

# Oaxaca Diggings Yield Valuable Finds

Secrets of Mexico's fascinating past civilizations have been yielding to investigations carried out by MCC students in Oaxaca at a rate even faster than the most optimistic of them had hoped, and indications from the first two weeks of the projected eight-week study are that the 1955 field work in anthropology will crown with a resounding success the studies of the Oaxaca area carried out in the three previous years.

Who built the unique and beautiful buildings for which Mitla is world-famous? Who invented the system of decorating them with intricate designs formed with thousands of finely fitted small stones? It was this problem, above all, which drew the anthro-

ARTIST AND ARCHEOLOGIST, Charles R. Wicke, makes a full-scale reproduction of the wall paintings found in the MCC excavations at Yagul, Oaxaca. Because parts of the paintings are almost obliterated by the effects of time, he resorts to spraying them with kerosene, which makes the designs visible for a few moments. The drawings may link the Aztec to the site, which is already known to have been occupied first by Zapotec and then by the Mixtec people.

pologists to the valleys of Oaxaca, and which impelled the selection of Yagul, or Pueblo Viejo de Tlacolula, for investigation in 1954 and again in 1955.

Yagul is only a dozen miles

from Mitla, and the battered visible remains of its buildings bore enough resemblance in ground plan to those of Mitla to make it seem likely that in Yagul clues might to found which would lead

toward an answer to the riddle of Mitla's origin.

The rich valleys of Oaxaca had been the domain of the Zapotecan people for centuries, but in 1350 or thereabouts the Mixtec

came down from the neighboring mountains and by force or intermarriage of royal houses or both made themselves masters of sections of the valley land. From about 1450 on, the Aztec began reaching out from the Valley of Mexico, conquering and demanding tribute as the price of peace. However, the Indian pictographic histories of such events are often difficult to interpret, incomplete, or were destroyed in the Spanish conquest.

It had been thought that the Mixtec, whose architecture is virtually unknown, had come into the Oaxaca valleys only to take over certain of the existing Zapotec-built cities. Mitla's beautiful edifices bear wall paintings which are unmistakably Mixtec, but the buildings themselves are the product of hands still not positively identified. The fabulous treasures of gold and crystal and jade of Monte Albán's Tomb 7 are the work of Mixtec artists, but the tomb in which they were left was a re-used Zapotec construction.

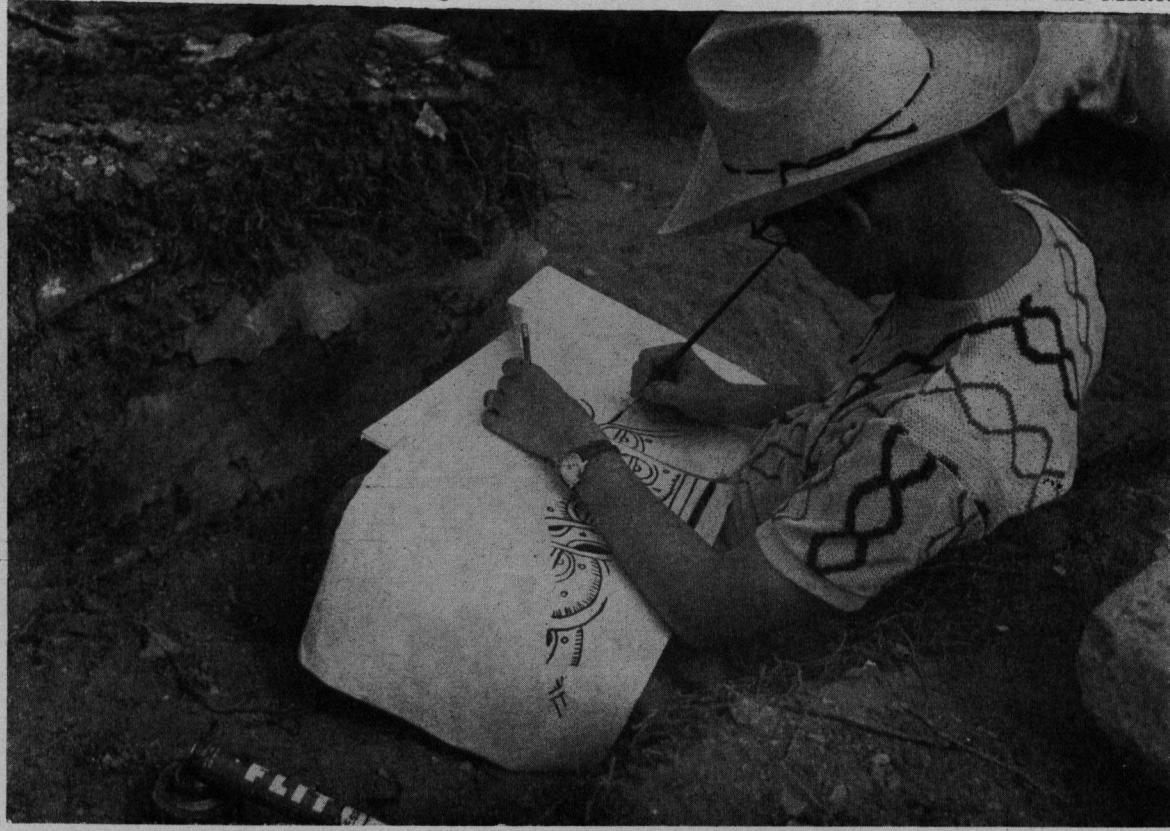
In 1954 the MCC workers found that the largest building at Yagul, which they call The Palace, has the same plan and dimensions as the Hall of Columns at Mitla, although it has no columns. In the remains of ceramics at Yagul there were indications that the Mixtec had been there, but there was no reason to suspect from the short survey of the site that it had been a Mixtec capital.

In fact, no Mixtec building in the valleys of Oaxaca had been found at all. The importance of the Mixtec people in the history of the region was estimated to be relatively minor because of the absence of important buildings attributable to them.

Returning last month to Yagul, the MCC students and their teachers cleared the brush from a large mound which lies between the Palace patio and the ball court which was explored last year, as well as from a house built around a smaller patio at the rear of the Palace. Clearing the debris away from some of the walls and floors, they were astonished to find that the wall at the front of the mound connecting the Palace patio and the ball game was of typical Mixtec construction.

Apparently the last construction period on the whole mound, which is some 100 feet long and 60 wide, was Mixtec work. At the foot of the steps which give access to the mound from the Palace patio there was a rather ru-

(CONT'D. ON PAGE 3)



# MEXICO CITY Collegian

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Thursday, February 17, 1955

## Four MCC Co-eds Chosen As Princesses For Mardi Gras

By George Dawdle

Glittering in the royal garb of princesses at the Mardi Gras Mexicano on February 19 at the Club Imperial, on Calle Dr. Velasco near Avenida Cuauhtémoc, will be four Mexico City College students, one of whom may be chosen as Queen of the Shriner's ball in Mexico City.

Chosen by the Mardi Gras committee as representative of

MCC coeds is Karen Keith of Dallas, Texas. Joan Vaughn of Grosse Ile, Mich., will represent Moslem Temple of Detroit, while Vasta Kirby of Westlake, Ohio, will be the princess of Ohio State University group and Jane Dickert, Winnetka, Illinois, for the Michigan State College contingent.

Sponsored by the Arab Patrol of Anezeh Temple of the Shrine,

the pre-Lenten affair has become one of the outstanding winter social events in the city. Proceeds from the dance are used to maintain the Hospital for Crippled Children and, this year, to construct a new hospital to combine the facilities of a ward at the Hospital Infantil and at the Convalescent Home in San Angel.

Differing from the New Orleans' Mardi Gras, which has its King Rex and his queen, the local celebration has only a queen who is chosen by lot. No votes are necessary, nor does a jury choose the lucky girl. The one who draws the golden pellet from the velvet pouch will be crowned to reign over the festivities of 1955, and will receive among other gifts an all expense week in Acapulco. The other girls will receive presents and mementos of the occasion.

(See page 3 for pictures of the lovely candidates selected to enter the contest.)

In 1954 Mexico City College was represented among the princesses by Janet Peat, a member of the Winter Quarter in Mexico group from Ohio State, and by Kathleen Wilson, sent by Players, Inc. Anne Smith, who had attended the College, was a princess then, together with Shirley Carroll who was representing Al Bahr Temple of San Diego, Calif., but who returned shortly after the Mardi Gras to enroll at the College.

One of the major purposes of the Convention is to compare the different techniques for promotional publicity used by the schools in their various publications.

## College Extravaganza Goes On Boards March 3, 4

By B. L. McGregor

The date is set for the college extravaganza of the season. MCC's "Everything Goes" will be presented on March 3 and 4, highlighted by sixteen acts and one and a half hours of good fun. The faculty-student revue will take place in the new college theater at one p. m., and will in all probability prompt the suspension of classes.

The continuity of the show centers around students Marvin Tonklin and Don Hicks, who play the parts of a faculty and student member out to produce a show. From there a series of skits, monologues, and songs wreak havoc with all that is dear to MCC, including good natured ribbing of the administration and various faculty members. In report, the faculty team, led by William Rogers, Assistant Dean of the Graduate School, will present their impressions of the student body.

Perhaps, a word is in order for the new college auditorium which will be initiated by Studio Stag-

es. Equipped with 15,000 pesos worth of lighting, heaters, and soft-cushioned theater seats, it has been decorated by the ever generous members of the Art department. The theater itself will hallmark the expansion and improvement program of MCC.

