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NOVA

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS
AT EL PASO
MAGAZINE



MOVIN' ON

Let us make three things perfectly clear: The UT El Paso Ex-Students' Office, Development Office, and News and Information Office have moved. Exes and Development (E. Wynn Anderson and B. Steele Jones, props.) now occupy quarters high atop the old Zeta Tau Alpha Lodge, called Administration Annex because of its proximity to the Admin. Bldg. News and Information (Dale L. Walker and Jeanette Smith, props.) is ensconced in the old Lambda Chi Alpha Lodge, right across the street from Physical Science, over the arroyo from L.A. and upstairs over a vacant lot on Hawthorne Street. Our mailing addresses are the same, our coffee's always on, and we three invite your visit.

A very nice letter received March 7 from Mrs. Roseva Jenness, widow of Dr. B. F. Jenness, the beloved figure of Mines history: "I enjoyed very much reading 'A Conversation with Doc Sonnichsen' and especially his memories of my husband, Dr. B. F. Jenness. Cousins from Pennsylvania who visited me last week enjoyed it too. I realize that it is easy for errors to creep into such an article. My husband liked all of New England but he best loved New Hampshire which was his birthplace, not Vermont." Mrs. Jenness also points out that her husband had reached the age of 95 at his death, not 94 as NOVA reported.

HOMECOMING '72

Since the next issue of NOVA, for most, if not all, intents and purposes, will be the Homecoming Issue, E. Wynn Anderson of our Alumni Office has fetched forth this preliminary schedule of events for that always auspicious occasion:

Homecoming Chairman this year is Dr. Roger Ortiz, class of '57.

Reunion classes to be honored are those of 1922, 1932, 1942, 1947, 1952 and 1962.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1972: 6:30 p.m., Annual Homecoming Banquet at the El Paso Country Club, honoring 1972 Outstanding Ex. 8 p.m., Reunion and Registration Party, El Paso Country Club, for *everyone*.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1972: Various departmental breakfasts and open houses this morning. 12 noon, School of Mines Reunion Luncheon for all "old timers," faculty and former students. 4:30 p.m., Homecoming Fiesta at the downtown El Paso Club, cocktails cashbar, gesticulating and verbalizing; 5:30 p.m., buffet; 7:30 p.m., buses to and from Fiesta and the Miners vs. New Mexico U. football game; 10:30, Homecoming Dance—El Paso Club; 11 (still p.m., of course), breakfast after which you'll be sitting on the edge of the bed saying "I can't believe I ate the whoooole thing."

For further information and/or to insure getting the full Homecoming '72 schedule when it appears, write the Office of the Ex-Students' Association, The University of Texas at El Paso, P. O. Box 180, El Paso, Texas 79968.

While you are at it, send a sawbuck and get that Cisneros print and Binion book while they last. This is a good offer.

On April 11, 1972, Chuck Hughes was posthumously honored by the El Paso Athletic Hall of Fame. Recruited by UT El Paso's Warren Harper, Hughes played three seasons with the Miners, 1965-1968, scoring 21 touchdowns and 126 points. In 1965 alone he had 80 receptions for 1,819 yards and set a school record with 12 catches in one game.

ON CHUCK HUGHES, DYING YOUNG

by Barnard Collier

In the fourth quarter of the Sunday-afternoon pro-football game on TV, a twenty-eight-year-old Detroit Lion named Chuck Hughes dropped dead of a heart attack on the fifteen-yard line in front of the gathering of millions of Americans.

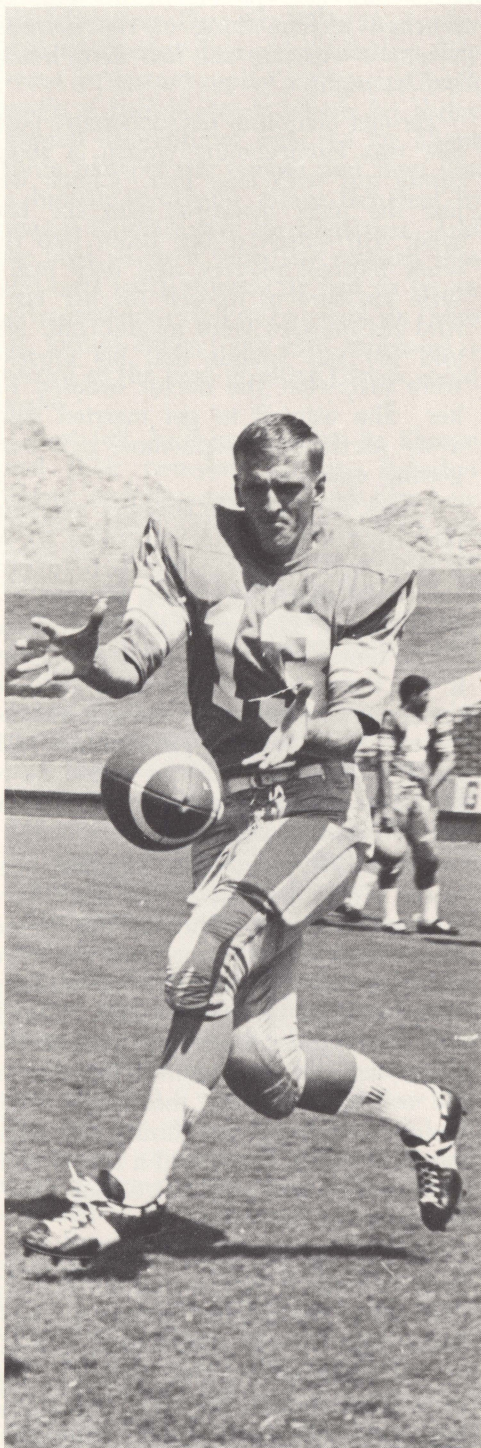
You did not know right away he was dead, but you knew something was very wrong. The cameras showed a close-up of Dick Butkus of the Chicago Bears standing over him and waving in a scared and frantic way for the referees and then for the doctors on the Lions bench. A player must wave for the referees before the doctors can come out on the field or it is a violation of the National Football League rules. A player might be lying there faking an injury to stop the clock. The Lions were behind by five points and they needed a touchdown before the clock ran out in order to win. But an incomplete pass had already stopped the clock, so Chuck Hughes had no reason to fake. He must have looked very bad off to Dick Butkus, because you knew that Butkus is mean and ornery when he is out there on the football field and doesn't normally come to the aid of an injured man who is not on his team.

The doctors ran out and started moving around too fast. You knew from looking at it on TV that this wasn't just a man with the wind knocked out of him. He was too still. Nothing of him moved. The doctors were working too hard. Instead of just loosening his pants like they do when a man is down with the wind knocked out, they went for his chest and mouth.

One doctor was pounding on Chuck's chest with his fist, and the other gave mouth-to-mouth breathing. This football player was not going to get bravely to his feet and walk off the field under his own steam, hanging from the shoulders of the trainers and dragging a leg. This man was not just injured. You knew from watching on TV that this man was badly hurt. In fact, you could tell by that funny feeling you get inside when death comes that there was a dead football player on the field. It was like the feeling the Indians must have gotten when they watched the spirits of their dead braves and chiefs rise out of the bodies and float up the chimney to fly away into the other world. Somehow, on TV, you could practically see the spirit leaving the body.

Chuck's wife Sharon was in the stands. She did not know that he was dead. She thought maybe he had swallowed his mouthpiece, or his tongue, which is something football players sometimes

do. When they do, it looks very bad as they gag and choke for air. But if the doctor gets out there in time with the little gadget he carries in his back pocket to pull the tongue back out, there usually is no problem. The man can breathe again and he gets back into the game. But Chuck was so motionless. Then Sharon knew that her husband was very bad off and she started screaming.



It seemed to her like ten minutes before Butkus stopped waving at the referees and the doctors got out there.

The doctors told some newspapermen later that in our society a man is dead

only when he is pronounced dead. Chuck was pronounced dead at a hospital forty-five minutes after he fell down. But a doctor said, "In my heart I know he was dead out there on the field about ten seconds after I got to him."

They waved Sharon down from the stands, and she climbed into the ambulance with Chuck. Now she was sure he was dead. But maybe they could revive him. They seemed to be trying so hard. But the ambulance drivers: "Where is the key?" "I don't know. You got the key." "No I don't, you got it." "Maybe it's in the back." "I thought you had it." She wanted to scream. "For God's sake, one of you find the key and let's get going!"

She stared at what the doctors were doing and she watched as Chuck's ear turned slowly black and blue. Now it did not make that much difference to her when the ambulance got to the hospital. Now she knew Chuck was beyond reviving. After that, time slowed down so much that hurrying did not matter.

She kept thinking about their marriage and how much Chuck was in love with football.

When Chuck was a little boy in Breckenridge, Texas, he carried a football around with him nearly all the time. He started playing football with his brother Johnny when they were in the third and fifth grades of the elementary school. Johnny was ahead. They played competitive football very young in Texas: in the grade schools a boy with the talent and the gifts could learn the fundamentals and grow up to make Texas proud of its football crop.

Chuck was a little blond kid. His father was a small, tough Irishman who went off to World War II as one of those flying sergeants in the Air Force. He flew planes over the Hump in Burma and crashed a couple of times but came away okay. Then he cracked one up in Labrador, and it mashed him up so badly inside that the Air Force gave him a one-hundred-percent disability rating and retirement. But Chuck's father said, "If I can't fly a plane, I'll fly a desk." He was never the same though, and his heart gave out one night in his sleep four years later.

Chuck's mother was a sweet, delicate, small lady who bore sixteen children. She loved each one as well as the other. One little girl died when she was only two. The rest were all alive when Mother Hughes died at age fifty-two from what the doctors said was a worn-out heart. Chuck was fifteen years old then, in the Summer of 1958. Johnny and Chuck went to a farm to live with a

relative until the end of the school year in Breckenridge before they went to live with Tom, their big brother, and his wife in Abilene.

