

6-1973

NOVA: The University of Texas at El Paso Magazine

The News and Information Service, University of Texas at El Paso

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The News and Information Service, University of Texas at El Paso, "NOVA: The University of Texas at El Paso Magazine" (1973).
NOVA. 151.
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9-96-p8-3

NOVA

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS
AT EL PASO
MAGAZINE

John J. Middagh
1916-1973



THE VIEW FROM THE HILL

"Antonio Padilla Piña is a young, gifted and dedicated Southwestern artist whose lack of formal art training is more than compensated for by a natural ability to capture the 'essence' of his subjects in his sketches and paintings. Born in Ciudad Juárez, Mexico, in 1947, Antonio began to sketch life as soon as he could hold a pencil . . . and today, despite the pressures of a successful

free-lance career in commercial art, continues to devote himself to the development of his extraordinary talents as a fine artist and his truly rare ability to communicate with and through his medium."

Richard Prosapio, a UT El Paso student and close friend of Tony Piña's, said that and said it very well.

I met the NOVA cover artist through two good friends of the magazine, E.H. Antone, director-editor of Texas Western Press; and

Elroy Bode, El Paso teacher, author and regular contributor ("Border Sketches") to NOVA. Tony Piña has contributed some remarkable sketches of Bode for that fine writer's new book, to be published by TW Press later this year.

The self-portrait of Piña that appears on this page is true to life, as is his cover drawing of John Judy Middagh. We welcome Tony Piña to the pages of NOVA and hope we can display more of his work here in the future.

A letter addressed to NOVA and received just after the last issue was completed, bemoaned the absence from our pages of a periodic "News Capsules" column we once ran. "I'd like to know what is happening on the Hill," the writer said. "I realize NOVA can't be a news magazine, coming out quarterly as it does, but once in a while, bring us up to date on some of your news stories." A reasonable request, certainly, so here is a capsule rundown on what's been happening on the Hill since last February—in chronological order:

- With the approval of the Board of Regents and the Chancellor of the UT System, five of the "Schools" at UT El Paso—Business Administration, Education, Engineering, Liberal Arts and Science—have been re-designated "Colleges." The Graduate School remains a school, as does the School of Nursing, the others are "College of . . ."

- Mr. Marshall Pennington, vice president for business affairs at UT El Paso, left the University February 28 to accept a position as administrative vice president at the new Texas A & I campus at Corpus Christi.

Editor: Dale L. Walker. **Assistant Editor:** Jeannette Smith. **Books Editor:** Laura Scott Meyers. **Photography:** David P. Leibson. **Faculty Advisor:** Ray Past. **Contributors:** Elroy Bode, William Crawford, Nancy Hamilton, John H. McNeely, Ray Past, Antonio Piña, C. L. Sonnichsen. **Cover Art:** by Antonio Pa-

dilla Piña. **Back Cover:** San Patricio, N. M. artist Peter Hurd, left, and Bert Sheriff, Director of the UT El Paso Physical Plant, examine one of two mural-size paintings that will be installed in the front entrance lobby of the Education Building on campus. June 1973 NOVA: Volume 8, No. 3,

- Plans for a new, cooperative program between Ft. Bliss and UT El Paso were unveiled February 21, enabling servicemen to make progress toward both undergraduate and graduate degrees at the University. President A.B. Templeton of UT El Paso and Maj. Gen. R.L. Shoemaker, Ft. Bliss commander, announced the new program.

- On March 3, the University's head basketball coach, Don Haskins, announced he would not take a position as head coach at Oklahoma State University but would remain with the Miners. "El Paso is my home and I am going to stay here," the "Bear" was quoted as saying to the *Times*.

- A committee of newspaper editors, after studying the student newspaper *The Prospector*, recommended closer communication and cooperation between the Journalism Department and the weekly UT El Paso student paper and set down some guidelines to implement certain changes in the operation of *The Prospector*.

- Dr. Gary D. Brooks, vice president for student affairs at UT El Paso was appointed chairman of the Department of Educational Administration and Supervision on April 1.

- Francisco J. "Joe" Lewels was appointed chairman of the Department of Journalism in March, following the death of John Middagh. Lewels, a 1966 graduate of UT El Paso, has a master's degree in education from Troy State University and expects to complete work toward a Ph.D. degree in journalism at the University of Missouri in August, 1973.

- Dr. Julius Rivera, professor at the University of Houston, was appointed chairman of the Department of Sociology at UT El Paso, effective in July, 1973.

- Dr. Haldeen Braddy of the Department of English was honored in April, receiving the Faculty Research Award for 1973 and delivering a lecture on Edgar Allan Poe to a packed house in the Union Theater.

- UT System Regents approved a new degree program at UT El Paso in April, a bachelor of science in Criminal Justice. The program will be administered by Prof. Joseph Graves of the Department of Political Science.

- KTEP-FM radio, the University's on-campus station, received a \$91,000 grant from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and from the University to install stereo equipment, increase power wattage and better serve its listeners.

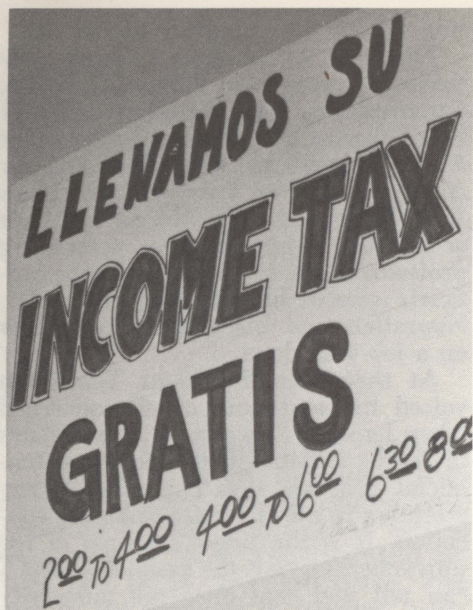
- The UT System Board of Regents approved a Master's degree in Business Administration for UT El Paso.

These items represent about a tenth of the important events that have occurred on or about the campus since the last NOVA.

Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, Outstanding Ex-Student of UT El Paso in 1950 and one of the University's staunchest supporters, has won a new laurel for his writings. General Marshall received a wire on March 25 which read: "Happy to inform you that the Board of Trustees of National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center (Oklahoma City), representing 17 Western States and their people, has awarded your book *Crimsoned Prairie* the Wrangle Trophy in western non-fiction because its philosophy and point of view add to the understanding of that period of the west."

Wynn Anderson, Executive Secretary of the Ex-Students' Association asks that you put on your calendar and remember this: The Exes Association, with the cooperation of the Student Association, has selected November 2 and 3 as the dates for the 1973 Homecoming. Arrangements have further been made to hold Homecoming as part of University Appreciation Week, scheduled for October 29-November 3, 1973. □

Whole Number 31. Second class postage paid at El Paso. NOVA is published quarterly by the News and Information Office of The University of Texas at El Paso; El Paso, Texas 79968. It is sent without charge or obligation to alumni and friends of the University.



by Jeannette Smith

As inevitable as the coming of Spring is the annual struggle to meet the April 15 income tax deadline. In most cases the traditional unpalatable task is accomplished through the use of one of two options: taxpayers either figure out their own returns or they hire experts to do it for them.

Some people are not this fortunate.

Low income and poverty-level taxpayers can't afford to hire experts and too often they can't fill out even the "simplified" 1040-A forms because of such handicaps as illiteracy, language barriers, misinformation, or complete lack of understanding of income procedures.

In South El Paso, for example, there are many workers who keep no records or receipts of deductible expenditures and who do not use checking accounts. Some of these people who reside and work in the United States also provide full or partial support for dependents living in Juárez. However, they cannot claim exemptions or other deductions to which they are legally entitled because they pay for everything with cash.

There are others who do not report at all to the Internal Revenue Service, among them the non-resident aliens working without proper papers in the United States who fear that, through income tax returns, they might be traced and prosecuted. No one has made it clear to them that the IRS is interested only in the amount of wages earned, not in the qualifications of the employee who earns those wages.

There are some who *do* file their tax returns, yet never receive the refund checks. And there are even instances where the recipient of a refund check doesn't know what it is when he gets it.

In El Paso, as well as in other communities, the need for competent, knowledgeable tax service for residents of poverty areas is acute, yet that need is not recognized, much less filled—except in rare instances and by unusual people such as Dr. Fayez Nourallah.

Almost from the day he first came to UT El Paso in 1970 as professor of accounting, he decided to do something constructive about the plight of the low income tax payer.

Dr. Nourallah's motives for initiating a free income tax service were these: a sincere concern for the economically-disadvantaged citizen, and a belief that college students benefit far more from an education that permits them to apply to practical use what they are learning in the classroom.

For these reasons, early in 1971 he began looking for quarters in South El Paso that could house, from February 1 to April 15, a free tax clinic.

The location was important, for although it would have been much more convenient for the volunteers to conduct the service in some office on campus, the overriding consideration was to make it easily accessible to the clients who needed the tax assistance.

"I also felt," says Dr. Nourallah, "that many South El Pasoans might be reluctant to come to an area unfamiliar to them, such as the University campus."

His search finally led him to the Baptist Mission Center at 710 S. Ochoa, a building that seemed ideal since it answered all the basic requirements: it was clean, centrally-located and rent-free.

Next he recruited the volunteer help of 22 upper-level accounting students who at that time were either enrolled in or had already completed the University course titled "Federal Tax-Individuals" (offered only to those who have completed nine to twelve class hours of accounting).

All preparations completed, at 3 p.m. on February 1, 1971, Dr. Nourallah and some of the students were down at

the Mission, ready and eager to help low income taxpayers with their tax problems.

It was apparent on the first day that business was going to be anything but brisk. Despite the fact that the volunteers waited an extra hour beyond the scheduled 4 to 6 p.m. time period, a total of two people ventured into the tax headquarters during the entire three hours. Prof Nourallah soon found out the main reason for the paucity of visitors: most South El Pasoans are Catholics and most were reluctant to enter what they thought was a Baptist Church.

Business did pick up somewhat as the days went by and word got around the area. By the April 15 deadline some 300 people had been assisted in the filing of their income tax returns—more than enough to provide the tyro accountants with plenty of practical experience and enough to justify Dr. Nourallah's decision to offer the service again during the following spring—only this time at a non-denominational location.

On February 1, 1972, the free tax clinic opened for business in a spare room at the Armijo Community Center at 710 Seventh Street, with the permission of Center Director Frank Martínez, a UT El Paso alumnus. During the subsequent 10 weeks, some 600 low income taxpayers were assisted with their tax returns by Dr. Nourallah and another group of University student-accountants.

This past spring, 1973, the service was again offered at Armijo Center and by the time the last return was completed on April 16, 28 weary students and their equally weary professor had assisted 852 taxpayers who claimed a total of 2,945 dependents. The total gross income added up to \$2,634,366.50



Graduate student Royce Singleton, left, and Dr. Nourallah are shown working at Armijo Center on the tax returns of some clients of the free income tax service.

—every cent of it figured out by volunteers who used as tools their classroom-taught knowledge of such things as “tax tables,” “standard deductions,” “adjusted gross income” and “exemptions.”

Of even greater significance than the tax experience gained is what the students learned about people and the economic conditions under which some of them live.

Junior accounting major Lyndee Evans has this to say about it: “This experience has meant a lot to me, not only what I have learned about income tax filing procedures, but also about the people living in South El Paso. I had never spent time in this section of the city before. Working with the taxpayers down here—many of whom support families of four or five children on incomes of \$4,000 a year and less—has been a real eye-opener and a truly gratifying experience.”

According to Dr. Nourallah, all of the students involved in the free income tax clinic feel the same way. “It is the first time in their lives that most of these students have come into direct contact with real poverty,” he says. “They learn quickly that low income and poverty-level citizens live under extremely difficult conditions and have special problems that require special care.”

He cites the instances where the taxpayers file annual tax returns, yet never receive the refunds mailed back to them. “Some of these people,” he explains, “give their employers false El Paso addresses to hide the fact that they are non-residents.” (Non-resident aliens are not allowed the same deductions as U.S. citizens).

“Others,” he continues, “live in substandard apartment complexes where there are too few or no mailboxes at all. Under either of these circumstances, too often the results are the same: the loss—through misdirection or outright theft—of income tax refund checks.”

And then there are some who receive refunds and don’t realize it, as in the case of the man who, while being assisted this spring with the filing of his income tax return, pulled out a well-worn piece of paper that he had been carrying around in his pocket for a long time. He couldn’t read English and asked Dr. Nourallah to translate it for him. The professor explained to him (using abundant hand gestures since, he says, he speaks “about eight words of Spanish”) that the “piece of paper” was actually the man’s tax refund check from the United States Treasury, dated 1970.

Although the student volunteers are somewhat timid and under-confident when they first begin working in the tax clinic, they rapidly become adept at handling all types of problems, even those that are not exactly tax-related. There is the occasional client, for example, who has been enthusiastically imbibing at some neighborhood saloon when it suddenly dawns on him that he should file his income tax return, so

he weaves directly over to the tax service office.

And there was the occasion this spring when one of the student volunteers (a young lady) was employing utmost tact and patience in persuading a client that it was definitely necessary to include on his return the name of the firm who had employed him last year. His eventual, reluctant reply explained his initial hesitancy: he had been serving a prison sentence in 1972.

In Dr. Nourallah’s opinion, some of the saddest cases are those hard-working people whose yearly earnings range from \$2,000 to \$4,000 and who support not only families, but also the loan sharks. These uninformed taxpayers borrow money for essential living expenses from loan companies, some of which charge from 35 to 50 per cent interest.

“In working on one man’s income tax,” says Dr. Nourallah, “I discovered that the man had paid \$200 in interest on a \$400 loan.”

On the other hand, there are many happy aspects to the volunteer service. The students, for example, derive tremendous satisfaction in assisting South El Pasoans not only with their tax returns, but with non-tax-related problems as well, such as advising them on how to go about applying for citizenship papers or visas, or where and how to get a social security number.

There is also a great amount of pride in the accurate and competent way that the tax service operates and while most of the work is done with little fanfare or publicity, there *has* been some recognition—and it has come from important quarters.

Last year the Internal Revenue Service awarded UT El Paso’s Department of Accounting a “Certificate of Appre-

ciation” for the volunteer tax service.

This year, at the clinic’s closing ceremonies, Congressman Richard C. White, Commissioner John Masterson of the El Paso Office of IRS, University President A. B. Templeton, Vice President for Academic Affairs Lewis Hatch, Dean John Richards of UT El Paso’s College of Business Administration, accounting professor Gerald Bovard and other officials were on hand to congratulate Dr. Nourallah and his student volunteers on a job well done.

