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NOVA

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS
AT EL PASO
MAGAZINE



Sam Donaldson
Outstanding Ex, 1976

THE VIEW FROM THE HILL



Viewing from the hill this month of September we see Homecoming just over the horizon, and with it, about a half dozen events that ought to come to your attention.

Honors Banquet: This annual event, of course, honors the Outstanding Ex (who, you will notice, is Sam Donaldson of ABC, fresh from D.C. and Plains, Ga., not to mention a couple of large political conventions from which is supposed to emerge a person who will later serve as our President). The Banquet also honors the Officers and Directors of the Alumni Assn., and this whole event will begin at the El Paso Country Club at 6:30 p.m. on Friday eve, Oct. 15. Cocktails for an hour, then dinner. For \$12.50 you can't beat it. Following the Banquet and program, stick around for the cash bar;

College of Mines Coffee: This activity has, in the past, been a luncheon to honor our Miner "old-timers." This we had to change a bit. Because of the other stuff going on, the Alumni Assn. has scheduled the TCM Get-Together in conjunction with the Open House for the new Engineering-Science Center. Time on this is 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. This year the Alumni Assn. will be sending out invitations to all TCM graduates and attendees—1949 and earlier and naturally it is hoped all will turn out to see the new facility (it is almost unbelievable) and reminisce;

Free Homecoming Luncheon: This event is scheduled for the first time and is open to all alumni, faculty and staff and their families. It will be held in Memorial Gym from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and being served during that time will be your good old Mexican buffet. Good advice is to come early and get good parking for the afternoon (we emphasize afternoon) Homecoming football game. After you park it, get your free lunch, then go watch a good football game. (Tickets available at the Athletic Ticket Office, 747-5234.)

Football Game: Well, here we are at the afternoon Homecoming football game. Fancy meeting you here. Wow, that was a real good free Homecoming luncheon and I came early and got a good parking place to boot! This is going to be a toughie. Arizona State University! They were ranked second in the nation at the end of last season. Kickoff is at 1:30; this must be the first time in a long time that we've had an afternoon Homecoming football game. Jim Bowden, Athletic Director, knew what he was talking about when he started that "Operation Sell-out." It's about sold out. Hey, look over there—it's Ted and Myrtle and Bob and Alice! And there's Opal and Paul! And three rows up, there's the Chavezes! Hope we can all get together after the game;

The Reunion Social, Buffet, and Dance:

Everybody can get together after the game by going to the Coronado Country Club for the Reunion Party. There will be a cash bar from 4:30 to 7 p.m. with a buffet, scrumptiousness incarnate, served from 7 to 8:30. Dancing begins at 8 p.m., and if you are up to it, you can wear 'em down to the nubs up to 12 midnight. Reunion classes will get together any time they want to for reminiscing purposes.

Homecoming, folks; you can't beat it. Be here. Please.

* * * *

The viewer from the hill has a very dear old friend up in Amsterdam, N.Y., name of Al Fick, editor and writer of excellence. I have something from him I want to quote because I think it bothers others as much as it bothers Al and me. It has to do with the disease unknown as yet to medical science but known to people who read as adjectivitis. Writes Al Fick:

"A recent browse through the ads in some back issues of *The New York Times Book Review*, which publication is a weekly ritual in this household, was like running through a lexicographic thornbush where every other word was calculated to impale the eye. Nearly every book was searing or opulent, superlative, striking, lucid, smashing or insightful. If not persuasive, it was timely and astringent, explosive, haunting, harrowing, spell-binding, taut, iridescent or absorbing—several of these. A glance shows that film and theater ads are just as studded with zingers of the copywriter's and reviewer's art: smashing, inspiring, vivid, provocative, stunning, gripping. They are using the same thesaurus.

"Then I discovered that the flaks have found a new candidate for their list of fever words—'riveting.' I was stunned (the disease is contagious) to learn how many new novels—destined to sink without a trace—are riveting. Without number are the movies containing third rate performances by second rate actors which are labeled riveting.

"Riveting may be an appropriate encomium when applied with discretion. But there are areas where it misuses nuances which could be conveyed by similar words of attachment.

"How about hemstitching for a period costume film; or stapling for a novel about office intrigue; or Elmergluing to describe the book about murder in the furniture factory? There would be a certain appropriateness in labeling a book about carpentry as nailing or spiking.

"Here are a few more copywriters can add to their list: cementing, knotting, binding, tying, padlocking, welding, vulcanizing, chaining. One hopes they will substitute freely. There's no excuse for the reader being riveted three times in two pages of his favorite paper.

"Then there's tongue-tying, or perhaps gagging.

"No, can't use that. Gag is what the reader does.

"Back to the thesaurus."

—Dale L. Walker

COVER:

The 1976 Outstanding Ex, Sam Donaldson.

Photo and design by Russell Banks.

BACK COVER:

Jennifer, Tom, and Sam Donaldson walking across their Virginia meadow. (Photo by Ray Chavez).

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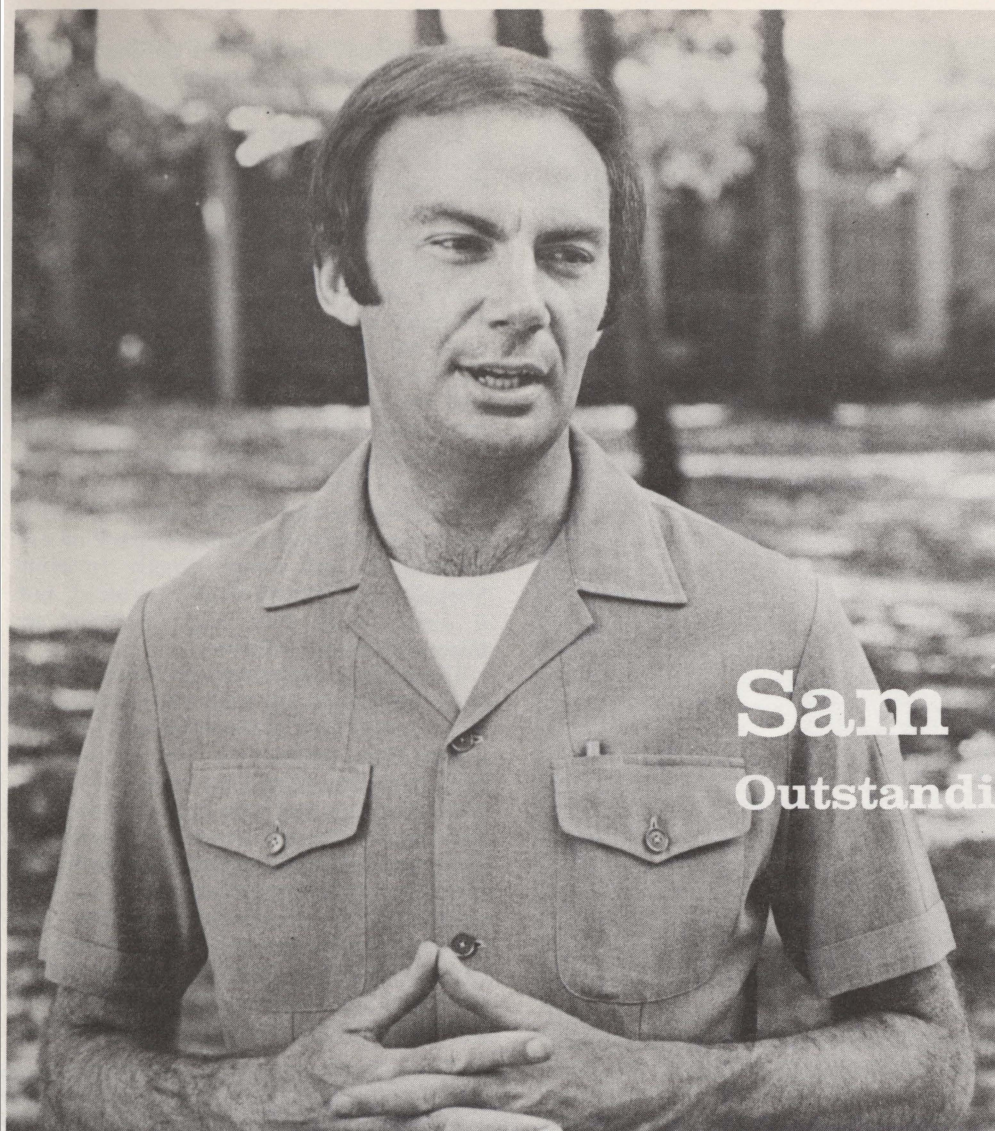
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Sam Donaldson:

Outstanding Ex

by Ray Chávez

Sam Donaldson, TWC Class of 1955, UTEP Outstanding Ex 1976, and the American Broadcasting Company's Capitol Hill correspondent, was standing on the Convention Hall floor when he got the word from ABC producers to move his news coverage to the rostrum. The producers specifically wanted Donaldson to be the first to interview Presidential nominee Jimmy Carter following Carter's acceptance speech at the 1976 Democratic National Convention in New York City.

The veteran reporter quickly made his way toward the podium, as did reporters from other news agencies and networks. Donaldson, having covered the Carter campaign from its beginnings for ABC, had become a familiar face to the Carter people and he had no trouble getting past the Secret Service agents protecting the nominee. He made his way through the dense crowd at the base of the rostrum and positioned himself among such political notables as Hubert Humphrey, Scoop Jackson, and George Wallace.

After Carter's speech there followed a series of introductions of Democrat dignitaries, each rising to receive an ovation from the enthusiastic convention crowd. As the steady procession of politicians made their way to the podium and the din in the hall continued, Donaldson listened and waited for the right moment.

"Finally," he recalls, "when they started introducing the mayor of Louisville and Ella Grasso for the second time, I decided now was the time to talk to Jimmy Carter. I simply went forward and I stood behind George McGovern, who had, the Sunday before, laughed with me about how I had popped out in front of him in '72. So I whispered in his ear, 'George, here I go again'."

Once again, Donaldson beat out the competition in getting to the Presidential nominee—one of the "small victories" he says are the rewards of his business and which are significant factors in the wars carried on by the networks against each other.

The UT El Paso Outstanding Ex for 1976 has been at the forefront of the nation's news—and history, as it happens—recording both the significant and insignificant events in our times for the past 15-odd years, ever since he journeyed to Washington, D.C., in 1961 to work for a local television station and to be "where the action is."

Donaldson has been the Capitol Hill correspondent for ABC News since October, 1967. His reputation as an "aggressive" reporter on the Hill has grown among his news colleagues and was exemplified by his coup at the Democratic National Convention last July.

Newsweek Magazine, in its coverage of the convention, took special note of

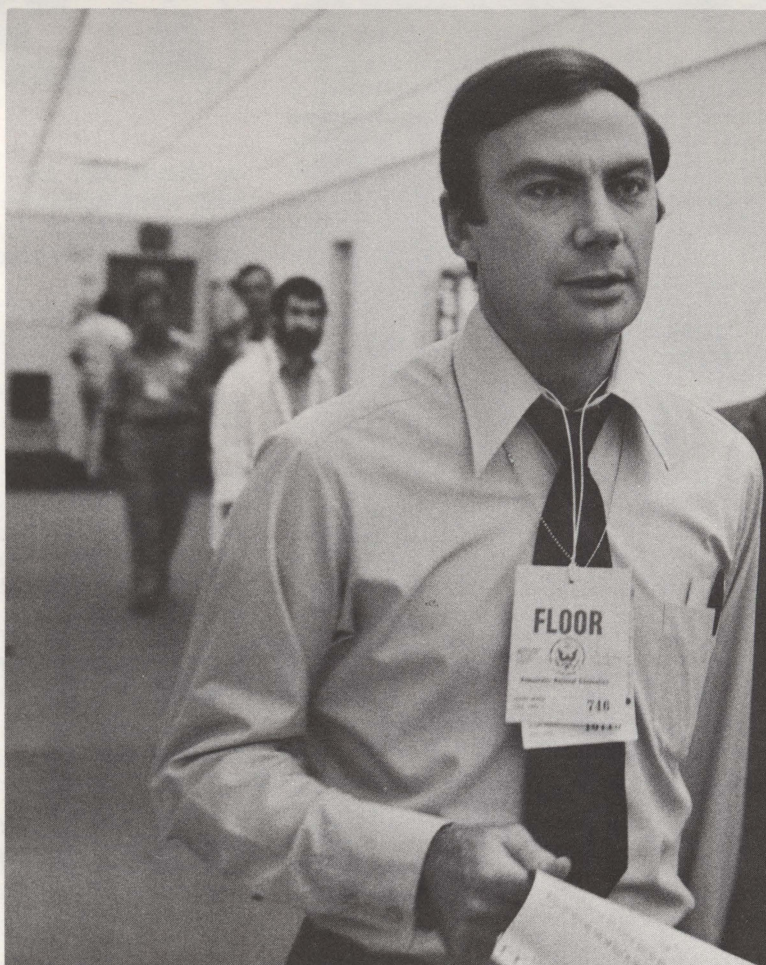
Donaldson and his work, crediting the ABC correspondent with managing "some of the sharpest interviews of the week—including a revealing rostrum chat with Carter following his acceptance speech..."

