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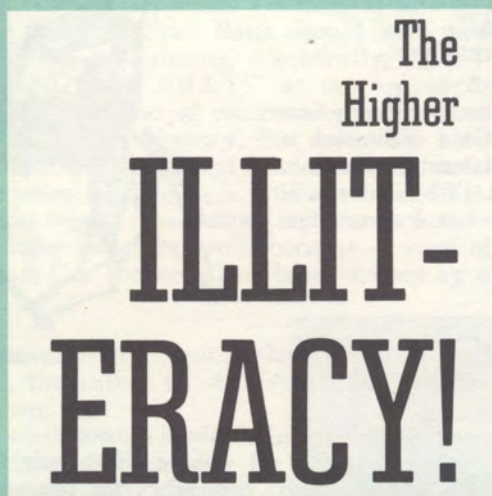
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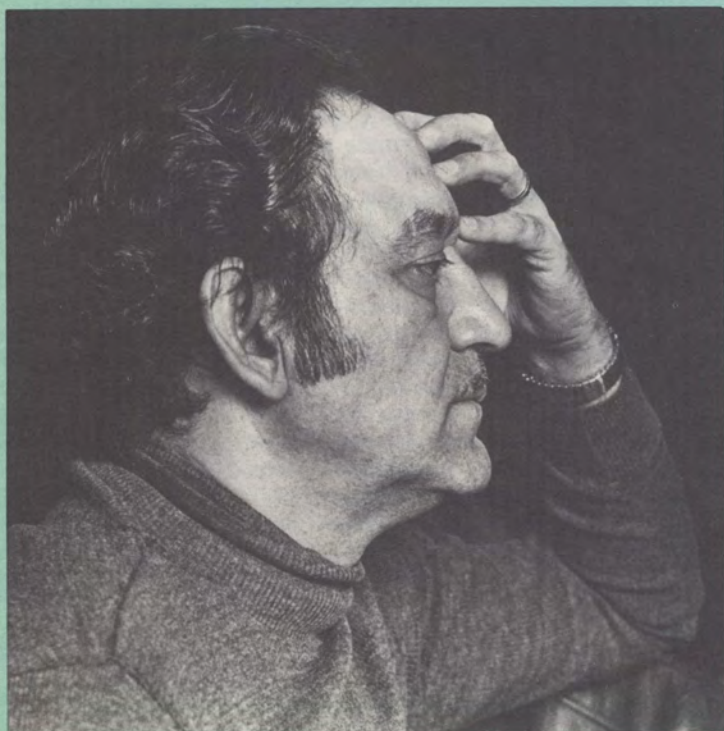
NOVA

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS
AT EL PASO
MAGAZINE



Also in this Issue:

- Jose Cisneros' "Faces";
- Victorian Sentimentality;
- Fiction by Pat Carr;
- Alumnotes and a Lot of Hard Work!



The View From the Hill...

Jim Peak is such a familiar name and face around this University he is one of those rare people who truly "need no introduction." But since Jim is now UT El Paso's Director of Development, his first *paying* job at his alma mater, a little introductory is perhaps in order.

Jim has had strong ties to UT El Paso since 1954, the year he entered then Texas Western College on a public relations scholarship he won in the Canton (Illinois) Senior High School from a national public speaking contest. While at TWC, Jim held five presidencies: of the Inter-Fraternity Council, Inter-Faith Council, Newman Club, Tau Kappa Epsilon, and of the Student Association (1957-58). He graduated in 1958 with a BBA in Public Relations (Radio-TV-Journalism) and as a member of Men of Mines and Top Ten Graduating Seniors, and with the Top TEKE Award for leadership, Cardinal Newman Award for leadership, and other distinctions.

After graduation he entered the Army and served with the 4th Armored Division in Germany as editor of the divisional newspaper and correspondent for Stars & Stripes. Following his discharge he became the founding editor of the Southwest Catholic Register newspaper, then coordinator for a technical information program of Thiokol Chemical Corp. in Utah which worked directly with the Secretary of the Air Force and Defense Department on the Minuteman Missile program.

Jim entered the life insurance business with Penn Mutual in 1965, working for the company in Albuquerque 1970-73 and upon returning to El Paso, taking the position as General Agent for Massachusetts Mutual.

Few alumni have worked as hard and consistently for UT El Paso than has Jim Peak. He has been Homecoming Chairman several times, vice president of the Alumni Association, division chairman of the Excellence Fund, to cite but a few of his official responsibilities in the past.

Appointed Director of Development in January, Jim replaces Jay Gaenzle who left the University to take a position in private business in El Paso.

"My first duties," Jim says, "will be a thorough review and reorganization of the development and alumni affairs programs at the University. I will be involved in all functions of development, from fund-raising to public and alumni relations and I look forward to working with the people I have known so well over the years."

Welcome aboard Jim Peak!

* * *

I was delighted to receive from San Francisco publisher Casa Editorial a book of poems by a classmate of mine, Rafael Jesús González ('62). I doubt if Rafael remembers me but I remember



Peak

him—a talented writer even then. The book is entitled *El Hacedor de Juegos/The Maker of Games* and it contains 54 pages of poems in both Spanish and English and they all depict an original



González

talent at work.

One eight-liner, "Citlal," has enough imagery for ten poems:

*En el cielo mugroso
se encendió una estrella:
—me picó los ojos;
me infectó el pecho—
con saliva de tinta
y garganta de acero
de una copa de vidrio
me tragué el lucero.*

González was born and raised in El Paso, graduated from Texas Western in 1962 and took graduate studies at Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México and the University of Oregon. He is now with the English Department of Laney College, Oakland, California. His poetry is widely published in the U.S., Mexico, and abroad, and *El Hacedor de Juegos* is his first book-length collection. You can order a copy by sending \$2.50 to Casa Editorial, 3128 24th Street, San Francisco, CA 94110.

—DALE L. WALKER

BACK COVER: Feb. 3, 1977: Half-time of the Wyoming-UTEP game, first event in the new Special Events Center. President Templeton speaks to the full house. □ Second-class postage paid at El Paso. NOVA is published quarterly by the News and Information Office of The University of Texas at El Paso, Texas

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had a chance to read it yet, but it's being considered for this year's Border Library Award for fiction."

A Time of Soldiers, the title said. By Andrew Jolly. Although a dust jacket quote from Hemingway authority Carlos Baker described Jolly as a "very powerful writer," the accompanying biographical note was surprisingly skimpy, merely referring to the author as "a teacher, a writer, and a Texan." No mention was made that he was from El Paso.

I took the book home and began to read. *Lie Down In Me* had been interesting, yes, but this one — *hijole!* — it was something special. I found myself not just casually turning pages, reading to while away the hours: I had been plunged into the middle of people and places and events caught within the author's unique and sustained focus, within his complex yet passionate vision.

now a few words about Andrew Jolly

by Elroy Bode

Last year a book was published — the first truly distinguished novel ever written by an El Paso author with El Paso as its setting — and nothing happened. Nothing in El Paso, that is. Not that the Coronado State Bank should have paid tribute to the event by proclaiming, electrically, "CONGRATULATIONS ANDREW JOLLY!" at the top of its tower. No one expects that kind of community enthusiasm for anyone who isn't a sports celebrity. But one could have expected a positive response from local academic and literary figures — hearty cheers because such intelligence and artistry had been brought together so compellingly in a creative work; even more salutes and drum rolls because a novel of such intense, Faulkner-like concerns had been written by a native son.

Nothing.

The most significant literary event of the year for El Paso passed by unnoticed, the author of *A Time of Soldiers* unheralded and unknown.

I brooded for a while about it — the injustice of a man failing to be honored in his home city for a job well done. Gradually, however, my mood changed from anger to curiosity.

But to back up a bit . . .

One day several years ago Mrs. Myrth Rollins, who teaches English with me at Austin High School, brought a book by my room, saying it was a novel she had just read that she thought I would enjoy. The title was *Lie Down In Me*. The author was a new name to me — Andrew Jolly. He was born in El Paso, the dust jacket said. A photograph showed a youngish man, with a moustache, in coat and tie.

The novel was about a young Mexican goatherd who was determined to give a proper burial to his wife, who had died high in the mountains. After constructing a litter for dragging her corpse, the husband started his trip down from the mountains to the wife's village. Along the way he was captured and wounded by bandits but was finally able to stumble into town. However, the priest refused to bury the wife in consecrated ground because she was an Indian. After surviving still other trials in his search for a burial place the husband, at the book's end, began to prepare a funeral pyre for his wife — understanding, finally, that her only permanent resting place was in his continuing love for her.

The author had told his unusual story with simplicity and directness. It was a finely crafted first novel by a writer of obvious talent.

Time passed; I read other books. Then, last November, the author's name reappeared.

I was thumbing through the new novels at the El Paso Public Library when librarian Margaret Burlingame came over. "I've got just the book for you," she said. "I haven't

In the novel three generations of military men are involved in three different wars: Jack Lear, a cavalry officer, fights in Mexico against Villa, yet, in an ironic twist of circumstances, dies later in the mountains of New Mexico at the hands of United States troops; his son Ben, who comes back from Europe after World War II to find that his wife has betrayed him, ends up a wanderer — searching for "something, one good war, something, some kind of justification"; Ben's son Doniphan, a helicopter pilot, returns from Vietnam crippled and disillusioned. Spanning the lives of the Lear families are Father Palermo, a voluble, sensual, Falstaffian Spanish priest who is in love with his own eloquence but who is nevertheless able to argue, as a realist, against "men who have caused so much unhappiness with their visions of more perfect societies"; and Graf, a dispassionate newspaperman who offers bitter counsel to each generation of Lears.

The sharp, detailed scenes of El Paso, Juárez, and the Tularosa mountains; the continuous interweaving of lives — father, son, grandson — in a kaleidoscope of loneliness, idealism, and disenchantment; the sheer eloquence of the author, especially in his brilliant portrait of the priest: all combined to make the novel a rare reading experience. It took hold, grew, loomed in the mind.

Afterward the question rose in me with new forcefulness: Who is this man Jolly that has so suddenly and persuasively entered my consciousness? A dust jacket photograph existed, and a single reference to El Paso as place of birth — but little else in the way of biographical information.

In an attempt to contact Jolly I first wrote to the publisher of *A Time of Soldiers*, E. P. Dutton, asking for the author's address. I waited, but there was no reply. I wrote again, this time to the author himself in care of the publisher. No response. Next I wrote Carlos Baker at Princeton — just in case he had been keeping up with Jolly's career. Professor Baker replied, in a hurried hand at the bottom of my note, that he did not know the address of Mr. Jolly but suggested I contact his publisher.

Dead end, it seemed, and I decided not to pursue the matter much further. I had no desire to make a career out of writing letters of inquiry. But in a letter to a friend, Dick Phelan — whose book, *Texas Wild*, had just been released, coincidentally, by E. P. Dutton — I mentioned the Jolly novel and my interest in it. Phelan wrote back that a Dutton book salesman said Jolly might be teaching at "a little college in Missouri."

Feeling like a sailor dropping a message in a bottle in mid-Pacific, I sent out one final letter just before Christmas — to Jolly at Stephens College, Missouri — and then left town for the holidays. When I returned a letter was waiting for me from Andrew Jolly.

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To some people, even some secretly sentimental ones, "sentimentality" is automatically construed to be embarrassing and in bad taste.

