

IN SEARCH OF THE ELUSIVE AMMONITE

A Celebration of the
1966 NSF Secondary Science Training Program
for
High Ability Secondary School Students
Held at
Texas A&M University

As Remembered by the Participants
and Compiled by
Fred O'Bryant

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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And Especially To
My Wife, Peg
For putting up with me and
my A&M project for a year!

P R O L O G U E

July 18th to August 26th 1966. Six weeks. Almost exactly 1,000 hours. For that brief span of time thirty-nine individuals from all across the United States converged on a small university town in south-central Texas. Thirty-nine strangers, each from a different background and with different ideas and outlooks, found themselves thrown together with the common goal of learning about geology.

And when those six weeks were over, the thirty-nine "strangers" had become friends, colleagues, comrades, who had shared 1,000 hours of fun, hard work, and adventure that could never again be repeated in quite the same way.

This booklet is a celebration of those six weeks, a shared remembering recalled from the vantage point of twenty years. Geologically speaking, twenty years is but the merest mote of time, almost indistinguishable as an individual span within the greater historical epoch. Yet, that same twenty years in human terms represents more than 50% of the current lifetimes of those of us who shared that summer together at Texas A&M. It affords us a perspective and an understanding much greater than we would have imagined at the time we were spending our afternoons in the hot, un-airconditioned laboratory trying to separate the gneiss from the schist. We didn't know in 1966 where we'd be today--but to a greater or lesser extent, the summer of 1966 helped shape the present in which each of us lives.

Is this why we should look back on those six weeks at all? They represent scarcely 0.3% of our lives, after all. What significance can so small a time possibly have? I cannot answer that question for you. The importance of A&M for each of you is known only to you. I can say, however, that in my own case I made a friendship there that was very special and that profoundly affected my life and thought, as it followed me through my college years. Had that friendship not occurred, I have no doubt my life would've unfolded in some completely different way. This alone, to me, makes celebrating my A&M experience worthwhile. I hope that each of you likewise has someone or something to remember--whether or not you've shared it here--which touches you in some equally important, special way.

The idea for this celebration lay germinating in my mind for a long while, as 1986 came nearer and nearer. I debated long and hard whether to undertake it at all. Why do it, I wondered? Who among you would even care to

remember an event so remote and people you probably hadn't seen or heard from in all that time? But somehow, I felt it was important at least to try to contact you all, even if the results were nil. It was important to me, regardless of how all of you felt, and it would cost me nothing but a little time and a few dollars in postage.

The results were gratifying beyond all my expectations! The enthusiasm with which you answered my reunion call surprised and amazed me--pleasantly to be sure! And the research, the sleuthing, the hunches and guesses and following of long-cold trails to find some of you proved exciting, challenging, and rewarding in itself--especially when one of you would finally answer after I'd all but given up hope of ever finding you. My only regret is that I couldn't locate everyone, even after turning over many, many stones in the search.

I think all of us at A&M that summer were on a cusp of time and history. Politically, socially, intellectually--we were moving from old to new, from the '60s to the '70s. Radical things were happening all around us, though in our placid Texas summer we mostly didn't see or didn't care or didn't understand. On a smaller scale we were moving from adolescence to adulthood--faced with choices and options that would mold and shape us in ways we wouldn't realize for years to come. We were growing up--and yet we played and laughed and studied and joked away our days there in the Texas sun, as if Time had stopped and none of us would ever grow a minute or a second older. We were sophisticated--yet naive. We were suave--yet clumsy. We were smart--yet ignorant in ways so subtle that we didn't even realize how little we really knew.

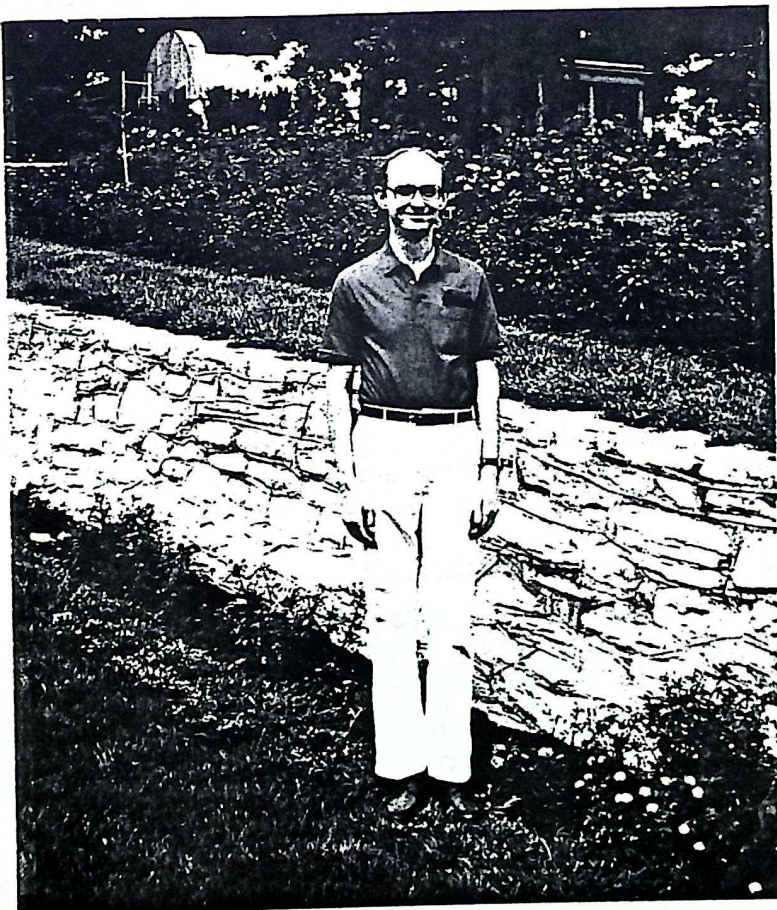
Throughout it all I, at least, had fun. For me it was an endless summer camp, a time of marveling and enjoyment with only incidentally the inconvenience of study. I was, I think, the scholastic runt of the group, chosen at the last moment as an alternate and quite ignorant both in knowledge and the skills of how to acquire it. But, by golly, while I was there, I had lots of fun! I've often wondered whether everyone else did, too. Among those with whom I spent most of my time, I think I can safely say yes, you had fun, too--each of you in your own special way.

And maybe this is why I wanted to reach back into the grab-bag of the past, to see if I could pick out a few good times to capture and remember once again--and to share them with my erstwhile friends, as I hoped you would share

with me your own special times. Reaching out to contact all of you, to touch you once again however briefly, to awaken in you the memories of that summer long gone, has been an adventure--an adventure almost as exciting as was the event itself. I've been knocking at the doors of mind and memory, heart and soul. What would each of you remember? What would each of you have done and learned and thought these twenty years? I could only guess--knowing the truth would probably be far stranger and more interesting than my imaginings ever could be. And so it has been!

You have rewarded me many times over with your cheerful willingness to relive a portion of our collective past--and now, here is your reward. I hope that you will enjoy reading it and recalling your own adventures at A&M, whatever they may have been. I've enjoyed bringing us all together again, even though it could only be in this pale substitute for a real "reunion". Perhaps, however, it will serve to ignite the embers of memory, to rekindle some friendships too long neglected, to preserve for us all a sliver of specialness from our youth. If this memento does any of those things, then it will've all been worth the effort.

So read... enjoy... and remember!



F. O'B.

Charlottesville, VA
Summer 1986

NATIONAL SCIENCE FOUNDATION
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20550

Directorate for Science and
Engineering Education

June 3, 1986

Participants, NSF-Sponsored
Geology Program, 1966
Texas A&M University
College Station, TX 77843

Dear Colleagues and Friends:

Fred O'Bryant has written to tell the National Science Foundation about your "reunion," in spirit, if not in person. We are grateful to Fred for this information and for inviting us to share in the celebration.

High school experiences, like yours at Texas A&M during the summer of 1966, are an important element in creating a lifelong interest in science among those who choose to pursue careers in other fields. For those who choose to become scientists, mathematicians, and engineers, as some of you have done, the experience can shape the direction these choices take; several of you have indeed gone on to become geologists. The efforts of all those who put together your program and the many others like it were not and are not in vain. A scientifically literate society depends upon such efforts and upon those who have received their benefits.

I urge you to continue "spreading the word" among your friends, coworkers, and communities and supporting all parts of local and national efforts that enable others to enjoy similar exhilarating and enriching experiences at crucial early ages when interests in science, as both a vocation and avocation, are formed.

Again, thank you for including the National Science Foundation in your reunion and our best wishes for another two decades using the springboard provided during the summer of 1966.

Yours truly,



Jerry A. Bell, Director
Division of Teacher Preparation
and Enhancement

THE OUTSIDE WORLD

Although, in a way, we spent our six weeks at Texas A&M in a sort of "splendid isolation", the rest of the world was still out there. I thought it might be fun to "set the scene" by gathering some news headlines and other information that was current at the time. For the news I used (mostly) the front page of The New York Times. The other information came from a variety of sources. Perhaps the most interesting thing--and perhaps the saddest, too--is that much of the "news" in 1966 was very much like the news of today with a few different place names!

Mon. 7/18 - WORLD BANK SEEKS \$1-BILLION TO LEND TO POOR COUNTRIES
B-52'S AID BATTLE NEAR BORDER ZONE
ASTRONOMERS PLAN TO CONDUCT 7 NEW EXPERIEMENTS; GEMINI 10
READY FOR SHOT TODAY
RYUN BREAKS WORLD MILE RECORD BY MORE THAN 2 SECONDS
AS HE RUNS 3:51.3

American League: Baltimore National League: Pittsburgh
Houston Weather: Hi 92 Lo 80 0 Precip Clear
The Moon was New Today

Tue. 7/19 - APARTHEID FOES IN AFRICA LOSE SUIT IN WORLD COURT
OVER SOUTHWEST AFRICA
GEMINI DOCKS WITH AGENA AND THEN JOINED VEHICLES ROCKET
INTO HIGHER ORBIT
NEGROES RIOT IN CLEVELAND...
Weather: Hi 94 Lo 79 0 Precip Clear

Wed. 7/20 - ASTRONAUT OPENS HATCH, STANDS UP TO TAKE PHOTOS
HANOI INDICATES TRIAL OF FLIERS, BUT NO EXECUTIONS
NEGRO KILLED IN CLEVELAND, GUARD CALLED IN NEW RIOTS
Weather: Hi 95 Lo 78 0 Precip Cloudy

Thu. 7/21 - MAJ. COLLINS 'WALKS' TO NEARBY AGENA AND RETRIEVES A
SPACE DUST DETECTOR
JOHNSON PROPOSES PARLEY ON P.O.W.'S TO NORTH VIETNAM
2 MORE U.S. CRAFT DOWNED BY NORTH VIETNAMESE FIRE
Weather: Hi 96 Lo 70 0 Precip Clear

Fri. 7/22 - GEMINI LANDS 3 MILES FROM GOAL
U.S. IS HOLDING 19 FROM HANOI NAVY; DEAL MAY BE AIM
VIETNAM WAR COST \$5.8-BILLION IN '66
PRICE RISE OF 1.7% IN LAST SIX MONTHS HIGHEST IN 8 YEARS
Weather: Hi 96 Lo 77 .59" Precip Cloudy

Sat. 7/23 - FULBRIGHT SAYS U.S. TAKES ON ROLE OF ASIA POLICEMAN
RUSK SEES PERIL IN WIDENING WAR; URGES 'PRUDENCE'
1,000 POLICEMEN MOVE IN TO STEM BROOKLYN UNREST
Weather: Hi 94 Lo 79 0 Precip Cloudy

- Sun. 7/24 - HANOI APPOINTS PANEL TO STUDY U.S. 'WAR CRIMES'
MAYOR RECEIVES A PLEDGE TO 'COOL' BROOKLYN UNREST
JOHNSON ASSERTS RIOTS BY NEGROES IMPEDE REFORMS
Weather: Hi 88 Lo 77 0 Precip Cloudy
The Moon was at First Quarter Today
- Mon. 7/25 - NO TRIAL IN VIEW FOR U.S. CAPTIVES, HO CHI MINH SAYS
HOUSE TAKING UP RIGHTS BILL TODAY - OPEN HOUSING PROVISIONS
OF MEASURE EXPECTED TO SPUR TOUGH WEEK-LONG FIGHT
CAPE COD VILLAGE (PROVINCETOWN) IS THE SITE OF A 'BEATNIK'
BEACHHEAD THAT IS ANGERING LOCAL RESIDENTS
GEIBERGER SHOOT 72 FOR PAR 280 TO CAPTURE PGA TITLE
American League: Baltimore National League: Pittsburgh
Weather: Hi 90 Lo 78 .16" Precip Cloudy
- Tue. 7/26 - RIGHTS BILL WINS FIRST HOUSE TEST BY CLOSE MARGIN
CONSTRUCTION HALTED ON NEW MADISON SQUARE GARDEN BY STRIKE
STOCKS IN WORST FALL SINCE NOV. 22, 1963; DOW AT 852.83
Weather: Hi 92 Lo 79 0 Precip Clear
- Wed. 7/27 - JOHNSON DELAYS VIEWS ON LAW TO END AIR STRIKE
THANT, IN MOSCOW, CONFERS WITH KOSYGIN ON VIETNAM
CITY STARTS NARCOTICS PLAN TO TURN TIDE OF ADDICTION
Weather: Hi 96 Lo 76 0 Precip Clear
- Thu. 7/28 - MILITARY AID BILL OF \$792-MILLION VOTED BY SENATE
GOLDWATER PRODS JOHNSON ON RIOTS
U.S. LOSES 2 JETS IN NORTH VIETNAM
Weather: Hi 94 Lo 78 0 Precip Cloudy
- Fri. 7/29 - U-2 MISSES FLORIDA TURN, FLIES TO PANAMA, VANISHES
REALTORS' LOBBY CALLS FOR FIGHT ON OPEN HOUSING
Weather: Hi 92 Lo 78 0 Precip Clear
- Sat. 7/30 - AIRLINE ACCORD REACHED AFTER JOHNSON STEPS IN; UNION
VOTES TOMORROW
BOMBING IN NORTH AT RECORD LEVEL
CAMELOT SITE IS REPORTED FOUND
WRECK OF LOST U-2 REPORTED IN BOLIVIA
Weather: Hi 93 Lo 79 0 Precip Clear
- Sun. 7/31 - OPPOSITION RISES TO AIRLINE PACT; VOTE DUE TODAY
U.S. PLANES BOMB BUFFER TERRITORY DIVIDING VIETNAM (FOR THE
FIRST TIME)
BRITAIN CAPTURES WORLD SOCCER CUP
Weather: Hi 98 Lo 76 0 Precip Clear

- Mon. 8/1 - MACHINISTS REJECT AIRLINE ACCORD, DEFY JOHNSON AND UNION
LEADERS; CONGRESS PREPARING TO ACT TODAY
MORE U.S. RAIDS ON BUFFER ZONE IN VIETNAM LIKELY
DEMOCRATS SPLIT ON OPEN HOUSING

American League: Baltimore National League: Los Angeles
The Moon Was Full Today (Tied) Pittsburgh
Weather: Hi 96 Lo 80 .21" Precip Clear San Francisco
- Tue. 8/2 - SNIPER IN TEXAS U. TOWER KILLS 12, HITS 33; WIFE, MOTHER
ALSO SLAIN; POLICE KILL HIM (Charles J. Whitman, an
honors architectural engineering student)
SENATE UNIT ACTS TO LET PRESIDENT END AIR WALKOUT
'BEWILDERED' SPECK PLEADS NOT GUILTY IN 8 NURSES' DEATHS
(Richard Speck, murders committed July 14th)

Weather: Hi 95 Lo 79 .57" Precip Cloudy
- Wed. 8/3 - SNIPER TOLD PSYCHIATRIST HE HAD THOUGHTS OF GOING TO TOWER
AND 'SHOOTING PEOPLE'
JOHNSON URGES GUN CURBS TO PREVENT NEW 'TRAGEDY' - PRESIDENT
ASSERTS TEXAS SHOOTING POINTS UP NEED FOR A LAW
SOVIET RE-ELECTS KOSYGIN PREMIER

Weather: Hi 92 Lo 78 0 Precip Cloudy
- Thu. 8/4 - BUFFER ZONE HIT AGAIN IN VIETNAM
EXEMPTION OF 60% IN OPEN HOUSING VOTED BY HOUSE
COMPROMISE BILL OF AIRLINES GAINS
'FANTASTICKS' ON THE MARK FOR LONG-RUN RECORD (2612 performances)

Weather: Hi 88 Lo 76 .11" Precip Rainy
- Fri. 8/5 - OCTOBER DRAFT IS 46,200, BIGGEST SINCE KOREAN WAR
SENATE APPROVES COMPROMISE BILL TO END AIR TIE-UP
WHITE HOUSE SEES STEEL PRICE RISES AS INFLATIONARY

Weather: Hi 91 Lo 76 .63" Precip Cloudy
- Sat. 8/6 - ROCK HITS DR. KING AS WHITES ATTACK MARCH IN CHICAGO
HOUSE BACKS CURB ON HOUSING BIAS
JOHNSON WARNS OF SPENDING CUTS TO CURB INFLATION
CLAY IS 10-1 FAVORITE TO RETAIN WORLD TITLE IN BOUT WITH
LONDON TONIGHT

Weather: Hi 92 Lo 78 0 Precip Cloudy
- Sun. 8/7 - LUCI JOHNSON WED TO PATRICK NUGENT IN CATHOLIC SHRINE
FRESH U.S. TROOPS ARE SENT TO ZONE OF MAJOR BATTLE
THOUSANDS OVER NATION MARCH TO PROTEST WAR AND HIROSHIMA
CLAY KNOCKS OUT LONDON IN THIRD

Weather: Hi 84 Lo 72 .43" Precip Clear
- Mon. 8/8 - 7 U.S. PLANES LOST IN NORTH VIETNAM, MOST IN ANY DAY
NIXON ADVOCATES USE OF MORE G.I.'S
HOUSE FIGHT NEAR ON AIRLINE STRIKE
WHITES IN CHICAGO MOB NEGRO MARCH

Weather: Hi 90 Lo 74 .04" Precip

Weather: Hi 92 Lo 75 0 Precip Clear
The Moon was at Last Quarter Today

Weather: Hi 92 Lo 75 0 Precip Clear

Weather: Hi 86 Lo 77 0 Precip Cloudy

Weather: Hi 86 Lo 77 .08" Precip Cloudy

Weather: Hi 91 Lo 77 .01" Precip Cloudy

Weather: Hi 92 Lo 79 0 Precip Cloudy

American League: Baltimore National League: Pittsburgh
Weather: Hi 93 Lo 79 0 Precip Cloudy

