

MEXICO CITY Collegian

"The American College South Of The Border"

Vol. 7, No 8

México, D. F.

Thursday, February 11, 1954

Story of Growth Of "New Yorker" Told to Writers

By Windi Flightner

"But it's still spinach, and to hell with it" is typically **New Yorker** and so is Ray Bowen, former head of **The New Yorker** magazine advertising department and now connected with CARE, Cooperative for American Remittances to Everywhere.

Mr. Bowen, who is in Mexico officially to speak on CARE, spoke to members of the creative writing and journalism classes recently on **The New Yorker**, in the Little Theater.

The **New Yorker** was originated by Harold Ross, who believed in the need for a magazine of subtle and sophisticated humor and writing. The prospectus he wrote outlining the purpose of the magazine has not been changed and the magazine has lived up to his standard.

The magazine accepts advertising and articles in good taste only, since the publication is written for people of discernment. After a slow start, the publication increased steadily to become a ten million dollar business.

After the sketch of the magazine's functioning and policy, Mr. Bowen opened the session to questions.

Cookies and coffee were served in the Writing Center following the meeting.

Publicity Display Wins in Calif.

As **The Collegian** goes to press word has been received that Mexico City College was awarded the blue ribbon in the Public Relations Through the Press division of displays at the annual conference of the American College Public Relations Association held at the University of Redlands (Cal.) on February 6.

In addition to the first award the college placed second in the Student Recruitment Package entry.

This was the first time that MCC has entered into this type of competition with such famed institutions as Stanford University, the University of Southern California, UCLA, Loyola University, Occidental and the many other universities and colleges of the Pacific Southwest.

MCC was represented at the conference by Lowell Harmer, president of the Los Angeles Alumni Association, and by his wife the former Ruth Mulvey, who in her cryptic salutation to Brita Bowen, Director of MCC Public Relations, said, "We came, we saw, you conquer".

College Represented At New York Meeting

Donald Warren, Jr., B. A. '47, M. A. '48, presented a report on Mexico City College at the annual meeting of the American Council for the Junior Year Abroad on February 4 in New York City.

Warren, of Nogales, Arizona, is working on his doctorate at Columbia University and studying at the New School for Social Research Prior to coming to Mexico City College, where he majored in history, he attended Stanford, and the University of Grenoble. He returned from Germany in 1952 to begin work on his doctorate.



ROMPERS, PIGTAILS, and all kinds of youngsters' garb will be worn at the "Little Boy-Little Girl" dance set for this Saturday evening at the Salón Riviera located at Cuauhtemoc and División del Norte. Ready to revert to the days of their childhood are Lorraine Breitmeyer and Mary Ann Ruhl with a boy friend. (Paul Durege Photo).

Anthro Group Uncovers "Firsts" In Cuilapan Atea

OAXACA (Special to the Collegian)—MCC's anthropology field workers began a second phase of work today, after finishing eight days of excavations in the ruins at Cuilapan, near the city of Oaxaca. Before moving on to other ruins near Tlacolula in another of the Central Oaxaca valleys, they will spend several days at the Museo Regional, organizing their data from Cuilapan and discussing the work.

Several modest archeological "firsts" are among the accomplishments of Dr. Ignacio Bernal's students, who have been learning archeology by directing excavations under supervision of Dr. Bernal and his assistant, John Padlock.

In the body of one of the Cuilapan mounds they discovered an important offering, including a number of seashells and the skeleton of a small animal, with a long necklace of small stone beads and a number of larger jade beads about its neck. Most interesting, however, was the perfect condition of the turquoise inlays in two large jade earplugs which were part of the offering. It is believed that these are the first such turquoise mosaics ever to be found completely intact.

Incense Burner

Students who worked on the excavation of the mound which produced the first offering included James Oliver, Mrs. Ruth Carter, Mrs. Genevieve Shenk and Mel Miller.

Another mound, excavated under direction of Oriol Pi-Sunyer and Charles Wicke, also yielded an offering. This time no jewels were found, but the find included the first example ever to come from a scientific excavation of a well-known and puzzling late Zapotec form of incense-burner.

Meanwhile, Margaret Hawley and Fred Kemp were assigned to

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Two Dances Scheduled for February Social Calendar

By Andy Fulos

Two big dances are on the social agenda for the month of hearts when the **Clases de Inglés** present their Baile de Niños (kiddies dance) on February 13 to be followed a week later by the Student Council's Valentine Dance on the 19th.

For the young in heart, **Clases de Inglés** starts the ball rolling with a kiddies' costume dance which should prove to be hilarious, as everyone must appear in some type of child's costume. Bubble-gum, balloons, and lollipops will be the theme for the evening at the Club Riviera, Cuauhtemoc and División del Norte where festivities begin at 9 p. m. and continue until 2 a. m. Prizes will be awarded for the best costumes and tickets are 10 pesos a couple or 8 pesos each.

The last College dance before Lent will also be held at the Club Riviera when last quarter's student council presents a Valentine Dance.

Semi-formal attire will be the mode for the evening with dancing from 9:30 p. m. until 2:30 a. m. to the music of Paco Moncado and his orchestra. Chairmen for the dance are Hercene Turner and Randy Miller. Tickets are 10 pesos a couple or 8 pesos each.

Librarian Attends Chicago Meeting

Alice Dugas, College librarian, attended the American Library Association convention at the Hotel Morrison in Chicago, February 1 to 7. From Chicago she proceeded to Washington, D. C. to visit the Library of Congress and the Catholic University. She also plans a visit to her former home, New Orleans before returning to Mexico on February 14.

Two More Titan Journalists On T. I. P. A. Panel

Two more eminent journalists have joined the panel of judges who will review entries in the annual competition of the Texas Intercollegiate Press Association which meets here, as a guest of Mexico City College from April 20 through April 22, in the first international conference of student journalists.

Palmer Hoyt, distinguished editor and publisher of **The Denver Post**, and Arch Ward nationally known sports editor of the **Chicago Tribune**, are the judges who have most recently joined the outstanding group whose verdicts will be announced at the TIPA dinner on the night of April 22.

Hoyt whose reputation for far reaching advances in journalism not only in the Rocky Mountain area where his paper is the **Titan** in its field, and Ward, editor, columnist and sparking spirit of innumerable headline events in the sports world, bring to twelve out of fourteen the invitations accepted to serve as judges.

The Contest Director for the TIPA, Joe Nash, expects to hear shortly from the two remaining journalists invited to judge the entries. Those whose acceptances have already been announced in **The Collegian** are: John S. Knight, Publisher, **Miami Herald**, **Chicago Daily News**, **Detroit Free Press** and **Akron Beacon-Journal**, judge of the editorials; Marshall Field, Jr., Publisher, **Chicago Sun-Times**, judge of the Class I papers (colleges with more than 1000 enrollment); W. Horace Carter, Pulitzer

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JANET PEAT, WINTER QUARTER IN MEXICO student (extreme left) from Cleveland, Ohio and a junior at OSU, was chosen last week by the MCC Student Council as the College's candidate for queen of the gala Mardi Gras ball to be held February 27 at the Mexico City Country Club. Other aspirants for the candidacy were (1 to r) Windi Flightner, Carol Young, and Lenore Renna. The theme of this year's Mardi Gras will be a Night in Morocco and the reigning Sultan will be MCC alumnus Barney Collins. Illustrious Potentate of Anezeh Temple. Invites for the costume event are available at the Shriners' office on Plaza Santos Degollado. (Marilyn Pease Photo).

Abe Lincoln - - - Friend Of Mexico

The celebration of Lincoln's birthday this month seems an opportune time to point out that the Civil War president was as stalwart an American friend as Mexico ever has had.

At the risk of writing "finis" to his budding political career, Lincoln's first act upon assuming his seat in the House of Representatives in 1848 was to blast President Polk for starting the Mexican War of 1846-1848, a war which Lincoln called "infamous, wicked and unjust". Astute and practical politician though he was, his conscience could not permit him to line up with the combined Whig-Democratic front that had gone overboard in supporting Polk's stand, now that the end of the war was almost in sight.

