ritter is Vice President of Tri-State Music. His wife, Thelma (Sundquist) Hobbs, teaches history at Coronado High in El Paso. Eugene Ritter is a CPA and Sam Rosenberg is busy with Maxfield & Rosenberg.

News of others in the class tells that Oscar Chavez is director of Pigmentos y Productos Quimicos in Mexico City, A. Carpenter is farming in Pecos, Texas, Helen (Galbraith) Griswold and her husband Frank have a corner on the lumber market in Silver City, and R.L. (Jackie) Hobbs’ husband, R.L. was a painter contractor in Austin. Last but not least, R.A. Whitlock can be found at Aquatic Inc., in Rockford, Ill. and we hope he makes it back in November.

1945

Silver Anniversary

Mrs. Robert Hoytsworth is the former Hazel Carter. She is active in civic affairs, including the United Fund, Su Carnival, Girl Scouts and the Salvation Army. Her husband is an El Paso builder and contractor and they have two children.

The class of 1945 was a small one as a result of the war. The members have real scattered themselves and now only about half of the 60 graduates live in the El Paso area.

Several of those living in El Paso have made a career of teaching school. This includes David Case, who is in special education at Hawkins Elementary; Virginia (Smith) Penley, down in Ysleta: Ed (Kathubam) Ratliff and 3rd grade at Roosevelt School; Joa (Sherman) Wagner, 2nd grade at Travis Elementary and Mary (Agwine) Wynn, teaching French at Austin High School.

Some of those who moved away also teach, including Sarah (Thomas) Madox who teaches at Miami, Florida, and Robert (Tienan) Hodgkins who is head of the English Department for her school in Sacramento, California.

Also in California we have Isabelle (Kuta) Tanaka who promises to be back for Homecoming. Isabelle married a physician and they have 4 kids. She invites everyone to visit them when they are in the area. Santa Barbara, California. (522 North Santa Barbara Street.)

Two others of our classmates were located in Pennsylvania. Ruth Benjimon, is now Mr. Bernard Grossman and lives in Pittsburg, Margaret Hammond is now Mrs. John Marshall and lives in Chicago. (136 acre farm (70 head of cattle) in Rochester Mills, Pennsylvania. Margaret is also teaching 4th grade and has 3 kids. Incidentally, her address is Tejas Farms, Route #1 and it is described as a little bit of Texas in Pa. Ed Heiningher and Ray Matzer at both ministers now and Francis Bremer lives somewhere in the mines of Chihuahua.

Back in El Paso we have some family enterprises, Margaret (Norwood) Cordero as her husband manage the El Paso district to the Stanley Home Products. Alma (Fickens Miller and her husband run Tri-State Industrial Supply Company, Mollie (Costell Smith) writes that she has been with the El Paso Natural Gas Company now for 17 years and she helped us locate Betty Ann (Ford) Simpson. The Simpsons are retiring from the Army and they have returned to make El Paso their home.

Finally, last but not least we have Moll (Bernard) Rosen, whose husband is a lawyer. Molly is a big worker each year for our class on the Alumni Fund. We will definitely be expecting her and Virginia Penley to help me in preparing for our silver anniversary reunion. See you at Homecoming.
1950

Mrs. Morgan Brookdus, (the former Martha Lou Florence) is currently Secretary of the Ex-Students' Association and is active in the Faculty Women's Club. A former school teacher, Mrs. Brookdus has two children and her husband teaches history at U. T. El Paso.

Ten years have gone by since our class bid a fond farewell to TWC, and many changes have taken place in the lives of those 1960 graduates who suddenly had to make their way in the world. Our class has every reason to be proud when it can boast of such individuals as Wayne Ahr, who has received his M.A. in Oceanography and a Ph.D. in Geology. Now in Houston, Wayne works for Shell Oil and teaches at the University of Houston. Other teachers in our class include Judy (Malone) Mohrhauser, who has been teaching in El Paso for the past ten years. Esther (Lynch) Alaraz now lives in Palos Verdes, California where she teaches English to foreign students. Dell Wright lives in Houston where he coaches football and track to state champs at Alief Junior-Senior High School, and Eduardo Molina is a counselor at Bowie High. Debra (Salazar) Pontoja has also been using her talents in the teaching field and has been at Alamo School for ten years. Gloria Ayoub has been teaching for eleven years and Marjorie (Smith) Brockington has been a music teacher in El Paso schools for nine years. Brenda (Brook) Young completed a Master's Degree in Music Education and is currently employed as Band Director at Brewer Junior High. She is now an Assistant Professor in the Physics Department at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Receiving her M.A. Degree in Economics in May 1970, Ken Hoben plans to move to Minneapolis where he will begin work toward a Ph.D. Luis Molina is in his last year of graduate school in Ohio where he was recently promoted to the position of Director of Television Programming for that city's Schools. He is interested in forming an Alumni Chapter for any Ex-Student now living in the Midwest. If you are interested, contact him by writing: 54 Westgate Drive, Mansfield, Ohio. Robert Grant has moved to Bainbridge, Maryland where he is teaching English at the Naval Academy Preparatory School.

Members of our class have also found a place in the Engineering field, although many have left El Paso and traveled to far away places. Bennie Lybrand is now Associate Resident Engineer with the Highway Department in Lamesa, Texas. Jerry Gilley and his wife, the former Cathy Lambert, now live in New Orleans, where he is a geologist for Humble, working in off-shore production. Raymond Lowrie is working as a Mining Engineer for the Bureau of Mines in Denver, Colorado. This fall the Bureau is sending him back to school for a Degree in Mining Economics. Poof Webb is now living in El Paso where he is a sales engineer for Engineered Equipment.