For brothers, Chuck and Johnny were good buddies. Except that Johnny liked to pick on his little brother. For some reason bees did not sting Johnny. So he used to catch bees and wasps in his hands and slap them on Chuck. The bees would sting Chuck good, and Chuck would get roaring mad and start to cry and to fight wildly. But he never could get a solid lick in on his bigger brother. Perhaps Johnny gave Chuck so many handfuls of bees because he was angry inside that his little brother was better at football. Chuck was a very good athlete.

He and a pair of the quickest hands anyone in that part of Texas had seen in a long time. If you have any sense for it, you can spot quick hands in a boy without looking too long. But in Texas people seem to have some extra sensitivity to it. Maybe it is a little left-over skill from the old days when Texas men wore pistols and had to sense whether a stranger was quicker before seeing him draw.

Chuck also had good moves. He could fake a defender out so badly that the man would stand there looking stupid while Chuck was taking off four or five steps in the clear behind him.

Chuck loved to catch the football. He loved to catch it and feel it in his hands and then run. He was too small and skinny to catch the ball and run over people, so his coaches all told him: "Chuck, you must never, never try to run over people. You get the ball in your good hands and run *away* from them." Chuck would get the ball in his good hands if it was flying by anywhere in his vicinity and run away.

He also had something else. He was never the kind of receiver who would do what they call "listening to the footsteps." That means that when the defense man is running at you from behind like a mad steer, and the ground is thumping, and you know you are going to get creamed as soon as your fingers even brush the football, you don't listen. You don't listen to the footsteps.

Chuck never listened to the footsteps and in college he was a star receiver and a record-maker for Texas Western, where he went on a scholarship. Chuck was chosen to be an All-American.

He was small and he was skinny—at best he was six feet tall and one hundred and seventy pounds when he was a sophomore on the team—but he worked himself harder than anybody to get into shape. He ran pass patterns time and time again. He always made sure he started out on the right foot every time and he got the timing down to the split second in his head.

He had decided he was going to be

a pro and now he carried a football everywhere. Once a coach told him that a great pass receiver has got to know the feel of a football. You've got to know it like you know your own body. You've got to know how it feels when it's right and when it's wrong. The only way to know it is by carrying it, by touching it, feeling it, getting used to it, rubbing it. Chuck's brother Tom, who raised Chuck and six other children after their mother died, says that Chuck could tell exactly where the seams of the football were even if the ball was handed him behind his back. Chuck carried the football to the dinner table with him and put it in his lap; he touched it first thing in the morning when he woke up and last thing before bed at night.

He met Sharon in his sophomore year. She was Homecoming Queen, a short, pretty girl with long hair. Chuck was just the most beautiful man she had seen. He wasn't a big brute like the other football players, and only just a little too sure of himself for her taste. And his muscles were magnificent. She told her girl friends that his muscles were just what the doctor ordered for her. She wanted to get married right away; all the other sophomore girls were getting married.

Chuck said no. He couldn't get married right away if he was going to be a pro. And he was going to be a pro. He would marry her when he signed a pro contract. He carried the football the whole time. When they studied together it was there; it rested between them on the seat of the car at the drive-in movies. When Chuck signed a pro contract with the Philadelphia Eagles in February of his senior year, they got married. Sharon was twenty-one years old.

The rookie year is the toughest year in the pros, especially if you don't have a no-cut contract. Without the no-cut clause they can cut you from the team right up to the last day of training camp with no questions asked. Chuck and Harry Jones were both rookies the same year and they roomed together in the college dormitory the Eagles used to house their players during the eight weeks of camp. Harry had a no-cut contract and he was safe, but Chuck didn't and he went through hell.

All day on the field he tortured his body to make it do just that much more than any of the coaches thought it could. Some days he was spectacular, and all of his extra effort, the straining, the extra wind sprints, the extra concentration paid off with some wonderful catches. But some days he called up everything extra he had and it still was not enough to make his stand out as the best. Both Chuck and the coaches knew it.

Athletes and coaches are extremely

critical. In pro football no player gets away with anything for very long. Coaches and players watch the game films and run them back and forth looking for the weaknesses in themselves and their opponents. The opposing side is also looking at the game films and the scouting reports hunting for weaknesses. Now there are computer programs that pick out statistical weaknesses in a team that human minds cannot always spot. A team must take advantage of every knowable percentage to win over the long haul.

The "game" we see every Sunday in the pro-football part of the year is actually an incredibly complicated one of advanced military-style strategy and tactics between two teams who are probably better equipped and informed and sophisticated about the battle they are fighting than any army in the world. When they find a weakness, they are completely ruthless about exploiting it. You don't say in pro football, "Well, let's not take unsportsmanlike advantage of their left defensive tackle because he's pretty banged up and slower than usual." You run right over him. You punish him with contact early. If he shows any signs of weakening you call your plays to his side. In the pros you know the difference between victory and defeat, and if a man is weak in any way, nobody is too polite or too kind or too sorry to let him know it.

Chuck had a weakness. It was a glaring, uncorrectable, inherited weakness for a wide receiver. As they say, "He didn't have 'the great speed.'"

To be a starting wide receiver on a winning team in the pros you must have "the great speed." You must be able to take off away from your defender with the kind of acceleration that leaves him panting just out of reach. That is the kind of runner that gets the break-away play and makes the catch for the big touchdown when you need it. Coaches look always for "the great speed" and they program it into the team's offensive plays.

Chuck did not have it, or as they said, "Chuck wasn't blessed with 'the great speed.'"

Still, Chuck made the cut for the Eagles on the last day in training camp and the night he found out they made him drink whiskey with beer chasers and he got drunk and sick because he was not accustomed to hard liquor. But he said it was the best sickness of his whole life.

The Eagles kept Chuck because of his good hands and the fakes. They kept him to use in the emergency, when the number-one wide receiver is hurt and you need a man in there with a good chance to hang on to something if he's really hot that day. Of course you can't start him because of the weakness. If

you have a man who has good hands and fakes and "great speed" too, you have to play him ahead of a man like Chuck who has only two out of three. Otherwise it would be like playing five-card stud with just four cards.

On the Eagles, Chuck sat on the bench. But, really, Chuck never sat down on the bench during a game. He was always standing up as close to the coach as he could get, with his helmet in his hand, yelling for the team, making funny jokes, ready to run in there whenever the coach needed him. He figured that if he put himself in the coach's line of vision often enough, the coach would recognize him and send him in. But on the Eagles Chuck was behind two fast wide receivers. They could run the hundred in nine-four and nine-six. Maybe, at his best, Chuck could do the hundred in ten flat. Those tiny parts of a second make and break careers in pro football.

In the summers, Chuck and Harry Jones used to follow each other in different cars from Texas to the Eagles training camp. Chuck would insist that they stop at a motel at five o'clock so that he could put himself through a hard workout before the sun went down. He would run wind sprints, and then his precise pass patterns. He and Harry would play catch. When Chuck got to training camp he wanted to be in shape. He wanted them to know that he had the makings of a star wide receiver if they'd only let him start.

A kind of unexplainable thing for non-athletes happens to pro-football players in training camp. Harry Jones says the closest he can come to describing it is to remember how he and Chuck, who was his roommate, used to lie in bed so sore they couldn't move and talk about *everything* until they finally fell asleep at two or three o'clock in the morning. For eight weeks, without any wives or girl friends, it was kind of like being married to somebody who could really understand what you went through. Somebody who could say the things that got your confidence up for the next day.

One night Chuck said he was thinking about how his father and his mother and his brother Pat, who was just thirty-four, had all died of heart attacks. Chuck said he sometimes worried about that, and he hoped the same thing wasn't in store for him.

It was one of those things you put out of your head when a friend confides in you about it. Harry Jones nearly forgot it. Chuck never bothered to tell Sharon about it.

Chuck got traded to the Lions after three years and he was happy about it. He hoped he would get a better chance to play. He liked it in Detroit, and the Lions and their fans liked old "Coyote," as they called him. It was a nickname

he picked up on the Eagles because his nose was long and sharp like the coyote that chased the roadrunner in the *Roadrunner* cartoons on TV. The nickname went well with his West Texas drawl and the handmade alligator or turtle cowboy boots, and his Western suits and his Texas hats.

But it was not much better for him on the Lions. He did get to play more often than on the Eagles, and the Lions were a winning team with good spirit. But Chuck had the bad luck to be behind two more wide receivers with "the great speed," and they had to get hurt before he got in. He could not get a start no matter how hard he tried. On Thanksgiving Day in 1970, in a play that his brother Johnny remembers they reran on instant replay six times, Chuck made a turn-in catch where he threw himself straight out into the air about three feet off the ground and flew like a human arrow for about five feet to snag a football with his fingertips. And he held on to it when he crashed into the cold hard ground. It had to be an extraordinary catch to be rerun six times on instant replay: the film stands as a record of the kind of effort Chuck could make.

Last fall, he'd come home to Sharon and their two-year-old son, Brandon Shane, and Sharon would ask him how practice went. He did not like to talk what he called "business" at home. He would say, "I had a rotten day." Or, "I had a great day. I can't understand why I'm not in the lineup, but I had a great day."

And that's all he would say to Sharon about business. She wanted to massage his sore feet, his sore legs, his aching Achilles tendons, and rub his head. But seldom would he let her. He told her that she couldn't understand how it was with pro-football players.

His favorite record was a country-western song by Tammy Wynette called *Stand By Your Man*. Chuck would play it over and over for Sharon and other Lions wives when the Lions and their wives went to each other's houses. The song said that a woman should stand by her man no matter what even though she doesn't understand. He would sing it in a twangy, flat voice: "Sometimes it's hard to be a woman . . . giving all your love to just one man. You'll have bad times . . . and he'll have good times . . . Doin' things that you don't understand. Stand by your man . . . And tell the world you love him . . . Keep giving all the love you can . . . Stand by your man."

Sharon and the other wives hated it. They didn't understand and they were close friends with each other because of their lack of understanding. They would fume and sulk about how the men got off practice at two-thirty and

spent the next two hours in a tavern drinking beer together and patting the behinds of their playmates. But Sharon knew Chuck was under tremendous pressure because he wasn't playing. Playing was the only thing he wanted to do—had ever wanted to do. So Sharon made less and less fuss, and they seemed happy.

