

# MEXICO CITY *Religion*

"The American College South Of The Border"

Vol. 7, No. 13

Km. 16, Carretera México-Toluca; México 10, D. F.

Friday, May 28, 1954

## Tenth Annual Commencement On June 3



SITE OF THE 10th annual Mexico City College commencement will be the student lounge. A reception and dance will be held, on the terrace, following the ceremony. (Marilú Pease Photo).

### Martínez del Río To Be MCC Graduation Speaker

A combination graduation ceremony and grand-opening of Mexico City College will take place at 12 noon on June 3 in the Main Lounge of the campus.

Don Pablo Martínez del Río, head of the National School of Anthropology, and a member of the MCC faculty, will give the address at the College's tenth annual commencement. He will be introduced by Dr. Paul V. Murray, MCC President.

Following the overture will be the academic procession of graduates and faculty, always one of the highlights of MCC graduation programs. Gowns and hoods representing the various alma maters of the faculty lend a cosmopolitan air to the ceremony, since the faculty is drawn from universities all over the world including Harvard; Johns Hopkins; the University of Paris; Oxford; the University of Mexico; the University of Edinburgh; the University of San Marcos, Lima Peru; and the University of Kiel.

Silver keys will also be awarded to seven members of the Student Council at this time in recognition of their work on the Council this year. Those receiving keys include; Louis Bachrach, Council Chairman, Morse Manly, John Hobgood, Ruth Kaner, Gene O'Brien and Harvey Outten.

Certificates for selection in this year's *Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and* (Cont'd. on page 3)



Dr. Pablo Martínez del Río

#### TUITION UNCHANGED

The Administrative Council has announced that tuition rates for the Summer Quarter have not been changed.

### Forty-Nine Are Candidates For Degrees At June Graduation

Forty-nine Mexico City College students are candidates for degrees at the College's Tenth Annual Commencement Exercises. There are forty-five candidates for the bachelor of arts degree, one for the bachelor of fine arts degree, and three aspirants for the degree of master of arts.

California leads in the number of prospective June graduates with thirteen students, followed by New York with seven and Mexico City with six.

The candidates for the bachelor of arts degree include:

Louis Bachrach, New York City; Lloyd Allen Blumenfeld, Long Beach, California; Clarence

Ira Bordeman, Jr., Los Angeles, California; Richard Herbert Cassidy, Indianapolis, Indiana; Heidi Christman, Delray Beach, California;

Joseph James Cirrito, Niagara Falls, New York; Howard Perry Cook, No. Hollywood, California; Theodore Wayne Cook, Miami, Oklahoma; Mary Louise de Booy, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Manuel R. De Ortega, Los Angeles, California; Alfonso Jacinto Flores, Mexico, D. F.;

Esther Ilka Gilinsky, New York City; Zelda Joy Goldman, Cleveland, Ohio; Sylvia Hassan, Brooklyn, New York; Joe Huron, Hollywood, California; Eleanor N. Kasica, Bristol, Connecticut; Ellison Edwin Ketchum, Jr., Denver, Colorado; Thomas Lloyd Kingsbury, Jr., St. Helena, California;

Ambrose M. Lantsberger, Castlewood, South Dakota; Bill J. Llewellyn, Balboa, California; William Lee Logan, Scarsdale, New York; Irene Luncan, Mexico City; Reginald Walker Margarity, McLean, Virginia; Eldon John Malcolm, Seattle, Washington; Phyllis Paula Markman, Hartford, Connecticut; Alfred Mayerski, Los Angeles, California; John Raymond McPherson, Mexico, D. F.;

Nola Kathleen Morrison, Truth or Consequences, New Mexico; Silvio J. Musa, Bronx, New York;

Arthur Franklin Nesmith, Lufkin, Texas; James Thomas O'Brien, New York City; Charles Harold Parkyn, Los Angeles, California; Francois-Marie Charles Petot, Mexico City; David Popilsky, Arcadia, California; Kenneth E. Reed, Forestville, Connecticut; Clare Norman MacDonald, Mexico;

(Cont'd. on page 3)

### Library Books Due On Thurs.

All library books are due on June 3 according to John V. Baraco, MCC librarian.

From 5:30 p. m. on June 3 until 9 a. m., June 15 the library will remain closed and there will be a fine of 50 centavos per day for each book that is out after the deadline. No transcripts of credits will be issued or degrees granted until fines are paid.

Students who will need certain books for work on theses or papers between quarters will be able to check out books if they have a note from the Dean or the Registrar's Office stating that they are pre-registered for the Summer Session. The books may be signed out on June 3 only and must be returned by June 22.



COVER GIRLS JACKIE PERKINS AND LOIS CHRISTY catch up with their home work on the MCC terrace. Jackie was the 1953 football queen at Texas Western College of El Paso, Texas and appeared on the cover of *El Burro*, the TWC campus magazine. Lois who is currently adorning the cover of the May issue of *Revista Mexicana* was Mexico City College's entry in the College Queen of American Contest. (Marilú Pease Photo).

#### Final Exam Schedule

##### Tuesday, June 1

9:30 Classes	9:30-11:30
11:30 "	11:30-13:30
13:30 "	13:30-15:30
15:30 "	15:30-17:30

##### Wednesday, June 2

10:30 Classes	9:30-11:30
12:30 "	11:30-13:30
14:30 "	13:30-15:30

##### Thursday, June 3

Conflicts

# We Don't Got Ping Pong!

Are all the students of Mexico City College of such a high intellectual caliber that the only extra-curricular activity in which they will participate is chess or bridge?

Isn't anyone interested in playing ping pong, tennis, badminton or shuffle board; games that require little space or equipment? Aren't the college clubs and organizations interested enough to do a little promoting? It seems to us that the student council has been sitting on its hands in this respect.

We have a very spacious patio, but no ping pong tables have appeared. There is a tennis

court that with a little renovating could be made servicable again. Our august body of student representatives has been passing the buck. Its easy to sit in a meeting and talk about student activities that could be promoted. But how about some action? Let's expedite things.

We can't say that an intra-mural program is entirely absent from the MCC student activities program. Quarterly bowling and golf tournaments are held, but close observation will show you that the same people are participating in these activities each and every quarter. Let's cater to other interests. **P. M.**

## At Home-Abroad (Hemingway vs. Faulkner)

By Donald Demarest

### Magazines:

It isn't often that our serious writers do a piece that is commissioned by the slicks (in fact part of their reputation for seriousness depends on this) and so it is interesting to get a chance to compare our two biggest shots and the way they



handle this assignment. William Faulkner was tapped by *Holiday* for a piece on his speciality, Mississippi, for the April issue; and Hemingway has been sent back to Africa for his by *Look*.

For me Faulkner's piece is an anthology article; something that deserves to be printed in any collection of his works. He has taken Mississippi from its earliest history to the present, from the Gulf Coast to the northernmost piney woods, and made it at once an essential guide to a place that is more a state of mind than a State, an autobiography of an author rather than a fugitive piece of journalism, a short novel rather than an article—and something entirely personal, inimitable, and shot with a tone and rightness that proclaims a craftsman whether he is writing a journal, a business letter or a stretch of type to go between perfume and whiskey ads. On the other hand "Papa"—who is always beating his breast about what a pro he is, equipped to handle any medium—comes off a last best in *Look* in spite of the lush color pictures. He seems to be throwing it away with his left hand (admittedly his right was injured), writing down to his audience and the many thousands of dollars he got for this latest safari, and writing the sort of self-conscious prose that we'd expect from the white hunter, or ex-general, Hem has lately tended to identify himself with.

Take a couple of random quotes.