To UTEP English professor Robert Bledsoe, who specializes in Victorian era English literature, sentimentality is none, necessarily, of the above. He views it as "a form of emotionalism, and people are perpetually fascinated by their own emotions," and as "one of the single most pervasive characteristics of the novels of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot — three Victorian novelists whose works are still read" at levels ranging from elementary school pupils to literary critics.

Dr. Bledsoe takes his sentimentality seriously and under a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, he was awarded \$2,000 to study the backgrounds of Victorian sentimentality in London.

As he explained in his grant application, Dr. Bledsoe wanted to gain first-hand experience in Victorian music, art and architecture, in the environment in which the great writers lived.

Upon arriving in London, he established a routine of study in the reading room of the British Museum which he considers perhaps "the single greatest library in the world, at least in the humanities. Its collection of books and manuscripts has supported a large proportion of the important scholarship in English literature during the last 150 years. It is open to all qualified users from anywhere for any purposes — Karl Marx wrote *Das Kapital* there — courtesy of the British taxpayer.

"I not only read books, I examined the originals of countless Victorian paintings, most of them now in the Tate Gallery (on display or in storage in the basement) and the Victoria and Albert Museum. I was guided through some of the most important London clubs — the Garrick, the Reform, and the Athenaeum — all of which had served as homes away from home for Victorian men of letters. And I walked: Dickens' house, Thackeray's house, Carlyle's house, Eliot's house, Sir John Soane's house, Lord Leighton's house, and others.

"But I kept coming back to the vast dome of the British Museum Reading Room, because that's where I could read what these people thought about themselves, about their paintings, clubs, architecture, music, and their sentimental literature."

His study of sentimentality involved not only a crucial aspect of Victorian culture, said Dr. Bledsoe, but also "one of the crucial aspects of the earlier, so called 'neo-classical' eighteenth century. In fact, it may come as a surprise to hear that 200 years ago, sentimentalism in literature was the latest fashion. Books like Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, and Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* were popular with the most sophisti-



cated readers because of their sentimentality."

The whole sentimental movement in literature got started in the early 1700s as a theory about the innate goodness of man's nature, Dr. Bledsoe pointed out. "Latitudinarian divines like Barrow and Tillotson and moralists like Shaftesbury argued that man was not naturally depraved (as many felt), and that man's natural feelings of benevolence to his fellow man displayed themselves in man's spontaneous sympathy for human suffering. It was a short step from this to the fashion for novels in which both the characters and the readers were encouraged not only to sympathize with but actually to weep over various woes described by the author.

"The Victorians then went on to sentimentalize the concept of the sanctity of the bourgeois household—one with an angel wife who guarded the values of a cozy fireplace world which kept away the ever-threatening real world outside."

He said that in studying memoirs of

now neglected critics, painters, and musicians he came to understand the direction of Victorian emotionalism which would have been possible only at a research institution of the scope of the British Museum.

"My increased awareness," he continued, "can now be transferred to my classroom, where we read and discuss works like Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, Dickens' *David Copperfield*, and Eliot's *Middlemarch*. The students don't necessarily accept the cultural values these works are based on (nor should they), but they do come to understand those values and their sources."

This quality of deeper understanding by the students, finds Dr. Bledsoe, is of value in examining culture and cultural values of the past. "We are what we are, after all, because they were what they were," he observed, "and that's why university people, both faculty and administrators, keep insisting on research in the humanities. Our students—and our society—are the real beneficiaries." □

Never morning wore To evening, but some heart did break

Tennyson, *In Memoriam* Pt. VI



A sentimental scene by Charles Landseer (on page 2 at left) is derived from Samuel Richardson's masterpiece, *Clarissa*, and entitled "Clarissa in the Sponging House." (Courtesy of Tate Gallery)

At upper left is Fildes' famous painting of "The Doctor," a late Victorian emblem of the century's fascination with both children and disease, not necessarily separately. Victorian novels are filled with sentimental death scenes—Dickens' description of Little Nell's passing in *The Old Curiosity Shop* was among the most influential. (Courtesy of Tate Gallery)

Jenny Lind is at upper right, in her role as Amina in Bellini's opera *La Sonnambula*. The heroine's aria at the end of the opera, "Ah, non credea mirarti," was considered the height of musical pathos by London operagoers in the 1840's. (Courtesy of Beard Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum)

Right is Richard Redgrave's "The Governess" which skillfully captures the pensive feeling of isolation and loneliness which Victorians found both pitiful and frightening about women who did not fit into a traditional role of wife and mother. Single, "useless" women were described with sympathy and sometimes irony by such writers as Charlotte Brontë and W.M. Thackeray. (Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum)



Higher Illiteracy is... is... I can't express it!

By Nancy Hamilton

In public schools it's called "back to basics."

In colleges and universities the term is "higher illiteracy."

Under whatever heading, throughout American education there is growing public concern for a burgeoning problem. Simply stated, the problem is that more and more students are incapable of expressing themselves in the spoken or written word, telling the difference between fact and propaganda, measuring up to levels reached by students of 10 and 20 years ago in standardized tests, and relating what they do to the rest of society.

In some educational circles, the problem is flatly termed a *crisis* but many professors take issue with this, since a crisis is a turning point. They see no significant change in store, no turning point, only more of the same — or worse.

At UT El Paso, faculty members polled last fall agreed that more than 50 per cent of their students needed to improve the quality of their written work. More than 100 faculty members from all the colleges responded to a questionnaire from the Study Skills and Tutorial Services, with 29 per cent indicating that 75 to 100 per cent of their students had writing problems, and another 29 per cent indicating that 50 to 75 per cent of their students did.

Sixty-six per cent of the faculty members said poor organization was the main writing problem as they graded papers, essay exams and written assignments. Next came writing in complete sentences, 62 per cent, and third was spelling, 59 per cent. Other problems cited and percentages were: lack of prior planning and thinking, 57; no evidence that student has reflected on subject and included some of his own ideas, 48; inability to focus on and develop a subject, 59; too many generalizations without supporting details, 49; no evidence of using library resources effectively, 25; inability to write paragraphs, 45; use of transitions effectively, 35; and punctuation, 59.

Essay exams were used by 76 per cent of the responding faculty mem-

bers, who represented a cross-section of disciplines and levels of instruction.

Why do so many students have trouble with writing?

"They don't regard it as a survival skill," explained Dr. Nancy Wood, who developed the Study Skills and Tutorial Services at UTEP over the past five years. "I have polled students in English 3121, which I teach, to ask them when they felt it was important to communicate well with someone else in writing. For those who had applied in writing to enter the University, that was the most common reply; many others said it was for a job application. But they don't think it is important to write well in a letter to a friend. They regard math, however, as a survival skill."

English 3121 is one of the answers UTEP has come up with for the problem of "higher illiteracy." It is a course in study skills with, as Dr. Wood puts it, a primary goal of "giving enough expertise so the student can survive academically." The student is taught how to write for an essay examination, how to work on a research paper, how to listen and take notes, how to participate in class discussion, how to give oral reports. Half the course is on reading. Students also learn their way around the library and are given practical advice on study materials.

Another answer in the English Department is course number 3110, Basic English Composition. While some of today's students are every bit as competent as those of the 1950's, many have problems, observed Lillian Collingwood, associate professor and Director of Freshman English. "We had to institute 3110, now in its fourth year, and roughly 60 per cent of each entering freshman class is placed into 3110." The course is described in the University catalog as "study in language fundamentals; practice in organizing and writing paragraphs with emphasis on sentence structure, diction, vocabulary, spelling and other areas of writing."

Two freshman English courses are required of all students, 3111 and 3112. A departmental examination shows

whether the student has enough background to move into 3111 without first taking 3110.

While such a basic composition course is often described as "remedial," Dr. Tommy Boley of the English faculty does not consider it so. "I define remedial as a course in which the student is receiving the same material for a second, third, or fourth time. There are strong indications in English 3110 that the majority of students are having work that is new to them," he said.

The basic course is also frequently termed "bonehead English." The trend during the 1960's was away from it, but this year universities such as Yale resumed such courses in order to meet the deficiencies of their incoming freshmen.

"When it was still unpopular to have the so-called 'bonehead English,' we introduced it," said Dr. James K. Mortensen, English Department chairman. "Now it is fashionable again."

"We can work with mechanical weaknesses like spelling or grammar in English 3111," said Prof. Collingwood. "The current areas of weakness include inability to organize material in a meaningful way, inability to structure sentences, and the inability to embody their experiences in words."

In rhetoric, the process termed "invention" must be worked on, she continued. This involves digging up material from somewhere — one's own head, as in describing sensory experiences, or information from other sources which must be brought together to support a main idea. The main drive in English 3110, she said, has become to help students generate ideas and meaningful support for those ideas.

One device is to have a student stand on a street corner and sense as much as possible of what is going on around him — sounds, odors, sights — and to write about it. "We have to draw out some very basic descriptive words, like the hum of a motor, in order to build vocabulary," she added.

"They have a vocabulary, but it is a listening vocabulary, not a reading one," she elaborated. "They are aural-

ly-oriented to the world. Yet when you ask them to write about something they have heard, such as how it sounded when they last went to a disco, they are at a loss for words. It is almost eerie, this lack of vocabulary or ability in self-expression."

Another indication of the dependence on hearing more than reading, she said, is the tendency to confuse spelling of sound-alikes: their-there-they're; its-it's; reign-rein-rain. With limited experience in reading, the students do not pick up on the differences between such words.

Prof. Collingwood has noticed also that from the 1960's to the present, there has been a trend among students to rebel against standardized speech in favor of "peer slang." In her own youth, she said, there was a generally recognized difference between slang and standard English. Today's students do not seem to be aware of such a difference.

The University of South Carolina recently received an \$88,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities to combat "writing illiteracy" in that state, with a writing laboratory as part of the plan.

Writing centers are being launched at many universities this year. UTEP's tutorial program, originally involving only math, has been moving into writing as well. "I geared the program to what students said they needed," said Dr. Wood, "and we set up a math room which has been increasingly busy, serving 400 to 600 students weekly. It seemed to me that writing was as important a problem, but there was not the same pressure from students for help with it. A couple of years ago I started a 'writing desk.' Then we set up a room for writing which last spring served more than 300 students and in fall of 1976, more than 400. It is catching on pretty well. Those who use it come back more times than in the math room."

Now in its fourth year of funding, the Study Skills and Tutorial Services has become a valuable asset. After Dr. Wood had assessed the need, President A. B. Templeton carried it forth. "He got funding of \$100,000 for the first biennium, and tripled it for the next," said Dr. Wood. "The program has grown proportionately — first year 1,600 students served, the second year 3,300, the third 5,100, and the first semester of this year 2,800. That shows me there was a need and it speaks well for our students that they have sought out this help since it is voluntary and offers no credit."

With the addition of the College of Nursing to UTEP this year, a tutorial program was added there as well, said Dr. Wood. The fall participants numbered 94.

Elsewhere in the country, Dr. Wood has found, universities are setting up similar programs to help struggling students. Among solutions are peer tutors, programmed materials and review materials on tape.

"I much prefer people to programmed materials," she said. "I think the students do better with peer tutors. In the math and writing programs, from 50 to 70 tutors were employed per semester. They are juniors and seniors with at least a 3-point grade average."

As a result of their experiences, Dr. Wood is preparing a book on how to operate a study-tutorial program and the student tutors are preparing a handbook for tutors. Among tips offered by the Writing Room tutors:

- *Get students to stop being afraid of a pen and a blank piece of paper.