For his rashness in bucking the tide of general opinion, Lincoln was promptly branded "a second Benedict Arnold" by nearly all the Illinois papers. The public turned so completely against him, that upon the expiration of his term he quietly abandoned his seat in the House rather than expose himself to what was sure to be certain, ignominious defeat if he ran for re-election. Right up to his nomination for the presidency, the effectiveness of Democratic "traitor" propaganda had a terrific impact on Lincoln's political aspirations.

An interesting opinion of the Illinois rail-splitter that emerged during the heated discussions over the right of President Polk to declare war without first consulting Congress was Lincoln's impassioned defense of the constitutional right of Congress to declare war, "so that no one man could plunge the country into war, as kings had done". Yet, no more than twelve years later, he himself acted "as kings had done".

At the close of the Civil War, Lincoln had further occasion to display his sympathy with a Mexican cause, albeit, this time, for principally practical political motives. By leaving sizeable quantities of arms, munitions and supplies in convenient locations along the Rio Grande for soldiers of the Juarez armies to pick up and use against Maximilian, and allowing thousands of Union volunteers to join in the struggle to eject the emperor, Juarez's campaigns were greatly facilitated.

What would be more fitting and appropriate than to honor the memory of this "amigo" here in the capital with a "Lincoln Square" monument to go along with the one of Washington already so well known to Mexico City dwellers.

E. R.

Overheard on Campus

By Ace Butterfield



"Oh, I've only been here five or six weeks... the place sort of grows on you."

Books In Review (H. L. Mencken)

By John Bright

"A Mencken Chrestomathy". A Selection of the Writings of H. L. Mencken, edited and annotated by the author.

"If, after I depart this vale, you ever remember me and have thought to please my ghost, forgive some sinner and wink your eye at so me homely girl."

In these gay words, in 1921, America's stormiest and most influential literary personality suggested his own epitaph; and repeated it in the final collection of his essays.

To the generation achieving adulthood in the Forties and Fifties, Henry Mencken is the vaguest of names; a few may recall him as the author of newspaperman reminiscences in the "New Yorker", nostalgic pieces gently and charmingly done. And the library-folk, of course, recognize him as the creator of the only truly solid investigation of the native tongue, in "The American Language".

Yet to us of the Twenties and Thirties, most of us, he was vastly more than that. He was either God or Devil, depending upon the temper of our fathers; he was the Catalyst, the Challenger, the Ico-

noclast supreme. He stirred up the mental soup of a double-decade, and heated it to a boiling point. For years on end "The American Mercury" (not to be confused with the shabby and hysterical magazine of today) was the intellectual sophomore's Bible, and its militant and ribald editor the same undergraduate's Jehovah. He was the Attorney-For-The Defense against Authority.

To analyze the reasons for Mencken's astonishing influence upon the thousands of young people of the Prohibition Era is a project too ambitious for fugitive journalism; too much social and cultural history is involved. But some assaying of the essays he himself has chosen as representative may be of profit.

In this Mencken omnibus under review, the man's philosophical and political ideas bulk large. He regarded himself, plainly, as an acute observer and statesman of notions in these fields. Still, in retrospective examination, he appears at best as merely acute, a brilliant eclectic; and at worst, as only a cut above the sophomores who adored him. ("Democracy is the art and science of running the circus from the monkey-cage.") His facile, and not always entertaining generalities about government and law and women and sex are seldom sound, and often are downright childish.

What, then, did he have? What was the magic of his formidable

power? Was he a mere counter-demagogue, with no more substance than those he attacked so effectively and doomed to extinction with them?

I, for one, don't think so. I believe Mencken to have an enduring position in American literature, and a position of high honor—not as a nihilist only, but as a healthy constructive force. (That's a sober epitaph which would bring him back to life again, and battling-mad.)

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

In Mr. Bright's interesting notes on Dostoevsky, he used a phrase that calls for some clarification. In speaking of minds in a pathological state he wrote that "strains of it (the types he noted previously) are observable in many religious martyrs and other obsessed personalities". It would seem that various ideas and concepts have been mixed together here: 1. Psychopathic personalities; 2. these personalities as martyrs; 3. other "obsessed" personalities similar to martyrs.

I believe that there are many modern studies of psychopathic types which no serious religious community would consider to be either true martyrs or true mystics. The whole question of religious psychology is under constant study in many churches; and I do not think it is very easy to pass yourself off today as a martyr or a mystic or a miracle worker. Recent books evaluating the phenomena connected with Theresa Neumann of Konnersreuth, for example, are quite severe in their judgments.

Most modern studies will show, I believe, that a St. Francis, a St. Thomas Aquinas, a St. Teresa of Avila, a St. Ignatius Loyola, a St. John Bosco, a St. John the Baptist de la Salle, are rather remarkable blends of mystic and hardheaded scholars, founders of orders or great administrators—sometimes all three in one.

When modern psychologists—especially those who take the supernatural into account—get around to studying men and women like these I feel sure we shall find that they do not at all correspond to the popular idea that saints are made of plaster and sugar candy; and that they spend all their time floating in mid-air while singing and praying. Quite the contrary.

Aside from this point, Mr. Bright's piece was very good.



several will go back to the U. S. as a consequence. The anonymous student writes that he will leave, too.

Ever since the college was founded in June of 1930, it has been the ambition of most administrative officers and teachers to have a campus (however small and restricted) of our own. We have seen the city grow far beyond its old borders, watched it stretch in all directions. Many of us remember when the change in living tempo reached Colonia Roma around 1940. Until then, Insurgentes and San Luis Potosí formed a corner where there was a moderate amount of traffic; and noise that disturbed classes was not too difficult to bear. The American School had no buses and a survey taken a few years later (1943 or 1944) showed that the majority walked to school, used their own bikes, or came on public conveyances. Even then, however, some 50 to 60 per cent of the students of American background lived in the Lomas.

When the decision was made to move the Foundation to Tacubaya, it was said that few would go because it was too far. Contracting with a bus service solved that problem to a great extent as did the development of a large cafeteria and facilities for study in better libraries and for games outside since these latter allowed for a longer day and better distribution of time (our old working day was from 8 to 1).

MCC never had the fine building

I am concerned here only with the opinion of one student who prefers to remain anonymous. The burden of his brief note is that moving will work a hardship on many students and like that which once housed the American School (part of the Sears plant now). We were forced from the beginning to get what facilities we could within as close to walking distance of our main building as possible. From time to time we have occupied space in at least six or seven other houses or buildings in the same neighborhood. None has been adequate to our needs; and as business houses have advanced along Insurgentes and expanded into the side streets, rents have been pushed higher and space for working and living has become more and more expensive. Too, those of us who knew this section fifteen or twenty years ago are painfully aware of another type of invasion that has changed Colonia Roma from an attractive residential section to one that is overrun with establishments that add nothing esthetically to our surroundings and that, in many cases, are certainly not conducive to study.

The college has not had proper facilities for the development of its liberal arts program, since we wanted it to be much broader and deeper than it is at present. Sports have had to be neglected even though the cost of arrangements at the Hacienda Club have climbed with the passing years. The art department and the library cannot bring their full effectiveness to bear on our program because of their present location and cramped quarters. Office space is at a premium and room for student and faculty lounges, good restaurant facilities and space for the development of specialized studies (in anthropology, bi-lingual education, art, the theater, graduate studies, etc.) has not been available or has been supplied on a very limited basis indeed.

If all this is true—and I do not think it can be disputed successfully—what is the alternative? It is to move. Where? Land close by is too expensive; and to build se-

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MEXICO CITY Allegian

Vol. 7, No 8

Thursday, February 11, 1954

Member of Texas Intercollegiate Press Association
Annual subscription, one dollar or peso equivalent
Published bi-weekly by MEXICO CITY COLLEGE, San Luis Potosí 154
Press Room Chiapas 136 México, 7, D.F.

Editor Thomas Murphy
Associate Editor Dick Cassidy

Assistant Editors { Onofre Gutiérrez
Eddie Rosenfield

Special Writers { John Bright
Donald Demarest
John Paddock
Ilse Sternberger
Eleanor Wilson

Reporters { Bruce Faulkner
Windi Flightner
Gary Frink
Joy Goldman
Eddie Parker
Andy Pulos
Victor Sears

Staff Photographers { Paul Durego
Marilú Pease
Staff Artist Ace Butterfield
Circulation Manager Bea Bennett
Business Manager Joe Nash
Faculty Advisor Brita Bowen

Inter-American Society Visits Local Embassy

Members of the Inter-American Society of Mexico City College recently visited the American Embassy to hear Sam Gilstrap, administrative officer for the Embassy, give an informal talk on the different aspects of the Foreign Service of the United States. He explained the primary elements in the Department of State and briefly outlined the different divisions of an American Embassy.

