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NOVA: The University of Texas at El Paso Magazine

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

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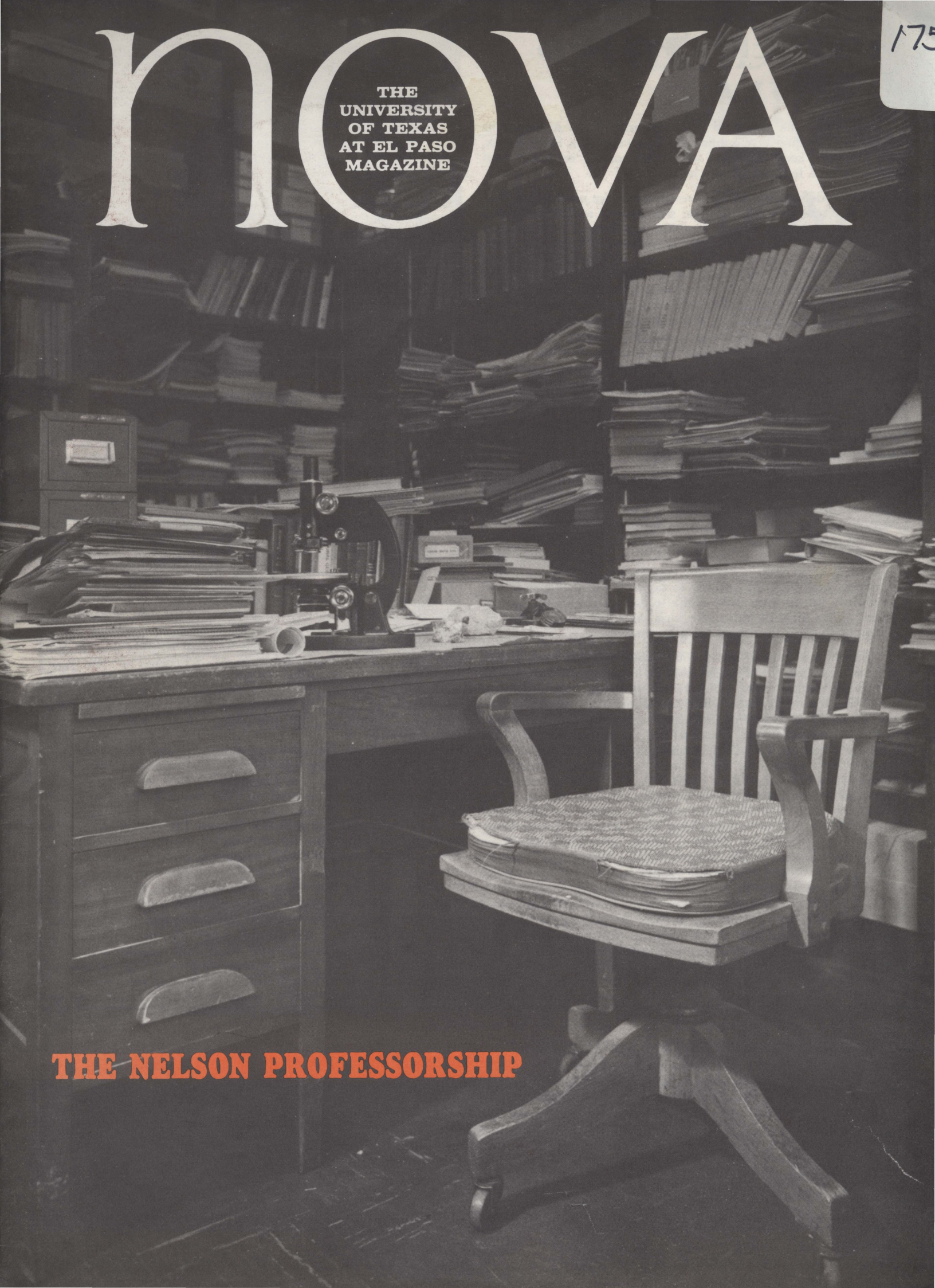
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NOVA

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS
AT EL PASO
MAGAZINE

175



THE NELSON PROFESSORSHIP

THE EDITOR'S EAR

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Last issue, in Elroy Bode's "Border Sketches," the word "pariah" came out "parish" and ruined the meaning of one of Elroy's always carefully-sculptured pieces. Elroy didn't even mention it, but some other people did and we are still cringing. Apologies to Elroy Bode and welcome to the NOVA staff of two expert proofreaders, upon whom we shall be depending to ferret out these things: Profs. Rzy Past and John Middxgh. □

Editor: Dale L. Walker. **Assistant Editor:** Jeannette Smith. **Books Editor:** Laura Scott Meyers. **Photography:** Lee Cain. **Faculty Advisors:** Ray Past, John J. Middagh. **Contributors:** Elroy Bode, Nancy Hamilton, Bud Newman. **Cover:** The office of Dr. Lloyd "Speedy" Nelson [1895-1964], UT El Paso's beloved professor of geology. **Back cover:** Prof.

Oscar MacMahan, chairman of the University's Building and Planning, Committee, looks over a model of the proposed \$14 million Engineering-Science Complex to be built adjacent to the existing Physical Science facility on Hawthorne Street. December, 1972 NOVA: Volume 8, No. 1, Whole Number 29. Second-class

postage paid at El Paso. NOVA is published quarterly by the News and Information Office of The University of Texas at El Paso, Texas 79968. It is sent without charge or obligation to alumni and friends of the University and, as we like to point out, the entire magazine is bio-degradable. □

PRESIDENT SMILEY STEPS DOWN



PRESS CONFERENCE: President Smiley (background, right), and Chancellor LeMaistre talk to El Paso newsmen on November 1 following the President's announcement of his retirement from administrative duties.

"During the past summer I reached the decision, after more than 20 years of various administrative assignments, to resign from my current post," Dr. Joseph R. Smiley told a press conference November 1. "The Chancellor has asked me to remain in office until my successor is chosen and available and I have readily concurred with this request."

President Smiley continued, "Although the term 'presidential fatigue' has been frequently used in recent years by my counterparts at other universities in similar circumstances, in my case it is rather a determination to return after a long period to the mainstream of academic life."

"I cannot exaggerate the gratitude I feel for the support I have received from many quarters during my presidency here and I am confident that this support is basically for the University itself and that it will continue."

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

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

"Some time ago, President Smiley began to prepare me for this day. In a conversation in which I praised his successful administrative program, he mentioned in passing that he longed to make further contributions to the academic world from his role as a teacher-scholar prior to his mandatory retirement. Subsequent conversations reinforced his position and the strength of his conviction. It is with great reluctance that I concur in his wish for the task is now to find a successor who will not pale by comparison with Joe Smi-

ley's knowledge, attitude and understanding. Joe has been a 'man for all seasons' in academic administration, having served in higher education's most difficult time.

"He became President of Texas Western College in 1958, the year after Russia led the U.S. in the early innings of the race for space, and as President of The University of Texas at Austin as it began its rise to world-wide visibility in academic excellence and as President of the University of Colorado during troubled times for us all. In particular he served higher education well when there was a well-organized attempt to disrupt and, indeed, destroy accepted concepts and administrative authority in higher education—and in doing so destroy the American university. Except for men like Joe Smiley, they might have succeeded.

"Dr. Smiley's calm, unruffled, thorough approach to problems made him unique in university administration during the good years as well as during the tough years. Certainly, one of the qualities that has made him a pleasure to work with is his sense of humor.

"When we began the search for a president for UT El Paso more than four years ago, his name was one of the first mentioned. Indeed, he turned out to be everyone's choice to return to his adopted home city as head of The University of Texas at El Paso. During his all too brief second term—and Joe, I am tempted to say 'four more years'—his accomplishments have been many.

"His leadership has seen the reinstitution of an excellent nursing program at UT El Paso with the purchase of Hotel Dieu and:

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

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

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

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

"For example, between 1969 and 1972, the University has added: a high-rise

Education Building (\$3 million); Residence Halls and Dining Room (\$4.7 million); Fine Arts Center (\$6.6 million); and the most expensive and imaginative project in UT El Paso history with the planning of the Engineering-Science Complex which will cost approximately \$14 millions.

"In addition, virtually every building on the campus has been remodeled or renovated under his guiding hand.

"Under President Smiley's supervision, a sound fiscal base has been re-established at UT El Paso—a remarkable feat in itself.

"Now, Joe Smiley tells us that fifteen years in the chief executive's chair of three major universities is enough for any man. He modestly concurs in my belief that he has done the very hard work that has transformed UT El Paso into a very attractive operation for his successor.

"While Joe has made up his mind that he wants the quieter life of a faculty member, The University of Texas Board of Regents and Administration have made up their minds that Dr. Smiley remain available for consultation while he returns to his work with students. I need his help and I intend to seek it frequently. Not the least of his help will emanate from his good sense of humor in critical times.

"It is my pleasure, therefore, to announce Dr. Smiley will become the Benedict Professor of French at The University of Texas at El Paso.

"We will soon begin the selection process for a new president at UT El Paso. I know that each of you has a deep commitment to this institution whether you live and work in the city or whether you live in the city and work on the campus. I assure you the search for Dr. Smiley's successor will include consultation with faculty and students and all interested groups, and we look forward to continued growth in programs and people at this institution."

Under the guidance of the Rules and Regulations of the Board of Regents for the Governance of The University of Texas System, a Selection Committee will be appointed to undertake the responsibility of naming President Smiley's successor. □

THE NELSON PROFESSORSHIP

The Lloyd A. Nelson Professorship in Geological Sciences—the first endowed professorship to be established at The University of Texas at El Paso in its almost-six-decade history—has been accepted by eminent environmental engineer/geologist Dr. George A. Kiersch, chairman of Cornell University's Department of Geological Sciences, 1965-71.

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

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

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

of Arizona and at the Montana School of Mines.

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

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

Dr. Kiersch is the author of five books, editor or co-editor of a half-dozen others,

and has written some 35 technical papers and more than 100 technical consulting reports.

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

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

Mrs. Kiersch is an artist—cartoonist; many of her works have been published in various newspapers and magazines. She is a native of Colorado. Dr. Kiersch is a native of California. He holds an undergraduate degree from the Colorado School of Mines, a Ph.D. degree from Graduate College, University of Arizona, and was a Senior Postdoctoral Fellow (NSF) to Technical University, Vienna, Austria, 1963-64. □



Dr. George A. Kiersch, left, UT El Paso's Nelson Professor of Geology, is shown with Dr. William N. McAnulty, professor and chairman of the Department of Geological Sciences.

It was in 1964, shortly after the death of Dr. Lloyd A. "Speedy" Nelson, long-time professor of geology on the El Paso campus, that the request to establish an endowed memorial professorship in his name was submitted to The University of Texas System Board of Regents by Dr. Joseph M. Ray, then-president of Texas Western College.

