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nova

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS
AT EL PASO
MAGAZINE



December 1974

THE VIEW FROM THE HILL



Thanks to *Paul H. Hale*, *Thomas A. Doxey*, *Dudley Mark Berry* and one anonymous contributor, we have begun to compile an ID on the photograph of the 1922 Texas College of Mines Football Team which appeared on our back cover last issue. Paul Hale wrote that, by getting in touch with *Jack Nelson*—No. 2 man in the picture—it was decided the picture was probably taken in September, 1922. Tom Doxey sent a page from the December, 1920 *Prospector*, which contains a photo of the 1920 squad (in which Tom played), a few of the members of which carried over to 1922. Dudley Berry and the anonymous person sent the back cover of NOVA with many of the players identified.

There are still some blank spots, as will be seen, but we have a start toward completing this interesting (and for UT El Paso history, important) task.

According to the numbering on the picture now, here is what we have come up with so far, keeping in mind the code: NFN=no first name available; UNI=unidentified; IID=identity in doubt.

(1) UNI; (2) *Jack H. Nelson*; (3) UNI; (4) NFN *Donaldson*; (5) *Dean Stephen Worrell*; (6) *Dean Cap Kidd*; (7) *Charles Skidmore*; (8) UNI; (9) *Harold Haney*; (10) *Charles Pollack*; (11) *Cleve Stover*; (12) *Frederick Wilhelm*; (13) *Jack Vowell, Sr.*; coach; (14) *Tom Johnson*; (15) UNI; (16) *Arthur M. Evans*; (17) UNI; (18) UNI; (19) *Dudley Berry*; (20) *Carl Temple*; (21) *Bonner L. Cofey* [for *Coffey*?]; (22) *Redus Rhew* [or NFN *Bennett*?]; (23) *H.V. "Swede" Olsen*; (24) *William W. Binford*; (25) *Goodwin Ragsdale*; (26) *Jody McCormack*; (27) NFN *Jensen*; (28) *Tom J. Woodside*; (29) *Tom L. White*; (30) NFN *Ward*; (31) *Pat Clark*; (32) *Roscoe H. Canon*.

So far, this is what we have. Please write NOVA if you have any further identifications (or corrections on those above) of *Swede Olsen*'s 1922 football picture.

Somebody recently picked up on the word "chairperson" in one of our NOVA stories and has been sending us, from time to time, "improvements on the language" which ought, the correspondent says, result from this careful attention to discrimination by gender in the use of such terms as "chairman," "spokesman," and like that.

The correspondent (who must remain anonymous but who is of what used to be called, in the mythology of the times, "the gentler sex") suggested we put some of these in print to facilitate their coming to the attention of the nation's lexicographers. In the interests of a viable American language, then, we list a few of the choicer examples:

Persondalay (the place in Burma where Kipling said the flying fishes play); and also, in the section on place names; *Personila Bay*, where Admiral Dewey said, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley"; *Isle of Person*, where the tail-less cats come from; *Personagua, Nicaragua*; *Personitoba*, the Canadian province; and *Personhattan*, you know, in New York City.

Suggested proper name changes ran the gamut from *Persondrake the Magician* in the comics to *Paul Newperson* in the movies, from *Thomas Person* (the German novelist, 1875-1955) and *Fu Personchu* in literature to *Felix Persondelsohn* and *Yehudi Personuhin* in music.

Less grotesque, perhaps, are these: *seaperson* (enlisted rank in Navy); *G-Person* (old name for FBI agent); *baseperson* (preceded by "first," "second" or "third" as in baseball); *person-eating leopard*; *Roperson* ("Friends, Ropersons, and countrypersons..."); *huperson* (i.e., the huperson race); *personacle* (handcuff), *personicure* (fingernail cosmetology), *personslaughter* (accidental homicide), *personager* (as in "business personager"), *praying personitis* (green bug with triangular head), *persondible* (lower jaw), *personopause* (change of life), *personic depressive* (psychiatric term), and *personifest destiny* (19th century American phrase defending the "right and duty" to push and expand across the continent), *personhole* (the round thing you can fall into if the cover is not on).

Our correspondent suggests that a whole new word game can be made from all this, more or less along the lines of the "Tom Swifties" of some years ago.

To us it sounds like a bunch of personure.

—dlw

COVER:

With the opening of its 10th year of publication, the NOVA staff and contributors extend warmest Holiday and New Year's good wishes to all.

BACK COVER:

That 1922 Mines football team. (See "The View From the Hill" for the IDs.)

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GUNG-HO!

for the Granger Ghost

by Tom Lindley

Sports Editor, El Paso Times

Proving he is the man to "turn the program," Miner coach Gil Bartosh inserted the key and turned it in Salt Lake City . . . again in Arlington . . . again (with an extra twist) in Tempe . . . again in the game against Wyoming. Chances are he will keep on winding . . .

No, it's not true that when Gil Bartosh was being sworn in as the Miner football coach his other arm was busy being twisted behind his back. He really, really did take the assignment of his own free will. Now we see why.

"I know a lot of people thought I must be crazy for walking into a situation like they had here, but every football coach believes he is the one who can turn the program," stated Bartosh at the time.

That was almost a year ago, back when the University of Texas at El Paso football program registered below most weaklings on the prowess scale. Victories had been nil the season before as the Miners had practiced losing on a grand scale, allowing almost 50 points a game to be scored on them. Attendance in the Sun Bowl apparently had fallen off the same cliff.

Thus, when Bartosh was welcomed into the Texas-El Paso family by University President Arleigh B. Templeton, the setting wasn't the rose garden. That would have been too much out of place. Anyway, Bartosh wanted to grow his own roses, nice striking red and sweet-smelling ones, which he promised would bloom in time.

We only had to wait two football games for that to happen. The Utah contest of September 21, 1974 was the one. Beaten by the Utes 82-6 the year before, the Miners vindicated themselves with a 34-7 triumph, snapping a 13-game losing streak in the process. This fellow Bartosh, remembered back in Central Texas as the "Granger Ghost", was on the right track, all right.

But there were more crowning moments to come, not that it was expected of Bartosh, a first-year rebuild. His team, a mixture of seniors formerly experienced only at losing, a transfer quarterback and some just-recruited freshmen, (going into press time) had proceeded to run up three straight victories, including a startling 31-27 upset of Arizona State.

How the man has accomplished it no one really knows. It's not that super talent is at his disposal or anything. Most every game Texas-El Paso has been up against bigger and faster personnel. Bobby McKinley, you must remember, was not



Miner freshman tailback Mike "Cat" Belew

even considered a quarterback candidate by his former school, Southern Methodist University, yet here he is quarterbacking the Miners. Also, nine of the defensive starters frequently were in games last year where scores piled up on them.

Bartosh himself can't believe the Miners have a shot at a winning season when it's right before his eyes. "Back in spring training we were really pleased with the change in attitude of the older players," he said. "But we couldn't have foreseen this kind of record."

Dr. Templeton, determined to make one last run at restoring the Miners' good name, remembered Bartosh from his coaching days in the Houston public school system and, all along, displayed more faith in Bartosh and the team than the law should have allowed.

"You're looking at the coach who within three years is going to bring us a Western Athletic Conference championship," Dr. Templeton said in introducing Bartosh to the press December 17, 1973, even before Bartosh had fielded a team, much less won a game. It was a bold statement but in keeping with Templeton's optimistic way of doing things. Gil Bartosh is much the same when it comes to taking the "partly sunny" rather than "partly cloudy" approach to the game of football.

However, in speaking of this first football season, Bartosh stopped short of predicting X number of victories. "I can't promise a single victory," he advised. "But I think we will be competitive in every game." Perhaps Bartosh was equating the Miners to his own situation back when he was in high school. "Granger was a little school," he recalled. "We only had about 12 players but we still could hold our own against all the big schools."

And now here he was reliving the past, only as a coach this time. Upon accepting the job in December, Bartosh devoted the first weeks to revamping his coaching staff. Line coach Butch Metcalf was the only assistant retained from Tommy Hudspeth's staff but by January, Bartosh had surrounded himself with quality help: Don Smith, Marvin Kristynik, Horace Herrington, Burle Wood, Tom Hardy, and Metcalf.

No sooner was that done than Bartosh and staff were on the road, trying to make up for lost ground when it came to recruiting. He needed players, lots of them, but since the NCAA had just put in effect a limit of 30 new scholarships the emphasis was on quality. Bartosh declined trying to stockpile his team with junior college transfers as had been the downfall of previous coaches. Rather he wanted freshmen.

There were, of course, a few exceptions. Realizing a strong need for a quarterback, Bartosh came upon McKinley. Actually, McKinley made the first overtures. Disenchanted with playing halfback at SMU, McKinley, an El Paso native, had already decided to leave SMU before Bartosh became the Miner coach. After discussing it with Bartosh, he selected Texas-El Paso as his next destination.

"Coach told me that if I came back to El Paso he would give me a shot at the quarterback slot," said McKinley. "That's all I wanted, just a chance." Indeed, it seemed unusual that Bartosh would gamble so heavily on a player who had never played a varsity down at quarterback. But Bartosh had his reasons. You see, he remembered McKinley from high school. When Bartosh was coaching Odessa Permian to a state championship and McKinley was playing for Bel Air High School, the two met in the playoffs. Permian won the

thriller but as Bartosh remembers, "McKinley almost destroyed us that day."

The only problem in resting his hopes on McKinley was that Bobby would not be eligible to play until fall workouts began. That meant going through spring training with the quarterback position unsettled. There was still plenty that could be done, like formulating a change of attitude, adding muscle to returning players on the weights and installing new offensive and defensive alignments but there still was a question as to how well McKinley would fit into the puzzle.

It has since been ascertained that Mc-

FAST PACE—Gil Bartosh, seen here pacing the sidelines, certainly has no reason to turn his back on this football season. In fact, snapping a 13-game school losing streak and beating Arizona State for the first time in 17 years could probably get Bartosh elected mayor of El Paso at the moment. (Lower left photo)

THE BUILDING BLOCK—When Bobby McKinley (11) decided to return to his native El Paso for a change of football scenery, it proved to be the single-most key to the Miners' success. For UT El Paso, anyway, McKinley has become "the ideal quarterback for us" says Coach Bartosh.



Kinley was the missing piece. Named the Offensive Player of the Week in the WAC for guiding Texas-El Paso to its first win on November 2 over ASU in 17 years, McKinley is an odds-on choice to win Rookie of the Year honors in the conference. He started demonstrating those winning qualities as early as the Pacific game and has since kept up a steady procession. Against Arizona State, for example, he passed for two touchdowns and ran for two others. In the Homecoming victory (November 9) over Wyoming, McKinley connected on eight of 10 first-half passes, two of them for scores, helping the Miners coast to a 35-13 victory.

McKinley and his closest companions, his running backs, were the new blood the offense needed. Thrown into the fire right along with McKinley that first week were tailback Mike Belew, a freshman from Odessa Permian, and wingback Tanny Johnson. In a matter of three weeks, Belew had become the WAC's leading rusher. As for Johnson, he averaged nine yards a carry every

time he touched the football. And when Belew was injured in the October 26 UT Arlington game, another freshman, Ray Holt, proved a regular O. J. Simpson by scoring four touchdowns in his first collegiate start.

