

and what did you do this summer?

The months of June, July and August afford college students an invaluable opportunity to enlarge their educational experience through special programs of study and travel

DRAWINGS BY JOHN YACK

russia/ed buchner

Buchner, a graduate student in Russian, studied at the Institute for Study of the U.S.S.R. in Munich and toured the Soviet Union as part of a summer program sponsored by OU and directed by Dr. John Eriksen.

As the OU Russian study group stepped off the train in the Munich station, it was easy to tell that a tour of the Soviet Union had just been completed. There were balalaikas (traditional Russian stringed instruments), Russian souvenir pins, bedecked collars and coat lapels, and amid the excitement and confusion could be heard Russian greetings. Thus ended the two-week tour of the Soviet Union sponsored by the University in conjunction with its summer session at the Institute for the Study of the U.S.S.R. in Munich, West Germany. Dr. John Eriksen, assistant dean of the College of Arts and Sciences and organizer of the summer program, had spent many hours negotiating the tour whose 18 members included students and teachers from the U.S. and Canada. Serving as a pilot project for which two hours language credit was offered, the trip was the climax of six weeks of preparation in Russian language and related fields at the Munich Institute.

We were a small but varied group that started the train journey on July 25. There were different levels of proficiency in the Russian language, and the academic specialties ranged from Soviet geography to criminal law. We had been fully briefed but nevertheless weren't for certain what to expect. Our suitcases contained pills to combat Russian stomach disorders, bars of soap which would not be provided in hotels, plus a supply of lipstick, nylon hose, ball point pens, plastic rain hats, thimbles, Kennedy half dollars, frisbies, cigarettes, chewing gum, cook book markers and packets of white sands from Alamogordo. (At the U. S. Embassy in Moscow we gathered up some American magazines which we discreetly distributed.)

Actual contact with the Soviets was first made when riding the Paris-Moscow express which we boarded in East Berlin. Settling in our four-man compartments, we were greeted by choral music from the small speakers which were broadcasting radio Moscow. Making ourselves comfortable, we spent our time looking at the countryside, writing in diaries and competing with radio Moscow by singing American and Russian songs accompanied by a guitar. The Russians on the train, casually dressed in pajamas as is the custom, looked surprised but pleased to hear native music coming from foreign voices and some joined in to sing *Clementine* and *Home on the Range*. The train stopped on the Polish border to receive a set of wheels that fit the Russian railway gauge, widest in the world. Here we also met our Russian guide, Natasha, who stayed with us during the entire trip. She represented Sputnik—the government tourist bureau which handles arrangements for student groups.

Our two weeks were divided almost equally among Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev, the three largest cities in the U.S.S.R. Each city has its own physical attractions and appeal—Moscow with the Kremlin, Red Square, wide streets and sidewalks; Leningrad, city of Peter the Great, with its elegant, pastel-colored buildings and the old Winter Palace, and Kiev, capital of the Ukraine, with its beautiful natural setting on the 300-foot high banks of the Dnieper River. Picturesquely standing out in these city skylines were the



Russian Orthodox cathedrals of multi-colored, onion-shaped cupolas reminding all of their former importance. After arriving in each city and being accommodated in our hotel (named "Peace," "Friendship" and "Tourist,"), we were given a bus tour as a general introduction. These and all other tours were conducted in Russian. In addition to listening to the guides present the statistics of the city, we kept our eyes focused on the many propaganda signs which adorned buildings and billboards. Most frequent were "Glory to the C.P.S.U.," "Peace for the World" and "The present generation of youth will live under communism." Such slogans are also posted in train stations, factories, parks and other public places. The sight-seeing excursions which Sputnik planned for us centered on exhibitions of Soviet economic achievements, war memorials and museums glorifying the deeds of the 1917 revolution. But our periods of free time were most enjoyable. We were always eager to set out on public transport for the shopping districts. It's an exasperating ordeal to ride the buses, which normally run without a conductor. This puts everybody on his honor to pay the four kopeck fare. We learned to get on with the correct amount of money or else spend the entire ride asking fellow passengers for change.

These shopping excursions also required learning the system. The Soviet citizen must be given credit for possessing an uncanny reserve of patience. Stores in the big cities are crowded, and it's necessary to stand in line to buy an item of any kind. The customer must have a salesgirl total his purchases on an abacus. He then walks to a cash register and another line. There he pays for the items and receives a ticket which he takes back to the counter and exchanges for the goods he has bought. Apparently the salesgirls aren't to be tempted by being placed on their honor. Indeed one sign in GUM, the huge department store across from the Kremlin, reads "Worker and salesclerk, be honest, respect the people whom you are serving, value your honesty." For the souvenir-happy Westerner there is not much temptation to buy Russian keepsakes. The prices are too high, especially when figured on the official exchange rate one ruble (90 kopecks) to the dollar. It was only for books, which are cheap, that our dollars found any purchasing power. A sample price list is nylon hose—7 rubles; women's shoes—20 rubles; vacuum cleaners—46 rubles; man's wool suit—106 rubles; woolen blazer—82 rubles; lemons—135 kopecks each; small can of coffee—1 ruble; and small green apples—5 kilos for 1 ruble. But the system provides a means for an unhappy shopper to express dissatisfaction. On the wall in each store hangs a small book entitled "Book for Suggestions and Complaints." We had some but kept them to ourselves.