Weather: Hi 92 Lo 78 0 Precip Clear

Weather: Hi 93. Lo 78 0 Precip Clear

- Thu. 8/18 - FEDERAL RESERVE TIGHTENS CREDIT WITH FUND FREEZE
RESERVE CALL-UP VOTED IN SENATE
KATZENBACH WARNS SENATE 30-40 CITIES FACE RIOTS
RADIUM PACKET LOST; MILLIONS WARNED (Between Ft. Worth & N.Y.)
Weather: Hi 96 Lo 77 0 Precip Clear
- Fri. 8/19 - JOHNSON WEIGHS CIVILIAN SERVICE AS DRAFT OPTION
LUNAR ORBITER SENDS PICTURES OF THE MOON
NEW TIGHTENING OF CREDIT COMING
HOUSE REJECTS FUND FOR PROJECT MOHOLE
Weather: Hi 95 Lo 76 0 Precip Partly Cloudy
- Sat. 8/20 - AIR STRIKE ENDED AFTER SIX WEEKS; UNION VOTES PACT
CHICAGO INJUNCTION LIMITS RIGHTS DRIVE; DR. KING MAY DEFY IT
ONE CAMERA LENS IS FAULTY ON LUNAR ORBITER
Weather: Hi 88 Lo 77 .17" Precip Cloudy
- Sun. 8/21 - AIRLINES RESUME HALF OF FLIGHTS; BOOKINGS HEAVY
JOHNSON WARNS VIOLENCE HARMS CAUSE OF JUSTICE
DEATH TOLL IN THOUSANDS IN QUAKE IN EAST TURKEY
TERRORISTS RAID DANANG G.I. CLUB
Weather: Hi 77 Lo 73 .84" Precip Cloudy
- Mon. 8/22 - SUKARNO STILL STRUGGLING TO HOLD ON IN INDONESIA
DR. KING AND 500 JEERED IN 5-MILE CHICAGO MARCH
FOE IN 2 SECTORS BOMBED BY B-52'S
American League: Baltimore National League: Pittsburgh
(Tie) San Francisco
Weather: Hi 90 Lo 76 0 Precip Partly Cloudy
The Moon was at First Quarter Today
- Tue. 8/23 - RUSK ASSERTS U.S. FAVORS WAR CURB BUT FOES SHUN IT
JULY PRICE RISES MATCHED THOSE IN LAST 6 MONTHS
MAYOR SAYS CITY (of N.Y.) NEEDS \$50-BILLION IN 10-YEAR U.S. AID
Weather: Hi 92 Lo 76 0 Precip Partly Cloudy
- Wed. 8/24 - McNAMARA PLANS TO 'SALVAGE' 40,000 REJECTED IN DRAFT
U.S. PLANS INQUIRY INTO MEDICAL COSTS, UP 3.4% THIS YEAR
PEKING CHURCHES SHUT AND DEFACED
SEVERE AIRPORT CONGESTION IS A MAJOR PROBLEM OF U.S. AIRLINES
Weather: Hi 93 Lo 76 0 Precip Clear
- Thu. 8/25 - PRESIDENT BACKS ALL-ASIA PARLEY ON VIETNAM WAR
JOHNSON DEFENDS URBAN AID RECORD AS BEST IN HISTORY
U.S. MARINES CLASH HEAVILY WITH ENEMY FORCES
Weather: Hi 95 Lo 74 0 Precip Cloudy

Fri. 8/26 - HOW THE EARTH LOOKS FROM THE MOON; FIRST PICTURE SHOWS
COVER OF CLOUDS

RUSK TERMS U.S. READY TO DEFEND PEACE ANYWHERE

American League: Baltimore National League: San Francisco
Weather: Hi 69 Lo 65 .20" Precip Cloudy

MISCELLANEOUS TIDBITS

Florsheim Shoes on Sale for \$16.90 a Pair

Beatles LP on Sale at Sam Goody's for \$2.77

Mercedes-Benz 250S Was Going for a Mere \$6,400

Canadian Club Scotch Was \$6.70 a Fifth

Certificates of Deposit Were Paying 5½% Interest

Gold Was Selling for \$35.18 5/8 per Ounce

An Apartment in N.Y.'s Park West Village Rented for \$165 a Month (3 Rooms)

Two 6.50x13 Whitewall Tires Could Be Had for \$27.50 plus Tax

Lady Wrangler Corduroy Jeans with Reversible Paisley Belt Were \$8.00 a Pair

At SaksFifth Avenue a "Hot Orange" Tent Dress Was on Sale for \$35.00

Maxwell House Coffee: 75¢/lb. Lettuce: 25¢ a Head Ground Chuck: 55¢/lb.

Nectarines: 25¢/lb.

1966 Chevrolet Impala Priced at \$2,497

1966 Ford Mustang Priced at \$2,149

On Broadway: Funny Girl; Barefoot in the Park; The Odd Couple; Sweet Charity;
Wait Until Dark; Fiddler on the Roof

Movies of 1966: Born Free; The Ten Commandments; The Russians Are Coming, the
Russians Are Coming!; Mademoiselle; The Blue Max; The Sound
of Music; The Torn Curtain

Songs of 1966: Ballad of the Green Berets; Born Free; If I Were a Carpenter;
The Impossible Dream; Monday, Monday; Somewhere, My Love;
Strangers in the Night; These Boots are Made for Walking;
Winchester Cathedral; The Yellow Submarine

Walt Disney died.

The Motion Picture Association of America adopted its film rating system.

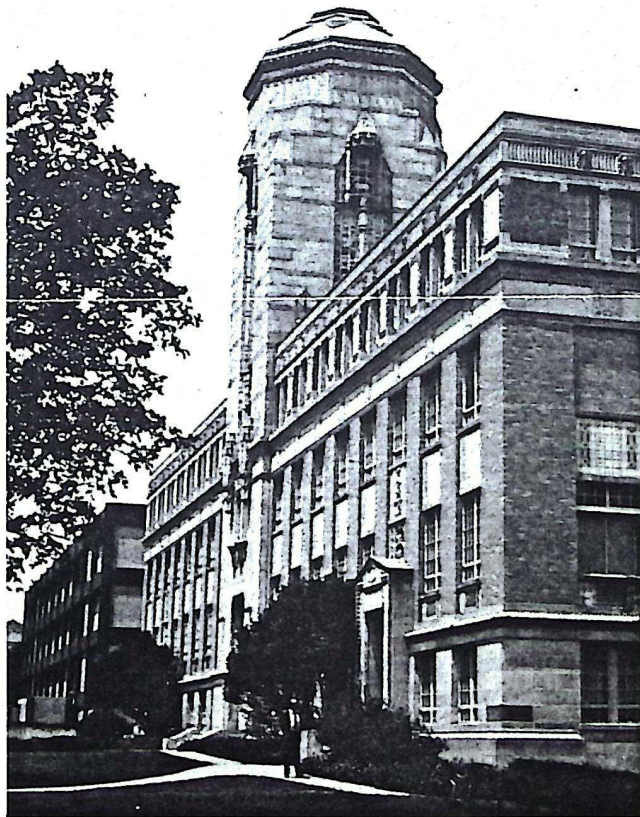
Best film: A Man for All Seasons Best Actor: Paul Scofield (All Seasons)
Best Actress: Elizabeth Taylor (Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?)

Other films nominated for awards: Alfie; The Bible...In the Beginning; Blow-Up;
Fantastic Voyage; Georgy Girl; A Man and A Woman

Books of 1966: Valley of the Dolls (Susann); The Fixer (Malamud); Giles
Goat-Boy (Barth); The Crying of Lot 49 (Pynchon); In Cold
Blood (Capote); The Last Battle (Ryan); With Kennedy (Salinger)

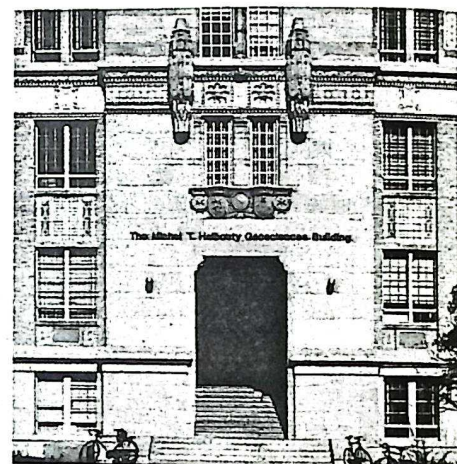
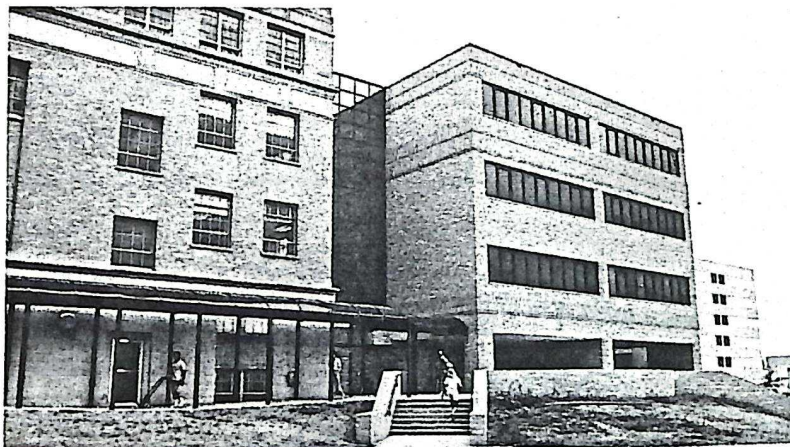
THE DEPARTMENT OF GEOLOGY

The Department of Geology at Texas A&M University offers graduate education and research opportunities leading to M.S. and Ph.D. degrees in geology. Students have the opportunity to specialize in a wide variety of geological, paleontological, mineralogical, and engineering fields. Current research investigations encompass a large geographical area including North America, Europe, Africa, Asia, the Indian Subcontinent, as well as major ocean basins. Interdisciplinary graduate studies benefit from the close working relationships that exist with the Departments of Oceanography, Geography and Geophysics, as well as with departments outside the College of Geosciences. Much of the research in the geology department is organized under the Earth Resources Institute, which includes the Center for Sedimentology, Center for Tectonophysics, and the Center for Engineering Geosciences with accompanying research programs in geodynamics and mineral resources.



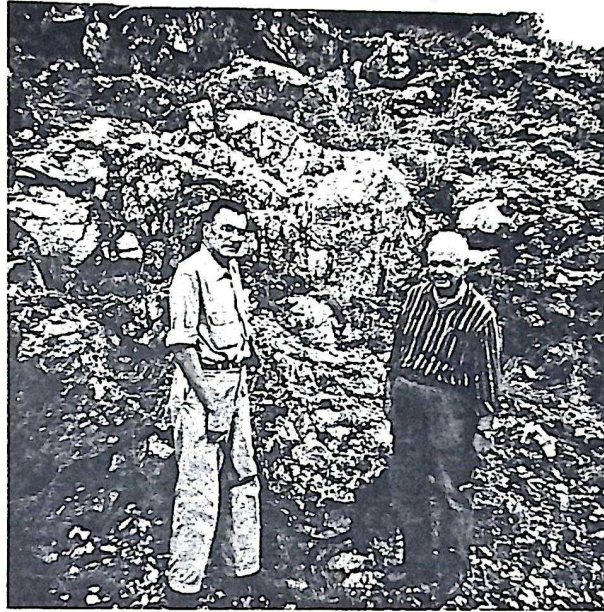
Featured above is the original Halbouty Building completed, 1933. A New modern complex was dedicated in 1984.

The 40,000 square-foot expansion of the Halbouty Geosciences Building includes new laboratories in engineering geology, hydrogeology, sedimentology, paleontology, petroleum geology, and stable isotope geochemistry. A variety of research equipment is available to students and faculty housed in well-equipped laboratories. In addition, there are field vehicles and field gear, and a new truck-mounted drill rig capable of drilling cores to depths of 300 feet. Strong computer support for research activities is provided by the geophysics-geology VAX 11/780 and the University's assortment of Amdahl mainframes. The facilities both in the Department of Geology and elsewhere in the University provide students with an excellent opportunity to use state-of-the-art equipment in their research.



The Michel T. Halbouty Building houses the Departments of Geology and Geophysics. The original structure (above) will be renovated in 1985. An expansion (left) has added 36,000 square feet of laboratory, classroom and office space.

It's interesting to imagine what our NSF experience might have been like had it been this year, 1986, instead of in 1966. Would our "field vehicle" still have been a rattle-trap school bus with a malfunctioning governor? Would our "well-equipped" laboratory still be unairconditioned? Who knows--but in 1966 we all surely felt just as "modern" and "state-of-the-art" as students do today, and I'm sure we had just as much fun!



Horace R. Blank and Fred E. Smith

FRED E. SMITH received his B.S. degree in Geology in 1930 from Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge and his M.S. degree from the same institution in 1932. From 1932 through 1937, he worked as a paleontologist for the Humble Oil and Refining Company in Houston, also teaching part-time at the University of Houston. In 1937 Prof. Smith moved to the Union Producing Company to work as a sub-surface geologist. He continued in this position and teaching until 1942, when World War II intervened and he entered military service. During the war, he attained the rank of Major in the U.S. Air Force, flying bombers over Europe. In 1946 Prof. Smith left the Air Force and returned to Union Producing Company, where he worked until 1948. From 1951 until 1953 he again served in the Air Force, this time in the U.S. During 1955 he worked as a production geologist for the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company in Milam County and then for two years as a field geologist for Humble Oil. Prof. Smith entered academia as Associate Professor of Geology at Texas A&M University in 1948 and became a full Professor in 1956, which post he held until retirement. Smith was a member of several honorary and professional societies, including Sigma Xi, Phi Kappa Phi, the Geological Society of America, the American Association of Petroleum Geologists, the Society of Economic Paleontologists and Mineralogists, and the Houston Geological Society. A&M officials report that both he and his wife, Odette, are in poor health and are in and out of a care home.

HORACE RICHARD BLANK was born in Philadelphia in 1898. He received his B.S. and Ph.D degrees in Chemistry from the University of Pennsylvania. His work experience included posts at the University of Michigan, Columbia University, the U.S. Department of Agriculture Graduate School, and the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Blank also worked as a geologist for the New York City Board of Water Supply, the U.S. Geological Survey, and the U.S. Department of Agriculture. He became an Associate Professor of Geology at Southwestern University in Georgetown, Texas, in 1943, and in 1949 he moved to Texas A&M University, where he became a full Professor in 1953. Dr. Blank was a Fellow of the Geological Society of America, a member of the Gem and Mineral Society of Brazos County, and a member of the Mineralogical Society of America, in addition to several affiliations in community and church groups in Bryan. Dr. Blank died on January 22, 1984 at the age of 85, survived by his wife, Marjorie, a son, two daughters, eight grandchildren, and three great grandchildren.

Some Quotations...

"We don't know for sure about that. We can say we think it's that way, but we can't really be sure."

F. E. S.

"Mr. Smith, I'm sure, has talked a great deal about oil."

H. R. B.

"There were literally thousands of them, just everywhere. You could just sit down in one place and collect hundreds of them, just by reaching out for them."

F. E. S.

"The Indians did it."

F. E. S.

About our two counselors, Larry Eicher and Mrs. Gearner, I could learn nothing. Nor about Peterson, the bus driver. Whether they are all still alive and well, I cannot say, but I'm sure all of us remember various things about them. My notes from that summer indicate that Mrs. Eicher had a baby during the time we were at A&M, an event that evidently caused some excitement among us--though I remember nothing more about it now. Wherever they all are now, let's wish them well, as we remember the parts they played in our geological adventure of 1966.

T H E L L A N O H O T E L

Doubtless, all of us remember with varying shades of emotion our field trip to the Texas Hill Country and our stay at the Hotel Llano. A number of you specifically mentioned the hotel in your recollections and correspondence. So, I decided to do a bit of research to see what I could discover about Llano and its famous hostelry! The results follow. Many thanks are extended to Llano librarian Ruth Nello Pope for her help in providing most of this information.

Spanish missionaries and explorers were in the Llano area as early as 1710. It is generally believed that the earliest inhabitants were various tribes of Indians, who lived off the bountiful natural resources of the land. The word "llano" is Spanish and means "plain" or "level country". Although Llano is situated in the Hill Country of Texas, the Llano River has its source in the plains of Sutton and Schleicher counties.

Llano County is 1,029 feet above sea level, has a mild climate, and a mean annual temperature of 64-70 degrees. Average yearly rainfall is 26 inches (of which, ironically, an inch or so was received the day we were there on our field trip in 1966!).

In 1840 the region was inhabited mainly by Comanche Indians, who resented the intrusion of white settlers into their ancestral home, and hence they were known to the first settlers as "hostiles". In 1842 a group of colonists from Germany bought an interest in the Fisher-Miller survey of land, which had been granted by the Republic of Texas to encourage settlement in this section of the country. The immigrants first lived in New Braunfels and Fredericksburg, but were not able to move farther north until after a treaty was made with the Comanches. The first permanent homes in Llano County were built on the banks of the Llano River, and the settlement was named Castell in honor of Count Castell. Some of the early enterprises in this section were a sawmill, a salt-works, a ferry, a cotton gin, a hotel, and a saloon.

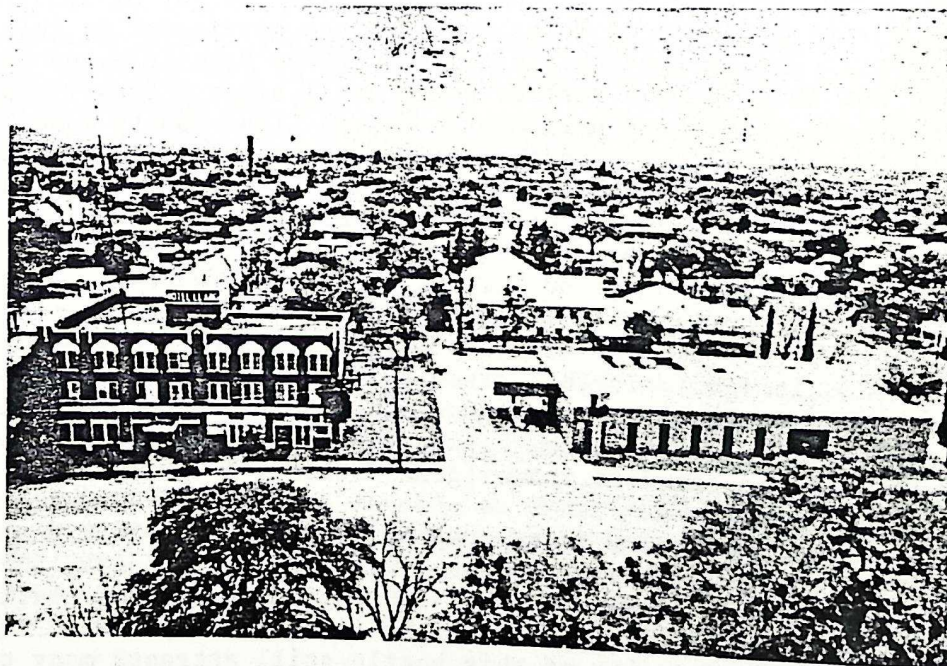
In 1856 population was sufficient to justify the creation of a county, so this was done on February 1, 1856. The town of Llano was chosen as the county seat, partly because of its proximity to wood and water. The railroad reached Llano in 1892. In the latter part of the 19th century Llano's picturesque Southern Hotel was a stage coach stop and a popular meeting place for railroad, ranching, and mineral businessmen. This important landmark is presently being restored to its original state.

