

## Introducing

### ANNEMARIE SCHWARZ

Imagine, if you can, leaving your home and boarding an air plane with 130 other young people and making a nine-hour flight to New York City. Then you board a bus and go to Omaha where you are met by a family you have never before seen and being taken to a strange home at two-o'clock in the morning.

This will give you some ideal of how Annemarie Schwarz, our Swiss foreign exchange student, must have felt upon arrival here. However Annemarie says, she likes the U S, but wants to withhold some of her opinions until she has been here a little longer. She does think that our, school is harder, even though at her school, she takes 13 subjects which include French, German and English. However in Switzerland, they do not have each subject every day. She also finds our American slang very confusing because she never knows whether or not it is slang.

Annemarie's home is in Yverdon, Switzerland. Her father and mother run a watch repair' shop and her father also teaches apprentices to be opticians ( Her family, which also includes two brothers and a sister, lived in an apartment house owned) by her father. She attends a commercial school at Laissone where she is studying to be a secretary or nurse. For entertainment she likes to play the guitar and sing, ski or ice skate, or go mountain climbing in the Alps where her parents also own a small cabin.

I am sure we care all glad to have Miss Schwarz in our school, so let's make her welcome and give her all of the help and encouragement that we can.

### **Second foreign student for Manning arrives**

Manning Annemarie Schwarz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emile Schwarz, Yverdon, Switzerland, arrived in Manning early Monday morning, to begin nine months of school at Manning Community High School.

She was met in Omaha early Monday by Mr. and Mrs. R. H. McGrath, Sandra and Vicki, who will be her American "family" for the year.

Annemarie, who will be a senior in high school, is the second student to come to Manning under the American Field Service plan. She is sponsored by the Manning Rotary Club and other organizations in Manning.

Birgitta Carlson of Sweden was the first student sponsored by local organizations.

### **Foreign student tells of trip**

Ed's. Note: The following is the text of a speech given in fourth period Speech Class by Annemarie Schwarz, our foreign exchange student, telling about her trip from Switzerland.

My Trip from Switzerland

I will start with the beginning of this long trip. All AFC students from Switzerland had meeting at a quarter to eleven in KPoten the airport of Zurich. There I must leave Yverdon with the first fast train at a quartet to six in the morning. All my family came with me until KPoten. On this Thursday, twenty-third of August, morning, we were, all my family and my baggages, waiting for the train when we heard music further than the building. Soon some of my friends arrived, all carrying the flags of our stateland of Switzerland. The first two were playing accordion. We sang a few of our favorite songs of 'the club and also national hymns. But the train, like a killjoy, came. When the train left they were playing and singing Auld Lang Syne in French and waving the flags. Bye, Yverdon, bye. The adventure began.

It is always an adventure to go far. The first time I have left home other than vacation. My aunts brought us from Zuric to the airport, which is almost six miles from the station. It was almost half past nine and we ate breakfast again. From far we could recognize the AFSer because they all had yellow addresses on their baggage.

At a quarter to eleven we could pick up our plane-tickets. At twelve everybody must be through the customs. Once we were on the other side we could not

come back and must wait in the basement for the plane. We were about eighty Swiss and fifty Austrians. We talked together all wondering when we shall meet our new family and how its members will be. But soon we heard "Attention passengers of flight number eight hundred, destination Shannon, New York go in door six and seven." It was us.

On the terrace of the airport, building were hundreds of parents, waving white handkerchiefs. I had the luck to see my family at last time because they were in the front row. The motors began to turn, it was like snow on the terrace with all the white handkerchiefs, and there we go. It was a half mile to the end of the runway and then always faster and faster, until in the middle of the runway, and then the plane lost speed. We wondered what had happened. The plane needed some repairs. The poor parents were so worried. The second time we got into the air. We were a long time up when a nice stewardess brought us dinner. It must have been two and a half hours later we came down in Shannon, Ireland. There it was raining and we had no time to see anything of the country. A half hour later we were up, again at about 33,000 feet high. The ocean is nothing interesting from so high so we began to play and sing with guitar. In the back were the Austrians and the Swiss German and in the front the French song were master. At about seven o'clock, Swiss time, we had dinner again, it was only two o'clock in New York. Between singing talking and eating we were soon in" New York. I needed only two hours for going through the customs. Wait and keep patience is very important. Almost an hour bus ride and we were in, the AFS building. After supper only one idea-go to bed. It was only nine o'clock but some of our watches showed two o'clock, this was Swiss time. Friday morning we rested. In t the afternoon we visited the United Nations Building and in the evening we went up in the Empire State Building. It is - I really a beautiful view on this height. You see a sea of lights below. Saturday morning we took a boat ride around Manhattan.

Some friends left us before this, some left New York only on Sunday. My turn was Saturday evening with a charter bus to Chicago. I can say I saw almost nothing of the country. It was night and on a highway. I had the impression we were turning in a big circle. Sixteen long hours later we were in Chicago at eleven O'clock. I had just time with three other girls to change bus to continue until Omaha Now it was daytime. But during the night I couldn't sleep so I was tired and like a thing sleeping in the bus and again didn't enjoy the country. Finally at midnight Sunday arrived in Omaha after thirty-two hours by bus. I can tell not much about the bus-trip except that it was very long. I thought I would never arrive, but finally I was here and I am very happy to be here.

MHS