
Our Trip To Europe

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Our trip across the ocean planned long in advance, perhaps the fulfillment of ideas dreamed for half a lifetime which finally became definite, seemed always far ahead even when only a few days away until the travelers checks were purchased.

Our last day at home was full of little details. The excitement was doubled when, in late afternoon, Fessie declared she had to buy a new pair of shoes for walking around Europe because the ones she had already broken in suddenly began to pinch her feet. We reached the shoe store just as they were closing for the day.

Shortly before midnight we squeezed the bags shut and went to bed. Our train to New York would leave a little after seven in the morning to get us there in time to go aboard the SS France by noon, but something happened or failed to happen so we woke up an hour after the alarm was supposed to go off. The ensuing rush equaled the speed of early day movies. I scrambled the three eggs we had saved for breakfast and Fessie downed half of her one between a couple of swallows of milk while she pulled a dress over her head and swiftly combed her hair. Before that, I called for a cab to pick us up at six and was a bit surprised that the company agreed, because usually the customers get only such service as the drivers feel like giving at that time of the morning. But I was prepared for any show of independence on their part: Mr. Neff, four blocks away, had promised to be at our front door with his Cadillac within ten minutes from my telephone call in case of taxi trouble.

It was a good thing we took only two suitcases because at the station in New York there was no porters available except possibly after a search and long wait. I carried both bags inasmuch as each one was too heavy for Fessie. She still had her train case and handbag, the latter being big enough itself for an ordinary weekend trip, or bigger maybe, and heavier. We lugged our way along the narrow and crowded passage between our train and the one on the adjacent track, two or three stories underground, until we finally reached an escalator. But just as we were about to step on it, a woman a few steps up fell or got caught somehow and screamed. Her companion tried to help her until a trainman, luckily nearby, ran over and turned off the switch. He then disappeared and nobody around could find out how to turn it on again.

At pier 88, the longest ship ever built was floating at ease like a giant mother hen accepting her baby chicks that arrived in a steady stream of tiny humans crossing from the pier into the side of the mighty vessel. At two o'clock on that sunny Thursday we began our first voyage across a mighty ocean. Our emotions were mixed with excitement, fear, hope, and faith. Anything could happen to us and the other 2,000 persons aboard before again setting foot on solid ground, and we knew it. However, in 108 hours of elapsed time we were docked at Southampton, England at about zero meridians, while over the pier we could see the English flag flying in the breeze, bringing to consciousness the fact that we were no longer in the glorious land of the Stars and Stripes.

During the ocean voyage over a sea calm enough for a small fishing boat, and so smooth most of the time that even a canoe would be quite safe, we whiled away the time by strolling around the promenade deck, loafing in the spacious lounge, napping in deck chairs, eating much more food than we should, playing Ping-Pong, watching the children play in their game rooms, and watching movies in the largest theater afloat. Incidentally, when the feature ended we were about fifty miles away from where we were when we entered the theater. The ship carried 15 tons of meat, 5 tons each of poultry and fish, 30 tons of vegetables, 15 tons of fresh fruit, 70,000 eggs, 8,000 pints of milk and 2,000 of cream, 9 tons of flour, about 50,000 bottles of wine, 36,000 bottles of beer and 5,000 cartons of cigarettes, the booklet said, to say nothing of over 90 tons of linens, 10 tons of silverware, 8 tons of glasses and enough plates to make a stack three times as high as the Washington monument.

The first couple of nights we fell asleep almost as soon as we went to bed because we were tired; but Saturday night we began to take notice of the creaking of the boat each time it rolled a little and strained itself as if some of the bolts needed tightening. At last I urged Fessie to avoid talking temporarily but to please speak to me in exactly five minutes and if I didn't answer she should try again in exactly another five

minutes. She must have attempted to count the seconds in each of the first five minutes because she was soon sound asleep, and while I was contemplating whether there was any psychology involved I woke up and it was morning.

Sunday night I went out on deck while Fessie was preparing for bed and noticed a light far out at sea about 300 off port side. It gradually came closer and eventually changed to double and later to many lights, which showed it to be an ocean liner westbound, or a large freighter on its way to New York. Then directly opposite our ship, probably 3 or 4 miles out, a great searchlight suddenly blinked a message to us in Morse code, which was as interesting to me as if I could read it.

Neither of us got seasick. We each took one pill as we were gliding down the Hudson soon after leaving the pier, and Fessie took one or two more sometime later. However, when she began to pack her bag Monday noon and leaned forward with her head down for perhaps an hour, she got woozy until her stomach relieved itself one time, after which she felt as well as ever.

Our bags were taken out that night and the next time we saw them was at the customs station. There we were met by our Caravan we were riding a bus over the green countryside toward London where we learned some of the variables between England and America in our common language:

Traffic circle	Round about
Underpass	Under ride
Parking Lot	Car Park
Apartment	Flat
Elevator	Lift
Fire Escape	Emergency Stairs (often inside)
Drug Store	Chemist
Wholesale druggists	Dispensing Chemists
Black coffee	Black Coffee
Building & Loan Assn.	Building & Loan Society
Coffee with Cream	White coffee (half coffee and half hot milk)
Mailbox	Post box "proof of posting will not be accepted in legal proceedings as evidence of receipt by addressee."

