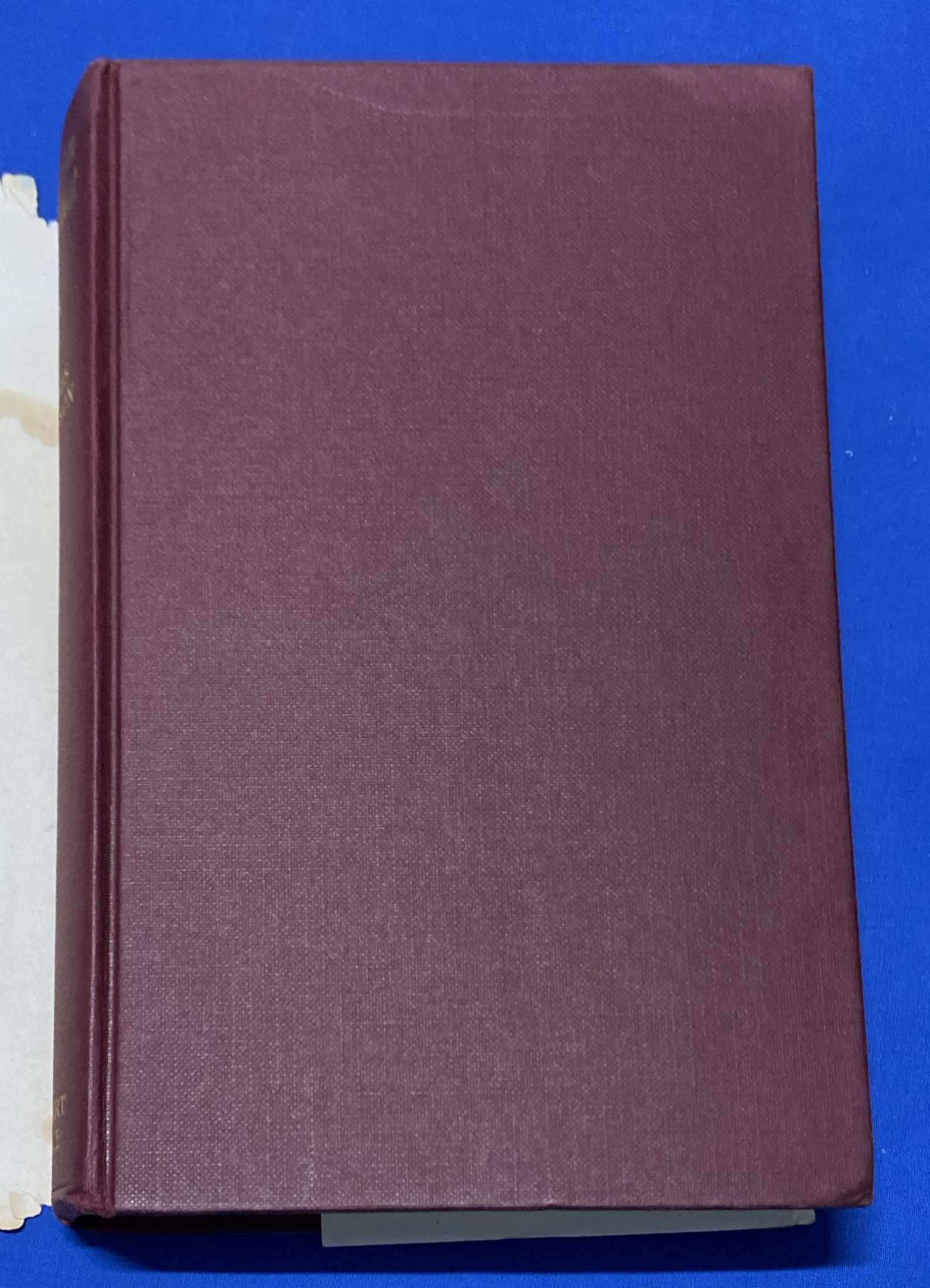


AMERICAN ROUNDAABOUT

The book cover features a detailed illustration of a rugged, mountainous landscape. In the foreground, there are dark, craggy rock formations with some sparse vegetation. A prominent feature is a tall, narrow rock spire. In the middle ground, a person wearing a red shirt and blue pants stands on a rocky outcrop, looking out over the scene. The background shows rolling hills and mountains in shades of orange, red, and yellow, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The sky is a pale, hazy blue. The overall style is that of a classic landscape painting.

