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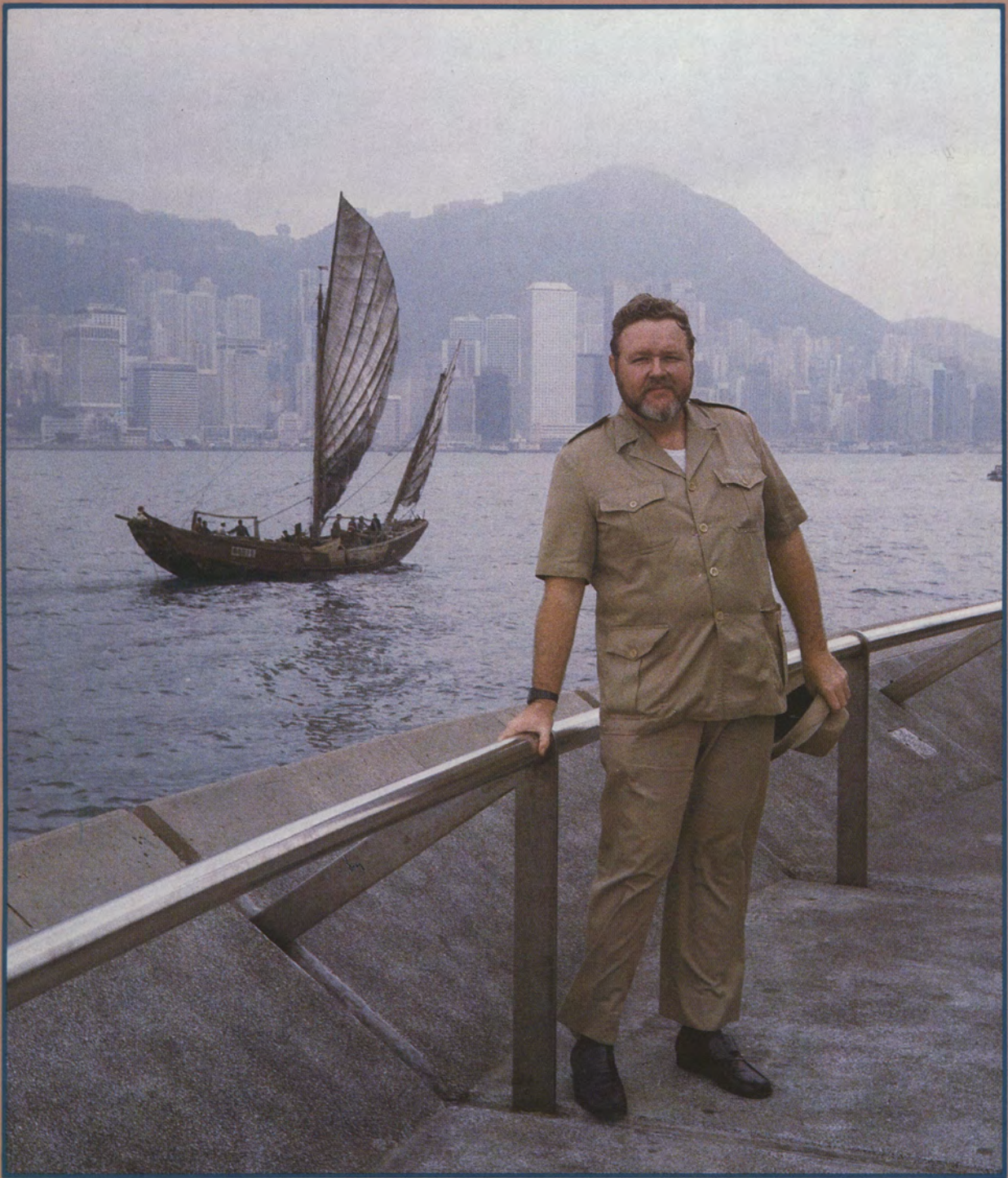
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NOVA

The University of Texas at El Paso Magazine



Captain Jeffrey F. Berry ('66)
Repulse Bay, Hong Kong

The View from the Hill

by Dale L. Walker

JOY

*It's a pleasure to watch our Miss Joy
Our workload assign and deploy.
Her sacroiliac gives her a bad back
But as boss-girl she's the Real
McCoy.*

Joseph M. Ray, who wrote this limerick, ought to know. He hired Joy Riley as his secretary in 1964 despite the fact that she refused to take a typing test for the job.

"They wanted me to take a typing test along with the other applicants," Joy recalls, "but I said no. I had worked a long time as secretary for Jim McClesky, Jr., vice president for finance at the El Paso Natural Gas Products Company. I had the skills. Dr. Ray finally devised a test of his own. He gave me a page of his own perfect Gregg shorthand and I read it to him. He shook my hand and hired me. You could do that in those days."

Joy, who retired March 15, served as administrative assistant to Presidents Ray, Joseph R. Smiley, Milton Leech, Arleigh B. Templeton and Haskell Monroe, and has stories about all of them and they about her.

She is a tall, beautiful, brown-eyed lady — "elegant" was the word our former Union director Jack Baker used to describe her and there is no better word. The day she and I chatted so I could write this story she wore a mauve-colored suit and rose pink pleated blouse. She wore diamond rings and gold disc earrings and had a



white and yellow orchid pinned to her lapel.

She was not dressed for any special occasion, even though she was retiring in a few days. Except for the orchid, which I think was special, Joy looked her usual gorgeous self.

"All the presidents I worked for are fine men," she told me. "And I am not just saying that because I am leaving. They are great men, credits to the University and to education. Each was as different from the other as day from night but they had some things in common. A sense of humor, for one thing, and a sense of dedication to UTEP."

Of Joe Ray, Joy says, "He was a very meticulous man and living up to his expectations made you a better employee. But for a person so precise about everything, I remember once when he came back exhausted from a Regent's meeting and discovered he had worn one black and one brown shoe to Austin. I told him not to worry about it, that he had another pair just like it at home. He was demanding but actually easy to work for."

Of Joe Smiley: "He was quiet, soft-spoken, a scholarly gentleman. He never told you what to do but asked. There was never a rush, there was always a 'please' and 'thank you.' He is the most tranquil man I ever knew and also among the wittiest. I would describe him as thoughtful, kind, and always interested in you as a person."

Of Milton Leech: "He had a very difficult job to do, serving as interim president for a year after Dr. Smiley left. But he had worked in top-level administration for years and knew the job well. He was the only president who was already 'broken in' when he took office. He had a good sense of humor, too, and was a delight to work for."

Of Arleigh Templeton: "When he came to town he was staying at the Holiday Inn. He had the flu and called me to come pick up his credit card so I could go to the Popular and get him some pajamas, also some pillows and linens so he could move into Hoover House. The first time I really met him I said to myself, 'This is going to be different.' It was, too. The test of tests for me was 'training' Dr. Templeton. But his bark was a lot worse than his bite. He's really a softie."

Of Haskell Monroe: "When he came to be interviewed for the job, he was my choice. The day he was selected,

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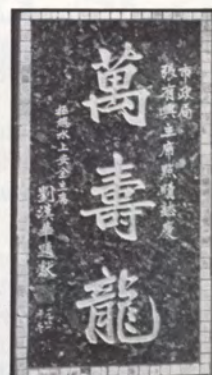
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Capt. Jeff Berry on the pier at Repulse Bay, Hong Kong Island, April, 1985.

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It would be a lie if I told you I didn't know what to say, because I've been working on this speech for about 25 years," said Murray Abraham last March 25 as he accepted the Academy Award as best actor.

After subtly ribbing the restriction on recipients to 45 seconds of air time, he continued: "It's easy to gamble everything when you've got nothing to lose, and Milos Forman had a great deal to lose when he gave these roles to Tom Hulse and me — and his courage became my inspiration. There's only one thing that's missing for me tonight and that's to have Tom Hulse standing by my side."

His tribute to Hulse brought prolonged applause, for his co-star in "Amadeus" also was among the five Oscar nominees.



inal play in which he appeared was "Biggest Man in the Village" by El Pasoan Ed Nestor.

In the 1959-60 season, the same drama fraternity that had provided the scholarship recognized Abraham as best actor for the season.

He left school short of a degree in 1962, going to Los Angeles where he studied at the University of California at Los Angeles, worked at odd jobs while pursuing his goal of an acting career, and met his future wife Kate. They were married in 1964 and moved the following year to New York City.

During the years since, he has appeared on Broadway in plays including "Tiebele and Her Demon," "Legend," "Bad Habits," and "Man in the Glass Booth." Off-Broadway he won an Obie for his performance in "Uncle

F. Murray Abraham & the Oscar

"We go back to work tomorrow, don't we?"

by Nancy Hamilton

Then Abraham held up his hand and exclaimed, "Wait a minute! I still have more time." He returned to the microphone and added, "Half of this statue belongs to my beloved wife Kate. Thank you."

The eight-Oscar triumph of "Amadeus" was felt strongly in El Paso, where Abraham's parents, Fred and Josephine, brought him up in a loving and supportive family and where he still has many relatives, former classmates from school days, and former teachers such as Professor Emeritus Milton Leech.

While Leech takes no credit for "discovering" F. Murray Abraham, he did give him the necessary boost into preparing for his profession.

"I first saw Murray Abraham in a 1958 one-act play contest," recalls Leech, who retired last year after having headed the University's Drama and Speech Department, serving as the first vice president for academic affairs, and as interim president. "I was in Austin doing my Ph.D. and Bill Hardy, who was heading the drama department in my absence, asked me to return to El Paso to judge the Inter-scholastic League competition."

Lucia Hutchins, well-known teacher at El Paso High School, directed "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" by J.M. Barrie.

"Murray played the Scotsman in kilts," says Leech. "I gave the play first

place and chose him as best actor. The honorary drama fraternity, Alpha Psi Omega, had a scholarship and I awarded it to him."

Last October, when Leech and his wife Carolyn were in New York, they visited with the actor. "He told us he could not have gone to college without that \$100 scholarship."

Joining the Leeches and Abraham at dinner was Pat Hines, who had appeared in the Broadway production of "Amadeus" for three years and took a different role in the film version. Then billed as "Mainer Hines," he had been in Texas Western College summer productions directed by Leech, and has been acting in New York for years. Somehow he and Abraham had never met until they arrived in Prague to start the six months of filming "Amadeus."