Donaldson is more sanguine on the matter: "There is one thing you cannot do as a reporter and that is hang back. You cannot be reluctant to come forward and speak to people. I think I'm naturally aggressive. One of my strong points has always been aggressiveness. I have not been afraid to put myself forward, either physically, in order to reach someone, or 'spiritually,' that is, to ask them questions they would really rather not be asked."

Aggressiveness, and a strong desire to be in on any big story of the day, are among the reasons why, over the past decade, Donaldson has been the principal reporter for ABC on such events as the Watergate scandal and the Nixon impeachment investigation. He has also volunteered for reporting duties in Vietnam and covered the war there for six months in 1971. In 1976, Donaldson's work has gained special significance because of his assignment to former Georgia governor Jimmy Carter.

Born in El Paso 42 years ago, Donaldson was raised on a farm in Anthony, N.M., where his mother lives today. His father died a few months before Sam was born.

There is a photograph of Sam, taken



Sam wearing his convention floor reporter credentials.

at the age of eight, which shows him in a Cub Scout uniform, a microphone in his hand. As a youngster, his early interest in broadcasting began with a ham radio and with the thrill of talking "on the air."

"It was broadcasting, not news work, that intrigued me at the beginning," he recalls.

Donaldson attended Austin High School in El Paso for a year and graduated from New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell. His interests in communications had grown and when it came time for college, he was determined to study broadcasting.

His older brother, a UT Austin alumnus, tried to persuade young Sam to go somewhere aside from Texas Western, which at the time had only a fledgling radio-TV department. Donaldson was encouraged to attend the University of Texas at Austin or some other university in the East.

Young Sam, however, had heard of the reputation of Prof. Virgil Hicks, chairman of the TWC department, and made his decision to stay in El Paso. "I can't say enough good things about Virgil Hicks. The record will speak for itself. As I recall, he came from KTSM to set up that department of radio and television at TWC. That was one of the reasons I wanted to go to Texas Western.

"I remember many of his courses to this day—the practical experience, using the equipment, reading the wire machine, learning something about news, about writing, what a lead sentence was. Virgil was always a very fair person, and he always pushed me and encouraged

me, and when I wanted to go to work for a local radio station, he helped me to do that too. Virgil built the reputation of the department."

Says Mr. Hicks, now Professor Emeritus of the department, "Sam, I remember, was a good student, one of my better students. I remember he always had a lot of drive and self-confidence. Whenever I see him on television nowadays, I just swell up with pride and tell whoever is around that there's Sam, one of my students at TWC. His success does not surprise me."

Aside from his broadcasting classes and duties, Donaldson also developed an interest in history, citing memories of Professors C. L. Sonnichsen and Rex Strickland, whose level of instruction, he says, was every bit as high as he has seen anywhere in the country.

Throughout his college career, Donaldson maintained either part-time or full-time employment with local radio stations. He first worked for KSET radio and moved on to station KEPO, which later became KHEY. His first television experience came with employment at KROD, now KDBC, in El Paso. His final local position came with KTSM, a station he credits with having some of the most talented broadcasters at the time. At Texas Western Donaldson rose to become station manager of KVOF-FM, was a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity and was selected to the Men of Mines honor by the time he graduated in 1955.

Upon graduation there followed a year of post-graduate work at the University of Southern California and then a hitch

in the Army, mainly at Ft. Bliss. After leaving the service he worked at KTSM and, in 1959, at KRLD-TV in Dallas.

His employment in Dallas was short-lived; he soon moved eastward toward the heart of the nation's mass communication industry—New York.

"There was something in me that wanted to see something else, a wanderlust, if you will, or a desire to compete in a bigger arena. The only way to get to work for ABC is not to wait someplace for the ABC president to come along and see you and say 'Hey, where have you been? We need you. You're terrific!' It never happens. You have to go to them.

"So I came east at the age of 26 with all my portable goods in the back of my automobile and went directly to New York City. I knew I would be hired, but it didn't work that way. I spent six miserable months there."

Donaldson ended up in Washington, D.C., landing a job with WTOP-TV, the television branch of the celebrated Washington Post, in January, 1961. There he anchored the station's weekend television news program and later became producer and moderator of a weekly interview show and editor for political news in the Maryland and Virginia areas.

WTOP-TV afforded Donaldson the opportunity to cover a broad range of stories, including the Washington political scene, the Cuban missile crisis in 1962 and the civil rights riots in Cambridge,

The Donalds

Jimmy Carter: "Carter is a very stubborn man. He is a very brilliant technical politician. He's a quick thinker and has a quick mind... But it's still quite clear even today (July) that he still has a very loose grasp on a great many important issues for someone who wants to be President. He's still learning but he's learning very rapidly.

"Jimmy Carter's drive, his intuitive ability, his shrewdness, his stubbornness, his capacity to learn, and his desire to achieve goals will all combine so that he will be an activist President. He will fight with Congress to get his way, he will put forward programs to the American people and fight for them.... He won't compromise.

"I'll tell you this about a Carter Presidency—if he is elected President, he is either going to have a highly successful presidency or it will be a disaster."

Nixon And Watergate: "Richard Nixon was one of the greatest calamities to ever occur to the political system of the United States. Everyone is tempted, when he comes to a position of power and prominence, to use his influence for his own private gain, and many fall. What Nixon did was far worse.... Nixon kept saying, 'I don't see what all the commotion is about. It's not as if we took money.' His personality didn't understand that what they did in trying to subvert the system by which democracy works was a greater crime against

Maryland, in 1963. In 1964, Donaldson traveled with Senator Barry Goldwater during Goldwater's bid for the presidency.

It was while working for WTOP that Donaldson recalls being recognized by "his first President," John F. Kennedy.

Donaldson did a commentary which was essentially uncomplimentary on Kennedy's domestic peace corps, known as VISTA, and questioned the effectiveness of the program. The next time Kennedy held a press conference, he spied Donaldson in the corner, approached him and said, "Well, I don't care what you say about the domestic peace corps, we're going to make it work, Sam!"

"Of course, I was quite thrilled as a very young reporter, not working for a network or a major news organization, to be looked at and directly spoken to," says Donaldson.

Donaldson "paid his dues" with WTOP-TV and was well prepared for taking the step up to network news when he finally came to ABC in 1967.

The polished and unflappable image of a veteran network news correspondent that the public sees daily on the television screen can sometimes be deceiving. The fast pace of covering news from "the Hill" is a demanding experience and the cool, calm appearance of Donaldson when he makes his evening report is a credit to his training and professional level of competence.

"You may be able to describe a typical

day for me," says Donaldson, "but then again nothing really is typical in this business. It gives me personal satisfaction. I'm the type of person who likes something new all the time. I like to be doing something that's a little different. If I had to punch the time clock, you know, put the square peg in the round hole every day, I would probably kill myself."

Donaldson's "typical day" on Capitol Hill actually begins the night before with phone calls for background information. He will check on the hearings that are scheduled for the day or check on whatever publicity angles legislators may be seeking. He tries to know in advance what the setting will be for the next day so he can advise his editors and producers of the day's events.

Donaldson's morning begins with phone calls to the editorial desk. Generally, hearings on Capitol Hill begin about 9 a.m. and so Donaldson must meet with the producers of the news program prior to that. As the chief correspondent, Donaldson must provide a rundown of the day's events, listing items in priority. He generally has the initiative in choosing the day's assignment for himself.

"To be on Capitol Hill for a reporter who wants to really stay plugged in is to be in a state of perpetual motion. You are constantly running from the Capitol to the Dirksen Office Building or to the Russell Office Building or over to the Cannon House Office Building or the Rayburn Building, seeing administrative assistants, trying to find committee rooms, trying to find committee members, checking stories with them, then back to the cloak room, back to the floor, up to your booth, to use the phone and maybe write some radio spots (news broadcasts).

"As you begin to prepare your television spot, you begin shipping film or video tape. So as the afternoon wears on, with the help of some able reporters and assistants, I am constantly trying to

keep up with the story, continuing to check parts of the story but at the same time worrying about the logistics of producing the story for television. As the day wears toward 6 o'clock, I get busier than a one-legged man in a kicking contest.

"About 5:15 everything starts falling apart, the story is changing and the tape isn't back and maybe I haven't begun to write the script. So then I get very busy. That's when the pressure in television really gets a little tough.

"This is when I really miss El Paso. This is when I really miss climbing the mountains or sitting there in some ramshackle little bar, eating a taco, drinking tequila, with some salt and lime juice on my hand.

"I'm 42. In a few years, who knows how many—maybe five, maybe ten—I won't want to do this type of news work. Frankly, I won't be able to do it. Somehow, I always make it now because the one thing you can't do in this business is fail to go on the air. You don't say you're not ready even if you have to go on the



Sam and Jimmy Carter of Georgia. Above, Sam in TWC days.

eat...

the country than if they had taken only money."

John Connally: "The most interesting Secretary of the Treasury, without a doubt, I've ever known was John Connally. He was the most outgoing, gregarious personality we had in town during the Nixon Administration. 'Big John' was a force to be reckoned with. He's quite an interesting person."

The Kennedys: "The Kennedys dealt in very stark terms of winning and losing, enemies and friends. We think of an 'enemies' list in connection with Richard Nixon who brought to a height this idea of 'them against us.' But the Kennedys were every bit as capable of putting people on a so-called _____ list and trying to mete out some sort of rap on the knuckles when they felt they were unfairly treated."

Senator Everett Dirksen: "Everett Dirksen was to me the most entertaining individual and the best example of the power users in Washington. When Dirksen would oppose legislation, he had just enough support in the Senate to block most of the innovated legislation. He would announce his opposition to legislation and then get all the major characters in his office... And Ev would say, 'We've hammered out on the anvil of compromise a good bill in my office.' Then he would come out and magnanimously announce that he could, after all, support the bill."



The Donaldson family: Billie Kay, Jennifer and Sam; Thomas and Robert standing.

air with no tape, no pictures and no script, and talk for a minute. So I always make it.

"If you have done a fairly good job, that is the reward of the business. The reward is not money, although we all need it, we all enjoy it and we all want it. The reward in the business is the small victories—you made the air on a day when you shouldn't have."

But Donaldson's day is not over with the 6 p.m. television broadcast. He does a number of radio spots and also keeps an eye on the competition at NBC and CBS, because to fail to do so is, according to Donaldson, "to work in a vacuum." He then checks his mail and the day's messages and perhaps prepares some news spots for the "Good Morning America" show, the ABC morning news program. Then, if the House or the Senate is not in a late session, he is free to go home, usually well into the evening.

Home for Sam Donaldson and his family is a half-hour drive away from the bustle of downtown D.C. The house is set out in the rolling hills and meadows of the beautiful Virginia countryside in Great Falls. It is a peaceful setting, quite in contrast to the center of Donaldson's work. It is a somewhat modest home, sitting several hundred feet from the roadway beneath large shade trees and surrounded by a wooded area. The only sign of extravagance is a 42-foot swimming pool in the backyard—a gift from Donaldson to his children, and himself.

This is where the Donaldsons, Sam and Billie Kay (Butler), have chosen to raise their children, Jennifer, 11; Thomas,

10, and Robert, 7. Donaldson has a son from a previous marriage, Sam A. Donaldson III, who lives in Dallas and is attending Southern Methodist University.

For Donaldson, the setting is a reminder of his farm home in Anthony and was chosen to provide his wife and children with some of that country atmosphere he appreciated as a youngster. The center of the home is the den where the trophies and awards on the wall and mantelpiece are not Donaldson's but those of his children—Jennifer's trophies in baton twirling and young Tom's prizes from participation in a variety of sports.

