



IN CASE THE SUMMER SESSION seems crowded you can credit the workshop groups. This one is a cross-section of the U. S. represented by (l. to r., seated) Agnes F. Menke (Fort Madison, Ia.), Margaret Walljasper (Fort Madison, Ia.), Alice Johnson (Oak Park, Ill.), Dorothy Baum (Lombard, Ill.), Florence Cole (Pittsburg, Calif.), Margaret Curtis (Oak Park, Ill.), Isabel Mansfield (San Francisco) (left to right, standing): Josephine Coffey (Fort Madison, Ia.), Bernice Blakely (Payneville, Minn.), Barbara Steinhauer (Bend, Oregon), A. D. Weier (Monahan, Texas), Chester Cantrelle (Lexington, Ky.), Elizabeth Sorby (Denver, Colo.), Elsa Stanley (Long Beach, Calif.), Bill Eskles (Compton, Calif.), Kay Buschmann (Seattle, Wash.), Irene Harney (Milwaukee, Wis.), Fred Sallis (Dallas, Texas).

Large Number of Teachers In First Session of Workshop

This summer marks the second year that MCC has offered a Workshop in Latin American Cultures to teachers and others desiring a well rounded background in Latin American cultures. The June 1952 quarter is the beginning of the third such workshop headed and directed by Nell Parmiey who headed the same program in the two five-week schedules beginning in June and July last year.

Work first started on the workshop program in the Texas State Department of Education when the plan was set up.

The workshop features lectures by outstanding instructors in various fields at MCC and is combined with field trips to places of interest in the city as well as glass factories and weaving centers in the surrounding villages. In addition the program features trips to Mexican schools to observe industrial educational activities.

The present enrollment is 70 and is as large as the combined total of the first two workshops last year. Present work started on June 17 and will end July 18. The second group will study from July 28 to August 28.

Trips planned so far include visits to the Plaza of Santo Domingo, the House of Tiles, the House of Chief Surgeon of Cortés, and Pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacán and the Acolman Monastery.

Return for Graduation

Among graduate visitors to MCC campus who came to participate in the June commencement exercises were: John Neris, M. A. in Anthropology Aug. '51, Rodolfo Ahumada Grimm, M. A. in Philosophy Aug. '51, Mrs. Helmi Anderson, M. A. in Applied Arts, June '51 and William Possidente, M. A. Latin American Studies, December '49.

Dr. Boyd-Bowman Teaching Spanish

Although a linguist, Dr. Peter Boyd-Bowman, visiting professor recently associated with Harvard University, does not speak the language of Japan where he was born.

His father was a lecturer at the University of Tokyo and there Dr. Boyd-Bowman's facility with languages began. During the last war he was a member of the Canadian Intelligence Corps. He returned to Canada and the University of Toronto where he received his B. A. in 1944 and an M. A. in 1947.

His great interest in Spanish language and literature led him into investigations of linguistics and his formative work under the guidance of the eminent Dr. Amado Alonso of Harvard University, where he received his Ph.D. and taught three years.

His critical reviews have appeared in *Nueva Revista de Filología Hispánica* of which Dr. Alonso was the director and which is a joint project of Harvard and Colegio de México, where he has the opportunity of continuing his investigations this summer.



DR. PETER BOYD-BOWMAN, who has accepted an appointment to the Department of Romance Languages and Literature at Yale University.



DR. AND MRS. ELIAS T. ARNESEN are shown through MCC's Art Center by artist Bill Urton. The building is an addition to the campus since Dr. and Mrs. Arnesen's visit to MCC last summer when Dr. Arnesen was also a visiting professor.

Dr. Elias Arnesen Here Again For Summer Term

By A. T. Caskie

Dr. Elias T. Arnesen, on the MCC summer staff for the second time as lecturer on the semantics of effective writing in the Writing Center, is a man of an extraordinarily rich and varied background.

Born in Oslo, Norway, son of a distinguished physician, Arnesen was already a widely traveled European cosmopolite when he came to the United States in his mid-teens. To his early travels in Scandinavia, Germany, Italy, France, England, Russia, Finland and other countries in the Old World, he was soon to add Alaska, Canada, the United States, and Mexico in the New World.

