12-1975

NOVA: The University of Texas at El Paso Magazine

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

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"Dear NOVA: You finally did something right," J. M. Downey ('47) of Houston wrote us after reading Jeannette Smith's cover story on Ross Moore last issue. "The School of Mines sent us a questionnaire regarding a name change. They wanted to call it Texas Western College. We voted 'no.' A few days later, we received a communication from TWC... O.K., you are now a great big University and ol' Ross Moore is hanging in there.

"I remember him as all shoulders and legs and grin. In the fall of '42 & spring of '43 he was trying to get the whole male student body in shape for the Army. After his program, basic training was a bore. He taught everyone how to box. We had a box-off that year. Joe Silva put me on the floor—but I was honored to be his contestant. Alex Carameros got a hitch in his shoulder fighting Arthur Abraham and I don't blame him—Abraham was big trouble and very stout. But Ross was very kind to us little skinny kids. I've known two or three people that the School of Mines has selected as Outstanding Exes but no more deserving than me. I've known two or three people that the male student body in shape for the next three years. Your article describes Ross very much as I know him and I wanted to say that if one doesn't know Ross, they would after having read your story."

Back in 1966, in the fourth issue of NOVA, we had a page called "Songs the Miners Didn't Sing" which featured the song "Dig Dig Dig for TCM" by Fred Waring & Co. Later on we ran the lyrics to another song, written by Dr. Burt F. Jenness, sent to us by Leon A. Rosenfield, Jr. ('33): "Far beneath the crags of Franklin/ Stand our Alma Mater's halls/ Gleams afar her rock-hewn campus/ etc. The point in bringing up these notable efforts is that today's Miners need a song of their own. "The Eyes of Texas" is fine, of course, and we mean no disrespect to this golden oldie, but it can scarcely be called a song of ours, no more than can "Buckle Down Winsockie." What we need is a song of our very own, one that does not borrow on anything else.

W. H. Timmons, professor of history, might be the key to all of this. He is a devoted Miner fan, a musician, a man of ideas (see another one below), a UTEP fixture as well as a much respected teacher, researcher, and writer. If you have ideas on the matter of A Song the Miners Ought to Sing, please direct your mail either here or to Dr. Timmons, c/o the Department of History, UTEP, El Paso, Texas 79968.

You will perhaps have noticed that in this column, the acronym "UTEP" has been used several times. You didn't notice? Well, then you prove a point. Dr. Timmons, for many years now, has had healthy, if iconoclastic, thoughts about all this. He feels "UTEP" ought to be used, not avoided, in periodical references to this University. He points out that we are the only UT component that can use an acronym (Austin and Arlington have to compete for "UTA" and it doesn't form a very usable oral word anyway; UTEP for San Antonio is bad, etc.), that UTEP is used, whether we like it or not, that it helps newspaper headline writers, and that Texas Western Press has used it, handily, on the spines of certain books. Dr. Timmons recently made a formidable breakthrough in this personal campaign of his. He wrote a letter to Bob Bentley, Executive Editor of the El Paso Times, suggesting that Timesestyle be altered to permit usage of UTEP (the Times style is "U.T. El Paso" with the periods, the Herald-Post commonly uses UTEP), particularly on the sports pages. No sooner done than said, Bentley agreed and UTEP will be seen in the Times now for the first time.

Dr. Timmons' suggestion seems very practical to us; use "UT El Paso" (without the periods) for Regential matters, those matters concerning UT System issues, and all academic affairs; use UTEP elsewhere, particularly in sports matters.

Now if we can only get NOVA spelled with all caps...

-Dale L. Walker
The Fourth and the Fathers

by S. L. A. Marshall

Or late years there have been rumbles over the land regarding the free floating manner in which someone up there schedules our national holidays. The problem is one of dates and duties that no longer stay put. The calendar and the reminder pad in which the citizen notes his deductible expenses supply positive information on the advent of Father's Day, Armed Forces Day and Septuagesima Sunday. But for the protracted holiday, they merely fuzz up the mind of the citizen. The notation reads "in the District of Columbia and most other states." Who knows when he is living in a "most other" state?

Take Washington's Birthday as an example. If the Father of our Country was not born in Westmoreland County on February 22, then his parents made a mistake that his countrymen honored for almost two centuries. But not any more. Infant George's swaddling is now spread over three days that come along some time in late February and in Leap Year it could be made four.

A still more perplexing case is Armistice Day that by will of the Congress was rechristened Veteran's Day. The initial intent was to honor a few thousand doughboys who had won the Great War all by themselves and by the 11th hour of the eleventh day of a long ago November were hugging dirt, sweating, some of them praying and most of them wondering whether they dare arise and look for a drink of something more palatable than chlorinated water. That once October some time prior to Trick or Treat Night; and, among veterans, only the dodderers remember how the holiday got off the ground.

Who then is to blame for all of this bouncing around of holidays as if they were moveable feasts? Some say it's the fault of a body of wilful men who sit in Washington and legislate once in a while. Others blame F.D.R. who once dared to shift Thanksgiving from where Abe Lincoln, and not the Pilgrim Fathers, placed it, thereby outraging all Republicans.

In both cases, wrong, dead wrong. The custom of setting a holiday where you please, and neither fore nor aft, is strictly in the national tradition. It started with The Birth of a Nation, to cop a title from D. W. Griffith. July 4 is only what someone chose to make it and that someone could have been an overworked or slightly high printer. Let's look at the record, as the Man in the Brown Derby used to say.

When the Second Continental Congress voted almost unanimously (the New Yorkers had taken a runout powder) to declare the United Colonies independent of England, that was on the morning of July 2. Here was the break point, the defiant decision, and it was the main thing. Further, it was an event separate and apart from the Congress' voting approval of Thomas Jefferson's manuscript that over several weeks he had drafted with some last minute help from John Adams, Franklin Sherman and Robert R. Livingston. The latter didn't even sign the paper because the New York walkout had pulled the rug from under him. Still, as a committee effort, it had been monumentally successful, being based on the proper principle: let one man do the work while the others hemmed or hawed.

The Second Congress began to consider the Committee's handiwork in late afternoon of the same day. The members working as ad hoc groups spent those last hours discussing and winnowing out some of Mr. Jefferson's more purple phrases. Here was nitpicking on a grand order but still necessary: it improved the Declaration.

So what happened on July 4? Only a continuation of the blue pencilling and correcting exercise. The day was consumed by the individual members questioning and challenging Mr. Jefferson's set of charges against King George III, some of which were embarrassingly overstated.

As one instance, the King had been accused by Mr. Jefferson of being "the sole cause of slavery in America." The Congress dared not let that indictment stand, not only because it wasn't true but due to the unmistakable implication that once George III was renounced, human bondage in America would come to an end; and not a few of the delegates were slaveholders worrying about their own fortunes.

Striking the paragraph was the last hurrah of the day. The members had earlier deleted Mr. Jefferson's reference to "God" and made it "Divine Providence." If that change had merit, the substitution was, even so, much too long to be reaffirmed later in the minting of the national coinage.

By late evening of July 4, the revision was finally complete. Only President John Hancock and Secretary Charles Thomson signed the paper. Next day Mr. Hancock resumed his seat, the Congress went into plenary session and a printed copy of the Declaration was read aloud.

Apart from language, the styling of the paper had been left to the printer, John Dunlap, who must have been a pretty busy boy through that night. It has been said that the capitalization and punctuation followed "neither previous copies, nor reason, nor the custom of any age known to man," which barb by no means makes Brother Dunlap unique among printers.

There were a few typos, for instance Mr. Jefferson's "inalienable" had become
"unalienable." More curious still, the printer had dated the Declaration "July 4" instead of July 2 when independence had been voted. Nothing had taken place on July 4 except the editing and softening of the Committee's composition, rightly credited in main to Mr. Jefferson who referred to that day's tidying-up as "the depredations of the Congress."

No wonder then that on the very night of July 4 John Adams wrote his wife Abigail a letter containing this sentence, "The Second of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America." As accredited co-author of the declaration and future President he desired to be a truer prophet. But Mr. Adams and human events unkindled him. He was nonetheless right in believing that the business of July 4 supplied no reason why generations to come should on that day celebrate by trotting out the fire horses, swatting ants around the picnic basket and committing mayhem with cannon crackers.

The prose on which the Second Congress had finally agreed, reverenced though it be today, could hardly have been treasured in that time. Mr. Dunlap had run off several hundred copies that became widley distributed, yet only fifteen of the originals are known to exist today.

All celebration of what the Congress had wrought was postponed until July 8. The avowed purpose was to afford Philadelphia sufficient time to prepare a ceremony. If there is a faint suggestion here that merchants and tippling places were yet in danger, so let it be. The anonymous horseman got to New York in one day and there the paper was run off several hundred copies that became widely distributed, yet only fifteen of the originals are known to exist today. The anonymous horseman got to New York in one day and there the paper was run off several hundred copies that became widely distributed, yet only fifteen of the originals are known to exist today.

The great affair, that is, the initial celebration on July 8 of what had been done on July 2, got underway one hour before noon around a platform in front of Philosophical Hall. Not a few VIPs were notably absent. Though Pennsylvania ultimately had the largest number of signers, the delegation at this time was teetering and split down the middle and a condition due, as John Adams put it "to the timidity of two overgrown fortune." He was pointing the finger at Robert Morris and John Dickinson who on July 2 had absent themselves from the Congress.

Thus the first public reading of the Declaration was confined to one John Nixon who had an identity only as a member of Pennsylvania’s Committee of Safety. Mr. Nixon’s readings and hortations mark the first appearance of that family name in connection with an event more truly national than local. In times more recent, it has been a surname of considerable more prominence. It seems possible, if not likely, that the Nixon of 1776 was chosen only because he had the voice of Stentor, the voice of bronze, yea the voice of ten thousand men, there being no electronic amplifiers in Philadelphia in that season. The Philadelphia bells rang all day and the militia fired a few volleys, though powder was mighty short. If there was a parade, however, no historian stood by to do his duty by posterity.