While walking among the crowds we were often buttonholed by Russians. American-made goods were leading topics. The younger fellows were interested in ball point pens and chewing gum; the older ones asked for jazz records and clothing. The young people are acquainted with popular American singers from hearing Voice of America and BBC. Every person we talked to admitted listening to these stations over shortwave sets. We were besieged with offers to buy or trade the clothes we wore. As a 25-year-old textile engineer told me, "We are interested in any article of clothing, from suits to cuff links, as long as it comes from America." To go to church had to be done on our own as no help was received from Sputnik guides in locating those that "work," a translation of the word used to signify that services are conducted. A few are open, but most are closed or have been converted into museums. One of our group, the son of a Baptist minister, made visits to the Baptist churches in the three cities. In them he found full congregations—mostly old people—participating in the normal two-hour worship services. The Russian minister in Moscow told him that the Baptists have approximately 5,000 churches in the Soviet Union with a membership of almost 500,000.

Meeting and making friends with ordinary Russians was what really made our trip worthwhile. Perhaps suspicious at first, they were happy and eager to talk with someone from America. Destalinization has signaled the beginning of easier living conditions, and there is much emphasis on the youth, preparing them to be true inheritors of the socialist-communist system. To our surprise some spoke out with candor against the regime. For ten short minutes in Kiev, I listened with amazement while a young engineer went from denunciation of the one-party system to admiration for life in America. When discussions gravitated to politics, the Russians we met expressed misgivings about Goldwater, interpreted President Kennedy's death as a plot by Johnson to gain power or as perpetrated by Republicans dissatisfied over civil rights. They were vague about what was happening in Berlin but spoke out against Red China and in the same breath described the Soviet people as having more in common with Americans than with any other people. When parting, the friends we met always invited us back by simply saying, "Come and see us again." It seemed somewhat facetious for us to reply in kind.

Back in Munich after the tour a meeting was held by Dr. Eriksen to evaluate the trip. Each saw his experience not only as a laboratory for language, but also as an opportunity to become acquainted with Soviet life on a personal basis. We all hoped that OU would continue to send student groups to the Soviet Union.

rome/eugenie stanley

Miss Stanley, a senior majoring in history of art, took part in a summer program of study in Rome sponsored by the University in cooperation with the Accademia di Belle Arti. The OU students, accompanied by Professors John O'Neil and Cecil Lee, studied painting, drawing and history of art.



Golden light, fairly shimmering as it reflects from tall old palazzos rising above narrow streets, is probably the artist's first impression of what is unique for him about Rome. Varied architecture, from ancient ruins of columns and still stately arches to the undulating Baroque facades of a later age of grandeur, makes an immediate impact on the art historian who makes his pilgrimage to the old Italian city. But each of us who went to Rome this summer with the OU extension course could not have analyzed this clearly as we sat bumping along in an airport bus that first day of our arrival, back in the middle of June; we were only silent and inwardly caught up in our feeling of individual wonder, thinking what an amazing thing it was to finally be there in that sunny old-world city, feeling the light and air of Rome, watching with amazement pink flowering trees and large spraying fountains appear all along

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the way to our hotel destination. The strangeness was altogether lost in that first impression of beauty.

Naturally, the first week the strangeness caught up with us—the language, customs, monetary system, winding confusion of streets and honking traffic, and Italians themselves—and we began to sense what actually *living* in Rome was going to be. A number of us insisted to Professor O'Neil that we welcomed the change and had suffered no great problems of adjustment, while others openly admitted having real confusions. But the second week saw definite relief as we became accustomed to bus lines, map reading, Italian cooking (no hard thing!), the Italian business schedule of the day with its 8-1, 4-8 hours, and settled into a routine of study at the Accademia di Belle Arti, the old school overlooking the Tiber River where our classroom arrangements had been made, and where we were to study art history with Professor Lee, and drawing and painting with Professor O'Neil. And, of course, we quickly located the little bar across the street where *capuccino*, beer and snacks were available for morning breaks.