At that time, President Templeton voiced the sentiment of all concerned when he said: “To me, Dr. Nourallah’s tax clinic is the most touching and beneficial program that has come to my attention in all my years in higher education. It is the finest example of the university serving the people — and I can tell you that once the university forgets this role, it is in serious trouble.

“I congratulate Dr. Nourallah, his colleagues and each of his students who have given so selflessly in this effort,” he concluded. “I can think of nothing that reflects better on our University and its contributions to the El Paso Southwest.” □

About Dr. Nourallah

Dr. Fayez Nourallah was born in Syria, later attended Cairo University on a four-year scholarship from the Syrian Ministry of Treasury. He earned a bachelor’s degree from Cairo University and was the recipient of the “Outstanding Accounting Student” award. He came to the United States in 1962 and attended the University of Illinois where he earned B.S. and Ph.D. degrees in accounting.

(Continued on page 15)



From left: Martha J. Moore, sophomore business major; Lyndee S. Evans, junior accounting major; University President A. B. Templeton and Congressman Richard C. White chat during ceremonies of the 1973 income tax service project.

THE FOLKLORE OF ACADEME

by C. L. Sonnichsen

One hundred and thirty-five years ago Emerson delivered his Phi Beta Kappa address, *The American Scholar*, in which he defined the scholar as "Man Thinking" and advised him to be "free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, 'without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution.'" Ever since then the American college professor, who is or tries to be the American scholar, has suffered from delusions of grandeur.

Strangely enough the American taxpayer, who pays the professor's salary, has been slow to ask if he is getting his money's worth. He has tended to take the professor at his own valuation, regarding him as something not to be tampered with, called to account, or handled roughly. Who wants to disturb Man Thinking?

There are signs that the tide has turned. In some states, notably California, the taxpayers are finding out that the latest models have no brakes or mufflers and should be sent back to the factory. Most of our fellow citizens, however, find something mystical in the Ph.D. and think of the scholar as somehow set apart.

I agree wholeheartedly that scholars, who are mostly professors, are a separate breed of men. I have lived among them for over fifty years. I know as much about them as anybody needs to know. As one of Dickens' characters says, "I know their tricks and their manners!" I am not, I hasten to add, violently anti-professor. I am not ashamed to admit that some of my best friends are professors. I don't think I would want my daughter to marry one. If I had to be cast ashore on a desert island and were looking for a suitable person to be cast away with, it would not be a professor. But I look on scholarly types with more amazement than hostility, and one reason for my amazement is the transformation they have undergone during the half century I have had them under observation.

When I first became aware of them, a scholar was somebody who read books and taught young people for a living. He admired the classics. He loved words and ideas. He wrote a little—a textbook or two; a novel that nobody read; nothing that could tax his energies or destroy his peace of mind. He wore clothes that had been out of style for years and he always looked a little rumpled. Everybody thought he was odd but almost everybody loved him. He was, in short, a scholar and a gentleman.

During my days in graduate school, I used to hear about Dean Briggs of Har-

vard, long since retired but still a semi-sacred memory. Although he lived well into the age of automobiles, he used to drive his horse and buggy down to his place on Cape Cod every summer. Behind his house in Cambridge he had a small orchard which he cared for himself. One day he put on his rustiest clothes and climbed up one of his fruit trees with a pair of pruning shears. His neighbor, an aggressive New England matron, looked over the fence and addressed him with natural condescension: "My good man, when you finish with that tree, will you come over and trim mine?" Dean Briggs replied, "Certainly, Ma'am," and did so without argument or explanation. He was a scholar and a gentleman.

I used to know Professor J. B. Wharey of the University of Texas, a well-known Bunyan scholar who came to the campus in the early years of the century when Texas was considered to be the world's largest cow pasture, inhabited almost exclusively by cowboys. He was still teaching when I spent a semester there as a visiting professor in the middle thirties. He and Mrs. Wharey attended a lecture and song recital by Carl Sandburg one night in the course of which Mr. Sandburg gave a spirited rendition of "The

"A scholar is a university professor who can qualify for a grant."

Ballad of Sam Hall." When he came to the refrain, "My name it is Sam Hall, and I hate you one and all! I hate you one and all, God damn your eyes!" Dr. and Mrs. Wharey rose with some ostentation and walked out of the hall. Dr. Wharey was, according to the standards of those days, a gentleman and a scholar.

I never became well acquainted with Professor Morgan Callaway of the English Department at the University of Texas, but I saw him sometimes and knew about his work on the Anglo-Saxon infinitive. He wrote a monograph on it which was recognized by specialists in early English as the authoritative work in this area. Anyone with a deep yearning to learn about the Anglo-Saxon infinitive inevitably found himself in the arms of Callaway. Naturally there were skeptics. To J. Frank Dobie, who snorted at all "academicians," Dr. Callaway was the epitome of scholarly futility and his work

was the best justification of the view that scholarship consists in taking unimportant facts from one inaccessible place and putting them in another. When Dr. Callaway died, according to campus legend, a colleague met Mr. Dobie and asked if he intended to go to the funeral. "No," Mr. Dobie replied, "but I approve."

The halls and offices of learning used to be full of Briggses and Whareys and Callaways. I could describe fifty more of them, and so could any man who has spent his life in the precincts and purlieus of Academe. They all had the courage of their eccentricities. They were all built pretty much to Emerson's specifications and tried to act like Man Thinking. At the same time they were mindful of the rights and needs of others, labored hard in their vocations, and were treated with deep respect enlivened by amusement.

Since those days a new breed has arisen and it astonishes and sometimes frightens me. If I had to give a brief definition of the modern scholar, I would say: "A scholar is a university professor who can qualify for a grant." If I were allowed more words, I would define him as "A specialist who publishes articles that nobody is curious about—and wants to teach his specialty no more than six hours a week to four graduate students for \$20,000 for nine months, with allowance for a research assistant and for travel."

Next to his passion for research and publication, his major ambition is to keep lesser scholars off the graduate faculty (he insists that they must publish ten articles in top scholarly journals, or one book and five articles, before they are fit company for him). His favorite indoor sport is getting on programs of professional societies as critic or respondent and roughing up the rising young scholar who leaves his rear uncovered. He is keen on distinction, promotion, top salary, and a minimum teaching load. He is a bit of a savage, and I would call him a Buccaneer of Academe. He has not been riding quite so high since the oversupply of Ph.D.'s hit us in 1970, but he is still very much with us.

Sometimes his native ferocity is increased by a revolutionary bias. He believes that capitalism is effete and vicious, that the American middle class is materialistic and corrupt, that social justice is impossible to attain by peaceful means, and that the campus is the proper arena for fighting the minions of corruption and greed. Often he advertises his position by wearing working-men's clothes and growing as much hair as he can. He scorns conventional morals, thinks that obscene language makes things more real, and is open-minded about sex, drugs, and campus violence.

I have watched these new-model scholars go into action on the campus, and so has everybody who works in higher education. Unless we leave the campus, however, we have not seen the worst. On January 18, 1972, newspapers carried a column by Bruce Biossat with a Washington dateline entitled, "Bad Apples in Academic Barrel." It reads in part:

While we're passing the distrust around, let's save a healthy portion for

America's academic world. Disgust is the proper response to some of the capers being executed these days in the name of "free enquiry."

The year-end meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science provided the most recent example of crude, juvenile behavior by a bunch of ruffians masquerading as scholars.

No need to review here the disruptive antics of the animals who threw tomatoes at Senator Hubert Humphrey, planted sixth-grade graffiti on the platform, compelled the AAAS to bring in the police to protect former government figures William Bundy, Morton Halperin and Leslie Gelb.

* * *

The evidence mounts that the shortcomings of the academic fraternity go well beyond the strong-arm bullying which nowadays spoils so many scholarly gatherings.

There are legions of stories about the faculty boycott or harassment of countless academics who, in the past decade or so have dared to labor for the federal government. Many are denied jobs, despite scholarly attainments. The less accomplished may fare better, provided their anti-Vietnam-war credentials are highly visible.

What this schoolboy nonsense has to do with education and scholarship is impossible to guess.

Mr. Biossat is right in everything but his conclusions. The connection between this "nonsense" and scholarship is quite clear. It is a part of the revolution in education which is going on from the kindergarten to the graduate school.

The theorists in the realm of childhood education tell us that the old ways of teaching and learning are inefficient and injurious to the child. What we need is open classrooms without assignments, home work, examinations or grades—friendly little clubs where the child chooses what he wants to learn and often learns it by acting it out, getting rid in the process of his pent-up hostilities, frustrations, and death wishes. The new university scholars likewise reject the old ways of teaching and learning. The idea is to get the student involved, shock him out of his lethargy and indifference (the product of years of classroom boredom), and make sure his eyes are open even if he is illiterate. To work from a syllabus or to call a class roll would be unthinkable. They bring coffee cups to class, take off their shoes, and litter the floor with cigarette butts. They want everything to be free and natural, motivated by student interest. A lecture is the ultimate abomination, and some of them won't even start a discussion—refuse to open their mouths until a student brings up a discussable question.

There is a feeling that if the student knows he is learning something, he will be turned off immediately. At the 1971 meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English a young man from Colorado described with contagious enthusiasm how he taught writing by getting his stu-

dents involved in making a motion picture. "They wrote five times as much," he said, "as if I had assigned themes." It did not occur to him that he was not offering his students a chance to learn. He was trapping them into it.

A multitude of experimenters and analysts are hammering away at the problem from every angle. They agree on only one thing: the traditional approaches are vicious and must be got rid of. So much is being written to promote the educational revolution that nobody can keep up with it and we now have a sort of Educational Book of the Month Club. It is called The Library of Contemporary Education and offers any three volumes from a list of forty-one for the low, low price of \$3.95. If you join, you may select a minimum of three more volumes during the year at a reduced price. Here are three of the titles with a thumb-nail sketch of the content:

EDUCATION AND ECSTASY. By George B. Leonard. A dramatic visit to the school of the future—where programmed lessons, computers, and a free-learning environment produce new men and women and where geniuses are not uncommon.

DESCHOOLING SOCIETY. By Ivan Illich. Powerful argument that "for

"He is keen on distinction, promotion, top salary, and a minimum teaching load. He is a bit of a savage, and I would call him a Buccaneer of Academe."

most men the right to learn is curtailed by the obligation to attend school."

CULTURE OUT OF ANARCHY. By Jerome Hudson. A painfully specific look at how the rigamarole of higher education inhibits significant humane learning—and an encouraging account of the reform now under way.

We see it every day. In fact, we see nothing else. If anybody tried to defend the American system of education, on any level, nobody would listen to him, nobody would publish him, nobody would believe him. Pick up your Sunday paper (*Parade*, February 13, 1972) and you read about a Ph.D. dissertation produced at the University of Iowa and made up entirely of pictures of bored students and frustrated teachers. "I want us all to take a look at our schools," says author Michael J. Sexton. "They're depersonalizing the pupils and teachers alike. . . . I've tried to show all the problems, frustrations, long hours and disappointments."

Well, what is the matter with having a few problems, frustrations, long hours and disappointments? Is there any human activity without them, including farming and the automobile business and marriage? The best lessons we ever learn come from our problems, frustrations, long hours and disappointments. Of course the

schools could and should be improved. All human beings and all their endeavors need improvement. Why anyone should expect the classroom to be Utopia is the real problem. But the dreamers do expect it and are convinced that unless we get rid of all traditional patterns—right now—we will be facing ruin. The shock wave is felt throughout the system and there is as much uneasiness and dread among university scholars as there is anywhere. The traditionalists are afraid the worst will happen. The revolutionists are afraid the worst won't happen. The men caught in the middle try to believe that it will all be for the best—that "both sets of judgments, even though they seem to contradict each other, form a single truth" (Daniel Yankelovich, *Saturday Review*, April 1, 1972) and are "driving forces for progress" (President Herbert F. Goheen's *The Nature of a University*, advertisement, *New York Times Book Review*, October 10, 1969).

The prevailing confusion accounts for some puzzling aspects of scholarship and scholars in our time, but not all. And this brings me back to my title. Outsiders with a fresh point of view can sometimes see deeper into a problem than insiders. An anthropologist opens up new insights for a psychologist. I suggest that a folklorist can understand the scholarly muddle better than the scholars can.

Rightly viewed, folklore is the most important influence in our lives. It includes "traditional beliefs, sayings, customs, etc., preserved unreflectively among a people." The important word is *unreflectively*. Much of what we do and believe and say is done and believed and said because we do and believe and say it. We assume that our assumptions are right and true and we live by them. They are our folklore. They include our prejudices and our ideals. We do not examine them or reflect on them, and we should die rather than give them up.

We are surrounded by illustrations. Look at the buttons on your coat sleeve. When gentlemen buttoned back their cuffs, those buttons served a purpose. The purpose no longer exists, but could you persuade a tailor to make you a coat without buttons on the sleeves? No, you could not! Coats always have buttons on sleeves. If you want to be eccentric, you can go to another tailor.

I once heard a formula for telling where a man is from. You call him a liar and watch what happens. If he is from Texas, he shoots you or at least knocks you down. If he is from up around Ohio, he looks you in the eye and says firmly. "You're another!" If he is from New Hampshire, he puts a spear of timothy in his mouth, chews for a moment, and replies, "Well, you can't prove it."

In short, we do what is expected of us and assume that it is right, or at least necessary. This is true of all groups of people, including scholars.

I find that scholars operate from two basic assumptions, one involving responsibility; the other involving function.

In the area of responsibility it seems to me that most scholars have ceased to think rationally and have lost contact

with reality. All of us, even scholars, know that freedom is relative—that everybody is responsible to somebody. In practice university scholars refuse to admit any such thing. They cling to Emerson's idea that the scholar should be "without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution." They are not even responsible to God. They don't believe in Him any more. The key phrase, of course, is **ACADEMIC FREEDOM**, which means that no controls, no admonitions, not even suggestions are tolerable in the scared precincts of Academe.

Two groups especially must keep hands off: the taxpayers and the university administrators. Any attempt by either of these groups to exert influence affects a scholar as the senior Hamlet's ghost affected the watchers on the platform at Elsinore Castle. His hair rises "like quills upon the fretful porpentine."

Some years ago I was a member of a search committee looking for a new president. The rumor that the townspeople were in favor of this or that candidate raised the hackles of every member of the committee, except me. I felt that the people who were paying the bills had some rights too. But as a minority of one, I kept my thoughts to myself.

It is worse if the president or the dean takes a hand. Suppose an English teacher passes out a sexy poem or assigns the students theme topics defending gay liberation or the new sexual freedom. If the administration refuses to renew the man's contract, the academic community is up in arms, and if the administration refuses to be intimidated, a number of liberal professors, who would never distribute obscenities themselves, will resign and look for a place where the intellectual climate is more benign.

