

MADRID 1954

In 1954 I had a two-day visit to Madrid. I flew from London to Madrid in 1954 as part of a staff visit as Chief of Education and Libraries in the Headquarters of the United States Air Force. As we were ready to depart, the British announcer in the London Airport asked us please to "fossen our lop bells." It took some figuring to realize that he wanted us to fasten our seat belts; "lop" stood for lap.

My most memorable experience in Madrid, in addition to seeing my first bullfight in the Plaza de Toros, was a tour with a Spanish driver in an Air Force car in the afternoon of a day when the General, who was a crusty old so-and-so, "augie" something, preferred to give me a car to tour the city rather than to let one of his hard-working people off to perform this chore. The driver spoke no English at all, and I was amazed at the amount of Spanish I could dredge up, not having used it at all since my freshman year of 1928 and 1929. We had a most enjoyable tour of Madrid. The climax of the whole tour was a drive some twelve or fifteen miles out of the city to the Palacio where Dictator and Caudillo Francisco Franco maintained official residence. My driver took me on past the house and was going to drive me up on the mountainside to see a beautiful little abbey, but I was ready to go on back to Madrid. AS we turned to go back once again in front of the leader's palace, the guard stopped us and quizzed my driver at great length, wondering if we were not some kind of plotters seeking to do El Caudillo in. I think his investigation of us was not too serious.

RACE RELATIONS 1954

Once when we lived on Rhode Island Avenue in College Park and Charles Taylor had been staying with us for five or six weeks, he and David left on the streetcar for a movie in downtown Washington. Jettie and I were somewhat concerned when they were not home by 11:00 P.M. About 11:30 Charles came in with a big cock-and-bull story about something strange that had separated him and David. About thirty minutes later, while we were still trying to make sense out of the story Charles was telling, David came in with his mouth bloody, with one shoe on, and with his bare foot bloody from abuse.

We finally got the straight of the matter: Charles, who was two years older than David and who never had satisfactory sweetheart because he could not get a young lady to accept him with his visual handicap, had talked David into walking back to College Park through the Negro section of Washington, our past Howard University, "to see what they could see." They had negotiated the entire section in question and were circling around the Washington Reservoir when a carload of full-grown young Negro youths had passed them and accosted them. David, oblivious to his surroundings, had hurled an insult at them. The Negro boys had promptly stopped their car and faced the two lads. David was knocked down with a blow to the mouth; Charles had not been hit, I am sure because the larger boys could recognize from his posture what his handicap was. David told us that he saw daylight between the legs of the young man who had knocked him down, and he sprinted between the man's legs losing one shoe at the start, and then he proceeded to run seven miles to College Park with only one shoe. Charles had taken off in the opposite direction and had gone all the way back downtown in Washington and caught a trolley home.

We took David to the emergency room of the Riverdale Hospital to have his lip sewed up and his raw foot disinfected. It took several stitches to sew up his lip. The morning, Scotch that

I am, descended from the clans of McCrays or McRaes, I went past the place where the boys told me the attack had occurred and picked up the shoe that David had lost. I recovered it and saved the price of a new pair of shoes. In our discussions, the boys agreed that there was not really a racial issue involved in the experience they had had; they just should not have been at the place they were with the attitude they had.

PRINCE GEORGES CHAMPION
1955

When David was in the eighth grade, he was the fastest boy in Prince Georges in the 100-yard dash; Prince Georges Country then had about 250,000 people. I have always thought that David would have made a first-class athlete, but he never would have anything to do with athletics after that; his protest always was that there was too much work involved in it.

NECKTIE
1955

Once when the Personnel Services Division had its offices in northwest Washington off of Wisconsin Avenue in the temporary building adjacent to McLean Gardens, I went to the office without my necktie. I did not know that I had come to work without one until my secretary, Ruth Descalzi, asked me about it. It was 8 o'clock in the morning and none of the stores on Wisconsin Avenue were open until 10. I pulled off my jacket, unbuttoned my collar, rolled up my sleeves, and went to work, even though it was January. Some time before 10, Major Wink Wilson, who worked in my branch, looked in, and Miss Descalzi told me later he said, "Humph! July!" AT 10, Ruth went up to the store and bought me a tie. Since that time I have had a necktie in my main desk drawer, along with a spare handkerchief.

JOHN TOWER
1956

This is the story about how I almost cost John Tower his job. When I was with the Air Force Headquarters in Washington in my fourth year, most of my friends knew that I did not want to finish up my days there, even though I never admitted to myself that I would be unhappy doing so. Indeed, I never accepted a job that I would be unwilling to finish out my days in. Nevertheless I would have preferred to be at some educational institution. My name was mentioned by Emmette Redford to a member of the Faculty Committee at Midwestern University as a successor to President Boren, who had been discharged for gambling in the institution's behalf with its money. I proceeded to send the Committee whatever information it needed, but held out no great hope for selection as the president of the institution.

About a year later, I was called to Amarillo College to be considered for the presidency of that institution. They had interviewed about thirty other person before they even heard my name. The way they heard my name was that Herbert Clawson, Professor of Education and Psychology at Amarillo College, happened to tell his brother-in-law from Midwestern that he was serving on the committee to select a new president. The brother-in-law had served on such a committee the year before at Midwestern, and he suggested strongly that they go after this fellow Ray, who was in the Air Force, whom the Midwestern committee had unanimously recommended without success to the Board of Regents. M. T.. Johnson, then Chairman of the Board, telephoned me in

Washington and I went to Amarillo College for interview. I was there on Sunday morning. The Board members and the members of the Faculty Committee all turned out, and we had our interview in the lobby of the Union Building.

I felt no distress all the way through, but I was thrown by a question from M. T. Johnson on my feeling on racial integration in colleges. I knew very little about Amarillo College, and I certainly did not know at that point that it had been integrated six years before, in 1951. I did what I consider a beautiful job of sidestepping and evading, saying that the President of the institution would have very little to do with it, anyway, because it is a community matter, to be accepted or rejected by sentiment in the community rather than by something the President might say, feel, or do.. Mrs. Chester Park, a member of the Board, told me later that the thing that decided her in favor of me was my comment about the brand-new hat I wore, namely, that it was the first hat I had had in six or seven years, and I bought it especially to come down and try to impress them with it.

I served about a year in Amarillo before I went to a meeting in Wichita Falls, where I was invited to a luncheon that was totally related to the purpose of my trip to Wichita Falls, and I was introduced to a small man who was identified as a professor at Midwestern. When I was introduced, he perked up and inquired, "Are you the Ray who is President of Amarillo College?" I admitted to that position, and he responded, "You nearly cost me my job." I was completely astonished, since I had never before seen him. He told me that he had been a member of the Faculty Committee attempting to participate in the selection of the president two years before. He and the other members of the Committee had wholeheartedly supported my candidacy, but by the time they had made their decision, the Board had already selected Travis White. The members of the Faculty Committee went about staging as big an uproar as they could, until one of the members of the Board of Regents called Tower aside and told him that, if he wanted to keep his job, he had better shut up, since the Board had already made its decision. When Tower came to make a speech to our students on the campus at Texas Western, I introduced him to the students by telling this story and observing that, no matter how some people might feel about Tower's actions and about whether he was always right or wrong, Tower certainly knew a good college president when he saw one.

POOR POOCHES

1957

When Jettie and the children were moving to Amarillo following me who had gone some months before, David, as they drove up on the high plains approaching Amarillo and noting the absence of trees, observed wryly that he sure would hate to be a dog in this country.

WESTWARD HO!

1957

I had after agreeing to move to Amarillo from Maryland to come to Amarillo before Jettie came back from Girls' camp in Pennsylvania (Camp Slehagua), and I made the drive, 1800 miles in a 10-year-old Plymouth one-seater loaded to the gunwales. Except for gasoline and oil, all it cost me was 15 cents for a fuse for my radio, driving 18 hours a day at 40 miles an hour. The Plymouth finished the distance. (When it came time to sell it, a dealer offered me \$300 for it. David took it out that night with a bunch of boys and drove it too fast and shot the rods and I got only \$150 for it.)

FEELING PUT-UPON
1958

I have never appreciated fine music. I once created a fair sized diversion after Jettie had persuaded me to attend such a function on the campus of the University of Texas, when someone rose to leave his seat and I said to Jettie, louder than I intended, "There is a smart man; he is going home."

Many years later, in Amarillo, I found myself euchered into attending a piano recital by Robert Hoffman, later to be the head of our Music Department, then a private music teacher in Amarillo. In such instances, it is my custom to time the pieces executed by the artist or artists, and in this case it turned out to be a seventeen-minute piece. In the middle of it, I began to reflect upon my stupidity in ever being put into such a predicament, and as I reflected on the matter, totally oblivious to the music, I built up a choler that was truly magnificent. I do not believe I have ever been so furious in my life. I was quite sheepish, when in the thunderous applause that followed Bob's magnificent performance, I had thought myself into a fury.

WHODUNNITS
1958

For many years, possibly since my young manhood, I have been reading mystery stories for release from tensions. Once when we were in Amarillo, I determined that I would start reading worthwhile literature and quit reading "trash." I did so for about a year, and it was in that year that I developed high blood pressure for which I have been taking medication since.

My favorite authors are Bruno Fischer, Dashiell Hammett, A. A. Fair, Thomas B. Dewey, James M. Cain, Raymond Chandler, John D. MacDonald, William Gault, Rex Stout, and several others. I have found that if I reread my favorites after two or three years, I enjoy them quite jaundiced about lady detective story writers, ever since I read a magazine article by Rex Stout entitled, "These Grapes Need Sugar," in which he poked fun at Agatha Christie, Mignon Eberhart, and others who never have a corpse buried of blood on the floor.

S.O.P.
1958

My colleague at Amarillo College, Dean Hardy Stevens, a part-time Baptist preacher and a good man all the way around but sometimes slow on the uptake, once told Pat O'Keefe who worked for him, that, while the president was a somewhat profane man, he misused one figure of speech fairly frequently. He then explained to Pat that sometimes when a problem seemed fairly simple, President Ray would say, "That's S.O.B." Since the meaning of the initials S.O.B. was clear to him, he could not see how I was using them properly. After a moment it dawned on Pat that Hardy had heard me say "S.O.P." meaning "Standing Operating Procedure."

EARNING POWER
1959

Scott and David have always been as different as two brothers could possibly be. One of their points of difference was pointed up one summer in Amarillo. David has always been very industrious and quite manly and proud of his work. Scott, on the other hand, was lazy, quite

willing to loll around for days or even weeks on end without turning a hand, except to play records and twirl his baton. One summer David got a job on a demolition team tearing down some old barracks out at Pantex, on which he spent eight or ten hours a day, some of it overtime, and overtime on Saturdays. He worked like a dog. Scott, on the other hand, loafed all week long until Thursday night, at which time he taught baton twirling to two groups of little girls, one at 7:00 and one at 8:00 p.m. He charged \$2.00 or \$2.50 an hour, with the result that, for his two hours of work each week, he made as much as David kid working hard all day every day.

'BETH 1959

One of the greatest burdens I had to carry as President of Amarillo College was 'Beth Miesse. She was an Amarillo girl, a woman of approximately my age at the time, who had any number of degrees but not a Doctor's degree. She taught commercial subjects. I believe she was the screwiest woman I ever knew. Somewhere along the line, before I knew it, the woman had a most absurd crush on me. Once, when Sally was in high school and during the summer was taking a course in typing at the College, she came home to tell her mother that she believed Miss Miesse had a crush on Daddy because after she had talked with Miss Miesse on campus, Miss Miesse had gone out and taken a photograph of our automobile.

I tried the best I could to do things that would make Miss Miesse happy, but I now reflect, long after the fact, that her desire was not to have her problems solved, but to become deeply and emotionally involved with me over her fancied insults and problems. I once said, in the presence of the Dean of Women, Gail Crowover, when I had solved one of 'Beth's problems and that I now guessed now 'Beth would be happy, Gail responded, "Beth will never be happy, she will only bring up other problems." A couple of days later, this prophecy proved to be true.

On one occasion, in the office of Hardie Stevens, Miesse became so unreasonable, so aggrieved and so offensive, that I finally blew my top and left the meeting. She used to slip long letters phrasing all of her problems to me under the edge of the door before I got to work.

One of the first thoughts that came to me after Logan Wilson had called offering me the position at El Paso and I had accepted was the great bright light that shone suddenly when I realized that soon I would be rid of Mary Elizabeth Miesse. Since I came to El Paso I have had regular birthday and Christmas cards from her, but I have not seen her since I left.

ELDERLY DAME 1959

In my last year at Amarillo College, so many people came to me to say that Mrs. Linnie Redfern, who was the only teacher in the field of education that was teaching at the time, was older than she pretended to be and therefore subject to retirement, that I felt I could not fail to take notice of it. I examined her transcripts, tried to find out what her age was from the State Retirement System, and went to every length I could to prove her age. The transcripts which she had submitted were photostats which she had carefully doctored to take the age out. I finally became convinced that she was really two years older than her records showed, and once very quietly asked her how old she was. She said, "Sixty-two," when I knew her to be sixty-four, and her sixty-fifth birthday coming in a month or so.

Finally, when the day of her birthday came, I notified her that under the rules of the college, she would be retired at the end of the term after her sixty-fifth birthday. The old dame,

who was fat, pudgy, capricious, unfair, and largely incompetent, staged the most vigorous swan song I had ever witnessed from anybody. Principal among the things she did was to go to Herman Smith, the most unsatisfactory Board member I have ever known in my life, who started out a vendetta against me on the ground that I was persecuting the poor woman. She unloaded all kinds of diatribe to the effect that she was being fired, when the case was open and shut, and we had a merry-go-round at the meeting of the board of Regents. I finally, to my great discredit and chagrin, lost patience with Herman and got red in the face and told him that I had taken all of his crap that I was going to. If they wanted to fire me, go ahead. There was really nothing to talk about, since her years were fully established and under the rules she had to be retired. Shortly after my outburst, the chairman of the Board, Walter Watkins, asked me to retire because they wanted to consider my salary. I was overcome by conflicting emotions as I sat out in the hall, since I had just put on a most disgraceful performance. Nevertheless, when I returned, they announced a raise in salary for me.

CONDOLENCES

1960

By the time I arrived in El Paso in mid-August of 1960, nearly everybody of any importance at the College or in the System --faculty members, Regents, and the Chancellor--had received little cards of condolences on their having to cast their lot with me; that I managed, however, to foul everything up in about three years and would then move on. Most of these condolence cards eventually came into my hands, and I still have them. They were mailed in Pampa and Borger.

My friends Ray Small, Phil Swartz and Gail Crownover watched out for me to see if they could find out who sent the cards. Jettie thought it was 'Beth Miesse, I thought it could have been Mrs. Redfern, Miss Miesse, or Adele Barnes, a teacher of biology. Almost a year later, Ray Small told me that he had studied carefully the missives sent to El Paso and that he noted in every case the left finger rolled when it struck the typewriter key, "a," apparently lifting the shift key slightly, so that the "a" was always just a little bit out of line. He said he had noted this in some papers that were produced by Adele Barnes. Somewhat later, after Ray had moved to El Paso, he told me that he and Dollee had visited friends who lived next door to Adele Barnes, and that those people told him of Miss Barnes's having said, on a social visit with them, that she had "fixed" Joe Ray when he moved to El Paso by sending some anonymous cards.

The source of Adele's dissatisfaction with me was a letter which was slipped under my door after the fashion of 'Beth Miesse (but I think 'Beth was not as spiteful and hateful as this indicated), to the effect that Adele was not loyal to me. My policy up to that time, since abandoned, was to show people letters I received concerning them, even anonymous letters, so that the letter would not itself serve as a measure of some bias on my part. In accordance with my custom I passed this letter along to Adele. She was deeply aggrieved and began abusing various members of the faculty trying to pressure them to admit that they had written this letter to me. The conflict finally became so serious that two of the other members of the staff, one in biology and one in chemistry, came to me to say that they were going to have to resign, because Miss Barnes was engaging them in a war of nerves that was intolerable.

I spoke to the then Chairman of the Board of Regents, a furniture man named Lane McAfee, about my problem. His reaction when I told him was that it was my duty to call Miss Barnes in and tell her to leave her colleagues alone. I told him she was a vicious woman and they could expect all kinds of repercussions as soon as I called her in to set her straight. He then told

me that he was astonished a few days before when he was at morning coffee to hear the newly-elected County Attorney, a woman, being criticized by a political opponent as having lived for many years with "that notorious lesbian from the College." he had then bestirred himself to see who was living with her, and he discovered that it was Miss Barnes. Nevertheless, I had no choice but to call Adele in and to tell her that she simply could not continue to harass the other faculty members over the anonymous letter, to please forget it, that it meant nothing to me and should mean nothing to her.

When I was about ready to go home that afternoon, somewhere around 5:15 or 5:30 in the afternoon for a dinner engagement, the County Attorney appeared in my door. Her attitude was threatening, hateful, abusive, and contemptuous, all to the point that if I ever laid a hand on Adele, I would regret it. I inquired if she was appearing as a lawyer and she said no, she was appearing as a friend of Adele's. I then told her that she had nothing to present to me until something had happened to Adele, and, as far as I knew, nothing was in prospect. Nevertheless, she held me in a great variety of ways until I was late for my dinner engagement.