During the Civil War, three companies were formed in Llano to aid the Confederacy. With so many of the men away from their homes, Indian attacks on the settlers were renewed. From 1860 to 1873 there was continuous trouble from this source. The last Indian fight in the county was at Packsaddle Mountain in 1873. The site of this battle still attracts many tourists.

Though about 20% of the acreage is used for agricultural purposes, ranching has always been the major part of the economic structure of Llano County. The county is noted for its registered Hereford cattle. Rocks and minerals are also a vital part of the make-up of the county, which is known as the "Rock Hound's Paradise". It is in the center of a five-county area called the Llano Uplift

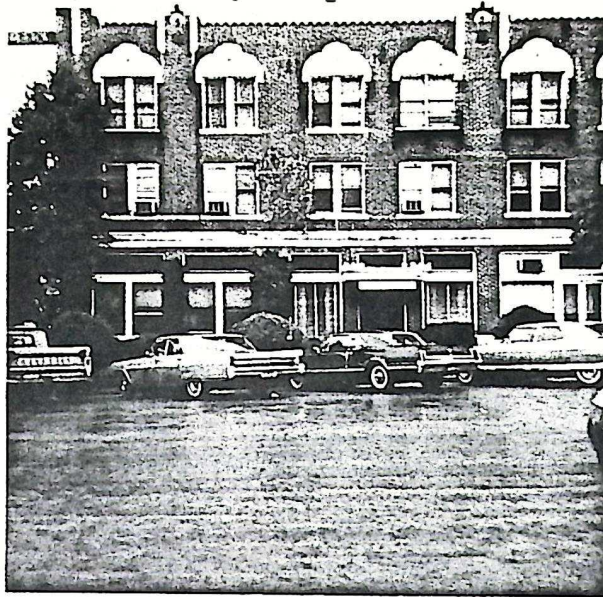
where there are 241 known varieties of these substances. Between 1886 and 1893 Llano had a brief "boom" period based on the mining of iron ore. This tapered off, but the granite industry remains an important part of the economic picture with numerous quarries and monument works in operation. Llano granite has been used for Gulf Coast jetties and many prominent buildings, as well as the Texas Ranger and World War I monuments on the State Capitol grounds in Austin. Dolomite, graphite, and vermiculite are still produced commercially also. Many college students visit Llano on geological field trips, where they study its fascinating assortment of gems and minerals, of which Llanite is unique to the area. The most famous rock in the area is the "Enchanted Rock", which is solid pink granite 500 feet high and covering 640 acres. It is said to be the largest one-piece granite rock in the world.

(The above information was excerpted from the Llano Chamber of Commerce publication "Llano County", written by Ms. Goldie Conley, Llano County Library, April 10, 1980)



Hotel Llano, Looking South

SEP • 66



Hotel Llano on the Day We Were There

Supposedly, the principal reason we trekked to Llano in the first place was, as Ms. Conley stated in her article, "to study its fascinating assortment of gems and minerals, of which Llanite is unique to the area." Somewhere, I still have a big chunk of Llanite, and I remember the stress placed on its "uniqueness". Well, every mineral has its discovery or first reporting in the literature, and Llanite is no exception. It was first described in the Journal of Geology in 1904 by Joseph P. Iddings. I have included a reproduction of the first page of that article for curiosity's sake.

Following this is a page of information sent to me by Ms. Pope, which provides a few tidbits about the Hotel Llano itself. Ms. Pope assures me that the old building is still alive and well, though no longer in use as a hotel. It was used in 1974-1975 as a temporary library, while the library building was being enlarged, and a few years ago the County purchased the landmark for use as a Courthouse annex. At present, it houses county offices, a modern law enforcement agency, and... believe it or not... the jail!

Initial page of an article by Joseph P. Iddings describing Llanite taken from the Journal of Geology, Vol. 12, 1904, pp. 225-231

QUARTZ-FELDSPAR-PORPHYRY
(GRANIPHYRO LIPAROSE-ALASKOSE)
FROM LLANO, TEXAS.

THERE occurs in the vicinity of Llano, Tex., a porphyry which is very interesting petrographically, and may prove equally so commercially. It forms a large body whose shape and geological occurrence have not yet been described. It is said to be quite uniform in character. The material submitted by Dr. William B. Phillips, Director of the University of Texas Mineral Survey, for petrographical study is a gray porphyry with abundant phenocrysts of red feldspar and blue quartz, the matrix or groundmass being aphanitic to phanerocrystalline. It appears to have a crystalline texture, but the individual grains are not distinctly visible without a microscope. The rock is therefore mottled red and gray, with light blue spots of opalescent quartz.

The phenocrysts vary in size, the largest feldspars being 10^{mm} in diameter, the largest quartzes 5^{mm}. The quartzes exhibit a beautiful blue color, which is light sky-blue in the central part of the crystal and dark at the margin. The crystals are not all colored to the same degree; some are lighter than others. The color does not change perceptibly with a change in the angle of incidence, or in the position of observation, except that in certain positions there is a brilliant light blue luster. The feldspars are rather uniformly colored light Indian-red, the larger crystals being mottled with gray.

The proportion of phenocrysts and groundmass estimated from the surface of the specimen and from three thin sections is:

Phenocrysts	{ quartz	-	-	-	-	-	10.7
	{ feldspar	-	-	-	-	-	26.5
Groundmass		-	-	-	-	-	62.8
							100.00

Under the microscope the groundmass is seen to be holocrystalline and microcrystalline, and is composed of feldspar and quartz in nearly equal proportions, together with a small amount of brownish-green mica, and still less fluorite, magnetite, apatite, and zircon.

CHAPTER V THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE COURTHOUSE SQUARE

Llano's second courthouse was once south of the square on the courthouse block. It was in the center of the block and faced east and west. It was a long one-story stone building and was in use until 1884. Dances were often held in that building before it was torn down.

✓Where the Hotel Llano now stands, right on the corner was Shannon's Photography Shop in 1894. In the later 1890's it became Epps Photography Shop. These businesses were evidently housed in a small box building that was soon torn down after it was no longer occupied. While going through old pictures one day, we came across a picture taken by Epp's Photography Shop, and the ornately scrolled writing to the side of the photograph said "Mrs. Epp's Photography."

Next door to the small space where the little photography building was located, was Simpson & Son Livery Stables from about 1891 to the early 1900's. Chapman's Blacksmith Shop was located in approximately this same location, possibly at the rear of this building, in 1901.

After the two buildings mentioned above were torn down, Dr. P.H. Callahan built a small dental office located here on the corner about 1915. Following Dr. Callahan another dentist, Dr. M.E. Rogers, had his office there for a while. Later, Dr. A.C. Bowman, another well known dentist in Llano, had his office there until he moved to his new office quarters at the opposite end of this block. Dr. H.L. Henderson purchased Dr. Callahan's office and conducted his optometry practice there for a time. Later, Dr. Henderson had the building moved to East Sandstone where the Cliff Scott residence is, so that the Hotel Llano could be built.

✓The Hotel Llano was begun in the late 1920's and opened for business on September 20, 1929. This large three-story brick structure was first known as "The Granite City Hotel," influenced by the vast amount of granite business in operation at that time. For many years granite had been the backbone of the town, and almost everything in Llano was in some way connected with the many granite enterprises. Some features of the Hotel Llano that were advertised during its opening festivities were the lovely parlors and ornate furniture. It contained 36 rooms, 20 of which were equipped with baths. Each room had a ceiling fan and hot and cold running water. It was equipped with a coffee shop and dining room for the benefit of its guests as well as other people dining out. The

hotel also had a dumb waiter which led down to the basement where private banquets or parties were held. At one time Dr. W.B. Oliver conducted a men's Bible study group in the basement also. Dr. Oliver was the pastor of the First Christian Church for many years.

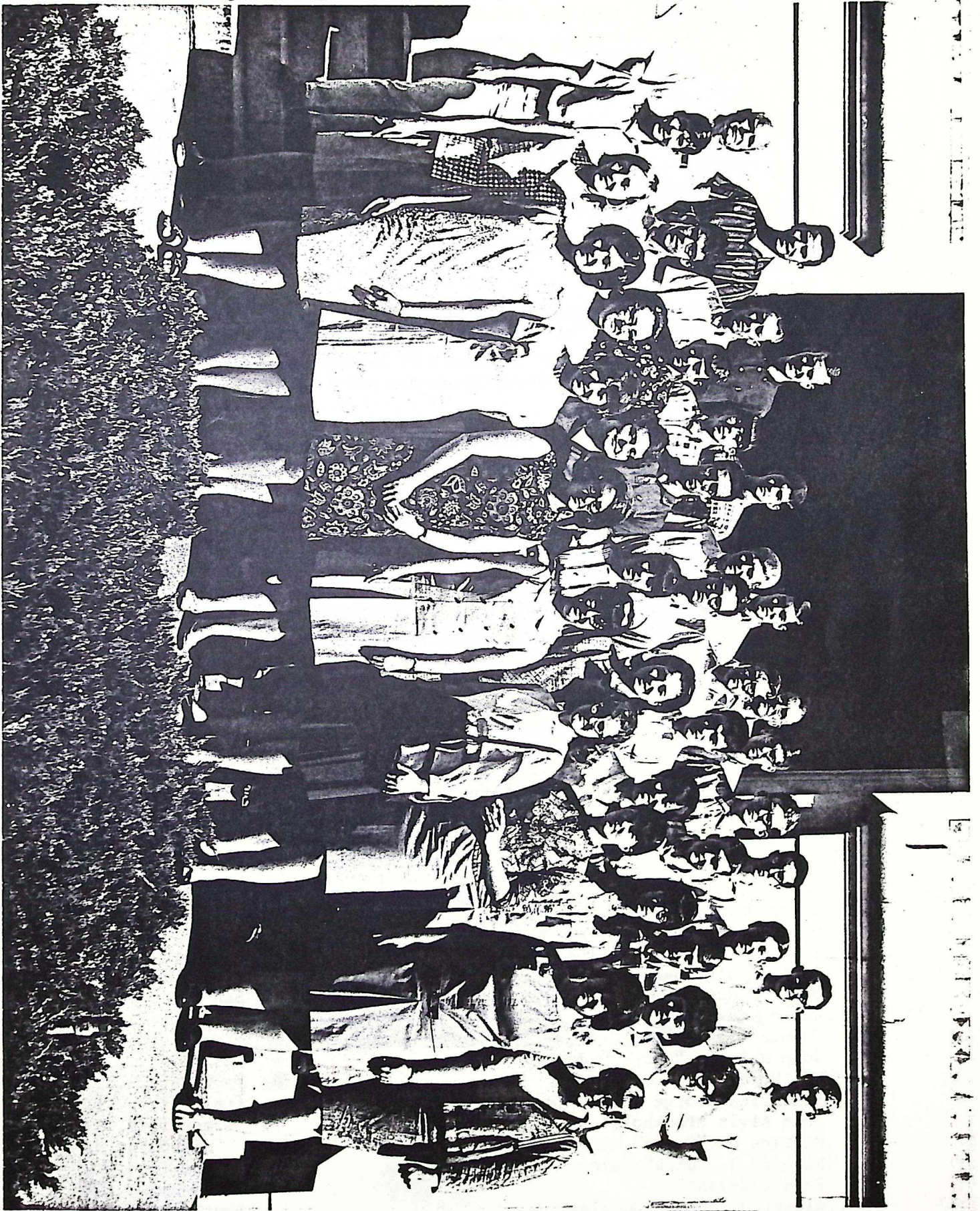
The hotel's first manager was Mr. Peck Miller. Following him Mrs. Wallace and her daughter Irene from San Saba managed the hotel for a time around 1932. In the late 1930's the hotel was under the direction of Miss Augusta Weston of San Antonio. Miss Weston had the entire building renovated which included the repapering and recarpeting of all the rooms. After Miss Weston vacated her position, a man from Kerrville purchased the hotel and it was managed by a Mr. Montgomery for a time. There have been many other owners and managers since then. At the present time A.W. Moursund owns the Hotel Llano and the building is vacant pending some renovation and later use for other purposes.

There are three office spaces along the west end of the hotel building. The first of these was once Matt Moss' Income Tax Office. In the back of this office was a partition and behind that partition was the hotel laundry room. Following Mr. Moss was Miss Augusta Weston's Tea Room. There she had a kind of catering service for small groups such as bridge clubs and other social gatherings. Mr. Carlos Ashley, Sr. later had his law office there. This space is now vacant.

The second office space was a beauty shop for many years. Billie Baugher moved her shop here when the building was less than a year old. A few months later, Marie Sheppard became the owner of this beauty shop. Mrs. Mildred Overstreet purchased it from Marie Sheppard. In 1932, Mrs. Charles Whitley purchased the beauty shop and remained here for several years. In the mid 1940's Mrs. Whitley sold the shop and eventually went to work at her husband's jewelry store next door. She later opened a beauty shop in her home and is presently operating it. Mrs. Edna Powell had her beauty shop in this office space for a time around 1946. It had been vacant for some time prior to the KBAL Radio Station moving there. The radio station remains there at present.

The third office space was the location of a tailor shop owned by Jack Sweeny after the hotel opened. Later, Dalmon Nixon had an ice cream parlor here for a while. This space had been vacant when Charles Whitley opened his jewelry store here on February 16, 1946. Mr. Whitley operated this business here for many years until his retirement in 1974. This space is now vacant.

Moving down the block going west, the next space was occupied by Mollie Thornton's Boarding



1966 NSF GEOLOGY PROGRAM
TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY
ROSTER

In our group picture, from left to right (married names in ()):

	HOMETOWN
FRONT ROW	
Sheila Faye Wood (Eismann)	Homedale, ID
Janis Dale Van Pelt	Ventura, CA
Jane Debra Wechsler (Holeywell)	Freeport, NY
Sherry Ann George	Childress, TX
Dorothy Kaye Keyser	El Paso, TX
Inda Marie Proske (Immega)	Giddings, TX
Janice Elaine Turek	Bryan, TX
Donna Elizabeth Werley	Middletown, NY
SECOND ROW	
Evelyn Harriet Nobles	Yazoo City, MS
Annette Marie Citzler	La Grange, TX
Lucinda Lee "Cindy" LaMaster	Morenci, AZ
Diane Grauer	Jamaica, NY
Madelyn Marie Rod (Dusek)	Conroe, TX
Beverly Ann Ingram (Sladek)	Atlanta, TX
Julia Melissa Bearden (Fine)	Lubbock, TX
Jone Kendrick	Idabell, OK
THIRD ROW	
Wilke Denton English	Austin, TX
Francis C. "Rick" Richter	Hondo, TX
William C. "Cliff" Atherton, Jr.	Baytown, TX
Milton Samuel Shaw	Seguin, TX
Stanley Lewis Moore	Brenham, TX
Dennis Eugene Farley	Maplewood, NJ
Roger Clark Holeywell	Houston, TX
Maurice Johnson "Skipper" Nethery, III	Junction, TX
Fred Charles "Chuck" Goodenough	Killeen, TX
BACK ROW	
Prof. Fred E. Smith	Bryan, TX
Larry Wayne Altman	New Ulm, TX
Gary Lynn Sorenson	Bryan, TX
William Hamilton "Bill" Blodgett	Breckenridge, TX
Dennis Leigh Shipman	Barrett, MN
David Andrew McDavid	San Antonio, TX
Andrew Lawrence "Larry" Claypool	Medford Lakes, NJ
Thomas Lloyd Elliot	Houston, TX
John Malcolm "Froggy" Joyce	Austin, TX
Dr. Horace R. Blank	Bryan, TX
Frederick George Hitchcock	Little River, TX
John Alvin Stockhoff	Greenville, TX
Charles O. "Chuck" Mann	Missoula, MT
Richard J. "Dick" Baie	Rockford, IL
Fred O'Bryant	West Memphis, AR
Albert H. "Doug" Douglas, Jr.	San Antonio, TX

LARRY WAYNE ALTMAN

12223 Meadow Lake Drive
Houston
Texas 77077

HOMETOWN IN 1966

New Ulm, Texas

EDUCATION

B.S. in Geology, 1971 - Texas A&M University, College Station
M.S. in Geophysics, 1978 - Texas A&M University, College Station
Thesis: "Distribution of Stress in the Oceanic Lithosphere
Beneath the Lau-Havre Basin"

EMPLOYMENT

J.W.R. Exploration, Inc., Houston, Texas

The above information was obtained from OCLC, the national library cataloging database, from Texas A&M, and from professional directories. Although I'm sure this is the right person, I've received no direct confirmation from Larry himself.



WILLIAM CLIFFORD (CLIFF) ATHERTON, JR.

P. O. Box 2286
Houston
Texas 77052

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Baytown, Texas

EDUCATION

B.A. in Psychology, 1971 - Rice University, Houston, Texas
M.B.A., 1977 - School of Business, University of Texas, Austin
Ph.D in Finance, 1983 - School of Business, University of Texas

EMPLOYMENT

Played as a professional musician in a rock band, 1972-1975.
Faculty member, Jones Graduate School of Administration, Rice
University, Houston, 1980-1986
Leaving Rice to enter private business.

BIOGRAPHY

Married, no children.

