Doc & Other Things Herein & Upcoming

C. L. Sonnichsen is the interviewer’s dream. Swiftly responsive without superficiality, a superb anecdotist, an effortless word-limner of people and incident, opinionated but never rancorous, capable of making one’s questions seem more important than they seemed when being asked. President Joseph R. Smiley aptly described Doc’s conversational ability as “the result of his career as a dedicated, enthusiastic teacher as well as a disciplined but not pedantic writer.” The NOVA conversation with Dr. Sonnichsen, plus Bud Newman’s annotated bibliography of the Sonnichsen books, forms without doubt the longest and most comprehensive view of this exemplary man ever to be published—but it is not enough. If ever there was a subject for a book, it is here. Lacking that for the moment, however, we urge you to read fully our “Conversation with Doc Sonnichsen.”

Some special things are upcoming in NOVA in 1972. Scheduled for the May issue is a follow-up to the “Lamaseries on the Hill” survey of the campus architecture (NOVA, August-October, 1971, Vol. 6, No. 4). As this issue was being turned over to Bassel Wolfe for his expert design and graphics work, the editor received a most gracious communication from Her Majesty, Queen Ashi Kesang Wangchuk of Bhutan who received the “Lamaseries” issue and sent two fine books for the Campus Library. One is Bhutan: Land of Hidden Treasures by Blanche C. Olschak, photography by Ursula and Augusto Gansser. Dr. Gansser, of Zurich, Switzerland, you may recall, kindly supplied NOVA—at the request of Queen Ashi—several marvelous photographs of Bhutanese buildings which we used in the “Lamaseries” article. The other book is Sikhim and Bhutan, Twenty-One Years on the North-East Frontier. by John Claude White, C. I. E. Mr. White, of course, was the author of the National Geographic article in April, 1914, from accompanying photographs in which UT El Paso’s original buildings were designed. Mrs. Yvonne Greear, Director of Reference Services at our Library, kindly and always with great gusto, helped me in the research for the “Lamaseries” survey, and is now preparing a biography of Mr. White which will also appear in the May 1972, issue.

Also in May, we have an original piece of art and a poetic statement on Mount Franklin from the splendid El Paso artist-illustrator Jose Cisneros.
A CONVERSATION WITH DOC SONNICHSEN

C. L. Sonnichsen requires no extensive introduction, certainly not in NOVA. Few El Pasoans, and virtually no one who has been associated with UT El Paso during the past four decades, can be unaware of the man and his contributions to the institution, the City and the Southwest. Dr. Sonnichsen will retire in June, 1972, after 41 years on the University faculty. The following interview was conducted during the first week of January, 1972, in the News Bureau office.

Editor: As a preliminary question, will you tell me something about the time that President Barry told you when you first came here that you were going to teach a course in Southwestern literature? If I recall it correctly, you responded that you didn’t think there was such a thing.

Sonnichsen: Well, that’s not quite true. I told him I didn’t know anything about it and if there was any Southwestern literature I hadn’t become acquainted with it. I was appalled, startled, and taken aback that I should teach it. Another reason for my doubts was that Mr. Leon D. Moses had taught it. He was a student of J. Frank Dobie’s and I didn’t think I should take over his course. But Mr. Barry was insistent—he was a very firm character and he was bigger than I was—so I had to do it, with proper apologies to Mr. Moses, who, I think, forgave me.

Editor: Did it take you long to find out that there is such a thing?

Sonnichsen: This sort of thing develops slowly. You can’t be a specialist in anything overnight, of course. There were a number of things I had to do when I first came here that were not specialties of mine. I had to teach Anglo-Saxon, for one thing. But I did them and I had good help. In the Southwestern Literature course, I had two fine old ladies in my first class. One was the widow of Mayor Kelly. She was a fine person, a good old girl from Mississippi with all that Southern charm; and a Mrs. Kellogg who was a high school teacher here. Both were pioneers, coming here back in the very early days. They sat in the front row of that first class, and while I wouldn’t say they helped me teach it, they certainly cooperated and lent a special atmosphere to the class.

Editor: Mayor Kelly eventually went on the Board of Regents?

Sonnichsen: Yes, and Kelly Hall was named after him. Some of his story is in Pass of the North.

Editor: Coming here with your Harvard doctorate, what was the faculty like?

Sonnichsen: In the fall of 1931 we became a four-year college and a new crop of Ph.D’s was brought in to help out with the expanded curriculum. Mr. Lake was in charge of the summer session and he hired me in preference to seven other applicants, probably because I had had experience in a technical school—Carnegie Tech. I had no intention of staying, but that year the bottom fell out of the teaching business. There were no jobs, and the jobs that could be offered were less and less money. I thought I might stay if anybody asked me. I waited until the middle of the summer, and nobody had asked me yet. Something had to be done if I expected to eat any meals in 1931-32, so finally I went down to the Mills Building to offer my services to John G. Barry, our newly appointed first president. Mr. Barry’s secretary was his wife Alice, a cultured Bostonian lady (former mistress of Miss Pierce’s School for Girls) who had married a rugged mining geologist and made herself at home in the world of mines and mountains. It took about thirty seconds for Alice and me to find some common ground. I was fresh from her old home town and we both loved the codfish at Durgin-Parks restaurant right across from Faneuil Hall. On Alice’s recommendation, her husband hired me and I am still here—and still a one-man admiration society for Alice Pierce Barry.

Editor: I take it you were soon joined by others with doctoral degrees?

Sonnichsen: In the fall, other Ph.D’s arrived—John L. Waller in History, E. J. Knapp in Physics and Mathematics, Dr. Moses Roth who was already on the ground as rabbi of the Jewish Synagogue on Mesa. There was some feeling among established members of the staff that the new Ph.D’s were an unnecessary luxury and a delegation waited on President Barry to register an opinion that “the present staff is adequate to handle the situation.” The new Ph.D’s stayed, however, and mostly spent the rest of their active lives on this campus. None of us suffered from the disease common among imports from the East. We did not think we had come from civilized regions to bring the light of reason to the benighted natives. As a matter of fact, none of us was an Easterner, though some of us had done graduate work in the East. I think Mary Quinn was a little suspicious of me for a while, and she could not help seeing that I was a tenderfoot who needed a lot of adjustment to a new environment and a new group of people, but Howard Quinn was from Minnesota, as I was, and Mary knew a lot about Middle Westerners.

Editor: Was Dr. Bachmann here at this time?

Sonnichsen: Dr. F. W. Bachmann, who taught with me in the summer of 1931 but did not come to stay until 1932, was the authentic character of the new group. He liked girls but never married, was extremely careful with money, and had a wicked wit. His masterpiece was a small party which he held at his apartment after President D. M. Wiggins had called a faculty meeting in the course of which he expressed his philosophy about hiring faculty members. “I hire professors,” Wiggins said, “as if I were buying mules. I try to get as much mule as I can for my money.” Dr. Bachmann informed his guests that he had a faculty group picture he wanted us to see, and when the proper moment came, he unveiled a large photograph of a 40-mule train hauling a load of something—borax or ore. This, he said, was a true representation of “Dossie’s Mules.” And he always, from that time on, described the faculty in those terms.

All photos by Lee Cain.
married a man who owned a flour mill and an automobile and they took long trips), and he came to

after he retired from here, he and his wife inherited quite a lot of money. After they were good friends, Mr. Drake had a most interesting history. He was a graduate of the University of Wisconsin—in the '80s—and he was a very intelligent man. But he had what they called dyspepsia.” I think he had a stomach ulcer and the reason he had it was that he was in love with a lady who subsequently became Mrs. Drake, but not until after she had married somebody else and, incidentally, inherited quite a lot of money. After Mr. Drake left the University of Wisconsin, he got a job with the surveying crew that was pushing the Northern Pacific Railroad through Montana out to the West Coast—what a link with the past! After he got through with that, he became a teacher in a Mexican community in California and learned to speak pretty good Spanish too. Out there, where he taught in a building shared by a saloon, he actually met people who were mentioned by Charles H. Dana in Two years Before the Mast. After he retired from here, he and his wife (he always had a chauffeur and an automobile and they took long trips), revisited the little school. The lady who subsequently became Mrs. Drake first married a man who owned a flour mill at New Ulm, Minnesota. She was leading her life and he his, and he came to the Southwest and served for a while, among other things, as editor of the Socorro Chieftain. He was a most courtly, gracious man—somewhat old-fashioned in his teaching methods. He always asked everybody to rise and stand beside his chair when they recited. But everybody loved him. He and I got to be the best of friends. When the first husband of the later Mrs. Drake died in New Ulm, somehow Mr. Drake found out about it and he immediately hot-footed it up there and married her. She was a delightful person, a lovely, vivacious lady. When the Cortez Hotel opened here, they came down and occupied a suite overlooking the Plaza, and returned every winter to occupy the same rooms.

**Editor:** You took Mr. Drake’s place as department chairman?

**Sonnichsen:** Yes, he was chairman for two years after I came here and I took over in 1933. After he got run down by two separate automobiles while crossing the street, I think he said “To hell with it, I don’t need this money,” so he went back to Minnesota. I don’t know how much John Barry had to do with his decision to retire, but I know Mr. Drake was exasperated by Barry’s methods of running the school. As completely opposite as they were, Mr. Drake and Cap Kidd were in complete sympathy, and Kidd’s autocratic methods suited Mr. Drake just fine. He liked a man who would say “Do this!” and make sure it got done. John Barry, though there were some elements of the shift boss in his character too, had the notion that he ought to advise and counsel with his faculty pretty constantly, and he called a great many meetings—always on the third floor of the Main Building. Mr. Drake and I did not like those meetings and he did not enjoy climbing those stairs. I have walked up with him many a time, and he said “Damn!” under his breath at every step. He did not have breath enough to say anything else, but those were good, solid damns. I remember that one decision we had to reach in one of Mr. Barry’s meetings was whether or not to wear caps and gowns at commencement. Cap Kidd held out for what he called “democratic dress,” but he was outvoted. In his own domain, however, he was never outvoted. Nobody else had a vote. Mr. Drake was always for him. Mr. Drake was a descendent of Sir Francis Drake’s brother (Sir Francis was unmarried, Mr. Drake liked to point out, and he didn’t want to be descended from him), and maybe he had some buccaneering genes in his makeup.

**Editor:** What do you remember about John W. Kidd—Cap Kidd?

**Sonnichsen:** I remember him well, of course. We were good friends, but not much alike. We respected each other. At least I respected him. Cap insisted on being respected. When I came in the summer of 1931, Dean C. A. Puckett was head of the school, under President H. Y. Benedict of the University of Texas. Cap Kidd had been head of the institution when it was purely a mining school. He was a sort of professional rough diamond; short, stout, with a big stomach and a raspy voice. I don’t know if that voice came from chewing too much tobacco or not. He called chewing tobacco “angel food” and he and his satellites always chewed it. It was a token of manhood. I have seen his engineering students sitting on the front steps of the Main Building chewing tobacco and seeing who could spit the juice the farthest. And with Cap Kidd, profanity wasn’t profanity. It was a linguistic ornament, as well as another token of manhood—he always called it “speaking French”. He had two chief diversions. One was the remodeling of buildings after classes had started. He was not fond of us “peedoggies,” as he called us, and an air-hammer working right under the chair of a peedoggie professor during a lecture tickled him to death. His other chief delight was blasting. If there was any blasting to be done, Cap Kidd always pushed the plunger. He was the official plunger-pusher. I think he secretly hoped that somebody would get in the way, or at least that their cars would. He always got out a notice that there would be blasting and that all cars should be moved out of the area. I remember one time when Norma Egg and Gladys Gregory left their car in the restricted area and the rocks flew high and came down hard, puncturing the top of their car. I think Kidd got a kick out of that. He had warned them! He was a testy sort of fellow, but I think he really loved people—I know he loved his engineers—and he had good connections in Mexico. I heard that at one time one-fourth of the mining engineers in Mexico were trained by our Texas College of Mines.

**Editor:** Without slighting anyone, if you had to single out a few people—fellow faculty members and administrators—who would first come to mind?

**Sonnichsen:** I suppose my fondest memories are of Mr. E. A. Drake. He was department head when I came in—and he had been brought here by Dean Kidd, and they were good friends. Mr. Drake had a most interesting history. He was a gracious man—somewhat old-fashioned in his teaching methods. He always asked everybody to rise and stand beside his chair when they recited. But everybody loved him. He and I got to be the best of friends. When the first husband of the later Mrs. Drake died in New Ulm, somehow Mr. Drake found out about it and he immediately hot-footed it up there and married her. She was a delightful person, a lovely, vivacious lady. When the Cortez Hotel opened here, they came down and occupied a suite overlooking the Plaza, and returned every winter to occupy the same rooms.

