

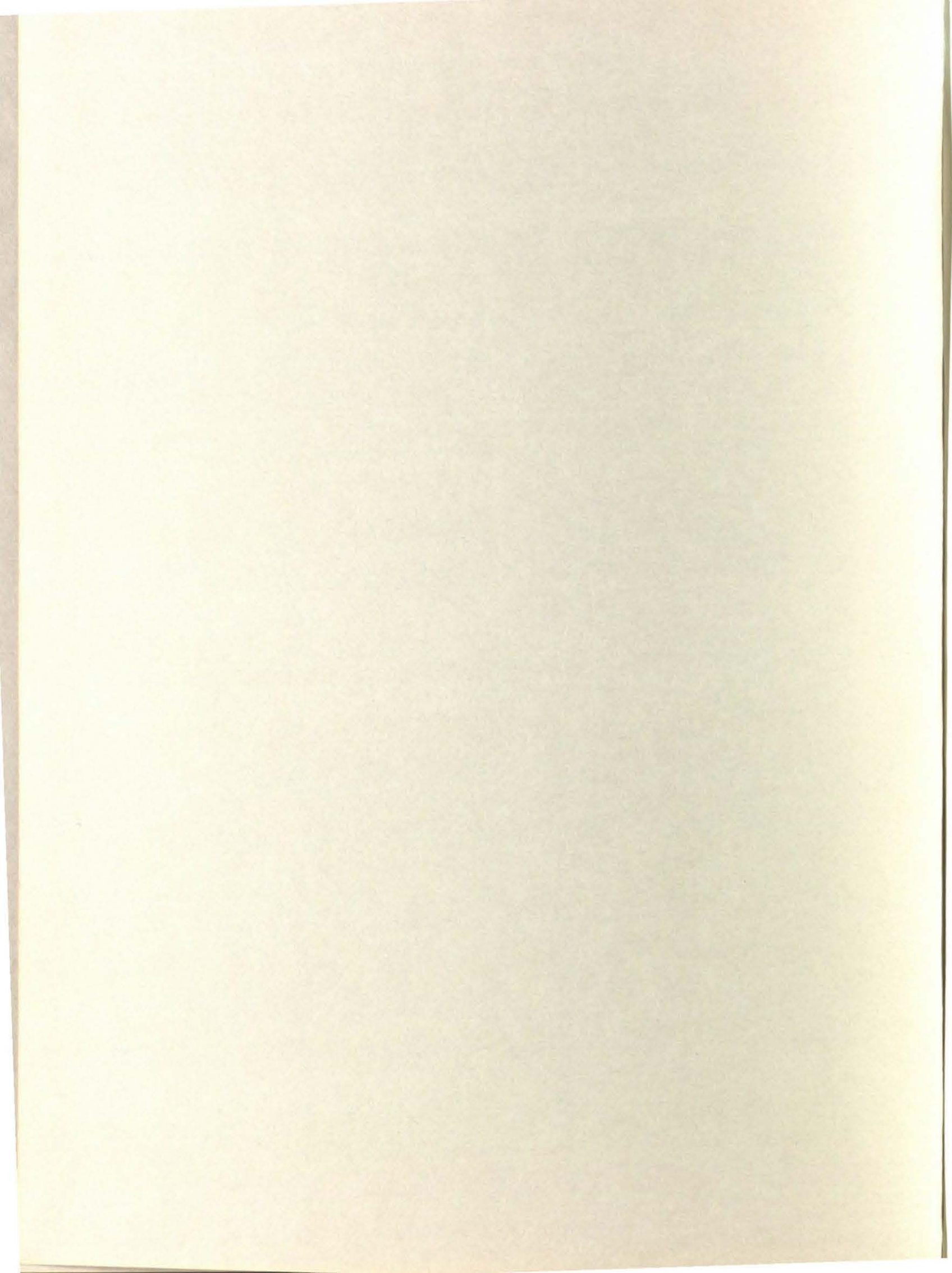
FLOWSHEET

NINETEEN SIXTY-NINE

FLOWSHEET

NINETEEN SIXTY-NINE

CAMPBELL

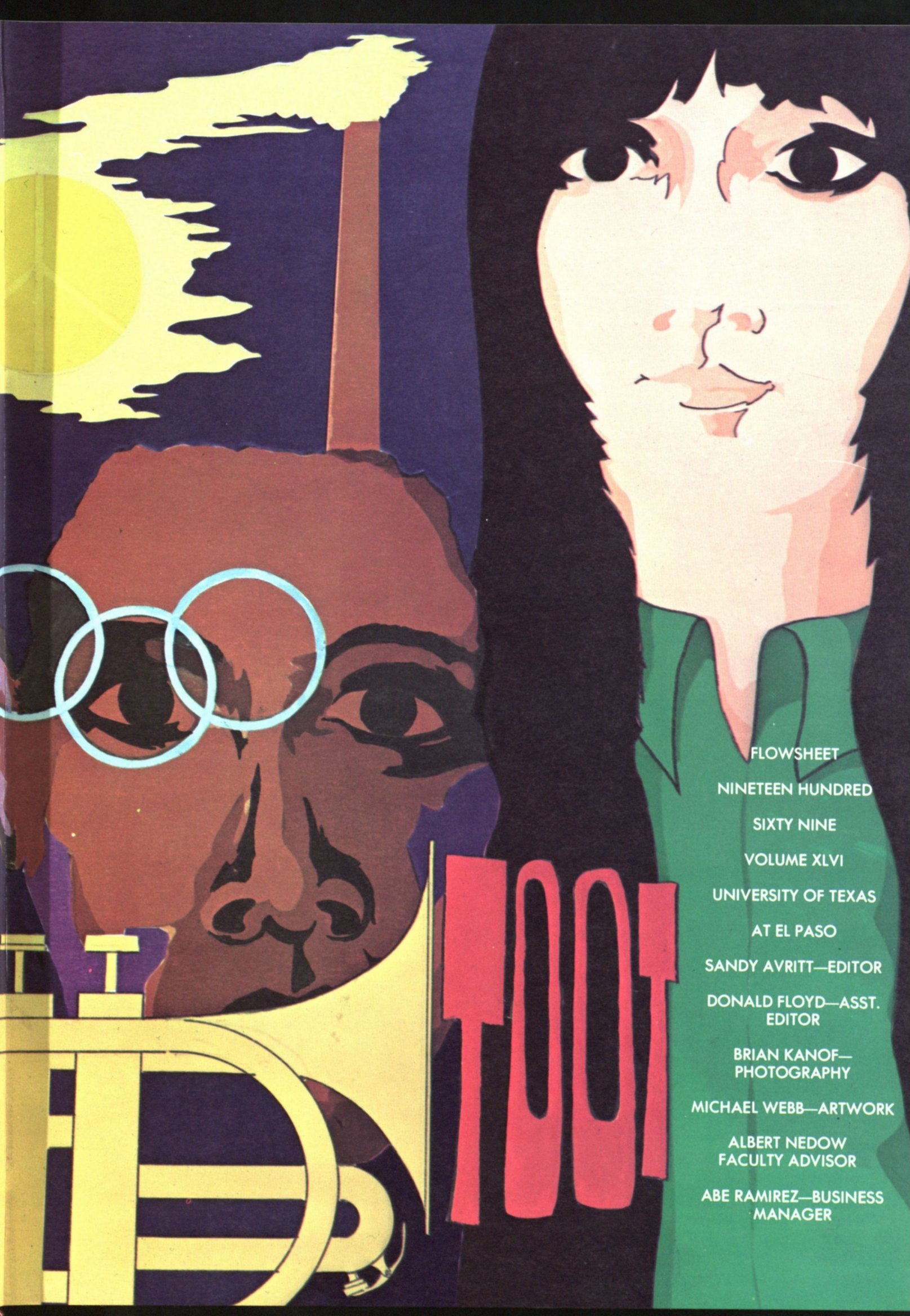


UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO

The image is a complex collage. The top right features a dark blue field with white stars, reminiscent of the American flag. Below this, the background consists of vertical stripes in red, white, and purple. On the left side, there is a brown vertical band containing a white circuit board pattern with various components like capacitors and resistors. In the bottom right corner, a yellow structure with black horizontal stripes is visible. A green circle with orange text is positioned in the center, and large green text is at the bottom.

