

12-1975

NOVA: The University of Texas at El Paso Magazine

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

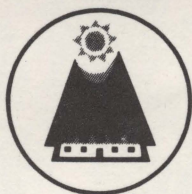
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THE VIEW FROM THE HILL



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

"I remember him as all shoulders and legs and grin. In the fall of '42 & spring of '43 he was trying to get the whole male student body in shape for the Army. After his program, basic training was a bore. He taught everyone how to box. We had a box-off that year. Joe Silva put me on the floor—but I was honored to be his contestant. Alex Carameros got a hitch in his shoulder fighting Arthur Abraham and I don't blame him—Abraham was big trouble and very stout. But Ross was very kind to us little skinny kids. I've known two or three people that the School of Mines has selected as Outstanding Exes but no one more deserving than R. Moore. In the early '40's he wasn't 'Moe,' he was Ross and highly respected.

"So, congratulations, Ross, and compliments to UTEP for finally doing something right."

Our cover story on Ross Moore (surely one of the best stories we ever ran in NOVA) also elicited — among many, many, letters—this response from "Sugar" Ray Evans of Salt Lake City:

"Dear Jeannette: I am Class of '49. The September issue of NOVA arrived today and I always look forward to receiving it. The cover of this issue made me extremely happy and I couldn't resist writing and telling you what a fine job you did on one of my favorite people.

"Ross came into my life in 1942, as well as Marshall Pennington, when I entered Texas Mines as a freshman football player. Returning after W.W. II, I learned to know and respect the man in those next three years. Your article describes Ross very much as I know him and I wanted to say that if one doesn't know Ross, they would after having read your story."

* * * *

Back in 1966, in the fourth issue of NOVA, we had a page called "Songs the Miners Didn't Sing" which featured the song "Dig Dig Dig for TCM" by Fred Waring & Co. Later on we ran the lyrics to another song, written by Dr. Burt F. Jenness, sent to us by Leon A. Rosen-

field, Jr. ('33): "Far beneath the crags of Franklin/ Stand our Alma Mater's halls/ Gleams afar her rock-hewn campus/" etc. The point in bringing up these notable efforts is that today's Miners need a song of their own. "The Eyes of Texas" is fine, of course, and we mean no disrespect to this golden oldie, but it can scarcely be called a song of *ours*, no more than can "Buckle Down Winssockie." What we need is a song of our very own, one that does not borrow on anything else.

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

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

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

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

—Dale L. Walker

COVER:

Russell Bank's cover design speaks for itself — 10 years of NOVA covers in chronology, top to bottom, left to right; same on back cover.

December 1975 NOVA, Vol. 11, No. 1; Whole Number 41.

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THE FOURTH AND THE FATHERS

by S. L. A. Marshall

OF late years there have been rumbles over the land regarding the free floating manner in which someone up there schedules our national holidays.

The problem is one of dates and duties that no longer stay put. The calendar and the reminder pad in which the citizen notes his deductible expenses supply positive information on the advent of Father's Day, Armed Forces Day and Septuagesima Sunday. But for the protracted holiday, they merely fuzz up the mind of the citizen. The notation reads "in the District of Columbia and most other states." Who knows when he is living in a "most other" state?

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

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

Who then is to blame for all of this bouncing around of holidays as if they were moveable feasts? Some say it's the fault of a body of wilful men who sit in

Washington and legislate once in a while. Others blame F.D.R. who once dared to shift Thanksgiving from where Abe Lincoln, and not the Pilgrim Fathers, placed it, thereby outraging all Republicans.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There were a few typos, for instance Mr. Jefferson's "inalienable" had become

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

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

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

All celebration of what the Congress had wrought was postponed until July 8. The avowed purpose was to afford Philadelphia sufficient time to prepare a ceremony. If there is a faint suggestion here that merchants and tippling places needed an interval in which to make ready, so let it be.

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

Thus the first public reading of the Declaration was confided to one John Nixon who had an identity only as a member of Pennsylvania's Committee of

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

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

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

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

One last word on how July 4 grew and grew. In 1777 there was no observance; VIPs not fighting were heading for the woods. Then in 1778 Philadelphia celebrated on July 4 and ultimately

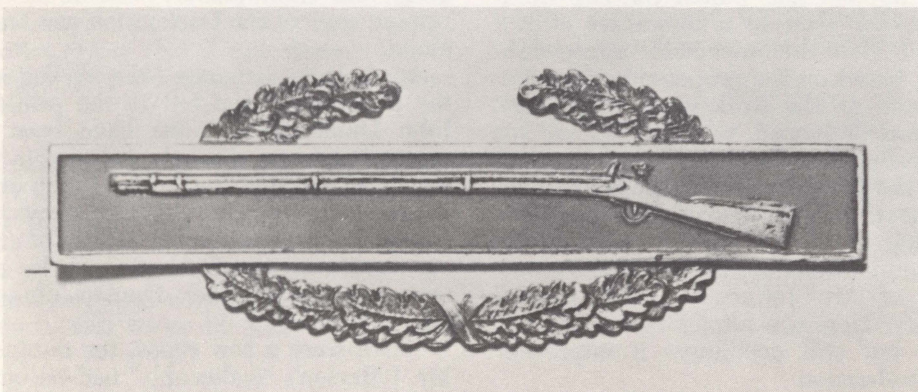
the rest of the country followed along just as it followed the Athletics in Connie Mack's day.

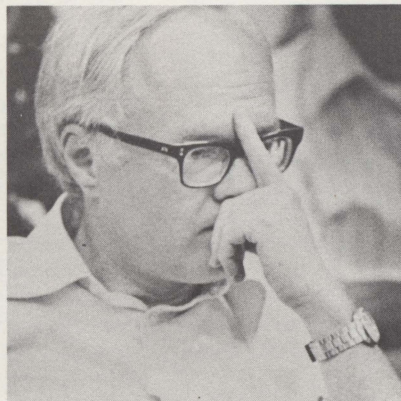
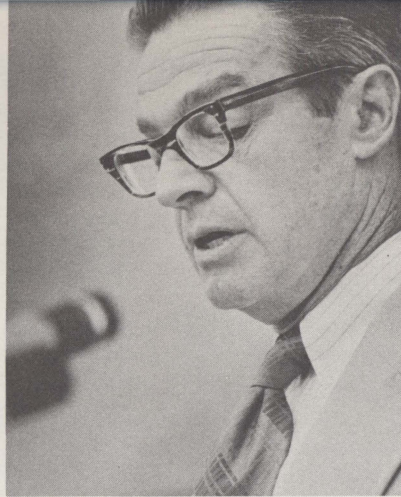
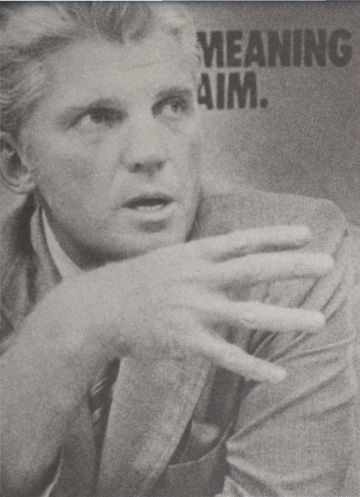
The work, however, was not over when the Second Congress departed Philadelphia. In early August some of these same members foregathered to pen their signatures on the vellum copy of the Declaration. Of that event it is remembered chiefly that John Hancock signed his name so large that his inscription today is symbolized by the tallest skyscraper in Chicago. One historian has written of the actors on-signing day that "they went at it glum-faced, looking like so many undertakers, believing that in the end they would swing for it." A wisecrack by one signer, Ben Franklin, lends some credence to the observations. Still, every loyal American will recognize the description as a detestable canard. Those high-minded individuals were but quite properly impressed by the solemn dignity of the occasion. Begetting a nation is no mean labor; and besides, there is something so terribly final about writing one's name, whereas it is little daring to stand with the crowd and shout aye.