*There were deer to drift in herds alarmless as smoke then, and bear and panther and wolves in the brakes and bottoms and all the lesser beasts—coon and possum and beaver and mink and muskrat... they were still there and some of the land was virgin in the early nineteen hundreds when the boy himself began to hunt...*

And

*When you are throwing from the left side at the eyes of an elephant you hit the right eye when you throw a strike. I threw one strike at this elephant and then two balls. The elephant maintained an aggressive attitude and raised her trunk to what I considered an exaggerated attitude (sic) since it was nearly touching my person; a thing to which I am extremely sensitive; and especially with the elephant.*

Well—if you were buying a term paper (for either Natural Science or Eng. Lit.) which would you be more prepared to pay 50 pesos for? For me the key lies in the personal pronoun. Faulkner tells us a great deal about himself and his writing and his family, through the photographic eye of the "boy". Papa is so busy hogging the picture you can scarcely see the animals and the Green Hills of Africa over his shoulder.

### Turismo:

I'm ashamed to say that I've seen less of Mexico in three years than the average WQIM visitor in a couple of months (which should really disqualify me from this column). I've never even been to Acapulco. However, in the course of the last two weeks and in pursuit of some professional duties, I have seen four or five of the show cities. Taxco in Holy

Week was a disappointment. The religious processions which took place to the accompaniment of hundreds of flashbulbs and the clinking of high-balls from the balconies of bars overlooking the plaza (especially the high-pitched giggle that echoed through the hushed plaza Good Friday Noon) were inevitably self-conscious and theatrical. San Miguel Allende, although less thronged with camera-toting week-enders, seemed even more the province of loud-mouthed and proprietary compatriots. Cuernavaca, of course, is just a suburb of Beverly Hills. And for all of me they could give Queretaro back to the Otomis and Ajijic to the descendants of D. H. Lawrence.

I was on the verge of renouncing my citizenship—or at least retiring for good to my Bohemian-lined den in Coyoacan—when we hit Guanajuato. Now that's one of the most attractive and unspoiled places I've ever come across (I say this in whispers, trusting that the five readers of the column will keep it to themselves.) It has an unperturbed 17th century charm with its cobble-stoned streets and twisty *callejones*, its ruins and lovely churches, and the unflinching courtesy of its inhabitants, that the guidebooks barely hint at and that Taxco can't touch. Looking back on it these things stand out: the ghost towns like Marfil with their mines and churches abandoned since the revolution; the smoothly-run and remarkably cheap luxury of the Hotel Orozco, the University with its harmonious combination of the old and the new, in architecture and teaching methods; the excellent mezcals from local villages they bottle for the *Siglo XX*; and, above all, the touchstone to the whole week, the Cervantes *Entremeses* which take place at night in one of the town's old *plazuelitas*, which is put on by undergraduates and the local residents, and which seems a natural emanation of the city itself—an authentic dream, performed by ghosts, that has no artificial moment. Try Guanajuato sometime, if you've been disappointed in the more trodden tracks of the tourist legions.

### Books:

I even found time to read in Guanajuato and the books I'd brought fitted in with the mood. One was Virginia Woolf's *Diary*, which is one of the best texts I've come across for aspiring writers. Apart from the late Mrs. Woolf's always beautifully exact observations on the English countryside and London scenes, the pen pictures of contemporaries like Hardy and Arnold Bennett ("his smoky brown eye") which remind one of a literary equivalent of Leonardo's sketch books, there is reassurance for the neophyte in her terror about sales and reviews—her apprehension, even after she has achieved an outstanding place in contemporary letters, that her latest book is a failure and will be panned by the critics. But more than anything it is the enormous industry of a sick genius that shames one. In spite of her attacks of melancholy, her terrible headaches, the dread of losing control of her mind that final-

# Music In Mexico

By John Paddock

### Thoughts of Home

We were in The Haig, a tiny night club in Los Angeles which features musical entertainment, usually of more or less avant-garde style. With me were Bob and Martha Tenor; Bob had just returned from a long and exhausting tour with Joe Agony's "name" band, and he was eager to hear some good music.



"Oh," Bob murmured, his eyes fixed on the pianist, who was shaping the tune, the harmonies and the rhythms of a popular song into something new. The pianist added a fresh twist, and "Oh," Bob observed again. From the blue-spotlighted, smoky stage a long crescendo was begun, and as it was firmly and deftly molded, as the tension mounted, several other turns of the pianist's phrases were acknowledged with the same monosyllable, each time more incredulous, each time revealing more suppressed excitement.

The solo came to an overpowering climax, and the several simultaneous melodic lines followed each its own destiny under the pianist's guidance, his tender regard for the lines and his relative disregard for the conventional harmonies which Bob had played with the same song under Joe Agony resulting in some astonishing, fresh and sometimes wry combinations. At the climax Bob could control himself no longer. "But the man has no mercy, no mercy at all!" he burst out.

### Seeks Perfection

Spontaneous though it was, it was a good characterization in several ways of Dave Brubeck. He has no ability whatever to tolerate the scale old formulae of American popular music, and none to tolerate anything less than a continuous maximum effort aimed at perfection in his own performance and that of his assistants (several talented musicians, unable to stand the constant uncompromising demands Dave made upon them, fled from his employ in a high state of nerves).

During the Prohibition era, jazz burst upon American popular music with tremendous impact as, among other things, a form of rebellion. Many of its leading practitioners, in fact, were much more rebellious than musical; it fell into a distressingly small number of rigidly set forms, and only a revolution could produce even such small advances as those into the swing or four-beat style of the thirties. The further advance, in the middle and late forties, into what was called bop style, represented (again among other things) a rebellion, this time against the rigidity of the same music which 20 years earlier had itself been a rebellion. Long after the other arts, jazz went through a dadaist phase in the bop years—that is, there was a reaction against the demand for everything to have

led to her suicide, her *Diary* conveys the picture of an insatiable and completely efficient laborer—one who is always juggling at least three books at a time, plus fiction and non-fiction, articles and stories—an especially of one who never abandons an idea. A scene of people sitting at dusk in an old house by the sea gradually and inevitably emerges into *The Waves*; we can watch a sketch of Vita Sackville turn into *Orlando*; and some of her feminist and literary theories shed their cocoons and become the two *Common Readers* and *Three Guineas*. I guess no writer has ever wasted less time, been more purely and dedicatedly an artist.

"meaning", to be comprehensible to the public; even a reaction against the idea of any restriction whatever.

Meanwhile, competition among dance musicians for the high pay in radio and film music, and the demands for versatility in these media, sent many dance musicians to the conservatories. Now, it is no longer news when an instrumentalist leaves a dance band to join a symphony, or vice versa.

### Serious Study

While he has been active as a working dance musician since before World War II, Dave Brubeck has also had rare training, having studied for years under none less than the great French composer, Darius Milhaud (having been, in fact, a favored disciple of the master).

Jazz is often commended by practitioners of art music—probably because they can't think of anything else about it that they like—for keeping alive the ancient tradition of musical improvisation. However, there is something lacking; jazz improvisation has not been in the tradition of the classical masters, who could compose a well-made piece in strict form while playing, but rather in that of the gypsies, whose less sophisticated improvising depends more on fiery talent alone, without benefit of schooling and larger musical forms.

Just after the war, in 1946, I was working as arranger for a new large orchestra in California, and one day Dave—whom I did not yet know, but who had friends among other members of the organization—came in and modestly asked if we would play a piece of his own writing. We did, and to my indignant astonishment the leader refused to buy it. The least sophisticated audience, I was sure, would recognize as genuine and would be moved by the raw emotional power of it, while any musically trained listener would appreciate at once the presence of skill not often spent on dance band pieces.