	University NATIONAL BANK	NUMBER
COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS		88-2229
19		1131
PAY TO THE ORDER OF	\$	
DOLLARS		
FOR	ACCOUNT NUMBER	
HOME OF TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY		

RICHARD J. (DICK) BAIE

6036 29th Avenue, N.E.
Seattle
Washington 98115
206-522-0373

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Rockford, Illinois

EDUCATION

Attended Northwestern University, Chicago, 1976 - 1969, studying
pre-med, education, social studies
B.S. in Computer Science, 1972 - University of Nebraska
M.B.A., University of Washington, Seattle

EMPLOYMENT

United States Air Force, 1969 - 1977
National Marine Fisheries Service, U.S. Department of Commerce
Seattle, Washington, 1977 - 1981
Contract and consulting work in data processing, 1982 - 1985
Systems Analyst, Seattle METRO, 1985 - Present

BIOGRAPHY

I dropped out of academia and into the Air Force in the summer of '69 with the idea of going into something technical and quantitative. Spent almost a year and a half in training, when I was accepted for the Air Force "Bootstrap" program to attend the University of Nebraska to complete a bachelor's in computer science. I met Michelle in calculus class the first semester and we've been an item ever since, marrying in May 1973. Went to San Antonio in 1973 for officer training school and later took an assignment at Eglin AFB, Ft. Walton Beach, Florida. During our tour there, we enjoyed traveling around the southeast. Also, Michelle completed a second bachelor's degree in computer science to complement her first in theoretical linguistics. I left the service in mid-1977 and we toured Europe enroute to our home of choice, Seattle. In June 1981 we took a year off and drove our motor home clockwise around the U.S., seeing things we'd never see on a lifetime of two-week vacations, as well as visiting friends and family. Since we have no children nor plans for any, we've been able to travel quite a bit: Japan, New Zealand, Australia, Alaska, Hawaii, Britain and the Continent, Mexico and the Caribbean. This past spring we visited Fiji and Australia's Great Barrier Reef.

RECOLLECTIONS

One of my fondest memories of that summer is of the romances that sprouted (things were just getting interesting when our six weeks were up).

I still say hello to my fossil collection back home in Illinois, when .

I visit my parents. My collection amounted to 54 lbs., I recall, and mine was not the largest. I can't wait to hear the geologists' explanations, when these unique fossils and rock samples are discovered in Illinois, when the next nearest examples occur in Texas! Maybe they'll use the reasoning that Prof. Smith and Dr. Blank taught us for the unexplainable: "The Indians did it!"

I remember Sherry George spending our bus time on field trips teaching me the words to the song "Red Rubber Ball". Most of it sunk in and is still retrievable even today. Maybe it should be the theme song for our group.

I took the train from Chicago with my older brother, who was enrolled in A&M's doctoral program in oceanography. The clincher was getting off the air-conditioned train at College Station and being smothered by the humid heat. That first impression was a shocker! It must've been over 100° that day, and most of our days at A&M were like that.

Another recollection is of our "final exam" which turned out not to be. I had taken the program very seriously, academically, and really studied hard for that last day final. I was disappointed that I didn't get a chance to show my stuff. Also, I felt like I'd wasted the effort, not being a purist studying strictly for my own edification.

Refrain from RED RUBBER BALL

And I think it's gonna be alright,
Yeah, the worst is over now,
The morning sun is shining
Like a Red Rubber Ball.

JULIA MELISSA BEARDEN (FINE)

406 Merryman Road
Annapolis
Maryland 21401

c/o 4015 30th Street
Lubbock
Texas 79401

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Lubbock, Texas

EDUCATION

Abilene Christian College, Abilene, Texas - 1967-1969
B.A. in Anthropology, 1970 - University of Texas, Austin
B.S. in Nursing

EMPLOYMENT

Lab assistant/technician, Public Health Laboratories of Houston
Various nursing positions

BIOGRAPHY

I married Jerry Fine, a Navy pilot, in 1971. We moved from Houston to Pensacola, Florida, to Corpus Christi, Texas, to San Diego, to San Francisco--all in the first two years of our marriage! Sarah Elizabeth, our 11 year old, was born in California. We then moved to Annapolis, Maryland, where Jerry taught at the U.S. Naval Academy for three years. Cathryn Anne, our 9 year old, was added there. Jerry then resigned from the Navy, and we moved to Austin, where I completed my nursing degree and Jerry got his Ph.D in engineering mechanics and applied math. We also added Robin Lynette, our 4 year old. In July 1984 Jerry was appointed to a post-doctoral/professor spot at the University of Toronto, and we lived there until this past January. We're now back in Annapolis--but not for long, expecting a move to Terre Haute, Indiana any day!

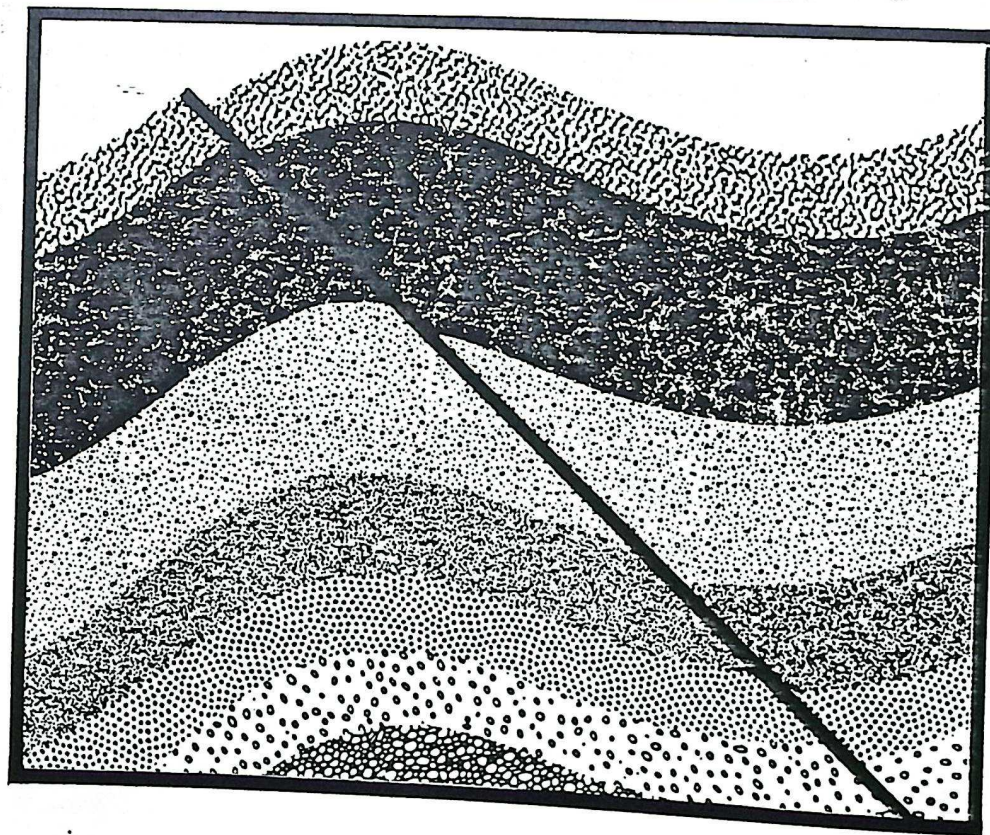
WILLIAM HAMILTON (BILL) BLODGETT

731 Patterson Avenue
Austin
Texas 78703
512-499-8259

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Breckenridge, Texas

Bill called recently and told me that he is busy looking for another job, anticipating a move and change of work in the near future--which may include a move to the eastern part of the country.



ANNETTE MARIE CITZLER

Box 3970
Texas Lutheran College
Seguin
Texas 78155

HOMETOWN IN 1966

La Grange, Texas

EDUCATION

B.A. in English, 1971 - Texas Lutheran College, Seguin, Texas
Fulbright Scholar in Switzerland, 1972 - 1973
M.A. in Economics, University of Texas, Austin
Ph.D. in Agricultural Economics, Texas A&M University, College Station

EMPLOYMENT

Various teaching jobs, including a semester at a private Episcopal college in Liberia, West Africa
Currently Assistant Professor of Economics and Director of International Studies, Texas Lutheran College

RECOLLECTIONS

One of my fondest memories of the summer was our stay at the Llano Hotel. It took us but a few minutes after check-in to that seeming relic from the 19th century to discover that almost all the room keys fit almost all the rooms! Horror of horrors! I still wonder whether Profs. Smith and Blank got a moment's sleep that night--or did they each take four-hour shifts "on watch" patrolling the hallways and staircase???

And I remember that I couldn't get over Beverly Ingram's "Deep South" accent; the discovery that she came from Atlanta, Texas, first helped me realize (as I never had before) that Texas was a part of the Confederacy, because of true Southern culture in at least a part of the State. When I meet out-of-staters now, who tell me that I don't have a Texas accent so how could I have been born and reared here, I tell them now about my own discovery that some Texas accents actually sound to me like they should come from Georgia! How I'd love to hear Beverly's musical voice again!

And I remember how shocking were the news reports about the sniper on the University of Texas tower in Austin. We were so relieved to be on the A&M campus instead, and so were our parents, I'm sure, upon reading the reports about the scores of dead and wounded in that tragedy at the University campus only 100 miles away.

ANDREW LAWRENCE (LARRY) CLAYPOOL

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Medford Lakes, New Jersey

I was unable to trace Larry. Mail sent to his old home address was returned, noting that the Claypools had not lived there for over 15 years. An inquiry made to his high school in hopes of discovering where he went to college, so as to trace him through its alumni society, also proved futile; the high school had no record of where Larry went to college, if he did. His name did not appear in any of the directories and databases to which I have access.

EXCHANGE STORE

"SERVING TEXAS AGGIES"

COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS

ALBERT H. (DOUG) DOUGLASS, JR.

5018 San Pedro
San Antonio
Texas 78212

HOMETOWN IN 1966

San Antonio, Texas

EDUCATION

M.D. in Family Practice, 1978

BIOGRAPHY

Married, one son, Christian, age 11.



THOMAS LLOYD ELLIOTT

Research Department
Union Oil Company of California
P. O. Box 76
Brea
California 92621

HOMETOWN IN 1966

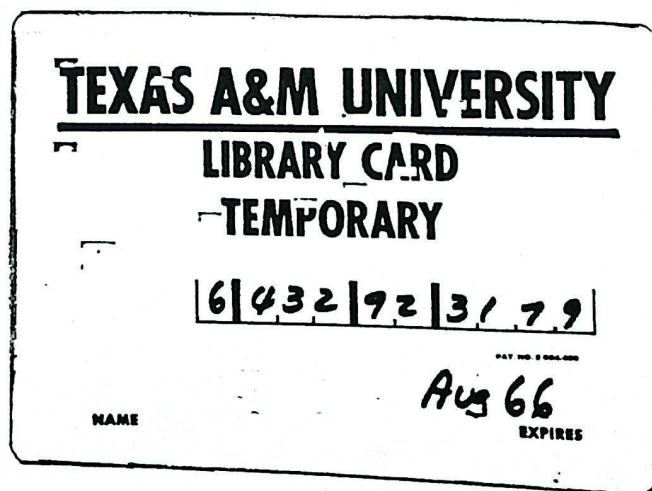
Houston, Texas

EDUCATION

M.S. in Geology, 1979 - University of Texas, Austin

Thesis: "Deposition and Diagenesis of Carbonate Slope Deposits,
Lower Cretaceous, Northeastern Mexico"

This information about Tom is also from OCLC, the national library database, and from professional directories. I am not absolutely sure the above address is current, but I feel fairly certain this is the same Tom Elliott we knew. Mail to him has not been returned or denied.



WILKE DENTON ENGLISH

Office of the Dean
College of Business Administration
University of Texas at El Paso
El Paso
Texas 79968-0544

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Austin, Texas

EDUCATION

B.B.A. in Statistics, 1970 - University
of Texas, Austin
Ph.D. in Marketing, 1974 - University
of Texas, Austin

Dissertation: "An Investigation of the
Operational Validity of Selected
Stochastic Models of Buyer Behavior with Respect to Consumer Durables"



EMPLOYMENT

Teaching posts at the University of Georgia, Athens (three years), and the University of Arkansas, Little Rock (four years). Currently Associate Professor of Marketing and Associate Dean of the College of Business, the University of Texas at El Paso.

BIOGRAPHY

Married. Three children: Christie, 14, Adam, 11, and David, 5.

RECOLLECTIONS

I probably join with numerous others in remembering Rick ("Big Tomas") Richter... and it does not surprise me that he is among those who have disappeared from all contact... not only with his NSF comrades, but perhaps from contact with the entire human race. Sometimes, especially on the "Oldies" radio stations, they will play the Lee Dorsey classic, "Just A-Workin' in a Coal Mine", and whenever they do, I think of Rick and how he would start singing that song every time we got out into the field on a rock hunt. Rick, with his dark sunglasses and khaki shorts, singing about back-breaking work as we interrupted the jokes and horseplay for only the briefest periods of actual rock work. And then there was the time that Rick walked up to the nearest package store to buy some beer. He had doctored an old drivers license photo from somewhere which said he was 24 years old. The amused clerk shook his head and said, "You've got to be kidding!", to which Rick calmly replied, "Oh well, it was worth a try."

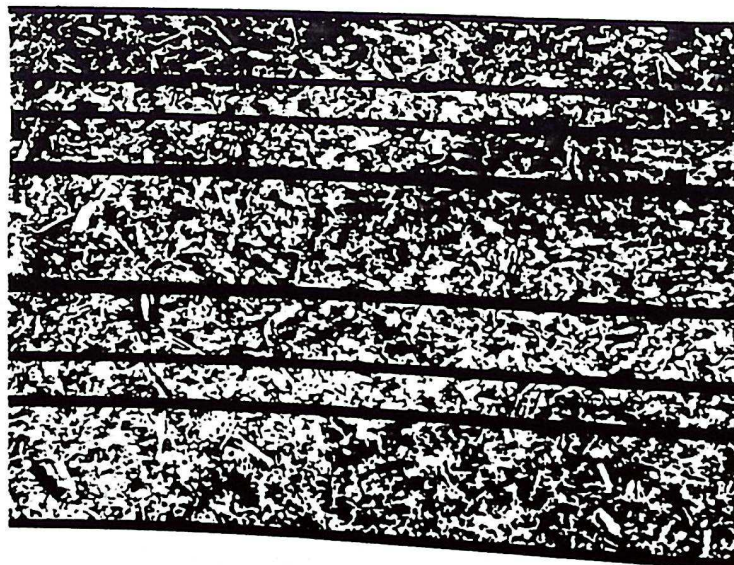
I also remember the fine job that Peter, the black bus driver, performed in the Shell parking lot, where, in the process of maneuvering the bus from

the lot, he hit not one, not two, but three cars as he exited the lot. That was also the trip, if memory serves me correctly, where the speed governor on the bus got stuck and the two hour trip lasted, especially for about a half-dozen of us at the back of the bus, delightfully much longer. And speaking of that, I wrote last, which means that she still owes me a letter... but I won't mention names for fear of causing domestic difficulties. P.S. As I was recalling those events from long ago, I remember something else she owes me: two trilobites! That's right, two trilobites! Carrying rocks was really not my bag, and she ended up with all of the trilobites we found on that hillside near some creek... she promised me two of them!

I also remember kindly Dr. Blank. One time I was seeking clarification on the subject of porphyritic structures. Motioning to the floor of the Geology Building, I asked him if that (obviously man-made) floor was an example of a porphyry. I had expected a simple "yes" or "no" to suffice... not so. Dr. Blank promptly dropped to the floor, and using the magnifying glass fastened around his neck, began to examine the floor with the utmost intensity. Now mind you, this is all transpiring right in the middle of the hall, with other students from the University milling around, looking at us, as if to say, "What is that man doing with that magnifying glass!?" For a few nervous seconds I simply tried to look away, so as to avoid implication in the insanity, but feeling guilty in that my question had caused the problem, I reluctantly joined the good doctor, as we earnestly examined the floor together on our knees.

And of course, our esteemed leader, Fearless Fred. After all those years of suffering with those hopeless Aggie football teams, I hope that he has been healthy enough to enjoy the success the Aggie football gridders are having now.

And Froggie!



DENNIS EUGENE FARLEY

2833 Northampton Street N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20015

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Maplewood, New Jersey

EDUCATION

B.A. in Economics, 1971 - Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey
Ph.D in Economics, 1976 - University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia

EMPLOYMENT

Since 1976, various positions with the Federal Reserve Board in
Washington, D.C.

BIOGRAPHY

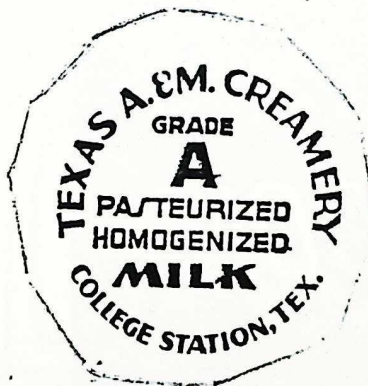
Married to Mary M. Miller, a native of Washington, D.C. and Northern
Virginia, in the summer of 1975 in the chapel at Princeton.

RECOLLECTIONS

The field trip to Lake Texoma, where we found fossilized ammonites
on the shore.

Watching to World Cup on a television in the student center.

The almost unbelievable flatness of the Gulf coastal plain.

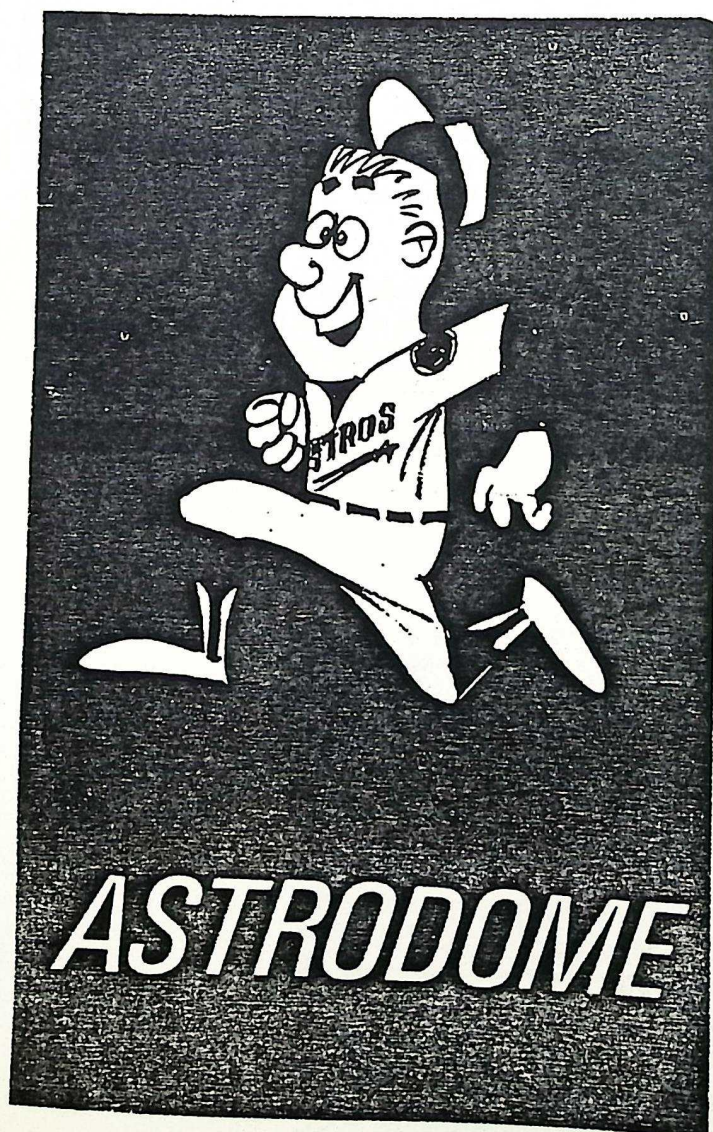


SHERRY ANN GEORGE

26 Kendell Street
Georgetown
Texas 78626

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Childress, Texas



FRED CHARLES (CHUCK) GOODENOUGH

P. O. Box 1214
Boise
Idaho 83701

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Killeen, Texas

EDUCATION

B.A. in Government, 1971 - University of Texas, Austin
Law Degree, 1977 - School of Law, University of Idaho, Moscow
B.A. in History - Boise State University, Boise, Idaho

EMPLOYMENT

Military service as an M.P., stationed in Germany.
Deputy Attorney General, State of Idaho, Boise, conducting litigation proceedings.