Sam and Billie Kay Donaldson have been married 13 years. Not surprisingly, they met while Sam was on an assignment for WTOP-TV, covering the opening of Dulles International Airport in November, 1962. She was on a special public relations assignment for the Immigration Service at the airport. Billie Kay and other employees had been briefed on all sorts of airport information and were instructed to accompany members of the press, answering any questions they might have on airport facilities and duties of the Immigration Service.

Members of the press were to be treated to a reception in a downtown hotel and were provided transportation via a press bus. Billie Kay was fighting off the effects of a cold as the bus was leaving and wanted to simply sit and rest. As she made her way through the bus she spotted Sam and decided he was a "friendly fellow". She sat with him and later went out with him that same

evening. Sam and the lady from West Virginia were married a year later.

When he is home, Donaldson likes to spend as much time with the children as possible, perhaps swimming with them in the pool in the summer, or playing with Tom, the "sports nut", whatever the season. Home is a place to unwind and Donaldson likes to be involved with things outside his work. He unwinds, for example, by reading or by riding his tractor mower around the lawn or working in the garden of corn and raspberries. "My social life is rotten by my own desire," says Donaldson, explaining that the last thing he wants to do when he comes home is to get dressed up and go out again. Also, because of occasional special assignments that take him away from home, Donaldson treasures his time with the family, leaving little desire to socialize with others although the invitations to the Donaldsons are quite frequent.

Billie Kay, on the other hand, likes to socialize. She says, "After 13 years of marriage, I've learned the best way is for me to find interests of my own. I've become very involved with the children's activities; I've always been very active and just found it difficult to stop. At first it bothered the kids having Sam away so much. But I think now they have adjusted, as I have, to planning things when he's not here, to keep busy."

There is a mutual understanding among all members of the family about Sam's work. There is also an appreciation of the acclaim it gives. Billie Kay Donaldson, for example, has had an opportunity to meet some of the top political figures of the day, including President Gerald Ford. Jennifer Donaldson has a photograph of herself shaking hands with Jimmy Carter. Such moments make it all worthwhile.

Nineteen Seventy-Six has been one of those years when Donaldson's work has taken him away from home for extended periods of time. As of July, he had been on the Carter campaign trail for six months, covering the primaries, and practically taking up residence in Plains, Georgia. And if some political forecasters are correct, Donaldson will be kept busy up through election day in November and perhaps all the way to Inauguration Day next year.

Sam's colleagues have taken note of his Carter coverage and he has earned the nickname of "dean of the Carter press corps." Nancy Lewis of the Atlanta Journal has gone so far as to call Donaldson a "legend on the Carter campaign trail" and she generally credits the ABC correspondent with often being "the reporter with the important question of the day."

Chances are that should Carter make it all the way to the White House, Donaldson will have the inside track over other reporters on the developments of the new administration.

And the chances are that more Americans will come to depend on the observations and reportage of Sam Donaldson —UT El Paso's Outstanding Ex for 1976.

Have Wig, Will Travel



*On the goo-od ship Lolli-pop,
Its a swee-et trip to a candy shop
Where bon-bons play...
On the sunny beach of Peppermint Bay.*

Who is that pretty little girl with the golden sausage curls and satin ribbons and frilly frock and anklets and slippers?

When she was a coed at the College of Mines ('43-'44) she was Helen Fryer, a Tri-Delta sorority girl and "my goodness, I think I was Soph Sweetheart, or something wonderful like that," she says.

Helen Fryer Chatfield is no longer a soph but she's still a sweetheart, living in Oak Harbor, Wash., a "widow lady" with two of her six children still living at home, working on the side as a newspaper reporter for a Mt. Vernon, Wash., paper, reporting the news on radio station KBRC in Mt. Vernon and... doing her "Little Shirley Temple" numbers for such things as the "Bicentennial Follies" benefit in Oak Harbor last April 26-27 when this marvelous photograph was made.

"I only wish that good old Dr. Sonnichsen was still there," she writes, "as I know he would get a good guffaw out of seeing a former secretary of his doing her thing."

She adds, "My early training at College of Mines and subsequent degree from the Speech School at Northwestern University, Evanston, undoubtedly prepared me for my stellar role."

Besides "Good Ship Lollipop," Helen's repertoire now includes:

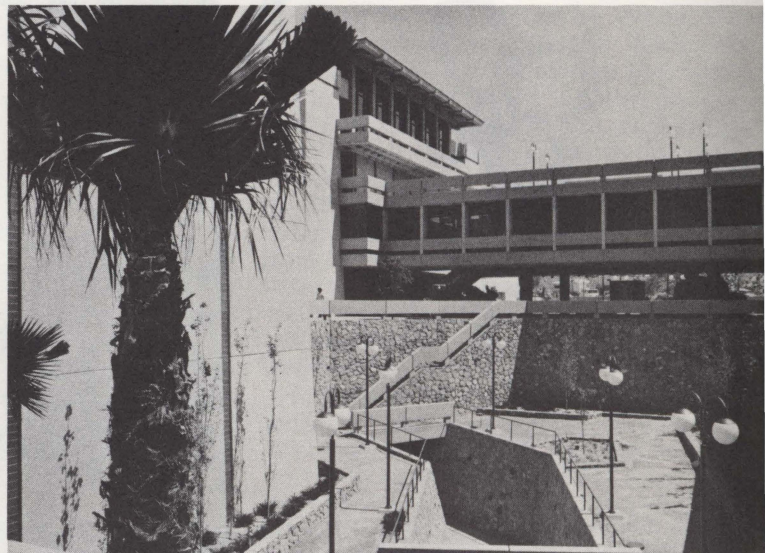
*Animal crackers in my soup,
Monkeys and rabbits loop-da-loop;
Gosh oh gee but I have fun,
Swallowing animals one by one...*

"I expect to branch out in a few years," she says, "and add three more songs to the act. Let me know if there is a nostalgic cry for Shirley Temple back on the old campus. Have wig, will travel."

Helen, pack your wig. □



Photos and design
by Russell Banks

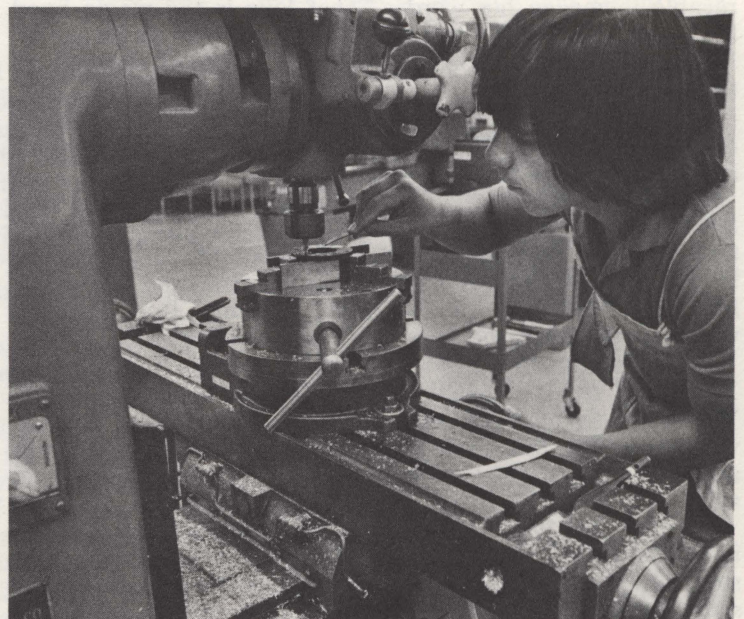
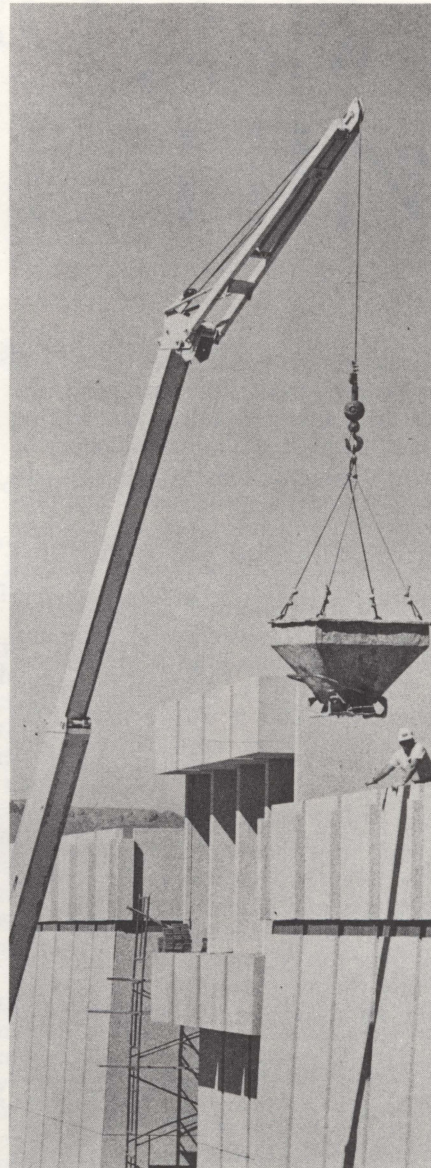


THE ESC!

Something to add to the Homecoming '76 calendar: At 9 a.m. October 16, be sure to attend the Open House for the new Engineering-Science Center on Hawthorne Street, adjacent to the Physical Science Building. The Welcome will be given by Dr. Jack Smith, acting dean of Engineering; there will be a ribbon-cutting by President A.B. Templeton, a coffee hour (combined with the CM Exes' Coffee Hour), and Open House for all Departments in the new Center.

The \$12,441,016 ESC is something you have to see to believe: it is the teaching and research center for the Departments of Electrical, Mechanical and Industrial, Civil, and Metallurgical Engineering and the Departments of Biological Sciences. Interconnecting with the Physical Science Building, the ESC consists of a complex of five buildings joined for a total of over a quarter million square feet of classroom, laboratory, research and office space.

It is UTEP's newest and most ambitious building project—something no engineer or peedoggie past or present will want to miss! □



Beth McCasland, Thornton Wilder, And Love

Elizabeth Barron McCasland, 86 years, lives in a new Aquarius trailer among her flowers, trees, and garden, in the southwest corner of a quiet little street in Ysleta. In writing of a person of Mrs. McCasland's age, it is almost obligatory to say something about the person having "lived a full life." In Beth McCasland's case, the past tense is particularly inappropriate. She lives a full life and while it has taken her a while to do it, she has in recent years fulfilled two of her life's dreams.

Back in the summer of 1909 she undertook a few courses toward a Master's degree at Baylor University, in company with her new husband, Baylor Bear athlete John J. McCasland (whom she refers to still as "Captain J. J."). A blissful married life and teaching career intervened and it wasn't until 1953 that Beth completed her graduate work and received her Master's degree in English—at UT El Paso. That was one of the dreams.

The second began about a year after Beth received her M. A. from UTEP. The great American novelist-playwright Thornton Wilder undertook to discover what was being written about him and his works in theses and dissertations in American universities. His method of finding out was effective: He asked English professors all over the country to send him the first and third chapters of any theses written on him and he soon received an astonishing 68 responses, including that of Beth McCasland of UTEP.

Beth's analysis of Wilder's work had fetched a fairly simple conclusion: She believed that Wilder's work—from *The Woman of Andros* to *Our Town*, from *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* to *The Matchmaker* (from which *Hello Dolly!* derived), from *The Skin of Our Teeth* to *Theophilus North*—had one irrefragable theme; in her words: "That love is the magic bond that keeps this troublesome old world of ours in its orbit." Love, and family, she maintained, ran as thread through all of Wilder's work.

Thornton Wilder, who professed not to encourage (or discourage) his critics, found something he liked in Beth's work and encouraged her to proceed with it.

In 1964, Beth retired from teaching after five decades of it, but in 1965, "Captain J. J." McCasland died and, following that, she had two severe cataract operations with resultant long periods of recovery of her eyesight. Still, she worked in longhand, when able, on her book, distilling from Wilder's work and life what she knew to be his philosophy.

Wilder himself suffered impaired eyesight in the early 1970's and from ill health in general but his sister, Isabel Wilder, wrote to encourage Beth: "What you have done is wonderful! Yes, the theme of love and family life runs through all his works. That is what his plays and novels and short stories are about."

