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NOVA

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS
AT EL PASO
MAGAZINE

Hazel Haynsworth
Outstanding Ex, 1979

Unpublished Excerpts from
Bringing Up the Rear
by S.L.A. Marshall

The View From the Hill...

With this issue, we mark completion of the 14th year of NOVA publication. With the December issue, you will perhaps note a change. At first glimpse, it seems a simple matter: We are reducing the size of NOVA from its present 9" x 12" to the more standard 8½" x 11", with everything else remaining the same—number of pages, quarterly publication, general format.

We had a very enjoyable visit in June from Doug Early, NOVA's first editor and the man responsible for launching in splendid style what we continue to believe is a superior university magazine. Doug's reaction to our news of impending size reduction was immediate: He frowned and said, "I hate to see it happen but I understand it."

Doug Early understands what most people don't: that trimming an inch off one margin of NOVA and a half-inch off the other will save a lot of paper and therefore a lot of money. To be precise, it will save \$1,800 worth of paper from the approximately 95,000 copies of NOVA we will print in 1979-80.

To put it another way, we are paying \$1,800 a year to have an unusual sized magazine, one that is not the same as *Time* and *Newsweek* and 10,000 others, one that is not the same size as your standard letterhead paper.

Up to now, it has been worth the expenditure not to be standard. Now, that \$1,800 has the look of an expendable extravagance.

We cinch up the NOVA belt a notch whenever we can because the magazine is getting very costly, a far cry from the launching period of 1966-67 when the circulation was 8,500 and an entire issue of the magazine could be printed for \$1,166.

The copy of NOVA you hold in your hand, for example, is one of about 23,000 being mailed out this month. The printing bill will be about \$5,000, the postage tab about \$600, the labeling-mailing service \$450, and we will spend another \$200 on this issue for return postage—NOVA recipients with defunct addresses. (The USPS charges 25¢ to notify us that you no longer live at the address to which your NOVA was sent.)

Counting typesetting, printing, postage, mailing, and returns, we will spend close to \$25,000 in 1979-80 for four issues of NOVA, each issue averaging 23,000 copies or thereabouts. That means that each copy of the magazine you receive (and the other 22,999 receive) four times a year costs over 27¢.

Not included in these figures are costs for the editorial work, photography, art and graphics, the Alumni Office mailing list up-

dating which keeps our list current and adds the approximately 1,600 new graduates per year who will receive NOVA, or the computer time to produce the quarterly printout of mailing labels.

And so, with the numbers getting bigger every year, we try to find ways to economize. The size reduction is one way, another occurred a couple issues back when we switched paper stock. The new paper we are using (70-pound Hammermill Offset Luster) is expensive but it gives photographs and art a snap like no other. We were able to switch to it by saving a like amount of money elsewhere: such as having Kathy Rogers doing all page mechanicals and having our type set on campus.

We tell you all this so you'll know the reason behind the changes you see, ever so gradually, in this magazine. And also to point out that NOVA is financed entirely from gift funds, something we hope you'll keep in mind next time you get a call from the Alumni Fund people, or a solicitation and return envelope in the mail from the Development Office. Gift funds finance a lot of worthy projects, among them NOVA.

* * * * *

Footnote to the "Mining Engineer's Song" discussion of last issue: First, apologies to Bevo Bevan (Mines '29) for adding an s to his last name; second, thanks to Royal Jackman (Mines '30) for his marvelous letter to us, which we quote practically in full:

"I have one of the original mimeographed copies of the 'Mining Engineer's Song' compiled by Bevo Bevan, one of my best and most loyal friends at Mines. I also found another two verses of the song—source unknown. They are:

Oh, if I were old Moses
Down in the promised land,
I'd strike the rocks for whiskey
To quench my thirsty gland.
Like every honest fellow
I like my whiskey clear,
I'm a shooting, fighting, dynamiting
Mining Engineer.

I'm a rambling fool from miner's school
And I don't give a damn.
I flunk in all my lessons
And I flunk on my exams.
To Hell with the student body
To Hell with the faculty too,
And if you come to miner's school
To Hell, to Hell with you!

"This latter verse apparently composed by either a drunk or the 1920's equivalent of the present-day drop out," Mr. Jackman continues.

"Some of the other favorite ballads of the 1925-30 period were *Clementine* (nine verses with refrain between each), Kipling's *To the Ladies*—somewhat altered—and one about a Count Ivan Petrosky Shavaar.

"Some time in the not too distant future I hope to compile some photographs from that era, including one of the purity squad at work, with appropriate notations. Perhaps it may warrant publishing in NOVA. Now to finish this epistle, I'll end with the old favorite football cheer of the Miners:

MINES—RAH
MINES—RAH
How's Yours?

"I hope to come to the 50th reunion of the class of 1930 in 1980."

We'll be looking forward to the photographs, Mr. Jackman, also to seeing you at Homecoming in 1980.

—Editor

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Editor: Dale L. Walker

Assistant Editor: Nancy Hamilton

Photography: Russell Banks

Graphic Design: Kathleen Rogers

Alumnotes: Sue Wimberly

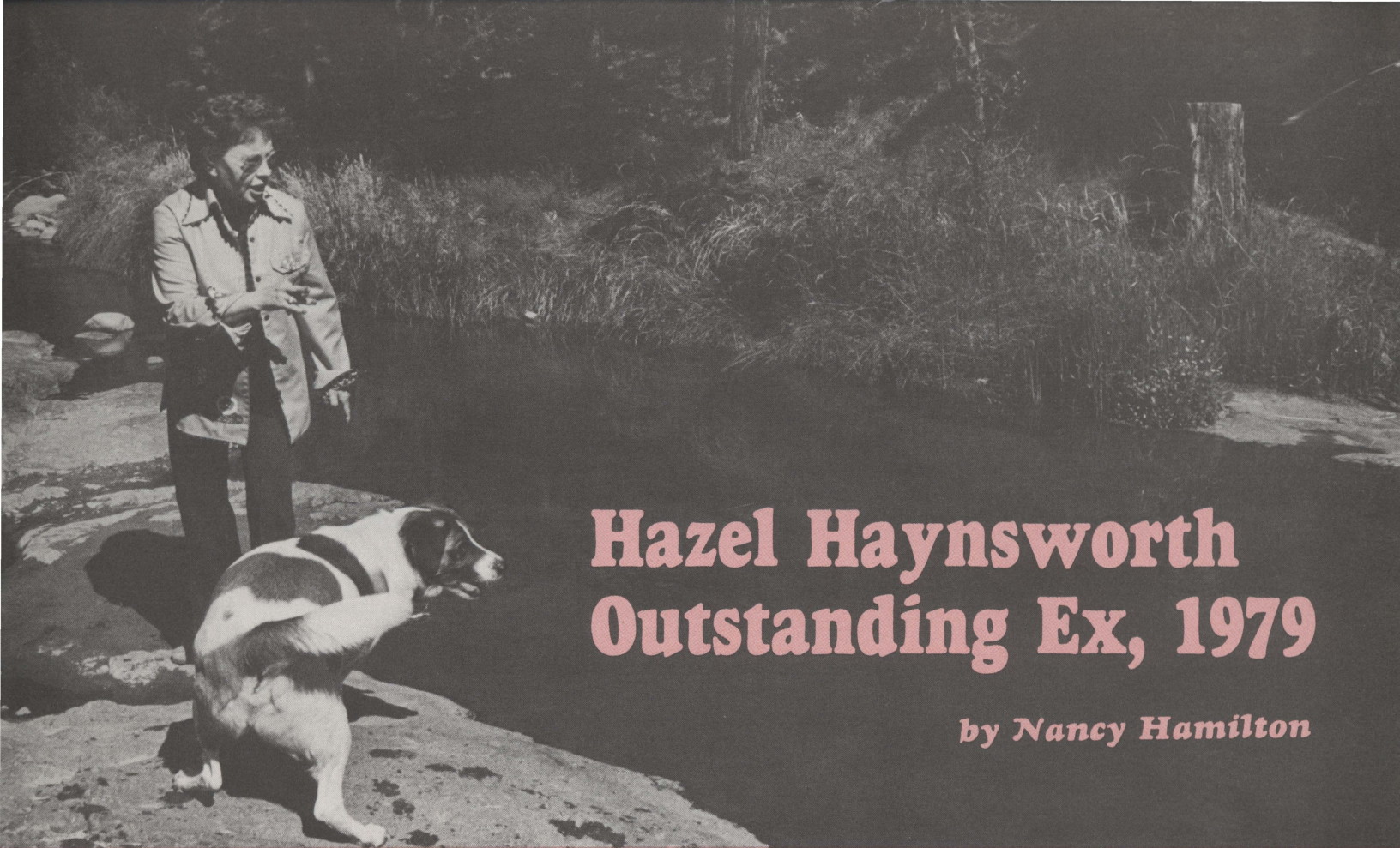
Cover: 1979 Outstanding Ex,
Hazel Haynsworth

Back Cover: Outstanding Exes of Mines/
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Hazel Haynsworth Outstanding Ex, 1979

by Nancy Hamilton

Hazel Cooper Haynsworth brings to mind the line from the popular spiritual, "My soul's so happy that I can't sit down." She is a dynamo of activity from the time she arises at 5 a.m. through a day that may include some kind of volunteer service, work on her own business activities, decision-making for one of the many boards she serves on, and sharing of interests with her husband, Robert F. Haynsworth, who has a similar capacity for getting things done. Somewhere she tucks in some time for keeping up with her son and daughter, both married and living in other states, and her myriad friends.

The Outstanding Ex-Student of 1979 is probably best known in the El Paso area for her civic work, which she began in earnest while attending the College of Mines during the early forties. She has continued her interest in the University since graduation and in 1977 became the first woman to serve on the Development Board. Its 25 members are business, professional and civic leaders appointed to three-year terms by the Board of Regents after nominations by the University president. They serve as liaison between the University and the El Paso community.

The Haynsworths are members of the President's Associates, with Bob on the executive committee and the Matrix Society. Hazel has been chairman for phoning fellow members of the Class of '45 during the annual Alumni Fund Campaign. Although Bob is a graduate of The Citadel, he is as close to UTEP as if he were an alum, and has served on numerous committees for the University.

"I can't imagine why they would pick me as Outstanding Ex," Hazel told NOVA during a visit to the Haynsworths' summer home in Ruidoso, New Mexico. "I guess it's because of my civic work."

One civic endeavor that dates from her college days is involvement in the Girl Scouts. As a Mines student she was leader of a flight patrol of high school girls. "I didn't know a thing about flying when I started," she admits, "and I found it fascinating. You know, you learn about things by getting involved." Because she is bilingual, she later led a troop in South El Paso when the scouts were trying to develop activity in that area. She ended up spending 18 years on the board of the Rio Grande Girl Scout Council.

Born in Douglas, Arizona, she grew up in Durango, Mexico, where her father, C.H. Cooper, operated a lumber business. Her mother was caring for Hazel's two younger brothers and came out of Mexico for only a few weeks each year, so during Hazel's high school and college years she lived with a series of surrogate "parents" in El Paso. She boarded with friends such as Dr. C.L. Sonnichsen, longtime professor of English, and his family.

During her freshman year at Mines, the United States entered World War II and the campus began reflecting the changes. The enrollment dipped from over a thousand to the 700s, then to around 500. Uncle Sam was summoning not only students but also people such as Librarian Baxter Polk and history Professor Eugene O. Porter. By April 1943, the presidents of many campus groups were being called to duty—among

them W.E. "Pete" Snelson (who was named Outstanding Ex in 1973), Henry Lide, Francis Broaddus and Bob Tappan.

Hazel joined the Gold Diggers in the fall of 1943. The marching corps, with a record 105 members, was directed by Glen Johnson, Music Department chairman, who said their chief function would be to entertain the men in the service, especially those at Beaumont and Station Hospitals.

"There were so few men left, the girls organized their own football teams," recalls Hazel. She was a member of the Chi Omega Coyotes, who challenged the Zeta Tau Alpha Zombies in the first game scheduled for the Women's Football Conference. Although they used 11-member teams, they cut the field's length to 60 yards and the quarters to 10 minutes. "We weren't able to keep it up, though. Jody Buckner, who played for the Zetas, was running so fast she couldn't stop and knocked out her front teeth when she ran into a parked car." *The Prospector* reported that the "epidemic of crutches and lost teeth brought women's football to a battered end."

Hazel was elected president of Chi Omega in December 1943. She helped Faith Taylor prepare a book of poetry and inspirational essays about sorority life entitled *White Carnations* after the Chi O flower. A summary of the year's activities under her presidency showed that the Chi Omegas had entertained patients at Beaumont Hospital on Sundays, sent boxes and filled Christmas stockings for patients at Station Hospital, helped a war refugee, assisted the Red Cross, ushered at con-



Hazel Haynsworth displays Indian squashblossom necklaces in her shop at the Ruidoso Holiday Inn.

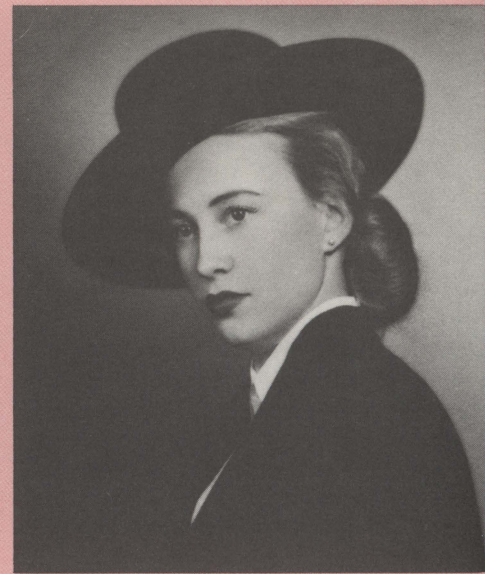
certs of the El Paso Symphony Orchestra, and were planning to enlarge their lodge (which stood on the site of the present Education Building) after the war.