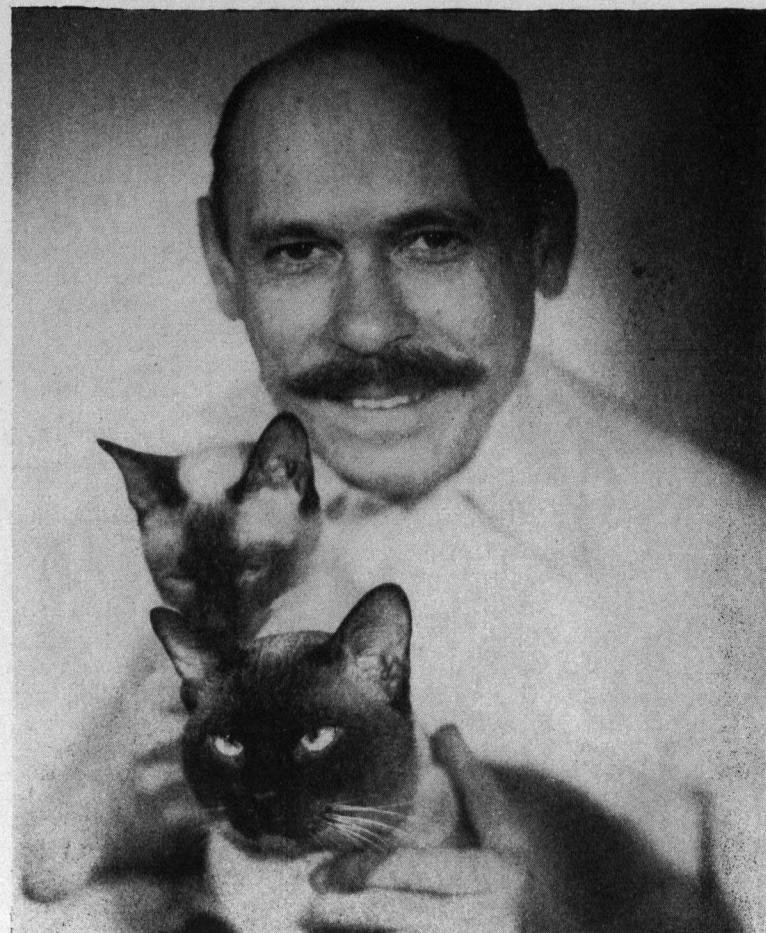
## PR Staffers Go To Texas Convention

Brita Bowen, Director of Public Relations at Mexico City College and two of her staff, Pat Murphy and Gary R. Frink, plan to attend the District X annual convention of the American College Public Relations Association to be held February 18 and 19 in El Paso, Texas on the campus of Texas Western College.

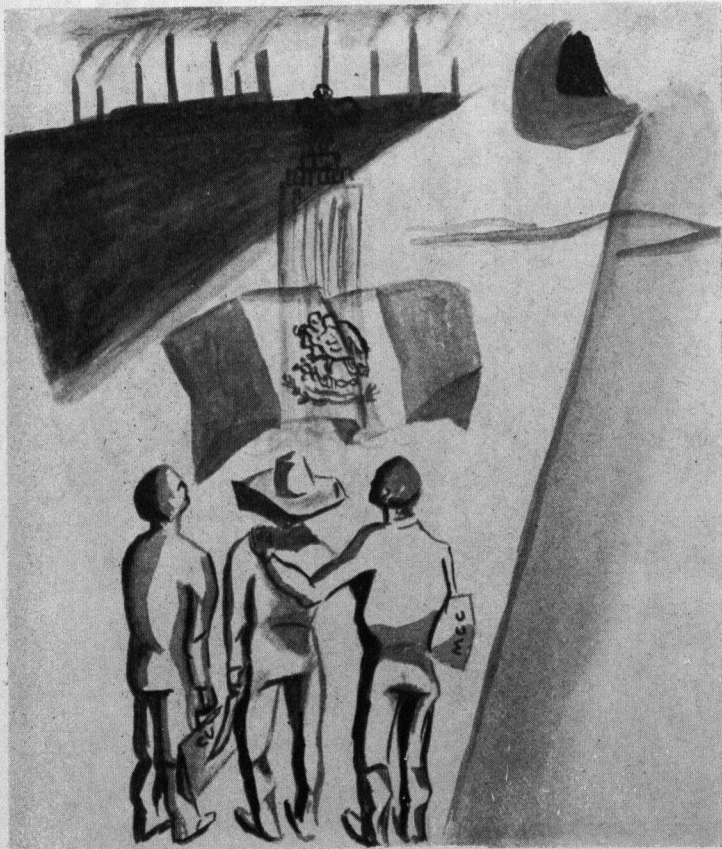
District X of the national association includes colleges and universities from the tri-state area of Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico as well as MCC, the only American college south of the border.

AN EXHIBIT OF PAINTINGS by Felipe Orlando, assistant professor of Design Reproduction at MCC (shown below with his two Siamese cats) will be shown February 23 to March 12 at the John Heller Gallery in New York City. Among the canvases to be displayed will be "Painter Studio", "Two Women with Lamp" and "The Black Cat".

Antillean Orlando has shown his work in many individual and group exhibitions including those of the Museum of Modern Art of New York, the Beinate of Venice, Museum of Modern Art in Paris, Frankfurt au Maine University, Museo Nacional y de La Plata in Argentina, and Lyceum de La Habana.







On February 24, 1821, a tailor, José Magdaleno Ocampo, presented the first flag of Mexico to the ragged army commanded by General Vicente Guerrero, who was the first Mexican to administer the oath of allegiance to the national banner, in the struggle for independence from Spain.

The first-known public homage paid to the flag was initiated by L. G. Lozano, a professor in the state of Michoacán in 1910. On Feb. 25, 1935, a humble bank guard, Ricardo Benito Ramírez Spíndola, with a group of friends, paid homage to the flag in his home in Mexico City. The following year he repeated his demonstration of allegiance with friends on the street in front of his home and finally in 1937 the first official celebration was held at the statue of Vicente Guerrero.

In 1939 the flag was honored throughout most of Mexico and in 1940 the army and all public schools participated in what has become a national celebration.

I. B.

## Sensational or Sensible

We of the *Collegian* don't know just exactly how the women students feel about correct dress in Mexico, but we do know how important a factor correct dress can be in helping to foster that "good impression" Americans so sorely need in cultivating their friendships with the peoples of other countries.

President Eisenhower expressed this need quite aptly when he said, "I think that almost any American traveling abroad these days experiences occasionally a sense of shock when he recalls an opinion about Americans in general held abroad that seems to that American visitor to be so far from the truth. . . He is considered rude, even his deportment is not admired because of unfortunate incidents on the part of individuals".

It is this last sentence in particular on which we wish to comment. To cite one outstanding ex-

ample of this, a few nights ago while sitting in a well-known Insurgentes restaurant, we noticed an MCC coed parading up and down the street in a rather brief pair of shorts which are dubiously thought of even in the States. Whether or not the girl was oblivious to the people around her we don't know, but we do know by their comments and stares that they were far from being unaware of her. Unthinkingly (we hope) this girl immediately created a very bad impression of American women in general as well as of herself and her school in particular.

We agree with President Eisenhower—our international relationship means too much to us to be spoiled by ignorance or disregard of the needs, wishes and tastes of others.

B. L.

### At Home - Abroad

## Pro Guest Columnist Scribbles On-The-House

By Donald Demarest

At last someone has taken up this column's long-standing offer of tequila-on-the-house for a Guest Column. Eddie Lown, a professional columnist, who writes a regular piece for the *El Paso Herald Post*, has volunteered to handle this slot for this issue. Sit 'em up bartender!



If it's true information that Donald Demarest and *Time Magazine* have been peddling to the public that writers are in a bad way financially, why is it I'm the first to take DD up on his free-drink offer?

Was a time in my short writing career I knew many writers who would walk half-way across a state for a free drink or a free meal.

Don's offer started a chain reaction. One thing (in this case a tequila) led to another and later the host started telling me how to write the guest column.

I explained to him as best I could that the stuff he wanted me to write about the school, personalities and other subjects was libelous. He took on a journalistic sulk until somebody poured another tequila.

AT HOME. . .

Anyhow Don said I could write about anything I wanted to say, so I'll write about things I know about. I'm looking for an apartment. Not just the usual kind of apartment, but a plush, furnished, two-bedroom, five-room affair with gas, light, refrigerator, maid and garage thrown in. My friend, a painter named Rick Reagan, said the last time he checked the

checking account we could afford all of 400 pesos a month rent.

ABROAD. . .

For aficionados of women, here's what pretty Bette Ford, the torera from Broadway, told me about marriage plans: "I'm going to stay (with bullfighting) to the end, with God's help. Fighting gives me a feeling of complete satisfaction and accomplishment. I can't see doing anything but bullfighting". Tough break, men.

\* \* \*

I would like to organize the "MEXICAN BRIEFS FAN CLUB". To be eligible a person must read and enjoy the MEXICAN BRIEFS column in THE NEWS. I don't know who writes that column, but I like the style and the frankness of the man (or woman). My secretary has been away for about a year or so, so I'll leave membership cards up to the MEXICAN BRIEFS writer. He can send a card to each fan who writes him a fan letter.

IN MEXICO. . .

Second-hand advice to United States women: A syndicated columnist writes that U. S. women don't know how to wiggle a hip when strolling down the avenue. His claim is that they forget the hips are there when pushing out the best foot forward. I don't know how they do it, but I've never seen a Mexican woman yet who hasn't mastered this knack. Have you ever watched a Mexican man (or ANY man) appreciate local talent? This is a subtle hint to U. S. women.

\* \* \*

Bullfighting: The question has arisen in many minds: Is bullfighting an art? It isn't JUST art. It is a combination of many things. But as far as whether art plays a role, I can only say every U. S. bullfighter I know is in-

clined toward one of the arts, with most of them leaning toward writing and painting.

Free plug dept.: (And if you think I got paid for these plugs I'll let you see my checking account): My favorite bar is at the María Cristina Hotel on Lerma; Los Ponchos Photo Shops offer the best developing and printing in town; you can get a good "especial" lunch at the Capri in Polanco for six pesos; you can impress a friend with a fancy dinner for 15 pesos at the Pasty Restaurant at Ambers 10 near the Paseo de la Reforma. Probably the best car mechanic in town is a man named Briossi who has a lot without a sign directly across Reforma from Calle Guadiana near Insurgentes.

