

# MEXICO CITY *Collegian*

"The American College South Of The Border"

Vol. 11, Nº 8

Km. 16, Carretera México-Toluca; México 10, D. F.

Thursday, March 13, 1958



Ted Grayno Photo

VISITING THE DELTA SIGMA PI office are (left to right) Stan Furman, treasurer; Tony O'Donnell, senior vice-president; Joe LaCascia, president; Joe M. Hefner, Southwestern Regional Director; Tony Rodrigues, secretary; Bill H. Piercy, District Director; J. D. Thomson, Executive Director; J. Harry Feltham, Past Grand President; Homer T. Brewer, Grand President. Seated is Sylvia Espinosa de los Monteros, secretary of the Foreign Trade Center.

## Grand Council Officials Install New Chapter Of Delta Sigma Pi

MCC's Delta Lambda Upsilon fraternity became the Delta Mu chapter of the International Fraternity of Delta Sigma Pi last Saturday. The new chapter was initiated into the international organization in day-long ceremonies at the Hotel Alffer.

The installation team arrived at the Mexico City airport from many parts of the United States, and immediately set the wheels in motion for the establishment of Latin America's only chapter of the professional commerce and business administration fraternity.

On the Friday preceding the initiation the delegation was taken on a personal tour of the Mexico City College campus by administration officials. Grand President Homer T. Brewer of Atlanta, Georgia, along with Past Grand President J. Harry Feltham, Baltimore, Md.; Regional Director, Joe M. Hefner, Lubbock, Texas; Executive Director, Jim D. Thomson, Oxford, Ohio;

and District Director, Bill H. Piercy, also of Lubbock, Texas, expressed great surprise and amazement at finding such an advanced American type college south of the border.

After being shown about the campus grounds and buildings, the fraternity officials were guests for luncheon in the faculty dining room.

The next event on the pre-initiation day for the Grand Chapter officials was a question and answer session on Mexico City's English language station, XEL. At 7:45 p. m., for a quarter of an hour, the officers answered questions designed to acquaint the Mexico City community with the aims and purposes of the fraternity and what it meant to Mexico City College to have a chapter of this prominent fraternity established on its campus.

Saturday morning was devoted to preparations for the formal initiation ceremony. After registration of the candidates, delegates and visiting dignitaries, a luncheon was held in the Rosewood room of the Hotel Alffer.

In the afternoon, the candidates and installation team, gathered in Penthouse Suite A of the hotel, and the candidates were initiated as charter members of the Delta Mu chapter of Delta Sigma Pi.

In the evening at 7 o'clock, the festivities were moved to the Salon Rondinella of the Hotel Alffer supper club for the formal installation banquet. After a seven-course dinner, J. D. Thomson, Executive Director of Delta Sigma Pi, acting as toastmaster, introduced MCC's president, Dr. Paul V. Murray, who extended

greetings to the distinguished guests and the new chapter.

Delta Mu's faculty advisor, William E. Rodgers, presented a short history of the school's department of Economics and Business Administration. This was followed by an account of the founding of the new chapter by Frank Phillips.

The highlight of the entire proceedings took place when Grand President Homer T. Brewer presented the charge and charter to Delta Mu president, Joseph S. LaCascia, who accepted on behalf of the new chapter and promised to obey the charge and further the aims of the fraternity. The event came to a close when Regional Director Joe M. Hefner welcomed the new chapter into the ranks of the International Fraternity of Delta Sigma Pi.

Other guests were Dr. John Elmendorf; Henry Shute; Bob Andree; Manager of the Marine Division of MexaMotors, Duncan Mohler; American Embassy staff member, Joe E. Piccolo; Gamma Kappa chapter secretary, Denny Milosch.

## Committee To Study Request For Membership

The visit to Mexico City College of the committee sent by the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools was brought to a close at a reception held at the University Club on Thursday evening, February 27.

Members of the faculty, their wives and husbands, and office and library staff workers turned out in force to greet the guests—President Rufus Harris of Tulane University, President John L. McMahon of Our Lady of the Lake College and Dean Jerome A. Moore of Texas Christian University. The social, cultural, business and diplomatic life of the capital was also well represented.

During the course of the evening the visitors held an hour's conference with the members of the Mexico City College Board of Trustees. Problems relating to the future of the college, especially those connected with fund raising and endowment were discussed. To all appearances the results of the conversation were satisfactory to all concerned.

During their three day visit to the MCC campus the committee studied all the various departments and operating procedures. After their return to the United States the members of the committee will exchange impressions and then make their recommendation regarding Mexico City College's request to be considered for membership in the Association. The announcement of the decision of the Committee on Admissions will be made at the annual meeting at Louisville, Ky., next December.

## Anthro Graduate Gets Grijalva Job

Donald L. Brockington (M. A. 1957, anthropology) was a recent campus visitor en route to a professional assignment in southern Mexico. Don and his wife, Lolita (B. A. 1957) will be in Chiapas for 18 months while Don takes over a supervisory assignment in archeology with the New World Archeological Foundation. He will be in charge of a crew of workers at a site on the upper Grijalva river.

Although a Ph.D. degree is normally regarded as prerequisite to such professional work, the M. A. projects of MCC anthropology majors frequently are such as to qualify them for it, and Brockington is an example. His M. A. thesis was based on an archeological survey of the Pacific coast of Oaxaca, an area which had not previously had such scientific attention.

In view of his special knowledge of southern Mexican archeology, together with his excavation experience while an MCC student, the offer of a professional contract came to Brockington soon after he graduated. He plans to use his earnings from this work to finance later doctoral studies.



Marilú Pease Photo

HERE TO LOOK things over, representatives of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools paid a recent visit to the MCC campus. Among those present at the reception given the final night of their visit were from left to right; Dr. John L. McMahon, President of Our Lady of the Lake College; Dr. Rufus C. Harris, President of Tulane University; Dr. Henry L. Cain, President Emeritus of MCC; and Lic. Germán Fernández del Castillo, member of the MCC Board of Trustees.

## New Art Salon To Open On Campus This Month

The most recent, and to date most ambitious, of the art departments "little salons" is scheduled for opening late this month. Saloncito VIII is to replace Saloncito VII, which has occupied the lobby of MCC's little theatre for the last few months.

Art department head, Merle Wachter, plans to use the new saloncito for both traveling art shows and for the art department's permanent collection.

This collection has grown in recent months with the donation of several Orozco lithographs presented by Dr. Paul V. Murray; a Carlos Mérida painting given by Mrs. Marian Barlow, wife of the former veterans attaché of the American Embassy; and gifts given to the college by Wachter including popular art, several pieces of Pre-Columbian art and Colonial primitives.

Saloncito VIII for its inaugural exposition will make use of

these contributions plus native crafts, and colonial and contemporary pieces to illustrate the three major epochs of Mexican art history. This collection up until now has been kept in storage due to lack of exhibition space.

Saloncito VIII will be located above the lobby of the little theatre near the stairs leading to the art department and will incorporate a radically new principle of flexible pipe and panel stands plus unique lighting.

## Sister Benet Working As Medical Missionary

Mary Gilland (Sister Benet) who (with her sister Helen, now Mrs. Frank Savage) was among the first students to attend MCC (1942-44), is now assistant novice mistress of the Medical Missionary Society in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

## Two More Shows Of "The Wife Of Bath"

Two more performances will be presented of "The Wife of Bath," Chaucer's famous Middle English narrative now being shown on the stage of the College theater.

Today and tomorrow at 3 p. m. students and the public have an opportunity to see this fourteenth century story which, as far as is known, is being staged for the first time.

## Thirty-Three To Receive Degrees

Thirty-three MCCers will receive their Bachelor of Arts degrees at the end of this term and six of those will also receive their Certificates of Foreign Trade.

Receiving BAs are: Kenneth Buetow, Cornelius Costello, Earle Currier, John Curry, Harland Danforth, Thomas Ford, Paul Harvey, Larkin James, David Jenkinson, Stewart Johnson, Leo Leonard, John McDonald, Gerald Masucci, Arden Meyer, Frances Mosley.

Eugene O'Brien, Eugene O'Connell, Frank Phillips, John Picco, William Prowell, Ralph Sather, Padget Henriquez, Peter Schnabl, Ronald Smith, Gene Suhl, Delbert Theasmeier, Harley Upchurch, Herbert Walker, Charles Warne, Harry Weise, Thomas Wiessler, Pauline Wilson, and Douglas Wimmer.

Up for a Certificate of Foreign Trade are: Harvey, O'Connell, Sather, Theasmeier, Wiessler, Wimmer and Jimmy Sinks.

## Librarian Scholarships To Be Granted Again

Since last summer's library scholarship program proved so successful, Mexico City College will again offer the same opportunities to graduate librarians.

The number of scholarships to be given this year will be two, plus a possible third. One will be given for the full summer session of nine weeks beginning June 23 and ending August 23; the second and probable third will be of a six weeks duration from June 23 until August 1.

Those who are granted scholarships will receive full tuition and fees plus a living allowance. In return, the successful candidates will be expected to assist in the college library fifteen hours per week.

Announcements and application forms have been sent to all the library schools in the United States and, according to Mary Parsons, head librarian, there has been a good response already.



Ted Grayno Photo

"EVER DEEPENING Recession Finds Ike Echoing Phrases of Hoover," makes troubled reading for these prospective MCC grads. But things must not be too bad yet, if they can still afford a towel to cry into. Consoling each other from left to right are, Earle Currier, Bill Prowell, Gerald Masucci, Del Theasmeier and Eugene James.



