

MEXICO CITY Collegian

"The American College South Of The Border"

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Thursday, February 27, 1958



Ted Grayno Photo

BACK TO CHAUCERIAN DAYS, these admirers of England's greatest writer before Shakespeare are shown in a scene from "The Wife of Bath." They are (left to right) Elisabeth Leonard, Leo Leonard, William Reilly, and Barbara Bradley.

Writing Contest Will Be Sponsored By Press Club

According to Dale Young, president of the Press Club, a news or sports feature writing contest will be held that will offer several awards to the winning entry.

The contest, open to any student on campus who is not presently writing for the *Collegian*, involves the writing of a feature story of 400 to 500 words in length on any person or subject pertaining to or of interest to the campus. The feature will be judged on the basis of its merits according to journalistic standards and also for its picture possibilities.

Entries should be turned in to Dale Young or Brita Bowen in the Press Room by March 5, the deadline date.

Judges will be Brita Bowen, Press Room advisor; Richard Hayman, instructor in English, and Robert Stout, *Collegian* editor.

Prizes to be offered are 50 pesos in cash, honorary guest at the quarterly Press Club banquet on March 7, honorary membership in the Press Club, and a spotlight byline on the feature page of the *Collegian's* first issue next quarter.

Get your entries in as soon as possible for judging!!

Co-eds To Meet Junior Leaguers

This afternoon in the lobby of the theater a tea will be held from 4 to 6 p. m. for members of the Junior League of Mexico City and women students here this term with the WQIM group.

According to Mrs. Victor Agather, president of the Junior League, about 40 or 50 members of that organization are expected to attend.

The event is the second in a series of teas arranged by Dorothea Davis, dean of women, to introduce MCC co-eds to prominent women of Mexico City.

The first tea was held last term with members of the Pan American Round Table as guests.

LAES Visits Mexico's Streamlined Pemex Plant

The Latin American Economic Society at MCC made a recent field trip to the Pemex oil refinery in the city when they toured all areas of the refinery.

Their guide was Sr. José Gerard, an engineer at the plant.

The refinery has a streamlined look, with modern, brightly painted office buildings.

The area seemed quiet for a refinery, with very few workers around. Sr. Gerard explained this by the fact that the plant is semi-automatic and is staffed with only 1500 men. This number includes workers, engineers, executives, and even the guards at the main gate.

There are 10 plants at the refinery, with each plant having only nine men and an engineer working it. Each engineer covers three plants during his shift.

The refinery produce 24 hours a day in three shifts. The main product is gasoline, but there are also a large number of byproducts, such as kerosene, diesel fuel

Trueblood Talks To Instructors

Dr. Alan Trueblood, professor in the Brown University Spanish department, was on campus recently to talk to the MCC language instructors and department heads. He is in Mexico doing research and collecting information on how better to present Spanish as a subject in his school's language department.

Book Store Has Sale
The MCC book store announces a book sale beginning tomorrow and ending March 14. The books on sale will include reference books previously used by the college.
All books are new range from one half price to ten per cent of value.

Chaucer's "Wife Of Bath" Opens On Campus Stage

Setting a precedent in staging one of Chaucer's narratives, the MCC Chaucer Conference will present an adaptation of "The Wife of Bath" for a three-day run beginning March 12 at 3 p. m. The performances will held in the college theater.

As far as it is known, this will

be the first time that one of Chaucer's narratives has ever been staged.

Willis Austin, sponsor of the Chaucer Conference and a member of the English Department, adapted the famous fourteenth century narrative for dramatization as a masque. According to

Austin, "The climax of the masque is a bedroom scene full of surprises."

Principal members of the cast, in the order of their appearance, are: Elisabeth Leonard, narrator; William Reilly, the knight; Leo Leonard, King Arthur; June Wenisch, Queen Guinevere; and Barbara Bradley as the mysterious hag.

Courtiers are played by: Helen Epps, Ruthan Carlson, Paul Ryan, Byron Hughey, and Wiley Smallwood.

Elisabeth Leonard and June Wenisch came to Mexico City College from Vienna, where they attended the same high school. However, their meeting here was coincidental.

Leo Leonard was a colonel in the U. S. Army, and has had a colorful career in Europe.

William Reilly is something of a soldier of fortune. He served in the Merchant Marine, and later in Korea conducted a Voice of America program in both Spanish and English.

Barbara Bradley, from Georgia, is attending MCC on a Rotary Club scholarship.

The production staff consists of Otis Brake, business manager; Elsie Smith, costumes; Arnold Belkin, stage props; and Louis Smilovitch, lighting. Stage manager and special advisor is Stafford Whittaker.

The Chaucer Conference hopes to be able to put on at least one drama a year in the future. All students interested in English literature are welcome to join.

No Changes To Be Made In Courses

Evidencing a realization that a thorough mastery of the fundamentals of the English language is of vital importance to the college student, the MCC student council, at the request of various members of English classes here, recently presented a suggestion to the English Department that English 101A and 101B be changed from three-hour to five-hour courses.

After a thorough discussion of the suggestion, with members of the English Department, Edmund Robins, head of the department, has issued the following statement:

"The members of the English staff have agreed that to change English 101A and English 101B from three-hour to a five-hour courses would be inadvisable.

"Until 1954-55 the Freshman composition courses were taught daily, but a change was then inaugurated with the belief that the three-hour course would allow students greater time for assimilation of material and for preparation of written assignments and would allow instructors more time for effective presentation of material and more effective reading of themes.

"The staff is both gratified and sympathetic with the students' interest in the two courses

(Continued on page 7)

National Officers To Initiate Local Frat

By Dale Young

Delta Lambda Upsilon, MCC's newly organized and only fraternity, will become Latin America's first and only chapter of the International Fraternity of Delta Sigma Pi, when the new chapter will be designated on March 8 as Delta Mu at initiation ceremonies at the Hotel Alffer.

Presiding officers of the installation team will be Grand President, Homer T. Brewer, Atlanta, Georgia; Past Grand President, J. Harry Feltham, Baltimore, Maryland; Regional Director, Joe M. Hefner, Lubbock, Texas; Executive Director, Jim D. Thomson, Oxford, Ohio; and District Director, Bill H. Piercy, also of Lubbock, Texas.

Registration for the candidates will begin at nine o'clock on the morning of March 8 and will be followed by a luncheon at 12:30 in the Rosewood room of the Hotel Alffer. After a short informal initiation at 1:30, the initiates will gather in Penthouse Suite A for the formal initiation ceremonies.

The crowning event of the day will be the installation banquet which will take place at seven o'clock in the evening in the Rondinella room of the Hotel Alffer supper club.

At this time, J. D. Thomson, Executive Director of Delta Sigma Pi, will act as toastmaster. The opening address will be a

greeting to the new chapter by MCC's president, Dr. Paul V. Murray.

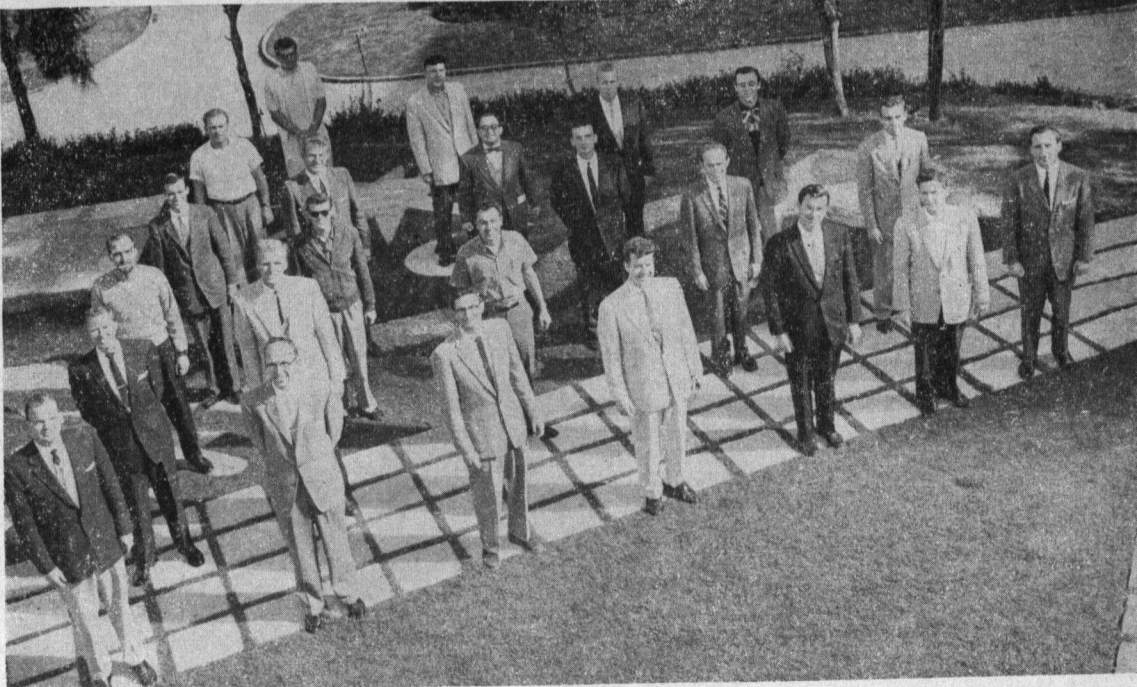
This will be followed by a historical resume of the school's department of Economics and Business Administration by William E. Rodgers, director of the Foreign Trade Center and faculty advisor of the chapter. Frank C. Phillips will then give a short history of the founding of the chapter. The event will conclude with the acceptance of the Charge and Charter by Joseph S. LaCascia, president of the chapter from Grand Council President Homer T. Brewer.

Faculty members to be initiated are Enrique Anzures, Dr. Richard E. Greenleaf, Fred Lauerma, Licenciado Alfredo Ramos and William E. Rodgers.

Undergraduates to be initiated into the International Fraternity that already has a strength of over 37,000 brothers since its founding on November 7, 1907 at New York University, School of Commerce, Accounts and Finances, are Frank C. Phillips, founder of the chapter; Joseph S. LaCascia, president; Anthony W. O'Donnell, senior vice-president.