I Don't Know Anything About

Taking a few days away from the desk gives one time to think—or it ought to anyway. Since we are in one of those periodic world crises that seem to be a hallmark of our age it is rather natural for most of us to be turning our thoughts to



just what could really happen if the powers start dropping bombs here and there over the face of the world. For some reason or other I cannot get out of my mind certain scenes from a picture that came out a few years ago called "Destination Moon". I found it instructive and enlightening and it had no silly gimmicks such as monsters and war machines and the like. It fell down in the end because we were told that the chief purpose in getting to the moon was to protect the world from Russia. Be that as it may, I keep thinking of the way our earth was depicted when the scientists got away from it in their rocket ship. Now we have aerial pictures taken from rockets that are very similar to the views "Destination Moon" showed us; and the thought that stays with me is this. How small and lonely our little world is, hung out in space by some power we talk about (gravity?) but do not really know much about! Could we really knock it off its axis (as some scientists have suggested) by exploding the proper number of bombs? And if we did, who would care? Thinking about it this way I wond-

er at the depth of our perverseness, of the strength of the attraction of evil, and the stupidity—and ignorance that we display while extolling our own intelligence and hurling back at the Creator the words of Lucifer himself. "We will not serve!"

The Almighty has told us that the only sin that has no forgiveness is the sin of despair. Looking around at the world we have made and at the mess we find ourselves in, I do not think we should commit that sin. I do think, though, that we might hoist ourselves up, mentally at least, a few hundred miles above our little mote, dancing in bottomless space, and commune with ourselves and the Infinite. If God, in His mercy and wisdom, has seen fit to let us lift the extreme outer edge of the first page of the vast Book of Knowledge, it would be well for us to carry through on that thought and use our brains and our hearts to find a way out of the impasse in which we find ourselves. Hardly anyone doubts that we are on the brink of the unknown, that we face a period in history unlike anything ever recorded before. That was true in 1945, it is even truer in 1955. I do not know the answer but it takes no prophet to predict that if we act against China in the way the Duke of Normandy might have defied Harold the Saxon in 1066, what will be left of the next generation may not even be strong enough to write about what happened. The people of Noah's time, the builders of the Tower of Babel and Gomorrah—yes, and our own people in 1914 and in 1939, were warned what would happen if they continued to live as they were living. We have had our warnings, from Hiroshima to Bikini. Are we to believe that there are actually men and women who are saying to each other: "Let's see what will happen when those bombs are dropped"? If so, God help them, and us, too!

\* \* \*

Mentor Books, the company which has brought out so many thought-provoking volumes in recent years, has begun publication of a new translation (by John Ciardi, of Rutgers) of Dante's *Inferno*. Done in modern English, with a brief summary preceding each Canto, followed by excellent, brief but illuminating notes, the volume should prove especially useful to the average reader who up to now may have been repelled by the numerous allusions to people and places and things that are no longer part of the mental baggage of most of us. The Translator's Note is a splendid little essay in itself; and should stimulate the imagination of anyone who has tried serious translating or who hopes to do it in the future. The Introduction is chock full of erudition (I am not familiar with the author, Archibald T. MacAllister, of Princeton) but it displays certain strong antipathies and prejudices that seem to be out of place in such an introduction. I do not question Mr. MacAllister's scholarship but do believe that his essay, is hardly a model of that "objectivity" we are told we should strive for in these modern days. Just in passing, I should like to question this sentence: "The Church, struggling to wrest from the enfeebled Empire its supremacy as a temporal power, had made it a matter of

(CONT'D. ON PAGE 6)

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# Mardi Gras Dates Back to Romans

By Joe Nash

Mardi Gras is a name everybody recognizes, to which everybody thrills, and that means feasting, fun and frolic throughout the Western World.

What is this great event all about?—It began back in the time of the Romans, when the old Roman festival, Lupercalia, was held on February 15 in honor of Faunus, a rural Italian god who was later identified with Pan, the god of herds and fruitfulness. Rites centered around the Lupercal, a cave in the Palatine hill. There, a purification ceremony took place.

Later, through this purification ceremony, the Festival of Lupercalia developed into Shrove Tuesday, the eve of Ash Wednesday on which "shrift" was received after confessional. This "shrieking" meant a farewell to the flesh and was held in preparation for the great fast (Lent) to come.

In France it was called Mardi Gras or Fat Tuesday, in allusion to the fat ox which ceremoniously paraded through the streets at this time.

The modern manner of these ancient celebrations began in the 1600's and 1700's and spread

throughout Europe. It is now Carnival in Italy, Mardi Gras in France, and Pancake Tuesday in England, with the festivals of Rome, Paris, Nice and Venice being especially famed.

The Mardi Gras in the New World began at the first site of Mobile, Alabama—the old Fort Louis de la Louisiane—between 1702 and 1710. The French colonists, who had brought it there, took it with them to New Orleans in 1857. Here, a group of former Mobile residents organized the first spectacular parade, the Mystic Krewe of Comus, over which King Rex reigned.

The elegant goings-on were moved in 1859 to the Old French Opera House, at the corner of Bourbon and Toulouse Streets, where they grew in name and fame. From Twelfth Night (January 6) on, the festive spirit reigns in New Orleans and the Balls of Momus, Proteus and the last, Comus, which is held on the final night after the Parade of Rex, bring the series of brilliant nights to a climax.

Now there are dozens of these spirited events throughout the Americas. Mardi Gras is celebrated in Memphis, New Orleans, Canada, and Rio de Janeiro. Here in Mexico festivals are held in Mazatlan, Taxco, Tampico, Monterrey and Merida, but the most famous of all are in Vera Cruz where from next Sunday on the whole town will be a 24-hour-a-

day parade of costume and cosmetic fancy.

The Mexico City celebration once held sway for several days, but with the growth of the city faded away because of over-size and several other cogent reasons. Now it is an annual Saturday night affair in one of the better clubs of the Capital.

It is sponsored by the Arab Patrol of the Anezh Temple of the Shrine, and, just as the New Orleans Mardi Gras has its King Rex and his queen, the Mardi Gras Mexicano has a Queen who is chosen by lot and who, with the Princesses, receives a shower of gifts.

## LAES Appears On Celanese TV News Program

By Barbara Lininger

The Latin American Economic Society, one of MCC's largest clubs, was televised for "Noticiero Celanese", domestic newscast of the Celanese Mexicana, S. A. of Latin America, which appears daily on Channel 2 at 7:15 p. m.

At one of the club's recent meetings in the Chapultepec Restaurant, the newsreel cameramen from the Public Relations Department of the Celanese company took motion pictures of the members, the officers and the guest speaker, Mr. Francis Karnes, vice-president of Negocios y Comisiones, S. A. in Mexico City, who talked to the group on "Insurance Opportunities in Business". The film appeared the following week on the company's news program as a group of American students learning more about Mexico through their weekly L. A. E. S. club meetings.

The idea of having the L. A. E. S. on television originated at one of the organization's weekly Tuesday get-togethers when the guest speaker and chief of Celanese Mexican's Public Relations Department, Dr. Edmundo LaSalle, offered to televise the group's next meeting for the company's broadcast.



Jane Dickert



Jolan Vaughn



Vesta Kerby



Karen Keith

## ALUMNI NOTES

A former student, Roger Brothers, is in Maracaibo, Venezuela with his wife, Roger, originally from California, received his Master of Arts from MCC in 1950.

\* \* \*

Ted Hiller and his wife, the former Edda Zannoni of Acapulco, have left Anchorage, Alaska, where Ted has been employed for the last two years. The last report indicates that the couple will return to Mexico.

\* \* \*

John W. Shoemaker, who holds a Bachelor of Arts Degree from Mexico City College, recently received his Bachelor of Laws Degree from Ohio State University.

\* \* \*

Juan Cobre, who studied here from '47 to '49, is doing social service work in New York.

\* \* \*

Bruce Remick of Detroit, Michigan, who received his Master of Arts Degree from Mexico City College in June 1953 is now employed as a probation officer in Detroit.

\* \* \*

Urban "Slats" Mason, a 1948 graduate of MCC, is now employed by the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. in Venezuela.

\* \* \*

John Cassidy, who attended MCC in 1950 through 1952 is now associated with a photographic studio in Detroit.

\* \* \*

Marvin Rosen, '49, has been in Panama during the past four years, working for the Panama Canal government.

## Oaxaca Diggings Yield Aztec Clue

(CONT'D. FROM PAGE 1)

dely made tomb with no less than 15 skulls, uncountable other bones, and offerings of Mixtec pottery and a few pieces of jade.

The house at the rear has the same architectural plan as the smaller buildings of Mitla, and in its patio there was found another tomb, again Mixtec. Careful probing of the remains of older constructions lying under the presently visible house is expected to do much to clear up the identity of the builders of the Mitla-style house. If the luck of the MCC crew continues good, they may be able to state definitely that the house was put up by Mixteca, ending one of the long arguments of archeology.

On the ball court side of the large mound which they are clearing, the anthropologists found a distressingly low remnant of wall, faced with stucco. The outer layer of stucco was painted plain red, but the layer under the last coat had traces of paintings. The paintings are monochrome, done with exceptionally fine lines for murals, and their repeating red designs were immediately identified by Charles Wicke, member of the group staff, as the same designs he had drawn to illustrate an article by Frederick Peterson regarding Aztec pottery of the last period (Aztec IV).

The question of Aztec occupation of Yagul remains open, however, since the use of finely drawn wall decorations is identified with the Mixtec and since the Mixtec are known to have had contact with both the Toltec, makers of the first pottery in the so-called Aztec series, and with the Aztec themselves.

In any case, it is now known that Yagul was occupied and for relatively long periods by both Zapotec and Mixtec. The previous estimate of the importance of the Mixtec in the history of the central valleys of Oaxaca must be revised. The reputation of the Mixtec as rather poor architects but as among the finest goldsmiths and potters in the history of the world will possibly be made more generous in the architectural respect, if it is shown that they built, or aided in building, the magnificent Mitla edifices.

The work of MCC archeology students in 1952, 1953 and 1954 was not visible to future students who might visit their sites, since for protection of the buildings exposed, they were recovered with earth on leaving. This year, however, the buildings uncovered will simply be reinforced with concrete where there is earth fill between building stones and where there are exposed edges of walls and floors. While no reconstruction will be undertaken, the results of the work accomplished may thus be left open to view for tourists and archeologists. Since the site is only a mile

off the Oaxaca-Mitla highway, it is readily accessible.

