

standard design features, were adopted. The meeting recognized that two divergent factors must be reconciled. On the one hand many experimenters will wish to make measurements with special instruments to throw light on some one problem. On the other hand, if observations are to be intercompared, procedures for standardizing both the instruments and the data presentation and corrections must be agreed upon. Both points of view were well represented at the meeting, and satisfactory compromises were worked out.

The CSAGI group next considered the problem of narrow-angle telescopes. It was felt that these should not be standardized, since there seemed to be a good deal of difference of opinion as to what angle should be chosen. The CSAGI agreed upon a set of standard data sheets for reporting both the cubical meson data and the neutron readings. Next considered was the problem of station distribution. Several new stations were recommended, to be so located as to supplement the world distribution and to fill in the hitherto vacant spots. These include a French station to be operated on Kergeulen Island, which is one of the subantarctic islands in the southern Indian Ocean, as well as balloon launching facilities in Bangui, in French Equatorial Africa, and rocket facilities in Colomb Bechar in Al-

geria. Next the satellite program was discussed. The meeting felt that if the satellite were to describe pole-to-pole orbits, then a counter would be able to determine the latitude effect at an altitude free from atmospheric effects, and so would give a good determination of the primary spectrum. Further, since the plane of such orbits would rotate with respect to any given longitude line, the longitude effect would also be included in the determination. For a publication program the meeting agreed that, in principle, publication of data as fast as it was accumulated was desirable, but that in order to relieve the pressure upon an individual to interrupt work in order to publish, it was agreed that a reasonable interval might ensue. Further, it was agreed that all data should be ready for publication within one year after the conclusion of the International Geophysical Year.

Finally, both the cosmic-ray meeting and the CSAGI group passed votes of thanks to the Mexican Government, to the State of Guanajuato and to its Governor. Especial thanks from all were expressed to Professor Manuel Sandoval Vallarta, who had been the chief "spark plug" in producing, organizing, and operating the most successful and enjoyable meetings of their kind which any of us had ever attended.



A view of the campus of the University of Mexico in Mexico City. (Photo by McKenna)

THE MEETINGS IN MEXICO

. . . *the distaff side*

By Bernice Brode

THERE were two conferences held in Mexico this late summer, 1955. The first was the *Asamblea Conjunta de la American Physical Society y de la Sociedad Mexicana de Fisica*, in Mexico City for three days in the last of August, and the second was the *Congreso Internacional de Radiacion Cosmica*, in Guanajuato and lasting about 10 days. There was a long week end in between the two meetings.

Several families had taken advantage of the air family plan to fly down the Wednesday before, including the Honorable President of the American Physical Society, Prof. Raymond T. Birge and Mrs. Birge. The

plane also carried Prof. and Mrs. William Fretter and the writer and son. We were served Mexican beer (cerveza) and tequila on the plane, and tried out our Spanish on the stewardess, both of which helped to put us in the proper frame of mind for our visit. There was much thunder and lightning after we flew over the border, which prompted our President to display his calculated statistics on the rainfall in Mexico at that time of year. He was armed with these his entire stay, while most of us were satisfied with umbrellas.

It was after midnight when we arrived at the airport of Mexico City, with its new modernistic building, far superior to the international airport we had left 7 hours before at Los Angeles. Los Angeles had better look to its laurels. Mr. Brode was there to meet us, having

Mrs. Brode is the wife of Robert B. Brode, professor of physics at the University of California, Berkeley.

flown in from Paris a few hours earlier. While waiting for our plane, he had witnessed the departure of Diego Rivera for Russia. With his new young wife, the famous Mexican painter had been besieged by his women admirers who bedecked him with garlands of flowers and presents and sent him off into the clouds covered with blossoms and lipstick.

Mexico may be a part of the New World and North America, but it is a strange and foreign land to us Yanquis from los Estados Unidos. Everything was different, and a good part of it was very beautiful. All of us want to return and see more the next time.

After naps on the plane, we were invigorated for our taxi ride through Mexico City to the suburb of Colonia del Valle, where the Fretters and the Brodes were to stay with Mexican friends. The city thrilled us, with its color on old and new buildings, quaint old ones and daring new designs. We felt the spirit of the New World in the tall glass office and apartment units with sun decks, a revolutionary approach to living with which Americans are in sympathy. The new rows of houses in the outskirts are painted in all pastel shades, pink, mauve, blue, green, yellow, and tan, with iron gratings on windows and doors painted white or red. The old iron ones are black. Nothing looked influenced by the Yanquis up north, including the midnight traffic which went every which way with a first come, first to get through technique. We were welcomed by our hostesses regardless of the hour, and made comfortable despite language difficulties. It was much more interesting to be in a real middle-class home than in a hotel, and we were grateful for the opportunity.