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

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

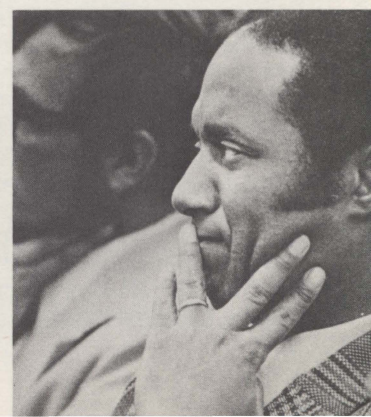
Besides there are more material questions over which the concerned person should lose sleep, for example, seeking a solution to the energy crisis. And why not? The experts have tried it and cannot do anything about it. However, taking action is the main thing. In 1974, for example, a small group of UTEP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





RETREAT!

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



Letter from an "Old Timer"

RECOLLECTIONS

by Ernest C. Kennedy

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

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

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

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

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



*Ernest C. Kennedy,
1921 graduate,
Texas School of Mines.*

*Dr. E. C. Kennedy,
shortly before retirement
from UT Arlington in
1972.*



in 1937 I received my Ph.D. degree in mathematics at Rice Institute.

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

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

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

The food was not very good, but the cost of room and board was only about \$25 per month. Today no student would live in such a room and the food we had would cause a campus riot.

Most of us were not very studious and to pass the time we often played poker. But the stakes were always low, since none of us had much money. On one

occasion Earl Freeman won a pot of about 85 cents on four deuces. That would break anybody's heart.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RODOMONTADE

by Dale L. Walker

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

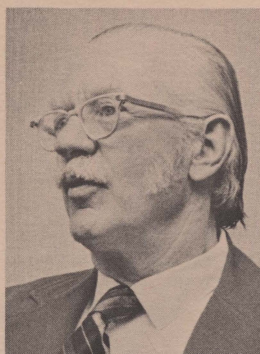
A funny thing did happen when we went back to take a look at those 40 issues of NOVA. For one thing we were astounded by the statistics we compiled (and just in case they might astound somebody else, we have printed them elsewhere in this section). For another, we found ourselves *reading* this magazine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

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

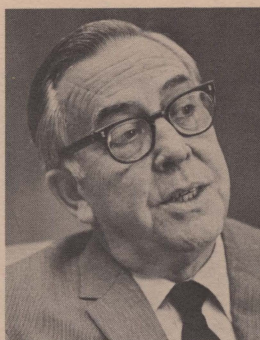
So here is what we came up with in the way of a NOVA flashback: an index to those first 40 issues, a scattering of facts and commentary, a selection of *some* of the best things to have appeared in the magazine, and a cordial and wholehearted "thank you" to our writers, photographers, and artists.

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

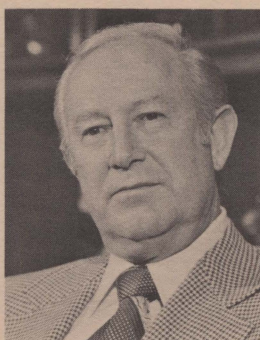
If the overall effect of this section is to have painted a fairly bright picture of NOVA's first ten years, perhaps there is at least an outside chance that it *has* been, shall we say, not dim. We are, after all, proud of this magazine. It is produced under sometimes difficult and exasperating conditons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



Ray



Smiley



Templeton

Letters from the Presidents

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

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

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

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

STATS

These are the statistics of the first 10 years of NOVA:

NUMBER OF ISSUES: 40.

NUMBER OF PAGES: 772

(an average of 19.3 per issue).

NUMBER OF ARTICLES: 262

(6.4 per issue).

NUMBER OF PHOTOGRAPHS: 1,039

(26.5 per issue).

NUMBER OF WRITERS: 100.

NUMBER OF STAPLES: 80.

MISCELLANEOUS: 20 poems, 1 short story, 46 book reviews.

CIRCULATION: Total, in 10 years, about 488,000 magazines beginning with a 5,500 circulation per issue in 1965, and up to about 20,000 per issue in 1975. (Mailed to all 50 states and some 25-30 foreign countries.)

THE FLASHBACK BOOK OF NOVA RECORDS

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

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

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

MOST ARTICLES IN AN ISSUE: There were 10 in 8/3.

FEWEST ARTICLES IN AN ISSUE: There were four (plus a poem) in 5/3.

LONGEST ARTICLE: "Lamaseries on the Hill" by Dale L. Walker, eight pages in 6/4.

SHORTEST ARTICLE: "Compatriot" by Elroy Bode, 400 words, in 7/4.

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

SHORTEST TITLE: "Hawk" by Bill Crawford in 7/4.

ONLY FOLD-OUT COVER: The Education Building on 3/3.

FIRST COVER IN FULL COLOR: Tom Lea's "Toribio" on 4/1. The others were Josephine Clardy Fox on 5/4, and José Cisneros' "Paseños del Norte-1880" on 9/3.

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

BEST SPECIAL SECTION: "Requiem to a Mountain" by José Cisneros in the 7/3 issue.

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

WORST LOOKING PAGE: The untitled football article in 1/4 which, coincidentally, appears in the issue with the **WORST COVER**.

BEST NON SEQUITUR: In issue 2/1, we announced upon completion of NOVA's first year of publication, that

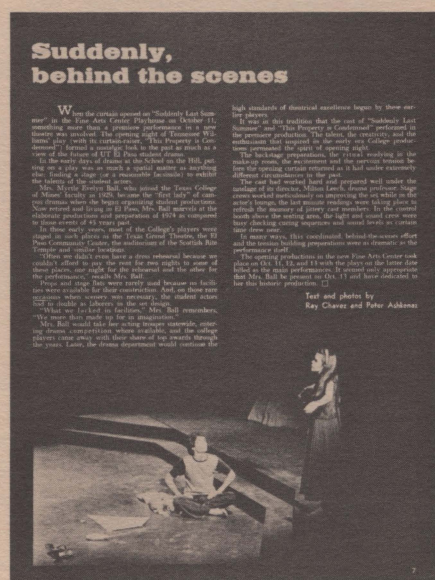
our annual circulation was something like 34,000. "At this rate," we said, "it will take us 282 years to have published the same number of magazines that T.V. Guide publishes in a week."

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

avoided) in the article about the Upward Bound Program.

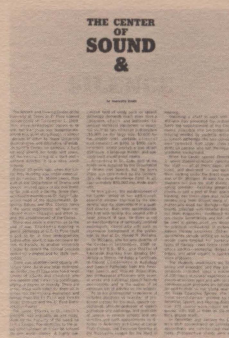
And the *HAD I ONLY KNOWN* award goes to issue 3/2 containing our extensive interview with Dr. Harold F. Harding, an expert in political rhetoric. In preliminary talks with Dr. Harding, before the tape recorder was turned on, he said: "I would not be surprised if Lyndon Johnson is not a Presidential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

The Five Best Looking Pages



Suddenly, behind the scenes

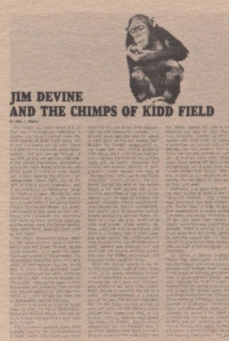
When the camera opened on "Suddenly, behind the scenes" in the first issue of NOVA, it was a surprise to find a person in a dark setting, looking at the camera. The person was a student, and the photo was taken by a student. The photo was a black and white photo, and it was a close-up of the person's face. The person was looking directly at the camera, and their expression was neutral. The background was dark, and the lighting was dramatic, highlighting the person's face.



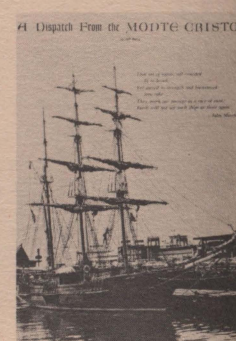
THE CENTER OF SOUND &



ROUGH RIDER FRANK BRITO



JIM DEVINE AND THE CHIMPS OF KIDD FIELD



A Dispatch From the MONTE CRISTO

THE GLOBAL NOVA

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

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

If there are alumni or faculty in Tierra del Fuego, Pitcairn's Island, the Pribilofs or Galápagos or Easter Island, Tristan de Cunha, Ulan Bator, Samarkand, Bangladesh, the Hindu Kush, Vladivostok, Rangoon, Foochow, Mauritania, Sierra Leone, Upper Volta, Togoland, Botswana, Thessalonika, Yellowknife, Disko, or Kabul, we'll give anything to have you write something for NOVA.

