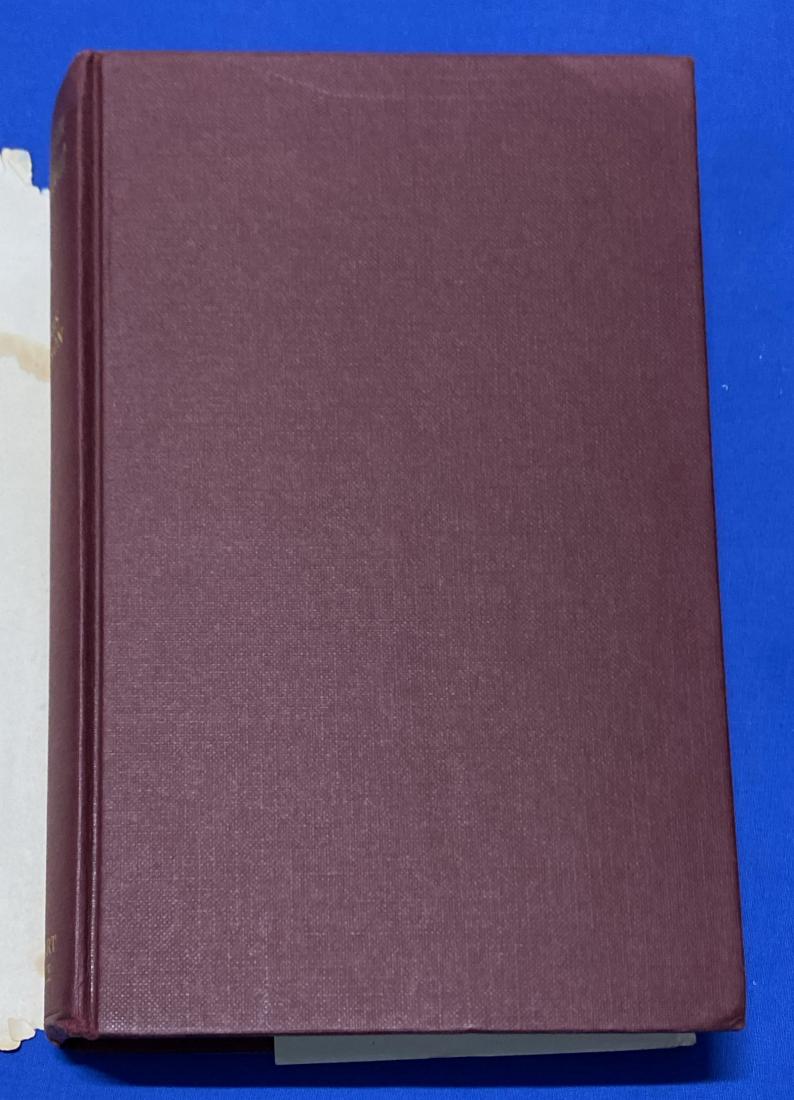
AMERICAN ROUNDABOUT

Joris Nelson



A MERICAN 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 elcoming; sometimes strange and disexceedble. But they are always interesttion and stimulating and part aps be see the trip was made apply they do access are and and apply they do access are and and apply they 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 copywriter 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

AF 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

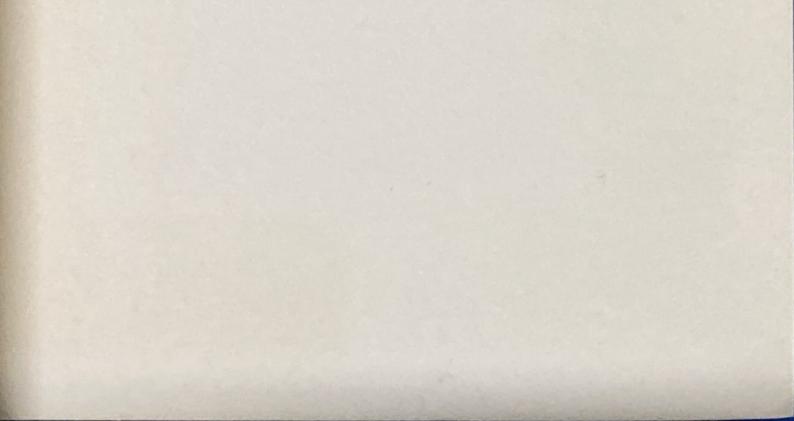
Mark Corrigan has seen Australia by plane, train, car and a number of times on foot; which he thinks is the only true way to see a country. In all he has covered some 25,000 miles. His "hero" is a swaggie (modern term for sundowner) who teams up with a beautiful Australian girl, whom he meets on the 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

Junie, & happy times. Which love, Ching 25. VII. 61.

