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NOVA: The University of Texas at El Paso Magazine

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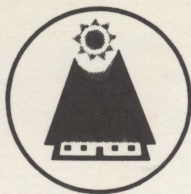
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NOVA

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS
AT EL PASO
MAGAZINE



THE VIEW FROM THE HILL



If you'll remember, in the last issue we were recounting Doug Early's history of NOVA's origins. Bassel Wolfe, long-time friend of Doug's and the present editor, was helping ponder a name for the new magazine. He saw his wife's cosmetic jar reflected in a vanity mirror and lo! it read NOVA (AVON backward). Doug proceeds:

"Bassel called me early the next morning to report his discovery. I turned to the dictionary to check it out. Discounting the astronomical definition which implied a 'flash in the pan,' I adhered to its Latin origin, 'new.' It seemed to fill the bill, and so was NOVA named.

"Forgive me for dwelling on NOVA's naming, but it seemed significant then, and it seems significant now. Given a name like NOVA, it followed naturally that we would never inflict upon the magazine the tightly-departmentalized format of so many alumni publications, i.e., 20% sports, 20% personalities, 40% academics, 20% fund appeals, etc. NOVA remains, I am happy to say, NOVA. Read that 'NEW'.

"Of course we scoured some reference works before making a final commitment to the name, just to be sure we wouldn't infringe on a U.S. copyright or trademark. Our research indicated that it was an 'original' in the publications field.

"There was little time in which to relish our originality. *Novas* seemed to blossom everywhere during the winter and spring of 1965-66. Word came down from Detroit that GM's Chevrolet Division soon would unveil its latest, an entry named *Nova*. Soon thereafter, Nova University was born in Florida... I think it was some years later, Dale, that you learned we had an overseas namesake, a men's magazine published in the U.K.

"Well, Chevy Novas are still streaming off the assembly lines; at latest report, Nova University was prospering modestly; and lacking any knowledge of our British cousin, I can but wish it well. For all of sharing a common name, I'll bet that none of them was inspired by a container of Avon cosmetics!"

Once again, we thank our old friend Doug Early, NOVA's founder (with Steele Jones and President Joseph M. Ray) and its first editor, for sharing his recollections with us. (Parenthetically, I knew of Doug Early seven years before he launched NOVA. When I came to TWC, fresh out of the Navy in 1959, I began working on the Prospector. In looking over some back issues in the bound volumes John Middagh kept in the newsroom, I found Doug's column, "The Lamaserie on the Hill." In my opinion, nothing so good has appeared in the Prospector before or since. One only has to look over the first three issues of NOVA, those under Doug's

editorship, to see just how well he launched this ship—they are models for any new college magazine.)

* * * *

The El Paso *Herald-Post*, on April 24, carried a very provocative editorial under the heading "Professorial Preferences." The theme was "Does the make of car a college professor drives give a clue to his political leanings?" And somebody has conducted a survey that apparently shows this is true. Profs who drive foreign cars, it says here, are apt to be more liberal than those who drive American models; and profs driving GM products are more conservative than those driving Fords. Chrysler drivers are more liberal than Ford drivers and AMC drivers are yet more liberal.

There are other indicators too: pipe-smoking profs are more liberal than those smoking low-tar cigarettes; the pipe smoker whose tobacco smells like a soda fountain (as Ray Past puts it: "What are you smoking—fudge?") will be less a lib than the one who dotes on Balkan Sobranie. Similarly, he who lights his pipe with a torch lighter is more conservative than one who insists on wooden kitchen matches; and a prof who wears a new tweed jacket with elbow patches will be on the right of the one wearing an *old* tweed jacket with elbow patches.

As Ed MacMahon would say, it's funny how a small newspaper editorial could contain *all*—every one—of these signs of political leanings among college profs and, as usual, old buffalo-breath would be wrong; *Not* included in the *Herald* editorial are such clear indicators as these:

—A prof driving a Henry J with an "America: Love it or Leave it" bumper sticker is likely to be more conservative than the prof who drives a Datsun with a "Save the Whales" bumper sticker.

—Any professor who smokes a funny smelling bulk tobacco will be to the left of the one smoking a Kent and not inhaling.

—And a professor who wears Oshkosh B'Gosh bib overalls with no shirt will be more liberal than the prof wearing pleated, pegged gray slacks; a thin black belt nine inches too long and threaded through all but one loop of the trousers; a billowing short-sleeved white shirt, cuffs rolled up 1", one-inch wide black tie held with a three-inch clip on which is soldered the Rotary Club emblem; brown penny-loafers and silk socks rolled down to reveal a portion of albino-colored ankle and shin; short Robert Hall sports-coat with 3" lapels, on the left of which is the gold "ruptured duck" veteran's pin.

If we're going to stereotype, why not go all the way?

—Dale L. Walker

COVER:

American Revolutionary War soldier by Darley.

BACK COVER:

First public reading of the Declaration of Independence, July 15, 1776. Edwin A. Abbey's drawing for *Harper's Weekly*, 1876.

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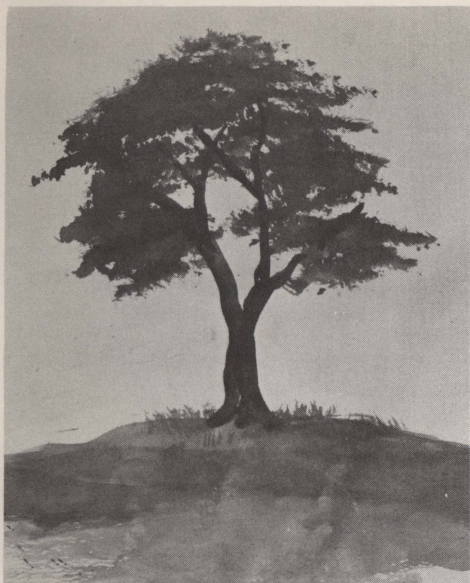
Ray Chavez

PHOTOGRAPHY:

Russell Banks

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For Albert Rye:

The Medium Is GRIT

by Ray Chávez

Most often, you'll find Albert Rye, Jr., at home, sitting quietly before a dinner table strewn with art supplies, agonizing over his latest creation in watercolors. An art student at UT El Paso, he is struggling to attain the skills that few with normal dexterity and ordinary physical attributes can boast. Painting is a painful and frustrating process for him.

Save for some limited movement in his left arm, head and neck, Albert Rye is paralyzed. He paints with his partially functional arm and hand and is in the process of trying a new technique: drawing with a pen clenched between his teeth.

Just over two years ago, Albert was a member of Ysleta High School's football and track teams and an active, healthy, teenager. He planned to graduate from high school and journey with his brother the following semester to Cisco Junior College, possibly on an athletic scholarship. He had won recognition and several awards throughout his school years for his art work and might have earned an art scholarship had not mathematics and science courses brought down his overall grade average.

He later planned to transfer to Stephen F. Austin University, majoring in wildlife management while pursuing his love of painting and drawing as a minor field of study.

"He's always had this love for animals and has always been very sensitive to any cruelty to any living thing," says Jane Rye, his mother. "This, and his art were the things he's always loved. He intended to spend his life working in wildlife management. And art—well, art would be there, no matter what."

But midway through his senior year, in January, 1974, an accident changed all that. While preparing his routine for gymnastics competition, Albert decided to practice his backward flip, a maneuver he'd taken up only the day before. One of his safety assistants or "spotters" was



Albert Rye practices on his new technique in "mouth-drawing" with the help of his mother.



Albert holds a brush with the aid of a mechanical apparatus strapped to his left arm.

unavailable and he was left with only one fellow gymnast to watch out for him in the event of a misjudged acrobatic attempt. As he began his backward movement, rotating head over heels, his lone spotter temporarily looked away. In that instant, the attempt went terribly wrong and Albert came crashing down to the mat, head and neck absorbing the shock of the fall.

"At first it felt like I was in slow-motion, then like I was in a doubled-up position. That was the position I was supposed to be in while flipping—tucked—which is supposed to cause you to rotate. But I stopped my rotation and came straight down. I felt like my legs and arms were still up in the air. I was just lying there. I tried to get up twice. The second time I realized that I'd broken my neck because I couldn't feel my legs or anything else."

He was rushed to the hospital and surgery was performed within hours. However, it was to be a full five months before the grim prognosis was given to Albert: He would never walk again and the paralysis would extend to his arms.

"I wanted to die. I still have feelings like that. Sometimes I'll get so mad that I swear I'll kill myself, but I haven't got the guts to do it. I keep telling everyone else to do it," he says matter-of-factly.

The paralysis also affected the intercostal muscles which partially control his breathing. Thus, during a conversation, he must pause from time to time to draw a deep breath. The labored breathing tires him. He tries to take one class per semester because he is sometimes too physically exhausted to undertake more.

In the days following the surgery, Albert received help from several friends, in particular some of the girls from his high school and neighborhood—dubbed "Albert's Dirty Dozen." "They visited me everyday for three months, keeping me company, trying to keep my spirits up," he says. Most of them have continued to visit him periodically.

He has not yet overcome his apprehension about his appearance. "I'm still embarrassed to go anywhere. I still have feelings about being an invalid because, before my accident, I didn't like looking at invalids—at people in wheelchairs. Now I remember the way I used to feel about seeing people in wheelchairs and I think that maybe that's the way people look at me."

Consequently, he avoids strangers

when he can. His first days at UT El Paso during the fall, 1975, semester were difficult ones because of this.

In order to facilitate his transportation to and from his classes at the University, Albert's father, Albert Rye, Sr., a physical science teacher at Ysleta High School, purchased a van and equipped it to accommodate young Rye in his wheel chair. His constant companion became his mother, who had to give up a thriving business in a floral shop to help her son put his life back together again. Mrs. Rye drives him to school in the mornings, gets him up the rampways and elevators of the Fine Arts Center, and wheels him into the classroom. She remains in the classroom with him, serving as Albert's note-taker.

The situation has had an affect on all members of the Rye household. Even when Albert does his art work at home, he must have help. His mother, his brother Robert, or his sister Pamela must be present for Albert to attempt any work, but the job gets done.

Says his instructor and the chairman of the art department, Dr. Clarke Garnsey, "He's a good student and has carried a B-plus average so far. I don't see how he does it."

Another instructor, John Hogan, says he believes Albert can advance to a

“He wanted to spend his life working in wildlife management. And art--well, art would be there, no matter what.”

design or drawing class, something Rye looks forward to.

“I’ve been told by my rehabilitation counselor that I should forget about art as a self-supporting occupation. He thinks I could get into social work, working with other handicapped people, maybe serving as an example and inspiring others to make something of themselves,” he says, only half seriously.

Albert also finds a bit of inspiration and some ironic comfort in the physical pain he feels. “The doctors say I shouldn’t feel any pain. But I do. Maybe it means I’ve still got something there, that maybe I can still get part of my movement back,” he says, and then pauses to catch his breath. The pain is in his back, his arms and in the lower extremities of his body.

His mother, however, quickly brings Albert back to reality. “The truth is that the doctors just don’t know about the cause of the pain. Albert’s condition now is what the doctors say he should accept. Anything that may happen after this is good, but this is the condition he must learn to accept.”

Acceptance is something he has already begun and always he directs a conversation to his plans for the future, scarcely a habit of someone with a bleak outlook.

The majority of Albert’s paintings are landscapes of trees, mountain lakes and streams, and grassy rolling hills—all of which occupied his thoughts while dreaming of a career in wildlife management.

When Albert returned from the Houston rehabilitation center, he was given a mechanical apparatus which straps onto his left arm and fingers. The gadget expands the movement and gripping power of his left hand, enabling him to hold a brush and make basic brushstrokes. He doesn’t like to use it. “I just don’t like being hooked up to anything,” he says.

His frustrations with the gadget have made him more willing to try a new technique, holding a brush or pen in his mouth. He was further encouraged when he read a magazine article about a young woman in Baltimore, Joni Eareckson, who paints this way. She has no use of her arms and legs, and since Albert’s life closely parallels hers, he has identified strongly with Miss Eareckson’s accomplishments.

Joni Eareckson was an athletically inclined youngster, the victim of a freak accident that caused her paralysis. She overcame years of depression and a sui-

cidal urge and perfected a technique for drawing by mouth. Today, she tours the country, sponsored by Flair pens, and delivers lectures on her art and her faith. Albert wonders if he, too, might be fortunate enough to achieve such goals. So he has begun work on his own technique.

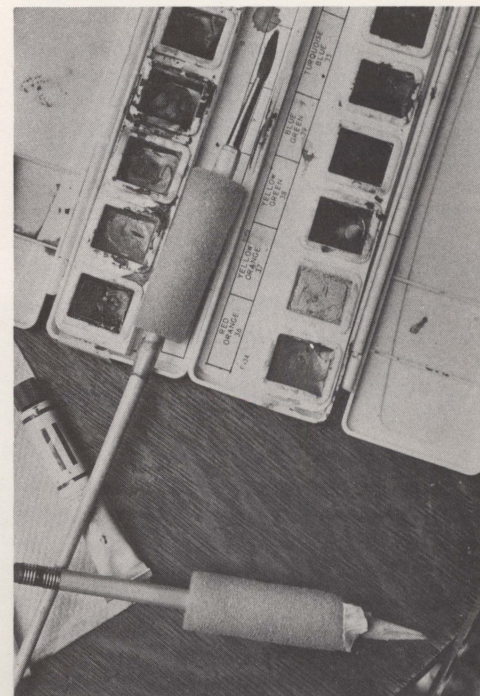
He clenches the pen between his teeth and comes forward, face inches away from the paper. Double-vision results from this close proximity: “I see two lines and I’m really not sure which to follow. I’m working on it and maybe I can figure out a way to prevent that.”

