

Part II:
Texas Western College
1949-1967

*Fernando Valenzuela said it. . . . "In sports you win
and in sports you lose, but in education you only win."
And it's so true; it really is.*

Rudy Tellez

Student, 1948-1952

I was born at home in 3222 Frutas Street. My mother was afraid to go to the hospital. She didn't want them to give her the wrong kid. That's the way my mother was. I went to Beall grammar school, Vilas grammar school, and Dudley grammar school; I went one year to El Paso High School. My mother and I moved to California, and then I came back and graduated from El Paso High.

I entered this college primarily because they had a very good radio department. And since the age of nine I knew exactly what I wanted to do. I wanted to be a radio announcer. When I was a kid I used to listen to the radio full blast, and I loved my imagination. There was no television then, so I would tune in all the radio programs I could. There was "Jack Armstrong the All-American Boy" and "Lux Presents Hollywood" and "Inner Sanctum." That's growing up with imagination!

I'm Chicano, in the true sense of the word. I'm born in this country of Mexican parents and spoke Spanish at home, learned English at school. But like young kids who speak Spanish, I didn't like my accent, so I practiced. I got every newspaper I could and read it out loud so that I could try to sound like the radio announcers that I heard on KTSM and on

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NBC. So my dream was to [be like them]. My dream was also that somehow along the way I would be able to leave my own mark in this business.

When I graduated from El Paso High I came right to the College of Mines. I got a music scholarship from this college, and I've always felt grateful for that. I played in the orchestra; I played in the band; I was the drum major my last year. You know, the guy with the tall hat, with a baton, and all those pretty girls marching behind him. I was a sight, I'll tell you. I loved that.

We had the radio department in Kelly Hall, at the top of the hill. I found a marvelous, wonderful instructor there in Mr. Virgil Hicks*. A lot of equipment wasn't state of the art. It was gift to the art, because radio stations would give it to the college. In my sophomore year I began to get the practical application of working at the radio station. I went on the air on KVOF, the [college] FM station, [which] was heard only on campus. Then we got a ten-watt [transmitter], and you could hear it maybe a mile away. I guess I was born with a certain vibration in the voice, and it seemed to please the microphone. I didn't come out screechy, and I didn't come out with an accent. I worked as many hours as I could at the station. That experience at KVOF, pulling a shift, reading commercials, playing records, doing a program, was the singular most important thing for me in my career.

Forty-eight through '52 we saw the "end of innocence," I think. I don't know if I could go through college with all the [temptation] that's available today. When I was going to college here, I remember participating with all the other guys, and the thing of the year . . . was panty raids! That was the thing to do. And we were foolish enough to try it. I was also a member of the drama club; I was in every musical thing there was. There were lots of sororities and fraternities around. I did not join a fraternity, and I never felt lesser than anyone else. Later on I was asked to join the Tekes [Tau Kappa Epsilon], primarily because my mother ran the Teke house. I became an honorary member.

I don't remember in my entire life ever being degraded except once, and that's when I went looking for a job at a radio local station. The guy said to me, "What would you say if I told you that I wouldn't hire you because your name is Tellez?" It shocked me. I never heard that before. I said, "Well, to tell you the truth, I'd feel sorry for you." He said, "What do you mean?" [I said,] "You might miss the chance of working with

someone who really could do a good job for you." By the way, I got the job, but that's the way I answered. That's the only time I remember that ever happening to me.

There were three professors who [really] inspired me: Virgil Hicks in the radio department, Dr. [C.L.] Sonnichsen*, and Dr. [Eugene] Porter*, my history professor. Those three men, through their "one-on-ones" with me, inspired me and got my imagination cooking. Porter ran a strong, hard class. He wouldn't put up with any B.S. He would sit there, and he would make it interesting. His knowledge impressed me tremendously. He would talk about Russia, and when I left the room I would feel like I had been a part of that somehow. He made history come alive for me in a way that no other professor had.

Sonnichsen was funny and humorous. Sonnichsen had a warmth about him that was unlike any other professor. He is one of my heroes, too. His method of teaching inspired me to read voraciously. Today I read as much as I can, because that's the way one gets knowledge. I would make jokes in class, and he would laugh louder than anybody else and wouldn't cut me down for it. He made English Lit come alive for the student and got me excited about what was behind the writing.

Hicks was good. He allowed you to take chances. He would say, "Okay, the assignment tomorrow is so and so, and you come in prepared." If you [didn't] you still went through the thing on the microphone, and they would critique you. "Okay, what did he do wrong; what did that sound like?" We would try to do the best that we possibly could. He would go home, and he wouldn't listen to local radio stations. KVOF was on his dial at all times. He'd come back the next day and say, "That's not the way you pronounce that word." Or, "This is not what you do. How come there's so much dead air?"

I'll never forget that he was able to get a couple of tape machines. We learned how to play with them, and we learned how to make an echo. [What] you do is K . K . K . K . K . V . V . O . O . F . F . Sometimes we'd do it so loud that we'd damage his speakers at home, and he wouldn't like that. He said, "You can overuse that device; let's not make it into a religion." I always felt as though he cared. He wasn't just a professor who came and sat down and said, "Okay, here's the lesson plan, go do it and then turn off." One of my happiest times was in 1970. I came back as the Outstanding Ex-Student, and he walked up at the banquet and

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gave me the microphone that I used to speak on over KVOF-FM with. I still have it at home.

I came back after my two-year stint in the army in '54 and went to work for radio station KEPO. Then KTSM called offered me a job, and I was with them until 1959, when I left to go to San Francisco. I worked for every radio station and television station in that town. I began as a radio announcer, then started to produce my own radio show. I realized that my strong suit was producing. I did not have Hugh Downs' [deep] voice, but I could be around as long as I want to if I *created* my own shows or produced them. Finally I created a program called the "Les Crane Show." I'm said to be one of the "grandfathers" of talk radio; I helped invent that entire call-in show format, although I had done the caller format here at KTSM.

I went to New York with the "Les Crane Show" in 1964. It was the most successful television show in the history of New York, for in ten months the show was on the ABC network. It was the first competition Johnny Carson ever had. We failed in sixteen weeks, and I went to work for the Carson show. I was there for five and a half years, culminating as his producer and inventing a lot of different things that he still does today, including the anniversary show. No one had gotten as high ratings on "The Tonight Show" as I helped it to get. As a matter of fact, the highest rating in the history of broadcasting still belongs to a show I did on "The Tonight Show" — Tiny Tim's wedding. Believe it or not, that show got an eighty-nine share of audience at 11:30 at night, the highest share ever in the history of broadcasting for any entertainment show.

I got one of my Emmys for "Both Sides Now." It was a local program in Los Angeles that [featured] this guy who leans a little to the left and a guy who leans a little to the right — conservative/liberal. Then you put a controversial guest in between them and let them go at one another. And in eight days the two guys began to kill each other on the air; it took eight days for them to hit venom. The show lasted only a month after that, but it was spectacular, and the idea was right. I've been ahead of my time a lot of times. Now I'm ready to pull back and play catch-up and do some other things.

I was nominated for five [Emmys]; I won two. I know I won two of them because I've got them — as door stops! The second was for "John Barber's Other Show." John Barber was a critic in LA, and I did a show with him

that would take on a different subject, from Steven Spielberg to whatever we came up with nightly. Then I did a one-hour special. Remember when New York was in such trouble they were going broke? Well, we announced the First Annual Telethon to Save New York City. What I did was a take-off on all the bad telethons. Guess what we raised? \$623. In Los Angeles! And we took it to Mayor [Abraham] Beame in New York. And he was very gracious; I have a picture of him accepting the check from John Barber. It was tongue-in-cheek, but it was done well enough that my peers thought it deserved an Emmy.

This is my fortieth year in this business. The first twenty years were in radio, the next twenty were in television, and my next twenty are going to be back in radio but as an owner. I am now trying to buy licenses and put my own radio stations on the air with my own choice of programming. I look back at times with a great deal of favor and happiness. I never regretted being what I am, coming from where I came. I've watched this campus grow. I've watched with pride some of the things that have happened. It's unfortunate the scholastic side doesn't bring as much honor to the university as sports does. When UTEP was number one in the nation [in basketball], my God! When Bob Beamon broke the [world long jump] record, my God! Yet when the football team does badly, the university seems to suffer along with it. I wish there was some other way to get around it.

I am asked to speak before students now, students at risk. And I find that what they really are looking for is some kind of inspiration. We used to live in Hollywood, and there's a school there, John Marshall, that is probably the greatest mixture of Hispanic, Filipino, Asian, and blacks. If there are 10 percent WASPs, I'd be very surprised. And that school won the Olympics of the Mind last year. You should see those kids walk down the street; they're talking fifteen different languages. But one teacher inspired them so much that they got the knowledge, and they beat everyone else in the United States, which shows that knowledge is real power.

I just think we need more role models and fewer sports [stars]. I'll tell you something that I told the kids at Roberts grammar school. Fernando Valenzuela said it. He says it to all the kids that he meets. He says, "I'm in sports, and in sports you win and in sports you lose, but in education you only win." And it's so true; it really is.

Interviewed by Charles H. Martin, October 13, 1989, El Paso.

*The Twirp Dance was your one golden opportunity
to invite a boy.*

Esperanza Acosta Moreno

Student, 1951-1954

Librarian, 1976-present

I attended Texas Western College between January, 1951, and May, 1954. I was lucky that my parents were supportive. My mother had always told us that she would send us to school as long as we wanted to go to school. So my sister and I were the two that decided that we wanted to go to college. She was a year older than I, and she went on to college. This was before Work-Study grants, and so you had to work your way through whatever way you could. She ran out of money one year, so she had to stay out a year to have money. So we graduated together, because I caught up with her while she had to stay out to save enough money to go back to school.

The tuition was a lot lower and the books were less expensive. Would you believe [that] on fifty dollars I could pay my tuition, pay my student association fee, and buy second-hand books? I wasn't making that much at the El Paso Public Library. I was only working twenty hours a week. My mother was [thrifty], and she sewed our clothes. I still have some things she made. So we were able to go with her help and our jobs. We wanted to go, and we made up our minds that we were going, and it never occurred to us that this was anything unusual or that we were anything different.

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We lived at home, and we had to help around the house. We weren't just sitting pretty there. We had to help clean, wash, and cook. So it wasn't as if we were just little Lord Fauntleroy's sitting around waiting for somebody to wait on us. We weren't pampered in the sense that just because you're going to school you don't have to wash the dishes.

As a matter of fact, there were six of us at home growing up, and television had just come to El Paso, and if the TV wasn't on, the radio was on. There was always some activity going on, so I couldn't really study. I learned to go to bed early and sleep, and then I could wake up at five o'clock in the morning and get a lot done between 5:00 A.M. and 7:00 A.M. My daddy and I would be the only ones up, but everybody else was sleeping, and I'd get a lot of studying done.

I had learned to do that because summer classes were at seven o'clock in the morning. I'd get up real early and run up and catch the 5:15 A.M. bus at Five Points, so I could transfer downtown to the college bus in order to be there by seven o'clock classes. This was before any air conditioning. You were glad to get a seven o'clock class, because if you got anything later you would probably melt before it was over. After I got a car, it wasn't so bad. I didn't have to [get up] quite that early, so I'd pack all my books in the car and ride off to the park and sit and study in the park, because I couldn't study at home. There was too much commotion. But somehow or other I managed. I even made the Dean's List my last semester.

Dr. [Joseph M.] Roth was one of my favorite teachers. He was a true scholar. Dr. [Eugene] Porter* taught history. He knew his material, and he made it fascinating. It was just one of those things that you could hardly wait to go back to the next day, [just] like a mystery story. And Dr. Anton Berkman* was such a disciplined gentlemen. He had such a dedication to the teaching profession and to his field, zoology.

I think the University had some areas in which it could have expanded. We had dissected frogs in biology class in high school, and we dissected them again at the University. Now, the premed students used to dissect cats — and this is before they bought them — so they'd run all over the alleys chasing cats for dissection classes. The only reason I knew was because I knew a premed student that did it.

Before I changed majors, I had been in the choir with Dr. [E.A.] Thormodsgaard*, who was the head of the Music Department, a fantastic

musician. Dr. Olaf Eidbo at that time had just come in from Minnesota, St. Olaf's Choir, [and was] a very gifted teacher. He was also a musician, but I thought of him more as a teacher. We did all kinds of programs. We did "Il Trovatore" at Magoffin. We did "Faust," "Of Thee I Sing," and "Finian's Rainbow." I can still remember some of the choruses. I did not consider myself a singer. I just liked to sing because it was fun, and I've always enjoyed music. And the choir met at noontime, when I didn't have other classes. We had a lot of rehearsals, [but it] was a lot of fun.

I was in the choir, and I was in the Golddiggers before they started wearing [those] very, very short skirts. We wore culottes down to our knees. We had the white cowboy shirt with mother-of-pearl buttons on the cuffs and on the front, and then we had white cowboy boots that were hand made for each of us and the white Stetson hat. I kept [the outfit] for a long time.

I got goose pimples when we were practicing for the Golddiggers. Gene Lewis was the trumpeter for the band, and he would play one of the bullfight songs on the trumpet out in the desert while we were practicing. We practiced out there at Kidd Field. We marched in the New Year's Day parade, and we went to all the football games, [even the] out-of-town games, to Lubbock, Midland, Albuquerque. The football team wasn't a winning team at that time. It hasn't changed too much, [but] the main purpose of the school wasn't football. I was also in Sigma Delta Pi, which is the honorary Spanish fraternity. You really have to learn Spanish to learn about Cervantes and de la Vega. Then, of course, [I was] still in the CYO, which is the Catholic Youth Organization.

The University used to have Twirp Dance every December, and back in the older days, the girls didn't ask the boys to a dance. It was supposed to be the other way around, and you just didn't do things like that. But anyway, the Twirp Dance was your one golden opportunity to invite a boy. [I asked] an engineering student. And, you know, the engineers were the kings of the jungle, and to get to go to the dance with an engineering student, you had really made it. You got all dolled up in your long dresses; you had corsages. The boys got all decked out in their tuxedos. Girls looked like girls, and boys looked like boys. And you had little dance cards, and the boys would sign up as to who had the first dance and the second dance. I still have my little card. I had the whole thing booked and had a ball.

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But I didn't really do much dating in college. When I wasn't going to school, I was studying or I was working. I had gone in as an education major. I wanted to be a high school teacher, but I couldn't see taking that many hours of education courses. I switched majors my junior year. My [new] major was Spanish, and I minored in English. What happened was that spring I was aiming to get a job at the El Paso Public Library. I got interested in libraries, and the more I thought about it, the more I decided I really wanted to be a librarian. When I changed majors, there were not library courses as such at the University, but library schools would accept a major in something else as long as your credits or your grades were acceptable. So I switched majors and went ahead with it. Then I took off to library school at the University of Illinois in Urbana.

Interviewed by Rebecca Craver, March 9, 1984, El Paso.

[The blast] was probably a little stronger than he had anticipated. It blew out all the windows on the north side of Old Main.

Ralph M. Coleman

Faculty, 1947-1982

At the time I came here there were sixteen buildings on the campus. Dr. [D.M.] Wiggins* was president, Professor [C.A.] Puckett* was the dean of arts and education, and Professor [Eugene M.] Thomas* was dean of engineering. Judson Williams* was dean of student life, and Mrs. [Cordelia] Caldwell was the dean of women. [Marshall] Pennington was the business manager. Most everybody is familiar with the name of Pennington. He did such a wonderful job while he was with us here.

Baxter Polk was the librarian, and Dr. [John L.] Waller was chairman of the Graduate Council. Col. [M.H.] Thomlinson was curator of the museum, and Dr. [B.F.] Jenness* was in charge of the health service office. There were eighty-seven faculty members, two visiting faculty, twenty-three administrative assistants, and three people on the dormitory staff. You can see that's quite a change from the present number that we have.

Dr. L.A. Nelson* was chairman of the loan committee we had at that time. One hundred dollars was the maximum amount that a non-resident student could borrow, and a resident could borrow fifty dollars. This fund was operated entirely by Dr. Nelson. Tuition for residents was twenty-five

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dollars for twelve or more semester hours, and a nonresident had to pay \$150 at that time. Room and board in the dormitory was \$233.75 per semester.

I think the evolution of the Engineering Department is very interesting. Believe it or not, when I first came here there was no degree in engineering. I saw the influx of all the GIs returning from World War II; in fact, my classes ran forty-five to fifty mature people who knew what they were coming to school for. Those were the years I had the best students, and many of them are now doctors and are teaching in the Engineering Department. It was such a surprise to me when I first came out here to find that we had that many students taking engineering, and they'd take two years and [have to] leave. I just couldn't see that type of thing happening to El Paso, so I did suggest that [a four-year program] be established. I said, "Mr. Decker, we can't permit these people to leave here [after two years]. Let's give them a four-year degree plan."

Professor [Floyd A.] Decker and Dean Thomas said for me and Professor [Eugene J.] Guldemann to get busy and set up some degree plans. We went to work on civil engineering. We secured catalogs from all of the engineering schools that we could possibly locate, some seventy or eighty. We then sat down and analyzed their courses and set up our program. The university system approved the civil engineering degree and the electrical engineering degree. Then the following year after that, other faculty got busy on the mechanical engineering degree. So that's really how it got started, and that was about 1948. I think the degree offerings have done quite well.

I designed the first addition to the [old] Engineering Building. I had asked Dr. Wiggins for \$7,000 for lights and new desks, but they couldn't dig up that much money. I used to go to the end of one of the old drawing rooms and look out over the old Power House. I saw a vacant space back there, and I thought, "Gee whiz, you know that could just go on up and put a roof over that, build another drawing room." So I designed that one and put in my request through Dr. Wiggins, and he said, "Yeah, that sounds like a good idea." So they came around with \$77,000. I guess the moral there is, if you want something, don't ask for \$7,000, ask for \$77,000! That was the first addition to the old Engineering Building. It was over the old Power Plant. The second addition was the wing that went to the south, which is still there.

Then this building became too small, and we had to move to Globe Mills across the freeway. Fortunately, I didn't have to stay down there very long. I had the summer [of 1970] down there, and I believe the fall, and then moved back [to the campus] to the new Education Building. I wanted it to be called the Education and Engineering Building, but the Education Department overruled us. Then we moved out of the Education Building to the new Engineering Building [in 1976].

The St. Pat's celebration started early in the morning before daylight with a big blast in the gullies and arroyos around the dormitories. They'd always set off dynamite and wake everybody up. That was against all rules and regulations. The culprits would disperse, and they never did know who was doing it. One year the culprit was the chairman of Civil Engineering Department, who hadn't been here very long. He was an ex-paratrooper, [a] very daring type of individual. He took some dynamite to the hillside just north of Old Main and set the blast off up there. It was probably a little stronger than he had anticipated. It blew out all the windows on the north side of Old Main. Of course he had some help. He had a bunch of seniors and students doing this with him. I might say he paid for the replacement of the windows.

My first experience with the initiation was at Oro Grande. They used to hold all the initiations at the old mine shafts and tunnels. Dean Thomas always delegated me to be one to go. I'm thankful that the initiation is no longer held [there]. I was always afraid somebody was going to get killed, because there was beer drinking and sometimes even hard liquor, even though it was against the rules. I know in some instances some of the students got a little bit too much to drink, and chances are they were driving cars back to El Paso. Fortunately, we never had a wreck. Nobody ever got hurt; nobody even got hurt at the mines. But I think [that] if it had gone on much longer it could have really proved a disaster.

The thing that I remember the most was the Hard Luck Dance. The dance was held after the St. Pat's initiation and was quite an affair, attended by a few faculty and practically all of the student body. You would dress like a tramp or an Aggie. This was before the days the students started wearing long hair and beards. We always had a beard growing contest. We would have a judging, and awards would be made to the longest and the prettiest beards.

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I think one of the greatest assets we have had here was the Schellenger Research Laboratory. It was established about the time I was hired. The first director was Dr. Thomas C. Barnes. The others that served on the board were Professor [Robert L.] Schumaker, Professor Decker, Professor [Oscar J.] McMahan, and later Dr. Anton Berkman* and Dr. Floyd O'Neal. They had a staff of more than fifty working in the Schellenger Research Lab, and the people that could work had to have top secret clearance, because the lab worked on government contracts with White Sands and William Beaumont Hospital. One of the first grants that were received was from William Beaumont Hospital [to design and build] a machine for testing hearts.

There were five installations on the campus that were part of the Schellenger Lab. I designed the environmental chambers personally and had a great deal of fun in doing so. We needed to take the smoke and gases from the building. To get the duct through, I found out that the walls of Old Main were approximately four feet thick, solid rock and concrete. So instead of going through the wall, I went down the edge of the wall and piped the fumes out from the climatic chamber to the trees just east of Old Main.

This created quite a disturbance because people would come out and see this pipe sticking up out of the ground with smoke and fumes coming out of it. They were always curious to find out where this was coming from and why. The acoustic research chamber is still on the campus. It is the finest one between Dallas and Los Angeles, and it was built by the faculty under the direction of Dr. Barnes and Professor Schumaker. It is located at Kidd Field, under the north stadium seats. We also had an electronic research lab, a data analysis center, and the optical and mechanical test center.

The Schellenger Lab was able to receive enormous grants. In fact, the first two or three years we had two million dollars in grants. That may not sound like much in today's prices, but if you think back to 1948-49, two million would be equivalent to six or eight million a year in grants at the present time. And I really think that Schellenger was one of the biggest assets that was added to the University.

My son graduated from this institution. I thought if it is good enough for me to teach in, it is certainly good enough for him to go to. And he

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came here by choice. I told him he could go wherever he wanted to, and he selected Texas Western. I enjoyed what I was doing — working with young people, seeing them get an education and making a success out of their life. That's what education is all about anyway.

Interviewed by Rebecca Craver, November 1, 1983, El Paso.

*All the paint on the window sill, where they crawled
in and out, had been worn off.*

Louise Resley Wiggins

Student, 1938-1940

Faculty, 1942-1957

Dean of Women, Assistant Dean of Students,

1957-1973

I was going to school with no idea of ever teaching math. I was majoring in education and hoping to just get a job teaching in a public school and had not decided what subject I'd rather teach. I was taking math from Dr. [E.J.] Knapp, and at that time the football boys were nearly all failing their math. They needed a tutor, so Dr. Knapp asked me to tutor the football team. I entered here in the fall of '38 and started tutoring in '42. I was living in Benedict Hall then, and the football boys would come down there. We'd take over the living room, and I would teach them the math that they were taking under somebody else.

Dr. Knapp offered me a job teaching math if I would go ahead and take my master's degree, which I did. I took it in education with a minor in math. As soon as I got the degree, I went on the permanent teaching staff. I taught math for many years under Dr. Knapp and learned a lot more from him and teaching it than I ever did in a class. I was his protegee, and, frankly, he taught me all I ever knew about math.

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In those days we had assemblies of the entire college population. We used to meet up in Holliday Hall* once a week on Wednesday mornings, I think, at eleven o'clock. They had programs and brought in speakers. Everybody, students and faculty, were supposed to go. I can remember one instance that sticks in my mind. I'm sure this has no value as a historical item, but the word got out that they were bringing Clark Gable in to be speaker at one of the assemblies. Somebody asked Gladys Gregory* if she was going, and her response was that she just wasn't interested in going to see Clark Gable. But he didn't come. I don't remember Clark Gable ever appearing up there.

It was a close group of faculty in those days. We knew everyone, and the old faculty lounge was the gossip mill. Everybody went in there at least twice a day. We must have consumed barrels of coffee. There were long tables down the middle of the room, and over in the corner there were tables of chess players. It was the hub of the campus for faculty social interchange. It was never empty in the morning. Those people who didn't have eight o'clock classes were in the faculty lounge at eight o'clock, you can be sure.

I went into administration in 1957 or '58, but I know I was still teaching math the first year that black students were enrolled. I believe that Texas Western was the first Texas college to admit black students. Someone called me one night, I think it was the vice president, and said, "When you go into your Math 304, Section 9, in the morning, you're going to have some black students. Make as little show of it as possible." I had ten or twelve black students in that freshman math class, and I soon forgot that they were black and the others were white. Some of them have gone on to do some outstanding things. I can remember one girl in particular who was in my freshman math class, who is now teaching at the medical school in Galveston. And we had some very brilliant black students who have gone on to do a lot more than just play basketball.

I became what was then called a dean of women. It was later called assistant dean of students — that was my title when I retired — but the function of the office did not change. To me the main purpose of that office was to provide an extracurricular program so that there would be something available for every woman student who wanted to belong to any kind of an organization. Also, [I was] responsible for the behavior of the students in the dormitory, and that was a big job. We had a staff

of officers who assisted in making the rules and enforcing them. It was largely their responsibility, and in those days it was a tremendous organization, the way those young ladies handled their many problems. It was very seldom that the problems were solved in my office. We had a marvelous dormitory head resident then, Mary White, who understood young ladies. We didn't have coed dorms. We had the men's dorm, and we had the women's dorm.

Later on, the function of the Dean of Students Office changed. The administration of the scholarship program was moved to my office. I was even in charge of commencement one year and had to make all the arrangements. We did most anything in those days that needed doing and nobody else wanted to do. Students were then beginning to want, whether they needed it or not, less and less counseling, so the idea of a dean of women being a woman to whom women students went for help gradually disappeared.

