



EL CONQUISTADOR

DE MEXICO CITY COLLEGE



Vol. 1, No. 10

MEXICO, D. F.

Wednesday, September 3, 1947

Photo Exhibit Will Continue

By JACK REED

Last week EL CONQUISTADOR announced that the MCC bookstore was sponsoring a photographic exhibit by Sr. Armando Portugal. As space in the patio proved to be inadequate the pictures were shown in the Art Studio of MCC. (Room no. 10). Veit Gentry, the manager of the bookstore said this was necessary because lack of space prohibited it downstairs.

There are 34 pictures exhibited. All of them are typical Valley of Mexico scenes. Quite a few of the photos were sold at thirty pesos each. When MCC students pay that much for a photograph at the end of the month, it's a good picture.

As an even better index to Portugal's artistry, a conversation was overheard in the studio between two avid camera fans who were involved in a long technical chat about the type of color film used, filters, etc., never realizing that all of the pictures shown were hand-colored black and whites.

Sr. Portugal will hold another showing of Mexican black and whites next week.

—oOo—

Summer Theatre Has Poor Attendance

Poor attendance greeted the reopening of the Mexico City College Summer Theatre last Thursday and Friday.

Members of the theater do not necessarily feel, however, that the poor patronage has been the result of lack of school spirit. Lack of a suitable, more accessible auditorium has been more responsible for the lack of attendance than any other factors, they believe.

Three one-act pieces were presented at the auditorium of the

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VA AIDS VETERANS

The local Veterans Administration branch will shortly set up a system enabling student veterans to get automobile rides to the States.

Dr. Alfred M. Barlow, director of the office, said that one of his assistants, Joan Constantino, is calling up various hotels asking that they notify guests wishing to offer share-expense rides to the States to communicate with the VA.

"We have had to be a clearing house for all sorts of information", Dr. Barlow said, "so we thought we might as well be systematic about it".

Dr. Barlow expected that by the end of the week the desired information would start pouring in. This will be fortunate for Mexico City College students, particularly those here only for the summer quarter, since the current quarter ends Sept. 12. The recess between quarters will last until Sept. 30.

Steps are being taken to make it possible for veterans to cash their terminal leave bonds here.

Dr. Alfred M. Barlow, veterans' attache of the U. S. Embassy, said that a representative of his office had conferred with Robert D. Gwynn, representative of the National City Bank of New York, here.

Mr. Gwynn, according to Dr. Barlow, has written to his home office for instructions.

EL CONQUISTADOR last week editorially suggested that the local VA office take the initiative in arranging for an efficient handling of the job locally. Dr. Barlow said that this function didn't fall within the sphere of VA activities, but that his office, as a service to veterans, was willing to get the ball rolling.

According to government regulation, the bonds can be cashed at any bank recognized by the U. S. government.



Typical scene in the patio of Mexico City College.

Photo by Gene Bonfiglio.

THE MURALS OF MEXICO

Editor's note: This is the last of a series of term papers written for Sr. Fernandez' Fine Arts Class.

By E. J. WINKES

Orozco's Mural In The Supreme Court.

Approaching the building of the Supreme Court of the Republic of Mexico in Mexico City, one is immediately attracted by a brilliance of color perceived through the main entrance. With his characteristic and fine sense of the dramatic, Orozco attracts the eye of the spectator and holds it, so that the spectator finds himself drawn up the several majestic flights of stairs into what appears to be the main hall. In this hall Orozco has painted four mural panels. However this paper will deal only with the panel which has drawn the spectator and which is, I believe, the main panel of the four.

It is an elongated rectangle and Orozco makes full use of these proportions. The painting deals with the natural resources of the Republic of Mexico. There is what might be called a section of the subsoil. The precious metals, gold and silver, are symbolized, and

other metal and mineral resources so valuable to a nation in these times of industrialization are also represented; such as copper, steel and the "black gold" that has played such a forceful role in the development of Mexico, —oil.

(Continued on page 5)

Dean Murray Will Present Lecture

Dean Paul V. Murray will participate in the lecture series on "Mexico and the United States in the Century Since the War of 1847", sponsored by La Sociedad Mexicana de Estudios y Lecturas.

Speaking in Spanish on "La Historiografia Mexicana Sobre la Guerra de 1847", Dean Murray will give his lecture on Friday, Sept. 19, 8 p. m., at Anfiteatro Bolivar of the National University, Calle del Maestro Justo Sierra No. 14.

Seventeen different lectures will be given in the series which will run until Oct. 6.

"The Last Time I Saw Paris"

MCC's Mme. Dauchat Relates War Experiences

(Editor's note: Recently some friends of Mme. Germaine Dauchat, French instructor at MCC, suggested that we interview her on her war experiences. Our reporter, after listening to her thrilling and fascinating story, said he felt that our readers would be deprived of an exciting odyssey if we were to print her story in the conventional interview form. Thus, with Mme. Dauchat's permission, we are printing the article in the first person, essentially as she told it to our reporter).

By GERMAINE DAUCHAT

When the war broke out in 1939 I was teaching Latin and German in a boys' high school in Pontoise, a small town on the Seine 60 kilometers northwest of Paris. Pontoise was a railroad center and had a military barracks, and thus German planes were bombing the area quite frequently. Many Parisian parents sent their children to this small city, feeling they would be out of danger away from the metropolitan area, but it turned out that it was more dangerous for them in Pontoise than if they had remained in Paris. Fortunately there was a large cave near the school and this served as a convenient shelter during air raids.