BIOGRAPHY

I married my high school sweetheart, Jeanne, in 1971. We have one son, Jack, age 7. Jeanne is also a lawyer, working for the State of Idaho in its personnel agency. During the last few years, we've build a new house, emphasizing the kitchen and living room. We read a great deal, cook a lot, fish, ski, bicycle, camp, and dote on the boy.

RECOLLECTIONS

My favorite was one about an Aggie who asked one of the girls from New York (whose name I can't recall right at the moment, but whom I recall vividly otherwise) what her "Ban the Bomb" button meant (☮ -- it later became a generic peace symbol). She wisely told him it was a Junior Rocket Society button!



DIANE GRAUER

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Jamaica, New York

The search for Diane is a saga unto itself. She and I exchanged a few letters after A&M, but once we got out of high school, we didn't continue our correspondence. My initial enquiry to her old home address was returned, unable to be forwarded. I later learned from a couple of you that Diane went to Israel to study geology--a change from the last plan she wrote to me, which was to go to the University of Michigan. So, I wrote to the Israel Geological Society--why not? Believe it or not, they did recall Diane, but did not have a current address. Evidently, she has married and has returned to the U.S., and I was referred to a professor in England, who might know her whereabouts. However, my request to him for information has gone unanswered.

Name Rank Course Geology
Classif. NSF Student Org. Home
(Cadets Put ROTC Classif.) Town
(Civilian Put Academic) TO BE PLACED ON OUTSIDE OF DOOR

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
7-8	<u>Geology Bldg.</u>	<u>Geology Bldg.</u>		<u>Geology Bldg.</u>	<u>Geology Bldg.</u>	<u>Geology Bldg.</u>
8-9	"	"	<u>Field Trip</u>	"	"	"
9-10	"	"		"	"	"
10-11	"	"		"	"	"
11-12	"	"		"	"	"
12-1	<u>LUNCH</u>			<u>LUNCH</u>		
1-2	"	"	<u>OFF</u>	"	"	
2-3	"	"		"	"	
3-4	"	"		"	"	
4-5				"	"	
5-6						

SA—

FREDERICK GEORGE HITCHCOCK

Box 472
Platte City
Missouri 64079

101 Kings Trail
Little River
Texas 76554

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Little River, Texas

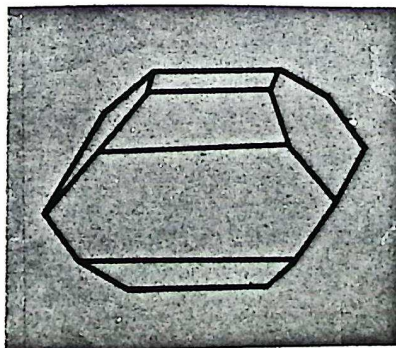
EDUCATION

United States Military Academy, West Point, NY, 1967-1971
Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Air Defense Artillery
Armored Officers Advanced Course, Ft. Knox, Kentucky, 1975
M.A. in History, 1977 - University of Texas, Austin
M.B.A., 1982 - Long Island University, New York
Command and General Staff College, 1985-1986 - Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas

EMPLOYMENT

Battery Commander, 101st Airborne Division, Ft. Campbell, KY, 1972-74
Assistant Operations Officer, Osan, Korea, 1974-1975
Assistant Professor of American History, United States Military
Academy, West Point, 1978-1982
Transferred to Medical Services Corps as Health Service Comptroller, 1982
Chief, Management Assistance Division, Fitzsimmons Army Medical
Center, Denver, 1982-1984
Executive Officer and Comptroller, Letterman Army Institute of Research,
Presidio of San Francisco, 1984-1985
Command and General Staff College, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, 1985-1986
Due for transfer in summer of 1986.

Since I have heard nothing to the contrary, I can only
assume George is still in Platte City; however, a more
"permanent" address is also given above. -- Editor



ROGER CLARK HOLEYWELL

2410 Skyview Drive
Richardson
Texas 75080

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Houston, Texas

EDUCATION

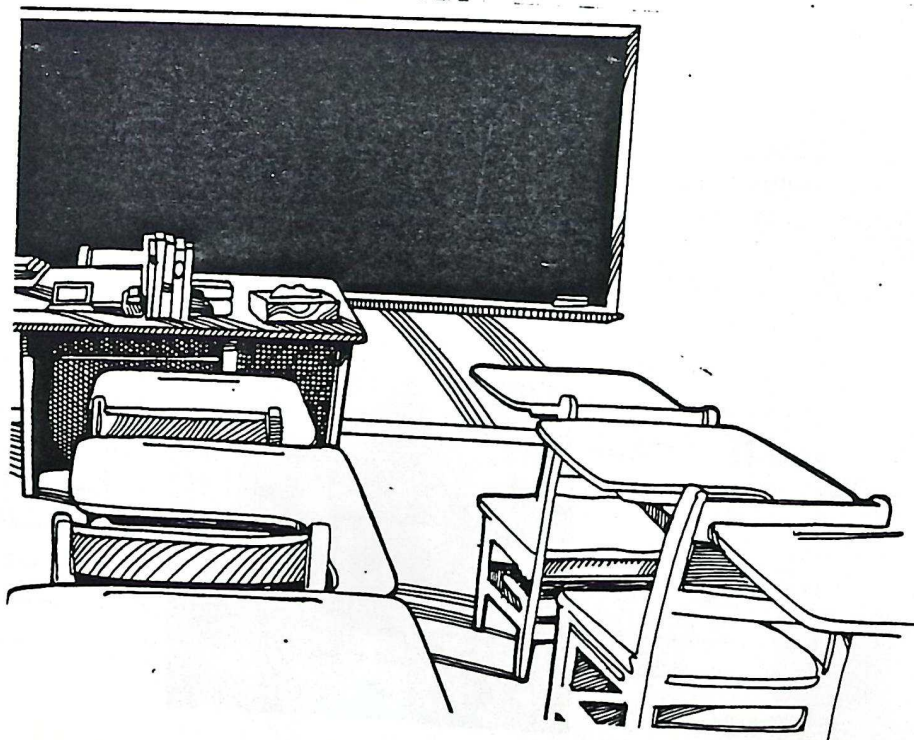
B.S. in Geology, 1971 - Texas A&M University, College Station
M.S. in Geology, 1973 - Brown University, Providence, R.I.

EMPLOYMENT

Diamond Shamrock Oil and Gas Company, 1973 - 1976
Corporate Exploration Manager, Texas Oil and Gas Company, 1977 - Present

BIOGRAPHY and RECOLLECTIONS

As you all know, Roger and Jane Wechsler were quite close during the NSF program, and they later were married. Since their lives and memories are intertwined, it seemed unnecessary to repeat their stories twice. So, please see Jane's section of this booklet for the details of their lives and careers.



BEVERLY ANN INGRAM (SLADEK)

94-31 215th Place
Queens Village
New York 11428

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Atlanta, Texas

EDUCATION

B.A. in French
M.A. in Teaching English as a Foreign Language

EMPLOYMENT

LaGuardia Community College of the City University of New York

BIOGRAPHY and RECOLLECTIONS

I can't find my group picture from the summer of '66; I can't remember which one I was or how I looked. But, if we took a group picture right now, I would undoubtedly be the one looking rather rumpled from baseball and wrestling with two sons aged 11 months and 5½ years. I would also be the one slightly out of breath from trying to synchronize household havoc with publication deadlines for a forthcoming textbook of English as a Second Language (ESL). You see, summer geology was the high-point of my career in science. My undergraduate major in French eventually led me to an M.A. in Teaching English as a Foreign Language, a field which I've truly enjoyed from Austin, Texas, Algeria, and Mexico to LaGuardia Community College of the City University of New York. Finally, you might identify me in the picture as the one drooping slightly from long hours as a "single" parent, while my husband--a fourth-year surgical resident--puts in marathon stints at the hospital. We try to maintain our relationship with the help of Ma Bell. You might have caught us in The National Enquirer--"Couple Conceives by Phone".

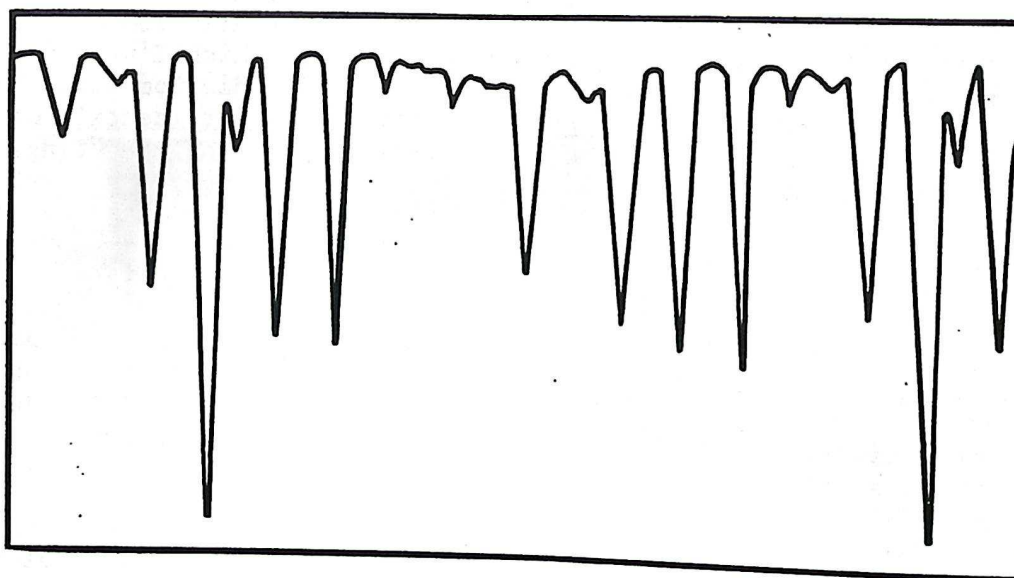
Three recollections? How about three dozen! Dorm 14: the piercing eyes of Mrs. Gerner, as she fairly screamed at us females in our first ten seconds in the program: "DO NOT DATE THE AGGIES!"; the photo and letter cleverly hidden in the desk light of our room by an enterprising young Aggie who had heard that GIRLS were to occupy his room during the summer; ironing in Madelyn's room; typing with a crowd in my room The Texas A&M CONVENTIONAL Daily, the underground rag in which we recorded, among other things, choice in-program quotes such as Janis' red-faced, "But, Professor Smith! They're not at right angles; they're perpendicular!"

Class: the peculiar ritual of Saturday-morning quizzes; the even more peculiar ritual of the Monday-morning seating arrangements according to the scores on the aforementioned quizzes; black streak-red streak/magnetite-hematite; looking for cleavage planes in places other than necklines.

Field trips: getting "hooked" on fossil hunting by finding a beautiful black shark's tooth in the first four minutes; searching with bare feet in knee-deep water for mud-covered clods which, when brought to the top and rinsed off, were ancient shells of the type Exogyra ponderosa; ammonites the size of wagon wheels; spectacular llanite with its gorgeous blue phenocrysts; the convoluted Arbuckles; travelling in the back of the bus.

Rick's deliberate way of talking; Cliff's and Larry's ways of walking; David's saxophone playing; Jane's priceless and peerless sense of humor; the incredible coincidence (?) of Jane and Roger's meeting again; Madelyn's laugh; Annette's good nature; Janis' incomparable companionship and shared dedication to getting a tan; above all, the thrill of being away from Atlanta, Texas, population: 4,076, and meeting people from all over the U.S.; the heady promise and possibilities that fill the summer when one is sixteen going on seventeen.

It would be fun to remeet you, one and all!



JOHN MALCOLM JOYCE

534 East 12th Street
Bartlesville
Oklahoma 74003

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Austin, Texas

EDUCATION

B.S. in Chemical Engineering, 1972 - University of Texas, Austin

EMPLOYMENT

Senior Environmental Engineer, Phillips Petroleum Co., Bartlesville, OK

BIOGRAPHY

Children: Della (21), Mary (17), John (17), Christine (15), Cheryl (15), David (14), James (12), Chad (12), Jeremy (10), Heather (10). Grandchildren: Kristen (15 months). Hobbies include kids, adoption, snow skiing, camping, soccer, R/C modelling, farming, woodworking, welding, Explorers (co-ed), and Philmont Scout Ranch.

RECOLLECTIONS

1. Throwing a lead brick from the upper floor of the dorm to see how far it would go into the ground.
2. Getting a college student to buy us beer (Michelob) that we drank in his dorm room (probably one bottle each). I think we might even have smoked some. Wow!
3. Being called "Froggie" for the way my voice sounded.
4. Thinking how good the band was that played at the dance (David McDavid's band).
5. Thinking how attractive Beverly Ingram and Janis Van Pelt were. Also Madelyn Rod. Received a photograph from Janis shortly after and kept it for many years despite my wife's objections. Always wondered what became of these girls.
6. Eating the best steak sandwich I've ever had at a place on "The Drag".
7. Checking out the lewd tie-tacs at the book store on "The Drag" (mating flies and mating hogs) at Lou-Pot's.
8. Spending more time than I probably have before or since just having a good time with my peers.

JONE KENDRICK

P. O. Box 733
Idabel
Oklahoma 74745

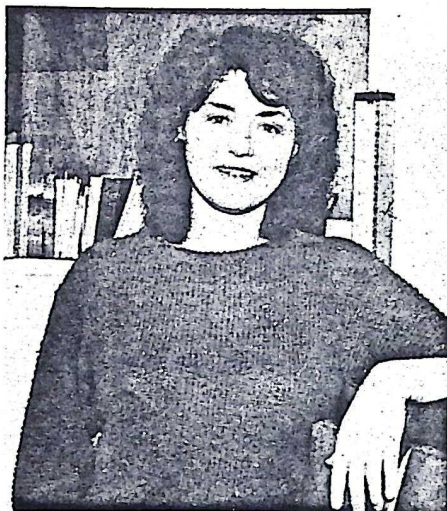
HOMETOWN IN 1966

Idabel, Oklahoma

EDUCATION

M.D., School of Medicine, University of Oklahoma, Oklahoma City

EMPLOYMENT and BIOGRAPHY



Jone Kendrick, M.D., has practiced in Idabel and at McCurtain Memorial Hospital for the past ten years. She has a family-oriented practice and emphasizes preventive medicine at her office at 1411 S.E. Washington.

She has worked with McCurtain County Health Department in initiating some new programs — one of which is still active — WIC Program (a program for pregnant women, infants, and children under age 5 years.)

Dr. Kendrick is Chairman of the McCurtain Memorial Hospital Medical Staff Utilization Review Committee, a member of the Intern Committee, one of the directors of the OB Department, and one of the physician departmental directors of the Lab. She served as Secretary-Treasurer of the Medical Staff from July, 1977, through June, 1982.

She is a graduate of Idabel's Gray High School and of University of Oklahoma

Medical School. She interned with the Department of Gynecology and Obstetrics at the University of Oklahoma Teaching Hospitals and Clinics in Oklahoma City.

Dr. Kendrick is a member of the First Methodist Church in Idabel, Order of the Eastern Star, Precinct Officer for the Oklahoma Democratic Party, charter member in American Association of University Women of McCurtain County, and is a member of the Idabel Business and Professional Womens Club. She was chosen as one of the Outstanding Young Women of 1977. She is a Trustee for the College of Medicine Alumni Association, a member of the University of Oklahoma Medical School Admission Board, and serves on the Advisory Committee for the Alumni Association of the University of Oklahoma.

Her father is Jerry Kendrick of Idabel and her brother, Bert May Kendrick, is in his second year of law school at the University of Oklahoma.

RECOLLECTIONS

My recollections--Wow! Huge ballrooms and swimming pools for a 16-year-old kid from rural Oklahoma. My first huge mirrored ball hanging in the middle of a rock band from the late '60s. Wonderful classmates from places like New Jersey! Off-campus taverns. Walk-in outdoor theaters. And learning to study for the first time in my life. It may have kept me from failing out of college. Thank you all!

DOROTHY KAYE KEYSER

2413 West Hickory
Apt. # 402
Denton
Texas 76201

HOMETOWN IN 1966

El Paso, Texas

EDUCATION

B.A. in Theater, 1971 - University of Texas at El Paso
M.A. in Playwrighting, 1972 - Southern Illinois University, Carbondale
M.M. in Voice Performance and Opera Production, 1983 - Northern
Illinois University, DeKalb
D.M.A. in Voice Performance (in progress) - North Texas State
University, Denton

EMPLOYMENT

"Girl Friday" in an insurance office; Assistant for a workshop to teach the elderly about their legal rights; Theater work with the Gill Community Arts Center; Editorial work for a hairdressing magazine; Psychiatric social work and peer group counseling; Director for publications and promotions for the Chicago Alliance for the Performing Arts; a lot of singing (all of the above in Chicago).

Administrative Assistant to the Head of the Performing Arts Department, School of Music, Depaul University, Chicago.

Opera Workshop Assistant, Reservations Clerk (space) & Bands Librarian, the Opera Workshop, Northern Illinois University, DeKalb.

Faculty position in Music and Theater, Cameron University, Lawton, OK from 1984 to 1986.

BIOGRAPHY

I graduated fifth in my class from high school, was a National Merit Scholar alternate (or whatever the term was) and received a National Council of Teachers of English award. I had ambitions at the time of going into marine biology. I wound up at our friendly local college (affectionately known as the "High School on the Hill"), the University of Texas at El Paso.

It took me two semesters to realize I was misplaced--not because I was doing badly in the scientific subjects (I wasn't), but because they bored me to distraction. I got hooked on the theater while following some of my friends from high school around and changed my major my sophomore year. (Histrionics at home, but we survived.)

I graduated cum laude in 1971 with a major in theater and a minor in French and the intention of pursuing advanced schooling and teaching. My

department chair wrapped me up in a package with pink ribbon and mailed me to a college chum of his, who was assistant chair at Southern Illinois University. A classic example of the "Old Boy" system at work!