Wilder's last work, *Theophilus North*, caused another delay in finishing the book; Beth felt the novel so important that some chapters must be added to the all-but-complete manuscript.



Sadly, Thornton Wilder's death, in December, 1975, occurred some months before Beth's book was published. It appeared this past spring from Carlton Press, a slim and modest volume of 127 pages entitled *The Philosophy of Thornton Wilder*, by Elizabeth Barron McCasland. Of it, one writer said: "Yet this friendship with the Wilders has not curbed in any way her honest appraisal of Thornton Wilder's works. The author contends that Wilder's vision of the concept of love and the family was a unique one and that he eloquently demonstrated the meaning of the word and its viability in a variety of ways. This hypothesis is successfully borne out by the writer's use of excerpts from Wilder's books and plays, and Mrs. McCasland's conclusions flow with a most persuasive logic."

Beth continues to write today—in longhand ("If long-hand was good enough for Thornton," she reasons, "surely it is permissible for these 86-year-old eyes"), sews ("making most of my dresses and aprons"), and cans ("delectable food"), as she has always done. She describes her trailer-home as "beautifully landscaped and shaded by trees that Capt. J. J. and I planted thirty years ago and made gay and homelike with roses, iris, dahlias, and ever-bearing strawberry plants." She thinks of her 56-year marriage as one of "incomparable happiness" and makes no secret of her belief that Thornton Wilder took an interest in her work for a clear reason: He saw her own life as a living example of what he had been writing about—"That love holds us all together." □

The Philosophy of Thornton Wilder by Elizabeth Barron McCasland. New York: Carlton Books, Inc., 1975, \$5.95.

THE SEARCH FOR WILLIAM E. HINDS

By Walter Prescott Webb

Prolog: In 1961, when the following article was published in *Harper's Magazine*, Walter Prescott Webb, the eminent Texan historian, was 73 years old and able to look back on an extraordinary life: a rise from the hard-scrabbling life of a Ranger, Texas, farmboy, to a position of eminence as one of the country's most respected and honored historians, Distinguished Professor of History at the University of Texas at Austin, and President of both the American Historical Association and the Organization of American Historians. Webb's benefactor, William Ellery Hinds of New York, was a man of uncommon sensitivity, foresight, and generosity, whose influence on Webb was great and lasting. Yet the two had never met. Hines' "greatness of heart is known best to me," Webb had written in the dedication of his *The Texas Ranger*, yet he knew little more about William E. Hinds and hoped, through the *Harper's* article and appeal, to find out what he could.

For more than fifty years now—since May 1904—I have been searching for a man I never saw. Though he died forty-five years ago, the search grows more intensive as I approach inevitably the time when I can no longer pursue it. The reason I continue this search is that I owe this man a great debt. It would mean a lot to me if I could report to him how a long-shot investment he made in Texas finally turned out.

Since I cannot report to William E. Hinds, I am doing the next best thing by reporting to other people—in hopes that at least some of them may be enriched by the spirit that animated this man. I think this would please him. Once when I tried to express my appreciation, he wrote: "You cannot do anything for me, but if I help you now, perhaps in time you can help someone else." This is the

nearest thing to applied Christianity that I know.

He never told me much about himself and I did not inquire because a boy on a small farm in West Texas does not ask personal questions of a mysterious and wonderful benefactor in New York. He died before I had anything to say to him, before there was any return on his investment, of which I was the sole custodian. I knew what I owed him, but for a long time I feared that I might default on the obligation. As the years went by, I prospered in a moderate way and gradually rose in my profession of historian and writer. The greater my success, the greater became my sense of obligation to him. I have to find some way to partially discharge it.

So this is a sort of public acknowledgment of the obligation. It is also an appeal for more information about William E. Hinds. Surely there are some still living in New York who knew him, and there may be others elsewhere who were warmed by his spirit. Before I set down the scant facts I have about him, I must first tell how his life touched my own.

My parents migrated from Mississippi to Texas about 1884, destitute products of the Civil War in search of a new opportunity. I was born in 1888, and four years later they moved to West Texas. There I received the childhood impressions that account for the realism in my first book, *The Great Plains*. My father was a country schoolteacher, self-educated, and he never had more than a second-grade certificate. He was one of the last fighting teachers, employed to "hold school" in the country schools where the big boys had run the teacher off the year before. It was a rough life in a rough country. My father was usually paid a premium of \$10 a month to teach these outlaw schools. He got \$50 or \$60 a month for a five-month term—an annual income of \$250 or \$300, supplemented by what he earned in the

summer farming or working at anything that came up, at about seventy-five cents or a dollar a day.

I learned to read early, and by the time I was ten reading became a passion. Since my father was a teacher, we had books in the house, and both my parents were readers. At that time the most popular brand of coffee was put out by Arbuckle Brothers, and you could get ten pounds of it for a dollar. The beans came in one-pound paper bags, with Mr. Arbuckle's signature on the side; if you collected enough of his signatures, he would send you a premium. The first book I ever acquired for myself, *Jack the Giant Killer*, cost me ten signatures. It was the first piece of mail that Uncle Sam ever brought to me, and I can never forget the thrill of receiving it at the Lacasa post office, the thrill of reading it on Old Charlie as I rode him home. It was the beginning of a long series of thrills and shocks that have come to me via the post office.

Not only did I read everything in our house, but I scoured the country for three miles to come up with files of *The Youth's Companion*, *The Saturday Blade*, and *The Chicago Ledger*. From a peddler I acquired a big file of *Tip Top Weekly*, which dealt with the doings of Frank Merriwell, who seemed to be running things at Yale. As far as I can recall, this was the first time I ever heard of college. From Frank Merriwell I got the first faint desire to go to college myself but it never occurred to me that I would ever do it.

This reading opened up such a wonderful world that I developed an aversion to the one that lay around me. I wanted to get away from it into the world where the books were.

When I was either twelve or thirteen, my father homesteaded a quarter section of land—160 acres—in Stephens County. This was about the last of the vacant land, since the open range was fast going under fence. The best land had already

***“That dime is the most important piece of money I have ever owned,
for my entire life pivots on its shiny surface.”***

been taken, and this place lay back in what was called the Cross Timbers—deep sand with a red clay bottom, covered with scrub oak and blackjack. My father built a plank house in an open glade, and we began opening up a farm, the hardest work a boy can do.

This land had once belonged to Phil S. Lehman of New York, but he had wisely gone off and forgotten all about it. When we had paid the back taxes and lived on it ten years, that made it ours according to Texas law. We didn't exactly steal it, but we were mighty glad when the ten years expired. During that time my mother was always apprehensive when a stranger poked his head out of the brush, and it was not until after the limitation had run that we widened the road. From the time I was thirteen until I was seventeen seems an eternity. When we plowed, we plowed in new, stumpy land, and when we were not plowing, we were making more stumps and more new ground. For at least two years I did not go to school at all because my father was away teaching in the winter, and I was the “man on the place” except on weekends.

Very early in my career, my father made a casual remark that had enormous influence on my life. He said that when I grew up he wanted me to be an editor. Now I didn't know what an editor was, but his remark excited my curiosity. I finally learned that an editor ran the local paper. One day when we were in Ranger, I made bold to go into the office of the *Ranger Record*, and there was the editor, whose name was Williams, pecking away on an Oliver typewriter. This was the first typewriter I had ever seen, and it fascinated me. I stood looking over Editor Williams' shoulder at this marvel until he suggested that I do something else. By this time I had spied a treasure of untold magnitude, a great pile of “exchanges” which Editor Williams had thrown into a corner of the office because no wastepaper basket was big enough to contain them. Most of the papers were in the original wrappers, and all but the latest ones were covered with dust. I got up my courage to ask if I might have some of them, and the editor

said go ahead. I carried off as many as I thought it would be seemly to try to get away with.

Among them were several copies of *The Sunny South*, edited by Joel Chandler Harris and published in Atlanta, Georgia. The official records tell me that *The Sunny South*, a weekly, was “devoted to literature, romance, fact, and fiction.” It was then publishing A. Conan Doyle, Uncle Remus, Gelett Burgess, Will Irwin, and many other good writers, with lavish illustrations. It was wonderful, but the tragedy was that I had only a few copies.

In reading it, however, I learned that for ten cents I could have *The Sunny South* every week for three months. I did not have ten cents, and I knew of no way of getting such an amount of money. My father was working hard and I was almost afraid to approach him, though I know now that he probably would have given me the dime had I asked at a propitious time. That winter he was away, and my mother and I often sat up late reading. One night I told her what I wanted, and why. She did not say anything, but I can see her now as she got up from her chair and went diagonally across the room in the yellow light of a kerosene lamp, and extracted from some secret place a thin dime. It may have been the only coin in the house.

That dime is the most important piece of money I have ever owned, for my entire life pivots on its shiny surface. It brought *The Sunny South* for three months, and soon the whole family was in love with it. There was never any trouble about renewing the subscription.

The letter column in *The Sunny South* was presided over by Mrs. Mary E. Bryan. One day I sat down and wrote her a letter which had one quality dear to an editor—brevity—and perhaps another essential to the writer, a willingness to lay bare something deep in the human heart. I said I wanted to be a writer, to get an education. I mentioned that my father was a teacher, and that he had been crippled in an accident. I signed with my middle name, which I always liked because an uncle who had the name was something of a writer.

The letter was published in the issue of May 14, 1904. My father had come home from school, and we were then plowing corn with Georgia stocks. (A Georgia stock is a kind of one-horse plow.) The corn was less than a foot high. It was late in the afternoon, the time when the sun hangs unmoving in the sky for an incredible length of time. We were very tired and were sitting on the beams of our Georgia stocks letting the horses blow, when my sister came from the mail box of the new rural route which ran about a mile from the house and handed me a letter.

Few such letters have ever been received by tired boys sitting on Georgia stocks in a stumpy field. The envelope was white as snow and of the finest paper; the ink was black as midnight; the handwriting bold and full of character, with fine dashes. The flap was closed by dark-red sealing wax stamped with the letter H.

The address was:

Prescott
Ranger
Texas

c/o Lame Teacher

The letter bore a New York postmark, May 17, 1904, but there was no return address. The envelope which lies before me now shows what care I used in opening this letter. It read:

“Prescott”

Ranger
Texas

Dear Junior—I am a reader of the “Sunny South” and noticed your letter in the “Gossip Corner”—I trust you will not get discouraged in your aspirations for higher things, as you know there is no such word as *fail* in the *lexicon* of youth; so keep your mind fixed on a lofty purpose and your hopes will be realized, I am sure, though it will take time and work. —I will be glad to send you some books or magazines, (if you will allow me to) if you will let me know what you like—Yrs truly

Wm. E. Hinds
489 Classon Ave.
Brooklyn—New York

May 16/04

Now I realize how narrowly I missed this rendezvous with destiny. How did it come about that a letter addressed to

"Prescott" reached me? *The Sunny South* came addressed to W. Prescott Webb, and it passed through the hands of Mr. John M. Griffin, the bewhiskered postmaster who was an ex-Confederate soldier. Since *The Sunny South* was pro-Confederate, Mr. Griffin got to reading my paper and fell in love with it. He and the rural mail carrier were probably the only people outside my family who knew that the name Prescott was really mine.

Even so, that letter nearly missed its mark. The envelope bears the post-office stamp, "MISSENT," but I have no idea where it went before reaching me.

From that day on I never lacked for something to read—the best magazines in the land and occasional books. Every Christmas a letter would arrive from New York, and usually a tie of a quality not common in West Texas.

These books and magazines fired to white heat my desire for an education. Evidently my father, who was not a demonstrative man, was touched by my fervor. The stumpy farm had expanded and because of my father's love for the soil and his understanding of the principles of dry farming, it became productive. But there was still not enough of it, and we rented additional land from the neighbors. One day when we were clearing land my father asked me a question.

"Do you think," he asked, "that if you had one year in the Ranger school you could pass the examination for a teacher's certificate?"

To that question the only answer was yes.

"Well," he said, "if you will work hard, and if we make a good crop, we will move to Ranger for one year and you can go to school."

The year 1905 was one of the good years when the rains came. The fields produced bountifully, especially the new ground with the accumulated humus of a thousand years. The Ranger cotton gins ran day and night all fall. I know because I fed the suction pipe on Saturdays and after school. I had to make a sacrifice to go to school. Every boy in West Texas had a horse. Mine was a trim blue mare, close-built, easy to keep, fast, and lovely to look at. I sold her for \$60 to get money for books; I got the tuition free by sweeping the school floors.