Eventually we had more teachers in the school than students. The minister of the interior, Paul Reynaud (later premier), has issued a decree forbidding teachers to abandon their posts. Nevertheless parents withdrew their children one by one. I commuted every day from Paris until it was no longer possible to travel to Pontoise. How well I remember that last day!

It was June 11, 1940 and the Germans were only a few miles from Paris. My train was stopping every few minutes. The bridge over the Seine was barricaded and I found it necessary to get off the train and climb over the barricade. There was a terrible bombing going on, and the Germans were using incendiary bombs. I could see houses blowing up as though they were made of playing cards.

It was impossible for me to get to the school so I went to an air raid shelter. After the raid was finished I had to find a way to get back to Paris. It was impossible to get back by train, so I hitchhiked to Paris. Knowing I would be punished for abandoning my post, I went immediately to the Academie de Paris to report my inability to reach my school. Just then an inspector said a decree had been issued closing all schools. I suggested that I might go to another part of France, and the inspector agreed with me. "By all means, get out of Paris", he warned.

There was a terrible atmosphere in Paris on my last day there June 13. There was hardly any traffic in the streets, and I met only one person, an elderly woman with a dog. During the last day or two, there was only one thing people said to each other: "Are you leaving or will you stay?" The old lady said: "I'm an American. Nothing will happen to me". Nevertheless, I decided to leave and prepared to take what belongings I could. It was impossible to buy any luggage anywhere, since for several days all the stores were all sold out. I went to the large department store, Galerie Lafayette, but nobody would wait on me. All the

clerks were talking with each other about whether they would join the "exodus". I could find no valises so I helped myself to what your American sailors call a duffle bag. To tie it together, I picked up a dog leash. Since nobody would take my money, I threw the bag over my back, like a soldier, and walked out.

My first wish was to join my fiance, who was a soldier. I didn't know exactly where he was, but I was confident I could find out. I wanted to take a train, but found all the railroad stations closed, with soldiers guarding them. I decided to take the "Metro" (the subway) to the last station and take a chance on getting a car ride from there on. I couldn't get to the end of the line, but only to the second to the last stop, Place d'Italie. There was no more electric current. The Germans were only a few hours away, and all the utility workers had deserted their posts in the general panic.

I found myself walking along the highway to Fontainebleau. There were thousands of civilians and soldiers streaming along the road in the wildest disorder. I walked all night (the night of June 13) and it was a terrible spectacle. People were getting lost from each other and were shouting in the darkness to re-establish contact, and children were crying everywhere. I was alone, and was noticed by three soldiers. One of them, an exceptionally gallant young man, offered me his protection, pledging: "I will never leave you". Our first hope was to find a horse. We saw a horse-drawn kitchen convoy carrying women and soldiers and we climbed on one of the wagons. I seemed to have a nice soft seat, and then realized I was sitting on a dead lamb. We had some good wine and the soldiers were nice people, and I felt good after walking so many miles. On the wagon I became acquainted with two girls, who were to be my constant companions for many days. Therese was a big, brawny servant girl, and Odile was a

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El Conquistador

DE MEXICO CITY COLLEGE



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 EL CONQUISTADOR de Mexico City College is published every Wednesday. Editorial and business offices at Calle San Luis Potosi, 154, Mexico, D. F.

EINSTEIN OR ELSIE

A recent "patio poll", disguised as innocuous discussion, could not discover one person who could name any of the U. S.'s recent appointments of a Secretary of National Defense and his three Secretaries of Army, Navy and Air.

In 1945, only 48 per cent of us chowder heads could identify Albert Einstein. Van Johnson was recognized by 43 per cent of the people; while 58 per cent of the populace of this, the greatest nation on earth, knew Elsie. Elsie is the cow in the Borden milk advertising campaign. But then, most of you already knew.

The American mentality preferred a quart of milk to recognized genius. (And Einstein can play the violin, too).

Last year, although physically older, we attained the mental age of a retarded cretin suffering from malnutrition. Last year, 63 per cent of us identified Elsie while only 60 per cent recognized her nearest competitor, Jane Russell. By "nearest competitor" we mean only that Jane Russell was identified second to Elsie.

All this merely points up the regurgitating fact that the American public (which includes you, too) best know the pre-digested, willfully-directed propaganda that is stuffed down their throats.

A farm boy tells us that hogs are choosy about their swill, but the American public, lacking even this discrimination, thinks whatever you want it to think. The only requirement is to shout it loud and shout it long. Problems of ethics and morals are considered rather embarrassing, such as a lifelong friend who suddenly states that he believes in God.

Why bother to think for ourselves! It killed Socrates didn't it? Let's just sit back and chew our cud.

Once, we hope, the U. S. A. merited the symbol of the Eagle on its shield. Our present bovinity justifies a change. We are going to petition for a heraldic device showing Elsie rampant on a field of buttercups. A bar dexter will contain two pickled brains; male and female.

Also, we are writing Einstein about the efficacy of fiebre aftosa.

J. P.

THE COST OF LIVING

We have listened to many discussion groups in the patio and various other places that delve into the reasons why Americans come to Mexico. Such opinions as intellectual freedom, the care-free life, wanderlust, and the exotic call of a foreign land have been advanced.

Having a materialistic bent, we can offer the following financial reasons why a student in Mexico is better off than a student in the states. Say you are a student receiving an allotment of 90 dollars a month. In four years, from February, 1942 to December, 1946 that \$90 shrunk to \$67.70 in the stateside market. By this time it will have shrunk even more. Your money goes farther in Mexico.

Your \$90 has shrunk even more because this shrinkage has been calculated on an average price increase of 38 per cent. Yet the basic foods, the necessities, have increased much more, about 65 per cent and oranges more than 140 per cent, during this period.

