

In Classrooms and Graveyards

# Rochester Girls Go Mexican

"South of the Border, Down Mexico Way" is more than a song title for two Rochester girls. As student volunteers from St. Michael's College, Toronto, they spent their summer vacation south of the border, working among poor Mexican peasants.

Betty Dwyer of 613 Winona Blvd., Irondequoit, and Mary Ann Kurtz of 452 Linden Ave., Rochester, participated this year in the Conference on Inter-American Student Projects, a student federation of colleges in the United States and Canada, with a central office in Mexico City.

The conference is an all-student effort — from raising money to running programs on language, history and culture during the school year, to providing transportation and to carrying out work-projects in conjunction with the Mexican clergy. A group of Yale students made the first trip four years ago; this year forty schools and 500 students took part.

Another Rochesterian at St. Michael's, Lynn Eby of 104 Albemarle St., though unable to accompany the group to Mex-

ico, served with Betty Dwyer on an executive committee of four in organizing the project at St. Michael's.

By May 17, the girls started on an executive committee of four in organizing the project at St. Michael's. They traveled by bus, by truck, and, for the last two hours of the trip, by foot. The village of one thousand people was described as being "built around a plaza, with most people living in one-room wood-slat huts with thatched roofs."

Mary Ann Kurtz spent her six weeks in the main village teaching grammar school classes in Spanish. At the end of June she had to return to work at the Catholic Family Center in Rochester.

As Girls Leader, Betty Dwyer spent most of her time supervising the other students on the project. Twelve of them remained in the main village, she said, and the rest split into groups of three or four to spend their energies in the mountain "ranchos," which are surrounding settlements, some being several hours away by horseback.

"This was the first time most villagers had seen an all-white person," Betty commented, "and they offered the best hospitality they had." This meant that in the main village the boys slept on rope-cots or in sleeping bags in an old mill, while the girls shared the mayor's house with a menagerie of chickens, maguiles, cats, and an occasional pig.

The students worked under the direction of Father Jesus Zepeda, the Mexican pastor. In the ranchos where the living was even more primitive, the boys and girls turned quickly into teachers, nurses, playground directors and even undertakers.

The main project in Pisaflores, according to the girls, was the construction of a two-story school house and the laying of pipe for running water from a mountain source about a mile away.

"We worked literally round the clock," said Betty, "to get the pipes and reservoir ready for the blessing of the Bishop on June 22. We finished minutes before he arrived in the village and everyone was

thrilled when the faucets were turned on and the people had running water for the first time ever."

The poverty was unbelievable, but the generosity of the people overwhelming, the students agreed. "We provided our own staples," Betty noted. "Beans, flour, rice, powdered milk and coffee were sent out in the ranchos every few days for the students, but the people offered us fresh eggs and even chickens, which is the only meat available and most precious to the Mexicans."

Despite the long days (work began at 5 a.m. to beat the sun's heat and went sometimes well into the night), there was time for the "indulgencias" to enjoy the semi-tropical climate, the mountains and the streams for swimming. Fiestas were an important means of expressing gratitude to the North Americans and the students in turn entertained the people with American-style shows.

Some students left in June, other groups in July or August. Betty Dwyer, hoping to gain pointers for training programs during the school year, spent an extra ten days at an agricultural school conducted for the peasants. The very first day she learned how to inject cows and milk goats.

What did they accomplish? One student put it this way: "If we can show them that there is hope, that someone really cares, we will have accomplished a great deal this summer. The people are a good deal mystified as to why we have come to share their lives, and we are not always sure ourselves what has brought forty North American students to live in what is in many ways the outskirts of civilization. We only know that we are happy to be here; we are very much at home."

Will they be going back? Betty Dwyer is already worry-

ing about how to finance next year's project. Private donations from many Rochesterians assisted the program this year, she's hoping others will take an interest and contact her. She noted that as they left, amid sad farewells of the people, many students called back "hasta Mayo" (until May).



AIDAN GUILFOYLE  
backiller

## Harpis To Meet Toronto Hurlers

Rochester Harpis Hurlers will face Toronto, Sunday, Sept. 6, in the divisional play-offs at Meadows, Genesee Valley Park.

The Toronto team is champion of the Canadian division and Rochester team of the Northern division.

The hurling game will begin at 3 p.m. sharp. A challenge football game will follow.

A reception for both teams will be held at the Harry Schub, 115 Buffalo Road immediately after the game.