### New Outlet

Dave was soon convinced by this kind of experience that he would have to find a somewhat different outlet for his enormous energies; within a couple of years he was appearing in San Francisco with a group of friends, also formally trained musicians, playing music which bore the titles of familiar popular songs, but which did not sound like the playing of any other jazz group. Many of us thought that it was too good musically ever to be a popular success, and we now happily eat our words, for Dave Brubeck is famous and even a little prosperous, within the possibilities of his medium and his times.

He didn't get that way by following an easy road. At his first recording session in San Francisco, nervous tension was so great that Dave was actually nauseated (he doesn't drink, but many musicians take a sedative sip of alcohol at the beginning of a record session). The combination of Dave's merciless self-imposed standards with a first record date and with the cruel demands of pioneering resulted in perceptible tension and some stiffness on his first records. However, they were sufficiently fresh, with their conservatory approach to jazz, their angular strength and general inventiveness, to tickle the fancies of musicians.

The musician who lives by playing for other musicians is certain to know hungry times, and the Brubeck trio, then including Cal Tjader and Ron Crotty as well as Dave, had no place to go but home after more than one short and poorly paid engagement, even though musicians' comments had

(Cont'd. on page 5)

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# Salsamendi Of U. N. Speaks To Students

Asdrubal Salsamendi, Secretary General of the VII U. N. Regional Latin American Conference on Public Information recently held in Mexico City, addressed the students of MCC at the first assembly to be held in the College's new auditorium. Mr. Salsamendi's lecture, which was sponsored by the Press Club, dealt with the various problems and accomplishments of the U. N.

plished its purpose. All of you know that the U. N. mediated the Iranian incident back in 1946, as it did in Indonesia in 1947 and in Hashmir and Korea. These problems", he continued, "could have plunged the world into another world war but the U. N. kept peace".

## Candidates

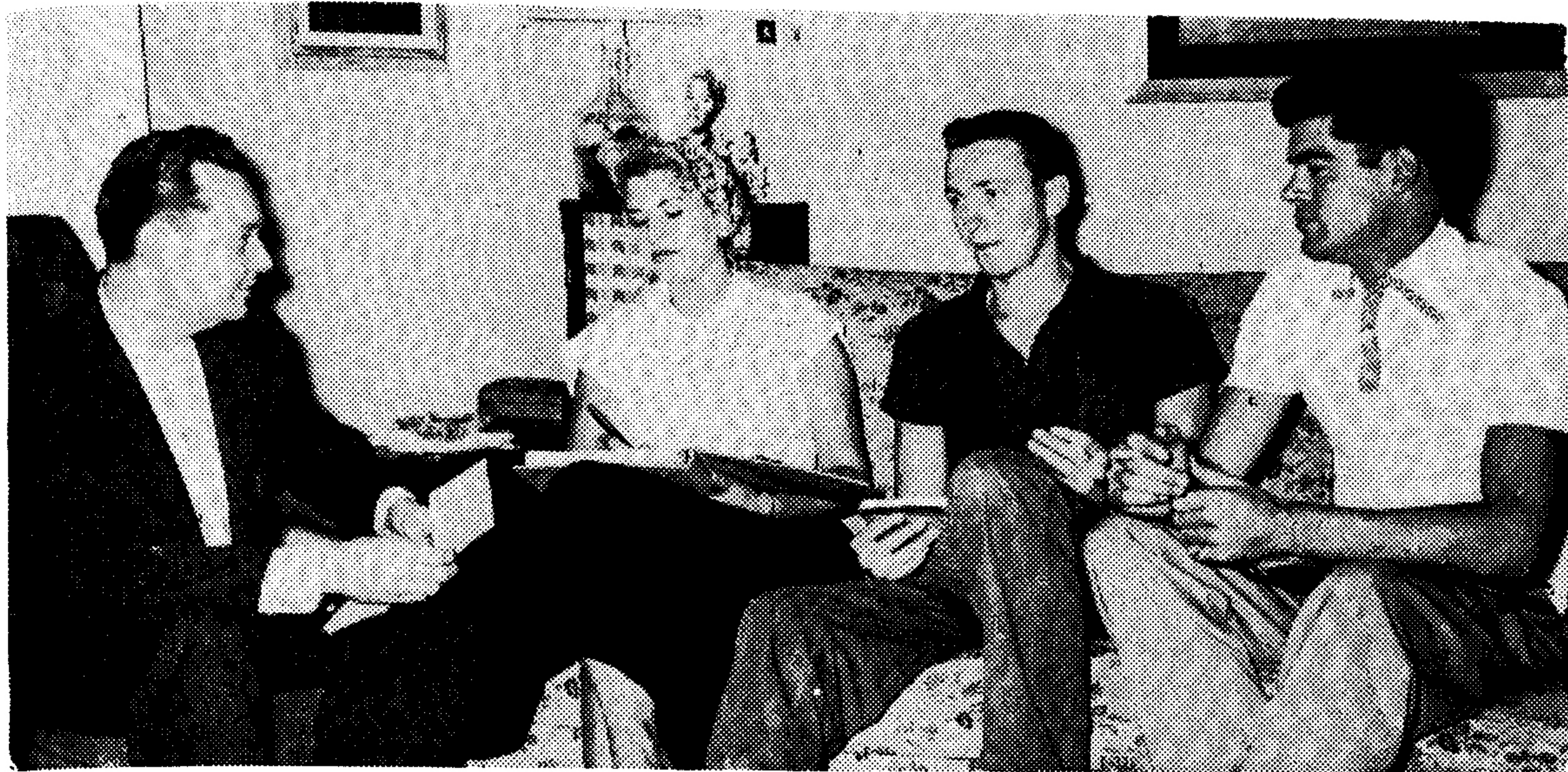
(Cont'd. from page 1)

Thomas Henry Rudkin, Jr., Rahway, New Jersey; Laura Ruman, Garfield Heights, Ohio; Maurice Alexis Marcel Saillant, Los Angeles, California; Salvador Siqueiros, El Paso, Texas; Kenneth Hardy Smith, Jr., Eugene, Oregon;

Edmund Neil Tighe, Muskegon, Michigan; Henry V. Trujillo, Santa Fe, New Mexico; Henry Bradford Works, Merlin, Oregon; Ivan J. Wyatt, St. Louis, Missouri.

Candidates for Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree is Bernard O. Pacheco, Los Angeles, California.

The three candidates for the degree of master of arts are Victor Barnett, Ft. Worth, Texas; Verne Lyle Vogt, Mt. Vernon, Washington; and Dorothy Weems, West Columbia, Texas.



RECENTLY ELECTED officers of the L.A.E.S. hold their first executive meeting in the home of Pam Goas. Seated left to right are Jack Miller, President; Pam Goas, Vice-President; Don Kees, Treasurer; and Tom Pierce, Secretary. (Chuck Parkyn Photo).



"NO, the mail isn't in yet" (Marilú Pease Photo).

## Summer Tour To Mexico Will Bring Co-eds To MCC

The J. D. Howard Tour Organization of Oakland, California is starting a "Summer Tour to Mexico" on the basis of six previous years of success with a similar plan at the University of Hawaii. The group is limited to women.

The purpose of the summer program for college women is to fulfill their desires to visit Mexico for university summer study and travel. The entire itinerary of the tour has been arranged in coordination with the MCC program.

Mr. Howard has a unique plan for recruiting members as he has appointed housemothers on various campuses in the United States who sign up members from their respective schools. The housemothers then escort and live with the girls throughout the tour in Mexico.

In this way, as each girl becomes a member, she is identified with a small unit of from ten to fifteen students under the direction of her housemother.

## Tenth Annual

(Cont'd. from page 1)

Universities will also be presented to Hertercene Turner, Donal Demarest, Onofre Gutiérrez, René Solís, Barbara Sedberry, Morse Manly, Pat Murphy and Tom Kingsbury during the graduation ceremony.