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

In the evening light between sunset end dusk the river looked its most becutiful end mysterious. The feding glow softened the hersh outlines of the factories, tinted the stark chimneys of the power station and gave an illusion of peace and gentleness. A one by one the lights onme on to meet the I very the



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CHAPTER I

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> s one of those dull grey mornings which only England can welcome or speed the parting dust, and it was with ense of oppression and things left undone that I rattled texi to Waterloo. Family and friends were already n a huddled group on the platform; and soon I was wn with boxes of chocolstes and armfuls of flowers, why a ie station clock moved slowly towards the appointed

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, thick carpet on the floor, pastel walls, modern lamps, huge] is and a cuite kitchen and bathroom. I could do no more than t This wonderfully kind offer. in the midst of all the excitement and discussion we had tea on Tour's and biscuits ando in the real English way, without we bage !of the girls offered to drive me back to the hotel sight every, bring back my luggage. Away we went in her bright red converfown the freeway, The hotel was very amenable about cancelling and before long we were driving back to the gay, lighthearted

Tony took me along to a party given by someone who was leaving TAB. It was so informal that all the girls turned up wearing > Capri pants with high-heeled above; (casual shirts; their hair eithe es · brushed up very abort; the men were in light slacks and short-We ale-masses of barbecued chicken and salad, drank "sorewoody Mary's" - vodka with orange juice or tomato juice - or just mit juices. Everyone danced to the music of afecord player and y but decorous, as one of the Lanai rules was no noise after rtainly no one got drunk or behaved badly. Although there of would-be film stars and saript writers, the majority of the any connected with the film industry, many being salesmen

in, or in some line of business. the year temperatures are very these alos minths in the twenty domas dron at nicht.

the sun was shining out of a clear blue sky and the water of f esh and inviting. Already one swimmer was lazily essaying After weeks of travelling the idea of a quist and peaceful and relaxing in the sunshine seemed the only thing worth doing. and to meet Tony for lunch and he took me to a small open air sh in Cheracter and food, there we set under the trees. It was ting a orisp salad in the sunshine and the shade of a warm, were in gay cotton dresses and the men in lightweight suits. an continued that I stay more than my planned three days before

Prancisco. fally and mastically all the ably travel on the 4th of Jly," said Tony. #Its Independence an will be impossible. Stay at least until the end of the week

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As we drove through the streets by first impression of Carlsbad was an Spanish and by hotel particularly so, with its Fueblo architecture. Sough it was only about 8.30 p.m. I was just about ready to fall into bed. Not borror, the foyer of the Notel was filled eith a noisy, cregarious erowd on wearing American Legion caps, alepring one another on the back. Obviously a was an American Legion Convention in full swing - unfailing event of late it celebrations and noise. These I asked for a quiet room, the patient in receptionist raised one eyebrds quizzically and said she would do not be way he back. Within ten minutes I asked for a substant of the form the form of the find mean air conditioned bedroom tucked away

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Mille with the opening up of the Vest: Slaughter Trail, Butterfield Trail, th or Consecu aces, Silver City, Kit Carson, The Chicum Trail and the Pueblo, is and Apache Indian Reservations.

When the bus arrived, it appeared woonly yent as far as White's City and of thete for the El Face bas to en on to the Caverns. Again we dreve nost unulating means Justil we came to the "trading post" of White's City. hin fast, was a large cale and store calering fer tourists and displaying Ive Indian work and interes trashy junk and postcards. There were, a form the basement of the cafe, Here, we were doomed to weit anything from 1 to nours for our connection, while the Caverns thenecived were only twenty Out of sheer desperation I descended to the hasement ites away by car! oun - having found out there was no local taxi service to augment the bad Here to my astonishment I found a large collection of al bus service. ach clocks, some of which were both ormamental and beautiful, and all ticking y in good working order! There was a collection of arrowheads, stone ters and early Indian implements and also the fossilised remains of some one marmoth. Of the greatest interest were the mumified remains of the ket Weavers, cliff dwellers who lived in the area some two to seven thousand Still human in appearance, although greatly shrunken, with skin CS 8.80 .

TE THIS MANUSCRIPT IS LOST BY UNNER: MISS D. NELSON OF \$34 CHELSEA CLOISTERS SLOANE AVENUE, LONDON, SW3 PLEASE BE KINDENOUGH TO RETURN. A REWARD WILL BE OFFFRED TELETITENE KMIGHTSBRIDGE 2892

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