

MEXICO CITY *Collegian*

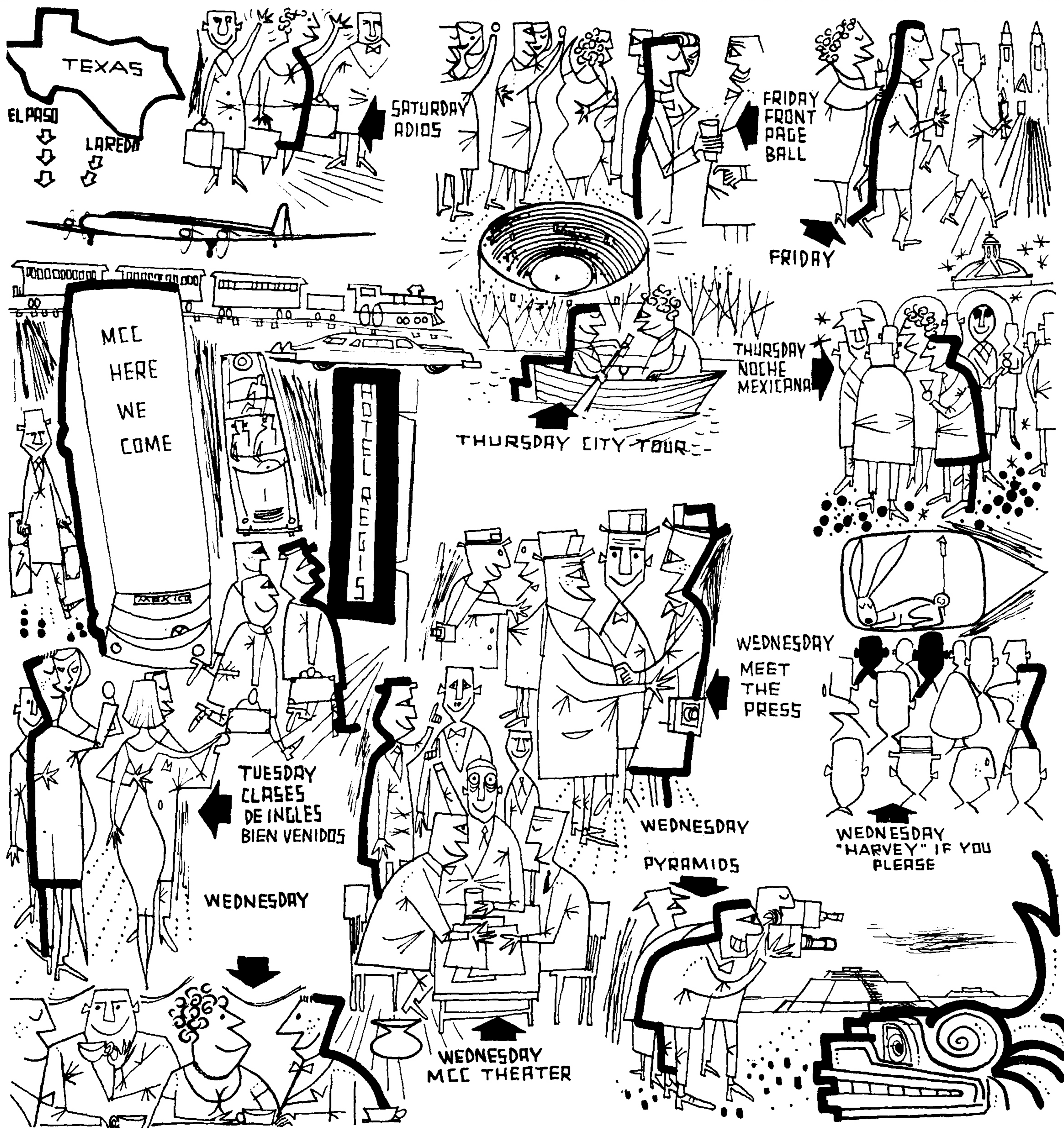
"The American College South Of The Border"

Vol. 7, No. 11

México, D. F.

Tuesday, April 20, 1954

MCC Welcomes Texas Journalists



Registration Ends Today

One hundred and fifty journalism students, representing 17 Texas colleges will complete registration today at the Hotel Regis for the 19th Annual Texas Intercollegiate Press Association Conference. The first delegation to arrive was the Southwest Texas State Teachers College group of nine on Saturday, April 17 with their sponsor Bruce W. Rucker. The last group will be arriving via the Mexican National Railways and is expected to check in at the Hotel Regis by 8:00 tonight.

The Mexico City College Press Club, which is hosting the conference, will be represented by Pat Murphy, president of the Association; Joy Goldman, vice-president; Eleanor Wilson, corresponding secretary; Charles Nash, treasurer; Joe Nash, contest director; and Dick Cassidy who will be MCC's voting delegate during the business meetings of the conference.

After opening tonight at 7:30 with a buffet supper and dance sponsored by the Clases de Inglés in the renovated Patio at San Luis Potosí 154, the first conference meeting will commence tomorrow on the Mexico City College campus with an invocation by Archbishop Luis María Martínez of Mexico.

Other notables on the program include José Angel Ceniceros, Secretary of Education, Efraín del Pozo, representative of the National University of Mexico, and Wm. O'Dwyer, former United States Ambassador to Mexico.

Wednesday afternoon's program includes a trip to the Pyramids of Teotihuacan, and Bellas Artes with meetings of the Executive and Constitutional committees scheduled for early evening. Wednesday evening is free with tickets for the opening of "Harvey" available for those who care to attend.

Rev. Rodwell Hulse, Pastor of the Christ Church of Mexico City, will deliver the invocation on Thursday morning. The highlight of the Thursday meeting will be a round-table discussion, "Taking the Pulse", by representatives of the various foreign news services in Mexico.

A program and display will also be presented by the US Embassy with Dr. Robert Caldwell outlining the activities of the State Department in a foreign land. Mr. Sam Gilstrap will present the informational program as conducted by the US Embassy Services.

A city tour that will include Chapultepec Castle, the Plaza Mexico, University City, the Zocalo, the Cathedral and National Palace is scheduled for Thursday afternoon. The awards dinner and Noche Mexicana at the Rancho del Artista on Avenida Coyoacán will climax Thursday's activities.

Unfinished business will be completed on Friday morning, and for those interested, there is a tour of an outstanding Mexican industry at D. M. National. A lunch is a part of this tour. For those who care to stay over Friday night, the gala, Hollywood personality attended Second Annual Press Club Front Page Ball at the Salón Riviera is offered.

Front Page Ball On Friday Climaxes Conference Schedule

Spotlights will shine on the celebrities invited to attend the Press Club's second annual Front Page Ball, on this Friday night, April 23, with master of ceremonies Eddie Rosenfeld introducing those who will appear.

Art Center Faculty Plans Four Week Exhibit In Lounge

The faculty of the art department is now busily preparing for a Faculty Arts Show which will open next Monday and remain on display for about four weeks. Three walls in the student lounge will be adapted for exhibition use.

The following members of the faculty will exhibit in their respective fields: Merle Wachter, MCC, the philosophy and technique stressed in classes will be reflected in the works on display. A small exhibition of student work will be shown for the Texas Intercollegiate Press Association Conference including drawings, photographs, sculpture, silk screen, jewelry, and ceramics. Mr. Wachter has extended an invitation to members of the TIPA group to visit the art classes and observe methods and techniques.

This summer quarter a mural technique class of plastic or mosaic is being added to the program offered by the Art Center.

lón Riviera, located at Avenida División del Norte 1157, at the glorieta Matías Romero in Colonia Vértiz Narvarte, will begin at 9:30 and continue until 2:00 to the music of the Cuquita orchestra of the Hermanos Narváez.

Capping the intermission entertainment will be the songs of lovely Pat Kaminis, who promises to sing in Spanish and English to please the bi-lingual audience. In addition to the vocals, there will be exhibition dances presented by the Arthur Murray group.

The Front Page Ball, serving this year to bid farewell to the visiting members of the Texas Intercollegiate Press Association, attracts the American colony of Mexico City to meet the Mexican friends of MCC.

Tickets are being sold on the campus at ten pesos apiece by the Student Council and will be available at the door of the Salón Riviera on Friday night. Downtown travel agencies also cooperating in the ticket sale are Pancho Lona in the Bamer, Tony Pérez in the Reforma, Bill Nagle near Sears and the Del Prado.

REGISTER YOUR CARS!
Students who own cars are requested to register immediately the following information with the coordinator of student activities, Mrs. Lou Carty—license number of car, state in which license plates were issued, model of car, and year.

Preparations For School Picnic Being Completed

Plans are being completed for this year's annual all-school picnic, to be held at the Ron Castillo plant's picnic grove, Louis Bachrach, student council president announced this week.

The exact date for the affair has not yet been set, but it will definitely take place, in the early part of May, Bachrach said.

On the picnic program will be swimming, dancing, and refreshments, including food and drink.

All students are eligible to attend, and each individual, or married couple, will be permitted to bring one guest.

Last year, the large student body turn-out made the picnic one of the most successful student council sponsored projects.

Co-chairmen of the arrangements committee for the picnic are Mike Keogh and Bob Chapman.

NEW BUS SCHEDULE	
Beginning tomorrow, Wednesday, April 21, two buses will leave San Luis Potosí 154 at 9 a. m. and two will leave the Diana at 9 a. m.	
During the day shuttle service between the Diana and Mexico City College is scheduled as follows:	
Leave MCC	Leave Diana
9:30	10:00
10:30	11:00
12:30	13:00
13:30	14:00
14:30	15:00
15:30	16:00
16:30	17:00
17:30	

TIPA Delegates Foster Good Will

For the first time in the 19 year history of the Texas Intercollegiate Press Association, the organization's annual meeting, attended by student representatives from all over Texas, is being held outside the United States.

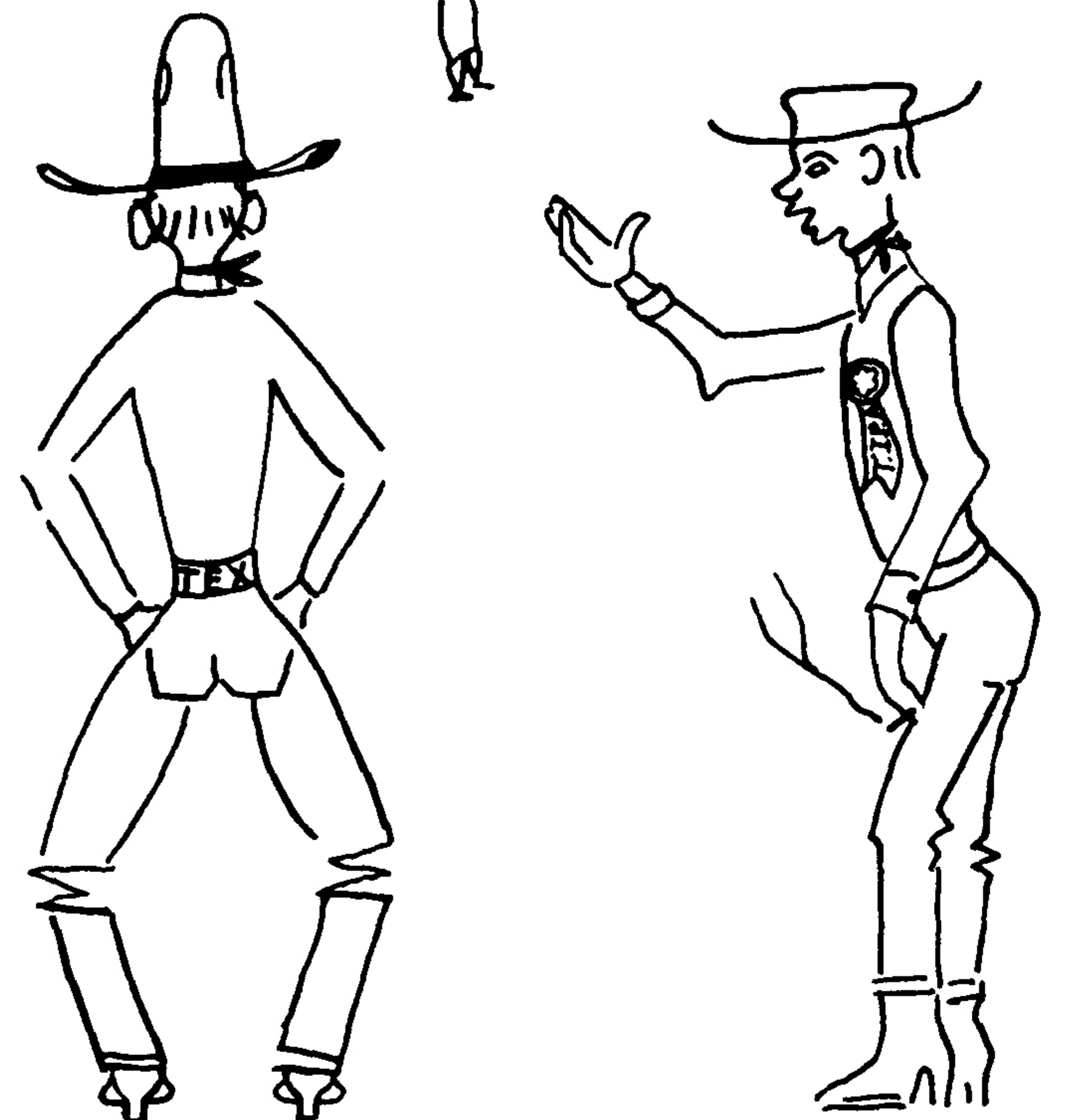
Mexico City College is now hosting 150 delegates from 17 Texas universities, colleges and junior colleges during the 1954 TIPA conference scheduled until April 23.

The main purpose of this convention is to conduct association business, although undoubtedly one of the most important results will be the accurate knowledge of Mexican life and culture taken back to all parts of Texas by returning delegates.

Though their Mexican visit will be a short one, the Texans will become acquainted with Mexico and the surrounding area through a jam-packed three day schedule of tours and lectures. Above all, some of their most personal and valuable information will be gained through their inevitable chance meetings and acquaintances with the Mexican people.

We hope that when the delegates return to their homes they will realize that they have attended more than just a Press Association convention and will become a nucleus of good will and better understanding between Mexico and Texas.

N. H.



"Lookie, Tex. This is God's Country too!"

Music In Mexico

By John Paddock

The past three or four weeks have been trying for anyone who attempts to keep up with musical events in the capital, and especially so for your unhappy correspondent, who has seen deadlines pass both here and at the News with no sign of trouble, only to find out within hours later that scheduled concerts have been postponed, programs changed, new concerts scheduled with only a few days of advance notice, and so on.

Perhaps the best we can do is to list briefly what is scheduled as of the moment of writing, with a warning that although the storm seems to be over in the scheduling department, one should check the announcements in the daily papers before going downtown for a concert.



Artes chamber orchestra in another varied program which includes some little-known Italian works.

The violinist Joseph Roy, a Belgian, appeared suddenly on the local scene and gave two recitals in the first two weeks of April, but at the time of writing I had not yet heard him.

Ability has by no means been limited to chamber music and solo recitals. The season of the National Symphony began—a week late—on April 9, with Carlos Chávez firmly in command of the orchestra he himself built. Karl Freund played the Beethoven violin concerto in what was originally scheduled as the season's second offering. Clemens Krauss of Vienna was to have directed the first five concerts, beginning April 2, and Chávez the next three. Krauss pleaded illness and asked for a postponement, and Chávez agreed to replace him; but it was then too late to prepare a program by the announced opening date. The whole season has therefore been set back one week, and there will be considerable alteration of the announced programs besides.