Of course all of us noticed that English traffic runs backwards, passing the oncoming cars on the left. The guide at first suggested it was a continuation of the old horseback days when riders always mounted the left side of their steeds. His more plausible explanation was that all nations used to pass correctly on the left, as England and Norway still do, but that when Napoleon conquered the various countries he commanded that the change be made so that vehicles would pass on the right. Failing to conquer England and Norway, the traffic system in those two countries remained correct and normal, he said. He did not explain, however, why the keep-to-the-right system was adopted in America long before Napoleon was born. At first, as a pedestrian, I had difficulty in remembering to look to the right for approaching cars when stepping off a curb to cross the street. Perhaps it wouldn't take long to learn to drive a car on the wrong side of a thoroughfare, but an American would very likely be in great danger at a moment of emergency wherein his reflexes might revert to previous norms and cause a collision he might be attempting to avoid. Another reason I would not want to live in London is that I don't like to see the sun come up in the North, as it seemed to do in the English capital.

London the world's largest city of my school days provided innumerable points of interest especially in the Old City. However, because the sights there and throughout Europe are already described in travel books and histories beyond number, the detail will be omitted herein while we recall instead the various items that were of unusual interest to us because they were new; for instance, the bath towels in our London hotel and the bath towel robes of Paris. The towels were of a material similar to a lightweight bath towel in America

yet they were extremely heavy because they were almost as big as bedspreads. Their actual size, measured with my pocket tape was five feet by six feet three inches. We were entitled to one apiece every 3 or 4 days, the chambermaid told us, but Fessie didn't approve of such hotel restrictions. She also used up more than a roll of toilet paper per day before the doctor came, at the standard fee of three guineas for a hotel call, and prescribed an effective medicine that cost two pounds (\$5.60 or more) but which was nothing more or less than a 49¢ bottle of Pepto-Bismol, apparently not on sale in England. A guinea is one pound plus one shilling or about \$3.00.

We enjoyed a "get acquainted" dinner at Ye Old Cock Inn, reputed to be very, very old and once the favorite hangout of Charles Dickens. They showed us the plate he used to eat on, or was it? A grandfather's clock 180 years old didn't run any more, but on display we saw the old iron fireplace built in the 1400s, which they claimed was still usable. We noticed on the streets great numbers of teenage boys, many more than in America, who were worshiping the Beatles by letting their hair grow long and shabby.

Our all many historical buildings and monuments that it was difficult to write down the names fast enough, and equally useless so I didn't do it. We stopped at Ye Olde Curiosity Shop built in 1567, its picture familiar to many school kids in the States. We went to the Tower of London where some of my ancestors were once imprisoned, as well as was Sir Walter Raleigh, and saw the spot where innumerable heads were chopped off during the middle centuries because they didn't happen to agree with the current sovereign. The ravens still stand around stupidly or walk hither and yon as if they considered themselves sacred birds just because of the old legend that "when the ravens leave, the Tower will fall." We were surprised that the Tower consists of many structures, one of these containing the fabulous collection of crown jewels, priceless and well guarded, while the principal structure is the great central edifice erected by William the Conqueror in 1080, nearly 900 years ago, as his palace or residence where he occupied an upper floor and was protected by guards and servants on the floors beneath him. Its great rock walls are 11 feet thick at the base, hence its permanence over the centuries. Among many relics we saw the beheading block and axes, and the instruments by which the inmates were tortured or forced to talk. At noon we witnessed the famous changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace and saw the Queen with her king leave for an afternoon at the races, it being Derby day. A few men in the crowds were wearing derby hats. When the retiring regiment left the grounds; we could hardly believe our ears as they marched off in measured steps while the band played, "The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be." For this the British use other words, of course.

Fessie, poor girl, was by that time greatly worried about her ability to remain socially acceptable in the cramped quarters of the bus, so we left the others at Leicester Square and returned to our hotel in a cab. There she remained safe and near the bathroom but alone for the next three hours because, being unable to assist her in any way, I represented both of us at St. Paul's Cathedral and at Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's is rated as the second largest in the world and its dome is spectacular from within as well as from without, especially when viewed through eyes in the top of ones head while bent back horizontally on a strained neck at the exact center of the floor beneath the dome. Westminster Abby is actually an indoor cemetery where great numbers of the famous figures of history lie entombed or memorialized by monuments; and tablets, yet it is still a church where religious services are held. Besides the elaborate tombs of kings and queens, we saw many familiar names such as are included in my "Walwyn Family" related pedigrees, but I was unable to find any of my own ancestors other than where our line runs into royalty. Big Ben, 10 Downing Street, Parliament, Scotland Yard, and St. James; Palace were points of impressive interest. Because of Fessie O5 condition we were unable to see our LDS. Temple or go to Shakespeare's home at Stratford-on-Avon. On the two evenings I walked alone from our hotel across from Marble Arch to a nearby park where speakers are permitted and protected by law to get up on boxes or platforms and talk on any subject they might choose. There were disbelievers and hecklers in each of the half dozen standing audiences, including typical lime house characters that seemed to get a big bang out of back talk that amused the onlookers. Some of the speakers seemed serious and devoted to their causes, which ranged from religion to privately developed philosophies. The Mormon missionaries in London disappointed me by not showing up while I was there, probably because of a cottage meeting somewhere and Lesson 2. On our way to Dover we passed through