Have you a baby? The average price increase of diapers is from \$1.35 a dozen to \$2.29 a dozen, a 70 per cent increase.

The "cost of living" in the United States is even higher. Although Mexican prices seem inflated, especially prices for American merchandise, they still average much lower than the U. S.

All allotment-living veterans know that \$90 hasn't supported two people since 1929. Still there is one consolation. It takes one much LONGER to starve to death in Mexico.

This is the fourth of a series of seven poems written by MCC student Harold A. Gregory. The remaining three poems will appear in successive weeks on this same page.

DOUBLE TAKE

By Harold A. Gregory

*You said you had no time for love,
 For love the yearn of heart and flesh;
 You didn't want to lose yourself,
 To fall into its hungry mesh.*

*But fell you when you closed your eyes
 (You didn't expect my kiss just then)
 And when your eyes awakened dear—
 You asked to fall again.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor, EL CONQUISTADOR:

Look, who is this "Belle of the South" character that wants you to print her epic poem about Louisiana? Are you sure somebody isn't kidding you? What an ego she must have! No one would want to read an epic poem about Louisiana.

Now Texas is different. It is not only more interesting but much larger as well. Consequently, my poem on Texas is much better. It rhymes, too. I have gotten an offer from Tony Wons scrapbook, but have decided to let you have it instead. Please send a truck to my address to pick up the first few stanzas.

un tejano

—ooOoo—

Rest In Peace

The War Department has announced that 70 per cent of the families of World War II's dead have asked that their bodies be returned home.

No one has asked the body who is a piece of charred femur and a half melted dog-tag what his opinion is. When his infantry squad was destroyed they died together as they had fought together. Would he say "let me lie in peace" or would he think it very important that he should be dug up, shipped like a piece of lumber some three thousand miles, to be cried over and mourned again. We don't know the answer to that one, only the boy could give it and he isn't talking, at least not now.

Would the members of the "Silent Service" who are truly silent in their steel shells say that this is a discriminatory vote? Perhaps they might think it un-important one way or another as nothing can bring them home now. We hope they feel that way.

A tough marine gunnery sergeant who served for fifteen years now lies quietly in far-off Samoa. He had no family to speak of when he joined the Corps. Where would he prefer his final "home" to be now? Marine sergeants have never been known to be reticent about their opinions and he would surely have one on this subject if he could voice it.

The eight who went down that day over Ploesti, men that is, there were more, but we speak of eight, that's enough. They were listed as "Missing in Action — Presumed to be Dead." A very naive presumption on the War Department's part that a B-24 exploding fifty feet above the ground over an oil refinery could have other than one result. What would this crew have to say about bringing their "bodies" home for reinterment? Someday if we become as successful at reassembling the molecules that make up the human body as we are at vaporizing them we may know their answer. That is if anyone is interested enough to poll them at that time.

The above sounds like fantasy and it is in part. Why can't the American public let their dead lie where they fall? Which serves the cause of peace better, a grave in a huge U. S. cemetery that is remembered on Memorial Day, or those rows of white crosses in Germany, France, Burma, Italy, Africa and the islands of the Pacific? Isn't it better for the world to realize that an American soldier is prepared to die on any part of it, should he think it necessary? Perhaps we would do well to paraphrase Kipling and say, "there lies a bit of America."

J. R.

FROM THE Desk of the Dean

PAUL V. MURRAY

Perhaps some of the "aficionados" among our newly-arrived students will wonder why the death of Manolete has been taken so seriously in the Spanish-speaking world. Since I never saw him fight I cannot say how he was in comparison to other great toreros but no one who lived in Mexico during his visits will soon forget the fever which gripped the country whenever he was to fight.

About the only thing I can liken it to is the way Americans act when the World Series is on. Too, it seems that the so-called "Monster of Cordoba" never let the crowd down. He always tried to please—and he was as game as any man who ever faced a bull across the blood and sand. If you read the accounts he was game to the end—before he fell he killed the bull that (it would seem from all accounts) he knew had killed him.

In life, he was already a legend. His death, and the manner of it, will make his name and his fame and his glory grow with the passing years. Manolete will not be forgotten so long as brave men risk their lives in the bullring for gold, glory and art.

—oo—

Many articles have been written about the various shortages which become noticeable as the veterans began flooding college and university campuses everywhere. Yet it seems to me that one of the most important shortages—that of teachers has not been given the publicity it deserves.

According to the best estimates the peak of the veterans wave will wash into the colleges and universities in 1948. It is thought that the wave will catch the faculties short by somewhere between 50 and 75,000 trained teachers. Many large universities having 1000 or more faculty members will have as many teaching assistants, drawn usually from graduate student ranks, trying to help out in the emergency.

All of this should help to focus public attention on one of our most important modern educational problems—how to make the teaching profession at all levels more attractive to the outstanding men and women who would like to teach but who simply cannot afford it.

Yet, even with all the sacrifice it entails teaching is a calling that has many compensations and which will, I hope, appeal to many at MCC.

—oo—

Correction. The softball team has not disbanded. It became temporarily inactive because the games were advanced so that our schedule could be played out while several players were still in town.

The team will meet the Colegio Aleman in a championship series of three games this weekend. The teams have met three times before this season and all games were decided by the margin of one run. MCC won two and the Aleman one—the first of the season for us both. The boys from Tacubaya have an excellent squad, well-trained, fast, with good batting and fine pitching.

—oo—

Students who are always looking for the answers to what ails the world in 1947 and thereabouts should look into a book that will help enlighten them plenty. It is Pitirim Sorokin's *The Crisis of Our Age* and will be in the library this week. Professor Sorokin is Harvard's great sociologist and his book, while not easy reading, will help the interested to understand a bit better just what the score is concerning peoples and places and things in these days.