The first symphony concert revealed clearly just why this organization is the core and focus of Mexico's musical life. It is better believed under Chávez than under less forceful conductors. While his approach is gentle, he is always firm and the musicians are by now thoroughly convinced—as musicians are in many other countries—that foreign men in the world have as pure and deep understanding of as many works as has Chávez.

One may not always agree with the details of his readings—the Christian Bach symphony he opened with on April 9 and 11 was so clean and so tautly paced as to become even a bit hard in sound—but his utter lack of bombast, his precision and modest care with the composer's intentions result in performances regularly characterized by both clarity and depth. We heard the Beethoven Fifth and the Violin Concerto in the same concert, and in the Chávez readings Beethoven ceases to be the pompous German, proclaiming his kinship with the gods and pounding the table with his beer mug, and becomes a quite opposite and less conspicuous kind of Teuton, dedicated more to music than to self, and a much more likable composer for it.

Freund's performance of the

Beethoven concerto was solidly competent and quite free of charlatanry, polished but a little lacking in fire. We will feel better able to discuss his playing after his recital of contemporary sonatas, which may challenge him with their relative unfamiliarity to a more stirring kind of interpretation.

Elas Galindo, a Chávez pupil who succeeded the maestro in command of the national conservatory, was heard from in a revised version of his 1952 String Symphony. There is a very attractive quality in Galindo's writing, and it may be that it is his intense humanity which accounts for it. The first two movements of the short symphony are well put together from rather varied thematic material, but all of it has one thing in common—it sounds like speech rhythms and speech lines. Galindo seldom writes lines (some contemporaries almost always do) which are playable on an instrument but not singable; what we noted in the String Symphony was that his material was not only singable, but almost speakable. His harmonies tend to be mild, although free. Something else which he does well is to write dance pieces which are highly danceable, and the third and closing movement of his new symphony is a driving dance which was sufficient to clinch his case, winning an ovation from the audience.

No symphony program was scheduled for Easter week. On Friday, April 23, and Sunday morning, April 25, Chávez will present the first performances of his Fifth Symphony, which like his Fourth is for strings alone. (The Third, which he put aside several years ago still unfinished, on account of

At Home - Abroad

By Donald Demarest

Saúl Steinberg: All in line While we're on the subject of the New Yorker (I had given it up for Lent) I'd like to say something about my favorite cartoonist Saul Steinberg. I first met him when a reprint firm I worked for published a book of his cartoons. I was meant to edit it, but Steinberg did all the work: he dummed it, and talk-



ed to the printer and corrected proof. He even did some new drawings (worth thousands at the prevailing rate) to fill in odd spaces. And when he had nothing else to do he sharpened my pencils. Later I had an opportunity to consult him on other books, and I always found him a glutton for work—and the least temperamental and most co-operative of artists.

Steinberg was born in Budapest of Jewish parents about 40 years ago. He had his share of pogroms. He also had his share of his mother's magnificent cakes, "decorated in crazy recoco", which he claims as his first major art influence. His father made frou-frou boxes for cosmetics and jewelry. When he was around seventeen, his family scraped up the money to send him to Milan to study architecture. He spent seven years on the three year course without graduating. Apparently he seldom went near the school. Instead he spent his time in the offices of the famous Italian comic magazine Bertoldo (whose editor was Giovanni Guareschi, creator of Don Camillo, and which was a far cry from the New Yorker if one can believe some of Steinberg's rather risqué stories about it.) It was celebrated among Italian intellectuals as being hilariously anti-fascist—as it is now anti-communist. But because its humor was so dead-pan and its cartoons invariably captionless, the officials could never pin anything on it. Steinberg's drawings of party



parades and meetings were particularly unexceptionable. Heroic, over-life-size fascist dignitaries strode here and there, clutching daggers, receiving medals, parading impressively. It was only when you looked at the buildings in the background that sharp eye could detect some social comment. The buildings reared and twisted and grimaced in subtle parody of the strutting figures before them. Steinberg, the architect manqué, was letting turrets and balustrades, colonnades and grill-work write his captions for him. And the fascist big-wigs, from Mussolini down, were flattered by the pastry-cake romantics. When the Germans came, the secret police share-facedly and half-heartedly pursued him as a Semite. Steinberg managed to live (as he tells the story) a hilarious six months as a fugitive, in a variety of outlandish disguises of beards and wigs, sleeping in the editorial offices of Bertoldo, and eating his meals in the favorite cafe of the high officials of the secret police. It was only when his friends handed him a forged passport and tickets for South America that he was persuaded to leave Italy.

After a few months in (I believe) Brazil—where he met and married his wife, who is a painter—his work was appearing in such U.S. magazines as Vogue, Harner's Bazaar and the New Yorker. The Steinbergs shortly followed them. And then he spent three years as a Lieut. (i. g.) in the O. S. S. Steinberg didn't have any stories to tell about this period and there is little in the official records. However, he has contributed a series of drawings from this period—published in this periodical—(Cont'd. on page 8)

MEXICO CITY Mexican

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|-----------------------|---|
| Editor | Dick Cassidy |
| Managing Editor | Nan Harris |
| News Editor | Onofre Gutiérrez |
| Feature Editor | Windi Flightner |
| Special Writers | Donald Demarest
George Dowdle
Stan Krasnic
John Paddock
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Eleanor Wilson |
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already tasted the sweet wine of Mexican hospitality; and that you have vowed, openly or secretly, to return to Mexico just as rapidly as time and money will permit.

In our day it has become fashionable to talk about international cooperation and intercultural exchange. Thousands of people are for it, hundreds get paid to advocate it, scores are in the business of getting government grants to promote it—and often themselves. Unfortunately, however, the net result of such drum-beating and public clamor is not very great in relation to the noise generated. One needs only ask this question: How much are public and private interests spending on the destructive aspects of atomic research; and how much are they spending on the promotion of worthwhile international and intercultural projects which would help prevent the need (if there ever has been one) of blasting ourselves off God's earth with what is now being aptly described as "hell" bombs?

Apart from this, I wish to point out that people like yourselves are to be congratulated for doing things on your own, for not waiting for state or federal grants before making an effort to travel outside the United States. It is a theory of mine that true social justice is too often perverted by people who are too lazy or too unimaginative to try to do things on their own. If a philanthropist cannot be found to give them a small fortune to carry out their ideas, then they will sit around and hope that the government or business or the banks will do something about it. I know that many of you—possibly most of you—have made personal sacrifices to be here. Even today—and most certainly in years to come—I am sure you feel repaid for those sacrifices and are glad you made them. Millionaires could describe for you what Poro and Ixta look like from a DC-6; personally I believe you have been much more thrilled by seeing those snow-covered mountains after a long, tough trip in a bus that carried you across the plains of Texas and the mountains of Mexico. It was worth the effort, wasn't it?

I wish we had been able to give you everything your presence here merits. However, the fact that we moved just a month ago is the chief reason why you have been called upon to rough it a bit. Being Americans—and I suppose most of you are native Texans—you will be indulgent, I am sure, with people who are still pioneering in the field of college education, pioneering both literally and figuratively. Some day, we shall hope to have you here again as our guests. When that time comes we guarantee that many things will have changed for the better. What cannot change and will not change is our happiness at having you here and our earnest desire to help to promote all those ideals for which your organization stands. Please take home to your schools both official greetings from Mexico City College and my own personal greetings to each of you who is assembled here today. In the Mexican phrase: "Están Uds. en su casa. ¡Bienvenido a todos!"

Grad Of The Week

John Menz, Versatile Prof, Has Colorful Background

By Ilse Sternberger

Daily on the campus, you may see a spare, unobtrusive young man. At first glance there is little else to set him apart from the student body except his neat grey suit; but soon one notices the keen eyes, the perpetual smile of amusement and general "joie de vivre", and senses the tremendous energy behind the casual manner. He is John A. "Brick" Menz, assistant professor in the economics department, and surely the most unusual economist any college ever boasted.



His life story is colorful enough to inspire the Creative Writing Center with enough details for half a dozen fictional heroes.

Born in Oakland, Calif., young John decided at the age of 14 that he'd like to be independent and travel. His parents did not quite approve of this idea, but the lack of moral as well as financial support didn't bother John. He was quite able to take care of himself. He was a pretty fair clarinet and saxophone player, and easily obtained a job with a touring cowboy band. In this way he put himself through high school and managed, despite his work and travels, to graduate at the age of 16.

He'd seen quite a bit of the U.S. by then, but nothing of foreign countries—so he joined the merchant marine, the youngest member of the crew. But when he found that a merchant seaman has only strictly limited opportunities for adventure, he quit after a few months, returned home and took up his music studies again. Soon he began to work again. He travelled with the Pollock Brothers Circus until he developed a dislike for the aroma of wild animals. Then, for a complete change in routine, he worked in hydrolic mines. And then the old wanderlust got hold of him again. He was going on 19, by then, and felt a man should know his country thoroughly. So he "rode the rails" from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to Mexico, observing

people and conditions. His concern with economics may have started then, but first he had other interests to explore. He studied electronic physics, and then returned to his original profession. For two years he played with the Sacramento Symphony, and then with the Sacramento Ballet Orchestra. The last job was his most rewarding one, for during it he met and fell in love with a beautiful blond dancer, Billie—now Mrs. Menz.

Followed four years with Uncle Sam, which Brick calls "the most uneventful army career any GI ever had"—and after that, the old yen for more education and more travels. So Billie and Brick came to Mexico and, naturally, to MCC. Brick received his BA here in March of 1948, and his MA in economics the following December. He went on to the University of California for graduate studies, did research work for the University, and added another MA to his titles. Later he became instructor at the University of Texas, was raised to Doctoral Candidate, but before he could get properly started on his dissertation he was called back to MCC—not as a student, but as associate professor of the Economics department.

He went to work with his usual inexhaustible energy, reorganized the entire department, developed the Foreign Trade Center—which he now heads—and the Foreign Trade Certificate. With all this he still found time to work in the research dept. of the Banco Nacional de México, and to write scientific papers the latest of which will appear in the March issue of "Trimestre Económico".

One would expect Brick to fly a jet plane for relaxation, or climb the Popocatepetl every week-end for exercise; but his hobbies are surprisingly sedate. He is a radio ham; he loves to cook; and, yes, he loves to watch Billie instruct their two older daughters, Mary and Margie, in ballet dancing... the youngest, 9-week old Minnie, being still a shade too young...

Did anybody ever think that instructors of economics are generally dry, musty people?

Texas College Journalists Arrive For Convention

By American Airlines, Mexican National Railways, chartered buses, and private automobiles, delegates to the 19th Annual Texas Intercollegiate Press Association Conference have been arriving in Mexico City since Saturday. Here is a list of arrivals and scheduled arrivals for the conference:

From San Marcos and the Southwest Texas State Teachers College the seven delegates and sponsor Bryce Rucker and his wife arrived on Saturday and have been sight-seeing since then.

From Commerce the East Texas State Teachers College's six delegates accompanied by C. Richard King arrived Sunday night by train from Laredo.

The Paris Junior College (Paris, Texas) sponsor Ralph Webb and delegate came in by American Airlines last night.

The Texas College of Arts and Industries at Kingsville's three delegates and the sponsor Delmer Ashworth came in on the National Railways train from Laredo last night.

Pan-American College of Edinburg which has applied for admission to the TIPA has sent eight delegates and sponsor Roger Swann. They arrived by bus last night.

Sponsor Dorothy Allen and her

husband drove down with the four delegates from Navarro Junior College at Corsicana. They arrive Tuesday afternoon.

Midwestern University's sponsor Louis Cozby and his wife are coming in by auto accompanied by the four delegates from Wichita Falls.

Abilene Christian College at Abilene may be bent on inviting the Association to their campus in 1955. Their delegation of thirty two and sponsor Walter Bunch arrive today at four p. m.

Texas Western College of the University of Texas at El Paso has chartered a Press Club bus for the fourteen delegates from TWC and for five delegates and the sponsor of Odessa College and Sul Ross College. Sul Ross is sending six delegates and sponsor Elton R. Miles. John Middagh, the TWC sponsor and Wallace E. Snelson of Odessa will be with the group. They are scheduled to arrive at about four p. m. Tuesday.

McMurry College of Abilene, Howard Payne College of Brownwood, and San Angelo Junior College delegates are travelling on the McMurry College bus. There will be twenty five delegates from these three colleges. San Angelo will also have a group of delegates travelling by auto with sponsor Frances Carter and her husband. These

four delegates and the Carters are expected in late afternoon of Tuesday.

Stephen F. Austin of Nacogdoches, the host school in 1952 is sending three delegates and the sponsor who will arrive late Tuesday by auto.

Sponsor C. Shuford of North Texas State Teachers College at Denton is ill and will not be able to attend. The four delegates will arrive by auto late Tuesday.

TIPA Judges Cream of Crop

A Who's Who selection of American publishers and editors, in addition to four 1953 Pulitzer Prize winners, were the judges for the 14 newspaper divisions of the conference contest.

Contests and judges include: Newspapers, Class I (colleges with an enrollment of over 1,200 students)—Marshall Field, Jr., Publisher of the Chicago (Ill.) Sun-Times; Newspapers, Class II (colleges with an enrollment under 1,200)—W. Horace Carter, Pulitzer Prize winner, and Editor-Publisher of the Tabor City (S. C.) Tribune; Newspapers, Junior Colleges—A. T. Richardson, Editor-Publisher of the Pomona (Cal.) Progress-Bulletin; Magazines—Andrew Heiskell, Editor of Life; Editorials—John S. Knight, President-Publisher of Knight Newspapers Inc.

Feature stories—Palmer Hoyt, Editor-Publisher of The Denver (Col.) Post; News photographs—William Gallagher, Pulitzer Prize winner of the Flint (Mich.) Journal; Sports columns—Bill Shanahan, Editor, The News, Mexico City; Composition photographs—Frank Iversetti, Publisher of the Ripon (Wis.) Commonwealth; Sports stories—Arch Ward, Sports Editor, Chicago (Ill.) Tribune; General columns—W. H. Cowles, Editor-Publisher of the Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review, also chairman of the scholarship committee of the Inter-American Press Association.

Cartoons—Edward Kuekes, Pulitzer Prize winner of the Cleveland (Ohio) Plain-Dealer; and Advertisements—Hayes J. Smythe associated with the Glenn-Jordan-Stoetzel advertising agency of Chicago, Illinois.

Short stories were judged by Dr. John Lowe of Rochester, New York, former president of the New York Board of Regents, and former President of the American Library Association. Dr. Paul Kruse, curator of the California Room of the Oakland Public Library, Oakland, California judged poetry.

Annuals (Class I, II and Junior Colleges) were judged by Raúl Esquivel, Editor of the Gazer, Mexican tourist publication and Rubén Loera, Jr. of ACMEX, and Merle Wachter, director of MCC's Art Center.

51 Candidates For June Sheepskins

Candidates for sheepskins to be conferred in June were announced this week by Mrs. Thomas de López, Dean of Admissions and Records.