"One of them mentioned El Paso," says Leech, "and they discovered they had both worked with me years ago."

Abraham began acting at TWC as soon as he finished high school, taking part in the summer season offerings of 1958. Leech remembers the plays he was in — "Diary of Anne Frank," "The Matchmaker," "Noah," "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker" and others. One was written by Leech, the children's play "Comanche Eagle," in which Abraham took the leading role of Quanah Parker. The play was produced again this spring. Another orig-

Vanya" and acted in numerous other plays, ranging from "Antigone" to "The Fantasticks." As a sideline he made TV commercials, one of which — where he appeared as a talking grapeleaf for Fruit of the Loom — seemed to capture the public fancy at Oscar time.

Interspersed with his stage roles have been movies: "All the President's Men," "The Ritz," "Scarface," "The Sunshine Boys," "Serpico," "The Big Fix," "Prisoner of Second Avenue," "They Might Be Giants."

But it was "Amadeus" that brought him the long-awaited role that focused international attention on his talent. He portrayed a middle-aged court composer, Antonio Salieri, who was jealous of the incredible talent of young Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and confessed that he had been responsible for the young man's death.

"I'm one of many people who worked very hard and never lost track of my dream," he said after his nomination. "Anything I do changes and affects me. It is important to do great roles; they are ennobling."

It takes more than greatness in the role, however. Leech has an insight into the actor's success: "Murray Abraham had a complete understanding of the kind of person Salieri was. He wasn't a complete villain, but a very

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Typhoon in the South China Sea

by Jeffrey F. Berry

September in Hong Kong and the South China coast is hot, sticky and uncomfortable. Day follows humid day in its enervating procession, interrupted occasionally by short, sharp rainstorms. These showers bring momentary relief, but they raise the discomfort level even higher. Following each shower steam rises from the pavement, automobiles, harbor craft and the concrete office blocks of modern Hong Kong.

September is also the worst month of the annual typhoon season. In practice, thoughtful residents of this British Crown Colony regularly watch the evening television news for hints of possible weather trouble brewing far out in the South China Sea, or in the typhoon spawning grounds around Palau and Yap Islands in western Micronesia. For because what begins as a minor tropical disturbance (as classified by meteorologists) can intensify into a tropical depression, then a tropical storm, a severe tropical storm, and finally . . . Typhoon!

Typhoons are natural events in this part of the world that bring disaster to some and discomfort to many. The most destructive naturally occurring cyclonic storm, they can have the strength of dozens of H-bombs. About the only good thing to be said for typhoons, from a seaman's point of view, is that today they are probably one of the easier potential disasters to locate, guard against, and ultimately, to survive.

During the typhoon season people in Hong Kong go about their lives with the nagging concern that something

dreadful could happen; something might at that very moment be growing from a rogue whirlwind to full-blown storm. Something menacing might be on its erratic, swirling path to shore, or thankfully, be safely passing the territory to become someone else's nightmare. Many businesses here daily display elaborate typhoon tracking maps upon which storm activity is regularly plotted. The Royal Observatory, located in Victorian structures atop a low hill on the southern Kowloon peninsula, regularly issues weather bulletins, storm warnings and other advisories. The Hong Kong Marine De-



**“. . . instruments
capable of recording
150 knots of wind
blew out.”**

partment provides a similar service for mariners within Hong Kong waters and surrounding seas. Typhoons, their characteristics, unpredictable behavior and their destructive potential, are a part of Hong Kong life. Anyone who spends a few years here or in other typhoon-prone areas is wary, respectful, or fearful of them. Those who dismiss their power to kill do so at their peril.

All typhoon seasons are not the same. Some years Hong Kong may get five alerts of which three prove to be close calls. In other years there will be

nothing exciting to report. Until the season of 1983, Hong Kong had not suffered a really severe storm since Typhoon Rose (1971), when the Hong Kong-Macao ferry was lost, or Typhoon Wanda (1962), when instruments capable of recording 150 knots of wind blew out. The Colony had experienced several typhoon near-misses, but nothing that caused extensive damage. This, unfortunately, was to change.

I was quite busy in September, 1983, for I was in command of a 363-gross-ton oil research vessel, *Maritime Mars*, preparing to sail north to the Yellow Sea with a required stop in the port city of Shanghai. There I was to pick up the charterer's technicians and specialized equipment. We then were supposed to go north to do depth surveys and bottom sampling along a little-sailed stretch of coastline. It is not widely known, but most of the China coast is covered by British Admiralty charts dating from the 1850s to the 1920s and only partially modernized. Oil companies need far more accurate information than these old charts provide.

We weighed anchor in Victoria Harbor, Hong Kong, the afternoon of September 6, standing down East Lamma Channel in a sandalwood fog of joss stick smoke offered by the ship's Hong Kong owners to placate the Goddess of the Sea, Tin Hau. Whilst the owners were technically modern with a good understanding of mechanics, the economics of shipping and business, they always hedged their bets by making the appropriate offerings to the traditional Chinese deities.

We sailed down the channel past my old ship, the barkentine *Osprey*. *Osprey* lay at anchor in Repulse Bay, a small indentation on the southwestern side of Hong Kong Island. She appeared to be from another era, and in a sense she was. One of the last cargo-carrying sailing ships built, *Osprey* had been built in Solvesberg, Sweden, in 1937. She had first been rigged as a three-masted auxiliary schooner and had spent an active career moving timber and grain cargos from Sweden to Leningrad in the Eastern Baltic, to the Gulf of Finland in the north, ports in Norway and Scotland, as well as occasional voyages as far west as Iceland. *Osprey* was not an exercise in nostalgia. A thoroughly tested vessel, she was an example of the culmination of European sailing ship design. Built of riveted kortex steel, she had double bottoms and five water-tight bulkheads. Her lower masts and bowsprit were hollow steel. She had a dependable 320 horsepower diesel auxiliary engine, two generators and a complete range of navigational aids.

Osprey was 171' long, 23' wide, with a gross tonnage of 225 and 7,400 sq. feet of sail area. She was rigged as a barkentine (three-masted with a fully square-rigged foremast; main and mizzen masts each being fore-and-aft rigged). The ship had "painted ports," a livery common on many sailing ships until the early years of this century. Black hulled with a broad white stripe from bow to stern. Black "gunports" painted along the stripe. This was surmounted by a narrow golden shear stripe which accentuated the vessel's naturally classic lines. The paint scheme was definitely nostalgic, as the ship had recently been converted from cargo carrying to charter passenger cruising. She had gone up stream in her markets and gained the trappings of her new status. The barkentine *Osprey* was the last square-rigged sailing freighter to be included in *Lloyds List of Shipping* (1975).

As the research ship drew abreast of *Osprey* I blew the whistle. There was no reply. *Osprey's* deck was deserted. She lay alone in Repulse Bay, her Hong Kong red ensign limp in the heat, her crew ashore or below decks out of the afternoon glare. Her rubber dinghy lay alongside the stone quay which jutted from the Tin Hau Temple. The ornate temple, with its golden goddess statue standing at the edge of the beach, is the most interesting building on the foreshore of the bay.



Soon we rounded the southern arm of Repulse Bay and I lost sight of the sailing ship. It was the last time I saw her.

Before we sailed, I had checked the weather forecast. There was no report of any unusual disturbance in the South China Sea. The only potential problem, I was told, was a tropical storm then approaching the eastern shores of Luzon Island in the Philippines. Probably the storm would beat itself to submission in the cordilleras of that rugged tropical island, or so the conventional wisdom decreed. I sailed, for if I waited for every storm to pass north of Hong Kong during the season, I would never get started to anywhere, and probably lose the charter.

Two days later we were 200 miles northeast of Hong Kong. The situation was vastly different and we were running away from the same typhoon which was supposed to blow itself out in the Philippines. The storm, now named Ellen, had smashed into and over Luzon, killing dozens of people; it swept across Pratas Reef in the South China Sea and drowned five Hong Kong fishermen, then headed straight

to the Colony, gaining strength all the while. Normally, if anything can be called "normal" with typhoons, the storms have a speed of advance of five to ten knots. This means that the eye of the typhoon would travel west or northwestward toward the China coast at this rate. Ellen, however, had run across the South China Sea at more than twice the expected speed of advance. It caught meteorologists, shipping men, citizens and bureaucrats off-balance. The storm swept across Hong Kong and Lantau Islands in the last hours of September 8. Wind speed: 135 knots. The Colony, her harbor and shipping, were smashed unmercifully. By daybreak September 9, Ellen had crossed the shoreline of Asia and was flooding the rice paddies of Guangdong Province.

I now had troubles of my own aboard *Maritime Mars*. The survey ship was a catamaran, meaning that she had two hulls side-by-side, joined by a common superstructure and aft working deck. The ship had a twin diesel-electric system which drove a pair of swivelling outboard drive units. She had no rudders for steering control. Steering was accomplished by directing the thrust of the propellers to one side or the other. It was also possible to spin the ship in her own length if desired. This feature was quite useful when maneuvering at slow speeds. However, success and ease of operation depended upon all machinery running perfectly. *Maritime Mars* did not like to sail a straight course with this system and controlling her became increasingly difficult in bad weather.

In the early morning of September 8 the wind and sea rose to gale force. I had steered well offshore, since the eastern coast of the Formosa Strait (which we were then transiting) was studded by islets and uncharted rocks, all unlighted and unmarked, which could send an unlucky ship to the bottom. The wind slowly veered from northeasterly to easterly, creating a growing problem. The seas were from 12 to 15 feet from trough to crest, manageable enough with a regular monohulled vessel, but impossible for the *Mars*. She was impeded by the broad surface area of the forward superstructure, which acted as a large sail, and by insufficient brute horsepower to drive the ship into the storm. Plunging abruptly into the rising swells caused waves to build up between our two hulls. These momentar-

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“...waves smashed at the underside of our superstructure, buckling the deck plating.”