The nocturnal end of the festivities was given more respectful attention. It has been severely reported that many folk made wassail and there was heavy drinking by the rocket's red glare. Still, there is a mystery here. The only gurgery that history mentions as to the bivial end of letting the public share the act of breaking with England is the Armitage Tavern. Either the historians failed us, or the Armitage was one of the largest drink emporiums on the continent, or there was a singular lack of enthusiasm for toasting among the delegates and citizens who had gathered to hear John Nixon intone words imperishable.

In the interim between the Congress giving the nod to the paper and the Philadelphia whining, mounted couriers had been dispatched far and wide to carry the tidings glad, woeful or humdrum, according to whether the listener was a Patriot, Loyalist or nothing at all and very little of that, as the deserter said when the other side nabbed him.

The anonymous horseman got to New York in one day and there the paper was read to Washington’s troops. But spreading the news to the extremes of the colonies was slow going and in some areas the citizenry didn’t know of the Declaration until almost one month later. Though the steeds may have given it a good try, no country road commissions were yet in being and some of the chuck-holes could swallow a stage coach.

One last word on how July 4 grew and grew. In 1777 there was no observance; VIPs not fighting were heading for the woods. Then in 1778 Philadelphia celebrated on July 4 and ultimately the rest of the country followed along just as it followed the Athletics in Connie Mack's day.

The work, however, was not over when the Second Congress departed Philadelphia. In early August some of these same members foraged to pen their signatures on thevellum copy of the Declaration. Of that event it is remembered chiefly that John Hancock signed his name so large that his inscription today is symbolized by the tallest skyscraper in Chicago. One historian has written of the actors on-signing day that "they went at it glum-faced, looking like so many undertakers, believing that in thirteen years they would swing for it. A wisecrack by one signer, Ben Franklin lends some credence to the observations. Still, every loyal American will recognize the description as a detestable canard. Those high-minded individuals were but quite properly impressed by the solemn dignity of the occasion. Begetting a nation is no mean labor; and besides, there is something so terribly final about writing one’s name, while the history mentions as to the bivial end of letting the public share the act of breaking with England is the Armitage Tavern. Either the historians failed us, or the Armitage was one of the largest drink emporiums on the continent, or there was a singular lack of enthusiasm for toasting among the delegates and citizens who had gathered to hear John Nixon intone words imperishable.

For note that the ultimate signers were not the same group as the declayers. Quite a number of the originals who voted for independence turned up missing. The gap was filled by a larger number of new faces that went along with more willing hearts and reader writing fingers. And a few signatures were appended long after the crowd that gathered on August 2 had redeployed. Possibly these late comers were sensitive individuals who wanted privacy when they penned love letters or whatever else.

So the nation has in consequence two sets of Founding Fathers rather than one. It is the sort of superfluous effulgence to which their descendants should have grown accustomed. But it is still, as the King of Siam put it, a puzzlement. The citizen may only pay his money and take his choice, knowing that by either set he has a claim on legitimacy. Or he can forget the whole business while ceasing to fret over why we overeat and drink too much on July 4 when we should be doing it two days earlier or one month after that. No other course is prudent. If there is too much public unrest and outcry over the subject, there is the danger that the Congress will set aside still more holidays no less misdated.

Besides there are more material questions over which the concerned person should lose sleep, for example, seeking a solution to the energy crisis. And why not? The experts have tried it and cannot do anything about it. However, taking action is the main thing. In 1974, for example, a small group of UTEP former Vietnam grunts, as a protest, observed Veteran's Day on November 11. In 1975 the State of Texas and City of El Paso also moved it to where it belongs. Now it is rumored that the Congress is teetering that way. How far a little candle throws it beam
RETREAT!

The Holy Cross Retreat House in Old Mesilla, N.M., is where it happens. It is the UT El Paso Academic Administrators' Retreat—an annual chance for deans and department chairmen to get away from the campus, get to know one another better, listen to some speeches, ask some questions, walk around the peacefully beautiful confines of the Franciscan Order's grounds, pet the resident St. Bernard, relax, enjoy. This year it took place on September 18-19; guests were Mr. Sam D. Young, Jr., president of the El Paso National Bank (upper left), Mr. Frank Feuille III (second from upper left), president and publisher of the El Paso Times; and Mr. W. O. Shultz, UT System Attorney (shown with President Templeton at upper right). How did it go? Dr. Ray Past, chairman of the Department of Linguistics (lower left group photo, at right, with pipe) said: "I've been to three of these and they are quite useful, especially if not too structured. Since poor communication is always a problem in a large organization, this is an opportunity to air gripes and have an interchange of ideas. I would say it is very valuable."
Letter from an "Old Timer"

RECOLLECTIONS

by Ernest C. Kennedy

Editor's Note: Dr. Kennedy was inspired to write up his recollections of the School of Mines after reading Ruth Brown McCluney's article in our June issue, and we are grateful to him for doing so. We would appeal to all our alumni, from the old days, middle days, and recent days, to set down on paper some recollections for us so that we can continue this interesting and historically valuable series.

I have read with interest several articles in NOVA written by early School of Mines students. I enjoy reading such stories because they give me information about old friends and bring to mind my own student days.

I entered the Texas School of Mines in 1919 as a junior transfer from the Missouri School of Mines. I took my E.M. degree (Engineer of Mines) in 1921. That was a bad year for Mines graduates. Nearly every copper mine in the United States was shut down or running at reduced capacity and no jobs were available in that field. So I drove a pair of mules in the Texas oil fields until I got a position with the Braden Copper Company in Chile.

After working abroad for a while I returned to the United States and got a job at the Copper Queen at Bisbee. But mining engineering was not my cup of tea. I soon got tired of walking thru tunnels and climbing up stopes by the light of a carbide lamp and, at the suggestion of my sister, I decided to continue my education and become a school teacher.

I took my Master's degree in 1926, married the next year, and in 1928 joined the faculty at the Texas College of Mines. I taught there for five years and in 1937 I received my Ph.D. degree in mathematics at Rice Institute.

I taught five years in the Texas College of Arts and Industries, spent four years in the Army Air Corps (separated as a Lieut. Colonel), worked 17 years as Senior Research Engineer for General Dynamics, and at the age of 65 I became a Professor of Mathematics at the University of Texas at Arlington. I retired from teaching in 1972. Now most of my time is spent reading, traveling, writing for newspapers, and just plain loafing.

When I entered the Texas School of Mines the enrollment was around 125. About half of these were special students, including 25 girls.

I stayed at the Dormitory with about 34 other boys. We were often called the "Bunk House Bums." There were two boys to each room and we furnished our own mattress. The rooms were small and contained a single outside window and a drop light. The furniture was Spartan. Each room contained a small table, two upright chairs, a double-decked cot, and a few hooks and nails on which to hang clothes. There was one bathroom with showers for each floor. There was no air-conditioning and no electric fans.

The food was not very good, but the cost of room and board was only about $25 per month. Today no student would break anybody's heart.

Now and then a student would go to Juarez and bring back a few marijuana cigarettes. At that time marijuana was perfectly legal and such cigarettes could be bought for a nickel apiece in Juarez.

There were no pot parties or drinking parties on the campus in those days. Heroin and cocaine were unknown to students. I never saw a Mines coed on the campus smoking a cigarette or wearing pants. This goes to show that morality is a function of time.

Several times a year we had a school dance at the University Club. This was when the coeds came in handy. Dates could be expensive since very few boys had cars. Taxi fare for the evening could flatten a guy's pocketbook like a steam roller. But if the girl lived near a street car line, transportation was no problem since car fare was only a nickel and the girls were understanding.

Student jobs were scarce in those days. As I recall there were four student assistantships available at about $30 per month each. These coveted prizes were in chemistry, mining, geology, and (I think) physics. Also three or four boys earned their room and board by helping in the dining room. Government assistance and school scholarships were almost unheard of then. Although I was a World War I veteran I never received any assistance of any kind from the government.

A word about Mines athletics in the early days might be of interest. In 1919 we had a football team coached by Tommy Dwyer, an engineering teacher. Although handicapped by lack of an athletic field and a late start, we played six games. The first one, against the Motor Transport, we won. We also defeated the El Paso High School 15 to 6. We then lost to the Roswell Cadets and were given a good shellacking by the University of Arizona. The last game we lost to the Officers Eleven at Fort Bliss.

We had several good football players. Fred Bailey, halfback, was very fast and usually made a good gain. I think football was rougher than now. In particular, no face guards of any kind were worn and as a result broken noses were very common.

In basketball we did pretty well, winning 8 out of 13 games. We defeated New Mexico A&M and lost to the First National Bank by a score of 18 to 15 and to the Popular Dry Goods 19 to 15. We then came back strong, winning over the Meyers Buggy Company by a score of 27 to 11 and demolishing NMII 22 to 8. We were then clobbered by El Paso High School and by the University of Arizona. We wound up the season by trouncing the Eighth Cavalry by 29 to 13. These scores indicate that there has been quite a change in basketball since those days.

If the above reminiscences have been of interest to NOVA readers then I am happy.
RODOMONTADE

by Dale L. Walker

Trust us on this. We are not throwing our shoulder out of socket by patting ourselves on the back in this trip down NOVA's decennial memory lane. The raison d'etre behind this section is fairly simple: This magazine is 10 years old now and here are some of the things we have done. Remember?

A funny thing did happen when we went back to take a look at those 40 issues of NOVA. For one thing we were astounded by the statistics we compiled (and just in case they might astound somebody else, we have printed them elsewhere in this section). For another, we found ourselves reading this magazine and saying things like, "This was a good piece," and "Hey, I forgot about this one."

