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NOVA: The University of Texas at El Paso Magazine

The News and Information Service, University of Texas at El Paso

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO MAGAZINE

THE NELSON PROFESSORSHIP
THE EDITOR’S EAR

With the issue you hold in your hand, NOVA begins its eighth year of quarterly publication and we have a favor to ask, one of those “keep the cards and letters coming in, folks” kind of favors that few people pay heed to.

NOVA demands constant re-evaluation; we need to ask ourselves (we, meaning the editorial side as well as the readership side) a few basic questions: “Is NOVA still new?” “What is it saying about UT El Paso?” and “Is it worth it?” The last question is mainly for us, the others for you. All three require some explanation, but before that, let’s agree on one thing—our mail on NOVA means something to us besides keeping track of your changes of address. Sometimes we can act on a suggestion almost immediately. For instance, a few months ago we got a NOVA returned to us, upon which was scrawled this note: “My NOVA was addressed to ‘Mrs. John Doe’ and it shows what an insolent male chauvinist pig you are. For your information, buddy, my name is Jane Doe and it is none of your damned business whether I am married or not. Get with it and address me as ‘Ms. Jane Doe’ or take me off your mailing list.”

Now we acted on that one right away. We took her off our mailing list.

More importantly—and seriously—we received a letter from an out-of-state alumnus a few months back which said, “Why don’t you have more news of alumni? You have a lot of stuff in NOVA that has nothing to do with the college.” That note gave us—and gives us yet—considerable pause, not to mention a near case of the heartbeat of psoriasis. NOVA does have, from time to time, a lot of stuff—poems, one-pagers, interviews—that seemingly have little or nothing to do with the University; and sometimes we do give short shrift to the ever-popular “Alum Notes.” This kind of letter, the kind we want to get more of, brings us to those questions we ask ourselves.

Is NOVA still new? Since 1965, when the first issue of this magazine appeared, the idea behind its launching was to publish something new, a departure from the ordinary “alumni magazine” which, among those who know about such things, is considered the Gobi Desert of magazine communication, characterized by rigid, weak-sister, banal writing, bargain-basement pleas, boringly recorded strings of alumni haps, an ennui-producing sea-of-print format, and the Polaroid or Instamatic school of photography. The first editor of NOVA, Doug Early, was determined to avoid these miserable examples, determined that if the University were to produce and support a quarterly “University Magazine,” it had to be something new. Even the name Doug produced and defended, NOVA, means new. He could have called the magazine “The Nugget,” “The Wet Stope,” “Mine Tailings,” or “The Orange and White” and would have found supporters for any of them, but he named it NOVA, meaning new. The size of the magazine was also new: 9 x 12 instead of the ordinary 8-1/2 x 11, the size of your letter paper and 3/4 of the magazines published in the country. Moreover, in his first issues, Doug Early insisted on, and got, contributions, photographs (by Lee Cain), and graphic art (by Basil Wolfe) that were professional and fresh.

That is what we mean by “Is NOVA still new?” We think it still is new but we are not sure. In its seven years it has covered a lot of ground, some of definitely not your ordinary University magazine territory, some of that is the. The only thing we haven’t used is fiction and we have no strictures against that—we just have never received any good fiction contributions. We have had articles on football, basketball and golf; pages of poems; pieces on the Canary Islands, Ethiopia, Australia, Micronesia, England, and Chicen Itza; surveys of what students are reading out of class and in; interviews with political scientists, University presidents (and the Chancellor); and others; features on our Outstanding Exes, the Seismic Lab, the campus architecture, the National Student Congress, the Speech and Hearing Center, the nursing program, the stuff in the basement of the Centennial Museum, Bob Hope in the Sun Bowl, gunfighters, volcanos, books, the Battle for Tarawa, El Burro, the Prospector, the Flowsheet; and even a handbook for ecofreaks.

The assortment of subject matter, including the occasional piece that has nothing to do with the college, leads us to think we are still fresh-minded and to worry that we are over-doing it. We do not really know. We’d like you to tell us.

As to what the magazine is saying about UT El Paso, we hope it is saying “UT El Paso sure is an interesting place.” We have no other message. Are we saying it? You tell us.

Now there is the matter of “is it worth it?”—a very crucial issue, seen from this side of the mailing list. NOVA’s circulation in 1965 began at about 7,500; today it is well over 16,000 and growing somewhat alarmingly. The unit cost, including postage and all other expenses excepting man-hours, is about 25¢ and you can figure the rest out for yourselves. You can help us determine if it is worth it by writing down your views about the magazine and sending them to us. We want to know what you think of NOVA, what you think would improve it, what you do not like about it (all persons craving to be addressed as “Ms. Jane Doe” please write directly to Wynn Anderson who maintains the mailing list), and what you do. Your responses will help us determine the future course of NOVA and we would like to print the best letters on a continual basis in this column.

Please write in. Just address your card or letter to the Editor, NOVA, The University of Texas at El Paso; El Paso, Texas, zip 79968.

Last issue, in Elroy Bode’s “Border Sketches,” the word “pariah” came out “parish” and ruined the meaning of one of Elroy’s always carefully-sculptured pieces. Elroy didn’t even mention it, but some other people did and we are still cringing. Apologies to Elroy Bode and welcome to the NOVA staff of two expert proofreaders, upon whom we shall be depending to ferret out these things: Profs. Rzy Past and John Middagh.
"During the past summer I reached the decision, after more than 20 years of various administrative assignments, to resign from my current post," Dr. Joseph R. Smiley told a press conference November 1. "The Chancellor has asked me to remain in office until my successor is chosen and available and I have readily concurred with this request."

President Smiley continued, "Although the term 'presidential fatigue' has been frequently used in recent years by my counterparts at other universities in similar circumstances, in my case it is rather a determination to return after a long period to the mainstream of academic life. "I cannot exaggerate the gratitude I feel for the support I have received from many quarters during my presidency here and I am confident that this support is basically for the University itself and that it will continue."

President Smiley, 62, is finishing his second term as president of UT El Paso. He served previously, 1958-60, as president of the then Texas Western College, leaving to become vice president and provost, and later president, of UT Austin; then president of the University of Colorado, 1963-69. He returned in June, 1969, as UT El Paso's chief administrative officer.

The President's announcement on November 1, while a well-kept secret, was long in the planning. The Chancellor of The University of Texas System, Dr. Charles LeMaistre, flew to El Paso to be present during Dr. Smiley's announcement before members of the UT El Paso Development Board, and later before a press conference in the Administration Building. The Chancellor's statement follows:

"Some time ago, President Smiley began to prepare me for this day. In a conversation in which I praised his successful administrative program, he mentioned in passing that he longed to make further contributions to the academic world from his role as a teacher-scholar prior to his mandatory retirement. Subsequent conversations reinforced his position and the strength of his conviction. It is with great reluctance that I concur in his wish for the task is now to find a successor who will not pale by comparison with Joe Smiley's knowledge, attitude and understanding. Joe has been a 'man for all seasons' in academic administration, having served in higher education's most difficult time. "He became President of Texas Western College in 1958, the year after Russia led the U.S. in the early innings of the race for space, and as President of the University of Texas at Austin as it began its rise to world-wide visibility in academic excellence and as President of the University of Colorado during troubled times for us all. In particular he served higher education well when there was a well-organized attempt to disrupt and, indeed, destroy accepted concepts and administrative authority in higher education—and in doing so destroy the American university. Except for men like Joe Smiley, they might have succeeded. "Dr. Smiley's calm, unruffled, thorough approach to problems made him unique in university administration during the good years as well as during the tough years. Certainly, one of the qualities that has made him a pleasure to work with is his sense of humor. "When we began the search for a president for UT El Paso more than four years ago, his name was one of the first mentioned. Indeed, he turned out to be everyone's choice to return to his adopted home city as, head of The University of Texas at El Paso. During his all too brief second term—and Joe, I am tempted to say 'four more years'—his accomplishments have been many. "His leadership has seen the reestablishment of an excellent nursing program at UT El Paso with the purchase of Hotel Dieu and:

"—The establishment of the first endowed professorship (The Nelson Professorship of Geology).

"—A significant increase in private gifts to UT El Paso and a marked increase in alumni and corporate gifts.

"—The doubling of the number of volumes in the UT El Paso Library.

"—And a construction program which makes the UT El Paso campus one of the most beautiful, not only in Texas, but in the country.

"For example, between 1969 and 1972, the University has added: a high-rise Education Building ($3 million); Residence Halls and Dining Room ($4.7 million); Fine Arts Center ($6.6 million); and the most expensive and imaginative project in UT El Paso history with the planning of the Engineering-Science Complex which will cost approximately $14 millions. "In addition, virtually every building on the campus has been remodeled or renovated under his guiding hand. "Under President Smiley's supervision, a sound fiscal base has been re-established at UT El Paso—a remarkable feat in itself.