I pored over my books because I had a contract to deliver a second-grade certificate in the spring. My extensive reading gave me some advantage, but I had rough going with mathematics and grammar. I shall never forget J. E. Temple Peters, principal of the school and a near genius, who spent hours coaching a group of us to pass the examination at the county seat. When the time came, I had developed a severe case of tonsillitis, and my fever must have gone to 103 and over. Peters, who was one of the examiners, fed me aspirin while the fever fired my brain and seemed to sharpen all my faculties. I wrote on the eight required subjects for two days far into the night, but when I rose to turn



Mr. Webb

in my papers I staggered in the aisle. There was never any thought of quitting. This was my only chance.

When school ended, I went back to the farm to await the decision of the examiners. Then one day there was an official envelope in the mail box. It was just a second grade certificate which permitted me to teach in the rural schools, but to me it was a certificate of emancipation. I have acquired a good many parchments of finer quality in my career, but this one outranks them all.

My father not only moved the family back to the farm, but he quit teaching to devote all his time to it. I began where he left off, and through his influence had no trouble in getting an appointment. As a matter of fact, I taught three schools in that year, one for six weeks, one for four months, and one for two. My salary ranged from \$42.50 to \$45 a month, and I saved a bigger proportion of it than I have ever saved since. I had an affair of conscience because of the short hours. I had been accustomed to working from ten to fourteen hours a day, and there seemed to be something immoral about quitting at four o'clock.

With the money I saved I spent another year in school, and in the spring I passed the examination for a first-grade certificate. Suddenly I became a success. I was employed at \$75 a month to teach the Merriman school which my father had taught two years at \$60. (Underneath the stony Merriman school grounds and the nearby Baptist church yard lay a million or so barrels of oil, not to be found for ten years.) I was getting the maximum salary paid in the county schools. I was wearing good clothes and moving in the highest circles of local

society, working five days a week and quitting when the sun was from two to three hours high.

Then in the winter of 1909 everything changed. One cold day, so windy that the pebbles from the playing field rattled like buckshot against the side of the school building, I walked down to the mail box and found a bulky letter from William E. Hinds. It was dated January 9, 1909. Here are the most important paragraphs:

My dear Friend:

... We have not had much winter as yet but the last few days have been cold and presume we shall have our usual amount before spring. My sister went to Washington, D. C., for the holidays and was at the White House New Year's. Secretary Cortelyou is our cousin, so she was invited to stay at the White House for luncheon...

My friend, I wish you would *write me* what your *plans* and wishes are for the *future*. We all have plans and hopes for the future and it is well we have, even if they are not always realized. Come, let us be *chums*, and write me *just what* is on your *mind*; perhaps I can help you and after all the best thing in life is to help some one, if we can. One would count it a great thing (to remember) if they had helped some one, that had afterwards become famous or great, say for instance Lincoln or Gladstone or any of the other great ones who were born a hundred years ago *this* year. And perhaps I can say, "Why I helped J. Prescott Webb when he was a young man."* And people may look at me, as a privileged character to have had the opportunity; so my boy tell me about *your* plans and *hopes* and then perhaps I may be able to help you carry them out.

Are there any books which you would like? If so say so and let me send them to you. If you don't "say so" I may send them anyway.

Your friend

Wm. E. Hinds

* For years he did not get my first initial right, but addressed me as J. Prescott Webb.



Mr. Hinds

"...I can sum it all up by saying that I never started a year at the university that he did not see me through. He never refused any requests I made of him, though I am glad to remember that I kept them to the minimum."

As an afterthought, he wrote on an extra sheet as follows:

I am interested in your teaching. How many scholars and are they mostly from the farm or town? Teaching is good training and I know it will benefit you.

Have you planned going to College in the fall, if you haven't planned it, is it something you would like to do, if so what College have you in mind? Now *answer all* these questions, please.

At the time the letter came I had not thought seriously of going to college. That was something for the sons of doctors and other prosperous people. Besides I was already a success, and rather enjoying the illusion. The letter faced me about, and made what I was doing insignificant—a means only.

I answered all his questions, telling him that I would like to go to the University of Texas. I had saved some money, for I had been at work three months, and I determined to save more. I reduced my social activity, and with some difficulty restrained myself from making a bid for a girl I had a very hard time forgetting. The road ahead was rough enough for one, and too rough for two.

THUS it came about that in September 1909, I boarded the train for Austin and the University of Texas with approximately \$200. Our agreement was that I would spend my money, and when it

played out, I would notify Mr. Hinds and he would send me a check each month. At the end of the second year, I owed him about \$500, and he suggested that I should drop out and earn some money, saying that "I am not a rich man." I sent him a note for what I owed, but he would accept no interest. He never did.

In 1911-12, I taught the Bush Knob school in Throckmorton County, \$90 a month. I reduced the note and told him I would like to return to the university. He approved, and I can sum it all up by saying that I never started a year at the university that he did not see me through. He never refused any requests I made of him, though I am glad to remember that I kept them to the minimum.

The nearest he ever came to a refusal was one summer when I made a good deal of money as a student salesman. I wrote Mr. Hinds that I would like to come to New York to see him, and that I had the money. He advised me to apply it on my college education. I did, but I have always regretted that I never saw him.

When I took the B.A. degree in 1915 I owed him something less than \$500, which was our limit. And here I need to say something about my college career. I was twenty-one years old when I entered college, and I had no preparation

for it. I had skipped too many grades and too many years of schooling. I did not have entrance credits, but because I was twenty-one the university admitted me on what is known as individual approval. My career as an undergraduate was completely lacking in distinction. I made fair grades in most subjects, but none to make Hinds proud. He never asked a question about grades. He never admonished me to do better.

But every month the check came. What he saw in me I have never been able to understand—but the fact that he saw something, that he seemed to believe in me, constituted a magnetic force that held me on the road. If I felt inclined to quit, or to go on a binge and spend money foolishly, as my friends often did, I could not do it for very long because there was a mysterious man in New York who trusted me.

Equipped with the B.A. degree, I got a job as principal of the Cuero High School at \$133 a month. Then, in the fall of 1915 a letter came saying that William E. Hinds was dead.

THE lawyers found my note in his papers, and they began to write me crisp and business-like letters. They had me make a new note to his sister, Ida K. Hinds, for \$265. It was co-signed by my father and bore interest. Then came a letter from Miss Hinds, who had spent her life as teacher in the New York schools. She said that she had taken over the note, and that I would not be bothered with the lawyers any more. In the fall of 1916, I married Jane Oliphant, and moved to the San Antonio Main Avenue High School as a teacher of history. Miss Ida Hinds came down to spend a part of the winter at the Gunter Hotel and she was often our guest.

She told me about all I know of her brother; that he had never married, that he had helped other boys, and that he was an importer of European novelties. She implied that he was not intensively devoted to business, was rather casual about it. After his death I received an excellent photograph of Hinds, which is now before me. He had fine features, black hair, blue eyes, fair skin, a thin straight nose, and delicate ears. He wore a black mustache and had a full head of hair which appears to have been unruly.

Why didn't I get from Miss Hinds the information I now seek about her brother? There is no satisfactory answer to the question, as I look back now. From where I stood then, the answer seems reasonable to me. It never occurred to me that I would write this story. At that time there was no story because I had done nothing to justify one, and I was not yet a writer. Even had I thought of it, I would have considered that I had plenty of time, for youth is not conscious of the brevity of life. Moreover, I had just married, and at such a time each day seems sufficient unto itself.

Miss Hinds did not remain in San Antonio very long. It was probably in January of 1917 that she went to Los Angeles and took residence at 1316 South

(Cont'd on page 17)

Alum Notes

by Maxine Neill



CLASSES OF 1926-39:

Mrs. D. C. Cooney (1926, etc.) of Saltillo, Coah., Mexico, reports that she and her son have just formed a new company, SACA S.A., to manufacture fish hooks and other fishing equipment for export to the U.S.

Virgil J. Neugebauer (1931, etc.) recently retired after "disposing" of the Neugebauer Insurance Agency.

Betty Easter Fischer (1932, etc.) now in San Gabriel, Calif., will return to El Paso to reside later this year.

Martha R. Bond, Class of '38, has been listed in the 1975-76 edition of "Who's Who in Texas Education." She has taught at Zach White School in El Paso since 1951.

Dr. Jack L. Cross (1939, etc.), a former Asst. Prof. of History at TWC, is now Commissioner of Higher Education for Missouri and Director of the Department of Higher Education, Jefferson City, Missouri.

CLASS OF 1940:

Mrs. Dean Earp served as a counselor at Burges High School in El Paso until her retirement in May, 1975. Mrs. Earp stays very busy with her many civic activities.

John E. Krebs is a retired U.S. Army Colonel now living in Phoenix.

CLASS OF 1941:

Arthur Hildon Nations played in "Blithe Spirit" with Joan Fontaine and Peter Pagan at the Country Dinner Playhouse in Dallas during the summer.

CLASS OF 1943:

Marie Freeman Antweiler resides in Madison, Ohio, and will begin substitute teaching this month.

Robert L. Stowe, Jr., retired from the FBI in May after 30 years as an agent with the Bureau. He spent the past 22 years with the FBI's Ashland, KY., office and is hopeful of returning to El Paso.

CLASS OF 1947:

Alejandro Galo Esparza was recently named General Supervisor of Metallurgy and Inspection for Sheet Products in the Metallurgy and Inspection Department at the Pittsburg plant of U.S. Steel Corporation.

CLASS OF 1948:

Karl Friedman is a practicing attorney in El Paso and is active in many civic enterprises.

Dorothy Kennedy Mueller is District Manager of Field Enterprises Educational Corp. in Midland.

CLASS OF 1949:

Elizabeth Rhey Grissom reports that her husband, Charles, recently retired from the Army and they returned "home" to El Paso.

Hal Gras resides in Tucson, Ariz., where he has produced and emceed "Arizona Desert Trails," a weekly television program of the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, since it started on October 19, 1953. It's believed to be one of the oldest consecutive TV programs in the country devoted to conservation of wildlife.

B. G. "Frosty" Winter is a district geologist with the Superior Oil Co. and resides in Bakersfield, Calif.

CLASS OF 1950:

LTC (Ret.) Roberto Anaya is a counselor at Austin High School in El Paso.

Steve Lawrence resides in El Paso and has worked at White Sands Missile Range since 1960. His two children attend UTEP.

Estela Portillo Trambley is a poet, playwright, novelist, and mother of five children. She resides in El Paso and one of her plays, "Sun Images . . . Los Amores de Don Estufas" was recently produced at the Chamizal Theater.

CLASS OF 1951:

Robert F. Evans lives in Reston, Va., where he is Associate Chief, Conservation Division, U.S. Geological Survey.

Guadalupe Rodriguez has been teaching for 20 years at Bowie High School in El Paso and currently is Vocational Office Education Coordinator.

Mary Ethel Hicks Thayer is called the "African Jewelry Queen" in El Paso. She started the African Queen Bead Designs Company after "making a few necklaces and liking it so much I went back for more!" The necklaces are made of glass beads some 200-300 years old strung on a cord. Her education continues as she attends graduate classes in painting here at UTEP.

Ralph Tiscareno recently completed his 15th year with the Socorro School District and makes his home in El Paso.

Joe L. Karr (M. Ed.), principal at Houston Elementary School in El Paso since 1969, was named the 1975 recipient of the "Administrator of the Year" award presented by the Texas Classroom Teachers Assn.

CLASS OF 1952:

Clyde C. Anderson has been El Paso County Commissioner for 12 years and was recently elected 2nd Vice President of Texas Judges and Commissioners Assn. to serve as President in 1978.

CLASS OF 1953:

Mrs. A. W. Spangler retired in 1974 from EPISD where she was Consultant in Special Education.

CLASS OF 1954:

Dorris Hurt Brown is Varsity Tennis Coach at Parkland High School in El Paso. The Browns are the new owners of the Scotsdale Shur-Sav Supermarket.

Eduardo Crespo-Krauss (MSCE '69) is manager and owner of Perlite Industries in Juarez.

Oscar G. Galvan is a Law Judge with the Bureau of Hearings and Appeals for Social Security, and resides in Tampa, Fla.

Gene Odell serves as Principal at Marfa High School and is president of the Marfa Rotary Club.

