



TRIP TO EUROPE

July-December 1970

Text: Journal of Winnafred Cardon

Photos: Louis and Winnafred Cardon Slide Collection

Compiled by their granddaughter Kerolann Cardon Haslam in 2021





Overview Map of the Trip

(It is not their exact route, due to limited information in the journal and changes to maps/roads between 1970 and 2021 when it was created)

JULY 1970

We left Grand Junction about five o'clock and after two false starts were on our way. We have planned on this trip intensely for about a year but have dreamed of it for many years. After an overnight stop at Salida we ate lunch at the City Center in Pueblo. We drove around and were surprised to see so many places unchanged. We came through Canon City and found our 1008 S. 12th St. still an attractive place but the Florence house was very run down. I hated to think of those beautiful floors and woodwork being abused.

We drove into Texas and were impressed again with the bigness of it. The flatness gives the feeling of no boundaries. The ranches seemed large with new ranch style houses at intervals of several miles. There were mostly feed crops and cotton with some soy beans. I had remembered the Texas two-story houses of my childhood but they seem to have given way to neat ranch style houses. There were a few trees and flowers near the houses but few trees any place else except along the rivers. The roads were mostly new divided highways with the natural grass mowed between and up to the fences so one had a feeling of neatness.

We came through Lubbock which had experienced on May 17, '70 a severe hurricane. Twenty-six people had been killed. Most of the motels in the North West section were severely damaged. Many roofs had been lifted. There were great piles of twisted metal. Signs were just corkscrews and all over town windows had been boarded up. Even buildings costing millions were demolished. Some parts of town seemed undamaged.

We arrived in San Angelo about 5:30 and found the Speeds with very little difficulty. It was forty years ago we knew them so well and in that time we had seen them 3 times. At that time we each had two children. Now we each have five. Opal and George are about five years older than we are. Opal's black curly hair has changed to a beautiful bluish white. It is still curly and abundant. It falls into natural waves and is a lovely crown. She used to wear red a lot but now she wears pink. Her complexion is fair and her black eyes still sparkle and she exclaims warmly over so many things that it's most pleasant to be with her. She gave us such a gracious welcome we felt important all the time we were there. George is rather tall and thin and quite bald. He is very brown and with his erect carriage gives a feeling of strength and capability many of 75 years would envy. He has a nice broad smile and one feels that he is able to judge the important and unimportant and weigh and value every situation. It is a pleasure to be with such a stable person. The Speeds have 5 children who have made wonderful achievements, all active in the church and devoted to their parents. Perhaps the most spectacular, but not most important, is Grant who is on the way to becoming a noted sculptor.

The Speeds are very devoted to the church and so warmly accepted by the whole ward. The young and old come to them for council and always a piece of pecan pie. They still live in their original home but with each child have added a room. The little pecan trees they set out have become giants and last year produced 1600 lbs. of nuts. I compare them, the Speeds, and their achievements through these 40 years with the growth of these magnificent trees.

Opal still works in the library but George devotes himself to his trees and yard (5 acres). We are happy that we didn't bypass our visit with the Speeds.

Our next stop was at Fort Worth. As we rode along through the wide grazing lands, some oil wells and small growth of trees, I wondered why my grandparents left the vicinity to come to Arizona. Perhaps it was the pioneer in them. We had a nice room at the Rio motel and stayed over a day to rest and do some sightseeing. We took a long walk through the residential section. The homes are very much like those in Colorado. I expected them to be more colonial style.

We have been reading and hearing about "Six Flags Over Texas" so decided to stop and see it. It is a big park comparing with "Disney Land" and similar in many ways. The exhibits are divided into the six periods of history with many rides and shows. We enjoyed it but felt it was more for people with young families. We came on to Shreveport and stayed at the Tanglewood Inn. As you can guess it was a nice place at the edge of a forest. After dinner we walked around some woodline path but I was uneasy because of my fear of poison ivy.

As we drove on toward the Louisiana border the country changed. Instead of plains there are rolling hills and a great many more trees. Driving into Louisiana the landscape changed to a bright green. The road sides and hills are lush with vines, trees, and high grass. We stopped at a roadside stand and bought a melon, some peaches & cantaloupe. The boy assured us they were home grown but we could see very little farm land (just trees). We are spending the night at the Stonewall Jackson Inn. It is Colonial in style and very nice. We went up town for dinner and walked around the streets. As we arrived back at the inn rain began to pour and in just moments the streets and gutters were almost to run over.

As we drove through Alabama we came to a road sign which said Bellamy 2 miles. We backed up a little and took the road to a small lumber mill town (pop. 360). We went to the general store and when I told them my maiden name was Bellamy they were interested and told me to go see a Mr. & Mrs. Clifton Curry (Kate). The Curries were very nice but couldn't remember Mr. Bellamy's first name. We later visited Bob Campbell at Dermopolis a nephew of Mr. Gulley. He gave us interesting information which I've recorded.

We phoned the Browns from Jackson Mississippi (The Stonewall Jackson Inn). We enjoyed the scenery, a little more open space & crops of cotton, corn & some tobacco. Lots of peanuts. We got to the Brown's at six o'clock and enjoyed the evening & going to church with them Sunday. Monday they took us to Fort Click and a drive through the forest & along the beach. The construction of slaves' homes of a material called _____ (*tabby*) was most interesting. They are made of crushed shells.