Captain Jeff Berry first saw the three-masted barkentine *Osprey* in Korsor, Denmark, in 1973, and three years later, when the ship was at Grand Bahama Island, Berry was hired by her new Japanese owners to deliver her to Miami where she was to be refitted. In 1981, after completing his contract as captain of another sailing ship, *Golden Hinde*, which he took from San Francisco to Yokohama in 64 days where she was used in the Paramount Pictures production of *Shogun*, Berry was again engaged as master of the *Osprey*. After extensive refitting, Berry took her around Southeast Asia, visiting Thailand, Indonesia, Singapore, Burma, Taiwan, the Philippines and Japan. The ship was engaged in motion picture work and charter passenger cruises. Berry resigned his command of *Osprey* after irreconcilable differences with her owners — principally with what Berry considered dangerous economies such as cutting the crew complement and salaries.

After Berry assumed command of an oil survey ship, the *Osprey*, in her last seven months, was commanded by James "Bo" Gary, a retired U.S. Navy chief petty officer who had served as Berry's second officer.

Here is Captain Berry's account of the loss of the barkentine *Osprey* with eight of her nine crewmen, on the night of September 8-9, 1983:



If there had not been a typhoon, *Osprey* might still be sailing. My complaint with the owner concerned mostly the safe operation of the ship.

If the ship was not to sail in the open ocean, then she could survive as a party boat in Hong Kong waters. But if she was meant to take long voyages, then she needed a qualified complement and this meant paying good people a living wage. It was all simple economics, really.

The typhoon made the decision. The barkentine *Osprey* was lost off Hong Kong as Typhoon Ellen swept across the colony and surrounding

waters on the night of September 8-9. Her sole survivor, picked up by a trawler days later, was Hiroaki Ogura. Close to 200 other sailing yachts, pleasure junks and harbor craft were destroyed in the storm which left 26 ocean-going ships aground in the harbor or thrown up on coastal islands. The winds reached 135 knots at their peak and the seas were whipped to phenomenal heights. It was a night of chaos and tragedy.

Osprey was anchored in Repulse Bay on the southwestern coast of Hong Kong island. For reasons that have never been satisfactorily answered, her captain ignored the various storm warnings issued hourly all day September 8. When other vessels were seeking safe haven, *Osprey* remained at anchor. Her captain did not shift her to a mooring buoy or typhoon shelter.

By 10 p.m., the ship started to drag her anchor, moving out of the bay away from the land. There is a small islet at the entrance of the bay and *Osprey* was dragging toward this rock. Only then did Captain Gary start the engine and raise his anchor. Tragically, instead of going back into the bay and re-anchoring with both anchors and using his engine to ease the strain on the chains, he turned *Osprey* seaward and ran south, away from the protection of the lee of the land, directly into the eye of the storm whose winds were approaching 100 knots and whose seas were 30 feet from trough to crest!

All indications are that *Osprey's* ballast tanks were empty, thereby decreasing her stability; her water-freeing ports were shut — very wrong. Her life rafts were lashed down and they went down with the ship instead of floating free as they were designed to do. It was a recipe for disaster.

Exactly why *Osprey* foundered may never be known. From my experience sailing her, I believe that Captain Gary must have allowed the vessel to broach (slew sideways to the sea) in the tremendous seas. The pressure of the wind would have caused her to heel over far enough to ship water over the lee rail. With a deck full of water, stability would have been lost and the ship would have rolled over on her beam ends.

The latest and perhaps last chapter in the *Osprey* story came to me in January, 1985, when it was announced by the Marine Department and Chinese government that the wreck had been located and positively identified. She was some 23 miles south of Hong Kong in Chinese waters, sitting upright in 17 fathoms of water. She is slowly being consumed by the fine Pearl River estuary silt. Already, the Chinese report, she has a foot of mud on her main deck.

So lies the barkentine *Osprey*, entombed. A good ship, an honest ship, now gone with its cargo of unfulfilled dreams."

— Capt. J.F. Berry
Hong Kong, BCC



Osprey

(From page 4)

ily trapped waves smashed at the underside of our superstructure, buckling the deck plating. This caused chaos within. All the plumbing was rendered useless — worse than useless, for now it reversed the gravity flow of water in all the pipes. What it did to each cabin from the wash basins was bad enough — geysers of seawater spouting from drain plug hole to deckhead — but what it did to the water closets was worse.

By midday, the wind was forcing the ship directly toward the rocky shore. We were holding our own against the storm. Just. Then, without warning, the starboard steering gear control burnt out. The starboard propeller unit started rotating in a counterclockwise direction at one revolution per minute. I stopped the starboard engine and steered with the port one as best I could directly into the wind and sea. My chief engineer and his gang had it repaired within an hour. I put both engines back on the line once again, but we had lost five miles to the storm. Now we were 12 miles off the rocks. I could see nothing from the bridge as the visibility was less than a half mile at best. The radar set disclosed a feathery coastline amidst the massive clutter caused by the lumpy sea. *Maritime Mars* was now bucking and plunging in a most worrisome manner. Her hulls twisted back and forth as they tried to wrench themselves free from the deck structure. It was not the time or the sea to be sailing a catamaran.

Then the starboard engine decided to wipe out a main crankshaft bearing. It did this with vigor, a shower of sparks out of the funnel accompanied by the stench of burnt lube oil. Scratch one crankshaft (\$25,000). We now had half power at the worst time. We were again being driven shoreward.

There was nothing for us to do except keep plugging away against the wind and waves. I tried to contact Hong Kong Radio to give them a situation report, but they failed to answer. They had their own problems just then. I had the lifejackets passed out and safety gear checked. Beyond this there was not much more we could do. My chief mate and I paced away the afternoon watch together. Two or three steps to the right, hang on and check the radar range to the coast. Two or three staggering paces left, then back again. The Islamic seamen in my crew missed their prayers that afternoon.

Toward the end of the afternoon watch, around 4 p.m., the wind rapidly shifted to the southwest and fell to 40 knots. The eye of Typhoon Ellen had by this time passed far enough inland to change the cyclonic direction of the wind. The winds were still gale force. The seas were deep and abrupt, but now they were in our favor.

Thus we were saved by a shift in the wind. Not a moment too soon, for at our closest we were two miles from the rocks. We had not done anything exciting or especially remarkable in this little adventure, just survived as best we knew how. No, we had not "beaten the sea" as some writers maintain in their more lurid pieces. The sea let us go! Anyone who has first-hand experience with such tempests at sea knows that they are great destroyers of false pride.

The remainder of this charter continued badly. We arrived safely in

But now this could not be done with any safety or expectation of success, because boiling up the Formosa Strait was a new typhoon. I did not fancy meeting Typhoon Francis (or whatever her name was, I don't remember any more) on the nose, so ordered my crew to moor the *Maritime Mars* to Shanghai's newly built container wharf. We used every bit of dockline and the starboardside anchor chain to secure us to the berthside. Soon we were joined by 25 Japanese fishing boats also seeking haven. They were upwind of us and all of them ran their diesels continuously. The smell from their exhausts was soon an unwelcome part of our lives. For once, the typhoon ran as straight as a die up the Strait and made a bullseye hit on Shanghai. When it struck, we were scending and descending 15 feet up and down the wall of the dock side, protected by large roller fenders. All lines held and we escaped without



Maritime Mars oil survey ship

Shanghai and found we could not repair the engine in time. The charterer decided to press on nonetheless. It was now toward the end of the typhoon season, so off to the Yellow Sea we sailed, only to experience nasty weather for days on end: reduced visibility and a succession of gales which forced us to hide in the lee of various small islands. Defeated by the weather, we were finally ordered back to Shanghai. The charter was cancelled and the home office ordered us to sail immediately back to Hong Kong.

damage, even though at their peak the winds reached 70 knots. It was well that we stayed in port.

During these misadventures in Shanghai I received word that the barkentine *Osprey* had been lost in the fury of Typhoon Ellen. It was only a 12-word telegram from Hong Kong that gave us no news how *Osprey* had been lost. Eight of the nine persons aboard her had perished. I had known some of them well and had been involved in sailing and working in *Os-*

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BOOKS

Most people didn't know it, but when Samuel D. "Ted" Myres came on the Texas Western College faculty in 1955, he had left behind him careers enough for several men. He was a political scientist, historian, musician, lawyer, scholar, professor, editor, writer, world traveler, professional photographer and businessman. And when he "retired" in 1970 to undertake the mammoth task of writing a two-volume history of the Permian Basin, he had left an indelible mark on two major universities — Southern Methodist and The University of Texas at El Paso.



Dr. Myres, always a felicitous writer and among the best editors Texas has ever seen (with Carl Hertzog, he was founder of Texas Western Press), has told the story of his eventful life in a

wonderful new book, *The Education of a West Texan: A Personal Account, 1899-1985*, to be released by Texas Western Press in June.

Born in Sweetwater in 1899, son of famed saddle-maker "Tio Sam Myres," Ted Myres studied at Trinity University, then UT Austin, then Southern Methodist, receiving his B.A. in English in 1920, the M.A. in government in 1925, the Ph.D. at UT Austin in 1929. He also studied law (and was admitted to the Texas bar in 1924), served a time as principal of the Sweetwater high school, studied at the University of Geneva, Switzerland, and lived in London, Paris, and Jerusalem. By 1934, he was listed in *Who's Who in America*.

The title of this memoir is telling: Dr. Myres views his life as a long educational process. It is a fitting philosophy for one who has educated so many himself. He is a man of erudition and depthful knowledge, and devoted much of his life to teaching others, not only in the classroom but also in his books and with his facility for friendship.

The Education of a West Texan tells as much of Ted Myres' story as 231 printed pages will allow. That the reader knows there is more and wants to know more is a tribute to this splendid gentleman-scholar who made UT El Paso a better place for his presence here.

As this book is being published, Dr. Myres, at age 86, is very likely working on some project or other. He is not a man to let a day go by lazily. The education of this West Texan continues. □

Palabra Nueva: Cuentos Chicanos
Edited by Ricardo Aguilar, Armando Armengol and Oscar U. Somoza.
Texas Western Press, \$9.

This collection of short stories in Spanish constitutes a literary nexus between two nations. Its content reveals the interface between Mexican and American cultures, the stage of Chicano literature.

The authors are winners of a literary contest sponsored by the Chicano Studies Program at The University of Texas at El Paso. Many are well-known figures in Chicano literature. Miguel Mendez, Rosaura Sanchez and Rolando Hinojosa-Smith are just three examples. The collection also abounds with local luminaries that are literary critics and academicians. Jose Antonio Burciaga, Agapito Mendoza and Alice Gaspar de Alba stand out in this group.