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

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

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

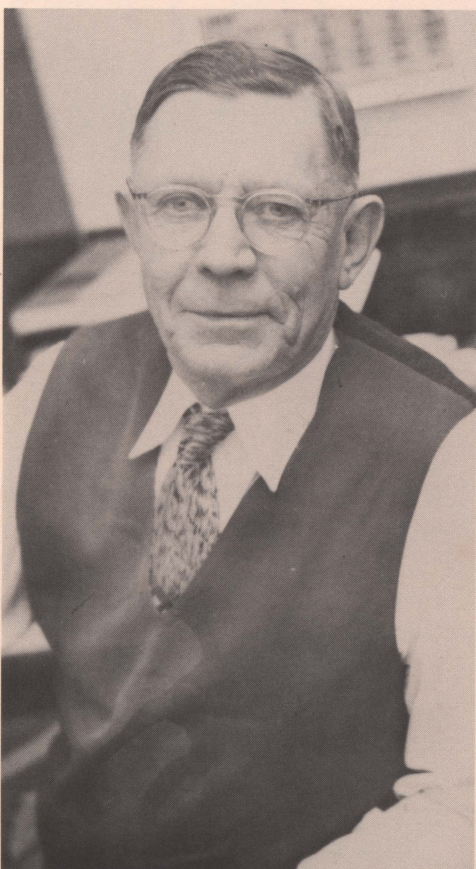
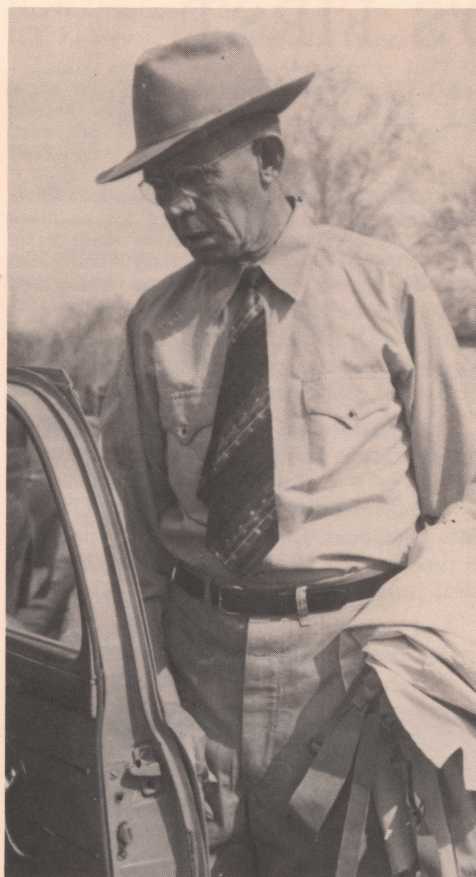
Also: Woodrow W. Leonard ('35) of Denver, Colo.; Dr. William N. McAnulty, professor of geology and department chairman at UT El Paso; Hugh D. McGaw ('29) of Austin; John Payne Jr. ('31) of New York City, N.Y.; Dr. Howard E. Quinn, Professor Emeritus of Geology (faculty member from 1924-65); Dr. William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

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

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

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

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



Dr. Lloyd A. Nelson

Lloyd A. Nelson was a part of this institution almost from the start—long before it was a college and even before he began his 44-year teaching career on its campus. In 1916 he was one of three students who comprised the first graduation class at what was then the Texas State School of Mines.

Although he spent the next several years working for various mining companies in Mexico, Arizona and New Mexico, by 1920 he had returned to his alma mater as adjunct professor of engineering—and this time he came to stay.

By 1934 the School had become a College — The Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy — and Prof. Nelson had switched from engineering to geology as his teaching field. Very seldom was he absent for any length of time from the campus and only then to complete work on his Master's and Ph.D. degrees at the University of Colorado. In 1947, Dr. Nelson was appointed full professor of geology, a post he held until his death in 1964.

Somewhere along the way, the nickname "Speedy" was affectionately bestowed upon him as a gesture to his legendary habit of slow and deliberate action.

And also, along the way, Dr. Nelson achieved wide recognition and distinction for his geological research. Credited with numerous contributions to the field of earth sciences, he discovered six new species of gastropoda and as a result, he is permanently memorialized in textbooks and other geologic tomes by fossils bearing the name "nelsoni." He was also a recognized authority on the geology of the Franklin Mountains and named several new lithological members of the Magdalena Formation.

While his professional abilities and achievements were impressive, of equal importance was a certain quality in his teaching, a nebulous but valuable quality that has been termed "the little blue flame" by Dr. C.L. Sonnichsen, Professor Emeritus of English at UT El Paso, who explains it like this: "The real business of a teacher is to turn the student on, get him interested in and excited about something, show him what he wants to do and convince him that he can do it.

Lloyd Nelson, like "Doc" Sonnichsen, was blessed with this ability to "turn on his students" and Mr. Orme-Johnson, one of Nelson's former students, would be the first to agree.

"I remember him first as a great teacher," says Orme-Johnson. "He had the gift to inspire learning. He cared about students and they cared about him. That fine student-teacher relationship was uppermost in our minds when we (the committee) debated a fitting tribute to his memory."

The tribute does indeed fit Dr. Lloyd A. Nelson and since it is in the form of a permanent endowment, insures that so long as the University exists, the professorship — and the man whose name it bears — will be a part of it. □

UT EL PASO'S FIRST DOCTORAL PROGRAM

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

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

report concerning the feasibility of such a program.

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

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

And once it is established, the University's Doctor of Geological Sciences degree

will be vastly different in comparison to Ph.D.s offered at other universities.

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

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

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

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

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

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

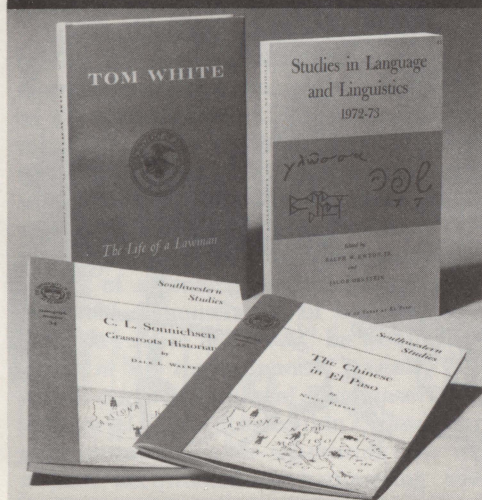
UT El Paso's oldest academic tradition is alive, well and gathering strength from the increasing certainty of a Ph.D. degree in Geological Sciences. The only question remaining seems to be "when?"—and it is only a matter of time until that question is answered. □



Dr. William S. Strain, professor of geology since 1937 at UT El Paso, conducts one of the many field sessions annually scheduled for geology students.

BOOKS SOUTH BY WEST

Edited by Laura Scott Meyers



TOM WHITE: THE LIFE OF A LAWMAN
by Verdon R. Adams
UT El Paso: Texas Western Press, \$8.

Tom White gave a lifetime of service to the badge and to his country. He was born in a lawman's family and as a youngster watched his father, the sheriff, hang convicted criminals on four different occasions. Apparently these scenes were accepted as a part of life for they neither brutalized his manner nor made him an advocate of extreme leniency toward lawbreakers. Instead, he became a strict but fair man, noted for his far-seeing views on prison reform, and respected by all elements in a very difficult profession.

White became a Texas Ranger somewhere around 1900 (the biography could use a few more specific dates), and after a modest career with Company A, he \$hucked the \$40 a month salary, married, and became an investigator for the Santa Fe railroad. Then during World War I he joined the F.B.I. Although his cases were the ordinary ones (chasing bootleggers, checking illegal arms shipments to Mexico), his ability brought him to the attention of J. Edgar Hoover who tapped him to investigate the Federal Prison at Atlanta. It all ended with the original warden being convicted of accepting bribes and allowing convicts to vacation from the penitentiary. Tom believes that because of his recommendations, future wardens in the Federal system were "chosen on the basis of training and experience, instead of political connections."

Following this, he undertook his most puzzling case for the F.B.I. More than 24 Osage Indians in Oklahoma had been murdered during a relatively short period. These Indians all had three fatal traits in common: they were oil wealthy, naive, and susceptible to bad whiskey. Once they were intoxicated, the whites took their money and arranged for them to "commit suicide." The usual "accidents" were by drowning, stumbling in front of a moving vehicle, or dying from exposure. White concluded the case by convicting the "King of the Osage Hills," an influential white man.

Leavenworth prison now beckoned to Tom White, and he became warden. Here again Tom built for himself a unique reputation as a man interested in decent prison conditions. Unfortunately, some inmates couldn't be helped, and during an escape attempt White absorbed a blast of buckshot in the arm. The wound caused his transfer to La Tuna prison situated between Las Cruces, New Mexico and El Paso, Texas. He regarded La Tuna as a "model of enlightened thinking" since the thrust there was on rehabilitation rather than punishment. White died in December of 1971 at El Paso.

—LEON C. METZ

STUDIES IN LANGUAGE AND LINGUISTICS 1972-73

Ralph W. Ewton, Jr. and Jacob Ornstein, Eds.
UT El Paso: Texas Western Press, \$5.

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

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

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

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

—RAY PAST.

THE CHINESE IN EL PASO

by Nancy Farrar
UT El Paso: Texas Western Press, \$2.
[#33 in Southwestern Studies Series]

This is a most instructive little book that traces the history of El Paso's Chinese colony from its origins in 1881, with the coming of the railroads, to the present, when the numbers of Chinese have dwindled considerably from that first great influx and when they have melded quietly and with dignity into the El Paso populace.

Nancy Farrar, a native El Pasoan (and a history teacher at Coronado High), has considerable feeling for the colorful impact that the Chinese had, and continue to have, on the city, though she records the history of the colony without passion. Her accounts of El Paso's "Chinatown" in the early days, with its tong wars, gambling and opium dens, laundry monopoly, and Tsing Ning (New Year) celebrations, are matter-of-fact and scholarly but fascinating nonetheless.

Perhaps the most valuable portion of her book has to do with why the Chinese population experienced a decline in 1917: the effects that Villa's Columbus Raid and the Pershing Expedition had on that exodus; the arrival of a steam-laundering process that drove hand laundries out of business, sundry laws prohibiting gambling and vices of other natures, and most crucial, the continuing problem of the rarity of Chinese women in the colony.

The Chinese in El Paso represents the 33rd number in the Texas Western Press' on-going Southwestern Studies Series, a unique enterprise and a valuable one, in which this book is a worthy edition.

—DAVID INNES.

C. L. SONNICHSEN: GRASSROOTS HISTORIAN

by Dale L. Walker
UT El Paso: Texas Western Press, \$3 (paperback); \$5 (cloth edition).
[#34 in Southwestern Studies Series]

On a hot Sunday morning in June, 1931, there arrived at the Union Depot in El Paso, a young farm boy from Minnesota, who had passed his Orals for a Ph.D. at Harvard three days previously, and had left Boston on the afternoon of the same day. He had a job to teach English in the summer session of the College of Mines. The long road to the Ph.D. had entailed such activities as cutting grass, waiting on tables at a fraternity house, cooking his own food for two meals a day—and on the brighter side, qualifying for scholarships.

This young man was Charles Leland Sonnichsen, who for the past 41 years at the University of Texas at El Paso, has organized his time and efforts and pursued his goals with the same zeal and true grit that it took to get that

Ph.D. And, logically, with equally amazing success.

All of us who know Dr. Sonnichsen have expressed appreciation of his achievements, and many of us have had strong ties of affection and friendship. But one young man, Dale L. Walker, a colleague at UT El Paso, who had known him a scant dozen years, was moved to write his story. Now in the year of Dr. Sonnichsen's "retirement" it appears in the Southwestern Studies Series issued by Texas Western Press. About twice the length of the average monograph in this series, it is treated in three parts: The Sonnichsen Pilgrimage (biographical), The Sonnichsen Style, and The Sonnichsen Books. It will probably be the most widely read of any of the monographs in the Series, for it is a scholarly project ably researched and entertainingly written. The impressive list of acknowledgements include the names of over 50 individuals with whom the author talked or corresponded, and the references attest to the exhaustive research of Sonnichsen's books and their critics. It also contains a comprehensive bibliography by Bud Newman, which includes titles of his books, editorial projects, articles and book reviews. Of the latter, reviews in the *Herald-Post* "Bookshelf" (edited by this reviewer for 33 years) number 396. The point is made as an illustration of his productivity, because the reviews and articles were a small adjunct in a career that produced 14 books by a man who was teaching a full load at the University. There were administrative duties too: he was Chairman of the English Department for many years, Dean of the Graduate School, H.Y. Benedict Professor. His teaching career would require another book. This one emphasizes the "Grassroots Historian," dealing with his unusual research methods, his informal style, the genesis of each book, and its journey toward publication. A primary source was in talking to and listening to old-timers, getting them to talk a bit more than they intended, a method Sonnichsen characterizes as "a sort of conversational dentistry, every fact wrenched out by the roots." He once defined a Grassroots Historian as "a man who spends his time finding out what nobody wants him to know and which he would be better off not knowing." He learned this hard fact of life by his nosiness into the Tularosa caper—the murder of A.J. Fountain and the role of Albert Fall and Oliver Lee in this feud. It was not too subtly suggested that he forget this feud, but *Tularosa* was published, an excellent book in its genre, and so tactful was the author that the members of the feuding families poured tea for each other in an Old Mesilla bookshop, to their astonishment and ours.