Students working on the archeological study are Vance Bourjaily, Harold Cosgrove, Robert Craig, C. Chard Meigs, James Oliver, graduates; and June Coffran, Perry Duncan, William Folan, Lois Minium, and Jere Moore, undergraduates. Henry Shute, graduate, is working on the art history aspect of the project in preparation for his M. A. thesis; Edward Zwerdling, undergraduate, is linking a geographical study of the surrounding area to the probable pre-Hispanic land use pattern.

Rodger Meyer, graduate, is engaged in an ethnographic study of San Pablo Huixtepec, south of Oaxaca, after moving on from the neighboring town of Santa Ynés Yarzechi because it was too Indian. His Zapotec being less than expert, he found the lack of informants who speak Spanish in Yatzehchi too much of a handicap.

The field work is being supervised by John Paddock, acting counselor of the Department of Anthropology; Román Piña Chan, expert archeologist of the Mexican National Institute of Anthropology; and as graduate assistant, Charles R. Wicke, recent honor graduate of MCC in anthropology.

## Asi es la Vida

By Ken Long

Cuando dicen, "ahorita viene"  
Casi nadie va a pasar;  
Cuando se dice "no pasa nada",  
Qué horror va a pasar.

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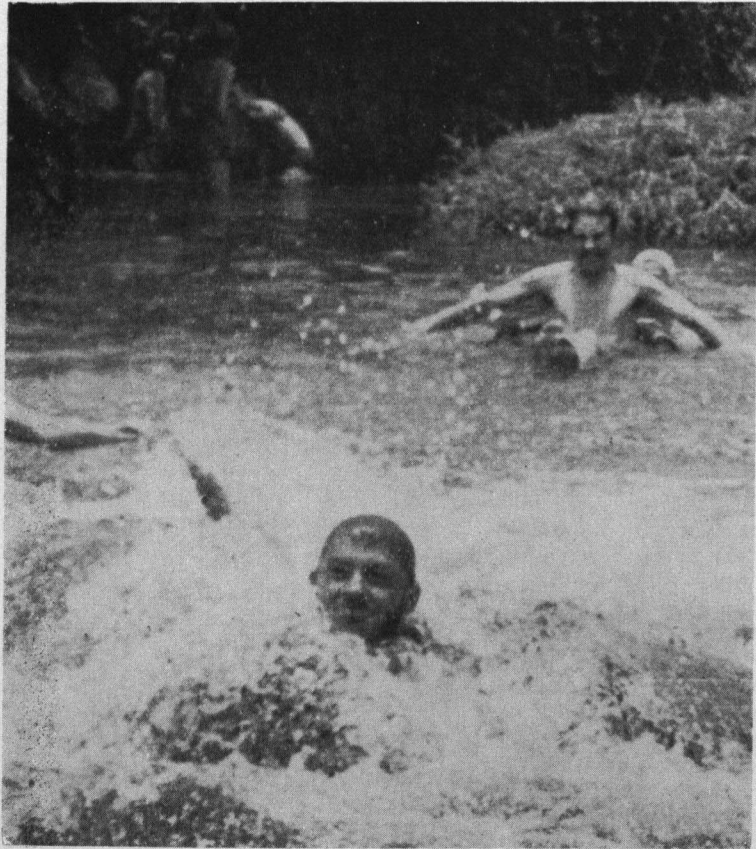
YOUR DOLLAR BUYS MORE THAN EVER BEFORE AT THE

**PAM-PAM**

## NEW COUNSELOR NAMED

Offering improved services in counseling and aid to students this quarter, the college has named Luke Judd as men's counselor with an office in Room 14 on the balcony overlooking the restaurant. Hours are from 9 to 10 and 11 to 12 in the mornings and from 2:30 to 4:30 every afternoon. In addition to advice on planning courses and other academic matters, the office is equipped to help out students in emergency financial troubles, insofar as the Student Loan Fund is solvent.





YOU CAN SEE MANY things in Mexico, like the tropical paradise or the sulphur water bubble. Most visitors to Mexico don't have time to travel to out-of-the way places and even if they did the tourist books don't always remind you of these hidden pleasures.

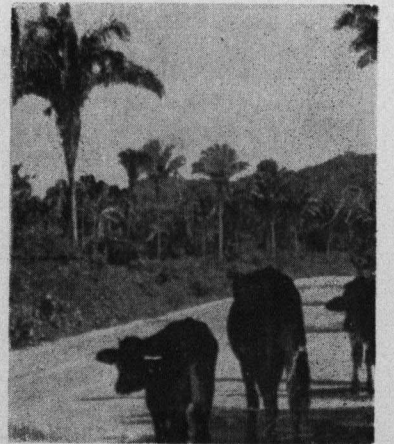
# Forget the Tourist Books and



Here you are no better off than being in Santa Mónica in Los Angeles or on Jones' Beach in New York.

Very few visitors know there are such places along this route as Las Estacas and Tehuixtla. These are in tropical areas where you can swim, fish a little and relax Mexican style.

Las Estacas, is probably the more interesting of the two. There you have a bungalow for two for 45 pesos, a good restaurant, with favorable food prices, a small, clean river to swim in, and a dense tropical atmosphere of



WATCH THE BOYS at La Ventosa near Salina Cruz catch and carry a 200-pound black sea bass across the beach and into the lagoon and swim and fish in the Gulf of Tehuantepec between catches.

By Ed Lown

The American comes to Mexico looking for something different and almost invariably ends up playing the favorites such as Xochimilco, the pyramids, Cuernavaca, and Taxco.

These places are certainly "different" from the "el" trains of New York, the Loop of Chicago, or Pershing Square in Los Angeles.

The problem is "Why do most visitors content themselves with just tourist guide books?"

Probably the main reason so little of Mexico is seen by most Americans stems from the fact that they come into the country fresh and are forced to see only certain things because of lack of information.

They are startled and bemused enough just out of not understanding the language to keep themselves confined to a certain area and certain habits.

Most visitors are governed by

time and can't possibly see all they would like or all that they should. But there is a great number of persons who do have the time and see only a limited portion of Mexico.

So many places in Mexico are so fascinating that it isn't possible to tell about all of them. But here, are a number of places suggested as worth a visit.

Going south, the tourist books carry sightseers over a high mountain into Cuernavaca. This town has an old atmosphere enhanced with a pyramid and two side-by-side plazas where people stroll to see other people. The town is a lazy one, in no hurry, but you can't see this unless you live there or visit there frequently. If you visit there for only one afternoon, say, then all you are getting is a vicarious thrill of contrast from working eight-to-four, etc., in a familiar environment in the U. S.

From there you go to Taxco along another pretty highway

which takes you to another colonial town which features silver and quietness on the side of a hill. Here again you come and go faster than your mind can record impressions.

Then on to Acapulco, a rather commercial town in which the old-timers still can't figure out why they every day see an increasing number of strangers.

mango and cocoanut trees to walk under.

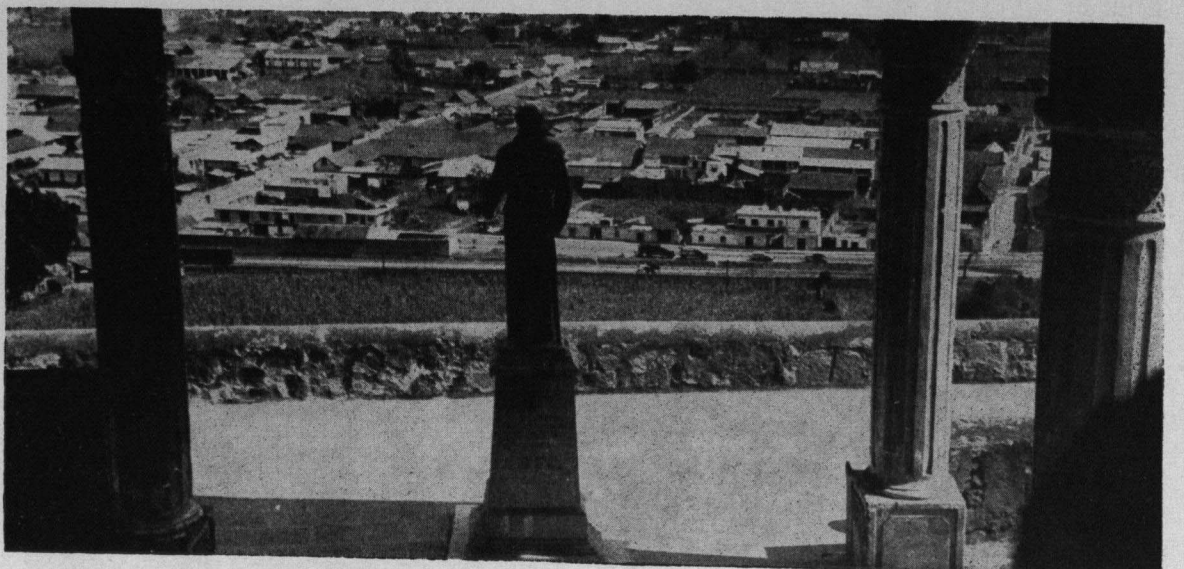
The place is about an hour and a half south of Cuernavaca off the Acapulco highway to the left. It's not a village, but a hotel. Mexican motion picture companies occasionally shoot pictures there. Even if you don't do anything else there, you can relax.

