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## Norman W. Naugle A Remembrance

Bart Childs

Norman Wakefield Naugle died on Friday, July 1, 1999. He was 68 years old and had been suffering from the dreaded Alzheimer's. Still, to the end he was pretty much the Norman that we knew and recall so fondly.

A few years ago he married Esta, a friend from high school times. She was a great partner for him and with his son Ross and daughter Nancy gave him the care needed toward the end. They finally had him admitted to a specialized care facility and he died two weeks later. It is such an unfair disease.

Norman was from Saginaw, Texas, which is now nearly swallowed from the northward expansion of Ft. Worth. He finished high school and immediately pursued his B.S. at Texas A&M. He told me that he wanted to be an electrical engineer, but that he quit because they required him to take too many power courses and discouraged his studying electronics.

In those days this was a small school, all male, and all military. He identified with his Corps of Cadets unit, the Signal Corps. He remained active in the alumni affiliations with that until just recently. Esta attended some of their functions with him.

Norman was last in my office in early May. I saw him on his bicycle later in the month. He knew why he wanted to be there, to talk about helping people understand and use  $\text{T}_{\text{E}}\text{X}/\text{L}^{\text{A}}\text{T}_{\text{E}}\text{X}$ . It hurt because he could not find or remember people's names or the city they were in. If he was trying to indicate Don Knuth, Tom Rokicki, or someone in Austin, he would gesture to the west.

Norman introduced me to  $\text{T}_{\text{E}}\text{X}$ . I was supporting a basic word processor in our department. I made a large number of extensions to it including going into graphics mode and beating out an integral sign by repeated use of the period. We saw each other at the university dairy bar one day and I told him I wanted to show him this. He responded that he would like to see it but wanted to show me something when I finished. He brought the original  $\text{T}_{\text{E}}\text{X}$  and  $\text{META}\text{FONT}$  book from Digital Press. I do not think I ever touched that word processor again.

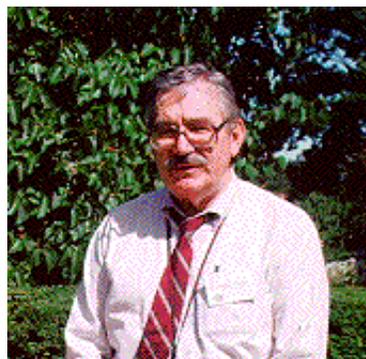
Dave Kellerman approached Norman about being President of TUG. Norman deflected that toward me. That opportunity to serve has certainly been one of the highlights of my professional career and I will be forever grateful. Norman often spent his own money to get release tapes of the  $\text{T}_{\text{E}}\text{X}$  sys-

tems during our development days. He was that kind of giving and unselfish guy.

At his memorial service, Carl Percy told about one of their colleagues asking Norman to turn in his dissertation to the library, where it was scrutinized with great care. It came back with a large number of necessary changes to be accepted. Norman quietly sat down and retyped the colleague's dissertation. Carl also pointed out that Norman finished his Ph.D. while working at NASA on the Lunar Landing. He was the person responsible for the mapping of the lunar surface, and he did it!

Norman loved Texas A&M and most things about it. He would stop and pick up discarded drink containers, newspapers, . . . , as he walked across campus, and put them in the next trash bin. Many of you know that he (and I) did not carry through in that vein to our own offices.

My favorite Norman story concerns the fact that he spent long hours in his office. One late afternoon, a beautifully tanned coed knocked gently on his door. He acknowledged her presence and she stated "I can't find my instructor, will you help me with this algebra problem?" He answered "Certainly, as long as you will let me do you a bigger favor!" She asked what that would be? He said, "When we get through with the algebra I want to tell you about the dangers of overexposure to the sun." She did not accept the help.



I will miss Norman. We will miss Norman. He certainly was a unique, intelligent, and unselfish contributor to our community. I will treasure my many memories and the comments that have been made to me about the loss of our friend.

The above photograph was taken during the outing to Stratford, at the TUG annual meeting in Birmingham, England in 1993.

◇ Bart Childs  
Texas A&M University  
College Station, Texas  
[bart@cs.tamu.edu](mailto:bart@cs.tamu.edu)