Raymond E. Ball, junior vice-president; Stanley F. Furman, treasurer; Anthony S. Rodriguez, secretary; George H. Elledge, Historian; Charles R. Anderson; Noel Atkinson; Joseph Candiotti;

(Continued on page 7)



Ted Grayno Photo

FORMING THE GREEK letters, Delta Mu, are the members of the 98th chapter of the International Fraternity of Delta Sigma Pi. Standing left to right (first row) are Tony O'Donnell, Ray Ball, Stan Furman, Tony Rodriguez, Bob Miller, Noel Atkinson, and Joe LaCascia; (second row) Henry Smallwood, Charles Warne, Gerald Masucci, George Zeolla, Mike Johnson; (third row) George Elledge, Del Theasmeyer, Wally Life, Joe Candiotti; (fourth row) Ted Turner, Dean Woods, Ted Grayno, George Williams; (fifth row) John Magac, Don Ketchum and last is Earle Currier.

PRESENTING MEXICO

By Marilú Pease

Amado Galván, a middle-aged Mexican from the pottery making village of Tonalá, in the State of Jalisco, enjoys the unique distinction of being called EL MAESTRO not only by the other pottery makers of his village, but also by the many who know and appreciate his art.

The museums in Guadalajara and Mexico City exhibit artifacts designed and made by him, and all first-class private collections throughout the country have at least one of his pieces of pottery.

Amado learned his art from his father, who in turn learned it from his father, and so on back many generations. His pottery is not glazed as is that from the nearby village of Tlaquepaque. It is burnished to a pewter-like sheen, and is decorated with an over-all pattern of animals, trees and flowers in white, black and orange on a grey background.

When tracing and painting in the designs Amado holds his brush in the manner of the ancient Chinese scroll-painters, and his designs actually resemble Chinese or Persian Art.

The illustration shows Amado working in his garden. The two cups contain his paints, made from soils found in the neighborhood of Tonalá, and which are simply mixed with water. Around him are displayed some of the artifacts he designs.



Is \$155 Too Much?

By the time you read this, an MCC student will have won the Delta Lambda Upsilon raffle.

He will have chosen either: (1) a five day, all expense paid trip to Acapulco, or (2) a quarter's free tuition.

Amid complaints about increasing tuition we find it rather paradoxical that 11 weeks education should be regarded as equivalent to five days in the land of the tropical sun.

We have no doubt that the DLU raffle sponsors carefully considered what prizes should be given and have good reasons for the alternative they offered.

But just how expensive is an education at MCC if it costs only as much as a five-day *paranda* out Acapulco way?

R. S.

Are You Lucky, Too?

The last time it happened, it was a bus and a truck loaded with horses. It was early in the morning, and by the time most of the college students passed, the driver had been taken away and the horses had stopped screaming.

Of course, everyone knows that people down here drive crazy, and most of the Americans pride themselves on their safe driving and their ability to stay away from these "wild ones."

The kid coming down the hill with a carload of his friends was a safe driver, too. But he was in a hurry, and besides, he had passed cars on that curve plenty of times. How was he supposed to know that it would be different this time?

They say it was all over very quickly, and that he didn't suffer long.

The girl who was touring Mexico in her shiny convertible was a safe driver, too. Sure, she had had a couple of minor bumps, but both times it was the other person's fault. Even the judge admitted that.

She used to pride herself on her long blonde hair. She would have felt bad about its being burned off that morning.

But she never found out about that.

All right, we're convinced. You're a good driver. You know that this Toluca road is dangerous. But it's not so bad once you get used to driving it. And you've been over it hundreds of times.

So don't worry. Maybe you'll be one of the lucky ones, and never know what hit you.

P. W. M.

Schizophrenic's World Poses Inviting Question In Remarque's Latest Novel

The Black Obelisk, Erich Maria Remarque (translated from the German by Denver Lindley), New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$4.50 (USC).

On the heights above the town of Werdnbruck was an insane asylum. On Sunday mornings Ludwig Bodmer, a young tombstone seller turned poet, climbed the green hill to play the organ for the institution's Catholic mass.

There he met Isabel, a flighty and tortured (but beautiful) schizophrenic who mistakes him for someone she calls Rolf.

Every week—on Sundays—he escapes from the drudgery of life in the normal world (Germany of the 1920's) to spend an afternoon in world of dreams and fantasies and escapes.

When he returns to his tombstones and the lives of the people around him, young Ludwig sees Eduard, the fat hypocritical innkeeper who writes sonnets to beautiful female contortionists; Georg, the head of the tombstone business who spends half of his time with a neighbor's wife and the other half with pictures of society belles; Gerda, the contortionist, for whom love is a practical commodity; Willy, who has

made a black market fortune and refuses to see inflation as a bad thing.

He sees the Iron Horse, a prostitute who wears high hip boots and carries a whip; Kurt Bach, who sculps designs for tombstones and claims to be an atheist; Lisa, the Nazi horse-butcher's wife, who stands in the nude before her window every morning in order to provoke her neighbor's tombstone business.

He sees pro-Nazis who believe Germany must "rise again"; he sees priests who are well fed and secure and apparently untroubled by the times; he sees alcoholic ex-army sergeants who let their families support themselves.

And he sees the doctor who wants to bring his Isabel back to this wonderful, normal world.

Wonderful? Normal? Or is she just beyond us—actually superior to us? Has she superseded our limitations and found a different world—a world more real—than the one we live in?

This is the question posed by Remarque in this, his latest novel. The girl Isabel becomes oracle and seer, infected by deeper knowledge and consequently by deeper fear.

Seeing an altarpiece of Jesus on the cross, she tells Rolf (Lud-

wig), "They—they (the present day congregation) nailed Him there... all those who make use of Him and live on Him... They say they are good. But they bring about a great deal of evil... He is too dangerous for them... the most dangerous of all—He is the kindest."

"Is that why they keep Him prisoner?" Ludwig asks.

"Yes. Otherwise they would have to crucify Him again."

And, later, she says, "Wrong and right are something that only God knows about. But if He is God, there is no wrong or right. Everything is God. It would only be wrong if it were outside Him. But if anything could be outside Him or against Him, He would be only a limited God. And a limited God is no God at all. And so everything is right or there is no God. It's so simple."

Although *The Black Obelisk* does no rival Remarque's *Arch of Triumph* as a literary masterpiece, it is a well thought out, very readable novel. The *Obelisk's* characters are types rather than individuals, but as types they are honestly and carefully (if bitterly and cynically) portrayed.

With its publication Remarque has added another cubit to his stature as one of our century's finest novelists.

Robert Stout

President's Desk

Admission To College Association Offers MCC Many Advantages

By the time this *Collegian* comes from the press we shall have had the visit to our campus of the committee which the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools agreed to send in response to our request at Richmond, Virginia



last December. We have been greatly honored to have such outstanding men come down in order to see how well we can measure up to standards of the Association.

President Rufus Harris of Tulane is this year's president of the Association while President John L. McMahon and Dean Jerome A. Moore have also served that body faithfully and well for many years.

The very idea of accrediting associations seems native to Amer-

ican education. These groups have grown up, mostly in the past fifty to seventy years, in response to the need for standardizing certain aspects of high school and college and university work.

Badly administered, an association can be a bar to proper growth; well directed and served by self-sacrificing men and women the group can stimulate good work at all levels while helping to reduce the problems faced by thousands of students as they move back and forth across the country (and even outside of it!) in that ceaseless roaming for which Americans have become famous.

One of the most interesting things about the associations is that membership is voluntary. A large and distinguished school does not have to enter if it does not wish to; smaller schools of good reputation also may wish to hold aloof. As a rule, however, membership gives a school so many advantages that today almost all institutions in the six areas served by regional associations make strenuous efforts to get admitted and then do their best to live up to the standards set by the group.

For several years our college has striven to meet all the requirements of the Southern Association and, in general, we believe that we have been successful in such efforts. By the time our visitors have left we shall have a good idea as to what we have been doing right and what still needs to be worked at in order to move the school to the highest level we can attain with our present limited resources.

I feel sure that all of us—students, faculty, administrations and office staff members—will have enjoyed the visits of Messrs. Harris, McMahon and Moore and will have learned a great deal from having had them with us here in Mexico. Whatever they have to tell us will be taken very much to heart and will be incorporated into our future thinking and planning as the years go by.

As we watch from afar the growing problem of unemployment in the United States those of us who remember the "Great Depression" should be praying that all the men and women involved in the direction and administration of American affairs will do their best to forestall anything like the catastrophe that followed the tremendous crash of 1929. Thanks to many state and

A Professor Speaks

Bank Says Science Has No Boundary

By Marvin Bank

I am impressed, though not overwhelmed, by Sputnik and Muttnik and Explorer. Feats of technology and industry awaken my grudging admiration—the production of six million automobiles per year as well as the launching of a space satellite.

However, my obeisance of respect is still reserved for men like Sir Isaac Newton, whose laws of motion and of gravitation made the theory of Sputnik obvious; for men like Louis Pasteur, whose discoveries led to the wholesale abolition of major diseases; for men like Albert Einstein, whose equation E equals mc², which unfortunately has led to the holocaust of the A Bomb, could lead to a new industrial revolution based on cheap atomic power.

These men are to be respected—men working alone, creatively, non-destructively, for the be-

nefit of science and mankind, sharing their knowledge as though it belonged to a world without frontiers, a world of which they were a part.

But if we are impressed by technology and major industry and the practical consequence of basic scientific discoveries, I would like to point to a trend, which is presently going unnoticed and which may lead to another set of headlines, perhaps in the near future. The one important index to industrial power is steel production. The largest major producer is the United States; i. e. we are the most powerful country on this planet.

Our capacity is about 120 million tons, while the capacity of the Russians is only about 50 million tons. Who can take the Soviets seriously when we can out-produce them by 70 million tons of that ubiquitous metal? And yet, if we happen to glance at a few small charts we notice that a tortoise-and-hare race is taking place. Soviet production climbs steadily (an average of about 10 per cent every year) at 100 per cent capacity.

Our rabbit jumps ahead rapidly, then tired by his supreme exertion, takes a nap. He sometimes sleeps to 60% production. In 1958, who knows how much he may doze? Suppose the tranquilizer of rigid economic dogma lowers our rabbit's activity to 50% and suppose that the Russian benzedrine of inferiority raises their turtle's activity to 60 million tons? In a year or two, will the headlines read—Soviet Steel Supreme?