ANTI
HERO

NO
PARKING



FLOWSHEET

NINETEEN HUNDRED

SIXTY NINE

VOLUME XLVI

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

AT EL PASO

SANDY AVRITT—EDITOR

DONALD FLOYD—ASST.
EDITOR

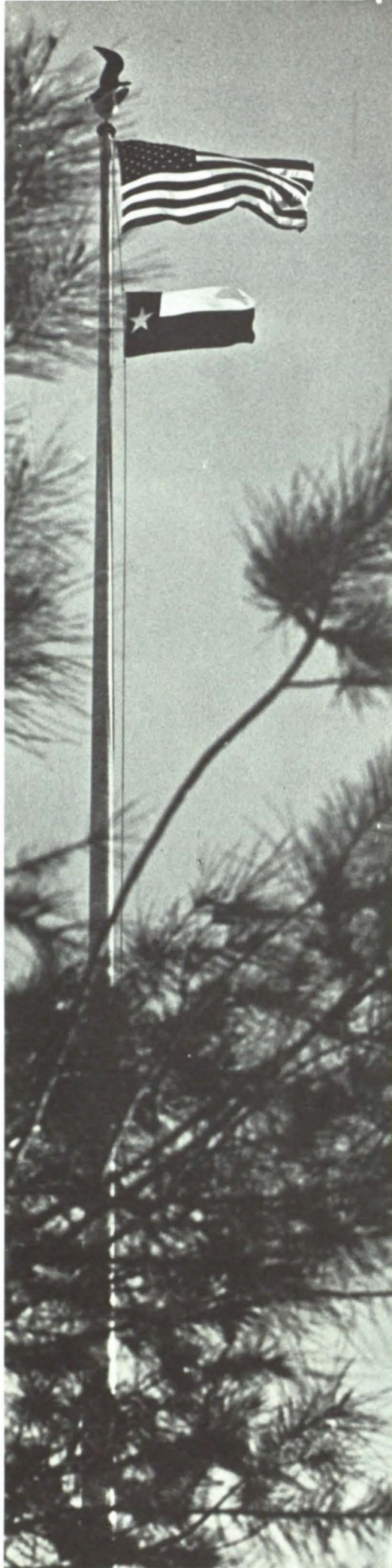
BRIAN KANOF—
PHOTOGRAPHY

MICHAEL WEBB—ARTWORK

ALBERT NEDOW
FACULTY ADVISOR

ABE RAMIREZ—BUSINESS
MANAGER





Contents

Opening	6
Sports	72
Groups	120
People	260
Ads	346
Closing	374
Index	386

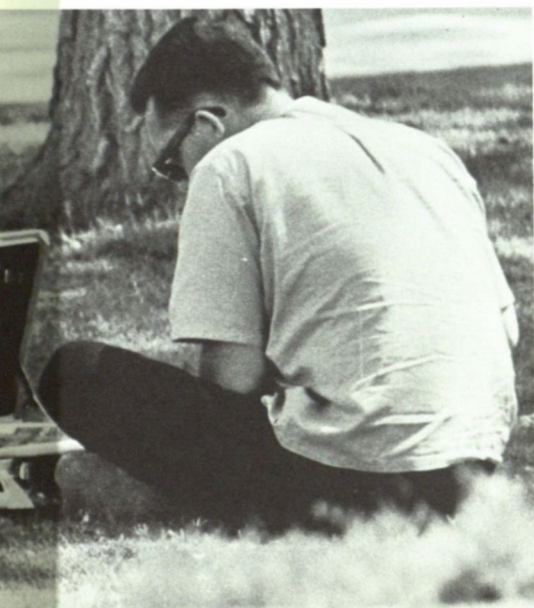


I am.
I am in the morning
running through fields—
fields of golden flowers
breathing in the wind.
I search for something—
something I want to touch
yet nothing is felt,
something I want to see
the vision fades.
And I must keep running
until I find my way.

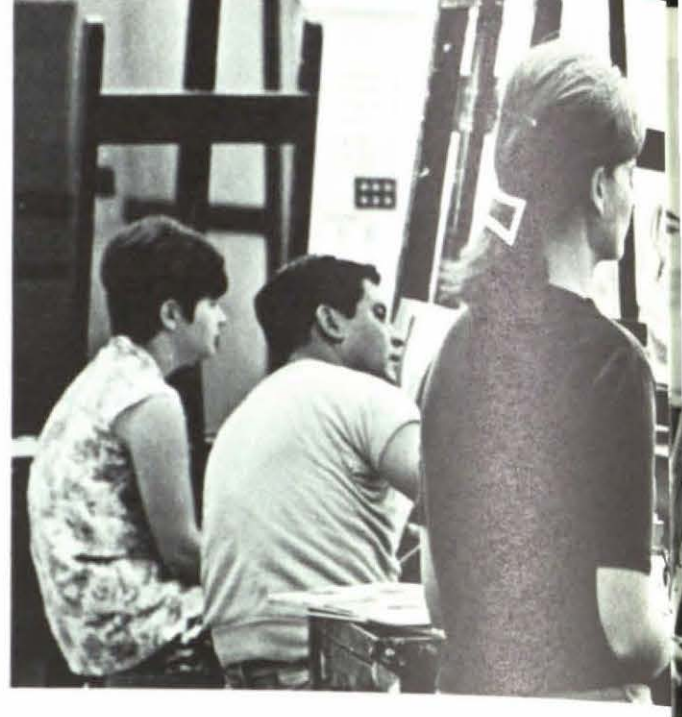


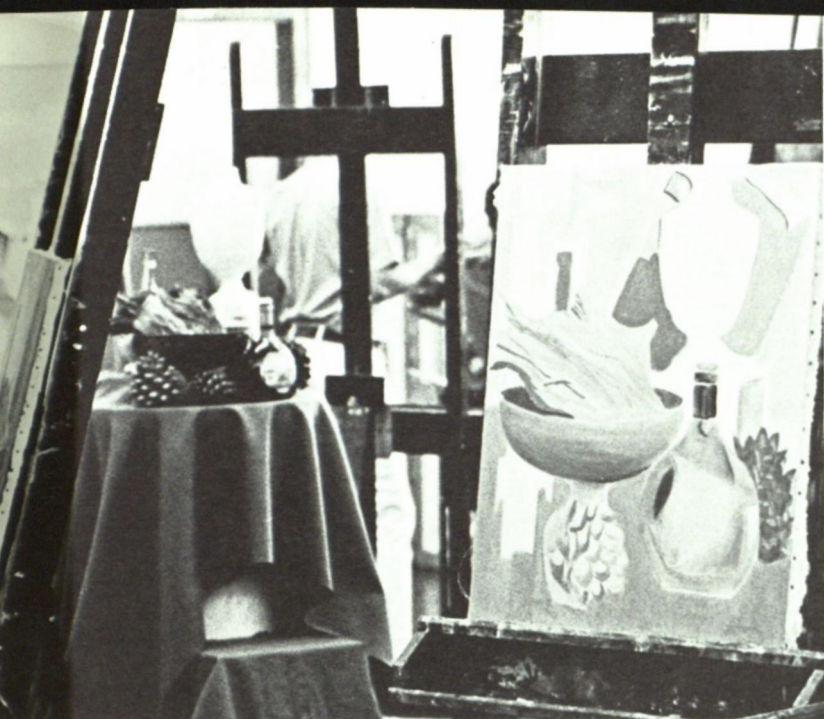






I listen to the sound
of the morning bird
beckoning
warning me to hurry
and begin the day.
The stillness
silent stillness
gives me time to plan
all that I must do.
Soon the campus
will come alive
with people hurrying
to and from classes
and I will become
one within the many.