Oh, yes, we also said things like: "I wonder who was responsible for this layout. It's the worst in the history of magazine publishing!" and "What we need is a full-time proof-reader; these typos are ridiculous!"

So here is what we came up with in the way of a NOVA flashback: an index to those first 40 issues, a scattering of facts and commentary, a selection of some of the best things to have appeared in the magazine, and a cordial and wholehearted "thank you" to our writers, photographers, and artists.

Space problems preclude our using all we would liked to have used in the excerpted NOVA contributions. We chose not to include the cover stories on the annual Outstanding Ex-Student but even so, space dictated a relatively few selections. We hope our writers understand and will interpret the absence of their contributions only in light of these space strictures.

If the overall effect of this section is to have painted a fairly bright picture of NOVA's first ten years, perhaps there is at least an outside chance that it has been, shall we say, not dim. We are, after all, proud of this magazine. It is produced under sometimes difficult and exasperating conditons but is always a source of satisfaction and fun for all of us. We have reason to believe you like it too.

STATS

These are the statistics of the first 10 years of NOVA:
NUMBER OF ISSUES: 40.
NUMBER OF PAGES: 772 (an average of 19.3 per issue).
NUMBER OF ARTICLES: 262 (6.4 per issue).
NUMBER OF PHOTOGRAPHS: 1,039 (26.5 per issue).
NUMBER OF WRITERS: 100.
NUMBER OF STAPLES: 80.
MISCELLANEOUS: 20 poems, 1 short story, 46 book reviews.
CIRCULATION: Total, in 10 years, about 488,000 magazines beginning with a 5,500 circulation per issue in 1965, and up to about 20,000 per issue in 1975. (Mailed to all 50 states and some 25-30 foreign countries.)

Letters from the Presidents

NOVA has had the singular good fortune to have had the firm support and strong interest of the three UT El Paso presidents since its beginnings in 1965. Following are the kind letters we have received from Presidents Joseph M. Ray, Joseph R. Smiley, and Arleigh B. Templeton, on the occasion of our first decade of publication.

From Joseph M. Ray: "One of my finest items of memorabilia is a handsomely bound and boxed volume of the NOVA issues from its founding in 1965 to the time of my retirement from the Presidency in 1968. No new departure during my presidency gives more signal notice to all who love our University that we are a quality operation in all respects. Now we celebrate NOVA's first decade. I hope it will continue for many more decades and that each one will prove to have been as meritorious as the first has been."

From Joseph R. Smiley: "May I add my congratulations on your successful production of NOVA for the past decade. I can say in all candor that I have read and enjoyed each lively issue during my years on the campus. You have consistently published articles of general and timely interest, rather than limiting yourself, as most alumni magazines do, to news of the campus and of former students. Of course you have covered these areas well, but your scope has been much broader. I do not know how the name of your publication was chosen, but I have always thought of a NOVA as a bright new star and you have brilliantly attained this distinction among alumni publications. Ad astra per aspera!"

From Arleigh B. Templeton: "NOVA has always struck me as unique among college and university magazines. It is original and this is not by accident. I realize that much time, effort and ingenuity are involved in keeping it different from the general run of alumni and college magazines. By making this effort, NOVA has defeated the main problem of most such magazines—the problem of dullness. I look forward to every issue; I always learn something new about this fine institution and I am sure NOVA’s audience experiences the same thing. NOVA is a credit to UT El Paso, something we can all take pride in, and I congratulate the NOVA staff on its first decade of publication."
The Flashback Book of NOVA Records

Admittedly, a lot of these are subjective selections; in fact, a few were made by the editor unilaterally. That of the "Best Page Layout" was made by a committee corralled in the News Bureau building and consisting of Roberta Walker, Eleanor Cotton, Ray Chavez, Russell Banks, and Dale L. Walker. Others seemed to suggest themselves.

Biggest NOVA: The issue of 8/4 with Outstanding Ex Pete Snelson on the cover, measured 1/4" taller than it was supposed to be.

Fattest NOVA: The issue of 10/2 had 33 pages including the Gift Report. Average issue is 17 pages (20 counting covers).

Most Articles in an Issue: There were 10 in 8/3.

Fewest Articles in an Issue: There were four (plus a poem) in 5/3.


Shortest Article: "Compatriot" by Elroy Bode, 400 words, in 7/4.

Longest Title: "With Queequeg, Blackie the Yellow Dog and Anna the Native Girl on Fais, Sorol, and Ngulu Islands" by Jeff Berry in 3/1.

Shortest Title: "Hawk" by Bill Crawford in 7/4.

Only Fold-Out Cover: The Education Building on 3/3.

First Cover in Full Color: Tom Lea's "Toribio" on 4/1. The others were Josephine Claridy Fox on 5/4, and José Cisneros' "Paseos del Norte—1850" on 9/3.

Best Titles: "The small but Memorable Rebellion of Sam Vandiver" (2/1); "Cap Kidd's Marvelous Earthquake Machine" (4/2); "Down Among the Pickelhauben" (5/2); "Three Cheers! Three Beers! Texas Miners! Engineers!" (8/3); "Gung-Ho! for the Granger Ghost" (10/1). All tied.

Best Special Section: "Requiem to a Mountain" by José Cisneros in the 7/3 issue.

Best Looking Page: "Suddenly, behind the scenes" in 10/1 got first place, followed by—tie votes all: "The Center of Sound and Silence" (5/2), "A Dispatch from the Monte Cristo" (5/1), "Rough Rider Frank Brito" (6/2), and "Jim Devine and the Chimps of Kidd Field" (4/3). See photos.

Worst Looking Page: The untitled football article in 1/4 which, coincidentally, appears in the issue with the Worst Cover.

Best Non Sequitur: In issue 2/1, we announced upon completion of NOVA's first year of publication, that our annual circulation was something like 34,000. "At this rate," we said, "it will take us 282 years to have published the same number of magazines that T.V. Guide publishes in a week."

Best Gaff: In issue 2/2, the article entitled "Poets Four, Poems Six" had seven poems included. Second to this, issue 8/2 is one year off on its date. Make it 1973 instead of 1972, please. We also liked issue 1/4 over which we exercised such great care in explaining the new, proper designation of our institution—The University of Texas at El Paso. In the same issue we used "UTEP" (an acronym then to be avoided) in the article about the Upward Bound Program.

And the Had I Only Known award goes to issue 3/2 containing our extensive interview with Dr. Harold F. Harding, an expert in political rhetoric. In preliminary talks with Dr. Harding, before the tape recorder was turned on, he said: "I would not be surprised if Lyndon Johnson is not a Presidential candidate in 1968." This, of course, was not printed, but it was uttered about six weeks before President Johnson startled the world with his televised announcement that he would not be a candidate for re-election.

The Five
Best Looking Pages

The Global NOVA

NOVA is not provincial, we keep telling ourselves. In its first 40 issues it has fairly regularly carried something of an international aspect, informing its readers, through articles by alumni and faculty members, about a variety of things in a variety of world locales. Such as:

Thornton Penfield in Kashmir (1/2).
Leonard Cardenas in Cochabamba, Brazil (1/3).
Esperanza Medina de Spyropoulos on the Canary Islands (2/3).
The Root family in Wee Waa, New South Wales, Australia (2/4).
Jeff Berry in Micronesia and Beita, New Zealand (3/1, 3/2, and 6/3).
Rex Gerald in Chichén Itzá, Yucatán (3/3).
Helen Durio in Cambridge, England (3/3).
Joe Lewels in Vietnam (3/4).
Jerry Hoffer in Iceland (and Hawaii) in the 7/2 issue.
Allen F. Willson in Ethiopia (7/2).
Don Burges with the Tarahumaras in the Barrancas, Mexico (7/3).
George Ayer in Craiova, Romania (10/1).

If there are alumni or faculty in Tierra del Fuego, Pitaëain's Island, the Pribilofs or Galápagos or Easter Island, Tristan de Cunha, Ulan Bator, Samarkand, Bangladesh, the Hindu Kush, Vladivostok, Rangoon, Foochow, Mauritania, Sierra Leone, Upper Volta, Togoland, Botswana, Thessalonika, Yellowknife, Disko, or Kabul, we'll give anything to have you write something for NOVA.
COMPATRIOT
by Elroy Bode
A small Mexican man in his sixties, he sat down beside me on the park bench and read a while from his small Spanish-language newspaper. He was wearing a dark brown suit and narrow, square-toed black shoes—shoes abrupt on the end like the nose of an old Ford. His hat was the small, black, creased-down-middle kind you could have seen on a Mexican doctor during the days of the Revolution: indeed, he looked very much like a movie extra from “Viva Zapata” who was relaxing before his next scene—perhaps a trusted friend of Madero, waiting for his chief there in the El Paso plaza with a message from the States.

Everything about the man suggested alertness and orderly habits. He had a recent haircut, squared in the back, and there was still a fresh, youthful line arching above the ears. Except for a few straggling hairs on his neck and chin his face was clean and almost Indian smooth—as though he no longer shaved and the pores of his skin had thus neatly sealed themselves over with wax. Only his sunken temples were those of an aging man, the earpieces of his steel-rimmed glasses went across them like miniature railroad tracks spanning deep brown gorges.

It was a warm day in June and after a while—without ever looking up from his newspaper—the man removed his coat and laid it carefully across his knee. I could see that his light-blue pin stripe shirt was frayed a little at the collar, but it looked freshly washed and ironed. The sleeves were kept precisely at wristbone level by two rubber bands around his upper arms.

For a quarter of an hour the man read his paper, thoroughly and capably—never moving his lips or using his finger to steady a line of print, never bringing the paper closer to his face. Occasionally he gazed off into the elms, as if reflecting on the significance of a paragraph.