"Now, Joe Smiley tells us that fifteen years in the chief executive's chair of three major universities is enough for any man. He modestly concurs in my belief that he has done the very hard work that has transformed UT El Paso into a very attractive operation for his successor. "While Joe has made up his mind that he wants the quieter life of a faculty member, The University of Texas Board of Regents and Administration have made up their minds that Dr. Smiley remain available for consultation while he returns to his work with students. I need his help and I intend to seek it frequently. Not the least of his help will emanate from his good sense of humor in critical times. "It is my pleasure, therefore, to announce Dr. Smiley will become the Benedict Professor of French at The University of Texas at El Paso. "We will soon begin the selection process for a new president at UT El Paso. I know that of you has a deep commitment to this institution whether you live and work in the city or whether you live in the city and work on the campus. I assure you the search for Dr. Smiley's successor will include consultation with faculty and students and all interested groups, and we look forward to continued growth in programs and people at this institution."

Under the guidance of the Rules and Regulations of the Board of Regents for the Governance of The University of Texas System, a Selection Committee will be appointed to undertake the responsibility of naming President Smiley's successor.
The Lloyd A. Nelson Professorship in Geological Sciences—the first endowed professorship to be established at The University of Texas at El Paso in its almost-six-decade history—has been accepted by eminent environmental engineer/geologist Dr. George A. Kiersch, chairman of Cornell University's Department of Geological Sciences, 1965-71.

"We are deeply pleased to have such a distinguished scientist as the first appointee to the Nelson Professorship," said UT El Paso President Joseph R. Smiley. "The endowed professorship is a particularly suitable tribute to the many years of dedicated service to this institution by the late Professor Nelson and we are grateful to the many donors who have thus honored him."

Dr. Kiersch will assume his duties as Lloyd A. Nelson Professor of Geology at UT El Paso in January, at the beginning of the Spring, 1973, semester.

Both as an educator and as a professional geologist, Dr. Kiersch's background is extensive and reaches over a 25-year span. A professor of geology since 1960 at Cornell, he also taught at the University of Arizona and at the Montana School of Mines.

Dr. Kiersch has earned international renown for his research and consultant work during the past 20 years for more than 50 companies, governmental agencies and legal firms throughout the United States and in some foreign countries. In addition, his career record lists numerous projects such as: Assistant Chief of Exploration for the Southern Pacific Corporation, Supervising Geologist for the International Boundary and Water Commission in Alpine, Texas, and geologist with the U.S. Corps of Engineers, Sacramento District of California. In the latter position, he was project geologist for Folsom Dam and Reservoir Project, and from 1948-49, geologist for the Underground Explosion Test Program, test sites in Utah.

As an officer (lieutenant to captain) from 1942-45 in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, he served as a field detachment commander of surveyors; also one year in the engineering section of an engineer regimental headquarters both in the states and in the South Pacific, and during the last year as an administrative officer.

Dr. Kiersch is the author of five books, editor or co-editor of a half-dozen others, and has written some 35 technical papers and more than 100 technical consulting reports.

He is listed in Who's Who, the Blue Book (London), American Men of Science, and Who's Who in Engineering. Dr. Kiersch is a registered geologist in California and Arizona; a registered engineering geologist in California, and is a member or Fellow of a number of professional organizations.

Mrs. Kiersch is an artist-cartoonist; parents of four children: Dana Elizabeth, a graduate student at the University of New Mexico; Mary, director of an art gallery in Beverly Hills, California; George Kieth, a senior in economics at Ohio Wesleyan University; and Nancy, a senior at Radford School for Girls in El Paso.

Mrs. Kiersch is an artist-cartoonist; many of her works have been published in various newspapers and magazines. She is a native of Colorado. Dr. Kiersch is a native of California. He holds an undergraduate degree from the Colorado School of Mines, a Ph.D. degree from Graduate College, University of Arizona, and was a Senior Postdoctoral Fellow (NSF) to Technical University, Vienna, Austria, 1963-64.
It was in 1964, shortly after the death of Dr. Lloyd A. "Speedy" Nelson, long-time professor of geology on the El Paso campus, that the request to establish an endowed memorial professorship in his name was submitted to the University of Texas System Board of Regents by Dr. Joseph M. Ray, then-president of Texas Western College.

The request was duly approved by the Regents and so, in 1965, a group of 17 men — some of them former students, others former colleagues, all of them admirers of Dr. Nelson during his lifetime — formed a committee to set about the awesome task of raising $100,000 for the endowed chair.

Headed by William H. Orme-Johnson, a 1935 College of Mines graduate who had been both student and friend of Dr. Nelson, the committee was composed of the following men:

Fred W. Bailey ('20); W. Ben Boykin ('33); Oscar H. Chavez ('40) of Mexico, D.F.; J. Spencer Collins ('47) and Robert M. Condon ('50) of Houston; Jerry W. Faust ('33) of Hanover, N.M.; Joseph F. Friedkin ('32) and Berte R. Haigh ('25) of Midland.

Also: Woodrow W. Leonard ('35) of Denver, Colo.; Dr. William N. McAnulty, professor of geology and department chairman at UT El Paso; Hugh D. McGaw ('29) of Austin; John Payne Jr. ('31) of New York City, N.Y.; Dr. Howard E. Quinn, Professor Emeritus of Geology (faculty member from 1924-65); Dr. William S. Strain, professor of geology (1937-present); Eugene M. Thomas, professor of engineering, former dean of Mines, interim president and dean of students during his years (1930-67) at the University; and R.A. Whitlock Jr. ('40) of Rockford, Ill.

During the next half-dozen years the committee members not only gave generously of their own time and money — they also encouraged other ex-students and interested persons to contribute to the fund.

As a result, the permanently endowed fund now stands at somewhat more than $100,000 and has allowed the University to select its Nelson Professor from a list of candidates meeting such standards as "exceptional mental caliber, recognized achievement and personal integrity." The fund is administered separately from all other funds and will be devoted solely to the professorship, with income from the endowment to be used by the Nelson Professor in support of his research.

"The Nelson Professorship," says Dr. McAnulty, "brings an outstanding scholar to the campus and enhances not only the faculty of the Department of Geological Sciences, but also the entire academic community.

"This type of memorial to Dr. Nelson," he continues, "is most fitting because it creates a lasting tribute to him in his own field of interest at the University to which he was devoted."
on the horizon . . .

UT EL PASO'S FIRST DOCTORAL PROGRAM

In the not-too-distant future, UT El Paso's Department of Geological Sciences may distinguish itself with yet another "first." On the heels of the establishment of the Nelson Professorship, the "possibility" of the University's first doctoral program is rapidly advancing into the realm of "probability."

"A proposal for a doctoral degree in geology was submitted in 1970 to the Chancellor of The University of Texas System," says Dr. William N. McAnulty, Chairman of UT El Paso's Department of Geological Sciences. "The Chancellor appointed an evaluation committee of geological educators not connected with this University to make a study and submit a report concerning the feasibility of such a program."

"Although the report was generally favorable, there were some points that needed to be clarified by UT El Paso," continues Dr. McAnulty, "and so a revised proposal will be re-submitted in Spring, 1973 to the Chancellor."

The addition of Dr. Kiersch, the Nelson Professor, to the University's geology faculty is a definite plus-sign, according to Dr. McAnulty, and enhances UT El Paso's chances of being awarded, possibly in time for the 1974 fall semester, the doctoral program.

And once it is established, the University's Doctor of Geological Sciences degree will be vastly different in comparison to Ph.D.s offered at other universities.

"The proposed doctorate is not aimed at the training of strictly theoretical academicians as are most Ph.D. programs," says Dr. McAnulty. "Instead, it will be a realistic combination of theoretical and practical approaches, designed to produce professionals who are prepared for the demands of today's science and industry.

"Thus the program should reduce the trainee, apprenticeship or adjustment period," he continues, "that is normally required for Ph.D. recipients in order that they fit into the professional world."

A unique requirement of the proposed doctorate is that each candidate must work for nine months on an applied assignment either in industry or with a governmental agency on problems connected with such fields as: stratigraphy, structure, petrology, mineral exploration, mineral economics, mineral resource evaluation or environmental engineering.

The UT El Paso geology faculty is itself well-versed in practical applications of these various fields, for most of them have had industrial experience and all of them are application-and-research-oriented. The department has no less than ten Ph.D. geologists plus two geographers, one with a Ph.D., the other with a Master's degree.

UT El Paso is also—because of its location—particularly fitted for developing an applied doctoral program in geology. It is within reasonable distance of a wide variety of commercial mineral deposits including the Permian Basin oil and gas fields, metal mines of southwestern New Mexico, Arizona and northern Mexico, potash and other salts and sulfur in New Mexico and Trans-Pecos Texas, and a variety of industrial rocks and minerals.