Sheepskins will be conferred on three candidates for the degree of master of arts, 45 candidates for bachelor of arts degrees and one graduate will receive a bachelor of fine arts degree.

Following the commencement exercises a reception and dance will be held on the terrace.

Since no official opening of the new campus was ever held, the administration has invited many guests from the Mexican public to attend the graduation and reception and to make a tour of the campus.

## Full Page Reproduction Of Kosinski's Prize Photo

"Silver Miners" hundred dollar prize winning photo by MCC student Michael Kosinsky is given a full page reproduction in the May issue of the magazine *Américas* which recently sponsored a contest open to all amateur photographers in the Hemisphere.

Judges for the contest were José Gómez-Sicre, art critic and head of the PAU visual-arts section, who has superintended various photo shows at the Pan American Union; Scott Seegers, a professional photographer who has used his camera in every country of the Hemisphere; and Wallace B. Alig, editor of the *Américas* which is published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese by the Pan American Union in Washington, D. C.

Alig states, "For the grand prize we chose 'Silver Miners', by Michael Kosinsky, because it seemed to combine all or most of the elements we were looking for. Attention is immediately focused

on the subject matter through the triangular frame afforded by the beams in the foreground. The back-lighting gave an interesting chiaroscuro effect of persons seen under the peculiar conditions of a mine. This photo was also one of the most original: how many photographs are you acquainted with (except close-ups) of men in the depths of the earth? Add to this the fact that these silver miners are representatives of a trade practiced from one end of the Hemisphere to the other—whether digging coal out of the Alleghenies of West Virginia or tin from the Andes of Bolivia—and you have a theme of universal interest. Mr. Kosinsky, a student at Mexico City College, tells us that, since this was his 'first attempt in a photography contest... the negative... is worth many times its weight in silver.'"

The *Collegian* ran Kosinsky's prize winning photograph in the issue of March 4.

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ASDRUBAL SALSAMENDI of the U. N. addressed the MCC student body at the first assembly to be held in the partially completed College theater. (Chuck Parkyn Photo).

## CUISINE WITH A COLLEGE EDUCATION

PAM PAM

AT STUDENT BUDGET PRICES

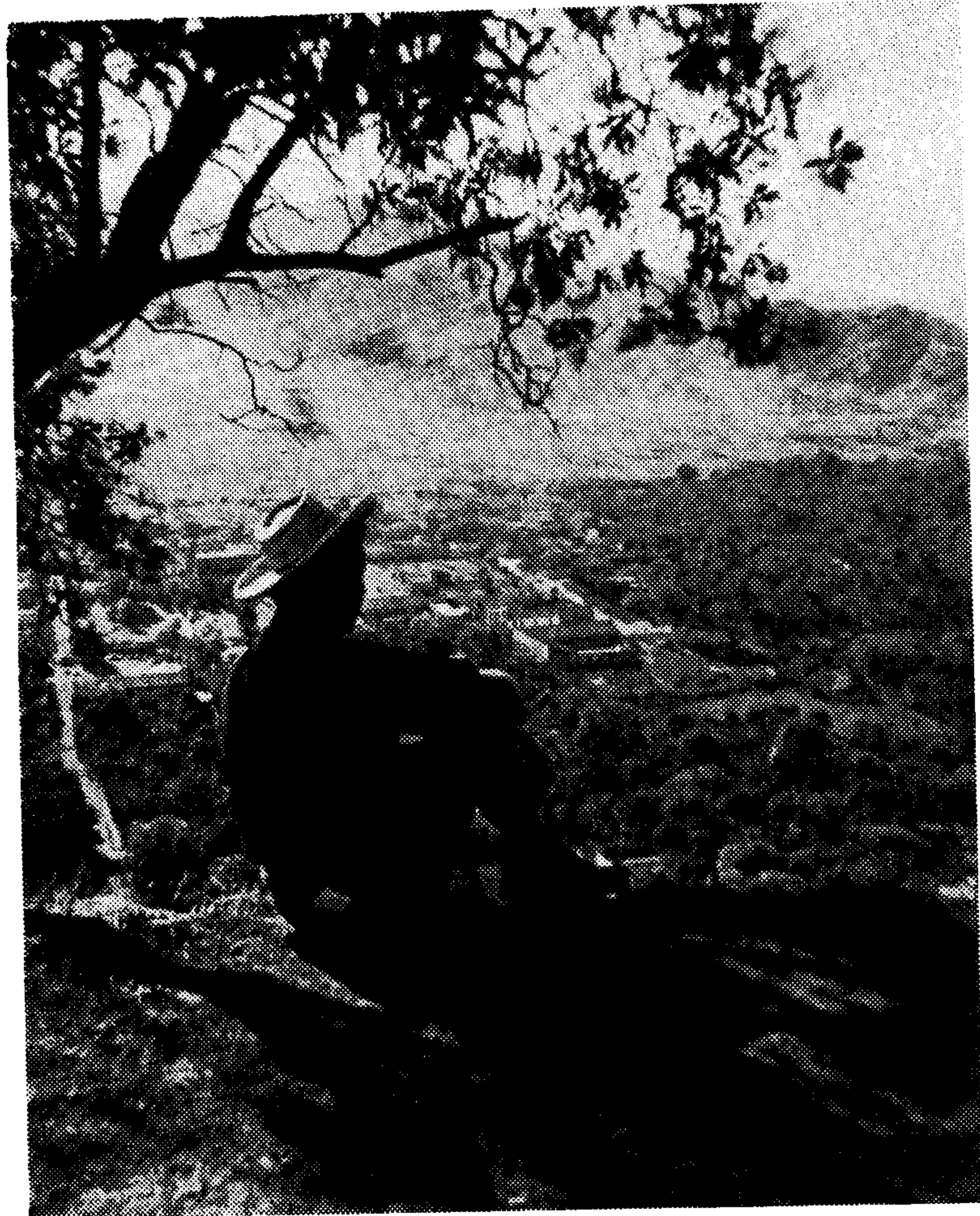
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The Press Club and other groups find our second floor Reforma dining room the perfect place for club dinners and meetings.





DARRELL WONG LOOKS over the Valley of Malinalco.

## Malinalco Beckons To MCC Students

By Darrell Henry Wong

Each of us had a specific purpose on our five-hour bus-trip to Malinalco. Two were Floridians. John Baroco, MCC's Librarian, wanted to see the temple ruins for their ethnologic interest; Jack Holmes, History major at the National University, wanted to photograph the religious festivals and to be in a spot where he could relive again, the glory that was the Matlatzinca; for me it was in continuation of the search that had pulled me away from home and loved ones in California.

### A Bus and a Road...

Our bus joggled along under the blazing noon-day sun an hour past Toluca. Everyone perspired in the packed bus and the odor with that of spoiling food was sour and suffocating in our lungs. Every loose bolt rattled and strained in agony to hold the third-class *camión* together.

For the next two hours the road was so gutted that the sudden jerks of the bus could nearly tear your mesenteries loose. Suddenly the gullied walls that had squeezed the vehicle on the path disappeared. Sighs and chatting started among the people. To the right, there spread a valley so vast that the continuation of the mountain plateau on this side, stretched in a horse-shoe shape 15-miles to the opposite. We were swallowed by a land and a sky.

Far below, the village of Malinalco dug into the vegetation. Whipping along at 40-mph was so much like flying through the clouds at times that I shivered... or was it a chill at the base of the spine?

The bus slowed as it approached a hair-pin curve. Someone said in Spanish, "This is the worst of the road."

The bus stopped. Then it inched towards the turn that dips suddenly, snaps completely around, and then drops again to a road straight down the side of the cliff (and all in less space than one of MCC's parking lots). And no guard-rails!