Their conduct can be understood only if we remember that they live by their folklore—their assumptions. One of these is the fixed idea that no interference with academic freedom is tolerable. They are inaccessible to reason on this subject. They think they are making a great sacrifice for a principle. And so they are. So is a Japanese who commits hara-kiri. Both are victims of their own folklore.

The second assumption that a scholar lives by involves his function—what he is for. He will tell you that as a scholar he is deeply engaged in the search for truth. He admits that he makes his living as a teacher but he does not particularly love teaching and does as little of it as he can. The only way he can gain recognition is through publication, and he is well aware that his peers measure his success by the length of his bibliography. If he can prove that he is a producing scholar, he gets his load reduced. In short, the best college teacher is the one who teaches least. By a simple extension of the principle, the very best is the one who does not teach at all.

If this principle were applied to motherhood, the best mother would be the one with the fewest children, and the best of all would be the woman with none. Into such absurdities a strict adherence to our folklore can lead us.

Research, as we all know, is the key

word in the scholar's vocabulary. A scholarly person becomes so by the intelligent and thorough exploration of source material. Where does the source material come from? From other people, of course. In effect, research is picking other people's brains. It could just as well be called scavenging, shoplifting, or cannibalism. The nice word for it is "documentation." This means that if you lift another man's thought or language, it is all right if you admit that you lifted it. This assumption is part of the folklore of scholarship.

The folklore in this case, as in many others, involves following a set of rules. Almost all taboos can be broken if one follows the proper procedure. The Ten Commandments say, "Thou shalt not covet," but it is all right if you have a mortgage. Again, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," but if you run an advertising agency, it is expected of you. The business of productive scholarship likewise has its rules. I distinguish six of them.

1. **THINK BIG.** Respectability depends on the amount of brain picking you do. If you get all your information from one book, you are a plagiarist and can be sued. If you use material from fifty books, you are a scholar. If you use material from a hundred, you are an authority. A parallel situation exists in the world of finance. If you embezzle a hundred million dollars, you are a financier.



"In effect, research is picking other people's brains. It could just as well be called scavenging, shoplifting, or cannibalism."



2. **BE FRANK AND OPEN.** This is where the documentation comes in. You admit in footnotes that you got your material from somebody else. The more footnotes, the better your scholarship. The great scholars sometimes have more notes than text. Possibly the ideal situation would be all footnotes and no text at all.
3. **BE CAUTIOUS.** Remember that custom permits quotations of fifty words or less in reviews and scholarly works without asking the author's permission. But if you put the ideas in your own words you can claim them. You can be sued for verbal borrowings but not for borrowing ideas.
4. **BE THOROUGH.** The supreme sin is to overlook something. Other scholars are alert for any indication that you have missed a key source, and they will kill you if they catch you.
5. **REMEMBER WHERE YOU GOT IT.** I know of a professor who got up his lectures and delivered them unchanged for years. He eventually came to believe that they had been given to him as the Commandments were given

to Moses. When he retired he put his lectures into a book and was immediately taken into court for plagiarism. This can happen to anybody who forgets that scholarship is picking other people's brains.

6. **BE DULL.** All scholars react violently against any lightness of touch, any use of the imagination, any play of fancy or wit. Scholarship, unless it is produced by a Frenchman or an Englishman, must be boring just as medicine must taste bad and virtue must be painful.

There is a large grain of truth in the foregoing. I look at the facts from this special angle, however, only to make my point—that scholars live by assumptions which they never examine critically. If they did, they could not fail to see the element of absurdity in what they live for and by.

If everybody lives by his assumptions, then I must admit that I live by mine. I grew up in the grip of what is called the Puritan Ethic. I lived through the Depression when the world did not owe anybody a living or an education and it was a privilege to have a job. I had to perform all sorts of strange tasks to get through college, and I thought an education was priceless even though it was authoritarian, cognitive rather than affective, unconcerned about my emotional needs, based on lectures and textbooks, assignments and examinations, and oftentimes arduous, monotonous and painful to endure. As a result my mind is closed about certain things. I will always be immovably convinced that peace is better than war, that cleanliness is better than dirt, that hard work is better than idleness. I believe, and always will believe, that learning is better than ignorance—that learning is difficult and takes real effort, but is worth drudging for. I believe the wise should instruct the ignorant if they want to learn, and if the ignorant don't want to learn, they should go somewhere else. My folklore tells me that it is better to repair than to destroy—that only an idiot burns down the house because he doesn't like the bathroom. My experience tells me that nobody is being discriminated against if he has a chance to better himself, even though he has to start at the bottom.

This makes me a conservative, a member of the establishment, probably a male chauvinist pig. Whatever I am, I have to think I am right because these attitudes are my basic assumptions, my folklore. I have to believe that the people who are trying to take everything apart and put it back together another way will eventually return to sanity, that is, to my set of assumptions. I am obliged to hope that the scholar and the gentleman, in some form, will return to us and be respected again. But I am realist enough, or folklorist enough, to be aware that if and when he reappears, it will be with a different set of assumptions and I may not recognize him or like him. That, however, is the way things work out in this most peculiar, if not the best, of all possible worlds. □

A DOZEN FAREWELLS

No one really likes good-byes. And when the occasion involves no less than a dozen long-time faculty members who are all retiring this spring or summer, saying good-bye becomes particularly difficult. Some of the retirees have been here for more than three decades; others came to UT El Paso in more recent times. As a group, they represent a cumulative total of some 260 years of dedicated teaching and service. Each of them will be missed.

They are, in order of their appearance on campus:

BAXTER POLK. He came to Texas College of Mines in 1936 as a full-time instructor of typing and shorthand, also Librarian of what was then an uncatalogued collection of some 16,000 volumes housed on the third floor of old Kelly Hall. By 1971, when he was appointed Director of Special Collections, he had directed the Library operations through a period of impressive expansion and innovation. He and his wife, the former Rosemary Corcoran (Documents Librarian since 1966) will move to Reno, Nevada in August.

LOUISE F. RESLEY. An assistant dean of students, she came to the University in 1940 as a teacher of math, later became Dean of Women, then assumed her current post. Dean Resley was instrumental in expanding the women's program on campus to include nationally affiliated organizations such as Spurs, Mortar Board (local Chenrizig chapter) and Associated Women Students, as well as a number of service and social sororities.

OSCAR H. McMAHAN. His almost-three-decade career at the University as a physics teacher also includes a lengthy and prominent role as a member and long-time chairman of the University Planning and Building Committee. Prof. McMahan has been actively involved in the planning of such structures as the Physical Science and Education Buildings, the high-rise Dormitory Complex, the Fine Arts Center

(nearing completion), the soon-to-be-constructed Engineering Complex, and others.

EDGAR THOMAS RUFF. A member of the faculty since 1945, he is former chairman of the Department of Modern Languages. In earlier years he taught at Northwestern University, the University of Kansas, Washburn College, Texas Tech and The University of Texas at Austin. Dr. Ruff is proficient in a number of languages including French, Spanish and German, and is a member of various professional organizations including the Rocky Mountain Modern Language Association (past president).

WILLIAM F. WEBB. An associate professor of modern languages since 1945, he has also worked for many years as district director general of the Texas Interscholastic League District Contests in which hundreds of local students compete in a wide range of activities, from track and field events to one-act plays. Prof. Webb is also a member of the Texas Association of College Teachers (TACT) and of its State Executive Committee.

CALEB A. BEVANS. He joined the TWC faculty in 1950 after six years of teaching at the University of Chicago



Oscar H. McMahan

and eight years — during and after World War II—of service with Army Intelligence. Dr. Bevans' knowledge of Medieval French Literature, history of the French language, and phonetics is equaled by his artistic talent in turning pottery, his sustaining good humor and his ability to speak with authority on a variety of subjects.

GRACE KNOX SMITH. An assistant professor of English since 1953, she is also an alumnus, having received her undergraduate and M.A. degrees from the University. Mrs. Smith retired in February in order to devote more time to her principal avocations, painting and traveling. During her teaching career she was singled out as "Outstanding Faculty Member" by two different organizations and on two separate occasions.

JACK H. MEADOWS. A professor of education, he came to TWC in 1954 after three years' naval service during World War II and with wide experi-

ence as teacher and superintendent in various public school systems. In addition to his teaching duties on campus Dr. Meadows has held many important administrative positions, among them Coordinator of Teacher Education, founding director of the Student Loan



Baxter Polk

Program and assistant dean of Education.

HENRY P. EHRLINGER. He came to TWC in 1959 after a 27-year career in the mining and metallurgy industry. In 1962 he initiated a project whereby he placed 39 students that summer (97 students the following summer) in jobs in mines, mills and smelters throughout the nation. Prof. Ehrlinger was commended in 1972 by the Texas State Legislature for his "distinguished career as both a professional engineer and an outstanding teacher."

RALPH H. PRYOR. He has been an instructor of math at UT El Paso since 1961, with former teaching experience in chemistry and physics in the El Paso Public Schools, also 19 years' service in the Army (1940-59). He holds a B.S. degree in chemical engineering from Michigan State University and an M.S. degree in aeronautics from Johns Hopkins University. He is past vice-president of the Texas Association of College Teachers.

HAROLD F. HARDING. As H. Y. Benedict Professor of Drama and Speech, he has been at UT El Paso since 1966 and is a specialist in the rhetoric of presidential campaigns. Dr. Harding helped to organize the "Symposium on the 1968 Presidential Election" on campus, and is former editor of the Quarterly Journal of Speech. An artillery officer in the Pacific Theater during World War II, he retired in 1964 from the U.S. Army Reserve as a Major General.

CARL F. KRAENZEL. He came to UT El Paso in 1968 as H. Y. Benedict Professor of Sociology, and is recognized as one of the world's foremost authorities on the problems of social and human adjustments in arid and semi-arid lands. Dr. Kraenzel was for several years with the NEF program in Iran, and for 11 years was State Superintendent of Rural Research in Montana. □



Louise F. Resley

Twenty years ago, La Hacienda was a quiet bright cafe beside the headgates of the Franklin Canal on the Rio Grande in El Paso. It still is, today. And La Hacienda was the only place, and twenty years ago the only time, any of us tried writing in a cafe.

It was and is a good place: thick adobe walls faced with redbrick; the floors red tile edged with white grouting and the plain dark stained tables were covered with red-white checkered cloths, candle in an empty winebottle on each table. And on each table too were big yellow crockery ashtrays with red lettering that advertised a beer. Over the fire place mantle jutted a muledeer buck's head, and below the buck's muzzle hung an ancient cap & ball rifle on upturned deer feet. At the left of the backbar a big yellowish Gulf tarpon lay mounted on a varnished board. At the other end hung a big pendulum clock of the kind you seldom see outside museum nowadays. The walls were clean white plaster. The cafe sat so good light came in, summer or winter, through big windows facing the river and the stoney, bristling brown hills of Mexico.

La Hacienda had once been a part of the original Fort Bliss, allegedly the officers' club, but I never verified that. It was a cafe in those days and still is. It opened around eleven in the morning so the cooks could get ready for the Mexican food lunch trade, then became quiet, almost vacant during the long afternoon, so it was as well set-up as any place you could find if writing can be done in cafes.

The bartender was named Gordo, his voice like truck wheels rumbling over gravel. Despite sinister hooded eyes, Sidney Greenstreet girth and voice, Gordo was friendly and cheerful and set out the *botana* for regulars whether it was Friday or not. *Botana* is a snack of hot salted *tostados* thinly covered with melted cheese and fresh green slices of jalapeña chili peppers, with fresh radishes and tender green onions and maybe cucumbers on the side. It was the custom in bars in that country in those days to deliver the *botana* Friday—payday—evenings, the way bars other places set out peanuts, popcorn, or chips in bowls. The custom is sadly slowly dying out nowadays, possibly because it increases overhead.

In those days, too, only beer or wine was sold in bars, Texas being a local option state with about half its 254 counties voted dry. Hardstuff was sold in package stores, but you could take a bottle anywhere and order setups or lace your coffee.

We did not drink a great deal anyway those days, being exhilarated enough with life as we found it, school and playing ball and having someone to love; and richly anticipating the future, our work and the work we wanted to do when we learned enough, no artificial stimulation required: no dope, no acid or grass needed to flee realities. A few of us were quite recently back from the first of our modern pol-

itical wars, a war in Korea we were allowed only to fight, never to win. In easier, not too reflective moments the GI Bill seemed to make losing that war worth it—almost; especially if you were also on scholarship, had no living expenses, with an old Ford paid for and

La Hacienda:

a memoir by
William Crawford

a few good clothes. You were happier than you probably deserved or had sense enough to appreciate.

It was easier to go up to the room in Miners Hall after lunch and crap out on the bunk, listen to the radio tuned low, reading and dozing, such a great temptation too often realized, that made the cafe writing come about, perhaps the first effort toward the discipline a true writer must exercise.

Certainly you could not put the boxy lid on the old portable Smith-Corona and cheap yellow second-sheets and open office on one of Gordo's tables, so you faked it: took along an impressively thick textbook and an orange-and-white college-colors notebook filled with more paper than you could fill in a month and opened up for business on one of the tables beside the big windows overlooking the sandy thin-streamed river, writing the words on blue-lined notebook paper with a ballpoint pen, slowly, single word at a time when just beginning something new; and even slower if you had run out of invention or stopped in a bad place on work in progress and did not know surely what must happen next, even after reading carefully every word of the story up to there.

Those were the bad days.

When writing was as hard to do, as rewarding, as drilling steel with a rubber bit. Some days even worse, it would not come at all, no matter how desperately you reached, could not touch it even if your best pal provided a ten-foot pole and on those days a welcomed diversion was the ice truck when it came about four in the afternoon. The iceman humped big shiny wet cakes up on his shoulder with unrusted blue-

steel tongs, resting the heavy cakes on his leather covered shoulder as he brought them inside and put them into the coolboxes and split them with a bright well-used pick. On those days you found yourself hours later sitting in twilight gloom, Gordo had not yet turned on the inside lights, and nothing accomplished but erratic doodles and maybe some girl's name written a dozen times on notebook paper. So you folded the sheets into quarters and tore them into strips and got to your feet with a sigh deep enough to be a groan, walked over and threw the strips into the fireplace, not needing to keep the written down name you knew so well and wished she were with you, then and there.

"Nada," Gordo said, stepping to the beer tap and drawing a mug.

"It wouldn't come today." Sliding onto a barstool, knees cocked up, heels hung on the bottom rung.

"Some days are no good for studies." Going along with the fiction, though you knew he knew or at least suspected when you never opened the brought along to make an impression textbook. The beer, icy cold, slid down your ready throat and spread out through your empty belly with the ease the words came on good days.