The newly-laid AstroTurf almost became a "welcome mat" from the start for the revitalized Miners. Although Pacific downed them 17-14 in the September 14 opener, on a last-minute dash by Willard Harrell, the Miners bore no resemblance to their old selves. They had "competed" as Bartosh promised.

Utah was the same story. That in only two games Bartosh and his team could undo that 82-6 stigma by reversing the tables, 34-7, won them the comeback award, no questions asked. It was just as LaFreddie Coleman, the senior cornerback, had said it would be: "We're a better football team than we showed last year. People are calling us losers, but we're going to give El Paso something to be proud of, just you wait."

Not dismayed by what followed the Utah rebirth—losses to San Diego State,



SEEING IS BELIEVING—From the outset, Gil Bartosh has been intent on "turning things around at UT El Paso" as quickly as he could. The amount of study put into the task by Bartosh has already helped him to far exceed his first-year goals. Caught up in the happenings with the Coach is senior split end Mike Walker, foreground. (Upper photo)



Arizona and New Mexico State—Texas El Paso, nevertheless, was still in the middle of a five-game road trip. U. T. Arlington and ASU remained. Bartosh said it was critical that the Miners beat UTA and play respectable against the Sun Devils. The Miners went that one better by bouncing UTA 28-14 and shocking ASU 31-27.

"That's the greatest victory I've ever been associated with," Bartosh reportedly told his players as pandemonium overtook the dressing room. Indeed, it was a dandy. Aside from putting an end to ASU and coach Frank Kush's long dominance of the Miners, it quieted the Arizona press which popularized "Miner Jokes" and said as how Texas-El Paso was an eyesore. The win really was no fluke, either. The Sun Devils did commit five fumbles while the Miners played errorless ball, but the Miners determined their own destiny by controlling the football 11 of the 15 minutes in the fourth quarter when 46,000 ASU fans were exhorting their club to catch fire. Also, before the Miners came along, the most points the awesome ASU defense had allowed in any one game was 10.

So the Miners' Homecoming the following week against Wyoming was a real one in every sense. Rain and cold trimmed what was expected to be a near sellout to the 23,000 figure but there was no dampening the football mood the town was in. "This is what you like to see," said Bartosh. "People talking about the Miners."

Bartosh, we should add, has taken the Miners' new-found success more calmly than most. While the consensus is that he has already turned the program, Bartosh doesn't agree. "We need to have one more good recruiting year before that can happen," he claims.

Sure, McKinley and seven other offensive starters will be returning next season. But what about the nine defensive starters that graduate? The entire secondary, headed by Coleman, is comprised of seniors. The same goes for linebackers where Shannon Thompson and Bill Wallace have performed so admirably. And defensive tackle Phil Harris, nose guard Mike Wasteney and end Grady Ray also are seniors. In all, the Miners lose 21 seniors.

"This is bad because we're void a junior class," mentioned Bartosh. "There are only four juniors on the squad which means when these seniors leave we're going to be hurting for depth. We'll be lucky to have 50 players for spring training."

Recruiting season, therefore, will be more important than ever. The needs are many: a big fullback, some wide receivers to add with the returning "Flash" Collins, several defensive backs and linebackers and most importantly—big, fast linemen. "We will be better off from the start next fall because some of the young linemen we now have will have gone through a weight program," said Bartosh. "By being as small in the offensive and defensive lines as we were this season we got hurt by bigger teams

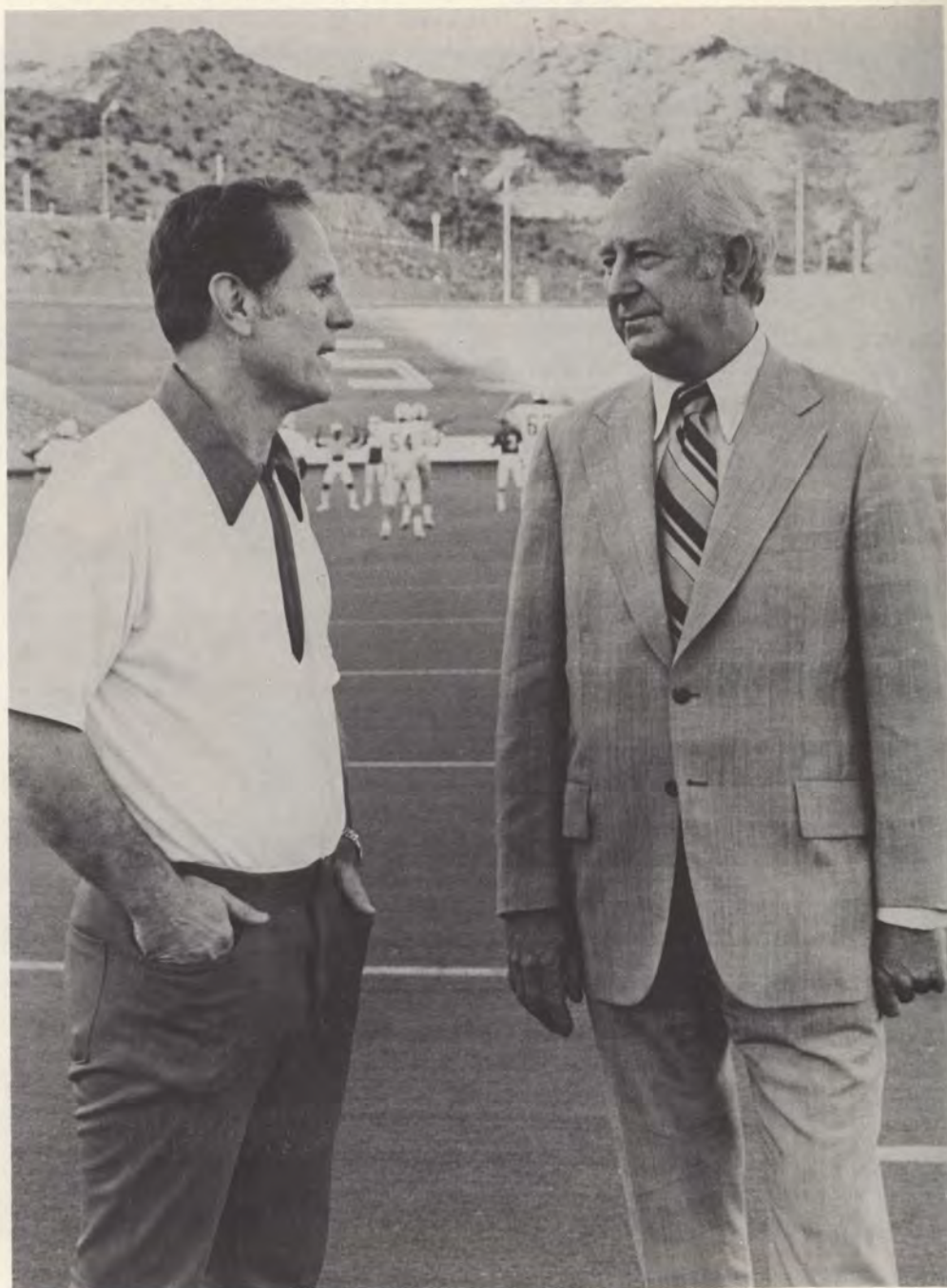
that could control the line of scrimmage. It meant we had to try and out-finesse these people, which you can't always do."

Like this year, the emphasis will be on recruiting home-grown products. Bartosh's ties are to Texas, West Texas principally. "We started working on our recruiting for this next year last summer," said Bartosh. "We canvassed the state and got a line on the top prospects."

In landing such players as Belew, Holt, Collins, Willie Smith and Leonard Hill this year, the pitch was that they could come to Texas-El Paso and start all four seasons. That and the facilities were what Bartosh had to work with. He will approach it much the same way next time. "Our team is a young team but when you lose 12 starters it means a lot of positions will be open next year," explained Bartosh. "Kids want to get an opportunity to play. They'll get it here."

And, unlike in recent times, winning is one of the fringe benefits. □

THE 'GHOST' AND ABT—"You're looking at the coach who within three years is going to bring us a Western Athletic Conference championship," Dr. A. B. Templeton said in introducing Bartosh to the press December 17, 1973, even before Bartosh had fielded a team, much less won a game. It was a bold statement . . ."



The Party

by Pat Esslinger Carr

"The Party," by UT El Paso English professor Pat M. Esslinger Carr, has been selected to appear in the prestigious collection, The Best American Short Stories 1974, published annually by Houghton Mifflin Co. of Boston.

Dr. Carr, a graduate of Rice University (Phi Beta Kappa), who earned her M.A. and Ph.D. degrees at Tulane, taught creative writing at Louisiana State University before joining the UT El Paso faculty in 1969. In 1973, she received a National Endowment of the Humanities grant for research at Cornell University and in Europe preparatory to the writing of a biography of Nora Joyce.

Dr. Carr's fiction is widely published and a collection of her short stories appeared in 1970 under the title Beneath the Hill of the Three Crosses. She has books on George Bernard Shaw and James Joyce completed and accepted for publication.

"The Party" was originally published in the January, 1973, issue of The Southern Review. We are grateful to the editors of The Southern Review and to Dr. Carr for permission to reprint this story.

—Editor

I STEADIED THE present on my lap and took a deep breath that stopped at my tight damp skirt band. The streetcar wheels clicked, clicked against the rails. I resisted the impulse to push back wet strands of hair at my temples and mash what little curl was left.

I didn't want to be on the hot trolley and I didn't want to go.

I pushed my glasses back up my greasy nose and wiped under the rims, carefully, not touching the glass with my knuckles. I had wanted so much more to stay in the porch swing with my book. John had just started telling his story; he was still with Beau and Digby, and we had all been together beneath sun spots of heat and sand, hearing the curses of the Legionnaires, smelling hot leather and camel fuzz. And then I had to splash tepid water over my face, change from my shorts and wrap the hasty present my mother had bought at the dime store that morning. Matching fingernail polish and lipstick whose perfume made me slightly nauseated, but that Jan would probably

like all right. I guessed she would, anyway, but I didn't much care. I begrudged the time I was having to lose. Over forty minutes each way on the trolley, and I would have to stay at least until 4:30 before I could break away politely. They usually played some kind of games until about 3:30 or so before they let you eat and escape.

I looked at the fat bland face of the watch hanging in its leather sheath beside the conductor: 2:20. I'd be a little late as it was and that would mean even more minutes lost at the end of the party; my mother said you should always stay at least two hours for politeness' sake. And I had the other two Beau books waiting in their faded blue covers when I finished this one. My whole Saturday afternoon wasted.

The click of the metal wheels chipped away at my world of sand and dry hot fortresses until the desert sun fell into pieces and then dissolved. I scooted the damp package higher up on my lap. I could feel drops of sweat collecting under my bare knees.

We were passing the cemetery. The gawky stone angels dotted the tombs and oozed green slime. They all had the same faces, the same stone cataracts for eyes. Guardian angels, stiffened and blind.

I settled back against the wooden seat, feeling the wet patch of blouse on my skin as we swayed along. It would be another ten minutes on the trolley and then an eight block walk. My whole Saturday wasted.