It could not be more appropriate that the Department of Geological Sciences be first in line at UT El Paso for a doctoral program, for the training of mining and exploration geologists and mining engineers is traditional with the institution, dating back almost six decades ago when the infant campus was called the Texas State School of Mines. Throughout the years, hundreds of students with undergraduate degrees from Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy, Texas Western College and The University of Texas at El Paso have taken their places as geologists or engineers with industrial or scientific concerns throughout the world.

UT El Paso's oldest academic tradition is alive, well and gathering strength from the increasing certainty of a Ph.D. degree in Geological Sciences. The only question remaining seems to be "when?"—and it is only a matter of time until that question is answered. 

Dr. William S. Strain, professor of geology since 1937 at UT El Paso, conducts one of the many field sessions annually scheduled for geology students.
STUDIES IN LANGUAGE AND LINGUISTICS 1972-73

Ralph W. Ewton, Jr. and Jacob Ornstein, Eds.


Studies in Language and Linguistics 1972-73 is the second in what hopefully will be a continuing series of volumes in this field issued from the TW Press. Volume I appeared in 1969-70.

Both volumes are collections of scholarly articles in the field, most of them of little interest except to the specialist. This does not make them of less importance though it certainly limits their potential audience. But then, how many would be interested in microbiology, say, or any technical discipline?

The second volume represents an improve ment over the first chiefly in that it has attracted authors of wider repute. Any university press would be proud to publish articles by scholars like Dr. Kenneth Croft of San Francisco State, Dr. Donald Bowren of UCLA, etc.

In sum, and in brief, the book is a contribution to scholarship, and the Press (and UT El Paso) can well be proud of it.

—RAY PAST.

THE CHINESE IN EL PASO

by Nancy Farrar

UT El Paso: Texas Western Press, $2.

This is a most instructive little book that traces the history of the Chinese colony as it originated in 1881, with the coming of the railroads, to the present, when the numbers of Chinese have dwindled to almost a point that first great influx and when they have melded quietly and with dignity into the El Paso populace.

Nancy Farrar, a native El Pasoan (and a history teacher at Coronado High School), has considered feeling for the colorful impact that the Chinese had, and are having, on the city though she records the history of the colony without passion. Her accounts of El Paso's "Chinatown" in the early days, with its tong roots, has some excellent pictures, and in format meets Dr. Sonnichsen lives to work, and six weeks after his mandatory retirement in June, 1972, he accepted a prestigious new job as Editor of the Journal of Arizona History, and in Tucson is gathering more Southwest history and making a host of new friends.

We are fortunate that Dale L. Walker, author of two published books and two manuscripts of books, Director of the News and Information Office at UT El Paso, accepted the challenge to write this book. Meticulously researched and fact-filled, it has caught the essence of the root and quality of the man and his work. It has some excellent pictures, and in format meets the high standards of Editor-Director E. H. Antone, who follows Carl Hertzog in that office, and Oliver Lee in this book. It was not too subtly suggested that he forget this feud, but Tularosa was published, an excellent book in its genre, and its tactful was the author that the members of the feeding families poured tea for each other in an Old Mesilla bookshop, to their astonishment and delight.

G. L. Sonnichsen is chief of Publications for the Arizona Historical Society.

(Continued on page 10)

5
ON DURAZNO STREET

On late Saturday afternoons, while scholars are deep in the stacks of the college library, I am down on Durazno Street with the pigeons and red brick warehouses.

I like it there; it is a home for me.

The streets are quiet at five o'clock and the big buildings throw pleasant shadows. Mexican boys shoot baskets on a school playground. A bell jingles at a corner grocery store as Mexican girls go in to buy loaves of bread.

It is a nice little side-street community, giving the same feeling that Saturday afternoons give to small central Texas towns. Old Mexican men in hats walk home carrying their sack of groceries. The pigeons move back and forth on the ledges of the warehouses. And across the railroad yard, up on the low bluff, a row of turn-of-the-century hotels and apartment houses are still in the sun, their arched windows and small green balconies and stunted palms giving them the look of a beachfront in wintertime.

I read there in my car, in front of a *ropa usada* store—looking up from time to time to watch the drifters make their slow way toward the Rescue Mission in the next block. In their old worn clothes, they stand at the street corner, hands in their pockets, not knowing what step to take next on what is to them just one more poor.

On Durazno Street, the weather is nothing special. One minute it is hot and steamy, the next on what is to them just one more poor.

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Just Passing Through

They were waiting around the downtown plaza, killing time: a couple of Steinbeck drifters from *Of Mice and Men*. Although I could not catch all the talk, it seemed that a friend of theirs who knew somebody, who knew somebody else, was due back with farm jobs in the lower valley—something like that. But it was a lazy April afternoon and the grass was pleasant to sit on, so neither one of them seemed very panicly about finding work.

The young one, the talker, was an Alabama boy in his twenties. He had white-blonde hair and his nose was sunburned and peeling. H A T E was tattooed on his left palm. The young one, the talker, was an Alabama boy in his twenties. He had white-blonde hair and his nose was sunburned and peeling. H A T E was tattooed on his left palm.

The two of them continued to sit there—making a kind of tight little transients' island on the new spring grass. Both appeared sobered by their thoughts, but not too much: it was too nice an afternoon to get down in the dumps.

He was telling his friend about how he and a full-blooded Indian boy up in Detroit had a chance for themselves once: a man who owned a couple of drugstores took a liking to them and wanted to send them through high school and then to college. They were supposed to study pharmacy and join him in his business since the man was lonely and getting old and without any relatives to speak of. "But hell," Alabama said, "I got to foolin around too much or somethin—you know. I was a kid. I didn't know nothin about nothin." He spat on the ground and shook his head. "I sure missed a chance that time."

After a while he got to talking about Skid Row in Detroit and some of the men who ended up there. He knew a guy, he said, a doctor, who was a bum now but who was once somebody important, with a big practice and making a ton of money. But he had a car wreck and killed his wife and two kids, and that did it. He started drinking and a couple of years later a patient of his died on the operating table. Or maybe the doc showed up too drunk to operate—Alabama couldn't remember about that part. Anyway, he lost his license and ended up in the gutter.

Alabama spat again. "I liked him," he said. "He was a good guy."

He was silent a long while after that. Both he and the thin-faced man seemed to be thinking about what the world was like if a rich man, a doctor, could end up on Skid Row. Finally the companion said, very quietly, "We don't have to end up on no Skid Row. We could get us a little farm someplace, a good piece of land. . . . you know? That way—why, we could be havin us a paycheck right there in the back yard, always comin in."

Alabama spat, considered things, then looked over to the buildings across the street. "You're dreamin, Ross," he said. "We're bums, too; the only difference is we were born that way."

The two of them continued to sit there—making a kind of tight little transients' island on the new spring grass. Both appeared sobered by their thoughts, but not too much: it was too nice an afternoon to get down in the dumps. When I finally got up from my bench to leave, Alabama was beginning to flip a hunting knife at the toe of his partner's shoe.
Urbici Soler, even when past his prime, was a dynamic man. Looking back into my memory, I always see his image hopping, running, shouting, singing, talking, arguing. But these were just eddy currents thrown off by the enormous energy of his creative mind.

In his sketching class, we students sat behind our drawing boards attempting to reproduce on paper the model posed stiffly on the table before us. Soler, like a hummingbird, would flit from pupil to pupil, advising and correcting. Sometimes he would relieve a person of his chair, fasten a fresh sheet of paper to the board and then, using his pencil with the same sure strokes of a fencing master, give a quick and bold demonstration of how to draw.

"Be everywhere like God!" he would command in his thick Spanish accent. "Fill up the paper! Dominate! Dominate!" The sculptor of Cristo Rey couldn't stand margins, or prettiness, or shadowing: he was a man accustomed to hammering steel against stone, to wrestling with angels, so his drawings were nothing more than nascent monuments. He was neither a lacemaker nor an illustrator; indeed, some of his pupils could draw prettier and more detailed sketches than he—but when he drew, you knew that he was the master. A single line would indicate a mouth, brow or nose, but that single line was all power, all action.

I entered his class in February, 1947, a number of years after he had built his statue of Christ the King on the mountain west of El Paso. This was before I had had an opportunity to form strong opinions about many things; I was naive, green, untried: a nineteen-year-old piece of clay of exactly the right consistency to be molded. At that time, Soler was fifty-seven: a man who had seen the world, rubbed shoulders with some of the great, and shared a taste of fame, if not of fortune. He had chosen El Paso as the place to settle down to die. He had friends here, many of whom were among the rich and influential. But I knew him on a different level, though at the time I didn't appreciate his true worth. I knew him as a pupil knows his teacher, or as an employee knows his boss. I worked at his side by the hour and by the day, and watched him run through whole scales of emotions: sad, happy, frustrated, hopeful, or just plain tired out. While he didn't confide his every thought to me, perhaps I saw a side to his personality that was not apparent to everyone.