We left Jacksonville Tuesday morning and went to St. Augustine. We spent the day there. We got a 24 hour pass on the tour train & got a lot of history and understanding of St. Augustine's past. The Fountain of Youth was one of the interesting parts of the tour.

Wednesday we visited the Kennedy Space Center and were so impressed with the bigness of it. The machine which moves the rockets was really astonishing. Each tread in the wheels weighs a ton.

We came into Miami that evening and succeeded in getting a motel for \$11.00- the Argosy. Next day we moved to the Sherwood with a nicer room at \$9.00. We have a room at the International Hotel at the airport for Sunday night so it relieves us of some of the anxiety of getting the plane Monday morning.

We went out to Hialeah Park & race track. It was most beautiful especially the tropical fish in the sunken treasure ship. The flamingos were so pink & the track was so smooth & green. It's an immense place. We visited the Kulhmans & found where we are to leave the car. They are lovely people. Sunday we are going to the first ward.

We attended the Miami first ward & found the people friendly & very sincere. We especially enjoyed the testimony meeting. We moved from the Sherwood motel to the International Airport Hotel so we would not be anxious about getting the plane. I scarcely slept in spite of the comfortable bed in a soundproof room. Just the anxiety associated with the long trip. We walked around in the airport terminal after getting settled. We have been surprised at the number of Cubans in Miami. They held numerous jobs at the airport & at stations etc. in Miami. We saw people from other countries. It was most interesting watching the great numbers of people.

At 8:15 we got the plane to Nassau & arrived 45 minutes late. The island was quite flat with low shrubbery & small palms. The people were about 95% colored (official 85%) at the airport. Most of the employees were unfriendly but we talked with the children who were very cute. Some of the children were very well dressed and playful and uninhibited. We had planned to go into the city on a tour but since it was a holiday no shops or markets were open & we would have had to take a taxi which was expensive. Other tourists who went up town thought the trip too expensive just to see the straw market. We spent the day there and it was a long, long day. Our plane didn't leave until 8:15. The plane was immense. There were 300 people and the seats were quite close together. There were lots of students on the plane also several couples about our age. We were really thrilled to start the long anticipated trip. The hostesses (4) were attractive and spoke French, German, Spanish, & English. They were very attentive. Before the plane was off the ground they demonstrated the life saving equipment.

First they gave us a drink of juice, coffee, or liquor and then served a delicious dinner of squab, peas, new potatoes, salad & dessert - about seven in the morning they served a continental breakfast. It wasn't too comfortable trying to sleep but a real thrill to look down at the clouds. We landed at Luxemburg about 10:30 & got a bus into the town shortly afterwards. A man helped us carry the bags to the Terminus which was just across the plaza from the bus terminal. We are right in the heart of town and the noise. There are as many as 2 doz. buses in sight from our front window & also numerous trucks & cars, but not in proportion to those in the U.S. The weather is warm in the sun but usually a breeze in the shade.

The shops along the streets are interesting. In nearly every block there are sidewalk cafes where we get soft drinks. Most people, even the children, are drinking beer. We had a reservation for two nights here @ \$11.00 so decided to find another place (this is so noisy). We walked a few blocks & inquired at several places & finally decided on a hotel Residence at 6.00 per day. As we came away Louis said "Now we are ready to do something about a car and some plans for an itinerary." We were just about to pass the Air Bahama office so

went in because we had heard they rented cars. The girl there told us of a lady who had left about 10 min. earlier, had a V.W. to sell. She called her & Mrs. Lush & Miss Watland came in a few minutes later. Mrs. Lush was a doctor from the University of Minnesota Medical Center and had bought the car six weeks earlier. They were ready for the return flight today. They were asking \$300.00 for the car which seemed like a very good buy. We had expected to pay as much as \$400 for a rental. It took most of the day getting the papers fixed & we are waiting now to take them to the airport. Mrs. Lush is a very dynamic person & has lots of skill in driving. They have given us several books & maps which are helpful.

Today Friday Aug 6th we finished getting the papers for the car. It was an education in highway signs & street directions. It is a labyrinth of streets- they sort of fan out from a center. It's impossible to go around a block. There are one or two small shops in nearly every block, some general but most devoted to one or two categories - meat, bread, candy or pastry. The housewives start out early with a shopping bag & a few with grocery carts & go for the day's supplies. The groceries are equal or higher than ours & the quality about the same. Of course there are not so many choices because the shops are small- often a room 12' x 16' or 20'. The clothes from the tags in the windows appear to be slightly higher and the quality about the same. The buildings are multiple stories some as high as seven stories and not over three or four rooms wide. Our first hotel had a small lift but here we get our exercise by climbing. Most of the buildings appear to be very old but they are unusually clean. There seems to be someone always washing windows. Every window is enclosed in a network of wrought irons, a balcony or window boxes. The boxes are all abloom with petunias or geraniums, sometimes azaleas. The whole town is on low hills with 86 bridges crossing the rivers & viaducts.