His best books are *Roy Bean*, an excellent portrait of a picturesque old rascal; *The Southwest in Life and Literature*, supreme in its field as an anthology of Southwest literature; *Tularosa*, referred to above; and *Pass of the North*, which puts the history of this city between boards from the time that man first set foot here until the 1920's.

Dr. Sonnichsen lives to work, and six weeks after his mandatory retirement in June, 1972, he accepted a prestigious new job as Editor of the *Journal of Arizona History*, and in Tucson is gathering more Southwest history and making a host of new friends.

We are fortunate that Dale L. Walker, author of two published books and two in manuscript, Director of the News and Information Office at UT El Paso, accepted the challenge to write this book. Meticulously researched and fact-filled, it has grasped the nature and quality of the man and his work. It has some excellent pictures, and in format meets the high standards of Editor-Director E. H. Antone, who follows Carl Hertzog in that office.

—LSM.

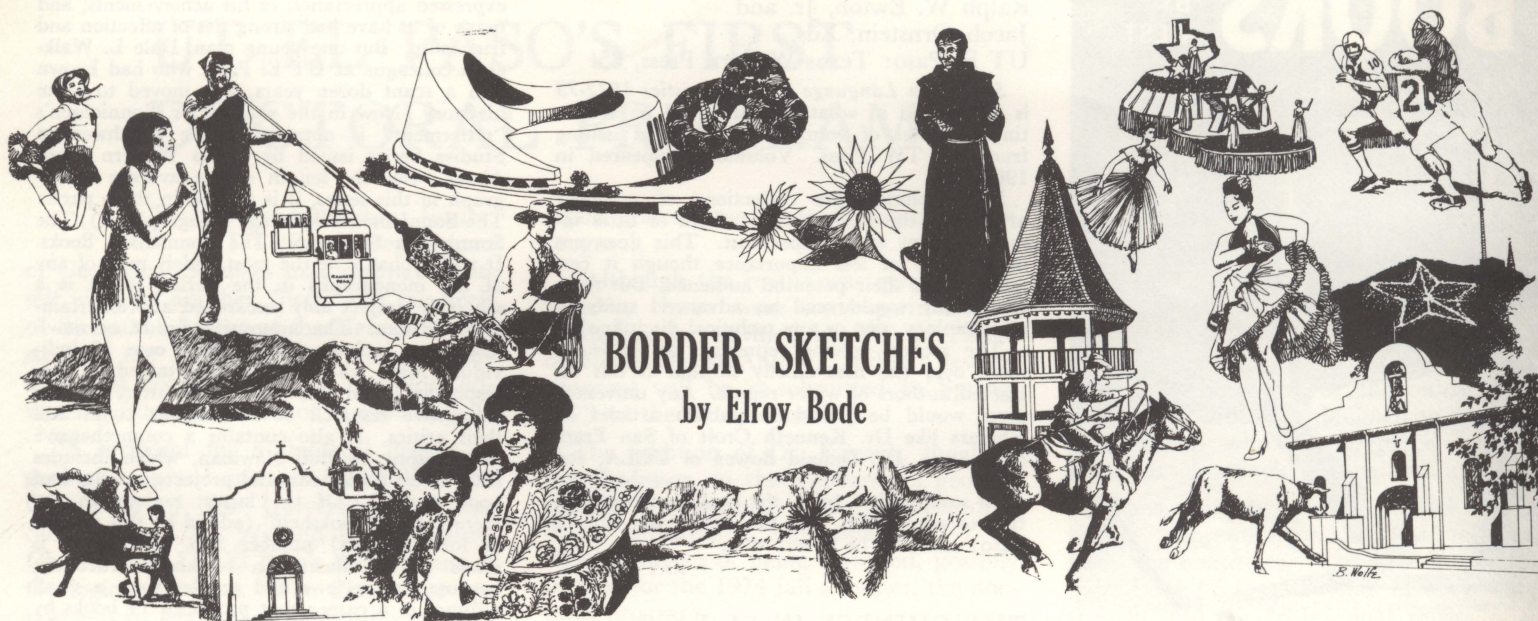
Leon C. Metz, archivist at UT El Paso, is author of three books on Southwestern history.

Ray Past is chairman of the Department of Linguistics at UT El Paso.

David Innes is a freelance writer, specializing in historical subjects.

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

(Continued on page 10)



BORDER SKETCHES by Elroy Bode

ON DURAZNO STREET

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

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

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

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

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

... Dusk comes, and I walk in the neighborhood. The faint smell of brake fluid from a nearby garage hangs in the air like a pleasant evening perfume of the poor.

Through the window of the grocery store I see a pleasant-featured young girl in a pink sweater: she is leaning forward on the counter, talking to a boy as he eats a candy bar. Her back makes a peaceful curve in the dim grocery store light. And next door, in a small, carefully cluttered

room, an old woman sits in straight-backed chair beneath a yellow bulb. A parrot rocks in his cage. A home altar is on a small table against the wall.

I move along in my isolation, in the gradually coming night, and it is almost as if I have become my own priest and am walking down the aisles of my own red-brick temple of humanity. □

JUST PASSING THROUGH

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

The young one, the talker, was an Alabama boy in his twenties. He had white-blond hair and his nose was sunburned and peeling. H A T E was tattooed on his left hand between the fingers, L O V E on the right. His partner looked to be in his late forties—a thin-faced, thin-shouldered man who sat on his haunches and chewed a match.

I was on a bench nearby and had started listening to Alabama because he seemed to go at things pretty straight, without making the usual arrogant show of a young tough. He was hard-talking but there was an intelligence at work in him too.

He was telling his friend about how he and a full-blooded Indian boy up in Detroit had a chance for themselves once: a man who owned a couple of drugstores took a liking to them and wanted to send them through high school and then to college. They were supposed to study phar-

macy and join him in his business since the man was lonely and getting old and without any relatives to speak of. "But hell," Alabama said, "I got to foolin' around too much or somethin—you know. I was a kid. I didn't know nothin' about nothin'." He spat on the ground and shook his head. "I sure missed a chance that time."

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

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

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

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

The two of them continued to sit there — making a kind of tight little transients' island on the new spring grass. Both appeared sobered by their thoughts, but not too much: it was too nice an afternoon to get down in the dumps. When I finally got up from my bench to leave, Alabama was beginning to flip a hunting knife at the toe of his partner's shoe. □

Urbici Soler, even when past his prime, was a dynamic man. Looking back into my memory, I always see his image hopping, running, shouting, singing, talking, arguing. But these were just eddy currents thrown off by the enormous energy of his creative mind.

In his sketching class, we students sat behind our drawing boards attempting to reproduce on paper the model posed stiffly on the table before us. Soler, like a hummingbird, would flit from pupil to pupil, advising and correcting. Sometimes he would relieve a person of his chair, fasten a fresh sheet of paper to the board and then, using his pencil with the same sure strokes of a fencing master, give a quick and bold demonstration of how to draw. "Be everywhere like *God!*" he would command in his thick Spanish accent. "Fill up the paper! Dominate! Dominate!" The sculptor of Cristo Rey couldn't stand margins, or prettiness, or shadowing: he was a man accustomed to hammering steel against stone, to wrestling with angels, so his drawings were nothing more than nascent monuments. He was neither a lacemaker nor an illustrator; indeed, some of his pupils could draw prettier and

more detailed sketches than he—but when he drew, you knew that he was the master. A single line would indicate a mouth, brow or nose, but that single line was all power, all action.

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

to his personality that was not apparent to everyone.

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

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

The factory, or studio, lay behind the American Smelter and Refining Company. Originally, I believe, it had been a schoolhouse for the children of Smelertown. The factory side was a large, single-room house, with double doors wide enough to permit an automobile to be parked inside.

URBICI SOLER AS I KNEW HIM

by Bud Newman

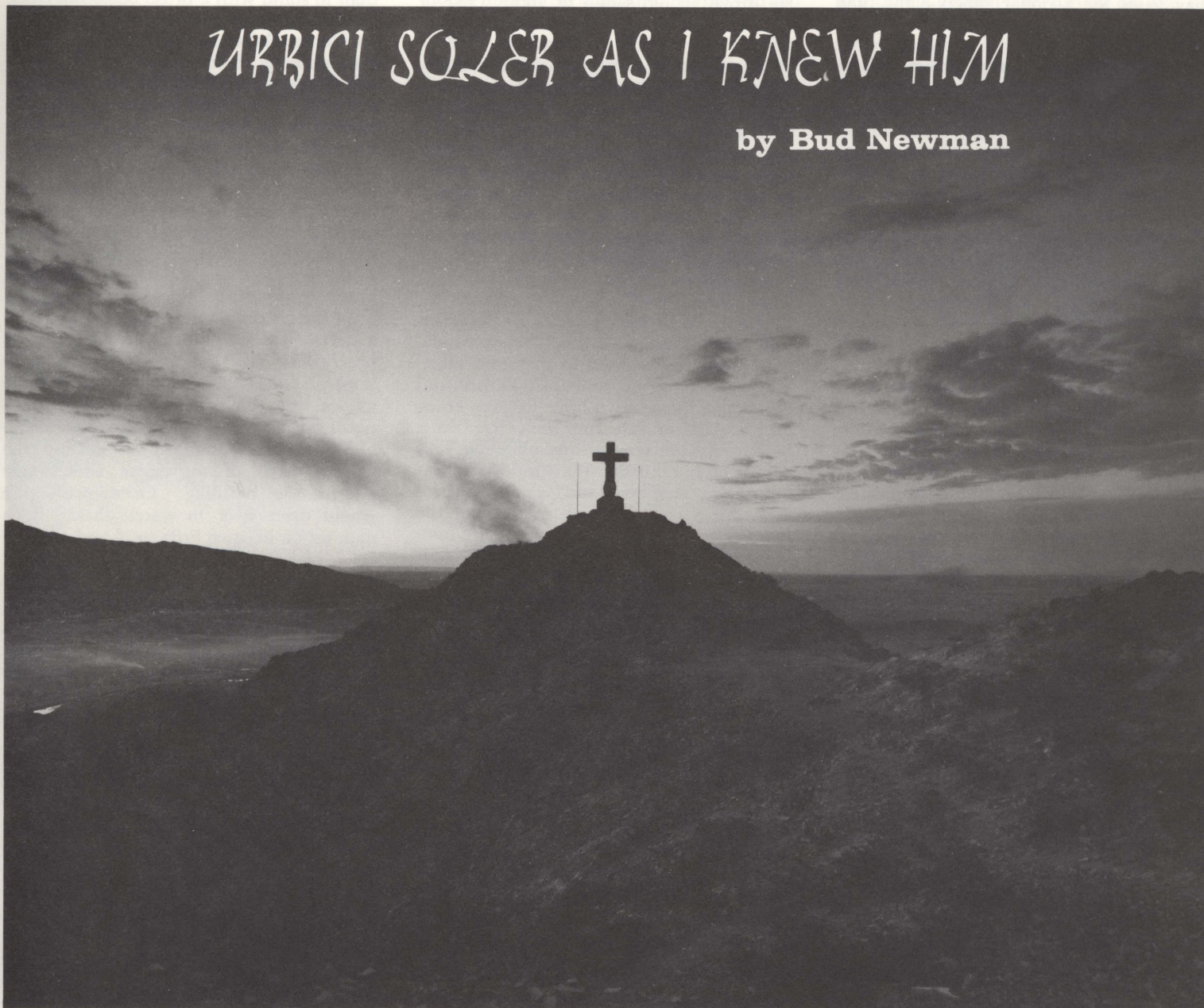


Photo by Charles Binion

This was the place where Soler manufactured ceramics, did a little sculpture, and puttered about, mumbling to himself. Connected to the studio were living quarters, occupied by a smelter worker and his family. Soler lived at the rectory of the Catholic church with the parish priest, Father Lourdes Costa. The studio no longer exists, having been torn down a few years ago to make room for the east-west freeway.