To get to know Rome from an outsider's viewpoint is, of course, to judge in relation to what he has known before. We had never before known that *particular* relaxed kind of life that Romans enjoy in the summer, when the afternoon naps are long, when the beaches are full on weekends to the point of really deserted streets in the city itself, and when wine and spaghetti pleasantly do their part in slowing things down. Business, from an American standpoint, was buzzing only in a droning sort of way, like the sound of lazy, honey-laden bees; and the perpetual Italian habit of early-evening sitting at sidewalk cafes and *looking*, only looking rather blandly at everyone who passes, was another clear example of the difference. We quickly came to realize that the atmosphere of relaxation had a compelling magic, and had to do with an overt "enjoyment of life" which has attracted outsiders seeking this very thing. So most of us really sat back and enjoyed Rome as the Romans do. What else? It was one of the best things about being there for two months; it was delicious not having to hurry on after three days, say, of frantic searching out of St. Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, the Colosseum, the Forum and Alfredo's restaurant and the Trevi Fountain. (Which would still be better than *nothing* of Rome . . .)

Our living accommodations proved to be a major source of enjoyment to many of us. One group of students stayed at the Villa Eva, a frankly luxurious place near the Borghese gardens, with a garden-like dining patio of its own; and the rest stayed at the charming Penisome Alto Adige in an old palazzo in the heart of Rome, two buildings away from the famous Fontana di Trevi and within walking distance of the Piazza Venezia and the Roman Forum in one direction, the Piazza del Popolo in another, the Accademia itself, and many interesting places in among these. We were all allowed absolute freedom and independence about settling upon living quarters and so on, and about our free time in Rome. This meant that each one of us could take advantage of Rome at his or her own level of enjoyment and particular interest. Thus some spent time sketching, others monument-hunting or museum-tromping, others traveling to places outside Rome. All of us managed to take advantage of time to wander in the marvelous little shops and larger stores, to see the sights of the city and to get to know some Italians on a people-to-people basis.

It's hard not to get to know and like some Italians, if one is in Rome very long at all. We met not only bankers, merchants and hotel proprietors—our necessary daily acquaintances—but students and others who began to help us really to understand Italy. We went with friends to the beaches at Ostia and became true sun-worshippers in the regular Italian tradition; we went to parties and night clubs, to sidewalk cafes for a *gelato* (ice cream) and to see Rome at night. We also met many young people from all countries who knew Rome on more than a fleeting or casual basis—Americans in business, school or at the Embassy, French and Canadian art students who knew the best beatnik bars, English

travelers. The fascinating cosmopolitan side of Rome became an education in itself, as we began to know as well foreigners other than Italians. Of course, not just young people crossed our paths, and it could really be said that Rome without the people we met could not have had half of the excitement and meaning which we can all remember, and hope never to forget. Many of those friends will linger on, a living memory of our summer.

We found Italians to be friendly and outgoing, in spite of the tourist image which, let us all hope, is getting to be a worn-out cliché, especially now that more types of Americans and greater numbers go to Europe than during the post-war period when the "rich American" reputation soared to such heights. (Of course, some tourists willingly are promoting it still.) But Italians are meeting more students, and at the same time are themselves more affluent economically than before, which begins to balance things a little. Our experiences with Romans, to continue, covered all types of happy, funny, confusing and frustrating times! The girls in the group managed to adjust to the Italian murmurs of "bellissima!" and what-have-you, and seldom was a real pinch encountered (the police are cracking down on that now). The shopkeepers were normally very polite in spite of probably faulty Italian on our part. We also found a superior friend not only in the pensione lady proprietor, Signora Molare, but in the exchange student who is coming to OU, Signorina Maria Grazia Caputi. And many of the girls got to know Italian men, inevitably, and enjoyed dates with them which really added to the fun of Rome. Some of us even had invitations from families to stay at summer homes outside of Rome for a few days. The foreign art students, met at a small cafe some of the boys stumbled onto, proved to be very willing to show us the carefree and at times rather frugal life of the resident artist in Rome, to round out our experiences there.