Some time thereafter I moved to El Paso, and the cards came. Before the move, however, charges of homosexuality were made about one of the men teachers, and I told this to the new Chairman of the Board, Dr. Walter Watkins. We agreed that there was nothing to be done except to watch and wait. Shortly before I came to El Paso, Chairman Watkins said to me that he knew for a fact that we had a homosexual on the campus but that it was not a man concerning whom we had spoken of before; it was rather a woman, Miss Adele Barnes. Dr. Watkins had performed surgery on Miss Barnes and, after the operation when she was convalescing, one of the nurses had observed a visit between Miss Barnes and the woman County Attorney, and the nurse told Dr. Watkins that there was no question about a full-grown, homosexual relationship between the two women. Regardless of homosexuality, I have never known a more vicious human being.

1960

MADDEN AND McNEESE

Logan Wilson told me I was the only institutional president whom any board member ever knew ahead of time. I had Board Member Wales Madden touring Amarillo with me as our back issue election. He had resigned to take membership on the U.T. Board; he suggested me for El Paso. A. G. McNeese was also on the U. T. Board, my old college crony.

B.B.S.

1960

I ran into a very difficult situation when I first came to the presidency of Texas Western College.

Three members of the staff, Registrar Joseph M. Whitaker, Dean of Engineering Eugene M. Thomas, and the Dean of Arts and Sciences Anton H. Berkman, seemed to be heading a cabal to flout my presidency. I arrived on August 15, 1960, and trouble continued through the fall. Finally, in February, 1961, the Chancellor came to see me to tell me that I was in trouble. I had realized that Joseph R. Smiley, my predecessor, must have disparaged me among the people of El Paso, because my touch was off on nearly everything I did, and I was not accepted either by town or gown. Dr. Ransom told me that Dr. Smiley, who had gone to Austin as Vice President and Provost of the Main University, had been doing all he could to accomplish his return to my position in El Paso, making long distance telephone calls, going out of town to meet people, and

in general rocking my boat. I have always held that Smiley did not want this position back; rather, he wanted people providing a claue for Smiley so that he could stand a better chance to get whatever other position he did want.

Mr. Thornton Hardie, a member of the Board of Regents and due, at the March, 1961, meeting of the Board after Ransom came here, to become Chairman of the Board, was willing to do anything for Smiley. He apparently had called together Whitaker, Berkman, and Thomas to ask them how things were going at the College and to inquire whether they thought that it would be nice if we could get Dr. Smiley back out at the College. They, of course were challenged by the king-maker involvement; they had made up their minds they did not like me or want me, and they saw a chance to get rid of me. They recruited two others in the campaign, namely, Mrs. Margaret Brown, secretary to the Dean of Engineering, and Mrs. Frances Stevens my secretary.

The first notice I had of the development was in the fall when Logan Wilson asked me to fly to a meeting in Chicago with him, meeting him in Dallas and having a talk on the way to Chicago. He was then under consideration for the presidency of the American Council on Education. He told me that Mr. Hardie had talked to him saying that Ray was not working out well at all at Texas Western, since he was crude and uncouth and had used a vulgar phrase in front of his secretary about not ever getting into the wrong kind of contest with a skunk. A second transgression of mine was that I had sworn lustily when a stylus I was trying to sign a stencil with had torn the stencil. The story was true, but not the first. This was the first blow that Hardie hit.

When Ransom came, he told me that I was in dire peril, but that I need not worry because the University System would see to it that I was not left unemployed. He had a job for me at Main University. I responded that from what I had heard, Smiley had Thornton Hardie on his side, whereas I had the outgoing Chancellor, the incoming Chancellor, and two Board members on my side. I was later told by someone that Mrs. Smiley had called Thad Steele from Austin to ask him to help try to bring Joe Smiley back to El Paso. Thad was reputed to have replied, "I will not touch that one with a ten-foot pole." All during my early tenure in El Paso, people made all kinds of comparisons between me and Smiley, to the ultimate point that I would finally flare up and tell them I did not care to be compared. I became so disheartened and worn-down by the unsettled circumstances that I think finally it was Jettie who snapped me out of it. I think, in my dilemma during that period, my wife meant more to me than at any other time in our married life. One could say in over-simplification that she appeared to be all I had.

While Harry Ransom was in my office with the door shut, he suggested that I telephone Ray Small in Amarillo and tell him that we would have to postpone until some later date the announcement of his coming to El Paso in June. Finally, when we went to the meeting of the Board of Regents on March 17, 1961, the Board behind closed doors elected Thornton Hardie chairman, thus nullifying his opportunity to make motions and to vote. My friend, A. G. McNeese, reported to me later that a motion was made to the effect that "Dr. Ray be given a vote of confidence and told to go back and do his job; Dr. Smiley is to be informed that he will not ever go back to Texas Western College, even if Dr. Ray should die or move to China." The motion carried unanimously.

Still another visitor to El Paso during that troubled period, I discovered later as a seeker after evidence, was Wales Madden of Amarillo, who, having served on the Board of Regents at Amarillo College, had suggested my name for the presidency of Texas Western in the first place.

I did not know until the decision at the Board meeting that my secretary, Mrs. Frances Stevens, had been involved. On the morning when I came back from the Board meeting, the 19th or 20th of March, 1961, I called in Joan Kionka, my typist, before Mrs. Stevens got to the office

(Mrs. Stevens rarely came in before 8:45) and asked her if Mrs. Stevens had ever said anything about me to her. She said the only thing Mrs. Stevens had ever said to her was that, when Dr. Ransom was here and I called Dr. Small in Amarillo, I was calling to tell Dr. Small that the deal with him had been called off since my tenure as President of the College was to end in September. I then asked Joan to go to Mrs. Stevens as soon as she came in and before she put up her purse, to tell her that I had told her (Joan) that the Board of Regents had passed a resolution as quoted above, and then come back and tell me what Mrs. Stevens had exclaimed, "Oh, my, that hurts me!"

I then waited until 10 o'clock before I said anything to Mrs. Stevens. She did look in, with her face mottled from high emotion, to tell me good morning. I summoned her, a little after 10, to come in and sit with me. I was at the front office desk, and I asked her please to excuse me while I signed mail for about a fifteen-minute period, without any words at all between us. Finally, I inquired, "Mrs. Stevens, how old are you?" She responded brightly, much relieved, "I was sixty-five last December." I inquired whether it was not time for her to retire, and she said she had thought of it. We then sat right there, without moving, and negotiated her retirement, effective in June.

J. M. Whitaker was a real gabby type person, and I used to paraphrase the old wheeze about how to spread news, by telephone, telegraph, and tell-a-Whitaker. I called in Whit to give it to him straight. He was greatly agitated, saying that he had thought all along he was out of his depth in this business, but that he did not know what he could do when Mr. Hardie called him in and asked questions. I told Whit that he was a good man in his job and that he should go ahead and do it, but that the very next time he got out of line, he was going to hear from me in no uncertain terms. He straightened up, flew right, and was a constructive employee until he left the College to go to work for the Public Schools some years later.

I never discussed the matter with either Berkman or Thomas. Berkman was already sixty-five years old and under the University wide rule, which had not been enforced at Texas Western College in the past, he was due to retire from administrative duty. I tried to accomplish this during the course of that year, and through the next, but the Chancellor would never make the proposal because Mr. Hardie had served notice that each case would be passed on separately, regardless of the rules. In the spring following Mr. Hardie's retirement from the Board, Dr. Berkman retired from the deanship of Arts and Sciences at the age of sixty-seven. Thomas became the butt of the reforming zeal of the Engineering Advisory Committee, chaired by Lank Moore, who later moved to Odessa with the El Paso Natural Gas Products Company move. Neither Berkman nor Thomas suffered any reprisal at my hands. They were not good for their jobs, and they left them for that reason: Thomas for incompetence, and Berkman by superannuation. Mrs. Stevens also left by reason of superannuation, without any slowing down. Margaret Brown, the secretary to the Engineering Dean, stayed until 1967 when she resigned in a temper fit because the dean (Abernethy) changed the office around while she was out for a few days. Witness the fact that no reprisals were taken, although I was tempted from time to time, the fact that she rose steadily in salary and adapted beautifully to the administration of Dean Abernethy. Once at a budget session I spitefully said, no, she could not have an annual step increase; after thinking it over until the next day, I withdrew my objection to the step increase for her and observed to Small and St. Clair that I have got to be a little bit bigger than to take out spite on a person like Maggie Brown.

On my solemn pledge that I will never talk about it, let us therefore take this final expostulation; I consider Smiley an able and competent this educational administrator. I think there is hardly an honest bone in his body, and I am confident that he would step on anybody or

do anything to get what he wanted. I would not entrust to him my purse, my property, my wife, my good name, nor my university. He fouled himself up completely at The University of Texas, trying to gain advantage for himself over the proposition of Dr. Ransom, and he accepted the position as President of the University of Colorado, Dr. Ransom believes, when he did not really want to leave Austin. I have on numerous occasions suggested that those who were active in the effort to Bring Back Smiley should be awarded honorary B.B.S. degrees. I mouthed this whole affair to so many people so many times that Jettie made me promise to quit talking about it, and after my fashion I have kept my promise.

THREE ASSISTANTS 1961-1969

Three of the men who became my principal assistants were Ray Small, Milton Seech, and Clyde Wingfield. Of the three, only Clyde had the makings of a first class university man, and he short-circuited the academic part because of youthful ambition and impatience. He was on the way to becoming distinguished as a scholar, but he had already settled for himself on a career in administration, and turned his energies in that direction. Neither Small nor Leech, while each personally able as an academic trouble-shooter, had the makings of scholarship even in small portion.

I worked with Ray closely in Amarillo, and I brought him to El Paso as Assistant to the President before my first year was up. Ray is exceedingly able, but he is excruciating deliberate with few gifts for cutting through the debris to find answers to problems. It was not long before my patience was exhausted with his snail's-pace methods. By the time that Milton Leech's abilities had been honed to a fine point and I had been fortified by the retirement of Dean Berkman from the position of dean of Arts and Sciences, I saw a chance to put Ray in a position better geared for his talents and out of the president's office. In his desk after he moved, we found three or four files dealing with problems that should long since have been dealt with, but which he had not got around to handling. He does not make many mistakes and he takes few chances, but he is not fully satisfactory as an assistant.

One of Ray's principal personal characteristics is penuriousness. He never has met his responsibilities for returning invitations. Once during the period when I never ate supper without three drinks, he and Dollee invited us to dinner and had only beer for libation, which I declined; then, after dinner he offered whiskey, which he knew would not be heavily consumed. I declined that also, and I have never been back. My best estimate is that he has not returned one-fifth of the invitations he has accepted. He is well characterized by my limerick about him:

A liberal arts dean named Small,
When answering a natural call
Said, "I'm entirely too tight
"To strain all my might.
"I'll poot, and that will be all."

Ray is an immensely talented man in matters relating to plumbing, carpentry, and electricity. His wife and mine euchered us into the Cloudcroft cabin and the summer girls' camp episode, and I must say his contribution to the joint effort of make the place habitable was infinitely greater than mine, although I slaved as hard as he did. They finally sold out to us, and we struggled on actually until my bad illness in 1969 foreclosed my sojourning in high places.

Ray has made money in El Paso. He spent his weekends for years nursing along some apartments he rented out in northeast El Paso and which he maintained himself. After I left the

presidency, he and Gary Brooks opened the Ratskeller, a refined saloon just off the campus on Robinson, and then Gary sold out to him. Ray is the only academic dean I ever knew of who doubled as a saloonkeeper. I have never spoken to him about it; it makes money for him and thus is of prime importance to him; but he must feel my disapprobation in failing to respond to invitations to come.

The passage originally composed for this place was shifted, so far as it related to Milton Leech, to the material dealing with my resignation from the Presidency of U. T. El Paso. The account of Leech's hatched job on Wingfield remains below.

Clyde Wingfield came amongst us with clear marks of ability on him. Roscoe Martin wrote me from Syracuse that he was exceptionally able, but was too much inclined to move along before he had earned his spurs. I was greatly impressed with his two recent lead articles in the PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION REVIEW. He was on with us only part-time for several months to pursue a foundation-supported research scholarship, the product of which, so far as I know, was lost when he immersed himself in the details of his headship of government here (which he and I agreed to change to "political science" later).

Clyde and I talked frequently about a career for him higher in administration, but there were no jobs open and no likelihood that any would be. He was bent on starting before he was much older, and I surrendered to him, gaining permission to establish a second vice presidency. There were several reasons why, despite his prodigious ability, he was destined to be a mistaken appointment. First, he was endowed with colossal self-esteem, much of which was based in fact but still out of bounds in my book for an administrator. Second, Milton Leech resented his appointment deeply, was offended by his egotistical ways, and doubtless on numerous occasions denigrated him fiercely among the vice chancellors at board meetings. And the third strike against Wingfield's time at bat at U. T. El Paso was that his eggs were all in the Joe Ray basket when I, as his mentor and protector, got in trouble and he was left friendless and alone amongst the wolf pack.

Chancellor Harry Ransom, who himself was on his last legs in a death struggle with the relentless Frank Erwin, told me when the blow came that Wingfield's ego was enough, but that when he took a vote amongst the vice chancellors not a single word was spoken in Wingfield's behalf; that had to come from two sources, his egotistical mien and also a hatchet job at the hands of Milton Leech. At all events, I was told after my resignation was announced, to take effect eight months hence, to get rid of him. I took it to be before my time ran out, but I was pushed by Ransom when I was slow about it. I still gave Wingfield plenty of time, and he moved to a distinguished professorship of political Science at Southern Methodist University.

He left there, Roscoe Martin would again have said too soon, to the presidency of Baruch College in New York City, and just last year to the Executive Vice Presidency of the University of Miami at Coral Gables. I did not misjudge Wingfield's abilities and qualifications, but the time and the situation ran him off.

Part of Wingfield's rationale arrived from his divorce and remarriage, when he left Baruch for Miami. I later supported him for the presidency of Wyoming and Alaska.

GOING TO THE DOGS

1961

I made a high school commencement speech at Marfa, Texas, about 1962 or 1963. In all commencement speeches, as a little indirect suggestion urging them to grow up, I advise the young people, whether college or high school, to begin to take some of their own responsibilities,

because their elders, throughout the history of mankind, have concluded that the younger generation is going to the dogs. As I approached this point in my speech at Marfa, speaking with my back to the football field, the audience in the stands, and the graduating class seated in chairs on the cinder tracks surrounding the football field, it became obvious that I was exceedingly clever, since everything I said was highly amusing. Finally, when I got to the phrase "going to the dogs," a big roar went up from the audience. I turned to my left and saw the mangiest old cur I have ever seen. He was fat as a town dog, so fat indeed that he could hardly waddle, and he was mangy, with half of his hair gone, surely the most unprepossessing of canines. I do not remember what I said but, somewhat later, I came up with the appropriate observation, the one I should have made, namely, "If you don't go to the dogs, the dogs might come to you."

I am confident that the members of the graduating class will remember the occasion of the dog and my comment long after they forget who the stupid jerk was who made the commencement speech.

LONG GONE 1961

About 1960 or 1961 a great flood came down in the edge of the Texas desert, centering in the valley that includes Ozona. My brother-in-law, John Hollingsworth, had a little house that had been built in an arroyo that had been filled in. The flood washed away the house and left a gaping arroyo at the place where it had been. No sign of the house, boards, doors, or anything else, was ever found.

JIMMY TAYLOR 1962

The best friend I ever had was Jimmy Taylor. I knew him and loved him like a brother. His death came about 1963, after a lingering illness of muscular dystrophy. I used to go to San Marcos to see him every time I went to Austin, either from Amarillo or from El Paso. About the last time he ever went any place was to come to El Paso for a weekend in the airplane owned by the brother of Emmy Craddock, his Southwest Texas State College colleague. I think one story will characterize Jimmy Taylor as well as any others could.

When I told him that I was going to Colombia in the summer of 1962, he asked me why I was going. I responded that I was going to promote the fortunes of our Inter-American Program. He said, "Come on, now, Joe, tell me the truth." I thought a minute and then amended my purpose of travel, "I am going in order to see a part of South America." That still didn't please him, and he pushed me once more and I finally responded by saying that I was going to South America because the Director of our Inter-American Institute, Clyde Kelsey, and exceedingly resourceful man and an especially accomplished brown-noser, had wangled me, his boss, a free trip to Columbia. Jimmy was finally satisfied, sat back in his chair, and said, "Now we're getting the truth."

On another occasion, Jimmy and I got into a playful argument as to whether the girls' drill team from Southwest Texas State College wore scantier uniforms than the Texas Western Golddiggers. We did not state it quite so euphoniously; rather, his proposition was that we would make a dollar bet as to which batch of girls were nakeder when they were performing. His drill team, whatever it is called, was to perform at the Sugar Bowl Game in New Orleans, whereas our group was to go to Los Angeles to perform at half-time for a game between the

Baltimore Colts and the Los Angeles Rams. After the two performances, we both agreed that the girls in the San Marcos drill team were nakeder because they did not have any sleeves in their uniforms.

Jimmy, of course, knew he was going to die. He spoke to me only once about it. He told me that many people had complimented him on his courage at facing the inevitable, but he said to me, "I don't like it any better than anybody else would." Once when we were in Amarillo, we received a call from his son Charles saying that he had been taken to the hospital, that the dystrophy had reached his breathing muscles, his chest, and that there was no hope. Jettie and I arrived in San Marcos, with him practically unconscious, but he did recognize me by turning his head toward me. We went on to Dallas, and got the death message there. I came back to serve, along with Walter P. Webb and other distinguished people, as a pallbearer. When I visited Jimmy's remains in the San Marcos funeral home, I cried for the first and only time since I had to leave Auntie on what was obviously her deathbed.