There were those days, too.

When you did it right, thought a long time about a story before ever beginning to write it, so you had it all charted in your mind with good checkpoints along a direct true course the way good pilots and navigators lay out flight plans before ever getting airborne. Or if it was a long piece and you had it under control and stopped in a good place with a feeling of satisfaction, accomplishment, and knowing you could pick it up and go directly on with it when you got back to work next day: always trying to do something of a piece, a scene, a smooth transition, a scene sequel, something that had form so you could get more hands on it when the real work came, rewriting.

On those days words tumbled over one another getting out to the penpoint so you could hardly keep up, penmanship more and more scrawly and even your breath came short. Almost as though this act of creating were as physically exhausting as the primal—and afterwards there was a similar happy, emptied out satisfaction, too.

Then you could shut the orange and white notebook and stack the text atop it and step up to the bar while Gordo grinned as he pulled the tap lever and drew a foamy mug of the amber. That one you could drink feeling you'd earned it, and if you had coins order a big double platter of red *enchiladas* with three fried eggs laid out on top, golden yokes resting in glistening white until you rent the picture apart with your fork and had two more mugs to wash it all down, and finish with a *cafe con leche en vaso*—coffee with hot milk in a glass—and a cigar, with your gut filled drumtight to end a good writing day at *La Hacienda*. □

"Fine etchings and Lithographs have been collected for many years, because they are works of art. They are like a stock certificate in a living artist's future. Only images conceived and executed entirely by the hand of the artist are entitled to be designated *Original Prints* and have the virtues of original works. They exist in more than one example, *each* of which is an original. Printmaking is a democratic form of Art, for it enables many persons to own and enjoy the same beautiful art work. One can purchase an excellent original print for a comparatively small amount of money. When collecting prints, start with something that appeals to you. Buy because you love them. Art is literally priceless. It cannot be measured by money. Build your collection for your own and your friends' enjoyment." [From the *Certificate of Authenticity* accompanying William A. Kolliker's "U.T. El Paso."]

Two hundred brown-ink prints of the William A. Kolliker etching shown below (without, of course, the lettering at the upper right) have been published by the UT El Paso Ex-Students' Association and are now available through the Exes Association Office, The University of Texas at El Paso 79968. Total cost, including postage, is \$15.

Each print is numbered and signed by the artist and each carries with it a "Cer-

tificate of Authenticity" signed by Mr. Kolliker.

Proceeds from the sale of the Kolliker prints will help support several of the Exes Association's projects: the scholarship and loan fund in particular.

Wynn Anderson, Executive Secretary of the UT El Paso Ex-Students' Association and assistant director of development for the University, had this to say about the latest project: "The objective of our Exes Association has always been to make very few 'offers,' not to wear out our welcome with a drumfire of salesmanship and junk-mail. The Exes, some years ago, decided that art prints, by Southwestern artists of renown, provided more than a dollar's esthetic value for a dollar spent. If you look back over the artworks the Exes Association has offered — "Southwestern Portfolio," the José Cisneros "Requiem for a Mountain," and now Mr. Kolliker's superb etching of the UT El Paso campus—you can see that a very fine little collection of Southwestern art can be placed in the home for very little money. Along with Kolliker and Cisneros, we have prints by Peter Hurd, Tom Lea, Robert Massey, Manuel Acosta, and Russell Waterhouse available.

"I urge all Mines, TWC and UT El Paso Exes to support their Ex-Students' Association and its activities, to remember their alma mater. The Kolliker print—a

very limited edition which will soon be gone—is a fine way to do both."

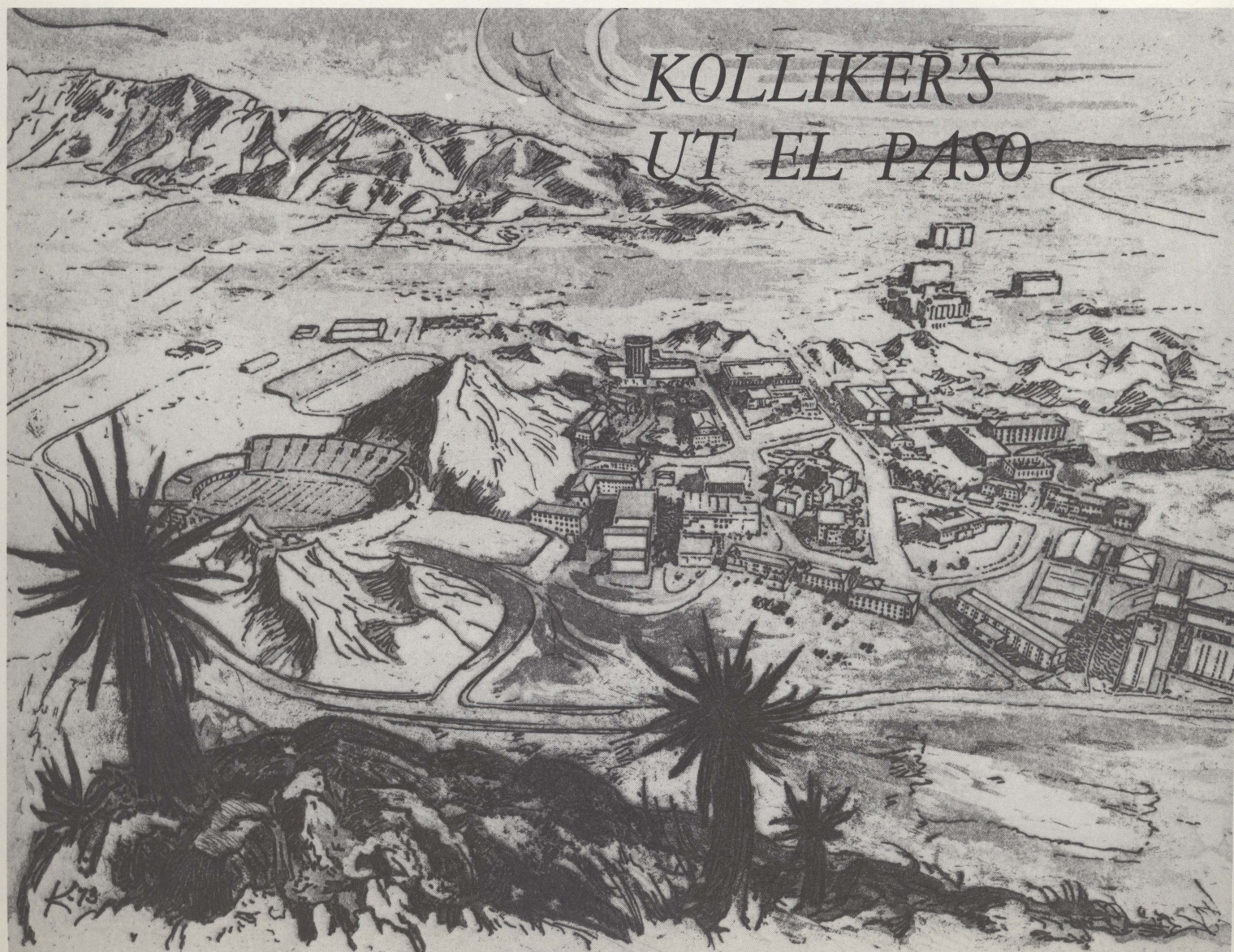
William A. Kolliker, a native of Bern, Switzerland, has been an El Paso resident since 1952. His education in art began at the Berner Secundar Schule in Bern. He attended the National Academy of Design in New York; Maryland Institute, Baltimore; Boston School of Art; Art Students League, New York; and the Grand Central School of Art in New York.

Mr. Kolliker's paintings, etchings and other works have been shown in exhibitions in the U.S., Europe and Mexico, and are represented in collections throughout the world, including those of the late President Lyndon B. Johnson, President Richard M. Nixon, Mexico's late president Adolfo López Mateos, German Chancellor Willy Brandt, former Texas Governor Allan Shivers, U. S. Representative Richard C. White and many others.

The limited edition original print of UT El Paso (200 prints) by William A. Kolliker, is available for \$15. Each print is numbered and signed by the artist and is accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity and biography of the artist.

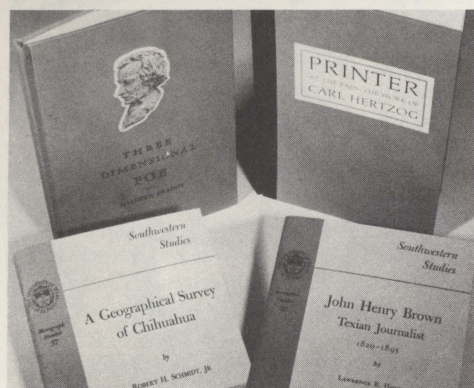
To obtain the print, send your check made out to the Ex-Students' Association of UT El Paso to:

The Ex-Students' Association
The University of Texas at El Paso
El Paso, Texas 79968.



SOUTH BOOKS BY WEST

Edited by Laura Scott Meyers



The first question one has about this book—i.e., in what manner is it “three dimensional”?—is answered by Dr. Braddy on the first page of his Preface: “Poe achieved brilliance in three dimensions, as a poet, a storyteller, and an essayist.” The well-substantiated central thesis of the book is that in his *belles lettres*, Poe reveals himself fleeing from reality, to the “frustrating confines” of which he returns in his utilitarian pieces. Further, it is established that in his major poetry Poe “laments the loss of an idealized, non-human heroine.”

THREE DIMENSIONAL POE

by Haldeen Braddy.

El Paso: Texas Western Press,
The University of Texas at El Paso,
\$10.

These main points are cogently argued in the impeccable style of a traditionalist literary scholar—which is worth noting since in other books (for example *Cock O' the Walk*) Dr. Braddy can be light and breezy. In this book he has shucked his Southwestern duds for full academic regalia.

Of great value to Poe scholars will be the comprehensive and current bibliography of Poe research today, which takes up 30 tightly-packed pages and covers research on the poet from 1949 through 1970. The 1949 beginning date was selected because that is the terminal date of the bibliography in Dr. Braddy's earlier Poe book, *Glorious Incense*.

Dr. Braddy casually says that Poe “today is ranked foremost in American letters” and several times calls him such things as “the greatest American poet.” Since the readers of this book will doubtless be Poe enthusiasts themselves, probably little blood will be shed, but one shudders at the prospect of these lines falling into the hands of a big Whitman scholar or a strong Mark Twain man.

Three Dimensional Poe is a fine book not only as scholarship, but as a physical book. It is typical of the work we have come to expect of Texas Western Press—which is fitting, since the book is dedicated to bookman Carl Hertzog, “A lover of the true/A creator of the beautiful.”

—RAY PAST.

An event of wide significance celebrating the life work of Carl Hertzog took place in San Antonio on November 21, 1970. It was well publicized in El Paso at the time, for Hertzog, who has lived and worked in El Paso throughout most of his adult life, is certainly not without honor in his own country. But memory is short, and the artistic and creative treasures of our culture are at times overlooked in the stress occasioned by today's headlines. So let us recall.

It was at the third annual meeting of the Institute of Texan Cultures at San Antonio (co-sponsored by the Texas State Historical Association and The Humanities Research Center of UT Austin) that a day-long meeting was devoted to honoring “the Printer at the Pass.” It really began on the preceding evening with a reception and exhibit of his work, so handsomely displayed as to fill Hertzog's heart with a glow still undiminished.

PRINTER AT THE PASS: THE WORK OF CARL HERTZOG

Compiled by Al Lowman.

San Antonio: The University of Texas
Institute of Texas Cultures, \$9.12.

There was, for all the illustrious artists and patrons present, a catalog of the exhibit, but Al Lowman, who was compiler of this catalog, found himself with more items and much information that he had not included, so that almost two years after the event, the catalog has been expanded into a bona fide hardcover book. Of simple yet elegant design, it is titled *Printer at the Pass: The Work of Carl Hertzog*. It is composed of a biographical sketch by Lowman, and a Preface by William R. Holman, himself a fine book designer, in which he chooses 12 of the books which in his opinion compose the kernel of perfection of the typographer-designer's work. The remainder of the 123-page volume is a bibliography of 361 items (books and pamphlets, selected ephemera, lists of magazine articles by or about Hertzog) plus a portrait of Hertzog by José Cisneros, and reproductions of some of the fine cover designs of Hertzog books.

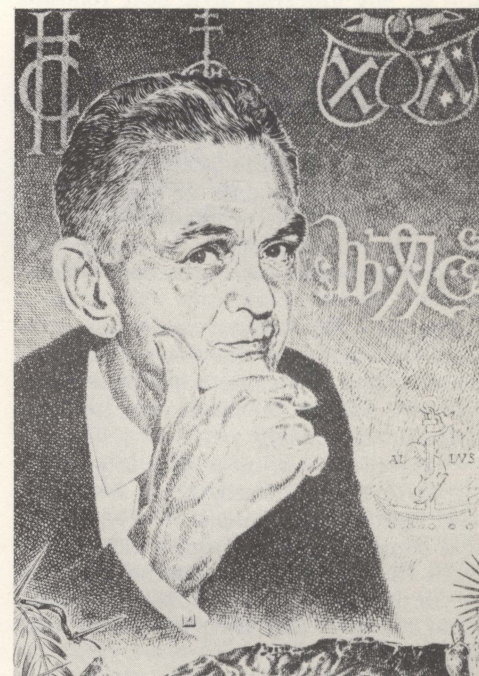
A look at this book will make a collector turn gray. In the first place, it is not presently available, and in the second, it forces one to realize that almost no one has had the foresight to collect and keep all of this impressive work. Those who do own some of the volumes are advised to peruse a bookseller's catalog before deciding to sell. Any Hertzog piece is now a collector's item and some bring astronomical prices.

The descriptive remarks about each book or pamphlet, whether by a book critic, a collaborator, the author, or by Hertzog himself, reflect much about the man. He is a self-admitted perfectionist! The term, too often applied to a person in criticism or even scorn, defines the quality of his greatness. He has indeed (*American Heritage Dictionary*) “a propensity for setting extremely high standards and

being displeased with anything else.” His aim has always been “... to build a better mousetrap” and the term “perfectionist” applied to him, is a tribute. To quote from Holman's Preface, “when type, spacing, leading, register, impression, margins, color, texture, ink, folding, sewing, binding and stamping are executed with taste, skill and discrimination, you have a fine book.”

