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NOVA

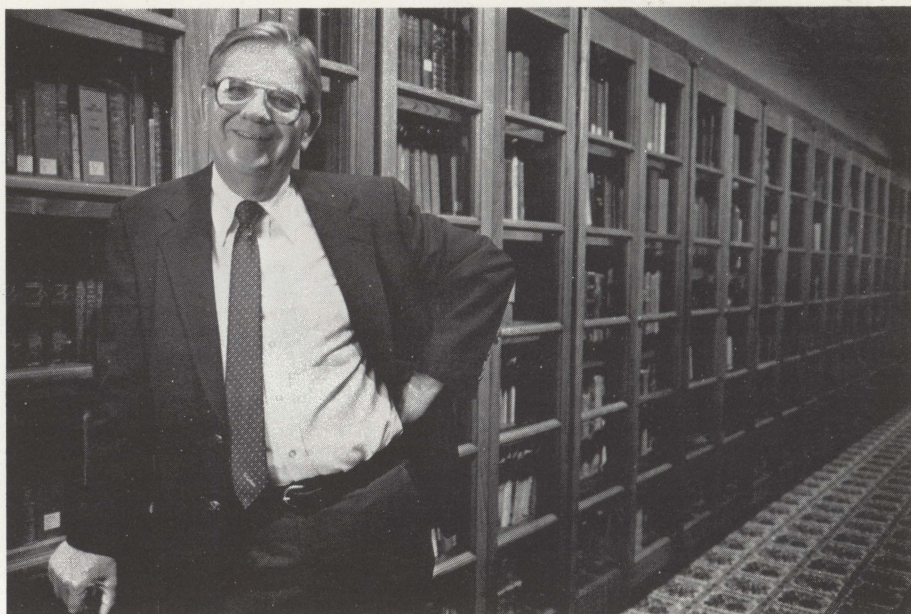
The University of Texas at El Paso Magazine

**Maury Kemp
Outstanding Ex '85**



The View from the Hill

by Dale L. Walker



Among the professions which the fine art of stereotyping dictates can have no sense of humor are IRS agents, airport security people, meter maids, and librarians. Not many funny lines come from the first three, for sure, but except for one gimlet-eyed and bionic-eared librarian from my youth, who seemed to have her forefinger permanently welded to her lips for shushing, all the librarians I have known have had a very keen sense of humor. Theirs is a funny business, after all, and academic librarians, especially, must be able to laugh or they will die of ulcers and weeping.

UTEP has been blessed with two long-term directors of libraries, each with a particularly sharp sense of humor. Baxter Polk, who served as University librarian from 1936-71, is one of the funniest men I've known — he can tell a joke, a story or a wicked personal experience with the flair of an actor (which he is) and has that added benefit of a God-given *basso profundo* voice in delivering the lines.

Fred Hanes, who retired in June after 11 years as director of UTEP libraries, has the same sharp and self-deprecating wit of Baxter Polk but with a sort of sly Indiana, Herb Shriner-like folksiness behind it.

Fred came here in 1974 from Indiana State University, Terre Haute, where he was dean of library services. He had served two years in Lahore, Pakistan, at the University of the Punjab, and to this day, loves India almost as much as he loves books and libraries. He has his M.A. in Library Sci-

ence from Indiana University and among his many talents as library administrator is his international reputation as a planner for library construction.

At UTEP he had to wait six years before he could put his rare planning talents to use. The existing main campus Library was, Hanes knew the minute he saw it in detail, an abomination of design and unusable space, but except for a stop-gap Library Annex, built on Hawthorne Street in 1978, nothing could be done to improve the situation at that time. This changed in 1980 and Hanes had four solid years of work cut out for him.

"A new central campus Library was President Haskell Monroe's top priority when he came here in July, 1980," Hanes told me, "and he never relented on it." He is loath to use the personal pronoun and puts himself into the picture only with the collective "we" — meaning Dr. Monroe, key administrators such as Wynn Anderson, architect Joe Gomez, the Topeka, Kansas, construction firm of B.B. Andersen, people at the UT System Facilities Planning office, and the Library staff.

"It was a dream project for a library planner," Hanes said. "We had a project we loved from the start. It was to be 'state of the art,' design and configuration to computerization and student accessibility. And it was going to be pure Bhutanese!"

He threw himself into it heart and soul and when the Library opened in October, 1984, the magnificent \$23 million structure was as much Fred

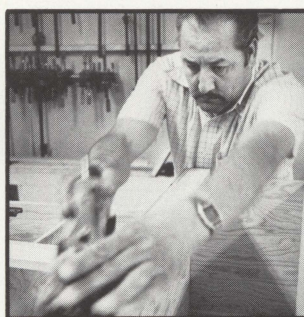
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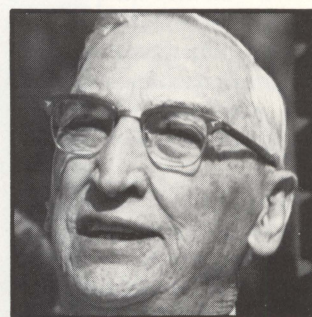
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(Photo by Chad Puerling)

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Maury Kemp

1985 Outstanding Ex-Student

by Nancy Hamilton

Maury Page Kemp, who completed his Bachelor of Business Administration degree in 1952, is the first to admit he was not a scholar when he attended Texas Western College.

But his professors, he says, gave him the "big picture" of how the world of business operates, and the 1985 Outstanding Ex-Student has been enlarging on that picture ever since.

He is best known for his automobile dealerships — Kemp Ford has been a

landmark since 1957 — and also is active in real estate, oil, insurance and financial enterprises.

"As a student, I took a course in personnel management from Don Freeland and thought 'Who needs that?' — never dreaming that one day I would have several thousand employees," he recalls. "I was not particularly interested in some of the things I studied then, but have found over the years that the information stayed with me and has been very valuable."

The reason he never made the dean's list was, of course, that he worked all the time he was attending school, sometimes at two jobs. Early in his college career, he had classes in the morning, worked in the State National Bank mailroom in the afternoon, and sold cars at night. As a sophomore, he dropped the bank job in favor of the car business.

"I would attend class in the morning, get on a plane and go to Dallas to buy cars, tow them to El Paso and get

back in time for 9 a.m. class the next morning," says Kemp. "Selling cars was lucrative in those days."

He had begun his car dealings while attending El Paso High School in the late forties.

"During the war, from 1941 to 1946, they didn't build cars except for a few built for defense needs in 1942. Under OPA (Office of Price Administration) regulations, the government required you to get permission to buy a car and you could only pay so much for it. I bought my first car from a school friend, J.T. McCrory, fixed it up and sold it. Bill Wood, who is now in the real estate business, sold me my second car and that started me in the car business," he relates.

A photo in his office at First Financial Enterprises shows the used car lot at 1727 Texas Street where he learned the car business from Alfonso Holguin, uncle of 1982 Outstanding Ex Hector Holguin. "He is in his mid-80s now, and is still working — at Kemp Ford," says Kemp proudly.

The Outstanding Ex's zest for work is a family trait.

His grandfather, Wyndham Kemp, moved to El Paso in 1885, served as city attorney and then as county attorney, and had a hand in organizing the El Paso Bar Association. Maury was named for his uncles, Maury and Page Kemp, the former a well known lawyer whose name lives on in a major local firm, and the latter prominent in business.

Maury's father, Roland Gordon Kemp, was a bank officer at the time of the stockmarket crash. Like many other families in those dark days, they lost nearly everything they had. Maury was born just weeks after the crash, on November 25, 1929. He was three years old when his father died, leaving his mother with four small children to support.

"My mother had gone to college back when girls were expected to stay at home," says Kemp. "She always valued her education and impressed on us children that there are two things nobody can ever take from you: your morals and your education."

She pursued every opportunity to earn a living for her family, and young Maury began helping at the age of nine. He has been working ever since.

In 1979, when he purchased the Martin Building in downtown El Paso

and restored it as a Texas Historical Landmark, he had a particular memory about its location: "I used to sell magazines by that building when I was a kid."

His life changed dramatically in 1952. On Mother's Day of that year, his mother died. The next day he received a draft notice. A few weeks later he graduated from college, then entered the Army where he served for two years.

At that time he called on one of his favorite professors, Dr. Kenneth W. Olm, to help save his business, City Auto Sales.

"When I left for the service, somebody had to take care of my cars, and Dr. Olm stepped in and kept me from financial failure," says Kemp. "Fortunately I was stationed at White Sands Missile Range, and could keep an eye on my business during most of my time in the Army."

He credits Dr. Olm as being one of several professors whose influence helped change his life for the better.

"In 1961 he talked me into taking an executive training workshop at UT Austin, where he now teaches," he says. "I took short courses related to my business interests there for three years, and in the late seventies he came to El Paso to do consulting work for me. He worked with my people to help us update what we were doing."