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

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

His problems arose from the fact that he knew practically nothing about glazes and colors, nor could he paint a flower as well as a child in kindergarten. Blossoms lay beyond his talent. But it made no difference, because no matter what the shape of the design he might paint on a vase, the colors would always run together into a solid mass after being fired in the kiln. He had books and pamphlets on the art of glazing, but to no avail: all the vases would come out a solid blue, green, gray or yellow, except that interesting designs were often produced by color-runs which were quite accidental. But his customers, few as they were, squealed with delight.

Search and search, gather all the vases made by Soler and examine them; not one will have a white glaze. That is because he could not produce a white glaze. He wrote letter after letter to a ceramist in Puebla for advice; he studied his books and pamphlets; but no matter how much white he put on a vase before firing it, the result would always come out of the kiln a disgusting gray or an ugly yellow. But with the greatest sangfroid he would blithely skip down to the Desert Art Shop where the dirty-yellow thing could be sold on commission as "sand-colored." Nobody really cared. The fact that all the vases had his initials "U. S." inscribed upon them caused them to be sold for fifty or sixty dollars. Crazy Americans . . . !

Soler enjoyed mixing clay. It seemed to be a time of contemplation for him; a time when he could lapse into silence and marshal his inner resources. He would sit in his dirty undershirt over an old bathtub and stir and stir, sometimes adding a little water from a cup to the blend. He didn't like red clay because it lacked the strength of the black and brown which he found somewhere in the lower valley. After obtaining a homogeneous mixture, he would strain the clay through the finest of metal

screens, which he purchased at the Mine and Smelter Supply Company. This was necessary because the tiniest pebble would cause a crack in the finished product. When the clay was just right, he would pour it into the plaster molds and let it set for a day or so. When removed from the mold, the vases were shelved, where they would dry for a few days more. Then I would sandpaper them smooth and remove all the marks left by the mold before putting them into the kiln.

This was a great brick kiln which Soler had built himself and which was a masterpiece of bricklaying. It was operated by gas and could build up a very high temperature. After being fired in it the vases were extremely hard. Then they were painted, air-dried and glazed before being put in the little metal commercial kiln, where the glaze was baked at anywhere from 1800 to 2000 degrees Fahrenheit. It was this step in the process which Soler was unable to master. He was much better at the next step: the sale. Nevertheless, he never made much money because he was not an organizer nor did he have an understanding of modern production techniques.

In those days Soler lived very frugally. He drove an old sedan of about 1932 or 1934 vintage which would just barely chug along. He told me once that the College of Mines and Metallurgy paid him eighty dollars a month, which even then was not much money. Of course, he couldn't expect much because he had no university degree, but taught in the capacity of what today would be called a "special lecturer" or part-time instructor. On a typical morning, after class, we would drive out to the factory, first stopping for provisions for the midday banquet at the grocery store. After a couple hours of work, Soler would begin preparations for the meal. Near the east wall, by the bathtub full of damp clay, was a bench which, by straddling, we used as a dinner table. He would chop up tomatoes, lettuce and garlic, put them into a large wooden bowl, add a dash of salt and then pour in a healthy dose of vinegar and olive oil. This would be our lunch. We would both eat out of the same bowl and, when the vegetables were consumed, there was still the mixture of oil and vinegar at the bottom in which we would dip our bread. This was my first encounter with the delights of the Spanish table and, to tell the truth, at that time I found it less appealing, and so I would frequently go elsewhere to eat. But time changes all and now, after having lived in Spain for three years and eighteen with a Spanish wife, I find few things more enjoyable than a Spanish salad prepared scientifically and served artistically. Soler always said that there is an art to correct living.

During the long semesters he held classes on the top floor, south wing of the Texas Centennial Museum. This was before the Cotton Memorial Building was erected. There were usually fifteen or twenty students, some of whom were very talented. There was Jules G. Bennett, Catherine Burnett, (now Mrs. George Kistenmacher), Patty Tuller, Wiltz Harrison, Wallace Mulvey, Joan Feinberg, Alice Spencer,

Eddie Ansara and Mike Hardin, who was a fine artist. Offhand, I think Wiltz Harrison and Wally Mulvey were the only students of that period to end up as professional artists. Wiltz used to like jewelry-making which, to a certain clique within the class, seemed to be a rather prosaic form of self-expression. We, in the clique, longed to cut off our ears and give them to prostitutes, in imitation of Vincent Van Gogh who, we thought, represented the true artistic soul.

Soler, however, had little empathy for modern art. Fauvism, cubism, orphism and biomorphism were all anathema to him. He considered abstract artists to be flamboyant self-seeking primitives unworthy of mention, except to relate the oft-told legend of the donkey who painted a picture with his tail and won first prize. Even illustrators were beneath his professional contempt. He regarded them as commercial-minded doily-makers, but didn't often express this view because some of his best friends were illustrators. On the other hand, he was enchanted with drawings by Holbein or Ingles. There is no doubt about it: Soler was a man's artist, a person who would rather wrestle with clay or attack stone with a chisel than to stand with a brush before an easel. I think he could have walked past a row of Homer Winslow watercolors without even noticing them.

But he was a strong believer in draftsmanship. The necessary first step for the sculptor or painter was to learn to see. One learned to see by drawing. One learned to see the relationship between lines and planes and angles. One must observe the line of the neck, for example, compared to the line of the leg and the angle of a shoulder until, after much practice, one could see and reproduce the complex linear relationship of the whole figure.

In fact, correct observances was so much a part of Soler's nature and training that he used to take me on "seeing" expeditions. At that time the Juárez municipal palace was being remodeled, and in the plaza facing it there was gathered a legion of stonecutters engaged in cutting the various parts of the frieze which now adorns the building. Occasionally, we would drive over to watch them. Each man sat on his own little stool and chipped at a piece of stone, cutting the design given to him by the foreman. They were a happy group—laughing, talking, shouting, hammering. Soler would look on with great nostalgia and at the same time point out to me small details such as how the chisel was held or how the whole frieze would later be assembled from the individual pieces.

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

possessed tact, but around me he preferred plain talk.

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

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

Soler, as I say, was an academician. His whole career (except ceramics) rested upon a solid foundation. Unlike many moderns, who often call themselves artists

before they have acquired even the most basic skills, he was first a craftsman and second, an artist. Not that this in any manner detracted from his art—no, it rather enhanced it. Such was the philosophy which he imparted to me alas! too late to correct my vicious habit of trying to reach the moon before I had mastered the science of flying. One day, as we pattered about the studio, I asked him how he had begun.

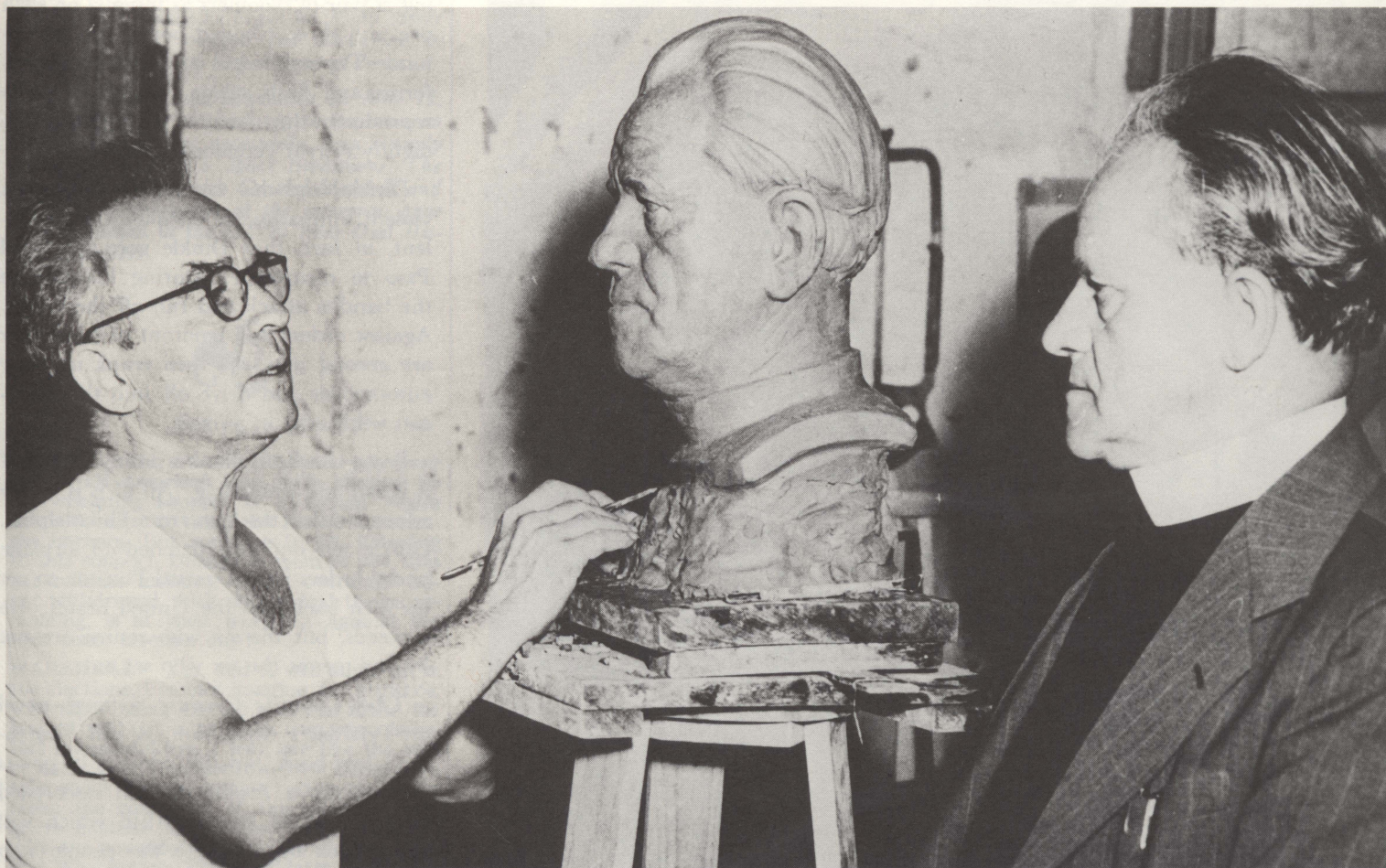
He told me that as a small boy he would sculpture figures of animals using bread dough or marzipan, which his mother would bake in the oven. Going to and from school every day, he passed the establishment of a stonecutter—a man who cut monuments for cemeteries. When he was about ten years old, he asked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

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

Soler spoke often of his years in Germany, and it was there, no doubt, where he really learned his craft. He told me

several times that when Hildebrand retired, he just turned over his studio to Soler and walked out. I imagine that the provincialism so common to many of the Spanish artists that I have known was to a large extent washed off Soler in Germany. He knew and appreciated the works of the renaissance Dutch and Italian masters and, unlike so many of his Spanish colleagues, did not hold the opinion that these masters were all second-rate compared to (deliver us!) Velasquez. Yet, he disliked Rembrandt, or at least considered El Greco far superior. "El Greco," he would say (and here his incorrigible Catholicism would burst forth) "is more spiritual than Rembrandt!" Indeed, El Greco was a spiritual man and it is plainly visible in his art. But Rembrandt was not bound by rigid doctrine that required angels and saints to be painted in strict hierarchical position upon a canvas. Rather, he was a superb craftsman unsurpassed in form or style, whose brooding, melancholic scenes reflect a spirituality gained through personal sorrow. But to Soler, Rembrandt was suspect because he was a Protestant.

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



With his subject at hand, Urbici Soler puts the finishing touches on his bust of Father Lourdes Costa.

[Photo courtesy of The El Paso Times.]