It is, perhaps, more stimulating than Northrop's *Meeting of East and West* and should make us hope rather than despair.

World In Review

By JUAN COBRE

(Continued from last week)

The Greek Army was reorganized and collaborationists were given high places in both the army and the government. A right wing organization, E. D. A. S., was given funds and equipment to fight the Republicans and leftists. This and the fact that the E. D. A. S. was dominated by former collaborationists has been proved by Constantine Poulos and Edgar Ansell Mowrer.

In the absence of the King, a regency was established in Greece with Archbishop Damaskinos as Regent. Shortly after his taking office Papandreou resigned and Damaskinos appointed Gen. Nicholas Plastiras as premier. When Plastiras began to manifest signs of independence, he was framed on charges of having been a secret agent of the Germans and was removed from office.

Under the new Premier, Admiral Voulgaris, the war against the left was intensified and E. A. M. was driven into the hills of Macedonia and Thrace. In Athens roundups of Republicans took place nightly and thousands were exiled to concentration camps on islands off the coast of Greece. When leftists demonstrated in the streets of the capital, Winston Churchill sent orders to Lieut. Gen. Scobie, commander of the British forces in Greece to "treat Athens like a conquered city".

In a desperate effort to achieve some sort of national unity, Archbishop Damaskinos late in 1945 asked the venerable and respected Liberal party leader, 86-year-old Themistocles Sophoulis to form a government. Sophoulis endeavored to bring E. A. M. back into the government, but failed because of two things: British sabotage, and the growing influence of the K. K. E. (Greek Communist party inside the E. A. M.) The Communists, headed by Nicolas Zachariades and George Siantos, had secured Russian backing for the E. A. M. and gradually the leadership of that organization assumed a Communist character. Russia backed the claim of its satellite Yugoslavia to Greek Macedonia and the claims of another satellite, Bulgaria, to an outlet to the sea at Greek Salonika.

The Greek Monarchists insisted on an early general election and a plebiscite on the question of the monarchy. In view of the fact that electoral machinery was in the hands of the Monarchists and Kite bands (successors to E. D. A. S.) roamed the countryside terrorizing Republicans, the elections

held under the supervision of Great Britain, U. S. and France was a mockery. The left wing parties boycotted the election and Sophoulis and five cabinet ministers resigned in protest over the brazen intervention of the British, who were running the show. The rightists secured a heavy majority in Parliament and the King returned triumphantly under heavy guard. An obscure Athenian lawyer named Poulitsas was elected premier, his government lasting eleven days and being succeeded by one headed by the reactionary former premier Constantine Tsaldaris. Tsaldaris lasted eight months and was replaced by the present premier, banker Demetrios Maximos.

Four years of occupation by the Nazi barbarians left Greece devastated and hungry and the inflation has reached astronomical proportions. The failure of the government to maintain rigid import-export controls and large importations of luxury items for the rich has intensified this condition and has hampered recovery.

What is needed in Greece today is a complete new deal. A caretaker coalition government including all parties except Kite and Communists should be formed, with new elections to be held as soon as possible. The German monarchy which the British have tried to saddle on the Greeks for a century should be sent back to the fatherland Queen Frederika loves so well. Amnesty for political prisoners and dissolution of both rightist and leftist terrorists bands would greatly

Theatre...

(Continued from page 1)
Sindicato de Telefonistas, Calzada Villalongin 55. In the opinion of most of the audience, all three plays were well done. Winning special acclaim was the soliloquy presented by Earl Sennett, a piece from Shakespeare's Richard II.

The first play, "The Pot Boiler", featured Marshall Garrett, Edmond Levy, Seth Spaulding, Eva Wiener, Reynaldo Rivera, Mary Alice Johnson, Elmo Robinson and Richie Davis. The concluding piece, "A Penny for Your Thoughts", featured Marshall Garrett, Elmo Robinson, Edmond Levy, Annette Meckel and Severn Darden. It was translated by Theodore Apstein, director of the Summer Theatre, from a work by Xavier Villaurrutia.

ameliorate the suffering of the Greek people and enable them to make more rapid recovery from the effects of the war.

The Truman Doctrine as applied to Greece will only make a bad situation worse. One third of the money is already earmarked for the Greek army in campaigns against the guerrillas. As long as we are to pay the bill we should insist upon a democratic government for Greece, and see that our loan is used to feed the starving Greek people and not to feed the Greek war machine. This policy should steal the Communists' thunder and do more to dispell Russian influence in Greece than ten divisions of soldiers.



Sam Schun (left), Broadway's "Jackie Starr".

MEET SAM SCHUN

By JAMES J. PETRESSEN

"Am I a character?" Sam Schun said as I started to interview him. "My boy, I invented the word". Thereupon he did a difficult "entrechat" and flitted off with one great leap into his next class.

We caught up to him and asked him why his pockets were so bulging. "Textbooks", he answered. We didn't see any textbooks.

"Oh I just tear out of the book the chapter we are going to study for today" he explained. "Why carry the whole book to class when you need only a few pages?"

Among the mass of loose papers from Shakespeare and Cervantes, we saw a tortilla. "What's that for?" we asked.

"A bookmark, my lad".

Sam is one of MCC's prize Bohemians. Though he is now demoustached ("It was a cover-up", he says), his effervescence of spirit is irrepressible and there is the touch of the showman in everything he does.

During the war Sam was an Aerial Gunnery Instructor in Florida. He left the Army in December, 1943 ("The spirit was willing, but the body was weak") and went into U. S. O. work. Show business wasn't new to him; he had played in the Earl Carrol Vanities in 1932, "Life Begins at 8:40", "Oklahoma" and other Broadway hits.