President's Desk

# Milton Eisenhower Offers Practical Solutions To U. S. Education Problem

For those people who thought Professor Bestor's interview (published recently in *U. S. News and World Report*) too strong in its strictures on weaknesses in American education I should like to call attention to the February 21 issue of the same magazine.



Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, present president of Johns Hopkins University (he was formerly president of Kansas State and Pennsylvania State), summarizes a long list of facts and problems in such a way as to convince me that nothing better has come to my attention since the educational furor broke out last fall.

It is not only that Dr. Eisenhower speaks with the authority of the chief officer of one of our greatest universities that makes the interview important. It is, rather, that he has ranged widely over a number of topics that need to be considered if practical solutions are to be found for the problems we face. In general I should say that his position is very much the one that has been taken, for at least a decade, by those of us who share the responsibility for the administration of Mexico City College.

For a sane and practical summary of what can be done to expand and improve American education (and there is no attempt to avoid comparing it with European systems) I recommend to all on our campus the interview published in the February 21 issue of *The U. S. News and World Report*.

Some issues ago I cautioned against the unrealistic enthusiasm of many people who were all for having us imitate the Soviet system of education before sufficient facts about the system were made available to us.

In the February 20 issue of *The Reporter* magazine there is an editorial note on "Our Cut Rate Education" by Max Ascoli that serves very well to introduce three articles about contemporary Russian education and its results. These are: "Are Soviet Schools Better Than Ours?" by Andrew R. McAndrew; "A Scientist's Impressions of Russian Research" by J. O'M. Bockris; and "Frustration and Boredom in Russian Youth" by Hans Roger.

Taken together the editorial note and the three articles fit very well alongside the Eisenhower interview mentioned above.

I do not pretend that *The Reporter* has given us any final answers but the material and insights it has furnished help to support my contention that it is ridiculous (especially for non-educators) to begin to sing the

praises of the Russian system and decry American schools on the basis of scanty information concerning the former and a lack of appreciation concerning the truly magnificent achievements of the latter.

I see no reason to change the stand set out here several weeks ago: That our people, if they know the problem, will react courageously and successfully as they have in the past; and that the Russians, if they read history at all and have learned to profit by it, will never make the fatal mistake of underestimating what Americans can do when given sufficient challenge.

Two sputniks changed the history of science; they should have only the mildest kind of influence in changing the fundamental philosophy that underlies the American school system.

Much is being written these days about a "secret agreement" between President Eisenhower and Mr. Nixon, supposedly to cover the contingency of the president's inability to carry on his duties. It would hardly seem right that such an important agreement should be kept secret.

The circumstances surrounding the president's health have given us all a chance to study and ponder the constitutional weakness which does not provide for the carrying on of the duties entrusted to the chief executive when he is unable to function. It is to be hoped that discussion concerning the "secret agreement" will lead to a just and proper solution of what should be done should Mr. Eisenhower be temporarily incapacitated.

## A Professor Speaks

# What Follows Practicality?

By Angel González

Whenever I take a short respite from my daily chores and give a little thought to those around me, I am inevitably struck by what I would like to call the paradox of practicality. I wonder how many other people have been similarly affected. The argument would run more or less thus:

The world is run by 'practical' men, and they are those who wield the power. They are the important people, and by wielding their power they have the ability to affect our lives. The only alternative to being affected by powerful men is to become powerful yourself and thus have the ability to rule the lives of others: this is being 'practical'; this is the way the world goes.

Teachers, investigators (the scholarly, not the political sort), and scientists are usually judged to be 'different'. To the eyes of the layman, they constitute a group

of incomprehensible people with a weird penchant for submitting willingly to a life of tremendous effort with little financial reward.

The teacher, scientist, etc., must, therefore be an "impractical" cuss, unable to appreciate the reality of life as it is, which says that in order to be someone you have to be wealthy, that is to say, powerful. Aren't you a better man when you can post the names of your four secretaries on the top left-hand corner of your letter paper?

Thus the argument goes. And here the paradox begins. For if 'importance' is 'practicality', then one would be justified in wanting to know whether the proof of this 'practicality' lies in the ability of the 'practical' to decide—as the saying goes—"who shall do what and with what and to whom," or, in another way, in the power to decide to turn the whole of the Earth into a charnel house.

Does it, in other words, lie in the power to decide to ignore the individual's wish and send him packing to his doom? For such is the situation towards which our cult of 'practicality' seems to be leading us inexorably. We, in the western world, have lived for about twenty five centuries with a culture that has always been characterized by its 'practicality'.

Yet our history is certainly a tale of an unending series of important, 'practical' decisions called wars, broken up by a series of short uneventful intervals called peace. And every new decision, somewhat as in Mark Twain's advice to smokers, was to be the last one, the final solution to our problems.

Up to now we have usually felt quite encouraged by our paying some sort of lip service to something we have usually liked to call spiritual values, according to which the destruction of a human being would inevitably bring

the destruction of the destroyer. And, let us be fair, we continue to have a nagging suspicion that there is something behind all this.

But there was always real relief in finding that the bullet did not double back and skewer both murdered and murderer. The situation is, undoubtedly, changing. The aftermath of the last world war brought home to us with a shock the realization that the victor need not be the winner. And the present, real situation seems to be that even before unchaining the apocalyptic pop, the development of our own weapons of defense is beginning to affect our health.

Perhaps there is a parallel to be seen here with the antediluvian monsters, whose disappearance, I believe, was largely due to their cumbersome concentration on defensive measures.

Yet the very idea of a suggestion of the abolition of such defensive weapons can send a shiver of dismay up the spine of any 'practical' man: this is an irresponsible notion, the sheerest 'utopianism.' As a confirmed irresponsible, I would like to have it explained why it is impractical to express a desire to see the human race in continued occupation of this planet.

We shall not cease to fear until we have something positive to offer, for fear is a purely negative force. We must, therefore, believe in creativeness, and a great part of this lies in fostering human confidence. We of the West, with all our faults, have yet something positive to offer: the freedom of the individual to pursue his capability and find his own spiritual fulfillment. Such an aim, let there be no mistake, is incompatible with the pursuit of power, for power is a limited commodity

(Continued on page 7)



A Jug Of Tequila... Tortillas... y Tu...

## And Outside, The Sun Shown Brightly

"Estranged from beauty none can be For beauty is infinity. And power to be finite ceased. When fate incorporated us."—EMILY DICKENSON

The cafeteria looked like a bee hive at blossom time. The tables were filled to capacity and an extra dozen or two late arrivals were precariously teetering coffee and doughnuts in their books-filled arms as they vainly searched for a place to sit down.

Somebody in the corner was trying to date somebody's sister; beside him two Toluca jackets were loud in their denouncement of a beard's synthesis of the merits of a college education. A harried Collegian staffer rushed through looking for an even more harried Collegian editor (who was on his way to harry an already harried secretary in the Admissions Office) and a tall Ivy Leaguer with horn-rimmed glasses was bemoaning his shortage of ethics notes to a Left Bank blonde.

Through the open door to the terrace came the shouts of two lean, hungry-looking ping pong players arguing over whether or not the net was half-an-inch too high. And, oblivious to it all, half-a-dozen heads were bowed over lit and philosophy texts, close to sleep.

Outside, the spring air was fresh and clean and the sun was warm.

Hummingbirds were flitting around the flowers on the barranca slope.

The green of the campus trees and grass was rivaling the flowers and stone murals for brightness and beauty.

In the distance, the mighty snow-capped monarchs of the Valley of Mexico, Ixta and Popo, etched clear white outlines against the deep blue of the afternoon sky.

One of Nature's most beautiful days had been given to Mexico. But we're afraid everybody was too busy to notice.

R. S.

## Book Review

# Another Red Weeps

*The Naked God*, by Howard Fast, Praeger. (\$ 3.50)

In 1941, when Europe was poised to plunge into the blood bath of full scale war, the Macmillan Company issued the first printing of Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. Koestler, an ex-Communist, knew the score behind the Iron Curtain, but his warning to the Western World went unheeded as democracy joined Communism to strike down the ugly Nazi swastika.

Koestler was not the first—nor the last—youthful defender and banner waver of the "People's Republic" to have his socialistic hopes for the brotherhood of mankind trod beneath the brutality of the Red heel. Earlier, George Orwell, the romantic who knew how things ought to be and knew how things were and saw that something was wrong somewhere, had hummed the requiem of his hopes in his much publicized 1984.

More recently, Ignazio Silone and Paul Malraux, who still seem to lean towards the left, published accounts of their disillusionment with the "Party" (both are oft-times contributors to literary quarterlies such as *Partisan Review*).

And most recently, the *enfant terrible* of U. S. letters, Howard Fast, has publically severed his connections with the Communist Party and shed honest, if somewhat stale tears, in his latest book, *The Naked God*.

In 1943 Howard Fast "saw the Communists as the bravest and most skillful fighters for man's freedom in the world today." In 1956 "the bravest and most skillful fighters for man's freedom" rolled their tanks and heavy armor through the street of Budapest, Hungary, killing thousands and imprisoning thousands more.

And in 1956 Howard Fast began the long slide down the hill of hope for man's unitedness under the Soviet "Big Brother."

The result is *The Naked God*. It is good reading for the person who remembers the Fast of *The Unvanquished* and *Citizen Tom Paine* and wants to see what changes have been wrought.

