

# Mar-Ken School 1953

## DEDICATION

----- if a teacher is "wise  
he does not bid you enter the house  
of his wisdom, but rather leads you  
to the threshold of your own mind,  
for the vision of one man lends not  
its wings to another man". Mrs.  
Bessire and Kent have gained this  
wisdom and in the eyes of the students  
are worthy of all praise and honor,  
therefore, we are proud to dedicate  
this annual to them.

## House of Titles

Lee	Charlemagne
Jeanette	Mario Antoinette
Greg	Euclid
Howard	Sir Isaac Newton
Jane	Lady Jane Gray
Paul	Hippocrates
Margot	Empress Eugenie
Peter	Peter the Great
Russ	Marcus Aurelius
Gary	Alexander
Pat Mann	Hatshepsut
John	Wright Brothers
Joe	Socrates
Marilyn	Mary Stuart
Herbie	Roland
Marion	Burnhilde
Kenya	Ramona
Mrs. "B"	Mrs. Siddons
Kent	William the Conqueror
Andrea	Florence Nightengale
Lester	Lorenzo de Medici
Lynn	Joan of Arc
Cam	Helen of Troy
Diane	Lady Hamilton
Gale	Catherine the Great
Margaret	Mona Lisa
Lola	Calamity Jane
Porky	Annie Oakley
Carol	Isabella
Mimi	George Sands
Richard	Napoleon
Dick	Richard the Lion Hearted
Judy	Sarah Bernhardt
Sandra	Madame Curie

Lee Adams	CAPTAIN CAUTION
Andrea Davis	ZOTZ
Paul Culotta	SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS
Howard Wendell	ONE MILLION B.C.
Margot Grade	BELLES ON THEIR TOES
Pat Mann	SOME OF THESE DAYS
John Manning	RIP VAN WINKLE
Joe Michels	LIVING
Greg White	MR. CRANE
Marilyn Noble	GONE WITH THE WIND
Lynne Porter	I REMEMBER MAMA
Herbie Oles	YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN
Marion Oles	OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY
Dianne Rode	DANCE TO THE PIPER
Cam Redlich	THE ANGEL
Gail Shidler	JUNIOR MISS
Lola Spahn	RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE
Rosemarie Spahn	FRONTIER LIFE
Mimi Stone	MADEMOISELLE FIFI
Carol Stone	THE MAGIC BOW
Dick Van Cleave	TRY AND STOP ME
Kenya Kennedy	CYCLONE IN CALICO
Lester Perry	WHEELS IN HIS HEAD
Richard Unwin	POINT COUNTERPOINT
Peter Grade	MASTER SKYLARK
Gary McKay	BLOWING CLEAR
Russ McKay	THE BROTHER
Jeanette Clark	NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER
Jane Cox	PETER PAN
Jan	MIRACLE OF THE "BELLS"
Mrs. "B"	THE WOMAN IN THE SHOE
Mr. "B"	LIFE WITH FATHER
Kent	THE GREAT REHEARSAL
Sandra Barnett	WHITE OAKS OF JALNA

halloween party - - - - -

the goblins and ghosts were roaming last october 31<sup>st</sup>  
and along with southern belles, scampering clowns,  
cowboys, chefs, and hoboes, they were wandering into  
Mar-Ken for the big costume party, and of course the  
big pumpkin judging contest. Pumpkins in all shapes and  
sizes -- designed to look like old men or fantastically  
dressed women or farmers or Indian chiefs. --  
we danced and ate like at all our parties to finish off  
a wonderful evening.

on december 12, Mar-Ken had her annual  
christmas party. the christmas carols  
rang out, charades were hilarious and the  
presents were given out from under the  
beautiful tree -- and thanks were given  
for the present and the wonderful holiday  
season. a broom was handed to kent to break  
the piñata from which tumbled party favors  
three of which contained a twenty dollar  
bill apiece for the bessire's present.  
mrs. "b" announced the winner in the annual  
christmas spirit essay contest - joe  
michels. by this time every one was pretty  
hungry and were satisfied by mrs "b"s  
turkey sandwiches. then with a "merry  
christmas and a happy new year" we began  
our vacation and trip to mexico.

welcoming party

laughter! Music! Smiles --

could be seen and heard on the patio

of Mar-Ken. It was a friday, early in september, the

evening of our welcoming party. The events included a movie on

mexico, mirthful charades, delicious refreshments and dancing, it was

an evening of fun and enjoyment, which left everyone anxious and enthusiastic

to participate in the coming events of Mar-Ken.