COMPATRIOT

by Elroy Bode

A small Mexican man in his sixties, he sat down beside me on the park bench and read a while from his small Spanish-language newspaper. He was wearing a dark brown suit and narrow, square-toed black shoes—shoes abrupt on the end like the nose of an old Ford. His hat was the small, black, creased-down-middle kind you could have seen on a Mexican doctor during the days of the Revolution: indeed, he looked very much like a movie extra from “Viva Zapata” who was relaxing before his next scene—perhaps a trusted friend of Madero, waiting for his chief there in the El Paso plaza with a message from the States.

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

his steel-rimmed glasses went across them like miniature railroad tracks spanning deep brown gorges.

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

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

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

From:

THE MENCKEN-WHITE LETTERS

Dear White: What has become of the treatise on boozing etiquette in the Southwest? I begin to pant for it.

Sincerely, Mencken

On a manuscript of White's accepted by the editor, Mencken wrote:

I like the piece very much, and am sending it to our genial printer at once. He will forward a proof to you anon and, at about the same time, you will receive an insult from our cashier.

Upon receiving a suggestion from White on a possible article about Wild Bill Hickok, Mencken replied:

I'll certainly be delighted to see your treatise on Wild Bill. If any American deserves proper embalming, he is that man.

And, two years later, this reminder:

Why don't you do a straight piece on Hickok? Certainly there must be a dozen in him. His beginnings, true enough, were more or less accidental, but certainly he showed plenty of talent later on.

On a rejected manuscript of White's, Mencken wrote:

I wish I could take this very amusing piece, but at the moment I have a number of other tales and articles dealing with ladies of joy in type, and it would be imprudent of me to buy another before working some of them off.

(4/2)

THE MOUNTAIN LION

by Jon Manchip White

For eight sweet years I ambled in the pines
And struck the silly sheep and crunched their bones

The huddled herd were frightened of their shadows
Living was red and fat among the meadows

I slid between the soft flanks of the cattle
And hooked them with a claw as hard as metal

Wet were my jaws and damp my pizzle
Slick my pelt and streaked my muzzle

Nothing so good can last for ever
They tracked me lapping at the river

Three of the dogs I ripped to bits
Six bullets whacked me in the guts

They peeled my tousled hide and scooped it out
And gave the scavengers the marbled meat

The skin they took and draped around a post
And nailed it through the skull to hold it fast

My limbs spreadeagled sideways in derision
Spiked on the barbs to keep them in position

Even in death I stay a shape of wrath
A grinning terror strung beside the path

And though I shrivel in the noonday glare
While hot winds nibble at my mangy fur

My brown ghost holds my ancient realm as fast
As if my fangs had never turned to dust

My footprint stamped as roundly on the rocks
As when I stalked the sheep and broke their necks

And though the pinetrees and the mountains fall
A pungent essence will remain to dwell

A pride and presence stalking on the hill

From:

THE BURGESES OF THE BARRANCAS

by Jeannette Smith

... Although it was more than two years before Don and Esther gained their neighbors' complete acceptance, once the barriers were down, hospitality and friendship were freely extended. The Tarahumara women visit daily with Esther and the Burgeses are now welcome at many of the tribal ceremonies.

Don describes the Tarahumaras as a deeply religious people who practice beliefs that are a curious mixture of Christianity plus tribal and ancestral doctrines.

Although these Indians give strangers the impression of being silent and stoical, according to Don they are completely different among themselves and an incessant flow of their musical sounding language is heard, frequently broken by bursts of laughter.

Their sociability is particularly apparent, he says, when they are imbibing the Tarahumara version of “white lightning,” a home brew made from corn and called “tesquino.”

The Burgeses plan to reside at their present location for a total of 10 years, then they will return to the United States so that their son and daughter may attend high school. This leaves Don less than six years to do as much missionary, linguistics, and translation work as possible. He also hopes to see a medical treatment center established in the area before they leave.

When the Burges family does pull up stakes, they will return to the States with a treasure of experience, knowledge, and rich memories of friendship with a people that are worth knowing. For although the Tarahumara Indians live an humble existence, their philosophy can hardly be improved upon.

A super-distillation of part of that philosophy is found in the Tarahumaran homily that goes something like this:

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

From:

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING HENRY

by Jeannette Smith

“... Dear Clyde (Kelsey):

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

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

(Cont. overlay)

HENRY (Continued)

George McCarty to be sure what involvement he has with the animal, if any.

Sincerely,
Joseph M. Ray
President"

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

From:

ROUGH RIDER FRANK BRITO

by Dale L. Walker

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

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

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

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

One May 6, Frank and his brother be-

came buck privates in Troop H of the Rough Riders, commanded by Captain George Curry of Tularosa, N.M. (who later became governor of N.M. territory). Six days later, the Brito brothers were transferred to Troop I under Captain Schuyler McGinnis of Newkirk, Oklahoma Territory.

The Rough Riders symbolized Theodore Roosevelt's twin strains of enthusiasm: one for the great American West, the other for the athletic polo-playing collegiate types of New England's finest schools. That they could mix at all—let alone mix successfully into a fighting unit—has puzzled historians for decades. ... He gestures over his shoulder where the flag hangs from the rafter of the porch. "This is one house where the flag is flown every day. I wish I could fight for it again, fight for it right now in Vietnam."

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

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

From:

CHARTING THE DARKER MOUNTAINS

by Les Standiford

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

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

From:

THE FOLKLORE OF ACADEME

by C. L. Sonnichsen

... Since those days a new breed has arisen and it astonishes and sometimes frightens me. If I had to give a brief definition of the modern scholar, I would say: "A scholar is a university professor who can qualify for a grant." If I were allowed more words, I would define him as "A specialist who publishes articles that nobody is curious about—and wants

to teach his specialty no more than six hours a week for four graduate students for \$20,000 for nine months, with allowance for a research assistant and for travel."

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

From:

SALUTE TO AN ABSENT FRIEND

by Ray Past

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

From:

IS SURD THE WORD FOR '69?

by H. Allen Smith

... Sometimes I suspect that our language is being employed more and more as a medium for insult, hence the popularity of *Yecch!* and similar expressions of nauseous disapproval, such as *Aaaaaargh!* One needs only to sit and look at these two words, and dwell upon the frequency of their use, in order to arrive at a suspicion that we are traveling backward toward Neanderthal times. ... (4/4)

THE SMALL BUT MEMORABLE REBELLION OF SAM VANDIVER

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

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

And Sam Vandiver hated football.

It was his earnest feeling too, that the sea of football scores he prepared were largely unexplored by the reader's eye. It was a theory Sam would test.

He began by inventing teams and inserting their football fortunes into the scores column. Joyous triumphs and ignominious defeats sprang full-blown from his brow, but no one, excepting Sam Vandiver, cheered on the fortunes of Cretin U. over Wehbelow Normal. For two years, Merriman College was undefeated (breaking Notre Dame's record of 38 consecutive victories) until being edged out by Heathbert Tech, 7-6.

"Strangely enough," Sam later wrote, "none of my teams got a bowl bid."

There came a time when the Times copyboy began to feel an awesome sense of power. No one had challenged his scores and he cockily felt his theory was proven.

Came a cold day in October, 1951, and Sam Vandiver overreached himself. "I was looking for a more dangerous game and found one: I decided to send messages through the football scores."

The first message was a relatively simple one. It appeared in the Times of October 11, 1951:

The South 31, Florida Tech 27.
Shallrise 7, Virginia Poly 3.
Again 21, Tennessee Normal 0.

It also appeared in *Time* Magazine, November 5, 1951, page 90, along with a story about the Times copyboy who wondered if anyone read the football scores. It seems that eagle-eyed Art Leibson, Times reporter and local correspondent for *Time* and *Life*, saw the unusual set of scores and found himself a story. Sam talked freely.

The *Time* story led to a conference between Sam Vandiver and Bill Latham, managing editor of the morn-

ing newspaper. From the conference came Sam's decision that working at a newspaper was taking a lot of time away from studies. He decided to resign. That Saturday night, Sam announced his decision in the scores column:

Gowin 31, MIT 0.
Downin 14, Harrison U. 7
Blazen 6, U. 0.
Glory 21, Likeable U. 21 (tie.)