Tehuixtla is a small Mexican

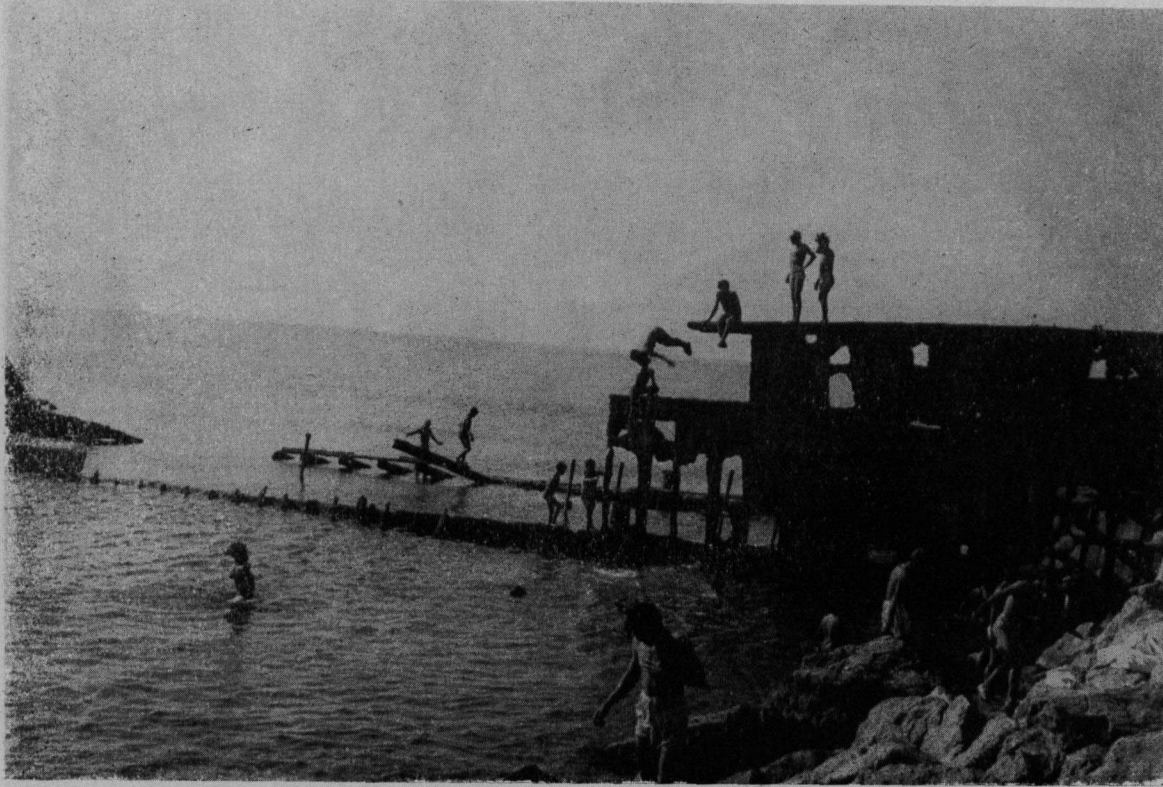
village and offers a hotel double-room for 30 pesos a day, good enough food and three swimming pools, plus a river with a little fishing. Here, too, is relaxation.

One swimming pool is fresh water, another sulphurous, and another a sulphur water bubble coming up out of the ground. The bubble pool is a small affair in which a swimmer gets plenty

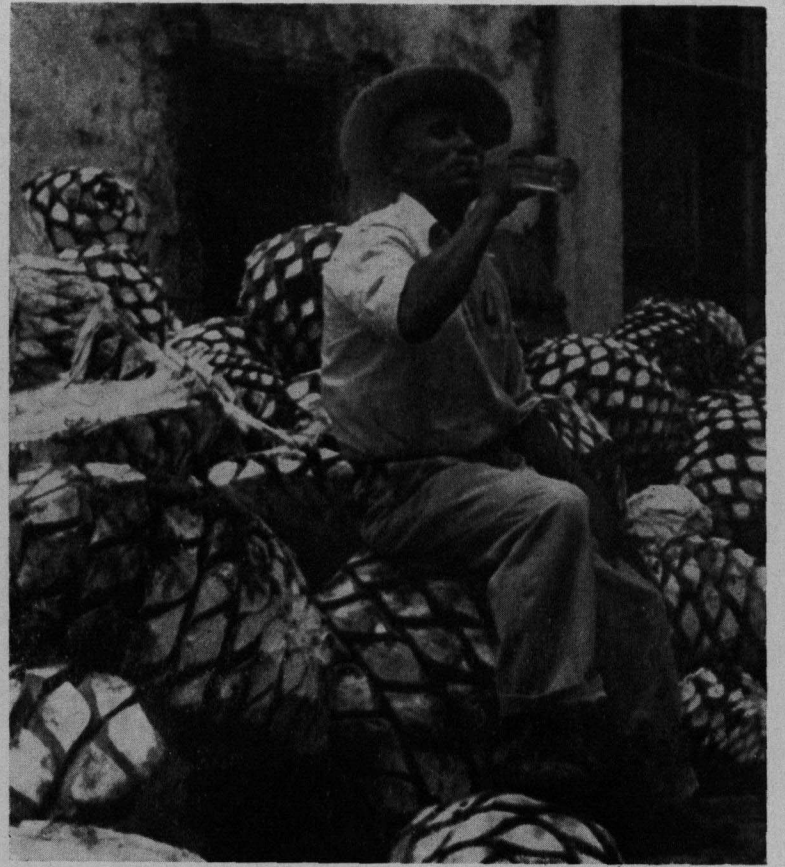
THE STATUE OF FRAY MARTIN DE VALENCIA looks down on Amecameca from the patio of a church built in his honor on a 400 foot hill near the village. The Fray did much for the Indians of that area and was greatly loved by them.







RELAXING IN MEXICO could mean diving off a hung-up transport as in Puerto Mexico, 200 or so miles south of Vera Cruz, or drinking tequila anywhere in Mexico, as in Tequila, Mexico, the little, quiet town an hour from Guadalajara where they make the national drink.



# Take A Good Look at Mexico



OR REMEMBER GUADALAJARA can show you many facets of Mexico while riding in a horse-drawn taxi in the second largest city in the country.



The people of the village are somewhat independent because they only enjoy others who like to live life. Your wallet won't be stolen if you put it in the care of a villager, but that doesn't mean you're accepted into the fold. There in La Ventosa you are king only if you are honest and human.

Mexico City is the focal point, so you return and go west. After you shoot through the names in the book (Toluca, Morelia, Hidalgo and Guadalajara), you go south-west into Manzanillo.

First a word about Guadalajara. It's a nice town and prices are appetizing. Life runs smoothly there and you can enjoy yourself in the second largest city in Mexico. Rush north for five miles and you find Santiago Beach. Prices there are as cheap as the fishing bait in piers in the States. And the fish are sociable.

You get a bungalow facing the sun and look down on a small beach that makes Quebrada boys ashamed there isn't a deep, rocky gorge in Manzanillo. It's so pleasant at Santiago Beach that people think that they'd rather play cards with fish than hook them.

There's an expression in Mexico which says, in effect: "If you come to Mexico and know Mexico you'll return". Some say there's an extension of this theo-



ry. "If you come to Mexico and know Mexico you'll return and live there".

That is, of course, if you get to know more about Mexico than the fact that Bellas Artes is on Juarez Avenue or that the canals of Xochimilco sometimes are surrounded by flowers.

Perhaps the writer, William Saroyan, never laid eyes on Mexico, but his words ring true, "In the time of your life, live".

of exercise attempting to ride the bubble's crest.

Very few Americans find their way to areas in and around the gulf port of Vera Cruz, and this area is much different from tourist book places.

Taking the north route (a flat highway which misses the usual tourist spots) you pass through the city of Huamantla and its snowcapped mountain overseer. From there you go into the bright town of Jalapa and down into Vera Cruz.

Vera Cruz has many things to see (Cortes landed there) and livability (prices make your pocket-book smile).

About six hours from Vera Cruz you come into a big town named Minatitlan. It's a town changing from old customs to oil-

nudged modernism. There in a friendly and modern restaurant, you can get a two pesos breakfast consisting of two fresh eggs French-fried potatoes and a salad. During your meal the juke box is likely to play "Three Coins in the Fountain".

From here you go into the growing town of Puerto Mexico. It is the bottom of the cup of the Bay of Campeche, and, like, wine, the sediment (the town) is the best part of the drink.

The place is clean, the beach is long, the water is refreshing and the people are your friends. Oil to the south has increased the population, has changed dirt roads to cement thoroughfares and made people wonder why a car is a necessary thing. But the people of Puerto Mexico still fish

in the ocean, dive off a wrecked transport, and enjoy life quietly and pleasurably.

And then to the south! The real South. Oaxaca, Tehuantepec, Salina Cruz and (now the good one) La Ventosa. The fishing village of La Ventosa is a monument to many things.

Amiable La Ventosa is a salute to sand, ocean, sun, turtle eggs, good fish and a slow-paced life. You live there because the sun rises and makes a soft blue reflection in your eyes and the villagers blur the reflection by frolicking in the inviting surf.



## ... And Always Relax!



President's Desk

(CONT'D. FROM PAGE 2)

dogma that the emperors were as dependent on the popes as was the moon on the sun". (P. 10) It is my understanding that when dogma is proclaimed it must be accepted by the faithful at the time of its proclamation and for all time after that. I am not aware of any such dogmatic statement in relation to the powers of Church and State, then or now; although there is no doubt that many non-dogmatic declarations on Church-State relations were made by popes of that time.

One curious impression I have taken away from this reading of the volume on Hell. I do not think I ever read it complete before but I do remember that we used to be appalled, almost nauseated, by Dante's descriptions. We have in Spanish the expression "dantesco" to describe horrible sights. Now I am wondering if two world wars and the ghastly experiences of the Jews in Germany and of millions of others in Italy and Russia, of the Japanese at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, have not dulled our senses so that we look almost with boredom on the scenes which Dante described as Hell and which Gustave Doré illustrated for us in one of the master works of all time. Probably the only thing missing from the hells we have made here on earth is that sense of loss, for all eternity, that we have been told is the greatest punishment that man can suffer.

\* \* \*

Selections for the Baseball Hall of Fame interest me and often amuse me. One of the big problems of selection revolves around the fact that a whole generation of writers has grown up since the golden age of the game; and only a year or two ago the organizers of the Hall got around to appointing a special committee so that the great stars of yesterday should not be forgotten. With the coming of the radio and television and the entrance into ownership of many people who do not care so much for the game itself as the profits it may bring, we have seen a new orientation given to almost everything in the baseball world. The New York writers used to idolize the Giants—and with reason; but the present crop, ai-

Free Admission To Mixer Dances At Rotary Club

MCC's *Clases de Inglés* are sponsoring a series of mixer-dances, offering MCCers and the *Clases de Inglés* students an opportunity to get together to practice Spanish and English respectively, and for the purpose of exchanging ideas between the school's two divisions.

The dances, to be held at the Rotary Club, Londres 15, from 8:00 p. m. until 12:00 midnight are scheduled for February 26 and March 18. The first in the series was held late in January.