In show business he played under the name of Jackie Starr as an acrobatic dancer. When he went into the U. S. O. he played the comedy lead in "Oklahoma". As Ali Hakim, he wowed the G. I.'s from the Pacific to the Caribbean. He played this difficult role before 1,700,000 soldiers and sailors in addition to special performances in front-line hospitals.

The "Oklahoma" company of 38 traveled over 50,000 miles by air and piled up another 20,000 by jeep and truck during the trip. They played before G. I. audiences ranging from 15,000 to 22,000 and Admiral Kinkaid (the Admiral who blasted the Japanese Navy in the Battle of the Phillipines) regarded the troupe so highly that he assigned the Seventh Fleet Flagship Band to it for the entire tour.

Sam plans to settle in Mexico and marry. Before closing the interview he made the following contributions and tributes to his favorites at the school:

Devo Murray — "Because he doesn't bother with nobody, no time, no how, no way".

Trudy, the Coffee Queen — "Because 10,000 doughnuts cannot dampen her smile".

Max Cossak — "I am for Max all the way. I insist on his being permitted to live".

Coach Diaz, who broke his leg showing the boys a football play — "What sheer, unadulterated exuberance! Such throwing of oneself into one's work. It's lucky he isn't a well digger".

Sam concluded with the following observations:

"The classes are so crowded that some of the girls have to stand. I hate to see that", said Sammy, "I close my eyes every time".

"I'd like to get an M. A.", said, "but I don't worry about too much. It probably won't happen in my lifetime".

"Over at the Blue Room Frisco night I saw one of our boys put out four times, but he kept coming back. The bouncer was putting too much back spin on him".

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AVE INSURGENTES No. 349

New Approach To Spanish Language

By LOWELL HARMER

Have you ever heard of a thing that turns the learning of Spanish into a game? I have—and considering all the grief the language has caused me—such a thing should be news.

I knew there were graded word lists in the different languages, but I had never seen such a list until I heard that Prof. Carlos Scanlon had one, and managed to borrow it from him.

A scientific graded word list takes the guesswork out of the question of what words are important and which are not. And in this case important means which words (by actual count) are used most frequently and in the widest range of the spoken and written language.

For example, without access to a graded word list one might guess that *limón* was more common than *alcantar*. Such a guess would be greatly in error. *Limón* is the 4360th most important word in Spanish whereas *alcantar* ranks high in the list of basic words—number 414.

There is a tremendous amount of work involved in compiling an authentic language word list. Also the researchers do not necessarily put down the words in the order in which they are counted most frequently. Another element—range—is considered, and a mathematical formula has been figured out which combines the two

into an equation. The resultant equations are then listed according to value—or in their terminology—listed in order of merit.

This list of Prof. Scanlon's was compiled by the University of Toronto. It is based on an actual count of 1,200,000 words. In order to get a true picture the reading was broken up into forty different categories and 30,000 words were counted in each of these. Seven plays, classical, realistic and contemporary, were read; as well as eight novels of divergent types. Several lyrical and narrative poems were counted and mixed in. Folklore, ballads and children's books were added together with a long list of miscellaneous prose, and technical literature as well as 30,000 words each in newspapers, weeklies and scientific journals.

Care was taken to see that these publications did not come only from Mother Spain, but also from Mexico, Argentina, Chile and other Latin-American countries.

The compilers thought that the range of the word was a much more important element than the actual amount of times the word was counted. A word that was counted only 65 times but occurred in 37 of the 40 categories was considered a more important and versatile word than one which was counted more than 200 times but was found in only three of the categories.

This was the compilers' method of forming the equation: The frequency was divided by ten and the result added to the range figure. Example: A word which showed up 751 times in the count of 1,200,000 words was divided by ten, giving 75.1. This was added to 40—the number of categories in which the word appeared. The result, 115.1, was the word's credit number, showing where to place it in order of merit.

One hundred and eighty-nine of the words (such as: a, de, con, madre, escribir, hablar, etc.) were so common that the university did not bother giving them a count, and setting them up in order. So the 189 most common words are listed at the beginning, alphabetically. Then the words are listed in numerical order of importance, starting with *parte* No. 190, *medio*, No. 191, *amor* No. 192, etc. to the last three: *poro* No. 6700, quite No. 6701, and *sufijo* No. 6702.

The value of such a list is obviously of great importance to both students and teachers of the language. Years ago, the first day I started taking high school Spanish, I was forced to learn *establecimiento*. I never forgot it, and looked it up in the graded word list and found that it is No. 2483. Now I am burned up. Why didn't that first day teacher start me out on at least one of the 500 basic words?

I have re-typed the first 2500 words of Prof. Scanlon's list. Immediately I went through the first 1000 most important words and checked off the ones I did not know (62). I have made a separate list of those 62 words and am memorizing them. When I get them I will be certain that I know the basic 1000 words, plus thousands of rarer ones. Then I can start on the second thousand. This is the best way to build up a vocabulary I have seen yet. Words like *establecimiento* are all very fine but they're going to have to sweat it out in the line and take their turns.

By re-typing this list one comes across some interesting results. Among the colors *blanco* No. 232 is the champ, followed closely by *negro* No. 286, *verde* No. 768, and *azul* No. 780 for second, third and fourth places, with *rojo*, *amarillo*

Forecast Of White House Candidates

By JUAN (POBRE) COBRE

With the national presidential convention less than ten months away, the armchair politicians are all ready earnestly discussing the merits and demerits of the respective candidates.