J. PALSO
1962

In making notes to myself, I always shorten the writing of Jettie's name by using her initials, J. P. Once in my first year in El Paso, I put on my calendar a notation of the date and place of a ladies' luncheon at which I was to make a speech. They had told me to bring Mrs. Ray to the luncheon, and I had made a note of it on my calendar pad. We then got a new calendar for me and all appointments had to be translated to it. When the date came, I had a luncheon appointment duly noted, but on the slot for one o'clock I had an appointment with a J. Palso. Nobody, including me, had ever heard of Mr. Palso. After some puzzling, it came to me that I had written down my luncheon date and below it had written, "J. P. also," and the girls had corrupted it to J. Palso. Jettie Pearl, Pearl for her mother.

MRS. RILEY
1964

Somewhere around the third or fourth year of my tenure at El Paso, I found myself increasingly besieged by a woman named Riley, I believed the wife of a retired colonel. I have heard since that she has died, may her troublesome soul rest in peace. One day she took the last thirty minutes of my day, at the cost of the signing of my mail, to tell me that Professor Harvey of the History Department has told a dirty story to his class. She was calling me to let me know, so that I could take proper disciplinary action against Mr. Harvey. He was for many months her special whipping boy; whatever went wrong at the college, Mr. Harvey was undoubtedly at the bottom of the problem, and she invariably made sure that I heard about it.

The story she said Mr. Harvey had told, which she duly related to me, was an old one that I had heard before, about the slaveholder in Alabama being petitioned by a slaveholder in Louisiana to send over a big fine Negro buck for breeding purposes, to improve the Louisiana's stock. The Alabama held his slave--we will call him Tom--in very high regard and would not make him do anything he did not want to do. So, after the request from Louisiana, the Alabama asked Tom if he wanted to go to Louisiana for this purpose. Tom asked how many women were involved, and when the boss responded that there were about two hundred, Tom said, 'No, boss, I think that is too far to go for just two or three days' work.'

Mrs. Riley obviously enjoyed telling me that story, she gave no evidence of ill effect from having heard it, and she clearly implied that I myself could bear up under the moral hazard involved in hearing it, but it was not the type of thing to be told in a class of tender young things. I finally got rid of her and on the way home, I stopped to get a haircut and missed her later call. She told my sister Ruby, who was then sixty-eight years old, that she had been mistaken, that it was not Professor Harvey but rather Professor West who had told the dirty story in class. Mrs. Riley then proceeded to tell the story to Ruby again on the assumption that it would not contribute to any moral disintegration for Ruby to hear it. I never said anything to West about Mrs. Riley's accusations until about a year later in the faculty lounge at lunch. It piqued him somewhat, and he indicated that the least I could do would be to tell him the story. When I did, he said, "No, I didn't tell the story in class because I had never heard it before; however, it is a good story, and I just may use it some time."

About a year later, I was out visiting with Hilary Sandoval, the paperback book distributor, who was then County Republican Chairman. He told me that Mrs. Riley had hounded him so unreservedly for selling books that were not pure in her definition that he finally decided to have some fun with her. When he had been in the Service, he was sent underground to Panama, where he joined the Communist Party in order to learn the goings-on in that sector. He, therefore, had a Communist Party card. He made a photostatic copy of it and sent it anonymously to Mrs. Riley. She threw a running fit over the matter, and when he finally had to confess to Tad Smith, the State Chairman, about his prank, Tad reprimanded him severely.

SIMULTANEOUS INTERPRETATION

1964

We suffered greatly during the days Mr. William Womack Heath was chairman of the University of Texas Board of Regents, from his gravelly voice and labored diction. I have never known the nature of the injury which his voice chords must have suffered, but I know it was substantial.

Once in 1964 when we were straining our best to understand what the Chairman was saying, I turned to Grady Starnes, the University Auditor, and suggested, in view of Mr. Geath's almost unintelligible enunciation, that we ought to approach the Modern Language people to see if they could provide us with head sets and some sort of simultaneous translation of what Mr. Heath was saying. Grady and I carried this quite high and had a wonderful time with it; we had only to last out a few more months before Mr. Heath retired from the Board. You can imagine our consternation, particularly mine, when we discovered that Mr. Heath was being reappointed to another six-year term. Neither Grady nor I mentioned the matter further, until the meeting of the Board in June of 1967, when Mr. Heath had resigned and gone to become Ambassador to Sweden. Needless to say, we were just a little bit chastened by the thought of getting caught in making such fun of the Chairman of the Board.

THE RANCH

1964

In late November, 1964, Jettie and I received an invitation to come to the LBJ Ranch shortly after Lyndon Johnson's first election in his won right to the presidency. We drove as far as Junction and spent the night. We were due at noon or thereabouts at the ranch. We proceeded in leisurely fashion to the place we knew to be the highway opposite the ranchhouse, where we

were directed to go about two miles further down the road to a point where we could turn left, ford the Pedernales with the car, and then on the far side drive back toward the ranchhouse. As we approached the grove of oak trees, a boy directed us down on the greensward to a place to park.

We were by no means the first ones there, but the crowd was not yet large. We soon found friends from El Paso, in Ray Dwigans, Tax Assessor Terrazas and his wife, and Roberto S. Urrea, the Mexican Consul, and his wife. The guest for the day was the President-elect of Mexico, Gustavo Diaz Ordaz. The crowd began to gather and soon there were three or four hundred people under the big grove of oak trees on the bank of the dammed-up Pedernales. The Pedernales does not flow enough water to be as broad and beautiful as it appears at the grove, but it was made much larger because of the dam just below this point, which holds a nice amount of water and makes the location a truly beautiful spot.

Walter Jetton, one of the most famous barbecue caterers in Texas, began to bring in and prepare the food. After everything was in readiness, the President drove up in a large golf cart with Mrs. Johnson and Senor and Senora Ordaz. They stopped on the road, took the cart off somewhat to one side, and the four of them walked down to stand with their backs against a couple a large oak trees to receive the crowd. We all formed lines and went down to shake hands. Diaz Ordaz is a bleak-faced man with very prominent teeth, but cordial and obviously quite intelligent. His wife, a nice lady, seemed to have nothing that I could note to distinguish her. I was most impressed, of all the four, with Lady Bird Johnson. None of her pictures or TV. appearances to her credit; the only word for her is "radiant." I do not believe I ever saw a more attractive person anywhere. The contours of her face are not good and on television you can observe little of her radiance. Johnson wore a sports jacket and gabardine trousers, not too well matched. When Ray Dwigans saw him (he had not seen him since they were roommates at San Marcos), he said, "Slim, you sure are growing tall." He looked to me to be seven feet tall. I think part of the situation derived from the fact that he was standing on a root of the tree, just a little bit higher than the people. I was so much interested in him that I failed to put any cordiality in my greeting at all, and he looked at me in a somewhat peculiar way, with neither of us saying anything notable. I congratulated him on his recent victory, and he thanked me for my kind words.

Thereafter, we went through the line to partake of the best barbecue food I have ever eaten. When the meal was over, the President food I have ever eaten. When the meal was over, the President mounted a little stage, with his back to the river facing uphill to us, all still sitting at our tables, and introduced a great variety of people, including the Master of Ceremonies (Cactus Pryor). The Master of Ceremonies then took over, with the President coming back to the stage several times, for great variety of occasions, one of which was to introduce the President-elect of Mexico, who then made a speech in Spanish that was interpreted on the spot by a representative of the State Department. Johnson's supporters, Gene Autry, the erstwhile cowboy actor and troubadour, Milton Berle, and Eddie Fisher were some of the notables there. We got to shake hands with former Governor of New Mexico John Burroughs, Governor Pat Brown of California, Governor John Connally of Texas, Lady Bird's brother, a Mr. Taylor from Albuquerque, who had on Mickey Mouse shoes, Chancellor Harry Ransom, and a variety of others. Eddie Fisher was a major part of the program, singing most of the same songs we had heard him sing at Las Vegas several months before.

They had served beer at the party, the only drink available besides iced tea, and this caused a steady line of callers upon a little portable outhouse which was back between a couple of trees some thirty yards away from the gathering. When the party was nearly over and the two

Presidents were shaking hands, Jettie and I walked back up to see the ranchhouse. Whom should we see sitting in the yard chairs but Frank Erwin, member of our Board of Regents and National Democratic Committeeman, talking to C. S. Smith, President of American Airlines. Jettie and I got a good look at the ranchhouse and found it to be truly that, not just a big, beautiful place for show. It is an old ranchhouse, well lived in, and the ranch is obviously a working ranch, with a few old pieces of superannuated farm machinery lying around. The house itself is not all of one construction, and while it looks to be a wonderful place for living, it definitely does not in any fashion compare with the famous homes of Lee at Arlington; Monticello, Jefferson's home at Charlottesville; and Mount Vernon, Washington's home down the river from the Capital.

As we walked toward the grove of trees from the ranchhouse, the two Presidents and their wives came riding in the golf cart. Since there was no sidewalk, but only the narrow road, Jettie and I stepped off the road and nodded graciously as they went by. As they passed, Jettie called "Ole!" and I called "Mucho gusto!" I still do not know which was right or whether it made any difference.

ARTISTIC THIEF 1965

In 1965, when Professor Josiah L. M. Baird was in his second year as head of our Art Department, such persistent tales came to me about Professor Baird's expropriating property belonging to the University that I could ignore it no longer. Dr. Small, Mr. St. Clair, and I went over to the Art Department, confronted Dr. Baird, and asked if we might go to his house to see if missing furniture was in his house, as had been reported. He refused to go to his house, saying that I was quite welcome to come visit him any time, but not in terms of demand such as I was then using. There was no choice, therefore, except to go on back to our offices, which is what we did.

On the following morning, a table which had been used to serve cookies and punch when paintings were being shown in Cotton Memorial Building showed up in the Union Building. The legs of it had been sawed off to adapt it as a coffee table. Another piece of furniture showed up in the Cotton Memorial Building in the women's restroom. The case went from bad to worse, with the police calling me and telling me that the Union Building janitor had seen the man who brought the table into the Union and, when asked to thumb through last year's annual, the FLOWSHEET, had identified Dr. Baird as the man who brought the table.

With this testimony, we removed him from the headship of the department, but we permitted him to continue in his professorship. Thereafter, Ray Small, who had become Dean of Arts and Sciences, built up an air tight case of sworn testimony to the point that we served notice on Dr. Baird that he would have to be removed as professor and if he wanted a hearing, we would arrange one. He left at the following mid-year on his own.

Shortly before he left, an interesting corollary to the case arose. A letter came to the campus, I believe to Dr. Small, saying that at about the time Dr. Baird moved to our institution from the University of Tampa, a motion picture projector had disappeared. They wondered if we could ask Dr. Baird about it. The conversations about the projector led to the testimony on the part of Professor Wiltz Harrison that he had traded Joe Baird a shotgun for projector shortly after Joe had come to the campus. Wiltz then examined the projector and found the University of Tampa property tag on the bottom of it. He promptly proceeded to ship the projector back to the University of Tampa, and the Dean secretaries in the office were of course quite well-acquainted, mostly by scuttlebutt, with the case of Dr. Baird, and they were frightened half out of their wits

one day to see Dr. Baird walking into Dr. Small's office with a shotgun. His only purpose was to leave the shotgun for Professor Harrison to pick it up, since they were not speaking to one another at that time.

I am convinced although I have no evidence at all to base the conviction on, that all of the members of the Art Department staff participated in the hatchet job done on Baird, but that the truly Machiavellian touch, never overt at any time, was the planning genius of Art Professor Robert Massey.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

1965 1961 1967

Beginning about 1961, I began to take long morning walks. When we lived on Donnybrook, my walk was down to Stanton Street, around up O'Keefe and back home, a stroll of about thirty-five minutes. I took along a walking stick, which served as protection against canines. When we moved to Hoover House, I did most of my walking down to the campus. One morning I proceeded to walk up one of the small mountains, the one to the west of Kidd Field, from which the cannon used to shoot when the Miners made a touchdown in Kidd Field. Thereafter, I proceeded to climb all the mountains there were. There are none I have not been on, but there is one, that one southwest of the Sun Bowl, which I never plan to climb again, because the rocks on it are nearly all loose and it is exceedingly steep and dangerous. My favorite mountain is the biggest one in that whole chain, located directly uphill from the turn in Sun Bowl Road as it heads east toward the Gas Company Building. My favorite walk, and one that I take every Saturday and Sunday if conditions permit, is to go down to the Married Students Housing, walk the arroyo all the way under College Avenue, Hawthorne Street, and Old Main Avenue, to the railroad, then up the railroad to some big arroyo that leads to the top of the mountain I just located awhile ago, and down from that mountain to Sun Bowl Road. This is about an hour-and-ten minute walk. My companion on most of this walking has been the businessman, L.A. Miller, who has become a warm field. He is a little bit more dilettante-ish than I, in that he is not at all sure at any given time that he wants to go. For my own part, I am a little bit impatient with an arrangement wherein I must go by his house at a fixed hour, only to find that he has left a note saying he will not go that morning, or no note and just does not show. We finally came to an amicable parting of the ways on the matter.

One of the biggest jobs he and I ever undertook was to climb to the top of Monte de Cristo Rey. It took us nearly an hour to get to the top. We did not go around the path, but went straight up the side. We arrived at the top not too greatly spent, but found ourselves with no choice except to negotiate an extremely hazardous talus slope, right at the top, in order to get on to the cross, which is located on top of the mountain. I, by that time, had become somewhat queasy, a state which I did not analyze until later, and I was seized with the most real fear that I have felt in a long time, as I inched my way across the talus slope. I was so completely chastened that I would not consent to go back down the mountain except by the path, because I was queasy and had quite substantial case of vertigo. L. A. nevertheless forced me into it, and as I went down the mountain, my unease achieved almost immediate relief. From that experience, I realized that my trouble had been climbing so steep a mountainside, looking at it through the distance lenses of my glasses, and thus had acquired vertigo. Going down the mountain, my spectacles focused properly and I almost immediately got rid of the queasiness. This is the first and only time that I have ever climbed steep places but never one with my face only two or three from the mountainside.

In all of this walking, I have acquired an encyclopedic knowledge of the terrain of the University's property, and this has stood me in excellent stead in helping to make plans for the institution.

I have stumbled and sprawled in all of this climbing, but my caution and my center of gravity are such that I rarely do more than sit down, bruise my tokus and skin the heels of my hands. In the summer of 1967, I was attracted by a pretty blossom off to one side as I stepped into a hole on a slanting rock. My left ankle took a vicious wrench, my right knee whacked the high end of the rock, and my walking cane, which had been hooked over my left arm, anchored on the ground as I fell and gouged me unmercifully in my left armpit. I lay and whimpered for several minutes, in resentment that so deserving a lad as I should be visited with such misfortune. I limped home and could not take morning walks for a month.

OFFICE PARTY

1965

I established the practice, when Jettie started going to Cloudcroft to conduct her camp for little girls, of inviting the girls, the Vice President, and the Assistant to the President, to a modest little party at the President's home. One of the last parties we held at the Donnybrook house involved Joy Riley, Lu Todd, Winnie Middagh, and one or two others of the girls and their husbands, plus the Leeches and the Steele Joneses. I failed to keep track of the amount of alcohol I was consuming, and I did not realize until the next morning that there was a gap of nearly an hour during the proceedings of the evening that I could not recall.

I was much troubled by this realization and went to the office the next morning with great trepidation. I was much reassured to discover that no one in the entire group had noticed anything untoward in my behavior.

A TURNING POINT

1965

The famous Turning Point, made notable by the Tom Lea painting, occurred before my eyes in the stadium at Salt Lake City in 1965. I had already given up, since we had been held for fourth down on our own eight-yard line, with one more down and ten yards to go. The University of Utah had us 19 to 13. We were in the box of the President of the University of Utah, and Sterling McMurrin, the Vice President, was our host. We were sitting with Joe and Tish Irvin. Just before the play was called, Jettie reaffirmed her faith in our ultimate victory. Then Billy Stevens threw the pass and Bob Wallace caught it right in front of us and dashed past the last one who could catch him, and we won after kicking the extra point, by 20 to 19. It was the turning point for our football season, and hence Tom Lea's painting. Stunned by the victory, but overjoyed, I grabbed Jettie and then Tish for a big hug. After I got home, I wrote Sterling McMurrin and apologized for defeating them in such a wild fashion in the last minute. He wrote back that we won fairly and squarely, that it was an ill wind that blows no good at all, that in the excitement my charming wife mistook him for me and gave him a big hug.

CADILLACKING
1965

Once Steele Jones and I were talking to Nat Jones, a local investment man, about an El Paso widow who might have some money she might be willing to donate. I commented that someone had told me that she had very little money. Nat responded, "Every summer she goes Cadillacking out to La Jolla with all the other rich ones, so she must have something."

PHILANDERING DEPARTMENT HEAD
1965

Sometime late in my tenure in the presidency, word began to come to me that hanky-panky was going on daily between the departmental secretary and the department head of drama and speech. Over a period of weeks the reports continued to come. Finally I decided to ask the department head to come to see me and he did so.

I told him of the reports that had been coming to me; I said I considered the love life of faculty members to be beyond my jurisdiction unless it in some way involved the institution in scandal. I insisted that I had no dependable evidence of his carryings-on with the secretary, and even if there were strong evidence of dalliance, I would be indisposed to act on it unless forced to do so because of wide publicity about the affair, in which case he would have go himself in bigger trouble than I could help him out of.

