

"CHESTERFIELD is

building another big,

smokers who like the

MILDER cigarette...

RADIO'S FAVORITE SON

STAR OF CHESTERFIELD'S

ARTHUR GODFREY TIME

It's MY cigarette."

new factory for us

"Course not, but I could see famous places; art works. "See what they're up to" it says here. Think of how I'll appreciate the USA when I return! There's nothing like coming in contact with another living culture."

"Living culture! Betty snorted as she set the alarm. "Just wait till you miss inner springs and sirloins."

"It says most of the French Universities have some dorm rooms. But few of the non-English speaking countries do. One can always work through the atache at the U. S. Embasy. There is a Rockefeller 'International House' in Paris. In Rio there is a section of town dominated by students . . . rather like the Latin Quarter in Paris.'"

There was silence. Betty looked over her glasses at her roommate. small matter, utterly useless, small matter, utterly useles s, p

"Fine. O. K. There is just the small matter, useless, money!"

"Oh, those countries are always having monetary flucuations. The University of Nanking says the tui-

Betty crackled. "I can see you now greeting the academic dean, with a ton of rice slung over your shoulder!"

"That's just China. In Australia,

Canada, Erie, Norway, South Africa it's about \$75 a month or less. It is never definite.''

"How do you think you will get in. All that red tape to go through. What sort of school would you attend ... Soil Conservation 101?"

"Outside the Commonwealth of Nations and American Missions there are no liberal arts colleges. Foreign universities like to have juniors, and some prefer graduates. It won't be long before I'll be qualified."

"... you hope."

"Yes, but the hard thing is this: you have to watch your credits. Over there a degree is based on exams...not hours. However, they respect the quaint American custom and send your credits back."

Betty moaned, "What about me? I can only speak English. "Could I go to a summer school and have language orientation?"

"Sure. We could get about a dozen passports, warm clothes, coffee, odds and ends and go!"

"Where?"

"Well." . . . Jean flipped a page and sat straight up on the bed. "If you want a cosmopolitan University, there is the University of Hawaii at



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