Next morning we had breakfast of papaya, orange juice, boiled eggs, coffee, and rolls—the kind which were unique to Mexico, and delicious. We also had some croissants from Paris, courtesy Mr. Brode. We all took a walk around our area to get the feel of it. Everything we saw delighted us, or at least interested us. The detailed rows of bright houses were very pretty, and around the corner was a most modern poured-cement church, still unfinished but with worshippers going in to pray: fine ladies with black lace mantillas over their heads, and barefoot Indians wrapped in little better than rags, carrying babies in the rebozos wound tightly around the mothers. Next to the fine church were some ruins which housed many families, a whole community, with washing hung out, flowers planted in tin cans, chickens and goats and children playing in the mud and rubbish, no sanitation whatsoever. We met our first beggars, children asking “cinco?” and crippled old women holding out knarled hands for an offering. There were corner small shops, reminiscent of our corner drug stores in idea, but not in appearance. Inside food was set about in the open, tortillas, rolls, bananas, oranges, and fruits we didn’t recognize, alongside packaged goods on shelves. On nearly every corner food was being cooked on charcoal burners or mixed in wooden bowls and offered for sale by the handful. It looked and smelled delicious; what a pity we Americans are so superstitious about germs and disease, but our men

folk were severe. They didn’t want to run any risk of missing those meetings they had come for.

Ana, our hostess, told us how to take the bus downtown. This required a little courage, but was real fun as we jogged along the strange streets, and beat other vehicles to it. We were just as glad to have someone else do the driving, just as we were told we would be. Taxis were cheap and plentiful, but not quite sporting, as Elizabeth Darrow remarked. Second-class buses might very well give you a headache, but that is the way to see *life* in Mexico.

Mexico City is beautiful as well as interesting. We rested frequently in the parks, and just sat and watched the people pass by—all kinds, young girls in western style dresses and very high heels, Indians in gay sarapes and sombreros, boys in orange or pink shirts on bicycles balancing huge baskets full of bread on their heads, women with their rebozo-wrapped babies, small fry tagging along, and many poor folk barefoot or wearing crude sandals caked with mud. It was the summer rainy season, and soon the heavy showers washed the tilework on the park benches and sent everyone for shelter. The air was so soft and warm, even the rain did not chill, and when it was over the sun shone again. It was pointed out how short our shadows were, and the sun seemed too hot shining directly overhead. The gardens and parks were full of rose beds, roses being the national flower. Besides much tile work on benches and fountains, unusual to us were the different trees with young and old untrimmed ones mixed together, which we noticed was very characteristic. Nothing was like New York or San Francisco, and we were well content that this should be so. Maybe the high altitude (7400 feet) and the late hours of eating influenced taste buds and caused us to feel light headed. Lunch is never before 1:30 or 2:00, and dinner around 9:00 or later, although breakfast is at 8:00 or 9:00. The traditional siesta is not in evidence these days, shops and offices do not close up as they do in southern Europe, and the people do not disappear behind the barricaded doors—Mexico does not have shutters on windows. Probably people do not move as fast in Mexico as in our cities and maybe they do not try to do as much in one day, but they keep going. A time lag of half an hour is probably not taken too seriously, but the traveler doesn’t mind.

I should think those men who had a few days for sightseeing before the meetings would be happier than those who flew in directly for the first meeting on Monday, but maybe I underestimate their psychology.

Sunday was a sunny day, so Ana took us to the Xochimilco floating gardens, which was a most picturesque sight, and not to be passed off as purely tourist fare. It is a Mexican holiday, and the gay families in their boats, eating the fancy lunches of pungent native food, were the best part of the show. Ana bargained for a boat as only one Mexican can with another, and it was a worthy performance to watch. We finally got a decorated barge and took our lunch, bought in a supermarket near Ana’s house that morning together

with cerveza to drink, and entered the leisurely procession of flowers, music, and food, and people on a holiday. We were punted along, as on the river at Oxford or Cambridge, but with differences. Indian women in dugout canoes came close, selling bouquets of orchids and violets and gardenias, for one peso (8 cents). When we came to bridges the small boys all tried to push their boats under at once, and a complete impasse ensued, but no matter. All along the way we looked for friends, and did encounter a few whom we wildly hailed. I had a bouquet of purple violets all ready to toss over to our Ray, as befitting a President of the American Physical Society who was about to preside at the 336th meeting; but, alas, he had unaccountably visited the gardens the day before as Cook's tours assured him that Sunday would be too gay and crowded, so he missed our planned flowery blessing.