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Editor: Do you think he would have been able to withstand the development in which the engineering school took its place alongside four or five other schools?

Sonnichsen: I think he would have been hurt by the disappearance of mining engineering from the curriculum. But he was a practical man and would have realized that since we were only turning out four or five mining engineers a year, there wasn’t much of a demand for them and he would have seen the handwriting on the wall. But it would have hurt him, for he rejoiced in the engineer with boots and chewing tobacco, air hammer and potent language, and all the rest.

Editor: I guess this transition from mining was a difficult one?

Sonnichsen: I can remember coming back from a trip I took in 1949 when I was researching a book on cowboys. (Cowboys and Cattle Kings.) I dropped in at a little bar near the airport to call my wife, and there was Gene Thomas and his whole crew—I think maybe ten or twelve people—all gathered around the table drinking beer and being indignant about the change of name to Texas Western College. We even had a line drawn in front of the Geology Building that said on one side “TCM” and on the other side “WTC”. The idea was that never the twain should meet. There was so much fuss about it, so much indignation, so much unwillingness to accept the inevitable, that it caused real grief.

Editor: Was there much division between faculty members like yourself and the engineers?

Sonnichsen: When I came here, I think you would have to say that this was a faculty heaven. Nobody was mad at anybody else, we all called on each other and entertained each other. There was some tendency to downgrade the “peedoggies,” but never maliciously or even very seriously.

Editor: What do you remember about Dr. Burt F. Jenness, who recently died?

Sonnichsen: He was another authentic character. Dr. Jenness had been a Navy doctor and believed in order and discipline. He had a lot of granite from his native Vermont in him. He was kind and gentle to his friends, and our relations were always cordial, but he was impatient and caustic and unbending when he thought he needed to be. He was fond of issuing bulletins advising the faculty about its health, and his prescriptions must have had some merit, because they kept him alive for ninety-four years. He was particularly opposed to over-exertion and strongly advised ascending stairs with deliberation. It was something to see Dr. Jenness ascend to his third-floor office in the Main Building, head erect, backbone stiff, feet firmly planted, eyes straight ahead. He was a good doctor and a good teacher, and many an El Paso physician is still grateful for the start Dr. Jenness gave him. The pallbearers at his funeral were M.D.’s who had done their pre-med work under him and Dr. Berkman. Dr. Jenness’ Puritan conscience sometimes caused him trouble. I heard—this was before my time—that he had to be replaced as team physician for the football squad because he took so many “injured” players out of the game that there were not enough left to make a team. And once when a swimming meet and bathing-beauty pageant had been arranged at our new swimming pool, he called the whole thing off because somebody had stolen an alligator from the pool and put it in our pool the night before the festivities. Dr. Jenness said the pool was contaminated and could not be used until it was purified.

Editor: What about Dean Puckett?

Sonnichsen: He was really a public school man. He had been an officer in the First World War and was a vigorous, positive sort of man. When he came out here he first went to work for the junior college, then located on the top floor of El Paso High School, I guess this was about 1928.

Editor: What was Dean Puckett’s relationship with other faculty members like?

Sonnichsen: Well, I remember one time when Dr. William W. Lake and Dean Puckett got fouled up around registration time. Puckett had been having trouble with his teeth and he also had a hernia. He had put off having the hernia repaired and was getting a new set of teeth. Lake said to him, “Puckett, we’ve been good friends for a long time. I just don’t understand why it is that you and I are having this trouble. You never used to be this way.” Puckett answered, “Well if your teeth and your guts were falling out, you’d be tough too!”

Editor: You can’t very well reply to that. What does Speedy (Lloyd A.) Nelson’s name suggest?

Sonnichsen: Of course, Speedy was a friend of everybody, a genial fellow, a good-natured, helpful sort of guy and what’d you have to call a “man’s man”—he’d been a semi-professional baseball player. He was not a man of great drive or energy. None of our people back then had that compulsion to get out and publish. In fact, almost all who got doctor’s degrees did so belatedly. He was much loved and there is certainly nothing but good that anyone could say about this man.

Editor: Who else do you recall?

Sonnichsen: My first real friend on the campus was Dr. Anton H. Berkman, who taught Botany and Zoology; ramrod, with Dr. Jenness, the pre-Med program, ran the dormitory, and did just about everything else that needed to be done. I came in a couple of days late for the summer session of 1931—had to wait to take my doctor’s orals at Harvard—and found a room in what was then called Burges Hall, the Old Education Building. It was the all-purpose building on the campus, providing space for the cafeteria and for a non-stop poker game that I heard about but never saw. Berkman and I lived on the top floor. We went downtown every morning and ate breakfast at the Ramona Hotel. (Berkman was a great eater and it was a joy to watch him.) Then we would go back to the campus and meet our classes and get ready for the next day. I had been assigned two classes I had never had. There was no way to get ready for them while I was beating my brains out preparing for the doctor’s orals, so I got up my first lectures on the train coming down from Boston. All that summer I slaved to get through each day’s reading until I couldn’t stay up any longer at night. I would fall over into the bed and lose consciousness until about five-thirty, when it was time to get up and join Berkman in our daily pilgrimage to the Ramona Hotel.

Editor: Who were some of the people in your own department?

Sonnichsen: My colleagues in the English Department included Mr. L. D. Moses, with whom I worked happily for over thirty years (until his retirement) and with whom I have played many a game of golf. Others whose kindness and friendship I enjoyed, besides those we have talked about, would include Dr. and Mrs. Howard Quinn,
Berte R. Haigh, Mr. and Mrs. William Ball, Dr. W. W. Lake and his wife Grace, Norma Egg and Gladys Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Graham, Dr. and Mrs. Moses Roth, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin E. Null, and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Seamon. As time went on, more were added to the list, but these were all here when I came. A number of them have gone to Professor's Heaven, where there are no papers to grade and all the students are industrious and intelligent, but some are still around and still fond of remembering the old days when everybody knew and liked everybody else and Publish or Perish had never been heard of.

**Editor:** You and Carl Hertzog have worked together a great deal?

**Sonnichsen:** Yes, I was head of the English Department when he came in to teach his first course in bookmaking.

**Editor:** But your association with him as author? What was the first book the two of you worked on—*The El Paso Salt War*?

**Sonnichsen:** Yes we did the *Salt War* book. That was, of course, a chapter out of my "feuds" book (*Ten Texas Feuds*) but we thought this was an El Paso story that deserved separate publication. I think we are getting ready to reprint it now.

**Editor:** Now, *Pass of the North* was something of a big project wasn't it? **Sonnichsen:** It was bigger than the kind of book Carl likes best to work on—he prefers a fairly small book—100 or 150 pages. But he had always wanted to do a book on El Paso so when it developed that I wasn't going to get mine published in New York, we got together on *Pass of the North*.

**Editor:** Now this book is one of our prizes and has already gone into a sizeable second printing. Do you have any plans to write a companion book that will bring El Paso history up to date? *Pass of the North* ends at about the First World War.

**Sonnichsen:** Yes, I think I may, I have it in mind and I still have my files. I wrote it up once but in a way I couldn't use now. I have written up the first chapter of this second book, on El Paso in the '20's, and it has been published, as you know. I'd now have to do the same thing with each chapter in the book—re-research the whole thing.

**Editor:** What other projects do you have in mind?

**Sonnichsen:** I intend to continue to work in my Southwestern fiction collection. There are many things to be said about the fictional output of the Southwest, but I don't think anyone knows much about it. No one reads fiction anymore, to begin with, but for some strange reason that I can't comprehend, a lot of people continue to produce it. Many of them are English teachers—they say every English teacher is a frustrated novelist and I really believe it. What I am going to do first is compile an annotated bibliography of Southwestern fiction, to include 700 or 750 volumes published just since 1918.

**Editor:** And I take it there is also some difficulty in deciding whether some of the "formula" fiction—such as that of Zane Gray and others—deserves a place in such a bibliography.

**Sonnichsen:** Yes, but much of this kind of writing has taken a new lease on life. A serious scholar couldn't have afforded to give Zane Gray much attention thirty years ago but a new generation of social historians is taking commercial western fiction seriously. The sociologists have got hold of it and it has taken on a whole new meaning.

**Editor:** At least you have the advantage of having your own collection of Southwestern fiction to consult.

**Sonnichsen:** And I have a great deal more collecting and reading to do. One thing I want to do first is an essay on the fiction about the Apaches. I have separated out of my collection about a hundred novels that deal with them, either incidentally or primarily—Apache characters and the opposition between the Apaches and white man. Something amazes me about these books. Right now we are feeling a terrific urge to give the country back to the Indians; we are condemning our Indian fighting army and making Custer out to be a pathological nincompoop. You should see the list of books that have come out just in the last year or so that take the Indian point of view.

**Editor:** This is sort of a "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee" syndrome?

**Sonnichsen:** Exactly. But you should look at the popular stuff—the fiction coming out in paperback. The Apache is still the great menace and if you can just get him to torture a few people, hang them head down over a slow fire—well, it hasn't changed a bit.

**Editor:** It is an interesting situation.

**Sonnichsen:** Another thing I discovered: a student of mine did a thesis on "white female captives of the Apaches." In fiction, of course, if you are a lady and captured by the Apaches you suffer a fate worse than death. Well, after she examined the various fictional treatments of this theme she went after the non-fiction—the actual accounts of such captive women. She found out the Apaches had taboos against having anything to do with a white woman. If there was any hanky-panky, the white woman probably had to start it. What the Apache wanted out of these captives was an honest day's work. So you see this is a situation worth studying. I think one day fiction will come back—fiction always makes a comeback—so I've got a unique collection and intend to take the time to look into it better and see what I've really got.

**Editor:** I take it you believe fiction is our best Southwestern literature?

**Sonnichsen:** I do, and I think specifically that fiction about the Indians is our best Southwestern product.

**Editor:** You think our Southwestern fiction better, then, than our non-fiction, the kind of book you write?

**Sonnichsen:** What kind of non-fiction are you thinking of?

**Editor:** Well, to drop a name, Paul Horgan?

**Sonnichsen:** He's a fiction writer.

**Editor:** He wrote some fairly heavy-weight non-fiction too, didn't he?

**Sonnichsen:** Yes, he did, but I think *Great River*, which won a Pulitzer Prize, should have been just half as long, and there is much criticism of it from a historical standpoint. As a historian, he
couldn't stop being a novelist—and a poet.

Editor: Walter Prescott Webb wasn't a fiction writer was he?

Sonnichsen: Yes, he wrote some fiction that only his friends knew about—formula fiction, for the most part. He called himself "a writer" which is something I never call myself since I believe when you call yourself "a writer" you should be writing artistically and making your living at it.

Editor: Plenty of people call themselves writers, though.

Sonnichsen: I know, but I resent it. I feel about the same way toward that as I do toward the man who doesn't own any cows but who wears cowboy boots.

Editor: What about J. Frank Dobie. He wasn't a fiction writer was he?

Sonnichsen: No, but I think Dobie wrote a lot of fiction without acknowledging it. I had a conversation with him one time about his book "Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver." I knew something about old man Ruggles who went down into Mexico with him to look for the "Lost Tayopa Mine." When I went to see Dobie I said "Congratulations! I see you found the Lost Tayopa Mine." He said, "I didn't find it." I came back with, "Well, you said you found it; weren't you at least morally certain that you had found it?" His answer was, "I wasn't even immorally certain I found it." Dobie said he felt that if you were going to write history you should write history, if you were going to tell a story, you should make it a good story. I told him, "Well then some of your work is going to have to be done over."

Editor: What else do you see coming out of your Southwestern fiction collection?

Sonnichsen: One interesting piece I want to do could be called "Sex on the Lone Prairie-ee." I have about a dozen novels that out-Portnoy Portnoy. I'm not getting too many of these now and should have written this about a year ago when writers felt they had to put in their books sexy situations, including kinds of perversions. My trouble will be deciding how to give an idea of what goes on in these novels. Actually Portnoy was handicapped in New York. There are no bars or hay mows there and no wide open spaces. Another thing that needs to be done is something about Southwestern humorists—we have a good crop of them. Van Wyck Brooks wrote about "The Flowering of New England; we need "The Flowering of Texas."

Editor: Who are some of the present-day Southwestern writers you think will be around for a while?

Sonnichsen: I have a lot of faith in Benjamin Capps. He wrote the book called "The Trail to Ogalalla," and another, "A Woman of the People," suggested by the Cynthia Ann Parker story.

Editor: Anyone else?