Doris Nelson



AMERICAN ROUNDABOUT is a fascinating personal voyage of exploration. Miss Nelson wanted to see and try to understand a way of life which, while stemming from English roots, has become completely and individualistically American. Indeed, Miss Nelson succeeds brilliantly in doing for America what Priestley did for his own country in *English Journey*.

In spite of the admixtures of many other races, the traveller cannot fail to recognize this quality of Americanism, even though the form it takes may differ widely and even violently as he or she moves on through this vast and beautiful continent. Miss Nelson covers a colossal circuit, seeing the sights, talking with all kinds of people, sampling a great variety of activities and places. For it is only when travelling through the wide open spaces and small, sparsely populated towns, she finds that the observer can understand why isolationism still exists and what effect climate can have on personality. It is only when staying in a thrusting, busy metropolis that the urge for success and power can be recognized in the individual—perhaps more pronounced than in any other country of the world.

The contrasts are enormous in scenery and people; sometimes magnificent and welcoming; sometimes strange and disagreeable. But they are always interesting and stimulating—and perhaps because the trip was made largely by bus, the author was able to see and experience things that a family car would not permit.

About the Author

DORIS NELSON was born in London and lives in Chelsea. She went into advertising and publicity work after leaving school and worked as a junior copy-writer with an advertising agency. During the War she joined the W.A.A.F. and became a Public Relations Officer at the Air Ministry.

After working for seven years as Public Relations Officer to a large oil company—at that time the only woman in this industrial field—she relinquished this post to travel round the U.S.A. by bus and write *American Roundabout*.

Miss Nelson has also travelled extensively on the continent and “visited” Canada and Mexico. She is a member of the Institute of Public Relations and of the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain, and her hobbies are travelling, painting, reading and the theatre. She always says she must be a very lazy person, because she likes to sit for hours in plane, train, bus or car and watch the world go by.

ROBERT HALE LIMITED
63 Old Brompton Road S.W.7

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

THE USELESS LAND

by CLAUDIO VITA-FINZI and JOHN AARONS

Surrounded by rumours that they were being financed by Royalty to seek the Lost Gold of the Incas, four young men, freshly graduated from Cambridge, spent a Southern winter exploring part of the Atacama Desert of Northern Chile.

This 400-mile-long strip of barrenness between the Andes and the Pacific has been described as "one of the driest, ugliest places on earth". The expedition covered hundreds of miles among smoking volcanoes, spouting geysers, pink lakes, and glistening salt flats. At over 16,000 feet they gasped their way up to one of the highest mines in the world. They filmed pagan festivals that date from pre-Columbian times. And they witnessed the extinction of an ancient language.

In this book the two authors, who planned the expedition, tell with exuberance and pleasure how they found in this "useless" country much unexpected beauty, scientific interest, and the clear signs of unceasing change.

AUSTRALIAN ADVENTURE

by MARK CORRIGAN

Mark Corrigan has seen Australia by plane, train, car and a number of times on foot; which he thinks is the only true way to see a country. In all he has covered some 25,000 miles. His "hero" is a swaggie (modern term for sundowner) who teams up with a beautiful Australian girl, whom he meets on the outgoing ship. Dusty, as she is called, shows him her beloved country from Perth to Queensland; Sydney to Tasmania; Hobart to Queensland; Brisbane to the Barrier Reef and from Cairns to dangerous New Guinea, home of savage head-hunting cannibals.

