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OVERSEASER

1956

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Published by

The 1956 Summer A.F.S. Students
Editors: Central Committee of Jean Clark,
Gerald Fulstone, Carrie Lee Matthews,
William Owens.

Santa Paula High School
Santa Paula, California

American Field Service

OVERSEAER

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SANTA PAULA, CALIFORNIA



The American Field Service,
In a most unusual way,
Has a vast and growing program
Which aids peace for us today.

Junior students from our high schools
Spend eight weeks across the sea,
Living with a foreign family—
And, their second home t'will be.

Here they work and play together,
Forming friendships strong;
Here they learn about more cultures
That will help them all along.

Coming home on the AROSA
Students praised and did exclaim
That each had the "bestest" family
Which, he knew, met every aim.

'Twas a well-spent joyful summer
Where each learned another's view;
Where a greater understanding
Brought relationship more true.

May this yearbook bring renewals—
Fond memories of the past.
And may it stimulate for all
Kind thoughts that will ever



For making this rewarding experience possible for us,
For the enthusiasm and hard work he has put into this
international friendmaking and
For his interest and faith in each of us who have taken
this trip,
We dedicate this book to
MR. STEPHEN A. GALATTI, Director General, American
Field Service



To Europe and Return on the AROSA KULM
Here we found OUR SECOND HOMES

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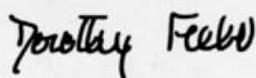
Proclamation to the Roland and Bürger of Bremen

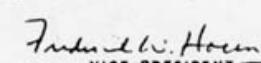
We thank the Roland and Bürger of the Free Hanseatic City of Bremen for having offered the warm hospitality of the State during the last three years to the American Field Service and its members. Because of the State's friendliness, these Americans have returned to the United States with the greatest affection for the people of Germany and a true appreciation of their good will to our people.

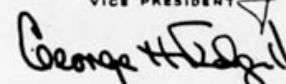
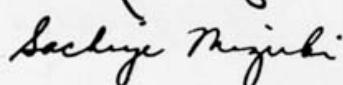
Friday, 22 June 1956


John Galatti
Chairman of the Board of Directors
DIRECTOR GENERAL


Edwin R. Marshall Jr.
Secretary


Dorothy Field


Frederick W. Hoenen
VICE PRESIDENT


George H. Tidwell

Sachiko Miyuki

SEAL OF THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

Proclamation to the Roland and Bürger of Bremen

Proclamation given to Roland (symbol of Bremen) by
Mr. Galatti at Bremèrhaven, July, 1956

Forty miles up the Weser River is Bremen, Germany's oldest port, one of the "Big Three" of the Hanseatic League. Old Bremen, on the north shore of the Weser, is delimited by the arc of Am Wall, the Wallangen parkway, and the zigzag route of what was once the city's defensive moat. Inside the space between the moat and the Weser is to be found the marketplace where stands Bremen's trademark, the Roland Monument. This three-times-lifesize medieval knight who stands there was chiseled in 1404, and is the emblem of civir power.

Mr. Galatti receiving scroll from "Klein Roland," medieval symbol of the "Free City of Bremen."



AUSTRIA

Chairman: Paul Bracciotti
(22 students went to Austria)

"And over it God's breath is mild and soft,
Warming and ripening, making our pulses beat
As never a pulse beats on the chilly plains.
That's what Austria is, blithe and frank,
And wears both faults and pleasures in the open."
Grillparzer



The Austrian Group as it leaves Vienna



Row 1: Phyllis Case, Elizabeth Welsh. Row
2: Cynthia Kersten, Noel Nelson, Marilyn
Saiberlich, Mary Freeman, Elizabeth Osborne,
Susan Riley.



Austrians on "International Night" aboard
the Arosa, socializing with unidentified crew-
men.

This summer was a milestone in the progress of the A.F.S. and its program in Austria. In the previous years of her participation in the Summer Program, she had been able to accept only eight students. This year twenty-two of us spent the summer in Austria. Most of the group lived in, or near Vienna.

We found the Austrians to be a fun loving and leisurely living people. As all of us saw this summer, the European knows how to live a full and relaxed life. It is no wonder that the Austrians have time to enjoy the rugged beauty of their country, the culture of Vienna and Salzburg, mountain climbing near Innsbruck, and skiing in the Arlberg.



Salzburg





Thomas E. Allen
609 Park Ave.
Albert Lea, Minn.
(Vienna)



Paul R. Bracciotti
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Stoneham 80, Mass.
(Voralberg)



Phyllis M. Case
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Hamburg, N. Y.
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Ora K. Diettrich
1211 Gowen,
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(Salzburg)



Mary E. Freeman
5721 N. Lake Dr.
Milwaukee 17, Wisc.
(Vienna)



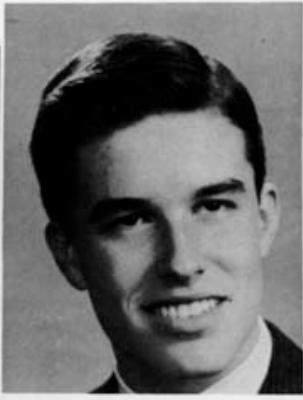
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101 McPhail
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Richard A. Harris
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(Upper Austria)



Alec L. Janes
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Minneapolis 16, Minn.
(Vienna)

Cynthia L. Kersten
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(Lower Austria)

Thomas V. Mears
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St. Paul 5, Minn.
(Vienna)

Russell J. Muir
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(Vienna)

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(Wien, Austria)





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Susan C. Wright
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(Lower Aust.)

CAMERA SHY
Grant R. Smith
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Mill Valley, Calif.
(Vienna)

CAMERA SHY
GRANT R. SMITH, 600 Lovell Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. (Vienna)

BELGIUM

Chairman: Fred Holmes
(20 students went to Belgium)



"Belgium, the little white ewe lamb of Europe."
Father Vincent McNabb

Canal in Bruges, visited by us during summer camp.

Row 1: Dick Hopkins, Larry Hicks, Paul Heimer. Row 2: Jay Hornbacher, Bert Hills, Ed Hayman, Doug Holmen, Fred Holmes.



Party inside Lovenderghem Castle



Leaving for Antwerp while at summer camp.



THE PLANTING OF THE MEIBOOM

One of the highlights of my stay in Belgium this summer was the annual celebration of the "Meiboom". On August 9 I saw the 648th planting of the "Meiboom", a competitive festival held between the two cities of Brussels and Louvain. One city cuts down a tree, the "Meiboom", and the other tries to steal it. The winner must have the tree planted by 5:00 P.M. on August 9 at a special place arranged for the occasion in one of the city streets.

This year it was Brussels' turn to cut down the tree and bring it into the city. The tree remained for a week in Brussels guarded by policemen, and the people of Louvain tried to steal it; but they were unsuccessful.

Brussels, the winner, planted the tree at the designated spot just before 5:00 P.M. The people brought the tree in a parade to this place. There was a small band, costumes of many colors, dancing peasants, and, most exciting of all, the giants of the city.

In Belgium each city has its family of giants that march

in parades and at festivals. These giants are huge wicker frames, which are dressed like people. To carry the giants, men walk inside the frames and look out through small holes in the front of them. The giants dance around, hitting people with their floppy arms and bumping into everyone. The parade is really a very colorful and amusing sight.

Mostly the lower class people and the peasants take part in the celebration, and after the planting, the people make the rounds of all the cafes. This was the first time that my family had seen the planting of the "Meiboom", and they enjoyed it as much as I did.

Emily Krueck



The giants of Brussels





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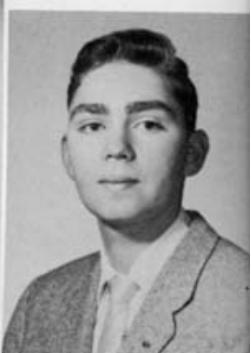
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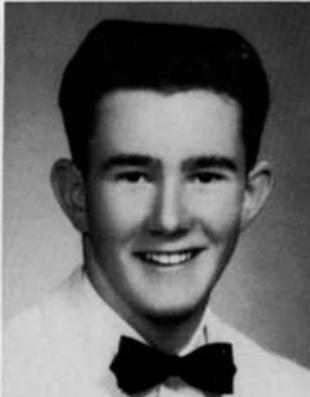
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(Knokke Liege Hasselt)



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(Hasselt, Anderlecht)



Mike J. St. Clair
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San Bruno, Calif.
(Roche)



Jean H. Witmeyer
819 Ostrom Ave.
Syracuse 10, N. Y.
(Brussels, Aywaille)



Bob L. Ziesmer
31 Murray Hill Circle.
Baltimore 12 Md.
(Antwerp, Liege)

A. F. S. SUMMER CAMP

Castle Van Lovendegem had finally succumbed to attack after three hundred years of peace. This castle near Ghent, Belgium, was invaded in the summer of 1956 by AFS'ers from all over Europe. It was the scene of the AFS summer camp intended to bring together teenagers of over eighteen nationalities for a grand reunion. We twenty Americans, staying in Belgium for the summer, were fortunate enough to be invited for two big days. We would like to give a brief description and our impressions of the camp and to put forth a suggestion that is in the hearts of each one of us.

The summer camp opened the 17th of July and continued for two weeks. During this time AFS'ers from practically every free country in Europe met together to relive their experiences of the past years. We, the twenty Americans, were also reliving some experiences, except ours were those of the past month's stay in Belgium. For most of us this was the first time in a month we had used our American English, which we had almost forgotten. However, we had a chance to improve because it was the only language spoken at the camp.

Our first night at Lovendegem was highlighted by a visit to a nearby town's cafes and a party at three o'clock in the morning. Also we were visited by the castle's ghosts, which seemed to have rather human form. We spent the next day on a tour of two of Belgium's picturesque towns, Brugge and Damme. That night was taken up by another party where we played such crazy games as pinchy-winchy, rabbit, and hot and cold. The day was climaxed by tumbling in the halls in our pajamas and climbing up an old bell tower. Later that morning we sorrowfully bade goodbye to Loven-



Castle Van Lovendegem

degem and the friends we had made there. After seeing Antwerp, Liege, and Bastogne, we met our families for August and said "au revoir" for another month to our friends. The twenty of us at Lovendegem were so deeply impressed by the experience that we would like to see a similar camp in the U.S. for returnees. This camp could bring forth such good results as a strengthening AFS bonds, giving favorable publicity to the program, and stimulating alumni interest. It would take the combined efforts of the AFS office and the returnees to make it a reality. Once accomplished, it would be something returnees would look forward to eagerly and at the same time would greatly aid the AFS program.

CAMERA SHY

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BONNIE ROUS, 235 Lincoln St., Englewood, N.J.
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JEAN WITMEYER, 819 Ostrom Ave., Syracuse 10, N.Y.

Steve Freiberg, Sam Craig, Jr.

DENMARK

Chairman: Judy Hendricks
(34 students went to Denmark)



Judy Hendricks, Sandee Hubenthal and Danish boy rowing in the port of Stege.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind." Homer



Danish Chaperon, Viels

Jane Thompson eating with her Danish family.



Danish Group on ship

At the Zoo in Odense



On the farm in Vejle. Jane Thompson, Signe, and Ikke peeling potatoes.

Danes must not believe in any other mood but the happy one. One rarely meets a Dane that is not jolly and hospitable in every way.

The favorite pastime of the Dane is eating. While in Denmark this summer most of the A.F.S.ers ate five or six meals a day and each gained an average of about ten or fifteen pounds! Between these meals the Danes squeeze in many activities.

In the summer most Danish families live in a "sommerhusset" or a cottage on the beach. This proves to be fun for all. Everyone in the family from the age of one to one-hundred goes swimming once or twice a day and sun bathes for several hours.

During our stay in Denmark the 1956 A.F.S.ers observed and did many different things. Some of these were "walking" on our dates, having tea in the afternoon, riding bicycles, riding "trams", drinking a little more and bathing a little less than the average American teen-ager is accustomed.

Some of us became lazier than we already were for we were given no chores, while others did more work than they ever had — especially those living on the Danish farms.

Though each of us came home with different impres-

sions of our "second country", we all seemed to agree on several points after our short stay. A few of these were: the family life was closer and the members enjoyed a closer relationship with one another than we do here in America; people seem to enjoy life more there than we do here — not always in a hurry and bustling about to this and that; and above all — THAT DENMARK IS THE MOST!

Judy Hendricks





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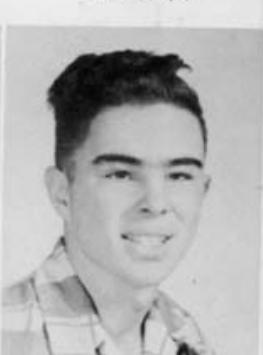
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A.F.S.ers have fun in a Danish garden

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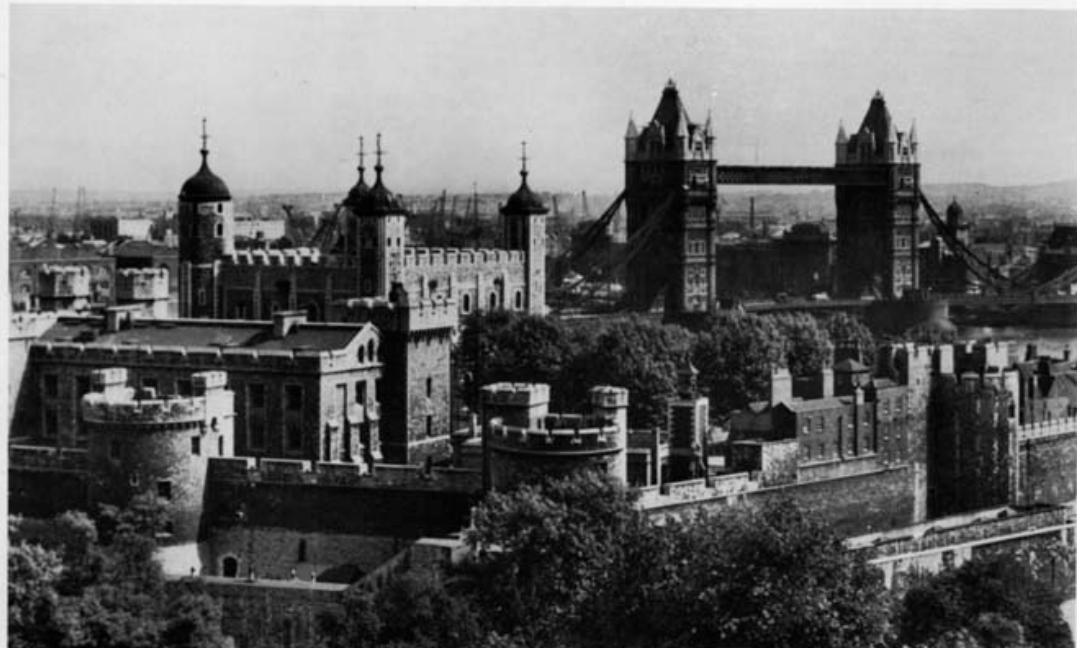
Jane Thompson in Denmark



ENGLAND

Chairman: Judy Sutton
(12 students went to England)

"This happy breed of men, this little world.
This precious stone set in a silver sea.
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."
King Richard II



The Tower of London

THE ENGLISH GROUP

Row 1: Judy Sutton, Hilda Rosenberg, Mary Tolley, Carrie Lee Matthews.
Row 2: Janet Rowe, Laurie McPherson, Genie Nash, Marcia Matheson.
Row 3: Bruce Koloseike, Bob Bazemore, Jax Cowden, Bob Sprague.