The only odd thing Sharon noticed that last week before the Bears game was that whenever she came back from the grocery store Chuck would ask her if she had bought Alka-Seltzer. Sharon never remembered his using much Alka-Seltzer before. Other than that he looked very well. He had gotten sandwiched between two tacklers in a pre-season exhibition game with Buffalo and that put him in the hospital twice with terrible pains in his chest. The doctors gave him very test they could think of in case it was a heart condition that caused the pain, but none of the tests showed anything wrong. And the pain eventually went away.

So on the Sunday of the Bears game Chuck was in his usual laughing, happy mood standing down there near the coach when one of the Lions' wide receivers got hurt. The coach recognized Chuck and sent him into the game. It was the moment he had been waiting for. It was already late in October and it was only the second time they had put him in a game since the official football season opened.

Nobody in the press box knew Chuck had come on the field. Somebody yelled "Who the hell is that?" when Chuck ran a post pattern downfield and made spectacular leaping, third-down clutch catch of the football for a thirty-two yard gain.

"It's Chuck Hughes," somebody called out after looking up the number.

They ran the great catch back on instant replay.

Then the press and the TV talent knew Hughes was in there and they were going to keep an eye on him when he went deep. They would put an isolated camera on him, too.

The next two plays went deep, but to the other side of the field. Chuck had run perfect patterns and had faked his man out and was open down in the end zone all by himself. But the plays went the other way.

Chuck walked out of the end zone after the second play and trotted slowly back to the huddle down the middle of the gridiron. At the fifteen-yard line he looked as if he had tripped. Then somebody in the press box saw him pile up flat on his face in the grass.

They turned the TV cameras on him for us until the spirit left him, and then they turned away. For millions of Americans to intrude on the unfortunate death of a football player was no longer appropriate.

LEARNING TO READ

And Raising the Intelligence of the Next Generation

by Edmund B. Coleman

Most children are anxious to learn to read. If they can be taught the basic insight to reading they can be fired with a similar intellectual excitement that the blind, deaf, mute Helen Keller experienced on that morning in Tuscum-bia, Alabama, when she was taught her first word. She was six years old when Anne Sullivan taught her the word for water, and years later in her autobiography, Miss Keller reported that as she felt her teacher's lips repeating the word as the cool liquid spurted from the pump over her hand, suddenly the in-sight blossomed that things have names and that "somehow the mystery of lan-guage was revealed to me." Her teacher reported that the child started touch-ing, everything, seeking its name, and before the day was over she had added 30 words to her vocabulary.

The point of this anecdote is that the most effective way to teach a com-plex skill, say reading or flying an air-plane, is to start with its basic insight—to eliminate the less important details until the learner can master the over-all skill and put it to use the first time he tries it. Of course, a student who has flown and banked and dived and circled in a plane with dual controls has much to learn before he solos, but because the first lesson gives him a metal frame-work into which to fit the other subskills, he adds them with minimum effort.

At UT El Paso we have learned how to reduce reading to its base concept—that printed words tell the child what to say and that different words tell him different things to say. Using cartoons, it is possible to write a story with only three or four words, words that have been scientifically selected to be ones that the child learns with minimum effort. Then—by presenting the story via television as an animated cartoon in which words spoken by the characters enlarge letter by letter as they are pro-nounced—the program eliminates non-

essentials such as page turning, left-to-right progression, top-to-bottom progres-sion and so on. In short, just as a flight school teaches flying, UT El Paso's first program teaches the overall *con-cept* of reading almost instantly. From the first program on, the child teaches himself as he entertains himself by ac-tually reading animated cartoons.

Children who have seen the first pro-gram are at an exciting stage in the development of the mind. An outline of one of man's most useful intellectual skills has just emerged, waiting to be filled in. Like Helen Keller adding words to her speaking vocabulary, the children need only add a critical mass of words to their reading vocabulary and they will crystallize this outline in-to a working part of their intellectual machinery.

To summarize, UT El Paso has de-veloped techniques that will increase the intelligence of the next generation by enabling very young children to teach themselves printed language in the same natural way they teach them-selves spoken language. A national committment to raise intelligence is quite practical for the 1970's; many studies—ranging from anecdotal case histories to precise laboratory experi-ments—show the possibility of increasing intelligence by training during infancy.

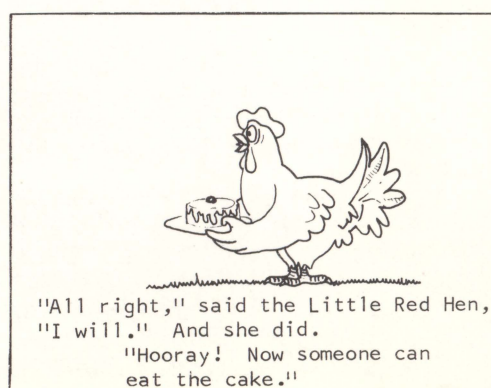
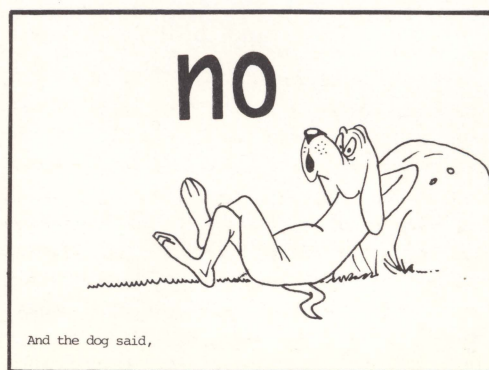
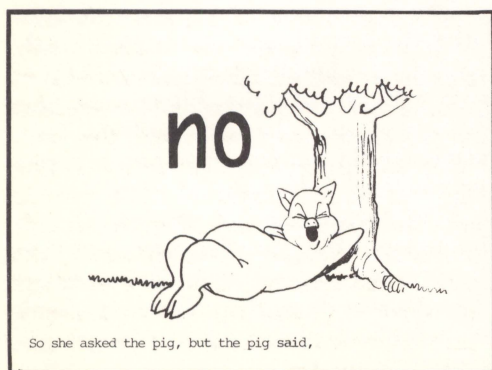
A child learns to talk during the critical years when he is laying the foundations of his intelligence. He learns spoken language at such an early age that he cannot remember hav-ing learned it. Perhaps one reason that language becomes the basic tool of human thought is that this early learn-ing has engrained it deeply into the very foundations of the mind. The United States now has the scientific resources to begin giving the next gen-eration a similar genius for printed lan-guage by teaching it during these same critical years. The next generation could reach school age using the intellectual

tools of printed language as auto-matically as children now use those of spoken language.

The child learns to talk, not by formal instruction, but by being immersed in a sea of spoken language. By using tele-vision and animation, the United States could immerse the next generation in a sea of printed language. Children spend so much time watching television—one organization estimates over 20 hours a week—that considerable amounts of edu-cation can be blended into entertain-ment. If the next generation could be given a sufficient mass of reading car-toons, they would begin reading to themselves and teching themselves. A reading cartoon can be built around "The Little Red Hen," for example that uses the single word *no*. Even two-year-olds enjoy the story and read the word when it flashes on the screen. Within the next year, the University will ask the federal government for as-sistance in preparing a daily program of cartoons.

A second facet of the research pro-gram is to establish at the University an Educational Experiment Station in Read-ing. This station, patterned after agri-cultural experiment stations, would cali-brate the materials that are used in read-ing programs namely the words, letters, sounds, blends, spelling rules, phonic rules, syntactic rules, and so on. The Station would collect a data base that would enable UT El Paso engineer read-ing program rather than assemble them with the trial-and-error techniques of craftsmanship.

That is, a basic insight of engineer-ing is simply that it is easier to work with numbers than things. An engineer does not develop an aircraft—or even a model for a wind tunnel—by putting in, taking out, and reassembling steel and aluminum until he gets something that works. He has tables that enable him to pre-calculate the probable strengths of different assemblages of materials.





Diedre DePagter, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Allen DePagter of El Paso, studies the word "stop" in Dr. Coleman's reading program.

An engineer working with numbers can pre-calculate the probable effectiveness of a hundred different assemblages before a craftsman working with actual materials can test a single physical model. For this reason, whenever a discipline advances from craftsmanship to engineering, there is almost inevitably a quantum leap in cost-effectiveness.

Under a few grants from the National Science Foundations and the National Academy of Sciences, UT El Paso has already collected some of the tables that would be collected by an Educational Experiment Station. These tables, and the embryonic engineering they permit, have already increased the cost-effectiveness of reading programs considerably.

As one example of the size gains that can be expected from engineering, let us consider "Sesame Street." During their second year, they proposed to teach 20 words: *ran, set, big, mop, fun, bird, bus, danger, exit, I, is, love, me, school, stop, street, telephone, the, walk, you.*

A few minutes with scratch paper will quickly show you that these 20 words—like most 20—can generate almost no sentences. Even after a child learns them, he cannot read stories.

Engineering enables us to do better at UT El Paso because we can pre-calculate the effectiveness of thousands of different sets of 20 words in a few hours. Here are 20 words that will generate far more sentences: *no, I, see, Jack, can, stop, us, get, up, down, make, it, go, yes, he, will, let's, and, we, did* which generates *I can, He can, Go get it, Make Jack go get it*, and so on, and so on, almost infinitely. As a matter of fact, because of this inexpensive engineering, a child who learns the UT El Paso set will be able to read—not twice as many, not ten times as many—but hundreds of times as many sentences as the child who learned the "Sesame Street" set. Our engineering brings gains of equal magnitude in teaching phonics. Because of these gains in effectiveness, UT El Paso can push the learning of

printed language down to the two-year-old.

The gains in cost-effectiveness are going to be equally impressive. The United States now spends about \$1 to teach a child each of the some 300 words he learns in the first grade. Within my life-time I am sublimely confident that UT El Paso will reduce that cost a hundredfold—to \$.01 a child-word. This represents a savings of \$1.5 billion annually, an economy not to be scorned even in this day and age.

Considerable scientific research—some of it involving precise laboratory studies that have calibrated the chemical composition of animals raised in enriched environments—has suggested the possibility of raising intelligence by training the organism in infancy. The cartoons and the Experiment Station concern the future intelligence of the nation. If that intelligence can be increased even slightly, their cost will be one of the most profitable investments the government has ever made.