A language major, she minored in geology because she enjoyed the classes of Dr. Lloyd A. "Speedy" Nelson (Outstanding Ex in 1956). "I still love rocks and always pick them up when we travel," she notes. She was awarded a Sigma Delta Pi key for achievement in Spanish studies and received a journalism key from Judson Williams of the journalism faculty for her work as circulation manager of both *The Prospector* and the *Flowsheet* yearbook. Among her honors were election as All-Mines Favorite, listing in *Who's Who Among Students*, president of Panhellenic Council, and membership in the Press Club. On May 22, 1945, she was among 49 graduates receiving degrees in a ceremony in the Scottish Rite Auditorium. The College was planning to build its own auditorium, but had to wait for the war to end.

"I had a great time in college," she says. "We used to mail *The Prospector* to the young men in service. We only had about 700 students in school but there were thousands on our mailing list. I don't know who funded it, but as circulation manager I was very much aware of how many we mailed out. We used to go to dances at the Army Y and did a lot of Red Cross work like rolling bandages. The sororities would take turns putting on assemblies in the old gym. And we had picnics at Radium Springs. The Gold Diggers performed at lots of Army functions."

Among professors she remembers are Dr. Joseph Roth, whose teachings on philosophy and religion she found fascinating; Dr. Fred Bachmann, who taught German and French; Dr. Anton Berkman of biological sciences, an especially impressive teacher; and Vera Wise of the Art Department, who was sponsor of Chi Omega.

After graduation Hazel began teaching at



She appeared as a bullfighter for a benefit event in Durango.

Radford School for Girls, which she had attended during her high school years. Meanwhile, during the summer Major Bob Haynsworth from Sumter, South Carolina, had been sent to attend a school at Fort Bliss after serving throughout the South Pacific under General Douglas MacArthur. He and Hazel met in the officers' club on the top floor of the Blumenthal Building, which faced Pioneer Plaza on El Paso Street. They were introduced by Charlie Gibson, who had known Bob at The Citadel.

With the surrender of the Japanese, Bob did not have to return overseas. They were married in 1946. "We had \$236 in the bank," Hazel recalls. "Bishop Bailey offered him an opportunity to go into importing lumber, after Bob was out of the Army." An antique table in the kitchen of their Ruidoso home is a reminder of those days. It was, she says, the only one she could find in a junk yard with drawers big enough to hold the huge accounting ledgers used in the lumber business.

They later spent about six months in Bob's native South Carolina, then returned to El Paso for keeps. A huge framed collage in the Ruidoso home, made by daughter Janey when she was 15, has mementos from Bob's Army days, his work in lumber and orange juice businesses, developments in El Paso, and interests in oil, construction, horse racing and banking.

"When Bob was planning Mountain View," says Hazel, "we planted cotton there for three years before he could get the development under way. The first crop was picked and baled and ready to be hauled off, when it caught fire and burned up. We were very disappointed." Other developments with which he was involved include Canyon Hills and Westway.

Janey and Bobby were born about a year apart. As small children, they developed allergies to Bermuda grass, so the solution was to move to Ruidoso during the summers when the grass flourishes in El Paso. Originally the family had a small cottage up the road from their present home.

"This is a fun house," says Hazel as she looks around the spacious living-dining room. "When the kids were here, we always had 12 to 27 people sleeping here on bunk beds or bed rolls. It was rustic and cold. We built it in three weeks with 13 carpenters working on it. I glazed all these windows. We used reject stuff from Bob's construction business such as doors that had been cut wrong. We went to Corona and hauled flagstone for the fireplace, hand picking it so it would take very little cutting. We built this on a shoestring." The home stands beside the Ruidoso River, where Hazel enjoys fishing.

The huge wool rug before the fireplace is a memento of a trip to Greece. Bob and Hazel take a trip each year and, having seen much of Europe, Mexico and Alaska, have their sights set on traveling across Canada.

Mr. Cooper, who was originally from Oregon, came to the Southwest as a builder of railroads, helping with the one to Cloudcroft. He began working in northern Mexico in revolutionary times and was one of few Americans who remained there through that troubled period. After building the Northwestern Railroad to Madera, Chihuahua, he stayed there to become superintendent of the lumberyard. He died in 1959 and Mrs. Cooper died in 1978.

The Haynsworths' Ruidoso home has been enlarged and is no longer the rustic cabin it once was. The floors are carpeted and a game room looks out on the river. Normally a small stream, last December the Ruidoso River flooded and made an island of the home. "We had 52 calls in El Paso in three hours. It makes you feel good to know there are that many friends concerned about you," observed Hazel.

In the hallway are photographs of friends including E.F. Hollings, who was Bob's roommate at The Citadel and later became governor and then senator of South Carolina; J.J. "Jake" Pickle, longtime

Texas congressman who leaves bars of soap shaped like pickles when he is their houseguest; and autographed pictures of Texas Governors Price Daniel and John Connally and of President Lyndon B. Johnson.

The family's biggest news this year was Bobby's wedding last June 15. He and his bride, Lisa, were married in the Chapel of Transfiguration in Grand Tetons National Park. They met in Houston where she is a dental hygienist and he is a third year medical student at the University of Texas Medical School. Their honeymoon was spent backpacking in Alaska.

Daughter Janey and her husband, Geoffrey Beddoe, moved several months ago to Dillon, Colorado, after graduating from Oregon State University. He is an engineer and she an architect. Their Dillon home is historic, having been salvaged when the original town was flooded for a dam project. Like her mother, Janey enjoys skiing. Several years ago the two took a trip to Mexico, the length and breadth via bus, train, plane and taxi. In Hazel's first visit to Durango for many years, they found her old nursemaid, and the family home was still there with her mother's pansies in bloom. "Daddy's lumber mill was a skeleton," she reports. Near Mexico City they bought from a youth a madonna he was carving from blue onyx. Hazel had it mounted and framed, and it hangs above the carved sideboard in the Ruidoso home.

Along with her family duties and civic service, Hazel has been involved in several unusual business ventures, the most celebrated of which was the Temulac Stables of the early sixties.

"Temulac came into being because we had a jockey friend, a nice guy, who got hurt in a spill," she relates. "He had a wife and baby to support and was looking for work. I called some friends who love racing. We figured how much we would spend on a horse and I researched every book in the

library on horse training and ailments, and made up a notebook of information. Seven people decided to put in \$500 each. The idea caught on and we ended up with 14 putting in money, so we could afford two horses. Since we had the smallest racing stable in the U.S., we took the name of the largest, Calumet, and spelled it backwards."

The owners, all women, met with instant success. Winsham Lad was the star of the stable and in his fourth year was unbeaten. He still holds two track records at Sunland Park.

"We had to incorporate in five states," Hazel continues. "We raced in California, Nebraska, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado. I put out a newsletter and kept books. Every morning at 5 a.m. I was at the track clocking horses. Once we rented two Pullman cars to see our horse race at Santa Anita and another time we all flew to Denver for a race."

Prince Papule of Temulac was horse of the year at Sunland Park and Speedy Ruth has now become a leading brood mare in California. Many racing fans will long remember the sight of 14 women trooping to the winner's circle as co-owners of a front runner.

After five years, the project had become more work than fun for most of the group and Temulac disbanded. Of the 14, however, six started their own stables and the Haynsworths still have some quarterhorses. They have been interested in the Ruidoso race track since the days when it was just a gathering place for area ranchers who challenged their horses against each other.

More recently, Hazel opened two gift shops in Ruidoso which reflect her tastes and interests in art and craftsmanship. An oil painting hobbyist herself, she is acquainted with many artists in the El Paso area.

"When Bob talked about building the Holiday, we explored the idea of a shop," she says. He is a partner in the Holiday Inn at Ruidoso, where one of the shops is located. It specializes in paintings, wood carvings, and authentic Indian jewelry and pottery.

Typically, she says she "didn't know a thing about jewelry and turquoise" until she got into the business. She read up on the leading artisans and visited them in Arizona and New Mexico. She buys and sells only signed pieces by prominent craftsmen.

Her interest in crafts from around the world led to the opening of a second shop nearby at the K-Bob restaurant. In that shop are artifacts of the Tarahumara Indians, brought from Mexico by Don Burgess, a UT El Paso alum (NOVA, Summer 1970, June 1972, June 1977), primitive dolls carved by the Otomi of Mexico, and many other unusual items. "Since I love to shop for these things in foreign countries, Bob told me if I had a store, I could buy, buy, buy and not bring it home,"



Wine is aged in oak barrels at the family-operated winery for which Hazel keeps the books.

she adds.

Her other current business endeavor is La Vina Winery, established in 1977 in partnership with her brothers, Dr. Clarence Cooper, who teaches physics and directs the pre-med office at UT El Paso, and Herbert Cooper, who is a public defender with the Department of Justice in El Paso. Dr. Cooper started making wine as a hobby after establishing his home near Chamberino, just north of Anthony, New Mexico.

"He started with 19 acres planted in vines," says Hazel. "Each year we plant another three or four acres and now have 42 varieties of grapes. In making the wine, we blend the varieties because some mature faster than others. Rose, for example, can have as many as five kinds of grapes."

They became the only licensed winery in New Mexico in a Rio Grande Valley area that historically served as a wine-making center through the 19th century. They have an annual capacity of 8,000 gallons but do not bottle that much because some is always aging. "We bottle about one-third that much per year," she adds. During the summer, she returns to El Paso at the end of each month to update the books for the winery.

Operating two stores and serving as treasurer for a business might be enough activity for some women, but not for Hazel Haynsworth. At a height of four feet, 11 inches, she has for years been a giant in civic work. Currently she serves on the boards of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce, of which Bob is past president, and of Leadership El Paso, a project activated through the Chamber and about which she is most enthusiastic. "John Donohue suggested this program in which 35 participants were chosen to spend nine months in learning first-hand about El Paso from the persons who are leading the community. The young people who take part are going to be our leaders in a few years, and this is an opportunity to help develop their understanding of the community and their roles in it."

She also is sold on the purpose of the El Paso Community Foundation, on whose board she serves. "The concept is that by banding together with charitable donations, we can create a large fund which can be invested and bring interest to be used to meet certain needs," she explains. "United Way is a source of operating funds, but the agencies need additional money for capital improvements. That is the kind of thing that can be achieved through the Foundation, which also offers tax benefits to the donors."

Among the projects she found most rewarding as a volunteer were Memorial Park School, Kermezaar and the El Paso Cancer Treatment Center. She was involved in finding a suitable place for the Memorial Park School for mentally retarded children and in obtaining funding for it. The school is "one of the things I'm proudest of working on." Through the seventies

she has watched the growth of Kermezaar with delight. It was started as a fund-raising event for the El Paso Museum of Art. Believing that art is not just for the black-tie-and-tails crowd, Hazel "wanted an outdoor display where we could open the doors to everyone, and we held the first one at Sunland Park where it was a huge success. It offered something for every pocket-book and literally saved the Museum." The building of the Cancer Treatment Center was equally thrilling for her as a board member. "People came to us with money. We raised it all without putting on a drive. It was a wonderful community achievement."

Much of the civic work Hazel performs is behind the scenes, the kind of supportive action that is done without expecting recognition, but simply in order to get a needed job done. Thus she was pleasantly surprised in 1974 when the Beta Sigma Phi Council honored her as First Lady of El Paso. Among her many activities cited were campaigning for the Community Chest, Heart Association and Red Cross; volunteer work as a Gray Lady at Beaumont Army Medical Center and for the American Cancer Society; her work with the Girl Scouts; and service on boards of the Cancer Treatment Center, NURSE, Inc., which recruited nurses; the Woman's Committee of the El Paso Symphony Association, the Members Guild of the El Paso Museum of Art, the Museum Association, the Volunteer Bureau of United Way, the Woman's Department of the Chamber of Commerce and Booth Memorial Home. Also recognized were her efforts in obtaining clothing and other needed articles for distribution by the First Presbyterian and Divine Savior churches and membership in the UT El Paso Auxiliary, El Paso Rehabilitation Center, Providence Memorial Hospital Auxiliary, YWCA, Pan American Round Table, Goodwill Industries Auxiliary, El Paso City



Long interested in horse racing, and former partner in a stable, Hazel enjoys action at the Ruidoso Race Track every summer.

Panhellenic, and Ladies Oriental Shrine. She was interpreter for the Conference of the Council on Aging and Chi Omega named her Outstanding Alumna.

"Hazel has always been a leader in getting things started," observes her husband. "It doesn't take her long to get things going and to delegate the work to others. People enjoy working with her and she does her share. I don't know how she finds enough hours in the day for all that she does."

Bob Haynsworth has a similar capacity for hard work, and it seems to run in the family. His mother, who lives in Sumter, just retired last year at the age of 80.

He had a hand in developing and building a significant part of El Paso through Haynsworth and Associates, General Contractor. He also developed the Surety Savings and Loan Association of which he is president, and was an organizer and member of the board of the Bank of El Paso and on the board of Southwest Group Investors. In 1952 he was named one of Texas' Outstanding Young Men. Among his many civic activities he has been president of the Southwestern Sun Carnival Association and was a civilian aide from Texas to the Secretary of the Army.

"We both stay pretty busy," he admits, "and we are proud of each other's achievements and what each of us is doing. Life is never dull around Hazel—she's got something going all the time."

Whether in Ruidoso or in her El Paso home on Balcones, Hazel Haynsworth is always ready to take off into new adventures. "Every day," she contends, "is a new experience, a chance to meet new people, to do new things. God gave us souls and we need to feed them to make them grow. We do that by sharing ourselves with other people." □



ALOHA

Homecoming 1979 features a Hawaiian luau theme.

Outstanding Ex-Student Hazel Haynsworth will be honored at a banquet at 6:30 p.m. Friday, October 26, in the El Paso Country Club.

The traditional football game will bring the Miners against the University of Hawaii at 7:30 p.m. Saturday, October 27, in the Sun Bowl.

Special entertainment from Hawaii will be featured at both events.

John Kelley ('63) is general chairman for Homecoming. Classes being honored are 1919, 1929, 1939, 1949, 1959, 1969 and the special 25th anniversary class of 1954.

In Lieu of Miracles

Ray Holt made his mark at UT El Paso in more ways than one. The Bay City, Mich., running back will always be remembered by Miner football fans for his use on the field and for the excitement created in kick-off returns and any other time he got the ball.

Ray stopped by my office one morning last May to tell me he was about to graduate. He said he was especially proud because he was the first person “in all the generations of my family since slavery” to graduate from college.