Listed as candidates for Bachelor of Arts degrees are: Louis Bachrach, Lloyd Allen Blumenfeld, Joseph James Cirrito, Theodore Wayne Cook, Esther Gilinsky, Ernest L. Green, Joe Huron, Ambrose M. Lantsberger, Irene Luncan, Reginald Walker Magarity, Eldon John Malcolm, Phyllis Paula Markman, Frederick Floyd Myers, Nola Kathleen Morrison, James Thomas O'Brien, Francois-Marie, Charles Petot, David Popilsky, Kenneth E. Reed, Thomas Henry Dudman Jr., Maurice Alexis Marcel Saillant, Salvador Siqueiros, Henry V. Trujillo, Henry Bradford Works, Ivan J. Wyatt, Zelta Joy Goldman, Ellison Edwin Ketchum, Jr., Thomas Lloyd Kingsbury, Jr., Martin Darrow Phillips, Arthur Franklin Nesmith, Howard Dale Hixson, Charles Harold Parkyn, Bill J. Llewellyn, Mary Louise de Booy, Rex L. Hammerly, Jr., Heidi Christman, Alfred Mayerski, George Dowdle, Barnabas Hugh Wasson, Sylvia Hassan, Clarence Iva Bordeman, Jr., Eleanor N. Kasica, Kenneth Hardie Smith, Jr., Manuel R. de Ortega, Alfonso Jacinto Flores, Edmund Neal Tighe, Oriol Pi-Sunyer, Silvio J. Musa, Howard Perry Cook, William Lee Logan, and Richard Herbert Cassidy.

Bernard O. Pacheco is the sole candidate for a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree.

LIST OF CURRENT ART SHOWS Exhibition or exhibitor and place Constante Permeke—Conservatorio Nacional de Música.

Salvador Elizondo—Galeria "Arte Moderno".

Arte Alemán—University City.

Teatro Guignol—Casa del Arquitecto.

Pre-hispanic Mexican Art—Bellas Artes.

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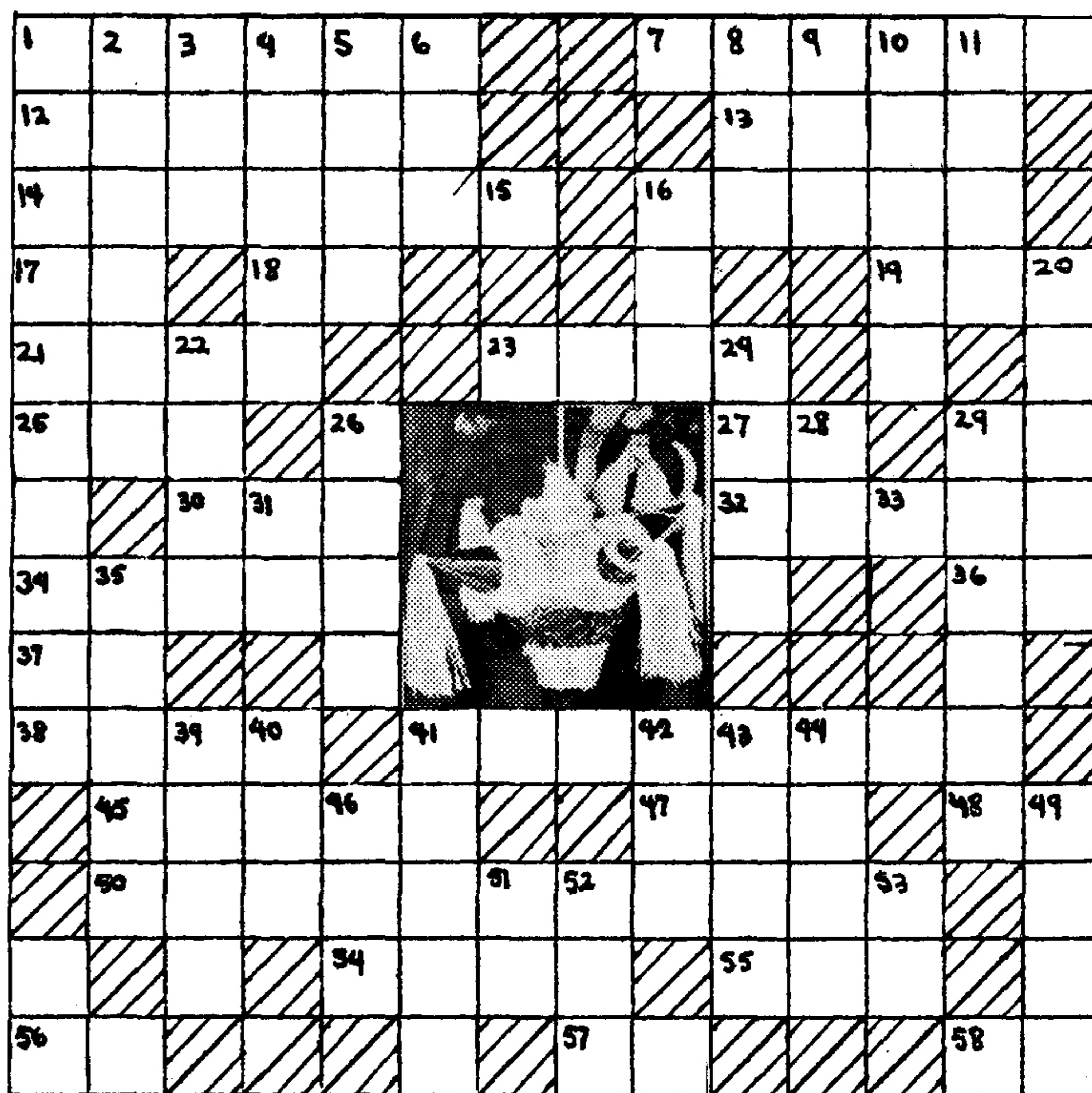
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POPULAR GUEST is Reg Margarity who entertained briefly at a recent student party where Patty Saunders, Ann Waterman, Ronnie and Bob Young, Barbara Miller, Dorothy and Al López were amused by the ambulating organist.

Crossword Crucigrama

English by Ken Long
 Español por Gus Gutiérrez



This crossword puzzle works out horizontally in Spanish and vertically in English. The clues, on the other hand, are given horizontally in English and vertically in Spanish. Do it and have fun.

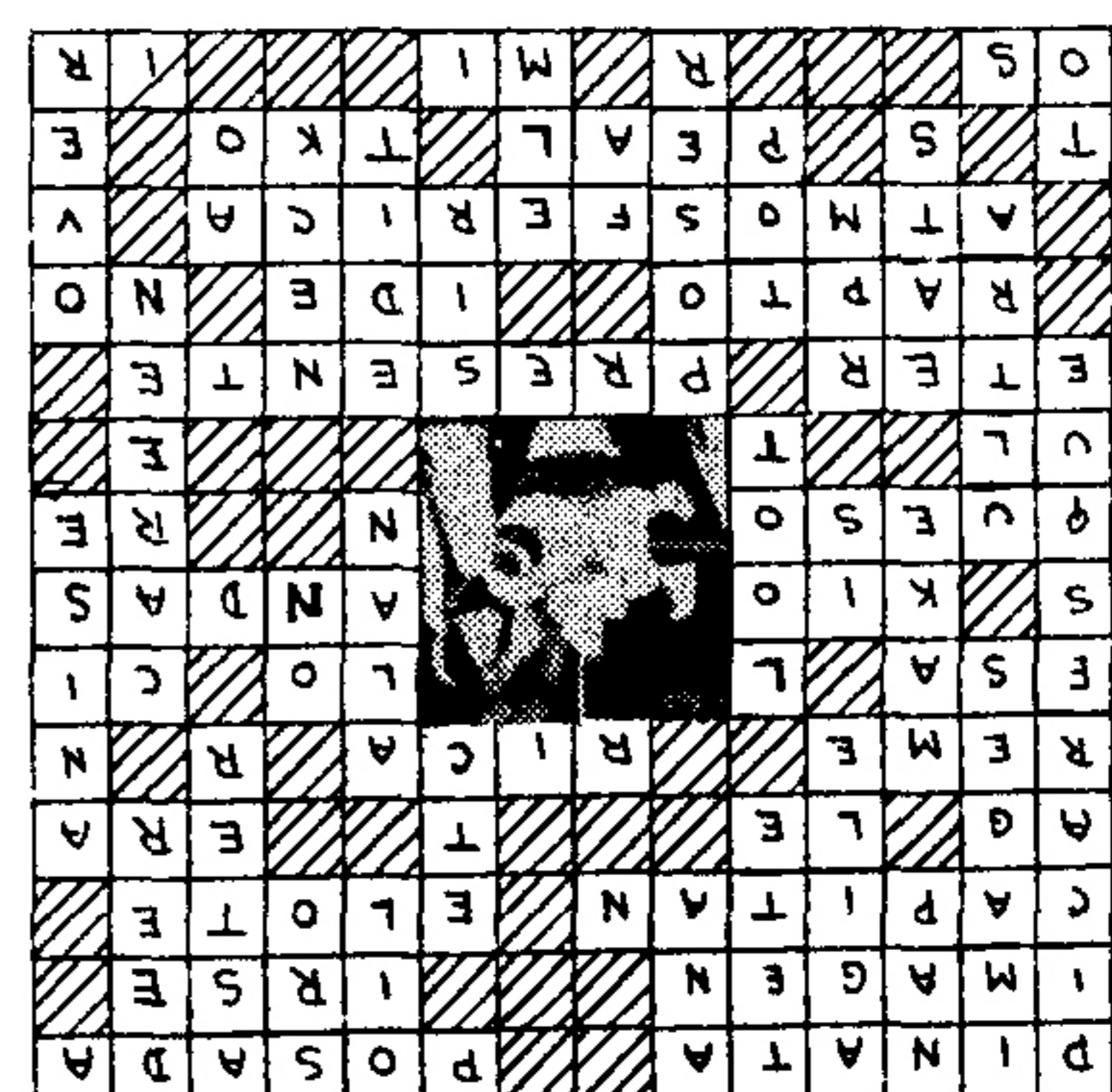
HORIZONTAL (ESPAÑOL)

- 1 y 7—Mexican Parties at Xmas.
- 12—Vision.
- 13—To leave.
- 14—Captain.
- 16—Tender ear of maize.
- 17—Angel González.
- 18—He (inversed).
- 19—Era.
- 21—Rowed.
- 23—Wealthy (fem.).
- 25—That (fem.).
- 27—Ind. pron (it).
- 29—International Commission (abb.).
- 30—Sacred book of the Japanese.
- 32—2nd person sing. of (to walk andar).
- 34—Cheese.
- 36—Musical note.
- 37—Latin Union (abb.).
- 38—Gas.
- 41—Present.
- 45—Rape.
- 47—Kind of carp.
- 48—Negation.
- 50—Atmospheric.
- 54—Heavy, dull, etc.
- 55—Technical knockout.
- 56—Thou.
- 57—Possessive pronoun.
- 58—To go.

VERTICAL (INGLES)

- 1—Picaresco.
- 2—Visiones.
- 3—Descanso.
- 4—Agil.
- 5—Cabeza, en francés.
- 6—Nombre femenino.
- 8—Aceite.
- 9—Salón de espera solamente.
- 10—Astro.
- 11—Ciervo, venado.
- 16—Etcétera.
- 20—Anís.
- 22—Hacer.
- 24—Nombre masculino.
- 26—Saquear, pillar.
- 28—Sobre (preposición).
- 29—Echar de costado a un barco.
- 31—Es, está.
- 35—Prefijo que denota extremosidad.
- 39—3ra. persona sing. de comer.
- 40—Revoluciones por minuto (abb.).
- 41—Que posa para pintores y dibujantes.
- 42—Señor.
- 43—Editan.
- 44—Noca.
- 46—Parte superior.
- 47—Por encima de.
- 51—Primera acción (abb.).
- 52—Olmo: árbol de gran altura.
- 53—Arturo Oils (abb.).

SOLUCION



Both Pam Pams
 WELCOME
 T.I.P.A. Delegates
 To
 MEXICO



Only part of the Wickiups of the Kickapoo village are shown in this air view taken from one of the high hills which surround the fertile valley in which the Indians live.

American Indians In Mexico

Text by Dick Cassidy, Photographs by Frederick Peterson

About one hundred miles across the border into Mexico, near the puebla of Mizquitz on the highway to Eagle Pass, Texas, there is a village inhabited, not by Mexicans, but by North American Indians.

They are members of the Kickapoo tribe, descendants of a band of Wisconsin Kickapoo who, pursued by Confederate Cavalry, fled across the Mexican border from Texas in 1884. The same year Benito Juárez granted them the land they now occupy in the village of Nacimiento, thus ending a flight from the white man which had begun 200 years before.

A visit to the Kickapoo village at Nacimiento is like stepping 100 years into the past. Considered the most primitive group of Woodland Culture Indians in existence, the group has altered its culture very little since settling in Mexico.

While other Woodland Indian groups in the United States have gradually adopted the white man's ways, the Mexican Kickapoo has remained almost completely aloof from the rest of the world. They have shunned the company of the Mexican Indian and the white man alike, making contact with outsiders only when absolutely necessary.

The Mexican Kickapoos today continue to pay homage to the god their ancestors worshiped when French Missionaries attempted to convert them to Christianity in Wisconsin in the 1680's. No missionary has ever been allowed on the Mexican reservation.

Algonquin is still spoken by them, and although they are able to understand the languages of the Sauk, Fox, and Potawatamie, few of them can speak or understand Spanish.

Never a large tribe, the Kickapoo numbered about 1,000 to 1,500 when the French arrived to Wisconsin in the latter half of the 17th century. Although they were limited in number, they were difficult to equal in fierceness.

After fighting with the French against the English in several engagements, and with the English against the French in one battle, the tribal chiefs gathered and decided to be realistic and face the fact that no matter which side won, the Kickapoo would lose. They decided to migrate to Illinois, far—they thought—from the white men. In Illinois, the tribe split, with one group going to Oklahoma, and the other to Kansas; the descendants of the Oklahoma group still live there on a reservation near Shawnee, Okla.

But the Kansas group felt the white settlers pressing westward, and petitioned Charles III, the Spanish king, for a land grant. The king consented, and gave them territory in West Texas.

Sam Houston told the Kickapoo to leave their Texas home to avoid the threat of civil war, and again, the Kickapoo moved, this time to the Little Red River Indian Territory.

The Civil War caught the Kickapoos between the North and the South, both of whom demanded their aid. The Indians refused to take sides against the white men, although they frequently battled Apache and Comanche war parties raiding settlers homes.

"Kickapoo", in Algonquin, means "Walking Indian", indicating that they were too poor to own horses. But in their raids against the outlaw tribes, they had captured several horses.

If an unnamed young Confederate officer had valued Indian friendship more than Indian horses, the Kickapoos would probably not be in Mexico today. The officer demanded the Indians' horses, and when they refused to surrender them, he attacked. In the ruthless and unwarranted attack, the Confederates lost 16 soldiers, and numerous Indians lost their lives.

Under the impression that Texas had decided to go to war against them, the Kickapoos gathered their belongings and headed for the Mexican border and safety. The destruction of homes and the toll of settlers killed by them in their ride to the border was one of the bloodiest events of Texas history.

U. S. government agents were able to persuade about one half of the one thousand Kickapoos who had fled to return to the United States.

The Kickapoos later figured in an international incident, when their village was raided by an army headed by Major McKinzie, who had to violate the Mexican-American border to do it.

Today, when the Kickapoo youths wish to cross the border into the United States, they simply show a certificate, meaning very little, but which is traditionally honored at the border. Since they have dual citizenship, they are not entering illegally but, almost every Kickapoo clings with childish faith to copies of a document which he cannot read, and which has been handed from father to son. It reads:

"This is to certify that the families of the Kickapoo Indians,

thirty seven in number, are to be protected by all persons from any injury whatever, as they are under the protection of the United States and any person violating shall be punished accordingly."

The document is signed by Wm. Whittlee, M.J., 2nd Inf., Fort Dearborn, Sept. 28, 1832.

Twice, the Mexican government has built school buildings on the reservation of the Kickapoo. Twice, they were intentionally burned to the ground. Instruction of children is the duty of the parents, not a job for strangers.