*The Naked God* is a somewhat euphemistic, somewhat apologetic, renunciation of Fast's past position. He maintains that Party big wigs, like Stalin in his later years and Khrushchev, corrupted the true ideals of Leninistic aims. The common worker was brave and dedicated to freedom and the brotherhood of man. But terrorist leaders are trying to reduce all standards—they are even trying to crush man's conscience.

"Even the very nature of right and wrong has changed," he says. But Fast fails to answer one question that plagued this reader through the 197 pages of *The Naked God*.

Why did it take him so long to arrive at the same conclusion that Koestler had elucidated 17 years before?

Bob Stout

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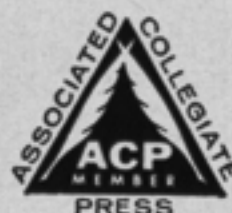
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# Posner Speaks About Actor As An Artist

"One of the difficult tasks in college drama is the selection of a play script for production. A play should be chosen not only for its so-called entertainment aspects but also for its enlightenment values."

In line with these artistic ethics, Richard Posner, director of the drama workshop, has brought to the MCC stage such plays of educational and entertainment value as Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*, Anouilh's *Antigone*, Eliot's *Sweeney Agonistes*, together with drama workshop lectures and documentary films.

Speaking strictly of the actor as an artist, Posner continues, "An actor must be like both the jazz and symphonic musician a person who can artfully improvise with discipline. Both of these aspects of the actor's art, says Posner, are connected with the deep introspection that a good actor must undergo. "One must believe what he enacts; phoniness shows up on the stage immediately. Before one can project emotion or character one must discover the corresponding emotion or character within himself."

Posner feels that the actor must be acquainted with an infinite variety of subjects which, at first glance, seem only indirectly associated with acting. A wide knowledge of the techniques of the more practical aspects of the theatre plus a background of experience in the non-theatre world are for the deepening of the actor's stage performance and efficiency.

In line with this program the Drama Workshop's most recent guest lecturer, theatre attorney I. Robert Broder, shed light on the intricacy of the theatre's law and business operation. Broder, who in 1939 organized The Artists Representatives Association, has le-

gally represented a host of well know theatrical figures, such as Toscanini, Horowitz, Abbott and Costello, Gypsy Rose Lee, Rocky Marciano, and Edith Piaf.

Posner believes that the commercial and business knowledge that this type of lecture affords cannot but help to aid in a deeper understanding of the trials and possible tribulations of the theatre artist—be he writer, director, business manager or actor.



Ted Grayno Photo

REVIVING ITS TRADITIONAL QUARTERLY banquet, the Latin American Economic Society feted its members to a delicious weiner schnitzel dinner at the Restaurant Austria. Shown left to right are Frank Phillips, president of LAES; Jaquelyn Hodgson; Alfred J. Torrey, president and general manager of Mead-Johnson; Mrs. Torrey; William E. Rodgers, Foreign Trade director; Mrs. Rodgers; and Dick Krane.

## Student Explorer Heads World Films In Hollywood

Albert Fagerberg, who attend MCC from '49 to '51, was a campus visitor last week. Fagerberg is now president of World Films, Inc., agent producers of TV adventure and documentary films in Hollywood, California. Fagerberg's company is associated with Stephen Bosustow, creator of the Mr. Magoo series.

About to leave for a nine months tour of Europe where he will contract for adventure films, Fagerberg will be in Mexico for only a few weeks.

Back in '51 the *Collegian* devoted a double-page spread to an account of a perilous trip make by Fagerberg and Sten Bergman to unexplored regions along the Balsas River.

## OSU Professor Gives Lecture

A recent visitor at MCC was Dr. H. Gordon Hullfish, professor of philosophy of education in the graduate school at Ohio State University.

Dr. Hullfish, who has been teaching the past 22 years, takes a quarter off each year for travel or lectures at various universities. This year he is spending his vacation with Dr. and Mrs. Tharp of the W.Q.I.M. group.

As this is his first trip south of the border, the professor wishes to see as much of Mexico as possible during his stay, and states that he has found the orientation lectures most helpful in understanding Mexico and its people.

Dr. Hullfish recently lectured at MCC on the popular misconceptions of John Dewey, indicating how his philosophy is misinterpreted, particularly in his attitude toward the education of children.

# Patience Pays Off As Student Makes Valuable Find In Oaxaca

In Oaxaca, where a crew of students and faculty has been busy all this quarter excavating at the ancient city of Yagul, there is one student who was persistently dogged by bad luck. Barbara Richards never seemed to get up out of a smallish hole in the ground, and never seemed to have a chance at the more glamorous kind of archeology.

In fact, no matter where she was assigned to start digging, very

little earth was moved before she was confronted with a very badly preserved, poverty-stricken burial.

The situation became so serious that John Paddock, who is in charge of the project, began to wonder if Barbara would get anything more than a set of notes on a dozen hopelessly crumbled skeletons out of her season's work. Even worse, all her burials seemed to have been scattered by the elements or by digging connected with ancient constructions, reducing drastically their historical value.

But Barbara plugged on patiently, spoonful by spoonful (not for her the temple with painted walls, the moving of earth by the ton, the pearls and jades). And, as a matter of fact, she did the same kind of slow and ticklish work during the whole season.

In her mole-like progress through Oaxaca, however, Barbara came upon some pottery which turned out to be among the most interesting yet found at Yagul. Its fine quality is pleasant to contemplate, but its real interest lies in its age.

For Barbara has now for several weeks been deeply absorbed in spooning out the earth around a large and scattered offering of pottery from the first known period of human occupation in Oaxaca, a period which ended some 2,500 years ago. When this period began is still

unknown, but indications are that it was some centuries long.

Even with the exciting find of very ancient crockery, though, Barbara has continued finding a plentiful supply of the bones of former inhabitants of Yagul, and in the most deplorable condition. "We can't say we weren't warned about these things, though," says Barbara.

"Mr. Paddock told us from the first days of training that tedium is in plentiful supply on a dig. That part of it is easy to take when you are finding something interesting along with it, and I don't mind it at all."

## Young Speaks To Couples Club

Robert Young, Assistant to the Dean of Graduate Offices, recently spoke to the Couples Club No. 2 of the Union Church. Young, who appeared at the request of Lennox Lewis of the YMCA, spoke on Mexico City College as a Mexico City institution—its history, educational philosophy, and its future.

The audience consisted of young American married people from the U. S. Embassy and various business firms in the city.

Following his speech, Young answered numerous questions about the college.

## Lack Of Adequate Staff Necessitates Dropping Of Major In Psychology

The Mexico City College psychology department will not accept any new majors in that subject, Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas de López, Dean of Admissions and Registrar, announced last week.

Students now carrying psychol-

ogy as a major will be allowed to graduate in that field.

This move was made, Dean López explains, because of the difficulty in getting enough instructors to adequately staff a department completely enough to offer the number of courses needed for psychology majors.

The basic psychology courses listed in the MCC catalogue will continue to be offered, Mrs. López says.

## Contest Announced

The editors of *Scholastic Magazines* have announced a special competition to be held during this year (January 1 to December 31). Prizes will range from \$250 to \$1000 on stories aimed at the teenage market. For more details see Ted Robins at the writing center.

## Junior Leaguers Meet With Co-eds



Ted Grayno Photo

HOSTESSES AT THE RECENT tea held in the theater lobby are (left to right) June Wenisch, Nobuko Kimura, Neena Kelly, Joan Buckner, Mrs. Dorothea Davis, Christel Holschneider, Elena Murray, Sandra Feldman, and Emilie Alexanderson.

W.Q.I.M. students recently met member of the Junior League of Mexico at a tea held in the theater lobby of MCC.

The event, arranged by Dorothea Davis, dean of women, enabled the women students to meet many prominent women of the American colony.

Following the tea, visitors were taken on a tour of the campus.

Acting hostesses were Patsy Sheridan, Sally Johnson, Alice Murray, Elena Murray, June Wenisch, Nobuko Kimura, Sandi Feldman, Joan Buckner, Neena Kelly, Christel Holschneider, and Maria Teresa Estrada.

# First Editor Of College Paper Views Big Change

By Paul Moomaw

The inaugural issue of Mexico City College's very first newspaper appeared on July 5, 1947—three days late.

The name of the paper then was *El Conquistador*, and the editor was a fellow named Floyd Matteson. The paper consisted of four five-column pages, two staffers, one typewriter and no press room.

"My only claim to fame," says Matteson, "is being the first editor of MCC's newspaper." This ignores the fact, however, that he went on to own three Texas weeklies, and is now working on the city desk of the "Pioneer" of Big Rapids, Michigan.

Matteson was riding up the Toluca road with some friends when one of them pointed out of the car window and told him



Ted Grayno Photo

"IN THE BEGINNING we had only one typewriter and no mailing list," says Floyd Matteson as he watches some MCC staffers folding nine hundred papers to send to subscribers. Matteson, who edited the sheet back in '47, paid a visit to MCC recently. From left to right in the picture are: Matteson, Pierce Travis and Carol Sprague.

In the decade that has followed, there have been a lot of issues put out and a lot of changes, but the problem that made that first issue three days late has hung on tenaciously. One must suppose that printers will always be printers.

that those buildings made up the new home of MCC. Matteson had a hard time believing it, since he had left the school long before the move was made from the one building at San Luis Potosí 154 to the edifices nestled on the side of the barranca.

*delo*  
SULLIVAN 43

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# Piety, Pain Characterize Ta

Photos by Marilú Pease

Text by Ed V. Tynan

Layout by Melbourne Lockey

Sketches by Luella



At the beginning of Easter Week, in the town of Taxco, thousands participate in the Holy Thursday procession.