Four years ago Ray Holt, a freshman, enrolled in a section of our study skills class, one that I happened to be teaching myself. My mind shot back to his first written assignments: short, choppy sentences with lots of punctuation errors. He also had a slow reading rate with weak comprehension. He had a long way to go. “Remember,” he said, “I was a provisional student, and no one thought I’d be able to make it here—not even the coaches.” I did remember, and I remembered the semesters that followed when he poked his head in my door to tell me that he had just made another B average, and I remember his senior year when he reported that the coaches had assigned him to tutor the other football players. He was, he said, not only graduating with a B average; he also had three good job offers.

writing assignments before he turned them in, to study for and take all kinds of exams, including essay exams, and to learn how to use the library and write a college paper. Ray, in brief, needed our three-credit-hour-course, *Introduction to College Study*, in which 1,200-1,500 UT El Paso students learn these skills each year.

Some students who enroll at UT El Paso have parents who are themselves college graduates and who are careful to prepare their children for college. They pry their sons and daughters away from the television set and supervise their progress in reading, spelling, writing, and mathematics enough throughout their school years so that they have no serious deficiencies when they reach college. These parents also often set aside money to support their children in college.

Most of our students have to work at part-time or even full-time jobs. Many work to help support their families as well as to pay for their education. Many of our students are bilingual and have not solved all the problems that stem from speaking Spanish with family and friends and writing in English in the classroom. A great many UT El Paso students, both bilingual and monolingual, are deficient in one or more of the basic communication and math skills. Many have, for instance, forgotten algebra, or never learned it in the first place. Many have avoided reading as though their life depended on it, and consequently, read poorly. Many give the impression of being nearly illiterate when asked to write a page of informative prose. Many have for so many years shut out their teachers' voices that they find it difficult to concentrate on lectures and on taking notes. And finally, many simply do not know how to study.

[illegible]

or profession for which they needed a university education. Yet, if left on their own, a great many—more than half, in fact—of our freshmen will either drop out or flunk out by the end of their first year. These leave the University feeling they have failed, and they may never discover a good substitute for the life they could have led had they successfully completed their work here.

It was with such problems in mind that in the fall of 1972, I suggested to various UT El Paso administrators that we devise a program that would help solve some of these problems. From the beginning, our intention was to discover ways to teach UT El Paso students to meet the academic demands of our University with success and confidence. That fall of 1972, I started the pilot program that was ultimately to lead to the opening of the Study Skills and Tutorial Services a year later. I had had four years' experience teaching study skills at Cornell University while I was doing graduate work in English there. Cornell students had crowded into study skills classes each semester to learn better ways to take lecture notes, to understand textbooks, to improve concentration and memory, to increase reading speed, and to take examinations. They were highly competitive students who not only sought this instruction, but also actively employed what they learned. I saw students improve their grades, sometimes dramatically, during a semester as they perfected new methods of studying.

When I finished graduate school and moved to El Paso, my first job was teaching study skills to high school students in the University's Upward Bound program. I found that Upward Bound students, like those at Cornell, benefited academically from study skills instruction. It made sense to me to provide such instruction for all of our University students as well.

The initial nine months of the new pilot program were exploratory and experimental. By the end of the year I had taught 100 students in four trial sections of study skills classes, had provided study skills tutorial help to another 500 students, and had visited 20 classes to observe, take notes, and generally assess how well the students were tuned in and functioning. Furthermore, I talked to the professors of those classes and to several department chairmen about their perceptions of student learning problems at our University. I concluded that both faculty and student response indicated an interest and a need for a program that would improve student learning skills and retain students who might otherwise fail or drop out.

I have always been grateful for that pilot year. I had no staff to whom I could delegate responsibility; I had to get in and do what needed doing myself, and I learned from the experience. I learned that we have a serious and hard-working faculty who become frustrated and discouraged when

their students do not listen well, do not read assignments, do not turn in papers, or fail to appear in class. I also learned that this faculty has set standards for our students, and that no matter how discouraged or frustrated they may become themselves, they will not lower those standards. I learned that year that many of our students are naive about what their professors expect of them and what they should expect of themselves after they have made the transition from high school to the University. I learned that if students have avoided preparing for the University by taking easy classes in high school (and many of them have), they tend to think they can fake it in every subject except math. Those who have avoided math to the extent that they cannot function in our University's lowest level math classes are in desperate straits. They need help, and they know it. One of these students, a returning veteran who had forgotten much of his high school math and wanted to major in engineering, visited me almost daily that year to find out what I was going to do about the "math problem." His persistence eventually led to the establishing of the Math Tutoring Room. That student did graduate with an engineering degree, and he made almost weekly use of the Math Room while he was completing it.

One name on the study skills roll sheet in 1972 was Suzanne Noble's. Suzanne was uneasy about doing University work. She had attended once before in 1959 and had left at the end of the year with a grade point average of 0.21 (a D-). The University, she had decided, was not for her. She had since married and raised a son; but he had started school, she had some extra time, and she needed a new challenge. So she was back to try again, and she was one of the first to volunteer for a class that might help her reach her academic goals.

I worked closely with Suzanne that first semester. She was a willing student who used the new study skills she was learning in all of her other classes. By the end of the semester she had made all A's and one B. That was the start she needed. She continued at the University for six years, taking a reduced load each semester so that she could balance school and home responsibilities. She also worked part-time as a tutor for the Study Skills and Tutorial Services, passing on what she had learned about successful study to a great many new students. In May 1978, Suzanne graduated from the University with a grade point average of 3.8 on a 4.0 scale.

Then she *did* get ambitious. She enrolled in a paralegal course in Houston which she attended during the three summer months following her graduation. Her family was glad to see her step off the plane in El Paso each Friday night that summer. They also gave her the encouragement she needed to get back on the plane to Houston each Sunday.

Suzanne says her study skills instruction gave her the practical, useful tips she need-

ed to do well at the University. When she enrolled in professional school in Houston, however, those study skills became her survival skills. She was required to take lecture notes from 8 to 5 daily. She was assigned 100 pages to read each night. She wrote examinations every week. In effect, she completed the equivalent of two years of condensed law school in those three months. She was, furthermore, hired by a large and successful law firm in El Paso before she finished her Houston course. This past year, she reports, has been a good one. She has done everything from meeting clients to writing documents for court. She sits in court and assists lawyers with their cases, and she has conferred with judges.

Looking back over her University years, Suzanne says the most important skill she learned in the study skills class was how to take exams. "After all," she says, "that's where you show if you know anything." Some people, she has decided, are natural test-takers and some are not. She was not, she says. She had to be coached until she perfected these skills. "I am also glad I learned to read textbooks and take lecture notes," she adds. "Those skills were important at the University, and they were crucial at Houston."

My experiences with Suzanne and with the other students I met that year all went into a final report. In that report I proposed that we develop a new program at UT El Paso that would help students read and learn more effectively. But I knew that it would take more than that. New programs have to be funded. Dr. A. B. Templeton arrived in town to take over the University presidency just after Christmas in 1972. I met him soon after his arrival and told him of our accomplishments. I tried to get him to read a formal proposal that he kept pushing back at me. He wanted, instead, to talk about an idea: "One thing that has worked in education since the days of the one-room school," he said, "is the little girl with the pigtails in the back row coming up to help the redheaded kid with the freckles in the front row with his homework. Both kids learn, and the teacher doesn't have to work so hard." For a long time he had wanted to set up a peer tutoring program at a university. There, just as in the one-room school, both tutor and tutored would learn, and the professors would not have to try to give individual instruction to all the confused students in their classes.

As it turned out, the president and I put together our ideas and came up with the plan for the present Study Skills and Tutorial Services. The president used his considerable persuasive powers to convince the Texas State Legislature that they should finance the program, and we have been in business ever since.

During each of the last two years, 7,000 UT El Paso students, or nearly half the student body, have sought help from the Study Skills and Tutorial Services. Students now take this program for

granted. They are told when they enter the University that the program was designed to help them get off to a good start academically and then to keep them here until they graduate. They learn that they may take either or both of the three-credit-hour courses offered by the program: *Introduction to College Study* or *Quantitative Study Skills* (to help them with math, science, and engineering courses). They are also invited to sign up for the various non-credit classes taught through the program each year: Trigonometry Review, English Conversation, Spanish Conversation, Vocabulary Building, Basic Writing Skills, Study Tips for Essay Exams, Basic Math, Preparation for the Law School Admissions Test, and Preparation for the Graduate Record Exam. Students learn that they may also seek free tutoring without an appointment any week day from 8 to 5 in the Math Tutoring Room, the Chemistry Room, or the Writing Room. If they need specialized help in a class such as accounting or Russian, they may make appointments with private tutors.

Seventy student tutors and 12 graduate teaching assistants are employed by the program each year, and each must have a 3.0 or B average to be hired. Last year we found the tutors' grades actually improve while they work in this program. While teaching others, they learn themselves.

The program has never been stigmatized as being for the slow or backward student. All types of students elect to study with the tutors and with each other. Many come weekly and work for A's and B's. Others come only when they are stuck and need some quick help. The program serves the new high school graduate, the returning housewife, the veteran, the senior citizen. Last year the ages of students tutored ranged from 16 to 68.

We have kept track of the work done by this program during the past six years. We have, for instance, studied the academic progress of the provisionally-admitted students who use our program. In the spring of 1973, the year before the Study Skills and Tutorial Services opened, only 12% (21 out of 170 provisionally-admitted students) managed to achieve the good standing necessary to re-enroll for a second semester. The rest had "flunked out" after only one semester at the University. In the fall 1977, by contrast, 53% (or 433 of 800) provisionally-admitted students were eligible to re-enroll for a second semester. Three-fourths of these students had taken study skills classes.

A more recent study was undertaken to determine how many of the 800 provisional students who entered the University in the fall of 1977 re-enrolled for a second year, and whether students who had taken study skills classes were more or less likely to return for a second year than those who had not had this course. We discovered that 57.5% of the 500 provisional students enrolled in fall 1977 study skills classes were still enrolled one year later. Only 45%

of all regularly-admitted students on good standing, who had not had study skills classes, returned for a second year. This group included not only new freshmen, but also new transfer students, new graduate students, newly readmitted graduate and undergraduate students—all of them students one would expect to have the motivation and ability to return. We also discovered that two out of three (67.5%) of the 425 provisional students who returned for a second year had taken study skills classes their first semester at the University.

The program has remained cost effective since it was founded. In 1973, we spent \$50,000 and worked with 1,650 students. Cost per student was \$32.00. Last year we spent a little over \$200,000 and worked with 7,000 students. Cost per student was \$29. Cost per student contact in the tutoring program was about \$2.75. When one considers that student tutors are paid the minimum wage of \$2.90 an hour, the cost per contact shows that the tutors are rarely idle.

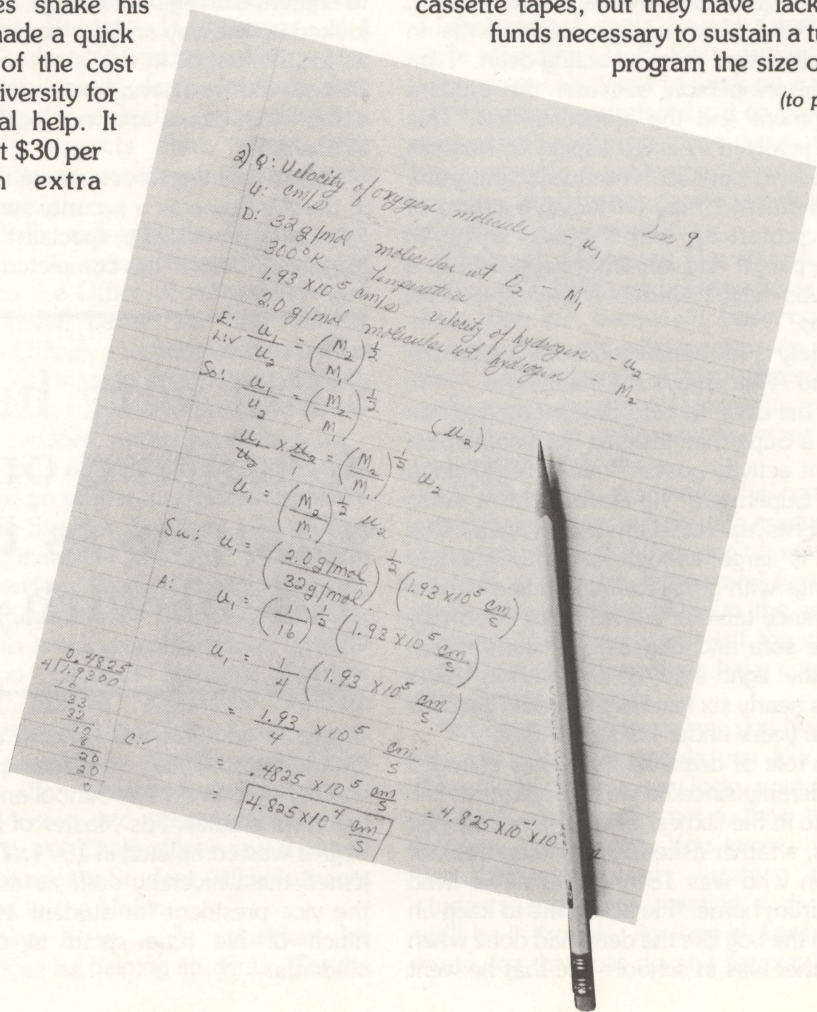
At the University's annual Honors Banquet this spring, I noticed that five of the Top Ten graduating seniors had been employed as tutors. The Top Ten is a highly competitive honor which goes to students with top grades and numerous accomplishments both on the campus and in the community. One of the Top Ten had not only been a tutor himself, but had been in one of my study skills classes and had been tutored regularly for four years. As I watched his parents hug him and his classmates shake his hand, I made a quick estimate of the cost to the University for his special help. It was about \$30 per year—an extra