There were dorm hours back in that time. At one time curfew in Benedict Hall was ten o'clock. We had a lot of unenforceable rules, let's face it. There was no way on earth to enforce some of the rules that we had, so we just got by and didn't have any serious problems. As far as trying to enforce curfew, there were always ways to get in and out of that dormitory.

I remember one occasion that has always given me a great deal of laughter and enjoyment. When we had six or seven residents in Benedict Hall, and I was the head resident, I think curfew was ten o'clock. Well, on the bottom floor there was one room that we never put anybody in, because there was a window [in it] that all you had to do was raise up and go out, which was being done constantly. All the paint on the window sill, where they crawled in and out, had been worn off, because they'd crawled in and out so many times. One night I went into the room, and I turned out all the lights. I knew they had all gone out; everything was quiet. I don't think they stayed out very late; it wasn't past twelve o'clock when here all six of them were climbing in the window. I turned on the light, and there they were. It was too funny. I remember the startled look on those gals' [faces] when the light came on and I was down there!

About that time we started having the panty raids. The boys would get in one way or another and leave messages on the mirrors in the girls' rooms. They got in from the top of Bell Hall; they learned some way of

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getting in there. We could tell they had gotten in because you could see the footprints. I don't remember anybody being terribly disturbed about it, because it was just their way of showing us that we had unenforceable rules. You just couldn't do anything about it. Nobody worried about it very much.

When the move came to integrate the dorms, and the boys and the girls stayed in the same dorm, those of us in the administration more or less just said, "Well, they're doing it everywhere else. They're doing it at The University of Texas. The students are pushing for it. We have no choice." And that's the way it happened. Of course, about that time we had to do away with curfew. That gave us a lot of problems because of the two new dorms that were built right there on the border almost. We never felt that it was safe to leave those doors unlocked all night long. So, that gave us some problems.

In the '50s the social life on campus really revolved around the sororities. That was one of the things that I was trying to change, because that's all there was. There weren't any other women's organizations. It was very difficult to get girls interested in a sorority, because the majority of them lived at home, and their ties were to their churches and their high school organizations. So it's always been a battle to have enough girls in the sororities to justify the number that we had on campus. At that time the three main groups [Zeta Tau Alpha, Chi Omega, and Delta Delta Delta] had houses on campus. Well, that almost meant the end of any other group that didn't have a house on campus, because naturally a girl was more impressed with the lodges. They never housed the girls; they were meeting places.

For a while the Greek sororities did not take girls with Mexican names, but later they did. Now I would say half of each group is of Latin origin. As far as the students themselves were concerned, they would have taken them [Mexican-Americans] anytime, but the sororities were governed by the alums. There was no feeling among the students themselves. That feeling was generated by the alums because nobody could take a girl into a sorority until the alums agreed that she could be in there.

There was another group that was interesting that we brought on, Phrateres, which was a organization of girls who either could not afford the Greek sororities or did not want to belong to them. It was patterned after the Greek sorority, and it was a tremendous organization because at that

time there were no Jewish sororities, there were no black sororities, there were no girls of Syrian descent who could belong to anything, because they were barred from sororities. But they could all belong to this Phrateres. [The name] meant friendship, and it was organized solely for the purpose of giving the girl an opportunity to have a part in campus activities and belong to some sort of an organization. Now, that's been gone for a long time, too.

Of course, when the student revolutions and uprising began, nobody wanted to belong to anything. There was a time when Mortar Board girls were turning down invitations to belong to Mortar Board*. Sorority girls didn't wear their pins out in public. Nobody wanted to belong to anything. It was difficult to keep those organizations alive during that time, and a lot of them went by the board.

I was thinking this morning about, "Well, what did I really contribute when I was in that office?" And I suppose that if I had to put anything at the top of the list, I spent a great deal of time bringing in organizations. Mortar Board was my greatest pride, but I did not begin that. To become a member of national Mortar Board there had to have been an organization for so many years functioning on campus which promoted scholarship among women students.

Dr. [Wilson H.] Elkins* and Maxine Steele in 1952 formed an organization with the sole purpose of having it become Mortar Board at some time. It was called Chenrizig, and I was their sponsor. Somewhere in the library they found a book on Tibet and Tibetan architecture — that is the story, really, of the University — and in some of the research that they did they learned that there was a princess in Tibet called Chenrizig, who was a very learned, studious, person. So that's how the name Chenrizig got attached to Mortar Board.

Interviewed by Rebecca Craver, February 23, 1984, El Paso.

We would start at the entrance to the mine. They would blindfold you and roll up your pant legs.

Hector Holguin

Student, 1953-1958

I started college in 1953. At that time, it was very unusual for a Hispanic to leave town. I could not afford to go away to school; I knew I had to work. The only alternatives were Texas Western College or New Mexico State. At that time Texas Western had [less than] 5,000 students; it had the feeling of a small community. You really got to know everyone, and the classes were small. We received a significant amount of personal attention from the professors, and we had a lot interaction with our classmates. I think that it was an excellent setting for learning. We had good professors, not only in engineering but in all of our basic courses.

I just naturally gravitated towards engineering. Engineering gives you an excellent base, especially today, because you can move in so many different directions. In my case, I was able to move from aerospace to consulting engineering and then to a computer environment. Engineering continues to offer just excellent opportunities. I was fortunate that college was important to my parents. Two of my uncles were college graduates; one was an architect and the other an engineer. I think that their influence also helped me to proceed with engineering. At that time, I don't really know what the Hispanic population was at UTEP. It certainly wasn't the 50 to 60 percent it is today.

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The thing to remember most about campus is that engineers tended to really stick to themselves. Maybe a few entered fraternity life, but I didn't see this happening within the civil engineering group that I associated with. We didn't really make time to participate in extracurricular activities. At that time Hispanics were not allowed to participate in fraternities or sororities, but I don't think we felt excluded. I think it just wasn't important for us to participate. Most of our activities were centered around the Newman Club, which was a Catholic organization on campus. We were also involved with the civil engineering technical society. We interacted with the professional community through this organization. We didn't have much time for anything else. I graduated in a class of twelve, so you can see that it was a very close-knit environment.

I'm sure that you have heard the stories about the alligators. College students were always playing around with the alligators in the downtown plaza. Before my time, a professor in the Geology Department walked into his office, and you can imagine his shock upon seeing an alligator that had been placed there by his students. I do remember going to campus one day and finding an alligator floating in our swimming pool. They had to close down the pool. I guess the Health Department was a little concerned. How they got the alligator in there I'll never know.

Well, my favorite professor was my next door neighbor, Dr. [Joseph C.] Rintelin. He was a professor of metallurgy. I was not too interested in metallurgy, but it was a mandatory course. Dr. Rintelin being my neighbor, I knew I had to do well in this course. He had a way of needling you to excel. In my second year, I was having second thoughts about engineering. He was instrumental in coming in and you might say hitting me over the head with reality. I decided to go ahead and stick it out at a critical point in my life. I remember another event that occurred in his classroom. One day the bell rang and nothing happened; he just kept on talking. Finally, he caught on, and he said, "Hey, when the bell rings, you all walk out, because I hear bells all the time." He came across as a very rough individual, but under that rough exterior was a gentleman. He cared about teaching, and I learned so much from him. We had many good professors there.

I was working, and I didn't make it to St. Pat's my freshman year. The next year they were out to get me, because they knew that I hadn't gone. I couldn't back down, so I went. The mine was located at Oro Grande.

We would start at the entrance to the mine. They would blindfold you and roll up your pant legs so you really didn't have much protection. Then they would stuff as much tobacco as they could in your mouth. It was very hard not to swallow. Many people got very sick; some of the tobacco was spiced with chili. We started out by crawling through the mine, but you're constantly being stopped; at least I was. They would ask you questions; even if you gave the right answer, they would still give you a good solid hit in the behind with a wooden board. So it was quite an experience.

It just seemed like we were in there forever. Everybody's crawling, one behind the other. You feel that you are wandering, not knowing where you are. That's when you really test your friends. I think that I would still be in that mine today if it wasn't for Kiki Bustamante. Kiki was a good friend of mine, and he finally got me out of there. If not, I would still be there crawling around! When we came out, they told us to kiss the Blarney Stone; it was just a big rock with a tremendous amount of green paint. We were so happy to get out there that we instantly forgot all the pain and the frustration. They still do a version of it, but I don't think it can compare to being in the mine.

I guess looking back on it, it seems childish, but I think it's an important tradition. I think it helped to bring people together. I think it reminded us about the College of Mines and Metallurgy; it reminded us where the University really came from. It takes many years to develop that kind of tradition. I think that's what UTEP offers today. Its roots really go way back, and there's a flow of tradition that is very important. In my business, I have traveled to many campuses. I've been to MIT, Stanford, Harvard, TCU, and SMU. UTEP is very unique. And how about our Bhutanese architecture! Not too long ago, we were very fortunate to visit a museum where we saw many pictures of this architectural theme. Looking at some of these photographs, I swear that I was looking at some of the buildings on campus. It's a shame that we have a couple of buildings that stand out like a sore thumb. It disrupts the uniqueness of the Bhutanese architecture. We have a campus second to none.

I graduated from UTEP in June, 1958, and I went immediately to graduate school at U.T. Austin. At that time it [had] only 25,000 students; it's twice that now. My first time on campus, I felt like a little ant. I was overwhelmed when I attended my first football game. I felt that I had lost my identity. There were so many people, and you just felt like one of

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100,000. It was very different. I don't know if I could have been as successful in undergraduate school in that large an environment. There're so many activities at U.T. Austin, so many things to do and so many distractions. I am glad that I went to UTEP, where I could focus my attention on what we were there for.

My first taste of discrimination was when I was very young. I wasn't invited to certain birthday parties. After you go through it once or twice, you just sort of form a shield against it. At [TWC] I think it was low-key. I didn't really see a harshness to it. We knew that the fraternities and sororities were set up a certain way, and we just accepted that as a way of life on campus. No one really came out and tried to fight the system or change it. At U.T. Austin it was a little harsher. For a while, I was dating a sorority girl, and it caused some problems in that environment. I think that it was more evident at Austin than [here]. I wasn't an undergraduate; I think the undergraduate students would probably have felt it more than we did in graduate school. I don't think we were that far removed from the time that our buses said "colored section in the back," or blacks could not go to local restaurants or theaters. We knew it was there. So I guess maybe my attitude was we were here first, and I never did let it bother me.

I think that an important priority [should be] to keep our best high school students at UTEP. Our best students tend to leave El Paso; they tend to find better opportunities outside of El Paso. It's a job not just for the University, but it's also a job for the community to keep our best students here. But there's no point in keeping them here unless we can also offer them the best opportunities. We have to be very aggressive but also very careful to properly plan the future of this community. It is a shame to see our best students leave to Houston, Dallas, California, et cetera. I think there have been dramatic improvements in that area, but I think we've got a long way to go to change that. We have to attract the right kind of industries that can offer our graduates the optimum levels of achievement.

When I graduated, there were few major companies here in El Paso. We knew that they would not employ Hispanics, so it even limited us further. I went to California to work in aerospace for six years. I got married in 1964; my wife, Rosario, is from Mexico City. Our roots are really here, not only in El Paso, but also in Mexico. Our first daughter was born,

and I had just finished the project I was working on. I knew that if I didn't leave then, it was going to be very difficult for me to leave later because of the many opportunities in California. I knew I didn't want to bring up my family in California. I just didn't feel comfortable, so we packed up and moved back. I'll never regret that decision. Even today, in our business, everybody tells me, "Why aren't you in Houston or Denver or Atlanta?" But we find the world's getting smaller, and we can work very nicely from El Paso. We have excellent people in El Paso.

Interviewed by Rebecca Craver and Vicki L. Ruiz, February 17, 1984,
El Paso, Texas.

They said, "If you can't eat, then we won't eat." And no one ate, and that little town just lost a lot of business.

Edna Nixon McIver

Student, 1956-1960

Texas Western had been integrated just a year [when I started in 1956]. There was really just a handful of black students there. I think there were only fifteen of us out of a student body of about 3,000 students. By the time I graduated there were about twenty-five black students. I think there were more black students in the Music Department, not necessarily majoring in music, but participating some way in band or orchestra or whatever. There were about seven or eight of us there.

I didn't have any problems on campus from teachers or students either. I found just one instance with one of my teachers, who was a very lovely person, and that was Mr. Ralph Briggs. He was my piano teacher the whole time I was there. I had the feeling that this may have been the first time he had ever taught any black students, and there were things that he wanted to know. I had an inkling that he was learning a lot of things that he hadn't known before.

One spring day it was just so gorgeous, and we didn't have to wear even sweaters anymore, and I came in all bubbly and said, "Oh, my, isn't this a gorgeous day, and the weather is warm." And he said, "Oh, yes, it is beautiful." And he says, "By the way, I've always wanted to know,

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is it true that blacks like hot weather and fare better in hot weather than they do in cold weather?" And I said, "No, that's not true. Some like warm weather, and others can't stand it and like the cold." I told him that we all come from different parts of the country, naturally, and are used to different things, so it really doesn't make any difference. He said, "Oh, well, I just wanted to know." So there were people who just were curious, and this was their first time to go to school with black students or to teach black students and to find out that they can be as brilliant in many subjects as they could be dumb.

I think my upbringing was different [from] many young black students, [because] in my family, from the time I was a baby, my mother and father had friends from all over the world who were literary people, who were artists, who were politicians, who were State Department representatives from other countries. Our house was just always filled with all kinds of people. And then I grew up in a Mexican neighborhood, and my mother had grown up speaking German and French, and so I just had a growing up with all sorts of people and things. So I didn't feel like a fish out of water.

But then I did have a sense that, gee, this is the first time. Everybody couldn't help but feel that way. I think I felt a little [added pressure] because — I never talked to Mama about this — when I was growing up, every now and then, Mama would say, "Now always remember — people are looking at you, and you have to do your very best, especially because, in this particular instance, you're the only black child." The only other thing that really made me quite uncomfortable, and that's just me, was my senior year when I was elected to Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. That was one of the most unhappy days of my whole life, because I had always been a very good student and I felt, "Oh, my goodness, now I have to prove myself even more."

Being a music major, I was in the choir; I was in band. In high school I had played flute, but in college I played clarinet and contrabass clarinet — clarinet in the marching band and contrabass clarinet in the concert band. I was also a member of the Texas Western-El Paso Community Opera Chorus, which I really enjoyed. I guess it was my sophomore year in college we did "The Merry Widow" and then my junior year "Il Trovatore."

I was also a member of the band sorority. When I was there it was the first time Texas Western had the national band sorority and fraternity,

and I was president. Then I was a member of one of the service organizations. It was all girls. Anyway, I was a member of that, and from what I can remember, we weren't that active on campus. We did little things, like one year we helped build a float for the Homecoming parade, and we helped with little fund raisers and passing out literature to freshmen students.

[One activity] that I enjoyed was painting stage sets. Art has always been my first love, and I didn't major in that [because] I hadn't had any background other than just working on my own and growing up in galleries and museums and what have you. I helped with the scenery for "Faust." And I remember "Dr. Thor" [E.A. Thormodsgaard*] asking me if I would paint some of the scenery, and I said, "Of course." And this particular time was the first time that I was given a job to paint a really large piece of scenery all by myself. And it was a huge stone wall that was partially destroyed, with a huge arch in it.

Well, I was given a sheet of paper, and it says it has to be so wide and has to be so tall. I had always had good eye for sizes and doing things without taking out a tape measure and marking off inches and feet, and I painted the whole thing without measuring. It was perfect. I was so proud. I hadn't even taken any classes in painting or designing, but I had always known that even for public speaking, for singing, for acting, you had to exaggerate some things. If you wanted a certain feeling, you'd have to exaggerate that particular feeling, so that you would emote that feeling to the furthest corners of the theater. I thought [that] it stands to reason, with such a huge stage and with such bright lights, you have to exaggerate stones. I exaggerated the corners of these stones with real black, black paint. And when it came out, it was perfect, and I surprised myself! I think I surprised Thor, although he must have had a lot of faith in me when he said, "Paint this."

Of course, Dr. Thormodsgaard was the first and only person I have ever known to have hypnotic powers, really and truly. I would go to class, and I would think to myself, if I see Thor walk down this hall towards me — because usually when you ran into Thor he talked you into doing something — I am not going to do it. I'm just going to tell him, "Dr. Thor, I don't have time. I am sorry. You will have to find somebody else." And lo and behold, there's Thor. Next thing I knew, I would say, "Oh gee, Thor, I would love to do that. When do you want it done?" And

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that's how I got talked into music education rather than applied music. Just like that [snaps fingers] I changed my mind. Thor talked me [into] it.

I was a very good typist, and I liked to do office work. Every time I saw Thor walking down the hall, he'd say, "Edna, I need you to type thus and such." And I'd think to myself, "Oh, I can't do it. I just have to tell him I can't do it." But lo and behold, in the matter of five minutes, I was in his office just working away. And that's the first paying job I ever had, and that's when I got my Social Security number. I worked in the Music Department. It wasn't a full-time job, but sometimes it felt like a full-time job, especially when Thor had loads of stuff to get caught up with.

One of the first times that the band went on a trip for a big football game, we stopped to get something to eat at one of the little restaurants where the bus driver said, "This is a nice place to stop." There were about four of us black students who went in that restaurant, and we all sat down with everybody — we were all good friends. And everybody orders, and then the waitress turns and looks at me and my friend I had grown up with, Billie Newman (we used to trade comic books when we were little) and said, "I'm terribly sorry, but we don't serve blacks in here."

So we said, "All right. Thank you." And we got up and walked out and went on to the bus and turned around and looked, and the entire band had quietly gotten up and walked out, including Mr. [John] Carrico, the director. He got up and walked out. And we said to them, "Oh, that's all right. Go ahead and have something to eat, because it's going to be a long time." They said, "No, we're not. If you can't eat, then we won't eat." And no one ate, and that little town just lost a lot of business.

This was the first time that black students had gone to Texas Western, and back then I didn't have the courage to speak out. I would just always keep very quiet. And I've often wished that I had said something, especially when one [particular] incident came up. We had a huge band show where we utilized all of the high school bands. We had several rehearsals with everybody there. And one of the things that we were supposed to do was to play "Dixie" and salute the Confederate flag. There was just a handful of us black students in the band, [but] for black people the waving of the Confederate flag and all [that] is like the waving of the Nazi flag for Jews, and none of us wanted to play "Dixie." We just hated it. I don't blame anybody, because sometimes people just don't know these things, but the director kept saying, "It doesn't sound right. Play it with

all your heart, like you have your heart in it." And I thought, "Good grief, how can we do that?"

One more thing. When I did my student teaching my senior year in college, I couldn't do my high school student teaching at an El Paso high school. Even though the high schools were integrated, the teaching staffs were not integrated. All of the black students who were secondary education majors had to do their secondary student teaching in the one predominantly black school in the city, and that was Douglass. So I had to do my high school student teaching out at an elementary and junior high school.

Once I had gotten out of college, I thought to myself, now that I'm a teacher I'm going to make such a big difference in everybody's life, and it just doesn't work that way. In our education classes we were basically taught to teach in the ideal situations. I didn't expect to teach school and find whole classes of children that didn't smile and children that were underfed. That just wasn't for me. Now I feel that since I've raised five children of my own, and I understand firsthand what the learning process is all about, I could go back and be a much better teacher.

Interviewed by Rebecca Craver, February 4, 1984, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

I always said Texas Western was going through integration; I wasn't.

Charles T. Brown

Student, 1956-1959, 1960-1963

I was born in East Texas, in Longview, and spent most of my childhood there. Later my family moved to Atlanta, Texas, and then to California at the time of the Second World War. Then they moved back. I was involved in football, basketball, and baseball [at] Pruitt High School of Atlanta. After I finished high school I attended junior college for a year, then spent three years in the Air Force. After the military, I attended Amarillo Junior College. My nephew Cecil drew me to Amarillo; his mother was my oldest sister.

At Amarillo College [there was] a very small number of black students. I think Amarillo integrated in 1954 [or] 1955. There might not have been a great rapport between some of the white students and blacks, but I never really had any conflict in school. At that time all the motels were segregated, but there were places that [the basketball team] traveled to where special arrangements were made.

I entered Texas Western in June of 1956. To be truthful, I had driven through [the city] on the highway, but I had never stopped. So I knew absolutely nothing about El Paso, except the things you hear about, Juarez and Mexican food. Basically everything that was done, in terms of

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me being recruited to El Paso, was done by telephone. I had never met [basketball coach] George McCarty in person. I talked to him numerous times, and I formed an opinion on the telephone about him, his program, and the school. He explained that the school hadn't been integrated as far as athletics and that the first black student had just enrolled the previous year. That really wasn't a factor for me.

When I arrived here, he had Alvis Glidewell, who was a senior, meet me and more or less be my mentor. I enrolled in summer school, and Alvis helped me get familiar with a new environment. There were areas of El Paso that were completely integrated, and there were areas that were not integrated. At the time I came here, [blacks] were not able to go into [all the] movie houses. Glidewell and I tried to go to a movie together downtown, [but they wouldn't let us in].

Cecil came in the fall [to join the basketball team]. The situation on housing was that no black student could live in the dormitory, so we lived in an apartment. But we always ate at the same training table as the other players. Also, we did have a room at [Miners Hall] that was unofficially set aside before games, so we could be part of the team. In later years we did move into the dorm.

I had good relations with the black students that were attending [TWC]. Several of them became long-term friends — Edna Nixon, Donna Brooks, Joe Atkins, and John Jimmerson. I was involved in a lot of social activities. A small number of the students were involved in the BSU [Baptist Student Union] on campus. Mostly people gathered at different people's homes. Many of these students had attended Douglass Elementary and became more or less like an extended family. I became good friends with their parents, and I had some white friends [and] some Mexican-American friends. I always said Texas Western was going through integration; I wasn't.

During the summers I participated in basketball games and baseball games. Union Furniture was sponsoring a basketball team to travel through Mexico. Saul Kleinfeld was the person that organized the team each year. We played the Mexican Pan American team. Some of the players back then were Sam Adams, Alvis Glidewell, Jim Babers, Wayne Jones, and Nolan Richardson. I taught [Richardson] everything he knows. And he completely ignored everything I said and did whatever he wanted to.

I can say that I never had an incident with any of the players on any of the sports teams. As far as the professors, there were a couple of minor incidents or disagreements, but a very minimum. Of the people that I remember that were concerned for me, the most supportive was George McCarty, the coach. Mike Brumbelow was extremely helpful, [as were] Ben Collins, Ross Moore, Jimmy Walker, and Steele Jones.

By far my most successful season was my first year here. I'm not sure why. There were more seasoned players, more seniors, that [first] year. The total number of wins was about fifteen per year the three years I was here. My first year [I won] the scoring championship and the rebounding championship. [I was selected as] the Most Valuable Player for the Border Conference, and we won the championship. Our senior year we tied for the championship. We weren't an up-tempo team, but we were probably a little more up-tempo than some of the early Don Haskins* teams.

We played the Arizona schools each year, and we also traveled to New Mexico. The traveling conditions in New Mexico and Arizona were no problem as far as accommodations and restaurants. But in Texas there were problems. Actually, in Texas the accommodations were prearranged, and as long as you stuck to the arrangement, there were no problems. If you wanted to go to some other place, [then there could be problems.] Some schools were more difficult than others, from the standpoint of fans and players. West Texas State and Texas Tech were difficult. We played at Washington University in St. Louis, which was very difficult, especially the players. We also played Tennessee Tech, [where we were given] a nice reception by the fans and the team. In the heat of battle I had a tendency to ignore many of the things that you'd hear. You just close your ears to it. I never discussed it with the others, but sometimes my nephew and I would sit and talk about these things. Because Cecil was not a starting player, he would hear on the bench a lot of the things that [players on the court] would not pay attention to. His being there was a positive experience and made the transition much easier.

There were several times I became discouraged, especially during the beginning of my senior year. The senior year is when you get your student teaching [assignment]. And I was not able to do my student teaching in the El Paso school system. The certificate that I was pursuing was what they called an all-level certificate, which means I would be able to

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teach K-12. I had to do part of my student teaching at a secondary [school]. They simply weren't going to allow me to do it in high school, and I refused the elementary part at Douglass Elementary. That became my first really serious problem since I came to El Paso. All the others were minor things. My first reaction was to drop out of school. The reason why I stuck it out was because [Texas Western officials] made arrangements for me to do student teaching here at the college. So I did student teaching under Jimmy Walker, with the freshman and sophomore classes.

I never really looked at El Paso as being in Texas, because other parts of Texas were so different. Even though the schools were not [very] integrated, the living conditions of many Mexican-Americans and blacks were integrated. People would talk together on the sidewalks and on the corners and on the playgrounds. In the time I was in El Paso I became friends with as many Mexican-Americans as I did black Americans. Many of those people I still communicate with. I think that if I'd gone to any other place in Texas, say Texas Tech or The University of Texas or SMU, I never would have gotten beyond the first semester, because in those environments things were black or white.

[After graduation] I was unable to get employment. I'm sure a lot of people had the same problem. There just weren't any jobs available. The exception was one company that hired me part-time when I was in graduate school. I had graduated in May, 1959, and I attended graduate school for a year. I majored in history.

I was finally employed for two years at Jefferson High School as a PE instructor and frosh basketball coach. It was a very difficult experience. I couldn't advance within the school system, so I decided to move to the West Coast. I started working for the San Francisco schools in September of 1964. I started with social studies, PE, and drivers' education, which I did through 1969. From 1969 through 1977 I was in personnel administration, and from 1978 until now I'm involved with funding problems. Our department receives about 90 percent of the state and federal money that comes into the school district, and we administer that money to both the public and nonpublic schools. In the past five years I've been heavily involved with computer education for teachers and administrators.

