



EL CONQUISTADOR

DE MEXICO CITY COLLEGE



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MEXICO, D. F.

Wednesday, October 29, 1947

"The Last Time I Saw Paris"

MCC's Mme. Dauchat Relates War Experiences

(Editor's Note: In a previous issue we carried the first installment on the thrilling war experiences undergone by Mme. Germaine Dauchat, MCC French and German instructor, as told to an EL CONQUISTADOR reporter. In the first installment, Mme. Dauchat told of her escape from Paris in the mass "exodus" in June 1940 in the impending fall of France.

In this installment she resumes the account of her experiences involved in getting back to Paris after the Germans had prevented her passage to unoccupied territory).

BY GERMAINE DAUCHAT

We spent the next night in another abandoned village, which was full of women trying to get back to Paris. One woman, a professional clairvoyant, was quoting Nostradamus to the effect that the Germans would go away—but she didn't say when.

We were so tired that we were about to give up the idea of pushing a wheelbarrow back to Paris. There were two men in the village and they had found a big truck full of merchandise. There was no gasoline to be found and the men were trying to find horses to pull the truck back to Paris where they could sell their booty. They promised us a ride.

We stayed there three days and all the women did the men's work. We began to suspect that these two men, one of them a White Russian, were merely exploiting our labor, and we decided to resume our wheelbarrow trip to Paris.

The following night we spent in an abandoned farm house. We needed some meat, but didn't have the courage to kill the chickens we found roaming about. So in sign language (we thought it best) we asked some German soldiers to kill the chickens. Then we found some black bread the German Army had discarded and we were lucky to get that.

Here for the third time we saw a Czech (drafted into the German Army) trying to escape. The poor fellow wanted to become a French prisoner! We also noticed French soldiers who had been able to change into civilian clothes so as not to become prisoners of war. We saw the Germans catch one French soldier trying to change his clothes.

After days of hay, rats and mice, we finally reached Paris early on the morning of June 26. I had a little house near Cité Universitaire full of modern paintings and statuary. There never saw such things before and her first impulse was to put her fancy hat on the head of one of the statues.

Paris was in a terrible state at this time. The disruption brought a cessation of all transportation and there was hardly any food available anywhere. I had no trouble getting a teaching job since so many teachers had fled Paris. (Also the French decided to reopen the schools immediately in order to prevent the Germans from occupying the buildings).

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MEXICO'S CHRISTMAS BASKET DRIVE STARTS

Have your cast off clothing and children's toys been delivered to the Community Christmas Basket work room at Reforma 64? If not, make your contribution today. If it is not convenient for you to deliver it, a call to Mrs. J. E. Campbell, 35-53-93, or Mrs. M. R. Webb, 36-51-20 will bring a car to your door immediately.

For the benefit of recent arrivals in the city, this organization is comparable to the Community Chest in the States, and is a medium through which Christmas Cheer, in the form of warm clothing, blankets, food and children's toys is brought to needy American and British families in the city.

Ten thousand pesos have been appropriated by the American Society for the purchase of food, blankets and underwear; but this sum is not sufficient to buy quantities of new clothing. This is your opportunity to put your discarded clothing and toys to the best possible use.

DIG INTO YOUR CLOSET TODAY

Your assistance in renovating clothing at Reforma 64 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays from 0930 to 1300 is also solicited.

—oOo—

Youth Hostel Rep. To Organize Local Branch

Among the many new students at MCC is Lawrence Engelhart, a representative of the American Youth Hostel Association, who is planning to organize a branch of the Youth Hostels in Mexico.

Anyone desiring information about Hostel trips in North America or Europe should contact him. The CONQUISTADOR will publish from time to time information on forthcoming Youth Hostel trips and projects.

The American Youth Hostel is an organization to promote cultural relations through travel. They specialize in planned, low-cost tours that will give members excellent accommodations and unusual opportunities for seeing the world.

OPERATION COLLEGIATE

By DR. FRANCIS J. BROWN

The following article, written for the AVC Bulletin, appraises the early results of America's great post-war experiment in college education for veterans. Dr. Brown as staff associate of the American Council on Education, executive secretary of the President's Commission on Higher Education, and author of "Educational Opportunities for Veterans", is eminently qualified to write on "Operation Collegiate".—Ed.

Some three years ago, when a grateful nation was seeking some way to make up to those in service the inevitable losses of war, the most ardent optimist estimated that a maximum of one million veterans would avail themselves of an opportunity for training and education. On July 31, 1947, a total of 6,787,000 veterans had applied for their Certificates of Eligibility and Entitlement and more than half of this number had enrolled in institutional or in on-the-job training.

When the G. I. Bill and its companion legislation for the disabled

Stu. Council Elections Begin This Thursday

Elections for MCC's Student Council, dormant since the spring quarter, will be held Thursday, Oct. 30, in room 10 beginning at 1000. Each class will gather for the purpose of electing a class president, vice-president, secretary, one representative, and a faculty sponsor.

La Mirada Nueva a MCC

Last week, Ruth Goodspeed polled some of the campus chulas as to their opinion on the "new look". This week we ask the men, and below are some sample comments.

John Wetherbee: "If I knew the guy that thought up the bright idea, I'd put the arm on him".

Tony Vlahakis: "Speaking philosophically, and viewing the situation with detached objectivity, rather than partisan zeal, I would say that the "new look" symbolizes a tendency in our society for women to become increasingly more masculine. It is in a sense a revolt against the libertine concepts of the last decade. The inevitable consequences of the present trend will be a neutralization of the sexes and an accompanying decline in feminine pulchritude".

Justino Fernández: "The 'new look' is the culmination of the synthesis of the synthesis of the nuevo mundo—hmmm".

Jack Lipstadt: As a dialectician, I would venture to say that it is a sinister attempt by the bourgeois designers of Paris to enslave the masses to capitalistic fashions. Another objective of this

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The president and representative that each class selects will automatically become senators to the Student Council. On the following Wednesday, Nov. 5, the Student Council will meet and elect one of their body chairman to head the group. Other officers, and a faculty sponsor, will also be chosen.

Here is a list of election times by classes.

Graduate Class meets Thursday, Oct. 30, room 10 at 1000. Seniors will meet at 1100. Juniors will meet at 1200.

Sophomores will gather Friday, Oct. 31, room 10 at 1000; Freshmen at 1100, and Special Students at 1200.

In order to form equal sized groups, the following arbitrary classifications, based on credits, have been made. Read this carefully so you will know the class to which you belong so that you may know the proper time and date for voting.

- Freshmen 0-36 credits.
- Sophomores 37-80 credits.
- Juniors 81-120 credits.
- Seniors 121-180 credits.

Qualifications for the remaining two groups are these:

Graduate Class — registered member of the Graduate School-Special Student Class — all students not meeting the requirements of the above classifications.

All students are urged to attend the class elections, or else we can not hope to have a representative, democratic student council. The usefulness of the council, and the respect the student body will give it, all depend upon the individual student.

The first business of the Student Council, after electing its officers, will be to form a constitution; which, among other things, will determine tenure of office and the scope of its functions.

The primary purposes of this council will be government of the student body, liaison between student and faculty, solving of student problems, and the planning of social activities and the orientation program for new students.