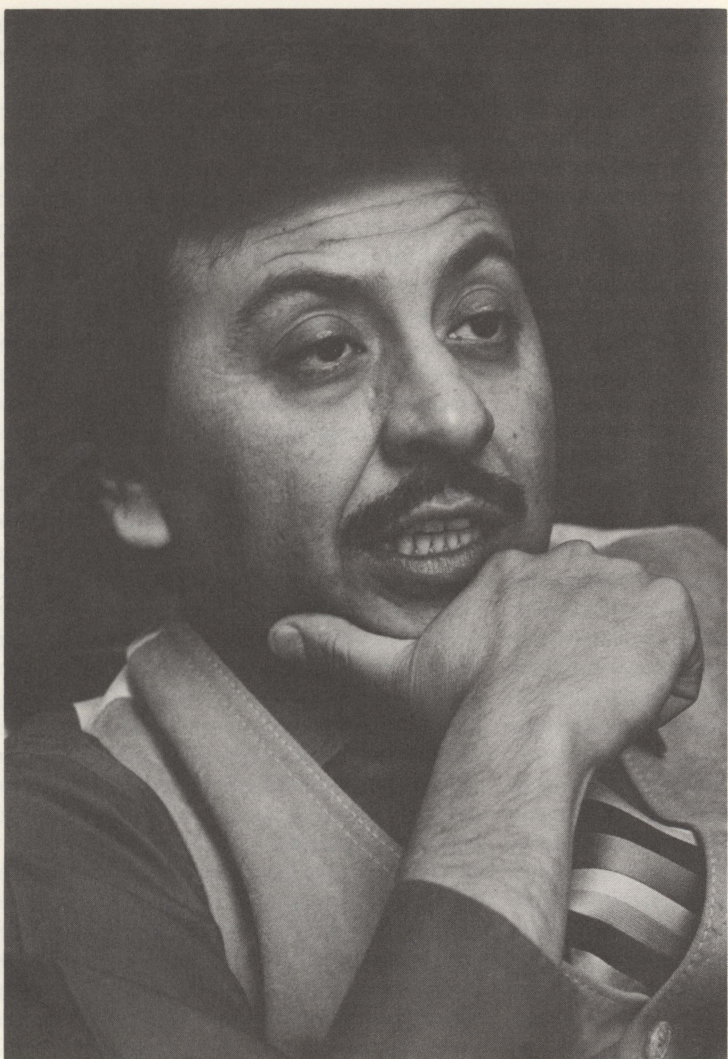
\$120 of money well spent to assist this student in developing his outstanding qualities.

When the Study Skills and Tutorial Services were about four years old, I at last had the time to take a deep breath, survey what we had done, and look to see if other universities had achieved anything comparable. I discovered we were not the only institution to see the need for such a program. Students were under-prepared for college all over the country. Furthermore, enrollments were in decline, and student retention had become vitally important while the quality of a university education had to be maintained. Students needed to be taught to meet those standards, and programs similar to ours had been or were being established at various colleges: Student Support Services, Academic Support Services, Learning Resource Centers, Reading and Study Skills Labs, and Developmental Labs. Nearly all the programs were products of the 1970's. Stanford, I discovered, was teaching a three-credit-hour study skills course. I visited the University of California at Berkeley and the University of Maryland and found both had "learning assistance" centers.

There is one big difference, however, between the activities at other universities and ours at UT El Paso. At other universities students receive most of their help from tape-recorded voices rather than from flesh-and-blood tutors. Other programs around the country envy us the extensive student tutorial help we have been able to provide. They know tutors are better than cassette tapes, but they have lacked the funds necessary to sustain a tutoring program the size of ours.

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Student Affairs & Dean Joe Avila

"I get into everything," says Jose F. Avila, who became dean of students in 1976 after two years as acting dean. "I am the liaison person between the student government and the administration. This job is involved in every aspect of services for students outside the academic program. One moment I may be facing a group of angry protestors, and the next trying to help a parent find out what happened to a son who hasn't written home for several months."

Variety is the simplest description for the job and Avila enjoys the challenges.

On the door to his office, someone has taped a Superman insignia from some past student activity poster. "I don't really claim to be Superman," he avows with a smile that lights up his dark brown eyes. The room is large enough to accommodate meetings with groups of students around a conference table or seated more informally on the sofa and chairs for visitors. Slim, with the light step of an athlete, Avila stands nearly six feet tall and could pass for several years under his age of 37.

The role of dean, he finds, has changed considerably since he was a student at UT El Paso in the sixties. Several years ago, he recalls, a father asked him to keep track of his son who was 18 and had never lived away from home. "He asked me to keep an eye on the boy like the dean had done when the father was in school—see that he went

to church, didn't get into drugs, and so on. I looked up the boy and got acquainted, but as for the rest of it, that's not what deans do now. But you never know—the day may come when deans are once again 'fathers' in absentia."

Dean Avila was a veteran of three years in the Air Force as a security service voice intercept processing specialist (Russian language) before he completed his B.S.

"I still miss the classroom," he confides, "but I just don't have time to teach on this job. I believe in at least three hours' preparation for every hour I spend in the classroom, and I don't have that kind of time any more."

There is considerable contrast between the campus of 1971 and today's. Besides the many physical changes due to new buildings, Dean Avila points out that he

"I'm very hard on cheaters. Cheating on a university campus is to me very grave and I deal with it severely."

degree in education at UT El Paso. After graduating in 1967, he became a history teacher at Ysleta High School and pursued graduate studies. His Master of Education degree was completed in 1971. That fall he joined the University staff as assistant to the vice president for student affairs with much of his time spent in counseling students.

came in "as part of the staff that was supposed to be strong enough to cope with student unrest. The period of student unrest that was felt all over the nation during the sixties didn't reach this campus until the early seventies. It was a period of a great deal of idealism and involvement in public or humanitarian issues. Now we have a different type of student, one who

tends to be more realistic and pragmatic. Today's students are concerned with themselves in general more than with outside issues, reflecting the philosophy that a person who can't take care of himself or herself is not in a position to help others."

The UT El Paso student demonstrations tended to center on demands of Chicano students for changes in administrative personnel or in protest of such changes that had taken place. Dean Avila remembers one demonstration in December 1971. "It was a very cold day and the students had a fire in a metal drum for warmth. For a while they regarded me as the enemy trying to keep them out of the Administration Building. Somewhere along the line, they invited me to warm my hands at the fire and gave me a cup of hot chocolate. We were there for different purposes, but I ended up being another Chicano and singing songs with them, no longer a suspicious enemy."

In more recent years, group demonstrations were often those of Iranian students. These were arranged beforehand with the dean, who usually had to attend the demonstration in case of problems. "They would come to me with a request to march on the campus and we would work out the details cooperatively—not always agreeing along the way, but committed to the idea that neither they nor I wanted to see any trouble erupt. And it didn't. They were peaceful demonstrations."

This kind of cooperation also typifies some of the changes in the dean's role in the seventies. Avila recalls that, early in his involvement in Student Affairs, he was looked upon by the student government as a kind of babysitter because he represented the administration at their meetings. "I deal with the student body leaders on a daily basis," he says. "Now we have a more mature approach than in the past; we work together. These students are more practical and realistic about what they are doing, and we usually can respect each others' points of view. I'm very glad to see that, even if the period of unrest was an interesting time."

The success of his job, he feels, depends on being able to communicate effectively. "Anything can be settled through communication. That is why it is a good idea to have people trained in counseling skills serve as deans."

Another change from the past, he finds, is awareness of the law. "I used to have books on counseling on the lower shelf within reach," he says, pointing to the bookcase lining the wall next to his desk. "Now those books are out of reach. The closest ones are the Texas Penal Code, the Supreme Court cases involving students, and such. There is more concern now about what we say in counseling; it must be within the limits of the law. Students are very knowledgeable about their rights these days, and many of them can quote the law better than I can."

The period of student demonstrations

came to a close soon after the arrival of Dr. A.B. Templeton as University president in December 1972, Dean Avila recalls. "We went through a period of confusion and adjustment in Student Affairs, then into a time of solidifying and putting together the programs to make them more effective and efficient. Now I feel we are in a period of moving forward, which I expect to continue regardless of the amount of funds available."

"I love this University...If you really want to get me angry, just criticize this place."

He has especially enjoyed working with Dr. Templeton, whose judgment he values. "You can be very stable with him because you know exactly where you stand at all times," says the dean. "There has never been a problem between us. He has never had to order me to do anything against my will, because what he asks me to do is always reasonable."

Along with changing attitudes, the University underwent its greatest growth period during the seventies, from 10,550 in 1972 to nearly 16,000 in 1977. The total went down slightly in 1978 and appears to be leveling out, a matter that affects the funding for Student Affairs. Student fees go toward Student Publications, the various Student Programs offerings for students, and many forms of help that come under the umbrella of Dean Avila's office. He expects that, even with somewhat lower operating funds, progress can continue.

This fall, for example, the Veterans Affairs office is being moved from his bailiwick to the Office of Admissions and Records (new name for the former Registrar's Office), and Scholarships will be placed under Financial Aid instead of being separate. Both moves are designed to improve the services, notes the dean.

His office is responsible for the general planning of programs and guidance of: International Student Services, Counseling Service, Financial Aid and Placement, Health Service, Student Legal Counsel, Student Publications, Student Activities, Study Skills and Tutorial Services, Student Association, Student Housing, Student Health Insurance, registered student organizations, and the Union.

Working with him are Assistant Dean Judy Solis, Tom Chism who is in charge of student housing and other services, and five secretaries. Their offices and those of most of the related Student Affairs services are located in the Union.

Personally, Dean Avila considers his main purpose as helping students. "I'm the

one who is often able to cut red tape just by picking up a phone, thanks to the cooperation of my co-workers at the University. That is why I am the ombudsman for registration—the one who can help get things done for students."

He wears another hat, though, that is not always to his liking. He is charged under the University of Texas System Regents' Rules with being the campus disciplinarian.

"When a student disrupts a class or

causes other problems, a professor may call on me to handle the discipline. The professor is, after all, here to teach and shouldn't have to cope with disciplinary matters."

The action taken can range from a written reprimand to the student to expulsion from the University, depending on the seriousness of the problem. One of the worst offenses, to Dean Avila's way of thinking, is cheating. "When the problem is something like scholastic dishonesty, there is no such thing as talking it over and forgetting it. I'm very hard on cheaters. Cheating on a university campus is to me very grave and I deal with it severely."

Like many students, he was a commuter while attending UT El Paso. When he left class, he usually went to work on a regular job. He may have missed out on some student activities during those years, but he has more than made up for it since becoming dean. And he has developed an abiding affection for the institution.

"I love this University," he affirms with a ready smile, "not just because I was a student here but because I have come to recognize it as a special community, a good place where there are many people who really care about this University and its students. If you really want to get me angry, just criticize this place."

UT El Paso's graduates, he contends, can compete successfully with graduates of any university—and they don't have to pay as high a tariff for tuition and fees as at many comparable schools in the country. Industrial recruiters who visit the campus and his own observations have confirmed this opinion, he adds.

"It is good to be in a place you like and a job you like with people you like," says Dean Avila. "I am a very lucky man. I enjoy my work, and I prefer not to have time off because I get bored. You know, the day this University stops listening to the students and stops meeting their needs, we'll be in trouble. As long as I'm here, I'll try to see that that doesn't happen." □

by Elroy Bode

Elroy Bode, featured in NOVA since 1971, is recipient of the 1979 "C.L. Sonnichsen Award" for his book, *To Be Alive*, forthcoming this fall from Texas Western Press. The following pieces are included in the new book.

The New Boy

When I was in the eighth grade a new boy named Jimmy Stover entered class. He took his seat routinely and then more or less faded into the back of the room. He didn't say much the first few days, but he intrigued me because he looked so much like Fred Allen. His eyebrows arched up in V's, his cheek bones were set high on his white, almost mask-like face, his lips were tight and sharply defined. He even combed his dark, smooth hair in a Fred Allen way.

I thought the resemblance was fascinating, but apparently my friends didn't—at least none of them ever mentioned it. In fact, nobody seemed to pay Jimmy Stover much attention at all. He was written off as another of the silent guys who occasionally came into class after school had started—the kind who kept moving from town to town because of his father's construction work, a sort of forgettable, back-of-the-room boy who would be drifting on in a couple of months and never be thought of again.

About a week after Jimmy Stover came I hurried back from lunch one day and walked around with him on the cracked, narrow sidewalks of the school. Maybe I was just curious because he looked like Fred Allen; maybe there in the eighth grade I was begin-

ning to recognize what loneliness was. I had never thought much about loneliness before—Jimmy Stover's kind of loneliness; maybe I was not sure what it was all about. I had always lived on Gilmer Street, just a block from the school, and had always gone home at noon to eat. I had never known new-boy routines—had never eaten in the school cafeteria, had never wadded an empty lunch sack into a ball and put it in the trash container by the cafeteria door, have never wandered off by myself to stand for the rest of the lunch hour with the smokers in the off-places behind the wood-working shop.

As we walked around the back areas of the school that day—as we kicked rocks, as we paused by the back fire escape slide to look across at neighborhood streets and yards—I suppose I tried to understand a little of Jimmy Stover's sadness. I knew that he looked sad to me, at least. It was like seeing Fred Allen himself, in miniature, forced to walk around unnoticed on the sidewalks of Tivy Junior High, too quiet and too left out and too alone.

We were standing together, looking out and into the bright April noon, when the one o'clock bell rang. Jimmy Stover turned to me with his distant, almost restrained air—as if he had known how useless my gesture of friendship was and had merely been tolerating it all along—and said, "You don't have to do this again."

I didn't even know what he was saying, what he meant. But I left him—I had to get on to Mrs. Canafax's arithmetic class. I looked back as I opened one of the double doors: he was still standing there next to the slide under the big shadowing oaks.

That was April. By May he was gone. □

Gallstones and Hugo Winterhalter

There they are, wall-to-wall bodies in the doctor's office—faces blank, fingers idly turning the pages of *Sports Illustrated* and *Newsweek* while the Muzak softly plays.

They are defectives, these people. Their hearts are enlarged, their hemorrhoids are bleeding, their lungs are cancerous. They have gathered in the doctor's waiting room to learn their fates: more pills, more scalpels, more hospital bills? More discomfort and pain?

Only the doctor knows, of course, and he is presently hidden behind his oak-paneled door, like God or the Wizard of Oz.