ALL too soon came Monday and the Grand Opening, *Asemblea Conjunta de la American Physical Society y la Sociedad Mexicana de Fisica*, to which everyone was invited, wives and all. No matter what you have heard of the new campus of the University of Mexico, Ciudad Universitaria, you are not prepared for the reality. A city is what it is, wholly new campus with gardens and fountains and stadiums between the skyscraper buildings of glass, all of this extending over acres of newly made flagstone terraces and lawn, bus parking areas, trees, and flowers, surrounding the widely spaced buildings. Works of art of the finest Mexican artists adorn the buildings and terraces and, most unusual of all, the stadium; mosaic murals, statues, fountains, whole walls painted with historical scenes, from Mayan times to the present, are everywhere. We were told that many new plastic materials were used in these murals. They were tremendous and awe-inspiring as was the entire Ciudad, the oldest university of the new world, antedating Harvard by some 80 years, and with the newest and most daring campus. We were impressed, Americans, Europeans, Asians alike.

The new auditorium, Auditorio de Humanidades, of brown and white plain woods and plastics was the scene of the official opening of the conference, with officers and government dignitaries on the platform. Introductions were made by Dr. Karl Darrow of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, general secretary of the American Physical Society, who spoke in Spanish as befitted the occasion and as a nice gesture to our hosts. It was translated into English. There were short speeches by: (1) the Director of the University of Mexico (Rector Universidad Autonoma de Mexico), Nabor Carrillo; (2) the President of the American Physical Society, Prof. Raymond T. Birge, of the University of California; (3) the President de la Sociedad Mexicana de Fisica, Prof. Carlos Graef Fernández, UNAM; and (4) Señor Carrillo again, as the official representative of the President of Mexico, opening the conference.

After a brief recess, at which the ladies followed Elizabeth Darrow for our tour of the University, an

address was given by Prof. Serge Korff, of New York University, in Spanish, on the subject, "El Origen de los Rayos Cósmicos".

The three Mexican speakers spoke of Geneva and the recent conference there. They had been impressed with the hope of a safer world, freedom from cold war dangers. It always is brought home to a visitor from the United States that a small power like Mexico seems not to be afraid of communist aggression or infiltration. There was certainly real hospitality for visiting scientists. The Government was proud to have scientific conferences meet in its country, and an official welcome was given at the opening sessions of both conferences, on the national level at Mexico City, and by the Governor of the state of Guanajuato at the state level, for the cosmic ray conference.

The person most responsible for the success of the two conferences was Professor Manuel Sandoval-Vallarta, of the University of Mexico. Most of us have known him and his wife Maria-Luisa for many years, and probably the very nicest feature of both conferences was the part played by them publicly and privately. Although they both are internationally trained and minded, when we saw them in their own country, we realized how very Mexican they both are, first of all. When Manuel spoke of his native country and his new elegant University one felt a thrill of national pride in his voice, and he was happiest when revealing Mexico to the Foreigner. When Maria-Luisa took the wives on tours and told us tales in her richly resonant voice, of the churches, of miracles, and the devotion of people during the "religious persecutions" (which my history books called the Reforms) we felt the people's voice of all Mexico speaking through her to us. It was an insight of another religion and another people, going beyond the faces of the churches and the people we saw kneeling in them.

So the men went into three days of listening to their beloved "papers", and the families continued to explore Mexico City. Arrangements were made for the wives to see all of University City one day, and some fine historic houses the next day with lunch at one of them. Señora Fernández very generously arranged this house tour, at no expense to us. A cocktail party with the men at one of the University buildings followed, with buses to take us into town. The Vallartas had a huge supper party at their own historic house to which they invited more than half the conference and as many as the large house would hold. There was a band of Mexican players on the stairway, and an array of Mexican dishes on the dining table, which we all tasted, knowing her late father was a doctor and had taught her household careful preparations of all foods against infection. Perhaps none of us at home are as well equipped to give such a beautiful party as Maria-Luisa was able to do, but we all came away with renewed determination to see visitors to our country given the best to be offered.