October 15<sup>th</sup>, Mar-Ken had a new kind of party -- something unusual, an Hawaiian Luau, sponsored by the ninth grade. It was complete with Hula girls, palm trees, and Dinner! Served to the guests seated on the floor around a magnificently tropical display of food. The food was delicious -- barbecued spareribs and many more wonderful island dishes. After dinner there was dancing bringing to a close a terrific party.

Mar-Ken has, as one of our many activities, an annual picnic. In the last few years, Switzers has become our favorite spot for this event and so preparations were begun. Everybody participated in preparing for the picnic. This year we offer our thanks to Mrs. Bessire and Marilyn for their delicious tamale pies, to Larry for the salad, and to Marion for the dessert.

After arriving and eating our fill we hiked to the little chapel, where we relaxed and enjoyed the gorgeous autumn scenery. On the way back to the picnic grounds we stopped at the beautiful waterfall. As soon as we got back -- guess what -- we ate again, and so back up to the cars.

The return trip to school was most restful after such a tiring day but even before the group had broken up for the night everybody was looking forward to next years trip to SWITZER'S.

To give variety of thought for the parents, students, and members of the community, the eleventh grade sponsored a series of lectures. Beginning in February and continuing through June, one lecture was held each month. We had the good fortune of having interesting, well informed, speakers at all meetings -- with varied and important topics. Following the lecture, one had the opportunity of meeting the speaker and so to further question them on their subject. Everyone attending found the lectures very interesting and informative, and we hope to continue them next year and make them a traditional affair with Mar-Ken.

One Tuesday afternoon in March the eighth grade visited Olvera Street, where they had lunch at La Golondrina, the first brick building in Los Angeles. After lunch they visited the Avila Adobe built in 1818 and the Pico House built by Pio Pico, the last Mexican Governor of California. Near the beautiful altar they saw the pictures of Benito Juarez, ex-president of Mexico, Independence. After seeing all the old interesting objects in and around this home, they continued on their tour of the rest of the street -- pottery shops, candle maker's, trained birds, and many more.

After this little taste of old Mexico we returned home with many happy memories.

## **Horse Show \*\*\*\*\***

Sunday evening, October 17<sup>th</sup>, found about ten Mar-Kenites on their annual trip to the International Horse Show. Everyone met at the Pan-Pacific and the show began. Before us were some of the most beautiful horses alive today. Saddlebreds, 3 and 5 gaited, Tennessee Walkers, and many others. The special attraction of the evening was a drill by the Canadian Mounties. Before the interested spectators realized it the finals was over, Much too soon!

## **Ice Capades**

A well rounded education – that's what we want and that's what we get at Mar-Ken. Along with all the other wonderful activities this year, perhaps the most spectacular and beautiful was the Ice Capades, starring Donna Atwood, one of our alumni. Most of us were first-nighters and were left almost speechless with the sights before us. Then food at Coffee Dan's and so home.

## **Pomona Fair – – – –**

The trip to the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona is an annual event here at Mar-Ken. Every September we pack students, food, coats, coats, etc. into the cars and we're off – – (almost on time).

This year we saw the display buildings first – the big agricultural one first, then the home, commercial and radio t.v.. In the Fine Arts building we saw a beautiful and extensive display of art from the most ancient to very modern, both in painting and ceramics. After a big lunch on picnic hill we went over to the animal buildings and saw the horses, cows, goats etc. Then a spin around the "Fun Zone" – – the upside down ferris wheel, and crack the whip to mention a couple. We saw the new flower building – – all glass and beautiful. That about finished the day and us – – so home tired and very glad we'd come.