To all of us twelve Great Britainers, our past summer with our host families abroad will be among our most treasured memories, always.

Not only did we make life-long friendships, but also, we learned to love and understand the people of another country.

A typical day in Great Britain begins with the first cup of tea about ten o'clock in the morning when one first awakens. Then you dress and prepare for a small breakfast which invariably consists of grapefruit, cereal, eggs, bacon, fried tomatoes, tea, toast and marmalade; this gives you enough vitality to last for fifteen hours of work, at which time it is appropriate to have another cup of tea. This indefinite routine repeats itself until pre-afternoon, at which time the main meal of the day is served which consists of meat, vegetable, potatoes, dessert, and tea. In the afternoon people either go

shopping, attend the ever popular horse races, or cricket matches. On Sundays the family usually goes on picnics or drives.

About six o'clock supper takes place and usually consists of cold meat, salad and "tea with crumpets." After supper the family watches television or goes to the movies. Late in the evening the people often stroll to the nearest fish 'n chips stand for a "before bedtime snack."

It is not surprising in the least that the majority of us gained about ten or fifteen pounds. We took every advantage of their wonderful hospitality. I am sure that deep in the hearts of each and every one of us, we hold great respect and admiration for our dear English friends across the sea.

Carrie Lee Matthews





Bob Bazemore
865 W. 8th St.
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Frances Nash
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(Hale, Altrincham)





English Group on the **Arosa Kulm**



Robin Hood Statue,
Castle Grounds, Nottingham



Chaperons on the **Arosa Kulm**

FINLAND

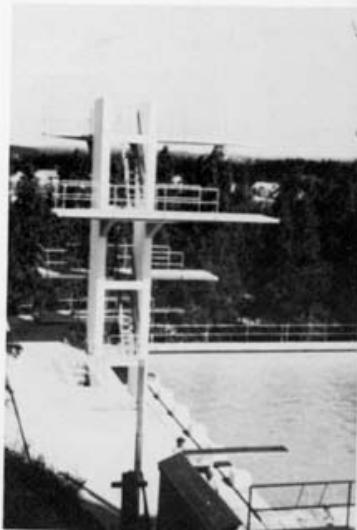
Chairman: Sue Tabor
(35 students went to Finland)

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute." Junius



The Finnish Group leaving Finland

Swimming pool at Riihimaki



Gun Enbom (Finnish girl), Carol Lobb (A.F.S.), Jo Ann Rieth (A.F.S.), Pia Lofgren (Finnish girl) in Helsinki.



Cottage and Sauna in Finland



FINLAND

I arrived in Finland feeling apprehensive about meeting an entirely new family. I wondered just how they would accept me as a member in the home and how I would fit in with their way of life. I left Finland with the feeling that I was leaving part of my family behind.

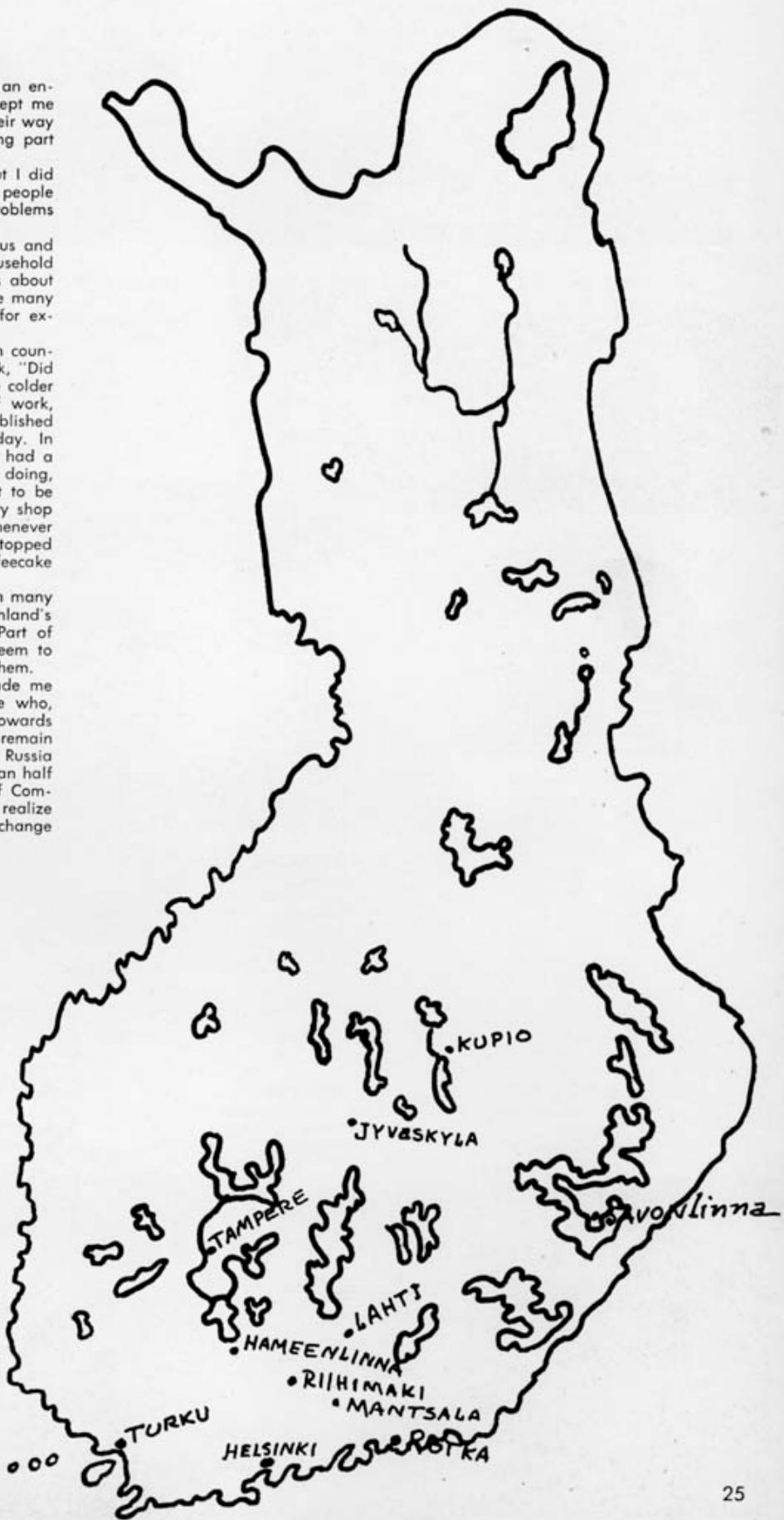
I do not say that I learned any world-shaking thing, but I did find that the best way to learn about a country and its people is to live with those people and to share their everyday problems and pleasures.

The Finnish people have a sincere wish to learn about us and our country; especially were they interested in our household appliances. Those to whom I talked had extreme ideas about Americans; a cowboy versus millionaires. They asked me many questions; among these were some I couldn't answer; for example, "Why are Americans always in a hurry?"

All we exchange students who lived in the Scandinavian countries and Finland returned with one most frequent remark, "Did you ever eat so much food!" Since the climate is a little colder than ours and the people do an enormous amount of work, especially farmers, a grand old custom has been established and handed down: eating an average of five meals a day. In our village, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the shops had a lull in business. People took time to stop what they were doing, sit down, and drink coffee. The shop keepers were not to be outdone. If you were alert, you noticed a corner in every shop set aside for the brewing and drinking of coffee. Whenever Liisa, my Finnish sister, and I were shopping, we always stopped in our father's watch shop with the latest thing in coffeecake which we had purchased.

Since Finland is so close to Russia, I came in contact with many opinions on Communism and on Russia in general. Finland's history is one of continuous struggle against Russia. Part of Finland is still the property of the U.S.S.R. The Finns seem to have hope that some of their land may be returned to them. The courage and the determination of these people made me feel proud that I had the opportunity to know people who, though they live next door to Russia, have no inclination towards Communism. It is essential to Finland's existence that she remain friends with Russia. In her wisdom she realizes that if Russia discontinued trade relations, Finland would have more than half her livelihood destroyed. However, I noticed no fear of Communism in the family with whom I lived. They seemed to realize that co-existence is essential but that there is no need to change their democratic form of government.

Linda White





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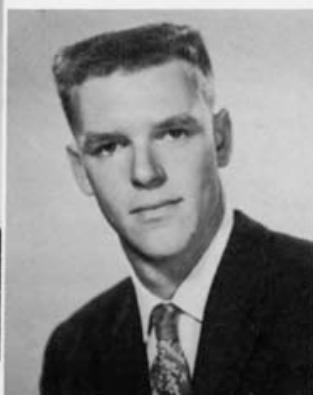
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(Riihimaki)





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(Helsinki)



Catherine S. McKibben
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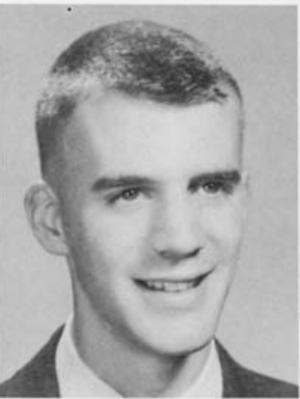
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Jo Ann Rieth
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Mike Showe
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Pittsburg 9, Pa.
(Kuopio)



Doris Sirowy
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Cedar Rapids, Ia.
(Helsinki)



Martha Stout
7 Wilson Dr. Ben Avon Heights
Pittsburg 2, Pa.
(Tampere)



Sue Tabor
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Ann Van Rensselaer
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Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
(Varkaus)



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Fred Weaver
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Placerville, Calif.
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Linda Ann White
633 Peck St.
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
(Mantsala)

Stan Erickson and his two Finnish brothers



Linda White, Susan Tabor, John Feldkamp

SAUNA

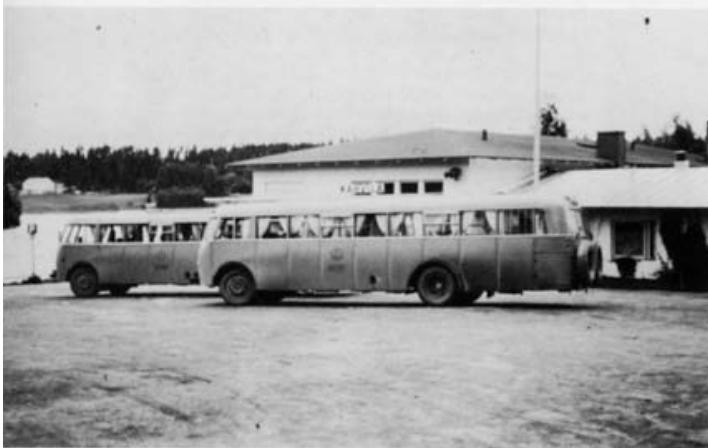
The Sauna, in my estimation, could be classed as a "family-sized" steam bath. Although they vary in size according to the family, the most common number of people they hold is five. The sauna consists of two rooms, the dressing room and the bath itself. The Sauna is heated by a stove full of cobblestones on which water is thrown to produce steam. The cleaning effect of the Sauna results from the sweating caused by the steam and heat, and by beating the body with whisks made of leafy birch bark. The temperature is usually around 80 degrees Centigrade.

Under such conditions a person is unable to stay in the Sauna for a very long period of time, thus running to the lake every few minutes to cool off is usually the Finnish habit. During the winter after a Sauna, running in the snow or going in the lake through a hole in the ice seems to be quite agreeable.

Doris Sirowy



Judy Liber and sister in Sauna



Finnish Post Bus

ON A FINNISH CHICKEN FARM

For six weeks of this past summer, my home was on the largest chicken farm in Finland, owned by Mr. Erikki Tiitola. This farm was on a large island in Lake Roine. Every Friday morning my brothers and I would kill and skin several dozen chickens after which we would go to the garden and gather cabbage, cauliflower, potatoes, beets and carrots. After coffee at three o'clock two of my brothers and I would load the cart with the things we had prepared in the morning and start for the dock, adding smoked meat and several dozen eggs. From the dock we would sell produce to people who owned summer places on the lake. It took us nearly four hours to complete our eighteen mile route, so that we arrived home about nine o'clock in the evening.

Keni Bajema

Stan and his Finnish family



POST BUSSES

At three minutes to eleven my Finnish brother and I waited at the Helsinki Post Office — not to mail a letter — but to board a bus running from Helsinki to Turku. In Finland the Post Office Department operates busses between major cities to help defray expenses.

During stops my brother and I bought ice cream and admired the surrounding countryside with its beautiful birch, pine and spruce trees. From Turku we took another bus for Kustavi where my family had an attractive summer cottage. On this bus I became aware how important a bus driver is to the country people. He stopped at nearly every farm on the road where he would deliver a small envelope or package. These contained money in payment for strawberries the bus driver had carried to the market that morning for the farmer. Sometimes he delivered an article the housewife had requested him to buy.