Today we went to the museum and an old castle. The museum was so interesting. I was especially impressed with the tapestries. They are such wonderful sharp colors and most wonderful royal blue I've ever seen. I could just gaze at them for long periods at a time. The age of some carvings and statues are really old, some even before Christ's time. We are going back again tomorrow. We ate dinner at a restaurant looking out into a park. They brought us a casserole of macaroni, ham, and cheese large enough to feed fifteen people generously. It was good but we couldn't eat a fraction of it. Louis took a picture of the pretty waitress showing what was left. There was a sidewalk cafe outside our window & into the park. The seats & tables were occupied by people who took 2 hours to drink a cup of coffee or a bottle of beer. Several young women went by pushing their prams with the babies dressed in laces & other cute clothes. The pillows & carriage robes were lovely. We really don't see many children- usually just one with a couple. They are well dressed and quiet - The young ones up to about age five ride in a stroller. These people are all apartment house dwellers so perhaps there are more other places. We rode out to Bridel (about 5 mi.) today, through rolling hills of grain and then into a thick forest of beech trees. There were 2 ladies taking tea near a road through the forest, their homes were probably in the background, we talked to them about the unusually dense trees.

Sunday morning we left Luxemburg and drove to Mets, a pretty town across the French border. We looked for the address of the elders and were having problems finding them when Louis asked a man on a bicycle who spoke a little English. He offered to lead us to the address. It was only a short distance and when we thanked him & offered to pay him he said, "No, he was saving his money to come to the U.S., probably in 10 years & when he

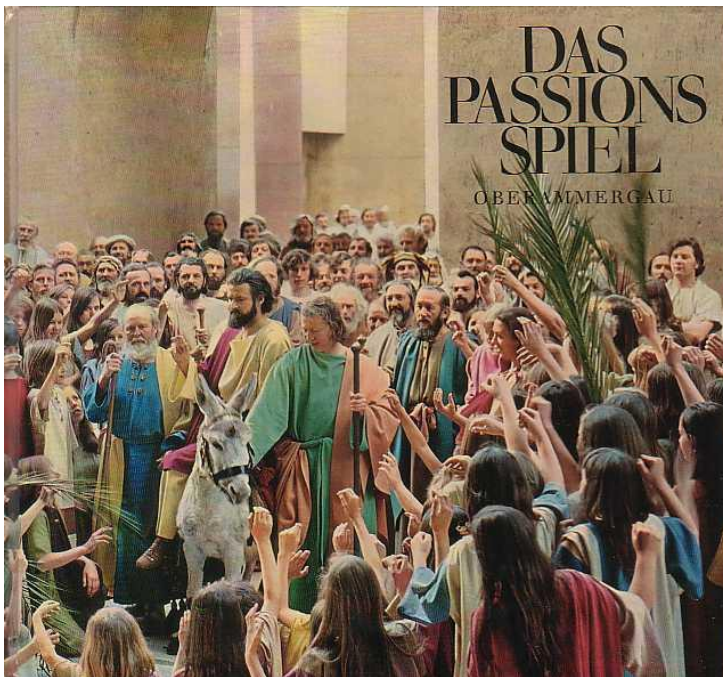
visited his brother in Texas we could help him." We agreed he smiled and waved as he rode away. We went up 3 flights of steps to a room where two young elders were holding church. There were only two families & one extra man. They were glad to see someone from the states. After church we drove on through beautiful farming country many pretty villages. The fields were feed crops, some corn - beets, hops and fields of blue cabbage (it looked so crisp & fresh). There were many flocks of Holstein cattle grazing on the green hillsides. At Strabourgh we crossed the border into Germany. Later we got gas at a station where a pretty rose-cheeked young woman was scrubbing the restroom floors. These rooms are wonderfully clean. Some places you are expected to tip the attendant but it's certainly worth it to go into a clean restroom. That night we got to Stuttgart and found a room at the Post Hotel. It was \$10.00 per night & breakfast. The room had twin beds & for covers a feather cover. It was at least 18 in. thick. The beds were quite comfortable. The feather settled around one & made us quite comfortable. The pillows were enormous.



The slips on the feather cover & the pillows were of a heavy material, almost like Indian Head. We had a private bath with new fixtures. Only a light curtain separated the bath from the bedroom. (Most of these pensions must have been recently remodeled so the fixtures are unusually new & modern.) We went downstairs to a delicious dinner of roast beef and homemade noodles. We enjoyed it since we hadn't eaten all day (except for a few cookies). We had a continental breakfast of ham rolls & hot chocolate the next morning. We drove on the autobon into Munic (Munchen). We are trying to learn the new road signs. We notice that they use many more pictures than we do. The restrooms are designated by silhouettes of either men or women. The hot & cold water is designated by a red or blue dot.