I went to Southern with the intention of getting my M.A. in Directing. Despite the fact that it was the Year of Our Lord 1971, no one had told me about male chauvinism and protected professions (like directing). At UTEP, if you had two hands and could hold a hammer in one of them, they'd let you do anything you wanted to with it (short of murder someone). But then, they needed every pair of hands they could get. Not so at SIU. This was also my first experience of having a teacher come on to me--you guessed it, the directing prof. After six months of this, I wanted OUT! After nine months, I wanted to kill. But being a nice person, who had been taught to be a lady, I didn't. I did go to my advisor (my former department chair's old buddy) and said only that I wanted out, with or without my degree. After some backing and filling, he suggested that I complete a three-act play I had done some work on for his Playwrighting class, and go for a degree in Playwrighting. So that's how I spent my summer, and how I wound up with a Master's degree in Playwrighting three days before my 22nd birthday. (Ed. note: Dorothy's play was titled Credo; A Play in Three Acts and was about 130 pages in length!)

Anyway, I took off like a scalded cat. After a few months in El Paso simmering down, I joined a friend from SIU in Chicago. She had a boyfriend in Chicago; I had nothing better to do with my life and felt I never wanted to see the inside of a theater again. Nor a college--the politics at SIU had soured me on that (I thought) permanently. And a big city sounded like fun. It was. I lived in Chicago ten years, and loved it and hated it and miss it and thank God I'm not there. A lot can happen in ten years (as evidenced by the "Employment" section above). I slid sideways from theater to music with considerable encouragement from friends in the music scene, including and especially my first serious voice teacher. I did a lot of singing, paid and unpaid.

After a year working as administrative assistant to the Head of the Performing Arts Department of the School of Music at DePaul University in Chicago, I began to rethink my aversion to college teaching. With the help and encouragement of friends in Chicago, I got an assistantship with the Opera Workshop at Northern Illinois University, DeKalb, and went back to school in August 1981. I got my M.M. in Voice Performance and Opera Production from NIU in August 1983. I spent a year in Chicago looking for work. "Work" materialized in July 1984, when I was offered a job in Lawton, OK (where??), at a place called Cameron University. It was a dual position, in both music and theater, and was supposed (I was told) to entail helping to set up a music theater program. Was I excited! And scared!

Lawton was an experience. In two years I taught Studio Voice, Opera Workshop, Vocal Pop Ensemble, Intro to Theater, Acting I & II, History of the American Musical Theater and Costume Design, and narrowly avoided teaching Children's Theater. I directed two children's plays and a program of opera scenes. I designed costumes for two shows. I was musical director for Pippin, Cinderella, a melodrama called Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl, and H.M.S. Pinafore. I did recruiting and counselling. I performed

at local churches and did one solo faculty recital and several with other faculty members. I learned enough about teaching (especially private voice) to know it's for me. I learned more about academic politics than I ever wanted to know. Sometimes I thought maybe I'd been right after SIU. But politics are everywhere, I guess.

Anyway, the bottom lines were: I was trying to keep two departments happy. Both actually needed at least one more fulltime person. Both were convinced that since I wasn't spending all my time in their area, I couldn't possibly be committed to my job. (Who cares about those jokers on the other side of the building, anyway?) Actually, the theater department chair did his best to be reasonable. The music chair didn't. (Interestingly enough, his wife is now teaching voice at Cameron.) But the situation didn't look like improving any, since Oklahoma was fading fast between oil prices dropping and agricultural disaster. The University was facing horrendous budget cuts and a possible hiring freeze, which meant even more work for those dedicated (or foolish) enough to stay. I started looking through the journals for another job.

It was immediately apparent that, for the kind of job I was looking for, I'd stand a much better chance with another degree. And I'm not getting any younger and the voice only lasts so long. So now I'm headed for North Texas State in Denton and have been accepted into graduate study in music. Eventual goal: A Doctor of Musical Arts in Voice Performance. I'll be studying with a marvelous woman (Elizabeth Botkin) whose students are apparently without exception wonderful and who I am positively impressed with as a teacher and person. I'm excited about living near a big city again (Dallas/Ft. Worth) and about maybe having time to do some more performing. And I'm excited about being a student. I love learning about things. Even rocks!

RECOLLECTIONS

I remember sitting next to Inda Proske on the bus on a field trip and asking her what she was thinking about. She replied that she was thinking about the feelings of an electron as it approached the speed of light. I think it was at that point that I was convinced I was out of my league.

I remember that I read both John Hersey's The Child Buyer and Ayn Rand's The Triumph of Egoism and felt entirely new stretches happen in my mind.

I remember that the salt mine was magnificent; it touched an aesthetic chord in me that brought me near tears.

I remember that the rocks had very pretty names, which struck me as good material for the names of imaginary characters and countries in a science fiction/fantasy novel I have yet to write but still play with on occasion.

I remember that a group of us spent the last night before we left College Station playing poker for beans. I have never developed a taste for playing poker (or anything else) for money, but I still love to play for beans. "I'll see your bean and raise you three beans!"

On the whole, I think that the experience at A&M convinced me that I wasn't nearly as extraordinary as my mother had been trying to convince me I was; I'm still not sure whether that was a good or bad thing. I was just looking for an excuse not to believe her anyway. I guess the fact was I was not out of my league, I was just out of place. I never did care very much about rocks. Even if they do have pretty names!



LUCINDA (CINDY) LEE LaMASTER

2924 Carlson Blvd.
Richmond
California 94804

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Morenci, Arizona

The above address was supplied by Cindy's parents.
I have received no word from Cindy herself.

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HOUSTON

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DAVID ANDREW McDAVID

Division of Earth & Physical Sciences
University of Texas at San Antonio
San Antonio
Texas 78285
512-691-4455

HOMETOWN IN 1966

San Antonio, Texas

EDUCATION

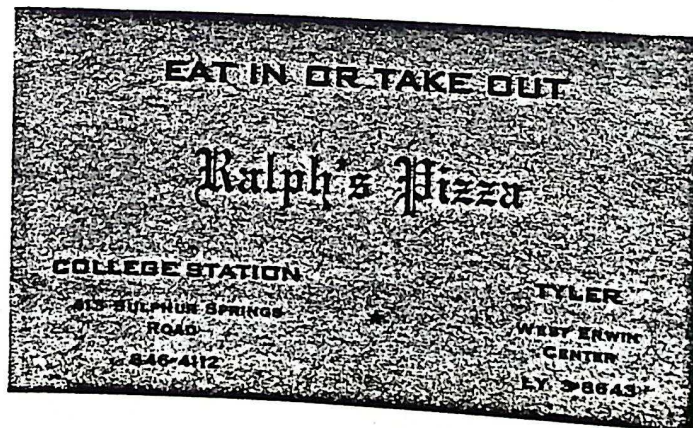
M.A. in Astronomy, 1977 - University of Virginia, Charlottesville
Thesis: "Bok Globules"

This is more information that I found using the national library cataloging database called OCLC. David has not personally confirmed that he is the same person we knew at A&M, but I feel certain he is. In the coincidental way of things, I was bemused to think that he got his degree here in the years since I've been working for the University--but neither of us knew the other was here!

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WHEN YOUR ORDER IS READY.

numbers may not be called consecutively

☐ Some Pizzas take longer
to bake than others.



CHARLES O. (CHUCK) MANN

7311 Wilderness Road
Raleigh
North Carolina 27612

HOMETOWN IN 1966

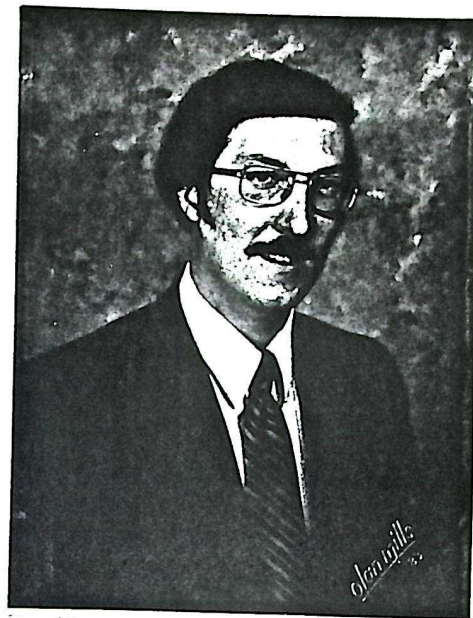
Missoula, Montana

EDUCATION

B.S. in Chemical Engineering, 1971 -
University of Washington, Seattle

EMPLOYMENT

Currently with the Environmental
Protection Agency, Research
Triangle Park, North Carolina,
conducting acid rain research.



BIOGRAPHY

Been in North Carolina since 1972. Unmarried. Hobbies include basketball, softball, golf, bicycling, and gardening. Recently purchased a home.

RECOLLECTIONS

The big question is: Did I learn anything about rocks? I'm sure I must've learned how to identify hundreds of igneous, sedimentary, and metamorphic ones. With any luck maybe I could identify a dozen or so now! Mainly, I know how to ship 62 lbs. of the little critters 2,000 miles across the country for no good reason, except "sedimental" (or is that "sedimentary"?) value!

Fossils! Clearly had a lot of fun finding these. Searching the shores of Lake Texoma for giant ammonites, finding bits and pieces of trilobites but no whole ones, cross sections of crinoid stems, and various other critters. I guess my profound thought of sorts is that a few million years from now, I hope that there will be other men and women to search for fossils and have as much fun as I did.

Field trips made the whole summer worthwhile. I enjoyed the tourist attractions like the Houston Astrodome, the Alamo, etc. A few years ago, I made it back to the Alamo--I even remembered it!--but missed all the friends who were there with me the first time. Mostly, I just have a lot of impressions of things we saw, like sleeping in a sleazy hotel room in Llano with a ceiling fan whose blades were encrusted with a thousand dead flies... Filing off the bus to see some geological wonder and being greeted by a baby rattlesnake all coiled up to strike... Seeing a fossilized dinosaur track by the city hall or courthouse in some small town.

Friends made... Innumerable card games with everyone. Was it "spades" that was the game we played most?... John Stockhoff, who knew everything about Sherman tanks! Sorry to hear he's no longer with us... Sam Shaw, who always greeted me with "Hi! I'm John Schwartz!" (Why do I remember that?)... Fred O'Bryant, Dick Baie, Sherry George, Jone Kendrick, Skipper Nethery, Dennis Shipman, Gary Sorenson: Hello to all of you!

Finally, I can remember that on the last day I was there, a bunch of us went to some pizza place. I can't remember particulars, but my feelings about that day are clear. It was bittersweet, because it meant farewell to good friends. It also stands out in my mind because it was the first time I realized how much I had enjoyed myself for the previous six weeks. It was also a turning point in my growing-up process, since it marked the end of the first time I'd been away from home by myself for any length of time. I think that six weeks of being in a different environment did a lot to turn me from a nerdy little high school kid into an adult. Somehow, I believe I recognized this on that last morning in College Station and felt really good about it. I hope the rest of you left with the same kind of good feeling as I did.

ASTROS vs DODGERS

STANLEY LEWIS MOORE

13455 Woodforest, Apt. 96
Houston
Texas 77015
713-451-3888

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Brenham, Texas

EDUCATION

B.S. in Chemistry, 1971 - Texas A&M University, College Station
Additional graduate study in Chemistry at the University of Wisconsin,
Madison, 1971 - 1974

EMPLOYMENT

Analytical Chemist, Baylor College of Medicine, Houston, Texas
Currently working as a chemist for the Lucidol Company, a division
of Pennwalt Corporation

BIOGRAPHY

Photography and darkroom work are my major avocations since 1981. I am starting to show my work in galleries and photo shows, most recently in the Houston International Photo Fest.

RECOLLECTIONS

I remember being a bit fearful as I arrived at TAMU. I had to keep telling myself "This is only a school, just like high school--only bigger." After all these years, I can't exactly remember who my roommate and suitemates were. They were pretty nice, though they picked on me a bit--probably I deserved it. The most eventful thing was the famous "poltergeist". I had read of them and told the others, making a big deal of it, so they rigged the room to make spooky noises and denied hearing them. They ran a cord through the ceiling and attached it to the blinds by my bed and made them rattle at night. I was semi-taken in, I think, but I couldn't figure out how the sounds were produced.

The contents of the course have faded in memory, though I remember Prof. and Mrs. Smith and Dr. Blank with affection. Jane Wechsler and Roger Holeywell became good friends, with whom I've lost touch. Other people I remember best are Dennis Farley; and Diane Grauer, the feisty New York girl and her friend Donna Werley. I loved the "Conventional Daily" newspaper they edited--satire is always a favorite of mine!

I remember the field trips, especially to Llano and the Hotel Llano, "modern in every respect" as their match book said. I thought it had very dilapidated bedrooms--three of us were assigned to a room with two beds and

one had to sleep on the floor. Also, our trip to Galveston caused the ruin of my 126 camera when a wave filled it with sand and salt water.

I enjoyed the trips to the Country Kitchen Restaurant with the Smiths. One time, I sat next to Mrs. Smith and I had the "fisherman's platter" (this in land-locked College Station!) and Mrs. S. asked me if some piece of fish was good. When I said "yes", she reached into my plate with her long talon-like nails and tore a large piece off with her hands and ate it. I was appalled! Our table manners at home had never included eating from another's plate. I may be imagining it, but I believe she had that little dog with her, too. Still, I liked her. Her spirit of fun and enthusiasm were very impressive.

While we were there, the Texas sniper in the tower (Whitman, I think his name was) began his rampage, and I recalled that I had been in Austin at Boys State just a few weeks previous. I recall us standing at the base of the Tower saying the Pledge of Allegiance. At A&M we all discussed this event with horror, yet from our perspective today we see so many things worse than that--wars, horrors, nuclear meltdown, child molesters, etc.

What else can I recall... One rather mortifying aspect of the summer was Prof. Smith's practice of making people sit according to class rank. I hated not being on the front row, but there was a stimulus, too, as this was the first time I had been with so large a group of first class intellects. In high school there was only a handful, but at A&M that summer there were three dozen or more people of like ability and interest--that was great!

One thing not strictly a memory but rather the result of that summer was that quite a few of us ended up at A&M for college, and a number of us were in an honors English class together, when we heard of the death of John Stockhoff. I remember Roger Holeywell asking the professor to dismiss the class. He refused, and we had to go on discussing the suicide soliloquy of Hamlet. I'll always regret not marching out of that class.

I had a very good time that summer. It was a first reaching out to the world from small town Texas, and I'll treasure it. I do regret not keeping up with the people I met, but that happens to us all, as we go through life. One footnote: after that summer I was never very interested in geology. It was a last wave of a passion that I developed as a kid rockhouser (pebble pups, we were called). I passed on to other things, yet I was introduced to the school that I got my chemistry degree from. I learned to love A&M that summer. I learned to be interested in a variety of people from elsewhere, not just from parochial Texas. And last, I still have the specimens I collected. They are at my parents' house, having been used in a rock garden now piled up... semi-forgotten but still there. Our memories shall cease, our bodies decay, but the stones of the earth will remain.

MAURICE J. (SKIPPER) NETHERY, III

209 Elmwood
Huntsville
Texas 77340

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Junction, Texas

EDUCATION

B.S. in Microbiology, 1971 - Texas A&M University, College Station
D.D.S., 1980 - University of Texas Health Science Center, San Antonio

EMPLOYMENT

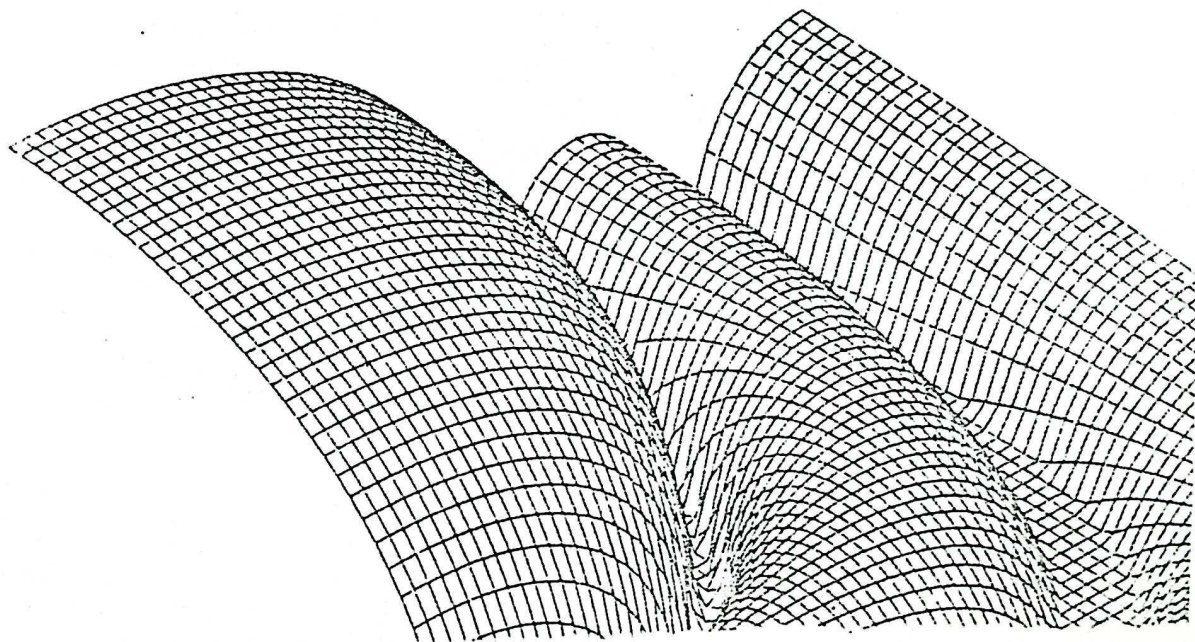
U.S. Army Officer for 14 years (the last six as a dentist)
Currently working as a dentist for the Texas Department of Corrections

BIOGRAPHY

Married for 13½ years, one son 5½ years old, one daughter 1½ years old.

RECOLLECTIONS

Prof. Smith advised us to seek work where we earned our livings using our heads, not our hands. My job is a little of both.



EVELYN HARRIET NOBLES

c/o 1915 O'Brien Road
Lees Summit
Missouri 64063

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Yazoo City, Mississippi

The address given above is for Evelyn's parents.
Although Evelyn herself hasn't responded, mail
sent to this address is apparently being forwarded
to her.