Other 1960 graduates are now occupied in many different fields. Mel Ontiveros is employed by Ling-Temco-Vought at White Sands Missile Range as System Integration Supervisor. William Williamson owns and operates a concession and catering service. Leah (Adair) Claiborne now lives in Odessa with her husband and three adopted children. She organized the Inter-Faith Service Council and was the first director of Adult Literacy Classes in that city. John David Douglas is a Captain in the Air Force, stationed in Italy. Roberta (Lane) Howard lives in Beaumont where she is employed as a Technical Librarian. Monte Martin who married the former Barbara Bitticks, lives in Kileen, Texas where he is manager for Investor's Diversified Services. Alfred Perta has an M.A. in Business Administration and lives in Sunnyvale, California where he is employed as a Senior Contract Specialist for Philco-Ford. Carol (Chambers) Pittenger lives in El Paso where she is now serving as President of the CPA Auxiliary, Brenda (Mehlman) Ehrlich serves as a member of the Jewish Women. George Sullivan who married the former Kathy Fitzgerald is a Marketing Representative at IBM here in El Paso.

Cathy (Finerty) Hindly now lives in Houston where her husband is an engineer. She has two children. Brenda (Grose) Seaver has recently moved to Fort Worth where her husband is an engineer. She stays busy minding her three children. Robert McPherson is practicing law with the firm of Wandel & Bousquet in Houston. Ralph Ponce de Leon was one of the founders and is currently manager of Microelectronics Division of the Sloan Technology Corporation in El Segundo, California. Duane Godwin, a faculty member at Tarleton State College was recently awarded a Fulbright Lectureship to Spain. Bob Duchouquette is an M.D. and a partner in Laumey Medical and Surgical Clinic in Dallas.

David Tappan
Association President

Donald S. Leslie
Homecoming Chairman

Dr. R. A. D. Morton, Jr.
Alumni Fund Chairman
As we approach the 1970 Homecoming festivities, to be held November 13-14 this year, we look forward with anticipation to a revised format, designed to make this annual celebration more interesting to Eses and more helpful to our growing University.

Our role as an association of former students is this four school certainly involves communication between the students of U. T. El Paso, the citizens of our community, and the administration; with our goal, an increased understanding among all for the benefit of our University.

We are fortunate in our border metropolis that persons of diverse races, opinions and religions meet problems within a framework of order and intelligent approaches with a genuine desire to find answers and diminish future problems. Certainly this has been true in the responsible and cooperative attitudes of the students and the administration at U.T.E.P.

We look back with gratitude on the continued fine performance of the Alumni Fund for Excellence under the capable direction of Chairman R. A. D. Morton, Jr. This marvelous response has brought contributions to an all time high.

Our Scholarship Fund remains active and has been awarded again this year to Miss Carol Jeanne Mast. The Student Loan Fund of $1,000 is being maintained, as is the matching Scholarship Program whereby funds raised by area alumni will be matched up to $125.00. Gifts to the Library have continued and we have established a Library endowment in memory of Dean C. A. Puckett with an initial contribution of $100.

Other areas of cooperation include the selection and recognition of the Outstanding Ex-Student and the Top Ten Senior students each year; the Superior Student Symposium designed to attract outstanding high school students to the University, which drew forty-six local students this year with the excellent assistance of the student body and faculty; informal gatherings between Student Association officers and the Ex-Students' officers; and a series of monthly programs at which both faculty and students spoke informally to us regarding current problems and aspects of University life.

It has been a rewarding experience to work with Dr. Joseph Smiley, our President. Equally gratifying have been our discussions with Jesus Rodriguez and Ray Velarde, President and Executive Vice-President of the Student Association. I also wish to express our appreciation to Wynn Anderson for his efforts on behalf of the Association.

We look forward to continuing growth in numbers and in excellence at our great University.

AREA ALUMNI MEETINGS

The Ex-Students' Association is very interested in promoting meetings among alumni in various areas. We will underwrite costs, prepare all mailings and provide a program. Volunteers who will assist with arrangements are needed. Interested alumni may write for further information to the Association, in care of U. T. El Paso.

DALLAS CHAPTER

The Dallas area Ex-Students’ Association, U. T. El Paso’s oldest area chapter, has the responsibility to present enjoyable activities for Eses living in North Texas. In October of 1969, 55 alumni attended a meeting at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Vernie Stembridge. Dr. Kenneth Beasley, Dean of the Graduate School at U. T. El Paso spoke to the group. Elected President for 1970 was: Dr. Wallace H. Ingram, succeeding Ed Strohm who was Vice President. Officers are: Vice President, Dan Boyd; Secretary, Shirley Noah; Treasurer, Joe Adkins and Special Activities Chairman, Richard Wu.

The group convened again on December 12 for a Southwestern Fiesta at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Newman. The party was complete with tequila, cerveza, and luminarios and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Dallas Eses are now preparing for their next meeting on September 11 at which time Dr. J. R. Smile, President of U. T. El Paso will speak. Interested alumni should contact Mrs. Edward Noah, 4935 Mill Run Road, Dallas, Texas 75234.

HOUSTON CHAPTER

The Houston Eses, U. T. El Paso’s largest and most active group, has had a full year of activities under President Bob Brown and Charles Bradshaw. In November of 1969, former President of the Ex-Student Association and former Alumni Fund Chairman Robert M. Cave spoke to the fall meeting of the Houston Eses. He is now Director of Agencies for Prudential Insurance Company in Houston.

In January, the traditional stag night attracted some 25 athletically inclined alumni to hear Coach Wilson Knapp of the Miner football staff as he paid his second visit with the U. T. El Paso’s athletic events. A good time was had by all, thanks to the Pearl Beer Distributors and their Jersey Lilly room.