When I climbed down from the awkward trolley steps, I realized the afternoon was even hotter than when I had started from home. The drops behind my knees gathered into rivulets that crawled with itching slowness down to the tops of my anklets. Hot branches hung like lank hair over the street, lifting and drooping with a faint hot breeze almost as if they were panting.

Half a block away I saw the house with its tight cluster of balloons tacked to the front door and its pink ribbon trailing from the brass knocker. Up close, I wasn't quite sure how to knock around the pink satin ribbon, so I finally used my knuckles and left damp imprints on the white door.

The door popped open immediately and a lady I guessed must be Jan's mother stood there beaming greedily at me.

"Here's your first guest," she half turned back and called happily without taking her eyes off me. "Do come in," she added to me and tried to open the

door wider except that it was already open about as far as it could go. She reached out to take my arm, but when she saw me looking at her a little dumbfounded she didn't touch me and just motioned me in with her hand. I saw Jan behind her.

"Hi," I said, blinking a little with the shadow of the room as the door closed out the bright streak of balloons. I held out the little package with its moist wrapping paper.

"Hi," she said and took the package. "Aren't you going to introduce your little friend to me, Jan?" her mother said brightly, birdlike, from beside me.

I winced and glanced at her as Jan mumbled my name and held the present in her hands, not seeming to know what to do with it. Although not as fat as Jan, her mother had the same tight curly hair and the same plump cheeks. She said something else bright and pecking while I was looking at her that I didn't hear and then she put a hand on each of our shoulders and pushed us slightly ahead of her into the next room.

"We decided to stack all the presents on the buffet, and yours can be the first." I could hear her beam from behind us.

The room was a dining room, but it was so covered with pink crepe paper I couldn't tell at first. Pink twisted streamers bulged low from the overhead light and swung to the molding of every wall. The tablecloth was scalloped with pink crepe paper held on by Scotch tape, and the buffet where Jan's mother put my present was skirted with more taped pink paper. A massive pink frosted cake with a circle of twelve pink candles in flower holders sat in the center of the table, and the whole rest of the table top was jammed with pink paper plates holding a pink snapper each and a pink nut cup stuffed with cashew nuts. Enough for the whole class I guessed.

"We thought we'd just stand up for the cake and ice cream," her mother's voice smiled around me. I knew we would have pink ice cream with the cake. "We just don't have thirty-three chairs in the house," she almost giggled.

I didn't know what to say and Jan didn't say anything, so her voice added, "Why don't you show your little friend your new room, Jan? I'll be down here to catch the door as the rest of your guests arrive."

Jan made a kind of shrugging nod and led the way out the other side of the room, up some stairs that smelled of newly rubbed polish to a converted attic room.

Everything in the room was yellow. Bedspread, curtains, walls, lampshade on the desk. It was a bit like having been swallowed by a butterfly, but it wasn't as bad as the pink downstairs.

"It's new," Jan said offhandedly. "Daddy finished the walls and my mother made the bedspread and curtains." She glanced around casually, but I caught the glint of pride before she covered it up.

"It's nice," I said. "I like yellow."

"It's so sunny." I could almost hear her mother saying it.

I nodded and grappled for something else to talk about. "What's that?" I pointed to a cloth-covered scrap book. The cover was a tiny red and white check, and I somehow knew Jan had chosen that herself.

"Just some sketches." But she couldn't cover up the pride this time.

"Can I see them?" I said too heartily, but she didn't notice as she put the book tenderly on the bed.

I started turning the pages, commenting on each one. Some of them were bad, the heart-lipped beauties in profile we all tried once in a while in math class, a few tired magnolias, some lop-sided buildings; but then I got to the animals. Round, furred kittens that you knew were going to grow into cats. Zoo monkeys, hanging on the bars, pretending to be people. Fat pigeons strutting among cigarette wrappers on their way to drop white splatters on Robert E. Lee.

I glanced up at her. She was watching me with the hungry expression I had seen on her mother at the door. "These are good." I couldn't keep the surprise out of my voice.

"Do you think so?" She waited to lap up my praise, her mouth parted and her plump cheeks blushing a little.

I nodded, turning to the animals again, telling her what I thought about each one. I don't know how long we were there when she said, "I guess we'd better go down." I hadn't heard anything, but she carefully closed the book and placed it on her desk.

Her mother was at the foot of the stairs waiting for us. There was a tight pulled look at the corners of her mouth. "What time is it, dear?" she said with that glittering, bird-sharp voice.

I saw the hall clock behind her in a brass star. The shiny brass hands had just slipped off each other and were pointing to 3:20.

"I can't imagine what has happened." Her voice slivered a little.

"You live pretty far out," I said, the excuse sounding pretty bad even to me.

She nodded abstractedly. "I suppose so." Then she added, "I'd better see about the ice cream."

She bustled off and Jan and I stood aimlessly at the foot of the stairs. I could see the pink crepe paper through

the door of the dining room.

The silence lengthened uncomfortably and the hall clock pinged 3:30.

"You want to go in the back yard?" Jan said at last.

"Okay."

We trudged through the kitchen. Her mother was standing beside the refrigerator where I guessed she had just checked the cartons of ice cream. "You two go on outside. I'll be here to catch the door." Her voice was brittle, like overdone candy cracking on a plate.

I thought as we filed past that it would be better if she went up to take a nap and could have the excuse later of maybe having missed the knocker. It was getting awfully late.

We went out back and took turns sitting on the swing in the oak tree they had out back and I told her about the book I was reading. I didn't much want to share it, but I had to talk about something. I told her she could have it after I finished even though I had intended to let my best friend Aileen read it next so we could make up joint Foreign Legion daydreams. We rocked back and forth a while, not really swinging, just sort of waiting and trying to limp along in a kind of conversation. I knew we were both listening, straining to hear a knock, a footstep on the sidewalk out front.

Her mother appeared at the back screen. "I thought you girls would like a preview lemonade. It's so hot this afternoon."

"It really is," I agreed hastily. She somehow made me feel awful. I guess it was the word "preview" that did it. As if there were really going to be something to follow, the birthday party when the other thirty-one guests arrived. "Pink lemonade sounds great." I hadn't meant to say "pink," and as soon as I said it I could have stuffed my sweaty fist in my mouth.

She gave a little stilted laugh and I couldn't tell if she noticed. "It's all made."

We waited and took turns in the swing until she brought the two glasses out on a little tray. I saw her coming from the corner of my eye and said, "I bet you can't guess what I got for your birthday."

Jan shook her head, looking at me sort of grinning.

"It's something to wear," I said prolonging it. Then as her mother got there with the lemonade, I looked up, startled, as if I hadn't seen her. "That looks good," I said a little too loudly at the pink liquid. There wasn't any ice in it; the freezer part of their box was probably full of ice cream.

She strained out a smile. I thought I saw her lower lip quiver a little.

"I got so hot coming out here. I didn't know you lived so near the end of the trolley line." I tried to put over the idea

of distance and maybe a confusion about their address. "This is great." I took a quick sip.

"Really great," Jan chorused.

But her mother was already on her way back to the kitchen, into the house where she'd be able to hear the door.

We stayed there in the hot shade, alternately leaning against the rough tree trunk and sitting in the swing until I guessed it must have been about four o'clock or so. We were still listening too hard to talk much.

"Want something to eat?"

I couldn't face that pink dining room with the crepe paper streamers and the thirty-three nut cups. I hesitated.

She must have understood. "We have some cupcakes, in case we ran out of . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"Fine. I love cupcakes," I said hurriedly.

As we came in her mother came from the front of the house.

"We thought we'd have a cupcake," Jan said.

"Oh, yes. That's a fine idea," she began. "And have a dip of the ice . . ." Then her face crumpled like a sheet of wadded paper. Her lips wavered over the word and a great sob hiccuped through her throat. She put her hand over her mouth as she turned and ran toward the hall, and I saw her back heaving as she disappeared beside the stairs.

We pretended we hadn't seen anything. Jan got the little pink cakes from a bin and dished out two great heaps of strawberry ice cream, and we stood beside the sink and ate them.

I had separate sensations of dry warmish crumbs and iced smoothness passing across my tongue, but I couldn't taste anything. But I ate the little cake and the bowl of ice cream and when she offered me another cupcake and more ice cream, I took them and ate them too.

I repeated some of my compliments about her sketches and added more as I thought of them and spooned up the chopped bits of strawberry in the bottom of the dish. We dragged out the ritual until shadows began to ease into the kitchen and I saw by the kitchen clock that it was after 5:30. I told her I had better leave to be able to get home before dark with such a long trolley ride back uptown. "Tell your mother," I began, but I couldn't think what she should tell her mother for me and I stopped.

As we went toward the front door I saw the pink paper of the dining room glowing in the afternoon sun.

"See you Monday. I'll bring the book," I said loudly at the front door.

She waved her hand and shut the door. The knot of balloons jogged, settled lightly against one another beneath the pink satin ribbon on the door knocker as I went down the sidewalk. □

Suddenly, behind the scenes

When the curtain opened on "Suddenly Last Summer" in the Fine Arts Center Playhouse on October 11, something more than a premiere performance in a new theatre was involved. The opening night of Tennessee Williams' play (with its curtain-raiser, "This Property is Condemned") formed a nostalgic look to the past as much as a view of the future of UT El Paso student drama.

In the early days of drama at the School on the Hill, putting on a play was as much a spatial matter as anything else: finding a stage (or a reasonable facsimile) to exhibit the talents of the student actors.

Mrs. Myrtle Evelyn Ball, who joined the Texas College of Mines' faculty in 1929, became the "first lady" of campus dramas when she began organizing student productions. Now retired and living in El Paso, Mrs. Ball marvels at the elaborate productions and preparation of 1974 as compared to those events of 45 years past.

In those early years, most of the College's players were staged in such places as the Texas Grand Theatre, the El Paso Community Center, the auditorium of the Scottish Rite Temple and similar locations.

"Often we didn't even have a dress rehearsal because we couldn't afford to pay the rent for two nights to some of these places, one night for the rehearsal and the other for the performance," recalls Mrs. Ball.

Props and stage flats were rarely used because no facilities were available for their construction. And, on those rare occasions when scenery was necessary, the student actors had to double as laborers in the set design.

"What we lacked in facilities," Mrs. Ball remembers, "We more than made up for in imagination."

Mrs. Ball would take her acting troupes statewide, entering drama competition where available, and the college players came away with their share of top awards through the years. Later, the drama department would continue the

high standards of theatrical excellence begun by these earlier players.

It was in this tradition that the cast of "Suddenly Last Summer" and "This Property is Condemned" performed in the premiere production. The talent, the creativity, and the enthusiasm that inspired in the early era College productions permeated the spirit of opening night.

