

Spirit of adventure leads to the USSR

By ROCHELLE REAGAN

My fourth and final airborne adventure with Aeroflot brought me back to pulsing Moscow. Friday evening found me on the 28th floor of the very old, very classy Hotel Ukraine, high above the lights, noise, and unceasing action of Moscow. Of my five residences within the Soviet Union this large but cozy room was my favorite. I wanted to spend months here but had to be content with two nights.

With a large antique writing desk dominating one corner of the room, I felt as though I should be hibernating here for the winter pursuing volume

after volume of Lenin's "Collected Works."

The atmosphere so conducive to relaxation and study, I loathed leaving this comfortable domain the next morning for a walk through the U.S.S.R. Exhibition of Economic Achievement. An outdoor version of Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry, this permanent display consisted of many individual pavilions devoted to such technological spheres as space, printing, travel, and entertainment.

The Space and Cinema Pavilions I inspected, in the latter viewing a travel documentary on the U.S.S.R. projected on a circular screen, exactly like the circular screen I had seen in Disneyland.

Meticulous landscaping and horticulture surrounded and connected the various pavilions with sidewalk vendors peddling every type of edible imaginable. I nicknamed the place the Russian Expo, a worthy counterpart to our Expo.

LATER THAT day I had the opportunity to experience simultaneously an art gallery and the Soviet subway system. Moscow Metro stations are so very ornate and so very clean, no graffiti mars the shiny white marble walls; bronze and marble statues and arches lend a palace-like atmosphere to this vast underground network of tunnels, tracks, and electric cars.

After a swift ride down an unbelievably steep escalator, I frantically kept in sight of Era and her long black hair, knowing that if I lost her, I was lost forever underneath the streets of Moscow.

Once safely crammed inside the correct car, I relaxed into a seat given to me by a Russian man. How polite these men were. On the return trip I observed the same strange behavior, men offering their seats to female passengers. Do men in New York City still practice this simple show of good manners?

The travel brochure had stated "Return to Moscow for a Gala Farewell Dinner." Gala it was at 7:30 p.m. on a Saturday evening at the Arbat, a modern Moscow night club seating 3,500 people. While champagne, wine, and vodka flowed freely at our table, a 30-piece orchestra played music similar to the American big band sound of the 30's and 40's for dancing.

The main attractions included about 15 varied acts—singers, acrobats, roller skaters, a chorus line, even a dog act.

The Arbat was like a three-ring circus that night—even a wedding party in an adjoining room—with me somewhere in the middle poring myself on fish, Moscow style, caviar, black bread, and ice cream. Even with every table filled by decked out Muscovites, American tourists, and

other nationalities of merry-makers, the food and service were superb as usual.

SUNDAY, Sept. 22, was goodbye day to Moscow, the U.S.S.R., its 250 million hospitable people, and Era, the tourist guide who had so graciously escorted me through the Soviet Union. I promised myself the luxury of making a second journey in the future, but first I had more miles in other directions to cover before returning to the Soviet Union.

Sheremetyevo Airport had not changed in the two weeks previous except that I had more time now to notice the stylish snack bars, restaurants, and gift shops. Having purposely avoided reading the newspaper for so long, I purchased an English edition of "The Daily Worker" whose headline held my attention: "Nixon's Crime Sheet Wiped Clean." I read on through the first paragraph which was even more amazing:

"America's self-confessed crook, ex-president Richard Nixon is to get off scot free with a full, free, and absolute pardon for all his crimes in the White House."

What's this about freedom of the press in the U.S.S.R.?

THE FLIGHT home was relatively uneventful with the exception of a two-hour delay in Copenhagen due to engine difficulty. All this meant to me was two extra hours in which to hot rod my red scooter around the Copenhagen Airport. Then there was the missed connection at JFK which set me back another three hours plus the normal time difference of seven hours between Moscow and Detroit.

In spite of these minor aggravations, I did arrive in Farmington Hills at 4 a.m. on Monday. My body already temporarily disintegrated and my mind following in its footsteps. I began to think very peculiar thoughts—like how sad it was that I had missed seeing the 3,700 animals in the Moscow Zoo.

Das vidaniya and hasta hugo! My next adventure, with Fidel's permission, will be Cuba, after which I will be talking with you again.



ROCHELLE REAGAN

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Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Debow

Susan Marie White and Christopher R. Debow were wed in a double-ring ceremony performed by Rev. Z. William Cohen in First Congregational Church of Charlotte. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William W. White of Charlotte, and he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence R. Debow Jr. of Farmington.

The bride wore a gown of white satin and pews d'ange lace fashioned with a V neckline, bishop sleeves and full circular skirt attached with a chapel length train. A bonnet of lace held her chapel-length tulle illusion veil while she carried a cascade of white and yellow roses, baby's breath and ivy.

She was attended by Mrs. Rodney Fuller, a sister of the bride; Susan Jarabek, Shannon Owen and Kathy Mullins, all of whom were clad in green print carried furside baskets with fall floral arrangements.

The bridegroom was attended by Eugene Wedekind, Eugene Wedekind, Michael Owen and Kathy Drounast. Seating the guests were James White and Rodney Fuller. Jason White was ring bearer. The bridegroom's attendants were all attired in brown tuxedos and sported ruffled shirts.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cady, Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. Ford B. Byars hosted the reception held in the American Legion Hall.

The couple will make their home in Olivet.

Howes-Browne

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Snow Howes, 1802 Whitlock, Farmington Hills, announce the engagement of their daughter, Elta Merle, to Gerald Wayne Browne, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Browne, 1829 Garden, Livonia.

The couple plan a wedding in February.



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