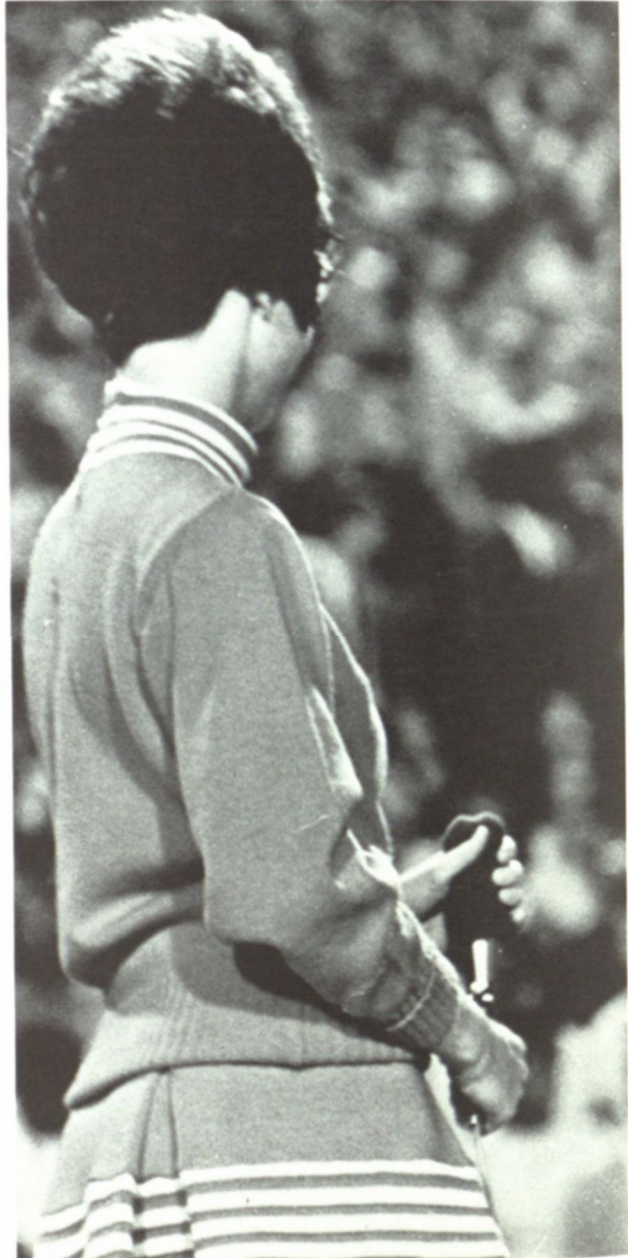




What is the totality of life?
 Be life only a means to return
 to the dust of the earth—
 an inescapable circle
 with no definite beginning
 or ending,
 I can only surmise.
 Today.
 Today I must find myself.
 Shatter my worldly suspicions
 to accomplish all that before
 I have left untouched.
 I must strive to create
 that which is an expression
 of myself and my life.
 I live for this minute
 as if it symbolizes an infinity.

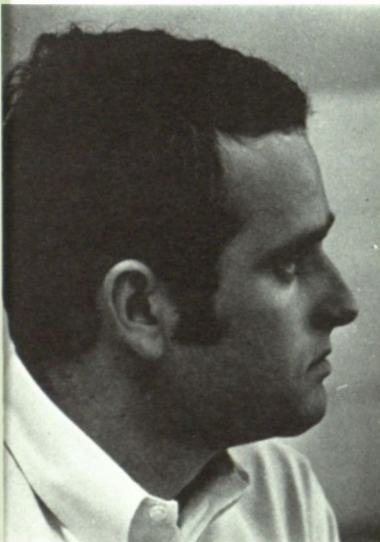


The anxieties and pressures
cause me to quiver.
Temporarily I hesitate.
My thoughts focus.
I will do that which
I think is right—
be it right or wrong
tomorrow.
It is my choice—
my decision.
I must learn to stand
by myself—
trusting my judgment,
trying my integrity.
Like a quarterback
calling a play,
only I must face
the final consequences.





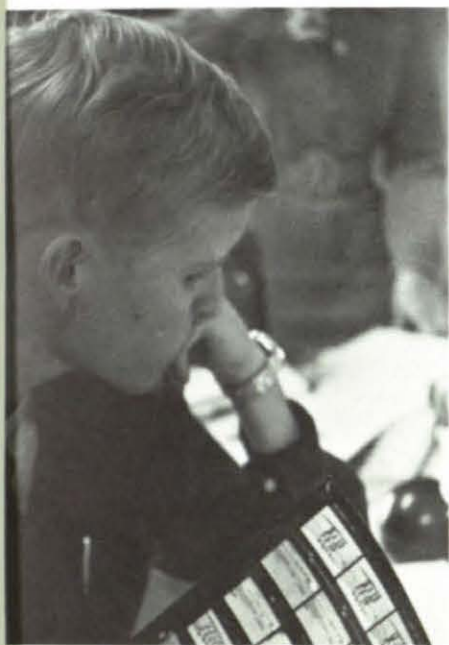


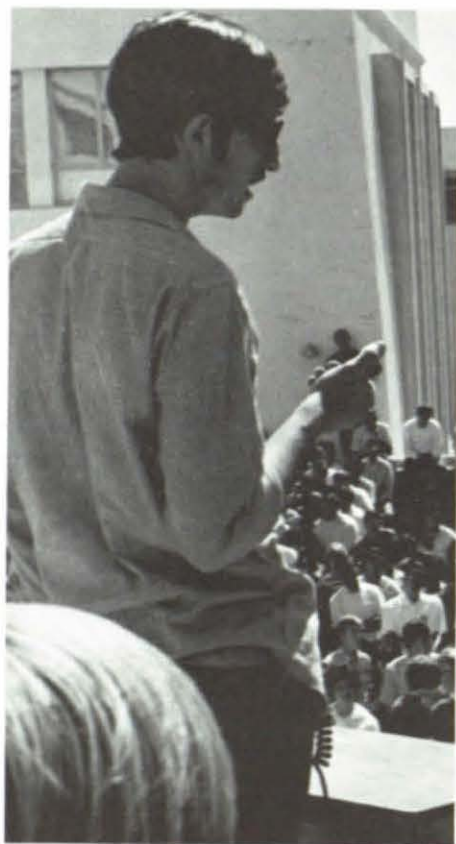


Sometimes I yearn to escape
from the everyday trivialities.
And escape I must
from a thousand realizations
of discovering how little I know.
Escaping into my own dimension
or perhaps from myself.
Dreams end abruptly.
Morning light shines brightly
to bring me back.
Back to the patterns I have made.
My day by day existence continues.

My search continues everyday.
Sometimes leaving me alone.
Alone with my thoughts.
I am one person and one idea
perhaps only to influence myself—
But I must prepare now.
My pulse quickens with my
thoughts.
I must prepare for the generation
that will soon question me
as I have questioned those before me.
My only fear—
Will I have an answer?