The Jockey Club was the scene of the annual physics banquet the final evening. It was way out of the city, near the race track, which caused our President to re-

mark it was not near a Bull Ring as might have been expected in Mexico. Some of our number had balked at the price of the dinner, 74 pesos (\$6), but we had cocktails and tomato juice (which latter was attributed to the President as his affinity for that drink is universally known; this he rigorously denied) and two kinds of wine and many courses as well as a red carpet laid out all the way to the drive-in area. Unfortunately the heavy rain used the carpet as a sponge—squish. Speeches after dinner from the head table were welcoming and amusing but got over several points of view. Manuel said, referring to Geneva again, that he never had hoped to live long enough to hear Prof. E. O. Lawrence and a Russian scientist speak from the same lectern in one afternoon. Ernest was one of the honored guests seated at the high table, along with Prof. P. M. S. Blackett of the Imperial College of London; Dr. Karl Darrow of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and the two presidents of the Mexican and American physics societies, the Vallartas, and Mexican officials. As for me, I had my hands full at a side table with the Schiffs of Stanford University, Bachers of Caltech, and Bob Wilsons of Cornell, the reason being Bob Bacher's 50th birthday and the persistence of Bob Wilson that we all sing out Happy Birthday to him. With all those foreign dignitaries present and in a foreign country, some of us felt abashed and succeeded in toning down the celebration to a mere whisper, but it was touch and go for a while.

After another good week end devoted to sight-seeing, including climbing to the top of the ancient Indian pyramids near Mexico City in the pouring rain, and a visit to the church and shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and a two day run to Taxco and Cuernavaca, we were ready for the bus trip to Guanajuato, 260 miles up in the northern mountains. There were two Cook's buses ready at 8 A.M. in front of the Del Prado Hotel. All of us were there, but we waited one hour for the three Russian scientists who belatedly announced they were coming after all. No Russian showed up so we left at 9 A.M. Many new people had just arrived the night before who had not been at the physics society meetings, and there was much greeting of old friends and introductions to new people.

THE second meeting was the *Congreso Internacional de la Radiacion Cosmica*, to be held at the Universidad de Guanajuato. It was sponsored by the Mexican Government, the International Union of Pure and Applied Physics, UNESCO, the Governor of the state of Guanajuato and the University of Guanajuato, and lasted a good ten days.

The long bus ride, nine hours, was broken up by several stops in small mountain towns, and for a belated lunch (3 P.M.) in Querétaro, one of the early revolutionary towns of the 1821 successful revolution against the Spanish Empire. In contrast to Mexico City, there was little or no new building in these towns, and the streets were hardly wide enough to accommodate the buses. It was pretty tricky driving, what with pot-

holes, rain, herds of cattle, and sharp curves, and narrow village streets, but Mexican drivers are really good and experienced. The scenery was not the tropical fields of the south with banana groves and mangoes, but fields of corn and beans bordered by rows of Maguey cacti out of which pulque is drained in a complicated process. We were given no taste of pulque our entire stay of three weeks, only tequila and rum; pulque is very low-brow I gather and we were entertained on a strictly high-brow basis. We saw fields of flowers, which were being harvested and carried on the backs of donkeys, for what purpose no one on the bus could explain. Sheep herders wore cloaks made of tough palm leaves against the pelting rain. Many "farms" consisted of wattle huts, the kind reconstructed in stone age museum exhibits.

Soon after 6 P.M. we came to Guanajuato and maneuvered through the narrow and winding streets to the three hotels we practically took over for the eleven days of the conferences. We arrived at the last hotel, ours, the Castillo de Santa Cecilia and outside of the town, quite late, and were greeted and hurried all at once by the Vallartas and Blacketts, as the official opening had to take place before we could have our dinner—and the Governor had been waiting well over an hour already. We smoothed our hair and washed our hands and climbed back into the bus again and were taken into the town to the new Auditorium de la Universidad, for the opening. The auditorium was brand new, but classic in style, made of white stone from nearby quarries. Being on a hillside, as was the entire town, there were steps up to the building, of about the same number as at the largest pyramid. Fortunately the sessions were moved to a lower level.

The opening speeches were not extremely short as it happened, and each had to be officially translated as in United Nations sessions. Prof. Blackett, President of the Conference, spoke in British English, the University President in Spanish, and the Governor of the state of Guanajuato in French, which meant two translations instead of one, in his case, and all our tummies were growling. Late meals, except breakfasts, were one of the crosses we had to bear. We sat down to dinner well after nine that evening, which became a quite regular hour through the week.