The ride into Munic was beautiful with most of the countryside field crops or grazing land. The hills are so green it all looks like a park. The villages have a great many two or three story houses, mostly white with red tile roofs. All the windows & porch rails have window boxes with blooming petunias & verbenas. They look very picturesque. I am sure several families live in each. We arrived in Munic about 10 O'clock. All the 1,000,000 people must have been out in their cars going up & down the streets because we met all of them. The traffic is really terrific. I can best describe it by comparing it to a four lane highway on our double driveway at home with four cars abreast. They are inches apart and bumper to bumper for hours. We had addresses of pensions & inquired often but after 6 hours of not finding anything (location) we gave up. The streets are just bewildering. Louis drove & stopped short, dodged & slid all day. It must have been nerve racking. We decided about five o'clock to head toward Ober Ammergau. We went through the most beautiful country we have seen so far. There were some fields of cabbage, almost blue in color but most of

the land was grazing land. It is very green even the tops of the hills. There are clumps of trees, some pine and another kind with leaves, probably beech. The homes are large A-type buildings with flowers at every window. The front on one end is usually painted white but the other end is unpainted or a grayish white. We soon realized that one end was a family dwelling and the other the barn, probably for the cattle in winter. We walked into the country in the evenings when we stayed at Sputinberg and observed the farms more closely. There seemed to be no dogs, some sheep, a little kitchen garden with vegetables & berries (goose) some chickens and several geese or ducks. There were also pigs because we saw butchering. We saw few children, a boy or girl on a bicycle and a few teenagers with beautiful pink & white complexions. Most of the women have this rosy look and even the young men retain it probably into the thirties. There seems to be two or three generations in each household. I suspect that only one son stays home and the others go to the city to find work.



We were hopeful of obtaining tickets to the passion play at Ober Ammergau but could hardly expect to since many tickets had been reserved for two years or more. As we neared the site we began looking for rooms & found a few signs (Zimmer). The second place we stopped we found a room, a giant of a room with massive furniture and a bathroom with new fixtures. It was tile & very clean. The bed had the feather coverlet which we are becoming accustomed to. We left about six the next morning to drive the few miles to Ober Ammergau hoping that there would be some cancellations. We found that Tuesday wasn't a regular day for a performance but that on Monday there had been a heavy

rain & flood and that the performance had to be postponed. All the Monday people came back Tuesday except a busload of Americans who had to catch a plane. Their tickets were all for sale. They were \$10.00 each. We felt most fortunate. The program started at eight thirty & went until eleven thirty. Then started again at one & ended about four thirty. The theater held five thousand people. The whole town is a setting for the play. The houses are so pretty, all two or three stories with lots of flowers. There are several large inns but I think most people drive out from Munic. There were a great many bus loads of people from all directions. There were many shops of wood carvings which is the profession of the people. The town is not commercialized at all by this event which takes place every ten years. At noon the five thousand poured out of the theater in search of food. In America there would have been a "drive in" on every corner but here the inns were full in a few minutes & most of us went to the markets for bread, cheese & fruit. In the stores & markets they are always cleaning. As I went down an aisle a girl dropped a sponge into a bucket of warm soapy water which splashed on me. She was greatly concerned. I note this incident because in most stores with five thousand new customers they would quit cleaning during the rush hour. We bought cards, books and a record from one of the little shops. The play was too

great to try to describe it here, other than a short synopsis. It is the story of Christ's last days beginning with the ride into Jerusalem. The music of the chorus was wonderful. There were several solos. The story was told on a large stage, big enough to accommodate large crowds & even soldiers on horseback. After each incident of Christ's life there was a tableau or a biblical incident with similar significance. For example after Judas accepted the thirty pieces of gold the tableau showed Joseph being sold into Egypt & the brothers counting the coins. It was a moving performance. Some of the people had participated in it ten years ago. They all seem to live this vow they made to perform every ten years in return for a subsiding of the plague which rocked Europe in the 1600's. We were most grateful for the opportunity of this experience.

That night we went back to our room at Spatberg. It was an inn with great wide halls. When we returned the halls were full of odors of meat, cabbage, & beer. The dining room was full of a lusty laughing crowd, both men & women enjoying the heavy food. We enjoyed our walk into the cool countryside.

The next morning we came on into Munic & this time we saw an empty cab & Louis asked the driver to lead us to our address. He dodged & darted through this terrific traffic & we were right after him. I was so thankful I wasn't driving. Louis seemed to almost enjoy the challenge of it. Many times he was thankful for the rigid inspection the car had undergone in Luxembourg. It is vital to have good brakes here. The cab driver charged a little over a dollar for his service. This time we got a pension (pen shóon), a very small room just bunks along the side walls & hardly room to turn around. There was a wash basin in the room but we shared the toilet & shower with four other rooms. After our continental breakfast we took

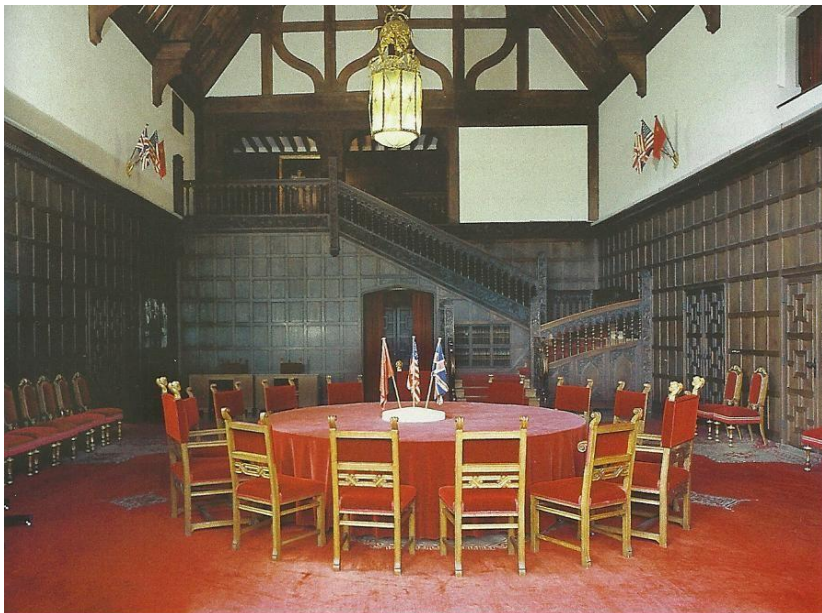
a car (street) to the Pinakothek museum. It is considered one of the world's greatest. Munic is an 800 year old city and has been building it all this time. During the wars the buildings were badly damaged but the paintings were hidden or protected. It holds the largest collection of Reubens in the world. There are many other famous artists. It was a real thrill to stand in front of some of the paintings which have become familiar through the years and view the originals, most more than life



