

Diary of Barbara Monroe Tells of Trip to Europe

EDITOR'S NOTE: Barbara Monroe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Monroe, 1886 Yorkville, Birmingham, is one of 12 Girl Scouts from the U.S. participating in the Experiment in International Living this summer. She is in Europe following is the first in a series of articles from her diary describing her trip.

June 29—Somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean aboard the M. S. Aurelia:

I am sitting in my top bunk rockin' and rollin' with the ship and the waves. So far, I have felt no ill effects, and I don't plan to. Really, it is fairly calm.

At least the waves are smaller than the ones Hollywood produces. Only three of us have felt any ill effects and one is Mrs. Vaden, our leader, nurse and keeper.

The ship is very nice. Having been prepared for the worst, we are surprised to find ourselves with almost the best.

Speaking of surprises, I received a telegram from the senior planning board and a box of flowers from S. Oakland county. Gee, I felt like something pretty special and thank to all of you at SOG.

Four of us share a stateroom in the bow of the ship. We know it's the bow because one wall clanks awfully. Right now my clothes line

WHAT EXCITEMENT yesterday when we finally pulled away from the pier. Flags flying, the band playing and all 1100 kids this is a complete student sailing cheering and waving. We stayed on deck until we got out beyond the Statue of Liberty and then went in for lunch. Another surprise, I don't think

I've ever seen so much food. These seven and eight course meals are amazing.

Since this is an Italian ship, the food is all on that line. A sample meal consists of spaghetti, meat, fish, potatoes, salad, bread, fruit and cheese etc., etc.

After settling in and touring the ship we had a monster rally with everyone aboard. The TRIP (travel, recreation, information) program and all the other things we signed up for various activities such as games, newspaper, discussions, languages.

After dinner, for which we must wear a dress type dress, we saw a movie (I fell asleep). Then we sang folk songs and had an "Anchor Aweigh" dance.

THIS MORNING an orientation meeting was scheduled at 8. However, our cabin was sleeping at that time—we had to get up and get dressed in record time.

My breakfast consisted of a left over apple from Tuesday night while racing up to the lounge.

Breakfast is served from 7 to 8 and anyone may eat any time. We were assigned to the first sitting for lunch and dinner. Mrs. Vaden, our leader, nurse and keeper.

After that we attended a TRIP language class and then went to the meeting.

I was elected secretary of the group, but, thank heaven, I don't have to keep a log.

After that we attended a TRIP language class and then went to the meeting.

The World's A Stage

By JAY ST. LEDGER
(Special Writer)

THE PENALTY OF NATIONAL WEALTH

It's ironic that wealth, the very thing a nation seeks to acquire, is a world power, also contains the seed of its decline.

The irony is because wealth is bad. It's because wealth predisposes a nation to eroding forces on its national vitality.

A look at world history reveals that great powers lost their stature because they let wealth corrupt their moral and therefore, business and political life.

The ancient parlayed welfare state excesses of bread and circuses, political graft and corruption, handing armies into the monumental bonfire of a sacked and pillaged Rome at the hands of the vandals.

Other nations have sealed their doom by backing the irreparable current of history to produce privileged economic interests.

The United States today is at its own quagmire. We have arrived at the dominant wealth of the world and leading power.

swimming. A swimming pool on the ship was more than any of us had expected. It is not tremendous, but it has a slide and that is fun. The water is from the ocean and COLD, but after we became numb it felt good. One thing I don't want to run out of water.

After lunch I sat and discussed segregation with some kids and then went to a forum on European-U.S. relations. Most interesting. We had a life boat drill at 4:30 and that was fun and funny.

Today we began speaking in French. I was happy to find my grammar, comprehension and thinking stack up very well. I had more vocabulary, but guess that will come gradually. I am also picking up a few bits of Italian from the crew.

It's getting a little rocky now and someone said a storm was coming up. Some of the kids have guitars and we sat and sang folk songs.

JUNE 30 Our alarm went off at 7 and we actually got up at 7:30 and made it to breakfast for once. Had a heavy morning with orientation, language and an address program on France. After lunch we sunned and played games and went for a swim. Then we practiced songs for the variety show, "Ash Grove".

I said I won't take heed, "Twelve months' warranty. That's the new MG '1600' I arrange for a test-drive today.

We have a half hour of our clock ahead a half hour or so each night. This does nothing for our sleep. We're looking forward to the trip home as far as sleep is concerned—we'll get EXTRA all the way back!

JULY 1 Nina (New Orleans) gave a wonderful report. She has had seven years of French and also has been to Europe before. She is the only one in the group who is a native speaker. The rest just finished high school except Sue Duncan (Oklahoma) and she has another year.

Today we visited up on the bridge. The crew showed us all the instruments and explained them (in their limited English).

We tried out for the variety show—and made it. Went to a terrific discussion on civil rights, the best I have ever attended. After dinner we sat in the lounge and talked and wrote letters and kept happy nibbling pizza. Went to bed and was gently rocked to sleep.

JULY 4 Happy Fourth of July to you! My flag came out of my suitcase and waved from my bedpost. We missed breakfast, but made our meeting on time. The usual stuff. Had to give my report. Rather "impromptu".