For a little Kickapoo girl, education consists of helping her mother to cook and to make clothes, and to help with the heavier work, such as chopping wood, and caring for the animals; later, when she is married, she will have to do all of this alone, for the Kickapoo husband does no manual labor. He is a hunter, a provider, and that is enough.

The whole life of the male Kickapoo revolves around hunting deer. From the time a boy is old enough to toddle, a bow and arrow is put into his hands, and, as he grows older, he spends idle hours practicing with it, so that he develops an eye accurate enough to hit the swift-moving animal. By the time he is six, he can hit an orange, rolling on the floor, from a considerable distance.

Not many years ago, the males went annually on an enormous deer hunt, returning with hundreds of carcasses, from which the women would make clothing, shoes and dried meat. Today, due to the over-hunting of the area by the Indians, and the erection of fences on the prairie, few deer are brought back at the end of the hunt.

Recently, Frederick A. Peterson, a Mexico City College graduate currently making a comparative and photograph study of archeological collections in Mexico on a Wenner-Gren Foundation grant, spent two and one half weeks on the Kickapoo reservation. Upon being told of the shortage of deer, Peterson suggested to the chief that the Indians hunt other, more plentiful, game until the deer population increased once more. The chief's answer exemplified the extremely religious character of the Kickapoo.

"God raised the deer and gave them to us to hunt", he informed Peterson, "I cannot tell my people not to hunt. That is for God to do."

The Kickapoo worships a single god, Kitzihiata, The Great Spirit, to whom all animate and inanimate nature reports all that transpires on earth. One Indian told Petter-

son that Christians had borrowed the monotheistic idea from the Kickapoo, who he said had discovered it first.

Religious affairs are in the hands of the shaman, or medicine man. He is also the dispenser of secret charms to prevent or to cure illness. The Kickapoo's faith in the shaman is so strong that, although a model hospital was set-up in the village, no Kickapoo ever used it.

Such an important part is played by religion that each child is named at birth either as a member of a "black", or a "white" team, solely to determine which of the two teams he will play upon during the many religious games held during three holy months, beginning each year in January.

Mexico is considered to be the capital of the Kickapoo religion, and during the holy months from 100-150 Kickapoo cross into Mexico from reservations in Kansas and Oklahoma to spend the sacred months at Nacimiento.

In January, when the religious observances begin, authority passes in to the hands of the religious leader for the duration of the three months of the sacred season. Besides having full civil authority during this period, the temporary chief directs the observance of the holy days.

During the second month, February, the main celebration is held. A sacred fire is lit and transported to a secret hiding place where it is kept burning until the following year.

This is the Kickapoo "New Year", and it is marked by an all night feast at which the main courses are puppy dog, especially fattened for the occasion, and deer ribs. During the feast huge drums begin to beat and dancing, which will continue the entire night, begins. After this dance women widowed during the past year are permitted to remarry.

Religious games, which will last for several months, begin at this time. These include arrow shooting, dice, and lacrosse, which is played by both men and women.

Vision quests are embarked upon by the young men, their faces smeared with ashes, which are supposed to contain knowledge. They go into the mountains to fast in the hope that heaven will send them a vision, allowing them to foretell what will happen tomorrow, next year or even next century.

Besides containing knowledge, ashes are assumed to be capable of dispelling evil spirits. Ashes sprinkled around a house are used to prohibit spirit animals, belie-

ved to be men of the tribe in animal form, from entering.

Instead of beating a disobedient child, the parents smear his face with ashes as an announcement to the rest of villagers that he is being punished. The child receives no food until the same person who applied the ashes removes them.

In 1946 prompted by a Mexican government grant of about 2,000,000 pesos worth of farm equipment, cattle, and fruit trees, the Kickapoo made a dramatic turn from a hunting society to an agrarian one. In their rich valley, they did remarkably well, transforming their rich land into a prosperous section cultivating fruit trees and growing produce.

Six years ago, a savage drought struck, transforming their once lush land into a barren desert. This event may have hastened the destruction of their primitive society, for it necessitated many of their men going to the United States for work as crop pickers. When the young men return, many wish to change, to take up the ways of the white men, to abandon the ways of the old men.

The influence of the young men is strongly felt in the village of the Kickapoos. Big cracks are beginning to appear in their tightly walled group. The old men struggle in a hopeless attempt to preserve the culture which they love against civilization which they hate.

White man's ways are beginning to be adopted even in the village. Some of the young men are losing interest in the vision quest. The Shamans are dying off, with their places being taken, not by holy men, but herb doctors. The 30-30 rifle is replacing the bow and arrow as favorite hunting weapon. Some of the women wear ladies shoes, and store dresses. The war dance is no longer danced at the all night feast day in February.

Although it is plain that the Kickapoo must change the tribe elders deny the possibility. Papikwano, chief of the Kickapoos, told this to Peterson, when the anthropologist suggested that the culture was slowly changing, and that it might disappear in another 100 years.

"Two hundred years from now there will not be any people to read what you will write about us. The world will come to an end, for when the way of the Kickapoo is gone, God will end this world. Our God has promised us this."

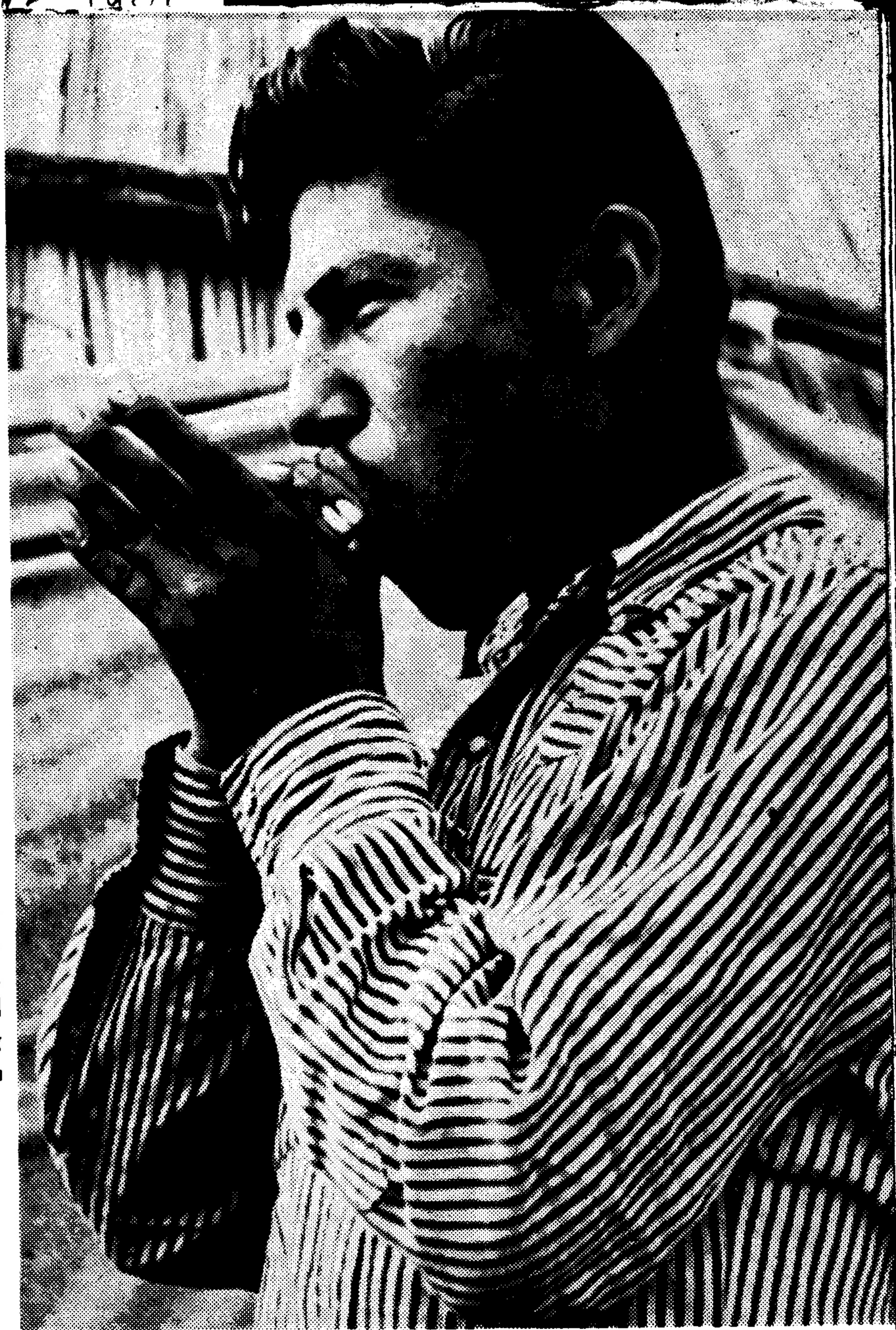
The white man's civilization must inevitably engulf the Kickapoo, but with such opposition, the Kickapoo will be kicking for a long time.



Even the youngest Kickapoo feels undressed without his bow and arrow.



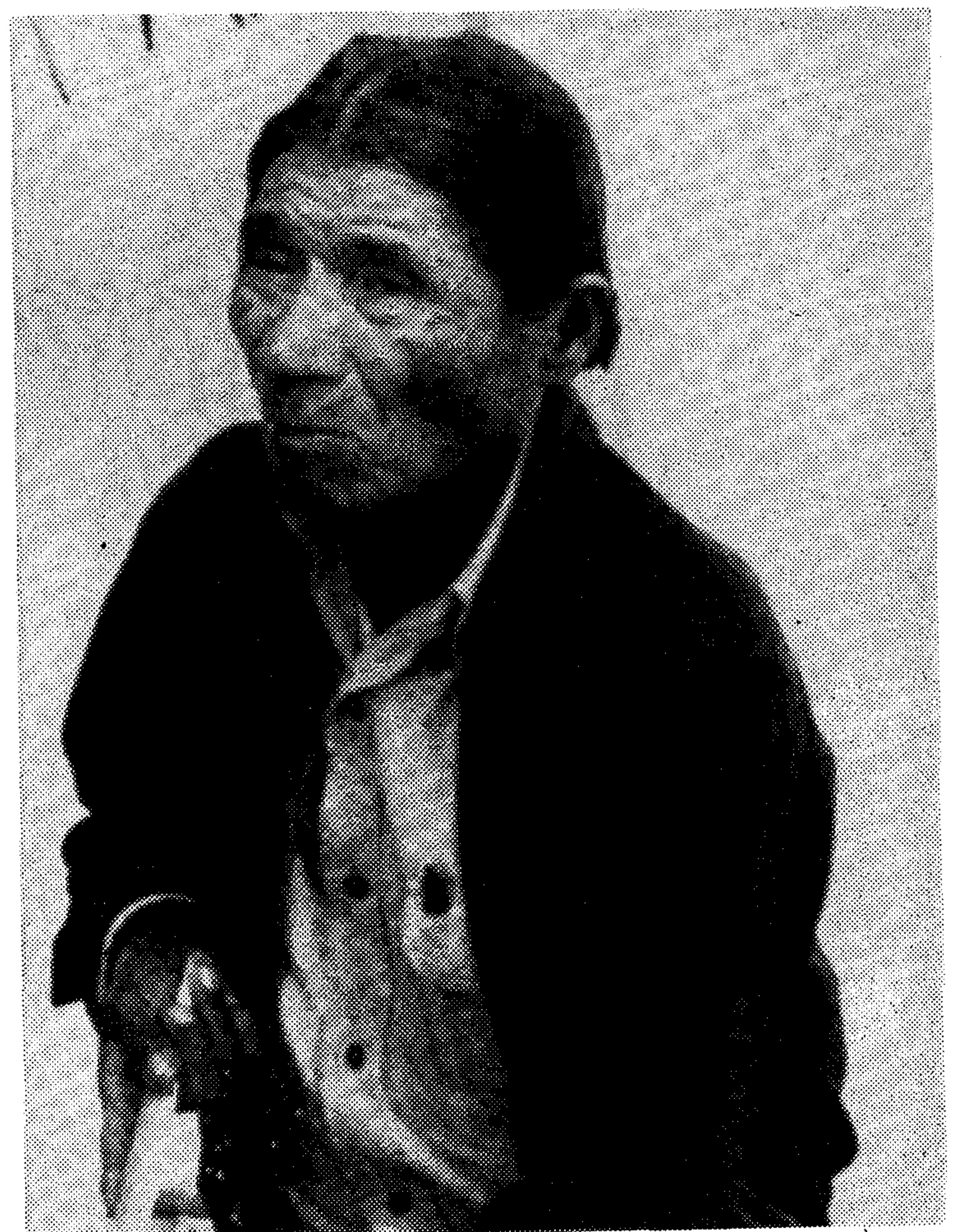
The wife of the chief chops wood just like any other female in the tribe.



Hands cupped to his mouth, this young brave, (right) speaks to his girl with a special whistle language used by young people. The whistling is done at the same pitch and rhythm of everyday conversation, enabling the tribe's young men to woo the girls from a safe distance.



Although he sports sun glasses, and wears some manufactured clothing, the chief (left) still wears his buckskin trousers and shoes.



This old man (above), one of the few members of the group able to speak any Spanish, acted as Peterson's translator during the anthropologist's visit to the Kickapoo village.

Tall, bronze-colored and proud, this aging Kickapoo's features (right) are typical of those of other members of his tribe.



The summer home (below) on the left is not much different from the winter one of the right. By moving the roof from the enclosed winter structure to the summer one, the Kickapoo is ready for the weather change.





LUTHERAN MINISTER the Rev. Edward Rice and his wife look over their Spanish books in the patio between classes.

Foreign Ministry Service Will Send Rice To Bolivia

"Latin America offers no end of advancement for young people", the Rev. Edward F. Rice said. "I feel that it may be the future spot of world history."

Rev. Rice, a Lutheran minister for twenty years, is now enrolled in Mexico City College for the purpose of learning the Spanish language and studying the cultural background of the Latin Americans.

Though he calls Ft. Wayne, Indiana "home", Rev. Rice has spent the last few years in serving Lutheran congregations in Cleveland and Los Angeles. Now the Reverend is embarking on another adventure, one which he calls his "faith mission". After the completion of his studies in Mexico, next December, Rev. Rice's mission will carry him to La Paz, Bolivia, where he will work as a foreign missionary. The work is sponsored by the World Mission Pray League which is a foreign missionary society.

At present the league has over 90 missionaries scattered throughout the Latin-American countries and Asia. The term of foreign service is four years, at which time the missionaries are eligible for a year's furlough in the United States. When asked how long he expected to remain in Bolivia, Rev. Rice replied, that he wasn't at all sure, but he might be spending the rest of his life there.

His wife, Elizabeth, and two children, who are in Mexico with Rev. Rice, will accompany him to Bolivia. It should not be overlooked that included in the close-knit group is Nige, the family dog. Nige will remain with the Rices on their trip to Bolivia if the obstacles of airplanes and customs agents can be overcome.

It would seem that Mexico has made a favorable impression on the entire family. According to Rev. Rice, it reminds him of Southern California (he declines to express a preference). "The people", he says, "are interesting, friendly and helpful". He and his family are enthusiastic about the Mexican soil.

Willing to give up financial and personal security for a job with no promised salary or housing, in a country far removed from his own, Rev. Rice is energetic and optimistic about his new mission. He seems thoroughly convinced that this is a job with a future, in a country full of possibilities.

New Plan In Mail Room

Having combined the information desk and the mail room in the entrance of the administration building, Mrs. Lou Carty has announced the varied services offered there to the student body.