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

Sam had tilted his last windmill.

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

STEELE ON NOVA

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

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

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

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

"It is interesting to recall how close we were to having no NOVA at all. About eleven or twelve years ago, UT El Paso was growing and exciting things were happening, but (unlike most colleges) we had absolutely nothing to send

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

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

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

to our alumni and friends to tell them what the College was doing and what it was trying to do. Some years back there had been a little quarterly called *Nugget*, but there was a long interval when alumni received no word from home.

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

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

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

Steele, thank you.

CONTRIBUTORS

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

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

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

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

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

Doug Early
Ray Past
Bob Johnson
Thornton Penfield
John J. Middagh
Alan Ehmann
C. L. Sonnichsen
Dale L. Walker
Joseph M. Ray
Steele Jones
Max Marshall
Jerry A. Griffin
David V. LeMone
Robert Burlingame
Richard Russell
J. Edgar Simmons
Robert J. Massey
Nancy Miller (Hamilton)
Dorothy Stroud
Esperanza M. de Spyropoulos
Henry Rettig
Jan Beard
Jeff Berry
John McFall
Rhoda F. Milnarich
Rex E. Gerald
Helen F. Durio
Milton Leech
Francisco J. Lewels
William Crawford
Leon C. Metz
Jeannette Smith
Mary Margaret Davis

Hayward Thompson
Betty Ligon
Joseph R. Smiley
H. Allen Smith
Howard McCord
Eddie Mullens
Lionel Cenicerros
Noreen Ross
Jon Manchip White
Haldeen Braddy
Hawley Richeson
Richard Smothermon
John Haddox
John O. West
James Overton
Evan H. Antone
Elroy Bode
Wallace H. Brucker
Bud Newman
Jerry M. Hoffer
Allen F. Willson
Barnard Collier
Edmund B. Coleman
Verdon R. Adams
José Cisneros
Laura Scott Meyers
Briavel Holcomb
David Innes
William C. McGaw
John J. Vandertulip
Oliver Knight
Yvonne Greear
Jimmy R. Walker
Samuel E. Vandiver

John H. McNeely
Glenn L. Palmore
Robert M. Esch
Howard G. Applegate
Rudolph Gomez
Scott Binning
Paul D. Daniggelis
Lance Murray
Barbara Springer
Les Standiford
Rudolph O. de la Garza
C. Sharp Cook
W. H. Timmons
Peter Ashkenaz
Fred W. Hanes
Joseph B. Graves, Jr.
Christine Pasanen
Tom Lindley
Pat Esslinger Carr
Ray Chávez
George W. Ayer
C. Richard Bath
Bob Ingram
Pete Ciccarella
Pat & Paula Kiska
William Siros &
Michael Emery
S. L. A. Marshall
Wayne E. Fuller
Derry Eads
Ruth Brown McCluney
Wayne McClintock
Bob Ybarra

CODE

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

1/1	fall 1965	6/1	fall 1970
1/2	winter 1966	6/2	Feb-April 1971
1/3	spring 1966	6/3	May-July 1971
1/4	summer 1966	6/4	Aug-Oct 1971
2/1	fall 1966	7/1	October 1971
2/2	winter 1967	7/2	February 1972
2/3	spring 1967	7/3	June 1972
2/4	summer 1967	7/4	October 1972
3/1	fall 1967	8/1	December 1972
3/2	winter 1968	8/2	March 1973
3/3	spring 1968	8/3	June 1973
3/4	summer 1968	8/4	September 1973
4/1	fall 1968	9/1	December 1973
4/2	winter 1969	9/2	March 1974
4/3	spring 1969	9/3	June 1974
4/4	summer 1969	9/4	September 1974
5/1	fall 1969	10/1	December 1974
5/2	winter 1970	10/2	March 1975
5/3	spring 1970	10/3	June 1975
5/4	summer 1970	10/4	September 1975

A DECENNIAL NOVA INDEX

By Title and Author

TITLES:

About Basketball... And the Taste of Honey	1/2	The Corps at Camp in Kansas	9/3	Jim Phelan Revisited	6/1
Across the Rio to Freedom (review)	10/4	The Cotton Estate Cornerstone	2/1	John Donohue Heads Exes Nominees	3/1
The Advisory Council	4/2	Creativity and the College	1/4	John F. Finerty Reports Porfirian Mexico 1879 (review)	9/4
The Advisory Council and the Matrix Society	3/4	The Criminal Justice Program	9/4	John Henry Brown, Texian Journalist (review)	8/3
Address to a Cannon (poem)	5/2	Crimsoned Prairie (review)	8/2	Join Up	4/4
Air Pollution Along the U.S. Mexico Border (review)	10/4	A Croc Called Charlie, the Story Boards of Palau, and an Incident at Helen Reef	3/2	Josephine Clardy Fox (review)	9/2
Air, Water, Noise, Waste: UT El Paso and the EEP	8/4	Dallas Area Exes Build Lively Chapter	1/3	Juh: An Incredible Indian (review)	9/2
Alexander and Price	9/4	David O. Leaser: Outstanding Ex	5/1	Just Passing Through	8/1
Alligator!	8/2	Dean Christine Bonds, R. N.	6/3	Kashmir	1/2
Alone: In the World: Looking (review)	9/1	Desiderata (poem)	5/1	The Kid and the Lady	7/2
Alumni Fund	4/2	Disenchantment and Change: Higher Education in Crisis	6/3	Kolliker's UT El Paso	8/3
The Alumni Fund: Its Mission	8/2	A Dispatch from the Monte Cristo	5/1	KVOF Comes of Age, 1946-1967	3/1
Alumnus Becomes Antarctic Landmark	1/2	Down Among the Pickelhauben: Museum Misfits	5/2	The Lady in the Hall of the Horsemen	5/2
Ambrose Bierce, F. A. Mitchell-Hedges and the Crystal Skull (review)	8/4	A Dozen Farewells	8/3	La Hacienda	8/3
The American Mail (review)	8/2	Dr. Eleanor Duke: Outstanding Ex	9/4	La Junta de los Rios del Norte y Conchos (review)	10/1
Analytical Index to Publication of the Texas Folklore Society (review)	8/3	Dr. Engel & the Sextuplets	9/1	The Lamaserie on the Hill	6/4
And Now... He-e-e-r-r-e's Rudy!	4/2	Doctor of Geological Sciences	9/3	The Lasater Philosophy of Cattle Raising (review)	7/4
Annual Gifts Total \$406,437	4/2	Dr. Gordon L. Black: Outstanding Ex	7/4	Las Cruces Canal, 5:00	7/4
Art at 2200°	5/3	Dr. Laurence A. Nixon and the White Primary (review)	10/1	The La Tuna Project	10/3
Art Beneath the Gilt	5/4	Dr. Ray	3/4	Learning to Read	7/3
Back to the Barrancas	7/3	Dr. Ray Steps Down	3/2	Leasure Tribute Established	1/4
Banks of the Rio Grande	10/3	Dr. Raymond Gardea: Outstanding Ex	7/1	Leaves from a Fall Journal	10/2
Bear-ing Down on Basketball	10/2	The Economic Impact of UT El Paso on El Paso	8/4	Leningrad Summer 1974	10/2
The Bells Are Ringing	2/1	El Burro and the Long, Rough Trail A-Winding	3/1	The Lesson is Experience	10/3
The Bicentennial Collection of Texas Short Stories (review)	10/2	El Paso and the Canaries	2/3	A Letter to Ruben Salazar	6/1
Bird Dogs and Urchins: With the 17th Aviation Group in Vietnam	3/4	El Paso Landmarks (review)	6/3	Letters of Ernst Kohlberg (review)	8/4
Bob Cave Heads Exes Nominees	2/1	Elroy Bode's Sketchbook II (review)	7/4	The Library Opens	4/1
Bob Hope in the Sun Bowl	6/1	The End of the Voyage of the Endeavor II	6/3	A Lift for the Language Lab	9/1
The Books of C.L. Sonnichsen	7/2	Engineering 1975	10/4	The Little Blue Flame	7/4
Border Sketches	7/2-4, 8/1-3, 9/1	Ethiopia: The African Land of Judah	7/2	Llenamos su Income Tax Gratis	8/3
Bordertown Revisited (review)	9/2	Eugene O. Porter (1899-1975)	10/2	Lockhart is Outstanding Ex	2/5
Bouncing Lasers Off the Moon	6/3	Everything's Coming Up Buildings	9/3	Los Chicanos: An Awakening People (review)	6/2
The Braddy Scholarship and the Pershing/Villa Adventure	2/1	Everything There is to Know About Snakes	9/4	Marie Landua Waddell	9/3
Brand New Ball Game	1/1	The Fall of the Ivory Tower	2/3	Marshall Willis: Outstanding Ex	3/1
The Building Boom and Things to Come	3/3	The Farah Scholarships	6/2	Marvin Jones Memoirs (review)	8/4
The Burgeses of the Barrancas	5/4	The Fiction of Jack London (review)	7/4	The Master's Voice	3/3
The Burro (review)	10/2	The \$50,000 Alumni Fund	6/4	The Matrix Society	4/2
Bus Station People	8/2	The Flowsheet Predicament	6/2	Meeting the Growth Challenge	1/3
Butterworth Heads '69 Alumni Fund	4/2	The Folklore of Academe	8/3	Melissa and Tony	5/2
Butterworth to Head Exes	1/1	Friends Memorialize Car Crash Victims	1/3	Memo to G.E.H., Class of '55	1/2
Cap Kidd's Marvelous Earthquake Machine	4/2	Gammer Gorton on Tour!	2/4	The Mencken-White Letters	4/2
Capsules: News Briefs from the UTEP Campus	2/1, 2/3	Gene Congdon, Class Ring, Reunited	1/3	A Message From Thimphu	7/3
A Case of Identity	2/3	A Geographical Survey of Chihuahua (review)	8/3	Mexican Americans (review)	8/4
The Catalan Chronicle of Francisco de Moncada (review)	10/3	Geologists Killed a Snake	4/3	The Miner Who Crossed the Line	9/2
The Center of Sound & Silence	5/2	Geology: Direction '67	2/2	Milton Leech, UT El Paso's Acting President	4/1
The Changing Face, the Half-Life in Education	2/3	Gifts Exceed \$3.6 Million in 1971	7/2	Mission Row	7/3
Charting the Darker Mountains	9/2	The Gift of Josephine Clardy Fox	5/4	Mission '73	9/1
Charting a Netherworld Language	1/4	The Gift of the 'Maga'	6/3	The MLA	10/3
The Chinese in El Paso (review)	8/1	Gifts to University Total \$573,936 in 1972	8/2	Morton Heads '70 Alumni Fund	5/2
The Class Alumni Fund Report, 1969	5/2	Coff Lyceum Series	3/1	The Mountain Lion (poem)	5/3
C.L. Sonnichsen: Grassroots Historian (review)	8/1	Coff Lyceum Series II	4/1	Mr. TWC Looks Homeward	1/3
The Coattailless Landslide (review)	9/2	The Grad System	2/4	Mullens on Basketball	5/1
Colleagues Honor President, Teacher	1/3	Graduate Program Opens New Doors to Government Majors	1/1	My Very Own Conglomerate	6/4
Colonel Greene and the Copper Skyrocket (review)	10/3	The Grassroots Historian	5/4	National Student Congress	5/1
Compatriot	7/1	Gunfight at Blazer's Mill (review)	10/1	The Nelson Professorship	8/1
The Computer Goes Clinical	1/1	Gung Ho! for the Granger Ghost	10/1	New Academic Year Heralds Time of Achievement	1/1
Considerations on the Political and Social Situation of the Mexican Republic, 1847 (review)	10/4	Hawk!	7/4	The New Plateau of the Alumni Fund	3/2
Continental Crossroads: El Paso in History	9/3	Herman Hesse is In	6/1	The New President: Joseph R. Smiley	4/2
Contributions Report	4/2, 5/2, 6/2, 7/2, 8/2, 9/2	Home and Other Moments (review)	10/4	A New RX for Nursing	6/3
A Conversation with Doc Sonnichsen	7/2	Homecomings and Queens	3/1	The New, Well-Used, Campus Library	2/3
A Conversation with Fritz Leiber	10/4	Homecoming Fiesta	5/4	A Note on the Architecture	2/3
A Conversation with Sam Donaldson	8/4	Homecoming 1965: October 8-9	1/1	NOVA Interviews Baxter Polk	4/1
A Conversation with SLAM	8/1	Homecoming Reunion Class	3/4	NOVA Interviews Dean Walker	4/1
		Houston Chapter Report	3/4	NOVA Interviews Dr. Harding	3/2
		The Importance of Being Henry	4/1	NOVA Interviews Dr. Ray	2/4
		In Memory Of...	4/4	NOVA Interviews Dr. Smiley	5/3
		Into the Sacred Well of the Maya	3/3	NOVA Interviews Jim Phelan	3/3
		Is Surd the Word for '69?	4/4	NOVA Interviews Jon Manchip White	6/2
		It's a Matter of Respect	8/2	NOVA Interviews the Chancellor-Elect	6/1
		James E. White: Nelson Professor	8/3	NOVA is One Year Old	2/1
		The Janos History Jinx	5/2	NOVA is Two Years Old	3/1
		Jigme Dorji of Bhutan and UT El Paso	9/1	Nuggets Wanted	2/2
		Jim Brennand Heads Exes Nominees	4/1	Observations of the First Month	4/4
		Jim Devine and the Chimps of Kidd Field	4/3	The Old World Background of the Irrigation System of San Antonio (review)	8/2
		Jim Phelan of Nader's Raiders	6/1	On Chuck Hughes, Dying Young	7/3
				On Durazno Street	8/1
				On File: Mexican Novelists and their Novels	4/3
				On Gratitude for Goal Tending	2/2

Only the Shower Room Was Off Limits	4/1
On the Alumni Role in Excellence	1/3
On the Ti and Grin at the Club	
Campestre	6/2
On the Trail of Texas Gunslingers	4/4
Opening the Door	7/3
Orange Marigolds	8/2
Our Alums in Washington	2/2
Our Men in the Mission	10/4
Our New Veeps	7/1
Outlook for 1969	4/2
Outstanding Ex Selection	5/4
Pariah	7/4
The Party (short story)	10/1
Passing Through: An Anthology of Con- temporary Southwestern Literature (review)	10/2
Pat Garrett: The Story of a Western Law- man (review)	9/3
Patterns of Poverty in El Paso	7/4
The Permian Basin (review)	9/2
The Plain, Old, Powerful Petition	3/4
Play is a Child's Work	9/2
The "Play of the Year" Pass	1/4
Plugging the Jargon Gap	4/3
Plus Ca Change	4/2
Poets Four, Poems Six	2/2
A Postscript to Dig Dig Dig, Etc.	2/1
Power to the People—or Maybe Not	9/2
The Premiere: Homecoming of '29	2/1
The Present, Puzzling Stage of the Alumni Fund	2/1
President Smiley Steps Down	8/1
Printer at the Pass (review)	8/3
Profile: Caleb Arundel Bevans	2/4
Profile: Jesse A. Hancock	3/1
Profile: Virgil C. Hicks	6/4
Prolegomena to H. Allen Smith	4/4
The Prospector: An Update	9/1
The Ray Presidency, 1960-68	3/4
Recollections (of Ruth Brown)	10/3
Record of Donors	10/2
Requiem for a Mountain	7/3
Restless River (review)	10/4
Restless Students, Facts of Life	6/2
The Rewarding Disorder	2/3
Riders of the Border (review)	6/4
A Role for Drama in the Public Service	1/1
The Roots of Wee Waa	2/4
Ross Moore: Outstanding Ex	10/4
Rough Rider Frank Brito	6/2
The Rudy Tellez Show	6/1
Salute to an Absent Friend	8/3
San Simon and Texas Western Linked by Exchange Program	1/3
Saturday Afternoon (poem)	1/1
Savage Scene: The Life and Times of James Kirker (review)	8/2
S. D. Myres: A Foreword	5/3
The Search for John Claude White, C.I.E.	8/2
Send Us a Student	9/1
Shannon Roach: Nurse-to-Be	6/3
Six Who Came to UT El Paso	3/4
The Skinny Guy	3/4
The S.L.A. Marshall Collection	9/4
Sloppy Talk	6/1
The 'small' but Memorable Rebellion of Sam Vandiver	2/1
So Far, This Season	10/2
Some Hang-Ups in Higher Education	4/3
Some Sweet Day (review)	9/3
Some Views of Cambridge	3/3
Songs the Miners Didn't Sing	1/4
Sonnichsen Fund Launched: "The Flame Burns On"	9/2
The SOT Factor	4/4
South of Paisano Street	7/3
Southwestern Collection	4/1
Southwestern Studies	2/2
The Special Collections of the UT El Paso Library	7/1
The Sports Outlook	8/4
Stand Up and Teach!	1/3
The State National Since 1881 (review)	7/1
Studies in Language and Linguistics (review)	8/1
Suddenly, Behind the Scenes	10/1
Summer Orientation	9/4
Sunward I've Climbed (review)	10/2
A Survey on Reading II	4/4
A Survey, Sort Of, on Reading	3/2
Tackling the Treadmill	10/3

