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NOVA

The University of Texas at El Paso Magazine

Concordia at Sunset

NOVA
The University of Texas at El Paso
El Paso, Texas 79968
November, 1983

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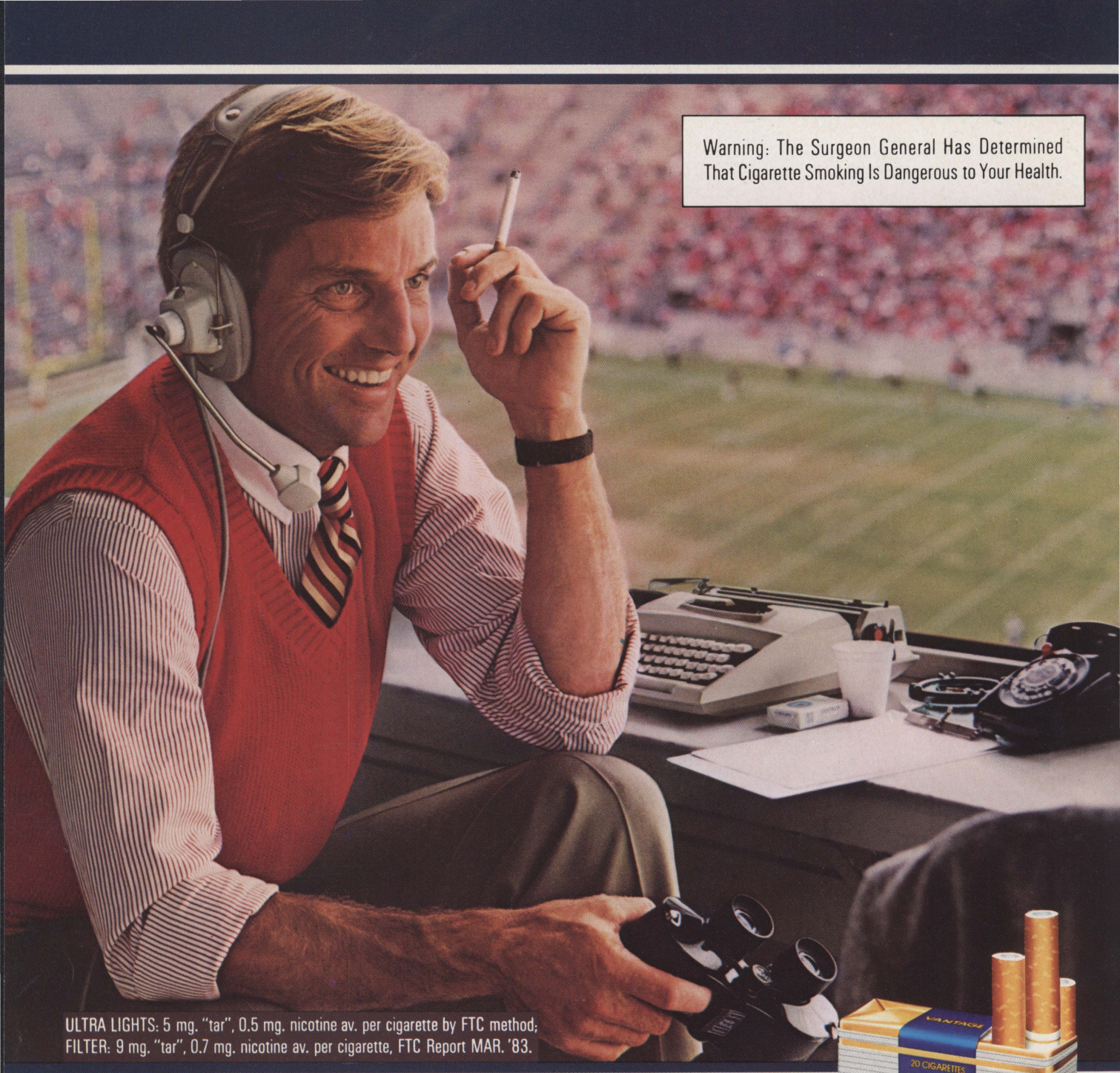

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VANTAGE. THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.

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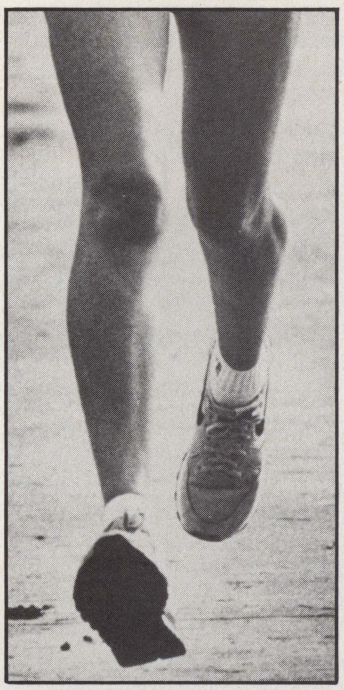
NOVA

NOVEMBER



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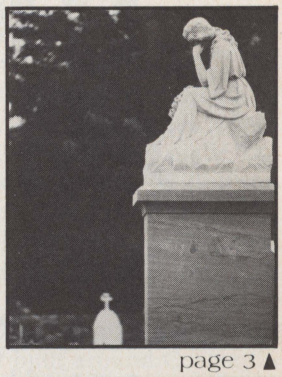

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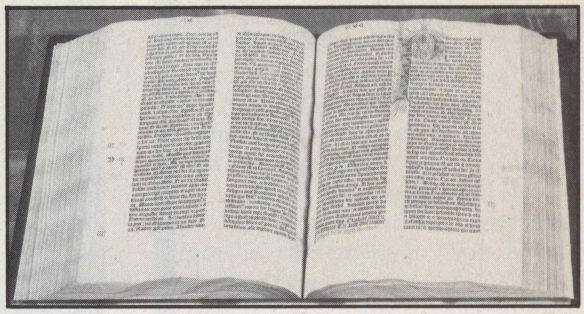

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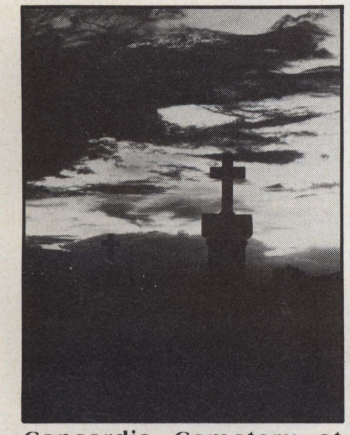

Concordia Cemetery at sunset, looking toward the West, freeway lights in background. (Photo by Russell Banks)

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The View from the Hill

by Dale L. Walker

We noshed a liverwurst on rye, kosher pickle, cole slaw and ice tea, President Monroe and I, and I had my laundry list with me: questions I need to ask, things I need to tell him about. These periodic light lunches help me a lot and he is immensely helpful to begin with.

I took the opportunity, after clearing my list, for a short interview, too. It was three years this past July that Dr. Monroe came here from Texas A&M to succeed President Templeton, and this was my lead-in to a looking-back, looking-ahead series of questions from UTEP's top administrator.

"I put the new Library at the top of my list, looking back," he told me. "It is an amazing project in many ways. We now think, since the construction is ahead of schedule, we will be moving in during the fall, 1984, semester. The way that project came together is really a wonderful story — from the planning, with Fred Hanes and the committee, identifying all the needs, to the architectural work and the construction, the Regent's support of it. . ."

Other bright spots?

"The increase in the number of student scholars we are attracting; the new additions to the University leadership in both administrative and academic areas, combining so well with the tested people already here; the generous — very generous and enthusiastic — support we have from this community, even from people who have no 'official' tie but who consider us *their* university; the always helpful and enthusiastic relationship we have with the UT System regents and Chancellor Walker; the great progress we have made in assisting our provisional students, providing a chance to succeed at the University to some students who were not considered 'promising'; the evident progress in the athletic program. . ."

Down the road?

"We have to concentrate on broadening our enrollment base, in the geographic sense, to attract students here from a wider radius of West Texas and the Southwest. We can do this because UTEP is a fine place to go to school. The classes here are taught by faculty members who are active scholars and excellent classroom teachers — both. We also can add to the attraction of UTEP by making it better known who we are and what we stand for.

"Of course, I want to see us add new doctoral programs gradually over the coming years but I realize the current academic climate in Texas makes this difficult to achieve.

"We need to stress our scholarship program, our Library expansion, teaching equipment, excellent faculty, beautiful facilities, cultural attractions — the list of positive things is long and getting longer."

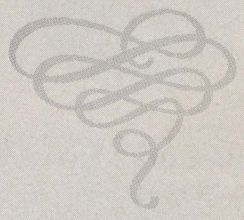
Presidential problems?