Student to Hold Art Show in Cal.

By Gary Frink

"A painter should be able to do conservative portrait work as well as abstract experiments". This is the art theme of MCC student Guernsey Ford, and the key to the creations he will show in his forthcoming West coast exhibition.

About twenty-five of Ford's paintings, done while a student at MCC, will be shown in Oakland, California from March 1 to 26.

No stranger to California art circles, Ford is twice past president of the Diablo Art Association, three time director of the Walnut Creek Art Festival, and gained Coast-wide recognition as president of the Pacific Art Festival, in Oakland, California.

Mr. Gilstrap answered students' questions regarding the foreign service and later they were shown a U. S. Information Service Movie on Dr. Milton Eisenhower's good will trip through ten countries of South America.

After the movie, students talked with Dr. Robert G. Caldwell, cultural advisor to the U. S. Ambassador in Mexico. Dr. Caldwell mentioned that only a few American colleges specialized in Foreign Service courses and stressed the necessity of knowing foreign people better.

WQIM students were special guest of the Society. Dr. James Tharp, advisor to the visiting students was also present. Among the students who attended this field trip of the Inter-American Society were: Bob Sudyk, John Hapner, Clem Mortashed, Mr. and Mrs. Don McGrew, Gaylor Bancroft, John McMaster, Harold Stein, Loraine Breitmeyer, Mary Anne Ruhl, Ramón Alvarez, Mrs. Ruth Gannon, Graef Cannon, Laura Ruman, Gus Gutiérrez, Bruce Faulkner and Robert Rubalcava.

He received his B. A. degree from the University of California in June of 1953, and enrolled for graduate study at MCC in September. Ford was attracted to Mexico City College principally thru the work being carried on in the field of modern paint synthetics, by MCC instructor José Gutiérrez. With ideas fostered by Gutiérrez, Ford has been carrying on extensive research with paints and painting surfaces. The title of his Master's degree thesis will be "The Correct Uses of Modern Materials in Contemporary Art". Ford was a Warrant Officer in the Navy, and assisted in over 500 Navy Surgical operations. After being discharged from the Navy, he put his art background to commercial use as a sign painter in his hometown of Danville, California. After completing his graduate work at MCC, Ford hopes to return to the United States and continue the dual role of artist and paint surface expert.



VISITING THE U. S. EMBASSY IN MEXICO, students hear Dr. Robert G. Caldwell, cultural advisor to the Ambassador. Among the large group who took advantage of the opportunity to learn how a U. S. embassy functions are (first row, left to right) Mary Ann Ruhl, Bob Sudyk, Harold Stein, Hugh Mortashed (second row), Lorraine Breitmeyer, Dr. James F. Tharp, and John Hapner. (Paul Durege Photo).



PEDRO ZAMORA, MCC associate librarian, is bidding goodby to Ranulfo Trejo, reference librarian. Zamora has been appointed director of the library of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America. (Marilú Pease Photo).

Zamora Receives Position With U. N.

Pedro Zamora, associate librarian in the College library, has been appointed director of the library of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America.

In his new capacity, Zamora will organize materials in the Economic Field from all countries of the world for the use of research economists.

A professional librarian holding the graduate degree in Library Science from Louisiana State University and a Rockefeller Foundation scholar, Zamora has been a member of the library staff for the past four years, and has held the post of associate librarian for the past two and one-half years. His training includes in-service work at the Library of Congress in Washington.

Before joining the MCC library staff, Zamora was assistant librarian at the Museo Nacional de Antropología. Last year he taught cataloging at the National University.

He is a member of the American Library Association, the Southwestern Library Association, and the Association of College and Reference Librarians and the Latin American Committee on Classification and Cataloging.

Free Movies For All Students Every Tuesday

It has been announced that David T. Roberts, who has been instructor of speech and drama in the Clases de Inglés for the past three years, has been appointed special assistant to Donlon Havener, director of the Clases de Inglés and the Extension Division. Roberts graduated from MCC in '50.

Under his direction free movies will be shown each Tuesday evening at Jalapa 148 through the courtesy of the American Embassy and the Cine Club of Clases de Inglés. All MCC students are invited to attend these films. Tickets may

Name Weckmann Dean's Assistant

Dr. Luis Weckmann has recently been named Chairman of the Division of Humanities and Assistant to Dean Elmenendorf. His office is located on the second floor of Chiapas 136, and his office hours will be from 10-11 and 4 to 6:30 p. m. daily.

An assistant professor of history at the College since 1948, Dr. Weckmann holds a Doctor en Letras degree from Universidad Nacional de México, a Licenciado en Derecho from Escuela Nacional de Jurisprudencia, and a Docteur en Droit from the University of Paris.

Dr. Weckmann has recently returned from New York where he was advisor to the Mexican delegation to the United Nations.

MRS. GAOS ON VACATION

Mrs. Gaos, director of housing for men students, is presently on vacation. She will be back at her desk on the first of March.

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GUERNSEY FORD, left, and Art Center instructor David Ramsey conduct tests of pigments on a color wheel. Ford is preparing a Master's thesis on the proper use of modern materials in contemporary art. (Marilú Pease Photo).

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The Collegian takes pleasure in presenting the prize winning entry in the short story division of the Press Club's annual literary contest:

THE MOMENTS

By TRUE

THE boy Carlos stood back against the shadows falling across one corner of the balcony. The Delgado house was three storeys high behind its thick wall, and from his bedroom the boy could view the entire street. This meant not just the street, but also the other walls and the houses behind them. The Delgado house was old; it had had a succession of other names. The Alvarez house, the Ducker house, the Muñoz house... the Delgados were only temporary keepers, proud as the others had been proud of the Moorish arches, the high-ceilinged rooms with huge cross-beams, the full-length windows with their delicate design of bars.

The time had been short for the Delgados, Carlos thought swiftly. Two years—in two years he had just begun to know the house, to feel at ease in it, to enjoy running across the parquet floors and not worry about scratching them with his heels when he practiced the *pases*, whirling this way and that and learning from Juanito the correct way to move the feet slowly, very slowly.

He could hear the sound of weeping, carrying softly from the parlor, where Juanito was. It would be Tomasina, or Maria Elena, for the time was early and no one else had come. Maria Elena would be weeping the most, Carlos decided, for she had loved the glory of it, the fright and the relief, the richness and the admiration of others. Tomasina would be sitting quiet by his mother, counting her beads or twisting the handkerchief between her hands. Carlos had often seen her in just this way—before the *Paseo* began before the first bull, before the moment of truth. For this reason, he told himself, it would be Tomasina who would not cry, as his mother would not.

"Carlito!"

He heard a shuffling sound at his bedroom door and then the voice, and turned toward it. It was too early yet. He wanted to stay and think by himself of Juanito and the parquet floors and of a bull called Galosero.

The door pushed open a little; his father stood in the doorway, looking solemn and stunned in his black flowing coat and starched white shirt. Carlos could not remember ever seeing his father in such dress. At the *tientas* and the family fiestas it was always the father, Mario, who looked like the great one, tall and slender in his high-waisted black trousers and short black jacket. Juanito had seemed short and unimpressive by comparison.

"Carlos!" His father's voice was sharper this time. "Your mother and I think you should come down."

How strange, thought the boy, that only on this day should his father speak of his mother as an equal. That had always irritated Juanito, when Mario had begun taking him to the *tientas*, leaving the mother sitting in the house alone night after night, week after week.

"It's early", Carlos said, looking out at the street. The gray asphalt was dotted with oil-stains shaping strange patterns. The blood on the sand was like that, creating fantastic abstractions. The blood of the bulls. Sometimes the blood of a man. "No one's come yet."

"Pancho is here, and José Pinyedo", his father said. "They want to see you."

But I don't want to see them. The words were so clear in his mind that he almost spoke them, but this was not the time. That would come tomorrow, or the next day, or whenever the pattern began to form again—with him instead of with Juanito.