*Collegian Feature*

Every year the crucifixion of the greatest man who ever lived is vividly re-enacted during Easter Week in the usually quiet town of Taxco.

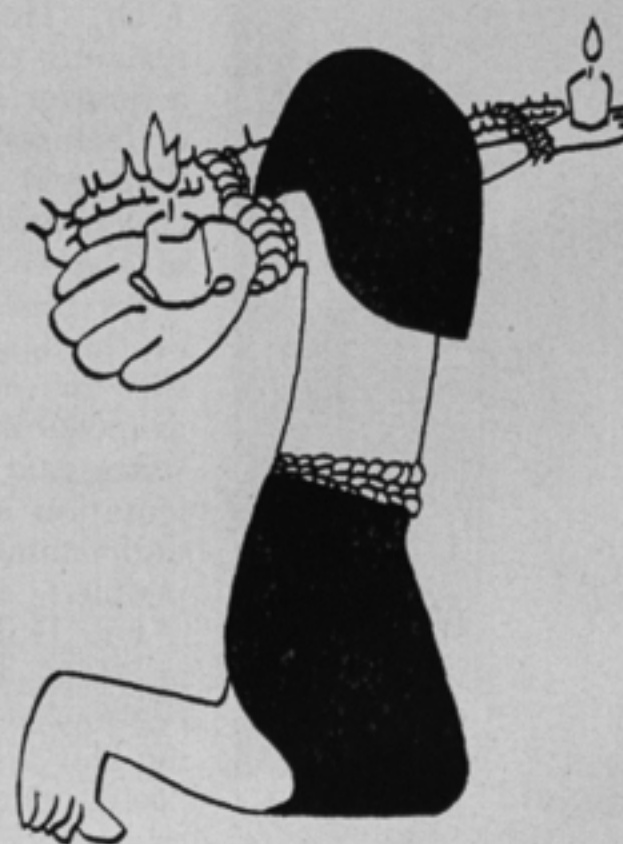
Beginning on Holy Thursday, thousands of people from the surrounding mountain villages join with the people of the "Eagles Nest" and begin a ritual that grasps them physically and spiritually until its final culmination on Easter Sunday.

All of the sorrow, loneliness, and pain that racked Jesus throughout His last days is renewed in realistic gruesomeness. From the portrayal of His bloody sweat in the Garden of Gethsemane (set up between the Church of Santa Prisca and the Alameda), where Judas' kiss of death places Christ into the cruel hands of the Romans, up to the time of His imprisonment and brutal crowning with thorns, all are re-enacted the first day.

On Holy Thursday evening, the serenity of this quaint town is haunted by the muffled beating of drums and the eerie wailing of Indian instruments while somber files of candle-bearing men, women, and children trudge along the crooked cobble-stone streets. The thought of death is everywhere as Taxco mourns the crime that was committed over nineteen hundred years ago.



On Good Friday the figure of Christ, crowned with thorns and burdened by His Cross, is carried through the streets of Taxco. The costumed figures represent the Roman soldiers who led Him to His crucifixion.



The procession that follows Jesus to His crucifixion—tools of His agony—nails, a vinegar-soaked



# Characterize Taxco Easter Ceremony

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From a high vantage point above the village, one can see what appears to be an enormous silvery serpent slowly winding its way in and out of the dark lanes below. A closer look reveals the serpent to be the lights from a thousand and one candles glowing in the hands of each member of the processional.

In the processions, stumbling along close behind the figure of Christ on the Cross, are the *Penitentes*, those persons who cover their heads beneath black hoods while fulfilling a tormenting *manda*, a promise to do penance. All methods of painful punishments are self-inflicted by the *Penitentes*, who are mostly men and boys. Some have heavy bundles of thorny branches strapped to their bare arms and backs. Their bodies are bent forward and their heads bowed down by the weight of the burdens. Strange, almost inhuman sounds emerge from under the black hoods whenever one of them attempts to speak. Such moans come as the result of a rope tied around the bundles and passed through the *Penitentes'* mouths and over their tongues.

Some stagger under the agony of heavy wooden crosses. They pause now and then to flog themselves with thickly knotted cords. Others struggle

along doubled over at the waist, with their arms stretched out determined to hold candles upright in both hands. Still more drag cumbersome iron chains shackled to their ankles. Often these people faint; many have to be assisted in their grueling five-hour march.

Good Friday arrives, and the figure of Christ carrying the Cross, is taken to Calvary while the *Penitentes* bear His sufferings. At the end of the road a figure of the crucified Christ is substituted for the one carrying the Cross, and He is exhibited between the two thieves. At sundown the figure of Christ is lowered, and placed in a glass coffin.

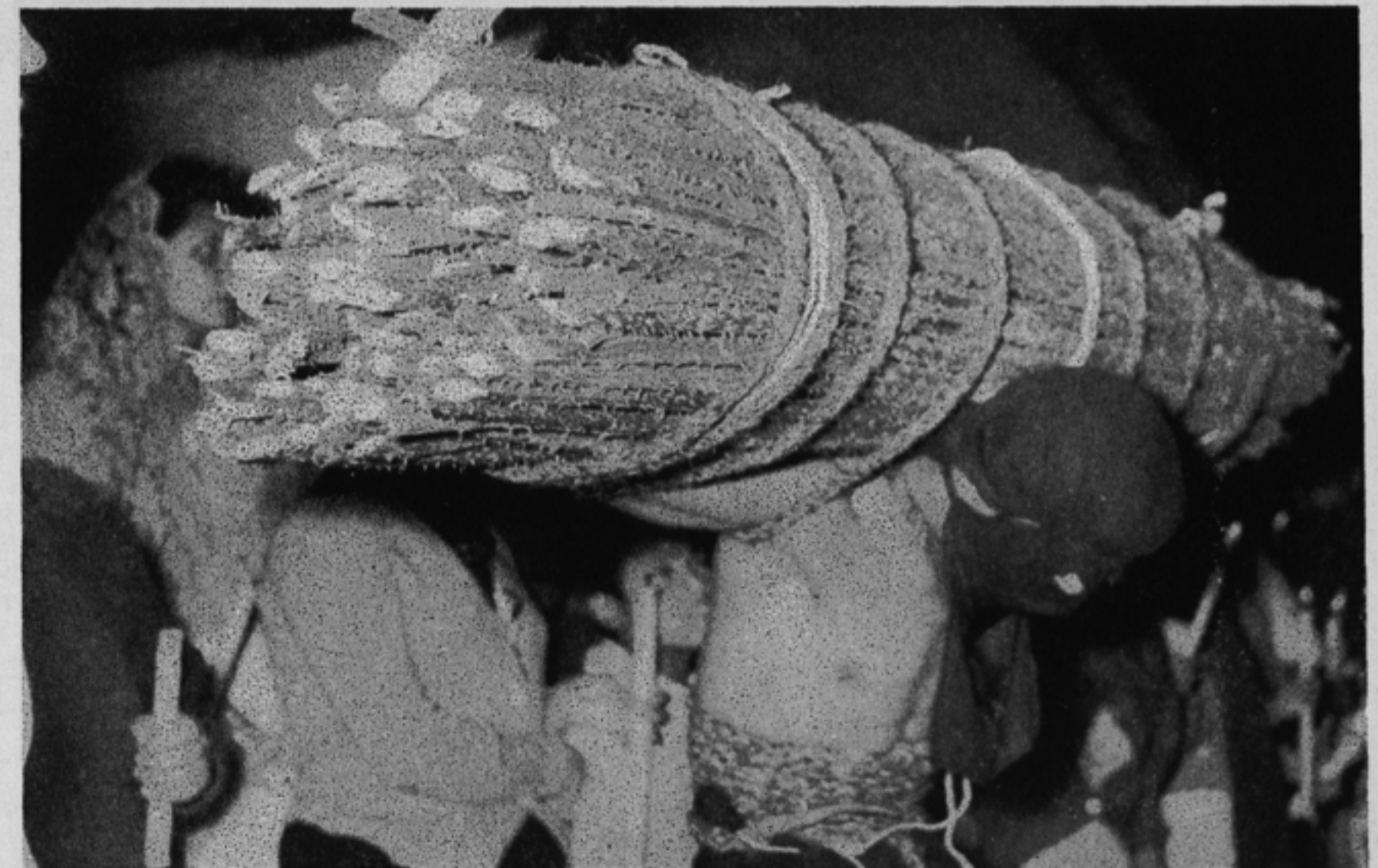
Then the final procession starts, the Procession of the Holy Burial, and ends at the church of Santa Prisca which represents His Sepulcher.

Following the services of Holy Thursday and Good Friday, the weary participants witness the burning of effigies of the traitor, Judas, on Holy Saturday.

Easter Sunday morning is a time for rejoicing. The churches overflow with colorful flowers and happy faces. The women replace their sad black *rebozos* with bright ones of yellow, red, or magenta. An air of gladness returns once more to the peaceful town of Taxco.



On the night of Holy Thursday, the five-hour candle-lighted procession winds through the town. From a high vantage point, the lights appear as a silvery serpent.



A masked Penitente is bent almost double by the weight of his burden of thorny branches.



The procession that follows Jesus to His crucifixion is led by little angel-girls who carry the tools of His agony—nails, a vinegar-soaked sponge, and a sword.



"To Exist Or Not To Exist"

# Inquiring Reporter Remains Lost Soul

By Pierce Travis

The overbright-eyed, laughing students of yesternight slumped around the cafeteria in shut-eyed, close-lipped silence as I took up my post that early morn. Not a sound was heard. The wax museum had moved to MCC.