Spaniard whom a Protestant missionary is attempting to convert: "Why should I believe in your religion," asks the Spaniard, "when I don't even believe in the *true* religion?" Or again, "Everyday I give thanks to Almighty God and the Blessed Virgin Mary that I am an atheist!" These stories personify Soler who, while living with a priest, was anti-clerical; and who upon going to the restroom would say, "Excuse me, I am going to the confessional." He wanted to sneak into Heaven by the only door he knew. He believed in his religion with all his heart. Nevertheless, its doctrine hung like a millstone around his neck.

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

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

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

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

"Yes, she would!"

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

Cristo she wouldn't!"

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

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

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

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

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

(Books continued from page 5)

THE TIN LIZZIE TROOP

By Glendon Swarthout

New York: Doubleday. 1972 \$5.95.

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

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

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

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

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

—C. L. SONNICHSEN



Ceramic vases manufactured by Soler.

[Photo courtesy of Baxter Polk.]

a conversation with slam

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

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



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

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

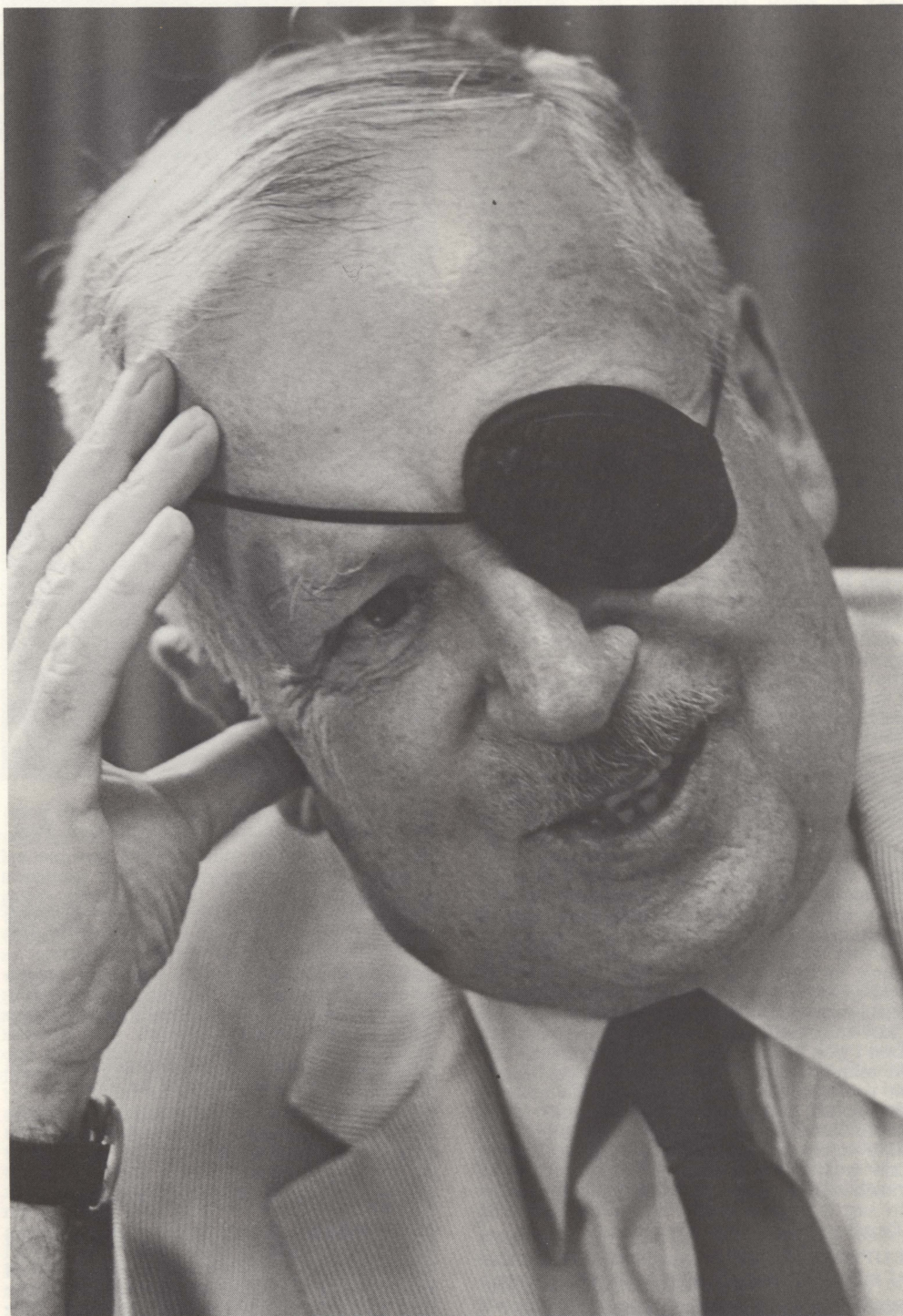
EDITOR: As a newspaperman as well as a military man and historian, what is your opinion of the American press corp's work in Vietnam?

MARSHALL: Let me tell you this anecdote. Some months ago I talked with the Army's chief of information in Vietnam and we discussed the operations of the American press in the war. We have had more than 500 correspondents during the course

of the war, by the way. He asked me how many of these I felt were qualified to be correspondents and I thought back and said I could name about 17. He put the figure at 19. Most of the correspondents over there are more callow than a new police reporter — they know nothing about war, nothing about the services and they are really not interested. The press corps in Korea was much less competent than the one which covered World War Two, and the press corps in Vietnam is the worst of all.

EDITOR: No one would fail to ask you this question, while on the subject of Vietnam and the press coverage there: what is your reaction now to the My Lai massacre?

MARSHALL: My reaction is horrification. At first the word was "unbelievable," as far as I was concerned because I had never had any experience with anything faintly resembling it, in my dealings with combat forces in two world wars, Korea and Vietnam. I covered, in all, 48 operations in Vietnam, varying from patrol size to platoon actions and company fights, up to engagements by two divisions. There was no such incident, so I thought My Lai was a



gross exaggeration. Then I had to get into it and I found out that the stories were in no sense exaggerated — in fact the press was not aware of how terrible this tragedy had really been: the actual number killed, for example, and the brutal crimes that went on in the killing zone, and the fact that a very similar incident occurred at the same time some distance from My Lai. It was an unrelieved horror, a massacre without excuse and there is nothing that faintly compares with it in our history except Sand Creek in 1862, and the Custer fight at Washita. In these incidents there was at least the justification that the "hostiles" had been so declared and there were warriors present.

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

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

EDITOR: Scribner's will publish the book?

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

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

MARSHALL: Oh, yes I have. And incidentally, perhaps I should say at the outset that from a personal view, I learned in World War One that war was pretty easy for me—combat, that is—and that I didn't suffer the stresses that some men do. I went into this line of work largely because of the excitement. I also wanted to find out if my attitude in the First World War was because of my youth and lack of responsibility or because a person is born that way or gets conditioned that way. So I had a chance to explore this from 1917 until 1968 and I found out that if you are in that mold your reaction to battle stays about the same. But what you are asking essentially is my reaction to war—and to peace. In answer I would simply repeat a conversation I had with Leon Trotsky in Mexico City in 1938. I was the only correspondent he ever talked to without donning his doctrinaire clothes. He talked to me as one human being to another and we were discussing the conclusion that both of us had reached that we were bound for another world war. One of my key questions to him was this: "Mr. Trotsky, do you think if this world had only one political system we could have peace?" He said, "Mr. Marshall, are you really that naive? Don't you realize that the seeds of war are in man's nature? His desire to get ahead at someone else's expense? In his avarice and greed, selfishness and meanness? If we could cure those conditions we might be able to do without war. So far as having one political system, I think we might reach world peace in 5,000 years." I have to say I believe pretty much the same as Trotsky did on this one point.

EDITOR: In other words it is a matter of millennia-long changes in human nature?

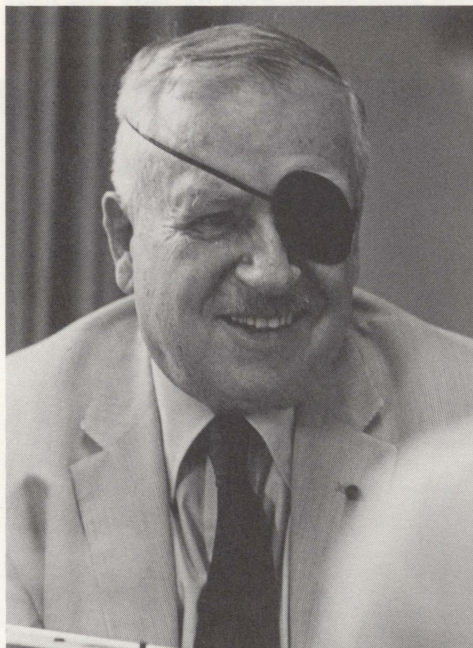
MARSHALL: Millennia-long is right.

EDITOR: Does it disturb you that there seems to be little subscription, particularly among the younger generation, to these ideas? Pacifists would not give you the time of day on such an argument as Mr. Trotsky presented.

MARSHALL: Nothing disturbs me. At my age, I rock with the grain. Dismayed perhaps, but not disturbed... We have had pacifism down through the ages...

EDITOR: Yes, but hasn't it made more impact today than ever before?

MARSHALL: Yes, because of the press and its exaggerated view of its own importance. Let me cite this example: you've read it in the papers that the draft dodgers of the Vietnam war represent the most wholesale desertion of any time in our history, and that it would not have occurred except that these people have a good moral position and that therefore they should be granted amnesty. This is bunk. If you start with a false premise you cannot argue it to an honest conclusion. There are somewhere between 20,000 and 70,000 draft de-



serters in this war—no one knows what the figure is. But take the top one of 70,000. Do you realize that in World War One there were 372,000 people tabbed as draft deserters? Of these, cases were made on over a quarter of a million of them and 170,000 were actually apprehended. Even back in the Indian wars, the figures of desertion would sometimes be as high as 50 percent of a company and the desertion figures of the Indian wars were vastly higher than they are now.

EDITOR: Have you gone into this in your new Indian wars history, *Crimsoned Prairie*?

MARSHALL: Yes, in detail.

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

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

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

MARSHALL: I never graduated from anything in my life. I was a drop-out. The war came along when I was in the middle of my junior year.

EDITOR: What made you go over?

MARSHALL: That poster by James Montgomery Flagg that said "Uncle Sam Wants You!" It bothered the hell out of me; it was on every El Paso streetcorner and I couldn't dodge it.

EDITOR: What did you like least about army life?

MARSHALL: Reveille. I hated getting up early in the morning and still do. As soon as I joined the army I began thinking of ways to beat it and found that school duty was one way. So I went through six schools in six months — grenade school, demolition school, bayonet school, infantry specialist school, gas warfare, reconnaissance. In the meantime I was working up from private to sergeant and my superiors felt this was a mark of great diligence. I didn't argue with them. I don't argue with higher authority on such small matters. I let them suffer the illusion and took all the brownie points I could get.

EDITOR: What was your first combat experience in the First War?

MARSHALL: Soissons was the first large battle I was in, then St. Mihiel, the Meuse-Argonne, and the Ypres-Lys offensive in Belgium. I stayed on in France until September, 1919, then came back, was separated at Ft. Bliss and came on out to Mines and joined the football team.

EDITOR: You had no desire then to stay in the army?

MARSHALL: No, not then, although I had already determined to study warfare as much as I could in civilian life. In fact, I arrived in El Paso almost flat broke, after losing something like \$1100 in a crooked poker game on the transport. I had \$1.50 in my pocket and in walking uptown from the train station saw a book in a store window in the Mills Building—John Masefield's *Gallipoli*—and it cost \$1.50. So I bought it and walked the five miles home. That was the beginning of my military library and I still have it.

EDITOR: What's that library like now?