- *Encourage them to think through what they will say before they write it.

- *Explain to them the value of reading their work aloud.

- *Try to build self-confidence.

- *Cooperate with the English Department.

While UTEP has about a 30 per cent Spanish-surnamed enrollment, the writing problem is not peculiar to those who speak English as a second language, according to Dr. Wood. As is true all across the country, "higher illiteracy" affects students from a variety of backgrounds, both economically and scholastically. A fall semester report on the tutorial program indicated, however, that 52 per cent of participants were Spanish-surnamed, somewhat higher than their percentage in the total student population. For Spanish-speakers who seek help, the Writing Room has a list of common mistakes they can work on, such as leaving off or adding "s" at the end of a word.

Teachers of English, naturally, are persons who care deeply about the weakening of the written and spoken language. Assistant Professor Carlene Walker, who has been involved in public school and university-level teaching for about 30 years, feels that education has suffered inflation comparable to that of currency.

"Now we see the same quality of work going into a Ph.D. that was required for a good Master's or even Bachelor's degree several years ago," she said. "The criticisms I hear from the community about college graduates today are what we heard about high school graduates in the 1950's, such as the complaint that they aren't able to fill in a job application form."

The concern of the English teacher extends beyond caring about the language itself. Normally, as a result of reading compositions and involving students in class discussions, the teacher learns a lot about the individual's personal life, goals and dreams. The teacher's effort ideally becomes one of inspiring the student to achieve not only in a particular English course, but in everything.

"We have a six-hour course that combines spoken and written communication," explained Prof. Walker. "The approach in English used to be to assign topics from a book, but students respond better if they can write or talk about something from their own experience. I don't enjoy reading about drag racing, but if that is what one of my students is interested in, I'd rather he write or speak about that than about Milton's influence on Protestantism. The skills used in communicating can be transferred from one topic to another, but first those skills must be developed."

"It takes skill and practice to learn to write," she continued. "Students are coming to us without much practice, but after the first semester of Freshman English, we can see some improvement. The level of literacy has dropped among entering students from the time I began teaching college 11 years ago."

Her observation is borne out by evidence of college-entrance scores, about

Illiteracy on Campus

'Writing Crisis' Spurs Big Corrective Effort

Grammar Crisis

The University Daily, November 1, 1976 Page 3

English deficiencies

Study Shows Millions Functionally Illiterate

which much has been written in the press over the past year.

The Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) score averages have declined since 1963, with the decline greater for verbal than for math scores. The 1976 scores for college-bound seniors averaged 431 in verbal skills, down 35 points since 1967, and 472 in mathematics, down 20 points since 1967.

The College Entrance Examination Board of New York City, which administers the SAT program, set up a two-year study of the score decline in late 1975. Luis C. Cortes, principal of Bowie High School in El Paso, is a member of the national study panel. At that time, Sidney P. Marland Jr., College Board president, described speculation about the decline under four general headings: 1) the psychometric qualities of the tests, 2) the nature of the population sitting for the test, 3) factors bearing on the nature of secondary education, and 4) factors bearing on conditions of society during the past decade.

Last October the College Board announced that it would add two measures of writing ability to its testing program for college-bound students. Marland said they "reflect a serious concern on the part of the College Board membership over the perceptible deterioration of writing ability among the young."

The American College Test (ACT), also a standard test for entering freshmen as a predictor of academic success, has shown a decline similar to that of the SAT from 1964-65 to 1973-74. It measures English, mathematics, social studies and natural sciences ability of college-bound students. The exception is in natural science, where average scores increased slightly.

The Council for Basic Education, which since 1956 has been pushing for higher academic standards at all levels, in a bulletin last June stated, "We continue to believe that the decline is less serious a matter than it has been portrayed." It attributes the score trend to a larger number of women with lower scoring ability planning to enter college, a drop in the number of students taking traditional academic courses, and more absences from school but fewer dropouts. (Oddly enough, points out the council, during the period of high dropouts of a few years ago, test scores were higher.)

While many educators tend to point the accusing finger at the public schools for the writing problem, Dr. Kenneth E. Beasley, vice president of academic affairs, feels that whatever problem exists has its roots in higher education. For years higher education resisted public pressures to open admissions to students who did not fit the established mold of college potential. During the push for getting minority and disadvantaged students into higher education, community colleges mushroomed

while the more staid universities tried to avoid the reality that they, too, must accept those students.

At UT El Paso, as at other universities, there has been resistance to accepting students with shortcomings, Dr. Beasley observed. "Every poorly trained student is a product of the attitudes and practices in higher education 15 to 20 years ago," he said. "I believe that somewhere people must stop blaming and must *do something*."

At the same time, Dr. Beasley feels that the so-called crisis is a contrived one when the American population as a whole is considered. "Given such factors as the size of the publishing industry, the number of high school and college graduates, and so on, it is absurd to say that the population is less able to read or write than in the 1940's or 1950's." Another factor is the "information explosion" with far greater quantities of material to be mastered than in the past.

Dr. Beasley pointed out that the tests which have been cause for alarm in education the past two years were standardized in the days when college students were mainly affluent whites; college populations have changed in recent years, and the standardization must change accordingly.

With the "higher illiteracy" concern focusing on entering freshmen, high schools have come in for their share of blame in the problem. The fault is not all theirs, contends Dr. Boley, whose duties as assistant professor of English include training of future teachers of English. "I don't think public school teachers should be blamed for not teaching composition; it's the fault of the university for not training them how to teach composition," he explained. "In the past we have worked with them on teaching literature, but they haven't seen very much of composition teaching. Many people who teach English in public schools may never have taken a composition course because they were placed out of it—not required to take it—in college. We're working on this now and have courses in training teachers for this."

He added that many high school graduates have had excellent training in grammar, but have had little opportunity to use it in written composition. "It's like teaching a piano student to play scales and arpeggios, but never giving him a composition to interpret," he said.

In February UTEP's English Department hosted a meeting which was a "first," a gathering of English teachers from area high schools, El Paso Community College and the University, to discuss their mutual problems in teaching students to write. The enthusiastic response brought the likelihood of more meetings of that nature.

One of the problems discussed at the meeting was the staggering job of the composition teacher in grading papers.

"A few years ago I taught a class at a local high school," recalled Dr. Ray Past, chairman of the Department of

Linguistics. "It was incredible to me the amount of work required of a high school English teacher. With 150 students a day, the teacher stood little chance of ever catching up with quantities of written work."

Prof. Walker, herself a former public school teacher, echoed the opinion. "Even at the university level, if I assign compositions to my students, that means 13 hours of grading per assignment, and for the high school teacher it is much more than that."

Dr. Boley agreed that this extra work probably is a factor in the high school teachers' planning; grammar lessons may be graded quickly but compositions take more time.

Is the quarter system now in effect in Texas schools a factor in the language arts problem? Opinions are divided.

"One school system which follows a more traditional format in its quarter system still requires training in English similar to the pre-quarter system sequence," said Dr. Boley. "I haven't made a study of it, but I feel that students coming out of that system have a stronger background in English than those in a more liberal school system which offers wide variety in courses in which a student may avoid English courses that require much work in composition."

Some English teachers feel that the quarter system has made it possible for high school students to write very little by selecting courses in not only English but other subjects that require little written work.

Another aspect of the trend was touched on by Dr. David Hall, associate professor of philosophy. He feels the deterioration in quality of written material is only part of "a change in thinking—more a private attitude than we had before. I have been teaching since the 60's when there were marches and causes such as Kent State. Students were more able to think in the abstract than they are today; now they are more geared to the concrete and to what something means to them personally instead of to society as a whole."

"I had a paper recently in which a student said philosophy only meant how he felt about something and I told him that was wrong. I don't know whether this change has been particularly sudden, but it is different from when I started teaching. There is an unwillingness to speak out about things; people are more willing to talk in small groups, like encounter groups, where they become able to accept themselves, but they don't tend toward airing their views in larger groups, especially inner feelings." This privacy of thought, he added, has implications for society, in that an individual may feel that what he thinks or feels is only for himself and has no relationship to the rest of society.

Reading problems are often associated with writing problems, according to Dr. Wood.

Reading is the specialty field of Dr.

Lou Burmeister, professor of curriculum and instruction and recipient of this year's UTEP Faculty Research Award. She is involved in training both elementary and secondary teachers, principally classroom teachers rather than those engaged in remedial reading.

"Nationwide reading scores are now fluctuating," she said. "A recent survey indicated elementary school children are reading better than four years ago, with a considerable gain shown among Southern blacks. High school student scores have not improved significantly in the past four years, however."

Dr. Burmeister, a member of the board of the International Reading Association, feels that every teacher must become involved in reading, and got the point across to a physical education coach at a meeting at which she was a consultant. "In physical education, students need to be able to read about

what they are learning to do, from being able to understand the rules of a game to reading the daily sports page," she observed.

She said professionals in the teaching of reading now are concerned that states should strengthen their requirements for training of teachers in reading. Texas has no such state requirement, and a person may graduate in elementary education without taking a course in how to teach reading. UTEP, however, about two years ago began requiring reading instruction as part of its teacher training.

Many people think that reading stops with being able to recognize words, said Dr. Burmeister, but every subject that is taught becomes involved in reading content. This has to do with the vocabulary peculiar to that subject, the materials used for studying it, and the building of interest. She is not among critics of TV who feel that it has ruined reading as a national pastime, pointing out that some TV shows cause runs on libraries for materials related to the shows.

Children are encouraged to read by seeing others enjoy it, she said. Responding to a trend toward fewer American adults who read for pleasure, she said some elementary schools are having "read-ins." All activities stop for, say, 30 minutes while everyone, even the janitor, reads a book just for pleasure, no textbooks allowed.

Gene Lyons, in a *Harper's* article last fall, described a controversy over the teaching of writing that took place at UT Austin in 1975. He said 85 per cent of freshman composition classes and half the sections of a required sophomore literature class, were taught by teaching assistants, graduate students who teach part-time. Lyons and others have indicated that this money-saving tactic in many universities has much to do with what he calls a "literacy crisis."

This problem does not exist at UTEP where everyone in the English Department, from full professor to newest instructor to the department chairman, teaches Freshman English.

"Our senior department member, Dr. Haldeen Braddy, taught two sections of Freshman English last semester," said Prof. Collingwood. Teaching assistants, when the department does have them, are apprenticed to regular faculty members whom they assist in teaching and grading, but they do not regularly teach unsupervised, as is the case in some universities, she added.

While Prof. Collingwood admits readily that she has no simple answer to the phenomenon of the "literacy crisis" or its causes, she perceives two influences at work: aural and visual media as the predominant source of information, rather than the printed word, and suspicion of the language of their elders, the effects of the "don't trust anybody over 30" movement of the '60's.

"We seem to notice this more now perhaps because higher education has

opened up to a larger sector of the community," she said. "It used to be that only certain students went through a college-preparatory route in high school, usually those from affluent families. Now those who are less affluent and not as well prepared may come to college, too, and I think that's fine. I am glad to see increasing numbers of minority students in higher education. This may be part of the reason we seem to be overwhelmed just now. But we need to take these students as they come in and help them build toward a more meaningful life. That's what we're here for."