sized. The colors were so vivid and the skin tones so real that there was no question of why they had been accepted as masterpieces. At first we were confused as to a route to take. (There were 900 paintings.) Then we found ourselves returning again and again to the ones which were our favorites. It was a wonderful experience and these few lines are completely unworthy. About two o'clock we went to the lunch room & had an unsatisfactory, watery lunch. We then walked for hours (about 2) to another museum. We were hot & tired & so sat down at a sidewalk cafe adjoining the museum for a drink and some ice cream. It's the custom to share a table if there are none available & some of our most delightful experiences have come about in this way. We asked to share with a bright eyed little lady who proved to

be a Jew. She had come to Lepiz to the graves of some of her family. She said she had to answer hundreds of questions to get a passport. She told us interesting things about Israel. She was going to visit a brother in England. The exhibits we visited were Picasso. I don't appreciate his work as I do some of the other artists.

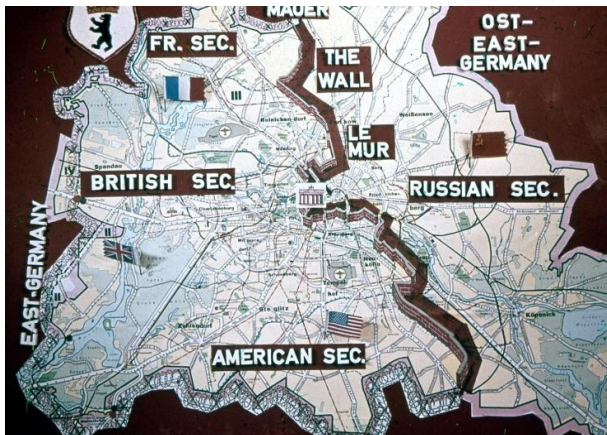
We left Munic driving toward Berlin. We decided to leave the autobon near Potsdame and try to find accommodations there as we didn't want to get into Berlin late in the evening. At Potsdame we inquired at a fine big new International Hotel as we had found nothing else. They had no room but called another hotel & engaged a room for us. The map they gave us helped little in locating it so after inquiring several times and finally of some teenage boys (about 1 in 10 can speak Eng.) one of the boys on a motor bike offered to lead us to the place marked on our map. He took us through acres of beautiful farmland and finally stopped in front of a magnificent castle. We thought he was mistaken but upon inquiring found they had our reservation. The room was about \$18.50, a lot more than we had been paying but we were too late to do anything else and also very impressed with the surroundings. We were greatly astonished at the room which seemed a mile from the entrance through red carpeted halls. The bedroom was huge, about 24' x 24' with a six foot alcove for the fireplace. The furniture was massive, the walls paneled and the bathroom a marvel. It was about 12' x 14' with a sunken tub, three steps down. The basins & mirror covered one side. The window looked out on to a formal garden and on the other side a garden & park and small lake. We later learned that this was the place where the Potsdame agreement was made. The first floor was a museum with the council rooms as used at the time of the agreement. This was about the time that we met Monica. She was a pretty, intelligent, dark eyed girl and when I asked her if she spoke English she answered in careful precise English. The guide had made some comment which brought laughter from the group and I was curious about it. She explained that the chair at the desk belonged to Stalin & that people took out the upholstery tacks and that every day the caretaker came with a box of tacks & replaced them. She showed us the rooms of the different delegations & where different famous people sat. She said that Kosygin & John F. Kennedy stood at a middle



arch as reporters. Just above the table & probably could hear everything. The chairs along the wall were for the press. The red velvet covered table and all the red chairs were beautiful. On the walls were maps of the proposed solution given by each group. They said Churchill had trouble sitting on the chairs because he was large so they brought in a small sofa. It was there. We went through the rooms & saw pictures of the occasion & bought films cards, also two books written from the Soviet viewpoint.

At twelve we went into the dining room (we hadn't eaten since the morning before) & the concierge arranged for us to share a table with a young dentist and his mother. He knew a little English & we had a poor dictionary but we managed to learn a lot about each other & enjoyed the good meal. He told us that they were not allowed to go into W. Berlin. After they left a French man & his German wife took their seats. We talked together in English & Spanish (she knew only German). He had been to New York & San Francisco. When we tell people we are from America they usually tell us of some relative who lives there. However we've had more trouble with language here than in Luxembourg because most people there speak French. The people are friendly & want to help when we ask directions but we can understand only about 2 terms so we ask again.

