

THE TIES THAT BIND



**OREN RENICK
RANDALL OSBORNE
MEGAN HAMID**

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Title: adapted from the evangelical hymn, "Blest be the Tie," by John Fawcett, 1740-1817, and the hymn's first line which reads in part, "Blest be the tie which binds Our hearts..."

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Footnotes have been left out after the pattern of Shelby Foote and others. A reference list has been provided.

For the Reverend Dr. William Penn Davis
His Brother's Brother

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THE TIES THAT BIND

First Edition

Forward

I enjoy stories, both hearing and telling. May I participate? Allow me to tell you briefly the story of my shotgun. Yes, I admit to begin a gun owner, a risky admission to youth, whose experience with guns is only violence, of which Columbine is the immediately recognizable symbol. This shotgun is my dad's. When I was a boy, he carried it when he took me on several memorable "hunting trips," which would be considered unsuccessful by any respectable hunter since we seldom killed any birds or animals. You see, my father's idea of "hunting" was unique. He chose to walk only easy trails, avoiding close-growing trees with face-slapping branches and brambles with thorns, which is where the quail were. Years later I realized that while he humored me by taking me "hunting," his preference was really to walk in the woods, smoking his pipe, enjoying both nature and his son.

Years later, all three sons, one by one, went "hunting" with me. None of them are hunters and none own guns. But, ironically, one of them may want this shotgun someday anyway.

Greg might want it, simply to pass it and its legacy to his son, Josh. Or David might want it. At age eleven, on the way home from a "hunting trip" in Colorado, tired Dave said, "Dad, I'm not ready for this day to end." He was not talking about killing birds. It appeared to matter less to him than to me that we had failed miserably at that. Or, Paul might want it. Paul wrote this book I hold in my hand, titled The Spirit of the Soil (Routledge, New York and London, 1995). It is dedicated, "To my father, Richard E. Thompson, who took me out of doors to the plains and mountains of Eastern Colorado, which is where much of this really got started."

Oh, did I tell you? The shotgun has not been fired in years and I own no shotgun shells. And it is not a valuable antique. This shotgun's true value is as a symbol of bilateral intergenerational respect and communication.

This brilliantly simple book deserves to be widely publicized and its techniques widely discovered and rehearsed. Hidden within its pages for us to discover are truly new intergenerational approaches to today's most troubling problems. Which problems, you ask? The second example that comes to mind is health care for all ages. The first example that comes to mind is gun safety.

Richard E. Thompson, MD

Author of On Beyond Compliance: Thinking Inside a Brand New Box. ACPE, Tampa. 2001.

Introduction to the First Edition

by Carl Dolezal, MAP Program Director (1998 - 1999)

Nestled at the gateway to the Texas Hill Country is the community of San Marcos, centrally located between San Antonio and Austin. The town takes pride in its rich history, natural beauty, and fine institutions of learning (Southwest Texas State University and the San Marcos Independent School District). Although growing, San Marcos still maintains its small-town charm and traditions; however, the most important resources of the community are the individuals, both young and old, who call San Marcos home.

For the past couple of years students from the Southwest Texas State University (SWT) have helped to supplement the local Meals-on-Wheels program. The drivers for Meals-on-Wheels were typically elderly volunteers who had some degree of challenge to both drive the route and then deliver the meals. When needed, student volunteers from Southwest Texas State University serve as "runners" to deliver the meal to the recipient so that the volunteer driver can concentrate on the next stop in the route. This teamwork approach has significantly decreased the delivery time and has helped to increase intergenerational interaction between the student and the driver.

Though this arrangement has proved successful, volunteers still reported that time constraints prevented them from responding to requests from the meal recipients for assistance with things inside the house. Routine tasks such as replacing a light bulb, light house cleaning or repair, and invitations for friendly visits were among the typical requests. Sensing a need for more services, Dr. Oren Renick, a Southwest Texas State University professor, applied for and received two grants to respond to these needs.

Two funding agencies, the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation and the Institute for Quality Improvement in Long-Term Care agreed to support Dr. Renick's proposed program, the Mutual Adoption Pact (MAP). One of the goals of the MAP

program is to serve the elderly and disabled in the San Marcos community. Another goal is to bridge the intergenerational gap between the elderly and the youth in our community.

Through the Mutual Adoption Pact program, volunteers provide services such as light transportation, grocery shopping, friendly visits, telephone calls, correspondence, light housekeeping, and light house maintenance to the elderly and disabled in the San Marcos community. Volunteers typically serve on teams which serve or “adopt” an individual in need. The teams are often composed of both adult and student volunteers, making them intergenerational as well. The MAP program has worked well, and the care recipient often becomes, in effect, a member of the volunteer team’s family.

However, the Mutual Adoption Pact program was not without its challenges. One such challenge was to somehow get the high school students, who had expressed an interest in participating in the program, involved. This challenge stemmed from working around the hectic schedules of active high school students who often lack a convenient means of transportation.

During a Martin Luther King, Jr., Day dialogue between the students and several community leaders which took place at the Mitchell Center (a community center located in the heart of the community). The students wanted to come up with a project that would take a year to complete, and would address some of the issues of bias and prejudice that occurred or were occurring in the San Marcos community. Exploring the history of the San Marcos community seemed to be a logical starting point. The easiest way to investigate the history of the community was to speak with the people who had lived and experienced its history first hand—the elderly in our community.

The project director spoke with Dr. Renick, Dr. Jager (a retired SWT history professor), Betty Harris (the SMHS Umoja sponsor), and Virginia Witte (the SMHS Explorer’s Outpost sponsor) regarding the planning of a history sharing project. It was decided to plan a project where high school students would conduct interviews of people who had spent a majority of their

lives in San Marcos, in order to investigate events and beliefs which helped to shape the community.

A book, Oral History for Texans by Thomas L. Charlton, was helpful in planning the project. Bob Baxter, a representative from the Texas Department of Health and Human Resources Adopt a Nursing Home Program, was invited to a training session at the Mitchell Center with several of the SMHS History Sharing Project participants. The meeting included free food and a sensory awareness deprivation activity designed to demonstrate how it feels to live with the after effects of a stroke or significant loss in hearing, seeing, or feeling. During the meeting he discussed several important steps for the project, including the use of a pre-written interview format, the use of tape recorders, supplementing the recorders with notes, and the use of an interview agreement so the MAP Program would have ownership and control of all materials. At the conclusion of the meeting, it was decided that we would design a question format for all students to use as an interview guide (see appendix 2), strive for an initial goal of eighteen interviews, and place all of the interviews into a collection or book.

Since we needed enough interviews to create substance for the book, but not so many that it was unmanageable, it was decided that fifteen interviews would be an ideal number. In order to ensure that we reached the original goal of fifteen interviews, the number was increased to eighteen, just in case we fell short.

The interview guideline was not designed to be followed in a strict or rigid fashion, but instead to help guide the interviewers along should they experience any difficulties. A single page designed to collect routine information such as name, date of birth, and past occupation, was used to ensure the collection of certain facts. A second page was provided to serve more as a guideline to help collect more personal information as the interview proceeded. Students were allowed and encouraged to ask their own questions and to allow the interviewee to elaborate and provide as much information as they desired, given the time allowed. Most of the students found the forms very helpful.

Dr. Renick then suggested that we also have students and interviewees sign a form that assigned ownership of all write-up materials to the Mutual Adoption Pact to minimize questions concerning ownership and keep all materials accessible to the project for any future use (see appendix 1). The form Dr. Renick drafted for this purpose was patterned after the release form in Charlton's Oral History for Texans.

Because each interview required the use of a tape recorder, blank tape, batteries, question format, and permission form, we placed these materials into an interview packet to ensure that all were available during the interview. To further promote smooth operation, we included an extra set of batteries and extra blank tape in all the packets.

Following the initial training meeting in March of 1998, it was decided that it would be ideal to identify individuals in the community and then arrange for the interviews to take place during the summer. In hindsight, both of these decisions were mistakes. Identifying individuals in the community, while it may seem to be an easy task, is quite difficult. We relied on leaders of senior organizations and other members of the community to suggest potential subjects to interview, but when we approached the potential interviewees, most were uncomfortable with the idea. The most common reason for their hesitation was that they did not know who we were and were afraid that we were trying to somehow take advantage of them. The attempt to hold the interviews during the summer also proved to be a challenge. Most of the high school students were travelling with their families, attending camps, or working, so interviews did not conveniently fit into the schedule. Only three interviews occurred over the entire summer break.

After a relatively unsuccessful summer, we knew that a different strategy was needed to complete the project. We decided to approach the advisors for the Explorer's and Umoja student organizations for help. Through their suggestions, we allowed and encouraged the students to identify individuals to interview. The only requirement was that the interviewee had lived a major-

ity of his or her life in the San Marcos area. In most instances the students chose a grandparent or family friend to interview. Because the student was usually familiar to the interviewee, any feelings of insecurity that the interviewees had previously felt were greatly reduced. In addition to encouraging the students to identify individuals to interview, we offered free t-shirts to all students who completed the write-ups, and also offered the student organizations \$150 as a fund-raiser for completing their share of the write-ups.

An editor was needed to help format and edit the book to ensure the construction of a quality product. Because we were working with a tight budget, we approached Southwest Texas State University and decided to offer a graduate-level scholarship to a student who was willing and able to perform these tasks. Due to the fact that we were primarily working with high school students, it was necessary that the editor have the desire and patience to work with them. We were fortunate to have Ernie Tsacalis recommended to us by a professor from the SWT English Department.

Because we were working on a tight schedule to meet our Martin Luther King Day deadline, it was necessary to regularly attend meetings with the student advisors and student organizations so that students were encouraged and motivation was maintained. We also hosted two writing days at the Mitchell Center where the students could use the computers and receive assistance from the editor. We offered free pizza and cokes as motivation to attend. The session was well attended and helped to increase the number of pieces collected.

The editor suggested that we add several things to the book to help make it more complete. One was that we precede each write up with a biography of the student-interviewer. The second suggestion was that we include photographs of the students and the individuals we interviewed. Both suggestions were well received, and steps were taken to collect the materials from students.

By late November, we had collected a total of twenty-two

interviews, seven more than our original goal of eighteen. The completion of the project relied on the combined efforts of all the students, interviewees, the student organization advisors, the editor, several community leaders, and the Mutual Adoption Pact staff.

Several challenges arose during this project. One was that many of the write-ups had been handwritten or returned with no computer diskette. This made it difficult for the editor to proofread and place into the book. To help solve this problem, several volunteers helped to enter the write-ups into a computer format. Another challenge was that many students did not have the permission forms signed by their interviewees. Because the suggestion to have the book include pictures of students with the individuals they interviewed came after many of the interviews had been completed, the permission forms could be conveniently signed when the pictures were taken. Another challenge arose when some tapes were misplaced or ruined. This created a problem for the editor, because he had difficulty verifying some of the information placed in the write-ups.

Perhaps the biggest challenge to the students during this project was placing the interview information into a write-up format to turn in to the editor. The editor suggested transcribing the interview from tape to a readable format first, so that all information was readily available. Students who followed this suggestion generally had less trouble composing the write-up. By turning the transcription and the write-up over to the editor, the proofreading process was greatly eased as well. Students who did not transcribe the interview usually had more difficulty composing the write-up, which resulted in less information presented in a more choppy format.

This project was designed to be a work in progress-- we intend to continue the collection of interviews of seniors in our community for many years to come. It is hoped that the project will continue to grow and improve with time. We have already discussed ways to refine the material collection process. By requiring that the permission form, write-up, and tape be returned at the same time, we might be able to eliminate confusion and

improve efficiency and use of time. It would also be ideal if we could let the students, as a group, determine what questions they would like to ask. This would give them greater ownership and participation in the project. Students who had their parents help them with the write-up had less difficulty. It would be ideal to increase parental involvement in the project, both to help the student with the write-up, and to maintain motivation.

The majority of the students had very favorable comments regarding the project. All seemed to really enjoy the interaction with the interviewee. The seniors in the community also enjoyed the project -- many seniors not yet interviewed have asked when they might be given this opportunity. Most importantly, several friendships have resulted from this project. One of the college students who participated in the project was forced to move just after the Flood of 1998. The student had no bed and needed assistance moving. Her interviewee arranged for a bed to be delivered from Austin, because all local beds had been purchased by the Red Cross, and insisted that the bed be received as a gift. They have met several times since, and often prepare meals for each other.

The elderly are a valuable resource often underutilized by their communities. This project gave the elderly an opportunity to contribute to the community again. It also gave students an opportunity to view their community from a new perspective. Through this project we have all learned a great amount about the events and individuals who helped shape San Marcos. We hope the students now recognize how much they have in common with the elderly and continue to revisit and cherish this most valuable resource.



Amanda Jones conducted this interview the summer after she graduated from San Marcos High School. She was the valedictorian of her class. In San Marcos, Amanda impressed all with her passion for learning and artistic flair. She currently attends Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts.

San Marcos Through the Eyes of Wren Ansell Giesen: Twentieth Century Changes

by Amanda Jones

At 832 West Hopkins Street, on May 12, 1917, Mrs. Wren Ansell Giesen was born. Through the course of eighty-two years, this house's setting, San Marcos, has transformed completely: the dirt carriage route is now paved, the site of incessant speedy traffic, and the population and industries of San Marcos have grown and metamorphosed tremendously. Yet as Mrs. Giesen drives by her birthplace, she observes that this two-story white house with the large front porch still looks exactly the same.

Hopkins Street has always been the "Main Street" of San Marcos. It was once the sole highway connecting Austin to San Antonio, and it was named Fort Street back then because it led to Fort Sam Houston. When Wren was growing up, just about all the houses were located in the area around that highway, in a section of town now known as the Historic District. Wren lived in several different houses in that area: 734 Belvin Street, a house which burned down in December of 1994; 323 West Hopkins Street, the first apartment building in town; and 1002 Belvin, a house whose second story was destroyed by fire.

During Mrs. Ansell's youth, the time between the two world wars, San Marcos was just a small town. She recalls how certain signals were recognized by everyone, connecting them all in their day-to-day activities:

"At noon in the summertime there was the [cottonseed] oil mill whistle, and that was how the kids that were out playing knew it was time to go home and eat lunch," Wren reminisces. Downtown there was a triangular piece of iron that hung on the Courthouse Square, and someone came and made this tremendous clanging noise Everyone knew it was noon, so a lot of them would even close their stores and go home to eat." As far as I know, it still hangs there, merely a reminder of lunchtimes past.

A signal widely recognized by teenagers of that generation was the whistle of the 10:10 train. "If you were a teenager and

you were with a group or out on a date . . . you had to be home by 10:30, so the 10:10 train was a signal to head for home.”

Mrs. Giesen attributes this dependence on noises to the fact that most people didn’t wear watches. “If they did, they were not like Timex,” she said with a playful smile. “They were usually pretty, but they would just work for a little while, and that was the end of it.”

Some people say that it is impossible to remember or dream of a smell. But Wren’s memories include many aromas. “They made Southern Blend Coffee,” in a building just one block downhill from the Square. It always smelled so good in the summertime. And then everybody had sweet peas . . . growing in their yards, and those smelled *so good*.” She also remembers that cotton was one of the town’s most successful industries, and, in the summertime, one could frequently catch the pleasant smell of cottonseed oil drifting through the streets. “I just can’t describe that aroma. It’s not quite like anything else. But the next time you see a field of cotton (because, you know, they still grow a lot of cotton around here), just pick off a boll and crush it with a rock, and you’ll smell it.”

Memories of summer, for Mrs. Giesen, are closely tied to the river. While there have been times when the river was not used so much for recreation, Wren attests that as she was growing up, her generation lived on the river. The most popular spot on the San Marcos River was near what is now known as Rio Vista Park: “The whole area, from the falls up to the railroad bridge, was this wonderful park. Now that the city has it so broken up, and you have to park so far away, I really wonder if people see that really pretty part of the river. There’s an island there, and a concrete bridge that goes across to it.” This island still exists, located a little upriver from the San Marcos River Pub & Grill. If you’ve ever gone tubing down the river’s full length, you probably had to duck under that same foot bridge Mrs. Giesen used to cross in the days of her youth.

“Now that was in the days you wore a full bathing suit. The boys could not get away with [wearing] just trunks.” There-

fore, to safeguard San Marcos's upstanding morals, a woman named Mrs. Warner was hired. "Mrs. Warner had a megaphone, and if a city fellow came out of the bathhouse with just trunks on and nothing on at top, she would say, 'Young man? Young man? Come put a waistie on.' And she had some sort of undershirts that she would give 'em to wear, and of course they were hacked that they had to wear it, you know, because they didn't have to do it anywhere else, but they did in San Marcos."

What is remarkable about Mrs. Wren Ansell Giesen is her career-oriented independence and, simultaneously, her devotion to family. Fresh out of high school, she attended Southwest Texas State University when it was mostly a teacher's college. Though she never intended to be a teacher, she realized the importance of a college education. She graduated after only three years of intense study, and in January of 1938, she moved to College Station, to work for the Federal Government at Texas A&M. Her job was in publicity, writing newspaper articles and radio scripts for a farm program.

"See, that was right after the Depression, so, in Texas, the main industry was agriculture It's hard to see the difference in the way the industry's developed and things have been commercialized, but it used to be [that] the land was really the basis for everybody's occupation."

After six years with that job, she returned to San Marcos to care for mother and sister. But she continued working, now in the area of personnel management at Gary Air Force Base. The base was mainly used for helicopter and small aircraft training during the war. It closed at the end of WWII, leading Mrs. Giesen to find work at the Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio. This pattern of moving to and from San Marcos from other locations in the region continued for much of life because of her family's needs and employment opportunities. In 1962, she married William Walter Giesen, whom she had known all her life (their families had lived within a block of each other while they were growing up), but the marriage was sadly short-lived. She lost Mr. Giesen to lung cancer just five years after the wedding.

Mrs. Giesen knew well how to support herself, and continued to work. She worked at her alma mater for 17 years. "Most of it was half-time work . . . taking the summers off, so that was a really great opportunity for me to start traveling." So, except for when she has been visiting various locations in Europe, Asia, and the Pacific, she has continuously lived in San Marcos, since 1961.

Mrs. Giesen witnessed many changes in the town. She recalls certain people who were especially important in San Marcos's history. "There was a man named A. B. Rogers who really did a lot of development in San Marcos." Rogers owned a furniture store and a funeral home, which would become the Pennington Funeral Home. It used to be located one block northeast of the Courthouse, where Diversions Game Room now stands.

"I don't think he started out with a lot of money," Wren said, but he used his business success to do great things for the city. "He acquired the 'Wonder Cave' . . . then he built the Spring Lake Hotel," located on Aquarena Springs. A.B. Rogers also developed the park land by the San Marcos River. In addition, Mrs. Giesen attests that "[he] was always in charge of the Hays County Fair." His son, Paul Rogers, was responsible for making Aquarena Springs an amusement park featuring an underwater theater.

While Wren was of the first generation of her family to be born in San Marcos, her husband's local roots ran much deeper. Both of his grandfathers were prominent figures in the area. One grandfather, Ed J. L. Green, was a founder of the First National Bank. The grandfather on the Giesen side was a member of the State Legislature, and both men served on the Board for SWT, back when it was still called the Normal School. Mrs. Giesen mentioned, with a tinge of regret, that if her husband were still alive, he would have many more stories to tell about early San Marcos.

However, she has witnessed many changes within the college. As she first knew it, SWT consisted of just a few buildings on the hill where "Old Main" still stands. This hill, now covered with many university buildings, divides one of the town's main

roads into North LBJ Drive and South LBJ Drive. But originally, LBJ Drive ran right over that hill.

"The hill was covered with very large houses, used as dormitories, and these were generally run by parents of students." She recalls that most of the growth of the college stemmed directly from Johnson's presidency and the fame it brought to SWT.

Immediately after [JFK was assassinated], and Lyndon was made President--the University had at that time . . . about 3000 students--the telephone started ringing. Every parent in the United States wanted their children to come to SWT so that they could be a politician . . . that made the University come alive." And as the college grew, so did San Marcos, trying to accommodate all the students rushing to SWT.

When asked if the many changes she has witnessed seem *overwhelming*, she responded in the negative: "I think it would be foolish [to regret development]. I see letters to the editor in the local paper resenting the recent talk about building new streets; . . . [these people want] an end to growth. Well, you don't sit around and anticipate the end of growth, because if you do, you're not going to be prepared. It's bound to grow." Mrs. Giesen has certainly seen enough in her life to understand this truth.



Jasmin Grabowski is a senior at San Marcos High School. She is an active member of the Greater Bethel Baptist Church, Umoja, and MAES. A member of her high school track team, Jasmin has also amassed several academic and community service awards including the Who's Who Among American High School Students, NAACP Participation Award, Women of History Award, and the Umoja Bridging the Gap Award. She hopes to study German at a Texas State University next year.

Natalie Pounds, a San Marcos High School junior, belongs to the Campus Improvement Team, Student Council, Umoja, MAES and the National Honor Society. She recently placed third in the Octathalon/Decatholon Regional Competition. She also serves as the president of her Church Youth Group and a member of the Usher Board at the Greater Bethel Baptist Church. A recipient of the Women in History Award and the Hugh O'Brian Leadership Award, Natalie, whose grades put her in the top ten percent of her class, hopes to major in Accounting with a minor in Theology at Baylor University.

Harvey Miller

by Jasmin Grabowski and Natalie Pounds

Mr. Harvey Miller has lived in San Marcos almost his entire life. He has contributed greatly to the San Marcos community, forming many organizations to help improve living conditions for all citizens. His investment has helped him gain honor and respect throughout San Marcos

Mr. Miller worked hard to give back to his community. In 1962, he established a Park Committee. After a few months, the committee had a park, which included a softball field and a tennis court. He even procured old uniforms from a white little league team and made them look professional. In the fall of that same year, Mr. Miller discovered that his idea of community spirit was not shared by all. He tried to enroll his three children (Chris, Linda, and Mittie) into the Carver School. Because of segregation, they were turned away immediately. After this, a lawsuit was filed in order to integrate local schools. A group of faculty members from Southwestern University were in agreement with the Miller family and integration was arranged.

In 1968, shortly after the death of Dr. Martin Luther King, Mr. Miller and some of his friends organized an organization called Bridgers. Their goal was to bridge the gap between different races and bring them together. At one point, Mr. Miller suggested they add a park to the old Colored Dunbar School. When the Council proposed a Parks and Recreation Center in January 1969, it was named the Dunbar Park. The program was a success, and later started a summer program for the first time, including a full-time Parks and Recreation Director. He also established the Juneteenth Festival which included the well-known Miss Juneteenth Pageant.

Although Mr. Miller was working at Gary Job Corps during the 1970s, he still took part in helping the Southside Center get their neighborhoods organized. In addition, he organized the

Dunbar Neighborhood Council. Mr. Miller also wrote the procedures and outlines for the Dunbar Political Action Committee, so Blacks could become involved in politics. Mr. Miller remained a known and revered community voice through the years, always standing for fairness and unity.

In 1977, an NAACP chapter was formed by Mr. Miller and Reverend Herman Foster because of problems at Gary Job Corps. Alvin Byas was appointed President, and Chris Banbury 1st Vice President. A.C. Sutton thought it better for none of the Gary staff to hold office. Brother Miller even organized the Freedom Fund Committee, of which he became Chairman. In 1995, he became chairman of the Advisory Board. His list of accomplishments goes on and on.

Mr. Miller has great respect for people and has shown that respect by honoring the dead and recognizing our heroes. In 1982, Miller joined the Cemetery Committee. The name was changed to Citizen Memorial Association. They kept the cemetery clean and tidy, and also participated in events and projects. He also created the John Orgain Award, an award that honors an outstanding citizen who has made a remarkable contribution to the community. He also wrote the guidelines for the Lizzie Grant Award, which would be presented annually to a local citizen who has made an outstanding contribution.

Besides, these recognitions of local heroes, Mr. Miller also took steps to honor and remember our regional and national heroes. One of his major contributions to San Marcos was naming Doris Miller Junior High School after a Navy messman, Doris Miller. He was the first African American to be awarded the Navy Cross for his heroism. Mr. Miller was also responsible for changing Timber Street to Martin Luther King by writing an official request to the City Council.

Today, Mr. Harvey Miller and his wife Ava Belle Miller, both reside in San Marcos. They are active members of Greater Bethel Baptist Church. Mr. Miller's hard work and effort are

greatly appreciated by the community. He is still active today, and continues to help San Marcos flourish.



Nathan Rolfe, the son of Frank and Eugenia Rolfe, grew up on a small San Marcos ranch. At age eight, his house burned down and his grandfather died, all in the same year. In this desperate time, the community extended a helping hand. The San Marcos High School Shop Class helped his family frame their new house, and many people donated various items to help them get back on their feet. Nathan has always maintained an "A" average and currently belongs to the National Honor Society, Business Professionals of America, Spanish Club, and Band. His skill on the trombone recently earned him a spot in the All-Region Band. He hopes his audition for the All-State Band will prove equally successful.

Janellica Lucio is a straight "A" student who enjoys playing the piano and her trumpet. She belongs to the concert/marching band, mariachi band, and jazz band. Somehow Janellica balances her musical endeavors with a myriad of activities. She has held office in many organizations such as the Spanish Club, Student Council, and Business Professionals of America. A new member of the National Honor Society, Janellica is ready for more challenges in life.

Augustine Lucio

by Janellica Lucio and Nathan Rolfe

As I stare into the depths of his blue eyes that have witnessed seventy five years of life, I can't help but wonder what they have to offer to San Marcos history and history in general. Sometimes I watch these eyes survey the world and notice how much it has changed before them. The owner of these eyes has witnessed and experienced war, death, labor, economic crisis, and an evolution of events. All these events in turn have effected the small town of San Marcos, which has evolved into part of the fastest growing regions in the country. On November 27, 1922, a new life began, of a man who would defend our nation and take part in the development of the town of San Marcos. This man's name is Augustine Lucio Jr., my grandpa, a war hero and contributor to our town's foundation.

For seventy-five years this man has been a part of the San Marcos community. As immigrants from Mexico, his parents came to San Marcos as a place to start new lives. Once in San Marcos, destiny brought them together and they decided to raise a family of six; Augustine is the second of five boys and a girl.

Westover Country School is where Augustine Jr. began his education in September at age of nine. Many homes and two new schools are in the area where Westover was once located. He also attended another branch of the Westover School which was located where James Bowie Elementary lies today. After seventh grade at Westover, he had to attend a city school because seventh grade was as high as a country school could teach. Known in that day as Campus Elementary, the Education building at Southwest Texas State University was the city school where Augustine Jr. continued his education. While attending the Campus Elementary, he completed the ninth grade. High school began with tenth grade, but before he started the tenth grade, he dropped out of school in December of 1940 and enlisted in the Army on January 7, 1941.

The United States Army, Second Infantry Division, 23rd infantry regiment, company "L" is where he remained in the service for four years, four months, and eight days. At this point in time, World War II was about to get underway. Augustine went into combat during the D-Day invasion of Omaha Beach in Normandy, France. "World War II had an impact, not just on myself, but on the Nation and Society as a whole. It changed the way people used to live back in those days." This is Mr. Lucio's opinion about one of the most important historical events during his lifetime. As an agricultural society, Texas as well as San Marcos was affected greatly by the war. A trend began, as people started moving from rural to urban areas in search of constant wages. In response to the war, jobs were created in such areas as defense industries. As people moved to be closer to these jobs, the average way of life changed from farmer to factory worker. During this episode of great development, Augustine Jr. was in constant battle, with the exception of a few days, from June 6, 1944 to May 8, 1945. In recognition of his gallantry in battle, he was awarded the Silver Star. He also was awarded the Bronze Star for extraordinary heroism, the Purple Heart for receiving wounds during service, and a medal from the French Government called the French Cross de Guerre, for the liberation of France.