The themes cover a wide range of geographical regions, eras and circumstances. Given the prominence of El Pasoans among the contributors, the extensive coverage of the Ciudad Juarez-El Paso area is not surprising. While several of the stories are based on experiences in this section of the border, other regions like South Texas, California, New Mexico, Arizona and some parts of Mexico are also included. Local readers should be able to recognize a few of the settings mentioned in the various stories.

The Hispanic reader may find plenty of familiar situations and circumstances, such as the turbulent trajectory of the immigrant experience, often bidirectional. The agony and the triumph of mere survival that are a part of the gauntlet run by immigrants are vividly projected throughout the book. Survival predominates as a central theme, perhaps because it is an accurate reflection of the existence of the majority of Chicanos. Other themes presented are cultural identity conflict, oppression and growing up. The experiences of the young are particularly illustrative of many aspects of the development of Chicano culture, particularly when contrasted with those of other generations.

The Spanish employed to narrate these stories ranges from the standard of the language to regional and dialectal forms.

This collection of *cuentos* is a very significant contribution to Chicano literature.

— DENNIS J. BIXLER-MARQUEZ

The San Patricio Soldiers, Mexico's Foreign Legion

By Dennis J. Wynn. Texas Western Press, \$4 (Southwestern Studies, No. 74).

During the Mexican War, a number of Irish and German immigrants who had joined the U.S. army deserted in response to offers from Mexico of land and money if they would serve that nation. This unusual group is the subject of the latest in the Texas Western Press Southwestern Studies monographs.

General Santa Anna organized the American deserters into two infantry companies of 100 men each. After the American victory at Churubusco, 72 captive deserters were tried in courts martial. Some were hanged, others were beaten and branded on the face, among them John Riley, the man

credited with naming and helping to organize the unit. Not all the San Patricios were captured, however, and the unit continued to function for nearly a year after the Americans left Mexico. They served as a patrol against bandits and hostile Indians. Wynn also devotes a chapter to another little-known group, a reciprocal company of Mexicans who served the U.S. military as spies. The author was told by a Mexican historian that some prominent families in Mexico named Kelly and O'Connor trace their origins to San Patricio soldiers. □

Going With the Flow

Photos and design
by Chad Puerling

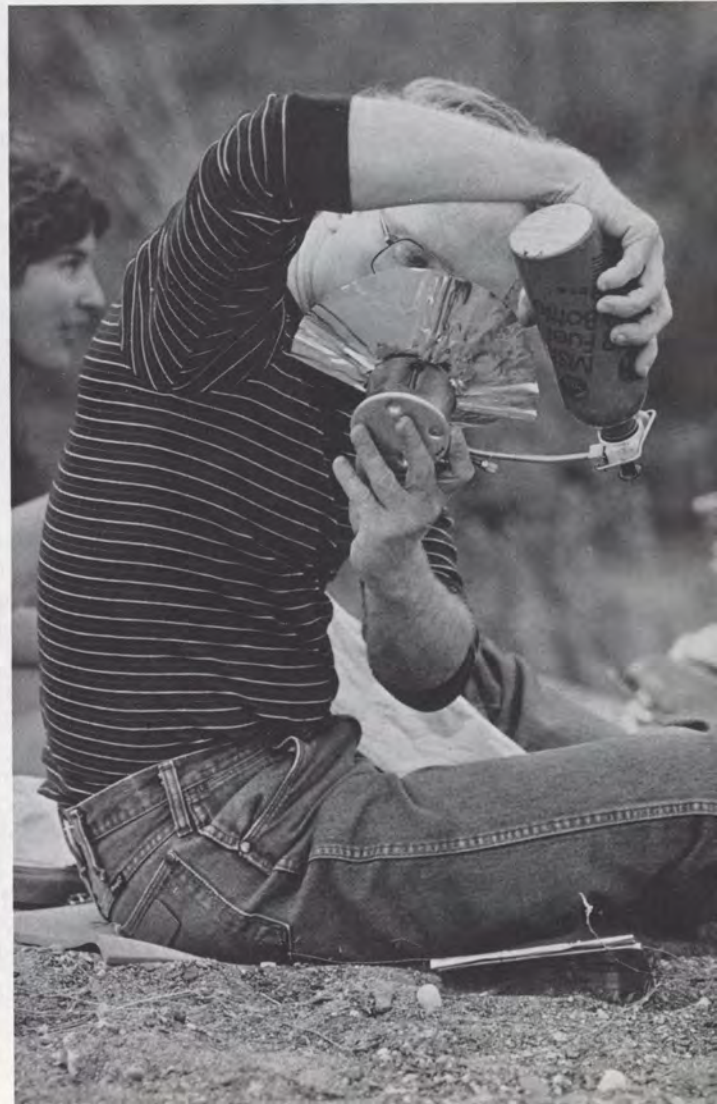


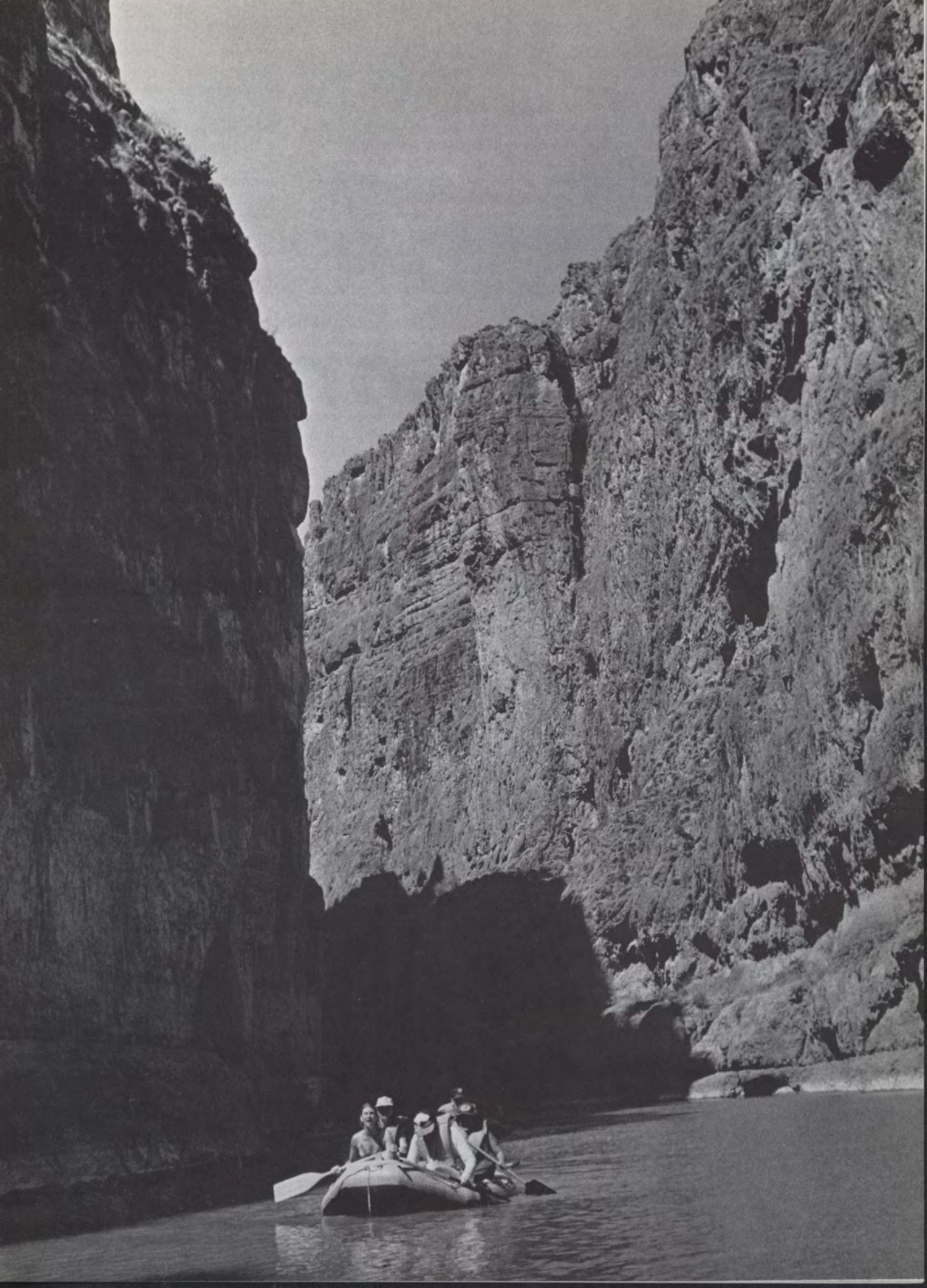
During the recent spring break, 21 students, faculty and friends of the University rafted 17 miles down the Rio Grande through Santa Elena Canyon in Big Bend National Park. Dave Schwalm, assistant professor of English, was one of the party and provided the following notes:

Some of us felt there were too many English teachers along. Others thought the advertising for the trip said too much about "floating" and not enough about "paddling." One raft load, no intentionally, tried swimming as a change of pace. We all got very wet by action of the river, the rangers, or the rowdies among us. Ashore in the evening, dry shoes and socks were universally envied. Some older travelers, noting that the ground had gotten harder since last year, looked menacingly at a younger fellow with an unusually comfortable sleeping pad. At least one camper experienced the recalcitrance of camp stoves.

But we discovered that, indeed, the stars at night are big and bright (clap, clap, clap, clap). We discovered that Santa Elena Canyon, which can be seen only by river, is one of the most beautiful spots on earth, that the privilege of seeing it must be earned. And we forgot the aches and the wet and our grammar as we drifted on the gentle current, quietly, looking up the steep canyon walls at the ribbon of blue sky overhead. □

Left: A Mexican campesino sits down for a visit with the rafters. Below: John Dick, assistant professor of English, takes a close look at his obstinate stove.







The Yearbook Lives!

Dzong La

“We, the undersigned, regret to inform you that the 1972 *Flowsheet* is the last issue.”