Coventry with its beautiful cathedral on a hill. We saw there also the remains of a long stretch of the old Roman wall built centuries ago. We took a steamer to Ostend, Belgium, and passed the white cliffs of Dover on a 2-½ hour trip across the English Channel, where Belgian francs are 50 to the dollar, or 2¢ each. In riding through one Belgian town we passed a funeral procession. The coffin was fully visible in its hearse that had clear glass sides while the many mourners were trudging behind it on foot. Close to Brussels we passed a former concentration camp and annihilation chamber where so many had suffered death at the hands of the Nazis in World War II. It is being preserved as a national reminder of the horrors of the past. At that city, noted for lace, glass and carpets, we stopped at the site of the recent world's Fair where some of the buildings remain standing. In all areas we were impressed by the distinctive architecture of Belgian homes, often in clusters of several narrow yet brightly colored buildings erected side by side like row houses but each one of a different height so that the roofline is uneven. We were told of the boy who once saved Brussels from explosive destruction by drowning out the lighted fuses, and saw the monument by which the natives preserve his memory. It is a naked boy in bronze, life size or bigger, from which a single stream of water issues continuously night and day. The city's central square is beautifully lighted at night, displaying gold and gilded buildings among others of black and white in a fairyland arrangement. At our hotel that night we enjoyed our first experience with 2 douche basin, movable shaving mirror with built-in light, flexible shower hose, choice of a soft or a hard pillow because we had one of each, and a so-called featherbed for a quilt.

The farms of Holland are perhaps the neatest in the world, protected by dikes far away. Drainage ditches too deep for the cows to bother crossing which carry the excess water to pumping areas where it is sent seaward separate the small fields. Crop rotation and fertilization help to make heavy hay crops and bumper stands of grain as well as lush pastures for the uncountable cows that look like Holsteins. Frequently we passed close to one of Holland's picturesque windmills, known in pictures to all the world but which no longer turn. The Society for the Preservation of windmills maintains a few hundred that remain of the once 9,000 that used to pump the water up to sea level. Holland is the most densely populated country in the world, 800 per square mile, even more than in China our guide told us. There are 11,000,000 people and 5,000,000 bicycles of which we must have seen at least a million, mostly parked in cities and towns, although many in use on the paved cycle strips alongside the automobile highways. Amsterdam is on the Anister River where they once built a dam, while Rotterdam is on the Rotter. In early times the city was protected by a canal around it, or moat, which invaders on foot could not well cross alive. When the city grew, they built another canal further out from the center, then another and another. Eventually the advances in warfare made canals obsolete as barriers but they still serve as streets and many people own boats. Spokes or access canals have been built from the original center city to the outermost canal. While returning from a launch ride on those waterways, we heard a vast crowd of teenagers screaming, crowding and shouting, and saw them eventually disperse after that had waited two or three hours for the arrival in Amsterdam of the famous English Beatles barnstorming Holland. During that canal trip, as elsewhere, we noted an "I" beam projecting out of the upper gable of nearly every house. These are for pulleys and ropes to hoist up the furniture that can't be taken up the narrow stairways. It seems that the floor nobody could afford space for ordinary stairs. We stayed overnight at the new Hilton the last one until Paris that furnished soap and soft toilet tissue.

At Cologne (Köln), Germany, which was a Roman colony from about 50 A.D. to 450 A.D., some of the old Roman walls and other structures still stand, also the city walls of the Middle Ages. The stained glass in the Cathedral there is "out of this world" according to my notes, but it is surpassed by the original glass at Notre Dame, circa 1220, I admitted later. A new bridge, remarkable for its original design, is supported by 8 or 10 giant cables stretching over a single and simple steel tower in the form of an inverted "vee", i.e. A, which stands near the middle of the river. It isn't artistically praiseworthy but is sturdy and costs less.

At Bonn, the town bell began peeling away at 7 A.M. and was still going strong when I got up at 7:05 thoroughly convinced that nobody in the area could still be asleep. As soon as I got up it stopped. Soon afterwards we boarded a Rhine steamer and enjoyed a delightful ride up that river, passing many old castles

and forts, some in ruins, on the tops of the adjacent mountains whose foothills are covered with vineyards. Most of these are terraced on the steep slopes with stonewalls built by laborious effort over the years. We noted that many bridges have been rebuilt after all were blown up by the retreating Germans trying to hinder the advance of the Americans in World War II.

At the old, unscathed town of Rothenburg (pronounced Rottenburg) we stayed overnight in a hotel or inn built in 1575, according to the engraving on a wooden pilaster in the lobby. A tablet on a building down the street says the Kaiser stayed there a week in 1474, which was 18 years before Columbus sailed. The little city as many quaint shops, pumps, water troughs almost too high for horses, and we saw a nun riding along the main street on a motorbike. In World War II an American general cancelled an order to blow up the town because he remembered visiting there. He became its 2d Hero. The 1st Hero was the man who saved it long ago, as a reward for his feat, by drinking 321 liters of beer (32 quarts) without stopping, to amuse an invading Swedish king. Now, every day at 11 o'clock, two windows open in the town tower and an iron king in one watches a mechanical man in the other drink the symbolic beer in lifelike manner.