"It's better for you to come—you and Juan were so close."

"I'll be down in a minute." His voice sounded flat in his ears, completely unlike itself, but his father nodded and went out, leaving the door ajar, the fine, heavily-carved oak door that had kept its place for two centuries.

They had never been used to such finery before Juanito brought it to them. During Carlos' childhood there had been an early period of four or five years while Mario Delgado was fighting in every plaza in Mexico. At twenty his father had been called the most promising novillero in the Republic. At thirty he was still a novillero, and at thirty-four he was a butcher working in a horse-meat shop on Medellin. Every night the friends would sit together in the front room of the three-



room Delgado house — the torero friends, Pancho the banderillero, José the picador, and they would talk of the great one and imagine themselves to be the greater ones. Juanito and Carlos would be together in the room they shared with their little sisters. Long after the small ones were asleep they read their books for next day's school and tried to keep the sound of bullfight talk out of their ears.

Juanito had been the great one, after all, and Mario had been quick to realize it. He had taught his son the *pases*, the technique... but it was Juanito only who had the flame. It was Juanito who was wise in the ways of the bulls, who was graceful and valiant and honest. A novillero at sixteen, a matador de toros at twenty. And every night, in the new Delgado house, Pancho the banderillero and José the picador and all the multitude of failure friends sat in the parlor with Mario and discussed Juanito, who was the great one, their Joselito and Belmonte and Lalandia rolled into one precious package belonging to them. Not belonging to himself, not being free even in that year of 1951. There were always *tientas* to go to, schedules to be talked over and arranged, parties to take their hero to. Sometimes Carlos was allowed to go along, if he were quiet and did not disturb the wise ones. They sat in the same room, Juanito and Carlos, and looked at each other across the width of the room. They saved their talk for the house, when Mario was out arranging things, and they practiced together on the parquet floor. Many days they just sat and talked together quietly in Carlos' bedroom.

"I like it up here", Juanito would say in his curiously childish voice. "You can see the mountains and watch the sky turn color before the rains." It was September and the rainy season was ending. "Down below there's nothing but the bulls." Every room had its walls filled with pictures of Juanito—Juanito with the cape, Juanito placing the banderillas, Juanito going in for the kill. "I get sick of seeing them everywhere in the house." Even little Aña's room was a museum, now that she was married and gone to live in Monterrey. "I still make mistakes, and the camera catches every one." He did not mention it, but Carlos knew that Juanito was sensitive about having pictures taken. The matador was thick through the chest and somewhat spindly in the legs and somehow, whenever action shots were snapped of him, he came out looking misshapen and grotesque. None of his actual gracefulness was apparent in his photographs.

There were times when Carlos felt that he was the older of the two. He still went to school, he belonged to a baseball team, he went to movies and read as much as he could. He rode buses every day and sometimes went out to stay overnight at the houses of school-friends. Juanito went out in the Lincoln; Mario drove. He practiced his *pases* on the back lawn; Mario supervised. He went to the *tientas* to test the breeding stock; Mario was always present. So in some ways Juanito had never reached his full growth. He was a genius with the bulls and he accepted this calmly, without affectation on his part. If he had wanted to live differently he had not voiced that desire to Carlos. Perhaps he had never had the time.



of TRUTH

W E N

It was hard to be a matador, to belong to other men. But at twenty it is an achievement to be famous and applauded, and Juanito was, after all, true to his kind, a poor boy risen to riches. Their mother had been unable to understand why she was suddenly so sought after, why one of her two boys had suddenly begun earning the wealth she had dreamed about before throwing away the dream. Their mother was old now, and the dream was far past and dead. She would sit in her room among the publicity books and pray to Guadalupe, and never understand that sometimes a man's life is not his own unless he buys it with his blood.

Carlos pushed the balcony doors together. Sunlight fell across his face and shoulder and touched his hands. He had slender hands, with long fingers and pointed wristbones. Juanito's hands had been firm-muscled, short-fingered. His grip had been hard, and his right wrist was thick from his work with the sword.

Newspaper rustled across the sidewalk, wafting over a green tricycle to float on garbage-crusting water in a ditch. A pale blue convertible with spotted gray top was parked just in front of the driveway. A bell rang shrilly, and Carlos tried to drown it out by closing the balcony doors resoundingly. The bell rang again as he walked across the room.

He reached up and took down from above his nightstand the bull's head. The weight made him almost drop it, but he guided the head to the support of the stand. "El Maestro", he said, stroking the broad flat space between the horns. The first bull Juanito had killed as matador. The boy's fingers touched the small furry ears and rubbed the mound of fuzz above the forehead. The sands had been reddened that afternoon, but the blood had been that of the bulls. Carlos had not thought of it as blood at all.

"Carlos!" His father's voice came impatiently from the stairs. "Pancho and José are waiting, and your aunt Mathilde is here."

"Yes", the boy said softly, not caring that his voice would not be heard outside his room. From the beginning Mario had wanted him to be one of Juanito's peons, to learn the art of the banderillero, to become a novillero. "Imagine—the two Delgados fighting on the same cartel!" he would boom out, and Carlos would stand aside and say nothing. He could not smile at his father, even in those rare moments when Mario had expressed satisfaction with him. He could not laugh at the jokes this man—his father—made, because the very figure of the man was too commanding for Carlos not to hold him in awe. It was Juanito who had put Mario off and told Carlos to finish school, to go to college, to stay away from the plazas and the bulls and the women. But you could not live with a genius and not have a little of his knowledge rub off on you. Mario knew how much Carlos had learned about the bulls, and for his purpose it would be enough, since Juanito had not lasted long enough to bring permanent glory to a man who found it easy to be brave while he was drunk. The history of bullfighting was full of such things: the fathers or the uncles or the cousins who raised los muchachos for the ring even as the ganaderías raised the bulls from birth to wet their horns with the blood of men.

Downstairs there were José and Pancho and all the others who had already forgotten that it was Juanito who had been great enough to carry them along with him. Downstairs there was the mother, draped dumpily in black, not weeping, not looking at anyone. Downstairs there were Tomasina and María Elena, in elegant and expensive black. The sisters would be clustered together while their husbands eagerly talked about bullfighting to the older and wiser matadors when they came. And, sooner or later, the matadors would draw together into their own circle and treat their Juanito with his own respect. Someone would say—



True Bowen, graduate student at Mexico City College, "fiesta brava" reporter and columnist for the largest English language daily in Latin America, and commentator on her weekly radio program from Mexico City is seen here with her husband, Lee Richard Hayman, graduate student, contributor to many publications, and also a member of the MCC Writing Center.

"The wind was bad..." Someone else would tsk-tsk, and the matadors would break their circle and begin to drift out...

Galosero had been the real thing; he had casta, the blood, the breeding. The whole Plaza had sighed as he charged out of the darkness into the ring. El toro was heavy in the neck and chest, slim in the powerful legs. The horns were slung low in their sockets; they were wide at the base and tapered to points close together. He followed through with the trying out capework of the peons, graceful, smooth, and strong.

Carlos watched the bull come out, and then he watched Juanito. His brother looked very small measured against the bull, very small and more than a little grotesque in his "suit of lights", the binding, heavy-weighting reminder of ages lost somewhere early in the history of bullfighting. Carlos sat forward in his seat.

Juanito moved with his own wonderful dignity, passing Galosero with all the plasticity, all the art known to him. The bull responded with steady charges and follow-up charges until the Olés were coming together so fast that Carlos could not tell the beginning of one from the ending of another.

Finally Juanito took his muleta and spread it out on the sand. The redness, shaped like a human heart, splotched the earth until Juanito took it up again and advanced with it toward the bull. Such an enemy as this was the exception, and he might never face such a one again; the Plaza knew it. Knew, too, that this was the real meaning, that the matador was leading what might be his own death closer and closer to himself. The Plaza was silent; Carlos felt his nerve-ends numbing.

Galosero, head lowered, stood a few feet from Juanito. Neither man or bull moved. The moment of truth had arrived, that moment so proudly named by the old Spaniards, the moment when it is decided which is worthy of survival: the man or the beast.