It seems virtually certain that the Democrats will nominate President Harry S. Truman for a second term.

The Republican race on the otherhand is wide open, and it's anybody's guess who will be the party's standard bearer.

According to the Gallup poll, Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York is the favorite of at least half the party voters. As conventions are usually decided in smoke-filled caucus rooms, this will mean little unless Dewey is able to line up a substantial bloc of delegates.

Dewey's record as governor of New York has been good, though not outstanding. His appointments generally have been men of high caliber, and his administration has been, for the most

part, capable and efficient. He was responsible for the passage of the New York Fair Employment Practice bill, a fact which should win him many supporters among minority groups.

His support of various anti-labor measures will antagonize trade union groups and many independent liberals. Dewey's comparative youth, recognized ability, and wide experience are all factors in his favor, but they must be balanced against the fact that he is disliked by many high moguls in the councils of the Republican party.

Harold Stassen, former governor of Minnesota, is at present the only avowed candidate for the nomination. A man of great ability and possessor of an enviable war record, Stassen has many supporters in the middle and far west, but is weak in other sections of the country. His outspoken internationalism and relative liberalism on domestic issues has insured the enmity of the "old guard" and his nomination would split the party.

Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio is the candidate of National Chairman B. Carroll Reece, and of Col. Robert Crugar's southern Republican machine, which controls one fourth of the convention delegates. Taft is able and honest and has sponsored such progressive measures as federal aid to education, national health insurance, and a housing bill that has been described by real estate interests as socialistic.

Lack of political sex appeal and the Taft-Hartley labor bill are two factors that will greatly handicap Taft and probably cost him the nomination.

Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan, in addition to being the party's spokesman on foreign affairs, is the most influential man in the Senate. A middle of the roader, Vandenberg appeals to moderates in his party who favor international cooperation abroad and mild social reform at home. Ken Sigler of Michigan will take a "Vandenberg for President" delegation to the convention.

Gov. Earl Warren of California is a dark horse who may grow progressively lighter as convention time approaches. Elected governor by both parties, Warren has given his state a good non-partisan administration and is highly regarded on the west coast. His support of a statewide F.E.P.C. (Fair Employment Practices Commission), and a health insurance program have given him a reputation as a liberal, a reputation he is careful to cultivate.

Two military figures have been frequently mentioned as presidential possibilities. They are General MacArthur and Eisenhower. The former is very strong in Wisconsin and Nebraska, but in the other 46 states his chances are practically nil.

Eisenhower's main support is from his native Kansas where Alfred M. Landon is quietly working behind the scenes to line up delegates for the general.

My prediction is that Dewey will be the party candidate with Harold Stassen reluctantly accepting second place on the ticket.

The Democratic standard bearers will be Truman and Wallgren.

and Colorado trailing. Triste No. 277 is a heavyweight compared to *alegre* No. 614. An heroic No. 1606 outranks a *robusto* No. 2423. And one might think the names of months would come out about equally—they don't. Mayo No. 1490 is away out in the lead followed by: *agosto*, *abril*, *julio*, *septiembre*, *junio*, *diciembre*, *enero*, *marzo*, *febrero*, *noviembre*, and poor old *octubre* No. 4364 is the calliope.

In animals *caballo* comes first, followed by *perro*, *gato* and *toro*. The *vaca* trails her better half considerably—which surely would not be true in English.

Also I just happened to notice that *sexo* ranks 2493rd. I betcha a word count of Americanese would put *sexo* up in that basic 189 group.

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MURALS...

(Continued from page 1)

Above these natural resources, on the surface of the earth, is the flag of Mexico, and above the national colors, and yet enveloped in its folds, is a "tiger"...

Psych Majors Please Note

Most would-be writers read the Writers Digest magazine for the helpful articles it contains. But to many the most fascinating section is the Personals.

POET, young, disgustingly handsome, lacking traditional long hair, desires week-ending acquaintance or correspondence with local lass in Pittsburgh-Wheeling area. Box V-3.

AM WRITING a powerful American novel, but I am most depressed. Will some beautiful, young girl, who appreciates the brain of a coming great author, please write.

GENTLEMAN, amateur pianist, lover of nature, arts; responsive to the nobles implies, humorous slants and higher philosophies of life; aspiring to be writer, playwright, composer of music; would like to hear from potential "soul-mate" who could bring to full fruition all that term implies while his nascent protection grew to completeness.

DULL, CONVENTIONALLY-MINDED, bourgeois redhead wonders if there are any men in Detroit who will buy her ice cream cones with no strings attached. Box B-3.

ODD YOUNG SUPER-BOOK-WORM, originality incarnate, covets feminine correspondence. Dissatisfied idealism preferred. Like to write on assignment? c/o Box 296, Winona Lake, Indiana.

YOUNG MAN, 26, B. A.—M. A. degrees, ex-Army pilot, pro-writer, amateur artist-poet, modestly good-looking, desires correspondence with attractive young woman who has unusual philosophy of love, life, and price of legs in Afghanistan.

UNUSUALLY STUPID, utterly untalented, charmless, harmless male creature, learning to write, would like to correspond with equally ambitious and similarly unendowed female. Box 373, Beverly Hills, Calif.

WEARY OF DEEP, DULL, DEADLY RUT — Filly wants out. Need capital. Your contribution — small or large — Gratefully welcomed. Box V-4.

PETITE MISS, demure, sweet, seeks love and companionship. Prefer unattached gentleman, one who is dark, erotic, exciting. Box S-7.

WOLF TECHNIQUE NEEDED BY BASHFUL FELLOW. Box 643, Oakland 4, Calif.

and dead. But eternally, there is the "tiger" defending the natural resources of the land.