Finally it was time for him to leave. He pulled out a round gold watch from his shirt pocket, checked the hour, and after slipping the watch back into his pocket put on his coat. He folded his newspaper several times so that it would fit easily into his hand, then began walking across the plaza. I couldn’t be sure, but I thought I recognized Francisco Madero alighting from a Juarez street car just across the way. (7/1)

From:
THE MENCKEN-WHITE LETTERS
by Jeannette Smith

... Although it was more than two years before the Tarahumara 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 Tarahumara 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 Tarahumara Indian version of “white lightning,” a home brew made from corn and called “tequisino.”

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 Tarahumara homily that goes something like this:

“A ra sebari e negame río niricoba”—“Be a good, complete person who pays attention to God’s word.” (5/4)

From:
THE MOUNTAIN LION
by Jon March White

For eight sweet years I ambled in the pines
And struck the silly sheep and crushed their bones
The modest herd were frightened of their shadows
Living was red and fat among the meadows
I slid between the soft flanks of the cattle
And hooked them with a claw as hard as metal
Wet were my jaws and damp my pizzle
Stick my pelt and streaked my muzzle
Nothing so good can last for ever
They tracked me lapping at the river
Three of the dogs I ripped to bits
Six bullets whacked me in the guts
They peeled my tawny hide and scooped it out
And gave the scavengers the marbled meat
The skin they took and draped around a post
And nailed it through the skull to hold it fast
My limbs spreadeagled sideways in derision
Spiked on the bars to keep them in position
Even in death I stay a shape of wrath
A grinning terror strung beside the path
And though I thrived in the mounday glare
While hot winds nibble at my mangy fur
My brown ghost holds my ancient realm as fast
As if my fangs had never turned to dust
My footprint stamped as roundly on the rocks
As when I stalked the sheep and broke their necks
And though the pine trees and the mountains fall
A pungent essence will remain to dwell
A pride and presence staking on the hill

From:
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING HENRY
by Jeannette Smith

... Dear Clyde (Kelsey)

I have seen just about all I can stand of that sorry-looking, potbellied burro they have at the football games. If we cannot get a clean, nutty-looking burro, let us forget the whole thing.

Please be my agent to clean this matter up once and for all. Check first with

(Cont. overlay)
HENRY (Continued)

George McCarty to be sure what invol­
vement he has with the animal, if any.
Sincerely,
Joseph M. Ray
President

.... Henry's career as a celebrity is sea-
sonal, but that's the way he likes it. His 
yearly schedule gives him ample time to 
relax, to enjoy the bountiful beauties of 
nature, and to ponder the complexities 
and the hustle and bustle of the world 
around him. Of his two roles, Henry undoubt-
edly prefers the remote, un-
assuming one. To him, the atmosphere 
of quiet and serenity must truly be la 
dolce vita. One wonders if he really 
enjoys his alternate role of mascot when, 
outfitted in his vivid orange blanket, the 
small gray burro stands surrounded by 
all the color, the excitement, the music, 
and the roar of the crowds. Perhaps he 
merely waits, during those hours in the 
stadium, for the time of return to his 
peaceful pasture—unaware that he is an 
esential component of the overall scene 
—uncaring of the importance of being 
Henry. (4/1)

From:
ROUGH RIDER FRANK BRITO 
by Dale L. Walker

We talked in the warm fall sunlight, 
seated on weathered overstuffed chairs 
on the edge of his porch while an oc-
casional gust of wind stirred up dust-
devils along the bald yard. Behind us, 
on the wall of the adobe house, is a sign, a memento of a reunion long past, 
"Home of Theodore Roosevelt's Rough 
Riders," and next to it is a string of red 
chili peppers. Hanging from the porch 
roofbeam is a sunbleached American 
flag.

The conversation, often made more 
graphical as he traced an idea in the dirt 
with his cane-tip, ranged from Roosevelt 
to stray cats, from Pat Garrett to the 
lateness of the delivery of his newspaper. 
We talked about San Antonio, Texas, and 
Tampa, Florida, and Montauk Point, 
Long Island, about the many Britos 
who have served in America's wars, about 
baseball and about the 50th anniversary 
reunion of the Rough Riders at Prescott, 
Arizona, when Boots Miller had 
too much to drink, broke into an Italian 
restaurant and smashed up all the dishes 
until he was hooted and thrown in jail 
to sleep it off.

.... At their father's bidding, Frank and 
Joe Brito went to Silver City at the end 
of April where volunteers for the War 
were being mustered in. Joe was ac-
cepted without delay but there was some 
hesitancy in signing up Frank.

"I was a few months short of 21," he 
says. "The recruiter looked me over and 
said to another man, 'Hell, I haven't 
got the heart to turn him down,' and he 
let me sign up. He told me, 'They'll 
weed you out before long but you'll have 
a good ride.'"

One May 6, Frank and his brother be-
came buck privates in Troop H of the 
Rough Riders, commanded by Captain 
George Curry of Tularosa, N.M. (who 
later became governor of N.M. terri-
tory). Six days later, the Brito brothers 
were transferred to Troop I under Capt-
in Schuyler McGinnis of Newkirk, 
Oklahoma Territory.

The Rough Riders symbolized Theo-
dore Roosevelt's twin strains of enthu-
siasm: one for the great American West, 
the other for the athletic polo-playing 
collegetypes of New England's finest 
schools. That they could mix at all—let 
alone mix successfully into a fighting 
unit—has puzzled historians for decades.

.... He gestures over his shoulder where 
the flag hangs from the rafter of the 
porch. "This is one house where the 
flag is flown every day. I wish I could 
fight for it again, fight for it right now 
in Vietnam."

The ranks of the Rough Riders have 
thinned to two and Frank C. Brito of 
Las Cruces is one of them.

How else can you write about him? 
One is tempted by the cliches having to 
do with "stepping back into history" and 
"representing the end of an era." Let's 
just say, for a beginning at least, that 
Frank Brito, age 93, is a Rough Rider 
and there is only one other left. Were 
he to be the last, one could scarcely ask 
for a better representative to close out 
an era. (6/2)

From:
CHARTING THE DARKER 
MOUNTAINS
by Les Standiford

.... "You know, the deserts are really 
quite fragile. Start plowing them up and 
they'll blow away in front of your eyes. 
You have to learn to get the water to the 
corn. You've got to be careful. You've 
got to be alert. There's a lovely Laguna 
Pueblo poet named Leslie Silco who has 
a poem about taking care of the moun-
tain. And that attitude of taking care— 
it's hard enough to take care of your own 
farmland, much less a mountain. But to 
her, it extends the care that must be 
given not only in the house and out in 
the pueblo and out in the fields, but it 
extends beyond that to the mountain itself, 
for which a care almost like re-
verence must be maintained.

"And I think that is what I always 
hope that people come to wherever they 
are; and I hope that awareness will send 
itself down the line." (9/2)

From:
THE FOLKLORE OF ACADEME 
by C. L. Sonnichsen

.... Since those days a new breed has 
arisen and it astonishes and sometimes 
frightens me. If I had to give a brief 
definition of the modern scholar, I would 
say: "A scholar is a university professor 
who can qualify for a grant." If I were 
allowed more words, I would define him 
as "A specialist who publishes articles 
that nobody is curious about—and wants 
to teach his specialty no more than six 
hours a week for four graduate students 
for $20,000 for nine months, with al-
lowance for a research assistant and for 
travel."

Next to his passion for research and 
publishation, his major ambition is to 
keep lesser scholars off the graduate fac-
tuty (he insists that they must publish 
ten articles in top scholarly journals, or 
one book and five articles, before they 
are fit company for him). His favorite 
indoor sport is getting on programs of 
professional societies as critic or re-
spondent and roughing up the rising 
young scholar who leaves his rear un-
covered. He is keen on distinction, pro-
motion, top salary, and a minimum teach-
ing load. He is a bit of a savage, and I 
would call him a Buccaneer of Academe. 
He has not been riding quite so high 
since the oversupply of Ph.D.'s hit us in 
1970, but he is still very much with us.... (8/3)

From:

SALUTE TO AN ABSENT FRIEND 
by Ray Past

.... He was fond of pets and had a series 
of them, not only conventional types but 
such far-off critters as a gila monster, 
which he kept on a homemade leash, a 
bockat (penned in the backyard), and a 
raven which followed him everywhere 
and often perched on his shoulder, to the 
occasional detriment of a shirt. It had a 
raucous call and he had named it after a 
female TV commentator whose voice 
grated on him. Dean Deu Free told me 
that one night he, Dean, was busy gluing 
a guitar together when there came a 
knock at the door. "Come in!" Dean 
shouted. Another hesitant knock. "Either 
come in or go away!" Dean bellowed. 
The door opened and a little salesma-
enter. "It's funny," were his first words, 
"the same thing just happened to me at 
a house around the corner. I went in and 
there was this old guy with a white beard 
and a crown on his shoulder working on a 
tape recorder. It flew around the room, 
and even landed on me. "Look," he 
said, brushing at a stain on his coat. 
"God," he concluded, "what a nutty 
neighborhood." When John Judy heard 
of this incident it broke him up. "What 
a nutty neighborhood," he repeated sev-
eral times. "What a nutty neighborhood." 
.... (8/3)

From:

IS SURD THE WORD FOR '69? 
by H. Allen Smith

.... Sometimes I suspect that our lan-
guage is being employed more and more 
as inidium for insult, hence the popu-
laritv of Yecchi! and similar expressions 
of nauseous disapproval, such as 
Aaaaahgh! One needs only to sit and 
look at these two words, and dwell upon 
the frequency of their use, in order 
to arrive at a suspicion that we are travel-
ing backwards toward Неаndеrtаl 
times.... (4/4)
THE SMALL BUT MEMORABLE REBELLION OF SAM VANDIVER

Sam Vandiver was a Don Quixote when he worked for the El Paso Times 15 years ago. There were differences, of course. Sam, instead of straddling a Rocinante, strode the boards of the Times newsroom on foot, as copy boy, and instead of a lance, his armament consisted of a typewriter, an icebag for the fevered brows of football fans, and a large pin to puncture the blumps of tradition.