It was common knowledge that he and his wife were in the process of divorcing. I suggested that if he had serious intentions toward the young woman (a widow with children of her own) he would do well to get her out of his office by getting her a job in another office until such time as they were ready to get married. In the meantime, they should do their lovemaking off-campus. As I recall the occasion the professor hardly spoke ten words. I insisted all the way that I was charging him with nothing and that he was not called on to make any comment at all. If the reports were true I proposed to do nothing about them; if they were not true, I begged him to pardon me for putting him through a foundationless rigamarole.

Within a fortnight, the woman transferred to a vacancy in anther department. In those days I walked of an early morning toward the campus down Cincinnati; three of four times around daylight I met that department lead coming out of the alley to Cincinnati from the north between Kansas and Stanton. I spoke to him lightly about early walking, but repeated encounters led me to ask and discover that his lady love lived in that block on Kansas. In time the Wingates were divorced, and both were remarried, be to the lady in question and she is an economics professor.

WALKING
1966

I am dictating this on my morning walk. It is 5:30 in the morning, and I am walking down the middle of Cincinnati Street. I have just walked in front of John Sharp's and Harry Gerecke's houses, carrying my new portable dictating machine. I did not bring my walking stick this morning for fear it would be in the way, what with my needing two hands, one to carry the six-pound portable and the other to hold the microphone. It seems to me that this might be a quite constructive way to get my morning walk, both from the point of view of the exercise that I will get from carrying the six-pound handicap and from the point of view of utilizing the time. It

is at once obvious that the climbing of mountains might be too exacting physically with the added weight of the dictator. I shall this morning choose only to walk on paved surfaces, but some of that will be quite steep roads and therefore somewhat trying for an elderly gent. This would take to be a more constructive and fruitful use of morning -walk time than attempting to read books. I like to walk and read, but it is not a very productive line of activity because the reading is so terribly inefficient. One has to be watching out for holes to fall in and rocks to stumble over as well as trying to read.

EXCELSIOR

1966

Shortly after his first birthday, Gravoson Jeffery Morris and his parents came to see us at Hoover House. He had never had any experience with stairs, since their house is one-story, but he learned very soon to crawl up the stairs. Each time after he had accomplished the first flight of the front stairs, he would turn around and beam back down with excelsior written all over his face. I do not think I have ever seen higher elation depicted on a human face.

PAPPY, WE LIVE IN THESE BUSHES

1966

Once when Judy, mother of our first great grandchild, Christopher Lennington, one year old July, 1, 1981, was four, and we were living in Hoover House, I walked up Cincinnati with her and took her to the little park two or three blocks up the street. On the way home, as we approached the uphill corner of the Hoover House lot, Judy, who had wanted to run all along but who was so unsteady on her feet that she might fall and skin herself on the sidewalk, wanted to run across the grass. I let her do so. She therefore took out on a dead four-year-old run for the house across our grass. She was watching her footing, in accordance with my warning, and before she knew it, she had run head-on into the large hedge that surrounds the front of Hoover House. She looked up at it towering above her, and then turned to me inquiring, "Pappy, we live in these bushes, don't we?"

PAPPY, THAT'S NOT THE WAY

1966

Once when Toni was four, and we had not seen her in nearly a year, Jettie and I went over to pick her up and keep her for the day while we were visiting at Sally's house. Because of her tender years and the long time between our visits, I was fearful that she would not remember me. When we arrived, she was dressed, as usual like a doll, but she did not have on her shoes and socks. She was a little bit coy as we came in, and I sought to break the ice by suggesting, "Toni, come over and sit on my lap and let me help you put your shoes and socks on." She came quite dutifully, and as I worked on the shoes and socks, I said to her, "Toni, you may not remember me, but I am your grandfather. I am Judy's grandfather, too, and Judy calls me 'Pappy.' You used to call me 'Pappy,' too." I was going on to say something more when she very quickly chimed in, saying, "Pappy, that's not the way to put that shoe on."

MINISKIRT 1966

When we were flying to Salt Lake City to drive on to Provo to see the game with Brigham Young University in 1966, Jettie and I went up on a plane with the six girl cheerleaders of our institution, then still called Texas Western College. The six girls were sitting behind us and at one stop one of them leaned over the back of our chairs to say that a girl with a miniskirt had boarded the plane, was sitting up front, and that I should see her. It was mentioned again, and of course I talked it up, to share in the fun. As we rose and stepped into the aisle to leave the plane at Salt Lake City, I turned back to the girls and said, possibly a little louder than I had intended, "I wish those people in front of us would move on off so that I can see the girl in the miniskirt." She was just three people ahead of me, and she turned around said, "I am right up here, and I will wait for you when we get off the plane."

FREELADING MORMONS 1966

In 1966, we played football at Brigham Young University at Provo, and there were thirty thousand people at the game, seventeen thousand of them were students and thirteen thousand of them were freeloading Mormons. We got our share from the tremendous gate only the minimum guarantee.

TACOS 1967

My favorite Mexican food has for a long time been tacos. In the summer of 1967, after Jettie had gone to run her camp in Cloudcroft, I mentioned to Chuck Powell, who runs the University's Snack Bar, that I thought his taco shells were the best I had ever eaten. I asked him if it would not be possible for me to buy some of these shells, to make tacos for myself while my wife was gone. Shortly thereafter I left town for two days and when I came back there were four dozen taco shells on the kitchen table. Thereafter, I ate tacos of every form, shape, and description. When ever Maria Luz is there, that is, two days a week, she makes her special kind of tacos. When she is not there, for lunch or dinner I have made Polish sausage tacos, beef tacos, ham tacos, cheese tacos, and perhaps one or two other kinds. I have yet to get my fill of the tacos.

MERRY-GO-ROUND 1966-8

A philanderer par excellence was Professor Richard Burns of Education; not only did he have a way with women (one of his light o' loves, when asked by a president's office secretary, said there was a sort of romantic musk arising from him), but he had an adolescent penchant for bragging about his conquests. At the time of the story I am relating he was living with his first (I think) wife, but she must have been long-suffering--I don't remember meeting her, although I must have, I understand he has since divorced her, and another marriage has also ended in divorce. He may have remained single after that, but I would estimate that his philandering

would not be nearly so rewarding if he were indulging himself without tinkering with marital obligations.

One liaison he enjoyed for awhile, I heard and witnessed in comparatively innocent progress, was with Rosemary Something, a speech instructor who was killed in a dust-storm car wreck along with Gene Reynolds returning from Tucson with two carloads of debaters on an intercollegiate trip. Two items are memorable from that occurrence. One was Rabbi Fierman's firm and abrupt rebuke to the girl's mother for wailing aloud and unrestrainedly at the funeral, crying, "Why did my baby have to die? Why?" by hushing her with, "It's not for us to question God's will." And the other was that the accident put a total quietus on my project, already well advanced, to purchase a nine-passenger long Chevrolet (three seater) for just such long excursions. Gene Reynolds had been driving in the blinding dust storm coming east from Deming and piled into a big truck stopped on the highway.

Once in the late afternoon I saw Burns stand for a hour or more in the street between the liberal arts building and the Administration Building, thigh-to-thigh and holding hands with Rosemary. The only other romance of Burns's that I was convinced of was with a graduate student of his who was his assistant in his half-time position of director of the Office of Institutional Studies in which I had installed him. She was the wife of a Fort Bliss military man. She was the source of the "musk" report. But, by Burns's account, there were many more, I was told.

The story was developed by Chairman James F. Day of the Education Department with the assistance of a man in his department. Professor William Fisher, the son of a former president of Montana State University. Day considered it his duty as chairman to dispatch Burns once and for all by running down facts on his peccadilloes and reporting them to me. Fisher apparently went along for the ride, to exercise vicariously his taste for prurience and to garner whatever he could by sycophancy to his boss.

The two of them trailed Burns and his assistant by car to her house where they frequently went together for a long lunch-time. They also had both heard Burns boast of stud service he had some years before preformed for a graduate student, a public school teacher at the time of this involvement. Burns was reported as saying, "She wanted it and needed it, and I gave it to her." The woman had since been under a psychiatrist's care and had made her peace with her husband. Day and Fisher tried to persuade her to write a statement of her affair with Burns and this put an end to Burns's continued philandering if not to "Burns himself. When the woman's husband became aware of the Day-Fisher mission, he cut it off at the pockets.

Burns heard things were coming to a head and came to tell me some of the facts and to warn me that Day and Fisher were coming to see me. I received them with Milton Leech sitting in; they told the story of their anti-Burns activities about as I have related them above. Their attitude was one of righteous indignation against wickedness combined with satisfaction in a mission well accomplished and an ill-concealed animus against Burns and all his doings, not just his peccadilloes.

I chided Day gently for getting into such a line of activity, pointing out that in my view his duties as department head did not extend to fence-riding on the sexual exploits of staff members and that they had presented me with no facts that called for direct action against Burns. I did promise them I would talk to him about their report. And then I turned to Fisher and precipitated one of the two times in my presidency when violence could have erupted in my office. (The other was when I bearded Wade Hartrick on some of his heavy-handed contentious personal relations within the department of business administration).

I told Fisher I had been critical of Jim Day's presumptuousness in pursuing his duties as chairman beyond their appropriate sphere, but, I wanted to know, what had prompted him, as one in no way directly involved in the affair, to participate in such scurrilous behavior. He rose from his chair and wanted to fight, but Leech moved quickly between us, things simmered down, and they soon left.

My later session with Burns was my usual warning that if he did not straighten up and fly right, he might one day find himself so deeply in a hole that I might not be able to help him crawl up out of it.

Day is the only one of the three who is in my opinion a scholarly man. Burns was no great success in the institutional studies job. I think he wanted it primarily because it provided means for bringing his current lady friend in close. His principal weakness is he doesn't write well. In his time we had to get up the institutional report to send to the members of the visiting team of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools; Burns slapped the reports together haphazardly; I knew it wasn't good, but I thought it might do, and I sent it on to the chancellor for review. My stalking horse down there, Larry Hasken, telephoned me advising me that it was terrible and that he was sending it back for me personally to edit it carefully. I did so, and it took me several days, doing nothing but that; I knew it was useless to send it back through Burns.

Fisher could write fairly well, but he came too easily, as a president's son, to the scholarly pattern without its substance. About the time the graduate faculty was taking form, and Fisher's response to the general questionnaire, instead of listing publications, was the cavalier "some fifty-odd articles in educational journals." I asked him point blank to make me a list, and his response was that they were so many, scattered, and varied that he could not. Further urging brought me three samples from him, -one a reprint of two pages from Montana Education, or something of the sort, of a report of an educational group activity, and the other two little half-page tidbits, notes in comparable journals.

Day, on the other hand, has produced a nationally published book on university retirement systems, or something like that, a thoroughly respectable job. The membership committee of the graduate faculty, twice when I was its chairman, after retirement from administration refused to recommend Jim Day for membership in the graduate faculty, as much for the fact that his book was not in his direct teaching field (testing) and because of the general low refute of education as a discipline; I favored his approval both times. After I left the membership committee, with Joe Leech, Joe Lambert, and Mike Davis off the Committee, several education college members, including Dick Burns, were admitted to the Graduate Faculty, none of whom were as well qualified as Day, and Day himself was finally approved. I once checked Burns's bibliography closely, and it was all spotty and second-class stuff.

Burns has, despite this adverse development stemming from his career as a Casanova, has not changed his spots. For awhile he was hanging around Florence Rice in Education (no longer here) who was a sweet and friendly girl in our elevator social system in the Education Building. I once said to Winnie Middagh that someone ought to warn Rice about the kind of man Burns is, and Winnie, with as close an approach to cattiness as I ever saw in her, said, "Rice is a big girl; she can take care of herself." In the parking lot, Rice once introduced me to her grown son, something I would have guessed she hadn't had time to produce.

FIRST BLACK FACULTY MEMBER
1963-4

Sometime in the sixties, while Thornton Hardie was still chairman of the Board of Regents and actively involved on behalf of the Board in legal proceedings designed to prevent the integration of Kinsolving Dormitory at Main University in Austin, we had our first black applicant in my time for a teaching position. I had asked Milton Leech to handle instructors on his own, and to bring to me only recommendations for assistant professors or higher. He brought me the papers for an instructor, and I objected somewhat petulantly, but he responded, "I think you will want to see this one." It was the application of Marjorie Lawson, a black woman for an instructorship in English. Milt and I were both ready to approve, but we both recognized the hazard.

Mr. Hardie was born in Alabama, and moved to Texas at an early age; he was as convinced and determined a racist as I have known; I think he was contributing his substantial legal talents in the Kinsolving dormitory lawsuit at no expense to the university; and he ruthlessly and even arrogantly ran over people who stood in the way of something he wanted for or at the Main University, and on racial issues. I believe he would have taken up the Cudgets at El Paso. I figured I would have to talk to Chancellor Ransom before proceeding.

He asked first how good was the applicant. I told him she was tops, I think the best papers we had processed that year and that I was willing to proceed. He said we can't defer to Mr. Hardie's prejudice in a matter of this kind, and I should go ahead and put the recommendation in the docket for approval. I did so, she was approved and served with not a murmur from Hardie; I doubt that he ever knew that we had a black teacher.

Marjorie Lawson's husband, Juan Lawson, was at the time I believe an army officer working part-time for Schellenger Research Laboratories, but not a part of the teaching faculty. He is a physicist; he later joined our faculty and served with distinction, retiring for reasons of health from the position of dean of Science before 1980.

Our institution has the distinction of being the first Texas College to admit black students (See Ewing Thomas's autobiography) and I think Marjorie Lawson was the first black teaching faculty member at any Texas College, except those such as Prairie View and Texas Southern.

We later offered a professorship in political science to a black man from Pittsburgh (Name long since forgotten) in the days when Clyde Wingfield was Chairman of the department, but he declined the offer because he said that there were too few black people in El Paso at the social level he wanted to associate with.

There are always substantial hazards along the way of College presidents. On this occasion I was fortunate enough to avoid what we called in my youth a game of stomp-ass, with me providing the piece de resistance.

COLLEGES
1965

By the time we had grown to 12,000 students, the College of Arts and Sciences had become entirely unwieldy. It enrolled all the students except about five or six percent, which were in engineering, and what with Dean Small's deliberate method of operation, the job just wasn't getting done. I did all the planning myself, consulting fully only with Vice President Leech. We make colleges of Business Administration, Education, Liberal Arts, Engineering, and Science, simply by staffing departments and hiring and financing deans. Engineering was

already discreet and remained largely unchanged. Liberal Arts was what remained after the shuffling was finished. Small was a good solidier, bellyaching only plaintively after the fact that we had taken so many of his departments away from his College. Business Administration was largely discreet. The only debatable decision in the exercise was the department of physical education, whose protagonists, insisted that because of curricular requirements such as kinesiology, they belonged in the College of Science. It is one of the weak sisters among departments anyway, and it appeared to me it might be strengthened by running in faster company. There were no deans to confer with anyway, not in science to object, and education people generally consider physical education a stepchild; so in they went.

John McFarland, when he came later as Dean of Education, protested mildly, but I think he wanted to leave his job as Superintendent of Education in Houston so badly that he did not boggle at a little thing like that nor like a much lower salary. His principal reason for joining us at such sacrifice was his failing eyesight, caused by developing cataracts on which later operations were performed. I was delighted to have him as dean. Chancellor Ransom later asked we how McFarland was doing, and I responded that Mac had made up his mind at the age of 28 on most important matters and was diametrically wrong on about half of them, principally, for me, or his determination to never employ a professor who had not had public school teaching experience, and, secondly, his apparently constitutional incapability of consulting substantially with staff members, the reef on which he foundered after I left the presidency, and he moved to Texas Woman's University. He was a wonderful and delightful friend, but if I had to face appointing him again, I could not bring myself to do it. (I met Mac for the first time in Amarillo YMCA in the summer of 1957; both of us were coming new, he as School Superintendent and I as president of the junior college; we were both working for the same school board, and each of us had come to Amarillo ahead of his family and was staying at the YMCA. We met in the shower room, naked as jaybirds with towels over our shoulders. I introduced him with that story once, at a public meeting, and added, "Since then I have always looked upon him as a fine figure of a man.)

But back to Colleges and Departments, when I was talking to Lewis Hatch from chemistry at Austin about coming as Dean of Science, he said he did not want the job with physical education in the college of science. I admitted that it had been put there on poor advice and that Mac felt as he did, and , I promised we would transfer it to education. I offered the Science deanship to a geologist at Austin, one of their better ones, before Hatch, but he backed out at the last minute. Harry Ransom was a bit restive about it, as he usually was when I thought of going after Main University people, revealing his colors unashamedly in favoring it over T.W.C. and insisted, "If you're going to take him, at least pay him a decent salary." We offered him \$25,000, but still he backed out; he would have been \$5,000 higher than anyone but me, at that time if he had come.

The head of the department of business administration, George Miller, while the change in colleges still had not yet been approved, started referring to himself as dean-to-be after Leech, Small and I had been turned sharply off of him by his conduct. We had established at his highest a council of prominent business men for support. Leech and I felt we had to call him in and tell him he would not be named dean, if and when the new college was authorized. He was infuriated, characteristically, and wrote a fiery two-page letter of protest to his downtown council. Joe Irwin, the president of Southwest National Bank, got one such letter and advised me to ignore it. We later promoted John Richards to the deanship. The year following the blow-up, George Miller went to one of the lesser Kentucky State Colleges.

Ray Small stayed dean of Liberal Arts nearly until 1980 long after (after my time) he became a bar owner and operator after hours at the Ratskiller, near the campus. Lonnie Abernety stayed in Engineering, leaning administrator and returning to teaching somewhat after my time as president.