So the patients wait—respectful, subdued. They keep their shoes decorously planted on the blue carpet; they turn the pages of their magazines in somber slow-motion. And they listen to "Lisboa Antigua" and "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocius" as Hugo Winterhalter and his merry sidemen serenade them from overhead speakers. There is no change of expression on the face of the woman in navy blue (goiter) or the white-haired man in shades (enlarged prostate) as a Hammond organist trips through a spritely version of "Moon over Miami." The pale skin-and-bones man in slippers (emphasema) continues to suck in his thimblefuls of air when Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass decide to "Talk to the Animals."

Low-volume, unobtrusive, continuous—the music from the acoustic ceiling takes no heed of sickness. Indeed, it denies malfunction, death, decay. Montovani is forever.

A woman with large blue-and-black patches of diseased skin on her legs rises painfully when the nurse calls her name. For a moment the other patients turn their heads and stare at her as she disappears behind the briefly opened oak doors; then they return to their magazines. Rosemary Clooney is singing "Come On-a My House" accompanied by a lively harpsichordist. □

Men in Chairs

There they are in their living rooms, the men of the house. They are in chairs. They are watching all those trim, compact bodies on the neat astroturf and listening to the knowing, paternal voice of the play-by-play announcer who is in charge of the Divine Spectacle.

It is Sunday, and the men in chairs are in the church of their choice, worshiping in their own way. Life is meaningful and good and it is all right there where they can see it—within the boundaries of the TV set. A very pleasant structure has been given to the vacant hours of Sunday afternoon.

But wait...a terrible thing happens. A last-minute field goal by San Francisco beats the Cowboys, 22-20. Suddenly the game is over, the television set has been turned off, and there it is again: Sunday afternoon. Sunday afternoon-ness. It had been waiting around all the time in the background, just beyond the reach of the announcer's voice.

What to do.

The men of the house go to the refrigerator and get a couple more beers and think about it.

They sip and they stare at the corner of the living room rug. They sip and stare out the living room window toward the rose bushes.

It's that time again: time to be irritable with the kids, who are yelling too sharply and slamming too many doors. Time to feel the old Sunday emotions of hostility, dissatisfaction, loneliness. Time to feel a creeping, sour-sweat, Sunday emptiness.

The game. It had promised so much, had offered such a nice escape.

...If only Dallas had won. *That* would have made all the difference.

The men of the house sit in their chairs—true believers, ever faithful, but without churches. □

El Paso before the Great War:

Bringing Up the Rear

by S.L.A. Marshall

I worked at the brick plant that summer, hard manual labor ten hours daily, running a pugmill or a dry press, this as I was turning toward my fifteenth year. To save money, Dad [Caleb C. Marshall] and I slept on army cots in a small office above the dryer which made us hotter than the hinges of hell. I saw little of El Paso. Most nights I was far too tired to move about and my hands and fingers became so contorted from handling the brick that I would have to massage them through the evening to restore some suppleness.

The compensations were bountiful. Set right next the International Brick plant was Camp Cotton, the base of the 16th Infantry Regiment and my first meeting ground with the Army. Father and I took all of our meals in the tented messhall of F Company, which was to become not only my favorite outfit, but a unit of renown, the first to be hit by the Germans, the first to lose men, Privates Enright, Gresham and Hay, a triumvirate thus immortalized. The Army ration in that day was 27 cents, though the meals were ample. We became

attached to that mess because my father had formed a close friendship with its commander, Captain "Mickey" Michaelis, the first Army officer I ever met. By massive coincidence, it was his son, John, who 36 years later at the Imperial Motel in Tokyo, introduced me to Cate, the mother of my three daughters.

Mickey Michaelis was a bon vivant, clubman, popular after-dinner speaker, more sought-after along the border than John J. Pershing who commanded at Fort Bliss. In his company, I first met Pershing when he dropped in on F Company to inspect the mess. Some days later came William F. Cody. The Regiment entertained him at night under a full moon. The troops drank beer. Buffalo Bill got tanked on rye whiskey. Holding his boots, I assisted Michaelis and my father in carting him off to the sack....

Pancho Villa—in person, not a motion picture—was just across the Rio Grande and the attraction was irresistible. Though it has galled me that most of my life this

pages—a stunning total of over 280,000 words. Cate Marshall and the editors at Presidio Press accomplished a sort of miracle in trimming this massive manuscript to publishable one-volume length, and in so doing, a great amount of fascinating material dropped, so to speak, on the cutting-room floor.

With Mrs. Marshall's permission, NOVA here presents some excerpts from the unpublished portion of the S.L.A. Marshall memoirs, in particular the late General's recollections of his early life in El Paso and his experiences at the old College of Mines.

The excerpts open when Sam Marshall's family has moved from Niles, California (where he appeared in several silent films of the Essanay Co., including three of Charlie Chaplin's two-reelers), to El Paso.



brute has been treated as a modern Robin Hood by the mythmakers, whereas he was in fact a low grade criminal with an eye for ground and charisma aplenty, he already fascinated me because of the colorful stuff that had been written of him by the war correspondent, John Reed. The urge to see him was over-powering. He was then in control of Northern Mexico, or to be exact, the State of Chihuahua, and most of his time he spent in Juarez.

Ciudad Juarez in the year of which I write (1915) has been depicted in Martin Luis Guzman's *The Eagle and the Serpent* as a chamber of horrors, sunk in slime, astench with evil, a cesspool of human misery, degradation and menace. But then Guzman, a revolutionary intellectual accustomed to life's goodies, saw Juarez for one day only wherein he had a rendezvous with Villa. Possibly his revulsion for Villa, whom he calls "a jaguar in human form," conditioned his reflexes from there on. Juarez at its worst was never as sinister and repellant as he makes it. Having visited there many more times than he in the same year, I find his musings as irrelevant as some of the descriptive passages in Hemingway. He writes of sinking deep in the mud of Juarez streets. There is not that much rainfall in the region and the soil is not that kind of mix. Real mud is as alien to El Paso-Juarez as ice floes and ptarmigan....

The Villistas were the first army I ever saw in movement—bandoliered and barefoot, loaded on flat cars, uniformed only in the sense that their once-white peon togs were about equally filthy. When the train was at rest the women squatted at the shoulder of the siding with their paniers doing the meal. With all their squalor they were somehow adorable. Maybe misery loves company because only company makes misery durable. Living on frioles and tortillas mainly, they were at times

Editor's Note: A public reception will be held on December 2, 1979, at the UT El Paso Library to mark the opening of the "S.L.A. Marshall Room"—the permanent home for the growing Marshall Military Collection (now over 5,000 book volumes alone in addition to the immensely valuable Marshall papers) and a place where researchers can use the Collection.

The reception of December 2 (2-4 p.m.) will also mark the release of General Marshall's posthumous memoirs, *Bringing Up the Rear*, edited by his wife, Cate Finerty Marshall, and published by Presidio Press of San Rafael, California.

The original manuscript of the Marshall memoirs (which is a part of the Marshall Collection at UT El Paso) runs 771 typewritten, double-spaced, legal-sized

unbelievably gay. The songs of Mexico are not sad songs; there is wonderful lift in the best of them. Always there were a few guitars or other instruments in the crowd. To hear the full-throated singing of *La Cucaracha*, *Zacatecas* or *Cuatro Milpas* by these ragamuffins was a great joy. I went many times to Juarez and at last convinced my parents that it was the thing for them to do.

The diversion to a sort of juvenile and romantic interest in a revolution that was within kissing distance probably did me no good. The war in Europe somehow faded into distance, though I had arrived in El Paso just after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, from which point on I rather vaguely believed that the United States must become involved, despite Woodrow Wilson. Peace demonstrations were as yet hardly a vogue anywhere in the country, and preparedness parades, which would later go very big in El Paso, hadn't gotten started. The city had its own form of isolation. It was sealed-in with the United States Army and face-to-face with a ferment that might spill over at any hour. There was little time left in which to hurt about Europe.

Fall, which is otherwise the best of seasons in West Texas, brought school, and for the first time I went alone. Alice [Sam's sister] had met an SP railroader, fallen in love and married. Joseph J. Willis had grown up in Kansas City, next door neighbor to a younger boy named Maxwell D. Taylor. The latter went to West Point and ultimately became Chief Military Adviser to John F. Kennedy and Chairman of the JCS. Our paths crossed a hundred times. My brother-in-law, Joe Willis, took off to be a soldier-of-fortune, served in the First Cuban Pacification campaign, and later was with Smedley Butler in Nicaragua and under Sun Yat Sen in the Chinese Revolution. None of his doings put stars in my eyes; he didn't talk about them....



SLAM in El Paso, 1974

To paraphrase what was said of Philip Nolan, no one ever had a better time in school and no one ever deserved it less. My father had brought me to the right place. The young El Pasoans with whom I immediately became associated were the strongest, gentlest and most generous teenagers one may ever meet. The city was tougher than nails and vice-ridden. Gun-fights were common. A far extended red light district was just one block off the main drag. The kids went the other way. They did not drink and they honored women. There was no delinquency problem in high school. But something of the community had rubbed off on them. The young males were far more masculine and mature than those I had known in California. The marks of already-formed, decisive character were in many more of them.

The atmosphere was too congenial, the opportunity to live-it-up decently was much too inviting to permit room for worry about marks in school. One of the great soldiers of the United States, Frank A. Ross, was graduating as I entered. Many years later he became Chief of Transportation of the European Theater, having taken on the largest logistical burden in world history. By then we were close friends and had adjoining apartments in the George V Hotel. On nights when we could relax, we would get together in his living room and he would play records from *The Chocolate Soldier*. Then he would ask: "Slam, did you ever know more beautiful girls than we knew in El Paso?" and he would begin ticking them off.

He didn't have to tell me; I already knew. The trouble is that Fats Ross, as we called him because he was so raillike, could keep his mind on several things at one time, whereas I could not. Early, Frank applied himself to studies. Dates and games—that is all I had on my mind. The world was much too beautiful....

The real power of the school [El Paso High] was Chris Fox, as I write one of the distinguished men of the Southwest, banker and former Sheriff of El Paso County, beloved in Washington for his services to the Army. Chris was nicknamed "General" by the student body. He monopolized every student office of consequence. My Spanish teacher was Ada Burke, a beautiful redhead, daughter of John Burke, then Treasurer of the United States, whose signature was on every \$1 bill. As a member of the Faculty-Student Council, Miss Burke decided that Fox had too much power. She proposed me as an opposition candidate in a few minor elections. I thought the lady was being very foolish. Still, I won and the school was not the better therefore.

Through two years I was as dillar-a-dollar a scholar as the school could boast. Of my teachers I remember too little. Miss Oldham in sophomore English made us buy the *Atlantic Monthly* so that we might expound on *Kitchener's Mob* and other war

stories. She was an aging spinster though not in any way soured by her frustrations, as are most such in the teaching business. Mrs. Jeanie Frank in junior English was a real powerhouse. A wholly roguish Scotswoman, she had control and respect. When I got out of line she would order me to come up and sit next her. Regularly she would say: "Well, Sam, you have kept fooling along. Tomorrow come examinations. Then we will see." I would answer: "Yes, Jeanie, we will see." She knew what I was doing, knew also that the morrow would not be too bad for me. Yet not once did she suggest that writing might be the business for me.

My record in history is more deplorable. I took two courses in my junior year and was flunked in both. So it was settled that I would never have a history credit to my name. Still, one of those failures paid big. Prof. Brown had sixteen boys in his class and one girl. About once a week he would excuse her to tell us an off-color story. He was all male. He used to say to us: "Forget about dates and personages. The object of studying history is that we may learn from its processes. Either we do, or we repeat our mistakes." That bit sunk in. I realized it must be true and I never forgot it. Either history had to be a living science or it was merely another amusement. When in the Central Pacific Theater I insisted we use it that way, using our data as the basis for correcting operations, that new departure in military thinking was a debt owed to Prof. Brown. He went into the aviation section, Signal Corps, right after war was declared in 1917, and became a flying major. When I was a private at Fort Sam Houston, he appeared on Sunday, and took me in hand, saying: "Officers and enlisted men are not supposed to appear together in public. So we take dinner at the most conspicuous place possible, the St. Anthony Hotel."....

Across the Rio Grande, the scene and cast had shifted rapidly soon after my first sighting of Pancho Villa. Out of the pack of self-seeking intellectuals and politicians along with brigands who had arisen to challenge Victoriano Huerta when that monster usurped power in Mexico City after murdering Francisco Madero, a sufficient number had finally rallied around Don Venustiano Carranza of Coahuila to semi-validate his claim as First Chief of the Revolution. His was a grotesque figure, theirs a lamentable choice, scarcely defensible even on the ground that a more promising alternative was lacking. Carranza was a walking fever, despotic in his conversation as in all else, more absolute than the pope, he was not more pleasant to look upon. Tall, ungainly and much bewhiskered, he had eyes that smalled behind tinted, thick-lensed glasses, making the face remote and flatly characterless. So came to the fore another of Mexico's mistakes. If it was impossible to think of Villa as the standard bearer of an elevated movement, it was not less so to

believe that this apparition could regenerate and unify a people as volcanic and fury-filled as were the Mexicans in revolution.

Main change came about because for the time being, one good general, a superior hand at staging battle, Alvaro Obregon, a rancher from Sonora, backed Carranza for the time being. In one engagement after another, he whipped Villa, took over all main bases in Chihuahua and drove Pancho back to the mountains, once again a fugitive and a brigand, endlessly embittered against the United States because Woodrow Wilson, in recognizing Carranza, had embargoed arms to Villa.

Since this is not a history of the Mexican Revolution, Villa's smaller acts of vengeance and the reaction in El Paso will go unnoted. One incident stands salient and is worth the telling. The El Paso County Jail also housed federal prisoners and included in the roster were several dozen of Villa's soldiers, picked up by immigration while trying to make a sneak entry. Typhus had broken out in Chihuahua. To safeguard the public health, the county jailer, Frank Scotten, proceeded to delouse the prisoners, using gasoline. With twenty of them or so collected, standing naked and well sprayed, someone struck a match. They all blazed and died human torches, including a number of Villistas, in a scene fit for the pen of Edgar Allen Poe.

