

Adventure in One World

Never go to New York with less than fifty dollars in your pocket; you might be taken for an immigrant. There are three ways to travel in New York: by subway, on a bus, or just stand in the way of a mob of pedestrians. While I was in New York, I usually ended by going in the last manner.

When I first arrived, I heard that the United Nations Secretariat was sponsoring an International Student's Day at Lake Success, New York. I knew that the group was to leave from Times Square at ten o'clock on Tuesday, and naturally I was interested. Thus on Tuesday, December 21, I was walking down Forty-Second Street at about nine o'clock in the morning when suddenly behind me I heard what sounded like a Chinese open forum rushing down on me. Not wanting to cause any confusion, I ducked quietly into the Pepsi-Cola Student Center on Times Square. But no, here they came as quietly as a ladies' bridge club with scandals flying. By this time I was completely lost, and so I just joined the gang. When all of them were inside the main lobby the guides shoved me along with them into line, and we marched downstairs into the International Student Lounge where we were registered. When it came my turn to be registered, I stepped up to the girl at the desk, and she asked my name. I told her. "Fine," she replied. "And where are you from?" I tried to tell her I was from North Carolina, but she evidently misunderstood me. When she handed me my identification card it read, "Native Country—Panama." Who was I to argue?

We were all put at ease by a U.N. guide who welcomed us and made us feel more comfortable. Everywhere I turned I heard a different language being spoken by little groups of students. I recognized Spanish, German, French, and Chinese in some groups; but, as a whole, everyone spoke English most of the time. The students seemed to be from about eighteen

to thirty years old, and the number of men and women was about equal.

After we had been given a chance to get acquainted with several of the other students, we were divided into groups of sixteen with a guide to conduct each of the five groups to the subway and out to Lake Success. The guide of my group was a young Austrian girl from Vienna named Eva. She was a student in New York employed as a guide by the U. N. Secretariat. She had just received her citizenship papers the week before, after six years of waiting. We were all happy for her and yet sad; for after six years she still had no home and was satisfied just to be able to work and live here in the United States.



By
Spencer Thornton



On the trip to Lake Success I overheard many amazing and amusing conversations. One German girl who had just arrived in the United States asked the guide something in German and he answered in English, "This country is designed on the idea that all men are created equal." The girl was surprised at that. On one side of her was a Jew from Iran and an Indian. On the other side of her was a Negro from Nigeria and I. I think she understood when the guide explained his statement. One man remarked to another, "Over here they trust you to put your own dime in the turnstile and to leave money for a paper when you pick one up. Why over here they even let you pick out what you want in a cafeteria. How can they do it?"

When we arrived at Lake Success, I was really amazed. The

U. N. building was one massive structure two stories in height, covering many acres of ground. One thing I did not quite understand though was where the name "Lake Success" came from. A lake had once been there, but it was notably unsuccessful. It had dried up. Later it was filled in, and now the U. N. building occupies its former site.

We were admitted to the building, and all filed into the huge lobby. We were then escorted into the Security Council Conference Room where we had seats around a fifty foot octagonal desk. I had hoped that I was not the only American that had been shanghaied into the group. By this time I realized that out of eighty students I was the only native American. Still nobody seemed to notice me. I was just one of the crowd. For though I felt out of place, I must have looked almost normal. I was taken out of my meditations by the voice of M. Georges Thorgevsky, a Frenchman in the interpreting division of the Secretariat, who spoke English only when he had to. He explained in English that the little five-inch, oblong box on the desk at the outside was the simultaneous interpreter switchboard. On it was a dial with six numbers, and by flipping the dial we could listen to a man's speech being translated by interpreters into any one of five languages while he spoke. Then we put on the earphones, and he lapsed into French as we listened to him in English on the simultaneous interpreter. I did not learn much about interpreting, but I surely did have fun flipping that dial and hearing the speech in Chinese, Russian, Spanish, and French. For the first few minutes of his speech everyone in the room sat playfully flipping his dials from language to language. After many speeches and demonstrations we were taken into the Security Council Chambers where everyone took pictures and explored. Some of the bolder ones of us in the crowd sat in the

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Banquets to be held on campus within the near future are: Pub-
York.

Dr. George W. Greene, profes-
sor of social science at Catawba
College

Street Baptist Church will be host
church for the meeting. Mr. Leon-
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