Let us read the fine print now and perhaps we won't buy the policy. Can we rationally use and increase our steel capacity year after year? Can our excess production be used for housing, schools, and hospitals? Can our statesmen act as morally as they speak by siding with the under-

(Continued on page 3)

Letter To Editor

DELTA LAMBDA UPSILON
MEXICO CITY COLLEGE
Mexico 10, D. F.

Dear Editor

I have been notified by senior vice-president Tony O'Donnell, chairman of the nominating committee, which is responsible for membership, that Bill Pfeiffer, as reported on the sport's page of the February 13 issue of this year, is not a member of our fraternity. At one time he had made application but through some oversight on his part never followed through on it.

Sincerely
Ted Grayno
Correspondent for DLU

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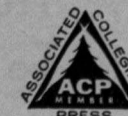
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Vincent Reveals New Theory On Yagul Site

David Vincent, a freshman at MCC, has found what he believes to be the basic unit of measure used by the Zapotec architects of Yagul, Oaxaca.

The son of Major Joseph E. Vincent, director of the College's *Centro de Estudios Regionales* in Oaxaca, David has had unusual opportunities for working in Yagul where the College is excavating in cooperation with the Mexican government.

In his leisure hours David has spent considerable time taking measurements and studying the structure of the buildings. Being intensely interested in mathematics and in the physical aspects of the edifices, he was determined to try to find out the system of measurement used.

Careful measurement of the outside dimensions of the buildings surrounding Patio I revealed an unusual regularity. All seemed to be a multiple of 17 inches. The

same regularity was found in the placement of the offering boxes inside the buildings.

By further checking of the physical characteristics of the present-day Zapotec inhabitants of the region, David found that 17 inches is a fairly good average of the distance from the tip of the middle finger to the elbow—the same measurement which, in the Old World, was called the cubit. David has, however, hesitated to use the term cubit as this use might, to some people, imply an Old World connection.

Although David's work is by no means conclusive as yet, he hopes to be able to prove or disprove his own theories by further measurements both at Yagul and at nearby Mitla when he goes weekends to visit his parents in Oaxaca.



Ted Grayno Photo

"GET THE PICTURE" is the motto of MCC's recently organized Photographic Club. The club's officers, left to right, John Cally, president; Jesse Smith, business manager; Ted Grayno, vice-president; and Dick Humbert, secretary-treasurer, show some of the style and enthusiasm that they feel will make their club the most popular on campus.

Photo Club Focuses On Better Pictures

The films are rolling and the shutters are clicking. MCC now has its first official photography club. John Calley, newly elected president, says, "Our organization is focusing on better pictures for all its members, through proper instruction and assistance from the combined experience found within the club."

"We have one of the finest photography teachers available in Howard Jackson. Our faculty advisor, Robert Bidwell, together with several professional and ex-service photo bugs will offer any amateur the chance he or she has been waiting for."

Business manager, Jesse Smith, is checking every possibility for a photo lab. "Once we have all the

facilities we will be able to work and learn together in every phase of dark-room processing," says Smith.

A photo contest is planned for the near future. Color slides and black and white prints will be accepted from any member of the student body or faculty on payment of a small entrance fee. The art department staff will judge the winners and prizes will be awarded.

Students are invited to attend the bi-weekly meetings on Tuesdays at 2 p. m. in room 85. Membership dues are only 15 pesos which also entitle members to a special discount on film and photography equipment.

Winner Of Raffle Takes Free Tuition

Robert Chappell is the lucky recipient of a tuition-free quarter at MCC as a result of his holding the winning raffle ticket at the drawing presented by Delta Lambda Upsilon fraternity last week.

Chappell, business administration major, had his choice of two prizes—the quarter's tuition, or a five-day all expense paid vacation in Acapulco.

Vern Meyer, top raffle salesman of Delta Lambda Upsilon, will be given credit for a quarter's dues of five dollars for his efforts in selling almost one eighth of all tickets sold.

Delta Lambda Upsilon, MCC's first business fraternity held the raffle for the purpose of raising funds for their coming initiation ceremonies on March 8.



Marilú Pease Photo

GOING OVER FIGURES compiled in a recent project of discovering the Zapotec unit of measure at Yagul is MCCer, David Vincent.

A Danish Lass With A French Touch Decries Reverse Role Of Americans

By Melbourne Locky

"In all of Denmark there is only one mountain; it is very small but because we Danes are not at all shy, we call it "Sky Mountain."

So says Chris Ruth Larsen, who is studying at MCC on the Maurice Stafford Memorial Fellowship, which was awarded to her while she was studying at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Miss Larsen is the first student to be awarded this fellowship which was established in honor of Maurice L. Stafford who passed away last July. Mr.

Stafford was former First Secretary of Embassy and consul general of the United States, a member of the MCC Board of Advisers and contributed much to the growth and progress of the college.

Born on a Danish island in the Baltic Sea, Chris spent her early life on her family's farm, a world of cows, chickens and cold winters.

An early tourist, Chris was travelling by herself at 14. Her first trip to England at this age is remembered as "A succession of grey fogs alternating with clean stretches of the blue green of the

North Sea." This was for Chris the transition between one life and another, between a semi-protected rurality and the fascinating, sometimes cruel, world at large.

Everywhere she has found one thing unchanged—the American tourist. "You can always tell an American by his walk, way of speaking and attitude, which seldom varies."

The most outstanding characteristic among the Americans, Chris thinks, is their undefeatable optimism; "They have a child-like quality, but child-like in a good way; they look at the world with clean eyes." But of the American male on the domestic scene she has but one comment, "What weaklings. The women run everything."

While Chris will always regard Denmark as her first home, she feels that Paris is more akin to her temperament; the French with their "lazy walk, joy of life" and universal interest in everything from cookery to politics are perhaps the most natural people in the world.

Of Mexico, she believes, that the area around km. 16, is very much like the United States; otherwise, she has not formed much of an opinion except, "It's not at all like Denmark."



Ted Grayno Photo

NOT AT ALL like Denmark, is Chris Ruth Larsen's idea about MCC. Chris, shown here with Dr. Lorna Lavery Stafford, is here on the Maurice Stafford Memorial Fellowship.

Bank Says . . .

(Continued from page 2)

developed countries, by beating our swords into tractors and our bombs into hydroelectric plants, and irrigation projects? Must we only be shocked out of our smugness and luxury by screaming headlines?

Let us ponder and prepare. If worse comes to worst, we can always vote a bonus of a ton of steel to be sold on the open market in easily handled 100 pound ingots to that great underpaid, over-worked group of citizens, our dear teachers.

Record Sale Begins

The campus shop, has announced a record sale.

Records which normally sell for \$62.50 (pesos) in downtown stores will sell for \$50.00 (pesos) in the shop. Records priced at \$45.00 (pesos) downtown will sell for \$37.00 (pesos). The small 45 r.p.m. records will sell for only \$6.50 (pesos).

DON'T hesitate!

Go straight to

G A R I E S

for your art materials, and you'll get the best quality and a special discount.

San Juan de Letrán No 5

a few steps from Av. Juárez



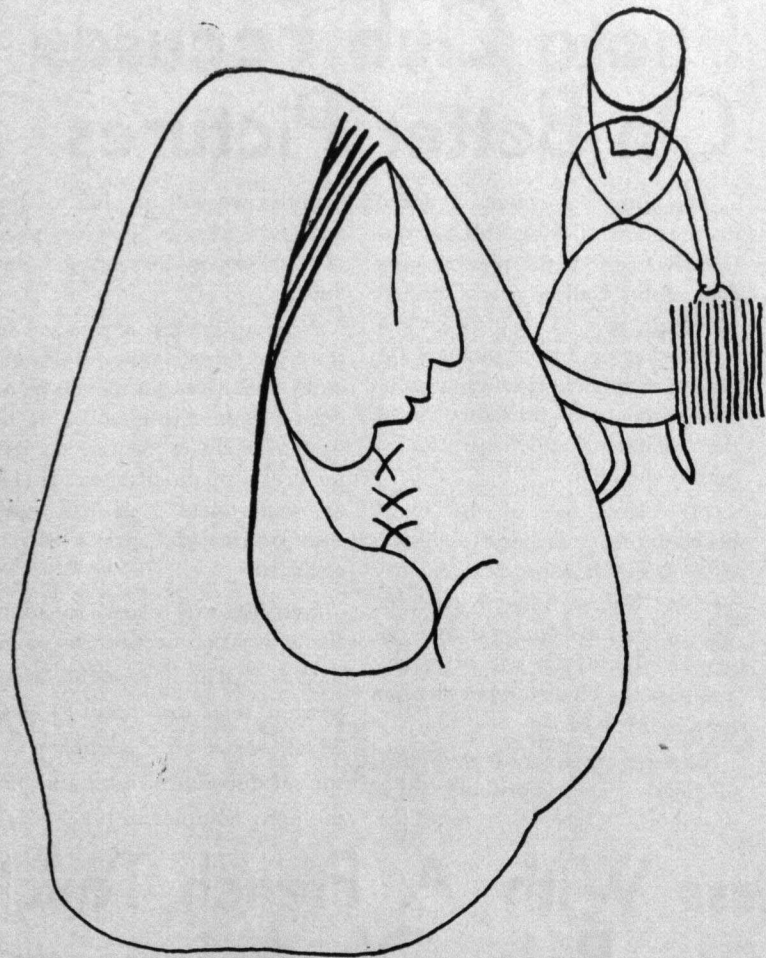
Ted Grayno Photo

"I'VE GOT THE WINNING ticket," shouts Bob Chappell, who won the Delta Lambda Upsilon raffle, "and I'll take the free tuition for next quarter," as he is congratulated by senior vice president, Tony O'Donnell; treasurer, Stan Furman, and fraternity president, Joe LaCascia.

By Boat, Bus or Burro
PATRICIA ANN TOURS
Offers Special Student Rates
To Everywhere in Mexico
By Daily and Weekend Tours
and
Excursions to Acapulco
Our offices are located on the
College Terrace
and
At Sonora 208 B
(Across the street from Sears)
Make your reservations with us
for your return trip home
Bill Nagle
"The Smiling Irishman"
Mgr.
Tels. 11-77-34 and 28-79-01
Night Calls 27-96-61

SULLIVAN 43
...IRRESISTABLE FOR ITS GAY JAZZ
AND FOR "SA DELICIEUSE CUISINE"
DINE AND DANCE
OPEN
7 P.M. to 4 A.M.