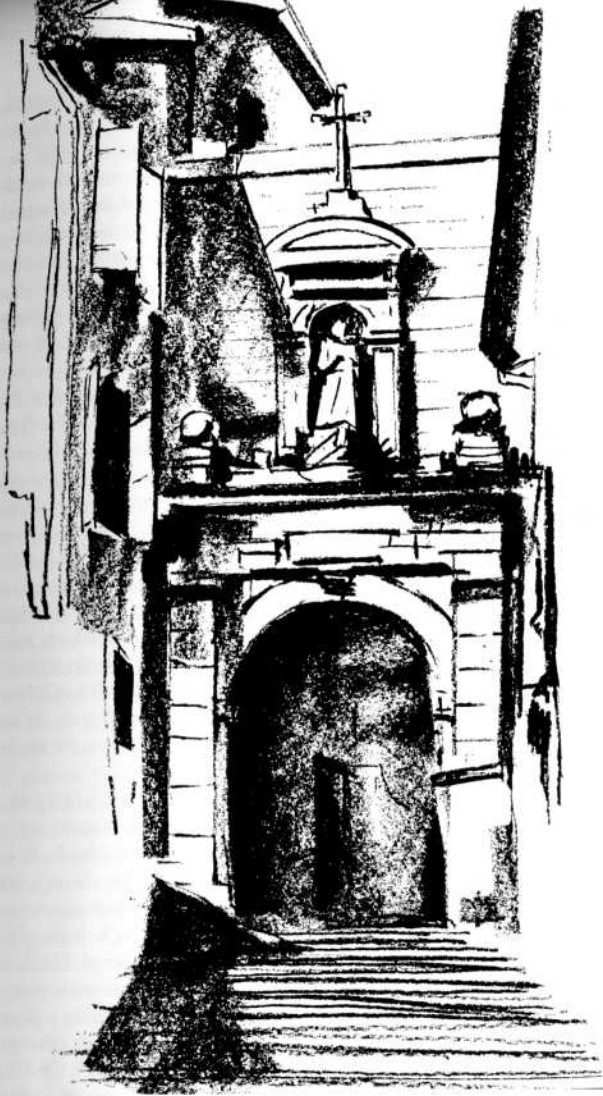
The two important cultural experiences, besides getting to know people, were the arts themselves and traveling around Italy and Europe, both of which proved to be, on this first trip, real distractions away from important academic accomplishments. Artistically, some students produced quite a lot, but they were still more distracted than as if they had been at home in a studio. But it is really hard to conclude that education was sacrificed, because appreciating, in a non-academic context, the monuments, museums, concerts and sights of not only Rome but of other cities as well, proved to be *very* much of an unforgettable learning experience. Trips to Florence, Siena, Naples, Venice, Etruscan sites, Calabria in the south of Italy, Germany and Holland were individually made while Rome was our headquarters, and later, on the ten-day tour of Madrid and Paris which we all took, even a side-trip to London was made. All in all, we traveled rather freely, sometimes at the expense of regular classroom attendance. But art was created and the history of art was studied, and individuals got more out of the assigned program according to their own pursuits.

Rome, with its golden-walled buildings, marble monuments topped by domes or bronze statues, obelisks and broad piazzas; with its flowers and fountains, old columns and crumbling ruins; with its newer buzz of Fiats and motor scooters beneath tall glass and steel architecture; Rome with its surface gaiety and deeper meanings, some of these vague and searching and others clearly timeless—Rome will remain in the hearts and minds of a group of American students and their teachers, not only this September, but for a long time to come.

grenoble/don crews

Crews, a senior majoring in letters and last year's student director of Sooner Scandals, studied French and French civilization at the University of Grenoble in a program sponsored by the University and directed by Dr. Seymour Feiler.

There were 20 girls and three boys in our group as we met in New York City to leave for Paris. We were all excited, but I think a



little bewildered also. Dr. Feiler, our professor and sponsor, was the only one who seemed rather certain of what was to happen next. We landed at Orly Airport in Paris at 7 a.m. after flying all night. From the angle at which we landed, we were able to see Paris from the air, so we were all ready to form our first impression of France as we entered the airport. The airport was quite modern, and I couldn't have distinguished it from Kennedy Airport in New York, except that all signs were in French. One thing that I hardly noticed at the time, but of which I became increasingly aware, was that there were drinking fountains at the airport. I never saw another drinking fountain throughout France. We got our luggage and passports checked without incident and boarded a small bus for a three-hour tour of the city. The airport is some distance from Paris proper and apparently on higher ground, because as we drove toward town we could see Paris spread out before us. In spite of the modern divided highway, Paris looked like something out of the eighteenth century. And I can't remember seeing any building over ten stories high. It was a beautiful, sunny day, rather unusual for Paris, so we were able to see clearly the Eiffel Tower, L'Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame cathedral and the Champs-Elysee.

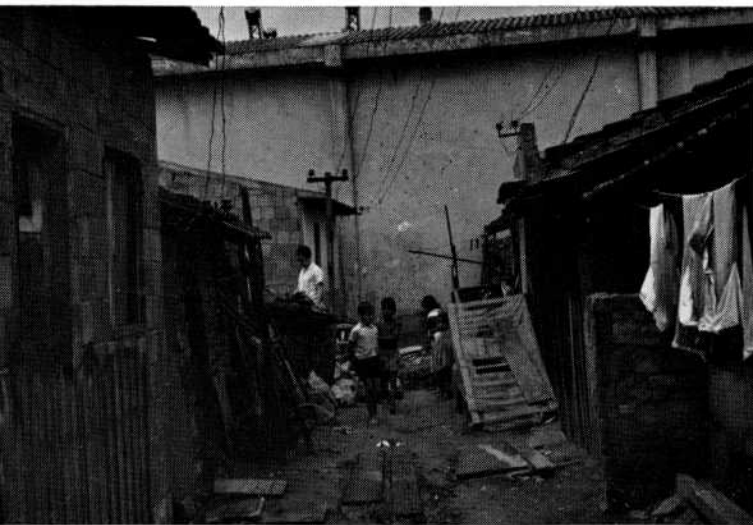
We spent the next two weeks touring France in a bus, led by a representative from the council on Student Travel, which organized our tour. We hardly knew each other when we left Paris, but after two weeks on that bus, we were just about as well acquainted as possible. During this time I know we saw every cathedral, chateau, cave and crypt in France. We even spent three days at a place called Chateaubois. It's a deserted village high in the Alps which students from several countries are rebuilding. There was no hot water—not even any running water for that matter. But there was