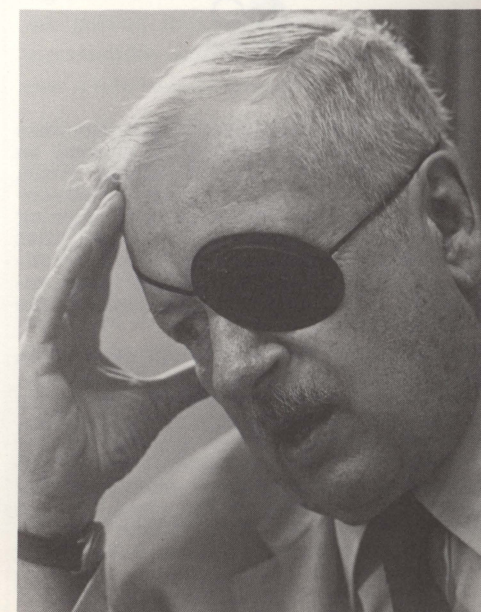
MARSHALL: There are 4,500 books in it. I had the idea many years ago that it was possible to build a library so comprehensive that a person wouldn't have to move out of his house for research on a given subject. This library is why I am able to write a book quickly. I've never spent more than six months on a book in my life.

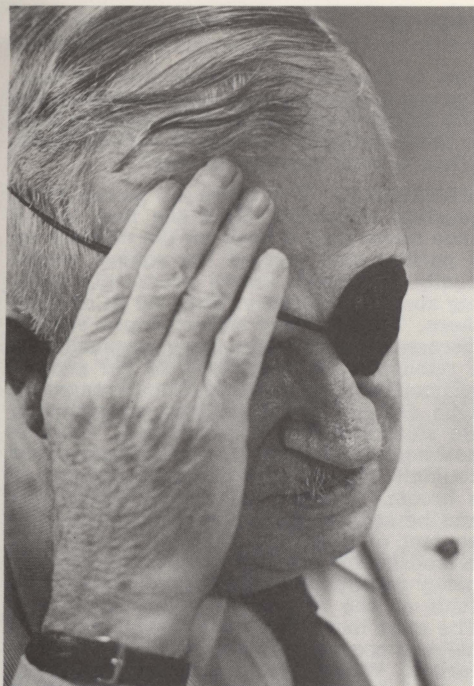
EDITOR: What was the quickest one?

MARSHALL: I wrote *Blitzkrieg* in seven nights. The average book takes me between three and four weeks.

EDITOR: In his book *The Doughboys*, which you highly praised, the late Lawrence Stallings said you were responsible for telling the army that the American soldier was losing his ability to walk. What was that all about?

MARSHALL: This came out of my field research in Korea. In World War One we could march 18 or 20 miles with full packs





and with little stress. By the time of Korea we found this had to be cut almost in half. There are signs of some improvement out of Vietnam.

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

MARSHALL: At the end of World War Two, in my book *Men Against Fire*, I said that firing against stereotyped targets did us little good and that what we needed was collective musketry firing on order, as if in battle. The army adopted the recommendations made in *Men Against Fire* in 1948, substituting a new exercise called "train fire" which is used to this day.

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

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

EDITOR: To move to another name, MacArthur?

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

EDITOR: George Patton?

MARSHALL: I've always thought Patton was at least half mad and that gives him the benefit of the doubt. He was an extremely successful man in two respects. Commanding troops in a fluid situation, he was just as good as they come—he was

daring to the point of recklessness. His other great quality was that he could radiate his personality over greater masses of men than any general in modern times. Men in the Third Army in Europe actually believed that they were fortunate to be in the Third Army since they were serving under Patton. He was an extremely eccentric man. When he got up against strong earthworks, the enemy in a fortified position, he was just like any other general; he had no special magic, and some of his operations were on the foolish side. But on the whole he was certainly one of the great military figures in our history.

EDITOR: Did you have any personal contact with him?

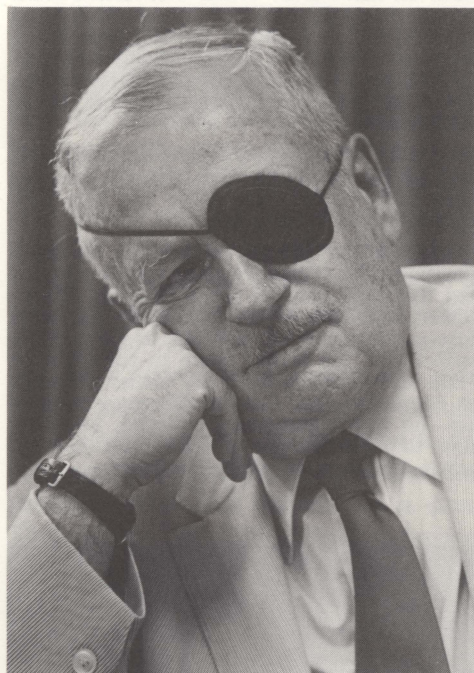
MARSHALL: Yes, several brushes with him and on at least one occasion was able to trump his ace. The odd part of it is that he didn't resent this; he seemed to appreciate it. Patton had a good military brain, even in the classical sense. His writings contain much original thought and are very stimulating.

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

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

EDITOR: What about Eisenhower?

MARSHALL: I think I had a job that was more a test of the Eisenhower character than any other in the European Theater: it was my job, as chief historian of



the ETO, to write the score on him... He was as fair-minded as anybody I have ever known and I would like to add to that assessment this comment: this man was a great strategist and a great tactician and the idea that he was just "a diplomat among warriors" is myth. That he was only a "skilled melder of allied forces" is also wrong. He was a great military decision-maker. The essential, history-making decisions were Eisenhower's, sometimes with nobody else supporting him. He was the one who said the Cossac Plan—the original plan for the invasion of Normandy—was too weak and he scrubbed it. After he was appointed Supreme Commander and the British and American Joint Chiefs said they were going along with the plan, he told them they would have to change it or relieve him because the plan would ultimately fail.

EDITOR: What did the Plan call for?

MARSHALL: It called for a three division front with a two division backup. He said this would not take Normandy and

said it would take a five division front with a two division backup. Ike was responsible for the extension of the operation. We practically failed at Omaha Beach and would have failed miserably if we had used the Cossac Plan.

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

MARSHALL: I was sent on a trouble-shooting job by the General Staff after being pulled out of the Pacific. There were 25 historians attached to the combat forces in Europe and the War Department suspected they were not on the track. I went with the 101st Division and initially covered all of the airborne. Then I found out that most of the historians with the 1st Division, the 29th and the 4th were fudging their jobs. So I took them over and eventually covered all parts of the Normandy Invasion, with the exception of the Ranger attack on Point du Hoc. In simplest terms, I had to determine what had happened to our troops and where they had come ashore; and this was particularly true of Omaha because none of them knew—the whole thing had been mislaid. Finally, when it was over, I knew more about the Invasion than any ten men put together.

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

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

EDITOR: What of Omar Bradley?

MARSHALL: Of course he is regarded as a simple, Lincoln-esque, homespun character. It is a false picture. He is a very shrewd individual and has always been very concerned about power. He loved command spots. He was a great field commander but I would not agree with General Eisenhower that Bradley was the best tactician in Europe, though he certainly earned his five stars. The press gave the impression that Bradley was a warm, simple man who thought along simple lines. He is more complex than that.

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

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

EDITOR: A strange combination for a great tactician?

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

EDITOR: What of the Navy?

MARSHALL: Nimitz was one of the grandest figures I've ever known, a great admiral in every sense and just as magnetic as they come. He had the habit of telling an off-color story just after giving instructions to his subordinates. He would be very tough in talking to his commanders about how they were to act and then he would say, "That's all gentlemen... wait a minute, have you heard this one?" and he would tell a good ripe story.

EDITOR: He was a more powerful personality than Admiral Halsey?

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

EDITOR: I recall your anecdote about him on Kwajalein.

MARSHALL: Yes, when the battle of Kwajalein was over, Nimitz came ashore

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

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

MARSHALL: There hasn't. Historians want to track after other historians and do another book on a familiar subject, but do it better. There are all kinds of subjects lying fallow but they don't want to go for them. That's why an amateur muddler like myself can move into this field and do profitable work in it. There has never been a good biography of George Meade.

EDITOR: Of Gettysburg?

MARSHALL: Meade of Gettysburg. There has never been a study of Garfield as a soldier and he had a remarkable military career. There are scores of books on Villa and none on Pascual Orozco, a far more interesting revolutionary than Villa.

EDITOR: Speaking of books for a minute, what do you keep in mind when writing?

MARSHALL: The profit motive. I write to make money and never hesitate to say so.

EDITOR: You've had the best of both worlds though: success from the profit standpoint and from the scholarship one. Carl Sandburg said, "S.L.A. Marshall is the greatest of our present-day military historians."

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

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

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

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

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

EDITOR: Among the British commanders?

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

EDITOR: Who would you single out among the French?

MARSHALL: Marshal Foch in the First World War was a master of strategy and a gifted leader; General Weygand was a genius, later ill-used by history. He was a

decent, straight-thinking man and not in any sense a collaborator. In World War Two, Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny was probably France's best, which doesn't say much.

EDITOR: Petain?

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

EDITOR: DeGaulle?

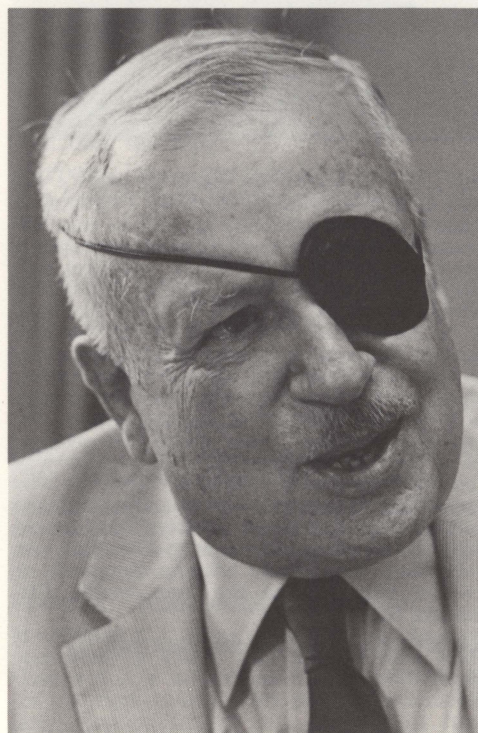
MARSHALL: As far as his battle experience goes he didn't have enough of it to prove anything. As far as his war theorizing goes, based on his one book on the subject, *The Army of the Future*, it proved that he didn't understand modern war. What he wrote about armor was wrong. But as a writer he is superb,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

EDITOR: Churchill?

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

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

MARSHALL: Harry Truman, without question. The three presidents with whom I had the most contact were Truman, Eisenhower, and Nixon. Mr. Nixon, by the way, does a very good job, I think, as Commander-in-Chief. He works more in the style of FDR and Truman than did either Johnson or Kennedy. But I loved Truman in that job—he had tremendous courage, he knew how to organize government and how to use it, and how to make decisions.



EDITOR: General John Kenneth Galbraith wrote a thin book not long ago titled

How to Control the Military. You are familiar with this on-going argument that the U.S. military establishment is badly in need of more stringent controls of various kinds. What is your reaction to this?

MARSHALL: I'll have to parse that question somewhat. So I say first that I have never seen a book on the military by a pacifist that treated the subject realistically. Galbraith knows practically nothing about the military. Then we go on from there. The military suffers from various diseases, one of them being elephantiasis. I remember bumping into an old general officer friend of mine in the Pentagon in 1955 and we had a hallway conversation. He said, "You know Marshall, there is nothing wrong with this establishment that couldn't be fixed with a vacuum cleaner or a broom." I asked him for an explanation and he said, "I mean sweeping about sixty percent of them out of here." The defense establishment upper story is simply top-heavy with people. This is not wholly the fault of the professionals by any means. The most inexcusable mushrooming of people has occurred within the various secretariats. When McNamara went in, there were a few people; when he left, there were hundreds. The same thing is true of every secretary's office, and of the Joint Chiefs.

EDITOR: This topheaviness is mostly in Washington?

MARSHALL: There is not much of it elsewhere. I have seldom noticed the extraordinary sloth and excess that the military is credited with possessing except at the Pentagon. I've had about as many tours in the Pentagon as anyone—about nine or ten. There, about 20 or 30 percent of the personnel are terribly overworked and the rest are idle. There is no happy medium.

