Two Summer Abroad Participants Atlantic Beach - A Groovin' **Place On Sunday Afternoon Arrive Home From Foreign Trips**

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Last June 21, Stephen Battle with 650 other students from left the United States to spend two months in Germany. He departed from New York of Europe, Asia, and parts of backet the Context of States to spend departed from New York of Europe, Asia, and parts of which last for days. Everybody of Europe, Asia, and parts of which last for days. Everybody Africa with their first stop be- goes. They drink, and sing, and ing Rotterdam, The Nether- drink, and dance, and drink."

> They were all participating countryside was beautiful and in the American Field Service he especially liked the atmos-Summer Abroad program. The AFS each year sponsors an old buildings and solemn visexchange of students between the United States and various foreign member nations, either for a whole year or just the ple here, but they are not as summer. The purpose is to acquaint young people with customs and life in other countries and to help promote understanding and good will.

The cruise to Rotterdam lasted ten days, during which daily language lessons were given. Although he had taken three years of French, Stephen had no German vocabulary. The ten lessons didn't help much, at least for him. He left Rotterdam on July 1st for his new home in Paderborn, Germany. There he stayed with the family of Walter Meier Stephen's "brother" was a seventeenyear old boy named Walter. Herr Meier owns a dry cleaning chain in Germany.

During his stay, Stephen took trips to Berlin, Bremen, Hogo-land, and the Baltic. In Bremen the I37 students in Germany were welcomed by the senate and given a tour of the legislature.

When asked to tell about his outstanding impressions of the country, Stephen's first words were "beer and girls." He said goes. They drink, and sing, and

He commented that the phere of the country with its casual or open once you get to know them. You walk into a place and say hello andeverybody greets you but nobody is really friendly."

He also said that German teenagers were not too different from American's but "I don't like the way they dress and dance.

Stephen 'returned to the States on August 2.



Atlantic Beach-brings back traction. memories, doesn't it? If ever there was a home away from home, that's it. And for RMSH chill to the air. But don't give students it seems to have a special appeal. Some far-sighted Burds have even been known to stake permanent claims on the beach.

Every Friday after, the flock migrates from Rocky Mount, invading motels and cottages with visions of warm, sleepy days on the beach, and quiet, relaxing parties at night, much to the unexplained anxiety of the natives. They leave again Sunday night, bleary-eyed and sun-baked, eagerly looking ahead to the next beach trip. What happens in between is a modern fairy tale.

By day Atlantic Beach is dead. The streets lie empty while the population, except those yet unrecovered from the night's revelry, bakes peacefully on the sand or lounge lazily around the tables in the pavilion. If the surf is good, the ocean is crowded with surfers astride glistening boards, or in some cases, just glistening boards dot the water.

With the coming of night, though, the circle changes into a miniature Sunset Boulevard, a kaleidosoped merry-go-round cf Corvettes, G. T. O.'s, 442's S.S. 396's and lesser unfortuncrowded with people and the deep rumble of modified four barrels mixes with music from Z. B.'s and the Pavilion. The mass begins to thin out after ten as the private parties get underway, lasting until dawn. By one o'clock the circle is virtually deserted.

Don't think that there's a lack of anything to do, however. Atlantic Beach offers the finest surfing and swimming along this part of the coast and for the sports-minded, girl-watching is a year-round at-

Labor Day has passed. though, and already there's a up hope. Next spring isn't as far away as you think.



The sky was grey and it was raining. The rain was heavy. The countryside had been drenched long before. The road was deep in mud, and the ditch which was to carry the water off the road and keep it firm was full. The drops made widening circles in the water which were broken by circles from other drops. If you could have seen through the rain, the forest would have been dark green. Reeds grew in the ditch bank, but after them was only the darkening gloom.

The line moved slowly through the mud, broken only where a figure stumbled and fell prostrate. The stream of human debris moved on, and the body was soon covered by the mud. At places along the side of the ditch were small groups standing with bowed heads. At other places, away from the groups, bodies lay in the water, bloated and evil smelling. The line seemed endless. No one noticed the others. ates caught up in a slow mo- Their faces were gone. The tion camera. The sidewalks are rain was heavy, and they passed from sight.



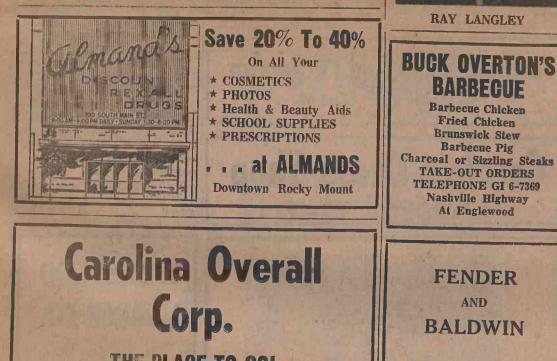
Let others cheer the winning man.

There's one I hold worth while; Tis he who does the best he can,

Then loses with a smile. Beaten he is, but not to stay Down with the rank and file; That man will win some other day,

Who loses with a smile.





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