

TEXAS, OUR TEXAS

Remembrances of The University

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MARGARET COUSINS has had a prolific career as an editor and author, with six books to her credit and numerous articles, essays, and poems that have appeared in *Good Housekeeping*, *McCall's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Mademoiselle*, *Playboy*, and other magazines. She has held a number of editorial posts, and served from 1961 until 1970 as senior editor for *Doubleday & Co.* In 1973 Miss Cousins was named a Distinguished Alumna by The University, and in 1980 received an honorary D.Litt. from William Woods College. She recently served on the Centennial Commission of The University of Texas.

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The Beatific Memories of an English Major

Margaret Cousins
B.A., 1926

When I look back at my college days in The University of Texas at Austin from the present vantage — a distance of more than fifty years — I know that my memory has rosied over the trepidations and traumas inherent in the human condition. The sun could not have risen every day in a cerulean sky, turning violet at dusk, and always sprinkled with puffy, Italianate clouds. The bluebonnets did not perennially flow from the front steps of Old Main to the bottom of that long hill, forever punctuated with silky, red poppies. The sundry culinary creations of Charlie Wukasch and the Little T. Shop could never have represented the ultimate gourmet experience. Jimmy Joys did not play the most beautiful music ever played. Austin was not, actually, the Athens of the West. Still, that is the way I continue to think of it, and I remember those days as a time of almost perfect happiness.

This beatitude was not engendered by anything material. I realized that my father and mother were sacrificing to send me to college. At least ninety percent of the young men I knew were working their way through school full time. Most of us lived on stringent budgets. The Forty Acres were green and studded with

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trees, but the existing buildings were largely old and shabby and seemed to be strangers to maintenance. The unprecedented rush toward higher education in the twenties had resulted in a student body of almost 5000. This situation made it necessary for the majority of undergraduate classes to be held in the wood and tar-paper shacks that had been built as barracks in World War I. These miserable buildings were very poorly lighted, leaked when it rained, and afforded little protection against the blue northers of Austin's brief winters, but I do not recall that any of these things discouraged me. I loved the campus with all my heart, despite having once been attacked by a bat that flew out of the dessicated tower of the Old Main Building, where a colony of bats always lived.

When I try to unravel the secret of my happiness in those days, I think that, along with having a certain amount of freedom without responsibility, it was because I was an English major in the College of Liberal Arts. There I was daily exposed to a remarkable and gifted roster of teachers, who incessantly strove to share with me what they had learned. I don't suppose it was easy for them or that they were suitably remunerated for the job, but they did it with gusto and panache. It was from this bubbling fountain that I received my original intellectual sustenance. My mind, like some voracious bivalve, opened and closed, choosing and storing up whatever tidbits of knowledge it needed or found attractive. At that time, in that place, with those people, I was introduced to ideas and became aware of their potential. It was then, indeed, that I first became *aware*, which indubitably changed my life.

I do not mean to imply that the faculty of the English Department was any more spectacular than the purveyors of other disciplines at The University of Texas. There were stars in every department. But I was in more frequent contact with my English professors. The offices of the English Department occupied a crumbling north wing, at the rear of the Main Building, with doors opening into a long central corridor from both sides. This aisle was, naturally, called "the English Channel," and it was a heady experience, limited to upperclassmen, to cruise up and

down this strait like a passel of inquiring fish, dropping in at various open doors. Our professors were available to us, in and out of the classroom. Many of the chance impressions visited on me during these calls are with me still.

The English major associated with scholars in all branches of literature in the English language, but also found it necessary to take required courses in virtually all of the humanities for baccalaureate degree credit. He had to study History, Mathematics, Science, Linguistics, Philosophy and even Physical Education. The student was to acquire a well-rounded educational base: a familiarity with the basics and a sense of the possibilities.

I was unusually fortunate as a freshman to be assigned to the English I section of Dr. Killis Campbell, a refined gentleman of late middle age, small in stature and delicately made, with a little gray mustache and a horror of drafts. Though Austin, then as now, had a temperate climate, leaning toward the torrid and drought-stricken, Dr. Campbell almost invariably came to class wearing a conglomeration of overshoes, sweaters, jackets, coats, wool scarves, gloves and various articles of rainwear, and carrying an umbrella. He required at least five minutes to divest himself of this regalia (except the overshoes, which he wore all the time), and this permitted the class to settle down before he smiled at us myopically and launched himself on the subjunctive mood. Dr. Campbell was strong on grammar, and pity anyone who had never diagrammed or parsed a sentence.

Among our uncouth age group, Dr. Campbell was celebrated primarily for being the father of two beautiful sets of twins, but actually he was an acknowledged scholar and reputed to be *the* world authority on Edgar Allan Poe. It was his duty to teach us how to compose in the English language, and he was not one to shirk his duty. He required us to produce a ten-page theme every week. Reading thirty freshman themes every week on such inane subjects as "How I Spent My Vacation" and "My Favorite Book," must have been harder on a scholar than on his charges, who found a weekly theme utter slavery. But he never faltered: he read them all, and he made notes in his eccentric, spidery hand on the margin of every paper.

A few weeks after this regimen began, I found myself look-

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ing forward with frantic eagerness to these messages from the front desk. If Dr. Campbell praised the structure of a sentence or a paragraph or the choice of a word, I was overwhelmed with bliss. If Dr. Campbell wrote: "Diction?" in the margin, I knew I had erred and was suffused with shame.

I was too shy to speak to Dr. Campbell outside the classroom, and he was pretty shy himself, but one day when I went to have a conference on my term paper, he told me in a hesitant voice that he was recommending me for an "Advanced English Composition" class, to be conducted by Dr. Hanson Tufts Parlin, the dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, for which only A students were eligible. He told me that the course was optional, but he felt that I ought to take it, because I displayed possibilities of becoming a writer. This was an ambition I had long fostered in secret, because I did not believe it was possible. When I tried to thank Dr. Campbell, saying that I felt flattered, he replied that I had reason to feel flattered, as he had never before stuck his neck out by nominating a freshman!

I never got to know Dr. Campbell well enough to say that we were personal friends. He was a busy man — teaching, writing articles, papers, and books about Poe, lecturing, conferring, and involved in a lively family, academic, and social life in Austin — but he was my hero. I wanted his good opinion, for I knew (without knowing very much about him or even knowing why) that his taste was impeccable, his values pristine and his requirements for excellence demanding. Beneath his gentle demeanor — he was the soul of kindness — were principles as strong as iron, not to mention his will.

At the end of my freshman year, I received in the mail an invitation to become a member of Scribblers, a rather snobbish faculty-student literary club composed of published and hopeful-of-publication authors. The only name I recognized on the membership roster was that of Dr. Campbell, although he never admitted nominating me. Actually, I was too unsophisticated for this group at the time (I was seventeen years old), but I suppose Dr. Campbell subscribed to the Browning theory that a girl's reach should exceed her grasp. In any event, I remained an awed member of Scribblers throughout my University career.

though I have an inkling that the membership regarded me as a mere journalist.

My experiences with Dr. Parlin's "Advanced Composition" course were similarly productive. This class, which lasted only one semester, was composed of A students from various college departments who were interested in learning to write. It was a very small class. Members of the class were expected to contribute writings, on whatever subject matter and in whatever form of English composition they chose — when they were satisfied with what they had written. Since anyone who gained admittance to this section was likely to be an eager beaver, there was no necessity for insistence on contributions. They poured in, and competition was keen.

Dr. Parlin usually read favored examples of the students' works aloud to the class and invited criticism while you sat there. I lived in mortal terror that something of mine would be read aloud, for I was afraid I would cry. I was too much of a novice to live through the sort of criticism I heard in that class, though Dr. Parlin usually wound up each session with remarks of his own, often criticizing the critics more harshly than the writers.

I was in no position to compete with my cohorts, except when it came to poetry. Dr. Parlin read several of my sonnets to the class without giving my name, and I came off very well — at least my skin remained intact. He then introduced me to various verse forms: French forms such as triolets, ballades, villanelles; Japanese Haiku; Latin quatrains — a whole world of playful possibilities, which I adored. I became fairly expert, especially with the complex rhyme schemes of the French forms. He encouraged me to write variations of the sonnet forms and often read my poems to the class while keeping me anonymous. He was remarkably sensitive about the feelings of others.

Dr. Parlin was a man of middle height, compact in figure, with an aristocratic head, balding, and a squarish face and hooded eyes. He was always sleekly tailored, in excellent conservative clothes, and it was impossible to imagine him in any relaxed or recreational stance. I never saw him outside his office or the classroom. He did not, like most professors, stroll the cam-

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pus or fraternize with the student body. He sometimes gave me the impression of an all-knowing Buddha, regarding with cynical patience the foibles and gyrations of lesser beings. At other times, he reminded me of a Roman emperor.

He was a brilliant lecturer. When he spoke, the sound of his voice, his choice of words, the depth of his knowledge were all mesmerizing. Nobody ever wanted his classes to end. He had a special sympathy for the authors of this world, which enabled him to see through the fabric of their works to their troubled souls or aching hearts, and to re-create them for his listeners. Not only did Dr. Parlin make an indelible impression on us as a teacher, he introduced us to all his friends—the great writers of English prose—so that they, too, became unforgettable.

Dr. Parlin handled a demanding deanship with finesse, and he had minimal time for teaching, but whatever course he taught always found its lecture audiences enormous and overpopulated. He had little contact with his students and was not noted for his charity or even his popularity as a person. There was a coldness about him, and it was possible to emerge from a conference on a term paper in tears. But whenever I had a few electives, I would sign up for one of his courses. His lectures on turn-of-the-century writers in England and America gave me such a fondness for the period that I became conversant with its art, music, and design, as well as its literature.

Another beloved professor who stands out in my memory is Dr. James B. Wharey, who taught "The English Novel," and he must certainly have known more about it than anyone else alive, since it seemed to me he knew everything. He had certainly read everything in this genre, and a few people realized how many genuinely boring English novels have become classics, for one reason or another. Dr. Wharey knew that too, but was unwilling to admit it. Actually, he did not pretend to be enthralled by all the English novels that were required reading in this basic course. But when it came to the study of the history of the English novel, he simply insisted that we had to be conversant with what that history contained. To make sure of this, he assigned an in-

ordinate number of book reviews of novels on a horrendous reading list.

Perhaps nothing ever prepared me so well for my lifework as a book editor as Dr. Wharey's assignments. I was forced to learn to concentrate in order to get through the reading list within the term. I had to learn to absorb and synthesize the contents of any number of books in a week's time. These are primary skills for an editor. I also learned to make judgments on writing, plots, characters, style, and to express them. Dr. Wharey never insisted that anybody agree with him and encouraged lively debates in the classroom.

When it came to reports on books, Dr. Wharey was never fooled by fancy verbiage or quotations from other people. Early in our association, I took advantage of a certain proficiency in prose and a talent for fact-finding in the library to write a book review of *Clarissa*, that endless masterpiece by Samuel Richardson. I felt quite satisfied with what sounded like erudition in this piece, until I got it back from Dr. Wharey, inscribed as follows: "This is the best book review I ever read by somebody who has never read the book."

Dr. Wharey was on the portly side and boasted a pair of limp mustachios, which gave him a look suggestive of the Walrus in *Alice in Wonderland*. In and out of the classroom, there was a twinkle about him that belied his dark threats for those who might not finish the reading assignments. He was widely known as a wit, and his erudition must certainly have deserved a wider audience than we grubby few could provide.

One of the impressive younger members of the English faculty was J. Frank Dobie, better known at the time as a folklorist. He wore cowboy boots and a Stetson hat to meet his classes and usually kept the hat on the back of his head while teaching. He taught advanced composition and his methods were unconventional. We never knew what to expect. Sometimes he would spend the whole hour reading aloud a few chapters from the works of Andy Adams. At other times he recited or chanted the rustic lyrics of ranch life, then being collected and preserved by John A. Lomax. Occasionally he would entertain us with tall

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tales or just spin yarns. We found everything he said and did enthralling.

It was only when we handed in our quiz papers or our feeble efforts at short stories and other writing assignments that we came to know his mettle. Of all the teachers I had, Mr. Dobie was the hardest to please. He did not care for mistakes, beginning with the mistake of calling him Dr. Dobie, on the presumption that he had attained a doctorate. This mistake could get you a genuine tongue-lashing. A mistake in grammar was unthinkable; he could not imagine how you had managed to matriculate in The University, much less arrive in his classroom. A mistake in punctuation simply marked you as hopeless. Any idiot could learn to punctuate.

Dr. Morgan Callaway, the Anglo-Saxon specialist of the English Department, was rumored to have broken his engagement because his fiancée wrote him a letter that contained a comma blunder. In my experience, this legendary strictness was equaled only by Mr. Dobie's threat to give me a failing grade for my major the last semester of my college career, which would have prevented me from graduating. I was already selling my work to such magazines as *College Humor* and the new *Made-moiselle* when he advised me that I was likely to fail "Advanced Composition" if I did not do something about my sloppy habits, especially in punctuation.

Mr. Dobie shared an office with Dr. Lloyd Loring Click, a whimsical tweedy professor who taught Victorian poetry and was appropriately genteel. When I came panting down the English Channel that April day to reason with Mr. Dobie about my plight, we soon got into a shouting match. Dr. Click (whose favorite quotation was: "If they hand you a lemon, make lemonade!") put up with this noisy encounter for quite a while. Observing that I was about to break down and snuffle and that he would indubitably have to comfort me, Dr. Click stood up behind his desk and said: "For Heaven's sake, Frank, give the girl her just deserts. You *know* she is going to write for money. And you *know* she is going to earn enough to hire somebody to punctuate for her!"

Mr. Dobie exhibited no sign of being impressed by this assessment, but he did stop hollering. In the end, he gave me a

passing grade. So I graduated, wondering whether he had been nagging me for his own amusement. Shortly thereafter his great books began to be published: *Vaquero of the Brush Country*, followed by *Coronado's Children* — the first in a long line. When I read these books, I concluded that he was harder on himself than on anybody else, for there was no way to cavil at the quality of his "advanced composition." Many years later, after Mr. Dobie had become a celebrity, I went to hear him deliver a literary lecture. After the lecture, I stood in line to speak to him. When he took my hand he shook his head. "Never could punctuate!" he said, and grinned from ear to ear.

In these aroused remembrances of things past, it becomes difficult to know where to stop. How can I fail to mention Dr. Delbert C. Clark, that tall, grave gentleman with the shining eyeglasses and the Ivy League accent? Dr. Clark seemed to carry an Olympian calm wherever he went. Only once did I see him lose that calm, when his class took issue with a visiting Harvard professor who had been sent to Austin to give University students a taste of the elite.

The visiting professor lectured on the English poets of the nineteenth century. In the questioning period following the lecture, one of our number announced that he did not agree with the speaker's analysis of Milton's intentions, and I said I thought I heard from afar Coleridge's ancestral voices prophesying war. Dr. Clark burst into suppressed laughter—a sort of giggle—and spirited the speaker away.

Then there were the professors who taught courses in other subjects that English majors were required to study, or elected to. I knew them less well, but I always wished I had known them better — Dr. W. J. Battle, the Classics professor, a legend in his own lifetime; Dr. Daniel A. Penick, the professor of Greek who would sometimes sit on a park bench near Beck's Pond, in his tennis whites (he was also the tennis coach) and counsel his students; my Botany teacher (whose name I have mislaid), a serious man, on fire with his subject but deaf as a post, who used to walk up and down the aisles of the lecture hall, throwing a piece of chalk he had been using at the blackboard, high above his head, and catching it handily. He talked all the time, because

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could not hear, and after a few surprise quizzes, it was borne on us that it paid to listen. Then there was Mrs. Ethel Villeiso, a wizened, aristocratic little creature, who wore costume-dresses made of fine fabrics, with no relationship to contemporary fashion, and who resembled a background figure in a Vesquez painting. She wrestled in vain with our horrible Spanish accents, while she drove us through the endless picaresque adventures of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, never able to make us understand how to produce the Castilian "ch" sound; and my undy, overweight young French teacher, determined to inject imagination into the boring necessities of beginner's French. When we were learning to count, he was not satisfied with mere numerals. We had to count something more tangible—*une hippopotame, deux hippopotame*, and so on—so that I have never been able to think in numerical terms in French without being surrounded by a herd of hippopotamuses.

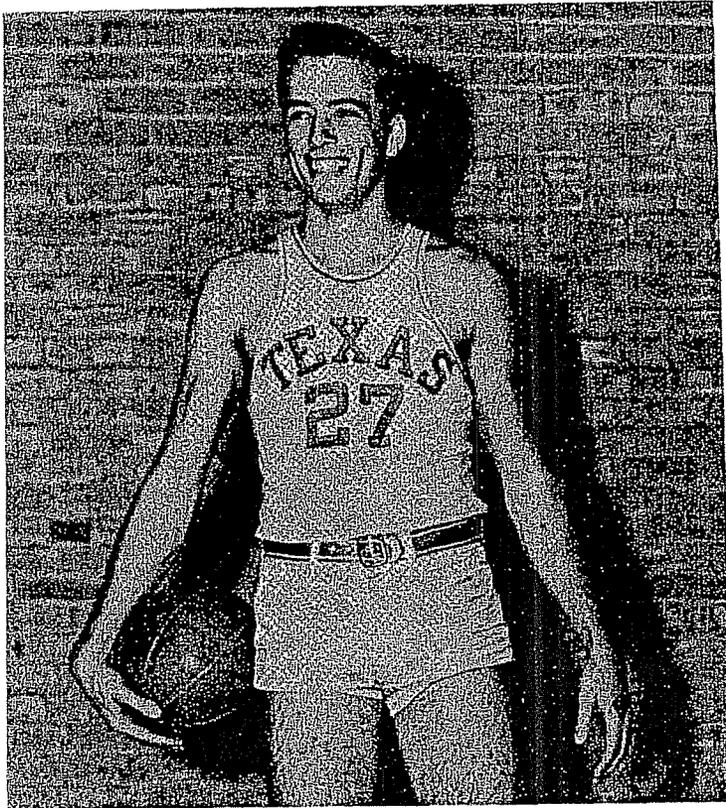
And then there was Dr. Robert L. Moore, head of the Mathematics Department, who invited me to his office when my dereliction in Math One was brought to his attention. Mastery of Math I was a requirement in those days for a B.A. degree, but I had been taking it over and over for three years, without improvement. Dr. Moore did not believe that a person of reasonable intelligence could not understand anything so primitive as freshman Math. He tried just about everything and finally solved the problem by enrolling me in the football section, where eligibility requirements and the necessity of the football team's ability to play in Saturday's game reduced the abstraction of Mathematics to the lowest common denominator. Here I was exposed to the tender mercies of Dr. Hyman Joseph Ettlenger, a brilliant and creative mathematician who went on to Harvard, where, I believe, he devised an original theorem. I was the only girl in that Math class and I had a marvelous time, which made up for all the tears I had shed over Math I. Moreover, I managed to pass the course.

I once asked Dr. T. U. Taylor, the beloved dean of the Engineering School, why I was required to pass Math I to get a degree, since I was willing to substitute Greek, Sanskrit, Morphology, or any other abstruse subject. Dr. Taylor, a tall, lanky, Ichabod

Crane figure with fierce mustachios, gave me a long look from his piercing blue eyes. "Because, girl," he said, "when anybody sees the letters B.A. after your name, they know you are proficient in analytical geometry, cube root, and logarithms." I found this depressing news, and I have always been slightly nervous about laying claim to a B.A.

In due course, I left that enchanted landscape, and with very few exceptions I never saw any of my mentors again. But in the heat and struggle and exhilaration of forging a life, I found that their names and faces, their words and precepts, their values and standards recurred to me consistently . . . more often than the names and faces of rosy girls with whom I had shared my hopes and dreams and sworn eternal friendship in presumably binding ceremonies . . . more often than the names and faces of laughing boys, with whom I had danced the Charleston at the Saturday-night Germans or partnered on moonlight picnics to Mount Bonnell. I don't think that many days have passed in all these years when I haven't had reason to be grateful to one or another of them. Against formidable odds, they taught me how to think, and in ways they would not have deemed possible, they have illumined my fortunate life.

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DENTON A. COOLEY, after receiving his B.A., attended the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, where he took his M.D. In 1969 he was awarded an honorary Doctorem Medicinae by the University of Turin, in Italy. A renowned surgeon and educator, Dr. Cooley has been recognized for his humanitarian service and surgical skills by international societies in Ecuador, Panama, Belgium, and the Soviet Union. He was named the Kappa Sigma Man of the Year in 1964. Chief surgeon and founder of the Texas Heart Institute in Houston, Dr. Cooley is best known for his numerous heart transplants; he implanted the first artificial heart.