Perhaps it was the wind changing, perhaps it was sudden fright, perhaps only misjudgement, but the horns had gone so deep that Juanito died as they carried him to the infirmary. Realization must have been his for only a moment, but it is hard to die on the sharp points of crooked horns when you are dying for someone else, when there is no world for you outside that of the bulls.

Carlos lifted the bull's head in his arms, turning it so that he could scrutinize the base of the horns, could see the black blackness of the humped head. A present from his brother, from his short, homely, ridiculously valiant brother. A warning, perhaps, or a sort of symbol.

"Carlos! Come down!" His father's footsteps echoed firmly in the hall. "What are you..."

The horns whined splinteringly as the boy crashed them into the wall. He tugged at the back of the head, pulled the horns out and drove them in again, putting his whole body, his entire weight, behind the drive, leaning into it as Juanito had leaned in with the sword as he plunged over the horns. Somehow one hand got in the way and blood streaked across and down one of the shining horns.

"Carlos..." the voice was weak suddenly, and filled with loss.

The boy looked up, shaking the dark hair from his eyes and crying silently. He looked up across the horns as they still quivered in the wall, and saw his father's face magnified a thousand times by its terror and frustration and helplessness. And because Juanito had died in silence like he child he had lived, he had spoken to his brother with all the force of their unspoken, un nourished love. Suddenly, holding his bleeding hand limp across one horn, his body still taut against the dry weeping, Carlos across and down one of the shining horns.





H. M. Jackson (Paul Durege Photo)

Jackson, Photo And Craft Instructor, Joins Art Dept.

By Eddie Rosenfeld

After six years in the Mexican hinterlands teaching photography, silverwork and jewelry-making, H. M. Jackson at last finds himself in Mexico City, art mecca of the country, where he is the newest member of Mexico City College's gradually growing staff of Art Center instructors.

"La Escuela de Bellas Artes" at San Miguel Allende in the state of Guanajuato was the first institution in Mexico to make use of his gifted techniques. There, in one of the country's most picturesque Old World type cities, he taught for four years from 1948 to 1952. After his delightful stay at San Miguel, he moved on to San Nicolás, the state University of Michoacán located in the capital city of Morelia, where he enjoyed a pleasant two years teaching silverwork.

A native Californian, Mr. Jackson brings with him to Mexico City College a brilliant background in the field of painting, acquired mostly in West coast schools. He first studied at the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco, then at Arts and Crafts in Berkeley, California, and later at the internationally known Corcoran Galleries in Washington, D. C. An unfortunate excursion into advertising one uninspiring year was a detour that proved permanent. Mr. Jackson never did return to painting, but instead found new interests in photography, silverwork and jewelry-making, all of which he now teaches at the Art Center.

Judging by the one photography session this reporter attended, Mr. Jackson will prove to be a most welcome addition to the Art Center. In an unguarded moment he called for questions at the close of class. It took him almost a half hour to wade through the barrage of questions his more than willing students threw at him!

President's Desk

veral stories on expensive land is more expensive still. It would not be wise to seek land towards the airport nor towards Guadalupe, for obvious reasons that need not be emphasized here. To go south along Insurgentes has its conveniences but means that we would always be exposed to the perils of unrestricted zones where factories, garages or other undesirable buildings—speaking from a school point of view—could be built up around us. Too, we have not thought it wise to have the college confused, intentionally or unintentionally, with the National University (which is one of the reasons also that we have rejected suggestions, at least up to now, to use "university" in the school's name). If we have sought for space in the direction of the Lomas it has been largely for these reasons and because the most attractive offers have been made by people with property in that direction.

It is axiomatic that students and teachers must exist before you have any kind of a school. We have worked hard for almost fifteen years to bring together students from all over the United States and to have them sit down and study with a group of excellent teachers. Our purpose in moving is certainly not to cause hardship to either group but to seek a more pleasant environment where the dialogues between students and

Review Roundup

"Fabulous Ancestor" Lauded By Critics

A book by a graduate student at MCC, Donald Demarest's **Fabulous Ancestor** has had a number of laudatory reviews. Starting with Margaret Leveson's piece in the local **News** (which broke the publication deadline by three days) which was reprinted in the **Collegian**, and which hailed Demarest as an "author of brilliant talent" (or home town boy makes good), it has also rated professional raves in nationally known magazines. Bob Tallant in the **Saturday Review** said:

"And because Mr. Demarest writes with fine objectivity you can hear it (New Orleans) and smell it and taste it, too. He has facility with words and a colorful, rather poetic style at times. The whole book has some of the quality of a fairy tale, but with more warmth than most fairy tales, and much more humor, stirred into the hearty gumbo of its being."

Another N. O. competitor of Demarest's, Harnett Kane the author of the current bestseller, **The Bride of Arlington** (which has already sold half a million copies and to Hollywood) wrote the MCC author:

"It's as delightful a book as I've read on New Orleans in a long, long time. It has spirit and charm and a true New Orleans flavor; and to all who know New Orleans, there can be no higher praise."

Mr. Kane followed this enthusiasm up with a review in the **New York Times**, which said among other nice things:

"A writer of polish and humor, Mr. Demarest can also carry off a passage of poetic understanding. He is not, let it be noted, one of

those 'sensitive young men, nor does he labor at 'comic' effect. Nevertheless it is hard not to be touched, not to chuckle at passage after passage."

Frances Parkinson Keyes, best-selling author of **Dinner at Antoine's** and other books about New Orleans, writes:

"I have enjoyed it more than any book about New Orleans which I have read... the book rings true from start to finish in as far as my experience and observations are concerned and it is a notable contribution to the literature about Louisiana."

John Barkham reviewed the book for the **Saturday Review** syndicate (a service that goes to over sixtv newspapers). He concludes:

"Mr. Demarest writes so well that his book stands by itself in a field cluttered with competitors. Quite apart from the persuasive eloquence engendered by nostalgia, his memoir is crafted in a prose full of warmth and color."

To date the only at all unfavorable review the author has seen appeared in the **N. Y. Herald Tribune**. Robert Molloy, a Charlestonian wrote of this book on New Orleans:

"In the half world between fact and fiction (Mr. Demarest's) picture comes out unevenly, sometimes clear and convincing sometimes like a streaky negative and sometimes like one of those pictures in which the hand of the retoucher has been too heavy."

Nevertheless, Mr. Molloy finishes his review with the admonition that "the reader who brings the proper background or the right kind of imagination to Mr. Demarest's book will derive amusement and pleasure from it".

The review that tickled the author most was the one that appeared in his mother-in-law's local paper, the **Judith Basin County** (Montana) **Press**. After recalling that Demarest and his family had spent some time in Judith Basin County while he was writing the book the review goes on:

"Everyone will want a copy of **Fabulous Ancestor** and since Betty and Donald have visited in our midst congratulations are in order and the best of good wishes for a successful future."

Fabulous Ancestor is now on sale here at local bookstores.

Good Neighbor '53



JUANITA BORBOLLA was chosen "Miss Good Neighbor of 1953" as fitting recognition of her years of service solving complex problems for thousands of Latin Americans in Fort Worth. The award was made at the mid-winter meeting of the Texas Good Neighbor Commission in El Paso. She is associated with the City Welfare Department of Fort Worth and was a guest of Mexico City College at a luncheon to honor representatives of the Good Neighbor Commission at a mid-summer luncheon at the University Club.

(Cont'd. from page 2)

Engelhart in Carribean

Lawrence P. Engelhart is presently employed for Resort Airlines, and is in charge of Caribbean tours. He received his B. A. from MCC in March '51.

Buchwald on Way to Brazil

Bill Buchwald, M. A. '51 and associated with the Clases de Inglés, visited Mary Gaughan (MCC 1950) in Boston, where they met with Bob Drouillard (MCC 1950). Bill sailed on a Norwegian freighter for Brazil but was last heard from in Halifax, Nova Scotia. On arriving in Brazil he will visit with Bob Kibebe, M. A. '51, in Rio de Janeiro.