New chapter officers elected in 1970 were Charles Bradshaw, President; O. D. Paulk, Vice President; Ned Moore, Sec-Treas.; and the following were elected to the Board of Directors: Joe Starling, Oscar Herrera, Robert Cave, and Joe Feste. Carry over members of the Board are Hosea Warren, Bob Cavanaugh, Grady Holderman. In April, Tom Knapp was appointed to fill the term of the late Brooks Dawson, the former Miner quarterback, whose tragic death created a vacancy on the Board.

The annual spring meeting attracted a large crowd of over 65 alumni to hear President Joseph Smiley discuss the University and its future. This meeting was followed by the annual picnic meeting in June at which 45 alumni and family members gathered at the Fair Creek Park in Houston.

Gulf coast alumni of U. T. El Paso who are interested in being included in the Houston chapter’s activities should contact N. E. E. M. I. Imperial Crown, Houston, Texas 77043.

Outstanding Ex Selection

The annual selection of the Outstanding Ex-Student of the University is designed to recognize former students of this University who have distinguished themselves in both their professional and personal life and in doing so have brought credit to their alma mater.

In order to be considered for this award, the highest given to a former student of the University, the nominee must have an abiding interest in the University, must have distinguished himself in his field, must have made some measurable contribution to his nation, state or community, must be a person of unimpeachable character and integrity, and must be able to accept the award personally at Homecoming.

The Selection Committee is a joint alumni-faculty committee. Terms are staggered for three years, with six faculty members being appointed by the President of the University and six alumni being appointed by the President of the Ex-Students’ Association. The present Chairman Robert C. Hasley replaced Francis C. Broadus, Jr. as chairman in 1969. Mr. Broadus had served over ten years as Chairman of the committee and is largely responsible for smooth functioning of this very important group.

Anyone may nominate any former student for Outstanding Ex-Student. Names should be accompanied with biographical information substantiating the nomination, and may be sent to the Office of the Ex-Students’ Association in care of the University.

Once the nomination is accepted it is placed on a permanent list and that person is reconsidered each year by the committee until selected or placed on an inactive list. Currently over 50 alumni are considered active nominees. It is hoped that this number will double by next year and new nominations will be welcome.
corresponding with the career of the greatest of the fore-edge artists, Thomas Edwards of Halifax, a British bookbinder and dealer.

In the Golden Age of this art, Mr. Weber discovered, Virgil was the author most frequently found among the fore-edge classics, followed by Horace, Cicero, Oviedo, Homer and Aristotle. Also popular were Milton, Cowper, Sir Walter Scott, Shakespeare, Byron, Thomson, Wordsworth, Pope, Southey, Tennyson and Goldsmith.

Actually the art of decorating the fore-edge of the book was practiced as long ago as the time of Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658) and even before that period are found occasional examples. Henry VIII's Bible, for instance, printed in Zurich in 1543, contains a heraldic illustration on its fore-edge by Thomas Berthelet, the King's Printer.

But the fore-edge painting is a much more complicated and exacting art than the mere illustrating, in plain view, of a book edge.

The true fore-edge artist carefully and slightly fanned the book to receive the fore-edge painting and tied it or clamped it tightly between boards so that the open, flexed edge presented a hard and seemingly flat surface for his colors. The artist painted on the barely open fore-edge with as dry a brush as possible, the brush held perpendicularly to the surface so that the colors would not run into the pages. The finished picture was thoroughly dried and the book removed from the clamps. At this stage, the closed book edge appeared to be merely dotted and speckled with color. The edges of the volume were then burnished and gilded in the ordinary manner. Some fore-edge artists coated the gilt edges with a mixture of egg white and water to provide a transparent fixative for the gold; others of a more alchemic disposition made up a paste by boiling pieces of parchment in water and adding five or six drops of sulphuric acid to the mixture which was then applied hot to the book edges.

Some fore-edge artists worked with the edge lying to the left instead of the right — the normal position — and when such a book is fanned the ordinary way, the painting entirely disappears (the same is true when the leaves of a right-hand painting are fanned to the left).

Some artists painted both on the right and on the left and these even rarer works are called double fore-edge paintings.

The double fore-edge painting is a book containing two different paintings on the same edge. One springs into view when the pages are fanned to the right, another and entirely different picture appears when the leaves are fanned to the left.

The double fore-edge painting is an extremely rare item and many modern libraries have no examples of it. The Harvard University Library, Weber says, has only one, the Cincinnati Art Museum, the Chicago Art Institute, and the John Carter Brown Library in Providence, R.I., have two each.

The UT El Paso Library, thanks to Mrs. Fox's collection, also has one. It is a fragile little book titled The Gentleman's and Citizen's Almanack, compiled by Samuel Watson, Bookseller, and was published in Dublin in 1786. Fan the book edge slightly in one direction and a tranquil fishing scene comes into focus, flex the pages slightly the other way and you see a scene depicting a cock fight.

Only a very small percentage of fore-edge works — perhaps two or three percent — consist of double-edge paintings. The first of these can be traced, says expert Weber, to the 17th century with the period of most apparent productivity 1785-1835.

The most outstanding example of the fore-edge art (see photo) in the UT El Paso-Josephine Clardy Fox Collection is a book published in Paris in 1818 titled Formulaire De Prieres Chretiennes pour passer Saintement la Journee (“A Formula of Christian Prayers for Spending the Day in Righteous Fashion.”) The fore-edge painting, “Jardins des Tuileries,” is a minutely detailed water color containing 33 realistic human figures.

Other paintings in the Collection include a shipwreck scene, desert scene, boating on the Thames, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, the London Bridge and a view of Edinburgh.