Would you like some Swiss chocolate, shishkabob, or maybe some Danish pastry – – or have you ever seen and heard an Alpine horn, seen a weaving dance or Egyptian costumes – – well, we did on October 12 when we attended The INTERNATIONAL BAZAAR.

The Bazaar is a miniature world, a kaleidoscope of foods, costumes, arts, crafts, and dances of all nations. It is sponsored by the International Institute of Los Angeles, which is devoted to furthering the welfare of the foreign born, and to help in an understanding between all nations – – and a more friendly relationship between the peoples of the world.

At eleven  
o'clock Monday  
morning, December 4  
we suddenly remembered our  
invitation to the meeting of the  
SAN SOUCI CELEBRITY CLUB that  
afternoon. With a mad scramble we made it  
hated, gloved, tied appropriately. The meeting  
was held in the Embassy Room of the Ambassador Hotel  
and with Mrs. Mabel Stoner Clark as Mistress of Ceremonies,  
a very enjoyable program was in progress. The school donated  
one hundred dollars to the club to be used for their many various  
philanthropic works – – an extremely rewarding afternoon was spent by  
all of us. \_\_\_\_\_

## VISITING COLLEGES

The girls of the Senior and Junior classes visited Scripps College, at Claremont, on Nov. 19<sup>th</sup>. At this time the girls were guided, by students of the college, through the campus, which is built around Spanish patios and gardens. They had the opportunity of meeting members of the faculty, and seeing how the college was directed. Lunch was served in the student houses on campus. This enabled the girls to see the way of living at the college. To complete the day they attended an assembly which introduced them to the numerous classes and advantages of Scripps. All the girls were very excited about the school and enjoyed the visit very much.

On our visit to Santa Barbara State College on its Open House day, we left early in the morning and the first part of the trip was uneventful with the exception of a blowout on one of the cars. We all met at "ye olde campus" and after registering, we listened to the deans of the different departments talk on school life and curriculum. Then we picked three guides and toured the campus which proved to be very interesting. Some of the group were tested for color blindness while others were tested for blood type. We visited the Biology labs and the Liberal Arts Dept. and then in the distance we heard the dinner bell so the whole group of men and women students gathered for lunch.

After lunch came the visit to the other campus, the Industrial Arts Dept. where excerpts from their student show were presented. These were enjoyed by all but we found that it was time to start our travels home. On the way, guess what, we had another flat (same car, no less) but with the help of the Texas Rangers (State Police) the group was again gathered and eating was enjoyed again before the return trip to Mar-Ken - highly impressed with the Santa Barbara "set-up".

## BOX SOCIAL

Here we go again - Food! And such food you never saw. And those crazy mixed-up lunch pails -- garden scenes, Hawaiiin baskets, and all the nervous concoctions thinkable. Diane Rode took first prize with a crrr-aa-zy T.V. set (dig that trio on the screen). But don't stop now - listen to this sample menu found in all the boxes -- spareribs, fried chicken, potato salad, papaya, caken and cookies, and (cease man cease -- there's More?) Our stomachs hep and our minds at ease, we sat ourselves down for a real nevous film -

Arsenic and Old Lace. Well, time raced by and all good cats said time to stop their howling – sso – (dig that ending).

## MEXICAN Party \* \* \*

Si, Si, Hasta la vista, Gesundheit, and all that “thar” stuff. Its Mexican time at the “Hacienda de la Escuela”. Dancing started the evening followed by Tacos and coffee, and then came the big event, “Pinata Time”. After numerous tries, using our heads for auxiliary targets. Margot broke the well filled Piñata. Wow! What a scramble! No bones were broken however and even Tuckie got in on some of the candy that pored forth. Charades and more dancing took us into the early A.M. It was “Bony Notches” to all.

## ROUSTABOUT PARTY \* \* \* \*

This March we had quite an unusual party, a roustabout, which in case you don’t know is one where the boys come dressed as girls and vice-versa. What a riot! – – 6 ft. Cleopatras with green hair, and Hula dancers with orange hair, Daisy May, a spinster, and a fashion model were a few more of the “girls”. Among the “boys” were Pinocchio, an army sergeant, a hobo with a huge cigar and a zoot-suiter. Oh that mixed up dancing, who was leading who? All this followed by that terrific movie “The Day the Earth Stood Still”. What a Party!