OPENING THE DOOR

by Verdon R. Adams

For some time my two sons, students at The University of Texas at El Paso, made up half of a rock music group known, appropriately enough, as "The Wailing Wall." They have enjoyed a certain popularity among the students. As dedicated pacifists they have also acquired a reputation for being available to provide music for activities having anti-war themes.

Sometime back they agreed to play without charge for a Saturday afternoon rally on campus, which was sponsored by the local chapter of GI's For Peace. I was somewhat concerned about the while affair.

Now I understand and respect the feelings of the boys about war in general and the Vietnam conflict in particular. While I do not always agree with their conclusions, I recognize their sincerity when they express their passionate objections to having any part of the business of killing other human beings.

At the same time I am well aware of the many equally sincere people who regard war as being a necessary evil, and feel that when our government decides on a course of war every citizen must be made to support it. Unfortunately, some of this latter group do not give the avowed pacifists credit for sincerity equal to their own, and consider any opposition to war as being the work of cowardly traitors. It seemed to me that the rally had all of the elements necessary for a real donnybrook, and I decided that my position as a concerned parent entitled me to attend.

The band was set up on a temporary stage near the Student Union Building. I remained near the side entrance of the building where I could see the band and most of the audience without being seen by the musicians. As is usual with rock bands, there was no problem about hearing the music from any point on or near the campus.

My fears were groundless. There were several hundred young people there when I arrived. They were sitting and lying on the grass, obviously enjoying the music, the late spring sunshine, and one another. It was easy to distinguish the students from the soldiers by the hair cuts or, rather, in the case of the former, the lack of them. However, the conduct of both groups left nothing to be desired. The only drinking in evidence was from the soft drink machine, and if any of the cigarettes being smoked were other than tobacco it was not ap-

parent. And I saw no unseemly sex-inspired behavior. On the whole, the behavior of these youngsters was at a level somewhat above that of their elders at the Saturday football games.

The speeches during intermissions were those of young liberals but they contained nothing inflammatory or unduly radical in nature. The most ardent Communist-hater would have been hard put to it to find anything objectionable in them. As a matter of fact, they would have been entirely appropriate for delivery from any pulpit in the city the next morning. For the most part, they simply urged the practice of Christian principles, although the speakers may not have been aware of it.

The whole thing was delightfully reminiscent of those Fourth of July picnics at Hydro (Oklahoma) fifty years ago and I caught myself thinking "So—what's new?" Of course the music carried a different beat and was louder than that provided by the Hydro municipal band. And the hirsute adornment would have been out of place on the young men of 1920 but, I reflected, it would have reminded my parents of the appearance of the young gentlemen at similar gatherings in *their* youth. So the wheel goes around.

Presently I became aware of a small family approaching. In the lead was a baby girl about eight or nine months old, neatly dressed, aware of nothing much but the pacifier suspended from a pink ribbon around her neck. She was in a small stroller which was pushed by her father, a young man of twenty-one or so. He was dressed in the usual T-shirt and brightly colored slacks. Otherwise, he was straight out of the Bible. His thick brown hair was shoulder length, and his full beard and mustache were equally luxuriant. And he was barefoot.

Behind him was the young mother. She wore blue jeans, a T-shirt, and sandals. Her long brown hair hung straight down her back. Her face, hair, and apparently her figure were without any of the elements of disguise which women usually find necessary to help them face the world.

They were obviously going to enter the building through the door which was only a step or two from where I stood. Since the door opened outward it was going to be a trifle awkward for the young man and his stroller. Without thinking I stepped over, pulled the door open, and motioned for them to go ahead. The reaction was completely out of proportion to the act.

The father stopped, looked at me, looked at the opened door, then looked

back at me. I mean, he *looked* at me. A long, deliberate, intense look. Finally he said very distinctly, "Thank you sir. Thank you very much." He bowed his head slightly, looked at me again, and pushed his baby daughter through the door.

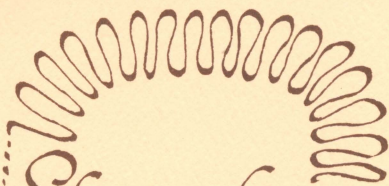
The mother had also stopped, of course, waiting for her husband to move on. She did not move immediately however, and when I looked back at her I saw she was smiling. The smile made her face light up as if a spot light had been turned on her. She was not looking at me or at anything in particular. She was nodding her head in tiny little motions and gave the impression of someone who has found something she had been looking for a long time. Or has suddenly recalled a fond memory. Pleased. Satisfied. Then she looked at me and said in a very low voice, "I thank you too," and followed her husband through the door, still smiling. The baby was unimpressed. I was embarrassed.

I won't see them again, of course. There is no reason why I should. But I shall not forget the incident and, somehow, I feel they won't either. And the significant thing about it, the thing that could have meaning for all of us (if we could but open our eyes and ears and minds and hearts) is just this: the thing that bridged the generation gap— or communication gap, if you prefer— for three people, for one little moment, in one little corner of the world, was not an act prompted by subtle reasoning, psychological insight, or acute perceptiveness. What I did could not even be dignified by calling it an act of kindness. It was nothing but simple human courtesy. None of us would fail to do as much for our friends. Surely we owe as much to every one of our fellow human beings, regardless of his color, age, station in life, political philosophy, religion (or lack of it), or hair length. It's worth a try.

Verdon Adams in a graduate of Southwestern College at Weatherford, Okla., who received his master's degree in public administration at Wayne State University in Detroit. He retired in 1970 as Executive Officer of the West Texas Office of the U. S. Civil Service Commission.

Mr. Adams, whose book reviews appear frequently in the *El Paso Times*, is author of a biography of the late Thomas B. White, an El Pasoan who had a long and eventful career in law enforcement as Texas Ranger, Railroad Detective, FBI agent, Federal Prison Warden and member of the Texas Board of Pardons and Paroles. The White biography will be published by Texas Western Press, UT El Paso, in 1972.

Requiem for a Mountain



She was born

without a name. There is evidence that in the dark past, she emerged like Venus, from the Sea. Primal forests must have wrapped her in the glorious emerald of their strange, fantastic foliage. Sons of sunshine and wind, of rain and snow, of lightning and thunder, denuded and deprived her of her raiment. Still she was beautiful in her wild and virginal nakedness. She stood, watching the centuries go by, displaying her majesty and dignity, the strength and pride of her countenance, as the ever-present, silent, guardian and sentinel of The Pass. SSS.

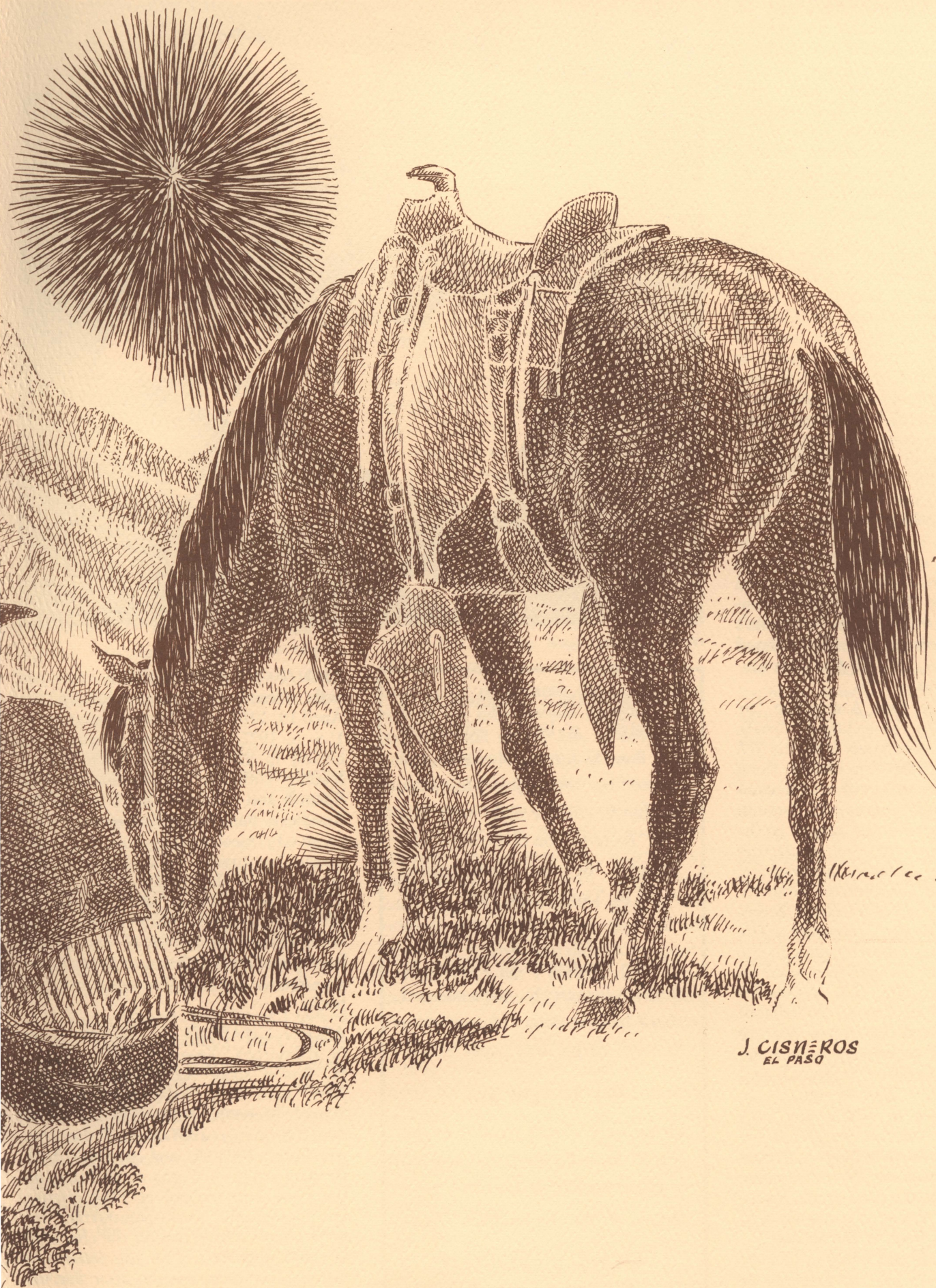
Not many generations ago, newcomers still could enjoy her chaste, unsullied grandeur. Today we are bystanders, watching silently, helplessly, indifferently her rape and destruction. We perceive the inexorable summon-
ing of her doom.