Dr. Past goes along with an observation made by Jacques Barzun of Columbia University that every teacher is a teacher of English and a badly written paper is worthless in any subject. "Twenty-five years ago when I started teaching," he said, "we had students with reading problems and we worried about them. We still do. Stringent admission requirements is one way of solving it, of course, but not for a state university. I talked a few years ago to a professor from Yale at a professional meeting. He said they had no such problems because they didn't admit people with those problems. A state university, however, cannot have policies like this."

In a series on the decline of education last August, the *Los Angeles Times* assessed the implications of lower test scores, complaints of universities about English deficiencies of entering freshmen, and surveys that show the writing ability of young people has slipped. The conclusion was that America is not on the brink of a "dark age" in education. "Obviously, the educational edifice has not collapsed," observed the *Times*. "What it does mean is that American education appears clearly to be on a dangerous course that could have serious repercussions."

American education has come through similar periods when it was felt that a "dangerous course" led downward. Among them were the "Johnny can't read" stir of the 1950's and reaction to Sputnik in 1957 when Americans feared their science-math education was not as good as Russia's. Among outgrowths of these concerns were more funding for education and stronger professional organizations in the fields of concern.

Now that attention is on the "Johnny can't write" phenomenon, educators are aligning their efforts to confront that problem. Like other universities around the nation, UTEP is trying to provide both short-range and long-range answers. A quick measure of effectiveness will be a new standardized exam to be given at the end of English 3110, seeking a uniform level of performance before a student is passed into 3111. In the long-range perspective is the teacher training program. Its success will be seen in a new generation of school children who, hopefully, will be able to write better than today's. □

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A New Reading Approach To College Writing

The Puppet

A short story
By Pat Carr

I remember the day the war started. It was the day Harris burned his puppet.

I went down to his house early to work awhile before Sunday School. Sunday School wasn't until 10:30, and my mother was always late on cold mornings.

That morning was gray cold, with snow frost in the air, and I trailed my green-mittened hand against the iron fence pipes as I walked. The same iced fence rails I'd welded my tongue to one morning waiting for the school bus.

Harris lived in the last yellow house of the row of yellow houses, the last fenced house beside the road to school and town. Lonely with nothing but iron posts between it and the prairie, between it and the pumping jack whining beside the road, whining its metal rods over frozen ground, sounding like an animal even in the cold daylight.

Harris lived there with his mother and a man who wasn't his real father. A man he even called George, and all of us at school were slightly in awe of anyone who called an adult by his first name.

Harris was also different, and I guess I thought he knew about everything. He'd lived for years in Denver where I'd been only once during Christmas and had seen seven movies in one day. But he'd lived there, in that magnificent snowy city with trolleys and live trees that they strung with Christmas lights in the squares.

He could do things no one else I knew could do. He played the violin, not practicing for the PTA programs or the Sunday School, even refusing to play for them when someone's mother found out he had a violin, but playing only for himself. And he made things. Colonies of tiny dolls of hollyhocks in the summer, swarms of pinecone dwarfs in the winter, a myriad of

things fashioned in the garage from the twigs, stones, white bones, dry bent weeds he always had in his pockets.

But what he was making then was nothing like any of the momentary things that faded when the skirts of the hollyhocks wilted; this was something lasting, permanent, beautiful to watch in production, in anticipation. A carved, sanded puppet with smooth, firm arms and legs jointed into careful sockets that were knees and elbows. A delicate face with pupils and irises in the eyes and minute nostrils in the nose. A mouth curved into an almost smile that Harris said he'd paint pink, not red. A rounded chin sweeping into the long neck of the wooden body that Harris had carved with a tiny waist. As Harris worked with his clasp knife he explained each step, repeated what the finished puppet could do after he attached the strings; and I watched and nodded.

He was waiting just inside, and I saw him at the window. I opened the metal gate of curved round metal, curved as if it belonged on an iron bed, and he came out, closed his front door softly, careful not to wake anyone since his mother and George didn't go to Sunday School, and walked down to meet me on the sidewalk. We didn't say anything. We knew we were going to the garage.

As we walked back the way I'd come, I dragged the tip of my other mitten along the fence. Our feet crunched the ice layer on the sidewalk and we both watched it. The coming snow filled the air motes high over us, filtering, blocking out the sun.

"I think I'll finish the face today instead of the legs like we talked about," he said. "I don't think the eyebrows are quite right yet."

I nodded even while I liked the eyebrows. Whatever adjustment he made always turned out better than it was before, and though we both understood the puppet was to be mine after it was finished, I didn't ever offer advice, so I merely nodded.

"Hi."

We looked up.

"Where you guys headed?"

It was the Rawlings boys and their little sister, a little girl with mouth agape, perpetual drip frozen between her nose and upper lip. All three of them standing there on their front porch.

I didn't like the Rawlings boys. They said "damn" on the playground when the teachers weren't around and their straw hair almost reached their eyes that looked too long at you. But there wasn't much I could do. An oil camp is too small for children's problems my father always said when I tried to tell him Sam and Ray Rawlings were sneaky.

"To the garage," I said, trying not to look at them. They knew where we were going. There wasn't any place else to go before Sunday School. And even if it'd been Saturday, we all knew you couldn't go up in the hills away

from camp right before a snow.

The garage was next to our house, the first one on the block after the yellow offices, but it didn't really belong to our house. All the company cars and trucks were kept in the long garage across the road where the company gas pump was, and my father said there was no sense trying to park anything over in the single car shed, so we could use it to play in.

It had a dirt floor that was always dry, no matter how deep the snow was outside and always smelled like a cellar. A secure, warm underground smell even though it wasn't and the walls were tin instead of rooted earth. But what really made it a winter playhouse was the stove. A great iron cylinder, massive, rusted, burning a steady wall of flame behind its square iron door that we opened on the coldest days. Gas in the camp had to be burned off most of the time anyway in the flaring pipe near the bridge almost to town, and my father kept the garage stove going all winter unless a chinook swept down from the mountains and we roasted in our winter underwear and sweaters.

I suppose Harris and I thought of the garage as our private workshop, but the door was always unlocked, and I knew I couldn't tell those three Rawlings kids to stay out.

"Just to the garage," I said again.

"Okay," one of them said and they came down off their porch as if they'd been invited.

I wondered if their mother'd thrown them out; they looked so cold standing there, like they were waiting but not wanting to go to the garage without us.

I felt Harris glance at me but I didn't look back, and we started walking again, nobody talking, nobody saying anything, but the little Rawlings girl sniffing as we went.

When we got to the garage I could hear the fire rushing toward the flue into the cold air and I could see the puppet laid out on the table where we'd left it, the head and body with the arms on each side and the legs below as if it were already strung.

Harris was ahead as we went in and as he got to the table I saw him stiffen without really moving.

I came up beside him and looked at the puppet.

Two large circles with dots in the centers were drawn on the wooden chest, a smaller circle pencilled in at the lower edge of the body, deep drawn lopsided in the wood with lines or legs or hairs all the way around. It didn't make sense for a second.

Then I knew what it was supposed to be.

And I knew they'd drawn it.

I didn't look at Harris. I could feel the Rawlings boys watching us from behind and I didn't want to witness his humiliation, didn't want to see his reaction.

I felt him move away from me, away from the table and I stood there looking down at the defiled puppet.

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The Development Board and University President A.B. Templeton extend their sincere thanks to the many volunteer workers who gave so much of their time during the past year to aid and support The University of Texas at El Paso.

Alumni and friends gave the University gifts of cash, securities, equipment and books totaling \$646,755.77. Corporate support totaled \$144,285; and \$502,451 was derived from other sources with a total number of gifts of 4,078.

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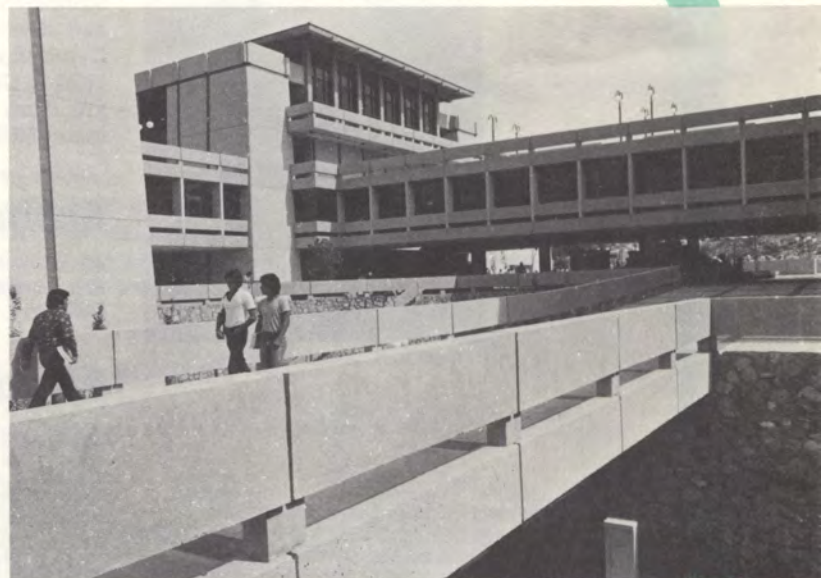
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Alumni Fund Class Report For 1976

The Alumni Fund for Excellence ended its 14th year with total contributions of \$82,015.04 from 2,548 alumni donors. This year's report shows a broad base of support from all graduating classes.

Dr. Roger Ortiz, Chairman

*

John Kelley III,
Vice Chairman



Ortiz

Chairman	Class Year	No. of Gifts	Amount
Dr. Roger Ortiz	1917-1935	46	\$2,631
Mr. William E. Mueller	1936	14	\$ 311
	1937	15	\$1,470
	1938	16	\$ 455
	1939	30	\$ 796
	1940	35	\$2,070
Mr. William F. Rike, Jr.	1941	20	\$ 883
	1942	34	\$1,450
	1943	31	\$ 656
	1944	7	\$ 155
Mrs. Albert O'Leary	1945	11	\$ 607
	1946	22	\$2,865
	1947	33	\$2,245
Mrs. Robert E. Redman	1948	51	\$1,989
Mr. Conrad Ramirez	1949	68	\$2,298
Mr. William C. Farlow	1950	81	\$2,080
Mr. Jim DeGroat	1951	76	\$1,878
Mr. Charles L. Jensen	1952	50	\$1,710
Mr. John T. Kelley III	1953	64	\$2,123
Mr. Tony G. Conde	1954	68	\$2,423
Mr. Robert Sanderson	1955	57	\$1,896
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Chairman	Class Year	No. of Gifts	Amount
Mr. Arlin Maddox	1956	61	\$2,950
Mr. Carlos R. Escobar	1957	57	\$2,670
Dr. Alan Dean	1958	60	\$1,636
Mr. John T. Kelley III	1959	57	\$1,745
Mr. Jon Hansen	1960	56	\$1,440
Mr. Ron McDaniel	1961	59	\$1,862
Mr. Henry G. Rettig	1962	82	\$3,096
Mr. Robert Taboada	1963	93	\$2,144
Dr. Phillip Boswell	1964	78	\$1,518
Mr. Michael Ridley	1965	97	\$2,645
Mrs. Robert L. Dibler	1966	90	\$2,013
Mr. Mark Terrell	1967	92	\$1,511
Mr. Paul J. Logan	1968	80	\$1,320
Mr. Melvin B. Markel	1969	79	\$ 951
Mr. John T. Kelley III	1970	95	\$1,580
	1971	95	\$1,811
	1972	66	\$1,395
	1973	67	\$1,060
	1974	49	\$1,076
	1975	48	\$ 676
	1976	12	\$ 147

Other Alumni Contributors:
205 gifts for \$10,746

Matching Gift Corporations:
43 gifts for \$4,522.17

The 1976 Annual Gift Report has been abbreviated over that of previous years so that your contributions will be used in academic programs rather than in administrative expenses such as a lengthy, cumbersome—and increasingly expensive—publication.