All clubs and societies planning dances, forums, outings, etc., please wait until the Student Council is formed so that they may approve dates, locations, and help you with your plans. The main reason for this is to control the traffic, thereby preventing two or more affairs being scheduled for the same time.

DON'T FAIL TO VOTE!

Hallowe'en Party This Friday Night

MCC's first social function of the quarter will be held on Hallowe'en, Friday, Oct. 31. Gwenth Vaughn, dean of women, will be hostess to all students. The party begins at 1900 in the patio of Miss Vaughn's home at Orizaba 170. There will be the traditional Hallowe'en atmosphere of spook room, fortune telling, and apple bobbing, complete with witches.

The festivities shift to the college patio at 2045. A juke box and Cuban Son (rhumba band) will furnish plenty of dance music. And as for partners, they will be furnished too if you cannot bring your own.

Miss Vaughn has invited 100 Mexican girls of whom 75 work at Salinas y Rocha (beauty is a job requirement there). MCC's coeds have not been forgotten either. 150 Mexican students have also received invitations. The time and the place for making contact with future dates for future social affairs is Friday, Oct. 31, at Miss Vaughn's home and the college patio.

Refreshments will be available in the patio and the proceeds will be used to pay part of the expenses.

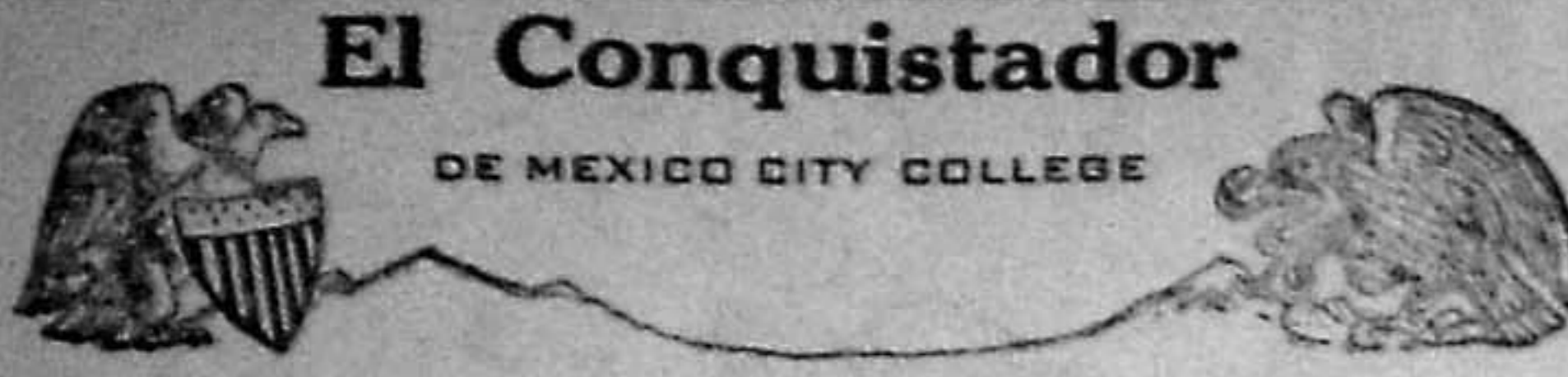
Only those presenting student cards or invitations can be admitted, however, every student can bring a guest.

—oOo—

You Better Not Pout You Better Not Cry

We have sure proof that Santa Claus is coming to town. The following Sears Roebuck ad appeared in the local papers.

Solicita los servicios de un prestidigitador y de una persona que pueda actuar como Santa Claus, dirigirse al Departamento de Personal en San Luis Potosí 214.



Jen Parrott..... Editor
 Bob Trimmell..... Business Manager

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\$1,000,000,000,000 A Year

Ah, there's good years ahead. Just hang on until the last half of this decade because the U. S. A. national income is going to gross ONE TRILLION DOLLARS. That's what the Bureau of Labor says, and they have statistics to prove it, too. In 1950 we are supposed to reach 215.5 billions. This is three times as much as 1941.

For all veterans, and for most of the non-veteran students of MCC, this is pure fantasy, the stuff that dreams are made of — and do you want a puff before we throw it away?

Still, maybe we can get part of it. The Bureau of Labor assumes "for convenience" that wage rates in 1950 will be approximately 15% higher than in May, 1946. They further assume that pre-war working hours will prevail. Thus they deduce full employment and a salary income in 1950 of 130 billions, and a lot of us will have gone back to work by that time.

Statistics are the most wonderful things in the world. We will never forget what happened in basic training. The C. O. wanted a stat average on the aerial gunnery basics. The stat section ran a lot of cards with little holes in them through an ugly beast of a machine. The average aerial gunner trainee was 3'7" tall, weighed 390 lbs., had .75 children, sang tenor, was .5 married and snored. That stat officer made an even worse mess officer.

The stat machine finally got revenge though. One day the C. O. was bending over it. It reached out and grabbed his necktie; holding him thusly, a long black arm that normally pushed cards into the machine's maw proceeded to beat his ears off while three fascinated non-coms standing nearby were drained of their inhibitory impulses.

What we are trying to say is watch out for narrow-mindedness in statistics. If your old \$ 25 job now pays \$ 50 you are 100% better off — unless the cost of living has increased 200% — in which case you are 50% poorer. Maybe the goose is going to lay bigger golden eggs, but how much more is it going to cost to feed the goose? — J. P.

—oOo—

Classroom Etiquette

What can we do about our lack of campus and classroom etiquette? We are sure that you, too, have noticed the many little incidents that, though unimportant individually, compositely form a picture of rudeness and lack of social grace.

It is all the more deplorable that many of those responsible loudly proclaim their devotion to culture and brotherly love. Common courtesy is an indispensable prerequisite for anyone who even makes a pretense at being cultured.

Whatever culture may be, and whether we love it or not, let's be a little more polite and considerate to students, faculty and the office force. — J. C.

Notice to Journalism Work Shop Students

Work Shop meets Thursday, Oct. 30, at 1200 in EL CONQUISTADOR Office. If you have a class at that time, drop a note in the mail slot.

Dice JOSE COLEGIO

Ever tasted burro's milk?
 Okay, you answer, that's an old one. I've had Texas steers' milk, too, ninety proof.

But this is the real McCoy. We were hotfooting it along Calle de Chiapas one morning, somewhat late for an eight o'clock class, when we saw a burro being milked. A leathery faced old boy with one of those real "tipico" sombreros was squatting down beside a burra and squirting milk into a pulque cup.

Now, unlike a cow, our Mexican burra is a two-faucet job, but it seems to work the same way. The milk foamed up in the cup with that glorious, chalk white, head-of-beer look. And a patron of the leche burra industry took the pulque cup and drained the stuff down. He handed a coin and the cup back to the milkman and strode along on his weary way.

According to the Standard American Encyclopedia, "The milk of the ass (burro) is more sugary and less cheesy than that of the cow and is on that account recommended to some invalids, particularly consumptives".

The above reference strikes an exotic note: "The leather called 'shagreen' is made by a peculiar process from the skin. And the ancients are said to have used the bones for making flutes".

Let us have more respect for the two-spigotted, shagreened and flute-supplying burro.