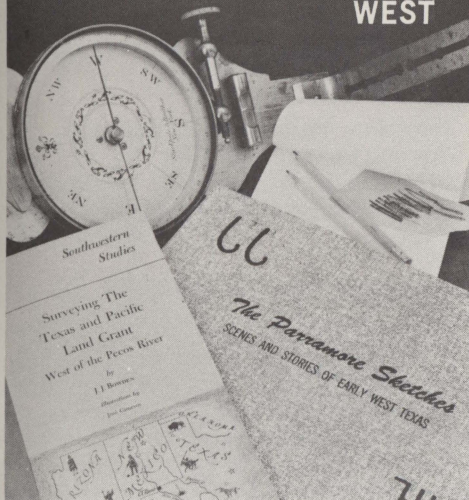
Tadeo Ortiz, Mexican Colonizer and Reformer (review)	10/2
The "TA": Filling the Gap	5/2
Taking the Measure of Achievement	1/2
A Talk With the Two-Decaders	7/1
TCM Revisited	9/4
TCP: Something New in Teaching Teachers	8/1
Teaching, Economics and Etcetera	2/4
The Templeton Presidency	10/2
TESL: Instilling the English Habit	1/2
Thad Steele: Outstanding Ex	4/1
There is Nothing Like a Name	2/4
These Days and Higher Education	5/4
Things Aren't Working	5/3
"The Things I Have Done All My Life"	2/3
The Thirty Years of the Centennial	2/2
This Desk is in Its Third Printing	7/1
This Remarkable Man	2/1
Thomason: The Autobiography of a Federal Judge (review)	7/1
Three Cheers! Three Beers! Texas Miners! Engineers!	8/3
Three Dimensional Poe (review)	8/3
Three Hundred Days in Oltenia	10/1
Three Poems by Howard McCord	9/2
The Tin Lizzie Troup (review)	8/1
Tombstone: Myth and Reality (review)	8/3
Tom White: The Life of a Lawman (review)	8/1
Tradition and Progress: The New Designation	1/4
Trailing Ambrose Bierce	5/4
Trastorno Sobre Cristo Rey	9/1
Travis Selected Outstanding Ex	1/1
The Trend in Enrollment	10/1
Tularosa (poem)	6/4
Twelve Prints	4/4
\$27 Million Expansion Program	8/4
Two Famous El Paso Stopovers: F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway	9/1
Two Men of Mines	3/2
The University and the Business of Books	4/3
The University Archives	3/4
The Unparalleled Tribute	3/1
Upward Bound at UTEP	1/4
Urbici Soler As I Knew Him	8/1
UT El Paso's First Doctoral Program	8/1
UT El Paso's New President	8/2
UT El Paso's Soldier Students	5/1
UTEP: Harvard on the Border	9/3
Vet Village Revisited	1/2
Volcanoes: Windows In the Earth	7/2
W.E. "Pete" Snelson: Outstanding Ex	8/4
Wesley Martin of Ref-Chem	5/1
What's Happening to ROTC These Days? It's Shaping up	9/3
What the Ants Are Saying (poem)	5/3
Who Stole the Ehrmann Poem	5/3
Winning the Waigwa Way	10/3
With Queequeg, Blackie the Yellow Dog and Anna the Native Girl on Fais, Sorol, and Ngulu Islands	3/1
Ysleta, Texas, 1947 (poem)	4/4
Zothique and Solarcon I	10/2

AUTHORS:

Adams, Verdon R.	7/3
Antone, Evan H.	6/4, 7/4, 9/1
Applegate, Howard G.	8/4
Ashkenaz, Peter	9/3-4, 10/1
Ayer, George W.	10/1
Bath, C. Richard	10/1
Beard, Jan	2/4, 3/1
Berry, Jeffrey	3/1-2, 5/1
Bevans, Caleb A.	1/1, 2/4
Binning, Scott	8/4
Bode, Elroy	7/1-2-3-4, 8/1-2-3, 9/1-3, 10/2
Braddy, Haldeen	5/4, 8/4, 9/2
Brucker, Wallace H.	7/1
Burlingame, Robert	2/2
Carr, Pat Esslinger	10/1
Ceniceros, Lionel	5/1
Chavez, Ray	10-1, 10/3-4
Ciccarelli, Pete	10/2
Cisneros, José	7/3
Coleman, Edmund B.	7/3
Collier, Barnard	7/3
Cook, C. Sharp	9/2
Crawford, William	3/4, 5/1, 7/4, 8/3

Daniggelis, Paul Dean	9/1
Davis, Mary Margaret	4/2, 5/3, 6/1
De La Garza, Rudolph	9/2
Donohue, John W. Jr.	3/1
Durio, Helen F.	3/3
Early, M. Douglas	1/1-2-3
Ehmann, Max	6/1
Ehrmann, Max	5/1
Esch, Robert M.	8/4
Eads, Derry	10/3
Emery, Michael	10/2
Fuller, Wayne E.	10/2
Graves, Joseph B., Jr.	9/4
Gerald, Rex E.	3/3
Gomez, Rudolph	8/4
Greear, Yvonne E.	8/2
Griffin, Jerry A.	2/2
Hamilton, Nancy (Miller)	2/3-4, 3/4, 9/2-4, 10/1, 10/2
Hanes, Fred W.	9/4
Holcomb, Briavel	7/4
Hoffer, Jerry M.	7/2
Ingram, Bob	10/2
Innes, David	8/1
Johnson, Bob	1/2
Jones, Steele	6/2-4
Kiska, Pat and Paula	10/2
Knight, Oliver	8/2
Leech, Milton	3/4, 4/2-3
LeMone, David V.	2/2
Lewels, Joe	3/4
Ligon, Betty	4/3
Lindley, Tom	10/1
Marshall, S.L.A.	10/2
Marshall, Max	1/4
Marquis, Don	5/3
Massey, Robert J.	2/3-4
McClintock, Wayne	10/4
McCluney, Ruth Brown	10/3
McCord, Howard	4/4, 9/2
McFall, John	3/1
McGaw, William C.	8/2, 9/2
McNeely, John H.	8/3
Metz, Leon C.	3/4, 4/4, 7/1, 8/1, 10/1
Meyers, Laura Scott	7/4, 8/1-3-4, 9/2, 10/3
Middagh, John J.	1/2
Milnarich, Rhoda F.	3/1-2-4, 4/1-3-4, 5/1-2, 6/1
Mullens, Eddie	5/1
Murray, Lance	9/1
Newman, Bud	7/2, 8/1, 9/3
Ortego, Philip D.	6/2
Overton, James	6/3
Palmore, Glenn L.	8/4
Pasanen, Christine	9/4, 10/2
Past, Ray	1/2, 6/2, 8/1-3, 10/2, 10/3
Penfield, Thornton	1/2-3
Ray, Joseph M.	1/1, 1/4, 2/1-2-3, 3/1-2-3
Richeson, Hawley	6/1
Ross, Noreen	5/2
Rubin, Larry	1/1
Russell, Richard	2/2
Simmons, J. Edgar	2/2, 5/2
Siros, William W.	10/2
Smiley, Joseph R.	4/4, 5/4, 6/3
Smith, H. Allen	4/4, 6/1-4
Smith, Jeannette	4/1 and <i>passim</i>
Smith, Donald	9/3
Smothermon, Richard	6/2
Sonnichsen, C.L.	1/3, 5/4, 7/4, 8/1-3, 9/3
Springer, Barbara	9/1
Spyropoulos, Esperanza M.	2/3
Standiford, Les	9/2
Stroud, Dorothy	2/3
Thompson, Hayward	4/3
Timmons, W. H.	9/3
Vandertulip, John J.	8/2
Vandiver, Sam	2/1, 8/2
Walker, Dale L.	1/4 and <i>passim</i>
Walker, Jimmy R.	8/2
West, John O.	6/3, 7/1
White, Jon Manchip	5/3, 6/4
Willson, Allen F.	7/2
Wingfield, Clyde	1/1
Wingate, Gifford	1/1
Ybarra, Bob	10/4