Note to self by Dr. Ray, 1-25-68

1. bigger than the Knowlton affair.
2. I have done good work.
3. Must go, if I go, at a respectable time and with dignity.
4. Want to live in El Paso.
5. Have tenure as Professor of Political Science.
6. Want to continue at U. T. El Paso
 - a. President Emeritus.
 - b. Benedict Professor.
 - c. Salary close to present stipend.
 - d. Semester of Faculty Development Leave.
 - e. Membership on Graduate Faculty.
 - f. System Consultant on Public Administration Programs.
7. Timing.
 - a. Surrender presidency, 8-31-68.
 - b. Become Benedict Professor, 9-1-68.
 - c. Faculty Development Leave Fall semester 1968-69.
8. Problem of Living with Successors.
9. When to announce: March, April, June.
10. Alternative to these conditions; impact on community, faculty, students, system.

January 1968

Memorandum

To: Chancellor Harry H. Ransom
 From: President Joseph M. ray
 Subject: Retirement from Administration

1. I have been in my present position for seven and on-half years, and I have begun to feel that in some respects I have become somewhat stale.
2. For many reasons my start in El Paso had to be with as full community participation in the affairs for the institution as was possible. Predecessors had not followed this course, with no better community relations than mine proved to be, but quite definitely with less success in achieving institutional goals. El Paso is an exceedingly complex community, it is possible that anyone serving in it for as long as I have will inevitably alienate key leaders permanently. For some of them the price of continued cooperation and support is full acceptance of their views if not their complete domination in whatever affairs of the institution concerning which they choose to involve themselves. Whoever presides over the University of Texas at El Paso and does a job acceptable to the faculty is in for a very rough journey with some of the citizenry. Perhaps it is time for someone else to try.

3. If I am discharged outright from the presidency in direct connection with a case involving academic freedom and tenure, the University System will suffer great damage and the University of Texas at El Paso will be deeply shaken. There will be loud and bitter protest from students, faculty, and the community, the latter because there are many community leaders who disagree with my critics.

4. I think I will live longer and be happier in my last professional decade if I am relieved of my present position. I slept an average of three hours a night for the first two weeks following the last meeting of the board of Regents, and I have little stomach for this kind of living.

5. I have never held a title I valued more highly than that of professor.

6. When I came to El Paso in 1960, I committed myself to service to this institution for the rest of my life, and this commitment has deepened with the passing years. I want to live in El Paso and I want to continue to serve U. T. El Paso.

7. I was in my time a far better than average teacher, and my scholarly production was substantial.

8. I presently hold the title of professor in addition to the title of President. If I should be dismissed and that rank disregarded, then the violence done to academic freedom and tenure would in many quarters and in the eyes of many be much more severe.

9. I have not kept completely up to date, what with the pressure of my administrative duties, in my academic discipline of political science. For this reason, I should like to request on semester of faculty development leave, as authorized at the last session of the Legislature, for reading and study.

10. If I could be given a salary somewhere near my present salary level, named by the Chancellor to the institution's graduate faculty, and given the title of Benedict Professor, this would provide the most eloquent possible evidence that leaving was my own choice. Indeed, it would be my choice, because that would constitute a position I would rather have than the presidency of the institution.

11. I know I could make such an arrangement work without embarrassment to my successor in the presidency. I have long considered self-imposed rules to make it possible. I would

a. Abstain from any kind of participation in faculty government, even in the Graduate Faculty (I would want such status only as a type of recognition).

b. I would make no public statements concerning, nor discuss with colleagues, any of the business, issues, or affairs of the University or the University system. If, for example, someone should ask my opinion, I would answer, "I have nothing to say," or "It would be inappropriate for me to make any comment."

c. I would tender advice to the new President only on his specific request, with definitely established limits of the area within which the advice is sought, and to him alone and not in the presence of other persons.

12. The arrangement would not work well unless I wanted it to work, but I have long hoped for the arrangement and for the opportunity to a professor and nothing more and I would make it work. I would even volunteer to give the Chancellor my undated request for complete retirement to insure my adherence to the agreement. I would only want the promise that before the letter would be dated and put into effect I would be given a hearing before the Board of Regents. While this option of an undated letter of request for complete retirement might prove unfeasible or beneath the dignity of a University System like ours, I propose it nevertheless as evidence of my conviction that the arrangement I have proposed can be made to work.

13. To all questions concerning my retirement from administration, my steadfast answer would be "I requested the change, the Chancellor endorsed the request, and the Board of Regents approved it." I thin all of my colleagues would honor my request that no great fuss be made over the change.

14. I would prefer that the change be made effective in January of 1969, a year from now with the semester of Faculty Development Leave to be in the following spring under the new title. The presidency would thus be vacated at the beginning of the second semester.

15. I refer you to the professors of our Department of Political Science at U. T. El Paso on the acceptability of such an arrangement and to Ashbel Smith Professor Emmette S. Redford of the Department of Government at the University of Texas at Austin as to my qualifications of the proposed new position.

16. I think this proposal would work to the best interest of all concerned, and I am willing to proceed with it if and whenever you are willing to endorse it to the Board of Regents.

January 24, 1968
 Frank C. Erwin, Jr., Chairman
 The University of Texas System
 Board of Regents
 900 Brown building
 Austin, Texas 78701

Dr. Joseph M. ray, President
 The University of Texas at El Paso
 El Paso, Texas

Dear Dr. Ray;

This is responsive to your letter to me of January 22, 1968. I understand that you have sent a similar letter to each of the other member of the Board of Regents.

At the onset I think it is important to be reminded of the provisions of Section 2.22 of Chapter II of Part One of the Regents' Rules and Regulations, which read as follows:

"All administrative officers of The University of Texas System (other than the Chancellor) shall be elected by the Board of Regents pursuant to nomination by the Chancellor. Officers so selected shall not have tenure by virtue of their respective administrative offices. They shall hold office without fixed term subject to the pleasure of the Chancellor, whose actions concerning administrative offices and officers are in turn subject to review and approval by the "Board of Regents."

It therefore appears that the responsibility for deciding whether or not an administrative officer, such as an institutional head, shall continue in office rests principally with the Chancellor, but that the Chancellor quite properly may request or receive the views of the members of the Board of Regents regarding such matter.

Your letter of January 22 reflects that you are making a basic error in proceeding on the assumption that my views regarding you continuing as president are based either exclusively or principally upon the Knowlton matter.

On the contrary, it has been my opinion for the past three years that the interest of The University of Texas at El Paso would be best served by your resignation. I had expressed that opinion to Dr. Ransom a number of times before I ever heard of Professor Knowlton or the criticism directed at him.

As I explained to you in the presence of the board and Dr. Ransom in Houston, my opinion is based largely on the fact that you do not command the confidence of the business community in El Paso (as evidenced by the fact that many leading El Paso businessmen have repeatedly suggested to me and to other members of the Board that you should be replaced), you do not command the confidence of the leaders of the Legislature (as evidenced by the Legislature's action with respect to your library appropriation in the last biennium), you do not, and have not during my term of the Board, commanded the confidence of a majority of the Board of Regents (as evidenced by the expressions to me of other Regents), and you do not command the confidence of many members of Central Administration (as evidenced by their expressions to me). In the face of this situation, the surprising thing is not that your resignation is now being called for; the surprising thing is that it has not been called for long before now.

With respect to Dr. Knowlton, I can only say that as of this time I have seen no evidence which would justify any disciplinary or punitive action against him. However, as I have said before and have said above in this letter, the Knowlton incident is not either the exclusive or principal basis for my views with respect to your continuing as President of UT El Paso. Accordingly, I continue to hold without change the views which I expressed to you in Houston in the presence of the other members of the Board and the Chancellor.

Yours truly,
Frank C. Erwin, Jr.

FCE: bb
Cc: Members of the Board of Regents
Chancellor

I GAVE MYSELF A VALENTINE

GENERAL FACULTY MEETING THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO Minutes of the Meeting

A called meeting of the General Faculty was brought to order by President Joseph M. Ray in Magoffin Auditorium on February 14, 1968*, at 3:30 p.m.

Statement Made by President Joseph M. Ray

Dr. Ray read the following statement:

The burdens of the office of President, with its tensions and pressures, have become increasingly onerous for me. I have many times recently reflected on the halcyon days when I was a professor with no administrative duties. I think some of the best work I have ever done was in the capacity of university teacher and faculty member. I have longed for a return to the type of research work I did in the Bureaus of Public Administration at the University of Alabama and the University of Maryland. I have never borne a title of which I was prouder than I ma of that of professor. I have never surrendered it during the years when I had the administrative titles of dean and president. I am now sixty years old and weary of the exacting requirements of the presidency of such a rapidly burgeoning university. I think I have earned the privilege of devoting the remainder of my productive career to the line of work I much prefer. I am convinced that in that work I would be happier and would have a longer life expectancy.

I recently requested the Chancellor, and through him the Board of Regents, to be relieved of administrative duties and to be allowed to revert to faculty status. I am happy to report that the Board of Regents at its San Antonio meeting on January 26 and 27, 1968, approved my request.

I will continue in the presidency until August 31, 1968, the end of the present fiscal year. I will by then have completed more than eight years in the presidency. On September 1, 1968, I will become H. Y. Benedict Professor of Political Science. The Board of Regents has granted me the title of President Emeritus and has approved my appointment to the Graduate Faculty. For the first semester of 1968-1969, the Board of Regents has authorized for a semester of Faculty Development Leave, a program recently authorized by the Texas Legislature, for reading and study to enable me to bring myself abreast of the developments that have taken place in my teaching field during the years when I was too busy with administrative duties to keep up.

The new president can be expected to assume office on September 1, 1968. His appointment will be recommended to the Board of Regents by the Chancellor of the University System and approved by the Board. Chancellor Ransom has directed that a Committee of the Faculty be elected to aid him in the selection of the new president.

I take great pride in the progress that has been made at the University of Texas at El Paso in the eight years I have been here. In all the areas of the University's program, in quality of faculty, in the selective admission of students, in the expansion of academic programs and graduate offerings, in library growth, in plant expansion, in our thrust toward Latin America, in reorganizing the administrative establishment with new departments and new schools, in athletic prowess, in the Excellence Program, in academic quality in general, in the influx of students from outside our immediate region, we have changed from a small regional college to a great state university. In 1960, I would have been reluctant to accept a position on the faculty of Texas Western College. I now by my own request in 1968 move with high pride to a position on the faculty of The University of Texas at El Paso, resolved as best I can to continue to contribute to the quality of our splendid University.

Statement by Chancellor Harry Ransom

The following statement from Chancellor Harry Ransom was read by Dr. Milton Leech:

The University of Texas at El Paso has changed much more than its name during the presidency of Dr. Joseph Ray. Academic standards have been raised, faculty recruitment fortified, the plant expanded, libraries and laboratories improved, and international activities

strengthened. The Benedict Professorships, the rejuvenated Excellence Program, and the founding of an advisory council all came during this period of significant progress.

Most notable, perhaps, are the strong votes of confidence given The University of Texas at El Paso by accrediting groups made up of rigorous academic critics from institutions outside Texas.

All these accomplishments are now history, and truly historic in the future prospect of a steadily improving university.

Both the Regents and the Central Administration, recognizing President Ray's earlier leadership, now confidently expect him to continue contributions to The University of Texas. His research in his specialty, public administration, has been both varied and generally recognized. As Benedict Professor, in both scholarship and teaching, he can be expected to make a record equal to that which he has attained in administration.

Adjournment

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

Milton Leech, Secretary Pro Tempore
The General Faculty

REORGANIZING ENGINEERING 1963

After consulting with the dean of engineering at Austin, we organized an Engineering Advisory Committee as a sort of board of visitors for engineering under the chairmanship of Lambert (Lank) Moore, President of the El Paso Natural Gas Products company, which later moved to Odessa. Several first class men served on the Committee, including the Austin dean, W.W. (Bill) Hagerty, and John Payne, a New York business executive who had graduated at TWC, and a man named Jones who later went as president of the University of South Carolina. The Austin Dean Hagerty later became president of Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. The Committee met with me on three different occasions in my conference room.

At that time only metallurgy was accredited of the appropriate accrediting agency, civil, electrical, and mechanical were not. We had far too few doctor's degrees and laboratories were meagerly equipped. By the third meeting all were agreed (even John Payne, whose willingness to serve had apparently been at first prompted by a desire to protect Dean Eugene Thomas) that we should move toward quality and that Gene Thomas would not do as dean. Gene had only a master's degree, a resourceful man, but no university dean by any stretch.

Gene was returned to teaching, at no loss of salary, and Lonnie Abernathy was brought in as dean. Now all departments are appropriately accredited and the faculty is much improved under a good administration.

On May 16, 1980, at lunch at the El Paso club as guests of L.A. Miller, I told Steele Jones, Milton Leech, and L.A. that I contribute \$50, every time somebody dies, to the Joseph M. Ray Library Fund (started by Steele Jones, who first mentioned the fund at the Club), anybody, "even old Gene Thomas," and Steele lightly quipped, "If he ever finds out about it, he will throw the \$50.00 back." John Payne advised Gene to accept the option, which he did with fairly good grace but with no continuing affection for me. Leland Sonniclisen, on being privately told of

Thomas's leaving the deanship, observed, "Poor devil; what could be sadder than to serve 25 years in the wrong job?"

Somewhat later the Austin engineering dean Hagerty told me petulantly when he was told that we were keeping Robert Coltharp on the faculty to teach photogrammetry (Coltharp had been cashiered at Austin as being below acceptable standards and we had taken him on earlier), that we chose wrong at the crossroads after the E.A.C.; we should have chosen to become a two-year engineering institute. Coltharp served out his years with us, if not with distinction, at least with a modicum of satisfaction on both sides.

HIGH CRIME

1966

We have known Charles Hubert Taylor all of his life. I was at the Denton County Hospital when he was born to Jimmy and Virginia Taylor. When he was a year old or thereabouts, they discovered that he had only about 4 or 5 percent vision. He grew up with our boys while we lived in Texas, and then he was at our house for many visits, some for as long as five or six weeks. Jettie looked upon him in many ways as a third son. He was a good boy, sometimes contrary, but never real bad.

When his father died and left him an income of some \$250 a month, he had managed to stick out his college work and finish his degree at San Marcos, and then for the next two or three years he lived in Mexico City. When Jettie and I were in Mexico City in 1964 or 1965, he introduced us to a young woman named Lilian Lagarde, a divorcee with a little girl, formerly married to a Mexico foreign servant. Charles and she were not obviously very much interested in one another. She was not a beautiful woman but attractive and intelligent, working as a translator and master of Italian, French, Spanish, and English languages, if not another one or two.

I have kept a correspondence with Charles over the years, since his father's death. Just before his marriage to Lilian, he wrote telling me they planned to be married, but he asked me not to discuss the matter in a way that would let the information get back to Mexico, because they might have trouble from Lilian's former husband.

Some year or so later, I heard that Lilian and Charles and the little girl were in the United States. Shortly thereafter, I received a call from Terry Jacks, then the State District Judge of San Marcos and earlier a warm friend of Jimmy's and the executor of Jimmy's estate. Terry asked me to meet him in Austin. Since I was coming two days later, I agreed. What he wanted to talk with me about was a dread secret involving Charles.

I was due to see him in Austin the next day when the news hit the newspapers. Lagarde, Lilian's first husband, had been discovered the victim of a trunk murder; his body had been stripped, placed in a trunk, and taken to a wild place some fifty miles from Mexico City, where it was discovered several weeks after his death. The Mexican authorities came looking for Charles and Lilian, who had repaired to Houston, where they had put themselves in the hands of the famous criminal lawyer, Percy Foreman. Foreman had hidden them away in a house apparently known only to him and had told them to lie low. Charles has always been subject to periods of depression, understandably because of the serious impact that his limited vision has had upon his life. It apparently was he who suggested that he and Lilian, before they took an overdose of sleeping pills. In one note, Lilian wrote, "Mr. Percy Foreman, this is one case you won't win. We killed the son of a bitch, we really did." In his last conscious thought, Charles rose from the

bed and threw himself through a window frame, crashing outside. He was taken to the hospital, where his life was saved, but Lilian died.

What Terry Jacks wanted with me was advice, as an old friend of Jimmy's, on whether they should ask District Judge Arthur Bagby in Austin to set aside the will made by Jimmy providing that Charles could have all the money in his own right at the age of thirty (he was then only twenty-seven), let Percy Foreman have the entire amount of the estate, so that he could be well-financed in preparing Charles's defense. I favored letting Foreman have the estate for two reasons: first, Charles would never need it more, and, second, I think it would be most constructive for the lad if he had to make his own living which, with his high intelligence, he could do quite easily. Judge Bagby, however, knew the business better than any of us and ruled that he would not set Jimmy's will aside. He knew that Foreman would have to do the best he could for Charles, money or no money.

I was in Houston not long after that and had arranged matters so that I could be free for one afternoon, and I called the office of Percy Foreman to inquire if there were some way I could see Charles. They told me that there was no way for me to see him, that only first-line relatives could be admitted. Within a very little while, Foreman himself called me back to say that he was going to the Houston City Jail to see Charles and would like me to accompany him. This I did.