SSSS The bells are tolling for Mount Franklin. SSSSS



José Cisneros





J. CISNEROS
EL PASO

"Requiem" and Landmarks--An Offer

When José Cisneros submitted his "Requiem for a Mountain" for publication in NOVA, a chain of events almost naturally issued from the act. First it became clear to NOVA's editor that this singular drawing and José's inspired calligraphic prose poem ought to be made available in some manner for permanent display. Then the University's Ex-Students' Association became interested in financing a reproduction of the work and, with the cooperation of Dr. Evan Haywood Antone, Director-Editor of Texas Western Press at UT El Paso, a limited edition of 500 of the reproductions were printed and Mr. Cisneros agreed to number and sign each of them. The TW Press also agreed to combine with the Cisneros art, Charles Binion's photographic book, *Landmarks of El Paso*—a splendid TW Press paperback production containing text, maps, and a collection of artistic photographs of the Franklin Mountains, Hueco Tanks, Mount Cristo Rey, the Lower El Paso Valley Missions and other El Paso landmarks.

The result is a limited edition "package"—a signed-by-the-artist reproduction of José Cisneros' "Requiem for a Mountain," and a copy of Charles H. Binion's book, *Landmarks of El Paso*—offered for \$10 by the UT El Paso Ex-Students' Association.

Our University Exes Association has never gone in for the selling of decals, sweatshirts and beer mugs with the UT El Paso seal on them—the kind of thing done routinely by many other such associations. But one thing our Exes group has in common with the others is the need for money—for the scholarship fund, loan fund, Library endowment, Superior Student Recruitment Program, and the many other Association activities that benefit the University. The few hundred Exes who pay dues in the Association do so because they want an effective organization that represents the interests of *all* former students of our institution, and, of course, we are urging—as often as we can in keeping with our "low profile," anti-junk-mail philosophy—all our Exes to join.

When it comes to selling our Exes something, however, we wait until we have something worth selling—and buying. Our *Southwestern Portfolio* a few years back was the first such something and José Cisneros' drawing and Charles Binion's book is the second.

Whether you are still living in El Paso or nearby, or are off in Ethiopia or Oshkosh, Wisc., we think you will want to take advantage of this unique offer.

E. Wynn Anderson ('66)
Executive Secretary
UT El Paso Ex-Students' Association



ANNOUNCING: "Requiem for a Mountain," a limited edition of 500 9 x 12" prints, numbered and signed by artist José Cisneros, combined infolder style with a 9 x 12" reproduction of Cisneros' calligraphic "Requiem," both printed on 80 lb. Tiara Teton Text;

and,

El Paso Landmarks by Charles H. Binion, photographs, maps and text about historic points of interest in El Paso; 63 pp. stiff paper covers.

BOTH FOR \$10.

Please make checks payable to the UT El Paso Ex-Students' Association and mail them to:

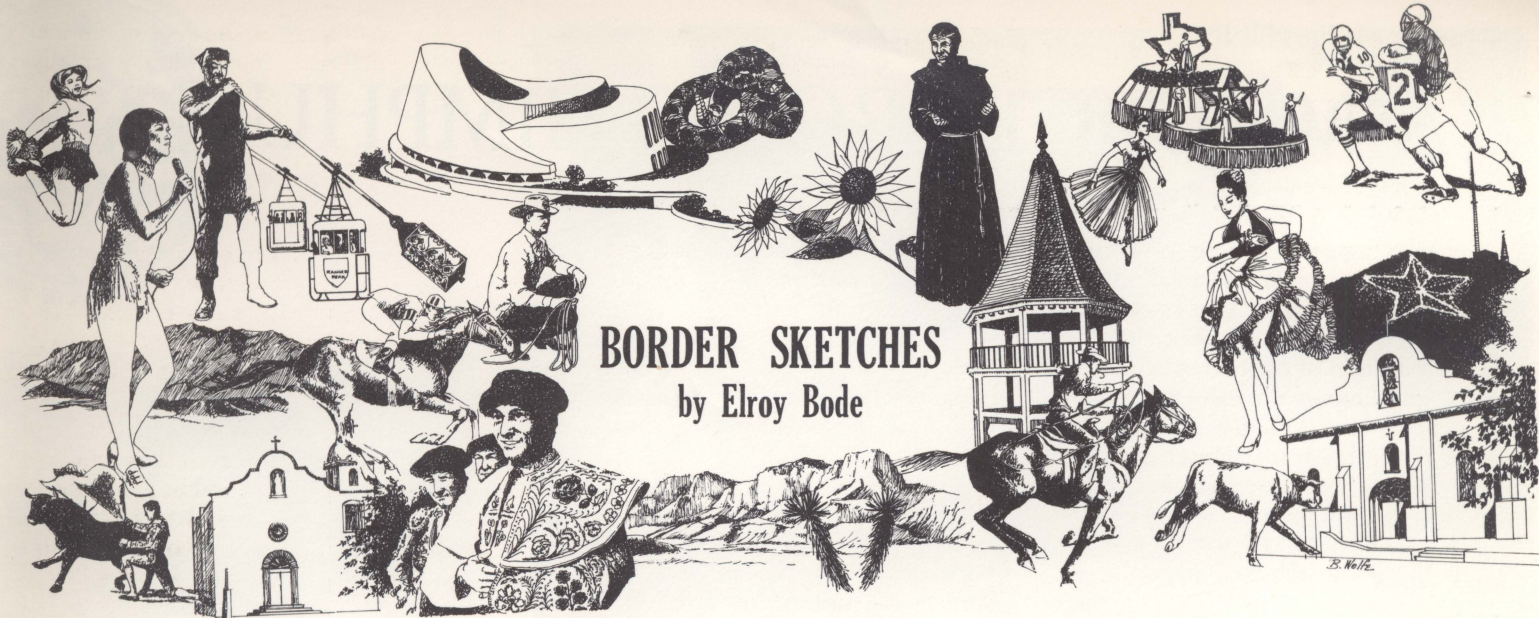
Office of the Ex-Students' Association

The University of Texas at El Paso
P. O. Box 180

El Paso, Texas 79968

ABOUT JOSÉ CISNEROS: Born in Villa Ocampo, Durango, Mexico, on April 18, 1910, José Cisneros came to the U.S. in 1927 and became a naturalized citizen in 1948. Widely known as a leading authority on the horsemen of Spanish and Mexican history and of the American Southwest, Cisneros' art has received critical acclaim from the Smithsonian Institution to the West Coast. His *Riders of the Border* (UT El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1971), a selection of 30 drawings of four centuries of Southwestern horsemen, is one of the most popular productions of Texas Western Press. He has illustrated over 30 books.

ABOUT CHARLES H. BINION: Born in Balmorea, Texas, in 1937, Charles H. Binion spent his childhood in the East, graduating from Newton High School, Newton, Mass. He served in the U.S. Army 1957-60 and the U.S. Air Force 1963-65, and attended both the University of Texas at El Paso and the New York School of Photography. His photographic work—painstakingly artistic photos with a feel for the character of the Southwest and an appreciation of history—has been sought after for exhibiting. *Landmarks of El Paso* is Binion's first book and he not only provided the photographs but drew the maps and wrote the text. He resides in El Paso.



BORDER SKETCHES by Elroy Bode

SOUTH OF PAISANO STREET

I parked my car near the downtown library and began to walk along the crowded streets toward South El Paso—toward poverty and Mexico. Since it was a hot July morning the opportunities for human irritation were plentiful, yet as I looked at the people on the sidewalks—the continuous, relentlessly moving Mexican people—there were more pleasant faces than sad ones, more smiles than frowns, more laughter than curses.

Once again I tried to figure it out: Why did life seem so pleasantly human south of Paisano Street? . . . I thought of the many Sunday afternoons when I had tried to roam through the prosperous, well-heeled residential sections of town: when I had looked in from the sidewalk at the many closed doors of the many quiet houses and then had to get out of there fast—heading toward South El Paso to regain my composure.

Walking along Stanton Street I looked at the vendors pushing carts slowly through the eleven o'clock heat, selling tamales and candies and ice cream. Boys chased through narrow alleys and women shouted to each other from tenement balconies across lines of wet laundry. Dogs scratched and sniffed at other dogs. Old women in dark scarves stood in the *ropa usada* stores and picked among the huge piles of rags and clothing.

Sure, that's it, I thought: Life on the South Side is not contained soberly behind closed blinds; it is never a draw-

ing room affair. Life here is a thing on the move—*persistent*, indoors and out . . . And the Mexican people make you feel glad to be alive simply because of the way they handle their own difficult job of living. They manage to show a grace under fire—an ability to move about with dignity and poise even while carrying the heavy weights of poverty.

Suddenly I decided it would be good to feel the lurching, stop-and-go rhythm of a noon *tranvia* ride to Juarez, so I caught the next street car as it rolled toward the international bridge. It was crowded, and royally hot. A few of the women fanned themselves with small-necked, old-fashioned fans; others merely passed a hand back and forth in front of their face. Several large women appeared to be genuinely suffering as they sat in their brown, huge-armed immensity—brassiere straps gouging out rubbery rolls of fat. Yet they all sat immobile, passive, and did not complain.

That was what I noticed most about the women—indeed, about all the people on the car: that despite the heat and crowded bodies and the steady jostling sway, nobody seemed out of sorts. No one seemed to feel put-upon by fate. The passengers just rode along, letting their sweat and skin oils pour. They seemed to be enduring the heat as they had endured life—stoically, like good Catholics.

MISSION ROW

Wearing cloth caps, work pants, brogans, the small clan of down-and-outers stand beside the Rescue Mission

wall as if posing for a depression picture of the '30s. Irish faces, broken-nosed and jut-jawed; Okie faces, narrow and sunken-eyed; faces of Negroes, Mexicans; faces of the nondescript: all belonging to men who seem to have founded against the Mission wall a kind of Brotherhood of the Bottom of the Barrel.

