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Dear Dr. Stenzel:

No, I haven't lost nor destroyed or otherwise defaced the articles you lent me so long ago although I suspect that you imagine that all three events have taken place. I had no idea when I gaily went off with the articles that they would not be returned in two or three weeks. It seems, however, that all the German that mother and I both could muster was not enough, so that the burden of translation fell on Bill Waldschmidt, whom I understand you know. Because of various events, his "home work" took him longer than he expected, but I now have a nice typewritten translation and am returning them post haste and with my many, many thanks.

It seems to me as I review the summer that I have spent the entire time in the Davis Mountains between my initial reconnaissance run of eight days in late June and the month that I spent in July and August. I had a wonderful time, fell in love with that country up there, saw more friends than I could have possibly seen even if I had stayed in Austin this summer, and between side trips and festivities did do a little geology. I'm afraid that there were just too many fellow workers and visiting geologists and that I felt too obliged to party with all of them for me to have done the most efficient work. But this way I get to make another trip back, and I keep telling myself that that is good.

When I insisted in doing a field problem instead of library work--to the distress of some around the department I think--it was because I was convinced that this would be an education like I had never had before. I didn't anticipate the un-learning that resulted from this unsupervised pounding of the rocks though. Now I'm afraid to say that anything is anything; it is always, "it looks, well, like a shale" or "it is a bunch of pebbles, like a conglomerate". Nothing has been a shale, or has been a conglomerate, or has been anything! But with all the frustration and despair and exhaustion and despondancy and the god-awful complications with the aerial photographs, I have had a wonderful time and feel a deep possessive pride in my intrusion. And I have come to realize that the first work in an area must be the hardest; if I were planning on getting a PhD, I think I could map all the surrounding area without too much trouble now that I have a section described. Or will have by January I hope..hope,.. hope.

It still amazes me when I review all the rocks that are present in so small an area. There is of course the deep-seated intrusive, a syenite; then there is a shallow sill, several extrusive flows, three or four dikes, and a sedimentary series that includes tuffs, shales, sandstones, conglomerates, and an impressive amount of limestones. I'm sure Goldich would be beside himself if he could see them... and would have me dissolving out the entire mountainside in search of fresh-water snails. But despite the array of rock types, what originally started to be mainly a petrographic problem has turned into a structural one. What is there structurally I am not quite prepared to say yet.

The thought which haunts me most through all of this though is the terrible accessibility of the thing. Why didn't I get something about 20 miles out on a dirt road with five padlocked gates to bar the way????????? If I do a presentable job, and if then it is published as Dr. Bullard is threatening, I can envision already the nosey geologists who will follow my footsteps and undoubtedly fail to see anything that I saw. I certainly fouled up when I latched on to the most conspicuous intrusion of the whole Davis Mountains and that right on the Alpine-Ft. Davis highway. I really am having a wonderful time with it...in a horrible sort of way.

Otherwise..the news gets around. I hear that the university came through in a pretty nice way--and it's a bout time--to keep you there. And I also heard that you are to teach half time, or part time, or something; at least you are to definitely teach some. Both counts are wonderful I think. Your course last spring was a revelation to me, and to all the people in there; I learned more from you than from all the other courses I had had combined. I wanted to tell you in person but refrained from the fear of getting mushy; I find even at this distance that I am going to have the same trouble. But whatever I could say would not completely express my opinion. First, of course, the information was invaluable. And second, the presentation was imcomparable. The way you would go back to the very beginning of any point and then lead the entire class step by step to the conclusion--until then it was so obvious to everyone that we wondered why we didn't know it all along--was the best teaching I have ever experienced. And you know that bits of 379 were presented to geology 1 and geology 16 and geology 14 daily. But as Dick Bloomer sadly said to me after a lab in 16 (we were using 379 verbatim at that point), "But when I give it, it just doesn't sound like Dr. Stenzel." We all had that trouble. But believe me, if the reward for teaching is the whole-hearted admiration, respect, gratitude, etc. etc. of your class, you had that reward a hundred times over.

I could have got a lot mushier.

Thank you again so much for the articles and please forgive my not returning them sooner. I am eagerly looking forward to telling you all about my trials and, I hope, success with my thesis.

Sincerely,

Dean