Since fore-edge paintings are very rare and valuable indeed (some of the more exquisite examples of the art fetched more than 200 guineas a copy — a shade over $500 in today's money — when they painted), they are handled delicately. Repeated thumbing of the edges of such a book (which is not necessary to see the picture in the first place) can wear off the gilt and eradicate the art beneath. Thus the 13 fore-edge books from Mrs. Fox's estate will be kept in tight security. Anyone wishing to see the books can contact Mrs. Jeanne Reynolds, secretary to the University Librarian.

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**The Gentleman's and Citizen's ALMANACK, compiled by SAMUEL WATSON, Bookseller, For the Year of our Lord, 1786.**

**CONTAINING, The Days of the Year and Month; Week-Days; Sun's Rising and Setting; Moon's Age and Changes: A Table of Equinox: The Times of High Water, in Dublin-Bay. Several Tables, Altered, Renewed, or Continued. The MARRIAGES and DEATHS of the PRINCES of Europe. The Names of The LORDS LIEUTENANT, of His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, and of the LORDS and COMMONS of Parliament, (Printed by Authority.)**

Also, The JUDGES, and Seveal other Persons in Places of High Trust, and Office in IRELAND, both Civil and Military. The DUBLIN SOCIETY: The MILITARY: The ROADS and FALLS: The POST-TOWNS: NOTED PLACES referring to them, and FOREIGN POSTS.

N.B. The Names of the several Offices in The Four Courts are printed here by the Leave of the LORD CHANCELLOR, and Judges.

DUBLIN:

Printed for SAMUEL WATSON, Bookseller, at No. 71, in Greatton Street, and THOMAS STEWART, Bookseller, No. 4, King-Junt-Road, 1786.

Title page from the only example of the DOUBLE fore-edge book in the Fox collection. The edge paintings on this volume are dim and not photographable.
You almost can't get to Don Burges' house from here.

The 15 by 20 foot adobe structure sits on a barren patch of land in what is known as the Sierra Tarahumara, that portion of the Sierra Madre Occidental that stretches backbone-like down the western half of Mexico and enters the southwestern part of the State of Chihuahua.

Actually you can get there if you follow the directions — very carefully. Using Chihuahua City as a departure point, take the train to San Rafael (about eight hours' journey) and from there take a lumber truck to a sawmill called Lagunitas (some four to 10 hours away, depending on such factors as the state of the weather, the condition of the terrain, and the dependability of the vehicle). From Lagunitas it is only a short, three-hour hike (much of it uphill) to the Burges home. Taking your baggage by burro or mule is optional — the only alternative is to carry it yourself.

The end of the journey justifies any means of getting there because the setting is a panoramic spectacle of stunning beauty. The eye can see only a minute part of the 44,000 square kilometers of mountain peaks, mesas, rugged canyons, small valleys and high plains that make up the region known as the home of the Tarahumara Indians — but that portion is awesome enough.

Mountains tower as high as eight and ten thousand feet, their slopes thick with oaks and ponderosa pines, their peaks covered with snow. Slashing the mountain foothills are gorges and canyons, several of them said to be as deep as Arizona's Grand Canyon, and the semi-tropical temperatures allow wild parrots to thrive and orchids to grow in unfettered abundance.

Until recent times, this wild, beautiful isolated country has been inhabited only by the widely scattered Tarahumara Indian tribes who, for several cen-
turies, have managed to eke out an existence from a land considered uninhabitable by other peoples. Don and Esther Burges, however, also live there now, with their four-year-old daughter Lisa and their two-year-old son Anthony. They are not "roughing it" as a vacation pastime, but are carrying out a serious task.

The Burgesses are members of a non-denominational group called Wycliffe Bible Translators which is composed of more than 2,000 workers scattered throughout 21 countries of the world. Their objective is to translate the New Testament and other books of high moral and cultural value into the languages of semi-isolated and semi-civilized peoples. To do this, Wycliffe members live and work with these peoples.

In Mexico alone, for example, there are more than 2,000 Indian tribes speaking more than 300 different languages and dialects. Some 1,400 Wycliffe members are working with many of these tribes.

The Burgesses, like all members of the Wycliffe organization, are non-salaried. This means that the volunteers whose efforts are not underwritten privately or institutionally must take periodic leaves of absence to earn enough money to see them through another interval of volunteer service to the Wycliffe organization. In addition, 10 percent of all earnings is contributed to the organization, half of it used for maintenance of the international office in Santa Ana, California, the other half for maintenance of an office in the country where the member is working.

Wycliffe volunteers request, and are usually granted, the locale of their choice. Don and Esther Burgess' preference for the Sierra Tarahumara country was a logical one, since neither of them is a stranger to that region, or to its peoples' needs.

Esther grew up in Sierra Tarahumara country near a little town called Samachique where her parents settled in 1951, having come from the United States as Wycliffe workers. Esther's father had useful background knowledge and experience as a chemist, radio technician, former restaurant owner, and a Wheaton College graduate with additional studies in medicine. All Wycliffe members are experienced in some area of technology in addition to linguistic training, from nursing to mechanics, from computing to secretarial work.

Don was not introduced to the wilds of the Barrancas until he was a high school student at which time his father, Glenn Burges, then an El Paso Times photographer, took him to visit Mexico. When he was a student at Texas Western College, Don spent summer vacations as a construction worker in Mexico and during those intervals became acquainted with the Carlson family. After graduating from TWC in 1961, he continued with graduate studies at the College, and also studied for two summers at the University of Oklahoma, one of several universities where Wycliffe members teach linguistics. He earned his M.A. degree from TWC in 1964, having written his thesis on the history of missionary work among the Tarahumara Indians of Mexico.

It was about the same time that Esther Carlson, who had returned to the States for her advanced education, earned her undergraduate degree from Stanford University.