Admission is free, but tickets for entrance are required. They may be obtained from the *Clases de Inglés* office, San Luis Potosí 154, or in the Spanish Department here. Only 150 tickets are available for each dance as the Rotary Club has a limited capacity. Refreshments will be served at the club at reasonable rates.

Paco Moncado's fifteen-piece orchestra has been contracted to furnish music for the affairs, and will play throughout the evening for dancing.

ded and abetted by radio and television commentators, make fools of themselves in their gibbering over the Yankees and the two-year wonder that is Willie Mays. Granted the spirit and drive of the New York Americans, they are no better than many great organizations of the past—and certainly not so good as some. Mays must be a fine athlete and he has done well at the start of what should be a great career; but no one has a right to begin comparing him to Speaker and Cobb and Ruth and Roush and Musial (to name only a few of dozens that could be named) until he has been up for ten years and we have a chance to see if he is going to play with that consistency and steady flame of seasonal performance that are the marks of greatness in any athlete we call a star. (A year or two ago we had madmen running around with tapes, measuring the distance that Mickey Mantle was hitting the ball. Now they are saying he is a disappointment. I don't see why. He has played a good game but just can't come up to all the nonsensical things that the so-called experts said and wrote about him.) Anyway, I saw Hartnett and Vance and Lyons in the days of their greatness and they belong where the best are honored. To me, Gabby was the greatest of his day (not Cochrane); and while Vance developed late he had the speed and color and guts that go with stardom. Lyons was one of the few who made the jump from college (Baylor) to the big leagues and stuck. He was a heady and courageous pitcher who never quit trying although playing with some of the worst aggregations ever put together in the American League. Do you know what a swinging bunt is? Well, Ted was the master of that, too. Cobb and Speaker and Ruth and all the rest up there in the Hall need feel no shame at being asked to move over for these three. I never saw Dimaggio but he was as good as they come these days. No argument.

\* \* \*

TO HELP YOU DOZE IN THE HAMMOCK — Henry Kane (one of the many Kanes who seem to write mystery stories) gives you old Peter Chambers and his tough approach in three shorts called *Trinity in Violence*. . . Richard Bissell's *Pajama* (on which the current musical is based) is good for several laughs; and, if you know the town, a sigh for good old Dubuque. . . George Harmon Coxe writes too much while killing off his people but he is always reasonably satisfactory in his conclusions—as in *Venturous Lady*. . . Paul Darcy Boles, whom I have never heard of before and who goes unidentified on the cover of this Bantam Book called *The Streak*, tells us in semi-Hemingwayesque about an Italian racing driver and the cars he loved more than his sweetheart, Elena. The racing scenes are really good and Mr. Boles conveys in many ways the passion that Tagli, the driver, feels for his wonderful cars. It is laid in Mussolin's Italy but the political picture seldom intrudes. The end is tragic, as you might suspect.

AMADOR IN ALASKA

Mike Amador, a former MCC student from Los Angeles, California, is now working for the Northern Commercial Co. in Fairbanks, Alaska.

Rosy's Rivets

Everyone Invited to Jungle

By Eddie Rosenfeld

SAD SACK: Our heart goes out to Eber Glendenning, charter member of the MCC Explorers Club who has climbed the highest mountain in Mexico, Orizaba (18,546 feet); also, the third highest, Ixtaccihuatl, popularly known as the Sleeping Lady (17,342 feet), and very recently made the attempt to surmount famed Popocatepetl, second highest of Mexico's lofty mountain peaks (17,876 feet). He reached a spot



five feet from the top of Popo and suddenly halted wracked by the knowledge that if he completed the ascent he would have no more worlds to conquer. After a half hour's debate with his tortured soul Eber made the wrong decision, a Hollywood one. He finished the climb!

\* \* \*

TREASURE: Pedro Montero, genial book store student aid, has a standing invitation for all students interested in hunting down potsherds, artifacts, solid gold idols and other ancient souvenirs to visit his dad's ranch located "somewhere" in the state of Veracruz. First you take a bus to the oil-rich city of Poza Rica, then

a burro through the jungle another twelve hours followed by a lively nine-hour walk through swamp, sub-tropical heat and chiggers—and before you know it you're there. A most interesting trip, says Pedro. At least, that's what his father told him. You don't think Pedro's nuts enough to make a journey like that himself, do you? . . .

\* \* \*

RAMBLINGS: Richard Hayman—public relations expert, magazine article writer, sometime student in the MCC Writing Center—has yet to be confused with the harmonica virtuoso or Broadway stage actor of the same name. However, Dick admits, it would not hurt his pride one little spekle if such an error should someday occur. Heaven forbid, Dick, that one day a royalty check of ten thousand dollars should go to the wrong *say Hayman?* . . . It's getting so every time you go to a local movie you catch MCCer John Rossbach in a newsreel shot flexing his muscles. Most recent one was in a satirical bit called, "Relaxing in Acapulco", produced by *Cine Verdad*. Incidentally, the guiding genius behind *Cine Verdad*, latest and sharpest of Mexican combination novelty and newsreel shorts, is none other than one Señor García-Ascot, former philosophy and French teacher at Mexico City College. . . We would not like it ever to be said that Donald Demarest whose fine column in this periodical, *At Home Abroad*, proves he is acquainted with the best restaurants in this and most any other town, does not know the true value of a friend as well as that of a good meal. He recently inscribed a copy of his novel, *Fabulous Ancestor*, thusly: "To my friend and rival, Eddie." (I wish I had more friends. The book might have sold better). . .

Proud of his prison record is Seymour "Si" Schor who spent several hours in the Los Angeles pokey at the tender age of fifteen. Charge: throwing over-ripe tomatoes at hate-spieler, Gerald L. K. Smith during one of the latter's rabble-rousing meetings. . . Tom Swinson and George Carlson wonder whether it is by accident or design that Professor Jerry Olson, instructor in Creative Writing, is holding off for the last in the Short Story Analysis course that masterpiece of Erskine Caldwell's labeled *Country Full of Swedes*. . . Pretty Michigan State co-ed, Nedra Schluckbier, has taken more kidding about her name in recent years than any human being has reason to expect. Most common substitute for the first part of her last name is, of course, *Schlitz*. . . Jake Fuller, inveterate world traveler, reports that Australia is the greatest. Spent six months in Sydney last year, living very comfortably on ten bucks a week. He might still be there today but for the shortsightedness of the Veterans' Administration in not approving Australian schools for Korean vets. . .

Pat Reynolds, here on leave from the Sheriff's Department of Los Angeles County where he is a juvenile officer, an officer assigned to handle cases involving juvenile delinquents, that is. We wouldn't want anyone to get the impression Pat's a kid cop—like the ones directing traffic in Chapultepec Park in Mexico's Federal District every Sunday morning. Our paths must have crossed in years gone by in Belvedere Justice Court, one of Los Angeles' busiest judgment centers, where we were employed as Clerk for several years before coming to MCC. . .

MAGARITY IN BRAZIL

Reginald W. Magarity, B. A. '54, is now employed at the American Consulate in Recife, Brazil.

Inquiring Reporter

Rare Experiences in Mexico Cover Gamut of Emotions

By Bill Stewart

QUESTION: What has been your most outstanding experience in Mexico?

JOHN CLYTUS, from San Francisco, is in Mexico to learn Spanish. "Well, my most embarrassing experience was the day I ran out of money and had to bum a meal in a restaurant. I got the meal all right. It's really amazing how friendly and accommodating most of the Mexicans are".



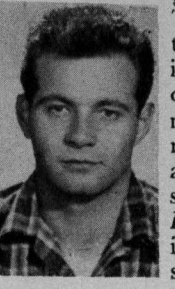
AURELIO MEDINA, from Los Angeles, has a B. S. and is now working for a B. A. in Spanish Education. "My wife and I were hunting idols and stones up in the hills near Querétaro when an Indian suddenly appeared out of clear sky, scaring us half to death. He first asked if we were hunting gold, then explained that he was a government agent after we showed him the arrowheads we had found. He left thinking we were a bit loco".



JOE ROSENBLOOM of Columbus, Ohio, is down here with the WQIM group from OSU. "Climbing Popo last weekend I almost got killed. We had a horrible time because of the terrific winds. I was blown off balance on the slippery ice and fell about 300 feet, breaking my wrist-watch. George Koberne, who witnessed my fall, thought I was dead. I landed on the edge of another cliff. Even I thought it was curtains".



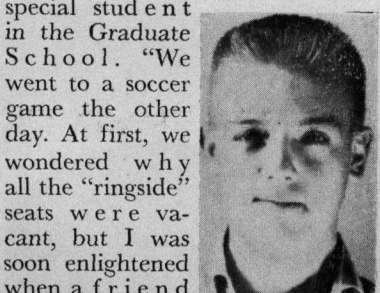
MILTON BERNSTEIN, from the Bronx, is working for a degree in Foreign Trade. "I think the architecture in Mexico is most outstanding. It is marvellous how natural elements are used for construction in the *Pedregal*. I was in interior construction for four years, but it still amazes me how a structure like the National Auditorium can be built utilizing concrete to such an



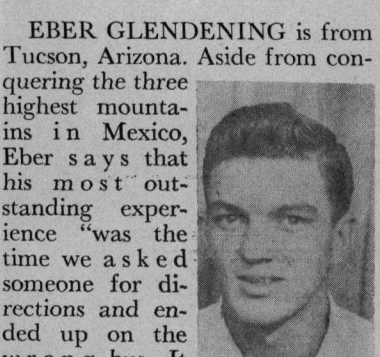
extent. That is undoubtedly the largest structure without center supports in the world".

KIMBALL NEDVED, who hails from Glencoe, Illinois, is a special student in the Graduate School. "We went to a soccer game the other day. At first, we wondered why all the "ringside" seats were vacant, but I was soon enlightened when a friend who understands Spanish heard "Get the gringo with the crew-cut". They got me, all right. . . with paper cups of water and flaming balls of fire. They sure believe in audience participation".

EBER GLENDENING is from Tucson, Arizona. Aside from conquering the three highest mountains in Mexico, Eber says that his most outstanding experience "was the time we asked someone for directions and ended up on the wrong bus. It was about 11 at night. Shortly after we boarded the *camion* the driver made a U-turn and went in the opposite direction. Three hours later and a terrific cab bill put us at our door".