"Hi fellows," I approached a table of five, pen and paper ready. "How do you guys justify your daily existence? You know, what keeps you busy all day?"

One of the bodies moved and Dick Veneman stood (in deference to my age, I thought) two inches away from me, red-veined eyes glaring into mine. "Step on him," he pointed. "If somebody doesn't I will." I hurried away. This job has no workmen's compensation. I didn't like the type of rum he breathed anyhow.

In the patio, Paul Moomaw leaped around sword on hand. I broached the daily occupation subject to him. "Engarde, busybody," he shouted crazily and lunged. He caught me running away. It took five stitches and I won't be able to sit down for a month.

Playing badminton, Carole Partridge moved far to the left for a return shot, swung and disappeared over the barranca. Her opponent won by forfeit while I retired to greener pastures.

The softball diamond wasn't exactly green when I reached it, but Fred Williams' face was. "To exist or not to exist," he emoted. "Doors and windows owe their very existence to the non-existent space they occupy. The cups we drink from," his voice took on a sonorous note, "are used because of their emptiness. The

space between sky and..." I stopped him.

"Come back to earth a minute, willya Fred, and tell me what you are talking about." He sneered haughtily. "You see the nonexistent space in this glove. Because of it I am able to catch the ball. Watch! Hey Joe, throw me the ball." The leftfielder obligingly wound up. Williams missed. The ball hit him on the head raising a very existent lump. "Hey Fred," I shouted moving away. "You forgot to use your non-existence."

DLU bullwhip representative, Ted Grayno, hailed me and in his best Parisian, back street whisper informed me he had some hot raffle tickets to sell. The raffle was over, but when he explained the prestige value of showing them off and that I could have the whole bunch for ten pesos, I jumped at the bargain. It sure was nice of Grayno to think of me.

At noon I reached the bookstore. Shirley Patton was counting a small pile of books. "Hi Shirley Ann," I inquired, "what keeps you busy all day?" "Those," she grimaced. "I keep busy all day trying to count that pile. Everytime I'm nearly finished, somebody comes in and interrupts me. I'm just about fed up. Today, though," she brightened, "I made a mark on them and know just where I'm at." I insisted, "But Shirley, don't you do anything else?" "No," she sighed,



Ted Grayno Photo

DEAD PAN CROUPIER Tom Mailloux waits for Lee Amato to declare her intentions. Mailloux, who is a well-read jack-of-all-trades, is a professional gambler during the summer months. His pay as croupier during the summer takes care of his college expenses.

"just try to count those books." That wasn't news so I turned to go. "Omgosh," shrieked Shirley, "I forgot what number I made the mark at." I folded my tent and silently stole away. There was a loud explosion as I reached the corner. Peeking back, I saw books flying everywhere. That pile, I knew, would never be counted.

After a hazardous journey in which the people I approached assailed me with curses, children threw mud at me, and a pekinese attacked me, I made it back to the cafeteria. As I passed the original five (who still hadn't moved) a head raised up and Dick Burnside jeered, "Where's your lamp, Diogenes?" I ignored the uncouth statement and looked around the coffee shop.

At an isolated table, a kindly-

looking gentleman sat in a long robe and with a flowing beard. I knew at last I had found someone to help me. "Excuse me sir," I said softly, "but what do you do all day?"

"I," he lifted his century old eyes, "am an enlightened one. The subject I becomes the object I as viewed by my eye. I meditate and try to find myself."

"How does one do this," I puzzled. "If you ask," he whispered, "you won't have it." I persisted. "And if I don't." His eyes closed, "Then you'll never get it." I joined him. Soon I was lost in deep meditation. A new world floated before me.

Nightfall Collegian editor, Bob Stout finally found me. "Hey Travis," he shouted, "what's been keeping you busy all day? Don't you know you have a deadline? Just what do you do, anyway, to justify your existence?" I awoke from my trance. My old friend was gone. He had probably never been. I walked with Bob from the empty cafeteria. I still don't know what these students do all day.

## Newman Club Again Enjoys Good Quarter

The Newman Club, under the leadership of Anthony Pasano, has again enjoyed a very successful quarter. Among the activities of the Newman Club are the popular Sunday paseos. During the past quarter the club made several trips to Lake Tequesquitengo where the members went water skiing and swimming.

At the weekly meetings, held every Wednesday evening, the Club heard a number of distinguished speakers. Some of the topics covered by the lecturers were philosophy, business and travel. A number of educational movies were also shown at these meetings.

The Club's most outstanding feature of the quarter was the highly successful dance held at the Junior Club. They expect to sponsor more of these dances in the future.

Tony Pasano has promised that his coming marriage to Carmen Correa on April 13th will not interfere with his club responsibilities. Tony is already planning the same full schedule for the club for the spring quarter, and he is confident that the club can continue to retain its position as the largest club on campus.

# Croupier Comments On Game Of Chance

By Carole Partridge

Thomas Ford Mailloux, recognized by most students as "the man with the shaved head," practices the unusual profession of croupier every summer.

"This job of croupier which most people call dealers, allows me to make enough in three months to give me freedom financially to do what I wish the other nine months of each year," explains Mailloux.

When asked why he shaves his head Mailloux said, "I like it this way. Most people react as if I were trying to be a stern individualist. I favor those who practice what they want instead of conforming to everyone else; however, I practice this not to be noticed for my individuality but for my own comfort. I certainly have no worries for neatness' sake."

Toward the latter part of each spring quarter for the past two years he has allowed his hair to grow out. Managers of the gambling casinos feel that if Mailloux is hairless the attention of customers would be drawn away from Mailloux's table toward his head. The dealer has to be unnoticed to give complete concentration to the cards, dice, or roulette wheel.

The job is more entertainment than tedious work for Mailloux. "It's a lot of fun to watch so many different types of people and how they react. I find myself vicariously getting the same thrill that they get. Since I feel the excitement with them, I love to see them win. Gambling houses want the customers to win for the good publicity that follows."

"Gambling casinos employ men to watch for 'cross-roads,'

a polite term for cheaters. I have been employed by three houses—Towne Café in Ely, Nevada; Harrah's in Lake Tahoe, Nevada; Las Vegas Club in Las Vegas—and from my observations of these casinos and others I have never seen a house cheat. On the contrary it's the customers that do everything from slipping personal dice in the game to marking cards in blackjack. They even try to outwit the slot machines!"

According to Mailloux, casinos can't afford to "cheat" or even have their name associated with the word due to financial setbacks caused by such publicity.

Originally from Miami, Florida, and raised in Thompsonville, Connecticut, Mailloux has attended the University of Indiana, Morningside College in Iowa, University of Connecticut, and Mexico City College. "I plan to study as long as possible to gain freedom of choice in life, that choice being nothing if I so wish it. I don't want to specialize in any particular field but would rather broaden my mind through as many subjects as I possibly can."

Mailloux's favorite hobby is dancing, especially with women who are "slender, tender, tall and intelligent." He enjoys talking with people who "try to think," since he feels the opinions of others are as educational as any textbook.

Asked about his personal feeling toward gambling, MCC's Yul Brynner replied, "I don't gamble and probably never will for the simple reason that I can't afford to lose. However, I would recommend everyone to try it once just to experience a thrill never to be found in any other way."

## Know Your Faculty

# Golding Returns After Year Abroad

By Melbourne Lockey

With an accent strongly recalling London fogs and 5 o'clock tea, John Golding is MCC's most recent addition to the art department.

Golding, who teaches painting and Art History and conducts a seminar for grad students, is back for the second time, having taught here in 1953. Golding received his B. A. from the University of Toronto, after which he studied at the Sorbonne in Paris and the Slade School in London. He received his M. A. and Ph.D. from London University. After this he studied on his own for a year in Italy.

It was during the years after receiving his B. A. that Golding feels he really began to have self-authored direction. "I had plenty of time to think and look." This looking period, Golding believes,

was of great value in his development. "I had heard and read all through school of the Western cultural heritage; in France and Italy I was right in the middle of it."

Golding feels that this knowledge of Art History is of great value in helping an artist find his own individual expression. Golding's own particular interest in Art History is Cubism, on which he wrote a book, *The History of Cubism 1907 to 1914*, which he hopes to see in print this year.

Of his own work Golding, who grew up in Mexico, feels the intrinsic melancholy of the Mexican people has by osmosis been absorbed into his creating system. "It's plus the combined humanistic and fatalistic tendency of his own personality has resulted in a kind of 'romantic expressionism.'"



Ted Grayno Photo

POINTING OUT the facts of art to one of his students is John Golding who is a great believer in the value of art history, which he is teaching here along with courses in painting and a graduate seminar.

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# Flyer Relives Fifteen Years Of Air Duty

By Paul Moomaw

When George Williams was first asked for an interview he said, "All right, but I can't figure out why you're interested in me." Maybe all people who have 15 years of active service in the Navy Air and a closetful of decorations act that way.

George went into the service lacking one semester of completing his college education. That was in 1942, and for the next 15 and one half years he stayed on active air duty. He flew submarine patrols all over the globe, and was stationed everywhere from Africa to the Aleutians.

During his stint in the Aleutians, George flew a Lockheed Ventura all the way across to the northern islands of Japan. The Ventura is a small plane, and as a result they were only able to carry four small bombs, plus a large load of gas. This was during the years of '43 and '44, long before the Air Force began their runs over Japan.