After his experience in the war, Augustine decided to educate himself in business administration by attending school part-time. With twenty-two credit hours in this field, he became eligible for jobs he otherwise couldn't get. This had a tremendous impact on his life and sparked his desire to promote education in San Marcos. He worked as a Quality Control Supervisor for the Air Force for twenty years, which gave him a total of 39 and a half years of service to the U.S. Military. The summation of this let him retire at age 55 and pursue his goals of reforming education.

Even before his first child began attending school, he was elected President of the PTA. When he ran for the School Board for the second time in 1964, he was elected. He served a three-year term and then was asked to serve a one-year appointment.

Then in 1971, he was asked to run again, and was elected. Over the next 12 years, he served 4 consecutive terms and held every office available on the Board. In total, he served on the Board for 19 years. There were significant changes that occurred during the administration of Augustine Lucio's years serving on the Board. Mr. Lucio recalls that between 1976 and 1991, the school established resource programs to aid students who had not mastered the English language. During the 1980's they started a bilingual program which was improved every year to the present day in the San Marcos school system. Other programs that were also founded in the education system were the Gifted and Talented program and several tutorial programs. "Education has not only been a concern, but a priority to the community of San Marcos" declares Augustine Lucio. During his terms everything the Board promoted for education was "accepted and supported by the community." Mr. Lucio thinks that San Marcos today "has the fruits of involvement of the parents as a whole" Many changes occurred during Lucio's time in office. Our education program today is changing over time to fit society's needs. New liberties will always be a necessity for a changing world such as driving cars to school, longer hours at school, and other things that exist today. But even though these did not exist during Augustine Lucio's early years of service on the school board and his years in school. These are just chain links to what the school as a policy making body and community representatives are faced with as it did in the past. The board also promotes policies that effect student's lives such as the controversial dress code and the uniform policy in which Lucio has made a difference in the liberty of wearing what we do today! Augustine Lucio has served longer than anyone on the school board. San Marcos's education system has improved immensely over the years. He was honored with a prestigious award by naming the high school library after Augustine Lucio. Mr. Lucio's views remain the same about education, and he is still motivated by the powers of education. "Education," Augustine Lucio states, "is something you earn and no one

can take away.” Education is the knowledge that will help students help themselves, their community, state, and nation. This was a major part in Mr. Lucio’s life as well as the development of San Marcos, and he will never forget it.

Many stories of interest revolve around San Marcos and its history. Augustine Lucio remembers people in San Marcos who were involved with the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. This organization not only haunted the nation but the town of San Marcos as well. He also remembers superstitions of ghosts and the legend of the “La llarona.” The “La llarona” was a lady that drowned her children, and as punishment, God made her look for them. As she looked for them around bodies of water, and she’d cry. Thus, she became known as the crying lady. This legend kept people from going out alone at night and was remembered as a scary story during his childhood.

These eyes of experience and maturity have seen three quarters of a century. They have witnessed historical events from the Great Depression to the second launch of John Glenn. Augustine Lucio is a historic figure of San Marcos’s past and present in the eyes of the young and old alike.

Virginia Greg

by Genesis McCoo

Virginia Greg has lived in San Marcos all of her life. She was born on December 24, 1917. She was a school teacher for 28 years and is now retired.

Virginia is 81 and looks good for her age. She is often called “Ginger” by her friends and family, receiving her name from the children in her family. She resides on Norcrest near Aquarena Springs. Her family originates from San Marcos. Both her mother and father lived here. Her mother just recently passed away in 1993. Virginia attended all of the early public schools here in San Marcos, including the original San Marcos High School building. She attended Southwest Texas State where she got her degrees in English and History. SWT has changed a lot since Virginia attended. “We walked everywhere, there wasn’t a cafeteria, so we took our lunches.” She remembers the hangout at the time called the “Bobcat”. After having three children, she went back to school to get her master’s and began to teach elementary school. She taught in the San Marcos School District for 23 years and the LaGrange School District for 5 years.

Virginia loves to travel with her husband Steve. “The greatest moment in my life was having my children,” she says with loving eyes. Her husband produced bombs during World War II. Virginia was teaching in the SMISD when the Supreme Court outlawed school segregation in 1954. Texas was one of the first states to begin integrating its schools that year. As far as Virginia knew, the San Marcos School District made its transition into integration rather smoothly. Virginia grew up with African-Americans, and two of her best friends were African-American.

Virginia, her daughter, and her granddaughter, are members of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas. Her late mother also belonged to this group. Her sons are in the chapter for men. The organization provides funding for scholarships for high school students. Virginia is also a member of the Brackenridge

Club, and the gardening club. She is a member of the Junior Sorosis. She belongs to the Methodist Church and is active in their missionary circle. She likes to play bridge at the Quail Creek Country Club where she is a member.

While in grade school, Virginia lived on Hopkins Street in the "Historic District." "The way schools are being run has changed a lot since I taught.." She continues, "Some of the changes have been for the best, others make me glad I no longer teach." But not much keeps Virginia down, "My friends didn't have much more than I did, some of them didn't have as much, we learned to adjust to it."

Virginia has two boys and a girl. Her son is president of the Art Institute in Houston, her other son is an engineer in Austin, and her daughter is a retired teacher. "Work hard and try to learn," are Virginia's words of wisdom. "It's so important these days".



Genesis Donyalle McCoo, the daughter of Fred and Joan McCoo, has lived in San Marcos for five years. She was born on Edwards Air Force Base in California on October 25, 1983. Her father was in the military for eight years, giving her the opportunity to live in a number of places. Born in California and raised in San Antonio, her family moved her here because of her mother's occupation. She lives with her mother, father and little brother Demetrius. A freshman at San Marcos High School, Genesis is the parliamentarian of Umoja and the secretary of the Freshman Student Council. She's also a member of NJHS (National Junior Honor Society), Gifted and Talented, and the Umoja Step Team. She plans on attending Spelman University in Atlanta, Georgia, majoring in engineering or dance. Although she's not initially from San Marcos, she enjoys learning more about it's citizens, history, and culture.



*Scarlett Browning, a high school senior, is originally from Roswell, New Mexico. She and her family have lived in San Marcos since 1990. She took interest in acting during the eighth grade and has studied both the production and performance of theater ever since. She most recently played the part of "Roxanne" in a production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. She plans to study public relations at Abilene Christian University in the Fall 1999.*

Ana Valdes is ranked in the top ten percent of her senior class at San Marcos High School. She plans to study accounting or international business at Texas A&M, following in the footsteps of her older sister and brother. Ana has participated in the local choir and helped her tennis team win the 1998 4A district championship and qualify for regionals. Ana remains active in the National Honor Society, Explorers, French Club, and Mexican-American Engineers and Scientists (MAES). Ana hopes to one day travel across the oceans of the world and meet different people and see different lands.

Mildred Harman Daniel

Interviewed by Scarlett Browning

Written by Ana Valdes

Mildred Daniel was born and reared in a small town named Shiro, Texas. Her father, A.C. Harman, was a farmer who later went into the grocery business, starting the only grocery store in town. "Over the weekends people from out of town would come to the grocery store and buy lots of goods like big 100 pound sacks of flour," Daniel fondly recalls. "Lots of children always filled the wagons."

The family later moved to Sutherland Springs, six or seven years later. She pauses to recall how, out of the family's five children, the three younger daughters, still at home, would swim almost everyday. "All the girls taught themselves to swim at early ages." The family next moved to a larger, more booming town named Hull, Texas. This is where she was to meet her future husband. Bill attended school with Mildred's older sister. Then, if you were a part of the younger elementary, you were required to walk home from school, unless the buses were not crowded. If not, they would pick up a few of the younger children. This is where they first met. "He thought I was kinda cute," Mrs. Daniel shyly replies, "and he would always stand and make room for us on the bus." When Mrs. Daniel was a little older, Bill phoned her one evening asking if she would like to attend a movie. Bill planned the date two weeks in advance, and for the next two weeks, she didn't hear from him at all but faithfully told other pursuers that she was already "taken." From Hull, she moved to Houston where she and William (Bill) Henry, married on July 22, 1936, raising one daughter, Lisa Daniel Feldman who is happily married, and a son named Bill Daniel. Both children were born in Houston.

The family transferred to San Marcos from Houston due to Bill's failing health, battling glaucoma. San Marcos's small, close knit community atmosphere combined with its prime location between San Antonio and Austin seemed perfect for his

condition, allowing him to live longer.

In Daniel's lifetime she has been granted the rare opportunities of visiting Europe (twice), Australia and Tahiti.

When asked if any events in San Marcos have impacted Daniel's life in any respect, she didn't really recall anything significantly effecting her locally but has learned that "there are nice people wherever you go." And that each individual guides his/her own future, and it can either make you or break you. Mrs. Daniel has always made it a goal to be friendly to everyone, and the people in San Marcos have made living in it so comfortable.

When asked if there was any particular story of interest she would like to contribute to the living history project, she responded:

"Well, I will say that we make our lives the way they are. I try to be happy and do a little good whenever I can. And though I have neglected going to church like I used to, I got ready to go last Sunday but there was no one to take us [the residents at the home]. But all through my childhood I have always attended church and Sunday school. I am a Methodist and go to that really pretty white church with the big steeple. I like all denominations. We have one black man here who is a Minister. He is a resident here and its nice because we have little services here and ... don't have to get into a car and go anywhere."

We have all been with people who complain. Daniel shuns people like that, and fortunately, most people she knows are not like that. She feels sorry for people like that because everyday should be considered a blessing, and we should thank God for the opportunity of breathing in a new day. Though Daniel never saved a child from a burning building, walked on the moon or found the cure for cancer, her view on life is truly inspirational. That she sees the world in such a positive way rejuvenates one's soul and reminds us that not everyone out there is bad. Wisdom truly comes with age. Her mother used to take three things to bed each night: the newspaper, a magazine, and her ever-present Bible. She used to wonder which one her mother would read first. Because her mother instilled such high morals in her, in the

form of a simple upbringing, Mildred became the kind and generous person she is today. She has always kept active in the Church, literary club, and other projects; she also raised a good family.

“People have feelings and with showing them it shows that you have a lot of empathy and compassion . . . never be ashamed of showing them.”



Robin Bagley is presently a junior at San Marcos High School. Besides serving as the parliamentarian for the Explorer Troop, she belongs to the Key Club and the National Honor Society. Robin has been a Varsity Cheerleader for two years and has played volleyball ever since seventh grade. This year she played on the Varsity squad and was elected a co-captain. She participates in off-season club volleyball and enjoys gymnastics.

My Paw Paw, Harley G. Laechelin

by Robin Bagley

My grandfather, Harley G. Laechelin, has lived in the San Marcos area for forty-one years. He worked for Entex Gas Company and was transferred to San Marcos from Hebronsville. After living in San Marcos for eleven years he retired, at the age of 60, to the San Marcos River in Staples and has enjoyed living there to this day.

My grandfather attended McQueeney Elementary School and graduated from Seguin High School in 1942. Soon after graduation, Paw Paw enlisted in the United States Army to serve his country in World War II. He was a member of the infantry in Germany. Being of German descent and able to speak German fluently, he also served as an interpreter. Even though he felt lucky to return home alive after witnessing so many deaths, he was again placed in training after serving in Europe. This training, in San Diego, California, prepared him for an invasion of Japan.

My grandfather believes the dropping of the atomic bomb saved his life. On their way to Japan in a cruiser, he and his fellow soldiers were informed that the atomic bomb had been dropped. The war was over. Upon hearing this news, all soldiers and crew members gathered on the top deck, knelt and prayed. He knows this bomb cost lives of many in Japan, but he also knows it saved the lives of many Americans who would have died in their attempt to invade Japan.



Ashley Johnson is a sophomore at San Marcos High School. She enjoys sports and music and someday hopes to own a hair salon. Her high school activities include Band, Track, Basketball and Umoja. She is just beginning to research colleges and looks forward to attending a quality university.

Tanya Cheatham, a sophomore at San Marcos High School, has lived in San Marcos for the majority of her life. She enjoys spending time with her friends, shopping, dancing, and singing. A member of Umoja, the Basketball team and the Track team, Tanya hopes to run track at a Division I college and compete professionally after she graduates.

Marguerite Cheatham Hill

by Tanya Cheatham and Ashley Johnson

Mrs. Marguerite C. Hill was born in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. She has lived in San Marcos since the age of six months. She attended school and graduated from the San Marcos Colored School. She later went on to college at Huston-Tillotson College for three years. Miss Hill is a member of Wesley Chapel A.M.E. Methodist Church and has worked all her life in the church. Mrs. Hill worked for twenty years at Southwest Texas State University in the Custodial Department from which she has since retired.

Some of her special skills and favorite hobbies are visiting and reading to Nursing Home residents in the community. She loves to volunteer and visit the Henry Bush Child Development Center. She also enjoys visiting hospitals and cheering people up. She just loves helping people.

Mrs. Hill has one son, Lionel Cheatham; a daughter-in-law, Cornelia Cheatham; and three granddaughters: Dynisha, Tanya, and Chelsea Cheatham. She is blessed with many other relatives and friends.

Two of her major accomplishments include the Lizzy Grant Award and The Hall of Fame Award. Both awards recognize outstanding citizens who have given a lot to their community. Some of the organizations or events that Mrs. Hill has participated in are American Woodman #127, The Order of Eastern Star, Carver Court of Clanth #93, Church Women United, Hays County Extension Office, NAACP, and Women of Wisdom. Some of the many other awards or certificates Mrs. Hill has received from these various organizations are the Certificate of Appreciation from Carver Court of Calanth #93, Wesley Chapel A.M.E. Woman of the Year Award, the Certificate of Recognition Award from Wesley Chapel A.M.E. and the Hays County Extension Service Award. These are just a few of the awards that Mrs. Hill has secured in her life.

An event that occurred in San Marcos that had a major impact on Mrs. Hill's life was integration. She stated that everyone finally had equal rights and opportunities in education. This was all brought on by Martin Luther King, Jr. He fought for the rights of all people to be treated fairly. His death saddened her greatly. She feels that she could not have become the person she is today if it had not been for him.

Mrs. Hill has seen a lot of history pass before her eyes throughout the years. Her understanding of these events stems from a woman who has seen America, from our nation's capital to the Statue of Liberty.



Carmen Orozco-Acosta is a senior at San Marcos High School. She takes both aerobics and dance classes. Carmen enjoys classical ballet, lyrical, and (her favorite) tap. She has a leadership role in many organizations. She is president of the Mexican American Engineers and Scientists, vice-president of the Spanish Club, recording secretary of the National Honor Society, Hernandez Co-op Chairman of the Venturing Crew #119, and a member of the Gifted and Talented Program.

Carmen enjoys working with children. She started a new reading program at the San Marcos Public Library called "Book Talk," for students in grades one through four. At college, Carmen hopes to double major in dance and biology. She then plans on either going to medical school or a doctorate program in dance. She would like to thank Hector Mendez for letting her interview him. He had many interesting stories. "I learned a lot from him."

Hector Mendez

by Carmen Orozco-Acosta

Hector Mendez, a citizen born and raised in San Marcos, Texas, has many interesting stories and has influenced many young people. He has made a lot of contributions to San Marcos through his dedication to community service.

Hector Mendez was born on August 2, 1923, and did all his schooling in San Marcos. He was able to experience a lot of changes which occurred here over the years. He remembers vividly the different schools he attended.

Since there was no kindergarten, Hector went straight to elementary school at the Southside Elementary School which was located where Bonham is today. This school, which serviced children through the seventh grade, had six rooms and an outside toilet. Even though all the students were Hispanic, all the teachers were Anglo women. He said he was lucky to know both English and Spanish before entering the first grade. There was no bilingual education back then. If a student didn't speak English, he struggled. Mr. Mendez can read, write and speak Spanish fluently. He finds it very sad and discouraging to see how few young Hispanics of the current generation know the language. He stayed at school through the seventh grade and recalls that all of the teachers he had were excellent.

All of his high school teachers went on to teach college. One of his favorites, Mattie Allison, his English teacher for three years, encouraged his book hungry ways. He also recalls that a cottage was added to the back of the campus, and that is where home economics for boys was taught for the first time. They learned how to iron socks, sew on buttons, fix breakfast, clean the house, maintain personal hygiene, and handle "boy-girl" relationships. He took a second home economics course during his senior year. This class went more over family relationships, manners, proper behavior in a theater, eating etiquette, etc. It is interesting that they had two separate classes, one for the boys and the other for the girls.

Some of his childhood memories include riding on the wagons, carrying a bail of cotton from the cotton gin where Texas Reds Steakhouse is located. They would jump up and down on the cotton and the farmers didn't mind because they were busy taking care of the horses. Guadalupe Street was only a narrow path back then. For fun he would swim at the San Marcos River, at Thompson's Island, his "swimming hole." He also played with his friends in the pastures where Wal-Mart is today. That whole area was cotton land. There was no interstate 35, and they would play cowboys and Indians in the pastures.

His first year of high school was at the Education Building at Southwest Texas State University. He spend his senior year on the SWT campus as well. The high school for Hispanic students was located on West Hutchinson Street, where the old library used to be. Even back then, the high school was named San Marcos High School, and it had the same mascot it has today, the "Rattler," and the same colors, purple and white. It was a three-story, framed wood building. He remembers its separate staircases: one for boys and one for girls. Students got in serious trouble if they were caught on the wrong staircase. School was challenging. He remembers a lengthy reading list from when he was thirteen that included Treasure Island, Julius Caesar, and The Lady of the Lake. In spite of the discouragement he received, as a Hispanic, from playing sports and partaking in extracurricular activities, Hector, in 1941, became the first Hispanic student to be inducted into the National Honor Society in San Marcos.

His principal, Yancy P. Yarborough, was very strict with the students, but fair. The Theater Arts Building at the high school is named after him. Hector only remembers getting in trouble with Principal Yarborough once. At noon, the students would walk home for lunch and be back for class by one. There was no busing, so they walked. Mr. Mendez remembers that they used to run half the way, then catch a ride to the "barrio" in a man's

truck. Well, Mr. Mendez had study hall right before his lunch period. One day he skipped study hall to go home early because he was hungry. The next day Mr. Yarborough came up and told him "Hector, I don't have powers of clairvoyance to know where you are at all times." That's when he learned the word "clairvoyance." He had to guess the spelling and look the word up in the dictionary. Hector graduated from high school in 1941; he was only seventeen years old.

After graduation, he went to college at SWT. It's amazing how much the university has changed. Back when Hector was a college student, SWT only had two little dorms and only 800 students attended the school. This does not sound like today's SWT, which has a student body of over 22,000. Moreover, the price of tuition in 1941 was only eighteen dollars, and the students received their books for free.

World War II had a big impact on Mr. Mendez. As a first term sophomore, at age nineteen, he was sent overseas, where he would serve his country for three years. He graduated in 1947 and came back later to get certified as high school counselor.

After graduation, Hector moved to San Diego for 26 years and then to Corpus Christi for nine years. During that period, he worked as an academic counselor and a teacher on both the high school and college level. He has a talent for working with other people's children, for he has no kids of his own. He finds teaching and encouraging students to stay in school very rewarding. He retired in 1982.

The moment in history that Mr. Mendez remembers most vividly is the "Moon Landing." That night he was driving in a remote part of Texas, when they broadcasted direct from the moon. It was pitch black night, and he was driving alone, listening to men on the moon; he says it was incredible.

Hector believes the greatest improvement to San Marcos was the beautification of the San Marcos River. This improvement added to the quality of his life, but the historic event which had the greatest impact on his life was the integration of schools.

It all happened so smoothly in San Marcos. He said, "It was the most beautiful thing you have ever seen, to watch all different people in the same restaurant and attending the same schools." He said it was earthshaking. There used to be only one school for the African-Americans (where Dunbar is located today), two schools for the Hispanic students and three for the Anglo students: Campus School (which was at SWT), East End, and West End. But, because of the 1954 decision of "Brown vs. Board of Education," segregation became illegal. Hector could not stress enough how exciting and moving it was to watch the whole process.

Hector has been retired for sixteen years and has been very busy with community service. He has volunteered with "Meals on Wheels" ever since he retired. He sat on the Board of Directors for the "Crisis Hotline" in San Marcos and manned the telephones as well. He also does a lot of work at Memorial Presbyterian and belongs to the Senior Association. Most importantly, he still cherishes the 35 years he spent working with young people.



Adam Lee, a high school junior, has lived in San Marcos all of his life. Adam is the son of business owner, Steve Lee, and a high school teacher, Kathy Lee. The middle child in a family with three boys, Adam has participated in many sports and likes to play video games. This is his first publication, and he'd like to thank Ollie Giles for her generosity and hospitality.

Cade Wright, a high school senior, is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Floyd Wright. Cade volunteers much of his time to community service. He is the current president of the Explorers Post. Next Fall he will attend Texas A&M in College Station, Texas.

Ollie Giles

by Cade Wright and Adam Lee

Ollie Giles was born in San Marcos and moved to California when she was in the second grade. After she had the first four of her eight children, she moved back to San Marcos and has lived here since 1958.

“I was born in this neighborhood, I’ll die in this neighborhood, and I would fight for this neighborhood.” This is one example of Ollie Giles’s commitment to this town. This commitment to her community is deeply tied to her passion for African American History in and around San Marcos. All of her schooling after the second grade was done in California.

The assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. had a major impact on the life of Mrs. Giles. “He was our leader, our Moses so to speak.” His death was like a boost of determination for Mrs. Giles in the fight to expose the true history of Blacks in America and San Marcos. When Mrs. Giles was a small child her uncle taught at the tiny black school she attended. That school building is now the Dunbar Recreation Center, located on MLK Boulevard. By the time she returned, being black in San Marcos wasn’t as hard as it was in other locations throughout America. One of the only benefits of life in California was the schools; they were so advanced that when she moved her family back to San Marcos, her daughter skipped two grades.

When asked what major event in San Marcos had the biggest influence on her life, she had a hard time replying *since she has served as Historical Commissioner in San Marcos for years*. However, her comments all revolved around the Black American history in San Marcos. She would like to see the slaves commended for their hard work and suffering. She proposes to place some of their names in visible and prominent places around the town of San Marcos.

Ollie Giles did many things for her neighborhood. For example, she took personal action and got the roads of her community paved for the people that lived there. “I told the City

Council that every time they looked up they would see my smiling face until they got our roads paved.” She later pushed for sidewalks. “They started in front of my house; I guess they thought that would shut me up.”

As president of the Greater Neighborhood Association for three years, Ollie Giles accomplished many things for all the neighborhoods in San Marcos. “When there was a problem, we’d all fight. We’d all march City Hall.” And Mrs. Giles can say with a certain satisfaction that San Marcos is beginning to listen.

A particular story of interest that Ollie would like to share is the story of the San Marcos Cemetery. Five African-American men decided that there was a need for an African-American Cemetery. They then purchased 10.6 acres of land for two hundred dollars cash. This is the same land the city cemetery lies on now. The deeds were signed on June sixteenth, 1874, and Mrs. Giles could only imagine the celebrations that were held for this event.

Church has always been a major part in Ollie’s life. She tells us about all the hard times she and others faced and how Church helped them through. “Church is the backbone of our community.” There are five churches in the neighborhood of Dunbar. The black children that attended school ate lunch everyday at the African-American Church since there was no cafeteria at the public schools. To acknowledge their significance in Black history, she hopes that one day historical markers will be placed in front of many of the churches.

Ollie Giles is a very strong-minded woman who believes what she believes. Throughout her life as a San Marcos citizen, she has accomplished more than the average San Marcan. Her pride for and dedication to the San Marcos community is absolutely remarkable. Ollie expressed many times during our interview that she has always loved San Marcos and always would. She was proudly born in San Marcos and plans on ending her life where she began it, by the banks of the San Marcos River.



Thelma Katriese Unique Howard likes to be called Unique or Triese. This high school junior belongs to many organizations such as Umoja, MAES, RTS, the SMHS Tennis team, BPA, church, Student Council, and the SMHS Track team (she throws shot put). She hopes to go to college either at the University of Houston or a university in Cleveland, where her sister is studying medicine. She enjoys reading The Bible, doing homework, watching television, working on word puzzles, and attending school activities.

Mrs. Grace Sanders

by Triese Howard

Mrs. Grace Sanders is a very inspiring person. The daughter of Mrs. Oliatha Foster, Mrs. Sanders never knew her father because he died when she was young. She was raised by her grandparents John and Grace Williams. Crowned with longevity, she has had extraordinary life experiences and has compiled endless achievements. Mrs. Sanders is truly an individual whom one could admire.

As I asked sort of personal questions, I found out that Mrs. Grace Sanders was born October 27, 1928. She will be celebrating her 70th birthday 1998. A mother of nine children, thirty-something grandchildren, and a decided number of great grandchildren, Mrs. Sanders possesses her own natural hair, does not wear dentures and does not walk with the aid of a cane. She is not the typical great grandmother. One would not believe that this great great grandmother was preparing to go on her annual vacation.

Mrs. Sanders sat across from me with rollers in her hair, wearing her blue robe and pink nightgown. She calmly gave an answer to each question with a beautiful smile. Through the rollers, I noticed the salt and pepper hair carefully rolled so that each partition would be perfect when it was unwrapped. Her face was highlighted with wrinkles that I interpreted as lines of experience. My observations shifted to her hands that she folded neatly in her lap. I could not help but observe that her left hand had only four normal sized fingers; one finger was considerably shorter than the others. She noticed me staring at her hand and immediately began satisfying my curiosity about her finger by describing what happened many years ago. She did not remember the total events, but I knew that her finger was cut off in an accident with a lawn mower.

I looked at our surroundings. The pictures behind her on the walls were of her family, her children and her children's

children. In each, I could see some part of her likeness. This is who she is, a down-to-earth person willing to share a portion of her weekend morning with me to discuss some very personal facts and memories of her life.

Born and raised in San Marcos, Texas with only one brother, she graduated from the Colored School in San Marcos. She has taught music most of her life. Because of her love for music, she has been the musician in many churches throughout the community. However, she has been the pianist for Greater Bethel Baptist Church for over thirty years. She is a person that just catches on to any song and plays it. As a child, one of her teachers used to question her talents. She couldn't do math, but she could play any note. Many of her former students are now musicians at various churches in the community and surrounding cities. She loves teaching music, but her greatest joy comes from talking to young people about making decisions and choices.

She has lost two sons and a husband to a prolonged illness. She just suffered the loss of her husband in July 1998. Still, she draws her strength from her belief in God. Right now she is trying to get her life together.

I asked her about the effects that the Depression had on her. She was very young then, but remembers that her family relied on food stamps, and the food was much cheaper then. Surprisingly, It really didn't matter to her because her family had a garden, smokehouse, and washhouse.

I also asked what effect did World War II have on her. Her brother and her husband both fought in the war. She wasn't married yet, but prayed each day for his return.

Though not as personally traumatic as the death of Martin Luther King, the death of John F. Kennedy really effected her and a lot of other people. When she heard the devastating news, she was working at Southwest Texas State University (SWT) as a custodian. Everyone went into tears as they delivered the news over the radio. John Kennedy was trying to help out the black people in a lot of ways, and that touched her life. She was happy that Lyndon B. Johnson took over because he went to SWT and

would do a lot for our community.

Mrs. Sanders was the first female Residential Advisor at Gary Job Corps in 1972. She started off trying to get a job as a music teacher. It just happens that they had to start hiring female Residential Advisors. She vowed to go into music education if she didn't like her work as a Residential Advisor. The young men loved her as if she was their mother, and they were very protective of her safety. She played the role by making them Thanksgiving dinner and other treats. She worked there until 1986. She was there when they started making Gary coed.

Mrs. Sanders recently received the Lizzy Grant Award for her services in the community. This was something that made her very happy.

The advice she gives young people is to "strive and get your education so you can make it in life. Go to church and stay involved. You need God in everything you do. Don't do drugs. You can do anything you want to do. You can make it. Parents tell their teens things for a reason. Because they have been there. We all have made mistakes; no one is perfect but GOD. Right now you may tell your parents that they are old fashioned, but when you have kids of your own you will see them telling you the same thing: YOU ARE JUST OLD FASHIONED. It follows generations. Most people don't realize [this] until it happens to them. Study hard, work hard and make it."

