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NOVA

The University of Texas at El Paso Magazine

Hector Holguin,
Outstanding Ex '82

The View from the Hill

A person can only do so much reading before going bananas and, like many young mothers, Robin Hoffer wanted something substantial to keep her mind active when her children were small.

In 1965, when the kids were ages one and four, Robin became a part-time student at UTEP.

In 1970, she completed her bachelor's degree in geological sciences, the first step toward what has now become a unique achievement among all UTEP alumni.

This past May, she became the first person to complete the bachelor's, master's and doctoral degrees — all at UTEP.

Robin shares her interest in geology with her husband Jerry, who has taught in that department since 1965 (and who was featured in Molly Fennell's "Long Night at Chichonal" in the June, 1982, NOVA). She has assisted him with several summer field trips to Hawaii and Europe to observe volcanoes, and counts as one of her greatest thrills looking into a live volcano in Hawaii.

Cheering her from the sidelines at Commencement were Mrs. Hoffer's children — now ages 18 and 21 — and her husband.

The Hoffers not only share an interest in geology, but also the academic robe for formal University occasions, and this time it was Robin's turn to wear it.

* * * * *

I don't know what a visitor from Bulgaria would think of them, but I have been reading tee-shirts a lot out on the campus and they are an education.

Here are some of my findings:

Students advertise a lot of other schools in a lot of other places. Everything from Slippery Rock to Yale can be found on the fronts and backs of UTEP students. The most unusual one in this category that I saw was "Canisius" in large letters with "Ge-zundheit" in parenthesis under it. Canisius College is in Buffalo, New York.

Students, young and old, want you to know they attended certain important rock concerts. Styx and the Stones may break your ear-bones, but they sell a lot of tee-shirts. So does "Alabama." Rock is OK, but "Death Before Disco" is the pledge worn by many as is "Punk and Proud" — something to ponder, and shudder, over.

Students give you philosophical messages on their shirts too. Some take time to read and I followed one young man a half a block, two paces behind him, reading "I gave up drinking, smoking & sex. It was the most horrible 20 minutes of my life." That was worth following a person for. Another said, "You've obviously mistaken me for someone who cares." And another, "Only the good die young. I'll be here forever."

Military camouflage green tee-shirts saying "M.A.S.H." appear very big now, along with "Hot Lips," "Hit Me With Your Best Shot" (this one has a red and white concentric circles target on the back), and "A.W.O.L."

B. Kliban's cats are all over the place on tee-shirts and there are some students who actually wear shirts with Donkey Kong and Pac-Man on them.

Cars — especially "Trans Am" and "Corvette" — and motorcycles — especially "Harley" and "Kawasaki" — are in evidence. One proclaiming "Harley Honey" is apparently for the female of the Harley-Davidson species.

Shirts with pictures of John Lennon, Sylvester Stallone, Kenny Rogers, Dolly Parton and even Juice Newton are commonplace.

Mickey Mouse shirts are still king but "E.T." shirts are coming on strong.

And I actually saw several shirts bearing the legend "UTEP" too.

In World War I, "reading your shirt" was a Doughboy's phrase for checking a shirt out for "seam squirrels" — body lice. Today, shirt-reading is less functional but a lot more fun.

—Dale L. Walker

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Cover: A computer-like image of the 1982 Outstanding Ex, Hector Holguin, from a photograph by Russell Banks.

Back Cover: This huge culvert, situated in a campus arroyo between Rim Road and Schuster Street which was destroyed years ago by dirt fill, is a part of the new campus Library construction project. The culvert will be buried and the arroyo filled and paved for a parking lot that will serve the Library and College of Business Administration complex, the latter nearing completion.

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The Drs. Hoffer — Robin and Jerry — at Commencement.

Outstanding Ex '82

HECTOR HOLGUIN

by Nancy Hamilton

"My story should start with my wife, Rosario, and end with her," suggests Hector Holguin during a rare moment of relaxation in the walled garden of his El Paso home.

The shaded, grassy lawn is cool under a huge mulberry tree, a summer breeze stirring the leaves. On the street outside, the heat is penetrating.

"You see, I could never have started my company without my wife's trust and willingness to go along with me," he explains.

The 1982 Outstanding Ex-Student, at 46 president of a highly successful business that bears his name, looks back on the uncertain beginnings of that firm.

"There was a moment of truth," he says, "when I really needed her. When I started this business 10 years ago, I had to sell our home to get the capital to invest. Our children were very young at the time. It is a major step for a wife to give up her home, but she didn't hesitate at all. No matter how tough it got, she always gave me complete support and trust."

Loyalties are very important to Holguin, who has extensive ties of family and friendship in his home town. Several of his officials at Holguin & Associates were his schoolmates at El Paso High and UTEP (then Texas Western).

"My father," he continues, "has always been my example in professional ethics. He has been in auto sales all his life and, at 75, still sells cars at Rudolph Chevrolet. All my life I never saw him upset, speak ill of anyone, or yell at anyone. He has always been very fair and honest, an important model for me to follow.



"His influence taught me to be fair to people and to conduct my business in an ethical manner. That is an important factor in the success of our company. In 10 years in business, we have never had a lawsuit filed against us. It is not that we don't make mistakes, but if we do, we take care of them up front."

His parents, Antonia Medina Holguin and Hector T. Holguin, were born in Chihuahua City and have resided in El Paso for many years. He describes his mother as "a bundle of energy," adding that he is a blend of his parents' qualities: "I have her energy when I need it, and my father and I are both born in

October under the sign of Libra, represented by scales in balance."

Holguin was graduated from Dudley Elementary School in Kern Place in 1948. That school no longer stands, but El Paso High, where he was graduated in 1953, continues as the city's oldest high school. His two older daughters, Rosario and Mara, are students there; Lili and Elisita attend Mesita School.

"I didn't get involved in student activities much because I was working while I went to college," he recalls. For a couple of years he worked in a grocery store, then followed his father's example and sold cars at a lot operated by his un-

cle. As a civil engineering major, he counted himself lucky when, in his senior year, he worked part-time for the County Engineering Department, updating maps to reflect property transactions and doing some surveying.

He had become interested in engineering while in high school, influenced by an uncle who was a mining engineer and a cousin who was in architectural-civil engineering.

"There were a lot of good professors," he reflects, "but one of them influenced me especially. That was Dr. Joseph C. Rintelin, who was our next door neighbor. I became discouraged during my freshman year. He gave me a pretty good talking to. That may be considered a turning point for my staying with engineering as a career path."

On another occasion, when Holguin was studying metallurgy with Dr. Rintelin, he had another gentle nudge in the right direction. "At home we were neighbors, but at school he always maintained a strictly professor-student relationship," he says. "I was curious one day when he seemed to be relaxing that restraint by asking me if I had had a good time the night before. I told him yes, and he said, 'You must have, because you didn't make a good score on your daily test.' I realized that he was giving me a jab to do a better job."

Because Texas Western was a small school, with fewer than 4,000 students in the 50s, Holguin valued his opportunities to get to know professors from many different departments and to "get to really know each other. Even though we students were extremely busy, we enjoyed a very warm, friendly atmosphere. When I went to Austin for graduate school, there were about 25,000 students and I felt like a little ant. I'm glad I did go to school here when I did."

Holguin notes that many bright El Paso students go away to Rice, MIT, Stanford and other universities. "I'm very pleased to see Dr. Haskell Monroe and the University initiate an excellence program to try to keep top students here in El Paso. That will be very important to the quality of education and sort of highlights the way I feel about UTEP."

A 1958 Civil Engineering graduate, he recalls that about a dozen students in that field became close friends during their college years. "That made up for not being able to participate in activities because we were working," he continues. "Several from that class are still in town."

He has continued his friendship with Humberto Sambrano, who has Urban



The Holguin family — Rosario and Hector and daughters, Lili, Elisita, Rosario and Mara.

General Contractors. "He had a fine influence on me. He was four years older with some practical experience and I tended to look at things in a theoretical way. We worked nicely together through college."

Another of the engineers was Kiki Bustamante, now a vice president and director of Holguin & Associates. "When I go downtown with him, he says hello to 99 out of 100 people and I know the other one. Everybody knows Kiki."

A friend from high school days, Ralph Chavez, is director of marketing for the company. Says Holguin, "He only has one speed — top speed."

The executive vice president is Danny Vickers, CPA, who while not a

classmate is also a graduate of UTEP.

"In order to have a successful business," stresses Holguin, "you have to surround yourself with good people and learn to delegate responsibility to them. We've made a very important transition the past two years and have moved into a professional management posture."

He looks back on the professional building blocks that provided the basis for his present success. After completing an M.S. in Austin in 1959, he spent a year in the U.S. Army as a first lieutenant. Then came six "very exciting" years in the aerospace industry in California, where he learned to use the computer as a tool "in a practical rather than a theoretical environment; we had to im-

plement steps very quickly and get practical results."

Upon returning to El Paso in 1966, he joined Cremans, Inc., and began applying his computer expertise to practical matters as a consulting engineer. After another six years he started his own consulting firm and began exploring the possibility of using one of the new small computers that were on the market, rather than buying time in a larger system.

"The small computers were becoming very powerful," he says, "and I began developing an entire system using low-cost, high-performance equipment. This looked like it would be of tremendous value to many engineering firms."

The success of a pilot sales program in Houston led Holguin to phase out the consulting engineering aspect of his business in favor of design and drafting systems for computerized engineering.

Holguin is delighted with his present work, which combines the various aspects of his background in engineering and computer science. "Now I can serve engineering companies all over the world instead of just in my own community."

His first trip overseas was a major hurdle, but he found that ensuing trips showed him the world as a smaller and smaller place. "You realize," he says, "that the economies of the various nations are tied very closely together. We serve engineering professionals in an international environment, but we share the same problems and speak a universal language."

While Holguin & Associates has gained a reputation for innovation that is worldwide, the company president feels that the most innovative years lie ahead. "Technology is changing so rapidly, I feel like I'm starting a new company every year. We are in a very competitive environment, Computer-Aided Design and Drafting (CADD), but we get out into the field, get constant feedback from our customers, and because of our strong engineering background, are able to understand their problems. We show them how to maintain control over their investment when they buy our product. That's what still sets us apart from our competitors."

Using some of the principles found in popular computer games, the Holguin team has developed a training program that responds to his recurring question: How can we do it better and faster? Holguin explains that a computer game starts at a slow pace, then can be speeded to twice as fast, three times as dif-

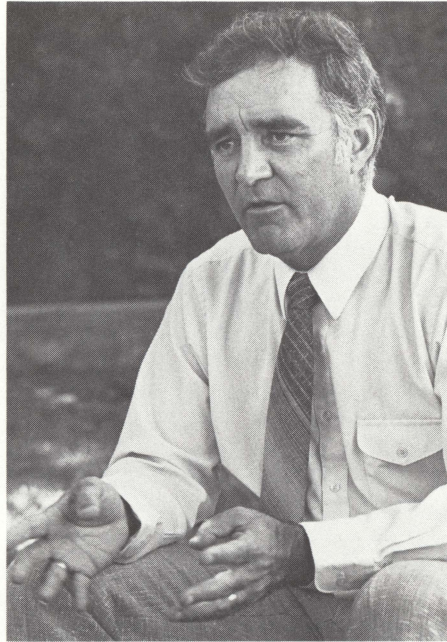
ficult, and so on.