An evening with the philosophies and music of the Far East is one we never failed to look forward to and enjoy.

A Chinese family style meal began the meeting, the remainder taken up by interesting lectures and musical programs by people who are interesting, intriguing, and representative of their own home land.

Offering a chance to meet the peoples and ideas of other lands, the Cultural Society has become part of Mar-Ken’s policy of furthering the broadened education of its members.

Into the cars and we’re off again. Where to this time? – – – – A spectacular presentation of one of the greatest dramas of our early California history. The heart warming story of Ramona and Allesandro, and their never ending flight

from the invading white ranchers, ending in the tragic death of Allesandro, driven mad by misfortune and heartbreak; and the story of an old Spanish family and the gradual loss of their land and prestige at the hands of the "New West".

But there was more than this. To start with, a wonderful picnic lunch at the park in Hemet. (The people of this town constitute nearly the entire cast of the play, in one of the greatest outdoor bowls of the country.) Then after a speechless retreat, we headed for Riverside and the Mission Inn. After a delicious dinner in a tropical style room, with palm trees, running stream, and all, we spent an hour or more looking at everything we could possibly get into, witnessing probably the most fabulous architecture and art collections of the mission style.

And with promises of a visit to the hotel's catacombs and an afternoon at the beautiful pool, we made a sleepy trip home.

Food, food and more food! An always favorite subject around Mar-Ken. Take for instance the Junior and Senior sponsored Sunday dinners and the famous Chicken Fry. These and many more serve not only an excuse for eating but bring parents, friends, students, and alumni in closed contact -- and also for the very important detail -- money for the student body treasury.

All in all, with everyone working and eating together, we were bund to have a successful year.

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At last! On Sunday, April 19<sup>th</sup>, Open House became a reality. After a continual postponement due to the delayal in the arrival of the glass shipment from Mexico, we had our much awaited Open House. The grounds were trim and orderly and the house sparkled. We displayed all of our Mexican possessions and also those of the Lutyens, relatives of the Bessires.

The big room was arrayed with blankets, fabrics, sandals, leatherwork, and a vast collection of post cards and photographs of Mexico. The dining room

contained the Lutyens' display of jewelry and glassware. The Bessires' collection of glassware was spread throughout the house creating beauty and atmosphere for the day. We had a large amount of guests represented between two and five; and over two hundred signed the guest book, which Joe so diligently took care of. At the end of the day we all decided that open house was a very successful event.

## Mexico

December 16<sup>th</sup> and 14 travelers representing Mar-Ken School piled into the station wagon and another car. They were starting on what was to be a most educational and entertaining journey through the country of Mexico. The travelers were Mr. and Mrs. Bessire, Kent Bessire, Kenya Kennedy, Jeanette Clark, Janet Tischler, Lynn Porter, Jane Cox, Larry Feldman, Lester Perry, Johnny Ramsey, Phyllis Schaaf, Maxine Morrow, and Maude Lutyen.

Now we were on our way -- our first night was spent in Tucson, Arizona -- the next in El Paso -- and in the morning we passed through the Customs office in Juarez and with that slipped into the awe inspiring, fascinating, colorful country of Mexico.

Our first big city in Mexico was Chihuahua, we ate lunch there and that night slept in the little village of Ciudad Camargo at the Hotel Vaca. The country to Camargo was desert and we passed through more desert going from Camargo to Durango, a town that had a delightful flavor of Mexico. Our reservations were waiting for us at the Casa Blanca Hotel and the next morning saw everyone getting ready to visit the huge church that stood near the center of town. To most it was a first glimpse of one of the elaborate yet beautiful churches of Mexico.