JOHN FREDERICK (FRED) O'BRYANT

1323 Kenwood Lane
Charlottesville
Virginia 22901
804-296-5202

HOMETOWN IN 1966

West Memphis, Arkansas

EDUCATION

B.A. in English Literature, 1971 - Southwestern at Memphis (now called Rhodes College), Memphis, Tennessee
M.S. in L.S., 1972 - School of Library Science, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

EMPLOYMENT

Reference and Serials Librarian, Lenoir Rhyne College, Hickory, North Carolina, 1973 - 1975
Head of Audiovisual Services, The Claude Moore Health Sciences Library, University of Virginia Medical Center, Charlottesville, 1975 - 1982
Assistant Director and Science Bibliographer, Science and Engineering Library, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, 1982 - Present

BIOGRAPHY

At the time I bid everyone from A&M adieu, I had in mind studying chemistry. However, once in college I rapidly discovered that I lack the mathematical aptitude for that field (or any other science), so I changed my major to English. Concurrently, I discovered that my interests were wide-ranging and that I was, at heart, a generalist. This led me to a graduate degree in library science, wherein I felt that there would be many opportunities to dip into various subjects, rather than being confined to some narrow specialty. I met my wife, Margaret, who is also a librarian, while in graduate school.

Despite defecting to the humanists, I've kept a strong interest in science generally. My first job gave me the opportunity to design and program a serials database program, which has led to a continuing interest in computers. I use computers in my work and also teach computer programming one night a week at the local community college. My library work has also had the side benefit of allowing me to travel around the country to attend conferences, thus indulging my passion for traveling--which really began when I attended the project at A&M!

Outside of work music has probably been my most abiding interest. (Some of you will remember that I brought my clarinet with me to A&M and was working on musical arrangements while I was there.) I played in several groups while in college, including the Memphis Youth Orchestra and a woodwind quintet I organized myself. Later on, while in Hickory, NC, I was principal clarinetist in the Western Piedmont Symphony Orchestra. After coming to Charlottesville, I joined the municipal band here and regularly play in local theater orchestras. One of my fondest memories is of playing in the pit band for Red Skelton, when he came here to do a benefit performance.

Over the years, I've developed an interest in gardening. Peg and I try to grow a variety of vegetables each year (we live in town and thus have only a limited plot), along with an increasing number of flowers. Peg is especially fond of roses. Other interests I've cultivated or continued include stamp collecting (U.S., Canada, Iceland, Greenland, dogs, fish, cattle); reading science fiction; writing poetry and some short stories; walking; sight-seeing; and parapsychology. We have no children, but we've had a succession of spoiled canines, a couple of Boston terriers and our current pet, Dill, a Cavalier King Charles spaniel.

RECOLLECTIONS

As was probably the case for many of you, the geology program was the first time I'd ever been away from home for so long or so far. It was also the occasion of my first airplane ride. I left Memphis in the early afternoon. The plane taxied out to the end of the runway--and immediately turned around and went back to the terminal! What was wrong? Mechanical failure? A bomb on board? No--just a passenger who had slept through his stop! Another 30 seconds, though, and he would've gotten an unexpected trip to Houston. It was cloudy for most of the trip, but I still clearly remember the flight. I recall changing from the sleek Delta jet to a small commuter prop in Houston and bumping my way to College Station, where I was met by Prof. Smith and Jane Wechsler. Driving back to the dorm, I was surprised to learn that Prof. Smith had been a bomber pilot during World War II.

Among the things I remember best about A&M was the food. I, at least, thought it was delicious--especially the cantaloupes. I must've eaten cantaloupe three times a day! On the other side of the coin, though, I remember going to some sort of picnic or cookout, at the Smith's house, I think, at which there was a potato salad. Not caring for potato salad, I didn't eat any--but those who did spent a restless and uncomfortable night getting over it!

Somehow, the weather always seemed marvelous (though hot, of course) the whole time we were there--I recall almost no rain--except on the infamous Llano field trip.

I remember seemingly endless card games in the lounge. Somebody (Stan Moore, perhaps, or Sam Shaw) bought us a package of dried lima beans to use as "poker chips". It was amusing to declare: "I see your bean and raise you five beans!" Rarely could I ever clean you card sharks out--but I did once or twice, becoming the Bean King of Dorm 14.

The noisome restrictions placed on our comings and goings and socializing are well-remembered. As one might expect (and our keepers probably knew, too, though we all thought we were fooling them completely), we soon devised ways to strain the rules imposed on us, in order to enjoy some freedom of action. Getting to and from the few places we were allowed to go became lengthy, circuitous, slowly-savored processes--and if anyone questioned our absence, we simply were "on our way" somewhere perfectly legal. Once, I remember spending an hour or so sitting with a young lass beneath a tree "on the way back" from the student center. When we finally did check in, we found ourselves in a bit of hot water, because Mr. Eicher had been to the student center looking for us and couldn't find us!

Another time, several of us guys were sitting around the dorm room debating whether it would be possible to invade the off-limits girls' floor by somehow crawling around the airconditioning duct-work Mission Impossible style. I don't think we actually would've done it--but we wanted to know if we could--just in case! Anyway, we got a flashlight, took down a couple of panels from the drop ceiling, and were standing on the bed peering into the gloomy recesses above, when all of a sudden the door swung open. It was Mr. Eicher doing a surprise room check! You can imagine his thoughts, when he saw us four fellows standing on the bed, looking sheepish and guilty, with ceiling panels lying at our feet! Eicher made all of us stand on the opposite side of the room while he got on the bed and looked in the ceiling for the contraband he suspected we'd hidden there. I doubt he ever did really believe that we "budding engineers" were just curious about architectural structure and airconditioning equipment!

A number of romances of varying lengths and depths did develop, despite the restrictions which hobbled our social lives. Most of these dissolved sooner or later, though as you can see from this booklet one marriage did result from within our group and another one from a member of our group and a previous one. I recall the fun had by all on our field trip to Houston and Galveston, when the governor on the bus limited our speed drastically and prolonged our trip well beyond its expected time. Many couples took advantage of the night-time return and the dark bus. I would've liked to--but all my "date" wanted to do on the way back was sleep! Oh well... The whole thing was doubly frustrating, because after that raucous trip a new rule went into effect: boys and girls couldn't sit together anymore. I really felt cheated then, because I hadn't even been able to contribute to the "trouble" for which I was being penalized!

For some reason most of the weekly field trips blur together in my mind, but I do remember the first one. We were taken to some lethargic river--the Navasota perhaps--and turned loose to search for shark's teeth. I never did find any shark's teeth, but I do remember being stung by ants while climbing out of that gulch!

I recall my disgust over the un-airconditioned laboratory in which we had to work on most afternoons. I have very vivid isolated memories from those lab sessions, of all of us bending over boxes of specimens, trying to drill into our minds what they all were. And just as vividly, I remember sailing paper airplanes out of the third floor hall window, to see how far we could make them go! And wasn't there something about presenting Dr. Blank with some sort of silver bowl, which he jokingly said he could use to put acid in for identifying carbonates?

Looking over my notes, I see a reference to the character we knew as "Belly" Epstein. All I remember is that he was an outrageous, bearded, radical, "hippie" sort of person--or so it seemed to me then, coming from a very conservative background. Maybe some of you remember him better. I also remember being introduced to the works of J. R. R. Tolkien, specifically The Hobbit, and to the television series The Avengers. For months thereafter I was completely smitten by Diana Rigg, who displaced Haley Mills as my screen idol!

Many of you recall the Llano Hotel and its keys that opened all the doors. I remember that the mattress I had was incredibly soft--a featherbed almost. Beyond that, the place didn't make much impression on me!

And finally, I offer this little tale. As you may recall from one of my initial letters to you, as I began to organize this celebration, I had planned in 1966 to write a lengthy and detailed account of my adventures at A&M. I actually did write the story of everything that led up to my arrival in College Station and the evening everyone moved into the dorm. Alas, however, once I arrived, I got too busy and started having too much fun to keep up with the saga day-by-day. So, sadly, the project was never finished. I made a two-page list of "notes" while flying home, but even then it was too late--memory was fading. Nevertheless, for some reason I did write out one story, and it appears below--a little taste of what perhaps I could've sent for this anniversary, had I been more diligent in 1966! My apologies to Froggy Joyce, my ex-roommate, if he doesn't remember this the same way I did:

The Scene: our dorm room 311, late afternoon.

"I'll kill 'em! I'll literally tear them limb from limb!" The door crashed open and admitted a very red-faced Malcolm Joyce.

Turning from his desk, where he'd been reading, Fred looked quizzically at his roommate and said, "What's the matter, Froggy? Kill who?" He pushed his glasses up. "You lose a poker game?"

The other boy took a deep breath. "The laundry, that's who! You see this?" He thrust a wrinkled shirt toward Fred.

"Sure. So what? All mine come back wrinkled, too."

"It ain't the wrinkles that are bugging me. If that were all it was, I'd get Bev to press it for me." He turned to his closet and began rummaging around inside. Fred got up. Froggy continued his tirade, his voice muffled by the closet. "Those idiots ought to be shot--or even hung! Boy, I'll never send 'em any more of my laundry!"

"I still don't get it. It looks like a perfectly good, light green shirt to me."

"That's just it; the color," Mac said, shaking his fist. "The stinking color!"

"Oh, now I get it," Fred grinned. "They sent you somebody else's shirt by mistake."

"No. No, this is my shirt alright." He began wadding the garment up. Fred looked puzzled. "The trouble is," Mac said, waving the wad in Fred's face and then hurling it to the floor, "The trouble is that it's supposed to be YELLOW!" Then he stormed out the door. Picking up the chameleon garment, Fred began a chuckle that soon grew into a laugh, as he thought of Froggy on his way to bomb the laundry and its supply of super-strength bleach.

INDA MARIE PROSKE (IMMEGA)

3918 Case Street
Houston
Texas 77005
713-661-3494

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Giddings, Texas

EDUCATION

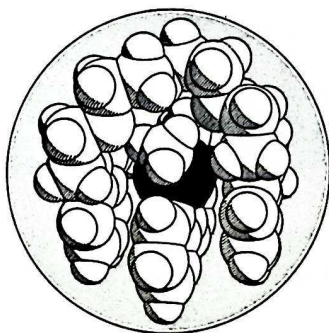
B.S. in Geology - Texas A&M University, College Station
Ph.D in Geology - Indiana University, Bloomington

EMPLOYMENT

Senior Geologist, Head Office - Exploration Interpretive Data Processing,
Shell Oil Company, Houston, Texas.

BIOGRAPHY

I went to A&M for my bachelor's--not exactly uninfluenced by Fred Smith--and was in the same geology class with Larry Altman and Roger Holeywell. There were quite a number of other familiar faces on campus from our group in other departments, from our year and the ones before. I rented an apartment from Prof. Smith and he brought over a couple of guys from the year before ours to help me move in. Three and a half years later, I married one of them, Neal Immega. Both of us went to Indiana for our doctorates. I taught, did microprobes and mineralogy with Case Klein, worried about kidney stones and iron formations, until both Neal and I accepted jobs with Shell and moved back to Texas. I was a "regular" geologist for three or four years, working mostly in Oklahoma and north Texas, but secret tendencies will come out, and I moved more and more toward computers and geostatistics. After a couple of assignments in economics and business for Shell Western, I was transferred to Shell Oil to co-ordinate geologic computer applications between the various U.S. Shell companies. My husband is a geochemist at Shell Development, the research branch of the company. We live in a tiny house in town with a big garden, three computers, lots of books, and many, many rocks.

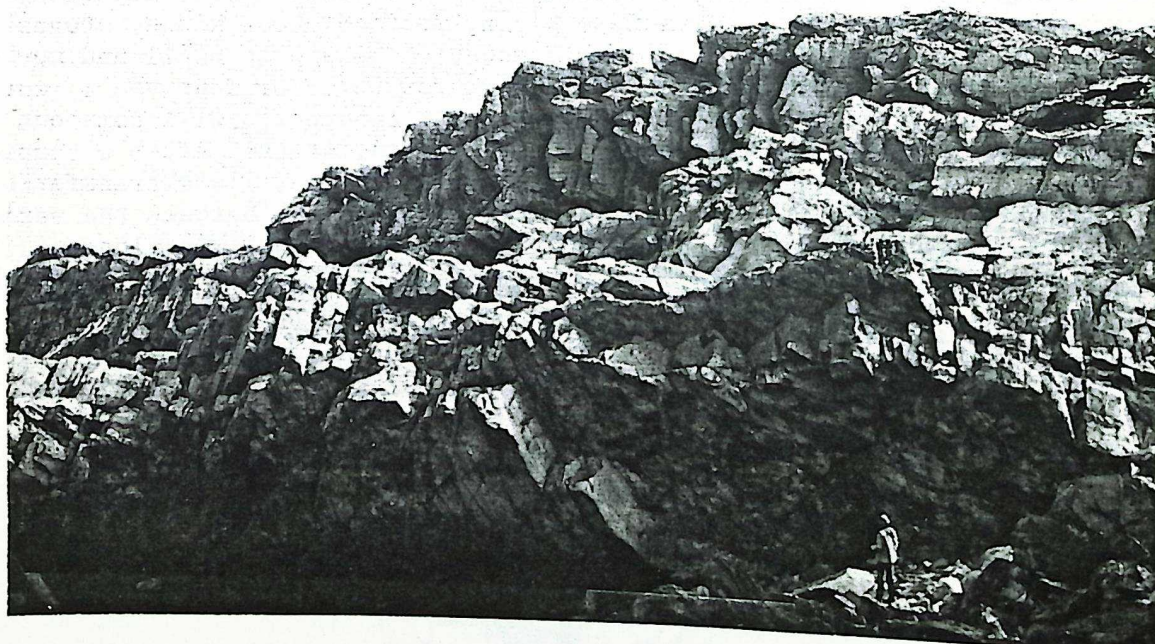


FRANCIS C. (RICK) RICHTER

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Hondo, Texas

I was unable to trace Rick. My initial mailings to his old address vanished into postal limbo, unreturned and unanswered. An inquiry made to his high school in hopes of discovering where he went to college, so as to trace him through its alumni society, also proved futile; the school did not respond to my inquiry. His name did not appear in any of the directories and databases to which I have access.



MADELYN MARIE ROD (DUSEK)

16507 Launch Court
Crosby
Texas 77532

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Conroe, Texas

EDUCATION

B.S. in Chemical Engineering, 1971 - University of Houston
Master of Education, 1977 - University of Houston

EMPLOYMENT

Process equipment sales, Houston, 1971 - 1972
Process Engineer, C. E. Lummus and Litwin Corp., Engineering Contractors,
Houston, Texas, 1972 - 1975
Currently Chemistry and Physics teacher, Crosby High School

BIOGRAPHY

I spent four wonderful years at the University of Houston. I compare my four years in college to those wonderful six weeks at A&M. Both times my parents paid for everything and I had the time of my life! While at the U of H, I majored in chemical engineering and having fun. I got degrees in both! I found it ironic that bridge was my downfall at both places. My only semester on Scho-pro was the one that I wasted away at bridge games in the dorm. Oh well, I straightened up, joined A.I.Ch.E., met my future husband at the Budweiser Brewery field trip, and eventually got out--B.S.ChE.--mostly B.S.! One other girl and I were the first girls to graduate in Chemical Engineering in the school's history.

I got a job in process equipment sales in Houston, got married, and all was well with the world. Four years later, after my husband had an 8 week stay in the hospital, I quit working to stay home with him. I really wasn't doing him any good at home, so I took a parttime job as an 8th grade math teacher. The thought of being off at Christmas and Easter and all summer qualified this job as parttime for me. Later, I got my masters in Education and settled into a new home in Crosby, where I became the chemistry and physics teacher at Crosby High School. I have three children: Ashley, 8, Garrett, 4, and Brad, 2½. I enjoy my summers too much to care about the engineering career or money I gave up to become a teacher. I never was overly ambitious--I'd rather sleep! Anyway, I send all my best students off into engineering schools by telling them how much fun they'll have and how much money they can make!

RECOLLECTIONS

I read over my little notebook pages (a diary of sorts) and I discovered

that my biggest concerns at A&M seemed to be who I was seeing at night and how much bridge I could sneak in at lunch and during off hours. What a time!

I remember having found three good friends my first afternoon at A&M--Beverly Ingram, Janis Van Pelt, and Wilke English. We became the Sheik and his Harem--we picked up Clyde the Camel (Cliff Atherton) soon thereafter. We branched out after those first few days, but it was nice to stay close to those first friends during the six weeks stay. I wish now that I had gotten to know more of the other students in the group better.

Beverly Ingram memorized the names of all the students, where they came from, their schools, etc. I was flabbergasted! She literally radiated "valedictorianism". She was, however, the most charming "brain" I had ever met.

I remember Sbisa, the dining hall. I thought it was so neat that I could dispense my own copious amounts of coffee, orange juice, and chocolate milk for breakfast. I also remember having to give up breakfast in order to sleep later in the morning before that 7:30 AM class.

I remember our very first field trip and sitting on a steep river bank sifting through black dirt to find broken pieces of old shells and loving every minute of it. I also remember finding my first trilobite--those trilobites have been with me and with my daughter at school for many show and tell sessions. They also graced the mantle of my first home. My salt crystal has enthralled my chemistry classes. The students are really in awe of such a large crystal.

I recall very little about the classroom and lab. I must have learned the names of those rocks, minerals, and fossils well, because four years later at U of H it didn't take me five minutes to relearn them in Geo lab.

One of my fondest memories was the dip in the Perdenales River on the way home from Oklahoma. We went in in our cut-offs and got back on the bus wet and cool and happy. I also remember discovering the "fourth" floor of the Hotel Llano with a friend. Guess what! When I was at U of H, I took geology and went on a weekend field trip. We went to the Llano Hotel--yes we did--and I was assigned to the SAME ROOM I stayed in with NSF! Isn't that a real kick? Deja vu? Whatever--it was such a neat feeling.

In retrospect, my real interest in this trip was not geology. It was freedom! Those were probably the best six weeks of my life. Words cannot describe how sad I feel now, remembering the freedom we had to have fun. A&M was such a lark for me!

What more can I say? The whole six weeks was great!

MILTON SAMUEL (SAM) SHAW

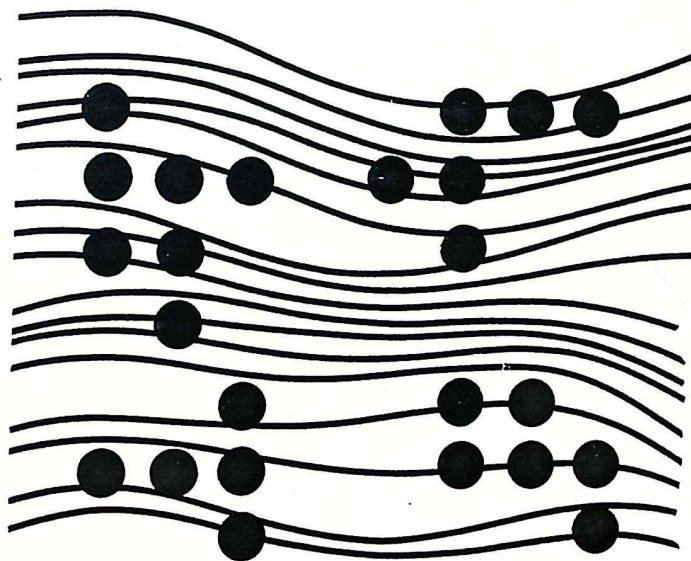
701 Gloria Drive
Seguin
Texas 78155

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Seguin, Texas

The above address was supplied by Annette Citzler, who is currently a resident of Seguin. However, neither she nor I have been able to confirm that the Sam Shaw living there is the same one we knew at A&M. My letters didn't come back and I never received a denial, but neither did I ever receive a confirmation. Telephone calls by Annette were also unsuccessful in reaching anyone.