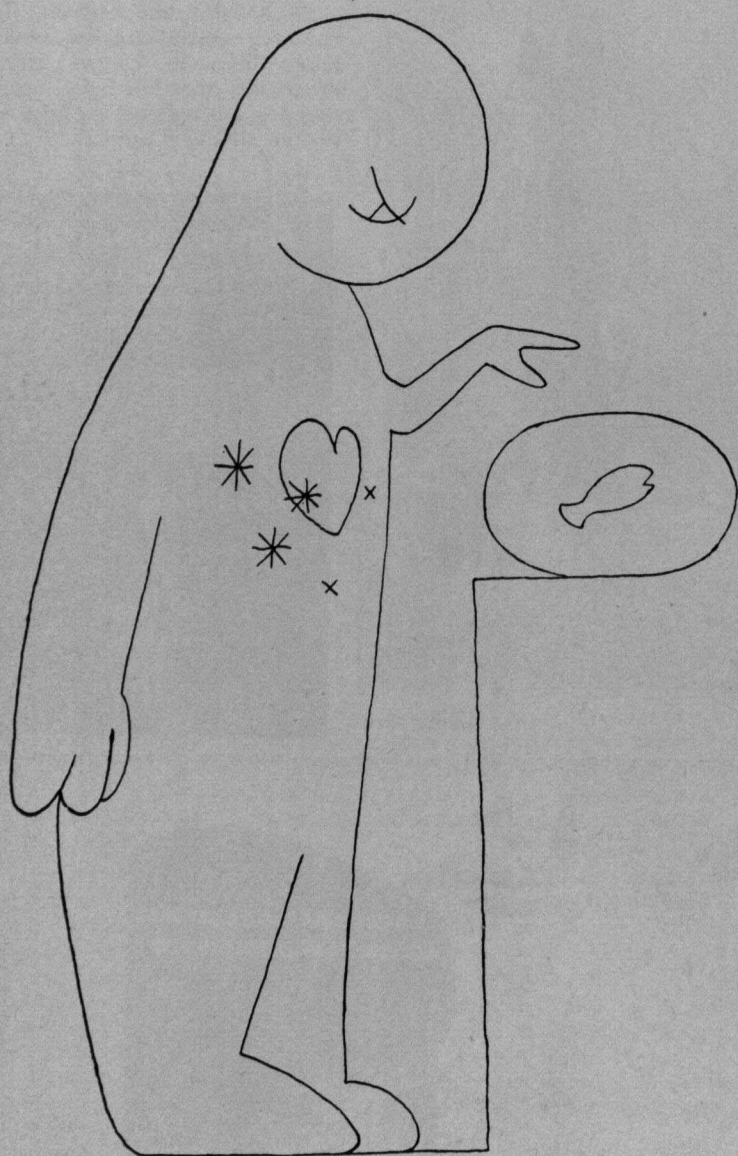
College Poets Ev



A Dead Fish

Fish swim round my heart
But what am I
To do with you
Who do nothing?
Fish shed their scales,
Growing new ones;
What am I
To do with you
Who do nothing?
Fish swim round my heart
But not you.

Ameen Alwan



Layout by Melbourne Lockey
Sketches by Luella

Public Road: Mexico

The cyprus grows tall while turkeys peck, wading
Comb-high about a flower sea, stampeding away
From the bearded, ragged man herding four cows
Against wind and world, past a cold boy crying
And a drunk youth wandering at twenty-two.
The cows move and munch the sea and rain pours
Down morning dull and damp.
Then, the women come down, baskets, empty kerosene
Cans and soft vowels singing. Against the sea
They are mute waiting for the market bus
With quick nipples to small, shawl-wrapped flesh.
Morning passes on a mail motorcar:
The chariot from the sky
Swiftly and ripely marking time
For the women's return.

Stafford Whiteaker

The High Wall

I am myself a city,
A temple,
Holy unto itself
And the walls unbroken
And nothing breached.

I am myself a city,
A temple,
Whereof are not people
Nor in the temple
Gods.

And the high wall remains unbroken
And no gate breached.

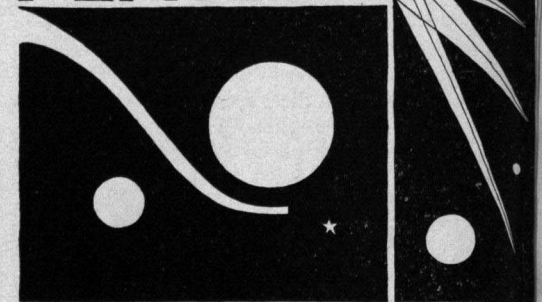
Eric M. Floxenburg

Snow

Snow... echoing the fallen, frail
Symetry of palaces and kings. Light
And white on amber bricks. Cool on paths
And roads of ashes that wind nervously by,
Leaving avenues as yet untracked, behind
And beyond. Leading to the footfalls of
A dancer leaping quickly on her toes;
Stopping and leaving hints of vines, and
Grapes, and fermenting wine.
The low sobbing of a heated window
Leaves a myriad of figures, with shadows
On a wall. Then lets them drop.
Each from each, snow to snow. From
Heel to sole and scuff and children's
Games... And the dancer...?
With no tracks to leave and none to
Follow, dropping petal on petal to the
Strewn walk below, she climbs the tree
And walks the wire: then leaps beneath
The grape and sips rich wine.

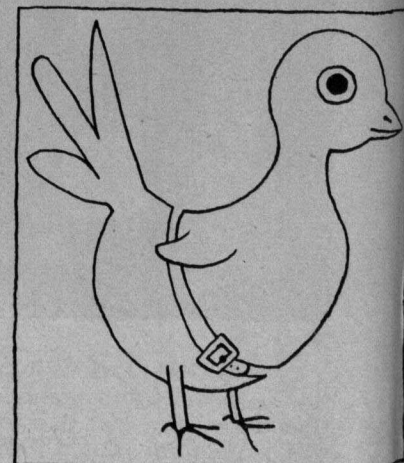
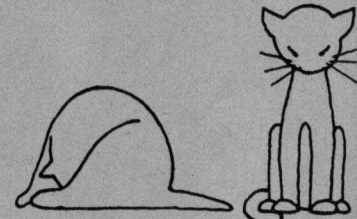
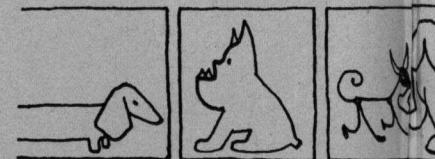
Clay Crum

Collegian
FEATURE



Seven Dogs

Seven dogs are
were fighting
I don't see time
or the cat
Seven dogs, and
and three
Toddled down
salt to spr
I tucked my is
Is there a s
Yes-Yes-Tho
in the strer



Lyric Muse

Golden Words Fill Pre-Spring Air

And Lick Your Tongues A Little

Children, stay out
This film is Svensk—bad—
Bare breasts corrupt young minds.
For you? Across there Gary Cooper stars.
Cowboys, and death, for your eyes. Watch!
And lick your tongues a little.

Love is filthy and should be played
In green brothels, underground,
Where silent acts, passion,
Are fragment shells of beauty blackened,
Cursed, as of evil, by minds, Calvin-trained,
To say of it, filthy.

And lick your tongues a little,
For secret are men's brothels.
And love? Speak not loudly.
Children know of death, cowboys,
Of the things that kill,
Open things that parents can approve.
And they lick their tongues a little.

Bob Stout

Mexico... On the Eve

The sun went down.

And headlong,

All that land exotic

Searched the dark;

Stretched for sleep

In safety.

The Empire secure

Forever.

But on the sea surrounding,

Strange ships sailed

Flying strange flags.

Eric M. Flaxenburg

Sistina in Lingua Spacia

Doomed be his neighbor's fearsomeness, and light,
Aloof deceit, his venture into space.
He goes to Venus—next year, maybe Mars—,
Firing the Earth for Science, mocking stars,
Rubbing his medal, betting upon the race
Into the pit of darkness, into night.

Briefing grey eyes scan the starry night—
Wistful the thought, wishful the speed of light—
Silence and void compose the fretful race,
Crash with a purple glare, crack in space
Where Earth is a dancing mote among the stars
And shoals of meteors veil a pinpoint Mars.

Chapter for Venus, comma, end quote Mars,
Underscore Jupiter, Saturn with arched night,
Asteroids shimmering, ditto for distant stars.
Out of the paragraph, force, shadowing light,
Out of the context, men, sundering space,
Out of the periods, hope, spurring the race.

Youth, be venturesome and time-wise, race
Your rocket ships to Luna, conquer Mars,
Asterisk Juno, Callisto, edit space.
Then back to the mother planet, turning in night,
Out of the chaos, into ironic light,
Laugh at the cinder, warp to the farthest stars.

And there on other planets, ellipsing stars
Light-years form Sun, a free and golden race
May scorn the voices from the farthest light,
Mad in their clamor, bellowing to Mars—
Statesmen of Chaos, Ministers of Night—
And hold new equilibrium in space.

This word is atomized in verse, for space
Is cruel and knows no remorse and counter-stars
The sure and reckless man and smiles at night,
A hero's picnic, dusty answers, race,
And holds a mirror up to man who mars
What God has wrought, and marring, conquers light.

Scatter the seed to Mars, fan out with light,
Winnow the race for men worthy of space,
And waft the stars to them, out of the night.

Willis Austin

The Dune

The dune.

Dusky.

In the glowing sun

A magnificent mountain of bronzegold:

Articulate.

Glassmooth.

Cottonsoft...

It flings its texturecurved ridge, sweepingly,

To a summit in desert distances...

Then returns,

Languidly concise,

An indifferent river—sloping—flowing—

Graciously sinking into the sistersea.

...