Some of them gaze absently across the street toward the railroad yard. Some stand half-turned toward the Mission door, talking to one another through toothless mouths. One worn-out man keeps sliding the edge of his bony hand down the crotch of his pants—tenderly, in a casual, unconscious checking of home base. Another—with a burr haircut and a huge shaved spot on the back of his head where it has been treated for ringworm—stands in the middle of the sidewalk and makes vague imploring gestures toward the passing cars.

One hollow-chested old man in Khakis goes into long, rhythmic spasm of coughing. As he bends away from the building it is like a slow-speed recording of a tenor sax man honking his way toward insensibility: uh-huhhhhhh . . . uh-hu-hhhhhh . . . uhhu-hhhhhh . . . uh-huhhhhhh. Yet when it appears that the old man can sustain his racking cadence no longer—when it seems he must surely fall to the sidewalk, either exhausted or choked to death—he suddenly stops, straightens up, looks around rather bright-eyed and innocent. He seems on the verge of nudging one of his companions for a cigarette and asking: "Say, now—you fellers hear anybody cough?"

A MESSAGE FROM THIMPHU

by Dale L. Walker

Five years ago when I began gathering information for an article on UT El Paso's architecture ("The Lamaseries on the Hill," NOVA, August-October, 1971), a selection of photographs of University buildings—old and new—were sent out to Her Majesty Queen Ashi Kesang Wangchuck of Bhutan. Months passed before they reached her in the Bhutanese capital city of Thimphu (or Thimbu) and more months passed before her response reached me. But all was worth waiting for. The Queen's gracious letter, the stationary stamped "Ugyen Peri, Paro, Bhutan," was followed in a few weeks by a huge package, wrapped in white linen and covered with sealing wax and postage stamps, containing many fine photographs of Bhutan and of the Royal Family.

In the many months that still were to pass between establishing contact with her and publication of the article in NOVA, Queen Kesang provided continuing aid to the project, writing a second time to answer certain question about Bhutanese buildings, and asking her friend Prof. Augusto Gansser, Head of the Department of Geology at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology and the University of Zurich, to send me some of his outstanding sketches and photos of Bhutanese buildings. Prof. Gansser's brilliant work has since been published in the book *Butan: Land of Hidden Treasures* (New Delhi: Oxford and IBH Publishing Co., 1971).

In August, 1971, copies of NOVA containing the "Lamaseries" article were mailed to Queen Kesang (as well as to Prof. Gansser and all others whose correspondence contributed to the article). Early in January, 1972, I received another package from Thimphu. Inside were two valuable books, *Bhutan: Land of Hidden Treasures* by Blanche C. Olschak, photography by Ursula and Augusto Gansser; and *Sikhim and Bhutan: Twenty-One Years on the North-East Frontier* by John Claude White, C.I.E., a new printing (New Delhi) of White's 1909 memoir. It was Mr. White's 1914 photographic article in *The National Geographic*, "Castles in the Air," that proved to be the inspiration for the architecture of what is today UT El Paso.

Along with the books, the following letter was included:

*Dechancholing Palace
Thimphu
11th December 1971*

Dear Mr. Walker:

Thank you very much indeed for

the NOVA magazine which you have so kindly sent me. I do apologize for my delay in writing.

I cannot tell you how pleased we are to know that our Bhutanese Dzongs have inspired the architecture of your beautiful new Library and campus buildings.

The similarity of design and architecture to our Dzongs is truly amazing. In the harmonious blending of the old with the modern, there is much to inspire us in turn in the construction of our new buildings and towns in Bhutan.

I do hope that in the future Bhutan will contribute in many more ways to your University that will be precious and beneficial to the young people studying there.

*With my best wishes,
Yours Sincerely,*

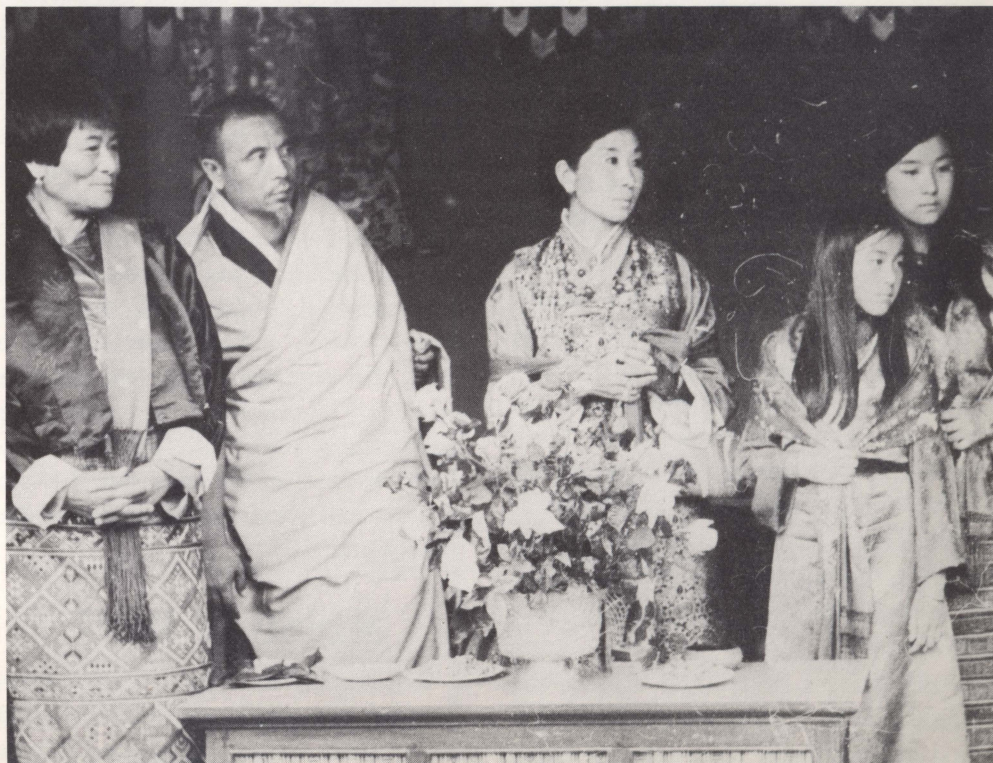
Kesang Wangchuck

Kesang Wangchuck

The photographs on these pages are published by permission of Queen Kesang.

Queen Ashi Kesang Wangchuck of Bhutan
(Photograph by Cecil Beaton)

L-R: Royal Mother Aji Choden, Head Abbot of Bhutan, Jye Khempo; Queen Kesang, daughters Kesang and Pemalhadon, (Thimphu, October, 1971.)



Daughters of Queen Kesang: Sonam Choden and Pemalhadon.



L-R: Queen Kesang, Crown Prince Jigme Singhi; Third Princess Pemalhadon; Eldest Princess Sonam Choden; during tea ceremony.



BACK TO THE BARRANCAS

by Jeannette Smith

Another place, another way of life and, seemingly, another era of time are all vividly illustrated in a handsome portfolio of color prints entitled "The Tarahumara Indians of Mexico."

- A picture of a very young child busily grinding corn.
- A study of a very old man who does not know the date of his birth, except that it was in a year when a certain rock rolled down into a certain canyon.
- An Indian cleaning fish caught not with a rod and line, but by hand after the fish are either stunned or

killed by the explosion of a single, well-aimed stick of dynamite lobbed into the water.

These and other photographic studies entitled "The Musician," "The Weaver," and "Plowing" comprise the portfolio, compiled by Don and Esther Burges, the young missionary couple whose story was told in the Summer, 1970 issue of NOVA. The six color prints are reproductions of some of Don's own excellent photography; they are suitable for framing and they are accompanied by descriptive text (in both English and Spanish) written by the Burgeses.

Recently published by Guynes Printing Company of El Paso, the portfolio is the latest in a lengthening list of endeavors by Don and Esther to produce literacy materials for the Tarahumara Indians whose ancestry dates back more than 2,000 years, yet whose mode of living has advanced little in that length of time.

Don and Esther are members of the Wycliffe Bible Translators, a non-denominational group of some 2,000 volunteer workers scattered throughout the world whose purpose is to translate the New Testament and other books of high moral and cultural value into the lan-

Grinding

(Photo by Don Burges)





Don and Esther Burges with their children Lisa and Anthony.

guages of semi-isolated and semi-civilized people. The Tarahumaras qualify on both counts.

Their semi-isolation—now an accepted way of life—began centuries ago as a necessity. For the better part of their 2,000-year history they were under attack or oppression by either war-like Indians such as the Apaches or by Spanish conquerors. This caused the Tarahumaras to withdraw farther and farther up into the almost impenetrable mountain regions. Today, an estimated 50,000 Tarahumaras are divided into some 200 tribes or family units living throughout some 44,000 kilometers of northwestern Mexico, each group speaking a different language or dialect.

They live in cave dwellings or crudely constructed log huts. Their diet is largely one of corn, pumpkins, squash and beans—all hand grown. Sometimes a wooden plow, pulled by hand or by oxen, makes the work a little easier.

Meat is available when a deer is killed with bow and arrow by a Tarahumara hunter, or when several of the men—fleet-footed and possessed of incredible endurance—literally run a deer into the ground, then kill it with knives or stones. Small game such as rabbits, packrats, squirrels, and chipmunks are also brought down by well-aimed stones.

The Indians wear handwoven clothing; their footwear consists of pieces of tire tread lashed to their feet with thongs.

Their only exposure to anything faintly resembling contemporary living consists of occasional visits to one of the few, isolated mining or logging towns in the region, or when some of them venture out from the backcountry to watch the old Pullman cars travel along the Chihuahua al Pacifico railroad whose route through the heart of the Sierra Madre was finally completed in 1961. (Laying those tracks wasn't easy; in the short drop from continental divide to coastal plain, engineers had to blast 89 tunnels and construct 48 bridges.) At train stops, some of the Indian children hawk their wares (hand-carved violins, bamboo flutes, bearded ceremonial masks) to the travelers while the tourists focus their cameras on the natives.