The details of how I came to work in his studio and to live in a house only a few steps away from it are not important here, suffice to say that I had decided, in my simplicity, to become another Michelangelo or Rembrandt, and to reduce all interests to that one solitary effort: Art, the religion of Art. I learned to live, breathe and eat Art; and yet, I was blind to the basic fact that I had no talent. Worse, Art makes a terrible religion. After all, it is a form of idolatr, a hyperdulia of one's own projected image.

It is impossible for me to say why Soler suffered me to hang around. Perhaps, in the beginning, he thought he saw a talent in me; more likely, he suffered from loneliness and needed a companion. Also, I had a strong back. In exchange for a little instruction, I was a handy peon to have around the "factory."

The factory, or studio, lay behind the American Smelter and Refining Company. Originally, I believe, it had been a schoolhouse for the children of Smeltertown. The factory side was a large, single-room house, with double doors wide enough to permit an automobile to be parked inside.
This was the place where Soler manufactured ceramics, did a little sculpture, and puttered about, mumbling to himself. Connected to the studio were living quarters, occupied by a smelter worker and his family. Soler lived at the rectory of the Catholic church with the parish priest, Father Lourdes Costa. The studio no longer exists, having been torn down a few years ago to make room for the east-west freeway.

Soler apparently got the idea for a ceramics factory from his stay in and subsequent visits to Puebla, Mexico. It may have seemed special to him because, after all, was he not the great Soler, sculptor of cardinals and presidents? Didn’t he know all about clay and casting? Bah! These crazy Americans would buy anything!

Indeed, Soler knew quite a bit about clay and casting, but he erred when he figured that graying ceramics would be chic’s. As a sculptor, he was high above average—perhaps great. As a ceramist, he was the world’s worst. To this day I encounter little old lady hobbyists who can make better ceramics than Soler could when at his best; and one can visit the five-and-dime store and buy better clay vases for a dollar ninety-eight than those made at his factory.

His problems arose from the fact that he knew practically nothing about glazes and colors, nor could he paint a flower as well as a child in kindergarten. Blossoms lay beyond his talent. But it made no difference, because no matter what the shape of the design he might paint on a vase, the colors would run together into a solid mass after being fired in the kiln. He had books and pamphlets on the art of ceramics, did a little sculpture, wrote letter after letter to a ceramist in Spain, and puttered about, mumbling to himself. Sometimes he would drive out to the factory, first stopping for provisions for the midday banquet at the grocery store. After a couple hours of work, Soler would begin preparations for the meal. Near the east wall, by the bathtub full of damp clay, was a bench which, by straddling, we used as a dinner table. He would chop up garlic, put them into a large wooden bowl, add a dash of salt and then pour in a healthy dose of vinegar and olive oil. This would be our lunch. We would both eat out of the same bowl and, when the vegetables were consumed, there was still the mixture of oil and vinegar at the bottom in which we would dip our bread. This was my first encounter with the delights of the Spanish table and, to tell the truth, at that time I found it less appealing, and so I would frequently go elsewhere to eat. But time changes all and now, after having lived in Spain for three years and eighteen with a Spanish wife, I find things more enjoyable than a Spanish salad prepared scientifically and served artistically. Soler always said that there is an art to correct living.

During the long semesters he held classes on the top floor, south wing of the Texas Centennial Museum. This was before the Cotton Memorial Building was erected. There were usually fifteen or twenty students, some of whom were very talented. There was Jules G. Bennett, Catherine Burnett, (now Mrs. George Kistenmacher), Patty Tuller, Wiltz Harrison, Wallace Mulvey, Joan Feinberg, Alice Spencer, Eddie Ansara and Mike Hardin, who was a fine artist. Offhand, I think Wiltz Harrison and Wally Mulvey were the only students of that period to end up as professional ceramists. I like jewelery-making, which, to a certain clique within the class, seemed to be a rather prosaic form of self-expression. We, in the clique, longed to cut off our ears and give them to prostitutes, in imitation of Vincent Van Gogh who, we thought, represented the true artistic soul.

Soler, however, had little empathy for modern art. At that time the Juarez municipal palace was being remodeled, and in the plaza facing it there was gathered a legion of stonecutters engaged in cutting the various parts of the frieze which now adorns the building. Occasionally, we would drive over to watch them. Each man sat on his own little stool and chipped away at a piece of stone, cutting the design given to him by the foreman. They were a happy group—laughing, talking, shouting, hammering. Soler would look on with great amusement and let me in on all the inside jokes. He often pointed out to me small details such as how the chisel was held or how the whole frieze would later be assembled from the individual pieces.

Sometimes he would send me to look at paintings or sculptures done by local artists and then have me report back to him. By doing this he was testing my veracity more than my critical judgement. If I returned with a tactful answer, knowing that the artist in question was his friend, Soler would sport a smile and say no more. When I returned with a harsh but honest criticism, this would please him and he would help me to arrive at an even more precise evaluation. He may have
possessed tact, but around me he preferred plain talk.

Soler was always muttering under his breath because Dr. D. M. Wiggins, president of the college and a devout Baptist, would not permit nude models in class. It irritated most of the male students, too. Carl Hertzog, who on occasion has been privy to the events taking place in the sanctum sanctorum of college presidents, told me years later of what really happened when Soler requested permission to employ nudes. Dr. Wiggins squirmed in his chair, furrowed his brow, cleared his throat and said, "Well Professor Soler, I think, for the sake of decency, that the models should be half-clothed." Soler's response was typical: "Very well, Dr. Wiggins, but, which half?"

Occasionally, Father Costa (who had not yet attained the title of monsignor) would drop by the factory to pose for the bust that Soler was making. He always seemed greatly pleased at being thus immortalized, and would offer suggestions on how to improve his clay portrait. Soler would listen to him with great good humor and, once, after priest had gone, said: "Father Costa is very vain! Very vain! He imagines that he looks like Franklin D. Roosevelt!"

Soler, as I say, was an academician. His whole career (except ceramics) rested upon a solid foundation. Unlike many moderns, who often call themselves artists before they have acquired even the most basic skills, he was first a craftsman and second, an artist. Not that this in any manner detracted from his art—no, it rather enhanced it. Such was the philosophy which he imparted to me alas! too late to correct my vicious habit of trying to reach the moon before I had mastered the science of flying. One day, as we pattered about the studio, I asked him how he had begun.

He told me that as a small boy he would sculpture figures of animals using bread dough or marzipan, which his mother would bake in the oven. Going to and from school every day, he passed the establishment of a stonecutter—a man who cut monuments for cemeteries. When he was about ten years old, he asked the man for a job as an apprentice. The stonecutter gave him a hammer, chisel and a piece of stone and told him to copy a stone angel's foot. So, before the serpent "Art" crept into his head, he was first of all an apprentice stonemason.

After studying in Barcelona, he went to Munich to study under Adolf Hildebrand whose works—albeit prior to World War II—were well-known in that city, Berlin and Vienna. Hildebrand followed traditional lines in his sculpture, having learned his trade in Italy.

Soler spoke often of his years in Germany, and it was there, no doubt, where he really learned his craft. He told me several times that when Hildebrand retired, he just turned over his studio to Soler and walked out. I imagine that the provincialism so common to many of the Spanish artists that I have known was to a large extent washed off Soler in Germany. He knew and appreciated the works of the renaissance Dutch and Italian masters and, unlike so many of his Spanish colleagues, did not hold the opinion that these masters were all second-rate compared to (deliver us!) Velasquez. Yet, he disliked Rembrandt, or at least considered El Greco far superior. "El Greco," he would say (and here his incorrigible Catholicism would burst forth) "is more spiritual than Rembrandt!" Indeed, El Greco was a spiritual man and it is plainly visible in his art. But Rembrandt was not bound by rigid doctrine that required angels and saints to be painted in strict hierarchical position upon a canvas. Rather, he was a superb craftsman unsurpassed in form or style, whose brooding, melancholic scenes reflect a spirituality gained through personal sorrow. But to Soler, Rembrandt was suspect because he was a Protestant.