Richard Carlisle

Ozymandias 2

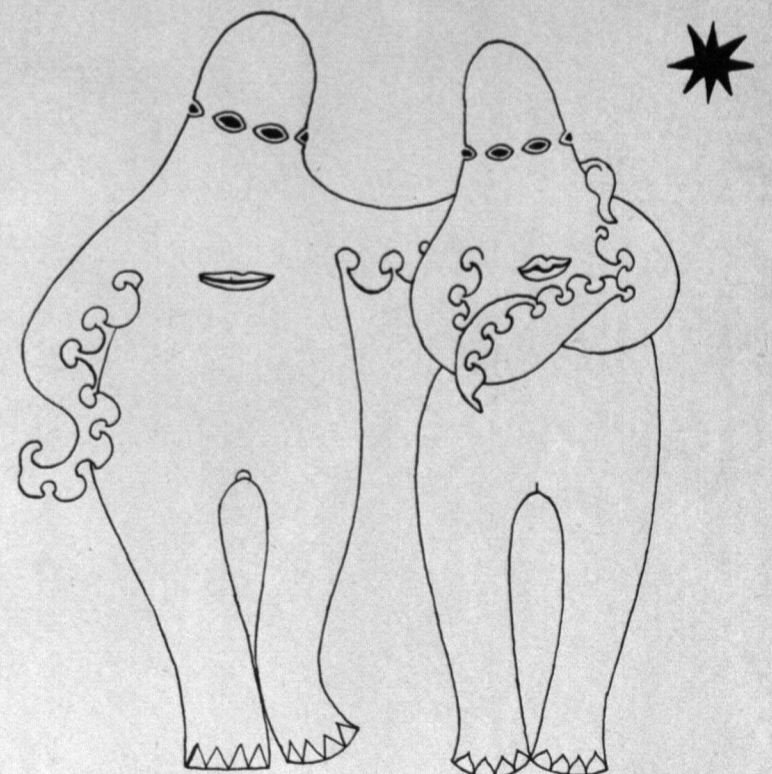
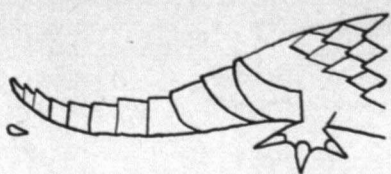
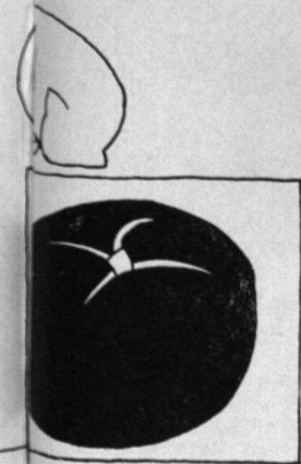
In all the world I found not
A trace of that great statue
Which his lyric told me of.
Into the desert, where the sands
Run together like sugar flakes
Colliding in a powdery cloud,
I went, searching, but only
Found a camel's headbone,
Hollow eyed and lonesome,
Winking to me as I passed.

He found a traveler; but I
Found only bones, and once,
Near the husk of a coconut trunk
Beside a dry well, a tiny flower,
Purple tinged, with stem, slight, green,
Its frail pink petals curled in greeting
For the spread of blue eternity
Stretched out above the lone and level sand.

Joe Diller

Do
ogs are cats
fighter a tomato.
see tomato anymore,
cat
ogs, with one tomato
are
downtown looking for
spron bird tails.
my side my belt and wondered:
re a salt in this block?
-Thodile tears have been drying
stro years.

Ameen Alwan

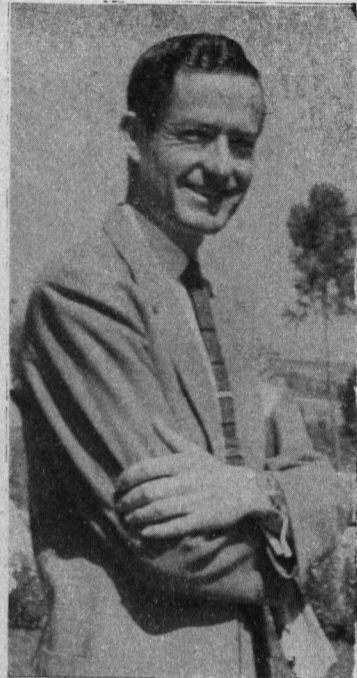


Grad of the Week

Former MCCer Pays Campus Return Visit

By James Woodard

"Living in a rapidly changing country is a fortunate experience in that you have your workshop before you. You can see the economic theories put in operation as the country is going through its various cycles of development."



Gerald Matthews

Gerald M. Matthews, who was graduated from MCC in June of 1953 with an M. A. degree in economics, expressed this opinion while making a return visit to the college campus.

Matthews, now employed as staff auditor of the General Motors Corporation in Detroit, said in regard to the economic situation of Mexico that every year he returns he sees improved conditions.

"Mexico itself," he stated, "reflects a greater prosperity each year—new buildings, roads and plants going up, even though, unfortunately, there has been an attendant increase in the cost of living."

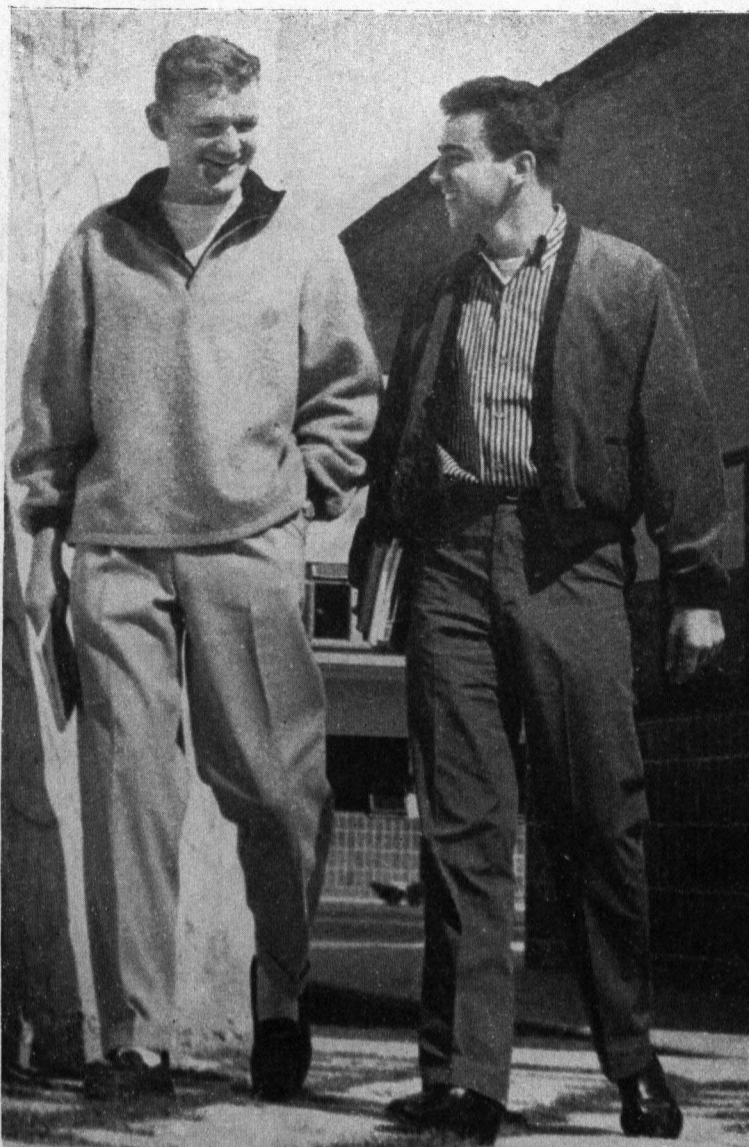
Entering the navy as a reserve officer immediately after graduating from MCC, Matthews served in uniform until January of 1956. Subsequently he joined the B. O. P. Assembly Division of General Motors in Arlington, Texas.

In August of that year he was transferred to the audit section of the same corporation in Detroit and has since travelled extensively throughout the U. S. and Canada, examining accounting records of various G. M. divisions.

Matthews, who was a member of the LAES while a student at MCC, said, "The general economic training I received at MCC has been a material assistance in my present occupation."

Appoint MCCer

Antony D. O'Donnell, a senior in business administration, has recently been appointed by George D. Miller, Commander of the Alan Seeger Post of the American Legion, as liaison officer at the college.



Ted Grayno Photo

OFF HIS BEAT for a little while, Gerald Masucci (right) chats with Ron Connolly between classes at MCC.

'Have Not Learned Lesson,' Says Algerian Of French

By Paul Moomaw

The trouble that France has been having in Northern Africa recently has thrown the spotlight on a student at MCC.

Ahmed Fellague, who is here from Ohio State on the Winter Quarter in Mexico plan, was born and raised in Algeria. Although he is now an American citizen, he is deeply interested in the Franco-Algerian problem, and can speak from his own experience.

Ahmed is doing graduate work at Ohio State and came to Mexico to become proficient in Spanish, a language he had learned only from school books.

He was born in Algeria and went to high school there. After graduating from high school, Ahmed started working for the French Government as an auditor at the Algiers City Hall. He worked there from 1944 until 1951. In '51, he took a year's leave of absence and went to the United States. At the end of the year, he returned to Algeria, but, after Stateside life, he realized that he could not take up the Algerian ways again.

So Ahmed returned to the States in 1952. Although he was not yet an American citizen, he got the call from Uncle Sam almost as soon as he stepped off the boat.

Because of his knowledge of languages, he was sent to the U. S. Army Psychological Warfare Center, where he spent his time translating Radio Moscow broadcasts into English. In the meantime, he married an American girl whom he had met while working for an insurance company in Columbus, Ohio.

As for the Algerian problem, Ahmed condenses his main ideas into one sentence.

"The French still have not learned the lessons of Indo-China, Tunisia and Morocco."

As an educated Algerian, Ahmed finds himself in a paradoxical situation, as do the others like him. He was educated in a French school, learned the language, and grew up in a completely French atmosphere. Even though he is now an American citizen, he still considers himself, culturally, French.

At the same time, as an Algerian, he has come to dislike the French administration and the evil it has caused in Algeria.

In 1947, France made all Al-

Serious Reason Backs Cop's Studies Here

By Sally Johnson

Students journey south of the border to study for various and sundry reasons, but Gerald Masucci has one of the most unique excuses of all.

The youngest cop in New York history, Gerald came to Mexico because he wanted to become a member of the Brooklyn narcotic squad.

"What in the world does that have to do with it?", one might ask.

Masucci, hailing from Brooklyn, has always had the desire to become a policeman. At the age of 19, having just been discharged from the service, he applied for a job on the force. But since he was the youngest ever to apply, he was told to wait until he was at least 21.