The notes Hertzog wrote, included in the bibliography, were usually to good friends, including the authors. They may refer to the genesis of a book, to bits of good luck in reproducing a precise color, to creative concepts of fitting the book design to its time and subject and locale. When he was working on a book, or had finished it and found it good, it was characteristic of him to write about it to some interested friend, recalling the search for the right material, the difficulty of not having enough type of the kind he was determined to use, why he couldn't settle for any but the paper he believed most suitable. There were occasional expressions of frustration, especially when the author did not live to see the finished book. In one instance Hertzog wrote “If I could do one job at a time I would be in heaven and the work would be better too.”

In a technical sense Carl Hertzog is retired, but he is working daily in the archives at UT El Paso. The University has purchased his papers (nine filing cabinets, 50 years), which reveal the work behind the 361 items described in *Printer at the Pass*. The papers consist of correspondence, layouts, corrected proofs, and manuscripts and he is classifying it with meticulous precision for the use of scholars. In appreciation of this purchase, Hertzog is contributing his library of sev-



eral thousand volumes to UT El Paso. These books are shelved in three categories: Books about Books and Book People; Texana and the Southwest; and Books Printed and/or Designed by Carl Hertzog—including the 361 items aforementioned.

(Continued on page 15)



OLD MESILLA

It is a Saturday afternoon about seven o'clock. The farmland is brown, the trees are green, and there is a ring of mountains in the distance. A good May breeze has risen.

Old Mesilla, New Mexico, with its shops and strolling tourists; Old Mesilla and its quiet plaza.

... Mexican people live around here. Slim, barefooted Mexican girls in faded red shorts stand in their small front yards, looking out at cars that pass in the dusty streets. Mexican men sit on stools in the bars beside the plaza—talking, blinking, listening to loud songs from the juke box, drinking Coors beer. Mexican families stop to buy groceries at a neat roadside store beside a canal, and as they drive away their yellow-and-red license plates look exotic in the late-afternoon air.

A small community of lives; an ordinary Saturday in May.

What is remarkable about this place? Why should the dust of the unpaved streets, the modest, cement-block houses, the pecan trees tall above the canal: why should these make such a successful blending?

The land, the healing, contenting power of the earth and the things that grow from it—that is the secret of Old Mesilla. And of course Mexicans, who seem to thrive on simplicity.

These two, then, on a May afternoon: the earth and its strength, its healthfulness; and Mexican people, who with a bit of a house, a bit of a yard, a can of beer and a vacant moment, can somehow manage to use the world's poetry and make it blend naturally into their own daily lives.

JODL WALKING BY

I watched Jodl leaving the train station at five-fifteen, a folded newspaper in his hand. I watched him stride through the wide front door and across the cement

porch and onto the sidewalk. As he moved along beside the high rock wall that hid the tracks, I glanced above the wall and saw, on the rise of ground that began Sunset Heights, the old two-story building that had faced into Mexico since the turn of the century.

I sat on my bench inside the station, thinking: Yes, there he is. Jodl is passing by again at five-fifteen, just as he has done so many afternoons before, and it is all quite ordinary. Cars are parked out front, as usual; the air is warm, as June air is supposed to be. The street sounds of trucks passing, cab doors slamming—they are routine and familiar. It is all so typical this afternoon, so—

And immediately the other, more awesome word was there: ... so *timeless*. Timeless as the old houses on the hill, as Mexico across the Rio Grande.

I continued to watch Jodl moving toward town in his slow, rearing-back way—passing now through the station's shadow that was thrown on the wall, now through bright sunlight—yet it was as if he were walking against the backdrop of Every Afternoon, Every Day ... And I began to wonder: How was it fifty years ago for a man to leave this same station at this same time of day, carrying his daily newspaper? And how will it be fifty years from now? Does sunlight, the shadow of a building—the very air—change from year to year, century to century? If I could have seen a man walking toward his home in Pompeii—just before the lava and ashes came pouring down—would it have been the same as watching Jodl go into the street just now?

... How much does the *feel* of life change, I wondered; and how much does it stay the same? □

AT THE BAR

I am looking at two waiters standing *de rigueur* beside their tables, hands clasped in front of their jackets, white towels neatly in place over their arms. Behind the bar the bartender is sucking his

lower lip and vacantly regarding the air in front of him. There are slits cut into his old black shoes to accommodate his bunions. The piano player, an aging cavalier, is ending his faltering version of "It Had to be You."

Throughout the restaurant stiff white napkins sit on tables like starched miters—as if the heads of many cardinals had been quietly served on platters during the dinner hour.

I sit at the bar, drinking a manhattan.

There are eight of us in all in the restaurant: myself; the bartender in his comfortable shoes; the manager, a slight, gray-haired man who sits at the cash register and stares at his carefully manicured fingernails; the two poised waiters with their well-fed, placid waiter-faces; the hook-nosed piano player; a young couple sitting across from each other at a side table, exploring the private mysteries they see in the other's eyes.

... With such people, at ten o'clock on a Sunday night, the restaurant is not exactly a Hemingway clean-well-lighted place, but it will do. There is certainly no *nada* here. There is, in fact, *something*. For as I sit at the bar I find that I am thinking about a crippled rabbit that used to live in my back yard, and about the neighbor girl who strangled it one spring afternoon out of love. Possessive love, the girl's mother had said—defending her possessively ... I think of a young woman I used to know who would have fitted beautifully into a Scott Fitzgerald novel if she could have somehow only made it out of Three Rivers, Texas. I remember another young woman I knew when I was in the air force who enjoyed frozen daiquiris and who, as I think about it, probably shaved.

Yes, to be in a Juarez bar and to consider rabbits and children and dimly recalled young women seems a reasonable way to end the week ... I watch the bartender in his red jacket and comfortable shoes as he mixes a *cuba libre*. I look into the clear red surface of my own manhattan as I sip from it. I look, and sip, and am glad for such a moment as this; utterly mine, and unfalsified. □

The 21st of February in El Paso was a day not even the *Herald-Post* could love. It was gray and raw and cold, with spits of near-freezing rain and a wind with teeth. It was a day to stay home. It was the day of John Judy Middagh's funeral.

After the services at St. Matthew's church in the Upper Valley, the procession moved cautiously the long distance to Ft. Bliss National Cemetery, for it lacked motorcycle escort (the cops being obliged to attend to a rash of weather-caused traffic problems) and there were many busy intersections to negotiate.

As we crossed Dyer, headed east on Fred Wilson, young Fred McDaniel, driver of the pallbearers' limousine in the lead, took a long look back over his shoulder at the string of headlights behind him. "Gosh!" he said, "I can see them still coming 'way back at the curve around William Beaumont." After a reflective pause he added, "You know, it's a real tribute to Mr. Middagh. Usually on a day like this not many people go to the cemetery."

Indeed, tributes have been flooding in from all points, from hundreds and hundreds of people who couldn't go to the cemetery, nor to the church, nor even get to El Paso, many of them. Clearly John Judy was widely loved, more than any of us had really understood. (Already the number of memorial contributions to the University Library is outstanding and Baxter Polk says more are coming every day. Carl Hertzog is designing a special bookplate for recording donors' names in the memorial volumes purchased.)

So impressive has been this reflex expression of affection that John Judy's beloved wife Winnie asked Frannie and me, not long after the funeral, "What do you think it was about him that made so many people love him so much?" An interesting question, coming from the one person who knew him best. What was it, she seemed to ask, that so many loved in him who could not possibly have seen the side he turned to her?

I loved him too and though it never occurred to me to wonder why, the question tantalizes. What was it about him? Vague answers well up, not verbalized, mere snapshots, vignettes, memories from over two decades.

Like the time about twenty years ago when he was appointed to collect Red Cross contributions from faculty housed in Kelly Hall, a chore he detested. An unfortunate fledgling English instructor started to explain that he hesitated to give because the Red Cross had charged GI's for this or that. With a cold voice that easily penetrated the thick walls of old Kelly and probably was audible in Kidd Field, John Judy cut him off. "If you don't want to give anything, say so! But don't hand me a lot of cheap chickenshit!"

John Judy was as near totally honest as a human can get. He hated fakery and believed that a man should always be willing to stand up and be counted. For the writers of anonymous letters his scorn was scathing, and in his final illness he snorted contemptuously when I reported to him that an important Faculty Council vote was conducted by secret written ballot.

Since he felt this way, and since his voice could bark and his face freeze, he seemed

Salute To An Absent Friend

by Ray Past

gruff to many. Once he and I participated in a TV panel discussing some political brouhaha of the moment and later, viewing the video-tape of the program, he asked me wistfully, "Do I always look like I'm mad at everyone?"

His often-peremptory tone and frequently-salty vocabulary might have traced back to his days as a lieutenant of infantry. At least he felt so. The crucible of World War II had a major part in shaping him, and of all his possessions he was proudest of his Combat Infantryman's Badge and usually wore a miniature of it in his lapel. For years on our uncounted camptrips in the desert he carried a silver tablespoon which he unfailingly pointed out to all hands had been in this or that fierce campaign in Europe. So much did he brag on this spoon that at last a couple of boys stole it out of his campgear and took it to a jeweler to have it engraved: *The Campaign Spoon*. He was proud of this too and used it for so long that finally the engraving wore off.

One early morning he and I in the desert, alone, were hunkered silent by our mesquite fire sipping coffee and waiting for the sun, *el abrigo de los pobres*, to get serious about his work. I glanced across the fire at John Judy and saw two fat teardrops standing on his cheeks. He saw that I saw and he asked me simply, "Ray, did you ever kill a man? I don't mean drop a bomb on someone from ten miles up. I mean from three feet with a rifle, right in the gut." I shook my head and said nothing, there being nothing to say. The war was not over for him, nor, clearly, would it end until he did.

One lady on campus expressed surprise that John Judy would want a military funeral. "My husband was in the service too and he hated it," she said. "He would want no part of anything military." A case of *de gustibus* and all that, but obviously she hadn't known John Judy Middagh. Germany was his real grad school. One time after pulling through a frightening situation he turned to me and grinned, "Once I got through the war I figured I'd never have to be scared again." After the Hurtgen Forest, lesser things assume their proper proportion.

Many of the legends about him, and countless of my memories, center about Demon Rum in one way or another. Like the time on one desert outing he lay dozing in the "cool" of a canvas flap we carried for shade, his half-full bottle of Old Granddad comfortably reposing nearby on the shady side of a mesquite hummock. My son Chip quietly emptied the booze into a jar and filled the bourbon bottle to an appropriate level with tea he had brought along for the purpose. Later, when John Judy yawned and stretched, Chip brought him wide awake say-

ing, "Y'know, I've been doing at lot of practicing on firing from the hip and I'm learning how to do it. Watch." And with that he whirled and fired, smashing the bottle square in the center. John Judy shrieked in anguish, stretching his hands to the heavens. "My God, Chip! My God! My God!" Beyond that he was speechless, aghast at the horror he had seen. Quickly his new "jar" of bourbon was produced, with soothing effect, but never did he admit to seeing any humor in the prank. "Imagine making jokes with a man's drinkin' whiskey," he would say, with implications about how low some people could get.

During the many years that he and I either shared an office or had adjacent offices we enjoyed a custom he called the morning constitutional. Along about mid-morning he would appear to be stricken with a bright new idea. "Let's take a paseo," he would suggest, and we would jump into either his car or mine and seek a quiet spot off campus, frequently the long-since-gone tourist picnic spot on the Rio Grande near Smeltertown, or sometimes the then-empty hills rising up over Mesa Avenue and looking out over the broad sweep of the valley and the desert beyond. There we would lower the level of whatever liquid supplies the car contained—the cars were kept stocked—amid the exchange of much heady philosophy. He took great delight in alluding to this practice in the "Acknowledgments" of his fine book *Frontier Newspaper* where, after writing the usual polite words about my aid he added, "The conferences we had were always stimulative and enjoyable." This touch amused him and years later he would still chuckle at it.

It would be nice to say he was a two-fisted drinking man who could take the stuff or leave it alone, but it wouldn't be true. He was frankly jealous of those who could, and made many tries at it himself, but it was no go. Finally, at what cost in sheer guts only he could ever know, he succeeded in quitting it cold and went dry for the short rest of his life. A peculiar thing about his whole problem was that it was nearly impossible to tell when he had had a drink. To intimates he betrayed himself by a slight nervousness, but his walk was steady, his speech clear, his manners impeccable. No one could have been further from the popular image of the heavy drinker, much less the alcoholic. I always envied him this ability, if not the problem.

My notes seem to be depicting a brusque, rough-talking, hard-drinking, hell-raiser of a man, and they falsify him, true though they are. He was a damn gentle man. (I first wrote "very gentle" but changed it, remembering one of his aversions: he deplored the

word "very," which he said was empty. "Write 'damn' instead," he advised, "and the editor will strike it out.") If his language was often rough, it was only so with men friends. He was as far removed from today's foul-mouthed fashion as Geoffrey Chaucer's lusty earthiness is from a contemporary porno film.

He was fond of pets and had a series of them, not only conventional types but such far-out critters as a Gila monster, which he kept on a homemade leash, a bobcat (penned in the backyard), and a raven which followed him everywhere and often perched on his shoulder, to the occasional detriment of a shirt. It had a raucous call and he had named it after a female TV commentator whose voice grated on him. Dean Deu Pree told me that one night he, Dean, was busy gluing a guitar together when there came a knock at the door. "Come in!" Dean shouted. Another hesitant knock. "Either come in or go away!" Dean bellowed. The door opened and a little salesman entered. "It's funny," were his first words, "the same thing just happened to me at a house around the corner. I went in and there was this old guy with a white beard and a crow on his shoulder working on a tape recorder. It flew around the room, too, and even landed on me. Look," he said, brushing at a stain on his coat. "God," he concluded, "what a nutty neighborhood." When John Judy heard of this incident it broke him up. "What a nutty neighborhood," he repeated several times. "What a nutty neighborhood."

He loved people. On camp trips he used to drive me frantic with his battery radio, listening to KIZZ talk shows and, in the bedroll on Saturday nights, to the most frenetic of the fundamentalist gospel slingers. All of the regulars on the KIZZ programs he could identify by voice. Incredibly, he didn't listen for laughs but because he was interested. What people said and did and thought fascinated him. Not surprisingly, he was expert at predicting the results of local elections.

That his services were held at St. Matthew's aroused an astonishing interest. Many people called me to ask whether John Judy had really been a Catholic, and Dale Walker tells me of getting similar inquiries. Alas, I lacked the timely wit to tell callers that he was indeed catholic, with obligatory lower case "c." A good man from whatever perspective, he was not religious in any real sense. Raised a Methodist, at one time he started taking "instructions" in Catholicism but unfortunately his instructor had an enthusiasm for "the water of life" as keen as John Judy's own so the lessons degenerated into bull sessions. Once I quoted to him a couple of religious observations of Melville's Ishmael: "I cherish the greatest respect towards everybody's religious obligations, never mind how comical," and "Heaven have mercy on us all, for we are all somehow dreadfully cracked about the head, and sadly need mending." "Damn well put," he said, and asked for a repetition. It was superbly appropriate, thus, that John Judy's funeral services were indeed catholic, with a lower case "c," being conducted by friends of different religious backgrounds.