The conference was dominated by two diverse but congenial personalities, our host Vallarta, and President of the Conference Blackett. A familiar sight at our hotel was these two distinguished gentlemen, huddled together making plans, Patrick tall and bending over with an intense expression and often worried look on his face, and talking fast, and Manuel with his jaunty beret and cane with a look of quiet command and control. The latter dealt with the Spanish speaking community, from the Governor to the hotel employees, while Patrick mostly looked after the meeting arrangements and scientific end of plans. His kind smile and sympathetic attention were given to almost everyone who wanted them, through the long week and a half.



Painter José Chávez-Morado explains his new murals at the historic Alhóndigo in Guanajuato to a group of visiting physicists.



Physicists Blackett (England) and Van de Hulst (Holland) confer in the court outside the auditorium at Guanajuato.



Soviet Physicist Dobrotrín, head of the USSR delegation, photographs dances put on by Mexican students.

(Photos by P. Morrison)

At the end, both he and Manuel looked tired and a trifle strained.

Maria-Luisa and Mrs. Blackett, who goes by the name of Pat, for purposes of confusion I have always felt, took the lead in making plans for the ladies. Both are strong willed women, albeit deceptively pretty and gentle appearing, and I had to go swimming in sulphur hot springs whether I wanted to or not, but their efforts made our rainy days very interesting while waiting for the twice daily buses to arrive at our castle gates and free the men. We tried to have afternoon teas, usually degenerating into Nescafe provided by Betty Simpson, and twice we dared to light up a fire in the fireplaces. At all hours we sat around and gossiped.

The Russians did finally arrive and excited curiosity. Manuel expressed the fear that the Geneva line might unaccountably change again but we pooh-poohed this fear. Since they, all three cosmic ray scientists, and a Spanish interpreter, were not put up at our castle they were invited one night to dinner. We ladies got all dressed up and waited in our rooms to be called into the hotel lobby-sitting room to meet them. A sort of pre-dinner reception was held and we had a chance to talk to them and smoke their gold-tipped cigarettes in exchange for American L and M's. Their English was adequate for bits of conversation—their interpreter was having his night off, as he only knew Spanish, not English—and we got along fine. Since they wanted to talk science, the men whom Patrick tapped on the shoulder ate at one big table, and we women ate at another. They had tequila and drank toasts, but we had only our dinner. At the end of their toasts, Dr. Swann, of the Bartol Laboratories in Philadelphia, slyly turned toward our table and silently lifted his glass to us ladies. Whereupon we got the giggles and were sure the Russians were getting a distinct impression of American-Mexican folkways in male and female segregation which they would duly report in Pravda. After our dinner, Maria-Luisa had planned a walk through the town to see the quaint lighting along the mysterious narrow lanes at night, and to pilot us she had the faithful Señor Ramírez, secretary and assistant to her husband, waiting outside. We changed shoes and got coats, and he drove us in. It was mysterious and we would have gotten lost without Señor Ramírez in the maze of yard wide streets of the old town. Townspeople go to bed early, but a few doors were open since there were no windows, and we saw whole families of three generations making traditional trinkets for sale on All Soul's day in October. They were sugar candy coffins,

with gruesome candy skeletons inside, which Maria-Luisa explained were comparable to our Halloween trinkets. Señor Ramírez bought whatever we took a fancy to, and we went home with a supply to show the scientific men. By that time they were all fast asleep and the Russians had departed, but we were still rather gay from the unusual midnight mountain air.

The rain continued and Manuel decided it was too dangerous to send a party of us to Lake Pátzcuaro to visit the Unesco pilot project, as he had planned. Some of us were very eager to see this UN show center, but there was plenty to occupy us near Guanajuato, the historic Valenciana silver mines and the church nearby, the sulphur baths, haciendas and gardens dating from the Spanish occupation and the fine Colonial architecture in the town, and the markets and streets and the people. As we walked the mile from our hotel into town, all the little children greeted us with their "aloos" and very few of them added the "cinco" of Mexico City. The town seemed to have a lot of poor people living in sub-standard housing, yet it supports a University with many cultural activities, and we were taken to visit the new state executive offices which would glorify any state anywhere. Mexico is a land of extremes, as we had been told. Guanajuato was the cradle of the revolution, which started there in 1810, and ended successfully in gaining independence in 1821 from Spain. It was the birthplace of two national heroes, Hidalgo and Diego Rivera.