"We developed a training methodology where, instead of learning by reading, people learn by doing at a very high pace. We use drills and stop watches," he continues. "In one week they can reach a performance level that used to take 90 days. Our competitors take six months to a year to achieve this."

The greatest challenge, though, contends Holguin, is still the human computer, the mind. "If we can ever tap into that, we'll have something."

Community service ranks high among his interests, although current demands of his business have found him saying "no" lately to invitations to take on new duties. He has been president of El Paso Chapter, Texas Society of Professional Engineers, which in 1980 honored him as El Paso's Engineer of the Year; of the Rotary Club of El Paso and El Paso Tennis Club, where he enjoys weekend singles competition. He has been a director of the UTEP Alumni Association, El Paso Chamber of Commerce, United Way, Salvation Army and El Paso Public Television, and chairman of the Rotary Trade Fair and El Paso Housing Authority Board.

Holguin founded the Junior Engineering Technical Society at Bowie High School and sponsored the same group at El Paso High. His UTEP inter-

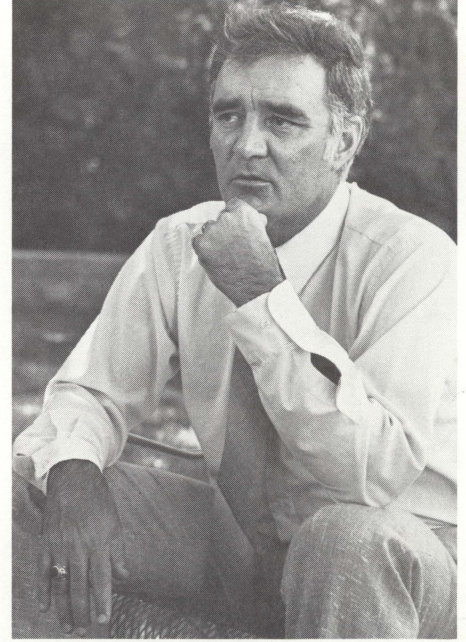


ests include serving as vice president for the Alumni Fund for Excellence and, with Rosario, membership in the Matrix Society. He also has been involved in work for the El Paso Museum of Art, Goals for El Paso, El Paso Public Television and El Paso Science Center.

The family attends St. Patrick's Cathedral and he has served on the Diocesan Council for the Catholic Diocese of El Paso.

"By serving others, you serve yourself," he says with a modest smile.

The spirit of service also is important to his sister, Mary Ann (Mrs. Servando)



Hernandez, who has taught for many years at Lamar School, and his brother, Richard, who works with Hector in production and distribution.

The Holguin home operates on an "open door" policy when it comes to friends of the four daughters, and it is not unusual to find a dozen or so young people gathered there. The prettiest girls in the crowd, however, are likely to be the hostesses who, although very different from each other, are blessed with the delicate beauty of their mother.

"Our own mothers were friends back in Chihuahua," says Holguin, "and Rosario and I grew up knowing each other's families, but we did not meet until I was out of college."

He remembers the occasion — the first bullfight of the season. He spotted Rosario across the arena and couldn't take his eyes off her. They began dating, often attending social gatherings in Juarez where both have relatives. She had attended Loretto Academy and later UTEP. They were married in 1964.

"My wife is the real talent in the family," he says proudly. "She has great skill and sincerity in communicating with people. I tend to be shy with those I don't know well. And she puts up with my eccentricities. My story starts and ends with her." □

Teaching & Publishing

The Yolk, the White, the One Shell

by Philip J.
Gallagher

Volume I of the Modern Language Association's three-volume 1980 *International Bibliography of Books and Articles on Modern Languages and Literatures* lists 18,574 items. Many of the entries are badly written; others re-invent the wheel; perhaps a small minority advance the course of human knowledge an angstrom or so. Item #5812, an essay called "*Paradise Lost* and the Greek Theogony," is the rose among thorns — I know because I wrote it. Thrice-rejected by learned periodicals, four-times revised in mutually incompatible ways servilely to conform to the wishes of various editors, my lucubrations were finally brought to term in *English Literary Renaissance*, a journal edited by a former teacher of mine at the University of Massachusetts, where I took my Ph.D.

Although its publication history implies #5812 to be the illegitimate offspring of a classic conflict of interest, I continue to love my base-born child unconditionally. But has *the world* got hold of Philip's Wisdom? Has *the world* read #5812? Has the world *seen* it? The essay comprises an underwhelming .00538% of the year's work in English and American literary criticism, and its subject is the poet John Milton, whose arcane and staunchly moralistic poetry has fallen on evil days during the past 308 years. Measured against the day of judgment, or in terms of its ability to make the world safe for democracy, or after the standard of its elemental half-life, "*Paradise Lost* and the Greek Theogony" — like the other pretenders to the throne of scholarship that I have written — hardly qualifies as an essential natural resource.

What then is it about this publication business that so fascinates me, though it dries the sap in my veins and rends spontaneous joy out of my heart? I seek to persuade you that, at the undergraduate level, teaching and publishing are the yolk and white of one shell, but how shall I proceed? My Canadian namesake, Finbar Gallagher of Trent University, has as his only publication an essay that paradoxically exposes the fatal "dichotomy between publishing and teaching." To Finbar their compatibility may be "plausible enough in the pipe-puffing vacuity of academic conferences," but it "will not withstand the tests of logical scrutiny and everyday experience." He may have a point. Closer at home, a UTEP English Department colleague pungently asserts that neither Socrates nor Jesus ever published a

syllable. She may have a point too (though I want to remind her that neither Socrates nor Jesus got tenured either).

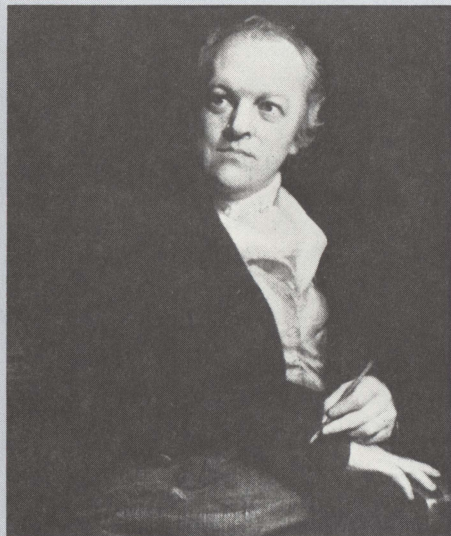
Since publishing in learned literary journals doesn't pay, and since it takes time that could be spent preparing for class or counseling one's illiterate students or caring for one's family or sleeping, and since the published product is typically short-lived, why do some UTEP faculty (more of us each day, I am told) seek so assiduously to immortalize in print our blear-eyed wisdom born out of midnight oil? Do our teaching and publishing really comprise twin halves of one august event? Is not scholarship rather a luxury deserving only the occasional attention of the leisured dilettante? or even worse, a beguiler seducing the pious pedagogue to seek the impossible service of god and mammon? Let us look a little into the matter.

Beyond the vainglory that drives some faculty to circulate the best stuff they can write in the best journals they can find, more creditable educational motives exist for getting into print: research and publication are neither antithetical nor subordinate to undergraduate pedagogy. Good university teachers always publish for at least two reasons: (a) their passionate attention to teaching and their energetic testing of new ideas in the classroom have earned them insights that they seek to refine through written (not oral) articulation, and (b) articulating in print constitutes the best possible preparation for classroom teaching. I cannot hope to prove these assertions in what follows, but perhaps I can suggest their plausibility by alluding to my own admittedly limited experience.

At any rate I will try.

In 1630 John Milton wrote a fragmentary lyric called "The Passion." For years I repeated what I had been taught and had uncritically believed about this reminiscence of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ: that it fails because the Puritan poet could not respond emotionally to the passive heroism endorsed by Christianity. But when a student more perceptive than I asked "What is *the evidence* that 'The Passion' fails? I found myself humiliatingly silenced, unable to corroborate an opinion to which I had naively clung in blatant violation of my own first principle of interpretation, "Don't take nothin' for granted." So I beat a hasty retreat to the library to pore over the scholarship on the poem, all of which unanalytically assumed (as I had done) its artistic infelicity. But

then, returning in despair to the text, after much labor and intent study I found myself pursuing the contrary thesis that "The Passion" is an inspired aesthetic success about the failure to be inspired! My efforts eventuated in a first publication recording a minor revolution in my thinking effected as the consequence of writing about what I teach; and thus pedagogy and publishing became for me the yolk and white of the one shell.



Blake

A second example: in 1794 William Blake published a stunning little confessional lyric whose megalomaniacal speaker exults in having perpetrated the perfect crime:

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears,
Night & morning with my tears;
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,
When the night had veiled the pole;
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

Blake originally called this chilling narrative "Christian Forbearance," doubtless intending that it be understood as a sardonic allegory exposing the supposed virtue of turning-the-other-cheek as really the insidious vice of psychological repression. Consequently I used to teach the poem as a parable illustrating the aphorism that a dormant rabies is more dangerous than the paroxysms of a fever. But one day in

class, as I was pontificating about another of my cherished interpretive rules of thumb, that "Poems mean exactly what they say (except when they don't)," it occurred to me that I ought to try reading "A Poison Tree" (as Blake rechristened the lyric) literally. Suddenly the poem opened like a full-blown rose: taken straightforwardly it required me to confront the astonishing fact that anger can become literally incarnate as a physical object (a poison tree can be made to materialize out of thin air).

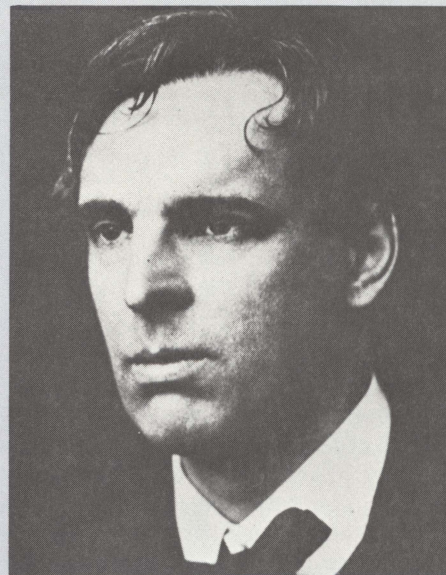
The next day I sought, thanks to a peculiar grace bestowed while teaching the poem in the hallowed precincts of the UTEP Liberal Arts Building, to track to its inmost cell Blake's bizarre suggestion that wrath can bear the literal fruit of a forbidden tree. Amazingly, I found myself re-examining the accounts of creation and fall in Genesis 1-3, where the very world materializes by the power of the Word, and concluding that "A Poison Tree" is a biblical parody in which the God of Judeo-Christianity is made to expose the Old Testament narrative of the fall as a fraud by himself confessing the "true" origin of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. It has been said (and truly) that we teachers get to know our subject only when we teach it. I would add that we need to write about it too, for only when I sought to articulate in print



Milton

the dependent implications of reading "A Poison Tree" literally did I come to discern the poem's manifold biblical reverberations: Again, publishing and pedagogy converged for me as the yolk and white of the one shell.