ECON CLUB TO HOLD DEBATE ON RUSSIA

On Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1947, the Economics Club held its second meeting of the current semester. Plans for the forthcoming "Sadie Hawkins" Dance were discussed, and President Alton Fowler announced that tickets may be purchased from individual club members. Tickets are priced at the nominal sum of three pesos each.

John Kopper was appointed official reporter of the organization. President Fowler selected a committee of three to investigate the possibilities of holding a Thanksgiving Dinner for members and friends.

On Wednesday, Oct. 28, 1947, the club visited the reforestación project and salt processing plant at Serpentine de Texcoco.

The first fall meeting of the International Relations Club took place on Tuesday, Oct. 14, 1947. Officers elected for the year 1947-48 were as follows:

John Kopper.....President
 Leon Helguera Seis. Vice-President
 Mary Gormly.....Secretary

At the second club meeting on Oct. 27, 1947, movies on Chile and Brazil were shown.

Plans for the future include several lectures by prominent au-

CLASSIFIED ADS

10 centavos per word. Ads taken at EL CONQUISTADOR office.

The American Travel Association, Reforma 104, has announced that they will cash subsistence checks for Mexico City College students on November 3 at the bank rate of 4.85 pesos per dollar.

There will be a handling charge of 1.25 pesos for each 65 dollar check and 1.50 pesos for each 90 dollar check.

Students who have had to take a discount, or who dislike standing in line at a bank, when they cash their checks may prefer to take advantage of this opportunity, as the Travel Association is only one block from the VA office.

WANTED TO BORROW—for two days only, Nov 15 and 26—one pair of G I, O D trousers. Size approximately 32-32; one Cuba Libre reward—Boz B

thorities, and a round-table discussion on "What should be our attitude toward Russia". All students interested in the club's activities are invited to attend the next meeting on Tuesday, Nov. 4.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor, EL CONQUISTADOR:

Being a firm believer in the goodness of mankind, I don't see why others can't make at least a semblance of trying to do the same.

The little, quiet, efficient and very polite men that work for this institution, under Juan A ponte, merit a small amount of consideration at least as far as politeness is concerned, and I believe it necessary that students and teachers should try to act a little more human. After all, these men are doing us all many small favors in their unobtrusive way — No?

Respecting culture, I remain yours sincerely,

Leon Helguera Seis
(Schwartz)

—oOo—

To the Editor, EL CONQUISTADOR:

I greatly enjoyed reading the first fall issue of EL CONQUISTADOR, but I was both surprised and disappointed to find that there was no poem by MCC's excellent poet, Horace Gregory. His inspiring poetry was, in my opinion, the best of E CONQUISTADOR and we could certainly use his original thoughts and discerning criticisms of society.

Juan Aguilar.

FROM THE Desk of the Dean PAUL V. MURRAY

My first trip home in almost four years has left a series of mingled impressions that are still rather scrambled in my mind. I shall set down only a few, leaving, as the Mexicans say, many others "in the inkwell".

—oOo—

Shortage of housing and its social consequences are almost shocking to the visitor who has not seen them grow. I venture to say that the situation is without parallel in American history. The worst of it is that no one seems to know when the shortage will end.

—oOo—

The ease with which milk can be acquired has always struck the recently-arrived visitor from Mexico. All around the outskirts of Chicago I saw places where signs begged people to come and take milk home by the gallon. Here in old Tenochtitlán there used to be an estimated shortage of about 200,000 liters daily. What must it be now with the aftosa disaster cutting into an inadequate supply?

—oOo—

Everywhere I looked I saw plastics. Frankly, I can't say that they impress me too much. Our world is such a brittle and breakable one even in the field of human values that I can't help but feel the "Plastic Age" is not going to help draw the best from humanity. A personal opinion, you understand.

—oOo—

The Ohio State-Iowa U. game at Columbus was a fair game but again I saw things that were new to me. It is getting increasingly difficult to follow a football game — at least a big one — because of the constant stream of substitutes. And then there is the switching of offensive backs and defensive backs and the same tactics with linemen. Granted that modern big teams need plenty of subs, a relative old-timer like myself cannot help hearkening back to the day when a first stringer expected to play most of the game and when a sub could hope to get in only if the regular was knocked out or suffered a really severe injury. Perhaps Juan Cobre or some other chronicler of EL CONQUISTADOR will do us a little piece on the famous Brown University "Iron Men" of the middle twenties or write of other players who played most of the time in most of the games their teams played.

—oOo—

Being a detective story addict I can't keep from passing on to members of the "Have you read So-and-So's Latest" Club the name of Dorothy Hughes and a book of hers (not new) that has just reached the Pocket Book Editions. It is called Dread Journey and I am willing to set it alongside Graham Greene's Brighton Rock and A. L. Green's Odd Man Out in the realm of psychological studies in the fairly new "suspense" tradition that seems to be attracting new writers almost daily (I must thank Miss Carroll for the tip on Dorothy Hughes. It is one of the unwritten rules of the H. Y. R. S. A. S. L. Club for the members always to mention with praise those who give them new tips on new books!) And one might add that the newer group of mystery and suspense writers are doing so much really fine writing that they are in danger of winding up, some day soon, in the austere pages of high school and college anthologies and histories of literature.

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Fight Night At The Coliseo Sees Luchadores Battle

By R. J. WETHERBEE

On a recent Friday night Mexico City's "Coliseo" was once again host to some of the finest "Luchadores" that ever stepped into a wrestling ring. We say "once again" because we have gone to see the matches almost every Friday and they have never failed to prove interesting and exciting.

The matches can't compare with those in the States because anything goes, and you can take that literally. The fans more or less demand a dirty fight and if they don't get it they let everyone know about it, including the wrestlers.

On one particular Friday night the bill presented Gory Guerrero, Rito Romero, Enrique Llanes, Tarzan López, El Santo, Red Garner, Emilio Charles and Lobo Negro all in the ring at the same time and fighting like mad.

The crowd's favorites were Romero, Llanes and Charles.

The fighting started, before the referee stepped into the ring, with Romero beating the hell out of Guerrero. After a few minutes of this slaughter, in which Romero more than distinguished himself as a great street fighter, the referee broke it up and ordered the fighting to begin officially.

Romero pinned three men before he was hit from behind by Guerrero, who probably remembered the walloping he took before the match jumped off. He was hit so hard that he was pinned quite easily.

The last three contestants were Charles, Guerrero, and Garner. At this point it became quite interesting as Garner wanted to gang up on Guerrero with Charles. But Charles, knowing what a two-timer Garner was, preferred to fight them both, which he did so

expertly that he emerged the victor.

It was really a night of surprises as we have seen Charles fight four times without winning a match. He fought splendidly. He was very quick on his feet and has a fine knowledge of the professional ring.

Guerrero was fit to be tied that he didn't get the bout, but perhaps took consolation in the fact that he would fight Charles later.

The way it works out is that the men who are first eliminated fight each other separately. Since Tarzan López and Lobo Negro were first to be eliminated, they had the first match.

Lobo Negro took the first fall by catching López unaware and shooting a straight right to the jaw, dazing him so that he could knock him all over the ring, which he proceeded to do.

Coming out for the second fall López tried a few holds; but finding none of them effective, he kicked Lobo in the belly and then drove his head against the post a few times. A little of this renders a man helpless. The crowd loved it. Lopez won the fall quite easily.