Traveling through Germany and Bavaria we passed endless farms and hay fields of about one and pitchforks, far outnumbered the men. A very few tractors and not more than three horses were seen all day long. The farmers make wigwam-shaped frames with sticks and throw the hay on these for drying, leaving space for air to circulate underneath. Another method observed later is the "clothes line" system, over which they throw all the hay it can hold without touching the ground. Presumably this is left for many days because we saw none of it being moved to the barns; therefore how it is hauled from such small fields we did not see. Later on, where the farms are larger, we watched the workers rake, pile and load hay on hayracks by the old pitchfork method such as we used to follow back home when I was a boy. Still further on, the farmers were apparently not so old passed some U.S Army trucks our patriotism swelled within us as we waved excitedly through the bus windows to the soldiers in the trucks but they, not knowing we were Americans, paid no attention to us. At a fuel station the proprietor with an artistic touch displayed a very unusual flowerbox arrangement made of a tire casing: The bottom fourth was filled with dirt from which flowers grew and were blossoming profusely. Above this the sidewalls had been cut away and discarded, leaving the inner rims in a circle to suggest the handle of a basket of floors, while the tread was flipped over and down underneath like the handles of a giant sugar bowl or loving cup.

Our first view of the Bavarian Alps as the haze lifted was spectacular and inspiring. We had been able to see the foot and later 25 or 10 miles in the distance, for quite a while when suddenly the 9,000 foot cliffs behind them burst into view as if some magic power had wiped the opaque glass in front of them and left it clear. The mountains of solid rock seemed to impress all of us with a new appreciation of our location and that we had left the Low Countries and the flat hills behind. We passed a monastery on Chiem Lake established 784 A.D.

At the Austrian border, inasmuch as we were in a Dutch the formalities were less strict and we learned that there is never a road tax for Dutch vehicles because after the war the Dutch took thousands of Austrian orphans and raised them in Holland, so in national thankfulness and appreciation all Dutch cars are given free passage.

In Salzburg, named for its important salt mines, we saw one building dated 1429. It is the city of Mozart who is honored there in many ways. In the cathedral, first built in 774, a baptismal font where he was baptized is proudly pointed out, about six feet in diameter and plenty big enough. It is supported by four men by sprinkling and the man countered, "how else?" The organ contains 8,000 pipes. Sightseeing buggies based nearby are each pulled by one horse hitched to one side of a buggy tongue instead of between shafts. That night we had dinner at the largest beer hall in the world where we watched native dancing, stamping of feet and leg slapping in fast rhythm, chopping wood to music, and some of the finest yodeling ever heard. Riding eastward toward Vienna the next forenoon I noted the eaves of the houses extend outward for 3 or 4 feet and the roofs similarly extend beyond the gables. Even the sheds are built

likewise, all as protection against winter snows. Quantities of stove and fireplace wood were piled neatly against the houses and these supplies will probably be increased during favorable weather ahead. Before lunch we enjoyed a 2 hour boat trip down the so-called blue Danube, in a vessel driven by a waterwheel, we could see no blue water but only the green reflection of crowded trees on the steep hills that rise abruptly out of the water on both sides of the river and make the Danube beautiful if not blue. The auto road follows alongside and close to the water and our bus driver was already there to meet us when we left the boat.

The one-time palace at Vienna is only five minutes from the hotel where we stopped. Emperor Francis Joseph lived there in golden splendor for the 68 years he reigned, the furniture and equipment coated with 23k gold. Giant stoves that look like they were made of porcelain and trimmed with gold decorated the rooms as if they were great vases reaching to the ceilings. The stoves have no opening in the front but were kept stocked with wood fuel by servants through the rear doors behind the walls so as not to disturb the royal residents or their guests. Oil portraits, costly tapestries, priceless accouterments and gifts from neighboring royalty, including the fabulous Chinese room, seemed beyond numbering. The emperor's nephew, Francis Ferdinand, lived in another palace some distance away, waiting and hoping to succeed, but he was murdered about four years too soon, so everybody got together and settled the matter by indulging in World War I. Now there isn't any emperor.

We were fortunate to arrive at the horse palace or Spanish riding school just in time to see the trainers exercising their famous Belgian 500 years of horse breeding by the State, we were told. One had been taught to jump straight up or vertically and take a momentary position of a speeding racer several feet in the air, with his front legs forward and his hind legs stretched straight back, while the audience applauded. Ten or twelve inch models of these horses, hand painted, are on sale in nearby stores for \$100 to \$150 each.

Vienna's 'Big Wheel' was built in 1896 as a competitive attraction to the Eiffel Tower in Paris. It is an oversize Ferris wheel about 200 feet in diameter or the height of a 15 holds 20 people comfortably and from the top of the circle we could see much of the city as well as the several acres of carnival attractions down below us. From our dining room high up on the mountain beyond the Vienna Woods, the big wheel dominated the skyline of the city in the distance, yet looked about the size of a watch.

On our way to the fabulous Park Hotel situated on a peninsula in the middle of the mountain lake near Villach, our last stop in Austria we saw many bombed out buildings. One was the remains of a great factory, which obviously suffered a direct hit. Dinner was served on the wide veranda, like a sidewalk cafe, while a band played lively music down near the lake, its musicians in native costumes. One of our women, sober, stumbled and fell down the stairs. She was taken to the hospital and didn't catch up with us until a week later in Rome.