Soler's Catholicism was deep, nourished by centuries of tradition. That is not to say that it couldn't be turned on and off as convenience suited him. It was typically Spanish: eat, drink and be merry until the "canonical" age is reached, or a crisis occurs. There is an old story of a

With his subject at hand, Urbici Soler puts the finishing touches on his bust of Father Lourdes Costa.  
[Photo courtesy of The El Paso Times.]
Spaniard whom a Protestant missionary is attempting to convert: "Why should I believe in your religion," asks the Spaniard, "when I don't even believe in the true religion?" Or again, "Everyday I give thanks to Almighty God and the Blessed Virgin Mary that I am an atheist!" These stories personify Soler who, while living with a priest, was anti-clerical; and who upon going to the restroom would say, "Excuse me, I am going to the confessional." He wanted to sneak into Heaven by the only door he knew. He believed in his religion with all his heart. Nevertheless, its doctrine hung like a millstone around his neck.

Every now and then, Soler would assemble his dentist's drill and carve on his quebracho wood statue of Christ, which now decorates the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Assumption Church. This meant that I had to remove my shoes so that he could use my feet as a model. The feet of several people, I believe, were used for this same statue. After all, free models are hard to come by. At the time, I was desperately in love with a girl in our drawing class, but too bashful to initiate a conversation with her. Soler knew about this and, one day while carving on the Christ, began to chide me.

"Forget about her! She's not for you. Try Maria Fulana instead."

This hurt my vanity. "What do you mean? I'll bet she'd be happy to marry me!"

"Ah, ha, ha, ha! She would never marry you!"

"Yes, she would!"

"No, she wouldn't! I'll bet you my Cristo she wouldn't!"

"You'll give me this statue if she will?"

"This Cristo is worth ten thousand dollars, but I'll give it to you as a wedding gift if she does. But she won't, and do you know why? Because she has more talent than you. She draws better than you, and a woman wants to look up to the man she marries!"

I didn't pursue the question or the girl any further. Humiliation enough for one day!

It is not easy to write about Soler because, unlike his statues, he was not a three dimensional static figure. He surpassed that. He was living, dynamic and, like most people, antithetical. He was flamboyant, yet modest; reaching for the heavens, but making his peace with clay. Above all things, I believe, he loved the truth. This was his function as an artist, a creative person. He was a humble man and a great one.

He used to tell me, after he got to know me better, that I had no talent. Because I was young and had already expended so much time and effort in the direction of art, I resisted this charge. There came a time, however, when I reached the stage where I had to see and face the truth or to begin welding tin cans together and call it art. Because of the gullibility of some people, had I chosen this path most probably I would be "successful" by now, in a certain sense of the word. But, because I always had the memory of Soler behind me like an uninvited good angel, I could never bring myself to choose that road. I think the old master would approve.

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Ceramic vases manufactured by Soler.

[Photo courtesy of Baxter Polk.]

THE TIN LIZZIE TROOP
By Glendon Swarthout

El Paso well remembers the gentlemen from back East who arrived in 1916 to protect the United States from a non-gentleman named Pancho Villa. They camped in various locations in and near our city and, in due time went about their business elsewhere. Some were involved in Pershing's Punitive Expedition into Mexico; others were strung out in six-man squads, twenty miles apart along the border from Texas to Arizona. A few of these latter came into violent contact with guerrillas from Mexico, particularly a group involved in a hit-and-run bandit operation known as the Glenn Springs Raid.

This episode, with alterations and embellishments, is the basic event in Mr. Swarthout's novel. The story begins with the arrival of six members of the historic Philadelphia Light Horse at Patrol Post Number Two on the Rio Grande in the Big Bend of Texas. This outpost is presided over by Lt. Stanley Dinkle, a career officer and a tough soldier, but no gentleman by Philadelphia standards. Dinkle's sensations may be imagined when his new command rolls into camp in two shiny Ford touring cars, a white polo mallet flying, a pair of bloomers as insignia on each one and three blooded horses trailing behind. The men wear custom-tailored uniforms and flash sabers as their Victrola reproduces the notes of a bugle at the nightly retreat ceremony.

Dinkle and his command develop a violent antipathy for each other—so violent, in fact, that Dinkle goes off to El Paso to recuperate. During his absence the bandits attack and run off the horses. Against orders and ignorant of what they are getting into, the men crank up their automobiles and drive off into the Mexican wilderness in pursuit.

Some of what follows is funny. Some of it is sad and distressing. All of it is highly educational to the boys from Philadelphia. Dinkle sets out in a patched-up airplane under orders from General Funston to get his men back into the United States. He succeeds, but the six who return are not by any means the six who set out.

They Came to Cordura, a tough novel on Pershing's expedition, is still Swarthout's best book, but this one has its points—especially a couple of well researched chapters on El Paso in 1916 which will bring back memories to the people who were there.

—C. L. SONNICHSEN
EDITOR'S NOTE: Samuel Lyman Atwood Marshall—"SLAM"—has, in his 72 years, seen, participated in, and written about more warfare around the world than any man alive. A retired Army Brigadier General, he is a military columnist, historian, and author of over 30 books on war, virtually all of them based on first-hand experience. Some of the Marshall titles are BLITZKRIEG, PORK CHOP HILL, AMERICAN HERITAGE HISTORY OF WORLD WAR I, BATTLES IN THE MONSOON, SWIFT SWORD, ISLAND VICTORY, THE RIVER AND THE GAUNTLET, and MEN AGAINST FIRE. He is a combat veteran of three wars: World War I (Soissons, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne and Ypres-Lys Offensives); World War II (Gilbert and Marshall Islands invasions; Normandy, Brittany, Siege of Brest, Airborne Invasion of Holland, Ardennes, Ruhr Encirclement, Eastern Germany); and Korea. He served in two others in a military capacity—the Lebanon Civil War of 1958, and Vietnam, with tours in 1955, 1962, 1966, 1967, 1968 and 1971. As war correspondent and historian, General Marshall has observed and written about an astonishing 18 wars, ranging from revolutions in Mexico and Nicaragua (1923 and 1929), to the Spanish Civil War, the Sinai War of 1956, Congo Civil War, and nearly every insurrection, military expedition, and revolution since he began his Army career in 1917 as the youngest 2nd Lieutenant in Pershing's American Expeditionary Force.

This interview was conducted on May 18, 1972, and in its original typescript, runs to 30 full pages. It has, necessarily, been severely edited for NOVA's space limitations. The four hours of tape with General Marshall and the original typescript of the interview have been deposited in the UT El Paso Oral History Archives.

EDITOR: You mentioned that you were not at all surprised that polls showed an overwhelming support of President Nixon in his decision to mine the North Vietnamese harbors. But someone is not listening to this support. Doesn't it seem to you that a candidate insisting on an overnight all-out withdrawal, with no residual troops remaining, is at least playing against the odds come election day?

MARSHALL: Yes, and it will show up in the elections. I cannot imagine, for instance, a nominee being elected who has made the instant pull-out a primary campaign issue. But the candidates, I feel, are like the rest of us in that they confuse two things. We talk about "public opinion" when we really mean the consensus of the press. It is a grave mistake to confuse "public opinion" with the powerful newspapers of New York and Washington. The candidates, and often Washington itself, think this is the voice of the country and it isn't.

MARSHALL: My reaction is horrification. At first the word was "unbelievable," as far as I was concerned because I had never had any experience with anything faintly resembling it, in my dealings with combat forces in two world wars, Korea and Vietnam. I covered, in all, 48 operations in Vietnam, varying from patrol size to platoon actions and company fights, up to engagements by two divisions. There was no such incident, so I thought My Lai was a
gross exaggeration. Then I had to get into it and I found out that the stories were in no sense exaggerated—in fact the press was not aware of how terrible this tragedy had gone, and the brutal crimes that went on in the killing zone, and the fact that the press itself was not aware of how terrible this tragedy had really been: the actual number killed, as I found out, was not aware of how terrible this tragedy had gone. In fact the press was in the killing zone, and the fact that the press itself was not aware of how terrible this tragedy had really been: the actual number killed, 

EDITOR: Drifting away from My Lai and Vietnam for a moment, I want to ask about your memoirs. The title, Bringings Up the Rear, is a gorgeous one. How did you come by it?

MARSHALL: Purely by happenstance. When I went back to Vietnam in May, 1968, I was staying with General Westmoreland before going to the field and he had the theater surgeon, Colonel Johnson, and his scientific advisor, Dr. MacLean, in for cocktails. While we were drinking, Johnson said I have the best possible title for a military memoir. Let's all shake hands that whoever writes his first will take this title—"Bringings Up the Rear." When I decided to write my memoirs, I wrote to General Westmoreland and told him I had preempted the title.

EDITOR: Scribner's will publish the book.

MARSHALL: Yes, Scribner's has both of my new books. Crimsoned Prairie is scheduled for the fall of 1972. The first volume of the memoirs ought to be out a year from now and the second volume a year from this fall.

EDITOR: In writing your memoirs and recalling the incredible range of warfare you have participated in and observed, have you had any questions about man and his seemingly endless propensity for waging war on his fellows?