Brief Notes—Those who took note of the death of the ancient Sargento de la Rosa could have seen in him the equivalent of one of our surviving Civil War veterans. He may not have been in the firing squad that executed Maximilian in June, 1867—but he could have been! Peace to his ashes... The Hemingway escape was welcome to all his admirers and even, I am sure, to many who are not. A Farewell to Arms is still my favorite among all his novels; and if you are an aficionado and have not read **Death in the Afternoon** you are neglecting your education... The **N. Y. Herald Tribune** of January 17 had an excellent article in its "This Week" section "Senator Taft's Eight Weeks to Live—by Jhan and June Robbins. It is a story of great courage, full of poignancy... Those who contend that modern food has lost its flavor will find plenty of ammunition in a piece from the November, 1953 issue of **The American Mercury**, reprinted by **The Catholic Digest** (January, '54). It's called "In the Days of the Good Provider" and is written (by Harry Botsford) with a Keatsian sense of smell, touch and taste. I believe it could make most people work up an appetite even after a full meal.

SON FOR SHADES

Robert Schade, who received his B. A. here in '52, and his wife, Maria Castelo B. announce the arrival of their first child, a son. The Shades are living in San Luis Potosí.

MCC BOOKSTORE SALE 40% Reduction

TITLE	AUTHOR
URBAN GEOGRAPHY	GRIFFITH TAYLOR
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FAMILY & CIVILIZATION	CARLE C. ZIMMERMAN
THE SOCIOLOGY OF RURAL LIFE	T. LYNN SMITH
ENGINEERING DRAWING	THOMAS E. FRENCH
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LANGUAGE IN THOUGHT & ACTION	HAYAKAWA
OH, MY COUNTRY	JOSEF JOSTEN
THE CHINESE THEIR HISTORY & CULTURE	KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE
JAPAN SINCE PERRY	CHITOSI YANAGA
PRINCIPLES OF MODERN INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION	WALTER RAUTENSTRAUCH
A POLITICAL & CULTURAL HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE VOL. I	HAYES
A POLITICAL & CULTURAL HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE VOL. II	HAYES
CONDITIONING & LEARNING	HILGARD & MARQUIS
SEVEN PSYCHOLOGIES	HEIDBREDER
A COLLEGE PROGRAM IN ACTION	COMMITTEE IN PLANS
THE REBIRTH OF LIBERAL EDUCATION	FRED B. MILLET
PSYCHOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY	HATHAWAY
CULTURE WORLDS	RUSELL & KNIFFEN
MODERN CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGY	RICHARDS
AMERICAN CITY GOVERNMENT & ADMINISTRATION	MACDONALD
THE JOURNAL OF GENERAL EDUCATION	VARIOUS
A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL GUIDE TO THE ROMANCE LANGUAGES & LITERATURES	ALICE MARGARET HUNTER
TO SECURE THESE RIGHTS (THE REPORT OF GRADED READINGS IN GREGG SHORTHAND)	JOHN ROBERT GREGG
GREGG SPEED STUDIES	JOSEPH E. HASSKY
A WORKBOOK IN RUSSIAN	UNITED NATIONS
ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN SELECTED COUNTRIES	MICHAEL KRAUS
THE ATLANTIC CIVILIZATION 18TH CENTURY ORGANIZATION	ELLIS GIBBER ARNALL
WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT	BENITO MUSSOLINI
THE FALL OF MUSSOLINI (HIS OWN STORY)	ALEXANDER CAMPBELL
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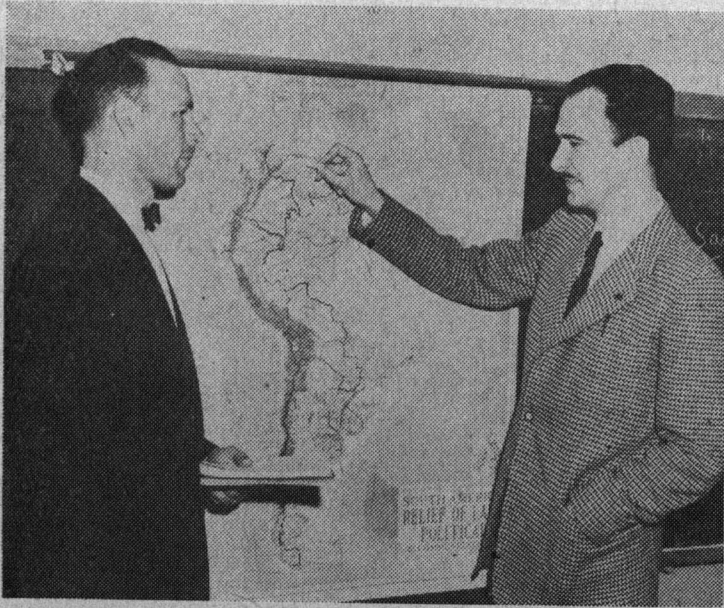
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FRANCISCO CUEVAS CANCINO, currently teaching a course in Mexican-American Diplomatic Relationships and author of a number of historical studies, is explaining his ideas on the Good Neighbor Policy to interviewer, Eddie Rosenfeld. (Paul Durege Photo).

Francisco Cuevas Brings Rich Background To MCC

Francisco Cuevas Cancino, new MCC instructor currently teaching Mexican-American Diplomatic Relationships, brings to the faculty with him one of the most illustrious names in Mexican intellectual circles as well as a rich background of practical diplomatic experience acquired while with the Mexican Embassy in London and at the United Nations in New York.

Mr. Cuevas is the nephew of the late Father Mariano Cuevas, a Jesuit priest who is considered one of the finest historians ever to write on the turbulent, kaleidoscopic history of Mexico. Among his best-known works are his "History of the Church in Mexico" and "History of Mexico".

Three years in London as a foreign service officer followed by four years of specialized work at the UN in the fields of Human Rights and Political Affairs, with emphasis on Latin-America, more than qualify him as an expert in affairs pertaining to Mexican diplomacy.

It was during his initial year with the United Nations, 1950, that he first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt with whom he had the privilege of working as a member of the Human Rights Division. Shortly after, this acquaintance developed into a firm friendship when he was given a year's leave from the UN to study at the Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, on a Guggenheim Fellowship.

The highlight of his year's stay at Hyde Park was lunch one day with the late President's wife and Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury under Franklin D. Roosevelt. About his co-worker, colleague and hostess, the professor has only words of praise.

"Mrs. Roosevelt has a great personal charm and the quality of making you feel at ease immediately", he says. "A definite idealist", he continues, "she stands for much that I believe important for the entire western hemisphere".

The result of Cuevas' endeavors at Hyde Park are summarized in a book, now in publication in Mexico City. It is entitled "Roosevelt y La Buena Vecindad" and is a personal interpretation of FDR's Good Neighbor Policy.

In a recent letter to Cuevas commenting on the book, Mrs. Roosevelt said, "I am very glad that this book on my husband's Good Neighbor policy has been written. It brings out the fact which I think was paramount in his own mind that it is essential in building better relationships between South American countries and our own to restore confidence in our ideas of democracy..."

Cuevas first embarked on a career of legal studies back in 1937, one which has never been allowed to lapse, notwithstanding the exigencies of his diplomatic assign-

ments. From 1937 to 1943, he attended the "Escuela Libre de Derecho" in Mexico City, a law school completely independent of the National University. This was followed up by a year at McGill University in Montreal and an MCL—Master of Civil Law Degree. (Incidentally, it was Dr. John Humphrey, one of his instructors at McGill, who secured for him his assignment with the United Nations. Dr. Humphrey is now the Director of the Human Rights Division for which department the instructor was requested.)

After passing the foreign service officer examination given in Mexico City early in 1946, Cuevas passed a few months at Columbia University as a visiting student before receiving his post at London. Not being the sort of person who lets grass grow under his feet, he found time while in the British capital to take courses at the University of London in international law under Schwartzberger, and in modern history under Webster—both internationally recognized authorities in their particular fields. Finally, at Hyde Park, there was the Guggenheim Fellowship.

Plane Crashes Into Chandlers' Home

Hard luck still trails Helen and John Chandler who are now at 17560 Parthenia Ave., Northridge, California. John was flown home last year after an operation at the ABC Hospital in Mexico City and Helen started teaching school in California.

Recently a test plane from the Lockheed plant crashed into their home. The approaching plane frightened their child who ran and escaped. Helen's mother was killed and they were blown through the roof. The injuries they suffered have hospitalized both, and in the fire they lost everything they had.

Their many friends in the Los Angeles area will be able to reach them through the Parthenia Avenue address. The Collierian staff joins the faculty, administration and student body in expressing sympathy to Helen on the death of her mother and to both of them for the irreparable loss.