Charles was a sad sight. He was barefooted, unshaven, with only a T-shirt and blue jeans for clothing; and his four main upper front teeth were gone, where he had knocked them out when he dived through the window after the suicide attempt. I sat with him and Foreman about an hour, while Foreman read Charles's mail to him. I made two contributions to Foreman's understanding of his client: first, Charles scored the highest mark ever made by a youngster on admission to the Texas State Blind Institute in Austin, when he was a small lad; and, second, Charles and another lad won the Texas State Debating Championship when Charles was a junior in San Marcos High School. I might have added that a student with the handicap of vision who graduated from college, with no quarter given or received, was not a half-wit.

Shortly after my visit, Charles was dismissed from the Houston jail on bail of \$1,000. Everybody concerned came to realize, I think, that with his handicap he could not escape even if he wanted to. Later, the Mexican Government made its representations, asking for his return to Mexico. They did not want him on any serious charge, they said, but only for lesser charges like "accessory to murder, fleeing to escape prosecution, robbing a cadaver, moving and hiding a cadaver," and the like. It was obvious from the stories that were run in the sensational magazine from Mexico City that they considered Charles as a murderer and they called him a sexual degenerate and a person of limited intelligence. They showed pictures of him at Lilian's funeral in Houston, and they accused him of shedding crocodile tears. In my correspondence and conversations with Charles, I think this charge of shedding crocodile tears moves him most, because he really loved Lilian and his failure to join her in death was a reaction that derived from his subconscious and not from his conscious choice.

When the issue was finally brought to focus in the Federal District Court in Houston about whether Charles should be extradited to Mexico, the matter was postponed because of the need to have all of the Mexico documents translated.

At this point of time, many months later, Charles is still free, living with his mother in Austin on a \$1,000 bond. I have written a letter to President Lyndon B. Johnson, as I am sure many other persons have, urging that Charles not be turned over to the Mexicans for one reason if for no other, namely, that the Mexican Government has never yet to this day rendered a Mexican citizen to justice in the United States under the reverse circumstances of the case in which Charles is involved. I am convinced in my own mind that Charles and Lilian did what the

Mexican Government thinks they did. Charles is not as helpless as one might think: he worked with barbells for many years, and is as strong as any young man I know. All he would have needed would have been the leadership and vindictiveness of Lilian to make him commit the crimes with which he will be charged if he ever faces the bar of justice in Mexico. It is not for me, however, to assess the penalty for a crime upon an individual. I do know that if he is ever turned over to the government of Mexico, the jingoes in that country will crucify him as the vicious, degenerate gringo that they have already built him up to be. I think he has already paid a real severe penalty, and I am convinced that no one else will ever again lead him into the dread circumstances in which he now finds himself. The last time I talked to him on the telephone at his mother's house in Austin, he told me that he was making a little money as a folk singer at night spots around Austin and that, after the ordeal he has already undergone, every day of freedom is awfully sweet to him.

REMORSE 1967

I sometimes think that remorse is the predominant human emotion. Once in very short order I did three things that made me ashamed, and I have thought about each of them many times in remorse before my embarrassment finally went away, all of them within a few days of one another.

The first was turning back some Cornish hen at a party that Sam and Betty Young had invited us to. I should have said to Mrs. Young that I could not eat fowl, but instead I told the waiter and he took it away and got me a rare steak. Betty was shaken because Cornish hen is such a delicacy that anybody ought to be able to eat it.

The second item was when I was eating lunch with John McKee and Bill Hardie, we talked and talked, and I got my eye glued on a green onion on John's plate, and when he did not eat it and the waiter started away with his plate, I called to the waiter and asked him to bring back John's onion for me.

The third time was when I had dinner with the Ewing Thomasons honoring Homer Thornberry. I wanted a cigar, so I went back to the rear of the Cornado Country Club where we were to dine and ordered a cigar and told the boy to charge it to Judge Thomason. I was deeply embarrassed when I saw old Ewing looking hard at the bill as the dinner party ended. Why does a fellow do things he hates himself for later?

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA 1966

In the summer of 1966, I received a telephone call from Chancellor Harry Ransom. He told me that George L. Cross, President of the University of Oklahoma, had informed him that he (Cross) had reached retirement age and that he would very soon have to retire. He had announced publicly that he would participate in the choice of his successor. He was therefore writing to Harry for recommendations. Harry told me that he had been looking around over the eligibles in the State of Texas and he wondered if I would be interested. I told him "no," that I would not be interested, that I was soon to be fifty-nine years old and they would not take seriously a recommendation for me anyway, and that, also, Joe Ray takes a little bit of getting used to, with the result that it would be wrong for me to move. I told him, nevertheless, that I was much pleased to be thought of. Harry then said, "Well, I think I will go ahead and

recommend you anyway." I responded that I sure would like some of the members of the Board of Regents to know that he had done so, and he said, "They will."

This is, I think, the high point of my professional career. Such a zenith must come somewhere, and it came too late to get me the presidency of a Main State University. Nevertheless, it occupies an apogee in my life's work in two respects. One is that my boss had looked over the entire State of Texas for potential presidents of State Universities, and found no one he liked as well as me to recommend. In the second place, it gave me a new lease on my tenure here, with so eloquent evidence of his high esteem of the performance I am turning in, there is hardly likely any time soon to be a movement initiated to run me off. Harry was quite frank to say that the reason he felt this way was the highly favorable report which this institution was given by the Visiting Team last year from the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. Harry told me that while he was going to write to Cross complimenting me, he was going to tell him also that they would do all they could to keep me here.

CHOCOLATE Y NEGRO ZAPATOS 1966

Once as I went to work on a day when I had to go to Austin by plane, leaving in mid afternoon, I went down to the office and worked until time to leave for the plane, went to Austin, and bedded down on my pallet on the floor in my hotel room, as is my wont. I awoke in the middle of the night, flipped on the light, and there, not a foot from my eyes, was one black shoe and one brown shoe. I had worn them all the previous day, and I had another full day ahead of me with mismated shoes. The brown shoe was fairly dark, but I was afraid I could not get away with it. When I got out to the University, I asked Henrietta Jacobsen to come out in front of her desk and let me show her something. We all had a big laugh. That night I got home about 4 o'clock and dashed out to the University and into my office before quitting time to show the girls in the office what I had done.

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD 1966

Shades of the old-time barracks room story about the puppy which dashed across the street to recover the tip of his tail that had been cut off by a car and got run over and had his head cut off.

Moral: Don't lose your head over a little piece of tail.

* * *

I was on the telephone talking to John Middagh in the summer of 1966 on the change of name from the Department of Journalism-Radio-TV to the name Mass Communication, and the point was raised that by accident our new departmental name had had an "s" tacked on to it, and I said to John, "Let's don't make a federal case out of it, let's just ignore that 's.'" Certainly we will not go back through the Coordinating Board trying to get it removed." When I terminated the telephone conversation, Ray Small, who had been sitting beside me, said, "I guess it is a question of not losing your head over a little piece of 's.'"

SHED
1966

At Spar City, in the high mountains of Colorado, in the summer of 1966, we were staying at the cabin of Charles Carter. I was not too strong for fishing, but Jettie and Charles went fishing every day, sitting out in the middle of the lake on a raft and dragging in the trout. One day, as they came home, the maid's son Alfonso was painting one of the little structures out back of the house: there were two, a privy and tool shed. As they saw the newly-painted structure, Jettie exclaimed, "Why, Alfonso has painted the shed!" Charles replied, "No, he has painted the shed house."

MY PRESS AGENT
1966

Jettie and I went to the meeting of the Board of Regents of The University of Texas in the spring of 1966, shortly after we had persuaded Dr. John W. McFarland to join us at Texas Western College as Dean of Teacher Education. Dr. McFarland is a very distinguished man, and it was indeed quite an accomplishment for us to get him to join us. We took Mac to the Board meeting with us and went around showing him off. Everyone was so enthusiastic about his joining us, at a great decrease in salary from his position as Superintendent of Schools for Houston, Texas, that finally Jettie, understandably my staunch supporter, responded to the comment from one of the satraps from the Chancellor's office to the effect that we had really done a fine thing to get McFarland, "Yes, getting McFarland to go to Texas Western was the best blow that has been hit for the institution since they hired Joe as President." Jettie thereafter has continued to be referred to by the person to whom she spoke as my "press agent."

CONNALLY IN THE SUN BOWL
1966

Mayor Judson Williams in 1966 became quite chummy with Governor John Connally, so much so indeed that he was able to persuade the Governor to come to El Paso for a football game. There was some sort of public reception under the supervision of Ray Pearson, after much pulling and hauling by our Board Chairman, Frank C. Erwin. Other guests at Hoover House were the Charles Leavells, the H.D. Fulwilers, the Jack Vowells, Jr. and Sr., the Ray Pearsons, the Judson Williamses, and others, thirty in all. The Governor sat at dinner with Mrs. Leavell, Mrs. Pearson, and me. He told us the wound he suffered at the hand of Lee Harvey Oswald was nearly completely healed except in his right arm; he still was slow in raising his rifle while hunting, and he could not level his right palm to receive change when making a purchase.

Everything went fine at the football game, with the Governor sitting on the aisle, as planned, so that he could see anybody who came along. He did not get to see much of the football game, because of the steady stream of youngsters, mostly from Van Horn. His aide told him he would predict that the Governor would carry Van Horn handily at the forthcoming election. At half-time, he went out the back way of the stadium to get in a convertible, while Judson Williams and I went down to the playing field for the ceremonies that involved his driving all the way around the stadium after having received the Medallion of Merit, and Judson and I walking back up. He came to the middle of the field, and we were out there ready to use the loudspeakers, but, as we discovered later, his convertible had stopped on the loudspeakers

would not work. It was a terribly embarrassing time for the moment, but the Governor took the thing in his stride, we gave him the Medallion, and then he went on around the stadium. Someone said to Jud and me, as we climbed back up the stands, "Those were the best speeches we have ever heard you make."

Somewhat later, in the December show of the Gridiron Club at the El Paso Country Club, they put on a most hilarious skit in which persons mimicking the three of us went around moving their lips without making any sound.

MRS. PENDERGRASS AND MRS. HARRIS 1966

On October 1, 1966, Governor John B. Connally of the State of Texas came to El Paso at the behest of Mayor Judson Williams to visit our institution and to hold a public reception for Ray Pearson, the local representative of the Governor, to have a dinner at the Hoover House, the credit for which went to Mayor Williams, and to sit in my box at the football game as my guest. The situation worked real beautifully, all the way throughout, except for the faulty microphone on the playing field which went dead when the Mayor, the Governor, and I put in our appearance at the fifty-yard line for the bestowal of a Medallion of Merit on the Governor. The speeches were no great loss, and I had more compliments on that speech--namely, no speech at all--than I ever had on any I actually did deliver.

Mrs. Hattie Pendergrass, a Negro woman whom many hostesses in El Paso use to cook big dinners for them, and her assistant Mrs. Harris, hit me up in the kitchen before the Governor got there, pleading to be allowed to meet them, and he said, "Yes, indeed, let's go." I imagine he talked as much with those two women in the kitchen, possibly as long as five minutes, as he did with any other one person except his table companions. When the woman would come to ask him did he want some more of something, he would respond, "No, thank you, Mrs. Harris," or "No, thank you, Mrs. Pendergrass." I don't think any two cooks ever enjoyed a higher pleasure.

NUDE PORTRAIT PAINTER 1967

In the spring of 1967, Archie Scott, president of a bank in Pecos and a member of the Board of the El Paso Branch of the Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas, came back from his first visit with the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System and related to us a story which one of the Governors had told. It seems that a country boy in South Dakota, who had never had much formal schooling and none at all in the fine arts, had begun dabbling with paints and developed into a first-class portrait painter, much after the fashion of Grandma Moses. In the small community where he lived, the people began to lionize him. The wealthiest woman in the community wrote him, offering him \$500 to paint her portrait, but she set the condition that the portrait would have to be painted in the nude. He had been strictly raised and was a moral man, so he refused. The lady wrote him back, offering him first \$1,000, then \$2,000, and finally \$3,000 if he would paint her portrait in the nude. Despite the fact that he was a man of high principle, he figured he could adjust his principles somewhat for \$3,000, and so he wrote her back, accepting her offer, but stating that he would himself need to set a couple of conditions. "First," he wrote, "I must insist that you pay me the \$3,000 in advance." "Second," he wrote, "I must be permitted to keep my socks on, since I will need some place to stick my paint brushes."

POR LO QUE VALGA
1967

Some time in the early part of 1967, I awoke to the realization that I was using the phrase, "For whatever it is worth," in almost every sentence I uttered. Several of my colleagues, particularly Milton Leech, worked with me to keep me from using the phrase. I made very little headway in three months. I have learned to recognize the phrase as it starts coming from my lips, and I have doctored it now to where I say, when I realize I am using it, "For whatever evaluation you might want to put upon it." I hope one day to succeed. The most effective evasion of the phrase is to say, "Por lo que valga" in its place, since John Sharp tells me that is the Spanish equivalent of it.

BUS DRIVER
June 1967

On the morning of June 6, 1967, after I had already taken my morning walk and was in the midst of my ablutions, Jettie came in to tell me that she had meant to mention it before, but that she had to have her little sixteen-passenger bus taken down to 800 Wyoming Street for checking out before she took it to camp on June 8. There was no choice, therefore, but that I dress to go to work and then drive the bus down to the place she had engaged to deliver it. I went ahead and finished dressing, and then she and I drove in separate cars over to the warehouse-shops building, where the bus had spent the winter. When we got there, I asked her and Colonel English, Mr. Hollenshead's assistant, whether the bus had a standard gear shift, since I could not remember. They did not know either. I was lucky enough to get the bus backed away from the chain link fence vigorously once or twice. Even then, I never did shove the fence vigorously once or twice. Even then, I never did find out where second gear was.

I drove the bus up Sun Bowl Road, since I did not want to drive it through the campus, and then out Baltimore Street to Mesa, and down Mesa toward town. I did not have a driver's license for the bus, and the bus itself had only a 1966 license on it, since Jettie did not want to license it before June 1 in order to save money.

As I went toward town, I tried to remember which street Wyoming is. I know it well but what with the hot bus and my sweating like a coal heaver and trying to drive the bus, my thoughts on the location of Wyoming Street never got in order. As I went down the hill toward town, I checked each street name from Schuster on, looking for Wyoming. It is the last State-named street before downtown. When at last I came to it and turned left, I saw what I should have remembered, that Wyoming was then blocked off for freeway construction. I had no choice then but to turn left again back up the hill on Stanton, in order to get around the construction. It was shortly after 8 o'clock in the morning, and traffic congestion was such that I had to slow down. The motor was not running well and I did not know where second gear was, but I sought to get out of my dilemma by turning right into Yandell so that I would not have to stop and seek the proper gear to start again.

After I had got well into Yandell, I looked ahead two blocks to see a solid avalanche of cars coming my way. It was only then that I realized that I was driving that damned bus the wrong way on a one-way street. I managed to get into Campbell street, headed south once again, and all the way around to Stanton, headed north again and to Rio Grande, and then I went out past the 800 block on Rio Grande. After that I turned right again to go down to 800 Wyoming.

When I got to the corner on which 800 was on Wyoming, I found it again running the wrong way, and I had to make still another trip around Robin Hood's Barn to get in there.

By the time I finally got the bus into the filling station at 800 Wyoming, I was so hot and angry that all I could do was to fume and sputter. Jettie drove me back to the University and I raved a third of the way there. By the time I had cooled off, it began to be funny, and I could laugh about the experience a little better.

The garage manager asked Jettie later who drove the bus into his garage. She told him and asked him why he was inquiring. He said somebody came in later that morning to tell him that he saw that bus going the wrong way on Yandell.

HOOVER HOUSE 1964 or 5

The so-called Dudley House, now the President's home for U.T. El Paso, at 711 Cincinnati, was given to the institution by Mrs. Robert Hoover, Sr. in 1964 or 1965. The property is such that it requires too much upkeep to be used by any except the well-to-do. Mrs. Hoover lived in the House with her son Joseph Hoover and his family. I had heard that the house was something of a white elephant and that Mrs. Hoover would like to sell it. Inquiries revealed that it could be had for about \$150,000, a sum that was, of course, entirely beyond us for such a purpose.

The house was built, was told, by Mayor Dudley in 1917. The date is significant, because at that time prohibition was imminent, and the good mayor had plans to avoid the impending drought. Underneath the large dining room of the house was a secret room, accessible only through a trap door in the center of the dining room. Poured concrete to the thickness of twelve inches surrounded the room. It was quite a talking piece, but I was never able to get Jettie to descend to examine the rough interior of the room; I imagine she at one time had read Edgar Allen Poe's Cask of Amantiado.

I was told that Ricky Feuille, who had married the only Hoover daughter, Lou Ann, wanted to talk to me about the house. Our first talks involved the possible exchange of the Donnybrook House, in which we were living at the time (purchased in Joe Smiley's earlier tour as president), but this fell through, largely because there would be no money available for the extensive remodeling of the Hoover house to render it servicable as a president's home. Later, Ricky shifted to a deal in which the house could be donated outright by Mrs. Hoover and her three children, with tax allowances for the gift over a three year period for each of the four donors, Louie, the Feuille, Joe, and Bob Jr.

All of the details were covered, and the Board of Regents approved the sale of the Donnybrook house, the proceeds to go to the remodeling of the Hoover House. The house was officially named the Hoover House, although it became known as that in regular parlance long before the official naming. In the history of the house, Mrs. Dudley (who lived past 90 in some place in New York State, and with whom I carried on correspondence, a part of which led to her giving the institution her large silver service), after her husband's death in the 1920's, sold it to a rich Mexican named Blanco; Blanco ran afoul of the United States government, I believe in a question of tax evasion, and decamped to Mexico, abandoning the property. The government, after holding the house for some time, auctioned it off about 1940, and Bob Hoover, Sr. bought it at the auction, Jack Vowell told me, for \$10,000.00.