Both men now had a fall apiece and were determined to take the next one.

They came out warily, watching each other closely, looking for an opening. Lobo grabbed a hammerlock that nearly proved López' undoing.

However, López has been wrestling a long time and promptly hit Lobo a blow below the stomach and followed up with a right and left in the stomach and a short right to the jaw. Lobo recovered and the men stood in the middle

of the ring exchanging blows that did no more than tire them out.

López realized this. He threw a reverse-belly-bend on Lobo and took the fall and the fight.

The next bout between El Santo and Enrique Llanes was a mediocre affair with El Santo winning.

Now we come to the two best fights of the evening.

Romero vs Garner and Guerrero vs Charles.

The first of these two was Romero and Garner. Garner was no match for Romero, but he put up an excellent fight. Incidentally, he was the only Gringo on the bill. However, this boy has been in the ring for quite a long time and is aware of quite a few of the tricks of the ring that aren't exactly legal.

Whether this is to his credit or not we couldn't say. Garner has a style we have never seen before — a cross between a comedian and a madman. It appears that if his opponent shows the least bit of fear he'll go in and tear him apart.

Unfortunately, he was matched with a man who forgot what fear was at a very early age. Garner, while doing a couple of fancy steps, was caught in a hammerlock and thrown three times in a row by Romero.

All crowds love to see their idol make a good showing. After this fall the fans were all for Romero even though they would rather have seen him fight Guerrero.

The wrestling continued with Garner bringing into play a few of his slightly irregular tricks. Romero, actually a clean fighter, didn't expect this and was, as usual, caught unaware and suffered by it. On coming out for the second fall, Garner caught Romero with a straight left and right to the jaw, staggering Romero. Garner picked him up and threw him out of the ring.

As Romero was climbing back into the ring, Garner took a run and, feet first, kicked him out of the ring again. It was a powerful shot and it was also plain to see that Romero was in a bad way. By this time Romero was tired and punchy. On climbing into the ring again, Garner repeated his performance and once more Romero took a count outside the ropes.

You could hardly expect Romero to fall for the same thing the third time, but, unfortunately, he did. I became plain that the only way Romero was going to get back in the ring was for the referee to hold back Garner, which he did.

We ask you to remember that Romero was thrown bodily out of the ring and then kicked in the face and chest three times, rendering him nearly insensible. On re-entering the ring he surprised everyone, including the Gringo, by shooting a right to Garner's mid-section with such force that it staggered his opponent. Romero being an exceptionally fast man and quick to see his opportunity, started slugging and that man really can slug. He had Garner out on his feet and then pulled a hold I have never seen before.

This hold consisted of taking Garner's arm and twisting it around his own head so that if Garner didn't quit he would have had a busted arm.

Garner realized this and wrapped it up; giving two falls in a row to Romero.

The last and most exciting match was with Charles and Guerrero.

Guerrero, although not the least bit popular with the fans, is probably the best ever to enter the ring of the Coliseo. Charles, who we have never seen win a match, had emerged the victor of the eight man bout.

To begin with, there was bad blood between the two as a result of the previous eight man match in which he defeated both Guerrero and Garner.

At the bell Charles came out quickly and looked for a hold but couldn't secure one. Charles, the faster of the two men, drove the

I Saw Paris...

Continued from page 1

Ordinarily boys and girls go to separate schools, but here they went together. But it was an awful job for the director — he had to enforce regulations against boys and girls conversing together. On the other hand, he had, for his own part, to keep the students from coming in contact with the German supervisors. Teaching was a terrible ordeal at that time. We were being watched by the Gestapo and we never knew if we were saying the right thing in class.

MARSHALL PLAN FOR SHINE BOYS

Miss E. J. Anttonen Children's Librarian at the Benjamin Franklin Library, asks that you help the little street urchins of Mexico by having your shoes shined. The Club Infantil, a charitable organization run by the Cruz Blanca, gives each boy a shoe-shine box and polish, as well as a place to sleep at night so that he does not have to sleep under newspapers on a street corner. You will know a Cruz Blanca boy by his blue shoe-shine box with a white cross on it. Let him shine your shoes, and help him get something to eat each day.

crowds into ecstasy in the manner and way he broke every hold that Guerrero got on him.

As the fight got under way the crowd changed its opinion of Charles and began to cheer him to the rafters.

The fans had expected a quick two falls by Guerrero, but it became evident that the pride of Charles was at stake and he fought like a demon, first breaking one hold and then another. Meanwhile he was getting "hip" to Guerrero and had secured one or two holds that Guerrero could not seem to break.

Guerrero is probably the hardest hitter to ever enter the ring and it was this factor that got him the first fall. Charles had thrown him out of the ring and laughed in his face much to the delight of the fans who stood up and cheered wildly and passionately for their underdog. This enraged Guerrero so much that on coming into the ring he got Charles in a head-lock and got him in the eyes with his fingers, blinding him temporarily, but long enough for Guerrero to drive home a couple of punches that put Charles out of the fight, for that fall.

Guerrero, as the bell rang for the second fall, was still enraged and apparently had made up his mind to finish off Charles in a few minutes.

Charles was aware of this and also aware of his opponent's superior skill so he was careful. But Guerrero had no intention of fighting clean. He shot a swift left to Charles' face and then gouged his eyes again, getting the advantage for an open blow which he delivered with devastating force. By this time Charles could barely stand Guerrero layed him down with another punch.

Guerrero turned him over and was going to get a hold that would force Charles to quit. But in order to do this he left himself open for the same hold. Charles, dazed as he was, saw this.

When the smoke cleared away there was Charles sitting on Guerrero's back with his legs bent over backwards exerting all the pressure he could to break Guerrero's legs. Guerrero quit.

As they came out for the third and final fall Charles still showed

(Continued on page 6)

The nights were something terrible. The Germans immediately put in "war time" so that it was daylight until almost 11 p.m. Nevertheless, we could not be on the streets between 10 p.m. and 5 a.m. Anybody caught on the streets after 10 p.m. was taken to a German Army headquarters and made to shine boots of soldiers.

There was a rigid blackout and if a thin ray of light exposed itself the soldiers would shoot through the window. Then all through the quiet of the night we could hear the heavy boots of soldiers marching up and down the streets. Sleep was all but impossible because the Germans sent over planes almost scraping the roof tops in an attempt to impress the people with their power.

During all this time I had but one aim — to find my fiancée. One day I received a card (there was still mail service between the occupied and unoccupied zones), from a place near Grenoble in the south of France, saying "I am here." I recognized the handwriting.

I had to have permission to leave Paris, so I went to the German Oberkommandantur. I spent the whole day there without any success, and a policeman suggested that I come there the next morning at dawn, which I did. I waited until 11 a. m. and then was given a number and told I would be notified when I could be interviewed.

Then I decided to take a new approach. I went to the Academie de Paris. Very obligingly they arranged a "special mission" for me. I had to go to Lyon (in the unoccupied zone) to "bring back some test papers for the Sorbonne".

I took my papers to the railroad station and was lucky to get a reservation. I found myself in a compartment with women, all of whom had some position with the Germans. When we reached the terminus of the occupied zone at Chalons, a German officer and interpreter entered the train. I arranged to make myself the last person to be inspected.