Students in UTEP’s Department of Mechanical and Industrial Engineering are attempting to help Albert by devising several gadgets for his use. Their aim is to make it possible for him to paint solo—without anyone being present to aid him. Work toward that end was begun with the supervision of Prof. K. S. Edwards of the engineering department during the spring semester.

Just over two years have passed since the gymnastics accident, that split-second that changed his life and the lives of his family and friends. He is only 20; in those two years he has made formidable adjustments and significant progress.

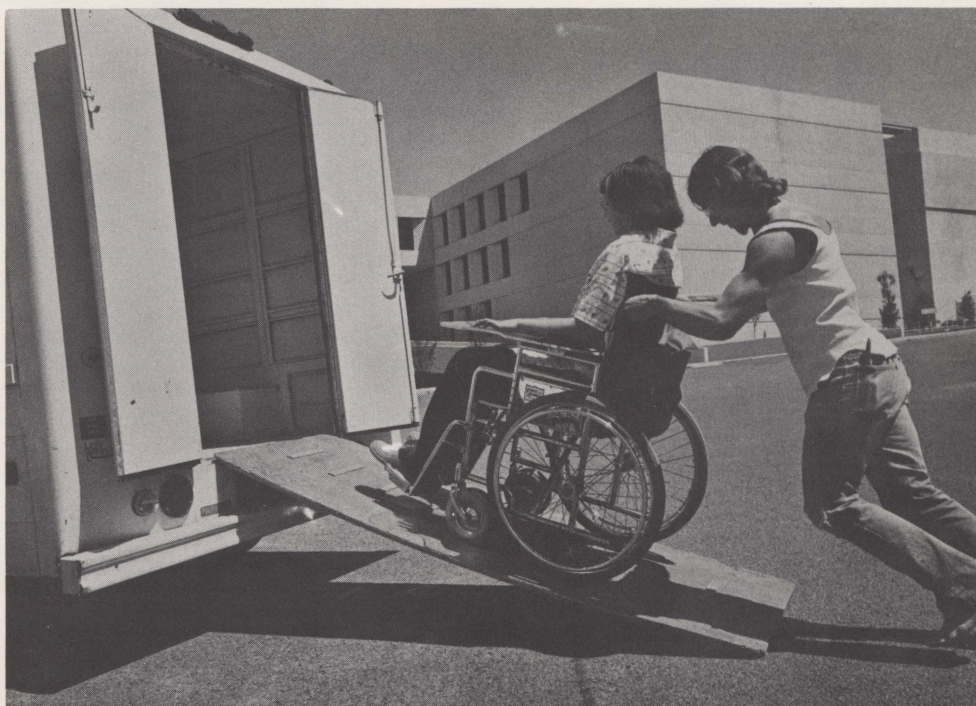
None of us can say how we would cope with the kind of tragedy that has befallen this young man, nor can he say, as yet, what it will all mean in his future. In a sense, Albert Rye has just begun his work, and we can but admire his spirit,

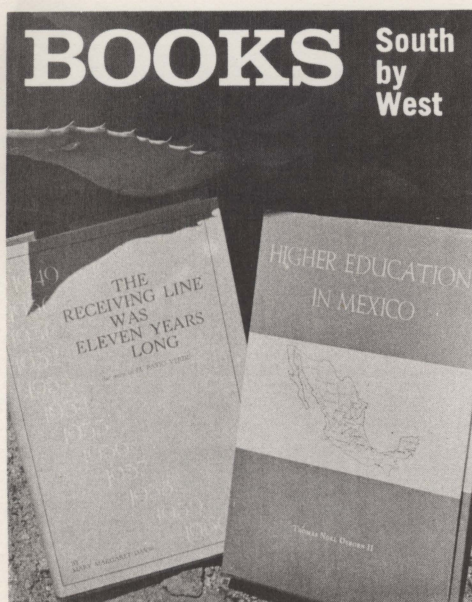
his drive and determination—that element of human character that used to be called—grit. □



Spongy material wrapped around young Rye’s paint brushes enables him to grasp them with his fingers.

Donald Thompson, a friend of the Rye family, pushes Albert up the rampway to the van. The University’s Fine Arts Center, where Albert attends most of his classes, is in the background.





HIGHER EDUCATION IN MEXICO by Thomas Noel Osborn II, El Paso: The Center for Inter-American Studies and Texas Western Press of The University of Texas at El Paso, 1976, \$8.

Often, in attempting to analyze a problem associated with higher education in Mexico, one cannot help but sense the lack of a reliable statistical handle to grab when dealing with the economics of higher education—or education in general. Professor Osborn gives a refreshing insight into that area.

This of course is not to say that there is a lack of reference material on Mexico's education system. On the contrary, one need only remember a recent Mexico City seminar on pedagogy to note the type of material most in abundance.

For the purposes of this study, Professor Osborn's principal tool is that painstaking and laborious to analyze work sheet—the survey. And he wisely withholds the findings of that survey until devoting some 40 pages to the history and structure of higher education in Mexico. As many a student of Mexican history, Professor Osborn too is awed with the ironic turn of events which beset higher education in Mexico—that of the oldest university in the New World in the “Salamanca” tradition only to take a back seat to the political reality of an unstable economy and government and not to a renaissance until about 1940.

One is told of the comparative differences between universities in the United States and Mexico. The Capital has the greatest concentration of universities and enrollment generally reflects a microcosmic picture of the national populace. The male gender dominates the university. And although out of the scope of his study, one cannot help but elaborate on his observation that many university students finish their five year “carrera” and practice it without ever finishing their “licenciatura” thesis. He reasons

this is so because it is the Mexican university student's first attempt at research writing and hence the product is usually bland. To which I must add that the socially beneficial implications in the title of “licenciado” makes the attempt all that much more worthwhile although to the impediment of scholastic investigations—surely a function of the university.

The background behind, Professor Osborn looks at the dichotomy existing in higher education—one which has the public sector ignoring and funding in private universities, which nevertheless enjoy more prestige, spend more per student, and unlike public universities, rely heavily on tuitions. Unlike the U.S., there is no bidding for students through scholarships and although not specifically mentioned — athletic scholarships. There are economic constraints. How long can the private institutions keep relying on tuitions for support? Professor Osborn suggests perhaps a student loan program or land grants to private universities understanding the political implications stemming from the dichotomy born from a historical domination of education by the clergy. One might note the developments in higher education economics in neighboring Ciudad Juárez. The state took over funding and the federal government provided the land and buildings for the formerly private Universidad Autónoma de Ciudad Juárez and similarly, the federal government assisted in re-vitalizing the Escuela Superior Hermanos Escobar into a top-notch agricultural school through the aid of the Arid Lands Program and private foundation monies.

In all, Professor Osborn's study is a worthwhile entry into the area of Inter-American studies.

—Bob Ybarra

THE RECEIVING LINE WAS ELEVEN YEARS LONG: THE STORY OF EL PATIO VERDE by Mary Margaret Davis. El Paso: Guynes Press, 1975, \$7.50

Mary Margaret Davis gives a quick clue to the scope of her book on her title page: “Reminiscences and Recipes from Geneva Causey's El Patio Verde in El Paso, 1949-1960.” That she fulfills this expectation admirably testifies at once to her personal zeal and to her skill in sifting through old appointment books, recipe files, and newspaper clippings. Her product will strongly appeal to any person who ever stood in one of the receiving lines at Mrs. Causey's party rooms, ever gorged at one of Mrs. Causey's famous banquets, ever posed there for the photographers when the occasion focused upon him.

During the decade of the Fifties, El Patio Verde was undoubtedly the major social center—with the exception of the private clubs—available to most El Pasoans. Teas, showers, testimonial dinners, wedding receptions—all found a

congenial place at Mrs. Causey's. That fact occupies a significant place in the history of El Paso culture, as Mrs. Davis clearly demonstrates.

Her book will appeal especially strongly to UTEP alums of the 1950's. If space here permitted, I could offer a long list of the exes who figure in these pages. Of prime interest are those whose pictures appear: Bob and Mary Lou (Roach) Heasley, Charlie and Frances (Bell) Graves, Cliff and Alice (Wall) Richards, Geraldine (Laird) Porter, Jim and Marta (Hargett) Scott, Heywood and Mary Ann (Hamilton) Antone, Bill and Ellen (Lake) Ramsey, Joan (Moore) Kerr, Paula (Miles) Scott, Marcia (Hartford) Harkins, Jack and Betty Rose (Francis) Wilkinson, Caroline Gray, Mekel (Hicks) Thayer, George and “Honday” (Hill) McAlmon, “Rolie” (Kemp) Hibler, Larry Kerr, Ernest Hunsaker, Eugene “Link” Michael, Daisy (Culley) Meacham, Jane (Guthrie) Auchter, Arlin and Caroline (Hembrey) Maddox, Bob Cave, Lavern and Faye (Cormier) Harris.

The general public will enjoy the book's depiction of Mrs. Causey's indomitable spirit, its running account of her working methods. Beyond this, the book offers a real trove of party menus and recipes. When her satisfied customers used to beg Mrs. Causey to share her recipes, that shrewd lady, guarding her “bread and butter,” graciously refused, saying “Someday.”

“Someday” has come. Mrs. Davis' book includes nearly sixty pages of recipes, “the Specialties of El Patio Verde.” She tells us how to make almost every possible sort of banquet and party fare: fiesta spoonbread, crepes in orange sauce, chili-tomato bites, bourbon balls, butter-scotch sticks, artillery punch, Jefferson Davis pie, whiskey whiff, gnocchi semolino, chicken Hawaiian, chicken wiggle—to name only a sample.

This book is dead certain to please: reading it is fascinating, translating it into good food in the kitchen makes it irresistible.

—Joseph Leach

Bob Ybarra is Administrative Assistant to Joseph Friedkin in the International Boundary and Water Commission office.

Joseph Leach is professor of English at U.T. El Paso.

EDITOR'S NOTE

In the September, 1976, issue of NOVA, will appear Robert L. Peterson's review of *United States Customs and the Madero Revolution* by Michael Dennis Carman. Mr. Carman's book is #48 in Texas Western Press' prize-winning Southwestern Studies Series. Forthcoming titles from the Press in the Southwestern Studies Series include: Nancy Hamilton's *Ben Dowell, El Paso's First Mayor*; Robert H. Schmidt's *A Geographical Survey of Sinaloa*; Nona Barrick and Mary Taylor's *The Mesilla Guard*; and James A. Irby's *The Civil War on the Rio Grande*.

ALL THE BOOKS AND PICTURES A MAN COULD WANT

by Dale L. Walker

Durrett Wagner knows precisely how he rose from a freshman engineer at the College of Mines in El Paso to partnerships in one of the most important book publishing houses and the largest historical picture collection west of the Hudson. He knows how it happened but is still a little amazed at the string of disparate circumstances that marked a path to the offices of the Swallow Press, and Historical Pictures Service, Inc., in Chicago.

Among the circumstances were: a lifelong love of books and history, an unplanned abandonment of both engineering and academic administration as career goals, the death of a revered Denver publisher, Chicago's Big Snow of January, 1967, a golf game in Las Vegas, and a mortar made of luck that held all the pieces together. Fit properly and sequentially, these are among the elements that enable Durrett Wagner today to fetch from his file of 2,500,000 pictures that of Alexandrine Petronella Francina Tinné (1839-1869) which graces this page. And these are among the elements which enable Durrett to speak proudly of the books he publishes—those of Frank Waters, Anais Nin, Peter Hurd, Marc Simmons, and such intriguing new titles as *The Monsters of Loch Ness* by Prof. Roy P. Mackal, biochemist at the University of Chicago, who is among the first scientists to take seriously the mystery of the Loch and the "fearsome beasties" first sighted there in 565 A.D.

"Back in 1946, when there was a Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy, I was a typical student," Wagner reflects, "graduate of El Paso High, taking physics, chemistry, engineering, drawing, math—and, of course, English and P.E. I don't think it was the chemistry that threw me off track, but I still recall that course with Prof. Ball. The textbook insisted that the atom was the smallest indivisible particle of matter. However, the U.S. had only recently exploded an atomic bomb, and that put the text up for grabs. It was all very confusing to a mere college freshman."

Although doubting any cause-effect relation to what happened at Trinity Site, Alamogordo, on July 16, 1945, Wagner did end up transferring to Baylor and

receiving a B.A. there, proceeding on to Yale and the University of Chicago for graduate work. For some years he taught U.S. history, then became a dean, at Kendall College in Illinois.

"I thought I had a settled career," he says, "but by 1967 I had defected from academe. My friends lauded me with prescience, figuring I saw the campus turmoil of 1968 a-comin' and knew it was no time to be a dean! Alas, no special

knowledge; it was just plain chance. It all had to do with the sudden death of publisher Alan Swallow in Denver on Thanksgiving Day, 1966..."

The Big Snow of January-February, 1967, also had a lot to do with it since it closed down Chicago for a time. Morton Weisman, a Chicago wholesale book dealer and friend of Wagner's, decided he and his wife had to get out of the bad weather and asked a travel agent to get



Alexandrine Tinné: On the Upper Nile, at age 30, she died.

them to Florida. No luck; everything from Chicago to Florida was booked solid. "Well, then," Weisman told the agent, "book us *somewhere* where its warm!" They ended up in Las Vegas.

The first day in town, Weisman went out to a golf course and met a Denver attorney named Marty Miller. They discovered one thing in common right away: both were in the book business, Miller by the fact that he was representing the Alan Swallow estate and was selling Swallow's publishing firm. By the fifth hole, Weisman had an agreement with Miller that the sale would wait a few days.

"Mort flew back to Chicago," Wagner recalls, "and phoned me to come over to his office. He greeted me with 'How would you like to buy a publishing firm?' and one thing led to another. We did buy it, moved it to Chicago and Mort and I are still partners."