On his twenty-first birthday he took two civil service tests (physical and mental), and after passing with flying colors, was admitted to the Police Academy for a four-month course, which included pre-law, sociology, police techniques, and judo.

He was readily accepted to the force and admitted to the Brooklyn department. His assignment was the east New York section of Brooklyn, which is very dangerous and filled mostly with minority groups.

During the very first month of

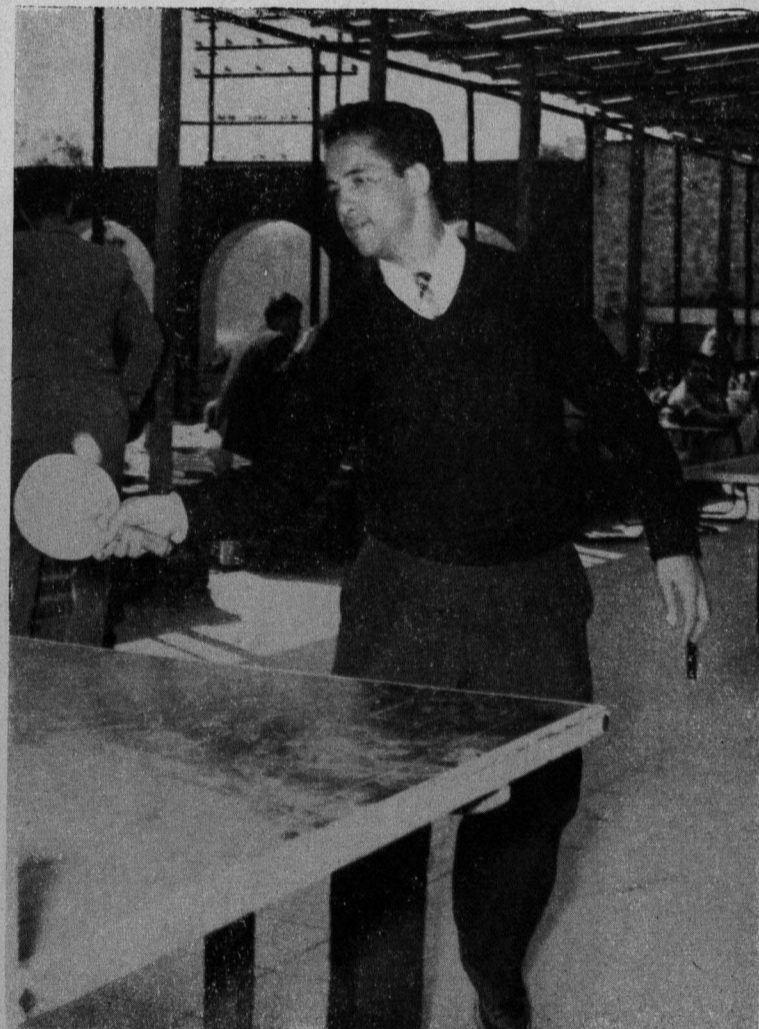
duty Masucci made his first and most dramatic arrest. Spotting a stolen licence plate and commandeering an auto, he began the long chase down a treacherous mountain road at 80 miles an hour. The bandits made a turn and crashed, but two armed men jumped out of the car and ran. Masucci finally subdued them in an alley at gunpoint, only later to find that one was a vicious escaped convict.

On his beat he continually ran into dope addicts, whom he turned over to narcotic agents. Since most of his arrestees were driven to crime by narcotics, he became quite aware of the problem, especially among youth.

Masucci was interviewed by the narcotics' squad, but since he was in the Puerto Rican section and did not know Spanish, he was told to learn the language before being given the job he wanted.

He was allowed special hours on the force to study Spanish at night school, but not finding this instruction sufficient, he came to Mexico to improve his knowledge of the language.

Masucci, who has been on the honor roll three times, will graduate in March, when he will return to New York and have a position on the narcotics squad of Brooklyn—his ambition.



Marilú Pease Photo

TRYING HIS HAND at the terrace ping pong tables is Algerian-born Ahmed Fellague. Ahmed is down here from Ohio State to polish up his Spanish.

gerians French citizens, and when in France they have all the rights of a Frenchman. But in Algeria the situation is different.

The population of Algeria consists of 9,000,000 Arabs and only 1,000,000 French. When France allowed Algeria to send a delegation to the French Parliament, they did not divide the representatives proportionately. In other words, 14 delegates represented one-tenth of the population, and only 14 more represented the 9,000,000 Arabs.

The moderates in Algeria asked that the French change the representation from a 50-50 basis to one which more realistically represented the population of the country. The French refused to make this concession.

Ahmed does not believe that either side will ever give ground. The revolutionists have nothing to lose by continuing the fight, keeping in mind that it is unthinkable to them to return to pre-revolution conditions. The French, on the other hand, have everything to lose.

Ahmed does not believe that there will ever be a peaceful settlement, and the recent bombing of Tunisia by the French seems to bear out his theory.

The only hope of a solution, he says, would have to come from pressure put on both sides by a third party, such as the U. N., the U. S., or even Russia, unless France should suffer another moral disaster of the Dien Bien Phu type.

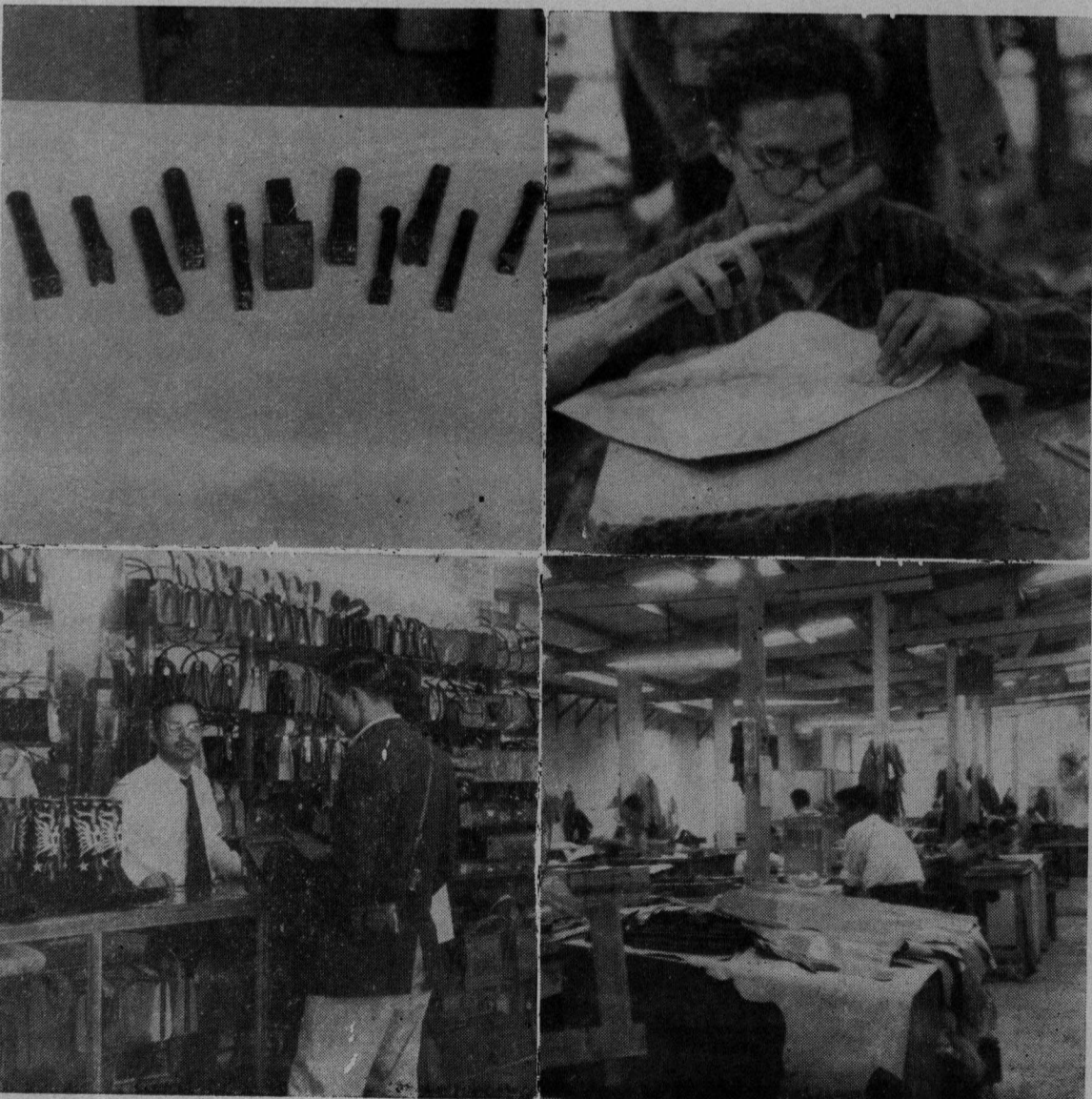
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Frances Brand Talks On Trip To Europe, USSR

By Paul Moomaw

Frances Brand, who was awarded her Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in August, last week spoke in the auditorium on her recent trip to Europe and Russia. The subject of her address was, "Is There a Cultural Iron Curtain?"

Mrs. Brand was introduced by Richard Posner. She came to the rostrum carrying her valise, and wearing the lavender hat, purple suit and fur coat which was her costume for the voyage.

During her talk, she exhibited her Russian dress and hat, her Parisian dress, hat and shoes, a Chamula hat, and a black wool *chamarra*.

On her trip, Mrs. Brand stopped in Canada, and flew from there to Holland, Finland, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Germany, Italy and France.

One of the high points in her trip was seeing the November 7 parade commemorating the 40th anniversary of the Russian revolution of 1917.

The day, she said, was gloomy, but the celebration was very colorful.

The whole city gave off an aura of red, with bright scarlet decorations and bunting covering buildings and lamp posts.

In speaking of Russia, Mrs. Brand mentioned her visits to most of the art exhibits in Moscow. Since she herself is an artist, she was naturally extremely interested in the art of all of the countries which she visited. She is particularly pleased by the new Cultural Exchange Program announced by the U. S. and the USSR. By this plan, a wider acquaintance and a modern outlook can be achieved between the two countries.