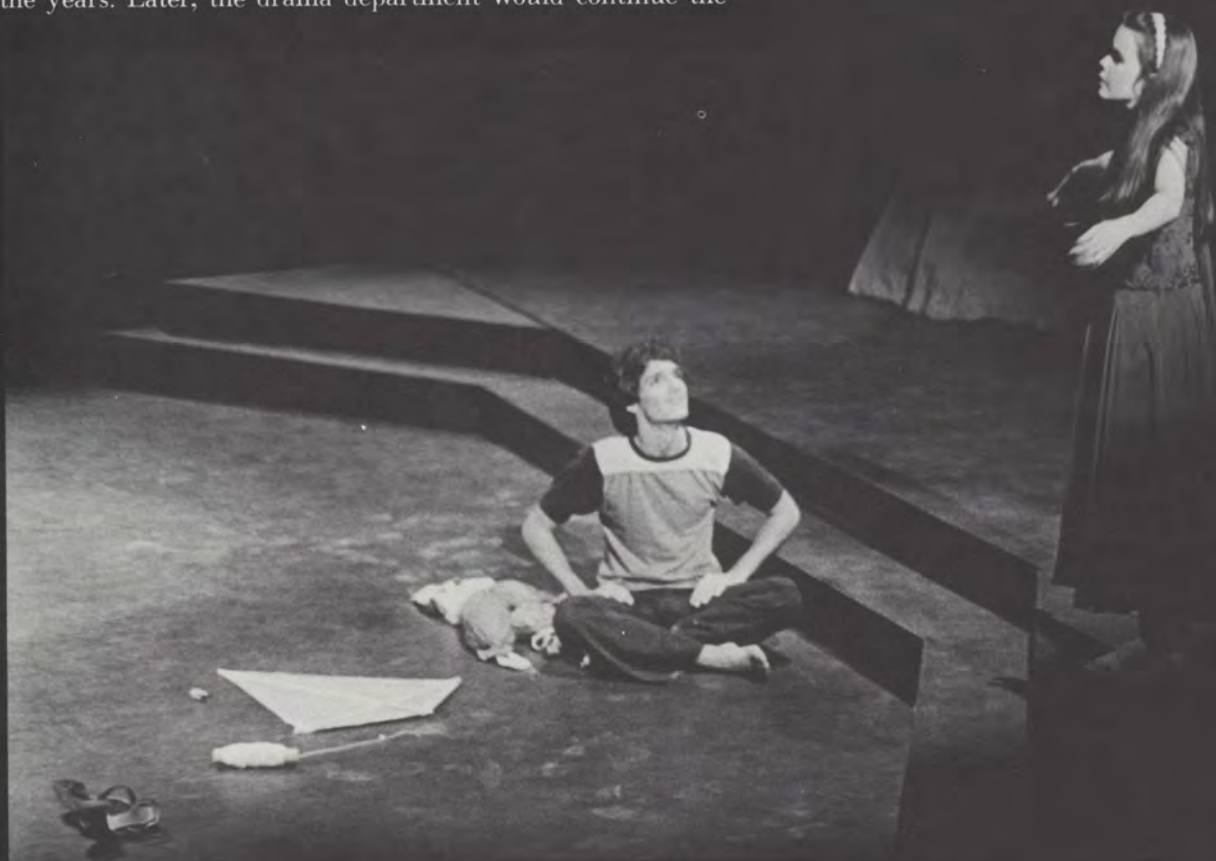
The backstage preparations, the ritual readying in the make-up room, the excitement and the nervous tension before the opening curtain returned as it had under extremely different circumstances in the past.

The cast had worked hard and prepared well under the tutelage of its director, Milton Leech, drama professor. Stage crews worked meticulously on improving the set while in the actor's lounge, the last minute readings were taking place to refresh the memory of jittery cast members. In the control booth above the seating area, the light and sound crew were busy checking cueing sequences and sound levels as curtain time drew near.

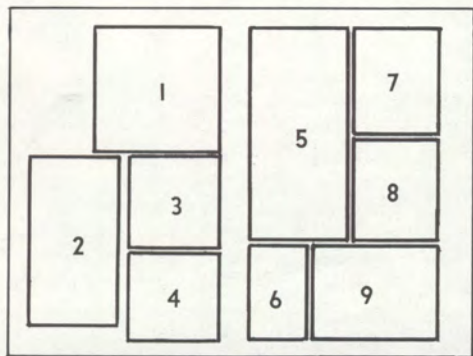
In many ways, this coordinated, behind-the-scenes effort and the tension building preparations were as dramatic as the performance itself.

The opening productions in the new Fine Arts Center took place on Oct. 11, 12, and 13 with the plays on the latter date billed as the main performances. It seemed only appropriate that Mrs. Ball be present on Oct. 13 and have dedicated to her this historic production. □

Text and photos by
Ray Chavez and Peter Ashkenaz



1. Make-up
2. Prop preparation
3. Directors viewing
4. Final script run-through
5. Sound and light director
6. Backstage lightboard
7. Waiting for the cue
8. Enter: stage right
9. The performance begins





UT El Paso:

The Trend in Enrollment

In the face of faltering enrollment trends at many other institutions, the University of Texas at El Paso is looking forward to a growing, perhaps record-breaking enrollment within the next few years. The fall, 1974, enrollment has already risen to the second highest level in the University's 60-year history.

Other institutions in the Southwest, according to current fall enrollment data, likewise experienced gains in student population. Elsewhere in the nation, however, universities are experiencing a significant decline in their enrollment.

An article in the *Educational Record* this past summer said higher education institutions are likely to be laboring in the next few years because the standard student market is down. The article said colleges would be tempted to resort to hucksterism, gimmickry and perhaps the lowering of standards to hold their enrollments or find new sources of students.

Donald Paulson, U.T. El Paso registrar, analyzed current statistics and speculated on reasons for the University's reversal of the national trend.

The final tally of the Registrar's Office showed the enrollment this semester at 11,418, compared to 10,980 students last fall. The current figure is the third highest at the University, behind a fall, 1970 tally of 11,484 and the all-time high figure of 11,927 students in the spring of 1971.

Dr. Paulson believes the growth will continue for a few more years whereas universities will be gearing for lower enrollments and the inevitable reduction in faculty members and college finances that will follow such a trend. He cited the University's uncommon enrollment characteristics, the nation's current economic situation, and UT El

Paso's expanded academic programs as main reasons for the pattern.

UT El Paso traditionally has had a high percentage of students who are El Paso county residents. Dr. Paulson said 84 per cent of the total student population at the University this semester are local residents. Many students who might otherwise go to college away from home this year are apparently staying home because of inflation and the added expense of getting an education elsewhere while not living with their parents, Paulson said.

"The University's expansion of program offerings and new facilities such as the Fine Arts Center, the new Engineering Complex, the Criminal Justice program, and similar developments have helped to increase our enrollment," the registrar noted.

The average age for students at the University this fall is 25, compared to an average of 21 or 22 at other colleges. At UT El Paso, 39.1 per cent of its students are between the ages of 22 and 30 while 16.7 per cent are 31 or older.

"Statistics indicate we are doing a good job of meeting the needs for baccalaureate or master's degree programs for the people of this area," Paulson said, "This is reinforced with the enrollment of older students and students who also have a job and attend school part-time."

At UT El Paso, 44.2 per cent of its students are between 16 and 21. According to national population statistics, 80 per cent of higher education's enrollment comes from the 18 to 24 age bracket, nearly twice the percentage of UT El Paso's students in that age group.

Approximately one third of the University's students attend school part-time for an average of two classes. The other two thirds of the enrollment averages five classes per full-time student.

The freshmen enrollment is also up,

this semester's class being the fifth largest ever and an increase of 10.5 per cent over last fall. The junior enrollment is the second largest class ever and is 2.9 per cent greater than fall, 1973. Enrollment at the graduate level also increased 9.1 per cent over last fall and is the largest class ever and is 2.9 per cent greater than fall, 1973.

The enrollment of students from Mexico jumped a significant one per cent over last fall. Paulson said he believed the increase was due to inflation in Mexico which may have discouraged many Juárez students from attending in Mexico in favor of UT El Paso.

Students from the El Paso Community College who transferred to the University this semester totaled 158, or 3.7 per cent of the entire fall class.

More than one third of UT El Paso's students are enrolled in the College of Liberal Arts. Next, in order of the number of students enrolled, are the College of Business, the Graduate School, and the Colleges of Science, Education, and Engineering. Credit hour production, or the total number of hours produced by the student body, stands at 132,709.

An article published in the *Educational Record* earlier this year outlined some of the reasons for the lower enrollment trend in the nation's colleges.

Demographics experts believe the decline in the number of persons in the 18 to 24 year old age bracket nationally has had an effect on college enrollments. Persons in this age group have traditionally contributed most to the college enrollment pool.

The article cited the recent and well-publicized lack of employment for many college graduates in certain academic areas as also affecting student population. Educators identified the changing attitude of high school graduates toward the need for a college education as another factor contributing to the decline in enrollment.

The changes in the military draft law and its impact on the college-age student is possibly a reason for a drop in the college enrollment, according to the article. Some experts believe the increase in the number of junior colleges and post secondary educational institutions nation wide has taken its toll on the undergraduate student population.

Observers forecast a trend toward the increasing enrollment of older students, perhaps in the 20 to 30 age bracket. It is believed, the article states, that older students will bring about a gradual revision of educational objectives and a change in curriculum more in tune with maturer students.

Paulson said UT El Paso's apparent attraction to the non-traditional college student will probably keep the University away from the factors contributing to reduced enrollments elsewhere. "I foresee our enrollment in the 11,500 range for fall semesters and in the 10,800 range for the spring for the next few years," he said, "By 1980, the available pool of students may slack off but I believe our enrollment will remain stable." □

1974 FALL ENROLLMENT SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITIES

Institution	Fall 1973	Fall 1974	Percentage Increase
Arizona State University	28,724	31,021	8.0
University of Arizona	27,458	28,978	5.5
University of Colorado	21,122	22,846	8.2
University of New Mexico	18,981	19,488	2.7
UT El Paso	10,980	11,418	4.0
UC San Diego	7,951	8,862	11.4

A View from the Danube:

Three Hundred Days in OLTEANIA

by George W. Ayer

Dr. George Ayer, professor of Modern Languages and former chairman of the department, recently returned with his wife from a one-year appointment as visiting professor in the University of Craiova, Romania. In the accompanying article, he tries to answer the most-asked questions about his stay behind the "Curtain".

Romania, a Balkan country about the size of Oregon, is a poor and little developed Soviet satellite in Eastern Europe. Its people are the most isolated, and its government is the most repressive, except for that of East Germany. Commodities and services that are taken for granted in Western Europe are scarce or unobtainable in Romania. Who would want to spend a year in such a place? I would, and did, and am writing this report for NOVA to answer just that sort of question.

For if the Romanian government is repressive domestically, it is liberal and independent in international affairs. The country is isolated, but it is a unique Latin enclave in the Slavic world, surrounded by Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and the Soviet Union. From the point of politics, economics, sociology, or language, Romania—despite its small size and economic insignificance—offers fascinating opportunities for learning.

My own interests lay in three areas: first, studying the Romanian language; second, to experience life under communism, the "other" major economic system of the world; and third, to make a personal contribution to *détente* between East and West.