MARSHALL: Oh, yes I have. And incidentally, perhaps I should say at the outset that from a personal view, I learned in World War One that war was pretty easy for me—combat, that is—and that I didn't suffer the stress that some men do. I went into this line of work largely because of the excitement. I also wanted to find out how the First World War was because of my youth and lack of responsibility or because a person is born that way. I got conditioned that way. So I had a chance to explore this from 1917 until 1968 and I found out that if you are in that mold your reaction to battle stays in that mold your reaction to battle.

EDITOR: This came out of your field research in Korea. In World War Two you said you were the youngest officer of the AEF. What was that library like now?

MARSHALL: Yes, in detail.

EDITOR: I want to move backward again to the First World War. You were the youngest officer of the AEF?

MARSHALL: I was the youngest officer in the entire Army. I went over when I was 17 and was just past my 18th birthday when commissioned.

EDITOR: You had graduated from El Paso High before you went to France?

MARSHALL: I never graduated from anything in my life. I was a drop-out. The way I went along when I was in the middle of my senior year.

EDITOR: What made you go over?

MARSHALL: That poster by James Montgomery Flagg that said "Uncle Sam Wants You!" It bothered the hell out of me: it was on every El Paso streetcorner and I couldn't dodge it.
and with little stress. By the time of Korea we found this had to be cut almost in half. There are signs of some improvement out of Vietnam.

EDITOR: What did you have to say about the army's musketry system?

MARSHALL: At the end of World War Two, in my book Men Against Fire, I said that firing against stereotyped targets did us little good and that what we needed was collective decision-making rather than individual action. This is what we're doing today. The army adopted the recommendations made in Men Against Fire in 1948, substituting a new exercise called "train fire" which is used to this day.

EDITOR: You have known most of the great military leaders of the past half-century and I'd like to throw some names at you for your capsule impressions. What of John J. Pershing?

MARSHALL: I met him first in 1915 at the mess hall of F Company, 16th Infantry, at old Camp Cotton where the Chamizal Operations are today. He came in to inspect the mess there. I met him again in France when he came to inspect my unit. He is regarded as a steady, dependable officer, but if you read my book on World War One [The American Heritage History of World War One], you know that I do not treat him very generously. I think his whole reputation has been greatly romanticized. He was credited with doing that which he did not do—keeping the American army together in France. The fact is that it was spread all over hell's half acre.

EDITOR: To move to another name, MacArthur?

MARSHALL: I have some things in my memory about him but I doubt if they are very valuable. In fact he is a mystery to me. For example I have never understood why all his purple and immodest prose, his eloquence and oratory, did not come out until after he went to the Philippines just before World War Two. You will find nothing in his papers before that where he expresses any original ideas at all. There isn't anything from his command time during the AEF, where he was a thinking soldier. His papers do not reveal brilliance.

EDITOR: George Patton?

MARSHALL: I've always thought Patton was at least half mad and that gives him the benefit of the doubt. He was an extremely successful man in two respects. Commanding troops in a fluid situation, he was just as good as they came — he was daring to the point of recklessness. His other great quality was that he could radiate his personality over greater masses of men than any general in modern times. Men in the Third Army in Europe actually believed that they were fortunate to be in the Third Army since they were serving under Patton. He was an extremely eccentric man. When he got up against strong earthworks, the enemy in a fortified position, he was just like any other general; he had no special magic, and some of his operations were on the foolish side. But on the whole he was certainly one of the great military figures in our history.

EDITOR: Did you have any personal contact with him?

MARSHALL: Yes, several brushes with him and on at least one occasion was able to trump his ace. The odd part of it is that he didn't resent this; he seemed to appreciate it. Patton had a good military brain, even in the classical sense. His writings contain much original thought and are very stimulating.

EDITOR: What did you think of George C. Scott's portrayal of Patton in the movie?

MARSHALL: Extraordinary — absolutely mesmerizing. I think it is the greatest portrayal I have ever seen on the screen.

EDITOR: What about Eisenhower?

MARSHALL: I think I had a job that was more a test of the Eisenhower character than any other in the European Theater: It was my job, as chief historian of said it would take a five division front with a two division backup. Ike was responsible for the extension of the operation. We practically failed at Omaha Beach and would have failed miserably if we had used the Cossack Plan.

EDITOR: When you were sent to Europe from the Pacific, what was your role?

MARSHALL: I was sent on a trouble-shooting mission to report after being pulled out of the Pacific. There were 25 historians attached to the combat forces in the Pacific and the Department suspected they were not on the track. I went with the 310th Division and initially covered all of the airborne. Then I found out that one of the air defense battalions at Point Division, the 29th and the 4th were funkling their jobs. So I took them over and eventually covered all of the Normandy Invasion, with the exception of the Ranger attack on Point du Hoc. In simplest terms, I had to determine what had happened to our troops and where they had come ashore; and this was particularly true of Omaha because none of them knew — the whole thing had been mislaid. Finally, when it was over, I knew more about the Invasion than any ten men put together.

EDITOR: Did Cornelius Ryan in The Longest Day depend on your work?

MARSHALL: Yes, and he says so in his book.

EDITOR: What of Omar Bradley?

MARSHALL: Of course he is regarded as a simple, Lincolnesque, homespun character. It is a false picture. He is a very sharp individual and certainly no more concerned about power. He loved command spots. He was a great field commander but I would not agree with General Eisenhower that Bradley was a better tactician in Europe, though he certainly earned his five stars. The press gave the impression that he was a warm, simple man who thought along simple lines. He is more complex than that.

EDITOR: Who was the greatest tactician you met in Europe?

MARSHALL: He was the commander of the Third Corps, Tay and McLain and he was an Oklahoma National Guardsman. He was president of the First Mortgage Company in Oklahoma City.

EDITOR: A strange combination for a great tactician?

MARSHALL: Well, he was so good that he was offered three stars in the Regular Army after the war was over and he took them.

EDITOR: What of the Navy?

MARSHALL: Nimitz was one of the greatest figures I've ever known, a great admiral in every sense and just as magnetic as they come. He had the habit of telling an off-color story just after giving his orders and his subordinates would be very tough in talking to his commanders. At one time we had a story that he would say something unkind to someone and he would say, "That's all gentlemen — I wait a minute, have you heard this one?" and he would tell a good ripe story.

EDITOR: He was a more powerful personality than Admiral.

MARSHALL: Much more so. Troops liked Halsey's attitude but were not particularly drawn to him as to Nimitz. I remember, for instance, the "Texas Picnic" we had on Omaha in 1943 when there were some 30,000 so-called Texans gathered in this park. The next day the Hawaiian police picked up some 120 kids from the hotel. The officers came out to the picnic and I saw about 2,000 soldiers fall in behind to parade along with him—just to show their appreciation of him.

EDITOR: I recall your anecdote about him on Kwajalain.

MARSHALL: Yes, when the battle of Kwajalain was over, Nimitz came ashore
on the fourth day and a group of correspondents were waiting for him to ask him his impression of the devastation there—the worst devastation I have seen in war, by the way. And he said very solemnly, "Gentlemen, this is almost the worst scene of devastation and chaos that I have ever witnessed in my life. The only thing that can compare with it is the Texas Picnic."

**EDITOR:** It seems strange that there hasn't been a good biography of Nimitz.

**MARSHALL:** There hasn't. Historians warfare and history. Another book on a familiar subject, but do it better. There are all kinds of subjects tying up the lines and I don't want to go them. That's why an amateur muddle like myself can move into this field and do profitable work in it. There has never been a good biography of George Meade.

**EDITOR:** Speaking of books for a living career. There are scores of books on one man and none on Pascual Orozco, a far more interesting revolutionary than Villa.

**MARSHALL:** Speaking of books for a minute, what do you keep in mind when writing? The profit motive. I write to make money and never hesitate to say so. You've had the best of both worlds though: success from the profit standpoint and fame from the scholarship one. Carl Sandburg said, "S.L.A. Marshall is the greatest of our present-day military historians."

**MARSHALL:** I have always believed that the writing of military history should be largely conditioned out of experience. It could be true of any book writer. The less you have to rely on your own experiences, the more you must depend on extrapolation and guesswork, which is dangerous...

**EDITOR:** Returning for a moment to military commanders, who were the foreign ones you would place highly—in either world war?

**MARSHALL:** In World War Two, I think the Germans' best general was Von Manstein. I do not believe in the current deflation of his record, that he was a great commander. Incidentally, I was responsible for the recovery of Rommel's papers. You'll find reference to this in the book "Liddell-Hart's Writing." He annotated the papers but I collected them first and sent them to him.