a marvelous view of an alpine valley from the outhouse which made it all worthwhile, I suppose. No one had lived at Chateaubois for 50 years, so I don't know why they wanted to rebuild it. I started to ask, but I didn't want to spoil their fun. In any event, this turned out to be our best opportunity of the whole summer to meet French students. Chateaubois is only about 20 miles from Grenoble, where we were in school, so even after we left Chateaubois some of our group continued to see the French students.

Our next stop after Chateaubois was Grenoble and school. Grenoble itself is a beautiful city of 160,000 people and is completely surrounded by mountains. It's also a booming town and probably the most modern city in France. After two weeks in a bus, it was really great to know that we'd be in one place for a while, but I think we all had our doubts about the beginning of school, since all the instruction was to be in French. Of course, that's what we'd come for, but I think that each of us secretly feared that we wouldn't be able to understand a single word. The instructors proved to be very patient and understanding, so we adjusted rather quickly to school life. But we lived for the weekends—then we could travel. I think my best trip of the summer was on our second weekend. Since Tuesday, July 14, was Bastille Day, Dr. Feiler gave us Monday off also. This gave us four days to travel. Most of our group took the train to Geneva; three flew to Rome. But three of us rented a car and drove to Milan and Florence. The Italians struck me quite differently than did the French. In Italy the people were very friendly, helpful, glad to see tourists and were quite proud of whatever English they knew. The French were generally more reserved and were more hesitant to volunteer assistance.

Another weekend, I went to Geneva. It's really a beautiful city—very cosmopolitan and internationally oriented. One rather interesting thing happened to me there. We arrived at our hotel after dark our first evening in town, and found what we thought was a convenient parking lot in the center of a square facing our hotel. So we left the car there without giving it much thought. But the next morning when we left the hotel we saw that a straw market occupied the square where we had left the car. We soon found the car, parked on a sidewalk, with a policeman standing over it, writing a ticket. I explained as best I could what had happened—the policeman only spoke French—but he gave us a ticket anyway. I kept it as a souvenir of Geneva. The following weekend when we drove to Munich, our car really helped us create some memories. We left Grenoble at 7:00 one evening heading straight for Munich, which is a 12-hour drive. When we were passing through Geneva, we decided to get something to drink. So we stopped the car—and it never started again under its own power. For some reason the ignition would turn but nothing would happen. So we pushed it to get it started the next three days. As of yet we haven't decided which we shall remember longer: the embarrassment of stalling at a stoplight during a Munich rush hour or pushing the car at night on a mountain during a Bavarian rainstorm. At the moment, I'm trying to settle down to take my final exams. There's just no denying that any final is nerve-racking, but these seem a little less so than ordinary ones at OU. Although I'm taking three different courses, they are all closely related; so I don't have that desperate feeling bordering on complete helplessness that one often has when confronted with four or five finals on totally unrelated subjects. And my work has generally been progressive, simply a matter of incorporating new material into that which we've had previously. Every day we're called upon, either in the classroom or on the street, to make use of all that we've learned, not simply yesterday's assignment. So I'm not having to recall frantically material from the beginning of school. After finals we shall return to Paris for three free days. I think we're all anxious now to get home, although there are so many things in Europe that we haven't seen and done. But I doubt that anyone could visit Europe once and not expect to return someday. So rather than feeling that I've missed something, I feel that I've simply left a few things for my next trip.

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brazil/cathy carlson

Miss Carlson was leader of a group of six OU students who visited Brazil this summer, under the sponsorship of the National Christian Student Movement and the Student Christian Movement of Brazil, to study the contemporary situation in politics, economics, customs and the life and role of the church of Brazil. The students are members of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Disciples of Christ campus youth groups at the University.

Everywhere we went in Brazil our group visited or saw the slum areas of the cities. Although the names for the slums changed with the region of the country in which they were located, the conditions were the same. We saw some attempts to change the situation through literacy classes; however, the overall picture was one of hopelessness. Nothing was being done to effect the radical changes that are needed. It was not until the last two weeks of our trip when we were in the northeast, the region of greatest poverty, that we met a young minister who was changing the basic conditions of his people and who shone as a ray of hope in the midst of the misery and despair we had seen.