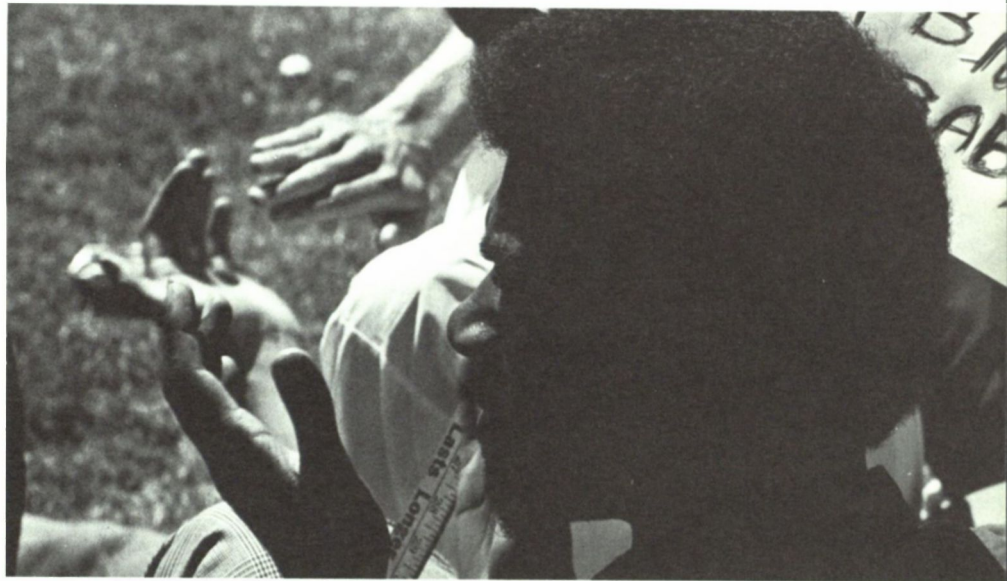


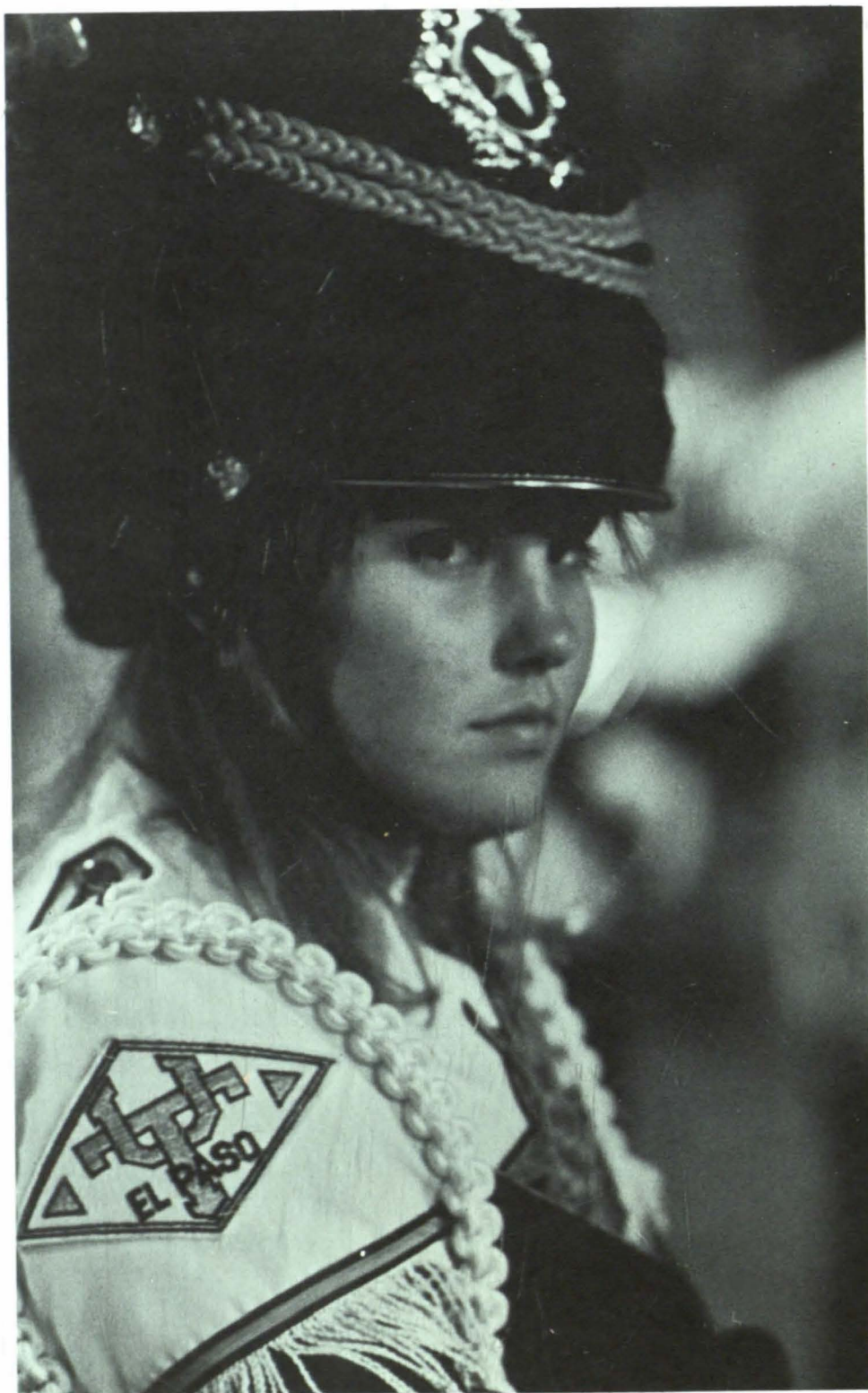
I am not ready yet.
 There are infinite things
 important
 that I want to accomplish—
 that I must accomplish.
 I too have questions
 and am unsatisfied
 so I sense, strive
 and grasp
 to understand and comprehend
 every fact, feeling
 and emotion
 that I contact.
 Soon I will be ready
 but now is too soon.





Where do I stand in comparison
to so many?
In this world there is no need
for those who just fit
into an everyday routine.
I must set my pace while I am young.
My whole existence depends upon
my action now.
I must love, learn, and live
as I grow
maturing in attitude
at times childlike—
somewhere in between
not able to fully make up my mind.