Her goal is never to give up because the best is yet to come. People call her 'Big Mamma' because she has a lot of kids, and their friends called her "Mother" too.



Romonica Malone is a junior at Southwest Texas State University. She is studying Social Work and currently works at the Mitchell Center as a tutor coordinator. Always ready to serve her community, Romonica has worked with the Habitat for Humanity and many other community service organizations. We greatly appreciate her participation in this project.

Rose Lee Brooks

by Romonica Malone

Rose Lee Brooks was born August 18, 1933 on a farm. Early in her childhood, her family moved to San Marcos in order to enroll her in better schools. Outside of a year in Clovis, New Mexico and her college years spent in Austin, Rose has lived the majority of her adult life in San Marcos.

Mrs. Brooks is a remarkable woman. She came from a poor background and became the first member of her family to earn a college degree, receiving her Bachelor of Science in Business from Huston-Tillotson. Her education began at a colored school in San Marcos (where Dunbar is now); Rose Lee Brooks completed her academic career well before full integration was achieved in 1964.

And she has put her education and her generosity of spirit to work in a rewarding career that has revolved around helping others. She had worked in Community Outreach for 10 years with Community Action and as the Supervisor of the Residential Program at Gary Job Corps, where she currently works as a Placement Assistant. This interest in people and their treatment led her to dive into community service. Over the years, she has remained active in the NAACP (National Association for Advancement of Colored People), WOW (World of Wisdom Senior Citizens Ministry), Women's Political Caucus, Nostros Gente, Education Foundation with San Marcos ISD, and a number of Boards for the Schools.

She drew much of her inspiration as an active citizen from the works of Martin Luther King Jr. The death of Dr. King was a tremendous blow to Mrs. Brooks. She had dreamed that one day he would be the first black President of the United States. "He had done so much and changed things around for us folks," Brooks recalls. "Riding in the back of the bus to the front of the bus, and just rights in general. Not only black people but everybody in general who was affected by what was going on....He was a great man."

She believes that after his assassination we did not go as far forward. We lost a great leader. "I think people just got complacent with the way things were," muses Brooks. But complacency doesn't seem to be part of Rose's character, especially when fairness and decency are on the line.

In every situation, Rose stood for what was right. She remembers that sometime in the 1980's San Marcos had a Superintendent of School who tried to push some racist policies forward. "They had a hearing and I was one of the people that spoke out," recalls Brooks. "I would have to sit with my back to the audience. An attorney was questioning me as to why I believed certain things. I stood up and told what I believed, and I think people in the community started to look up to me because I speak out for what I believe in. This was a turning point in my life."

People began looking to Rose as a community leader, and she has represented San Marcos well, serving as a Super-Delegate in the 1988, 1992, and 1996 National Democratic Conventions. Always active politically, she first attended several Texas Democratic Conventions. It was there that she learned about the Delegation that attends the National Convention. So she asked a lady how she could be a delegate:

"She told me to put my name in with the state, and I could be one of their Super-Delegates. And I said I would never get it because I'm from a small town and I'm black and a female. But I went out to eat with the other delegates and I came back and they said that I wasn't really a delegate this time, but I was an alternate. Then they said you have to go over there and report in to go to Frisco [San Francisco] in 1984. I was really excited ... and then the next thing was how was I going to pay for it."

The party did not give her the money to go, but her delegation supported her saying "do not worry about it.. We, as Democrats, will help you." When she told her family, her sister Linda got together with other relatives and sold lunches to help raise money for the trip. She got the money to go and went to San Francisco in 1984 where she stayed with a cousin who lived about 15 minutes from the site of the convention. "It was amaz-

ing that you can go [across the country] and have a family member that is close to you who you have not seen in a while. It was just an amazing process." She later became a delegate in Atlanta in 1988, in New York in 1992, and in Chicago in 1996.

"These are very historical because you work and walk the streets and you campaign for candidates and wonder why you are doing it," says Brooks. "But I can be thankful and say that God has certainly blessed me with [a] trip that I have not paid one penny for. But I have worked and continue to work in what I believe in: the Democratic Way. It may not be what others believe, but this is what I believe in. I get out with the elder people, and I do mail-in ballots. I'm sincere about what I do."



Chelsie Butler was born in Austin, Texas on January 13, 1981. She has lived in San Marcos all her life with her mother, father, and sister, Natalie. She has always enjoyed playing many sports: volleyball, tennis, basketball, and softball. Her volleyball career has blossomed during high school, as she has won many awards. She hopes to play volleyball at a small university like Mary Hardin Baylor or Hardin Simmons. This past year her grandmother and her poodle "Lu Lu" have been living with her family. Through this experience she has learned many things about her grandmother's experiences and life.

San Marcos and the Surrounding Area Seen Through the Eyes of Daisy Belle Posey Perkins

by Chelsie Butler

In a little house near Devil's Backbone in Hays County, Daisy Belle was born on May 1, 1914 to Frank DeGress and Daisy Dora Posey, a descendent of General Edward Burleson. After her birth, the family moved to a ranch near Purgatory Creek in the area known as Hugo. She had to ride her horse about a mile daily to reach the small Hugo School. During lunch breaks she would feed and water the animal. Through her young years several of the teachers, (Mrs. Wilburn, Ms. Donalson, Miss Ula Smith, Miss Caroline Smith and Miss Bently) lived with them. Her grandfather and grandmother lived up the road from them in what old-timers used to call a "halfway house," halfway between San Marcos and Blanco. Her grandfather would tell of the Indians that would come by and stop to eat. No one would talk to them. Others would stop and stay with her grandparents on their way to Blanco.

She still remembers her grandmother telling her of a woman and small child on their way North to meet up with her husband. They stopped and spent the night. There had been news of some unfriendly Indians in the area. My grandmother pleaded with the woman not to travel at this time, but she did not listen. All anyone ever found was the doll belonging to the small girl.

When she was of school age, her parents bought a larger ranch on Hugo Road. There, all seven children helped to build and maintain the large ranch. She remembers the years her father would rope in the Comal County Fair. During my grandmother's teenage years, she spent much time herding cattle, sheering sheep and helping with many other duties around the ranch. Recreation consisted of riding horses, swimming in the tanks, deer hunting and several times a month her family would travel to Gruene for the family dances. During the winter, there

was always a house full of friends who would stay with them to deer hunt. There was always something to do on the ranch. And when there wasn't, her father would make something up because he believed little hands should always be busy. Daisy always enjoyed working with her hands, especially with her father's tools. Many times she would be totally exhausted by the end of the day. Because the house had no screen doors, she never liked to go to bed by herself, forever convinced something had crawled into the house. Her sister would many times play tricks on her, adding to her problem. During the Depression, they continued to raise all of their own food. It did not effect their family as much as the people in the big cities.

Within a few years the little Hugo School had closed. So it was difficult to get to a new one because of transportation. But, her father was determined they would have the opportunity to go to school, so he hired a taxi to take them to a school in San Marcos on what was known as North Austin Street. The street has since been renamed LBJ Drive. By the following year a school bus picked them up at 6 A.M. Several years later, her father rented a house in town. They all lived with her married brother and his son. Her sister-in-law was attending college. The house was called the Hastler House. She still remembers the movie theatre, Mr. Cooper's bakery, and Mr. Bean's Filling Station, where a tire store is now. Mrs. Lang had a house with a beauty shop, and there was another filling station going up the hill. Roger's Furniture Store was on the other side of Town Square.

She also remembers her two brothers being hit by a train as they were taking cattle to sell. Her brother Scott was thrown out through the top of the track, her brother Franklin was crushed in the track.

When she was twenty, she moved to San Marcos to further her education and make a life of her own. She took a beauty course at Mrs. Lang's for one year. She became a beautician and worked at a local beauty salon, Frenchie's Beauty shop, charging

twenty-five cents for a shampoo, set, or finger wave. She had very little money to buy food so she ate a hamburger daily at the local hamburger stand owned by two brothers, Jack and Ray Perkins. Soon after her first few months of hamburgers, she eloped with Jack in May of 1936. During the next five years they had two children, Roy and Ginger.

WW II brought hard times to San Marcos. By this time my grandfather owned his own grocery store, on Town Square, near what was then the First National Bank. You could still park in the middle of the street. There were no stoplights. Duke and Ayers, a dime store, was on the corner. Mr. Bass had a drugstore on the corner. When Daisy was small her father would come to town and pay the drug bill once a year. They would then receive a 10 lb. box of candy. Her husband raised and butchered his own beef and pork. He would sell these items, along with other items in his small store. Many items during the war period were rationed. People were issued books that would limit their purchasing period. Stamps were issued for meat, sugar, canned goods, and fruit. You wrote a check for it with the stamps or you would not be able to purchase anything. She still remembers people trying to steal each other's stamps. She and her husband would work until midnight. They could find no one to work for them. Many times their small children would sleep on the bean sacks in the back of the store. Many families had a hard time making ends meet because their husbands, fathers, and sons had joined the armed forces and were away for long periods of time. Some of them were overseas for years. The families they left behind many times did not have the money to buy needed food and supplies. So, for several years, my grandmother and grandfather helped many of the citizens of San Marcos, letting them run bills up into the thousands. Many of these people never repaid their kindness. She still has all of the receipts. My grandfather always said that since he did not go to fight in the war he wanted to help out in this way.

After the war, Jack decided to get into a business that

people would have to pay upon receiving the merchandise, so he opened a Bar-B-Que business on Guadalupe, down from the Ford company, near where a business supply store is today. It was called the Perkins Smoke Shack. It was one of only two restaurants in town. Daisy cooked pies every day. Business was so good he decided to open up a cafe on IH 35 near Aquarena Springs Drive.

Due to the lack of housing in San Marcos during the early 1950s, Jack and Daisy decided to open a housing addition on their acreage off Ranch Road 12. The first was called the Perkins Addition. Only eight to ten houses were built there. Then they opened a much larger addition called Oak Heights, known for the huge oak in the center of the road. They named the streets after their children. Franklin Drive was named for their son, Roy Franklin; La Rue for their daughter, Ginger LaRue; and Dale Street for their youngest daughter, Brenda Dale; Perkins Street was named for Jack and Daisy; and Stokes was named for their good friend, a new builder in town, John J. Stokes. The economy was good until the closing of the base.

The hardest times she can remember were during WWII. The rationing, keeping up with demand and the pressures of war. The other time that was hard was when the base closed. They lost everything they had.

San Marcos was a wonderful place to live. People always respected their neighbors and tried to help each other. People's hand shake was their word. Up until the 1960s, people would look forward to coming to town on Saturdays to shop and visit. She can still remember the smell of popcorn on Saturday afternoons and the old man who played the accordion near Duke and Ayers. People always seemed to genuinely care about the needs of others, but this changed during the late 1960s. The growth of the college had good and bad effects on the town: more people, more purchasing, more traffic, more wrecks, more stoplights, more crime.



Mohagany Hunter, the oldest of three kids, was born in Arkansas and raised in San Marcos, Texas. At age five, she was directing the choir at Rising Sun Baptist Church in Sunset, Arkansas. She later moved to San Marcos, Texas with her mom, Angela Jean Hunter and her younger brother, Pierre Antoine Hunter. As a freshman at San Marcos High School, she captained the junior varsity dance team and belonged to the R.O.T.C. Program. Mohagany has always succeeded in advanced studies classes. Now a sophomore, she is the secretary of Umoja and a member of the varsity dance team. Mohagany wishes to attend college and one day work in a law firm.

Rebekka LaTreace Webster will be eighteen on March 16, 1999. This San Marcos senior is the daughter of Luther David Webster, Jr. and Deborah Etta Webster. They are her heroes and her role models. Rebekka lived in England for a year with her family. Her mother, father and brother still live abroad where her father must serve two more years in the military. While her parents are in England, she has been living with her sister and her great grandmother. She is planning on attending Spelman University in Atlanta, Georgia.

Reverend Herman Foster

by Mahogany Hunter and Becky Webster

Although he hasn't lived in San Marcos all his life, Reverend Foster was still able to tell us about many of his adventures and the changes that took place here in this lovely town.

Reverend Foster served part of his years in the United States Air Force. He lived in Fort Worth, Texas only to find himself moving to San Marcos, Texas, working at the Gary Job Corps. Reverend Foster then took on pastoring at Wesley Chapel for six years and later served as Associate Pastor at Jackson Chapel for about four years.

When he moved to San Marcos, Reverend Foster was looking for a slow, yet more involved community. "I was mainly looking for a [nice] . . . community that my youngest daughter could live in. I wanted to be in an environment where she could [successfully] graduate."

When asked how the death of Martin Luther King affected him, Reverend Foster replied, "If Martin Luther King had continued to be a Baptist Preacher instead of getting involved into politics . . . he probably would never had been assassinated. He was a great orator, and he mobilized people. And he had the good word. But he got involved and started talk about (during that time) the Vietnam War, and getting off into things that caused other groups to bring or have animosity. And J. Edgar Hoover, as I recalled, didn't like Dr. Martin Luther King." He continues saying, "I have personally had a lot of bad feelings in turn of different things . . . within this country that were not right. But I've always been thankful that things are the way they are, with me personally."

Reverend Foster stands proud of the continuing development of the Mitchell Center here in San Marcos. "I can remember this building when it was over in a different part of the community, and as a matter of fact, we used to have church there. ...I remember one of the last events they had [honored] the

lady the Mitchell Center was named after. A surprise birthday for Mama Mitchell. Of course, it [the church] caught on fire and was forgotten about.” Although many debated whether or not the Mitchell Center should be reopened, it was. And beautifully done!” Reverend Foster’s great accomplishments concern things he has shared with the community, especially the young people of the community. “As long as the good Lord keeps me going...[I will always] be here to help those in need.”



Rose Lottie Reyes was born January 1, 1982 in Houston, Texas. At age four she moved to Alice, Texas, where she lived until age fifteen. She has now been living in San Marcos for two years. Of her seventeen years, she considers the year she moved to San Marcos her best. A good judge of character, Rose believes she can see people for who they are. She endured the Flood of 1998 with her mother, Diana Teyes, and her two sisters, Erica and Crystal Reyes, but in spite of the unpredictable weather, she still loves San Marcos.

Lucille Cheatham: Mama Red

by Mahogany Hunter and Rose Reyes

Mama Red was born here in San Marcos, Texas. She attended school and is proud of it. Not very many African-Americans were able to attend SMHS, if any at all. The school she did attend was what we now know as the Dunbar Recreation Center. It was very small, and not many teachers taught there. Mama Red was a very smart young black woman. She married and was able to tell her children and grandchildren all about her life. She could tell them about when San Marcos flooded, and a young man drowned and how much that hurt her.

Mama Red and her family lived through it all. During the Depression they had very little money. They got by paying their bills by cleaning houses for very little money. She did what she had to or they would not have enough money. They ate the same foods all the time because that is all they could afford. Everyone went through the same horrible conditions everywhere. She told me how the death of Martin Luther King Jr., President John F. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy affected her, how depressed she was, how sad it made her feel. But knowing she can talk and share with her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren gives her hope. She knew the value of a family history because her parents never were able to tell her stuff that happened to them. They only had time for working.

They just did not have enough time.

But times are different now, and she will make sure she tells the younger generations everything she remembers. And now those younger generations know what she went through in the flood of her childhood because they were in the Great Flood of 1998. They now know that fear. Guided by this understanding, the stories will be passed on in the family of Mama Red.



Adrian Wright, "Tookie" to her friends, is a senior at San Marcos High School. She studies hard and remains involved in school. She plays the clarinet in the Rattler Band and is very active in Umoja. Her ultimate goal is to study medicine at Howard University. Her idol is Mary J. Blige, a strong woman who dealt with all the stresses of life. Adrian really looks up to both her mother and grandmother. She hopes to inherit their strength and courage.

Reverend Alfonso Washington

by Adrian Wright

Reverend Alfonso Washington came to San Marcos 55 years ago in January of 1943. Originally from Washington D.C., a young Alfonso didn't know what his life would hold and how he would be able to live it.

Reverend Washington was in the Army when he first came to San Marcos. He was stationed in what is now Gary Job Corps; it was called the San Marcos Navigation Center then. His contributions to the San Marcos community are many. However, his early life experiences, before he moved to San Marcos, are both fascinating and enlightening. Reverend Washington's mother and father were separated when he was a little boy. Reverend Washington's grandfather raised him from the age 3 to 12; they lived in a little country town called Helm, Virginia. After his grandfather died he moved back with his mother who remarried. Soon after that his mother and stepfather were hospitalized, and young Washington had to work and take care of his parents and his eight brothers and sisters. In order to support his family, Reverend Washington had to work illegally; school-aged children were not allowed to work during the school day, but his family had to eat. He worked at a little grocery store and, at that time, was still going to school. Well, people were beginning to notice that he was missing a lot of school, so they sent a truancy officer out to get him. He says "When I saw that truant officer come in the front door asking for me, I went out the back door!"

Reverend Washington also worked for a man who is now in the history books: J. Edgar Hoover. He ran an elevator cart for him also while going to school, but that all ended when he fell asleep and let the cart go. It went crashing down to the bottom floor.

When he first came to San Marcos, initially brought here by Uncle Sam, he attended the Austin Business College and the Guadalupe College in Seguin. At the time Martin Luther

King and President Kennedy pushed hard to improve life for the black race. Their deaths hurt him greatly. Nevertheless, he does believe that the things that they started never would have been carried out without their deaths. Gary Job Corps, he says, is a product of Kennedy's assassination.

Reverend Washington's family life started when he went to the old First Baptist Church. He tells the story of how someone in the choir had to take a soldier home for lunch because if they went to church they would miss lunch on base and would have to go hungry for the rest of the day. Well, his soon-to-be wife took him home and he says "She cooked something real good that day, and I liked that meal so much, I ate it for 75 years."

Reverend Washington is a very good man who has a tremendous number of great stories that just could fill this book. Nevertheless, we have, and must make room to let him share his beliefs. He believes that parents should be the best role models anyone could have. Moreover, he says, "the home...the church and the school are three institutions you should have [as] foundations of your life. Because the laws of the land start with the church, and your home is the foundation of that."



Josh Millecam was born in San Marcos on May 9, 1982. He has attended San Marcos public schools since kindergarten and will graduate high school with the class of 2000. Since elementary school, he has volunteered in the community, working at the Sights and Sounds of Christmas Festival. As a teenager, he volunteered at The Central Texas Medical Center for two summers. Josh also discovered that he enjoys bowling, and he's quite good at it, participating in a number of tournaments. When he entered sixth grade, he joined band and learned to play the trumpet. He has been a member of the band all through high school. "Being in band has been one of the most rewarding things I have done." A current member of the Explorers, he plans on attending college and possibly major in engineering.

Luciano Flores: First Mexican-American Mayor of San Marcos

by Joshua Millecam

San Marcos, Texas, is a very diverse community, with a rich cultural heritage from the Anglo-European, African-American, and Hispanic pioneers who settled in San Marcos 150 years ago. Today, more than 34% of the city is Mexican American and an even higher percentage of today's school children (over 60%) can boast of a Hispanic heritage. This heritage is celebrated every year during holidays such as Cinco de Mayo (the fifth of May) and Diez y Seis (September 16th), which celebrate the tradition of freedom and independence in Mexico's history.

In San Marcos and across the State of Texas, there was a very special generation of Mexican-Americans who opened the doors of education, employment and political leadership to their children and grandchildren. Many of this generation were the children of immigrants, coming from a rural, farming background, from remote villages in Mexico. They were a generation who overcame poverty, a lack of education, and discrimination to become the leaders of San Marcos. They grew up during the Great Depression, they fought bravely in World War II, and they helped change San Marcos's social and political history. One of the distinguished member of this generation is Luciano Flores, the first Mexican-American Mayor of San Marcos.

Luciano Flores has lived in San Marcos for all of his seventy-five years. He was born in 1922 to Luciano and Adella Flores and was the youngest child in a large family. "My parents didn't discriminate," Flores said. "They had five sons and five daughters." Flores was born a few years after his parents came to San Marcos from Mexico. Some of his older brothers and sisters were born in Mexico.

His parents were poor, but his father had a lot of pride and worked hard all of his life. "He was a hustler," Flores said about his father. "He worked himself to death." The family lived

near Purgatory Creek, and Flores remembers his father going out into the hills with a horse and buggy to chop and sell wood. The children had to saw the wood into firewood. "I remember that, sawing that wood. I hated it," Flores said. His father accepted no charity. One day someone donated clothes to the family. When his father got home and saw his wife and children in strange clothes, he made them return everything and thank the person. As a child, Luciano, along with his brothers and sisters, had few toys. Most of the things they played with were homemade. After school, he would go swimming with friends in a secluded area on the San Marcos River called the "Blue Hole," near what is now the Children's Playscape above Rio Vista Park.

He went to Bonham School, which was the "Mexican" school when he was growing up in San Marcos in the days of segregation. Bonham is only a couple of blocks from where Luciano and his wife, Minnie Lucio Flores, have lived for most of their adult lives and raised their four children. After completing elementary school, he attended the high school at what is now the Lamar Administrative Annex, but did not finish. He remembers being embarrassed to go to school with a taco for lunch instead of a sandwich. Now, he laughs, "everybody likes tacos." Minnie Flores grew up on a farm in the area that is now called River Hills, east of San Marcos. She had to walk four miles to high school at Lamar when she was growing up. "There was a bus that came out to pick up one Anglo girl who lived out by us. But the bus would not pick us up and drove right past us. I wanted to be in music in high school, but there was no one to walk home with me if I stayed late, so could not take music."

The Courthouse Square used to be the center of business, with the surrounding area all residential neighborhoods. San Marcos has since expanded into a thriving town. The Square's appearance has not changed except for the renovation of some old historic buildings. The same buildings still stand today, only they used to be run-down and did not look as nice. People used to travel by horse and buggy. Some of the rings where the horses

were tied up when people went to town still stand on the square today. The south side of San Marcos, across the railroad tracks, used to have unpaved streets and no plumbing. This was a hardship many Hispanics had to face. Hispanics also had to face discrimination from the Anglos. Many restaurants would not serve Hispanics. The movie theatres in town were segregated. Whites sat downstairs, Blacks and Hispanics sat upstairs. School busses would not pick up Hispanic students, so many had to walk four or more miles to go to class. Flores went to the movies, when he could, which only cost ten cents. He had to sit upstairs because in those days of segregation, only whites could sit downstairs. He received a little extra money by working in a pharmacy, stocking the shelves for little pay. He remembers being worked very hard by the owner.

When war with Germany and Japan became evident, he joined the Army. He was sent to California and then was deployed to Australia. He served in the Pacific Theater during the war. For a long time he fought in New Guinea. He was stationed at a weapons depot where the Army stored thousands of bombs and machine guns. "One day the Japanese came in and bombed us. I felt something hit my back. I never knew what it was," he said. "It hit me in the right side and broke a bone in my back. To this day, when it is cold, I can still feel that wound." He was sent to a hospital in Manilla, in the Philippines. That's where he finished out the war.

Flores feels that World War II was one of the best things to happen for Hispanics because it brought Mexican-Americans into mainstream society. Hispanics fought alongside whites, and they were given opportunities that had been denied them earlier. The kind of training and respect that came with fighting a war side by side helped the Mexican-Americans.

After the war, Luciano Flores returned to San Marcos. But he came home, like many Mexican-Americans in Texas, to a world that still had a lot of discrimination. In 1945 at the end of the war, Private Felix Longoria from Three Rivers, Texas was killed in action while serving in the Philippines. A Three Rivers

funeral home refused to take his remains and bury him because he was Mexican-American. Dr. Hector P. Garcia of Corpus Christi organized efforts to have Longoria laid to rest, with full military honors, in Arlington National Cemetery. This incident was the major factor in the founding of the American G.I. Forum in 1948.

Luciano Flores was one of the founders of the American G.I. Forum in San Marcos. He realized that veterans of the war were not given the support they needed. Many came back physically and mentally scarred and needed support. The American G.I. Forum gave veterans that support. The goals of the American G.I. Forum were to improve the social, economic and political conditions of Mexican-Americans in their communities. The American G.I. Forum also had a Women's Forum and a Youth G.I. Forum. The objectives were to help Mexican-Americans get an education, to provide channels of communication with the private and public sectors, to fight for civil rights, and to work for legislation that would help veterans and minorities.

Up until that time, no Mexican-Americans had been elected to any political office in San Marcos or Hays County. Over the years the American G.I. Forum was instrumental in helping Mexican-Americans achieve their political goals.

After the war, Luciano and Minnie Flores married and had four children: George, Rick, Blanche, and Laura. Luciano Flores had a long career as an insurance agent. Both Luciano and Minnie remained very involved in their children's education. Minnie Flores often went to the school to see how her children were doing. Luciano Flores would help out other parents who spoke only Spanish by going to the school and translating for them. When George was in high school, he was on the football team. But Mr. Flores went to watch the practice one day and noticed that George and the other Mexican-American players just sat on the bench. They didn't even get to practice. "How could they ever play if they never got to practice?" he said. He went to the practices every day for a week, and then the coach let the boys

play. "There were some big guys, and they were pretty good," he remembers.

Ruben Ruiz, Sr. was the first Mexican-American to break the barrier and serve in an elected office. Luciano Flores was the second. One day he decided to get into politics. He ran for City Council in 1967 and was elected and served for the next nine years. He never did a lot of campaigning because he was so well known. After being on the Council, he was elected Mayor pro tem in 1971 and again in 1975. In 1972, the City Council elected him as mayor, the first time in history that a Mexican-American had been chosen as the political leader of San Marcos.

There was a lot of controversy during his tenure as a Council Member and Mayor. In 1972, shortly after he was chosen as Mayor, the Council raised water rates which sparked a meeting between eight hundred angry people and the Council. The meeting had to be moved (from the old City Hall on Guadalupe Street) to a church to make room for all the people. The Council backed off a little, but the rate increase was cited later as one cause for a recall election in 1973 to try to remove five of the City Council, including Flores. When the election was held, it was defeated by a 2-1 margin, with citizens supporting the City Council.

"In politics you make a lot of enemies, but you also make a lot of friends, too," said Flores. "But you always have to step on some toes." If he thought he was doing the right thing, he would stick to it all the way. This gave him a balance of friends and enemies. As the Mayor, he also interpreted for Spanish-speaking citizens. He opened new avenues of communication with people in the city who did not have that kind of contact with government in the past. The most rewarding thing to him as mayor was the fact that people appreciated him and thought he did a good job.

Luciano Flores accomplished a lot as a Councilman and as Mayor of San Marcos. During his years of service, San Marcos started growing and changing. When he first started, the city had to borrow money from the bank to pay employees. The city had

almost no decent equipment and many parts of San Marcos had unpaved roads and no sewer lines. He fought to get streets built in the south side of town. While he was on the City Council, the city built a fire station, a sewer treatment plant, police and courts building, and a city hall. Major streets like Thorpe Lane and Sessom Drive were built. Federal programs like Urban Renewal helped many San Marcos neighborhoods with housing and public services.

The City Council honored Luciano Flores when he decided not to run again and left office in 1976 after nine years of service. They named a new street in the Wallace Addition, Luciano H. Flores Drive. He feels that being on the City Council taught him the most. He used to be afraid of the Anglos but soon realized that they were just as afraid of him. San Marcos changed throughout his life.

Luciano Flores believes that San Marcos has changed for the better. His grandchildren today don't worry about discrimination or the hardships that he and his children have faced. And as for the future of San Marcos, he says that he could have never predicted some of the things that happened during his lifetime. "We don't need the American G.I. Forum as much as we did 50 years ago. There are many Mexican-American children today who don't even know that their parents were discriminated against.