BOOKS SOUTH BY WEST



THE PARRAMORE SKETCHES: SCENES AND STORIES OF EARLY WEST TEXAS

by Dock Dilworth Parramore.
El Paso: Texas Western Press
of The University of Texas at
El Paso, 1975, \$10.

By all standards this is an exceptional book.

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

After retiring in 1930 from a successful ranching career and continuing until his death in 1946, D. D. Parramore enter-

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

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

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

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

—Harold Miller

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

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

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

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

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

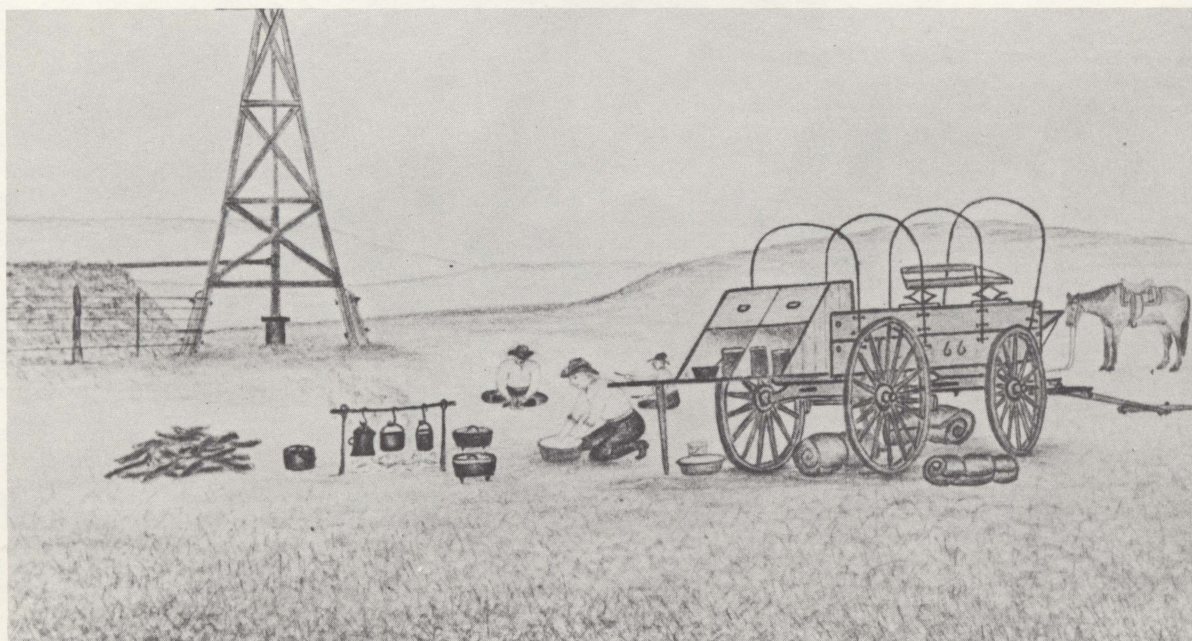
No review would be complete without a word of praise for the frontispiece and double-page drawing by José Cisneros. They enhance a very fine book.

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

—Harold Miller

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

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



Progress Report:

BUILDINGS COMING UP



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

University Special Events Center:

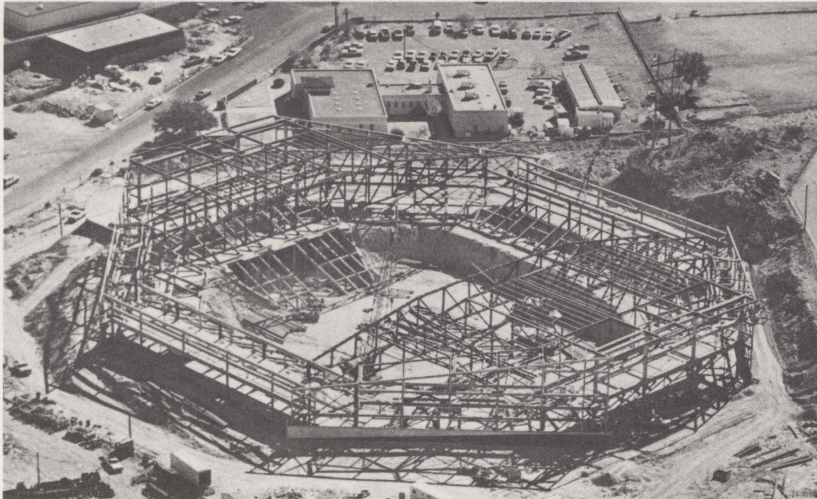
Purpose: For sporting events, particularly basketball; entertainment such as concerts, special programs, etc.; also possible site for Commencement ceremonies.

Seating capacity: 12,000.

Est. completion date: Oct. 29, 1977 but possibly as early as Feb. 1, 1977.

Cost: \$8,720,000.

Builder: Jordan and Nobles Const. Co.
Architect: B. W. Crain, Jr. (Houston).



Location: Baltimore at Oregon St.
Square footage: 180,000.

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

Engineering/Science Complex

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

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

Est. completion date: Sept., 1976.

Cost: \$12,441,016.

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

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

Location: Hawthorne Street adjacent to the Physical Science Building.

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

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



Alum Notes

Compiled and Written by
Jeannette Smith



CLASS OF 1934:

Sheldon P. Wimpfen is Chief Mining Engineer for the Bureau of Mines, U. S. Department of Interior.

CLASS OF 1935:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Woodrow W. Leonard is a sales representative for A&A Coating Co., Lone Star, Tex., and resides in Dallas.

CLASS OF 1936:

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

CLASS OF 1941:

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

CLASS OF 1945:

Ann Waller Grice and her husband **Dick** live in Houston where he is with Pennzoil Co.

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

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

Frances Rheinheimer Rossbach lives in Clarendon Hills, Ill., with her husband and family. She is the recipient of the "Outstanding Citizen of the Year" award from the Jaycees.

Phyllis (Phi) Farquhar Seabrook is Administrative Assistant, Personal Property, Dept., in the Charleston (S. C.) County Assessor's Office.

Elaine Johnson Smith and her husband **Warren** reside with their family in W. Simsbury, Conn.

CLASS OF 1949:

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

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

CLASS OF 1950:

Vic Clark (M. A. '51) is athletic director of the Ysleta Independent Public Schools, also president of the Ysleta Lions Club of EP.

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

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

Mrs. John H. McDowell, the former **Jacqueline O'Sullivan** (M.A. '51) is associate director of Las Cruces Pan-American Round Table.

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

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

Ben E. Adams is Plant Manager for Pennzoil Chemical Inc. in Hanford, Calif.

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

Jo a qu i n Argeulles is Field-Contracts Manager of Fluor Utah, Inc. in Albuquerque, N. M.

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

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

Otis G. Brieden is chief engineer with Peerless Mfg. Co. in Dallas.

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

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

Bruce I. Dedman is vice president of manufacturing with Lone Star Steel Co. and resides in Ore City, Tex.