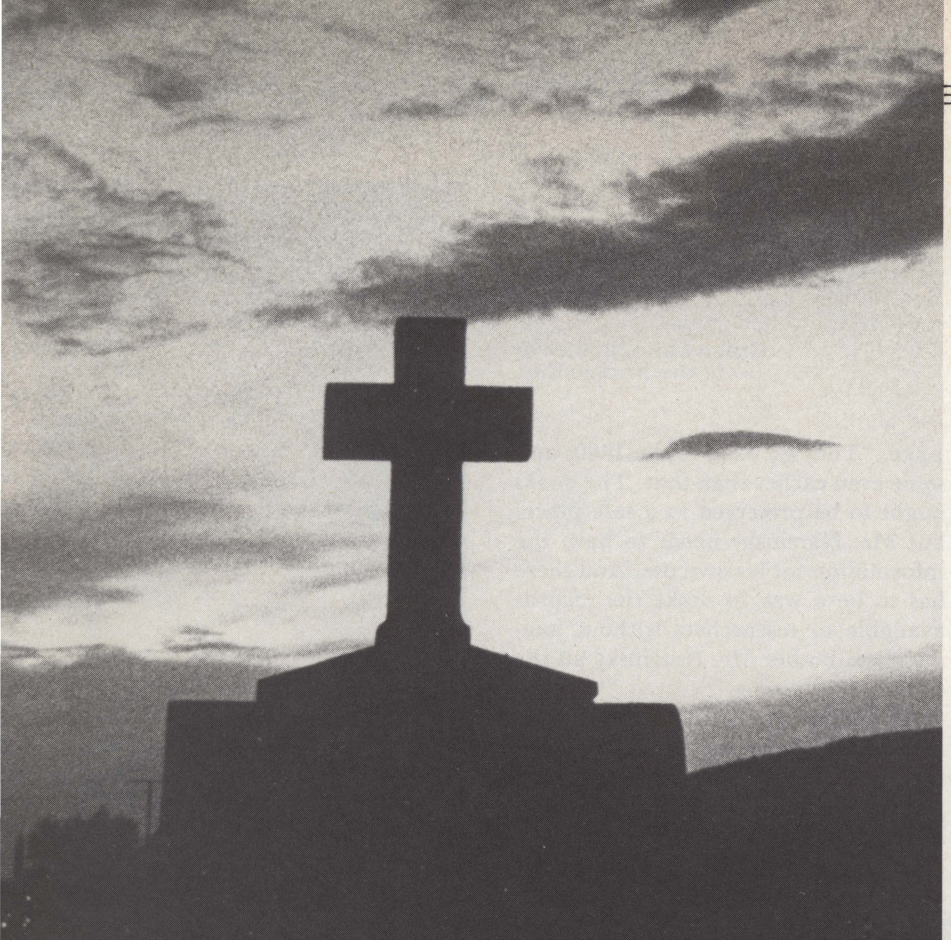
"There are some unreal moments, but no more than any other university president has, I suppose. I wish more people would recognize the good things we do and spend less time on petty matters. This University is a very complex thing. We have a budget of nearly $54 million for 1983-84 — more than half as large as the budget for the entire City of El Paso, so large that it would take more than $100 for every man, woman and child in El Paso County to match it. And, we are the sixth largest employer in the county. Any 'business' that large will have problems, but I do not think our problems are all that remarkable in the total picture of what UTEP contributes to this city and this whole region.

"I would say that my biggest frustration comes when we are unable to help a student who demonstrates real talent but who needs a scholarship or a job to stay in school. The quantity of help we can provide never seems to match the need for that help."

Greatest satisfaction?

"This comes in shaking hands with the graduates as they come across the stage of the Special Events Center at Commencement. There are always smiles on those faces and the strong hand-grip of a person who has accomplished something very significant. It works both ways: when the graduate comes across the stage, our smiles and congratulations are genuine, too. We know we have accomplished something — the very thing we are here for and the thing we do better than anybody else." □





Grace Lake & Concordia Cemetery

Doing What Couldn't Be Done

by Nancy Hamilton

"They said it couldn't be done," said Grace Lake, who never takes "no" as an answer.

Seated at the dining table in her comfortable Coronado Hills home in El Paso, overlooking a garden where every colorful bloom was in place, she spread out her scrapbooks to illustrate her point. They were filled with clippings from newspapers and magazines, detailing how she had spearheaded the Woman's Department of the Chamber of Commerce in getting a wall built around Concordia Cemetery in the late 1950s. And another section of wall in 1974.

"Everywhere I went, I got help from Bill's former students," she recalled. Her husband, the late W.W. Lake, joined the College of Mines faculty in 1927 and was chairman of the Chemistry Department for many years before his retirement in 1961 as professor emeritus.

"When I asked the City of El Paso for help, there were young men in two departments who remembered that Bill had helped them with tuition and books so they could stay in school," Mrs. Lake said. She approached the County government as well, since the cemetery had a section for county pauper burials; she asked then Bishop S.M. Metzger of the Diocese of El Paso for funds and he came through, on behalf of the large Catholic section of the cemetery; she requested contributions from the community and received 69 from individuals all over the United States, many of whom had relatives buried at Concordia.

"Nobody thought I could get a contract to build the wall," she said, serving her visitor cookies fresh from the oven and hot coffee. "But I worked it out and they had to come through with the money. Rafael Jordan built it at cost for us and did some later work as well."

The wall project predated the construction of Interstate 10 and its "Spaghetti Bowl" overlooking the

Grace Lake, achiever of the impossible.

54-acre cemetery where more than 60,000 El Pasoans, many of them prominent pioneers, were buried in the late 19th century and well into the 20th.

Grace Lake's interest in the cemetery did not end with the wall, however. The vast acreage, which is really a complex of cemeteries with dozens of owners, has some sections that are cared for and some that are not. For the neglected portions, she enlisted the help of the Boy Scouts and also probationers assigned by a district judge to remove the growths of tumbleweeds that perpetuated themselves in the sandy soil.

Her interest did not end with the maintenance work, either.

Over the quarter-century that she has been concerned about Concordia, Mrs. Lake has puzzled about the ledgers containing the burial records. Traditionally they have been kept by a cemetery manager or caretaker. Since about 1966 they were held by Bob Narzinsky, who owns part of the cemetery. His grandfather had been custodian of the records from 1912 to 1921.

"The records have been disintegrating over the years," explained Mrs. Lake. "They go back to the 1880s and some even earlier than that. The books ought to be preserved in a safe place, but Mr. Narzinsky needs to have the information for his own use. And there has to be a way to make the records available to researchers without having them bother Mr. Narzinsky all the time."

An El Paso woman, Dorothy R. Diamond Collier, several years ago copied many of the records with Narzinsky's permission and published them in book form for genealogical researchers. Some researchers, though, prefer to see the original handwritten version.

Mrs. Lake shortly would be able to add a new chapter to her scrapbooks that chronicle her years of concern for Concordia Cemetery. She approached Roy C. Johns, president of the Southwest Microfilm Division of Comgraphix. He enthusiastically agreed to help, recognizing the historical significance of the project. Once Narzinsky released the original ledgers to her, Mrs. Lake took them to be photographed.

"The work was very difficult," observed Irma Silva, manager of the Micropublishing Division of Southwest Microfilm, who did all the photographing herself. "The edges of many of the pages were frayed, in some places pages were missing, and some were torn. Some of the paper was as crisp as piecrust."

As she worked, she discovered burial records of some of her own relatives, such as her grandmother's aunt who was buried in 1918. In the vault records she found listings for Mexican revolutionary figures Pascual Orozco and Victoriano Huerta.

With the microfilming complete, the documents could be made available to researchers, reasoned Mrs. Lake, but what about Narzinsky? The proliferation of genealogy buffs in recent years has brought him a steady stream of inquiries from people wanting to locate graves of their relatives. In many cases, there are no markers on the graves, so he must refer to maps in the ledgers for information.

Her concerns were met again by the people at Southwest Microfilm, who prepared two large ledgers containing printoffs of the microfilm from five small ones. Many of the pages are more readable in this copy than in the original, thanks to Miss Silva's expertise with the camera.

In a brief ceremony held June 10 in the Library's Special Collections room, Mrs. Lake brought together the principals in her latest project: Fred

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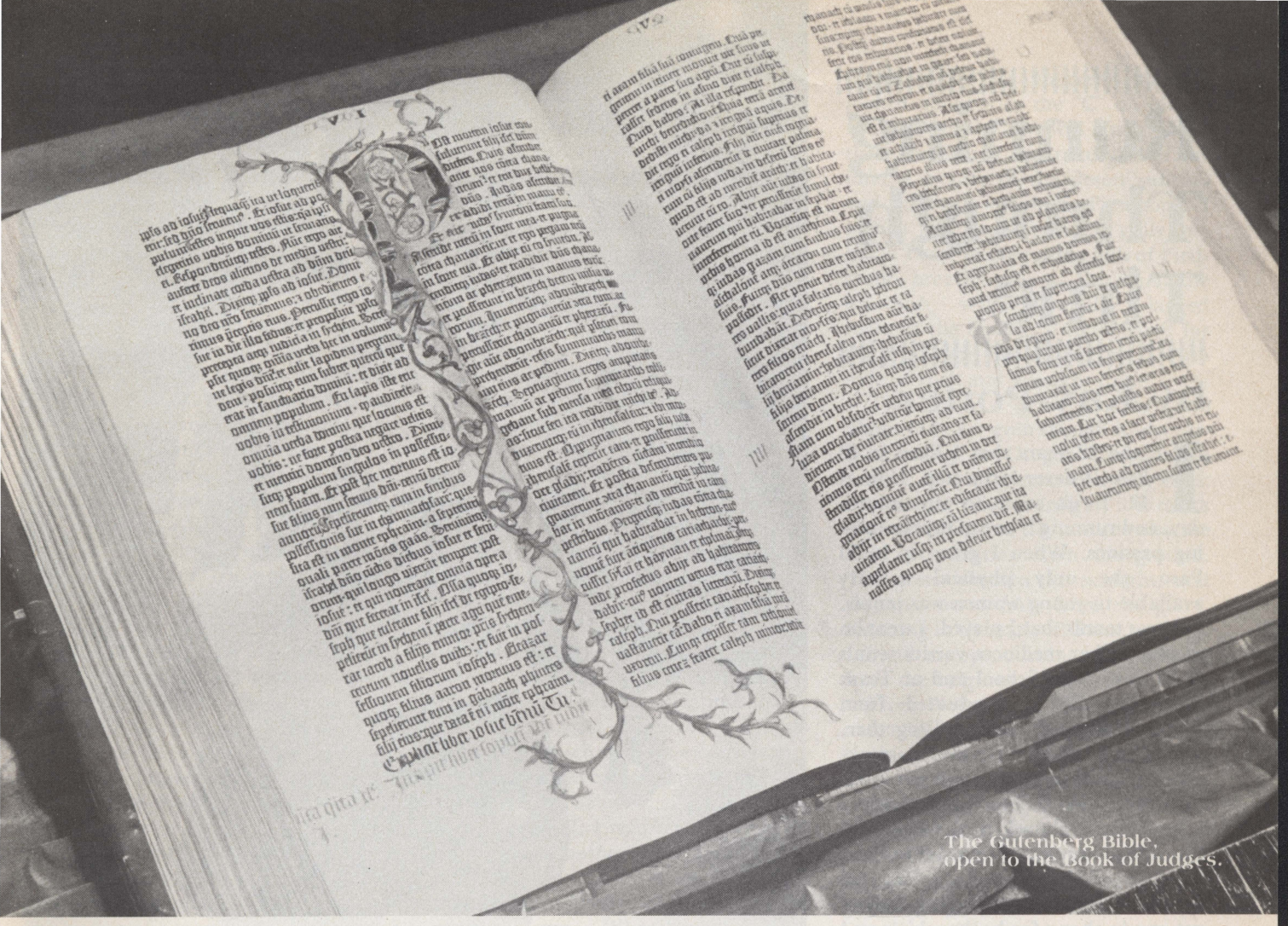
The most famous Concordia grave — John Wesley Hardin's.