As a final example of their symbiotic affiliation, let me describe a research



Yeats

project on which I am currently working. In the early 1930s William Butler Yeats wrote a series of lyrics celebrating a curious heroine he called Crazy Jane. Far and away the most famous of the series is "Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop," a poem frequently anthologized for discussion in undergraduate survey courses in English literature. I teach it first because it is immersed in the Judeo-Christian tradition, which, as you may have inferred by now, is the ruling obsession of my life; and second, because it boldly challenges the simplistic view that life offers us a series of clear-cut alternatives between good and evil rather than a succession of ethically ambiguous leaps in the dusk.

The poem begins when geriatric Jane is accosted by a pharisaic Bishop who decries her licentious lifestyle:

Those breasts are flat and fallen now,
Those veins must soon be dry;
Live in a heavenly mansion,
Not in some foul sty.

Exploiting his formidable knowledge of the New Testament, the Bishop enjoins Jane to substitute the love of God for the lust of her flesh; her decrepit body can yet become "a heavenly mansion" (echoing John 14:2) fit to entertain not only Jane's soul, but the Spirit of God who before all temples prefers the upright heart and pure. Jane need no longer revert to the "foul [bodily pig]sty" (echoing 2 Peter 2:22) she has heretofore inhabited; rather let her ascend some seven-storied mountain to spiritual beatitude.

Jane responds in a flash of clairvoyant insight by refuting the Bishop's facile opposition of mansions and sties: "Fair and foul are near of kin,/And fair needs foul," she cries. She verifies this provoc-

ative thesis by repudiating the Bishop's notion that a platonic love pure and chaste from afar is the *ne plus ultra* of human intercourse:

A woman can be proud and stiff
When on love intent;
But Love has pitched his mansion in
The place of excrement;
For nothing can be sole or whole
That has not been rent.

Thanks be to God for nature's wondrous parsimony! Can anyone deny Jane's point that the organs of fair sexual love are simultaneously the instruments of foul bodily excretion? We concede as much in our very language by encompassing the *uro-genital* system in a single adjective. Assuredly, moreover, the Bishop would have Jane love, since love is the lesson which the good Lord taught (John 15:15). But she cannot love fully by cloistering herself in a fugitive heavenly mansion; for sexual Love, although they do not talk of it at school, has pitched *his* fair mansion in the foul sty where scatology likewise lives and moves and has its being. Jane may be insane, but her fox-like craziness beats the Bishop at his own game.

Now what Yeats's frontal attack on the puritanical mores of an Irish Bishop has to do with teaching and publishing is just this: I thought I understood "Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop" until research awoke me from complacent ignorance to my radically impoverished grasp of it. I was studying the Gospel of Saint John one day, when I happened upon a casual footnote to *The Jerusalem Bible's* translation of John 1:14 ("And the word became flesh and dwelt among us..."). The note observed that the Johannine text employs the Greek verb *skenoun*, meaning to *pitch a tent*, so that verse 14 literally translates "And the word became flesh and pitched his tent among us." Even a layman interested in the Bible only homiletically would find this a minor revelation; but reader, when I discovered that footnote — then felt I like a watcher of the skies when a far nova swims into his ken! For I saw at once that *skenoun* held the key to fuller comprehension of Yeats's poem.

Crazy Jane knows even less Greek than I do, and she has not, I daresay, read the Bible recently; but when she triumphantly announces that "Love has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement," the Bishop at any rate, unless he flunked seminary Greek, should recognize in her oddly metaphoric diction the incarnational resonances of John 1:14. Jane speaks of Love's mansion, not his tent, for she wishes, consistent with

her programmatic reconciliation of opposites, to bring her opponent's fair heavenly mansion down to the foul rag-and-bone shop of her own earthly loins. The verb *pitched*, meanwhile, by which she quite unconsciously evokes the Greek *skenoun*, transforms Jane's already remarkable converging of human reproductive and excretory functions into a treble entendre meaning (a) sexual love exercises the parts of the body with which we also urinate, (b) God, who is Love, condescended through the scandal of the Incarnation to sojourn on the excremental earth, and (c) God-Love became man, became *flesh*, that is, by pitching his embryonic mansion in the perhaps-not-immaculate womb of Mary, his biological mother.

"Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop" means all this and more: to the reader prepared, through the habit of scholarship, to view the poem steadily and as a whole, the biblical allusions with which the Bishop opens the debate initiate a wave of implication that finally breaks along the incarnational shore whereon Jesus first encountered terra firma. Instead of requiring Jane to acquiesce in the liberation from materiality that her opponent urges upon her, Yeats uses the prelate's own proof-texts to bind spirit and flesh into a fair-foul solution sweet ratified by God himself: for if the Deity thought it not unsuitable to his character or beneath his dignity to pitch *his* mansion in the place of excrement, can Jane be expected to do otherwise than emulate the Great Master?

My romantic interlude with "Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop" confirms that pedagogy and publishing are very near of kin. I first encountered the poem by teaching it, reserving a woefully inadequate 15 minutes for discussion of its witty paradoxes. *The Jerusalem Bible* footnote about *skenoun* stimulated me, however, to read scores of essays, monographs, and books on Yeats. I now allot "Crazy Jane" a full hour of classtime, hardly enough to sound its considerable depths.

Teaching Yeats has also prompted me to embark upon the formal study of New Testament Greek, an enterprise greatly facilitated by my friend and colleague, Dr. Frank Williams of the UTEP Religion Department. Over the past year this expert in the ancient Greek and Semitic tongues (he has, for example, contributed to the distinguished Nag Hammadi Coptic Gnostic Library Project of the Institute for Antiquity and Christianity) has helped me translate the entire Gospel of Saint

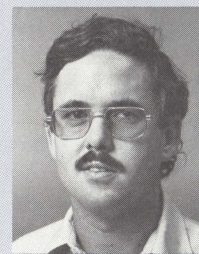
John. I have pursued this venture as prerequisite to tackling Raymond E. Brown's two-volume Anchor Bible commentary on that evangelist. These various research activities, *all of which had their genesis in the classroom*, will forthwith issue in a scholarly article to be called "Deflating the Bishopric: John 1:14 and Yeats's Crazy Jane."

Meanwhile, persuaded anew by the Yeats-Johannine connection that he who would study English literature must first assimilate the Old and New Testaments, I have agreed to conduct in the near future an honors seminar entitled "The Bible and *Paradise Lost*." Such a class would have been unthinkable to me a year ago, but teaching and researching Crazy Jane and Holy John have emboldened me to pitch my tent rather more permanently than before in the golden realms of Scripture and Milton: pedagogy and publishing have brought me to this pass, for they are indeed the yolk and white of the one shell.

I cannot permit myself to desist without flogging, for a moment, the dead horse relevance. Some readers, I know, having impatiently watched my thoughts burnish, sprout, and swell, would have me abandon all this long pretense for more practical endeavors. To them I respond as I do (when carried away by my favorite enthusiast, Elitism) to my pragmatist students: the utter uselessness of literature is the supreme motive for clasping the secret joy hidden in its midmost heart. If you ask me what *need* justifies publishing articles about "The Passion" or "A Poison Tree" or

(Continued on page 17)

Editor's Note: Philip Gallagher was recipient of the first Distinguished Achievement Award in Teaching Excellence, awarded by UTEP earlier this year and also earned a 1981-82 Amoco



Foundation Outstanding Teaching Award. A native of White Plains, New York, a graduate of Providence College who received his Ph.D. from the University of Massachusetts, Dr. Gal-

lagher has been a member of the UTEP English faculty since 1972.

This article is the outgrowth of a debate in the *Prospector* on the relevance of publishing to teaching and vice-versa.



Death of the Founder

Henderson E.
VanSurdam
(1882-1982)

THE SPORTING NEWS carried his obituary:

"Henderson E. (Harry) VanSurdam, a member of the National College Football Hall of Fame, died May 28 [1982] at the Hoosick Falls (N.Y.) Health Center. He was 100 years old. VanSurdam, a star halfback at Wesleyan University in 1905, coached at Marietta College, University of the South and El Paso Military Institute, now Texas Western [sic].

"VanSurdam and famed sportswriter Grantland Rice became friends when Rice was a young reporter on the Nashville Tennessean. Later VanSurdam, an accomplished musician, set to music some of Rice's football verses.

"A longtime official in major college games. VanSurdam helped John Heisman form the Touchdown Club in Washington. VanSurdam was elected to college football's Hall of Fame in 1972."

We last heard from Harry VanSurdam on October 13, 1981, when he wrote Alumni Association president John Kelly to thank him, the association, President Haskell Monroe, Carl Hertzog, and others for the cards, letters and gifts he received for his 100th birthday.

And we last visited personally with Harry around the time of the Sun Bowl Game in January, 1978. That occasion, in which Harry spent some time with us in our old offices on Hawthorne Street, produced the cover story (by Nancy Hamilton) and photos (by Russell Banks) which appeared in the March, 1978, NOVA.

We called him "The Founder," and while the details are rather sketchy on his exact work in getting the old Texas School of Mines off the ground, we know he did great work as a lobbyist for the school — helping get the bill in-

troduced in the State Legislature, and helping raise the \$50,000 for the land and buildings of the old El Paso Military Institute.

If anyone deserved to be called "The Founder," Harry did.

When visiting with us in 1978, he said: "I consider this University my monument to education, which pleases me probably more than anything else that has happened in my life. I am leaving something worthwhile; no money, I don't have it, but I can't ask for anything greater than this one thing."

In his 100 years, he accomplished many things he could be proud of: he was a very talented musician (a clarinetist), and won a music scholarship to Michigan Military Academy. At Wesleyan he became captain of the freshman football team and played varsity for three years as a star halfback. He

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Jimmy Legarreta leads the tryouts for Paydirt Pete.

Hitting Paydirt

The Search for a Mascot

by Dale L. Walker

*Well, you're a real tough cookie
With a long history
Of breaking little hearts
Like the one in me;
That's O.K., let's see how you do it,
Put up your dukes,
Let's get down to it.
Hit me with your best shot,
Why don't you hit me with your best shot?
Hit me with your best shot,
Fire awayyyyy.....*

The three candidates — Abie Kupfer, Denise Galindo and Susana Perez — were hitting the judges with their best shot, following Pat Benatar's

instructions as a tape of her sweaty, driving song blared from a sideline stereo.