William R. Plumbley is principal at Marfa Elementary School and is also the minister at the Marfa First Christian Church.

CLASS OF 1955:

Jack Cox retired in August after more than 35 years service in the Ysleta Independent School District. He was principal of Bel Air Junior High School.

Robert W. Garcia is a Federal Probation Officer in El Paso with a case load of about 30, including some women. In addition, he is also a training officer who trains new people and keeps the staff up to date on any new developments in the field of probation work.

Dan Hovious was honored as El Paso's 1976 Realtor of the Year. He is President of Hovious Gallery of Homes; Director of El Paso Chamber of Commerce and El Paso YMCA. Wife **Jo (M.A. '56)** is 1st Vice Chairman - Director, Woman's Dept., E. P. Chamber, and real estate saleswoman for Hovious Associates.

Joyce Hilton Litherland is Assistant Cashier and Branch Manager of Legion Park Branch, First National Bank, in Las Vegas, N.M. Husband **Ray** (1957, etc.) is manager of Hilton Motors and on Board of First National Bank.

CLASS OF 1956:

Amelia, Levy Lemmon lives in Oakland, Calif., where she is active in Temple Sinai Sisterhood of which she is past president. She taught in El Paso for 12 years and in Oakland for two years before settling down to married life.

CLASS OF 1957:

Dr. Robert D. Earl (1957, etc.) has a private dental practice in Houston and teaches 1/20th time at UT Dental Branch as Assistant Clinical Professor of Pedodontics and he is also editor of the Houston District Dental Society Journal.

John Leonard is a supervisor with Texas Inc. in Houston. Wife **Lou** (Class of '56) is choir director in Spring Branch School District. They are the parents of three children.

Keith Wharton lives in St. Paul, Minn., where he is Professor and Coordinator of Educational Development, College of Agriculture, Univ. of Minn. He was in Montevideo, Uruguay, from March 6-26, 1976, assisting faculty members from the Facultad de Agronomía of the Universidad de la República in instructional improvement activities. The project was sponsored by the Partners of the Americas.

Ray Salazar of El Paso was appointed temporary president of the El Paso Community College in April. Salazar owns a local accounting firm and is a director of the Pan American Savings and Loan Assn.

CLASS OF 1958:

Lupe Rascon Clements is Bilingual Administrator for the Tempe, Ariz., Elementary Public School District #3. She reports that she is situated at Frank School in Guadalupe, Ariz., and the community is composed of Mexican-Americans, Anglos, and Yaqui Indians. It is in this community that the Yaqui Indians observe the Yaqui Easter Ceremony during Lent. In this ceremony, a combination of pagan and Catholic beliefs, they dramatize events in the life of Christ combining Yaqui rituals and beliefs. "It is an incredible sight to see, in this day and age."

Tom Cliett has been with the El Paso Public Service Board for 20 years. It's his job as geologist to monitor existing water supplies, and plan for water resources in the future.

Georgia M. Cobos de Foltzenlogel lives in Del Rio, Texas, where she is supervisor of elementary level of migrant classes.

Arthur LaCapria, Jr., is Mid-Management Co-ordinator at El Paso Community College.

Luis I. Sanchez (M. Ed. '74) is assistant principal at Andress High School in El Paso.

CLASS OF 1959:

Javier Montez of El Paso has been selected to serve a two-year term on the National Advisory Council for Big City School Districts. Montez was the first native El Pasoan to participate in the Olympic Games, running the 1,500 meter race at Helsinki, Finland, in 1952.

CLASS OF 1960:

William S. Creighton was recently selected for promotion to Lt. Colonel in the U.S. Army. Wife **Genet** (Class of '69), was appointed Chairwoman, Department of Mathematics at Herndon High School in Fairfax County, VA. The couple resides nearby in Vienna, Virginia.

Luis Carlos Cortes, principal of Bowie High School in El Paso, has recently been appointed to the Advisory Panel on Score Decline. The Panel was established by the College Board in cooperation with Educational Testing Serv-

ice to look into various explanations offered for the recently reported decline in scores achieved on the SAT.

Dr. Robert A. Culp was recently installed as new president of the El Paso District Dental Society. He is past president of the Academy of General Dentistry.

Frank S. Irby lives in Garland, Texas, and is employed at Recognition Equipment Inc. in Irving.

LTC A. Victor Pena is en route to command the 701st Maintenance Battalion, 1st Infantry Division, Ft. Riley, Kansas. He is a graduate of the Command & General Staff College at Ft. Leavenworth and of the Escuela de Estado Mayor, of the Spanish Army.

CLASS OF 1961:

Ronald Briggs resides in Scottsdale, Ariz., where he is a Senior Engineer with Motorola, Inc.

Johnny V. Moreno (M. Ed. '75) teaches Social Studies at Magoffin School in El Paso.

Georgia Russell (M.A. '69) is a counselor at Scotsdale and Eastwood Knolls Schools of the YISD and is President-Elect of Trans-Pecos Teachers Assn. for 1976-77. Husband **James W. Sr.** (1970, etc.) is president of the El Paso Teachers Assn. for 1976-77.

CLASS OF 1962:

Charles J. Horak, Jr., started general contracting and construction in March, 1976, as C. J. Horak Construction, Inc.

Dr. Philipp Bornstein is practicing psychiatry in Springfield, Ill.

Ronda Cole Stewart is Instructor of Health and Physical Education at Eastfield College, Mesquite, Texas. She was recently elected to Board of Directors of Texas Assn. for Health, Physical Education and Recreation.

Ruben Valdez joined the Anthony, Texas, administration as town engineer in April.

CLASS OF 1963:

Philip Davidson is a member of the Professional Resident Company of the Alley Theatre in Houston.

Bill Fletcher is a teacher in San Jose, Calif.

Necah Stewart Furman, Ph.D., of Albuquerque, N. Mex., recently wrote the first full-length biography of Texas historian, teacher and writer, Walter Prescott Webb. Dr. Furman's book was published by The University of New Mexico Press. She teaches history at UNM and is assistant editor of the New Mexico Historical Review.

Alfred and Gloria Silva DeGoytia (both '63 grads) reside in Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico. Alfred is area manager of Caribbean-South America Hallmark International. Gloria teaches at Antilles Consolidated School.

Abraham S. Ponce (M.A. '67) is New Mexico/West Texas State Coordinator for Region VI (Dallas) of Community Services Administration. He resides in Arlington, Texas.

Marvin R. Rathke is now with Forest Oil Corporation as the division geologist in Corpus Christi, Texas. For the past nine years, he had been with Tenneco Oil Co. in Corpus and Houston.

J. Edward Okies, M.D., is assistant professor of Cardiopulmonary Surgery at the University of Oregon Health Sciences Center in Portland.

Judy Nelson Mammei, 4th grade teacher in the YISD of El Paso has been named to "Who's Who in Texas Education."

CLASS OF 1964:

Monica D. Burdeshaw resides in Ft. Monroe, Virginia. She is an antique dealer specializing in 18th and 19th century prints; shows and sells in antique stores on the East Coast.

LTC (Ret.) William G. Clark has been teaching government at Burges High School in El Paso since graduation and loves it.

Stephen S. Kahn is a librarian at Address High School in El Paso.

Bobby C. Lesley, Basketball Coach of El Paso's Eastwood High School Troopers, took his team to Austin for the State Championship and won!

Roy Pena (M.Ed. '71) has been appointed principal of Henderson Intermediate School in El Paso.

Bharat I. Sharma, Ph.D., spent several wonderful years at Imperial College of Science and Technology in London. He has now returned to the U.S. where he is in the Process and Product Development Dept. of Union Carbide Corp. at Tonawanda, New York, near Niagara Falls. He is engaged in the Ocean Thermal Energy Program.

CLASS OF 1965:

Genaro (Jerry) Garcia is teaching for the Corona, Calif., Public Schools while working on his doctorate at USC.

Leona Rouse McFarlin teaches VOE at Jefferson High School in El Paso and was chosen to 1975-76 "Who's Who in Texas Education." Husband **Larry** (Class of '69) teaches history and coaches at MacArthur School.

Robert Z. Segalman, Ph.D., sent us the following in July:

"The article written by Ray Chavez on Albert Rye, Jr., is excellent. As one of UTEP's first severely handicapped students, I am quite proud to see that UTEP is extending itself to others with physical handicaps.

"It was through the encouragement and assistance of the whole UTEP staff that I made it through for my BA there in the early sixties. Now I have my Ph.D. and am a successful social worker in a hospital for the mentally retarded in Pomona, CA. I have a writing assignment and spend my days digging through medical records and piecing together reports on our handicapped clients.

"Oh sure, I still have problems with speech and walking and crabgrass* and taxes* and overcrowded freeways* (Yes, I drive a car now), but I do lead a much more normal life than I would have if UTEP and its staff had not been there to help me when I was in need.

"Perhaps someday I'll have the chance to come back and see my old friends at UTEP and say 'Thank you' in person.

"*To reach a stage of life at which these are one's major problems, is a true mark of success for a handicapped person."

Jimmy Smith is a pharmacist in Alpine, Texas.

T. L. (Keith) Watrous is currently enrolled at UTEP working on certification. He is doing VIP work at Park Elementary School and ran the volunteer library at Park in 75-76.

CLASS OF 1966:

Patricia Parks Benson resides in Springfield, Missouri, with her physician husband. She owns a travel agency and is currently taking flying lessons.

Salvador Borrego is enjoying life in Spain. Has been working at Torrejon AB, Spain, since 1974 and recommends Spain as a vacation place to all fellow alumni.

Manny Chavez (M.S. '69) is Assistant to the Vice President at IBM in Franklin Lakes, New Jersey.

Eduardo (Ed) R. Fernandez now works for Burroughs Wellcome Co. as Assistant to the Sales Promotion Coordinator at Research Triangle Park, North Carolina.

Rafael A. Garcia is working as a Specialist IV on Natural Resources for the Scientific Assessment Division of the Environmental Quality Board of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.

Mary Ann Harris is a 3rd grade teacher at Mesa Vista Elementary School in El Paso.

Rosalie Ann Kaufman (M.Ed. '70) reports "Important husband!—nothing exciting about myself." Come on, let us know what you're doing, Rosalie.

Chauncy L. McDougall retired from teaching in the EPISD in May, 1976.

Robert W. Miles of El Paso (M.A. '72) has been appointed Park Superintendent with Magoffin House State Historic Structure, Texas Parks and Wildlife Dept.

Edward B. Morgan, M.D., is Director of Emergency Room Services at Christian Hospital Northwest in St. Louis, Missouri.

Saul Oliver Paredes, Jr., (better known in show business as Ollie Raymand) has been transferred by CBS to KNXT in Los Angeles.

Joseph C. Rice, Ph.D., (M.A. '68) of New Orleans has been named Director of Planning and Analysis at Xavier University of Louisiana.

CLASS OF 1967:

Neil H. Bennett is an associate appraiser for the Kern County California Assessor's Office. This year he was elected president of the Kern County Society of Real Estate Appraisers. He is married to the former **Susan Matthews** (1965, etc.) and they reside in Bakersfield, Calif.

John D. Boice is a student at the Harvard School of Public Health and is the recipient of an award from the Society of Epidemiologic Research which recognizes the best paper submitted by a person with no prior doctoral degree. The paper, for which he received the award, is entitled "X-Ray Exposure and Breast Cancer."

David F. Briones, M.D., was recently appointed to Texas Tech University School of Medicine Faculty in El Paso.

Jane & Steve Friedman live in Sugarland, Texas. Jane is recognized as one of the outstanding real estate saleswomen in Houston. Steve is vice president of Sidney Fairchild Co., an insurance consulting company, and he is among the top one percent of all life insurance salesmen in the county.

Robert S. Hodes is Senior Field Engineer with Westinghouse Electric Corp. and is an advisor for Airborne Electronics, Venezuelan Air Force. He resides in Maracay, Venezuela.

Carol Ann Goans Myers and family now live in Ladson, South Carolina, where she is teaching 2nd grade at Knightsville School.

Albert Nedow is a former photographer and instructor in the Department of Journalism. He is owner-manager of two local stores called Albert's Cameras: Photo Equipment and Supplies. His wife is the former **Rachelle Schlusberg** who also attended UTEP in 1970.

Charlie Sharp is an account executive with Tracy-Locke Advertising in Dallas, Texas.