Before we reached the Italian border our course took us within a few miles of Yugoslavia. As usual our passports were examined and we changed our money to lire, 815 to the dollar. A 5000 lire note is almost the size of a man's handkerchief folded in half. Soon we reached flatter country with many vineyards and perhaps a hotter region because we noticed all the shutters in most houses were kept closed to hold out the heat. Of course our first meal included spaghetti without asking for it. Later we could see Venice (Venezia) in the distance, which we entered by means of gondolas five riders in each. These are now painted black by law, to avoid the earlier races for richer and costlier prestige warfare. At 9 P.M. we joined the gondola serenade in the Grand Canal, with about fifty of these lashed together side by side next to the music boat that was alive with lights. For an hour we listened to love songs with accompanists; on piano and strings while we sat in the bottom of our gondolas, some of our number in romantic moods. A rumor got around that Fessie and I were on our honeymoon.

The republic of Venezia is said to be the oldest of all, founded in 425 A.D., some say 810. The ruling families, population about 2000, elected a "doge" for one year, never repeating from the same family which

in time would have created a despotic government. We visited his historic palace and saw the famous bridge of sighs, so named because it led from the palace to the penitentiary and few ever returned. As elsewhere, women with sleeveless dresses must wear a scarf to cover their shoulders before entering the church, which is said to contain the bones of St. Mark of the Gospels. It was built the third time in 1080 A.D. Instead of the conventional Catholic cross they use a square one where all four extensions are of equal length. When the bells in the tower ring each morning at 11 o'clock, two iron men do it with sledgehammers and they look very much alive. The bells immediately bring thousands of pigeons to the immense square (St. Mark's) where they know it is feeding time. At our hotel in Venice, instead of electric eyes like we have come to expect at supermarkets in America, uniformed attendants are on hand to open the doors for the guests. I felt a little odd once, however, when a pretty woman of forty who had strayed too far from her station actually ran to reach the door before I did in order to open it for me.

During our trip we noted a number of oddities and customs different from ours: There is little likelihood of anyone forgetting to leave the hotel key; most of these are the old style country keys about 3 or 4 inches long, one of which was welded crossways to the end of a bar five inches long, another was firmly fastened to a rubber bulb the size of an orange while still another was chained to a round disc that weighed more than a pound. Water closets vary widely, most of them with disposal traps in the front instead of the rear and with flush handles directly above the bulb in the tank, or pull chains or pull cords, or floor buttons, or hard-to-push valve levers. Men's public toilets range from conventional receptacles in the better buildings to tiled troughs or cement troughs at the floor under bare walls; in several places where they showed no regard for sex there was only a flat slab, about two by two feet, with a drain at one side and two foot plates at the other for use by the visiting ladies. In our hotel rooms the telephones never rang--they buzzed. However, anyone who didn't hear the buzz must be a victim of near Kleenex but found none, and to leave the store we were obliged to pass through the line at the cash register. When Fessie explained we had bought nothing, the manager insisted that she open her big handbag to prove she was not a shoplifter. Once at dinner Fessie asked for butter to spread on the bread she held in her hand. The waiter asked, "What for?" Fessie explained, "For this bread." "Oh" replied the waiter, "you only get butter if you order hors d'ouvres." At a restaurant the next day Fessie asked for butter, which the waiter brought all right (a quarter pound) and he also brought a bill for 35¢. No drinks are included with meals but must be ordered and paid for separately, wines being widely consumed, coffee costing from 20¢ to 75¢ and milk from 20¢ to 40¢ and drinkable water in bottles from about 30¢ for a half-bottle size to 70¢.

We loved Florence, where everybody loves Michelangelo. His masterpieces and architectural achievements are on every hand, while a monument honoring him stands on a high hill overlooking the city. At the Baptistery of St. John the Baptist, with its "golden doors" depicting in each of a dozen panels a scene from the Bible, I was surprised to see also some murals which conflict with the general Christian understanding of the next world where we are to go either to heaven or, missing it by a hair, must live eternally in purgatory or hell, yet the guide said nothing about these. They consist of THREE scenes that seem to picture three degrees of glory, or lack of glory: One is distinctly the realm of God and shows him with people who must have lived nearly perfect lives; underneath this is another scene of numerous people who look comfortable enough and happy but have no halos; the bottom scene shows the wicked in hell with devilish tormenters, fires and snakes, as I recall it. Elsewhere we saw Michelangelo's third statue of "Descent from the Cross" which he intended for his own tomb and we also visited the Chapel of Medici (Mad'ichee), an old banker family that died out in the 1700s, which unfinished chapel must have cost several great fortunes. At Florence Fessie bought a beautiful handmade 18k gold bracelet.

Riding southward the next day. We passed the lake and general area where Hannibal in 240 B.C. attacked the Romans after crossing at Gibraltar from Carthage, thence through Spain, France and the Alps with elephants, which feat is still unexplained. We saw an old Roman bridge over the river gorge that has stood since 27 A.D. although partially destroyed by bombs in the last war. Further on we saw the Abbey of Casino which was first built in the 6th century, known as the cradle of the Benedictine order, and rebuilt after it was necessarily destroyed by the Allies in World War II when it proved to be a serious impediment to the

progress of victory. That day was the most strenuous of the entire trip and the longest ride, leaving Florence at 7:30 A.M. and reaching Sorrento about 8:30 at night after traveling the last few miles over scream of Naples (Nap1oli).