Kemp now attends at least six seminars a year to keep up with new developments in his many fields of business. "You can't read through the tax law changes and get an understanding of them on your own like you can through one of these seminars," he points out.

Since acquiring his first Ford dealership in 1957, he has operated numerous dealerships in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado. From time



Jean and Maury Kemp at home.

to time a dealer will buy him out, as was the case last December with Steve McDuffie, a UTEP graduate, in Tucson. "I'm proud of doing this," Kemp observes, "taking young people and giving them an opportunity."

The Lone Star Growth Corporation was established in 1970 as a stockholding company for his automobile dealerships and other interests. Kemp Ford has been recognized for many years as one of the major Ford dealerships in the nation.

In 1980 First Financial Enterprises, Inc., was formed as a holding company for Kemp's non-automobile business interests which include First Savings and Loan Association of El Paso.

Last January he acquired Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company and moved it to El Paso. "I felt it was fortunate that I could bring in this company, create new employment for El Paso, and help bring money into the

community," he says. "One of the things we need most here is capital."

Already in the insurance field for several years, he calls the Knickerbocker acquisition "our real springboard in this business because it puts us in 30 western states."

He is very proud of his home town and very much concerned about its future. "We've got to do something with the downtown core," he emphasizes. The First Financial Plaza at 500 North Mesa and the Martin Building are among his downtown interests.

"I hope that Renaissance, Downtown Development, Industrial Development and others can revitalize the downtown and get El Paso stepping in the right direction. I have very strong feelings about tourism — El Paso is the best kept secret in the United States with its climate, retirement opportunities, and proximity to Mexico," he adds.

While he has made his mark on improving the downtown area, Kemp has also been realizing a dream in the Upper Valley. He terms "Lake Willows" one of his favorite projects, a development of fine homes arranged around a 35-acre lake which he terms "probably the best planned community of any consequence on the west side." Its unusual beauty has been attracting nationwide attention.

Kemp and his wife, the former Jean Jones, met when they were in the wedding party of Ruthie Price, with whom Jean had attended Southern Methodist, and Jack Brewster, a schoolmate of Maury's. They didn't see each other again for five years. Then Jean visited El Paso, they had a whirlwind romance and were married.

"Jean has a law degree from Denver," her husband brags, "and although she has never practiced law, her analytical mind is a great help to me. We have a great partnership!"

Their daughter, Diane, and her husband, Richard Maresca, have two children, Melissa and Michael, and son Maury Page Kemp Jr. operates the Mesilla Valley Lincoln Mercury dealership in Las Cruces.

In addition to his numerous business interests, Kemp also serves on community boards and helps with fund-raising campaigns for organizations such as United Way, Boy Scouts and the El Paso Symphony. He has been president of the El Paso Museum of Art and also is involved with the art museum of Palm Springs. He and Jean will go on an October visit to Australia arranged by the Palm Springs museum.

"I was very happy when the date of Homecoming was changed from October 19 to November 2," says Kemp with a smile. He had planned to make the 26-hour return trip from Australia for Homecoming, then go back for the rest of the tour.

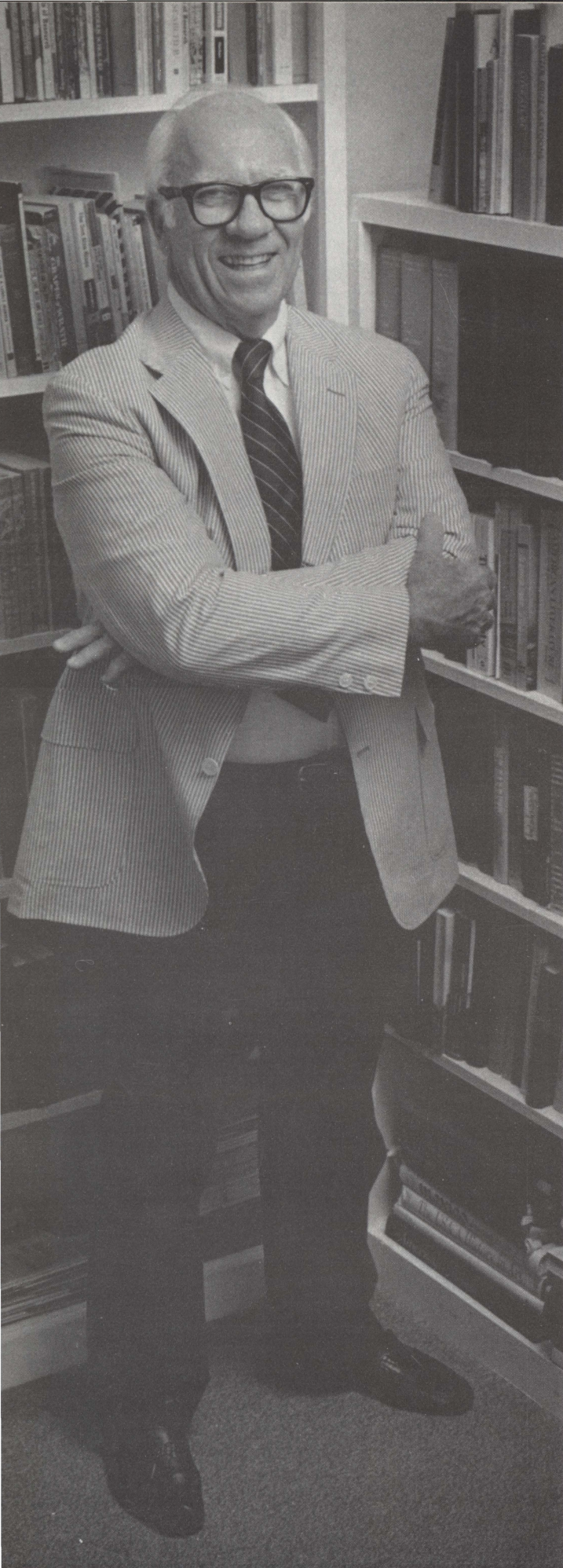
The College of Business Administration honored Kemp in 1980 with its Business Leadership and Achievement Award.

Now that the Outstanding Ex committee has chosen him for the University-wide honor, he says he is stumped.

"I don't know why they want to do this for me, but it surely is nice. I'm honored." □



Kemp's trophy commemorates a 1978 trip to El Fuerte, Mexico, when 123 fish were caught in about two hours.



In the Wake of Columbus and Ulysses

by Joseph Leach

As a teacher, I know from experience how important early influences can be to the student. In my own case a painting on the wall above the head of my first grade teacher may have been — from the first day I saw it — one of the major influences of my life. That painting featured the “boy Columbus” spread on his stomach on the wharf at Genoa, gazing out to sea. The distance held a scatter of friendly pink clouds, the foreground a suggestion of ships ready to sail with the wind.

Perhaps that painting appealed to me because certain school subjects interested me much more than others. Learning arithmetic never struck me more than skin deep, but learning to read as Miss Riddle read stories aloud matched in me the feelings I sensed on Columbus’s face, the wonder I sensed in his mind — with the world stretching before him.

And it was only a few years later that when another teacher read us Tennyson’s “Ulysses,” with its ringing line about the treasure that Ulysses brought home in himself from his travels, “I am a part of all that I have met.”

The painting and the poem have traveled with me — in my mind’s eye — ever since. There is no explaining myself purely in terms of Columbus, but if I myself had started out with that boy’s access to those sails, I would have gone the way of Columbus. It has taken me longer to look back — as it were, with Ulysses — and add up my gain.

My own voyage began in 1933 at age twelve when my parents lockstepped me day after day through the Chicago World’s Fair. My father had dug deep in his pocket to afford this family adventure, but as I dutifully followed my parents, I became increasingly frustrated. With one day remaining before the long drive back to Wichita Falls, Texas, I put to my parents a very straight question. “Tomorrow, can’t I just go back to the Fair, by myself?”

My father took a step backward and I sensed in my mother a sudden cold chill. Chicago was only a few years past its Al Capone gangster wars, and thoughts of hoodlums and pickpockets must have come to their minds. “I won’t get lost. I already asked a man yesterday what train to take to get back to this hotel.”

Their permission came slowly, and they took a long look of me the next morning when they gave me one thousand commands at the gates of the Fair.

The day that began at those gates was a pageant of joys. Turning into the Belgian Village’s cobblestone street, I grinned and looked down, blushing a little as I passed its reproduction of Brussels’s little Manneken Piss fountain. At

the Japanese display, I marvelled at an arched bridge and girls in kimonos tottering stiffly across it, twirling their stiff parasols. At the South Africa Center, I took a mock elevator down into a mine to watch black African miners dig diamonds.