LCDR Jeannie K. Todaro was hosted at a Navy League tea in June honoring women of military achievement in the San Diego area. LCDR Todaro represented the Commander, Naval Surface Force, U.S. Pacific Fleet Command, where she is the Assistant Readiness Assessment Officer.

Joseph H. VanVelkinburgh III is a project Scientist in the Development Division of Mason and Hanger-Silas Mason Co., Inc., a prime contractor for USERDA, in Amarillo, Texas. Development Div. performs basic research on high explosives and explosive devices.

John Morton Young is assistant professor of Anthropology at Montgomery College, Rockville, Maryland.

CLASS OF 1968:

Patricia Anne Aboud is entering her 9th year of teaching at East Side Union High School in San Jose, Calif. She served as District Director of Bilingual-Bicultural Education during 1975-76 school year.

Thomas Chaffin (M.Ed. '70) is working toward his Ph.D. in Reading at the University of Arizona. His wife, the former **Ruth deVries** (Class of '69) received her M.E.Ed in counseling this summer. They are both employed by the San Manuel, Arizona, Schools.

Peggy Latham has just been named Minister of Internationals at First Baptist Church of Wichita Falls, Texas. She is the first woman to be so designated in the Southern Baptist Conference.

Margaret "Noni" Aguirre Mendoza is a staff research associate at the University of Calif. Medical Center and resides in San Francisco.

Robert (Alex) Salcedo is a Sambo's Restaurant manager in Arlington, Texas. He misses El Paso's sunshine and the friendly people.

Richard J. Stanaback is a political science and history instructor at Pasco-Hernando Community College, Dade City, Fla. He has recently published a book entitled "A History of Hernando County, 1840-1976."

Bob Taylor is serving as an economic analyst for Latin American countries with the Department of State, Washington, D. C.

CLASS OF 1969:

John DePaolo is a psychologist at the Mansfield Public School Systems in Mansfield, Mass. His wife, Lilly, is a 1971 UTEP graduate.

Terry L. Finton (M.Ed. '73) is a meteorological observer with Atmospheric Science Labs at Yuma Proving Grounds. Wife Nancy (Class of '73) is an administrative assistant for Lee Homes Corporation of Yuma.

Fannalou Guggisberg (M.A. '71) is stationed at Hill AFB, Utah, and is Chief of Administration of 4754th Radar Evaluation Squadron. She is a 2LT in USAF, one of six female line officers on base and the only female officer in the squadron.

Frank Herriott, for the last five years, has been producer-director at KUAC-TV, University of Alaska, Fairbanks. This month, he will enter graduate school at Syracuse Univ.

James E. Hiltz is Chief of Position and Pay Management of the Civilian Personnel Office at Frankfurt, Germany. Wife, Tana (Class of '71 is a teacher for PREP (Pre-discharge Education Program).

Ronnie Johnson is an accountant in the main office of Dresser Industries in Dallas, Texas.

John P. Meaney is Assistant Professor at Fitchburg State College in Fitchburg, Mass. Wife, Anona Stewart (Class of '48), is a service consultant for the New England Telephone Co.

Aaron Bernstein (B.S. '72, M.S. '74) is a medical student at Universidad Autónoma de Ciudad Juárez.

Johnny Smith is an FBI agent in Reno, Nevada.

Michael R. Truppa is a CPA and the auditor of People's Bank in Providence, the second largest mutual savings bank in Rhode Island. He resides in West Warwick, R. I., with his wife and children.

Patrick J. White is in the Public Relations Dept. of General Telephone and Electronics in Ft. Wayne, Ind.

CLASS OF 1970:

Gene and Phyllis Lafferty Bourque (Phyllis, Class of '69) received their MBA's from the University of Chicago's Graduate School of Business. Phyllis is a loan officer in the Petroleum Dept. of First National Bank of Chicago and Gene is an EDP auditor for Western Electric Co.

Logan S. Carter, Jr., teaches Science at Grand Canyon Ariz. High School. His program includes: mountaineering near Flagstaff, river running and geology on the lower Colorado River, conducting a marine biology camp at Rocky Point, Mexico, and utilization of the park and surrounding areas for an outdoor classroom.

Douglas Conwell just completed three years at Partners, Inc., and this month enters the Criminal Justice Administration Graduate Program, Univ. of Colorado at Denver.

Barbara M. Ellis is beginning her 6th year with the Amarillo, Texas, Public Schools as Bilingual Educational Diagnostician.

Dan Geary has been promoted to an Account Executive for the New York Spot Sales staff of ABC Television Spot Sales, Inc. He resides in Manhattan.

Terry Hobgood reports he's been in Houston for a year where he is a project engineer with Brown & Root.

Raymond F. Moniz teaches biology at Ysleta High School.

Jim Paul became the 2nd youngest person ever inducted into the El Paso Sports Hall of Fame. Jim is owner and general manager of the El Paso Diablos.

Philip W. Rhoades last month entered the State University of New York at Albany to work on his Ph.D. in criminal justice.

George Smith, M.D., is town doctor in West, Texas.

Dorothy Vescovo reports that she and her husband own and operate the Austin, Texas, Toyota, Inc., dealership.

Morris M. Ward teaches and coaches in Arlington, Texas.

CLASS OF 1971:

Stephen N. Balog is a U.S. Deputy Marshal in Pecos, Texas.

Robert I. Bowling III is president of Tropicana Homes, Inc., in El Paso and has recently been elected a director of Franklin National Bank.

Richard and Kathleen Machovec Eagan (both '71) now reside in San Antonio. Kathleen teaches and Richard is employed by Commercial Union Assurance Co.

Robert and Jeannie Floyd Geske (both '71) are in El Paso where he is Asst. Director of Intramurals at UTEP. Jeannie taught P.E. at Western Hills until she quit last year to have their first child.

James R. Haley teaches P. E. at Loma Terrace Elem. School in El Paso and owns Rotex Drain Cleaning & Sewer Service.

Jose M. Limon is a classification specialist in Civil Service at Fort Bliss. Wife, Lilia Larriva (Class of '75), teaches Spanish at Eastwood and sponsors freshmen cheerleaders.

Carol Mason is assistant county attorney in El Paso.

Gary L. McCarrell is a sales correspondent for James S. Kone & Co. in Amarillo, Texas.

Major Albert R. Sarno (M.S.) served a one-year tour in Israel with the U.N. Truce Supervisory Committee from 2/74 to 2/75. Now stationed at Fort Mead, Maryland.

Dr. Jerry W. Sayre and Judy Wirtz Sayre (both '71) reside in Fort Worth, Texas, where Jerry is in his 3rd year of the John Peter Smith Hospital Family Practice Residency Program.

Gerald L. Schafer is a librarian at Denver Public Library.

Bruce D. Sims is in the Peace Corps and serves as Watershed Management Teacher at University of the Philippines.

Richard N. B. Wheatley of El Paso recently received an M.S. in Journalism from Northwestern University.

Susan Whisler is Personnel Director, Levi Strauss & Co. in Roswell, N. Mex.

CLASS OF 1972:

Hector Raul Chavez Arvizu lives in Midland and is in charge of marketing and sales of Drilling Tools for Johnston-Schlumberger.

Sarmistha Bhaduri Hauger, M.D., is training as a resident at the University of Chicago Wyler's Children's Hosp.

Faye M. Hunter is a teaching assistant in UTEP's Political Science Dept., and attended the recent State Demo. Convention.

David D. Kelley is a process and quality control metallurgist at Armco Steel Corp., Houston Works, and resides in Baytown.

Rosa Torres Martinez recently moved from El Paso to join her husband who is stationed in Japan.

Agapito Mendoza is Student Activities Director at Bassett Jr. High in El Paso.

Marsha J. Murphy teaches at Father Yermo School in El Paso.

Dennis and Anna M. Pabst (both M.Ed. '72) live in Dexter, N.M. He is a reading specialist in Dexter Schools and Anna is a teacher in Lake Arthur, N.M.

Joe A. Palomo works at White Sands Missile Range.

Peter T. Perretta is a 2nd year medical student at UT Med School in San Antonio.

1LT John Edwin Ryan is with Marine Air Support Squadron at Marine Corps Air Station, Futaba Okinawa, Japan.

N. A. Santangelo is production field economist with U.S. Dept. of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics, Regional Office in Dallas, Texas.

Hector Yturralde is a medical sales representative for Abbott Labs in El Paso.

CLASS OF 1973:

Mary M. Clarke Alverson recently received an M.S. in Systems Management from USC and resides with her husband and children in Fort Rucker, Ala.

Paul H. Armstrong is data processing manager and accounts receivable manager for Cerro Communications and resides in Brick Town, N.J.

John William Bean is a creative and commercial photographer living in New York City.

—We're going to Hawaii!—

The UTEP Miners will be playing the University of Hawaii on November 20, and the Alumni Association wants YOU, your family and friends to join them on a tour to the Islands.

Here's a progress report on plans so far:

The Association is planning two tours — Tour No. 1 will be an 8-day, 7-night Outer Island Tour. The first two nights will be spent on the Island of Hawaii—Night 1 in Hilo and Night 2 in Kona. Then on to Maui for 2 nights and into Honolulu for the final 3 nights. Price, based on double occupancy, is \$538.50 per person and includes the following: Roundtrip Airfare (including inter-island air to Hilo, Maui, and Honolulu); Lei Greeting; First-Class Hotels; All Airport to Hotel & return transfers; All luggage tips & transfers; Pre-game Mai-Tai Party; Transportation to & from game; Selected sightseeing on each of the islands; Continental Breakfast Briefing in Honolulu; Full-time tour escorts; and, Hospitality Desk at each hotel.

Tour No. 2 is a 5-day, 4-night stay in Honolulu. Price, based on double occupancy, is \$398 per person and includes the items listed above.

More than 125 alumni and friends have already made reservations. If you're interested in going, or want additional information, call Maxine Neill, Alumni Office, 747-5533.

Alfred Berroteran is a geophysicist with Geophysical Service Inc., in Midland, Texas. Wife **Judith** (Class of '74), is a case worker for Midland County Child Welfare.

Kenneth Lee Browne II is a shift foreman and metallurgist for Magma Copper Co.-Mill Division in San Manuel, Ariz.

William J. Butterfly is chief instructor with Nike System Branch at Fort Bliss, Texas.

Roberto Carrillo is an electronics engineer for Strategic Special Projects Office—Navy Astronautics Group, Pt. Mugu, Calif.

Carl H. Green is Briefing Attorney for Honorable Wendall Odom of Texas Court of Criminal Appeals in Austin.

C. A. Klamborowski is Publications Dept. Chairman at Bel Air High in El Paso.

Eileen Licon McKinney teaches math in El Paso at the Individualized Learning Center.

Fernando Payan, Jr., (MSEE) is chief of communications, Analysis Branch, for Tradoc Systems Analysis Activity, White Sands. Wife, **Corinne Ochotorena** (MSCE '75), is a chemist at ASARCO. They reside in El Paso.

Rita M. Romero teaches kindergarten at Bliss Elem. School in El Paso and was selected to appear in the new issue of "Who's Who in Texas Education."

Michael C. Sherrod is a loan officer at Franklin National Bank in El Paso.

Robert W. Simpson is a welding engineer for Chicago Bridge & Iron Co. in Houston.

Jan Slusher is an instructor in the Dept. of Speech & Drama at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia.

Dr. Richard E. VanReet graduated in May from Baylor College of Medicine in Houston and will serve as intern in Internal Medicine at Baylor Affiliated-St. Luke's Hospital.

CLASS OF 1974:

Clara Bornstein is participating in community services with the National Council of Jewish Women in El Paso.

J. F. Cardenas is a production engineer with Shell Oil Co., in Midland, Texas.

John H. Fuller has been appointed a director of the Crisis Intervention Center in El Paso.

CPT Lewis J. Goldberg (M.A.) serves as Chief, Officer Personnel Division, 3rd Army Air Defense Command in Darmstadt, Germany.

Sylvia Haynes teaches for the USDESEA School System in Hanau, Germany.

Eileen Head is a programmer analyst for the Geophysical Institute at Fairbanks, Alaska.

Domitila E. Martinez is a systems engineer for IBM in Lubbock, Texas.

Tam Ngoc Nguyen is an electrical engineer for G.E. in Baton Rouge, La.

Patty Schwartz teaches 1st grade at Logan Elem. School in El Paso, and was recently named to "Who's Who in Texas Education."