[Growing up] I basically had an advantage that a lot of kids today don't have. I had a strong family background, a mother and father that were not rich but [who] provided for their kids. We had an opportunity to go

to church, and my parents taught us how to relate to people. Those kinds of things are a foundation no matter what you do later in life.

At the time I entered Texas Western, I had no idea that no other [black athletes] had participated in any form of sport [in any major southern college]. I knew that there had been a recent Supreme Court ruling; I was well aware of that. And I was aware that history was being made with integration, but not really in the context of student athletes. In looking back, even with all the problems, I still would do the same thing. I have no regrets in attending the college.

Interviewed by Charles H. Martin, July 14, 1989, El Paso.

*I opened the door, and I look, and these guys have
got a nine foot alligator!*

Donald S. Henderson

Student, 1952-1956

In 1952 I graduated from high school in Alamogordo, New Mexico. There were a whopping sixty students in my graduating class. I had no idea about coming to Texas Western. A couple of things happened. At that time the University of New Mexico had a big deemphasis on athletics. New Mexico State had some scholarships, but they were cutting back as well. I attended a meeting with about seven or eight other athletes in our high school [about going] to New Mexico Military Institute, where we would play all sports. My father had moved back from California to El Paso. He'd remarried, and [he invited me to] spend a long weekend with him. The following Wednesday I was to go to Roswell to sign on the dotted line.

My dad said, "I'd like for you to stay here." We hadn't had much time together over the last six or seven years, and he said, "I'd like for you to go to school here." He called Dale Waters, the basketball coach at Texas Western, and I met him over at Holliday Hall*. He remembered seeing us win a couple of tournaments here in El Paso. I dribbled around, took a few shots, and he said, "I'll give you a [partial] scholarship, books and tuition, and then maybe next year we'll give you a full scholarship."

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I told my dad, and he said, "You can live with us, have that scholarship, and go to school here." So I agonized for two days and Monday made a determination to come, which I thought was an excellent decision. I played [on the] basketball team as a freshman. I can say that I had the privilege of playing on the worst team the Miners ever had. I think we beat Crockett [Elementary], Coldwell [Junior High], and Loretto [Academy].

The following year, my sophomore year, [George] McCarty showed up from New Mexico State as the coach. He recruited some good basketball players, so I was through. I went to the other side of the campus and began to be more involved in [nonathletic] activities. I switched halfway through my second year from being an engineer to business.

The interesting thing about the school at that time was there was no parking problem. Very few people had an automobile. When I was president of the student body in '55-'56, the full student body was about 3,900 students and that included night students. In '52 it had to be less than 3,000 students. A fellow by the name of Gene O'Dell was president of the student body. I remember his freshmen orientation. He came around and welcomed the group. He had a tie on, and he looked so nice. I thought that's where I'd like to be three years from now, so I set it as a goal. Almost three years to the day I had the opportunity to do the same thing.

I joined Tau Kappa Epsilon my second year. TKE had been on the campus, and then it had faded out. I was concerned because a lot of [the fraternities] wouldn't [accept] friends of mine who had Spanish surnames. TKE was the only one at that time that did not have a discriminatory clause, so two or three friends of mine started TKE back again in 1953 and built it up. Texas Western at that time was such a neat place. The school was so small that it was like a fraternity. If you were a business major your association with that department and the faculty and staff [was] like one big fraternity. You knew your professors and the staff, literally on a first-name basis. If you had problems you went [directly] to them. As the student body grew it got away from that. It was great for me. I was a high C, low B student, because I was the last guy [to go to bed] in the dorm. When everybody else went to sleep, then I'd go study. It wasn't so much partying; I just liked people.

Some of my contemporaries at that time in the early to middle 1950s were very close to their professors. Dr. [Anton H.] Berkman* had such

a tremendous reputation with medical schools in the country. He went to bat for so many students that probably could have been pushed aside. But through the doggedness and the reputation that Berkman had built up with the people in these medical schools, when he put the word on them about [a particular student], they [concluded that] this was a person they should have in this medical school. Well, it put a tremendous amount of responsibility on the student. Those students knew that he went out on a limb. Mike Finerty was in the business school for three years. Then one day he decided he's going to become a doctor. He went back and set it up with Berkman and the people in premed. He went through that program. Then [Dr. Berkman] got on the phone for Mike. I knew from being very close to several of those people what that meant. Now Mike is a neurologist in San Francisco. I think that speaks well for them and for the institution they came through. From that standpoint I think [the college] measured up.

The [most influential teachers] that come to mind were Dr. Wade Hartrick, Don Freeland, and Mrs. [Lelah] Black, who was a business letters and typing teacher. She was tougher than dirt, but she was really a neat gal. She was always very encouraging. I still refer to [the College of Business Administration] as a department, and the dean gets on me all the time. It's a college now. We didn't have [more] Ph.D's than other schools, but they did have people who really cared. They talk about dedicated professors and what that really means. To me it means that somebody goes a little bit out of the way to help you. If you wanted help you could get it.

I took a course with Dr. [Rex] Strickland in history. He was one of the most fascinating people that I have ever met; [he] could captivate you. A lot of students look at their watch after about twenty minutes, [but] he could get on a subject, and you would want to stay another hour. Students tried to get him on "The Sixty-Four-Thousand-Dollar Question" [a television quiz show], because he knew the batting average of every baseball player in the history of baseball. But for some reason he wouldn't do it.

Pearl Ponsford [was] one of the most fascinating lecturers that anybody could have, [even] if they went to Stanford. When the bells sounded, the door [to her room] was closed; nobody got into her class after that. She got after me one day. She kept looking at my feet, and I had one

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green and one red sock on. (I'm color blind.) She said, "You can do a lot better than that, Mr. Henderson." She was really an extra [special] person.

I lived at home my first year. Then my sophomore year I moved into Benedict Hall, which was like a fraternity in itself. There were only twenty-eight or thirty guys that lived there. The first week I was there, two incidents happened which set the stage for my life on the campus. One, I was awakened one night about two o'clock in the morning, and I heard them say, "Hold him up, don't drop him, hold him up." I think somebody's coming in drunk. I open the door, and I look, and these guys have got a nine-foot alligator! They put that alligator under [Dr. Howard Quinn's*] desk. Poor Quinn comes in [the next morning] and almost has a heart attack.

The second [event was] a panty raid on Bell Hall. The president was [Wilson E.] Bull Elkins* at the time. All wrapped up in one human being is a guy that is president, had been a Rhodes Scholar, an All-America football player, and [a member of] the U.S. Olympic track team. We all migrated over to Bell Hall, taking our cues from the upper classmen. We get over there, and some of the gals were hanging their laundry out of the window and encouraging everybody to make a run into the place. About half a dozen guys got around the back of Bell Hall and got inside. One guy pops out of a window, waving panties to everybody, and a big cheer goes up. About that time, up on the balcony, there was Bull Elkins. He said, "Guys, it's over. The next group [that] comes through has got to go through me." Well, in about three minutes it was over. Everybody left. I don't think there was ever another panty raid while I was there.

I lived there with some fellows that were mining engineers. These guys were the "hippies" of their age. They let their hair grow. They wore dynamite caps on their belts. They never bathed. They were just awful. One of them I met [years later], and I couldn't believe it. He had a three-piece suit on and was the vice president of one of those mines up in Colorado. I was astounded. I figured that he [would be] in jail.

Of 3,000 students [back then], probably 80 percent lived at home and really didn't have a lot of school spirit. It [was] very difficult to get that going, so you got it through the fraternities and sororities. You had your homecoming events, which were a lot of fun. A lot of the students participated. We organized this Spring Festival when I was a sophomore; it

ran for three years. We put together a deal with New Mexico State for intramural athletic contests in conjunction with that festival; that came off very well. Intramurals was a big deal. There were a lot of guys like me who liked athletics [but] were not good enough for the varsity. We had some real competition among the fraternities and independent organizations in intramurals.

I held two [of the few] paying jobs [on campus]. As intramural director you got paid twenty-five dollars a month, and as president of the student body you got fifty dollars a month. I didn't have a car until I was a senior. I worked in construction jobs in the summer, and I could pay my room and board [from] that. Then I would run out of money in April. My folks helped when they could. Everybody that I knew in those days had some kind of job. They either worked construction during the summer, or they went to the wheat fields in Kansas, or they worked on the ice docks. Everybody had a job of some kind.

Nobody even knew what marijuana [was]. I didn't even know anybody that knew anybody that smoked marijuana or any other drugs of any kind. [But the students] did pretty good with the KPT Bar and the Hacienda Bar. In the dorm, they didn't serve on Sunday night, so you had to fetch for yourself. We used to go to the Alcazar in Juarez. You could get a steak that would fall off your plate for two dollars. We'd get two plates and split the steak. One got to eat the soup, and one got to eat the salad. Literally for two dollars you could have a pretty good evening over there, if you could get a car. That was the problem.

In the dormitory there were six guys out of thirty that had a car, so mobility was a real problem. Four of us in Benedict decided we were going to [buy] a car, so we saved our money. We put in thirty-five dollars apiece and bought a car for a hundred and fifty dollars. We were going to take turns. I drew the short straw, [so] I got it last. I had a date with a sweet girl who lived over by Austin High School. I forget where we went, but I took her home, and then I'm driving over Scenic Drive. I'm coming down through Kern Place, and that sucker died just like somebody shot it. Those guys never let me live that down. They said, "You did something to our car."

A lot of the hopes and dreams that I've had — for instance, getting accreditation for the business school — have become a reality. That's a monumental event, to get that recognition. I think the last few presidents

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have done a good job of singing the praises of [UTEP]. We're doing some research on Alzheimer's [disease], which is fantastic. It's been recognized all over the country. Now that sort of thing should be encouraged.

When you look at the budget of the [U.T.] System, 3 percent of that budget is for research, and 90 percent of all that research money winds up in Austin. It's going to take a tremendous effort to change that, but I think we can. We've concentrated on providing all of the facilities here relative to teaching, providing all the support systems to get [a student] to graduate. I think that's primary. But I also think that there are people who would want to be on the faculty of UTEP and [who are] interested in doing research, as well as being a teacher. Why can't we get more of those funds? We have to be diligent. Everybody that loves that school like I do says, "We want to do our part to see that we're getting our share and that 90 percent of the research money doesn't go to Austin." They don't have all the mines down there. This is the school of mines.

Interviewed by Carole Barasch, July 12, 1989, El Paso.

I mean it was every night a big beer party [while] making the floats. We made thousands of little flowers to put on them. It was a lot of fun.

Martha Lou Florence Broaddus

Student, 1957-1960

There was just an awful lot of socializing, there really was — just a ton more than what they have now. Because the campus was so much smaller, everyone was very close; everyone knew each other. They were all good friends, and there was something going on all the time. Your college life focused there at the University. [Even if you lived in town] you were not a commuter, in other words. You went to school, and you were there most of the day. I sometimes didn't get home until 6:00 P.M.

A lot of your life at Texas Western revolved around the sororities and fraternities. They were the biggies. At that time there were two sorority houses on campus over where the Education Building is, the Tri Delta house and the Chi Omega house. The Delta Gammas were right down below. And the Zetas [Zeta Tau Alpha*] had their house [across campus]. The fraternities were all together except for the TKE's.

The sorority houses were social gathering places. We had a living room, a meeting room, and a kitchen. We had other smaller meeting rooms. But that was it. There was an awful lot of rivalry between the sororities. [There was] a very strong rivalry between the Zetas and Tri Delts. We were always at each others' throats. Boy, you were after them all the time.

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And in any election that came up, we were always campaigning against one another and trying to get our girls in and their girls out. We had friends who were excluded from sororities. When we went to college, it was completely taboo for Mexican girls to be in a sorority, and the same way with the fraternities. We had several friends [who were Jewish]. But they couldn't go through rush because we did not have a Jewish sorority [or] a Jewish fraternity. You had guilt pangs over the friends that you had who were excluded. I can remember that we didn't like it at all, and we used to fight [with the alums about] that all the time.

The Student Union Building was a great deal smaller [than it is today]. Everybody would hang around in there. It was packed all the time, and everybody played bridge. It was just the wildest place, and everyone went there. Of course, they would hang out in the sorority houses and fraternity houses, but the big gathering place for all of us was the SUB. It was small, and then eventually they built a new SUB; it was on the same floor as the ballroom.

They had the Coed Ball at Christmastime, and it was always at the Student Union Ballroom. It was campus-wide. It was all the Greeks, and it was all the Coed Council, which was a non-Greek organization. They elected a court, but it was all boys. You put them up and voted on them. That's how it was. A lot of Hispanics were involved in the Coed Council. One year Orlando Garza was the Coed Ball king. The Coed Ball was formal, and we wore formals that you stood in, and your body could move right or left, and your formal stayed where it was. You had all those bones and lots of net.

You were supposed to be a lady at all times. I remember that there was a certain etiquette about smoking. You couldn't smoke on campus, or walk across [campus] with your cigarette. That was just really tacky and low life. There were a lot of things that you weren't supposed to do. Pants or shorts were not allowed on campus. I mean they definitely had a dress code. Everything you went to for sorority rush, you were always dressed up. When you had your little teas and things, it was hats and gloves and the whole bit, dressy cottons and heels.

They did have very strict dorm rules. The girls couldn't stay out past one o'clock, even on special nights. Anybody who lived in town who had a home would open it up. We'd take everybody in on those nights. The girls would sign out of the dorm, and then they could stay out as late

as they wanted to. My mother would just open the door and say, "Who's coming?" At night there would be thousands on the floor here and there.

Everybody went to the football games, and you dressed up. You did not go to the games in your Levis. You wore your really nice clothes, sweaters and skirts. And we did win some games. We weren't always losing. It was not the WAC Conference; it was the Border Conference then. We were never at the top of the heap, but we were never at the bottom either.

Homecoming was a huge thing. Everybody used to build floats, and then you'd decorate your [sorority and fraternity] houses. Most of the time the fraternities built the floats, and all the sororities helped them. They would rent warehouses to put the floats in, and they had parties there for weeks ahead. I mean every night it was a big beer party [while] making the floats. We made thousands of little flowers to put on them. It was a lot of fun. We spent every waking hour working on them. The parade went all the way through [downtown], and it was a big deal. Our society wasn't as fragmented then as it is now. At that time I think the community gave total support to Texas Western because that was the focal point.

Everybody could park on campus, but you had to have a sticker. By the Tri-Delt house there was a little hill that was our favorite parking place, up there behind Graham Hall. All the Tri Deltas would squish every car they possibly could get into this little area. If you didn't back out just right, you got stuck. One day I didn't back out just right. I was in my boyfriend's car, and I stuck it straight [in]. Seriously, the back fender was in the ground. Oh, God! It looked like a Nike missile, sticking straight up. It was like it was going to take off. I was scared to death. They had to have practically every Kappa Sig [help] dig the thing out. It was terrible!

At the time my dad loved to trade cars, so I always had some different car every year. One year I had the cutest Thunderbird; it was darling. It had a black hardtop that you could lift off and then ride around as a convertible. My dad said he used to have heart murmurs, because everybody in the world drove that car except me. I'd just leave it there with the keys in it, and everybody took it. He'd see it riding around, and he'd think, "Oh, my God, no insurance, no anything." Everybody was driving my car, everywhere. It was a very popular little car.

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Oh, gosh, we *lived* in Juarez. It was our second home. I think I spent more time in Juarez than I did on this side when I was in college. We went there all the time. We never drove over; you always walked over. We hung around a lot at the Lobby, which was a joint. I mean a *joint*, but we loved it. The Lobby always had a good band, and so we went there [to dance]. The Submarine was another place we often went to, and [also] Cavern of Music. La Fiesta was really a very nice nightclub. They used to bring in big name stars — the Kingston Trio, for example. I mean big [stars] came there, and so you went there when you were really going first class.

I didn't go to college because I thought I wanted to be something. I just wanted to go to college because I knew my mom and dad wanted me to, and I sort of wanted to. I thought it was neat. I wanted to get an education because I would have something to, as my parents said, fall back on if I ever needed it. That was the only reason. I didn't go to become some super career woman; [it] never entered my mind. I thought I'd get married and have children and be at home, just like my mother.

But it was really neat. We enjoyed it. A lot of my friends went away to school, but I started there and never did want to go away to school after I started. I loved it. I had wonderful friends there, and we had a marvelous time. I do not think we were deprived one bit as far as education is concerned. Not at all. [I had a friend who] went to Stanford. He came back here and took courses, and he said, "My gosh, the courses here are just as good, even better." You really could get a good background.

Interviewed by Rebecca Craver, November 13, 1983, El Paso.

We used to water ski, driving along the levee with the ski rope . . . and the river didn't have any more water in it than it does now.

Richard D. Overley

Student, 1962-1967

Benedict was so small that . . . in order to get to the closet, you had to climb over the beds.

Carolyn Fisk Overley

Student, 1962-1966

Richard: I graduated in January of '67 [with a degree in] metallurgical engineering. Two years before I graduated, they decided that since they had only two mining engineers that they'd discontinue it [as a major]. So there were no mining courses that I took. I probably could have, but I had no interest in them. That's the old hard rock and pick and shovel guys.

When I first came here from Odessa, I lived at the trailer park there across from the Phillips station on Thunderbird. I got fed up with that after the first year, and I went to the dorm after that, Hudspeth Hall, the one where the rowdies lived. The smart ones lived next door at Worrell, and then the jocks lived down there at Animal Hall, [which is what they] called Miners' Hall.

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Carolyn: I lived in Bell and then at Benedict, and then back at Bell. Benedict was so small that [if] you put two beds in a room, in order to get to the closet you had to climb over the beds. It was just wild. Campus life on the whole was very boring, because there were so many commuter students. [But] you really felt a camaraderie with the small amount of kids that actually did live on campus. In the spring there was always spring fever, and that's when we had snake dances out in the street. There was lots of closeness between the kids, and we'd sit and talk and chat. That's how I met Richard, of course, because he lived in the dorms, too, and I was dating a friend of his.

Richard: Alpha Phi Omega* was established back in 1919, when the boys from World War I came back to school. The guys that were in hard rock or [mining] engineering decided that they wanted to establish a fraternity. For years and years it was just the engineering fraternity, then they spread out to [include] the geologists, the chemists, [and] the physicists. [When I was a member] the monthly dues were a dollar, and that went towards river parties. Kegs of beer didn't cost but fifteen dollars, so if you got twenty members you could have a couple of kegs each month. The rodeo used to pay us anywhere from \$300 to \$700 to usher. For a week during February we were the nicest guys in the world, because people liked to go to the rodeo. We'd allow them to work at the rodeo for us, and we would have a beer party afterwards. We gave some of our money to a milk fund for underprivileged kids, but that was how we collected money for river parties and stuff.

We'd have the river parties anywhere on the levee. We'd turn down Frontera Street and head for the levee and go and find us a tree, or maybe two trees. We used to water ski, driving along the levee with the ski rope attached. The very proficient in water skiing were the valley boys from Ysleta. They learned how to ski on Ascarate Lake, so I guess they knew their stuff. I would never try that in a million years. Later on, the fraternity had big steak fries out there, steak barbecuing plus the water skiing. That was when we got more civilized. We had to take up an extra donation for the steak. We finally got to the point where we couldn't use the levee, because the police would patrol it, and they would frown at a lot of fast driving. Finally they just ran us off. But we had a lot of good times out there, and the river didn't have any more water in it than it does now.

Only the Greeks and the APOs did the Homecoming Parade. Not very many other people got involved with it. [One year] the theme was "Greek Gods." We stole a toilet, and we put it on the back of a cotton trailer. I got sent [to ride it]. I was the god, the Thinker. We used to have a real good time building floats down in some barn at the Coliseum. Once we [built a float] over at Seamon Hall because it had an electric welder over there, and we could weld and wire everything. I cut my thumb off practically, cutting crepe paper.

Carolyn: These were the years — I don't remember if it was '62 or '63 — when we had some California football players come in. It was these guys, the new football players, that brought something new to UTEP, something we had never experienced before. They mooned! We had never had that at UTEP, and all of a sudden here are these guys mooning out the windows of their cars as they drove by.

There was a lot of Juarez-hopping then. Carta Blanca had a big brewery and a beer garden, and you could go over there and have a party. The Lobby was kind of a wild place to go to. You'd try all those places. You'd go to the Cavern of Music and the Alcazar Bar and the Manhattan Club. I never have liked to drink. It just has not been my cup of tea. But invariably your date had too much to drink, and you would pray, when you came back to the border [checkpoint], that he was going to say "American," because they used to yank you out of the car and hold you if you said "German" or something real cute.

Richard: I never went through St. Pat's Day when it was held at Oro Grande, New Mexico. Those were some real tough times. We had our own mine. Where you walk from the Sun Bowl, around Seamon Hall, going towards campus, about fifty yards up the hill was an old mine. I think it's all caved in and closed up now. Those geologists and the mining types would always have some dynamite, and they'd save it for St. Pat's Day, when they'd set off a charge back inside the old mine. They'd set off the charge, and it would ricochet off the Juarez mountains, come back, and smack a few windows in some of the dormitories. I would say that '65 was probably about the last year that they set off the dynamite at the mine. They also did a trick on Kidd Memorial. That seismograph was real close to where they set out the dynamite.

[Our St. Pat's] was in a big gully, just behind Seamon Hall. You would go through the initiation any year you wanted to or felt that you were

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safe to do it. There were some seniors whose professors said, "If you don't go through engineering initiation, you don't graduate." There were a few people who went blindfolded for the whole crawl, and they had to do whatever the person who was administering this initiating requested them to do, so it was very involved. Sometimes they would make you crawl in the opposite direction of everybody else. You'd bump heads, and you'd have to then crawl back the opposite direction.

The Blarney Stone was just any old rock down there that they painted green. You had to kiss it, and then the St. Pat, with his gloves on, would smear you with green paint on the face and all that good stuff. You had to eat or to chew anything [they] wanted to feed you. It was painful. Something I had was very, very dry when I put it in my mouth. They said, "Chew it up," and the longer I chewed, the hotter it got. I don't know what it was, but I would have loved to have been able to figure that one out.

Interviewed by Rebecca Craver, February 9, 1984, El Paso.

We were Number One! I was part of a team that was the best in the United States.

Nevil Shed

Student, 1963-1967, 1973-1974

Assistant Coach, 1980-1981

I was born in New York City in the South Bronx. It was bad then, and it's worse now. I attended one of the city schools there, Morris High School, where I was an All-City player and an All-American. My freshman year I attended a black college, North Carolina A&T. After one year there, I decided that I wasn't learning anything. It was all basketball and nothing else.

After counseling with my mom and my coach, a gentleman by the name of Hilton White, who was credited with sending myself, Willie Cager, Willie Worsley, and Nate Archibald [to TWC], I started school hunting. Willie Brown was a ballplayer here who played for Coach [Don] Haskins*. Brown told Coach Haskins about us, and Coach Haskins got in touch with Hilton White. I never had a visit down here, but I just came, and by golly, this is the best thing that ever happened to me. It had its ups and downs, but it was one of the best moves I ever made.

When I left New York City to go to North Carolina, it didn't seem I was a long way from home. I knew that Greyhound bus could get me back in New York City in about twelve hours. But when told that I was

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going 2,450 miles away from home and flying for the first time, right there I began to feel culture shock. I was [expecting to see] cowboys and oil wells. The Mexican population did not affect me much, because we have a large population of Puerto Ricans [in New York]. As far as getting out of [the South Bronx], the first time I set foot on El Paso soil I was glad; I was leaving a hell of a place.

Coach Haskins and Coach Moe Iba met Willie Cager and myself at the airport. They welcomed us and fed us and were nice to us. [Coach Haskins] was a young, handsome, easy-going, mild-mannered guy. I said, "Hey, I'm going to like this guy." When we left New York it was cold, and here the weather was beautiful. I said to myself, "Hey, I'm going to like it here." I remember the first day in the gym. He shot around with us and told me certain things he expected from me. This may sound funny, but he seemed like the ideal TV coach.

At the first day of practice, though, he was a different person. He started putting me through a couple of little drills, and I figured, "This is going to be about five or ten minutes." And five minutes became ten minutes and ten minutes. . . . To make a long story short, we were out there about forty-five minutes. He really got into basketball. He was tenacious, that's the word. And he used that word a lot — tenacious. I couldn't spell it, I didn't know what it really meant, but as time went on, I had a good idea of what it was. I mean, he got *down*. Work, work, and work. You didn't have time to think about being tired. The name they gave him — the "Bear" — was a good name. We had other names for him, but we do not want to put them in a history [book].

He never cursed at us, but he had a talent for saying certain things to you that [made] you wish you were cursed at. He said, "Shed, you wild man, if your brains were dynamite you'd blow up this gym." Or he'd call you, "You big sissy, you don't have the guts to get out there and work." He had that beautiful knack of challenging you. "If you're not a sissy, you show me! . . . Moe, you get a dress for that big girl." And he was a slave driver. I really thought he was a slave driver. I thought this was the worst man on two legs.