The above statement, signed by 22 staff members, appeared on page 279 of the 1972 UTEP yearbook. No explanation was given for the demise after a half-century, of the yearbook, first published in 1922. The staff, with the editor Denise Baldi in the lead, was pictured in a congo-line pose under a caption, “Goodbye Flowsheet.”

A long-standing tradition had died, the apparent victim of a tight budget combined with student apathy.

But traditions have a way of re-entering our lives, and such is the case with the UTEP yearbook. After a 13-year hiatus, the yearbook has risen, with new life breathed into it by the spirited Class of 1985.

To explain the demise of the yearbook and its resurrection, one needs to reflect on times past and draw a comparison with today. In the early 70s, university students across the nation were experiencing a time of turmoil — the issues of Vietnam, Cambodia, and general political unrest in the United States. Yearbooks of the late 60s and early 70s clearly depicted the mental anguish of the students. Over 100 pages of the 1972 *Flowsheet* were devoted to social issues. The prose was piercing and thought-provoking. Full-page pictures included the serenity of the “Flower Children,” a simple sunrise and sunset, a contemplating nude female, dilapidated adobe homes in Juarez and the burdened faces of the

by Martha Nolan

elderly. One page carried a listing of 40 bomb scares at the University during the 1971-72 school year.

The “final” issue of the yearbook was plagued with problems from the outset, recalled Editor Baldi.

“I knew from the beginning that my staff was to produce a final yearbook,” she explained in a telephone interview. “I was told this by the board (Student Publications Board) when I was interviewed for the editor position in the summer of ’71. The book had been losing money over the past few years and it was inevitable that the publication would be axed from the budget. I don’t blame the board. It could not continue to operate a deficit budget.”

A marketing class survey of 1,317 students may have had something to do with the death blow. Four students from Glenn L. Palmore’s Marketing and Research Analysis class, Albert Licon, Manuel Rodriguez, Sandra Fernandez and Ken Koval, did the survey. It showed that although 91 percent of the student body responded positively to the need for a yearbook

As the June *NOVA* went to press, the revived UT El Paso yearbook was given a new name. Graduate student Hugh H. Hughes won the contest to name the book with an entry reflecting the Bhutanese architectural tradition of the campus: *Dzong La: Fortress at the Pass*.

on campus, only 23 percent indicated they would buy one, apparently not enough financial support to satisfy the budget-conscious Student Publications Board. The survey also revealed that the students were dissatisfied with the name (*The Flowsheet*) of the 1972 yearbook. Others complained about the extent of advertising while others were concerned with the lack of traditional yearbook content — a chronological display of events and the individual class pictures.

“We did everything humanly possible to get the students to have their individual pictures taken,” said Baldi. “But they wouldn’t. Although students indicated they were interested in the more traditional college activities, they really were not. While the students of 1985 are free-spirited and excited about writing copy about the happenings of the school year, attending homecoming activities and spring festivals, cheering the football and basketball teams on to victory and enjoying fraternity and sorority socials, students of my days were reciting the names of the Vietnam dead outside administration buildings, participating in peace marches and demonstrating for whatever cause.”

Asked to pinpoint the cause for the demise of the yearbook, Baldi cited the problem early 1970 yearbook editors had dealing with tradition. “We just strayed too far,” she explained. “The book did reflect the times, but yearbook editors across the nation violated the basic purpose of a yearbook; that is, to give students a publication

that they would treasure in years to come, a memento of their college days. I guess they just did not want to remember the early 70s."

Year 1985 finds a different breed of students. Some are highly motivated to study. They are career-oriented. They are conscious of the political happenings around the world, and occasionally an individual or even a group of students will take a temporary stand on social issues. But on the whole they are much more apt to fill the Sun Bowl or Special Events Center to cheer wildly for the Miners. Their high schools had yearbooks and when they came on campus, they questioned why their University did not have one. Student Senate President David Galyon heard their concern for the yearbook void and, with the support of the Association's Spirit Committee, approached University officials about the possibility of renewing the traditional publication.

In reviving the yearbook, one of the first things the Spirit Committee did was to agree with the students of 1972 on the need for a name change.

"We appreciate our heritage," said Galyon. "But today we are The University of Texas at El Paso, not the College of Mines. Today's students do not even know what a 'flowsheet' is."

(A flowsheet is a chart of the flow of ore through a mill, showing the steps in the refining process.)

Willard Books, director of Student Publications, was selected to oversee the publication of the 1985 yearbook. Books was a yearbook adviser for 15 years before joining the UT El Paso administrative staff in 1979. He agrees with former editor Baldi in assessing what caused the demise of yearbooks in the early 70s.

"When yearbook editors moved from the traditional yearbook coverage into expressing their feelings of the times, they lost the main purpose of the publication which was, and is, for reflection and memories."

Galyon and his staff, headed by Estela Juarez, ran into little resistance in their attempt to re-establish the yearbook. Well-qualified students quickly applied for the editor positions and, at a general meeting called for volunteer workers, over 30 students with high school experience eagerly signed up to help. The 1985 book will contain sections covering student life, organizations, sports, senior portraits, faculty and administration. The staff will sell the books for \$10, only one dollar more than was charged in 1972.

In contrast, laments Denise Baldi, now co-owner of Envision Productions

in El Paso, the 1972 yearbook had a difficult time getting students to work on the staff. "A dozen or so worked at different times on special sections but only three or four of us did most of the work."

But the three or four were rewarded, Baldi recalled. The 1972 *Flowsheet* won first prize in the overall competition at the Texas Intercollegiate Press Association Conference and a first prize for color. More awards came from the Rocky Mountain Press Association.

"We won awards," said Baldi, "but that was it. The students would not buy books and the project died."

Kent Waggoner, the 1985 yearbook editor, somewhat typifies today's student. He is a "Greek," sports fan and conscious of all of the University's activities. At the same time, he is serious about academics. The geophysics major brings four years of experience to the editor position. Waggoner worked on the Eastwood High School yearbook and newspaper.

"We have talked up the yearbook on campus and listened to what the students want in the yearbook," said Waggoner. "We are going to change the name of the publication, limit advertising and concentrate on including as many students in the yearbook as possible."

Waggoner has a solid staff working with him. Elena Contreras, freshman journalism major, is the layout editor; Kate Gannon, senior journalism major, copy editor; Lisa Agan, junior education major, art production editor; and Grace Saenz, photojournalism major, photography editor. The combined editorial staff has a total of 20 years in media work.

Has the yearbook found its place again? There are many reasons to believe it has. It mixes well with pep rallies, chili cook-offs, Homecoming queens, plays, concerts, beer busts and academics. And in 1985 all these ingredients are on campus □

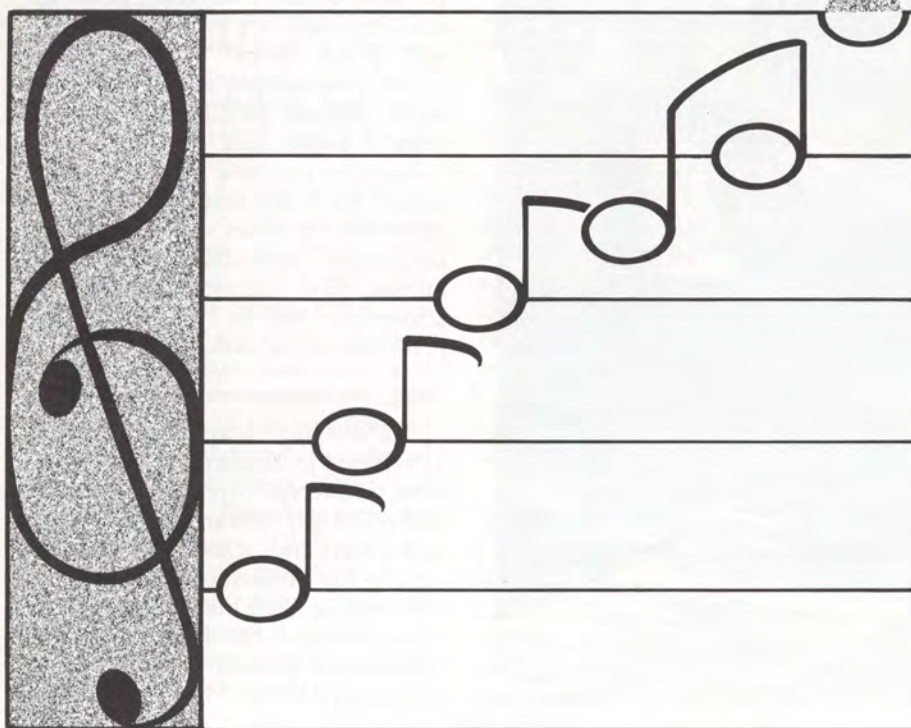


Dzong La Editor Kent Waggoner with Grace Saenz, photo editor.

Editor's Note: Martha Valdez Nolan is a junior journalism major at UTEP who transferred here from Armstrong State College, Savannah, Georgia. She is a Time, Inc. scholarship recipient, dean's list student, member of the Advertising Club and of Sigma Delta Chi. She and her husband, Robert Nolan, are parents of two children, Sebastian Abel and Nathaniel Adam.

Doug Adams' Pursuit of Music

Beads on a Thread



Doug Adams is a tall, soft-spoken, bearded Texan transplanted to Larkspur, California. He is also:

- a fiddler and head man for a country band known as Bravo;
- a classical guitarist;
- a composer of music in a wide variety of styles;
- founder of Magi Productions which produces recordings of music he and his associates compose and perform and,
- husband of mid-eastern dancer De Ann Bonham Adams whose work inspired the forming of the group Light Rain.

Adams actually has many more talents — for example, he took the cover photograph for "Valentine to Eden," an album that includes a composition of his that was performed by the Oakland Ballet last fall. But he stays too busy exercising his talents to spend time seeking praise.

"I entered UTEP in 1969, the first year that guitar was offered," he recalls. "In Vietnam the war was going on, and on the campuses, protest.

"Music was everywhere. Pied piper prophets popped up around every apartment in Sunset Heights, it seemed. That's where, in a dilapidated balcony apartment, I set up a music stand and easel."

Adams remembers his years in school as "rich and intense, filled with ecstasies, heartaches and hard work learning about my craft."

Adams had his mind on music from the age of eight, when he began singing in a church choir and playing in his school band. In Coronado High School, he was a marching band trombonist.