Gardner Patton

FRANCE

Chairmen: Linda Fuson, Melanie McGilvra
(50 students went to France)



Paris from the Eiffel Tower

"So, ask the travelled inhabitant of any nation, in what country on earth you would rather live? Certainly in my own . . . Which would be your second choice? France."

Thomas Jefferson



Ballande family, Cap Brun, France, with whom Bill Martin lived



Hall of Justice, Paris

The clip clop of a lumbering horse's hooves on the cobblestones is accented by the sharp, clear jingle of harness bells . . . the chimes in the steeple harmonize with those of a nearby village as both struggle to dominate the valley . . . the vineyards stretch to the mountains, so vividly green in the summer . . . the Elvis Presleys and Teresa Brewers are put to shame by the pleasant "Bonjour Madam, Bonjour Monsieur" of the people that sing their language . . . I hear it, I see it now, though I stare out an American window on American soil. And though "home" is coursing through my veins, I feel France in a heart that is, as my sister, Marie-Jeanne exclaimed, "just a little bit French". Was it only yesterday that I stood in the center of an open market on the square, drinking in the clamor of a sale that ranged from a live donkey to mountains of potatoes? And where are all the bicycles? The mental souvenirs I've collected wait just below the surface; even now I watch the sun set behind the town wall and the village fountain trickles musically as I listen.

Judy Wager

FRANCE

France was shady, tree-lined streets, winding and picturesque, bumpy cobblestones traversed by every manner and means of locomotion from a pony-cart or a little three-wheeled bug-like car to a flashy American Cadillac. France was reckless drivers in little drab-colored autos competing with cyclists aged anywhere from six to sixty. It was a land of bakery shops which provided daily the best bread in the world; little pastry stores with delicate mouthwatering goodies tantalizing you from every window, tiny corner ice-cream stands with assemblages of odd flavors, open markets where everything from fresh farm fruit and eggs to fish and fly-flecked meats was bickered over, weighed out, and sold. France was old women selling priceless relics and worthless trash all in a jumble at the **marché au puce**, singular streetcorner structures for men only, sidewalk cafes, advertisement-laden cylindrical street-kiosks, monotonous rows of heavy-shuttered houses, and beautiful regular parks where you were forbidden to walk on the grass. France was a country of lovely rivers, quaint and quiet countryside, peasant cottages and grand chateaux;

her religion is manifest in the great and graceful cathedrals, cool and majestic, and little old stone crosses, worn by time and touch, at the forks of country roads. But more than all this, France was people: aged peasants with lovely lined faces, silvery hair, and patched homespun; completely individualistic characters of every kind everywhere: gay uninhibited studious children with their youth and old-world influence so harmoniously blended; people of fierce opinions on everything from manners to the Algerian question; people above all, human, their way of live affected by their background and traditions — but underneath, as warm and friendly as the finest folk found anywhere.

Linda Fuson





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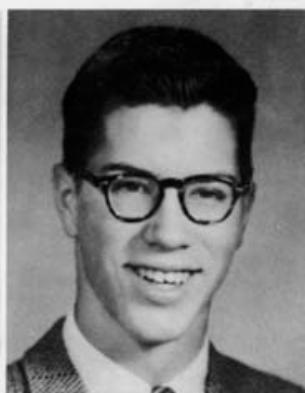
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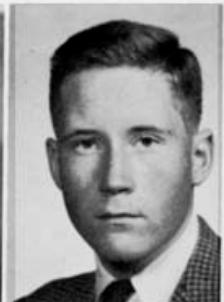
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GRIGGS, KATHERINE, 794 Linwood Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.
LELL, MILLICENT, 203 W. Chestnut Hill Ave., Philadelphia 18, Pa.
MERRIAM, RICHARD, 118 Oxford Rd., Waukesha, Wisc.
MOORE, ARRY, Rt. 1, Hereford, Texas
THIEM, LINDA, 113 Wimbleton Rd., Rochester 17, N.Y.
THORON, SAMUEL, 3019 P St., N.W., Washington 7, D.C.



Eiffel Tower



Triumphal Arch

IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS

Paris—Lost in your tortuous cobblestone streets, your curiosities, your beauties, are scarcely five days of one lifetime. Yet it was all as the pageant of an afternoon at one of your sidewalk cafes; like the sipping of sparkling "limonade", as the life of Paris moves, unnoticed, before me. — Or like the dream, even, of one summer night . . . So quickly was it all passed, — and yet your very name recalls a myriad of emotions. Shadow of the Eiffel Tower over you always. How often did I see this iron frame, so high and sharp in the sky . . . black against softest blue. It rose beyond, imparting a sort of strength to you, Paris — And where I stood, sunlight fell burning, I remember, on the bronze figures — and the flags of several nations rose and fell gently with the wind; . . . Yet again, in the mist of that first morning, a soft rain had begun to fall, and I was standing among the others as we waited to ascend . . . Many minutes later at the summit, I sought a silent place, away from the same level where they were selling trinkets and cheap souvenirs; I knew I would need none of these to remember how beautiful and still Paris lay below me— Or how the flights of stairs fell, one upon the other, as we descended . . . scaffolding of iron and steel around us everywhere, And the rain falling fast, coming harder and harder until at last we were once again upon the ground . . . exhausted, yet refreshed. Yours also, Paris, is the great Louvre . . . a massive structure, yet perfect. Within these doors prevails a sort of timelessness, as one is drawn into the enchanting maze of tapestries, — round sculptured forms, The expressions of many peoples are there. The dreams of many peoples too, are there . . . resting in the gentle gardens of the middle ages, and again, painted vividly in the blood-stained battle-fields of time. And the wide halls reach out to one another, lead onward — deep into the ages. So I followed, lost

to the indescribable beauty of your Louvre. And there are other memories: a cruise along the Seine in the warmth of afternoon. Paris was almost sleeping by her banks, unaware of the swirling currents . . . The waters now brilliant with sunlight, The golden hues softening to palest green, as dusk falls gently. Yet fishermen linger still at the river's edge . . . and the dark outline of the cathedral Notre Dame rises with majesty, beyond. Night has fallen along the Champs-Elysée . . . and I am there under the fountains, watching the play of water in the lights . . . The stone, smooth-sculptured, and glowing with wetness— And the tumult of the falling water is a thrashing, clean sound — a freshness in the night air. So close I was, that the cool spray sifted over my face; How good it was then to live, to savour Paris with the senses, — so carelessly free, and young . . . The darkness of the Avenue was bejewelled with many colored lights, Their wavering strength yielding an excitement into the night. By day, there was the long climb unto Montmartre. Our path over the worn cobblestones had grown weary, Yet fatigue was forgotten in the fascination of the winding streets — Patternless streets that were like deepening alley-ways, — Narrow, forgotten streets of ancient Paris. For the flavour of age filled the dusty, quiet shops along our way, And in the air was the spice of many tiny cafes.

Notre-Dame



Their doorways curtained with strings of hanging beads.
 The artists were gathering on the narrow rims of sidewalk,
 Their easels and canvas before them,
 For Montmartre was theirs, and a part of them
 More than any other Parisien quarter—
 Even as they were to me, a part of Montmartre.
 . . . Expression flowed into colour in the golden morning sunlight.
 And the streets, ever-climbing, melt into the heights of Paris.
 Here at the summit, is the watch of your most beautiful cathedral over her city.
 An aura of peace emanates outward, downward—
 Falling, as blessing, into the heart of Paris
 —bare below us.
 Yet within, Sacre Coeur holds paintings rich with age,
 And the encircling grottoes are each separate altar
 where smooth-carved figures figures know the flickering of a thousand candle flames
 as gentle consolation,
 —warmth wavering upon the harsh stone.
 Along the walls the cool basins of holy water seem also vibrant, almost trembling—
 And the candles themselves splutter and dream in the dampness . . .
 Figures stir among the soft shadows . . . I see them gathering upon the crude, darkwood benches in worship.
 And their prayers of Latin tongue rise into the high dome and fall echoing, mingling with newly told supplications in an undulating rhythm, a chant.
 . . . Even as the burning candles tell their faith in the dim light of Sacre Coeur.



The Opera House

So life ripples over Paris — ignorant of a deeper circulation
 that throbs beneath the very surface of her city.
 For beyond the cathedrals, and beneath the sunlit streets
 Stairways cut downward into the earth,
 and a network of grovelling tunnels
 forsake day for the cold radiance of artificial lighting.
 These are the arteries of Paris, the vital organs; the Metro.
 I remember how we walked the labyrinthine passages once when the hour was late,
 The streaming activity had ceased, and we were almost alone
 Save a pair of lovers, drawing into the shades of a bleak hallway—
 among crumpled papers, and the rabble of the day-end . . .
 In this place of perpetual night,
 And as we moved — our words, our laughter, our steps followed us, ringing back, hollow and lonely in the damp emptiness.
 The air was heavy with the smell of trains . . .
 Later we felt them screaming as the wheels ground into the tracks, drawing us on in the confusion of this Parisian underworld.
 Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Powers of Europe . . . this was only a name until that day when we came and knew ourselves the work of the free nations together.
 Amid the old world, gleaming white walls seemed foreign and strange;



Champs-Elysées

they wore a freshness
 and the cold air of efficiency.
 Yet these alone did not give impressions,
 nor explain the meaning of this building in a war-torn city of the ages.
 For beyond the founded walls were the modern ideals, the inspiration of nations united in a single cause.
 And peoples who had shared only hatred in the dark years of former time were now beside one another in friendship, and the ways of peace.
 Protection of our free world!
 this an urgent goal,
 demanding much in armament, in bases, in potential.
 And even as they strove for this, a new conception was born among them—
 One that reaches still further, beyond the materials of military effort;
 That of using their united strength in answering the human needs of many lands.
 So in the gray morning we sat within this very building and asked the questions of our minds, and listened through the long hours.
 We discovered here the realization of many plans, and heard the hopes and dreams yet untried . . .
 Outside the may flags curled and lapped at the wind, — flashing color in a bleak sky.
 As the shades of dusk lingered again over Paris, we walked upon the black sidewalks of Pigalle, and the night was with us — gathering, deepening. Yet you feed upon the night, Paris . . . There is something of you that wakens in the dusk, growing intense, drawing a kind of strength with the renewal of night.
 And you are reckless, and alive. Undercurrents of emotion run free and loose in the tangled streets, And explode in the wild laughter and the noise of those who pass.
 I felt that we were moving almost blindly, amid the excitement of the throng,
 For the lights stared and flashed out at the darkness, mingling with reaching shadows in an intimate interplay.
 The warm red hues glowed in our faces, and were broken by a spell of burning white.
 . . . Again and again, the colors struck and faded.

Church of La Madeleine



Yet the lights were deceitful,
And they lied in this night-world—
rendering beauty where there was none,
playing a strange charm over reality.
Yet all the time it was false, false . . .
And underneath, Life is a fast, hard game,
—sordid with the sins of this place.
It is all written in the faces of the watching women
who cling to the dense shadows,
restless, and waiting . . .
Their dark eyes search the confusion of we who
pass,
And their lips are bitter with red color
and know no trace of joy.
I think they cannot smile, these women,
these parasites of the night . . . What they give
to you, Paris, is a cruel thing, and tragic.
Yet this is the gay quarter of shining names;
the Folies Bergères and the Moulin Rouge;
—I remember the red blades of a windmill glow-
ing in the sky . . .
And the air of Pigalle was cool and soft.
Faint strains of music drifted from the cabarets,
entreating us to come within
and share their celebration of this night.
So we ascended the winding staircase,
and the sounds of the street were forgotten.
Our footsteps faded into the thick, crimson carpeting
as we mounted, and the way grew dim.
For the room itself was almost dark,
save the luminations of an oval stage.
And even these were inconstant—
flickering, paling into many hues.



Le Sacré-Cœur



Pont et Place de la Concorde

The Champagne came in buckets of crackling,
silver ice.
It was cool, and one delicate glass held all the
colors of the stage
—sparkling, and true.
It was as though the whole performance played
again in bubbling lights . . .
. . . And I was drinking it in,
golden and soft.
The fascination of music and dancing and light
fell together like a dream,
and held us with them . . .
Until suddenly the evening was spent,
and we were almost running through the night
to meet the last Metro,
home from Pigalle.
Yet the coming of day soothed you, Paris,
and you were calm once again.
We had followed the Champs-Elysée
and waited now in the shelter of your Arc de
Triomphe,
and the avenue reached beyond us,
shining,
—washed in the warm sunlight of late afternoon.
In the great shadow of the arc, they had laid flowers
by a grey inscription.
And upon the stone, the lettering was severe and
cold — recalling the pain of what man had
wrought so blindly,
in a thing called war.
Only the faint color of the flowers,
and the wearing of many years,
softened these words.

A golden flame burns here always.
It is a gentle fire,
and the glowing swirls fade into one another
with a level strength.
I could not take my eyes from it,
and the warm hues melted together exquisitely.
And in the flame, it was though I saw
faith, and promise, and truth.
So it is with fire . . .
Yet there were so many others here—
Neither were they Parisians,
and I knew them to be strangers, even as I, in your
city.
Each was seeking something of you, Paris,
and I wondered how it was they had come,
and what they found here;
—what they longed to find.
Then I knew somehow that everything I had sought
had known fulfillment,
for this burning flame was as your soul,
and the day, very beautiful . . .
. . . I wondered if life would bring us ever again
to stand so before this flame.
Yet I knew that coming again to Paris
could never be the same
as the joy of those few days.
"For it was all as the pageant of an afternoon at
one of your sidewalk cafes;
—Or like the dream, even, of one summer
night . . ."
And yet your name,
your very name, Paris,
shall recall these dearest memories
through the long years . . . and forever.
Molly Cleland

Place de la Concorde



GERMANY

General Chairman: Max Case. Division Chairmen: Bill Baldwin, Bill Dunphy, Mary Gage, Phil Ginsberg, Max Ramenofsky.
(310 students went to Germany)



A.F.S.'ers and German brothers and sisters viewing production of local newspaper in Bamberg. (L. to R.) Hiltrud Erhard, Margit Maier, Susan Goodspeed, Dave Snyder, Mike Schmidt, Cecilia Parker.