After that I practiced Eskimo yoyos, without much success. We had a fancy dinner tonight—captain's farewell dinner. Had some kind of bubbly wine. We have had wine three times so far and, thank goodness, I like it. Everyone was feeling very patriotic so we sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and others gave toasts. Fun!

We played "Twenty Questions" in our French lesson tonight. Then there was a carnival in the lounge. Admission was five cents and it cost two matches at the booths. Hard on us non-smokers! But I scared up a few and threw ping pong balls and rings at stuff. The band played and it was all very gay. We threw two wine bottles into the ocean with notes in them to celebrate the Fourth.

JULY 7—PARIS, FRANCE I am sitting in an old, quaint, but very nice hotel room in Paris still wanting to pinch myself to be sure it's really true.

We woke up at 8:30 this morning—and at that point we all felt like "unapplying" and running home! A continental breakfast (coffee and rolls) at four o'clock boosted our spirits and at five we put our first toe on French soil.

How strange the language sounded, spoken very fast, and full of unfamiliar words. But we plunged right in and then it didn't seem so strange. What a thrill to say something to a real Frenchman (portier for example) and have him understand and answer you—and then to understand his answer.

We had a slight mixup (called an "experiment") around here when we boarded the train for Paris. Some of us had seat numbers, but unfortunately those particular seats seemed to be not-existent.

Not only did this make for utter confusion right off, but it also meant that our precious baggage had disappeared. To top it off, Mrs. Vaden misplaced her passport and that added to the uproar!

We finally got everything straightened out, after thoroughly testing our French on every intelligent (and some not so) looking Frenchman in sight.

THE TRIP to Paris, by way of Rouen, was beautiful. It was

TODAY WE HAVE the embryo of our version of welfare state excesses in our preoccupation with material security and the good life. Our values are becoming the criterion of the status seeker. We have corruption in our business, labor and government scandals.

We exist in a dynamic, revolutionary age.

The White Caucasian's credentials as the favored member of the world society are being questioned. The Have-nots are bound to have Washington, Moscow, London and Paris will ultimately vie for prestige with Johannesburg, Brazilia, Peiping and Bombay.

We have our own privileged economic interests, sheltered by racial discrimination in employment, and unnecessarily restrictive trade barriers that build hate in this, the age of the atom.

The economy of a wealthy nation today falls into two of classes. If its maturing, it's a production minded economy. All profits are put into further development and expansion of production capacity.

Such is the economy of the Soviet Union today.

THE OTHER CLASS is a consumer economy such as we have. Its prime concern is to increase consumption in order to be able to increase production.

If we are to prudently control our wealth, maintain our equilibrium and sense of values, we must have to understand the effect of this relentless pressure for increased consumption. We must realize its necessity and at the same time resist its tendency to substitute materialistic values for moral values and resultant cynicism for principles.

We should be willing to invest tax dollars in education, outer space research and development of mandatory that we replace indifference

through Normandy, which is mostly farming country. Houses with thatched roofs, people working in the gardens, old cathedrals, narrow streets, the lovely country-side abuzz with flowers—those are the things that made me fall in love with France at first sight.

Our first view of the Eiffel Tower was thrilling, and inspired us to render the "Marseillaise" (French National Anthem). We arrived in Paris about ten-thirty. Hundreds of new arrivals were all hysterically trying to unload mountains of luggage and locate buses. If it wasn't too funny!

We got two porters and their carriers and it was well worth the 50-cent tip I paid. A representative from the Scoutme France met us and was very surprised that we all spoke French. We are not staying at La Nef (the Girl Guide Hostel in Paris) tonight, but will be quartered there for eight days at the end of the summer.

Today has been so full of new things and so exciting that I am quite exhausted. Also, our room is on the seventh floor and I marched up twice with luggage and people our children will be dealing with.

Where necessary we must sacrifice a measure of profit and reduce restrictive trade barriers. It's

ence with a sense of personal moral responsibility for discrimination in education and job opportunities; for Pygmalion, Union and Government

When the decayed timbers of Ancient Rome started to give, its architects blamed the recently introduced Christianity.

That giant of his Age, St. Augustine of Hippo, destroyed this argument. His classic, "City in God", illustrated that Rome prospered by natural virtue; that her vitality could be sustained only through the practice of charity and the practical application of the principles exemplified in the administration of his metaphoric City of God.

It's not strange upon thought that this complex question of national vitality should boil down to an application of charity and the Ten Commandments. The natural virtues of ambition, hard work and sacrifice can bring a man prosperity. Only his recognition of his higher destiny can prevent it from consuming him.

Nations are people and today, as then, a nation is no better, no worse, than the sum total of its people.

History notes that the citizens of Rome dismantled their Empire in a reckless orgy of bread and circuses. What shall it say of John Doe? The answer is yours and mine.

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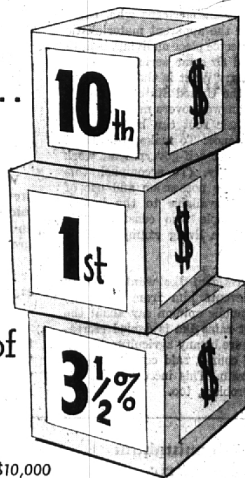
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