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

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

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

Alquin E. Konen is vice president and director of DeLeuw, Cather International, Inc., Consulting Engineers, and is general manager in Thailand for the company.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLASS OF 1951:

Jose S. Valdez is Division Engineer of Projects with the U. S. Section of the International Boundary and Water Commission, and directs construction, operation, maintenance and general engineering work.

Cesar Fourzan, Jr. (M. A. '55) has been promoted to the post of Assistant Superintendent of the Lunchroom Department in the EPISD.

CLASS OF 1952:

Mary Margaret Davis, former staff member of the El Paso Herald-Post, is author of a 200-page book titled "The Receiving Line Was 11 Years Long," published by Guynes Press, a division of Guynes Printing Co.

A. Morrissey Jr. is assistant to the controller of ASARCO Inc. and resides in Middlesex, N. J.

CLASS OF 1953:

George Pendell is the International Boundary and Water Commission's resident engineer in Presidio, Tex., in charge of an American force of about 100 engineers, technicians, surveyors, heavy equipment operators and laborers. The project is a flood control program involving the Rio Grande River, the U. S. and Mexico.

CLASS OF 1954:

Jack R. Green is director of Information Services at Farah Manufacturing Co.

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

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

CLASS OF 1955:

Paula Hale Evans and her husband, Army Lt. Col. John C. Evans, reside in Alexandria, Va.

Bobby V. Carman is a supervisor with El Paso Natural Gas Co. in Farmington, N.M.

Gene E. Congdon is Exploration Manager, North America, for Weeks Natural Resources, Westport, Conn.

Dan Ray Frantzen is president of the Stone Oil Corp. in Lafayette, La.

Jacqueline Crysler Boone (M. Ed. '66) teaches Modern Dance at Austin High School.

Lt. Col. (Ret.) Pyne A. Gramly is an engineer with International Telephone and Telegraph Co. in Colorado Springs, Colo. His wife is the former **Mitzi Yelinger**, also Class of '55.

Robert M. Cave is Agency Manager for Prudential Insurance Co. of America in San Antonio, Tex.

Vernon R. Haldeman is owner and manager of Haldeman Farms and Ranch in Artesia, N. M.

Patrick L. Benson is Financial Representative in Europe for Farah Manufacturing Co. He and his family live in Brussels, Belgium.

Katherine Stone Hanley writes, edits and publishes a monthly newsletter for her husband **Joseph's Ford** dealership in Hilo, Hawaii.

Dr. George F. Humbert has a medical practice in Newbury Park, Calif.

Noel Sam McCormick is a rate analyst with Texas Electric Service Co. in Fort Worth.

Leona Starr Baker (M. Ed. '68) is a vocational counselor with EP Public Schools.

Bill W. Medart is a system analyst, Data Processing, Shell Information Center, Shell Oil Co., in Houston.

Dr. James C. Baxter is professor of psychology at the University of Houston.

Marian VanKirk Williams and her husband **Larry** have a cattle ranch in Hollister, Calif. He is Dean of Boys at Hollister High School and she is a substitute teacher.

Rodolfo Anchondo Sr. (M. Ed. '67) teaches sixth grade at Beall Elementary School.

M. Carroll Staton is Head Geologist for Saxon Oil Co. and lives in Midland, Tex.

Veda Branum Stephenson and her husband Bill have a ranch in Carrizozo, N.M.

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

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

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

CLASS OF 1957:

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

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

CLASS OF 1958:

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

CLASS OF 1962:

Marsha Hail McLeod and her family reside in Berkeley, Calif., where her husband works in the Research and Development Department of Airco Temescal.

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

CLASS OF 1963:

William P. Martin is Service Manager-Gas and Steam for the Dallas District of General Electric Company's Installation and Service Engineering Operation.

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

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

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

CLASS OF 1964:

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

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

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

CLASS OF 1965:

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

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

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

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

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

Chris A. Cummings is president of Resort America Corp.

Nancy Kendall Scroggins and her husband **Ronald**, also Class of '65, live in Lincoln, Neb., where he is sales training manager for Dorsey Labs.

Helen (Gail) Fromme Benford is an interior designer in Norwich, N.Y.

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

Art Alba (M.Ed.) is a Federal Probation Officer in El Paso. His wife, the former **Rosie Madrid**, Class of '65, is a pre-employment lab assistant at Burges High School.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James M. Allen is the athletic director, also head coach for basketball, track and cross-country, at Wolsingham Academy in Williamsburg, Va.

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

Robert Vernon Blystone is assistant professor and director of the Electron Microscope Labs at Trinity University in San Antonio.

Leland H. Hall is Deputy Personnel Director with the Veterans Administration Hospital in Hampton, Va. His wife is the former **Jeanie McLeod**, Class of '64.

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

Bentley B. King is a Chevron Oil Distributor in Monahans, Tex.

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

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

Alonzo B. Ramirez is Senior Sales Engineer-Latin America, for McDonnell Douglas Aircraft and lives in Huntington Beach, Calif.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James Stark McCloy is sales and promotion manager of Keyboard Center, and former director of the Downtown Lions Club Minstrel Show and organist for the annual Easter Sunrise Service.

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

CLASS OF 1966:

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

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

CLASS OF 1967:

David Macias is a staff associate with the Social Security Administration, with duties as Module Manager in the Western Program Center in San Francisco, Calif. Upon completion of the assignment he will return to the Administration's Central Office in Baltimore, Md.

Frank E. Rimkus, Jr. teaches sophomore French and is chairman of the Modern Languages Dept. at Loretto Academy. His wife is the former **Donna Blase**, Class of '75.

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

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

Leila M. Sanchez (M.A. '70), chairman of the Humanities Division and director of the Expansion Arts Program at EP Community College, is the recipient of a \$7,000 fellowship for doctoral study during the 1975-76 academic year at Texas Tech U.

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

CLASS OF 1968:

Doris W. Irons and her husband Timothy had their name legally changed to Bowers-Irons in memory of his stepfather. Mrs. Bowers-Irons is chairman of the English Department at Juab High Schol in Nephi, Utah.

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

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

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

Capt. Robert L. Meek is a missile operations officer at Vandenberg AFB, Calif.

Capt. Victor L. Thomas received the Air Force Commendation Medal for his work as an instructor pilot flight examiner for the 455th Flying Training Squadron and the 323rd Flying Training Wing. He is an electrical engineer with the 4950th Test Wing at Wright-Patterson AFB.

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

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

CLASS OF 1969:

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLASS OF 1970:

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

Oscar Perez is a Title I counselor at Wainwright Elementary.

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

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

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

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

CLASS OF 1971:

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

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

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

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

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

CLASS OF 1972:

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

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

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

Juergen Knoop is an auditor with Bell Helicopter International, Inc., in Tehran, Iran.

CLASS OF 1973:

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

Randolph Nolen is a field consultant for the Emergency Medical Services Division of the

Texas Dept. of Health Resources, Region III.

Mario Maldonado is an instructor at Anthony High School.

Robert Amezcua works for IBM in Austin, Tex. His wife, the former Deborah J. Dow, Class of '72, is a teacher there.

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

CLASS OF 1974:

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

DEATHS

Mrs. Alice Pierce Barry, well-known EP civic leader and widow of John G. Barry who was first president of Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy (1931-34), died September 16 in Marblehead, Mass. Born in Boston, Mrs. Barry was a Smith College graduate and resided in El Paso from 1920-1956, and from 1963-1973.

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

Col. (Ret.) Mark Niemann, director of the UT El Paso Physical Plant, died September 1 at William Beaumont Army Medical Center. A resident of El Paso for some four years, he had retired from the U. S. Army after 30 years' service.

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

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

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

Mr. Roberto Paredes, Jr., Class of 1960, died August 18 in a local hospital. A life-long resident of El Paso, he was a U. S. Army veteran and a member of Primera Iglesia Bautista.

Mr. Norman M. Walker, Class of 1964 and a life-long resident of El Paso, died August 24. He was a member of St.

Alban's Episcopal Church, Elks Club and American Legion Post No. 58.

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

Mr. Elden V. Jetton (M. S. 1966), died July 24 in Slidell, La. He was a meteorologist and forecaster for the New Orleans Weather Bureau. For many years an El Paso resident, he was a member of the EP Masonic Lodge No. 130, El Paso York Rite Bodies and the El Maida Shrine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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