The Gutenberg Bible, open to the Book of Judges.

The Gutenberg Bible at UTEP

The Gutenberg Bible of the University of Texas at Austin will be displayed in the El Paso Centennial Museum from December 8-23, concluding a year of exhibitions throughout the state commemorating the UT Austin Centennial.

The exhibition, titled "The Gutenberg Bible, the Beginning of the Printed Word," was made possible by the UT Austin President's Associates.

Earlier in the year, the Bible has been displayed in Tyler, Midland, San Angelo, Wichita Falls, Waco, Fort Worth, Lubbock, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Beaumont, McAllen, Amarillo, Abilene, Dallas, Seguin and Corpus Christi.

The usual home of this rare Bible is the Michener Gallery of the Harry Ransom Center in Austin. Controls there provide precise regulation of temperature and humidity.

The 500-year-old Gutenberg was the first book printed with movable type. Of the approximately 200 Bibles printed by Johann Gutenberg, 48 are known to be extant.

The two-volume UT Austin copy, purchased for $2.4 million in 1978, is one of five complete copies in the United States. It is the only copy south or west of Washington, D.C. One volume will be displayed in El Paso.

The Bible is believed to have been owned by a monastery at one time.

Dr. William B. Todd, internationally known bibliographer and UT Austin professor, who served as consultant on the purchase of the Bible, said that in the first chapter of Ezekiel a sentence was added in the margin. "Evidently a monk added to this copy what he considered the higher authority of a manuscript used previously at the monastery," Dr. Todd explained.

"Especially noteworthy in the first volume," he said, "is the elaborately decorated initial for Leviticus, the Roman numerals added by hand in the margins indicating sections to be read aloud, and the small accent checks above the text to mark the correct pronunciation of the Latin."

Several versions of the Bible were circulating at the time this one was printed, said the professor. The text was in a very fluid state, with no final authority as to which version was correct.

The second volume also contains instructions written in bright red ink, indicating with letters or numerals when to read certain passages. Research was undertaken to determine which medieval ritual required those and other marginal directions.

In conjunction with the Gutenberg Bible exhibit, the Centennial Museum plans a display of printing by El Pasoans. Schools and churches are encouraged to bring tour groups and may call the Museum at 747-5565 to make arrangements.

Museum hours are 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Tuesday through Friday and 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. Sunday. □

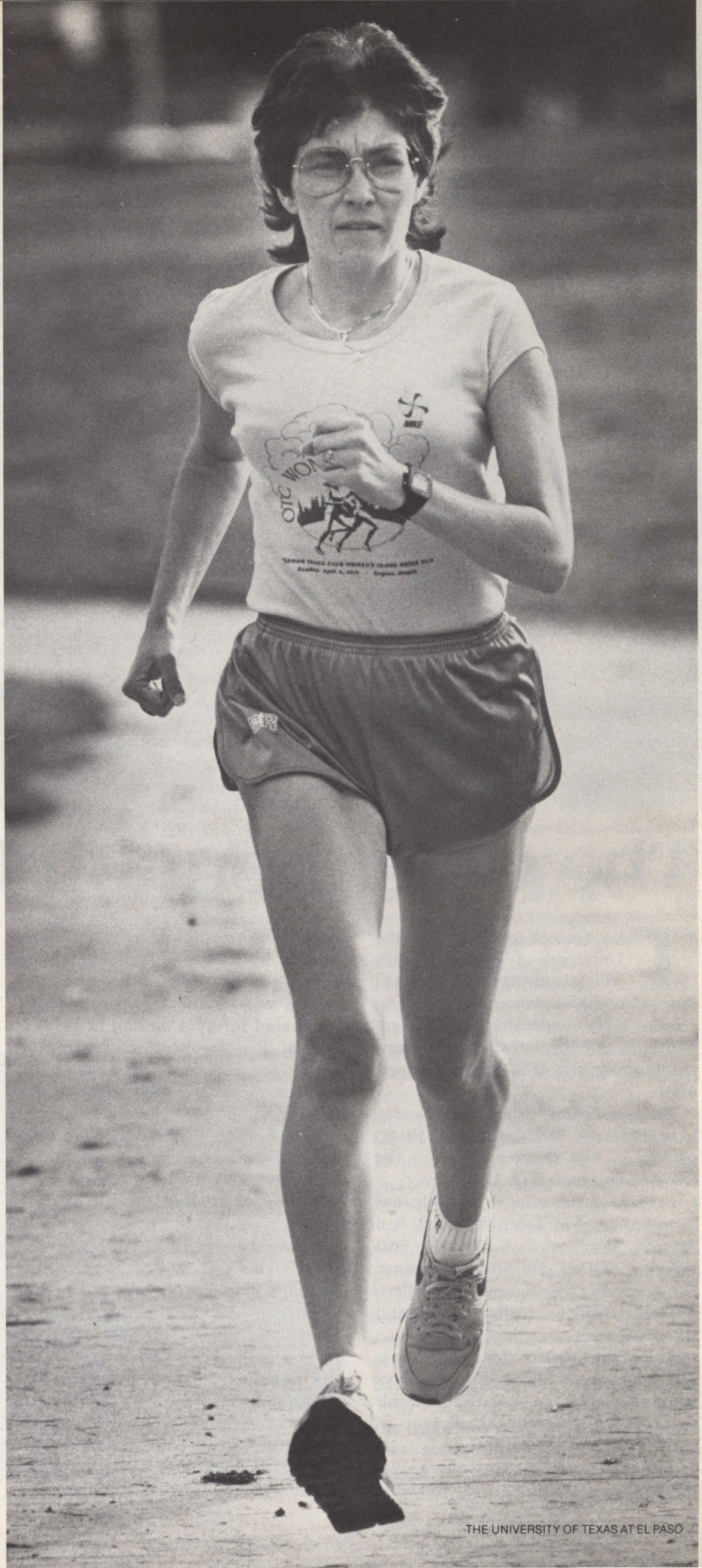
Running Through Time

by Kay Porter

In the 22 years that I lived in El Paso, I never ran a step. Now at 42, I run seven to ten miles a day, and running is one of my consuming passions. When I grew up in El Paso, the only physical activity available to young women was tennis, so it was tennis that I played. I went on to play rather mediocre varsity tennis at El Paso High School and at Texas Western. After I graduated from TWC, I stopped playing altogether, started eating, and continued smoking. I worked in Austin and Houston, then moved in 1967 to Oregon, where I began to backpack in the beautiful Cascade mountains. I found that I was fat, out of shape, and gasping for breath. I heard that jogging helped get one in shape for backpacking and hiking, so I started to jog. What agony! That terrible mile a day, four times around the track near my home in Eugene. I hated it; it was boring, but I felt better backpacking and kept my weight down. I jogged from May through October for years, never running a step farther than a mile until 1977.

That year, the impossible happened: Oregon had a drought. The rains never came, the sun shone every day, and I never had an excuse to stop running. It became even more boring and I felt I had to do something different. More mileage? That seemed likely; but if I hated *one* mile a day, I'd definitely hate two or three.

By March I knew that something had to change. About that time my running partner discovered Dr. Joan Ullyot's book, *Women's Running,* and my life changed, probably forever. Dr. Ullyot maintained that a jogger could double her daily mileage once a week and live to tell about it! For example,



Dr. Kay Porter on a spring jaunt. (Photo by Rosanne Olson)

if you ran three miles a day, once a week you could run six miles, providing that you ran easy or rested on the days before and after. I did not believe that I could ever run 30 minutes without stopping (three to four miles), much less an hour! It was too impossible to imagine. However, there was a carrot for me out there, and its name was the "Bay to Breakers." The Bay to Breakers is one of the largest runs on the West Coast. It is a 7.6-mile race in San Francisco that starts near the Bay Bridge and ends at the Pacific Ocean; miracle of miracles, it has only *one* hill. So my running partner and I started our "training." Slowly, slowly we ran six times around the track, every day for a week. The next week we did eight laps, a full two miles. I felt terrible, but triumphant. Then the day came when we finally ran three miles, which had been the biggest psychological and physical barrier for me. Somewhere along the way I started to feel better when running; it just happened without my noticing.