Mail for students arrives once a day, and it may be picked up between 9:50 and 2:30 daily. Telegrams and registered letters will be kept in the Cashier's office, but a list of them will be posted on the bulletin board and a note will be placed in the students' mail boxes as a double check. In order for mail to be forwarded after a student leaves school, it is necessary for him to leave the forwarding address at the information desk. All first class mail will only be forwarded if a payment is left with the cashier to cover that expense.

It has been requested that all people leaving notes in the mail room should write them on a full size sheet of paper to avoid loss. The lost and found department of the college will also be located at the information desk. Lost articles should be described there to aid their speedy recovery.

Students are asked to return any articles found on the campus to the same place in order to provide an efficient service. Suggestions for possible improvement of the information desk are welcome and may be submitted in writing to Mrs. Carty.

STUDYING FOR DOCTORATE

David Ketner, who was awarded his MA here in '52 in the field of applied art, is now a candidate for the Ph.D. degree at Ohio State University.

Campus Clubs Offer Many Activities

Campus clubs, with interests ranging from sports to art and international relations, have extended a general invitation to all students interested in becoming members.

Until meeting rooms are assigned and meeting times announced, persons interested in joining should watch the bulletin board in the main lobby for notices of meetings.

Campus organizations include the following:

CHESS SOCIETY—Membership in this club is open to all chess enthusiasts. Meets are held on the terrace almost daily. Bob Sato, former Bradley University Champ, is president of the club for the Spring Quarter.

Persons wishing to learn the game may contact Bob on the terrace, and he will arrange special instruction for beginners. Sessions will be held after 2 p. m. so as not to conflict with classes.

PRESS CLUB: The Press Club is open to all students of journalism, and to all others interested in writing for magazines or newspapers. Members of the Press Club are considered as staff members of the COLLEGIAN, and participate in many domestic and international activities, such as the Texas Intercollegiate Press Association being held here this week. Dues are ten pesos per quarter. Pat Murphy is president. Meetings are held bi-weekly in the Press Office.

THE LATIN AMERICAN-ECONOMIC SOCIETY: An organization for students of economics, business administration and international trade, the society is open to all students enrolled in the college. Field trips to Mexican business concerns are organized once a week.

INTER-AMERICAN SOCIETY: This society is open to juniors, seniors, and graduate students, and is designed primarily for those interested in international relations, political science, Latin American studies and diplomacy. The group hears weekly lectures by foreign representatives and well-known Panamericanists.

NEWMAN CLUB: For Catholic students, the Newman Club holds its meetings at the Rotarian club on Thursday evenings. Activities include social gatherings and weekly square dancing classes.

STUDIO STAGES: MCC's drama club, Studio Stages meets Tuesday and Thursday from 2:30 to 4:30 p. m. in Room 111. This organization presents plays at regular intervals with student casts.

WHO LIKES GENIUSES?

Speed-demon-on-the-typewriter, Eleanor Wilson, who works in the Press Office, is taking off for the summer to visit her family in Boston. Not only will the staff miss Eleanor's bright smile and cheerful personality, but also her efficiency and accuracy.

Sad as the people in the Press Office are to say it, there is a job open for somebody who can type well, who doesn't mind being around geniuses, and who has a tendency to like the most interesting of all the interesting students on the campus.

Since typists like Eleanor don't come a dime a dozen, it may take two people to turn out the work she's been doing for the past year; but, since the Press Office staff has acquired an additional typewriter and likes good company, here is a case where two pair of hands may be as good as one.

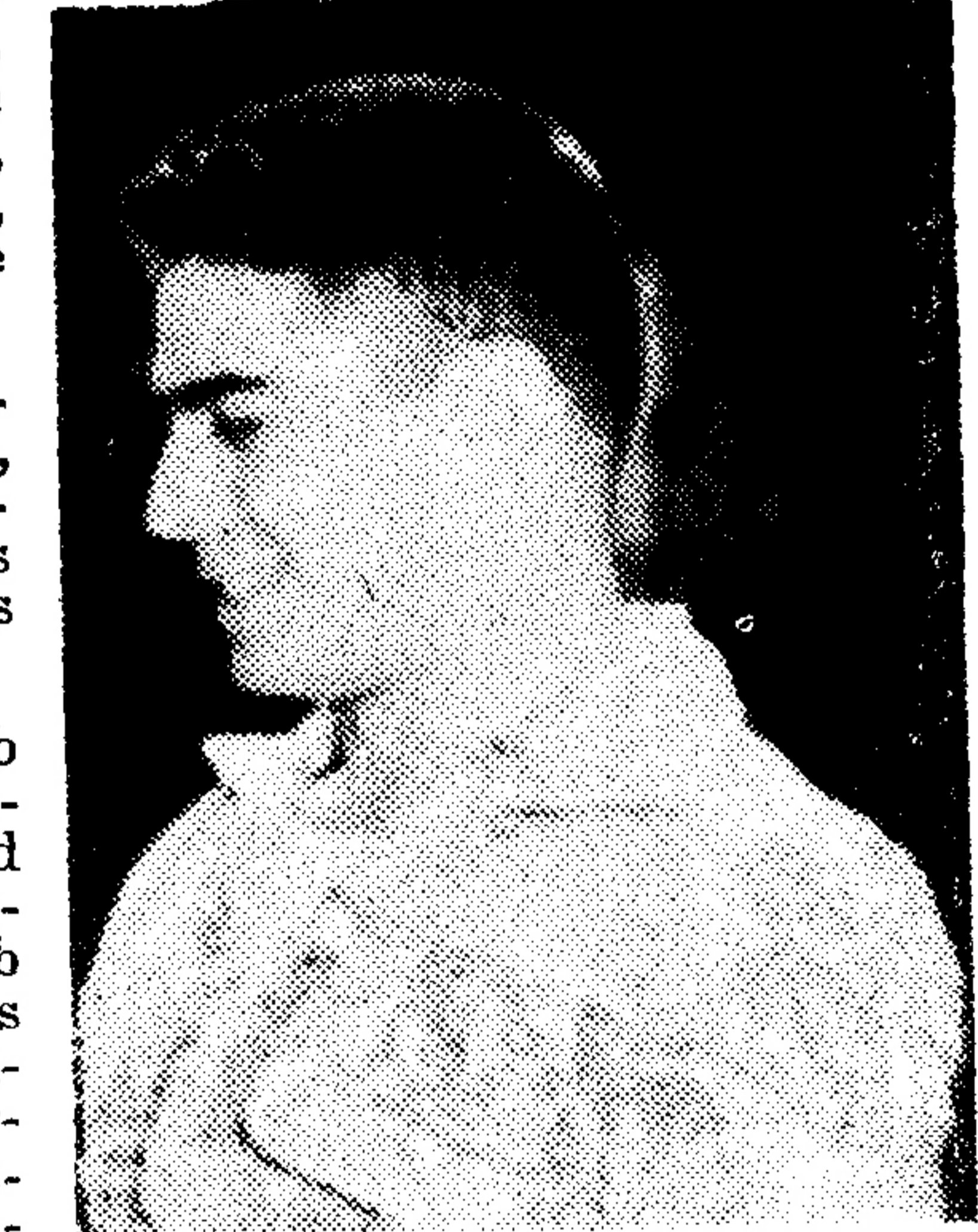
Bachrach Elected To Head Spring Council

By Darrell Henry Wong

"Louis Bachrach, political science major, senior and at MCC for six quarters, was recently elected chairman of the Student Council for the spring quarter. Ruth Kaner and Morse Malley were chosen vice-chairman and secretary-treasurer respectively.

"There you have it", said the editor. "Go see what you can do."

Leaving the press-room and climbing up to the Patio, I found Louis chunked solidly on one of the rope chairs.



Louis Bachrach

"Say, what about that student picnic that's coming up?"

"Well, nothing's definite yet. But we'll probably go over to the distilling plant this Saturday about noon. The students will be notified. "Yeah. They got a swimming pool out there and the manager's going to give all the cokes the students can drink. We're going to hook up a speaker and play some carce music, and..."

Something about 5'2 wiggled past and Louis forgot that we were talking to each other. He recovered and looked back at me.

"Say, what are the duties of your office anyway?"

"Duties? Much the same as those of a student council back home. We act as a buffer between the student body and the administration. Any complaints or suggestions come to us and we take it up with them. For instance, guys have been talking about the water-system up-in-the-y-o-u-k-n-o-w-h-a-t. There's going to be a 500-gallon tank set up and that'll mean lots of water and lots of pressure."

"It's sure needed too. But something has to be done about the traffic system too. What about that?"

"Well, the other side of the highway is going to be leveled out. A gloriotta's going to be built which the cars and busses can pull around. But that'll take time; permission has to be obtained from the authorities."

"Gosh, I feel better about being out here already. But does the student council pack enough weight to handle that?"

"Well, we suggest. But this council is really going to bat for the students that it represents. For one thing, we're going to have a stronger voice out here. Back at the old place, everyone was scattered. Cut here, we're a tighter group, all in one spot; everyone'll get to know each other. You know what they say, '...power in unity...', something like that."

"Tell me, what're you going to do when you graduate in June?"

"Oh, probably go to law school at George Washington U."

"Lawyer or something?"

"Who knows? All we can do is plan, eh?"

"Before I go, is there something specific I can quote you on?"

"Quote me on?" he asked. His eyebrows knit. "Say what is this, anyway?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" I answered, "This is for the Collegian."

Malley Now In Florida Teacher

Louis Malley, former MCC student and former Collegian staff member whose novel "Horns for the Devil" was published by Appleton, Centruy, Crofts, just before he and his wife left Mexico for Florida, is now teaching a course in Creative Writing in Hollywood, Florida.

Although it was expected that not more than twenty five would sign up for the course, over forty enrolled with fifteen already on a waiting list for the next course Malley will teach.

Since leaving Mexico where he wrote "Horns for the Devil", Malley has been awarded the grand prize of literature in Paris for the book and he has sold a California movie company the screen rights to the novel which is now being filmed.

Within the last year Malley has published two more books. "Carlos Bought A Knife" and "Stool Pigeon" which was recently reviewed in the New York Times by Oliver Swan who says, "Malley mixes warmth and bitterness well in his picture of New York and its Italian colony; and if his ending is somewhat overfacile, he tells a good story in the legitimate tough tradition."

Students Explore Zihuatanejo Area

Tales of unexcavated pyramids, caves reputed to hold undiscovered archeological treasures, and a fine place to spend a restful vacation were brought to MCC this week by five students who have just completed a ten day trip to Zihuatanejo.

The five, Chuck Parkyn, Stan Orrell, Jim Kennicott, Dave Batson, and Jack Stanley, made the trip by auto and announce "Zihuat" just as enjoyable as it was rumored to be.

The village of La Chola is a good stop for archeologists, the quintet says. It is here that pre-Hispanic idols were sought with some success. A near-by cave said to contain archeological prizes was visited, but the men were unable to enter because of lack of equipment to protect them against the bats which swarmed inside.

Parkyn describes Zihuatanejo as "a very pleasant small fishing village with adequate hotel facilities. It has no great entertainment program, but it's a good place to relax. The food is delicious and there is plenty of it."

A side trip may be made by boat to the Isla de Ixtapan. There are no inhabitants, "but plenty of pelicans and parrots", the travelers said.

Persons planning to visit the village will find the people enroute friendly and curious about the *hombres altos* and their auto, since usually they see only busses, trucks an occasional jeep. The road is paved for the first 60 miles from Acapulco, but after that is very bad.

A word of caution to drivers: do not attempt to travel the road during the rainy season. The returnees state that there are four rivers to ford. This is an easy task during the dry months, but even busses are unable to pass during the rainy season, and the villages are completely isolated during the wet months.

For non-drivers, the busses will take 12 hours from Acapulco to Zihuatanejo, and boats may be obtained for a 20 hour trip. By plane, the trip takes about one hour.

All along the route, at various places, the men state they saw what were unmistakably pyramids. Covered with dirt or vegetation, the mounds appeared to be untouched by excavators.

At one point, they report, they saw a village built on a mound, which, from its shape, they presumed to be a pyramid.

Summer Session Program Revised

Many students and faculty members will be shocked when they see the new system which is being put into operation for the coming summer session not so much because it is being divided into three separate sessions (a system inaugurated last summer), but by the fact that many of the courses formerly carrying five credit hours will be changed to carry four and a half hours credit, and others will be divided into two different courses, each with three hours credit.

The former 50 minute classes will be changed to 90 minutes, with a ten minutes break after the first hour. Students who wish to register for the traditional summer quarter may register for the first two five-week sessions.

There are several reasons why this plan is being put into operation. Three five-week sessions will enable teachers to attend one or more of the sessions, and this system will fill in the gap for veteran students who do not wish the month's vacation afforded by the two-session system. Transfer students from schools employing the semester system will like the idea as four and a half quarter hours of credit are equivalent to three semester hours, and three quarter hours are equivalent to two semester hours.

Now that all readers of this story are completely confused, they are advised to sign up for one or more sessions. During the pre-registration, which begins on May 10, Dean López has promised to enlighten all those who are baffled.

Serious Students Eager To Learn Will Find Moderately Priced Books

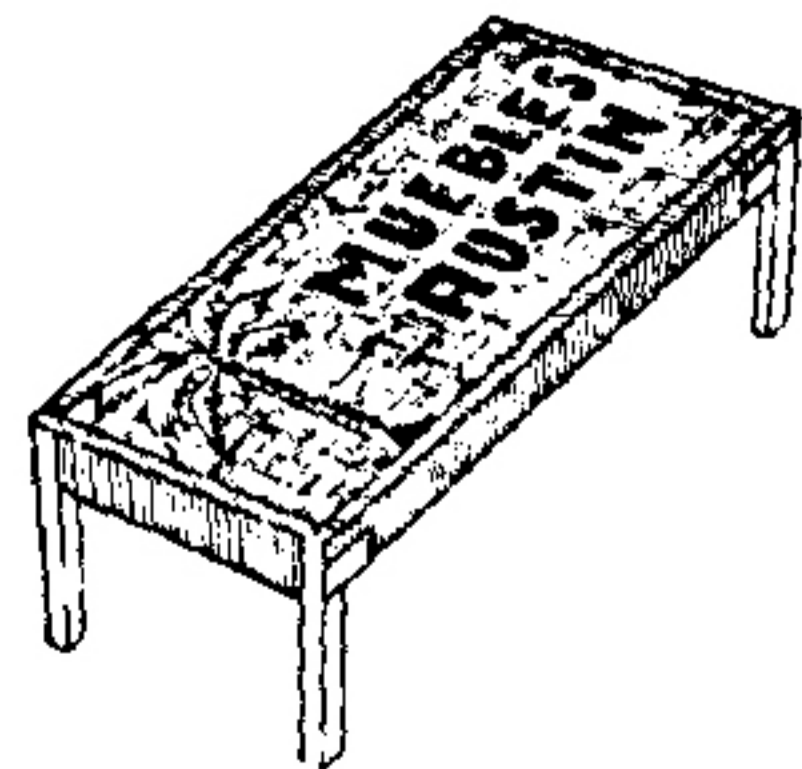
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Here's Why You Don't Need To Know The Language

Of course, it's much better if you do, but in Mexico, you don't always HAVE to speak the language—not if you can speak the animated lingo of the hands.

With plenty of facial expression, and sufficiently nimble hands, you can say almost anything.

In the accompanying photos, Harley Outten, MCC's answer to Jerry Lewis, hams it up as he explains what happened when he asked a pretty señorita for a date.

To oldtimers like Harley (he's been here three quarters), the pictures tell the story. Newcomers may find the following explanations helpful.