The Tarahumaras then return to their dwellings in the wilderness, much of which is unmapped and unexplored, where snow-capped mountains tower eight and ten thousand feet high and where several of the innumerable canyons and gorges are said to be as deep as the Grand Canyon. The natives have no trouble traversing trails which are at best passable for burros and mules and at worst scarcely more than goat paths extending across narrow ledges and along steep slopes. Precious few foreigners follow those trails up into the awesome territory of the barrancas.

The Burgeses are exceptions. The attractive, well-educated couple (Don holds B. A. and M. A. degrees from UT El Paso; Esther earned a B. A. degree

from Stanford University) have lived for the better part of the past six years in a 15 by 20-foot adobe hut which they built themselves on a rocky patch of land high in those mountains. They and their two children, Lisa and Tony, constitute the minority group in that part of the country.

It took a while for the Burgeses to establish rapport with the neighboring tribe, for the Indians are wary and cautious with foreigners. "Their two fundamental fears," explains Don, "are that their land will be taken away from them, and that their language will be stolen."

However, having long ago won "neighborhood acceptance," the Burgeses have made impressive progress in learning the tribal dialect, cultures and customs and, in exchange, helping the Tarahumaras in every way possible to better their primitive mode of living. This includes introducing them to the simple, basic rules of hygiene. (Only one out of five Tarahumara babies live to age five; the rest succumb to malnutrition or disease).

During each summer, Don and Esther work for several months at the Summer Institute of Linguistics in Mexico City where, with other Wycliffe members, they do linguistic analysis, preparation of literacy materials, and translations of the Bible. Since all Wycliffe workers are non-salaried, the Burgeses must take periodic leaves of absence in order to earn money to sustain themselves and their missionary work.

Then it is back to the barrancas and their adobe home which boasts of two "modern conveniences"—a butane cooking stove and a recently constructed outhouse.

Don and Esther plan to continue this rigorous, demanding life-style for another ten years. Although they have accomplished much, there is still much more to do. The establishment of some type of medical facility for the Indians is a hoped-for project, among many others. And there remains, of course, the never-ending need for additional literacy materials.

The Burgeses so far have written four books in the Tarahumara dialect: a pre-primer, an alphabet book, a Tarahumara-Spanish book, and a volume of tribal stories (heretofore verbally handed down from one generation to the next). In order to raise funds for the publication of additional books and other materials, the idea of the portfolio "The Tarahumara Indians of Mexico" was conceived.

Priced at \$5, the portfolio is being sold in various bookstores throughout El Paso; it can be ordered in quantities (at a substantial discount) by contacting Mr. James B. Mason, 5113 Orleans, El Paso.

ALUMNOTES

Compiled and Written

by Jeannette Smith

Lt. Helen Paulus ('60) is not only a dentist—she is one of the few lady dentists who has ever served with the U. S. Armed Forces. And singling her out even more is the fact that Lt. Paulus has served in Vietnam. As the sole female dental officer on active duty in the U.S. Navy, she recently served on board the hospital ship U.S.S. Sanctuary off the coast of Vietnam. Now reassigned to the Naval Hospital in Jacksonville, Fla., Lt. Paulus holds a B.S. degree from UT El Paso, a master's degree in finance, and a doctorate in dentistry from New York University.

Jack Moore ('27 etc.) has retired from his position as vice-president of the State National Bank in El Paso; he will continue to maintain private offices on the seventh floor of the bank. **Jesse M. Connell** ('28 etc.) has retired from his post as resident vice-president of Maryland Casualty Co. and is now devoting his time to the Journey World Travel Agency. **Vice Adm. D. H. (Dick) Guinn** ('34 etc.) has been given a new assignment; he is now Deputy and Chief of Staff for the Commander in Chief, Atlantic Fleet, **Marshall T. Finley** ('37) is a Certified Public Accountant with Main Lafrentz & Co., also a member of El Paso's City Board of Equalization. **Clarence W. Brown** ('41 etc.), special supervisor with Mountain Bell, recently celebrated his 25th service anniversary with the Bell System. He began his career with the telephone company in 1947 as a switchboardman.

Frank M. Cordero ('42), vice-president and a member of the board of directors for Robert E. McKee, Inc., is president of the El Paso chapter of the Associated General Contractors. **N. D. "Bud" Lassiter** ('43), employment supervisor with El Paso Natural Gas Co., is a member of the board of directors of the YMCA. **Mrs. Robert G. Crump** ('45 etc.) director of the Inter-Faith Community Center for underprivileged children in Fort Smith, Arkansas, recently was named "Woman Achiever for 1971" by the Southwest Times Record of Fort Smith. She and her husband Bob are parents of four grown children of their own, also two foster daughters, ages four and five. **John Hardy** ('49), former director of pupil services for the El Paso Public Schools, recently was appointed to the post of assistant superintendent in the School System.

Three members of the Class of 1950 held an unexpected reunion in Bangkok, Thailand, last December. They are **Richard E. Lindberg**, an engineer with the Navy Department, **Alquin E. Konen**, a civil engineer with a construction company, and **William Libby** who, with his family, was recently evacuated from Dacca, East Pakistan.

Mrs. A. L. Kelsay (M.A. '52), a teacher in Anthony, has been named a recipient of the Hall of Fame Award by the National Education Association, New Mexico Southwest District. **Dr. Martha E. Bernal** ('52) has been appointed an associate professor of psychology at the University of Denver. **Mrs. Jean C. Sandrock** ('53, M.A. '56) has been appointed chief psychologist and head of Pupil Appraisal Services in the El Paso Public Schools. During the past three years, she taught at Quinnipiac College in New Haven, Conn., worked at Yale University and con-

currently was enrolled in the doctoral program in educational psychology at New York University.

Robert King (M.A. '53) is assistant cashier at El Paso National Bank, also credit manager of Master Charge and chairman of the advertising committee of the Credit Bureau of El Paso. **Richard E. Schneider** ('53) has been named Market Manager for International Operations of Nordson Incorporated, Amherst, Ohio.

Hector M. Rodriguez ('54) is one of the recipients of the coveted "Snoopy" Award presented to him by Dave Scott, Apollo 15 commander. This is Rodriguez's second Snoopy Award, presented by the astronauts to persons making "outstanding contributions to the success of the Apollo lunar landing program." An electrical engineer with NASA for 12 years, Rodriguez works at North American Rockwell's Space Division in California and is responsible for flight, recovery and post-flight operations of the Apollo spacecraft in addition to other duties. He and his family reside in Dana Point, Calif.

Lelaray Williams (M.Ed. '53), assistant principal at Crockett Elementary Intermediate School, is also an accomplished painter; her works were shown recently at the Rodeway Missile Inn. **William G. Sullivan** ('54) this spring was elected president of Home Mortgage Co., succeeding the late Thorne M. Shugart. **Dr. Paul Huchton** ('54) is a local pediatrician, a member of the American Academy of Pediatrics, and serves on the medical school committee for the El Paso County Medical Society. **Donald Dale Smith** ('54 etc.) is a test driver for Firestone. He and his wife **Barbara** ('71) reside in Fort Stockton where she teaches private art classes and is opening an Art Studio.

Mrs. Dennis Blackstock (M.Ed. '55) is president of Texas Classroom Teachers Association in El Paso where she has taught for 18 years. **Lt. Col. Robert E. Laya** ('56) has received the Meritorious Service Medal and a U.S. Army War College plaque for meritorious service as Chief of the U.S. Army War College Aviation Section since July, 1969. The Vietnam veteran played football for four years at Texas Western College. He, his wife and their three children reside in Pipestone, Minnesota.

Bill Fields ('56) is assistant vice president in charge of the Consumer Loan Department at First Savings and Loan Assn. **David B. Clark** ('56) is with the Life Department of the Rogers & Belding Insurance Agency, also president of the El Paso Life Underwriters Association. **Patricia Davis Sherrill** ('56) is teaching special education classes at Hawthorne School in Hawthorne, Nevada. **Robert J. Benford** ('58) is assistant training manager for Eaton Laboratories, division of Morton-Norwich Products, Inc. in Norwich, N. Y. **Charles A. Specht** ('59) is manager-Systems Evaluation with Gulf Oil Corporation at its main offices in Pittsburgh, Pa. **Pete S. Jurado** ('59 etc.) is assistant vice president of the Bank of El Paso.

LCDR John A. Fitzgerald ('60) was promoted to Navy lieutenant-commander last year after his return from two years as an Intelligence Officer aboard the USS Forrestal. He writes from Oxon Hill, Md.: "The NOVA articles are extremely interesting and often bring back fond memories of TWC while renewing old acquaintances and locating others."

Paul J. Logan ('60) is personnel manager at the Southwest National Bank in El Paso. **Kenneth C. Mearns** ('60), a special agent with the Lincoln National Life Insurance Co., is secretary-treasurer of the El Paso Life Un-

derwriters Association. **Jack R. Stone** ('60 etc.) is financial supervisor of Interstate Securities Company, a consumer finance firm and subsidiary of ISC Industries, Inc., in Scottsdale, Ariz. **Carlos A. Cuaron** ('61) is associated with the Cherry Creek School District in Denver, Colo. as a diagnostic and prescription specialist in the area of learning disabilities, also team director for the Cherry Creek High School "I" Team Program for the Educational Handicapped. In El Paso, **William L. Hamilton** ('61 etc.) is Traffic Superintendent for Mountain Bell.

James F. Onick ('61 etc.) is assistant cashier at the First State Bank in El Paso. **Jeffrey L. Gates** ('61 etc.) is news director at Station KTSM. **Mrs. Charles R. Bailey** uses her maiden name, **Dr. Catalina Garcia** ('61) in her career as anesthesiologist at Parkland Hospital in Dallas. **Ralph T. Adamson** ('61) is general agent of a new Aetna Life & Casualty general agency in Denver.

Chance Williams ('63) is a producer/reporter with the West Coast Bureau of CBS News which covers 13 western states, and feeds news stories to the "Walter Cronkite Evening News," the "John Hart Morning News," "Roger Mudd Weekend News," and the "Sunday Evening News with Dan Rather." Williams is working on a novel which will draw from his own experiences of being black and growing up in the Southwest. **S/Sgt. Manuel Avila** ('64 etc.) duty at U-Tapao AB, Thailand as a photographic systems technician.