Sonnichsen: I always return to Max Evans—the man who wrote "The Rounders." To me he is a first-class portrayer of the cowboy. He understands the cowboy and knows his vocabulary, and he is funny as he can be. I don't understand why his books continue to be published by such small presses. I think somebody needs to get with him and tell him that what he needs to do is tackle a big job.

Editor: What about some of the old stand-bys I see in your library—Gene Rhodes, for example. Does anyone read Rhodes nowadays?

Sonnichsen: Oh yes, I think he's standard. His books are being republished. The only trouble with Rhodes, from the standpoint of a literary historian, is that his eyes were in the back of his head. Robert Louis Stevenson was the kind of writer Rhodes wanted to be and stylistically and technically Rhodes is more Victorian than modern. He could not portray girls, either. He said "they squeak when they walk."

Editor: Of your own books, which do you like best?

Sonnichsen: I guess "Tularosa," but it hurts me a little bit that serious historians don't often refer to it.

Editor: Perhaps it was too readable.

Sonnichsen: Well, I think there is something to the belief that the professional historian tends to suspect scholarly books that are not dull.

Editor: "Pass of the North" is your longest work, isn't it?

Sonnichsen: It is, but my book on Texas feuds, in the beginning, was longer. I had all the feuds together at first and the manuscript ran 750 pages or so with 60 pages of notes. No publisher would tackle it, so I began taking pieces out. "I'll Die Before I'll Run" was eventually published but when I tried to sell what was left over, publishers said they didn't want a follow-up to the first book. The University of New Mexico Press finally brought out "Ten Texas Feuds." They've just reissued it in paper-back, so I guess it has justified itself.

Editor: Of your biographical subjects, Baldy Russell ("Outlaw") seems overlooked.

Sonnichsen: I've always loved Baldy Russell because I think it's an original book. I don't think you'll find many other books that will follow an outlaw from youth to old age as this one does—telling what made him tick. I couldn't sell it in New York. They told me that unless your outlaw is already well-known, they could not make it pay. So unless you are doing something that doesn't need to be done—like another book on Billy the Kid—nobody is going to publish it. I finally got Swallow Press to take it. I still think that one day that book might get a little more recognition.

Editor: Your newest book is on a copper king?

Sonnichsen: Yes, the Col. Greene book is in New York right now and I think it ought to be my magnum opus. This is more American than Southwestern history or biography and I think people in Kalamazoo, Michigan, would be interested in it. Greene lived in New York for a time and conquered Wall Street—he is representative of a vanished tribe, the American self-made millionaire of the early 20th century.

Editor: I should have asked earlier about Roy Bean. Surely you had a lot of fun writing about him?

Sonnichsen: Well, Roy was a kind of scalawag.

Editor: Those are the best kind to write about, aren't they?

Sonnichsen: For my kind of writing they are. I don't like to write too seriously. I like to poke a little fun now and then. If there is a chance to raise an eyebrow or put tongue in cheek, that tickles me. Roy was full of opportunities like that.

Editor: Since you wrote your book on Roy Bean, has anything new about him cropped up that you didn't know about?

Sonnichsen: I know of only one story about Roy Bean that I didn't get into my book—I must have got all the others. This one is about a man who got mixed up with a Red Light district girl down at Langtry and she killed him. They called in Roy as coroner and he viewed the body and came out with a verdict of "suicide." There was a visiting lawyer in town and he said, "Roy, this man obviously has been murdered. You can't say he committed suicide." Roy answered, "I told him if he played around with that girl he was committing suicide and by God he did!"

Editor: I want to return to the school before we close. Do you like this institution better as it is today as opposed...
posed to what it was like in, say the 1930's?

**Sonnichsen:** You are asking me to show my age. Of course I liked the old days best. I was meant to be a small-college man, I think. I liked the close relationships between members of the faculty and the more personal contacts with students. I think we have to put up with mass education now for a number of reasons, but I believe much of the criticism of our educational system would be eliminated if we could go back to the days when we had teachers who wanted to teach and students who wanted to learn, and classes small enough for a good deal of personal contact. I think in the early days on our campus we had an unusually competent, humane, and dedicated group of people. We were not scholars in those days—in fact, we were discouraged from being scholars. Dr. Wiggins used to tell us that this was a teaching institution—that we were welcome to do research on our own if we wanted to, but the purpose of the institution was to work with students. As a result, people like me, who wanted to do research had to find the time and money and energy to get the job done without any help and not much encouragement. The idea of a research grant in those days was not even dreamed of.

**Editor:** How do you feel about the so-called “Publish or Perish” principle?

**Sonnichsen:** There is no simple answer to that question. I believe that people who have a knack for research and like to do it should be encouraged to do it. I think a man who is interested enough in any subject to do original work leading to publication ought to make a better teacher—partly because he has more information but even more so because he has enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the priceless quality in teaching. Nobody can get anybody else fired up unless he is fired up himself. On the other hand, quite often, in my experience, people who are fired up about research don't want to be bothered with teaching and they short-change their students in order to get more time in the laboratory or over the typewriter. Likewise, I know many fine teachers, deeply involved in their subjects and able to communicate their enthusiasm, who don't have the impulse to write articles and books. The tragedy, in my view is the fact that hundreds of people who don't want to write articles, are not really equipped to write articles, and would be better off if they didn't write articles—these people are turning out reams of stuff that few people want to read, just to add to their bibliographies and get promoted. I like to think of teaching and research as two horses that ought to pull together. A man who can make them pull together should be the ideal professor. Ideal preachers or teachers or golfers or quarterbacks or horse trainers are the exception rather than the rule, however, and the majority of the members of any faculty are going to be non-researchers. If they can teach well, they can pay their way and should be rewarded accordingly.

**Editor:** Do you think we have a publish-or-perish situation on this campus?

**Sonnichsen:** In effect, we do. The situation here, as regards our graduate faculty, seems to me a very strange one. With the expansion of our graduate programs, we have made a strenuous effort to bring in people who have distinguished themselves as research scholars. As a result the Graduate Faculty has become a club of Gentlemen and Scholars whose chief business seems to be deciding who is fit to be admitted. It would seem to me that anyone who has earned a Ph.D. should be able to direct a Master's thesis and if his department needs him to work with graduate students, he should be on the graduate faculty. At the Main University, these matters are in the hands of the departments, where they belong. Eventually, as we grow, they will have to be turned over to the departments here, but our graduate faculty regularly turns down any proposal which will take the power of approval out of its own hands. The most ironical situation involves the "Associates"—non-members of the graduate faculty who are approved to supervise theses and teach graduate courses. These men, in all but a few cases holders of the Ph.D., come up for review every three years, and if they have not done the required number of articles in approved scholarly journals, they are not reappointed. The fewer Associates the full members approve, the more work they have to do themselves, and if the Associates ever realize this and refuse en masse to apply for associate status, the full members may realize that the Associates are indispensable and should be courted—not harassed. It seems to me also that in justice the full members, who are so solicitous about the publication records of the Associates, might well be mindful of their own. If the Associates must be reviewed every three years, the full members might profit by similar treatment. The ranks of the full members might be considerably thinned if they had to stand inspection. At the moment, the whole situation is saved by the proviso that the graduate dean may appoint a qualified teacher to handle a graduate course if the situation calls for it. As a result, we really have two graduate faculties: the Scholar's Club which is the graduate faculty de jure and the actual working de facto graduate faculty. I once heard President Jack Wolf of U.T. Arlington define a graduate faculty as "a group of teachers involved in graduate work." This would describe our de facto graduate faculty. It ought to be the only description necessary.

**Editor:** Are you looking forward to June and retirement?

**Sonnichsen:** Yes and no. I have a good many projects I want to work on, and Carol and I hope to see some more of the beautiful world while it is still beautiful—if we can get there in time. I love teaching and will miss contact with students—and with my faculty friends. But many things are happening which I can't understand or go along with. I do not understand why we have to have these minority groups in rebellion, for one thing. I have always thought that we offered a chance at an education to everyone who wanted to come here, and I have never understood why anybody would go to a university to promote the revolution or defy the establishment or burn down the library. If that is what he wants to do, an education might help him to do it, but why destroy the education which might help him do what he wants to do—whatever it is? I do not understand the new generation of teachers who bring their coffee cups to class, take off their shoes, and litter the floor with cigarette butts, scorning pedestrian things like taking a roll, grading papers, or teaching their students how to use the semicolon. I do not understand administrators who will not administrate. I believe that some day, maybe after another great depression teaches a new generation that being a responsible human being is serious business, we will get back to a respect for honest work, and propriety, and learning, and authority. I am ready now, however, to sit on the sidelines for a while and watch things work themselves out.
THE BOOKS OF C. L. SONNICHSEN
by Bud Newman

Reference Department, UT El Paso Library


The reminiscences of Billy King, who lived in Tombstone from 1852 to 1905. He was at various times a cowboy, saloonkeeper, gambler and lawyer. Sonnichsen supplemented Billy’s recollections with much additional information gathered from Arizona newspapers and interviews with numerous pioneers. It will be published again in paperback by the University of Arizona Press in the near future.


The life of a cantankerous old rascallion who was justice of the peace at Langtry, Texas from the early ’80’s till his death in 1903. He held court in his saloon, which he named for Lily Langtry, and thought nothing of fining a dead man forty dollars for carrying a concealed weapon. This book has gone through eight printings with the Macmillan Company and two with Devin-Adair. A paperback edition was published by Hillman in 1959, and Fawcett Publications is presently preparing another softcover edition to go with the moving picture about Roy and Lily Langtry, starring Ava Gardner and Paul Newman, currently in production.


Sonnichsen describes the Western cattle business as having gone through three phases: “The Buffalo Chip Period, the Cow Chip Era and the Blue Chip Epoch.” This last, because modern cowboys are more apt to be found in a pick-up truck than astride a horse. The book describes every aspect of the cowboy business as it was in 1950—from Hereford cattle to dude ranches.


The Lee-Peacock, Sutton-Taylor, and Jaybird-Woodpecker feuds are told of here, in addition to several others. The introduction, “The Theory and Practice of Feuding,” is of particular interest because it provides a rationale of folk law. The book was published again in 1962 by the Devin-Adair Company and this later edition contains illustrations by the noted El Paso artist, José Cisneros.


This book was co-authored by William V. Morrison, a direct descendent of Lucien B. Maxwell, the father of Pete Maxwell, in whose house Billy the Kid supposedly was killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett. “But,” says Brushy Bill Roberts, who told this story to the authors, “I’m Billy the Kid!” The strange part of the tale is that Brushy Bill, as Sonnichsen says, “knew too much to have been an outsider.


More Regulators and Moderators, vigilantes, prohibitionists and angry people. The author reminds us that justice is, primarily, a quality of the spirit rather than of statute. He says: “The law of the cave and the forest has not been repealed, just momentarily set aside. We go back to it, as a man takes a bucket and goes after drinking water when the kitchen tap fails to function.”


The story of the southern New Mexico Apaches from the time of Coronado until the present. It is a straightforward account of their history and culture and how they have adapted to the world of the white-eyes. Since the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934, Sonnichsen says, “anthropologists, psychologists, journalists and collectors of folklore have pursued the Apaches into their tipis and, in the name of science, pumped information out of them which even a white man would have preferred to keep to himself.” The author wonders how they have managed to endure this new form of persecution.


A history of the Tularosa Basin from the time it was settled in 1862 until the organization of the White Sands Missile Range. An in-depth treatment of the Oliver Lee-Albert Jennings Fountain difficulty of 1896 is presented, as is the story of John Prather, who could not be removed from his ranch by the United States Army in 1956. The book has gone through three printings and a new edition, with an updated final chapter, is being prepared by Devin-Adair.


The 1877 feud over the salt beds near Guadalupe Peak. The Mexican people of the Rio Grande Valley claimed them as community property. Then, a few Anglos surveyed the salt deposits and produced enough land scrip to cover most of them. When they tried to sell the salt, trouble naturally followed.


This is the text that Sonnichsen uses in his well-known course of the same name. Divided into seven sections (one might say “eras”), he has compiled an anthology of impressive Western literature, which is enhanced by an introduction to each section, written by himself. “The literature of the Southwest has become the literature of the world,” he states. With French, Italian and Japanese Western movies being made every day, it is easy to see that this is no idle boast.


Bill Mitchell became an outlaw as a result of a Texas feud in 1874. He went on the dodge after a shoot out and remained a fugitive for thirty-three years, making his home on the lonesome Jornada del Muerto in New Mexico, where he raised his family. Jim Cilland, of Lee-Fountain notoriety, turned him over to the law because of a personal grudge. Mitchell was sixty-one when finally imprisoned in Huntsville penitentiary, but escaped three years later and lived out the remainder of his life in hiding.