Fortunately the Germans are impressed by important titles and high sounding language. The interpreter told the officer: "Let her cross over. I can translate her letter, and she has a very important function."

So I went on into the unoccupied zone and got off the train at Ardeche. I saw a note on the wall at the station: "I am at Le Cheylard." Again I recognized the handwriting.

So I went to Le Cheylard and found my fiancée, without a franc. I learned that his card was one of the last pieces of mail to get through.

We had a delicious dinner (there was plenty of food in the rural regions, and this place was especially noted for its trout). While we were eating, some of his comrades interrupted us and told my Charlie: "You must go at once. The Gestapo are looking for you." (The Gestapo had a complete record on Charlie. He was a disciple of the anti-Nazi Henri Barbusse and as a resident of the Saar region he had made many journeys into Germany to deliver propaganda to the anti-Nazi underground.)

So we had only one day together. I had brought many things for Charlie and had to leave them in Le Cheylard. Before dining we took a walk through the mountains and every few minutes a beautiful car loaded with Germans would come speeding by. We had to hide in the bushes to avoid

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KUKU

Famous for its European Cuisine
Gypsy Music Every Night
Coahuila and Insurgentes
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I Saw Paris...

(Continued from page 3)

being detected by their lights. It was a terrible ordeal for Charlie. Even the Vichy police were looking for him.

I had a friend in Aix-en-Provence, in the region back of Marseilles. I called her on the telephone, and asked one question: "Is the mayor nice?" She understood what I meant and answered, "Yes, he is nice."

So we went to Aix. The first two men we saw on the way were civilians being taken away as prisoners. We wondered if we would be next. On the bus en route police got aboard and inspected papers. They got only half way through and stopped. Luck was on our side once more. Later an Army comrade of my fiancé, a rather nice young fellow, came up to my fiancé, threw his arms around him and said: "Charlie Dauchat, comment allez-vous!" Charlie answered, "I think you're mistaken. You must have someone else in mind." The man went away thinking he was crazy. It hurt Charlie to do a thing like that but it was absolutely necessary.

Although we realized it would be terribly difficult without having Charlie's identity discovered, we had hoped to get married as soon as possible.

After getting to Aix we waited for our chance. We found quarters in the home of a widow, who immediately asked us for our papers. She said that the police were insisting on identification of all guests. I invented a long story about how against the wishes of my parents I was running away to get married and that if we gave our names the whole scheme would be upset, since my parents were looking for me.

She was somewhat sentimental and accepted my story and cooperated with us.

We were later introduced to the mayor who gave Charlie a new set of papers with an impressive French aristocratic name. We were safe, but we couldn't work. We lived in a little community outside of Aix in which each of us had a different task to carry out. But neither of us had any money, and it was impossible to

have money sent to me from Paris. So I decided it would be necessary to go back.

This was about Christmas time in 1940.

Charlie was fortunate in making friends with a man who was able to give him a job giving him the isolation he needed. The man had a huge estate near Aix and he gave him a job as game wacher on his hunting grounds. The only obstacle was that he had to live with an Italian guide.

The Italian had married an ugly old woman, but nevertheless he became insanely jealous of Charlie's presence and began to drink and get in a terrible temper. Since Italy was at war with France there was no telling what the Italian might do in a moment of rage.

As a game wacher, I don't think Charlie was in a position to do a very good job. When he found persons trespassing on the property, instead of arresting them, he would, to their surprise, give them a polite warning to leave as soon as possible. Before long Charlie began to feel uneasy over the large amount of visitors to the estate, and also considering the attitude of the Italian, he decided to leave this job.

Meanwhile, I was back in Paris. It was terrible for me.

Every day the police would come and ask for Charlie or for my younger brother, Roger, a promising young author, who was working in the underground as a de Gaullist. My father was suffering from heart trouble and died a few months after as a result of the constant mental strain.

(Eventually the Gestapo caught my brother while posting bills at night. They took him as a hostage, and I didn't know until a year ago what had happened to him. From people who had escaped from the same camp I learned that he had been taken to the horrible murder camp at Auschwitz and was executed on July 14, 1942. So now July 14 doesn't mean the same thing to me as it does to most French people.)

I couldn't send any of our money from Paris to Charlie. A friend gave me an idea. I was

able to hide a number of 1000-franc notes in a silver hair brush by taking off the top and putting it back on again. By putting bills in my powder puffs and other personal articles, I was able to hide 50,000 francs.

So I was ready to leave again for unoccupied France, this time without permission of any kind. Since they took care of me the previous time, I went back to Academie de Paris, but they could do nothing for me since they were being "terribly supervised". Then I went to the Dominican Friars, who, it turned out, were to do so much for Charlie and me. They couldn't arrange papers but they gave me a lot of good advice.

I managed to get a train ticket even though I didn't have papers. At the boundary between the unoccupied and occupied zones the Germans inspected our papers.

In German I told the inspector that I had a good, well-paying job waiting for me on the other side. (It always flattered the Germans when I spoke perfect German, which I had picked up from studying at the University of Heidelberg and serving with the French embassies in Berlin and Vienna. As a matter of fact, the inspectors at this point talked to me about Paris and offered me a job there if I would return. So they let me through, and I headed for Aix, where again I found Charlie.

At that time the Germans were coming around and making all the residents fill out long questionnaires, with instructions to bring them to the Prefecture in Aix by themselves.

A White Russian offered to take all the papers at once, supposedly to save us the trouble. But it was a bit mysterious and we declined the offer. We went to the Dominican Friars who helped us arrange to get married — under very romantic circumstances, it turned out.

We couldn't go to the mayor with a false name, such as Charlie carried. With the help of the Dominicans, we were able to get a special license through Msgr. Archbishop Villa & Rabel, who waived the bans.

So on May 12, 1941, in the home of my godmother in Aix, we were married in secret.

An altar was set up in the parlor. The only witnesses were two Dominicans and two intimate friends. We had a wedding breakfast, with real coffee — a great rarity.

Our witnesses gave us a bunch of white flowers, which we took back to our house. People asked us the occasion and we merely shrugged our shoulders and said: "We just happen to love flowers."

Now that we had been able to get married, our next desire was to get out of France. Fortunately, I happened to remember an acquaintance I had made in Paris before the war, the secretary of the Mexican Embassy, Alfonso Castro. I telephoned to Vichy and asked if I could see him. I spent three weeks in Vichy telling the Mexican Embassy officials of the desperate situation of my husband who had to get out of France if he wanted to escape death.

The Mexicans treated me wonderfully and agreed to give my husband a visa for Mexico. Then I asked, "How about me?"

The Mexican ambassador replied: "Your husband's in danger, but you're not."

I showed him my bracelet with two hearts mated, and asked him, "Could you separate them?"

It apparently touched him as a beautiful sentiment and he agreed to give me a visa for Mexico too.

Our next big job was to get permission to leave the country. So I went back to our good friends, the Dominicans. One Dominican father said he had a good friend in the Prefecture in Marseilles. This one official, Mme. Esmiol, had helped many men in danger.