Sam’s job was non-quixotic, but he considered it onerous and impractical, nonetheless. Every Saturday night, he was charged with putting together an avalanche of football scores that clack­ed over the teletype machines. It was lowly, boring work. The scores were clipped, sorted into geographical sections (East, Midwest, South, Rocky Mountain, Far West), typed on long lists, important scores were boldfaced, the lists were checked for duplication. And Sam Vandiver hated football.

It was his easiest feeling too, that the sea of football scores he prepared between his brow, but no one, excepting the copyboy began to feel an awesome sense of power. No one had challenged from his employ and he did devote himself solely (almost solely) to studying after that—graduating from TWC in 1953.

Then he rather hurriedly left the newsroom. Later, when he returned from supper, he saw a note on the bulletin board addressed to Sam Vandiver. With it was pasted the last scores he had discreetly attempted to ram through. The note read: “Dear Sam: Someone is reading the scores now, and his name is Bill Latham.” The “Bill Latham” was in very big red letters.

Sam had tilted his last windmill. This is not to say the story had a sad ending. He was always made welcome in the Times newsroom after leaving their employ and he did devote himself solely to studying after that—graduating from TWC in 1953.

Today, Sam Vandiver is a far different man. He has completed his doctoral dissertation and is instructor in English at the University of Texas in Austin. He is married to “the prettiest girl in my first class of Freshman English,” Julie, and is the father of Joseph David, born June 2, “a studious chap,” says Sam, “he rolled himself over when he was a week old—now he can go both directions.”

Between romps with Joe David, Sam admits his powers of idealism and iconoclasm have dwindled. He says he spends a lot of time worrying about mildew on his Crepe Myrtle and the nut grass invasion of his lawn.

It’s all a far cry from the days when Sam Vandiver, (who was 20 when he graduated,) bought beer at Kern Place Tavern despite Dorothy Webb’s strict injunction that minors, Miners or not, couldn’t do so. And it’s a long way from the day that Sam Vandiver, erstwhile Quixote and Times copyboy, got his first Time review, and struck his last blow for sanity before Gowing Downin Blazen Glory. (2/1)

STEEL ON NOVA

Steele Jones, Vice President for Development at New Mexico State University in Las Cruces, was instrumental in the launching of spacehip NOVA in the fall, 1965, with Doug Early, UT El Paso’s News and Information Director. Here are Steele’s recollections on the magazine, then and now, and how it got its name.

“It is pleasant to realize that NOVA has survived, and matured, for ten years now. It is also rather disturbing, for it doesn’t seem that long since big Doug Early insisted that Texas Western needed ‘a good magazine’ for its alumni and friends.

“NOVA has indeed come a long way, though I must say that it was a good publication from the beginning. By now it is a mature lady or gentleman, whose arrival is an especially welcome event in the homes of those of us who want to continue to be close to UT El Paso.”

“To my mind, NOVA has an unusual stature among publications of its kind. It has a consistent quality in writing content, and layout, that usually occurs only where there is a publication staff to put out the magazine. You, and Doug before you, have worked late many a night to make it so; NOVA gets the hours you can spare after doing your other work.

“It is interesting to recall how close we were to having no NOVA at all. About eleven or twelve years ago, UT El Paso was growing and exciting things were happening, but (unlike most colleges) we had absolutely nothing to send to our alumni and friends to tell them what the College was doing and what it was trying to do. Some years back there had been a little quarterly called Nugget, but there was a long interval when alumni received no word from home.

“So, we started a little six-page folder called Report, and that was NOVA’s daddy. Jim Whitelaw was the editor. Doug Early succeeded Jim, and Doug fretted about Report. He thought we should go first class and should have a good magazine. Doug was forceful, and we carried the recommendation to Vice President Milton Leech and President Joseph M. Ray. They were always easy if you had a good idea that was approved.

“NOVA almost wasn’t named NOVA. Doug, eager to start publication, convened a group of creative people, and they tried a score or more names before recommending NOVA, partly, I think, because they wanted to avoid ‘Alumni News’ or ‘Miner Musings’. Doug presented the name to me, and I thought it was terrible and told him so. He gave me a choice of approving it or coming up with a better name. You know the outcome.

“NOVA has been good for the University, and UT El Paso has had the extraordinary good fortune to have had two editors of exceptional competence. Doug was editor for about a year, as I recall; you’ve shaped our magazine for almost a decade. We who are privileged to receive it are indebted to you for caring enough to see that we receive something of quality from our University.”

Steele, thank you.
CONTRIBUTORS

No person ever worked harder on NOVA, put in more hours on it, or contributed more in the first several years of its existence to the magazine’s design, graphic art and typography than Bassel Wolfe. We want to thank Bassel for that work and for the work he continues to do for UT El Paso.

José Cisneros, that gentle man and pen-and-ink genius, permitted us to use his work on three NOVA covers. He was the subject of yet another cover, that of 7/3, and in many instances his work can be found inside the magazine: remember his “Requiem for a Mountain” in 7/3 and that centerfold section in 9/3, the issue containing Jose’s four-color “Pasiegos del Norte–1880” on the cover? We are deeply indebted to Jose for his generosity to NOVA and his long friendship.

Other artists who have made significant contributions to NOVA include Howell Zinn and Charles Smith, Henry Retting, Tony Peña, and Tom Lea, whose “Toribio” graced our cover of 4/1. Our thanks to them all.

Excellent photography has also been a hallmark, we think, of this magazine and special thanks go out to our staff photographers of the first decade: Lee Cain, John Trollinger, David P. Leibson, Peter Ashkenaz, and Russell Banks.

In its first 10 years, an even 100 writers contributed to NOVA their articles, poems, reviews, interviews, and stories. We list them herewith, in the order of their appearance in NOVA, and thank each of them sincerely.

Doug Early
Ray Fast
Bob Johnson
Thornton Penfield
John J. Middagh
Alan Ehmann
C. L. Sonnichsen
Dale L. Walker
Joseph M. Ray
Steele Jones
Max Marshall
Jerry A. Griffin
David V. LeMone
Robert Burlingame
Richard Russell
J. Edgar Simmons
Robert J. Massey
Nancy Miller (Hamilton)
Dorothy Stroud
Esperanza M. de Spyropoulos
Henry Retting
Jan Beard
Jeff Berry
John McFall
Rhoda F. Milnarich
Rex E. Gerald
Helen F. Durio
Milton Leech
Francisco J. Lewels
William Crawford
Leon C. Metz
Jeanette Smith
Mary Margaret Davis
Hayward Thompson
Betty Ligon
Joseph R. Smiley
H. Allen Smith
Howard McCord
Eddie Mullens
Lionel Ceniceros
Noreen Ross
Jon Manchip White
Haldene Braddy
Hawley Richeson
Richard Smothermon
John Haddox
John O. West
James Overton
Evan H. Antone
Elroy Bode
Wallace H. Brucker
Bud Newman
Jerry M. Hoffer
Allen F. Willson
Barnard Collier
Edmund B. Coleman
Verdon R. Adams
José Cisneros
Laura Scott Meyers
Briavel Holcomb
David Innes
William C. McGaw
John J. Vandertulip
Oliver Knight
Yvonne Gerear
Jimmy R. Walker
Samuel E. Vandiver
John H. McNeely
Glenn L. Palmore
Robert M. Esch
Howard G. Applegate
Rudolph Gomez
Scott Binning
Paul J. Danigedl
Lance Murray
Barbara Springer
Les Standiford
Rudolph O. de la Garza
C. Sharp Cook
W. H. Timmons
Peter Ashkenaz
Fred W. Hanes
Joseph B. Graves, Jr.
Christine Pasanen
Tom Lindley
Pat Esslinger Carr
Ray Chávez
George W. Ayer
C. Richard Bath
Bob Ingram
Pete Ciccarelli
Pat & Paula Kiska
William Siros &
Michael Emery
S. L. A. Marshall
Wayne E. Fuller
Derry Eads
Ruth Brown McCluney
Wayne Mc Clintock
Bob Ybarra

CODE

Throughout this supplement we designate back issues of NOVA by volume and issue number. Thus, “4/3” indicates Volume 4, Number 3 (and, if you glance below, that means the Spring issue of 1969). To find the cover of a particular issue, remember that four issues constitutes a “Volume,” and hence, an entire year. NOVA began with the Fall 1965 issue (1/1) and that issue is shown on the upper left of the cover of this issue (11/1). The entire 10-year run of NOVA continues left to right on this cover, continuing left to right on the back cover. To find the cover of “4/3” you would count across from left to right to the third issue of the fourth volume—or the 15th magazine depicted. The key, Volume and Issue number to date and year is as follows:

1/1 fall 1965
1/2 winter 1966
1/3 spring 1966
1/4 summer 1966
2/1 fall 1966
2/2 winter 1967
2/3 spring 1967
2/4 summer 1967
3/1 fall 1967
3/2 winter 1968
3/3 spring 1968
3/4 summer 1968
4/1 fall 1968
4/2 winter 1969
4/3 spring 1969
4/4 summer 1969
5/1 fall 1969
5/2 winter 1970
5/3 spring 1970
5/4 summer 1970
6/1 fall 1970
6/2 Feb-April 1971
6/3 May-July 1971
6/4 Aug-Oct 1971
7/1 October 1971
7/2 February 1972
7/3 June 1972
7/4 October 1972
8/1 December 1972
8/2 March 1973
8/3 June 1973
8/4 September 1973
9/1 December 1973
9/2 March 1974
9/3 June 1974
9/4 September 1974
10/1 December 1974
10/2 March 1975
10/3 June 1975
10/4 September 1975
THE PARRAMORE SKETCHES: SCENES AND STORIES OF EARLY WEST TEXAS

By all standards this is an exceptional book.