Our next interesting town was Zacatocas, a mining town of great importance -- it was the first beautiful village that we had seen and it was overflowing with history and fascinating scenery. That night we were to stay in

Guanajuato but while nearing the city of Leon the trailer-hitch broke and to get it fixed we had to stay over in Leon, a manufacturing

City. After repairs were made we proceeded over the verdant hills between Leon and Guanajuato, which is a charming colonial city. Then came Queretaro - thriving on agricultural activities of the region and its hills are filled with semi-precious stones. Then on to Mexico City.

Late that night we came over the mountains and into the capital, a huge metropolis reaching every wall of the valley that it occupies. We checked into the Roosevelt and spent the next day sightseeing - the Palacio des Bellas Artes, the Pedregal where modern architecture is reaching a high point, even the new University here is an outstanding example of the best in modern building. We saw the great pyramids that were created by the ancient civilizations in Mexico - the largest and most impressive was the pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacan. Then the magnificent Shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe and the massive monastery of Acolman. Then the most exciting day of all - -- The picturesque floating gardens of Xochimilco, where we were taken on a flower decked gondola trough some of the canals - - then the Bullfights at the colorful and exciting Corrida de Toros, which all enjoyed.

From Mexico City we headed east toward Vera Cruz and the Gulf of Mexico. Over the mountains and around the majestic peaks of Popocatepetl and Ixtahuatl. We found the most beautiful section of our trip at Fortin de Las Flores, a tropical village that had been a Spanish outpost during colonial days. We saw the fascinating gardens around our luxurious hotel, the Ruiz Galindo, and swam in the gardenia filled pool, while the snow-covered peak of Orizaba looked silently down on this lush valley. The next day we reluctantly left Fertin to visit Vera Cruz, a chief port of the Republic - we went in the waterfront shops and various things, coral and combs made of tortoise shell. That night was spent in the lovely old town of Jalapa and next morning back over the mountains to Mexico City.

On Christmas day we left Mexico City again and this time eaded west toward Cuernavaca and Taxco. In Cuernavaca was he beautiful Berda Gardens and lovely churches - - and magnificent homes - - a truly beautiful city. Then Taxco,

the famous silver-mining town – we spent the night there and most of us spent all our money in the wonderful shops with their delicate silver work for which the town is famous.

Back to Mexico City and from there off toward Guadalajara through Morelia – a city abounding with charming colonial palaces and is said to be one of Mexico's most beautiful cities. We saw the great aqueduct and in the evening we walked about the lovely city breathing in its colorful atmosphere. The next morning we traveled over fertile country to the region of Lake Patzcuaro which was the capital of the Tarascan Monarchs that inhabited the region. Patzcuaro was the most beautiful lake we had ever seen and the village, where we had lunch overlooking the lake and then walked about the cathedral – incomparable. We went in the cathedral and viewed the elaborate setting and the enyx railing around the altar. From the shore of the lake we saw the Island of Janitzio with the giant statue of Morolos crowning its heights.

In Guadalajara, the capital of the state of Jalisco, we settled in the hotel and then went to the most expensive and elaborate restaurant we could find – the Copa de Lecho – where Filet Mignons and Jamon au Hawaiian were purchased for eight pesos (about a dollar). We hired a guide the next day and went to Tlaquepaque, a small village outside of Guadalajara famous for its pottery – then to the famous rug and blanket town of Tonalá where we saw weaving being done. Later our guide took us to a house in a residential district that held a shop, where we saw many hand looms working and purchased shirts, ties, and cloth all made from hand woven material for amazingly low prices. Then we visited the famous glass factory of the Avalos family with its great furnaces and innumerable workers, old and young, shaping all manner of beautiful figures with hot glass. Our guide then took us to the magnificent Cathedral of Guadalajara, and the highpoint of all – the awe-inspiring Orozco murals in the Governor's palace.

Alas, much to the disappointment of all we had to leave Guadalajara and return to the States. We came back through Durango and Camargo and Chihuahua, where we bought many rugs typifying the designs of that region. We went through Customs at Juarez and gave a last look at Mexico, a country rich in history and culture. I'm sure none of us will ever forget the exotic foods we had – papaya, pineapple, bananas and the overflowing orange juice.