The Isle of Capri is out in the Mediterranean from Sorrento, about 40 minutes; by steamer. It looked like an island of solid rock as we approached it, with jagged cliffs rising steeply from the water level, while the scanty vegetation included palm trees, umbrella pines and wide-leafed cacti. Our hotel was reached by a 15 minute ride from the wharf in a small bus up a narrow road blasted out of the side of the cliffs and containing many hairpin curves, To look up and see the roadway a thousand feet above us, almost straight up from the base of the cliffs and over which we knew we would soon be riding, was more frightening than the climb itself which ended at the Europa Palace, a hostelry superior in its appointments to many A-1 hotels in the United States. Down a dug way on the other side of the island, equally thrilling, we reached the sea and got in rowboats to enter the Blue Grotto through an opening so small we had to duck our heads. Inside, the water and atmosphere were a fantastic blue and when we dipped our hands in they took on an eerie light mysteriously transmitted from the tiny entrance hole.

The greatest anticipation of the whole trip for me was Pompeii and I was not disappointed. Mt. Vesuvius, standing silently yet majestically in the near distance, seemed ready at any moment or any century to repeat its disastrous performance of 79 A.D., when it buried Pompeii with ash, not with lava as I had always supposed. There was also much less loss of life than I had thought, because the inhabitants were forewarned and had time to flee during the three days it took to bury the city, which was at a rate of six inches to a foot each hour. Nevertheless some lives were lost, the buried bodies decomposing to nothingness during two millenniums and lately reconstructed by pumping plaster of Paris into the cavities, which hardened before the ash was removed. One was a man who had fallen forward and probably died of suffocation. The excavations now reveal the grandeur of the ancient city, its forum, basilica, lead pipes that provided fresh water to the homes and buildings from springs in the mountains, narrow streets paved with enormous stones into which noticeable ruts were worn by wagon or chariot traffic, public, baths, amphitheatres, temples and statues almost without number. Many of the structures had collapsed under the volcanic weight, of course, and most of them now have no roofs, Numerous columns were broken in pieces and others toppled over, while many have remained standing throughout the long centuries; still supporting parts of the classic upper structures. Paintings in color on the walls of buildings have withstood the ages and some are still vivid. We could have spent days instead of a couple of hours viewing the ancient city not yet entirely uncovered.

We had lunch at Naples on our way to Rome (Roma) where we arrived late in the afternoon. My first thrill was to see the ancient aqueducts or elevated flumes, which carried water from the mountains to the old city by gravity flow. Depending on the contour of the land the aqueducts were low and near the ground or built on arches two or three stories high. We visited many of the historic ruins, which are scattered throughout the area that was once the Rome of old, now preserved by law in the midst of a modern city. On Sunday at noon we were in St. Peter's Square (which is round) and saw the Pope while he addressed by public amplifier and blessed the several thousand Catholics, Protestants, perhaps some Jews and Orientals, and at least two Mormons. We saw the original Raffael's "Transfiguration" and later its double-size copy in St. Peter's cathedral where they say Peter's bones now repose. There is but one painting in the cathedral, all the rest being elaborate mosaics of matchless beauty. The gigantic canopy over the alter is built of the same bronze that formerly was the ceiling of the portico in the Pantheon. The latter has 16 columns about 3 stories high, each of a single piece of granite. Swiss guards were on duty at the Vatican where, we learned, they are the only Swiss mercenaries remaining of the once great number who used to hire themselves out to fight for any nation that would hire them, Even a brief description of all the sights of Rome fills a whole book, and yet I did not see tear bottles mentioned anywhere in print. These, a few still preserved at the Vatican museum, were used to collect the tears of mourners at funerals the more tears then like the more flowers today indicated the prestige and popularity of the deceased. The second unmentioned peculiarity is that most business signs are readable from one side only, unless one cares to read them backwards when

approaching from the opposite direction. So far as I could see, every car in Rome was a small or compact car including every known make, perhaps, so long as it was no bigger than a Fiat. I counted five cars comfortably parked in a space measuring 25 steps.

As a side trip we went to the Tivoli Gardens by the mountains twenty miles away, once the recreational hangout of tired emperors seeking weekend relaxation. While there are plenty of trees and shrubbery on its several levels it is primarily a garden of fountains, two thousand of them, all fed by gravity and arranged in rows, in circles, and in corners and pools, or issuing from the mouths of animals, gargoyles, and angelic figures. Nowhere have I ever seen a display of such fantastic and fairyland beauty.

By train to Genoa, four hours northward, we enjoyed the most quiet train and the smoothest roadbed in the world, surely. When lunch was served on long tables at our seats, full glasses of water did not spill. We followed the coast and passed through dozens of tunnels where cross hills run down into the sea, rejoining our bus at Genoa near the house where Columbus was born and continuing on the new autostrada at the edge of the immense harbor through more tunnels and along dug ways cut into the solid rocks or cliffs that rise almost vertically out of the water in many places. At a distance these look like Jupiter or some god had used a giant axe to slash at an angle into the rock and then cut off the chip with a second and horizontal blow. We passed a section of an old Roman road parallel to ours, a block or two in length and wide enough for chariots to pass, with walls on each side about two feet high. Looking back at the end, I could see the rains had washed the dirt away, making the present roadbed too rocky and rough for either vehicles or horses. For many miles onward, between the highway and the steep bank or high wall toward the hills, great masses of flowering vines gave us a gardenlike picture as each curve displayed for us another view of the purplish running over the walls, although at other times they seemed to be rooted at the base and climbing up the rocky cliffs.

The casino at Monte Carlo was filled with more tourists than gamblers, where the roulette wheels permitted bets from 2 francs to 10,000. Professional gamblers and notables seeking to avoid the gaping public passed on through to private parlors. Monaco, an independent principality of some 360 acres and a nice harbor, all brilliantly lighted at night, has two cities: the capital Monaco and Monte Carlo where the gambling casino is located. We didn't see Grace Kelly but we saw the church where she was married.