Daria Serna teaches Spanish at Ysleta High School.

Rachel Terrazas teaches at Ysleta Grade School and was also named to "Who's Who in Texas Education."

Margaret Tolbert is a counselor at Andress High School in El Paso.

Alfredo L. Tovar is variety merchandise buyer for Safeway Stores, Inc., in El Paso.

CLASS OF 1975:

Natalie Tolbert Bornstein is pursuing an M.S. in biology at UTEP.

Ruben Bustamante is an accountant with Adobe Oil & Gas Corp. in Midland, Texas.

Roberto A. Gonzalez lives in Lytle, Texas, and is an accounts representative for Ford Motor Credit.

2LT Gregory A. Keethler has been assigned to the Air Force Armament Lab at Elgin AFB, Fla., as a mathematician.

CPT Robert Rodriguez is operations officer and chief pilot, Research & Development, Electronics Command, Lakehurst Naval Air Station, New Jersey.

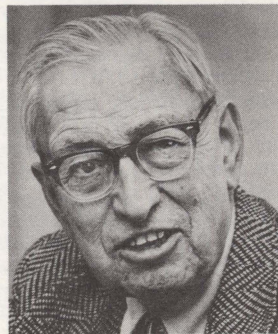
James H. Roy is a field engineer with G.E.'s Installation & Service Engr. Division in Schenectady, N.Y.

Katherine Wasko teaches English at Eastwood High School in El Paso. She is also active in local theater productions.

CLASS OF 1976:

Alicia Medina is publications editor for Mann Manufacturing Inc. in El Paso.

DEATHS



Dr. Thomas I. Cook

Dr. Thomas I. Cook, Professor Emeritus of Political Science, died in an El Paso hospital August 10, at age 69. Dr. Cook, who served a decade at UTEP as H.Y. Benedict Professor of Political Science, retired in January, 1976. His career as political theorist, teacher and writer spanned nearly five decades in Europe, Canada and the U.S. Born in Suffolk, England, Dr. Cook was a graduate of the London School of Economics and earned his Ph.D. degree at Columbia University in 1937, following which he became a naturalized U.S. citizen. Upon his retirement, a Thomas I. Cook Award was established in his Department to honor annually a graduate student for "Outstanding Performance in Political Science." An additional legacy to the University was Dr. Cook's gift of his private book collection to the UTEP Library—a collection of rare and valuable books on political thought, philosophy, and literature which reflected Dr. Cook's great intellectual interests, urbanity, and generosity. His survivors include his widow, Ann, and two daughters, Mrs. Genevieve Putnam of La Crosse, Wisconsin, and Mrs. Penelope Van Vecht of Eindhoven, The Netherlands. Memorial contributions may be made to the Thomas I. Cook Award, Department of Political Science, at UT El Paso.

Dr. Cyrus Mayshark, Dean of the College of Education at UT El Paso from 1972 to 1974, and his wife, Barbara, were killed July 24 in a plane crash near Macon, MO. Dr. Mayshark, a private pilot, and his wife were en route to Alamosa, CO., from Champaign, IL, when a mid-air collision occurred. Dr. Mayshark left UT El Paso to become the Dean of the College of Applied Life Sciences at the University of Illinois.

Dr. Charles Corothers died July 14 in El Paso. He had instructed at UT El Paso and served as chairman of the El Paso County Mental Health Association's Professional Advisory Board.

John C. Sexton (1926, etc.) died May 28 in El Paso. He was retired from Price's Creameries after 30 years with the company.

Adelaide C. Barnes, 90, (1927, etc.), a life-long resident of El Paso, passed away on June 22.

Claire Theriot teaches in the EPISD.

Robert M. Waterman is employed at White Sands Missile Range. Wife, **Jeanne** (Class of '71), is a 6th grade teacher in the Ysleta Schools. They reside in El Paso.

Robert L. Williams retired from U.S. Army in 1972, is a licensed real estate agent, certified meteorologist, football and baseball coach. His avocation is genealogy.

Leo K. Woolm continues to work for Dean Hernández in the College of Education.

F. Leonard Hanson (1929, etc.), also a life-long resident of El Paso, died March 24. He was manager of the El Paso Federal Employees Credit Union.

Loula Erwin Dixon (1930, etc.) died May 8 in El Paso. Mrs. Dixon had taught in the El Paso Public Schools for 39 years.

Mrs. Frank Feuille, Jr., (1930, etc.) passed away July 17 in El Paso. She retired from teaching at Radford School after 31 years and became a volunteer reader-advisor at the main branch of the El Paso Public Library for 10 years before retiring in 1970.

Byron Merkin (1931, etc.) passed away April 21 in El Paso. He was a life-long resident of El Paso; memberships included Temple Mt. Sinai, the Temple Men's Club, and the El Paso Diabetic Association.

Omarie S. Cole (1938, etc.) died January 28 in El Paso. She was a director of Baptist G A Camp at Cloudcroft, N.M.

Emily Barlow Perry, Class of '39, died August 9, 1975, in Sacramento, CA, where she had been teaching school for 20 years. At 19, she was the youngest graduate of her class.

Dorothy A. Frey (1945, etc.) died in El Paso on June 19. She was past president of the Business & Professional Woman's Club, and for 25 years was partner with Barbara King Convalescent Home which was donated to the Light-house for Blind as memorial to Mrs. King.

Herbert Douglas Minton (1945, etc.) passed away in Los Alamitos, CA, on April 29. He has been formerly associated with Harding, Orr & McDaniel in El Paso and was currently associated with the Southern California Edison Company.

Howard L. Bell, Class of '47, died in Anchorage, Alaska, in April.

Irving J. Fox, Class of '49, died May 25 at his home in Columbus, GA.

Robert Louis Chinn, Class of '51, of Odessa, TX, died May 3. He was employed by El Paso Products Purchasing Dept.

Jim Tom Gay, Class of '52, died in El Paso on June 25. He was assistant traffic manager for the Cotton Belt Railroad.

Sheldon P. Hurvitz, Class of '61, died in December, 1974, as a result of a plane crash.

Juan (Johnny) Benitez (1968, etc.) died in El Paso on June 24.

Pablo Cabanalan Caigoy, Class of '71, died in El Paso on July 27. A native of the Philippines, Mr. Caigoy survived the infamous 63-mile "Bataan Death March." After the war, he was awarded honorary American citizenship. He stayed in the Army and accepted a transfer to the U.S. where he served 27 years with the Army and retired with the rank of Captain.

Benjamin Ludlow III, Class of '72, died in El Paso on May 14. He was a Sergeant with the El Paso Police Dept.

Norma Bernstein, UT El Paso student, died in El Paso on July 9. She was a member of the UTEP ROTC Sponsor Corps.

WILLIAM E. HINDS (CONTINUED)

Vermont Avenue. Her first letter was dated February 18, 1917.

Then a letter arrived postmarked Burlington, Vermont, April 18, 1918. It marked the end of the trail. Inside was an undated memorandum from her to me, which read: "I enclosed your note in directed envelope so if anything happens to me, it will be sent to you. If you receive this, you will know that I have passed away and you are under no further obligation. Consider the matter closed as there is no one else that would be interested."

The note she enclosed was for \$265 with 5 per cent interest. Endorsements on the back show that on April 17, 1917, I paid \$100 principal and \$16.56 interest, leaving a balance of \$165 due in six months with interest "at 6% or 7%." The last endorsement is dated October 11, 1917, with a payment of \$90 on the face of the note plus \$5.68, leaving a balance of \$75.00.

That \$75 has never been paid to anyone connected with Hinds. It has, however, been paid over and over to those who needed it, and it will be paid again in the future as Hinds would have wanted it.

The act of this man is the unsolved mystery of my life. I have never been able to understand what motivated him. I find it easy enough to write a check for some student in temporary need, one that I can see and know, and I have written a good many such checks. But I still cannot understand how a man in New York City could reach far down in Texas, pluck a tired kid off a Georgia stock in a stumpy field, and stay with him without asking questions for eleven years, until death dissolved the relationship.

He did not live long enough to see any sign that the investment he made was not a bad one. In 1918 I became a member of the faculty of the University of Texas. My development there was slow—I have been late all my life—and it was not until 1931 that I published my first book, *The Great Plains*. Others followed in due course, but it was not until after 1950 that things began to happen which might have gratified William E. Hinds. When these marks of recognition came, my satisfaction was always tinged with regret that he could not know about them.

William E. Hinds was a great reader, and he probably was aware of Shelley's ironic lines:

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

I have reaped where he sowed, and I wear what he wove. Indeed, I keep a part of the wealth he found, but I have tried to keep a little of the spirit with

which he used it. His spirit has hovered over me all my life. His name appears in the Preface or Dedication of my major books. I cannot now better describe what he did for me than I did in *The Texas Rangers*:

To the memory of
WILLIAM ELLERY HINDS
He fitted the arrow to the bow
set the mark and insisted
that the aim be true
His greatness of heart is
known best to me.

This is the end of the story. I appeal to those who read it, for more information about William E. Hinds. I would like to know when and where he was born, where he was educated, and what occupation he followed. If he helped other boys, as his sister stated, I would like to know who they are and what they did. His will might reveal something about his interests and activities.

I have consulted with private detective agencies about making a search, but found them just as vague about what they would do as they were specific about fees. I admit that this investigation should have been made long ago, but it was something easy to postpone. It might have been possible to make contact with the Cortelyou family, but I neglected to do it. While in New York once, I took a taxi to the place where William E. Hinds lived in Brooklyn, and I ran the index of the *New York Times* in search of his obituary, but could not find his name. In January 1961 I had a bout with the hospital and the surgeons, and came pretty close to losing. This was a warning that I could no longer delay; as soon as I was able, I went to work in earnest.

I now summarize the facts I have about him. His full name was William Ellery Hinds. For several years after 1904 he lived at 489 Classon Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. He later moved to another address which I do not have. The only relatives he ever mentioned were his sister and some cousins, one of whom was George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury under Theodore Roosevelt after 1907. I do not know the exact date of his death, but it must have been in the autumn of 1915 because my note made out to Ida K. Hinds bears the date of January 25, 1916.

The meager results of my search thus far suggest that if I remain silent, William E. Hinds may be forgotten. I want him to be remembered. Finally, it seems to me that what he did may encourage others to follow his example, and thus perpetuate his influence. He would want no better monument. □

Epilog: Necah Stewart Furman, 1963 graduate of U.T. El Paso, in her superb biography, *Walter Prescott Webb: His Life and Impact* (Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1976), brings the story full circle. "The response to Webb's story was tremendous," she writes, "and went exactly as he had planned." Hinds was a New York importer of novelty goods who had been born in Brooklyn or Staten Island in 1850 and who had died of diabetes in 1912, unmarried, and leaving a modest estate. More importantly, Webb's *Harper's* article had lasting effects. C.B. Smith, Sr., of Austin, a former student, and a business associate and friend of Webb's circulated copies of the Hinds story to some 2,000 people and contributed \$500 personally toward establishing a fund in the New Yorker's name. The Hinds story was reprinted in *Reader's Digest* which further spurred public interest. Necah Furman writes that "Webb admitted in later years that he valued the Hinds article as much as anything he had ever written 'because it moved so many people to do something worthwhile.'"

Walter Prescott Webb died in March, 1963, and was buried in the State Cemetery in Austin. Necah Furman writes: "Through the entry gates, gazing past the neat rows of the Civil War dead and further up the green hill, one can see the simple stone marker reading 'Walter Prescott Webb, Historian.' He rests in good company, one of the few civilians to be buried in the State Cemetery. His friend J. Frank Dobie, 'Storyteller of the Southwest,' rests nearby with 'Hound-dog Man' Fred Gipson not far away. Down the walk and to the left stands the impressive statue of Johanna Troutman, famous pioneer woman, while the figure of Stephen F. Austin on the crest of the hill watches with a father's care over his land and his people."

Even though both men are dead, the Webb-Hinds story lives on. Webb spoke of it this way: "...in this day of cynicism, this throwback to something very human and inspirational may strike a responsive chord that has not had much exercise for a long time." He had considered William Ellery Hinds' philosophy the epitome of "applied Christianity," and, as his biographer has written, "If Webb had a religious creed, it was simply to live so as to leave the world a better place..." It was an echo of a verse Hinds had sent the young Walter Prescott Webb many, many years before:

We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feeling, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs;
He most lives who thinks most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best.

—Editor



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