We left Potsdame about 1:30 and within a few miles came to the E. German lines. It took us two hours and \$5.25 to get a visa & get through them. There were 18 lines of cars. Each custom inspector put a little cart with a mirror on it under each car to see if anyone was hidden there trying to cross the border. They looked in trunks and felt under the seats to see if anyone was there. They didn't inspect luggage but did have some of it set out of the car.



We came on into Berlin. We had studied the maps pretty carefully & knew where we wanted to stay. We found the streets wider and most of the buildings new or rebuilt. It's still a German city but with American influences. There are many people on the streets & many sitting at the sidewalk cafes. Yesterday we took a bus tour of W. Berlin and the guide told us that there were 7500 beer pubs in the city. These sidewalk cafes seem to be about four to a block. They serve both food & drink. We like a soft drink called Aple Safe. It's just apple juice. We found a fine pension at about 8.00 per day, breakfast included.



Today we took an E. Berlin tour and museum visit. They are doing lots of building there & the buildings & streets looked well kept and clean. There were few people on the streets but we did see some lines at meat markets and bakeries. All the people seemed well dressed and the apartments seemed nice but there were few flowers at the windows & no sidewalk cafes. They have no private homes. Their museum, Egyptian & Greek was huge & very impressive. There were whole Greek theaters there. One just wondered how they were transported they were so huge.

Tomorrow we leave for Stockholm.

The drive through N. Germany is through different country. There are some private homes & those in the country have thatched roofs. It appears to be sort of a grayish moss just growing on the thick roof. There are still lots of red tile roofs. Most of the buildings are of red or beige brick. The flowers must be at their peak season. There are not as many trees as we have seen but we did pass through some groves which were thick. The pines have apparently been planted. They are so close together that the branches seem interwoven. They have touches of lighter green and gold on the tips and new branches which make them seem decorated- They are perfectly proportioned, very pretty trees. Some of the forests we have been through have been so thick that the really tall pines have no branches except right at the top. These are definitely different varieties of trees. We stopped over night at an inn near Clell. The room was so fragrant when we came in. We discovered all the wood work was of cedar. It had a lovely tile bath & twin beds with the feather coverlets. We changed & went into the dining room & had a steak dinner, about \$2.00 each. The room, about \$10.00. The next morning we had breakfast which was included in the room charge. Some places bring a soft boiled egg in an egg cup besides the usual hard rolls & drink (but chocolate for us). We found a small super market at a village and the girls spoke English. This was the first since we have left home. We bought milk, cookies, fruit & ate in the car that day. About noon we got to the ferry which took us across the Baltic Sea to Denmark. Here we went through the customs which took only a few minutes in contrast to the day before when we came through the East German lines (border). We were in lines for about 2 hours. Once we had to drop out and go to a custom office & fill out an information blank & another time after we had paid fees we were requested to drop out again & go to another office. Here they told us that our insurance had lapsed because we had been in W. Germany. We were required to buy new (only a 5-day policy) but the really amazing thing was that we had to pay for it in either W. German or American money. Louis had been hoarding an American \$20.00 but didn't want to use it because they would have given us the change in E. German money which was worthless except in E. Germany. He lacked a 1/2 penny of having enough W. German money. Finally, we searched our pockets and came up with enough American change so we didn't have to cash the twenty. They wouldn't take travelers checks. We had to show our passports six times that day besides spending a lot of time. The truck drivers were really frustrated. Many had to go to the office, I suppose for minor things while their trucks waited. A guide on one tour told us that they collected about \$200 per truck which was hard on W. German economy.

Denmark seems quite different in terrain. There are fewer trees and the grass is short & not so green. The city has some new buildings but there are not as many as in Berlin (both W & E). They seem to have their past kings & Hans Christian Anderson as heroes. There are many statues of them. We arrived in Copenhagen late in the afternoon & after



being directed to the R.R. station by a series of "Shell" signs we found the tourist bureau. Louis went to park the car & I went in. It was a mammoth station & in the tourist room there were hundreds of people, all waiting for rooms. There were a great many students with their bed rolls and hippies who had made themselves comfortable on the floor in groups of threes & fours. There were about three clerks trying to place people. Only the more expensive hotel rooms were not occupied. They were sending people to private homes; which is a service the Danish people do in order to get more tourists. When I first saw the huge crowd, all without lodging & in a strange land I really felt foreign. However in a short time I heard students speaking English & a few American couples so began to be less

uneasy. Many students and hippies are from other countries not U.S. We have seen couples (very dark negro men and very blond girls) in all our travels but I believe we are seeing more here. We took a tour of Copenhagen and found it most interesting. The guide was a woman who spoke understandable English but not grammatical. She told us that there were 4,000,000 people in Denmark & 7,000,000 pigs. Thus the ham & bacon. She said there were 1,500,000 of the population in Copenhagen. The government takes care of all who are ill, both doctor & hospital. She says that in the winter time some of the old people get well & still want to stay in the hospital because they are treated so well. When the doctors are sure they have done all they can, they tell them, "Since you are not well we'd better operate." Then they suddenly are ready to go home. She said that all old people are well cared for in homes. She showed us some. A couple get 2 rooms & bath, but when 1 dies they are required to move into one so most of them marry within a month. There seem to be no private homes in the city. Most of the apartments have a tiny plot of ground in back where they have some flowers and a handkerchief size lawn. Where the houses are higher they just have window boxes. The houses are very much alike, all tan brick and belong to a cooperation in which most tenants have an interest. Our landlady has lived here for thirty years. She is a practical nurse.