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The Best of Times

Denton A. Cooley
B.A., 1941

To a sixteen-year-old graduate of San Jacinto High School in the Houston Public School System, the attraction of The University of Texas overpowered that of any other college or university in the Southwest. The physical plant was impressive indeed, with its towering administration building as well as the serene surrounding buildings, all designed with a Spanish motif. The lovely Littlefield Memorial Fountain, the enormous Memorial Stadium, and above all Gregory Gymnasium, the largest sports facility of any university in the South, drew me to the Austin campus. My fondest fantasy was to become a varsity basketball player and to wear the uniform of The University. Admission requirements in those days were liberal by today's standards. To graduate from a Houston public school required eighteen high school credits, while entrance to The University required only sixteen, making admission possible to graduates of smaller rural school districts. I do not recall an admission examination or a requirement for high school achievements or scholarship.

Enrollment, class, and curriculum selections were made at Gregory Gymnasium. The tuition was \$25 per semester and for

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premed students the total expenditure — including laboratory fees, textbooks, health fees, and the blanket tax — was approximately \$100. This was a bargain even in the days of the waning national economic depression, which had begun in 1929 and which finally came to an end at the onset of World War II. But even in 1937, when I matriculated, the memories of the darker Depression years lingered, and life for most students was spartan. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was president of the United States, and federal programs for economic reconstruction were in full sway.

The curriculum for a premedical student was demanding and required fifteen hours of classes, including Chemistry, Biology or Zoology, English, a language (Spanish for me), and one elective, which for me happened to be Professor Harry Joshua Leon's "Roman Civilization" course. A fellow fraternity member recommended that course, promising that it was easy, perhaps interesting, and attended by many of the most attractive sorority girls on campus.

The years that followed involved exposure mostly to the science departments, as my major was Zoology. The department chairman was T. S. Painter, a highly honored and respected scientist. The most difficult course for me was physics, a sophomore-level course attended by some 200 students. The lectures were difficult to comprehend, and for me the principles of optics were particularly obscure and mind-boggling. Physics was the only course in which I needed tutoring to gain a passing grade, although with tutoring I encountered little difficulty in making an astounding A. To meet premedical requirements, it was necessary to have two years' credit beyond the introductory course in either French or German. I selected German, and it was there that I came in contact with Dr. Lee M. Hollander, chairman of the Department. He was an inspiring teacher, dedicated to the art of teaching.

English, oddly enough, was the most difficult course in which to excel. For some reason, the professors assumed that fundamental principles of English grammar had been instilled in the student prior to admission to The University. The emphasis was on composition, and one of the most burdensome tasks

on the freshman student was to write approximately eight essays during the first semester. The academic pressure was greatest there, because those essays required creativity and sometimes library research. Freshman English courses were usually taught by young instructors who were often severe in their criticism of our mediocre literary attempts. Not until later were we exposed to the professorial group. H. T. Parlin, dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, taught advanced courses in English literature, and he was inspiring indeed. His course on the English novel was extremely popular. He was both stimulating and supportive of our efforts, although my sonnets would be an embarrassment were I to see them today. Yet he stimulated an interest in literature, reading, and writing that has been of enormous assistance in my chosen career as an academic surgeon.

Academic pressure, which can overwhelm the teenaged university student, was alleviated by an almost forced social program designed to develop well-rounded personalities in the students. Most of the student social activities revolved around the Greek-letter fraternities and sororities; there were probably eight or ten of each. Although fraternities were not looked upon favorably by the school administration and were sometimes hated by the non-fraternity members, the so-called "barbarians," they did provide an organization for social and intramural activities. Non-Greek societies in the form of clubs, the Y and church groups also provided social outlets. As a pledge and later a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity, I found that attempts to study at the fraternity house were frustrated by noise, rowdiness, bull sessions, and numerous distractions. Regularly after dinner I headed for the library, where one could find a quiet table with a chair facing the wall. But girls also studied there and were another cause of distraction.

Hazing of freshman students occurred mostly in the fraternities and sororities. The first semester was spent in pledgeship and was a time of real travail for the serious freshman student. The upperclassmen used paddles made from one-by-four pine bed slats to build character among the pledges. The most hated of all torture devices was the "bee," a type of cattle prod that made an awful buzzing sound around the fraternity house. Even

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Competition to make the starting team was intense, because many of the players were two years older at a time when a few years meant a great deal in one's physical development. As a six-foot four-inch center weighing 140 pounds, I found scrimmages against the varsity so traumatic that I was determined to gain weight, and did so between my freshman and sophomore years, when varsity practice began. During an exhibition game with St. Edward's University, I had the unexpected opportunity to enter the game during the fourth quarter as one of the less promising substitutes. By the grace of God, I made twelve points and probably pulled the game out of the fire.

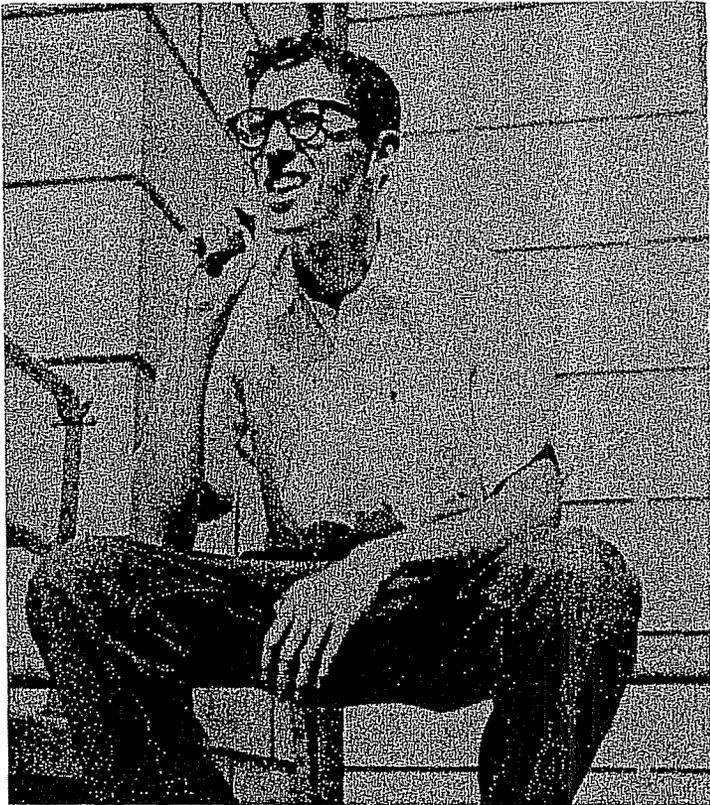
From that time on I was a member of the varsity squad. Jack Gray offered me an athletic scholarship which paid the handsome sum of \$40 per month. My work duties for the scholarship were not severe, but the imposition of varsity participation upon scholarship was serious for a premed student who had three-hour afternoon labs three days each week. The coach could not understand why an A student could not be in uniform on the basketball court at 3:30 every afternoon. It became necessary to budget my time quite severely in order to maintain my grade-point average, because one of my ambitions was to be a junior Phi Beta Kappa, an ambition I later realized. Travels with the basketball team were great fun and included Treasure Island in San Francisco for the NCAA playoffs, Madison Square Garden, and other exciting experiences.

Among the advantages The University offered in larger measure than any other school was an association with a statewide group of young men and women who would become leaders in Texas, politically, economically, scientifically, and in all walks of life. John Connally was the most impressive student politician during that era, and his wife-to-be, Idanell Brill, was the campus Sweetheart. They were the most outstanding of the couples who began their lives together at The University. Friendships made during those days have been lasting. The opportunity to participate in campus politics also came my way. I was even involved in a campus election and elected to the Students' Assembly. Personal exposure as a varsity athlete led to countless

friendships and rewards later in life. Many of the students I met during my years as a premed student have remained lifelong colleagues and friends in the practice of medicine and surgery.

In my opinion, the student programs at The University of Texas were highly successful in providing a broad educational experience and instilling self-confidence in the graduates. In those days, the enrollment was approximately 12,000 students, a number that seemed to stagger the minds of parents and some educators. Yet the lack of personal attention and support of individual students imparted a spirit of independence and competitiveness that offset the most theoretical disadvantage of an oversized student population. My own confidence in The University of Texas has led me to encourage five daughters to enroll in the freshman class, and all five have spent the full four years gaining bachelor's degrees. My interest in and support of The University is everlasting.

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TOM JONES, along with a fellow U.T. graduate, Harvey Schmidt, the composer, has written the book and lyrics for a number of Broadway and off-Broadway musicals. Their first full-length collaboration since writing shows together in college was *The Fantasticks*. Since its opening in New York in 1960, *The Fantasticks* has gone on to become the world's longest-running musical and the longest-running show in the history of the American theater. Messrs. Jones and Schmidt have also written *110 in the Shade*, *I Do! I Do!* (starring Mary Martin and Robert Preston), *Celebration*, and *Philemon*. Having received numerous awards and honors for their works, Jones and Schmidt are now at work on a new musical for Broadway based on Thornton Wilder's play *Our Town*.

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Between the Wars

Tom Jones
B.F.A., 1949; M.F.A., 1951

In Coleman, Texas, I was a mistake. I knew it. They knew it. Everybody knew it. In Coleman High School, a modest establishment of some three or four hundred students, I smoked a pipe, wore a sailor straw hat to class, carried a cane, and signed all of my term papers "T. Collins Jones, Esquire." People were tolerant. Some were amused, some condescending, but all were aware of the fact that I was a genuine, first-class misfit.

The University of Texas changed that. I arrived in the summer of 1945 an absolutely terrified freshman, and departed in the summer of 1951 a Master of Fine Arts. And I loved it. I loved every year. I loved every semester. I loved every class (except Psychology I, Music Appreciation, and Water Polo). I went to summer school whenever I could. I could scarcely wait for holidays to be over so that I could rush back to the campus—to my friends, to my work, to my world. I'm sure I would never have left at all had it not been for the draft and the "Korean conflict." There I would still be, attending classes, drinking my morning coffee at the Commons, swimming at Barton Springs, eating untold quantities of Mexican food, gulping beer at Dirty Martin's, and

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simply soaking up the soft, sensuous air of Austin and glorying in the lush theatricality of its artificial moons.

Oh, Austin — my senses still recall you after the names of many of my teachers and my fellow students have vanished. There was no air conditioning at that point, and I can remember sleeping on hot sheets as warm as pie plates, then getting up every few hours to stumble into the shower and douse myself with cold water, which was, in fact, tepid, and then stumbling back to bed to let the night air dry my body. I can also remember performing in Hogg Auditorium in the summer, wearing false beards and putty noses and woolen suits and topcoats, standing in the intense heat of stage lighting, all without so much as a fan to stir the sultry air. And these memories, you understand, are good ones.

In the summer of 1945, when I arrived at The University, there were around 8,000 students enrolled. I was assigned to a "property" crew for an updated version of *The Twins*, by Plautus. One afternoon, on a rare day off, I went for the first time to Barton Springs. It was there, on a hillside, in a swimsuit, sunning, that I read in the Austin paper that some kind of special bomb had been dropped on Japan. We were happy about it. A new bomb. A big one. It meant the war might be over sooner than expected. There were no moral judgments, of course. It was war. Bombs were being dropped all the time, beginning with Sunday morning, December 7, 1941. We were used to it. Casualties were numbers. Issues were clear. They were bad. We were good. And now we had a big bomb. In no portion of my mind, or anyone else's either, I suppose, did it remotely occur that the world had changed in some basic and inexorable way. Innocence was over. The shape of time was bent. From this point forward, nothing would be the same.

But it takes a while, you know. It takes a while for it to sink in. Expulsion from Eden doesn't come as swiftly as is generally depicted. You don't even know it until one day you look up and you think: "Wait. Something's different." And you suddenly realize that you are naked.

On that August afternoon in 1945, we felt simply a delirious anticipation. I was told by the head of my property crew to

go buy liquor, and that is what I did, despite the fact that I was only seventeen years old. I took the money collected from the cast and the various stage crews and went to a liquor store on Nineteenth Street to buy booze. The funny thing is that I had never bought any before (being from a dry area) and I had no idea what to buy. I asked the liquor store man and he said: "Everything." So I did just that. I bought bourbon and scotch and rum and sloe gin and blackberry brandy and cream sherry and God knows what all. And then I hid it away in the prop room and we waited for the war to end. It did, several days later, after another big bomb was dropped. I don't remember the exact date or time, but I do remember I was in the lobby of the Scottish Rite Dormitory for girls, arranging for a date. And suddenly the news came over the radio. Japan had surrendered. World War II was over. High pitched squeals broke out all over the place. Everyone was laughing. Everyone was crying. I was the only man in the building (for that, read "boy") and everybody kissed me. My date kissed me. Her roommate kissed me. The dorm mother (or whatever they're called) kissed me. And I rushed back to the prop room and the booze.

That night, after the show, we celebrated at a restaurant called El Charro. Some twenty or thirty students from the Drama Department and the Curtain Club sat at a long, long table with my serendipitous cornucopia of alcoholic beverages distributed all around. As it turned out, we didn't need it. Being performers, we performed. A space was cleared in the center of the table and, one by one, people got up on it and entertained. Someone sang. Someone danced. I did my imitation of a deranged orchestra conductor conducting "Anitra's Dance," from the *Peer Gynt* suite. All the other tables were filled with celebrating people: servicemen, civilians, townspeople, students. It was the greatest audience I have ever encountered. They loved everything. Even my crazy conductor. Everyone cheered. Everyone sent us bottles of booze. We scarcely had a chance even to open our own eclectic collection.

It was a wonderful and memorable evening, except that I don't really remember it. I was, after all, from a dry county. I was not prepared for such celebration. I awoke the next morning

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in the furrow of a plowed field somewhere on the outskirts of Austin, surrounded by a half dozen untouched bottles of exotic liqueurs. I had to hitchhike back to town.

So. That was late summer, 1945. There were, as I said, around 8,000 students enrolled at the time. A month or so later there were over 15,000. The veterans were back: In droves. In herds. In hordes. Registration for fall classes, which took place in Gregory Gym, had lines stretching all the way to the Tower. Living space was inundated. Classes were jammed, sometimes three or four hundred students in a class that previously had fifty. It was absolute and utter chaos. And it was wonderful. In the six years that I stayed at The University of Texas, there were many individuals and events that helped to form my life. But of all the influences, two stand out in my memory as predominant. One was the arrival of the veterans in 1945. The other was the arrival of B. Iden Payne in 1946.

The veterans brought something that is very unusual for colleges to have. They brought — what? They brought the fact that they were veterans. They were veterans of four years of war. They were veterans of travel: Many were veterans of combat. All were veterans of bureaucracy. They were older. They were seasoned. No longer was it a campus filled with a sprinkling of cherubic freshmen and a huge surplus of girls. Now the situation was reversed. Lots of men. Lots of married men. Lots of families. There was no kidding around with these guys. They wanted an education. And The University wanted to get rid of the deadbeats. (Things were crowded beyond endurance.) Competition became tough. And, as often happens in such circumstances, the process of education became challenging and exhilarating.

One other factor: many of these veterans were professors, teachers who liked teaching and who had been denied the opportunity for years to practice their profession. They were hungry — hungry to teach, hungry to relearn, hungry to transfer what they knew. No jaded professors then. Not like later. Not like now. How well I remember seeing some of them change as the years went by. The repetition dulled them. The academic routine wore many of them down. I will be forever grateful that I

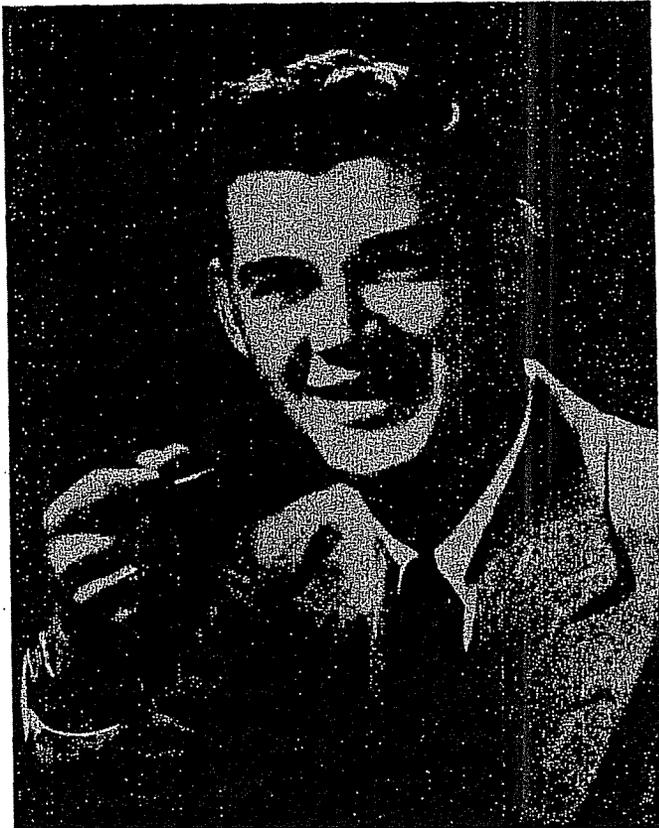
was at college with the veterans before the excitement and the challenge wore away.

My second influence, a personal one, was the arrival of Mr. Payne as guest professor in the Department of Drama. I had many wonderful teachers at college, but Mr. Payne was more than that. He was, in some respects, a living legend. He had worked with Bernard Shaw at the turn of the century. He had directed on Broadway, giving Helen Hayes her first important role when she was a girl of fourteen. He had directed Otis Skinner and William Gillette and all those Barrymores. In fact, he had given John Barrymore his first serious part, in a play by Galsworthy. He had been a director of both the famed Abbey Theatre of Dublin and the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. He had opened the first drama department in the United States, at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh. He was, though totally self-educated, a Shakespearean scholar and an authority on English drama.

All of that was, of course, impressive. And all of that "rubbed off" to some extent upon us, his students. But beyond that was a vision that this small, modest man had — a vision of art that was so life-giving and full of joy that it changed my life (and many other lives) forever. It was through him that I saw that the purpose of drama is not merely to entertain, but to reveal — to take our common sorrows and our pleasures and give them form and voice, so that we will be revealed, even to ourselves. Fortunately for me, Mr. Payne was at The University for the rest of my college education. Fortunately for others, he stayed on for many years after that, finally retiring when he was ninety or so. The theater on campus now is named after him. A fitting tribute, I think.

But back to my own particular slice of U.T. history. After 1946, what? Let's see. The years raced by, as years have a disconcerting tendency to do. The euphoria that followed the end of World War II was itself followed, almost immediately, by doubt, and then by anxiety, and then by anger, as the dream soured. The "great alliance" broke apart. China "fell." And the Iron Curtain came clanging down. At home, our individual liberty was eroded in the process. Students and professors were

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CHAD OLIVER, also known as Symmes Chadwick Oliver, after attending The University received his Ph.D. in Anthropology from U.C.L.A. He joined the U.T. faculty in 1955, and is now chairman of the Department of Anthropology. He received the Harry Ransom Award for Teaching Excellence in 1980, and a Presidential Award for Teaching Excellence the following year. He has published research on the Plains Indians and the Kamba of Kenya. His text *The Discovery of Humanity: An Introduction to Anthropology* was published in 1981 by Harper & Row. Professor Oliver has also been writing science fiction since 1949.

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Some Blues for a Trio

Chad Oliver

B.A., 1951; M.A., 1952

I came to The University in 1946. That was not quite as far back as the Paleolithic, but it was a time distant enough to belong to another world. Austin was a town of close horizons growing without urgency into a city. The University was less than half its present size. I am sure that a committee was already at work forecasting doom if enrollment ever reached the awesome figure of 20,000.

Mine was a postwar generation: a mixture of kids just out of high school and returning veterans of World War II. We were not as innocent as later generations seemed to believe we were. We were also not as boldly original as we thought we were.

We had the Bomb. It was our generation that had used it.

We had some other things. If you wanted a fancy hamburger, you could get a Frisco at the Night Hawk. However, for those addicted to quantity, you could go to boxes called Somewheres and buy—what else—a Someburger. (Remember?) The Princess was riding her bicycle then, not pushing it, and Gordon was selling newspapers everywhere simultaneously. (Remember?) Dirty Martin's was not an institution then; it was just there. You

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ould put a canoe in the clean waters of Lake Travis, paddle all day without seeing another boat, and camp on the shore at night. Austin was not a mecca for big names in the entertainment business in those days, but we had our moments. There was Harry James playing for a dance under the stars, Nat King Cole gracefully fielding requests from a lily-white audience, and one electric night when Louis Armstrong blew the roof off at what was supposed to be a segregated concert. (Remember?)

We all have our memories of college years, and they are an indelible part of our youth. We all know that many of the most important things that happened to us did not take place in a classroom. The interactions between students and professors were of variable quality: some counted, and some didn't.

I want to share some memories of three professors who counted for me. They made a difference in my life. One of the rarest of all clichés is the one about the professor who made a lasting impression. Therefore, I am going to be very specific. I intend to spell out a few of the ways in which our lives intertwined.

Let us go back in time.

I had been accepted into Plan II out of a small high school in Crystal City, Texas. I arrived on the campus for my first registration quite literally without knowing a soul. Few of my high school classmates went to college. Of those who did, the boys headed for College Station and the girls went out of state.