And too soon, when it was time to locate that train for the station near our hotel, all seats were full except the one next to a black man. Other blacks were scattered throughout the car. I had never seen blacks sitting anywhere except at the back of the bus, and I certainly had never sat next to one. I sidled into that seat, the man gave me a nod, I gave him a nod. And I rode the long way, filled with a strangeness that could not have been more profound if I had suddenly found myself translated into a Manneken statue, solving his little problem in public.

My train was a half hour later reaching the station than my folks had expected. When I stepped down, my mother flew at me, her face pale, her eyes wet. I sensed the fears that must have been building up in her all day, her regret in turning me loose where all manner of terrors were waiting to pounce straight at me — not to mention the chance of my getting lost, fearing I'd never find home.

The fact was I had been to Belgium, to Japan, and a dozen other wondrous places. I had been to the American North and its big city. I had been to the Fair — and come home.

And I was changed. I didn't tell my parents about my ride with the black, but that trip took me a long way and I have never felt strange seated next to

anyone since. Or afraid — anywhere in the world. I remain grateful to my parents for launching me free that early June day in Chicago when in a sense I boarded the ship of Columbus, ready to sail across the seas.

The travels since have varied in time and in distance. Driving 30 miles east of my office can take me to Hueco Tanks, a rock pile which floats like a ship through the centuries, giving free rides to the mind of anyone eager to sense those aborigines who first passed this way, leaving their painted designs on the rocks. From my office I have a 100-mile view, which to my mind affords a free trip into Mexico, past the sand dunes that never change much, however often the spring winds shift them around.

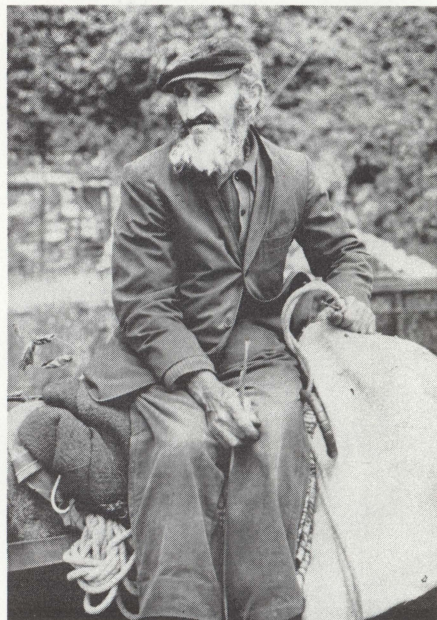
Still closer in, I can see every morning one or more Mexican "wetbacks" wading the Rio Grande, motivated by the same hungers that encouraged my English ancestors in 1690 to make the long voyage to the New World.

I *might* live content with the view of the world from my window, with the "view" that I gain from good travel books. But it takes a real journey to nourish my soul. The best book is always my remembered encounters with those other folks riding "this swiftly tilting planet" with me as it spins. To recall those fellow travelers now is to journey with them again.

In 1946 in Japan, Fujii cries "Anata [you] cowboy?" when I tell him I come from Texas. Then he quickly sobers as I report that at home I don't really herd cattle — though in Fujii's world of the movies Texans never do any-

thing else. But over the course of several months' friendship I square accounts with him and his wife, Kiyo. Lopping the heads off his blood-red camellias, Fujii explains that any flower that is fully open is ugly. "The beautiful flower is the tight bud, like the beautiful youth in a person." At the train as I am heading for home, back in Texas, Fujii salutes and Kiyo bids me farewell with the three English words that she knows, "Tears in eyes."

In 1957 in Germany, where I teach American soldiers, the German maid in my B.O.Q. ponders the question I asked her, then she looks straight at me. "I will explain my country's treatment of Jews in the concentration camps if you will explain your country's Governor Faubus and his brutal treatment of blacks, when all they wanted to do was attend school."



Below: Greek weaver in Athens, in the neighborhood called Plaka, at the foot of the Acropolis; right top: Greek shepherd near Olympia; right bottom: woman selling fresh coca leaves, Indian market, Pisac, Peru.



In France in 1958, I conduct my blind London friend through Chartres Cathedral, trying to give him some sense of its great windows' crimson and blues. He nods comprehension when I tell him the red is like the rich heat of bath water. And later, when the light in our hotel corridor suddenly goes out, leaving me blind in black silence, not sure which door is our room, Davis grips my arm and takes charge. "I'll show you. Can't you hear? We're nearly to it already."

When I meet Paddy in a Dublin pub in 1960, we talk at length, but when I assure him that I am an American, he won't believe me. "But — Americans, the lot we see here, are so—" He glances into his ale. "—so goddamn brash, while you are just open, to talk and to listen."

Later, I meet Rafaela, an old lady



from Czechoslovakia, who has not seen the old country since politics 25 years ago forced her family to leave. "Don't you miss it?" I ask her. She answers brightly. "Oh, no. The world is my home." She nods to me as if to assume that I understand. And I nod to her that I do.

In Mexico in 1972, admiring Basasi-achi waterfall, I ask my barefooted guide the name of the river that tumbles one-thousand feet into the Barranca del Cobre to form it. Knowing of nothing outside his canyon, Jorge shrugs. "Pues, el rio, señor" — as if the only river there is can scarcely need a name of its own.

In England in 1975 a dental technician, Ronald, teaches my children and me to play soccer in a cow pasture while our canal boat is moored alongside for the night. He has never seen France, never seen Holland — and he won't ever see them, he says. "They are too far away." Yet he seems not at all jealous of us who have journeyed 6,000 miles to his country, just for this boat ride and the chance to meet genial people like him.

In 1982 in Orellana, Peru — where the Napo flows into the Amazon — the schoolman lines up his whole jungle school "to smile for the teacher from faraway," then wants to know, "Do you teach about how to use nature but not leave it worse? It is my mission to teach these children to live with their land as it is." Does he teach them, I in my turn want to know, of matters outside — beyond the great jungle? He gives a nod toward the long line of tiny canoes drawn up to the river bank. "Of what

use would such knowledge be?"

In 1984 in Greece, when I note a clerk's excellent English — "Have you lived in the States?" — he shakes his head firmly. "Australia. But I wouldn't live there any longer, nor in your country. Too much crime, too much trouble with drugs everywhere." In a flash, I am aware that in Greece I have seen no sign of crime or of drugs, just friendly people at ease in the sun. His explanation speaks to me still. "Greeks don't have to freak out. We know we are living in Paradise."

The next day Mr. Papandropolous, a Greek journalist, sees me taking snapshots of red poppies on the slopes of the Peloponnesus. "You are a scholar of flowers?" Later, he asks, "In the U.S. do you know Wichita Falls?" When I cry, "That's my home town!" he adds, "I knew a man who went to your town as a boy and made money. Some years ago he wrote me to find him a sculptor here in Greece. I located the artist, and the American-Greek Tony Anthony had him carve marble statues of Plato and of Socrates to present to the American city which had treated him so kindly. Then last year Tony came home, now a man in his nineties. He gave a great banquet for his old village, then he waded into the sea and he never came up, till they found his cold body. I don't know if your Wichita Falls ever knew this. Perhaps you could tell them?" I plan to do as he asks, and in the meantime I think a long thought about the small size, after all, of the world.

Near Olympia, I chat with Nick, a
(Continued on inside back cover)

Below: Greek waiter and grandmother, near Patra, Greece; **top left:** from Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, looking west; **bottom left:** Indian mother and child, Chinchero, Peru.



The Keepers

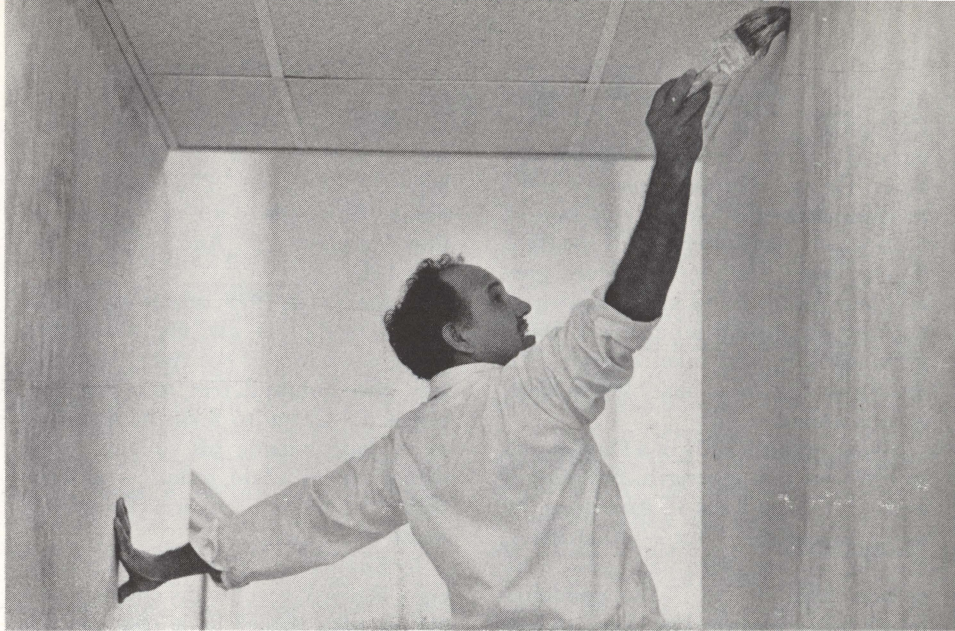
They keep things clean, painted, mowed, watered, pruned, welded, oiled, locked, heated, cooled, fixed, protected, and running.

