

The Hill

McDANIEL COLLEGE Summer 2007

The
good-luck charm
that carried
a girl in
Mongolia
to her
American
dream





It's a sunny day in late September and students surge across Massachusetts Avenue from Harvard Square into the quad where the glossy green ivy climbing up the brick buildings is just beginning to edge toward red.

The historic brick buildings are at the heart of America's oldest and most celebrated institution of higher education, Harvard University. Under its arching canopies of stately trees have strolled students who became American presidents — seven of them, in fact — or who governed other nations; students who went on to become literary, intellectual and cultural luminaries, such as Oliver Wendell Holmes and Benazir Bhutto, T.S. Eliot and Yo-Yo Ma, William Rehnquist and W.E.B. Du Bois.

¿Quién Es David Carrasco?

Among its faculty are more than 40 Nobel Laureates and dozens of great minds and renowned scholars. David Carrasco '67 is one of this elite group, known worldwide as a foremost expert on Mesoamerican culture. Not only a teacher and researcher, Carrasco is also a passionate and persuasive spokesman for the great achievements of Mexico and the early civilizations of South and Central America.

It has become a calling for David Carrasco to make people aware of the contributions and achievements of ancient Mesoamerican cultures. His success has been driven by more than intellectual zeal and ambition; there's a personal side to it. Carrasco

He is American.

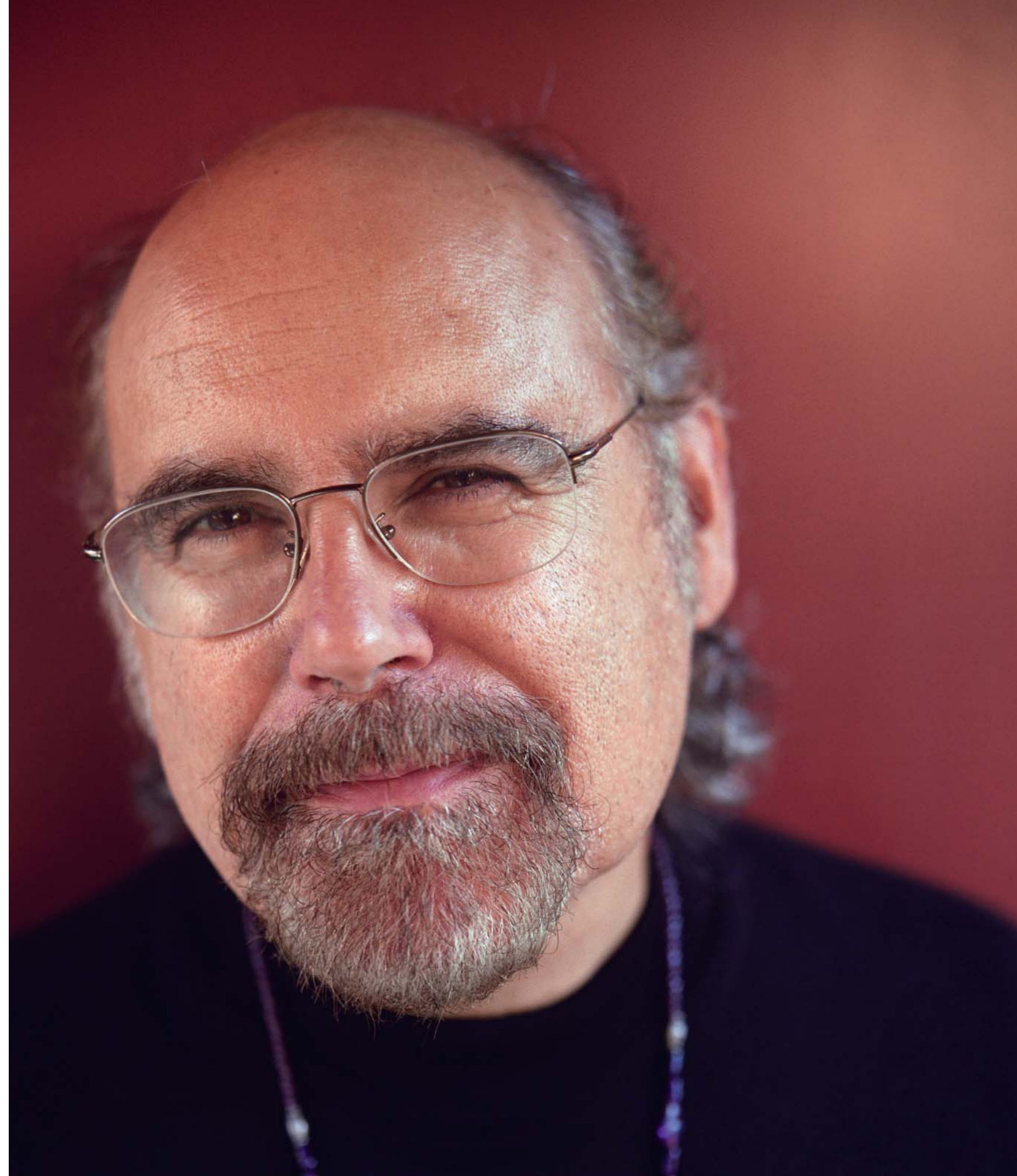
He is Mexican.