The low point in her trip, according to Mrs. Brand, was the channel crossing from France to England.

London was fogged in severely, and no planes could enter or leave. As a result, what should have been a one and one quarter hour trip by plane became an all-night journey on the boat train.

Mrs. Brand illustrated her talk with photos taken along the way, and exhibited a large oil painting of the parade in Moscow, which she has just completed.



Marilú Pease Photo

PAINTER, lecturer, and world traveler Frances Brand is back on the campus with palette and brush after a whirlwind tour of Europe.

New Phones Installed

Five of the six new telephones recently acquired by the college are now in use, according to Juan Hernández, business manager.

At present the five new lines are directly connected with private offices, but within sixty days, says Hernández, they and the sixth phone will be available for switch board service.

The new numbers are as follows: Office of the President, 20-99-54; Office of the Business Manager, 20-98-85; home of the College Physician, 20-99-52; Medical Clinic, 20-99-51; Housing Office, 20-99-53.

Brown President Visits Campus

Dr. Barnaby C. Keeney, president of Brown University, spent three days last week on the MCC campus.

During Dr. Keeney's Mexico City visit he was honored at a reception given by Dr. John Elmendorf. Dr. Keeney was also entertained at a luncheon hosted by William B. Richardson, chairman of MCC's Board of Trustees and at a cocktail party given by Jerome Hess, president of the Mexico City's Phi Beta Kappas.

No Changes . . .

(Continued from page 1)

and has asked that it be explained to all students, through the Council, that extra help and personal guidance will be gladly offered to all interested students. The office hours and office numbers of the individual instructors are listed below, and students may also make appointments at more convenient hours.

Willis Austin, room 43, 11 to 12 daily. Brita Bowen, press room, 9 to 1 daily. Richard Carlisle, creative writing center, by appointment. Vincent Carrubba, room 45, 12 to 1 daily. Nell Epps, room 45, 10 to 11 on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Richard Hayman, creative writing center, by appointment. Ed Howell, room 41, 11 to 12 on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays and 10 to 12 on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Jerry Olson, creative writing center, 1 to 2 on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Grace Paasch, room 45 from 12 to 1 on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Richard Posner, room 44 by appointment. Edmund Robins, creative writing center, 10 to 12 on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays and 2 to 4 on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Helen Savage, admissions office, daily from 11 to 1.

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Admission To . . .

(Continued from page 2)

called "El Renegado" (in French, "Defroqué"). Now I should like to cast an enthusiastic vote for two other French pictures now being shown in Mexico City.

Puerta de Lilas has every characteristic of the best films made by the French masters; its fine cast is directed by a man who made a world-wide reputation long before World War II—René Clair. See it and try to compare it with the best Hollywood product you've seen during the past year.

In a different vein but sharing the feeling for realism and authentic atmosphere of *Puerta de Lilas* is *Un Condenado a Muerte Se Escapa*. We are told that this is the true story of a French officer who escaped from one of the worst of the prisons that the Nazis set up during their occupation of France.

The lack of fake sounds and silly music help to heighten a tension that becomes almost unbearable as the picture builds towards its climax.

In these days of declining movie going and five and ten million dollar "spectaculars" one can only wonder at the artistry that builds a great picture around a small prison cell, some stairs, a yard and a few roofs and walls. If you are sick and tired of having your intelligence insulted by grade Z "players" in grade Y movies I recommend that you try these two French pictures. You won't be disappointed.

Meet Your Faculty

Agamemnon's Palace Impresses Historian

By Bill Pfeiffer

"The Isle of Crete is a barren and mountainous country that reminded me of, and made me homesick for, Mexico," reflects Miss Ana Elena Ogarrío, assistant professor of history at MCC, elaborating on her recent two and a half month visit to Greece and Italy. Miss Ogarrío is a B. A. graduate of Manhattanville College and received her M. A. from Radcliffe.

Born in Mexico City, she moved

on to Epidauros, which has the largest amphitheater in Greece, seats about 15,000 persons and is noted for its perfect acoustics.

Continuing onward towards the capital, Miss Ogarrío visited Corinth, where St. Paul preached the gospel and wrote his epistle, and Delphi, where the Oracle of Apollo is located.

Famous for its ambiguous prophecies which had a far resounding effect on the ancient world, the Oracle at Delphi is full of



Marilú Pease Photo

BACK FROM HER TRIP through Greece and Italy, Ana Elena Ogarrío applies her experience to classroom teaching.

ed to the United States at the age of nine months and has lived in Houston, Texas and New York City.

She undertook extensive travel in the "Mediterranean cradle of civilization" for two major reasons. The first was "to better understand and relate my theoretical and practical knowledge of this area as it applies to my teaching career and secondly, merely for the enjoyment of traveling in a foreign land." This trip was her third to the continent and in many ways the most enjoyable.

Many colorful and educational places were included in her month-long tour of the Aegean Sea and the Greek mainland. One of the most interesting places was the Isle of Rhodes with its cobblestone streets, medieval air, and Palace of the Knights of St. John.

Another fascinating place was the Schliemann-excavated, Agamemnon's Palace in Mycenae. From there Miss Ogarrío continued

offerings from the various city states of Greece. These monuments range from temples to statues and lend to the beauty of the city.

Athens was the climax of the Aegean trip and "the spectacular beauty of the Parthenon, situated high on the Acropolis, is something that no picture could ever do justice to. If I were to pick the single most impressive sight on my trip, I'm sure that it would have to be the Parthenon." Also of great interest was the Athens Museum which houses a spectacular array of gold jewelry and artifacts from Mycenae.

The itinerary of the Italian cities that she visited reads, most enjoyably, like a summary of the great cities of the early history of this area: Siena, Florence, Ravenna, Venice, Milan, Pisa and, of course, Rome, the captivating city of a thousand treasures and pleasures. During this revisit to Rome Miss Ogarrío had the opportunity to see Pope Pius XII.

Why Was A Leopard Lying way Up There?

By Pierce Travis

Kilimanjaro is a snow covered mountain 19,710 feet high, and is said to be the highest mountain in Africa. Its western summit is called the Masai "Ngaje Ngai," the House of God. Close to the western summit there is the dried and frozen carcass of a leopard.

No one has explained what the leopard was doing at that height.

Ernest Hemingway: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"

"The time has come," I muttered to Bob Stout, Collegian commander of the wine cellar, "to find out what the animal was doing up there. If I'm not back you'll know they've got me."

A bell sounded and a stream of badmintoners, ping pong "pros," and ivy league coeds came sailing out and floored me. I disregarded them as they walked over me until suave Loyd Gaspar came "bopping" through.

"A genius," I thought, and seized him by the feet. His new blue suedes came apart in my hands. "Crazy dad," he drooled. "It'll cost you fifteen skins." "Payday," I grunted and ground out my question. "Swingin, pops," he expounded. "That's a real cool cat by now." He was nothing but teeth as he "goldfished" away.

Reconnoitering, I spied Air Force Major Howard Stacy doing a neat

"peeling off" job on a blonde with P 38 lines. "Major," I inquired. He leaped to his feet, arm cocked. I hurriedly saluted and stated my mission. "Young man," he bellowed, "why aren't you in the army?" I flew away from the bombing area. The major was "peeling off" his jacket and glaring at me. "The only thing that guy is studying," I thought, "are the girls here."

Stopped the swinging Svenska, Karen Olson rounding the turn. "Old lifesaver," I cried. "There's this leopard frozen on this mountain and I won't." She cut me off. "Oh the poor thing," she mused strolling off. "And to think they had the blessing of the animals last month." It was time, I figured, to recuperate.

I flopped down next to this grizzly bar character who looked like an out of season Santa Claus. "What's wrong, son?" he inquired passing a rum bottle to me. "You look like *Death in the Afternoon*." I threw out the bait to this *Old Man of the Sea*.

"That's easy, boy," he snapped back.

"The leopard was looking for

immortality, but he didn't make the summit so he perished." "Oh yeah," I shouted, reeling in the line and killing the rum bottle. "Anybody with the least amount of intellect (he looked at me and shuddered) knows that." A stocky arm snaked out and smashed me to the floor. The "Beard" stalked off, but I had his ring initials stamped into my chin. "E. H. eh," I'll look him up in the school file. He must be mentally retarded anyway. Hanging around colleges at his age.

Spied dance interpreter Dale Young going through one of his ethnic routines on the balcony. "Can you come down a minute," I shouted. He replied by doing a Nijinsky-like leap over the rail into a cup of coffee. I waited but he never came up.

Bob Almanzo strolled by. All he wanted to do was organize a relief party for the leopard. What gives with that guy? The only thing he rescued in that Toluca expedition was a two-foot snowman.

The strain was beginning to tell. I slumped into a chair beside Alumni Director Fred Lauer-man. His comment: "Friend," he stated, "unless you can prove that leopard was an MCC graduate, it's not in my field." "Boy," I thought, "he and that E. H. character ought to get together."

I wandered off to the patio, a failure. There before my eyes was my salvation. My kinfolk, "Young" Ben Travis talking to a dormant Jerry Masucci. "Get up," he was saying, "and I'll teach you the left hook now." "Ben," I cried, "help me with this riddle." "Brother," his voice was cracked ice, "don't try to change the subject. Just pay me that 500 pesos you owe me."

I staggered away, tears in my eyes. I walked for hours not caring where I went. Soon I was hopelessly lost. Lost! Of course, that's what the leopard was doing on the mountain. He, as I, had become hopelessly lost.

Goes To Cambodia

Dan Arzac, former student of MCC President Dr. Paul V. Murray, stopped by MCC recently on his way to Washington, D. C., from Montevideo, Uruguay. Arzac is with the State Department and has volunteered for an assignment to Cambodia.

National Officers...

(Continued from page 1)

W. Currier; George E. Fox; Theodore Grayno; James L. Ivan; Michael Johnson; Donald E. Ketchum; Eugene J. Kettenhofen; Tom Held, Tom LaCascia.

Wallace F. Life, John Stephen Magac, Gerald Masucci, Robert G. McDonald, Vern Meyer, Robert Erich Miller, Philip Siegel, Henry Smallwood, Delbert D. Theasmeier, Theodore E. Turner, Charles Warne, George Preston Williams, Dean Allen Woods and George Zeolla.

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Green Wave Cagers Drop Three At Border

With the varsity basketball troops back from their three-game tour of Brownsville and Edinburg, here is a recap of the series.