"Little things make Germany a lovely place:
Small square fields whose cabbages grow red,
Fire glowing on blue tiles,
Flowered cloth around a feather bed."
Josephine Miles



Sandy Hughes and her German Family



Paul G. Heimer and brother, Udo Groll, with Mr. Groll and Mr. Bielenberg at an open-air restaurant along the Rhine River near Bonn.

In the family car: Margot Christensen and her German sister and father, Conni and Mr. Kmant.



THE WATCH OF LIFE

As I remember it now, it was a warm, sunny day in mid-July. My German father had taken me to the neighboring town of Köln to spend the day with an old friend of his, Mr. Brieter. Mr. Brieter was an elderly man of 73 who had spent most of his days in Berlin, but now in the twilight of his life he had moved to this famous old city.

And today he wanted to show this newcomer to Germany, some of the color and some of the legends that made Köln what she is. As we wandered through the narrow cobblestone streets, he would stop and point out an old building and at the same time give a narrative about some interesting event which had taken place there. Or he would come upon a silent statue and he would make it come to life through vivid words of explanation.

Along about mid-day we stopped to eat at a crowded sidewalk cafe, in the shadow of the famous Cathedral of Köln. He spoke several words of German to the waiter, made a gesture with his hands and with a twinkle in his eye turned to me. He then took a pencil and paper from his pocket and drew a large circle on the paper. He sketched in a pair of clock hands pointing at 11 o'clock, and he said to me, "Dave, this is the Watch of Life. I am an old man and the hands represent my life span, pretty near the end." Then he drew in another set of hands, these pointing to 3 o'clock and he said, "These hands represent your life, just beginning, many hours lie ahead of you and what you make of your life is up to you. All roads lie open."

It was through experiences like these that I came to know and love

the German people. It is now my most sincere desire to once again return to Germany and associate with these fine people who taught me many of the lessons of life.

Dave Peterson.





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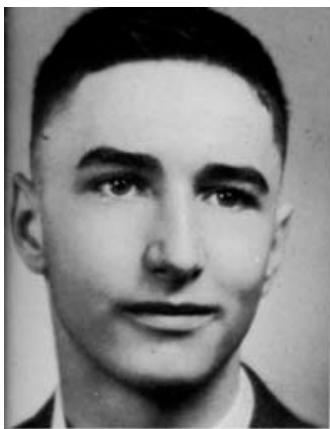
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St. Peter's Cathedral, Bamberg



"Berlin Summer Kids" with Al Langolius (Returnee Chairman) holding Berlin flag in Dusseldorf station.

Shoemaker in Madelon Wilhelm's German town, Himmin-
keln. The picture shows wooden shoes, for the town was
near Holland.



"Munster Bruke", Solingen-Wuppertal



MY SECOND HOME

The Rhineland in Germany is truly a paradise on earth. It is of old and new put together in such a way that it creates a beauty unsurpassed. The people along the Rhine River are of the highest caliber. They are a friendly funloving group and I found they accepted us without the slightest doubt or fear. The homelife is close, with pleasure shared by all in every activity. Dancing is their main interest; others include hiking, swimming, travelling, canoeing, bicycle riding and movies.

The Rhineland is mostly industrial, however, there are some small farms which raise a few animals, and which have some fruit trees.

The scenery is the main attraction. The banks of the

Rhine are flanked with gently rolling hills covered with huge trees and vineyards, and sprinkled with quaint villages and old castles. People of this area are especially proud of their many beautiful castles. Most of the castles are situated on top of hills allowing for a wonderful view of river and valley. The descendants of today have retained original furniture and with atmosphere there is great excitement in visiting a castle. The Rhine tour which climaxed our stay in Germany will always reign high in all our memories of Germany and I will always consider the great and beautiful Rhineland my second home.

Norma Deedrick

UNDERSTANDING IS WHAT THEY HAD

On July 10, 1956 my family met me in Hamburg, Germany. This day in itself would be memorable but my family did more than just meet me — they understood.

You see, July 10 was my seventeenth birthday. I had not expected anything from my new family. I consoled myself with the knowledge that my family and relatives in America had all wished me a happy birthday before I left.

To tell this story, it is better to start with the first glimpse I had of my family so that I may demonstrate their boundless effort to make me feel needed and not homesick. Getting off the train was rather hard; we were saying goodbye to all our A.F.S. friends with whom we had spent the past two weeks. Everyone looked around for their respective families.. I saw a tall, brown-haired girl and knew immediately it was my sister, for I had studied her picture for hours beforehand. She hugged me and pushed a lovely bunch of seventeen red roses into my hand saying, "Happy Birthday" with her peculiar accent. No two words ever meant more to me than these. Our mother was beside me, supplying a handkerchief when needed. I was happy, excited and thankful for such a family.

We walked through the city to our apartment. They told me to wait outside the living room for a moment. Grandmother Omah greeted me and I was ushered into the room. On a small table were seventeen candles, each one representing a year, the last the most beneficial and rewarding of them all. Propped against a beautiful vase of flowers were two pictures my family had sent ahead to my foster family. These words that my mother said to me in her broken English will never be forgotten by me, "even if they aren't here physically to share this with you, they are remembering their seventeen year old girl in their minds and praying she will have a good time." I looked at those pictures as I opened the two presents my family gave me. My sister made me a scrapbook — "for the pictures we hope you will take," and mother presented me with a silver tray inscribed in German. How could I thank these people? About the only phrase I knew was *danke-schon* (thank you). This was all I could manage to say, yet I feel sure they understood. Understanding is what they had.

Judy MacLeod

In Frankfurt, Bob Sphall, Gretchen Stabbert, Kirby Bennett, Barbie Lang, Gary Walker.



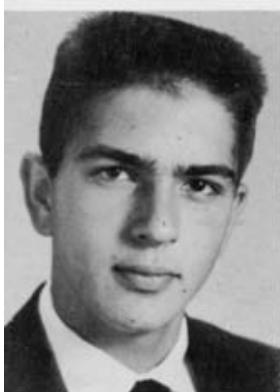
Details of Cologne Cathedral

MY GERMAN HOME

The 3500 population of my German village, Hamminkeln, near Wesel, did not merit a spot on a standard map. What a quaint village! The scenery was all new to me, but soon that environment became my "home". At either end of the main street, which was a block long, were a Catholic and Evangelical church. Flanking this street, on both sides, were various types of stores: a bread store, pastry shop, drug store, brewery, post office, and of course, the familiar candy store with its large jars of "pfenning" candy. Hamminkeln had no movie theater, dance hall, or bank. As a result there was much family life. I'll never forget the first time I entered the shoemaker's shop. His room resembled a fairytale picture! Even though there were stores in the village, a trip to the egg farm, to a friend's orchard, or to a farm house to buy potatoes was frequently on the agenda.

Our house, located off the main street, was a community built house. (Different villagers loaned a "Helping hand" in the construction of each other's homes). Life in Hamminkeln was very different from the "hustle and bustle" of life in an American city.

Madelon Wilhelm



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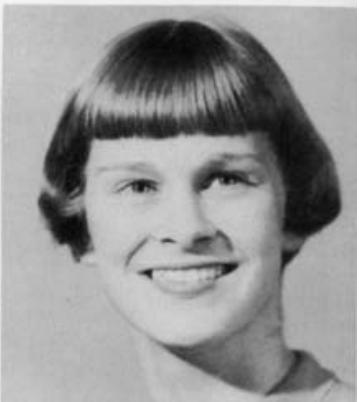


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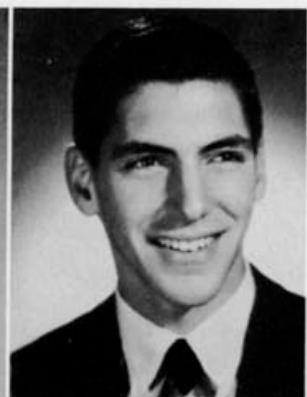
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The Dom and the Rhine, Cologne.

A MEMORABLE EVENING IN COLOGNE

The evening twilight cast strange shadows through the trees as I left the house to walk into the city. On either side of the street the bombed war ruins were hardly seen in the haze of evening. But now I had become accustomed to seeing them.

The moon was out in all its glory and cast its ray of light upon the magnificent cathedral, "Dom". Even though I had been to the Dom several times a day for the two months I had been staying in Germany — never had I grown tired of seeing it, and even then I felt my heart beat faster as I stood there looking upward at it. I turned down the next street and began to wind my way down the gentle slope leading to the Rhine. I loved to see the lighted steamers along the Rheinufer — filled with happy people.

As I neared the Tanzbrunnen, the faint sound of dance music came to my ears. The notes drifted down the Rhine, and as I walked over the huge railroad bridge, each step brought me nearer to the music. Soon I became one of the many people streaming towards the sounds. At the gate a man collected our tickets which had been sold in a glass-enclosed booth. By now everyone was anxious to get inside the gate, for the music was no longer a jumble of sounds but the clear cut notes of rhythm and blues. A wide path led me to a spot overlooking the Tanzbrunnen.

Suddenly I stopped short. There before me I saw the raised circular platform — the moving dancers and the spray of water that came from the fountains underneath and surrounding the platform. The white flood lights lighted up the dancing water and the figures. Spotless

white benches surrounded the circular design of the Tanzbrunnen and in the back were many garden tables with waiters dressed in black hurrying to and fro. The restaurant was enclosed in glass and served only the most unusual refreshments.

The band was also enclosed in glass in front of which was seated a large audience. Huge trees grew in clusters about the bandstand and multi-colored flowers were everywhere. The stars and moon were out in all their splendor by this time and certainly helped to enhance the already enchanting atmosphere.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a vacant seat and it was no time at all before I had joined the hundreds of other people, listening and dreaming while sitting under the stars. Time meant nothing to me as I sat there, and I was very much surprised and unhappy when I discovered it was time to leave for home. The hour I was there had seemed only a minute.

I walked home along the Rhine seeing the towering image of the Dom, a majestic dowager, spreading her skirts before the night. As I gazed at the age-old skyline of Koln, I wondered just how many other people had done the same thing, seen the same sight. The Dom had been standing for centuries — what wondrous sights must have confronted its old eyes! There she stood, a misty figure, holding her head high above the city, confronting day, night, even time with her mighty bulwark. Turning away, I had a strange feeling that I was turning my back on one of my most memorable evenings.

Barbara Gambrill.

ABOUT THOSE PETTICOATS

If I were asked to choose the one article of clothing that best typifies the American girl, I'd by-pass blue jeans and bermudas and give the bouffant petticoat (or crinoline or can-can) top honors.

The basis of this choice lies in my experience this summer, for, hard to pack and unmanageable as they were, my petticoats in Europe accounted for some of my funniest (and most embarrassing) moments.

Much to my amusement, one of the first topics of conversation among the members of my German family was "what makes Karli's skirts stand out." I made my explanation in halting German which soon had us all slightly hysterical. The petticoat that I had brought for my sister, Gerhild, was a tremendous hit, and I was very glad to have a "companion in crinoline." However, Ger's having a petticoat did not solve all my problems,

for my skirts were still fuller than hers, and thus attracted more attention.

As we walked down the streets of Wiesbaden together, skirts and petticoats billowing in the breeze, Ger assured me that EVERYONE was watching us and wondering what kind of petticoats we were wearing. This seemed to please her greatly, but I had my doubts about the wisdom of becoming known for this rather dubious merit.

My reservations were lightly brushed aside, however; and, by the end of August, I could maintain my poise (with an effort, I admit) while curious salesladies, waitresses, and even perfect strangers on the streets inspected my petticoats, and Ger told them smugly, "Gibt's es kein wie ihren in Deutschland!"

Karli Jo Webber



Our welcome in Mulheim



Helen Carpenter and German sister



Family of Herr Ernest Melsen, Polly Ralston's hosts.



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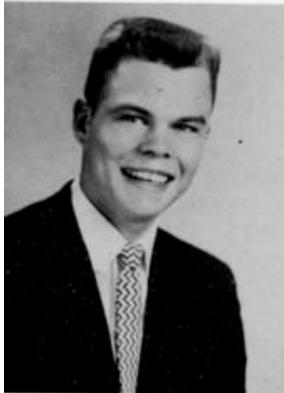
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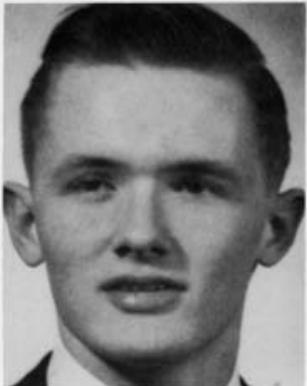
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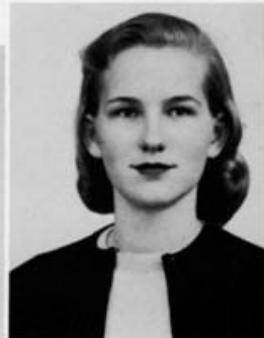
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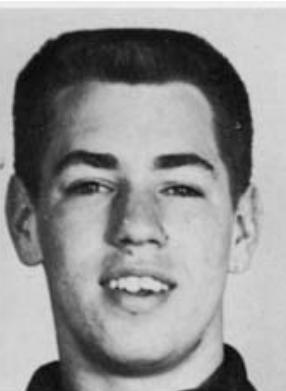
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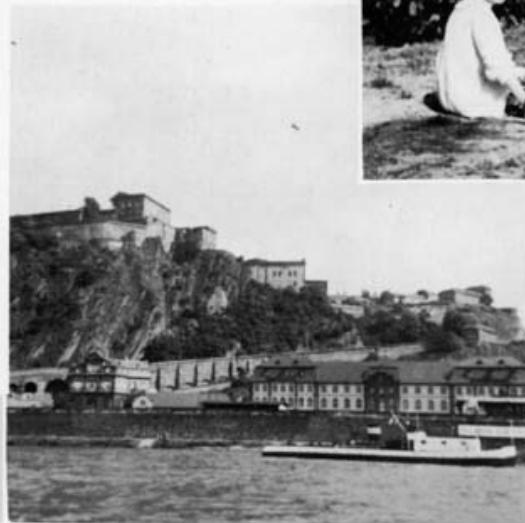


Max Ramenofsky
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(Stuttgart)

A group of German and A.F.S.er girls on picnic in Berlin



"Swimming hole" near Made-
lon Wilhelm's German town,
Hamminkeln.