In this panel, in which so much is said, there is no crowding nor is the motion stilted. The brilliancy of the colors do not disconcert the eye, but rather harmonize and lead the eye to the central and dominating figure of the "tiger".

The painting is only part of the total theme which Orozco carries out in each of the other panels of the Supreme Court. His portrayal of the imperfection of man's striving for his rights; the imperfection of man's justice; and man's imperfect use of natural resources complete the artist's treatment of man's inadequacies.

The Egg And George

By JACK REED

More than one soldier-or sailor during the late unpleasantness dreamt of coming back home, marrying the gal and settling down on a chicken ranch.

To get married he traveled to Morelia, Michoacan for a wife, where he was married on July 4th. to Srta. Maria Eduwiges Ochoa. He still had to get that "ranch" so he returned to Mexico City and rented a large house in the heart of the capital.

Using locally made equipment that is patterned after U.S. designs, he is going to raise New Hampshire, a breed of fowl that is very similar to the Rhode Island Red. His choice was arrived at after he had consulted with the Mexican government who stated that the New Hampshire was the type of chicken best suited to this climate and altitude.

The chickens will be fed a special diet to achieve firm flesh and rapid growth. In order to further accomplish rapid development, he is caponizing all his chickens by using a patented chemical process for injecting hormones into the blood stream of the fowls.

At no time will the chickens, from the day they enter the cages until they are ready to be sold, touch the ground. Page says this will prevent 90% of the diseases that are common to poultry. Removable trays will be used to collect the droppings, but later on he hopes to install an endless belt type of conveyor to do this job.

A Missouri hatchery has contracted to deliver 250 day-old chicks each week to George by air-freight. From the day they arrive here until they reach frying or broiler size will take about six weeks. For the time being he is only going to raise the fowls for meat, but later he intends to go into the egg business as well.

For a market he intends to specialize in the high class restaurants of the city.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Baptist—First Baptist Church, Mina and Heroes Streets. English sermon, directed by the Reverend J. Forbes. Services at 11:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sundays.

Catholic—Church of Guadalupe de la Paz, Enrico Martinez 7. Masses in English at 7 a. m. Sundays.

Christian Scientist—First Church of Christ, Scientist, at Dante 21, Colonia Anzures. Sunday service in English at 10:45 a. m.

Episcopal—Christ Church, Articulo 123, No. 134. Anglican and American Protestant Episcopal Communion. Services in English. Communion at 8 a. m., church at 11 a. m.

Lutheran—Call your pastor at 11-01-72, Av. Chapultepec 640-14. Or at 38-05-30, Chopo 154, Colonia Sta. Maria.

Methodist — Methodist Church, Gante 5. Services at 10 a. m. Sundays.

The Union Church—At Humboldt No. 50. All services are in English. 10:00 a. m. the Church School; 11:15 a. m. the morning service, with sermon by the pastor, Charles R. McKean.

MCC SPORTS

By MARTIN SCHNITZER

MCC's Green Wave finished last week's practices with some indication of presenting a fairly good team on the field against Politecnico on Sept. 27.

The chief problem facing coaches Luis R. Diaz and Sol Abrams is the backfield. No prospects have been uncovered from among the dozen backfield candidates.

The line, though inexperienced in several positions, notably tackle, has shown some signs of development. Although a wave of optimism pervades throughout the squad over the showing of the line to date, it is still too early to make any actual predictions.

If two or three running backs show up at San Luis Potosi 154 or are unveiled by Coach Diaz in the immediate future, the school can be reasonably sure of a creditable eleven.

Coach Diaz said that he would rely on a melange of the single wing and the T, with spinner and cross buck adaptations from both formations.

—oOo—

Footballers Interviewed

Four of Mexico City College's football players—Bud Fellows, Vic Hancock, Alfredo Anaya and Salvador Zavala were interviewed by Francisco Cordoba, sports-writer of "Novedades" over station XENK, last Friday from 4:45 to 5 p. m.

The interview, entirely extemporaneous, was in the form of a symposium with Cordova serving as interlocutor and amanuensis.

—oOo—

YMCA VS. WACHACHARA

The Mexico City YMCA and Wachachara will open the Liga Mayor football season Sept. 6 in the Estadio Nacional.

This "lid lifter" will pit two of the strongest teams in the Liga Mayor. The Mexico City YMCA finished third in the league last year, losing only to Politecnico and the National University. Wachachara, although not as strong as the YMCA, finished high up on the ladder.

Wachachara is reputed to be much stronger this year, while the YMCA has had difficulty securing a new coach to replace Carlos Mendiola. The late acquisition of a coach may slow down the YMCA, but even then they should be a marked favorite over Wachachara this Saturday.

—oOo—

Cachorritos Defeat American High School

Scoring one run in the last half of the eighth inning, the Cachorritos defeated the American High School, 3 to 2, to win the second half of the local Twilight Softball League.

The Cachorritos scored one run in the second inning, one in the fifth and won the game in the eighth frame with a fly to center-field scoring a runner from third.

The American High School scored both their runs in the fourth inning on an error, a walk, a sacrifice, and a double.

Mexico City College won the first half title.

(To familiarize MCC students with their football team, El Conquistador will publish from time to time thumbnail sketches of the various players).

EDDIE AMADOR... Age 23, stands 5'3" and weighs 135. He played high school ball at Fremont High School in Los Angeles and is trying out for quarterback spot on the MCC team.

SEYMOUR BARKOWITZ... Age 24, 6'3", 230 pounds. The biggest man on the team, Barkie promises plenty of trouble for opposing linesmen. He made all-state center on the College of Charleston (S. C.) basketball team but has had no previous football experience.