Our practices were harder than some of the games we played. When it came time for games, I didn't know what pressure was, because I knew that if I made a mistake in practice he was going to come down on us. We could withstand the pressure. We had several rebounding drills. I

used to go through these antics on the floor, and a couple of times he got mad at me. This one time I wasn't rebounding, and then I was going through my little facial contortions and tossed darns and durns at everything. He finally got enough of it, and he said, "Shed, get the hell out the gym. Just put on your clothes and get out of here." So I went and took my shower and started back over to the dorms. The next day in practice, when it got to the rebounding drill, a little flash came over me. I was six foot eight, 100 nothing pounds. David Lattin was six foot six, a muscular 244 pounds of Titanic strength. And I remember the first time that I went to confront Lattin on a rebound, he broke my nose [POW!]. I mean David got me right square in the nose.

At that time Coach Haskins only had one assistant. Coach Moe Iba had a little Mickey Mouse voice. He would sometimes yell at us. He'd say [imitating Mickey Mouse], "Nevil, get over here. Get out on the court." The thing I liked about Moe Iba was that even though he tried to yell at us, the man knew his X's and O's. You'd listen to him because he definitely knew the game. The mightiest man of all was Ross Moore*, the trainer. God bless Ross Moore! He kept us walking under all circumstances. He made men out of us. He instilled in me, "Nevil, you can play with pain, but you can't play with an injury, and by golly you better know the difference."

[The style of play here was] totally different from New York City's fast pace. I remember a scrimmage game we had. I grabbed the rebound and pitched out to Bobby Dibler. I took off down the floor [yelling], "Throw the ball! Throw the ball!" And I'm looking at Bobby Dibler. Bounce, bounce, bounce, pass, pass, pass, and some more bounce, bounce. I [yelled], "What you doing, man? Hey, pass the ball here." And I remember Coach Haskins saying, "Son, in this program we pass the ball. You're not back there in one of them city slicker places. We pass the ball." That first year was a big transition.

We got off to a pretty good start [in the 1965-66 season]. The media were saying, "Well, this team is promising, but they are only playing Twiddly-Dum University. It's going to be different when they go up against better teams in the near future." As time went on, Coach Haskins started putting together his combinations. We never really blew anyone out, but we [kept winning]. Our last game was against Seattle. At that time we were, along with Kentucky, Duke, and a junior college, the only teams

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in the United States that were undefeated. And it just so happened that earlier that day, Kentucky, Duke, and the junior college [were] defeated. He said to us, "Right now you're the only team in the nation that's undefeated," and for a minute a little butterfly [got in my stomach]. It just so happened that we lost that game, and it took the pressure off of us.

There was a curfew [after the game]. We said, "Hey, this is the last game of the season. We're going to hang out a little bit." Coach Haskins came by the rooms at twelve o'clock; everybody was there. The minute he left, we got off the beds and went downstairs. I trailed behind them. By the time I got there, the car was full, and they left. They were going to come back for me. I was standing out there waiting, and all of a sudden I see Coach Haskins and Coach Iba coming back into the hotel. I made this mad dash, running up ten flights of stairs, trying to beat the elevator. With the grace of God I did.

I heard them knocking on a couple of doors, and no one answered. [Coach Haskins] came to my room, and I was in bed. He said, "Where's Hill?" And I said, "I don't know. Isn't he down in Flournoy's room?" He said, "No, nobody's in the room! Where's Lattin?" And I said, "Coach, I don't know. I've been in my room." He was steaming mad. He started out the room, paused, and turned back around and said, "Nevil, why are you still here?" I looked up at him with this sad look and [pretended to cry], "Coach, can't you realize that we were the only undefeated team in the United States, and we lost this game. I'm really upset!" I snuggled back down and put the cover over my head, fully dressed. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Shed, you *will* play the next game." He walked out of the room, and the first thing that came out of my mouth was "Whew!" I got away with that, and it took years before I told him the truth.

I remember [playing] Oklahoma City [in the first round of the playoffs]. He told us, "You better get out here and play this team tough right from the start. If you don't, before you know it, you'll be quite a few points behind." We took the game seriously, but they came out shooting the ball, and we were [behind] at halftime. Fortunately, we came back and won.

I remember playing Cincinnati [in the NCAA regional tournament]. This was the game where I became Cassius Clay. This one athlete got my goat. He was bumping me and grabbing my shorts and everything. I remember one play when this guy had a hand full of my shorts. I saw one referee

looking at Willie Worsley, and I didn't see the other referee, so I just squared off and hit this guy right in the nose. Of course they — beep — blew the whistle on me, and I was ejected from the game. Coach Haskins went wild. If it was left up to him, he would have thrown me out of the state of Kansas. He didn't even allow me in the room at halftime. I stood out on the ramp, and that's where I watched the game from. With the grace of God we won that game, too.

Then came the last one against Kansas to get to the finals. That game really got tough [at the end]. There were a few seconds on the clock, and Kansas had the ball. I remember Jo Jo White took one step across the half-court line and let it go. I saw the ball in flight, and I knew it was going in. My knees got weak, and I said, "Oh no!" And bingo, it went in. But a referee by the name of Rudy Maritch (God bless Rudy Maritch!) was right on top of the call and saw White's foot out-of-bounds, and they called it no basket. We went to overtime, and as usual we came out on top. After that game it was on to College Park, Maryland, for the Final Four.

I couldn't believe that I was going to the Final Four. In my heart I always thought we'd get into a post-season tournament, but to go that far was a surprise. The pressure wasn't there. We defeated Utah that first game, and Kentucky defeated Duke University. Going into the finals the next night, I was the one who was the most jittery on the whole team. We didn't take [Kentucky] lightly. We respected the man who was coaching there — Mr. Adolph Rupp, the Baron of Basketball. We knew that any team he put on the floor was going to be a tough team. I remember the game. We handled them pretty well, particularly with those two steals by Bobby Joe [Hill]. [We played] physically and with poise, things that we did all season long. I thought the Utah game was a little tougher than the final game. Most definitely Kansas [was a tougher game].

Oh, how I can remember those last seven seconds! When that clock started ticking off, it seemed like the whole world just stood still, and the only thing that I could see was that five, four, three, two, one. Hey, we were Number One! I was part of a team that was the best in the United States! And that's a feeling you cannot imagine ever happening to you. We won it, and we won it because of all those things [Coach Haskins] did in practice. It was a well-put-together team, well-trained for the ultimate goal of an NCAA basketball championship.

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The media made a big deal out of the [racial angle]. They would say, "Kentucky, an all-white team, will be playing this team that consists of white players and seven black players." [Later] it really got ugly. They said that Coach Haskins was a "nigger lover" and that he had a bunch of misfits that didn't graduate. That is a lie, because practically all of us are now college graduates, and some of us are working towards our master's. We all have good jobs. It's altogether different from what they said. And it really, really hurt me. Each year when I go to the playoffs, if I see one of those sports writers, [I say], "Hey, I'm here. I'm one of those black misfits. I'm one of them, the ones you said didn't graduate. I graduated." We weren't misfits.

I really think that [the victory] was a big stepping stone for the black athlete. A lot of doors were opened, and when you really look at it, you've got to thank a guy like Coach Haskins for being a pioneer and giving qualified athletes a chance to participate at the major college level. Right after that, you started seeing a lot of your southern super white programs start getting the black athletes to play for them.

We knew that the challenge was even going to be harder [the next year]. Everybody we played [wanted] to beat the national champions. Most of our team was back, and we felt we had a good chance to win again, but we lost to Pacific in the post-season tournament. I stayed in El Paso until the end of the year. I guess I was athletically and educationally burned out. I was waiting for that phone call, and I did get it. I was told that I was drafted by the Boston Celtics in the second round. That was the beginning of a new era in my basketball life. That fall I went and played [with Boston]. Unfortunately, after all my high school and college [games], I had a bad knee injury — torn cartilage and a damaged tendon. I played there for one year, and the team won a world championship. Just having the opportunity to play with a Bill Russell and a Sam Jones and a [John] Havlichek was something that you just can't forget.

After that year, I went back to New York City. I got married, and I worked at a community center right around the corner from where I lived. I had a pretty decent job, but as time went on, it was rough without that degree. I couldn't advance, so I decided to go back to school. I called up Coach Haskins and asked him, "Hey, big daddy, do you think I can come back to school?" And he said, "Well, hell, you should have [already] been back here."

He gave me a student assistantship. I stayed on until I graduated, and he helped me get my first coaching assignment at the University of Wyoming. After Wyoming I moved to the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee and then to Milwaukee School of Engineering. After that, I got a call from Lindsay Holt, who was a good friend of Coach Haskins, asking, "How would you like to come down to El Paso and work with your daddy?" I asked him, "When do I leave?" I worked here with him as his assistant. After one year, this new university was opening up — the University of Texas at San Antonio — and at the present time that's where I'm at.

Interviewed by Charles H. Martin, February 28, 1986, El Paso.

I came here to be president of the damned place and do the best I could.

Joseph M. Ray

[1908-1991]

President, 1960-1968

This was the biggest job I had ever had, and I was concerned about doing it well. I had come twice to the presidency of an educational institution, once at Amarillo College and once here. Whatever I was able to accomplish in reshaping the academic focus of [the college], I brought with me. It wasn't in my pocket; it was in my head. I was an academic man from the very first. I had never been anything from the time I graduated except a professor, and I had deeply ingrained in me the various areas of understanding that all academic people have with a minimum of convictions about how I was going to do this or that. I didn't come here to sweep with a new broom. I came here to be president of the damned place and do the best I could.

I think Mission '73 is the biggest thing that happened in my years of the presidency. I think the idea came in a suggestion from Vice Chancellor Lawrence D. Haskew, who was my advisor in Austin. Mission '73 arises from the fact that 1963 was our semicentennial. We were going to celebrate our Golden Jubilee. As a part of the celebration, we were going to have a citizens' study group, and so we appointed thirty-six citizens

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of El Paso, big names in the community. Our mission was to project where our institution should be in 1973, ten years hence.

We met in the Union Building, at 7:00 P.M., once a month, for several months. Haskew came out every time, by air. The executive director of Mission '73 was Milton Leech*. That's how I got to know Leech, and my admiration for him never flagged. He's a first-class man about getting jobs done. I had at that time an assistant to the president, Ray Small. Small and Leech and I were the three from the campus who were most active in Mission '73. Judson Williams* was chairman. [We had three] women members: Hilda Kitchen, Maxine Steele, former dean of women at the college, [and Mrs. J. Burges Perrenot].

We published the recommendations of Mission '73 and a little volume called Jubilee Papers. The most important recommendation was that we should abandon the then-controlling assumption that we were a community college. We were a cut well below the university level. Before we would become a university, we would abandon the community college concept and work in all things toward quality. It's a simple fact that if you've got a university class of twenty students, and ten of them shouldn't be there, the standards of the institution will be lower. If you've got a faculty member who is not well trained and is not imbued with proper attitudes, the institution will be cheaper. If you've got a library with paperback books in it and no substance in the library holdings, you'll have a cheap university.

We were for full accreditation. For example, we were accredited in engineering only in one program — that was mining and metallurgy — and Professor William G.N. Heer [held] the only doctor's degree in engineering. We didn't hire anybody else except [applicants with] doctor's degrees for a long time. We finally got a quality establishment in engineering. All of our systems are now accredited.

The main point is that we got a grip on our goals. In other words, we would work toward quality on everything. We did some very difficult things. One of them was limiting admission. We set up a system: Higher-ranking high school graduates would get in automatically, but we never did close the door. Anybody who graduated from a Texas high school or from any accredited high school could go to summer school, take two courses, make B's, and be admitted to the University in September.

Mission '73 didn't bring about the name change. The name change was brought about through the virtuosity of Frank Erwin, [a member of

the Board of Regents]. He drafted that scheme. We did it just like the Californians had done. They've got nine or ten state universities, [but] the mother university at Berkeley is still the [diamond] in their crown. They changed our names, all of us, made us The University of Texas *at*: The University of Texas *at* San Antonio, The University of Texas *at* the Permian Basin, *at* Arlington, and *at* El Paso. We used to call U.T. Austin "the Main University." It was "the Main University." It still is. But it's disparaging to the others to call it "the Main." They are all full-fledged branches.

[The name change] was all plus. For many years people wanted something like that. The prestige of the University at Austin goes in a good measure with the name. We're a more important institution. I thought we were when this job was first offered to me. I thought Texas Western was a premier state college, and I was delighted to be invited to preside over it. I didn't have the hope that we would ever get the name University of Texas at El Paso. I didn't think we could primarily because the people at Austin would rebel. Most of them didn't even know us. We had a committee from Austin come out here, and one member of the committee stood in my presence and expressed amazement when he was told that we were part of the University System. He just hadn't known it until I told him.

Some people say football has no part in the University program. It does. It's a simple fact. If things are going well with the football team, everything's lovely and the goose is hanging high. If they are doing poorly, you're damned if you do and damned if you don't. You're in the doghouse on everything you try. As a matter of fact, football is our main money-maker, [but] every university on our schedule has a program better financed than ours. When Bum Phillips was our coach, he had a successful season; [he] won maybe seven of his games. He showed up in my office one day and says, "Dr. Ray, I've got to resign." I said, "Bum, what are you talking about? You don't have to resign. There's nobody after you. We want you." He said, "There's no chance of my ever winning consistently in this conference. They all get more money than us." In those days, the legislature of New Mexico gave \$150,000 a year outright to the athletic program at New Mexico State and the University of New Mexico. We never got a dime and never will.

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I wouldn't know when people started talking about building the Sun Bowl. I never paid much attention to it early on because I didn't think that we could do it. The single person most responsible for the bond issue was County Judge Woodrow Bean. He just flat did something that was popular for the county to do. It wasn't the county's business at all. In the bond issue election, there were eight items on the ballot, and seven of them lost. The Sun Bowl [proposal was the only] one that carried.

What I had to do was to get a deed of the land for the county. And we had to get the Board of Regents to approve the transfer of the land to the county. And then the county, all in the same deal, would agree to lease to the University the Sun Bowl for one dollar a year, for ninety-nine years. Well, that shows you how much business it is of the county. And the money comes from the taxpayers paying it off the bonds every year. Bob Kolliner actually hustled the arrangements for the Sun Bowl bond issue. Mike Brumbelow, the former football coach [who] died not too long ago, helped with getting the location. Marshall Willis was the one who made sure the work went right.

The Peace Corps was a program of training workers to go to foreign countries and help countries lift themselves by their bootstraps. President [John F.] Kennedy inaugurated the program. One of the enterprising members of our faculty was Clyde Kelsey, who was then dean of students. He and I, mostly he, went to work on Lawrence Dennis, who was the educational director for the Peace Corps. They wanted to send fifty or sixty young men and women to Tanganyika. We went to Washington and had breakfast with Larry Dennis in the Mayflower Hotel, and it was there where he succumbed to our blandishments. I really think it was my talking that was most persuasive with him. I recall distinctly that I was talking when Dennis threw down his pencil and says, "All right, we'll do it." We were elated, because we would be the second Peace Corps program. The only one that had already been announced was [at] California-Berkeley.

One advantage we had was that the language spoken in Tanganyika is a generic language from that whole part of the world, [Swahili]. At any rate, the foremost person who was teaching that language [in the United States] was spending the first six weeks of the summer term in Austin at The University of Texas. At our insistence, they agreed to let him fly out here two times a week from Austin to teach language to the corpsmen.

The program went fine. Kelsey was the director; [W.H.] Bill Timmons was the assistant director. We got fifty or sixty people in here. It went fine. We had them quartered in the old house to the northwest of the Union Building. Most of the lecture sections were held in the old Union Building. The planning of the curriculum was entirely Peace Corps. It came to us, and we executed as best we could. There was a big to-do about the language, and they just had time enough to get a working knowledge of it. They also received training in highway, road, and bridge construction, geology, [and] a smattering of carpentry.

The Peace Corps program at Texas Western lasted just sixty days. We had Sargent Shriver, who was director of the Peace Corps, here for the graduation exercise. I figured he would have a written speech. Most politicians do, and they refer to it as an address. We had lunch in the athletic dormitory, but as we walked over to Magoffin Auditorium when the people had gathered, he said, "Dr. Ray, you referred to my address. I don't have any address. I was going to write one last night, and I asked [this reporter] here if he could help me, but he begged off. He wanted to play poker. So I haven't got an address." Well, that just floored me. No first-line politician would come to an important engagement with no formal preparation, but he did.

Anyhow, we went on over to Magoffin Auditorium. We were about ten minutes ahead of time. I sat in the third row. In the second row was Sander Vanocur and two or three more aides, and [Shriver] sat on the front row. The [group of aides] bunched around him and talked to him for ten minutes, obviously pumping him up with things he should say. Then he and I went up on the stage, and I presented him and sat on the stage while he talked. He made the best speech I ever heard in my life, all pat phrases taken out of the lexicon of the Peace Corps. It was perfect; it was truly perfect.

After the program was over, our boys and girls [were invited to Washington to be congratulated by the president]. Bill Timmons and I went to Washington for the ceremonies, and we both met Kennedy and stood in his office and were congratulated by him. Kennedy is one of the few men I have seen in my lifetime who was larger than life. He just effervesced an aura. When we were in the Rose Garden, two classes were meeting the president at the same time, the one from Berkeley and ours. We heard Kennedy make a speech. I was possibly ten feet in front of Kennedy

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when he spoke. We were standing right close to the steps that led up to the Oval Office. Tim [Timmons] and I were standing side by side. When they announced, "Would all the corpsmen and all the university officials who are here representing Texas Western and Cal come in to meet and shake hands with the president," Tim and I just busted up the steps. We were first or second.

The president meanwhile had gone in and was standing by the desk. As I recall it, he told me that they appreciated our contribution. I have tried many times to recall what I said in response, and I can't recall a word. I stood and talked with him possibly thirty seconds to a minute, and then an assistant told me and Tim, "Go out that door there." As we moved over, I grabbed Tim's arm and said, "We don't have to leave. Let's stand over here and watch him meet our kids." We just stood there. Hatcher saw us stop and didn't make anything of it at all. We wanted to see the proceedings. The president was standing in front of his desk and talking with each one of them briefly, and then they would cut in front of us and go on out the door where we should have gone.

We didn't recruit national championship players; we recruited good players. [Many of] the real good ones were from New York City, where our coach, [Don] Haskins*, was a warm friend of the black man who was the director of athletics for the New York City Public Schools. He got Bobby Joe Hill from Detroit, Orsten Artis from Gary, Indiana, and David Lattin from Houston. The rest of the boys, nearly all of them, came from New York City. They were good players. We didn't recruit to win the national championship; we just got a team under the leadership of the spark plug, Bobby Joe Hill. It really worked. We had a schedule of twenty-six games, and we won every one but the last one. We lost the one in Seattle, the last game of the season.

I haven't seen a team anywhere that meshed their actions and their abilities any better than our team did in the national championship [at College Park, Maryland, in 1966]. The basketball players and the buffs that were along were all staying in the same motel. As we drove back to the motel on the bus the night before the game, Bobby Joe was in the seat behind me. He tapped me on the shoulder and says, "Well, we won all the games for you, Dr. Ray. And we're going to win the one here." That was the first time it really soaked into me that, by God, we were going to do it, and the boys just flat did it. [They were] a superbly knit basketball team.

No more than three black boys were playing in any school, anywhere. Kentucky had no black [athletes] at all. That was our opponent in the final. They were dumbfounded that we would field a team of all black boys. I told George McCarty, the director of athletics, to tell Don Haskins that we couldn't play more than three black boys. Haskins came to see me and said, "Dr. Ray, George told me what you said. The way our boys line up now, my six best boys are black. If I leave two or three of them out because they're black, they'll know it. They'll know it; the white boys will know it. They all know who the best basketball players are, just as I do." I said, "Well, Don, you let me study about this overnight." I called him the next morning, and I told him, "Don, you coach the basketball [team], and I'll try to do the rest of my job myself." We were the only one who played five blacks.

Winning the NCAA championship was the biggest thing that ever happened to unify this school with the community. It was really an electric thing. We had captured the imagination of the basketball world all the way across the country. I think the funniest letter I got, after the victory and we were back home, was from an industrialist in Cincinnati, Ohio. He wrote on his engineering firm stationery, "I am pleased with your victory in the NCAA finals. I have always been in favor of integration. I've always been opposed to segregation. And it satisfies me to see the national championship won by a small Negro college."

Sports Illustrated came in to interview some of us [in 1968]. Tom Brookshier interviewed me, and he did a fair job. He wasn't pushy; he wasn't grabbing for some theme to hang on to. The only inkling I got that they were after any kind of special, sensational purpose was [when] he asked me, "Do you feel any guilt about the way the university exploits these black players?" I said, "We don't exploit them. We exchange benefits. They are doing us a good turn, and we're doing them a good turn. There's not a boy on any one of our teams that feels enslaved. He's not a slave. He came here by choice." I think the reason we were panned [in the magazine] was that they were looking for a school that would exemplify integration of black athletes, and who better than us. They were looking for a whipping boy, and they picked us.

I'm not a big planner or dreamer. I'm a man who likes to keep his nose to the grindstone and continue to play it out along well-proven lines. I won't say I was the best, because I doubtless wasn't, but I was the most

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effective president UTEP ever had. We got things done. One of my colleagues later worked in my office as a vice president. I asked him one time, "Why did you accept a job at Texas Western with all the chances you had elsewhere?" He said, "I came primarily because you were president. I had heard it said that things happen where Joe Ray was in charge." I think that's the nub of it. We didn't stand back and wait for somebody else to do it.

Interviewed by Oscar J. Martinez and Sarah E. John, April-November, 1981, El Paso.

*I think I completed the first eleven passes I threw.
I think I could have thrown [the football] between my
legs or over my shoulder and somebody would have
caught it from our team!*

William S. Stevens

Student, 1964-1968, 1969-1970

Assistant Coach, 1971-1973

Coming out here, in August of 1964, [was] a drastic change from what I was used to in Galveston. I don't think any person who's ever come to El Paso thought it was a great place to live in the first six months. It was hot; it was dry. Coming out here was going to the other end of the world — 850 miles from home. I was lonesome; I was homesick. Of course the architecture was Bhutanese, and it was a drastic change. Everything was a drastic change for me.

I don't think student life today is probably any different than it was back in '64, in that we do not have a very active campus socially. Back then, on Friday at twelve noon, the campus was dead. I remember one of the big arguments we had [over closing] the Student Union Building on weekends, because nobody ever was around. We argued that they ought to have it open. Most of us didn't have a whole lot of money, so it was nice to be able to go over there and do something fairly inexpensive. I don't think the campus has changed a whole lot in that respect. It's still a commuter school.

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[For social activities] there was the old KPT — the Kern Place Tavern. That was one of the places to go. We use to go up to the Campus Queen. Back then you could get a bean burrito for fifteen cents or something like that. At night that was the place to go. And everybody had beer blasts down [at] the river.

I had gotten married midsemester of my freshmen year, so my campus activity was going home. It was not out running with the boys. I really did not get that involved in any of the campus activities for the most part, because of being married. Every opportunity I had that was free was [spent] trying to find a job to make a buck. The first month [we were married] we lived in this dinky, little apartment on Yandell Street that they should have condemned. There was a fairly long waiting list to get into the campus apartments, because of the inexpensive rent. It took us a semester and half to get in; then we lived there the rest of the time. [Apartment] G-4 still sits there.

My senior year, out of the twenty-two starters on the football team, I would venture to say fifteen of them were married. We all hung around together. A lot of us lived over there in the campus apartments. In the off season, on Friday or Saturday night, we all got together and played cards. None of us could afford to go anywhere, so we did things together that were inexpensive. We loved living over there. We were all struggling through school and didn't have an extra dime. We were all miserable together and had a great time at it.

I planned on being a football coach; that's all I ever wanted to be. I found out you did not have to be a physical education major in order to be a coach, so I changed my major to business. I was going to be an accountant. After taking accounting for one semester, I said, "There's just no way in the world I can be sitting behind a desk, playing accountant, for the rest of my life." I decided I still wanted to be a football coach, so I majored in secondary education with math and history as teaching fields. And then I ended up in banking. How those two come together, I'm not sure.

There were several [individuals] that stuck out in my mind as being good professors. I just loved the excitement Mrs. [Jean H.] Miculka in the Speech Department had about the way she taught. I felt I learned a great deal from her. In the History Department, Dr. [Eugene O.] Porter* was just tops in my book. He always walked in when the bell rang. He

was never there early; he was never there late. I think he stood outside and waited until the bell rang, just to walk in at that point. He would pick up his lecture in the middle of the sentence [where] he stopped at the last class. When the bell rang, he stopped right then and there, picked up his little roll book, and walked out the door.

He did an outstanding job of keeping our attention. His tests were tough. They were always written; there was never any multiple choice. He would let you make up the test. You'd throw out something like: 'I think maybe we [should] discuss the Russian Revolution.' [Porter would say,] "Well, that's an awfully good question but awfully broad. Don't you think we ought to confine. . . ." He got the exact question he wanted [eventually]. But you felt like you were making up the test. It was great. I've taught several courses in banking, and I've used a lot of those techniques that I learned from him.

A lot of people don't realize the amount of time and effort that goes into athletics. Everybody thinks you've gotten this scholarship for free. But I guarantee that's not the case. It's like any job that you do. If you do it correctly, you're going to put time and effort into it. I would say we spent a good six to seven hours a day in preparation — the workout time, the study time, the conditioning time. I put in a little more as a quarterback, watching film and trying to read defenses. It was like I had a full-time job [while] going to school. During football season I only took twelve hours a semester. During the off season I would take fifteen to eighteen hours. [My] final two semesters I had to take twenty-one hours in order to graduate. I carried about a 3.8 in those two semesters, whereas the other semesters I didn't work as hard because I didn't have to.