He was a scholar in the true sense, with a feeling for history. Names, dates and places were not "mere" to him; his wonder-

ful desert was not empty but peopled with the ghosts of hardy men, and he knew the name of every bump in the landscape, if it had a name. He cherished books and used them: I doubt if his loaded shelves contained a one he hadn't read, and some—like *The Caine Mutiny*, *Mr. Roberts*, *The Cruel Sea*—he wore out and had to replace. Most of his books were non-fiction—works on the press, of course, and history—and the bulk of his fiction either concerned men at war or had a historical orientation.

He had a deep sense of family and a great pride in his own and everything about it. If a thing was somehow "Middagh" it was, not better, certainly, but more *his* and he drew it to him. The Middagh establishment had a warm kind of solidity not at all common these days.

A devoted Democrat of the New Deal, Fair Deal, New Frontier and Great Society stripe, his greatest personal hero was Harry S. Truman — with whom he shared many characteristics, notably the ability to face squarely up to a rough problem, make his decision, and then live with it. Also like his hero, you never had any doubt determining where John Judy stood on any question.

... But space runs out, and, Winnie, your question is too much for me. Maybe, as so often, Shakespeare anticipated it for us and suggested an answer:

... the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might
stand up And say to all the world,
"This was a man!" □

Rallying 'Round The Chief

El Burro, the student variety-humor magazine at UT El Paso, has been a lodestone for trouble since it was first issued back in 1939. But somehow "EB" managed to survive an extraordinary variety of controversies in which it was variously labeled pornographic, sacrilegious, sexist, leftist, rightist, tasteless, stupid, sloppy, and dumb. Some of the appellation-makers hit the mark; others stirred up enormous teapot-tempests.

John Middagh, for most of his quarter century as the "Chief"—journalism chairman and "counselor" for student publications—wore *El Burro* flaps like battle-scars.

The worst year for *El Burro* (other than the present) was 1966 when the magazine was suspended for the year and its editor fired. The September issue had featured a tasteless cover story intended as a humorous treatment of the Beatles' statement of their popularity as compared with that of Jesus Christ.

As then President Joseph M. Ray put it, in his memorably succinct way, "We received nationwide attention; even the national news commentator, Paul Harvey, gave us advice on how to handle the case."

John Middagh, whose title of "counselor" for student publications gave little hint as to the responsibility it carried, shouldered the blame for the controversy.

What follows here is a culling from two thick files of correspondence on the 1966 *El Burro* caper — Middagh's and another saved by Ray Past. The quotations illustrate an enviable phenomenon: when the Chief

was having trouble, people who knew him rallied around. In Ray Past's memoir he quotes John's beloved Winnie as asking "What do you think it was about him that made so many people love him so much?" The quotes that follow may not answer that question, but they give a clue and whatever it was about him, people loved him very much indeed.

—Editor

Letter to JJM, 20 September 1966, from Barbara Sanborn McCarty, '57.

"... None of your students ever thought of you as a censor. You made very clear to us what your standards were, and, I must admit it, what your idiosyncrasies were. Often we stormed in and out of your office, fighting for some pet project or other. Sometimes we won the fight; sometimes we lost. The point is we had the chance to fight and you taught us how. I thank you for that experience.

Letter to President Joseph M. Ray, 22 September 1966, from Henry G. Rettig, '62.

"Just four years ago I was fortunate enough to serve as Editor of *El Burro* and with John Middagh... *El Burro* was subjected to censorship appeals from community groups that year also. I admire John Middagh. I found that he demanded responsibility from student editors and that he would accept nothing else."

Letter to JJM, 21 September 1966, from Nancy Miller Hamilton, '49.

"Dear Chief: As a past editor of *El Burro* I'd like to commend you for your stand in the current controversy... I learned from you that if a school is to produce responsible journalists, it must bring home to the students the facts of life in the world of writing... involving these particular qualities of responsibility and self-discipline that you always harped on."

Letter to Dale L. Walker, 6 October 1966, from Samuel E. Vandiver, '53.

John Judy's a good man, one of the best, if not *the best*, I've ever known... He has something that was characteristic of quite a lot of the old gang that I was awed by at TWC: Leasure, Leverett, Richeson, Luis Perez *et al.*—They all had style. John J. most of all... He and Bill Latham, in totally different ways, taught me something no one ever bothered to tell me about before—the business of responsibility."

Letter to JJM, 19 October 1966, from Ray Past.

"We talk a lot in our profession about the importance of the professor's role as teacher, but actual accomplishment of this is very difficult. That you have been a great teacher and a real influence for good on the lives of your students, this whole *El Burro* episode has made brilliantly clear. For myself, I would gladly undergo the couple weeks' exasperation you suffered in exchange for such evidence that my years of teaching had been so successful. So, Mr. Chips, my final comment on your recent tribulation has to be: Congratulations."

Letter to Ray Past, 20 October 1966, from John J. Middagh.

"... I hope nothing ever happens to you that will call for me to stand behind you as you have stood behind me. But if it does, I'll be there." □

JAMES E. WHITE: NELSON PROFESSOR

A noted geophysicist and professor at the Colorado School of Mines, Dr. James Edward White, has been named to the Lloyd A. Nelson Professorship in Geological Sciences at UT El Paso.

Dr. White replaces Dr. George A. Kiersch, chairman of Cornell University's Department of Geological Sciences, who was originally named to the Nelson Professorship in 1972. [See December, 1972, NOVA.] After a death in his family, Dr. Kiersch was forced to decline the post.

In announcing Dr. White's acceptance of the Professorship—the University's first endowed chair—the chairman of the Department of Geological Sciences at the University, Dr. William H. McAnulty, said: "In having Dr. White's acceptance of this position, we have accomplished several important things. We have a man with impressive credentials in geophysics who is familiar with El Paso and with our campus. We are very fortunate to be able to have as our Nelson Professor a man of

Dr. White's capabilities and industrial as well as educational background. This appointment will reflect well on our department and our University; even more importantly, it is a great plus for our students."

University President A. B. Templeton said of the appointment: "Dr. White's fine career in industry, in acoustics and seismic research, will mean a great deal to geology students here and this, I believe, cannot be over-emphasized. A professor who can relate his field of expertise to the realities of a working life is a professor who does his students the best and most meaningful service. I believe we have such a man in our new Nelson Professor, Dr. White."

Upon accepting the post, Dr. White, contacted in his office at the Colorado School of Mines in Golden, said: "For me, the Nelson Professorship at UT El Paso—which I consider a very great honor, by the way—is sort of a homecoming. I know El Paso and worked there for

more than a year. I grew to like the city and the University during that time and I look forward to returning there in this important position."

Dr. White said that while he never met Dr. Lloyd A. Nelson, for whom the professorship is named, he attended the University of Texas at Austin with Dr. Nelson's son, Lloyd A. Nelson, Jr.

"In my undergraduate days in Austin," Dr. White remarked, "Lloyd and I became close friends and I learned a great deal about his famous father out at the El Paso College of Mines."

The newly-named [on March 29] Nelson Professor, a native of Cherokee, Texas, is 54. He attended public schools in Fredericksburg, Texas, and took his B.A. and M. A. degrees (in 1940 and 1946) in physics and mathematics at UT Austin. In 1949 he received his Ph.D. degree in physics and electrical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is married to the former Courtenay Brumby, and the Whites have four children, ages 22 to 29.

Among Dr. White's many professional accomplishments, he worked in MIT's Underwater Sound Laboratory, conducting acoustics studies for the U. S. Navy; served as supervisor of geophysics research for Mobil Oil Company; supervisor of the physics department, conducting research in seismic prospecting, for the Denver Research Center of Marathon Oil Company; vice-president for Earth Sciences and consultant, Globe Universal Sciences, Inc., in El Paso; and since 1954 has been associated with the Colorado School of Mines as adjunct professor in the Department of Geophysics. At present, Dr. White also gives industrial courses on seismic exploration.

The Nelson Professor is author of many studies in physics, geophysics, acoustics, and petroleum geology. He is a Fellow of the Acoustical Society of America, a member of the Society of Exploration Geophysicists of America, European Association of Exploration Geophysicists, American Geophysical Union, American Physical Society, Seismological Society of America, and has served as vice president of the Society of Exploration Geophysicists of America.

A member of Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Xi, Dr. White also served as delegate to the U.S.-U.S.S.R. Exploration Geophysics Exchange Program in 1955.

The Lloyd A. Nelson Professorship was launched in 1965 when a committee of 17 former students and colleagues of Dr. Nelson set about to raise the necessary funds for the endowed chair. Headed by William H. Orme-Johnson, a 1935 College of Mines graduate and friend of Dr. Nelson's, the committee's work resulted in raising funds for the endowment, permitting the University to select a professor from a list of candidates meeting such standards as "exceptional mental caliber, recognized achievement and personal integrity."

The endowment income is devoted solely to the professorship and in support of research conducted by the Nelson Professor. □



THREE CHEERS! THREE BEERS! TEXAS MINERS! ENGINEERS!

By Nancy Hamilton

While digging out some historic treasures to give to the University Archives the other day, I came across a *Prospector* Extra from the days of the Great Name Change. Printed on pink letter-size paper, it had the familiar name at the top with "ears" proclaiming EXTRA boxed on each side. The date was March 7, 1949.

For those of us accustomed to that name in the headline, the news does not sound very outstanding but in those days we were still the College of Mines and there was considerable resistance by the West Siders to the notion of becoming Texas Western College, UT El Paso or anything else.

As things turned out, those of us graduating in August that year got the first diplomas in the name of "Texas Western College" and it was 20 years before the University name found favor.

One of the people who took a stance to the west of the West Siders was a 1943 graduate who brought a lot of fame to his old school when he struck it rich in uranium. When Charlie Steen was named Outstanding Ex in 1958, he made a speech

that, to say the least, had memorable qualities. When he was in town recently, doing research for his memoirs or autobiography, we looked back on that Ex-Students banquet at which, he later recalled, "I rose to a standing ovation; at the conclusion, I sat down amid a studied silence accented by continuous boos."

Steen told me he hadn't sought the honor and had tried to refuse it. But faced with accepting it, he wanted to give his honest opinions in addressing his fellow alumni. A geology major with an English minor, he prepared a splendid speech which sent his wife into a state and nearly everyone else at the banquet into a huff. (I went up to shake his hand but few others did.)

He still has no apologies and now that time has softened the blows he landed, let's look at some of those statements Charlie Steen made:

"Most of the peasants from the west side of the campus... had two things in common: the majority were broke and we knew what we wanted in the way of an education. We all needed part-time jobs to pay our way... There were no jobs available in El Paso that paid more than 50 cents an hour for this ambitious boy. The local-made jobs that paid a decent wage were reserved for the football players because they brought crowds and money to jingle the cash registers of downtown El Paso."

He also lit into the course offerings in the catalog, twitting the school for having such subjects as "Radio Listening as an Aid to Elementary Teaching," "Administration of a Baton Twirling Camp," and six art courses in handling clay.

"We peasants have missed the boat," Steen said, "in not pressuring our west side professors into granting us credits in courses we mastered during college, i.e., 4067, Beer Guzzling, a course in how to chug-a-lug beer out of a gallon pitcher

without getting a permanent crease on the bridge of your nose; a seminary type course conducted at La Hacienda during hours not spent in trying to master Optical Mineralogy, Analytical Chemistry, etc.; 4006, Mexican Relations, How to go to Juarez and keep enough money to get back across the Bridge. (This course covers the various ways to keep two cents in your shoe and not reveal its presence to Juarez pickpockets); 4007, The Art of Tobaccos or How to chew tobacco and not dribble it on your chin. These and many other worthwhile subjects should have their proper place in the new scheme of things. This would create new teaching positions and lead to expansion of existing departments."

Steen said of himself, "He is proud that he is a product of the Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy, and like many other persons, refuses to wear the badge of the neither - fish - nor - fowl institution that now

exists in El Paso.

"I predict that the west side peasants, a hundred years from now, will continue to shout: 'Three Cheers! Three Beers! Texas Miners! Engineers!'

"But in the meanwhile, we hope that a name such as The University of Texas at El Paso with separate schools will give the various groups among the four thousand students a choice as to where they belong—with a diploma to match."

Steen was pleased, during his recent visit, to find that the Department of Geology at UT El Paso had not been forgotten when the school changed in name, character, and size, and he no doubt continues to feel that, a hundred years from now, regardless of name changes, the West Siders will be shouting "Three Cheers! Three Beers! Texas Miners! Engineers!" □

EXTRA

The Prospector

EXTRA

El Paso, Texas, March 7th, 1949

University of Texas at El Paso a Possibility

ATTENTION, MINERS!

There still is a chance that the name of the College of Mines may be changed to "The University of Texas at El Paso," Dr. W. H. Elkins said today.

A. M. G. Swenson, chairman of the College of Mines committee of the University board of regents, has been asked to check the possibility that that title may be conferred on the present College of Mines.

The possibility that a way may be found out of the "legal difficulties" concerning the name is being investigated, Dr. Elkins said.

Below are two letters which officially explain the

name-change situation as it stands today.

Dr. Elkins has asked that students turn in their suggestions for a name, in case the UTEP name does not materialize. His request is at the bottom of the page.

Letter to Board of Regents Gives Ex-Student Stand

Hon. D. K. Woodward, Jr., Chairman
Board of Regents
University of Texas
Dear Judge Woodward:

There has been talk for the past several years reference changing the name of the Branch of The University of Texas commonly referred to as the College of Mines.

The officers and directors of the Ex-students Association of the College of Mines have investigated this matter. We find that there are sufficient reasons to justify the inclusion of additional descriptive wording that would better enlighten the general public.

The college, as it is at the present time and has been for many years, is not strictly a Mining school as the title implies. In fact, 80% of the present enrollment is not taking courses in mining or metallurgy. For this reason, we can see the urgency of including words or wordage that would better describe the curriculum as it exists today.

We have been unable to find any recorded authority for the changes that have been made in the title of the school in years past. For this reason, we suggest that a suitable title be agreed on

and this title be made official by either the board of regents or the State Legislature, whichever is appropriate.

The name "Texas State College of Mines and Arts" has been suggested as a title that would properly describe the courses offered.

On this date the officers and directors of the Ex-students Association of the College of Mines voted unanimously that some action should be taken along the lines referred to above. Feb. 21, 1949.