My husband boarded a ship in Marseilles which was going to Oran, Algeria. A German commission mounted the ship, but Mme. Esmiol had fixed it up with the captain so that Charlie didn't have to show his papers. Then she told me, "You will not lose him." She was the closest thing to a saint I have ever seen.

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I had to remain behind in Marseilles. Meanwhile, I was told that the last ship for Africa was leaving in two days. I had to visit the Prefecture and the Mexican consulate. There was a heavy, incessant rain and when I got through with my work I didn't even have time to change my wet clothes. Without any luggage, I boarded a train for Port Vendres, which is almost half way to the Spanish border. I was fortunate to get a passage on this last ship to Africa.

The ship, which was going to Oran, was full of farm owners, teachers, and rich people who had business in Algeria. I told the people I was going to America and they thought I was crazy. They didn't think it was any longer possible.

In Oran I tried to get a plane to Casablanca. Each passenger was weighed in and I got passage only because I was so light. It was very warm in Oran, although it was November, in 1941. I had no wrap except a heavy winter coat which I had been wearing in France. The only thing I carried was an oil painting of Charlie done in Aix by Mme. Clarisse Marvro.

In Casablanca I found Charlie waiting for me at the airport. His first impulse was to laugh at my having to travel almost all the way around the world with only the clothes I had on my back. The dress I wore was rather long and as it seemed to get hotter in Casablanca, I found it necessary to make it shorter and shorter.

We could take no money out of the country and after we spent \$500 for our passage we had to spend our money as fast as we could. So we hired a fiacre full time and lived like kings until it was time to board our ship.

We sailed on a Portuguese ship, the "Serpa Pinto." The trip to Mexico lasted five weeks and we had no bed. But it didn't make any difference. We had left the land of danger and safety was ours from now on.

My only regret was that I couldn't be in France three years later to see the American liberate Paris.

The following bit of conversation between two Quakers is recorded:

"William, thee knows that I do not believe in calling anyone names; but William, if the mayor of the town should come to me and say to me: 'Joshua, I want thee to bring me the greatest liar in this city.' I would come to thee, William, and I would lay my hand on thy shoulder and I would say to thee: 'William, the mayor wants to see thee!'"

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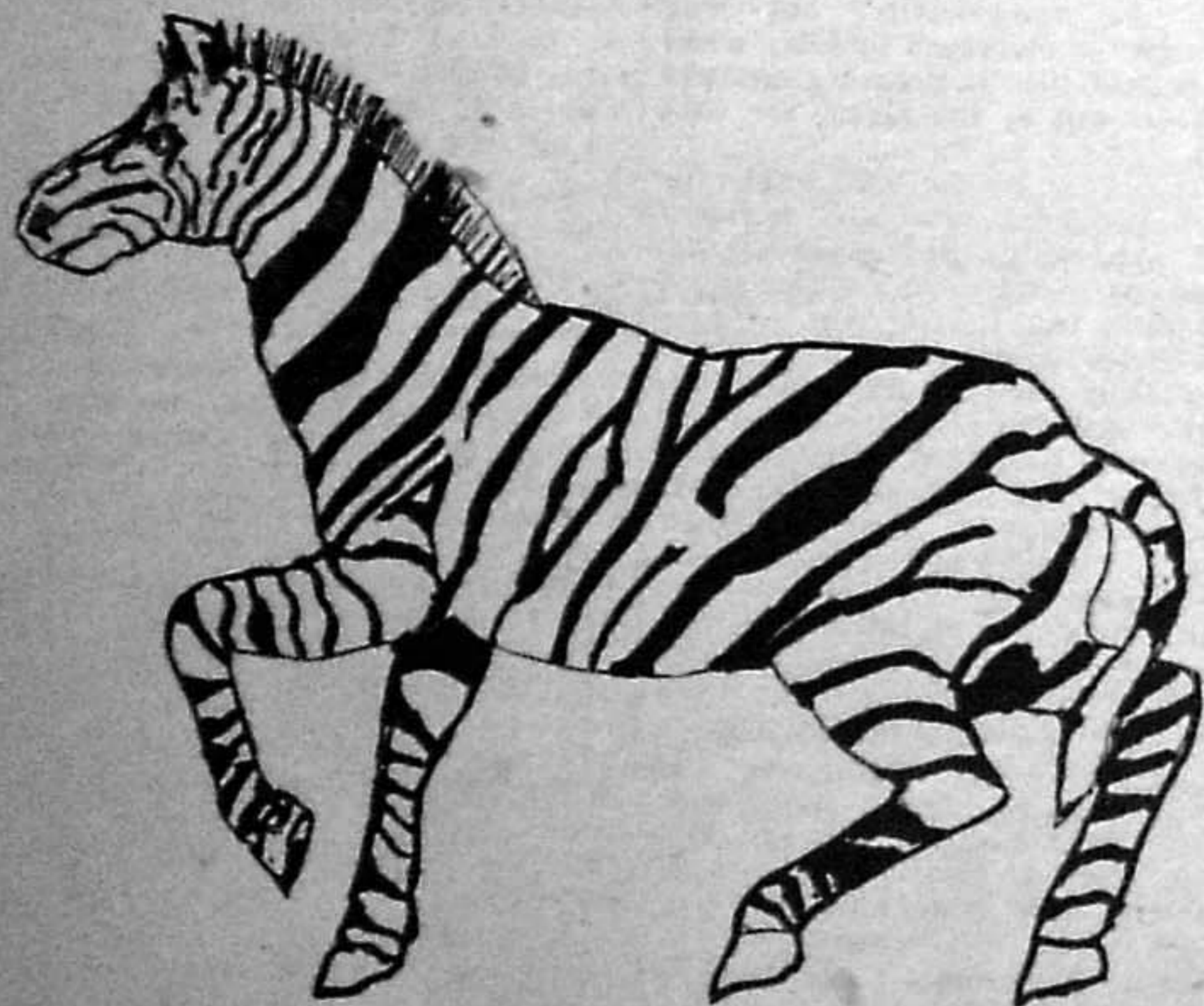
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FRIDAY IS STUDENT NIGHT

REASONABLY PRICED DRINKS

HOTEL WALDORF

Dean's Trip

Dean Paul V. Murray is back at his desk after a crowded ten day trip to the States.

The trip primarily designed to explain the features of Mexico City College to the student body and the department heads of Ohio State University, included a trip to Chicago where Mr. Murray visited his home for the first time in five years.

"My daily schedule was so full", Mr. Murray said, "that only the training I have received working in the high altitude of Mexico City gave me the endurance to feel fresh after an eight hour day".

While at Ohio State, Mr. Murray addressed a luncheon meeting of the Vice-Presidents, Deans, Junior Deans and Department heads, outlining MCC's educational program.

The problem of giving Ohio State students exams after returning from MCC was discussed with the result that, this year Ohio State students coming down for the Winter Quarter will be given examinations at MCC and the transcription of their grades will be forwarded to the parent school.

With Dr. Ronald Thompson, Registrar, and Dr. James B. Sharp, Mr. Murray also addressed the student body. Among the students were some who had attended last year's Winter Quarter at MCC.

"They came to the meeting because they felt nostalgic about Mexico", Mr. Murray said.

Included in Mr. Murray's itinerary was a visit to the Spanish classes, a luncheon meeting with the Latin American Committee of the University, and a meeting with the Graduate School.