THE LANGUAGE

Romanian is the easternmost branch of the Romance family. It is a neo-Latin language that survived in the ancient imperial province of Dacia, whose determined inhabitants fell before the Roman legions of Trajan in the first century. In some ways it is the modern Romance language most like the parent language, Latin. It has kept the declensions (systematic changes of form) that were part of Latin, and its complex case system to indicate grammatical relationships. A knowledge of other Romance languages like Spanish, French, or Italian, makes it easy to recognize Romanian words of Latin origin. However, Romanian also has words, sounds, and grammatical arrangements that

come from Slavic languages or from Turkish. Knowing Romance languages offers no help in learning these. For a professor of languages, Romanian is an intriguing challenge.

Life under communism in the Socialist Republic of Romania has its challenges, too. The remainder of this essay may suggest one view of what it is like.

THE WELCOME

The Romanian government has given high priority to cultural exchange in support of *détente* between the Soviet Bloc and the West, a policy of which first secretary (now President) Nicolae Ceausescu was one of the earliest proponents. A modest Romanian-American program of cultural exchange functioned in the early 60's. It was greatly expanded as a result of a new agreement signed in Bucharest in 1968 by President Richard Nixon and Ceausescu. Currently there are about 60 yearly grants for Americans to study or to teach in Romania. Seven of these are Fulbright program appointments for senior American professors of English language or American literature. I was selected in this category and sent to the provincial university of Craiova, the newest and smallest of the country's five universities. Craiova, capital of the traditional province of Oltenia, is an industrial city of about 200,000 people in southwestern Romania near the Danube River.

On September 15, 1973, my wife and I were received ceremonially with Turkish coffee and *tuica* (plum brandy) in the red-carpeted rectorate of "our" university. After formal greetings from the rector, the dean, and some future colleagues from the Department of Foreign Languages, we were escorted to temporary quarters in the university guest house, the former home of a *boyar* (aristocratic landowner) which had been expropriated by the Socialist government. Our quarters in this three-story dwelling, built in the 1920's, included entrance hall with refrigerator, sitting room, bedroom, kitchen with no running water, and bathroom with cold water and an inoperative wood-burning water heater. The bedroom was furnished with cots from student dormitory rooms, the sitting room with gilt French style period furniture and an enormous short-wave radio. The *boyar's* estate, surrounding the residence, is now the university's experimental farm and supplied us with grapes, apples, and wine.

We were charmed with our country mansion, but our enchantment palled when the running water failed, leaving us dependent on a well with bucket and crank for all water. After a month on the farm—two weeks with running water, two without—we moved with alacrity into a downtown apartment provided by the university. We cheerfully accepted limited space as superior to bucolic isolation with no water. With a total area of 270 square feet, our apartment was average in size for Romania, and superior in amenities like heat and running water. We had water from 5:30 to noon and from 4-10 p.m. daily. This program was very liberal for Romania, whose water distribution systems are inadequate in most cities. Our building was favored because it was well located and housed important local Communist Party dignitaries whose position entitled them to exceptional privileges. These same people, or others equally powerful, must have had a hand in getting the apartment for us. The previous tenants had been summarily evicted, without explanation. I found this out later from a student who was a friend of the evicted family. There was no resentment toward us. Romanians are inured to arbitrary actions by official agencies and accept these actions with total resignation.

THE PARTY

In Romania, as in the other East Bloc countries, the Communist Party is all-powerful, the dominant institution of the nation and the only truly viable institution. Commercial and industrial enterprises, labor unions, social organizations, religious groups, children's and young people's organizations, all are subordinated to the State, which is run by the Party. Even the churches, although permitted to exist and to function, are controlled since the State pays the salaries of the priests.

In education, Party control is as complete as elsewhere, although perhaps more discreet. Endorsements from Party officials are required for students to enter special programs, including graduate school. One must be politically clean to study for a doctorate in any subject. University faculty members attend monthly ideological orientation meetings conducted by the Department of Scientific Socialism. As a visitor I was exempt from these meetings, but I did have to present complete course outlines for approval in advance. My proposals

were approved promptly and completely. The content of my lectures was not controlled but the machinery for control was in good order.

In the fall semester I was assigned two classes, American Civilization and Applied Linguistics. The Civilization class was attended by a mixed audience of some 25 future teachers of French and Romanian. The Applied Linguistics class consisted of four future teachers of English. These four women were finishing the last semester of the university's English program, which was being phased out. Since I had been hired to teach in this program, I was surprised to learn that it would not continue. So were the American cultural exchange program administrators and the officials of the Romanian Ministry of Education in Bucharest, the central authority over all educational programs in the country. Craiova was eager to have a visiting professor of English, but had cancelled its major in English.

Political factors explain the inconsistency. The Party authorities in Craiova follow a conservative hard line of Communist orthodoxy that does not cotton to newfangled liberal policies like *détente*. For Communists of this sort, English is the language of capitalistic imperialism. The Faculty of Philology of the University of Craiova, under a dean who was educated in the Soviet Union, pursues a cautious course. English is still taught as an elective subject, on the same basis as Russian, Italian or Bulgarian, but not like French or Romanian in which there is a degree program for students being trained to be school teachers. Craiova accepted the prestigious visiting professorship while terminating the program in English that the visiting professor could strengthen.

This anomaly has its economic aspect. The Romanian Ministry of Education authorized a top salary for the American professor at Craiova, 4,000 *lei* a month. Only the dean of the college made more. How do I know? Because salaries are paid publicly in cash. Everybody can see what everybody else makes. Incidentally, my 4,000 *lei*, worth about \$280 in U. S. currency at the official rate of exchange, was plenty for us to live on, and I drew an additional salary from the U.S. Department of State. However, the point here is that the Faculty of Philology of the University of Craiova was committing its highest professor's salary to a program it had discontinued.

THE UNIVERSITY

Despite the official indifference to English, university students are eager to learn the language, although their weekly schedule of 30 class hours does not give them much time for elective subjects. In addition to undergraduates

from the university, my Civilization class attracted as many as 20 high school students of English, working to improve their chances of success in taking examinations for admission to English programs on the university level. These students were forced to go to universities other than Craiova for their degree programs in English.

In the spring semester, I was allowed to organize three special classes in English, one for university teachers of English, one for high school teachers of English, and one for university teachers of other subjects. The Dean helped me recruit school teachers. He also helped my effort to build a seminar library in English by providing me with an office about 30 by 15 feet in area and had it furnished with hand-welded iron bookcases, made to order by the Physical Plant department. Instinctive Romanian courtesy and the desire to help a foreigner won out over the official institutional attitude of coolness toward English.

Such courtesy can be found everywhere. Romanians are hospitable to foreigners and their isolated state makes them curious about the outside world. Consequently, they make unusual efforts to accommodate foreigners and leave most visitors with a warm sense of gratitude. Shopkeepers count out your change for you, pedestrians lead you to your destination, shops serve you ahead of Romanians. My barber shop in Craiova displayed a sign telling workers that accepting tips would undermine the Socialist ideal, and commanding them to serve tourists before Romanians. The barbers, like other serving people through out the country, took a tip if it was preferred discreetly. They undermined the socialist ideal, but they served the foreigner first.

THE STUDENTS

As for students, there exist certain generational traits that transcend national frontiers and even the great political systems of the world. Communist students have much in common with capitalist students. Both groups are eager to make contact with the rest of the world, to reach out for knowledge. They share world-wide cultural manifestations in music and in clothing styles. However, there is little chance that they will reject the political system in which they were formed, since they learn little about other systems and since their attitudes will eventually evolve from discontent to complacent orthodoxy.

In class, Romanian students are submissive, polite, compliant. They stand up to recite. After class, they wait until the professor leaves the classroom before leaving themselves. Since they get into the university by competitive examinations which admit about ten percent of the applicants, they are smart and hard-working. Most of them know at least one foreign language and many know several. They speak them with diffidence and sometimes with a quaint accent because they have had little practice. Those who specialize in languages at the university have typically studied their major foreign language for eight years in school before taking the university entrance examination. Once admitted, the student's university education, including tuition, fees, board and room, is completely subsidized by the State. After graduation, he is eligible for the best jobs: working in a ministry of the government; or as a teacher, which in Romania is a prestigious and well paid profession.

(Continued on Page 14)



LA JUNTA DE LOS RIOS DEL NORTE Y CONCHOS by Howard G. Applegate and C. Wayne Hanselka. El Paso: Texas Western Press of The University of Texas at El Paso. [Southwestern Studies #41], 1974, \$3.

This monograph with the strange name is an historical treatment of the twin border cities of Presidio, Texas and Ojinaga, Mexico. The authors are both engineers who spent considerable time in Presidio working on the use of pesticides in the area. Both became interested in the history of the area and it is apparent that this monograph reflects a deep affection for a neglected and forgotten part of the Southwest. In fact, it wasn't until this reviewer read the monograph that he had any idea of the historical importance of La Junta in the development of this region.

One learns, for example, that La Junta may be the oldest cultivated land in Texas, that the first Christmas service was held at the junction of the two rivers, and that the first corn and beans may have entered North America through La Junta. There are brief descriptions of the various Indian tribes who lived in the area, including the Mogollon, Anasazi, Patarabueye, Jumanos, Apache and Comanche. The first Spaniard to visit La Junta was Cabeza de Vaca who passed through the junction on his odyssey to Mexico. From that point on the story is a familiar one as the Spanish attempted to settle the area through a series of military expeditions and mission establishments. The Indians became little more than subjects for slavery for the *conquistadores* or objects for conversion by the priests. At the authors state, "a long and acrimonious debate between cross and crown took place: slaves and silver or saving of souls."

Eventually the military significance of the Junta was recognized and efforts were made to establish military garrisons—*presidios*. From that point forward La Junta was to play important roles in subsequent military involvements, including the Civil War and the Mexican Revolution. In the latter case Presidio served as a base for the First Bombardment Group which was the first time U.S. planes engaged in combat. It also served as a continual refuge for those who were fleeing the armies of Pancho Villa.

Perhaps the most interesting tale is the development of the Chihuahua Trail

which extended from the Gulf of Mexico at Indianola to Chihuahua and served as a major path for development of the Southwest through most of the 19th century. In fact the Chihuahua Trail at one time carried far more traffic than the better known Santa Fe Trail and in 1869 the volume of trade in Presidio was three times as large as El Paso. The hazards of the Trail are described in detail, including the lack of adequate roads, the dearth of water supplies, and the occasional forays of hostile Indians. Descriptions of the types of wagons employed on the Trail makes one wonder how the traders ever managed to complete the trip. The completion of the railroad through El Paso in the 1880's eventually sealed the fate of La Junta and since then it has been little more than an exotic visiting place for the adventurous tourist.

For this reviewer the monograph proved to be a brief and very readable introduction to an important historical aspect of the Southwest. Perhaps we need more studies such as this which will help the reader become more interested in the history of the region and better explain the interdependency of the border.

—C. RICHARD BATH

GUNFIGHT AT BLAZER'S MILL by Colin Rickards. El Paso: Texas Western Press of The University of Texas at El Paso [Southwestern Studies #40], 1974, \$3.

North of El Paso as Route 70 enters the Lincoln National Forest and begins meandering toward Ruidoso, New Mexico, there stands on your right an obscure historical marker pointing out the original location of Blazer's Mill. Most folks pay little attention as they whiz past in air-conditioned comfort, nor do they glance leftward toward the high ridge line and the rotting cemetery headboards, crumbling and camouflaged among the pines and high grasses. But on this site, nearly a century ago, occurred one of the West's classic gunbattles.