This is the definitive history of El Paso, Texas—which, after the Anglos arrived, became the rip-roaring town in the Southwest. The great typographer, Carl Hertzog, designed the book, which immediately sold out and went into the second printing. This second edition, dated 1969, underwent slight revision and the Anson Mills Map of 1859 was added as endpapers.


Co-authored by historian-photographer M. C. McKinney, this book encompasses more than the history of an institution; it is the story of the El Paso people who helped mold a frontier town into a metropolis. For those who lack time to read Pass of the North, this short volume will supply solid historical information.


Morris B. Parker moved to White Oaks, New Mexico, with his parents in 1882. He grew up there, working in the mines and as an assayer for the mill. He watched the log cabins of community grow into boarding mining village and then, suddenly, wither away when the mines played out—all in the course of twenty years. White Oaks, remains, but it is almost a ghost town.

15. Colonel Greene and the Copper Skyrocket. In reading by a prospective publisher.

A biography of an outstanding and colorful mining promoter and rancher who made a fortune in Mexico and the United States and lost most of it almost as fast as he made it.
The young woman was seated by herself at a table, listening carefully to each announcement over the bus station loudspeaker. She had finished her coffee and was sitting quietly, her coat across her lap. Occasionally she gazed past the cafe booths toward some focus of her thoughts.

Then the Kid appeared at her table and sat down.

"Where ya goin?" he said.

"Mexico City." Chi-ty. She said her words with a careful, exact pronunciation.

"Yeah?" said the Kid. He began a light, syncopated tapping with both hands against the table top, swaying his shoulders a little, drawing down his mouth, arching his eyebrows. "I'm going to Austin."

"Austin ...?"

"You don't know where Austin is? ... Austin, Texas, f'Gods sake."

"I see."

The Kid continued to jerk mildly and tap on the table and keep an eye out for any female passengers going into the waiting room.

"Where you from?" he said finally. "Denmark."

The Kid slowed his tapping and rocking.

"That's in Europe ..."

"Yes," she said. She was smiling at him, directly, kindly.

He gradually stopped his tapping and hung the tips of his fingers on the edge of the table, his wrists bent down.

"I went to Europe once. Just for the fun of it I made a trip around the world. You know, I had $850 so I said, 'Hell, man, why not?' So I went to Europe and Germany and all those places. Didn't have time to get off the plane much but I went ... I go by bus now; buses are better for a guy like me. I go everywhere by bus ... When's yours?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Your bus: what time you leavin?"

"In thirty minutes more—the bus is scheduled to leave at 1:45."

The Kid nodded, looked around the cafe, but he ended up staring at the young woman across the table. He was fascinated by something—her way of talking, her simplicity, her class.

"Mexico City, huh. Wha ... What 'cha goin to do down there if you're from Europe?"

"I'm going to study." She smiled. "I am a student."

"Yeah?" The Kid thought about it. (A student ... God, I'd like to study you some night, Denmark. Jaybird-naked.)

There was a silence. The young woman glanced out toward the waiting room, then down at her watch. The Kid tapped his fingers idly, without rhythm, stopped, then began staring again into the young woman's face.

"And what do you do, if I may ask, for a living?" she said after a moment. He looked sixteen—seventeen at the most.

"Me? I drive a dump truck. In Austin. I been out in L. A. for a while and now I'm goin back home ... That's my old lady and my buddy over there"—he jerked his thumb over his shoulder to the table behind him where a thin-faced girl in glasses was smoking next to a blond-haired boy with acne: two more Kids. "We been on the coast for a while, makin the scene." He looked toward the cash register, vaguely checking out the counter waitresses. "Man, this is a lousy place, El Paso. You know?"

The young woman smiled. "I have just been here for a few hours. It seems rather pleasant."

The Kid leaned back in his chair, stuck his hand up high and behind him, with two fingers wiggling; his wife put a cigarette in his fingers and he leaned forward again.

As he lit the cigarette and snapped his silver lighter shut, the young woman regarded him openly—a Danish Deborah Kerr sizing up her brash American table companion.

"Mexico City," he began, "well, shoot, I've picked up languages, you know—knocking around." He looked up at the clock on the wall. "El or-ra ... uh ... El or-ra ti-en-e son ... uh ... quin-ce min-u-to ..." He struggled on for a while, jabbing at the air with his cigarette and frowning intently and blowing out jets of smoke from the side of his mouth.

When he finished, the young woman, in beautifully accented Spanish, gently corrected his sentences; then saying that their little talk had been enjoyable, she gathered up her coat and excused herself. She was smoothing out the back of her skirt as she went into the waiting room. The Kid halfturned in his chair to watch her legs as she left, shrugged, mashed out his cigarette, and after signaling high with two wiggling fingers he began to roll his shoulders and bob his head and tap rhythmically against the edge of the table.

Ronnie Dugger, in The Texas Observer for November 5, 1971, had this to say about Elroy Bode: "Elroy is a perfectionist, miniaturist of reality, painter of the moment in time and place. The work he gathered together, published as a book, was called Texas Sketchbook ... It is the finest book of its genre known to me published in the United States."

Bode's Sketchbook was published by Texas Western Press at UT El Paso in 1967 and, in 1972, Elroy's Sketchbook II will be published by TW Press.
CONSULTANTS REPORT

1971 GIFTS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO

GIFTS EXCEEDED $3.6 MILLION IN 1971

Contributions in support of academic programs at The University of Texas at El Paso totaled $3,678,279 in 1971, an amount far exceeding any previous year on record. Contributions included gifts of cash, securities, equipment, and books.

The report was announced by Fred Hervey, chairman of the Development Board, an organization of friends of the University whose responsibilities include coordination of development programs.

Mr. Hervey noted that much of the gift support consisted of part of the estate of Mrs. Josephine Clardy Fox, who left her entire estate to the University as a memorial endowment. She died in 1970, and properties from the estate are being placed on University records as they are received from the administrator.

President Joseph R. Smiley stated that the University was “deeply grateful for the continuing support of the University’s academic programs.” He noted that almost 3,000 contributions were made to the University in 1971, “a heartening demonstration of the kind of constructive support our University must have if it is to be the kind of institution all of us want it to be.”

Corporations contributed more than $181,000 to academic programs, and much of this was the result of the efforts of the Corporate Gifts Division, headed by B. Glen Jordan, with the assistance of Vice-Chairmen M. S. Bell and L. A. Miller.

Individuals, other than alumni, gave $81,000. Many of these contributions were from members of the President’s Associates, whose chairman in 1971 was Richard N. Azar, and whose vice-chairman was Henry Summerford. President’s Associates members contribute $500 or more per year in support of academic (non-athletic) programs.

In addition to Mrs. Fox’s bequest, the University received other gifts by will, including several in trust. President Smiley expressed the University’s appreciation to Mr. Robert Goodman, chairman of the Deferred Gifts Committee, and Mr. Milnor P. Paret, Jr., vice-chairman, for their continuing efforts to increase awareness of endowment and memorial opportunities at the University.

Alumni contributions advanced substantially in 1971. Chairman W. Nelson Martin reported that alumni gifts increased to $82,244 (from $45,591 in 1970). Vice-Chairmen of the Alumni Fund were W. Cole Holdeman and Bruce Bartell.

The growth in gift support for U. T. El Paso academic programs comes at a critical time, Dr. Smiley observed. Increasing enrollment, the growth of knowledge and technology, spiraling costs of construction and maintenance, for salaries and a multitude of other items, place increasing financial pressure on all universities, he stated. “Demands upon the public treasury are increasing so rapidly that no public college or university can hope to excel without substantial funding by gifts from alumni, friends, corporations and foundations,” he emphasized.

THE DEVELOPMENT BOARD

Fred T. Hervey was elected chairman of the Development Board of The University of Texas at El Paso for 1971-72. Mr. Hervey, a member of the Development Board since its beginning in 1968, was vice-chairman under the late E. Ray Lockhart last year. Vice-Chairman of the Development Board is Ted Karam.

The Development Board formerly was the Advisory Council. It consists of 24 of El Paso’s leading business, professional, and civic leaders, who are appointed by the Board of Regents of The University of Texas System after nomination by the President of U. T. El Paso.

Five new members were appointed by the Regents for the current year. They are Dr. Eugenio A. Aguilar, Charles H. Foster, Dennis H. Lane, Jose G. Santos and Fred D. Schneider.

The Development Board participates in many programs for the advancement of understanding and support of the University. Their primary responsibility is to serve as a liaison between the University and the community and, upon request, to assist or advise the President.
Memorability in the President’s Associates increased to 33 in 1971, and a permanent endowment fund was established. Members voted to place half of the unrestricted contributions by members of the organization into a permanent fund which has been named “The President’s Associates Endowment.” Income will be spent for academic programs selected by the Associates and the President of the University.

Chairman Richard N. Azar expressed the hope that the endowment will increase to substantial proportions in the years ahead, and will become a significant factor in the University’s academic advancement.

The President’s Associates was established three years ago. One of its purposes is to give greater recognition to men and women who are leaders in support of the University’s academic programs, and to provide them with a closer association with the President and other University leaders.

Membership in the President’s Associates is by invitation, and is open to non-alumni as well as alumni. Members contribute $500 or more per year. Their gifts may be made for any academic purpose, such as the Library, scholarships, or any field in which the donor is especially interested.

Members of the President’s Associates and their guests meet regularly with the President and other University administrators for candid discussions of the University’s plans, opportunities, and problems.

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CORPORATE CONTRIBUTORS

Following are the firms and their foundations which contributed cash and securities of $100 or more to the University’s academic programs in 1971. Business Associates are firms that contributed $1,000 or more. Business Patrons gave between $500 and $999; Business Sponsors gave from $250 to $499, and Business Contributors gave between $100 and $250.

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ALUMNI CONTRIBUTE $82,244 TO UNIVERSITY ACADEMICS

ALUMNI GIVE $82,244 — A $10,000 "challenge grant" by the Hervey Foundation was instrumental in encouraging Alumni Fund contributors to give a record $82,244 in support of U. T. El Paso's academic programs last year. From left, Fred Hervey and Ken Carroll of the Hervey Foundation, President Joseph R. Smiley and Alumni Fund Chairman W. Nelson Martin.

THE ALUMNI FUND CLASS REPORT FOR 1971

1971 ALUMNI FUND OFFICERS
Chairman: W. Nelson Martin (‘61)  
Vice-Chairman: W. Cole Holderman (‘63)  
Bruce G. Bartell (‘59)

1971 ALUMNI FUND CLASSES

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This page contains a list of alumni and their contributions to the Alumni Fund in 1971. It also mentions the challenges and goals of the Alumni Fund, including a $10,000 "challenge grant" by the Hervey Foundation. The report highlights the contributions from various classes and alumni, emphasizing the importance of alumni support for university academics.
Gifts made jointly by married alumni are recorded under the husband's class.

Numerals preceding names indicate number of consecutive years alumni have given. Names of Matrix Society members are in capital letters.
THE MATRIX SOCIETY

The Matrix Society continued its remarkable development in 1971, increasing its membership to 162 from 137 the previous year.

Matrix Society Chairman was Robert F. Echlin, and Vice-chairman was Dr. Louis W. Breck.

The Matrix Society is an alumni organization whose purpose is to give greater recognition to leading alumni contributors to the University. Since its organization in 1968, membership has grown from 93 members to its present stature.

The Society, in addition to its substantial contributions to academic programs, has succeeded in effecting close communication between University leaders and alumni. The Society sponsors several luncheon meetings on campus each year, and each includes candid and informal discussions with the President and other U. T. El Paso officials.