Ruth Kaner Plans Student Variety Show

By Andy Pulos

Ruth Kaner, secretary of the student council, and attractive New York actress is responsible for having started the ball rolling in the direction of student talent shows and musical revues. Producing, directing, and TV acting are some of her past accomplishments.

When most of her friends were graduating from high school in New York, this versatile young lady, who was 17 at the time, was directing her own radio show, "Meet Your Neighbor", a sort of round table discussion with Ruth presiding as chairman.

One of her latest achievements before coming to Mexico was to co-produce in New York first-run plays never seen before by American audiences. These plays were mostly French, and even included one written by the famous artist, Pablo Picasso.

Like many of her fellow students who are now attending the college, Ruth did not come to Mexico with the idea of attending MCC, but just "to look around".



Ruth Kaner

Ruth has studied directing with Boris Toumarov, and has studied at the Dramatic Workshop in New York with Erwin Piscator. She has also worked under Elia Kazan and Lee Straussber.

The New York actress has appeared in the play, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois", and has toured in the play, "Private Lives", which starred Talullah Bankhead. In the realm of TV, Ruth has acted on the programs, "The Goldbergs", and "Martin Kane, Private Eve".

MCC's first talent show should be as varied and interesting as the career of the young lady who is directing it.

ABRAMS TEACHING IN L. A.

Leon Abrams, M. A. '50, is teaching in the Los Angeles school system.

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Thespian Patsy O'Gorman Plans Intensive Training

By Eleanor Wilson

Patsy Von Waberer O'Gorman is 18, looks like a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl, has a strong British accent, and is really going places in the theatre.

She already has to her credit a very successful children's production of Hamlet. Besides producing the play, Patsy also helped with the direction and played the part of the Queen. The production brought her rave notices from the critics, among them "Theatre Arts Magazine" and "Pro-Arte".

What she treasures most of all, however, is a personal letter she received from her favorite actor Laurence Olivier congratulating her on the production. Not only has she seen every one of Olivier's movies, but she has seen his Hamlet twelve times, which, of course, was the inspiration for her Hamlet. She is now in the process of producing another play.

In the past, Patsy has directed plays at her mother's school, Greenacres, where Patsy was a former librarian and secretary to Frank Whitbourn, who was the former headmaster. She has been in such plays as "Playboy of the Western World" with Studio Stages and "Quadrille" of Players, Inc.

Born in Mexico City, she became acquainted with MCC at an early age when she used to come to visit her uncle, Prof. Edmund O'Gorman, renowned historian, who taught history at MCC. She is now studying drama at MCC and plans to study French drama at the Bellas Artes.

Since she feels ballet dancing is a great way to keep one's figure for the stage, she has also been studying ballet under Michel Chaillet of Mexico City and Tamara Ski, very well known Russian ballerina. She has also studied ballet with the Ballet Mexicano at the Bellas Artes.



Patsy O'Gorman

Besides the theatre, Patsy has one other interest and that is drawing. Her first teacher was her grandfather, Cecil O'Gorman, and then she studied with her uncle, Juan O'Gorman the famous Mexican painter.

As she definitely plans to make the theatre her career, she is going to England this June to study under Rose Bruford and Elsie Fogarty. According to Patsy, Elsie Fogarty taught all the well-known English actors, including Olivier, and is the leading speech teacher there.

Eventually Patsy plans to join the Royal Academy and realize her greatest ambition—that of being a great Shakespearean actress. When asked what qualities a good Shakespearean actor should have, she replied that she felt he should have a tremendous voice and should deliver the poetry beautifully. She feels, "Most of today's actors have forgotten the primary importance of the poetry".

Notes From The Art Center

Henry Moore, famous British sculptor, was in Mexico City recently on an art inspection tour and spent a morning in the studio of Germán Cueto, MCC sculpture instructor. Moore, who saw a great amount of sculpture while in Mexico, was so impressed with Cueto's work, he labeled the MCC instructor "the best sculptor in Mexico", according to Merle Wachter, Art Center director.

Members of the Art Center plan to produce a 16 m.m. sound film that will illustrate the aim of the College art department. The film will be photographed by the Art Department staff.

Mr. Wachter has made arrange-

ments with the Instituto Franco Mexicano for the use of 25 films. The films, attained through the courtesy of José García Ascot, depict the painting techniques of Brach, Van Gogh, and other masters.

A faculty art show will be given in early March. The exhibit, to be held in the Art Center, will afford the student body an excellent opportunity to view the accumulated work of the art staff.

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From Lagunilla to Chapultepec Park

This week's momentary lull in theatrical activities seems an appropriate time to plan a Sunday in the city, perhaps that lean Sunday before payday. We might start the morning with a bus ride down to the Lagunilla market where we could amble along the crowded streets and browse among the book stands, or marvel at the ingenious displays of brass, crystal, and other fascinating "objets d'art". And if you've a good eye for antiques, you're apt to spot a bonafide treasure among the myriad of interesting junk.

This is not the famed (or ill-famed) "Thieves Market", but a legally established Sunday marketplace which for many years has attracted antique lovers, bargain hunters and curious sightseers.

The sun will get pretty hot about 1:00 o'clock and the noise will have reached fever pitch when you discover you're hungry. We don't recommend the "gusanos" (worms)

merrily sizzling in oil at the nearby lunch counters, but we can suggest our favorite restaurant for the Sunday "comida". A ten-minute bus ride from the market will bring you to the Casa Rosalia on San Juan de Letran No 46 (two flights up) where a fabulous Spanish-style lunch complete with "paella" and six more courses is served for seven pesos. However, this is an extremely popular restaurant, hence no place to dawdle. So you move on to the next place of interest in the city.

Walking north on San Juan de Letran past the Bellas Artes, you arrive at the corner of Avenida Cinco de Mayo, where you can board the Reforma bus headed for Chapultepec Park. Immediately on alighting you join the festive throngs in the ancient custom of spending Sunday-in-the-Park. However, it is soon evident that this is more than just the neighborhood "dozing" place, for you discover the strange and wonderful mixture of carnival, playground, garden and family gather-

ing place that is Chapultepec Park. You'll want to stop and watch the trained dogs and monkeys cavorting in silly costumes, or you'll get lost in a crowd watching a fire-eater. But quickly you'll find yourself drawn to the mammoth carnival by the mambo music blasting from a dozen loudspeakers. Here you'll climb onto one wildly careening "ride" after another or you'll just stand in awe at the really crazy ones.

If the experience threatens to be unnerving you might arm yourself with a bag of "cacahuates" (peanuts to you) and continue on to the zoo, which incidentally has recently received a new collection of animals.

On the other hand, you may suddenly realize that you've wanted to go rowing on the lake for a long time, and you'll hire a boat for the last sun-drenched hour of this remarkable Sunday. In either case you should be tired enough by this time to welcome an evening at home. Hmm, might even do some of that required reading!

Grad of the Week

Joseph Matluck Teaching Spanish at Northwestern

Editor's Note: This is the second in a series of sketches on MCC graduate students who are continuing their scholastic endeavors and achieving recognition in all parts of the world.

By Ilse Sternberger

From Brooklyn to Rome to Mexico City to Evanston, Ill.—these are the main stations in the long tour of travelling behind Dr. Joseph Matluck, now instructor in the Spanish department at Northwestern University. His is a success story, brought about by talent, ambition—and Uncle Sam.

Joseph Matluck graduated from Brooklyn College in 1940, with a B. A. in liberal arts. During the war he was sent to Italy—a perilous assignment, which in his case turned out to be an unmitigated blessing. For there he met and married his wife; and later, his stretch of duty accomplished, he studied for one year at the University of Rome.

But this historic city was still not sunny or exotic enough for Matluck, and so—in the summer of '47—he arrived at MCC.

He had never spoken Spanish before, but his newly aquired background in Italian, his linguistic ability and his application enabled him to complete a four year course in two years: he was awarded his master's degree in Hispanic languages and literature in 1949.

Matluck, fascinated by his subject, decided to continue his studies, and enrolled in the National

University of Mexico. He graduated in 1951—magna cum laude—and became "Doctor en Letras", the first M. A. from MCC to win this honor, which is a rare and signal recognition of scholarship for any foreigner.

