

religions; a musical program by members of the House; folk dancing and social dancing; afternoon tea on Sunday, visits to the United Nations, parks, museums, hospitals, and industrial plants.

One very thrilling experience for me last October was joining my Indian friends to help celebrate the birthday of Mahatma Gandhi. The speaker was an Indian scholar who is a visiting professor at Howard University in Washington, D.C. He was a friend of Gandhi and of the great Indian poet Tagore, about whom he spoke at a later meeting.

The women's wing overlooks the Hudson River and the busy Henry Hudson Parkway along its banks. The Hudson is a beautiful river. (There is no need to compare the Palisades with the Columbia River Gorge. No scenery that I saw in the East can compare in proportions with the West. But every place has its own beauty.)

During the winter and spring my fellow residents on our floor came from many distances. My first evening in New York, where I was a complete stranger, a young woman from Greece made me feel at home in her room. She showed me pictures of her handsome husband and little son at home, and told me about her studies. She had an exceptionally fine singing voice. Four months before, when she came to America she could only say "Hello", "Thank you," "Yes" and "No" in English. Across the hall was a Filipino nurse who had served in the American army and lived through the occupation and the bombing of Manila. I wonder what will be the experiences of a Chinese nurse who was packing to return to her home this summer. Was she disturbed about returning? "I think it is best this way," was her answer. There were also girls on our floor from Finland, Chile, Burma, Norway, California, New England, Louisiana, Georgia and Utah. The young Hindu woman who represented us on the student council was loved and admired by all of us. She was an exceptional student and was always very beautiful in her lovely saris of gorgeous Indian cloth. During late evening discussions in our rooms, it was

she who most added to my knowledge and respect for the new nation of India, for their ancient culture and their plans for the future. Some of the most stimulating and exciting conversations were with the men and women from countries such as India and Israeli, which are establishing their new status as independent modern nations, and with students from Indonesia, Africa and Korea, where independence and unity are so earnestly desired. Their enthusiasm for their new status, their sense of direct participation in the development of their countries, their condemnation of international discrimination brought me closer in understanding and feeling to our revolutionary forefathers than all manner of passages in textbooks and patriotic speeches.

I rejoice that there are such places as International Houses and am glad that more are being built all over the world. I am grateful that I was able to have had this experience in international living. For the world truly lives under one roof at I. House (as we call it). We had residents from every geographical area of the world except the Soviet Union. The largest numbers from abroad came from China, India and Canada.

On my way back to the West, I visited the Chicago International House. As soon as I heard the Indians' accent around the halls and the rapid conversation of the Chinese, I felt more at home than I had felt since I left New York. These people were not strangers to me although I did not know their names. No part of the world can ever seem "remote" again . . . maybe I have a friend there.

Editor's Note: Miss Dotson, former Literary Editor of this magazine and formerly employed at the State Library, has recently returned from a year's studies at Columbia University and is now back in public service as Director of the School of the Air, OSC Extension Service at Corvallis. We feel sure that Betty's return will be welcomed by her many friends and OSEA members and that she will prove to be of real service to the state in her new position.