At Nice we stayed two days at the Splendid Hotel, well-named and latest word in comfort and gadgets including a telephone extension in the bathroom in case of a call while shaving or sitting. It also has two washbasins, which should give American apartment builders a progressive idea because this is almost as good and certainly much less costly than two bathrooms. In early evening I watched dozens of swallows in flight, or birds that resemble these except they had twice the wingspread of American swallows.

At Cannes we saw women carrying from the markets long, slender loaves of bread unwrapped. They like it fresh and hard; wrapping is bad! In fact, all over Europe the only bread served without special request was cement.

Through the barren mountains northward for several hours we saw only one town. The roads are steep and hazardous, especially where we crossed over several mountain passes and could see the road in the distance twisting back and forth high above us or far below as we executed about and climbed or descended on dug ways protected from the precipitous depths by a low rock fence that would have not the least effect upon a careening bus. I presumed the tour manager had routed us this way deliberately to accustom us to the dangerous roads and mountain highways of Switzerland, but I was wrong. These proved to be the worst of all.

We reached Geneva the second afternoon, saw the U.N. European headquarters and the Lake Geiser, lunched under spreading sycamore trees, drove around the lake perhaps fifty miles to Montreux on the other side and stopped there overnight at the Palace Hotel. It was just that--a palace. Its immense lobby, tall

windows with elaborate drapes, comfortable chairs, davenports and tables on heavy carpets, suggested lavish living. The dining terrace helped make our dinner delightful. However, the old style bathtub was so huge that Fessie couldn't step up into it and had to use the platform we found underneath the tub, hidden between the Queen Anne legs. Nearby we toured the ancient Castle de Chillon, unchanged for centuries since it was a prison, fortress, banquet hall and residence of a count. Many medieval weapons and pewter vessels are in the collection, as well as elaborately carved chests and chairs, enormous fireplaces, and a chapel in which is carved a strange triple face with four eyes -- cover all but the first two eyes and you see the face of God, all but the second and third eyes and you see the Son, and all but the last two and you see the Holy Ghost. For once, at least, the Trinity was presumed to be in the shape of men even though the sculptor in this case might well be complimented on his representation of incomprehensibility.

The surprise of the whole trip was that Switzerland is not a high country like we had always assumed. The mountains are high of course but the cities are in the valleys and lowlands. Most of them, we were told, are only a thousand feet above sea level. However, we had to climb quite high to get over the mountain pass on roads that are steep and winding but hidden by trees which made it seem like we were driving through a park. We passed innumerable chalet built would each command a staggering price in Washington, as dream houses, with their long, overhanging eaves. At Interlaken, which means between two lakes, the farms on the steep hillsides can hardly be profitable. We saw two men mowing hay with a garden mower about two feet wide, laboriously holding it from rolling sideways down the hill. Scythes were also in evidence and we saw women hand raking the dry hay on the steep slopes. Over another mountain pass to another valley we noted the homes are not of the same chalet type although they are still distinctively Swiss.

At Lucerne, where we stayed two nights; we were entertained at our first dinner by a lively trio, which played for a pair of girl yodelers who were equal to the best. A flag twirler with two Swiss flags, white cross on red, amazed us, and then came the Alpine horn about 10 feet long with a mouth or bowl 10 inches or more in diameter which the man could play like a trumpet almost. The Seenachtfest, or night festival on the sea, an annual affair, took place while we were in Lucerne, shooting off fireworks on the lake that might well take first prize in competition with Washington's 4th of July celebration.

I couldn't get anyone to go with me so I went alone up in a cable car to Mt. Pilatus, which was pulled upward by one cable while hanging from a bracket with four wheels running along the other cable, not much above the tall treetops, until we reached a station about 5,000 feet up. There I joined others in a bus probably a thousand feet in the air to the top of the rugged mountain where footpaths led to the final goal another couple of hundred feet up. The descent was down the other side in a cogwheel car carrying 40 passengers the grade varying from 30% to 48% according to posted signs, or as much as about 440 or about half of perpendicular a good part of the way, the trip down requiring about 40 minutes, which was as long as the trip up, during which we passed small herds of cows grazing on the difficult slopes. They looked like Jerseys in color but were as heavy as beef cattle. When we reached the bottom, where an old man with his Alpine horn was entertaining all comers for tips, we were about 20 miles from home which we reached aboard a lake steamer that made several stops at towns on the green and lawn like foothills surrounding the lake. Of course the others in our group were sorry they hadn't gone too when I told of my experiences and chided them about their fears, declaring that I was the only one who had seen Switzerland.

The distinctive and very unusual architecture of Bern's main street, together with the innumerable boxes of red geraniums in full bloom that adorn most of the windows on both sides, presented a sight worthy of note. The round arched entrances to the stores, side by side, are separated by wide buttresses that extend outward from the base for about three feet and then slant upward to the bottom of the second story, like the headdress of the Sphinx in Egypt. We wanted to see the L.D.S. Temple but by the time we got a taxi to take us there our bias was ready to leave Bern.