He is a Music Man

He is a music man.

When he is not rehearsing or conducting the El Paso Symphony Orchestra or the Youth Symphony, he is teaching others to make music. In his free time, he enjoys the luxury of playing the violin, most often in a chamber music group whose unity of sound has been developed over a period of years of meeting in friendship and in mutual love of the works of Mozart, Schubert and Beethoven.

Abraham Chavez Jr., who returned to his home town of El Paso in 1975, is even more deeply engrossed in the musical scene than before. He is professor of music at UT El Paso, music director and conductor of the El Paso Symphony, and director of the city's Youth Symphony which early this year was featured on nationwide educational television. During his years of teaching at the University of Colorado, 1966-75, he continued to build on dreams he has nourished for his community, his students, and his profession.

For the community, he wants to see a fully professional orchestra. He has spoken of the possibility for many years, and longs for the day when El Paso can step into the ranks of metropolitan centers whose musicians are able to live comfortably as orchestra members without having to support themselves by other means.

For his students, he hopes to see increasing opportunities for professional development — and a professional orchestra for El Paso would be a big "plus" for them — even greater opportunities than have developed during the past 20 years or so.

For music, Chavez looks at a broad spectrum of needs which he wants to do something about. A former public school teacher himself, he hopes to see greater emphasis on music and other fine arts in the public schools. As he works with University students who plan to become school teachers, he in-

stills this concern for a love of the arts. For children who need encouragement in learning to play instruments, he becomes involved in projects such as a music school started early this year in Juarez. He and several bilingual University students helped to teach children there. The project is operated under a board of directors who are pledged to provide instruments for children who cannot afford them. Chavez' wife, Lucy, is also active in the work. As music director of the El Paso Symphony, he takes special delight in concerts performed for school children. He is heartened by their enthusiastic response to the programs and sees a need for expanding the opportunities for children to hear symphonic music.

From the days of his youth — he became a violinist in the El Paso Symphony at the unprecedented age of 13 — Chavez has been an exponent of artistic development. He quotes John Quincy Adams, who wrote his wife Abigail to this effect: "I study war and politics now so my children can study mathematics and sciences, so that their children can study music and painting." Chavez says the words are applicable today, even though 200 years have passed. He feels that young people still are lacking in sufficient opportunities to study music and graphic arts.

After some experience in teaching band, orchestra and choir in public schools, Chavez joined the faculty of Texas Western College in 1956, working with the student orchestra and teaching violin and music theory. He received his music degree in 1959 after studies at UT El Paso and the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music. Through the years he has been generous in extending his expertise to all levels of education, as consultant and judge at music events across the country. In the 1950s, for example, he was an originator of the Border Music Festival on the UTEP campus, out of which many out-

standing high school students were encouraged to become professional musicians. During his years at Colorado, where he headed the string program, Chavez was invited to conduct throughout the country and to lecture on the general philosophy of music. This brought him in contact with thousands of students, professional musicians and music educators.

"I have seen many of the major universities in the country," he said. "The serious students of these institutions are promoting and supporting the creative activities. I find that our University here falls behind this trend. I do not see enough University students attending the cultural functions that are available. If they lack the stimulus in their homes to pursue cultural activities, the answer lies in the University."

His dark eyes sparkle and his ready smile widens as he speaks of the UTEP Music Department. "During the time I first taught here," he recalls, "I saw big growth for a period of 10 years. I came back to find, first of all, outstanding physical facilities in the new Fine Arts Center. We have something here we can be proud of. Visiting lecturers, clinicians and guests are highly complimentary of our facilities."

Under the chairmanship of Dr. Richard Henderson, the Music Department has been granted full accreditation by the National Association of Schools of Music. Chavez said a member of the accreditation team, which visited UTEP last year, was his former dean from the University of Colorado. "He told me privately of his enthusiasm for what we are doing here," he said.

Chavez also was pleased by the growth of the University orchestra, the ballet program, and vocal music which invites comparison with major schools in the country, in both solo work and choral-operatic offerings. "Our music education courses are approved for certification of music teachers," he added,



"and in applied music we have such heavy enrollment, all our faculty members are carrying heavy loads. I hope that very soon we can set up graduate programs."

Pied Piper-fashion, he brought with him from Colorado a following of five string students. There would have been more, had part-time jobs been available in the El Paso Symphony, he said, but there was not enough work to help the students defray their expenses. This is another area in which a professional orchestra could help the community and the University, he said, serving as an attraction for outstanding students as well as music teachers. At present, with a regular season of only eight concerts plus additional children's and summer programs, the orchestra is a part-time activity for all concerned, himself included.

Even though opportunities are limited for symphony musicians in the El Paso area, Chavez admits that the chances are far greater today than a serious musician can become self-supporting than they were 30 or 40 years ago.

"I used to play for pennies when I was eight," he said with a reflective smile. "In those days there were very

few major orchestras in this country, and it was hard for a musician to make a good living. Now there are perhaps 40 or so orchestras in the country where a musician can earn a total income. The career of music certainly is much more equitable today — although garbage collectors in some cities are paid more than skilled musicians."

His ambitions for El Paso received a shot in the arm last summer when an unprecedented crowd turned out for a summer concert by the El Paso Symphony. The program was the first by the orchestra in the new McKelligon Canyon Amphitheater which had been opened earlier in the summer for a historical pageant about the El Paso area. The usually punctilious Chavez was a half hour late in reaching the podium to start the concert. He had fought his way through a traffic jam, the likes of which had never before attended an El Paso symphonic event.

"According to the number of cars I counted in the traffic jam, I figured there were easily 10,000 people there wanting to hear the concert, but only about 4,000 could be seated in the amphitheater area. The others had to be turned away," said the conductor. "This shows me that people are hungering

for this kind of activity."

The program, which opened the orchestra's 46th consecutive season and Chavez' second as music director and conductor, had another historic significance, he said. The guest soloist, pianist Fernando Hernandez, was from Ciudad Juarez, Mexico. "This was the first time a guest artist from Mexico appeared with the orchestra," he said. He maintains strong ties with several outstanding musicians of Mexico and enjoys his heritage as a Mexican American. "Humanity cannot be divided by geographical boundaries," he explained. "When business and politics might divide, music brings people together."

Besides conducting the El Paso Symphony's regular season concerts, Chavez was guest conductor this spring in Omaha and Lincoln, Nebraska; Charleston, South Carolina, and Memphis. In the past he has conducted in numerous states including the All-Northwest Symphony Orchestra in Portland and various groups in New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Kansas and Texas. Perhaps his most ambitious stint was as conductor of the America Youth in Concert orchestra when it toured six European countries. As a violinist he has appeared as soloist with the Purbeck Musical Festival Orchestra in England, the Tucson Symphony, the now-defunct Juarez Philharmonic of which he was honorary conductor, and the University of Colorado and El Paso Symphony orchestras.

"When I was performing in England," he recalled, "I met a remarkable young musician, Roger Best, who achieves the most marvelous tones from the viola you can ever imagine. I invited him to Colorado where he performed the premiere performance of a concerto that was written for him by Malcolm Arnold. Aaron Copland was guest conductor on the same program."

"Roger Best was an original member of the Beatles, playing saxophone, before they became well known. He told me that when they wanted to start touring he left them because he wanted more time to develop as a serious musician. Now he is a soloist with orchestras all over the world, one of the most accomplished violinists today. He is interested in the kind of music that has lasting qualities."

In past years, a dedicated musician took his training at a music conservatory. Chavez finds that that part of the musical picture has changed in recent years. In his travels he has visited both conservatories and large university music departments, and finds he prefers the latter because their students are able to relate to more than just the world of music. Conservatories have gone overboard on specialization and emphasis on digital skills, he found. Their students, he feels, "don't understand the *why* and many times not even the *how* of making music. There is an incompleteness about their development. They are acting for survival

in a field of tremendous competition."

On the other hand, university life allows a student to relate his music studies to other fields. "The perils for a musician come when he is burdened by so many required courses and extra-curricular activities that he loses sight of his musical development," Chavez said, adding, "the university musician must have time for reflection or musical digestion, and still be able to cope with the uncertainties of a future in the musical profession." It is often difficult, he said, for a musician to be enthusiastic about meeting requirements in, say, English or history, when the pressures become great. An avid reader, Chavez believes that an artist needs a broad educational background; a better understanding of the world gives him a better base from which to work as an artist.

As a teacher, he finds it important to be able to help the student understand how various fields of study relate to one another and to music.

He teaches three classes in the most basic discipline in music, Sight Singing and Dictation, known as *solfeggio*. Sounding like a guru prescribing a mantra, or personal chant, he said, "One thing I teach my students is that you find the tone you are responsive to. Every person is responsive to one tone. It is there in the subconscious mind. By focusing on this tone, the individual can develop his equilibrium in relationship to the world about him."

Some music teachers are quick to tell their less talented students that they should try studying something else. Chavez, instead, contends that each student has dormant musical faculties and should not be categorized as

"talented" or "non-talented." "I have made it a prime objective to find out just how I can help each individual recognize and find and cultivate the talent he has, and one important approach is through the ear training study in which I get to know my students very well," he said.

As a conductor, he has established a reputation of being able to use his instincts for developing the individual's ability in drawing out the best in the orchestra players. With an economy of words, he can get across to them the effect he wants to achieve and produces sounds that often surpass the expectations of the players themselves.

In recent years young people have spoken in terms of "vibes," whose importance Chavez acknowledges. Music is, after all, made up of vibrations whose effects "upon the listener are beyond calculations and scientific discovery, though people have been studying them for years. This is similar to electricity — we can describe it, but we do not fully understand its workings. The organization of the musical vibrations in the works of the great masters can prove to be the most beneficial therapy there is for all human beings. But not all that we call music is therapeutic or beneficial. Some is just passive, sensational at the moment, and some of it is even harmful to the psychic and the physical." He relies on the music that continues, after decades or even centuries, to inspire its listeners.

He recalls with pleasure that during his years at Colorado, he had the largest student orchestra in the country with 120 members. Their audiences were small in the beginning, with only

a few hundred long-time concert-goers from Boulder. Then the students began carrying flyers to the dorms and other places where students gathered, advertising their concerts.

"Almost overnight we started packing the huge auditorium there," he said. "People would literally run to the concerts to be sure of getting a seat. We played all the standard masterworks for them from every period. There were as many as 12 programs a year. At an all-Mozart concert when we ran out of space in the audience, we seated people on the stage. This was astonishing to the people at the University."

During the student uprisings of the 1960s, he asked many students what they were looking for. They wanted a creative outlet, he learned, something they were not getting from their society. "They are still doing the same thing," he added.

Chavez regards the world as a place where people of all ages are hungering for the kind of nourishment music can give their spirits. Through the fine arts, people can be diverted from activities that do harm to others and instead work together creatively. "The arts stimulate mental work," he said. "The arts keep our spirits in contact with the sublimeness of life. The arts can help pave the way for practical things, physical and material, because they give us a purpose in life." □

Chavez (opposite page) with El Paso Symphony Orchestra member after rehearsal, (below left) listening to a string quartet, (below right) showing correct violin positioning.