Very truly yours,
Thad A. Steele,
President

YOU NAME IT MINERS

President W. H. Elkins said today that the proposed name for the College of Mines—Texas State College of Mines and Arts—is by no means final and that changes will be considered by the Texas Legislature and by the board of regents, if a more suitable name is found.

A suggestion box has been placed in the lower hall of the Student Union Building to receive your choice of names. Sign your name to your suggestion.

An investigation is now under way to determine whether the name "University of Texas at El Paso" can be applied. If it is found that this name cannot be used, other suitable names will be considered before any final action is taken in the Legislature. Time is of great importance.

Two names already ruled out are "University of West Texas" and "Texas State University," because of their similarity to other schools. "University of El Paso" was considered too localized to be considered by the Legislature.

DROP YOUR SUGGESTION IN THE BOX, MINERS.

Elkins Says TSCMA Not Final, In Letter To Student Body

Since the name Texas State College of Mines and Arts has been suggested and brought out into the open by action of the board of regents, there has been a great deal of discussion about a change of name.

It appears to me from what has been said that a very substantial majority favors a change, but that there is reasonable opposition to the name suggested.

The purpose of a change is to place the college in a more favorable position to

develop, without harming any existing department. Actually we want to help all existing departments.

There seems to be almost a unanimity of opinion in favor of "The University of Texas at El Paso." Efforts are now being made to determine the possibility of such a name. If this is not possible, perhaps a slightly different wording, with the term University included, may be acceptable.

The board of regents will gladly consider any proposal, although they may not be able to accept that which is most acceptable to us. There will be no effort to push anything through the Legislature until we feel that it has the support of a large majority.

Any serious suggestion will be given consideration. We should all be interested in the development of the whole college, and we shall work to that end.

W. H. Elkins,
President of the
College of Mines

ABOUT Dr. Nourallah from p. 2

Prior to joining the UT El Paso faculty in 1970 he taught accounting at Michigan Technological University, Southern Illinois University and Eastern Michigan University.

He is a Texas Certified Public Accountant, a member of the American Association of Accountants, the Institute of Internal Auditors, the National Association of Accountants, Southwest Business Administration Association, the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants, also member and faculty advisor of Delta Sigma Phi.

Dr. Nourallah speaks Arabic, English, French and some German. □

BOOKS from page 9

Understanding and appreciation of his work and contribution, so meaningful to a man at the close of a long career, have been accorded Carl Hertzog while he lives. Not the least of this appreciation was his induction in 1969 into the El Paso Historical Society's Hall of Fame.

—LSM.

John Henry Brown, the subject of this biographical sketch, was born in Missouri in 1820. He was in Austin, Texas, by 1840, "then just established as the seat of government," where he worked for a pioneer newspaper, the *Texas Sentinel*. In and out of Texas over the following years, Brown

JOHN HENRY BROWN,
TEXIAN JOURNALIST,
1820-1895

by Lawrence E. Honig.
El Paso: Texas Western Press,
UT El Paso, \$3.
[Southwestern Studies #36.]

served in the Confederate Army under General Ben McCulloch. After the war, he lived in Dallas, where he was active in real estate, politics, and as a publisher of books.

In preparing this interesting and significant account of Brown's life, Prof. Honig used the extensive Brown Collections in the UT Austin Archives, with which this study is thoroughly documented.

The author holds an M.A. degree in Communications from UT Austin, granted in 1972, but has moved to New York, where he works for an investment banking firm. He was a teaching assistant in the Department of Journalism at Austin and thus his interest in Texas journalistic history.

—JOHN H. MC NEELY.

Obviously the author, Dr. Robert H. Schmidt, Jr., is pioneering in an extremely important field about Mexico's largest state and our immediate neighbor to the South. This beginning survey contains such statements as "To date, there has not been a detailed climatic study of Chihuahua," and "Very

A GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEY OF CHIHUAHUA

Text and Maps by Robert H. Schmidt, Jr.
El Paso: Texas Western Press, UT El Paso, \$3.

[Southwestern Studies #37.]

little is known about the soils of Chihuahua."

Dr. Schmidt is collecting information on all the various geographic fields of Chihuahua. This monograph contains an impressive series of maps, charts, and statistical tables, concluding with a list of selected bibliographical references and acknowledgements.

The only criticism might concern the lack of introductory or concluding paragraphs to synthesize the work and the problems of the researcher in undertaking so large a study.

Dr. Schmidt received his Ph.D. in Geography in 1968 at UCLA and a year later joined the faculty of UT El Paso where he is now associate professor of Geography. He has received University Research Grants at UT El Paso to help him in preparing this geographical study of Chihuahua.

—JOHN H. MC NEELY.

Only a brave man would write another book about Tombstone, Arizona. The actual history of The Town Too Tough to Die has been overlaid with so much fiction, folklore and fantasy that it is subject to as many interpretations as the Bible. A man who wants to pick a fight can always do it by insisting that Johnny Ringo committed suicide or that the fight at the O.K. Corral took place in the street and not in the corral at all.

Now comes historian Faulk, a long-time resident of Arizona who teaches at Oklahoma A. and M., with a treatise which endeavors to separate the facts from the fiction.

TOMBSTONE: MYTH AND REALITY

by Odie B. Faulk
New York: Oxford University Press,
1972. \$7.50.

In one respect he succeeds: he puts the violent side of the town in proper perspective. He tells how silver was discovered and how the town grew; draws in the background of the mining business; tells what life was like in a Western boom town; gives a detailed account of the decline and fall of the Tombstone bonanza. He gets to the bad guys on pages 129 and he gives them one chapter—all they deserve.

Nobody could write anything about Tombstone, however, without offending somebody, and already the publication of Odie Faulk's book has created something like a feud situation in Arizona. The Wyatt Earp specialists are unhappy with him because of his judgments of the Earps and their supporters. The Tombstone natives can't forgive him for saying that Boot Hill is a tourist trap which visitors pay to see (no admission was ever charged to any Tombstone cemetery). Students writing term themes say the footnote numerals don't check out. Judgments of this sort are bound to be made when readers have preconceived ideas about the material.

People who write know that the perfect book has not yet been written; that slips and errors are bound to occur. The im-

portant thing is that Faulk has ably digested everything that has been said and thought about Tombstone and made a readable story of it.

—C. L. SONNICHSEN.

Some 57 years ago the first issue of "Publications of the Texas Folklore Society" was distributed to members of the Texas Folklore Society, a branch of the American Folklore Society.

Since then the Publications have printed more than 2,000 tales, simple puns and the "relating of marvels and adventures"—a tremendous stockpile of material with a research potential unrealized because of the lack of thorough cataloging and indexing of all subject matter.

ANALYTICAL INDEX TO PUBLICATIONS OF THE TEXAS FOLKLORE SOCIETY (VOLUMES 1-36)

by James T. Bratcher.

Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press, 1973.

James T. Bratcher, instructor in English at UT El Paso, has not only tackled this enormous task, he has conquered it and has had published the results of his efforts.

The Analytical Index to Publications of the Texas Folklore Society (Volumes 1-36) is a handsome volume and a rich source of information for folklore and history researchers.

The *Index* is divided into three main parts: Specialized Indexes, Tales Synopses, and Alphabetical Index, with a procedural note prefacing each of the last two divisions. In addition, a list of the regular series of Society Publications, with dates and editors, is included, beginning with the first issue in 1916 under the editorship of Stith Thompson.

About Mr. Bratcher's book, Wilson M. Hudson, editor of Texas Folklore Society Publications from 1964-71, had this to say: "The Society is like a man who has been making regular deposits in a savings account for more than a half a century and at last discovers that he has grown rich little by little. Mr. Bratcher's index will reveal a kind of total which even long-time members of the Society are not aware of. To make it easier for students of folklore, and others as well, to find and use our materials is the goal of this index."

Carl Hertzog, director emeritus of Texas Western Press, is design consultant on this book and the endpapers and some interior drawings are from the pen of El Paso's own, inimitable, José Cisneros.

—JEANNETTE SMITH.

- Ray Past, chairman of the Department of Linguistics at UT El Paso, is faculty advisor on the NOVA staff.
- John H. McNeely, professor of history, is director of the University's Oral History Institute.
- C. L. Sonnichsen knows Tombstone (his *Billy King's Tombstone* was recently re-issued) and a lot of other things. See his "Folklore of Academe" in this issue of NOVA. □

ALUMNOTES

Compiled and Written
by Jeannette Smith

CLASS OF 1920:

Fred W. Bailey, since his retirement in 1962 from the Fresno Co., a mining company in Mexico, has continued to be active in local civic and church affairs. He is a member of the Vestry of the Church of St. Clement, is former director, vice president and president of the El Paso County Historical Society and is now curator of that organization. Mr. Bailey was UT El Paso's Outstanding Ex-Student in 1960.

CLASS OF 1932:

Joseph F. Friedkin, U.S. Commissioner for the International Boundary and Water Commission and Texas Western College's Outstanding Ex-Student for 1962, has been named to the El Paso Hall of Honor by the El Paso County Historical Society. Appointed U.S. Commissioner in 1962 by the late President John F. Kennedy, Mr. Friedkin was the principal figure in the Chamizal settlement and has been credited with influencing history through his dedicated work as a hydraulic engineer during his 38-year career.

CLASS OF 1938:

Although **Col. Edwin W. Hubbard** seems to be out of chronological order since he earned an M.Ed. degree from UT El Paso in 1972, NOVA places him in the Class of 1938 category because of his recent letter in which he states: "I have chosen to identify with the Class of '38, having begun with that group in 1934." The first time around, he left the campus before graduating to enlist in the U.S. Army Air Corps (later received his undergraduate degree from Texas Christian University), returned to El Paso in 1947 as Commander of Biggs Air Force Base, later transferred to Ft. Bliss and since retirement has been in the real estate business here.

Eugene W. Sullivan is Electronic Data Processing, Planning and Design Specialist in the Controller's Department of the El Paso Natural Gas Company, assistant concert master for the El Paso Symphony Orchestra, and has been appointed chairman of Business Division No. 2 of the 1974 United Way Campaign. His wife is the former **Jane Kennedy**, Class of 1941.

Mrs. Louise Maxon Rea was honored recently as one of two "dedicatees" of the Annual Flower Show sponsored by the Council of El Paso Garden Clubs, Inc. Mrs. Rea is editor of the "World of Women" for the El Paso Times. The other dedicatee named by the Council was **Mrs. Harold (Virginia) Turner** who attended Texas Western College in 1953-54 and who is City Editor of the El Paso *Herald-Post* and a good friend, as is Mrs. Rea, of UT El Paso's News and Information Office.

Mrs. John C. Dickenson (M.A. '53) has retired after 43 years of teaching in the El Paso Public Schools.

CLASS OF 1946:

Richard W. Mithoff, president of Mithoff Advertising, Inc., is chairman of public relations of the United Way local campaign. Mithoff was a member of the MISSION '73 group formed in 1963 to study and plan a 10-year program of progress for the University.

CLASS OF 1947:

Dr. William R. Hintze recently was elected president of Grand Canyon College, Phoenix, Arizona, by the college's board of trustees. Dr. Hintze had served as interim president since January and prior to that was vice president for academic affairs.

Frank C. Prade (M.A. '57), administrator

in the central office of the El Paso Public Schools, is president of the 15th District of the Parent Teachers' Association, also a life member of the Texas Congress of PTA. His wife is the former **Ann Rice** (M.Ed. '70).

George D. Carameros, Jr., vice president in charge of El Paso Natural Gas Company's liquefied natural gas projects division, has been elected a director of EPNG. He is headquartered at the executive offices in Houston.

CLASS OF 1949:

Genevieve Dickenson Sewell (M.A. '65) is a supervisor in the Ysleta Public Schools and is married to **Raymond N. Sewell**, also Class of 1949.

Earl L. Richards is Vice President for Engineering of Titanium West, Inc. in Reno, Nevada, and says he is "struggling to make Titanium a household word."

CLASS OF 1951:

Genaro Fourzan (A.M. '56), formerly assistant principal of Jefferson High School, has been appointed principal of the school.

CLASS OF 1952:

Ben Chavez has taken a position with the Pan American Contractors Association; he is former director of El Paso's Manpower Planning Center.

CLASS OF 1954:

Belle Fenley Edwards keeps the books straight for her husband who is wholesale distributor for Chevron Oil Company in North Platte, Nebraska. "Depending on whose point of view," she writes, "we work for each other."

CLASS OF 1956:

Donald S. Henderson, general agent for Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., has been elected Alderman, Place 1, of Parks and Recreation in El Paso.

Jesus Salcido is band director at El Paso High School.

CLASS OF 1957:

Alfonso Luis Velarde is director of the Department of Immigration of the United States Catholic Conference, a non-profit agency whose primary purpose is to expedite the procedures required for natives of Mexico to become U.S. citizens and to obtain the necessary documents enabling their families to join them in the States.

Mrs. Gwendolyn L. Westfield Toppin (M. Ed. '70), resource teacher at Henderson Intermediate School, recently was the subject of one of the articles in the *Herald-Post's* series of El Paso Profiles, presented in connection with Negro History Week. She was named Teacher of the Year in 1966 at Henderson.

Capt. Maureen S. O'Brien is an Air Force Research Nurse assigned to the Internal Medicine School of Aerospace Medicine, Brooks AFB, Texas.

CLASS OF 1958:

Robert J. Benford, assistant training manager at the Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, has been accepted for membership in the National Society of Pharmaceutical Sales Trainers. His wife is the former **Gail Fromme**, Class of 1965.

Hector Holguin Jr. and his partner Richard Clark head up Holguin-Clark Inc., a computer services company which in less than a year has blossomed into an international enterprise.

CLASS OF 1959:

H. R. Moye, Jr. (M.Ed.), former principal of Jefferson High School, recently was appointed superintendent of the West Area of the El Paso Independent School District, succeeding the late Carlos Rivera.

CLASS OF 1961:

Maj. Reginald L. Barnes Jr. and his family have returned from a two-year tour of duty in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, and he is

now stationed at Fort Huachuca, Arizona.

Cesar Verdes Sanchez is general manager of Corporacion Dyna-Vulkano, S. A., one of the largest government contractors in Mexico.

Ricardo Pena, director of church music for Iglesia Bautista Trinity in El Paso, is serving on the executive board of the Baptist General Convention of Texas. He is employed as a research instrumentarian physicist for the Lower Atmosphere Technical Area of the Atmospheric Sciences Laboratory at White Sands Missile Range.

CLASS OF 1962:

Local franchise owner **Robert K. Bobo** operates the American Speedreading Academy which uses the Cutler system of instruction aimed at increasing the student's reading to at least three times the pre-course tested rate.