Along the Rhine River



Departure day of A.F.S.ers at
Bochum.



A.F.S.ers and German brothers and sisters on a boat-picnic
in Berlin.



Saying "good-bye" to
German mother and
sister.



Teenagers, Susan House, David McKucher, and his German brother, Wolfgang Kamm in Remscheid.



Paul Heimer,
Hans-Dieter Sauerland

A WONDERFUL SUMMER

What a wonderful summer it was for all of us. I will always be grateful that I was chosen to spend this past summer in Essen, Germany, as a member of the Heinrich Kleibrink family. I had never traveled before so it was all a new experience. It was nice to visit our own United States Capitol, Smithsonian Institute, United Nations Building and other places of interest. The boat trip was GREAT. It was wonderful meeting so many other boys and girls from all parts of the United States. When we arrived in Germany our group was under the supervision of the Dusseldorf Committee. The Youth Conference,

Summer Ball, and many other activities they planned for us I shall never forget. My German family were really wonderful people and I shall always remember them. They did all they could to help me learn about Germany, and just before I left they took me on a tour along the Rhine and Mosel Rivers stopping at various places of interest, thus giving me an opportunity of seeing some of their country. This program is one that the European and American youth gain so much from, and I know the friendships made will be lasting.

Leroy C. Scheiber

Berlin, Germany



Berlin, Germany





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(Frankenthal)



William Sabis
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Syracuse 6, N. Y.
(Burg Dillkreis)



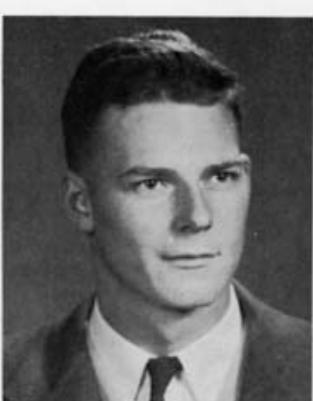
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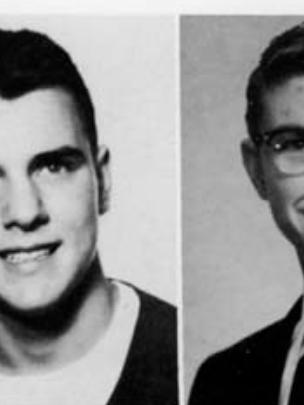
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(Wur Hemberg-Boden)



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Garmisch, Bavaria — Nancy Cummings and her German sister, Gudrun

GREECE

Chairman: Jerry Hrabal
(30 students went to Greece)

"Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of art and eloquence."

Milton



A bit of the past among the present



Sue Fisher and Carol Drake at the Theater of Epidaurus

Greek students waiting for a bus to take them to their hotel in Paris



Athens, Greece

Do you like sleeping, eating, swimming, hiking, or talking? Most of us like to do these things, but we seldom take more than the bare minimum of time to "gulp down food," "catch a few winks," or really enjoy ourselves. The Greek people, on the other hand, have perfected a life of easy living. Undaunted by their problems, the Greeks have retained some very likeable traditions: eating large meals containing everything from cheese to wine, sleeping in the afternoon, staying up late in the cool of the evening, and sleeping until nine o'clock in the morning.

The exchange students to this sun-blessed land found

that their occupation of securing information and knowledge was actually no job at all. Our Greek brothers, sisters, and friends appeared to be walking and talking history books as they pointed out buildings, ruins, and statues on our numerous hikes and trips. Swimming excursions gave us the opportunity to informally discuss politics, customs, and the hopes and dreams of the Greek people. Thus it was that the Greek people, informal by nature, made us welcome. We always shall remember them and be reminded of them by the sun above — bright and cheery above the wind and rain.

Jerry Hrabal

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Bryan Whipple on burro





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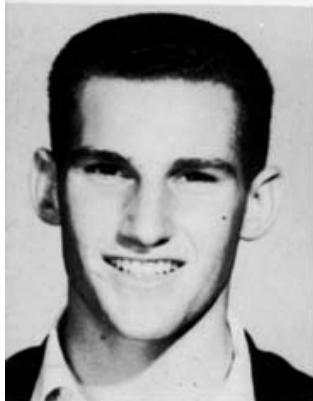
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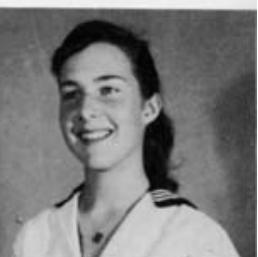
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Jerry Hrabal
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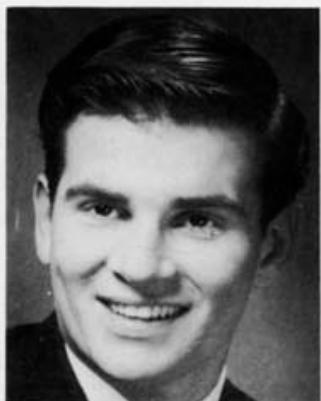
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(Athens)





Micheal Voda Street, Athens



Along the beach, Greece



A.F.S.ers and Greek brothers and sisters



Sight-seeing in Greece



The cathedral, Greek Orthodox Church



Seeing ancient buildings of Greece



Alice McCormick and her Greek sister

Greek students on the Arosa



"The Lineup" on the Greek Beach



Arosa Kulm at East Asiatic Pier, June 1956



ITALY

Chairman: Claire Henderson
(16 students went to Italy)

"How has kind heaven adorn'd happy land, and scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!" J. Addison.

This past summer I lived in a little Appanine mountain village of about 30 inhabitants. The village is located about 150 miles from Italy's modern city of Milan. The village is set up on a mountain in the midst of very rough terrain, but in spite of the terrain the people are wheat farmers. During my stay it was harvest time and the people worked from morning till night, harvesting the crops of wheat which grow on the slopes of the mountain. The people are poor and have no modern farm equipment, so they reap the harvest with only a sickle and their hands. Oxen are the beasts of burden and haul wooden sleds with wooden runners because of the terrain which is very muddy after a rain storm, and which lasts this way for many days. At harvest time they must work hard and fast for they have no warning as to when a hail storm might occur. A hail storm in Northern Italy is a devastating sight. The hailstones are as large as eggs and rage down in great fury causing the loss of many valuable crops. When I was first told of these storms I actually could not believe them to be as bad as described, but after witnessing one I can imagine the fear which these people have of these treacherous hail storms.

Kenneth P. Barclay



HAMBURGERS

The first subject my Italian brother, who'd been in the States with the A.F.S. until August, mentioned to me was music. He loved rock'n roll. The second subject was food.

By the time he'd been home a week he was hamburger-hungrier than I was—the poor lad—so we put our heads together and this is what happened . . .

The night of the hamburgers was a warm, clear, Italian night, the setting was beautiful, the company was charming, but . . . from the kitchen came muffled laughter and a delicious smell (at least we thought it was good). My brother, Frank, stood bent over a hot stove, his hungry eyes lit with anticipation. On the kitchen table were tomatoes, catsup, mustard, lettuce, and onions (all easily obtained). On the griddle, toasting, sat three buns (not so easily obtained). Actually these were round Italian breads, at least twice the size of the average Stateside hamburger bun, and, being Italian, hard as rocks.

The hamburg, beautiful meat, sizzled and snapped next to the pot of pasta and pan of pork chops. A family with a great sense of humor, but Italian appetites, my parents and sister Piera had declined our treat; but my sister's fiance, Gigi, was dining with us. A brave lad, he said he'd like to try something new! (Little did he know). So he, too, stood watching as Frank and I worked. We slathered the buns and sliced the vegetables. Even Gigi was getting hungry, we took so long. The hamburgers looked dreamy as we paraded triumphantly into the dining room. We sat down, picked up our four inch mountains of . . . food; and with a sudden effort we bit down . . . and bounced off! We tried again. Frank broke through his; I cracked mine; and Gigi sawed away. All eyes swiveled to Gigi. He'd cracked his bun! He bit down and a piece of tomato squirted onto the table. Grinning, he tried again. This time a piece of hamburg fell out. Then Gigi's whole handful came apart into two pieces. He dropped one and grabbed for the other, but it was hopeless, and he finished with a fork!

Ann Willcox



PALERMO

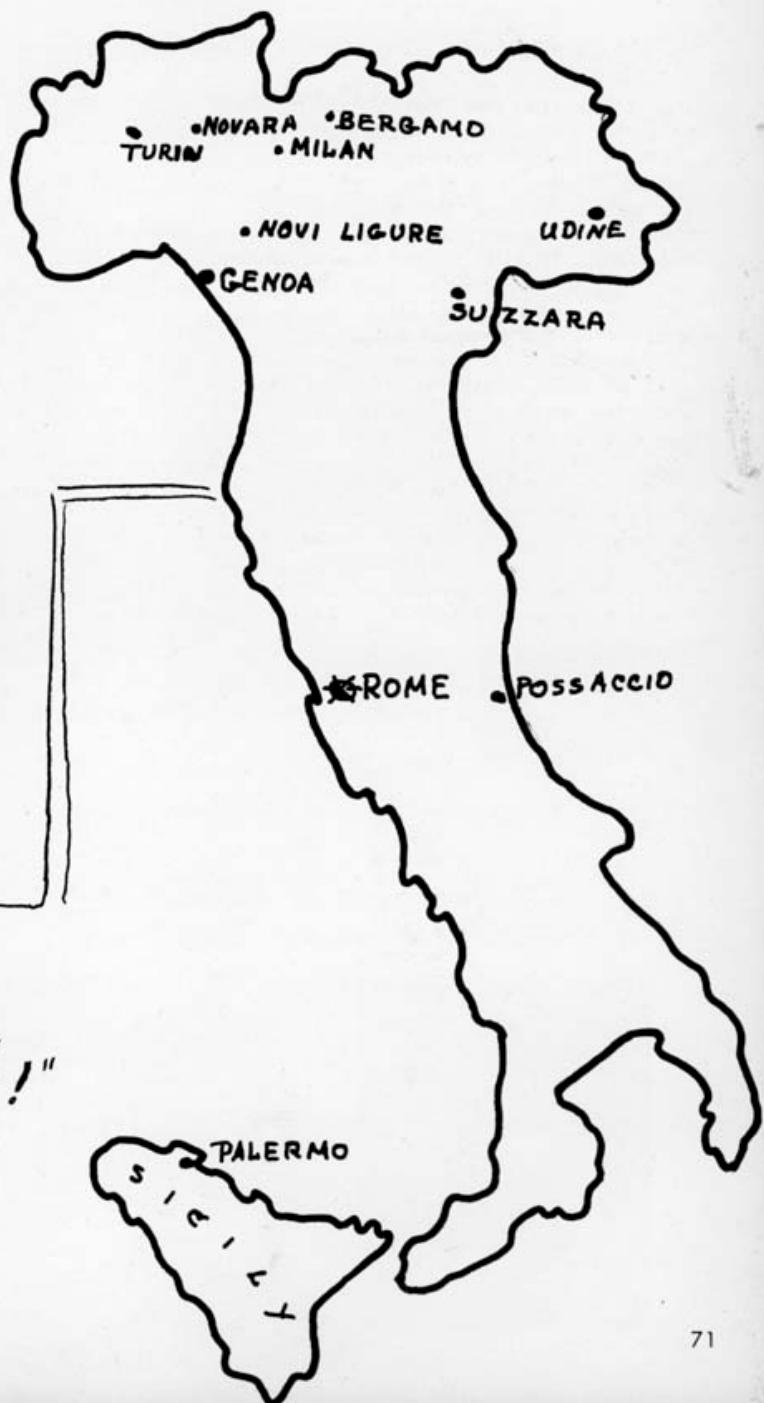
Are you a camera bug who delights in snapping beautiful scenery? Do you like swimming in nice, warm, clear, blue, salt water? Do you enjoy eating delicious, filling, fattening food? Do you like friendly hospitable people? The obvious answers are yes! Where is such a place? Why, Palermo, Sicily, of course! Yes, the capital city of that island just off the toe of Italy.

You'll love Palermo the minute you arrive there. The scenery truly offers a photographer's paradise: tall mountains blending into a rugged coastline, a beautiful city surrounded by green farm lands and touched by the blue waters of the Tyrrhenian Sea, and well kept buildings of both ancient and modern architecture showing the influence of various races of people.

Just a few miles from the city is the well-known resort beach of Mondello. Here one can swim, lounge, absorb the sun, eat, and just plain relax! Here one need never worry about being hungry. From snacks to staples you can't go wrong! Can you imagine anything better for in-between snacks than Italian pastries, ice cream "gelati" (a type of ice cream cake), ice cream cones with whip cream, coffee granita with whip cream, or bread and whip cream? And with food such as spaghetti, pizza, and ravioli you could never be hungry!

Yes, Palermo is truly an ideal vacation land!!

Dorothy Johnson





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(Possaccio di Vervania)



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(Palermo, Sicily)

Well, here's the gang from Italy,
the best of all, as you can see!
With brains and talent and good looks too—
we invaded Italy through and through!
In the list below you'll find each name,
and also, the reasons for each person's fame!
(It was impossible to go from taller to shorter,
so we're listed here in alphabetical order).

The first on our list is Miss Susan Avery,
known for bad manners and writing poetry!

Next we come to Mike Axelrad,
if all his talking didn't warn ya'
I'd better tell you, he's from California!

We remember Ken Barclay as being in a hurry
to be the successor to Arthur Murray!

That John Berendt was a funny kid,
his subtle jokes made you flip your lid!

Little Miss Haggie was full of wrath,
'cause all summer she'd not had a bath!

Claire Henderson thought Italian males were just fine,
maybe that's why she's going back there sometime!

Seemingly happy all the while,
Dot Johnson wowed us with her cute smile!

CAMERA SHY

McGOVERN, EARL, 4817 30th Ave. So. Minneapolis 17, Minn.
PIERCE, ANN, 219 W. 19th Ave., Hutchinson, Kansas

Italy

Bob LaFortune was with a girl all the time,
we wonder why he just couldn't stand wine!