Arnesen's youth was peculiarly characterized by an unusual combination of intellectual activity and an abounding physical adventurousness. The latter led to such diverse occupations as stevedore and seaman in Alaskan and Panama Canal waters, lumberjack in the northwoods of Oregon, Washington, and Minnesota; U. S. Marine; and telephone linesman in Manitoba. Other times in these years found him attending Columbia University and the New School of Social Research on scholarships; perfecting his education in literature, art, drama, and music; and incidentally doing considerable free-lance writing in all four of these fields. In 1924, after studying under the direction of famed Pulitzer Prize winner Verson Lewis Parrington at the University of Washington, Arnesen received his doctorate in his chosen field of Literature and the Humanities and since then has become a highly successful educator. In 1928, he was invited by San Francisco State College to establish its Department of Humanities. As chairman of S. F. State's Humanities Department, Dr. Arnesen presided over that institution's highly successful international Da Vinci anniversary celebration which considered contemporary world currents in fields

of the sciences and liberal arts. Dr. Arnesen is unequivocally enthusiastic not only about MCC and Mexico City but about Mexico generally. Mexico's immense variety in peoples, climates, and topography, its abundant and capricious wealth, is a source of delight and wonder to him. As a humanist, he finds much of interest in the exuberant pioneering in architecture and the other fine arts which has come to characterize Mexico City.

A leading innovator in the States of methods designed to solve the perplexing problems of the successful integration of artistic, philosophical, and scientific values (his especial educational preoccupation), Dr. Arnesen finds kinship between this institution and his own one. "Mexico City, like San Francisco, has the spirit of a great world city; it is highly cosmopolitan in outlook. Mexico City College is similar to San Francisco State College not only physically in that both institutions are housed in numerous buildings widely scattered; it is, in addition, an institution of great vitality with a staff of exceptional vigor and creative power. Under the leadership of educators with the spirit and outlook of Dr. Cain and Dean Murray it can not but continue to succeed and therefore play an increasing role in the cultural life of Mexico".

This vigorous, genial educator will remain here through the summer. In addition to his afternoon course in semantics at the Writing Center, Dr. Arnesen is also offering a morning course in the modern novel.



VISITING OREGONIANS, apparently 'right at home' in Mexico's summer showers, are, l. to r. seated: Rebecca Arnold, Lota Aris, Hope Getschell, Shirley Dorner, Sharon McCracken, Pere Austin, Marguerite Phillips, Ada Hays, Gale Loomis, Linda Marvin, Jean Houghton, Jessica Herrenkohl, Esther Elliott, Helen Hammond, Mary Lou Marvin, Shirley Roeder, Pauline Roser and Dessie Griffin; l. to r. standing: Cecil McCracken, Lucille Decker, Bernice Tucker, Margaret Chappel, Twila Sims, Martha Hennen, Dorothy Blaylock, Violet Allen, Francis Roeder, Thelma Pearson, Marguerite Heimbaugh and June La Main.

Dr. For Man's Guide Join Yucatan Trip

Peterson Photos On Wenner-Gren Grant Progress

At Home...



Abroad

By Charles Manning

By Donald Demarest

Fred Peterson, Mexico City College alumnus, has realized an ambition fostered while a student here.

"I thought that if the private archeological collections in the Mexican Republic could be made available in photographic form to archeologists interested in Meso-American culture, they would provide a valuable source of information", Peterson said.

He has been at work since 1951 classifying and photographing the private archeological collections of Mexican Republic. The project was begun, at his own expense, after he received a degree in Master of Arts in anthropology from MCC in 1950. In 1951, Peterson was awarded a grant from the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, Inc., in order to continue his project.

Eight Thousand Pieces

During the past six months, Peterson has contacted 50 private collectors and photographed and classified the artifacts of 40 collections. His present collection includes approximately 8,000 pieces. By the end of the year, he hopes to have completed a total of 15,000 classifications.

"The project is showing remarkable results", says Peterson, who has received encouragement from noted archeologists such as Dr. Eric Thompson of the Carnegie Institute of Washington D. C.