In this year of 1975, a long dead, primitive artist has been discovered. True, he didn’t use color like H. O. Kelly or Grandma Moses, but the pencil sketches of Dock Dilworth Parramore are of a quality that would have brought him a measure of fame and probably unwanted attention had he been “discovered” during his lifetime.

After retiring in 1930 from a successful ranching career and continuing until his death in 1946, D. D. Parramore entertained his grandchildren with stories about his family and his life in early West Texas. In order that his young listeners might better visualize the story he would tell, their Grandfather began illustrating his tales with pencil sketches. Calling upon what he could remember of a brief period of art lessons that he had received when he was 10, he accurately sketched a chronicle of life on the frontier. To keep the children from smudging the drawings he placed them in isinglass envelopes in a loose-leaf notebook. Because of this one act, his penciled drawings on ordinary tablet paper were able to survive almost certain destruction.

Some 55 of D. D. Parramore’s sketches and his accompanying comments now belong to the public. Brought to the attention of Carl Hertzog by both friends of the family and the grandchildren, these sketches have been transformed into a “Hertzog book.” If you are not a book collector, a Hertzog book is a book designed by that master typographer and bearing his famous “CH” colophon—books avidly sought by collectors.

Divided into five sections, the sketches and comments combine to form a delightful view of the frontier as seen through the eyes of D. D. Parramore. His marvelous sense of humor and his contempt for the pompous and the hypocrite show in both drawing and comment. Each picture and its title, whether abbreviated or long of comment, is a story unto itself. Just as I have my favorites, each reader will find the ones that for him have the most meaning. Few readers will find even one drawing that does not have its own charm.

As I finished this truly marvelous book, I had a feeling of sadness. The drawings of Dock Dilworth Parramore are finite in number and we cannot look forward to a continuation of his talent.

—Harold Miller

SURVEYING THE TEXAS AND PACIFIC LAND GRANT WEST OF THE PECOS RIVER
by J. J. Bowden. El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1975, $3. (Southwestern Studies Monograph No. 46.)

On Sept. 20, 1878, Jacob Kuechler left Ft. Concho as head of a surveying party for the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company. His job was to survey that portion of West Texas between the Pecos and the Rio Grande which had been granted to the railroad.

The author has used his expertise in land and mineral law to research the six-month journey of the Kuechler party from Ft. Conchos to the Pecos to El Paso and back. Using the records of the Texas and Pacific Land Trust and the letters of Jacob Kuechler and his son, Carmillo, the author has combined the dry routine of surveying with the danger of Indian attack, poor food, arid country, a white Christmas at Hueco Tanks and a visit to El Paso into a very interesting and readable book.

A part of the surveyor’s job was to look for minerals. Thus, Kuechler graphically describes the region of his survey—the draws, canyons, mountains, salt flats and rivers.

The reader should not fail to read the references. They greatly add to the scope of a really fine narrative.

No review would be complete without a word of praise for the frontispiece and double-page drawing by José Cisneros. They enhance a very fine book.

Surveying the Texas and Pacific Land Grant West of the Pecos River is a significant addition to the history of the Southwest.

—Harold Miller

Mr. Miller is a noted collector and expert on Southwestern books.

COWBOY’S CAFE — Parramore’s pencil sketch of the chuck in camp during the 1886-87 last trail herd made by the 7H4 Ranch in Runnels County, Texas, through Indian Territory to Trail City, Colorado.
Progress Report:

BUILDINGS COMING UP

The two great construction projects now underway on campus are shown in Russell Banks' photos on this page. The stats on these projects are as follows:

University Special Events Center:

Purpose: For sporting events, particularly basketball; entertainment such as concerts, special programs, etc.; also possible site for Commencement ceremonies.

Seating capacity: 12,000.


Cost: $8,720,000.

Builder: Jordan and Nobles Const. Co.

Architect: B. W. Crain, Jr. (Houston).

Location: Baltimore at Oregon St.

Square footage: 180,000.

Misc.: The Center will utilize the adjacent Sun Bowl and Kidd Field parking areas.

Engineering/Science Complex

Purpose: Teaching and Research Center for the Departments of Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, and Metallurgical Engineering; and the Departments of Biological Sciences.

Configuration: The Complex will connect with the existing Physical Science Building, making a total of five interconnected buildings in the complex. Total area is 254,000 square feet, complete with modern laboratory facilities.

Est. completion date: Sept., 1976.

Cost: $12,441,016.

Builder: Robert E. McKee, Inc. of El Paso.

Architect: A joint venture by Carroll, Daebble, DuSang & Rand; and Garland and Hilles; both El Paso firms.

Location: Hawthorne Street adjacent to the Physical Science Building.

NOTE: Data courtesy of Jim Hunt, Resident Construction Manager of the Office of Facilities, Planning and Construction, UT System.

PHOTOS: In the upper photo, workmen tiling wall in Engineering/Science Complex; middle photo, aerial view of the Special Events Center; bottom, aerial view of Engineering-Science Complex.
CLASS OF 1934:

CLASS OF 1935:
Dorothy Sparks Bryan is an administrative social worker with the Louisiana Division of Family Services in Baton Rouge, La.

James R. Cady is professor of material science and mechanical engineering at the University of Southern California, and resides in Beverly Hills.

Ralph Gale Tolbert is Manager-Partner of T-B-L Adjusters.

Ralph George Marston is Office Manager for the El Paso County District Clerk.

Margaret Pauline Gale is a retired teacher and lives in Dallas.

Charles H. Coldwell is a geological con-sultant and lives in Dallas. His wife, the former Charlee Hendricks, Class of '42, is a librarian at Lakehill Preparatory School.

Blanche Burns Fahrenkamp resides with her husband Leonard in Playa del Rey, Calif., and is active in Red Cross and church work.

Ruth Dyer Fisher (M. A. '56) teaches sec-ond grade in the Missoula Public Schools in Missoula, Montana.


CLASS OF 1936:
Daniel Carreon is General Superintendent for the Plomosas Unit for ASARCO Mexicana in Plomosas, Chihuahua, Mex.

CLASS OF 1941:
Frank H. Forbes is vice president in charge of the International Department of Continental Carbon Co. He and his wife, the former Virginia Lassiter, also a UT El Paso alumnus, reside in Houston.

CLASS OF 1945:
Ann Waller Gric and her husband Dick live in Houston where he is with Pennzoil Co.

Rev. Edward K. Heininger is pastor of the Congregational United Church of Christ in Iowa City, Iowa.

Leon Spitz Lakehomer is an instructor in the English Department of the University of Hawaii in Honolulu.

Frances Rheinheimer Rossbach lives in Clare-ndon Hills, Ill., with her husband and fam-i-ly. She is the recipient of the "Outstanding Citizen of the Year" award from the Jaycees.

Phyllis (Phil) Farquhar Seabrook is Ad-ministrative Assistant, Personal Property, Dept., in the Charleston (S. C.) County As-sessor's Office.

Elaine Johnson Smith and her husband Warren reside with their family in W. Simms-bury, Conn.

CLASS OF 1949:
Lloyd V. Stevens, Jr. is manager in El Paso for Blue Cross and Blue Shield of Texas.

A. W. Rutter, Jr. is president of Western Hospitality Co. of Midland. The firm is re-novating and will manage the Downtown-Motor Inn which will be re-named Centro del Paso Motor Inn.

CLASS OF 1950:
Vic Clark (M. A. '51) is athletic director of the Ysleta Independent Public Schools, also president of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce.

Betty Rose Francis Wilkinson teaches school in the Canutillo ISD. Her husband Jack (M. A. '74) teaches at Coronado High School.

Ira Stuart is office manager of El Segundo Construction Co., Alpine Engineering Dept., Standard Oil Co. of California, and resides in Torrance.

Mrs. John H. McDowell, the former Jac-queline O'Sullivan (M.A. '51) is associate di-rector of Las Cruces Pan-American Round Table.

Fernando Oaxaca works in the White House in Washington, D. C., as Associate Director of Management and Operations in the Office of Management and Budget (OMB).

Mrs. Glenn E. Turner, Jr., the former Mary Margaret Gralmy, resides with her husband and family in Tempe, Ariz. He is business manager for KAET-TV and she is a sixth grade teacher.

Ben E. Adams is Plant Manager for Penn-zoil Chemical Inc. in Hanford, Calif.

Dr. Joseph F. Alderate is Hospital Director, U. S. Penitentiary Hospital in Atlanta, Ga.

Jo a q u i n Argeuelles is Field-Contracts Manager of Fluor Utah, Inc. in Albuquerque, N. M. N.

Bernard (Stan) Billingsley is a Landman with Continental Oil Co. (Conoco) in Midland, Tex.

William E. Blackwell is president of Boyd Engineering Co., Inc., in Albuquerque, N. M.

O t i s G. Brieden is chief engineer with Peerless Mfg. Co. in Dallas.

J. Pat Brown is Test Manager with Civil Service, also a mining consultant in Alto, N. M.

Louis W. Cope is president of Mining Serv-ices, Inc. in Denver and a member of the Colorado Chapter of UT El Paso Alumni Assn.

Bruce E. Dedman is vice president of manu-facturing with Lone Star Steel Co. and resides in Ore City, Tex.

Bob Duke is administrative manager of Ex-ploration for Conoco and in the past four years has been in Greece, Scotland, and now Siracusa, Sicily.

Dr. Garth Hatch has a medical practice in Arlington, Tex.

Joe V. Kern is Corporate Director of Public Relations for United States Borax & Chemical Corp. and lives in Valencia, Calif.

Aquilin Koen is vice president and direc-tor of DelLeneau, Cather International, Inc., Consulting Engineers, and is general manager in Thailand for the company.

Dr. James C. Kussy is a pathologist in Little Falls, Minn.