1971 MEMBERS OF THE MATRIX SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. L. Adkins
Mr. and Mrs. James D. Agee
Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Agcak, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Wayne G. Ahl
Pablo Ayub, M.D.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Bailey
Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bailey
Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth E. Belsey
Mrs. C. D. Belding
Mr. and Mrs. Babes Belk
Dr. Antoin H. Berkman
Mrs. Clyde M. Black
Dr. and Mrs. Gordon L. Black
Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Black
Mr. and Mrs. Morton Blaugrund
Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Blaugrund
Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Bowling
Mr. and Mrs. Dan Boyd, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. John B. Boyle
Louis W. Breck, M.D.
Mr. and Mrs. James L. Brennan
Mr. and Mrs. Channing Brown, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Conrey Bryson
John A. Burleson
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin J. Burns
Hughes Butterworth
E. J. and Lilian H. Bymark
Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Cagle
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald R. Calhoun
Mr. and Mrs. Paul H. Carlton
Mr. and Mrs. Paul T. Caruthers
Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Cave
Chester C. Christian, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Crowell
Mr. and Mrs. George F. Davis
Mrs. Margaret Payne Davis
Dr. Lola B. Dawkins
Mr. and Mrs. V. Randolph Delk
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dittmer
Dr. and Mrs. Antonio Dow
Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Driver
Mr. and Mrs. Jack N. Duke
Dr. and Mrs. Alexandre Duran, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. George C. Du Sang, Jr.
Dr. and Mrs. John P. Dyal
Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Echlin
Mr. and Mrs. Berry H. Edwards
Dr. and Mrs. John R. Edwin
Dr. Edward Egbert
Jack S. Elliott
James F. Elliott
H. T. Etheridge, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack W. Fairall
Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Feuille
Bradley E. and Virginia Fisk
Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Folk
Dan R. Frantzen
Joe F. Friedkin
Mr. and Mrs. Karl M. Friedman
Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Gaither
Damon Garber
R. A. Gardea, M. D.
James Given
Dr. and Mrs. I. J. Goldfarb
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Graves
Billie D. Gray
Dr. and Mrs. Leighton Green, Jr.
Mrs. Rosita M. Hale
Edwin T. Haidinger
Dr. and Mrs. John W. Harshbarger
Dr. and Mrs. Lewis F. Hatch
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Haysworth
Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Heasley
Mr. and Mrs. S. Henderson
Norman W. Hilliker
Dr. and Mrs. John M. Hills
Mr. and Mrs. W. Cole Holderman
Mr. and Mrs. Jack L. Hunt
Dr. Ralph C. Ivy
Dr. and Mrs. Homer Jacobs
Thomas N. Jenness, Jr.
A. M. Johnson
Dr. and Mrs. Billy B. Kern
William P. and Norma G. Kerr
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph L. Kienik
Bernard S. Lauterbach
Maj. Gloria M. Leon
Mel Levenson
Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Light
David H. Lindau
Mr. and Mrs. E. Ray Lockhart
Mr. and Mrs. James H. Loper, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Lovett
Mr. and Mrs. Wallace M. Lowenfield
Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Lowman, Jr.
Donald J. McDaniel
Col. H. D. McGaw
D. B. McKinney
Mr. and Mrs. Chester McAuliff
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McLaren
Mr. and Mrs. Joe M. McNutt
Mr. and Mrs. John T. MacGuire
S. L. A. Marshall
Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Martin
Wesley K. Martin
U. S. Magistrate and
Mrs. Mario J. Martinez
James M. Maurice
Richard B. Mearhoff
Harry Moore, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack R. Moore
Dr. R. L. Moore
Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Morton
Dr. and Mrs. R. A. D. Morton
Dr. J. Harold and Cerie R. Mullen
William E. Mueller
Ana Maria V. de Navar
Dr. and Mrs. Laurance N. Nickey
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Orme-Johnson
Dr. and Mrs. Roger Ortiz
Ray Past
Mr. and Mrs. John Payne, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. William C. Pelotolas
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Phillips
Ben Pinnell
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Prendergast
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pruszka
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Dr. William J. Reynolds, Jr.
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Dr. and Mrs. Rene M. Ross
Mr. and Mrs. William Schillinger
Willis A. Seyffert, Jr., M.D.
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Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Springer
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Staub
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Dr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Stewart
William A. Stimson
Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Stoner
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Summerford
Rudy F. Telesz
Mr. and Mrs. George D. Thomas
Mr. and Mrs. John B. Thompson, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Brooks Travis
Salvador F. Trevino
R. C. Valdivia, D. O.
Salvador J. Valdivia, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Vowell, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Owen Vowell
Robert E. Welch
Mrs. R. Martin Wiggins, Jr.
Mrs. B. Marshall Willis
C. Forrest Wilson
Mr. and Mrs. F. Wood
Mr. and Mrs. Jacob C. Young, Jr.
GIFTS made jointly by married alumni are recorded under the husband's class.

Numerals preceding names indicate number of consecutive years alumni has given. Names of Matrix Society members are in capital letters.

Chairman of the 1971 Alumni Fund was W. Nelson Martin, who will be succeeded in 1972 by W. Cole Holderman. Vice-Chairmen of the 1971 Fund are: John C. Cox and Bruce Bartell. Mr. Bartell was vice-chairman of the 1971 Alumni Fund campaign.
MEMORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

The University received many memorial contributions in 1971. Some were gifts to the Excellence Fund, and some were for scholarships. Others were given to purchase one or more books for the Library University. Some, in amounts of $100 or more, established permanent Library endowments in memory of friends of relatives.

All of these were useful gifts, acknowledged with gratitude by the University.

The amounts contributed as memorials varied. The purposes they serve are alike, in that they perform a good service to the University and its community.

In Memory of . . .

Dr. B. F. Jenkins
Bertram Johnson
Deimer Johnson
Laura Ballantine Kellogg
Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Klein
Henry Krohn
James Linsenmeyer
Novak Feinberg
Ray Lockhart
Peter Kirkham MacNaughton
Alvin J. Marks
Mr. & Mrs. M. A. McMonigal
James R. McCamant
Mrs. Art McCracken
Perry McShane
George Michals
Mrs. Ruth Minor
Mr. & Mrs. Harry N. Mitchell
Cutler Mott
Frederick Sott
Mrs. Mildred Lochausen Myles
Dr. and Mrs. A. Nelson
J. P. O'Hara
Mrs. Danielle Pacin
O. S. Patterson
A. T. Alonso Peinado
B. B. Fierman
Mrs. Elizabeth Cram Pek
E. L. Pollard Friedman
Morton Ponder
Dr. and Mrs. John Williams
Dean C. A. Pumpett
G. B. Fierman
Charles W. Underwood
Mrs. Elizabeth Cram Pek

In Honor Of . . .

Mr. and Mrs. George V. Janzen
Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Qualls
Mr. and Mrs. Berlin Rosen
Mr. and Mrs. William Henry
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Young
Mr. and Mrs. Jerry V. Janzen
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Qualls
Mr. and Mrs. Berlin Rosen
Mr. and Mrs. William Henry
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Young

Matching Gift Corporations

17 Donors for $1915

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 Kerr Corporation
VOLCANOES: WINDOWS IN THE EARTH

by Jerry M. Hoffer
Department of Geological Sciences, The University of Texas at El Paso

Introduction:

While U. S. astronauts now regularly visit the moon and while exploration of the planets will occur in the future, very little information has been compiled on the interior portion of the earth. Less than one percent of the radius of the earth is directly visible to geologists even in the deepest drill holes. G. A. McDonald, writing in Science magazine, states that volcanoes are one of our principal windows to the earth's interior. The materials expelled from volcanoes supply our best direct evidence as to the nature of the rocks and processes below the surface of the earth. 

In addition, volcanoes, throughout the history of the earth, have supplied the oceans with water and the atmosphere with carbon dioxide, thereby enabling life to exist on our planet. It should be pointed out too, of course, that volcanoes can be destructive to life. H. Williams states that in the past 400 years, 500 volcanoes have erupted, killing approximately 190,000 people.

A renewed interest in the study of earth volcanoes has occurred in the last few years, principally because of the discovery of numerous volcanoes on the surface of the moon and Mars. In 1970, I was awarded a two and one-half year research grant from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to study the Potrillo volcanoes, a field covering approximately 400 square miles in the southern New Mexico desert, 40 miles west of El Paso. An initial grant from the UT Research Institute enabled me to formulate and prepare the grant proposal.

In June, 1970, field work started in the Potrillos with students of the Department of Geological Sciences at the University assisting. Past and present students include Richard S. Millican, Richard Page, and Chester J. Callahan, graduate students working on their Master's theses and Chuck Terrazas. Ronald Hoffer, my oldest son, served as a field assistant. Another geologist, my wife Robin, contributed in all phases of the study.

During the course of this study direct observations of erupting volcanoes in Iceland and Hawaii have provided insight into the origin of the 200,000-year-old Potrillo volcanoes.

What and Where are Volcanoes?

F. M. Bullard has described volcanoes as burning mountains from the top of which issue smoke and fire. However, there is no “burning” in an eruption, the “fire” is due to the intense heat of the ash and molten materials, and the “smoke” consists of condensed steam and fine ash material. In addition, eruptions do not always take place at the summit but commonly on the sides or flanks of volcanoes.

A volcano is a vent or chimney which connects a reservoir of molten material, called magma, under the surface of the earth, with the surface. Material ejected through the vent accumulates around the opening, building up a cone. The volcano thus includes the vent and accumulated material—the cone.

Volcanoes do not occur in haphazard fashion on the earth; active volcanoes are concentrated in areas where earthquakes are most common or in young mountain belts. The majority of active volcanoes occur in a belt bordering the Pacific Ocean. A second zone extends from southeastern Europe through the Mediterranean and southern Asia into
The Java Jake at the bottom of Mauna Ulu volcano: plates of hard lava float on the lake; white areas represent exposed molten magma at a temperature of over 1,500° F. 

The most common type of volcano in the Potrillos is a cinder cone. Such a cone is composed of individual volcanic fragments about the diameter of a dime. These fragments represent lava that has been broken by rapidly-expanding gas. The cinder accumulates around the vent as it is expelled and thus constructs a rather steep-sided cone. Also common on the flanks of these cones are volcanic bombs. The “bombs” are masses of lava blown from the crater that have solidified during flight. They commonly become rounded or spindle-shaped during these flights and such “bombs” have been found ranging in size from a fraction of an inch to over seven feet in diameter.

As a member of a NASA-sponsored expedition to Iceland in June, 1970, I was able to observe the eruption of a cinder cone on the flank of the volcano Hekla. The initial phase of the eruption consisted of the discharge of cinder and finer ash material. The main mass of the cinder cone accumulated during the first two hours of activity, indicating the rapidity at which a volcano can form. The fine ejected ash material was three inches thick at distances of up to 10 miles from the volcano.

The cinders and ash of the Hekla eruption were unusually abundant in fluorine, containing up to 2,000 parts per million. Although the concentration was not enough to kill the vegetation, it is estimated that over 100,000 head of sheep and cows were poisoned as a result of digesting grasses on which the fluorine-bearing material had settled.

The most spectacular volcanoes in the southern New Mexico desert are maar craters. Maar volcanoes received their name from small crater lakes of the Eifel district in Germany (German: maare=lake). These are very explosive volcanoes which have formed where steam eruptions occurred as a result of hot magma coming in contact with shallow lakes, marshes on flooded plains, or water-bearing rocks.

Well-known El Paso area landmarks such as Kilbourne Hole and Hunt's Hole are excellent examples of maar volcanoes. In addition, several other similar explosive volcanoes have recently been discovered by our group in the Potrillos. Diamond Head in Hawaii is another example of an explosive maar volcano formed by steam eruptions from contact of hot magma with shallow groundwater. The volcanic materials of the cone are cemented together by calcite which British sailors mistook for diamonds—hence the name “Diamond Head.”

The Potrillo maar volcanoes range from one to three miles in diameter, are roughly circular, and are surrounded by a raised rim of fine-grained ejected material called ash. The interior slopes are generally steep and the floor of the crater is flat. It is thought that groundwater seeped into the volcanic vents producing large quantities of steam which resulted in a series of tremendous explosions, fragmenting the overlying materials and producing the resulting basin or hole. On the flanks of several of these volcanoes occur numerous volcanic bombs which contain a core of a light green material called olivine. Occasionally the olivine is of gem quality, termed peridot, and the area is a favorite of rockhounds. Recent studies of these olivine masses indicate that they have been brought up from many miles below the surface of the earth, giving us a glimpse of the materials of the inner-earth.

In addition to the volcanic bombs ejected during these explosions, the tremendous force of the escaping steam fragments rock materials to the size of a pinhead. This small-sized material is called volcanic ash and is a common constituent in the rims and outer slopes of maar volcanoes. One such steam explosion in 1790 from the Kiluaea (Hawaiian: “rising smoke cloud”) volcano in Hawaii overwhelmed and killed part of a native army marching near the crater. Footprints of the natives were preserved in the muddy ash and can be seen yet today.
A less explosive volcano in which very fluid magma issues from a vent and spreads out in nearly all directions is called shield cone. Such a cone, composed of numerous individual lava flows, has a very broad base compared to its height and its shape resembles a shield. One in the Potrillo field is a miniature shield cone called Aden Crater. Aden Crater is several miles in diameter and an ancient ground sloth has been recovered from one of its vents. The sloth stumbled into one of the holes in the crater and died—approximately 11,000 years ago.