As an adolescent in the 60s, he immersed himself in the diverse musical styles of the time, and drew on rock, folk and blues idioms in writing his own songs. At 16, he recorded and released two of those songs on a small independent label. The songs reached "top-ten" ratings on regional radio charts, and he had found his calling.

After graduation from UTEP in 1973, Adams moved to San Francisco. He was earning a living performing in cafes and on the streets. Not long after moving there, he visited the Holy City Zoo, a San Francisco club, and saw De Ann Bonham dance for the first time. A former Miss Sonoma County, she had won a scholarship as best musician in the Miss California pageant.

De Ann was dancing to a drummer's accompaniment. Middle Eastern music was new to Doug, but he joined De Ann and her drummer, improvising melodies on the violin.

"That," he says, "was the origin of the troupe we developed, as we added more instruments and more dancers and I kept writing more music."

De Ann had taken up belly dancing as a hobby when she was 11. She had majored in speech therapy at San Jose State University. While working with Head Start in San Jose, she had studied dancing with Jamilia Salimpour in San Francisco and soon had a taste of professional work as a substitute for three weeks at the Casbah. Later she auditioned for the Holy City Zoo and

that led to her marriage and career partnership with Doug Adams.

He created his own record label, Magi, in 1977 and recorded a collection of songs entitled "Light Rain." Then he and De Ann organized the performing group Light Rain and recorded an album of the exotic dance music he had improvised for her, "Dream Dancer," which also included De Ann's composition, "Paso Al Sol." Its strange and haunting character caught the imagination of dancers across the United States and in other countries as well. Most notably, it appealed to James Howell, music advisor for the Joffrey Ballet, who heard it at a dance performance in San Francisco.

The co-producer of the Joffrey company, Gerald Arpino, contacted the Adamases in 1979 about the possibility of setting a ballet to the music. The project was temporarily shelved during the Iranian hostage crisis, when things Middle Eastern were not in vogue, then was revived.

Arpino studied De Ann's dance style before choreographing his highly acclaimed ballet "Light Rain." It pre-

miered in 1982, utilizing tapes of music by the Adams ensemble which included two compositions by Doug and one by Russ Gauthier of his group. Portions of the original recording were redone for the ballet, Adams said, in order to develop stricter rhythms and a more climactic ending.

Two more albums in the same colorful style followed: "Dream Suite" and "Valentine to Eden." The latter collection, completed in February 1984, includes the mystical "Tar Marmalade," which was chosen by choreographer Val Caniparoli as the setting for a piece premiered by the Oakland Ballet last October.

The Daily Review critic termed the production "an exotic treat" and pointed out that it was "at times, reminiscent of Gerald Arpino's 'Light Rain.' Both the music and the movement utilized some of the same concepts. The sound imparts a Middle Eastern flavor which weaves through the sliding, sinuous movements."

The *Oakland Tribune* review noted that the new ballet was the audience favorite on the program that night. "Douglas Brandon Adams' score, from which Caniparoli's ballet takes its title, was performed by Light Rain, the same group that recently provided the inspiration for one of Gerald Arpino's most popular erotic ballets, 'Light Rain.'" The music was performed by guitar and tar, a North African drum.

Last summer Adams wrote two short pieces in rockabilly style that were commissioned by San Francisco's Kronos Quartet.

The Adamases can shift easily from Middle Eastern mood to the Tex-Mex-blues-Cajun-rockabilly flavor of Bravo, their country band. Doug is fiddler, De Ann the singer-pianist, and Bing Nathan joins them on double bass, with Ned Gray as drummer. Last fall they opened the show for Ricky Skaggs' concert near San Francisco.

"The experiences of my life, back in 1970 and now," Doug Adams says, "are like beads strung on the continuous thread of my pursuit of music. There are so many times when I'm working that I silently thank the teachers I've had (some of whom I locked my green horns with in those rebellious days). I hope that if any of them read this, they will know how much I appreciate the skills they taught me that are helping me through this fantastic and challenging life." □



EXTRACTS

by Marianne Fleager

DEVELOPMENT & ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NEWS

Alumni Fund, Association: There's a Difference!

Both recently and in the past, alumni inquiries indicate that many are baffled by the roles of the UTEP Alumni Association and the UTEP Alumni Fund. The two are separate entities, although both work for the betterment of UT El Paso, each playing a different role toward that purpose.

The Alumni Association conducts an annual membership drive. The Alumni Fund conducts an annual giving program.

Becoming a dues-paying member of the Alumni Association does not put you on the Annual Gift Report listing of contributors. And, giving to the annual Alumni Fund for Excellence does not automatically make you an active member of the Alumni Association.

The Alumni Association is a "friend-raiser" for the University. If you pay yearly dues (\$15 single, \$25 couple) or if you are a life member (\$200 single, \$300 couple), your money is used for alumni programs. Among these programs are student scholarships,

Homecoming, chapter activities, receptions and advance mailings to members. Through your membership in the Alumni Association, you receive use of the University Library, employment referrals and interviews through the University Placement Service, 50% discount on tickets for programs sponsored by the Student Programs Office, membership in the University Credit Union with a minimal deposit of \$26, 20% discount on all books published by Texas Western Press, use of University recreational facilities (hourly limits subject to student use) such as the swimming pool, Memorial Gym, tennis and racquetball courts, special rates for alumni travel and group life insurance plans, nominating and voting privileges, plus a membership card and auto decal.

The UT El Paso annual Alumni Fund is the principal fund raiser for the University. The "AFE" seeks contributions from alumni to enhance existing University programs and aid in developing new ones. Its monies support

many academic projects including scholarships, faculty development, research equipment, special departmental and college projects and, left unrestricted, assists in areas of greatest need as determined by the President.

The Alumni Association's "friend-raising" and the Alumni Fund's "fund-raising" work cooperatively, but not interchangeably, for the growth and academic betterment of The University of Texas at El Paso.

NEAT Pays Cash Dividend

As a result of alumni insurance policies purchased through the New England Alumni Trust of Farmington, Connecticut, the UTEP Alumni Association received a 1984 cash dividend of \$519 which was deposited into its Scholarship Fund.

The New England Alumni Trust has a total of 103 universi-

ties enrolled in its alumni plan. As of December 1984, it has paid over \$4,230,000 in benefits, and returned over \$1,605,000 to alumni associations nationwide. Alumni are encouraged to call NEAT toll free at (800) 243-5198, for more information concerning the UTEP Alumni Association's Group Term Plan.

Burlington Northern Gift

In April, the University received a check from Burlington Northern Foundation for \$12,804. The contribution resulted from matching gift forms submitted by 61 employees who are

also UTEP alumni. Burlington matched the employees' original contributions of \$6,402 on a two-for-one basis. The matching funds were applied to the same academic areas as the initial gifts.



The Greater El Paso Tennis Association, Inc. recently presented over \$1,100 in gifts to the UTEP women's tennis team as a result of the third annual Mixed Doubles Tennis Invitational sponsored by American Airlines. Pictured above are (left to right) Dave Walton, GEPTA president, Wilfredo Ruiz, manager for American Airlines, Louie Alvarez, tennis coach at UTEP, and Jim Peak, director of development.

C. Sharp Cook Professorship

Dr. C. Sharp Cook is retiring from the Physics Department after 15 years of service to the College of Science and to the University. To honor him on his retirement, the Physics Department and community alumni have organized a committee to raise funds for a departmental professorship under his name.

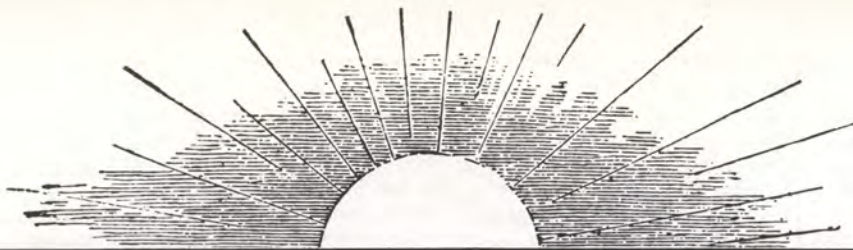
As a parting gift to the University, Dr. Cook has offered to provide \$50,000 in matching funds if the University and the physics department can raise the other \$50,000 needed to endow the \$100,000 professorship.

Members of the University



community, College of Science alumni and many other alumni of various disciplines will be contacted to contribute to the Cook Professorship Fund which will endow the University with its third professorship.

In addition to his faculty position at UT El Paso, Dr. Cook is a renowned physicist, an expert on nuclear physics and energy resources, and is currently serving on the National Research Council Committee on Radiation Dose Research. Dr. Cook and his wife, Marian, are also long-time donors to the University's academic programs as members of the Matrix Society and the President's Associates. They will reside in El Paso and plan to travel extensively upon his retirement.



ALUMNOTES

1920-1959

John H. Gray (B.S. '48) has accepted the position of director of the United Nations' recently established Center for Small Energy Resources, based in Rome, Italy. His job, and the stated purpose of the project, is to provide a means of bringing companies with the appropriate technology and successful track records into contact with developing nations possessing energy resource potential, according to an article appearing in *AAPG Explorer*. The project is designed to locate and economically produce small energy resources for consumption by local industries, villages and small towns. Resources may be conventional or unconventional, including oil and gas, geothermal, solar, wind — almost any energy source except nuclear. The primary focus will be on oil and gas, according to Gray. He is an independent consulting geologist from El Dorado, Arkansas, where he established his own firm, Juan Grande Oil.

Sheldon P. Wimpfen (B.S. '34), Outstanding Ex 1954, was named a Distinguished Member by the Society of Mining Engineers of the American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical and Petroleum Engineers last October.

Arturo M. Moralez Dominguez (B.S. '39) of Mexico City was inducted into the Mexican Academy of Engineering in November.

Thomas J. Saxon Jr., Col./USMC, ret. (1940 etc.) has retired as professor of political science from Kalamazoo (Michigan) Valley Community College where he taught for over 14 years. He served 27 years in the Marine Corps as a jet fighter pilot and on assignment as a strategic planner for the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Mary N. Tippin (B.S. '45) was named 1985 winner of the Hannah G. Solomon Award, presented annually for outstanding community service by the El Paso Section of the National Council of

Jewish Women. The award is given to "a most deserving person whose leadership has caused improvement in the quality of life for people of all ages and backgrounds, and one who has motivated others to fight for change that has resulted in progress and enlightenment in the community."