The transformation from dean to publisher, Wagner says, was not hard: "I was as happy teaching and deaning as I had been years ago studying math and drafting. But such is the fate of a dilettante! A new interest, a new opportunity is irresistible, as I proved again just recently."

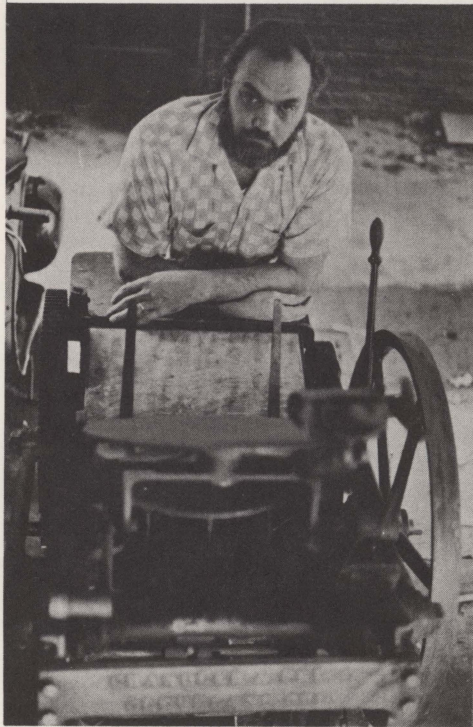
With his roots in the West and with his professional interest in U.S. history, it was natural that Wagner would continue the strong Western Americana line of books that Alan Swallow had been publishing for years. One of Swallow's most important writers was New Mexican Frank Waters and one of the first books out of the Press' new Chicago location was Waters' *Pumpkin Seed Point* (1969), his account of life among the Hopi. Four other Waters books have been published by Swallow Press since: the 1968 edition of *The Woman at Otowi Crossing*, *Pike's Peak: A Family Saga* (1971), and two non-fiction books, *To Possess the Land* (1974) and *Mexico Mystique* (1975).

Other West and Southwest titles issued by Swallow since the Wagner-Weisman partnership include a gorgeous book of Peter Hurd's watercolors, a remarkable biography by Marc Simmons, *The Little Lion of the Southwest: A Life of Manuel Antonio Chávez*, illustrated by El Paso artist José Cisneros, and the forthcoming *Southwestern American Literature: A Bibliography*, "the first genuinely comprehensive check-list of Southwestern writers and writings," in Wagner's words.

In addition to the Western Americana, Swallow has continued another tradition of its founder and namesake: publishing poetry. "Alan Swallow was probably, over the years, the major publisher of new poets in the country—maybe even of poetry in general," Wagner says. "A couple of generations of poets, famous and obscure, are deeply in his debt. We have tried to continue Alan's tradition—but it's tough. No one buys poetry books, so a poetry publisher turns out to be a philanthropist. It's a satisfying feeling, but it's hard on the bottom line. Alan despaired over the same problem back in the early 1960's. He suggested that if every person seriously *writing* poetry in

this country would go out and buy three poetry books a year, that alone would keep poetry publishers like Swallow Press afloat—not rich, just afloat. But it doesn't work that way. Too few poets buy other poets, and non-poets buy even less. Ah, well, we plan to hang in there and see if we can't darken the red ink with sales from a few more popular titles."

Among those latter, the aforementioned *Monsters of Loch Ness* sold out its first printing of 11,000 copies before its publication date and a second printing of 10,000 is already being dented. "Not bad for a \$12.50 book," Wagner comments.



Durrett Wagner at Alan Swallow's old Chandler & Price press.

(It should be pointed out that the author of the Loch Ness book, Prof. Mackal, offers some startling new evidence which, in his words, "leads one inevitably to conclude that a family of large end-chain predators exist in Loch Ness, and that they are probably descendants of giant amphibians thought to be extinct for 250,000,000 years." Prof. Mackal, who helped pioneer studies on the structure of DNA at the University of Chicago, is currently attempting to raise an expedition to capture, examine, and release one of the strange animals, which he believes weighs about 2,500 pounds. Since 1965 he has been scientific director of the Loch Ness Investigation Bureau and has spent many months at the Loch both on and in the Loch's peat-saturated water.)

Other Swallow Press books which have had notable success include *The Good Buy Book*, one of Swallow's three mass market paperbacks, which tells where to buy things cheap in Chicago, northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. At \$1.95 a copy, it sold 80,000 copies in a few weeks and is now being enlarged and revised to include the five-state area of

Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio. Robert Theobald's *Alternative Future for America* has sold nearly 50,000 copies in a period of a few years, Muriel Wolle's *Stampede to Timberline: Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of Colorado* has, gone through 15 printings since 1949, and three Swallow titles that are used as textbooks in colleges and universities and therefore continue to sell well are H. D. Harrington's *How to Identify Plants*, John Dewey's *The Public & Its Problems*, and Frank Waters' classic *The Man Who Killed the Deer*.

Among the long-term good sellers for Swallow, Wagner says, are the books of Paris-born Anais Nin whose first book, published in 1932, was *D. H. Lawrence: An Unprofessional Study* (since reprinted by Swallow). Miss Nin, who for many years referred to herself as an "underground writer," is now an American citizen, her works published in Sweden, Japan, Germany, Spain, Holland, Italy, France, India, Belgium, and England. Swallow has nine of her fictional works in print plus the Lawrence study.

As an example of the risk of book publishing, Wagner cites the 1972 Swallow Press book, *Pale Ink* by Henriette Mertz, the title deriving from a Confucian saying: "Pale ink is better than the most retentive memory." The book, ignored by reviewers and buyers alike, is a provocative study of what appears to be Chinese explorations of Mexico and the Southwestern U.S. around 2250 B.C. and during the Fifth Century, A.D. "We limped along financially on that book by making a mass market paperback sale," Wagner recalls, "but it never provoked the public or scholarly discussion that should have focused on such an important historical item." Why didn't it go? "I can't explain its failure; if I could, I'd be rich and famous. You tell me."

Historical Pictures Service, Inc. became a part of Wagner's life "in much the same way that Swallow Press fell at my doorstep and beckoned me to change vocational directions," he says. The collection was begun in Paris before World War I by Henri Manuel. In the 1940's the Berlin photographer and collector Ismar Lachman bought Manuel's stock and moved it with his own photos and prints to New York City where he gave it the name it has today. Subsequently, a Chicago collector, Joseph Karzen, bought the company and consolidated Lachman's material with his own, then catalogued it with over 100,000 cross-indexed subject entries. Thus, by 1975, Historical Pictures Service, Inc. had become the world's third-largest commercial collection of pictorial material and the largest archive in the country west of the Hudson River: at least 2,500,000 items.

Karzen died and HPS was up for sale. Again, a friend of Wagner's, assistant director of the University of Illinois Press, Frank Williams, contacted Wagner and the two drew in a third partner, Monika Franzen, and bought the picture company.

"Of course, our hope was that, as in years past, book publishers, magazine art directors, film-makers, advertising designers, and all people who need pictures, would pay for using our photographs, cartoons, paintings, engravings, drawings and other graphic materials dating largely from the 18th through the early 20th centuries. It's a weird business, one of those offbeat enterprises that exist squirreled away among the more visible and publicized operations—like cars, TV sets, orange juice, polyester suits—that make up American Business. It has been hard to explain to friends that I sell pictures to folks around the world; and it's hard to visualize how much space 2,500,000 pictures take up. (Not much, really.) Even our attorney, our accountant, and the insurance man had trouble grasping the idea. But my family grabbed on immediately. They thought it a brilliant solution to the piles and files I had myself collected over the years: turn them into a commercial venture and empty the cluttered house—all in one swell foop!"

What pictures do people who need pictures need? "You name it, they ask for it," Wagner says. One needed a picture of a useless invention and selected the one of the portable writing pad. A Chicago businessman phoned for a portrait of Chester A. Arthur, the 21st President (1830-1886; President 1881-85) "We ventured to ask why he needed it and he said he wanted it for his office wall simply because he felt Arthur was a President unjustly neglected." NBC recently asked for a quick photo of the "Great Gildersleeve"—the original one, Hal Peary, and Wagner points out that the figures of Western pioneers that the Franklin Mint is marketing have a connection to HPS, Inc.: "Guess where their artist got pictures from which to sculpt clothing and accouterments?"

One of the unique features of HPS, Inc., as contrasted to the company's competitors in New York, Wagner says, is that, "We are much, much better set up and inclined to furnish bibliographical citation and textual context for users needing a scholarly or historical base for the picture used." In the case, for example, of someone requesting a picture of 19th century El Paso-Juárez, Wagner says, "We might try out the engraving enclosed." (The one appearing with this article). "If the customer liked it, we could tell him that in October, 1859, Albert D. Richardson visited the area and later wrote about his travels in a book published in the 1860's, *Beyond the Mississippi*. Here's what he said of the area:

"Immediately west of the Texan El Paso runs the Rio Grande, dividing our possessions from old Mexico. On its west bank is the Mexican city, El Paso del Norte, thus named by the Spaniards from the pass through the mountains at this point...

"The Mexican El Paso contains 12,000

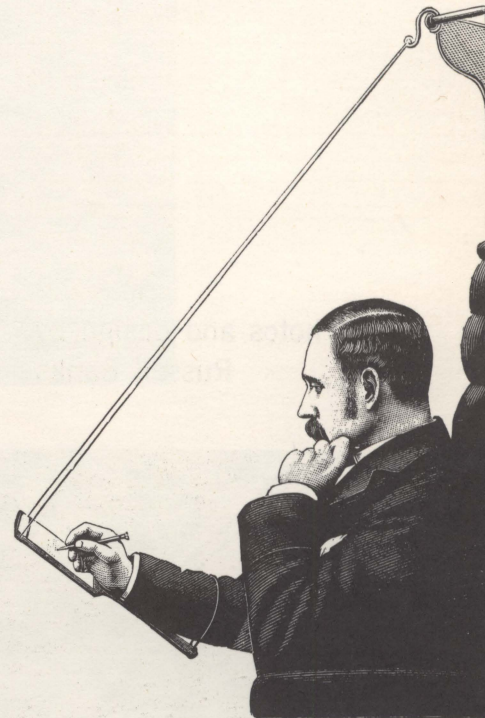
people, and extends up and down the river for miles. Next to St. Augustine, Florida, it is the oldest European settlement on our continent. As essentially un-American as India or China, it is a quaint old city of gardens and cornfields, orchards and vineyards, shaded by green cottonwoods, with a net-work of ditches crossing the streets spanned by rickety log bridges. A city of swarthy, diminutive, sinister-faced men, and dusky women who permit only their lustrous eye to be seen in public. Of narrow, crowded thoroughfares through which Mexican carts creak and rumble, half-naked boys and indolent men bear water jars upon their heads, and little donkeys stagger under enormous loads of corn-stalks. Of ancient adobe houses with wooden doors and window shutters, quaintly carved but without a pane of glass; and of a crumbling cathedral erected before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock."

And, when someone needed a picture of the Dutch traveller-explorer, Alexandrine Petronella Francina Tinné, Wagner was able to supply this information: During the 1860's she made a number of trips exploring the Upper Nile and in January, 1869, she started from Tripoli with a caravan, intending to proceed to Lake Tchad, thence to Wadai, Darfur, and Kordofan to the Upper Nile. On August 1 that year, en route from Murzuk to Ghat, she was murdered by Tuareg bandits who thought her iron water tanks were filled with gold.

Books and picture are also a large part of the life of Mrs. Wagner, Betty Jane, who teaches English at National College of Education in Evanston, Illinois. A few years ago, when Houghton-Mifflin published an enormous multimedia language arts program for kindergarten through junior college called *Interaction*, Betty Jane Wagner edited 31 anthology booklets, invented a grammar game, and directed some films for the program.

This year alone she is co-author of two books, *Student-Centered Language Arts and Reading and Making and Using Inexpensive Classroom Media*, and sole author of a third, *Dorothy Heathcote: Drama as a Learning Medium*. She is currently at work on a book on creative dramatics for 1977 publication.

As for the recent acquisition of Historical Pictures Service, Inc., Wagner says, "This time I outwitted the career-change ogre. I kept Swallow Press and merely added HPS, Inc. No problem; someone else runs it, but it's always there: a kid's dream come true in much the same sense my involvement with Swallow has been—all the books and pictures a man could ever want!" □



A portable writing pad.