**EDITOR:** What of the German high command in the First War?

**MARSHALL:** Just try to find a good one. I thought Ludendorff had the most overrated military reputation and a great general in history. Liddell-Hart placed great store in Ludendorff in one of his earlier books, "Reputations Ten Years After," and when I was writing my book on World War One, I told Hart I was going to do my best to place Ludendorff in his proper niche—as one of the worst books among strategists. Hart, whom I knew well, agreed with me by this time.

**EDITOR:** Among the British commanders?

**MARSHALL:** Plumer was generally credited as the most exacting in the First War; in the Second, Monty has been much decried as slow and prima donna-ish, insufferable in victory, (as Churchill said of him). But Montgomery was a first-class general, as careful an organizer as we have seen in modern times.

**EDITOR:** Who would you single out among the Americans?

**MARSHALL:** Marshall Foch in the First World War was a master of strategy and a gifted leader; General Weygand was a genius, later ill-used by history. He was a decent, straight-thinking man and not in any sense a collaborator. In World War Two, Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny was probably France's best, which doesn't say much.

**EDITOR:** Pétain?

**MARSHALL:** I thought he was a disaster from the start. I didn't believe in him the First War and by the early 1920's I felt his spirit was destroying the French army. At the start of the Second World War I felt certain the Maginot Line would be cracked and broken. So I thought he was either cracked or pro-German.

**EDITOR:** De Gaulle?

**MARSHALL:** As far as his battle experience goes he didn't have enough of it to prove anything. As far as his theorizing goes, based on his one book on the subject, "The Army of the Future," it proved that he didn't understand modern war. What he wrote about armor was wrong. But as a writer he is superb, one of the masters of prose of our century and one of the great figures. I had a few personal experiences with him and didn't like him—he was rude. But when my World War One history came out he had the kindness to write a letter and he said he had waited for a book to be written that would be a monument to that event and that mine was the book. It was overwhelming praise and I treasure the letter.

**EDITOR:** Churchill?

**MARSHALL:** As a writer, I cut my eye teeth on his works. When I returned from France in 1919, I picked up his "Malakand Field Force" and annotated it. I thought he had a complete Chur­chill library. He was a great stylist; as historian he had great strengths and great weaknesses.

**EDITOR:** You were born in 1900 and have lived through the era of the two Roosevelts. Could you name the one U.S. president you most admire?

**MARSHALL:** Harry Truman, without question. The three presidents with whom I had the most contact were Truman, Eisenhower, and Nixon. Mr. Nixon, by the way, is a self-made man, very successful. But I loved Truman in that job—he had tremendous courage, he knew how to organize government and how to use it and, how to make decisions.

**EDITOR:** What is your opinion of the crass and commercial nature of the American presidency? I mean sweeping about sixty per­cent of the people in this country have no interest in the presidency, and no sense a collaborator. In World War Two, Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny was probably France's best, which doesn't say much.

**MARSHALL:** I'll have to parse that. I have never seen a book on the military by a pacifist that treated the subject realistically. Galbraith knows practically nothing about the military, it is true. But from my point of view, there. The military suffers from various diseases, one of them being elephantiasis. I remember, when McNamara was the Army Secretary, he asked me for a general officer friend of mine in the Pentagon in 1955 and we had a hallway conversation. He said, "You know Marshall, there is nothing wrong with the military that couldn't be fixed with a vacuum cleaner or a broom." I asked him for an explanation and he said, "You cannot conduct a war this way and that war this way."

**EDITOR:** This top heaviness is mostly in Washington?

**MARSHALL:** There is not much of it elsewhere. I have seldom noticed the extraordinary respect for the military. The military is credited with possessing except at the Pentagon. I've had about as many tours in the Pentagon as anyone—about nine or ten. There is no happy medium. There are certainly people in the Pentagon, there were a few people; when he left, there were hundreds. The same thing is true of every secretary's office, and of the Joint Chiefs.

**EDITOR:** One of the worst boobs among strategists. Liddell-Hart placed great store in "The Generals." When McNamara went in, there were about thirty-two, and about thirty of the personnel are terribly overworked and the rest are idle. There is no happy medium.

**EDITOR:** What is your opinion of the criticism aimed at McNamara by Congress that the President should not undertake "drastic" war measures—such as the Cambodian Invasion, the mining operations—without Congress' participation?

**MARSHALL:** It simply is not a valid criticism. First of all, this is an election year and you see and hear these objections in derision, go down. McNamara, who I have never known the opposition party to play politics so viciously with the national destiny as it is doing now. You cannot conduct war this way. If we can conduct of the war were brought up before Congress, even in secret session, each intention would be discussed by the President, Mr. Nixon, and the enemy would learn of them before they could be implemented. We've tried to conduct the war this way and that is one reason why it has been such a fiasco.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: the final two questions were posed to General Marshall in the first week of October, 1972.]

**EDITOR:** Would you care to take a crack at prognosticating on the outcome of the Vietnam war?

**MARSHALL:** You pay my money and you make your choice, meaning that your guess is as good as mine... My hunch is that soon after the election, the situation will soften, and we will get action in Paris, though there will be more dickering than dickering for at least a few weeks. I do not agree with the CIA that North Vietnam can withstand the present punishment for another two years. Once the long delay comes to a break point, and Hanoi is very close to it.

**EDITOR:** I take it that you have no faith there will be any kind of solution to the war that might be termed "satisfactory" to you personally?

**MARSHALL:** Any kind of satisfactory solution to the war in Indo-China would be the most astonishing development in my lifetime.
TCP: SOMETHING NEW IN TEACHING TEACHERS

BY NANCY HAMILTON

The University of Texas at El Paso is among a handful of institutions moving into Texas' new teacher-training program which starts this year and must be complete by 1977.

Student teachers no longer spend their college years sitting through lectures and giving back information in written tests, state to develop the programs.

Teaching involves more than a headful of information.

Before a person can get a teaching certificate, under the new program, he must show that he can teach successfully in a classroom. The new standards for teacher certification were drawn up after a two-year study by a task force of teachers, school administrators, and university faculty members.

During the five-year implementation period, the Texas Education Agency teacher certification staff will work closely with the 54 teacher training institutions in the state to develop the programs.

UT El Paso had a head start on most other universities in the state because of a federally funded pilot program started three years ago. Originated as the Texas Teacher Trainers program, it is now called Teacher Center Project (TCP).

Dr. Joe Klingstedt, associate director of TCP at UT El Paso, explained that nationwide trends have influenced Texas in moving into a competency-performance-based program of teacher education and certification. California and several other states now require performance standards for both teacher training and evaluating those working in the public schools.

What is different about the new approach?

Dr. Klingstedt explained that a student still will be expected to earn 18 hours' credit in education courses. Traditionally this has involved six courses covering, separately, educational psychology, curriculum, methods, guidance, and student teaching.

A student entering the new program still enrolls for Education 3310, he said, but the content is different. All the above subjects are integrated into all six courses for a more realistic view of what teaching is all about.

Seventeen interns are currently enrolled in the new program, with more to be added in the spring semester.

If a student has not completed work assigned to him for a semester, he doesn't flunk out. He gets a grade of "I" (incomplete) and is recycled through a different approach to the material he has trouble with.

"Everybody is different and each teacher has his own teaching style. We try to find the approach that is best for the individual," Dr. Klingstedt said.

Any student interested in the program should contact Dr. Klingstedt in the School of Education. Applications are now being taken for the spring semester.

The emphasis is not on norm standards of grading but whether the person can meet the standard set for doing the skills required in the course. Students who have some background in the requirements may take pretests covering the material, freeing them for more time on other skills.

Self-pacing is an important aspect of the new program, with students using audio-visual materials, lecture seminars and other approaches to their goals. Laboratory experiences on campus include teaching their peers in small groups to develop specialized skills, such as the first presentation of new material to a class. Then they go into public school classrooms to watch experienced teachers at work and to try developing their own teaching styles.

"We no longer depend exclusively on paper-and-pencil evaluation," said Dr. Klingstedt, "now the emphasis is on performance evaluation."

Other colleges and universities have sent personnel to spend a year with the five involved in the original TCP program. The present director of the program at Our Lady of the Lake College in San Antonio was assigned to UT El Paso for a year. She is now implementing their improved approach to teacher training.

The new program involves continuing cooperation among the various agencies related to teacher education and public school teaching in the state. The Texas Education Agency guidelines show a diagram headed by the State Board of Education and State Commissioner of Education. Under them is the State Board of Examiners for Teacher Education which is also related to the State Commission for Professional Competencies.

Under the Board of Examiners comes the Local Cooperative Teacher Education Center, involving colleges and/or universities, local school districts and their related Education Service Center, and local professional teacher association representatives.

The State Board of Education has laid out guidelines for undergraduate and graduate programs and stringent requirements for the schools or departments of education offering them.