The shootout did not stem from an act of passion or of hate, nor was it an isolated incident unto itself, with no beginning except gunfire and no ending except death. It was a part of an overall tragedy which historians have dubbed the Lincoln County War. By itself the gunfight would be without meaning or interpretation, but Rickards has wisely incorporated it within the context of the larger picture.

Repercussions reached all the way to Great Britain with stops at Washington, D. C. and Santa Fe. This conflict started Billy the Kid on his way to notoriety, and it stopped short the career of Dick Brewer who, had he survived the gunbattle, might have become even more famous than the Kid. Ignoring the

larger implications, this is the story of Andrew L. "Buckshot" Roberts, whose sole claim to fame lies in his fierce resistance against overwhelming odds during this one-day battle.

Roberts came from God-knows-where to end his existence on this rugged, windswept hillside. Crippled by a load of buckshot in his youth, on this day he held at bay 15 of the Southwest's most dangerous gunmen. Though critically wounded, he forced his attackers to retreat, leaving behind their dead, taking with them their wounded.

The battle marked an end and a beginning of a Lincoln County War era. Until that moment it appeared the forces represented by Billy the Kid and lawyer Alexander McSween might be victorious. The gunfight at Blazer's Mill turned the whole course of the struggle around.

Rickards is an Englishman now living in Canada, a man with a life-long interest in the American west. This excellent volume marks his third Southwestern Study, the others being *Buckskin Frank Leslie: Gunman of Tombstone* (now out of print), and *Charles Littlepage Ballard: Southwesterner*. The author writes with a distinctive style, and this combined with remarkable researching ability is sure to mark him as one of our rising young Southwestern historians.

—LEON C. METZ

DR. LAWRENCE A. NIXON AND THE WHITE PRIMARY by Conrey Bryson. El Paso: Texas Western Press of The University of Texas at El Paso [Southwestern Studies #42], 1974, \$3.

"I know you can't let me vote, but I've got to try."

With this simple statement in an El Paso polling place on July 26, 1924, Dr. Lawrence A. Nixon quietly began opening the doors to closed voting privileges for Negroes in the United States.

While Negroes had become active in politics after the Civil War, their influence had waned by the turn of the century. In Texas their once-considerable political power was negligible. Organized activities against blacks, especially the Ku Klux Klan movement in the 1920's, were a part of the public feeling that led to Texas legislation in 1923 that disenfranchised the Negro.

Dr. Nixon, a physician and respected member of the El Paso community, had voted regularly over a period of years. Since Negroes here were a minority of three per cent or less, they had constituted no political threat. But when the time came to test the new state law, Dr. Nixon was willing to bring the historic lawsuit.

He had come to El Paso in 1910, the same year he had joined the fledgling NAACP. Fourteen years, later, he and

his El Paso attorney, Fred Knollenberg, cooperated with the NAACP in taking the case of Nixon vs. Herndon to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the opinion in a unanimous ruling in favor of Dr. Nixon.

In the wake of the subsequent lower court's awarding of damages to Dr. Nixon (\$1 and court costs), a new strategem was tried by the State of Texas. The Legislature spelled out the right of a political party to determine who its membership might be and the Democrats promptly specified "white."

When Dr. Nixon went to vote in the 1928 Democratic primary he was again excluded, although the Republicans had no primary and this was the effective choice of national, state and local candidates.

The second suit he agreed to file was against the election judges, James Condon and C. H. Knolle, and again it was ruled on by the Supreme Court. Justice Benjamin Nathan Cardozo had been a member of the Court less than two months when he gave the majority opinion. It stated in part that "The 14th amendment, adopted as it was with special solicitude for the equal protection of members of the Negro race, lays a duty upon the Court to level by its judgement these barriers of color."

The nation was still not ready to accept the idea of equality for the black man, however. Not until 1944 did the Supreme Court, with new and more liberal members, make it clear that a political party could not be considered a private organization conducting elections for its closed membership. It took twenty years for Dr. Nixon's first step to open the door all the way.

Conrey Bryson, who has taught history at UT El Paso, during his career as a newsman had occasion to keep up with the developing story of these interesting legal cases. As he points out, few El Pasoans are aware that this important challenge to the treatment of Negroes originated here.

Bryson has done a careful job of research and interpretation of the frequent vagaries of the court rulings and the self-questioning of the attorneys about the handling of the case. The Nixon papers are now in the Lyndon B. Johnson Library in Austin.

One of the doctor's daughters, Edna, now Mrs. W. J. McIver of Albuquerque, attended UT El Paso.

The doctor died in 1966 at 82. His widow, who cooperated closely with Bryson in telling the story, still lives in El Paso.

The lawsuits of Dr. Nixon are important in our nation's history. Like the doctor himself, his court actions were selfless, quiet, and in the interest of helping others. Bryson has done an excellent service in reminding people, especially here in the El Paso area, that the early court cases in the long struggle for voting rights were born of the hopes of this remarkable man.

—NANCY HAMILTON

OLTENIA—(Continued from Page 12)

THE LIFE

For the foreign professor, and even more for his wife, the most challenging aspect of life in Romania is simply maintaining a household routine. Every household need must be shopped for skillfully and persistently since the state-controlled economy is plagued with shortages. With more than 20,000,000 inhabitants, Romania is heavily populated. The cities are crowded and streets, sidewalks, shops, markets, movies, and restaurants are thronged. Shortages and crowds mean lines. If you find the item you need you wait in line to buy it. If you see a line, get in it, even if you don't know what its for. Chances are you need the item, same as everybody else. From September through December we saw no meat except pork. After Christmas, beef appeared occasionally. Lamb was available in our city market in spring time—live on the hoof, only. Since we had no place to slaughter and dress a lamb, we went lambless. Probably every staple food commodity was unavailable to us at one time: flour, sugar, eggs, oil, lard, butter, margarine. Only bread was in constant supply. And the other foods were never all out together. One week one thing, the next, another, so one did not face complete deprivation.

This sort of merchandizing turns the householder into a hunter and gatherer. I walked to and from the university carrying a shopping bag—never provided in stores—in case I happened upon a scarce commodity, something that Mrs. Ayer might not have found during her shopping outings. We are talking about basic products—fruits, vegetables, meat, staple foods—since "convenience" products like mixes or frozen dishes are still in Romania's future.

For foreigners, who are unlikely to be included in Romanian social gatherings, Craiova offers few diversions. There is an excellent national theater, a puppet theater, and frequent lectures, none of which are entertaining if you don't know Romanian. Movies are shown in the original language with Romanian subtitles. Many are in English, but they run to old John Wayne westerns. We relied mostly on books and television to fill our evenings. There is one television channel everywhere in Romania except Bucharest, which has two. Besides the Romanian channel, we could get Sofia, Bulgaria, when the

weather was right. One night we watched a Hungarian movie with Bulgarian subtitles. Romanian television programming runs heavily to economic reports on five year plans and detailed accounts of the actions and speeches of the president and other Party bigwigs, with lots of footage of tractors or blast furnaces. There are also musical, dramatic, educational, and comedy programs, together with movies. The television highlight of the week was *Mannix* every Saturday at 9 p.m., prime time. In January, *Mannix* was replaced by *Columbo* in the same time slot. Both were in English, with Romanian subtitles. First *Mannix*, then *Columbo*, was the most popular single program in Romania, hands down. A joke went around about a peasant who didn't recognize President Ceausescu. "Everybody knows who I am. I am on television all the time," the president said. "Oh, now I know," answered the peasant, "you must be Mannix." In June, *Columbo* was replaced by a Romanian serial. We were getting ready to leave, so we weren't too sad. But Romanian television will not be the same.

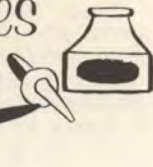
This account, like our working life, centers on Craiova. We got away on frequent trips to Bucharest and elsewhere. Few Romanian cities are not in some way more attractive than our "home" city. One should not judge Romania by Craiova. Bucharest has some of the attributes of other European capitals; the Black Sea coast is rich in archaeology and fine beaches, the Transylvanian communities are fascinatingly faithful to the linguistic and cultural heritage of their German or Hungarian founders; the landscapes of the Carpathian mountains or the Danube Valley are varied and appealing. Life might be easier in a more cosmopolitan city like Timisoara, Cluj, or Bucharest, but perhaps not so typically Romanian.

Be that as it may, we were assigned to Craiova and we worked to make the cultural exchange program a success there. In tangible terms, we left for the University of Craiova an American Library of about 500 volumes which we had scrounged from the U.S. government and from private sources during the year. On the intangible level, we had interacted socially or professionally with some hundreds of Romanians who had never before met an American. I hope we left them with a positive image of us and of our country. If we did, and if we helped in a small way to advance *détente*, we can count our effort a success. □

Alum Notes

Compiled and Written by

Jeannette Smith



Annie Lou Cole Anderson ('37) phoned the NOVA office soon after the appearance of our last issue to tell us how much she liked it—and how much she appreciated seeing her friend Eleanor Duke selected as Outstanding Ex. During the course of the conversation, Mrs. Anderson explained that she is the first of four UT El Paso graduates from the Anderson household. Her daughter, **Laura Anderson Nugent** ('58) resides now in San Diego where she keeps busy raising her four children. Mrs. Anderson's son **Sam Anderson** ('68) worked his way through UT El Paso by helping trainer Ross Moore keep the football players in shape and he is now associated with the K-Mart chain in Covina, Calif. Sam's wife, **Cathy Hallek Anderson** ('69) was a Top Ten Senior at UT El Paso and furthermore, earned her master's degree here in 1972.

CLASS OF 1931:

John Payne Jr. is a mining engineering consultant for AMAX, Inc., in New York City, a partner in the Discount Agate House in Tucson, Ariz., travels a great deal and also spends many hours gardening at his home in Old Lyme, Conn.

CLASS OF 1932:

Patrick Lee Lockridge is a retired mining engineer and resides in Sinton, Tex.

CLASS OF 1933:

Emily Tessier Zillich (M.A. '58) teaches ninth grade science at Hillcrest Junior High School.

Leon A. Rosenfeld Jr. is a Hearing Officer for the State of California's Department of Benefit Payments (formerly Social Welfare) in Los Angeles, Calif.

Corinne Howell Wolfe is a professor of social work at New Mexico Highlands University and a consultant in social work to various departments in graduate and undergraduate schools.

CLASS OF 1934:

Alan A. Sharp is a retired mining engineer and works as a real estate agent for the County of Sacramento, Calif.

H. M. Sonnichsen is a chemical consultant, particularly in the area of adhesives, and works mostly in Switzerland, Germany, Iran, Mexico and Taiwan. His home is in Arlington, Mass.

Mrs. Jane Whitlock Walshe is retired from the El Paso Public Schools after 35 years' service, 13 of those in supervisory and three years in administrative work.

Mrs. George W. Reis, the former Jean Stevenson, resides in Seattle, Wash.

Sheldon P. Wimpfen recently presented a paper to the International Mining Congress in Peru. His home is in Arlington, Va.