"Pecos Bill" Shafter And the War Correspondents

by Dale L. Walker

EDITOR'S NOTE: A recent acquisition of the U.T. El Paso Library-Archives is the William R. Shafter Papers, expertly organized on seven rolls of microfilm by the Manuscript Division of Stanford University, owners of the original papers. About 80% of the collection is correspondence of the period 1862-1904 (the earlier date representing the approximate time Shafter was appointed major of the 19th Michigan Infantry in the Civil War, the latter about two years before the General's death.) The remaining 20% of the collection includes military papers (orders, reports, rosters), broadsides, maps, cartoons, photographs and miscellaneous printed materials and newspaper clippings, a small portion of which was assembled by Shafter's son-in-law, William H. McKittrick, after the General's death. No biography of this significant, honorable — and forgotten — American soldier has yet been written. The following article provides at least one reason why such a book is needed.

On the morning of June 22, 1898, an American army was preparing to disembark from transport ships lying at anchor off the village of Daiquirí on the southeastern shore of Cuba. The landing orders by Maj. Gen. William R. Shafter the night before were crystal clear: All persons not immediately on duty with and constituting part of an army unit would remain on board the transports until the landing was accomplished or until notified they could proceed ashore.

Two forces were now in collision — although as yet the Americans had not met the Spanish foe. On the one hand there was Gen. Shafter, in command of 819 officers and 15,000 men, working feverishly on a highly complex and dangerous landing operation in choppy seas toward an unknown terrain and an uncounted enemy. On the other hand there were 89 war correspondents in the expedition, representing America's finest newspapers and magazines, not a few of them 18-karat representatives of that gift of the Gilded Age known then, as now, as "yellow journalism."

Inevitably, that morning of June 22 there was a confrontation. Gen. Shafter was a man with a notoriously short fuse and the person who lit it was none other than Richard Harding Davis, *beau sabreur* of the correspondents, dressed in his war correspondent suit: soft felt hat with white puggree, high white collar, blue coat, trousers tucked into tall, polished field boots, binoculars slung rakishly at his side — the Gibson

Man, impeccable and terribly handsome, going to war (and, if William Manchester is correct, going wearing silk underwear) for *Scribner's Magazine*. The fates decreed that it would be Dick Davis who would face the 310-pound, gouty and irascible bulk of a man who commanded the army about to land on the Cuban beach.

"General, I see the order for disembarkation directs that none but fighting men may be allowed in the boats of the first landing party," Dapper Dick said, standing before blue-eyed, shaggy white-browed Shafter. "This will keep back reporters."

Shafter allowed that this was true, adding that the sandhills and brush-covered rises behind Daiquirí's beach could be swarming with Spanish snipers and he needed every soldier he could get on shore to hold the position.

The unassailable logic of Shafter's response did not impress Davis who, determined to get ashore with the troops, pointed out to the General that he was no mere reporter but "a descriptive writer." It was at best a weak ploy and Shafter, who would have entertained no change in the landing order short of a direct order from President McKinley, shot back: "I do not give a damn what you are. I'll treat you all alike."

Davis was sorely offended at this rude reply and, it is said, he went below deck to sulk in the cabin *Scribner's* had arranged for him. Shafter's assistant adjutant general, E.J. McClernand, who recorded this incident, wrote: "So far as I know, Mr. Davis never said a kindly word about General Shafter afterward."

Exactly 25 days after the Daiquirí landing, Gen. Shafter had the surrender of General José Toral, in command of Spanish forces on the island, and stood in the parade ground of the governor's palace in Santiago de Cuba to see the Stars and Stripes raised to fly over the Cuban capital. In 25 days, Shafter had moved his army, swollen to 20,000 officers and men, from the Daiquirí beachhead to Siboney, thence toward Santiago by way of the San Juan Hill complex, and finally to the outskirts of the capital itself, the town reverberating under the bombardment of the American Navy off the Santiago Channel. Along the way, sharp and scary little actions had been fought at Las Guásimas (where Lt. Col. Theodore Roosevelt and the Rough Riders almost got into trouble with the rearguard of a retiring Spanish force), El Caney, Kettle Hill and San Juan Hill. Shafter, possessing at best imperfect information on enemy defenses and numbers, had landed his troops in open boats on an enemy shore,

and in ten days had pushed the Spaniards back to their original line of entrenchments, before their own capital city. In little more than three weeks, the General had compelled the surrender of the 11,500 men in Santiago plus another 12,000 Spanish soldiers in outlying positions. Moreover, he had carried out the campaign in Cuba's sickliest season while he himself was prostrate with fever and gout.

Now he stood to watch the flag raised over the enemy capital and, having prohibited the press from the ceremony, had no inkling of what was about to occur.

Several correspondents had defied Shafter's order and were inside the city for the flag ceremony. Among them was a pugnacious reporter for Pulitzer's *New York World*, Sylvester Scovel, a man who had been on the island since the early days of its latest rebellion, in 1896, and whose work stands to this day as a puzzling mixture of brilliant reportage and shabby, wholesale fabrication. Scovel stood, in fact, on the roof of the governor's palace with the American troops awaiting the signal to hoist the flag. Shafter ordered the correspondent down, shouting to Scovel in the well-recognized thundering oaths that issued from the General's red face in times of temper. Reports vary on what took place on the parade ground once Scovel descended, but most agree the *World* writer protested "in a loud voice," this followed by a louder imprecation from Shafter. Scovel thereupon threw a wild punch at the General, which probably missed, and was grabbed by Shafter's troopers and hustled off, under arrest, to the nearest Santiago *calabozo*.

(To bring the story full circle, Scovel became *persona non grata* to the army after the incident and his professional journalistic career was at an end. He maintained, in a letter to President McKinley, that he struck Shafter "in answer to the general's blow," but although many witnessed Scovel's wild punch, not a one saw Shafter do anything but bellow. Scovel stayed on in Cuba as a consulting engineer and later as businessman, and died there in 1905. A good account of the incident can be found in that marvelous history of the press in the Spanish-American War, *The Correspondents' War* by Charles H. Brown, 1967.)

Stewart Holbrook, in his book *Lost Men of American History* (1946), put it simply: "The Yellow Press assassinated Shafter." From first to last, in the Santiago Campaign of 1898, it amounted to about that. Shafter, with his walrus moustaches, his hair parted in the middle, his short legs and massive girth,



READY FOR THE REST OF IT.

his beet-faced temper and propensity for swearing ("... under stress, the profanity rolled out of his huge girth like gathering thunder," Holbrook wrote), did not ingratiate himself to the press. His attitude toward them, indeed, was that of a shark toward the pilot fish who ride on them and snap up the remnants of their meals: parasites — ignore them.

Shafter hated publicity for himself and "personal glory never entered into his calculations," as Holbrook put it. In his attitude toward self-aggrandizement, Shafter was thrown into contrast with the folk-hero of the campaign, Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel of the First U.S. Volunteer Cavalry Regiment (Rough Riders), who was riding directly from the summit of San Juan Hill into the White House.

Richard Harding Davis was great friends with Col. Roosevelt and would not have, even in the delirium of yellow fever, have written ill of the Colonel or exposed him for the military dilettante and poseur that he was. Roosevelt, on the other hand, had no compunction in saying ill of his commander, being quoted as stating, in the pontifical Rooseveltian style: "Not since the campaign of Crassus against the Parthians has there been so criminally incompetent a general as Shafter."

TR's self-glorification, on the other hand, fooled few besides Dick Davis. In 1899, when Roosevelt published his book *The Rough Riders*, Finley Peter Dunne's irrepressible "Mr. Dooley" said:

I haven't time f'r to tell ye the wurruk Tiddy did in ar-rmin' an' equippin' himself, how he fed himself, how he steadied himself in battles an' encouraged himself with a few well-chosen worruds whin th' sky was darkest.... But if I was him I'd call th' book "Alone in Cubia."

In his attitude toward the press, Shafter was hostile but he was hardly oblivious to the presence of the correspondents. He would have had to be dead not to notice the swarms of newspapermen and self-proclaimed "creative writers" that had gathered in Tampa, Florida, where Shafter massed his army for the invasion of Cuba. Each of these styled himself a military strategist and each, in his dispatches, had already laid out his plan — or that of his editor — of the Santiago Campaign before the transports left the Tampa jetty. Shafter knew who they were and what they were doing, but he had an old-fashioned idea in his head to keep the enemy in the dark as much as possible

The cartoon above, by Steele of the Denver Evening Post of July 26, 1898, depicts Shafter finishing off a piece of pie marked "Santiago," and eyeing the larger chunk marked "Havana." The walrus moustaches and mid-parted hair—as well as his girth—made a field-day for cartoonists. (Shafter Papers, UTEP Library Archives)



as to his army's strength and his own plan of battle.

In being a sensible commander who also happened to be a fat general unmesmerized by the glitter of the Richard Harding Davises in his wake, Shafter brought down on his head, among

This cartoon from Puck shows Shafter dangling a somewhat effete-looking character labeled "Yellow Journalism" (Sylvester Scovel?). The caption is "Putting Yellow Journalism in its Place." (Shafter Papers, UTEP Library Archives)



others, the two most influential and irresponsible newspapers of the era, Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World* and William Randolph Hearst's *New York Journal*. Both howled for his removal, charging him with "criminal negligence," over-caution, sloth and timidity; and these and other papers and periodicals ran cartoons unmercifully caricaturing Shafter's Taft-like bulk, and the large carriage he used to move about his lines incapacitated with gout and fever.

It was not journalism's finest hour, but thus did William Rufus Shafter, born October 16, 1835, as Kalamazoo, Michigan's first native-born white child, languish for a time in the minds of avid newspaper readers. He survived the war by eight years and never spoke of — least of all, complained about — the mauling he had suffered at the hands of the press. (Indeed, as his correspondence with War Secretary Russell Alger shows, he went out of his way to see to it that the *New York World* was allowed continued representation in Santiago after Sylvester Scovel had been jailed and expelled.)

Stewart Holbrook considered Shafter one of the "lost men" of American history, and said of the gruff old soldier that he was "quite likely the most cruelly maligned general officer of courage, competence and patriotism in our history."

Interestingly, the Yellow Press assassins Holbrook mentioned, have their progenitors today on this very subject. William Manchester, for example, in his book *Controversy and Other Essays in Journalism* (1976), says Shafter "belonged in Gilbert and Sullivan Special platforms were built so he could mount his horse, but since the animal sagged pathetically, the general rode around most of the time in a buckboard with his afflicted foot wrapped in burlap, or lay prostrate in his tent, his bullfrog jowls pulsing like bellows." The author also writes of Shafter as "gross," "waddling," and "inept." Manchester is always a graphic writer and nearly always guilty of gross overkill. Both characteristics will be clear to anyone reading Manchester's incredible hatchet job on Lyndon Johnson in *The*

Death of a President or his service as hagiographer of the Kennedy family in the same book.

Shafter, at the outbreak of the Civil War, enlisted in the 7th Michigan Infantry and was mustered into service on August 22, 1861. A year later he was appointed major of the 19th Michigan Infantry, and in June, 1863, was promoted lieutenant-colonel. In April, 1864, he was commissioned colonel of the 17th U.S. Regular Infantry and received his brevet as brigadier general in March, 1865. He took part in such battles as Ball's Bluff, Yorktown, West Point, Savage Station, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Fair Oaks (where he was wounded) and Nashville. In Tennessee, he was taken prisoner and held captive for two months.