They build, repair, renovate, install, and plant.

They are gardeners, cabinet-makers, electricians, mechanics, painters, groundskeepers, custodians; the people behind-the-scenes who keep the University a good place to study, to teach and to work.

A salute to all of the men and women of the UTEP Physical Plant. Here are a few caught at their work by *NOVA* photographer Chad Puerling:

BELOW: Tony Galindo, locksmith;
TOP RIGHT: Carlos Chavez, painter;
BOTTOM RIGHT: Eugene Campa, welder.



UTEP Growing Up

by Jean Miculka



The evidence is strong that the period from 1945 to 1985 can be regarded in this University's life as that fascinating and frightening period between childhood and maturity called adolescence.

Let me break this into the early, middle and late phases of adolescence and compare our institution to a teenager going through the growing-up process.

The early teen years are characterized by change. There are changes in rules and in privileges, dramatic physical changes, and concerns with the search for identity. A variety of such changes occurred on this campus in the 1940s.

The first evidence I offer is a change in the rules that happened in 1945,

just after I graduated. The faculty announced that there would be no longer a curfew on school functions — parties and meetings on the campus could continue past 9 p.m. The committee did warn, however, that the new order could be rescinded if the students did not exercise proper responsibility and discretion.

Doesn't that sound like the beginning of the adolescent period, when restrictions are tentatively lifted and the recognition of a new era is beginning?

The greatest evidence of adolescence is physical change. A teen suddenly becomes conscious of remarkable things happening — pushing out here, popping out there — and expresses deep concern about appear-

ance and style.

It happened on campus, too — beginning with Bell Hall, Hudspeth Hall and Cotton Memorial in 1947, the first part of the Student Union in 1948, Magoffin Auditorium in 1950, and the Biology (now Psychology) Building in 1951.

Suddenly the campus began to push south, stretch north, and edge its way both east and west. It hurdled arroyos, spanned gullies, and reached taller with the nine-story Education Building in 1970. As happens with a teenager, this process of physical development has spanned a number of years, culminating last fall with the opening of our impressive new Library.

Our whole adolescent period has been marked by physical change, and

many of our alumni marvel at how the campus that once was six Bhutanese-style buildings perched on desert hills, has developed into a lush, beautifully landscaped community of more than 50 buildings. As we often do with teenagers, we who were students some years ago can look at the campus and gasp, "My, how you've changed!"

Another characteristic we share with teenagers is the identity crisis.

With new curriculum, new degree programs, new departments, we wanted to change what we were called. We all have known teens who changed their names. In 1949 the College of Mines and Metallurgy became TEXAS WESTERN (big letters) of The University of Texas (little letters). Then in 1967, that was changed to The University of Texas at El Paso, with the approved shortened version of UT El Paso and our even shorter nickname of UTEP.

Other concerns about identity cropped up. In 1950 a proposal to change the athletic teams from Miners to Rangers was voted down. The celebration of "M Day," when the huge letter on Mount Franklin was whitewashed annually, ended in the 60s, after a history of more than 40 years, but its successor now looks down from a hill beside the Sun Bowl. The colors underwent a change in 1981, when the Board of Regents approved Dr. Haskell Monroe's request to add blue, making the official trio Columbia blue, burnt orange, and white.

Next let's look at the mid-teen years, which are primarily those of self-esteem, worry about importance to others, development of self-confidence, and stresses of peer pressure.

The 50s were a rollicking set of years when our teenager was trying on a number of new behaviors. Let me cite as evidence:

1950—Freshman green beanies — should they be made a tradition or no?

1951—Dorothy Holmstorm of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, became the first female student to be initiated into the Order of St. Patrick.

1952—The *Prospector* carried a photo of an alligator under the desk of Geology Professor Howard E. Quinn, with the speculation that it must have "crawled" there from San Jacinto Plaza downtown. (This ranks as one of the all-time great campus pranks, described by Sam Vandiver in the March 1973 NOVA.)

1955—Plans were made to build a massive archway to span College Av-

enue at the campus entrance, but the dream died for lack of funds.

The 60s were also our teenager's athletic period.

In 1961 the first dirt was turned for the Sun Bowl, which would make us a campus with stadii.

The year 1965 produced football teams that created electric excitement, such that 92-yard pass from Billy Stevens to Chuck Hughes in the last second of the game against Utah, memorialized in Tom Lea's painting, "The Turning Point."

And the following year, Memorial Gym was too small for the crowds that cheered our basketball team on to the NCAA championship.

In 1967 the University was invited to join the Western Athletic Conference.

In those days we were very much interested in developing our self-confidence and in proving ourselves. But as happens with adolescents, we had some problems.

Some were related to that teenaged obsession, the automobile. When enrollment in 1967 passed 8,000, student cars were banned from the inner campus. Evidence of these growing pains continued; in the month of September, 1976, more than 2,600 traffic citations were issued.

We came late into the protest arena, but we got there.

At the 1969 UTEP-Brigham Young game, fights erupted in the stands, replete with smoke bombs, firecrackers, and six arrests. That was also the year of protest marches, especially against involvement in Vietnam. On one of these marches, students carried to San Jacinto Plaza 158 luminarias, one for each El Pasoan killed in Vietnam.

It was in 1976 that 34 UT El Paso students were arrested for blocking the entrance to the Administration Building. They were protesting the hiring of a non-Chicano to an administrative post.

The last teen years tend to focus on self-image, improved communication with adults, consideration of life-direction and careers, and concern with morality. Our adolescent institution seemed to face each of these problems in turn.

Regarding concern with morals — sex and drinking in particular — there are three bits of evidence. In 1974 huge crowds gathered up and down University Avenue as the streaker epidemic hit the campus. I remember five nude men making runs from the Union eastward, one clad only in

boots. I guess that could be considered a sexual protest of some kind.

In 1976 President Arleigh Templeton rejected a proposal for the establishment of a campus tavern, but five years later the Board of Regents allowed for the first time the sale of wine and beer in the Union — and our adolescent proved to be old enough to handle it.

It seems to me that our adolescent period is at an end.

We have changed physically, have tried on new behaviors in a search for identity, have protested the rules, have learned to face major problems — and now, in 1985, we stand at the beginning of a new era.

Here is some of the evidence for that opinion.

Recently the Honors Convocation recognized students for scholarship and merit, faculty and staff members for scholarship, teaching, research, and service, and retiring faculty as emeriti. I was deeply thrilled by that program of recognition.

Also during April, the Student Association banquet drew more than 500 students, faculty members and their families to give recognition for their contributions to the institution. Many of the students who received awards expressed their love for this University in their acceptance remarks.

These are signs of positive thinking about quality and excellence.

We are about to start new lives, those of us being honored here — and my dear former teacher and guest tonight, Myrtle Ball, wants me to assure you that life can be wonderful after retirement. But I believe that our University also is moving into a new level of maturity — and we will all be in the wings, cheering her on. □



Jean H. Miculka (B.A. '44) is retiring this year as associate professor emerita after teaching at the University since 1961 and serving recently as chairman

of the Department of Drama and Speech. She gave these reminiscences at the May banquet given by President Haskell Monroe and the Alumni Association to honor retiring faculty and staff members.