Some views expressed here about Australians and the migrants (especially his report on the competence of British migrants to be good settlers) may rebound noisily about the author's ears. But taken with the rest, Mr. Corrigan's account provides good, entertaining reading.

ROBERT HALE LIMITED
63 Old Brompton Road London S.W.7

Jimmie,

Many happy returns
& happy times.

Much love,

Chry.

AMERICAN ROUNDABOUT

AMERICAN
ROUNDABOUT

by
DORIS NELSON

ILLUSTRATED

London
ROBERT HALE LIMITED
63 Old Brompton Road S.W.7

© DORIS NELSON 1960

First published in Great Britain 1960

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
EBENEZER BAYLIS AND SON, LTD., THE
TRINITY PRESS, WORCESTER, AND LONDON

three days of finding
In the evening light between sunset and dusk the river looked its most beautiful and mysterious. The fading glow softened the harsh outlines of the factories, tinted the stark chimneys of the power station and gave an illusion of peace and gentleness. As one by one the lights came on to meet the inevitable darkness, I turned away from the Thames and walked slowly through the Chelsea Embankment. It was my last night in London before leaving for the U.S.A. The essence of my native city and of the street lights are still lit on the terraces of Georgian and Victorian houses. The illusion of things past and present atmosphere as I walked back to the last litter of pecking remains, dust sheets over the furniture, and a sign across the road of lights twinkled from the roof of a pub across the street gave a warm presensory.

For the next few months I gathered impressions in America, gathering impressions after seven years, I had given up my job of public relations officer to a large oil company.

ENVOI

ENVOI

In the evening light between sunset and dusk the river looked its most beautiful and mysterious. The fading glow softened the harsh outlines of the factories, tinted the stark chimneys of the power station and gave an illusion of peace and gentleness. As one by one the lights came on to meet the inevitable darkness, I turned away from the Thames and walked slowly through the Chelsea Embankment. It was my last night in London before leaving for the U.S.A. The essence of my native city and of the street lights are still lit on the terraces of Georgian and Victorian houses. The illusion of things past and present atmosphere as I walked back to the last litter of pecking remains, dust sheets over the furniture, and a sign across the road of lights twinkled from the roof of a pub across the street gave a warm presensory.

AROUND THE DOUGHNUT ENVOI

In the evening light between sunset and dusk the river looked its most beautiful and mysterious. The fading glow softened the harsh outlines of the factories, tinted the stark chimneys of the power station and gave an illusion of peace and gentleness. As one by one the lights came on to meet the inevitable darkness, I turned away from the quietly flowing Thames and walked slowly through the lengthening shadows along the Chelsea Embankment. It was my last night in London before leaving for the U.S.A. and I wanted to capture the essence of my native city and carry it with me. In Chelsea the street lights are still lit by gas lamps; the long terraces of Georgian and Victorian houses still preserved the illusion of things past and present atmosphere as I walked back to my tiny little flat, where the last litter of pecking remains, dust sheets over the furniture, it already had a derelict air. As I looked out of my eighth floor windows, thousands of lights twinkled from across the rooftops of London; and below the pub across the street gave a warm and inviting welcome to passersby.

For the next few months I would be wandering around America, gathering impressions of this "brave new world." I had given up my job of public relations officer to a large oil company - interesting and exciting though it was. After seven years I had to get away into a completely new environment, to explore a vast continent with its contrasts in people and places had become so strong that it could not be stifled. I believed, anyway, that I needed a change and the stimulus of a new challenge. I had made very few plans beyond those of booking passage to New York, the Bank of England had granted me a small dollar allowance when I outlined my ideas of gathering material for articles and a book. I also hoped to earn some extra dollars by doing a little journalistic work while in the U.S.A. Everyone had been most helpful in offering letters of introduction, advice and comment. So here I was, one of the few people lucky enough to be going into the uncharted horizon area with the blessing of the Treasury. Contemplating horizontal sweep of London on my last night in the city months, I mused that in future I would have to accustom myself to a perpendicular outlook. Although a young Harvard had unwittingly given me another viewpoint. "The United States," he said, "is like a large donut, with nothing in the middle but I was going to see for myself whether the was true."