So on a three-mile-a-day base, we flew to San Francisco to run in our first race — THE Bay to Breakers. We and 20,000 other crazy runners. I jogged slowly and walked part of the way up the Hayes Street hill, but I made it! I could never explain to a non-runner the feeling of accomplishment and joy that I had that day. From then on, I was hooked.

After two years of running, I had slimmed down to ten pounds less than my college weight, and I ran a marathon. I also became obsessed with what other women runners my age were feeling, thinking, and doing. I was teaching in the Gerontology Center at the University of Oregon, so I decided to conduct research studies on older women runners like myself. In the next three years, I conducted five large studies on female runners ages 30-60, asking questions about psychological characteristics such as depression, anxiety, mood, and relationship satisfaction, training, physiological problems, and the satisfactions they gained from running.

My average subject was 31 years old with 16 years of education. She was 5'5", weighed 124 pounds, and had been running for two-and-a-half years. She ran six miles a day and could complete a 10K (6.2 miles) run in 54 minutes. She liked the way her body looked, and she felt good about her own aging process. In fact, 90% of the subjects said that running made them feel more comfortable about growing older. The average runner ate about half as much meat and sugar as she had before she began running, and she had lost an average of ten pounds since she had started running longer distances (four to six miles). She had taken up running for physical activity and to control her weight. She enjoyed the activity, the challenge of running, and her feelings of accomplishment.

Many subjects remarked that they enjoyed running because of the relaxation that it provided; they also felt they were better able to cope with stress, tension, and frustration. In comparing older and younger women runners (over 35 vs. under 35), the older runners were sick less often, injured less frequently, and fewer experienced amenorrhea (temporary cessation of menstruation). The older runners were also less anxious, less depressed (no runners of any age were abnormally depressed), and higher in satisfaction with their primary relationships.

All the characteristics that I found seemed to match my own experiences. Running had become a major lifestyle change for all of us.

In May 1982, I returned to El Paso for my grandmother's 90th birthday. I found myself wanting to run on every street in Kern Place and the Rim Road residential area. What better way to experience my childhood, adolescence, and young adulthood memories?

One bright spring morning, I started from my old home on Park Road and ran to Robinson Boulevard. I peered into the gulley, looking at the now stylish Tennis Club, and saw that what had appeared to me in youth as dead and colorless land was now quite beautiful and full of life. The rock was still the beige, pinkish color I remembered, but in the dirt and gravel were plants bright with yellow and orange flowers. The weather was crisp and cool. It smelled wonderful — that undefinable odor of the desert; I was glad to be alive. I started up Robinson toward Piedmont. Accustomed to the wet Eugene climate at sea level, my throat was dry immediately and my lungs felt the 4,000-foot elevation. I was out of breath quickly, my usual eight-minute pace much harder. I gazed at the houses, those stucco, one-story dwellings of my past, and at the water reservoir that someone has turned into a house. When I was a kid, we used to play on that tank on Crazy Cat mountain. I was amazed by the house inside its concrete walls. I looked above it to the "C" on Mount Franklin as the sun was rising above the mountain. I was reminded of the intense beauty of the desert sunrises and sunsets. Reaching Piedmont, I turned left, away from the gully, my gully. I ran on the rolling hills of Piedmont, breathing hard. Gazing at the brownish, yellow, angular, jagged rocks of the houses, I appreciated for the first time the distinctive El Paso style of rock and wrought iron.

There was a sense of brightness about the day, even though it was early morning. In Oregon everything is muted. It is all green, with gray skies; but even in bright sunlight, it is much darker because of the latitude and the lack of reflection from the ground. The green absorbs the sunlight, and my eyes never hurt from the glare. Running in the early El Paso morning, I found my eyes burning and watering from the brightness.

From Piedmont, I followed Cincinnati, looking at the beautiful old homes of my childhood, some of two-story stucco, a strange combination of English Tudor and adobe styling, built in the twenties. At Madeline Park, I noticed how well kept the lawns and houses looked, better than when I was growing up, with no uncovered dirt anywhere. The park also had improved — plenty of grass and trees. As I ran through the park, I remembered the movies that were shown there on summer nights and a few thrilling occasions when a carnival set up rides there in my ordinary, every-day playing field. Sometimes neighborhood

(Continued on page 16)

Catherine (Kay) Porter, an El Paso native, completed her B.S. in mathematics at Texas Western in 1962, her M.A. in counseling psychology at the University of Houston, and Ph.D. at the University of Oregon in Eugene, where she also taught from 1974-82. She is an assistant professor of gerontology at Oregon State University, Corvallis, and serves as a gerontological consultant for mental health and senior services programs in Oregon, California and Montana. She is on the boards of the Oregon Track Club and its Masters Division and is listed in *Who's Who of American Women.*

Portrait of Charlotte Bronte
by George Richmond.

In Search of Villette:

A Journey to Brussels, 1982

by Joan Quarm

During the summer of 1982 I decided to pass through Brussels after a Bronte Conference in England. Not much is left of the city as Charlotte Bronte knew and immortalized it in her novel *Villette,* but something of the feeling of the place might still remain. This is the diary of my quest for a link with the past, written as events occurred, and changed very little.

August 9: The Leeds to London train arrives on time at Euston Station and the city is bright with sunshine as my taxi weaves its way through heavy traffic, past Hyde Park's peaceful oasis and the bandstand where yesterday brave souls gathered to listen to the first regimental concert since an IRA bomb ended the music in carnage a month ago. Nothing remains here of that horror. Pain has gone into hiding and death has been tidied away. Civilization continues to lick her wounds and stagger on as best she may, I think, as the driver dumps me and my bags out into the middle of chaos outside Victoria Station, which is undergoing repair.

"Bit of a mess 'ere," he says unnecessarily as he pockets his tip and waits for two frantic passengers to finish battling for his services. "Make up yer minds," he is telling them bleakly as I make my perilous way through a mob scene Oscar Wilde would have called reminiscent of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. No porter is available. The carriers who fought eagerly over Charlotte Bronte's trunk are long since faded into history.

Victoria Station, built in the heyday of railroad expansion, is an excellent example of 19th century inspirational architecture, but it was never meant for the traffic it now bears. I risk my life and footing by glancing up at its great domed arches, but the crowds are polite and form long lines as if by order, for everything from train to toilet, bookstall to buffet. At last in the correct office, I ask about Sealink to Ostend, and am told to go away and wait. There will be a line for tickets in due course, but in the meantime I discover by accident, from a choleric official who sounds French, that Jetfoil is faster and will leave sooner. Its five pounds ($10) surcharge does not seem excessive on discovering that a special uncrowded boat train is part of the bargain, with reserved seats to Dover. I do remember wistfully, though, that when the Brontes travelled from London to Brussels in 1842, ten pounds was the entire fare.

We Jetfoil aristocrats pass a long line waiting for Sealink, and take our places gratefully. "Good to get off your feet," says a comfortable person across the aisle. "Good to get off your shoes," I reply, slipping out of mine. There is no restaurant car for the short journey, but an entrepreneur with an urn hands paper cups of scalding strong tea up through the windows to

The view from Joan Quarm's hotel window in Brussels on a blue-lit rainy morning.

us before we depart. Taken for granted are what earlier travellers could not enjoy: running water and a toilet.

We pass round newspapers with interesting headlines such as "400 Greeks Watch British Couple Make Love on Breakwater" ("I was giving her the kiss of life," explains man), and I say my silent goodbyes to the passing landscape, as travellers always must.

Arriving at Dover in under an hour we find that alterations are being made which necessitate a long walk to a temporary harbor. All the warm clothes I brought to England feel doubly heavy as I recall that a rare golden July has rendered them unnecessary there. Unused in Britain, they will be useless on the warmer Continent. It is tempting to dump them into the Channel and walk on free and untrammelled, but I think of winter to come and keep my sanity. Earlier travellers are to be envied in one thing, though. They boarded the packet at London Docks and sailed down the Thames on their way to the ocean.

Once aboard, the crossing is easy. Unlike Charlotte Bronte and her Lucy Snowe, we have calm weather and no excuse for seasickness. The craft — a giant speed boat — skims almost silently over a sea so still that it hardly undulates. The water is more blue than green, more Mediterranean than northern. The last glimpse of Dover's white cliffs shines behind us as a steward tells us to unfasten our seat belts if we wish. The cabin resembles that of a large aircraft, which is hardly surprising, considering that it was designed by Boeing. We can buy duty-free spirits, perfumes and watches, brought round on carts, and refresh ourselves with excellent French coffee in its own percolating cup, and bad British sandwiches, of a lean austerity born with the first railway buffets and never improved by time. A sliver of pallid ham on dry starch-white bread, hardly acquainted with butter and quite ignorant of other embellishment, is a reminder to fast and pray, at a time when the system hardly needs it. Still, we are only four hours in transit, as opposed to between 12 and 24 a hundred years ago.

Ostend's time is an hour ahead of England's, which leaves our arrival at 5:45 p.m. — eight hours later than El Paso's 9:45 a.m., as recorded by my digital watch. It remains unchanged partly out of mechanical inability to change it, but mostly because I like to be able to imagine what people are doing back home. Not having a seat reserved on the Brussels train, I fear problems, but find none. After the madness of Victoria, Ostend railway station is a refuge, where English is generally spoken and bemused Belgians are patient with schoolgirl French. With an hour to wait there, I take my way to a lively buffet and catch its only waiter's eye. He must be the fastest-moving man in Belgium, and when I order beer in mistake for a soft drink, it arrives immediately. I do not have the heart to send him back, particularly as the respectful workmen whose table I share approve of my choice. It tastes good. Unsure of money values, I tip what later turns out to be only about a dime, but the waiter seems grateful. Nobody else appears to tip at all, and values are comparative.