CLASS OF 1935:

Marguerite Flint Martin resides in Dallas and does substitute teaching. Her husband **James R. Martin** ('48) is director of the Postal Data Center and was recently named "Federal Career Man of the Year" by the Dallas Federal Business Association. Their son **Ronald** ('62) has returned to his home in Houston after working as a geo-

physicist for Exxon at Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, England.

Ralph George Marston is retired after 35 years' service with the U.S. Agency for International Development.

CLASS OF 1937:

Marjorie Williams Krutilek (M.Ed. '69) teaches fourth grade at Hillside School.

Leonard Howard Chant is a florist and has his own shop, Tom's Orchid Flower Shop, in Quartz Hill, Calif.

Emilio Peinado is a mining engineer and has his own business, the E. Peinado Development Co.

A. O. Wynn (M.A. '48) was selected Austin High School's Outstanding Ex-Student for 1974. He is El Paso Independent School District Director of Special Services.

CLASS OF 1938:

Irby Kistenmacher Hanna teaches at Cadwallader Elementary School.

Virginia Lavigne Johnson teaches pre-schoolers in Orlando, Fla. Her husband **Glen Johnson** organized the Music Department at TCM in 1937 and was head of the department until 1946 when he went into the Ministry of Music.

Dr. James William Carter Jr. is an obstetrician and gynecologist in San Antonio, Tex.

Laymon N. Miller is a consultant in industrial noise control and is associated with Bolt Beranek and Newman, Inc., Cambridge, Mass.

CLASS OF 1939:

Merle Ross Hungerford is a systems analyst with Mandril Industries in Houston. His wife, the former **Frances Johnson** ('39) teaches special education in the Houston Independent School District.

Lloyd S. Johnson is manager of Dewitt & Rearick, Inc.

Fannilee Zollars Collard (M.Ed. '58) teaches homebound students in the EPISD.

Olive Long Blythe (M.Ed. '57) is retired from teaching in the Ysleta school district.

CLASS OF 1940:

Robert Turner Mitcham is a mining engineer with the U.S. Department of Interior, National Park Service, and lives in Death Valley, Calif.

Paul H. Carlton is a partner in the CPA firm of Bixler, Carlton, Pittenger & Rister.

Julia Carlton Brown teaches at Fabens High School; her husband is manager of the El Paso County Water Control and Improvement, District #4.

Jose B. Zozaya is general manager of CIA. FRESNILLO, S.A.

James M. Stacy is retired from the U.S. Navy and works as a newspaper reporter in Wash., D.C.

CLASS OF 1941:

Dr. Marshall J. Rowdabaugh is an anesthesiologist in Albuquerque, N.M.

William B. Mayfield has a real estate development company in Santa Fe, N.M.

Peter Lynch Grattan is a rancher in Palomas, Chihuahua, Mexico.

CLASS OF 1942:

Loraine Bonaguidi Slack resides in La Jolla, Calif. where her husband Dr. Roy G. Slack is an oral surgeon.

Erlwood M. von Clausewitz teaches in the Ysleta school system and his wife **Frances** ('35) teaches in the El Paso district.

Dr. Bruce M. Cameron is an orthopedic surgeon in Houston.

Thomas W. Hope is president and publisher of Hope Reports, Inc., with offices in

Rochester, N.Y. He served recently as chairman of one of the juries of film experts judging entries in the semi-finals of the Kodak Teenage Movie Awards in Rochester, N.Y. A producer with 60 motion pictures to his credit, and the author of several books, Mr. Hope was with Eastman Kodak for 16 years before going into his own business.

Winifred Goodloe Houser is retired after 41 years as teacher and principal with El Paso Public Schools.

Clyde R. Hammonds is captain of a Continental DC-10 and flies the Los Angeles to Chicago route. His home is in Playa Del Rey, Calif.

Dr. Byron Williamson is professor of organizational behavior and administration, and director of Life Planning Center of School of Business Administration at Southern Methodist University.

Phyllis Hale Meserow is executive director of the Black Hawk Council of Girl Scouts in Madison, Wisconsin. Her husband Ted is retired from the U.S. Air Force and is executive secretary of the Elections Board for the State of Wisconsin.

Mrs. Otis G. Brieden (Mary Winifred) resides in Dallas, spends her spare time painting and doing flower arrangements. She recently designed a flower arrangement made of aluminum beer cans as, she says, "my bit for ecology," and won a \$500 prize for it.

U.S. Army Col. Carlton E. Stevens Jr. is Inspector General, Ballistic Missile Defense Systems Command, Huntsville, Ala. His wife is the former **Mary Lou North**.

Hawaii, anyone?

For the first time, on November 15, 1975, the Miner football team will play the University of Hawaii—and the game is scheduled in Hawaii.

The Ex-Students' Association hopes to sponsor a four-day trip to Honolulu for alumni interested.

Tentative plans are to leave El Paso by chartered DC-10 on Thursday, November 13 and return to EP on Sunday, November 16.

Approximate cost per person (at current rates) is \$375 which includes plane fare; a room for two (with private bath) in a first-class hotel; transportation to and from the Honolulu airport; plus a sight-seeing tour of the island via air-conditioned motor coach.

If you are interested, write Mrs. Maxine Neill, Alumni Office, UT El Paso, or telephone 747-5533.

And remember, the trip depends on the number of alumni who not only are interested in the idea, but who express that interest to Mrs. Neill—as soon as possible.

Aloha!

CLASS OF 1943:

Bervette Williams is School Psychologist at Moscow High School in Idaho and her husband George is professor and head of the Geology Department at the University of Idaho.

Mary Jackson Hellums teaches journalism at Bowie High School.

Fred Sitton (M.A. '51) is chairman of the Speech-Drama Department at Valparaiso University in Valparaiso, Ind.

Marie Freeman Antweiler recently retired from her job as librarian at Madison High School, Madison, Ohio, and writes that she is listed in Who's Who Among American Women, 1974-75 edition.

Dr. George A. Reynolds is Chief, Psychiatry Service, at the veterans hospital in Wilmington, Del.

Peggy Thurston Larson and her husband reside in Englewood, Colo., where he and

their oldest son have a private law practice.

Mary Davis Olsen is a counselor at Chaparral Jr. High School in Alamogordo, N.M. where her husband is former mayor and now vice president of Security Bank and Trust.

CLASS OF 1944:

Marge Champney is office manager of Sanders Advertising.

Ruth Mann Giles is educational secretary for the Abilene Independent School District.

CLASS OF 1945:

Norma Scherotter Levenson and her husband Sam now live in Albuquerque where he is associated with a new bank.

Rita McLaughlin Damon teaches science in the Pinellas County Schools, Clearwater, Fla.

Mollie Gossett Smith is an executive secretary with El Paso Natural Gas Co.

Leona Spitz Lakehomer is an English instructor at Mt. San Antonio College in Walnut, Calif.

Sara Thomas Maddox (M.A. '52) is Southwest Area Special Elementary Art Teacher with the Dade County Public Schools in Miami, Fla.

John W. Olson is a geologist with the Federal Power Commission, and lives in Kensington, Md.

Rev. Raymond George Manker is the minister of First Unitarian Universalist Church of Phoenix, Ariz.

CLASS OF 1948:

Jack Chapman, president and general manager of Radio KGAK in Gallup, N.M., since 1967, has been named to the National Association of Broadcasters' radio board of directors and is believed to be the only New Mexican ever to have served on the NAB board.

CLASS OF 1949:

Travis L. Irby has been District Manager of Commercial Credit Corporation for 25 years, lives in Baytown, Tex.

Mrs. Clyde E. Crum, the former Josephine Freeman, resides in San Diego, Calif., where her husband is a professor of education at San Diego State University.

Della Pixley Deputy teaches fourth grade at Zach White School.

Charles D. Harrell is Special Services Engineer in Corporate Headquarters of Mountain Bell Telephone Co., Denver, Colo., and has completed 25 years with the Bell System.

Virginia Oltman Casteel and her husband Herbert live in Carthage, Mo., where he is an attorney and a judge.

CLASS OF 1951:

Mrs. Richard G. Shannon, the former Jennie Lee McPherson, is listed in the 1972 volume of Outstanding Elementary Teachers of America, published by the Research Division of the Institute for Development of Educational Activities, Inc. She teaches in the Ysleta school system.

CLASS OF 1954:

John D. Fatheree Jr. is vice president of operations for Atlantic Steel Mill in Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Ann Brooks Allen and her husband Gene live in Dallas where he has a dental practice.

James Earl Dunn is pastor of Harris Avenue Baptist Church in San Angelo, Tex.

Estelle Salmon Moore (M.Ed.) was selected "Teacher of the Year" for 1974-75 at South Loop School in Ysleta.

US Army Col. James P. Maloney and his wife Mariwyn live in Kaiserslautern, Germany, where he is Commanding Officer, Headquarters, 108th Air Defense Group.

Lt. Col. George E. Maynes is commanding officer of the 470th Military Intelligence Group at Fort Amador, Canal Zone. His wife is the former **Delia Fernandez** ('54).

Mrs. Leonard E. Pacha, the former Joan D. Heavilon, is with her husband in Leavenworth, Kans., where he is stationed.

W. R. (Billy Bob) Plumbley (M.A. '62), principal of Marfa Elementary School in Marfa, Tex., was named Honored Ex-Student of Ysleta High School in November. In addition to earning his undergraduate and graduate degrees at UT El Paso, he also worked in the Athletic Department on campus from 1958-63.

Myron Irving Karaffa is a junior high school teacher in Western Springs, Ill., and is active in theatre work as both an actor and director.

Roy L. Heard is account manager in the Dallas Sales Office of Allis Chalmers, Inc.

Mrs. Don Bergstresser, the former Gisela Laufen, teaches school in Salem, N.H.

CLASS OF 1957:

Dr. Esperanza Medina Spyropoulos (M.A.) is Director of Academic Programs, Population Programs Division, Development Associates, Inc., a private government consultant firm in Washington, D.C.

CLASS OF 1958:

Mrs. Robert L. Fluitt, the former Jo Beverly Speckels, teaches school in Odessa, Tex.

Truman Fisher teaches sculpture, design and art courses at Chabot College, Hayward, Calif.

Bob Lehman, district sales representative for Chemtech Resources, Inc., of Dallas, won first place last summer in a nationwide chemical sales contest. The prize was a two-week, all-expenses-paid trip for two in Mexico City.

CLASS OF 1959:

Ralph Carreon has been an executive of the Army & Air Force Exchange Service for 15 years and is now shopping center manager at Hickam AFB, Hawaii.

CLASS OF 1960:

Dr. Linda J. Robinson (M.A. '62) is associate professor of English at Eastern New Mexico University in Portales.

CLASS OF 1962:

Robert A. Falconer is superintendent of Raw Materials and Environmental Control at International Harvester's Wisconsin Steel Works.

Mrs. Dorcas Wilkinson, a third grade teacher at Dowell School, has been selected EPISD's "Teacher of the Year" for 1974-75.

Frank B. Walker has joined the staff of the U.S. Attorney's Office in El Paso after three years' association with the District Attorney's Office.

CLASS OF 1963:

Robert E. McCleskey is Area Engineer for Amoco Production Company in Farmington, N.M.