To make up for the small load of bombs that they carried on this "Empire Express," the crew members took along empty beer bottles, which they shoved out of the flare chute when they were over Japan. They falling bottles made a wierd wailing sound that probably scared the Japanese more than the bombs themselves.

After the war, George was a ferry pilot, flying planes home from the war fronts. From there he went to a blimp base in Lake-

hurst Florida, and later he was stationed in Panama flying PBM patrol bombers.

When the Korean War broke out, George started flying R5Ds, the Navy equivalent of the DC-4. He flew round trip missions out of Washington D. C., going to Newfoundland, and from there to the Azores, Africa, Italy, France, England, and back home again.

In the summer of 1950, he went to Korea, where he flew helicopters, evacuating wounded soldiers. When he flew over, it was in the R5Ds. Each plane carried two 'copters across to Korea. The whirlybirds took up all the space in the plane, and the R5D crew made the flight sitting inside the 'copters.

In 1946, George had been to Mexico as part of an air show during Miguel Aleman's inauguration. At this time he received a decoration from the Mexican government. In 1953 he returned to Mexico as Assistant Naval Attache to this country and the Central American lands.

It was at this time that the revolution in Guatemala started. As he was the only officer-pilot stationed here, he got the job of flying officials around. During the revolution one of his passengers was the man responsible for the overthrow of the reds in Guatemala, Castillo Armas.

In 1955, the Mexican government decorated him again, and the United States followed up with a decoration of its own.



George Williams

Later in the same year, George went to Florida on helicopter duty. It was at this time that the floods hit Tampico. He flew rescue missions, and then when his unit was decorated, he wasn't there to add another ribbon to his collection. Just before the ceremonies, he was transferred to carrier duty in the Atlantic, still flying 'copters.

Many people may wonder why, after so much time in the Navy Air George decided to drop it for civilian life. He admits it was a rough decision to make. But he is married and has, in the grand Navy tradition, five sons. For him it was a decision between the Navy and his family, and his family won. As much as he loves the Navy Air, he feels that it was separating him from his children too much.

At the present, George is at MCC to finish his education and get a degree in business administration. At the same time he is General Manager of Avia-Mex, and manager of the aviation division of Civasa Co.

George has a lot of plans, from developing jet airlines in Mexico to building up a helicopter service here. He also wants to build Mexico's first plane factory.

One of the little things that George is proud of is the fact that he never had, in all his flying, a single accident or air violation.

Whatever he may say, this silvertipped gentleman has gone many places and done a lot since he left his home in Chicago 16 years ago.

## Library Book List Increases Sizably

The book list of the MCC library has been sizably increased by donations, with a total of 715 gift volumes going into the stacks.

A good chunk of these came from two private sources. Dr. Isabel Kelly donated 30 books dealing with Mexican art, music and archeology. The biggest single donation came from the Dorsey Fisher estate, which gave MCC 50 books, all dealing, with bullfighting.

## What Follows . . .

(Continued from page 2)

ty, and sooner or later some individual will get trampled on.

The fulfillment of human life lies surely in the enacting of whatever distinguishes us from all other animals, and that is the exercising of our human capabilities in the mutual interdependence which the human mind alone can make possible. This is 'impractical' since, obviously, it can never lead to wealth. But is it so 'utopian'?

# Voodoo Impresses Haitian Girl

By Dale Young

...The nightly sound of voodoo drums, beautiful sleek specimens of African descent, a constant, cheerful chatter of patois and French and Merengue bands against a silhouette backdrop of old French grillwork and island palms. . .

This was the departing scene and is the beckoning call of return for Carolle Mevs who is presently a pre-med student at MCC.

Carolle, a native daughter of Haiti, born of Polish-French parents, was early introduced to that historic island's prime feature, voodoo. At the age of ten, accompanied by her brother, she witnessed her first voodoo ceremony which was dedicated to Damballah, one of the many deities in the voodoo pantheon.

These frequent trips to the mountains, which form a crescent ring around her native city Port-au-Prince, began to reveal to her more and more the beauty, power and impact that voodoo holds over Haiti.

"Authentic voodoo is usually a big disappointment to tourists who, fortunate enough to witness a real ceremony, find nothing of drunken, blood-crazed, nude sensual dance orgies as suggested by so many sensational, 'cheap' writers, claims Carolle. "In fact I have never in my life seen a drunk Haitian peasant, nor is there ever anything present in a ritual that suggests sex."

The average ceremony may last from two to seven days without a break, relates Carolle. The ceremony begins when the Houngan (priest) enters the Hounfan (worship area) with the Hounsi (apprentices) on either side, each bearing a colored flag in honor of the diety to be invoked.

At the center of the area is embedded a pole which marks the sacred ground around which all of the ritual to follow takes place. In front of the pole is the picture of the diety and the sacred drums which, when played in ritual form, are believed to be the voice of God. (Carolle says that voodoo teaches one God and many Saints). The priest then blesses these drums which is the cue for the trained drummers to begin their incessant medley of rhythms which persist throughout the rite.

Then chants are sung in ancient African dialect; sacred symbols comparable to those of the American Navajo Indian, are drawn on the ground with corn meal, and members are blessed

## Vagabonds On Way To Horn

Nyle K. Walton and Karl Nelson, who studied here last year, recently set out from Salt Lake City, Utah, to hitch-hike their way around Cape Horn.

The two vagabonds estimate their journey will last six months. Their principal purpose in attempting a completely "thumb exercise" trip is to gather material for a book the pair plans to write.

Once they've entered Mexico through New Laredo, most of their hitch-hiking will be along the Pan American Highway on their way south. They will return to Salt Lake City by way of the eastern coast of South America.



Ted Grayno Photo

VOODOO DRUMS and island palms are part of the memories of co-ed Carolle Mevs, a native of Haiti. (Sketch by Luella.)

and purified by the rubbing of hot stones and rum on their bodies.

Gifts are brought for the deity and finally dancing begins as individuals (never partners) are moved to dance for him.

As the tempo rises, a contagious swaying and undulating movement takes over the crowd until many sudden shouts of personal testimony (in Language or dead African dialects) are heard and still other participants fall into possession of their particular patron Saints.

The priest then sacrifices a goat or chicken. Only the priest and his assistants partake of the sacrificial blood which is a symbol of God's blessing. Carolle ex-

plains that this act is done in extreme reverence and calm and not at all in barbaric frenzies as some might connote.

These ceremonies are weekly affairs and take the place of movies, nightclubs, bars and TV for the Haitian peasant who finds his sole source of enjoyment in life in the voodoo rite on weekends. "I have seen the logic and effects of voodoo on its believers," says Carolle, "and it sincerely helps them live moral lives. This ceremony is the fountain whereby the Haitian drinks of spiritual, mental and physical strength.

Carolle came to Mexico in 1957 to visit and since has chosen MCC as her center of study until she transfers to a school of medicine.

## Club Invites All Students' Wives To Social Meetings

The MCC Wives' Club, organized a year and a half ago for all wives of students studying at MCC, holds its meetings every other Tuesday night at 7:30 at the home of one of the members. A "get acquainted" tea is held at the beginning of every quarter when invitations are sent to all wives.

The club also sponsors activities for husbands and wives. Bridge night is held every other Friday night at the home of a member. A bowling night is scheduled once a month as well as other

various activities, such as ice skating, horse back riding, picnics.

The club presently has a membership of approximately 15 wives. Officers of the club are: Mrs. Lois Meyer, president; Mrs. Suzanne Jung, vice president; Mrs. Jean Woods, secretary-treasurer.

A poster is in the lobby of the main building which gives the time, date, and place of each meeting. All wives of MCC students are invited to attend the gatherings.

## The Jaundiced Eye

# Did You Ever See Any Existentialist Boots?

By The Observer

So then, if the Existentialist Look is rubbish—or will be, whichever way you want to look at it—the doubt arises as to what it's not. This is a good question. And certainly, to the perceptive observer, is inspiring material for intellectual itches—Army Boots Supreme, or The Inspirational Bun. Femininity Reversed, in short.

And for those who plan to engage in conversation with the wearer, the front part is where the cigarette-holder is.

We've known such girls. We've planned and danced with them, and sometimes, we were surprised to find a certain fondness which wasn't supposed to be there. (After all, we were planning the destruction of the creed in this column.) To the sincere, we apologize. Within the limits of sincerity, there is a certain order of things that cannot be changed, and clings with the good will of a rash.

Anyway, to the remaining sane group (the still-rational and somewhat bewildered male) it seems as if the object of the Look is to conceal all sign of femininity under the appropriate layer of padding and coats. It's the sort of advertising for which a friend of the writer got fired after calmly announcing: "If you stink, use Mum."

With the restriction, you realize, that with the accumulation of shirts, sweaters, duffle coats and what-have-you, B.O. doesn't have a chance, and the soap factories are going to pot. And if you think that the boots come in for the sheer joy of it, the object is to let you know what's what in case you haven't kept your mind on the Massacre of the Armenians, and burst out laughing in the wearer's ugly face.

So help you God, you plan to get married? Live and eat and have children? Perhaps, grow small things on the acreage covered by the boots? And never thought, for sure, of a pair of highly-polished army boots, protruding under the white at the incredible moment of a whispered yes.

So there you have it, the truth in full. (This writer has been obsessed by dreams in which a tremendous, winged hypodermic pursued the fleeing wearers of the Look, menacing them with a poisonous injection of femininity.) And if anybody is interested, the Look started in Europe when Bayonets, Cigarettes, Lighters, Boots, Duffle-Coats, Dungarees, Soap and Babies could be obtained from GI's willing to return favor for favor: Please, Miss. The war's over. This is a tip, believe it or not.