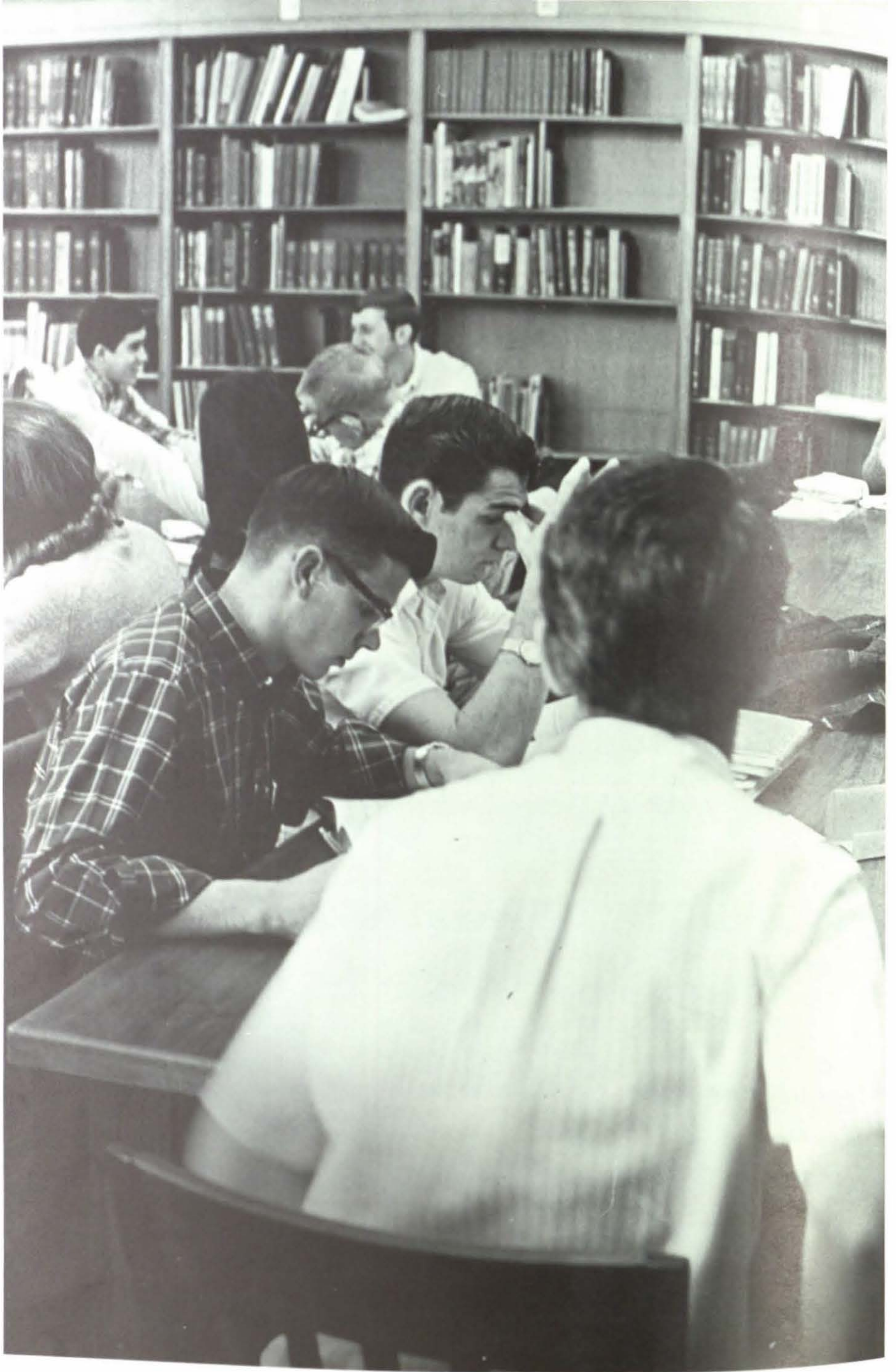


My curiosity beckons
yet I am apprehensive
of what I may find.
I look at today
with doubts and perhaps
a touch of cynicism
wondering what tomorrow
will bring.

An election year.
 Wallace, Nixon, and Humphrey.
 What happened to McCarthy?
 Students talk politics
 and I listen
 before I decide my choice.
 I finally have some say
 one vote,
 but it is mine alone.
 My country is unstable
 perhaps like me
 not sure of the right
 direction
 leaves one floundering
 in between
 until guidance is found.
 Will a new leader provide
 a solution for Vietnam—
 dog tags or love beads?
 Student riots and questioning,
 racial strife,
 poverty and social adjustment—
 is there an answer?
 Only the years will tell—
 if we are willing to wait.









Classes become deeper—
the work begins to pile.
The burden is felt.
I struggle through pages
of endless reading
wishing I could be outside
like the children—
playing hide and seek
with no cares about
tomorrow.
But I am no longer free,
I accept the responsibility
of studying and trying
knowing that my goals
will make my hours of
study worthwhile.
For now, I must somehow
be content reading material
I like and dislike
and arrive at some
conclusion to what
knowledge I have acquired.



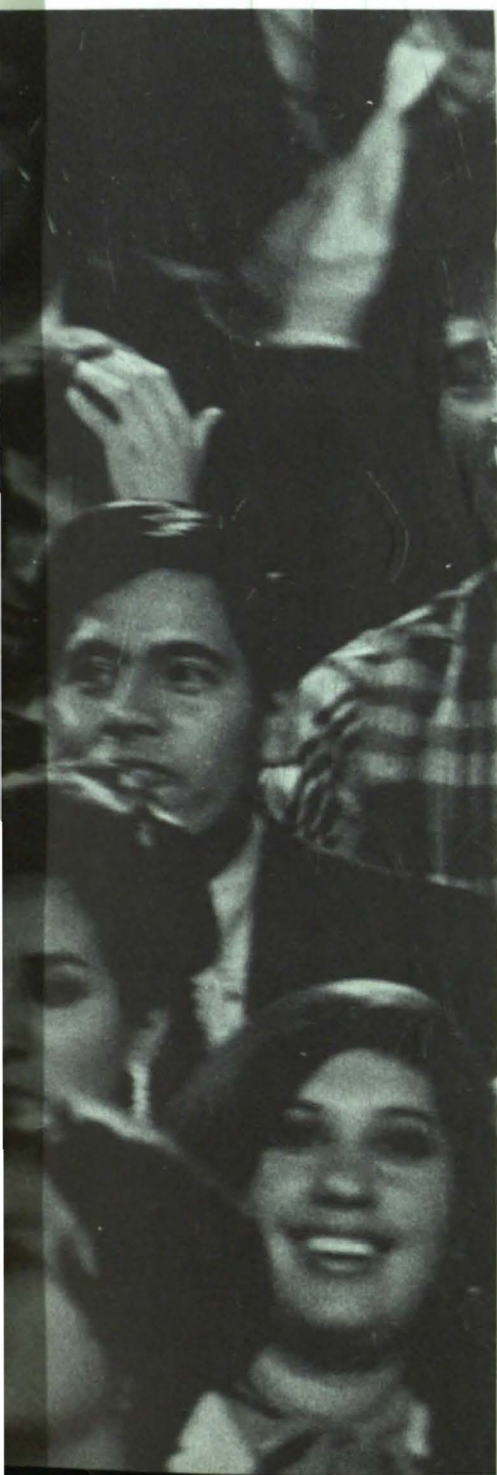
Crisp autumn weather
swirls the golden leaves
clear blue skies
herald the beginning of football season.
My hair blows in the breeze
and the smell of winter seems close.
Happy, colorful cheerleaders lead
the encouraging chants
while the orangemen play
to entertain a sun bowl crowd
filled with anxious spectators.





Homecoming 1968.
Seemingly weeks of preparation
and hours of working on floats
until fingers are numb and backs hurt.
Studying is neglected
as anticipation builds for the weekend.
Exes return to a University
of new construction
both physically and academically
stretching and expanding
to provide for those of us
who will someday return as exes also.