The station gift store has postcards and a variety of Manikins Pissoirs — copies of the famous statue in Brussels of a little legendary boy who saved the city by dousing the fire with his own water. The figurines are ingenious, and I think how my sons would admire the brass corkscrews with strategically-placed curly appendages, but my luggage seems full of brass already, and I resist vulgar modern temptation. The ticket-taker sends me the length of the long train, to where my first-class Eurail pass assigns me, and it is warm as I drag my burden and wonder whatever became of the world's porters. The carriage is worth the effort, though, as it is new and beautifully clean, with brown upholstered seats flanking individual tables.

Through clean glass I look out as we leave the station, at Belgium's flat green and brown landscape, her tall poplars and pines, and the empty streets of dusty villages, quite asleep in the early evening sunshine. Small details of door or window make the red-brick houses distinctively foreign. Their curly tiles form channels down which rain can run into storage barrels. An old man is seated alone on the ground, weeding his garden. White cows with surprising chocolate brown heads browse idly. Everything emerges slowly as we pass, like a gallery of moving pictures, and fades slowly behind us, so that there is time to notice a dense avenue of trees, a shrine almost buried in tall grass, a poplar-lined canal, a fat grey pig, willows not weeping, copses, and little pleasure boats sailing on an unknown river. An orderly campsite has large white flowerpots with geraniums, and carefully mown grass. Belgium is still a tidy

Brussels buildings Charlotte Bronte may have known.

country, and much of it resembles what the Brontes saw on their first journey by carriage to the capitol.

We stop at Gent-St.-Pieters for a handful of people who are waiting without urgency on the wide platform. I try to read a poster which tells us "Vrije toegang met fair-play," adding "Dank u" in small print. Whatever we are being thanked to do, fair play seems reasonable, and in keeping with the atmosphere of Gent-St.-Pieters. It is a pleasant small town with an old-fashioned avenue paved with setts much like those in Haworth, in contrast to a complicated motorway which runs nearby. It has a tidy car dump, too, four factory chimneys smoking half-heartedly, and tall houses, slender like the trees, and like them aspiring to rise above the flat earth. A green-scummed ditch edges the railroad track, and few flowers are to be seen there, but shrubs and low trees grow thick on the embankment, and the effect is cool and restful. I remember something of the kind in *Villette,* and look it up. Sure enough, in chapter three Charlotte Bronte describes how "shiny canals crept, like half-torpid green snakes, beside the road; and formal pollard willows edged level fields, tilled like kitchen garden beds." All of that is still to be seen, as if time had stood still.

As daylight fades we go underground to the Nord at Brussels: a railway station not yet completed in 1842, but now decayed and in the throes of extensive alteration, as seems the case everywhere. A long walk on marble floors leads to the cab rank, but it is not far to the Rue du Congres and my lodging place. The Hotel Congres stands lost in a little street, deathly quiet and deserted but for a few stray pedestrians and a pigeon perched on the hat of a heroic statue. The old hotel is tucked away so carefully that at first I cannot see its narrow door. When I follow a shabby red carpet up a flight of steps to the tiny lobby, it is deserted. Nobody answers the bell, and the restaurant is dark. While I hesitate, two couples come in, take their keys from the hooks, inform me in French, somewhat unnecessarily, that nobody is around to help me, and leave for regions unknown. Just as desperation sets in, an old man emerges from a miniscule elevator and is surprised to see a new guest, despite my confirmed reservation.

He recovers, however, and we ascend two floors to Room 26, which is long and narrow, like everything else in this place, and faded red in general hue. One end is half-blocked by an added bathroom with plenty of hot water and an interesting throne-like tub, which I try out immediately. The bed is inviting, but I am too hungry to sleep. Thankfully abandoning my luggage which by now is mysteriously full of bricks and flat-irons, I go out in search of dinner. The aged retainer at the desk points vaguely to the left and to the left I go, raising clattering echoes on otherwise silent cobblestones, past the high facades of grimly-shuttered office buildings.

Brussels is said to be a gourmet's delight, but not at nine p.m. in this district. Several eating places are located here, but they are all firmly closed, "in order," as one strangely announces on an English sign, "to serve you better." Having crossed a network of highways and grown aware of an unkempt figure dogging my shadow, I duck into the first lighted door, which proves to belong to an utterly respectable bar-grill, run by its owners, who are ecstatic at the sight of a customer. The wife produces juicy mushrooms and steak which are works of art, the husband pours red wine of the house, and we converse amiably in Anglo-Belgian fractured French.

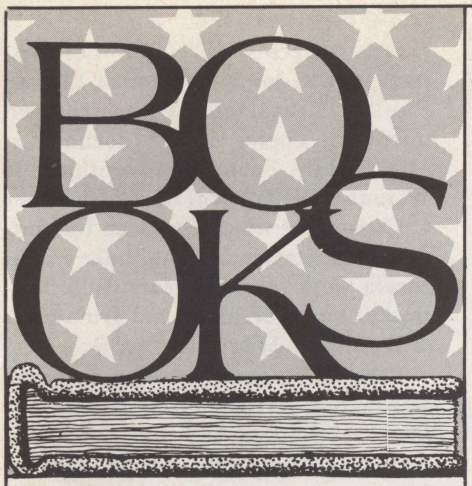
It is raining when I reluctantly leave my clean well-lighted place, and I am reminded of Charlotte Bronte's Lucy Snowe, homeless in the rain on her first night in a Brussels called Villette. My hotel is still where it was, though, and I take my room key from its hook in the empty lobby, dare the complaining elevator, and waste little time before sinking deep into the warm feather bed.

August 10: It is still raining as I wake to the sound of water dripping off the eaves in a steel-blue morning. I open my casement window to look out at what little is to be seen of Villette. The street is shiny, all its colors washed clear by what Charlotte calls "small soaking rain," but the clouds begin to clear as I join a dozen or so other guests for breakfast. We sit in religious silence at small tables, waiting as if for implacable doom and speaking neither French nor Belgian, nor English, nor German, nor anything else. I wonder who we are and what we are all doing in Brussels at that one time, but shall never know. Even a cheerful "Good-morning" would be an intrusion not to be risked, and so I pass the

(Continued on page 12)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joan Quarm, a member of the English faculty since 1957, became the first recipient of the John and Vida White award to a faculty or staff member for a travel essay last spring when she submitted this account of her trip to Belgium during research on the Bronte sisters. A member of the board of the Texas Commission for the Humanities, she was among ten Texans honored as Piper Professors in 1980.



"The ecological wisdom of Indian tribes was passed on to succeeding generations not only through the stories told by the elders and the visions and dreams that individuals were encouraged to have, but also through the pageantry of group ceremonials," says J. Donald Hughes in *American Indian Ecology,* published recently by Texas Western Press of the University of Texas at El Paso.

Jamake Highwater, prominent Indian author, wrote the preface. He describes the book as being "about a premise for living in the world which was once totally remote from the European frame of mind, and yet, within only the last couple of decades, this premise has gradually emerged as one of the most urgent and central issues of human survival."

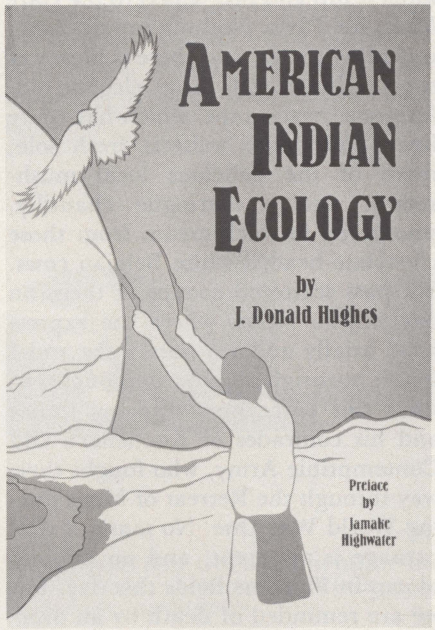
In describing the ecological significance of tribal ceremonies, Hughes points out that songs, costumed dances and symbolic objects "often enacted the events of a sacred story cycle."

The sacred pipe of the Sioux, for example, "expressed their attitude of dependence upon the natural environment. According to their traditional history, it was given to the people by a woman who embodied the spirit power of a white buffalo calf, so that Wakantanka gave his great gift through an animal. The pipe itself was a complex symbol, representing the universe and human beings at the same time."

The most widespread communal ceremonial of the Plains Indians, the Sun Dance, continues Hughes, "is a way in which the people express their participation in the great cycles of nature." He says it is "a quest for power and a renewal of communion with the earth, done by many people at once for the whole tribe. In fact, it is the vision quest in the form of a social ceremony rather than an individual ordeal."

Hughes, a professor of history at the University of Denver, is the editor of the journal *Environmental Review.* His previous books include *Ecology in Ancient Civilizations, American Indians in Colorado,* and *In the House of Stone and Light: A Human History of the Grand Canyon.* A graduate of the University of California at Los Angeles, he also completed degrees at Boston University and has studied at Cambridge University and the American School of Classical Studies in Athens.

The book is available from Texas Western Press, The University of



Texas at El Paso, El Paso, TX 79968, at $20 plus $1 for postage and handling (Texas residents add 5% sales tax).

Stagecoach Pioneers of the Southwest by Robert N. Mullin is No. 71 in the Southwestern Studies Series of Texas Western Press.

The manuscript was found in the papers of Bob Mullin after his death on June 27, 1982. His papers were given to the Nita Stewart Haley Memorial Library in Midland. Beth Schneider, the librarian, wrote the preface for the monograph, providing details about the life of the author and his interest in Southwestern history.