It was a very hot day. (Some things haven't changed.) Sweating or not, I nevertheless wore my football letter jacket from high school. I still had a lot to learn.

I walked into the Plan II advising room on the second floor of the Main Building. I did not have a clue about what to do. There was a man seated at a table with a stack of books around him. He was not a big man but he had an air of relaxed friendliness about him that attracted me. He was dressed in a crisp blue suit, and I thought he had melancholy eyes behind his rather thick glasses. I recognized some of his books.

Very tentatively, I sat down across from him and introduced myself. The man smiled as though I had made his day by show-

ing up. His eyes were no longer sad; they were bright and alive and interested.

"Hi," the man said. "I'm Harry Ransom. Let's talk about you."

More than an hour later, we shook hands and I left with several of Ransom's books under my arm. I had been "advised." We had talked about books and writing and football and education. I had explained why I wanted to take anthropology and astronomy instead of two required courses. Ransom was agreeable. "We'll work in the required courses later," he said. "The important thing now is to explore what interests you."

I knew that I had found a friend, and I knew something else: I wanted to take some courses from Harry Ransom. I didn't know what he had published, and didn't care. I didn't know what his title was, and didn't care. I don't suppose that there were teaching evaluations in those days. If there had been, I wouldn't have looked at them. I knew that I had met a teacher.

I took freshman English from Dr. Ransom that year. (I never called him Harry, although he would not have objected. There was not a pompous bone in his body. He was Dr. Ransom to me to the day he died, and I intended it as a gesture of respect.) It was a world literature course and we started with Homer and ended with Sinclair Lewis. I would not have missed a class for anything short of Armageddon.

Ransom was young then and full of enthusiasm. The man loved books and he understood writers. He never preached and he never took cheap shots. He searched out what was good in any piece of writing and shared it with us.

He did not seem to lecture. He would come eagerly into class as though he could not wait to get started. He had his targets all picked out: students who were bright but still green as grass. (He never exposed them to ridicule.) "Well, Mr. Smith," he would say, "what did you think of *Beowulf*?"

Mr. Smith would stammer along for a few minutes, and then the whole class was trying to talk. The "experts" all wanted to show Mr. Smith where he had gone wrong. By the end of that year, Mr. Smith—not his real name—could hold his own in any literary debate.

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Ransom could lecture, of course. His Shakespeare class was legendary, and deservedly so. But he was at his best when he could work directly with an individual student. He had a knack for making you feel that you were better than you actually were, and his secret was simply that he *wanted* you to do well. He found the best that you had in you.

I was a few years away from selling my first fiction, and I wrote a number of things for Ransom. He would have been a superlative editor. Always, he spotted what was strong in a story. When he hit the soft spots, he made firm suggestions about rewriting. If he said a manuscript was hopeless, it was. He was never destructive in his criticism. His aim was to help and to encourage.

When my first novel was published, I took a copy to Ransom. I inscribed it: "To Dr. Ransom — for not laughing at the right time."

Although I had by then decided to go into anthropology, I delayed long enough to take an M.A. in English under Dr. Ransom's direction. In a way, we were back to that first meeting in the Plan II advising room. I wanted to write a thesis on magazine science fiction. Ransom did not say, "You can't do that." It's not on the approved list. I have my reputation to consider." No. He said: "That's interesting. I've read some of your science fiction stories. Let's do it!" As far as I know, that was the first study of modern science fiction done at a major university.

After Ransom was absorbed into the higher echelons of the University administration, I saw little of him. However, when I won the Harry Ransom Award for Teaching Excellence a few years ago I remembered him with renewed vividness.

There is a portrait of Ransom that hangs in the Harry Ransom Center. It is a very formal painting of a slightly forbidding man awash in academic regalia. That is not the Ransom I remember. I remember a man who never pulled rank, a man who always seemed relaxed and friendly, a man who was never afraid of a new idea. I remember a man with sad eyes who smiled at a raw, new student and said: "Hi. I'm Harry Ransom. Let's talk about you."

Clarence Ayres was a professor you heard about before you had been on the campus for very long. He had high visibility. He was either a god or a devil, depending on your source of information. He occupied a niche in the University community comparable to the one vacated by J. Frank Dobie. Dobie was still in Austin, but no longer on the faculty. The joke was that Texas had one of the most distinguished lists of former faculty members in the world. Ayres, however, remained on the faculty as a professor of Economics.

By reputation, Ayres was a familiar faculty type: the Radical Professor who raised blood pressures in the Legislature. In his case, though, the reputation was a much smaller thing than the man himself. Ayres never pandered to the ephemeral shifts in student opinion. He climbed on no bandwagons. He neither sought nor avoided confrontations with higher authorities. He was simply there, like a block of granite.

Ayres taught a course called Social Science 601, which was required of Plan II sophomores. The thinking probably was that we could use a little intellectual shaking up at that point. I had no idea what to expect. I did know that it was a two-semester course, which can be an eternity with the wrong professor.

In came Dr. Ayres. He moved at a lope. He was never late for class, but he always conveyed the impression that he had just barely made it. He was a fairly tall, lanky man whose suits never quite fitted him. He had sharp features and hair that refused to stay combed. He had great bushy eyebrows that made him look like Foxy Grandpa.

There were no jokes. There was no attempt to establish rapport with the class. There were no preliminaries.

"I'm Ayres," he said flatly. "Start writing. Pay attention."

And he was off. Those two semesters constituted a virtuoso performance by Dr. Ayres. He fired off information and ideas like a machine gun. He never seemed to look at a note, but his lectures were so beautifully crafted that he even incorporated footnotes. He would stab his finger at the class and bark: "Footnote!" He would then take off on an elegant commentary, after which he would return to the main thread of the argument at the precise point he had abandoned it.

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He was not after applause and he was not interested in conversion. He did not talk down to his class and he did not cloak his opinions in jargon. What he wanted was some sign of mental activity beyond the memory level. He was paying us the supreme compliment of assuming that we could think.

What was the course about? Well, it was approximately one-third economics (his point of view was about as "radical" as that of Franklin Roosevelt), one-third anthropology, and one-third Clarence Ayres. The common theme was the impact of technology on society, but Ayres talked about everything from classical music to the difference between mushrooms and toadstools. He was never dull, he would not tolerate sloppy reasoning, and he had apparently read everything ever written. He loved questions—the more obscure the better—and he relished lively disagreement.

His final exam consisted of one sentence chalked on the blackboard: "Tell me what you have learned in this class, if anything."

Some years later, when I was living not far from Ayres, my daughter wandered out into the yard and ate what was either a toadstool or a mushroom. I called Dr. Ayres. His advice was as sound as it had ever been: "Get her stomach pumped," he said. "Do that at once. *Then* bring me the plant. Footnote: the odds are in your favor."

Footnote: it was an edible mushroom.

For many years now, I have had the honor of teaching the lineal descendant of Dr. Ayres's Plan II course. It is a one-semester class, Social Science 301. (The loss of a semester, I suppose, reflects our relative abilities.) Very little of the content of the old course survives, but I hope that something of its spirit is still alive. Former students of mine may recognize the footnote motif.

I never teach the class without thinking of Dr. Ayres. I hope that he would approve of what I do. If not, I am confident that he would find some way of expressing his displeasure.

There was — and is — a very lively grapevine among students at The University. Students talk about professors, among other things, and I think that this is a vital part of the educational

process. One of the professors my fellow students were talking about was a man named J. Gilbert McAllister of the Department of Anthropology.

Nobody ever referred to him as Dr. McAllister. It was always "Dr. Mac." The essence of what I heard was this: "Before you get out of this place, you really should take a course from Dr. Mac."

Why not? I was interested in anthropology, although it had never occurred to me that I might one day become a professional anthropologist myself. I had a spot for an elective my senior year. I decided to find out what this Dr. Mac was all about.

I found out. I walked into his class on "Social Organization" with a casual respect for anthropology. By the time it was over, I *was* an anthropologist. I was on fire with the stuff.

Dr. Mac was like no other teacher I have ever had. He was a somewhat frail-looking man who wore sport coats and hand-woven Indian ties. (He had done fieldwork with the Kiowa-Apache, a Plains group.) He was intense, personal, and emotional. He was a man with a vision. The vision permeated everything that he taught. It was a belief — totally sincere and with no element of humbug about it — that this world could be a better place and that anthropology could do a lot to make that happen.

Within a week, he knew every student in the class by name. Within two weeks, he knew our life histories. Within three weeks, he had a personal battle going on with every single student. If you were with him, he pushed you relentlessly to do more and better work. If you were against him, he hammered away to put a dent in your armor.

Years later, when we were colleagues, I would watch former students troop into Dr. Mac's office in Benedict Hall. Invariably, he would call them by name — and this with students he had not seen in a decade or more. "Well, Miss Jones," he would say with a twinkle in his eye, "about that question you missed on the second exam in the Polynesia course. What do you think about it now?"

Dr. Mac believed in what he was doing. He did not just "teach a class." He threw himself into it, heart and mind and soul. I have seen him leave a classroom so spent that he could

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rdly walk. I remember — and will remember as long as I live — one warm and humid day in his class on "Applied Anthropology." I was taking the course in summer session and had driven from a lakeside cabin I was renting. I was in high good spirits. We were due to get a test back, and I knew that I had knocked that test dead in its tracks.

Dr. Mac returned the tests. I had a grade of ninety-nine.

Dr. Mac went to work on me. "Mr. Oliver," he said, "I'll bet you think you're really something."

I started to laugh in an aw-shucks manner, figuring that I was about to be singled out as an example. I was indeed, but not in the way I was anticipating.

"You are capable of making 100 on any test I give," Dr. Mac said. "This is an insult. I don't ever want it to happen again."

I began searching for a hole to crawl into. I could hardly believe my ears. I had missed one point on an exam, and this man was *angry*.

Dr. Mac was not kidding. He may have calculated his performance a bit, but he meant what he was saying. His point — which he made at considerable length — was that if I was thinking of going to graduate school in anthropology I had to learn to give my best. Anything less was unsatisfactory.

I left that class chagrined, angry, and determined. I never missed a point on one of Dr. Mac's exams again. I knew I never wanted to go through *that* experience again. The grade, of course, was not all that important. The lesson that he taught me, however, was invaluable; whatever you do, give it your best shot or don't do it at all.

I have no idea how many students Dr. Mac inspired to seek professional careers in anthropology or in related disciplines. There were a lot of us, and we all still make occasional pilgrimages to his home in Tarrytown. I do know that he gave us more than a vision. Dr. Mac had been trained at the University of Chicago under Radcliffe-Brown, one of the founders of modern social anthropology. When I went to graduate school at U.C.L.A. — which had a very high-powered department of anthropology — I found that I was as well prepared as students from anywhere else in the world. I attribute this largely to the training I received from Dr. Mac.

Oddly enough, I never had a chance to take one of his most popular courses, which was "Indians of the Plains." I wrote my Ph.D. dissertation on the Plains Indians, but after I joined the faculty at Texas I did not teach the course until Dr. Mac retired. It was not that he had any objection; Dr. Mac was always a generous colleague and friend. It was simply that "Indians of the Plains" was *his* course, and I was in no hurry to compete with a legend.

Dr. Mac's favorite question in class was, "So what?" He would summarize the contribution of some distinguished anthropologist and then ask his question. It meant: "What difference does it make? What did this person do that affects how you look at the world around you?"

Former students of mine may recognize the question. That is where it came from, along with my addiction to hand-woven Indian ties.

Gilbert McAllister had — and has — a massive integrity about him. I do not believe that he ever did anything that he thought was wrong. I do not believe that he ever gave a dishonest answer to a question. We talk a lot about role models these days. He was one of the good ones.

This seems an appropriate place to say in public what I have said to him many times in private: "Thank you, Dr. Mac."

If I may borrow from McAllister one more time, I would like to conclude with his question.

So what?

I have told you a little of what I remember about three unusual professors I found at The University of Texas. They were all different, all unique, and all were mavericks in one way or another. (Yes, even Harry Ransom. He was not always on Mount Olympus. He had served his time in the trenches, and he never lost his basic decency.) What difference did they make? How important was it that they existed when and where they did?

We all change through the years, unless we are dead from the neck up. I am no longer the eager student who learned from Ransom, Ayres, and McAllister. (The blues in the title of this piece are partly for my own youth.) I no longer share all of their views.

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Still, the spirit of their teaching remains. It is in me, and it is in the thousands of other students who came their way.

They were here when we needed them.

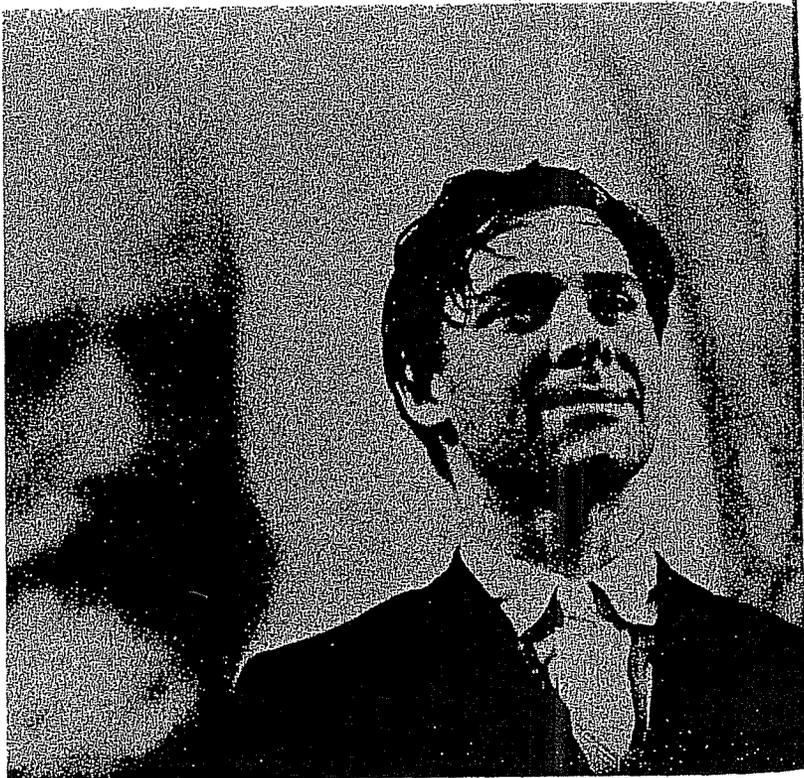
What about the students who are entering The University today? What about the students who will go through The University in the years to come? Whom will they find?

It is not clones of past professors that we should seek. Rather, we must keep our eyes fresh enough to see the exceptional new teachers when they appear. Teaching is not all that a university is about. Take it away, however, and the vital spark is gone.

There must always be room for the teachers of rare talent and dedication. Without them, we can have a respectable school but we cannot have a great university.

One hundred years from today, we don't want an essay like this one to read: "I went to The University. I got a degree. That's about all I can remember."

1967



JAMES DICK graduated from U.T. with special honors in piano in 1963; while still a student, he was a top prize winner in the Tschaikovsky, Busoni, and Leventritt International Competitions. Subsequently he received two Fulbright Fellowships to the Royal Academy of Music in London and studied with the renowned British pianist Clifford Curzon. He was awarded the Academy's Beethoven Prize and elected an honorary associate of the Academy by its board of directors in 1968, a singular distinction for an American musician. Mr. Dick founded the Round Top Festival-Institute over fourteen years ago, and he continues to perform and teach at the Institute. He has performed with major symphonies and chamber ensembles throughout the United States, Europe, and Asia.

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A Gallant and Beautiful Spirit

James Dick
B.M., 1963

"Nor is the conservation of durable thinking, the holding fast of what has been proved good, diminished in importance by an age that demands new modes and new minds."

— Harry Hunt Ransom
"Educational Resources in Texas,"
Texas Quarterly, Winter 1961.

When I came to Austin in the summer of 1958, an aspiring young pianist from Hutchinson, Kansas, I was part of a generation that found itself and the world on the threshold of far-reaching change. I suppose each generation feels similarly, but our generation came of age in a brief era so full of hope and so full of remarkable events that America and the world still remember it vividly. The five years from 1958 to 1963 changed the world, and Texas found itself always close to, sometimes in the middle of, the events of that complex era. The capital of Texas and The University of Texas both played their parts.

To understand the anticipation we felt, one need only consider that the overriding moral issue was civil rights, exemplified

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in the leadership of Martin Luther King. The United States would soon have a new president in John F. Kennedy and a new vice-president in Lyndon Baines Johnson. Pope John XXIII had ushered in a new era for the Roman Catholic Church. Moral fervor and rapid change were the common currency of daily living. Whether one approved or disapproved or merely ignored all that was taking place, the courage and confidence of the time stimulated persons everywhere.

It was providential that in 1957 The University of Texas appointed Harry Hunt Ransom as its vice-president and provost, and in 1961 as chancellor of The University of Texas System. He was a scholar, a sensitive intellect, and a man of great personal style. He shaped the destiny of The University of Texas and, to a degree, the self-perception of those affiliated with The University. With the help of other extraordinary men and women, he turned The University of Texas toward its future. My generation, in the comparative serenity of an Austin much different in appearance and ambience from today's, came to consider greatness normal.

Nineteen fifty-eight marked the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of The University of Texas. I arrived at a city and an institution that looked back with justifiable pride and forward with even greater confidence. Austin still possessed an undisturbed, lingering atmosphere of the turn of the century. There were whole neighborhoods near The University and the Capitol where spreading trees shaded quiet streets lined with old homes that had not yet been converted into museums or businesses, or demolished. Many students took rooms in those old and even historic homes, where the accommodations might not be private or modern, but where the individual atmosphere of each was a world apart from the large apartment complexes of today. If you were so inclined, you could still pass a drowsy, warm day on a deep porch under shade trees or picnic in view of the University Tower in an unspoiled countryside. This ambience of livability lent a special character to the city and deeply influenced life at The University.

I came to The University of Texas to study with the American musician and artist Dalies Frantz. There had been pressure on

me to study at a major conservatory, especially at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia or at the Juilliard School in New York City, but the opportunity to study with a teacher and artist of the stature of Dalies Frantz surpassed every other consideration. Dr. Paul Pisk of the University of Texas Music Department had first heard me perform in Kansas during auditions sponsored by The National Guild of Piano Teachers. The National Guild was an Austin-based institution with a worldwide membership. Its founder, the late Dr. Irl Allison, Sr., was also a co-founder of the Van Cliburn International Piano Competition and had been a force in the classical piano world for decades. I would soon know Dr. Allison and his family during my years as a student. Dr. Pisk's enthusiasm for The University of Texas and his positive words to Dalies Frantz on my behalf opened the way to Austin which I was to take in 1958. My teacher in Hutchinson, Kansas, Leota Anderson, also urged me to study with Dalies Frantz. I had long heard his name from her — she had grown up in Colorado with his family and was a girlhood friend of his older sister.

Dalies Frantz was one of the master teachers of his generation. He had studied with Artur Schnabel in Berlin in the early 1930s and had known the musical giants of the time. He had made his New York debut performing the Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 1 with Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1933. He was one of only a handful of American-born pianists who had established an international career. His career as a pianist had been brilliant. He was admired by Piatigorsky, Serkin, Firkusny, and other leading artists. His musicianship, allied with a wide-ranging intellect and handsome appearance, was later to attract the attention of an adviser to Louis B. Mayer, Ida Koberman, at MGM Studios, and she persuaded Dalies to star in a film on the life of Chopin, and to perform all the music as well. This was an historic first. The contract was signed, and in this way Dalies Frantz the concert pianist became a part of Hollywood in its golden years, on the eve of the war. Dalies was never very happy in Hollywood, but he came to know a wide range of leading film personalities of the time. Among his papers in Austin he had a large collection of photographs signed to him by an array of stars, including Judy Garland, Clark

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Texas," which appeared in the winter issue of *Texas Quarterly* in 1958, Dr. Ransom wrote: "I propose that there be established somewhere in Texas — let's say in the capital city — a center of cultural compass, a research center to be the Bibliothèque Nationale of the only state that started out as an independent nation." This announced the culmination of years of planning and careful work and was the beginning of a brilliant era for which Texas can never be thankful and proud enough. It was also a reflection of those uplifting threshold days.

Creating a first-rate scholarly research center at The University, based on outstanding libraries and collections, was a priority of Dr. Ransom's planning for The University. He put those plans into operation with the acquisition in 1958 of the Bibliotheca Parsoniana, a vast collection of more than 40,000 rare books and 8,000 rare manuscripts and non-book materials. This was a stunning addition to the cultural and intellectual resources of The University. Judge and Mrs. St. John Garwood joined with Mrs. Garwood's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Lockhart Clayton in Houston, to raise the funds that eventually secured the Parsons Collection for The University and future generations. The University of Texas had seriously considered the collection as early as 1937, but it took the sensitive and visionary patronage of the Ransom years to bring these dreams into reality. It was symptomatic of the times that idealism and enthusiasm were found in all circles—in Dr. Ransom's own leadership, in the distinguished faculty, in the student body, and in the patrons of The University.