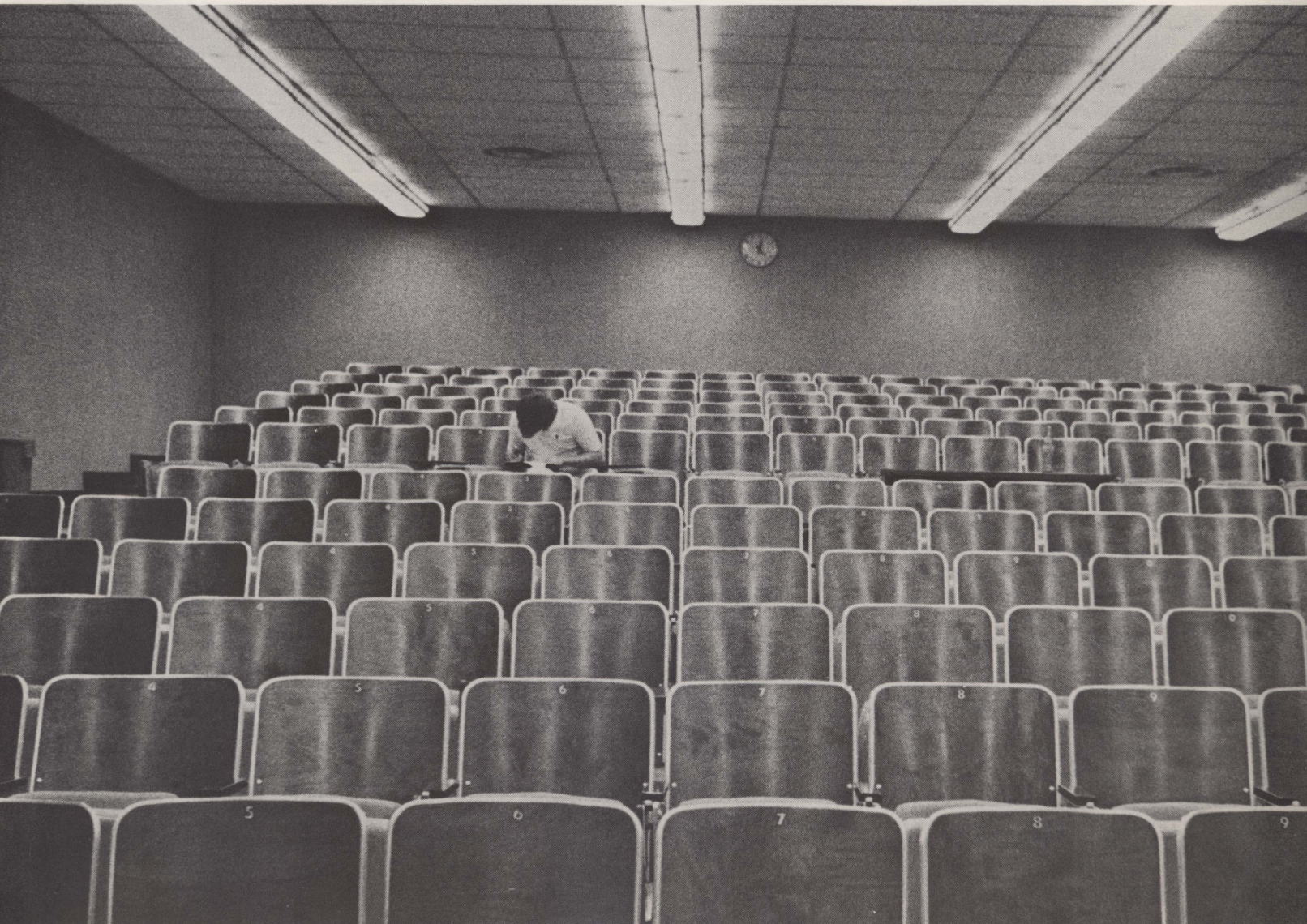
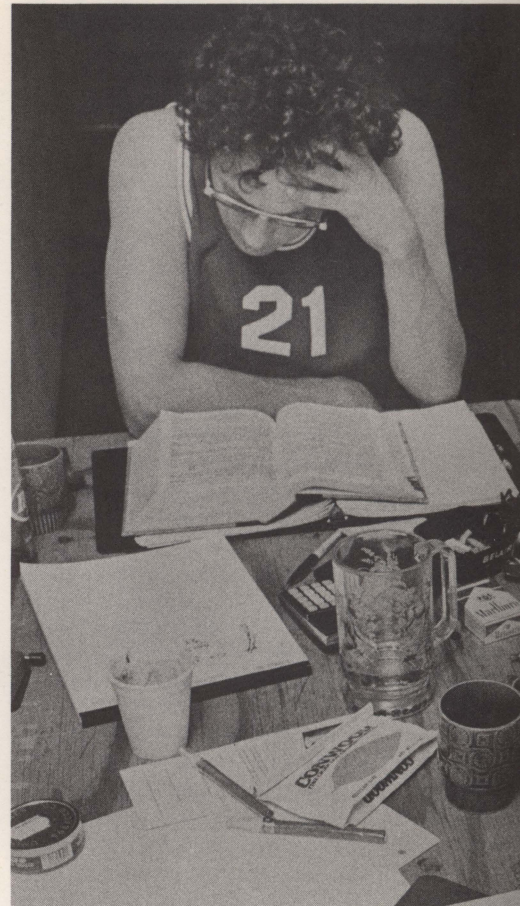


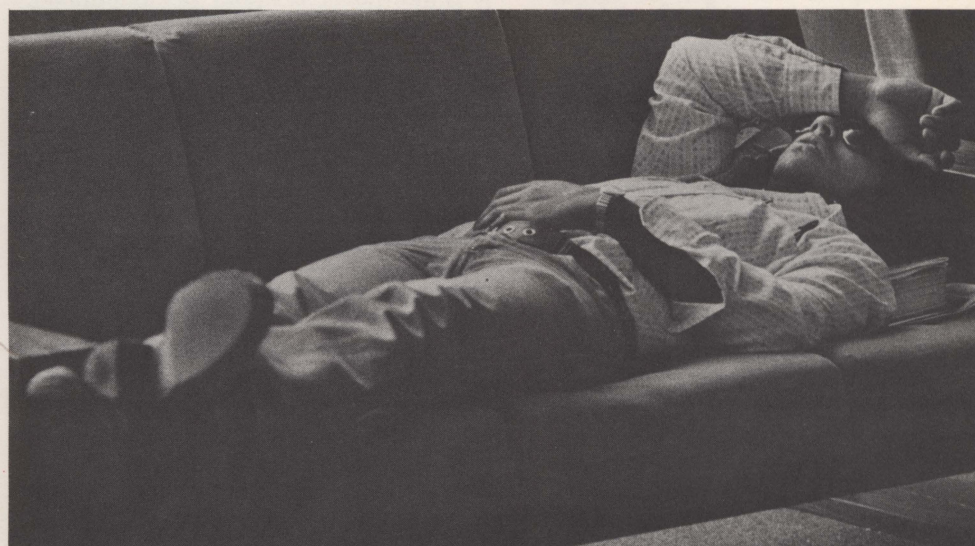
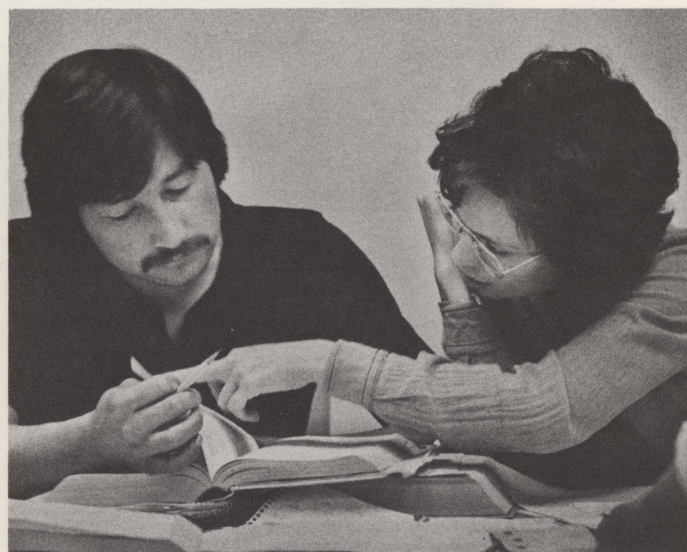
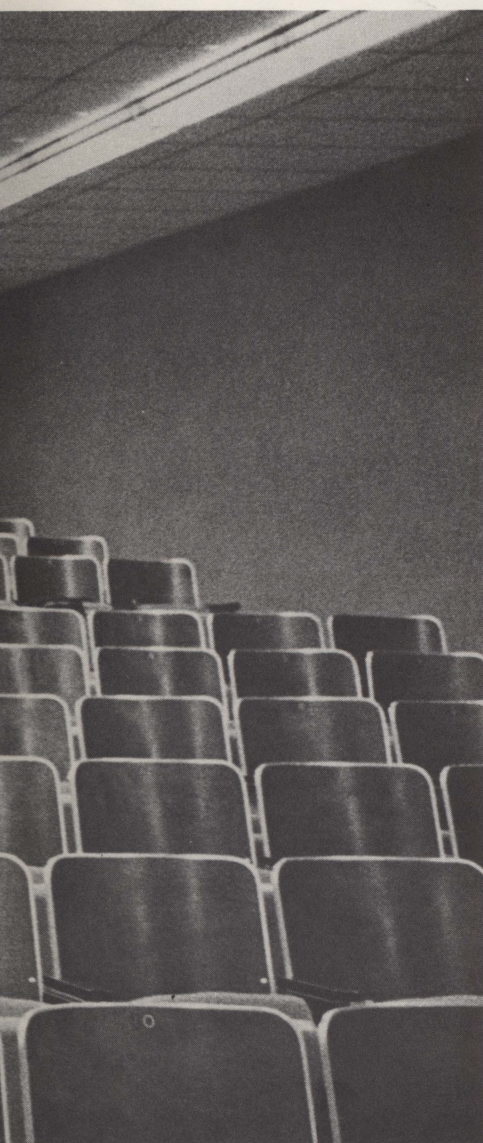
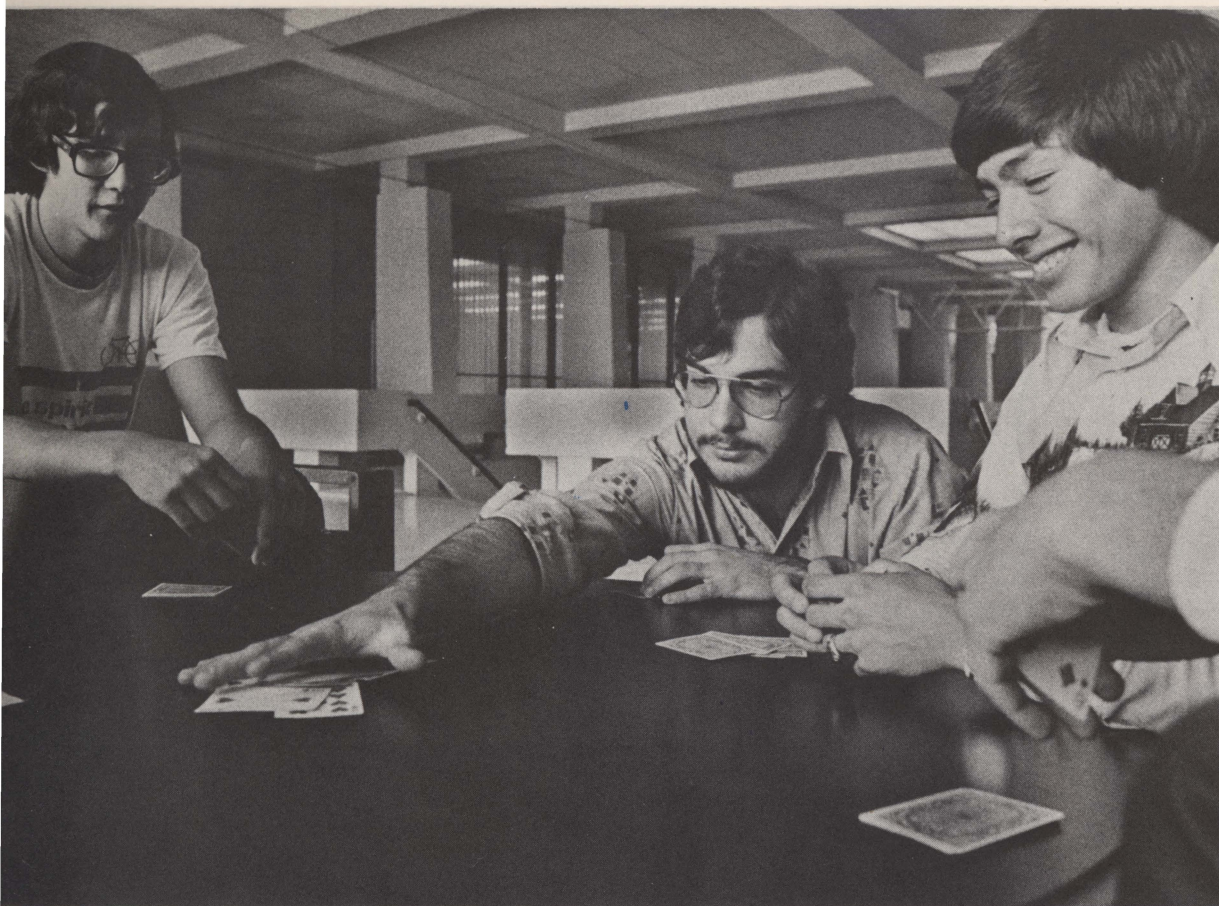
A street in El Paso, Old Mexico, 1859.

FINALS!

They haven't changed much. Oh, there's a small calculator in a pouch on the belt of an engineer where the slide rule used to hang. But they haven't changed much, and we all remember Finals Week: It was then and always has been The Pits. Remember being the last one out of a final and wondering—"Am I doing this right? How come everybody else is done and I've got three questions to go? What time is it? I'd like to get my hands on the person that invented the essay question." Remember the all-night study marathon? Studying right up to the moment of truth, in the Union, in the john, on the bus? A chaw, a dip of snuff, cigarettes, whatever, to stay awake? Some things just don't change and finals is one of them.□

Photos and design by
Russell Banks





Writing is perhaps the most solitary art, and writers pay court to loneliness when they face their typewriters. They struggle with nothingness: A page embodies a whole world, a ream of blank paper becomes a universe.

But imagine two writers, side-by-side, creating separate universes out of separate chaos and consulting each other along the way. A situation like that exists between Duane and Pat Carr.

The Carrs are typical of nothing, regardless of how recognizably American are their backgrounds.

Pat: The sensitive schoolgirl, the intellectual daughter of a Wyoming oil camp boss, who went off to college as a teenager and didn't stop until she had a Ph.D.