Most of the volcanoes in Hawaii are shield cones. During our visit to Hawaii last August, my wife and I had the opportunity to view the formation of a new shield cone, Mauna Ulu (Hawaiian: “growing mountain”). The Mauna Ulu eruption initiated in May, 1969, and at this writing is still active. The volcano is currently over 300 feet high and composed of numerous coalescing lava flows that issued from a large multiple vent area.

Our view of Mauna Ulu was directed by Dr. Donald Peterson, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, Hawaiian Volcano Observatory. The top of the volcano displays a large elongate crater over 700 feet long, 200 feet across and 300 feet deep. The nearly vertical sides of the crater are very unstable and large cracks can be seen around the rim of the cone indicating a slow collapse of the walls. In order to view the interior of the crater we had to crawl to the edge on our hands and knees, peer over the edge. At the bottom of the crater, 300 feet straight down, was a magnificent sight. Large plates of jet-black crusted lava, bordered by bright orange-red colored cracks, exposed the underlying molten magma. Rapidly expanding gas along these cracks would throw the 1500-foot degree magma into fountains 20 to 25 feet in height. The plates of partly solidified lava would float across the top of the lava lake and suddenly a large section would be “sucked under” and re-melted, thus exposing a huge area of molten magma which frothed and bubbled in a rather violent display. Occasionally a thunder-like roar would signal the collapse of a section of the crater wall and its cascade to the bottom of the 300-foot crater. Such events made us a little uneasy as we hung over the south rim of the crater observing the activity. In addition, clouds of hot sulfur-bearing gases escaping from the lava lake made breathing occasionally difficult.

**Volcanic Lava Flows:**

In addition to the conical mound of material composing the volcano itself, quite commonly molten streams of magma issue from the vent and flow across the surrounding countryside. These streams of solidified magma are called lava flows. In general, lava flows are of two types. One is very fluid and can flow quite rapidly, with velocities up to 20 miles per hour. Such flows have a smooth, orropy-appearing surface resembling taffy and this variety is called pahoehoe lava. A more viscous flow which travels slowly is called aa, which is also a Hawaiian term that describes a flow typified by a rough and jagged surface. It represents closely a tongue of clinkers moving with a molten interior stream and pushing already solidified irregular fragments of lava.

The lavas in the Potrillo field are of the pahoehoe type. Numerous lava flows have issued from the 100 or more volcanoes and built up a plateau over 800 feet thick. The individual flows range from several inches up to 25 feet thick. One of the objects of our study is to determine the extent and relationships of these lavas.

In both Iceland and Hawaii, examples of “live” aa and pahoehoe flows were observed. On Surtsey, a recent volcanic island south of Iceland, and on the flanks of Mauna Ulu, recent pahoehoe and aa flows were studied. When the lavas are initially extruded they quickly crust over but the still-molten interior continues to move out, thereby producing tunnels under the hardened surface. The surface of the flow is commonly quite glassy, resembling a series of twisted mirrors. Walking across such a surface is like “walking on egg shells” with the thin crust breaking at almost every step. In our visit to Hawaii, great care was needed in crossing such terrain as some of the tunnels are tens of feet deep and molten lava was still moving at the base of the tunnel. In general, the flow tops are quite hot for months after their formation.

A large aa flow was observed on the flank of Hekla during its eruption in the summer of 1970. Initial examination gave the impression that the flow was not moving and had cooled sufficiently to allow it to be traversed. However, at a closer approach of 10-15 feet, heat emanating from the flow was almost unbearable. Also evident was a strange cracking and popping noise and occasionally a large block of solidified lava would roll down the front of the flow exposing a red-hot molten interior. Needless to say, we changed our direction of movement to avoid the flow.

**Why and How an Eruption?**

Volcanic eruptions are as yet incompletely understood. Studies in Hawaii indicate that an eruption begins as magma rising (because it is lighter than the overlying rocks) though a conduit system from a source located approximately 40 miles below the bottom of the ocean. After filling a reservoir about two miles beneath the volcano, it works its way through cracks and erupts at the surface.

Volcanic activity is usually preceded by an increase in the frequency and intensity of local earthquakes. Preceding an eruption, an increase in underground pressure causes the volcano to inflate and swell, raising the cone’s summit at times by as much as five feet. Tiltmeters measure the swelling, and seismographs record the volcano’s earthquake pulse.
The job was to select a special team of Air Defense Artillery instructors for a mission of training the first battalion of the new Ethiopian Air Defense Forces in Ethiopia. As their equipment was American surplus materiel, it was necessary to select older men acquainted with its operation and as chief of the Unit Training Division at USAACDCEN, Fort Bliss, it was my duty to select the team.

Although I had planned on retiring in August, six weeks later found six non-commissioned officers and myself winging south across the Ethiopian Highlands on our way to the capital city of Addis Ababa. As we disembarked at the International Airport about five miles east of the city, we were met by a boyish-looking major who shepherded us through customs and into a waiting Land Rover. Major Herbert E. Knight was the artillery advisor of the U. S. Military Advisory Group for Ethiopia and on this particular sunny morning, very helpful in registering the team into the Hotel Guenet, the hotel we were to make our major headquarters.

The Guenet is an institution in itself. One of the older hotels in the city, the building is built in a square with a division across the center from Addis Ababa to Bole suburb, fairly large; two rooms share a bath and a drawing room. All are equipped with hot and cold running fleas and one of the major duties of the maid is to ensure a full supply of flea powder to the rooms. The dining room is located in a separate building entered from a walkway leading through a garden breathtakingly beautiful with profilations of flowers glistening in the morning dew. In another part of the building is a bar specializing in Ethiopian lager.

Due to the time changes, Major Knight advised the team to sleep and for me to report to headquarters the next morning. But I was particularly interested in whether all of our training instructors had arrived as I was on hand but a critical set of master charts had been missent to Asmara, opened and discarded. A trainer finally located the charts but two never arrived and so did we what we were to learn to do before we improvised.

Transportation was necessary to visit the Ethiopian Artillery headquarters located several miles to the south. We had been assured while at Fort Bliss that MAAG Ethiopia would provide transportation for our unit but when a vehicle was requested, the motor officer informed me that none was nor would be available. Six weeks later, one broken-down Land Rover was allocated to the team. In the meantime, we were able to borrow from the Ethiopians one ton-and-a-half truck of unknown vintage and an Ethiopian jeep. A jeep is never comfortable but I have never determined what they do to an Ethiopian jeep to get it to behave. Its ride can best be described as a cross between riding bareback on a mule and a bucking stallion—but we had wheels and we were grateful.

The next day, the team's 1st Sgt, M/Sgt Elmer Lay, and myself met the Ethiopian officers with whom we would work. Colonel Gebre Ighzebar, a heavy-set dark Galla was the Artillery Commander and the Air Defense Battalion commander was Lieutenant Colonel Kifle Desta, an Amharic landowner in Kaffa province. The Lt. Col. and I were to quickly become the best of friends. He had been involved slightly in the 1960 Palace Coup attempt and although cleared of complicity, he remained suspect with the Department of Defense. From the date I met him, no problem was insolvable.

The Ethiopian has traditionally been a warrior and the greatest opportunity for advancement has always been through the armed forces. Prior to the reign of the present emperor, provincial leaders had their own armies. But today, there are only two categories of armed soldiers: the Emperor's Bodyguard and the regular army. It was the Bodyguard that furnished the United Nations troops that gained the respect of the North Koreans as the "Dark Spirits of Death". Magnificently trained, they form the elite of Ethiopia's armed forces. Yet it was from this group that the leader of the 1960 Palace Coup emanated. Lt. Col. Kifle was transferred to the regular army and it was with this latter group that our team worked.

The Ethiopian soldier is an intensely proud individual. And he has a right to be. Ethiopia was one of two countries able to successfully resist the encroachment of the European during the "Scramble for Africa", and the only African country to defeat, not once but twice, a modern European aggressor: at Dogali and again at Adowa. Dating back through the heritage of Axum and the years they provided pharaohs for the kingdoms of the Upper Nile, their nation has existed for over three thousand years. A Christian nation since 325 A.D., the rulers proudly trace their ancestry to the union of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Even today remnants of the Hebrew nation remain as the Falasha of northwest Ethiopia.

During nearly a thousand years of isolation the Ethiopian Orthodox Church (Coptic rite) was the bastion of culture and learning, although limited for the most part to the elite. Today, under His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie, the Lion of Judah and Protector of the Faith, education is becoming more readily available, and the army conducts its own schools.

And so it was that on the opening days of classes, I gazed down upon an eager group of about five hundred young men waiting with pencils at the ready. Ranging in age from sixteen and seventeen for the most part, grizzled veterans of previous wars were interspersed among the students. There are over seventy-two Great Rifts in Ethiopia but all are now required to learn Amharic and English as well as their own native tongue. But for ease, the team used translators for all the classes.

My greatest satisfaction was watching those raw kids, many fresh from the hills surrounding the capital, turn into soldiers that would be a credit to any nation's armed forces. Their formula for success was pride and desire.

The period of instruction followed the standard American cycle of advanced individual and unit training separated by a "break" period of one week. Individual training took place in Addis Ababa but most of the other training was done forty to fifty miles south of the capital.

Addis Ababa means "New Flower" and its site was selected by the Emperor Menelik II in 1896. Seven thousand feet in elevation, it is part of the Ethiopian Massif or Highlands which continue north to the Red Sea. Stretching to the south, the elevation declines rapidly into the "Great Rift Valley"; a magnificent fault in the earth's surface originating near Lake Rudolph on the Kenya border and travelling north to the east of Addis Ababa until it empties into the Red Sea. North of Lake Rudolph lies a chain of lakes whose drainage is connected to the Awash river. Farther to the east the land descends again as it approaches the Somali border. Throughout much of the higher areas are flat-topped plateaus and volcanic craters. To the southwest are the coffee provinces including Kaffa from whence comes the name.

It was during the break period that Lt. Col. Kifle suggested that I accompany him to the capital of Kaffa province, Jimma. The trip is a full-day journey over dirt roads meandering through valleys and over several mountains. At noon, we pulled into a Swedish mis-

![His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie, Lion of Judah, Protector of the Faith, with Col. Gebre Ighzebar, Artillery Commander, Ethiopian Army. Location: reviewing tent, Koka range, February, 1966.](image-url)
of it was a pyre of twenty-foot timbers to be lighted during the celebration. The ceremony includes the firing of the huge bonfire even as Helen’s servant did so many years before to notify Constantine of his mother’s success. It is a gala affair, magnificent in its pageantry and it is truly the high point of each religious year.

I was seated in a reserved section and it was from this vantage point that I was able to first observe His Imperial Majesty closely. He was a little older than I remembered him and a little shorter, but as straight and regal-looking as when he had appeared before the League of Nations thirty years before. I think the one thing that impressed me was the sharpness and clarity of his eyes. Warm as they were on each occasion I was with him, I am sure fire could flare within them when he was angry.

Residing at the Guenet was a happy Irishman, Phillip Walshe. Seventeen years before, he had been faced with the choice of either joining the T.R.A. or entering the British Foreign Service in Africa. After several years in Nigeria, Rhodesia and Kenya, he was employed by the United Nations’ UNICEF program in Ethiopia. In 1965 UNICEF was awarded the Nobel Prize and Phil was singled out for his translations of children’s books into languages and terms they could understand. His books are being used in fourteen African countries.

It was through Phil that our team was to meet a truly inspirational woman. I have, since returning home, received word that Sister Gabrielle of Saint Mary’s School of Orphans has gone to her well-deserved rest. But even as Helen’s servant did so many years before to notify Constantine of his mother’s success, she took us down the path and around the lake to the farthest side and showed us a holy stone with a holy well below the rim. Pagans living on the far side are animists who smear rancid butter over the stone and burn it to appease the spirits. Council meetings are held in the thicket and they believe the members get divine inspiration for their decisions. As I stood there in the thicket, I marveled at how such different philosophies could exist side by side in perfect peace. There had to be a moral.

Phil was through a week by week and the weeks into months, and one day the training cycle was completed and it was time for the imperial demonstrations. A firing range had been selected some distance south of Mount Zuquala and we departed on land inundated by the waters of Koka dam. It was a good choice and accessible by a hard surface road. Two days before, the imperial tents had arrived and been set in place. The history of Ethiopia’s courts has been one of transient capital encased in tents, and they were enormous and complicated. This was no exception.

There were about fifteen hundred guests in attendance for the demonstrations including many representatives of the diplomatic community and the troops were sharp and efficient. The Emperor, as an experienced gunner, was impressed. During several engagements of the Italo-Ethiopian war he had personally manned a machinegun with devastating accuracy against the Italians.