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## Ryan Appointed

John Ryan, formerly a lecturer in Economics at MCC and formerly Coordinator de Estudios Económicos with the Banco Nacional de México, S. A. and the Crédito Bursátil, S. A., has recently become research director of Industrias e Inversiones Alba, S. A. de C. V. and Investors' Mexican Letter.



## "Swinging Down The Lane"

By Pierce Travis

One of the things that kidnapped racing driver Juan Fangio said upon being released by Castro's Cuban rebels was, "I am very tired because I changed cars three times." One doesn't know the caliber of driver Cuba offers, but if they're anything like the bus drivers here, Fangio can easily be sympathized with. What might have irritated the Argentinian most was that they didn't even let him drive. It was probably the most dangerous ride of his long career.

Fangio, a highly-paid professional, makes himself good pay-days with his speeding skill. Here in Mexico City, who can tell what the incentive is for a bus driver to zoom along. If it's pride, it sure is misplaced. Half of those guys shouldn't be issued licenses to ride a burro. Burros, in fact, would make better drivers. Each bus generally carries little religious slogans written over the dashboard such as "God is my co-pilot," "In God We Trust," etc. They mean it all right, but it sure stretches things to the breaking point.

At bus stops they come zooming in as if they're rounding the turn instead of discharging passengers. If you're female, they pay you the consideration of slowing up, but they think every man is a qualified Jesse Owens. In leaving the bus, it is advised to grab the handle near the door (thoughtfully provided by the bus companies at the suggestion of a man who did a half-gaynor onto his nose). Then judge the speed of the bus, swing off with your feet in running position, and utter your own prayer. There was once a champion at this who never failed to dazzle his friends. The time he dazzled them most was, one night, when he gracefully swung from the bus and, wham!, he smashed into a street lamp. Needless to say the lights went out.

In second class busses that make their runs outside the city, the crew's pay depends on the amount of passengers they carry. It's dangerous to be even near a bus stop when those guys come zipping in. The ticket seller sweeps off the bus, grabs everything in sight, (mattresses, bikes, chickens, flowers, etc.) jumps back aboard, and they're off. To all questions he replies "muy cerca" very near, even though the pueblo the peo-

ple might be going to isn't within a 150 kilometers of the nearest point the bus goes to. Some people spend months trying to get back to their villages after encountering a few of those birds.

The "Toluca Rocket," an aptly named vehicle, has the most daring drivers on the circuit. Their specialty is the quick shift with the sudden stop. The multitude of passengers they carry always ends up playing a compulsory version of crack the whip. There is one driver on the route with a beard that gives him the appearance of prophet. Catching his bus, I wondered why all the passengers looked a little green around the gills. After five minutes on there I knew. He was trying his damndest to *Lead Us To Heaven*.

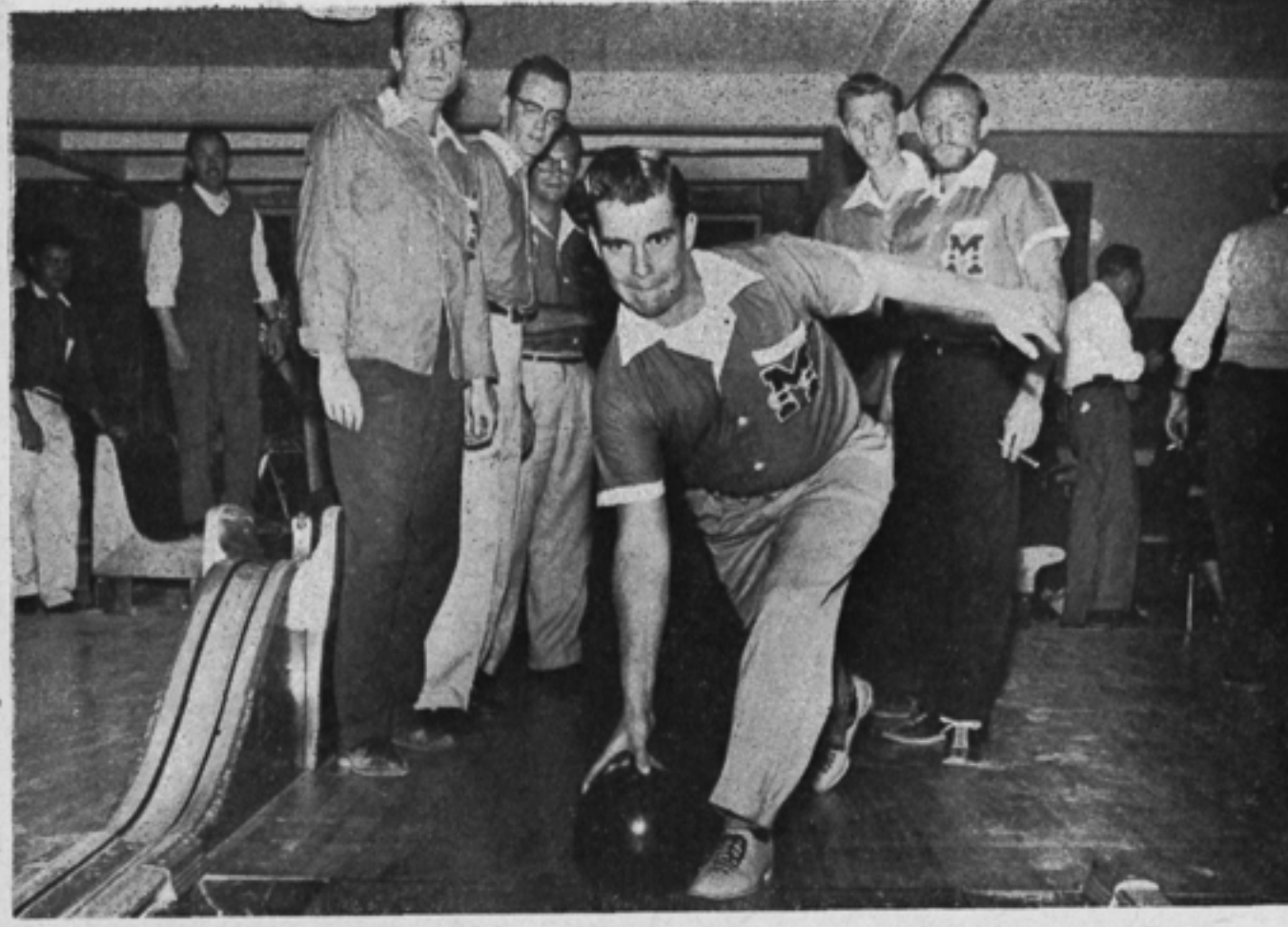
My most harrowing experience on the rocket was with an embattled old geezer who'd been in too many campaigns. I thought he had St. Vitus dance. He was jerking the bus to stops and then starting off as if Wyatt Earp was after him. It was like riding "Dynamite" out of chute five. I didn't mind losing three teeth on the seat rung in front of me, but when an egg bounced onto my skull and broke, that was too much. I just don't carry enough hair around to need an egg shampoo.

The solution to all this is simple: Follow Castro's lead and start kidnapping all the bus drivers in the city. Keep them under captivity for a month during which time they at least learn the rudiments of driving. Then return them to their busses and hope for the best. As a matter of fact, why stop there. Let's throw half of MCC's drivers in on this deal too.

### Varsity Grab Four

A rejuvenated varsity bowling team on March 3rd swamped the Afro Club to take a perfect score of four points. The Afro's, up to this time, had the hex on the Green Wave holding them to one point in other keg contests. Every member of the MCC team now has bowled over a 500 series. This raises the average to a cool 18-14 record.

This is Mgr. Jim Walsh's farewell contribution to MCC as he obtains his Master's degree in Spanish at the end of the March quarter.



Ted Grayno Photo

RALPH YOPP whips the ball down the alley while varsity teammates gather around. Left to right in background are Del Dornberger, Mgr. Jim Walsh, John Nowak, Glen Beaudry, and Clark Penn.

## Keglers Slip Notch; Other Leagues Close

The varsity bowlers couldn't get started in their last outing until the last game. They dropped three of four points to Electronics Mexico. Their season record now stands at an even 14-14.

High game of the night was Beaudry's 219. The averages of the players are Beaudry, (149) Yopp, (147) Torres, (145) Dornberger, (144) Ridley, (143) Penn, (139) J. Nowak (137).

Games are bowled Monday nights at 9:00 in the Casablanca Bowling Alleys on Insurgentes. Mgr. Jim Walsh says that all MCC students are more than welcome to watch the varsity in action.

### Casablanca League

The Mau Maus (20-12 record) continue to hold the barest minimum of an edge in the tightly-contested Casablanca Bowling League. Still sweeping top honors for their teams are high series man Penn (555) and Yopp, currently sweeping along with a 153 average.

Top guns for the second place Vagos (19-13) are Walsh (high game 224) Ridley (202) and Torres with series games of 541. Snapping on their heels are the Pagans with an 18-14 record. Dornberger is their top hand with a 161 average. Beaudry, Wingate, and McGill also keep these boys in the running.

Three teams are tied for third, each at 17-15. These are the Chicagoans, Osos, and Limpiabotas. Wiessler (151), and the Nowak brothers, John (148) and Larry (141) mainstay the Chicagoans. Leading keggers for the Osos are Perry (high series 547), and Young (138 av.) Gustin, tied for high game honors with Walsh (224) is the Limpiabota star with able assistance by Rossbach and Smith.