The Flores family has a lot of newspaper clippings and pictures from those years. There are pictures with many prominent San Marcos leaders and business people. There are photos with Congressman J.J. Pickle and pictures with Lady Bird Johnson, the former First Lady of the United States. The son of immigrants who didn't finish high school is proud that his four children all attended college. His youngest daughter works for a member of the United States Congress. What is most important for the future? "Education," said Luciano Flores. "Education is the future for all people."



Tralane Wilson is originally from Columbia, Missouri. She currently attends San Marcos High School with her best friend, Angela Hicks. She loves to sing both in and out of church. She also competes in high school tennis and track. Cultivating her leadership skills, she currently serves as president of Umoja. She hopes to attend Bethune-Cookman College in Daytona Beach, Florida and study prelaw.

Angela Hicks, originally from Houston, currently attends San Marcos High School where she holds the office of historian for Umoja. She frequents the Greater Bethel Baptist Church to listen to Pastor Dennis Lockhart. She loves to run and spend time with her best friend, Tralane Wilson. She plans to study computer engineering at Louisiana State University.

Forrest Manjang

by Tralane Wilson and Angela Hicks

Have you ever had a dream that seemed almost impossible to reach? You put your mind to it, and just when you think you'll never reach that dream, the impossible becomes possible. Mr. Manjang had some tall mountains to climb, but with determination he was able to get the education he needed to become a very successful teacher. When he was nine, he discovered he wanted to become a teacher, and he went on to fulfill that dream.

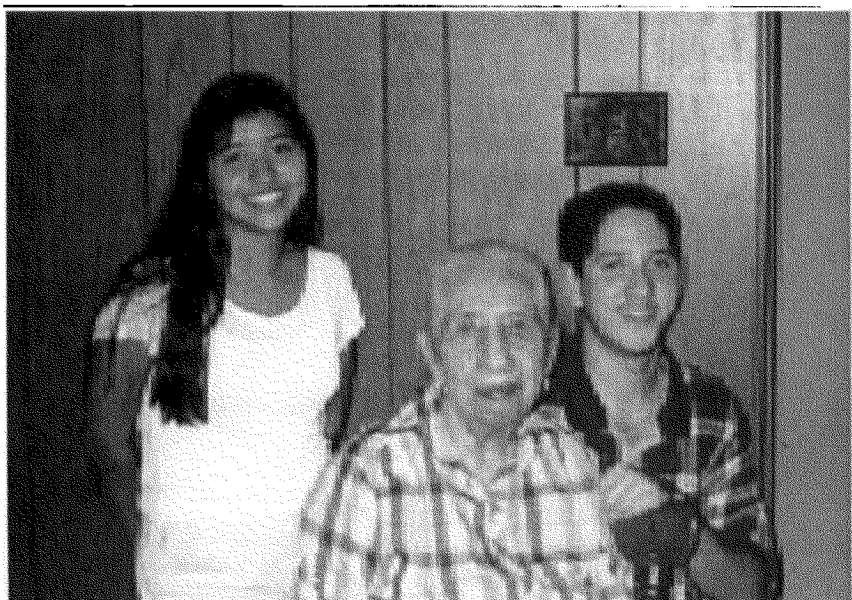
Mr. Manjang has lived in San Marcos for fifteen years. Mr. Manjang didn't have the conveniences of modern society when he was growing up. He often had to walk six miles a day. Sometimes he and his siblings would catch a ride from trucks delivering groceries in town. Sometimes wagons would give them a ride. There were no buses available. He came to San Marcos and found a better life. Although he started off going to elementary school in Martindale, he ended up graduating from the San Marcos Colored School. He briefly went to the military, but ended up back in San Marcos to graduate with his classmates. He then attended Huston-Tillotson College, finishing second in his class, graduating with a triple major.

His wealth of knowledge and desire to share led him to teaching. He taught in many local schools, earning awards as "Teacher of the Month," "Outstanding Man of America," and "Teacher of the Year."

He was greatly affected by the achievements and death of Martin Luther King and John F. Kennedy. These two men, he claimed, motivated and moved many of his peers as well. He thrives on any event that produces any sort of town unity. He always looks forward to the annual "Clean Up" campaign held in San Marcos. Believing in the beautification of his town, Manjang adds that "more should be done in this area."

Who said dreams don't come true? With hard work and dedication, Mr. Manjang was able to reach his dream: sharing his

wisdom with the next generation. When you get an education, you'll be taking a stand. Knowledge is power; grab it while you can.



Francis Reyna

by Aron Velez and Vanessa Gonzales

Born on July 6, 1910 in San Marcos, Texas, Francis Mendez Reyna was destined for a life of contentment as many changes, good and bad, occurred within San Marcos.

Her grandfather immigrated to the United States from Mexico. Included in his family was Mrs. Reyna's father, who was the youngest of three children. Mrs. Reyna now resides in San Marcos where she has contributed greatly to the community. She has been involved with the Senior Citizen Center and voter registration.

Mrs. Reyna remembers that during her childhood, places and things in San Marcos were found by landmarks because the streets had no names. "They didn't have names on the streets." San Marcos, Texas was a small town with very few roads in the early part of the century. So the streets remained nameless. When she was a child there were only a few buildings and businesses in her small hometown. On Lyndon Baines Johnson Street, a general store existed which carried food and clothing. Next to the store was the meat market. The former post office was in a different location than it is now. The town also had a drug store and a state bank.

During segregation Mrs. Reyna wasn't bothered personally with racial differences or racism despite strong local and national sentiments of other ethnic communities. She was raised in a Christian home where she was taught to love all people no matter what race. Her parents always told her to love all people on the earth. Segregation may have been a different experience for Mexicans because they were allowed to attend white schools when African-Americans weren't. Up until the late 1950s Mexican-Americans did not have their own classification, but were called white. Because of this, Mrs. Reyna was allowed to attend a white school in the 1920's. African-Americans, though, had their own segregated school. Mrs. Reyna enjoyed school, but was

forced to quit in the ninth grade to help support her family along with her siblings and parents. She remarked, "I did like it and I wanted to go [to school], but you know in those days you had to go and work in the farms." Mrs. Reyna and her family went to various farms in surrounding counties to work and pick cotton. Everyone struggled to make ends meet with their salary only coming out to about 35 cents a day.

Mrs. Reyna distinctly remembers the years of the Great Depression in the 1930's. She recalls extremely long lines for food, ration booklets to keep track of the food, high unemployment, and stretching food as far as it would go so that there would be something to eat the next day. This time period can be summed up with one sentence by Mrs. Reyna: "It was tough, very tough, and no work."

In the 1940's during World War II, Mrs. Reyna met and married her husband from Navasota, Texas. Mr. Reyna served America during World War II in the Army. He was stationed in North Africa and Germany. After the war, Mrs. Reyna recalls the rapid growth of San Marcos. This growth attracted the population of the surrounding counties to move into San Marcos, leaving their farms. This was when Mrs. Reyna's little town gradually became a booming town. In the years before World War II, the town of San Marcos was dry, meaning no alcohol was sold legally. This didn't stop bootleggers from making their own. Mrs. Reyna enjoyed San Marcos tremendously when the town was dry.

From 1991-1994, Mrs. Reyna taught Spanish to four and five year old children. She participated in the Head Start Program at the Henry Bush Center in San Marcos. During Mrs. Reyna's adolescence and early adult years, Hispanics were not allowed to speak Spanish at schools or in public places. When asked whether children today know more or less Spanish than those she knew earlier in life, she stated that they know "little or no Spanish at all."

San Marcos has changed since 1910. World history affected San Marcos as well. Mrs. Reyna is a wonderful woman

who has seen both world wars, revolutions, and social movements. As San Marcos has grown and developed, so has Mrs. Reyna. Mrs. Reyna represents the old town of San Marcos.

The world has changed all around San Marcos, but the spirit of the small river town located in the beautiful hills of Texas has not changed; it's still alive in the heart of Mrs. Reyna. Mrs. Reyna said, "I miss San Marcos when San Marcos was a small town. There's my history."



Ash Serur is the son of Terry and Carol Serur. A senior at San Marcos High School, Ash is a member of the Explorers and a standout on the Golf team. He looks forward to continuing his golf career at a Division I school and hopes to someday join the PGA Tour.

Nettie Serur

by Ash Serur

Nettie Serur came to the growing city of San Marcos in 1939. She arrived, at the age of fifteen, to attend college at Southwest Texas State University. Nettie came at such an early age because she began school when she was five and skipped a few grades on her way to graduation. In 1939, SWT had only 1,500 students compared to today's 22,000. She majored in Business here at SWT and graduated in three and a half years.

While in San Marcos, Nettie met Dempsey Serur, her future husband. In the Early 1940's World War II began, and Dempsey volunteered and served in the Air Force. He was sent to Calaveras, California to learn all he could about being a fighter pilot. In May of 1942 he graduated as a Second Lieutenant. From there he was relocated to Cape Cod, Massachusetts as the war progressed. At about this time, Nettie graduated from college and went on a three day train ride to Cape Cod to meet up with Dempsey. It was here that they were married on June 8, 1942.

Nettie recalls how World War II impacted everyone's lives. Cape Cod was especially bad because German U-boats or submarines blocked them out from other places. Everything was rationed during the War including food, clothes and other supplies. This would have an impact on anyone's life. In 1943, Dempsey was transferred to Charlotte, North Carolina, where Nettie naturally followed. This is where they had their first child, Terry. The three moved around quite frequently due to the War. Other places they lived included Statesborough, Georgia, and Raleigh, North Carolina. Finally, as the War slowed down, Dempsey was released from the Air Force and he and his family returned to San Marcos, Texas.

The family returned to San Marcos because it is where Dempsey grew up, and it is where the family business was. The five Serur brothers who made their homes in San Marcos greatly helped shape the town. Ellis Serur was at one time the Mayor

of San Marcos. Dempsey was one of the founders of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, president of the Rotary Club, and helped start Balcones Bank.

Nettie remembers how Lyndon Baine Johnson's past elevated SWT. LBJ's political career was well followed by San Marcos. The whole town was involved the day he came to SWT to make a speech. Everybody in town was there. LBJ did a lot for the town of San Marcos. When he was Vice President, he invited the Strutters of SWT to come and be in the parade at Washington D.C. Also, him becoming President gave SWT much more prestige than it had before. Mrs. Serur remembers many other landmark events in San Marcos such as the opening of Aquarena Springs in 1961. It had the first swimming pool in town.

Many changes have taken place in San Marcos during her lifetime. For 46 years Nettie Serur has watched the town grow and improve. It is very probable that San Marcos will continue to change even more as the years pass.



Ryan Bolden is a freshman at the San Marcos High School. He remains active in Umoja, Gifted and Talented, Student Council, Basketball, Track and Field and Church. Ryan hopes to attend the University of Georgia. The son of Roland and Paula Bolden, he was born and raised in San Marcos, Texas. His goal is to someday marry a beautiful woman, have two kids (a boy and a girl), and raise a successful family, like his parents did. He wants to work in journalism, writing for a sports magazine or a music magazine. With the money he makes from writing, he hopes to buy a house by the water in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Charlie Williams

by Ryan Bolden

My name is Ryan Bolden. I conducted my interview with Mr. Charlie Williams. Mr. Charlie Williams was born and raised in San Marcos since January 20, 1924.

He attended school at the San Marcos Colored High School, later to be named Dunbar High School. The school was for children of African-American decent only (although Mr. Charlie Williams refers to them as naturally blooded Americans) until 1964, when the schools became integrated and all students could enroll into the San Marcos School District. This movement really didn't concern Mr. Charlie Williams, because he had already started college at Prairie View A & M in Texas. He describes himself as intelligent and properly raised as a young boy, meaning he learned how to juggle his time between his education, social life, and his part-time job, picking cotton.

Mr Williams explains that "On the weekends and in the summer, instead of having the opportunity of sleeping in late, or hanging out with his friends, I would wake up at the crack of dawn, wait for the truck to come pick me up, collect my three rows of cotton, and then head on home. The hours on the job depended on your dedication and the weather. Sometimes it would rain, but we would still stand there outside until it finished, and then start our jobs again."

Mr. Charlie Williams has lived an exhilarating life. He participated in World War II. He states that he still thinks about the war, but mostly he just looks back on it and laughs. He considers it as a joke of the past, and he explains, "We can't be stuck in the middle of the past if we want to make major progress in the future."

He is proud of his many achievements in the community of San Marcos. One of his highest goals was reached when he became the Commissioner of Urban Renewal. He described this position of his as outrageous. He cleaned and fixed up many homes and neighborhoods, including my great grandmother's and

the home he currently lives in today. He believes an abundance of these types of contributions is what increased this community's sense of dignity and put it on the map to be known across Texas. He is also proud of being on the Board as one of the few Civil Service Commissioners (presiding over both the Police Department and the Fire Department).

When I asked him what particular story or interest he would like to present to our history sharing project, he said, "Well, I don't know because I have so many, but the best one isn't really a story, but an interest of the vast changes this community has been through in general. Some include our educational system, politics, population, and most important technology." He calls the coming of the year 2000 as the "button-pusher millennium." He also has strong, hard feelings and beliefs about religion, civil rights (voting in particular), the presidential scandal, and the ethical makeup of representatives. Although all of these are important, he mostly elaborated on the pros and the cons of Affirmative Action.

I would like to thank Mr. Charlie Williams for taking time out of his busy schedule on such a short notice and allowing me to interview him. He is a very nice, intelligent man and has been an integral part of the San Marcos community for a fourscore of years. For his strong moral fiber and his willingness to dispense wisdom, Mr. Charlie Williams can only be called a "Preacher Teacher."



Laura Haderxhanaj is a junior at San Marcos High School. She has lived in San Marcos all her life where she attends the First Presbyterian Church. She is the only daughter of Patty Derrickson and Kujtim Haderxhanaj. Laura plays high school soccer and is active in Health Occupations of America, the SMHS Thespian Society, Venture Crew 119, and Explorer Post 4077.

Malcolm Fleming

transcribed by Laura Hederxhanaj

I was born five miles south of San Marcos at the edge of the county; I grew up in this area. San Marcos has grown tremendously. The college, I think, had a great deal to do with it and the fact that San Marcos is . . . [close to] Austin, San Antonio, and Dallas. Opportunity was placed upon San Marcos, rather than special interests in the community.

I remember the Depression. The Depression is a good one. Cotton dropped to four cents a pound and it got to where you couldn't sell anything. Corn was up to seventeen cents a bushel so we burned it . . . instead of having to get wood. They were really pretty rough times. I finished high school in 1931. There were no jobs available anywhere, of course. I went up to a little old place called Friendship, which wasn't anything but a tabernacle on the banks of a creek. Another fellow and I picked up pecans. We got three dollars per hundred. So we didn't get very rich. We came back to San Marcos. A good friend of mine was in J.C. Penny's, the assistant manager, and he got me a job there for twenty dollars a month. Now I mean that was all day. I stayed there awhile and didn't make much headway with them, so I left San Marcos and went to Seguin and worked for a big department store. And they made a lot more money [in Seguin] than they did here [San Marcos].

On Farming

We wound up eating a lot of chicken and, more or less, those who were actual farmers just stayed on their land and had a garden, cattle, milk, sausage, and stuff like that. They got by pretty well, but there wasn't anybody getting rich. A lot of farmers went broke, of course, they lost their land . . . primarily because . . . they paid too much for it to begin with. If they paid as much as \$125 for the land, they never could pay for it. Today it has gotten up into the thousands for an acre of land, quite a dif-

ference. Well, the soil conservation got going and so did another agricultural control. That gave some of the farmers enough to grow something and it told them what they could grow, which was a very unhappy situation. My granddaddy said he couldn't farm if he had to go to Seguin every week and find out whether to plant two rows of cotton or one row, so he gave up. My dad did more or less the same thing and dumped it on me and I put up with it for awhile, but I couldn't stomach it either. I did approve of the soil conservation end of it. A lot of the practices that they advocated then were very good, but they haven't continued with them.

The rural people are more or less accustomed to not having anything anyways, so it really didn't hurt them probably as bad as it did some others in town. We managed to hold onto the land we had then and now it's distributed among eight of my kids. They all have a piece of it, six of them live out there. They all took my advice not to farm, to get an education and do something else. And I wound up with a bunch of school teachers.

On Schools and San Marcos

Austin decided that Redwood needed to consolidate, which I didn't agree with at all. They told us that our little community would have to consolidate with . . . Seguin or San Marcos. Seguin was twenty miles away and San Marcos was five, so we decided to go with San Marcos. Once we got into San Marcos, we discovered some things that we didn't realize. San Marcos had no school property to amount to anything. They were depending on the college [Southwest Texas State University] to educate their kids. The college was using them so they could create new teachers. Well, that rocked along pretty good, and they didn't spend much money on school facilities or otherwise until the college all of a sudden decided that it wasn't going to educate our kids. So, we had to go back to school.

Well, I was talked into getting on the School Board back in the 1950's, and I found out that we didn't have any good

schools. At one time we had a West End School, an East End School, a High School, and a so-called Colored School. Bowie Elementary School was built and so was one at the edge of the river [the San Marcos River], which I opposed simply because I knew it was subject to flooding. They built it anyway and in a later day it did flood and scared everybody to death because they had to put some kids on the roof. That was Travis Elementary School. Well, they made a few mistakes in San Marcos over the years, of course.

While I was on the School Board I made a trip down to what they called Dunbar; it was supposed to be a colored school. I walked in there and almost broke my leg by stepping through the floor. They had an open-gas heater in there with asbestos. Half of the schoolbooks didn't have any backs on them. It was a horrible situation. They couldn't have that. So I went back to the School Board and made an effort to integrate San Marcos. I had a lot of opposition; they wanted to shoot me for even thinking such a thing. Finally, we got it done, but the deal was that San Marcos could have no colored boys on the football team. We finally overcame that. After fighting them for about a year, I decided that I wasn't going to run for School Board anymore, so I got off. The object of consolidating was a bad situation, it's about like Abraham Lincoln starting the Civil War without figuring out anyway to control the aftermath. We had a lot of problems in the school district. The rural areas that I was representing had a whole lot to say about the building of the new school building. In other words, we got roped into something that wasn't there, but we managed.

My wife got a job teaching school at Bowie and spent thirty years in the teaching profession. All the kids graduated from high school and went to college. One of my boys decided to be a teacher. He taught for Seguin for about twenty-two years. The other twin boy decided to teach at San Marcos High School in the Performing Arts Department.

On Lyndon Johnson and Local Growth

Lyndon Johnson was four years older than I am, but I went to school with one of his sisters and graduated [high school] with her. Lyndon was a poor boy and worked hard; he saved. He lived part of the time on a cot down where they generate the heat for the school system. He delivered papers, shined shoes, or anything else to make a dollar. His parents were very, very poor. In fact, the law had to pull them out of various houses because they couldn't pay the rent. Lyndon went on and got his education and never forgot when he was a poor boy. He went to a one-room school down there in Katula and taught for a year or two. When he came back he had two men that had taken him under their wings and were coaching him. He worked for awhile then was elected Senator. During his ten years in office as a Senator, I had the privilege of working with him and organizing the George Creek Improvement District, which consisted of a lot of flood prevention dams and stuff like that. Lyndon received the funding to start the Flood Control Programs, and he notified me. We went to work, and as a result they built the dams.

At the same time, I was talking to the Rotary Club and promoting the idea of flood prevention. The typical San Marcos said, "Well, that will cost us money." We told them that it would cost more money if it didn't. It wasn't long after that, we had a big rain and it flooded. It caused as much property damage as it would have cost to have engineered the start of the new program. San Marcos, I don't think, would have amounted to as much as it has, if it had not been for . . . Lyndon Johnson. A lot of people don't believe that, but he was a hard-working country boy who married a good woman. . . .By being in Congress, Lyndon was able to help some of his old buddies. He got the Rural Electricity Bill passed. A little bit later on the areas south of this town didn't have any water. We organized a water district of Clear Water and ran some lines all out in the country which developed a world of places that [previously] didn't have any water. In fact, it revitalized Seguin. Several hundred times as many people live, in what

we call Redwood, now. We saw a gradual improvement of the roads in the rural areas where people could get in and out. I guess it all worked out..

On Self-Reliance

I didn't go to college. I went up there and they told me what I could and couldn't do, and I said, "well, you just told me the wrong thing; I don't have to do that." They said it was a school for teaching teachers. I told them that I don't want to be a teacher. So, I didn't fool with college. I farmed a while and in 1966 there was a drought. I lost about \$15,000 in a year.

So, I said at breakfast one day, "You know what? It's not worth it."

My wife said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "I quit! I'm not going to do anymore farming. There is no money in it; you go broke." About that time they came up with a production credit association that financed farmers.

A friend of mine asked me if I wanted to work with him, and I said, "Well, I guess I could, but I'm not going to sit in an office all day."

He said, "No, I don't want you to do that."

Then I said, "If I think I need to go fishing, then I'm gonna go fishing, and I'm not going to come to work." Anyhow, I worked for them awhile doing fieldwork and inspections and stuff like that. In the meantime my daddy had moved to town and was managing a mill out there on the river. He had a light stroke, it pretty well put him out. So, I quit PCA and went out there to run that thing. 1956 was hard on all of us, but he couldn't pay his bills. I finally decided that the best thing I could do was to shut the thing [the mill] down. I managed to sell off all that we had out there. After that I went into the hamburger business with my son-in-law at this place called Big Willie's. Then San Marcos went "wet" and every other hamburger joint in the county started serving alcohol. I decided I wasn't going to handle beer, so . . . that was the end of that.

THE TIES THAT BIND

Second Edition

Executive Editor's Note

The second edition of The Ties That Bind features several accomplished story tellers and authors from Central Texas. Most of the interviews and resulting “histories” were prepared by high school students at the Katherine Anne Porter School, a charter school. The students were enrolled in the creative writing class during the 1999 - 2000 school year. There are fewer narratives in the second edition, but they are of significantly greater length than those found in the first edition.

The creation of the first edition of The Ties That Bind was a wonderful intergenerational experience. Several of the stories have been reprinted in other publications. The interviews and stories were prepared primarily by San Marcos High School students.

The first edition ended with a story about Malcolm Fleming. It is, therefore, fitting that the second edition begins with stories told by two of his sons, David and Daryl, renown storytellers in their own right.

Introduction to the Second Edition

by Tim Marlow, MAP Program Director (1999)

The Texas Hill Country is full of great stories and legends. They range from the historically true; the Fredricksburg Easter fires, to the big whopper. The sheer size and beauty of the land has inspired these stories and legends to be handed down over the years. One of the people inspired by this land was Katherine Anne Porter. Porter was born in 1890 and grew up in Kyle. She became the first professional writer in Texas history. The Katherine Anne Porter School was founded in 1995 in Wimberley, Texas by former board members of the Katherine Anne Porter Museum in Kyle.

As a lasting tribute to one of the world's best writers, the Katherine Anne Porter School aims to inspire younger people with Ms. Porter's renowned determination and creativity. When we learned of this school, it was sought out as a collaborator to complete the second edition of The Ties That Bind.

Building on the intergenerational success of the first edition, we again had high school students interviewing mature adults. This time, however, we decided to collect favorite stories from local story tellers. It seemed to us that we were acting in concert with our foundational principle of continuous improvement.

Everyone has that aunt or uncle who can sit and spin a yarn for hours and never bore you. These are the people our second edition highlights. This theme reflects a broadening of the focus of MAP as we partner with PRAXIS to reach a larger base of volunteers.

PRAXIS is a college based service program where students receive credit in their classes for community service hours. As MAP is a primary volunteer organization of PRAXIS, it was an obvious match. PRAXIS was already housed at the Campus Christian Community (CCC), an ecumenical interdenominational group supported by several Protestant denominations, on the

campus of Southwest Texas State University (SWT). The offices of MAP and PRAXIS were consolidated and located at the CCC and a partnership was established.

PRAXIS averages 50 or more volunteers a semester and at least half choose to participate in MAP. This steady and increasing flow of volunteers has allowed us to increase the number of care recipients and their scope of care.

The goal is for The Ties That Bind to be published every year or two with varying themes. With the second edition, MAP has expanded its collection to include a broader Central Texas base. It is our hope that the practical, simple approach established in creating The Ties That Bind will motivate other communities to establish oral history collections through an intergenerational approach. What better way is there to capture the flavor and richness of a community of people?



David Fleming: One Who Tells it Best

by Paul Malachi

Katherine Anne Porter School

Creative Writing 1999 - 2000

Junior

Executive Editor's Note: Several years ago David Fleming asked, "Do you know who owns a story?" I said, "No, who?" He replied, "The one who tells it best."

Ever since I was old enough to choose my own road, I wanted to tell stories and I wanted to teach school. That was it. I wanted to travel, I wanted to have adventure, I wanted to see things, and I wanted to read good books. What better way is there to do that than to be a teacher? That's why I became a teacher. So all day long I get to talk about the great stories. I have an audience, can tell stories. I do a lot of my teaching with stories. So that's it. It's story telling, enjoying life, reading good stories, thinking about the meaning of things, and understanding the knowledge in the stories. I love that kind of stuff.

I teach English to tenth graders. I also teach a course in creative writing. I also teach a course in mythology in which we look at all the great stories. There you go again, see. All the great stories of the world, that's good stuff. Most of the story telling I do is based on things that happened to me when I was younger. Since my audience has been teenagers or younger, a lot of my stories have been geared to what I remember when I was that age, and the adventures that I had, the mistakes that I made, and so on. I can teach people about humanity through story telling. This is what it's like. Young kids and teenagers just love to know that adults did these things. They need to know that there were people out there that were doing the things that they're doing now. How they worked things out and how they've failed. Some of the stories are based on shyness, some are based on love, unselfish love, some are based on fear. Stories about fear are great stories to tell because there are few things in life as funny as scaring

somebody. I mean like the old kind of scary stuff where you hide in the dark hallway and jump out at them. That's funny stuff.

Some of the stories are about relationships. I tell a story about the third grade and how everybody in the third grade was forming clubs. There was something about me that I was always left out whenever people started grouping together and achieving critical mass. I was always on the outside somewhere. I am one of those people in real life who had on his report card in the third grade, "Does not play well with other children." That's what the teacher wrote. My mother, of course, was furious, but that's the way I was. And so I talk about how it hurts to be excluded from clubs regardless of how silly the clubs may be, and they were silly clubs. There was one group of boys for instance who could snort like a hog. Okay, that used to be funny in the third grade. I don't know what it is now. To snort like a hog wasn't anything in itself. The real trick was they would do it ventriloquistically. You'd be sitting there trying to do your work and all of a sudden this pig noise would just come from your desk. Our teacher would have her back turned. Without turning around she would say, "So and so go out in the hall." So you would have to go out into the hall. Those that could do it real well formed a club and it was called the Pig Noises Club; and they were all real cool about it. The only time I tried to do it, I failed completely. I couldn't control the sounds, and so the teacher would sit me out in the hall.

Now that's okay to a certain extent, but there was this guy who lived out in the hall at my elementary school. His name was Floyd. He was about 26 years old and he was in the fifth grade. He had been sentenced to the hallway his whole life. Even when they had parents' night the teachers would put him in the hall. This was a little guy with arms that came down to about his shins. I'm serious. He looked like a gorilla he was so scary. So any kid that was put in the hall, Floyd would start scuffling down the hall. Some times you could see kids out in the hall through the glass window in the door. You could see their terrified faces pop up into the window because Floyd was coming down the hall for them.

I have a version of Snow White I like to tell, where she does not find the house with the seven dwarfs, but takes another road and gets lost in the swamp. Poachers find her and drag her to their hut and give her to the old woman who cooks for them. They tell her she's going to help the old woman. In this story Snow White does not flit around, she has to earn her Princess status.

Other stories are based on my parents' life. My mother was a schoolteacher at 16 during the Depression. She was the oldest of eight kids. Her father had died right after the youngest child was born, so she had to go to work right away. She did it by teaching school in a little town called Lott up by Waco. In the summers she would come down to San Marcos to Southwest Texas to get her teaching certificate. She was just a young girl, and she taught all 12 grades in one school room and was responsible for cleaning out the stove and making sure no coal was spilled on the floor. I tell stories based on her life and memories, and on my father's life as well.