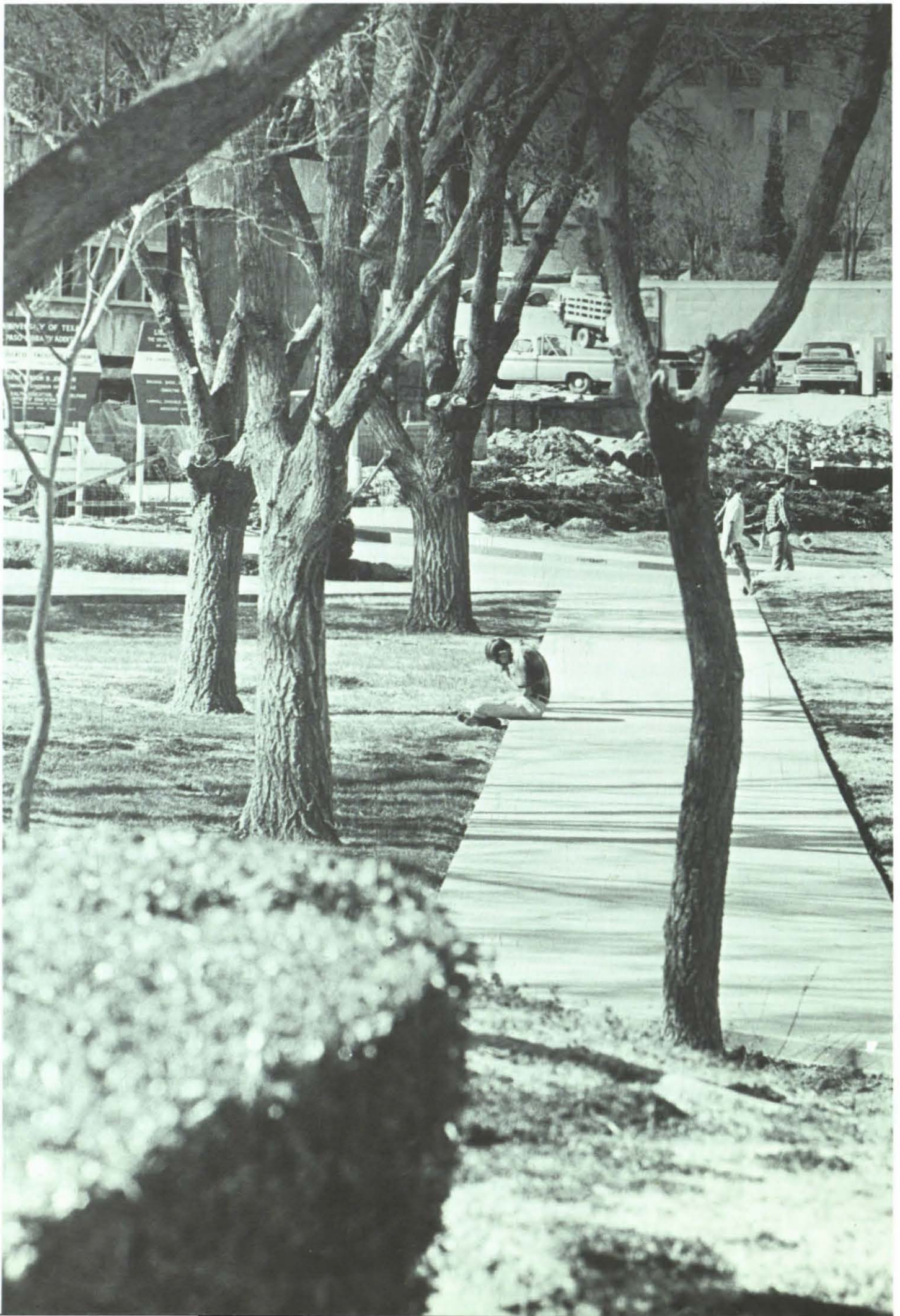


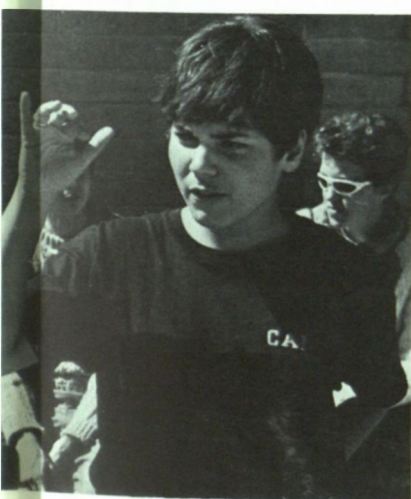
Days become shorter
darkness earlier
as the cold wind blows.
I button my jacket and clutch books
for warmth.
My face is blushed—my senses alert.
On cold days, people seem to hibernate
in warm places.
An early snow, unusual for El Paso
leaves burly cactuses soft with snow
and a panicked campus
with snowball fights.



Christmas holidays approach at last—
a long deserved holiday.
Time to go home and become bored with doing nothing.
Visiting with parents, old friends, and shopping
adds to the festive spirit.
Christmas is a shining time—shining faces—
shining ornaments—shining expressions of happiness.
But time passes too quickly and a new year appears.
Resolutions will be made with high anticipations.
I will vow to study and bring up my grades
just as I resolve every year
only hoping to have more will power this year.







The winter has been long
and the land has been barren.
Suddenly, I feel a though the earth
will explode with the colors of spring.
I can see the yellow daffodils, pink blossoms
clustered on branches and soft green grass
reminding me of cool ice sherbets.
The earth trembles with a realization—
a rebirth of life.





Overnight.
It suddenly happened as it always happens
spring is here.
You can feel its presence in the carefree air.
You can see it in the expressions and faces
of people who are in love
some just for the sake of loving someone new in the spring.
All of the many days of waiting
culminate with a yellow sun, shining with warmth
making new leaves dance with light before my eyes.
Chased away is a lonely winter.







Like children at play
the campus comes alive
with people blinking from the light
and glowing from the warmth
energetic—
excited—
or maybe just relaxing under a tree
with a big chunk of juicy watermelon.
The feeling is definitely there—
spring is in the air.