The archive which Peterson is compiling will be a valuable con-

CROSSING THE LINE... Last month my wife took the children across the border to get a student immigrant visa. I went along to help handle the kids on the bus. It would have been cheaper and better all around to have sent them by plane. First of all a wheel started coming off our bus an hour out of Mexcity. We had to return and change to another camion. Then at dawn we had to cross three rivers in flood in rowboats because the current was too strong for the ferries. As each boat got to mid-stream the current hit them like pieces of paper and swept them half a mile below our destination. Huge logs were plummeting past. I would have hated to see one hit a boat. We arrived in Matamoros seven hours late and ate at the oddest times and places. You can talk about the adventures of the old covered wagon days as against the smooth monotony of the Pan-American Highway by Greyhound. I'll take the old Naval Air Transport milk run — submarines and all.

cannot recommend Brownsville for a gay Stateside vacation.

Finally, because we were running out of dollars, we took a cab across the bridge and found a hotel in Matamoros. A spanking new, shiny clean, caravanserai on the highway called the Hotel Hernández, where we got two attractive adjoining double rooms, with modern furniture and comfortable beds for 50 pesos a night. We got a steak dinner with Carta Blanca for two, and comidas and milk for three children, for 22 pesos. It's what they call a family hotel. In other words, there was a non-stop game of artag going on in the patio, guest's pets were sniffing each other, and there was a genial group around the lobby radio listening to a broadcast of the Yankees or playing canasta. Of course, such a situation depends on the sort of group. In this case, we found some quiet pleasant families, both Mexican and North-American who didn't jar. The idea may appall you nevertheless, and you'll find the travelling salesman of Brownsville more your dish. But my suggestion for most students making that trip to renew tourist cards is to stay in Matamoros, and commute to Brownsville. The living is cheaper, easier, pleasanter.

The guiding light of the Hotel Hernández is Sr. Chauvin ("Don Carlitos"), an unobtrusively helpful boniface with fourteen years experience in the hotel business in Tampico, his native town. With no urging on our part, he came and argued with the immigration officials for us, lent us the money to pay our fine, baby-sat, bargained for us in town, and put the hotel car at our disposal for free. One of those rare and genuinely helpful hotel managers, who talks English better than you do and knows what you want before you do yourself.

As a spree town Matamoros has Brownsville beat a kilometer. Of course that's its *raison d'être*. Any and the best of mixed drinks are (Cont. on page 5)



Photos and story by Kenneth Long

Not more than 500 miles from Mexico City lie some of the ruins of a lost but most respected civilization — that of the Mayans. If you have more money than time you can fly to Mérida, capital of Yucatán, hire a guide with **coche** from the Hotel Mérida, see the ruins, pay your hotel bills and you can be home in two or three days, minus about 800 pesos. If you have more time than money — more just for adventure than regard for temporary personal discomfort — if you have as much interest in living people as in their dead ancestors, you spend about 500 pesos and 7 or 8 days in the following manner, and still visit the Mayan ruins.

Take your car to Veracruz, park it safely in an inside garage at Avenida Juárez 45, at a cost of 2 1/2 pesos a night. Across the street there is a steamship company that operates La Flecha, the fastest freighter to Mérida. It can make the trip in 44 hours but probably won't. In the event that the Flecha is not sailing that night, the clerks at the office will tell you of other boats making the trip. If necessary, stay overnight in Veracruz in have dinner at the Hotel Oriente, right near the Zócalo at the corner of Zaragoza and Miguel Lerdo. We find it difficult to believe that there is any better quality fish dinner served anywhere for 4 pesos.

After dinner, take a chance; there might be an unscheduled sailing. Wander down to the docks, where the freighters come in. It is a good bet that one of them will be pulling out for Progreso, the port of Mérida, at about 8 or 9 p. m. The crew with which we sailed left nothing to be desired, even serving us breakfast in bed.



However, the bed and board was exactly that; the bed aboard was a board. The meals were, surprisingly enough, edible. This trip to Progreso from Veracruz costs only 70 pesos including meals. Women who have endured camping trips will find nothing in our recommended voyage to disquiet them, and they are welcome passengers.