My father grew up in San Marcos. My great grandfather came to San Marcos in the 1880's to become a farmer. He and a guy named Smith started the old cotton gin now known as Texas Red's Restaurant. My grandfather was a farmer who ran a mill over on the river they used to call Cape's Mill. He ran that until he died and my father took over. All of us Flemings still live on the same land we started out on in Guadalupe County, right over the Hays county line.

My father's an interesting character, and I tell stories about him. On one hand he has the last knuckle of his finger missing. It was cut off, and my grandfather had the last knuckle of his finger missing too. He got it caught in the gears of a windmill when he was doing some repair work. My father lost that knuckle when he was haying with one of those old fashioned bailers. There was a cog coming up on the machine where they had used old bailing wire in a complicated system of pulleys and belts. If something knotted up, they had to stop the tractor and get off and straighten it out. He had to stop the tractor, and he was

working with the wire. Suddenly the machine lurched and it cut off his knuckle under the wire. He couldn't free it, and he had to grab the machine and force the whole thing back enough to free it. It was bleeding, but he wanted to get the hay in. He walked about a mile to the house and told my mother he had cut his finger, and for her to come and fix it because he had to get the hay in. She saw his finger was cut to the bone and told him to get into the truck. She drove him to the doctor's office where there was a receptionist working. Now my father's from the old school and would not just talk to a woman behind the counter. Nowadays he gets confused when he goes to a lumber yard or a parts store and a woman asks if they can help. He says, "Yes, get me somebody I can talk to."

So that time my mother did all of the talking. The nurse told them to sit in the waiting room and the doctor would be right with them. My father was sitting there and got to thinking about how the hay was out in the field and a thunderstorm had come up. In the waiting room my father leaned forward and looked down the hall. He could see the doctor in another room talking about his golf game. My father got up and went to the counter. The receptionist told him to please sit down, that the doctor would be with him as soon as he could. My father said, "I'm sorry but I don't have time to wait, but when he does come out," he reached down and broke the end of his finger off and put it on the counter. He said, "Give him that will you." He turned to my mother and said, "Let's go home." When they got home she bandaged him up, and he went back out into the field and finished putting up the hay.

You see that's the kind of father I had. So you see if I said, "I don't want to chop weeds, I don't feel like it." He would just say, "Now wait a minute" and that was it. You couldn't argue with the man because he had already paid his dues.

Some of the stories my brother and I tell are about the family. There were eight children in our family and we were a riotous bunch. We were very verbal children. We loved making up games. At night, my twin brother, my next older brother, my

youngest brother, and I all slept in one little room. We were putting one another asleep by telling lies. We would tell all kinds of stories about movies we'd seen or books we'd read. Really, in my teaching and my story telling, a lot of this is just an act of love. That's how my brothers, sisters, mother and father related to each other.

I have seasonal stories that I tell like a homecoming story, a ghost story, Christmas, Thanksgiving, Valentine and Easter stories. It helps tie the generations together.

We are brain washed as children by our elementary school to believe that holidays are big deals. Valentine is probably the most worthless of all holidays. It is one that we are brainwashed into believing is a big deal. It starts off when the teacher tells the children to bring a sack to class to decorate with hearts we cut out by folding the paper in half. We're dead in the water before we ever get out of elementary school.

I like to tell stories about city kids and country kids. All the city kids would bring their donut sacks - beautiful white sacks - never been opened. I would ask my mother for a sack and she would bring me this HEB Grocery sack with the chicken stains. At the store you would get the package with 30 Valentines, plus one for teacher, which you would always throw away. You would get a printed list of all the kids' names so you would write all the names correctly. At a certain time everybody goes up and puts Valentines in everybody's sacks. Even the teacher would put in Red Hots or those little candies that say, "Hug me." On Valentine's Day, everybody gets a Valentine. It's a terrible thing to do to children to make them believe they are loved by everybody. The great fun of that is to dump it all out on your desk so your friends could see it.

I was pretty shy in elementary school, but there was this little brown-eyed girl I just thought was great. She would give me this look every now and then, so I knew she kind of liked me. When I dumped my Valentine's out on the desk I dug through and I can still remember this Valentine with Cinderella. It was one of those silhouette valentines where the pictures come out.

Cinderella's on a slope and the castle's on the hill behind her. Prince Charming is kneeling at her feet saying, "Be mine, be my Valentine." And your heart just beats so fast. I remember looking over at the girl and then turning over the card. On the back it said, "Love, Raul." That's just the way it was back then, everybody loved everybody.

That story gets more complicated because it goes on into high school. Like that terrible gripping feeling of getting on the bus and going all the way to school. When you step off you realize it's Valentine's Day. The one day of the year when perfectly lovable and worthy people are made publicly to feel unloved and unwanted and you can't hide it. Nobody loves you when you are in high school. There is such a thing as true love.

There is such a thing as two people who are truly meant for each other. There is only one person in the world for you that is right — at one single time there is only one. The problem with people today is that they disguise themselves so much that sometimes when they meet, they don't recognize each other. Many of the great fairy tales deal with hidden identity and the difficulty or reluctance of one or the other of a couple to recognize who the other person is. Somebody's always in disguise you see, and they are just yearning to be recognized. Mythology and fairy tales never deal with courtship. It's always love at first sight.

Sometimes it's difficult to recognize one another. In Beauty and the Beast, Beauty had to recognize the Beast and he's just begging her to recognize him. Gradually, she starts putting two and two together.

Part of what I believe as a storyteller is that we must tell the story, and the story must be moral, good, and sweet. A story about a bad man coming to a bad end is moral, but it is not interesting. A story about a bad man coming to a good end is not moral, but a story about a good person who comes to a bad end is tragic. We need to tell those stories about good people who try and they fail sometimes, but they are still good people.

The Catholic Church went to Central America and came into contact with the Mayan culture. The Mayans had all of these very interesting and intricate books that told about their history,

their myths, their science. But the priests said, "Uh uh, we're starting all over again;" and they burned all of the books. There are only eight individual books that exist today from that period. The Mayans lost all of their recorded history in one generation. But they had storytellers who carried on their most meaningful traditions.

We don't tell stories any more. It is so important that we think about the value of the old stories before we surrender them completely. There are some old stories that probably should disappear. I wonder how many stories our current generation is telling that will last.

Art is very much storytelling. What is art and what is the purpose of art, but acceptance of our human state. Art helps us find out who we are as human beings, and it helps us be content. You can make yourself miserable trying to be something that you are not meant to be. We have to recognize what our limits are, what our possibilities are, where the glories lie.

There's a fish camp story about the first liar. A bunch of guys who had been out on the lake fishing were all sitting around the fire that night. The first camper said, "When I was out there in the boat, I hooked a fish this long." He was the first liar. Well of course the second liar said, "I hooked a fish this long." The first liar did not have a chance without everybody else jumping on him. Story telling is like that. It brings out the liar in everybody. We all just want to tell our stories.

Human beings are said to have three brains. One is called the lizard brain, right at the base of the skull and the top of the spine. It is the medulla oblongata. Then there is the next brain, which is called the midbrain or mensencephalon. In human brains, it is the center for comfort, sexuality and eating. Then there is the neocortex or neopallium, which is the new brain. This is where we act spiritually, apprehend good, evil, past, present, consequences, and problem solving. All of our modern culture aims at the midbrain because that is where you sell stuff. You sell sex and food and cars and comforts. People begin to let that midbrain rule their lives, and they don't see the consequences of anything - even their own boredom and inactivity.



Daryl Fleming with his son, Stephen.

Daryl Fleming: One Who Tells it Best

by Nina Ramos

Katerine Anne Porter School

Creative Writing 1999 - 2000

Senior

Executive Editor's Note: Daryl and David Fleming are twins. Storytelling is one of their common talents and sibling rivalries. Far be it for us to declare a winner. It's a draw. They are both "one who tells it best."

Storytelling is more than a performance. It is very personal. The relationship with the listener is very personal, and must not be broken. Each person in the audience wants to know something personal that is relevant to his life.

Bruno Belheim wrote The Uses of Enchantment. He suggested that children will bring the same book to an adult or a parent over and over again. The book articulates something to them that they cannot understand. They will continue to seek answers from that book over and over again until they understand what they are searching for.

In selecting stories we must try to understand the listeners. What will answer questions for them that perhaps they have not articulated? It is a very personal thing to me to tell the story, but the point of the story has to be universal, otherwise, you get the rambling old uncle. It starts off and everybody leaves the room mentally. It has got to involve them personally. It has to put them in a situation they are familiar with and that they can relate to. Then they want to know how it all turns out. Even for adults, with all the literature, movies, television, and novels available, they are drawn to characters and fiction that are similar to them or who are fighting similar battles. Otherwise, we lose interest in reading.

Storytelling is a viable way of teaching experiences. The Richard Stairy children's books water down fairy tales so that Wolf does not eat Grandma. He locks Grandma in the closet,

because it frightens children. Fairy tales were written because kids are afraid, and they can't name their fear. If they have the big bad wolf, then that's the name of their fear. Those original fairy tales teach us to overcome great difficulties and that there are tragedies in life. Fairy Tales need to be told in their original form. Because of their survival through the years, there is something there that we as a people can go back to again and again and learn something from. I don't think we should spare children unpleasant things. It is perhaps the hardest thing for a parent to let their child feel pain, but they need to.

I remember when Disney brought out The Little Mermaid. My son Stephen was interested in it, and he picked up the animated version from Denmark and watched the true telling of the story. At the end, the Little Mermaid cannot kill the prince to save her own life. She can't do that. She sacrifices herself and is changed into sea foam. We were in shock until we realized the point of that story is that mermaids do not have a soul. They cannot have eternal life, and that is what she wanted, a soul. However, by sacrificing herself she gained a soul and eternal life. So it wasn't quite the tragedy that on the outside it looks like. Again there is that intense suffering of self-sacrifice that we need to have. These original fairy tales taught those things. Cinderella had to go through some hard stuff to get her final happiness; Beauty and the Beast says the same thing. Those stories should be told in their original form.

In a good story there are rhythms. It is slow; its fast. You want to be very quiet. In a theatre production there are different parts and rhythms. Otherwise, the listeners are numbed down by it.

There is one story I've told that is a little too intense for young audiences. It is about this little girl named Nannie, who is afraid of storms. She draws pictures of suns because to her that is her shelter from the storm. If she has a sun, then that pushes the clouds away and it won't rain. Rain frightens her. She has a milk cow in the story. She sings to it, and tells the cow all of her

dreams. Part of the story has to deal with the storm that exists in her house between her parents. So that she won't hear the thunder of her father's words or the lightning of her mother's response, she will draw those suns trying to move that storm out of the house. That is an example of how you can bring in an adult theme through a child's eyes, and how much it frightened Nannie, and how she likened that to storm clouds moving in, and she tried to dispel it.

The story moves along as Spot her cow, who she renames Sun Spot, is pregnant and she leaves an unborn calf named Sunshine. She sings a song about "You Are My Sunshine." Spot has the calf, but the calf is born dead. The cow goes down, and sometimes if a cow goes down and does not get up, it dies. Nannie takes feed and water to it in the pasture. When it looks like it is going to rain, she gets a little tarp and covers the cow to keep the rain off her.

Hurricane Carla, which swept through Texas in 1961, is incorporated into the story. I remember the storm from when I was 10 years old and the fear of the storm was tremendous. In the story, Nannie goes to school, and it is cancelled at noon as the storm is moving inland. Old Mr. Yoakum, the school bus driver, couldn't go down Nannie's driveway to let her off, and he couldn't leave everybody sitting in the storm while he walked her. Here was this tiny little girl who is terrified of storms in a hurricane, walking to her house and being soaked and chilled and shivering. She goes in the back door because her mother would be angry for her tracking up the living room. She goes in and takes off her sweater and tries to wring the water out of it. In the midst of the storm, she hears her parents yelling and screaming at each other, and she realizes there is no shelter from the storm. She runs out of the house and being blown around by the wind, she makes her way to the pasture to check on Spot. She finds Spot is dying. She crawls underneath the tarp next to Spot. Her parents come out of the bedroom and her mother sees the sweater. She realizes that Nannie has come home and has gone back out into the storm.

She goes out to find Nannie, and the wind hits her. It stops her in her tracks so that she turns and sees her husband coming after her. She sees, not the man who has disappointed her, but the man who she fell in love with and who is strong. He is looking at her, his wife, and sees not the disappointment in her eyes, but the woman whom he married. They realize they need each other regardless of all the bad stuff that goes on around them. Together they help each other and move down to the pasture and find Nannie. They pull her out sobbing, and almost unconscious, and they hug her between them. At that moment, the eye of the hurricane passes over them. The sun came out, and it was perfectly still. The roof was off of the barn, trees were down, lines were down. But at that moment it was perfectly quiet, and it was at that moment Nannie's parents picked her up and held her. She realized that it was not the Sun that helped her, but love, and love, if you have it and you give it, will shelter you from the storm. Even though the eye of the storm would pass and the rain would return, it would be okay because her parents loved her and would shelter her from the storm.



Lawrence K. Brown, Jr. and Tim Marlow

Lawrence K. Brown, Jr.: The Stork with a Collar

by Tim Marlow

Southwest Texas State University

Introduction by Karl Brown, son of Lawrence K. Brown, Jr.

Lawrence K. Brown, Jr. is the son of a cotton farmer and had six other sisters and brothers in the family. Because of the medicine at that time, he lost five siblings, four were children and one a young mother. He watched them die, and he had some question about his own survival. When he was an infant, his life was nearly taken in a tornado that came through Bentley. His mother and sister were under the bed and his sister said, "What about my little brother who is up in the crib?" She ran and pulled him under the bed with them and then the whole roof came in on the crib. He had a narrow escape, and his family talks about that when they built the house after the tornado. They built it so that maybe it would be tornado-proof. It was one of the best built homes of their time. It's a house that is kind of a showplace now in this little Arkansas town with huge thick walls with steel beams going throughout it.

He plowed with mules. In fact, he used a team of two mules to plow when he was eight years old. He worked very hard with his father trying to make ends meet through farming, and eventually he went to Hendrix College. It was a small liberal arts college, sponsored by the Methodists, kind of like Southwestern in Georgetown. He went there on a scholarship, majored in history, and was graduated Magna Cum Laude. He worked his way through school in the cafeteria and also got scholarship help. He then got a scholarship to Yale Divinity School and graduated from seminary in 1931.

The year before finishing seminary, he and a classmate friend went to Europe. They went over on a boat and then bicycled across much of Europe. They were studying church architecture and visiting a lot of museums. They thought such exposure would be good for a minister. And then they came home

with just a few cents in their pockets. After finishing seminary, he decided to move to Texas.

While in seminary at Yale, he got involved in some of the New Haven community's social issues. He and some classmates refused to eat in a restaurant because it was not integrated. They did not serve the black community and so they all walked out of the restaurant.

He married my mother in 1935, and in that same year they were in a picket line in San Antonio, Texas protesting the exploitation of Hispanic workers by their employer. The cigar manufacturing company was not treating them fairly. In the 1950's he was in a lunch counter demonstration at a Woolworth's in San Antonio because they were not integrated.

He had a strong feeling of social justice during his ministry and because he got a good deal of help going through college, he established generous endowments at his alma maters, Yale and Hendrix, for students interested in social justice.

One of the best things that happened to him was that I was born three years after he married my mother. They tried to overcome that for the rest of their lives. He adopted two children, my two sisters, one from San Antonio and one from Germany. An older brother died about two years ago, and so they had four children.

In 1952 he was an exchange pastor in London, and the pastor from London came to Lockhart, Texas. While in England, he and my mother went to Germany and met a friend he had met in 1930 when he was in Europe. She was a curator of a museum in Manheim and a very influential woman in that city. She asked him to go to the orphanages. This was the beginning of a project that eventually brought 168 orphaned children to the United States, mostly from Germany, and placed them in homes in Texas. He was known as the "stork with the collar". The most children that he brought over at one time was nineteen.

One of the interesting things is that he was a rabbi for a synagogue for two months. He and the rabbi exchanged pulpits. When the rabbi needed a break, his congregation at the syna-

gogue sent him to Mexico to recuperate and they asked my father to be their rabbi.

He has been kind of champion for many people who needed a voice.

He retired in 1973 and has been an avid gardener. I mean he has this huge garden in his back yard and he feeds the neighborhood. He works out everyday at the health spa, swimming laps; he walks one to two miles a day and he still keeps a very active life.

Maybe I have told you too much, but I wanted you to know some things about him. Now it is up to him to tell the rest. Dad...

Lawrence K. Brown, Jr.

Editor's Note: The Rev. Lawrence K. Brown, Jr. died in November 2000 at the age of 94.

In 1931, Bishop Dr. John Moore from Travis Park of the Southern Methodist Church and a graduate of Yale, went to New Haven to talk to Dr. Luccock, a teacher on the faculty at Yale Divinity School. He was losing southern ministers to the North, so he persuaded Dr. Luccock to try to influence the Southern Methodist students to come back to the South and the Southwest. He promised Dr. Moore that he would try. Yale had maybe 200 Methodists in divinity school and at least half of them came from the South. So, that is how I returned to the South.

Frank Charlton, a good friend, came down a year ahead of me. He is the friend who went to Europe with me in 1930.

I returned to my own conference, the North Arkansas Conference. I was sent to Marshall, Arkansas, county seat of Yale County. A week before I got there, a chain of banks in the Ozarks went broke, and the owners fled to Brazil where they were from. It was very difficult and very hard times. In the Depression, my whole income for the year was \$276, and I know I

missed out on some monthly checks.

The presiding elder of the San Antonio district wrote me and said, "If you'll come to Texas, I'll see that you move at conference time in October." I would have three churches Utopia, Knippa, and Leaky. I received \$7 each from the churches and my board was \$20 a month from a family in Utopia.

So I came down in May and landed at Uvalde, where the presiding elder lived. On the last Sunday in May, he took me to Utopia in his Ford coupe. On the way from Sabinal to Utopia, we saw about seven or eight rattle snakes.

We arrived there for me to preach at the morning service, and after the service they had dinner on the grounds. I sat next to the Chairman of the Board and I said, "How will I get over to Leakey?" He says, "Ride a mule." "I don't have a mule," I said. He says "Well, I have, and so after I get out to the ranch, I'll come after you." He came after me, and the mule was all tied up at a tree when we drove up. At about 2:30 P.M. he said, "I think it's about time for you to go to the Harper Ranch." I got up on the mule and they said, "Well he does know how to get on the right side." They thought I was a Yankee because I was from Yale. I grew up farming. We lived in town, but I learned to plow when I was eight years old.

In June, Utopia had a flood of 25 inches in 16 hours, and there were thousands of sheep, goats and cattle that died in the flood. When I went over to Leakey in September after another flood, the bluff where Garner Park is now had dropped off. Here we were on this narrow path and I didn't know what I was going to do. I sat there on the mule for quite awhile and finally said, "How am I going to get down to the canyon?" I climbed off and jumped about as far as I could onto a rock pile. I made the jump and when I did I said to the mule, "Jump," and so he jumped. We jumped from one pile of rocks to another until we got into the canyon. When we got to the Frio River, it was rampaging. I decided that the only way to get across was to get in and go down the river. We went about a quarter of a mile before we could get

to the other side. When I came into Leakey, the man that was sitting on the steps of the courthouse said, "How did you get across the river?" I said, "We swam." The next day the church was full. I said "This is unusual, you never filled a church before." A man stood up and said "Well, we thought if the preacher could swim the river, we could all hear what he had to say".

The high school superintendent had two daughters and another family in town had two daughters. These four fought over whom I was going to stay with each time I came. One time I stayed with a new family, and they put me up in their home. They didn't have an extra room so I slept in their big walk-in pantry. In the middle of the night I heard little footsteps running, and I couldn't figure out what it was. Finally, I lit a match and saw it was rats running on the shelves in the pantry. I did not stay there a second night.

After about a year and a half, Bishop Hay appointed me to the Palm Heights church in San Antonio.

When I was sent to San Antonio I was single, and the churchwomen were very anxious to get me married. And so the first year they made a quilt that was a flower garden and said, "Put this in your hope chest." I didn't marry that year and so the next year they made a ring pattern quilt. The third year I fooled them and told them I was married in January.

After I married and we were still in San Antonio, as Karl said, we were in the picket line and tried to get better working conditions for the workers who made the cigars.

In 1952, we went to Europe. I was exchanged, the first exchange minister to England from Texas, and served there for two months. I went over to Manheim, Germany to see the friend I had met in 1930 and introduce May, my wife, to her. Because of that experience, we got interested in bringing orphaned children back. When I was a pastor at Mason, we adopted two churches, one in Manheim and across the Rhine River, in Ludwigshafen. We sent hundreds of pounds of clothes and food to Manheim collected from Methodist churches. After that the children were brought to America, and we brought back 168. There were 160

from Germany and the rest from Greece and Korea.

The first time we were going to Europe for the children, I called Lyndon Johnson whom I'd met in San Antonio at a political meeting. I said, "I'll need a recommendation." He said, "I can't give you that." I said, "Well, they don't know me." He said, "Well you go on." And so when I got there they said in the consulate, "How did you get seven visas when there were no visas to be given?" I said, "Lyndon Johnson." They said, "Well, you could have no better contact."

In all the years that we were doing the adoption project, Lyndon Johnson was my right hand to help me if I got into a mess of trouble, and I owe him a great deal.

In 1957, the consulate of Frankfurt said, "You know Johnson, and I'm asking you to see if you can make a law where the papers do not have to go to the Southern consulate in Houston and then to Washington. Bring Washington to Frankfurt and Frankfurt back to Washington." And the consulate said to me, "Can you get him to make a new law?" and I said, "We'll try."

In February of 1957, I went to Washington. I talked to Lyndon and he said, "Well, we're so bogged down with civil rights, that it's going to be very difficult, but I'll see to it that we get it passed in the Senate, but you'll have to see the Speaker to get it through the House." The Speaker, Sam Rayburn, was an old bachelor from North Texas. He said, "Why don't you use your energy with the children of America? You don't need to go to Germany." So, anyway, he was an old bachelor and he didn't know anything about the children's difficulties. Only one out of a hundred might get adopted in Germany. Finally, even with the civil rights problems, we came out fine because of Lyndon Johnson's interest in the children's adoption. The law was changed in 1957, and it was still a law in 1969. We had no more delay problems getting the children to America. I made, about 19 trips to get children, my wife made nine, and Karl made three with me. We had to try to help those children.

Every year, on the second Sunday in October, all the kids

I helped bring over try to get together. We've been doing that since 1959.



Billy Porterfield and Judy Neal

Billy Porterfield: Remembering Katherine Anne Porter

by Judy Neal

Katherine Anne Porter School

Creative Writing 1999 - 2000

Sophomore

I drive by the Katherine Anne Porter School every day on my way to the Post Office and I wonder what is going on. Why do they want to name a school after Katherine Anne Porter? I think the students all must be very bright young people who want to be writers and poets. Is that true?

Do you want me to spill the beans on Katherine Anne Porter? When I was in school back in the Crustaceous Period, the dinosaurs of decency would have said Ms. Porter's stories were not suitable for tender minds.

We were country kids who knew about betrayal, brutality and murder, because of the likes of Hirohito, Hitler and Mussolini. There was no TV, but the war news reached around the earth thanks to newspapers and radio and brave correspondents. We probably knew more geography than any generation before or since. Even before the Japanese surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, those of us that loved anyone in France kept wondering what was holding President Roosevelt from rushing to their defense. I remember him admitting in one of his fireside radio chats, "I have no word of encouragement to give. This very serious situation is far from bright and the country knows it as well as I."

My father and uncles would sit around saying, "If we don't get in it now and fight like hell, Germany, Italy and Japan will rule the earth."

Don't ever suppose that your grandparents were innocents. The yummys of life have always bloomed early in the young. Don't forget that Shakespeare wrote Romeo and Juliet 405 years ago and that he was 18 when he married Anne Hathaway. At 67, I have children ranging in age from 41 to 15; and I see

them as individuals. They grow and change as Spring and Summer, Fall and Winter. Same as always. The only thing that I found that your generation is privy to is this, there is a reason for the noon and evening of life, just as there is a reason for the morning of life.

It was no different for Katherine Anne Porter who was born in the time of your great grandparents, 1890 and lived for 90 years. She died in 1980, almost into your time, and that would have been about four years before you were born take a year or two. For her there were only three ages, young, mature and remarkable. You know what? She was considered a beauty. You could say Porter was an early bloomer. She ran off from a convent in San Antonio and got married when she was 17. All told, she had three husbands. You could say Porter was a late bloomer. At 82, she was being courted by a handsome lawyer 37 years her junior. Are you still interested in this woman?

How many kids did she have? Zilch, she couldn't have kids. Her favorite toast, which she offered in Spanish, was "Health and money, and more power to our elbow, many hidden love affairs and time to enjoy them." It is small wonder that toward the end of her life she would say, "My life has been incredible, but don't believe a word of it."

She traveled the earth endlessly whether broke or in the chips. She had been a dancer, singer, a model, an advertising copy writer, a teacher, a traveler, drama critic, newspaper reporter, ghost writer, translator of many languages, world lecturer and so on. And everywhere she went, she ran with the great figures of the day. In Mexico she knew Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo. In Germany she met Hitler and dined with Hermann Goring who told her she was too beautiful and too sensitive to be about the world by herself and then kissed her hard on the cheek.

Other writers were drawn to her to the point that Porter was rattled. At 50, Porter was at a writers' festival in upstate New York. Carson McCullough, a Southern wonderkind was there editing the proofs of her latest novel, The Heart is a Lonely Hunter.

McCullough was so fascinated by Porter's beauty and talent that she followed her around like a puppy to the point of lying across the threshold of Porter's room waiting for Porter to emerge. It was just hero worship on McCullough's part.

Years later at a party of literary swells in New York, Dylan Thomas, the wild Welshman, at 36 is taken with Katherine Anne at 60. Quite suddenly, as if she weighed no more than a doll, he lifts her, coat, gloves, hat and all until her silver head is within an inch of the ceiling. He wouldn't put her down, and he kept her up there over his head until the host came running insisting the party was over. Within three years Dylan Thomas was dead as the result of a heart attack. He was, to Katherine Anne's mind, the greatest lyric poet of the century.

Then in 1976 when Porter was 86 and Carson McCullough was nine years in her grave, they again were placed aside each other. This time it was in Ray Shearer's anthology of what he considered to be the greatest short novels in history. It included Porter's Pale Horse, Pale Rider and McCullough's Ballad of the Sad Café. This was monumental company. Two Southern girls into the fraternity that included Herman Melville, Dostoyevsky, Henry James, Leo Tolstoy, Thomas Mann, Joseph Conrad, Hans Kafka, D.H. Lawrence, Richard Wright, Saul Bellow. Mann and Bellow are Nobel Prize winners.

Did any of you read the other day about Saul Bellow having fathered a child? He had a son at the age of 85. That's the reason that you should all become writers. This is what Aunt Katherine meant when she dubbed the twilight of life as remarkable.

It seems fitting here to brag on her staying powers. One of the last assignments she took as a writer was to cover the moon shot for Playboy magazine. She was 82 years old, and the thing she did best was writing fiction.

Katherine Anne was slow in maturing. Part of this was because she set such high standards for herself. She would keep a piece for years, working and reworking it. She refused to release

any more stories than she ever allowed to be published. In fact, her whole canon consists of 27 stories and then one last novel.

Maria Concepcion was the first story for the literate she wrote and this was in 1922 when she was 32. She was 39 when she wrote The Jilting of Granny Weatherall in 1929. But it was not until she was 72 in 1962 that she finished her first and only novel, Ship of Fools. A 24-year effort, that at last made her money and a celebrity.