Ron Harper was the head coach my freshmen year. Then that staff was let go at the end of the first semester. Bobby Dobbs came in at midyear, and he was here the whole time that I played. The players that people would remember were: Chuck Hughes, Bob Wallace, Freddie Carr, who was All-Pro linebacker, Charlie West, who was an All-American defensive back and also played baseball, and George Daney. My senior year, six of us were all drafted in the top three rounds. Back then, freshmen were not allowed to play varsity. You had to play freshman football. The year Harper's staff was let go, they were 0-8 and 2. We went back home, and everybody said, "How'd the football team do?" Well, they were 0-8-2, [but] the way you said it, it was like they were, oh, 8 and 2, not 0-8 and

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2. The following year we came back and were 7 and 3. Then we played against TCU in the Sun Bowl and beat them 14-13.

We started throwing the football bigtime. We ran a draw occasionally, just to let the other team know we had some running backs, but we would throw almost every down. Back then, college football was not as much of a passing [game] as it is today. We were independent at the time, but we still played all the Western Athletic Conference teams. It was not a passing conference; therefore, we were far ahead of the defense. We were able to sneak up on them a little bit that first year.

[My first varsity game] was against North Texas. We ended up beating them 61 to 15, and we threw as a team for almost 600 yards that night. I think I completed the first eleven passes I threw. I think I could have thrown it between my legs or over my shoulder and somebody would have caught it from our team! It was quite an exciting beginning to a football career. We were 6 and 4 the next year [1966]. The defense caught up with us a little bit, and we were not as successful in throwing the football because of that. We had a couple of close games that just didn't work in our favor, whereas they did the year before. There's not a whole lot of difference between a 6-4 season and a 7-3 season.*

I think the ball bounced our way a little bit more [in 1967]. The record was 7-2 and 1. We got beat in the last few minutes of the [big] game. Wyoming was going to the Sugar Bowl if they won. We were going to the Sugar Bowl if we won. The loser got to go to the Sun Bowl. We tried a field goal with two seconds remaining, and it was close to being good. I honestly think the referee could have called it either way and felt good about his call. It was just one of those things. We got beat in the final few seconds, or we would have gone to the Sugar Bowl.

We played Ole Miss, the University of Mississippi, [in the Sun Bowl]. Again it was a very close game. Although we were an exciting offensive team, we were really a defensive team. Both the Sun Bowl games were won by the defense. The final score was 14 to 7, and I was selected as the outstanding player. I was very fortunate that I played on quality football teams. It's very easy for the quarterback to get all the glory when you win. We won more games than we lost, so I got a lot of the credit.

At that time, there weren't any Southwest Conference schools that were throwing the football. My real ability as a football player is as a passer. I am not a runner by any stretch of the imagination. I probably never

would have had the opportunity to play professional football had I gone to another school.

Back then there was a lot of discussion about how much the players were getting paid. I can tell you we certainly were not paid by any stretch of the imagination. But my mother-in-law and father-in-law bought me a bicycle, a Schwinn three-speed bicycle, for Christmas. I'd wanted a bicycle so I could ride around campus with it. It was right after the Sun Bowl football game my sophomore year, and the big joke on campus was, "Oh, Stevens got a bicycle!" That was my claim to fame, I guess; I got a bicycle for [winning the Sun Bowl].

We had a very unusual situation [concerning race relations]. It was something that I feel very good about, the atmosphere amongst the players. My senior year we were to play [San Jose State] in California. That game was called because of racial problems out at that campus. They were afraid to have the football game. But there were never any real racial problems [here at Texas Western], certainly not within the football team. Several of the black players were married; several of the white players were married. And we socialized together. We were all in the same boat. We didn't have any money to go out, so it drew us all together. We were friends as well as teammates.

I guess I'll always remember something that happened with Freddie Carr. We all got called together at the end of practice. Dobbs made the comment that we had a decision to make about something. He says, "Now, everybody here is free, white, and twenty-one, make a decision." And Freddy Carr just started laughing. Now, he's blacker than the ace of spades. He just starts dying laughing, rolls down on the floor, and Dobbs still has not figured out what he said. We all slowly realize what had been said, and Dobbs was getting mad. Everybody's laughing. Finally, Freddie says, "Coach, I'm not free, white, and twenty-one." And Dobbs just started roaring, after he finally realized what he had said. That was the type of camaraderie that we all had. We could poke fun at each other about things like that.

I don't remember there being a whole lot of [student] protests while I was in school. I think a lot of that has to do with the fact that we were a commuter school. People came in, did their classwork, and headed for work. They didn't hang around in the Student Union and discuss those type of issues. They had other things to do, [such as] supporting their families.

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I played professional football with the Green Bay Packers for three years, which was something that I'm quite proud of. I said "played" — I stood on the sidelines and watched. Bart Starr was the quarterback with the Packers [when I came]; he was still the quarterback when I left. It was a great opportunity and certainly financially advantageous. There weren't a lot of kids right out of school that were able to make the kind of money that I was fortunate enough to make. It gave me a great start. Even though I [rarely] played, I'm quite proud of the fact that at least I got to wear a uniform.

I came back and planned on being a football coach. I taught high school here in El Paso for one year, and an opportunity came up to get into the coaching ranks out at the university. I went to work as the receiver coach and quarterback coach. I did that for three years, and I guess I realized I didn't really want to be a football coach all that bad. But my wife and I both dearly loved El Paso and wanted to stay. I got an opportunity to go to work for El Paso National Bank in their marketing and business development area. I very much enjoyed banking and went back to school. I took some of those dreaded accounting courses that I couldn't stand back when I was going to school. I learned what I needed to learn in order to get into the lending side of banking, and I've never regretted it.

As an athlete, certainly two Sun Bowls have to stand out as being a high point within a four-year college career. As a student, certainly getting a degree [was a high point]. As has been mentioned numerous times at different events that I have gone to, so many of the graduates from UTEP are first-time graduates within a family. And that's certainly true with me. I was the first one within my family to get a degree. My mother was quite elated about the idea that I had graduated.

One thing that I would like to throw in [is the argument that] UTEP's not as good a school as some other places. That's definitely not the case; it really isn't. I think we all have learned that you get out of something what you put into it. The quality of education that you can get from UTEP is no better or no worse, in my opinion, than what you can get at 95 percent of the other schools around the country. I'm sure there are some, the Harvards, the Stanfords, that in certain areas might be better than UTEP. But I think you do get out of it what you put into it. And I got as good an education from UTEP as anybody else in the country [got] at the same time.

I guess the other thing that gnaws on me is the "dumb jock" syndrome. There are a lot of jocks that probably never should have gone to school, [who] didn't learn anything. But don't include me in that group. That gets rather irritating to me — to stereotype all athletes as "dumb jocks." I think when you do the cross-section of the university, the percentages of those who started and those that finished, that athletics is maybe a little bit higher than the general population of the campus. I do know [that] several of us who played football, basketball, and baseball at the university, despite the fact that we were jocks, turned out to make something out of our lives.

Interviewed by Charles H. Martin, July 31, 1989, El Paso.

*Texas Western was a small little school at the time,
2,000 students, a glorified high school.*

W.H. Timmons

Faculty, 1949-1978

In 1949 I came to UTEP. I completed my degree, a Ph.D. in Latin American history, at the University of Texas, wrapping up a doctorate on the GI Bill after World War II. I had a history professor in college [who] turned me on. So it was history from that point on, with a B.A. from Park College and an M.A. from the University of Chicago, where I had gotten interested in Latin American history. I switched to the University of Texas and started the doctorate there, just before Pearl Harbor. Well, of course, my doctorate was interrupted by World War II, but then I went back on the agenda of the Ph.D.

Jobs were hard to get then in history. This [position] was about the only opening that I came across. It was Dr. [J.L.] Waller*, the chairman of the department here, who hired me. My wife and I decided, "We'll try this school for a year and in the meantime look around for something *decent*." It wasn't very well known. It had just become Texas Western College after having been the College of Mines for a number of years. But the place took hold.

There were a lot of things about the department that I liked. Dr. Waller was just the epitome of a gentleman and a scholar. The History Department was a fairly strong department at that time. I saw a possibility for

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teaching Latin American history and Mexican history right here on this border. I didn't move into the Latin American field for quite a while, because back in those days it was the Department of History, Government, and Sociology. So for quite a while I taught, besides the American survey, a survey course in European history and government courses, but eventually I worked into U.S. diplomatic history and then into Mexico.

We liked El Paso, and we liked the college. I decided that there would be a satisfaction in contributing to a school of this size that obviously was going to grow. Texas Western was a small little school at that time, 2,000 students, a glorified high school. There was a small and congenial faculty, but the sororities ran the school. They won all of the school elections, they were the cheerleaders, they did Homecoming, they did it all. And everybody went home at noon. The chairman of the History Department and the president of the school played golf two or three afternoons a week, and there wouldn't be an automobile anywhere on campus after twelve o'clock. It was kind of a country club.

I consider myself a member of what I call the middle generation of faculty. That was because as the school came more and more over into the Liberal Arts, away from engineering and mining, a number of Ph.D.'s were hired in the late 1930s to head up the departments. Some very able, dependable people were hired, and I'll never forget them: Tony Berkman*, [C.A.] Puckett*, Gene Thomas* in engineering, [C.L.] Sonnichsen* in English. You obviously could see that they were trying to build a foundation there of academic quality. Now I came in some years later, in the late '40s, along with Joe Leach, Francis Fugate, [and Olav E.] Eidbo. They were trying to hire Ph.D.'s, and they very definitely were trying to improve academic quality. The next generation, the generation of the '60s and '70s, is where you got a tremendous influx of faculty. So I'm that middle generation that can see both back and forward.

I'm not so sure whether [the students] have changed a great deal. I think we have a better institution now academically than the one that I came to. To be sure, the student body was smaller, the faculty and the classes were smaller, and there was a closer relationship with students, very definitely a much closer relationship then. But academically, intellectually, I think students are about the same and have been just pretty much the same all along. I went back after my retirement and taught a freshman course, and I didn't think that they'd improved that much. Maybe,

by virtue of TV, I think they're perhaps somewhat better informed generally about the world they live in, but I can't see any great amount of differences from their academic performance now as opposed to twenty [or] thirty years ago.

I think that there was a much more active social life back in the old days than there is now. The students were proud of what they had, of their student body, and they played an active role in institutional affairs. I can remember chaperoning the dances. You knew all the students, and they knew you. Somehow they'd manage to find funds to bring in big name bands. It was marvelous! Tony Berkman was a dean of men back in those days, and he was a disciplinarian from way back. He was at all the social functions, and there were plenty of them. If he was there at the dance, and usually he was, your job as chaperone, well, you had it made! You could go dance, because he did all the work. He'd take down names; he'd round up all the drunks.

Socially the students were very active. They must have spent a lot more time on social activities than they did on the books! And oh boy, those sororities watched their gals! Boy! I can remember the gal in charge of Zeta Tau Alpha, when I flunked one of her gals. Boy, she was on me. But it was good, though, because they did teach girls the social graces, and they did watch over their studies, too.

One memorable event comes to mind — the 1963 *Flowsheet*. It was dedicated [to me]. That was quite an honor, and I deeply appreciated it. Another one that comes to mind — in 1977 I won the AMOCO teaching award. That recognition was wonderful, and I was proud of [it]. Another highlight was that we had one of the first Peace Corps projects anywhere in the country in 1961. You remember how John F. Kennedy turned professors and students on. It was a project to train surveyors and engineers who were going to go to Tanganyika and build roads. We had about forty of the Peace Corpsmen. Of course, the geologists here were heavily involved. Clyde Kelsey was director of the whole project, and I was associate director. They were a fun bunch. They were so dedicated, and they wanted so much to do a job for the country. There was a spirit that I don't think I've ever seen before or since.

At the end of the project, President Joseph Ray* and Kelsey were invited to the White House for a reception. All the Peace Corps members were invited, too, the whole bunch. Well, Kelsey couldn't go! No, he had to

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oversee a project he had going in Colombia. So President Joe Ray and I went to the White House to the reception. And this is the hand that shook the hand of JFK! I remember he came out of his office with his entourage, and we had a little get-together in the Rose Garden at the White House. He made a little speech, and he used some of the same language that he used in his inaugural. We had a wonderful time. That was obviously a highlight.

I'm going to mention one more that I'll never forget. I taught that course on Mexico for a number of years, but more and more we began to get students from Juarez. And it made an impression on them. Here was a "maldito gringo" teaching these Mexican students about the history of their country. It made an impression upon me, and I just tried that much harder. I tried to get the story through to them. They were wonderful to work with. But their [prior] knowledge just didn't amount to very much. They'd heard of Miguel Hidalgo and Benito Juarez, but that's about the extent of it. I hope they learned a lot.

One anecdote that comes to mind concerns [C.A.] Puckett*, who was dean of arts and sciences. Dean Puckett was a "one and only." [His] middle name was "catalog" — right to the letter, *always* right to the letter. So I was teaching an advanced course, and I had this very fine student, straight A's in college so far, but the requirements for an advanced course back in those days were junior standing plus six hours of history and six hours of other social science. This particular student was a little older than most and very conscientious, [but] she was short of junior standing. I wasn't going to let that stand in [the way] because she could do the work. This comes up before Puckett, and I explained my position. I was absolutely certain that she was an excellent student, just top notch, and I had no doubt in my mind that she would have no problems in the course. Puckett finally looks up, looks me straight in the eye, and says, "I agree with everything you say, but the answer is no."

I remember teaching a course in European history, and we were on the background of World War I. I was dealing with the diplomatic crisis of 1914. I was going along — oh, I was eloquent! — that's right, building tension, building tension, building tension all the time. And just then some [airplane] broke the sound barrier, and the class just about gave a bark. I think I had said that an explosion could take the place at any time, and then we got this [sonic boom] up in the sky! I'm left speechless! The

only thing I can say is, "Well, back in my graduate school days a professor told me that you always have to have a sense of the dramatic, so this is it!" Those are the things, obviously, that you don't ever forget.

I became chairman in 1962 of the Department of History, Government, and Sociology. Right away, they took two-thirds of it away. Nobody was happier about that than I was. Government was set up as Political Science on its own; Sociology the same thing. I welcomed the change because I could focus on History, and we had some hiring to do. Then, after about three years, I simply decided, "Well, we've cleaned up most of the problems, and somebody else can do this thing. I've got other things to do." So from that time it's been a rotational arrangement, which I think is [good]. I think it's worked reasonably well, because one guy doesn't get bogged down with the paper[work] for the rest of his life.

I've never had too many disappointments. I can remember back in the 1950s, though, when money was tight. If you got a two hundred dollar increase, boy! But those were awfully hard days, and there were a lot of people my age getting a two hundred dollar a year raise, and families are coming along, and the oldest one is going to be hitting college. . . . So these were things of rather deep concern.

This institution has been very good to me. Now I'm going to tell you what I think was my major contribution to this institution. [It] is the microfilm program in the Library*. We had a committee of community people called Mission '73 to look over the institution to make recommendations. I was impressed by the language in Mission '73. They put out a little booklet, and quite naturally [it concluded], as many committees have said, "Take advantage of your geographical locations. Do those things to exploit your geographical location here on the border." I took this to heart. So I went to Joe Ray, and I told him that I would put up a thousand dollars if he would come up with four thousand dollars, to get a program started in which we would start microfilming some of the basic printed documentary collections at U.T. Austin, [from] that marvelous Latin American library. We focused first on printed materials, particularly the source materials. He went along with it, and we went to work. After two years, we had five thousand dollars' worth of microfilm of printed source materials from the Latin American collection in Austin.

Well, I said to Joe Ray, "I just consider this Phase One. Let's move it forward. I'll put up another thousand, and you put up whatever you

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can to go along with my one, and we'll start work in Chihuahua." We already had the records of the ayuntamiento of Ciudad Juarez. That had already been done. That was the beginning. We picked up right there, and we bought the Parral [Archive]. We did one in Janos; we did a major job in Chihuahua City — 700 reels. We did the *Periódico Oficial* of Chihuahua, Chihuahua's leading newspaper. And we did that pretty well, working with Francisco Almada, Chihuahua's distinguished historian. Everything we microfilmed, we left a copy in Mexico. Mexico always got a copy of everything we did. Then we started working in Durango. It turned out, for my two thousand dollars, I guess I must have gotten ten or fifteen thousand dollars' worth of [microfilmed materials]. Scholars around the country know about it, and it's brought them here to El Paso. So I have to say I consider that to be my major contribution.

This school has been very good to me. The decision to retire in 1978 is one that I shall never regret, simply because it's a brand new life for me. I'm doing things that I had to put off through the years. You're born again. You can travel. You can do things you want to do when you want to do them. You can get some writing done. You can help with the historical organizations here locally. This school's been very good to me. This city's been very good to me. And I'm glad to have been a part of it.

Interviewed by Vicki L. Ruiz, October 19, 1983, El Paso.

The University of Texas System was not integrated at the faculty level. . . . I had no idea that there were no blacks.

Marjorie P. Lawson

[1938-1984]

Faculty, 1966-1984

They were still testing the waters in a sense, because I would imagine I was the first black administrator of an academic unit in the U.T. System.

Juan O. Lawson

Faculty, 1967-Present

Marjorie: I went to Howard University in Washington, D.C., and really finished growing up there. I took my master's immediately after my undergraduate degree, and so by that time I had matured, and I had become just about a fixture at Howard. When I started working on my master's, I became a graduate assistant, and I got a chance to [teach freshman English] for very little money. When I got my master's, I got a chance to do the same thing as an instructor for very little money.

Juan: I was in the army. I was a reserve officer, so I had a two-year

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active duty requirement. They sent me here because I was air defense artillery. I had no idea really of where El Paso was. Well, I had a general idea by looking at the map, but all I knew about it was cowboy pictures. We came out here to serve in the military and stayed. That was 1965 through 1967.

Marjorie: Dear Fort Bliss brought us to El Paso. I was an army wife with no job for the first time in my adult life. It just felt marvelous at first, and then it felt unnatural. I went to Texas Western and applied [for a teaching job], not having any idea what the situation was. Dr. John West, [the chair of the English Department], the bravest man I know, took a chance and hired me in 1966. I didn't fully realize what daring he was displaying. The University of Texas System was not integrated at the faculty level, instructor and above. I had no idea that there were no blacks. I hadn't thought about it; I just needed a job.

I can't remember any unpleasantness because of race. By the time I came here, I was a veteran in the classroom. So although I'm very shy socially, in the classroom I take charge, and there was never any problem. The students did mistake me for a Mexican-American. I'm not obviously black. My eyes aren't dark, and at that time many Mexican-Americans were about my complexion. I've gotten much browner [since then]. It's been seventeen years of Texas sun! I got many strange looks when I said, "I don't speak Spanish."

Juan: I know a little bit more about the behind-the-scenes business when my wife was hired. When Marjorie applied, initially she was rejected, but nicely. Dr. John West indicated to her that he really wanted to hire her, but he was having a little bit of a problem, and that if he were to take that bold step, he wanted a Ph.D. [rather than someone with an M.A.]. Then he tested the waters, and a month or so later he called back.

[In the meantime] he had approached the then dean [of the College of Liberal Arts], Ray Small. Dean Small was a man of forward thinking in race relations. He didn't seem to have any problems in that regard. He took it to the president, then Joe Ray*, and Dr. Ray didn't seem to have any problem. They were all worried about the immediate supervisor, their administrative supervisor. Then Dr. Ray told me what happened. He said that he wanted to do it [hire Marjorie], but he had a problem with the Board of Regents, and he didn't know what to do. He called one of his friends on the Board, who happened to be a little forward on

the matter, and asked him how to handle the situation. His instructions from the man were: "Hire, but don't send any pictures."

I started a year later [in 1967]. The climate had changed a bit more. I think the U.T. System was beginning to open up. And since my wife had been hired, then they hired me. At that time the College of Liberal Arts had been split. The College of Science had been completed, and a new dean had been hired, Dr. Lewis Hatch. His first year was my first year. He saw me walking around with my uniform on, and he had gotten wind that I was applying for a job. He saw me going down to the Physics office, and when I came back he was waiting for me.

He asked [if] the chairman had hired me. I told him no; there was some problem that they were discussing. The problem wasn't with the chairman. The chairman was worried about what his superiors would say. Dr. Hatch, being brand new, picked up the phone, called the chairman, used a number of choice words, slammed the phone down, and told me to go back down there. So I went back down there, and I was hired. When I came back, Dr. Hatch asked if I got the job. I said, "Yes." He said, "Fine." That's how I was hired — as not the first but the second [black faculty member]. But at least I was the first black male with a Ph.D.

[As for reactions], in my case, some of the faculty members were from different parts of the country, and they were curious. I'm obviously black, so they didn't have any problems identifying me, and they were curious. Naturally they wanted to know where I was from. They wanted to know about my first name; it was an anomaly. Of course it is, because [there is] no cultural basis for me to have a Spanish first name. They would engage me in conversations. I guess they were really trying to find out if I were real, if I were reasonably intelligent.

Then they would appoint me to committees. I was on too many committees, because they wanted to have a black on the committee. Sometimes as an assistant professor they put me on committees with full professors. I really didn't belong there because I didn't have the experience, but they put me there anyway. They would give me assignments, and without really meaning to, they would often express a little surprise if I could do a job well. Of course, they weren't intending to be mean or insensitive. It was just their first reaction, and they seemingly were surprised if I did certain things well. As time went on, I was generally accepted, and they saw me as an individual without regard to my complexion.

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During those early years I did make some lasting friendships with several faculty members. Ken Beasley I think of as one very sensitive man with regard to racial issues. He and I met one time when we were serving on a presidential committee. He took me under his wing, so to speak, not in a condescending fashion, but he seemingly just liked me for some reason or another. When he became dean of the Graduate School, he brought me with him and made me the assistant dean. I enjoyed the job with him, and of course that gave me an opportunity to meet all of the other administrators.

I recognized that I needed to do a little bit more academically, so that I could be legitimate in whatever I was doing. I did discuss that matter with Dr. Beasley, because I knew about a number of minorities getting into various positions by virtue of tokenism, or whatever you want to call it, in the university systems across the country, but not really pursuing those things which they should if they wished to be academicians. I went back to my department with the understanding that I'd do my work, publish a number of papers, which I did, and become more academically qualified for my promotions. Dr. Hatch was behind this, too. Both of those men — Ken Beasley and Lewis Hatch — were very influential in my academic career here.

In time I had enough stuff behind me to be promoted up the line until I was full professor. A year later, Dr. Beasley had been made academic vice president, and somehow he fixed it so that I would apply for the dean's job — dean of science. They decided they didn't want an outside candidate. I was a local candidate, and my name appeared on the list. Once my name appeared on the list, that was it. I don't know whether the search committee knew that, but once my name was on the final list, that was it.

In '75 I took over as dean ad interim. Dr. [Arleigh B.] Templeton used that terminology. They were still testing the waters in a sense, because I would imagine I was the first black administrator of an academic unit in the U.T. System. They wouldn't call me acting dean. So they said dean ad interim, and they watched. They wanted to see what the faculty of the College of Science would think, how they would react. The faculty seemed to be very enlightened and open. During those years before I was promoted to full professor, I was on committees with various faculty members, and I made a number of friends. All of the science people had begun to accept me just as an individual, and race didn't play any part.

But the president and the VP didn't know what my relationship was with the faculty. So they tested me for about three or four months, and after they found out that the faculty would work with me and accept me as a supervisor, then they finally changed my designation to dean. That was in March of 1976.

I think that El Paso is a good place because of the multicultural atmosphere. Newcomers are somewhat forced to be reasonable with regard to intercultural and interracial relationships. I think that was a big factor in the way we were accepted here. What was necessary for me, though, was to prove myself. Most black people find this to be the case. Now, everyone has to prove himself, but as I perceive it, a black person has to make sure that he proves his capabilities. That was a personal goal I had in mind all during that time, because of my daddy's influence. [He would say,] "Always prove, son, that you are as good as or better than." So I would not allow myself to get caught up in those things which I knew weren't really important for whatever goals I was trying to achieve. My daddy made that clear to me as I was growing up.

Here I've had a little difficulty with my children. In the earlier years they didn't really understand that they were black, going to the schools that they had been going to. They didn't realize that there was any difference. Then when [a] very few people would insult them racially, they would come home, and they just couldn't understand that. I think they're understanding through my explanations, but still their experiences are far different from mine. I've explained to both of them the way my dad explained it to me, that they must achieve, [that] they must put forth effort to always prove themselves. They don't feel that pressure the way I felt it, [but] a few incidents have occurred to let them know that maybe there is some truth to what Dad is saying. They are learning to cope with the situation. Although attitudes seem to have been changing for the better, we see a little fluctuation. But on the average things have moved forward, as far as we're concerned, since we first became working adults.

Interviewed by Rebecca Craver, February 27, 1984, El Paso.

We would put our blue jeans on, roll them up to our knees . . . and wear these [full circle] skirts over them to come on campus.

Mimi Reisel Gladstein

Student, 1954-1956; 1958-1966

Faculty, 1966-1969; 1971-Present

I've been at UTEP almost continuously since 1954, either as a student or as a professor. I came to Texas Western College in the summer of 1954, straight out of El Paso High. Then I went away to the University of Oklahoma [for two years, but in the summers I attended Texas Western]. I moved to Germany for about a year and a half, and came back and got my bachelor's degree from Texas Western in '59. In 1960 I began my master's degree, which I completed in '66, the first year it was The University of Texas at El Paso.