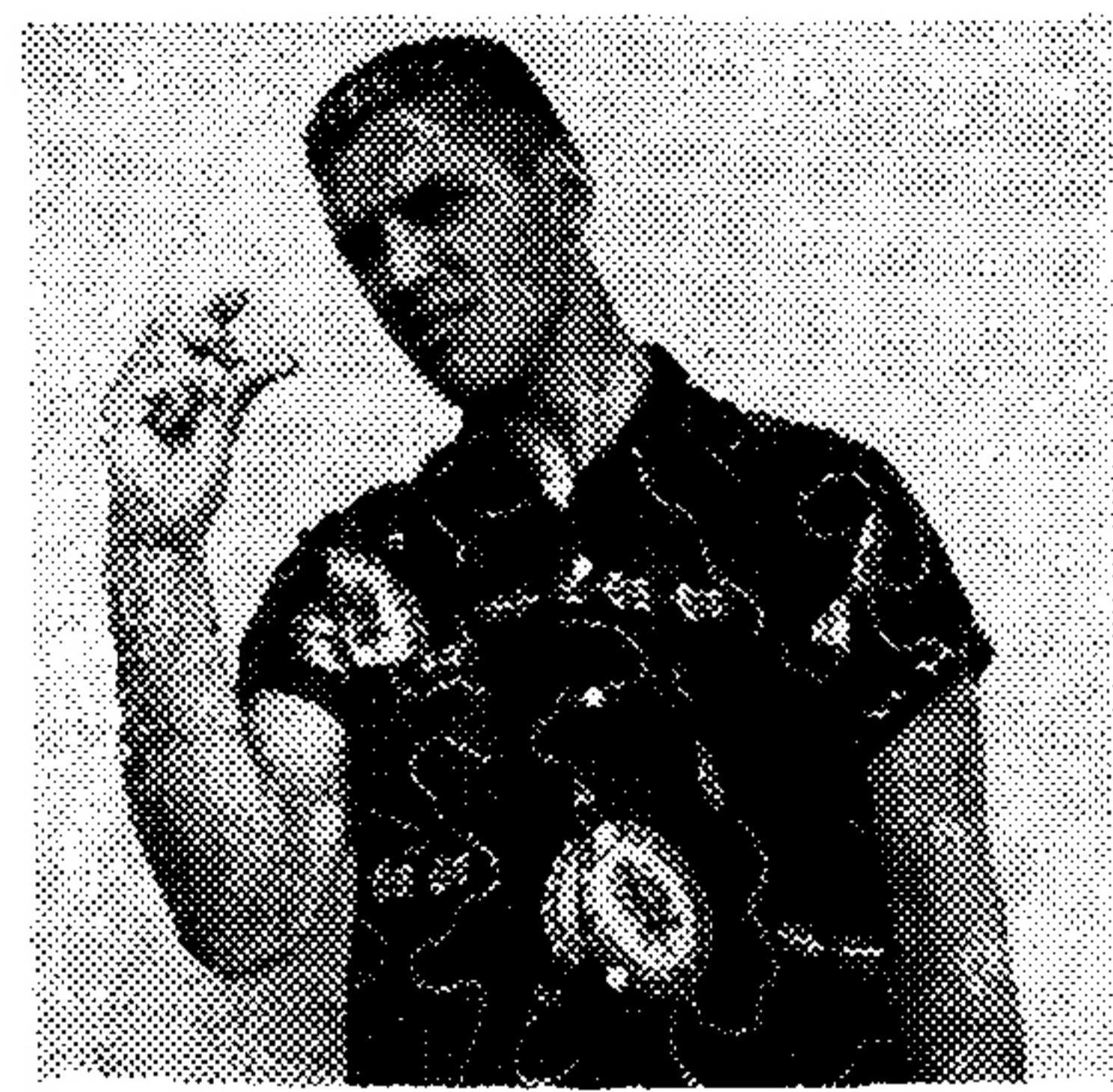
Starting with the picture at the upper left, and reading from left to right, the signs mean: One: Qué píoche—very, very nice. Two: ¿Un traguito?—care for a drink? Three: Un momentito—just a minute. Four: Done by waving the hand back and fourth at the side of the head means, "I'm worried about something." Five: Ser codo—somebody's a cheapskate. Six: No hay lana—"I'm broke." Seven: Done as if slicing the throat and means the same as in English. Eight: Me dieron en la torre—"I've been rooked."



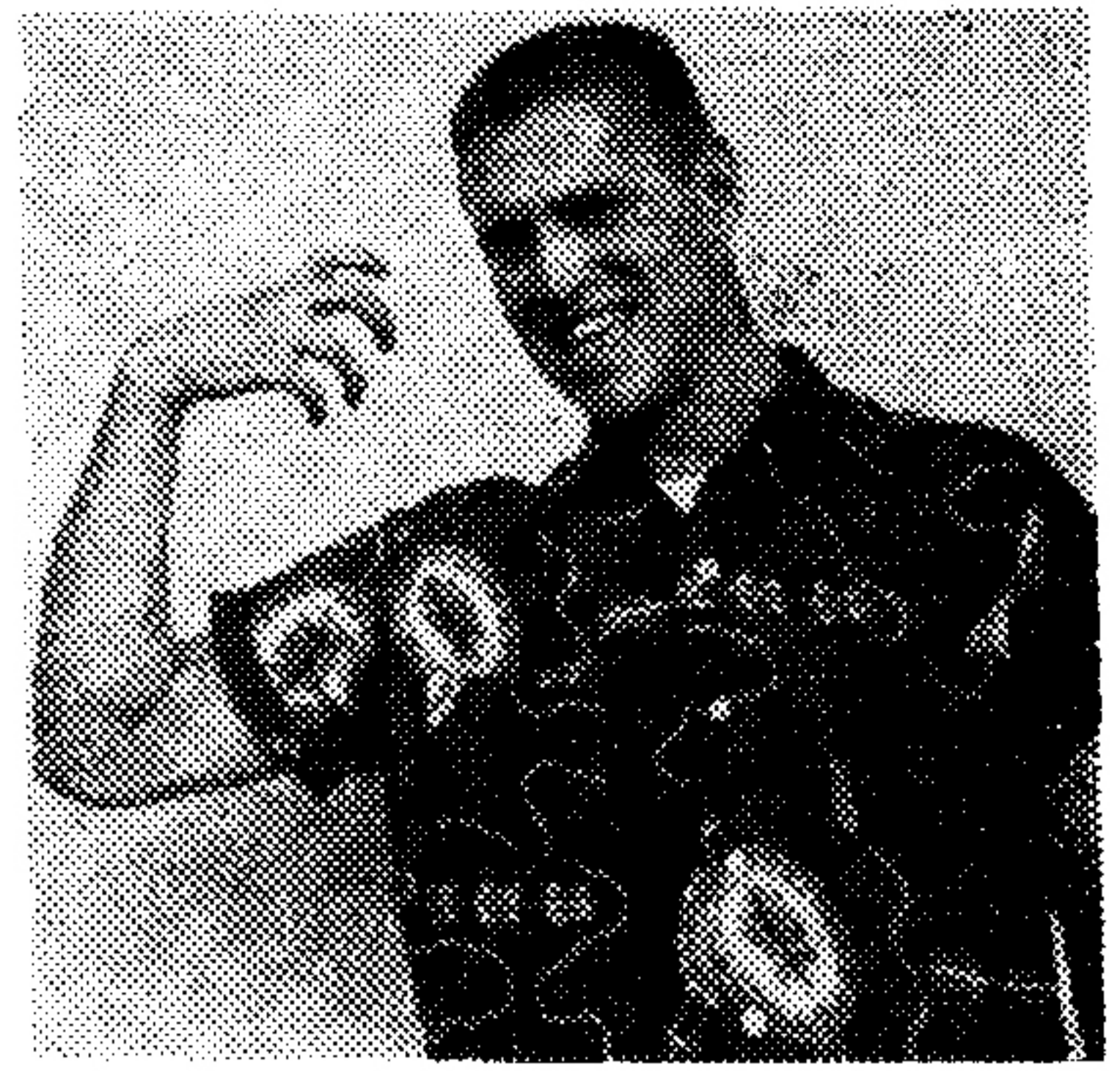
"You should have seen her. She was bee-ooo-tiful..."



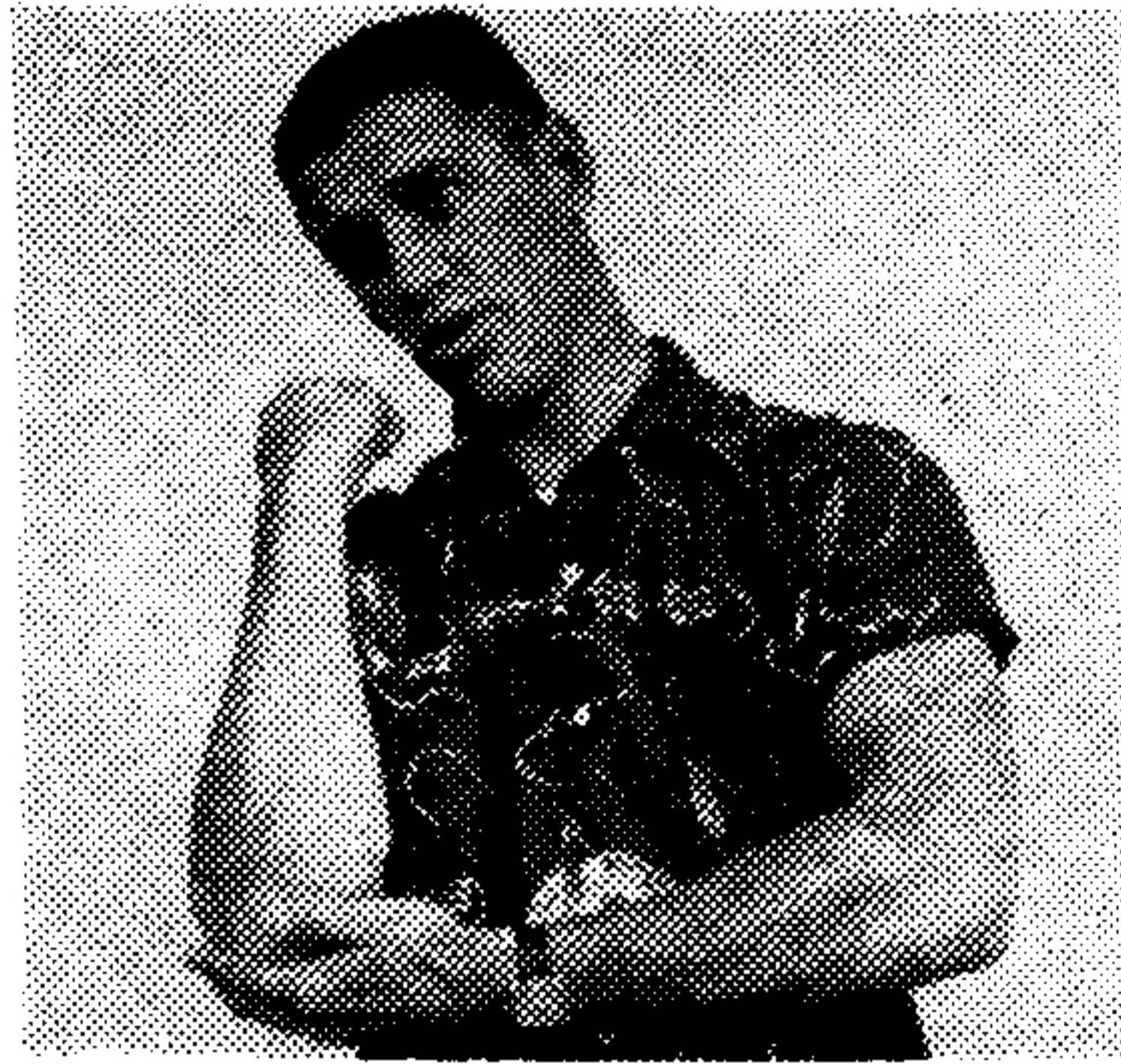
I asked her to split a coke. She accepted..."



said, 'Just a second, luscious one...'



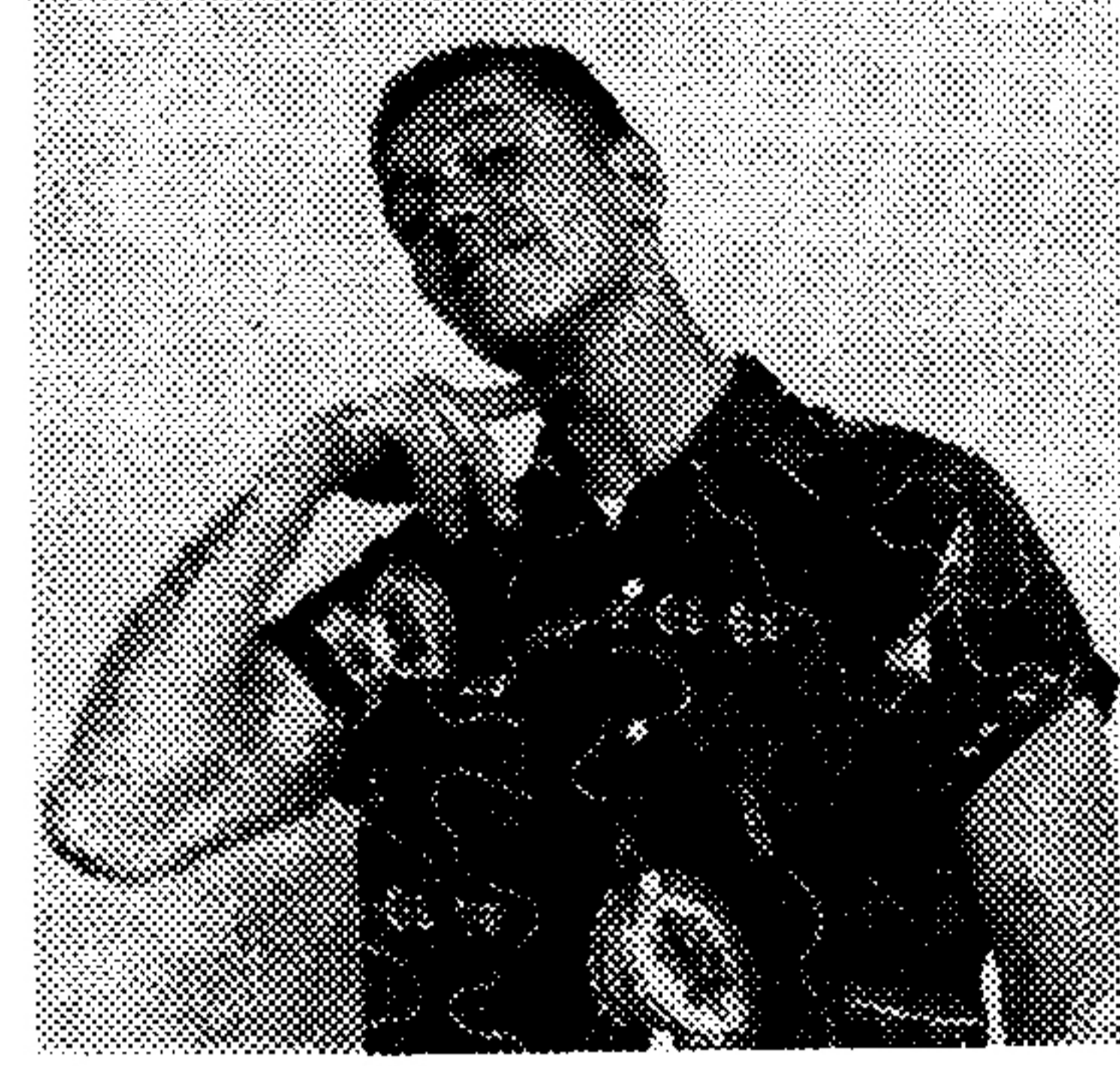
There's one minor detail worrying me...