After the war, Shafter, on the recommendation of General George Henry Thomas (the "Rock of Chickamauga"), was appointed to the 24th Infantry, a noted black regiment, and began a long period of service in isolated frontier posts in the Southwest, in Indian campaigns. During these years Shafter earned the nickname "Pecos Bill," and compiled an excellent record as a leader of men and a tough fighter, doing so quietly and without fanfare while others — Custer, Terry, Nelson Miles — were glory-seeking on a grand scale.

Shafter commanded at Ft. Davis, Texas, in 1871-72 and again in 1881-82. One of his accomplishments there was taking a patrol of 63 troopers of the 9th U.S. Cavalry on a harrowing 22-day expedition into the virtually unknown southern reaches of the Staked Plains of southeastern New Mexico, in pursuit of a party of marauding Comanches. Shafter's exploration of the Staked Plains ended the use of the area as a virtual sanctuary by Indians.

On June 12, 1895, Shafter received the most coveted award America gives her fighting men, the Medal of Honor. The Medal was granted, on the recommendation of Gen. Napoleon J.T. Dana, for Shafter's bravery at Fair Oaks, Virginia, on May 31, 1862. General Dana, at the time in command of the 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, 2nd Corps, Army of the Potomac, gave this account of Shafter's actions:

Having crossed the Chickahominy on the bridge, whose approaches he had engaged previously in making easy, (Shafter) left half his command at the crossing and, himself, with the remainder, marched towards the field where the fighting was. In the heat of the action which followed, his little command, which was on the left of the brigade, was reduced to about five or six men, and he sent those into the ranks of their respective regiments and himself reported to the C.O. of his (the 7th Michigan), where he was directed to take the place of the adjutant, just dismissed.

During the fighting which followed, Lt. Shafter's horse was killed and himself wounded but he remained on duty in the field till the fighting ceased on the following afternoon, before going to the field hospital.

Significantly, in 1917, when a special Army Board reviewed the Medal of Honor lists and examined all 2,625 Army Medals of Honor that had been awarded up to that time, Shafter's Medal for Fair Oaks was *not* one of the 911 Medals the Board decided to rescind, having not been "properly awarded."

At the time of the declaration of war against Spain, in April, 1898, Shafter was in command of the Army's Department of the East, San Francisco, and was summoned to Washington by the War Department to take command of the Santiago expedition.

After the war ended, Shafter returned to San Francisco to resume his old post and in 1901 he retired to make a home with his only child, a daughter, in Bakersfield. He died there on November 12, 1906.

Stewart Holbrook spoke of Shafter as good-humored, even jolly, in private, but gruff and grim to soldiers and civilians such as politicians and newspapermen. "As a commander, he was aggressive enough when he thought he had a superiority of forces or when he figured boldness was tactfully called for," Holbrook wrote, adding: "He considered bloodshed an evil, if a battle could be won without it. He refused to be hurried and as a result saved many hundreds of American lives (In Cuba) he was often confined to his cot by illness but he nevertheless continued to badger the War Department for better food and equipment for the men."

The novelist Stewart Edward White knew Shafter intimately and served as the General's literary executor. White said Shafter was one of the few really noble men he had ever known: "Deeply patriotic in the best sense, thoughtful, generous, and direct in all dealings both private and public."

White added: "Never, although doubtlessly hurt by them, did Shafter mention the name of any reporter or newspaper who had a part in defaming him." □

TWPRESS Marks a Quarter Century

José Cisneros' "Faces"

Marking its 25th anniversary in 1977, the University's Texas Western Press has issued its 130th book—a collection of pen-and-ink drawings by El Paso's brilliant artist José Cisneros entitled *Faces of the Borderlands*. The book, containing 21 drawings including one in color across the center pages, is Number 52 in the Press' "Southwestern Studies" series.

Appropriately, Cisneros' new book marks the beginning of the Press' 25th year of continuous book and monograph production. In 1952, the Press' first title, *The Spanish Heritage of the Southwest*, contained 12 original drawings by Cisneros. Since then he has illustrated more than 30 TWPRESS books including two of his own: *Riders of the Border* (1972) and now *Faces of the Borderlands*.

From *Faces*, clockwise, on this page are: "Apache," "Spanish Conquistador: 16th Century," and "Spanish Frontier Officer: Late 18th Century." □





Alumnotes by Sue Wimberly



Chance Williams ('63), in his student days at Texas Western was among the most talented writers on campus. A native El Pasoan who attended Douglass Elementary and Jefferson High, he was active in ROTC, campus politics and about everything else. He graduated with a B.A. in political science, as distinguished military graduate and member of Men of Mines. He was an Army Intelligence officer for two years, received a scholarship to UCLA and earned a master's there in journalism, following which he took a position with a utility firm in Los Angeles as a writer and editor of company publications. After marriage, Chance worked as producer, writer and lecturer at the University of Arizona, then moved back to L.A., joining the West Coast Bureau of CBS News. The latest word we have on Chance is that he has been appointed governmental affairs manager for state governmental affairs for the Southern California Gas Co. and will be based in Sacramento. He will maintain liaison between the state legislature, state agencies and offices and the gas company. For the past two years he has served as broadcast relations supervisor for the utility and has been the company's primary spokesman in the broadcast media on such matters as natural gas conservation, the gas supply crisis and rate decisions.

C.L. Sonnichsen, Emeritus Professor of English, writes us to say, "So now it is official. As the man says on television, 'Roman Meal thought you'd like to know.'" "Doc" has been appointed Senior Editor of the *Journal of Arizona History*, having served as Chief of Publications and Editor since moving to Tucson five years ago.

CLASS OF 1945:

Leona Lakehomer writes that a book of her poems, *The River Is the Rio Grande*, has been published by Aeolian Press. She lives in Huntington Beach, California.

CLASS OF 1946:

Josefina A. Salas-Porras has recently been appointed a director of the El Paso Branch of the Federal Reserve Bank. She is the first woman ever to serve on the El Paso Board.

CLASS OF 1950:

G. Fred Sheets, Jr., has been appointed director of the Center for Research and Related Studies at Northrop University, Inglewood, California.

CLASS OF 1953:

Luis A. Reyes has been promoted to Manager Passenger Services for American Airlines at the International Airport in San Diego, California.

CLASS OF 1954:

J. Mack Adams (Ph.D.) is co-author of a book on computer science entitled *Social Effects of Computer Use and Misuse*. Dr. Adams is the chairman of the Computer Science Department at NMSU.

CLASS OF 1956:

Juan J. Alva Correa, M.D., is Clinical Assistant Professor of Medicine at the University of North Carolina, and is also associated with the Burroughs Wellcome Co.

CLASS OF 1957:

Donald B. Buddecke is a lecturer in mining engineering at New Mexico Institute of Mining and Technology and has a consulting business in Albuquerque, N.M.

Howard McCord has been awarded a \$6,000 fellowship in creative writing by the National Endowment of the Arts for 1976. He is director of the creative writing program at Bowling Green State University, Ohio, and served as Visiting Professor of English at California State University, Northridge, during the spring of 1976.

CLASS OF 1959:

Edwin L. ("Eddie") Lent is a copywriter for DeBruyn Advertising in El Paso.

CLASS OF 1960:

Gerald E. Krick is a real estate broker in Beverly, N.J.

Armando Peralta is a municipal court judge for the City of El Paso. Judge Peralta is also active in the UTEP Ex-Students Association.

CLASS OF 1962:

Frank Walker, Assistant U.S. Attorney, has recently been designated principal assistant in the El Paso U.S. Attorney's office.

Salvador Ramos is an electronic engineer at Wright-Patterson AFB in Dayton, Ohio, where he has been employed since 1966 and has worked as a consultant for Aeronautical Systems Division and Spanish-speaking coordinator and advisor for Hispanic Affairs. He and his wife, Grace, are also active in the Center for Human Development in Dayton.

Judy (Roper) Marrou (M.Ed. '68) and husband Ben are parents of a daughter born last September in Austin, Texas. Dr. Judy Marrou is associate professor of education at U.T. Austin.

CLASS OF 1963:

Harry Jensen lives in Albuquerque, N.M., and is still establishing records. Adding to his trophies, Jensen is the recent winner of the New Mexico State Senior Golf title.

CLASS OF 1964:

Abelardo Garcia, who is principal second violinist with the El Paso Symphony, was a member of the Orquesta Filarmonica de Las Americas in Mexico City last summer.

John Ray Harris (M.Ed. '72) was named Teacher of the Year by the Ysleta Teachers Association. Harris teaches ninth grade history at Ysleta High School.

CLASS OF 1965:

Kathryn Gilstrap Brad is teaching sixth grade at Tehran International School in Iran. She writes that **Ora Clarkson** (Class of '65) is also teaching in Tehran.

Bob McGraw (M.Ed. '70) and his family live in Capetown, South Africa where he is percussionist with the Capetown Symphony.

Allan B. Plunkett has joined the General Electric Research and Development Center in Schenectady, New York, as an electrical engineer.

CLASS OF 1966:

Jack L. Dunn, a captain in the U.S. Army, has been assigned to Ft. Hood, Texas, as operations officer with the 21st Field Artillery, 1st Cavalry Division.

Gertrude W. Dawson (M.A. '68), assistant professor in the College of Business Administration at UTEP, was selected as the Trans-Pecos Education Teacher of the Year.

CLASS OF 1968:

Peggy L. Latham is Minister of Internationals at the First Baptist Church in Wichita Falls, Texas. She received her Masters of Religious Education in Ft. Worth, Texas.

Terrance L. Moore, M.D., is presently in a family practice residency program in San Antonio. Dr. Moore and his wife **Karen Quinby Moore** (1967, etc.) are the parents of three children.

Peter R. Maddeaux, associate administrator of St. Luke's Hospital in Houston, was named to *Outstanding Men of America*.

Michael and Marcia (Salcedo) Osborne live in Las Vegas, Nevada, where he is engaged in real estate, and she is teaching in the Las Vegas public schools. They are parents of two sons.

John Guzman (M.P.E. '68) is executive director, Teacher Corps Network, State of Texas at Trinity University, San Antonio.

Carmen Casillas (M.A. '69) has completed her Ph.D. in Educational Administration. She and her husband, **Charles J. Scott** (Class of '51) live in Pasadena, California.

Kathleen (Barry) Erdman, M.D., and **George Erdman, M.D.**, practice medicine in Dallas, Texas. She is Staff Psychiatrist at Timberlawn Hospital, and he is Resident in Anesthesiology at Parkland Memorial Hospital.

CLASS OF 1969:

Ben Garcia was named Jefferson High School's 1976-77 Outstanding Ex-student. Garcia is publications editor for a hospital management consulting group in Los Angeles, Calif., and also serves as press agent for actor-singer Joe Renteria.

Mary Rachel Martinez, a teacher at Hillcrest Junior High School, was selected as "Teacher of the Year" and listed in *Who's Who in Texas Education*.

Randy Lee McIver, who paints under the name of Randolph Lee, recently exhibited his work at the Stewart Gallery in Dallas. He has studied art independently in Europe and England as well as in the United States.

CLASS OF 1970:

George A. Daney lives in Raytown, Missouri. Daney played professional football with the Kansas City Chiefs, is married and the father of three children.