Duane: The kid who worked nights and after school at the only bona fide hotel in a small Kansas town. A kid who liked books and wanted to be a writer but did not go to college because no one in his family ever went to college, so what the hell.

That was 25 years ago. Now both teach in the English Department at the University of Texas at El Paso, Duane having renewed his education 15 years after graduating from high school.

And they are both published novelists since this spring, when Endeavors in Humanities Press, a fledgling El Paso firm, brought out their novels as a companion set: Pat's *The Grass Creek Chronicle* and Duane's *The Bough of Summer*.

Pat will concede that Duane's life has been the more picturesque. Although she did grow up in a Wyoming oil camp and has lived in South America, Duane spent his early manhood as a professional anachronism: a telegrapher working from job to job on a small-gauge railroad which twisted and bumped like two parallel razor cuts through dozens of Southwestern backwaters in Colorado and New Mexico, taking him into the lives of salty, down-to-earth women and men.

Duane's train stops are sets for *The Bough of Summer*, which his publisher calls "an American *Tom Jones*" but which Duane sees a bit differently.

"Of course I have qualms about all blurbs," he explains, sitting behind Pat's desk in Hudspeth Hall and measuring his words. "To call it 'amorous adventures' is not really true. It's not a *Tom Jones* in the sense that *Tom Jones* is a light-hearted thing. It just comes out a little more low-keyed."

Duane's novel is populated with disenfranchised train men, losing their jobs to machines; rooming house landladies whose husbands are at work on the railroad too often; laid-off Mexican men whose daughters marry smart-aleck soldiers; Eastern ski-slope girls on college vacations who don't like what they are doing but are helpless to do otherwise.

Pat's characters are salty too, but in a different way. Her novel is more despairing than Duane's. It is the recollections of a child growing up in World War II and coming to understand that the char-

acter of evil is ignorance, insensitivity and true stupidity.

The Grass Creek Chronicle "tells everything about my childhood," she says. Pat's novel is full of 1930's pickup trucks whose owners can't afford better, clowns who die in rodeos, women who hang themselves after infidelities, candied apples that are too dry, and crabby grandmothers.

If the novel is about her childhood, then Pat was a sensitive person always, with an eye for subtleties. As a teacher, she's one of those faculty members who develops a following of students who find out what she's teaching each semester so they can sign up for it.

Both Pat and Duane work at hours that are generally erratic. They write in a book-lined room in their Kern Place home, and sit across the table from each other scrawling out first drafts in long-hand.

Sometime, sometime, sometime, they'll take a sabbatical together. Meanwhile, Duane has begun a new novel. "Essentially it's about a sociopath," he says, remarking upon the difficulty of relating what a novel is "about." "I center it mostly in El Paso."

THE CARRS: A Profile

by Steve Peters



Pat and Duane Carr

Pat has lots of plans. This summer, she intends to begin a novel set in South America and concerned with what she calls "La Violencia." That was when, in a certain South American country, whole villages would massacre each other in a kind of Latin McCoy-Hatfield feud that lasted five years or so without anyone quite knowing what it was all about.

She's written two "South American novels," as she calls them. They are with her agent in New York, who tells her they are "marginal"—if the market was better they would be published. Pat, whose publication history includes a listing and a few honorable mentions in Martha Foley's *Best American Short Stories*, and the publication recently of a critical work on George Bernard Shaw, also plans to finish a second critical book this summer.

She has researched the material for a book to be titled *No, Virginia, There Is No Teresias*, about the feminine and masculine points of view in literature, and has begun a book on Mimbres pottery.

The Mimbres, she explains, were an Indian people who lived in the Southwest around the year 1,000 A.D. and left

no written records, only earthenware pieces with pictures on them. "I'm trying to hypothesize from Mimbres pottery the stories that are behind the illustrations, traced through Indians that are similar," she says.

Except for a short story they plan to write together—Pat taking the feminine viewpoint and Duane the masculine of a particular event—they do not collaborate. They do, however, act as critics for each other.

"I take his word implicitly," Pat says, "without argument even."

Duane confesses that he can be stubborn. "I sometimes toss out everything that you've said," he remarks, looking at Pat.

Pat: "I think for that reason I really have improved. His style has rubbed off on mine."

Duane's idea of literary style is rooted in a belief that the art of writing is returning to human foundations for inspiration. "So much of modern literature doesn't seem to be about human beings," he says. "It's a land of absurdity—motiveless—where the world is crazy and beyond redemption; where we're all puppets on an absurd stage."

Duane views the contemporary turn of literature as one commanded by writers with "a lot of talent but little to say." This literature, he says, grabs the reader in the intellect, not in the gut, and that's what is wrong with it. In his writing, he tries to work with basic human themes.

Pat agrees, and like Duane, she sees a future in regional publishing. As Duane explains, "Those of us who aren't in New York are feeling more estranged from the New York scene. We used to think of it as a cultural center. If you were a writer in the forties or fifties, you went to New York." But now, "We've just become too big and too sophisticated and New York is just too far away," he adds.

Pat's rejection of New York and all the name implies is founded in a belief that major publishers discriminate against female writers because these publishers are not prepared for the feminine point of view. Pat's theory, which she holds adamantly, is that a man cannot understand the woman's experience since he cannot live it, nor, for the same reason can a woman understand a man's experience; therefore, neither should write from the other's point of view.

As a result, she says, she has not sent much to slick New York magazines lately. "Most of the time you get it back saying 'It's too sentimental.' And I am not a 'sentimental' writer," she explains.

Even so, she has sent 21 short stories—a collection called *The Women*—to her agent, who will try to sell it to the highest bidder. "Maybe times have changed," she says.

Pat is 44. She received her bachelor's and master's degrees at Rice and her doctorate at Tulane. She came to El Paso in 1969 where she met Duane, then working on his master's degree at U.T. El Paso. He is 41 and received his Ph.D. last year from the University of Tulsa. □

From:

THE GRASS CREEK CHRONICLE

by Pat Carr

My father pulled up past the sagging fence wires and poles, stopped under one of the trees, and we all got out.

"Ach," Ed said in his accent, and my grandmother looked at him sharply, about to say something cutting I could tell, but Aunt Ester came out then and the screen door slammed in a flimsy slap of wood against what she might have said.

"Dwight's just about through," Aunt Ester said coming down the crooked steps, warding us off like the chickens she pushed aside with her foot, keeping us from interrupting the end of the radio opera that was his ritual, his obsession. "Did you see how my currants are ripening?" she added, keeping us outside as if Uncle Dwight were playing instead of just listening, directing our attention toward the tiny purpling clusters on the one green bush around the house, the one thing she cared about the way her husband did the Sunday afternoon opera.

... Boyce was pointing out the fall stubbed field when Uncle Dwight opened the screen and said heartily as if he'd just discovered we'd driven up, "Come on in."

We filed into the dusky smell of the house, the thick fetid odor of soiled quilts and oilcloth and worn linoleum.

The black stove was out, but the room was still hot from an earlier fire.

There was a lemon pie in the center of the kitchen table, a stack of unmatching crockery cups at one side, and two glasses of milk for Nadine and me that I could tell had been standing a long time.

"You must be starved," Aunt Ester was saying, bustling around the table even though she'd already set out all the plates and forks and had only to pour the coffee from its blue enamelled pot. "I know how hungry I get on a trip, and I do think that road over through Meteetsee gets longer every time we drive it. And especially in all this heat. I don't know as I've ever felt a hotter fall than we're having this year."

I watched her cut nervous wedges of pie and spoon up the globs that fell on the oilcloth. My mother was going to help pour the coffee, but I could see her look around for a pot holder and then give up.

"Here we are," Aunt Ester handed a fork, a saucer of the pie, and the glasses of milk to Nadine and me and we went over to the broken wicker sofa at the other side of the room. There was a rough plaid blanket over the springs and I sat down carefully. Everyone else sat at the kitchen table and Aunt Ester poured the coffee, holding the handle with her bare hand. □

From:

THE BOUGH OF SUMMER

by Duane Carr

I stopped by the bar every evening the rest of the week, but she never came in. Her husband came in about ten every night and sat at the bar drinking Coors until midnight when he bought a six-pack and left with the sack under his arm. He nodded each time he came in, but I was always sitting in a booth with some of the men from the train crews, so I never talked to him again.

On Saturday night she appeared again when a local band came in and set up their instruments to play for the dance. She walked past the booth where I was sitting without looking my way and went to a corner table. I broke away from the fireman who was talking about some deer he'd seen on the run over from Durango and walked across the dance floor to where she was sitting.

"Aren't you speaking?"

She didn't answer.

"I'm sorry about the other day," I said.

"It's all right."

"No, it isn't. I shouldn't have said anything."

"You don't have to be sorry."

"Do you want to dance?"

"Maybe, in a little while."

But after we had a couple of beers, the band played a slow song and she wanted to dance. We kind of walked around the dance floor, very close to each other. We weren't halfway through the number when she wanted to go up to my room.

When we were in bed and I felt her against me I thought I might be in love with her. But afterwards, when she lay with her head on my arm, I knew I wasn't.

"Can we stay like this?" she said.

"Yes, for a while."

"I mean forever."

"What about your husband?"

"He's okay."

"Why is he impotent anyway?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't he ever make love to you?"

"He tried. For a while."

"It doesn't seem right," I said.

"What?"

"The whole thing. You, me, him, it's all screwed up."

"You came to me this time."

"I know."

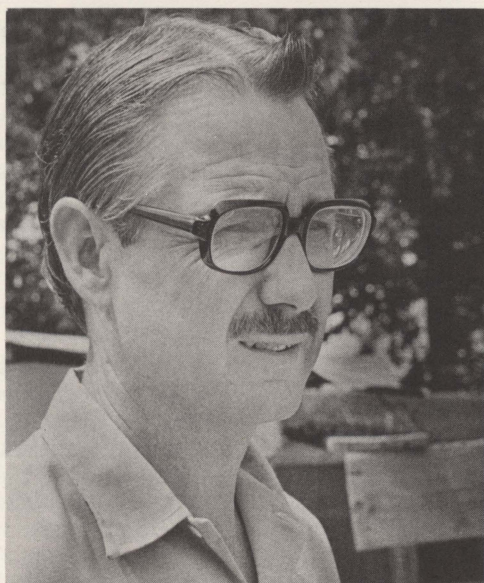
"Why did you do that?"

"I don't know." □

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BORDER SKETCHES

by
**Elroy
Bode**



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 delights 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—except she lived and died, unheralded, in Three Rivers, Texas. I remember another young woman I knew when I was in the air force whose

skin always smelled like smoke and who, as I think about it, probably shaved.

Yes, to be in a Juárez 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 sip from the clear red surface of my own Manhattan. I look into the mirror behind the bar and find, in my face, a familiar mystery there.□

Death in Juárez? Well, of course; people died there as routinely as they did any place else. But funerals—strange that I had neglected to think of them before, that I was even surprised, somehow, to remember they occurred...

It was a hot summer noon and I was walking along Mariscal Street. As I turned a corner a sweating man in a wrinkled suit and sunglasses was putting funeral markers on a hearse and three parked cars. The signs were small, with suction cup bottoms, and the man stuck them nonchalantly to each hood—with the same routine motion he would have used in a grocery store, stamping prices on a row of cans. When he finished he squinted at the sun and then jerked his chin up in recognition of a man crossing the street. They began to talk, the sweating, squinting funeral director pooching out his lower lip from time to time.

The funeral parlor across the street—the *funeraria*—was a single door between the Club Silver Moon and the Nuevo Harlem Club, two of the bars in the district that catered to Negroes. About a dozen people were gathered outside the door, talking, ready to get into the three parked cars. They did not seem particularly upset or even solemn. No one was crying. Several of the younger women were concerned about their black man-

tillas fitting properly across their hair; two middle-aged women held white handkerchiefs.

An ice truck was beginning to maneuver down the narrow street when the screen door of the *funeraria* opened and four men came outside with the casket. The ice truck slowed down with a screeching of worn brakes, waited until the men had placed the casket inside the hearse, then changed gears, squeezed past, and bounced on around the corner.

About this time a man with an empty Coke bottle came slouching up my side of the street, headed toward a vendor's stand a block away. As he passed a cleaning shop he stuck his hand through an opening in the dusty screen and pulled out a second empty bottle without breaking stride; then, in a few moments, he returned and slid a Coke back through the tear in the screen. He called out to someone within the shop but did not stop long enough to look inside. He did not look at the funeral either—he dangled his own Coke by the neck and kept on moving at his dogged, dispirited gait back up the street.

The hearse and its small following of cars had begun to pull away from the curb—the funeral director first carefully adjusting his dark glasses—when a woman sauntered across the street in front of them, lazily switching her skirt with her hands. She seemed oblivious of the street, the funeral, the people passing by on the sidewalk; and she paid no mind at all to her little girl trailing half a block behind. The woman sang to herself, chewed on a match, and all the while kept flipping her skirt front up to her chin in a slow casual rhythm. The hearse waited for her to pass, then drove on across the intersection as the woman's little girl finally straggled up to the curb. She had been pausing at each shop in the block, looking in. While she waited at the corner she gazed at herself in a narrow clothing store mirror and tried to get the tips of her sawed-off bangs to curve in toward her eyes.

