five, he was signed for six months, at a thousand dollars a week.

1935


COBB-BURKE: Miss Juanita Cobb and Frederick LaMarr Schmidt, ’35ex, June 15. Home, Norman.

CROWELL-WALLACE: Miss Hazel Lee, ’35as, Guthrie, has taken a position as reporter and feature writer on the Carlsbad, New Mexico, Daily Current-Argus. She succeeded Martha Jane Dowell, ’35as, El Reno, on the staff of the paper owned and edited by Ed Karrigan.

MCNEIL-THOMPSON: Miss Letae McNeil, ’35as, and Ralph Leland Thompson, June 3 in Norman. Home, Oklahoma City.

Dr. Ben P. Clark, ’35med, has accepted a position as assistant house physician at the Children’s Hospital, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Thomas Mansson, ’35as, is employed as an accountant in the Oklahoma Tax Commission in the Gross Production Division. Address, 224 Northeast 16th Street, Oklahoma City.

Margaret Edwards, ’35as, Fort Worth, Texas, has accepted a position in Ardmore where she will do social service work. Since she completed work toward her degree last January, she has been doing fieldwork in Fort Worth.

Laura Armstrong, ’35ed, Bixby, has accepted a position to teach English in the Bixby high school during the coming year. Hazel Lee, ’35as, Guthrie, has taken a position as reporter and feature writer on the Carlbad, New Mexico, Daily Current-Argus. She succeeded Martha Jane Dowell, ’35as, El Reno, on the staff of the paper owned and edited by Ed Karrigan.

Jay B. Wharton, ’35M.S., has been added to the staff of the Phillips Petroleum company, Holdenville.

Victoria Time in Monterey

By RICHARD M. CALDWELL, ’26as

OLD Monterey seems to have inherited the one most glamorous vehicle of the gay nineties—the majestic victoria—its liveried cabmen and blazed horses.

Cruising out of the nimbus of the night they roll leisurely from dusk until dawn around the plazas in an elegance that is altogether fitting with the aroma of gardens that haunts the air and mingles with the low rhapsody of voices on park benches and tingling jetties of fountain waters.

A wave of the hand—the vague call of caballero and the regality of the low flung open carriage loses its street identity to become personal property. The dignified coach glories every area it touches. But for the merchant and ennu-echoing clop-clop-clop of horse hoof beats in narrow streets—the barouche glides familiarly in and out of some of Monterey’s most secluded sections of night life almost unnoticed.

A Monterey moon, like an illuminated crystal sphere, pours out a flood of white night light—and swathes a mantle of snowy lustre over the otherwise glistening black coach as it filters with its cargo through the shadows.

Swinging down old Zaragoza street—rows of one-story residences with their lace curtained windows behind wrought iron bars—rise in mellow outlines from the sidewalk almost within reach of an arm. With their dim lights and rich coloring, their occasional open balcony, they hold back the secrets of romance and life that is going on behind them. Now and then a door opens and the fleeting glimpse of a sumptuously verdured patio offers a breath-taking picture.

The cabman, stiff as a thistle, unbends now and then to sandwich in the story of a knitting at Alameda plaza, an elopement from this casement window or to point to the doorway of a Mexican politician in or out of governmental repute.

Wait! there, there—he has reined in his horse to an abrupt halt because a fellow countryman has tooted his car horn at him over viciously. By chance and not by driving adroitness the two vehicles have avoided collision. But the story is not ended. The starchly cochero has been roundly abused in Spanish profanity. He turns rigid and rivets his gaze on the fellowcountryman who tooted his car horn and yawns. It is time to coast back to the goals.

Or is it? Lord, the air is charged with nervousness of people is chanting his admiration. "And this is the American colony," he says, "and whacks his horse to an abrupt halt because a knifing at Alemeda plaza, an elopement.

Maffiana," he says, "forsaken grandeur.

Suddenly he darted his head forward from his shoulders in the face of his adversary. "Mañana," he says, and whacks his horse viciously across the back and lurches out of a dangerous impasse of one block into the calm elegance of another.

And this is the American colony," he explains comically. "One might have said, "see Egypt," and been believed for the "momentous" upturning the near dirking scrape, so changing the moods of the night!

Off Bolivar lane, the ghost white villas of the Continental hotel.

If only the spirit of the night had not obscured his dates and his other valuable comments!

Mesa de Chipinque, spiralling nine miles up the Sierra Madre ridge beckons with one faint gleam. Tomorrow its call may be answered at lunch time and if the next night is as moon-white the chalk cathedral rock spires of Huasteca canyon will mean dazzling pleasures and in between times perhaps horsetail falls, a ribbon of enchanting mountain spray.

But the cochero has gathered the reins and yawns. It is time to coast back to the plaza by way of Hidalgo with the regality of the night came and in the quaintness of the gleaming baronche. From the shallow reaches of the Santa Katharina river floats the vague echo of string music and folk song. Another victoria passes and its cargo seems over replete with Maldonados wines.

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Most fascinating picture of the Sierra Madre range in this region of Mexico. Circling wrought iron outside staircases, interspersed on the way up with potted cacti, leave a Spanish architectural flavor as lingering as "poule male," as definite as "avocado salad" in the open eating plaza of the Continental hotel.

But the cruising carriage has suddenly begun a serpentine retreat. It has passed the three dream houses, identical in design, scampering like lambs down the back side of an evergreen knoll. It has passed the Muguerza family colony and the ermine horse pants as it turns the last curve to the Obispado hill, the bishop’s palace in which no bishop ever lived. Deserted except for a keeper now who tends flowers in the ancient patio the stone today, is the pivot spot connected by a closed tunnel to the cathedral two miles away.

A formidable sentinel, pock marked with bullets from the bandit guns of Villa, blood-stained from men who fought around Zachary Taylor, it is the rendezvous of Spanish accent at night, of turistas moved by its apparent solitary and forsaken grandeur.

Monterey sprays like an old fashioned diamond brooch below. To the left the lights of the federal palace, the state capitol and almost within a stone’s pitch the Moorish night resort, Terpischo Gardens, a symphony of walled in elegance. And far down on Madero boulevard—Montparnasse, unconventional rendezvous of cardinal past time.

The heavy bell-hung tower of the Cathedrals, in rich chiaroscuro against the brittle bright, moon, is the pivot spot connected by a closed tunnel to the cathedral two miles away.

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