Don and Esther were married and soon after that received their assignment from the Wycliffe organization to work with a Tarahumara Indian tribe. More than four years ago they arrived at their destination and then camped out for six months until the Indians granted them permission to build a house on a rocky, unused portion of land. Until then, and sometimes since, Don and Esther have found to be invaluable the jungle survival training mandatory for all Wycliffe workers.

The six months' waiting period was, according to Don, expected and inevitable, for as he explains: "The Indians are extremely wary of outsiders and, in addition, have two fundamental fears—that their language will be stolen, and that their land will be taken away from them."

The caution of the Indians is understandable when it is considered that for much of the time that they have lived in the regions of western Chihuahua—some 2,000 years according to archaeologists—they were under attack or oppression by either warlike Indian tribes such as the Apaches, or by Spanish conquerors.

During the past several centuries they were forced to scatter and resettle many times, withdrawing further and further up into the almost impenetrable mountain regions. Missionary efforts to help them, began in 1607 by the Jesuits and continuing through succeeding centuries by other religious denominations, were continually hampered by revolutions, environmental hardships, and language difficulties. It has only been during the past couple of decades that concrete and continuous progress has begun to show effective results concerning the Tarahumara tribes.

Since the 17th century, their numbers have remained fairly constant at a roughly estimated 50,000. Most of the present-day tribes are semi-nomadic, leaving their crude log cabins and cave dwellings in the mountains during the cold winter months and descending into the much warmer canyons. They plant their crops of corn, pumpkins, squash and beans up along the almost perpendicular walls of the giant caskets, negotiating the steep inclines with ease, for the Tarahumaras are noted for their agility and their fleetness of foot.

Although relatively few of the Tarahumara men speak Spanish (the rest of the tribe speaks their own Indian dialect), Don and Esther were able to win their friendship and trust, initially through sign language. Word had gotten around, also, that Esther had been raised among another tribe of Tarahumaras, and this contributed to their success with their neighbors.

Construction of the Burges house finally got underway with some of the tribesmen lending them a hand. "It took us four months to complete the house," says Don, "because we got started during the rainy season and the adobe bricks kept melting."

Their living quarters consist of one room with a half-floor upstairs for sleeping accommodations. Esther cooks on an adobe stove; water has to be carried from a running stream 30 yards from the house.

"We hope to get a butane stove soon," says Don. "Our domestic equipment is so primitive that it takes us most of the day just to maintain ourselves and this leaves us too little time to carry on our work with the tribe."

Grocery-shopping for staples involves a half-day trek to the nearest village that has a railroad running through it.

Although the Burges' standard of living hardly measures up to that of their American peers, it is a source of envy to some of their neighbors. In fact, the venerable American pasttime of "keeping up with the Joneses" is being adopted by some of the Indians. Some time ago Don built a porch across the front of his house. Shortly after that, his closest neighbor who lives 50 yards away built a porch that encircled his house.

Don spends as much time as possible visiting with members of the tribe throughout that particular area, helping
them to elevate their living standards when possible, and gathering information on the Tarahumara culture, customs, and language. To date, four of Burges' books are being printed in a Tarahumara dialect. The books include a pre-primer, an alphabet book, a Tarahumara-Spanish phrase book, and a volume of tribal stories that have been handed down verbally from generation to generation.

The books are published at the Summer Institute of Linguistics (Instituto Linguistico de Verano), a part of the Wycliffe organization, in Mexico City. The Institute is also doing language analysis of all 91 languages spoken in Mexico, under the auspices of the government of Mexico.

Each summer the Burges family leaves their home for four months and travels to Mexico City to work on translations at the Institute. They are given permission by the tribe to take one Indian with them to help with the translations.

At the end of the four months, they return to the wilderness for another eight months where they resume the chores of daily living, and the research into the customs and dialect of their Tarahumara neighbors.

Although it was more than two years before Don and Esther gained their neighbors' complete acceptance, once the barriers were down, hospitality and friendship were freely extended. The Tarahumara women visit daily with Esther and the Burgeses are now welcome at many of the tribal ceremonies.

Don describes the Tarahumaras as a deeply religious people who practice beliefs that are a curious mixture of Christianity plus tribal and ancestral doctrines.

Although these Indians give strangers the impression of being silent and stoical, according to Don they are completely different among themselves and an incessant flow of their musical sounding language is heard, frequently broken by bursts of laughter.

Their sociability is particularly apparent, he says, when they are imbibing the Tarahumaran version of “white lightin',” a home brew made from corn and called “tesquino.”

The Burgeses plan to reside at their present location for a total of 10 years, then they will return to the United States so that their son and daughter may attend high school. This leaves Don less than six years to do as much missionary, linguistics, and translation work as possible. He also hopes to see a medical treatment center established in the area before they leave.

When the Burges family does pull up stakes, they will return to the States with a treasure of experience, knowledge, and rich memories of friendship with a people that are worth knowing. For although the Tarahumara Indians live an humble existence, their philosophy can hardly be improved upon.

A super-distillation of part of that philosophy is found in the Tarahumaran homily that goes something like this:

"A ra sebari e nagame rio niri cobo" — "Be a good, complete person who pays attention to God's word."
I should like to offer first a few comments about the general state of higher education as I view it in these turbulent times and then make several comments about our situation at The University of Texas at El Paso.

Despite its varied history in this country since the founding of Harvard in 1636, I doubt that higher education nationally has ever faced a crisis of the current proportions. And the crisis has not one, but many identifiable causes. One is surely the matter of numbers. The glorious American experiment of making free public education available through our school systems to all who are qualified has resulted, and especially since World War II, in ever-increasing numbers of students who go on to some kind of post-high school institution. The number is now near 60% and, coupled with the rising birth rate after the war, the burden, especially upon public colleges and universities, has been enormous. When I say burden, I do not mean that concomitant opportunities have not also faced us. As many universities have grown to 35-40,000 students on one campus, the lost opportunity of a more personalized relationship with individual students has become more widespread. Dissatisfaction with this state of affairs, charg­
es of facelessness, and lack of relev­ance have characterized the attitudes of a growing number of students.