CHAPTER I

As one of those dull grey mornings which only England can welcome or speed the parting guest, and it was with a sense of oppression and things left undone that I rattled in a taxi to Waterloo. Family and friends were already in a huddled group on the platform; and soon I was surrounded by boxes of chocolates and armfuls of flowers. The station clock moved slowly towards the appointed

sight, for when I arrived at my table I found I had two interesting

thing you buy is wrapped and unwrapped
do not find a waste bin when throwing

ite, thick carpet on the floor, pastel walls, modern lamps, huge
wards and a quite kitchen and bathroom. I could do no more than
accept this wonderfully kind offer. ^{modern & comfortable} ^{in Tony's}

in the midst of all the excitement and discussion we had tea ^{and} ^{and}
tea and biscuits ^{made in the real English way,} without en bug!
one of the girls offered to drive me back to the hotel ^{right} ^{away,}
and bring back my luggage. Away we went in her bright red conver-

ging down the freeway. The hotel was very amenable about cancelling
and before long we were driving back to the gay, lighthearted
the Lanai.

at Tony took me along to a party ^{given by someone who was leaving}
Peras. It was so informal that all the girls turned up wearing
d Capri pants with high-heeled shoes; ^{casual shirts,} their hair either

er-brushed up very short; the men were in light slacks and short-

er. We ate masses of barbecued chicken and salad, drank "screw-
bloody Mary's" - vodka with orange juice or tomato juice - or just
fruit juices. Everyone danced to the music of a record player and

gay but decorous, as one of the Lanai rules was no noise after
certainly no one got drunk or behaved badly. Although there
ing of would-be film stars and script writers, ^{the majority} of the

^{was connected with the film industry,} many being salesmen
there, or in some line of business.

... ..
... ..
... ..

woke the sun was shining out of a clear blue sky and the water of
ed fresh and inviting. Already one swimmer was lazily essaying
After weeks of travelling the idea of a quiet and peaceful

ing and relaxing in the sunshine seemed the only thing worth doing.
ranged to meet Tony for lunch and he took me to a small open air
branch in character and food, where we sat under the trees. It was

esting a crisp salad in the sunshine and the shade of a warm,
gan were in gay cotton dresses and the men in lightweight suits.
It was ^{continued} that I stay more than my planned three days before

San Francisco. ^{fully and practically all the} leave ^{are} ^{leave}
possibly travel on the 4th of July," said Tony. ^{"Its} Independence
roads will be impossible. Stay at least until the end of the week

ENVOI

In the evening light between sunset and dusk the river
looked its most beautiful and mysterious. The fading glow
softened the harsh outlines of the factories, tinted the stark
chimneys of the power station and gave an illusion of peace
and gentleness. As one by one the lights came on to meet the
inevitable darkness and I turned away from the quietly flowing
Thames and walked slowly through the lengthening shadows along
the Chelsea Embankment. It was my last night in London
before leaving for the U.S.A. and I wanted to capture the
essence of my native city and carry it with me. In Chelsea
the street lights are still lit by gas lamps; the long
terraces of Georgian and Victorian houses still preserve the
illusion of things past and traditional. I drank in this
atmosphere as I walked back to my tiny little flat, where
the last litter of packing remained to be cleared away. With
dust sheets over the furniture, it already had a derelict
air. As I looked out of my eighth floor windows, thousands
of lights twinkled from the rooftops of London; below, the
pub across the street gave a ^{warm} and inviting welcome to
passersby.