Anna Jane Derrick Millican teaches high school English with the Kamehameha Schools in Honolulu, Hawaii. Her husband James is head of Housing and all related services for the U.S. Air Force for the Pacific area.

Ignacio Noguera is supervisor of the Cardio-Pulmonary Laboratory, U.S. Air Force School of Aerospace Medicine, in San Antonio.

John B. Magruder is director of the Pro-tection Dept. at El Paso Natural Gas Co.

Jack Steele is Estimating Engineer with L. E. Meyer Co. in Santa Fe, N. M.

Rodolfo J. Valenzuela is an electrical design engineer for the National Board of Rockwell International in Anaheim, Calif.

CLASS OF 1951:
Jose S. Valdez is Division Engineer of Projects with the U. S. Section of the Interna-tional Boundary and Water Commission, and directs engineering, maintenance and general engineering work.

Cesar Fourzan, Jr. (M. A. '55) has been promoted to the post of Assistant Super-inintendent at the Luncheonroom Department in the EPISD.

CLASS OF 1952:

A. Morrissey Jr. is assistant to the comp-troller of ASARCO Inc. and resides in Middle-sex, N. J.

CLASS OF 1953:
George Pendell is the International Bound-ary and Water Commission's resident engi-neer in Presidio, Tex., in charge of an Amer-ican force of about 100 engineers, technicians, surveyors, heavy equipment operators and laborers. The project is a flood control pro-gram involving the Rio Grande River, the U. S. and Mexico.

CLASS OF 1954:
Jack R. Green is director of Information Services at Farah Manufacturing Co.

Dr. Fred Candelaria is editor of the West Coast Believer which was founded in 1965 at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver, B. C. His two newest books are "Passages" and "Litergies." The latter is his third book of poetry.

Belie Fenley Edwards (Mrs. Clayton Edwards), daughter of the late Florence Fenley, Western equestrienne and author of a number of books, has compiled a book of her mother's writings and titled it "Heart Full of Horses." It has been published by Naylor Company in San Antonio.

CLASS OF 1955:

Bobby V. Carson is a supervisor with El Paso Natural Gas Co. in Farmington, N. M., and is manager of the Colorado Chapter of UT El Paso Alumni Assn.

Cesar Fourzan, Jr. (M. A. '55) has been promoted to the post of Assistant Super-in-
Veda Braum Stephenson and her husband Bill have a ranch in Carrizo, N.M.

Jimmy D. Sullivan is manager of Plans and Programs with System Development Corp. in Huntsville, Ala.

Lt. Col. Karl A. Mielke, Jr. and his family are at Fort Bliss, and two of their daughters attend college.

Dr. Ray E. Santos is an orthopaedic surgeon in Lubbock, Tex., also clinical professor in the Orthopaedic Dept. of Texas Tech Medical School.

CLASS OF 1957:

Jack E. Fulcher is southern regional director of GTE Data Services, a subsidiary of General Telephone & Electronics Corp., in Tampa, Fla.

Bille Stephens Ackerman has a Ph. D. in speech pathology from the U. of Maryland and resides with her husband and family in Fairfax, Va.

CLASS OF 1958:

Alfonso C. Gonzalez has been appointed to the El Paso Office of the State Comptroller of Public Accounts Dept.

CLASS OF 1962:

Marsha Hall McLeod and her family reside in Berkeley, Calif., where her husband works in the Research and Development Department of AT & T.

AF Maj. Thomas H. Haines, Jr. has received the Meritorious Service Medal at An­ conbury RAF Station, England, where he is supply services officer.

CLASS OF 1963:


Salvador Varela is an organizational specialist for the National Education Association in Washington, D. C. His wife is the former Gloria Monge, Class of '70.

J. Thomas Boyd is manager of the new public communications division of Phillips Petroleum Company in Bartlesville, Okla.

Jerry Cloud, who has been singing professionally for 10 years, has appeared recently at various local night spots.

CLASS OF 1964:

Knight John Gordon teaches anthropology, and social studies in history and English, in the San Francisco Public Schools. He recently made an expedition through the Sahara Desert to study the Touareg civilization.

Winfrey Hearst has an art studio in Mont­ tana and has had one-woman art shows and won various awards in several states.

Carmen Vargas (M. Ed. '69) is principal of Vilas School.

CLASS OF 1965:

Antonio A. Mireles is Bridge Engineer for the Panama Division of the U. S. Federal Highway Administration, and resides in the Canal Zone.

Dr. Allan Plunkett is a research engineer with General Electric at Erie, Pa. His wife Mary Ann is Class of '66.

Linda Perez (M. Ed. '72), a human relations consultant with EPISD, was recently named the recipient of the George I. Sanchez Memorial Award. Given annually by the National Education Assn., the award recognizes creative leadership in resolving critical social or cultural problems.

Eloy Salamanca is Assistant District Geologist, New Orleans District, for Getty Oil Co. in New Orleans, La.

Robert C. Geck Mangan (M. Ed. '68) teaches kindergarten and first grade at Kaunakakai School in Kaunakakai, Hawaii, where she and her husband reside.

Chris A. Cummings is president of Resort America Corp.

Nancy Kendell Scruggins and her husband R. Otis Scruggs, Class of '65, live in Lincoln, Neb., where he is sales training manager for Dorsev Labs.

Helen (Gall) Fromm Benford is an interior designer in Norwich, N.Y.

Caroleen Higginbotham is a retail manager for the Army and Air Force Exchange System at Bolling AFB in Washington, D.C., and lives in Springfield, Va.

Andrzej Szewczyk is a Federal Probation Officer in El Paso. His wife, the former Rosie Madrid, Class of '65, is a pre-employment lab assistant at Burgess High School.

Don H. Coers is Engineering Coordinator for Chicago Bridge & Iron Co. and lives in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dr. Jorge Aguirre is director of the Center for Research and Training, Ministry of Water Resources, Mexican Federal Govt. He lives in Mexico City.

Robert L. Dibler is sales representative in EP for Procter & Gamble Distributing Co., also a basketball official for the Missouri Valley Conference.

Victor H. Coats is a senior sales representa­ tive for the Foxboro Co. in Amarillo, Tex.

Alva Callahan Ege is a first grade teacher in the Van ISD.

Vance Addison Smith is a brakeman-conductor for Southern Pacific Railroad and lives in Anthony, N.M.

Peggy Whitehead Dowdy (M. Ed. '66) is an instructor at Fayetteville State University in Fayetteville, N.C.

Ray H. Singleton is pastor of the First Bapt­ ist Church in Rankin, Tex.

John A. Haddad is assistant director of the Health Careers Program for the Texas Hospital Assn. and is working toward a doctorate at UT Austin.

Saba S. Halaka is Director of Public Works for the City of Killeen, Tex.

James M. Allen is the athletic director, also head coach for basketball, track and cross­ country, at Wosley Academy in Williams­ burg, Va.

Dr. Tooley M. Towns is an oral surgeon in Baton Rouge, La.

Robert Vernon Blystone is assistant profes­ sor and director of the Electron Microscope Lab at the University of Tennessee.

Leland H. Hall is Deputy Personnel Director with the Veterans Administration Hospital in Hampton, Va. His wife is the former Jeanie McLeod, Class of '70.

Bill W. Hargis is a salesman for Moor Man Feeds in Odessa, Tex.

Bentley B. King is a Chevron Oil Distributor in Midland, Texas.

William R. Fabst is Managing Attorney/Federal Administrative Agencies, with James P. Murphy Law Offices in Houston.

Dr. Henry T. Ingle is Special Assistant to the President for International Projects at the Academy for Educational Development in Washington, D.C. His wife is the former Yolanda Rodriguez, Class of '68.

Alfonso F. Hernandez is Senior Sales Engineer­Latin America, for McDonnell Douglas Aircr aft and lives in Huntington Beach, Calif.

Dr. Edward Montague Lang, Jr. is Minister of Education at St. Paul United Methodist Church for the Northwest Texas Conference.

Dr. Rene Arredondo is an orthopaedic surgeon in El Paso.

William Gonzalez Martin is an instructor at EP Community College and was named an Outstanding Secondary Educator of America in 1975.

Fred W. Nolan is a partner in Nolan, Belk, Brasfield & Co., a CPA firm.

Beryl Jean Ward Rossette is principal of Amelia Earhart High School in Reseda, Calif.

Robert D. McGraw (M. Ed.) is percussionist in the Cape Town Symphony Orchestra in Cape Town, South Africa.

Dr. Bert Almon, associate professor of Eng­ lish at the University of Alberta in Edmonton, Canada, has some of his poems appearing in several publications including The Antigonish Review and Rapport.

Dr. Joe Stewart (M. Ed.), assistant dean of students at North Texas State University, has been named acting dean of students by the NTSU Vice President for Student Affairs.

James StarkMcCloy is sales and promotion man­ ager for the White Water Power Center, and former director of the Downtown Lions Club Minstral Show and organist for the annual Easter Sunrise Service.

Al Basuro (M. Ed. '71) is principal of Bassett School in the EPISD.

CLASS OF 1966:

Mike De la Rosa is a civil engineer at the Nevada Test Site. His wife, the former Martha Arteaga, Class of '65, is a fifth grade teacher at the Las Vegas public schools.

Arthur G. Peralta (M. Ed. '71) is principal of the new Ysleta Junior High School.

CLASS OF 1967:

David Macias is a staff associate with the Social Security Administration, with duties as Monitor for the Elementary School Program at the Center in San Francisco, Calif. Upon completion of the assignment he will return to the Administration's Central Office in Baltimore.

Frank E. Rinkus, Jr. teaches semaphore French and is chairman of the Modern Lang­ uages Dept. at Loretto Academy. His wife is the former Luann F. Tesch, Class of '75.

Henry F. Jimenez, Jr. is comptroller for the California Electric Works of San Diego. His wife is the former Geraldine K. Sealy, a TWC alumnus.