Mullin grew up in El Paso, was graduated from El Paso High School, whose song he helped write, and served as a city alderman before leaving in 1928 to become district manager for an oil company in Denver. He had a long career as an industrial executive, retiring in California. Throughout his life, he collected information about the history of El Paso and the Southwest, writing articles for journals and completing his best known work, the editing of Maurice G. Fulton's *The Lincoln County War.*

In his stagecoach monograph, he provides brief biographies of some of the great builders of stagecoach lines — Henry Skillman, George H. Giddings, James E. Birch, John Butterfield. Special attention is given to the influence of the stagecoach on El Paso history.

The book is available at the above address at $4 per copy plus $1 for postage/handling. □

NEW FROM TW PRESS

SEVEN KEYS TO TEXAS by T. R. Fehrenbach, $15.

A different kind of "Texas book" combining erudition with an abiding love of the land and a cosmopolitan insight into the history and present condition of the Lone Star State. According to James Michener, it is "obligatory study for those who wish to understand Texas ways."

CONQUISTADORS IN NORTH AMERICAN HISTORY by Paul Horgan, $20.

Horgan's brilliant epic account of the two centuries of Spanish exploration and conquest that followed Columbus' first voyage. Described by one critic as a "poetic piercing of the silences of history by a subtle and bard-like mind," this work will appeal to all those who appreciate history written with the vigor and elegance that have won Paul Horgan two Pulitzer Prizes.

THE URBAN SOUTHWEST by Bradford Luckingham, $15.

Albuquerque, El Paso, Phoenix and Tucson are ranked among the fastest growing cities in the nation, but information concerning their comparative development has been sparse. *The Urban Southwest* now bridges that gap by charting the growth of these cities from frontier towns to industrial centers and tourist meccas combined. □

Villette...(from page 10)
time admiring an antique carousel horse which gallops incongruously across the mantelpiece. It is one of several owned by the hotel: quite out of place in the unnatural silence, and probably lonely for fairground festivity.

"It is a curious position to be so utterly solitary in the midst of numbers," Charlotte Bronte wrote to Ellen Nussey from Brussels on October 13, 1843. It is almost as if she had breakfasted in this dining-room. Eventually, the kitchen door flies open and waitresses emerge carrying individual trays with the set meals: coffee, butter, marmalade, and two bread rolls, shaped like cannon-balls and nearly as indestructible. We attack in unspeaking unison for tough though they may be, the rolls taste good.

The morning must not be wasted, for it is all the time I have. So far I have found only a little of Villette, but am in the very district where the story is set, close to the Cathedrale de St. Michel et St. Gudule, which the novelist did visit, and where once in an agony of spirit, she forgot her Protestantism enough to go to confession. On the way to the cathedral square I pass a mammoth column raised in 1830 to commemorate the Napoleonic wars, and Charlotte must have known it, too, without its Eternal Flame and more recent inscriptions. I walk past its crouching lions, wishing that cobblestones were kinder to the feet, and pick my way to the tree-lined cathedral square. It is necessary to walk round the entire building to find one unlocked door, for reasons soon made apparent. The nave and most of the chancel are closed as unsafe, by order of the police, and huge nets are draped across their ceilings to catch falling masonry. The stained glass windows, carefully preserved and restored after various conflicts, are still beautiful, but the old building, weakened by war, is in sorry condition. People crowd in to look at its dying glory, and are often moved, as I was, to leave a little more for repairs than they can afford. I go away thinking about this century, in which we are building only to destroy, and wondering if that is to be the human condition now, until the last of us hunt in vain for a few stones marking lost civilization.

Looking sadly downhill towards what was once the Rue Ste. Isabelle, where M. Heger taught his distinguished English pupils and inspired a great book, I see little of interest to replace what has been swept away. Parking lots will never be held in veneration. I retrace my way past the tall memorial to destruction, and am solemn until a funny little circular sandbox on the sidewalk catches my eye. It is put there for the use of dogs, to keep the streets tidy, and I wonder if Belgian dogs are clever enough to read the notices in two languages inscribed on it to that effect. Brussels is indeed a clean city, but that little evidence of good housekeeping is eccentric enough to restore my flagging spirits.

The dining room is again closed, on account of some religious feast day of the kind which irritated the Brontes, and it is raining heavily as I pay my modest bill and take a taxi to the Gare Midi, for Paris. Nothing hurries here, including trains, and there is plenty of time to lunch well in an elegant old-fashioned restaurant, which has white linen and polite waiters, fresh sole, more of the delicious local mushrooms, and a meringue chantilly, smothered in thick cream from those chocolate-headed white Belgian cows. We pass scattered groups of them on our way to Mons, where the express halts briefly under a murky sky and I forget my original quest in thoughts of what this place meant to my father and his comrades of Kitchener's Old Contemptible Army, who fought their way through the Retreat of Mons during World War One. No mark of that carnage is apparent, and no poppies bloom in Flanders fields this day, but we are reminded of death by an overgrown village cemetery, much like another described by Charlotte Bronte, where:

> The wind cannot rest: it hurries sobbing over hills of sullen outline, colorless with twilight and mist. Rain has beat all day on that church-tower: it rises dark from the stony enclosure of its graveyard: the nettles, the long grass, and the tombs all drip with wet..... (*Shirley*, Ch. 3)

Before her and after her, Belgium's tragic history has inspired writers: Byron, Thackeray, and the poets and novelists of the first World War among them. The past is alive here, no matter what changes and passes. In this country we encounter more than a link with one human experience. We become part of a history of human endeavor and pain. □

Cemetery...(from page 4)
Hanes, director of UTEP libraries, and Nathan Josel, director of El Paso Public Libraries, who received microfilm copies of the documents; Mrs. Ashby Foote, representing the Woman's Department of the Chamber of Commerce which has been the support organization for Mrs. Lake's Concordia work over the years; Bob Narzinsky; and Roy Johns and Irma Silva of Southwest Microfilm.

Leon Metz, local historian and then assistant to UTEP President Haskell Monroe, pointed out that Concordia Cemetery "is where our heritage is, where our past lives. Simeon H. Newman, editor of the *Lone Star*, who brushed his teeth with gunpowder every morning, and other giants of our historical past were buried there. A society that ignores its past cannot have much regard for its present or concern for its future."

Mrs. Lake then informed the group that her personal copy of the microfilm would not stay in El Paso. "I talked to C.L. Sonnichsen last night by phone," she explained. "I am presenting my copy of this microfilm to a library of his choice in Tucson. He said to tell you that El Paso is the most historic spot in the nation and the inspiration for his writings."

Although she did not mention it in that gathering, she is proud that her husband, Dr. Lake, was responsible for bringing "Doc" Sonnichsen to El Paso in his capacity as chairman of a personnel committee back in 1930. It was Sonnichsen, now transplanted to Tucson but forever UTEP's professor emeritus of English, who brought national attention to Concordia Cemetery through his 1979 book, *The Grave of John Wesley Hardin* (Texas A&M Press). The opening part of the book describes Sonnichsen's efforts on behalf of Hardin's relatives to first, locate the grave in the cemetery, and then to get a marker placed on it. The effort was fraught with obstacles but, like Grace Lake, he persevered until the job was done.

If it weren't for the tumbleweeds, Grace Lake's Concordia job might be over. She has encouraged, nudged, and wheedled El Pasoans over the years to see to it that justice is done to the cemetery that has the most history of any in the El Paso area. The wall is built and the records are safe. Now it just needs the kind of devoted attention any old-timer is entitled to after a hundred years of faithful service. □

A Backward Glance: 1947

The Trailer People

Raymond and Karma (Webb) Odell, who now live in Redwood City, California, were newlyweds in January 1947 when they became members of an elite group — the trailer dwellers at the College of Mines.

Twenty Navy trailers and one that served as the bathroom unit were located on the rocky slope just southwest of the El Paso Centennial Museum.

"Each trailer was on two sawhorses," Karma recalls, "and sometimes when the wind blew it felt like we would just go with it. The one small water pipe that came out of the ground into the trailer, froze every night in the winter. Since we didn't have hot water, someone would have to go to the bath house to get hot water to thaw it out.

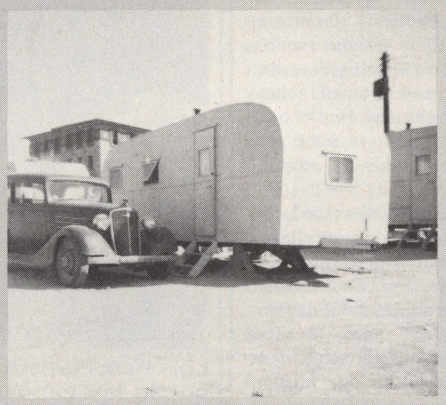
"Each trailer had an ice box. The ice man came every day. The built-in stove was like a camp stove that had to be pumped up and then lit. It took a lot of pumping to cook something in the oven."

Heat came from a round kerosene heater "that either didn't work or worked too well!" Cut-up inner tubes sealed the doors against cold wind and blowing sand.

The furnishings were a folding table, two folding chairs, and two small sofas, one at the front and one in the back that folded out to become a bed. "The bed amounted to two lumps with a sag in the middle," says Karma. "If two people got too far to one side, the whole thing would turn over."

The trailers were off the beaten path — it would be many years before Sun Bowl Drive would wind past that part of the campus — and there were no telephones or mail delivery. The camp manager picked up mail on the main campus.

"A new dorm (Hudspeth Hall) was being built across the road from us and all the men could hardly wait for the cute girls to start moving in," relates Karma. But the new tenants turned out to be football players, and the husbands turned very protective of their wives, requiring them to dress modestly in their treks to the bath house.



Karma and Ray Odells' first home on the College of Mines campus — a trailer on sawhorses.

One Christmas vacation, the heaters in the restrooms broke. Not only were the rooms cold; there was no hot water for bathing. When repairs were not forthcoming, a half dozen wives donned bathrobes and took up their towels and soap for a pilgrimage to the home of the college president, Dossie M. Wiggins, then located where the Liberal Arts building now stands.