The first contact our group had with the slums occurred during the first week in Brazil in Porto Alegre. These homes are built by the river where the sewage from the city empties, and the stench is terrible. The people who live in this slum area support themselves in a variety of ways, the most common of which is gathering and selling paper or metal. They "borrow" electricity by hooking onto the public utility lines. Accompanied by some of our Brazilian student friends, most of whom had never been in the slums of their city, and by warnings from our host families that we would be placing our lives in great danger to go into the slums at night, we went to visit a literacy class in the midst of the slum area. The literacy class was taught twice a week in a small, frame, one-room church built by the Christians who had been converted in that area. A young, blond, broad-shouldered, energetic boy in high school taught the classes of children and adults. We watched the class in operation and looked at the notebooks of laboriously copied words which the students shyly offered for our inspection and tried to smile and speak a few words of praise and encouragement in our limited Portuguese. The teacher invited our Lutheran Minister to Students, Richard Wangen, to say a few words to the class. He talked to them about being able to see through new eyes as they learned to read. After his talk, the teacher led the class in singing two hymns and closed the class with prayer. The minister of this little church in the slums was a college student who devoted his Sundays and a few nights a week to serving these people. He made a special trip out to the church that night in order to tell us about

the slums and to introduce us to some of his congregation. In talking with him we learned that almost all of the people living in this area are illiterate and the children do not attend school. The disease and mortality rates are extremely high. If the mothers work, the children have to be left to fend for themselves. Even if a man makes enough money finally to permit him to find housing in a better area of town, he usually cannot afford the extra costs the move would entail. We left the slums impressed by the work the young student teacher and minister were doing and by the dignity and friendliness of the family we had met, but appalled by the conditions we had seen.

From this area of poverty and disease, we traveled to Rio De Janeiro, a city famous for its beauty and its wonderful beaches. The travel folders say nothing about the slums called "favelas" (meaning beehives or honeycombs) which cover the steep mountainsides, but of course our travel folders don't mention our slums either. We lived in classrooms of the People's Central Institute which is located in one of the most dangerous districts of Rio. To the left of the Institute are the docks. Rising behind the Institute is a mountain completely covered with small shacks perilously perched one on top of the other. On the other side of the tunnel which runs through the mountain is the "skid row" district and the train station. The Institute serves the people from this area. The favela children play on its recreation area, attend its school and participate in its clubs. During the two weeks we lived and worked there we made friends with many of these children.

One of our tasks during the workcamp in Rio was aiding the Methodist Youth Group in its project to build a house for a widow with seven children in a favela near the railroad. It is very difficult to record the conditions in this area, for there is no way to describe the odor of dishwater and garbage, human excretion, disease and all the other smells of poverty. Nor is it easy to picture the shacks which served as homes for the large families who inhabited them—boards tacked together chinked with mud, but cut by large cracks which allow the sunshine or the rain to pour through, boxes for shelves and furniture, a table with brick tiles on it to serve as a stove. The children were usually dirty and wore ill-fitting and often torn and dirty clothes. Most of the time, the little boys didn't wear anything at all. Many of the children had colds and none of them seemed to make any effort to wipe their dripping noses. Their stomachs, greatly distended by malnutrition and worms, were clearly evident whether they were wearing clothes or not. Flies covered everything, including us.

Every place we went we saw the slums and heard about the seemingly hopeless situation in which the people lived. As we traveled further north it became impossible to walk down the streets, to wait for a bus or to eat in a restaurant without being surrounded by women and children begging for money. We could have easily given away ever *cruzeiro* we owned without being able to make more than a small dent in the needs of these people. We had worship services and discussions on suffering where we tried to come to grips with our Christian responsibility in the face of all the suffering and poverty we were seeing. We knew we couldn't give money to every beggar, yet we couldn't deny them without a sense of guilt and despair. We knew that money was only a stopgap and did nothing to relieve the underlying causes of poverty for these people. None of us will be able to forget the sight of people wrapped up in a blanket or some sort of rags sleeping in doorways or of a woman who bedded her children down on the sidewalk each night, wrapping them in her skirts.

It was not until we reached Salvador and were lucky enough to talk with a young minister whom I will call Carlos that we saw a ray of hope for this overwhelming problem. Carlos completed his seminary training in a Protestant seminary a few years ago and was offered several fine positions in Sao Paulo. He requested permission to be assigned to an interior region of the northeast even though this assignment would mean that there would be no place to educate his children and no or very little medical aid would be

available. The interior of the northeast is composed of large sugar plantations. The conditions under which the people of this area live, with the exception of the wealthy plantation owners, make the slums we had seen "look like heaven" we were told. Carlos had whole congregations move because they did not have enough water to supply their village. Even though two hospitals have been built in the area, they have never been opened because funds to operate them have not been appropriated by the officials in charge of allocating them and because doctors will not move into an area where they cannot educate their children. The political officials have such a strong hold on the area that one doctor refused to treat a friend of Carlos' simply because he did not belong to the right political party. The friend died.