Bailey's Revolution

1960's Outstanding Ex in 1920s Mexico

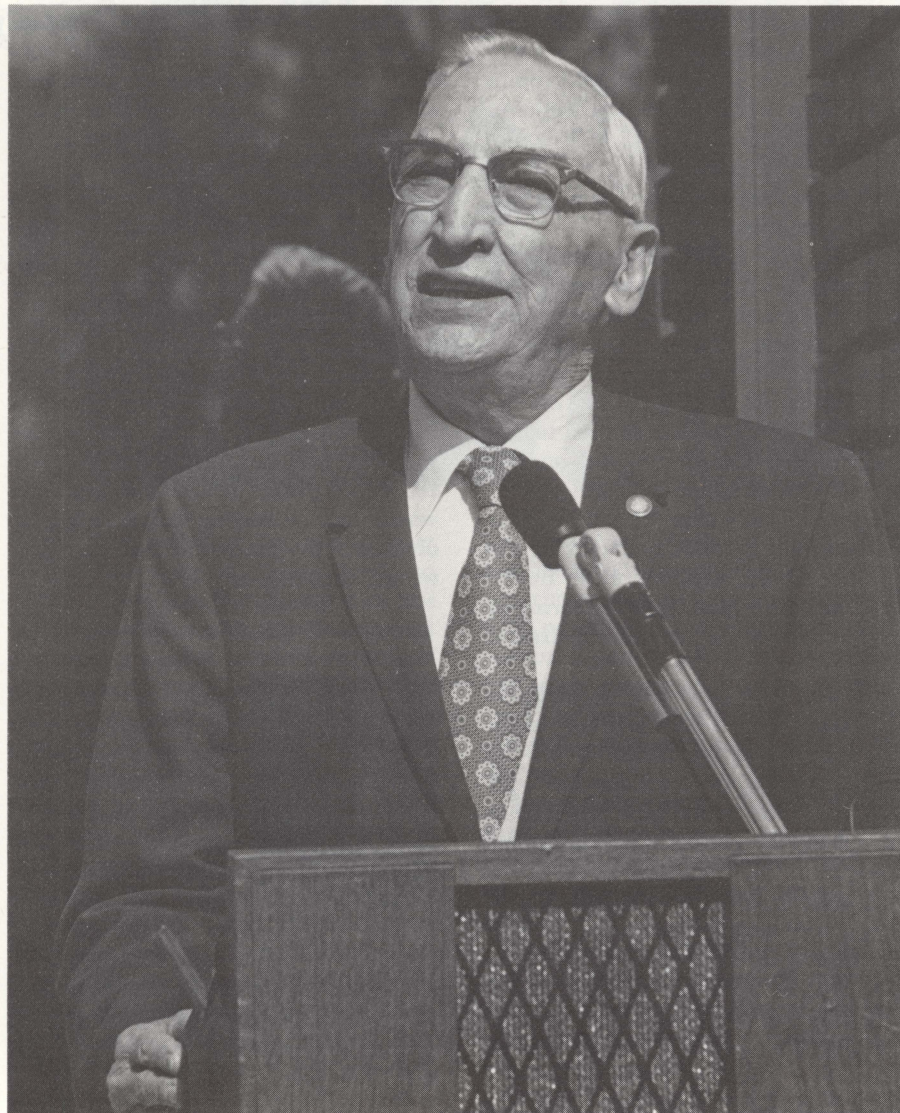
*This 1974 interview with Fred W. Bailey is included in *Fragments of the Mexican Revolution: Personal Accounts from the Border* by Dr. Oscar J. Martinez, director of the UTEP Center for Inter-American and Border Studies (University of New Mexico Press, \$24.95/\$12.50).*

The interview is from the University's Oral History collection. Mr.

Bailey, a 1920 graduate of the Texas State School of Mines and Metallurgy, as UTEP was originally known, was named Outstanding Ex-Student in 1960. He retired in El Paso after a career as a mining engineer.

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— Editor



Just before graduation, I was offered two jobs, one at the iron mines in Minnesota and the other in the silver-gold mines close to Parral, Chihuahua, Mexico. I did not have enough money to pay the transportation to Minnesota, where I really desired to go; so, since transportation into Mexico was paid for me, I accepted the Mexico job. During summer vacations I had worked in New Mexico as a miner, assayer, and surveyor, but now I was entering the business world as a mining engineer. It was during the many periods of revolutionary activity in Mexico. The trains ran only during daylight hours, and sometimes not at all, if the revolutionaries had been active in destroying railroad tracks and bridges. We traveled only as far as Chihuahua the first day. The train we were on was the first to leave Juarez for several days, and it looked like about half the city of Chihuahua came to meet that train. We, a group of twelve Americans, were met by the American consul who entertained us that evening in the Chihuahua City Foreign Club. We left Chihuahua the following day en route to Parral in the same state of Chihuahua. The entire trip from Juarez to Parral took five days. (It can now be made by automobile in about ten to twelve hours.) Several bridges had been destroyed both to the south and to the west of Jimenez, a small railroad junction town. We were obliged to remain in Jimenez three days along with a large number of federal troops, who were also awaiting transportation from that place. We occupied ourselves playing poker and drinking tequila.

We eventually left Jimenez on the first train headed toward Parral in over a week, and this was a freight train. We were permitted to travel in one of the empty box cars, which like all the other cars on the train was loaded with soldiers and their families. They rode wherever they could, both on top of the cars and underneath on the rods, where boards had been fastened securely to make a sort of platform.

A rather embarrassing but somewhat amusing episode happened to me on this trip. The train was traveling very slowly because there were so many

small bridges that had been destroyed and replaced with cribs made of ties, and also because many of the rails were probably held in place with the minimum amount of spikes. At any rate, another person and I were sitting on the floor of our side-door Pullman with our legs dangling outside. Disregarding the inconvenience and hardships of travel, it was really a beautiful sunshiny day, with not a rain cloud in sight. Nevertheless, a few drops started to fall, and as I held out my hand to catch or feel them, I said, "My gosh, it's raining." The fellow sitting next to me scrambled back into the car and said, "Hell, that's not rain. A soldier on top of the car is satisfying the call of nature!" Well, imagine my embarrassment, chagrin, and mortification; I had just been unintentionally baptized by the Mexican army.

I had been hired to work for The Alvarado Mining and Milling Company located near Parral. This company no longer exists, but one of the operating mines was the famous old Palmilla mine, where Don Pedro Alvarado previously had made his fortune. Other mines were the Alfarena and Presena, all shut down now, but in their heyday all very good producers of gold and silver ore. At one time they were operated by the American Smelting and Refining Company, along with their Veta Grande Mines near Minas Nuevas, a town about five miles from Parral.

It was during a Sunday evening concert that word was received of some bandit activity on a road from Parral leading to one of the mines. Our general manager, who also was at the band concert partaking of the festive spirit, started rounding up all the men from our camp so we could go home together. He sent word to our camp for some of our mounted and armed watchmen to start toward the city in order to escort us home. The distance to the camp was about four or five miles. In the meantime, the military headquarters had also been notified of the bandit activity, and a detachment of soldiers had been sent out on the road we were going to travel. The soldiers started ahead of us and did not know that our mounted watchmen were coming toward them, and of course our watchmen did not know that the soldiers were also en route traveling toward them. It was too late to notify either group, so it was up to us to get moving, overtake the soldiers and notify them about our watchmen,

then keep going to notify our watchmen about the soldiers before the two groups met head on. It was very urgent that we do this, because our mounted guards did not look any different than the mounted bandits would look like, and a clash between soldiers and watchmen could easily have occurred. We were traveling in automobiles, so we caught up to and passed the soldiers, but on a rather sharp curve, and about this same time our guards came around the other end of the curve. Before either group could be notified, they all started reaching for their rifles, with us in the middle. Fortunately, notification and recognition was made before any shots were fired, and the story had a nice ending. It sounds nice now, but at the moment of the meeting it was somewhat of a hair-raiser and thriller.

There was a lot of bandit activity in the Parral district during 1920 and 1921. It was the home ground, or headquarters, for Pancho Villa, and while a lot of crimes were probably not committed by Villa and his men, he received credit for all of them.

Practically all of the mines were silver and gold producers. It was not uncommon for bandits to appear and take the bullion, because it could be easily disposed of or sold.

Two of my classmates had hair-raising experiences that I think are worth mentioning. They were Rolene Tipton and Walton H. Sarrels. Tipton and I were working as mill shift bosses for the San Patricio Mining Company. The mine and mill complex was in a rather isolated place about thirty to forty minutes walk over the mountain from the headquarters camp where we lived. On this certain day, I was on second shift and Tipton on graveyard. He relieved me about midnight, and sometime after I had left, he was approached and surrounded by a group of bandits who demanded the key to the bullion melting room. We had just melted the previous day and the bullion was to be shipped out after sunup. He figured that discretion was the best part of valor and so delivered the keys. He was marched up the hill to the melting room. He was able to witness the loading of the bullion on the pack animals, and when the bandits left, he was locked in the room. The mill crew had been placed under guard during the robbery, and afterward they sent word to the headquarters camp about the hold-up. Tipton was eventually released from his temporary prison.

The experience of Sarrels had an amusing ending. He was in charge of a small mine near Jimenez. Most of the mines in those days had lots of horses, mules, and so on, as the main means of transportation. One day a large group of armed horsemen arrived at the camp and demanded to see the *jefe*. When the *jefe* (Sarrels) arrived, he was amazed and somewhat dumbfounded, as was the head bandit or revolutionist, to find that they had been schoolmates at the Texas School of Mines. This man, who had become one of the leaders in the Villista movement, told Sarrels that he meant no harm to anybody. He just wanted food and horses, which he could take if not freely given. He completed his mission in a friendly atmosphere, and so there was no unpleasant aftermath or consequence.