Those were the halcyon days of academe, when student populations were just soaring, so I decided that I ought to go get my Ph.D. if I wanted to teach at a university. I was going to take a few courses here before I went to enroll in the Ph.D. program at the University of New Mexico. I was at registration, and John West [of the English Department] walked up to me and said, "Can you teach a freshman course for us?" I didn't have better sense than to say, "Yes." So I started that way. I went away in 1970 to work on my degree, and in 1971 I came back to UTEP as a full-time faculty member.

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When I was a student here in the summer, I was a part of the College Players, which meant I went to class in the morning and my soul belonged to the Drama Department until midnight after that. Milton Leech* was the chair of the department, and for what he called summer stock we did five productions in six weeks. We started with a musical comedy and ended with Shakespeare, and usually in between we had some kind of mystery or melodrama. In those days there were only two faculty members [in the Drama Department], and they managed to put on this extraordinary program.

One of the [advantages] that the department had at that time was the draft. Fort Bliss was very active, and a lot of young men and women who were just beginning their professional careers had to take time out to be in the service for two years. We benefited from that because Milton had open casting, and we had people who were stationed down here who have since gone on to make quite big names for themselves in theater. We acted with them. Milton also brought in visiting professors from different places who would direct shows or do the costuming.

If you were a College Player in summer stock, you were expected to be involved in all of these five productions in some way. If you were starring in one, then you handled props in another and were building sets for a third. I was here all day long, and then rehearsal would be in the evening. After rehearsal everyone would go to the Hacienda [Restaurant] for something and save very little time to do your homework for your eight o'clock class the next morning.

One amusing [incident about clothing] illustrates how our mind-sets change. When I was in the Drama Department, we had to be building sets and painting them and dragging stuff around. Naturally the best uniform for that was jeans. But there was a rule: A young woman or a girl could not come on campus in pants. If you were seen on campus in pants, you were reported to the dean of women. What we would do is: we had these big peasant skirts in those days, full circle skirts. We would put our blue jeans on, roll them up to our knees, and wear these skirts over them to come on campus. Once we got on the stage in Magoffin [Auditorium], which is where the productions were held, then we'd take our skirts off, and we could go to work.

When I began teaching, about 1968, the first time a female student showed up in my class in pants I was shocked. I remember looking at

her and thinking, "She doesn't have the proper respect for this class." When I was here [as a student] at UTEP, all of my professors — 99 per cent of them were male — came to class in coats and ties. Women came in heels and hose. One of the ways we knew we were in college is that our professors addressed us Miss or Mister. We were now adult young people, and we would be addressed properly. And, of course, we were all dressed very properly also.

I then went for my graduate work to the University of New Mexico, which was considerably more liberal than UTEP. My professors there wore sandals and jeans and T-shirts and beads. Some of them took one look at me and my little heels and hose and bouffant hairdo and thought, "God, there's a refugee from the supermarket." It was a classic instance of reverse discrimination. I had to really fight to convince them I had any mind at all. When I returned from UNM, having been considerably radicalized by the experience, I was the first female professor to wear pants on this campus. And I love to tell the story that I thought that I was going to frizzle a lot of the gray hairs around here, but the second female professor to wear pants was Roberta Walker, who had a beautiful head of white hair. Here I had thought that wearing pants to my class was an insult in 1968, [but a few years later] wearing pants was an act of freedom.

We forget that the sixties [as a social movement] didn't begin until about '66 and really lasted until about '73. In the sixties there was a sensitivity to issues; there were students that were concerned about the political situation or [individual] rights. It meant something to them. I think now when you talk about rights in a class, the students get this glazed look on their faces. If I could make a generalization, and I think generalizations are dangerous, it seems to me that the eighties were more like the fifties. In the fifties we weren't very concerned with political ideas, and I think our students now don't pay much attention either. The students in the late sixties and early seventies were serious and concerned about the world, but that seems to have passed.

I was looking at the whole thing [the Chicano demonstration in December, 1971] from the fourth floor of the Liberal Arts Building. I was teaching in that corner room, which overlooks the Administration Building. The whole thing looked about as dangerous to me as . . . I mean, if there was an emergency I didn't see it. Of course, I had been at UNM where eleven people had been bayoneted. I'd been at UNM where I wouldn't

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teach in the Naval Arts Building because there were threats to blow it up. I had seen real riots, and what was going on here was nothing compared to what I had seen in those other places. I think in this riot there couldn't have been more than a hundred people. I saw the police out here, but [the demonstrators that] they were armed against didn't seem to be nearly as threatening. It was like bringing out your cannons to battle flies. The response seemed all out of proportion to the danger.

I remember outside groups coming to campus, like the Fourth World Coalition or something like that, brought here by MEChA [Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlán] and by the Black Student Union. I remember a particularly amusing sequence where they were showing a vehemently anti-American, anti-Israeli film called "We Are the Palestinians." They came here because they wanted to mobilize people on behalf of the PLO [Palestine Liberation Organization]. At this meeting one of the students from here got up and said, "How do you feel about Aztlán?" These were outside agitators from Los Angeles, and they said, "Aztlán? What's Aztlán?" And this guy said, "What are you doing, coming over here and asking us to worry about something that's half a world apart, if you're not willing to fight for Aztlán, which is our country which the gringos have taken away from us!" That was the only instance where I had first-hand knowledge of somebody from outside coming in and trying to arouse students. [Our students] said, "No way."

I never did feel that our campus was one of the hotbeds of activity. Even our streaking, which was one of those expressions of the time, was so unimaginative. They would announce that there were going to be streakers at such and such a place, which defeats the whole purpose of streaking. The whole purpose of streaking is shock. In the most unlikely place at the most unlikely time, somebody streaks through. Well, here we'd have this announcement that there're going to be streakers coming down University Avenue in front of the Liberal Arts Building. People would line up on both sides of the streets, and then a truck would drive through with about four or five naked people. I thought, "This is not exactly the zenith of social awareness here." So that's the kind of radical activity [we had] on campus in those days.

Interviewed by Rebecca Craver, March 6, 1984, El Paso.

I would go a whole day without seeing another brown face, and that was traumatic for me.

Jose F. Avila

Student, 1960; 1964-1967; 1970-1974

Dean of Students, 1974-Present

I was born in Newark Maternity Hospital on the south side of El Paso. My mother and father were first-generation Americans from El Paso. Their parents, my grandparents, were all from Chihuahua. I graduated from high school in 1960 and came to Texas Western College that same year. I chose the school because — well, I think I can speak for a lot of Chicanos of my generation — you didn't think about going away. I don't believe that's changed much. Some of it is finances; some of it is family ties; some of it is ties to the culture. You go where you are, and that was Texas Western College. I didn't want to go initially, but my mother was one of those pushers, one of those "My son is going to be the best" type of people. So part of the reason I failed was that I didn't want to go. I wasn't motivated to go; I didn't care. It took me three months to realize I didn't belong, so I dropped out and joined the service.

I remember one of the reasons I left in 1960 was because I would go a whole day without seeing another brown face, and that was traumatic for me. The high school I went to was Jefferson High School. It was 97 percent Chicano and 3 percent black; there were no Anglos whatsoever.

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So when the shoe's on the other foot, and [I was] the minority *minority*, I felt awkward. To a person that had never been out of the barrio very much, to a person that had lived in the Mexican neighborhood where everything is Spanish and where Anglos don't go unless they're there to arrest somebody or to collect bills, it was traumatic [to come to TWC], and I felt out of place.

A lot of it wasn't the fault of the place; a lot of it was my own cultural adjustment. It's easy to go to a university when your parents have [already] gone and there's a foundation for you to build on. Well, I was the first in my family to ever finish high school, much less go to college. In fact, if left up to me, I never would have gone. In those days Chicanos in high school didn't talk about going to college; they talked about which branch of the service to go into. If my mother hadn't pushed me, I might have missed a great opportunity, and I'd be out there digging ditches or painting houses. So I'm grateful to her.

Another part of it was [that] high school was easy for me. I made A's, I never had to hustle, and when I did screw up, the teacher was there to remind me. [But] at the university nobody was going to remind me. I was on my own. If I missed a lecture or something like that, my pride wouldn't allow me to ask for help from an Anglo, and I didn't see another brown face. So I screwed myself up from the beginning.

When I came back in '64, it was better. By then I had gotten over a lot of my cultural hangups. The Air Force helped me to mature and to recognize my abilities. Most important of all, it helped me to fit into American society. I ended up in an intelligence squadron where most of the guys were college graduates. I was one of the few who didn't have a college degree. And they turned me on to the idea that it was possible for me to go to college. I gained some confidence. I could do the job as well as they, so I knew I could make it in college, whereas before I wasn't sure. I came back with the idea that I was going to make it. The major difference was that before, my mother had signed me up to be an engineer. When I did it on my own, I knew I wanted to be a teacher, so I majored in education. I was more motivated to be a teacher than an engineer.

I was here [as an undergraduate] from '64 to '67. The Greek system was still big, [but] I was a typical commuter student. I had a wife and two kids, so my motivation was to get a degree to get a job to support my family. And the sooner I got that done, the better. I really didn't have

time to spend on campus, and a lot of it was my ignorance in not knowing what went on. It would have made me a better, well-rounded person if I had participated in activities. But the typical commuter [attitude is]: Get off the campus, go to your job, go home, study, go back to school.

I remember specifically that freshmen were required to do two things: paint the "M" and wear an orange-and-white beanie. I guess I was one of those that helped to end traditions like that, because I refused to paint the "M" and wear a beanie. When this upperclassman threatened to do something, I said, "What are you going to do?" And he couldn't think of an answer. So I imagine that guys like me who were coming back from the service, who were more mature than somebody just coming out of high school, helped to destroy what I now consider good traditions.

I have a Bachelor of Science [degree] in Secondary Education, with teaching fields in biology and history. For four years I was a history teacher at Ysleta High School. Public schools provide horrible counseling. The high school counselors are paid to shuffle paper. And a lot of these students would come in and tell me horror stories when they needed counseling. 'I'm pregnant: what do I do?' "My mother beats me up." "My father molests me." I didn't know how to deal with that; I had no training. I'm sure of my common sense about such things, but I wasn't a counselor.

So I decided that I would kill two birds with one stone. I could go get my graduate degree in counseling, and I would be able to help these students, and at the same time [I could] draw on the GI Bill rather than work part-time. I went to night school [for] my graduate [work] and was never on campus during the day. Interestingly enough, I never got a chance to go back and counsel those high school kids, because as I was doing my last course, my practicum supervisor [told me] the vice president for student affairs was looking for bilingual counselors. Based on [an] interview, I got the job. In the mornings I was a bilingual counselor, and in the afternoons I was an administrative "go-for."

I didn't ask for the job; I fell right into it. I like to think that it was because of my brown skin that I got the job but because of my abilities, regardless of skin, that I kept it. When I came to work, we were probably 20 percent Hispanic. The black population was basically the same as it is now, not many. You've got to remember that from 1971 to now, the enrollment doubled. In those days it was seven or eight thousand students; now it's fifteen [thousand]. A lot of that growth was Hispanics.

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In fact, the growth in the last ten years has been in Hispanics, has been in women, and the decline has been in male Anglos. The Anglo population stood still, and the Hispanic population grew.

I got in on the best part of the Chicano movement. I was brand new on campus. I thought of myself as the messiah that was going to bridge the gap in communication, because I knew Anglo society and could exist in it, and I knew the Chicano problems and concerns. Most of the students didn't support the Chicano movement; they just went along with it. In fact, taking over the Administration Building in 1971 was accomplished by about twenty students, period. All the rest joined in [as] merely a reaction against the police, not in support of the movement. As far as the staff, they stayed out of it. The faculty — there were some who got into it, basically because of ACLU [American Civil Liberties Union] support [for] the movement at that time, but it was a small group. As far as my participation in it, I was the only Chicano who stood against the activists. And I stood against them not because I disagreed with them, but because I didn't like their tactics. I feel that violence is always the last resort.

It was my belief at the time that [the Chicano activists] weren't trying to communicate. In 1971 they posed five or six demands. Now one of the demands was illegal according to state law, so there was no way the University would comply. The second demand had already [been met]. The administration gave in on the others. I thought that was a great victory. The vice president for student affairs, whose title is now dean of students, went over there to tell them in writing, "Okay, you've won. We're giving in on these three. We can't give you this one, and this one you already have." He went to the Administration Building, because they had occupied it. Just as he started to give it to them, they tore the stack of papers out of his hands, tore them up, and threw them up in the air. Then they wouldn't leave the building. So what else could they do? They called the police, and it got to be a big mess.

Later on I spoke to one of the leaders, and I said, "Why did you do this, when you had won?" He said, "You don't understand, stupid. We didn't want to win. We wanted the issue; we wanted the publicity." At that point they became my enemies. If you can settle problems through communication in a nice way, I'm all for it, but I won't deal with people who are out to do violence. It hurt me as a Chicano to have to take a

stand against Chicanos. But now we think alike. Now they know that the way to get things is through legalities, through MALDEF [Mexican-American Legal Defense and Education Fund], through communication, by getting people inside the system and changing it from within, rather than trying to attack it from without.

Here at UTEP activism began to subside about 1975, because the popularity of demonstrations went down. It was replaced by the stupidity of streaking, which lasted a week or so. Those times also brought the new generation dean. They got rid of the father-in-absence, mother-in-absence deans, the nice people who wanted to talk. And they brought in people like me, people who are half lawyers, half politicians, half police.

You've got to be a glutton for punishment, you've got to be slightly insane, to want to be a dean of students. There are three really horrible jobs on the campus: One is being the president of the University, the second one is being the athletic director, and third one is being the dean of students. If I knew then what I know now, I wouldn't have accepted the job. My life has been threatened more times than I like to mention. It's taken its toll on me. As staff, we don't have tenure. You screw up once big, and that's it, you're gone. I was kidding around once, and I told Dr. [Arleigh B.] Templeton* I wanted tenure. And Dr. Templeton, who was president before Dr. [Haskell] Monroe*, said, "Joe, the only tenure you have is ten seconds to get the hell off my campus when I tell you to get off." He and I used to talk like that. I really loved the man.

As a student and as a dean, I've been associated with UTEP for twenty years, and more and more I feel it truly represents a bilingual, bicultural community that reflects El Paso. I think that's healthy, because we do serve El Paso. In my opinion, UTEP, in enrolling Hispanics and getting them degrees and professional jobs, has done more for the social and economic advancement of Chicanos than any other thing in El Paso.

I have nothing against high standards. I think UTEP has high standards; I think it should have high standards. But I think those high standards should be in the classroom. What I am against is high standards in the admissions process, because I call that elitism, which denies people an opportunity to try. I think it's a racist notion to keep out people with the admissions process. They may not be aware of it but, realistically, higher standards in admissions, high entrance exam scores, will systematically weed out Chicanos from going to universities, and universities

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are the one thing that we need to advance ourselves. I think anybody — not just Chicanos, but anybody — should have a right to be admitted, and then put them through hell in the classroom. And if they don't make it, flunk 'em out. I guarantee you there'll be some who make it. Those are the ones that should get that opportunity to try.

I love that student body. Nobody knows the students better than I do. I mean, I was one of them; I grew up with them; I taught them in the public schools; I've cried with them; I've gotten drunk with them. I know them. They're El Paso for the most part, and I know El Paso.

Interviewed by Kenneth A. LaPrade, November 28, 1984, El Paso.

They sent me a letter telling me that I should live in the dorm so I could get the experience of being away from home. They sent the letter to Vietnam!

Dennis Bixler-Marquez

Student, 1968-1973

Faculty, 1978-Present

I was born in Mexico City in 1945. My father was American; my mother was Mexican, from Torreon. In 1959 I came to the United States. I started school in a special English program at Father Yermo School and then transferred to a regular program. I went to El Paso Technical, a vocational high school. I was very attracted to automobiles, so I took body repair. Instead of playing sports, I spent most of my time working on cars. When I graduated from high school I worked in the automotive parts business for about a year and a half. Then I was drafted.

I spent all of 1966 and 1967 in the army. I volunteered for service in Vietnam just to see what it was like. Then I got tired of Vietnam, and I told them I wanted to go back to the States, and they said, "Too bad!" So I stayed eight months in Vietnam. I was assigned to an infantry unit as a mechanic. When I was discharged from the army, I decided to attend UTEP. They sent me a letter telling me that I should live in the dorm so I could get the experience of being away from home. They sent the letter to Vietnam!

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I started attending UTEP in the spring of 1968. I completed a Bachelor of Arts in political science and Spanish in 1971. I just crossed the street from the Liberal Arts [Building] and enrolled in a special master's program in education. I worked when I was in college. Even though I had the GI Bill, I had a part-time job, again as an auto mechanic. When I first came, there were a lot of people who had gone into the service and were using the GI Bill to come back, so the University grew by leaps and bounds. Given the percentage of Mexican-Americans that are veterans, you could see a tremendous increase [in] them coming into school. Most of the male students from my high school finished college after having gone through the service. Few of [us] came straight through after high school.

There was a definite shift in the composition of the University because of the Vietnam War. Certainly the University was polarized like the rest of the nation, in terms of the groups for and against the war. I often compare what I went through with what colleagues of mine went through at Berkeley, where they were highly politicized. [Their experience] reflects very strongly in what and how they teach. Because I came back as a veteran, perhaps with more conservative values, it took me quite a while to accept the movements.

[At UTEP there was] nothing approaching the magnitude of a San Francisco State or Columbia or Berkeley, but you [did] have the ethnic renaissance movement growing tremendously. This was also in the midst of the civil rights movement. The black group was very vocal and active, and so was the Mexican-American group. And we had the beginnings of the feminist movement on campus, which had been very late in blossoming here. While most other institutions established ethnic studies programs in that period of time, Women's Studies was instituted here [in the early 1980s], so that gives you an idea. Certainly there were feminists around, but they didn't have the following in this conservative university, as opposed to West Coast universities.

I was involved with MAPA, the Mexican-American Political Association. I was also involved with other groups, such as the Society for the Advancement of Education, where we were trying to bring about change through educational means. We were identifying kids in high school who wanted to go to college, and we would give them the SAT sample test early. We were hoping to attract these people into college preparatory

courses so they could succeed. At the same time, through MAPA I was involved in things like voter registration drives. And at the very first year of my graduate program, we had MEChA [Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlán] taking over the Administration Building.

MEChA operated under the concept of the University belonging to the people of the city. If you are a potential college student or an adult and you are not necessarily enrolled in UTEP, that would not preclude you from being in MEChA. What you have to understand is that MEChA and other organizations were also redefining whether bona fide university organizations should be exclusively made up of students or should be broadly based in the community, which was something not palatable to the administration.

What was wanted at the time were changes in the curriculum of the University to reflect the ethnic composition of the area, [especially] the establishment of a Chicano Studies major, just like you have Black Studies or Urban Studies in other universities. Though MEChA took the initiative and certainly paid the price — some members were incarcerated — what the Chicano movement was trying to bring about was the legitimization of our cultural values and traditions by mainstreaming that into the body of knowledge that we transmit. And naturally when you're talking about that, you're rocking the educational establishment.

Along with that, MEChA and other organizations were saying, "We're not servicing students who are linguistically different." One of the things that MEChA brought about which had not been done, and they wanted it not just for Mexican-Americans but for every other group that needed it, was a tutorial center. They wrote up a proposal and obtained some monies to provide things like remedial English, mathematics, [and] tutors. This is something the University had not acted upon, even though most major universities had such programs in operation. The University eventually took over the program, and [now it] is a very important academic service that's provided to all students who need it, regardless of ethnic background.

You can see the changes in many things, for example, the type of music that's in the jukebox. One of the things that MEChA and other organizations said, "Well, we should have [the same] right to decide what kind of records are going to be in the jukebox." Now everybody takes it for granted. Also, the type of food that's served [was an issue]. Now you have

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Roman numeral one that says "American Food," and under that you have Swedish meatballs and spaghetti and all the other ethnic foods that are not big enough to merit their own Roman numerals because there are not enough Swedes at UTEP. And then there's this whole other area that says "Mexican Food." You have a great deal of crossover. So the average non-Hispanic at UTEP is very much exposed to various aspects of Hispanic culture, whether it be food, music, or cultural entertainment.

You always tend to remember some of the very good teachers you had. Still teaching here in the Mathematics Department is Jesus Provencio, who went out of his way to develop courses and special seminars for people who had difficulties in mathematics, especially if you had difficulties with the language. He was the advisor of the Society for the Advancement of Education that I was affiliated with, so I got to know him well, and I still very much appreciate his commitment to students. I took a course called "The Education of the Mexican-American" under a very good friend and colleague of mine, Dr. Marie Barker, and that eventually influenced me to go into the field of bilingual education, which was a novelty. And then at the master's level, I had Dr. Tomas Arciniega, who is now the president of Cal State-Bakersfield. He was very influential, [as were] several of the faculty here in the Department of Education.

I went through a very innovative two-year master's program [at UTEP]. We were required to work twenty hours a week in the community. We ran into some [problems with] the school system. We had confrontations over curriculum and so forth, and those had a tremendous impact in the views I developed toward what education should be and who should control it. When I went to Stanford, I was able to get a job over people who had been there a year or two because of the credentials that I acquired in the program at UTEP. So the experiences I had at UTEP very much contributed to my success later on in my doctoral program and also in securing employment, so I could afford to be in a doctoral program.

The University has always been a socioeconomic escalator, but it's become more accessible to a broader percentage of the population, especially people who, because of their sex or ethnic or socioeconomic background, had been tracked away [from] that social escalator almost from the first day they hit the public schools. It's not such an elitist concept anymore. Unfortunately there is a [backlash] at the present to move toward

some type of elitist [policy]. But I think that it will never go back to the way it was when it was very much the exclusive domain of the middle class.

That is the thing that impresses me the most, because it means that the University is responding. Perhaps not at the rate which everyone desires, but nevertheless [UTEP] has made some changes to meet some of the needs of the community. The composition of the student body has changed. It's not that anyone has been supplanted. It's not [that] one group came at the expense of another, but rather that we [have added] to the diversity of the school. And that to me was something very healthy and very desirable, because this represents precisely some of the things we were working for in the late sixties and early seventies. When you see them closer to realization fourteen years later, you do get a [strong sense] of satisfaction. You don't feel that it was all done in vain.

Interviewed by Randy Scott Hedrick, November 27, 1984, El Paso.

Everyone was streaking. . . . I remember a very old man riding on top of a car going through the main campus, and on his briefcase, which was shielding his important parts, was a bumper sticker that said "I'm proud to be a grandpa."

Thomas F. Meagher

Student, 1972-1977, 1981-1985

I grew up in Las Cruces and moved to the big city, El Paso, upon graduation from Las Cruces High School in 1972. [Before making a decision] I went for an interview at UNM [the University of New Mexico]. I also went to Tucson or Phoenix. The people there were extremely rude when you asked for the catalog and asked about their program. When I came down to UTEP, it was like — "Please come here." I got so much literature and so much help. It was only forty miles away, so I thought, "You can't pass it up."

At the time we were experiencing a nursing shortage in the country. The tuition for nurses [at UTEP] was fifty dollars a semester. You could get your college education for fifty dollars a semester. That was really great. The other attraction was the band. I got called by the person who was running the band at the time, and he said, "Would you like to come on a scholarship?" I said, "Well, I'm a nursing major." He said, "That's all right. You have to do your first two years [on the main campus]. We'll give you a band scholarship to come on down and play in the band."

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I played the tuba. It's worth money to someone to have you carry it around. I said, "Sure, you bet!" So I came down and went on a scholarship at UTEP for the first two years, playing the tuba and doing my prenursing courses.

[I got interested in nursing after] a personal situation where I came across an individual who needed a lot of medical assistance. She was having a seizure. No one, including me, knew what to do for this person. I really got the urge at that time, [which] was my last year of high school, that I didn't want to be in such a situation ever again, when I didn't know what to do for someone who needed help. I decided at that time to start looking into nursing schools. My parents didn't think much of it. My parents wanted you to go into a "manly" profession or go into the army. They thought it was strange that I wanted to be a nurse. But they learned to accept it. Now they're very glad they did.

So I started UTEP in September of 1972. It was the first semester that the dorms went coed. It was just prior to them authorizing you to have alcohol in the dorms. So a lot of time and energy was spent on how to get it in and out. [It was] a lot of fun. I remember a keg party we had in the dorm room one weekend. We snuck the keg up, snuck the ice in, and had a keg party in the dorm room. It was [daring], because if you got caught you'd be out of Kelly Hall real quick.

I remember the football team; it wasn't very good at the time. I remember the fans singing "Bye, Bye, Bobby" in the stands, because Bobby Dobbs was the coach at that time. [The band] went on trips to play [at] football games. In fact, I met my wife on one of those trips to Tucson. The band now is much more formal. The band then was a rowdy group. I remember we used to dance in the stands and carry on. We used to do picture shows and theme marching shows. We'd go from one picture on the field, which might be a Mexican hat, to another picture, which might be a pair of castanets. It seemed to be "helter skelter" between one picture and another. Organized confusion might be a better way of describing it. It was just a lot of fun. It got me through my first years in college.

Of the forty-three who graduated [in my nursing class], there were only three males. [Male enrollment hasn't] ranged any higher than 10 percent of the program. And that's true in the profession today; it's a 95 percent female profession. We weren't treated any differently as far as

I could see. [I was] just another student in the class who was working hard. It was a difficult program to get through. [There was] a lot of studying, a lot of clinical time, just a lot of work. They didn't recommend that you have a part-time job while going to school, because it could jeopardize your success. It didn't stop me, though. I had two part-time jobs and got married and had a kid, all [while] I was going through nursing school.