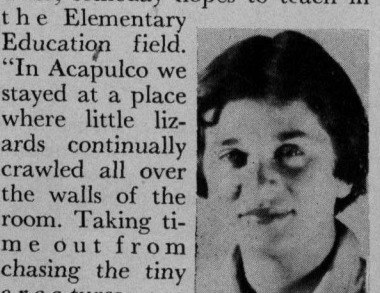


JO GREEN, from Greenville, Ohio, someday hopes to teach in the Elementary Education field. "In Acapulco we stayed at a place where little lizards continually crawled all over the walls of the room. Taking time out from chasing the tiny creatures, we went deep-sea fishing and caught an octopus. We even got washed out to sea while riding a paddle board and had to be rescued by a motor launch".



CASSIDY GETS PUBLIC RELATIONS APPOINTMENT

Dick Cassidy, awarded his B. A. in June '54, and former editor of the *Collegian*, is now director of public relations and promotion at the Owens-Illinois Glass Company in Indiana.



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Kind, Genteel, Truly Elegant,

# "El Burro es un Animal"

By Gary R. Frink—On Burro

"El burro es un animal", so says the much used Stateside Spanish reader *El Camino Real*. This little gem of knowledge may help account for the relation of burro and Mexico in the minds of our northern friends, relatives, and charming visitors. Burro—backbone of Mexican economy and transportation. Burro—kind, discreetly subtle, genteel, truly an elegant member of the animal world. Mexico and burro—to embrace one without the other is indeed a lost aesthetic experience.

This idea was the motivation behind the words of WQIM-MSC student Bill Barnett, when he

ROBERT HARVEY, Norm DeVries, William Barnett and friend leaving for morning classes.

sighed to his six compadres, "What we need in this house is a burro". Somewhat stunned by the sentimental words of fellow WQIM-MSCer, and house dweller Barnett, Norm DeVries exclaimed with emotion, "If you can find a burro, he can sleep in my bed". Strong words stir men to action, and these were words of strength and conviction. The search was on, men for burro.

The group quickly banded into a closely knit group of direction. With the aid of Jim Adam's coche, Messrs. Logan, Barnett, Harvey, Salamone, and of course DeVries, made their way to the nearest native village. In the village, men of peer and position were to be found in the local pulqueria. After a few dips into the native liquid staple, the burro seekers were making headway with their chosen task. A burro trader was in the area, and for such fine examples of gringo blood, could be persuaded to open office. After the usual pleasantries of Mexican business, the price was set. Seventy five pesos for as fine an example of young burro as is alive today. Two of the more burro-loving (and wealthier) of the six, did the purchas-

ing. One of life's finer moments for friends Barnett and Harvey, owners of a genuine Mexican burro.

The next step in the adventure of the animal loving youths, involved a problem. How to get the newly acquired burrito back to the confines of MCC and to bed? This obstacle was immediately solved by generous Jim Adams with the aid of his four door coche. The young burro was bodily loaded into the rear portion of the coche, accompanied by three of his, or rather her, new masters. In the front seat went three more masters and two front feet belonging to blushing Miss Burro, for the young men had not been treating her as a lady burro deserved.

Once the short trip back to the lodgings of the new burro owners was made, the routine of burro ownership began. The burro (since named Pulque, for obvious reasons) was tugged from the car. She was then nudged into the house and placed, not on, but beside the bed of the disbelieving Mr. DeVries, for the

(CONT'D. ON PAGE 8)



## Know Your Faculty

### Dr. d'Aloja Studies Prisons

By Eleanor Wilson

A very charming person of many interests is Dr. Ada d'Aloja, assistant professor of anthropology.

Born in Bologna, the northern part of Italy, Dr. d'Aloja has nevertheless lived in Mexico for 22 years. She now claims to speak Spanish better than Italian. Her many years in Mexico make her feel she is entitled to consider herself "ciento por ciento Mexicana". At least those are her sentiments in respect to Mexico. She shows her love for her adopted country by taking an active part in its affairs, especially those pertaining to her field—physical anthropology.

She is a member of the Mexican Anthropological Society, Academia Nacional de Ciencias, the Italian Geographic Society and was secretary of the Italian Cultural Institute at the Italian Embassy. She is the author of two books on anthropology, both written in Spanish and published in Mexico.

The "muy simpática" anthropologist holds two Ph.D.'s from the University of Rome—one in chemistry and the other in geography, with a specialty in physical anthropology. Her particular choice of anthropological study, quite different of anthropology, was made, she exclaimed with a twinkle in her eye, "because I prefer the study of living beings instead of dead ones".

To make a study of the indigenous population of Mexico was the instigating force that brought Dr. d'Aloja to Mexico. Her investigations have taken her all over Mexico, except the northern part. She has previously made similar studies in Central America and has been to such countries, besides Italy and Mexico, as Austria, Hungary, Germany, France, the U. S. and Central America. She speaks Italian, Spanish, French, English, once knew German, and now she is studying Japanese—from an MCC student, no less.

She enthusiastically specified "all sports" as her hobby, especially swimming and hiking. "I'm a very good walker", she volunteered. In Italy she used to do

quite a bit of skiing and regrets she can't enjoy that sport here. She also does some leathercraft, including bookbinding.



## Visiting Scholar

### Leon-Ortega Sings Mexican Music in US

By Phoebe Preston

"In Mexico people really put lots of feeling into music", Mrs. León Ortega, music instructor at MCC, recently told her afternoon class in Survey of Mexican Folk Music.

Mrs. León Ortega just returned from a three months' trip in the United States where she gave programs featuring Mexican songs, with her own guitar accompaniment. Her programs were presented in various cities in Georgia, Illinois, Virginia, Ohio, Wisconsin, New York, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, Texas, and Washington, D. C.

Included in her trip were visits to high schools, colleges, and universities. In Columbus she was the guest of President and Mrs. Bevis of Ohio State.

While discussing her trip through the states, Mrs. León Ortega was perhaps most enthusiastic about her visit to the Pan America's Hall of Americas in

Washington, D. C. There she sang songs from tropical southlands and highlands of Mexico, along with songs of the sister republics; Cuba, Ecuador, Chile, Brazil, and Peru. At that time she had the opportunity of meeting Carlos Dávila, Secretary General of the Organization of American States, formerly known as the Pan American Union.

Another highlight of her traveling was the time spent as "visiting scholar" for the University Center of Georgia. While in Georgia, she stayed three weeks on the campus of Agnes Scott College for Women.

Mrs. León Ortega's music class was quite interested in a scrap book containing approximately 56 clippings, pictures, programs, and articles from the Pan American Union bulletin on the artist's performances. One of Mrs. León Ortega's prize remembrances is a letter of praise from the Mexican Ambassador for her splendid work in the states.

At least once a year in the past she has taken similar trips to the United States, England, and South America. Keeping a tight schedule, Mrs. León Ortega often does not go to bed until 2 a. m. and then has to set her alarm for 4 a. m. to catch a plane.

Besides teaching at MCC and giving private guitar lessons, Mrs. León Ortega has done eighteen years of research on the origin of Mexican music. Now and then the musician includes French, Italian, and Portuguese tunes on programs.

As a hobby MCC's music instructor has collected about two hundred rhythms from different countries which she has put to the guitar.

Mrs. León Ortega has been a member of the MCC faculty since 1948. A graduate of MCC, she has also attended Escuela Normas para Maestras and the Colegio de María Auxiliadora.

## In Spain To Get Doctor's Degree

By B. L. McGregor

The quest for knowledge has led a former graduate of Mexico City College back to the locale of some of his most memorable adventures. As an American combat infantryman, Fred Trezvant, landed with the 79th Division with the Allied invasion of Normandy. Here, serving as a sergeant and leader of a rifle squad, he participated in the perilous conquest of Hitler's Europe. Finally, after the days of France, Belgium and Germany, he was captured by the Germans on October 24, 1945. Interned in the small village of Kustrin, Trezvant remained until he was liberated in January of 1945, by the Russians during their famous breakthrough to Berlin.

From here his story reads like a page from *Homer's Odyssey*. During these hectic, final days of the war he was taken to Poland, Russia, and in Odessa was removed by an English ship to Egypt and finally to Naples where he was sent home and discharged, almost a year after his liberation, on December 20, 1945.

After a short time as a student at the University of Georgia, Trezvant came to Mexico City College where he received his B. A. in English in March of 1951. The following year he was awarded his M. A. in Spanish literature, his thesis subject being "El tema de la maternidad en la obra de Unamuno, Valle-Inclán y García Lorca". While in Mexico City, he married Frances Harris, a home town girl from Marietta, Georgia. Their first daughter, Frances Katherine, was born in Mexico City. As a student, Trezvant exhibited two pictures at MCC's Saloncito and was featured editor for the *Collegian*. Later, he showed paintings at the Southeastern Annual Art Show, a professional competition held each year in Atlanta, Georgia, and has had some success as a member of the new legion of Sunday painters.

At the present time, Trezvant is in Spain where he plans to finish work on his Ph.D. at the Universidad de Barcelona and then continue his studies in Geneva and Neuchatel.



She has been connected with the National Museum of Mexico as anthropologist, where she made a special study of the Indians of Oaxaca. Besides teaching at MCC, she teaches biotypology (the study of man in his somatic, physiological and psychological aspects) and demography (study of population) at the National School of Anthropology; and at the Political and Social Science School of the National University she teaches anthropology and Italian.

As chief of the Biotypological Laboratory at the Instituto Politecnico, she is doing vocational research, which takes into account all the special problems of students. Students go there for advice, bringing their individual cases to the attention of Dr. d'Aloja and her staff, who try to solve them. She is a friend of students in general and numbers many among her very close friends. She confided that she is especially fond of the students at MCC, because they seem to be "very kind".

Dr. d'Aloja is also presently making a biotypological study of the women in the new women's prison here and says she is greatly impressed by the new methods of rehabilitation being introduced.