After Pancho Villa terminated his revolutionary activity, he was given, and lived on, a good-sized ranch not far from Parral. The government, so it was said, paid him a fee for as long as he kept the peace. I am not sure of the amount, but I think it was one million pesos per year, which at that time was 500,000 U.S. dollars. I am also not sure of the year, but I think it was in 1923 that my wife and I, along with other foreigners, were invited to attend a very large party or dance at the Parral Foreign Club, given in honor of Pancho Villa and General Martinez of the Mexican Army, who had come to Parral to make the first payment. I mention this incident just to show the possible mental strain under which Pancho Villa lived, even under peaceful lawabiding conditions, especially when in large crowds.

Pancho carried two guns on his belt, one on either side, with the belt full of bullets, and there were several of his heavily armed escorts around the dance hall. As I recall, he only danced one dance, and while dancing remained on the edges of the dance floor with his back to the wall, facing always to the people or dancers and the inside or center of the room. He never rotated or turned while dancing, and never ventured into the middle of the dance floor. If anybody had any ideas of taking a shot at him, he was at least going to face them and not be shot in the back. Also, his dance partner was in front of him.

I was still living in the Parral district when Pancho Villa was killed, while riding in an automobile on the Parral city streets. □

EXTRACTS

by Marianne Fleager

DEVELOPMENT & ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NEWS



Director of Development Jim Peak receives the proceeds of the "Slave Auction" from Winona McKay (center) and MaryRita Crowson, of the UTEP Woman's Auxiliary.

"Chiefs in Chains" Bring Gifts of \$25,000

A "slave auction" gathered \$25,715 for UTEP as the University's Woman's Auxiliary held its primary annual fund raiser April 23 at the El Paso Country Club.

The event, part of the Auxiliary's 60th Jubilee, was organized by Winona McKay, Carlie Van Gaglio and Hazel Howard. J. P. Pennington served as auctioneer and Paul Strelzin was the emcee.

Prominent citizens were asked to participate by offering certain services to their buyers. The distinguished "slaves" were Hal Daugherty, chairman of the board of MBank, Steve DeGroat, chairman of the board of Interfirst Bank, El Paso *Times* editor Barbara Funkhouser, coaches Don Haskins and Bill Yung, El Paso Mayor Jonathan Rogers, University President Haskell Monroe, former mayor Donald Henderson, Maj. Gen. James Maloney, commanding general of Fort Bliss, Sam Young, Jr., president of El Paso National Bank, KVIA General Manager Richard Pearson, Jim Phillips, president of KHEY, Inc., Maury Kemp, chairman of the board of First Finan-

cial Enterprises, Jaime Torres, president of JT Construction Company, and Harry Stone, president, Professional Investment Counsel. The top "money-maker" for the evening was basketball coach Don Haskins who brought a high bid of \$5,000.

The proceeds of the auction were presented to the University by the Auxiliary's outgoing president, MaryRita Crowson on June 28. The gift will be used to create a \$10,000 University Endowed Scholarship, a \$10,000 Athletic Fund which will provide NCAA-approved athletic scholarships, and funds for five annual academic scholarships of \$750 each. The money will also be used to bring the Auxiliary's Library Endowment Fund to the \$10,000 level.

Founded in 1924, the Woman's Auxiliary has been a service organization of the University for 60 years, and has presented annual scholarships since 1958. The 500-member organization is open to all persons interested in aiding the University's varied endeavors. □

Homecoming '85; Join In!

Final dates have been set for the University's annual homecoming celebration: October 31-November 2, 1985. The classes honored this year are 1925, 1935, 1945, 1955, 1965, 1975, and the 25th Anniversary Class of 1960.

The Outstanding Ex-Student, Maury Page Kemp, will be honored at a banquet on Friday, November 1, at El Paso Country Club. Tickets for the banquet are \$20 each. On Saturday, November 2, the Alumni Association and the Development Office will sponsor the Golden Grads Luncheon, hosted by Dr. Haskell Mon-

roe, for exes of 50 years or more ago. Fifty-two alumni of the Class of 1935 will be honored and presented with plaques reflecting their Golden Graduation.

As in years past numerous College and Departmental events will be hosted; the Student Association is working to organize the best Chili Cook-Off yet, and the popular booths and contests will be returning. More details, copies of the final Homecoming Calendar of Events and tickets for the Outstanding Ex-Student Banquet are all available at the Alumni Office, (915) 747-5533. □

Scholarship Honors DeGroat

A \$25,000 Presidential Scholarship has been established to honor the memory of James D. DeGroat, outstanding alumnus and former star athlete at UT El Paso. The scholarship was contributed by Mrs. Mary Carolyn DeGroat and will be used to provide an annual award of \$1,500 or more to a qualified recipient selected by the Department of Intercollegiate Athletics. The recipient will be nominated from the men's football, basketball or track programs, or from any of the women's NCAA-approved programs.

DeGroat was very active, both as a student (Men of Mines, "Who's Who") and as an alumnus. He served as President of the UTEP Alumni Association in 1955-1956, and was on the Executive Committee of the Matrix Society, which he had joined in 1973. Mrs. DeGroat, an alumna of 1963, is also very active as a volunteer on the annual Telephone Campaign and as a member of the 1985 Matrix Executive Committee. The DeGroats' three children are all graduates of UT El Paso.

Follow the Sun "Down Under"

The UTEP Alumni Association has announced plans to sponsor two "Follow the Sun" tours when the Miners meet Wyoming in the Australia Bowl in Melbourne, December 7.

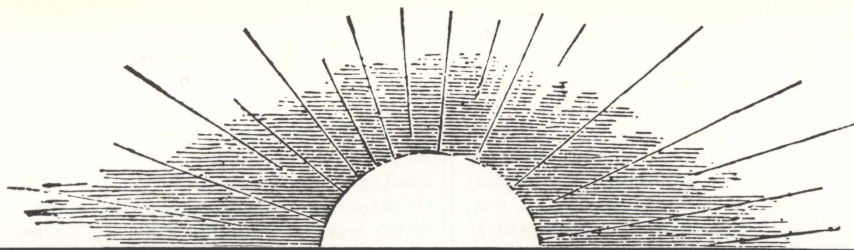
Private promoters in Australia have organized the game, the first college football game ever played in that country.

The first tour is for 8 nights (December 3-11) in both Melbourne and Sydney. The \$1,580 tour includes air fare, hotel, breakfast each day, sightseeing

and football game tickets. The second tour, for two weeks (December 3-17), offers the same package *plus* a second trip to the South Island of New Zealand, for \$2,520.

A portion of each trip sold will be returned to the Alumni Association's Ways and Means Project Account for academic scholarships.

Interested Miner fans should contact Sun Travel, (915) 532-8900, for more information and trip brochures. □



ALUMNOTES

by Sue Wimberly

Martha P. Peterson: 7 Decades of Verses

*Ten dollars worth of haircut
Has shorn me close to bare;
I really doubt that I've been left
Ten dollars worth of hair.*

"She has been writing verses since World War I but there is nothing old about what she writes or how she writes it. She is as fresh as new-ground coffee and just as pungent and refreshing," observed Dale Walker in a book review for the El Paso Times last June. The book is *Once Upon a Morning — Seven Decades of Versification*. The author is **Martha Patterson Peterson** who for 63 years has been a student at UTEP, Texas Western College and the College of Mines, ever since she took C.L. "Doc" Sonnichsen's legendary "Life and Literature of the Southwest" in 1932. The book of verse is filled with her lively wit and terse observations.

*You hollyhocks — I like you
spare and tall
And red, and there behind
your wall
O'er which you peer with
ruffled faces —
Such proper things in
just-right places!*

The book has been beautifully produced in a limited edition by **Frank Mangan** (1938 etc.) whose wife **Judy Mangan** (B.A. 1948) is Martha Peterson's daughter.

1939-1959

Joaquin Bustamante Redondo (1939 etc.), commissioner for Mexico on the International Boundary and Water Commission, has retired after 41 years service. He has been the head of the Mexican commission for the past six years. Bustamante received his bachelor's degree in civil engineering from Stanford

University in 1943 and a Master's in Business Administration from the University of Chihuahua in 1979.

Four UTEP alumni were inducted into the El Paso Athletic Hall of Fame in May. **Sam Jenkins** (1945 etc.) managing senior partner of TBL Adjusters, El Paso, played one year of basketball at Texas College of Mines before transferring to Texas A&M where he lettered for three years. **Tom Chavez** (B.A. '48; M.Ed. '54), principal of Burges High School, El Paso, played one year of basketball at Hardin-Simmons University, Abilene, before returning to play at Texas College of Mines. He has coached basketball, football and track at Jefferson, and led the Mexican national team to victory in the 1959 Pan-American Games and the 1960 Olympics in Rome. **Gene Odell** (B.A. '54), a counselor at Bel Air High School, El Paso, and former high school principal at Marfa, lettered for two years at Texas Western College, was an all-Border Conference end as a senior in 1954 and played on the Miners' Sun Bowl team against Mississippi Southern. **Bobby Joe Hill** (1968 etc.) has been with the El Paso Natural Gas Company for the last 17 years, is a former All-American, and a member of the memorable 1966 Texas Western College basketball team which defeated Kentucky to win the NCAA basketball championship.