"I understand the Gospel differently now than I did when I was first assigned to the interior," this soft-voiced minister told us as we sat talking with him one afternoon. Carlos explained that when he first began preaching he discovered that the people felt that Christianity had very little relevance for their daily lives. He had to overcome the people's misconception that as a minister, a professional man, he was paid a large salary. He started spending less time preaching and more talking with the people. When he did this, the questions about communism as an answer to their situation and about the politicians who promised fine reforms but never did anything began to be asked. "Why aren't Christians doing something?" he was asked. Carlos struggled with the question of how to present the Gospel to people who are starving and asked himself what the Church had to do with the physical body. Finally he decided that the Church must be concerned about the physical welfare of mankind as well as the spiritual welfare. It is very difficult to understand the love of God when you are half dead with hunger and disease, he said. He tried to find ways to help the people alleviate their conditions of poverty and sickness. He conceived a plan for a cooperative where land would be bought and divided between families in order to plant and market cecel, a fiber used in making rope. He presented the plan to his mission board and received funds for the experimental project on the condition that he would administer the funds personally. As this project appeared to be going successfully, one man who had asked why the Christians had not done anything to alleviate the conditions in the area thought that Carlos was a communist because what he was doing looked like agrarian reform—a reform communists advocate along with many other groups. Carlos replied that Christ wanted all men to be brothers, and he believed that included agrarian reform.

Then money and water ran out, and one whole village had to move to another area. Each year the politicians had been elected on the promise they would build a water tank, and each year after the elections nothing was done. Carlos went to the officials to try to get them to make their promises good only to be asked, "What would we promise during election campaigns if we built the tank?" Knowing that he would receive no help from the officials, Carlos explored the possibility of digging a well. With some help and some luck, he discovered an underground river. He drew up a plan to get the water out for three million cruzeiros (\$2,500). Again his mission board financed the project. As the time for elections drew near, the Deputado (mayor) for the area claimed that he had worked with Carlos to help bring the water. Carlos refuted the statement, saying that the church was doing this for everyone regardless of their political affiliation. He stopped all work until after the elections. The Deputado wanted to know why Carlos acted as he did and was told, "You're making political campaigns at the Church's expense and the Church doesn't enter into that kind of thing." The Deputado threatened to stop the work on the well, claiming that the people did not own the property, but he backed down when he saw that the people were determined to continue with or without his approval.

At the inauguration of the well, Carlos preached for the first time and made Bibles available to the people. After the service 50 people requested Bibles. Now they are asking to have worship services

and to join the church. Typically, Carlos will not let these people become members of the church until he is satisfied that they understand the faith and are joining because they really believe what it stands for and not because they have been bought by a well. Carlos told us of other projects he has been engaged in at the request of his people (he serves 60 mission stations). His life has been threatened by public officials who stand to lose money and votes and by large landowners who are losing their control over the men who have worked on their lands almost like the serfs of feudal England. Carlos has also been asked to run for political office but has refused because he does not wish to have the Church tied up in politics. This tall, slightly built young minister represents the ministry of the Church at its finest. His love for his fellow man has driven him to find ways to change the structures which hold the people in poverty and sickness in spite of the sacrifices which he and his family must make and the constant threat to his life. In the midst of hopelessness and despair over the almost insurmountable problems of the poor, illiterate inhabitants of Brazil, live men like Carlos who showed us that the task is difficult but not impossible. It seems strange that in the area of deepest poverty and misery we met Carlos and several other ministers like him who were really doing something creative to change the situation. This is not to say that there were not other small rays of hope like the literacy classes being taught and the letters from students we met in our travels which said that as a result of meeting us and going into slum areas with us they, too, were going to have to become involved in the literacy movement.

We are still awed and depressed by the enormity of the need and the complexity of the problem, but no longer can we say there is no hope—for Brazil or for similar problems in our own society.

miami/beth resler

Miss Resler was one of eight students from across the nation selected by the Miami Herald to participate in that newspaper's summer internship program.

I had visions when I packed to leave Oklahoma for Miami after school last semester of spending the summer in luxury on the beach

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and coming back with a glorious, Cherokee tan. But people don't believe me when I say I spent the summer in Miami. I'm Scandinavian pale. It rained the first ten days I was in Florida; everytime I got outdoors in a swim suit, the rain clouds rose over the Everglades, drifted toward the sea and dumped rain over Miami. Besides, there weren't many tanning rays, even in Florida, after 6 p.m. when I got off work at the *Herald*.

Of course, a tan isn't everything. I'd pass the bronze that Revlon claims men prefer for the experience and work I did this summer. I spent the summer as an intern on the women's staff of *The Miami Herald*, Miami's morning paper with a daily circulation of more than 350,000. An intern? That means you're working and learning at the same time. You handle the same stories and work as everyone else, but *you* don't have to be embarrassed to ask questions.

During the summer I interviewed a lady detective, a Peace Corps couple, a general's wife, a Fulbright scholar, an artist who worked with shells, a woman car rental executive and two teenage concert pianists. I also wrote up a panel discussion on college views on "dates and mates." I reviewed a book . . . and a symphony performance. And I wrote what felt like 10,000 wedding and engagement stories.