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

MARSHALL: It simply is not a valid criticism. First of all, this is an election year and you see and hear these objections in demagogic form. I must say that I have never known the opposition party to play politics so viciously with the national destiny as it is doing now. You cannot conduct war this way. If each step in the conduct of the war were brought up before Congress, even in secret session, each intention would leak to characters like Jack Anderson and the enemy would learn of them before they could be implemented. We've tried to conduct the war this way and that is one reason why it has been such a fiasco.

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

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

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

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

MARSHALL: Any kind of satisfactory solution to the war in Indo-China would be the most astonishing development in my lifetime. □

TCP: SOMETHING NEW IN TEACHING TEACHERS

BY NANCY HAMILTON

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

Student teachers no longer spend their college years sitting through lectures and giving back information in written tests, aiming for passing grades.

Teaching involves more than a headful of information.

Before a person can get a teaching certificate, under the new program, he must show that he can teach successfully in a classroom.

The new standards for teacher certification were drawn up after a two-year study by a task force of teachers, school administrators, and university faculty members.

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

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

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

What is different about the new approach?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

is also related to the State Commission for Professional Competencies.

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

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

Multi-cultural emphasis is given. The institution seeking approval for its teacher preparation program must offer each student recommended for certification a knowledge and understanding of the multi-cultural society of which he is a part.

The TCP project was funded for training teachers of Mexican-American children in grades 6-8. The multi-cultural background already has been receiving emphasis at UT-El Paso.

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

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

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

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

"I want to help student teachers to achieve that level of competency which makes them feel good about what they are doing," he concluded. □

ALUMNOTES

Compiled and written by Jeannette Smith

Chance Williams ('63), producer and reporter for CBS television Network's Western Bureau in Los Angeles ("covering everything west of Denver—all 13 western states") returned to his native El Paso four times in the past year or so. On three of the occasions it was to cover local events for subsequent airing on CBS Network newscasts (stories on lead pollution in Smeltertown, Lee Trevino Day, and the Farah Strike). The fourth and most recent visit was last month when Jefferson High School honored him as Outstanding Ex-Student for 1972.

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

Joseph F. Friedkin ('32), U.S. Commissioner for the International Boundary and Water Commission, recently was named to the El Paso County Historical Society's Hall of Honor. *Mrs. Adella Sullivan Niland* ('35) and *Miss Pat Bouman* ('54, M.A. '55), teachers at Coldwell School, were named to the 1972 edition of "Outstanding Elementary Teachers of America." *Ralph George Marston* ('35) recently retired from the U.S. Government after more than 36 years' service, the last ten in the Agency for International Development. He and *Mrs. Marston* return this month (December) to settle down in El Paso.

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

Doris Sue Potter Cauble ('46) and her husband Larry have been punching cattle on their own ranch in Eagle Point, Oregon, ever since 1968 when he retired from the Navy as captain. "I'll never make a drover," she writes. "Everytime I've tried to move the cattle, I've ended up scattering the whole herd. I've accepted that fact that a cow must have an intellect superior to mine because they outwit me each time." Despite her lack of "drover's abilities," Sue and Larry "love it" on the ranch.

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

Mrs. Reba Scott ('50) is teaching in the Las Vegas (Nevada) Elementary Schools. *Alquin E. Konen* ('50) has been since graduation with De Leuw, Cather Organization Consulting Engineers, was elected to its board of directors in 1972, and resides in Bangkok, Thailand. Back on the local scene, *Les Turner* ('51) is communications manager of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce; *Wallace Lowenfeld* ('51) is a director of the same organization, president of Casa Ford, Inc., and a partner in the Concord Insurance Agency.

E. J. Moreno ('51), employed in the accounting office of Border Steel Mills, Inc., has been appointed by the National Office of Boy Scouts of America to serve on its National Urban-Suburban Relationships Committee. *Michael J. Doria* ('52) and his wife *Billye* ('51) reside in Kingston, N.Y. He works for

Central Hudson Gas and Electric Co. and she works in the business office of Ulster County Community College. *Marilyn Joan O'Sullivan* ('52) is a curriculum coordinator for the Albuquerque Public School District. *Isaac B. Johnson* ('52) is an engineer with the U.S. Geological Survey in Denver, has also opened his own ceramics shop in Wheatridge, Colo. Farther northeast, in Detroit, Mich., *Luis A. Reyes* ('53) is Group Supervisor, Airport Passenger Services, American Airlines at Metro Airport.

Oscar Cano ('54) is director of Categorical Programs, Environmental Protection Agency, Region VI, with headquarters in Dallas. *Charles Wofford* ('56) is managing director of Texas Instruments' Northern Europe Semiconductor Components Division in Bedford, England—the only American who now holds a key position there. *Dr. Raul Rivera* ('56), local physician, was named Ysleta High School's Outstanding Ex for 1972. *Jamie Oaxaca* ('57) is manager of marketing for Northrop Corporation's Electro-Mechanical Division in Anaheim, Calif. *Robert Rowe* ('57) is director of training and education at Providence Memorial Hospital.

John Thompson ('57) is chief of Checkout Automation Operations in Launch Vehicle Operations of NASA at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida. *Mrs. W. E. Peterson*, the former *Mignonne La Londe* ('58 etc.), resides with her husband and two children in Ashburnham, Mass. *Mrs. Sara E. Patterson* ('58) is librarian at Valley Vista School, Chula Vista School District. She and her husband reside in National City, Calif. *David Elias* ('59, M.Ed. '66) is principal at Beall Elementary School. And, *Dr. Orlando T. Garza* ('59) is a surgical intern at Scott USAF Medical Center, Scott AFB, Ill.

Richard C. Graves ('59) is a member of the scientific team at NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center, Houston, which recently took part in the 56-day manned altitude chamber test in support of Skylab. Graves is a microbiologist in the Life Sciences Directorate at the Center. *Dr. Patricia G. Adkins* ('60) is director of Education Professions Development Activities at Region XIX Education Service Center, also president of the El Paso Council of the Texas Association for Children with Learning Disabilities. *Rev. Joel Martinez* ('61) is pastor of Immanuel Methodist Church. *Fred Peinado* ('61 etc.) is an investment consultant with IDC Real Estate.

Nelson Martin ('61), general manager of the Credit Bureau of El Paso, is president of the Retail Merchants Assn. of Texas. *Dr. Francisco A. Vargas* ('63) is a local dentist, specializing in pedodontia (dentistry of children's teeth). His wife, the former *Berta E. Provencio* is a 1962 UT El Paso graduate.

Joseph A. Milchen ('62), a partner in a law firm in San Diego, is credited with submitting the idea of installing a computer system at the border to intercept all cars that might be on the suspected list. He talked to the district director of customs and, much later, each of the two men was awarded \$1,000 after the government implemented the idea and installed the Customs Automatic Data Processing Intelligence Network in 1970. Both men also received certificates of appreciation from the U.S. Department of Treasury.

R. Clark Magruder ('62) is a faculty member of the Department of Art at the Texas A&I University in Kingsville, while at Southwestern University in Georgetown, Tex., *Dr. Judith Marrou* ('62, M.Ed. '68) is assistant professor of elementary education. *Rafael J. Gonzalez* ('62) is on a year's leave of absence from his duties as professor of Interdisciplinary Studies at Laney College in Oakland, Calif. to study the teaching of Transcendental Meditation with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. *Albert H. Evenson* ('69 etc.) and *Carl Smith* ('62 etc.) are recent graduates of the United States Border Patrol Academy, now on duty in the El Paso

Border Patrol Sector. *Gary Conwell* ('63) is head of the public relations department of Mit-hoff Advertising. *Mrs. Janice Seay* ('72) also works in that department.

Francisco X. Luevanos ('63 etc.) is Work Experience Coordinator at El Paso Residential Manpower Center. *Frank Sanchez* ('63) is with Bell Helicopter Co. in Arlington as Systems Integration Engineer, also enrolled at UT Arlington. *Richard D. Hughes* ('63) is president of Richard D. Hughes and Associates Real Estate Insurance in El Paso. *Bruce Lowenhaupt* ('64) is assistant district attorney in the Third Judicial District Office in Las Cruces.

Paul Paxon ('64) is manager of the Non-Foods Merchandise of the El Paso Division of Safeway Stores, Inc. *Odalmira Garcia* ('65) teaches English and Spanish at Edison Junior High School in Houston. *Bernard Vetter* ('65) teaches art at Bel Air High School, also shows groups of his own paintings at various locations and art shows around town. *Guillermo A. Holguin* ('65) is electronic data processing supervisor for Price's Creameries. *Mrs. Carmen Martinez* ('65) is director of the El Paso Girl's Club for the YWCA. *Pat F. O'Rourke* ('65), industrial management consultant, has been appointed to the advisory board of the El Paso office of the National Economic Development Association.

Edward Ochotorena Jr. ('66) is interning with the deputy director for Organization and Operations, Los Angeles County Department of Health Services, in the National Urban Fellows program designed to help meet the shortage of urban administrators. *John Clark Myers* (M.Ed. '66) is an Educational Diagnostician and Special counselor with the Eagle Pass Independent School District. *Michael P. Racine* ('66 etc.) is grocery pricing section manager at El Paso Safeway grocery warehouse.

Ruben C. Ochoa ('66) heads the Department of Labor's Technology Mobilization Re-employment Program in conjunction with the Texas Employment Commission. *Mrs. W. E. Knickerbocker Jr.*, the former *Sandra O. Hargraves* ('67) resides in Decatur, Georgia, with her husband and children.

Mrs. Barbara Nagel Vandeventer ('67 etc.) is one of the first group of women to be employed by the Dallas Police Department and the first woman to be assigned to a police car for patrol work. *Jose R. Garcia Jr.* ('67) is an instructor at the College of the Sequoias in Visalia, Calif. *Thomas J. Winn* (M.Ed. '67) is for the third year teaching military dependents on Okinawa. *Debby Malone* ('67) owns and operates an arts and crafts shop called Dee Dee's Arts and Crafts. *Hector B. Pena* ('67) is with the southwest regional office of the Department of Housing and Urban Development in Ft. Worth.

Jerry Tanzy ('68) is a new assistant attorney on the staff of EP County Attorney George Rodriguez, Jr. *Bob Kirtley* (M.Ed. '68) is principal of Dolphin Terrace Elementary School in Ysleta; *Jerry Cook* (M.Ed. '68) is assistant principal at Coronado High School; and *Raul Cardenas* (M.Ed. '68) is dean of Student Personnel Services at El Paso Community College. *Patricia Waide Roland* (Mrs. Robert R.) ('68) is head of the Speech Department at Caprock High School in Amarillo where she teaches English and speech and coaches the debating team. *James W. Kirby* ('68), professional engineer, is secretary of the State Board of Registration for Professional Engineers. *Prentis Luster* ('68 etc.) is a steward with United Airlines.

Lt. Michael C. Dollahite ('68) is on duty at Nha Tran, Vietnam, as a helicopter pilot and maintenance officer. *Rev. Albert G. Nelson* ('68) is serving in an Experimental Community Ministry in Saginaw, Mich., under the aegis of the Division of American Missions of the American Lutheran Church. *Jim Phelan* ('68) was admitted to the Colorado bar last Septem-

ber, is teaching law at Denver University and is co-author of the book "The Company State" published by Grossman Publishers.

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

Caesar P. Ancheta ('69) is with Hughes Aircraft in California. He and his wife, the former **Ruth Segalman** ('67 etc.) reside in Canoga Park. **Harold E. Crouson Jr.** ('69), as assistant district attorney, is a member of one of two trial teams established by the EP district attorney. **Bob Guidry** ('69) is managing partner of International Ad Agency, a local advertising, public relations and marketing firm. **Mrs. Judith G. Rose** ('69) teaches 10th grade at Moanalua High School on the island of Oahu in Hawaii.

