

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 dog-house 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.