



*Louis spends his first Christmas in the United States at the Lawrence Dufault home.*

#### DEPARTURE TO THE NORTH AND A FEW OPINIONS

It was near the end of November when I boarded a mighty four engined K.L.M. Dutch airliner bound for the land of a two month dream. This plane that would wing me across mighty waters and over a republic to the north, took off from the tiny island of Aruba. The island was not my native land, but as I had been attending school there for 2 years, it has a close place in my heart; it is really my second home.

Venezuela, my native land, is just a few miles to the south of this island. It is a land rich in oil, iron, diamonds, coal, and gold. It has 25 refineries, most of which are American companies. It also has fishing industries and a considerable canning industry connected with this product. Our standard of living, however, is very low compared with that of Western Europe and the United States. Why is this so? Well, part of the reason is due to the exportation of profit on investments by foreign companies.

When I left Aruba the sun was brightly shining and the temperature was a not too cold, 80°. It took only 8 hours to fly the 2,000 miles to the New York International Airport. New York was quite a city: giant buildings getting in the way of the clouds; hurrying people walking about 30 miles an hour; cold freezing temperatures; and blinking lights that tried to create optical illusions for an untrained eye.

New York, you were a lonesome city, a mass of people but a lonely crowd. God and myself were the only two that seemed to know each other there. Yet, you gave great delight to a lonely soul as he wandered down your avenues to admire the miracles brought by the builder's hand.

I was soon on a bus bound for what they said was a cold land, the great state of Minnesota; and they were so right. I think it was here on this bus that I first felt a little homesick for my warm peaceful homeland. The driver boarded the bus and soon I began my 58 hour ride to a city far into the northern interior of America; the city had a rather funny name, Crookston. I wondered about the why and what of such a name.

I have come here to learn, but also to try to understand better Americans. You all probably remember Nixon's famous tour. In Poland they threw flowers at him. In South America they threw other things. Why? There is much lack of understanding between North America and the nations to the south.

Most of America's neighbors in the milder clime see her as an exploiter. She has no colonies to the south, but through investments and their control she exports the capital and wealth of the land. It is through economics and her economic policy that she keeps them to a certain degree under her economic thumb.

Americans are a friendly people, but they seem to lack comprehension or understanding of their friends to the south. How should greater friendship and good will be developed? Well, first companies that invest capital should not be allowed to export it, but rather, the profits should be reinvested in the land from which they were made. Secondly; there should be a greater exchange of people between our lands on all levels, professors, students, and tourists. And lastly, we should try to see each other as brothers and equals which, in the eyes of God, we are.

I have enjoyed my stay so far in this friendly land with its forward looking and prosperous people.

*Yusuf D.*