Louis got in touch with the missionaries so we plan on going to church tomorrow. Our tour guide told us that the state religion was Lutheran, that there were 5000 Catholics, 6,000 Protestants and 11,000 Seven-Day Adventists. She said there were Mormons but not how many.

Aug. 24-70 We enjoyed church at the Denmark branch. There were other people there who were traveling. It seems like a very active branch. They also have another branch.

Aug. 25, 70 - Arrived in Stockholm. A new building - Monday morning Mrs. Christiansen piloted us to the VW garage where they looked at the motor & pronounced it O.K. We had heard a noise (unexplained). We crossed the ferry into Sweden but stayed at a motel outside of Stockholm and when we did get to Stockholm found a room with the help of the tourist bureau. It was a 3rd floor room, very big & had one time been an elegant old home. The gilt framed mirror reached almost to the ceiling. We shared a bath but never saw the other people.

We had a rather rough introduction to Sweden. We had just crossed its border and stopped at a neat little gro. store & bought some food for lunch. We soon saw a pretty little glen and after deciding that there was no poison ivy only raspberry bushes decided to stop & eat lunch. We had no sooner got our lunch laid out than the enemy attacked. Louis shouted Carumba & I thought he was going to stay and fight but within moments he ran up the white flag & retreated to the car. I was enjoying the raspberries & decided to stay but when I saw that their aim was total annihilation and I saw the reinforcements, and heard the rumbling of the mustering of the reserves I too gave up & grabbing the lunch ran for the car. Waving our arms wildly we drove off & left that pretty little glen to those vicious mosquitoes. This was our only experience with them in Europe so far.



We took a social tour in Stockholm which proved to be most interesting. It included a visit to a school, an old age pensioner's home & an apartment. The guide was a very capable young lady who seemed to answer our questions. She recommended some books from the Swedish Center so after buying them we feel we will be better informed on the Swedish social system. In the afternoon we took a harbor tour & went for about 1-1/2 hours among the islands of the

harbor. We felt it was a little long & wished we'd spent the time at the museum. The next morning Thursday the 27th we went out to the museum on a streetcar & spent several hours there viewing the interesting old ship Wassåsa. It was built in 1625, then on its maiden voyage sank in the harbor at Stockholm. In 1961 they located it & raised it. Later they built a museum around it. Many ornaments & carvings were found in the water around it. These they are trying to restore with the same as the original gold leaf. It's necessary to spray it with water & wax every 25 min. in order to keep it from drying out too fast & falling apart. They estimate that this must go on for 15 years.

We have been very impressed with the Swedish farms. Many seem to be individually owned and were very neat. They had large tracks of field crops and many flocks of dark brown cattle. The barns & the homes were separate; which is a contrast to Germany. There are many trees & we meet many large lumber trucks. Alongside the roads and in the rivers we see stacks of poles. Even some of the aspen trees are being harvested. They have paper & plastic mills & automobile factories. While there are some private homes most dwellings are about 5 to 10 story apartment buildings. Most have balconies with lots of flowers. Our guide told us that the birthrate is the lowest in the world - that the people are not even replacing themselves. We see young mothers with a child in a pram but few with more than one. After the morning at the museum we left Stockholm and drove to Karlstad where we stayed at an Esso motel. Their motels are very like our finest motels but rather expensive (\$12.00) but it was late & we were afraid to risk going on which was good because we didn't see any more until we got near Oslo the next day. The roads were very narrow & in poor repair. We drove through wooded lands & farms. They must have cleared the land of trees for their farms are surrounded by trees. It's a very pretty picture with the

green & yellow fields of various hues of both colors, the big red barns & the houses red with white trim, always a flower garden, and framing it on all sides tall thick evergreen trees. We found the fruit & food high and also the clothes in the store windows appeared to be higher than our own.

We arrived in Oslo about two o'clock & went to the R.R. depot to the tourist bureau. The young man there found us a room & bath at \$6.30 but quite far out. After losing our way a couple of times we found a guide who brought us to our address. It is a delightful place. A private home, a lovely place (2 story) with a beautiful flower garden & big lawns. We have an attractive bedroom with twin beds, a sitting room & a big bath. We are only a few blocks from the subway and plan to take it into the city rather than try to drive the car.

Our landlady is a well educated person who speaks excellent English. Since her husband's death she takes paying guests for nights & a continental breakfast. She has three other besides us; one is a young lady from Spain who is going to go to Holland to school. In the bus depot we met an interesting young Japanese boy (about 20) who had come by train across Russia & had a Eurorail pass of Europe. He spoke careful English groping for each word. He said he had studied it in school but had used it little except on this trip. Also at a park in Stockholm we met a Swedish couple who had lived 15 yrs in the U.S. They liked the U.S. but came back because their people were all here. He was unhappy here & wanted to go back. They receive their social security payments from U.S. and also a part pension from Sweden. It's an agreement between the two governments. These people were never U.S. citizens but have a son who is. We talk to everyone we come in contact with to find out all we can. I am always interested in their food & heat. Many of the homes in the country use wood for heat. We see large stacks of wood against the whole side of a building. The large apartment buildings have central heating, either oil or coal, and some places in Sweden have a reactor type heat which is atomic.