The fourth place Piratas have an even 16-16 record, but with bowlers like Keown, (147) Popper, (145) and Moriarity (145) whipping them down the alleys,

the tilt might go to the above average section. Just breathing under the halfway mark (15-17) the faculty's McKirahan tore up the alleyways with a 213 game. Wachter, Lindley, Rodgers, Gonzalez, and Sloane compose the rest of this always-trying group.

Furman, (151) pitching for the DSP manages to keep them out of the cellar aided by Masucci (198 high game). Bringing up the rear are the one-time champions Jefecitos (8-24) with Chappell (145 av.) doing his best to raise the Newman Club group from the cellar.

With the tournament drawing into its last stages, a lot of action is promised. The league meets at 6:30 on Thursday nights at the Casablanca Bowling Alleys on Insurgentes.

### Polanco Games

The Boozers (19-5) continue to hold down first place in the Polanco Bowling League closely followed by the Viejos (16-8). In third place with a 12-12 record are the Osos.

The Gringos are just below the halfway mark with an 11-13 post. Bringing up the rear are the Dos Xs (8-16) and the Toluca Rockets (6-18).

Bob McKirahan is both high series man (530) and high game man with 207. Wingate and Perry have series games of 513 and 498 while Sewell has a high game of 197 and Wingate 182.

### Paddle Men In Battle

Coming down to the wire in the quarterly ping pong tournament are Delgado, Kunoff, Zeemer, Sparmo, Niemi, and Herner. Heavy favorites are Kunoff, Niemi, and Herner. In last quarter's affair, Licenciado Alfredo Ramos nosed out Hugo Kunoff in four hotly-contested contests.

# MCC Athlete Views Sports Growth Here

By Ralph Johnson

"Popular American sports are slowly being conquered by sports-lovers in Mexico following a slow, but gradual inaugural here."

Such is the opinion of soon-to-be graduated MCC athlete, Pete Schnabl. Schnabl, himself a capable all-around athlete, feels that the relative newness of stateside sports here has definitely hampered Mexico in its efforts to become an international figure in the sporting world.

Reflecting further, Schnabl declared, "Great strides are being taken to improve Mexico's untouted reputation, not only on the professional side of sports but in collegiate ranks also. The country has long been noted for its top soccer teams and excellent horsemen. In addition, credit must be given to its fine crop of lightweight boxers. But in the realm of sports including baseball, basketball and football, the country is far in arrears of its North American counterparts—a condition which is only natural at present, considering the only recent introduction of these sports to most Latin American countries."

Schnabl's knowledge of Mexican application to American sports stems from active participation in various athletic endeavors here. Last fall he filled a starting role on Academia Militar de Mexico's gridiron squad. He previously had served with MCC's varsity cagers in the Reservas league in addition to holding down a berth on the Azteca softball nine.

Of the three above-mentioned sports, Pete considers football the most up and coming here. "The two top schools in the city, Polytecnico and Universidad Nacional, have a wealth of talent to choose from," he declared. "However, this makes the overall picture an unbalanced one since their nearest competitors, including Militar, cannot hope to cope with schools twice their size. For this reason, the trend should be toward more stateside competition for the bigger schools. This would not only help them to improve through actual contact with our type of playing but would allow the smaller schools to concentrate on their basic fundamentals without the constant threat and pressure exerted in trying to upset Poly or University."

A perusal of the basketball pic-

## MCC-Embassy Swamp YMCA

The MCC Embassy softball team beat the YMCA in their last outing to move into sixth place in the eighteen-team league. The final score was 26-10. The combined star aggregation collected fifteen runs in the first inning.

Battery for the Collegian-Embassyites was pitcher Ken Postert and catcher "Young" Ben Travis. Holding down first base was lanky Howie Kellog, 2nd "Slugger" Fred Williams, shortstop, "Scooter" Lee Champol. MCC fielders were "Chasing" Joe Chase in left, Fred Williams who moved from 2nd to center and speedy Emil Polknable in right.

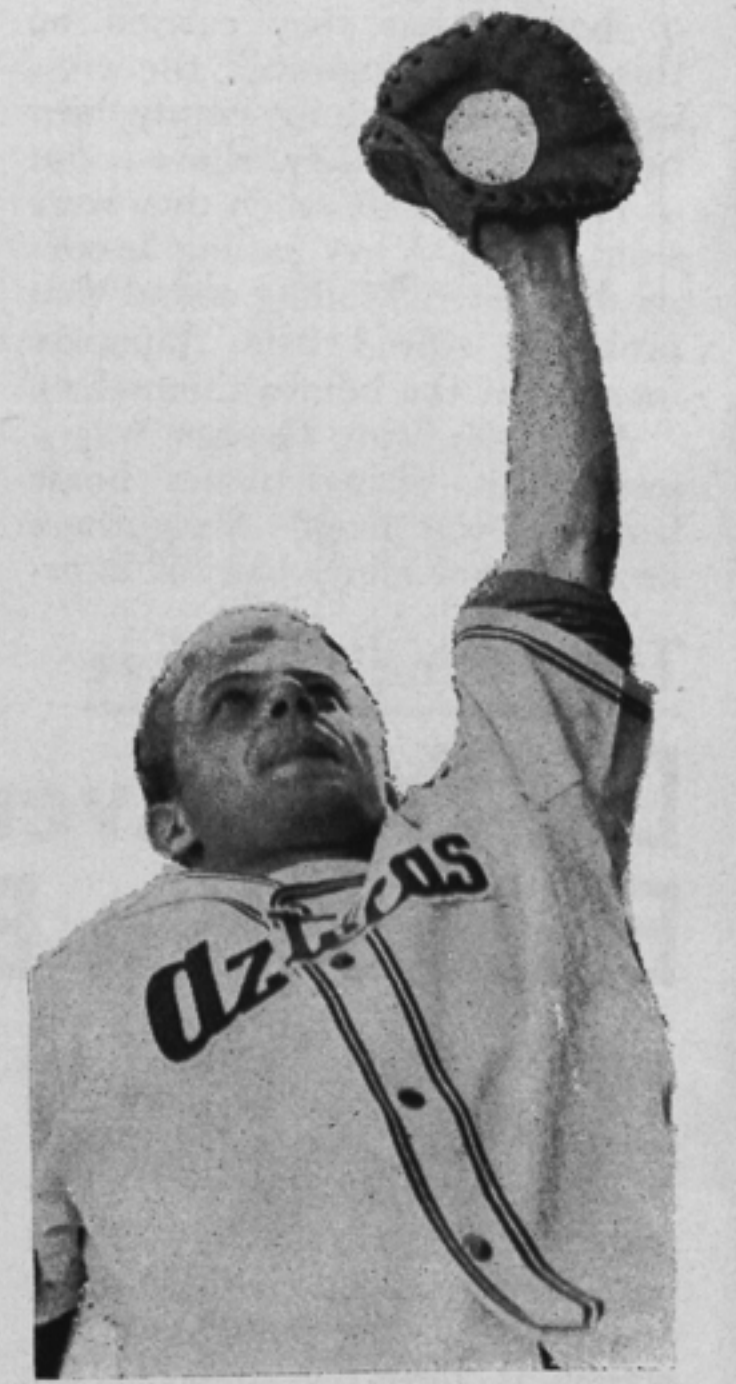
"Country" Ken Postert, MCC's fine all-around player, pitched batting practice ball to give the YMCA their scant ten runs. At the stick, everyone of the MCCers powered the ball for extra bases.

The present softball league ends in March. A new one, starting in April, will include an MCC varsity. Workouts are scheduled every Saturday morning at ten o'clock. Any interested students should contact Dr. Lindley, Bob McKirahan or any of the above-named players.

ture here brought this reflection from Schnabl. "Mexicans are by nature small in stature. Their game would probably be greatly improved were they to pattern their style of playing after that of Hank Iba's squad—i.e. use the deliberate, slow game, holding down the score, but using their lack of height to its best advantage. Most games here in which I played, found the Mexicans running their heads off and trying to rebound with us. In spite of the fact that we (MCC) lost several games last year, I feel that the Mexican squads would have made a much better showing had they played the slow game."

Softball is also a rapidly improving sport here, Schnabl reports. "The spacious accommodations offered at Loma Hermosa provide ample opportunity for enthusiastic youngsters and oldsters alike to foster their interest and advancement in the game," he added.

Baseball too is on the upswing as attested by last summer's cli-



Pete Schnabl

mactic victory claimed by Monterrey's hustling Little Leaguers.

"All in all, I would say that great strides are being made in the country, but much will have to follow in the next few years if Mexico is to become a dominant sports country," Pete continued. "However, I feel that the country is actively sports-minded enough to further its advancement in this direction."

Chicago-born Schnabl, who will graduate at the close of this quarter, has a long and varied sports career behind him. Present plans do not include a continuation in sports, what with the necessity of a steady job soon. Nevertheless, following his migration from the Windy City to Los Angeles, where he intends to settle, opportunities will undoubtedly arise wherein he may again take an active part in some field of athletics.

## MCC Beats YMCA

The MCC varsity hoopsters tore apart the YMCA basketekers on March 6th to the tune of 45 to 28. Lou Zalar spearheaded the attack by scoring a cool 19 points. Young, Pfeiffer, Freeman, Niemi, Pross, Torres, Kaminsky, Gibson, Gaspar, and Stone all played terrific heads-up ball to bring the victory about. The deadline does not permit the recording of the game score against Southmost played on the 8th, but if the Green Wave played the same type of game they were assured of victory.

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