El Pasoans reacted horror-stricken. But when a few days later, Villa's raid hit Columbus, N.M., the people in my city concluded that it was an act of reprisal for the burning of the Villistas. (There is no reference to this incident in any history of the raid.) The mood changed wholly. I was downtown that night. For the first time in my life I saw the terrible face of the mob, hundreds of Americans pummeling and pistol-whipping helpless Mexicans. Many of the mob were bestially drunk, floundering about on the sidewalks or dragging their hardly resistant victims into darkened alleys, they seemed to have renounced their quality as human beings by the act of coming together. The only sounds that came from this writhing mass were thuds, screams and curses. When I tried to walk away from what I saw, the echo stayed with me, there to remain.

The raid changed many things. National Guardsmen descended on El Paso by the thousands. The old regiments marched away under Pershing on a forlorn and hopeless errand for which they were ill-prepared. Because their fathers owned ranches in the region and they knew it well, two of my classmates, Cecil Boyd and William McClure, were taken on as first scouts by the Punitive Expedition. I went to Columbus seeking a job as a trucker, but after one trial run to Colonia Dublan as an assistant, was turned back because I was too small a punker.

Months later a real war came to the United States. By then the Expedition had returned still under the hand of a commander burning with ambition to lead any



Lt. Sam Marshall, returned home from France, 1919.

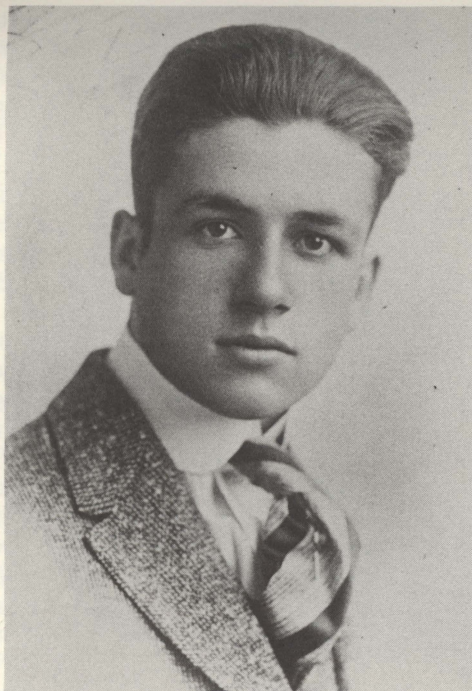
force that we might send to France. Pershing's statement that he did not seek the command of the AEF is pure fiction.

James Montgomery Flagg had done a poster portrait of Uncle Sam for the recruiters. The message was that the old chap wanted me for the United States Army. At least I took it that personally and since the poster seemed to be on every street corner there was no way to get it behind me.

So I took the soft way out, held up my right hand and mumbled the oath, and that was that. Mother and father were quite willing. Before quitting home I disposed of all my clothing and other main possessions, figuring my future would have no call for them.

One final footnote: As Assistant Editor of the high school paper, *The Tatler*, I had interviewed Sergeant Wilber M. Brucker of the Michigan National Guard. Forty-four years later when I was formally retired from the Army with the reading of the orders and the awarding of another decoration in a Pentagon ceremony, the man who pinned the medal and stood beside me at the Fort Myer parade was my old friend, Army Secretary Wilber M. Brucker....

The time was mid-October, 1919. I was back in El Paso and on the football squad at Texas College of Mines, now The University of Texas at El Paso. No school aspiring to compete in college sport was ever more starved for manpower. If on



Sam, 1916.

counting off we could get up to eleven, we knew that we could field a football team in an era when the word "Platoon" had only a military meaning.

Mines had played New Mexico University and the Aggies from Las Cruces, been slaughtered by the first and roughed-up by the second. We lacked class as well as depth. New Mexico had a backfield of Mann Brothers fresh returned from the Navy—two, three, possibly ten of them, so it seemed. The experience was as being flattened by a steamroller, the final score, 55 to 0. I had figured as a seldom-used end, our coach, Tom Dwyer, after giving me the eye, figuring I was too light for football. He wasn't far wrong.

Then, due to the crumbling of the cookies, Tommy had to make me respectable. We lost two quarterbacks two weeks running. Preston Perrenot had a leg broken in a tackle. Grady Weeks, while on a melon-stealing lark with members of the team in the Rio Grande Valley below El Paso, was shot through the heart with a .30-.30 by a Mexican farmer.

At practice on Monday I found myself named quarterback, with no understudy. It was a position I never coveted, though I could manage it routinely. My objection to it was that I do not like to call my own number in a hot spot even when I know that it should be done.

Our Saturday game was against the Buff-and-Yellow, an all-star Army team from the Border captained by Major Bill Neyland, an ex-All-American and afterwards for many years coach and athletic director at the University of Tennessee. Neyland and I started even on two counts only: we were opposing quarterbacks and we had both been gassed with phosgene.

Neyland kicked off. I received. On the 37-yard line I was hit from opposite sides by Neyland and a giant tackle, Boslego. They had both left their feet in flying

tackles. I tried to hurdle. In consequence, while they failed to lay hands on me, as they collided, they hit me under the heels and spun me in the air. I landed hard on my right shoulder, separating the two bones and also cracking the scapula.

Because the Mines had no one to send in for me, I played the remaining 59-plus minutes as quarterback. I was not aware that the shoulder was broken; I thought it was a simple dislocation. I could still run with the ball without great discomfort, and of six passes attempted, I completed four. These things didn't bother me. It was when I had to block and my right elbow hit earth that the shock seemed to carry right up to my brain.

We won, 20 to 7.

We had a trainer, one Doc Wells. He must have been a horse doctor or something like that. At game's end, he spent thirty minutes working me over, trying to re-knit what he thought was a simple dislocation. When at last I escaped from his hands and an M.D. put my upper arm in plaster, I knew it was too late and I would never play football again.

Now I go back. I had returned from France with my black company in mid-September. The Army kept me on duty at Fort Bliss for maybe 10 days and being for the only time in my life a dashing-looking soldier, I sported the town.

The offer of a chance at permanent commission was unattractive. School was on my mind, though I had no more money for it than did my parents, owing to my falling for the fancy-pants gambler while aboard the transport home. I had landed in El Paso with just enough money to buy a copy of John Masefield's *Gallipoli* that I saw in a bookstore window, leaving nothing for street car fare. Thus was begun my military library and therefore I walked the four miles home.

There was no GI bill for returned soldiers in 1919. The weary trooper home at last got absolutely nothing. But if he had not completed high school, and had become too aged from the wars to return thereto with any dignity, and especially if he had been an officer, college would admit the poor benighted bloke. In no other way might the pearly gates have become opened to me.

Simply to get a reading of these prospects, I had visited the high school my second day home. I was saddled and bridled, a rifle looie wearing a Sam Browne and Russian horsehide cavalry boots, bought in France from a Cossack captain who was running out of funds with which to stable a blonde. It was very dashing....

The football fadeout gave me the first big belt. My arm and shoulder were five weeks in a cast. By early December, I was free of the strapping but could only raise my arm to shoulder level. I resumed exercise mainly because I knew that regaining full use of the arm would take a long time, though I didn't guess that ten years would pass before I

could use it freely.

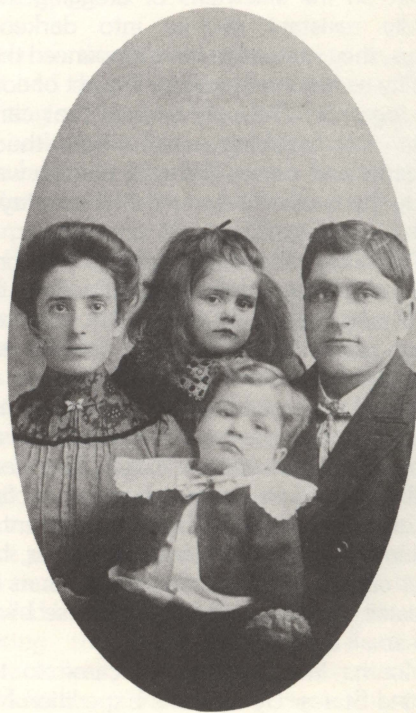
Basketball season came on. Again, we could muster about half a squad, though all were ex-officers. We didn't even have a gym, so we used the El Paso Y.M.C.A. for practice. New Mexico Aggies had gotten away to a good start and won two conference games, whereas we hadn't even played.

So we looked like their pigeon. No starter, I was hardly more than a bench ornament. The running guard for Mines was Bill Loosie from Bisbee. In the first two minutes of the game at the "Y" our team ran up a score of 11 to 0, due largely to the spectacular play of one brilliant forward, Bill Race.

The Aggies panicked. On the next play, a jumpoff between their giant center and Loosie, the New Mexican reached for the ball with one hand and with the other socked Loosie on the button, knocking him cold. The galleries booed, and though Loosie was carried to the sidelines, the referee missed the punch.

I went in for Loosie. On the next play—the jumpoff repeated—the big oaf sloughed me with his left as I jumped with my left for the ball. That did it. I was knocked flat, my jaw dislocated. The crowd swarmed onto the court swinging fists and chairs. Police were called to quell the riot and the game was forfeited by the referee to the visitors.

Though I can claim no other record in sport, this one ought to stand—the shortest basketball career in college history. It must have lasted all of one-tenth of a second. For when I went down, I said to myself: "To hell with sports and to hell with school. I'm getting out of here." And I quit without one solid credit to my name. The fact that in 1950 the College named me its outstanding alumnus—the first person so chosen—is one of those ah sweet mysteries of life....□



Young Sam with sister Alice, mother and father—Alice and Caleb, about 1903.



Alumnotes by Sue Wimberly

Physics Professor Emeritus Oscar H. McMahan has shared with NOVA some of his correspondence from former students. The news was provided in answer to his query to graduates on what they have done since their graduation from UT El Paso, and what undergraduate experiences they considered beneficial and helpful to them in their work as physicists. The following items were excerpted from several replies he received.

Aaron P. Sanders, Ph.D., (B.S. '50) is professor of radiology and director of the Division of Radiobiology, Duke University Medical Center. Upon graduation from then Texas Western College, he was accepted into an Atomic Energy Commission fellowship program in radiological physics in Rochester, New York, then went on to Brookhaven National Laboratory as associate health physicist, working on nuclear reactors and radiation safety. During this time he completed his thesis for a Master's degree, moved to North Carolina in 1953 to pursue graduate studies, and helped in the construction of the first nuclear reactor built outside the jurisdiction of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. He accepted a position at Duke University Medical Center to develop a medical radioisotope laboratory, and was director of this facility for the next 12 years. He spent 1958-59 in Argentina on a Fulbright lectureship in radiological physics at the Instituto de Fisica. Returning to the University of North Carolina, he completed a four-and-a-half-year program and received his doctorate in physiology, and with the development of his research in this field, was named director of the Division of Radiobiology. Dr. Sanders wrote, "I obviously consider my four years at Texas Western extremely valuable. The important feature was that—with the relatively small number of students who majored in physics or mathematics—those of us who attended during '46-'50 were very lucky in that we had close personal contact with the professors who taught our courses."

Donald McCarty (B.S. '58) became a group leader in the Space Antenna Systems Department of Hughes Aircraft Space and Communications Group, El Segundo, California. He writes, "Here I have been blessed with being at the forefront of space communications technology." He adds, "I have always felt that the basic fundamental physics background that I received at Texas Western was the foundation on which I built the practical and technical know-how which I now possess...I feel very fortunate that an interest in physics was generated at Texas Western those many years ago."

Francine Cardillo Case (B.S. '63) obtained her M.S. in physics from Vanderbilt University in 1965 and is now working toward her doctorate at TCU. She is the mother of four daughters, ages six through 13. She writes, "One of the most rewarding aspects of my undergraduate education at Texas Western College was the personal attention and encouragement I received as a student in physics."

Ray Slowinski (B.S. '60), born and reared in Boston, entered TWC in 1957 immediately after his service in the Air Force, studying under the G.I. bill, and today is a senior staff engineer in the Advanced Manufacturing Technology Group of Motorola Communications Division at Fort Lauderdale. He was on the technical staff of Autonetics in 1960, and holds international patents for his method of packaging liquid crystal display device and associated processes, and was instrumental in developing the manufacturing processes for producing the displays employed in calculators. His wife is the former **Janet Bertrand (B.S. '57)**.

Donald B. Sullivan (B.A. '61) received his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in physics from Vanderbilt University in 1963 and 1965. After two years of military service, he was awarded a postdoctoral research fellowship for further work at the National Bureau of Standards in Boulder. Since 1969 he has been a staff member of the cryoelectronics section of the NBS Cryogenics Division, working on applications of superconductivity to electrical measurement problems. He writes, "I feel that the small classes with strong interactions between student and teacher were another major advantage of my years at TWC. The encouragement to pursue graduate study was a pivotal point in my life." He is married to the former **Pat McNamare (1957, etc.)**.

Ray Gilley (B.S. '64) has been employed at Amoco Production Company in Denver since graduation. He

is project geophysicist in computer processing and interpretation of seismic data in oil exploration. He says, "The coursework I took in undergraduate physics has given me a broad base in classical physics which has been invaluable in my applied field of endeavor."

Our thanks to Prof. McMahan for sharing his interest in his former students, their achievements and their continuing interest in UT El Paso.

CLASSES OF 1924-1949:

Webster J. Tharp (B.S. '24) is ranching in Gonzales County, Texas, and spends the winter months in McAllen.

Charles C. "Buddy" Dunn Jr. (1933 etc.) has been named to the board of directors of Franklin National Bank in El Paso. He is president of Dunn Electric Company.

Robert T. Mitcham (B.S. '40) wrote to advise NOVA of the death of his twin brother, Thomas W. Mitcham, who received his degree in Geological Sciences in 1939. (See Deaths.) Robert is chief of the Division of Mining, National Park Service, Death Valley Monument, a position he has held for the past seven years.

William D. Calderhead (B.A. '41) has been appointed vice president for management and contracts of Meridian House International in Washington, D.C. He is a retired career foreign service officer, having served in Spain, Costa Rica, Guatemala and Ecuador. He also served as counselor for administration at the embassy in London, and as executive counselor in Mexico City. He served in the Department of State as executive director of the Medical Division from 1963-65 and as foreign service inspector from 1965-67, and at the time of his retirement, he was the executive director of the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs.