He is an esteemed Harvard University scholar.

But he will never be part of The Establishment.

By Rachel Morton

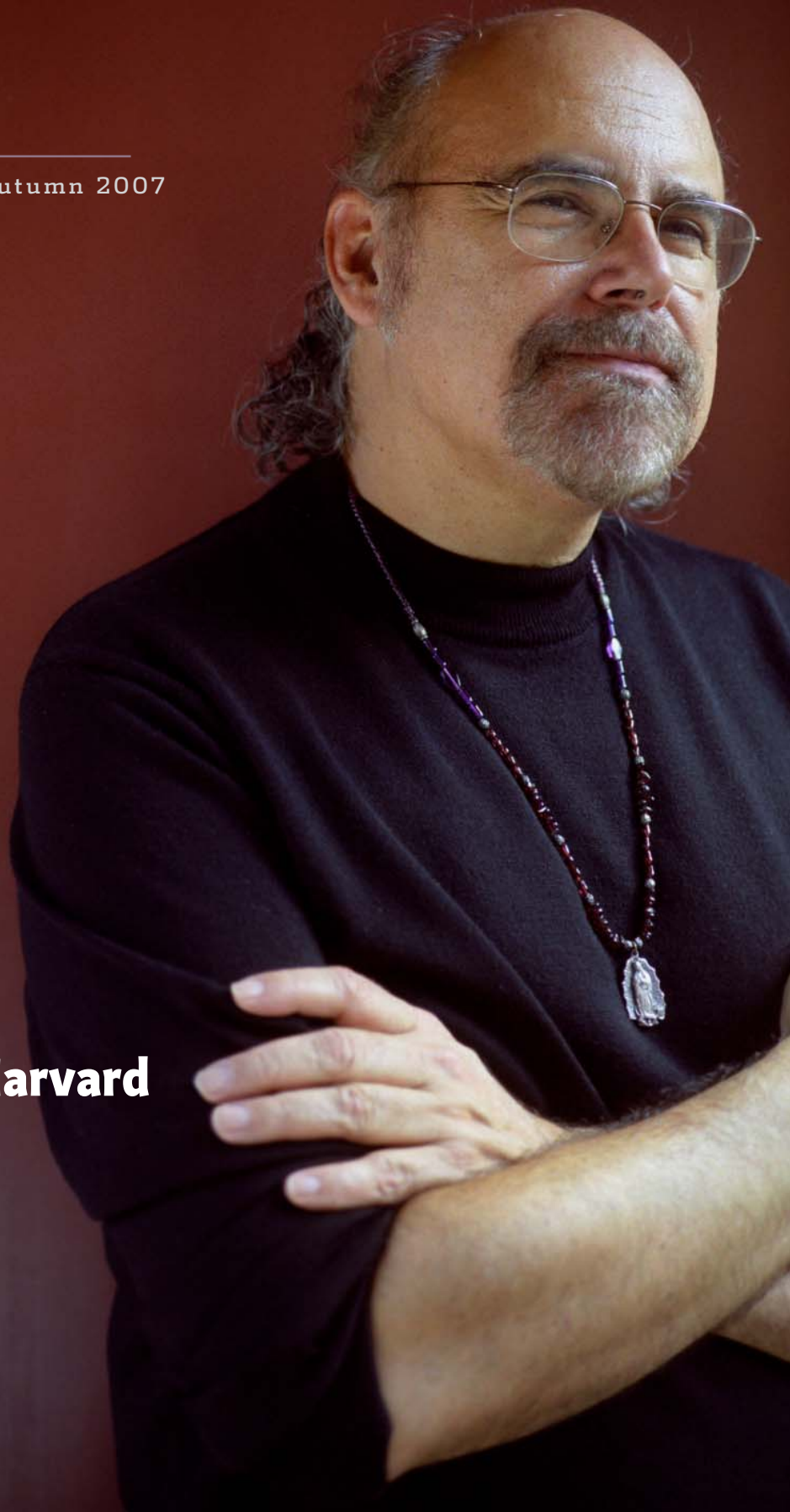
Photographs by Kathleen Dooher



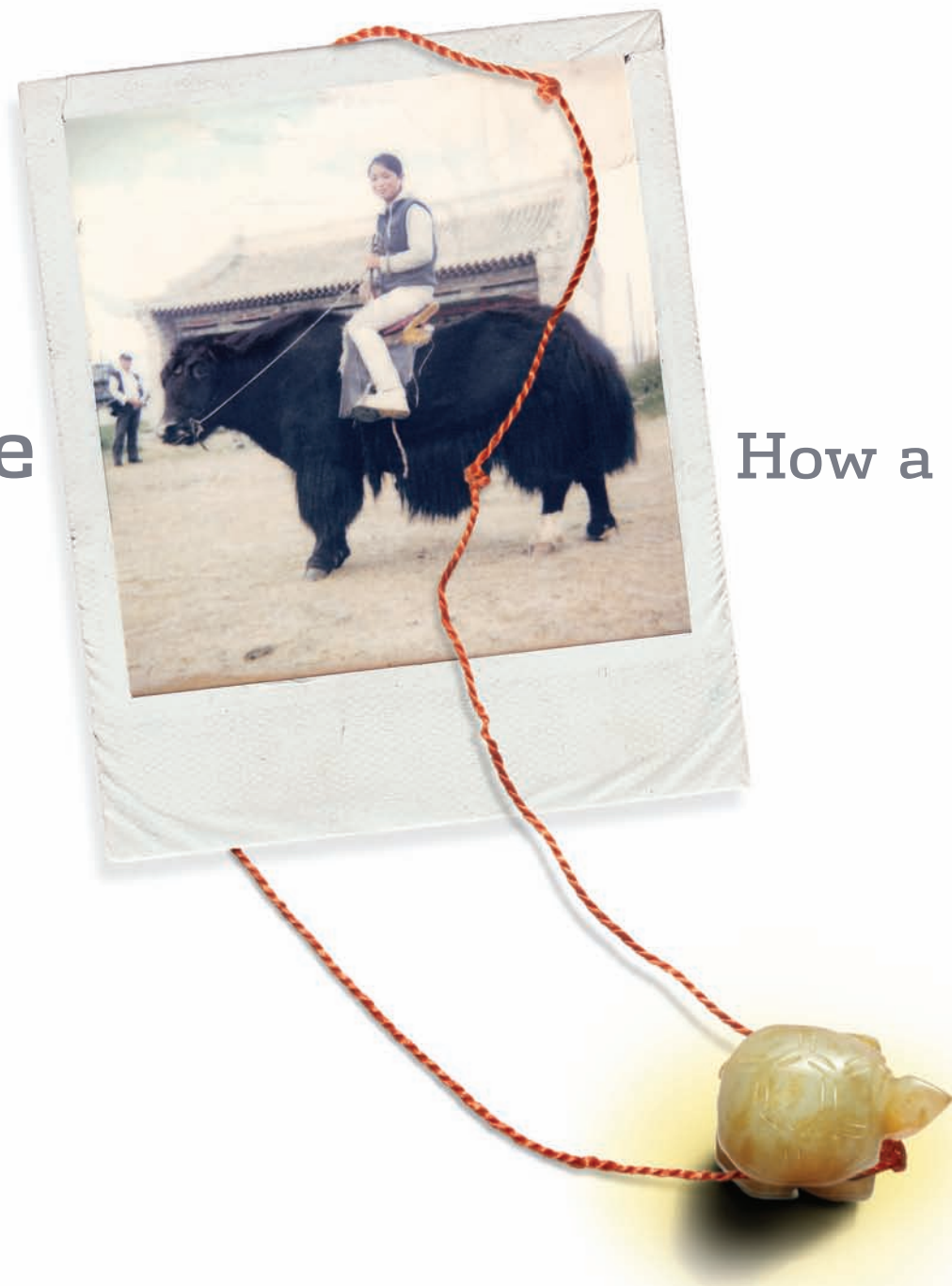
The Hill

McDANIEL COLLEGE | Autumn 2007

The Outsider at Harvard



Lucky One



How a girl from Mongolia arrived at her American dream

By Kim Asch

The Mongolian girl arranged her wares in neat little rows while the children and goats and sheep in her care hovered like enthusiastic clerks. They were ready for business by the time a busload of tourists rumbled to a stop on the dusty road to Kharkhorin, the ruined city that was once a symbol of the empire's eminence under 13th-century ruler Genghis Khan.

One by one, the Americans stepped outside to appreciate a spectacular view of the remains of a nearby Buddhist monastery and to buy souvenirs. There on the rug on the ground were all sorts of artifacts for sale, carvings of wood and stone and colorful wool garments, handmade by the native girl's mother and stepfather. There were other trinkets, too, that the girl had bought wholesale from merchants in Ulaanbaatar, the capital, to sell at a profit.

Sixteen years old and petite with a face the shape of a valentine, the girl was all sparkle and smiles, a natural entrepreneur in a nation that was still oppressed by communist Soviet rule when she was born in 1985. Then she did something that astonished the tourists: she spoke to them in English.