William Lockhart Clayton was a founder of Anderson, Clayton & Co., which became the world's largest cotton-trading firm, and he helped develop Houston's role in international trade. Mr. Clayton originated the Marshall Plan for European recovery following World War II and negotiated the post-war treaties among West European governments. Judge St. John Garwood still continues a long record of public service in many fields, including his years as a distinguished justice of the Supreme Court of Texas. His wife, Ellen Clayton Garwood, also continues in her service to the state and the nation, including support of the arts and her own creative achievements in litera-

ture. This quality of informed and confident patronage was one of the hallmarks of the Ransom years. It was the keystone of the new community of feeling and shared goals that made it possible for Dr. Ransom to be the architect of a new home for the free intellect in Texas.

Another great patron of The University of Texas and embodiment of the spirit that I had the honor to meet through Dalies Frantz was Miss Ima Hogg. She was blessed with dignity and charm, with no pretension. Her life honored the finest expressions of the past in music, drama, architecture, and all the other arts, but she also looked toward the future. She loved young people and trusted in their idealism.

My first evening at her Houston home, Bayou Bend, with Dalies Frantz, was memorable not only for the surroundings — so clearly the taste of a discerning mind — but also for the ideas we discussed. Miss Ima had studied in Berlin in her youth, as Dalies was to do twenty years later. She had worked with the pedagogue and concert pianist Xavier Scharwenka, and was intimate with the thrilling music life of that golden era in Berlin before wars were given numbers. She had even studied the Chopin G minor Ballade with Chopin's markings in the score and noted that in some editions, a chord had been changed in the introduction.

Discussions centered on the concerts Miss Ima had attended by Artur Schnabel and Vladimir Horowitz, both of whom later became Dalies Frantz's teachers in the early 1930s. Anyone who ever met Miss Ima or Dalies Frantz would know that the two together made for a brilliant evening. Later, upon Dalies Frantz's passing in 1965, Miss Ima wrote me in a moving letter, "I really grieve over his going. The memory of our visit together in Houston will be of a golden hour. His was a gallant and beautiful spirit — inspiring to all who came into contact with him."

I also remember Miss Ima's bright recollections from that evening of the appearance of Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring* in 1913. The work, having for its program the celebration of primitive pagan rites, obviously created a scandal at that time, and even caused a major riot in the audience at its premiere in Paris.

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Miss Ima "loved it immediately." She was never one to shun a crowd or, for that matter, even a noisy demonstration. She told us how she had been fascinated by a demonstration in London's Hyde Park as a young woman. She listened and joined the audience and only later removed herself by jumping a fence when the bobbies decided to move in. We laughed at the time, but they were important anecdotes as I think of them now. I believe part of that "golden hour," not only at Bayou Bend, but at The University of Texas as well, was the belief in and the encouragement of youth. Being open to the future and planning for it, even when that is difficult, was the central theme of the time.

It should never be thought that, for all the ambience of livability and the atmosphere of a "golden hour," The University of Texas of 1958 through 1963 was serenely without its own raucous arguments and public demonstrations. However, there was an attitude at that time best described in Dr. Ransom's own words from the article quoted at the beginning of this essay: "Hot contention, raucous argument, and loud protestation cannot kill a state's educational future. Only calm indifference, self-satisfied silence, and the deadly quiet negative will do education in."

As I look back with fondness to a time that has passed and feel a keen loss for the many who were my guides and inspirations, I feel a certain homesickness — not for a place, but for a time, a way of thinking and of being. My decision to attend The University of Texas rather than follow the well-beaten path to an Eastern conservatory was an entirely satisfactory experience and will never be regretted.

If I achieve my goals as a musician and as a contributive citizen, I will owe much of that success to The University of Texas, which presented me with educational opportunities in profusion. Whether I remember my inspiring lessons and discussions with Dalies Frantz or the exhilarating impression of attending the annual Shakespeare plays directed by the late B. Iden Payne, I am continually astonished by the wide concourse of intellect that welcomed young men and women at The University of Texas.

In my study on the campus of the Festival-Institute at Round Top, where I now make my home, there is a piece of

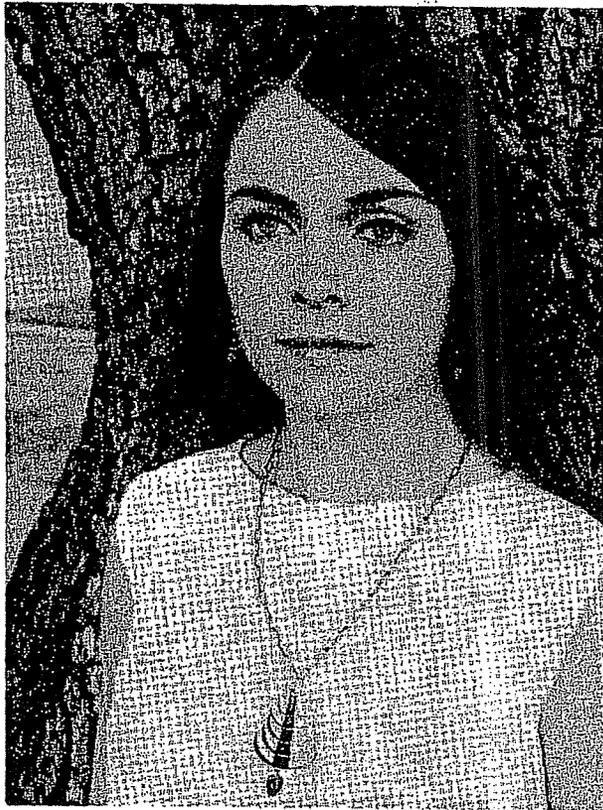
sculpture on my desk that shows a man with his face upturned, as if rising from sleep. It is by the distinguished sculptor Charles Umlauf, whose works enhance the University campus. It is entitled "Lazarus." I first saw it as a freshman during a faculty exhibit in the loggia of the old Music Building, and my youthful impressions of the sculpture became the subject of a freshman English paper. I eventually purchased this "Lazarus" while still a student, having saved money by playing for ballet classes and by teaching piano. It has always been the focus of a parable of faith for me. In Hebrew, Lazarus means, "God will help." All can be overcome, even the most terrible things, if we have faith in what we have set out to accomplish. Acting on our faith will itself uplift the spirit that gives men and institutions the finest prospect for development.

B. Iden Payne gave the funeral oration for Dalies Frantz on December 3, 1965, in the recital hall of the old Music Building. He read from the sonnets of Shakespeare, which was fitting, as Shakespeare's lofty writing was always special to Dalies. I had returned that fall from two years of study in London at the Royal Academy of Music and private study with Dalies's colleague from the days with Artur Schnabel in Berlin, Sir Clifford Curzon. I returned to a changed University and nation, and suddenly Dalies was gone. I remember that on the day they buried Dalies there was a tremendous storm.

International competitions, professional management, and concertizing ended my student days at The University of Texas. The years during which I had the privilege to study at The University were a time of wonderful progress; when one looks back on the 1960s the statistics are impressive. There was not one endowed chair at The University in 1957 and by 1969 there were forty-five. There had been a tenfold increase in "nationally ranked" graduate facilities by the close of the 1960s and The University of Texas was the leading producer of doctorates in the South and Southwest.

The University has undergone significant transformations and each year continues to see more changes. The quality of those changes and the continued momentum of achievement

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BETTY S. FLOWERS received her Ph.D. in English from the University of London in 1973, and later returned to teach at The University. In 1976 she was a Mellon Fellow at the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, and she recently appeared in Bill Moyers's PBS series "Six Great Ideas," with Mortimer J. Adler. In 1979 she received the Amoco Teaching Award, and in 1983 the prestigious Holloway Teaching Award. Dr. Flowers served as Associate Dean for Graduate Studies from 1979 to 1982, and is currently an Associate Professor of English. She has published a book on Browning, as well as numerous articles and poems. She is a member of the Texas Committee for the Humanities and is on the board of the Salado Institute for the Humanities.

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"The Times They Were A'Changing" *

Betty S. Flowers
B.A., 1969; M.A., 1970

When I first came to The University in the fall of 1965, the campus seemed caught between the fifties and the future. The girls in Scottish Rite Dormitory had a weekday curfew well before midnight, and when we left to go on a date, we had to sign out at the door with "name of date" and "destination." To cross the formal living room in trousers required that you roll the trouser legs up above your knee, put on a raincoat, and persuade your roommate to follow you to the door so that she could take the raincoat back to your room. Our neighbors nearby, the Fijis, were rumored to have a powerful telescope trained on S.R.D.'s west wing, and there was a fearful story that some Fiji pledge had once been required to hide for twenty-four hours up in the attic where we stored our going-home luggage.

Except for the Fijis, we were basically secure. No man doubted that he would find a job, and no woman I knew talked about jobs at all. I was the only female in my Chemistry lab section and one of only two or three in my German class. During my four undergraduate years, I met only two female professors

* Adapted from Bob Dylan's song "The Times They Are a-Changin'".

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— but I didn't stop to recognize this fact or its significance at the time, even though I felt quite strongly the contrast between the lab with its rows of glass tubes and Bunsen burners and unnamed chemicals designed to foil the best attempts at identification, and the dormitory with its sit-down dinners, freshly cut flowers, and chocolate crumble balls for Sunday lunch.

During that first week in the dorm I heard a funny story about messages posted in the Texas Union saying, "Wife wanted immediately," with various incentives listed. One of the seniors told me that these weren't jokes, and that even some of the Fijis next door had hurriedly married before the draft rules changed. In November of my freshman year I went to the Academic Center auditorium to hear the journalist Tom Wolfe give a witty lecture on "Why Baby Jane Holzer Is More Important than Vietnam." Two years later, no one would have laughed.

By 1967 the campus was swarming with back-to-back protests, some of them as small as five people with an audience of thirty on the West Mall, some of them with microphones and self-appointed student crowd-controllers with hundreds of students, non-students, and undercover investigators stretched from the Tower steps past the George Washington statue. The investigators were obvious — by 1967, many of them were known by name. The non-students weren't so obvious, because they dressed and talked just like the students and were just as afraid of being drafted to fight in what the West Mall speakers argued was an unjust war. Many of the non-students spent their time drinking ten-cent coffee in the Texas Union's Chuck Wagon, waiting for their draft notices and talking about times a couple of years earlier when Janis Joplin had hung around the Union singing. (Everyone had ignored her then.) Joplin and the Rolling Stones and the Beatles and Moby Grape and Jefferson Airplane and Simon and Garfunkle and Bob Dylan and Joan Baez were making music we all came to know. Every rally had some kind of song or chant — "All we are saying is 'Give peace a chance'" or "We shall overcome" — we'd taken the latter from the civil-rights movement, which we considered analogous to our own movement in its clear-cut presentation of right versus wrong. Unjust laws had recently been changed in our country, thanks to the civil-rights marchers. Those in the peace move-

ment had no doubt that we could have the same effect on the Vietnam War.

And in this case, the movement was worldwide. We had a sense of solidarity with young people in France and Ohio and California — and many of the non-students who gathered in the Chuck Wagon were messengers from other colleges, traveling like circuit riders in their psychedelic-covered Volkswagen vans, talking about what was going on at Berkeley or at Columbia. A new day was dawning, we felt, and young people everywhere were to help the sun rise on a world of peace and harmony. There seemed to be nothing remarkable in the fact that our student government president was an Iranian, Rostam Kavoussi. Even the sessions of the Union's Model U.N. made front-page headlines in *The Daily Texan*, and feelings ran so high about the issues that when I was assigned to represent South Africa, a stranger yelled "Racist!" at me in the Co-Op.

The new world of peace and justice would look something like the Gentle Thursdays held on the grassy expanse of the West Mall. Beginning about ten o'clock on Thursday mornings, the "gentle people" began to gather, along with their children, dogs, and balloons. Some played guitars, and others played with the newly popular Frisbee. Over the entire group gathered on the grass hung wisps of the heavily pungent smoke that characterized almost all gatherings everywhere in the late 1960s. Visitors to campus would stare and say, "Look at the hippies," or sometimes, more ominously, "Look at those dirty hippies."

For the most part hippies weren't dirty; they were simply a contrast to the starched, ironed, sprayed, controlled look that had immediately preceded them. In 1965 men wore crewcuts or flat-tops and button-down shirts, and women ratted hair into enormous beehives or bouffants, spraying them to the consistency of steel wool. Every morning there was a line of girls outside the ironing room in S.R.D., and unless you indicated otherwise on the laundry list, blouses with Peter Pan collars would be starched. Three years later, even those of us who didn't consider ourselves hippies had let down our hair and parted it in the middle. The line outside the ironing room disappeared, except for those who regularly ironed their hair to achieve the straight

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flat look that was somehow felt to be more "honest" than teasing and rattng and curling and perming and spraying. Meanwhile, our boyfriends quit going to the barbershop, and many quit shaving.

The less time we spent fiddling with our hair, the more time our parents and other people over thirty seemed to spend commenting on it. The sense of community, even of family, among students was strong on campus in part because so many students had been told not to come home until they got a haircut. Others, cut off from family funding sources, moved into the large old houses around campus in groups of ten to fifteen, both to save money and to try out new forms of communal living. This, too, people over thirty didn't seem to understand, imagining communes to be hotbeds of sexual license.

True, there seemed to be more flesh around in the late sixties than at any time previously. Earlier, every dress hem was a precise distance from the kneecap, varying from two inches below to perhaps a quarter inch above. By 1967, hemlines were thigh-high or down to the ground, and various undergarments began to be regarded as not really necessary. Students were arrested for swimming nude at what came to be known as "Hippie Hollow" in Lake Travis, and on campus a student play was banned because of a nude scene. The authois dropped out of school and took the play to Paris, where, we heard, it was a big success. In Texas, however, it was clear that "uptight" authorities would see as "decadent" what many students regarded as simply "honest." And when construction began on the West Mall, converting the grassy space of Gentle Thursday into a series of planter boxes and concrete sidewalks, many people saw it as another move to clean up The University by getting rid of the hippies.

From the student perspective, the major villain throughout the late sixties was the chairman of the Board of Regents, Frank Erwin. "I intend to build a university that the football team can be proud of," he was quoted as saying. It was Erwin who fired John Silber and broke up the College of Arts and Sciences. It was Erwin who ordered the trees along Waller Creek to be bulldozed and the protesting students in the trees to be pulled out. It was Erwin, we heard, who ordered walls to be built around

campus to make it harder for non-students to enter, and Erwin who designed that circular flower box on the West Mall which, though it might have innocent-looking pansies in it, was rumored to contain a powerful fountain built to break up demonstrations by hosing out the peaceniks. It seemed that Erwin ran The University the way Johnson ran the United States, so it was easy for rally speakers to glide from Vietnam to the scandals at Waller Creek, arousing the same sense of outrage about both.

We were terribly self-righteous. We had no sense of the fragility of institutions, of the ease with which something precious and complex like a university can be damaged. We thought that those against us must be trying to protect themselves and their privileges and could not imagine that Chairman Frank might be working for the good of The University and yet still not think as we did. We saw policemen with gas masks on campus and knew that simply by attending a Vietnam rally we would end up being photographed and later identified for F.B.I. files. We knew that certain service stations along the Drag and certain restaurants in town would not serve any male with long hair and that, even on campus, there were professors who would flunk a failing student, even though it meant that the student might be sent to Vietnam. We knew that all administrators were alike, and that when The University threw *The Rag* and its alternative news off campus, it was simply mirroring what the U.S. was doing; giving us only party-line versions of what was happening. Still, we knew what was happening in Vietnam because friends died there, and those who came back told stories so horrible about their experiences that most of us didn't want to hear them. Knowing so much, we couldn't imagine that there was so much we didn't know.

One day, sitting in the Chuck Wagon eating a hamburger, I looked up to see that outside, at both doors, crowds of policemen were gathering. An angry hum in the hall began to get louder and, remembering something about discretion being the better part of valor, I hurriedly picked up my books and headed for the nearest exit. The door was locked from the outside. Through the glass I could see a policeman shaking his head no. I pushed and banged on the door and yelled, "I'm going to be

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late to class!" He looked puzzled a moment, then unlocked the door, and I squeezed through sideways. The door shut after me, and the shouting began. Later I read about the "Chuck Wagon Riot" in *The Daily Texan*, the police having swooped in to rid the area of non-students. "Saying you were going to be late to class was a good excuse," someone told me later. "That's probably the only thing that got you out of there."

The truth was, though, that I didn't want to be late to class. There was a lot going on outside of class in the late sixties — but there was also a lot of excitement inside class. Students filled the Union Ballroom to hear Arrowsmith of the Classics Department read from his new Aristophanes translation. Shat-tuck of the French Department, speaking in his gentle, urbane way, opened up the worlds of Kafka and Stendhal to us, and Malof in English showed us the riches embedded in poetry. For American Government, Kraemer arranged war games and other simulation exercises. Menaker in Zoology challenged us with quizzes so difficult and witty that some of us spent precious minutes agonizing over the answer to a question that later turned out to be a ringer—it began, "Mitosis is bigger than your toes is." Meanwhile, across the campus, Raja Rao's Buddhism classes overflowed into the hall, and after every semester the new vision offered on the third floor of Waggener inspired students to travel to India and learn to meditate. And for those of us in Plan II, John Silber's philosophy class was at least as intense as the West Mall rallies.

No one missed Silber's class. Even the student who represented our nationally victorious College Bowl team was not allowed to miss a quiz in order to travel to the final competition. Anyone caught unprepared in Silber's class was simply thrown out on the spot. Once a young man excused himself for not having prepared on the grounds that he couldn't afford the textbook. Silber stopped the questioning, reached into his wallet, and threw some bills at the boy. The class was absolutely silent, waiting, until the boy reached down around him and gathered up the bills.

At Christmas break Silber required us all to go back to our hometowns and do a "slum project." We each chose a section of town, looked up the tax rolls to discover who owned the prop-

erty, and then attempted to interview both the landlords and the tenants. "This is for your philosophy class?" my mother asked when I told her I needed the family car to drive over to the other side of the tracks. It didn't seem strange to me, though. Walking around the slums of my hometown on Christmas Eve seemed related to Kierkegaard and Kant in the same way that government and history and Milton's *Paradise Lost* and the study of circadian rhythms in Menaker's Zoology class and the protests against the Vietnam War all seemed related. My generation demanded relevance from our courses — but the demand was not that the professor make the subject matter relevant but that he acknowledge the relations which we felt already existed among subjects.

The sense that everything was connected to everything else also resulted in what was called "free-floating paranoia." Some students saw plots everywhere, and there was a general distrust of all institutions. Even those of us who weren't paranoid knew that students who went to the counseling center with a drug problem might find that their personal files had ended up in the district attorney's office. All around campus, unofficial helping services began to spring up — drug counseling or draft counseling or fund-raising centers for the Black Panther breakfast program or for bail money to help students arrested for one thing or another. We were remaking the world, and we thought anything was possible.

Even the curriculum seemed open for our reforming efforts. A sorority sister and I spent hours redesigning freshman English and then went to see Dean Silber about our plan. He referred us to the head of the National Translation Center, an English novelist named Keith Botsford, who had designed a new program with some similarities to ours. Botsford thought that freshmen should be exposed to the best minds on campus as early in their careers as possible, and so he brought in Don Weismann, the artist, and distinguished physicists and philosophers and scientists and said, "Explain what you're doing so that these kids can understand you and understand what's significant and interesting about your field."

The world seemed full of problems that could be solved if only the people over thirty could find enough goodwill to over-

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come tradition and self-interest. The issues were black and white, and the people you met were either young, long-haired, and against the Vietnam War, or older, short-haired, and against the Vietnam War protestors. Many days we could see this conflict dramatically re-enacted in the open-air debates between the bearded young philosophy professor, Larry Caroline, and Dean Silber. Those with free-floating paranoia were not surprised when Larry Caroline was fired.

But after Dean Silber was fired in 1970 and the College of Arts and Sciences was split, it became harder to tell who wore black hats and who wore white ones. That spring more than 2,000 people marched to the Capitol to protest the Vietnam War, and many of the marchers were over thirty and had hair short enough to allow their ears to show. The peace rallies—half protest and half celebration—began to assume a harder edge now that four students had been killed in a demonstration at Kent State. On our own campus, we could still see the Tower sniper's bullet holes in the sidewalk, a reminder of the violence that, it now seemed, could erupt anywhere, anytime. And in California someone had been killed at a Rolling Stones concert, a death shocking to students, who had regarded rock concerts as the showcase for the peaceful communal activities of the future, after the world had learned to "Make Love, Not War."

The University of Texas in the sixties was not simply a campus experience, but an introduction to the larger world, to issues of war and peace and courage and betrayal and the need to question the values inherited from authority. At The University we met other members of our generation, a generation that still talks about itself as "children of the sixties." One of my colleagues in the law school, also a sixties child, told me, "I really do feel we are the goat being swallowed by the python of history."