Cutting left and leaning top-heavy, the chassis shivered itself. No one dared to move. To the right, the front wheels seemed to hang over the side of the road. Nothing underneath except miles of Mexican air and the tiny buildings of Malinalco, like specks of gray upon a green sea.

Passengers gasped as the vehicle lurched forward and then dropped from underneath our weight. It seemed a thousand years later when laughter and chatting broke the tenseness and the bus hummed its way along again. And they make this trip several times a day! Holmes, Baroco, and I glanced around and noted all eyes turned upon us. Then we joined in with the laughter.

### Flies, Angels, and Blue-eyed Indians...

We had gotten off at the local depot, which was a piece of sidewalk and a wall. And in the evening, as we stepped along the rocks skirting a rushing stream that led to our mountain, impressions of the day lingered in my mind.

It had been Festival Day and people had come from far to pack the

town's single hotel and to invade private homes. The *Zócalo* had swarmed with people drinking pop and bargaining at little stands that sold everything from *Lucky Strike* cigarettes to *Hohner* harmonicas and cheap Japanese compasses. Slices of watermelon glistened in the sun—black flies perching on the red meat were hard to distinguish from seeds; we chose to pack our pockets with mangoes, tangerines, bananas, and 20-centavo-a-dozen *tortillas*. Moist-eyed women sat passively drinking in a special cubicle at the local *pulquería*, their bare feet slapping occasionally upon the wet floor; men's deep laughter came from the inside of the building. A black sow, all of 400 pounds on toothpick legs, nudged her nose along the paper that littered the cobbled streets; five sucklings of different browns and grays oinked alongside, tripping, falling, and fighting for dinner.

But it was after we entered the churchyard that, anthropologically, I came across a thing of great interest in two Indian girls. They had sat hidden among hundreds of people who were standing, kneeling, squatting, or praying; guards wore tin replicas of steel helmets and little girls were dressed as Angels with dresses of white and wings and crowns of gold; older women draped themselves in black and white shawls; the younger set preferred pastel shades.

Getting closer to take a picture, the girls suddenly stared up at me with two of the most enchanting pair of eyes probably to be found in any pueblo in all of Mexico. The small one, who was about 18, had eyes so blue that they must have been scooped out of the sky; the other was a few years older, and her irises sparkled like an emerald. They quickly lowered their heads again. In the distance bugles blared to announce the parade. People ran towards the roll of drums, but I lost interest and walked off the grounds in frustration and conjecture.

How would you account for Nordic characteristics in two Indian girls?

### Eagles, Jaguars, Vienna Sausages...

Baroco let out a yell and I quickly forgot about eyes for the moment. He had slipped on a rock and sprained his left ankle. He had a tough time going up the zig-zagging trail towards the temple ruins; long-legged Holmes was always several hundred steps ahead of us and was waiting when we finally reached the top.

The Temple of the Eagles, they explained, many centuries ago had served as military headquarters of the *caballeros del sol*, an organization of tribes dominant in the area, *los cuauhtli*, *los ocelotl*, and *los matlatzinco*. It was the latter whose antiquity of 2,000 years influenced the others. These people carved a monolithic fortress from solid rock with built-in replicas of dead jaguars and eagles.

The door-way of the main chamber is shaped into a serpent's mouth and its tongue serves as a welcome-mat. An eagle dominates the center of the room and its eyes look out the entrance. We stuck a candle on its beak and settled down to a snack of vienna sausages and hard tortillas, spiced up with talk about places we could go

## Improvement Requests Must Be Channeled

Requests by student clubs, faculty members, counselors of departments, and administrative officers for minor repairs, moving or adjustment of installations must be channeled through the House and Garden Committee.

A written memo must be sent to a member of this committee which consists of Mrs. Carty, chairman (on leave) Mr. Juan Hernández, acting chairman; Mr. Guernsey Ford; Mrs. Elizabeth Rice; Dr. Lorna L. Stafford; and Mrs. Elena P. Murray.

Action will be taken in the regular meeting each Friday morning. Individual requests for expenditures in excess of 50 pesos will be referred to the Administrative Council for approval.



SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS, Rosa María García Colín and Irene Luncan, who will study next year at Occidental College and Bryn Mawr, respectively (Marilú Pease Photo).

## June Grad, Sophomore Win Stateside Scholarships

By Willard Bennett

The regular college year comes to a fitting end this June with two MCC'ers, Rosa María García Colín and Irene Luncan, being awarded scholarships.

Rosa María, a sophomore, has been granted one year's study at Occidental College in California where she will continue her work toward a B. A. She is majoring in languages with a minor in education and hopes someday to teach in Mexico City, which is her permanent residence.

It would seem that brightness runs in the Colín clan for only last June, Rosa María's sister, Elizabeth, graduated from MCC with a scholarship for advanced study at Smith College for Women in Massachusetts.

Life has been, in a sense, a series of travel for Irene Luncan, the 18 year—old senior who won the second scholarship. Irene's is from Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania and is also for a year.

Irene was born in the now-iron curtain country of Rumania, but she can hardly be classified as an expert on Balkan affairs—she left there when she was two. Her parents had decided a change in address would be in order and they moved to New York City.

Came the summer of 1950 and another move took place. This time it was Mexico and Irene was up against a language she didn't know. She attended and graduated from the Oxford Tutoring Academy in Mexico City, where the classes were conducted in English, but outside of school Irene found that a knowledge of Spanish was a must. Shortly after her arrival in Mexico, however, her friends stepped in and began teaching her the language. Evidently they started something, because she gets her B. A. from MCC this June with a major in—you guessed it—Spanish!

Irene's next move, to Bryn Mawr, will have her working toward an M. A. in Romance Languages and she is looking forward to spending as many as possible of her off-campus hours there attending ballet performances. She has studied the art herself for several years and wastes no time in naming an English film, *Red Shoes*, "the best movie I've ever seen".

After she gets her M. A., Irene may go into teaching, but she has not yet made a final decision. One thing's for certain, whatever the future holds for her, if it's anything like the past, it will involve travel *mucho*.

## John Cannons Parents Of Nine Pound Son

Mr. and Mrs. John Cannon, both MCC students, became the parents of a son, Michael Stephen, on May 17. The lad weighed nine and a half pounds at birth.



Mimi Berg (Paul Durege Photo)

## Mimi Berg Studies On Pan Am Grant

Marilyn "Mimi" Berg of Highland Park, Chicago has been attending Mexico City College for the past quarter on a Pan Am Scholarship from the Chicago Pan American Round Table.

A graduate of the Art Institute of Chicago, Mimi has also attended Grinnell College, in Iowa and Northwestern University. Her chief interest in the field of fine arts is design, and she hopes to do further study and obtain a job in

together in the world. We fell asleep with our dreams.

### And All the Years of Transgression...

I awoke from my half-sleep at three a. m. and walked out to the edge of the cliff. The entire countryside was bathed in moonlight. A few stars twinkled in the dark-blue sky; one smeared cloud was overhead. Eroded mountains jutted from all sides, and identical strata suggest them to have been a common plateau in past geologic ages.

Malinalco nestled below and her street-lights formed a cross. Smoke curled slowly upward from several points. A donkey's braying sounded above the barking and yipping of all the dogs in town. Somewhere a truck ground gears, its motor coughed, and then rumbled on. A frog croaked every three seconds.

Soon the town's lights flicked-off and the sounds of an awakening pueblo echoed against the cliffs. Someone started tooting a three-note tune on a fife and was quickly joined by a wailing bugle. A door slammed. Flickering candles circled the churchyard and disappeared into the building, its light glowing through the curved entrance. The churchbells sounded in tribute to *Nuestro Señor*. Somewhere a cock crew. I breathed in the snappy morning air, and here on a hill-top thousands of miles away from home, a sense of well-being came to me. I felt that in part, the search that had brought me to Mexico was consummated.

