

Betty Gwen

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I can't remember much about Milan, except that Lila's slip blew out the window. We couldn't make the clerk understand that we were looking for nylon unmentionables—his English wasn't up to that.

We got our first taste of war-torn Europe in Florence where the hotel had velvet doors, Louis XIV furniture, two orchestras, Eating on the roof garden every night, and plenty of Dashing Italian boys to dance with. I'd like to have stayed there—decided that the Italian men were the best looking and had the smoothest sweet talk.

And we saw everything that one should see in Rome. We went to the opera. On the way home the horse and buggy ran away with us—the horse couldn't speak English, either. In Venice we rode in a gondola and noted the fact that instead of coca-cola trucks they have coca-cola gondolas. There's a stop light on the Grand Canal, too, to regulate traffic. While we were there we saw the world's largest festival of fireworks. It was a religious holiday commemorating the day that the Plague was over in Venice.

We spent three weeks in Austria and there I went to two German classes. "Educational" I wrote home again. After two days we realized that the professor was teaching German in Italian and French, and that we couldn't understand either. Felt almost at home when we went to an American

cocktail party and an American wiener roast. Only, the mustard was the kind that squeezes out of a tube.

In Oberamergau, Germany we attended the Passion play which lasted all day. All of the actors came from the little village, and we found out that most of the children grow up with the ambition of being in the play just as American kids want to be cowboys.

Then we went to Holland where I bought some wooden shoes and to Brussels where we haunted the lace shops.

It was raining in London the day we got there and it was raining the day we left. We had luncheon at the Cheshire Cheese and commuted with Boswell and Johnson, visited Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway and found out why a candle burns at both ends. Unofficially I visited the Tower of London, and I saw a change of guards at Buckingham Palace and just missed the celebration of Princess Anne's arrival by two days.

Scotland was my favorite on the tour. While we were there we went to the Tatoo and Bartholomew's Fair—part of the Edinburgh Festival. Bought some bagpipes—in case the music department is interested—and some tweed. Saw men in kilts and took a loch trip. Scotch is more expensive in Scotland than anywhere else (Medicinal).

Then back to London and back again to Quebec where I spent fifteen hours in Canadian customs and still didn't get my bags. By then the New York Air terminal looked good to me—even at three

Katherine

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merce. Before she received her scholarship, she had planned to travel with her brother and several of their friends to Switzerland. "They had bought an old car, and painted it all over with signs. On the front was a point of interrogation. You should have seen the Parisians when they drove through the city," Katherine said. "The well-dressed models walking their dogs—they were so shocked."

Nancy Arnot was born in California, but moved to Australia when she was three months old. "Australian girls are exactly like American girls", she told me. Nancy was already acquainted with the rules and regulations of a young ladies' institution before she came to Salem. She went to a private girls' school in Australia. "There were five hundred girls there, and we wore uniforms; it

was very strict. We got out about twice a month."

Last winter, while all young Salemites were hard at work (without uniforms), Nancy was in Malaya, the Philippines, Siam and Bali. "Bali is the prettiest place I have ever seen," she said. "I would love to see South Pacific," she added.

Nancy spent the summer at Wrightsville Beach, where she met Mimi Weil, Carolyn Dunn and several other former Salemites. She spent two weeks in New York—"Where I took driving lessons, but didn't learn how to drive."

The Koala Bear on Nancy's bed and her British accent are the only two things that indicate her Australian background. Other than that, one must agree, Australian girls are exactly like Americans.

Lauterbach Dies

Word has been received here of the death of Richard E. Lauterbach, 39, former newspaper correspondent in Russia and the Far East. Mr. Lauterbach was a lecturer in Memorial Hall last November 8 under the auspices of the Salem College Lecture Committee.

The author of the books, *These Are the Russians, Through Russia's Back Door* and *Danger From the East*, Mr. Lauterbach was a former senior editor and roving correspondent for *Life* and *Time* magazines. He was one of the few American correspondents to cover World War II from the Russian front. At the time of his death he was at work on a biography of Charlie Chaplin.

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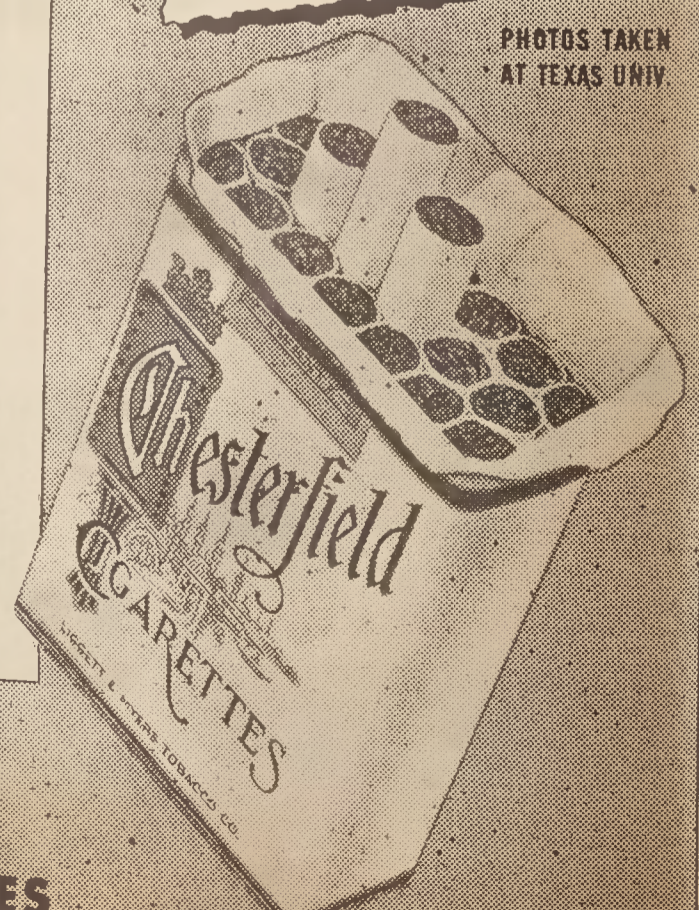
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