An awfully sweet gal was Barbara Lee,
where her heart was we could easily see!

Although Phil Leonard was really his name,
wild dancing earned Oklahoma his fame!

If there was trouble, McGovern was always there,
but Tiger was more noted for his chin full of hair!

Among the girls Irene Matthews caused a shake-up,
'cause she got along without any make-up!

Our own Craig Parker hasn't a care,
why, he was a Texas millionaire!

A dark haired beauty was Miss Anne Pierce,
her infectious giggle was really fierce!

Bill Stoneman's not as stony as he seems,
for on the Kulm he found the girl of his dreams!

On the boat Ann Willcox was forever in demand,
and she was always lending a helping hand!

And thus we close our list of sixteen,
whose summer in Italy now seems like a dream,
but though '56 has already gone,
our wonderful memories live on and on,
and now we all await the day,
when, in the good Italian way,
to each other "Ciao" we'll say!

LUXEMBOURG

Chairman: Kirk Knight
(3 students spent all summer in Luxembourg)



The Bernard's home seen from the large yard in the rear.
Here Kirk spent the summer.

The American delegation in Luxembourg shared many common experiences. These included bicycling across fertile farmland and through winding mountain valleys

"One of the Godlike things of this world is the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men."
Carlyle

in the North, witnessing the mining and operations of the steel industry in the South, visiting the old fortifications at Luxembourg City and the ancient castle at Vianden, swimming in the cool, fresh mountain rivers and strolling for hours at a time in the beautiful community parks. Cruising at a moderate speed it takes a jet plane only three minutes to cross over the entire country of Luxembourg. The inhabitants number three hundred thousand. This nation, though small in size and population, offered a rich environment of friendly and happy people. For many centuries Luxembourg was the Gibraltar of the North. The country has been placed under the influence of many foreign peoples and has acquired some of the characteristics of each, though Luxembourgers still retain their own individual mannerisms. For instance, the inhabitants are masters of both French and German, but they also speak a native tongue completely foreign to their former occupants. One of the finest attributes of the Luxembourgers is their warm, humble spirit. This was ever present in the eyes of those Americans who came to know the people and their country so well.

Kirk Knight

Kirk's oldest European sister, Andree, with her fiance

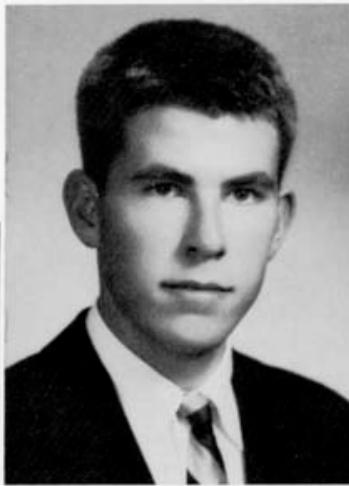


Kirk's oldest European brother, Maurice Bernard, and his bride, Sylvie.





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Kirk L. Knight
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(Esch-Alzette)



Karen M. Kundholm
309 Arthur St.
Hopkins, Minn.
(Grevenmacher)

Bicycle companions of Kirk Knight in Luxembourg



A refreshing dip in the farmer's cool well



NETHERLANDS

Chairman: Pat Brown
(22 students went to Netherlands)

"The Netherlands have been for many years. The very very cockpit of Christendom, the school of arms, and rendezvous of all adventurous spirits."

James Howell

"Goodbye, Reverend! Goodbye, Mrs. Bender! Thanks for a wonderful time. Goodbye, Els! Bye, Wim! Bye, Hans! You too, Mieka!"

The bus driver threw my bags into the luggage compartment. I climbed aboard and found a seat next to a window. The door slammed shut. The driver blew a blast on his horn, and we were on our way.

I leaned back in my seat and looked out at the Friesland country side, now rolling by swiftly. With genuine regret I had said farewell to Pastor Bender and his family and the pastorie in which they lived in Leeuwarden. It had been a grand two weeks that the American Field Service had arranged for me. With eager anticipation I looked forward to meeting the Schreuders, the dentist family in Den Helder in North Holland where I would spend the next ten days. To get there, the Benders had told me I would have to cross the Zuider Zee. I hadn't asked how, but assumed that I would take a boat or perhaps the bus would cross on a ferry.

Before long we arrived in Harlingen, the last town in Friesland. I left my seat, preparing to leave. The driver, who must have been told by the Benders to keep an eye on me, waved me back. "Nay! Nach niet," he said. I sat down, puzzled. The stop at Harlingen was a short one and soon we were again speeding down the broad paved highway. I looked out the driver's windshield. Before us stretched the vast ocean. There, to my amazement, I saw a highway, the very one on which we were traveling, continuing on out over the water, running along the top of a wide earthen causeway, stretching out between two rows of trees in a straight line ahead

for as far as the eye could see. Through the windows on the opposite side of the bus lay the Zuider Zee, calm and peaceful and sparkling in the morning sun. To the right, the choppy waters of the North Sea lapped angrily at the shoreline below me. I left my seat and stood beside the driver. "What is this?" I asked him, pointing down the roadway.

In a mixture of simple Dutch and broken English, he told me that we were traveling along the top of the dike which had been thrown across the mouth of the Zuider Zee. Over to our right, he said, lay the North Sea. Behind the dike lay the Yselmeer, formerly the Zuider Zee, now in the process of being reclaimed from the sea as land for land-hungry Hollanders.

"You mean that is a dike?" I asked

"Yaa," he smiled.

"But I thought - - - - " He didn't allow me to finish.

"You thought that a dike is a tiny wall. How could that hold out an ocean? You have read a story in a story book? Yaa? A story about a kliene Nederlanden yongen who put his finger in the dike and saved the town? Nay! Nay! Such a story was written by an American who never saw Holland or a dike."

He grinned at me. "But if you go down to the city of Amsterdam, you will see there a nice statue of a little Dutch boy with his finger in a crack in a little dike. It was put up — I think maybe by the travel bureau — for the benefit of romantic Americans who read that story in the story book . . . like you."

Douglas Holmen.



Twenty-two American teen-agers were given the opportunity for learning first hand knowledge about the Netherlands not only by living with their Dutch families throughout the wonderfully friendly low lands, but also through the two main sightseeing trips planned by Miss Ann de Gardyen, Miss Puck van Ameiden van Duym and Bob Meyer. The first of these was to the Hague, the political capital of Holland, and it was there, during our first two days in our adopted country that we began our life as Dutch teen-agers. I'm sure we will never forget the sightseeing trip through Madurodam, the small "Holland within Holland" nor the stop over at Culture Commissioner Bulch's house for cokes, cake and American small talk. And of course there was that never to be forgotten romp on the beach at Schevening, and our excursion to a Dutch night club who's marquee boasted "real Dixieland jazz."

After a wonderful, but tiring week-end in the Hague, we left by train early Sunday morning to meet the people who would compose our family for the next few weeks. Needless to say, for I don't doubt that all A.F.S.ers felt much the same, we were both hopeful and scared. What would the summer in Holland hold for us? After spending about a month with our first family . . . for most Hollanders had two families . . . we met in Amsterdam for another mass meeting. Here we swapped experiences and caught up on all the latest news.

Our activities while in Amsterdam, the legal capital of Holland, included a trip around Loosrecht Lake in the same boat Queen Juliana had ridden in a few weeks before, a canal boat ride through some of the many canals of the city, a visit to a diamond cutter's business house, and some self-conducted tours which took us to various famous parts of the city.

Following the stay in Amsterdam, we departed for our second family. I think the true meaning of our summer as exchange students to Holland can never be fully explained . . . it's something you feel much too deeply to ever be able to put into words, but a good idea of the feelings we had for our families was expressed as all twenty-two climbed onto the train with fond memories in our hearts and tears in our eyes.

Pat Brown.





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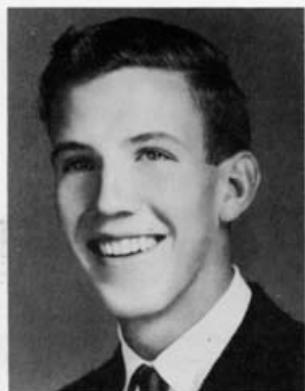
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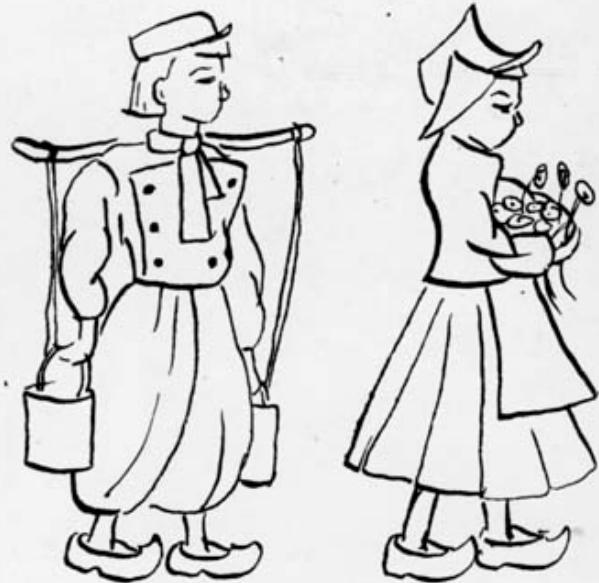
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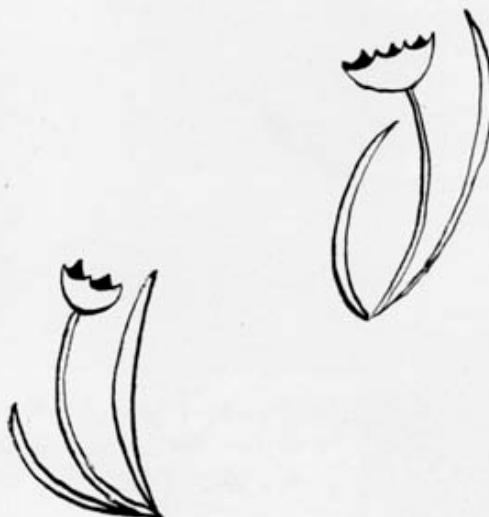


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NORWAY

Chairman: Barnes Ellis
(35 students went to Norway)

"But every house where love abides, and friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home, sweet home,
For there the heart can rest." Henry Van Dyke



Norway's contribution to Renaissance architecture. An old church now used as a museum.



An old Norwegian farm

Steinkjer, Norway



Up in the mountains, taking stimulating walks — always with our raincoats.



The Skjerve Waterfall. An abundance of such waterfalls are in Norway.



The Holmenkallen ski jump—looking down.

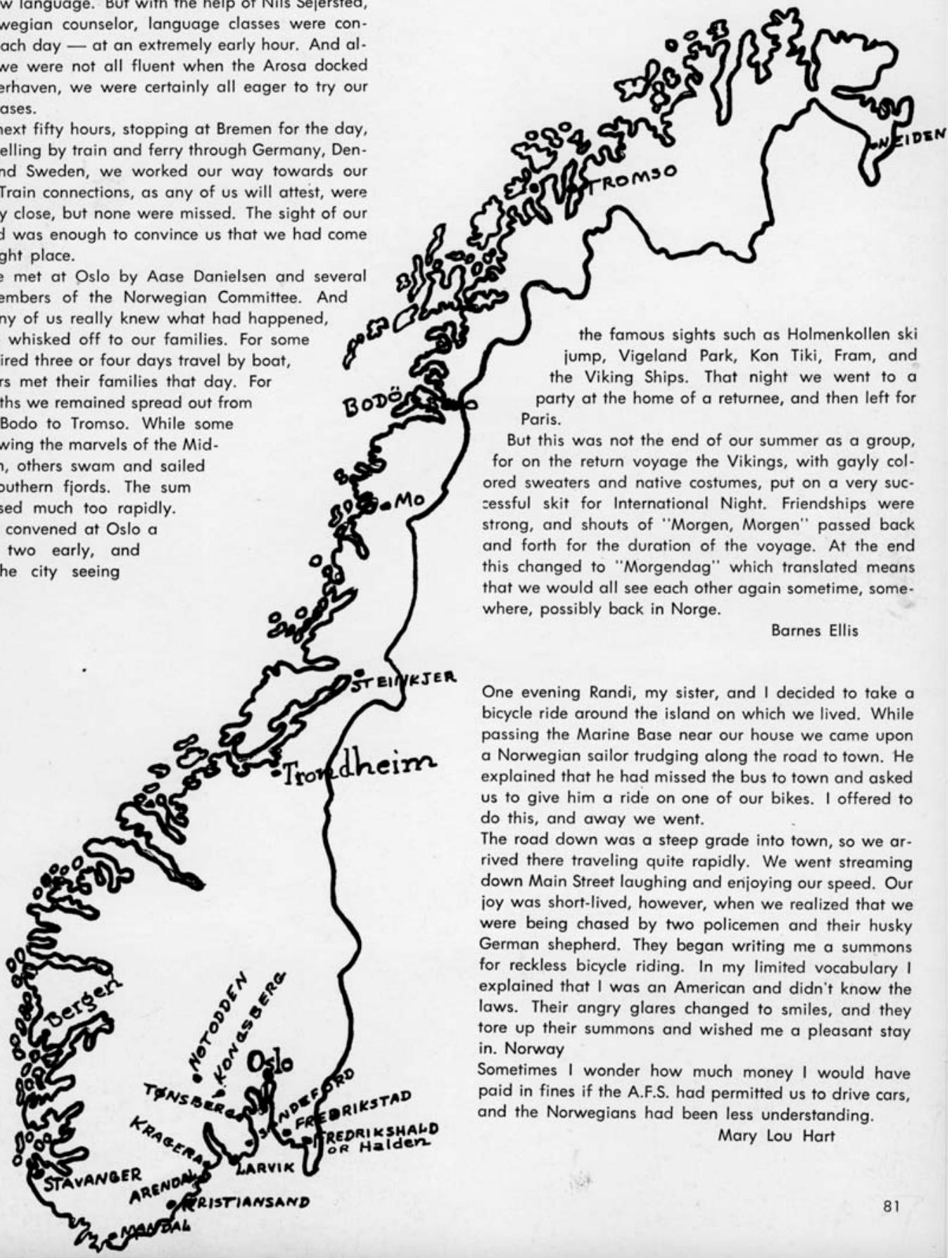


Thirty-five students went to Norway last summer. We were with the problem, as were many others, of learning a new language. But with the help of Nils Sejersted, our Norwegian counselor, language classes were conducted each day — at an extremely early hour. And although we were not all fluent when the Arosa docked at Bremerhaven, we were certainly all eager to try our new phrases.