Other readily identifiable causes of the crisis have been the war in Indo-China, the draft, a sharply increasing concern on the part of students for social justice, a perceptible kind of dis­enchantment with our social institutions other than the college or university. The manifestation on many campuses, especially in the last two years, which have taken the form of violence and disruption, have been deeply disturbing to the great majority of citizens both inside and outside higher education.

The crisis that faces us is a decreas­ing confidence in the power and impor­tance of our colleges and universities. Private and corporate donors as well as state legislatures are in many instances cautiously reviewing their fi­nancial support, primarily, I believe, be­cause of the senseless acts of a rela­tively few students (and sadly, some faculty) who have engaged in violent protest. Our task, in my view, is to re­turn as rapidly as possible to our funda­mental purpose which is the life of the mind through teaching and research. The college or university which has strayed from this goal, which has abdicated its responsibility for sane, reason­able and dispassionate examination of concepts and ideas, which has allowed itself to become politicized, has simply lost its way.

We here at UT El Paso continue to be blessed with a responsible, thought­ful student body in which freedom of inquiry flourishes, where tolerance is abundant, where intellectual hospitality is the rule, not the exception. Our faculty not only exemplifies but encourages these characteristics and while individ­uals, both student and faculty, are of course entirely free to engage in what­ever political activity they choose, as an institution we intend to remain true to our responsibilities as a genuine center of learning.

What all of us in higher education need more urgently now than perhaps ever before is understanding — not merely understanding of our basic goal which I have described, but of the ways in which we deal with efforts, some­times well publicized, to distract us temporarily from that goal. We need to remind ourselves, I think, that faculty and students have the same rights un­der our Constitution as any other citi­zens; these are not left behind at the campus gates. Expressions of dissent, of criticism, of contrary opinions, are heard on campuses to such a degree simply because that is where so many thoughtful young people happen to be.

I have a strong sense of confidence that exposure to different, even opposing points of view does not shake the essential and important convictions that a student brings with him to college or university. Higher education has as one of its basic aims to present to students a wide variety of thoughts, ideas, con­cepts which the mind of man has devel­oped, not to shield or protect students from such notions. Although this would seem perfectly obvious, I think it needs repeating from time to time. In short, universities exist as unique institutions of society which provide not only essen­tial professional training, but also the indispensable opportunity for students and teachers to pursue together the search for truth in whatever area of knowledge.

In this pursuit which is the centuries­old obligation of universities, a deep and continuous dedication to tolerance, to open-mindedness, is the essential in­gredient. Obviously many of the con­cepts from man's past, many of the sug­gested solutions to man's problems generate emotional and prejudiced re­actions from the public sector. This has always been true and doubtless always will be. I should cite an example the defense of an obscure doctoral disserta­tion at the Sorbonne in the eighteenth century which provoked a storm of pro­test and divisiveness among the public. The university which is alive and vi­brant and going about its task in the realm of ideas is constantly, as one edu­cator has phrased it, in "a state of crea­tive tension with the society which sur­rounds and supports it."

I would urge, then, that our alumni and friends consider what we at The University of Texas at El Paso are doing in the light of our fundamental pur­poses, even though their attention — and ours — may be drawn temporarily to an incident which may seem un­favorable. We invite your scrutiny and your questions as well as your suggestions for improvement as we strive to main­tain a sane and even course in these troublesome times.

From the President's Office

THESE DAYS AND HIGHER EDUCATION

by Joseph R. Smiley
TRAILING AMBROSE BIERCE

by Haldeen Braddy

Shortly after the strange disappearance, in 1913, of Ambrose Bierce, American author and journalist, one report, among many, stated that at the outbreak of the World War he was training with English soldiers in Lincolnshire; another, that he had died early in battle on the French front (Bookman, August, 1925, p. 642). But the most persistent rumors appear to place his death in Mexico.

One of the earliest accounts depicts Bierce dying before a firing squad in Icamole, east of Chihuahua, in August, 1915 (Starrett, V. Buried Caesars. Chicago, 1923). A later version of this states that the Mexican officer who ordered the execution possessed a snapshot of Bierce (American Mercury, September, 1925). Unfortunately no one has been able to produce either the Mexican official or the snapshot. But it was reported several years later, on the other hand, that Bierce had been seen in San Luis Potosi in December 1918. Here again, however, confirmation is sadly lacking; for the Mexican who supplied this tale was murdered in a love scrape in Los Angeles before his remarks could be checked and corroborated. Nevertheless the rumor that Bierce died in Mexico has continued to flourish, and I have encountered it many times during the past ten or twelve years of intermittent investigations. On October 2, 1928, John Cullen, of the New York American (with which Bierce had been associated) wrote me that Ambrose's death "in all probability was caused by a bullet fired by a follower of Villa." But no reason is given for this belief. Possibly Mr. Cullen was influenced by a statement made in the American Parade (October, 1926, p. 43) by Adolphe de Castro, Bierce's collaborator on The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter, that "Bierce was shot to death by Villa's orders."

In 1929 I met Mr. de Castro in New York. He gave me at that time substantially the same account as appears in his Portrait of Ambrose Bierce. He was not at all certain that Bierce had actually been murdered at Villa's command; indeed he implied, as he does in his Portrait, that Ambrose's death might have been hastened by excessive drinking. De Castro was in some respects less sure of what had happened than he had been in 1926.