God felt close. And all the years of transgression vanished with the coming of the dawn.

this field when she return to the States.

Mimi is not a stranger to Latin America as she has traveled extensively through Central America as far south as Panama, and has spent time exploring ancient ruins in Guatemala and Yucatan.

Since her arrival in Mexico in March when she spent part of a morning waiting at Chiapas to register until someone told her that the college has moved, Mimi has been living with a Mexican family. She contends that this is the only way to obtain a background in Mexican culture.

## Music Dept Head Marries Beausire

Mrs. Evelyn Mosier-Foster, head of MCC's music department, was married on Saturday, May 15, to Mr. Robert Beausire of London, England.

Mr. Beausire, who was a captain in the Royal Artillery of the British Army during World Wars I and II, was formerly with Lloyds of London.

Mrs. Mosier-Foster is also acting counselor of women students during the absence of Mrs. Lou Carty.

The Beausires will leave on June 1 for a visit to the states for several weeks.

# Chuck Wagoners Held Favorites To Take Bowling League Title

The Chuck Wagoners appear to be a cinch to capture first place in the Mexico City College Bowling League. With one meeting left on the schedule, the Wagoners have won twenty-one games and lost seven.

The Joy Boys in the second place slot with seventeen wins and eleven losses have a very slim chance of overtaking the league leaders.

Most of the action in next week's meeting will be in the fight for third place. The Underdogs are tied with the Barrons, both having won nine and having lost nineteen.

Art Knutson, captain of the Underdogs, will undoubtedly walk off with the trophies for high individual game and high series. His high game is 227-27-254 and

high series is 556-81-637. Other members of the Underdogs are

Joe Muha, Ted Thomas, Frank Noe and Bill Riveroll.

The Wagoners have the high team series with 2274-303-2577 pins. Chuck Parkyn is their leader with Ted Cook, Dick Renna, Dave Popilsky and Arnold Saucedo being other members of the team. The Joy Boys are led by Harley Outten with Herman Crist, Mike Keogh, Bill Edney and Stan Orrell.

In the Women's Division of the league, Terry Quijano leads, followed by Eddi Parker, Georgia Parkyn, Soli Mendoza, Julie Rosblock, Lenore Renna and Pauline Gilstrap.

	League W.	Standings L.
Wagoners	21	7
Joy Boys	17	11
Barron's	9	19
Underdogs	9	19

Pat Bailey, Bob Sato, George Barrie, and Jim Gaughran.

The high team game honors go to the Barrons with a score of 772-136-908 pins. The team includes Captain Henry Barron,



BEFORE BREAKFAST RIDE appeals to Marilyn Peary, enthusiastic member of the newly formed Saddle Club. (Chuck Parkyn Photo).

## Saddle Club Horsemen Get Off To Galloping Start

With a "Heigh-ho Silver" (in Spanish of course) seven members of the newly-formed MCC Saddle Club recently got off to a galloping start on their first ride of the quarter.

The saddle fans spent more than three hours riding in the area around the Mexico City airport accompanied by an instructor.

The rented horses were well-trained studio mounts and were recently hired out to the motion

picture "Sitting Bull" which was on location near Mexico City.

Two members of the club, Wynne Zucker and Marilyn Peary, who are taking added instruction, have acquired the habit of rising before six every morning for a "before breakfast" ride.

Other students who went on the Saturday morning ride include: John Sabal, Bob Abblitt, Henry Baron, Perry Cook and Chuck Parkyn.

## Crist Walks Away With Top Honors In Golf Tourney

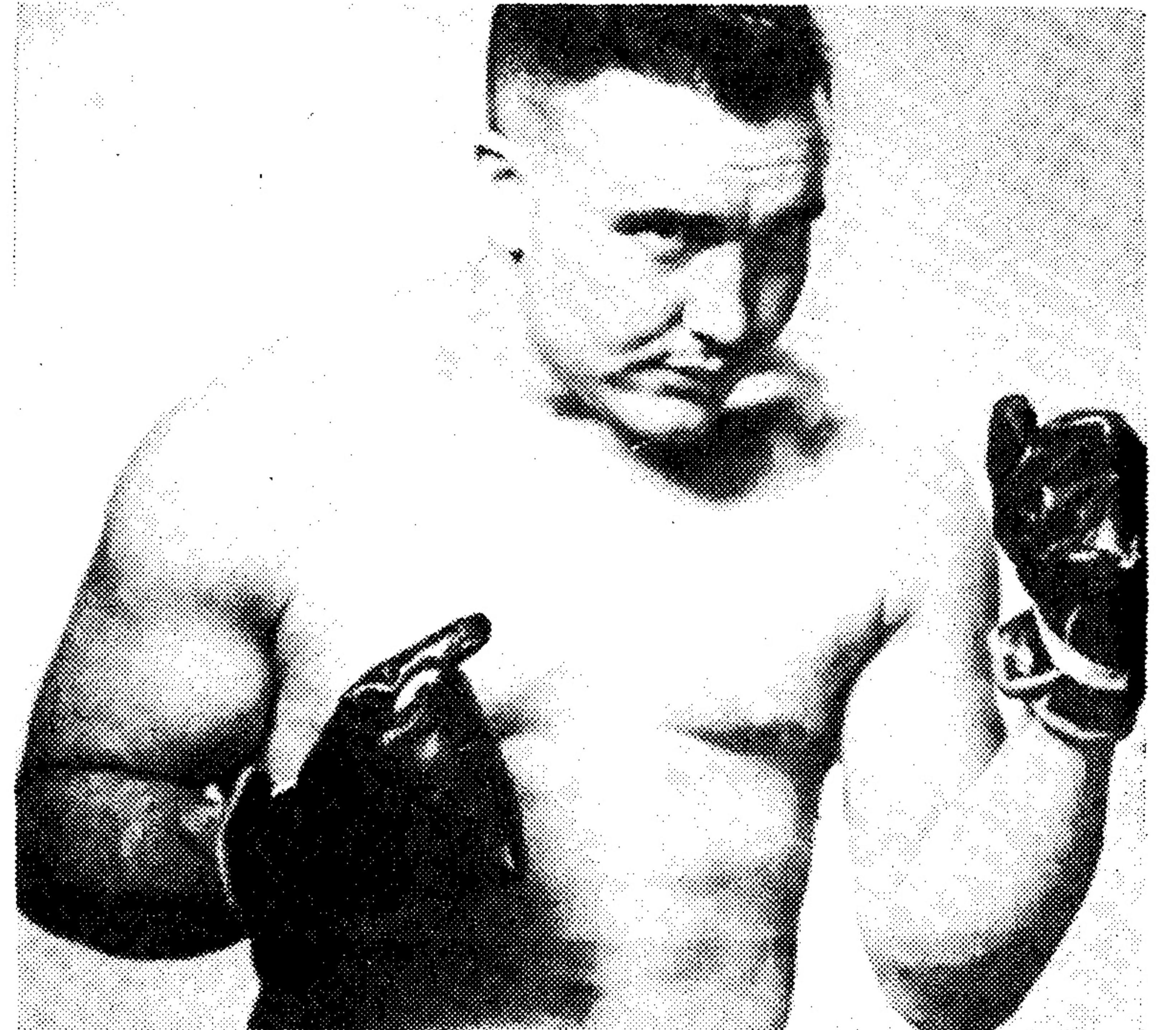
Herman Crist walked away with top honors in the Mexico City College Golf Tournament held at the Chapultepec Country Club.

Crist, shooting a eighteen hole total of 164, was followed by Jack Stanley with a 172 and Lyle Wahlstrom with a 180.

In the "B" flight, Gene Noe captured first place laurels with a 205, beating out Bill Gund by one putt with a 206. Stan Orrell came in third with a 212.