Westward the valleys become much wider and more adaptable to farming. The houses and barns side by side and both next to the highway are sometimes actually attached for easy access to the cows when the

snow is deep. The manure is stored in neat, flat enlarged as needed by pushing the stuff in a wheelbarrow up a plank and to the far edges on another plank. Further onward into France again we drove often for many miles along suburban avenues, usually near towns and cities but sometimes far out in the country, where a row of trees on each side of the pike, evenly spaced, provided enjoyable settings and an implied welcome to all who pass that way.

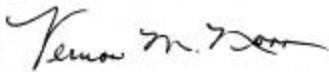
The longer we stayed in Paris the more I began to like it and to overcome a feeling of being lost. From the Arc de Triomphe at one end of the Avenue des Champs Elysses the streets poke out like the spokes of a wheel, the one named Foch being 450 feet wide between the buildings, perhaps the widest in the world. The Eiffel tower, which they call YL, built in 1889, is 986 feet high or nearly twice the height of the Washington monument; it doesn't look it until you stand beside it and look upwards. We were thrilled with Notre Dame cathedral, started in 1163 A.D., particularly the three circular windows of stained glass over 36 feet in diameter which were installed high up in the walls of the edifice as early as 1220 A.D. I don't expect to ever see their equal in beauty. We enjoyed a launch ride on the Seine, visited the artist's colony on Mont Martyr, went to the Follies; saw the Mona Lisa, Napoleon's tomb, and many other tourist attractions in that city of extremes. At restaurants, Service figured at 15% is generally added to the check so no one can forget the tip. Foreigners can buy perfumes, dresses, and some other items at a discount of 20% by paying with traveler's checks to prove they are not subject to the tax on Frenchmen, we were told. We experienced other peculiarities also, for instance when Fessie wanted an orange I finally found a basketful at a snack bar but could not buy any because the place didn't sell "groceries". At another snack bar I sat down and ordered a coke; the waiter said, "Would you like some French pastry?" "No," I answered, "but I would like a big orange and an apple." He replied, "Certainly," but when I began to put these in my pocket, he screamed, "Non, Non!" I took them anyway and he said "K.O." which I naturally assumed meant "O.K." until I got the K.O. bill showing 40¢ for the orange, 40¢ for the apple, and 80¢ for the coke, total 8 francs. We took a cab the next morning to the best department store, presumably. It is big and well stocked with everything but looked funny compared to American stores, the merchandise being poorly displayed. The much-publicized girls on the streets of Paris proved to be as big a farce in the areas we visited as the stories about the men in Rome who pinch strange women. In the Italian capital we were on several crowded streets and in the colonnade around St. Peter's Square filled with people but didn't see any woman get pinched. The nearest Fessie came to be accosted was when a fine looking young fellow began talking to her while I was a few steps away buying an ice cream cone. In Paris we walked up and down the Champs Elysees (Cham say le say) for an hour without encountering the first hint of girls provoking the men, or accosting husbands while their wives were with them, about which we had been forewarned in fun by friends who had been in Europe.

On the boat train from Paris to Le Havre we were a captive audience and by the time we reached that seaport our passports had been checked and we stepped right on the S.S. FRANCE. The five day voyage homeward to New York was a repetition of the excellent accommodations, food and entertainment we enjoyed while eastbound, but it had some extra excitement: We were overtaking and gaining on the Queen Mary, not far to starboard, when we were called off course to pick up another injured man on a freighter, which we reached in late afternoon and they brought the victim to us. The next day, a very rare situation arose when we were requested to make a second detour to pick up another injured man from another freighter. This time we the passengers watched our own lifeboat being lowered with ten men in it, all wearing life jackets, who went to the freighter, returned with the victim who was hoisted into our ship, and the lifeboat was then pulled up to the boat deck high above us as we watched from the windows of the promenade deck, where we could also see a head sticking out of practically every porthole below us, Later I went with eight men on a tour down in the ship via elevator and narrow stairways and saw the enormous operating mechanisms, the stabilizers which minimize the ship's rolling, the fresh water machine and the hundreds of dials that indicate conditions. Being below the water line we could touch the immense shafts or screws that turn the propellers, the latter being about 13 feet in diameter. These, of course, we couldn't see but in a movie I had noted that each of the blades is longer than a man is tall.

At dusk we viewed a glorious sunset with red, fanlike light beams extending upward high into the sky. As darkness settled we were bewildered while moving toward a long cloudbank that seemed surely to be an island a few miles ahead, but we could never reach it.

Sunrise on the ocean the next morning, the first I had ever seen, was even more spectacular than the sunset. Anxious and awake before daybreak, I went on deck and watched a strong ultra red light more concentrated than the previous evening gradually rise up out of the sea like a low range of mountains on the horizon, separated from the blue water by an almost black line. Above this the vivid red faded to a pinkish yellow, then to a touch of pale green that soon blended with the light blue sky. A lighthouse flash could be seen in the distance and, after a while, we could see scattered lights on shore until the competition of natural daylight overpowered them and ended the gorgeous sunrise. A little later we saw a seagull, then several; a jet plane passed overhead apparently headed for Europe; small boats were sighted and as the haze lifted we could see tall buildings on shore, a bridge, the Statue of Liberty, Hoboken, and finally the skyscrapers of Manhattan. We docked at 8:30 A.M. after 109-½ hour of elapsed time from Southampton compared with 108 hours for the eastbound voyage. The Queen Mary was due to arrive that afternoon.

It was certainly nice to be home again in the good old USA, where we don't have to show passports and where we can read the signs on the billboards and understand what the newspapers say.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Kenan M. Derr".