In Mérida, which is only a 45-minute bus trip from Progreso (your point of landing) you will find a lot of millionaires wandering around in white coats, but these white coats (guayaberas) have nothing to do with crazy pe-

If you carry a lucky charm in your pocket, you will meet one of these peso millionaires, who will prove to be a boon to your vacation. We did. He told us how to spend the rest of the trip and we took his advice. Mario Diaz Triay, formerly of the U. S. Army, is the "empresario" of Yucatán, owns the Plaza in Campeche (a bullfight and boxing arena) and is a truly gracious host, usually surrounded by boxers and hangers-on. He is the author and publisher of *A Traveler's Guide to Yucatan*, which is helpful and thoroughly enjoyable if one can put up with faulty editing and printing. Mario promises that the second edition will be improved. At any rate, Mario is a person who seems to symbolize most of the desirable characteristics of a people who bask in the reflected glory of a great ancient culture.

Chichen Itzá

To see the ruins or remnants of this culture, you should plan on going first from Mérida to the ruins of Chichen Itzá. The trip will require about a day. You arise at about 5 a. m. in any one of the many comfortable, reasonably-priced hotels, hire a cab and tell the driver to take you the **camiones que pasan por Chichen-Itzá**. The bus opens its doors at about 5:30 a. m., and takes off at 6. Ladies who have had little difficulty shopping in Macy's on bargain day will be able to get a seat. But it really doesn't matter whether or not you get to sit down because about an hour or so out of Mérida people begin to pile off the bus with live turkeys, pigs, fish, bicycles, Mayan duffle bags, etc. The first thing you know hay espacio for the next three hours. In the relative comfort of sitting, you realize that the crisp morning air has made it good to be alive. There is not much difference between this bus trip and a private car, except monetarily. With any kind of luck at all you will get to Chichen-Itzá about 10:30 in the morning, where a guide will try to answer your most idiotic questions the whole day long for only 10 pesos.

Hotel Mayaland

While viewing the ruins you will begin to notice the heat and it's our guess that you will want to ask the guide to wait until you have had lunch before finishing the tour. Fortunately, at Chichen-Itzá there is the sumptuous Hotel Mayaland which has a cool patio. It should now be about 12 noon, and since the dining room opens at 12:30, you have time for a cool

(Cont. on page 5)



EAGLE WARRIOR FROM VERA CRUZ

tribution to archeological history, since it is the first time that the approximately 300 private collections of the Mexican Republic have been classified and photographed.

"I'm not looking for spectacular or valuable pieces", Peterson said, "but just those pieces which will fill in gaps in archeological history".

History of Designs

Through some of his finds, Peterson has succeeded in establishing chains of evolution and degeneration in artistic design. In addition to discovering pieces which show the history of designs, Peterson is looking for pieces which will establish migration routes, trade routes, origins of pottery and religious symbols. Through comparative studies of the artifacts, archeologists reconstruct the social, political and economic history of ancient civilizations.

Peterson has published several articles in archeological magazines which establish proof of the stylization or religious designs used in pottery. Original natural designs become so stylized over a period of centuries, that they are no longer recognizable as natural designs but resemble geometric designs.

At first we were genuinely excited to be back on native soil after a year's exile. The flag, the cheery wise-cracks of the customs officials on the other side of the bridge, the air-conditioned Walgreens, the succession of five and tens lining the main street! But after we'd gorged on double frosted malteds and Betty had gone hog-wild in Woolworth's and Kress' and Grant's, the fine patina of our excitement began to wear off. First of all the hotel situation. Starting at the most deluxe, a chromiomed, air-conditioned Drummer's Delight, as depressing as the menu in its coffee shop and as expensive, we landed finally in a fleabag fire-trap where we got two mouldering rooms for \$5.50 a night (and screams of laughter at the mention of room service). We managed to get a baby sitter and went out to see what we naively called the sights. The only first-class movies playing we'd already seen in Mexico. There were no decent restaurants and of course no places to dine and dance, with or without floor show (Texas, of course is on the beer and wine wagon, but even in Corpus Christi there are places where they furnish set-ups and entertainment.) The only sight-seeing was a walk across the International Bridge. Which is what the habitants do. They cross into Old Mexico for their fun, their curiobuying and their sight-seeing... All in all, I

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