Targets for surface firing had been pre-
He was the chief engineer for the Shibelli River Valley project and was making plans for a series of dams to provide water and power for the area.

Because of its isolation, Ethiopia has not enjoyed the benefits of modernization to the extent of other countries. Haile Selassie has moved to correct these deficiencies since returning to the throne in 1943. Of the twelve major rivers in the nation, developmental programs have progressed three, and surveys are underway on the remainder. The Shibelli project is one of the former.

The Awash River Basin project under the awash Valley Authority has been the most successful to date, forming the Koka dam in providing irrigation for the basin and electrical power for the eastern half of the nation. The program is similar to the American TVA and the Sudanese Gezira Scheme.

The most ambitious program to date is the projected Blue Nile Basin project in which nearly fifty times Ethiopia's present power capacity can be realized. The first dam, the Finch River dam, is scheduled for completion in early 1972 and will provide power for all of Gojiam province, half of Shoa, one quarter of Wolla and smaller portions of Illuban and Kaffa.

On the flight back from Gedi, the general was discussing the demonstration and the talk he had with the emperor at dinner. Haile Selassie had been discussing the problems experienced by the Israelis and then went on to mention that this country seemed to want to talk about it. Sitting to one side at the table, I had caught smatterings of the conversation but it weighed on me well. "After I have gone," the emperor had said, "I am sure that you will find the strength of its friends. There are many inside and outside our country who would like to see Ethiopia destroyed and our people made a slave of a foreign system. They would destroy our Christsian nation, it will be up to you to insure this doesn't happen." He continued, "America must be ready to assist. You must take charge and guide my leaders, for without you our country will be destroyed."

I had occasion to think of this conversation a few days later. One Monday afternoon just before leaving for the U. S., Colonel Lucas, the MAAG executive officer, informed me that the commander was going to arrive on Wednesday morning at the "Imperial Palace." To prepare myself, I spent the next day with the embassy's military attaché reviewing their classified reports on the situation. Suspicions of the emperor's remarks became crystal clear. When I compared the number and age of aircraft and war material listed by "Janes" of London with the models and quantities known to be located within the borders of Ethiopia's eastern neighbor, there was no correlation. Modern up-to-date armament of a modern super-power was stockpiled in Somalia. The quantity was many times the defensive armament needs of a nation five times the size of Ethiopia. A sense of complete frustration and self-satisfaction and a sense of mission for myself, I know I will not be satisfied until I can once again return to Ethiopia, the African Land of Judah.

ABOUT ALLEN F. WILLSON
Born in Wildwood, N. J., on July 23, 1925, Allen F. Willson graduated from Cape Mountain High School and was awarded a football scholarship by the Institute of Technology on a football scholarship. With the outbreak of World War II he enlisted in the U. S. Army Air Corps as a private and retired from the Army at Ft. Bliss, Texas, in 1946, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He has served with the 14th Air Force (Flying Tigers) in Alaska, Korea, and Germany, and his last overseas assignment in Ethiopia.

A graduate of UT El Paso, class of 1967, he taught three years at Jefferson High School in Jefferson, Texas. He now is with the Assistant at the University of Rhode Island where he is working toward an M. A. degree in Non-western history. He is undecided as to whether to return to El Paso or continue work toward a Ph.D. degree in African history at the University of Minnesota.

—Editor
Not only is native El Pasoan Rev. Alfredo de la O (’52 etc.) a long way from home—he is also in an entirely different world. As a 12-year-old son Kelly to play right guard on the UT El Paso football team. "Boyd is a member of the University’s Matrix Society.

Howard B. Wiley (’40) resides with his wife in the Manassas, Washington, and writes that he reads the magazine "with particular interest because of news of so many faculty members who were teaching when I attended TCM." Mr. Wiley continues: "Deceased students who surveyed the campus... I worked as a lab assistant for Professors Seamon, Lake, and Ball as well as for Dr. Quinn and Dr. Nelson. These and the other professors... propelled me an education which I later found to be second to none among the engineering schools of the world."

Mrs. Ben Y. Mason (’45) is the academic dean of the Lower School of Radford School for Girls in El Paso. Ted R. Smith (’47 etc.) is a partner in the local law firm of Kemp, Ezell, White, Duncan and Hammond. Dr. Laurence N. Nickey (’48 etc.), a local pediatrician, has been elected vice-president of the Texas Pediatrics Society, vice-chairman of the Texas chapter of the American Academy of Pediatrics, and chairman of the Matrix Society. Carlos Bombach (’48) is director of the City Public Inspection Department and was named Bowie High School’s Outstanding Ex-Student for 1972.

Robert E. Anderson (’48) is a natural resource lawyer. He is a staff member of the Standard Oil Company. He, his wife and five children live in Cleveland. El Paso Mayor Bert Williams (’50) and George Chriss (’53, M.Ed. ’60), principal of Henderson Elementary School, were both named Bowie High School’s Outstanding Student for 1971. Mrs. Mary Karam Davis (’50) operates the Chez Paree Flower Shop and is a volunteer worker in the United Fund campaign. Carlos L. Lopez (’50, M.E. ’57) is co-owner of the Pajarillo Valley Unified School District in California.

By the time this issue of NOVA rolls off the presses, Hawley Richeson (’51), local public relations man, will have assumed his new duties with the staff of the U. S. Rep. Pat Roberts (’46 etc.). A must read is Conrey Bryson (’54 as administrative assistant to Rep. White upon Mr. Bryson’s retirement. Dr. Oscar W. Albritton (’51), professor of engineering science at Louisiana State University, is the recent recipient of the District Meritorious Certificate Award presented by the American Welding Society. Col. James D. Thomas (’51) is Senior Advisor for Air Defense to the Commanding General, 1st ROK Air Defense Brigade, Korea.

Three alumni of UT El Paso are new principals in the Ysleta School District. They are: John Dorgan (’51), Riverside Junior High School; Harris Cantrell (’54), Ysleta Vocational High School; and Mrs. Helen R. Henry (’70), Cedar Grove Elementary School. James O. Grissett (’53) is an engineer at White Sands Missile Range; his sister Mary Viger- ustr Sharp (’59) is a teacher in the Canutillo School District. Enrique Holguin Escobar (’53) is teaching special education classes in Arvin, Calif. In the educational profession is Tom Llewellyn (’54 etc.) who is field representative of the Texas State Teachers Association, Austin and former world history teacher and department chairman at El Paso High School. Another educator is Frederick Candelaria (’54) who teaches graduate and undergraduate courses in English literature at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia.

Robert W. Finnegan (’54) is the general manager for Northeast Toyota in El Paso, the largest facility of its kind in the Toyota Gulf District which includes four states. Others in the local scene include Mrs. Helen Odomoff (’55, M.A. ’57), owner of Odomoff Roofing and an advisor to the Honorary director of Property Trust of America; James F. Kuper (’55), director of Consultation and Education Programs at Saint Joseph Hospital; and Dr. L. A. Candelaria, D.D. (’54), chief of staff at the El Paso General Hospital.

Mrs. Alan Rash (’56), wife of the former El Paso County Republican chairman, was recently elected second vice-president of the Texas Federation of Republican Women. Four of the five high school band directors who appeared at New Year’s Eve game and halftime programs at the 1971 Sun Bowl football games are UT El Paso alumni. Jesus A. Salcido (’56) is band director at El Paso High School; John J. Faraone (’52) is band director at Eastwood High School; William J. Miles (’64) is director of the Jefferson High School Silver Foxes Marching Band, and Richard Lamberth (’69) directs the Coronado High School Marching Band.

Ben Pinnell (’57) is associated with real estate investments in Dallas where he is also the owner of a popular night spot called the Sportspace Club, was recently elected president of the UT El Paso Students’ Association in Dallas. Enrique Bus­ tamente, residing in Outland, is El Paso’s Young Engineer of the Year. He is development director with the Housing Authority of El Paso. Jaime Oaxaca (’57), employed by the Northrop Corporation of Ana­ heim, Calif., was selected by the corporation to assist the Sloan Program for young executives at Stanford University. Howard McC­ cord (’57) is now professor of English at Bowling Green State University, Ohio. At El Paso’s Surety Savings and Loan Association, Don Boyd (’57 etc.) recently was promoted to vice-president.

And in Indiana, Jack E. Fulcher (’57) is division manager for GTE (General Telephone and Electronics) Data Services Inc. at the Fort Wayne Data Center. Thomas E. Cleet (’58) is a geologist with the Public Service Board of Michigan. The executive director of the local branch of Project Bravo, Don Maynard (’58) of the AFL New York Jets, has joined the growing All Star line-up of athletes who will participate this year in the Greater El Paso Chamber of Commerce’s “Miles for Children Walk.” Maynard will serve as Honorary Chairman and will cut the ribbon in the opening ceremonies which will launch the walk in El Paso.

Clarence Butler (’59 etc.) is manager of the Gunning-Casteel Drug Store in Sunrise Shopping Center. James J. Sebje (’60) is field supervisor in the Thunderbird Agency of Albuquerque. Jack R. Stone (’61 etc.) is financial supervisor of Interstate Securities Company, a subsidiary of the Fidelity and Guaranty Insurance Company in Scottsdale, Arizona. O. D. Paulk (’61) is state manager for Minnesota and Wisconsin for the Ranger/Pan American Insurance Companies of Houston, known as “The Specialist.”

Mrs. Brenda Sande (’61 etc.) resides in Spokane, Washington where she does substitute teaching. William L. Hamilton (’61 etc.) recently celebrated his 25th service anniversary with Mountain Bell Telephone Company. His previous positions include those at Louisiana State, Central Office Facilities, in El Paso. Richard Hatch (’62 etc.) and John Poling (’69) are taking theological training at Louisville Seminary, Louisville, Ky., preparation for the Presbyterian ministry. Mrs. Russel Imper, the
former Norma Kilburn ('62) resides in Brownsville where her husband is owner of a department store. Former Marte Fargason ('52 etc.) resides with her husband and son on a ranch and farm near Wilcox, Arizona.

John H. Highsmith ('62), accountant and attorney, is management assistant at the State of Texas. Ralph L. Kennedy ('66) is assigned to a unit of the Department of Guidance, School at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio. Mrs. Betty Jean Farner ('63, M.Ed. '65) and Julian Shaddix (M.A. '65) have been named respectively Teaching and Supervisor of the year by the Ysleta Independent School District. Lt. jg Jim Morgan ('67, M.E. '68) is attached to the Naval Academy Preparatory School in Bainbridge, Maryland, as athletic director and head football coach. Dr. Ramon Alvarez Jr. ('63 etc.) is a local doctor of optometry; his wife, the former Norma Perez ('56 teaches at Parkland Elementary School. Dr. Gene Taylor ('63) is a faculty member (in the Department of Chemistry) at Kansas State University; his wife the former Barbara J. Anderson ('64 is working there toward her Ph.D. in modern languages. The El Paso School System's Department of Guidance, School Social Services and Special Education has appointed Mrs. Joyce Scheffier ('54, M.Ed. '71) to teach individual grade level classes composed of teenage patients at Saint Joseph Hospital.

Two brothers—Richard A. Garcia ('64, B. S. '66), and Richard T. Garcia ('70, B.S. '70, M.A. '71) are assistant professors at San Diego State College. Luis C. Hernandez ('64) is coaching football and swimming, also teaching life sciences at Watsonville High School, Watsonville, California. He is a supervisor with Peat, WarwicK, Mitchell and Co. in El Paso. Ernest Allen Quinn Jr. ('65) is staff director of the Task Force on Corrections in Austin.

And the news of the Class of '65 continues—Guillen, who resides in San Francisco where he is a research manager for the General manager of Southern Pacific Railroad Co., was named Jefferson High School's Outstanding Ex-Student for 1972-71. In Denver, Colo., Mike Aguirre ('64) is a shortage controller with one of the Department's services in the May Co. chain. In Corpus Christi, Charles Mccolloch is employed by Travelers Insurance Co. His wife is the former Elizabeth Duron ('64). In El Paso, Rudolph L. Tapia ('64) is owner of Longbotham Insurance Co.; Carmen Aguirre Martinez is a member of the professional staff of the Young Women's Christian Assn.; and Keith D. Murray is operations manager for Master Charge at El Paso National Bank.

Capt. Earl V. Dunnunton ('55) is with the 1st Advanced Individual Training Brigade at Ft. Bliss after serving in Vietnam as a battalion artillery liaison officer at the headquarters for the 1st Armored Division Force. Joe Ramos Jr. ('69) is employed by the Texas Rehabilitation Commission as a counselor at the Graduate School of St. Mary's University in San Antonio. His wife, the former Mary J. ('62 etc.) is a graduate student at Incarnate Word College.