Capt. Lorenzo F. Candelaria II was one of the nominees in this year's competition for the Ten Outstanding Young Men in America, sponsored by the U.S. Jaycees. He is station­ ed at MCAS-Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo., where he is the adjutant at the U.S. Army Reception Station.

Lella M. Sanchez (M.A. '70), chairman of the Humanities Division and director of the Excellence Program at An­ San College, is the recipient of a $7,000 fellow­ ship for doctoral study during the 1975-76 academic year.

Capt. Ronald B. Seeger, recent recipient of a Master's Degree of Business Administration (with distinction) from NY Institute of Tech­ nology, is now assigned to duty in Korea.

CLASS OF 1968:

Doris W. Iorns and her husband Timothy had their marriage legally changed to Bowers­ Iorns in memory of his stepfather. Mrs. Bowers-Iorns is chairman of the English De­ partment at Carbon Junior College in Nephi, Utah.

Susan Navarro writes NOVA that, although she is married to Juan Uranga, she continues to use her maiden name. They live in Palo Alto, Calif., where she is working on her Ph.D. at Stanford University, and he practices law with a legal aid group.

Sandra Kay Sherwood, English teacher at Ysleta High School, was selected "Teacher of the Year" by the Ysleta Teachers Assn.

James L. Kurtz-Phelan has been appointed to the staff of the Attorney General of Colorado. He was formerly a staff attorney in the Clinical Education Program of the University of Denver's College of Law.

Capt. Robert L. Meek is a missile operations officer at Vandenberg AFB, Calif.
Capt. Victor L. Thomas received the Air Force Commendation Medal for his work as an instructor pilot flight examiner for the 455th Flying Training Squadron and the 222nd Flying Training Wing. He is an electrical engineer with the 456th Test Wing at Wright-Patterson AFB.

Mrs. Bill Simms (M.Ed.), principal of Bliss School, is one of 11 persons selected by the Texas Education Agency to develop a new English language arts curriculum for Texas public schools.

Bob Kirtley (M.Ed.) is assistant principal of Eastwood High School in the YISD.

CLASS OF 1969:

Guillermina Valdes de Villalva is director of the Centro de Orientacion de la Mujer Obrera, a pilot program in Juarez, approved by Mexico President Luis Echeverria, that trains young women for industrial careers and offers them self-improvement and community-improvement courses.

James M. Shepherd is principal of Highlands School in Highlands, N.C. His wife, is the former Barbara Licht, Class of '66. He was selected in 1974 as one of the Outstanding Secondary Educators of America.

Ruben A. Flores is a sales representative for McNeil Laboratories, Inc.

Mrs. Bill Ray Archer (M.Ed.), formerly Glenna L. Pruitt, is consultant for business education in the EPISD.

Edgar Bulloch (M.Ed. '72) is consultant with the adult vocational education program in the EPISD.

Donna Reese Hilton and her husband Steve are members of the "Texas" company that presents, in Canyon, Tex., the story of the Texas Panhandle during the 1880's.

CLASS OF 1970:

Helen R. Henry (M.Ed.) is principal of Pasadale Junior High-Elementary School in the YISD.

Oscar Perez is a Title I counselor at Wainwright Elementary.

Dael E. Markel (M.S. '74) is a predoctoral fellow in the Microbiology Dept. of the University of Texas Medical Branch at Galveston and last summer won the O. B. Williams Award for research in microbiology from the Texas Branch of the American Society for Microbiology.

Ralph J. Ganska is Outreach Regional Director of EP State Center for Human Development.

J. R. Bryant (M.Ed '71) is principal of Dolphin Terrace Elementary School in northeast EP.

Cari Payne (M.S. '72) is retired from the U.S. Air Force and a civilian employee with the Army Corps of Engineers.

CLASS OF 1971:

David C. Ray is manager of promotion and public service for Newspaper Printing Corp.

Lawrence Michaels is helping to develop a graduate-level program for prospective principals while completing work on an M.Ed. degree at Trinity University in San Antonio.

Mrs. Jackie Guadanoli Yetter, a local tennis pro and an honoree of the El Paso Athletic Hall of Fame, was named Outstanding Ex-Student for 1975 by Irvin High School.

Jose Rivera is director of Mental Health Human Services for EP Community College.

Thomas Christopher Moore is doing his residency in pediatrics at the University of Southern Florida Affiliated Hospitals in Tampa.

CLASS OF 1972:

Ken Blystone is an instructor at Riverside High School and displays his photographic work at various art shows.

Cathy Rike Dewey and her husband Gary both received master's degrees last summer from the University of Houston and are now both doing social work in EP.

Juan M. Alvirez, Jr., is a sales representative for Dupont De Nemours E. I. & Co. at Midland and is assigned the districts of West Texas and Southern New Mexico.

Juegreg Knopp, Jr., is an auditor with Bell Helicopter International, Inc., in Tehran, Iran.

CLASS OF 1973:

Janna Auslam teaches guitar at El Paso and Coronado High Schools.

Randolph Nolen is a field consultant for the Emergency Medical Services Division of the Texas Dept. of Health Resources, Region III.

Mario Maldonado is an instructor at Anthony High School.

Robert Amezuca works for IBM in Austin, Tex. His wife, the former Deborah J. Dow, Class of 1967, is a teacher there.

Orville Kent Stalker is general manager of the EP Symphony Association.

CLASS OF 1974:

Miguel (Mike) Cervantes, who as a UT El Paso student worked in this Office of News and Information, is employed as a research assistant for the College of Law while attending Texas Southern University Law School.

Mr. Dick Harve Guinn, Class of 1965, died September 13 at his home in El Paso. Mr. Guinn entered into private law practice in El Paso in 1974 after returning from Los Angeles. He was associate legal officer for the El Paso County Sheriff's Department and a visiting lecturer in the Criminal Justice program at UT El Paso.

Mr. Elden V. Jetton (M.S. '66), died July 24 in Slidell, La. He was a meteorologist and forecaster for the New Orleans Weather Bureau. For many years an El Paso resident, he was a member of the EP Masonic Lodge No. 130, El Paso York Rite Bodies and the El Maida Shrine.

Miss Nancy Marie Patterson, Class of 1971 (M.S.), a teacher at Bel Air High School and in the El Paso Public Schools, died July 21. She had been an EP resident for 16 years.

Mrs. Carmen Enriquez, Class of 1967, died September 3. She was a resident of Anthony, N. M. for 12 years, and taught at La Union Elementary School.

Mr. Jim Campbell, Class of 1971 and a teacher at Thomas Manor School, was killed in a motorcycle accident July 27 near Llano, Tex.

Miss Harriet Rae Simon, Class of 1971 and a lifetime resident of El Paso, died September 17. She was a teacher at the Head Start Center and a member of the Texas State Teachers Assn.

Mr. Estanislao (Stanley) Torres, Class of 1971, was killed in a motorcycle accident June 22 in Saratoga, Calif.

U. S. Army Capt. (Ret.) William G. Carrick, Class of 1972, died August 18. He was an El Paso resident for 18 years and a math teacher at Riverside High School. Memberships included St. Paul's Methodist Church, Henry A. Green Lodge No. 250, F & AM (Tacoma, Wash.), El Paso York Rite Bodies, EP Scottish Rite Bodies, El Maida Shrine Temple. He was past-president of El Maida Shrine Chanters.

Mr. Carlos Diaz, a student at UT El Paso, died September 17. A life-long resident of El Paso, he was a part-time employee for the Piggy Bank Service Station and a veteran of the Vietnam Conflict (U. S. Marine Corps). He was a member of the Disabled Veterans Post, Chi Gamma Iota veteran's fraternity at UT El Paso, and St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

DEATHS

Mrs. Alice Pierce Barry, well-known EP civic leader and widow of John G. Barry who was first president of Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy (1931-41), died September 16 in Marblehead, Mass. Born in Boston, Mrs. Barry was a Smith College graduate and resided in El Paso from 1929-1956, and from 1963-1973.

Dr. David M. Cameron, local physician and an alumnus of Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy (1927 etc.) died August 19 in El Paso. Dr. Cameron had served for many years as a volunteer athletic team physician at the University. He was a resident of El Paso for 56 years and was a veteran of World War II.

Col. (Ret.) Mark Niemann, director of the UT El Paso Physical Plant, died September 1 at William Beaumont Army Medical Center. A resident of El Paso for some four years, he had been an MP since 1941.

Dr. Wallace H. Black, Class of 1942 and a local orthodontist, died August 17 in El Paso. He was past president of the EP Dental Society, of West Texas Orthodontic Study Group, Southwest Dental Society and a member of some Texas Orthodontic Groups. His memberships included the Downtown Kiwanis, City-County Health Board, and the NARCOPE committee on drug abuse. He was an elder of the First Presbyterian Church.

Li. Col. (Ret.) Edwin Mullett, Jr., Class of 1950, died December 4, 1974, of a heart attack in Big Spring, Tex. At the time of his death he was employed by Parke-Davis Co. in the Clinical Research Division.

Mrs. Eva K. Karlin, a retired school teacher and a 1950 graduate of UT El Paso, died August 27. She had been a resident of El Paso for 32 years and was a member of the First Christian Church, the Retired Teachers Assn., and the Business and Professional Women's Club.

Mr. Roberto Paredes, Jr., Class of 1966, died July 13. He was employed as a structural engineer at the Department of the Army Corps of Engineers in Austin. A resident of El Paso for some 12 years, and from 1970-1971 a visiting lecturer in the Criminal Justice program at UT El Paso.

Mr. John R. Setzer, died September 17. He was a retired merchant and a member of the Disabled Veterans Association. He was a resident of El Paso for 18 years.

Dr. David M. Cameron, local physician and alumnus of Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy (1927 etc.) died August 19 in El Paso. Dr. Cameron served for many years as a volunteer athletic team physician at the University. He was a resident of El Paso for 56 years and was a veteran of World War II.

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