The latest story, and by all odds the most exciting, is told by Tom Mahoney (Esquire, February, 1936), who represents Bierce as a supporter, not an enemy, of Pancho Villa. According to Mr. Mahoney, Bierce went along as a regular member of the army when Pancho raided a northern Chihuahua estate and fell in battle at Ojinaga. The bodies of the soldiers were piled together and then burned; and there were, therefore, no remains. The great advantage of this report over all others is that it successfully removes any possibility of a corpus delicti.

From what base in actual fact do these many accounts derive? Precious little, it seems to me. Bierce's letters are proof that he was in Chihuahua, but none of these makes any real contribution to the essential riddle.

When in 1935 I moved to Alpine, center of the Texas Big Bend, I determined, therefore, to visit Chihuahua and Ojinaga in the hope of uncovering any relevant information. I went first to the home of Señora Luz Corral de Villa, Pancho's widow; but received no inkling of a clue. Quite obviously Villa might have known Bierce without informing the Señora, but this would appear unlikely if, as has been argued, Pancho and Bierce were at all intimate.

Shortly afterwards I called on the American Consul, who had no personal information whatever regarding Bierce, but who kindly permitted me to copy from the files the records in his possession bearing on the case. These records, appeals first by newspaper and then by radio, reveal that the United States Government in 1930 made a serious effort to get at the facts.

I had no better luck in Juarez or Ojinaga. At Ojinaga I talked with old-timers, border patrolmen, prospectors, and desert rats, but I discovered nothing about any gringo dying for Villa on the battlefield.

Now the Mexican is notorious for preserving traditions and for telling tales, and inasmuch as no informant among them in Ojinaga could furnish a single datum, it is my conclusion that the spreading belief that Bierce died in Mexico rests at present on no substantial proof whatsoever and should thus be strongly opposed.

On the other hand, I have no evidence of what did happen to him. Perhaps he went on to South America as he had planned. The late Walter Neale, whom I knew well, insisted that his friend died in the Rockies. And it is true that in 1911 Bierce had written: "At my age a fellow should go into his room and begin dressing for death. My room is Yosemite Valley."

After moving to El Paso, Texas, in 1946, I made anew repeated efforts to trace "Don Ambrosio," as the Mexicans style him. A trip to Yosemite Valley in 1960 yielded nothing — nothing, that is, except the impression that when Bierce vanished Yosemite would have been an ideal place for anybody to disappear. From 1960 to the present, I have from time to time broached the mystery of Bierce to the numerous Mexican personages I know and have interviewed in that romantic republic. But none of these many probings ever produced the results I wanted.

The late Elias Torres, who wrote more on Villa than any other writer, always held that the American was slain at Villa's command. But when "Don Ambrosio" sought to run away from it all in Mexico, he was a man not only up in years but a heavy drinker (catarefren, muy borracho). He certainly sojourned for a period in Chihuahua City, addressing letters from that state capital to his daughter in Los Angeles. Newsman of the Chihuahuan "El Heraldo" adver­tized his description in their pages and sought out informants to identify him. Their efforts failed, as no testifier proved able to pick out Bierce's photograph from some dozen of different individuals submitted to their scrutiny. The American Consul in Chihuahua City in those hectic days — a gentleman named Marion Letcher — may have had knowledge of what transpired, but Mr. Letcher long ago retired to live in Italy. I wrote to the ex-Consul in Italy but never heard from him. Somewhere today, in Mexico or elsewhere, there must live a survivor of the Revolution who knows what happened. Hopefully, I continue to this hour to ask questions of all such people I hear of or encounter.

In the total absence of any major datum that an impartial investigator would consider conclusive, I have almost forsaken hopes of unearthing a worthwhile lead. In the Revolution of that day, disappearances occurred often and usually without notice. Moreover, Bierce seemed bent on self-destruction and openly said so. My present thought is that Villa did not murder this Americano, whose disappearance must rank among the greatest of mysteries. I rather think that age and alcohol together with likely privation and possible exposure to the elements account for his end.
A SAMPLER FROM BIERCE'S DEVIL'S DICTIONARY
(Written by Bierce in the period 1881-1906 and originally published as
The Cynic's Word Book)

ABSTAINER, n. A weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure.

ABRUPT, adj. Sudden, without ceremony, like the arrival of a cannon-shot and the departure of the soldier whose interests are most affected by it.

ACHIEVEMENT, n. The death of endeavor and the birth of disgust.

APPLAUSE, n. The echo of a platitude.

BAROMETER, n. An ingenious instrument which indicates what kind of weather we are having.

CHRISTIAN, n. One who believes that the New Testament is a divinely inspired book admirably suited to the spiritual needs of his neighbor. One who follows the teachings of Christ in so far as they are not inconsistent with a life of sin.

CONSERVATIVE, n. A physician’s forecast of disease by the patient’s pulse and purse.

ERUDITION, n. Dust shaken out of a book into an empty skull.

GARTER, n. An elastic band intended to keep a woman from coming out of her stockings and desolating the country.

HAND, n. A singular instrument worn at the end of a human arm and commonly thrust into somebody’s pocket.

HAPPINESS, n. An agreeable sensation arising from contemplating the misery of another.

IMPIETY, n. Your irreverence toward my deity.

IMPOSTOR, n. A rival aspirant to public honors.

LAWYER, n. One skilled in the circumvention of the law.

LUMINARY, n. One who throws light upon a subject; as an editor by not writing about it.

MARRIAGE, n. The state or condition of a community consisting of a master, a mistress and two two slaves, making in all, two.

NOVEMBER, n. The eleventh twelfth of a weariness.

ORTHODOX, n. An ox wearing the popular religious yoke.

PARDON, v. To remit a penalty and restore to a life of crime.

PHRENOLOGY, n. The science of picking the pocket through the scalp.

PIANO, n. A parlor instrument for subduing the impenitent visitor. It is operated by depressing the keys of a machine and the spirits of the audience.