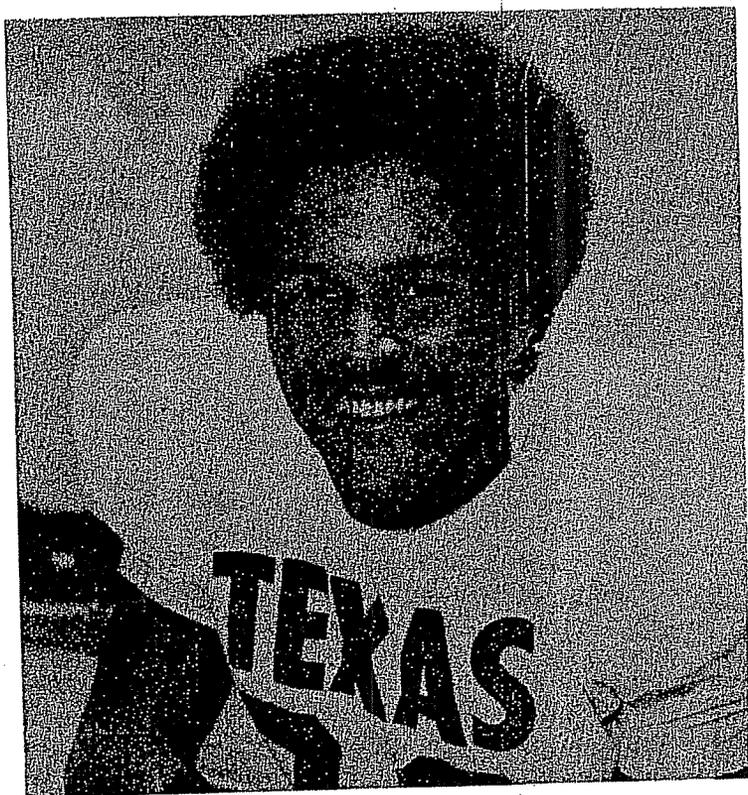
Maybe we *were* an aberrant generation. I think so sometimes when I pass the sign on the Union patio announcing that at this one spot on campus, you don't have to get permission from the authorities if you want to hold a rally. Looking around at the Union barbeque tables and the sandwich carts and the donut-vending stands and the students sitting contentedly around the azaleas, I have difficulty imagining anyone gather-

ing there in protest. The sign seems as anachronistic as those old iron rings for horses you sometimes see embedded in small-town sidewalks in West Texas. The last march I saw on Guadalupe consisted of a group of Iranians holding placards and walking down one side of the Drag and another group of Iranians holding placards and walking in the opposite direction down the other side of the Drag, while students waiting on the sidelines for the shuttle bus tried to figure out what the argument was all about.

One day in the spring of 1967, I took the little elevator up into the Tower stacks and found a place to study. I cleared the chicken bones left by the last occupant of the old wooden desk, opened the window and my poetry book, and then stared out beyond the red-tile roofs and the live-oak greenery to the blue Austin hills in the distance. At sunrise I had been setting up nets in a cow pasture north of town to catch birds for the laboratory at Balcones where I worked half-time. At noon I had been singing with a hundred others on the Main Mall: "All we are saying is 'Give peace a chance.'" At two, I had heard a brilliant lecture on T. S. Eliot. The week before had included a picnic at Campbell's Hole with the Junior Fellows, a group of two dozen liberal arts students who met for good meals and lively discussion at the Faculty Dining Room once a week. Even my Chemistry unknown had taken only one extra Saturday lab session to figure out. And the day before, lying under the sunshine at Barton Springs, I had, for an entire half-hour, thought I understood Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. On that sunny afternoon, high up in the Tower, I looked out at the blue hills, considered what a luxury it was to spend an afternoon reading Ezra Pound, and thought to myself that being at The University of Texas was wonderful.

It still is.

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JULIUS WHITTIER grew up in San Antonio and graduated from Highlands High School in 1969. He attended The University on a football scholarship and in 1974 graduated with a B.A. in Philosophy. After receiving his M.P.A. from the Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs in 1976, he worked for a brief period for the mayor of Boston, Massachusetts. He then studied law at The University of Texas and was admitted to the State Bar of Texas in 1980. Mr. Whittier is currently a felony prosecutor with the District Attorney's Office in Dallas County.

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The Last Bastion

Julius Whittier
B.A., 1974; M.P.A., 1976

My decision to attend The University of Texas is most appropriately captured by one of Coach Royal's famous homilies: "Luck is the meeting of opportunity and preparation." Well, maybe Coach Royal didn't invent it, but he was the first person I ever heard say it. The truth is that I was prepared to capitalize on the opportunity to become a part of one of the most significant institutions in the Southwest. I was prepared inasmuch as my experiences up to the spring of 1969 made the transition from a black eighteen-year-old San Antonio high school student athlete to a black University of Texas student athlete much easier. Ah, the wisdom and security of hindsight! I didn't know then that the adjustment would be modest and smooth. The more significant changes I went through as an undergraduate Longhorn had to do with growing up rather than with adjusting to the cultural, social, and psychological environment of The University.

I was raised in San Antonio, a very pastoral, slow-paced, and southern city. In atmosphere and culture, however, San Antonio is not a Southern city; it is primarily a Mexican city. This

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has had a subtle yet pervasive impact on the development of my racial and cultural values. Although San Antonio had its distinctive Southern racial heritage, both blacks and whites lived daily with the realities of a tri-ethnic milieu. Thus there was no simple "us" and "them" dichotomy so common to Southern American cities. This fact, coupled with the multi-ethnicity of my parents' background, made my adjustment to my experiences at the overwhelmingly white University of Texas much less of an ordeal than many expected.

Lest I be misunderstood, everything that I heard about U.T. was very important to me because it was all that I knew, and much of it in respect to race was bad. But I had the benefit of hearing good things—as well as predictions of a racial house of horrors. My high school football coaches, Clint Humphreys and Jim Stroud, saw to it during my senior year that I received no mail from colleges interested in my athletic skills. (By the way, the San Antonio Highlands High team won the 1968 District 31-AAAA football championship, and I was selected for the All-City first team.) I had from around mid-November 1968 until the signing date for Southwest Conference letters of intent to decide whether I would attend Texas, S.M.U., or North Texas State, the three schools I was then considering.

I visited all three schools. There was no comparison between the charge I got from my visit at Texas and my observations of the other schools. Here I was with an opportunity to compete for a spot on a nationally ranked football team. Here was a school with 40,000 students to wander through, meet, and get to know. Here was a school with an excellent collection of facilities for both my academic and athletic careers. Here was a school with a coach recognized all over the country as one of the most professional, and certainly one of the most genuine and successful. Realizing that this was a rare opportunity, I decided to shoot for Texas. I could play big-time football eighty miles from home, and my family could see me. There simply was no realistic alternative. Despite what some people had said about Texas, I had to try it. I had to accept the challenge of succeeding at Texas. The only real decision for me was whether I wanted to brave the possibility that everything I had heard from members

of the black community was true just for a chance to play big-time football. I honestly did not give serious thought to going anywhere else.

Friends of my family in San Antonio and in Beaumont who were black schoolteachers and football coaches gave me, through my parents, the benefit of what they knew of Texas as a place for black student athletes. Based on what they knew and on what I've since heard, it is clear to me that The University had an overwhelmingly bad image in the black community. "You'll never get to play up there," these friends warned. "They say they will never play a nigger." Some people said that Coach Royal was quoted as having said this in some newspaper. One person told me she heard him say it. "You'll get flunked out as well as benched." Nobody knew anyone who had gone to Texas. "They ain't got no blacks on that campus." At the time when I was trying to decide whether to attend Texas, there were probably just over 100 black people spread over the vast Austin campus. People told me that I wouldn't know anyone and would be just another number. This is what I had heard from folks who genuinely had my best interest at heart.

Fortunately enough, my parents did not really appear to be turned off by the idea of my going to Texas just because it had a racist image and reputation. Their open-minded attitude left me to make my decision without fretting over whether they would be worried about me and my welfare. These were volatile times, and if my parents were worried for my safety they had good cause. These were the days when people took direct action to express themselves. We had heard of incidents on other campuses where black students were subjected to abuse simply for being on a lily-white campus. It was very critical to my final decision to chance it at Texas that I meet the right people from the Longhorn Athletic Department. It was important for me to hear how they described the program, what they felt was expected of the student athlete, what the school gave back to the athlete, what the school's athletic philosophy was, and how they assessed football skills and decided who would start. As luck would have it, I met the right people at the right time. Those people were Coach Mike Campbell, Leon O'Neal and Head Coach Darrell Royal.

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The first one I met was Coach Campbell. He was a relaxed man with a clear projection of quiet confidence. He came by my house on Dawson Street in San Antonio. We sat in my mother's living room and talked. My mother and I grilled him about what we had heard from others. We talked about racial prejudice at The University, in both the academic and the athletic programs. Why were there no blacks on the football team? What had been done to recruit black football players? In spite of these concerns, the central question for me was whether starting positions would be meted out according to ability. I was not looking for a promise that I would start, but for an opportunity to compete and a starting position if I earned it on skill alone. Coach Campbell assured me that my athletic career at Texas would be founded on this premise. My conversations with Coach Royal during this period made me even more confident that Texas was the place where I needed to be. And it was clear from both Coach Royal and Coach Campbell and from other people at The University that I was going to have to be aggressive and smart to get what I wanted from Texas.

What impressed me most was that Coach Campbell acted as if he had nothing to hide. He didn't try to run down the other schools that I considered attending. He didn't try to avoid my concerns by trying to impress me. Throughout the recruitment process no one tried to impress me, to put on a show for me, to make things look better than they were. I had fully expected that Coach Campbell and the other recruiters from Texas would not take my questions of race seriously. I had thought that they would scoff at me and my concerns. Coach Campbell told me and my family that U.T. could not recruit black athletes until 1963. He said that they had offered numerous black athletes scholarships, but that none had accepted until Leon O'Neal did in the spring of 1968. He said that of those who declined scholarship offers to Texas, most eventually went to schools out of state or to all-black schools. I did not have any reason to doubt his forthright explanations for the lack of "color" in the Texas football program. Thus when he asked me whether I wanted to visit the school, I said yes.

I rode a Greyhound bus to Austin. It was in the middle of

the winter, January 1969. Leon O'Neal met me at the station down on Fourth Street and Congress Avenue. He took me over to the Villa Capri Motel on I-35 and Manor Road. (Remember, this was 1969, and there was no L.B.J. Library at that time; before the Library was built houses, boarding houses, and apartment complexes occupied that space.) Leon is one of the most disarming and friendly people anyone could know. He was the best possible guide to show me around the Texas Athletic Department and facilities. Meeting Leon had as much to do with my going to Texas as the fact that Texas was competitive nationally in football. Leon, who stood about six-foot-three and weighed about 230 pounds, was the first black student athlete to accept a football scholarship from Texas. He was from Killeen, where he had attended an integrated high school, and he believed that the only way for Texas football to change would be for blacks to come to Texas and change it.

This is exactly how I felt. I didn't think there was any leverage from the outside to force Texas to change to an integrated football program. Besides, the first step toward change would be for blacks to accept scholarships, show up, and seriously compete for starting positions. The experience of the first few blacks on football scholarships there would determine whether Texas had in fact progressed from the antebellum South into twentieth-century equal opportunity. My own experiences may be important to an assessment of that big step. However, the experiences of E. A. Curry, Leon O'Neal, Roosevelt Leaks, Lonnie Bennett, Fred Perry, Donald Ealey, Howard Show, and every other black who has been through the Texas football program, including Heisman Trophy winner Earl Campbell, are equally important.

The treatment a black football player received from the Texas athletic program had as much to do with individual character, personality, and athletic skills, as with race. In my opinion the winning combination for matriculating at Texas includes a strong, well-developed character and personality and above-average skills at what one does best. In keeping with the frontier spirit of the state, The University holds no one's hand. If you are not an aggressive self-starter, you are not cut out for Texas. The additional problem to be overcome by the black student athlete

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thing. Getting along with the white football players would not be much of a problem, Leon said, because most of them did not have a problem with having black teammates. Of course, there would be some guys who would, but there would be guys like that anywhere I might go. Leon pointed out that what commanded the most respect was showing everyone, coaches and players alike, that you "took care of business" on the football field. Leon said that most of the players who didn't have cars, like himself, had no problem borrowing a car from one of the other players who did. Little things like this, he said, helped him to learn that getting along with whites at Texas is much like getting along with anyone anywhere: you must treat persons as individuals because they are all different.

The following morning Leon picked me up from the Villa Capri and took me to Coach Royal. On the ride over to his office, I remember thinking that the meeting would be a turn-off if it took the form of a hard sell. I thought this despite Leon's having told me that Royal was "pretty cool, and easy to talk to." When we got up to his office, a few other players were standing with the recruits they had shown around, waiting to see Royal. As we stood outside it occurred to me that Royal must be pretty intense to bring in all these recruits and give each of them a one-on-one hard sell about signing with Texas. The recruits coming out of his office before me didn't appear to have been pressured or intimidated. Finally my turn came. I went in and was pleasantly surprised by Coach Royal's approach.

Coach Royal was very poised when he greeted Leon and me and invited us in to talk. I imagine that his tactic of bringing Leon in with me was designed to help me relax, and it worked. My first impression of Royal was that he wanted me to be comfortable with my choice of college and that, while he wanted me to attend Texas, he would not be offended if I chose to go elsewhere. By questions he asked he made it clear that I should think about my choice of college as an important part of my future. Do you enjoy living in San Antonio and Texas? What kinds of things would you like to do if you do not make a career of football? What academic goals do you have? Instead of giving a hard sell, he really believed that this was a very important deci-

sion because it affected my future, and he wanted me to give it careful thought.

Before I could broach my concerns about race Coach Royal brought up the subject himself. He said that he was aware of my concerns and that he wanted me to feel free to talk about them. He would answer any questions I had. He seemed to believe that Leon and Coach Campbell had told me all about what I could expect at Texas. He said he would stand by everything they had said. His openness and his confidence in his staff and his program won me over as a friend and admirer from that day on. Leon and I had explored most of the things that concerned me, so our meeting was rather short. Coach Royal thanked me for coming up for the weekend and, as we walked to the door, he shook my hand and said he hoped that I liked the program and the facilities. I wonder whether he knew that he had just recruited the person who would eventually be the first black to play, start, and graduate from Texas.

On February 11, 1969, I signed the Southwest Conference letter of intent, declaring that I intended to accept the scholarship offer from Texas. On August 22, 1969, I arrived in Austin to begin pre-season football training and to begin my freshman year at The University. In the fall of 1971 I received my first varsity starting assignment on the Longhorn football team as an offensive tackle. That season was ruined by a knee injury that caused me to miss the first five games of the season and to lose my starting position.

In the fall of my senior season in 1972 I received my second starting assignment as a tight-end and started for the entire season. During that season I caught *all* of the team's touchdown passes. The season ended with the 1973 Cotton Bowl game in which we defeated Alabama. And in May of 1974 I graduated from The University with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Philosophy.

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JOHN SCHWARTZ was born and grew up in Galveston, entered U.T. in 1975, and graduated in 1979 with honors, and with special honors in Plan II. He entered law school at U.T. in 1980 and expects to graduate in May 1984. He served as editor of UTmost in 1981 and as editor of The Daily Texan for 1981-82. Mr. Schwartz's freelance work has appeared in Newsweek, Newsweek on Campus, Texas Monthly, The Texas Observer, and Third Coast.

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The Web of Campus Life

John Schwartz

B.A., 1979; J.D. expected May 1984

Writer's block is the temporary inability to string words together in cogent sentences. It is usually brought on by the illuminating insight that the writer knows nothing worth saying. This moment of reality passes, however.

— L. M. Boyd, sage of Weatherford

"Illuminating," yes. My time at U.T. isn't even over yet—writing memoirs seems premature, if not downright presumptuous. My block developed from just this realization: what could be more boring than to listen to this kid's rambling tales? What's the point? I learned The University fairly well (and learned *at* The University even better), and got to know its life and came to understand its continuity. I found things there. I hope I can convey the excitement and the fun of it.

I came to The University to lose myself. Most of my friends were worried about coming to Big State U., and feared they would be lost in the 40,000-student jungle. I looked forward to

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it. Growing up in Galveston had been like living under a glass: my father was a state senator, and my two older brothers had gained their own kind of notoriety. I was Babe's son or Dick's and Bob's kid brother, but rarely was I simply John. U.T. offered me a new, anonymous, and exciting start. It didn't disappoint me. Sweating through first-year Plan II classes, I strained to think and to show the professors that I had indeed done the reading. I met a redheaded girl, and we began falling in love. I made a ninety-four on one history test, and followed it up with a fifty-two; I didn't yet have the knack.

As I got my feet on the ground, I began to get caught up in the extracurricular activities that can either make college meaningful or ruin it. My work as a dormitory adviser, for instance, was very special in the way that an intimate experience with a Spanish Inquisitor might be called special. My dorm, Moore-Hill, was one of the older dorms on campus, and had many more upperclassmen than I was prepared for. There is something about students who would rather live in an all-male dorm than in the convenient apartments all around campus. They viewed the outside world and its risks timorously and covered up those fears with bluster. They chose to live in a small world where they could be kings.

Was it a problem? Only for me. The first day or so I covered the wall near my door with useful information about where to find what on campus, what films would be showing, the shuttle bus routes, and so on. I stood back to admire my handiwork, then went to class. When I got back, the wall and ceiling were covered with soot — someone had taken a match to my work. This happened to everything I tried to post, and spread to other doors. I started calling my floor the "juvenile delinquents go to college" wing. That year is now a blur of trash cans stacked in front of my room, gallons of water poured under doors, and falsely tripped fire alarms at four in the morning.

More rewarding were the two summers I spent as an orientation adviser. Everyone wanted to be an adviser, because the program was a ten-week party. The advisers do good work introducing incoming freshmen to The University and helping them choose their first semester courses; after hours we danced and ate

and talked through the night. I led so many campus tours that, thirty years from now, I will still feel compelled to show friends the "significant" perspective of the Pompeo Coppini statue of George Washington on the South Mall. I still take people to the balustrade on the Main Mall through which Charles Whitman shot the policeman Billy Speed, and have them run their fingers in the stone's bullet grooves. I force all visitors on a pilgrimage to the Lone Star Beer sign on the Drag which, when struck sharply with the hand or a rock, reverberates with sounds that put science fiction special effects to shame, a sound that mystifies and, yes, thrills. There were trips to the nuclear reactor on campus, and to the president's office to take in the panorama from that calm spot of green.

From that time on, a major part of my curriculum became the study of The University of Texas itself. As I read for my classes, I read the school — the medium being, as Marshall McLuhan tells us, the message. I learned its trivia (what room is paneled in forty-seven types of American wood?*) and developed a feeling for the synecology of the academic anthill. I climbed to the Tower's observation deck and scurried through the forbidden expanse of the underground tunnel system. And I checked out many things in between. When stumped, I could always ask the cornucopia of University knowledge, Dr. Margaret Berry.

I put some of this knowledge to work in campus publications. I was editor of *UTmost* magazine, a descendant of the defunct *Ranger*. We tried to make it as irreverent as the old *Ranger* had been, and we may have succeeded. We did a "scholarly" critique of U.T. building design entitled "Fascist Architecture at The University of Texas." We did a near-nude centerfold of Austin's pop music demigod, Joe "King" Carrasco. We interviewed Nobel Laureate Steven Weinberg and published serious articles on campus cheating, student government, and other topics that were cited as reasons why *UTmost* was named the best college magazine in the nation by Sigma Delta Chi, the society of professional journalists. Not bad for a magazine only four years old, especially when the Texas Student Publications Board was never convinced that it should even be putting out a

* Answer: The Biology Building, room 214.

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magazine. Every year we fought, and every year we got our meager budget from the board—and then we would put out our little award-winning magazine, sliding toward printer's deadlines and building a community of spirit in a small office made less sterile by covering the walls with cheesy posters and clippings.

In the middle of my tenure as editor of *UTmost*, the *Daily Texan* staff walked out on its editor in an ugly power squabble. The beleaguered boss resigned; I applied for his position and was appointed to serve out the term. At first it was difficult to convince my parents that taking the editorship was a good thing, because they wanted me to finish law school—but finally they came around. One day my father asked me the size of the *Texan's* press run and readership. I replied that it was a daily run of 33,000 copies and a readership of more than 50,000. My father, who had eaten in restaurants on the French Riviera and won multimillion-dollar lawsuits, said reverently, "That's bigger than the *Galveston Daily News*." No problem after that.

But I don't want to dwell on the *Texan*; after the initial blow-up, my experience was neither as exciting nor as important as what other editors like Mark McKinnon or Willie Morris went through. McKinnon and Morris have each described the job accurately and stirringly in this volume and in *North Toward Home*. *UTmost* was more fun, more *mine*. The *Texan* is too big to be made perfect or to be destroyed.

Somewhere in there, I began to reexamine the way I learned things. In high school, I had had no conception of quality, and could not tell a good book from a bad one on any level. At The University, you are told what the Great Books are and where to find the Great Ideas. So I diligently began vacuuming them up into my knowledge-box, taking note of passages that could be easily inserted into class themes. And when I heard the sour, wall-eyed clerk at the Zippy Mart complain about "educated fools," I did not understand.