For the next fifty hours, stopping at Bremen for the day, and travelling by train and ferry through Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, we worked our way towards our homes. Train connections, as any of us will attest, were extremely close, but none were missed. The sight of our first fjord was enough to convince us that we had come to the right place.

We were met at Oslo by Aase Danielsen and several other members of the Norwegian Committee. And before any of us really knew what had happened, we were whisked off to our families. For some this required three or four days travel by boat, but others met their families that day. For two months we remained spread out from Oslo to Bodo to Tromso. While some were viewing the marvels of the Midnight Sun, others swam and sailed in the southern fjords. The summer passed much too rapidly.

All of us convened at Oslo a day or two early, and toured the city seeing



the famous sights such as Holmenkollen ski jump, Vigeland Park, Kon Tiki, Fram, and the Viking Ships. That night we went to a party at the home of a returnee, and then left for Paris.

But this was not the end of our summer as a group, for on the return voyage the Vikings, with gayly colored sweaters and native costumes, put on a very successful skit for International Night. Friendships were strong, and shouts of "Morgen, Morgen" passed back and forth for the duration of the voyage. At the end this changed to "Morgendag" which translated means that we would all see each other again sometime, somewhere, possibly back in Norge.

Barnes Ellis

One evening Randi, my sister, and I decided to take a bicycle ride around the island on which we lived. While passing the Marine Base near our house we came upon a Norwegian sailor trudging along the road to town. He explained that he had missed the bus to town and asked us to give him a ride on one of our bikes. I offered to do this, and away we went.

The road down was a steep grade into town, so we arrived there traveling quite rapidly. We went streaming down Main Street laughing and enjoying our speed. Our joy was short-lived, however, when we realized that we were being chased by two policemen and their husky German shepherd. They began writing me a summons for reckless bicycle riding. In my limited vocabulary I explained that I was an American and didn't know the laws. Their angry glares changed to smiles, and they tore up their summons and wished me a pleasant stay in Norway.

Sometimes I wonder how much money I would have paid in fines if the A.F.S. had permitted us to drive cars, and the Norwegians had been less understanding.

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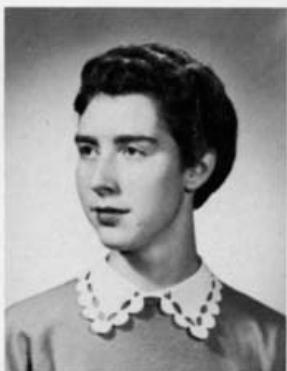
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Tim Mygatt, his brother, Tre, participating in the sport Lailid, sailing.





Tom Page's Norwegian hosts with their trusty German car at their Oslo home.



Sharon Janike with her Norwegian mother and sister, Ellen



From Holmenolleuverin, a view of the city of Oslo



A very lovely garden for the employees of the Rena Box Factory. Their homes are around the park — within walking distance of the factory.

SOUVENIRS

My friend has bought a souvenir;
A coin in her collection to be.
She was very proud of it
And showed her coin to me.
She polished it and put it away;
Cherished it only a little while
And now, there it lies forgotten
Hidden amongst the pile.

My souvenir I hold not in my hand.
It is an inward fellowship
That binds one man to man.
An experience, a memory,
A thing within my heart.
I have a golden souvenir
With which I'll never part.

Grace De Larme.

SPAIN

Chairman: Ted Schmitt
(22 students went to Spain)

Fair land! of chivalry the old domain
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain.
Though not for thee with classic shores to vie
In charms that fix the enthusiastic pensive eye;
Yet hast thou scenes of beauty richly wrought
With all that wakes the glow of lovely thought.

Felicia D. Hemans

Students who went to Spain: Row 1: Peter Keenan, Sue Zirkel, De De High, Helen Hougen, Karen Jones, Judy Cope, Sue McMakin, Nancy Dougery. Row 2: (standing) Madalynne Holt, Ted Schmitt, Lamar Curtis, Tom Allen, Tom Urmston, Mace Mavoleon, Jane Reuter, Tim Giles, Barbara Cooney, Tom Stone, Arlene Tobin, Arkle Koehl, (Spanish A.F.S.er to the U.S.A.).



As I sit here on the T.S.S. Arosa Kulm, gazing out over the broad blue Atlantic, my thoughts start to drift away and I . . . It seems like only yesterday that I eagerly opened that clean white envelope with A.F.S. written on it and found out, to my joy, that I would spend the summer in Spain.

The days seemed to fly, and soon I was in the midst of the great gray buildings of New York City. Seven hundred strong we boarded the Arosa and ten short days (and 1000 oranges) later, arrived in France. Seeing the grand Eiffel Tower standing out in the distance, I realized that I was in Europe.

The train ride was short, and by the time we neared Barcelona, I was extremely excited and very nervous. Spain, Barcelona, my family!! As I think back to my first day, I remember Senor Riviere saying, "Today we speak English, tomorrow we shall speak Spanish." This simple statement took off the tension and I was all set to enjoy life in Spain.

The delicious food is one thing that is outstanding in my memory. I remember, too, the cool clear nights at the large but friendly country house. We would sing

both Spanish and American songs, or we would gaze at the most beautiful moon ever seen.

My journey to San Sebastian is another high point. I found that Spain is a land of fields and deserts, mountains and lowlands — truly a land of contrasts. But in every place the people were wonderfully kind and courteous.

My days in the Costa Brava are a happy memory of swimming and loafing. After what had seemed like but a few fleeting moments, it was time to leave. I left Spain with a much better idea of Spanish thinking (thanks to explanations of Senor Riviere), of Spanish culture and customs. My summer in Spain showed that all peoples, even though they speak a different language and practice customs different than ours, are, with us, citizens of One World.

As I look up from this I see the sun, breaking through the clouds and shining on the sea, the sea linking two nations, Spain and the United States in a bond of lasting friendship.

Tom Stone





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Ted Schmitt and his family in Madrid.

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MALLORCA

About fifty miles off the mainland of Spain is found the most beautiful island in the Mediterranean called the Isle of Mallorca. The Mallorquins have their own history, culture and language though they are a part of Spain. The language is a combination of French, Castillano, Catalan and a little Arabic. There are still traces of the Moorish and Roman influence from years back when there were Roman and Moorish inhabitants. Their typical dances and dress are also distinct from those of the mainland. The Mallorquins also had their own king, Jaime I, about three hundred years ago, so today they are very proud of their history and consider themselves first, Mallorquins, and then Spanish. She has a moderate climate throughout the year so there are only about two very hot months and one month of cold weather. As you drive along you can see miles of orchards of apricots, grapes and oranges and fields of melons, wheat, and rice. The main industry is shoemaking and these are exported to Europe and the United States. Their artificial pearls are famous and popular, as is their Mallorquin embroidery.

Of all the things I shall remember of my two months stay on this lovely island are the friendly people, and the beautiful star-filled nights.

Arlene Tobin

Spanish group on their way to a swim in the Seine in Paris, first day there.



SWEDEN

Chairman: Joe Miller
(40 students went to Sweden)

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society."

Blair



Ornskoldsvik



A.F.S. Committee in Sweden, Jan Kronholm, Ingor Joderholm.

A WEDDING IN SWEDEN

My first month in Sweden was spent in Falun, and during that month it was my privilege to be invited to a Swedish pre-wedding celebration in Sundborn, a town near Falun. We, my family and I, were guests of friends of the couple who were to be married.

Three weeks before the wedding the friends of the couple get together to give the young newlyweds to be, a shower. The celebration is at the home of the prospective bride and from miles around, whether they know the engaged couple or not, people come to the party. There were at least four hundred people gathered there. Everyone chips in to buy two pine trees which are cut and brought to a place near the bride's home.

The ceremony begins with the young couple and their parents coming out on the porch, supposedly surprised at all the commotion. Soon, from far off in the distance, comes a man on horseback, riding for all he is worth. He rides up to the porch and asks if it is true that this couple plan to be married. The answer is 'Yes', so he

rides pell-mell down the road again. The next to appear is an old horse and buggy coming slowly down the road. In the buggy are a man and woman, the man dressed as a preacher, and the woman as the preacher's wife. When they arrive at the porch they very pompously ask the couple questions and make a long speech. All the people laugh very much . . . the speech ended with a chorus of hurrahs by the spectators and by the presentation of a big bouquet of flowers to the bride-to-be. No sooner had the hurrahs ended when sounds of music and merrymaking came from down the road. All the couple's friends in Swedish costumes were coming, led by a small band of musicians. Behind them came a team of horses dragging the tree trunks behind them. These trees are used to make furniture and are the wedding gift from the people. After the ceremony a big dance was held and that was most merry — everyone was having a wonderful time. The people of Sweden have the gift of making enjoyment from every day experiences.

Mary Hicks



A Swedish lake



Linda Ogilvy with some of her Swedish family





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THE DAY THE CLOTHES WERE WASHED

Doing the laundry is no idle undertaking in Sweden. My Swedish family was definitely traditional and the laundry was done only once a month during the summer. I was with my family for six weeks, and in that time the washing was done just once. That once was a time to remember.

Briefing began a day in advance. At dinner my Swedish "Mother" ("Mom" to me) looked up brightly from her boiled potatoes and said, "Tomorrow we wash." My "father" looked depressed, and my "brother," who was 17, said something in Swedish. My "sister," Birgitta, 19, said "Lars!" and Mom looked shocked.

The day began when Mom rapped on my door, demanding any dirty clothes I might possess. Since it had been fully a month and a half since I left home, I obliged with a full armload. She marched down to the basement (or "kellar," as she called it) with the pile. Around the hall I could see multi-colored stacks of dirty clothing. No sooner were the clothes downstairs than housecleaning began. Fru Francean, the laundress, must not see one speck of dirt. Activities continued at a fever pitch all morning until at twelve o'clock the doorbell rang and Mom rushed to open it. There was a muffled exchange of "God dag, god dag" (good day) out in the hall, and a small, mousy woman appeared. She nodded to Birgitta and me, then opened her voluminous handbag and proceeded to change her red print silk street dress for her red print cotton house dress. She added a huge blue apron, a small white scarf, changed her shoes, and was ready for work.

Chattering in Swedish, Mom led her downstairs and the house settled into uneasy calm. Birgitta and I, banned from the basement because we inexperienced ones would probably wreak havoc in the super-organized efficiency below, sat in the sitting room and read American paperback mysteries while we listened to German translations of American hit songs.

At four o'clock Mom appeared, marking the end of activity. Her arms were red and wrinkled to her elbows

from the near-boiling water (Mom was firmly convinced that washing machines just did not clean things thoroughly). Shortly thereafter Fru Francean emerged, shared our coffee and flaky Swedish pastry with us, and then stood ceremoniously.

Mom produced her purse and gave her a ten kroner note (a little less than \$2.00), and they thanked each other. Finally Mom ushered her to the door, and waited politely while she did her changing ritual in reverse. Then, with a last "Tack" (thanks) Fru Francean was gone, and the washing was, officially, finished.

Mom shut the door. "There," she said. "True."
"Through," Birgitta corrected.

Mom frowned, "Ja," she agreed. Then she brightened. "Until next week. Then we do the ironing."

Getting off the boat in Bremerhaven



SWEDEN

Sweden, the land of the middle way, has escaped the devastation of two world wars, and through it all has developed into a striking example of democracy at work.

This is the country which I was fortunate enough to visit this summer under the direction of the American Field Service. I stayed with a family in Kiruna, in northern Sweden, which is sometimes known as the "Land of the Midnight Sun," or Lapland. Kiruna, which has many modern developments, is centered around the huge iron ore mine. It is located approximately 125 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

My trip began immediately after school last year when I left by plane from San Francisco with several other AFS students from the peninsula. Landing in Washington, D.C., we spent a wonderful two days touring the nation's capital. After a short bus trip we arrived in New York and saw everything from Basin Street to Ebbetts Field. But our adventures were just beginning as we soon boarded the good ship "Arosa Kulm" for almost two weeks of "unstable stomach" and fun at sea. Arriving in Bremerhaven, Germany, we caught the next train for Malmo in southern Sweden and after two sleepless nights reached our destination.

My Swedish family met me here; and after a few days of sightseeing, we began the long trip north. Traveling through Sweden by train, you see the beautiful rolling farmlands in Skane, endless miles of forests and lakes in the central part, and many mountains and wasteland in the north. You are immediately impressed by the general cleanliness of both city and country. In the country are traditional century-old red cottages with white trim; while in most cities you can see fine housing centers and many modern apartments, both of which are attempts to ease the acute housing shortage.

Playing around nearly every housing development are many healthy-looking children. The people, except for minor complaints, seem to be a good-natured group. The Socialist dominated government provides the people with a rare program of social welfare. They have been especially effective in the field of public health, old age and child care.

Many of the educated people—not only in Sweden, but in most of Europe—speak English. There is a notable interest in the U.S., especially at this election time of year, for they wonder whom the American people will select as their national executive. Their interest in most cases stems from possible changes in our foreign policy. The Swedes are avid newspaper readers and show a great deal of interest in world affairs. They have internal problems, however, as we do. People complain of taxes, although they have good incomes.

This summer, as I worked, played, and studied with the young people of Sweden, I found that they like a good time as American young people do. And they, too, are concerned with the welfare of our small world. They, too, are looking for the key which will open the door to peace.

Bruce Johnson

SWITZERLAND

Chairman: William Mac Lean
(31 students went to Switzerland)

"Those who visit foreign nations, but associate only with their own countrymen, change their climate, but not their customs. — They see new meridians, but the same men; and with heads as empty as their pockets, return home with travelled bodies, but with untravelled minds." Colton



Water Tower and Chapel Bridge of Luzern with Rigi mountains in the background.