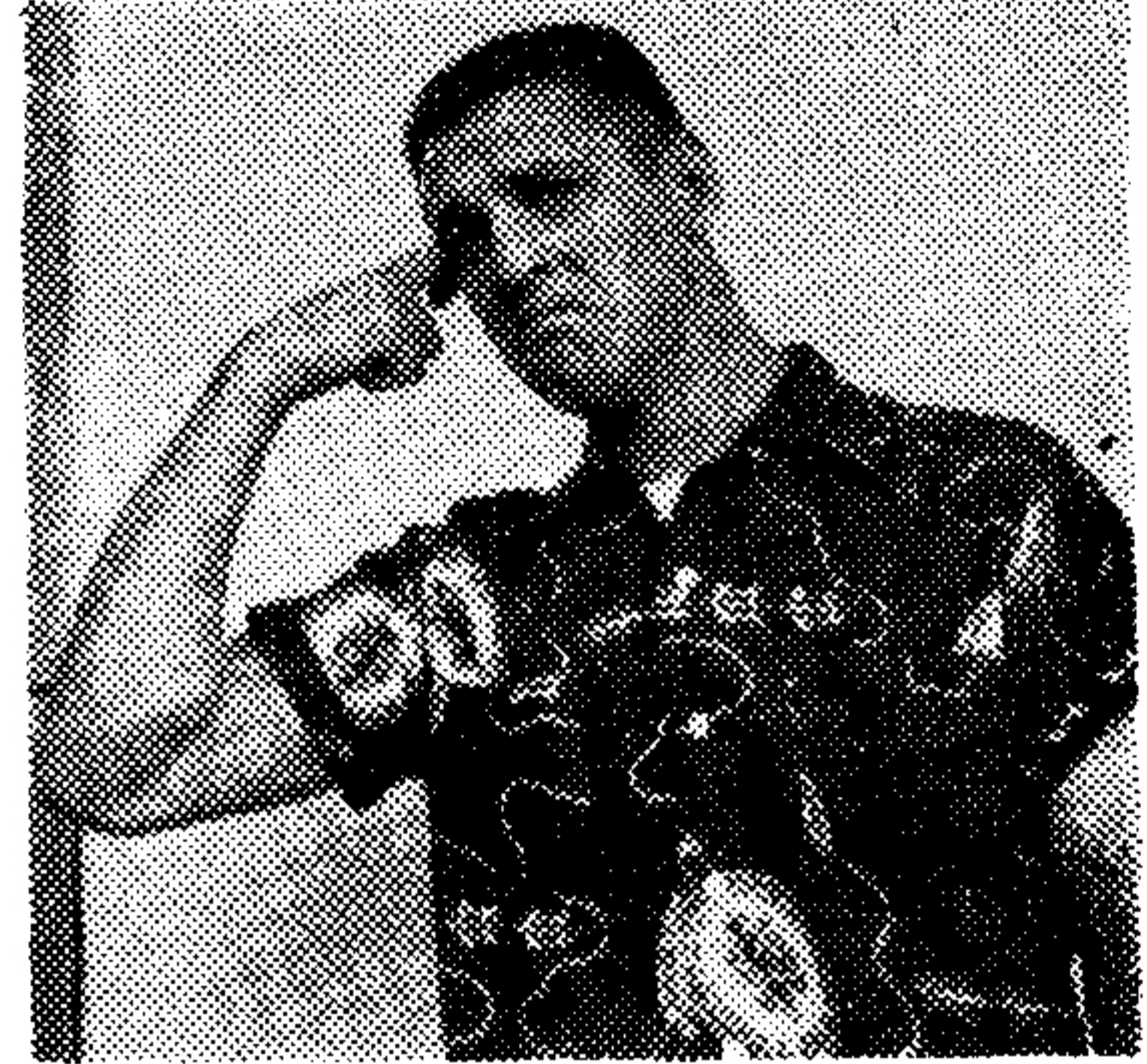
I don't want you to think that I'm cheap, but...



You see, I'm temporarily out of funds...



I tell you, fellows, I got a raw deal...



It seems she had heard that one before. She left me flat."

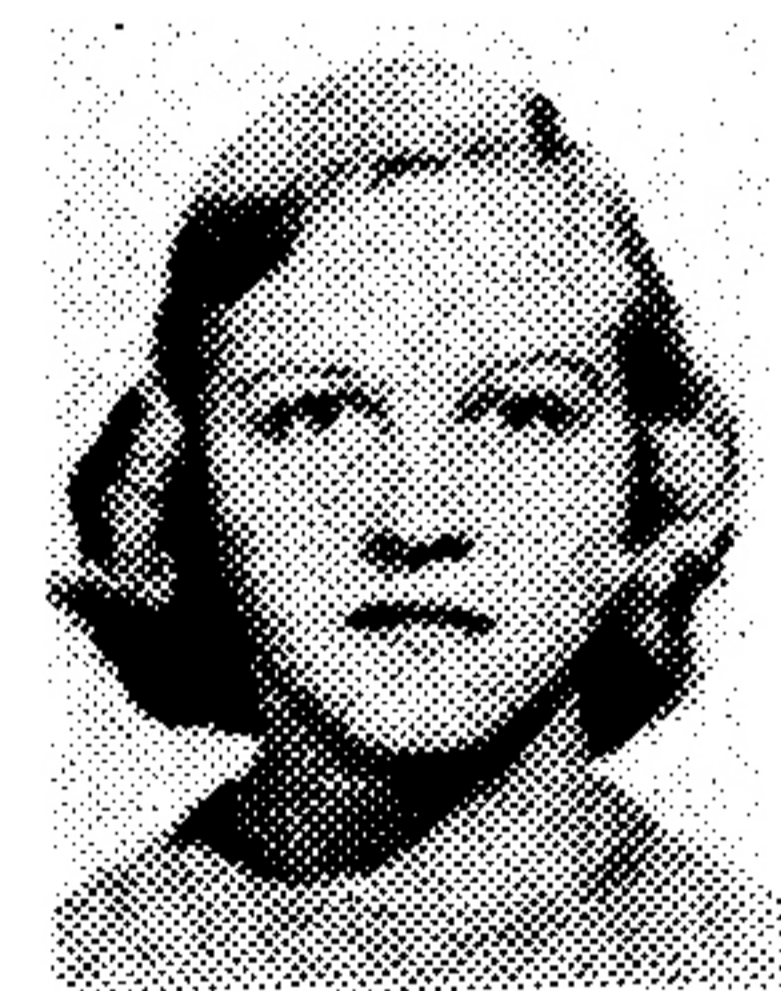
Some True Confessions On Learning Spanish

If you think you've had trouble with the Spanish language read what happened to:

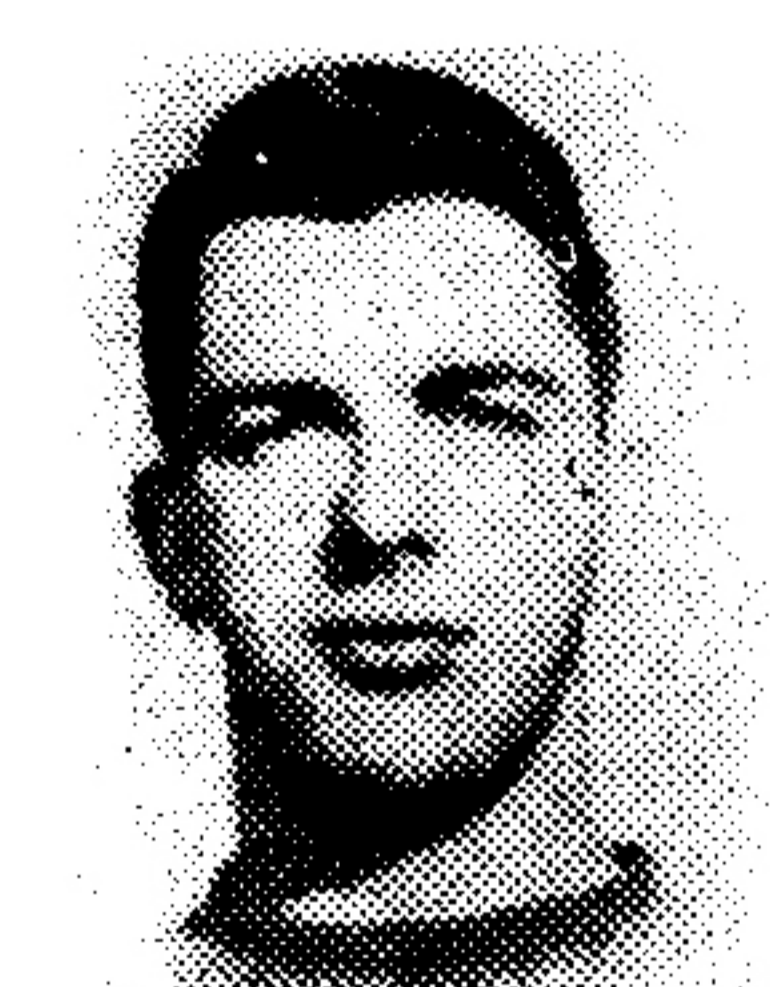


Nancy Selfridge—I am always having language trouble with my maid but my most embarrassing moment with her was when I ordered her to have children. I meant to ask her the harmless question "Do you have children?" but I mixed my verbs and she was shocked.

He was his own doctor and treated himself with generous drinks of wine and whiskey. This went on for several days and I decided to say something clever to him. Since I spoke hardly any Spanish then, I had to practice for a long while to get my sentence down pat. I walked into the living-room where he was drinking, pointed my finger at him, and said "Estás muy barato", what I thought to be "You are very, very drunk". It happened to be "You are very, very cheap".



Laura Ruman—The first time I came to Mexico just a little over two years ago, my girl friend and I were struggling with our poor Spanish in a restaurant trying to order dinner. A couple of Mexican fellows came over and offered to help us. There was a policeman standing near and I guess he thought they were bothering us. He came over and asked "Are these men molesting you". I interpreted that as "Can you speak Spanish?" I answered, "Sí, un poquito". I was very embarrassed when he successfully escorted the guys to the door.



Don Zirngable—For two whole months after I arrived in Mexico City every time someone would ask me if I spoke Spanish I would answer, "Sí, un puerquito". That must have sounded very intelligent.



Ruth Gardner—I pulled my prize faux pas when I was accepting the hospitality of some very good friends of mine, a Mexican couple. The husband happened to come down with a bad cold.

By far the most common answer: received to the question "What is your most embarrassing moment with the Spanish language?" went something like this: "That's an easy one, it happens regularly just about every three months when I see my grades from my Spanish classes".

Noted Editor To Teach Here For Summer Session

By Willard Bennett

Vance Bourjaily, noted author, playwright, and editor, will conduct a Workshop in Creative Writing at MCC from July 12 to August 27, according to a statement made today by Ted Robbins, director of the Writing Center.

Mr. Bourjaily's works include two novels, *The End of My Life*, and *The Hound of Earth*, the latter being scheduled to come out this fall; and the plays *Time is a Pancer* and *The Quick Years*. In addition to editing the popular literary magazine, *Discovery*, he has contributed poetry, stories and essays to a number of publications ranging from *Poetry to Woman's Day*.

He has taught writing at New York University and at the Putney, Vermont (granddaddy of them all) Fiction Writers' Conference. He has given lectures at Columbia, City College of New York, and the Universities of Florida and Vermont.

In addition to the Workshop, which will be concentrated principally on the novel and the short story, Mr. Bourjaily will give two lectures, "Creative Processes," and "Editorial and Publishing Practices".

Other courses to be offered in the Writing Center this summer will include playwriting, fact writing, television writing, and Ramón Xirau's course, "The Writer's Use of Symbol".

Firecrackers Boom On Day of Santa Cruz

By Joe Nash

By this time you know it's not at all unusual to hear fireworks almost any day in Mexico. Almost everyone celebrates his saint's day by puffing at least one lady finger and burning one cannon cracker. But the most puffing and burning ever takes place on May 3rd. It's not that more people were born on that day than on any other. It is not a national holiday. It is El Día de la Santa Cruz.

That's a mild enough sounding name and we only know one Cruz whose saint's day it is. Her fingers have been flitting faster than dragon flies to whip those three yards of J. C. Penney's finest tela into shape before the great day arrives. She hasn't mentioned it yet, but we're not planning on having her every-Monday ever loving care bestowed on our laundry on that particular Monday. It's her saint's day, and she'll not be shooting the works that day but will probably just clap her hands in one loud report and off to La Villa for a special prayer, and then just going home will by taking in a cine.

You'll have little excuse to miss the 8:30 bus on May 3. No line about the alarm not going off will find any sympathetic ear. The chances are that the ears will be bludgeoned with their special May 3 batting. It won't be the rear guard of the TIPA which is firing a farewell shot, and fortunately the theater will be roofed by that time. No brick will be toted, no mortar will be trowelled, no rail will be hit on the head that day.

It was first, don't ask us when, celebrated as the Bricklayers' Holiday. A cross was raised on the highest point of whatever construction the baked brick boys were working on. The boss, the owner of the building to be, that is, bought the food, the drinks, and a small splatter of fireworks to

punctuate the event. Everything was on the house, as you might say back in the old country.

Now if you think for one minute that any self respecting hod carrier is going to sit around and enjoy the boss' hospitality without sharing it with his amigos in a country friendly like as this, then you've never warmed to a fraternal copita of tequila.

José Ladrillero and his dawn to dusk workmates arrive early and stay late. The celebration is nationwide but we'll bet our bottom runner market certavo that it's bigger and better, longer and stronger, nearest and dearest right in the capital where the biggest building boom ever seen is on full blast this year.

You won't be able to go back to sleep so you might as well jump into your duds (no slacks please—st in the city) and get out here to the tip top spot of these Toluca road hills to view the curtain of fire and brimstone hung by the construction workers.

If your little yankee foodie soul is refreshed by a rocket's red glare then you'll be in a seventh heaven with the warning tracings that etch the sky. Every new building will have its colored streamers and high above everything a large cross entwined with vines and flowers for the Day of the Holy Cross.

Restraining a celebration by the workers on the many projects around the new campus will be the tinder dry forest around us will be a problem in personnel relations. Pass the punk, Panchito.

Music in Mexico

(Cont'd. from page 2)

the pressure of official duties, is now occupying him and will probably be presented within the coming months.) The Beethoven No. 7 and Dvorak's "New World" are also on the program.

Since the opening of the Mexican national orchestra's season came so close on the heels of the visit to Mexico of the Bamberg orchestra, connected with the German exposition, comparisons are inevitable. As an ensemble, the German orchestra is more precise. Drill and order are to be expected from a German group, even a provincial one, and the Bamberg is an excellent example of the result of their application.

An orchestra like the Bamberg goes along at nearly the same level, piece after piece, night after night, and its level is a commendably high one; dedication and discipline are getting the utmost out of every man, and the group is obviously the center of the thinking of everyone concerned in it.

The Mexicans do not subordinate individual feelings and desires to the group to such a great extent; therefore there tends to be constant variation in quality rather than a consistent level, and while this means that we are sometimes subjected to poor performances, it likewise means that we are moved by some great ones. The individualistic Mexicans may be harder to manage, but they are

by the same token capable of rising to heights unknown to ensembles more dedicated to drill and precision at cost of restraint of individual impulse.