Byron Sandford ('70, M.Ed. '72) is a counselor at the Halfway House at Fort Bliss; his wife, the former **Frances Forster** ('71) works as a foster-care employee of the Texas State Department of Welfare, El Paso. **Mrs. Jill Hainlen** (nee Hammerick '70) teaches second grade in the Brooklyn Park, Minn., public schools. **Joe Dominguez** ('70) is assistant comptroller with IDC Real Estate. **Joe A. Tajoya** ('71) is accounting department trainee and **Gilberto Rosales** ('72) is layout artist, both with Safeway Stores Inc. of El Paso. Rosales' wife **Mary Lou** is also a U.T. El Paso graduate ('68). **Albert Estrada** ('71 etc.) is wholesale sales manager for Price's Creameries. **E. C. "Ted" Houghton** ('71 etc.) is vice president of marketing at Farah Manufacturing Co.

John Washam ('71) is assistant manager of the Electrical Department at Sears in El Paso. His wife is the former **Wanda Weiman** ('66, M.A. '72). **David C. Chavez** ('71) is a probation officer with the EP County Adult Probation Department. **Mrs. Susan Lawrence Wohleking** ('71) is a teacher in the Sierra Blanca Independent School District. **Armando Saucedo** ('71) is regional office manager of TIME-DC freight truck lines.

William E. Jones ('71) is a programmer for Digital Methods Ltd. in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. **Jerome R. Endres** ('71) is a systems engineer at the General Electric Plant in Salem, Va. His wife is the former **Glenda Hammon** ('65). **Mrs. Irma Hernandez Bransford** ('72) teaches Spanish at Cielo Vista Elementary School. **Mrs. Elizabeth A. Vernon** (M.A. '72) is kindergarten consultant with the Texas Education Agency in Austin. **Linda Maurine Simpson** ('72) works at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in the Theoretical Division.

Mrs. Dove L. Dozier (M.Ed. '72) teaches English and reading at Eastwood Junior High School. **Lt. Col. William A. Moore** (M.Ed. '72) is director of the Headstart Program in San Elizario, Texas. **Mrs. Maggie I. Thornton** (M.Ed. '72) is visiting assistant professor of mathematics at New Mexico State U. **John P. McAfee** ('72) teaches English at Christ School for Boys, Arden, N.C. and is writing an article for Sports Illustrated magazine. **Bill L. Gracy** ('72) is with Bixler, Carlton, Dickenson, Rister and Pittenger, local CPA firm. **Larry Kuykendall** ('72) teaches at Bel Air Junior High and was recently a guest singer with the El Paso Symphony Orchestra. **James Wesley Russell Jr.** ('72) teaches at Zuni High School in Gallup, N.M. His wife is the former **Selinda Gemoets** ('70).

A last-minute flood of alumnotes stretches these pages from two to three and begins—the second time around—with news of members of various classes in the 1950's.

In the field of medicine: **Dr. Alejandro Duran Jr.** ('54) is a local practicing physician while **Dr. Curtis J. Spier** ('56) and **Dr. Clarence Hackett** ('56) are local psychiatrists.

Also, **Dr. Catalina Esperanza Garcia** (Mrs. Charles R. Bailey), class of '61, is a local (no pun intended) anesthesiologist. In Albuquerque, N.M., **Mrs. Edna A. McIver** ('60) is the wife of a surgeon; they are the parents of five children.

In the field of dentistry: **Dr. Edward Mapula** ('57 etc.), **Dr. George M. Isaac** ('55 etc.) and **Dr. Hampton Briggs** ('60 etc.) all practice locally while in Santa Barbara, Calif., **Dr. Arthur Nejera** ('57) is also a dentist; his wife is the former **Barbara Broughton** ('56).

Active in the music field are: **Mrs. Charles Stearns** ('63 etc.), **Mrs. Frances Zimet** (M.Ed. '68), and **Mrs. James Guthrie** (M.Ed. '71); all are members of the MacDowell Club in El Paso. And, **Mrs. Fran Franics** ('68) continues her leadership of the local lady barbershoppers, the Frontera Chapter of Sweet Adelines, Inc., which she founded in 1958 and which, since then, has placed among the top three in every regional chorus competition.

Living in Munich, Germany with her husband is **Lenore Gailin Mendelsohn** ('60). Living in South Africa with her husband and children is **Cynthia Lofler Witherspoon** ('60). **Mr. and Mrs. Jerry D. Gilley** (she is the former Catherine Lambert; both are Class of '60) are living in Lafayette, La. where he is a geologist for Humble Oil Co., in offshore production.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Wyrostek, both Class of '61, live in Seabrook, Texas. **Ray Warren**, ('61) is assistant claims manager for the Pacific Division of Texas Employers Insurance Company in Pasadena, Calif. And in El Paso, **Jordan Raileanu** ('61 etc.) is owner and founder of Beacon Homes Inc. and former director of El Paso Association of Builders. Co-chairmen of a new United Fund committee are **Dr. Max Bolen**, coordinator for Science Education at UT El Paso, and **Ross Snyder** ('63), former journalism teacher and information specialist now associated with the El Paso Public Schools. The committee's purpose is to develop long term educational programs that will reach school-age youths in the EP area.

Army Capt. Gabriel C. Armijo ('65) is a professor of electrical engineering at the United States Military Academy at West Point; his wife is the former **Irene Martinez** ('64). The title "Teacher of the Six Weeks" recently initiated by the Ysleta High School chapter of Future Teachers of America and bestowed at the end of every six weeks' grading period on the teacher receiving the most votes, recently was given to **Mrs. Ann Angle** ('64), biology teacher for six years at Ysleta.

Dr. Gene P. Love ('65), a partner in the El Paso Veterinary Medical Group, is also interested in animal psychology. **Mike Bishop** ('65), former featured twirler with the UT El Paso Marching Cavalcade, is director of the Marfa, Texas, High School Band. Yet another former music student is **Thom Hutcheson** ('64) who, in the process of earning his Ph.D. in music at Florida State University, used a parachute, a computer and 112,000 feet of movie film to compose his musical dissertation. He is the creator of a multi-media presentation which includes movie light effects, and music created by a computer, all done inside a tent made from a parachute and called a "Moog."

Capt. Allan C. Osborn ('65) is assigned to McGuire AFB, N.J. with a unit of the Military Airlift Command, and flies a C-141 Starlifter cargo-troop carrier aircraft. And, much closer to home are **Mercedes Hornedo** (M.S. '71), research associate of the Museum of Arid Land Biology in UT El Paso's Department of Biology, and **Mrs. Kathy R. Anderson** (M.Ed. '72), teaching assistant in the Department of Educational Psychology on campus. **Sam Anderson** ('68), Kathy's husband, is merchandising manager for K-Mart.

DEATHS

Mr. James Lloyd Gore ('27 etc.), chairman of the board of Laundry Supply Co., past-director of Goodwill Industries and a board member of the Downtown Rotary Club, died October 10.

Col. (ret.) Howard Earl Byers ('40), vice-president of Property Trust and member of various local community organizations, died September 21, 1971.

Mr. Owen Francis Price ('42), who set numerous records during his football career at TCM, died November 24, 1970, in San Francisco, Calif. A retired Air Force lieutenant colonel (1942-1962), Mr. Price flew some 240 missions in the China-Burma-India theater of war during World War II.

Donald McCabe ('51) died August 22 of accidental inhalation of insecticide spray. Mr. McCabe was a chemist for the El Paso Electric Co. prior to his death.

Mrs. Harriet N. Yessler ('53, M.A., '56), a retired teacher in the El Paso Public Schools, died last August.

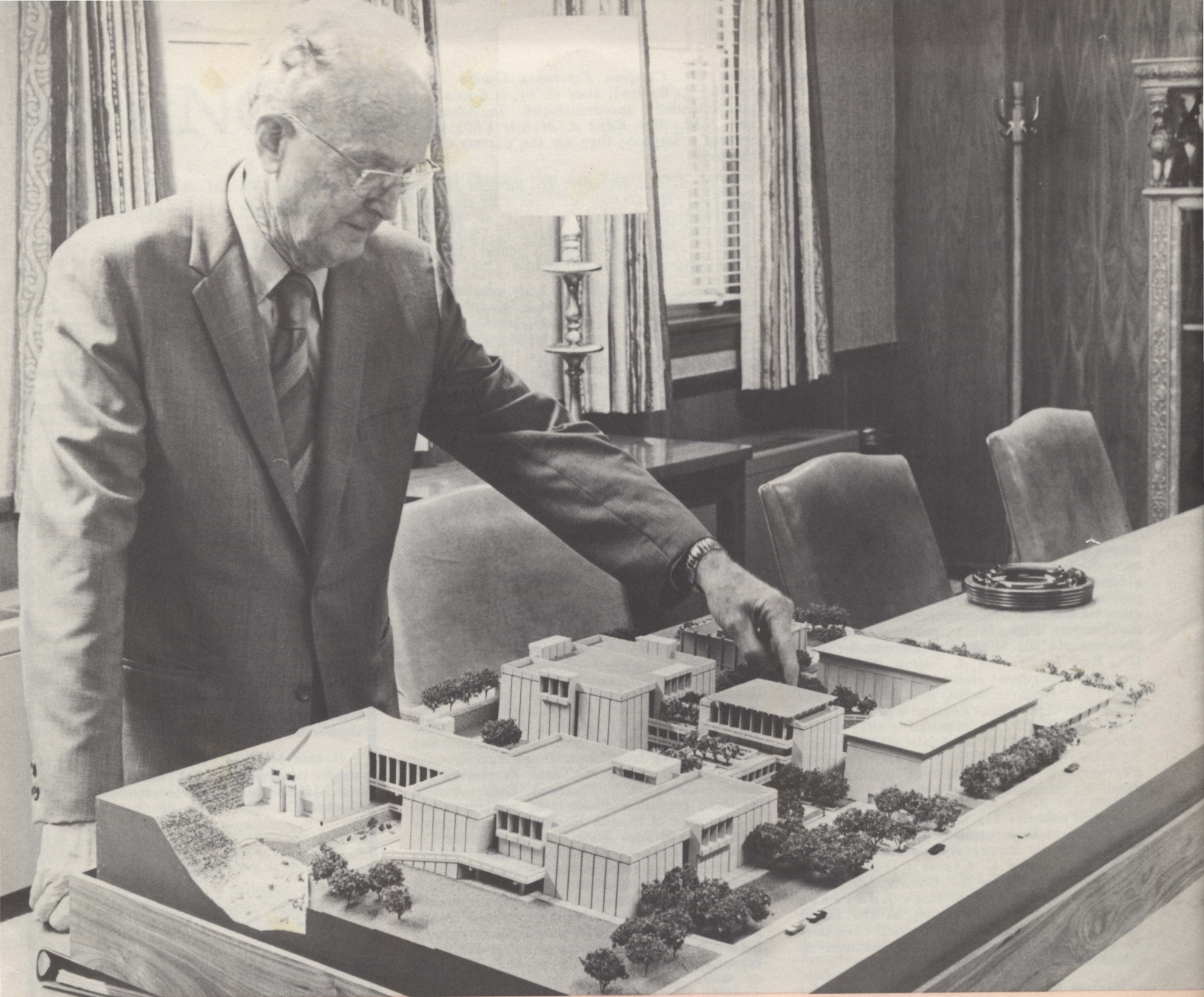
Mr. Roberto F. Limon Jr. ('66), a mining engineer with the Kerr-McGee Potash Company, was one of two men killed November 1 in a dynamite explosion in one of the Company's potash mines located 35 miles east of Carlsbad, N.M.

Mr. Stephen Roland McNiel ('66 etc.), a resident of El Paso for some 20 years, died July 28 in Austin, Texas.

Mrs. Georgia Nanos Culver ('68 etc.), a resident of El Paso for some 20 years, died July 28 in Austin, Texas.

Mr. Arthur E. Planitz (M.Ed. '71), retired Army colonel and head of the Science Department at Andress High School, died August 22. Last year Mr. Planitz was selected one of the top ten high school physics teachers in Texas by the Texas Section of the American Physics Society.

Mr. Ralph Crocker ('72), a radio-dispatcher for the El Paso Electric Company, died August 25 from stab-wounds inflicted during a fight in McKelligon Canyon.



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