In a meeting with the Fine Arts Department, Mr. Murray extended a special invitation to an Egyptian student whose enthusiasm in the native crafts of Mexico, interested Mr. Murray.

Mr. Murray also extended an invitation to Dr. Stone to conduct a course in Educational and Vocational Guidance. This course, Mr. Murray feels, should be especially appealing to teachers at the American School, and students desiring to enter the teaching profession.

As the "Visitor of the Week", Mr. Murray was interviewed at the University broadcasting studio.

"I managed to take time off to see the Ohio-Iowa 13-13 game and to have a few dinner engagements with members of the faculty", Mr. Murray said. "I tried a game of golf, too, but frankly, after six years away from the game, I had trouble getting the ball off the tee".

The stopover in Chicago, before flying back to Mexico, gave Mr. Murray a chance to visit relatives whom he had not seen since 1943.

Ahorita! Sadie Hawkins

By "LUM" COBRE

All Dogpatch is expected to turn out for the annual "Sadie Hawkins" Day Dance sponsored by the Economics Club. The place is the American High School; the time is 2100 and the price of admission is 3 pesos and a "Dog Patch" costume.

Get out your oldest clothes for the occasion, as prizes will be awarded for the most original costume. Some of the patio playboys could wear their "trajes de calle" and win all the prizes.

In case you don't already know, "Sadie Hawkins" Day is the only day in the year when women can chase men (openly, that is) and it's open season with no license needed. Consuela McGooch is getting mighty desperate as her pappy's shotgun no sirve bien, and rumor has it that she will be a nuntin' for Ed Muldoon.

Refreshments at the dance will consist of mountain dew, cerveza, soral and all the moonshine we've been hiding from the re-venuers.

For those whose mules aint teeing so well, we have arranged transportation in the form of a bus that will leave MCC at 2030 and return at 0100 the next morning. The charge is 50 centavos.

Pappy Yokum is having his long winter underwear pressed for the dance, and Mammy is buying a new corncob pipe. Don't miss this great event which will keep all Dogpatch supplied with gossip for months.

-oOo-

Dean's Desk

(Continued from page 2)

A printed word of congratulation to our football team. I saw up close the work of the men against the Colegio Militar and enjoyed every moment of the game. It was disappointing to have to miss the Educacion game and even more disappointing to hear of certain disagreeable incidents which kept the victory from being even more satisfactory than it was. We of the administration appreciate the efforts of the team and the student body to build up a tradition of good play and good sportsmanship, to set alongside our number one objective good scholarship. In all sincerity I say that if I owned a hat I'd take it off to the Aztecas!

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AVC SCHEDULE

By MARK SHAFER

In keeping with its week-by-week program, AVC acting chairman Peter Goode has announced the following schedule of organizational functions:

Thursday Nov. 6 — Motion pictures in patio.

Friday Nov. 14 — Informal patio dance.

Friday Nov. 21 — Business meeting.

Due to the Halloween dance on October 31, no AVC activity has been planned for that date.

All previous AVC events have been held before substantial school turnouts. Approximately 400 persons took part in the fourth anniversary party in Oct. 17 in MCC patio. Following the showing of "Battle of Tarawa" and a technicolor short of Vera Cruz, free beer and dancing enlivened the festivities.

The AVC forum October 24 also was favorably received. In her talk on "Everchanging Mexico", Dr. Alberta Wilson Server kept the audience steadily amused by historical anecdotes and personal observations on a wide range of Mexican topics. Although her field is Latin-American literature, she chose to discourse on the overall panorama of Mexico. A brief question period concluded the evening.

-oOo-

Prensa Libre

"Freedom of the Press" is no U. S. monopoly. Persia has it too; although the Persian variety seems rather exuberant by state-side standards. As an illustration, we quote from TIME, Oct. 27.

The opposition weekly, MARD EMROOZ (Man of Today last week came out with a circulation-building project. It offered to pay 1,000,000 rials (\$30,000) to any reader, "or his heirs" who would assassinate Persia's Premier Ahmad Gavam.

Around Our Town

For the benefit of new students, we're going to mention some nearby hangouts where the food and service are first-rate.

Been to Kuku's yet? They've got a roast duck dish that makes homespun efforts look like pemmican. Briskin plays the violin upstairs in the old Vienesa style. Most of the gang hangs out downstairs, though, because of the big fat jarras of beer for 60 centavos.

The Hollywood Steak House is just that, except that Hollywood doesn't get such steaks anymore. You can barely reach across one of those slabs of beef unless you've just eaten one. Several good places over there in the vicinity of Sears.

Sears has one of them. The lunchroom is downstairs, a snazzy looking place specializing in all the delicacies that a soda jerk ever thought of. If you have special ones of your own, the manager will personally assist you in whipping it together.

Before you start chawing on that spare tortilla in your pocket, let's change the subject for a minute. There's no bigger name in Mexico than that of Hernan Cortes, and you should learn something about the old boy before you go north. "Cortes the Conqueror" has just been received at the Libreria International. You'll find it on Jalapa, the continuation of San Luis Potosi across Insurgentes. The International also has a complete College Outline Series.

Remember that last suit you got back from the cleaner's, and you said, "Fine, but you forgot to clean it".

We had the good luck to live almost next door to Lucia's for some months. When we left, we felt pretty bum about it, until we found that a phone call brings their boy to the house. We still get our work done there simply because it is the best tintoreria we've ever found. Actually, Lucia's Tintoreria is a good distance from school, but when you figure it out it is no farther than your telephone.

Back to food. If you are thinking of a private dinner party. The Indianapolis is the place. They have a cozy little semi-private dining room and if you get there before the rush it's all yours. It is run by Americans, so never worry about getting frijoles in place of turkey. Better go over there and make your Thanksgiving reservation now.

This isn't supposed to be announced until later. The old timers will tell you, though, that Mac is going to jump the gun and bring out Tom and Jerrys as soon as th rain stops. We'll let you know even if somebody scoops us on this one. That's Mac's Place, just off Madero.

Of course, this isn't a complete list by any means. Watch this column though and look over the places we've suggested. As a last word let us remind you that there are at least three weddings coming up on campus (all Norteamericano-Mexicana by the way), and there's no finer silver plate than at the Plateria Alameda. With Mexican silver as cheap as it is, that's a Christmas suggestion.

lections, the MCC student body is urged to number the following list in order of preference. After signing this tear-off, please drop it into the slot for EL CONQUISTADOR, which is located alongside the patio canteen.

- WAR.....
- TRAVEL.....
- SPORT.....
- MUSIC.....
- DISNEY.....
- EDUCATION.....
- NAME.....



The AVC program of week-by-week social and cultural functions has left the starting gate right on the rail. Last two successive Fridays have seen encouraging turnouts for scheduled activities. There does exist a perceptible enthusiasm among the MCC student body even though this spirit must be wooed out of the cocoon stage by extra-curricular means. Free beer helps.

Whereas in '46 the AVC had dedicated the anniversary celebration to beefing up its treasury, the emphasis this year was aimed towards building up good-will and genuine interest. For on the evening of the 17th there was no "El Patio", no Maria Felix, no model fashion show — and no tariff of 30 pesos per. Open-house was the tune, and everything on the house was the pitch.