Jane Downey Spencer (B.B.A. '42) and her husband Kenneth make their home in Redding, California. She has retired from teaching.

William C. Collins (B.A. '43) has been elected president of the El Paso Bar Association, taking office in May. He was president of the UT El Paso Exes in 1957-58.

Robert P. King (1946 etc.) is employed at White Sands Missile Range in the Data Reduction Division and resides in Alamogordo.

Robert A. Richter (B.A. '48) retired in 1976 after 27 years with the Long Island Railroad. The Richters now live in Port Charlotte, Florida.

Charles Graves (B.B.A. '48) and **Frances Bell Graves (B.A. '49)** reside in Phoenix. He is president of the Western Tire Company.

CLASSES OF 1950-55:

Ledford F. Beard (B.B.A. '50) has been named corporate secretary of The Circle K Corporation. He lives in El Paso.

Daniel Foster, M.D., (B.A. '51) is a professor at the UT Southwestern Medical School, Dallas. His wife is the former **Dorothy Skinner (B.A. '54)**.

Julietta Grado (B.S. '52), who is employed as clinical chemist with Dutton Laboratory in El Paso, has been elected president of Charter Chapter of the American Business Women's Association.

Ed Asmir (B.A. '53; M.A. '55) sends a note from Brindisi, Italy, where he has been teaching at American School. He has taught for the Department of Defense Overseas School System for the past 14 years and has received a new assignment to Keflavik, Iceland, as head of the art department. His assignments have taken him to Tokyo, Stuttgart, Karamursel, Turkey, and Brindisi.

Alice Spencer Hardin (B.A. '53) and her husband **Mike O. Hardin (B.A. 1949; M.A. 1954)** make their home in New York City where he is employed at the Museum of Modern Art. Their daughter Patricia Jean does publicity art work for the San Francisco Arabesque Ballet.

Cecelia Sada (B.S. '54) has received her M.S. in human genetics from Sarah Lawrence College.

CLASSES OF 1956-1959:

Jon L. Davis (1957 etc.) is a partner in Davis & Whelchel, Architectural Engineers, in El Paso.

Doris Jane Hurt Brown (B.A. '54) is tennis coach

and head of the girls' physical education department at Parkland High School, El Paso.

Shirleen Sharpley Becker (B.A. '56) teaches speech and drama at El Paso High.

Stan S. McCallick (B.A. '58) is chief, Operations and Control Division, USACC, at White Sands Missile Range.

James E. Spier, M.D. (B.A. '59) practices as a specialist in ear, nose and throat in El Paso. He and his wife, the former **Anne Blaugrund (B.S. '61)**, are the parents of three children.

CLASSES OF 1960-1965:

David M. Buring, M.D. (B.A. '61) is in private practice in Denison, Texas. He and his wife are parents of three sons.

William Dillon (B.A. '61) is the owner of Sun City Coin and Stamp Company in El Paso.

Peggy Sinclair Haan (B.S. '62) is a second grade teacher at Edgar Park School in El Paso.

Judy Nelson Mammel (B.S. '63) and her husband **Don R. Mammel (B.S. '65)** teach school in El Paso. Judy has completed 16 years as a fourth grade teacher at Cedar Grove. Don has completed 13 years at South Loop School.

Marshall Meece (B.S. '63) and his wife, the former **Sharon Street (B.S. '62)**, live in Missouri City, Texas. Marshall is assistant office manager for Merrill Lynch in Houston.

Abraham S. Ponce (B.A. '63; M.A. '67) lives in Arlington, Texas, and is branch chief, Arkansas/New Mexico Community Services Administration, Region VI, in Dallas.

Myrna Paredes Albin (B.S. '63) and her husband Dr. Richard W. Albin, make their home in El Paso. Dr. Albin is the director of the Religion Department at the University.

Mayda Nel Strong Ph.D., (B.A. '63) has accepted the position of director of Outpatient and Emergency Services, Southwestern Colorado Family Guidance and Mental Health Center, Inc., in La Junta, Colorado. She received her M.Ed. in 1972 in School Counseling and her Ph.D. in 1978 in Counseling Psychology from UT Austin. She and her husband Ron are parents of two sons.

Frank R. Sanchez (B.S. '63), who received his MBA at the University of Washington in June, 1978, recently accepted the position of program manager for Sunstrand Data Control in Redmond, Washington. He makes his home in Seattle.

Vicente Fresquez (B.S. '64) is site manager for the White Sands High Energy Laser Remote Test Facility. He and his wife Beth are parents of one son and live in El Paso.

Paul E. Krupp, D.D.S., (B.A. '64) was elected president of the El Paso District Dental Society in May.

Elmer Russell (M.S. '65), assistant superintendent for personnel for the El Paso Independent School District, has been granted a two-year leave of absence to participate in the Cooperative Superintendency Program at UT Austin.

John Morrison (B.A. '65) was named president of the El Paso chapter of the Texas Society of Professional Engineers. He is vice president of Fouts Langford Gomez Moore.

Nolan Richardson (B.S. '65), coach at Western Texas College in Snyder, Texas, was named Texas' Junior College Coach of the Year. He was honored as Coach of the Year for Region V of the National Junior College Athletic Association and also Coach of the Year for the NJCC Western Conference, both honors coming for the second consecutive year. He was formerly coach at Bowie High School in El Paso.

Robert T. Williamson (B.A. '65) and his wife Nancy made a visit to the campus and the NOVA office this summer. Bob is a sales engineer with Tektronix in Louisville, Kentucky. They are parents of two sons.

CLASSES OF 1966-1969:

William Massello Jr., COL/USA, ret., (M.A. '66) has been elected president of the El Paso Retired Teachers Association. He is a graduate of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, and upon retirement from the Army, taught at Irvin High School for 12 years. He retired from teaching in 1975.

David F. Briones, M.D., (B.A. '67) associate chair-

man of the Department of Psychiatry, Texas Tech University Regional Academic Health Center in El Paso, has been appointed to serve as a member of the Community Processes and Social Policy Review Committee of the National Institute of Mental Health, Department of Health, Education and Welfare. He received his M.D. degree from the University of Texas Medical Branch, Galveston.

Francis S. Hoy (B.B.A. '67) received his Ph.D. in management at Texas A&M in May, having completed his MBA at West Texas State University in 1970. He lives in Athens, Georgia.

Raymond O. Mergenthal (B.A. '67; M.Ed. '71) is an education specialist for the Instructional Program Development Department, Naval Education and Training Center (Pacific), in San Diego.

Abel Aldaz (B.A. '67) is a personnel supervisor, staffing specialist, at the Oklahoma City Air Logistics Center. His wife **Elvira Perez Aldaz** (1964 etc.) also is the owner and director of a pre-school, graduated with honors from Central State University, Oklahoma, in 1975.

Eugene S. Isert, LCDR/USN, (B.S. '67) is a company officer at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. He received an MSA in Personnel Management from George Washington University in April.

Lester L. Parker (B.B.A. '67; M.B.A. '75) is president of the First City Bank—West, in El Paso.

Tom Bergquist (B.B.A. '67) and his wife, the former **Stephanie Baker** (B.A. '67) have recently moved to New Braunfels, Texas. Tom is a sales representative for Sandoz Pharmaceutical in the San Antonio/Victoria area, and Stephanie is an elementary teacher. They are parents of two sons.

Manuel A. Enriquez (B.S. '67) is a project engineer with the U.S. Federal Service. He and his wife Maria have three children and live in Citrus Heights, California.

Roger G. Dickson (B.S. '68) has been appointed a product sales manager for Celanese Chemical Company, Inc., in Dallas. The Dicksons are parents of four children.

Kenneth L. Hamilton (B.A. '68), a resident of Sugarland, Texas, was recently promoted to tax manager of Price Waterhouse & Company.

Jose R. Montes (B.B.A. '68) is a Certified Public Accountant practicing in Encinitas. He and his wife Jacque are parents of two children and are residents of Carlsbad, California.

Robert G. Damron (B.A. '68) has recently moved to Levelland, Texas. He is production accountant with Petro-Lewis Corporation.

Richard W. Morris (B.S. '68) is a geologist with the U.S. Bureau of Mines, Western Field Operations Center in Spokane, where he is working on mineral resource studies in wilderness areas.

Patrick B. Wieland (B.S. '68), a realtor in El Paso, has been accredited as a member of the Farm and Land Institute of the National Association of Realtors.

Anne Marie Walsh Rogers (B.S. '68) holds the position of Chief, Programming Division, Directorate of Data Automation, with the U.S. Air Force in Anchorage. She is also a part-time instructor at the University of Alaska/Anchorage.

James R. Niemeier (B.B.A. '69) is the owner of J.R. Niemeier Company, in El Paso, importer of building materials. The Niemeiers are parents of three children.

Fannalou Guggisberg (B.A. '69; M.A. '71) has been promoted to the rank of Captain/USAF. She is serving at the U.S. Air Force Academy, Colorado, as an instructor of English.

Richard P. Mesa (B.A. '69) is an assistant U.S. Attorney, Western District in El Paso.

Arthur S. Metcalfe (B.S. '69) and **Marie Soltner Metcalfe** (B.S. '40) live in El Paso. Their daughter **Katheryn Metcalfe Pearsall** (B.S. '71) and her husband Von are in Austin where he is an engineer with IBM.

Joe W. Snavely, D.D.S., (B.S. '69) who completed two years in the U.S. Navy Corps in 1978, is in private practice in Pasadena, Texas.

Terry Finton (B.S. '69; M.Ed. '73) and **Nancy Dralle Finton** (B.S. '73) have moved from Yuma to Ridgecrest, California, where he is a meteorological engineer with Kentron International at China Lake Naval Weapons Center. Nancy's position with the Community Development Program for the City of Yuma has been filled by **Maria Morales** (B.S. '72).

CLASSES OF 1970-1975;

John Mark Friedmann (B.A. '70; M.Ed. '78) was appointed administrator of the El Paso Rehabilitation Center in February.

Martha C. Watkins (B.S. '70), who has been a teacher at Irvin High School in El Paso since 1970, is now working on her Master's degree at UT El Paso.

J. Louise Bean Sennett (B.S. '70), a former stewardess with Pan American World Airways, her husband Stuart and two children are living in Albuquerque.

Jose Rocha (B.B.A. '70) is comptroller of Project BRAVO, Inc. in El Paso.

Ricardo Rios (B.B.A. '70) and **Renee Rios** (B.A. '66) live in El Paso where he is branch manager for Epler Guerin & Turner.

Al B. Tucker (M.Ed. '70) is at Texas Tech working toward the degree of Doctor of Higher Education.

Shirley Lubianski (B.S. '70; M.S. '73), also studying at Texas Tech, was the recipient of the Helen DeVitt Jones Leadership Fellows Doctoral Program Award. The fellowship, awarded annually on an internationally competitive basis, represents high achievement in scholarship, leadership and educational endeavor. Her doctoral work will be in higher education and curriculum and instruction.

Gilbert Gil (M.S. '70) has been appointed superintendent of the Canutillo Independent School District. He was formerly superintendent in Benavides, Texas.

Garry W. Warren (B.S. '70), has received his Ph.D. in metallurgy at the University of Utah.

Mike Pemberton (B.A. '70), former sportswriter for the El Paso *Herald-Post*, has been named business manager of the *Dickson County Herald*, Dickson, Tennessee.

Ivonne Heras, Ph.D., (B.A. '70) is a child psychologist in Anchorage, Alaska. She is married to Dr. Stevan Hobfall. They are parents of a son, Ari.

Carol Sterling (B.S. '71) is assistant librarian at Riverside High in El Paso and is working on her M.A. in technical writing. She and her husband Jim are owners of Orchids Unlimited.

Lionel M. Jacques, D.D.S., (B.S. '71) is practicing dentistry in Houston.

John Anthony Kenny (B.B.A. '71) completed his M.A. in the Ball State University/U.S. Air Force-sponsored graduate studies in Europe, receiving his diploma at Vegelweh, Germany.

Kent Myers (B.B.A. '71) has been promoted to vice president of marketing for the Winter Park Recreational Association, Winter Park, Colorado. He has been a ski instructor in New Mexico, Colorado and New Zealand and property manager for the Cooper Mountain Resort, Colorado.

Francis P. Smith III (B.A. '71) is a science teacher

and assistant football and track coach at Lexington High School, Lexington, Texas.

Mary Gay Fairchild (B.A. '71) is administrator of the Baylor-Methodist Lipid Research Clinic in Houston. She was in public relations work with the Houston Oilers for four years previous to her new position.

Al Mendez (B.A. '72) is director of bands at Andrews High School in El Paso. He received his M.A. from Long Island University and from 1972-75 was a member of the U.S. Military Academy Band, West Point.

Lucio G. Valdez (B.B.A. '72) and his family live in Corpus Christi where he is sales manager for Xerox Corporation, South Texas Region.

Bill Branch (B.A. '72) is a supervisor of Services for the Aged, Blind and Disabled with the Department of Human Resources in El Paso.

Cesar Caballero (B.B.A. '72) is head of Special Collections and Archives at the UT El Paso Library, and also a member of the board of directors of the El Paso Public Library.

Adolfo Quijano Jr. (B.B.A. '72) has been practicing law in El Paso for the past three years.

Peter Timothy Perretta, M.D., (B.A. '72) received his professional degree at the UT Health Science Center at San Antonio in June.

Kent Stalker (B.M. '73) appeared in April as clarinet soloist in a benefit concert for the Music Department Library. He was assisted by a 22-piece chamber orchestra of faculty and alumni, soprano soloist **Irma Portillo** (B.M. '69) and Robert Bledsoe of the English Department faculty. For several years Kent was general manager for the El Paso Symphony and music director for the campus public radio station KTEP-FM.

Stephen F. Balough (B.S. '73) and **Christina Reyna Balough** (B.S. '72) reside in Midland. Steve is an exploration geophysicist for Gulf Oil, and Christina is secretary to the district manager of Pennzoil.

Clifford Leon Whetten (M.Ed. '73) received a Ph.D. in educational administration at Texas A&M in May.