Ivonne Heras has received her doctorate in psychology from Stanford University and is a captain in the Air Force.

CLASS OF 1972:

Ernest "Skip" Reynolds (MA '74), recipient of the Thomas I. Cook Outstanding Graduate Student Award for 1975, will be a candidate for doctor of jurisprudence degree at U.T. School of Law in December, 1977.

Matthew Kenneth Breen and his wife Minerva (Santoscoy) live in Victoria, Australia, where he is physical education coordinator at Maribyrnion High School. They are parents of two children.

George McLendon has received his doctorate in chemistry and is an assistant professor at the University of Rochester. He is a recipient of both the Cottrell Research Grant and the American Chemical Society Petroleum Research Grant in protein research.

Dr. Patrick C. Hu has joined Ethyl Corporation as a research chemist in the Research and Development department in Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

CLASS OF 1973:

Douglas Adams recently appeared in El Paso with the musical group, Lighthouse and DeAnn.

Jose Vargas is an engineer with Stone & Webster Engineer Corp. in Boston, Mass., working in nuclear power.

Martin Trujillo III has completed a two-year U.S. Army graduate internship at Texas A&M, and has been assigned to the Army Depot in Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania.

Jesus M. Candelaria has been appointed office manager to head four of seven El Paso offices of the Texas Department of Public Welfare.

Billy J. Bowers (M.Ed.) has been promoted to lieutenant colonel in the Army at Cermonies at the Armed Forces Staff College in Norfolk, Virginia. Bowers, who was commissioned in 1961, has received many decorations and awards including the Bronze Star Medal, Meritorious Service Medal, Army Commendation Medal and the Air Medal.

CLASS OF 1974:

Ronald Pitts (Lt. USA) (MS. '75) is currently serving as an instructor of soils and geology at the U.S. Army Engineer School, Ft. Belvoir, Virginia.

Brian A. Heller is a social worker with the Department of Public Welfare in the Child Welfare Department and is studying for his MBA at UTEP.

CLASS OF 1975:

Luther W. Lea is an exploration geologist with Gulf Energy & Minerals-U.S. in Midland, Texas.

Rafael R. Ramos was awarded a Meritorious Civilian Service Award for Bravery by the U.S. government for saving the life of his supervisor while employed at Ft. Bilss. Ramos, an electronic engineer, is currently assigned to White Sands.

Raul M. Villa has accepted a position with the Treasury Department, IRS, in Dallas, Texas.

Deaths

Dr. Richard H. Olmsted, faculty member of the College of Mines from 1936 until 1943, died Oct. 31, 1976, and memorial services were held Nov. 2 in Kalamazoo, Mich. Before coming to El Paso, he taught at Stephens College. He later was head of the foreign languages department at Kalamazoo College for 11 years and then held the position at the University of Wisconsin at Whitewater. He was a graduate of the University of Minnesota. The Spanish government awarded him the Order of King Alfonso X in recognition of his scholarly work related to Spanish culture.

Survivors include his widow, four children, 13 grandchildren, two great-grandchildren and two brothers.

James R. Fisher, Class of 1950, died in June, 1976. Mr. Fisher lived in Tallahassee, Florida.

George R. Pell, Class of 1940, died in El Paso in December, 1976.

(from page 1)

That letter, plus a subsequent visit to his parents, gave flesh and blood, a past and a present to the name on the two dust jackets.

Jolly was born in 1927 in El Paso, attended St. Joseph's school, graduated from Austin High in 1942. He attended UTEP (then College of Mines) for two semesters before transferring to the University of Texas where he received his B.A. and M.A. degrees. He later taught at Texas, Alabama, Colegio Lincoln in San Jose de Costa Rica, and Stephens. He has traveled extensively in Central America and Mexico and was twice a Fulbright Professor of English at the University of Liberia in West Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jolly, Jolly's parents, live at 3701 Mobile Street in El Paso and are understandably proud of their son's achievements. Mr. Jolly, who was an army lieutenant during the time of World War I, served as the model for Jack Lear in *A Time of Soldiers* — as Mrs. Jolly was the model for Rebekka, Lear's wife.

Jolly says *Lie Down In Me* has been optioned three times by movie makers, the third company, International Producing Associates, completing a script for it last September (Jolly found the script sentimental but approved it).

Jolly's third novel, which he hopes to finish this spring, is based on the author's stay in Africa and continues the Lear family saga. In the novel Ben Lear works as a contract pilot in Liberia, flying men and supplies to large mining concessions. He becomes involved with a student revolutionary group who plan to hold hostage one of the mining officials in an attempt to bring down the oligarchic Liberian government and society.

Andrew Jolly's roaming days may be about over — at least, if he is as financially successful from his novels as he hopes to be. Jolly indicates he would like to retire from teaching English at Stephens and write full time. He has considered returning to the El Paso area, specifically to the Mesilla Valley near Las Cruces. However, given the steady growth of housing developments in that area he may settle in Puerto de Luna, near Santa Rosa, New Mexico.

If Andrew Jolly does choose to come back home to stay, and if a reader happened to have Jolly's second novel under his arm, he would have good reason to seek out the author for his autograph. True enough, in El Paso, city of over 360,000, there is only one book store even carrying the novel on its shelves and that store just has a single copy. The book also did not please local judges well enough and thus did not win the Border Library Award.

But no matter. There are compensations. *A Time of Soldiers*, which has now almost gone through its first printing of 20,000 copies, was recently nominated for the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction for 1976.

Andrew Jolly has made his mark. □

(from page 8)

I heard the clang of the metal stove door, and then I looked up.

His face was still, as wooden as the carving on the table.

As I watched him, he came back and picked up the body of the puppet with its little head, pupils, irises, almost smiling mouth. Not carefully the way he handled it when he carved, but as it were something dead like a prairie dog in a newspaper.

He carried it back to the stove and laid it in the orange blue flame. Not throwing it or jerking his hands back from the heat, just laying it in the fire.

"Don't..." one of the Rawlings boys said from the door, but neither Harris nor I looked at them.

He didn't take his eyes from the fire, and while I couldn't see the wooden figure in the flames, I knew when it was consumed by his turning back to the table and taking up the little arms.

I felt the tears on my cheeks, easing down to my jaw, soaking into my jacket collar. I didn't move but stood there as Harris put in the rounded arms, the fragile jointed legs, watching his face as he watched the fire.

Then it was gone.

And he shut the iron stove door and walked away.

I turned my head to watch him. He went out and the gray sky opened and closed to the tin.

The Rawlings were standing by the door, but I couldn't see them very well in the dusk of the garage.

I swallowed and the taste of salt was in my throat.

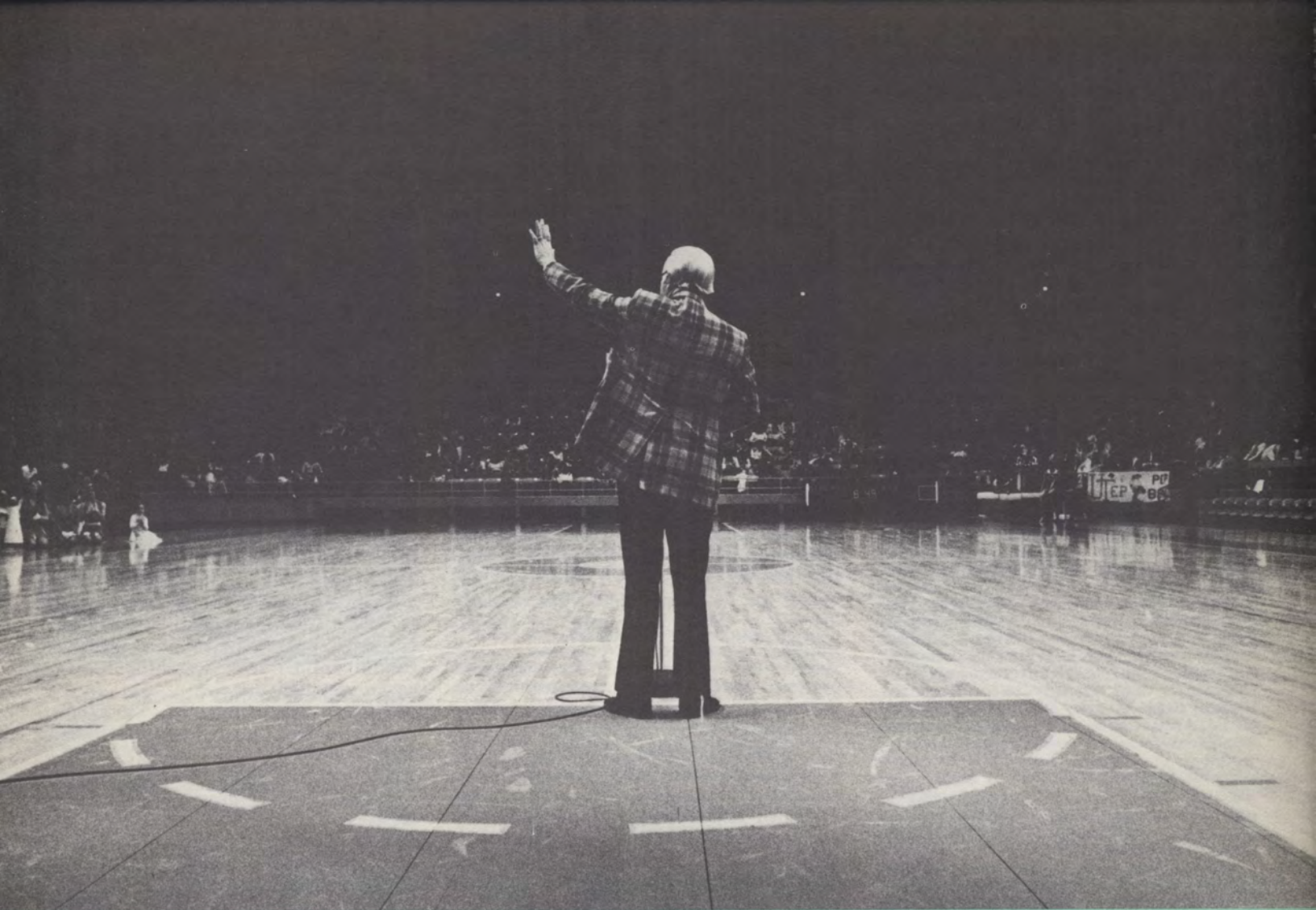
The only sound was the roar of the great gas fire in the stove. □

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ABOUT PAT CARR

Pat Carr, associate professor of English at UTEP, has been writing and publishing short stories since 1953 and has been cited four times in the annual *Best American Short Stories* anthology. Her first collection of short fiction, *Beneath the Hill of the Three Crosses* (1970), was given a Library of Congress citation in 1971. Most recently, Dr. Carr received the Iowa School of Letters Short Fiction Award for 1977 for her new collection of short stories, *The Women in the Mirror*. The award includes a \$1,000 cash prize and publication of the book by the University of Iowa Press next fall. One of the judges in the competition said of Dr. Carr's manuscript: "Pat Carr's stories have solid, traditional virtues — excellent prose, skillful dramatic structure — and they are especially impressive for the variety and depth of their subjects. A clear moral vision prevails throughout and the most delicate and exquisite psychological situations are rendered with subtlety and good effect." "The Puppet" is her second appearance in NOVA.

—Editor



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