Robert M. Cooper (1946 etc.) is director of alumni affairs at New Mexico Highlands University, Las Vegas.

1950-1959

Larry Staub (B.S. '51), who is involved in gold mining, makes his home in Richardson, Texas.

Robert E. McMasters, M.D. (B.S. '53), is coordinator of med-

ical education at Lenox Hill Hospital, Columbia University.

Mario Montes (B.S. '56), president of Urban General Contractors Inc., has been elected to the board of directors of Texas Commerce Bank-Chamizal, El Paso.

Herlinda Conway (M.Ed. '56), a teacher with the El Paso public schools for 30 years, has announced her retirement.

Don Henderson (B.S. '56; Outstanding Ex 1980) has been elected chairman of the board of trustees of the Texas Municipal League Joint Self-Insurance Funds.

Hector Holguin (B.S. '58; Outstanding Ex 1982) received the Humanitarian Award for El Paso from the National Jewish Hospital and National Asthma Center at Denver.

1960-1969

Raymond J. Lowrie (B.S. '60) has been named deputy assistant director for Program Operations and Inspections West, Office of Surface Mining, U.S. Department of the Interior. He will be responsible for OSM operations in states west of the Mississippi. His office is in Denver.

Eli Casey (M.Ed. '63) has accepted the position as assistant superintendent of schools in Fabens. He was formerly superintendent of the Hagerman, New Mexico, school district.

Paul B. Mitchell (B.A. '63) has been appointed minister of the Shawnee United Methodist Church, Shawnee Mission, Kansas.

Dale L. Walker (B.A. '62), director of Office of News and Publications at UTEP and editor of *NOVA*, was honored in April at the annual awards banquet of the El Paso County Chapter of Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge for his article "Miss Liberty at

98," published in the July 1984 issue of *The Retired Officer*. In June, at the annual convention of Western Writers of America, held in San Antonio, Walker was presented with a "Golden Spur" award for his five-year editorship of WWA's monthly magazine, *The Roundup*.

Patrick L. Thompson (B.A. '65), who has spent 23 years in the news business, has been named communications director for the State of Minnesota.

Mike Wieland (B.B.A. '66), a partner in Wieland Realtors-Investors, has been appointed to the Texas Real Estate Commission by Governor Mark White. He will serve a six-year term.

Margarita Espino Calderon (B.A. '66; M.A. '72) is the associate director of the Center of Research and Development for Educational Equity at the University of California/Santa Barbara. She was honored this year as the outstanding ex-student by the Lydia Patterson Institute, El Paso.

Joseph Rice (B.A. '66; M.A. '68) is director of university relations at the University of Dallas in Irving, Texas.

Karen Davis Kilgore (B.A. '68) is vice president for college advancement at Schreiner College, Kerrville, Texas. Her husband, **Charles W. Kilgore** (B.A. '69) is plant manager for James Avery Craftsman, manufacturer of fine jewelry.

Jacqueline Barrie (B.S. '68; B.S.N. '74), a resident of Houston, is regional supervisor for Home Care Evaluation Inc., a company specializing in home care nursing cost containment.

Harvey J. Pendleton (B.S. '69) has been promoted to vice president of the Frost National Bank in San Antonio. A former FBI special agent and Army captain, he also serves as director of security for the bank.

E. Marjorie Starrs (M.A. '69), assistant principal of Vance Senior High School, Henderson, North Carolina, was selected as Assistant Principal of the Year from her district. She is also a candidate for state recognition.

1970-1979

Steven C. McAndrew (B.A. '70; M.S. '75), who was employed as an environmental chemist for the El Paso City-County Health Department, is chief sanitarian, Environmental and Consumer Health Protection, Texas Department of Health.

Michael F. Webb (B.A. '70), associate professor of design at Drexel University, created a special bronze medallion for the investiture in April of the eighth president of that university.

Lupe Quintana Camargo (B.B.A. '71) is chairman of business education at Hanks High School, El Paso. Her husband, **David J. Camargo** (B.B.A. '80) is an administrator in the Gas Settlement Department of the El Paso Natural Gas Company.

Samuel "Sam" C. Martinez (B.B.A. '72), a special agent with the FBI since 1973, has been appointed assistant legal attache and assigned to the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City.

Craig Conklin (B.B.A. '73) is an industrial engineer with Lee Jeans, El Paso; his wife, **Eileen Saenz Conklin** (B.S. '72; M.Ed. '83), teaches at El Paso Community College.

Laura Stell-Smith (B.A. '74), who has been employed by Catholic Counseling Services since 1980, has been appointed natural family planning coordinator for the Catholic Diocese of El Paso.

Anthony Cardella (B.A. '74) has received the Commanding General's award for Exceptional Performance of Duty at Ft. Bliss. As chairman of retired services volunteers, he contributed 1,366 hours of volunteer service, including counseling active duty personnel prior to retirement and assisting retired personnel and their families with benefit related problems.

Benjamin Marquez (B.A. '75), a teacher in the Department of Political Science, University of Kansas, is the author of a book, *Power and Politics in a Chicano Barrio: A Study of Mobilization Efforts and Community Power in El Paso*, published by the University Press of America.

Thomas S. Hughes (B.A. '75) is a partner in the law firm of Hughes & Smith, Inc., El Paso.

Frank Acosta Jr., Chief Petty Officer/USN (B.S. '75), has received the Commanding Officer's Letter of Commendation and the Capt. Benjamin D. Fisher Memorial Award from the Naval School of Health Sciences, San Diego, for superior performance of duty. Acosta was honor student of his

class with a score of 94.76%.

Steven L. Gandy (B.A. '76) has been appointed an assistant vice president in the International Division of Pittsburgh National Bank, Pennsylvania.

William Leff, D.C. (1977 etc.), a graduate of Western States Chiropractic College in Portland, Oregon, has opened his practice in El Paso.

Sergio Renteria (B.S. '77), athletic trainer and teacher at Coronado High School, El Paso, was selected as an athletic trainer for the World University Games held in Japan in August.

John Terry Thacker (B.B.A. '78) has joined the firm of Eppler, Guerrin & Turner, Inc., in El Paso, as an account executive.

Frank L. Kelly, Capt./USA (B.S. '78), an instructor with the U.S. Army Academy of Health Sciences, has been decorated with the second award of the Army Achievement Medal at Ft. Sam Houston.

Cathey Joseph (M.A. '78) has been named trust officer of the Financial Services Division of El Paso National Bank.

John T. Hjalmsquist (B.B.A. '78) has been appointed vice president of financial and administration of Peter Piper Pizza (Pizza Properties); he has served as controller with the company since 1984.

Daniel Roy Fouts (B.A. '78), who received his Master of Fine Arts in cinema at the University of Southern California in 1982, is employed as a film editor in Los Angeles.

Linda Skidmore-Roth (M.S.N. '79) is a member of the faculty at New Mexico State University, Las Cruces.

James A. Wakin, Capt./USAF (B.S.N. '79), has graduated from the Squadron Officer School at Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama. He is scheduled to serve with the 9th Aeromedical Evacuation Squadron in the Philippines.

Mark T. Joosse, Maj./USAR (M.Ed. '79), is serving on active duty at Ft. Bliss. His wife, **Martha Carcamo Joosse** (B.S. '71; M.Ed. '79) is a vocational office education coordinator at Burges High School, El Paso.

Evelyn Patterson (M.B.A. '79), doctoral accounting student at the University of Texas at Austin, has received a \$9,000 grant from Ernst and Whinney international accounting firm to complete her dissertation.

Donald K. Orr, Capt./USA (B.S. '76), a graduate of the U.S. Air Force aircraft maintenance officer course at Chanute Air Force Base, Illinois, is scheduled to serve with the 380th Organizational Maintenance Squadron at Plattsburgh Air Force Base, New

York.

Thomas S. Sterrett Jr. (B.B.A. '76), a certified public accountant, is controller of Bethel Utilities Corporation, Bethel, Alaska. He maintains his office in Eagle River. A resident of Alaska since his graduation from UTEP, he was formerly associated with the El Paso Natural Gas Company and with Main Lafrentz & Company in Anchorage.

William Edward Jabalie, D.D.S. (B.S. '79), a graduate of the University of Texas Dental Branch in Houston, has established his private practice in El Paso.

1980-1984

David M. Marquez (B.S. 1980), a 1985 graduate of Texas Tech University School of Medicine, has begun a residency in internal medicine at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York.

Terry Eugene David (M.B.A. '80) has been named manager of small group underwriting for Blue Cross and Blue Shield of Virginia, located in Richmond.