Josefina Villamil Tinjero (B.S. '73; M.S. '76) has enrolled in the Bilingual Education Doctoral Program at Texas A&M on a one-year fellowship awarded by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

James L. Stowe (B.A. '73; M.A. '78), whose novel, *Winter Stalk*, was published by Simon and Schuster in June (NOVA, September 1978), has sold the motion picture rights to Universal Pictures. The story was written as a thesis requirement for his M.A. in English.

Ramon A. Borrego (B.S. '73) has been named Regional Parole Officer of the Year by the Texas Board of Pardons and Paroles.

Samuel J. Calvillo (B.S. '73) is a customer requirements engineer with Boeing Aerospace in Houston.

Richard G. Lyon, D.D.S., (B.S. '73) received his professional degree from UT Health Science Center in San Antonio in May, and is in private practice in El Paso. His wife is the former **Susan Arnold** (B.S. '73).

John W. Winston Jr. (M.S. '74) is in charge of dosimetry at the El Paso Cancer Treatment Center.

Anis S. Bhagat (B.S. '74) is an electrical engineering manager with Mira-Pak, Inc., in Houston.

Michael Gonzales (B.S. '74), who is with Heublein, has been promoted to district sales manager for West Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona.

John Fuller (B.B.A. '74; M.Ed. '76) has been named program coordinator of Crisis Services of the El Paso Center for Mental Health and Mental Retardation.

John S. Henry, Capt./USAF, (B.S. '74) graduated in May from the Strategic Air Command's missile combat readiness training course at Vandenberg AFB. He is now in training at Whiteman AFB, Missouri.

Robert J. Moreno (B.A. '74) has received a six months assignment in India as an international representative with Campus Crusade for Christ International. For the past three years he has worked at the headquarters of Campus Crusade in San Bernardino.

Eugenio A. Aguilar III M.D., (B.S. '74) received his doctor of medicine degree from Texas Tech University School of Medicine in June.

Charles Niziol, M.D. (B.S. '75) graduated from the University of Texas Medical Branch at Galveston in May. He plans a family practice residency at John Seely Hospital in Galveston.

Glen M. Calabrese, D.O., (B.A. '75) has received his doctor of osteopathy degree from North Texas State University Health Sciences Center/Texas College of Osteopathic Medicine.

Sanford A. Grodin (B.A. '75) has been accepted into the management development program at Levi Strauss & Co.

New Address?

New Address

Old Address

Name _____

Number & Street _____ Apt. Number _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Year Graduated, attended _____

Mail to: Development Office, U.T. E. Paso, El Paso, Texas 79968

Ed Huskinson Jr. (M.S. '75) is a drilling coordinator for Exxon Minerals in Denver.

Cecilia Tinajero (B.A. '75; M.A. '78), a speech therapist at East Point Elementary School, in El Paso, was married on June 9 to **Ignacio Lujan** (B.S. '72; M.S. '75). They are residing in College Station where Ignacio is working toward a doctorate in physics.

Arthur J. Reinhart III, D.D.S., (B.S. '75) and **Michael Philip Hill**, D.D.S., (B.S. '75) received their professional degrees from the UT Health Science Center at San Antonio in May.

CLASSES OF 1976-78:

Dennis J. Pugh (B.S. '76) is a management consultant for Ernst & Whinney in Dallas.

Louis Brown (B.S. '76) is director of engineering for KIII-TV in Corpus Christi. He and his wife, **Dallas Ann Brown** (B.A. '68; M.A. '72), former KDBC-TV reporter, are parents of two young sons.

Gilbert A. Rodriguez, 1st Lt./USMC, (B.A. '76) is assigned to the 1st Battalion, 11th Marines at Camp Pendleton.

Arturo Cervantes, 1st Lt./USA, (B.A. '76) was presented the Commendation Medal by the Department of the Army. He has been reassigned from Fort Sill to the District Recruiting Command Headquarters in Dallas as assistant operations/marketing officer, and is also working toward his M.B.A. at SMU.

David S. Gonzalez (B.A. '76) is a claims/field representative for the Social Security Administration in Odessa.

Terry L. Obermiller, Major/USA, (M.A. '76) is stationed at Reese Air Force Base, Texas, as a flight training instructor.

Eric Lee Markowitz (B.B.A. '76), selected an Outstanding Young Man of America for 1979, is pro-

duction center unit manager for ARA Services of Tulsa, an international hot food firm which supplies banks, hospitals, and nutritional programs for the elderly. He and his fiancée, Barbara Stone, plan an August wedding in Massachusetts.

Gene E. Walker Jr., M.D., (B.S. '76) received his professional degree from UT Medical School in Houston. He will enter residency in internal medicine at Herman Hospital, Houston.

Roberto A. Duran (B.S. '76) is an assistant city attorney in El Paso. He received his law degree from UT Austin in December.

Cindy A. Varela (B.S. '76) has been presented the J.M. Price Scholarship Award at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary.

Michael W. Morgan, Ens./USN, (B.S. '77) was commissioned in his present rank upon graduation from Officer Candidate School in Newport, Rhode Island.

Fred R. Diaz (B.S. '77) is employed by National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration in Norfolk, Virginia.

Cesar M. Rodarte, D.O., (B.S. '77) received his professional degree from the College of Osteopathic Medicine and Surgery in Des Moines and will serve his internship at Kansas City College of Osteopathic Medicine in Kansas City, Missouri.

J.A. Torres II (B.A. '78) is director of public relations for the American Red Cross in El Paso.

Theodore S. Dunkle, 2nd Lt./USAF, (B.S. '78) received his commission upon graduation from Officer Training School at Lackland AFB, and is assigned to Holloman AFB for training as an electrical engineer.

Lynne Niemiec (B.S. '78) is attending UT Austin and working toward her second bachelor's degree in journalism. She is employed as a student assistant in the sports information office.

(from page 7)

In recent years, an increasing number of representatives from other universities have visited our program to get ideas for similar programs of their own. Last spring the directors of a tutoring program at a university in Colorado visited us. Wanting to improve their own tutorial services, they were visiting several universities to find a program they could use as a model. They selected ours, and we will travel to their institution this fall to help them train their tutors and develop their program.

Tutorial programs and special study skills classes will, I am convinced, be a permanent part of universities for some time to come. Even if all of the bugaboos presently blamed for lowering the quality of education suddenly vanished—that is, if children stopped or nearly stopped watching television, the public schools suddenly “did their job,” and all parents supplemented school instruction at home—if all these miracles suddenly occurred, there would still be a need for study skills classes and tutoring services for several reasons.

University education is not now so exclusive as it once was. Students no longer represent only the top percentages of their high school classes. Many people, who once would have entered the job market after high school, now seek a university education first. Add to this the necessity that university education keep pace with technology and the changing patterns and values in society or else relinquish its responsibilities to other institutions, and one begins to understand some of the challenges that face higher education. I regard it an ominous sign that industry now finds it necessary to complete the educations of many new university hirees. Spring before last, our office polled the recruiters who were visiting UT El Paso to interview graduating seniors and discovered that many of their companies were providing writing courses for their employees. When a university sends out underprepared graduates, other institutions must step in and finish the job.

To regard higher education now is to regard not only a broader spectrum of students and a quicker pace, but also economic pressures that force students to work while attending school. Student study time becomes short; yet there is much to be learned.

Tutor and study skills instructors fit into the modern university scheme of things. They show students how to make the best use of their study time, how to set their priorities, how to solve their study problems effectively and efficiently. They bolster motivation and confidence. And, finally, like the little girl with the pigtails who helped the red-headed boy with freckles in the one-room school, they clarify and explain those difficult problems and concepts that seemed too complicated when they were first presented in the classroom. □

Deaths

Thomas W. Mitcham (B.S. 1939), widely-known economic geologist, June 9, in Tucson. Upon graduation from UT El Paso, Mr. Mitcham began his career as a mucker at Phelps Dodge Corporation in Bisbee. During World War II he served as an engineering officer in the U.S. Navy, and upon discharge from the service, joined ASARCO in exploration. In 1951 he completed both his M.S. and Ph.D. degrees in geology at Columbia University. From 1953 to 1955 he served as assistant chief of the geologic branch of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission in Grand Junction, Colorado, directing uranium exploration in northern Arizona and New Mexico, later becoming exploration manager for International Ranwick. He was a consulting geologist in Tucson and Flagstaff at various times, and in the 1960s served as chief of geologic research for Kennecott Copper Corporation. He is survived by his wife Ches, one son and five daughters; a sister, Mrs. Betty Miner, and his twin brother, Robert T. Mitcham (B.S. 1941) of Death Valley.

Norma Connor Magnuson, instructor in Drama and Speech at the University from 1966-68, in Pecos, Texas, February 23. A 1934 graduate of Millikin University, she taught at Decatur, Illinois, High School until her retirement in 1960, and was active in theater groups in Decatur and El Paso. Survivors include a son, John P. Magnuson of Delhi, New York, and a daughter, Mrs. Julia M. Crouch of Pecos.

Nettie Bee Page (M.A. 1952), in El Paso, April 22. She retired after 35 years with El Paso Independent School District and was principal of Bliss School. Survivors include her mother, her husband, L.O. Page, and one son.

Frank J. “Troca” Garcia (B.A. 1951), in El Paso, May 6. He had been employed by the City of El Paso for 25 years. Survivors are his widow, five brothers and two sisters.

W. Sheley Warnock (1961 etc.), May 7, in El Paso. Retired from the El Paso National Bank, he was a past board member of the El Paso Chapter of the American Red Cross and the Community Chest. He is survived by his widow, Catherine, a daughter and three sons.

Alfred Harry Anderson Sr. (B.M. 1958; M.Ed. 1968), in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, May 23. He is survived by two daughters and a son.

Fredrick N. Ward (1926 etc.), in El Paso, May 24. A 1932 graduate of Kelly Field Advance School of Flying, he was a command pilot with Trans World Airlines for over 35 years, helping to establish airline routes through Africa and the Middle East. He is survived by his widow and a brother.

Charles Edward Gould Sr. (B.S. 1948), May 27, in El Paso. He was an electronics technician at White Sands Missile Range. Survivors include his wife, a son and daughter.

Richard G. Shannon (1927 etc.), in Houston, May 27. A former employee of Southern Union Gas Company, he is survived by his widow, his mother and one sister.

May D. Yanagidate (B.A. 1943; M.A. 1971), in El Paso, June 6. She was a teacher at Crockett Elementary School. She is survived by her husband and three children.

Pat Ronald Bethany (B.S. 1972), in El Paso, June 17. Survivors include his wife, Carmen, two daughters, a brother and his parents.

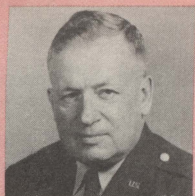
Louise Pomeroy Billard Cagle (1928 etc.), June 20. She was retired from teaching with the El Paso Independent School District. She is survived by her husband and two sons.

Beatrice Sims Reed (1927 etc.), June 22. She was a retired school teacher and principal of the El Paso Independent School District. Survivors include her husband and two sons.

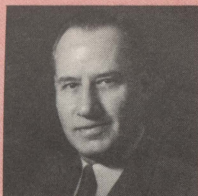
Joanne Buckner Oliver (B.S. 1947; M.A. 1976), in El Paso, July 1. A past president of Zeta Tau Alpha Alumni, she had been recently honored with the national certificate of merit for service to her sorority. She is survived by her husband, Joe Ben Oliver (B.S. 1962), sons Eric and Ian, her parents and a sister.

Mary Viola Shapiro (M.Ed. 1950), in Waco, July 4. She was a school teacher for 43 years. Survivors include two daughters, several grandchildren and two brothers.

Harold E. Evans, associate professor in the College of Nursing and director of graduate and undergraduate nursing programs, in El Paso, July 7. He was president of the Texas League of Nursing, a member of Sigma Theta Tau, and a retired commander in the Naval Reserve. He is survived by his wife, Jane Cooper Evans, also of the College of Nursing, and a daughter.



S.L.A. Marshall
1950



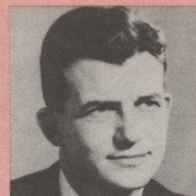
John Payne, Jr.
1951



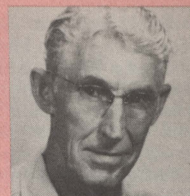
Thomas Clements
1952



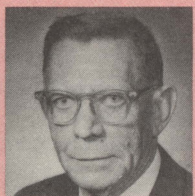
John Kenneth Hardy
1953



Sheldon P. Wimpfen
1954



Berte R. Haigh
1955



Lloyd A. Nelson
1956



Mary Vance Guinn
1957



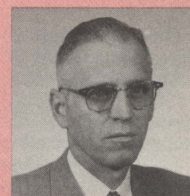
Charles A. Steen
1958



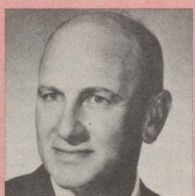
Hugh D. McGaw
1959



Fred W. Bailey
1960



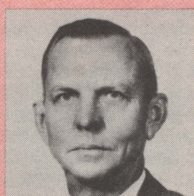
Salvador F. Trevino
1961



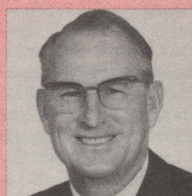
Joseph Friedkin
1962



Robert M. Stevenson
1963



Eugene Thomas
1964



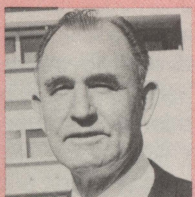
H. Brooks Travis
1965



E. Ray Lockhart
1966



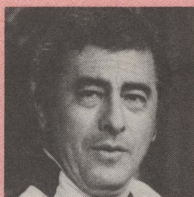
Marshall Willis
1967



Thad A. Steele
1968



David O. Leeson
1969



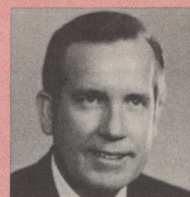
Rudy F. Tellez
1970



Raymond A. Gardea
1971



Gordon L. Black
1972



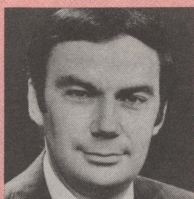
W. E. Pete Snelson
1973



Eleanor Duke
1974



Ross Moore
1975



Sam Donaldson
1976



George B. McBride
1977



Vernie Stembridge
1978



Hazel Haynsworth
1979

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