Sam Jenkins (1945 etc.) of El Paso, is the 1985 president of the Sun Bowl Association.

J.R. Chandler (1950 etc.), pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Darrouzett, Texas, and his wife, the former **Dana Sue O'Dell** (1954 etc.), celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary in March.

Ralph Barnett (B.S. '53), vice president of the Alloy Division, Amax, Inc., Empire, Colorado, was recently elected to the board of directors of the Colorado Mining Association.

Barbara Banner Root (M.Ed. '56), of Wee Waa, New South Wales, Australia, was a recent visitor to El Paso in January en route to the National Prayer Breakfast in Washington, D.C. Barbara, her husband, **Wandall W. "Stub" Root**, and their family were subjects of a *NOVA* article (Summer 1976) describing their life in the outback with a small group of Americans who resettled there from California "for the adventure of a pioneering life in Australia." It was an endeavor in cotton raising which has proved successful. "When we first arrived, Australia was having to import cotton. Now it's exporting it. Wee Waa is the country's cotton center, and there are now more Australians involved in cotton farming than Americans. We're so happy for them because that is why we came, to teach them to be self-sufficient."

Don Maynard (B.A. '58) has been named a finalist for the Pro Football Hall of Fame. Maynard was a wide receiver for the New

York Giants (1958), New York Titans (1960-62), for 10 years with the New York Jets (1963-72) and in 1973 with the St. Louis Cardinals.

Rene Rosas, D.D.S. (B.A. '58) was selected as the Texas Dentist of the Year in March by the Academy of General Dentistry.

Charles A. Specht (B.S. '59), of Houston, former general manager of computer operations with Gulf Oil Corp., has transferred to Chevron Geosciences Company.

1960-1970

Ritchie Spence, M.D., (B.A. '60) is chairman of urology at Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio, Texas.

Carlos Cobos (B.B.A. '62), of Northboro, Maine, is director of Language Missions for the Baptist Convention of New England and president of Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary Alumni Association representing New England.

Don Roberts (B.A. '62) has been appointed West Coast director of the international Christian missionary group, Open Doors with Brother Andrew, an organization which takes Bibles into countries which restrict or forbid Christianity. He and his wife, **Marion**, live in Sacramento, California.

Gary K. Conwell (B.A. '63) has been promoted to vice president of public relations and marketing for Providence Hospital, El Paso.

Herbert J. Bell Jr. (B.S. '63) has accepted a position in Dallas as manager of engineering and exploitation for Natural Resource Management (NRM) Corporation, an independent petroleum company which purchases and operates existing producing oil and gas properties in continental United States.

Phillip Smith (B.A. '64), a professor of history at Saint Joseph's University in Philadelphia, is the author of a book, *Policing Victorian London: Political Policing, Public Order, and the London Metropolitan Police* (Greenwood Press). He studied medieval history at Westfield College of the University of London, received his M.A. at Indiana University, and completed a Master's in Philosophy and a Ph.D. (with Distinction) at Columbia.

Sue Glover Mottinger (B.A. '65) is an assistant professor in physical education at Texas Women's University in Denton where she received her Ph.D. in 1981. She is also a photographer. Her exhibit, *Women/Girls in Sports* was shown in Dallas last March.

David Maldonado Jr. (B.A. '65), visiting professor with Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University, and affiliated with the Graduate School of Social Work at the University of Texas, Arlington, has been elected a national board member of Family Service America.

Kenneth D. Burdick (B.B.A. '65) of Arlington, Texas, is director of area development for Lone Star Gas Company and chairman of the board of the Dallas Area Industrial Developers Association.

Patricia Evans Burdick (B.B.A. '65) is chairman of the Business Department, Mansfield (Texas) High School.

Alfonso Basuro (B.A. '65; M.A. '71), principal of Socorro High School since 1982, has been appointed to a one-year term on the National Association of Secondary School Principals Committee on International Programs.

Lore Wiggins (B.S. '66; M.A. '70) is a French teacher at Gateway High School in Aurora, Colorado. She completed her Ph.D. at UT Austin in 1976.

Mark Terrell (B.B.A. '67) has been named managing partner of the El Paso office of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.

Sandra Frei (B.S. '67; M.S.

'74) is assistant principal at Stebbins High School, Dayton, Ohio.

Richard Pearson (B.A. '69), general manager of KVIA-TV, has been elected to serve a one-year term as chairman of the community advisory board of KTEP, public radio station located at UTEP.

Robert K. Champney, CDR/USN (B.B.A. '69), who served as maintenance officer, Attack Squadron 34, Naval Air Station Oceana, Virginia Beach, Virginia, has received the Navy Commendation Medal for meritorious service.

Ken Haney (B.S. '69) has been named vice president in charge of transportation and water resources with Henningson, Durham & Richardson, Inc., of Austin.

John L. Hamilton (B.A. '70) received a doctor of ministry degree from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary last December.

1971-1975

M. Gregg Tyler (B.A. '71) is an engineer in operation and maintenance with KOSA-TV, in Odessa, Texas.

Edward C. Barrett (B.S. '71), deputy director for ship design and construction for the Military Sealift Command, Department of the Navy, in Washington, D.C., was recently awarded his Master's degree in engineering administration from George Washington University.

Agapito Mendoza (B.A. '72; M.S. '79), who completed a Ph.D. in educational administration from the University of Oklahoma, Norman, is assistant dean of students and a professor of anthropology at the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign.

The U.S. Army has announced the retirement of Col. Sidney F.

Putnam (M.Ed. '72). He served as director of the Maintenance Engineering Directorate at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

Gene Crouch (B.S. '72; M.S. '75) owns and operates a graphic arts business in Fort Worth.

Howard T. Cain Jr. (M.S. '72), former El Paso teacher, is an education specialist with the U.S. Army Health Services Command at Ft. Sam Houston.

Thomas B. Hofherr (B.A. '73) is a special agent with the U.S. Department of Energy in Albuquerque.

Alfredo L. Tovar (B.B.A. '74) has been promoted to variety merchandising manager with Safeway Stores in Denver.

James E. Brundage (B.S. '74) has been elected a vice president of Rogers and Belding, El Paso. He also serves on the board of directors of the Independent Insurance Agents of El Paso.

1976-1980

Marcia Keller (B.A. '76) was honored as Handicapped Professional Woman of the Year by the Pilot Club of El Paso in February. Blind since birth, she is an accomplished musician and sings soprano with El Paso Pro-Musica. She is employed as switchboard operator at Western Bank.

Louis Brown (B.S. '76) joined Radio Free Europe last January. He received his professional engineer's certificate and was promoted to major in the Army Reserves in 1984, and was involved in ABC's coverage of the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles. His wife, **Dallas Ann Brown** (B.A. '64; M.A. '75) and two children are with him in Munich.

Carlos Simental (B.S. '76) is a licensed professional engineer with Parkhill, Smith & Cooper Inc., of El Paso. He is currently

working on design of the \$16.5 million widening of Interstate 10.

Antonio Ronquillo (B.A. '76), chief of the public affairs division at San Vito del Normanni Air Station, Italy, has been promoted to the rank of captain, U.S. Air Force.

Thomas J. Hopkins (M.B.A. '77) has been named president of the Affiliate Banking Group at MBank Dallas. He was previously president of MBank Greenville and has been with the organization since 1977.

Charles R. Schwarz Jr., Capt. USA (B.S. '77), aviation flight platoon leader for the 163rd Aviation Company, is currently on duty with the Multinational Force and Observers (MFO) in the Middle East.

Charles E. Steed (B.A. '78) has joined Paxson Advertising in El Paso as broadcast production director.

Marta Provencio Zarrilla (B.B.A. '79) is supervising accountant with GTE in Tampa, Florida.

Nick Gagliano Jr., Capt./USA (B.A. '79), is a personnel officer at Ft. Bliss. His wife, the former **Sue Ann Munnert** (B.S. '80) teaches at Lee Elementary School in El Paso.

Cathy Willingham Haines (B.A. '79) is a librarian at Robert J. Kleberg Public Library in Kingsville, Texas.

Kenneth E. St. Clair, Capt./USMC (B.B.A. '80), currently serves as assistant operations officer of Headquarters Battalion, 1st Marine Division, Camp Pendleton, California. His wife, **Paula Woodbridge St. Clair**, (B.B.A. '80), who completed her M.B.A. with highest honors from National University, San Diego, has been promoted to West Coast financial operations manager of the Energy Systems Group at Science Applications International Corp., San Diego.

Juan F. Fitz (B.S. '80), a third-year medical student at Texas Tech University Health Sciences Center School of Medicine, was elected president of the Texas Association of Mexican-American Medical Students (TAMAMS) last March.

Michael Fones (B.A. '80) is the publicity director for Ruidoso-Sunland Inc.

1981-1984

Diane Marentette (B.B.A. '81) has joined Hay Management Consultants of Dallas as associate.

Molly Fennell (B.A. '81) and **Joel Salcido** (B.A. '80) were among winners for the El Paso Times in the 50,000-and-up circulation class of the 1985 Texas Associated Press Managing Editors awards competition. Molly and reporter **Doug DesGeorges** jointly were honored as first-place winners of the class AAA spot news writing category. Joel was presented two second-place awards for his entries in the feature photo and sports photo categories.

William D. Downey (B.S. '81), project officer with the Engineer School Brigade at Ft. Belvoir, Virginia, has been promoted to the rank of captain, U.S. Army.

Jorge Daniel Mota (B.A. '82), a graduate student at UTEP, is executive director of Big Brothers/Big Sisters of El Paso, Inc.

Sandy Jean Wong McKellips (B.S. '82) has been appointed to serve on the Federal Women's Program Committee for the Department of Defense in San Diego. She is employed by the Department of Defense at the North Island Naval Air Station.

Donald E. Pritchett, Capt./USA (B.B.A. '83), a financial staff officer with the U.S. Army Depot System Command, has reported for duty at Letterkenny Army Depot, Pennsylvania.