Marco A. Barros (B.A. '80), formerly with the UTEP Student Publications Office, is marketing director for the Valle Vista Mall in Harlingen, Texas.

Tim Wieland (B.B.A. '80) is associated with Best Real Estate in El Paso.

Cynthia J. Lewis (B.S. '80) has

received a Master's degree in divinity from Virginia Theological Seminary, Alexandria. She will be ordained as a deacon in the Episcopal Church and will begin a chaplain's residency at Baptist Memorial Hospital System in San Antonio.

Susan Moreland Capt./USA (B.S.N. '81), has been decorated with the U.S. Army Commendation Medal in Landstuhl, West Germany.

The following UTEP alumni were graduates of The University of Texas Health Sciences Center at San Antonio last May: **Walter Dale Eastman**, D.D.S. (B.S. '81), **Edward Nobles Wiley**, M.D. (B.S. '81), **Michael Daniel Pettibon**, M.D. (B.S. '80), **Kelly Ann Spence**, M.D. (B.S. '81), and **Norbert John Dieringer**, M.D. (B.S.N. '81).

Israel Rosario (B.S. '81) was a spring graduate at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. His home is in Lingleville, Texas.

Garrett S. Timmins (B.B.A. '82) has joined American Bank of Commerce in El Paso as assistant vice president of operations.

James P. Gayton, 1st Lt./USAF (B.A. '82) is a deputy missile combat crew commander at McConnell Air Force Base, Kansas.

Julio R. Banez, 1st Lt./USA (B.B.A. '84), completed the field artillery officer basic courses at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and will be with the 9th Infantry Division at Fort Lewis, Washington.

DEATHS

Scott S. Lambert (B.A. 1960), in Vancouver, Washington, October, 1984. He is survived by his wife, Marilyn Lambert, and two sons.

Allen Ralph Thomas (B.S. 1951), of Dallas, November 10, 1984. Survivors are his wife, a daughter and three sons.

Leslie McKenney Folk (B.A. 1937), in Sacramento, California, December 8, 1984. Her husband, **Robert Folk** (B.S. 1938), and three children survive her.

David Lee Waggoner (B.B.A. 1946), January 21, in El Paso. Survivors include his wife, June Waggoner, two sons and a daughter.

Donald Patrick Love (B.M. 1979), in Springville, Arizona, January 30. Survivors include his daughter, Diana, his father, **Thomas Love** of El Paso, two brothers and three sisters.

Howard Sagor (B.A. 1958),

February 14, in San Antonio, Texas. Survivors are his parents and a sister.

Carroll C. Cason (B.S. 1948), of El Paso, February 16. He is survived by his wife, a son and a daughter.

Walton H. Sarrels (B.S. 1920), of Tucson, Arizona, February 18.

Lorenzo Ceballos (B.S. 1931), an El Paso resident, February 21. He is survived by his wife and several children.

Fred Powell Baker, Lt.Col. USA/ret. (B.S. 1966), in El Paso, February 22. His wife, Stella Baker, a son and two daughters, survive him.

Dorothea Ellen Gore (B.S. 1966), a teacher in the elementary grades of the Ysleta School District for 18 years, February 24. Her husband and two sons survive her.

Robert C. Fischer, Lt.Col. USA/ret. (B.S. 1971), of El Paso,

February 27. Survivors are his wife and three daughters.

John Kane (B.A. 1981), March 15, in Dallas. A winner of the Joseph M. Ray award in Political Science at UTEP and a graduate of the Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs, he had just completed his Master's degree at UT Austin.

Tracie Groesbeck Moore (B.S.N. 1980), a medical technologist employed in Fort Worth, April 6, in a sky-diving accident near Houston. Survivors include her husband, Don Moore of McAllen, her parents of El Paso and a brother.

Kathleen L. Elliott (1946

etc.), April 6. She is survived by several children.

Marvin H. Sereno (B.B.A. 1971), of El Paso, April 6. Surviving him are his wife, Beatrix Sereno, and several children.

Charles Joseph Green (1954 etc.), in El Paso, April 7. A daughter, Daphne Rowden, of Albuquerque, survives him.

Robert H. Cabral (B.B.A. 1981), an immigration inspector with the U.S. Justice Department in El Paso, April 19. His wife, Emma Cabral, a son and a daughter, survive him.

Portia P. Rissler (M.Ed. 1955), a teacher at Coronado High School in El Paso for 27

years, April 24, in Yucaipa, California. She is survived by her husband, Dr. Ross W. Rissler, and two daughters.

Robert W. Summerford (B.B.A. 1961), president of the Summerford Investment Company in El Paso, April 26. His wife, a son and a daughter survive him.

Brantley William Dickey (B.B.A. 1950), retired environmental scientist, of Roswell, New Mexico, May 19. His wife, Eunice Dickey, survives him.

Mary V. Johnson (B.A. 1953; M.Ed. 1967), of Green Valley, Arizona, June 3. Her husband, B. French Johnson, survives her.

Hilmar E. Wagner, professor of teacher education and director of student teaching and a member of the UTEP faculty for 19 years, June 10. He earned degrees from Texas Tech University, Sul Ross State University and North Texas State and was former chairman of the Department of Curriculum and Instruction. Survivors are his wife, Alpha Wagner, and four children.

James Forest Drake, student, June 19, in a motorcycle accident in El Paso. His parents and one brother survive him.

View from the Hill

(from inside front cover)

Hanes' masterpiece as any single person's.

"When I look at a building I've been involved in," he said, "I get the same feeling others get from painting or sculpture. There is a real sense of creative achievement for everyone involved, a sense that the work you have done will last and will have impact on people for generations."

Fred turned 65 this spring and decided to pack it in. He bought a home in Overton (pop. 2,500) which is near Sexton City, Joinerville, and Turner-town, north of Henderson, county seat of Rusk County, in East Texas somewhere where he says the nearest potable beverage besides R.C. Cola is up in Kilgore. He likes to camp and fish and garden and train Arabian horses and plans to keep his hand in the library business with some consulting work.

Once, when he was away, over in Overton planting radishes or something, I wrote him a poem and left the last line open for his collaboration:

*For lit'ry Valhallas
Give me Fort Worth or Dallas,
Not New York or Los Angeles.
So help me, Hannah,
A bookman's Nirvana
May be out off the Florida Keys.*

*But if Overton, Texas,
Is a librarian's nexus,
Our ideas we need to rethink.
Maybe Jacksboro or Hooks
Is a-brimming with books,*

And Fred added:

*But even Overton's better than
Wink!*

As well as this last stanza:

*Oh Overton's fair
With most lambent of air
(Tho' sadly lacking in beer),
And if books are unknown
So are profs robed in gown
A bonus I'll take, never fear!*

Fred, we've laid up some brew when you get back over here for a visit.

— DLW

In the Wake. . .

(from page 7)

waiter in his family's outdoor restaurant. Just across the highway, a beach of clean golden sand slopes down to blue water. Pink oleanders edge the highway for miles. Giving a nod at my camera, Nick tells me that he knows I come from America. "But do you come from Chicago?" he asks, then he smiles. "My uncle he lives in Chicago. He has carpet store in down town. Next year I go there, to university."

When I tell him I am a professor, he asks will I read the university application form he has struggled to fill out correctly. When I finish reading it and his essay about his wish to go to school in America, I tip him a smile. But then my eyes wander away toward that bright sandy beach, toward the oleanders edging the highway, with my Avis the only traffic in sight. "But after you finish at the university, you will come home?"

Nick stiffens. "Oh, no," he says. "I want to teach sports in American school and get rich. America—" He

swallows slowly. "—it is my dream."

I want to tell Nick about Chicago's street crime and its angry winters. I want to warn him that surely there can be nothing that dollars can buy that he and his family don't already "own" here, in Greece, in abundance: that beach, that water, that sky — and their garden, bursting just now with eggplants and red-ripe tomatoes.

But I don't mention these things. For in his face I sense the look of that boy in that painting over my young teacher's head — ready to stand up in his own manhood and sail. And I think of myself at age twelve, ready like Nick to take on Chicago. . . .

Now that I am back in El Paso, Columbus no longer comes to my mind. I think instead of Ulysses home from the war with the Trojans, home from the sea, content with adventures fulfilled — until he contemplates the horizon and his mind stirs with the thrill of hoisting his sails once again.

Myself "a part of all that I have met," I have seen many places and I am eager for more, but the best part of my travels are the people I meet and see well, for through these very special encounters I come to see myself better, my own country, my world. □

Joseph L. Leach is professor of English at UT El Paso and a member of the University faculty since 1947. This article earned the 1985 John S. and Vida White award for travel essay written by a faculty or staff member of the University.

Dr. Leach is author of several books, including *The Typical Texan* (1952), *Bright Particular Star* (1970) and *Treasury of American Folklore* (editor, 1981), and is a member of the Texas Institute of Letters.