Bea Ramirez ('64) is a member of the drama faculty at Jefferson High School, has played several lead roles in Festival Theater productions, and recently directed "The Boys in the Band" for the Upstairs Theatre Downtown. U.S. Air Force **Capt. Shelby L. Allen** ('64) is on duty in Karamursel, Turkey, as an assistant staff judge advocate with and Air Force support unit. **Bruce Duston** ('64) is assistant cashier at the State National Bank. **George Doolittle** ('64) is executive vice president of SYT Corp., a local manufacturer of electronic products and distributor of electronic equipment. **James H. Cozart Jr.** ('64) is superintendent, field controllers, at the Chicago Casualty and Surety Division Office of Aetna Life and Casualty. And, **Capt. Wilbur W. Bateman** ('64), a Vietnam veteran, is a missile operations officer at Whiteman AFB, Mo.

UT El Paso alumni who are professionally associated with Hotel Dieu Hospital include: **Robert St. Almond** ('65 etc.), director of training and development; **E.J. "Mac" McIntyre** ('65 etc.) director of community relations (also president of the Texas Society of Hospital Public Relations Directors); and **F. Gerald Higgins** ('66), accountant.

Jentry R. Kendall ('65), president of the Denver chapter of the UT El Paso Exes, rounded up 39 alumni now residing in Colorado for the purpose of attending the January 8 basketball game between the Miners and Colorado State at Ft. Collins. **Lt. Col. William F. Brotbeck** ('65) received the Meritorious Service Medal during his retirement ceremony at Ent AFB, Colo.

Dr. Bert Almon ('65) is an assistant professor of English at The University of Alberta, Edmonton, Canada. And, back in El Paso, **Pat F. O'Rourke** ('65), an industrial management consultant, has been appointed to the advisory board of the El Paso office of the National Economic Development Association. **Arturo Acosta** ('66, M.S. '71) is supervisory industrial engineer with the Engineering Directorate at Fort Bliss. **Doyle H. Gaither II** ('66) is a member of the board

of directors at the Citizens State Bank of Ysleta.

Others on the banking scene are: **Lester L. Parker Jr.** ('67), assistant cashier in the Operations Division of Southwest National Bank, and at State National **Harry S. Wortmann** ('67) is assistant cashier; and **Greenberry "Joe" Bailey** ('71) is assistant trust officer.

William H. Brown ('67) is director of El Paso Boys Club and as such he coordinates a program of athletics, arts and crafts, games, tutoring, a free dental clinic, special field trips and other worthwhile activities for some 1,300 southside youngsters. Discipline problems are not as great now as they once were, he says. "We do have kids who get in trouble, but we try to help him with the peer pressure method which usually works beautifully."

Sgt. Michael Burns ('68 etc.) is one of nine men from El Paso who are listed as "Missing in Action" in Vietnam. A recent "Week of Concern" was proclaimed by General Robert L. Shoemaker during which flags were flown throughout El Paso in honor of the men from this area who are either Prisoners of War or Missing in Action. Sgt. Burns, a member of the Special Forces, left for South Vietnam in April, 1969 and was reported missing some three months later.

Luis Cortes (M.Ed. '68), former Bowie High School assistant principal, is now principal of the school, succeeding Gonzalo G. LaFarelle who assumed in February the post of director of pupil services with the El Paso Public Schools. **James W. Kirby** (M.S. '68) project superintendent of the Rio Grande Federal Irrigation Project, was named "Engineer of the Year" at the Engineer of the Year banquet held early this spring. **Ben Botello Jr.** ('68) is head of the El Paso National Alliance of Businessmen's new program of finding

jobs for Vietnam veterans; his title is Coordinator of Veterans Affairs. **Edmund A. Vera** ('68 etc.) is an administrative specialist with headquarters battalion in Kaiserlautern, Germany, and was recently awarded the Battalion Soldier of the Quarter award. **Myrna Davidson** ('68) has completed a tour of Kentucky schools in which a New York cast presented three classical plays in which she played roles.

Pat Lockett ('69), his wife Patricia (65) and their two children reside in Tulsa, Oklahoma where he is safety coordinator with Skelly Oil Company's corporate safety division. **Salvador M. Mena Jr.** ('69) is assistant cashier of the American Bank of Commerce in El Paso. **Javier Banales** ('69), a graduate instructor in UT El Paso's School of Education, is president of Council 8 of the League of United Latin-American Citizen (LULAC). **Renee Ruelas** ('69 etc.) a dance student for 15 years, is now studying with Alan Howard of the Pacific Ballet in San Francisco. **Capt. Thomas W. Dewell** ('69) was recently promoted to his present rank at Nuernberg, Germany, and is serving a tour of duty in Vietnam.

Carolyn Zumr ('70), advertising manager for Ole Advertising, Helen of Troy Wig Corporation, sends NOVA some news about several of her former classmates, Class of 1970: **Dennis Stein** is a radio salesman for KROD Radio, **Victor Mireles** is manager of Mireles Printing Company; **Ernie Frederico** is a salesman with KELP Radio; and **Bill Burton Jr.** is an account executive for White and Shuford Advertising.

Army **PFC Douglas K. Conwell** ('70) is with Medical Company at U.S. Darnall Army Hospital in Ft. Hood, Texas as a social worker. **Ernie Diaz** ('70), owner and operator of Diaz Petroleum Enterprises in El Paso, is general distributor for this area by Sta-Power In-

dustries, Inc., manufacturers of automobile engine conditioners. And, **Ed A. Vargas** ('70) is loan manager of Associates Financial Services Company, Inc.

The Merit System Council of the State of Texas reports that, during October-December, 1971, the following UT El Paso alumni were hired to work at either the Welfare Department or the Employment Commission: **John R. Hicks** ('63, M.A. '65), **Jeanne Nieto Sundermann** ('67 etc.), **Fernando E. Martinez** ('68), **Rene A. Valenzuela** ('68), **Justice S. Parazo** ('69), **Barbara R. Korn** ('70), **Jose L. Acosta** ('71) **Herman R. Blanco** ('71), **Victoria Pringle Colclazier** ('71), and **Carmen Santana** ('71).

Manuel Cano ('71) is program assistant in the national office of Program Development of the American Red Cross. **Maria Aceves** ('71) is a faculty member at El Paso Community College and teaches English as a second language. **Becky Jean Ross** ('71) is the recipient of the Elizabeth Lowndes Award of \$400, presented annually by the Southern Baptist Woman's Missionary Union to a child of Southern Baptist missionaries who has recently graduated with distinction from a college or university. Miss Ross is now studying social work at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth.

Diana L. Wilkerson ('71) is working as a chemist in the Cancer Research Department of Upjohn Pharmaceutical Co. in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Also with the Upjohn Company as a pharmaceutical sales representative in Kalamazoo is **Charles F. Torres** ('71) who, upon completion of his initial training program, will be assigned to the Dallas sales area. **Henry De La Garza** ('71) is a newscaster with WBAP-TV in Fort Worth. **Mary Ellen Botter** ('71) is a reporter with the El Paso Times. And, **Richard Lee Hatch** ('71) is attending Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky.

DEATHS

Mr. Farrell H. Stansel ('31), long-time resident of El Paso and founder in 1939 of the F. H. Stansel Insurance Agency of El Paso, died March 21 after a lengthy illness.

Mrs. Lillian Adelle Lindsay Lind ('40) died November 3, 1971. At the time of her death, she was a resident of Santa Monica, California.

Col. James Cordell McCraw ('51), a member of the varsity football team and an ROTC honor student when he attended Texas Western College, died February 4. He was a former member of the Green Bay Packers football team prior to joining the military service, also taught and coached under Paul Dietzel at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point.

Lt. Col. James Patrick Maloney (M.A. '52), U.S.A. retired, died January 15. Col. Mahoney was a former teacher of civics and history at Austin and El Paso High Schools.

Mrs. Ruth (George B.) Jackson (M.A. '53) died September 13, 1971 at the age of 87.

Mrs. Katherine Hope White (M.A. '61), wife of U.S. Rep. Richard C. White, died March 2 at the White's home in Chevy Chase, Md., a Washington suburb. Mrs. White's family

asked that memorial gifts be made to the Library at The University of Texas at El Paso.

Mr. Frank Goebelt (M. Ed. '61), a teacher in the El Paso Public Schools for some 15 years, died March 9. Mr. Goebelt was one of the founders and the first president of El Paso Elementary Science Teachers Association.

Mr. Richard H. Raines ('61 etc.), returned from Vietnam and assigned to Valley Forge General Hospital, Pa., died recently.

Mr. Luis C. Hernandez ('64), former teacher and coach at Jefferson and Burges High Schools, died March 1 in Watsonville, Calif. of a heart seizure. He was a teacher of biology and life sciences, varsity swimming coach, and assistant football coach at Watsonville Union High School at the time of his death.

Mr. William H. Mora, a pre-med student at U.T. El Paso, died February 16 as the result of a skiing accident at Ruidoso, N. M.

Maj. (ret.) Maurice Dean Siegle ('69), a teacher at Dolphin Terrace Elementary School, died November 28, 1971.

Dr. Jesse F. Pickrell, professor and chairman of the Department of Business at U.T. El Paso, died January 16. Dr. Pickrell joined the University faculty in 1968 after serving 21 years at North Texas State University as a professor of insurance and statistics. He was widely known as an insurance educator and received the Certified Life Underwriter designation in 1957. His book, "Group Health Insurance," written in 1961, remains one of the important books in its field.

Dr. Ralph H. Homan, an El Paso cardiologist known throughout the Southwest, died March 24. Dr. Homan served for many years as one of the team physicians for the Athletic Department at U.T. El Paso and had maintained an active interest in the University Athletic Program.

Mrs. Goson Haddad, long-time El Paso resident and a member of the University of Texas at El Paso Woman's Auxiliary, died January 14.

Miss Mary Ann Ferguson, 19, a sophomore student, died April 7 after falling from the roof of Kelly Hall, the women's residence hall on the U.T. El Paso campus.



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