A few minutes after the funeral procession had gone an old Chevrolet lurched up in front of the *funeraria*, the driver shouting inside the shop; a woman gave directions through the screen door and the car rattled away—with a rumbling city lines bus honking loudly, insistently, behind. And a taxi did the same—came tearing up the street, stopped for directions, tore on. But the two late cars were like the hounds of heaven giving final chase: when they were gone, the sense of the funeral passed from the street. A bearded shoeshine man turned the corner, making his customary rounds through the Club Silver Moon and the Nuevo Harlem Club. A tamale vendor shouted from the next block; two black dogs started fighting behind a parked truck. As I walked away the woman inside the funeral parlor was beginning to sweep the floor—raising little clouds of dust that filtered through the screen and drifted slowly down the street toward the graves of the cemetery.□

Alum Notes

by Maxine Neill



NOVA would like to thank **Mrs. Betsy H. Johnson** (Class of '51) for forwarding to us a letter from **Mr. Mubeen Abdullah**, a '52 graduate of TWC and native of Afghanistan. Betsy tells us that after his graduation, Mr. Abdullah returned to his home country to work. He is married to a beautiful lady, Parween, and they have six children, two of whom are now studying at the university in Kabul. Several years ago they realized a long-standing dream of making a pilgrimage to Mecca. Portions of Mr. Abdullah's letter follow:

"... For the last 23 years I have been working in various departments of the Ministry of Mines & Industries of Afghanistan. I commenced my practical work as a mining engineer at Karkar Coal Mine. Later I was appointed the field engineer of both Karkar and Ishpushta Coal Mines. Both of these mines are located in the province of Baghlan Pauli Khumri — a northern region of our country. After about five years of work there, I was transferred to Petroleum Exploration Dept. at the city of Mazar-i-Sharif where I became the director in charge of all the geologic explorations. For about 30 years we have done extensive geological, geophysical, aeromagnetic surveys and deep drillings in search for oil in the northern regions of Afghanistan. Although on the whole Afghanistan is a mountainous and rugged country, the north and south regions of the country have dry flat lands as in Texas. Some parts are so flat that when it rains, here too as in some parts of Texas, we put traffic signs to tell the water in which direction to flow.

"The past two years I have worked as a member of Board of Experts of the Ministry of Mines & Industries of Afghanistan. Actually it is an advisory board. We give advice and direction on important technical matters referred to us and at times we are required to visit some mines and plants to make constructive criticisms.

"As a former student of UTEP, you folks would be happy to know that I have done everything to uphold the grand name of my former College. In 1952 I graduated with straight A average. During the last 23 years in my jobs in various capacities with the government, I have achieved about 25 different kinds of recognitions, honors, awards and distinctions—something very unusual in my country. These achievements cannot be confined and imputed to this humble soul alone, but are closely integrated with the sound and decent education and training I have acquired from a distinguished college of a great country. A group of fine and ardent professors toiled and extended honest efforts to give us a very healthy educational background.

"I have lived one of the best parts of my life in the great Lone Star State of Texas among many fine and friendly people. In El Paso, I hardly realized that I was a foreign student. I have got very happy and fond memories from the many interesting people I have met there. Thanks for everything. My hand is extended for all of you for a very friendly handshake."

Mr. William D. Burnett (Class of '55) wrote in April to let us know that an error had been made in the last issue of NOVA. His father, **Jack H. Burnett, Sr.**, who died in El Paso on December 19, 1975, attended College of Mines in 1920, not 1940 as reported. He also sent on his father's telling of his days in early El Paso. Mr. Burnett Sr.'s recollections of TSM were that it had 87 students. He rode the street cars, then walked from Yandell and Stanton up the hill through the section where Providence Hospital is now located. He recalled that his surveying class had a problem

of plotting the curve on Mesa for the El Paso High streetcar. He also reported that at the time the Upper Valley highway through Smeltertown was paved to the old Jones school house (200 yards past the Santa Fe RR crossing.) From there they had cross-country races to Phoenix. He recalled Stutzes, Hudsons, Studebakers, Buicks, and Cadillacs being used. The race usually started at 5 a.m. and they would go up the night before and camp out. The races went directly across the hills by the Country Club through Columbus, New Mexico. He saw many wrecks at the start of each race!

CLASS OF 1926:

Prof. Eugene M. Thomas received the Legion of Honor medal and certificate from the American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical and Petroleum Engineers, Inc. (AIME) in late 1975. He began teaching at TCM in 1930 and under Cap Kidd began expanding the Mining and Metallurgy Departments into a school of world renown. In 1964, Dean Thomas was named "Outstanding Ex-Student" by the Alumni Association.

CLASS OF 1933:

Mrs. Corinne Howell Wolfe was granted the 1975 Distinguished Alumna Award by the Tulane University School of Social Work.

CLASS OF 1938:

Miss Mary Etta Banks and **Miss Mary Ella Banks** (Class of '39), twin sisters, were elected "Teachers of the Year" at Roosevelt School in El Paso. They are retiring this month after teaching for 37 years.

Mrs. Irby Kistenmacher Hanna has retired from teaching after 25 years in the El Paso area and two years at El Paso Natural Gas school near Carlsbad.

CLASS OF 1940:

Mrs. Julia Carlton Brown teaches business at Fabens High School.

Mrs. Margaret Asmann Kahl and husband **Ed** are both taking early retirement, he from Southern Pacific RR and she from teaching. They will be moving from El Paso to southern California in December to live in their "mountain retreat."

CLASS OF 1942:

Harvey J. Hausman is an attorney with the Office of the Public Defender for the County of Los Angeles.

CLASS OF 1943:

Mrs. W. C. (Lace Kitterman) Vitunac and husband, **Walter**, are building a new home beside a lake on their tree farm in Fort Pierce, Florida, where they maintain a wildlife refuge.

CLASS OF 1946:

Col. William K. Douglas, M.D., was the physician for the first seven astronauts, including **Deke Slayton** (9/75 NOVA, "Apollo-Soyuz"). Although Dr. Douglas was not engaged actively on our last manned space venture, it was through his previous efforts that Slayton was given the opportunity to go into space. Our thanks to **Dr. Don Rathbun** (Class of '47) for this information.

CLASS OF 1947:

Fred H. Brooks was recently named President of Minerals Recovery Corp. headquartered in Denver.

CLASS OF 1948:

Thomas P. Webb is Chief Chemist at the Texaco Refinery in Amarillo.

CLASS OF 1949:

Mrs. Faye B. Gracey has retired from teaching in El Paso and will move to Houston this summer.

Bill Libby moved from Bangladesh to Jakarta, Indonesia, in January, 1975. **Hector Rochin** ('50) sent us a copy of his interesting Christmas letter: "We've been very busy since our move; I'm trying to assess the water potential of southern Sumatra for the World Bank and the Indonesian Government. The family is all well and still thoroughly enjoying our foreign living. Our travels in Indonesia have unfortunately been very limited. We've only explored a small part of West Java where we discovered a delightful spring quite close by called Cimalati. Although admittedly a guess, Cimalati appears to have been developed by the Japanese during WWII, perhaps as a rest area. The spring is enclosed in an Olympic-size swimming pool, overflows into a small stream and then continues on to irrigate terrace after terrace of rice fields. I drive myself to work, an ordeal in Indonesia somewhat comparable to negotiating an unmarked two-lane Los Angeles Freeway on a Labor Day Weekend!"

John Joseph Woo, Sr. retired in February from the U.S. Postal Service after 25 years of service in El Paso.

CLASS OF 1950:

Roger S. Bell is Manager of the Gas Contract Survey Dept. of EPNG in El Paso.

Mrs. Mary Rayon, who teaches sixth grade at Beall School, was named Teacher of the Year for the El Paso Independent School District in the Fall of 1975.

Hector Rochin owns Rochin Engineering, a consulting business, in DeSoto, Texas.

Dr. Aaron P. Sanders is Professor and Director, Division of Radiobiology, Duke University Medical School in Durham, North Carolina.

John E. Shryock has returned to the States after almost 25 years of mission work in Africa. He has completed most of the requirements for certification as a Fellow Church Business Administrator. Currently, he and his family are in Mesa, Arizona.

CLASS OF 1951:

Col. Kenneth L. Chesak will leave the D.C. area in August to report to the US Army Missile Command, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama.

Mrs. Betsy H. Johnson is owner and manager of Dyal Travel Service in El Paso.

Joe L. Karr was the 1975 recipient of the "Administrator of the Year" award presented by the Texas Classroom Teachers' Association. Mr. Karr has worked as a classroom teacher and principal in El Paso schools for 29 years.

LTC (Ret.) Charles A. Lopez is an Employment Service representative with the Texas Employment Commission in El Paso.

Juana Serna reports she is now retired and enjoying travelling. She lived a year in Paris, trying to "understand French and the French." In 1975, she went to the Holy Land and most of the major European cities.

CLASS OF 1953:

Robert C. Heasley was recently named "Insurance Man of the Year" by the El Paso Association of Life Underwriters. Bob is currently chairman of the Airport and Mass Transit Board of El Paso and the UTEP Matrix Society.

William T. Jones is working on the King Salmon Platform in Cook Inlet, Alaska, for Atlantic Richfield.

Dr. Owen D. Williams practices internal medicine in Dallas.

CLASS OF 1954:

Mrs. Carol Gordon, a former internal auditor with the Panama Company in the Panama

Canal Zone, has been named Acting Dean of Administration at El Paso Community College.

A. R. McCown is with the Space and Communications Group of Hughes Aircraft Co. in El Segundo, California.

Mrs. Nannie E. Rogers (M. A.) retired from teaching in El Paso schools in May, 1974, after teaching for 33 years.

CLASS OF 1955:

Gene E. Congdon, Sr. is Exploration Manager of North American for Weeks Natural Resources, Inc. in Southport, Conn.

Lloyd B. Harris is President and Managing Officer of Mission Federal Savings and Loan Association in El Paso.

Dan Conrad Hovious is President of Hovious Associates Gallery of Homes in El Paso.

CLASS OF 1956:

David B. Clark is Pension and Profit-Sharing Supervisor for Aetna Life in El Paso.

Alan B. Stembbridge is employed by Charter Builders of Dallas as Vice President and Chief Financial Officer and resides in Plano, Texas.

Mrs. JoAn M. Tyrrell, now living in Amherst, New Hampshire was named Art Teacher of the Year in 1969 by *Grade Teacher Magazine*.

CLASS OF 1957:

Enrique Bustamante has been named Executive Director of El Paso's Housing Authority. Enrique is also on the Alumni Assn. Board of Directors.

Richard C. Fletcher of Northern Mesa Electronics states the two-year old company now has distribution for its video equipment throughout California, Washington and Oregon, and plans are for an office to be opened late this year in Hilo, Hawaii. Dick lives in Cupertino, California, with his wife, Judy, and their three children.

John Westrope resides in Columbia, Maryland. He is Senior Planning/Budget Analyst for the Internal Revenue Service.

Mrs. L. W. (Lupe Rascon) Clements is Bilingual Administrator for the Tempe Elementary School District No. 3 in Tempe, Arizona.

CLASS OF 1959:

W. T. Bartlett, Jr. is Mine Superintendent for the large open pit Mima Puebla Vieja Mine of Rosario Resources in the Dominican Republic.

Major (Dr.) O. T. Garza won the Norman Kirk Award for an orthopaedic presentation on "Washing Machine Wringer Injuries" at the Society of Military Orthopaedic Surgeons meeting in San Diego. He resides in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Richard Sambrano of Dallas is the Chief of Training with ACTION Agency and was recently elected president of the Dallas Chapter of IMAGE (Incorporated Mexican-American Govt. Employees).

LTC Bill Lewis is attending the US Army Command and General Staff College at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas. As part of his studies he is writing a paper on **Gen. S.L.A. Marshall's** (1920, etc.) thoughts on leadership in the military.

CLASS OF 1960:

Eduardo Molina (M.Ed. '69) has been named to the 1975-76 edition of *Who's Who in Texas Education*. He teaches math at Jefferson High School in El Paso.

CLASS OF 1961:

Art Alva is a consultant in Guidance & Special Education in the EPISD.

George D. Burgess is Assistant Vice President at the Los Angeles Head Office of Lloyds Bank of California. He coordinates the Affirmative Action Program for the 93-branch bank system.

Janet Duncan Hardy spends a good deal of her time traveling. Last year she went to Scandinavia, Great Britain, and the French West Indies. She also flew to Washington, D.C. to attend a reception hosted by President Ford at the White House. This month she is on an expedition in South America to explore the jungles of Surinam and to go white-water rafting down a tributary of the Amazon. Janet is a reporter, photographer and page editor for *The Canon City Daily Record*. She and her husband, Dave, live in Canon City, Colorado, and she wants to hear from old friends!

Joseph R. Sitters is Assistant Vice President of El Paso National Bank. Sitters' wife, the former **Yolanda Chavez**, is Vocational Office Education Co-Op Coordinator at Irvin High School and was named to *Who's Who in Texas Education*.

George Stewart, art teacher at Ysleta Jr. High School, was also recently selected to the 1975-76 edition of *Who's Who in Texas Education*.

CLASS OF 1962:

Juan A. Amador (M.A. '72) is Director of Mental Retardation Services at the El Paso Center for Mental Health & Mental Retardation Services. His wife is the former **Carmen Arroyo** (B.A. '61, M.A. '72).

Abelardo Delgado, Chicano Studies Instructor at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, has been appointed interim president of the Utah Spanish-Speaking Organization for Community, Integrity and Opportunity. Mr. Delgado is a poet and writer.

Alfred M. Diaz works for IBM in Pomona, California. His wife, the former **Martha Boadella**, is Supervisor of the Career Information & Guidance Center of Mt. San Antonio College, Walnut, California.

Kyle Ellis has been named head coach at Silver City, New Mexico, High School. He will take over his new duties this summer.

Mrs. Daphne Green Rowden is Special Education coordinator with the Fail-Save Learning Disability Continuum Project in Albuquerque.

Dr. James H. Wells is Assistant Professor of Plastic Surgery at Johns Hopkins Medical School and resides in Lutherville, Maryland.

CLASS OF 1963:

Ronald C. Cole is Manager of Marketing Analysis at Mann Manufacturing, Inc. in El Paso.