"We asked him if we could take a shower, and he wasted no time at all in arranging for us to shower in the men's dorm," says Karma. "Our shower and boiler were fixed in a few days."

Most of the wives worked and had to walk to Mesa Street to catch the bus. Few trailer dwellers had cars, a handicap when it came to grocery shopping.

Veterans received $90 a month plus books and tuition from the government in those years. Trailer rent was $17.50 per month.

Karma recalls that in the summer of 1947, surplus military buildings were brought to the campus for more student housing. The trailer people had first choice for those apartments in the area that became knows as Wiggins Acres. The Odells elected not to move "as Ray became manager of the trailer camp and we couldn't afford the higher rent."

Among couples she recalls, all Mr. and Mrs., are: Bill Henry (original manager), Ray Evans, Bill Mewhorter, John Haynes, Edgar Martin, Carroll Paris, Bob Richter, Al Schiemenz, Joe Du Bois, Jim Albright, Bruce Dedman, E.K. King, Ed Ansara, Julian Cole, Al Holbert, and Rod Rodriquez, whose trailer burned down. Lillian Martin, herself a vet, was secretary to Librarian Baxter Polk and Doris Richter worked in the registrar's office.

"It must have been a real shock to some of the girls who had married officers in the service and had money, to suddenly find themselves living in one of these little trailers on a college campus with a very small income," says Karma. "Also, El Paso is dustier and windier and drier than a lot of places. Sometimes you could lift up the bedspread — if you had one — and the dirt would sift through."

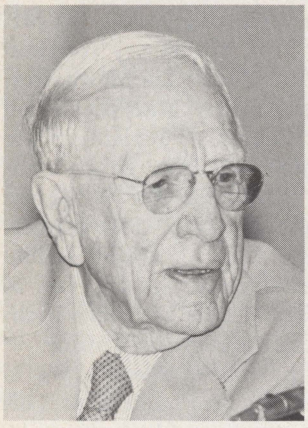
But for starry-eyed newlyweds like the Odells, the good times frequently outnumbered the bad. There was a family feeling about the little community. "We all borrowed from each other. One person would have an ironing board, another a mixer, and so forth. Some of us even traded leftovers! And we had people from all over the country."

Some of them have kept in touch over the years, and they treasure their friendships from the days when they were the "trailer people." □

COMPASS
NEWS FROM THE UTEP CAMPUS

Monroe Seeks Five-Year Commitment

During the next five years leading to U.T. El Paso's 75th anniversary, President Haskell Monroe recommends "that we look for long-range commitment to the kind of university we would want to leave behind us." In his Fall Convocation address, he looked to the coming anniversary as a jubilee enlisting the talents and support of all segments of the University community.



C.L. Sonnichsen

Convocation Week, September 11-17, brought Professor Emeritus C.L. Sonnichsen from his Tucson home as grand marshal of the series of events which included luncheons honoring groups with special ties to the University and a dinner for Presidential Scholarship donors.

During the final program at which Dr. Monroe gave his "state of the University" address, Braja Das (Civil Engineering) was presented the $1,000 Amoco Outstanding Teaching Award.

This fall, for the first time in five years, Dr. Monroe reported, enrollment increased — to 15,240. Summer enrollment also was the highest in several years and credit hour production is up as well. He also cited examples in various programs that reflect that "vigor in our academic quality has increased."

Dr. Sonnichsen, Frances Hernandez (English) and Stephen Stafford (Metallurgical Engineering) explored the future of the University in a symposium on "The Last Plateau."

Dr. Sonnichsen reviewed plateaus of the past and suggested two new concerns: equal acceptance and pay for women, and the relationship between administration and junior faculty. "Our part-time teachers, lecturers, instructors, those without tenure, should be chosen with great care, encouraged and trained, cherished and loved; they are the ones who will be up there some day taking your place," he admonished.

Dr. Hernandez described the need for emphasis on excellence in students entering and attending the University. "Our concept of excellence should be the training of our best minds to their highest potential," she explained. "That needs to be our mission here."

Dr. Stafford explored forecasts that higher education enrollments will decline during the 1980s, the effects of the recession on universities in several states, and the trend toward higher tuition and fees around the country. He expressed the need for UTEP to expand its vision from an urban university to a regional one which could be at the forefront in offering tracks of second majors at the undergraduate level and course work at the graduate level to meet specific needs of students. Technical-professional offerings could be closely tied to business enterprises of the region which could "become virtually sponsors of academic specialties." He cited the importance of recruitment as the University adapts to changes that threaten its survival.

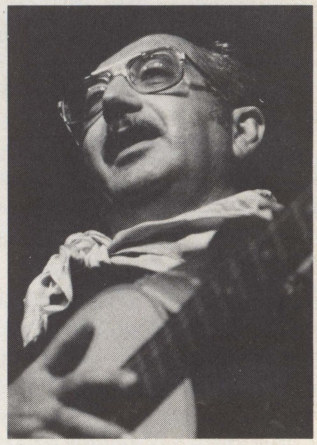
The week's nostalgic activities began with the annual reception for faculty and staff given by Dr. and Mrs. Monroe at Hoover House.

"Old Faculty Lounge Days" was the topic of a panel moderated by Dr. Sonnichsen, with participants Bill Strain, Oscar McMahan, Louise Resley Wiggins, Olav Eidbo and Ralph Coleman.

Lois Bates (Special Academic Services) just "cain't say no" in her comedy number from the faculty/staff Convocation Talent Show.

Highlighting the special events was the faculty/staff talent show, slated to become an annual event. Ray Guard (Metallurgical Engineering) and Jean Miculka (Drama & Speech) were emcees, and the vaudeville-type opening was by Joe Klingstedt (Curriculum & Instruction) and Henry Tucker (Drama & Speech). V.J. Kane presented a group of students from India in two folk dances, Tommy Boley (English) performed a piano medley, and Lois Bates (Special Academic Services) sang "I Can't Say No."

Other acts were R.A. "Chaplin" Avina (Physical Plant) in a Latin dance, B.J. Floto (Drama & Speech) in a tap solo, student talent winners Lynn Mitchell (acrobatic dance) and Gregory L. Taylor (vocal solo), and Irving Torres (Physical Plant) in a comic sound routine and leading a four-piece blues band in his composition, "Lord, I'm UTEP Bound." Closing the action was Sheik Jim Peak (Development) with his Desert Dancers, led by Carol Price.



Ellwyn Stoddard donned an authentic gaucho costume to sing folk songs.

United Way Campaign Begins

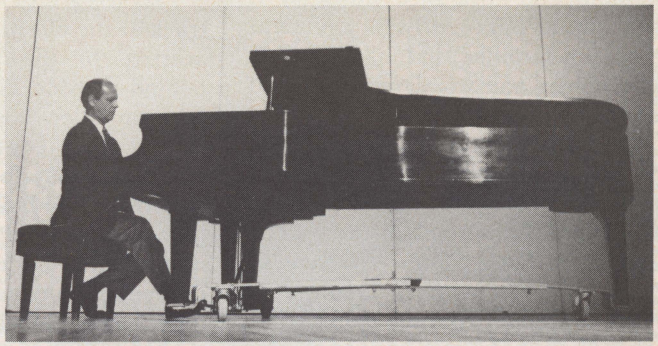
At press time for this issue of Compass, the campus United Way campaign was moving toward its goal of $20,000 with participation by faculty, staff and students.

The campaign began September 28 with a kickoff breakfast hosted by President Haskell Monroe. Guests were administrators, college and staff campaign coordinators, department solicitors, members of the President's United Way Associates, and the campaign advisory committee.

James Mason (Health & Physical Education) is in charge of the campaign, assisted by Judy Solis (Student Affairs), with Donald M. Irvin (Personnel) providing staff support.

Last year's campaign, which had the same goal, brought in $24,280.

Serving as coordinators for their colleges are William D. Smith, Business Administration; Mona Loper, Education; Herbert Bartel, Engineering; Harmon Hosch, Liberal Arts; Helen Castillo, Nursing and Allied Health; Curtis Eklund, Science; and Flo Mitchell, Graduate School.

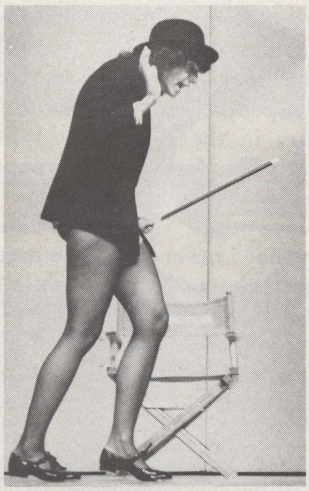


Tommy Boley set aside his English books to tickle the ivories in a medley of show tunes for the Convocation Talent Show.

Blanchard Heads Senate Again

L. Phillips Blanchard (Management) was elected to serve a second term as chairman of the Faculty Senate at the September meeting. Serving with him in 1984 will be T.J. McLean (Mechanical & Industrial Engineering) as vice chairman and C.L. Etheridge (Drama & Speech) as secretary.

The chairman announced that he had directed a committee to study the impact of the merit system. The Senate elected faculty members to fill vacancies on standing committees for terms beginning October 1.



B.J. Floto (Drama/Speech) did a lively tap routine.

Directions

Thomas Michael (Mike) Grady, a 1956 B.B.A. graduate of U.T. El Paso, has been appointed comptroller of the University of Texas System Office of the Chancellor. He was an accountant at UTEP from 1964-68 and served as a U.T. System auditor from 1968-72, then as assistant to the comptroller from 1974-75 and assistant comptroller from 1975-79. More recently he has been associate comptroller in Chancellor E.D. Walker's office.