In Paris



The Swiss group at Montreux

Swiss group being drenched by a wave



A PERFECT HOLIDAY

The sun rose August first to an unusual welcome, for there were no storms to threaten the sun's humor. Instead, the sun looked down on excited, lively activity, for it was Switzerland's national independence day, and people were preparing for the evening's festivities.

My family and I had been shopping the day before, up and down the narrow, cobblestone streets, under the arcades and into dim, atmospheric shops or crowded department stores in Bern. The streets had been crowded with bicycles and Volkswagons, and the sidewalks had been teeming with people from all over the world. Flags were flying, people were talking in a dozen tongues, and all were buying lanterns, fireworks, flowers and tasty meats and cheeses for the holiday ahead.

On the morning of the first my brother took me swimming in the river Aare where I was nearly swept away, and the afternoon was filled with busy preparation for the evening feast. My sister and I made cheese fondue with "Mother" while my father and brothers bought French pastries and decorated the porch with lanterns. After the meal, which was unusually good, the family set a firecracker off outside the house, twenty-two cantonal flags bursting from it, which they gave to me. We then set off for the Muri pro-gymnasium, the center of our festivities. In the dusk the lighted lanterns bobbed, looking pretty and gay. Small children ran about with sputtering tapers and multi-colored lights. A few country people came in costume and every expression imaginable could be seen on the people's faces.

First on the program a group of boys did strong, yet graceful gymnastics and dancing. Before the main

speech was given, all twenty-year olds were called onto the stage, because after the speech they were given certificates of citizenship, which included, in the case of men, the right to vote.

The speech was in Zurich-Swiss-German; how I wish it had been in French! The speech was very serious, and no one laughed or even smiled throughout it. I found out later what he talked about, but can only briefly relate it here. In the beginning he spoke of Switzerland's past, the beginning of Swiss confederation, its growth, problems and strengths. Then, changing to the present, he spoke about the problems of today, and the necessity of all Swiss people to be well-read on Switzerland and the changing world. In shifting to the future he strongly advised the young people to take an active interest in their country's politics and government because the destiny of the country would soon rest on their shoulders. After the citizenship certificates were given out, we were entertained with flag-throwing by a group of boys. Then, after fireworks, the national anthem was sung and we returned home.

At home, we lit the lanterns on the porch and set off fireworks. Then we sat silently watching her, the lighted cathedral far away, and the fires burning on every mountain-top, an old custom begun the year after the confederation was established, because the Austrian castles on mountain-tops were burned to gain independence. At about eleven o'clock we walked to a nearby inn for Casata (Italian ice-cream) and by midnight we were walking home again in the pouring rain, our lighted lanterns serving as a guide.

Linda Rein'l





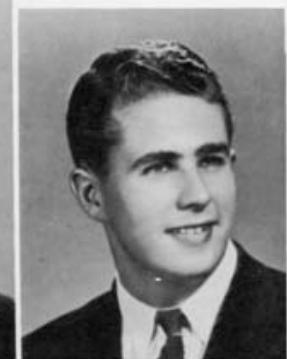
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A Swiss Farm House





In France

THE SWISS "BUNDESLAGER"

One of the most interesting experiences during my summer stay in Switzerland was the week and a half spent at the Swiss National Boy Scout Camp. It was in the mountains in the French-speaking part of Switzerland near Saignelegier. Fifteen thousand Scouts attended this camp. Four A.F.S. boys stayed for a week and one of the girls from the program came for a day.

The camp was divided into four areas. In each one were Scouts from many parts of the country. In our area were boys from German and French Switzerland, as well as a troop from England. Because of the four national languages, all of the official business was carried on in at least French and German, and often in Italian, too. Unfortunately, none of it was in English, so we Americans had to follow along with the rest. The Swiss Boy Scouts are very similar to ours, only more independent. They require very little adult leadership. The thirty boys I knew stayed for ten days with three eighteen-year olds as leaders.

The boys had to hike the last few miles from the station, carrying everything they needed for the camp except

some food. They set up a camp with twelve tents, which included two for supplies, a stove made of grass sod, and a totem pole. Here, they cooked, ate, played, and slept for their entire stay.

The setting was beautiful. The camp was in the midst of green, rolling hills, spotted here and there with a rock fence or grove of pine trees. The sky, when it wasn't raining, was a deep blue and in the evenings it became a stage for the most beautiful sunsets I have ever seen. There were many cows grazing, and at night all that was heard was the constant jangle of hundreds of cowbells.

The activities were well-planned and numerous. Aside from cooking and washing, the boys were kept busy doing projects to earn awards. Every evening there was a show at each of the arenas. Here there was entertainment, games, singing, and announcements in German and French about the progress of the "Bundeslager" or "Camp National." There were hikes that the groups could make to near-by or more distant points of interest. There was always something to do.

After ten days of this excitement, only slightly dampened by the practically daily rain, we were ready to go home. Most of the leaders were looking forward to the comfort of a bed and warm water for washing. In the afternoon we rolled up our beds and tents, put them in our packs and cleaned up the campsight. Finally, we put out our fires and started towards the station. As we looked back over our shoulder and saw the cows nibbling at the grass that had been our camp, we thought to ourselves, "We will never forget the wonderful Swiss Bundeslager."

A Swiss Barn





John Nathan reading "Willy Tell"

FRENCH SWITZERLAND

Along with 31 delegates to Switzerland, I was the only one to go to French Switzerland. Lusanne was the name of the city where I stayed during my summer stay in Europe. The population is 100,000 people plus thousands of students who study there during the year. When I arrived, I all but knew what the city looked like because my American family had the pleasure of having a Swiss born boy stay with us last year. Through him we learned all about his family and his friends, so I had a fairly good idea what my Swiss parents would be like. I have often been asked what I did all summer in a city like Lausanne. Situated on the Lake of Geneva, one could find many students, not only of Swiss blood but students from every nation in the world. In the lake we would enjoy swimming, water polo, water skiing, and pretty girls. With all these students around, many times we would discuss world problems as youth sees them. Problems such as World Peace, customs and habits of different nations, and many times we would talk about

how we as adults will someday have this problem of World Peace. We had plenty of fun every evening for if it wasn't a house party it was a jazz concert, a city dance, or maybe just a movie in French.

My family was not a typical Swiss family as an American would think of a Swiss family. Yes, they were a Swiss family as the Swiss really live. They dwelt in a city so they didn't have a big farm with sheep and cows, and they didn't yodel from mountain to mountain. My Swiss father is a very well known lawyer. He is respected by everyone in the city and is one who will help anyone who is in trouble. My Swiss mother is a very important woman in Swiss industry which is unusual for a European woman. She is well respected by all who know her. Our twenty room house was for three people and it has stood there for over three hundred years. My Swiss brother was a very popular person in California as he is in Switzerland.

Being without Francois for the first three weeks, I really found out how the Swiss express their world known friendliness. Not only are they happy to meet someone, but they make it a point to introduce you to all their friends. This is a good example of how warm hearted the Swiss people really are.

Travelling in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, France and Italy, I found life very different in each country, but the people are all courteous, helpful, and friendly, and always busy. In Switzerland it is really an experience to see how the German, Italian and French areas differ.

As an A.F.S.er this experience showed me how others live, and someday through my experience I hope I can help to establish a neutral world like the Swiss have established — a land of liberty and peace. Experiences like mine will really make a success future to our whole world.

Bill Fairfield

Rain!



Swiss costumes at Sion



TURKEY

Chairman: Barbara Baldwin
(14 students went to Turkey)



Cathy Clark smoking a very long Turkish pipe.



A home of the village farmers near the Marmara Sea.

The whole "Turkish group" on the Arosa Kulm with our great leader, Steve Rowan.



Reunion at Babbit Baldwin's in December of the East-coast "Turks" that could come.



Some of our Turkish hostesses all set for a cart ride through a village.

TURKEY

Excited, nervous, scared, a little apprehensive all describe the feelings of the "Turks" as we flew into Istanbul on that never-to-be-forgotten night of July 8, 1956. As the fourteen of us descended the steps from the huge Air-France plane, our families were there, waving and shouting "A.F.S., A.F.S." Little did we know then what those words would mean to us by the end of the summer. Looking back over our stay in Turkey, it seems unbelievable that we had such a wonderful time. The people were so nice to us, very friendly and outgoing, and made us feel right at home. Even though in most cases only one member of the family spoke English, we got along perfectly with our small vocabulary of Turkish, and of course, sign language. Last year there were only two A.F.S.ers in Turkey, so we felt especially lucky to be the first fairly large group to live in Turkey, helping to increase the A.F.S. program there. Both on the boat and in Turkey, we were a very united group. Most of

us lived near Istanbul which meant that we saw each other frequently during the summer to go sightseeing, picnicking, or have parties. We had a great variety of experiences such as taking a Turkish bath, participating in a traditional village wedding, going to mosques and palaces, shopping in the covered bazaar, and driving along the Bosphorus, so picturesque and beautiful at night. Every day this country which had sounded so strange and different at first, became more and more a part of each one of us as we came to know and understand Turkey.

It could not have been a more perfect summer, with only one regret, that it ended too soon. However, we will never forget the memorable days spent this summer, and, most important, we will always have the strong friendship of the wonderful people of Turkey.

Babbie Baldwin





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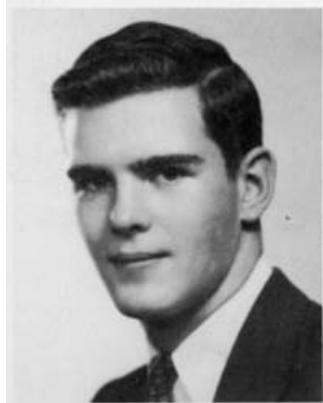
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The best chaperone ever, Blair's brother, Sibe Tanberk.



One of the two males in our midst,
Pete Barnes.



A.F.S.ers on board the Arosa Kulm



Cathy displaying her Turkish souvenirs

Only one piece of French bread for all
these hungry "Turks"!



Margy and Bonnie recording the exciting
events of a day in Paris.



Blair relaxing beneath the warm
Turkish sun.



Jane and part of her family enjoy
a Turkish treat — eating corn by
the roadside.

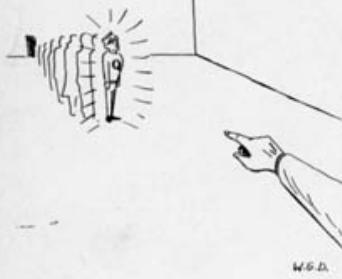


WE WERE CHOSEN TO APPLY

NEWS ARRIVED IN APRIL.....WE
WERE CHOSEN

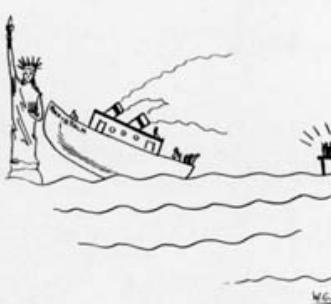
BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW
WHERE WE WERE GOING

WE GOT OUR PASSPORTS



"The SPIRAL"

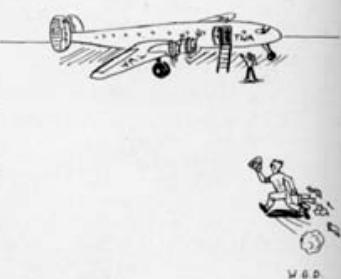
WE SAIL ON THE
AROSA KULM



NEW YORK STAGGERS
US



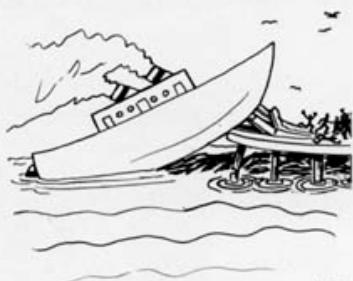
WE LEAVE FOR NEW YORK



WE ARRIVE

WE MEET OUR FAMILY

WE LEARN NEW WAYS



WE DEPART FOR HOME IN
TEARS



WE HAVE A WONDERFUL
SUMMER





Some 696 American teenagers left New York in June, 1956, together with chaperones, to spend six weeks with European families in sixteen countries. These teenagers will live with European families, mingle with people in their communities, and bring back a wealth of experiences and understanding of life in the typical homes and cities where they lived. European teenagers, meanwhile, were off in the United States living in typical homes in our country.



Summer students meet Mr. Galatti at Bremerhaven. Jan Wythers, Carol Berman, Mr. Galatti, Pete Raisbeck, Gerald Sakura.

Arriving in Bremerhaven, Germany



Gail Farnum, "Miss 1000", representing 1000th student coming abroad under the A.F.S. program.



Returnees who have been active as chairmen in their countries abroad. They chaperoned the summer students, held language classes and orientation sessions on the East bound voyage. Row 1: Christina Lundquist (Sweden), Annie Combes (France). Row 2: Eckard Heintz (Germany), Hanna Knoke (Germany), Fioretta Bracci (Italy), Anja Luukanen (Finland), Hilde Speer (Germany). Row 3: Klaus Lorenzen (Germany), Niels Sabbelov (Denmark).

Hilde Speer (returnee) conducts German class aboard "Arosa Kulm."





In Bremerhaven

German returnees meet 1956 summer students at the dock in Bremerhaven.



First group of A.F.S. students on land, with the "Bremer Roland."



Tom Gates and other A.F.S.ers with luggage



Waiting for customs inspection



Leaving for their destination for the summer

Row 1: Frank Weinstein to Krefeld, Carol Thomas to Bonn. Row 2: Burkhard Brehm, AFS chairman from Bonn, Donald Seligman to Duesseldorf, Robert Berkoff to Bonn, Thomas McCabe to Oberkassel, Phillip Bruner to Hennef, Juergen Blankenburg, AFS chairman of Duisburg.

Chairmen waiting for their AFS students, Bremerhaven—1956





FAREWELL — IN LE HAVRE, FRANCE — 1956

ARRIVING IN NEW YORK HARBOR



69273

111

We, the Central Committee, kindly thank those who contributed their time and ability to making this book:

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The Central Committee,

Jean Clark

Gerald Fulstone

Carrie Lee Matthews

Bill Owens



Another *Y. B. H.* creation

DEAN HORBS BLANCHARD, A. M. A., M. D.
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