

First Impressions Of Mexico

By Nelson Tapson

(Continued from the January 17 issue)

The car being again in working order, I decided to leave. Enrique insisted that I stay because of the danger of Mexican roads at night. He convinced me when he told me of how some "gringos" in a white Cadillac had run into one of their prize burros not many nights ago and not only killed themselves but the burro too. I asked Enrique where the hotel was and he answered, "no iz -otel, but you come in my house." I was anxious to see the inside of a Mexican's home, and I liked Enrique with his big black mustache and shiny black hair. So I accepted his invitation.

Enrique's father was a small man with a long white beard. He wore loose-fitting slacks and a loud sport shirt and "guaraches" (leather sandals). He was very dark-complected due to his Indian blood and the years he had been in the relentless Mexican sun. The wrinkles on his face seemed to be an inch deep and the candle cast eerie shadows on his caved-in face. He greeted me in Spanish and shook my hand with so much gusto that it created a draft. Enrique's mother greeted me in much the same manner, but she used no Spanish whatever. She was a plump woman and in spite of her matronliness, she seemed really alive. Her eyes seemed fathomless. The pools of liquid brown had an almost hypnotizing effect. The rest of the family I gathered was older than Enrique and had moved to the bigger cities of Mexico.

We had arrived just in time for supper and again I panicked. I thought of all the stories I had heard of the uncleanness of the Mexican food. Only a week ago a friend had warned me of a severe diarrhea known as "Montezuma's Revenge" or the "Aztec Two-Step." Thinking of the American image, I decided to eat anything and everything put before me. Enrique, his father, and I sat at the table while the señora served us the various courses of the meal. We started with soup, which was followed by a real Mexican *tomale* which was wrapped in corn husk. I decided against eating the husk. A salad made of only-the-Lord-above-knows-what was served. There must have been some chili in it though because I was sure the lining in my mouth was shriveling and dying. I was glad that there was no electricity, for in the candlelight the ten shades of red my whole body turned were not visible, nor were the tears in my eyes.

While we ate, a feeble conversation was carried on in which I learned that this family was the family in El Tepetate. The father had made his fortune in Mexico City many years before, and when he was nearly fifty years old he returned to his home town and married the señora, thirty years his junior. He had built this "elaborate" house which was in the Spanish style with the rooms surrounding a center patio which I later found out was a beautiful tropic garden.

The food kept coming, course after course, and I ate until I thought I would explode. We had beef served in a delicious tomato sauce, "frijoles" (beans), "tortillas" (a tasteless, flat, circular corn bread), fruit, and more of that wonderful coffee with milk.

I left early the next morning after the whole family had given me their "ambrazos" which are bear hugs, and another round of vigorous handshakes. They would take no money for all their services, and I felt a little embarrassed when I thought of how hospitable these Mexicans had treated me. How many people in the States would have treated a member of Enrique's family in the same way they treated me? I am sure I wouldn't have. I felt warm all over and not all from the salad we had the night before.

This regard I felt for Mexicans in general soon vanished when I

stopped to fill up at the next gas station. I was practically attacked. Six men came from nowhere and started "checking" my car. One man talked to me during the whole operation to keep me busy. One fellow assured me that I was a quart low on oil, while another removed my radiator cap. One fellow tried to sell me a Coke while another checked the air in my tires and for some reason the hubcaps. The sixth pumped gas. I rescued the radiator cap, checked the oil myself (it was full), refused the Coke, made sure I had all my hubcaps, and then overpaid the gas bill almost a dollar, not being used to the Mexican currency. I felt miserable.

Once on the road again, I regained my happiness listening to the "mariacher" and "rancheros" on the radio. These songs were loud and not really beautiful, but they were alive and a part of Mexico. I felt good as I sped on toward Mexico City.

(Continued in next issue)

ARE YOU ALIVE?

(Continued from page 2)

wallowing in an overabundance of protection, and never realizing that you are no longer a child?

You, it has been said, represent the future of tomorrow. You are destined, though perhaps not by choice, to be the leaders of tomorrow's world. From your generation could come the world's greatest leaders in history. But, can you be all this with no preparation? Can you lead the world if you consider yourself incapable of leading yourself? What preparation have you made toward leadership? None, if you are a child! You cannot even make the simple rules governing your daily life for you have accepted them typed and handed to you by others; you have not made decisions to help yourself grow; therefore, you allow your ideas, both good and bad naturally, to be smothered by others or either by yourself because you are too weak-minded to act. Was not your brain made to think and decide just as the brain of many others? If so, why let it cease to function? If you permit yourself to be enclosed, pushed down, or shoved aside, is this the preparation that will help you lead the people of tomorrow, or even exist in tomorrow?

How can you, the individual, develop yourself? How can you prepare for intelligent and reliable decisions on important matters? You cannot be the leader needed if you do not develop your independence to consider and choose continually.

You need the chance to become a real individual. You need the chance to consider and choose solutions to situations concerning yourself. You need the chance to make mistakes, learning how to take them in your stride and how to profit from them. You need to be independent, in certain areas, to think and decide. You need to accept more responsibility in governing your life wherever you go. You need the right to depart from the shield which many various forces have put between you and life.

Life is reality, both good and bad. Reality is both the fortunes and misfortunes of life. It is happiness, pleasure, tragedy, disappointment,

failure, pressure, tension, uncertainty, and responsibility. Have some of these been removed from you? When you are faced with this world, who will shield you then? A mighty blow will strike you hard. You will have to fight extremely hard to keep your existence in the world. You may find yourself suddenly lost, and then, Child, you will be forced to grow!