"It's a little rank inside the head," said Kupfer, a freshman drama student, lifting off the 11-pound encumbrance and grinning toward Jimmy Legarreta.

"You'll get used to it," Jimmy answered. "Now let's kick the cat and smash the bugs, kick the cat and smash the bugs."

Legarreta led the candidates through the routines — not too many and not too complex since the restrictive costume and 11-pound head is not conducive to more than a few body gyrations and leg kicks.

*Come on with it — come on.
You don't fight fair,
That's O.K., see if I care,
Knock me down, it's all in vain
I'll get right back on my feet again.
Hit me with your best shot...*

"We believe in you . . . yes, we do . . . We believe in you . . . yes, we do," chanted Legarreta, a young man with an infectious, happy personality, a burst of frizzy black hair, a short, wide and

strong-looking physique.

"Kick the cat and smash the bugs, kick the cat and smash the bugs..."

The auxiliary gym was very hot but the candidates bravely went through their paces, led by the irrepressible Jimmy Legarreta who is not only outgoing by nature, but is the outgoing Miner mascot.

The candidates hitting the judges with their best shot on a wiltingly hot afternoon last June 9, were vying to become the new Paydirt Pete.

A bit of history, if you please.

Twenty years ago, civil engineering students Marshall Meece ('63, now of Austin, Texas) sat in a history class one warmish fall day and doodled Paydirt Pete into existence, a two-inch-wide cartoon of a strutting, chesty, bearded, booted figure carrying a pick over his shoulder.

In 1974, Meece's creation was becoming a semi-official "logo" for UTEP athletics and Jim Bowden, then director of intercollegiate athletics, asked Meece to re-doodle the figure with a little more detail and harder lines.



Susanna Perez

Marshall Meece's Miner first appeared on the cover of a football program in 1974 and the official moniker, "Paydirt Pete," was adopted that same year. This felicitous and alliterative name was the creation of UTEP physics professor Michael Blue who entered it in the city-wide contest for the Miner mascot name and won, hands down, over 500 other entries.

Now, with a character and name established, did Walt Disney content himself with printed versions of Mickey Mouse and Goofy? Did Hanna-Barbara with Fred Flintstone and Boo-Boo?

You can bet your sweet andesite they didn't.

What UTEP needed, and in 1980 got, was a Paydirt Pete to march around the sidelines, help with the Golddigger routines, and cheer the Miners on in all their athletic endeavors.

In the spring of 1980, with \$3,500 funds donated by the UTEP Alumni Association; the work and drive spearheaded by its president Richard Pearson, and the Student Association, the Miners Camp and alumnus Greg Cavinness of El Paso, a Paydirt Pete costume was created. Designed by El Paso artists Henry Martinez and Mike Steirnagle, and constructed by Roschu of Hollywood (the company which built the Disney and Flintstone costumes), Paydirt made his debut on August 6, 1980. Said Alumni President Pearson: "With his grizzled white beard, battered old hat, denim overalls and pick-ax, the mascot was designed with a rugged, yet lovable, look."

Inside the Paydirt costume, the first animated Paydirt Pete in UTEP's history, was Jimmy Legarreta, drama major and then Student Activities Coordin-

ator. He had been selected the previous May at the annual cheerleader tryouts to be Paydirt, and had attended a two-week training session at the University of California, San Diego, in the only mascot training camp in the country.

*Well, you're a real tough cookie
With a long history
Of breaking little hearts
Like the one in me;
Before I put another notch
In my lipstick case,
You better made sure you
Put me in my place.
Hit me with your best shot...*

Richard Pearson was among the judges for the new Paydirt in the auxiliary gym tryouts June 9. "We're looking for enthusiasm," he said, "and personality, the personality that comes through that costume."

The three candidates, trying to get used to the heavy Paydirt suit and head and clodhopper shoes, had a time of it in the steam-bath gym and while all three managed well, the unanimous choice of the judges was Susanna Perez, a Riverside High graduate and UTEP senior majoring in Mass Communication.

(Continued on page 14)



Old Paydirt crowns New Paydirt.

CHOP to PAG

by Paula Kiska

How Not to Travel in Eastern Europe

"Vui ne yedete! (You are not going on!)"

The Soviet border guard had just poke his head into my compartment on the train en route from Moscow via Budapest to Zagreb, Yugoslavia, and uttered these words in a tone that meant finality. I really was *not* going on to my destination, Zagreb. The time was 2 a.m., the month was August, the place was Chop. It is a small railway station in the Soviet Union near the Hungarian border. You have never heard of it? Neither had I. The armed guard repeated, "*Vui ne yedete!*" after my weak "*Zachem?* (for what reason?)" In vain I showed my ticket from Moscow to Zagreb, my other documents, including

my American passport. He spoke once more without expression, but scrutinizing me carefully. Did he think I was a spy?

All I wanted was to get to Zagreb where friends were waiting for me. From there we were going on to Pag. I had just completed a six-week language seminar in the Soviet Union, and my Yugoslavian companions and I had planned a week's vacation of sailing and swimming on Pag, an island in the northern Adriatic. Never had that island seemed so far away.

But here I was in Chop. The guard indicated *out*, and I was literally jerked off the train with the heavy baggage that had accumulated during my Soviet

stay in spite of all my efforts to refuse gifts from Russian friends and to mail home whatever was mailable. So I found myself sitting forlornly on the platform in this place called Chop in the middle of the night surrounded by my luggage. As the train pulled out without me on its way to Budapest and then on to Zagreb, I waved sadly to the two Russian machinists who had shared my compartment from Moscow.

What does one do in Chop, a little station near the Hungarian border, at two in the morning? I managed somehow to lug two heavy suitcases and an over-stuffed carry-on into the fly-infested station. There I was informed in Russian by a very large woman official that my documents were not in order. I could not proceed on the train through Hungary.

It had taken most of the six weeks I had been on the study-tour in Moscow and Leningrad to obtain my precious train ticket and the accompanying documents from Intourist, the agency with whom any foreigner in the USSR must deal. The enormous Russian woman, who worked for Intourist, explained that I must wait until nine in the morning when a local bus would take me to the border. But what then? I did not know. Two American girls were sitting on the hard wooden benches in the station, flies crawling all over them. They had been taken off an earlier train. One was slumped over in exhaustion; the other alternated between sighs and groans. They were on their way to Vienna from Moscow, did not speak Russian, did not know why they were sitting in the middle of the night in the small, crowded, filthy station. I explained to them that their documents also were not in order. With a confidence that belied how I felt, I told them that we would go by bus in the morning to the border where all our visa problems would be taken care of. Then I scrunched my legs up on the narrow bench — thanking Providence for my Yoga training — tucked my head down, and covered myself with my raincoat (in spite of the stuffiness) to ward off the man-eating flies and this wait through the nightmarish hours until morning.



At long last it was 8, time for the small cafe to open. In we marched, asking for coffee — the Russians serve it very black, very strong, very hot. But there wasn't any coffee. So we ordered tea. But there wasn't any tea. At this point we said we would take anything the cafe had to drink. Anything turned out to be warm grape juice, pale yellow in color, that came in a jar reminiscent of baby food back home, and with a flavor that I can only describe as metallic. A few swallows were all we could down. That was breakfast.

Shortly after nine we were bumping along in an old bus full of Russians carrying everything from live fowl to dead fish. We elicited many stares and excited talk, but not one of the passengers asked us a single question. About an hour later we arrived at the border check point. Again flies and dirt and heat, and a three-hour wait. Finally came the border inspection where, instead of the usual thorough search of our baggage, a woman guard waved us through, then the last scrutiny of our passports by the unsmiling Soviet border patrol. I remember the days when they used to grin widely at foreigners showing a mouthful of stainless steel teeth, but now they are silent, grim.

At last we were in Hungary. Our transit visas had to be remade with two photos added and a payment of fourteen American dollars each. Luckily I had some visa pictures with me — I always carry extra ones just in case. And the two American girls had with them their Polaroid cameras. Another three-hour delay and we had proper visas. In this station there were not so many flies and the chairs even had cushions on them. We immediately flopped down to sleep, but one of the Hungarian guards explained to us in Russian (we did not speak Magyar) that sleeping in the border station was not allowed.

On one side of the station there was a cafe with enticing varieties of sweets and sandwiches as well as coffee, tea, and soda pop. It was clean, delicious-looking, so inviting. Tourists driving through the check point stopped there for refreshments. But we could only look. The waitress refused to serve us because, although we had American dollars, Deutsch marks, Russian rubles, and British pounds, we had no Hungarian florints. Three large shiny apples were confiscated from one fellow crossing into the USSR. There they sat in all their splendour on the baggage check counter. There was a moment when all the border guards

were out of the room; the woman serving the tourists came up to the counter, quickly helped herself to one of the apples, and immediately chomped away on it. Well, when in Rome . . . I tried to be nonchalant as I walked up to the counter and stealthily slipped an apple into my pocket. I wanted to share it with the American girls. After all, it was now three in the afternoon, and except for a few swallows of tepid grape juice, we'd had nothing to eat since the previous day and then only cucumbers, tomatoes, bread, and beer. But the girls were afraid of the contraband apple, so I quickly ate the whole thing! Surely it was the most delicious apple I have ever tasted. When the guards returned, they excitedly gestured at the one remaining apple, but since I understood no Magyar (Hungarian), I pretended not to notice. One of the guards disappeared with the last apple, *Bon appetit!*

The officer in charge of the check point explained to me that we would be put on a train around six that evening and thus would get to Budapest — the train station being about a 30-minute drive from the checkpoint. But just then a busload of vacationing Hungarians returning from a three-day holiday in Moldavia rolled in. The officer gave the order to the vacationers that we must ride on their bus with them into Budapest.

So onto the bus we went, with three men giving up their seats to us while they sat on our suitcases in the aisle. Their tour guide could speak some Russian, a pretty 14-year-old blond knew a few English phrases, and one curly-headed fellow could say "Zenk you very much," a phrase he repeated over and over to us, laughing delightedly that he could "communicate." Stereotypes: I thought all Hungarians were dark. This bus load came in all ages, shapes, and colors. We jogged merrily along, took a detour and got lost in a cornfield, the friendly passengers laughing, drinking beer, and singing one song after another. They were so kind to us "lost" Americans. I've seen prodigious beer drinkers in my time, but none like these. And drink their beer we must.

Around eight that evening we stopped to eat dinner, with all the passengers vying with each other to pay for our meals. But by that time the combination of the heat, dirt, flies, and beer had destroyed our appetites. We had a soda each, and I shared my remaining American cigarettes with all.