Noel D. Johnson ('66) works for Snelson & Associates Advertising, Inc. in Midland; his boss is W. E. "Peter" Snelson ('46), state senator of the 25th District. Air Force Capt. Ralph L. Kennedy ('66) is assigned to a unit of the Pacific Air Forces, headquarters for air operations in Southeast Asia, the Far East and the Pacific Area. And, Patrick M. Coquelin ('66 etc.) is a staff sergeant at Korat Royal Thai AB, Thailand, where he is a security specialist. In El Paso, Juan R. Rodriguez ('66 etc.) is market manager of a new Safeway store. Lt. Al Past ('56 etc.) of the U. S. Navy writes that he and his wife "never fail to do something grandly dourly" and adds that a comparison between the University's publication and that of another institution has spurned him into writing them that "hinting that they take a closer look at us." Lt. Past is the son of Dr. Ray Past, chairman of the Department of Linguistics at UT El Paso.

Mrs. Maxine Arnold ('67, M.E. '71) is program director at the Central YMCA in El Paso. Ismael De Anda Jr. ('67) is employed by the U. S. Labor, Wage and Hour Division; his wife is the former Maria Del Socorro H. Brito ('68). Chris D. Roach ('67) is an operations research specialist with the Management Sciences Department in the University of Arizona, Monica, Calif. William H. Brown ('67) is executive director of the El Paso Boys' Club.

Maj. (Ret.) Allen F. Willson ('67 etc.) is teaching history courses under a Graduate Assistantship at the University of Texas in Austin and is a contributor to this issue of NOVA. Mrs. Blanche Brown ('67) is a case worker with the Residential Intervention Center of the YWCA.

Sp/4 Frank Ramirez ('67 etc.) is on duty at the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. His wife is the former Nelly M. Aguilar is special assistant to the world of La Tuna Federal Correctional Institution. Yet another 1970 graduate, Tony Munoz, is comptroller in the firm of Property Trust of America.

Although the ink has barely had time to dry on their diplomas, members of UT El Paso's Class of 1971 are already busy in the news notes about the following:

Lillian Trujillo is active in the local Los Pobres Theater group which recently presented the first full-length Spanish production in El Paso, "El Color de Nuestro Piel." at the Civic Theater. James E. Trice ('67 etc.) is a counselor with the El Paso District Office, Region I, Texas Rehabilitation Commission. Lt. Col. Matthew Riggans Anderson is serving with the U. S. Army in Thailand, where he is assigned to a unit of Plans and Operations Division. Gay Fairchild resides with her sister Jackie ('69 in Houston, and works as secretary and assistant to the Houston Oilers' director of Player Personnel. Alfredo A. Gonzalez is working for the El Paso Public Schools, doing research work under the Federal Program TREND (Targeting Resources on the Educational Needs of the Disadvantaged). Mrs. Emmitt O. Listorti is employed at the K-Mart as a manager-trainee. Harold M. Williams Jr. is working in the Engineering-Communications Department of the El Paso Natural Gas Company.

And there's more: Donald K. Alexander is teaching science at Burleson Elementary School; David Karam is secretary-treasurer of Paisano Mart discount-center; and Norl fleet Hughes Jr. works for Prudential Insurance Co. Capt. Trinh Van Giang teaches English to migrant school children in the Midland Independent School District and, in Schenectady, New York, Jerome R. Endress is a field engineer with General Electric Company. Lieutenant Commander Vincent J. King ('67 etc.) is a maritime officer for the U.S. Navy. Mrs. Henry J. C. Wise ('68 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. Ms. Monica A. Callender ('69 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. Ms. Monica A. Callender ('69 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. And there's more: Donald K. Alexander is teaching science at Burleson Elementary School; David Karam is secretary-treasurer of Paisano Mart discount-center; and Norl fleet Hughes Jr. works for Prudential Insurance Co. Capt. Trinh Van Giang teaches English to migrant school children in the Midland Independent School District and, in Schenectady, New York, Jerome R. Endress is a field engineer with General Electric Company. Lieutenant Commander Vincent J. King ('67 etc.) is a maritime officer for the U.S. Navy. Mrs. Henry J. C. Wise ('68 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. Ms. Monica A. Callender ('69 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. And there's more: Donald K. Alexander is teaching science at Burleson Elementary School; David Karam is secretary-treasurer of Paisano Mart discount-center; and Norl fleet Hughes Jr. works for Prudential Insurance Co. Capt. Trinh Van Giang teaches English to migrant school children in the Midland Independent School District and, in Schenectady, New York, Jerome R. Endress is a field engineer with General Electric Company. Lieutenant Commander Vincent J. King ('67 etc.) is a maritime officer for the U.S. Navy. Mrs. Henry J. C. Wise ('68 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. Ms. Monica A. Callender ('69 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. And there's more: Donald K. Alexander is teaching science at Burleson Elementary School; David Karam is secretary-treasurer of Paisano Mart discount-center; and Norl fleet Hughes Jr. works for Prudential Insurance Co. Capt. Trinh Van Giang teaches English to migrant school children in the Midland Independent School District and, in Schenectady, New York, Jerome R. Endress is a field engineer with General Electric Company. Lieutenant Commander Vincent J. King ('67 etc.) is a maritime officer for the U.S. Navy. Mrs. Henry J. C. Wise ('68 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. Ms. Monica A. Callender ('69 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. And there's more: Donald K. Alexander is teaching science at Burleson Elementary School; David Karam is secretary-treasurer of Paisano Mart discount-center; and Norl fleet Hughes Jr. works for Prudential Insurance Co. Capt. Trinh Van Giang teaches English to migrant school children in the Midland Independent School District and, in Schenectady, New York, Jerome R. Endress is a field engineer with General Electric Company. Lieutenant Commander Vincent J. King ('67 etc.) is a maritime officer for the U.S. Navy. Mrs. Henry J. C. Wise ('68 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. Ms. Monica A. Callender ('69 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. And there's more: Donald K. Alexander is teaching science at Burleson Elementary School; David Karam is secretary-treasurer of Paisano Mart discount-center; and Norl fleet Hughes Jr. works for Prudential Insurance Co. Capt. Trinh Van Giang teaches English to migrant school children in the Midland Independent School District and, in Schenectady, New York, Jerome R. Endress is a field engineer with General Electric Company. Lieutenant Commander Vincent J. King ('67 etc.) is a maritime officer for the U.S. Navy. Mrs. Henry J. C. Wise ('68 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. Ms. Monica A. Callender ('69 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. And there's more: Donald K. Alexander is teaching science at Burleson Elementary School; David Karam is secretary-treasurer of Paisano Mart discount-center; and Norl fleet Hughes Jr. works for Prudential Insurance Co. Capt. Trinh Van Giang teaches English to migrant school children in the Midland Independent School District and, in Schenectady, New York, Jerome R. Endress is a field engineer with General Electric Company. Lieutenant Commander Vincent J. King ('67 etc.) is a maritime officer for the U.S. Navy. Mrs. Henry J. C. Wise ('68 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News. Ms. Monica A. Callender ('69 etc.) is a member of the staff of the Dallas Morning News.
A list of demands presented November 30 to UT El Paso President J. R. Smiley by members of MECHA (Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlán) triggered a series of incidents which continued during the following weeks and which included:

* A demonstration by MECHA members and sympathizers in front of the campus Administration Building which effectively sealed off the entrance.
* The resulting arrest by City Police of some 30 of the demonstrators.
* A meeting of several hundred students, spectators, and newsmen in the Student Union Building.
* Round-the-clock picketing, for a few days, of the Administration Building.
* The burning in effigy of one of the University's administrators.
* A march from the campus to the Mayor's office downtown and a subsequent meeting between the Mayor, MECHA leaders, and members of La Mesa Directiva, the meeting with Governor Preston Smith to discuss various aspects of the Chicano incidents.
* Meetings in El Paso between members of Governor Smith's Human Relations Committee and MECHA, and with UT El Paso administrators.

The Board of Regents of the University of Texas System approved last fall the purchase of the Hotel Dieu School of Nursing educational complex for use as a base of The University of Texas Nursing School (System-wide) branch in El Paso. The five-year-old complex is located on a one-block site bounded by Arizona, Kansas, Campbell and Nevada Streets. Three connected buildings house Education in the Auditorium, and a seven-story residential wing for nursing students. The approved purchase price of $1,841,663.00 includes facilities, furnishings and fixtures, and assures the complex's continued use for nursing education for which the buildings were specifically designed.

Bahner Polk, librarian at UT El Paso since 1936, on November 1, 1971, became the University Library's Director of Special Collections. Jess Duggan, former associate librarian, has been named ad interim librarian. At the time of Polk's new appointment, President Smiley commented: "The fact of the matter is that Mr. Polk has, during his career... been doing just the kind of thing we are now asking him to do full time... (since) the most significant collections of books we now have are due to his personal efforts." Polk's new appointment has already proved to be a wise and happy one; he is now concentrating his enthusiasm and abilities on what was always one of his favorite tasks: that of encouraging friends and acquaintances of the University to contribute their books and collections to the Library's bookshelves.

Dean John W. McFarland of the University's School of Education resigned January 1 to take the post of Dean of the College of Education at Texas Woman's University in Denton. Dr. Oscar T. Jarvis, professor of curriculum and instruction at UT El Paso, is Dean Ad Interim of UT El Paso's School of Education.

DEATHS

Dr. Burt Franklin Jenness, faculty member at The Texas College of Mines from 1917 to 1949 and director of the institution's Health Service until his retirement in 1957, died October 13. Dr. Jenness was the author of five books of verse, wrote the lyrics to the song "Men of Mines," and his poetry was published in a number of national magazines and newspapers including Life, Saturday Evening Post, the New York Times and the Boston Post.

Mr. Williams E. Ray Lockhart ('29 etc.), president of the El Paso Electric Co. and chairman of the board of directors, died September 30. An active participant in many civic organizations, Mr. Lockhart was named Outstanding Ex-Student of UT El Paso in 1966, one of two so honored who finished his undergraduate work at another institution, in his case, the California Institute of Technology. Mr.

Lockhart was a member of the Texas Western College Study and Advisory Committee which suggested the name change for UT El Paso. The Ex-Students' Association has begun a Library Memorial Fund in Mr. Lockhart's name.


Mr. Frank E. Cauble ('48) died September 28 in Huntington Harbor, California. Mr. Cauble was a comptroller for Mirra-Cote Industries, Inc. During his years as a student at the Texas College of Mines, Mr. Cauble was listed in Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities (1947, 1948) and was organizer and first president of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity on campus.

Mr. Arthur F. Downing ('54 etc.) died September 12 in Washington, D.C. He was a special assistant to the administrator of the Small Business Administration, and in former years had been associated with American Smelting and Refining Co. in El Paso. Mr. Downing served as assistant El Paso County Republican party chairman in 1962-63.

Mr. Jesus A. Salas ('62), an electrical engineer at White Sands Missile Range, died August 7 in a local hospital. Mr. Salas was a Grand Knight of the Del Norte Council 2592 of the Knights of Columbus.

Mr. Chuck Hughes ('63 etc.), a member of the Detroit Lions professional football team, died October 24 following a game between the Lions and the Chicago Bears. Hughes, who set national football records when he played for the UT El Paso Miner teams during the mid-60's, collapsed on the field shortly before the end of the game and was pronounced dead an hour later. The autopsy indicated that Hughes died from a heart attack.

Mr. Joe T. Lujan ('59 etc.), a life-long resident of El Paso, died recently. Prior to his death he was a counselor with the ManPower organization.

Mrs. Elma Rita Diaz Hensley ('70 etc.), a life-long resident of El Paso, died August 2. Mrs. Hensley was a Licensed Vocational Nurse and a former Seasons Rest Home prior to her death.

Miss Norma E. Hernandez, a sophomore student at UT El Paso, died October 26. Miss Hernandez was a business major at the University.

Mr. William F. Cancellare, a Vietnam veteran and a freshman business major at UT El Paso, died November 4.

Col. Matthew H. Thomlinson, former Post Commander at Fort Bliss and Curator of the Centennial Museum at UT El Paso from 1946 to 1957, died October 10. Col. Thomlinson was a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the El Paso Archeological Society, the Military Order of World Wars, and many other organizations. He was elected to the El Paso Archeological Society's Hall of Honor, and among his publications was his book The Garrison of Ft. Bliss, published in 1945, which is now a collector's item. The Thomlinson Collection in the UT El Paso Library is among the University's prized special book collections and many volumes have been added to the Collection since the Colonel's death.