Pat Mora (VPAA Office) has a poem, "Mexican Maid," in *Spectrum* Volume XXV (University of California, Santa Barbara).

William Harris and **Brian Kelly** (Health & Physical Education) are co-authors of an article on stress that was accepted by the journal of the Texas Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation.

Elva Duran (Educational Psychology & Guidance) spoke at the July conference of the National Society for Children and Adults with Autism in Salt Lake City. She is director of the UTEP Special Education Clinic which this year added services for the autistic.

Hugh Cardon (Music) performed the tenor lead in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" with the Boise, Idaho, Civic Opera on September 28 and 30.

Joseph Kusmiss (Computer Science) is in his second year of teaching at UTEP under IBM's Faculty Loan Program. He is one of 53 IBM employees currently on loan to colleges.

Vicki Ruiz (Institute of Oral History) and **Manuel Pacheco** (Associate Dean, Education) have been named to the editorial board of Texas Western Press for three-year terms.

Aaron Segal (Political Science) participated in two National Endowment for the Humanities summer seminars, one at Harvard and one at the University of Wisconsin.

Hilmar Wagner (Curriculum & Instruction) had three articles published recently, in the August-September issue of *The School Musician;* in the September issue of the *National Association of Secondary School Principals Bulletin.* and in the summer issue of *Education.*

Dennis Bixler-Marquez (Curriculum & Instruction) chaired a panel and presented a paper during the August National Conference on Research Needs in Chicano Spanish at UTEP.

Deaths

Yiu

Raymond Yiu, a graduate of UTEP, was among passengers on the Korean airliner shot down by the Soviets on September 1.

He completed his B.S. in civil engineering in 1977 and his Master's degree in 1980.

Members of the Civil Engineering faculty learned that Yiu, who had moved to Houston after completing his Master's degree, recently had taken a new position in New York City. He was en route to Hong Kong to visit his father, who was ill.

He was born in Hong Kong on Nov. 6, 1950, and completed high school there at the New Method College. A British citizen, he had remained in the United States as a permanent resident.

Webb

Willis Lee Webb, whose research and writings expanded scientists' understanding of the earth's atmosphere, died suddenly August 30 at his El Paso home. He was 60.

Dr. Webb was a graduate of Southern Methodist University and held an M.S. in meteorology from the University of Oklahoma and Ph.D. in atmospheric sciences from Colorado State.

He came to El Paso in 1955 as a government meteorologist at White Sands Missile Range. A few years later he began teaching atmospheric physics at UTEP, where he continued to serve as a lecturer in the Physics Department over a period of years and after his retirement in 1979 as chief scientist in the WSMR Atmospheric Sciences Laboratory.

In 1982 Dr. Webb organized a conference at which the archives of the Meteorological Rocket Network were presented to UTEP.

He published several books and numerous papers in journals of meteorology, aeronautics, geophysics and related fields. Several of his works were translated into other languages.

Dr. Webb's family includes his wife, Lanice of El Paso; son, Michael of Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.; his mother and two brothers of Nevada, Texas.

Running...(from page 7)

boys would catch wild burros on the mountain and bring them down for us to ride in the park. As I ran, I remembered the families that had lived in those houses and wondered what had become of them.

Reaching Stanton, I found shops and saw in my mind's eye other businesses that used to be on the corners. Kern Place Tavern is still there. The Kern Place Drug Store — I went to school with the druggist's daughter — is now Players, a running store. That amused me. I remembered across the street had been Dean's grocery, the Food Mart and Gunning-Casteel Drug Store, all gone now. I continued down Cincinnati, crossing Mesa. It felt good to run downhill, not having to breathe as hard. I ran toward UTEP. Where a field of gravel and dirt had been, there stood a huge athletic department building. Farther to the right were playing fields, which in their previous incarnations were horse stables. Next to the fields was a building that had been an El Paso Natural Gas Research and Development Lab. I had worked there during college as an assistant chemist, building ornate glass structures in which we distilled solid rocket propellant that my Ph.D. chemist supervisor sent off to California, trying to obtain a contract to develop the propellant for NASA.

I jogged a little uphill, reaching the track at the old Kidd Field, now miniaturized by the Sun Bowl structure behind it. Kidd Field was the football stadium when I graduated from college in 1962. I ran around the track, thinking about football games I had seen there and how cold it was when a blue norther wind blew. Gradually my mind shifted back to the track and I thought of Suleiman Nyambui and the other great Kenyan runners who attended UTEP, and who often beat the runners at the University of Oregon, my other alma mater. I imagined a track meet going on in this stadium, and ran a little faster.

As I ran in El Paso, I realized for the first time a dimension of aging that I had never considered. Interesting, the viewpoint of one's own aging process. Places must grow; people must change. You can't stay in the same place, or in the same mind set forever. I love change, but the past exists in my mind and always will.

El Paso has a beauty that I never appreciated when I lived there. It is made of the purple mountains, the crisp morning air, the smell of blooming sage, the sunsets, the lines from water levels of ancient seas on the mountain walls. I enjoy seeing and experiencing El Paso from an adult's point of view. I like seeing people I knew as a child, meeting them again in maturity. It is as if one's lifecycle accelerates when one returns to the hometown.

I am not aware of my own aging until I come to El Paso and see the changes in my friends. I remember them as high school and college students, not as middle-aged people. But that is what we are. It is as if we are all playing these grown-up games, but I guess that's what you do in life. It's an odd feeling. I recognize my own aging by looking at the children of my friends. Now I understand why my mother's friends always said, "My, how you've grown!" They must have been amazed, just as I am now. I bite my tongue and don't say that to my friends' children. They must hate hearing it, too.

When I return to El Paso, I run. I experience the city that El Paso has grown to be; I eat at my favorite new and old Mexican restaurants, and I try to merge the past with the present, all while running, and thinking and feeling what it means to be an El Pasoan. Running has helped me to make peace with my past, and to look forward to the future and whatever it brings. □

CALENDAR

NOVEMBER

14 Marimba Concert, 8 p.m., Fox Fine Arts Recital Hall.

15 Jazz Singers Concert, 8 p.m., Fox Fine Arts Recital Hall.
Film, "Lady from Shanghai," 2 and 7:30 p.m., Union Theater.

16 Aquiles Valdez, Spanish guitar, 8 p.m., Fox Fine Arts Recital Hall.

17 Basketball, UTEP vs. Yugoslavia, 7:30 p.m., Special Events Center.
Woodwinds Studio Recital, 8 p.m., Fox Fine Arts Recital Hall.

18 Film, "The Outsiders."

18-20 "A Diet of Worms," 8 p.m. Friday-Saturday, 2:30 p.m. Sunday, University Playhouse.

19 Football, UTEP vs. Weber State, 7 p.m., Sun Bowl.

20 Faculty Chamber Music Recital, 2:30 p.m., Fox Fine Arts Recital Hall.

22 Film, "Rain People."
University Chorus Concert, 8 p.m., Fox Fine Arts Recital Hall.
Student Programs presentation of John Houseman's Acting Company in Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 7:30 p.m., Magoffin Auditorium.

24-25 Thanksgiving Holidays, campus offices closed.

26 Basketball, UTEP vs. Texas Southern, 7:30 p.m., Special Events Center.

29 Film, "Cousin Angelica."
Basketball, UTEP vs. New Mexico State, 7:30 p.m., Special Events Center.

30 Percussion Ensemble Concert, 8 p.m., Fox Fine Arts Recital Hall.

DECEMBER

2 University Symphony Concert, 8 p.m., Fox Fine Arts Recital Hall.
Film, "Cria."

2-4 "A Diet of Worms," 8 p.m. Friday-Saturday, 2:30 p.m. Sunday, University Playhouse.

3 Basketball, UTEP vs. New Mexico State, 7:30 p.m., Las Cruces.

6 Film, "El Super."
Basketball, UTEP vs. Southern University, 7:30 p.m., Special Events Center.

9 Last day of classes, Fall Semester.
Film, "Gunga Din."

9 Paperworks, a National Invitational Exhibition of Handmade Paper Works, Fox Fine Arts Main Gallery. Opening reception, 7 p.m. Dec. 9. Exhibition continues through Jan. 20.

10 Basketball, UTEP vs. Indiana, 3 p.m. Special Events Center.

11 "Nutcracker" ballet, 2:30 p.m., Magoffin Auditorium.

12-16 Final exams.

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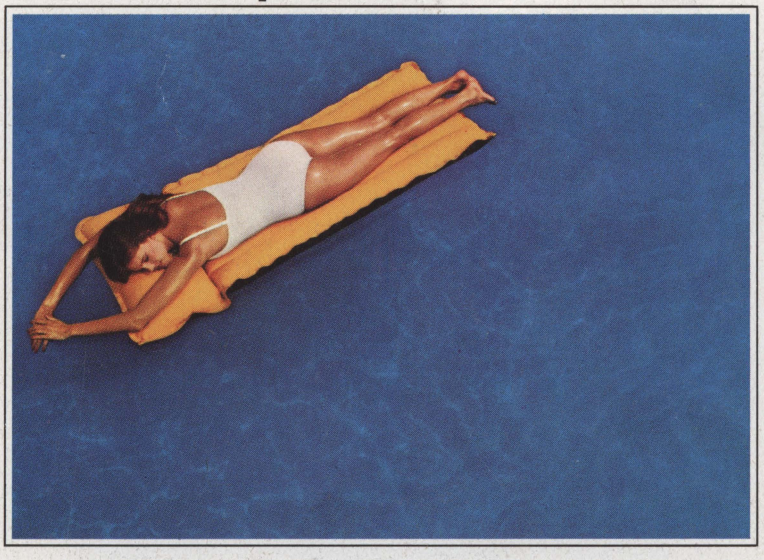

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