James A. Fyock lives in Dewey, Oklahoma, and is Director of Public Relations for Phillips Petroleum Co.

Kenneth H. Heineman works in the Regulatory Affairs Dept. for EPNG and lives in El Paso.

W. Cole Holderman is with the El Paso Prudential Insurance Agency. Cole, President of the El Paso Association of Life Underwriters, received the Louis I. Dublin Public Service Award. He is past president of the UTEP Ex-Students' Association and past chairman of the UTEP Alumni Fund for Excellence. His wife, the former **Carol Irvin**, is Secretary of our Alumni Association.

CLASS OF 1964:

James B. Bexley is President of First Bank in Houston.

Miss Irma Herron is employed by Wells Fargo Bank Headquarters in San Francisco as Assistant Vice President in charge of Employee Relations for the organization which has 12,000 employees in over 375 branches throughout the State of California.

Wade H. Mayo recently received his second master's degree—this one from USC in Electrical Engineering. He resides in Ontario, California, and works with General Dynamics/Pomona Division as a Senior Research Engineer—Tactical Missile Guidance Seeker Development and Design.

Miguel Solis has led a varied life! After graduation from TWC with a degree in Biology, he attended the UT Austin College of Pharmacy and worked in El Paso for three and one-half years as a pharmacist. He then attended the UT Austin Law School and is now an attorney in El Paso.

Jerry O. Young is Project Engineering Manager for Drilco Industrial in Midland, Texas.

CLASS OF 1965:

Capt. Gabriel C. Armijo is stationed with the 25th Infantry Division at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. His wife, **Irene**, is Class of '64.

Mrs. Laura C. E. Bayless writes NOVA: "As probably the oldest member of the 1965 class, I wish to express my gratitude for the opportunity to go through college after having been out of school for almost 35 years and being admitted without a high school diploma. While the five years spent working toward a degree seemed long and hard at the time, the fruitage has been marvelous. This enabled me to teach high school English for the EPISD for five years before taking early retirement to travel extensively, studying French and Art History in France."

Jose D. Banales is Assistant Principal of Mesa Vista School in Ysleta.

Mrs. Nelva Stockman Bixler does part-time secretarial and accounting work for her husband, **Bruce** (1947, etc.), who is a CPA.

Richard A. Bowhay is Senior Buyer for General Dynamics/Electronics Division and lives in San Diego.

Major (Ret.) Homer G. Craig is an Education Specialist writing correspondence courses for the Fort Bliss Air Defense School.

Mrs. Ofelia Navarrete Crofts (M. A. '72) is a coordinator-instructor for the Napa Community College in Napa, California.

Mrs. Jeralynn Winn DeFrank teaches in the Ocean View School District in Huntington Beach, California.

Mammei Rene Donald is a teacher in the Ysleta ISD. His wife is the former **Judy Nelson**, Class of '63.

Willem Downey is Crafts Shop Director at McGregor Range, Fort Bliss and is President of the local Filipino-American Association.

Mrs. Kay Morrison Fine teaches eighth-grade math at Crosby School in the EPISD and is Choir Director at Highland Presbyterian Church.

Ruben G. Garza is Vice President of Geomarine, Inc. and lives in Plano, Texas.

William M. Gatewood, Jr. is an attorney and counselor-at-law in San Antonio.

James Bryce Gillespie teaches at Pasodale Elementary School in the Ysleta ISD, also is an accompanist for musical productions at Ft. Bliss Moulin Rouge Dinner Theatre.

Mrs. Cristina Sanchez Gonzales teaches at Carlos Rivera Elementary School in the EPISD.

Richard Gore, Principal of Presa Elementary School in the Ysleta ISD, has been elected an interim National Education Association director by the Texas State Teachers' Association Executive Committee.

Herbert Genung Hanthorn is a clerk with the Southern Pacific Transportation Co.

Miss Linda Hollenshead is an art teacher in the EPISD.

Jentry R. Kandall is Salesman & Estimator for Service-master of Wheatridge & Lake-wood and lives in Arvada, Colorado.

Clark Krigbaum is associated with The Marsh Insurance Agency and has just been elected President of the Downtown Lions Club of El Paso.

Robert E. Lee is owner of Missile Transfer and Storage Co., Inc. of El Paso.

Burquete J. Mena is a partner in the law firm of Mena & Mena in Juarez, Mexico.

John C. Moore does technical-clerical work for the home office of Southland Life Insurance Co. in Dallas.

Mrs. Dora R. Myers is a budget analyst with U.S. Civil Service at Ft. Bliss, also does part-time teaching.

Arturo Oaxaca teaches World History at Ysleta High School and will be Ysleta Teachers' Association delegate to the National Education Association National Convention this month.

Pat O'Donnell is a systems electrical engineer for EPNG.

Robert Ramos, local attorney, has been named an Assistant Federal Public Defender for the El Paso office.

Mrs. Gene Johnson Ray teaches second grade at Mary Stanton Elementary School in the EPISD.

Mrs. Mary Carmen de la Vega Saucedo (M. A. '68, M.Ed. '70) is Associate Superintendent for the Northeast Area of EPISD.

Mrs. W. R. (Mary Jo Golding) Shaver teaches piano at the University of Louisville Preparatory School.

Mrs. Anne Harthcock Smith is a computer specialist at White Sands Missile Range and lives in Anthony, New Mexico.

Faustino Soto is an accountant for the Social Security Administration/Bureau of Health Insurance and lives in Irving, Texas.

John S. Ylisen is a senior accountant with Bixler, Carleton, Pittenger & Rister in El Paso.

CLASS OF 1966:

Thomas M. Hageman, Jr. works for Bankers Life of Des Moines and is currently enrolled in the Certified Life Underwriter Graduate Study with The American College for CLU Studies. He lives in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

Mark Hutman is Director of Student Activities at Eastwood High School in El Paso.

Alex Manriquez is Senior Stress Analyst for SOLAR/Div. of International Harvester. His wife, the former **Victoria Rodriguez** (Class of '70), is a homemaker and taking care of two small children. They reside in San Diego.

John C. Myers reports from Eagle Pass that "he's chucking it to 'em and cashing in his chips." In other words, retiring effective the 15th of this month.

Mrs. Anne Tonkin Skupin is a homemaker living in Houston with her husband and two children. She would love to hear from any of her TWC friends who get to Houston.

CLASS OF 1967:

Dr. R. Craig Bales is practicing Emergency Medicine in Houston and just received an award from the Houston Fire Department for assistance in training Houston's paramedics.

Leon Blevins (M.A.), a member of the El Paso Community College faculty, has been named to *Who's Who in Religion*. He is coordinator of political science at the college and a Southern Baptist minister.

Mrs. Sylvia LaFoy teaches at Burges High in El Paso and was recently chosen for membership in the Beta Nu Chapter of Delta Kappa Gamma, an international teacher's sorority.

Ernest W. Loya and wife **Sandra** (Class of '73) are in Amarillo. Ernest is a chemist with U.S. Bureau of Mines, Helium Operations. Sandra is an elementary school teacher.

David Macias recently received his M.S. degree in Administration from George Washington University in Washington, D.C. Currently he is continuing his graduate studies at USC's Public Affairs Center in D.C. He resides in Baltimore.

Sam H. McVay, Jr. is Project Manager for major gas processing projects for Mobil Oil Corporation in Midland.

LCDR Lawrence H. Robinson is serving an out-of-service fellowship at Columbia University Babies Hospital in Pediatric Radiology. He and his wife, the former **Polly McKee**, are now residing in Maywood, New York.

John N. and Katherine D. Schear are living in Richmond, Virginia. John is with a Bell System affiliate. They "miss UTEP and El Pasoans, but try to keep up."

Dr. Duane R. Tinkler is practicing dentistry in Dallas and Grand Prairie. He will start a two-year residency in Orthodontics next month at Children's Medical Center in Dallas.

CLASS OF 1968:

Mrs. Marilyn Clement recently was selected to appear in the 1975-76 edition of *Who's Who in Texas Education* and resides in El Paso.

Alvaro Cruz was appointed Special Agent for the FBI and is now stationed in San Francisco.

Jerry B. Ganann teaches Social Studies at Gadsden High School and resides in El Paso.

Jay L. Gerst resides in Alexandria, Virginia. In February, he was transferred and promoted to Chief of Programs and Standards for the Office of the Secretary, Interior Department.

Stephen H. Virgil is a special agent for the Treasury Department in Phoenix.

Bob Ybarra has joined the U.S. Section of the International Boundary and Water Commission and is a special aide to Ambassador **Joe Friedkin** (Class of '32). He has assumed research and writing duties and acts as Commission Secretary.

CLASS OF 1969:

Jim Brown is in Humble, Texas, where he is Structural Professional Engineer with Brown & Root working in the design of offshore drilling structures. He recently returned from England where he worked on British Petroleum offshore platforms.

SSgt. Donald R. Crites is Television Production Instructor at Lowry AFB, Colorado.

Jerry C. Denny teaches Anthropology and Psychology at Bowie High School in El Paso. His wife, **Peggy** (Class of '72), teaches Art in the EPISD.

David Eckberg is pursuing studies at the Texas College of Osteopathic Medicine in Fort Worth. His wife is the former **Kathy Doyle**.

Mrs. Shirley Frederickson is Branch Escrow Manager of First American Title Co. of El Paso.

Lt. Walter B. Guilford instructs Air Combat Maneuvering in F4 Phantoms and is attached to VF-101 Detachment in Key West, Florida.

Capt. Doris A. Miller recently received a regular commission in the US Air Force and is Space Systems Operations Officer with a unit of the Aerospace Defense Command at Ent AFB, California.

David Partido currently resides in Crete and is an engineering representative for the Vought Corporation.

Michael P. Tuchman returned to his regular position as Senior Field Accountant for the American National Red Cross in Washington, D.C. after a four-month assignment as Accounting/Personnel Officer for the Red Cross Vietnamese Refugee Program on Guam.

CLASS OF 1970:

Gerald Barrett is a project engineer in Office Products Division of IBM temporarily stationed in San Jose and expects to be transferred to Austin, Texas, sometime this year.

Dr. Joseph F. Bertinetti (M. Ed.) is Associate Professor of Counseling and Guidance at the University of Nebraska at Omaha. He resides in Elkhorn, Nebraska.

Mrs. Patricia R. Holford teaches Business at Gadsden High School and resides in El Paso.

Mrs. Mamie Fay Holloway of El Paso is Staff Accountant at Farah Co. in the General Ledger Department.

Mrs. Irene Jimenez is a science teacher at Gadsden High School and lives in Canutillo.

Mario M. Lewis is Chief Legal Counsel for Community Services Administration Regional Headquarters in San Francisco.

Daniel K. McCarthy was recently appointed Assistant City Solicitor in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Ralph Murillo, Jr. was recently selected as the recipient of the El Paso Jaycees Distinguished Service Award. He is employed by the Small Business Administration as a Business Development Specialist.

Dolores Payan works for the U.S. Customs Service in El Paso.

Carl E. Payne (M.S. '72) is Sanitary Engineer with the Western Division Naval Facilities Engineering Command HQ in San Bruno, California. His duties include coordinating and supporting all activities in his district dealing with air and noise pollution and solid waste recovery, reuse and disposal problems.

CLASS OF 1971:

Edward C. Barrett is an electrical engineer for the Navy Department in Washington, D.C. His wife, the former **Marilyn Woody** ('69, etc.) is a captain in the US Army Nurse Corps, and is Director of the Community Health Nursing Service at Ft. Belvoir, Virginia.

Jack E. Bonham (M. Ed. '75) coaches football and wrestling at Andress High School in the EPISD.

James D. Givens, Jr. is Manager of the El Paso City Employees Union and Secretary-Treasurer of the El Paso AFL-CIO.

Richard L. Hatch is Vice President in charge of Marketing of Hatch, Inc., manufacturers of power, control and instrumentation systems. He resides in El Paso.

David N. Ikle is working on his Ph. D. in Biometrics at the University of Colorado Medical Center, Denver, under a National Institutes of Health Traineeship.

Hilma Joyce, Distributive Education teacher at El Paso High has been selected to the 1975-76 edition of *Who's Who in Texas Education*.

Ward Lynde is head of the Art Department at Austin High in El Paso and is a part-time fashioner of gold and silver jewelry.

Anna M. Marquez is an English teacher at Gadsden High School and resides in El Paso.

Pete Payan, Jr. is Customer Accounting Manager at State National Bank of El Paso.

Mrs. Nan Creel Permenter is Hospital Medical Librarian for Children's Medical Center in Dallas and is married to an attorney.

Richard A. Peters heads Mountain Bell's Public Relations Department in El Paso.

Mrs. R. M. (Mariaelena Guaderrama) Semko has been studying sculpture and will be moving to Vienza, Italy, this month.

Charles "Buddy" Witte lives in Boulder, Colorado, and is a technical representative for Head Skis, Raichle Ski Boots and Tyrolia Bindings. He reports that he travels extensively throughout the Rocky Mountain region.

Mrs. Jackie Guadanoli Yetter was selected Irvin High School's Outstanding Ex for 1975-76. She is employed as a tennis pro at El Paso Country Club.

CLASS OF 1972:

Howard T. Cain, Jr., Social Studies teacher at Irvin High School in El Paso has been selected to appear in the 1975-76 edition of *Who's Who in Texas Education*.

Calvin C. DeWitty (M.Ed. '72) is Mathematics Consultant for the Northeast Area of the EPISD and has also been selected to appear in the 1975-76 edition of *Who's Who in Texas Education*.

Marcus L. Floyd III is Group Insurance Representative for the Life Insurance Co. of North America in San Jose, California.

Major David G. Hansen is an executive officer in an Air Defense Battalion based in West Germany.