CLASS OF 1963:

Robert S. Irvin, associated with Wyler Industrial Works of El Paso, is a member-elect of the Advisory Board of First Savings and Loan Association.

Dr. Francisco Vargas is the new part-time acting director of the El Paso Health Department's dental program.

Robert A. Craig is comptroller of the Tony Lama Boot Co. His wife is the former **Nancy L. Whitley**, Class of '65.

Howard I. Barron, who served as a Peace Corps volunteer for nearly three years in Nigeria and Ethiopia, is employed at the Burges Branch of the El Paso Public Library.

Bill Spencer teaches at Eastwood High School and is current president of the Sun Chapter of the Council for Exceptional Children, a professional organization for teachers and specialists who deal with children in Special Education.

CLASS OF 1964:

George T. Doolittle, executive vice president and director of SYT Corporation, specializing in design, fabrication and installation of communication and electronic systems for the government, is a member of First Savings and Loan's Advisory Board.

James H. Maxon Jr., executive vice president of Americraft, Inc. of El Paso, is also an advisory board member of First Savings and Loan. His wife is the former **Mary Hightower**, Class of 1972.

William E. Segall, associate professor of education at Oklahoma State University and coordinator of the Foundations of Education, is the subject of a lengthy article in the March issue of OSU's alumni magazine, describing his recent trip to Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanzania and Egypt where he was one of 100 outstanding educators invited to participate in educational seminars.

Mrs. Penny Pinell Maxwell is one of the many former students and friends of the late John Judy Middagh who asked NOVA to print a profile of the long-time Journalism Department chairman. "Mr. Middagh could never have become a remote, clockwork administrator," she says in a letter from Arvada, Colo. "He was too charming, too contrary and too full of hell to hide in an office."

"There are so many of his friends and former students in El Paso that sources of anecdotes should abound," she continues, "and I'm sure many NOVA readers would be interested (in such an article)." NOVA wholeheartedly agrees with her comments; however if all the sources of anecdotes about him had been utilized, the material would fill several books. In answer to the requests for a profile on John Judy, NOVA includes in this issue the exceptionally fine one, written by one of his closest, longtime friends, Dr. Ray Past, chairman of UT El Paso's Linguistics Department.

Sam L. Snoddy, local attorney, recently was presented with scouting's highest volunteer award, the Silver Beaver, at the Yucca Council Boy Scouts of America banquet. Snoddy has been continuously active in scouting since 1954.

DEATHS

Dr. Jesse A. Hancock, professor of chemistry at UT El Paso and former chairman of the Chemistry Department, died February 8 in a local hospital. Dr. Hancock had taught at the University since 1941 and was active in a number of civic and professional organizations including the Downtown Lions Club (past president), the El Paso Chapter of the American Chemical Society (past chairman), and the Texas section of the American Association of Clinical Chemists (immediate past chairman).

Prof. John J. Middagh, chairman of the Journalism Department at UT El Paso and a faculty member for 25 years, died February 18 in a local hospital. He was author of *Frontier Newspaper*, a history of El Paso as well as of the El Paso Times newspaper. As a second lieutenant in World War II, Middagh spent 30 months in the European Theater and was wounded in the Hurtgen Forest campaign. He was the recipient of the Bronze Star, the Presidential Unit Citation, Purple Heart, Combat Infantryman's Badge and the European Campaign Ribbon with two stars (for the Ardennes and Rhineland campaigns).

Mr. Alonzo Moore Wells (B.S. '33) died January 22 of a heart attack in Lumberton, Mississippi.

Mr. H. Brooks Travis, 1965 Outstanding Ex-Student of UT El Paso and former president (1936) of the University's Ex-Students' Association, was killed in an automobile accident in Waco, Texas, April 18. Mr. Travis, a former city alderman in El Paso, and long known for his wide and unstinting activities in civic and University affairs, was manager of the El Paso office of the Prudential Life Insurance Company at the time of his death. A Memorial Endowment for the UT El Paso Library has been established in Mr. Travis' name and contributions to the fund, which will purchase books that will contain a bookplate with Mr. Travis' name inscribed, may be made through the University Development Office.

Miss Marguerite Katherine Iverson (B.A. '37, M.A. '49), resident of El Paso since 1906 and teacher for nearly 50 years in the El Paso Public Schools, died February 6.

Mr. Carlos Rivera (B.A. '38), superintendent of the West Area in the El Paso Public Schools and widely known for his expertise in the areas of bilingual education, died April 3 in a local hospital following a brief illness.

Miss Elise Ramke (M.Ed. '51), resident of El Paso for 53 years and long-term teacher in the El Paso Public Schools, died February 23.

Mrs. Barbara B. Braden (M.Ed. '51), retired teacher in the El Paso Public Schools, died January 31 in Dallas, Texas.

Mr. Robert H. Vickers (B.B. '52), vice president and treasurer of the El Paso Valley Compress Co. and vice chairman of the board of the Fabens Independent School District, died March 1 in a Houston hospital.

Mrs. Margaret Manley Breton (B.S. '63), life-long resident of El Paso and an active member of the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints, died March 30 in Los Angeles, Calif.

Dr. Anton H. Berkman, whose service to Texas Western College from 1927 to 1966, as professor of biology, dean and interim president, earned him the title "Mr. TWC," died in his sleep at his home in Round Rock, Texas, May 14. He was 76. The Anton H. Berkman Library Memorial Fund has been established by UT El Paso by the Ex-Students' Association and contributions to the Fund may be made through the University's Development Office, proceeds from which will purchase books for the Library in Dr. Berkman's name.

CLASS OF 1965:

Mrs. Sandra Weaver, who teaches math to junior students at Clint Junior High School, is also a member of the sales staff of Bonded Realty.

CLASS OF 1966:

Odell "Jim" Holmes Jr., former assistant district attorney in El Paso and formerly associated with the law firm of Collins, Langford and Pine, has entered private practice and has his own offices on Myrtle Street. Holmes is president of the Young Lawyers Association of El Paso.

CLASS OF 1967:

Victor M. Armendariz works for Xerox Corporation as sales representative in Hobbs, N.M.

Jose Art Morales Jr. is an accountant for Exxon; he, his wife Irene and their two sons reside in Benicia, Calif.

CLASS OF 1968:

Lawrence Nelson Jr. and his wife, the former **Bettye Binion** are in Mannheim, Germany, where he is with the Army Signal Corps.

Mrs. Fran Francis, founder and musical director of Frontera Chapter of Sweet Adelines, is vocal consultant for Rockies Region VIII of Sweet Adelines, Inc. which includes West Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas and Wyoming.

Richard F. LaPine has been promoted to Senior Director of the local YMCA.

CLASS OF 1969:

Mrs. Michael H. Miller (the former Mary Ellen Lujan) teaches fifth grade in Huntington Beach, Calif., where her husband is assistant City Attorney.

Mike Tuchman is a Senior Field Accountant with the American National Red Cross in Washington, D.C., and treasurer-elect of the Red Cross Employees Staff Council.

Capt. David B. Moore, Vietnam veteran and recipient of the Silver and Bronze Star Medals, is attending Advanced Infantry Officers School in Ft. Benning, Georgia.

Luis A. Montes, a computer systems analyst at William Beaumont General Hospital, is treasurer of the board of directors at Our Lady's Youth Center where he also teaches computer science to Boy Scouts.

Rev. George Park (M.Ed.), pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church, is a member of the faculty of the new International Baptist Bible Institute which offers evening classes this spring and will have full day classes next fall.

CLASS OF 1970:

Dennis W. Ferdinand resides with his wife and sons in Albuquerque where he is sales representative for Farah Sales Corporation in the areas of New Mexico and southern Colorado.

Mrs. Nicolas Natividad, the former Rosa Maria Rivera Villegas, teaches at Ross Junior High School; her husband, also an alumnus, is a pharmacist.

Robert L. Alonzo is assistant manager of the Rowland Heights Branch of the Security Pacific National Bank. He and his wife, the former **Yolanda Tejeda**, reside in

La Habra, Calif.

Mrs. Bobbie Durham resides with her husband David and their three year old son in Nashville, Tenn. where she keeps busy as a full-time writer for a denominational paper.

Ronald R. Rush is assistant vice president of Southwest Title Co.

Mrs. Mary Lou Squires (M.A.) is the first El Pasoan ever to be elected to the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association of the U.S.A. She is one of 44 women who are newly-elected members of the board, the 90-member policy and governing body of the national YWCA. She is vice president in charge of program in the local YWCA.

CLASS OF 1971:

Mr. and Mrs. John Carl Elder (she is Class of '68) are both teaching school in Sierra Blanca.

Mary Maly teaches piano, is organist and choir director for St. Raphael's Catholic Church, and is the president of El Paso Music Teachers Association.

Paul Garland and Terry Snyder are both stationed in Frankfurt, Germany. Mrs. Terry Snyder, the former **Patty Phillips** ('72) is also there with her husband.

Robert E. Lee is with the Scovill Company, Apparel Fasteners Division, in Nashville, Tenn.

Lillian Trujillo is a social worker, employed by the Texas Department of Public Welfare, also active in the local Teatro de Los Pobres productions.

Manuel Cano is program assistant for the Office of Program Development, the American National Red Cross, in Washington, D.C., and chairman-elect of the Red Cross Employees Staff Council.

CLASS OF 1972:

Mrs. Max Quenon is third vice president of the League of Women Voters, a volunteer worker on the Thomason Hospital General Board of Mental Health Association and a member of the City Housing Code Board.

Miguel Sanchez is a field engineer with General Electric Company's Installation and Service Engineering Department headquartered in Schenectady, N.Y.

Guillermo Sanchez is recreation supervisor at La Tuna Federal Correctional Institution.

Gilbert Peneda is employed by El Paso National Bank.

Vernon Greggerson is the new Postmaster for the El Paso Post Office. Greggerson joined the Postal Service in 1947 as a letter carrier, with subsequent jobs as assistant postmaster in Ysleta, foreman of mails at Paisano Annex, station superintendent for the downtown main station, and assistant superintendent for collections and deliveries at Paisano Annex. Last year he became manager of mail processing, an area in which he is becoming a nationally-recognized authority.

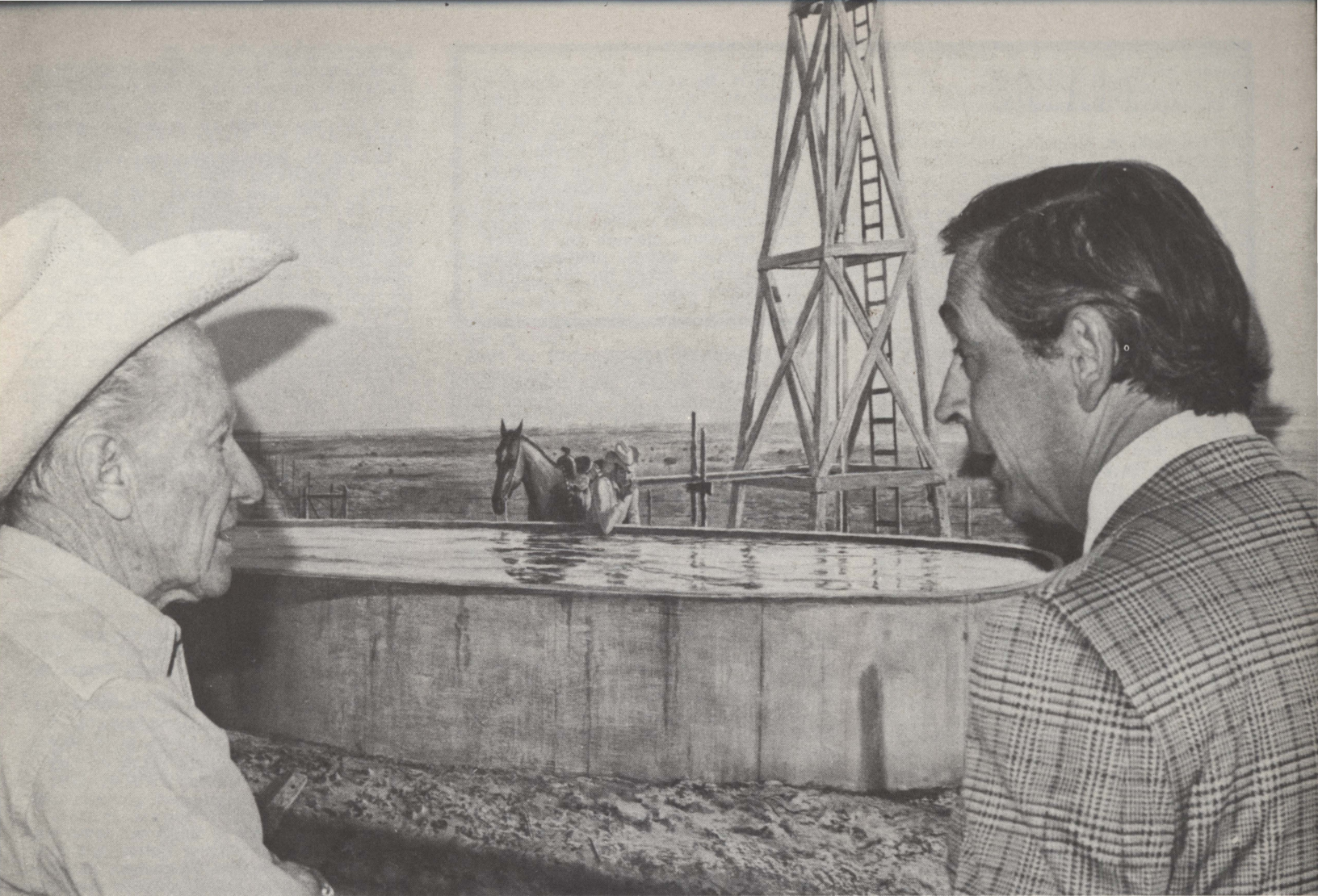
Mrs. Julieta Sanchez, a teacher in the El Paso Public Schools, recently won honorable mention in the Southwest regional finals of the Metropolitan Opera National Council auditions held in San Antonio.

Daniel E. Stuckey is a medical student at Baylor College of Medicine. His wife, the former **Dorothy Anne Mueller**, teaches in a junior high school in La Porte, near Houston, where they reside.

Cynthia Ann Belew is a research assistant with IDC Real Estate Research, an independent but supportive part of IDC Real Estate Co.

Sherrie Ann Moore and Gloria E. Saenz are flying the friendly skies with United Air Lines, having completed training at the airlines' Stewardess Training School in Chicago. Both are home-based in the Windy City.

Spencer Mulkey is director of the music teaching program of the new El Paso Academy of the Arts, a non-profit, tax-exempt corporation aimed at providing a new dimension to the teaching of the arts in El Paso. □



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