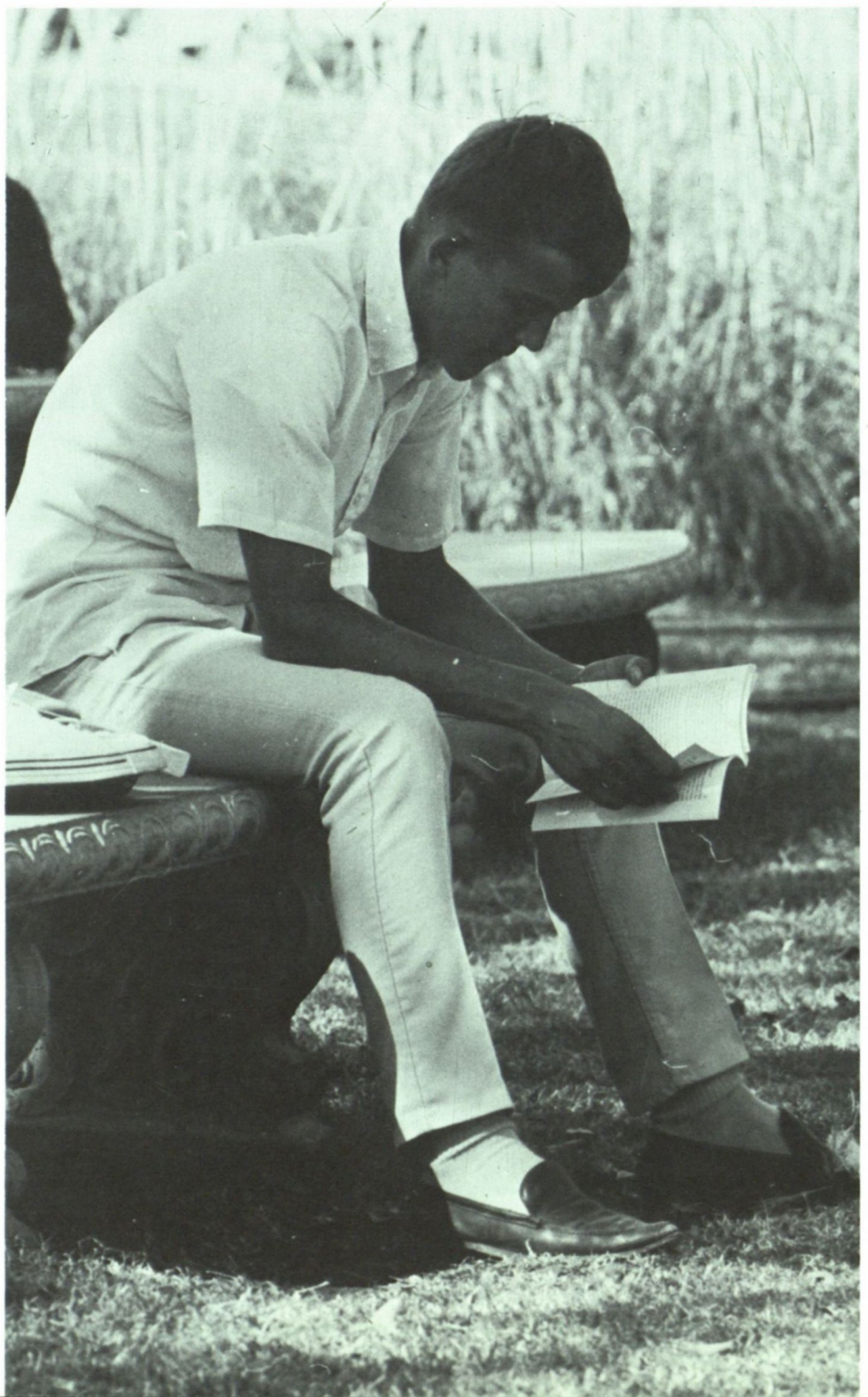


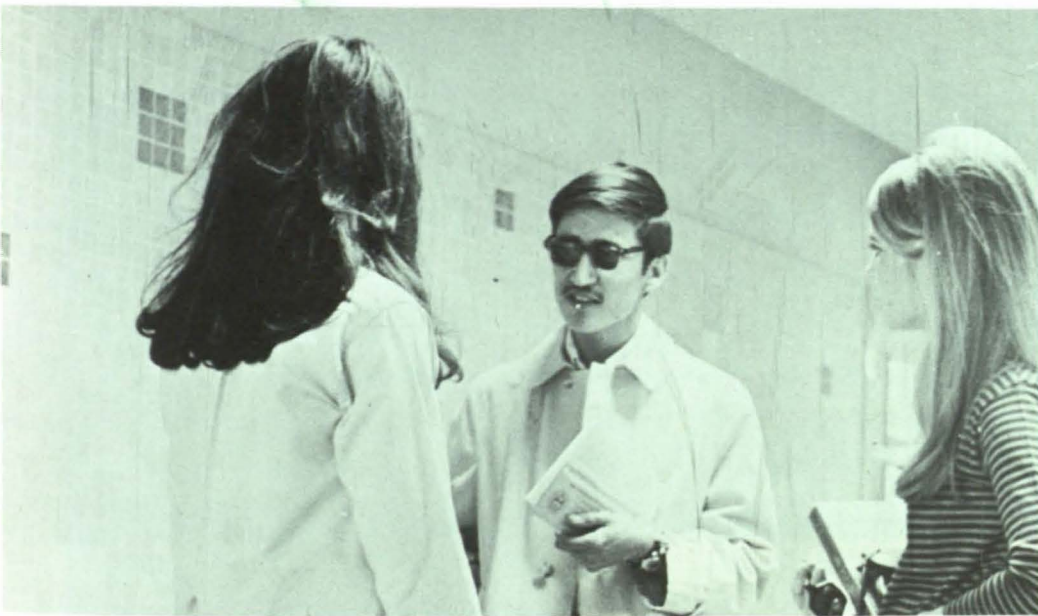
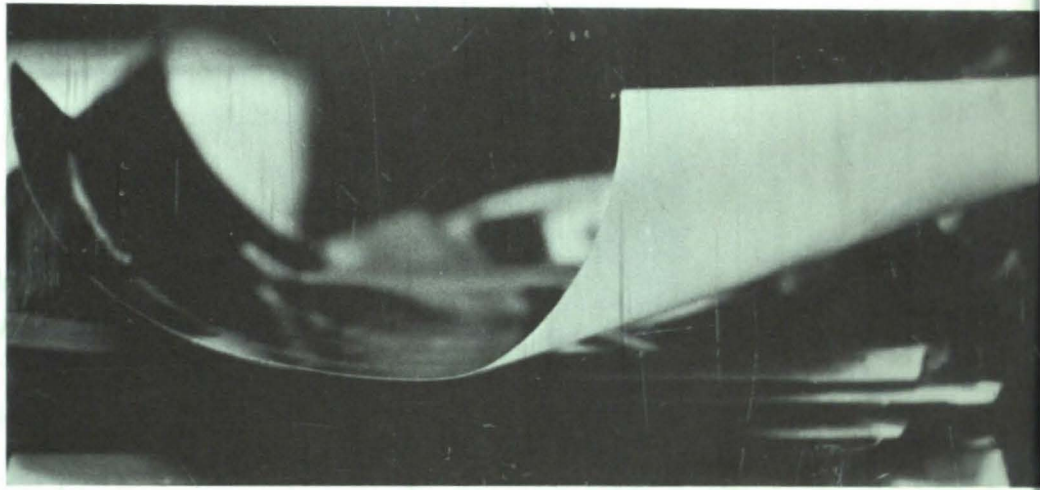
Remember that afternoon in April?
 You came to me in softness
 filling my day with happiness
 and tears from laughter.
 We looked at each other
 not making promises
 that could be easily broken
 nor demanding possession.
 You did not try to change me
 from what I am.
 Instead we shared thoughts—
 hopes
 believing only in each other.
 Wishing we could give the world.





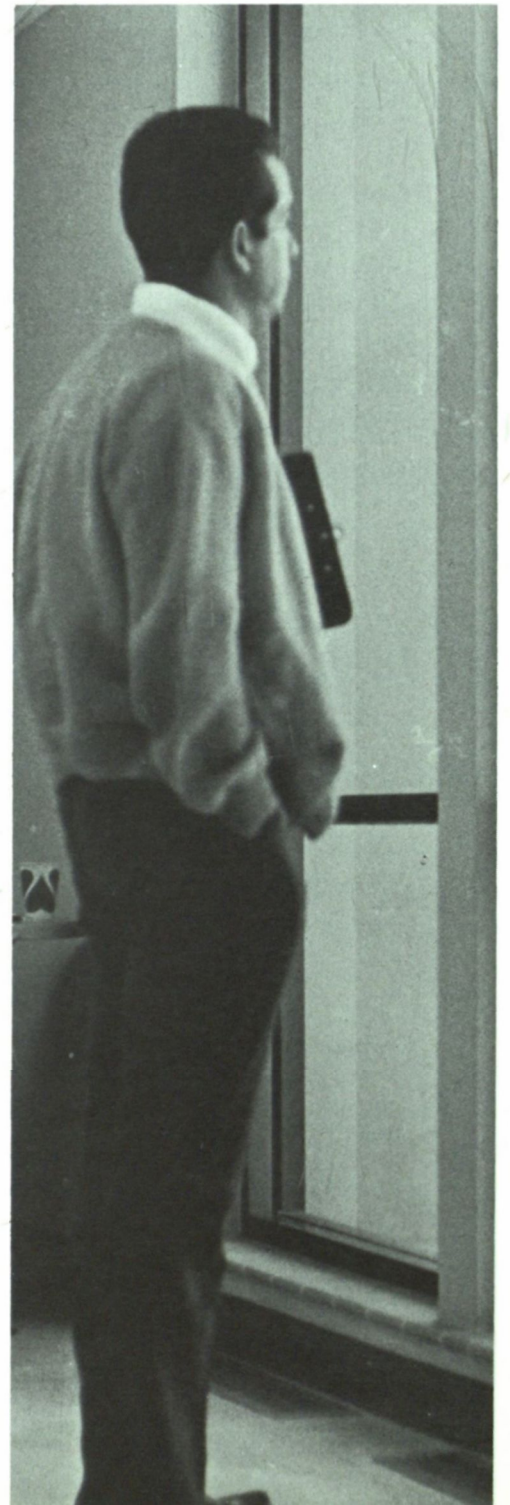
Yesterday is gone
forever.
Yet things are not
quite the same.
Reminiscing of days past
perhaps will make me sad.
So many things and thoughts
are distant now
somewhere
placed for safekeeping
to make room for the
present.