So, Child, the present is now; this is where you must begin! Preparation in the present will take care of the future! Look around and find, consider, choose, and speak. Be heard; Oh, Child, wherever you be, grow, grow, grow!

Columns Addition

COLUMNS welcomes to the staff three new writers this semester. Mus-salum Shammut, a Jordanian student formerly serving with the Yemen Delegation to the United Nations, will be presenting our readers with a comprehensive survey of international news briefs (see page 1). Mr. Shammut plans to include in this his analysis of some of the news happenings around the earthly sphere beginning with our March issue.

Bill Mowbray, president of the Men's Student Government Association and long respected around campus as a dynamic and energetic leader has assumed the responsibility of Sports Editor. Although this is Mr. Mowbray's first official connection with the publication, we feel sure his excellent article "The Sixth Man" won him many reading fans last semester. (see page three)

Feature Editor for this semester's Nancy B. Berger. Miss Berger is no newcomer to COLUMNS — her poetry has contributed importantly to "The Collegian" section of the paper throughout the preceding semester, and her creative talents should be a boom to the publication in the future. (see page five) Among her many other duties is the editorship of our school annual, *The Oak*.

HURRICANES STREAK HALTED

(Continued from page 3)

William & Mary 81 Louisburg 59

The absence of the two big men was evident more than ever in Louisburg's poorest showing thus far this season as they dropped their third straight while on the road. William & Mary checked Louisburg this time and held them to 59 points.

Louisburg 63 Ferrum 61

The slumping Louisburg Hurricanes barely escaped defeat tonight against a team they had previously crushed by 27 points. L. C. managed to hold on to a 63-61 victory over Ferrum College behind the scoring of Bobby Howard, Doug Reid, and Bennie Dean. Howard and Reid each hit for 14 points and Dean added 12 more.

Louisburg 83 Roanoke 78

Louisburg squeezed past Roanoke 83-78 for their second straight victory on their two-day road trip. Victories have been coming hard earned for L. C. in recent games. Tonight

Squirrels ... Nuts ... Noodles ...

Lee Roy Durden has his own personal filing cabinet—for call-downs, that is.

I generally take long, leaping steps myself, but the other day the "Roadrunner" was taking one step to my three.

When he stands up, you only see a mass of shiny skin. When he lifts his head, a twelve-inch smile appears and the audience roars with laughter.

... They call him, "Mr. V."

One day two old ladies went for a tramp in the woods, but he got away.

A Model "T" Ford is like a school room because it has a lot of little nuts inside with a crank up front.

A wolf is a big dame hunter.

Lady Godiva was the world's greatest gambler because she put everything she had on a horse.

A baby usually wakes up in the wee-wee hours of the morning.

That beady-eyed, boney dog with ground-dragging ears is still following Mr. Wagner.

Have you seen Mr. Wagner scanning the stock market page? He has invested in Benzedrex and is watching for dividends.

Mr. Williams: Becky, have you heard the latest news?

Becky: No! Please tell me!

Mr. Williams: Why should I know? It hasn't come out yet.

It has been suggested by a few people that Louisburg College offer a particular course next semester. The course suggested is —101 Bridge, and it would carry —3 semester hours credit, although time spent on the course would probably be equal to +9 semester hours credit in some other field of a more academic nature.

The Campus Squirrel

You have probably never paid any real attention to me as you go across campus, but I've paid plenty of attention to you; I observe your every move. It's much easier for me to follow your actions than for you to follow mine; all I have to do is settle back on a comfortable branch, and now that the leaves have gone there is nothing to obstruct my view.

I enjoy Main campus most of all because there I can watch the sleepy, late, and cramming students as they go to class. Although it is rather sad to be late to class, it is comical to see students still dressing as they run across front campus dodging mud; the girls (combing their hair) and the boys (brushing their teeth) are trying desperately to balance their books—if they have any. Yes, these few late-comers do stir up some cloudy water in the once lucid mud holes as they speed across campus, but nothing can compare to the 11:55 a.m. stampede when a hungry omnivorous race for first honors in the lunch line and in the mean time deplete the mud holes entirely of all their content. At that point of the day, I wonder how my

arboreal abode will last until the twelve o'clock class scavengers are released. I really don't mind the shaking except that I'm sure that if a seismograph were anywhere around it would have recorded an earthquake long ago.

I do have one complaint; as long as I have been living here, this has been the first year that any student has invaded my habitat. It must have been during the night on a Thursday in October when someone tied ropes on the lowest branches of the tallest trees, and the next afternoon around four about two hundred boys took refuge in the tallest trees. Please gentlemen, next year show your courage, not cowardice, and stand your ground on the ground.

Well, the only warning that I can give is that if you don't want any thing spread around be quiet while walking on front campus because now I know who likes whom, who gives unfair tests, who's dating Bill's girl, what time everybody arrived back after vacation, and who slept in chapel. I'm the campus squirrel.

Sandra Schoaf

Doug Reid poured in 27 points to lead the Hurricanes.

Louisburg 103 Danville 70

To the delight of a large Homecoming crowd, the Hurricanes completely dominated Danville Tech tonight and crushed the visitors 103-70. Louisburg was behind 4-0 in the early moments of the game, but that

was the only lead Danville enjoyed the entire night. It was Doug Reid and Bennie Dean again leading the Purple and White. Reid connected for 27 points and Dean bucketed 26. Steve Lamm enjoyed his finest night thus far this season. He was outstanding on the boards and burned the nets for 20 points.

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