# Pro Football Nabs MCC Star Alex Esquivel

## Alex Closes Out Four Great Years At MCC By Signing Gridiron Contract With Baltimore

The greatest tailback in Mexican football history, Alexander Esquivel of MCC, left last week to the Baltimore Colts' training camp. Alex was discovered by the Tampa University coach, whose team met MCC, who recommended him to the pros. He is one of several backfield prospects who will be keenly eyed by the astute professional coaches.

Esquivel is the second MCC player in as many years to go to the professional football leagues. Ralph Peck, former fullback, is now with the Montreal squad.

With Alex leading the team, MCC made a strong bid for the Mexican championship this last season. Poli thwarted their efforts, however, by tying the Aztecas in the crucial game and thus took the championship.

As a Freshman in 1949 Esquivel led MCC to its first championship by defeating favored University in the most thrilling game seen in Mexico With University leading 19-0 at the half and 19-6

at the end of the third quarter, Alex went wild and passed and ran the Green Wave to a 32-26 victory.

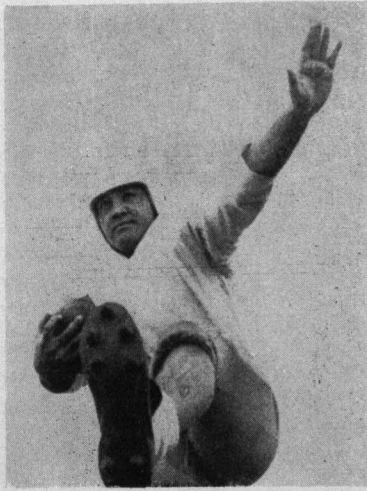
The following year, with Alex again at the helm, the Green Wave pasted University 54-35 but an improving Politécnico team edged MCC by one point and captured the championship.

Alex was called into the army for the next two seasons but returned to put MCC once again on the football scene in 1953. In the crucial game with Politécnico Alex got away on a thirty yard touchdown run which would have put MCC two touchdowns ahead but it was called back on a questionable decision. Politécnico rallied for a 14-6 victory and the championship.

Local sports writers criticized the officiating, however, and praised the play of Esquivel and MCC. Esquivel was awarded the trophy as top player in this game even though he had played under illness.

In the '54 season MCC once again had championship caliber. The Aztecas trounced the University team but in the second game Esquivel received a fractured nose and MCC lost Alex and the game. Alex had put the MCC'ers ahead with a touchdown run in the first quarter and was knocked out in the same period.

In the game the following week, Esquivel played against the heavily favored Poli team wearing a nose protector. An upset was in the making as MCC led throughout the game but midway in the fourth period the reserve shallow Aztecas tried and failed to hold the oncoming Politécnicos who rallied for a tie and copped the "campeonato".



available may start a league or a tournament.

### Good Luck, Farnan

Before closing, I would like to wish John Farnan the best of luck in Mexico National Open golf tournament. He'll be against tough amateur competition, but I believe he's got the stuff to come out on top.

### Bedridden Burro

(CONT'D. FROM PAGE 7)

burro was a might heavier than expected. This fulfilled the challenge of youth against youth, but not the responsibilities of burro owning. There was feed to be purchased, accommodations to be made (for even a young, hearty burro gets a bit chilly in the night air), and of course someone with a knowledge of burro care in the house at all times, for the burro, though large, is only a child.

There have been some disappointments for the new owners. After purchase, they discovered that their animal was too young to ride to class. What a blow, for of what use is a burro that can't be ridden? In spite of their disappointment, the boys have been sterling burro owners, buying and distributing feed, escorting friend burro in and out of her shelter. Yes, they have been faithful burro owners. They have so enjoyed their ownership of said creature, that they realize other students deserve the same thrill (closely akin to fatherhood, they claim). Their sense of sharing has prompted the young men involved to offer their charge for sale, for an undisclosed price. It will be hard to determine a price for their friend, for such possessions are hard to measure in the sense of the dollar or peso.

## Softballers Earn Berth In National Playoffs

By Fred Purner, Sports Editor

Completely outclassing eight other softball teams in Mexico's top league, the Aztecas of Mexico City College won a berth in the Mexican National playoffs to be held in June.

With Les Koenning doing more than yeoman's duty, the Green Wave crew annexed the all important game, a week ago Sunday, by downing the dangerous Gigantes.

Koenning is by far the most outstanding player ever to participate in the softball loops in Mexico. The team has rolled to 15th straight wins, largely due to the fine hurling of Koenning. His efforts do not stop at just pitching, as he is one of the leading hitters in the league.

Granted, Les could not have won these 15 straight games without the help of the other members of the team, but just ask either first basemen Mike Keogh, catcher Al López, shortstop George Zielinski, or just anyone of the other 20 players who make up the roster of the MCC squad, just why they won the first round without a defeat. Yes, their answer to you will be, Les Koenning for sure.

The story of the games is something of an anti-climax.

The first game played against Gas Supremo, was another of those Koenning hurling, with Koenning batting stories. He held the opposition to two hits, while collecting two himself. One of Les's blows was a triple in the fifth inning. He also scored one run and drove home another. Final score: 3-0, MCC all the way.

The game against Hacienda was fabulous. This time the lo-

cals blasted seven hits and scored 10 runs. Hacienda, who by the way was number 14, drew a blank in both the run and hit column, while 14 of the 21 outs were strike outs by Koenning.

After a very shaky start, walking two and hitting one batter, Les went to work and only one man reached base. His rise was rising, while his drop was acting as if it had fallen off a table.

No, this was not the first no-hitter for Koenning, but for many of his teammates, it was the first time they had participated in a NO-HITTER.

The game against the Gigantes was billed as a real toughie. The smart boys (those who risk a bob or two betting), were laying off the game. It was not that they did not have confidence in the hurling of "our" Les, but they figured him to be able to hold down the usually heavy hitting Gigantes, but Koenning had just completed pitching on the Sunday before, with a game also on Wednesday and then back again to Sunday.

But the boys were not to be denied. Les was tough, but tired too. He was touched for five hits and two runs. But this time the boys came through. They collected only four hits, but made them count as they scored three times. Of the four safeties the local banged out, Les got two. The three runs tallied were just enough to win, 3-2.

So to Les Koenning, Mike Keogh, Al López, Ted Kurts, Kurt Egalhaaf, George Zielinski, Lou Garcia and all the others who represent MCC on the ball diamond, hats off to you for a job well done.

## The Scoop From Coop

By Dave Cooper

### Two Team Bowling League

The bowling league has gotten off to a booming start with the enormous amount of two teams in active competition so far. At least two more will have entered by the time this reaches you. Herman Crist's team has shown a slight superiority by leading Art Knutson's 7 to 1 (I treat the matter lightly for I'm a member of Knutson's team).

### Crist Leads Everything

Crist is leading his team and the two-team league with a 153 average. Following him are Bill Edney with a 149 average and John Farnan with 142, both of Herman's team. Jim Cooper leads the other team with a 138 average. Herman holds high game honors with 180; Edney is second with 179; and Bill Peters third with 178. Crist's high team score is 733 while Knutson's team high is 723.

### Basketball Snuffed

Since all the gyms in Mexico City have been reserved for the practice of the teams entered in the Pan American games, the basketball league has been temporarily canceled. The college is building an outdoor court near the student center but no word has been received as to when it will be completed.

### Hritsco to the Rescue

Basil Hritsco intends to capitalize on the new basketball court by extending a rope over the cliff from the school and charging toll for the shortcut. In case you don't know, he is the rope climbing hero of MCC, famous especially for rescuing a wayward arrow from the cliff above the archery target.

### Teams Wanted

There has been insufficient interest in the other intramural sports to merit the forming of leagues. The Intramural Sports Office is especially interested in getting competition started in softball and volleyball but any group interested in any of the games

### MCC'er Preps With 67

## Farnan Enters Mexican Open

By David O. Cooper

When the top pros gather at the Chapultepec Golf Club for the Mexico National Open Golf Tournament next month, a MCC golfer will be among them. John Farnan is being sponsored by the college in this tourney that attracts golfers from all over the Americas. Although John will not be competing directly with the professional golfers, he will be up against hard competition for the amateur prize.

Farnan became well acquainted with the links at the age of thirteen after his family moved to San Diego, Cal. He caddied for two years before taking on golf for his own pleasure. Between the ages of 15 and 17, John played in several junior tournaments. His toughest opponent was Gene ("The Machine") Litter, winner of the '53 National Amateur Tournament and second in the '54 U. S. Open Tourney. Littler is

recognized as the most promising young pro of the future.

In 1945 John shot a 150 yd. hole-in-one. The next year, at 17, he won the San Diego Christian Youth Organization Tournament. When he was 18 he came in fifth in the San Diego hole-in-one tourney by driving his ball within 20 inches of the hole.

As a youth John dreamed more of being a pro-baseball player than a golfer. Because of this he gave up golf to concentrate on baseball. After three year of being bumped around the diamond he decided that his greatest ability was on the links; consequently, he made preparations to go to work in the pro-shop at a country club near San Diego. The Korean war and the draft board put a quick end to his plans of being a professional golfer.

The Army sent John to Finance School in St. Louis and then on to Ft. Devens, Mass. At Ft. Devens he learned that his outfit had transferred to Camp Drum, N. Y., and that it would be a week before orders would be out sending him to join it. During this time, the Ft. Devens golf

tournament was in process. Farnan entered and won the tourney.

The pro at Ft. Devens wanted John to play for them in the first Army tournament but Camp Drum decided that they wanted him, too. After he transferred, something went a foul in the plans so Camp Drum didn't send a team to the tourney in '51. In '52 they sent Farnan and four other golfers but were plagued by bad luck and ended out of the placing.

After receiving his discharge in November of '52, Farnan didn't play golf again until shortly before coming to Mexico City College in September '54. Last quarter he won the MCC Class A golf tourney. A few weeks ago he showed that he was prepared for the Mexican Open by shooting his all time low of 67.

John taught himself the game of golf by observing the top pros, including Sam Snead, while caddying. He chose the unorthodox interlocking grip which, as far as Farnan knows, is used only by Byron Nelson among the best pros.

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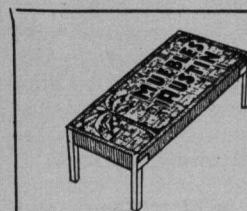
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