Hotel Dieu [Hospital] used to have a three-year diploma program, [which] was run by the Daughters of Charity. It was the Hotel Dieu School of Nursing, a very respected school throughout the country. The sisters ran it. Then the sisters sold the school to The University of Texas System. It became part of the [U.T.] System School of Nursing. There were many campuses of the system school at that time. Then about 1976 the System School of Nursing dissolved into regional campuses. What was then the system school [in El Paso] became The University of Texas at El Paso College of Nursing. A few years ago [in 1980] it became the College of Nursing and Allied Health.

We spent a lot of time in the library, which was then located [downtown] at the College of Nursing. [It] saved you a lot of work but made it really parochial, in that nursing students were down at the college and distant from the UTEP main campus. Now the college [library is] in the main University Library, so all the students have to go up there and are more integrated into [UTEP].

There was a lot of clinical time in various hospitals. [At the college] there's a "Sim" [simulation] lab which has been nationally recognized as one of the best equipped Sim labs for nursing instruction in the country. They have mannequins and a mock hospital setup where you practice your clinical skills. Eileen Jacoby was the dean of the college at that time. She was and is a worldwide nursing leader. The one classic instructor at the college was a lady named [Dorothy] Dee Corona, an excellent nurse and smart educator. Spend one class with her, and you've got a role model for nursing. She was excellent.

During the period when the system was transitioning over to UTEP, there was a lot of fear over whether nursing education would go back [to giving] doctors control. There were marches around the school with placards that said "Save our School!" A delegation went to Austin to fight the dissolving of the system. They [feared] that by being decentralized they would lose the power of a [state-wide] system.

Back in 1971-72 there were the so-called "riots" at UTEP. I don't think anybody who was actually on campus thought they were really riots. There were people who were out there talking about "Viva La Raza" and that kind of thing, but they were mostly very peaceful people who were trying to voice their feelings. However, there were [people] on the roofs snapping pictures, and everyone would come out of the SUB [Student Union Building] and watch, which added to the masses of the people and to the anxiety of the administration. No one was really doing anything except watch a bunch of people speak, but there was a big concern. It was funny to watch the nightly news at the time and hear about the "riots" at UTEP. You'd say, "What riot? Was I there today?" There really wasn't [a riot], but that's what they were talking about.

In '73 or '74 we had a rash of streaking. Everyone was streaking. We had a guy who streaked the band hall. Also I think there was somebody who streaked the Sun Bowl that year, from one end to the other. I remember a very old man riding on top of a car going through the main campus, and on his briefcase, which was shielding his important parts, was a bumper sticker that said "I'm proud to be a grandpa." He was riding down University Avenue on top of the car, right in front of the Liberal Arts Building. I think all the students saw it in perspective, as a big joke, as something that's part of college life — "Hey, what's the big deal?" It was something to laugh at and have fun with. But of course the administration had to assume a more authoritarian role. I believe they were threatening to throw people out of school if they got caught streaking. I don't think they needed to throw them out; the embarrassment alone of being caught [should be sufficient punishment]. But it was all in good fun.

I graduated in '77 and went back in '81 to work on my master's. I got that in '85. Now I'm an assistant administrator here at Thomason [Hospital], and I teach at the graduate level in the College of Nursing. I've spent my whole nursing career in El Paso. Whether it's critical care or pediatrics or geriatrics, when everybody else is gone, when the doctor's at home, it's the nurse who's at the bedside. From birth to death and from wellness to illness, it's the nurse who's the true primary care giver. It's fun to be the angel with the lamp, even as a male.

Interviewed by Charles H. Martin, September 25, 1989, El Paso.

When I got elected there actually was a Prospector reporter who said, "Do you think you're going to be able to keep order in council, being a woman?" I told him, "Well, . . . I can bang that gavel as loud as anybody."

Luz Villegas

Student, 1977-82

I was born in Chicago and lived there until I was nine years old. My father came from Mexico, and he had a job working with a carpet factory. On a visit to El Paso he met my mother. They got married and went back to Chicago. We came back here for health reasons. My brother had asthma, and back then doctors recommended a move to a warm climate. Since my mother was originally from El Paso, we came here.

I went to school at Jefferson High School, which is down on Alameda Street. My two main activities were journalism — I was on the yearbook staff — and debate. My brother and I, who are twins, were a debate team. Neither of my parents had [much] formal education. I was the first one in my family to receive a [college] degree, but if it wasn't for a very concerned sociology teacher in high school, [I might not have gone]. He did his part to try to get a lot of the Hispanic students at Jefferson High School to go to college.

I remember he showed up one day in class [with] a stack of UTEP applications. He came up to me and said, "You've got the grades; you're going

to college." He handed me an application and said, "Fill this out and send it in." It's almost embarrassing for me to admit it, but that's how I ended up in college. I really didn't have any plans to go, despite the fact that I had done well in high school. When you come from a family [where no one] has had any kind of college education, and you grow up in an area — South El Paso — where not very many people have a college education, [you don't think about going to college]. I wish I knew where he was now. I'm very grateful to him.

I graduated in 1977 and started at UTEP in the fall. It was a big change. You have to remember I went to Jefferson High School, which is probably 98 percent Hispanic. Having grown up in a predominantly Hispanic neighborhood, coming to UTEP was actually a cultural shock for me. I was very concerned about doing well in college. My first year at UTEP was really very quiet, and I spent many, many hours in the library. It wasn't until my sophomore year that I started to get involved in other things; that's when my brother and I joined the debate team. That took up quite a bit of our time. We enjoyed it, because our tournaments were in other cities, mostly in the Southwest. Back then [our coach] was Professor [William D.] Elkins. Dr. Roy Gentry was the assistant coach.

One of our fellow debaters, Victor Castillo, was forming a ticket to run for the student council. This just happened to be a mostly Chicano ticket. A lot of the members of the ticket were [from] the MEChA [Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlán] organization. It was by chance that I ended up on their ticket, [since] at the end he realized that he had no women on the ticket. I was a fellow debater, and he just happened to ask whether I might be interested in running for student council, because he needed a girl's name on his ticket.

I was elected to the student council for the following year, which would have been my junior year. Eddie Forkerway, a football player, was president. The following year we formed a ticket, the ACTION ticket, where Luis Patino was the presidential [candidate], and I was running for internal affairs vice president. We had a very big campaign. We had posters; we had campaign photos. *The Prospector* went as far as putting out a special campaign issue that dealt with nothing but the candidates. We were very successful in that three of our four officer candidates got into office.

I remember that when I got elected there actually was a *Prospector* reporter who said, "Do you think you're going to be able to keep order in council, being a woman?" I told him, "Well, I'm very familiar with parliamentary procedures, and I can bang that gavel as loud as anybody." The very first year that I ran for student council, the ticket was primarily a MEChA ticket. If I'm not mistaken that was the last time we ever saw a purely Chicano ticket involved in student government [elections]. There were a good portion of sorority and fraternity students on the tickets [in subsequent years], but they weren't composed completely of them. We knew that if we could get a diverse ticket it would be easier to get into office. If we got an engineering student on our ticket, he'd be pushing [our group] at the Engineering Building. The liberal arts people would be pushing in the Liberal Arts Building. That was the way to get elected. Most of the tickets were very diverse; it was a marketing strategy.

That year [interest in student government] was big, because that's the time that we had the controversy over the budget cuts that Reagan was implementing, which were going to affect our financial aid. Simultaneously on the state level we were also facing increases in tuition. We saw the financial aid cuts as affecting our student body very significantly, because [a high percentage] of our student body at that time was receiving some sort of financial aid. We fought the tuition increases as hard as we could.

At the end of the year, May of '81, I was graduating and had not quite decided what I was going to do. Having an interest in public administration and law, I decided to hang around an extra year and take some additional classes [and run for student council president]. I believe I was the first [female] internal affairs vice president. People were aware that if I were elected I would be the first female student body president, and it was certainly covered by *The Prospector*. But it never became an issue as far as campaigning. I got elected SA president, and I started in June, 1981. One of my personal goals was to unify the student association again. That was one of the things that I did manage to accomplish; I felt very good about that.

We concentrated a lot on trying to provide services on campus. The File-a-Book program [was one of our accomplishments]. It had been in existence for a long time, but we finally got a full-time person to work all day long. File-a-Book is a program whereby students can take their

used books, put them on file at the office, and other students could purchase that book. It was a good alternative to buying books, regardless of whether they were used or new, at the book store. They could usually buy a used book at File-a-Book at an even lower price than they could at the book store. We had a Share-a-Ride program, and this year was the first time that we had a computerized program. During registration we had a table available where the students could fill out information as to when they arrived on campus and when they left. Then we were feeding this into a computer and trying to match them with other students. We had this before, but this was the first year we had computerized it.

The fall semester of 1981 we increased the library hours, because we had heard [complaints] about how you couldn't even study [there] during finals. President [Haskell] Monroe* was supportive; the library staff was supportive; everyone was very supportive. We increased the hours, [which] took effect the week before finals and continued through the [end] of finals. Focusing on our goal of helping commuter students, we decided to sponsor a car maintenance workshop. It was held at Ysleta Vocational High School [and] was free. Everything that we did was free to students, since it was student money that we were using to fund these little activities. We put together an apartment referral [guide]. This was aimed at our older student population, students who were married and no longer living at home. All of these were firsts.

Dr. Monroe came from Texas A&M [University]. We spent the first year that he was here explaining what the student body was like. We are a commuter campus, whereas a significant portion of A&M students live on campus. They were very rich in tradition, whereas we lacked some of that tradition. When Dr. Monroe came, he wanted that tradition, that pride [at UTEP]. He was the one who started the tradition of convocations here at UTEP. We had an ice cream social before the convocation, trying to get [students] to attend. That was also about the time we changed the school colors. Dr. Monroe had set up a special committee to look into changing the colors. I was on the committee. Before they had been orange and white. We added the blue, so that the official colors became Miner orange, Columbia blue, [and white].

One of the controversies that we had with the administration that year was [over scholarships]. The administration decided that students receiving academic scholarships had to complete thirty hours within their first [two]

semesters. That was a very big controversy; the entire student association was against it. We said, "We see nothing wrong with giving them a full calendar year," which would mean they would be able to use the summer sessions to fulfill that thirty-hour requirement their first year. We fought that very hard, and the administration won out. We didn't forget that loss.

Towards the end of the year, we had a very unfortunate incident. Phil Holt was a nontraditional student. After high school he had served time in the military, and then he had come back to school. He was a senior engineering student [with] high grades, the ideal student, and he got killed on his way to an engineering convention in an automobile accident. We decided to set up a scholarship in Phil's name. The [main] requirement was that [the recipient] be a nontraditional student, one who after graduating from high school had been out of academics for at least a year. The other requirement was that he fulfill thirty hours in one *calendar* year. That was our little contribution to helping the nontraditional student.

Student demonstrations [were rare]. The one that comes to mind was the Iranian one. The Iranian students' group decided to have a demonstration out at the Student Union courtyard. The veterans' group, which was Chi Gamma Iota, had gotten wind of that, and they didn't like it. They thought [it] was somewhat un-American. You have to recall the Iranian students' position at that time. Their funds had been frozen. They couldn't pay for their tuition; they couldn't pay for their housing; they couldn't pay for anything. The university took special measures to provide for them because of that. But they decided to have their demonstration outside the Union.

I was there just as an observer. There were a few people yelling things at the Iranian students, and it just got worse and worse. When the demonstration ended, people started running after them. They dropped everything and started running for their lives. They ran around the Student Union Building to one of the staff entrances to the cafeteria. They kept going from door to door, and that was the first door that they found open. We got the police out there, [but] the students wouldn't leave. They were angry at those Iranian students. After a while it finally calmed down. As far as actual demonstrations, that was the only [one] that I can think of during the time that I was here. Things had calmed down a lot. We caught the tail end of [streaking]. I think it might have been my freshman

year when I saw a streaker. We were having one of the Homecoming parades, and there was a streaker running through it. That's the [only one] I remember.

I have very fond memories of UTEP. They [include] the pride that I felt winning those debate trophies and bringing them back to UTEP. That was a good feeling, because I remember going to debate tournaments where people would say, "What's a UTEP?" [I'm proud of] the university having such a unique student body, being a bicultural and a commuter campus. You meet a lot of interesting people here. It is very different from a lot of universities. It's not going to be like your A&Ms or your Texas Techs. It's very, very unique.

Interviewed by Charles H. Martin, October 22, 1989, El Paso.

Every year that I was here we won the [NCAA] team championship. . . . UTEP was the school to be reckoned with.

Milton Ottey

Student, 1980-1985, 1989-1990

I was born in Jamaica and moved to Toronto, Canada, when I was ten years old. I attended several high schools and graduated in 1979. I've been told that I could have been an athlete [in any sport] I wanted, whether football, basketball, or volleyball, or whatever in track and field. Since I excelled in the high jump, I kept with it. I sent letters off to various universities in the fall of '78. One went off to [the University of] California, Berkeley. John Wedell, who was the assistant coach there, got in touch with me. I chose not to take a scholarship that year [because] I wanted to train for the 1980 Olympics. Unfortunately, [Canada] boycotted. I got back to Wedell and found out that he had moved to El Paso. He quickly got back in touch with me and brought me down for a visit.

The only time I'd ever heard of El Paso was in the westerns. When the plane landed, I couldn't see the city [through the window]. All I saw was desert and tumbleweeds. My image was, "This is in the desert!" After the plane turned around, I started breathing a little easier when I saw the city. It was a bit scary, because you're talking to someone who's used to green: green trees, green grass. It was a big difference. I liked the campus, and I liked the architecture. I think I adapted well to El Paso.

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I enjoyed Mexican [food]. I like hot spicy things; that's a Caribbean part of me. Other than the fact that I missed home, I didn't really find El Paso all that bad, although it was boring unless you had a car.

I arrived here in the fall of 1980. I came here because I wanted to be the best. I saw the plaques, the trophies, and the people that were here. There was no doubt in my mind that if I came here I would be the best. I had a good coach [in] John Wedell, who taught me a lot. The first year I took second in the NCAA indoor track and field [championships] and second outdoors. The fall of the second year, I improved tremendously. I won at the end of 1982 about twenty-six straight [meets] and received the number one ranking in the world. The following year in February I broke my leg. That curtailed things. Fortunately for me, less than four or five months afterwards, I was back in stiff competition. I placed ninth at the world championship in Helsinki in August of 1983.

When I came to UTEP, Ted Banks* was the head coach, John Wedell was the assistant, and Collin Thurton was a graduate assistant. John took care of my program. On the other hand, Ted was more concerned with the distance runners. But as head coach, he made the decisions. Ted liked to go foreign because it was a field that was untapped. For instance, we had the Tanzanian connection. Apparently [children] there run from their houses to school, so it's a natural process. El Paso is very much like Tanzania, from what I hear. UTEP was the foreign pipeline.

Now the ironic thing about the whole situation was that schools that were against UTEP, UCLA for instance, when they were tops, they won with numerous foreign athletes also. But because they weren't winning, all of the sudden they became xenophobes. We looked at that as being sour grapes. Ted would get T-shirts made up every time we won a championship. As soon as it was announced that we'd won the title, we'd all put on these T-shirts. It would say, "U.T. El Paso — NCAA Champions" for that year, and on the back it would say, "Don't be a Xenophobe." As I saw it, we're all athletes once you put the shoes on.

I held many track records: UTEP records, Canadian records, Commonwealth records, the NCAA record. But as for my own personal goals, I don't try to set any. I just try to jump as high as I can. At the Olympic Games [in 1984] in Los Angeles, I placed sixth, representing Canada. My best year afterwards was 1986. That year I won the unofficial world high jump championships. I won the Canadian Championships, and in

July I jumped 7'7 3/4", which is my career best. I went on to win the Commonwealth Games. The Commonwealth Games are for the ex-British Colonies and have been around for years. I won in 1982; I won in 1986. [The 1982 Games] were held in Brisbane, Australia. Bert Cameron, myself, Suleiman Nyambui, and all the Africans [from UTEP] were there. If we had totaled the amount of medals that were won by UTEP athletes, we would have won the Games [as a team], on the medal count.

Bert Cameron and I are very good friends. We understand each other, because we are from the same island [Jamaica]. And that to me was a plus for UTEP, because I had somebody I could relate to. Bert is a wild guy. He's like a kid, but he could run like a horse. Bert was very, very successful. He won several NCAA [championships] while at UTEP. [He was] number one in the world in 1982. In 1983, world champion, and 1984 would have been his greatest year. He was the favorite for the gold medal [in the Olympics]. But about 100 meters into the [qualifying] race, he grabbed his hamstring and came to a complete stop. Everybody else was at least fifty yards ahead of him. He got back running and ran so hard to qualify. In a 400 you don't come to a dead stop and then do that. But he qualified. Unfortunately, he hurt his hamstring so badly that he could not even walk the next day [and missed the finals]. I really felt it for Bert, because I knew he had the gold medal.

[Suleiman] Nyambui is a man I respect a great deal. He has many titles, [including] a silver medal in the '80 Olympics. He was down to earth and was still living in the dorms. He spoke to everybody, although half the time you couldn't understand what he was saying. He's a joy to be with. It was a great asset for me to have Nyambui. I still respect him; I wish the man could run forever. Nyambui is a great person away from the track. He helped [many of] his fellow countrymen to better themselves.

UTEP had a unique opportunity. You had so many people in one [location]: the Mexicans, the Canadians, the Caribbeans, the Africans. You see that there is a difference and that your own perspective on things is not necessarily the [only] way. So you learn about different cultures. I've seen these guys, the Africans, cook things. You taste the [food], and it's good. So it opens up your mind to different cultures, to different things.

Every year that I was here we won an [NCAA] team championship. Pontiac, Michigan, 1981, we won it indoors. Outdoors we won it in Baton Rouge. In '82 we won [outdoors] in Provo, Utah, hands down. UTEP

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was the school to be reckoned with. Once we walked on the turf with our uniforms on, everybody knew who we were. There was a sense of pride with this team. The pride of the team was so great you didn't want to let the team down. You wanted to do your job to the best of your ability, because all we had then was ourselves. We did not feel any support from the University [or] the community. I think they got so used to us winning that they took it for granted.

This might sound a bit bitter, because I did feel bitterness at the time. The basketball team won one championship in 1966, and that's all we heard about. "Texas Western 1966 Champion." Here we are; we've won triple crowns; we won mega NCAA championships. Nobody wanted to say, "Hey, way to go." One thing stood out. We went back to Pontiac, Michigan, in [March], 1982, indoors, and we came back with the NCAA championship. And that's the same year that the Miner basketball team did not get invited to [the NCAA Tournament or] the NIT. And there was such a big ruckus about it that the community threw them a parade down Mesa [Street]. And here we are coming in that evening with an NCAA [championship] trophy, and what we're hearing about is a parade that's been thrown for the basketball team because they did not make [a postseason tournament]!

Many people say you can do both [sports and academics, but] it is a hard job. I was an elite athlete. Many of the athletes here were [among the] elite. I'd be on the track from two o'clock until six-thirty working. Then I had to go back to the dorms, eat, study, catch a good night's sleep, and then get up and go to class the next morning. When you're traveling, you leave here Friday. If you have a doubleheader, which can range from Los Angeles to New York to El Paso, [you still] have to get up for class Monday morning. It takes its toll.

Track became my number one focus. I should have concentrated on the classes that I was taking to insure that I graduated. A lot of the kids out there think that just because you're an athlete on scholarship you get special privileges. What they don't understand is that the classes I missed, I had to get the notes for them. I had to make up the test that I missed. So my job is twice as hard. It's two full-time jobs carried out at the same time. It can be done, but sacrifices have to be made. You've got to know what you want.

Now we have a good coach here, a good staff, and we have an interest in building the program and in doing the best job we possibly can with the athletes we have. I think right now we have a very good team. Most of them are here from El Paso, and they're very talented kids, and they all want to work hard. I feel they know that the coaches are now interested in [them as] a person as well as an athlete and a student. That's the image we're trying to project, because we want them to graduate. I personally don't want anyone to be like me. I wish I had finished my education years ago, but unfortunately track had taken a presence in my life where I could make a living out of it. I got to see half of the world without paying for it. Not everybody is capable of doing that. If you can, all the more power to you, but please I hope everybody gets their education.

Interviewed by Charles H. Martin, October 3, 1989, El Paso.

I'm awfully glad they talked me into going, because [receiving the first doctoral degree granted by UTEP] is a milestone that I would not have missed. The feeling was fantastic.

Gary Massingill

Student, 1975-1979

My father was a farmer in Snyder, Texas, and had an eighth grade education. In our family there weren't many people that had an educational background beyond high school, so there wasn't a great push to put me into college. I graduated from Snyder High School in 1964. I had fairly good grades, but I didn't have great study habits.

When I got to college I didn't do so well. I started at Howard County Junior College in Big Spring. I partied a bit, which didn't make my father any more impressed with the idea that I should continue to go to school. They asked for a major, and I went ahead and [selected] geology. There was a professor by the name of Thackery. He had worked for Texaco, and he really developed a desire on my part to continue [with geology]. My grades weren't all that good, except for geology and a few other subjects. I almost had to fight my father to continue in school.

I went to West Texas State in Canyon, which is about fifteen miles south of Amarillo. My grades still [weren't] great. I had a desire to go to college, but that was not the only thing on my mind. I graduated with my bachelor's degree in May, 1969. In December I went into officer training

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school in San Antonio. I spent three and a half years in the Air Force and got out at the rank of captain.

When I got out, I decided I wanted to go back to school for two reasons. One is I had the GI Bill, and I felt that was a good opportunity. The second reason was that my undergraduate grades were bad. [I] decided that I would try to improve them, and that's the reason why I elected to go back to the same school — West Texas State — in 1972. I spent three years [there] and graduated in 1975 with my master's degree in geology. I had a [straight A] grade average. In terms of rounding me out as a geologist, I really feel like that those years were good. It was a small enough school that they really gave their students extra attention. It was a very enjoyable time for me.

[In the 1970s] things began to look better for geologists, [since] the energy problem had arisen. I had thought about going on for a [Ph.D.]. I had developed a good relationship with Exxon. The year I graduated [the company] was really pushing me hard to go work for them. [They] said, "We want you. You don't need a doctorate." But I was telling them I did want one. Frank Daugherty, who was a professor at West Texas State, was my mentor. He was also a good friend of mine, and he knew [W.N.] McAnulty* of The University of Texas at El Paso. One of the better schools in geology was The University of Texas at Austin, but I never really had a great desire to go there. I liked smaller schools. [UTEP had] a new Ph.D. program, and I thought it would be a good place to get more personalized attention. I wanted that, rather than just being one of hundreds. When I found out that Frank [Daugherty] knew McAnulty and highly recommended [him], I said, "I think I'll give this a try."

McAnulty was more or less the old man of the university at that time. He wasn't the director, but he carried a lot of clout. I think McAnulty's name would be right at the front of the list [of people] who were instrumental in getting that [doctoral] program going. I allotted myself a three-year program, [but] for some reason everyone else allotted me more like a four- or five-year program. I pushed real hard, saying, "Let's get this thing done." On the other hand, they would say, "What's your hurry?" There were five doctoral students while I was there. K.C. Evans was [one] of them; she was working in uranium. Michael Shayphest was a paleontologist. There were no foreign students at that time in the doctoral program.

It seemed like they changed the rules on us every once in a while. We'd be going along, and they would have some kind of meeting and say, "Maybe we need to require this instead [of another course]" and end up deciding to change the requirements. All in all, I feel like it was really a gain for me, [because] I got a really strong background. That background is because of all the tough requirements that they laid on us while we were there.

School was just great, in most cases. [The program] was growing. They didn't always know what they really wanted everyone to do; they were still trying to figure out [a new program]. I think McAnulty was able to smooth over some of the problems. We took a written exam for a whole day [after finishing our coursework], and then you ended up with a half-day oral examination on anything and everything they wanted to ask us. There were only two of us taking both tests the first time, myself and K.C. Evans. The field of geology is quite diverse, but they could ask you anything they wanted to. [It] ended up being quite strenuous. But somehow we managed to struggle through it.

I managed to get funding for my dissertation through the New Mexico Bureau of Mines and Mineral Resources in Socorro. As a matter of fact, the university decided that since I was getting my funding there and actually doing a lot of my work there, [I needed] an off-campus advisor. [So they chose] Chuck Chapin at the New Mexico Bureau. Both McAnulty and Chapin reviewed my dissertation. That got to be pretty interesting, because they had different styles of writing. Before it was over with, my [awkward passages] had long since been corrected, so they were [mostly] changing each other's changes. This was pre-word processor days. There was a woman at the bureau that was assigned to me for typing, and she typed the [manuscript] a *number* of times. Finally I went to McAnulty and said, "Something's got to give here." So he relented.

[The dissertation] was about 300 pages long. It was a fairly detailed geologic map and structural interpretation of the earth around Magdalena, New Mexico, which is about forty miles west of Socorro. This was an area that is structurally very interesting. There is a fissure that runs right through the center of New Mexico — the Rio Grande Rift. It's a position where the Continental Plate is being ripped apart and is spreading. It's also on the southeastern [edge] of the Colorado Plateau. It had some uranium, coal, and oil potential, so there was some good mapping that needed to be done there.