But as I neared the completion of my undergraduate degree, I discovered that accumulated learning had not made me a happier person; culling the ideas of others like so much data had lost its luster. For me scholarship had regressed into a practice as

empty as a childhood penny collection. It was at about that time that I began to read Montaigne:

{If we do not have a sounder judgment for all our learning, I had just as lief my student had spent his time playing tennis: at least his body would be blither. See him come back from there, after fifteen or sixteen years put in: there is nothing so unfit for use. All the advantage you recognize is that his Latin and Greek have made him more conceited and arrogant than when he left home. He should have brought back his soul full; he brings it back only swollen; he has only inflated it instead of enlarging it.

School had before given me ornaments for my wit and someone else's yardstick by which to measure quality. I began to discover wisdom—not only in the academic texts but also in the everyday. I sought out epiphany in unscholarly places, and found that sometimes it is there—at least often enough to make the search worthwhile, and not to be the kind of "educated fool" excoriated by both Montaigne and Our Lady of the Zippy Mart. I have a long way to go, but the way promises so much now that it does not daunt.

I owe this awakening to many professors, but most of all to those who showed such a passion for thought that, by their example, they make one want to think. A Classics professor, David Francis, brought ancient cultures to life through the ideas conveyed in their myths; Gian-Paolo Biasin taught comparative literature, sparking thought with a bell-like laugh and a joy of teaching that swept us all along. Brushes with such scholars affirm one's desire to make study a lifelong pursuit, in the way that meeting the intelligently devout strengthens one's own faith. There were others too numerous to mention. (Oh, go ahead—John Trimble, who taught writing by forcing his students to write and spent more time editing the work than the student had poured into writing it; the erudite Bernard Ward, whose infectious love of the law and respect for his students made his "Civil Procedure" class a daily revelation; Joe Malof's resonant lessons on poetry that struck a chord so deep that, in my mind, those poems can be read only in his voice. I'll stop

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here and regret having left the rest.) Thus Big State U. became always smaller and more intimate; the fraternity parties and vocational students became invisible, and The University seemed ours. The size of The University simply doesn't have to interfere with the quality of the education. It is up to the students to make The University meaningful for themselves, and up to the professors to make the students feel at home.

Two examples. My first megaclass was Economics 302. Five-hundred other students and I listened to a new instructor, a raspy-voiced Yankee named Vincent ("call me Vince") Geraci. Vince reached out to the class—once, he let class go early to discuss campus issues with the students who were interested. More than half of the students left; I have no doubt that they think The University is a lifeless, impersonal place. Those of us who stayed knew from then on that we could see Vince about problems we had with the course or with anything else. I spoke with him occasionally. Two years later, he still remembered my name when we passed on campus.

Contrast this with a professor from the History Department. There were only seven of us in the class. About the middle of the semester, the professor began calling me Steve. The other six students had no trouble remembering my name, but the professor (who really should remain nameless, I think) couldn't remember. One day I tried to tell him that my name was John. He corrected me. Professor X. consistently gave high marks to my papers. ("Good job, Steve.") No need to flog the point: school is what the students and faculty make of it. Many teachers opened their doors to me; I now count them among my closest friends. The others—well, I learned something from all of them.

Of all the things I learned in my study of The University, the most important was the understanding I developed for the continuity that exists here. At first I thought that a university has a four-year memory; that as each wave of students leaves, a vacuum comes in behind them. But the life of the institution is more than ephemera. It is the quality that is passed along. The greatest teachers of every age are remembered, and it is always

possible to find out the greatness of a Dobie, Webb, Montgomery, or Ayres. They produced a group of reverent students who continue to sing their praises today, including professors Clifton Grubbs and Chad Oliver. A special knowledge passed between those generations: not only the knowledge but the love of knowledge—not only the things taught but the excellence of teaching was passed, so that Oliver and Grubbs today are beloved by their students in the manner of their mentors. I am fortunate to have taken Oliver's class and to have heard Grubbs speak.

I have been still more fortunate to know that the torch can be passed yet again, having taken special courses from Jack Zammito in the History Department. Zammito burns with the love of intellectual light; a 1970 Plan II graduate of The University (and valedictorian for that turbulent year), he had been a graduate student under Grubbs. Now Professor Howard Miller, commonly referred to as the finest lecturer on campus, calls Zammito the best lecturer on campus. This, then, is a torch that does not diminish as it is passed across generations—as long as The University is willing not to tamper with the flame. This is the continuity that gives a university its unique greatness. It is a quality that cannot be bought like a Bible or installed like a telescope. Instead, like beautiful English lawns, it must be nurtured and protected for generations.

Having rambled thus far, I suddenly realize again that Boyd was right, and I should not compound my folly by adding more. But let's tie up some loose threads in this web, since I'm so interested in continuity:

— The other day, I was "accessing" a local computer bulletin board with my Apple computer and came across a humorous diatribe against dorm residents, written by (who else?) an adviser. In a cynical mood, I posted the words of Colonel Kurtz: "Exterminate the brutes!"

— I saw Vince Geraci in a local watering hole recently. It has been eight years since I took his class; he still remembered me, and we had an animated conversation about how little his economics students think and how much he tries to challenge them. He is still shaking 'em up.

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<http://txtell.lib.utexas.edu/index.html>

A few of the biographies:

Alan Bean (BS in aerospace engineering, '55) has a unique distinction among University of Texas alumni: He is the only one, to our knowledge, who has his own action figure.

This, of course, stems from a far loftier distinction, both figuratively and literally. Even astronauts have business cards, and his reads: "Lunar Module Pilot of Apollo 12. The fourth human to set foot on the moon. Mission Commander of Skylab 3, our first space station. Spent 59 days in orbit 270 miles above the earth. Now an artist, creating paintings that record for future generations mankind's first exploration of another world."

^{On your kite}
 "What was the turning point?" I think the turning point was just growing up and being in an environment at The University of Texas where people don't truly worry about you that much. I found out there that if I didn't study, I made poor to medium grades, but if I studied, I could make good grades. I didn't know this as a kid. I went through life up until then believing that you were born a certain way--My mother believed this for sure--and that whatever you did didn't change your station much. At The University of Texas I found out that wasn't true, that if you put out effort you could change your results very quickly.

When this dawned on me, I said, "I don't want to be this person I've been all along." When I did begin to put out effort I did really well. That was a big eye-opener. Then I began to put out more effort and do more, and maybe that's the story of my life, because now I realize that you can do what you want.

I've competed all my life. In the Navy and at NASA, I've competed with people from the Naval Academy, the Military Academy, MIT, UCLA, you name it. When I was competing with them for good grades or positions on a flight or anything else, I never felt like my education at The University of Texas held me back in any way relative to

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anybody else. I always felt like there were smarter people than me there. But I always felt like UT gave me as good an education as I could get. If I had gone to Harvard or MIT I wouldn't have been a bit different than I am today. I feel like everyone who goes to The University of Texas is blessed and lucky to be there because they're getting a chance to be as good as they can be.

You entered UT as an engineering major, so you were in the ballpark.

I had always wanted to be a pilot when I was a kid. Then as I got a little older I wanted to be a Navy pilot because I thought they were better because they landed on carriers. (I've since found out that they're the same; it depends on the person.) So in high school I joined the Naval Air Reserve and on the weekends and in the summer I was around the airplanes at Navy Dallas. I loved all that. Then I got an NROTC scholarship to UT and that's how I ended up there because we really couldn't afford it otherwise.

Barbara Smith Conrad:

Mezzo-soprano, Civil Rights Pioneer

....In 1957, she was 17, a sophomore voice student at The University of Texas. Smith had auditioned and won the lead in the Purcell opera Dido and Aeneas, she as Dido, queen of Carthage, and the love interest of a white Aeneas. In one of the notable episodes in U.S. civil rights history, Smith was told by University administrators that she could not perform the role. In the words of state representative Joe Chapman, one of several legislators who reportedly pressured the administration, it was "only for the betterment of The University of Texas." She remained at the University for the next two years, her nontypical college career continuing with moral and financial support from the likes of Harry Belafonte and Sidney Poitier, whose film Guess Who's Coming to Dinner? scandalized establishment America over the very same issue a full decade later. To shield their friend and confound antagonists, black women across campus began using the name "Barbara Smith."....

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In 1981, Conrad signed a contract with both the Vienna State Opera and the Metropolitan Opera Company, each considered among the most distinguished opera companies in the world.

Conrad remained understandably estranged from The University of Texas for some 25 years, until then-president Peter Flawn reached out to her in 1984 and brought her back into the UT community. That year, Conrad returned to UT to debut in the premiere of Earl Stewart's opera Al-Inkishafi. The following year, the Texas Exes (Ex-Students' Association) named Conrad a Distinguished Alumna. She returns to UT now almost every year for the Distinguished Alumnus Awards, where she often takes the stage and leads the audience in what is surely the most refined and interpretive version of "The Eyes of Texas" performed anywhere.

What was your UT experience like before Dido and Aeneas?

It was exciting. It was controversial to go there. My father was supportive. By that time he was retired. My mother was terrified of my going and stayed pretty much in a state of terror the whole time I was there.

Did she ever come to visit?

[Yes]

Yes, a couple of times. She knew of my somewhat outspoken nature, which she always blamed on my father: "Oh, you're just like your father!" It's true. I wasn't a militant child. It wasn't my nature then, still isn't. The courage to speak and say what I feel and think is quite another matter. Perhaps if I had been born in some ghetto someplace or militancy had been part of the core of my bringing up, I probably would have been a great candidate, because I was certainly angry enough! But as is taught in the Christian faith, you make peace, not war. There is something so much more dynamic and noble if you can turn lemons into lemonade somehow. Also, I was very interested in people like Gandhi and Dr. King, these people who taught a different philosophy, really. But I was interested in being a spokesperson. That was important to me. My music was the way I did that. I was like any other student. Excited, scared, totally intimidated by the size. Doesn't that sound familiar?

A friend of mine said, "Oh I want to start walking with you, Barbara. Let's meet. Now remember, I'll have to put on sunscreen and probably won't do any makeup." I said, "Guess what. I burn, too. Imagine that! And guess what. This skin doesn't mean I don't wear makeup." So you scratch below the surface, as was said to me by a voice professor of mine years ago, and: a) we're all the same color and b) we're all beasts, potentially.

I was having a ball on some levels. It was an exciting time.

Where did you live?

Huston-Tillotson was two different schools then, and there was a dormitory that they leased to The University of Texas. The [African-American] girls lived there, those who

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didn't live in the town. So we didn't live on campus, we lived across the big highway, which looks nothing like when I went to school there. It was very hilly and rocky. And the [African-American] boys lived in the ROTC barracks, which had been abandoned. Not ideal. Certainly not ideal for getting to know people and mingling.

[USWV]

The reason, more than any other, that I'm so happy that I was a music student going to that University, is that music is a great healer and a great bonder. I got close to people because of the commonality of our interest, the passion of music, the love of it. It just transcends everything. When I first discovered Bach preludes and fugues, I had to think about who I was talking to. You had to be reminded in those moments who was white, who was black, who was Asian, who was whatever. It was somebody who was struggling with the same issues you were struggling with, who was so passionately in love with the art form. That's where I was much of the time, which is why you could be lulled into not looking at how inequitable things were and what a cauldron of things were going on that were not so peaceful, not so wonderful underneath. And I'm glad I had that way to express, to relate, to interlate, to escape once in a while. Because there were plenty of reminders.

vision

For example, back then, where the stadium is now was a very steep hill with lots and lots of rocks around. That was sort of a shortcut to the dormitory to walk home. It was true of students then and now. We're always among the last ones to leave the campus, those who are in labs or in music labs. In the course of Dido and Aeneas, on the way home from rehearsal one night, some big guys came to rough me up. It was clearly designed to scare me. There was a lot of fear. There were a lot of crank calls. People threatening you. Every time I would sing at University Baptist Church for a while, there was a threat.

It kept me slightly on edge, and if I had one real lasting pain, it's not the physical. It's not even the emotional. It's that those things interfere with your ability to concentrate on the things for which you went there in the first place. I've always loved literature, I just loved learning things. I mean, I wasn't a nerd. I didn't have that kind of major brain power like the Bob Inmans of the world. But I was curious for sure.

Are you calling Bob Inman a nerd?

No! (Laughing) Bob Inman's not a nerd! I love him dearly. He and his wife Nancy are among my dearest friends. But you know, one of those wunderkinds. My wunderkindism was my ability to communicate through my music and my ability to absorb those forms. But it did make it virtually impossible to be a student. You were so busy surviving.

How you prepare the youth is so crucial. My Uncle Bob called me Big Shot, my Aunt Maggie called me Miss International Find. That's the icing. But the filling, when you bake the cake, starts way before that. I was around people who were educated and believed that education was extremely important. It was loved, not just a way out. I have a sister who, to this day, eats books.

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What was not in the background was the strength that comes perhaps with the day-to-day living with both parents. My father, being an army person, was away. He was often a figment of my imagination. I would fantasize a great deal about who he was and what he was. Luckily, I wasn't off course much of the time. But there was still a lot of that in there. So how you raise your children, what you teach them, how you teach them to cope, give them, please God, some coping skills. That's what's so crucial here, especially when you walk into what a friend refers to as the New York blood bath. For me it was the Texas blood bath. It took a big chunk of my soul. All of this is about energy, which I didn't understand at that age, of course. But you suck it away into these avenues that have nothing to do with your preparation for your life! God, I still can get a little worked up about it.

How did you overcome the bitterness you must have felt and return to campus and back into the UT community?

I felt so betrayed by people I trusted at the high echelons, not my professors, who were wonderful to me, absolutely not. (I had one who was kind of weird but she got over it. We taught her! You do have to teach people.) I felt such pain. Inside I cried for years. You rarely saw a tear. And it was swallowing those tears that I think was the most costly for me. It would have been better if I would have screamed and ranted and raved. Nancy McMeans, who was editor of The Daily Texan at the time, and Bob Dickerson, a law student, took me aside, and got me to write the story that was ultimately released through Associated Press and UPI, because I was flinging barbs everywhere and my message wasn't being heard. All of East Austin gathered around me and supported me, but I hid my feelings very well. And it was not until two or three years after I left Austin that the anger began to really come out.

I'm just not a person who likes to live back there. I like to remember it to move forward when I need to. I'd like to take the lessons from it and use them, and I do. But I am not invested at all in hanging on to a bunch of useless energy. Had I done so, I would have never gone back to UT Austin. In doing so I would have been robbed of some of the most meaningful relationships in my life right now.

What are those?

I named some. To name more, Barbara Guthery, who has orange in her blood for sure! My beautician across town, Marva, people like that. Ada and Andy Anderson. These are people who weren't obvious, they were just pillars of strength for me. When Peter and Priscilla made that dinner back in Littlefield House to welcome me back, they never said, "Oh, we're so sorry about what happened all those years ago." Nobody went through that nonsense because it was long since past. What they did was recognize the person that I had tried to become. And of course you have to honor those years, because those years were rather formative ones.

EMERSON:]

What can I tell you? Belafonte, who is a man who will stay nestled in my heart in the deepest way forever, called me up and wanted to let me know someone was in my corner.

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What was that phone call like?

(Squeals and laughs) Who can ever forget that? In retrospect, I didn't do that. I was so zombie-like. I was in my room. I was in my room a lot in those days because if I came out there was yet another reporter, another somebody jumping out of my closet, in the windows of my classroom. And I hadn't slept in days and days and days. They called me and said "Harry Belafonte is on the line." I thought "Oh, sure." And it was him on the phone.

What did he say?

He wanted to let me know someone was in my corner. Wanted to know how I was, how I was getting on, how people were treating me, if I wanted to change universities. (If you really want to know, I had always wanted to go to Fisk University, which was known for its music and particularly for the Fisk Jubilee Singers.) He had talked to Sidney Poitier and Mahalia Jackson about me and wondered how they could help. He talked a lot about their perception of how I was handling the situation. And at that juncture, basically wanted to let me know that there was someone there.

Until that call, I had seriously considered leaving. But the conversation I had with my father that morning and the call from Belafonte gave me that resolve and the strength to stay put.

So what were '58 and '59 like? More of the same or did things calm down?

No, things never calmed down. A lot of people wanted to turn this into a sensational something or other, which I absolutely had no interest in. Didn't then, don't now. There were a lot of conversations with people who really genuinely wanted to help and did help, leaders in the community, politicians, but it really was a time when I turned to the church more strongly. Dr. [Oscar Blake] Smith at University Baptist Church was a rock. His organist, Ms. Francis, was a rock.

So you graduated, and what was your next move?

Well, before I graduated I came to New York to meet Belafonte at his invitation. I actually didn't leave Texas until '60 because I had to pull some things together. But before I left, nice things happened. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt sent me the money for my fare to come to New York. Lots of wonderful, exciting things happened like that as well.

Dr. Denton Cooley



Dr. Denton Cooley

The life of Dr. Denton Cooley is centered around hearts: hearts that beat too fast; hearts that don't beat fast enough; and hearts that stop. [vision]

"I realized that this was the dawn of a new specialty--and a whole new opportunity for me as a young surgeon," he says.

In the years that followed, Cooley's career was marked with medical milestones. In 1955 he perfected the heart-lung machine. In 1956 he performed the first open-heart operation in the southern United States. In the 1960s Cooley introduced "bloodless" heart surgery. In 1968 he performed the first successful heart transplant in the United States, and in 1969 he implanted the first totally artificial heart in a human.

To date, he and his team have performed nearly 100,000 open-heart operations, more than any other group in the world. As president and surgeon-in-chief at the Texas Heart Institute, which he founded in 1962 in the Texas Medical Center in Houston, he is at the forefront of the study and treatment of heart diseases. Cooley is also chief of cardiovascular surgery at St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital, consultant in cardiovascular surgery at Texas Children's Hospital, and a clinical professor of surgery at The University of Texas Medical School in Houston.

Tall Texan Denton Cooley began his medical studies as a zoology undergraduate at The University of Texas at Austin. After he graduated from high school, the native Houstonian had little difficulty choosing a college. He was looking for a large university that would offer great opportunities scholastically and socially; he wanted to be close to his family in Houston, but not too close; and he wanted to play varsity basketball. He knew there was no better place for him than The University of Texas.

Cooley quickly found his niche. In addition to his outstanding scholastic performance, he was actively involved in extracurricular activities, serving in student government and as a member of Kappa Sigma and the Texas Cowboys. He was also able to wear the orange and white on the basketball court. Cooley recalls the first time he stepped onto the floor of Gregory Gymnasium as a walk-on for the varsity basketball team: "It was thrilling. It was something that overwhelmed me," he says. He lettered three years and was a member of the basketball team that won the Southwest Conference championship in 1939.

Since Cooley graduated Phi Beta Kappa in the Class of 1941, the University has bestowed several awards on him, including the 1967 Distinguished Alumnus Award and membership in the Longhorn Hall of Honor and the Natural Sciences Hall of Honor.

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His successful career has allowed him to support causes that are meaningful to him and his wife, Louise. "I think the role of philanthropist is one of the real satisfactions in life," he says. The Denton A. Cooley Foundation has funded two professorships at UT Austin and a varsity basketball scholarship honoring the surgeon and his family.

"By today's standards, my education at UT was almost free," Cooley says. "I feel I have an obligation and an opportunity to demonstrate my appreciation for what UT has contributed to my career."

His numerous honors and awards include the Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian award; the Rene Leriche Prize, the highest honor of the International Surgical Society; and the National Medal of Technology. He is the author or co-author of 10 books and more than 1,200 articles.

Catherine Crier: from Judge to Television Journalist

For all her talk of being a Texas girl, loving her horses and critters and the 30 acres her house sits on, Catherine Crier's manner tells of a New Yorker who has found her way home.

With a mother from the East Texas town of Dangerfield and father from Abilene, Catherine split the distance, born and raised in Dallas. She entered The University of Texas at Austin at age 16, was a Tri-Delt and was named one of the "Ten Most Beautiful" in 1972.

After earning her BA in 1975 in political science and government, she went on to Southern Methodist University for her JD in 1977. From 1978-81, she served as assistant district attorney and felony chief prosecutor for Dallas County. From 1982-84, she handled business and corporate cases as a civil litigation attorney for Riddle & Brown. Her next five years were spent as state civil district judge presiding over 162nd District Court in Dallas County. In 1984, at the age of 29, she became the youngest elected state judge in Texas history.... While she was a trial lawyer and judge she served on a lengthy list of legal institutes, committees, and councils. She also helped judge the UT Law School Mock Trial Finals. In 1987, she was voted one of 10 outstanding working women in America by Glamour magazine.

Then, in October 1989, she shocked both the legal profession and the journalism world, chucking it all for an anchor position at CNN, which quickly showcased her sure tongue and fine features on multiple programs: Crier & Co., The World Today, and Inside Politics. Now a national figure, Crier began raking in the accolades: in 1990 alone, the American Bar Association's Barrister Magazine named her one of 20 young lawyers who make a difference; T.V. Guide named her one of its "Dynamite Dozen"; and The Texas Exes (Ex-Students' Association) dubbed her an Outstanding Young Texas Ex.