The first game against Southmost College; a 56-51 affair was lost in the last 53 seconds. The straw that broke the camel's back was a personal foul called against the Green Wave toward the close of the game, when they were leading 51-50. The Southmosters scored the two free throws to put them in the lead.

The loss can be blamed on two things, according to Dr. Lindley; lack of sleep (the team had three hours of it) and, the accuracy of the Southmost sharpshooters on their free throws. Conway of Southmost, alone, scored 12 for 12 in this first game. High scorers for MCC were Pfeiffer (17) Freeman (14) and Griffey (12) while on defense Zalar and Nicmi did stellar work.

A 74-57 loss was the result of the second night's outing against Southmost. The border bad guys again showed their magnet-like charms at the free throw station by scoring 24 out of 28 foul shots. Our boys in green and white managed to snaggle a wild and woolly 17 for 33 average.

Again deadeye Conway of Southmost led the parade in free

throws by registering 11 out of 12. Gunnell was top MCC scorer (15), supported by Pfeiffer's 12, Young's 9, and Griffey's 8 points. Torres, Baumgarden, Stone, and Zalar were the defensive echelon.

Moving on to Pan American College at Edinburg, the varsity found itself playing a group of scholarship freshman from Illinois and Indiana. Both the "prairie" and "hoosier" states are known for their great production of basketball material.

In this contest, our high altitude boys playing on low oxygen, found a game more to their liking. The boys from Pan American were playing the slow break. The final score was 56-53 Pan American, but MCC's colors didn't go down until the game had gone into overtime.

In that period, Freeman put on a one man dribbling show when he stole the ball and went scooting through the entire Pan American team to score a two-pointer. Pfeiffer (16), Zalar (11), Griffey (9), and Young (8) did most of the scoring while on defense Nicmi, again, did a spectacular job.

It is hoped that when the hoopsters have a little more seasoning under their belts they will have a few return engagements with these colleges. Two weeks of practicing together does not qualify any team to feel they can go up to the border and beat teams that are just closing out their seasons.

It takes time, though, to mold together a team that will work together as an individual unit. With the entrance of MCC into the 18-team Reserva league, it is hoped that this will be brought about.

By the time this issue comes to press, the Green Wave should already be scheduled against such teams as the University, Polytech, Pentathlon, and the Military Academy. The tournament, a double round robin, is scheduled to last till June. Game schedules will be posted on the bulletin boards.

No News On Bowling
Due to some lost bowling scores, there is no news on the intra-mural bowling league. The varsity in their last outing swept four games and are currently clipping along on a .563 percentage.



Lou Zalar



Ted Grayno Photo

NANCY MCGREGOR demonstrates top form on the ping pong table as she sends the ball back across the net.

Nancy Combines Sports Personality, And Studies

By Ralph Johnson

Nancy McGregor, a pert little MCC freshman, is a unique combination of athlete, scholar and popular personality.

The 5 foot 3 inch blonde lass is endowed with an athletic ability which would undoubtedly put many of her male counterparts to shame. She has been active in a variety of sports for several of her 18 years. At present, with the curtailment of girls' bowling at MCC, she has had to content herself with such "tame" sports as ping pong, badminton and an occasional swim.

However, this is a far cry from competition on the hockey field, basketball court, and the softball diamond. Unusual sports activity for a female language major? Possibly for the average linguist, but not so for sports-minded Nancy. Since high school days she has taken an active part in all the above-named athletics.

Well-traveled Detroit-born Nancy's serious athletic career began at Port Washington, N. Y. High School where she captained the girls' cage squad and led the quintet in scoring. She continued her athletic endeavors at Bloomfield Hill, Mich. school for girls. This was followed with a return trip to Port Washington where she completed her junior year and

also initiated herself to field hockey.

The next step was to Mexico, through her father's transfer here with General Motors. Nancy immediately proved her mettle in athletic competition and was named to the All-Star basketball squad after a successful season of play with the American High School, where she completed her high school education.

During the fall quarter at MCC Nancy sparked her girls' bowling squad to a top ranking position in the league. Her consistent kegling helped her gain one of the top places among individual league bowlers. She also kept in trim with occasional trips to Deportivo Reforma, which offers a wide assortment of athletic events to members.

In addition to athletics and scholastics, Nancy is also fond of an occasional good time and is quite often seen tripping the light fantastic at school functions and various other social affairs. While not straying far off the beaten path, she also believes that an occasional "cool" one is not harmful, especially after a hard workout at the Reforma club.

This writer, firmly in accord with this latter viewpoint, immediately terminated the interview, in search of that "cool one following a hard workout."

In This Corner

'Picking Up Experience'

By Pierce Travis

When "Satchelfoot" Stewart (so nicknamed because of his valise-size feet) was boxing out of Norfolk, he had a rhythmic type of routine that was almost tap dancing as his big feet smacked against the canvas. He set up his punching patterns by an audible count. His 1 2 3 4 could be heard all over the auditorium. It sounded as if he were calling cadence.

He was doing real fine with this style until one night his opponent, a former Marine, picked up his beat, and, as they passed by the reviewing stand he saluted old Satch with a right hand that ended the march for the night. Satch was one of the most relaxed fighters I've ever seen in a ring, but that night he did it all on the canvas getting counted out. He never did utilize his voice inside the ropes again. That, to him, was picking up experience.

Another speedster I knew, used to brag he had a guard that not even the sun could get through. In training he was almost unhittable, but in his first actual ring outing he tensed up and became about as mobile as an out-of-order washing machine. The guy he was boxing caught him with a left hand high on the head. After that, the sun, the stars, and the moon wouldn't have had any trouble getting through to him. It's a hard way to learn, but the guy was picking up experience.

"Rocky" Marciano is not usually a "headhunter", a fighter who primarily uses the head for an attack instead of the larger body target. But the night he fought Lee Savold, he forgot everything he'd learned. He came out from the bell throwing wide hooks to the jaw that the cagey Savold easily avoided. The only actual time that anybody hit the deck was when Marciano whistled a right hand lead at Savold that missed and the momentum carried him over onto the ring apron. It's a good thing the canvas wasn't hitting back as Marciano was open for a million punches as he sprawled there.

The fight ended a few rounds later when a disgusted referee told the disgusted crowd that a disgusted Savold had told him his mouth was all chopped up on the inside. Everybody was ready to go home anyway. Probably the most disgusted person in the whole place was headhunter for a night, Marciano. Never again did he concentrate on an opponent's face until he had him softened up from a body attack. That, to Marciano, was picking up experience.

There was once a fancy dancer who would flit around the ring posts like a gazelle. He would lure his opponents into a trap on the ropes, take a backward bounce, and, with the added impact,

knock his adversary's head off. This trick was working fine until one night he fought a fighter who had forgotten more than the rope artist would ever learn.

The boy went into his routine; the veteran pug easily slipped the punch and, WHAM, the poor kid must have thought a mortar had gone through his stomach as he lay there groaning. But along with the belly buster the boy also picked up a most valuable asset. A little more experience. There is no substitute for it.

While in the navy, I pulled a short tour of duty in Jacksonville, Florida. I was "pugging" for a service team, but also picking up paydays in town fighting in the arena. When my captain got wind of it, he told me I must desist as there were no responsible navy medical authorities around, that if I were hurt the government could not accept the responsibility. From my very young age, I felt this was not sufficient justification.

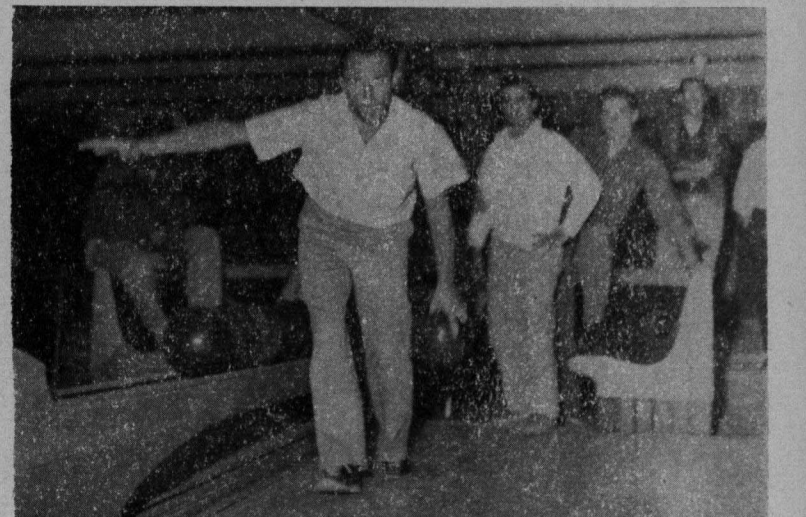
My opponents were usually "boxing bums" stopping through for coffee money on the way to more lucrative paydays in Miami or Tampa, or muscular young individuals who, after looking at themselves in the mirror, thought they were fighters. I felt at the time that I could have taken my opponents, their trainers, and the referee all at one sitting. What I did do was change my ring name to Jack Fisher.

This worked for awhile, but once more the captain heard about it and once again I changed my name. This time to "Butcher Boy" Powell and under it continued my easy ring successes.

One night I was visiting a friend of mine, an owner of a bar and grill. We were talking about boxing in general when one of his patrons, who looked like he'd been left over from the weekend trade, heard us and blearily and emphatically stated, "Every time tha' Butcher Boy climbs inna ring, somebody's blood gets spilled." This was news to me as the tea dances I'd been waltzing in under that name could, by no stretch of the imagination, be termed mayhem. The closest thing to blood I'd seen was, once, when a little boy tripped in the aisle and bloodied his nose.

That wasn't the end of it though. Another patron, whose athletic talents seemed to be confined to leaping off and on bar stools, piped up with, "That Butcher Boy may be good, but if he runs into Jack Fisher, it will be his blood that gets spilled." "Fine," I thought as I eased out the door. "Now if they just let Pierce Travis referee it, they'll have themselves a real humdinger of a brawl."

I lost only one fight in Jacksonville. To my captain! When he found out what I was doing, he shipped me back out to sea. That, to me, was picking up experience.



La Dulce Photo

CLARK PENN of the league leading Mau Maus starts his left hand hook down the alleyways in a recent tilt at the Casablanca Bowling Alleys.

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