The trip proved to be inexpensive and left a definite impression on those that went along – – – the tropical jungles surrounding Fortin and Vera Cruz, the towering monuments and modern architecture of Mexico City, the rich agricultural regions around Patzcuaro, and the fun-loving, honest and determined people of Mexico shall never and should never be forgotten by anyone that has been given the honor and opportunity of traveling through MEXICO.

## **THE DEATH VALLEY TRIP**

The gates closed and the Death Valley Trip began early Thanksgiving day morning. Anxiously waiting to begin were Mr. and Mrs. “B”, Cam, Marion, Johnny, Frank, with Kent driving the brand new station wagon. The car was filled with exclamations as we passed the many beautiful scenic areas such as Red Rock Canyon. Soon we found ourselves along side the snow covered Sierras where everyone stretched and twisted to take full advantage of the view. We arrived in Lone Pine, enjoyed a walk and also an ice cream sundae. After returning to the car, we knew we were getting much closer to the Valley, this thought left everyone sitting on the edge of the seats trying to imagine just what it would be like. In a short time, after crossing a range of incomparable mountains, we saw Death Valley in the distance. Its beauty is indescribable and it left everyone unable to find words. As we rode we saw the Devils Cornfield and Golf Course. The sand dunes, which are constantly changing, the contrast of the vast flat desert valley to the rugged high breathtaking mountains which surround the Valley. At Furnace Creek we investigated the various nearby interests; trains, wagons, steam engines, etc. The second day we went to Bad Water, the lowest place in the U.S. On the way back to Furnace Creek we went up the indescribable canyon called Artists Drive and then to the old mining town of Ryan. Then up to Ubehebe Crater and Death Valley Scotty’s Castle. The remaining part of the day and evening was spent exploring the castle with its numerous rooms filled with fabulous antiques. In the living room we were fortunate enough to see his scrapbooks. We were able to see and talk to Scotty for a few minutes late in the afternoon. In the music room we heard the magnificent organ and saw the beautiful paintings. The evening was spent enjoying the castle and all it had to offer.

After reluctantly leaving the castle and valley we went to Goldfield, Nevada and visited the Odd Shop, a collection of objects left over from the days when Goldfield was a thriving mining center.

Rhyolite and Bullfrog, ghost towns were our next stop. We went through ruins of old buildings, saw the abandoned mines, equipment, old graveyard, and the fascinating house made completely of bottles.

Later in the evening we arrived at Boulder City from where we went to see the majestic Hoover Dam. The following day we took the tour of the dam and as we left no one was able to express our feelings of wonder. Later, in Los Vegas we wandered through the Last Frontier Village, which also is full of relics of the old "wild-west Days"

We then began our trip home soon arriving at the gates of Mar-Ken. Our trip was over and we thought then of the wonderful indescribable things we had seen and done.

talk  
about your  
good days! this  
beats all. Meaning  
Senior Ditch Day, of course!  
agenda for the day, start with a  
long bike ride, tandems and all, through  
griffith park, add a visit to our friends and  
relatives at the zoo and we're off with a bang. then  
comes the best part of the day. you've heard of people that  
eat just one meal a day -- all day -- well! first our traveling  
indulgents go to Marion's for soup, then to Dick's for a salad to end  
all salads. Then we find them at Joe's for a short main course (two hours)  
barbecued turkey - wow! next - on to pasadena and John's house for delicious  
prune whip - three helpings a piece. After these for appetizers we come to  
Rita Hayworth -- in Salome of course! after this brief pause for  
indigestion identification -- more food! seniors then were  
introduced to a new style of service - "over the shoulder  
waiters and running after with Larry". In spite of this  
the dinner was delicious, thanks to Mr. and Mrs.  
"b's" cooking - followed by chatter, charades,  
and dancing -- and a very tired game  
of "ghost" in the living room -  
to end a big day -  
how about  
that!

## PATHS

I once was young and full of play  
as wise as the long full day

Now I am older and not so smart

I have come to the place where the  
two paths part

Take the easy one my friends say

The downward path – the easy way

But I, I think, will take the less

traveled way

and find my God at the end

some day