POSITIVE, adj. Mistaken at the top of one’s voice.

PRAY, v. To ask that the laws of the universe be annulled in behalf of a single petitioner confessedly unworthy.

PUSH, n. One of the two things mainly conducive to success, especially in politics. The other is Pull.

QUOTATION, n. The act of repeating erroneously the words of another.

RIOT, n. A popular entertainment given to the military by innocent bystanders.

SCRIPTURES, n. The sacred books of our holy religion, as distinguished from the false and profane writings on which all other faiths are based.

TENACITY, n. A certain quality of the human hand in its relation to the coin of the realm.

TWICE, adv. Once too often.

VALOR, n. A soldierly compound of vanity, duty and the gambler’s hope.
Dr. William J. Reynolds Jr. ('46) was named Father of the Year by the Downtown Sertoma Club in June. His wife was named Mother of the Year by the Junior Woman's Club and the White House in May. More qualified recipients of the honors could not have been chosen. Reynolds is the father of two children. Reynolds was recently returned to the local law firm of White, Duncan, Hammond, and is the vice-chairman of the local United Fund campaign for 1970. A luncheon was held recently at the Empire Club in honor of the retirement of Mrs. Jennie Whitney ('MA '46), who has been a continuous resident of El Paso District 10 for 15 years. Mrs. Whitney plans to travel to Japan during the summer, followed by a trip around the world sometime during the winter.

Robert M. Acedo ('48 etc.), assistant professor of Spanish at Arizona State University, has been awarded a Ford Foundation advanced study fellowship of $10,275 which he will use to complete a research project. The project will lead to a doctoral degree. James F. Elliott ('48), president of Whyburn and Co., is also serving the United Fund as chairman of its Planned Manpower Committee, and Homer L. Dink 'Moore ('50 etc.) is the general manager of the United Fund's Labor Division.

On the El Paso Public Schools scene, Tom Chavez ('48, ME '54), former basketball coach at Jefferson High Schools, was installed recently as principal of the school. He replaces the retired principal at Ross Intermediate, Jesse, and Burns High Schools, has been promoted to principal at Burns. Mrs. Grace Dockray Grimshaw ('48) has retired as principal at Alamo School, after teaching for 38 years.

Mrs. Emmaline Lovitt ('49; ME '65) was installed recently as president of the El Paso Speech and Hearing Association. Harold E. 'Hink' Johnson ('48 etc.) has been named manager of the newly formed North Texas Contractors Association with temporary offices in Dallas. Dr. Robert J. Jones ('50 etc.) was recently promoted to associate professor of clinical psychology in the Behavioral Science Society, an international honorary society for women educators.

Charles W. 'Charlie' Cook ('37 etc.), former vice-president and manager of International Armistic Company president of his own company, Avionics Associates in El Paso, Sam N. Abdou ('37 etc.), president of Abdou Foods Co., has been named honorary director of the Property Trust of America, former director of the Houston Investment Trust. Mrs. Louise Maxon ('38) became woman's editor of the El Paso Times June 1, replacing Mrs. Ruby Burns who retired from the post.

Miss Johnnell Crimen ('38) is director of an artistic crafts school called the Crimen School for the Designer-Craftsman. Mrs. Maurine Eckford ('50 etc.) is the artist-in-residence to the school which is believed to be unique in the history of El Paso arts and crafts activities.

Miss Estela Ramo ('41) is one of three teachers who were presented with Teacher of the Year award by the El Paso Kiwanis Club. David Carrasco ('42) is director of the new El Paso Residential Manpower Center, scheduled to open September 7 in the Hotel Cortez, which is currently undergoing remodeling. The center will accommodate 200 resident and 50 non-resident students who will attend the new training school.

Mrs. Josephine Salas-Porras ('46), formerly a teacher with the El Paso Public Schools, and now a teacher in the Commerce Richard W. Mitch- hoff ('46) and E. R. Lockhart ('29 etc.) Promoted to vice-president and assistant vice-president at El Paso Natural Gas Co. are George D. Carameros Jr. ('47) and Sam Smith ('46 etc.). Tad R. Smith ('47 etc.), a local attorney with the firm of Kemp, Smith, White, Duncan and Hammond, is the vice-chairman of the local United Fund campaign for 1970.

Mrs. Lucy Dorame ('55 etc.) is director of the women's division of the El Paso Alumni Association. She is a member of the Department of English and Languages at Tarleton State College is one of the few out of thousands of applicants who has received a lectureship from the Fulbright Commission to teach English and study Spanish at the University of Santiago in Spain.

Frank H. Besnette ('62) and his wife Lin- da ('61) reside in Flagstaff, Arizona where he is an attorney specializing in management and marketing at Northern Arizona University. He recently received his Ph.D. degree in business administration from Arizona State University. Ron J. McDaniel ('61) was recently appointed as assistant professor of management at North Texas State. And the news of the Class of '66 con-
Fred P. Baker, head of the science department at Cadwallader Elementary School, received a fellowship to attend the 36th Annual Petroleum Institute for Educators at the University of Houston last June.

Mary St. Onge is a civilian art instructor at Ft. Bliss and will teach courses at Carizzo Lodge in Ruidoso part of the summer. Raymond Woelfel, representing United Fruit Sales Corp., is also instructor of a night course in merchandising being held at Technical Center.

Two of the main participants in a spring music recital held at the Woman’s Club are graduates of UT El Paso. Mrs. Gloria Lavis (’54) is well known for her coloratura roles in opera; Mrs. Carolyn Sue Hafen (’66) has played the flute with the El Paso Symphony for several years. Raymond Woelfel, representing United Fruit Sales Corp., is also instructor of a night course in merchandising being held at Technical Center.

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