That night, the canteen in the patio operated like a desert oasis. Fourteen cases of "cerveza" offered the token resistance of Educacion's forward wall. A regular "cola" was formed, and within less than half an hour the cupboard was bare. Five more cases were hastily summoned. They melted away under an avalanche of parched gullets. When an additional five cartons arrived on the scene, it was already necessary to assess a nominal charge to the cover the base cost. The treasury was busted.

A membership drive is now underway. Annual dues add up to 15 pesos, which includes a year's subscription to "The AVC Bulletin", national monthly tabloid. An AVC table in the patio is shortly to be established to dispense organizational information and veteran literature. VA releases will be available. A bulletin board, the last wall sector on the left before leaving the main hallway to enter the patio, has been set aside for AVC announcements.

Despite an inopportune downpour and other conflicting events, an attendance of almost 50 people appeared in Room No. 10 on Oct. 24, to hear the first of AVC fall series of forums. Dr. Alberta Wilson Server, associate professor of romance languages at University of Kentucky, spoke for an hour on "Everchanging Mexico". As she herself noted afterwards, the audience was with her all the way. There wasn't a doodler in the crowd.

An integral part of AVC program is the monthly presentation of selected films thru the courtesy of the Cultural Attaché's office of American Embassy. Subject matter includes travelogues on Mexico, war documentaries, classical music shorts, sport commentaries, Walt Disney comedies, and educational features on phases of Mexican life.

AVC Forum & Educational Committee, headed by Joel Fuss, is prepared to make arrangements for those pictures that meet with the approval of the general assembly. But your opinions are needed. The next motion picture showing is Thursday evening November 6 in the patio. Tentative plans call for Disney's "Tres Caballeros", "Yucatán and Chichén Itzá", and a musical short.

To aid the committee in its se-

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Classmates
Challenge Dad
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One-half block from school
at Tonalá and San Luis Po-
tosí.

Operation...

(Continued from page 1)

in a matter of months rather than the traditional four years. And even on-the-job training is, on the demand of veterans, being constantly improved to provide real training rather than being merely a way of subsidizing income.

SOME EXCEPTIONS

Of course there are exceptions to these commendatory attitudes and enviable educational records. Some individuals are still waiting to seize upon instances of failure or chiseling to prove their earlier pessimism.

Each veteran — and some ... 16,000,000 are eligible — has a personal responsibility to prove that the faith of the American people in an educational program for veterans was sound, that it would not only be utilized to the full by the veteran, but that he in turn, would make a more significant contribution to the nation as a result of this unprecedented opportunity for education.

There was one other fear expressed during the discussions about the G. I. Bill, namely that veterans would all want to take short-term courses and especially those that would lead to quick employment in technical fields. On May 31, at the closing of the school year, approximately 52 per cent of all veterans in training and education were enrolled in college, 20 per cent were studying in other educational institutions and the remainder of 28 per cent were in on-the-job training.

Institutions that established short courses found that so few veterans were interested in them that they were speedily discontinued except in a few fields. A surprisingly large proportion of veterans are making full use of their time entitlement which averages approximately three calendar years or four school years.

LIBERAL ARTS LARGEST

Of the nearly 1,200,000 in higher education, the largest number 393,000 are studying in liberal arts colleges; business and engineering rank second and third with 199,300 in the former and 172,000 in the latter. Some of the other subject interests in order of the number of veterans studying in them are teaching, 55,000; medicine, 53,000; physical and natural sciences 46,000; and social studies, 35,000.

Colleges and universities have made every possible effort to meet the needs of veteran students. They have substituted examinations for the usual unit requirement for admission; they have extended the school day and many have continued the accelerated programs; college faculty are carrying heavier than normal teaching schedules.

Nor are the institutions, as some have supposed, being put on "easy street" by money from the Veterans Administration. The tuition and other fees paid by the VA actually pay, on a national average, less than 60 per cent of the institutional cost for the education of the veteran.

Even all the assistance that the Federal government has given through temporary physical facilities and housing and through surplus property have not kept institutions of higher education generally from going more rather than less "in the red" as a result of larger-than-normal enrollments. Due to this fact, salaries of faculty members have increased only about 30 per cent on the average since 1940 while their living costs have gone up more than twice this amount.

These facts have been given to indicate that the life on the college campus today is not typical. Both faculty and students are working under conditions that require patience and, sometimes at least, a sense of humor.

Fight Night...

(Continued from page 3)

signs of the mauling that he had taken. Guerrero was aware of this and started it off quickly with a couple of body blows and a kick to the stomach.

Charles retaliated only once, but it was enough to have won the fight if he had followed through. After Guerrero had kicked him in the stomach he managed to shoot a left to the jaw and a right foot to the belly that had Guerrero on the canvas.

Charles walked over to him and put him in a hammer-lock and then ran to the opposite corner of the ring banging his head on the post. This hurt Guerrero. He was almost insensible but Charles had suffered so much that he hadn't the stamina to continue.

Guerrero, who was less tired than his opponent, beat him to the canvas with right and lefts and pinned him for a three count.

Charles had fought so excellently that the crowd cheered him for five minutes even though he had lost. Guerrero, one of the finest and hardest fighters ever to enter the ring, left among boos and hisses.

One woman even went so far as to take a good, solid punch at him. This didn't phase our Gory Guerrero. He whipped around and sent her flying with a sharp jab and not a man did a thing about it. Probably because they feared him more than they hated him.

Best tip we can give you is to watch the bill at the Coliseo and the next time he fights fall down and look over this man who has got something no other wrestler has — an instinctive hate for his opponent.

Mirada...

(Continued from page 1)

conspiracy is to divert the minds of the proletariat from their misery".

Giles Shelton :Comment spoken too fast to be understood.

Max Cossak made the only favorable comment. Said the great artistic genius of MCC, "It's more mysterious".

SOME COLLEGE HUMOR FROM COLLEGE PAPERS

I didn't know she was a golfer when she asked me to play around.

"Son, don't use such bad words!"

"Shakespeare used them."

"Well, don't play with him."

"Did you take a shower?"

"No, is there one missing?"

"May I join you?"

"Am I coming apart?"

"Will your wife hit the ceiling when you come in this late?"

"Probably — she's a rotten shot."

"Gonna be tough sledding today."

"How come?"

"No snow."

"Doctor", said the young lady,

"Will the scar show?"

"That, Miss", said the doctor,

"is entirely up to you."

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With that unprecedented overcrowding of the majority of colleges and universities, many thousands of veterans may need to go to institutions that they might not otherwise select. Some of these institutions are made-over military camps; others are resident extension centers of large universities; still others are the smaller institutions that are not nationally known.

But in many of these, the value of the education received will not be less than in the "name" institutions. Care is necessary in selecting them, but, if veterans will cooperate to the full, few, if any, will be unable to get into some accredited college.

The higher education of the veteran is a cooperative venture in democracy shared by the Federal government, the state, the institution and the veteran. All are making sacrifices in the hope that the gains made through this tremendous investment in education — 16,000,000 recipients and, indirectly, their families which, by 1952 will comprise 43 per cent of the total population — will bring lasting value to the veteran, to the nation and to the world.

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Closest American-type Soda Fountain to the School. 10% Student discount.

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