SOL ABRAMS... Age 24, 5'9", 165 pounds. The genial backfield coach, Sol played for Orangeburg High School in South Carolina. After graduation he matriculated at the Citadel. His career was interrupted by a stint in the Army.

JACK SMITH... Age 21, 6'2 1/2", 190 pounds. Jack, a resident of Mexico City, played two years at Glendale (Calif.) High School. He did a turn in the Army, where he played some service football.

LARRY RING... Age 26, 6'1", 185 pounds. Larry, general factotum of MCC's one and only snack shop, leaves his culinary pursuits three hours each afternoon and pursues less sedentary activities on the gridiron.

RUDY PEREZ... Age 21, 5'8", 160 pounds. Rudy has had previous football experience at Lincoln and Marshall High School in Los Angeles. He is MCC's leading fullback at the time, and his general pugnacity should nail down this position for him.

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HOTEL REFORMA

Paris...

(Continued from page 1)

stenographer. The three soldiers who had become our companions wanted to get our wagon off the road (to escape the Germans) but our horses were tired and it was impossible to get them to go through the fields and woods. (The fact that France was using horses shows how ill prepared she was for the war).

Then came a terrible night. Everywhere I saw villages burning. Italian planes were strafing us with machine guns every few minutes, and we women, not having steel helmets like the soldiers, had to put greasy dish pans over our heads to serve as helmets. It was dark and in the confusion I got back into the wrong wagon and found myself the only woman among a load of Senegalese soldiers. I spent the whole night crying, and wondering if day would ever come.

Morning did come and it was ironical to find such a bright, beautiful day amid all the desolation. We found ourselves in an abandoned village, and I was able to join Therese and Odile again. We went to a farm and had a party. We gathered all the loose poultry and the women cooked them. I found myself seated next to an officer, the only one among all the soldiers. He remarked to me that I didn't seem to speak the language of all the others, and I explained that I was a teacher. We proceeded to have, in this very rustic setting, a true drawing room discussion. Then we started traveling again and found the roads filled with peasants laden with all their possessions. There were many old people resting alongside of the road. One of the most tragic things I saw were the burnt-black corpses of many old people, who were too feeble to take cover from the strafing of the Italian planes. Our little group was quite lucky. We never got hit once.

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

From cub reporter to city editor in six months is the record achieved by Phil Querido, former MCC student.

During the winter quarter Querido worked on the Mexico City Herald free of charge for credit in his journalism class. The paper liked his work and put him on the payroll.

Last week the city editor, Robert Roberson, got married and went to Acapulco for a ten-day wedding trip. During the boss's absence, Querido is filling the front desk.

The next day was another beautiful day—too beautiful for what was about to happen. All of a sudden we found ourselves surrounded by Germans. They seemed to mushroom from everywhere. This was a terrible thing for our men companions, who were immediately taken prisoner. All this was accompanied by terrible bombing and strafing. The women were told to go into the ditch. While all this terrible noise was going on I was in the ditch destroying any papers which might prove embarrassing. During all this I saw some real human ugliness, too. I saw two low-cultured women tearing each others' hair out over a can of sardines. Then there was a girl who had been professing her love to one of the French soldiers. As soon as the battle died down, she got out of the ditch and joined the Germans. The Senegalese soldiers suffered a horrible fate. They were sent to the Ruhr after the last war and the Germans hated them. On my way back to Paris I saw many of their bodies hanging from trees.

Being the only one in the group who spoke German, I climbed out of the ditch after the battle cleared and asked what we were expected to do. A German officer said we could return to Paris if we wished, but not for another 24 hours, so as not to interrupt

German movements. In other words, we were to keep quiet for a day.

The night of June 17, the eve of the Armistice, we slept in an abandoned village. We slept in stables on piles of hay. Being the only one who spoke German, I was placed in charge of 27 women.

We had reached Sully-sur-Loire, about 150 kilometers south of Paris, and unoccupied France was just across the river. But being so close did us no good, since the bridge had been blown up. So with unoccupied France within our own vision, we had to turn around and return to Paris.

While we were in the stable, a German officer summoned me out to speak to him. We had a strange conversation. First of all he ordered champagne. (The Germans seemingly went crazy over champagne during their stay in France). I had to toast with him, although my heart was bleeding and full of hate. I had to tell him all about my beloved Paris... where he could buy the best clothes and perfume for his sweetheart in Berlin.

Next I sought out Therese and Odile and we made plans for our return to Paris. It was going to be tremendously difficult, because there was no regular transportation. We had some blankets and luckily we found a wheelbarrow, and we put all our possessions in it. But we were most

lucky in Therese, the servant girl. Odile and I were so frail and tired we could hardly carry our own things, but big, good natured Therese was a godsend. Without the slightest complaint, she pushed the wheelbarrow all the way back to Paris—150 kilometers.

Wandering through the woods, we found treasure upon treasure. Scattered through the woods were furs, silver, elegant clothes—left there by people who had to flee from their cars during the strafing raids. They had become public property, so we helped ourselves. Like a fable with a moral, our treasure became a real burden to us. People with cars refused to give us rides,

since we had so much impedimenta with us. We came upon a truckload of the most beautiful electric irons we had ever seen, but we couldn't do a thing about it. Gradually, like an airplane pilot being forced to jettison his cargo piece by piece, we discarded all of our treasures. The only thing we kept was a hat. Therese had never had one in her life.

At one time we came upon a car in which we found an old lady and her dog. "Have you anything to eat?" the hungry old lady asked. We gave her some sugar, but her dog snatched it out of our hand and devoured it in one gulp.

(To be continued next week)

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