The *Herald's* home is a beautiful, year-old \$12 million-plus building of glass, white and gold stone, and blue louvers, sitting right on the water. It's roomy, modern, air-conditioned and totally unlike the 1940 movies you saw of the smoky, grimy newsrooms with the disheveled editor in a slouch hat.

Disaster hit the women's department in the middle of the summer. Our long-time society editor was in an accident and hit with the

most serious injury a journalist can receive—a broken right arm. For six weeks she was completely out of commission. The morning after the wreck, I was greeted at the door of the office by the women's editor. "Come here, little one," she said. "I'm going to teach you how to be a society editor."

Society reporting is a razor-edged business. Admittedly, only certain people make the social columns; society boils around and among the 400. My life saver was an annotated Miami Blue Book tucked under my arm and a trusty former register editor who slipped me a list of "OKs" for news sources.

But when I think of Miami and the *Herald*, I'll always remember the Fourth of July. I spent 10 hours from 5 a.m. in 102-degree weather on Lake Okeechobee in the steaming Everglades watching a girl make parachute jumps. The story paid off with a page and a half spread, but that wasn't the whole day. I had to be back in time to judge the Miss Florida-Universe contest. And it was a mortifying evening for a Sooner. The contest was in the Orange Bowl. They paraded the girls in front of us in evening gowns, then herded them back in swim suits. Hurry, hurry, they urged; we had to meet a TV schedule. So we never heard a word out of any of the girls. Poise? Personality? Evidently that wasn't what we were judging on. And sure enough they got the winner up at the mike, eyes glowing. "What do you think about winning?" Answer: giggle, giggle. "I'm sure your parents must be happy." Answer: giggle, giggle. "Tell us, what are your plans for the future?" Giggle, giggle, giggle.

But I said it was mortifying for a Sooner . . . It's as though they knew I was from OU: The judges sat in the infamous team dugout, and there I was, scapegoat for the whole 1962 football team.

new york/roy harris

Harris was one of 20 Sooner Guides, chosen from state college students, who served as hosts at the Oklahoma exhibit at the World's Fair in New York.

Oklahoma has made its debut at a World's Fair, and from all indications, it seems to be a smash hit. Thousands visit the Oklahoma Exhibit daily at the Fair and learn something new about the state in the relaxing setting. What they learn, they like; and the way they learn it, they like even more.

"Oklahoma's exhibit is very unique," said a Florida businessman. "It's something that appeals to everyone who stops—they want to stop." He went on to say that he had never been aware Oklahoma had so many lakes and recreational facilities. This reaction is a common one. According to a month-long poll taken at the exhibit during August, over 96 percent of those contacted were complimentary of the state exhibit, and such a mark is unusual at the World's Fair where criticism is as prevalent as sore feet. We have been better received than we could have possibly hoped for. In addition to the results of the poll, the success of this initial venture at such a fair can be determined by comments in the press, letters people write in, the occasional comment of persons on the grounds and by the amount of repeat visits we get. Individual comments, either verbal or written, are running over 95 percent in the exhibit's favor. The New York press has been highly favorable to us. We have been commended by the *New Yorker* and *Cue* magazines and New York's *Journal American* newspaper. NBC News mentioned only three states in its hour-long coast-to-coast fair spectacular—and Oklahoma was included in the three.

Unlike most of the exhibits at the 1964-65 World's Fair, Oklahoma has presented an outdoor approach to tell its story to the millions of fair-goers. Of over 130 companies, states or nations represented, Oklahoma is one of the very few to give visitors a welcomed opportunity to rest in a refreshing atmosphere, and at the same time, acquaint them with the state's industrial, recreational and general over-all picture. Focal point of the exhibit is a 100-foot wide topographical map of Oklahoma proportionately scaled to



the elevation of the state. Around the sunken map are placed telephone receivers with taped recordings on Oklahoma's water resources, industry, recreation or a general outlook. Surrounding the map are handsomely landscaped lawns, lakes and walkways edged by dozens of park benches which were donated by various civic groups over the state. Located over the site are numerous gardens displaying plants and flowers native to the state. The exhibit's restaurant has been commended often in fair reviews for its good food and low prices—both of which are a rarity on the fair grounds. Other major buildings on the Sooner site include a conference room, information booth, souvenir shop and a band shell where state groups perform at different times throughout the summer. Adjacent to the souvenir shop is a display on the state's most noted son—Will Rogers. Over telephone receivers, fair visitors can listen to taped recordings of him saying most of his famous phrases.

Now that six months have passed since the 1964-65 World's Fair opened, an evaluation can be made of the Oklahoma Exhibit and its effectiveness. If the question was put to fair visitors, they have only praise. They are pleased with the bit of Oklahoma they see and the sample of hospitality they get. The Sooner exhibit seems to have found the right combination.