

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

1935

BAUGHMAN-ROWAN: Miss June Baughman and Richard Rowan, '35ex, April 27 in Sulphur. Home, 2501 Northwest 21st, Oklahoma City.

MARSHALL-BUTTRAM: Miss Joyce Ellen Marshall, '35as, and Myron Franklin Buttram, '35ex, June 19. Kappa Kappa Gamma-Sigma Chi. Home, Oklahoma City.

COUNTS-SCHMIDT: Miss Juanita Counts and Frederick LaMarr Schmidt, '35ex, June 15. Home, Oklahoma City.

MOBERLEY-FREEMAN: Miss Phyllis Moberley and Hubert Freeman, '35ex, June 15. Home, Norman.

RAPP-BIRKHEAD: Miss Barbara Ruth Rapp, '35ex, and William Henry Birkhead, June 16. Pi Beta Phi. Home, Norman.

STUMBO-ROWLAND: Miss Elma Stumbo and H. C. Rowland, '35ex, June 3 in Oklahoma City. Home, Houston, Texas.

BURKE-WALLACE: Miss Mabel Estella Burke and Keith Wallace, '35ex, June 9. Home, Chickasha.

NICKELL-STEELE: Miss Mary Elizabeth Nickell, '35ex, and John Albert Steele, June 1 in Oklahoma City. Home, Cordell.

MCNEIL-THOMSON: Miss Leroy McNeil, '35as, and Ralph Leland Thomson, June 3 in Norman. Home, Oklahoma City.

Dr. Ben P. Clark, '34med, has accepted a position as assistant house physician at the Children's Hospital, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Thomas Munson, '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 field work 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 Carlsbad, New Mexico, *Daily Current-Argus*. She succeeded Martha Jane Dowell, '34as, El Reno, on the staff of the paper owned and edited by Ed Kerrigan, '23as.

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

most fascinating peak 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 "pouille male," as definite as "avocat salad" in the open eating plaza of the Continental hotel.

But the cruising carriage has suddenly begun a serpentine ascent. 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 Muguerra family colony and the ermine horse pants as he 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 square, stone-carved edifice is 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 tourists moved by its apparent solitary and forsaken grandeur.

Monterrey spreads 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, Terpischoe 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 Cathedral, in rich chiaroscuro against the brittle-bright moon, is the pivot spot of the sweeping view to the right. "It is the goal to which Montemayor, founder of Monterrey in 1596, aspired," the guide manages. 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 cameoed in the quaintness of the gleaming barouche. From the shallow reaches of the Santa Katherina river floats the vague echo of string music and folk song. Another victoria passes and its cargo seems over replete with Maldonados wines.

Prosaic enough, someone is crooning, "It Happened in Monterrey," but hardly so prosaic a person—for Bing Crosby also moved by the velvet mists of Saddle Back after midnight, by the sloping retreats to the river and the continental flavor of the people is chanting his admiration.

Victoria Time in Monterrey

By RICHARD M. CALDWELL, '26as

OLD Monterrey seems to have inherited the one most glamorous vehicle of the gay nineties—the majestic victoria—its liveried cabmen and blasé 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 gardenia 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 glorifies every area it touches. But for the mechanical and ennui-echoing clop-clop-clop of horse hoof beats in narrow streets—the barouche glides familiarly in and out of some of Monterrey's most secluded sections of night life almost unnoticed.

A Monterrey 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 knifing 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 starchy cochero has been roundly abused in Spanish profanity. He grows rigid and rivets his gaze on the car driver. The machine draws to the curbing just around the corner. The carriage swings in langorous pursuit—but the cochero's grubby gaze has not lifted from the haughty driver. The daggering stare is being returned and as the victoria draws along side the carman another medley of unsavory words, accompanied by gestures, breaks the peace of the night.

There is red rage in el cochero's glare—but he does not move from his bench. Suddenly he darts 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 composedly. He might have said, "see Egypt," and been believed for the moment—so upsetting the near dirking scrape, so changing the moods of the night!

Off Bolivar lane, the ghost white villas of Americanas who revel in the broad silhouette of Saddle Back mountain, the