Sergio Pinedo (B.A. '83) completed his Master's in Library and Information Science at UT Austin in 1984. He is a senior librarian with the Austin Public Library System and is working for his endorsement of specialization in Administration of Libraries.

Tammy A. Vasilatos (B.B.A. '83; M.A. '84) is a staff member in tax practice with Arthur Andersen & Co., Houston.

Charles B. Perkins, Capt./USA (B.S.N. '84), is a clinical head nurse with the 2nd Mobile Army Surgical Hospital (MASH) Ft. Benning, Georgia.

New Address?

Name _____

New Address

Old Address

Number & Street

Apt. Number

Number & Street

Apt. Number

City

State

ZIP

City

State

ZIP

Year Graduated, attended _____

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DEATHS

Wilburn Thomas Bush (1928 etc.), in Rochester, Minnesota, September 27, 1984, with burial at Ft. Bliss National Cemetery. He is survived by his wife of El Paso.

Herbert Carrol Vacher (B.S. 1922), October 25, 1984, in Youngstown, Illinois. Survivors include his wife, Eunice Vacher, a son and daughter.

Manuel U. Gonzalez (B.A. 1958), in Brownsville, Texas, December 14, 1984. He was a teacher at Irvin High School for 26 years. A son, two daughters and his mother survive him.

Thomas F. Schatzman, Lt.Col./USA, ret., (1956 etc.), of El Paso, December 15, 1984. He is survived by his wife, Jane Ring Schatzman, and several children.

Robert H. Maese (B.S. 1923), December 16, 1984. He was owner of Robert H. Maese Analytical Chemist and Engineers and a member of the Texas Professional Engineers. His wife, Juliet Maese, and two daughters survive.

Ruth H. Willis (B.B.A. 1939), in Grants, New Mexico, December 18, 1984. She worked in the public relations department of El Paso Natural Gas Company for 17 years until her retirement in 1983. Two daughters survive her.

Mary F. Dixon (B.S. 1969), a retired school teacher, December 27, 1984. Her husband, John H. Dixon, Sr., and a son survive her.

Louise Fessinger Springer (M.Ed. 1963), December 29, 1984. She was a lifetime resident of El Paso and former teacher.

Mrs. Springer and her husband, Moses D. Springer, endowed the Fessinger Memorial Lectureship at UTEP in memory of Mrs. Springer's parents, Reuben and Leona Fessinger. Besides her husband, she is survived by her son, Dr. Harry A. Springer, Evanston, Illinois, and her daughter, Bettye Anna Louick, Vienna, Virginia.

Janice Meagher Rice (B.B.A. 1949), December 27, 1984. Her husband, Gerard T. Rice, survives her.

Joan F. Wagner (B.A. 1945), retired El Paso teacher, January 13. She is survived by her daughter.

John H. Warden (1930 etc.), El Paso businessman, January 17. His daughter, Joan W. Schuster, survives him.

George K. Fell, Maj./USA, ret. (B.B.A. 1968), rental manager for D.C. Crowell Company, El Paso, January 21. Survivors include his wife and three children.

Hugh McGovern (B.A. 1946), former county judge and El Paso attorney, January 23. A daughter survives him.

Hance W. McKinney (1918 etc.), retired chief accountant for the American Smelting & Refining Company and owner of El Paso Monument Works, February 3. Surviving him are his wife, two sons and two daughters.

Otis T. Parker (B.B.A. 1971), founder and president of the Citizens State Bank of Ysleta, Texas, until his retirement in 1968, February 9. Survivors include his wife and two sons.

Barbara Causey Seale (B.A. 1960), former professor of English at New York University, February 5, in Tucson. She is survived by her husband, George Seale.

Otis G. Brieden, (B.S. 1950), a retired engineer with Peerless Manufacturing of Dallas, February 13, in El Paso. Survivors are his wife and one son. □

JOY

(continued from inside front cover)

Wynn Anderson and John Levosky were in the office and I went into the ladies' room, took my black eyebrow pencil and blacked out a space between my front teeth. I put on a big grin and announced that at least Dr. Monroe was going to like me. I told him about it four years later, figuring it was too late for him to fire me over it. But he has a lovely sense of humor and is the kind of man you work with, not for. UTEP is very lucky to have him as president."

At a reception-dinner honoring her, held on April 3 at the Del Valle restaurant, her friends, co-workers and family paid tribute to, told anecdotes about, and expressed their love for, Joy.

Her husband of 40 years, Gene, retired from the El Paso Electric Co., said this about Joy: "She told me not to say anything but I do have one thing to say. I want the best of everything for Joy because she deserves the best of everything."

That is what everybody wanted to say. □

F. MURRAY ABRAHAM

(From page 2)

complicated person — a Faustian character in a way. Murray is a very sensitive person, extremely aware of people's feelings. I think that is why he was able to get into and underneath the character of Salieri in the remarkable way that he did."

Abraham has told interviewers that he plans to let his actor friends in New York "see and touch" the Oscar and share with him the joy of being rewarded for his work. Then, he indicated, he would put it on his parents' mantel-piece in El Paso. He did so in April.

"This is a dream," he told a TV audience after receiving the top award available to a motion picture actor, "but it's certainly not the end of a dream. We go back to work tomorrow, don't we?" □

THE OSPREY

(From page 6)

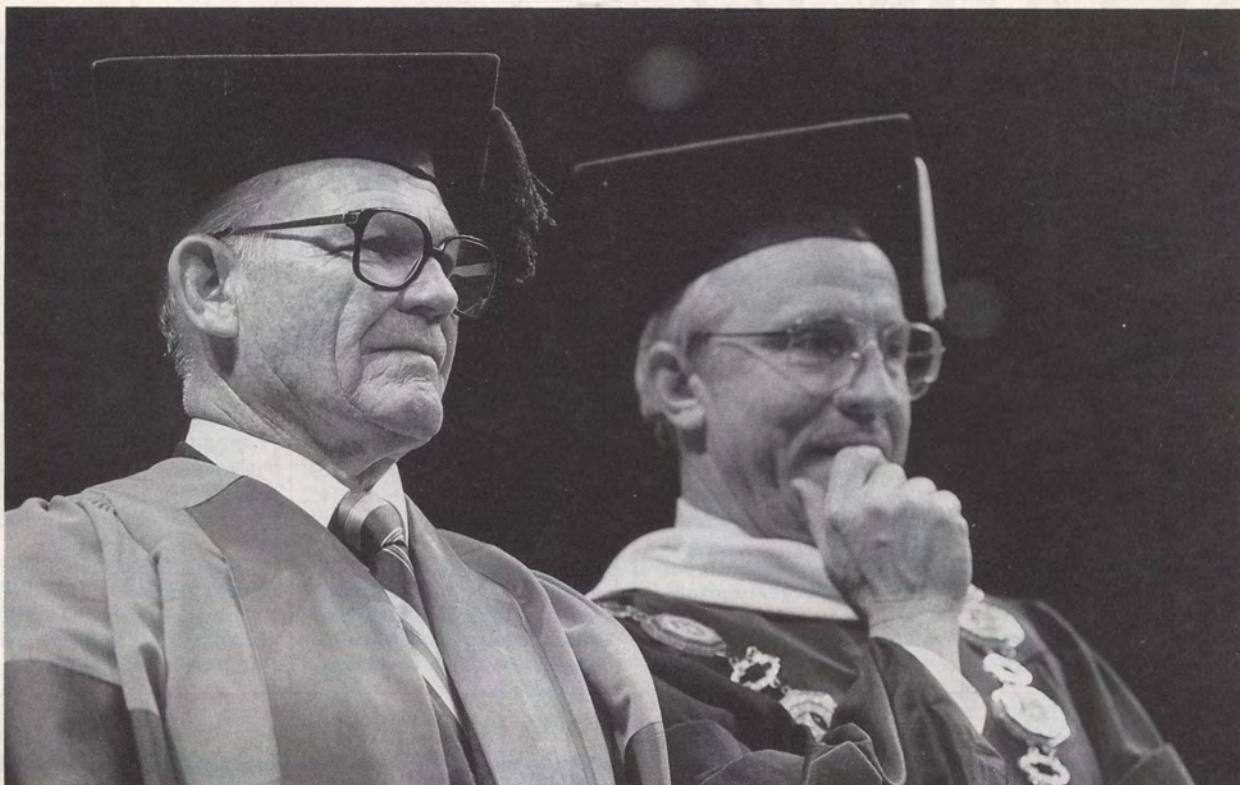
prey on and off for ten years. As soon as the weather cleared and the Japanese fishing fleet had put to sea, we sailed for Hong Kong.

Two days later, as we limped down the coast with our last working engine, the chief mate called me. He was a gentle man of unfailing reliability.

"Captain," he called. "Osprey's outside." I told him that was impossible. *Osprey* had been lost at sea three weeks before.

"No. Come look," he told me. I was on the bridge a few seconds later. I peered out. There, half a mile distant, sailing on a northbound slightly converging course, was a large square-rigged sailing ship. Hard on the wind, beating up the Formosa Strait. Fore course boarded down with each higher yard braced in a bit less. A sailing ship riding on her bowlines, shivering her royal ever so slightly as she rolled in the seaway! This was astonishing. There are few square-riggers left in the world and *Osprey* was the last one on the China coast. For an instant I thought it might be *Osprey*. Could she have survived after all? Her silhouette as seen from the bows was close enough. Her hull was in the shadow. She changed course slightly and I then saw that my mystery vessel was a bark, not a barkentine. She had a white hull and was larger than *Osprey*. As she passed abeam of us I could make out the yellow, blue and red ensign of the Republic of Colombia. She was the Colombian Navy training ship *Gloria* sailing 8,000 miles from her home. Not the *Osprey*. I spoke to her master over the VHF. He explained that his ship was on her way for Shanghai and thence to Osaka, Japan to attend a training meeting of other sail-training ships. I wished *Gloria* a safe voyage. Soon she was a diminishing pin-point in the vastness of sea and sky.

It was then that I fully realized that my old ship, the barkentine *Osprey*, and her crew, would not be sailing this way again. □



Wilson H. Elkins, who served five years (1949-54) as president of Texas Western College and 24 years as president of the University of Maryland, was UTEP Commencement speaker on May 11. President Haskell Monroe is at right.

NOVA

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