Harley Outten, Don Keyes and Chuck Parkyn shot 217, 219 and 220 respectively.

In the Ladies' Tourney, Sandy Platt stopped Edith Parker to claim first place.



HAVING LAID ASIDE his boxing gloves, Edward Stephens now takes on problems in foreign trade courses instead of ring opponents.

## Pugilist Stephens, Veteran Of Over 100 Slugfests

By STAN KRASNIC

Reserved and personable Edward Stephens looks more like a writer than a fighter, yet this 26 year old "pugilistic student" is a veteran of over 100 slugfests. Practically all of them emanated in the army where in the year of 1947 Ed placed second in the USA championships.

Practice doesn't always make perfect, but in this middleweight's case the old adage proved an axiom, for, in the spring of 1949, Ed slugged his way to the European armed forces championship.

Shortly after, Ed was discharged and he hardly got more than a scent of Boise Junior College in Idaho when he was recalled to the service in Sept., 1950. One year later at Camp Stoneman, California, Ed bid an elated farewell to the army and decided to make his professional debut in Oakland, Calif.

Six fights and a only few hundred dollars later, Ed resolved to give up the fight game. He took an honest appraisal of himself and decided that a record of 50% wins out of a mere half dozen fights didn't indicate a glory road ahead. As the ex-Idahoan explains it, in what appears to be a characteristic forthright manner: "The army competition in Europe was rather poor after the

World War 11 and so I climbed easily to the top. Pro competition was another story..."

I noticed that for all his ring time Ed had no worse after affects than a hardly discernible broken nose, and so I was prompted to ask him if he thought boxing was dangerous.

"I don't think it's any more dangerous than playing golf", replied Ed. "In fact I would like to see it adopted as an amateur sport here at the college".

Before coming to MCC, Ed, a foreign trade major, spent an additional couple of semesters at the College of Idaho. He was recently married to a Spanish señorita in Mexico and to coin a wobbly phrase, is happily basking in the blissful rays of domestic sunlight.

Asked what he particularly liked about going to school at MCC Ed obliged with: "I like the college in general, and mainly the student body. I think they're a really mature group."

## Music in Mexico

(Cont'd. from page 2)

been strongly and uniformly favorable. But musicians know disc jockeys, and the jockeys (some of them) recognized that Dave's trio had considerable popular appeal as well as musical value. Within two years or so of the first nervous San Francisco recording session, demand for the trio was steady and nationwide.

### Jazz Influence

The sound of it mellowed considerably, too. The first almost panicky flight from anything tainted with jazz formulate had led to some sacrifice of the valuable elements of good jazz, but with experience and the growth of confidence Dave became less strictly bound to conservatory devices, much freer in his own playing and in his direction, and probably more acceptable as a performer to the public at large, which could now recognize in his work his roots in jazz as well as his perhaps somewhat intimidating conservatory polish.

There has always been a co-star with Dave. The tense brilliance of percussionist Cal Tjader, the first one, was not always a happy combination with Dave's uncompromising, hard-driving devotion; the two men, although both great in their fields, did not complement each other ideally. It has been good for Dave to work, more recently, with Paul Desmond, the gentleness and subtlety of whose alto sax are perfect in complement to the Brubeck tendency to use bold colors, to spend himself without reserve.

Contact with many musicians, of all kinds and origins, over the country has been a happy result of the group's travels. Dave recalled one night when Lionel Hampton, a fine musician who has found it easier to make a living playing his loudest and wildest rather than his best, sat in. "It was fun!" Dave conveyed the sense of discovery of that night. He is utterly sincere, without guile, and the genuineness of his feeling about it was unquestionable. He had discovered, participating in it, what he had never learned as a listener to it—that there is exhilarating raw excitement in

the simplest musical material in the hands of a masterful percussionist like Hampton. "I have more respect for the blues than I used to, and I think Hamp influenced me permanently and deeply", Dave said. "There is a kind of new dimension for me since then. I look more carefully behind the tired formulas for the good jazz, even in older styles, and I think I have better feeling for it than before."

### After Bop, what?

There are others, of course, who bring conservatory training to the field of popular music, but the others have, I think, been less convincing than Dave Brubeck in avoiding the effect of mere mechanical use of art-music devices. In many a smoke-filled room, over many a watery dollar highball, many an unknowing American has recently been exposed to polytonal harmonies as Dave Brubeck's strong hands reach determinedly for new sounds, often with such intensity that one is aware that he is really composing for large orchestra, that 10 fingers are far too few for what he is trying to say. The same innocent night-clubber has been treated to—and has not objected to—Bachian principles, subtleties of counterpoint which go back centuries.

And if the mid-thirties brought us the swing revolution, the mid-forties bop, can it be that Dave Brubeck is now engaged in a revolutionary return to classical ideas? The discoveries of the anything-to-be-novel days have been integrated into more judicious, balanced styles in the arts in general within recent years. It seems reasonable to conclude that a closely analogous process is going on in American jazz, and that Dave Brubeck is a leader in it.

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## If You Crowd In, Felipe Pays Fine

Felipe, one of MCC's bus drivers is a very affable guy. He hates to say "no" to anyone. But sometimes he has to.

According to Felipe, there is a law limiting the number of passengers allowed to ride a school bus to 36. Violation results in a 100 peso fine against the driver.

In the interest of safety, and because Felipe cannot afford to pay a fine of 100 pesos, don't attempt to board a bus already filled to the legal capacity. Felipe will have to tell you "no".

## College Picnic Features Combo

Approximately 100 students turned out for the second annual college picnic which was held a few weeks ago in the Jardín Cerveza Corona.

A "combo" consisting of Francisco Arrozo on the tumba drums, Abel Urbina Martínez on the piano, and Antonio Castillo on the bass, provided some of the afternoon's liveliness. Pete Keck and Lou Cabello, MCC students, added their talents to the entertainment by playing the bass and singing.

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Presenting Mexico

By Marilú Pease



Station Stop

Railroad travel in Mexico is quite an experience, especially for the newcomer to this country. Most interesting are the frequent station stops, when the passengers are besieged by Indian vendors. This is especially true when taking the day train down to Veracruz.

At noon a long stop is made at Esperanza, midway down to the coast. It is here where the passengers who are not enti-

tled to dining car service buy their noon day meal. Indians by the hundreds come dashing along below the train windows, with baskets of tacos and tamales, fried chicken and tortillas, hardboiled eggs and tortillas.

Eager hands reach down for what is offered, and skinny dogs scurry around hoping for a crumb. It is colorful, noisy, smelly—lots of fun to watch.

Graduate School Breakdown Reveals Interesting Facts

Twenty-nine new students are enrolled in the graduate school this quarter making a total of one-hundred and twenty graduate students of which eighty-nine are potential candidates for the degree of Master of Arts. Twenty-three of the United States are represented as well as Mexico, Spain and Sweden.

Among the number of Bachelor's degrees held by MCC graduate students are those in Arts, Fine Arts, Business Administration, Foreign Trade, Law, Science, and Social Science. They represent degrees from such state-side colleges as the University of California, University of Southern California, University of Denver, Cornell University, Syracuse University, Ohio State University, Rice Institute, Texas Wesleyan, and the University of Texas, as well as from Mexico City College, the Instituto Calderón de la Barca in Madrid, Spain and the University of Uppsala in Sweden.

The average age of the male graduate student is thirty-one years old while the average female graduate is twenty-nine. Of the potential candidates for degree of Master of Arts, the Latin American Studies department has the highest number registered with

thirty-two, while the Hispanic Languages and Literatures and Applied Arts departments have second highest registration with fourteen each. Anthropology and Economics aspirants number ten each while International Relations candidates are five and those of the History department are four.