His thesis, "La pronunciación del Español en el Valle de México" was published in the NUEVA REVISTA DE FILOLOGIA HISPANICA.

This excellent magazine, by the way, formerly directed by Raimundo Lida, former professor of Spanish at MCC and the Colegio de México, now professor of linguistics at Harvard University, is at present under the supervision of Antonio Alatorre of MCC's department of Spanish.

Two More . . .

(Cont'd. from page 1)

Prize winning editor of the Tabor City, S. C. Tribune, judge of the Class II papers (colleges with less than 1000 enrollment); A. T. Richardson, editor of the Pomona (Cal.) Progress-Bulletin, judge of the Junior College papers; Andrew Heiskell, editor of LIFE, judge of the magazines; Edward J. Mowery, Pulitzer Prize winner of the New York World-Telegram, judge of the news items; Edward D. Kuekes, Pulitzer Prize winner of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, judge of the cartoons; William M. Gallagher, Pulitzer Prize winner who will judge news photos; Fred W. Inversetti, Publisher of the Ripon (Wis.) Commonwealth, judge of the composition photos; and Hayes J. Smythe, of the Glenn-Jordan-Stoetzel advertising consultants, Chicago, Ill., judge of the advertisements.

Anthro . . .

(Cont'd. from page 1)

the uncovering of an ancient habitation, which may on analysis prove to be either a single house or several of them built closely together. Another habitation was excavated under direction of Lorenzo Gamio, director of the Oaxaca museum, who works with the MCC anthropologists.

Dr. Volney Dunklin and Paul Reynolds undertook the important job of mapping the large Cuilapan site, which includes dozens of mounds scattered over a large area. A map of the whole area of the ruins may reveal patterns of placement of ceremonial and other buildings, not apparent to the eye because the region is wooded.

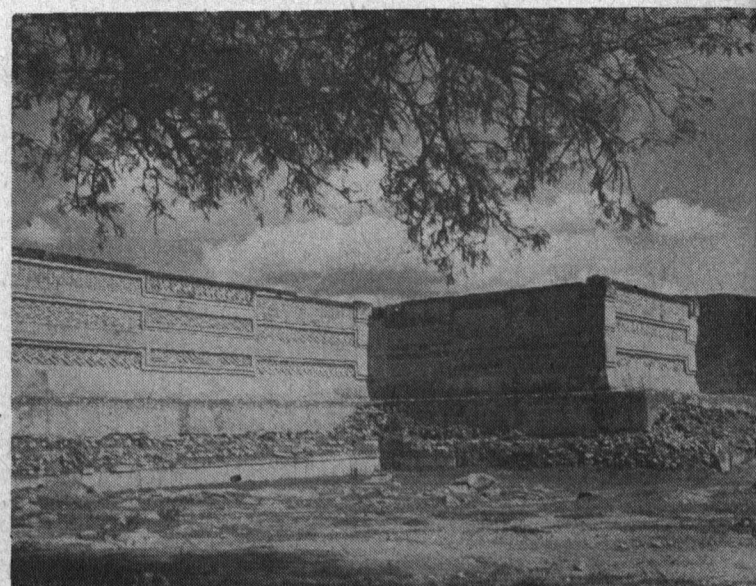
Ethnographic Study

Mapping of the present-day town of Cuilapan is part of the task of George Yamada, who is living in Cuilapan and making an ethnographic study of it. Cuilapan, according to preliminary judgments of ceramic evidence from the excavations, was a Zapotec site from Classic times (Monte Alban I) until very shortly before the Spanish arrived. Mixtecs had moved in meanwhile, and Cortez found it a Mixtec-speaking town, which it was until recently. When he was named Marqués del Valle, he made Cuilapan his headquarters and began the construction of an enormous church-convent which was never finished.

In spite of its intimate connection with the Conquest, Cuilapan appears to retain a typically scattered Indian settlement pattern, and for this reason Yamada's ethnographic study began with that phase of its life.

Dr. Robert Lister of the University of Colorado's Division of Anthropology was a visitor at Cuilapan during three days' work. He is in Mexico on a Ford Foundation grant, doing research on his special field of Mesoamerican and Southwest connections.

Presenting Mexico By Marilú Pease



The Mitla Ruins

The world famous Mitla Ruins are situated some 25 miles from the City of Oaxaca, in a small town of the same name. Of Zapotecan origin, and known as Mictlán, or the city of the Dead, it was the religious center of a prosperous civilization since long before the arrival of the Spaniards. And, even though the old Zapotecan temples gave way to Christian churches, the pagan beauty of these structures can still be admired.

Now-a-days it continues to be a mystery for those who visit these ruins to realize how the Zapotecs, who did not have machinery of any type, were able to construct such perfect and intricate monuments as those at Mitla.

Books In Review

(Cont'd. from page 2)

Here lies the key: in "A Mencken Chrestomathy" (the title is one of his juvenile and pretentious lapses) there is a sober and illuminating paragraph worthy of full quotation:

"Truth, indeed, is something that is believed in completely by persons who have never tried personally to pursue it to its fastnesses and grab it by the tail. It is the adoration of second-rate men—men who always receive it as second-hand. Pedagogues believe in immutable truths and spend their lives trying to determine them and propagate them; the intellectual progress of man consists largely of a concerted effort to block and destroy their enterprise. Nine times out of ten, in the arts as in life, there is actually no truth to be discovered; there is only error to be exposed. In whole departments of human inquiry it seems to me quite unlikely that the truth ever will be discovered. Nevertheless, the rubber-stamp thinking of the world always makes the assumption that the exposure of an error is identical with the discovery of the truth—that error and truth are simply opposites. They are nothing of the sort. What the world turns to, when it has been cured of one error, is usually simply another error, and maybe one worse than the first one. This is the whole history of the intellect in brief. The average man of today does not believe in precisely the same imbecilities that the Greek of the Fourth Century before Christ believed in, but the things that he does believe in are often quite as idiotic..."

There you have Mencken. Not as style, perhaps; the testament is too subdued in tone to be typical. But there is the "weltanschauung", the excellent German word he publicized as an insistent substitute for "philosophy", which he scorned as pedagogic pretention. The Mencken world-view was one of a pervasive scepticism, by Nietzsche out of Voltaire, to employ one of his mannerisms: "There is actually no truth to be discovered; there is only error to be exposed."

To the exposure of error H. L. Mencken devoted a half-century, and an ocean of spleen. Scarcely a single conspicuous fraud or poltroon, charlatan or philistine, es-

aped his vitriolic attention, and few of them survived. He was an absolute master of polemical assassination. In the entire range of the English language, I believe, there is no more savage attack than his piece on William Jennings Bryan. Witness this one excerpt:

"...He was, in fact, a charlatan, a mountebank, a zany without sense or dignity. His career brought him into contact with the first men of his time; he preferred the company of rustic ignoramuses. It was hard to believe, watching him at Dayton, that he had traveled, that he had been received in civilized societies, that he had been a high officer of state. He seemed only a poor clod like those around him, deluded by a childish theology, full of an almost pathological hatred of all learning, all human dignity, all beauty, all fine and noble things. He was a peasant come home to the barnyard. Imagine a gentleman, and you have imagined everything he was not. What animated him from end to end of his grotesque career was simply ambition—the ambition of a common man to get his hand under the collar of his superiors, or, failing that, to get his thumb into their eyes. He was born with a roaring voice, and it had the trick of inflaming half-wits. His whole career was devoted to raising those half-wits against their betters, that he himself might shine..."

Yet with all his angers, there was a fine mellowness in him, a stalwart respect and soft affection for true culture, and a tremendous learning. When he saluted a writer of quality—like Dreiser, or Mark Twain, or Poe, or Ring Lardner—his values were sharp and wise and suffused with tenderness. And his homages to the giant composers—Beethoven, Bach, Brahms—achieve a lyricism and profundity of permanent delight. In the practice of music criticism, although he rarely indulged it professionally, he was almost without peer.

In his passing (he is paralyzed and dying as I write) something of healthy magnificence is departing from the American scene. There will be many of us who will be pleased to pay him the final tribute he asked for so characteristically—to "forgive some sinner and wink at some homely girl!"

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