CLASS OF 1964:

Joseph E. Blanco Jr. works with the Sacramento, Calif. Public School System and attends law school at Santa Clara University.

Don J. Boyce is a football coach (offensive line) at Oklahoma State University.

His wife is the former **Peggy Wright** ('65).

Linda Geck Collins is an assistant professor at Eastern Michigan University in Rockham School of Special Education.

Mrs. Patricia Jo Freeman teaches at Highland Park Middle School in Dallas.

Judith W. Ridley is helping her husband Mike set up his new business, Economic Research Associates.

Collins Conrad is retired from the U.S. Army as chief Warrant officer after more than 30 years' service.

Ruth Ann Adkisson Lackey and her husband **George** ('63) are in Tucson where he is employed at the University of Arizona.

Bharat I. Sharma is working as a post-doctoral fellow in the Heat Transfer Section of the Mechanical Engineering Department of Imperial College in London, England.

Mrs. Lonnie D. Kliever, the former Arthurs Laughman, does some volunteer music teaching in elementary schools in Windsor, Ontario, Canada. Her husband is professor of Religious Studies at the University of Windsor.

Mrs. Grady M. Cofer, the former Barbara J. Olfers, is in Atlanta, Ga., where her husband is a consulting engineer for the Rapid Transit System.

Mario Aguirre Jr. is plant engineer for Components, Inc. de Mexico.

Mrs. Joye A. Scheffler (M.Ed. '71) is chief consultant of the Texas Education Agency's Appraisal Services for Deaf-Blind Children in Austin, Tex.

Paul Edward Guthrie is a marketing engineer with Texas Instruments, Inc. in Houston.

Michael E. Rosen is vice president of Sales/Client Relations for Direction Unlimited, a graphics design, packaging and production firm in Phoenix, Ariz.

Claude A. Karstendiek (M.S. '66) and family reside in Gillett, N.J. He is managing a new plant for Dow Chemical.

David Ray is assistant general superintendent for the Refinery Department of Inspiration Consolidated Copper Co. in Inspiration, Ariz.

Capt. George B. Robbins and his wife, the former **Karen Parks** ('64) are in Schweinfurt, Germany where he is a commander of a HAWK unit, Headquarters Battery.

Mrs. Gloria S. Price (M.Ed) teaches English to foreign military students at the Defense Language Institute, Lackland AFB, San Antonio.

John Gordon Knight teaches social studies and geography in the San Francisco Public School system and travels to Europe, the Middle or Far East during summers to do anthropological studies.

John Drahan is with the Data Processing Department of Society for Savings in Hartford, Conn.

Janeen Manzo Mauldin is Director of Special Education for the Eaton Intermediate School District in Charlotte, Mich.

Dr. Michael Hampton Henderson is dean of Craven Community College in New Bern, N.C.

Art Gonzalez is a pharmaceutical representative in El Paso for Ayerst Laboratories of New York.

Capt. Robert J. Holub teaches in the AF ROTC Detachment at Sul Ross State University in Alpine, Tex.

Charles W. Yates is a Work Incentive Program Specialist with HEW in Dallas.

Dr. Norman J. Nelson is associate professor of music and coordinator of music theory and composition at West Texas State University. His wife is the former **Janet Ann Irvin** ('64).

Dr. R. A. Rotolante is a physicist at Honeywell Radiation Center in Lexington, Mass. His wife is the former **Jeanne Bombach** ('63).

Almeta Haggard Gold manages a business called Gold Interiors while her hus-

band **Martin** ('64) works with E-Systems, Inc. in Greenville, Tex.

James R. Psaki is vice president of Security National Bank, National Division, in Melville, N.Y.

Ruth Donges Darden is an attorney in Seattle, Wash., and does a good deal of legal work in the areas of environmental protection and civil rights.

Sidney C. Moore teaches at Ventura High School in Ventura, Calif. and also works as a sales representative for Winthrop Laboratories.

CLASS OF 1965:

John L. Hall teaches in the Terrell Wells Middle School in San Antonio.

Robert McAllister (M.A. '68) is director of the Department of Research and Budget for the city of Savannah, Ga.

CLASS OF 1966:

Jerry Gene Armstrong is a school teacher and basketball coach in Richmond, Mo.

Marvin T. Diamond, who received the first master's degree (1966) in physics to be conferred by the University, has retired from his long association with White Sands Missile Range.

Dr. Santiago Batres is a local dentist.

CLASS OF 1967:

Lee B. Short Jr. (M.Ed.) a retired Army major, teaches science and is a guidance counselor for a rural school district in Colorado.

Nicholas M. Pulaski is director of brass and woodwind studies at the Institute of Arts in El Paso.

David J. Hughes recently was named vice president of the Boston and Maine Railroad. His wife is the former **Kathryn McNamara**, who also attended UT El Paso.

CLASS OF 1968:

Gary B. Weiser is first administrative assistant in the El Paso office of District Attorney Steve Simmons.

Agustin Chavez, a civil engineer with the Planning Section of the Texas Highway Department, recently received his professional license from the Texas Board of Registration for Professional Engineers.

Roger G. Dickson is branch manager of the St. Louis office of Celanese Chemical Co. and resides with his family in Ballwin, Mo.

Capt. Rodert L. Meek is a special programs and requirements officer at Vandenberg AFB, Calif. with the 394th Strategic Missile Squadron. He recently was one of a group of specially selected Air Force members who attended the Air Force's eighth annual worldwide career motivation conference in Missouri.

CLASS OF 1969:

Francisco Martinez (M.Ed.) is principal of Cedar Grove Elementary School.

Capt. Doris A. Miller is a space systems operations officer with the 13th Missile Warning Squadron, a unit of the Aerospace Defense Command in Alaska. She recently received the U.S. Air Force Commendation Medal for meritorious service.

Maria Rivas is a claims representative for the Social Security Administration.

Mrs. Nancy Elder McAllister (M.A.) teaches remedial reading in the EPISD.

Sybil L. Beinhorn (M.Ed. '74) teaches school in Denver, Colo.

CLASS OF 1970:

Dr. Richard S. Westbrook is doing his residency at the University of Washington

where his wife, the former **Judy von Clausewitz** ('71), is a research technician.

Mrs. Helen R. Henry (M.Ed) is assistant principal at Riverside High School.

Ralph Joseph Ganska is education specialist with the West Texas Council on Alcoholism, a United Way Agency.

Dr. Douglas B. Boice is doing his residency at the D.C. General Hospital in Washington, D.C.

Diane DeGroat is society reporter for the Herald-Post and also works part-time at the Iron Tender Restaurant.

Jr. R. (Dick) Daugherty is sales representative for Texaco, Inc., after having served a tour of duty with the U.S. Navy in the Pacific. His wife, the former **Beverly McMahan** ('69), works in the Finance Department of Star Manufacturing Company and they reside in Oklahoma City.

Arthur R. Alarcon is a real estate appraiser in Denver, Colo. His wife is the former **Socorro M. Escobar** ('68).

Ronald Joe Phillips is manager of J&R Oil Co. in Roswell, N.M.

CLASS OF 1971:

Bruce Yetter is an attorney and a member of the staff of the El Paso City Attorney's Office. His wife is the former **Jackie L. Guadagnoli** ('71).

Greenberry Bailey is vice president, trust officer and manager of the Trust Operations Department in the Trust Division of State National Bank.

Mrs. Lionel M. Jacques is teaching in the Galena Park Independent School District in Houston while her husband, also Class of '71, attends UT Dental School.

CLASS OF 1972:

Steve DeGroat aged 22 years overnight when the last issue of NOVA came off the press. It seems the records books had him mixed up with his father, Jim DeGroat, and Steve was listed as having graduated in 1950. NOVA apologizes for the error—and repeats that Steve is assistant cashier, Operations, at the Southwest National Bank.

Alfredo S. Rey is a Quality Control Engineer with Mason and Hanger Co. in Houston.

Mrs. Evon Stephani, the former Linda M. Simpson, works for the Atomic Energy Laboratories in Los Alamos, N.M.

CLASS OF 1973:

Carol Walker is a computer programmer with CBM Systems and was recently installed as president of the Junior Volunteer Organization of the Armed Services YMCA-USO.

Dwight Deter is attending Physicians' Assistant School at Baylor and his wife, the former **Peggy Mangan** ('74) is teaching school in Houston.

CLASS OF 1974:

Capt. Charles C. Walden (M.A.) is an assistant professor of military science at New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell, N.M.

Ethel Ann Galzerano (M.A.) is a teaching assistant in the Department of Political Science at the University of Missouri in Columbia, Mo., while working toward a Ph.D. degree.

Richard P. Lindsay works for Price Waterhouse & Co., Certified Public Accountants, in Houston.

Anne Bentley Worsham (M.Ed.) is head of the Business Department at Loretto Academy.

Alan Handy Wilson is Special Agent-in-Charge, Toledo Field Office, Defensive Investigation Service, Department of Defense, in Toledo, Ohio. □

DEATHS

Mrs. Edna Earle (Geer) Fox ('37 etc.), a resident of El Paso since 1916 and a teacher in the El Paso Public Schools for 35 years, died September 23. She was the widow of the late Frederick Lewis Fox who was a 1922 graduate of the Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy.

Mr. Robert B. Price Jr. ('43 etc.), a life-long resident of El Paso, died September 26. Mr. Price was chairman of the board and president of Price's El Paso Dairies and Price's Producers, Inc., senior vice-president of Price's Valley Gold Dairies of Albuquerque, N.M., a director of the El Paso National Bank and director of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Julius Guez ('50), a native El Pasoan and a veteran of World War II, died October 4. He was a member of El Paso Masonic Lodge #130, El Paso Scottish Rite Bodies and El Maida Shrine.

Mrs. Margaret H. Patterson (M.Ed. '55), a life-time resident of El Paso and a counselor at Austin High School, died September 26.

Col. (ret.) Lawrence Edward Cummings ('59, M.A. '66) a resident of El Paso for 22 years, died September 2. Prior to his death, he had retired as vice president of the Southwest Fund Sales Company, and office manager and chief accountant for Circle K.

Mrs. Joseph R. Carpenter ('61), the former Sherry Lee Wheat, died August 31 in Bethany, Oklahoma.

USAF Maj. (Ret.) Robert S. Tiffany, Jr. ('65, M.Ed. '74) died October 21 at his home in El Paso. A resident of El Paso for 20 years, he was a World War II veteran and was retired from the Air Force with over 19 years' service.

Mr. Carlos Olvera ('69 etc.), owner of the art gallery "This Side of the Fence" in Socorro, died last October in a local hospital. A well-known artist, he illustrated the book "Voces de la Gente" and had exhibited his paintings at various art galleries in the El Paso area including UT El Paso. A native El Pasoan, Mr. Olvera was an 11-year veteran of the US Air Force.

Mr. Hal M. Daugherty, long-time business and civic leader in El Paso, died October 1. Mr. Daugherty's career with the State National Bank exceeded 51 years; he was also former president of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce, Bassett Center, Bassett Company and the El Paso Clearing House Association. Mr. Daugherty was a member of the UT El Paso Advisory Council and treasurer of the Miners Scholarship and Development Fund.



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