Multi-cultural emphasis is given. The institution seeking approval for its teacher preparation program must offer each student recommended for certification a knowledge and understanding of the multi-cultural society of which he is a part. The TCP project was funded for training teachers of Mexican-American children in grades 6-8. The multi-cultural background already has been receiving emphasis at UT-El Paso.

Effects of the new approach to education courses are already evidenced, according to Dr. Klingstedt. Many people teaching courses are using modules, self-pacing and laboratory experiences.

Students who have tried it generally like the new approach, though it upsets them at first, he said. Their evaluations, which he keeps for future reference, indicate they are learning more about how to teach school than they ever expected to.

"If a person is thrown into a teaching situation without knowing what the various parts of it are, he gets upset," Dr. Klingstedt said. "It's like learning to play golf. When a novice takes clubs in his hands, he has to learn a whole set of skills and judgments. A teacher can't walk into a classroom without thorough understanding of what his skills should be and how he can handle them."

Competency, he added, is more than mere performance. The competent teacher must not only be able to perform the skills required for his job; he must feel that he is competent in what he is doing.

"I want to help student teachers to achieve that level of competency which makes them feel good about what they are doing," he concluded.
Compiled and written by Jeannette Smith

Bureau in Los Angeles ("covering everything west of Denver—all 13 western states") was there for a couple of months this past year or so. On three of the occasions it was to cover local events for subsequent airing on CBW network newscasts (stories on lead pollution at Sunsettown, Lee Trevino Day, and the Farah Strike). The fourth and most recent visit was last month when Jefferson High School honored him as Outstanding Ex-Student for 1972.

Dean Eugene Thomas ('26, M.S.'40) and his wife Kitty have moved to Dallas where "the altitude will be better on my heart," he says, "and I can do some fishing."

Joseph F. Friedkin ('32), U.S. Commissioner for the International Boundary and Water Commission, recently named to the El Paso County Historical Society's Hall of Honor. Mrs. Adella Sullivan Niland ('35) and Miss Pat Bouman ('34), both teachers at Jefferson High School, were named to the 1972 edition of "Outstanding Elementary Teachers of America."

Mrs. Virginia Maloney ('32), whose paintings ('46 etc.), whose paintings hang from the ceiling and walls and whose paintings are legion, recently threw one of his famous "groups" ( instead of kitchen, living room, dining room and bath) "Tres Jarales," located on Buena Vista in El Paso. Because of zoning laws, he had to build it as a residence but Maryland will be (instead of kitchen, living room, dining room and bath) "the bar, studio gallery, little gallery and the can."

Doris Sue Potter Cauble ('46) and her husband Larry have been punching cattle on their own ranch in Eagle Point, Oregon, ever since 1968 when he retired from the U.S. Border Patrol. "I'll never make a drover," she writes. "Everytime I've tried to move the cattle, I've ended up scattering the whole herd. I've accepted that a cow must have an ineluctable superior to mine because they outwit me each time."

Mrs. Edith Phillips ('46 etc.), former welfare director and social worker at Our Lady's Youth Center, is now principal of Sacred Heart School in El Paso. Walt Davis ('46 etc.) is general manager of the Sheraton El Paso Hotel Inn. Dr. Laurence N. Nickey ('48 etc.), local pediatrician, is 1973 campaign manager for the March of Dimes. And, G. Fred Heise Jr. ('48 etc.) is with Stuart S. Golding Corp., a regional Center Developers-Consultants in Clearwater, Fla.

Mrs. Reba Scott ('50) is teaching in the Las Vegas (Nevada) Elementary Schools. Alquin E. King ('50) has been pregnant with his first child. He and his wife Gail are expecting a baby this month (December) to settle down in El Paso.

Manuel Acosta ('46 etc.), whose paintings hang from Sweden to Hawaii and whose friends are legion, recently threw one of his famous parties. The celebration included a dedication and blessing of his new art studio called "Tres Jarales," located on Buena Vista in El Paso. Because of zoning laws, he had to build it as a residence but Maryland will be (instead of kitchen, living room, dining room and bath) "the bar, studio gallery, little gallery and the can."

Mrs. Barbara Nagel Vanwenter ('57) is on the staff of DeDee's Arts and Crafts, a police car for patrol work. Mrs. W. E. Knickerbocker Jr., the former Sandra O. Hurgraves ('47) resides in Decatur, Georgia, with her husband and children.

Mr. C. Ochoa ('66) heads the Department of Labor's Technology Mobilization Re-employment Program in conjunction with the Texas Employment Commission. Mrs. Carmen Martinez ('65) is director of the El Paso Girl's Club for the YWCA. Pat F. O'Rourke ('65), industrial management consultant, has been appointed to the advisory board of the El Paso office of the National Economic Development Association.

Edward Ochofrena Jr. ('66) is interning with the deputy director for Organization and Cost Analysis at the Office of the Managing Director, Health Services, in the National Urban Fellows program designed to help meet the shortage of urban administrators. John K. Ayliff ('66) is an Educational Diagnostician and Special Counselor with the Eagle Pass Independent School District. James L. Price ('68 etc.) is a grocery pricer and section manager at El Paso Safeway grocery warehouse.

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Benito Botello Jr. ('68) is Coordinator of Veterans Affairs, a position established at El Paso Community College under grants from Dubinsky and Carnegie Foundations. Albert “Togo” Railey ('68, M.Ed. ’72) is a teacher and P.E. coach in Midland; his wife is the former Mrs. Ethel Watkins ('66), Mrs. Ford C. Sheffield (nee Whitaker, ’68) teaches reading in the Atlanta, Ga. Public Schools. Gary Weiser ('68) recently earned his law degree and is now assistant to District Attorney Steve Simmons.

Caesar P. Ancheta ('69) is with Hughes Aircraft in California. He and his wife, the former Ruth Salas Ancheta ('68), reside in Canoga Park. Harold E. Crowson Jr. ('69), as assistant district attorney, is a member of one of two trial teams established by the EP district attorney. Bob Guidry ('69) is managing partner of International Ad Agency, a local advertising.

Mrs. Simmons. She is a counselor at the Halfway House at Fort Bliss; his former wife, the former Richard Farah Manufacturing Co. ('71 etc.) is vice president of marketing at Continental Airlines; Vicki Huff ('69 etc.), stewardess with American Airlines; Yolanda Romero ('70 etc.) and Lupe Navarro ('71 etc.), both stewardesses with Continental.

Mrs. Edward Maupin ('57 etc.), Dr. George M. Isaac ('55 etc.) and Dr. Hampton Briggs ('60 etc.) all are members of the MacDowell Club in El Paso. And, Mrs. Fran Francis ('68) continues her leadership of the local lady barbershoppers, the Frontera Chapter of Sweet Adelines, Inc., which she founded in 1958 and which, since then, has placed among the top three in every regional chorus competition.

Living in Munich, Germany, with her husband is Lupe G. Hinchliffe ('50). The former South Africa with her husband and children is Cynthia Lolfer Witherspoon ('60), and Mrs. Terry D. Gilley ('71 etc.) are living in Lafayette, La., where he is a geologist for Humble Oil Co., in offshore production.

UT El Paso exes who are working for various airlines include: Ray Eisenper Jr. ('56 etc.), a sales representative in Denver, Colo. for Continental Airlines; Vicki Huff ('69 etc.), stewardess with American Airlines; Yolanda Romero ('70 etc.) and Lupe Navarro ('71 etc.), both stewardesses with Continental.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Wyrostek, both Class of '61, live in Seabrook, Texas. Ray Warren ('61) is assistant claims manager for the Pacific Division of Texas Employers Insurance Company in Pasadena, Calif. And in El Paso, Jordan Rhodeleau ('61 etc.) is owner and founder of Beacon Homes Inc. and former director of the El Paso chapter of the American Bar Association. Mrs. Jerome B. Doherty ('62) is a systems analyst at Bledsoe Oil Company in El Paso.

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Mr. Joe R. Broughton ('55 etc.) and Mrs. Charles E. Broughton ('56 etc.) are living at the home of Mrs. Wanda Broughton ('68 etc.) and Mr. Joe A. Tafoya ('60), as assistant football coach in Midland; his wife is the former Barbara Broughton ('56).

Dr. Jerome R. Engels ('71) is a systems engineer with the Kokomo, Ind. branch of General Electric Co. He and his wife, the former Jane E. Brook (M.Ed. '71), both are systems engineers at the Kokomo branch of General Electric.

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Mr. James Lloyd Gore ('27 etc.), chairman of the board of Laundry Supply Co., company, was recently a guest singer with the EI Symphony Orchestra. James Wesley Russell Jr. ('72) teaches English at Christ School in San Antonio, Texas. Lt. Col. William A. Moore ('65,'72) is with Bixler, Carlton, Dickenson, Rister & Spier, lawyers in El Paso.

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