The whole deal for us took months to get wrapped up, and the McDonalds, who bought the Donnybrook house, were ready for occupancy long before the Hoover House was ready for

us. Our son David, not get married, stayed for awhile in the Hoover House at night, and then I slept there for some months before we finally moved in. The whole remodeling program was accomplished while we lived there, amidst sometimes mountains of filth of torn-down plaster and such. The work itself was not so slow, but the clearance of the use of the money derived from the Donnybrook House sale actually necessitated legislative authorization. My old Nemesis, the Duke of Paducah, crabbed the deal for awhile; and my reliance on the assistance of our stumblebum senior legislation, Ned Blaine almost wrecked the inclusion of the necessary appropriation bill rider. I awoke in time, went to the Senate and persuaded Pete Snelson, in the last days of the legislative session, to talk with the key house committee chairman; and he took me to see him. The Representative, whose name I no longer recall, agreed to re-insert our rider, in the appropriation bill in the conference committee, Bill Heatley to the contrary notwithstanding, after my plea that the money involved was not state appropriated money in the first place, since it represented Donnybrook House sale proceeds, the house having been bought originally from Texas Western College Cotton Trust funds.

Thus the legislative authorization went through by the skin of its teeth. Some months thereafter, with the Rays still living in filth, I had to get Board of Regents authorization for the letting of air-conditioning and other contracts. This was the juncture at which Thornton Hardie, recently off the Board of Regents, wrote his disparaging letter about Jettie and me to the individual regents, saying we were in capable of planning the remodeling of the Hoover House. (I have told this story in the section of Erwin vs. Ray that deals with Harry Ransom.) This caused even further delay. During the filthy months of delay, one day, Joe Hoover's wife Mary, (Thornton Hardie's niece) showed up at the Hoover House front door, to see what was being done in the remodeling and was appalled to see the state things were in. She didn't even come all the way in.*

Finally it was all completed. We completed most of the house, but kept the drapes in the library. The secret room had to be used for an equipment room for the air conditioning; they knocked a huge hole in it from the basement, and it is secret no longer.

Just before we moved into the Hoover House, and before any remodeling had been undertaken, David moved his pigeons into a space built for them in the garage. His intended, Dorothy Doll, came by Hoover House with him on a pigeon-checking visit once and found a little bug-haired black mongrel which had apparently been crippled by a car. Their hearts went out to it; they took it to a veterinarian, had a pin set in a broken leg at the cost of about \$75 out of their own money (at least, none of mine), named him Timmy, and have had him since, at any time the most useless varmint I have ever known, especially now that he is better than fifteen years old.

My complaint with the Donnybrook house was its inadequacy for use as a president's home. Even with one or two diners sitting on the floor, we could feed only twenty-two persons. (Once when we served a departmental buffet for business administration, I permitted one of the departmental staff members to keep the invitation list and be miscounted by four, so that he and his wife [I think it was Tommy Thompson] and the Rays had to eat at the kitchen bar and the kitchen table). (his fulminations had probably contributed to her misgivings about the pending alterations.)

With the Hoover House things changed. We began to have droves of people in. One of the first formal dinners was for Louie Hoover, Ricky and Lou Ann, Joe and Mary, and Bob, Jr., and his wife (the daughter of Sam Young; they were later divorced, with several children, after she was caught in flagrante. I was told in bed with another man). According to my warped standards of value, the principle point worth remembering from the formal dinner was an Aggie

joke told to tease Joe Hoover, a Texas A & M graduate, I think by Rickey. Casual acquaintances surprised an aggie by revealing their knowledge of the identity of his alma mater. When he inquired of them how they knew where he had gone to school, he was informed, "We saw your class ring when you were picking your nose."

Mrs. Hoover had no place for the huge 12 place dining table and left it in the house for us to use, along with the chairs, a serving chest and a huge glass-enclosed cabinet for dishes. At the very first chance, when the Board of Regents next met in El Paso, we had them and their wives to the Hoover House for a luncheon, with about 24 people, necessitating additional tables to accommodate all of them. No real program, except that I had asked Regent Rabbi Olan to say grace for the crowd, and he did so, asking God's blessing on the house and its occupants, present and yet to come.

Mrs. Hoover, the Board Members, and nearly all others were much impressed. I went out of line to invite Thornton and Mabelle Hardy to the first reception, to which we invited about 200 persons to see the re-done Hoover House. Louie Hoover thought the house looked far better than it ever had before. Thornton somewhat grudgingly spoke kind words about the quality of the renovation. It was exceedingly difficult for Thornton ever to admit he had ever been wrong about anything.

My hopes for a revitalized president's home were fully realized. Jack Vowell once twitted me, in one of our sessions when I was complaining about delays in getting the house redone, with trying to swing the whole deal just so I would have a big, fine house to live in. To be sure, I did enjoy all the days (about four or five years) in the Hoover House, but I always looked on it as a public building and tried to use it as such. I never knew a better, more accommodating nor a more enthusiastic president's wife than Jettie was, even from the first, but especially after we moved to Hoover House. She would let faculty women decorate, arrange for extra chairs and tables, and use the kitchen for parties. There was nearly always something going on, sometimes with large groups, even receptions for graduates and their families at commencement time. Indeed our frequent and bountiful use of the house embarrassed my two principle successors (Smiley and Templeton; Milton Leech, as interior president for nine months, never used the house) since both felt it necessary to inquire of me whether my understanding with the Hoovers included permission to this or that group to hold its meetings at the house. Once, about 1976, Joy Riley, administrative assistant to the president in my day and since, telephoned to ask me point-blank whether the Hoovers had stipulated that some big women's group could hold their annual receptions at Hoover House. I responded that the only condition set by the Hoovers was that the house be used as a president's home.

The nub of this issue is that none of my successors has had, even to a limited extent, my concept of the house as a public building. They conceive it really as the provision of luxury living accommodations for the president and members of his family. Jettie and I saw it as a privilege and responsibility to share with others of the university community. We frequently compared notes on the point that the university was really gaining two servants for the price of one, namely me. Witness of the great change is that neither Jettie nor I, since we left Hoover House in the summer of 1968, has been inside its doors. In response to my guarded inquiries amongst colleagues, I have not found more than one or two who have ever been in the house since we left it.

Despite the expense we went to redecorate the Hoover House initially, even more was spent on it when Joe and Mary Smiley moved in and two years later when the Templetons came.

One of my more satisfying uses of the house was "no agenda" meeting of an evening of the deans and vice presidents and other administrative heads in a group which I playfully dubbed

"The Sanhedrine," with drinks and coldcuts for as long as they wanted to stay, as long as my oft-repeated observation was honored that nothing worth losing sleep over was ever accomplished after eleven o'clock at night, except I might add, somewhat belatedly, what Shakespeare called knock-buttocks.

ANGLO MAID

1970

Hilary Sandoval, a seventh-generation Mexican-American, whose mother wouldn't permit the use of the word "Chicano" in her presence, was a staunch American, despite the fact that each generation of his family resolved on its own to speak Spanish in their homes. He was an active republican, and went to Washington for a time in the Nixon administration as Director of the Small Business Administration, one of the highest positions held by that time by a Mexican-American. Hilary told of being lionized socially when he first went to Washington by hostesses who were astonished at his command of English. One such marveled at his succinct diction and asked him how he had acquired such fluent use of English. Hilary responded, "When I was a very small boy, we had an anglo maid who didn't know a work of Spanish, and I learned English from her."

Hilary did not last long in Washington; he returned home for an operation for brain tumor, and died a year or two later of a brain tumor.

COMMUNITY PARTICIPATION IN FINE ARTS

1960-1988

From my beginning in El Paso, I got on what I consider to be the wrong track with the El Paso fine arts community. The fault lay not so much in my lack of any well developed interest in fine arts, even through that lack was present, but to two other considerations, namely, one, I had my heart on my sleeve for anyone who came seeking the college's cooperation and welcomed them with open arms, freely authorizing Dr. Thornodsgaard (whom E. P. Fines Publisher Dorrance Roderick playfully called Dr. Thermos Jug) and later Dr. Olav Eidbo to cooperate wherever the "ladies" wanted it. Second, in my observation, fine arts community enterprises and resources are preferred in perpetuity and without limitation, no matter how vagarious their impetuous whims may become nor how demoralizing the impact of their whimsical administrative determinations may prove to be.

I suppose it is generally true that do-gooders in general, when embraced enthusiastically by a public agency, tend to smother it with both minor and major tenders of affection, and when the public agency seeks to exercise any independence of actions, there are howls of alarm and predictions of doom for joint endeavors. This proved to the case with us in quite strong measure. Late in my tenure, at my request, Milton Leech inquired of the Universities of New Mexico, Arizona, Arizona State, and Utah, and possibly others, regarding their practice and policy in this connection; and he was advised in the main to steer clear of such involvements wherever possible. It is perhaps a function of my naiveté and my penchant for improvisation (as old Curley Byrd once phrased it to me, my willingness to rush in where angels fear to tread) that I was mildly astonished at this advice. At all events, quite frequently our community fine arts wives would attempt to throw, and occasionally succeeded in throwing us around the trail.

I recall once producing something approaching consternation in a small group of ladies by the observation, off-hand, that The University Ballet, which had become something of a monster

in terms of its impact on the institution, was not a university undertaking. The Music Department head was always overworked, and he surrendered much of the decision-making to the teeming multitudes of ladies with small taste for afternoon card parties and too little else to do. Furthermore, the fact is that we exist to provide the state's bounty of a collegiate education for whatever Texas youth that legally come our way, and this goal sometimes runs directly counter to the enthusiastic desires of volunteer producers of fine art extravaganzas, free-wheeling and vagrant in pursuit of culture for benighted, deprived, and isolated El Paso.

The particular recurring dilemma was the schedules of Magoffin Auditorium, which was the only available forum for the presentations, and, as we grew, the frequent expansions of the stage to accommodate more lavish offerings infringed upon the large classed that had to be assigned to the auditorium. Such clashes frequently presented conflicts which had to be resolved in the president's office, and their resolution, if not serving completely the wishes of the laborers in the fine arts vineyards, was greeted with borals of anguish or sullen and revengeful backbiting accompanied by recriminations that we didn't love fine arts.

One of the advantages of University Association to the civic enterprise participants, besides the use of facilities for presentations, was the part-time student roster, enough unskilled but enthusiastic labor to delight the heart of a newly arrived executive director of extravaganzas. This indeed proved to be the straw that broke the camel's back- my patience and accommodations, to call it what it truly was.

Ordinary student performers, run-of-the-mill, were seldom sufficiently talented to please the community entrepreneurs; repeatedly Adela Simon, a local singer whose family responsibilities prevented her venturing afar, was starred in musical programs of various sorts. Money would be raised - not institutional funds-to procuring of persons with recognizable names for the starring roles in productions. The requirements for the use of the auditorium led me to limit the use of Magoffin Auditorium to two productions a semester. This limitation proved to be too burdensome and too rigid for those involved, because the bringing in of recruited talent from outside proceeded catch-as-catch can, and a blow-up followed one year when they scheduled only one production the first semester and crowded three big ones the second semester.

With something like seventy-five or a hundred students involved in one of the huge productions, in minor roles of performance and behind the scenes for part-time labor, they scheduled that spring's final offering with one performance (out of three or four) overlapping the final examination week and with a final production scheduled to be presented in Chihuahua City on Saturday evening following the end of examination week on Friday, with all of the uproar of moving sets and equipment 300 miles down into Mexico the responsibility of students who should have been devoting their time and energies to their academic work. The entire monstrous arrangement was already rolling before I caught on to it, and all I could do was rant and rave and offer threats of never again; and I thus drove further nails in my coffin as an uncouth enemy of culture.

Milton Leech, as my immediate successor, I imagine, got them better under control; at all events, the Frankenstein's monster the system had become has apparently in later years largely disappeared from the scene. If Arleigh Templeton has had a hand in leveling off the firestorm, then all-credit to him. It could be that the completion of the New Fine Arts Building has so expanded facilities that some of the pressure has relaxed for that reason.

SELECTION OF HEAD FOR DEVELOPMENT 1964

When Mission '73 recommended that we have an annual rate of giving to the College of \$300,000, it was incumbent on us to start something. After checking with Jack Vowell, I went after people to help me. Francis Morgan was first, but he was too stiff and reserved and too firmly wedded to Catholic causes. Bob Givens of York Hardware was later helpful but clearly not the main guy. I approached L. A. Miller with an open mind. His first reaction was that he was too busy, raising money for various political campaigns, but the more I continued to try to talk him into helping, the more receptive he became to the idea. I must have been quite persuasive (I'm reminded of a comment of the manager of J.C. Penny, as I recall named James, when I was hitting him up for an annual contribution, "I wish I had the likes of you out on the floor, selling for us.") L. A. was ready to go right then.

L. A. and I canvassed the entire establishment of El Paso for the Excellence Fund and really gave the Development Program its start. From the broad perspective our efforts were hugely successful. Lawyer Dick White was the first chairman of the Alumni Fund and it was highly successful, too. There was hardly a first line office in the city that L. A. and I didn't visit. Sam Young gave \$500, and when we later told him Thornton Hardie had given \$1,000, he grumbled, "Damn him, he just cost me \$500," and raised his contribution to \$1,000. Several contributors presumed on their gifts to try to accomplish their goals for the institution, but we were never really weakened. Once Bill Heath as chairman of the Board of Regents upbraided me for soft-soaping prospective givers and implying their hopes would be realized, I responded, "What do you want me to do when I'm asking them for money, hit them in the face with a dead cat?" That was riotously received at the meeting, with Don Walker, later the big cheese, chucking over it on into the evening. Old Bob Price, George Matkin, and a few others held to such feelings, but no substantial effect.

A building and loan association president (can't recall his name, something like Guenther, later died) once sent me a telegram offering to double his annual contribution when the history teacher (Trexler) who marched in the Plaza protesting the Viet Nam War was gone from our staff. When the professor left, through no doings of mine, to go to a Pepperdine job, I dutifully hit up the B. & L. man and collected his doubled offer. George Matkin stopped his annual contribution when Frank Erwin lowered the percentage of our institutions bank balance by investing in C.D.'s. Bob Price called me almost daily to ask whether the anti-Viet Nam War marching professor (Trexler) was gone and I duly communicated to him the good news of the Pepperdine job offer and acceptance.

While I never really over-promised a prospective giver, and certainly never lied to one outright, there was an accumulation of resentments about student radicalism that accrued to the account of the fast-talking, panhandling president. I never lost a contributor without trying to save it, and, with so many words uttered, some could surely be misconstrued. This could have contributed to the decline in the business community acceptance of me that had clearly taken place by the time the Erwin Anti-Ray War came along.

But I started out this section with Steele Jones in mind. In casting around for someone to head the development program, I considered several persons. Melvin Straus told me he thought he could do it. Jim Friolo, development man for the main University, came out to help. I asked him to talk to Straus; he reported that Straus was almost a text book case of the wrong sort of man, much too egocentric and dignified. Friolo thought that Steele Jones, the director of news and information was the sort of person needed; on his recommendation, it was done, and it was

one of the best decisions I ever made. Years later when New Mexico State asked my opinion of Steele. I wrote them that if I were still in the presidency, they could not pay Steele Jones enough to hire him away. Under Templeton, they did.

CHARGES OF HOMOSEXUALITY 1961

The Cortez Hotel had its lobby on the second floor, with street entrances on two streets. The side entrance led directly underneath the upstairs lobby to a men's room bordering on the back alley. Street traffic could thus reach the restroom without passing any kind of inspection. City police had obviously noted the restroom was frequently visited by homosexuals; they had scratched a peephole in the frosted glass of the restroom window to the alley, and when a suspicious couple were in the restroom a partner could be summoned to look through the peephole, signal the other, who would dash into the restroom and grab offenders in flagrante.

One morning early (I think in 1961) a city policeman appeared amongst my callers with a written report on two such arrests, one a young Mexican-American and other Ray Fisk, our assistant business manager. He was quite competent in his work and was the faithful social companion of Lavinia Arnold, the assistant registrar. Once in their birdwatching excursions way southwest of El Paso they were once perilously marooned on an island in the Rio Grande by a flash flood. Roy's bachelor quarters were in the basement of Benedict Hall. He was a beautiful tenor, much sought after as such, and I learned later had apparently gone directly from choir practice at Asbury Methodist church to the ground floor privy of the Cortez.

I thanked the policeman told Business Manager St. Clair, never was called on to take any kind of action, and kept the copy of the police report in the back of my desk drawer at home (it my still be there). Ray never showed up again. He felt he was disgraced; his brother, Bradley, an El Paso lawyer reported indirectly that he was in a hospital for observation concerning possible suicide. Someone told me that he visited his Benedict Hall quarters unobserved at night and that he had resigned his position as assistant business manager. He was later heard from by somebody from Kansas City. Within the past two years I read of his death in El Paso.

Once Milton Leech and I agreed we had had problems with all kinds of sexual activity except sodomy, and within a few days a report of that type came in, thank God with no need for presidential action. Our part-time woman teacher of ballet apparently produced a liaison with a Fort Bliss lover an illegitimate child, but I never heard of it until it was five or six years old. My only reaction to being left in the dark in that matter was to reflect on faculty potential for conspiring to keep silent and keep secrets from the president -- possibly the best course in many instances--both for transgressors and the president.