In our last issue I remarked upon the fact that the Bamberg orchestra, announced as having come here as an emissary of German culture, played only a needlessly narrow selection from the German symphonic repertoire. After the piece was written, a fourth concert was added to the series, changing the score as follows: total pieces played, 12; Beethoven, four; Weber, two; Brahms, one; Mendelssohn, one; Schumann, one; Hindemith, one; Gluck, one; Mozart, one; Schubert, one. The question at the end of the article then should read: "What happened to the Bachs, Handel, Haydn, Wagner, Strauss, Bruckner, Mahler, Schoenberg, Webern and Berg?" Of course they couldn't all have been included, but Beethoven and Weber could have been favored just a little less in order to widen the panorama.

KLEEMAN TO RETURN FOR SUMMER

George Kleeman, MA '51 in history, is returning to MCC to teach golf for the summer quarter. Kleeman is presently teaching in St. Vincent's school in San Rafael, California.

MCC CO-ED WINS CALIF. SCHOLARSHIP

MCC student Rosemarie Garcia Colin has been awarded an exchange scholarship to Occidental College in Los Angeles for one year where she will major in foreign languages. She will start in September. At MCC she is majoring in languages. She formerly went to the Alexander Von Humbolt High School here and studied a semester at the National University.

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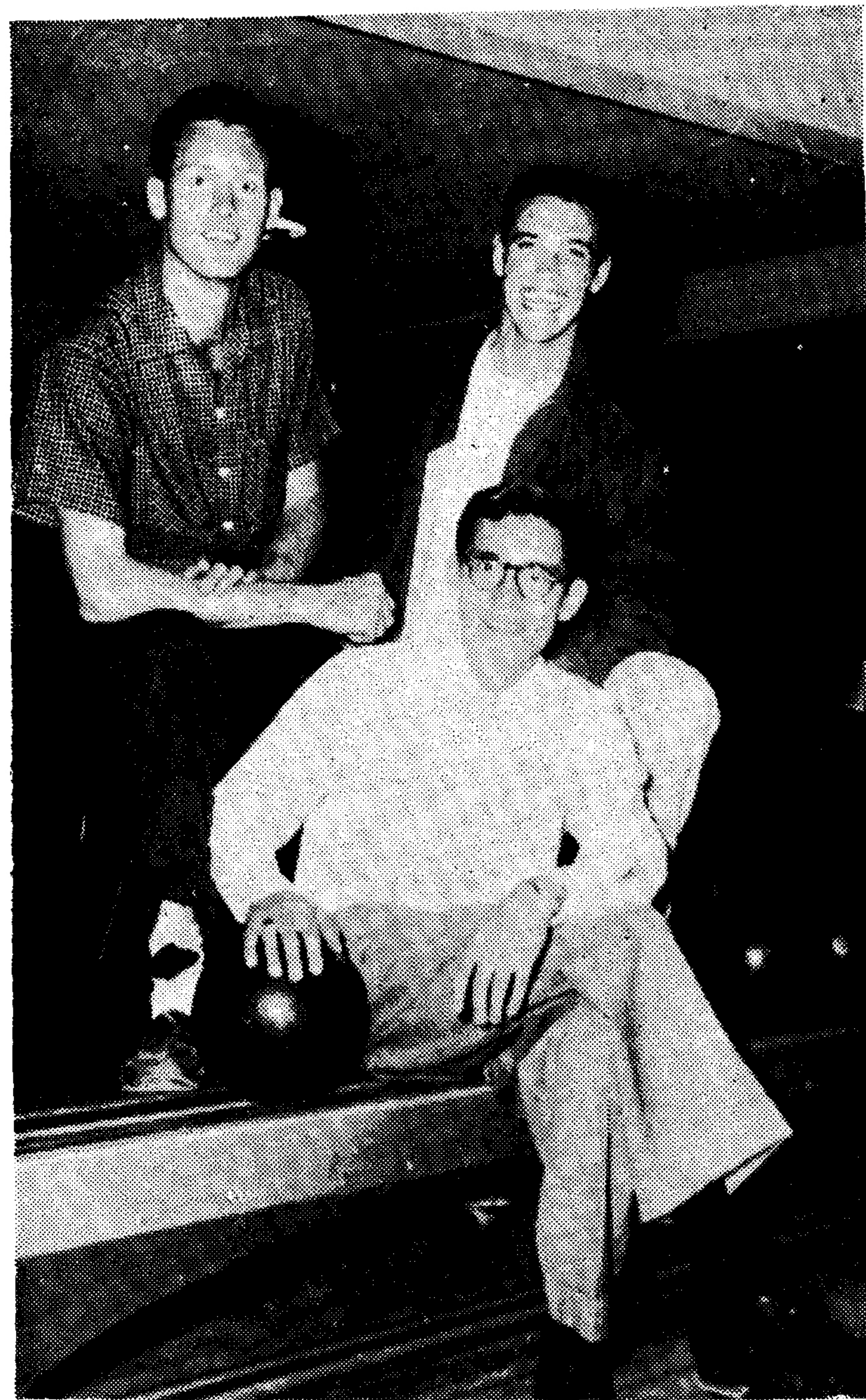
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The Press Club and other groups find our second floor Reforma dining room the perfect place for club dinners and meetings.





IN SECOND PLACE in a Mexico City-wide bowling league are Los Huehues. Sitting is Arnold Saucedo; standing (left to right) are Chuck Parkyn and Harley Outten.

MCC's Los Huehues Hold Second Place In City Bowling League

Los Huehues, a three man bowling team made up of Mexico City College students, hold the runner-up spot in a city-wide total pin league at the Casablanca Alleys on Insurgentes. Arnold Saucedo, Harley Outten and Chuck Parkyn are close on the heels of Los Cuauquitos, trailing by 31 pins. The tourney will run for 14 weeks and has two weeks to go. It includes 24 teams from all over the city.

League Standings

	Total Pins
Los Cuauquitos	16,405
Los Huehues	16,374
Fiero Banos	16,265
Phillips Radio	16,126
Seguro Social	15,842
Mobile Oil	15,736

Tourney Open To All Students

Plans are underway for the Mexico City College Golf Tourney that will be held at the Chapultepec Country Club later on in the quarter. Herman Crist, who has been playing golf since he was twelve years old and has played in the Mexico City Open and the Western Pennsylvania Open Tourneys, instructs classes at the driving range near the Hipódromo de las Américas every Thursday afternoons, 1:30 to 3:30 p. m. He furnishes transportation which leaves from the administration building at one o'clock. Clubs are furnished and the balls are three pesos for fifty or five pesos for one hundred. This is a reduced rate and any student upon showing his or her card may receive this rate at the range. There is no charge for the instruction. Girls are definitely invited to take part. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon after one p. m. the students play on the Chapultepec Country Club Course.

At Home Abroad . . .

(Cont'd. from page 2)

ublished in his first collection, *All in Line*—which depict U.S., French and British troops lolling in front of the same Roman scenery the fascists had previously pre-empted. Leaving out the architecture the G.I.'s seem to come off better than the Brass—but not much. The true hero of this phase of his development, which might be called his uniform period, is the jeep. (It might be noted that one of the major elements in his art, since he has been in the States, is the machine. Quite often in his New Yorker cartoons fantastic automobiles, tanks, airplanes, juggernauts of all sorts, play the role of captionwriter that the buildings did in his Bertoldo days. This might derive partly from his wife's obsession with the machine. Mrs. Steinberg, whose paintings have become almost as celebrated as her husband's drawings, confines herself entirely to portraits of turbines and bridges. The difference is, perhaps, that in Mrs. Steinberg's pictures the machines are terrifyingly human, in Steinberg's cartoons the human beings are terrifyingly mechanistic.)

On the Kampus Korner

With Stan Krasnic

MARATHONS: In this modern age of speed most people can't get to where they're going fast enough; so I was a bit surprised when Gardner B. Gil-lam quite contentedly told me that it only took him 1 hour and 58 minutes to get to school one morning! You



see, Gil walked to class from the Diana Statue, a distance of about 7 1/2 miles.

"But in this advanced day and age, Gil—bus transportation so convenient and cheap! Why? Why, lad?"

"You see", said Gil, one needs a special urge. I'm an innovator—nobody's tried it yet. I'm also a curious guy—and the newness of the challenge aroused my scientific inclinations. And I'm practical—I was breaking in a new pair of shoes".

"Did you get to school in time?" I inquired.

"That's the ironic part of it", sighed Gil. "After all that walking I puffed into class only five minutes late, and what do you think? It was suspended because of a general student assembly".

If there's a moral to this tale it was lost along Gil's trail. . .

Other recent devil-may-care marathoners, who weren't breaking in a new pair of shoes, are Bob Gower, Ralph Sherman and Harvey Byrum. This intrepid trio is still panting from an attempted bicycle trip to Acapulco, 263 miles as the road turns. Over 10,000 foot mountains, through sun-blazed semi-tropical valleys, along precariously laid roads pedaled these gallant MCC'ers. Eight hours and about 80 miles later, tired, disheveled, and broken in body and spirit, the bold adventurers quit in the face of another terrifying few thousand foot climb 20 or so miles outside of Taxco. A second class bus pulled up and the wretched lads achingly stowed their bikes in the storage compartment and pedaled the rest of the way on a bus seat. . . But, not to be subdued and determined to break some-

ing, even if it was only their necks, a week later Harvey and Ralph decided to scale the 217 foot Teotihuacan Pyramid of the Sun. It wouldn't have been much of a feat except they did it with bikes! Even got pictures to prove it although what they were trying to prove by this hike with the bike, their trip to the tip of the top of the "rock", is a diddle of a riddle.

PERSUASION: The serious young man who directs traffic on the highway in front of the school does a commendable job. In fact he does too good a job. Not only does he aid student and other school bound cars to come on and off the heavily trafficked highway, but every once in a while his posturing is so convincing that an unsuspecting stranger is unwittingly lured off the highway onto the school grounds. . . The other day our red flag-bedecked guide in question unknowingly enticed a car with British Columbia license plates off the highway. Maneuvering around the parking area in confusion the bewildered driver soon discovered that this was not a detour on the road to Toluca, and was heard to breathe a sigh as he made a hasty retreat.

McCARTHY: The word "red" in the preceding paragraph strangely enough reminds me of an interesting story relating to this too much discussed Wisconsin Senator. The story recently came down to us via the Nat'l Collegian Press Association Clip Sheet Dispatch. A group of students from the University of Indiana in Bloomington Indiana recently garbed themselves in the familiar green attire of Robin Hood's merry men and were urging students to wear pins they were handing out. The pins read, "Don't let McCarthy burn your books". . . It seems that a woman state representative sanctioned by the McCarthy Committee took a gander at the Indiana school's library, saw "Robin Hood" in the card catalogue and recommended that it be removed. The good lady noted that Robin Hood stole from the rich and gave to the poor—a Marxian concept—therefore she insisted that this book should hold no place in an American college library. . . I wonder if this woman realized that

prohibiting "Robin Hood" on this premise would mean, for one, a revision of all our history books. Robin would have to be included along with Karl and Frederick as an early proponent or force in the development of communist ideology. . . As my crony Abner Scallywag puts it, "Now it's true that Robin was a hood—but a red! . . . Well strike me dead! . . . Lan' sakes alive and holy smoke. . . That's a joke son; that's a joke!"

Low Percentage Of Lost Books

Approximately 200 books are on the "wanted" list of acting librarian John V. Baroco.

This represents the number of editions which have disappeared from the Mexico City College Library during the past two years. Some of them were checked out legitimately and not returned, while others have obviously been stolen, or picked up accidentally.

The missing volumes represent about one and one half percent of the total collection. This is not considered to be a heavy loss for the average library.

Students are not the only offenders in keeping books long after they are due. Statistics show that the faculty members have 44 unreturned books signed out during the past and previous quarters. Students still hold 45 books from the past quarter.

Mr. Baroco told the Collegian that missing books get on the wanted list like this:

"A book is called missing when we are unable to locate it on our shelves or to find the cards for it in our check-out file, or in the over-due files. A record of the author, title, accession number, call number, and date reported missing is then made, and it is put in our missing file. Searches are made for the missing books over a period of two years. If at the end of this time the book has still not been found, it is listed as 'missing'. Most of these books are presumed to have been stolen."

In appearance and manner Steinberg is deceptively quiet, you might say mousey, at first meeting. Numerous stories are told about his being ordered around editorial offices to which he has come to deliver his expensive sketches, because he has been mistaken for a handyman. In one such I have personally seen him emptying wastepaper baskets. (But this may have something to do with his own almost psychotic concern for cleanliness. When Steinberg comes into an office to retouch some drawings, he tends to start off by rearranging the furniture, dusting the desks, and—as I've mentioned—sharpening pencils.) The only thing that detracts from his nondescript appearance is his sweeping Victorian mustachios. These look like a disguise.

When you enter Steinberg's studio, in an expensive building overlooking Central Park, half a block away from the Plaza, you are immediately in Steinberg's world. His own charcoal doodles vie for wall space with Victorian prints—simplering nudes and satyrs all decorated with mustaches like Steinberg's. In his work-room there is probably the world's finest collection of monstrosities: a spittoon disguised as an umbrella rack, and an umbrella rack disguised as a Chinese vase, helmets and surgical trusses of every description, and a

variety of obscene plants. You recognize several of the props of his drawings. When you excuse yourself and go to the bath-room—which has a musty, un u s e d smell—you are startled by a lush Steinberg nude painted along the bath-tub, and by the skeleton arm with which you must flush the john. With anybody else, from Dali to Bemelmans, you might feel this was all for effect, *pour épater le bourgeois*. With Steinberg, for some reason, you achieve a willing suspension of disrespect. These are his genuine work materials. They are not for your benefit but for his own. If you choose to step into Steinberg's universe uninvited, because he prefers to do business in your office—you must step wide-eyed through the Looking Glass like Alice.

When you shut the bath-room door you feel his probing eyes behind their opaque lenses testing your reaction—not your reaction to him as a personality or as a jokester, but your reaction as a specimen. You make an excuse to return to your office, refusing the glass of vermouth he has already poured. And you have the idea that the minute you have left he has already started on a sketch.

At this point it perhaps time to inject an element of aesthetics. Steinberg is one of the few cartoonists in the world who demand to be judged on purely artistic grounds (like Daumier or Goya—but his art is not as vicious or literary as theirs; he is much closer to the abstractionists or the surrealists: Klee or Ernst). In line alone he has a variety probably unequalled, from the precision and delicacy of a Durer or an Eric Gill to the wild sweeping lines of a Van Gogh, the heavy strength of a Hogarth. Or as Time once put it: "He can manipulate a line the

way a Texan handles a lariat, shift from a vast architectural spoof to a pompous portrait in miniature in as little time as it takes to turn the page of a sketch book. A born experimenter he is always thinking up new ways to get sardonic effects." He has been exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art and at the Metropolitan. He is by no means a gag-man. His humor depends almost entirely on line, and not the line. As far as I know he has never had to write a caption to explain his cartoons. They are almost pure humor, as his art is almost pure art.

Steinberg's humor has been described as anarchic and his art as supremely sophisticated. You can appreciate both descriptions when you compare his drawings with those of such other fellow New Yorkers as Soglow and Peter Arno, or even Charles Addams and James Thurber. But then recall such persistent childish traits as drawing mustaches on all august visages, including his own, his delight in practical jokes (a good deal of his humor depends on playing surrealistic practical jokes: making a building mimic Mussolini, giving a dowager a literal hot-foot by providing her candles for toes) and you recognize that his is the anarchistic and sophisticated vision of the child. Living in times as terrible as those of Durer, Goya, Grosz, and under personal conditions at least as desperate as theirs, he has not, somehow, been driven into their violently vituperative, agonizedly misanthropic point-of-squint. For some odd reason Steinberg's world has managed to remain one of his mother's over-decorated and ridiculous, and yet succulent, three-layered cakes. The title of his first book of collected drawings could stand as his motto: *All in Line*.

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