Margaret R. Knesek lives in Houston and teaches Mathematics at MacArthur High School in Aldine.

Manfred Silva is Program Director of La Luz Mexican-American Cultural Center in El Paso.

Lucio G. Valdez is a sales representative for Xerox in San Antonio.

CLASS OF 1973:

Mrs. Georgia Fullman Fojasek was named 1975-76 Outstanding Ex at Andress High School. She is Education Coordinator for El Paso's Hotel Dieu Hospital and Nursing Center.

Becky Milchen works for the U.S. Forest Service and is based in Santa Fe, New Mexico. She has served with a fire-fighting crew, done a stint in a lookout tower and hopes to become a skier for the Service.

Gertrude Farlow Mosher is an engineer with Boeing Aerospace in Houston.

Wayne Sewell is a project engineer with Sperry-Rand in Phoenix.

Lt. W. Donald Vandertulip is a sanitary engineer with the US Army Environmental Hygiene Agency based in Aberdeen, Maryland. In February, he was given 17 hrs. notice by the State Department that he was to go to Guatemala to assist in earthquake relief efforts. He worked from a field hospital just outside of Guatemala City assisting in the establishment of an emergency municipal water supply.

Lt. David M. Walker is a B-52 Stratofortress Electronics Warfare Officer with the 716th Bombardment Squadron at Kincheloe AFB, Michigan.

CLASS OF 1974:

Michael D. Casavantes is a newscaster with KELP Radio in El Paso.

Alan E. Chapman is an Air Traffic Controller at the El Paso Tower.

Frank Dailey is District Director of the Muscular Dystrophy Association for El Paso, West Texas and southern New Mexico. He resides in El Paso.

Stephanie J. Friedman is a Customs Inspector in El Paso.

Stan R. Goodson (MBA '74) is Market Analysis Manager for the Petroleum Equipment Division, FMC Corporation in Houston.

Mrs. Chong Soon Paek is an Institutional Research Associate in Advanced Institution Development at El Paso Community College.

Michael E. Shumer is Program Director of Radio Station KSET AM & FM in El Paso.

Kenneth K. Stafford is a Petroleum Engineer in the Conservation Division of the U.S. Geological Survey based in Anchorage, Alaska.

CLASS OF 1975:

Khalil J. Hobeiche is an engineer with Mobil Pipe Line Co. in Dallas.

Paul Kubinski was recently named Outstanding Ex at El Paso's Parkland High School.

Jose Chavez, Refugio Loya, Eduardo Luevano, Javier Rios, and Alfred Stell (all '75 Electrical Engineering graduates) are employed by COMCO, a Hughes Aircraft Co. subsidiary, based in Fullerton, California. They are teaching Spanish Air Force personnel to operate and maintain the Combat Grande Air Defense System.

Francis F. Forcier is a Field Engineer with GTE Sylvania based in El Paso.

DEATHS

Professor Emeritus Henry P. Ehrlinger of the Metallurgical Engineering Department died March 29 in El Paso at age 73. Prof. Ehrlinger joined the UT El Paso faculty in 1959 after a 27-year career in the mining and metallurgy industry. A popular and resourceful teacher, his projects for his engineering students included launching a summer work program in 1962 which involved up to 100 students who were assigned to work during the summer in mines, mills and smelters throughout the nation. In 1972, he was honored by the Texas Legislature in a resolution which commended his distinguished career as both a professional engineer and a teacher.

The Henry P. Ehrlinger Memorial Award in Metallurgy has been established in his name; gifts may be sent to the fund in care of the Development Office.

Mrs. Mary Vance Guinn, Class of '37 and 1957 Outstanding Ex-Student of UT El Paso, died February 10 in El Paso. Mrs. Guinn was admitted to practice law in U.S. District Court in 1951 by the late Judge R. E. Thomason. At that time she was only the second woman in El Paso to be accorded the privilege. Never attending law school, she studied law while being a housewife and mother of six children. She was admitted to the Texas State Bar Association in 1950 after studying law in her husband's office during his tenure as city and county attorney. Memorial contributions may be made to the Judge Ernest Guinn Memorial Fund in Criminal Justice by sending gifts to the University Development Office.

Mr. Ben R. Howell (1920, etc.) died December 17, 1975, in El Paso. He was a partner in the law firm of Jones, Hardie, Grambling and Howell and had retired as Vice President and Director of EPNG in 1970.

Dr. Branch Craige, local physician and an alumnus of Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy (1931, etc.) died October 27, 1975, in El Paso. Dr. Craige was a member of the American Board of Internal Medicine, American College of Physicians, former President of the El Paso City-County Board of Health, and served as consultant to William Beaumont General Hospital from 1947 to 1971.

Mrs. Omarie S. Cole (1938, etc.), a life-long resident of El Paso, died January 28. She was a member of Emmanuel Baptist Church, a director of Girls Auxiliaries, and past director of the Baptist G. A. Camp at Cloudcroft, New Mexico.

Mr. Richard R. VandenHeuvel (1945, etc.), a resident of El Paso for 31 years, died March 23. Owner of VandenHeuvel Real Estate Agency, he was on the Board of Southwestern Children's Home and past president of St. Clement's Episcopal Church and Rotary Club.

Miss Consuelo Flores, Class of '36 and a teacher at Bell School, died January 17. A life-long resident of El Paso, she was a member of National Education Association, Texas State Teachers' Association, and El Paso Teachers' Association.

Mrs. Helen Whitener Somerville (M. Ed. '56) died January 27 in El Paso. She had retired from the El Paso Public

Schools where she was teaching in the Special Education area. She was a member of the American Association of Retired Persons and the Retired Teachers' Association.

Mrs. Margaret Payne Davis (M.A. '61) died January 17, 1975, in Winchester, Virginia. She had been a member of the UT El Paso Matrix Society since 1970.

Mr. Peter Ramirez, Jr., Class of '63, died December 3, 1975, in McLean, Virginia. Mr. Ramirez was employed by the Hughes Aircraft Corporate Offices in Washington, D.C. and was working on the establishment of a UTEP Alumni Association area chapter for the Washington, D.C. area.

Major William K. Richardson, US Army, Ret. (M.Ed. '64) died in El Paso on February 18. He was a member of the Retired Officers' Association and had taught school in the EPISD.

Mr. John P. Searls, Jr., Class of '66, died January 4. Mr. Searls was a member of the El Paso and Texas Bar Associations, a resident of El Paso for 12 years, and a member of the Methodist church.

Mrs. Mary B. Cantrell, Class of '67, died January 12 in El Paso at age 76. She had been a resident of El Paso for 34 years and was a member of University Presbyterian Church, Gold Star Mothers, Order of the Eastern Star, Rebecca's, and Social Order of Beauticians.

Mr. Thomas Franklin Hicks, Class of '68, died February 9 in El Paso. He had been a life-long resident of El Paso and was a member of the Baptist church.

Mrs. Eunice W. Fletcher, Class of '70, died February 16 in Tornillo, Texas. She was a teacher with the Tornillo School System, a member of the Texas State Teachers' Association and was a Pace Music Teacher of the National Piano Foundation.

Mrs. Rosemary Haemmerlein French, Class of '71, died March 24, 1974, as a result of an automobile accident. Mrs. French was living in Colorado Springs, Colorado, at the time of her death.

Major Eleanor Hunter, Class of '71, died November 18, 1975, in El Paso. Major Hunter and her husband headed the local work of the Salvation Army since 1963.

Mr. Oscar Lorenzo III (1971, etc.) died November 4, 1975, in El Paso. He attended UT El Paso for four years until he was employed by Atlantic Richfield in Channelview, Texas. He was a member of the Border Arabian Horse Association.

Mr. Leo Rojas, Class of '71, died January 22 in El Paso. A writer and poet, his works were published in a variety of magazines. He gave extensive readings from his works in both Denver and El Paso. His play, *A Barrio Tragedy*, was awarded the 1972 first prize for Chicano drama at ceremonies in Denver.

U. S. Army Major (Ret.) Hugh J. McMahon, Class of '73, died December 4, 1975. He was a member of Blessed Sacrament Catholic Church, Elks Lodge No. 187, VFW Yucca Post 8919, El Paso Men's Bowling Assn., and board member of El Paso Junior Bowling Congress.

Mr. James Raynor Blackham, Class of '74, died on February 21 in El Paso as a result of injuries suffered in an automobile accident.



THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION: ARE YOU A MEMBER? WHY? WHY NOT?

These questions were posed to more than 50 UTEP alumni in El Paso. Here are 25 representative answers:



Wright

Jean Wright, coordinator of regulatory affairs for El Paso Natural Gas Co.: "I've never been called... I would have joined."*

Javier Montez, engineer: "I'm just over-extended in civic work. I have not dropped out—I belong to the Matrix Society."

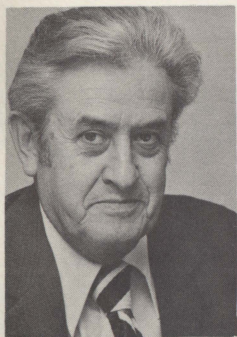
Gloria Marsh, teacher and president of El Paso County International Reading Assn.: "No one ever pushed me to join. I do give to the Excellence Fund."

Werner E. Spier, gynecologist: "I assumed Matrix Society membership covered the Alumni Association as well it should. In addition to Matrix, I also support the alumni association of my medical school."

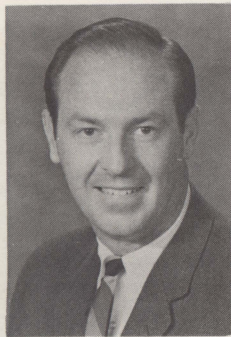
Tyke Slaughter, sales engineer: "I've never felt a part of the University, having been a 'townie' when I went there. Besides, nobody ever asked me to join."

Jan McNutt, housewife: "I hadn't realized our membership had expired... it's just an oversight."*

Dora Edmondson, medical technologist: "My husband didn't go to the Uni-



Leverett



Heasley

versity but we love the school and give to the Excellence and athletic funds."*

Monte Gilbert, owner of women's specialty shops: "I assumed one had to

be a graduate to belong. I'm not a joiner but no one ever asked me."

Dorothy Gross, teacher: "My husband didn't go to the school... we've just never been interested. One of our four daughters is enrolled there."

Danice Kress, UTEP faculty member and choral director: "There's really no



Michael

good reason... just an oversight. I am more inclined to put money into a specific area, like the music department."*

Frieda Aboud, housewife: "I attended only briefly... didn't graduate and don't feel any ties with the school."

Gladys Michael, retired teacher and a Delta Kappa Gamma state chairman: "My master's is from UTEP but my undergraduate degree is from another college. What the UTEP Alumni Association offers is duplicated by organizations to which I already belong."

Gilbert Malooly, carpet company owner and investor: "Hell, I didn't even know I wasn't a member. Nobody ever called me to join or I would have."*

*has since joined



Edmondson

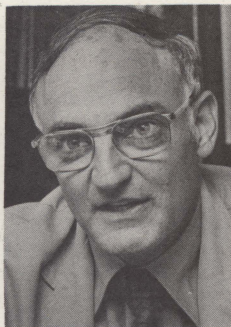
Bob Heasley, insurance agency head: "I like the school. I take pride in what it is today, not what it used to be."

Lynette Glardon, faculty member: "When I see my students graduate and join the Alumni Association, I feel confident that UTEP will continue to grow and improve."

Bettie Schuster, bank marketing representative: "I'm proud of the University and want to do whatever I can to help."

Lucretia Chew, teacher: "I enjoy NOVA and feel that it alone is worth the price of our membership."

Lucky Leverett, director of publications for El Paso Electric Co.: "I'm a proud graduate, enjoy NOVA and Homecoming and like to see the University grow and prosper."



Spier

Eric J. Bymark, investments (oil and stocks): "I like the University and try to help in any way I can."

Lloyd Sheffield, attorney: "Wouldn't miss Homecoming and old friends. I enjoy seeing the University growing in stature."

Hughes Butterworth, title firm head: "I feel an indebtedness to the University for my diploma and for whatever success I've had."

Roger Ortiz, dentist: "I'm proud of my University and want to do anything I can to support it."

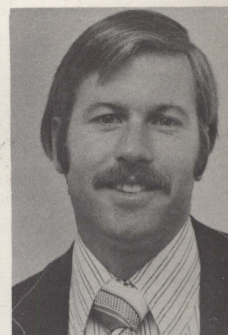
Victor Moore, ready-mix concrete executive vice president: "I enjoy the fellowship with old and new friends... whether at Homecoming or working on alumni committees."

John T. Kelley III, real estate brokerage firm's managing director: "The success of this University is extremely important to the commerce of El Paso."

Mike Wieland, realtor-investor and president of the UTEP Alumni Association:



Ortiz



Wieland

"Every reason everyone else has named, and I'll add that this organization has no problem getting volunteer workers... that speaks well for it. The University is responsible for having raised the educational, financial, and cultural levels of El Paso and everybody benefits."

Pride, sentiment, and loyalty aside, just look at the fun and fellowship and financial savings available to UTEP Alumni Association members:

Free use of the University Library (non-members must pay a \$10 fee).

Free subscription to NOVA, the University magazine.

Family use of the University's swimming pool at 50¢ per person (non-members not admitted at any price).

A 20% discount on all books purchased from Texas Western Press.

Participation in the UTEP Credit Union.

Membership in the Flyin' Miners Travel Club (tours are scheduled for Hawaii for a game there Nov. 20).

Ballots for election of Association officers and directors.

Homecoming information in advance (this year it's Oct. 15 and 16, and there'll be one freebie you won't want to miss).

Discount on mail subscriptions to *The Prospector*. □

—Mary Margaret Davis



NOVA

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