For the next few months I would be wandering around
Africa, gathering impressions of this "brave new world."
After seven years, I had given up the job of public relations
officer to a large oil company - interesting and exciting

IF THIS MANUSCRIPT IS LOST
 BY OWNER: MISS D. NELSON
 OF 834, CHELSEA BLOISTERS
 SLOANE AVENUE, LONDON, SW3
 PLEASE BE KIND ENOUGH TO
 RETURN. A REWARD WILL BE
 OFFERED. TELEPHONE KNIGHTSBRIDGE
 2892



SHANNON INSERT FILE
 FOOLSCAP No. TO6

MADE IN ENGLAND BY THE SHANNON LTD
 SHANNON CORNER NEW MALDEN SURREY

ALSO AT KINGSWAY, LONDON LEEDS SOUTHAMPTON
 BRISTOL, CARDIFF, BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, GLASGOW

AROUND THE DOUGHNUT DONUT

~~CHAPTER~~ I ENVOI

In the evening light between sunset and dusk the river led
 its most beautiful and mysterious. The fading glow softened
 the outlines of the factories, softly tinted the stark chimne
 the power station and gave an illusion of peace and ~~goodness~~
 by one the lights came on in London to meet the inevitable
 that darkness and I turned away from the quietly flowing Thames
 and walked slowly through the lengthening shadows along the
 Chelsea Embankment. It was my last night in London before leavi
 for the U.S.A. and I wanted to capture the essence of my native ci
 and carry it with me. In Chelsea the street lights are still lit
 by gas lamps; the long terraces of Georgian and Victorian houses
 still preserved the illusion of things past ~~and the sense of history~~
 pervaded the neighbourhood. I walked slowly back to my tiny little
 flat, where the last litter of packing remained to be cleared away.
 With dust sheets over the furniture, it already had a derelict air.
 As I looked out of my eighth floor windows, thousands of lights
 twinkled ~~at me~~ from across the rooftops of London, and below the
 pub across the street gave a warm and inviting welcome to passersby.

For the next few months I would be wandering around America,
 gathering impressions of this "brave new world." ~~I had given up~~
 the job of public relations officer to a large oil company -
 interesting and exciting though it was. ~~After seven years~~ The urge
 to get away into a completely new environment, to explore a vast
 continent with its ~~immense~~ contrasts in people and places had become
 so strong, ~~that~~ it could not be stifled. I believed, ~~anyway~~ that ~~some~~
 I needed ~~a change~~ and the stimulus of a new challenge. ~~I had made~~
 very few plans beyond those of booking passage to New York, ~~that had~~ ~~my~~ ~~plan~~
 Bank of England had granted me a small dollar allowance when I
 outlined my ideas of gathering material for articles and a book.
 I also hoped to earn some ~~extra dollars~~ by doing a little journalis-
 tic work while ~~in the U.S.A.~~ Everyone had been most helpful in
 offering letters of introduction, advice and comment. ~~So here I was~~
~~was~~, one of the few people lucky enough to be going into the ~~restricted~~
 forbidden dollar area with the blessing of the Treasury. ~~Contemplating~~
 horizontal sweep of London ~~on my last night in the city~~
~~months~~ I mused that in future I would have to acclime-
 self to a perpendicular outlook, although a young Harvard
 and unwittingly given me another viewpoint. "The United States,"
 "is like a large donut, with nothing in the middle but
 I was going to see for myself whether ~~the was true~~

CHAPTER I

As one of those dull grey mornings which only England can
 welcome or speed the parting ~~guest~~, and it was ~~with~~
 sense of oppression and things left undone that I rattled
 taxi to Waterloo. Family and friends were already
 in a huddled group on the platform; and soon I was
 swarmed with boxes of chocolates and armfuls of flowers, ~~my~~
 the station clock moved slowly towards the appointed

sight, for ~~when I arrived at my table~~ I found I had two interesting

...ing you buy (is wrapped and ...
 ...to find a waste bin when throwing