And at the small cafe I even had a marriage proposal. One of the men

noticed that I wore no wedding band. There was no way to explain that all my jewelry had been stolen in El Paso the year before. But I showed my "cavalier" a picture of my husband who had been an Air Force officer at the time of his death. That did it! He had a wife lying in the graveyard and a number of children who needed looking after. He kissed my hand profusely, but I declined his offer, thus losing forever my chance to become the wife of a Hungarian farmer.

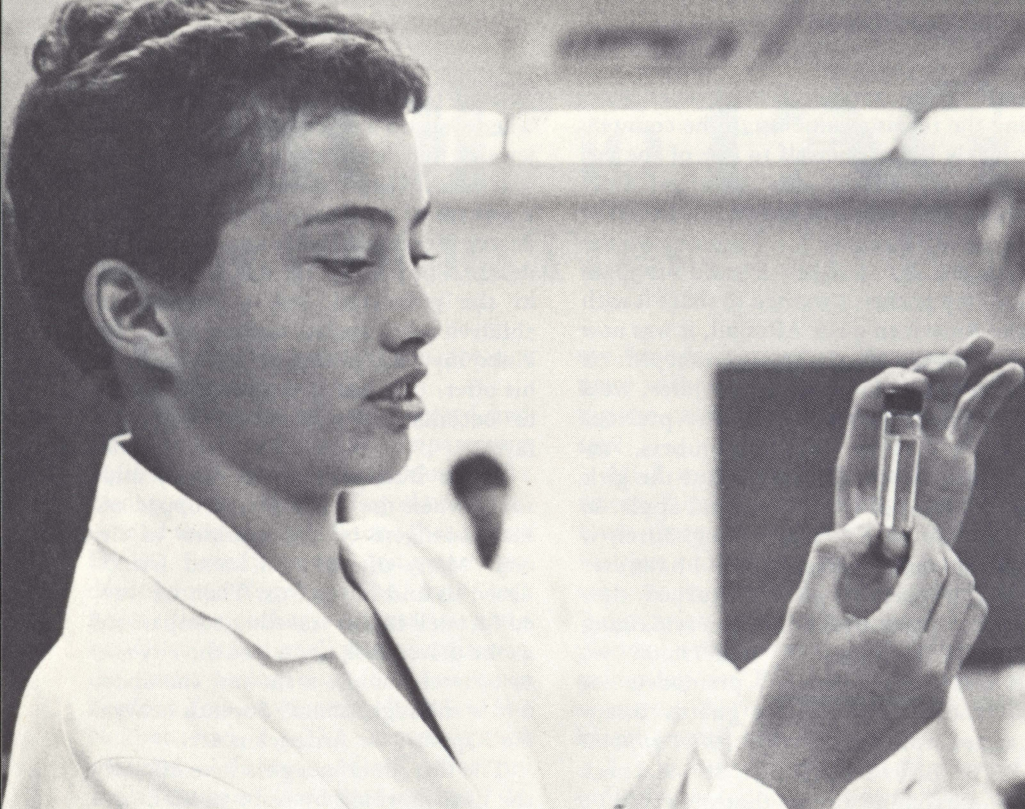
On to Budapest! It was nearly midnight when the bus driver dropped off his passengers on the outskirts of the city. Many of our new-found friends kissed us and hugged us. Then we waved farewell to our traveling companions as the driver took us on into the city and to a hotel. Finally a shower, shampoo, and a midnight snack. Seventh heaven! How spoiled we Americans are!

The two American girls were off early the next morning by train to Vienna. I was not so lucky. All trains south to the Adriatic were full. No planes fly from Budapest to Zagreb. What does one do in Budapest when the temperature is 36 degrees Celsius — very hot and humid — when one does not speak the language and can find no one who speaks English or Russian or Spanish, the three languages I can communicate in, when one does not know a soul? Well, I took a city bus tour, saw the sights of beautiful Budapest, and met a delightful British couple, ate dinner in the hotel restaurant where a string orchestra played romantic Hungarian tunes, and took three showers a day. Finally on my third day, I did obtain a ticket on a flight to Belgrade, the other side of Yugoslavia.

Once in Belgrade I found that my Hungarian hosts had sold me a ticket on a plane from that city to Zagreb on a flight that did not exist. As I waited and hoped for a flight to Zagreb, I dreamed of the island, the clear water, the clean beach. Then a woman spoke to me in French. I answered in Spanish. *Voila!* We could communicate!

And finally I really did get to Pag: the island, the swimming, the sailing. Now it was my Hungarian misadventure that seemed like a dream — or a nightmare. □

Editor's Note: Paula Kiska is assistant professor of English at UTEP. The preceding adventure took place last summer. Prof. Kiska contributed the article, "Leningrad Summer, 1974" to the March, 1975 issue of NOVA.



TEENS OF SUMMER

by Molly Fennell

Jeff Taylor said his mother did a little arm-twisting to "convince" him he should participate in the Summer Scholars Institute at the University of Texas at El Paso.

Once in, Taylor thought his three weeks in the theatre workshop would be the longest of his life.

But he was wrong.

"It's been a blast," he said as the session drew to a close. "Looking back and seeing all the things we've done, I'd like to stay a few weeks longer and get to know these people better."

The tall, red-haired high school junior was one of ten teenaged thespians who conceived, choreographed, produced and performed "A String of Pearls," a series of mime vignettes under the direction of Gifford Wingate, drama and speech professor.

Taylor was one of 58 junior and senior high school students, aged 12 through 17, who took part in the institute, June 24 through July 9.

Between each skit, Taylor disappeared behind a black stage flat and emerged a totally different character: a handsome prince, a tall man trying to squeeze into a short telephone booth, and a pit bulldog.

Taylor gets down on all fours, turns his fists inward and clomps across stage with a snarl on his face. "He's the best bulldog I've ever seen," said George Staub, drama instructor at Burges High School, who assisted Wingate with the theatre workshop.

The students, most from local high schools, enrolled in one of six programs — print journalism, radio broadcasting, theatre, desert ecology, microbiology and parasitology — and earned college credit for their work.

The Summer Scholars Institute is an outgrowth of UTEP's Junior Scholars Program, which Jan Cavin, coordinator of gifted students programs, initiated last fall.

During the summer program students lived on campus and attended college courses full time. During the regular school year Junior Scholars commuted to UTEP from their regular schools, where they took high school courses concurrently.

Students between ages 12 and 14, who had SAT scores of at least 900, were admitted to the Junior Scholars program. Those aged 15-17 were required to have SAT scores of at least 1000.

The Junior League of El Paso furnished scholarships for many of the students who couldn't afford the tui-

tion. Members volunteered as dorm counsellors, office workers, field trip organizers and chaperones during the three weeks.

Grants from the Gannett Foundation, the Newspaper Fund, Capital Cities Communication, Inc., and the National Journalism Council provided scholarships and equipment for the journalism and radio workshops.

Journalism students wrote, edited and designed a newspaper that was distributed nationally.

Radio journalism students, under the direction of Billy Brandt, visiting professor from Friends University in Wichita, Kansas, produced a 10-part radio series called "The Achievers," about little-known humanists in the El Paso area.

The microbiology workshop, taught by Larry Jones, biology professor, gave students experience in a laboratory working with electronic equipment.

Peter Chrapliwy, biology professor, taught desert ecology, using area plants and animals as examples.

The parasitology class studied parasites harbored by coots, duck-like birds. At the end of the three weeks each student submitted a term paper about his research.

Some teachers in the institute might have referred to their young charges as "munchkins," but the munchkins had enthusiasm, they said. Dal Herring, visiting professor of photography, who taught in the print journalism workshop, said his students progressed faster than his college-age students at Northern Arizona University.

Staub said his students were "highly motivated, but there were a lot of egos there. They didn't take criticism very well at first and they didn't like to share at all."

Another problem was teaching the young actors to listen. "You have to listen — if you don't listen you can't act," he said.

By curtain time on opening night, the students had pulled together, he said. "The problem at first was, you know, how do you pull them together and become a family? They're bright kids, really. They did a lot and used a lot of imagination they didn't know they had."

"Precocious," said everyone else.

"We know that," said Enrique Anchondo, who participated in the print journalism workshop. "We'd feel a lot better about it if we weren't reminded of it 200 times a day."

Above all, the summer scholars were teenagers.

Take John Seidenstien, for example.

The 14-year-old, who will enter ninth grade at Morehead Junior High School this fall, seemed trapped between childhood and adulthood. One moment he was slapping his classmates' rears with his pica ruler. The next moment he was discussing the difference between UTEP's floppy disc terminals and his own computer at home.

Too young to yearn for much else, the summer scholars came with a yearning for learning.

"I've already got six hours of college credit," said Keith Fong, another print journalism participant. "I don't want to be a journalist, but microbiology was full and I didn't want to take theatre. Well, this year journalism," he laughs, "next year nuclear physics. And the classes only took three weeks of the summer."

Print journalism was Vanessa de la Cruz's first choice, though. She and Daphne Glaser joined the staff of the UTEP student newspaper as reporters. The two will graduate from high school this May.

"I had never been in a situation where I had to sit at a typewriter and write something — something that made sense," she said.

But newswriting class with UTEP associate professor Jim Patten — nicknamed "Old Blood and Guts" by the students — prepared her for the position at *The Prospector*. That, she said, was her favorite class.



Copy editing was the most discouraging, she said. "We had to learn the symbols in two days, then were tested on them every day," Vanessa said. "It was a lot to learn. Plus, I wasn't used to getting 79s on my papers."

Dormitory life was an eye-opener, Vanessa said. "What surprised me most was in meeting all the different people. We were really able to relate to each

other very well. We all had something in common."

Now as a qualified, but young *Prospector* staffer, Vanessa looked back on her days as a "greenhorn" reporter at that office.

"There was a little bit of a strain at first," she said. "Maybe some resented the fact that we [Vanessa and Daphne] were so young and had such an opportunity. Others wanted to see what we could do. There's no strain anymore."

One surprising motivation for Jeff Taylor was his concern for others associated with the program. When one student started alienating others in the dormitory, he took the kid aside and said, "You're driving people up the wall and if you don't stop no one will like you."

"He was just fine after that," Taylor said.

His concern also surfaced on opening night. "We've got to do this well," he said. "What we do tonight will reflect on Dr. Cavin, and she's worked so hard for us, I don't want to let her down."

Dr. Cavin and her family moved in July to Tennessee, where she hopes to work again with gifted students. Meanwhile, the program she started at UTEP is looking ahead to continuing growth. □

Molly Fennell ('81) covers the University, among other assignments, for *The El Paso Times*.



(VanSurdam...from page 7)

was twice named to the All-Northeast team and remembered a key game against Williams College in which he caught a punt and ran 90 yards for a touchdown. "That stands in the record books today," Harry told us. "When I go back to Wesleyan, they invariably refer to that 1905 runback."