Saturday agreed to be sunny for us, so the Folk Dance Society put on their native dances in the University square as planned. They were trained amateurs, beautifully dressed and many of them young local school children. The most spectacular number was an old Indian, pre-Colombian, Totonaca, ceremonial, danced by twenty young boys, in complicated and strenuous rhythm stomping with their feet and rattling gourds to the tune of an eerie solo violin. To signal formation changes, one boy whistled macaw bird calls, and the dancers went on. They wore loose suits, covered with metal discs jangling constantly, and high feathered headdresses. We felt transported back five hundred years. The governor's wife sat with us, and Mrs. Korff (the only wife among the visitors who could) was asked to speak Spanish to her.

Saturday was also the evening of the special performance for us, of a bit from the Cervantes Festival, played outdoors on a square and using the church and streets and houses as the natural stage. We arrived at 8, while they were putting up a platform and benches

to sit on. We had persuaded our hotel to give us coffee and rolls, as we were invited to have dinner in Señor Quesada's hacienda after the show, and rightly diagnosed it would be all of 10:30 before we ate. The two one-act plays of Cervantes were combined with a prologue with the author walking through his town as a Spanish grandee, in a long black velvet train lined in red, with a white ruff around his neck. It was excellent and impressive, and understandable without knowing the classic Spanish spoken. On one side of me I heard their Spanish interpreter translating into Russian for his three charges, and on the other side Maria-Luisa translating into English for Pat Blackett who in turn translated into her native Italian for the Amaldi's benefit. Before the performance began a boy offered cushions, and I took one not realizing I had no money, so the Russians gallantly paid a peso for my cushion. It was, all in all, a very International evening.

We had a fine supper at the hacienda, served by our hotel staff, as Señor Quesada also was the owner of our hotel. His garden was built around one of the old silver mines of the region. He had many European works of art in his house, and had his own private chapel where services may be held, which is unusual we were told. Señora Quesada provided the ladies with lace mantillas for our heads so we might visit the little chapel. In other private chapels we did not need covering.

Sunday was notable in that the men had no regular meetings, but I recall they had a few committee get-togethers. After a leisurely breakfast, we were invited to walk into town and meet a local artist at the fortress museum, who explained his murals which he was finishing in that historic building. After that, there was a symphony concert in the auditorium of the many steps. The orchestra was very good and played a program of all Mexican composers, none of which I had heard before. The faithful buses were at the bottom of the university street to take us to the executive building, and finally on to the governor's house for lunch. His mansion was a restored old house of many fine rooms, overlooking the reservoir lake. We were served drinks and listened to a marimba band of local talent,

which was very good. We could see a fully laden table in a closed dinning room, but it was some time before the host, Señor Lic. José Aguilar y Maya, threw open the doors and officially invited us to have a buffet lunch. I hope we didn't look as greedy as we felt (it was 4 o'clock) for the food was absolutely superb, about the tastiest we had yet been served. There was lobster, fish of all kinds, meat dishes with and without hot sauces, salads, fruits, caviar and eggs, pastries, cake, coffee and good looking food we did not identify, but ate with relish. Everyone felt definitely giddy with drinks, delays, music, and international good will, so we will remember the governor's party all our lives. We might have stayed forever, but Vallarta made the move to depart, and we all bid farewell and climbed into the buses again. We were invited to view another hacienda and most of us were equal to it before going back to our hotels and taking a siesta before dinner.

Monday was the final day for many of us, as the conference proper ended Tuesday noon. With a last visit into the town in the rain, lunch, and a gala ladies' tea in Betty Simpson's room around 6 P.M. and a quiet dinner after a session in the hotel bar, the day was about ended.

My last memory of the conference and Guanajuato was that of sitting in the lobby that evening, quite late, helping Maria-Luisa write out a message of thanks to the Governor and to the Rector of the university. She had been all day at the university getting signatures of the delegates on sheets of heavy parchment, leaving a place at the top for a formal message. I suppose we would have typed it on ordinary paper, but she was carefully spacing the words and writing them in with special ink and in her own personal exact hand-writing. It was a laborious task but she knew she must do it that way. Her sharply Spanish features looked very tired and pale as she sat in a straight chair, her slim shoulders tightly wrapped in the rebozo, and her antique combs and earrings adorning the coiffure brushed back from her face. I shall always remember her as the Spirit of Mexico, which we glimpsed through her, when the *Congreso* was entertained in Mexico in the year 1955.



Official photograph of members of the cosmic-ray conference at Guanajuato.