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I finished almost everything there was to do with the dissertation before I left the bureau. I took a job in Corpus Christi in January, 1979, but the degree was not conferred until the following semester. I went through the graduation, [but] I would have been willing to skip [it]. I have never been a very ceremonious person; I even missed my high school prom. But [my professors] more or less told me, "You ought to be there." I'm awfully glad they talked me into going, because [receiving the first doctoral degree granted by UTEP] is a milestone that I would not have missed. The feeling was fantastic; it really was.

My father and my mother came. My dad had not been very supportive of me going to school. When I graduated with my master's and started for my doctorate, he asked, "Do you really think you need this? Is this really necessary?" At graduation, he changed totally. Even up until the [degree] was conferred, he was really [skeptical]. But all of a sudden, when he got back home, he was talking about his son the doctor. From that point on, he's never even suggested that I did the wrong thing. So I think that he was quite proud.

Interviewed via telephone by Charles H. Martin, October 30, 1989, El Paso and Reno, Nevada.

When I first arrived, I wanted to taste the burgers over here. I wanted to compare them with McDonald's and Kentucky [Fried Chicken] in Malaysia.

Charles V. Balang

Student, 1987-1990

I grew up in Sarawak, which was formerly called Borneo, in the eastern part of Malaysia. It's around a one-and-a-half-hour airplane flight from there [to the mainland]. The language of my school was English. I was among the last to have English as the language of instruction. After that it [became] Bahasa Malaysia or Malay, which is the national language now.

[In Malaysia] the government usually sends students overseas after they finish high school, but in order to save money they ask some students to study for two years in Malaysia and take the basic courses before they go to the United States. That's why I went to the TIEC [Texas International Education Consortium*] program in Shah Alam, Kuala Lumpur. I enrolled in January, 1985, in the TOEFL* program, and I did my TOEFL and SAT [preparation] for six months and then went into the TIEC. I was in the TIEC for three years and then came here.

In Sarawak [the schools] use the British system, where the teacher talks a lot and the student just listens. There are no group discussions. [In] the American style, the professor gets more involved with the students. They ask more questions, and they get involved with students in other kinds of activities. After class in Malaysia, there is usually not much contact

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between the students and the teachers. [At the TIEC] I had classes with three professors from UTEP, Dr. [Carl T.] Jackson, Dr. [Kenton J.] Clymer, and Dr. [H.S.] Oey. When I came over here, I didn't have any more classes with them, because I had finished all my basic courses.

I think it would be better for Malaysian students to be sent straight to the United States, even though it costs more. I think for the students themselves it's much better. Even if they want to make a transition, it doesn't need to take that long. Six months is enough for them to adjust to student life in the United States. When you are in the TIEC, the rigid rules that apply to other universities in Malaysia still apply, even though it is a transition program. The only thing that makes it [different] is that the professors are from the United States. But the rigid rules still apply. You have to wear your hair short; you have to wear a uniform to class; you have to use [socks], this kind of thing.

My major is mechanical engineering. We were given three choices by the Malaysian government before we went overseas. My first choice was quantity survey, because I wanted to go to New Zealand or Australia. My second choice was architecture, because I thought I'd make a lot of money. But I didn't know how to draw. My third choice was mechanical engineering, so they gave me the third choice.

People watch a lot of American television [in Malaysia], so I wanted to see whether the lives that are portrayed on television are true or not. When [told] I was going to go to UTEP, I thought it was a desert and had only one season. At first I was [disappointed], because I wanted to see snow. I came during January, 1987. It was very cold. When I felt the cold, I preferred El Paso [to other places that were even colder].

The first thing that really struck me most was that I thought I would see a lot of Caucasians in El Paso. But after I'd been in El Paso for a few days I saw a lot of Hispanics, who look like Malaysians, so I felt right at home. [People sometimes speak to me in Spanish and mistake me for a Mexican.] When they ask me for directions, I just say, "No comprendo. No hablo español." They are surprised to see a guy who answers back in Spanish but who can't speak Spanish.

When I first arrived, I wanted to taste the burgers over here. I wanted to compare them with McDonald's and Kentucky [Fried Chicken] in Malaysia. I went to a Whataburger, and on the menu they had milkshakes. I wanted to order a Mexican type of flavor. So when the attendant asked,

"What kind of flavor do you want?" I said "chico" several times, and my friend was laughing. At last I really looked carefully at the menu. Then I saw that "chico" means small, so I made a fool of myself there. I miss the open-air food stores [in Malaysia], because over here you eat indoors almost all the time, [except for] picnics. The food here is expensive. There's not as much variety as in Malaysia. Even the Chinese food here, to me it's tasteless. I consider it to be junk food, compared to Chinese food in Malaysia.

The students are more conservative in Malaysia than here [at UTEP]. Students are expected to be respectful to teachers [there]. American students are not as conservative as Malaysian students, because they are allowed more freedom. Malaysia is a Muslim country, so the rules are more rigid. In Malaysia we don't have any kinds of [student] gatherings and big games, like football games. You're not allowed to demonstrate at Malaysian universities. If you do, you get expelled.

[When Malaysian students come to the U.S.], they feel more liberal; they feel more freedom. That's a cultural shock. It's up to them to control their newly-found freedom. When they come here they find out that not everyone is as rich as they portray on the TV. There are Americans who are not middle class; there are people who beg; there are people who don't have homes. That's the thing that surprises them the most.

I found that [UTEP students] are very serious about their classes, especially if they work. If they come back to school, they're very serious about their classes, and they tend to ask more, because they want to feel that they are getting their money's worth. For me, that's what is outstanding about American students. I think history classes are my favorite ones, because for me history teaches people's cultural ways, where they come from, why they act like that, why they have certain kinds of characteristics. So classes taught by both Dr. Jackson [and] Dr. Clymer were very interesting to me.

When you are in Malaysia you are not aware of Mexico. But when I came here, I found that Mexico is interesting. [Right] by the border there's so much difference in standards of living, culture, and language. I found that though Mexicans are poor, they still retain their ethnicity very strongly, just like every other people who emigrate or who are close to a very rich country.

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I go to UTEP football and basketball games. At first football was boring to me, because I'd never seen so many people play for one team. It looked as if 100 people were on the field playing [at one time]. To me it was stupid, but then I found out the beauty of the game. Then I came to appreciate it. Basketball was a new experience to me, because I'd never seen people slam dunk. I don't have time for [many student organizations]. I help the Malaysian Student Association, but most of the time I'm involved with the UTEP Soccer Club, because we are trying to make UTEP soccer into an NCAA [sport] by next year. We're getting better at the moment, because we have beaten almost everybody, even the University of Chihuahua, which is known for its good soccer.

I intend to go back to Malaysia, because I miss my country. I've read in the papers that the economy is recovering and that there are a lot of job openings, so for sure I'll be going back. I will remember [UTEP] for its unique architecture. Most of the buildings are Bhutanese. To me that's very unique. It fits perfectly with the surroundings, with the mountains. I will remember the mix of people, just like in Malaysia. I will remember [UTEP's] proximity to Mexico and the opportunity to be near the border and see different cultures.

Interviewed by Charles H. Martin, October 17, 1989, El Paso.

I have always set goals for myself. First I wanted to graduate from high school. Then later on I wanted be an engineer. . . . Now I want to be the president of Bell Helicopter!

Jose I. Oaxaca

Student, 1982-1986

I was born in Juarez, Mexico, and my parents got divorced when I was six years old. My mother wanted a better life for us. She sold the house we had over there when I was eleven, and she used all the money so we could move over here. The first two years we lived with my grandmother in Ysleta. I had Anglo teachers, so it was hard; I couldn't talk to anybody.

[I completed] the third grade [in Juarez], so when we moved to Ysleta I [should have been placed] in the fourth. [But] they wanted to put me in the third grade because I didn't know any English. I told them, "You put me in the third grade, and I'm not going to go to school." The first day, they had a math contest at my classroom. It was real funny. They would have two lines and two people, and then they would give us a problem, and whoever finished first got a piece of candy. In the third grade over there in Juarez I had [learned] division and a little bit of fractions. Here [in the fourth grade] they [were doing] multiplication, so they gave me a multiplication problem. I finished right away, and the poor guy next to me, he took about five minutes to finish.

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Then we moved to the Second Ward, South El Paso. That helped; I could talk to people; I could communicate. Probably I didn't learn English as fast, but it made it a lot easier for me. My mom tried [to learn English], but it was so hard that she gave up. [At home] it was Spanish all the time, even television. If you tried to put [on] an English channel, she would get mad at you because she wouldn't understand it. Home was Spanish and school was Spanish. Only with the teachers did we speak English. As I remember, I couldn't carry on a regular conversation in English until I was fourteen or fifteen years old.

At Hart School in the Second Ward you go at your own pace. You don't go with the rest of the class. They'll give you a test, and if you're advanced, they'll give you advanced work. In my math I finished everything they could give me, so I started working with decimals in the fourth grade. Then I started liking getting good grades. I would get A's and B's, and people would notice me more and say, "That's good, that's good." When I started junior high school, I noticed how things were, and I [decided] that I didn't want to live in [government housing] projects all my life and do nothing. So I started liking school more and started learning more. I want to be world famous, hopefully, sometime.

I don't know what made me decide to go to college. I have two older brothers and an older sister, and none of them graduated from high school. They're pretty bright, but they never liked school. Numbers — those were the easiest things for me. When I was six years old, over there in Juarez, my brothers would write on the wall something like " $1 + 1 = 2$." They would teach me. Then when my sister was in the first grade, she didn't like school. She would always cry, so I would go with her and stay with her so she wouldn't cry. But I ended up doing the work, and she ended up still crying.

I started working when I was a freshman [in high school]. I took a job as a construction worker. It was hard. Then when I was a sophomore, I was a member of the Boys' Club. We had a Boy of the Year campaign, and I was running for [it], so they offered me a job at Sun Drugs. I worked there for three years. In the summer I would work something like five or six hours a day, and then during school I would work on Saturdays only, like eight or nine hours.

When I was a freshman, I also was in the Summer Engineering Institute* at UTEP. They advertised it in the high schools, but one of the prerequisites was that you had to be a U.S. citizen. I wasn't, so I told the teacher.

They talked to somebody, and they let me. The coordinator was Dr. [Juan] Herrera, and Dr. [Stephen W.] Stafford would help. They introduced us to all kinds of engineering — mechanical, industrial, electrical, metallurgical. We worked with computers, and I liked computers. That's how I started.

I went to Bowie High School from 1978 to 1982, and I graduated in May of 1982. [While] I was going to high school, I started going to UTEP. They had a new program called Junior Scholars. You were allowed to take college courses while in high school. My junior year in high school, I took Calculus I at UTEP; I got an A in that class. My senior year I took Calculus II; I got a B in that class.

I wanted to go to MIT. I had two girlfriends from Bowie. One of them went to MIT, and the other went to Columbia University in New York. So I wanted to go to MIT or Columbia, and I started applying. I also applied to UTEP. The Boys' Club encouraged me the whole time. The counselor's name was Richard Flores. He graduated from [UTEP]. He would tell me, "Go to UTEP. Don't go out of town. It's a cultural shock, and you're going to be alone, and it's a lot of money. Just go to UTEP, and then after that you can go to graduate school out of town." And then he would tell me, "Apply for a scholarship. You'll get it. You'll get some money."

I put a lot of time into my application. I typed everything. I didn't send it by mail. [I thought] maybe it wouldn't get there. I came over and gave it personally to a scholarship officer. So then I got a letter saying that I got the Stevens Scholarship, which is for \$1,000 [per year], but it said, "You're still being considered for the Presidential [Scholarship]." And then in March, I was going to a tennis tournament in Deming. I was on the tennis team. We were going to leave, and they came into the office and told me, "Jose, Jose, you got a Presidential Scholarship." I was so surprised. We were invited to a press conference and all this. My mother was proud, and my photo came out in the newspaper and everything.

MIT [offered me] a good financial-aid package, but I would have to borrow about \$3,000 every semester — and then work. And since I'm the youngest, I would have [to leave] my mother alone, and I didn't know if I wanted to do that. So after I got the Presidential Scholarship for \$1,500 per year, I said, "I'm going to stay here."

[UTEP] was very different from Bowie High School, where probably 99 percent [of the students] are Mexicans. Then you go to college, and

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it's the opposite — there are Anglos and Mexicans and people from all over the world. That was a big difference right there. I think the biggest shock was that I wasn't disciplined enough. High school was easy, so I wasn't used to doing much homework and studying. Then I got to college, and I started getting into trouble when I had a lot of homework. It took me a couple of semesters, [but] I learned my lesson.

When I started attending UTEP I took a work-study job. Obviously I would have preferred not to work, but that was impossible. It wasn't that easy, but it's "do-able." When I was a senior I took this co-op job in Juarez. I would work nineteen hours a week and go full-time to school. It was with Packard Electric, a subdivision of General Motors. It was good, because I got a lot of experience. So when I got my first real job [after graduation], I knew what to expect.

When I started UTEP, I had to ride the bus all year long. Then my sophomore year my mom loaned me her car. When I was a junior I finally had enough money to buy my first used car. It was a big '76 Plymouth, and it lasted me about a year. After that my mom lent me her car again. I wanted to be a computer programmer more than an electrical engineer, but programming was so easy for me that it was [not] challenging. I [preferred] something more challenging, so I went into "Double E" [Electrical Engineering], and it was a challenge, believe me. It's the hardest, [but] it's exciting.

I was a member of the Mexican-American Engineering Society. We went to high schools like Bowie and Jeff[erson] and Ysleta, where there are Mexican-Americans that might not be motivated to go to college, and we would talk to them. It's called the PACE program, Promotion and Awareness of Careers in Engineering. We tried to get students interested in college that might not [otherwise] be interested because maybe they think it's too hard. I joined "I Triple E" [IEEE], the Institute of Electrical [and Electronics] Engineers. Then I got accepted into the electrical engineers' honor society, Eta Kappa Nu. I also got accepted into the senior honor society, Mortar Board.

I went through the St. Pat's Day initiation when I was a freshman. All the students try to recruit you, so they can paint you green. There were about six of us who said if we do it all together it won't be that bad. You have to get here at eight in the morning, and they'll paint your face with lipstick, crayons, and markers. They'll paint your shirt and your pants,

but they tell you to wear something that you can throw away after you finish. The only thing I didn't like is [that] they gave you chewing tobacco. I hated it. I almost threw up. But the good thing is that all the professors are there also, and some of them have to get initiated.

We started in the Union Building, and we'd go all around campus singing two songs. One of them is the Mickey Mouse song: "Who's the leader of the band? M-i-c-k-e-y M-o-u-s-e." And the symbol of that is: To engineers, all the other classes are Mickey Mouse courses. Then we'd leave campus and go over [near] Sun Bowl Drive. They have a cave there which they call the Miner Cave. You stay there and pay respects to it by being silent three minutes. Then they take us over to the back of that company that sells cars, by the University Theater, on some hills. They blindfold you, and then they pour everything on top of you! I mean eggs, food that's been there for days, honey, flour — everything! Then after that, they'll get little groups of about four or five, and they'll take you walking around on the hills to the holy stone, [the Blarney Stone]. They'll pour a bucket of green paint on top of your head, and you have to kiss [the stone]. It's fun; it's part of college life. And man, it gets engineers together.

I'd been wanting to become a U.S. citizen since I was eighteen. When I was a sophomore, I turned in my application. It took a year for them to call me to take the test. And the day they called me back, I had a test on electromagnetic fields at UTEP. I went to talk to the professor, and he told me, "They can wait." Seriously, he wouldn't let me [out of class], so I had to call back and tell them I can't make it. They called me back again, and I had another test that day, but it was [a different] professor. He was nice and told me, "Go ahead. I can always give you a makeup." So I went and took the test, and two months later I became a citizen. The day was January 18, 1985.

I graduated in May, 1986, with a bachelor's [degree] in electrical engineering. My brother was in the navy at that time in Virginia, and he came over for my graduation. My grandparents and my mom [also came]. I was the first one [in my family] to graduate from high school or college. [My mom] was very proud. If it had been up to her, all of us would have graduated from high school and college. She always told us that school was more important [than work], because once you have the education you can do more for yourself.

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My first three months I still worked for Packard Electric. They couldn't make me an offer because they had a hiring freeze, so I told them I wasn't going to work for them anymore. I was unemployed for three months. I wrote letters to eight companies, like Rockwell International, McDonnell-Douglas, and Bell Helicopter. I had some interviews at UTEP, too. Bell Helicopter called me. It was funny. They couldn't get in touch with me, and they couldn't leave a message, because my mom didn't know any English. My mom would tell me, "Somebody called you, but I don't know who it was. They didn't know any Spanish, and I don't know any English." Finally they [reached] me, and they flew me over there for an interview. I started working for Bell in February, 1987.

I have always set goals for myself. First I wanted to graduate from high school. Then later on I wanted to be an engineer, and now I am. I wanted to be able to have a better life, the American dream: have a house, two cars. Now I want to be the president of Bell Helicopter!

Interviewed by Rebecca Craver, August 3, 1985, El Paso; interviewed via telephone by Charles H. Martin, September 20, 1989, El Paso and Bedford, Texas.

The real measure of a university is the quality of its graduates. . . . I think the value that we add between admission and graduation of our students is far greater than at most institutions.

Diana Natalicio

Faculty, 1970-1979

Dean of Liberal Arts, 1979-1984

Vice President, 1984-1988

President, 1988-Present

I was the first in my family to go to college, so I feel very sympathetic towards our students, because I was very much like them. I attended St. Louis University as a commuter student, living at home and working part-time as a secretary. In my senior year I applied for a Fulbright scholarship and ended up getting one to Brazil. For the first time in my life I left home, and I went on my first plane ride to Rio de Janeiro. I got down there and did a year as a Fulbright student.

From Rio de Janeiro I went to U.T. Austin and became a [teaching assistant] while working on a master's degree in Portuguese. I completed my degree in 1964 and received a scholarship from the Gulbenkian Foundation in Lisbon and spent the next eighteen months living in Portugal, studying literature. I came back to Texas and was recruited by the graduate program in linguistics at U.T. Austin. I got my doctorate in 1969, worked a year as a research associate in the Center for Communication

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Research, and then was offered a faculty appointment as a visiting associate professor at U.T. El Paso.

I came out here and fell in love with the place. I had never been in the desert before, but I found the dry climate to be just exactly right for me. I especially liked being on the border, because my background had been in romance languages and linguistics. When I was offered a [permanent] appointment the following year, I said, "Yes, I'd love to." I've been here ever since. It's been a very good place for me.

I became department chairman of the Modern Languages Department almost by default, because the previous chairman went to Rumania on a Fulbright! I found that I liked the job. After a couple of years I was asked to be associate dean and then dean of the College of Liberal Arts. Following that, Dr. [Joseph D.] Olander left the university, and the vice president's position was open. I decided that I'd like to try that and applied and was selected for that position. And, of course, Dr. [Haskell] Monroe* eventually left. I agreed to be interim president, then subsequently I became a candidate for the position. In February of '88 I was named president by the regents.

Dr. [Joseph R.] Smiley* was president when I arrived. In 1972 Dr. Smiley resigned, and the regents appointed Dr. [Arleigh B.] Templeton* to be our president. What I remember best about Dr. Templeton's tenure was his effectiveness as a spokesman in Austin for U.T. El Paso. He was very good at that. He was very close to a number of people in Austin and therefore could get their attention and could make our case. He was also very effective in getting building projects under way out here, and we certainly needed those. He built a number of buildings that are important to us today: the Special Events Center, for example, where Don Haskins'* basketball team does its thing, the East Union, which is a very fine facility, the Administration Annex, and the Engineering Complex. All of these facilities Dr. Templeton was very much involved in.

Another very important event [in the 1970s] was approval of our doctoral program in geological sciences. That degree was extremely important symbolically. I think we needed the recognition of a doctoral program to be taken more seriously. Geology was a good [choice], because it represented continuity in terms of our institutional history, and it also represented a strength in terms of faculty research and activity.

Under Dr. Monroe's leadership we certainly made progress in expanding our campus facilities. The new building for the College of Business Administration was an important [milestone] for a program that was growing very rapidly. I think the most striking [development] on campus during Dr. Monroe's tenure as president was the construction of the library building, which will be five years old [in 1989]. It's hard to believe that it's already five years old. It is a building that has very high visibility. It is a building that is very impressive in terms of its Bhutanese style, and our students are proud of it.

The 1980s were a little bit uneven in terms of budgetary support. We've had a lot of ups and downs in the state's economy, so we spent more of our time than we would have liked to trying to balance the budget and trying to cope with the constraints imposed upon us. A growing enrollment and a constrained budget made it very difficult to manage. Another major event that occurred was that tuition was increased rather substantially during this period. The steady growth in our enrollment was abruptly truncated by the tuition increase. This had a particularly devastating effect on students from Mexico. Our enrollment went down from over 600 Mexican students to 235. That was very bad in terms of our regional emphasis. I think we have probably seen the worst of the economic problems, but areas like the library are having great difficulty recovering. Problems such as the skyrocketing costs of journal subscriptions make it very difficult for us to keep pace, even if our budget were not constrained. Fiscal constraints were certainly a theme of the '80s; I hope we're getting out of that.

There have been several [milestones since I've been president] that I think are important. One certainly is the authorization that we've just received for a second doctoral program, in electrical engineering. After we succeeded in getting the doctoral degree in geological sciences we were categorized as a single doctoral granting institution by the Coordinating Board*. The designation was extremely frustrating. I don't think that you do anybody very much good by truncating their aspirations, and that's what that category did for us. Achieving authorization for a second doctoral degree really says a good deal about the quality of our faculty over in electrical engineering, but it also says that UTEP is an important institution in the state and that its role is changing. That is extremely important. The degree is important for the people who will be served by

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it, but [it] is even more important for what it represents for the community and for the institution.

Another major accomplishment was the accreditation of the College of Business [Administration], again because it validates what we do. It says to the world, not just to the community, that we are a quality program, that our graduates have met the highest standards. This is important in terms of our visibility statewide and nationally — that people know we are an institution to be taken seriously. All of our programs are accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, and we have specific accreditations in engineering, nursing, and education. But we were conspicuously absent from the roster of institutions that are accredited with business. For several years our programs had been of a quality sufficient to be accredited, but we had to go through the [formal] procedures to earn it. Accreditation really is a stamp of approval for programs in particular disciplines, by people in those disciplines. It says you have met the highest standards.

A major accomplishment [during 1988-89] was that we were able to bring in nearly twenty million dollars in new contract and grant awards for research. This is important because it represents an increase of fifteen million dollars over the previous year's total, [which] was the highest we'd ever had before. We have really made a quantum leap in terms of our research funding. Again this is a major accomplishment, not just because we bring resources to the community and create jobs for students, but also because it again says to the outside world that we are an institution to be reckoned with. Suddenly we are a hot property as an institution. People want to be associated with us; now we don't have to ask to be associated with them. We still have to write proposals, we still have to [produce] quality, but it's very nice to have people call us.

The Diamond Jubilee celebration was an important one in many ways. We divided it into three phases. One was to commemorate the past, a second was to celebrate the present, and a third was to challenge the future. The way we attempted to approach it was to identify historical events that we think deserved commemoration. For example, we commemorated the regents' establishment of [the School of Mines] with a plaque out on the corner of Hawthorne and University avenues. We commemorated service by [members of] the U.T. El Paso community in the

Vietnam conflict by rededicating the memorial triangle to include them. We also attempted to focus on our Bhutanese architecture.

Celebrating the present was primarily an effort to get the word out about us, to let people know who we are and what we're doing, to celebrate our excellence and our quality. Part of [those activities] were TV spots, radio spots, billboards, a music video, and newspaper ads. With respect to the future, we have a project underway which has been named "U.T. El Paso 2001." Its major focus is an attempt to involve members of the El Paso community in evaluating their sense of what El Paso-Juarez will be like at the turn of the century and what its needs will be. The final report will make recommendations to the university about the role that we should play in assisting that development.

Eighty-five percent of our students are drawn from El Paso County. For many students, we are the only option that they have for a four-year degree. In saying that, I think I can say with pride that if you only had one option this would be a very good one. About three-fourths or more of our students are the first in their families to attend college. It's very important to create conditions for success, and we have a strong sensitivity towards the needs of students. We feel that those students who come to us with aspirations for a four-year degree deserve a real chance, and that doesn't mean a revolving door. I also think we can be very proud of our faculty. We have outstanding people who are very committed. Unlike a lot of very large research universities, faculty here have direct contact with undergraduate students, even freshmen. We use [teaching assistants] sparingly. We don't have the kind of distance between faculty and students that you find in many institutions.

We also have a number of support services that help students find their way as first generation college students through this rather large institutional process, [such as] Study Skills and Tutorial Services and the Advising Center. These kinds of support mechanisms are particularly important for first generation students. We're very committed to a quality experience. The real measure of a university is the quality of its graduates. We are not judged by who enters, but by who exits with a degree.

I think the value that we add between admission and graduation of our students is far greater than at most institutions, because many times our students are initially unsure of themselves and don't have the kind of self-confidence that they need. Our students don't normally finish a degree

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in four years. The average is about six years, because they're employed and have family obligations and simply can't hurry their way through. They're not in a dormitory next door to the campus. They're living at home, just as I did. We need very much to be sensitive to their needs. I think overall we offer a very nice balance between research and teaching. We have a good deal more compassion for students than you find at a strictly research institution. So maybe we have the best of both worlds. We'd like to think so.

Interviewed by Charles H. Martin, November 22, 1989, El Paso, Texas.