He coached at Marietta, Ohio, and there, in 1906, developed the forward pass that would revolutionize football. "I am credited with inventing it," he told us, "but I think that credit should go to the team."

Harry moved to El Paso in 1909 as director of athletics at El Paso Military, located at Fort Bliss. The following year he became superintendent of the institute and in 1912 presided over the transfer of its buildings and property to the newly established State School of Mines.

When the Hotel Paso del Norte opened in 1912, Harry resumed his musical career by furnishing and playing in a six-piece orchestra for the gala opening of the hotel, then regularly led a four-piece musical ensemble in the Del Norte's early years, earning a respectable \$200 a week for his work. He also organized an El Paso symphony orchestra of 35 musicians from El Paso and Juarez which played their debut concert in 1914.

In World War I, Harry was past draft age but signed up anyway and became a balloon observer. When he visited us in 1978, he wore a jaunty beret on which was pinned the silver wings of his observer group.

He also served as a football official for nearly 40 years — officiating at Sun Bowl games in the 1939-41 years. He tried never to miss a Sun Bowl or Cotton Bowl game.

For nearly a half century, Harry wrote a weekly sports column for the Hoosick Falls *Standard Press* and the *Washington County Post*. He had a gift for picking winners in football games.

He was a 56-year member of the Football Coaches Association, helped organize the Touchdown Clubs of New York City and Washington, D.C.

When he left the campus after that visit in January, 1978, he said: "I don't know whether I'll still be alive next year, but if I am, I surely would like to come back for another Sun Bowl game and a visit to this wonderful University."

He wasn't able to come back.

He was born in Hoosick Falls, New York, on September 28, 1881, and died there on May 28, 1982, in his 101st year. □

HOMECOMING '82

A jubilant "Border Fiesta" theme will be featured during Homecoming 1982, with activities scheduled for Thursday through Saturday, October 21-23.

Hector Holguin will be honored at the annual Outstanding Ex-Student banquet on Thursday, October 21, in the El Paso Country Club. The traditional location has been resumed and the date was moved back to Thursday in order not to conflict with high school football games, explained Jim Peak, development and alumni director.

Special tables will be reserved for members of the honored classes: 1922, 1932, 1942, 1952, 1962 and 1972 and the 25th anniversary class of 1957. Also in the spotlight at that event and others will be the Golden Graduates who have been out of school 50 years or more.

The Border Fiesta will continue on Friday with the Homecoming parade through the campus. Organizations will be vying for cash prizes offered by the Alumni Association for the best floats. The Homecoming Queen and court and the Outstanding Ex will be featured at the parade and the pep rally following.

After working up their appetites at the pep rally, Miner fans will get a taste treat at a chili competition on campus. Homecoming chairman Miguel Solis, a knowledgeable chili taster in his own right, suggested the event which he would like to see become an annual celebration. Here again, organizations will be able to try for recognition in producing piquant chili.

The Student Programs Office has scheduled John Houseman's produc-

tion of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" for Friday night on campus. Members of the Alumni Association will receive a \$1 discount off the \$8 admission price.

On Friday and Saturday various colleges and departments will be holding Homecoming get-togethers. Specifics were not available at NOVA deadline time, but the Development and Alumni Office was gathering schedule information for a mailing to alumni in advance of Homecoming.

The Border Fiesta will be capped with the Homecoming game against Air Force at 7:30 p.m. Saturday, October 23, in the Sun Bowl. The international flavor will be captured in a special halftime show arranged by Ron Hufstader, director of bands.

A new opportunity will be offered to purchasers of banquet tickets this year, through arrangements made by Alumni Association vice president Lloyd Stevens. Sun Travel and Continental Airlines will award a free trip to Las Vegas for two to the holder of the winning banquet ticket.

Another ways and means project, directed toward the Alumni Association's scholarship fund, is the series of "Follow the Miners" trips. They are scheduled for the September 11 game against Washington University at Seattle, September 25 against Hawaii at Honolulu, October 9 against the University of Nevada at Las Vegas, October 16 against Arizona State at Tempe, and October 30 against Colorado State at Fort Collins. The Hawaii trip had an August deadline. Arrangements are by Sun Travel which handles the reservations. □

(Paydirt...from page 9)

She had both enthusiasm and personality and the judges quickly saw it.

"This is really going to be *fun*," she said. "I can be myself or a totally different person inside that costume. I really can't wait for that first game! And," she continued, "I love the idea I might get to travel some with the cheerleaders."

She is pretty, bubbly, articulate. In Mass Com she is concentrating on the

public relations and advertising sequence, working part-time at El Paso Community College in its Information Office, and hoping to find a good job in PR.

If there is any justice anywhere, one is certain she will.

Susanna Perez is PR personified.

And what could be more perfect for our Paydirt Pete? □

Alumnotes

by Sue Wimberly

1920-1949

It is always a pleasure to have a note from **Ewald Kipp** (B.S. '22), retired and living in Salt Lake City. He sends his greetings to all and a picture t'boot!

Leon A. Rosenfield (B.A. '33), a resident of Los Angeles, retired from the California State Department of Social Services in 1979.

Helen Fryer Chatfield (1942 etc.) has won a first place award at the National Press Association Convention in Anaheim, California, for an interview with a woman charged but freed in the murder of her husband. She is a member of the Skagit Valley Herald staff, Oak Harbor, Washington.

N.D. "Bud" Lassiter (B.A. '43) is employed in the personnel office of El Paso Natural Gas Company.

Vernie A. Stembridge, M.D. (B.S. '43; Outstanding Ex 1978) was one of four physicians to receive Ashbel Smith Distinguished Alumni Awards from The University of Texas Medical Branch School of Medicine at the annual honors and awards convocation in May. Dr. Stembridge is a professor and chairman of the department of pathology at The University of Texas Southwestern Medical School, UT Health Science Center, Dallas. He is also a director of the pathology laboratories at Parkland Memorial Hospital.

James J. Young, Brig. Gen./USA, ret., (1944 etc.) has been appointed vice chancellor for health affairs, West Virginia Board of Regents. He received his bachelor's degree from the University of Maryland, his master's and doctorate in hospital and health care administration from Baylor University and the University of Iowa, respectively. He completed his military service as chief of the Medical Service Corps and director of Resources Management, Office of the Surgeon General.

Alicia Trevino (B.A. '44; M.A. '54) has retired as director of elementary instruction with the El Paso Independent School District after a career in education which spanned 34 years. She was honored by Teachers of English to Speakers of Other Languages and the Southwest Association for Bilingual Education for her leadership and contributions to bilingual education in the district.

E.H. Casner (B.B.A. '46) is president of Casner Imports Company, El Paso.

Richard L. McConn (B.B.A. '48) is senior vice president of El Paso Natural Gas Company.



Kipp

to vice president of the El Paso Natural Gas Company.

Renee C. Gholtz (B.S. '51), who taught at Lamar and Hillside schools in El Paso, retired in June from the New Orleans public schools.

William E. Wood (B.A. '52) is the founder of William E. Wood Realtors and Developers, commercial and investment properties, in El Paso.

P.K. Odell (B.B.A. '53) is assistant vice president of administration and forecast, El Paso Exploration Company.

Dolores A. Vega (B.B.A. '54; M.Ed. '78) served as historian for the El Paso County Council of the International Reading Association during the past school year.

Hector M. Rodriguez (B.S. '55), NASA space shuttle program project engineer, was honored at pre-launch ceremonies of the space shuttle Columbia at Kennedy Space Center. NASA's associate administrator for space transportation, Maj. Gen. J.A. Abrahamson, said Rodriguez's suggestions "have not only improved the quality and timely completion of the orbiter's black boxes and display panels, but have saved the government an estimated \$7 million." Rodriguez joined NASA in 1960.



Markman

Roberta Hoffman Markman, instructor in the UTEP English Department from 1955 to 1962, has been chosen by The California State University for their Outstanding Professor Award. A full professor and director of the University Scholars Program at California State University, Long Beach, she was recommended to

the chancellor and trustees by a special committee organized by the CSU Academic Senate. "I feel as if I've won an Oscar," she said. "To me it's the highest thing I could possibly achieve. I know a lot of other people deserve it as much as I do — but I got it!" The award carries a \$1,000 honorarium. Dr. Markman left UTEP to teach at Pasadena (California) City College, and in 1968, after receiving her doctorate in English and comparative literature, was appointed an associate professor at California State University, Long Beach. The encouragement to continue her teaching she attributes to Dr. C.L. Sonnichsen and Dr. Joe Leach, both of whom served as chairman of the English Department during her UTEP teaching years, as well as others in the department — Bob Burlingame, Roberta Walker, Lurline Douglas Coltharp, Joan Quarm. . . "The highly motivated and appreciative students I had there were responsible for my teaching and the enthusiasm made it rewarding. . . I knew I had to keep teaching." She added, "When Governor Brown called me early this month to congratulate me for this award, I was flabbergasted and, of course, thrilled. All of my experiences at UTEP flashed in front of me, and I realized that that is where it all began. My gratitude to the administration, faculty and students (now alumni) there; . . . the many opportunities and en-

Gene E. Congdon Sr. (B.S. '55) is president of Geneco Petroleum Corporation. His home is in Southport, Connecticut.

Ray E. Santos, M.D., (B.A. '55) has been appointed by the UT System Board of Regents to serve on the Development Board of the University of Texas Medical Branch, Galveston.

Joanne C. Vickers (B.A. '56; M.Ed. '73) is an investment broker with A.G. Edwards & Sons, El Paso.

John C. Ross Jr. (B.B.A. '56), city attorney for Lubbock, is currently serving as president of the Texas City Attorneys Association and is a board member of the Texas Municipal League Workers Compensation Insurance Board.

Alberto Chaparro (B.B.A. '58) is controller at Walling Sand & Gravel Company, Salem, Oregon.

Mignonne LaLonde Peterson (1958, etc.) has been elected to a six-year term on the Tacoma, Washington, School Board.

Rene M. Rosas, D.D.S., (B.S. '58) is president of the Texas Dental Association; he has been twice named El Paso Dentist of the Year.

William T. Bartlett Jr. (B.S. '59) is mine manager of coal operations, Exxon Corporation,

couragements for excellence in teaching need to be expressed because all too often the beginnings of these wonderful life experiences are easily forgotten."