From her point of view, there was a difference between celebrity and fame. Celebrity is like a sequin, cheap and flashy. It can come as easy as a camera flash or a cover in Vanity Fair. If it took time for Katherine Anne Porter, it was because she had never sought that type of pop recognition. Reckless in life.... carefully constructing fables about the human condition, always aiming for a higher, more discerning audience. The grandeur of fame comes harder and only works with courage, intelligence and distinction. The better you are, the higher you reach. Porter was considered a consummate stylist long before bestsellerdom and her novel made her a star.

I have to be honest to say that she enjoyed her late vulgar adventures in the limelight. It wasn't just because it made her rich for the first time in her long life. It was because Aunt Katherine had a grand and insatiable ego. But we can forgive her hubris because of her skills as a storyteller.

Do you know what hubris means? HUBRIS - inordinate pride - a Greek word. Every time that you let your hubris get a little bit big is when you trip and embarrass yourself, which she did quite often.

Katherine Anne was born in Indian Creek. Her mother died when she was very young. Her brother, her two sisters, and she were taken by her father to Kyle to live with her father's mother. Granny Weatherall, in the story The Jilting of Granny Weatherall, is her grandmother. It is about a strong woman who commits herself to a man; and it doesn't work out. He jilts her. It ruins her life in some ways, but she carries on and raises her

kids, struggles to keep her farm during the Depression. It is a really good story about Katherine Anne Porter's grandmother. Her name was Katherine Anne Skaggs.

Katherine Anne Porter for the first 25 years of her life was named Hallie Russell Porter. But when she became a writer she decided to change her name to her grandmother's. It was her tip to the skinny, little, tough pioneer lady who raised her when her worthless son left the kids with her.

Katherine Anne Porter's father was a remote man. He was self-educated, knew all of the philosophers. He was a man who wanted to be an intellectual, but was just self taught. But he was always away.

Throughout all of her fiction, all of the women are strong and all of the men are weak or worthless. She is one of the first really strong feminist writers. She doesn't hit you over the head with it; you don't get a lot of preaching in the stories. She is considered an immaculate stylist. Her style is very simple, but it is deceptive. The characters she creates are very complicated. I think this is the reason why she was not very well known except by critics. If you write slop, you write best sellers. That's the way it is in the democracy. I sound like a snob don't I? But I was raised as poor as Katherine Anne.

Katherine Anne Porter lived in Kyle for 10 years. She went to school there and to a convent in San Antonio; that's where she ran away at age 16. She was a singer and a dancer and performed on a circuit in those days.

The last book that I wrote, which was my seventh, is a memoir, but people who read it say it is fiction. I was born in East Texas in 1932, and my father was working on drilling rigs as a roughneck and we also were sharecroppers. We did a lot of sharecropping along the Mexican border with the Mexican people. I learned to speak Spanish and fell in love with the Latin culture. We lived on the King Ranch for about five years at one time. We were about 80 miles from the nearest grocery. It was really primitive, but it was wonderful.

When we moved to town I had this insatiable curiosity about everybody who lived around us. I just wanted to know what everybody was thinking. There was a family of bankers who lived down the street, and every night they had kind of a formal dinner in their big dinning room. They had shrubs below these giant windows. I was always curious about what rich people ate and what they said because we were really Gypsies. So at night I would slip up in the hedge. I was a Peeping Tom. I would peep in at these people. I wasn't doing it in a low way, I was doing it in a high way. I just really wanted to know what they were like. I wanted to try to understand their souls. One night, one of the sons saw me. He was an older guy and I almost fainted out of fear before I got out of those shrubs and ran.

I used to sleep walk. I would have all of these incredible dreams, and I would sleep walk around the neighborhood. One morning at three o'clock my father found me in my little cotton underwear walking on the roof of the neighbor's house.

The kids at school called me Nature Boy because I wouldn't cut my hair, and I grew one of the first beards in Woodborough High School. There were not 300 people in the whole thing.

It was a wonderful life. I loved it, but we were poor and we never put down roots. I have not been able to stay in one place. I spent 20 years in Dallas but I moved every six months to a different part. I married two millionaire women, but I've lived in the blackest ghettos, the Mexican barrios, and I'd get me a rich girl and move to the northside swells. I felt like Balsac in Paris, except I was Billy Balsac in Dallas. I think that what drives most writers is an insatiable curiosity about people.

I just finished a novel called Soul City, about the poor part of Dallas, about the barrio and the ghettos. It's got characters with living names. There is a sequel to it called Cold City, about the rich part of Dallas where all the comfortable people live. There are just a host of characters and some of them cross over in both novels.

It takes me a long time to write a book. The last book I had published was almost 600 pages and took me 28 years and eight rewrites before I had it the way I wanted it. It was turned down seven times by different publishers before I finally found a publisher. It is difficult to make a living just by writing unless you're like Stephen King. So I worked mostly as a journalist, but always had family. I was kind of like Katherine Anne, I couldn't resist marriage, except I had a ton of kids.

Let me tell you a story. I was in Dallas and I was working for a public television station as the executive producer at channel 13, the PBS station. Lon Chinkle, was the Dallas Morning News book critic. He had been a long time friend of Katherine Anne Porter. At this time she was probably in her early seventies. She was coming to Dallas to get some sort of literary award that Lon had picked up for her. He put her up in the old Adolphus Hotel downtown. Katherine Anne was always ill. When she was 32 she discovered she had tuberculosis and she spent years in sanatoriums, first in charity ones because she didn't have the money. Later somebody took pity on her and paid her way into the better ones. She had hundreds of illnesses in her life, from the flu to every kind of thing you could imagine and yet she never stopped. She lived to be 90 years old.

She was kind of down when she was on this trip to Dallas. I was with A.C. Green, who is a Texas writer. We were at the reception for her to receive her award and they announced that Katherine Anne Porter, who was the greatest Texas writer, was about to descend. Everybody pulls back and the elevator door opens with these two bellhops backing out carrying this coffin. In this coffin rises up Katherine Anne Porter who waves to everybody. "Pardon me," she says, "I'm a little down so they're going to have to carry me to the dining room." And she's in this Mexican coffin she had ordered from some department store mail order house. She kept that damn coffin in her apartment in New York, and later in Washington, and that is what she's buried in.

She was a wonderfully eccentric woman. She got the idea

from actress Sarah Bernhardt who kept a coffin in her apartment and slept in it every night and eventually was buried in it.

When I was a young reporter at the Houston Chronicle working night police in 1955, I was sitting in the press room in the police headquarters on Buffalo Bayou. It was a very quiet night. We had the police radio on all of the time to keep us informed about stories we might be interested in. I was reading Pale Horse, Pale Rider, Katherine Anne Porter's collection of short stories. The homicide lieutenant, a tall and skinny guy named Lt. Brackenridge Porter, came in at about three o'clock in the morning and said, "Billy, you like that book?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "I never understood it." I said, "Oh come on Brackenridge, you can't tell me that you've read Katherine Anne Porter." He said, "Hold bud, what's my last name?" I said, "Porter, but you couldn't be related to his woman, she is really intelligent." He said, "That's my Aunt Katherine."

It turns out that Brackenridge was the oldest son of her oldest sister. He said, "Aunt Katherine didn't write Pale Horse, Pale Rider at our house, but she wrote one called Hacienda at our house. There was a little house out back and she came and stayed with us for about a year. It was the worst year I ever had in my life. She was one of those suffragettes and was always marching with women downtown and going off to Mexico with revolutionaries and all that kind of stuff. I grew up fighting with her over politics." Brackenridge was almost a Fascist, he was so conservative. He said, "I never understood her and she never understood me. I don't know what you see in that story." After that, I became a great fan of hers.



Jeanette Nyda Passty

The Honorable Nettie Patricia Brooks Hinton: An Extraordinary Life

by Jeanette Nyda Passty

Katherine Anne Porter Literary Festival Winner 1999

Because Papa was Baptist, not Catholic, we could never take Luminarias to Mama's grave in St. Peter Claver's churchyard; but we would always visit after midnight mass on Christmas Eve, and Papa, Percy C. Brooks, Sr., would talk to Mama, Cecilia Imelda Brooks, in the midst of the dark and chilly tombstones, as though she were right there with us in body and spirit.

"The children have done very well in school this year" my forlorn Daddy would tearfully report, while we children knelt shivering on the frigid ground, owls hooted and nameless creatures - or maybe just the wind - rustled in dead grass and dormant bushes, and clattered and groaned in lifeless branches.

Because she was older than I was and in 1948 already attending college in West Virginia, my sister Cecilia soon had a life of her own. Little Michael - a baby in arms when Mama left us - was sent off to be raised on a farm by our cousin, Paul Phillips, a veterinarian in Fredricksburg. Tragically, it was also around that time when my grandmother Nettie - Mrs. Nettie Bartavia Brooks - who had taught me how to read when I was three - began to dwindle in body and mind, so it was a blessing that we all already lived together in her home. In her day, our grandmother had been a celebrated itinerant - horse and buggy - school teacher to White farm children in St. Hedwig, before beginning her distinguished career in the San Antonio I.S.D. When she died, a year or two after Mama did, with Papa off at work almost every day, my brother Percy Jr. and I were often alone with only books for companions in our huge, two-story Victorian house on Center Street.

At about four or five, I began Pre-Primer at a parochial school for African-Americans, St. Peter Claver Academy. The sisters of the Holy Ghost and Mary Immaculate, who had taught my mother and sister before me, made me their particular pet,

even bringing me into their own quarters to sit at the table with them for breakfast after Sunday Mass. Because their “little orphan Paddy” couldn’t have her own mother, they opened their large and loving Irish hearts and tried to be twenty mothers all at once to me. And they daily reminded me of how my sainted mother, who gladdened them with their music at the school for many a year, was now even playing her piano before the Blessed Throne of God.

I thought of them as my “Guardian Angels” - they being sisters Boniface, Brendan, Clement, Isidore, Ita, Leocadia, Louis, Peter, Rosetta, and even Reverend Mother Imelda herself. They all seemed quite tall and wonderful to me in their voluminous black habits and towering black wimples, with white starched cloth around the face, and starched white collars. They wore a golden wedding band, a cross or Crucifix on a neck chain - and another on a knotted cord around the waist - black stockings, and thick, black, sensible shoes. To me, they were figures of romance and power. They looked like African deities, or like actors in an ancient Greek play.

At sixteen I left St. Peter Claver, which was small, Black, and nurturing for St. Philip’s College, which was likewise historically Black and nurturing. I majored in education from 1955-57. Papa wanted me to enroll at his alma matter, Howard University, after that. But I burned with ambition for something greater. Fated always to be among the onlies, always to be among the firsts, I applied for admission to The University of Texas at Austin - and was accepted!

As a member of the very first group of African-American undergraduates to study at U.T., I endured some extraordinary slings and arrows, since the classes were integrated but campus housing was not. The city of Austin itself was still segregated. By bitter experience I soon learned how to venture off campus, to take the long bus ride to my rented room in Austin’s segregated Black community. On one occasion, my English literature professor, told our class we were required to view Laurence Oliver’s

Hamlet at a movie theatre just across from U.T. on Guadalupe Street. But when I arrived, I was refused a ticket. Although I was a conscientious student, I was unable to complete my assignment. On a similar occasion, Kathryn Walker, my friend from my convent school days, was invited by her Issues in Secondary Education professor, to have coffee at the River Falcon Restaurant to continue work after the irregularly scheduled seminar had ended. They'd noticed that there was a considerable delay between the time they'd ordered their coffee and pastries from a henna haired lady in a blue uniform and the time they were served by a very apologetic gentleman in a white shirt and tie. Caught up in a spirited argument concerning B. F. Skinner's latest findings, they didn't give it too much thought. Until everyone read the headline about a "Racial Incident at the River Falcon Restaurant" the next day in the pages of the Austin American-Statesman and learned that their waitress had quit her job rather than serve them, they'd had absolutely no idea of the controversy they'd caused.

After two years of hard work, finally, all that remained for me to do to become a fully qualified teacher was my student teaching and observation. Hailing my achievement as what we want minorities to accomplish here and saluting me as a pioneer, The University of Texas Dean of the School Education saw to it that I was assigned to a superior all-White elementary school in a wealthy Austin neighborhood. Walking into that immaculate classroom on the first day, knowing that I would be building bridges between Blacks and Whites there for several months, filled my heart with pride and joy. I remembered with love the nuns of St. Peter Claver, and rejoiced that how the twelve years that they had spent teaching me, and praying for me, had not been in vain. I went to University Catholic Church where, with tears of gratitude streaming down my face, I lit three devotional candles while I solemnly remembered Mama and Grandmother Nettie - now residing in Heaven with my dear St. Peter Claver who had been martyred in the 1860's for bringing the Gospel to slaves. Then I invested in a long-distance phone call to Papa back home in San

Antonio. He was so proud! I do believe that was the first time he had been able to feel any genuine happiness since he'd lost Mama.

And all my dedication and joy and high resolve for the future lasted exactly two weeks. Then, with the face of a dog guiltily doing its business in the wrong place, the Dean summoned me to his office and told me I would have to be reassigned. The Dean said something about "a parent who has protested." Ultimately, the parent protester turned out to be none other than a prominent member of the Texas State House of Representatives. I completed my student teaching in the middle of the academic year at the elementary school in the segregated neighborhood where I lived in a rented room. When it came time for me to find a paid position, I decided to leave Austin, and I had no desire to return for graduation. Hurt, angry, and disillusioned, I told them at the U.T. Registrar's Office they could mail my diploma. I wasn't going to walk my Black face across that stage for any White people to humiliate further.

I returned home to San Antonio, eager to work and put my gnawing disappointment behind me. But it was the wrong time of year to find an academic job. I was actively seeking gainful employment when my application for an advertised position as a librarian's assistant at the Main Library created consternation among White administrators. Heretofore, Black people couldn't borrow books from the White library, that is, the Main Library downtown. The Carver Colored Library and its three "branch libraries," each a small room in a housing project were for Black patrons. But I was the first Black person from San Antonio to earn a bachelor's degree from U.T. Austin, so, based on my credentials, clearly I couldn't be turned down. They saw the handwriting on the wall after I applied. They accepted me but sent me to The Carver. There were two Negro women there who had master's degrees in library science and several years of experience. One of them was sent downtown. Thereafter, in the interests of expediency and common sense, library staff and then the libraries

themselves were rapidly and fully integrated.

In September, I left my library assistant's job to begin my career in public school teaching, still thinking to follow the same career path as my grandmother before me. But I was restless and dissatisfied. I had spent three years in the classroom on the West Side; I had become embittered by the fact that the San Antonio Independent School District had been segregated in my grandmother's day, and it was still segregated in mine.

In the meantime, I had become Mrs. Hinton. My brief and unsuccessful marriage had convinced me that very rightly is marriage referred to as an "institution." I had been "institutionalized" for two interminable months when I decided to call it quits. I needed a change of scene. And, just when I was boarding a train for Washington, D. C., looking for a city where I could make a fresh start, Vice President Lyndon Baines Johnson came looking for me.

I truly believe that LBJ is one of the most under-appreciated and misunderstood chief executives in the history of the United States. Certainly John Fitzgerald Kennedy misunderstood him. Kennedy made Johnson directly responsible for implementing JFK's Executive Order to integrate Federal Agencies. Kennedy assumed that Johnson, a good ol' boy from a segregationist state, would backpedal on the project to his - Kennedy's - political advantage. But what he never realized was that, at least so far as we Black people were concerned, Lyndon Baines Johnson didn't have a mean bone in his body.

Texas was a lot smaller and a lot more gossipy back then than it is now. A Johnson staff member who had heard from my brother-in-law about my plans to relocate contacted me with an opportunity offered by the Vice President. When I arrived in the D.C. area, I was to report to the Commissioner at the U.S. Customs Service. At the time, there were no Blacks employed there, except a chauffeur and some clerks in the mailroom. The Federal Civil Service Entrance Exam had a tremendously high failure

rate. However, I passed, even though the exam was what advocacy groups would now call “culturally biased.” I began my civil service career as a GS-5, although my score, along with my years of teaching, entitled me to start as a GS-7. I was soon promoted successively from level 5, to level 7, to level 9, to level 11 and journeyman status. Initially, my duties were to prepare curriculum and instructional materials for customs inspectors on the line. In order to be effective, I had first to become an expert in Federal law, then to risk my personal safety in the domestic drug interdiction field, and, eventually, to venture to Brazil, China, Ethiopia, Hong Kong, India, Jamaica, Kenya, Nepal, Nigeria, Pakistan, Spain, Thailand, Trinidad and Tobago, and elsewhere, until I had trained law enforcement officers and advised government officials in more than thirty-six countries overseas, despite the gloomy assertions of my colleagues that, “No African-American - and certainly no woman - can advise those people on anything, let alone the drug issue.” Ultimately, I became the United States Customs Service Desk Officer for Asia, Africa, and the Pacific Basin. That position conferred on me the equivalent consular rank and made me, in effect, a member of the U.S. Diplomatic Corps.

One of my favorite memories from the thirty years I spent in active service to my country is of helping to found the U.S. Customs Academy at Hofstra University. When the Academy was moved to Georgetown University, I served there, too. Ever mindful of the “hand up” that had been given to me by the nuns at St. Peter Claver and by President Johnson, I also worked closely with clergy and Civil Rights leaders and with high schools and colleges to inspire young people to enter government service and to ensure that they would serve with distinction.

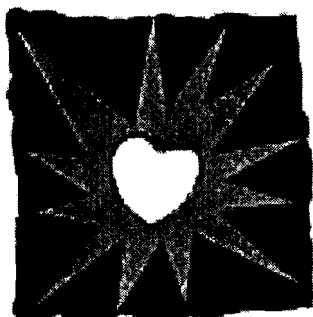
On one occasion - when I had been posted to Islamabad, where I had served so frequently that I’d become something of a media figure on Pakistani TV - just like a character in a Rudyard Kipling story, I decided to venture into some very tumultuous

territory near the Afghan border. The area was quite dangerous - there was a Soviet puppet nearby waging a civil war - but I had a serious purpose for going. I asked one of my contacts if he could take me to one of the most important smuggling villages in the Northwest Frontier Province. I was driven in an armored personnel carrier, escorted by four fierce-looking soldiers in khaki combat uniforms with bandoliers across their chests. With a male customs officer by my side, I journeyed through the desolate and forbidding landscape of the Khyber Pass to the village of Landi Kotel. There I completed my mission among the smugglers, drug dealers, and illicit arms purveyors of the local bazaar. Afterwards I dined on round loaves of freshly baked bread, salad, roasted lamb, vegetables, rice, pistachio pudding, and chai, before returning through the pass to our embassy in Islamabad.

On another occasion, like Alex Haley the author of Roots, I wanted to learn more about Africa. Since I had no husband or children to neglect, I was at liberty to spend my many free evenings and weekends between and during U.S. Customs Service assignments at the Smithsonian Museum of African Art, where for twelve years I served as a Docent, frequently sought out for my knowledge of Sub-Saharan Africa. Even now in my retirement years, from my home near the Carver Cultural Center in San Antonio, I have continued to serve the Museum as a Docent Elder. It was my delight to travel to Dogon Country on the Bandiagara Escarpment, and Timbuktu in Mali, West Africa with other Smithsonian docents in February 1998.

After I bought a home back in "The Neighborhood" on the historic black East Side of San Antonio, I joined choirs and became active in a number of worthwhile community revitalization causes. But, however, many firsts and other exemplary works I had accomplished, I always had the feeling that something was missing from my active and exuberant life. That has changed in

a most romantic way. Oddly enough, in the December of my life, God has graciously sent my handsome and distinguished Raymond, beloved companion, who now shares my home.



*A Neighbor's
Independence
Depends On You*

FAITH
IN ACTION

Marshal Kuykendahl: A Sense of History

by Jennifer Hancock

Katherine Anne Porter School

Creative Writing 1999 - 2000

Sophomore

I was very nervous when I went to interview Mr. Kuykendahl. This is the first oral history I've done, and he certainly seems like a man who deserves a well-written piece. To my relief, he was nice and very patient with me. I hope this attempt does his life justice.

Marshal Kuykendahl was born in 1932 on an old ranch between Kyle, Buda and Wimberley. After World War II, the Rutherford's started buying off the Kuykendahl Ranch. Today, what is now known as the Rutherford Ranch, is one of the most popular in Hays County. Mr. Kuykendahl was raised on this ranch. In adulthood, he became extremely interested in Texas history and began his journey in a search for the past.

His ancestors, Robert and Abner Kuykendahl, came to Texas in 1821 with Stephen F. Austin as one of the original 300s. That title was given to the first 300 families that settled with Austin. Mr. Kuykendahl first went to Austin to do his research. Austin has one of the most complete sets of state records in the country. Not only are there Texas archives, but early northern Mexico too. In the fall of 1855, the Mexican government moved all their records to San Antonio.

The Kuykendahls have always been ranchers and land distributors. The first Texas ranging company captain was Marshal Kuykendahl's ancestor. He worked over the area now known as Bastrop. His ancestor's son was R.H. Kuykendahl who was in the war of 1836, and later became a sheriff. Indians killed R.H. in 1846. Before he had died, he fathered two sons. Marshal Kuykendahl is a descendant of the youngest son, Wyllie Martin Kuykendahl. He was a trail boss for Rancho Grande and went up the Chisholm Trail eleven times.

R.H. Kuykendahl's oldest son died fighting in the Civil War. After reconstruction, the south lay in tatters as the north took their revenge and once wealthy families were forced back to square one. At this time Texas was open plains where thousands of cattle roamed over the rolling hills. They offered relief to the destroyed Lone Star State. The Kuykendahls and other ranching families made money by selling cattle hides to cities like New York, Boston, and New Orleans. Many were sold off steamships. They got two to three dollars for each hide they sold and made back their livelihood that way.

Marshal was asked to rewrite the Kuykendahl section of the Texas handbook that had been printed in 1952. In 1996, the second handbook was released with all the information Marshal had found out about his family.

Even though Marshal Kuykendahl is a published and respected historian, he still runs a land company. His wife, Betty, is a director of a real estate firm, and also a native of the Valley.



Lindsey Gross, Yvonne Khourie, and Sarah Bleii

Yvonne Khouri: World Citizen and Caregiver

Lindsey Gross, Interviewer

Sarah Bleii, Interviewer

Katherine Anne Porter School

Creative Writing 1999 - 2000

Juniors

Executive Editor's Note:

Yvonne Khouri has been a colleague for the last decade. She retired from the faculty at Southwest Texas State University at the end of 2000. Her story is one of determination, dedication, and accomplishment. It provides diverse and insightful lessons.

Interviewer: Tell us your name and where were you born?

Yvonne: I was born near Jerusalem, in Palestine; this is easy for you to remember. My name is Yvonne George Rizk Khouri. My middle name is my father's name George; all of us seven siblings carry the father's and grandfather's name and this makes it easier to track people down. Khouri means priest; for those interested in the origin and meaning of names, the title "priest" became part of that family's name. In my family's background there were three priests.

Interviewer: What language is that?

Yvonne: It is Arabic language. This is the language spoken in Middle Eastern Arab countries.

Interviewer: How long did you live there?

Yvonne: I lived there for about five years. My father was a public health officer, so typically he moved to different cities. We lived in Ramallah, Hebron and finally we moved to Gaza. One look at an old map of Palestine — the Holy Land — will help you locate all those cities. They are all biblical places. Abraham is buried in Hebron. Do you remember the story of Samson and Delilah; Samson is buried in Gaza and his tomb is close to our school so

we often visited that site.

Interviewer: Do you have many memories from that time in your life?

Yvonne: Yes, I have many memories. Those were the days of the Second World War and our countries became the crossroads for the marching armies- the British and their allies, and the German and their allies. The local people got dragged into this and we suffered a lot. I remember the raids and blackouts, waiting lines and rationing: meat, twice a week; monthly rations of sugar, flour, rice, powdered milk; limited weekly allowances of kerosene and gasoline, even rubber tires for cars — only when they really wore out! Armies occupied our school buildings. I remember the first demonstration others and I participated in: “Give Us Our Schools Back Do Not Interrupt Our Education.” I was six years old. Now I realize that was the beginning of a lifelong connection with education.

On the positive side, those factors exposed the people to varied cultures and interests. Languages were no problem for us; English, French, and German were part of most school curricula. I started to study English in the fourth grade. Now I speak English, French, and beginners’ Spanish.

Interviewer: Tell us more about your school system.

Yvonne: Our schools were for girls and boys. The public school system was up to 8th grade for girls and up to 12th grade level for boys. Our curriculum was all in Arabic except for English starting at 4th grade- eight hours per week.

My sisters and I went to a public school and when we finished the 8th grade my parents decided to send us to a private boarding school that happened to offer an American curriculum.

Interviewer: What school was that?

Yvonne: It was an American Quaker school- the Friends Girls

School. It still exists after more than a hundred years. The curriculum was all in English except for the Arabic course. We spoke English all the time. The years I spent there were happy and a good introduction to American culture; our teachers were good and kind Americans. The 1948 war in partitioned Palestine interrupted my education. Finally, I finished high school and passed the required national exams. Results of those exams determined what university and which school accepted student applications: medicine, engineering, pharmacy, law, business, agriculture, education.

Interviewer: What did you do after that?

Yvonne: Those were hardship years for the family, so I started working at a United Nations Agency for Refugee Relief. I took private lessons in secretarial practice to help me at work; strangely enough, I still use those skills!

Interviewer: What was your work like during that period?

Yvonne: It was difficult but challenging. When you work with hoards of refugees you become very conscious of the basic physiological and social needs of those displaced, dispossessed people: the need for shelter, foods, schooling, health, work, warmth. I worked for five years at health clinics: makeshift tents where the health team members — doctor, nurse, pharmacist, and midwife staffed morning and afternoon clinics. I was the clinic clerk so I had to become proficient in medical terminology, triage, interviewing, registration and clinic responsibilities. All this reminded me of my younger days when my brother and I would go with my dad for his Saturday clinics to immunize children with smallpox vaccine and conduct health education programs for mothers and children.

Interviewer: Do you have other memories about your life as a teenager?

Yvonne: The three years from 1945-1948, after the end of World

War Two and the beginning of war in partitioned Palestine, were the only years of comparative peace. I remember the nonstop air raids, the shelling and strafing of civilian communities. We dug trenches in the sand dunes outside our homes for shelter and protection. Those were like bomb shelters during the day. At night we stayed in a narrow corridor or the bath room with blankets for cover. A bus accident injured my dad and my mother stayed with him at the hospital. The rest of the family, seven teenagers and kids, stayed alone at home very terrified, worried, and sad. A bomb once fell at our shelter; fortunately, it did not explode and we were all indoors. An army squad removed it. I hope you understand why I keep saying I do not like wars. Wars accomplish nothing; they break up homes, families, countries, and the whole infrastructure. There are far, far better ways to solve conflicts among people and nations.

I told you I come from a large family- four girls and three boys. In spite of sibling rivalries there is a very strong bond among us. It is a wonderful feeling- very helpful and supportive. I would not give it up for anything. I always wonder why families continue to shrink in size!

Christmas and Easter were very exciting times for us as kids, not because of the gifts and boxes that you receive here. It was fun to tuck your clothes under the pillow the evening before and be ready at four o'clock in the morning to go to church service. We walked for more than a mile- no cars and no donkeys. After church it was customary for family and friends to stop by for greetings and special pastries of the season.

Interviewer: What church do you belong to?

Yvonne: I belong to the Greek Orthodox church. It is the largest Christian group in the Middle East. Palestine is the birth place of Christianity but Christians are still the minority. My parents were good Christian people and Sundays were very special for us kids. We all walked together to church and back home. My mother would fix special meals on Sunday like chicken, stuffed

squash and grape leaves, kibbeh, and baked pastries. Early on we got involved in Sunday school and choir; we learned a lot about liturgy and church teachings.

However, religion has played a divisive factor in many countries: civil wars in Lebanon, Bosnia, Ireland, India-Pakistan.

Interviewer: Did you get persecuted as a minority Christian?