A Labor Day weekend dance is planned for Sunday evening. Dancing will be from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

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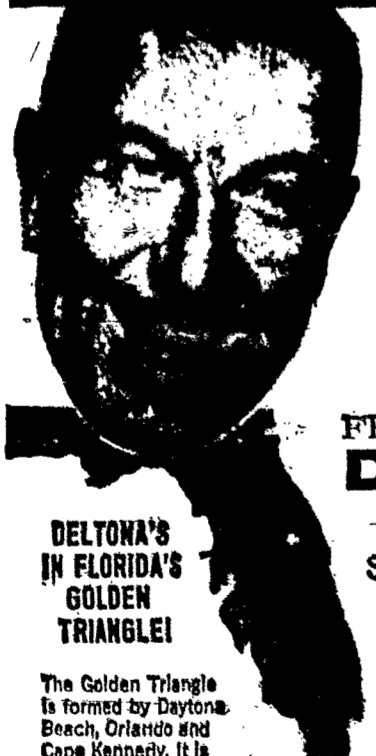
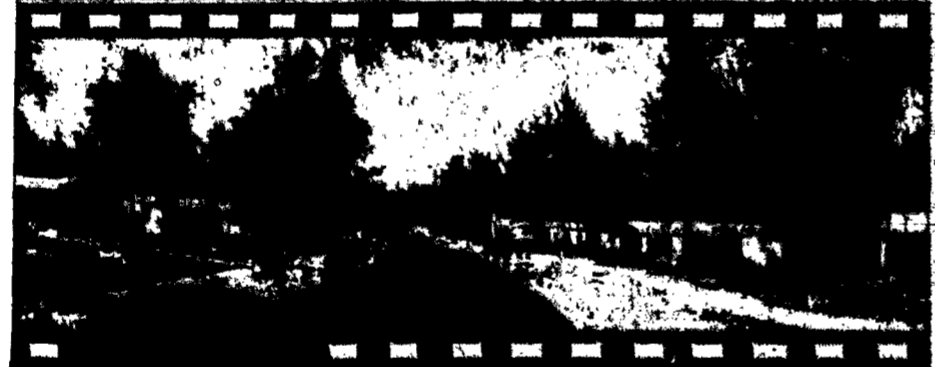


A Remarkable Investment in Tomorrow



Three Rochester girls attending St. Michael's College, Toronto, point to the scene of their vacation efforts in helping the villagers of Pisaflores, Mexico. Left to right: Betty Dwyer of St. Margaret Mary parish, Mary Ann Kurtz, St. Boniface, and Lynn Eby, Sacred-Heart Cathedral.

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Even if you don't drink Utica Club, try this test on your beer glass.

Here's a little test that's used by beer connoisseurs all over the world: Sprinkling salt on the inside of the glass, to see if it's beer-clean. A good thing to know. Because if a glass is not beer-clean, if there's the slightest film inside the glass, it will kill both the head of the beer and the taste. Now please bear this in mind. A glass can be perfectly clean for milk or for orange juice, and still not be clean enough for beer. A glass can look sparkling clean, and still not be clean enough for beer. In our house, we find that the dishwasher does an excellent job. If the glasses are being washed by hand, use a detergent—never a soap. The glasses should be rinsed thoroughly, and then turned upside down on one of those rubber-coated-wire dish drains to let them air dry. (A dish towel should never be used to dry beer glasses.) And now let me describe...

- The test for a beer-clean glass
1. Wet the inside of the glass with cold water.
  2. Hold the glass at an angle and sprinkle table salt around the inside of the glass.
  3. If the salt sticks evenly, the glass is beer-clean.
  4. If the salt pattern is spotty, it means there is a film on the glass that has repelled the water and hence the salt.
  5. Rub the salt around the inside of the glass to break the film, and then rinse out the glass with cold water.

I can just hear the woman of the house muttering, "What's the matter—aren't my glasses clean enough for you and Mr. Matt?" (Which reminds me of the howl of indignation that an aunt of mine let out when my father once hinted very gently that her glasses weren't beer-clean!) Another thing: Try to get the Mrs. to keep a separate set of glasses reserved just for beer; nothing else. Not for soft drinks. Not for whiskey. And never for Junior's glass of milk. Milk leaves a stubborn trace of butterfat in the glass, which is sudden death on beer. I guess this makes me sound like a perfectionist on the subject of beer, and I suppose I am. But I take a lot of pride in the way we brew Utica Club, and I want you to enjoy drinking it as much as I do. Walter J. Matt, President, The West End Brewing Company of Utica, N.Y.