Harry Weeks To Wed in August

Harry Weeks from Fort Worth, Texas, who will be awarded his B. A. degree here in August, will be married to María Cristina Gutiérrez Camerón, daughter of Luis Gutiérrez Camerón, Sub-Secretary of the Departamento de Recursos Hidráulicos of Mexico. Miss Gutiérrez attended MCC last year. The wedding is set for August 28 at the Church of the Sacred Family.

After the ceremony the Weeks will leave for Austin, Texas, where Harry will attend the University of Texas to study for an LL. D. degree in international jurisprudence.

On the  
Kampus Korneer

With Stan Krasnic

DOS INSTANTITOS:

I was casually gulping a delaware punch at the hotel bamer COCKTAIL BAR when, er, rather... I was seated in the school cafeteria ravenously devouring the delightful 5 peso special when in WALKED harley outten, arnold saucedo, and chuck PARKYN. This talented TRIO recently was entered as a team in a CITY wide bowling league contest and placed second in the tournament. I proudly greeted them with a chipper, "Hello, CHAMPS"... Nobody answered.

Tumbling off my perch I waddled out into the PATIO where a couple of odd DUCKS by the names, of lloyd blumenfield and jimmy o'brien were QUACKING jokes. One was about the two travelling BOPPERS who, while in russia, saw a guy flogged in a public SQUARE.

"I don't dig the BEAT", said one, "but that sure is a crazy DRUM".

Ex-SINGER nick nixon ambled over and he sadly told us that his cute little boxer DOG and faithful companion ZSA ZSA decided to take a solo walk and never returned. Nick was kinda broken up over it, and we all sympathized... Ran into the exbayonne WAR hero dave coz who asked ME if I knew what "fink" meant.

"It sounds like the name of a BAKING COMPANY", I replied with mock ignorance.

Then dave went on to tell me a bit about some young LADY he knew who asked an ex-BOY friend what he thought of her fiancé.

"He's a fink", the EX remarked.

She repeated the appraisal to her fiancé who in short order located the EX-BOY friend and soundly thrashed him...

"Funny thing", said dave, "neither the fiancé nor his GIRL friend knew what "fink" meant... Talking about something we know nothing about, a short time ago leaflets were handed out in SCHOOL which read "NO SMOKING ON THE BARRANCA". And for days following a leading question circulating around the campus was, "What's a BARRANCA?"... Jim sullivan, bruce faulkner, bob robertson and mike lanzberger recently vacationed in acapulco. Jim tells me they were staying at a hotel called the TROPICAL for 5 PESOS a day per PERSON. No, this didn't include MEALS. But there was running WATER.

FLASH: Ace butterfield shaved 5 years off his chin. I never realized he was that young... Earl sennet, talented director of player's inc, is working on a new production a blooming MUSTACHE... Ed rosenfeld's latest parody "STRANGER WITH A

PAIR-A-DICE."... Louie bachrach promises to pay off all debts by FRIDAY. Which FRIDAY?... Don keys, charles hedlin, ellen copeland and marilyn perry are planning to WORK in alaska this summer. As yet, they've no definite JOBS in sight. Might try point barrow. I hear there's WORK all year round for SNOW shovelers... First PATIENT in the SCHOOL infirmiry was the NURSE, hertecene turner.

WOMEN: Did chuck brown ever tell YOU about the time he went around with a greek GIRL who spoke spanish with a BROOKLYN ACCENT?... Gentleman klyn durege says that a MAN who drives with one ARM, while holding a GIRL with the other, is not giving the GIRL the proper attention she deserves... Dave cox vehemently objects to girls who have had 2 PSYCHOLOGY courses and then try to psychoanalyse you... Kampus konfucious SAYS: "GIRLS who wait for ONE and ONLY may be lonely".

At the RUM FACTORY tour a short while back, don zirngable, bill burns, don keys and kathy wilson, among others, were seen taking good advantage of the SAMPLES. Karl loss and ed beltram shunned this OPPORTUNITY to visit the home of baccardi and have been quite despirited since... "Fair" kathryn canada is an extra in a new cantinflas MOVIE, but got her LEGS and nothing

more into one scene. In this bit Cantinflas is supposed to be watching the HORSERACES through a pair of BINOCULARS; however, he's distracted into sneaking a PEEK at kathy's gams... I hear that art costervern got a shock from a OUIJA BOARD. It told him that he had 6 MONTHS to live. Well, live it up, art... Bob lezebnick quotes a recent news article about a fellow who claims ownership of all OUTER SPACE and is selling CELESTIAL BITS to EARTH dwellers. Choice spots are still available. Believe it or not, bob tells me that this crackpot has already sold \$400 worth... Aspiring golfer Vin Mihalek, caught in the throes of inspiration opened the french DOORS to his BALCONY as wide as possible (about 4 feet), pegged a tee into a CRACK in the floor only a few feet from the BALCONY, gently placed a GOLF BALL on the tee, took his best ben hogan stance and swung like a DEMON. C-R-R-R-A-A-A-AASH went the WINDOW PANE on one of the opened doors, up went vin's rent and down went his reputation as a GOLFER. Nobody has seen the BALL since... Poet willard Bennett commenting on the drinking water situation: "When it's a PLACE that I don't trust, I can always order BEER... Which suffices nicely at LUNCH, but won't do for BREAKFAST I fear."

Grad Of The Week

Ebersole Now Teaching At University of Kansas

By ALVA EBERSOLE, as related to DARRELL L. HENRY WONG

"Al", my mother used to say, you should be thinking of finishing school instead of wanting to leave... you're so young..."

"But I could never bring myself to listen, and I doubt now that I ever wanted to at the time. Life at home in Kansas in those days had its heartaches and its struggles. Father was principal of a primary school in Liberal and mother taught her music. The depression was like an omnipresent cloud and had its effect on our little family.

"This had its effect upon me also, for I soon left home and entered the U. S. Marines. The years passed, and when the Second World War broke out, I transferred to the Navy as a Specialist "A" (A for athletics). Every few weeks we ground out men and boys into sailors for fleet duty. I suppose that it was here when teaching and training others first came into my mind.

"After the end of the war, however, I went to Los Angeles, California, and enrolled to study voice. I could not devote full-time to study and did not progress as rapidly as I had hoped. I soon looked towards Mexico for a solution.

"I first enrolled in the Facultad de Música at the National University in 1948. A student strike at the time, however soon convinced me that MCC was my preference.

"Those first days in MCC were hectic. But as the quarters flitted past, my studies stimulated and conditioned me until I became a devotee of the profession of which I now hope will be my life work. I want to praise the teachers who taught me, for it was they who directed me towards the field of education.

"I am now an Assistant Instructor at the University of Kansas and conduct classes in Spanish from Elementary Grammar to Beginning Literature. In addition, my thesis for the Doctorate is taking seed: it deals with Juan Ruiz de Alarcón and the probable philosophic background he received before departing from Nueva España to Salamanca.



Al Ebersole

"My wife is of invaluable inspiration in my work, and accompanies me all over the States to meetings of the teachers' associations. She came from Spain to study in the National University where we met and found common ground in music. We still sing on occasion at club meetings we have organized and are sponsoring such as La Tertulia, composed of students in the beginning Spanish classes, and the El Ateneo, in which membership is limited to advanced pupils only.

"My spare time is taken up by membership in such organizations as Sigma Delta Pi, Pi Delta Phi, AATSP, KAATSP, MLA, and KMLA. If this should be any indication that I have come part way, there is yet a long path to go. I hope that from the many details I have thrown together here, that you, as students, may find something encouraging and worthwhile.

"In closing, I hope that you may be as fortunate as I have been in Mexico, to have found my goal in education and someone to give meaning to the word 'Happiness', and out of this, to have found myself."

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