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So you came to UT at age 16. What was your first impression of it?

My grandmother lives in Round Rock, my aunt and uncle live in Austin. Both my parents and my aunt and uncle went to The University of Texas, so I grew up bleeding orange. There was little question, really, where I was going to school.

Where did you live when you were going to school?

There's an old house right across the street from Dirty's, on Nueces. It had been converted into some institute last time I was through town. Big old porch on it. I had an apartment over on Leon. I started out at Jester Dormitory the first year, then moved out. So I made my way around student housing.

Do you still keep in contact with college friends?

Sure. They're scattered all over the country. I think Texas did a pretty good job of preparing us to meet the world.

Why did you decide to go into law?

[Vision]

I think it was decided for me, and I don't mean by any individual. It was my passion from the time I was three or four years old--politics, law--I always knew what I wanted to do. There was never really any question.

Is your current career an extension of that?

Absolutely. A lot of people thought it was strange, but a lot of what I do is what a lawyer does. You take a trial lawyer who's questioning, interrogating, a judge who's trying to sprinkle social public policy over a particular case or an event, that's exactly what a journalist does. It was a passion for issues, a desire to understand the world, to bring justice to the world, that got me into the law, and it was the same sort of thing that propelled this move. I feel like I utilize the law degree. The same motivations apply. It hasn't changed much.

Edwin Dorn, Dean of the LBJ School of Public Affairs

As a young child, Edwin Dorn had speech difficulties and was sent to a speech therapist for pronunciation exercises. His attempts at public speaking often led to ridicule by his schoolmates.

[Role Model]

But at his ninth-grade graduation ceremony at Miller Junior High in Houston, he heard a young lawyer named Barbara Jordan deliver the graduation address, and he was inspired to speak with her clarity and precision.

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A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of The University of Texas at Austin, a Fulbright scholar, a Yale Ph.D., and a former Under Secretary of Defense at the Pentagon, Edwin Dorn returned to Austin in 1997 to serve as dean of the prestigious LBJ School of Public Affairs.

But he hasn't forgotten the lesson he learned as a child.

"I know from humiliating experience that a lack of performance is not the same as a lack of effort," he says.

Since he took over as dean, the LBJ School continues to rank among the nation's top ten graduate programs in public affairs. That takes both great effort and great performance.

Born in Crockett, Texas, and raised just outside of Houston, Dorn has spent little time in Texas since he left in 1967. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa from The University of Texas at Austin with a B.A. in government before going to England to study as a Fulbright Scholar. He later received an M.A. in African Studies from Indiana University and went on to earn a Ph.D. in political science from Yale.

Dorn says he considers Houston home in a sense, but that he also considers Austin home because it was there that he had many important experiences.

Excuse

"It was here that I voted in my first national election, here that I participated in my first protest demonstration, here that I drank my first beer, legally, down at Scholz's when they offered a free pitcher when you turned 21. But also, importantly, it was here that I made a commitment to public service, and that is much of what I have spent the last 20 years in Washington doing."

Lee Jamail ('52)

Civic leader and philanthropist Lee Hage Jamail is one of Texas's foremost supporters of education, health care, and the arts. She has donated considerable resources to The University of Texas at Austin, Rice University, the UT Medical Branch in Galveston, and Baylor College of Medicine. At UT Austin, she and her husband, Houston attorney Joe Jamail (UT Distinguished Alumnus, '96), have created 18 scholarship and faculty endowments across the campus. She also served for six years on the Texas Higher Education Coordinating Board, chairing its health affairs committee. In 1998 she received a UT Distinguished Alumni Award.

Although Jamail studied speech pathology in graduate school at UT in the late '40s, her love for The University of Texas blossomed much earlier. Her home in Austin was near the University, and as a young girl she spent summers exploring the campus. "My most vivid memory of UT as a child is probably discovering the rare book collection," says Jamail. "The University was part of life growing up."

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In 1947, her marriage to Joe Jamail brought the couple back to campus to pursue their studies. At the time, UT offered no graduate degree in sociology, which had been her undergraduate course of study at Incarnate Word College in San Antonio. She happened to enroll in Dr. Jesse Villareal's basic speech correction course and was immediately hooked.

Lee Jamail "Dr. Villareal completely intimidated me," says Jamail. But at the same time, he and his work fascinated her. He became her mentor, and under his guidance she continued her studies in what is now called speech pathology.

In 1952, she began working in the Austin school district with children who had speech and hearing problems.

Luis Jimenez (BS '64)

Growing up in a barrio of El Paso, Texas, Luis Jimenez learned about art by reading books, working in his father's electric and neon sign shop, and visiting museums and murals in Mexico City. When he eventually embarked on a formal study of art in the mid-'60s, Jimenez found reactions to his subject matter less than encouraging.

" 'Oh my God,' people told me. 'Serious artists don't work with cowboys and Indians and little horses and things,' " he recalls, laughing.

Today, the sculptor's mammoth fiberglass depictions of cowboys and Indians have won him national acclaim, including a slot in Texas Monthly's "Texas Twenty," a list of the "most impressive, intriguing, and influential Texans of 1998."

Rewriting history or not, Jimenez's work is an exuberant expression of his own history, of which he says his years at UT were a crucial and formative part. "College was really a great experience for me, because had I not gone to Austin," he says, "I would never have had the kind of exposure to the world that I ended up having."

Luis Jimenez received a UT Distinguished Alumni Award in 1998.

Alejandro Junco de la Vega and the Independent Press in Mexico

When Alejandro Junco de la Vega returned to his native Mexico in 1969, after five years in Austin and with a journalism degree from The University of Texas, he found that his family-owned newspapers were struggling financially and that the news reporting in his country was biased, corrupt, and inaccurate.

[EUSTON:]

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"I soon came to realize that in Mexico," Junco says, "we would need someone to help us educate our future journalists."

[MENTOR:]

So he invited Mary Gardner, his former journalism professor at UT, to Monterrey to teach the fundamentals of news reporting and ethics to a new generation of journalists on his staff.

"She was a demanding teacher," Junco says. "She would question our writing and our journalistic practices, and she would challenge us vigorously. If she saw us falling short, she would let us know in no uncertain terms."

Alejandro Junco eventually built one of the most powerful newspaper conglomerates in Latin America, with dailies in Mexico's three largest cities: Mexico City, Guadalajara, and Monterrey. For the past 30 years, despite governmental bans, union boycotts, and physical threats to his writers, Junco's publications have maintained rigorous ethical standards and raised the level of journalism in Mexico.

"Mary Gardner's spirit is the very thing that helped us bring change to our profession, which in turn has helped our country change," the publisher says. "What she has given to the people of Mexico has value beyond calculation. Hers is a priceless legacy, and one that has helped to steer the destiny of a nation."

To acknowledge his contributions to the field of journalism, The University of Texas at Austin bestowed its Distinguished Alumnus Award on Alejandro Junco de la Vega in the fall 2000.

Red McCombs ('50)

San Antonio entrepreneur Red McCombs made his fortune as an automobile dealer. Today he owns the sixth-largest auto conglomerate in the U.S. and an NFL football team, the Minnesota Vikings. As a civic leader he was central in bringing Sea World and the Alamodome to San Antonio. His generous philanthropy has gained national attention, especially his support of the M.D. Anderson Cancer Center and Southwestern University. In 1997 he made the largest donation ever to women's athletics at The University of Texas at Austin, funding a new women's softball complex. In May 2000 he gave \$50 million to the University's Business School, the largest single donation in UT's history. To acknowledge his generosity, the University has renamed the school as the McCombs School of Business.

So how did a small-town boy from Spur, Texas, make it so big?

The G.I. Bill allowed him to fulfill his dream, making it possible for him to enter The University of Texas in 1948. McCombs loved UT Austin, reveling in meeting so many

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different people and expanding his awareness of the world. He describes the time as a heady experience, where he was captain of his ship and didn't answer to anyone.

McCombs advocates getting involved with one's community because, he says, "No one person has a lock on the right way or only way of doing things."

He has received countless awards, including election into the Texas Business Hall of Fame and the UT Distinguished Alumni Award in 1998. He and Charline received the 1998 John Henry Faulk Award for Civic Virtue from the Freedom of Information Foundation of Texas.

On winning a UT Distinguished Alumni Award, he says, "I'm representative of the group of C-students who didn't distinguish themselves in a given field, but still were contributors to their communities and were in leadership roles."

Bill Moyers and "The Place of My Second Birth"

As a boy, Bill Moyers sacked groceries in his hometown of Marshall, Texas, but he went on to become LBJ's White House press secretary and chief of staff, the publisher of Newsday, and the erudite writer-producer-interviewer for several of PBS's most popular series, including Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth, Healing and the Mind, and Genesis.

People magazine has said that Moyers is "perhaps the most insightful broadcast journalist of our day, an astute interviewer to whom philosophers, novelists, and inarticulate workers have revealed their deepest dreams."

Bill Moyers may be a veteran journalist of Washington and New York, but he credits another city as "the place of my second birth." Austin and The University of Texas.

In a recent interview on the UT campus, Moyers noted, "I became intellectually awakened here. Somehow coming back . . . I get more in touch with what I really am, who I really am, than anywhere else. That's because I was initially formed here. It's like going back to your birthplace . . . There is a very palpable memory here, a living memory of what I felt and experienced."

Speaking about his many outstanding professors at the University, he said, "I can see them in my head right now. I can hear their voices. How do you explain that? . . . Some people talk that way about their religious conversions. But I have that still-fresh sense of really coming alive here."

The University of Texas transformed his life.

"I'm a journalist; I don't create," Bill Moyers (B.J. '56) told a crowd of poets and poetry fans at an Austin book store as he emceed a poetry reading and signed copies of his new

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book on poetry, *Fooling with Words* (Morrow, 1999). If Moyers has ever lied, surely it was then. For over the past 30 years, he has created some of the most memorable moments in documentary broadcasting and created some of the worthiest programs on television, period.

The year 2001 marked his 30th year as a broadcast journalist. For those 30 years, he conveniently counts 30 Emmys.

Part of Moyers' mystique stems from his unlikeliness:

- * a one-time White House press secretary who openly criticizes his administration's Vietnam policy, one in which, as he said in 1999 during a University of Texas symposium on the '60s, "We were talking in an echo chamber";

- * an ordained Southern Baptist minister with a fierce ecumenical streak;

- * and a small-town boy out of the deep South (born "Billy Don") who becomes not only a Great Society liberal but makes Alan Alda look like a male chauvinist pig. He opts for "her" as a generic pronoun instead of "him" or "they," and in the bookstore reading referenced above, calls UT English professor Betty Sue Flowers (who edited the companion book to his *The Power of Myth* series), "The person who I would wish to be born as, if I were lucky enough to be born a woman."

Born in Oklahoma and raised in Marshall, Texas, 15 miles from the Louisiana border, Moyers was called by journalism on his 16th birthday when he went to work for the Marshall News Messenger. At 18 he wrote a fateful letter applying to work for Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. In 1952, on the first day of his freshman year at North Texas State University in Denton, he met Judith Davidson. They married, and both transferred to The University of Texas two years later. He worked his way through school as a reporter for KTBC in Austin (wheeling around town to various accident and crime scenes in a station wagon called "Red Rover") before taking a five year side-trip into the Baptist seminary, including a year at the University of Edinburgh. But he veered back into politics by working for LBJ's 1960 presidential, then vice-presidential bid, a project that eventually led him to the directorship of the Peace Corps, then to White House press secretary.

In 1986, The Ex-Students' Association gave Moyers its highest honor, the Distinguished Alumnus Award. And when he delivered UT's 117th commencement address in May 2000, it was the fourth trip back to his alma mater within the year, having participated in an LBJ Library symposium on the '60s, The Daily Texan centennial celebration, and having given the Liz Carpenter Lecture at Hogg Auditorium in February.

So there's a thread that ties those chunks of your résumé together?

Campbell said to me that at any given moment in life, it's very hard to see a pattern to it. It's only when you look back through the mirror of hindsight that you can see that one thing was leading to the other. That there was a pattern and a purpose to your choices and to the connections that were joining your life. What looked like a jumble of irregular

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escapades in the course of a developing young life turned out to have been joined as if by some common aquifer underneath.

It's led to a journalism that tries to connect what seems to the untutored eye unconnected. The influence of belief over politics, the influence of politics over society, the influence of society on institutions. My journalism, if you look at the whole body of work over my 30 years in broadcasting, is an eclectic array of interests.

You've said before that your favorite beat is the life of the mind. Many people might say that you invented that beat, at least in broadcasting. Did you have role models for this? What made you think you could go out and do these six-hour explorations of Genesis?

It never occurred to me that I couldn't, and I trace that directly to my experience at The University of Texas. I was very fortunate in high school to have a succession of English teachers who made me aware of language. And at North Texas State, where I went for two years, I again had some dedicated and exceptional teachers in both government and English. But it wasn't until I transferred here that all of those ideas began to connect. There was something about the University in the '50s that did not separate. There was something about this campus that created a river of energy out of all the streams and tributaries flowing here from other places. So that Robert Cotner in history and Gilbert McAllister in anthropology, and DeWitt Reddick in journalism and Alice Moore in English, were somehow talking about the same thing. They were talking about life and the life of the mind. Everything I did here seemed to connect both to every other thing and to the larger world. All the strands came together. It wasn't deliberate; it was just the atmosphere here. Willie Morris editing The Daily Texan was connected to the larger world of politics. At North Texas State, the newspaper was named The Campus Chat, indicating that kind of separateness of campus journalism from the rest of the serious world. Here, it was The Daily Texan. In the course of my unfolding life, my journalism rejected what to the outsider might seem to be eclectic, but to me, meets a sort of unified theory of knowledge. Somehow this nurturing here of the often invisible connection of seemingly contradictory experience that I think has made my journalism different, not better than anybody else's, not superior, but just different. And I'm grateful for that.

Where did you live when you were a student?

In a place that no longer exists: 507-A East 18th, in a garage apartment behind what some people would call a used furniture store but would be more rightly described as a junk shop, which was on Red River. We paid \$40 a month for it. (Tuition was \$40 too.) I made a hundred dollars a week at KTBC, my wife made \$1.02 an hour as a typist at one of these residential dorms, and we lived very well.

How do you typically pick your interview subjects? Are they mostly the authors of things you've read?

Ideas come from a variety of places. In the Campbell case, I had read The Hero with a Thousand Faces while here at the University....

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My last semester here at UT, I had a class on the Civil War with a marvelous history teacher, Robert Cotner. And I remember vividly how he was able to empower us to see that this was a war of brother against brother, neighbor against neighbor, citizen against citizen. It was a very vivid narrative that he drove home to us. Then only after I left Marshall did I begin to do enough reading to see what had happened in my own back yard. There's a marvelous exhibit called Witness in New York right now of lynchings in the South between 1880 and 1938. There was a lynching that took place not far from Marshall the year I was born. This exhibit is a vivid reminder of what people called "the lost cause," which was really a cruel cause.

....this is the place to which I do return. Someone asked me the other day, "You were here for The Daily Texan celebration, you're here for this, you're giving the commencement in May. Why?" And I said, "Because it's the place of my second birth." I became intellectually awakened here. And it's like the astronauts returning from space; they always head for earth. And for me to return from the atmosphere of a vagrant sojourner, which is what journalism is, you go from place to place, restless, homeless, this is the earth to which I always return. Somehow coming back here, even though it has changed drastically since your time and my time--there were 18,000 students [in Austin] then and two institutions, the University and the state legislature--it's a much different place, and yet, somehow, I get more in touch with what I really am, who I really am, here than anywhere else. That's because I was initially formed here. It's like going back to your birthplace, even though somebody else lives there or even though it may be gone. And the fact is that most of the landmarks of my youth are gone; that happens. But the Tower is still there. The Legislature is still there. The live oaks are still there and there is a very palpable memory here, a living memory of what I felt and experienced.

The exhilaration that greeted me whether I was in Ginascot's class on philosophy or Cotner's class on history, or Moore's class on Chaucer or McAllister's class on anthropology or Reddick's class on journalism. I can see them in my head right now. I can hear their voices. How do you explain that? I don't know how you explain that. Some people talk that way about their religious conversions. But I have that still-fresh sense of really coming alive here. Coming back here is to be put back in touch with that.

Américo Paredes (1915-1999)

The seminal folklore studies by Américo Paredes in the 1940s and 1950s lay the foundation for understanding the people and culture of the Lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas, inspiring an entire generation of Mexican-American scholars to pursue a more intercultural interpretation of the American Southwest. Paredes challenged the writings of established historians and their versions of life along the Texas-Mexico border. His work redirected the discipline away from the mere collection and cataloging of folkloric materials toward an integration of music, crafts, literature, and legend.

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An author of critical studies, fiction, and poetry, Américo Paredes taught literature, folklore, and creative writing at The University of Texas at Austin from 1951 until his retirement in 1984.

"Professor Paredes was one of the most influential scholars of his generation," says Ricardo Romo, president of The University of Texas at San Antonio and a protégé of the late author and folklorist. "For nearly 50 years he contributed to the academic and cultural life of UT Austin and to the contemporary study of folklore."

Born in 1915 into a family with deep roots on both sides of the border, Américo Paredes grew up in Brownsville, Texas, where he attended public schools and Brownsville Junior College. After completing junior college in 1936, he embarked on a 14-year career in journalism, initially writing for newspapers in South Texas and northern Mexico. He also worked as a disc jockey and honed his skills as a guitarist and performer of corridos (Texas/Mexican story songs), an interest that would one day become integral to his scholarly identity. He served in World War II and remained in Tokyo after the war, writing for the military newspaper Stars and Stripes and for the international bureau of the American Red Cross.

In 1950 Paredes returned home from overseas and enrolled at The University of Texas at Austin, graduating summa cum laude with a bachelor's degree in English and philosophy within a single year. His undergraduate work was followed by a master's degree (1953) and doctorate (1956) in English (folklore) and Spanish. The next year he joined the UT English faculty as an assistant professor. He became a full professor of English in 1965 and a professor of anthropology in 1966.

Paredes published five nonfiction books, including a Texas-Mexican cancio-ero (songbook) and countless articles. His first book, *With His Pistol in His Hand: A Border Ballad and Its Hero* (UT Press, 1958)—an illuminating account of the cultural and linguistic differences between Anglo and Mexican culture in Texas—kindled the imaginations of a new generation of student-scholars. Paredes always challenged the writings of established historians and their versions of life along the Texas-Mexico border. His work redirected the discipline away from the mere collection and cataloging of folkloric materials toward an integration of music, crafts, literature, and legend.

Américo Paredes helped to institutionalize Mexican-American Studies and folklore studies at UT Austin. He was the organizing force behind UT's Folklore Archive—where he held the position of archivist from 1957 to 1967—and he established the interdepartmental folklore program/Folklore Center (1966) and the Mexican-American Studies program/Center for Mexican-American Studies (1970), serving as director of both centers for several years. He designed and taught a broad range of courses in literature, folklore, and related subjects to thousands of undergraduate and graduate students. He supervised theses and dissertations in English, anthropology, folklore, Mexican-American Studies, American Studies, Spanish, and education. His musical legacy endures in the thriving UT Ethnomusicology program and Mariachi Ensemble,

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both his innovations. In 1983 the University named him the Raymond Dickson, Alton C. Allen, and Dillon Anderson Centennial Professor of Anthropology and English.

Paredes's international stature is reflected in the many accolades he won in the course of his long, distinguished career. Among the more recent and important:

- * The National Endowment for the Humanities' Charles Frankel Prize, which recognizes outstanding contributions to the general public's appreciation of the humanities (1989);

- * The Government of Mexico's Order of the Aztec Eagle (1990), Mexico's highest honor given to scholars from other countries;

- * The Compañero de las Americas award of the American Folklore Society's section on Latino, Latin American, and Caribbean Folklore (1997), recognizing him as "the most important and influential American folklorist in the field of Mexican-American and borderlands folklore";

- * The Américo Paredes Distinguished Lecture Series, established at UT Austin in 1987, is an ongoing tribute to his reputation and high esteem;

- * In 1993 UT honored him with a special concert of Tejano music followed by a weekend symposium devoted to his life's work;

- * The UT Presidential Citation in 1997;

- * In April 1998 the Austin Independent School District named a new middle school in his honor;

- * In November 1998 he received a lifetime achievement award at the Texas State Capitol during the opening ceremony of the Texas Book Festival;

- * Also in November 1998 he was honored in his hometown of Brownsville, Texas, for his lifetime accomplishments.

In the 1990s Paredes continued to write and edit, returning to his early passion for poetry and fiction. After the age of 75 he published two novels, a book of verse, and two volumes of short stories.