Yvonne: I don't call it persecution; maybe segregation, and discrimination in services and employment. My dad lost a promotion at his job because management awarded the position to a lower grade employee who happened to be Moslem.

When I finished high school my grades entitled me to the top slot for the next stage but last minute political pressure took it away from me and awarded it to a Moslem girl inspite of the wide gap in our GPAs. It hurt me then, but I look at it as a blessing in disguise. It led me to the American Quaker school, early exposure to American culture, and eventually to continuing my higher education in America.

Interviewer: Tell us how and when did you come to America?

Yvonne: When I started work at the United Nations agency, my mother, sisters, and I volunteered to help at a hospital managed by Southern Baptist missionaries. When a wonderful missionary woman returned to the States, she sponsored me to come as a student. That was in 1955. My trip to the States was on board ship the SS Independence from Alexandria, Egypt to Naples, Italy, to New York. It was late in August and that was hurricane season; Flora rocked our ship for two days and most passengers survived on crackers and apples because we were very sick and unable to leave our bunks. First time I knew what hurricanes are like!

Interviewer: What were your first impressions about America?

Yvonne: The first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty was barely clear. It was around 5 o'clock in the morning when we landed in New York; all of us were trying to look in every direction for the

Statue because we've heard so much about it. I made a point of stopping by it in 1960 on my way back home.

The first hours in New York harbor were bedlam. Longshoremen were on a lengthy strike, and so we had to carry and clear all our bags and belongings. I was a foreigner and a stranger in that big city, but I was able to find my way around to the airport. My flight took me down south to Atlanta, Georgia where I had another big surprise. Until this day I remember that evening. I did not expect anyone to meet me at the Atlanta airport, so I took a cab to a hotel recommended to me at the traveler's information booth. I started unpacking and getting ready to go to bed when the telephone rang and the receptionist informed me there were people waiting for me in the lobby. Who can they be? I do not know anyone here? How did they know I am at that hotel? This worried and frightened me. Finally I put on my clothes and went downstairs and what a happy group I met: a group of excited young women, carrying banners Welcome Yvonne, talking to me with that Georgia accent and apologizing for having missed me at the airport.

It turned out my missionary friend in North Carolina asked that group to meet me and take me to the university in south Georgia. She described me as a petite young woman with very dark brown eyes and hair. They checked at the information booth and the cab driver led them to the hotel. That was a very small Atlanta airport that is now among the top three busiest airports in the nation. Can you imagine what it would be like these days?

Interviewer: Do you have other observations about life in America then?

Yvonne: I did not like the segregated accommodations and services based on color. Bus stations, water fountains, restaurants, and schools where signs directed me where to go. I remember one summer camp in Birmingham, Alabama. I arrived early at the Greyhound bus station, checked my bags and got my ticket

to Atlanta. I waited until they announced boarding time, so I walked toward the bus and I saw two lines: the front line for “whites” and the back for “Negroes” and me in the middle! White passengers filled all the front seats; when I tried to go to the back seats the driver prevented me from sitting there. I tried to explain that as a foreign student I did not mind sitting anywhere on the bus, but he forced me out and I had to wait for three hours for the second scheduled bus.

Another incident happened in Tampa, Florida. We were three foreign students, an Indian, a Pakistani, and myself. A friend had recommended a special restaurant in town whose owners came from Jerusalem. We walked in and it became clear no one wanted to serve us — the two students were black. I asked about the owner and introduced the two students and myself. Suddenly, everything was okay; they seated us, served us, and we enjoyed our meal.

Questions that people asked at times annoyed me and made me sad. Do you have these stars in your sky? Did you always dress like this? Is it true women have tails? I kept wondering why don't they know more about us, our people, countries, geography, history?

An observation frequently made by foreign students related to the amount of waste, especially of food items.

Interviewer: What adjustment problems did you have as a student?

Yvonne: Fortunately, two things helped me. Work with an international agency sensitized me to different nationalities and backgrounds, and because English was no problem to me, I was able to carry my course workload quite comfortably. However, I tended to speak very fast compared to the south Georgia drawl. My English professor assigned a student to help me speak slower like them! It also meant that at times I could not make sense of my class notes because the instructors would drop the last ending of words. I cried out of frustration.

Food was a minor problem except for grits. To this day I do not like grits. I like southern fried chicken and apple pie. A dress code for women was no problem; students could wear skirts and dresses but no shorts on campus and that was okay with me too. Homesickness was a problem. There were no telephone contacts because of war zones, so I relied on letters and photographs.

Summer camps provided work for me as a counselor in exchange for room, board, and pocket money. My status as a foreign student did not allow me to work for pay.

Interviewer: What did you major in?

Yvonne: I finished my undergraduate studies in business administration at Stetson University in Deland, Florida. The majority of women in the school of business were in secretarial practice programs. In my senior classes some instructors kept asking if I was in the right classroom, as if those courses were for men only.

Then I moved to Chicago for graduate work at Northwestern University. That was a big hurdle to overcome because in those days very few graduate programs in health administration admitted a woman student. How I wish I had kept those letters "... regret we do not accept women in our graduate program," or "we've already accepted one woman student for this year, apply next year." It was tough being the only woman student in a class of forty, and sexual harassment was very offensive. You are familiar with the Glass Ceiling and women in corporate American business; it was and still is evident.

Right after commencement exercises I flew back to Lebanon where my family had been living. Job hunting began.

Interviewer: What did you do?

Yvonne: I accepted a job with the Kuwaiti Ministry of Health as a hospital administrator. Kuwait was in the very early stages of its economic boom and development. The country patterned its

health care delivery after the British health system. The hospital administrator title is the hospital secretary, and being a young woman several people thought of me as the clerical secretary, while others called me “matron” as they would the director of nurses. The end of the one-year contract found me back in Lebanon.

During the following 17 years I worked at the American University of Beirut, Lebanon in both capacities: administration and teaching. Those years were formative and very challenging in my career. I was the first Lebanese and the first professionally trained woman hospital administrator. It became clear from the beginning that the top position at the hospital was for a male, not a female, administrator. Same old story: discrimination in employment for women around the world!

Interviewer: How did you end up in Texas?

Yvonne: This is an interesting question. As a result of the civil war in Lebanon, life in Beirut became very difficult, especially for my dad. My two brothers in California applied for immigration visas for my dad and myself. We came to the States in 1976 and I got my “green card” as a legal alien a year later. In 1983 I passed my naturalization exam and became an American citizen.

By a strange coincidence I was attending a Northwestern alumni dinner at a conference in Dallas in 1977. A fellow asked if I knew Darwin Winfield and I answered yes. We were classmates at Northwestern and friends, but we had lost track of each other some years back. He gave me his address at the Department of Health Administration, Southwest Texas State University. I called him and then visited him and his family in San Marcos. It was around Thanksgiving; he wanted someone to teach finance and personnel courses and wondered if this interested me. I started in January 1978 as a temporary arrangement, mainly to decide if I wanted to settle in Texas or California; Texas won, and here I am twenty-two years later. Time to start planning for retirement.

Interviewer: Have you been back to Lebanon?

Yvonne: Yes, I have been more in recent years because for quite a while the Department of State prohibited all American citizens from travel to Lebanon; it also prevented travel agents from issuing airline tickets for travel to Lebanon. I still have two sisters there, some cousins and some friends; both parents are dead, we have no family home and there is very little left for me to worry about.

Interviewer: Did you ever get married?

Yvonne: No, I married my profession! I got tired of answering questions like how come you did not get married? A smart and attractive woman like you not married? Society expects only dumb ugly women to be spinsters! I am glad this image is universally changing. I have enjoyed my family and their kids and grand kids. I have supported them and spoiled them, I love them and they love me.

I have enjoyed my independence and freedom to decide for myself. My passport is always ready even for trips on impulse. When I look at these young kids talking about their boyfriends and girlfriends I feel sad for them, they are missing the fun of growing up, they don't know what childhood is anymore. They always want to be older and then when they get there they want to be young again.

Interviewer: How do you feel about yourself now?

Yvonne: This is very tough. I am getting close to retirement, so it is time to take stock of where I am.

My relationship with health care goes back to over half a century. I have learned that health professionals enjoy special status in their communities; but this status carries with it a challenge to our authorities, responsibilities, and accountabilities.

The rewards for educators come later in our career. Watching my students and keeping track of their progress fills me with pleasure and satisfaction.

Networking with colleagues will continue to keep me involved in my profession and global community. I have learned a lot about people, values, languages, and cultures through my travel all over the world — I have traveled to all the continents except Antarctica. I plan to do this later.

My faith leads me to work for equity, fairness, and justice for all people around the world. Wars and violence are very disruptive and destructive, much worse than natural disasters.

My parents instilled in us the importance of a work ethic, trust and respect for all. This leads to strong ties and family support. We learn from history. We should not forget our past; we should understand our present; and we should plan for our future.

Interviewer: Thank you.

Yvonne: Thank you too.

The Give and Take in Health care

by Yvonne Khouri

Associate Professor (retired December 2000)

Health Administration

Southwest Texas State University

My relationship with health care spans a period of half a century. I used to watch my dad give the small pox vaccine to babies whose mothers brought them for well-baby clinics every Saturday. My brother and I would help in registration, sorting appointment cards, and updating information on their records. A few years later, war broke out in my country; thousands of families became homeless and destitute. I worked with a United Nations agency for refugee relief as a clinic clerk, mainly a maternal-child-health (MCH) clinic. I had to learn important medical terms, improve my interviewing skills, be a health educator and triage person while the doctor, nurse and midwife were taking care of patients. All this we did under tents as temporary make-shift clinics: no comfort, no luxuries. Twice a week I would accompany the team to refugee camps to follow up on patients and their families. The only hospital in town, an American missionary hospital, was badly in need of volunteers. Whenever authorities lifted curfew hours, my mother and I would walk — more than a mile — to join other volunteers and help wherever needed, especially in the business office, central sterile supply, and stores. Those visits helped me understand the impact of the home environment, nutrition, availability and access to care on health status of communities.

I learned to function smoothly with health care regardless of environmental conditions. The special status health professionals enjoyed in their communities was a big challenge and a reminder that status carries with it the three important managerial terms: authority, responsibility and accountability. The disruption of daily activities in the hospital, outage of utilities, curfew and work stoppage, caring for casualties in our emergency rooms

all emphasized the need for being proactive: continued preparedness, coordination with other health providers, communication with vendors and community groups, and opening our gates to anyone in need. Our university academic center functioned as a hospice, hostel, shelter, and treatment center—the traditional mission of a hospital.

I credit health care for encouraging me to pursue a college education in the United States. Little did I know then that existing graduate programs in health administration admitted very few women. I did finally get into one and that opened another chapter in my relationship with health care. Besides health administration, health care got me involved in the education of health professionals. The give-and-take in this aspect is immeasurable: the challenges of seeing students of different ages and backgrounds go through formal education and become leaders in their communities and countries all around the world fill me with pride and happiness.

Health care encouraged me to network with health professionals through participation in local, national, and international conferences and study tours. The annual visits to hospital exhibit centers, comparing notes and observing new technologies and developments, some new, others just a make-over, continues to be very enlightening. However, health care keeps pointing to the past, do not forget it; to the present, understand it; and to the future, plan for it. If we learn from history, we do not repeat the same mistakes. A timely reminder is the report by the World Health Organization concerning infectious diseases. The report, "Priorities for Action," deals with Old Diseases- Old Problem; Old Diseases- New Problems, and New Diseases- New Problems. Let us make this a challenge for all of us.

What have I learned from this relationship that has spanned half a century? A great deal: Super Good Soul health administrator is level headed, under control of emotions, has both feet on the ground, is always above board; big hearted, heart in the right place; has backbone and a sense of humor. Do I regret

getting involved? Never. I do realize, however, that as days go by I will become more dependent on health care. C'est la vie!

BUILDING INTERGENERATIONAL RELATIONSHIPS:

The Foundational Principles

by Oren Renick, Executive Editor and Principal Investigator

This book is about history based on an oral tradition. It is concerned with capturing oral histories to gain a sense of history from a highly personal and individual perspective. The oral histories were completed by using youth to interview their elders in the community. The resulting book was done to be the distinguishing project of a larger intergenerational program - the Mutual Adoption Pact or MAP. This book is a marker or permanent record of the MAP, but if it is seen only as a book to be displayed on a table or gather dust on a shelf, the book's reason for being has been missed. The book is a metaphor for the foundational principles upon which any intergenerational program must rest.

What are the foundational principles for effective intergenerational programs? They are five in number - an archway supported by four columns named as follows:

1. the archway or enduring relationships;
2. column one or service excellence;
3. column two or mentorship;
4. column three or celebration; and
5. column four or continuous improvement.

Building Intergenerational Relationships: The Foundational Principles

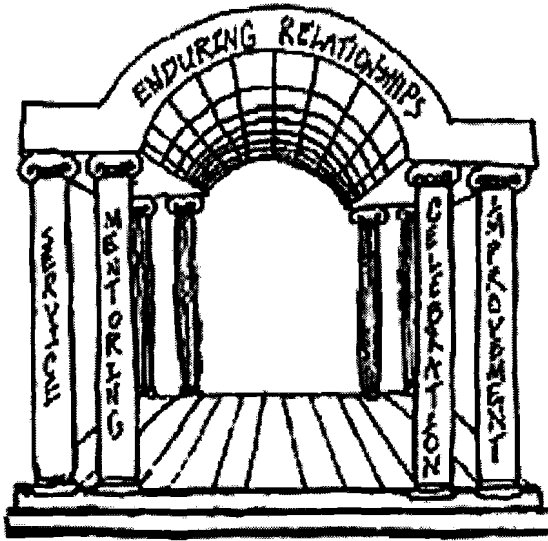


illustration no. 1

Enduring Relationships

An intergenerational program must build on enduring relationships or else the program will fail to meet its ultimate mission. These programs are not about hit and run missions or visitations from young strangers during a holiday season. All too often such well intentioned efforts seem like staged events that make the visitors feel better and only manage to intrude on the privacy of their needy subjects. Like the curmudgeon main character in the film *The Singing Detective*, the choir visitors to the hospital where he was convalescing seemed to him all too pious in their religiosity. This seemingly correct perception was due in part to the impersonal, staged visit to the hospital where the choir members spent no time with the patients, did not care to hear the patients' stories, and congratulated themselves on their charitable efforts. No interchange, no empathy, no connection was made, and no sense of humanity and caring was conveyed. The Sing-

ing Detective's uncivil tongue in railing against them was tactless, *but probably spoke volumes for all those who remain silent and endure such invasions of the spirit.*

How do we create a setting where the seeds of enduring relationship can be sewn to flourish in full bloom? A systematic process must be established that flows from recruitment to end results, a process based on mutual benefit for both or all the parties. It is a process that answers the question, "What can I do that will help you the most?" It is a reciprocal relationship where the parties give and receive in return. The enduring relationship is based on giving, and in giving, receiving more in return. It is the profound experience of knowing that in giving of oneself and in giving away, it is usually the giver who receives more in return. It is to bless and be blessed in return. It is enlightened self interest with a heart. It is the recognition that doing good will not return void unto the giver.

Service Excellence

Far too often, youth have been denied the opportunity to serve. Organizations which seek the involvement of youth often compete for their attention, pamper them, and outdo one another in erecting structures and programs that encourage the worship of self and the cult of youth and its adulation. Usually such organizations have adopted vision statements that give "lip service" to the denial of self and ministering to others, but the reality of these statements is typically made operational in small letters while being marketed in capital letters. The tragedy is that far too many youth remain mindless and heartless, living their formative years without a sense of meaning or purpose that can come through service to others.

Service excellence takes many forms based on matching need with the ability to respond to that need. It is based on a simple, but not simplistic, process that relies primarily on common sense. Start with companionship as a basic service and build from there. This requires matching the parties in some logical

manner for compatibility to help compatibility blossom into friendship through companionship activities.

Service excellence can blossom through making visits, exchanging stories, helping with light housework or light yard work, running errands, providing transportation, reading, assisting with all forms of written communication, delivering meals, attending social functions together, and on and on. The list is limited only by one's creativity and exercise of good judgment. It should be a pragmatic opportunity which does not frustrate the parties through bureaucratic barriers.

A caveat or warning is appropriate. Since the ultimate goal is enduring relationships, a balance must be maintained between the amount of time committed to service and the servant's other priorities. Time management techniques should be encouraged to avoid "burn out" as the youth make service excellence a part of their pattern of life. They must be reminded to allow time for their own mental, physical, and spiritual needs while allowing their social development to flourish through service learning.

Mentorship

The mentoring of youth is the primary responsibility of those elders receiving services. There is wisdom to be shared and intergenerational programs provide an avenue for this interaction. The elder, even one in relative isolation, has an opportunity to provide counsel to the youth who come to them to provide services that reinforce the elder's independence or autonomy.

Typically in intergenerational programs, active elders or adults of middle age will be involved as facilitators or care givers along with the youth. This group is sometimes not recognized for its crucial role, but here is a source for mentoring youth as well as providing services. This potential relationship must be recognized and utilized, particularly if the elder receiving services has needs that exceed their ability to mentor the youth(s) aligned with them.

Is not mentoring a specialized kind of service? It is a

specific term that defines the elders' responsibility to the youth. However, it is a service in return for a service which allows for the typically more limited mobility of the elder compared to the youth. A profound reality of intergenerational programming is that all are to serve - even the one who is the one to be served. Intergenerational programming is a way to teach youth service excellence while not allowing the elders to forget that they also serve. Often those elders receiving services become care givers based on their ability (often mobility) to serve. Every competent person can provide some meaningful service to others. This, in fact, is a hidden objective of intergenerational programs - to merge the roles of care receiver and care givers. Proactive ways should be sought to provide care receivers with the double blessing of receiving and giving. Mentorship is their starting point and a potentially priceless form of service, but it may also serve to empower or merely remind an elder that one is never too old to learn or remember the place of service in making all the allotted years positive and productive.

Celebration

Do not forget to celebrate your achievements. Periodically have special ceremonies to symbolize the development of positive relationships. These are social gatherings to further bring the generations together. It may be as "simple" as going to a community event as a group, to special excursions, to a planned ceremony to recognize special accomplishments. For example, MAP has celebrated through special excursions to a theme park and a minor league baseball game. The completion of the first and second editions of the book documenting and describing the history sharing project, was celebrated by special autograph signing parties for all the participants with the community invited to attend and share this watershed moment.

The watch word is celebrate, celebrate, celebrate.

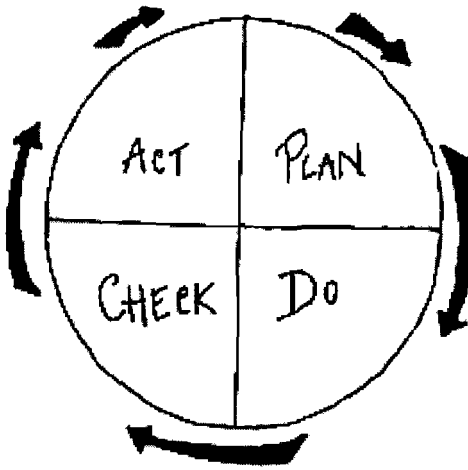
Continuous Improvement

Everything done can be done better - much better. This book is intended to be a guide for others to do their own oral history project. It can be replicated and improved. Hopefully, the words provided in this book when matched with the creativity of readers will result in better history sharing projects and better intergenerational programs as a whole.

Apply the continuous quality improvement cycle of Walter Shewhart as you embark on your adventure with intergenerational programs. Remember the following:

1. *Plan* - Think about what you want to do, and begin with an end in mind. Have a mission to accomplish.
2. *Do* - Pilot your program. Do not do it all at once. Select one thing to do and do it well. Expand on your directed implementation. Remember that any one can produce junk, but you will never allow your program to be less than substance. It is substance over style.
3. *Check* - Evaluate your pilot program. Fine tune it. Eliminate problems on the front end and thereby prevent problems that could cripple your effort. Go slow at first to go fast later. Build the reputation of qualitatively delivering on your promises.
4. *Act* - You have built your intergenerational model into a system of delivery that results in enduring relationships, service excellence, mentorship, times of celebration, and a continuously improving model for intergenerational programs. Stand and deliver.

The Shewhart Cycle of Continuous Quality Improvement



The PDCA Cycle

illustration no. 2

Be committed that your journey into intergenerational programs will be based on doing the right thing, doing the right thing right, and doing the right thing right on a consistent basis.

Your mission in intergenerational programs can be based on the words of F. D. Roosevelt:

“We cannot prepare the future for our youth, but we can prepare the youth for the future.”

THE TIES THAT BIND

Third Edition

Executive Editor's Note

The third edition of The Ties That Bind gives readers extensive documentation on the valuable impact civic engagement has on the clients, students, and communities that are involved in intergenerational service learning programs. Civic engagement provides the integration of classroom learning and community service to forge and strengthen intergenerational communication, leadership, and the continual growth of community bonds. The three signature programs involved in civic engagement are: Mutual Adoption Pact (MAP), Safe at Home, and Strong for Life. The Ties That Bind was developed primarily from the experiences of the Mutual Adoption Pact (MAP) program, and has developed into a “cookbook” of intergenerational experiences that will continue not only with MAP, but also with the development of the Safe at Home and Strong for Life programs.

In the past, The Ties That Bind has documented the development of the relationships between senior adults, young adults, and their communities. Through the experience and stories of students and authors from Central Texas, an important dimension of learning and growing has emerged. The first edition of The Ties That Bind, which was edited by Dr. Oren Renick, Carl Dolezal, and Ernest Tsacalis, started the journey by giving the elderly an opportunity to contribute their stories and experiences to help students gain a different perspective about their community and life. The second edition, which was edited by Dr. Oren Renick and Tim Marlow, succeeded in capturing the flavor of Central Texas communities through the narrative of local story tellers and their oral histories. With the third edition of The Ties That Bind, we mark the passing of several of the protagonists whose stories were told in the first and second editions. They include Malcolm Fleming, Luciano Flores, and Francis Reyna. This latest edition was designed to illustrate the strong impact that civic engagement has on the development and future of students and their communities. The progression of stories,

experiences, and information that has grown throughout the years with The Ties That Bind has not only colorfully illustrated the past, but is also painting a bright future for civic engagement in institutions of higher education and in communities throughout the country. The documented experiences of the academic department of health administration are described to serve as a model for higher education.

A Civic Engagement Paradigm for Programs of Health Services Administration

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Abstract

Civic Engagement is a strategy for integrating academic study and community service to strengthen learning while promoting civic and personal responsibility to strengthen communities. An established civic engagement model is offered for consideration by health administration programs. It uses graduate and undergraduate students as both directors and volunteers to provide practical services to the elderly and disabled to help them maintain their independence. The model fundamentally enhances relationships across the generations. Its results document a positive impact on volunteers – an increased commitment to building community; and clients – an increased capacity to maintain an interdependent lifestyle.

Civic Engagement and Intergenerational Programs

For the purpose of this article, and consistent with the literature such as Learning in Deed (2001), civic engagement is defined as an approach to teaching and learning that integrates community service and academic study to enrich learning, promote civic and personal responsibility and strengthen com-

munities. However, there is often a value added benefit to civic engagement projects. Frequently, they provide a context for communication and interaction between those of different generations and diminish the Generation Gap noted in our society. Gamboine (1997) describes the intergenerational dialogue which results when different ages come together under a banner of respect, caring and cooperation. All of the civic engagement programs reviewed in this article for graduate or undergraduate programs of health services administration are intergenerational service-learning programs. They describe the uniting of the young adult with the elder or disabled adult for the mutual benefit of both ages and the community at large. Renick (2001) defines the core principles inherent in these programs as service by student volunteers, mentoring of the students by the elderly clients receiving services, celebration of the positive relationships and community benefit resulting from the programs, and the continuous improvement of the programs to strengthen existing services and add new initiatives.

Building a Culture of Civic Engagement

Integrating Academic Study and Community Service

The valuable lessons of serving society and sharing memorable experiences with others are the priceless results of civic engagement. As future leaders, it is imperative that students learn the importance of intergenerational appreciation and communication.

The civic engagement programs described did not simply result from a brainstorming sessions. They evolved from a commitment and duty to serve the community that is consistent with the helping professions. Health services administration is one of those professions.

Since 1991, the Student Chapter (Chapter) of the American College of Healthcare Executives at Texas State University - San Marcos (Texas State) has received three American College of Healthcare Executives Regent's Awards as the outstanding student chapter for the Region and a national American College of Health

Care student chapter award in 2003. The foundation for these awards is the civic engagement culture of both the Student Chapter and the Department of Health Administration at Texas State. The Regent's Awards were the result of documented examples of civic engagement programs carried out by Chapter members. The national award, based on retention criteria by new graduates in American College of Healthcare Executives, was made possible by the significant bonding of students with civic engagement that carried over to Chapter and American College of Healthcare Executives.

Civic engagement is a core component of the required managed care course in the health administration undergraduate curriculum. Because health administration graduate students serve as program directors for the civic engagement programs offered through the course, they gain valuable experience as they transition their early careers from student, to administrative residency, and finally to working professional.

Civic engagement initiatives can result in scholarly activity. Since 1997, civic engagement initiatives through Texas State's Department of Health Administration have resulted in five grant awards from The Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, three grant awards from the Texas Institute for Long Term Care, five refereed presentations at national conferences, and two peer reviewed journal article.

Civic engagement is wedded to the culture of the Department. The annual Alumni Conference and Banquet has become an event where past and current civic engagement program directors and volunteers are recognized. The positive impact of that culture on its faculty, students, university, and a significant client population in Central Texas is the basis for this article.

As with any educational experience, health care administration students benefit from well-rounded, relevant educational experiences to foster the understanding and perspectives that can later be drawn upon in their careers. Students spend years in college preparing for their future, and those embarking on a career in health care administration are no different. They are faced with

an extensive curriculum including courses in finance, management, personnel, planning, managed care, and law just to name a few, but is there a missing link? Many people agree that experience outside the classroom can add an important dimension of preparation that can be largely overlooked. Mecklenburg (2001) cites the shortage of graduate applicants demonstrating leadership, people skills, communication skills, and a well-rounded background. By encouraging community service experiences in the learning process, students have the opportunity to apply lessons learned in the classroom, develop personally, and gain an appreciation for community service. In this context, civic engagement is further defined by Bringle and Hatcher (1997) as a:

type of experiential education in which students participate in service in the community and reflect on their involvement in such a way as to gain a further understanding of course content and of the discipline and of its relationship to social needs and an enhanced sense of civic responsibility.

Signature Programs of Civic Engagement

Students enrolled in the undergraduate health care administration program at Texas State are given the opportunity to participate in one of three volunteer civic engagement programs: the Mutual Adoption Pact (MAP), Safe at Home, and Strong for Life. They are supervised by graduate students who have been retained as Program Directors. Each program has a director with operational responsibility while the volunteers provide the staff support. Program Directors are compensated through grants, scholarships, or as graduate assistants. Participation in any of the programs can satisfy the project portion requirement of their Managed Care Organizations class. Combined with the professor's enthusiasm for civic engagement, students theoretically consider such issues as health care delivery systems, integrated delivery, coordinated care, prevention, disease management, medical necessity, covered benefits, and payment. Specific

populations like Medicare, Medicaid, and the uninsured are also studied. Usually, students provide practical services to clients who are from such vulnerable populations. Their reflections sessions, journals and survey responses indicate increased appreciation of the complexity of health care delivery and the needs of clients facing concomitant illnesses with limited resources. The relationship between health administration students and the programs have not only proven to be a beneficial addition to students' core classes, but also a valuable resource for the community.

The volunteer civic engagement programs are described below. All were initially funded by The Robert Wood Johnson Foundation and the Institute through the efforts of a faculty member in health administration who then served as the Principal Investigator.