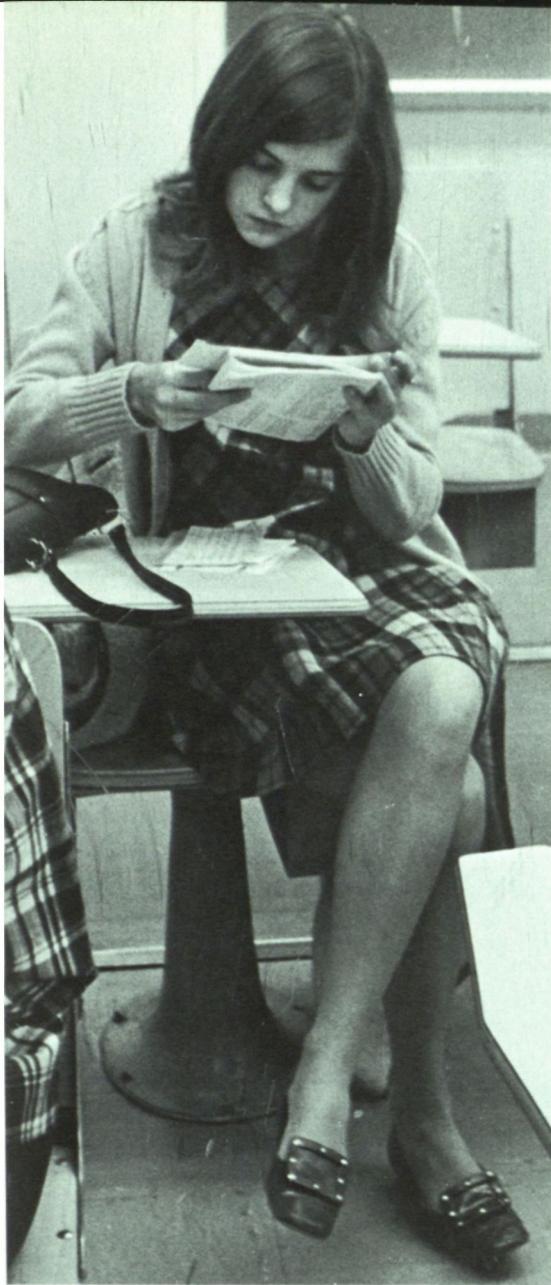


When I graduate—
 what will I leave behind?
 Four or more years
 of waiting
 for that one piece of paper.
 A diploma.
 I expected everything
 to be different
 and it is.
 But not like I had thought—
 there are new pressures
 to add.
 I am just as unsure today
 as yesterday
 and today is already departing.









College has meant so many things—
 something different for all.
 For some it remains
 an accumulation of facts
 a product of knowledge—
 to others, a guarantee of accomplishment.
 Knowledge I have acquired
 in varied amounts
 But the real quest—
 wisdom—
 will I ever learn the secrets of wisdom?
 Are they taught through love and beauty
 anger and disappointment?
 Can one ever experience enough
 to acquire wisdom?
 Is it nurtured like a delicate bud
 that grows to maturity with time
 and the proper amount of light?



When I was very small
I remember that someone told me—
A beautiful day is to be used
as you wish.
If a vacancy occurs today—
it will be filled
tomorrow.
Sunny days and fluffy clouds
leave me unpretentious
with almost childlike innocence.



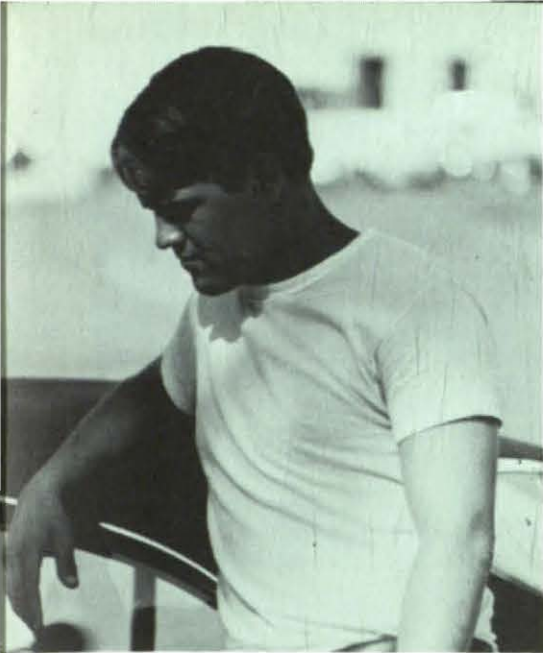




During the night
the blossom will bloom
bringing with it
a delicacy and freshness
that leaves me in awe.
All drowsy flowers
awaken from their sleep
radiant with summer.







The quiet joy of life
stirs an inner emotion—
a feeling of tranquility and peace
makes me forget a torn world.
For these few seconds
I stand very still
to marvel
at the intricate yet simple
manifestations of living.





Everywhere I look
 surrounding me—
 there are people
 so very many people
 who are like me
 and I am like them—
 we hope, need, question
 and dream.
 We are all one
 brothers and sisters
 interacting, changing, learning
 to live
 with the reality
 of our dependency
 on each other for our being.









Have I lived in a world of dreams?
I have searched to see—
I have touched to feel.
I know I have come close
but not close enough
to whatever awaits on that pedestal.
For now, I vow to never quit
quitting and giving up is to grow old—
my heart knows in silence
the secrets I am searching.



Joanie Fellmeth
Miss U. T. El Paso
Senior speech and drama major
from Carmel, Indiana
Joanie is a member of Tri-Delta,
enjoys water sports,
and is interested in speech therapy.









Sherrie Shamaley, 1968 Homecoming Queen.
Brown eyed freshmen education major
from El Paso
member of Zeta Tau Alpha
plans to teach elementary school children.
Sherrie reigned during homecoming weekend
after election by the student body.



Pam Wimsatt
Flowsheet Beauty
Sophomore education major
water sports and diving
enthusiast.
Pam wants to teach children.
She was sponsored by Chi Omega
in the beauty competition.





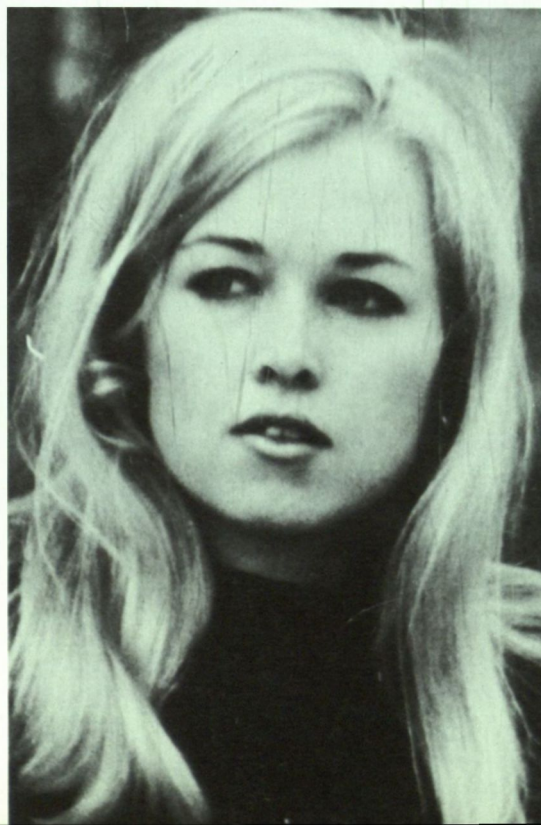




Sandy Avritt

Sun Princess

Sandy is a member of Chi Omega.
She is a junior secondary education major
who enjoys photography and swimming.
She also lists reading Rod McKuen
poetry as a favorite pastime.



Christina Wardy
Summer School Queen
Senior language major
sponsored by Phrateres.
Christina writes poetry
and plays chess.