GARCIA CASE 1965

Correspondence 1

H.L. HERSCHENSOHN, M.D.
MEDICAL DIRECTOR
Corporate offices of Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc.

Personal Communication
July 28, 1965

Sent to President Ray, 711 Cincinnati, El Paso. I talked with him by phone without using names, 7/31/65 HR

Chancellor Harry H. Ransom
1610 Watchhill
Austin, Texas

Dear Chancellor Ransom,

I was shocked to read in the El Paso Times that Carlos Garcia was appointed Dean of Men at Texas Western College. The column omitted any reference to this man's family.

The reason for this glaring omission is that Mr. Garcia is living with a woman to whom he is not married, at 831 McKelligon, El Paso although I believe he gives his mother's residence as his mailing address. The woman is my ex-daughter-in-law, Jean Herschensohn. The two grandchildren are residing with their father and us for a six week's vacation. They state Carlos lives with them and are instructed to call him "Daddy." However, Mr. Garcia is married. His wife and four children live in Los Angeles. They are not divorced.

Whether it is bigamy or adultery the moral character of this "father confessor" and advisor to students of the University should be made known to the student body, the parents and the Board of Regents. They have a right to be aware of the kind of man chosen for this great responsibility.

Please keep the source of this information confidential as Mr. Garcia's reaction can be violent. He has threatened the life my son and me. Judge Freund of the Criminal Court of West Los Angeles has issued a bench warrant for his arrest.

It is hoped that after you have made your own investigation and are satisfied that these statements are facts that appropriate action will be taken. The reputation of a great university cannot afford to be soiled by such an irresponsible appointment.

Most respectfully yours,
Hubner Herschensohn
10616 Kinnard Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90024

Correspondence 2

Saturday, 31 July 1965

Office of the President
Texas Western College

Call at home from Harry Ransom, telling me that he had a letter from a man in Los Angeles who said he was shocked to read in the paper that Carlos Garcia had been appointed as Dean of Men at TWC. Carlos Garcia had deserted his wife and four children in Los Angeles and is living at 831 McKelligon with another women and her two children, passing her off as his wife. He is not divorced from his wife. This woman with her two children, the informant's grandchildren, is

living with Garcia, says the informant, either in adultery or bigamous association. The children are being taught to call Garcia "Daddy", and it is all just as wicked as hell, says the informant.

Harry said that if either case were the fact, we would have to get him out of that job. Indeed, although Harry did not say that we would have to fire the man from the teaching faculty, just get him out of the student deanship, I do not see how we could keep him on the faculty even, if these charges are true.

The question is whether he is divorced from his former wife, with legal proof of the same, and whether he is married to woman who is living with him now on McKelligon as his wife. Harry said that a Mexican divorce is one that is not honored in Texas; whether it is honored in Texas or not, this boy is a whole lot cleaner if he has one and has gone through the ceremony with the woman he is now living with.

One further thing is that he has threatened the life of Dr. Ransom's informant, the father-in-law of his present mate, and that there is a bench warrant out for his arrest from the Criminal Court of West Los Angeles, presided over by Judge Freund.

Dr. Ransom is going to mail me the letter, or a copy of it, to the Cincinnati address, but he thinks we must keep secret the identity of the person who has written. I disagree, but I suspect that after the Chancellor has said that we have no choice but to do so.

Correspondence 3

Office of the Chancellor
The University of Texas
Austin, Texas 78712

August 2, 1965

PERSONAL

Dr. H. L. Herschensohn
10616 Kinnard Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90024

Dear Dr. Herschensohn:

This acknowledges your letter of July 28 concerning a recent appointment at Texas Western College.

I have begun a private inquiry through President Ray of the situation you describe.

Thank you for writing to me.

Sincerely yours,
Harry Ransom
Chancellor

HR: aa
 bcc: Dr. Ray

Correspondence 4

Handwritten note of Dr. Ray

August 2, 1965

I telephoned John Lattin Vice President & General Manager of Mountain States Telephone to inquire about the name in which the telephone at 831 McKelligon is listed.

He called back to say that there is no telephone now listed at that address in any name.

That information scuttles this avenue of investigation.

Doug Humphreys 566-9313
 Loretto Cleaners
 J. Herschenson
 831 McKelligon
 Owes a little bill--wants help to collect
 I told him we have no record.

Kelsey reports conversations with Garcia dividing his marital problem into several issues:

1. She is disturbed and under care of a physician, who advised Garcia to get out of the picture.
2. He says the issue of support divides 3 ways: a. Community property (Calif & Texas)- she got it all b. Child support-he is paying c. alimony= not due from him in Texas.
3. His father has contributed generously or regularly.
4. He is seeking a Mexican divorce. Thus it is established he is still married.

Correspondence 5

Memorandum for the record, 8:30 p.m. Hoover House, 3 August 1965

I conferred at substantial length with Dr. Leech and Dr. Kelsey about how to pursue the investigation in connection with the charges levied against Acting Dean of Men Carlos A. Garcia. One facet of the investigation promised some information, and I telephoned Judge Freund at the court mentioned in Mr. Hershednsohn's letter. I did not reach the judge, but the clerk of his court, a Mr. Gladstone, after I had called back somewhat later at a time set by him, told me that there was no record of any kind of action filed in his court within the last year, another by his name had been filed and nothing was pending.

The question of how to approach the facts of alleged cohabitation at 831 McKelligon offered only bleak possibilities. We could as college officials inquire of neighbors, but this could only aggravate possible scandal. The three of us finally agreed that confrontation was the only approach in any measure constant with official dignity.

Dr. Kelsey brought Garcia to my office at 9 a.m. this morning and the four of us discussed the matter. I started it off by stating that the Chancellor had been served with information that he had been living at the above-named address with a woman. I asked was the charge true. He stated that his answer would have to be "Yes and no." He was courting the woman in question, that he intended to marry her as soon as he was free to do so, that he had filed for a Mexican divorce, that his marriage to his present wife was in Mexico in the first place, that he had maintained his study, his room, his mailing address at the home of his mother, that he had spent a considerable amount of time with the woman at the address in question, that she had now moved to another address in the upper valley, that the only remaining possession at the McKelligon address was his car, which when he was ready to move it had turned out to have a dead battery (the three of us later deduced that this was the clue that the Loretto cleaners had to the fact that "J. Hershenson (sic)" had some connection with the College.) His "yes and no" meant that he had spent nights at the house, and he himself used the term "weekends", indicating that he had spent some weekends there. He stated that as a matter of court process, he had been instructed to pay \$250 a month child support, that his wife had moved to have the amount increased to \$650 per month, which the court had rejected, in view of the level of his income; that when his woman friend's plan became known to move to Texas, her ex-husband and his parents moved in court to restrain her from moving out of Los Angeles County, which court refused to honor this petition and she was allowed to move. He had had no trouble with the woman's family except on one occasion when hard words were spoken and these people tried to bring some kind of process civil process as he phrased it, which was not honored because he was at that time resident in Texas. There had been no continuing strained relations with the woman's former family, that the ex-husband was something of a "pansy," that the last contact he had with the man was when he came to the El Paso Airport to pick up the woman's two children to take them to California, the woman had not wanted to speak to the man and that he Garcia had taken the two children to the ex-husband in an uneventful meeting, at which there were "Hell, how are you's" and he took the children and left with them.

We discussed the matter from various angles, I commenting on the difficulty of a decision in so complex a case, that the issue was not courtship at all but rather cohabitation, and that the area of student advisement was extremely sensitive, that this was not New York not Los Angeles on the one hand nor yet Sierra Blanca on the other, that a man's personal life ought to be his own until his behavior reached scandalous proportions, that when this kind of meeting had to be held scandal was near if not already present, that I had not asked for the problem but that it had come to me, that while Kelsey and Leech could advise me and the Chancellor was looking over my shoulder, none of these could make the decision for me, and that I thought I could promise him that we could reach some kind of decision by tomorrow afternoon. Kelsey at this meeting made some comments indicating that he thought the matter could be easily resolved, that there was really no great problem. Leech indicated that cohabitation did not have to mean permanent residence, so long as the admitted facts existed, we had the problem in its full force.

I indicated that no matter what had gone before, it seemed to me that "Caesar's wife" behavior was indicated from this point forward.

Within a half hour of our breaking up, Dean Kelsey called me and requested further audience for the discussion. They were back by 11 a.m. and Dean Garcia took the lead. He stated that after deliberation, he felt that the facts as they appeared to him could only have come from the woman's ex-father-in-law, that these people wanted to ruin him so that their former daughter-in-law -- wife would be forced to come back to Los Angeles so that the children would be closer to them, that they must have wormed whatever facts they had out of the children who

had been in California with them for some weeks, that anyone could get children to say anything they wanted the children to say, and he at this session belittled the confession of "yes and no" that he had made earlier, saying that in essence he had not been guilty of untoward conduct.

At this point, I told Mr. Garcia that the further discussions of this issue would be between him and me and no one else, that Dr. Leech and Dr. Kelsey would not participate, and I urged upon him that he check and see whether his Juarez divorce, now in progress, could be in some way speeded up. I did not give him assurance that this would make a controlling difference, but I thought it might do much to clear the air. He stated that he and the woman would be married within twenty-four hours after the divorce. He would try to get some report to me very shortly about progress in the Juarez process.

At one point, as I recall it in the earlier session, Mr. Garcia referred to the three issues at stake in his separation from his wife were community property (he had left her everything, even a new automobile and came to Texas with only "the shirt on his back"); child custody, and he left the children with her; and child support, and that he sent her \$250 per month as ordered by the court, and his father, who loved the grandchildren had regularly sent her \$225 per month.

Signature - Joseph M. Ray

Correspondence 6

August 7, 1965

Cincinnati, Saturday morning. Garcia Case

I started yesterday writing this memorandum for the record by hand in my office, but I barely got started and did not write fully enough because of the slow pace.

The next day after our first talk, Carlos came to tell me that he had had a long talk with his Juarez lawyer, and the issue of his divorce came from the signing by his wife of the papers in Los Angeles. He spent a good bit of time on the telephone with L. A., trying to find out where the papers were, and he could not find them or rather locate them. He said that he was going to get a duplicate set of papers, take them to Los Angeles, get his wife to sign them, file them with the court in LA and then come on back; he could do this with taking two days of earned vacation the first of next week. I told him that we ought to get that behind us, to be sure, but that I was still worrying about the main issue, and I had not yet resolved that this action on his part would cure up the entire matter. He was confident that his wife would sign and all would be well.

The next day after that meeting I called in Kelsey, Garcia, and Leech to give my verdict, phrasing certain conditions and an if. The conditions were that he continue to conduct himself as Caesar's wife (he could court Mrs. Herschensohn in regular fashion, but not be guilty of any untoward behavior at all; that if she went to Los Angeles with him they would either make the trip in one day or they would have a traveling companion, stuff like that there) and a further condition that between the present and the time he becomes a respectably married man living with his wife I not hear any criticism of him in any fashion at all. The if was that if he is free of all his complications and respectably married and living regularly by the first of September, then we could live with the situation. I was most firm in saying that we would not in any terms agree to pass the time of September 1. If the matter is not completely resolved by September 1, all bets

are off and out he goes. I asked Leech, Kelsey, and Garcia, each in turn, if this was a fair decision, and all agreed it was; Garcia added that he foresaw no difficulty at all in getting the matter worked by September 1. I reiterated that, if even by some horribly unfortunate development his problems were not worked out by September 1, they were worked out or out he goes.

Handwritten poem by Dr. Ray on same page as above

Our acting dean Carlos Garcia
 Was sexier than it would appear
 He was taken in sin
 Right up to his chin
 And wound up with a sling 'round his rear

Correspondence 7

August 10, 1965
 Chancellor Harry H. Ransom,
 University of Texas
 Austin, Texas

Personal

Dear Harry:

This letter is in response to Henrietta's note of August 6 asking for a progress report on the questions raised by the M. D. in California. I have kept this matter under tight control; I am typing this letter to you myself. The persons here who know the full facts besides me are Leech, Kelsey, and Mr. Garcia.

We are still in the throes of working out the problem. I have ample evidence, enough that I am completely convinced, that your informant has set out to persecute Mr. Garcia to the point of his ruination, so that the former daughter-in-law will be forced to return to Los Angeles and abandon her intention of marrying Mr. Garcia when he is free. She is now employed here and supports herself, with the addition of child support from ex-husband.

Mr. Garcia has not yet received his divorce, but his hopes are clearing. He has maintained his study, bedroom, and mailing address at the home of his parents, who live here in El Paso. He has frequently been in the home of Mrs. Herschensohn here in El Paso, but he has not lived there. There has been no talk of any kind here, and I think the informant is the only source of possible trouble. Mrs. Herschensohn had already moved from the address mentioned in the letter when you call came, and the house was vacant.

Mr. Garcia is a respected and competent colleague, and the three of us are convinced we cannot condemn him on evidence provided by critics who are clearly not disinterested. We are agreed upon the tentative decision reached. I feel it would be absurd to forbid Mr. Garcia Mrs. Herschensohn's company; but I have told him that he is to conduct himself as Caesar's wife from

this point forward; that any untoward behavior could ruin him; that any kind of adverse report that might come to me, regardless of its fairness or veracity, could very easily knock over his apple cart and resolve the issue; and that, if he is not legally married and living with his legal wife by August 31, his employment with us will be terminated. Mr. Garcia felt that there would be no question but that he could meet these conditions. I reiterated to him that the August 31 deadline is absolute and that, even if some heart-breaking delay should occur, through no one's fault, the deadline would still inexorably apply.

I have amassed much additional detail with which I am reluctant to bore you. If you desire to see my whole file, I can bring it sometime and live it with you.

Again, the issue at this point is not fully resolved. I think it will be soon.

Sincerely,
Joseph M. Ray,
President

Correspondence 8

Document marked Not Sent, no date

I am writing in connection with the letter written to out about our Acting Dean of Men by the Medical Director of Douglas Aircraft.

The persons involved are Mrs. Jean Herschensohn, the former daughter-in-law of your informant to whom her children were awarded in a formal California divorce proceeding; her former in-laws, grandparent and the father of the children, still resident in California and from whom he is legally separated but not yet divorced.

Perhaps I should say at the outset that the man who wrote you is not coming with entirely clean hands. In the first place, some months ago a call came, first to our personnel office and then to Dean Leech, asking questions in the name of the Douglas Aircraft Company about Mr. Garcia. Since the inquiry purported to be official from the Company, we saw no reason to withhold information. We have learned now, however, that these inquires were being made by the person who wrote to you through established Company channels. We have learned also that the Herschensohns have been unrelenting in their pursuit of the former wife and daughter-in-law. When she indicated an intention of moving to El Paso (where she is now employed and makes her living, supplemented by child support payments), they sought by court process to force her to stay in Los Angeles, but the court did not accede to their plea.

I am convince that they have special fish to fry in this case in seeking to ruin Mr. Garcia, so that Mrs. Jean Herschensohn will be forced ultimately to return to Los Angeles and be thrown back on their mercy. Furthermore, I had an exhaustive report from the Clerk of Judge Freund's court in Los Angeles to the effect that there was no record of legal process against Mr. Garcia during the past year.

Mr. Garica's family status is rapidly being straightened out. He tells us that his wife has been under the care of a psychiatrist for more than tow years, and that the physician told him that she would not improve so long as he was around. He has achieved legal separation, which consists of three things; division of community property (which was done by his leaving everything to her and coming to El Paso a year ago with, to use his phrase "nothing more than the shirt on my back"); child support (which by court order he provides in the amount of \$250 per month and which is supplemented by a monthly payment of \$225 per month by his father who lives here); and child custody (which was resolved by leaving the children with her). He is pursuing a divorce in Juarez, which is being held up pending the service of process in California and which he hopes by a trip to California this week to speed up. The Juarez divorce I considered on the base of legal advice here to be quite in order, especially in view of the fact that the marriage of the Garcias was in Mexico in the first place.

As for behavior here, Mr. Garcia lives here with his mother, where he receives his mail, has his study, and sleeps. He states that he is in love with Mrs. Herschensohn and intends to marry her as soon as he is free to do so. He concedes that he has been frequently in Mrs. Herschensohn's house, as one might expect, but he denies that he has been living there, and I believe him.

I have devoted a great deal of thought and worry to the problem. On the one side of the issue we have an informant whose good faith (the Douglas Aircraft telephone call), veracity (the charge about criminal process denied by the responsible court official concerned).

I have made an agreement with Mr. Garcia in the presence of Dean Kelsey and Dean Leech. I think it would be absurd to forbid Mr. Garcia Mrs. Herschensohn's company; but I have told him that he is to conduct himself as Caesar's wife from this point forward; that any kind of untoward behavior could ruin him; that any kind of adverse report that might come to me, regardless of its fairness or veracity could very easily kick over his applectart and resolve the issue; and that, if he is not legally married and living with his legal wife by August 31, his employment with us will be terminated. Mr. Garcia felt that there would be no question but that he could meet these conditions. I reiterated to him the point that August 31 is an absolute deadline and that, even if some heart-breaking delay should occur, through no one's fault, the deadline would still inexorably apply.

Some shorthand notes follow this typed text.

Note from Joseph M. Ray

All this business of my memoirs should be given to the UT El Paso Library with the proviso that they make hektograph copy for safe-keeping other than the copy for readers to use.

Call this stuff on UTEP and my leaving the presidency to the attention of Dale Walker, at whose suggestion I undertook it in the first place.

Joseph M. Ray

None of it opened to public scrutiny until I, at least, am pushing up daisies.