There is a cataloging record in a national library database for a publication by a "Milton Samuel Shaw", who was apparently working at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in 1978 or thereabouts. The topic was chemical in nature, and I seem to remember Sam's interest was in chemistry; I'd be surprised if this wasn't the same person.



DENNIS LEIGH SHIPMAN

R.R. 1, Box 77
Barrett
Minnesota 56311

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Barrett, Minnesota

EMPLOYMENT

Design engineer for contract houses.



GARY LYNN SORENSON

2405 Faulkner
College Station
Texas 77840
409-693-7462

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Bryan, Texas

EDUCATION

B.S. in Civil Engineering, 1971 - Texas A&M University, College Station
M.S. in Civil Engineering/Urban Planning, 1971 - Texas A&M University
D.E.D. (Doctor of Environmental Design in Landscape Architecture), 1975 -
Texas A&M University

Masters Thesis: "Effect of the Sequence of Land Development on the
Property Valuation and Taxation in Bryan, Texas"

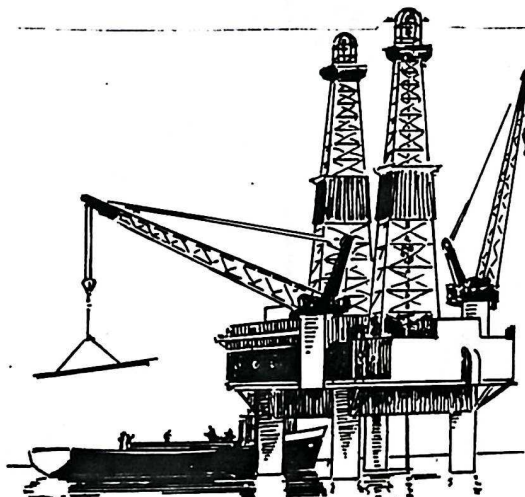
Dissertation: "The Architecture of Golf"

EMPLOYMENT

In order, from 1972: Environmental Engineer; Landscape Contractor;
Lecturer in Engineering Materials, Texas A&M; Principal Investigator on
Earthshelter Research Program, Texas Engineering Experiment Station, College
Station; Assistant Professor, School of Architecture, University of Tennessee
at Knoxville; President, Sorenson Company, College Station; Land Planner;
Golf Course Architect.

BIOGRAPHY

Married, two children, veteran.



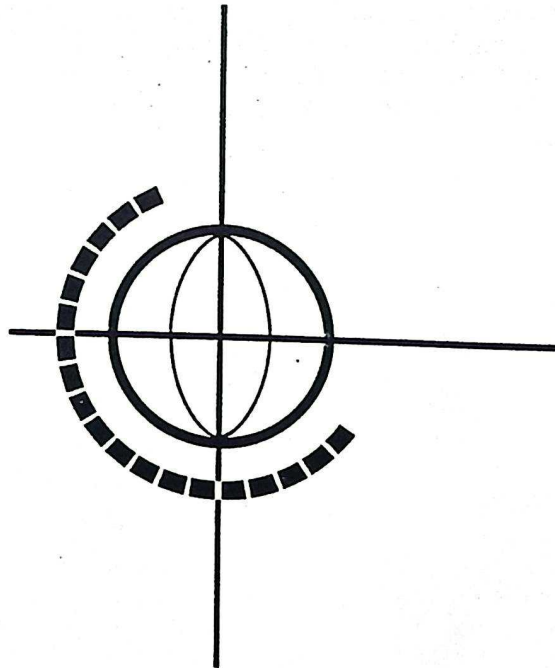
JOHN ALVIN STOCKHOFF

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Greenville, Texas

John died in the spring of 1968 while attending Texas A&M University as a pre-med major.

Let us especially remember John in our thoughts and prayers, as we share with one another our recollections of our summer together.

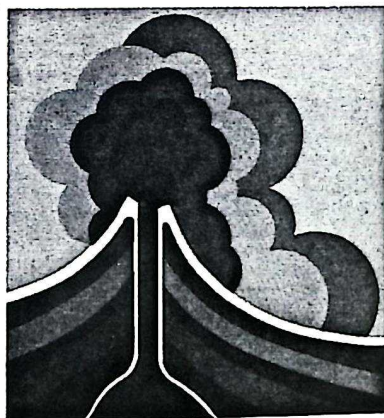


JANICE ELAINE TUREK

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Bryan, Texas

I was unable to trace Janice. Mail sent to her old home address was returned. An inquiry made to her high school revealed that she attended Texas A&M University, but a further inquiry to the A&M alumni office turned up nothing. Their records do not indicate that Janice graduated from A&M--perhaps she transferred to another school. Her name did not appear in any of the directories or databases to which I have access, though if she married, I obviously wasn't looking under the correct name.



JANIS DALE VAN PELT

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Ventura, California

I was unable to trace Janis, despite considerable effort. I did learn that about fifteen years ago her family moved to Kayesville, Utah, and then later to Price, Utah. Even though these are fairly small places, I couldn't come up with any additional leads as to what became of the Van Pelts after they left Price. An inquiry made to her high school in hopes of finding out where she went to college was not answered. Her name did not appear in any of the directories or databases to which I have access, though if she married, I obviously wasn't looking under the correct name.



JANE DEBRA WECHSLER (HOLEYWELL)

2410 Skyview Drive
Richardson
Texas 75080

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Freeport, New York

EDUCATION

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York, 1967 - 1968
University of Texas, Austin, 1968 - 1969
B.S., Texas A&M University, College Station, 1971

EMPLOYMENT

Taught 8th grade earth sciences, Providence, R.I., 1971 - 1973
Various positions, Burroughs Corporation, 1973 - 1980

BIOGRAPHY

Roger and I kept in touch throughout our senior year in high school and freshman year in college, visiting each other several times (a not inexpensive proposition, we might add!). At any rate, I became unhappy with the convent-like atmosphere of an all-girls school and transferred to UT-Austin, while Roger stayed at TAMU. In November 1968 Roger gave me an engagement ring (much to the consternation of Professor and Mrs. Smith), and we were married in August 1969. So, I transferred colleges again, and we both graduated from TAMU in June 1971. It's hard for me to believe that we will have been married 17 years this August!

Roger received an NSF Fellowship to study geology at Brown University, so we moved to Providence, R.I., in September 1971. While there, I taught 8th grade earth sciences, until in June 1973 Roger received his masters degree and took his first job with Diamond Shamrock Oil and Gas Company in Amarillo, where we lived from June 1973 til March 1976. People make jokes about Amarillo, but we loved it there: the climate is delightful (except for a few weeks of tornadoes and storms in the spring), it's almost crime-free, and we enjoyed the scenery. We would enjoy moving back there. While there, I went to work for the Burroughs Corporation as a branch administrative manager.

Diamond Shamrock transferred us to Houston, where we lived for eighteen months, until Roger joined Texas Oil and Gas Company in September 1977, which necessitated a move to Dallas. They transferred us to Shreveport in January 1980, where we stayed for 22 months. In May 1982 they moved us back to Dallas, where we've been for four years--the longest we've lived in any one place since we were married! Sometimes I feel as though I've moved as much as any wife in the military, but I've always made it a point to enjoy the town in which we lived. Someday, I'll write a bestselling personal improvement book on how to survive moving and massive changes in environment and lifestyle!

I was fortunate, though, that each time Roger made a career move, I was able to advance with Burroughs also.

While we were in Shreveport, Roger and I had a red-headed baby girl named Kathryn Rebecca, born in 1980. She has a red-headed brother, Ryan Madden, born this past winter. I quit working for Burroughs when Kathryn was born, and I am enjoying being a full-time wife and mom. Roger is the Corporate Exploration Manager for Texas Oil and Gas.

RECOLLECTIONS

Getting to College Station from Freeport, New York was an experience in itself, as I had never flown in an airplane before. This was back in the days when people GOT DRESSED UP when they took plane trips! So there I was, as uncomfortable as could be, in a dress, stockings (before pantyhose), etc. on a Braniff jet. Donna Werley and I had flown down together, and it had been wonderful--smooth, quiet, and fast, utterly sleek and modern like all the ads portrayed. I hadn't experienced any discomfort and felt very smug about having lunch, once we landed in Dallas. I ordered a hamburger, expecting to be served a circle of ground meat on a bun, ala New York. Imagine my surprise when the waitress brought out the round chopped meat hidden under a pile of lettuce, tomato, mayo, ketchup, mustard, and pickles! It seemed strange!

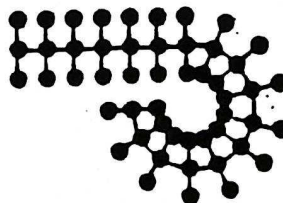
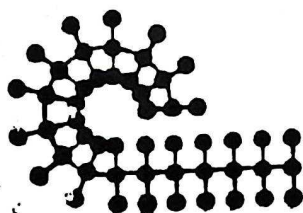
Well, soon after lunch, we got on a Trans Texas Airlines plane. I knew something was peculiar when they didn't roll the jetway up to the door, but rather I had to stagger across the tarmac that was melting in the Texas afternoon sun, and climb up a rolling staircase. I also knew something was amiss when it dawned on me that this was not a jet, but rather a DC-3 propeller plane without air-conditioning! I could begin to feel my hamburger coming up for a return trip--and we hadn't even left the ground yet!

The temperature inside the plane must've been close to 90 degrees, and I was roasting in my travel clothes. In addition, thunderstorms had started, so the humidity was high. As we flew through the storms, the little plane bounced all over the sky, and I was starting to feel nauseous. The plane soon landed in Waco, and I was ready to get off, since I naively thought that this must be College Station. The stewardess informed me, rather curtly since she, too, looked somewhat nauseated, that this was not the place, so I sat down again. Well, the little plane took off again, and this time it was vibrating and shaking and bouncing all over the sky, as it went through the afternoon thunderstorms. I felt so sick, I thought I would vomit--a rather embarrassing situation for a high school student. As a matter of fact, I could hear the stewardess retching in the back of the plane! Well, finally we landed again, and again I tried to deplane--only to be informed by the ashen stewardess that this was not the place either, but rather Temple, Texas, and to sit down. At this point, I was hoping to be put out of my misery, but off we went again. I can't describe how sick and generally trashed out I felt. I wanted to die and/or vomit, but it wasn't to be. Finally, the plane landed and I just sat there. At last the stewardess staggered up to me with a bag at her mouth to inform me that THIS was Easterwood Airport and THIS was College Station and THIS was where I got off. I ran off the plane in such a hurry that I left my new raincoat in the overhead rack. To this day, I try to avoid flying on summer afternoons!

Some of the things that come to mind most about the NSF program was our Saturday outings in the back of Prof. Smith's white Chevy pickup. As I'm sure you remember, the TAMU laundry did all the male clothes but apparently they were not able to handle female clothing. So Mr. Smith would load everybody into the back of his open pickup and take the girls and their laundry to a shopping center that had a Sears and a laundromat. First of all, pickups were non-existent in New York 20 years ago. Secondly, it was quite crowded in the back of that pickup with all the NSF group and all the piles of laundry. I also remember that it was much like being let out of prison! After all, we spent the entire week on the TAMU campus, closely supervised, and here was freedom handed to us in the form of a strip shopping center on Highway 6 in Bryan-College Station. I also remember that even though the TAMU laundry did the boys' clothes, Roger always had a few items for me to wash and dry, which was fine with me. What totally embarrassed me, though, was to have him standing there watching me fold my panties, slips, bras, nighties, etc.

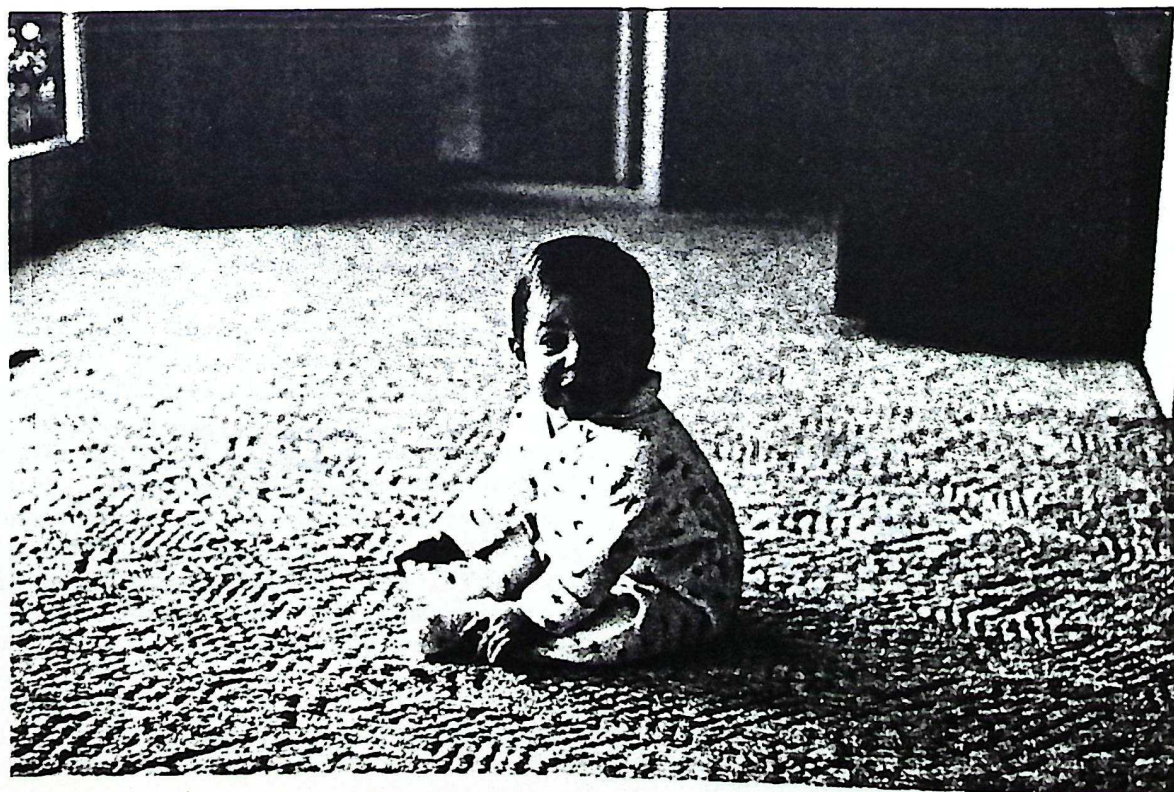
There are so many little memories of the NSF program. I remember that Mrs. Smith had a little tiny dog, some kind of mini-dog that she exhaled her cigarette smoke over. We all wondered if that dog would die of lung cancer one day. I also remember, as I'm sure most of the girls do, the lack of ladies rest rooms in most of the buildings. I remember this LONG bus trip that we took up to Glen Rose, Ardmore, Oklahoma, and through Llano. (Interestingly enough, we took our daughter Kathryn to Glen Rose last year, and it has changed a lot in twenty years!) I remember the new and "unusual" foods that I got to taste: chicken fried steak (in New York no one fried steak); Fresca (it had just come on the market); and the whole Mexican food menu. Those foods seemed so exotic then! Roger tells me he remembers that every afternoon, after the laboratories, he would go over to the MSC for a hamburger! I also remember the old un-air-conditioned library that we had to use, and that each of us was required to do a report on the geology of our home town. I also remember that Mr. Smith used to seat us in class in order based on our class performance--and for the first time in my scholastic career, I was in the back row at the bottom of the class.

What I remember the most is that at the end of the NSF program, it seemed as though Prof. Smith was actively trying to recruit us to attend TAMU. I can remember thinking that it would be a cold day in hell before I would go to college at TAMU! What is truly remarkable is that not only did I graduate from there, but I am proud of it--and I would be proud for Kathryn and Ryan to attend college there, too.





"Future Geologists" Kathryn Rebecca Holeywell, age 5½ years, and Ryan Madden Holeywell, age 5 months. The original pictures are in color; I wish you all could see the beautiful red hair these children have! Our congratulations to Roger and Jane for a pair of fine offspring. Who knows? Maybe they'll be doing their geological field trips on the moon or Mars. If so, they sure won't get there in a school bus!



DONNA ELIZABETH WERLEY

HOMETOWN IN 1966

Middletown, New York

I was unable to trace Donna. Mail sent to her old home address was returned, unable to be forwarded. An inquiry made to her high school also turned up nothing, as I never received an answer. Her name did not appear in any of the directories or databases to which I have access, though if she married, I obviously wasn't looking under the correct name.



Morton Salt Mine, Grand Saline, Texas

are in fact out there somewhere and probably would be just as excited and happy as you were to participate--if only they had known.

Well, the Universe moves in mysterious ways and some things just seem destined not to be. Maybe someday those I couldn't find will come looking for me or for one of you and discover (or rediscover) the friendship we've shared here.

I daren't promise you another "reunion" in five or ten or however many more years--maybe one of you will be braver than I. But, if you like, I'll be happy to offer my mailbox as a clearinghouse for future changes of address among us all. Whenever you move, drop me a card and I'll keep your address on file--in case someone, someday wonders "What became of old so-and-so"! And if I should move, inquire after me through the General Office, Alderman Library, University of Virginia, or through Wesley Memorial United Methodist Church, 1901 Thomson Road, Charlottesville, VA, and your inquiry will probably find me eventually.

You know, it's strange but I don't actually remember leaving A&M that magical summer. Maybe a part of me is--and always will be--still there! I remember preparing to leave and I remember changing planes in Houston and flying back to Memphis. But actually moving out of Dorm 14 and going to the College Station airport; catching the rattle-trap plane and flying to Houston--nope. It's all a blank. I didn't want to leave--or say good-bye. I was having too much fun.

Now, twenty years later, I still don't want to say good-bye, I don't want to put down my pen or turn off my typewriter and mail this memento, even though I must. I guess that's a pretty good sign that the search for the elusive ammonite was all worthwhile--then and now. Many thanks to each of you. May your fossils never fracture, may your slopes be always gentle, and may your fault zones all be few. Au revoir and best wishes always!

Fred