On June 23 **James P. Maloney, Maj. Gen./USA** (B.S. '54) assumed command of the U.S. Army Air Defense Center and Fort Bliss, and as commandant of the U.S. Army Air Defense School. He has come to Fort Bliss from his assignment as director of weapons systems, Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for



Maloney

Research, Development, and Acquisition in Washington, D.C. Commissioned a second lieutenant in artillery through the Reserve Officer Training Corps at then Texas Western College, he completed his officer basic course at Fort Bliss in 1954 and in 1959-60 returned to Fort Bliss for a guided missile system officer's course. In 1969 he assumed command of the newly activated 7th Battalion, 61st Artillery and six months later took the battalion to Europe. General Maloney graduated from the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College in 1967 and from the Army War College in 1972. He was a military adviser in Vietnam in 1962-63 and has held numerous duties in this country and abroad. His last European assignment was from 1974-76 when he commanded the 108th Air Defense Group, 32nd Army Air Defense Command. He earned his Master's degree in communications at Shippenburg State College. He is married to the former Meriwyn Grace Blythe of El Paso. They have three children: Jim, of El Paso; Mike, a student at Texas A&M, and Patty Light, wife of the Rev. John Light, of Hanover, Pennsylvania. □

1950-1959

William H. Healy (B.B.A. '50) retired on April 30 from the El Paso Natural Gas Company.

Santos "Kayo" Perez (B.A. '50; M.A. '53) has retired as coach and social studies teacher at Bowie High School, El Paso.

J.T. Thompson (B.S. '50) has been promoted

Baranguilla, Colombia.

Anne F. Holder (B.S. '59; M.A. '69) is a candidate for a doctorate in sociology at the University of California/Berkeley. Her dissertation will be on the Mexican labor market in Monterrey, Mexico.

1960-1965

Robert E. Jones, LTC/USA, ret., (B.A. '60) completed 22 years of military service and retired in May 1981. He and his wife, the former **Sally Woodley** (B.M. '61) live in College Station, Texas.

M.H. "Mandy" Zabriskie Jr. (B.B.A. '62) formerly manager and chef at the Stanton Room in El Paso, has left the restaurant business to join Emery Advertising as vice president and general manager.

Charles G. Overton Jr. (B.S. '63), of Albuquerque, has retired from his position as a civil engineer with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Department of Interior.

James A. Fyock, Col./USA, ret., (B.B.A. '63) is group director of public relations with the R.J. Reynolds Industries, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Herbert J. Bell Jr. (B.S. '63) is chief reservoir engineer for Marken Oil & Gas Inc., Abilene.

Nolan Richardson (B.A. '65), basketball coach at Tulsa University, was selected as one of the coaches for the basketball teams participating in July in the U.S. Olympics Committee's National Sports Festival in Indianapolis.

Genaro "Jerry" Garcia (B.S. '65; M.Ed. '71), an administrator for the South Whittier School District, Whittier, California, recently completed his doctorate in educational administration.

Edward R. Guhl, Maj./USA, ret. (B.S. '65) has retired as coordinator of special projects, Santa Maria, California, Joint Union High School District. During his fifteen years with the district, he was president of the faculty association and served as a member of the State Council of Education.

1966-1969

Mario T. Garcia, Ph.D., (B.A. '66; M.A. '68), author of *Desert Immigrants: The Mexicans of El Paso 1880-1920* and a member of the history faculty of the University of California/Santa Barbara, was a recent lecturer at the Maud Sullivan Gallery in El Paso.

Herman Hoffpauir (1958 etc.) is a salesman with the Tom Growney Equipment Company in El Paso; his wife, the former **Eldene Webb** (B.S. '66), is a teacher at Morehead Junior High School.

Mary Caldwell Harris (B.S. '66) has completed her fourth year as librarian at Thomas Manor Elementary School in El Paso.

Ruben Rodriguez, Ph.D., (B.S. '66) is the station electrical engineer for the U.S. Army Field Station in Augsburg, Germany. He received his master's from the University of Missouri in 1967 and his doctorate from New Mexico State University in 1979.

Richard Arreola (B.S. '67), of Redondo Beach, California, is a chemist for the Los Angeles Sanitation Department.

Richard B. Novick, D.D.S., (1967 etc.) is serving a 24-month residency in orthodontics at the University of Texas Dental Branch, Houston.

Robert J. Mena (B.S. '67; M.Ed. '81) is a science consultant for elementary grades in the El Paso Independent School District.

Charles L. Jones, LTC/USA, ret., (B.S. '67)

was recently named chairman of the board of the East Valley YMCA of El Paso.

Esther Newcomer-Bramblett (B.B.A. '68), of Austin, has published *Reading Hands for Pleasure or Profit* based on many years of research. After completing her degree at UTEP she started her own business in El Paso, and upon moving to Austin opened the Newcomer Bookkeeping and Tax Service. Now, with the publication of her book, she is starting another career, developing her hobby of hand reading into full-time work in teaching and lecturing on the subject.

Ruth Meredith (B.S. '68; M.Ed. '70) was selected athletic director for the Ysleta Independent School District of El Paso.

Larry Almanza (B.A. '68), of El Paso, has been named one of the outstanding regional sales representatives by Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation.

Ronald L. Bolen, D.D.S., (B.S. '68) is in general dentistry practice in Austin.

Jean Nance (B.A. '68) has retired after 14 years of teaching at El Paso High School.

Steve Putnicki (B.A. '68) is television director at Teleprompter Cable TV in El Paso.

June Templeton Rain (B.S. '68) writes that she is an active volunteer at the Dallas Zoo, particularly with a touring zoo of pythons, boas, opossums, etc., giving demonstrations and lectures to classrooms, nursing homes and hospitals.

Pat Wieland (B.S. '68), El Paso realtor, has been named regional vice president of the Texas Chapter 22 of the Farm and Land Institute.

James Kurtz-Phelan (B.B.A. '68) has resigned his position as legal advisor to Governor Richard Lamm of Colorado and will join the Denver law firm of Weinshienk, Miller, Borus & Permut. By order of the governor, May 29, 1982, was proclaimed James Kurtz-Phelan Day.

Gary Weister (B.A. '68), formerly of the El Paso District Attorney's office, has joined the legal firm of Scott, Hulse, Marshall, Feuille and Thurmmond.

Mary Friedmann (B.S. '69) was selected "Outstanding Young Woman of El Paso" for 1981 by the El Paso Jaycee-Ettes.

Loretta Saucedo Knight (B.S. '69) is teaching reading at St. Patrick's School, El Paso.

Tim Tischler, D.D.S., (B.S. '69) is in private dental practice in Austin.

Ignacio R. Troncoso (B.S. '69; M.S. '72) is vice president of engineering, transmission and distribution for the El Paso Electric Company.

Richard Pearson (B.A. '69) has been named general sales manager for KVIA-TV, El Paso. He has been with the station for 13 years. Pearson is past president of the UTEP Alumni Association, and a member of the Matrix Society and El Dorados Athletic Fund Raising. He was elected first lieutenant governor of District 12 for the American Advertising Federation which named him "Advertising Person of the Year" in May.

Barry Breen (B.B.A. '69), former controller of Highland General Hospital, Pampa, Texas, has been appointed controller at Sierra Medical Center, El Paso.

1970-1975

Mamie Fay Holloway (B.B.A. '70) is general ledger manager with Farah Manufacturing Company, Inc., in El Paso.

Jose Rocha (B.B.A. '70) is employed as director of finance for the Housing Authority of the City and County of El Paso.

Dolores Payan (B.A. '70) is with the U.S.

Customs Service, Fines, Penalties and Forfeitures Section, El Paso District.

Anita Long Kurita (B.S. '71), of Soquel, California, is a high school teacher in San Jose and is working on her Master's degree.

Vernell T. Gregg (B.S. '71) is a teacher in the Lewisville, Texas, Independent School District.

J.F. Trice (M.Ed. '71) has joined Saxon Oil Company, Midland, Texas, as division exploration manager for the West Texas/Southeast New Mexico Division. He holds a bachelor's degree in geology from the University of Oklahoma.

David R. Rader (B.B.A. '71) was recently promoted to manager in the tax department of the Houston office of Seidman & Siedman, a national accounting firm.

Nicolo A. Santangelo (B.B.A. '72) is chief of the economic analysis and information unit of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Southwest Regional Office, Dallas.

Osmundo V. "Ozzie" Nunez Jr. (B.A. '72), who is a certified astrologer, has been performing in civic light opera in Seattle. He is employed with the Pacific Northwest Bell Telephone Company.

Linda D. Weir (B.A. '72), who completed a master's degree in audiology at North Texas State University, has established a private practice, the Santa Fe Center for Audiology, in Santa Fe. She was previously employed as instructor/supervisor in audiology at the University of New Mexico with clinical work at the Bernalillo County Medical Center. She is president-elect of the New Mexico Speech, Language and Hearing Association.

William Moody (B.A. '72), who joined the El Paso district attorney's office in 1975, has been promoted to first felony assistant. He received his law degree from Texas Tech School of Law in May 1975.

Charles E. Webb Jr. (B.A. '73) of Washington, D.C. writes: "Charles Webb has accomplished absolutely nothing. But even bums like to communicate." He adds that spring and a quarter moon in the nation's capital can do things to business and real estate people.

Joseph J. Staab (B.S. '73) received his Doctor of Osteopathy degree *cum laude* at Texas College of Osteopathic Medicine in May.

Alma Maria Garcia-Marsh (B.A. '74), received her Ph.D. in sociology in June; she has been appointed an assistant professor at the University of Santa Clara.

James J. Crouch (B.B.A. '75; M.B.A. '78) is chief of the software branch, Training Development, U.S. Army Air Defense School, Fort Bliss. His wife, **Lillian Crouch** (M.Ed. '72) is principal of Canyon Hills Junior High School, El Paso.

Becky Ramos (B.B.A. '75) recently moved to Seattle from San Francisco. She is a systems engineering manager for the National Accounts Division of IBM.

1976-1981

Oscar Flores Wright (B.A. '76) is a partner in the firm of Wright & Arredondo Associates, a new marketing research company in Austin, Texas. Formerly an analyst for Financial Services, Texas Department of Human Resources, he recently worked in the office of Governor William Clements with the Department of Mexico and Latin American Relations.

Recent May graduates of The University of Texas Health Science Center at San Antonio include: **John E. Sears**, D.D.S. (B.S. '77), who will be in private practice in Houston; **Alvaro Arier Hernandez**, M.D. (B.S. '77), orthopedic surgery in residency at Louisiana State University Af-

filiated Hospitals, New Orleans; **Jose Ramon Silvas**, M.D. (B.S. '77), psychiatry residency at Bexar County Hospital District, San Antonio; **Michelle Ingeborg Baka**, M.D. (B.S. '78), family practice residency at Bexar County Hospital District, San Antonio; **Rachel Vivian Jiron**, M.D. (B.S. '78), family practice residency at the University of California Affiliated Hospitals, Irvine; and **Oscar Vega, Jr.** (B.S. '78), anesthesiology residency, Texas Tech Regional Health Center, Lubbock.

Barbara Beckage Klancher (B.B.A. '81) and her husband, **Michael Klancher** (B.S. '80) live in

Bakersfield, California, where both are employed by Shell California Production, Inc.