In his last years Américo Paredes visited the UT campus every week, meeting in informal get-togethers at the Cactus Café in the Texas Union with friends, colleagues, and protégés. He died on May 5, 1999--Cinco de Mayo--at age 83. The memorial ceremony, held at UT on May 23, was attended by 200 people who paid homage to the late folklorist and his enduring legacy.

A Texan at Harvard: **George W. Pierce**,
Radio Communications Pioneer

One of the first physics graduates of The University of Texas, George W. Pierce (BS 1893, MS 1894) became a pioneer in radiotelephony and an inventor, as well as a noted professor of physics at Harvard University for 37 years. By 1920, he was a leading radio

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expert in America, patenting inventions that earned him over a million dollars from industry giants such as RCA and AT&T.

George Washington Pierce was born on January 11, 1872 on a farm near Webberville, Texas, 15 miles east of Austin. His early life was not much different from that of thousands of other farm boys of the same time and place. Cattle and cotton were the two great staples of rural Texas, and in later years, Pierce expressed a hearty disdain for the type of manual labor he was obliged to do in his youth. Shucking corn and watering mules with a leaky bucket was not his idea of how he wanted to spend the rest of his life.

He manifested outstanding intellectual gifts in languages and mathematics early on and won an academic medal in the fifth grade at the new elementary school in Taylor, a town 20 miles north of Webberville.

When Pierce turned 18 in 1890, seven years after The University of Texas was founded, he was the kind of gifted native son that the young school was looking for. A college education was still the rare exception in Texas, but Pierce's excellent academic record and his scores on entrance exams earned him advance-standing credit in English, mathematics, physics, and chemistry.

George W. Pierce as a University of Texas junior, ca. 1892

At The University of Texas, Pierce studied with physics professor Alexander Macfarlane, who revealed a new world where scientific research gave access to an intellectual life that the youthful Pierce could only dream of exploring. Using rudimentary equipment from the newly established physics laboratory in Austin, Macfarlane and Pierce managed to record enough data on the breakdown voltages of waxed paper and oil to write a paper that was published in the first volume of *The Physics Review*.

After graduating from UT in only three years, Pierce spent another year in Austin acquiring a master's degree in physics. Upon completion of the M.S., he was encouraged by his professors to seek graduate fellowships at other universities, in particular, Harvard University.

For Pierce, pursuing physics required a leap of faith. The intellectual environment of Texas in the 1890s was limited and provincial, and a career in science was something he had only heard about from his professors. But Pierce applied to the graduate schools of the University of Chicago and Harvard. In later life, he would say he chose Harvard because he had to work his way from Texas to St. Louis on a cattle train as chief wrangler, and as he searched the Missouri freight yards for further transportation, he found a sheep train heading for Chicago and another cattle train heading for the East Coast. As Pierce would eventually explain to his graduate students, the choice for a true farmer's son was clear: cattle, not sheep. So Harvard it was. In 1898 Pierce set foot for the first time on the streets of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The native Texan received a PhD from Harvard in 1900. After a brief hiatus to study with Ludwig Boltzmann in Leipzig, Germany, Pierce returned to Harvard, where he taught

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physics from 1903-1940 as both the Rumford Professor of Physics and a professor in Communications and Engineering, offering some of the earliest courses in radio communications. In 1909, he spearheaded the founding of the Radio Society of the Institute for Geographic Exploration, which came to be known as the Harvard Wireless Club, the nation's oldest club for amateur radio technicians and broadcasters. During his tenure at Harvard, Pierce published numerous scientific and technical papers, as well as one of the earliest American textbooks on radio, *Principles of Wireless Telegraphy*, which was used by the U. S. Army signal division for training in the new field.

He also became the director of Harvard's Cruft High Tension Electrical Laboratory upon its establishment in 1914. There he did work that led to the practical application of a variety of discoveries, most notably the Pierce Oscillator, which utilizes quartz crystal to keep radio transmissions precisely on the assigned frequency. Pierce's exceptional skills as a teacher, as well as his many influential publications and inventions, earned him credit for building the scientific foundations of electrical communication. Among his accomplishments are the invention of a method for recording sound on film and work with nickel and nichrome for the underwater signaling and submarine detection systems that became known as sonar.

One of Pierce's most dominant characteristics was his independence. Absolutely no one could tell him what to work on at Harvard, and he was free to investigate anything within the capabilities of his own expertise and the well-equipped facilities of the Cruft Laboratory. His independence was a habit of mind that he seems to have formed before he left the Lone Star State, along with the ability to drive a hard bargain over anything of monetary value. He made sure to patent most of his practical ideas and defended many of the patents for years against attacks by the largest firms in the communications business, foreshadowing many of the battles over intellectual property that challenge universities today. Yet, when fellow scientists called upon his expertise, Pierce gave it freely and without charge. To scientists, he was open, hospitable, and generous in sharing technical details that would help them in purely scientific investigations. But to corporations, he released valuable information only after receiving what he regarded as fair remuneration. Unlike many academics of his era, Pierce insisted that the industry pay for the privilege of using his patented ideas.

After Pierce retired in 1940, he continued to pursue profitable activities relating to his patent holdings. Fatigued by these legal battles and no longer at the cutting edge of technology, he ended his career by pursuing science the way modern science began: as a leisure activity undertaken for the sake of pure knowledge. Well supplied with funds, he built a small laboratory on his New Hampshire estate to carry on research about sound-emitting insects, a subject that now attracted his restless energies. He was fascinated by katydids, crickets, cicadas, and other noisemaking insects that populated the New England fields in the summertime. In 1948 he published *The Songs of Insects* (Harvard University Press), which was inspired by his study of sonic vibrations.

George W. Pierce died at his home in New Hampshire on August 25, 1956, at the age of 84.

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Through his pioneering efforts in radio engineering and underwater acoustics, Pierce had brought distinction to Harvard, to his undergraduate alma mater--The University of Texas at Austin, and to his native state. He was elected to the National Academy of Sciences in 1920, received a Medal of Honor from the Institute of Radio Engineers in 1929, and the Franklin Medal in 1943. These were no small achievements for a Texas boy whose first job was watering mules with a leaky bucket.

Weldon Smith (BBA '34)

Weldon Smith has been involved in the oil business since he graduated from The University of Texas in 1934. Running his own oil-drilling company for the past 50 years has kept him plenty busy. And so has serving as president of the International Association of Oilwell Drilling Contractors, the most influential organization in the field.

But if oil has been Weldon Smith's sustenance, UT has been his life-blood. He has devoted a lifetime of voluntary service to his alma mater--initiating projects, advising committees, inspiring students, and fundraising for such projects as the Lila B. Etter Alumni Center. No wonder he was chosen as the Outstanding Houston Texas Ex in 1992 and won a Distinguished Alumni Award in 1998. Weldon Smith may be UT Austin's most loyal fan.

Few can thank the Great Depression for their college education, but if it weren't for the worst financial crisis in American history, Weldon Smith might have gone to Baylor. In the fall of 1930, cotton was down to five cents per pound. Smith's father, a northeast Texas blackland farmer, reluctantly gave up on Baylor, his alma mater, and sent Smith to the The University of Texas at Austin.

Weldon Smith

The farmer's son from Nevada, Texas, quickly fell in love with UT, beginning a loyal friendship that has spanned nearly seven decades. Over the years, Smith has generously donated his time, his money, and his political and financial expertise to support The University of Texas. While his oil business friends call him "Smitty," and his grandkids call him "GrandWeldon," fellow Texas Exes have come to call him "Well-Done Smith," in honor of his many contributions.

According to Smith, one of the most memorable experiences was the 20 years he spent serving on UT Coach Darrell Royal's football recruiting committee. During that time, Smith had the pleasure and the distinction of recruiting three All-American players for the Longhorns. Among the countless awards he has received from the University, being named an Honorary "T" Letterman is one of his most treasured.

Smith says his interest in education began at an early age. He and his nine brothers and sisters loved returning to school in the fall because it signaled the end of the long, hot

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days of summer spent working on the farm. "We usually walked two miles to and from school," Smith explains. He can't recall if it was uphill both ways, but admits, smiling, "In bad weather, our father sometimes took us in the car or on horseback.

Smith's expert ability to get things done hasn't always worked to his advantage. When he arrived at UT, he put his farm sense to work milking a cow for Mrs. Price, a woman who owned a boarding house, in exchange for his meals. Before the Christmas break, he arranged for a friend to take his place while he spent the holidays at home in Nevada. Smith's friend turned out to be so much faster and more efficient that Mrs. Price gave the job to him!

Weldon Smith

After graduation, Smith worked briefly at an office for \$20 per week. But it wasn't long before he was offered a managing position at Reed Roller Bit's branch office in Hobbs, New Mexico. Smith calls the stint in Hobbs his "adventure in the wild west."

He returned briefly to Houston before being transferred to Casper, Wyoming, to open another branch office there. Before leaving for the Rocky Mountains, he married Madora Leach. During their nine-year stay in Casper, two daughters, Rowena and Shirley, were born.

"We loved the mountains, the wide-open spaces, and the wonderful, friendly people. But we knew all along that we would eventually come back to Texas," says Smith. "I think all Texans share this feeling."

Smith was lured back to Texas by a job offer from Hunt Tool Company, but after a few years, he decided that what he really wanted was his own business. On February 1, 1949, Big "6" Drilling Company was born, and 50 years later, Smith is still at the forefront, serving as chairman of the board. This allows him to oversee the total operation with maximum flexibility.

"This arrangement has made my life most enjoyable, especially to be involved with The University of Texas and The Texas Exes (Ex-Students' Association)," says Smith. In addition to his service on the UT Chancellor's Council, the Business School Century Club, and the UT Athletics Council, Smith has traveled on 27 Flying Longhorn trips over the years.

Ben G. Streetman,
Dean of Engineering

UT Engineering Dean Ben Streetman founded the Microelectronics Research Center at The University of Texas at Austin, which now boasts 14 endowed chairs and is one of the top facilities in the country. He helped to persuade MCC and Sematech to establish their high-tech headquarters in Austin. He has won numerous awards for his teaching and

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research, is a member of the National Academy of Engineering, and serves on several prestigious boards in industry and government. His book Solid State Electronic Devices is used throughout the world in four languages. Ben G. Streetman has arrived as a national presence in university engineering circles.

So how did a boy from Mineola get from there to here?

Ben Streetman, dean of the prestigious University of Texas College of Engineering, was once a small-town boy, the son of a Baptist minister. He was born in the northeast Texas town of Cooper and grew up in Mineola and Coleman. When he was a child his parents gave him the freedom to explore their West Texas countryside, and he showed great curiosity about his natural surroundings.

Streetman's parents and brothers went to Baylor University, but it didn't have a strong engineering program, so he applied to The University of Texas, enrolling in 1957. Streetman threw himself into electrical engineering, but also was active outside of the classroom. He joined University Baptist Church and became involved in the civil rights movement. He and other members of the church participated in sit-ins and marches to integrate businesses on the Drag near the University.

Streetman managed to take time out of his busy schedule to go on a blind date with a journalism major named Ann Music. He discovered that Ann had grown up within 15 miles of him and that both had a brother who had received a PhD in chemistry under the direction of the same professor. He proposed a little more than four months later and they married in 1961, the year he received his BS degree.

During his junior year at UT his academic advisor, Bill Hartley, "made a big to-do over how many A's I had on my transcript and said it was my patriotic duty to go to graduate school and get my PhD." Because his brothers had also earned their doctorates, he decided to forge ahead.

After earning his PhD in 1966, Streetman left for the University of Illinois in Urbana, the home of the best semiconductor facility at the time. When he and Ann arrived in January the thermometer read -15 degrees that day, and she was ready to leave immediately. Ben reassured her that the move was "only temporary." Sixteen years later, in 1982, he and Ann, along with their two sons, Paul and Scott, returned to Austin when then-engineering dean Ernest Gloyna offered him an endowed chair to begin a microelectronics facility.

Both Ben and Ann happily launched their Austin careers. Streetman founded UT's Microelectronics Research Center, which now boasts 14 endowed chairs and is one of the top facilities in the country. Ann eventually became president of the Texas Safety Association before entering the private sector as a consultant in legislative public affairs.

In 1983, Streetman represented UT in the group that persuaded Microelectronics and Computer Technology Corporation (MCC) to set up headquarters in Austin, beginning

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the city's ascent as a center of high technology. Streetman was part of the same group that reformed in 1987 to bring Sematech to Austin.

Ben G. Streetman

His teaching and research have been recognized by the College of Engineering, which honored him as a Distinguished Graduate and awarded him the General Dynamics Award for Excellence in Engineering Teaching and the Dad's Association Centennial Teaching Fellowship, in recognition of his teaching of undergraduates. He has also received the Education Medal of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers (IEEE), the world's largest professional engineering society with more than 300,000 members worldwide.

In 1996, then-UT president Robert Berdahl asked Streetman to become dean of the College of Engineering. Streetman says he had no ambition to be an administrator but accepted the responsibility, adding, "I have a lot of love for UT and a lot of ambition for UT to become well-recognized in engineering."

Streetman is a member of the National Academy of Engineering and a Fellow of the IEEE and the Electrochemical Society. He was awarded the AT&T Foundation Award of the American Society for Engineering Education (ASEE) and has received the Frederick Emmons Terman Medal of the ASEE and the Heinrich Welker Medal. Dean Streetman serves on the Science and Technology Advisory Council for ALCOA and has served on the Research Advisory Committee for United Technologies Corp. He serves on the National Academy of Science Government-University-Industry Research Roundtable and on several other panels and committees in industry and government. He is also a member of the Board of Directors for National Instruments, Global Marine, and CustomTracks. He is the author of the book Solid State Electronic Devices, which is used throughout the world in four languages, and he has published more than 270 technical articles. Thirty-three students of electrical engineering, materials science and engineering, and physics have received their doctorates under his direction.

In 1998 Ben Streetman was honored with the Distinguished Alumni Award of The University of Texas at Austin.

"Courage and the Refusal To Be Swayed":

Heman Marion Sweatt's Legal Challenge
that Integrated The University of Texas

Five years after the Hopwood court ruling that halted minority recruitment at The University of Texas School of Law, the school is winning national praise for its exceptional efforts to attract minority students. Time magazine, for example, has declared UT's law school to be the national leader in finding ways to broaden its traditional applicant pool.

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In its September 17, 2001 issue, Time magazine declared The University of Texas School of Law to be the national leader among schools working to broaden their traditional applicant pool. The article pointed to various efforts at UT Austin as exceptional, including the enlistment of high-profile minority alumni to write minority applicants encouraging them to apply and the request by a state senator that airlines donate tickets to bring out-of-state African Americans to visit the campus. The Texas Exes alumni association gave nearly \$400,000 in financial aid to 31 Hispanics, 28 African Americans, and one Native American in the academic year 2000-01.

UT School of Law currently has more than 650 African American alumni and 1,300 Mexican-American alumni, a group that includes such notable figures as Dallas Mayor Ron Kirk and former Secretary of Transportation Frederico Peña, also the one-time mayor of Denver. But this kind of representation was hard-won. Equal opportunity and diversity came slowly and at a price.

Fifty years ago, lawsuits fought by Thurgood Marshall and the NAACP opened the doors of the UT law school to African Americans. It was a long fight that began when the plaintiff in those suits, Heman Marion Sweatt, walked into the law school on February 26, 1946 and attempted to register for classes.

After four difficult years in court, Heman Sweatt became the first African American to be admitted to The University of Texas School of Law. And then the real challenge began.

"The hostility was terrifying. I think I was in the law school five minutes before I was pulled out of a registration line and cussed out," Sweatt recalled many years later. "I had threats against my life. The first Friday in school, there was a Ku Klux Klan demonstration on campus."

His health collapsed. His marriage fell apart. He failed his courses and eventually dropped out of school.

But Heman Sweatt had accomplished what he set out to do. His six-year struggle had brought legal justice and equal opportunity to his home state's flagship university. He had torn down racial barriers and integrated The University of Texas.

Sweatt's timing was perfect. The NAACP was formulating plans for a major lawsuit against The University of Texas to equalize educational opportunities at the graduate and professional levels. Prominent African American attorneys were involved, including Thurgood Marshall and W.J. Durham, and thousands of dollars were raised to support the suit. The NAACP, however, was without a plaintiff for the case. Finding plaintiffs for civil rights lawsuits in the 1940s was no easy task, given the dedication required by chosen individuals and the nearly guaranteed disruption of their lives. The NAACP interviewed several candidates, but none were qualified. Then, in what he later termed a "brash moment" during a meeting at Wesley Chapel in Houston, Heman Sweatt stepped forward.

Heman Sweatt in chair

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Sweatt's decision to undertake the fight was not surprising, given his background. His father, James Leonard Sweatt, set an example of social activism for his children to follow.

... James Sweatt encouraged each of his six children to attend college, and they went off to colleges as disparate as Columbia University and the University of Michigan. He observed, however, that "All of my children had to go out of state to get their training, when their white playmates got the same training at less cost and trouble right here in Texas."

The months leading up to Sweatt's attempt to register for classes at The University of Texas were filled with preparations. NAACP leaders met with him, evaluated his college records, and raised funds for the suit. When he finally reached the Austin campus, he was accompanied by an NAACP delegation. The delegation met with UT President T.S. Painter and other university officials, who discouraged Sweatt from applying. At the meeting, Sweatt claimed that he was applying as an individual and not part of any "crusading Negro group." He said that the only thing he wanted was to occupy one seat in a law school classroom and ultimately to practice law in Texas.

The question of his admission was sent to Texas Attorney General Grover Sellers, who announced on March 16, 1946 that he decided to uphold "Texas' wise and long-continued policy of segregation." As such, Sweatt could apply for legal training at Prairie View, the black college affiliated with Texas A&M University, and if no training were provided, then he could legally attend The University of Texas. In Sellers' view, a suitable law curriculum could be set up at Prairie View in 48 hours.

Rejecting that scenario, Sweatt filed suit two months later against President Painter and other UT officials in the 126th District Court of Travis County, where Judge Roy C. Archer presided. Court proceedings were slow. First Judge Archer gave the state six months to provide a "substantially equal" course of legal instruction. Six months later, when there was still no law school for African Americans, Archer ruled that a resolution passed at Texas A&M to provide law studies for black students was sufficient. On appeal, Sweatt's case was sent to the lower court for a trial.

The state made various attempts to implement diversionary plans that would establish a "separate but equal" all-black law school, hoping to satisfy the wishes of the court. The legislature passed a bill changing Prairie View's name to Prairie View University, and it authorized the new university to teach courses in law, medicine, engineering, pharmacy, journalism, and any other subjects then taught at The University of Texas. A similar bill in 1947 established Texas State University for Negroes, later Texas Southern University. In order to have a facility for law studies available before the trial, the state hastily set up a law school in Austin in the basement of a building on East 13th Street, in a low-income black neighborhood. It became clear that Sweatt's case was creating a surge of Jim Crow schools, and in order to win their case, he and the NAACP would have to change their strategy. As Thurgood Marshall put it, "Whether we like it or not, we are now faced with the proposition of going to the question of segregation as such."

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A number of trials ensued, and the publicity for the case reached publications as widely read as Life magazine. Tensions mounted and Sweatt's health faltered, causing him to quit his job at the post office. He and his wife were harassed by malicious notes and phone calls. In testimony and in an article entitled "Why I Want to Attend the University of Texas," Sweatt played down his opposition to segregation and maintained that his primary consideration was getting a first-class legal education. Finally, on April 4, 1950, the case went before the U.S. Supreme Court.

Two months later, the court ruled in Sweatt's favor by unanimous decision. It concluded that Negro law students were not offered substantial equality in educational opportunities, pointing not just to tangible features such as the scope of the library and the size of the student body, but also to intangible factors. It considered "those qualities which are incapable of objective measurement but which make for greatness in a law school." The court cited the reputation of the faculty, the position and influence of the alumni, and other factors that made UT "one of the nation's ranking law schools." In fact, the Sweatt case, along with rulings in two companion cases, significantly eroded the doctrine of "separate but equal."

On September 19, 1950 a triumphant but exhausted Heman Sweatt registered for classes at The University of Texas School of Law. From the outset he encountered a mixed reception. While some students harassed him and he was confronted with a burning cross during his first week, he found many professors anxious to befriend and encourage him. On several occasions, sympathetic white students escorted him around campus for his protection.

Shortly after the Supreme Court's ruling in 1950, Thurgood Marshall wrote to Heman Sweatt, "If it had not been for your courage and your refusal to be swayed by others, this victory would not have been possible." A half century later, the legacy of that victory can be seen in every classroom at The University of Texas School of Law.

In 1987, the UT Little Campus was renamed the Heman Sweatt Campus, and a \$10,000 scholarship in Sweatt's memory was established in the UT law school.

The Heman Sweatt story is a triumph of courage, dedication, and perseverance. To honor the man for his monumental impact on the course of civil rights history in Texas and throughout the nation, UT Austin hosts an annual Heman Sweatt Symposium on Civil Rights every spring. Organized by UT's Office of Community Relations, faculty, and students, the symposium provides a forum for discussions, films, readings, and public addresses by prominent national African American leaders. What began as adversity lives on as a victory of the human spirit.