Mutual Adoption Pact

Mutual Adoption Pact (MAP) is a multicultural, intergenerational service-learning organization that was established with grant support in 1997. The program emerged from the efforts of American College of Healthcare Executives Student Chapter's search for meaningful community service projects. Initially, the student chapter participated in the delivery route of the Meals on Wheels program. However, when recipients began to ask the student volunteers for help with simple tasks and visits, the MAP program emerged as the initial response to these requests.

Renick, Marlow, and Edwards (2000) describe an objective of the MAP program as "Seeking to break down intergenerational barriers, MAP provides an organized foundation in the form of a service-mentoring program that facilitates the creation of meaningful relationships between senior adults and young adults. Senior citizens engage in new roles and find purpose by providing a mentoring or grandparent's role to the young people with whom they interact." Social well-being is a crucial aspect of an individual's overall health. Subsequently, MAP is designed to combat what Thomas (1996) calls the isolation, loneliness, and boredom of many of the elderly and disabled while also facilitating independent living. Potential care recipients are identified

through sources such as the Meals on Wheels routes, personal referrals, the Greater San Marcos Area Senior Association, health-care providers, and faith-based groups. Students are paired each semester with a client or care recipient by the Program Directors based on interests, needs, and time availability. The students are asked to commit to at least one hour per week, and they offer services such as transportation to doctor visits, light housekeeping, yard work, pet care, reading, grocery shopping, etc. to community members. Seniors citizens reward the young adults by offering their friendship, counsel, and wisdom.

The pivotal role is for young adults to serve as companions and develop positive mutual relationships. Monitoring for process quality by the Program Directors includes weekly calls to care recipients and reflection sessions twice a semester for students.

Safe at Home

Safe at Home, grant funded in 2000, is a volunteer program aimed at reducing the risk of death and injury from falls in the home (See Appendix 1). The elderly and disabled in the community are the primary care recipients of this program. Most clients of Safe at Home are referred by home health agencies, social workers, rehabilitation clinics, senior associations, and the local hospital.

College students visit these clients' homes, and perform a "walk-through" using a safety checklist. Volunteers make risk abatement repairs as needed based on the results of the walk through. Common repairs include the installation of railings on stairs and grab bars in showers, replacement of smoke alarms, putting night-lights in dark hallways, fixing curling linoleum or fraying carpet, securing slippery rugs, changing light bulbs, and laying slip-resistant pads in showers. Volunteers also help clients repair miscellaneous items during the visit, in addition to taking time to visit with each care recipient. A refrigerator magnet listing safety tips and organization contact information is given to the client at the end of the visit.

Safe at Home recently expanded upon the safety issues

addressed throughout the program. The new division of the program erects wheelchair ramps throughout the service area for handicapped, elderly, and disabled clients. Throughout the lifetime of MAP and Safe at Home, a significant and startling need was discovered for wheelchair ramps. To address this need, contractors were selected by the Principal Investigator, Program Directors and executives of the McCoy's Building and Supply Centers. Contractors are used according to the service area in which the clients reside. Once plans and cost estimates are resolved, a ramp is constructed by the contractor and student volunteers. The cost of the ramp is funded by a combination of individual donations, McCoy's and the client.

The clients and their families are grateful for the services provided through Safe at Home. A large portion of the clients served are confined to their homes because they are wheelchair bound and cannot leave their homes. A wheelchair ramp at a time, the program is changing the quality of life for many of the elderly.

Strong for Life

Strong for Life is a volunteer program in which college students go to the homes of elderly community members and engage them in an exercise program. The exercise program follows a video made by physical therapists and uses therabands for resistance training. Volunteers visit their clients once a week. Elderly participants are encouraged to do the exercise program two other times per week. Volunteers keep track of each participant's progress through provided calendars and monthly progress notes. Volunteers also assist with encouragement and ensuring proper technique of exercises. Volunteers are trained by a Physical Therapist in the Physical Therapy Department at Texas State. The physical therapist is available to volunteers or participants by email, work phone, or cell phone to address questions or concerns. The physical therapist is also available to make home visits with the volunteer.

The original grant that funded the program has expired, but Strong for Life will continue to grow with other sources of

community funding. The Program Director is currently recruiting new volunteers from students interested in the field of physical therapy and health administration students interested in assisting the elderly. The program is designed to be able to teach anyone to be a volunteer trainer, regardless of their clinical experience or background. In September 2004, the program will expand to two local assisted living facilities and will offer group exercise classes twice a week.

The benefit to the volunteer trainers and the participants in the exercise program are significant. Active seniors get direction and inspirations to stay strong, fit, and maintain their current lifestyle. Many seniors reported that they were not leaving their house much due to weakness, but, after participating in the program for a few months are now volunteering, shopping, and attending church. The student volunteer gets a chance to build a positive intergenerational relationship with their client. Along with the sense of pride for helping someone, students gain moral support, wisdom, and new friends.

Impact on Students

Participation and Reflection

While the participation in the programs is open to all, volunteers are actively recruited from the Department of Health Administration, College of Health Professions, honor student programs, other student organizations, and faith-based student ministry groups. The largest portion of student volunteers, 25% or more, are from the Health Administration Department's undergraduate managed care class. The option of participating in MAP, Safe at Home, or Strong for Life is presented to students by the course professor and Program Directors on the first day of class. Participation requirements, including a minimum of one hour per week and periodic written reports, may substitute for a research project. Students have approximately two weeks to select their option. The rationale for offering a civic engagement program of this nature in a managed care curriculum is based on the objective of getting future healthcare executives to experience

firsthand the complex health needs of the elderly and disabled. It provides them with a “face” for many of the unresolved healthcare issues raised by their curriculum and forces them to think systematically and holistically about the delivery of healthcare services. They begin to consider the significance of prevention and wellness and the continuum of care. In their clients, they also see many of the unmet health needs that are exacerbated when services are uncoordinated or limited by financing options. Students are awarded partial course credit based upon completion of the hours requirement, participation in reflections sessions, completing a journal of experiences (See Appendix 2), feedback received from care recipients, the completion of surveys to measure civic engagement’s impact on them, and the Program Director’s assessment of performance. The course professor independently evaluates this documentation and awards a grade for this portion of the course.

Students interested in participating in the programs fill out an application, which includes information such as volunteer experience, interests and hobbies, criminal history, time availability, and contact information (Appendix 3). After all of the applications are turned in, the program directors pair the volunteers with a client based on their interests, needs, and time availability. *Volunteers that will be participating in Safe at Home are selected by the Program Director and professor based on their experience and scheduling flexibility.*

Students are required to attend an orientation session prior to meeting with their client. *They are introduced to generational differences, the stages of life, and the aging process. The orientation includes dialogues and activities to understand the communication barriers that often exist between generations. Students are assigned a client, and given client specific instructions. The students are responsible for contacting their client(s) and establishing a mutually agreeable schedule of visits.*

Safe at Home volunteers participate in the same orientation session, but are not assigned a specific client. Instead, they are introduced to the program guideline and procedures, and they

set up a schedule with the Program Director to determine when they will begin volunteering. The Program Director is responsible for scheduling and coordinating Safe at Home visits. Recruiting clients is through referrals from a wide range of diverse community agencies. When clients are identified and scheduled, the director creates a file for the volunteers, which includes a safety checklist, maps to clients' homes, a local emergency contact number list, and a Safe at Home refrigerator magnet which lists home safety reminders. After the volunteers conduct the site visit at the client's home, the care recipient is added to a database detailing client information and the repairs made. Follow-up phone calls are made every three months to clients. Since the beginning of the program, there have been no reported injuries or deaths from falls by Safe at Home clients for whom repairs were completed.

Students attend two reflection sessions during the semester that are facilitated by the Program Director. The purpose of these sessions is to link the students' experience to their course learning objectives. Osborne and Renick (2004) cite Bringle and Hatcher that effective reflection activities link experience to learning, are guided, occur regularly, allow feedback and assessment, and foster the exploration and clarification of values. At the end of each reflection session, students are asked to fill out an evaluation on their volunteer experience.

To fulfill course requirements, students submit a journal detailing their experiences to the professor and Program Director. The journal includes a daily record of activities and the student's thoughts and insights over the course of the semester related to civic engagement. Students are expected to relate the practical to the theoretical. For example, their course explores topics such as systems of health care delivery, integrated systems, continuity of care, and the needs of particular populations like Medicare beneficiaries. Since most clients are enrolled in Medicare, what is the reality of the Medicare Program for them? What gaps in coverage are observed? What are the policy implications? How have the students' perceptions of their future role in health care administration changed?

Measuring the Impact

Students complete pre and post surveys during the semester as part of their civic engagement participation. The surveys attempt to measure differences in civic engagement tendencies between those students who participated in civic engagement and those who did not.

A study sample for the calendar year of 2003 includes approximately 50 students evenly distributed between those who did civic engagement and those who did not. The students were in different sections of the course, and the non civic engagement students completed a traditional research project (Civic Engagement Surveys 2003). The hypotheses were as follows:

1. there would not be a significant difference in the two groups of students on the use of internal and external descriptors at the beginning of the semester; and
2. those who did civic engagement would use significantly more external (a focus on others rather than self) descriptors at the end of the semester than those who did not do civic engagement.

Student civic engagement tendencies are determined primarily through the completion, pre-civic engagement and post-civic engagement, of two survey instruments. First, the "Who Am I?" survey requests students to list words or short phrases that are self descriptive. Second, the "Civic Attitude and Skills Questionnaire" requests reflection on a series of thirty or more statements using a scale of one (strongly disagree) to five (strongly agree). Statements include "I plan to do some volunteer work," and "I find it difficult to relate to people from a different race or culture."

The results of the civic engagement tendencies surveys were dramatic. The two groups were indistinguishable at the beginning of the semester. However, at the semester's end, the civic engagement group used significantly more external descriptors and significantly fewer internal descriptors. While the students did not differ on civic engagement tendencies at the semester's be-

ginning, the civic engagement students scored significantly higher on this measure at the end of the semester than the non-civic engagement students. The exhibit, found immediately below, summarizes these findings.

Exhibit

<u>Students</u>	<u>CAS 1</u>	<u>CAS 2</u>	<u>Int. 1</u>	<u>Int. 2</u>	<u>Ext. 1</u>	<u>Ext. 2</u>
CE	117.6	123.4*	.4212	.3119	.5846	.6881*
NCE	117.1	117.4	.4035	.3987*	.5965	.5578
CE	-	Civic Engagement				
NCE	-	No Civic Engagement				
*	-	Indicates Significant Differences				
CAS 1	-	Civic Attitudes and Skills Pretest (beginning of semester)				
CAS 2	-	Civic Attitudes and Skills Post-test (end of the semester)				
Int. 1	-	Internal Descriptors			Pretest	
Int. 2	-	Internal Descriptors			Post-test	
Ext. 1	-	External Descriptors			Pretest	
Ext. 2	-	External Descriptors			Post-test	

Civic Attitudes and Skills - measures student intentions to become involved in future community service and self-evaluation of interpersonal and problem-solving skills.

Internal and External Descriptors - civic engagement students use more external (other centered, interdependent) self descriptors at the end of the semester.

Number of Participants = 49

Students also complete two additional surveys during the course of the semester (MAP Surveys for 2000, 2001, 2002, and 2003). They are one page in length with open-ended, subjective questions. These surveys seek to address the qualitative value of the incorporation of civic engagement into a health administration course. Students are asked to state the benefit of a civic engagement component in a course in the major. They are asked to describe what they liked about their civic engagement experience. Finally, they make suggestions for improving the experience for future students. The response rate is between 77.3% and 100.0% as some questions were left blank. The total number of responders for the four years of surveying is 87.

The students were asked, "How does this volunteer experience relate to your course study?" Given the client population, their qualitative answers clustered most around existing public policy and the needs of the elderly; perceived a relationship between quality of life and the continuum of care offered by managed care and integrated delivery systems; saw patients as people rather than a diagnosis or illness; recognized the interpersonal skills needed by healthcare administrators; and noted the future financing dilemma associated with the aging of the huge Baby Boomer population.

With 85 students responding, and often responding with more than one observation, their comments were summarized as follows:

	N	%
1. public policy and the needs of the elderly	54	64
2. quality of life and integrated delivery systems	36	42
3. patients seen as people	14	16
4. interpersonal skills & healthcare administration	11	13
5. future financing needs	7	8

Students were asked to respond to the question, "Do you think a civic engagement component in a health administration course benefits the overall curriculum for the major?" A total of 87 students provided responses to this question with 85 of them

or 98% of the students considering the component as beneficial. The two other responses were unsure of the benefit. Other responses were grouped as follows:

	<u>N</u>	<u>%</u>
1. Civic engagement has helped me understand the concomitant health care needs of the elderly	38	44
2. Civic engagement has helped me understand the extent of unmet health care needs in the community	20	23

“Through this volunteer experience, what are you learning about yourself?” A total of 85 students responded to this question with statements consistent with the results of the Exhibit above. They strongly suggest an increased commitment to civic engagement. The major categories of responses cluster as follows:

	<u>N</u>	<u>%</u>
1. I can help others and enjoy volunteering	41	48
2. I can better relate to the elderly and value their wisdom	20	24
3. I am more open and enjoy helping others	16	19

Students unanimously agreed that a civic engagement program like MAP, Safe at Home, or Strong for Life would be beneficial to other communities (Number = 85; 100%). “The more people we get involved with the community, the more we can learn from each other and become a better society” (MAP Survey 2002). All students indicated that they would be willing to recommend participation in a similar program by friends or family members (Number = 85; 100%). A student wrote the following:

“I would recommend that an elderly family member or friend should participate in a program like MAP. I feel like my grandmother would enjoy a program like MAP because she has recently become a widow and would enjoy the help and company. I have already told fellow students about MAP and that if they are given the opportunity they should volunteer” (MAP Survey 2000).

What of the impact healthcare administration students at Texas State are making on the lives of the elderly and disabled clients they serve through the MAP program? Perhaps it was stated best by an elderly client who, reflecting on the weekly visits of the student paired with her, said simply, "On every Wednesday for the rest of my life, I will think of Ashley" (MAP Survey 2003).

Civic Engagement and a University's Shared Values

The gathering momentum of civic engagement programs in the Department of Health Administration during the last decade has had an impact on Texas State as an institution of higher education. What began as intergenerational programs using graduate students as practical caregivers to independent and elderly clients, evolved into the three programs that have been described. Graduate students now serve primarily as program directors and facilitators. Undergraduates are typically the volunteer caregivers. The intergenerational program foundation has merged with service-learning and civic engagement as part of a course learning outcome.

A proposal to formally incorporate civic engagement into the curriculum of every Texas State academic department was presented to the University's administration late in 2002. This proposal was accepted in the form of a pilot study. An interdisciplinary Service-Learning Team was established with a health administration faculty member serving as chair.

The Team conducted a survey of Service-Learning across campus, and adopted mission and vision statements, and a definition of civic engagement at Texas State. The results of this and other surveys were presented in 2004 at a national conference of the Association of American Colleges and Universities national conference.

The Team will follow its mission, as described by Renick (2002), to "develop a systematic program of service-learning opportunities for all students that enriches the educational experience by engaging the community through meaningful service."

Civic engagement at Texas State University has become a synergistic initiative among faculty, administrators, and staff to empower the education of students through community involvement. In approximately five years, relatively small programs like MAP, Safe at Home, and Strong for Life have come to positively influence a university comprised of over 27,000 students. The potential exists to positively affect numerous surrounding cities and communities and a population of more than 2,000,000.

Recommendations

The programs of Mutual Adoption Pact, Safe at Home, and Strong for Life are part of a nationwide effort to incorporate civic engagement into the university experience. They are part of a grassroots, inter-disciplinary movement facilitating intergenerational service-mentoring programs. The three programs provide a comprehensive, inexpensive way to address the needs of the elderly and disabled throughout the community. Civic engagement, through intergenerational programs, resonates with many people and organizations. Since their initial inception in 1997, the programs have been recognized in presentations and awards at local, state, and national levels, including the ACHE congress on Healthcare Administration; the Annual Conference of the Association of Schools of Allied Health Professions; both national and regional meetings of interfaith volunteer caregiver organizations; and the Presidential Seminar at Texas State University.

At Texas State, civic engagement will expand to include multiple facets of the university. Increasingly, civic engagement will bond the academic affairs and student affairs divisions to enrich the teaching - learning experience. A College of Health Professions Freshman Interest Group for civic engagement has been established. In addition, there is the possibility of civic engagement becoming part of the academic curriculum in the form of a certification or minor. This would further encourage civic engagement across the campus, and provide another way to recognize student achievement.

Through civic engagement, students receive a well-round-

ed educational experience that provides transforming lessons for life. Programs such as MAP, Safe at Home, and Strong for Life offer a valuable and memorable experience to both the student volunteer caregivers and the care recipients they serve. The students involved in such programs develop as future leaders and learn empathy, compassion, and service excellence. These traits will endure. The impact of the intergenerational relationships developed will be passed on to new generations as the role of volunteer becomes one of mentor to a new generation of students.

Many health administration students maintain ties with their client following completion of civic engagement course requirements. As alumni, numerous former students maintain contact with the program office, volunteer for special projects, and have requested the creation of a Friends Program. A reunion of former Program Directors is held at the Annual Alumni Conference and Banquet of the Department. Alumni who were student volunteers are also recognized. Increasingly, civic engagement is bonding students and alumni to the Department and University.

Many of these students and alumni first explored the theory and practice of continuity of care and integrated delivery systems in their managed care class. Their civic engagement experience, as a course learning outcome, helped them balance these perspectives, gain a better understanding of self, and their desired future role as healthcare administrators.

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Appendices

Appendix 1

CONSENT FORM

Safe at Home: An Intergenerational Safety Net

You are invited to participate in a study that aims to reduce the risk of fall in homes. I am a student from Texas State University-San Marcos, Department of Health Administration. Through the volunteer opportunity, I will gain an appreciation for grassroots healthcare delivery and service learning. We hope to mitigate the risk of injury in the home by using a safety checklist to complete some minor home improvements. You were selected as a possible participant in the study because of a recommendation from the Senior Association of San Marcos. You will be one of 100 subjects chosen to participate in this study.

If you decide to participate, I will investigate your home for possible safety hazards as identified by the checklist. I will encourage you to join me on the walk through to identify some of your own concerns about home safety. If safety hazards are present, I will discuss these areas with you, make minor improvements, and recommend further resources for improvement. This process will last between one and two hours. AT the conclusion of the session, a follow-up appointment will be scheduled for a later date.

Any information that is obtained in connection with this study and that can be identified with you will remain confidential and will be disclosed only with your permission.

Your decision whether or not to participate will not prejudice your future relations with Texas State University. If you decide to participate, you are free to discontinue participation at any time without prejudice.

If you have any questions, please ask us. If you have additional questions, later, we will be happy to answer them at: MAP_SAH_PRAXIS1@HOTMAIL.COM or (512) 396-4222.

You will be offered a copy of this to keep.

You are making a decision whether or not to participate. Your signature indicates that you have read and understood the information provided above and have decided to participate. You may withdraw at any time without prejudice after signing this form, should you choose to discontinue participation in this study.

X _____

Signature of Participant

Date _____

X _____

Signature of Investigator

Date _____

Appendix 2

Jane Doe

2/10/04

Today Nicole and I went to Mrs. Doe's house. We talked with Mrs. Doe about her life and her family. She then explained her current condition and the events preceding it. First, she was involved in a bad car accident, and then she took a fall that resulted in the paralysis of her legs. Nonetheless, she is full of energy. She is also a very intelligent person. Mrs. Doe is a South-west Texas State alumna. She has earned both a bachelor's and a master's degree.

The first thing on her list to do was to dust the ceiling fans. While I dusted the fans, Nicole taped Mrs. Doe's oxygen line down to the floor so that her cats would stop chewing up her line. Breathing must have been very difficult because there were so many holes in the oxygen line. Mrs. Doe also mentioned that she was having her area around her ramp on the back porch cluttered with furniture which made maneuvering up and down the ramp challenging. Nicole and I moved all of her patio furniture around and sprayed off her porch with the water hose.

All of these common chores that we did for her made her so happy. As she told us how much she appreciated everything we had done, she began to cry. This is where I realized that I had made a difference in someone's life. I explained to Mrs. Doe that I enjoyed doing things for others that need help and she said, "God bless you." She genuinely touched my heart. As we were leaving, she asked if we would come back sometime. I assured her that we would gladly come again.

Day 6
Friday, April 16, 2004
10:00 am – 11:35 am

For our last visit, I decided to bring my girlfriend so she could take pictures of Maybell and me for the journal. For this visit, we sat at the table and ate cookies and juice and talked the entire time. My girlfriend really enjoyed all of the stories Maybell had to tell. She told us about her career working for the insurance company. Reminiscing, Maybell recalled that sometimes she and some of her co-workers would go on a walk to Park Point during their lunch break. Sometimes they would go on a walk across a drawbridge and watch the barges pass in the water. On one particular day, the bridge controller thought it would be funny to draw back the bridge while the ladies were walking across. Even though he did not take the bridge very high, it still scared the ladies. She still laughed when she told us this story all these years later. Maybell also told us stories about her grandson who is a chef in Wyoming and about one of her other grandsons, who lives in Indiana. Maybell has family all across the United States and enjoys telling about each of them. On this visit, Maybell also showed us a picture of her mother when she came over from Norway. This picture must have been over one hundred years old. She also showed us pictures of her and her husband and of some of her grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Once our visit had concluded and I was back in my truck heading home, I began to think about my experiences visiting with Maybell. I really learned the value of volunteering. It truly is a wonderful experience to help someone and give of yourself. I really enjoyed participating in service learning. It taught me something that I could never learn in a textbook, but rather those things that must be learned through experience. I now have a better understanding of patients that I may encounter in the healthcare industry.

Thanksgiving Treats

A few weeks ago, Miss Ella Jo shared with me that she would really love to travel to North Carolina for the Thanksgiving holiday to visit one of her grandsons. However, when we went to one of her doctor's appointments, the doctor recommended that she choose to not travel far for the time being, due to her current health conditions. As we were waiting at the doctor's office, I could tell that Miss Ella Jo was disappointed by her facial expressions and quietness. On the ride back to her apartment home, I asked Miss Ella Jo if she were okay, and I also asked her what she would like to do for Thanksgiving (if there were any other alternatives). She replied that she would stay home and bake a small turkey for herself. Just the thought of sweet Miss Ella Jo spending this special holiday by herself broke my heart.

I quickly asked Miss Ella Jo if she would like to spend Thanksgiving with my family and me in Houston, Texas. My mother and stepfather would be absolutely honored if she chose to do so. I told her how much my mom enjoys cooking, baking, and visiting with special people like Miss Ella Jo! Miss Ella Jo said that she was reluctant to travel to Houston, only because of her stomach problems, and she does not know if she can stay in the car for three hours or more. I asked Miss Ella Jo to please think about it, and I told her that I will understand whatever decision she makes. For the next few weeks, I asked Miss Ella Jo if she had thought about her plans for the holiday. She still had no answer.

I talked to my boyfriend, Zach, about the situation, and he was greatly bothered by it as well. But, he had a wonderful idea! Zach's family is from San Marcos. His parents, grandfather, aunts, uncles, and cousins gather every year during this special time to celebrate approximately ten minutes away from Miss Ella Jo's home. Miss Ella Jo can spend Thanksgiving with us, without the hassle of travel! Miss Ella Jo was delighted when I told her about these plans.

Appendix 3

MUTUAL ADOPTION PACT Volunteer Application

Last Name _____ First Name _____

Sos. Sec. # _____

Address _____ City _____ Zip _____

Birth date ____/____/____ Male ____ Female ____

E-mail address _____

Home Phone _____ Cell Phone _____

Are you employed? Yes, full time ____ Yes, part time ____ No ____

Work Phone _____

Place of employment _____

Religion (optional) _____ Congregation _____

Have you ever done volunteer work? Yes ____ No ____

If yes, please elaborate: _____

Languages _____

Speak ____ Read ____ Write ____ Sign ____

Are you currently in school? Yes, full time ____ Yes, part time ____ No ____

Field of Study _____

Current Cumulative GPA _____

Special interests, skills, hobbies: _____

Volunteer Assignment Choices

(Please check as many as you are willing to perform):

____ Transportation ____ Light Housework ____ Reading to

____ Shopping/errands ____ Light Yard Work ____ Pet Care

____ Home Repairs ____ Visitation/Companionship

____ Letter writing/ mail sorting

203 **The Ties That Bind**

Are you a smoker? Yes_____ No_____

Are you willing to visit with a smoker? Yes_____ No_____

Are you allergic to pets? Yes____ No____

Are you willing to visit with animal owners? Yes____ No____

Do you have a valid driver's license? Yes____No____

Drivers license # _____State Issued _____

Insurance Company _____

Have you ever been convicted of any laws, traffic or otherwise? Yes____ No____

If yes, please explain _____

Do you object to a background check? Yes____ No____

Do you have a physical condition that may limit your activities? Yes____ No____

If yes, please describe _____

Please check all that are applicable:

I can volunteer:

____As needed Could you serve on short notice? Yes____ No____ Occasionally____

Monday ____AM ____PM or From____to____

Tuesday ____AM ____PM From____to____

Wednesday ____AM ____PM From____to____

Thursday ____AM ____PM From____to____

Friday ____AM ____PM From____to____

Saturday ____AM ____PM From____to____

Sunday ____AM ____PM From____to____

Would you be interested in the Safe At Home Volunteer program? Yes___ No___

Do you have handiwork/repair work experience? If so, please explain:

Would you be interested in the Oral History Project and writing a story on the life experiences of the elderly individual assigned to you?_____

Please list two emergency contacts, one local, and one family.

_____Relation_____
Phone_____

_____Relation_____
Phone_____

I certify that the information is true and if selected, I will be required to attend a volunteer training session.

Signature_____

References for 1st and 2nd Editions

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Appendix 1: Interview Release Agreement

Mutual Adoption Pact Oral History Project

Interview Agreement

The purpose of the Mutual Adoption Pact Oral History Project is to gather and preserve historical documents by means of the tape-recorder interview. Tape recordings and transcripts resulting from such interviews become part of the archives of the Mutual Adoption Pact. This material will be made available for historical and other academic research by scholars and members of the family of the interviewee.

We, the undersigned, have read the above and voluntarily offer Mutual Adoption Pact full use of the information contained on tape recordings and in transcripts of these oral history research interviews. In view of the scholarly value of this research material, we hereby assign rights, title, and interests pertaining to it to Oren Renick, Principal Investigator, Mutual Adoption Pact.

Interviewer Signature

Interviewee Signature

Date _____

Date _____

Name of Interviewer

Name of Interviewee

Appendix 2: Interview Guidelines

Mutual Adoption Pact History Sharing Project

Interviewer's Name(s): _____ Telephone: _____

_____ Telephone: _____

Name of Person Interviewed: _____ Date of Birth: _____

Natural Born U.S. Citizen? ☐ Yes ☐ No Naturalized Citizen? ☐ Yes ☐ No Date: _____

Places Lived and When: _____

Present Occupation: _____

Former Occupation(s): _____

Special Skills: _____

Local events or organizations in which the interviewee may have or may participate:

The history-sharing project is a collaborative activity sponsored by the Mutual Adoption Pact. Our main focus is to obtain information about our community's history and about the people who lived it first hand. There are many interesting stories and events, no matter how small or large they may appear, which contribute to the shaping and evolution of this community. It is hoped that the following questions will assist you in collecting some of this information. Please collect answers to the following questions, but we encourage you to expand on these questions or ask questions of your own.

1. How long have you lived in _____ ?

2. How did you end up living in _____ ?

3. Where did you go to school? _____ How long? _____

4. What historical event had the most or a major impact on your life (i.e., the Great Depression, World War II, the death of John F. Kennedy, the career of Lyndon B. Johnson, the death of Martin Luther King, Jr.)? _____

In what ways did it affect you? _____

5. What past event in the history of _____ had an impact on your life? _____

In what ways did your life change? _____

6. What particular story of interest would you like to present to our history-sharing project? _____