Earl M. Hines Jr., 2nd Lt./USA, (B.S. '81) was designated honor graduate of the Signal Corps Officer Basic Course at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and **John W. Ives**, 2nd Lt./USA, (B.B.A. '81) graduated second in his class at the U.S. Army Military Intelligence Officer Basic Course at Fort Huachuca, Arizona.

Daniel E. Grodin, 2nd LT./USMC, (B.S. '81) recently completed five months at the Basic School, Quantico, Virginia, and has been assigned to Flight School at Pensacola, Florida.

Deaths

James W. King (1938 etc.), of Winter Springs, Florida, February 16. He is survived by his wife, Helen B. King.

Paul Jackson (1943 etc.), March 27. He is survived by his wife, of Albuquerque.

Benjamin Flores (B.S. 1959), in El Paso, May 25. Survivors are his wife, Mary M. Flores, two sons and three daughters.

Florence Weymouth Munn, assistant professor of Curriculum and Instruction, College of Education, from 1965 until her retirement in 1980, April 29, in El Paso. Survivors include her daughter and three sons.

Joseph Verebelyi, Sr., (B.S. 1968; M.Ed. 1970), May 1, in El Paso. He was a counselor at Bel Air High School, where a memorial scholarship has been established in his name. Survivors are his wife and two children.

Zearl W. Smith, D.D.S., (1947 etc.), of El Paso, May 2. He is survived by his wife and five children.

John Birkhead, (B.A. 1953; M.A. 1956), athletic consultant with the El Paso Independent School District, May 10. He served as coach at both Austin and Burges High Schools, and accepted his appointment to the EPISD regional office in 1972. He is survived by his wife, Peggie Birkhead, and three children. A memorial scholarship fund in his honor is being established through the Development Office at UTEP.

John Hubbard Kines (B.S. 1933), a retired supervisor of the El Paso Electric Company, in Birmingham, Alabama, May 15. Survivors include his daughter-in-law and a brother.

John Joseph Woo, Sr., (B.B.A. 1949), May 19 in El Paso. Retired from 20 years with the U.S. postal service, he dedicated his time to the Boys' Baseball of El Paso. Survivors are his wife, Josephine Woo, three sons and a daughter.

Thomas G. Michael (B.S. 1950), a retired geophysicist and manager of the Rocky Mountain Division, Century Exploration, May 21. He was a resident of Cleburne, Texas. Survivors are his wife, Julia Michael, and two sons.

Joseph H. Buys, Col./USA, ret., (M.Ed. 1965), in Salt Lake City, May 26. He was professor of Military Science and Tactics at UTEP from 1958-1961 when he retired from military service, and served as assistant director of admissions at the University from 1961-1962. His wife, Lorraine Buys, and three sons survive him.

Henderson E. VanSurdam, whose story, "The Founder," was told in a personal interview in NOVA, March 1978, at age 100, May 28, in Hoosick Falls, New York. See "Death of the Founder" in this issue.

James W. Huff, Jr., (B.S. 1979), in El Paso, May 30. A former officer with the Texas Depart-

ment of Public Safety, he was employed by the Bureau of Reclamation. His wife, Annette S. Huff, and a son, Michael, survive him.

Mary B. Merrick (M.Ed. 1970), a teacher in the El Paso public schools for 38 years, June 3, in El Paso. Her survivors are two sons and a daughter.

Rosalie Orr Thomas (B.A. 1948; M.A. 1971), June 5, in El Paso. She is survived by her husband, Paul F. Thomas, and three daughters.

Gordon W. Bulger (B.A. 1937), June 6, in Dallas. Three sons survive him.

Lewis C. Woodul (1925 etc.), a retired ASARCO mining engineer and a resident of Mexico City, June 14. He is survived by his wife, Margarita Rangel De Woodul, three sons and a daughter.

Keith Alexander Basherian, sophomore student in geological sciences, in a motorcycle accident, June 20. He is survived by his parents.

Donald Walker Reagan (B.A. 1952), June 21. Survivors include his wife, Johann Reagan, three sons and a daughter.

Mary Miller, a staff member of UTEP's Physical plant for 31 years, July 3, in El Paso. Custodian of the Psychology Building during the many years of her service, she had planned to retire August 31. Mrs. Miller's family — her mother, aunt, stepfather, sister-in-law and cousin — all have worked for the custodial department, putting in more than 100 years of work at the University. She is survived by four children, her mother and sister.

Jose Arturo Izquierdo, freshman student of electrical engineering, July 4, in El Paso. Surviving are his parents, Mike Izquierdo of UTEP's Electrical Engineering Department, and Ruth Izquierdo, two brothers and two sisters.

John K. Creighton, associate professor of history at UTEP, July 18, in Flagler, Colorado, where he was completing a research project. Dr. Creighton joined the faculty in 1966 and was adviser to the honorary history fraternity, Phi Alpha Theta. He received his B.A., M.A. and Ph.D. degrees at the University of Colorado. He is survived by his wife, Elaine Creighton, and four children.

John J. Lynch, Maj./USA, ret., (M.Ed. 1968), a counselor at Eastwood High School, El Paso, July 18. He is survived by his wife, Mary G. Lynch, and three children.

Manuel Cintron (B.A. 1959), a counselor for the Department of Human Resources for five years, in El Paso, July 21. He is survived by his wife, Mary Lou Cintron.

Duane S. Johns (B.A. 1965), July 21. Survivors are his wife, Patsy Johns, and two daughters.

(The Yolk...from page 6)

"Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop," I might suggest that while reading and writing about these poems will not save your souls, doing so may make your souls worth saving; more likely, though, I would mimic the high seriousness of Shakespeare's *Lear*. As the abdicated king remonstrates when his faithless daughters gainsay *his* need, not, to be sure, for poetry, but for the hundred knights whom he has reserved (at their expense) as symbols of his renounced monarchy,

O, reason not the need! Our basest
beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature
needs,
Man's life's as cheap as beast's.

Reason not the need: teaching poetry and writing analyses of it far exceed the minimum standards of natural necessity, just as *Lear's* century of knightly companions seems frivolous to his utilitarian daughters. But precisely because they stubbornly refuse to contribute *un peso* to the sustenance of life and limb, literary pedagogy and publishing symbolize the uniquely human drive to build monuments to the soul's scintillating magnificence. Blake thought that the pride of the peacock was the glory of God, but as the Deity himself affirmed when he said "Let there be light," no glory can compete with a bright idea. And notice that God hastened to *publish* his brainstorm, which he did by forging a brave new world through the power of his Word. University teachers cannot afford to break precedent with the primordial creator, for pedagogy and publishing are the yolk and white of the one shell.

I know from experience. □

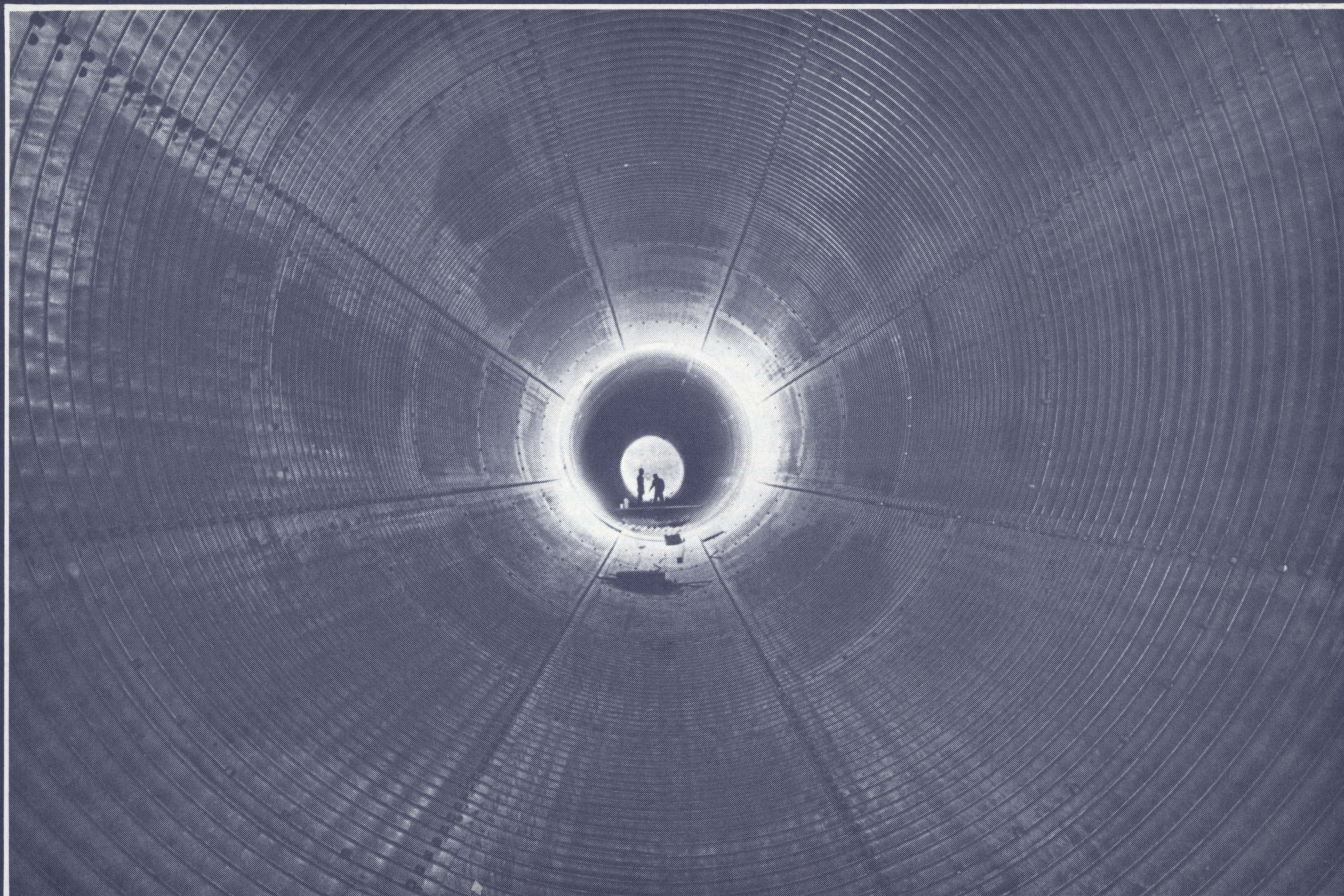
The articles to which Dr. Gallagher refers are:

"*Paradise Lost* and The Greek Theogony," *English Literary Renaissance*, 9 (1979), 121-148. (This essay won the James Holly Hanford Award of the Milton Society of America for the most distinguished article on Milton published in 1979.)

"Milton's 'The Passion': Inspired Mediocrity," *Milton Quarterly*, 11 (1977), 44-50.

"The Word Made Flesh: Blake's 'A Poison Tree' and the Book of Genesis," *Studies in Romanticism*, 16 (1977), 237-249.

The author's essay on Yeats is in progress.



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