Norway has a personality all its own. The people are not as blond as the Swedes or Danish. They are unusually friendly and great numbers of them speak English. They are grateful to the U.S. as are the Danish for liberating them during the last world war. The Swedish people have not had a war for 160 years which they claim is a contributing factor in their prosperity. Sweden is unhappy with the 400 deserters they are harboring from the U.S. They say they have gotten into trouble because so many use dope (drugs) and find it necessary to steal to supply themselves with it.

We find more U.S. products here. This also is a capitalistic country so probably like our own. There are many private homes but great numbers of tall new apartment houses. On our city tour this morning the guide showed us the Primary Gardens where the school children have summer gardens. This seems a very fine way to occupy some of the free time in summer.

Tomorrow we plan on going to church and Monday we will visit the Island museum where there is the Fram (Amundsen's boat) & numerous other Viking ships, castles & churches. We found the church quite easily & also a fine group of people. The missionary secretary told us he thought our visit to them was an answer to a prayer because they had a couple who were investigating but couldn't understand the patriarchal blessing. It had been unfavorably explained to them. He asked Louis to take the English class period & explain

something of it. This he did & it was one of the best talks I've heard him give. It seemed to be well received by the English couple who are investigating. That evening Brother J. Dillworth Young was there for a conference. Both Bro. Young & Sister Young spoke. An interpreter stood beside them & translated into Norwegian. They had just been to Ober Ammagau & felt that it was beautifully played but regretted that those good people didn't have all of the understanding. We went to dinner near the church, ordered hamburger & found that it was roast beef (very good).

The next morning it was raining but we decided to go out to an island where they had a museum of old boats. We took a ferry boat & then walked miles between the museums. We saw the "Fram" Amundsen's boat on which he went to the S. Pole Expedition, also Kon-Tiki the reed boat in which a Norwegian sailed from Peru to the Samoan islands. We also



saw some Viking ships. We then walked, still in the rain, to another part of the island where they had assembled a primitive village (1200). They had brought the original buildings from all over Norway. The logs of which they were built were massive. Their farm plans (storage etc.) must have made them very snug even during the long winters. There was a great deal of elaborate carving. One could imagine them spending a great deal of time carving chests, picture frames, etc. We had heard a lot about a styar (*stave*) church which was a part of this group. When we came to the stairs leading up to it, it sat on a hill, they seemed impossible, there were so many. Louis said "Why go up there? It may kill both of us we've walked so far today." But we rested awhile & then climbed up. It was worth it. The church was remarkable in construction. The logs were thick & greatly carved. It looked almost like an Oriental church. They must have had some influence from the Orient.

The next day, Tuesday, we left Norway - we really enjoyed the people & the country & drove to the ferry & came across again to Copenhagen. Since we had spent time there before it seemed like coming to our old hometown. We remembered the names of the streets. We called Mrs. Christianson & she had a room for us so we drove out there in less than half an hour, where we had spent as long as three hours getting there before. All we did was drive down Vester Farmagade, Norre Farmagade, then Oster Farmagade, then Dag Hamershall then Oster and into Oster Alli, Lynberri, then into Lymvey and finally turned R. at a little shop & drove in front of rows & rows of apartments to the telephone booth, turned L. and we were at No. 59 Emarup Banke. We were at home. Mrs. Christianson laid down her cigar and greeted us warmly. She is a very nice friendly person we liked her in spite of her cigars.

We were most happy to have a letter from Noel but disappointed that more of our pictures didn't come out well. Must have gotten some bad film in Florida.

We crossed the ferry at Putsgarden & came across N. Germany to Holland. All of this country is heavy dairy country. We saw larger & larger herds of fine looking dairy cattle. We were thrilled at the Netherlands & Belgium because of the flowers. There were acres of begonias in bloom. I'm sure they raise them for the markets as they do tulip bulbs.

We found a hotel in Amsterdam. It was on a canal. There was a sidewalk and a narrow driveway on either side of the canal. There were ducks swimming in the canal & a few houseboats & rowboats. Nearer the harbors there were hundreds of boats.

We drove through these green lowlands & stayed that night at a Dutch Inn. They drank beer & sang most of the night. The charge for the room was very low but they took out almost as much for cashing a traveler's check as they charged for the room.



We were thrilled to come to the English Channel at Calais. We took a ferry (about \$28) and crossed right into the White Cliffs of Dover. In England we had to remember to drive in the "left carriage lane," most of the way the sign said "No overtaking." We really had a hard time finding our address. The way some English people talk it's as hard to understand as Swedish. After inquiring about 8 times & getting lost innumerable times we arrived at Russell Square & got the last room there. We had to pay extra because it was a room for three. All evening we saw groups of American tourists looking for room. The address was from "Europe on five dollars a day."

We enjoyed walking around London but couldn't find a cheaper place to stay so decided to go down to Lingfield to the Temple & come back to "do" London later.

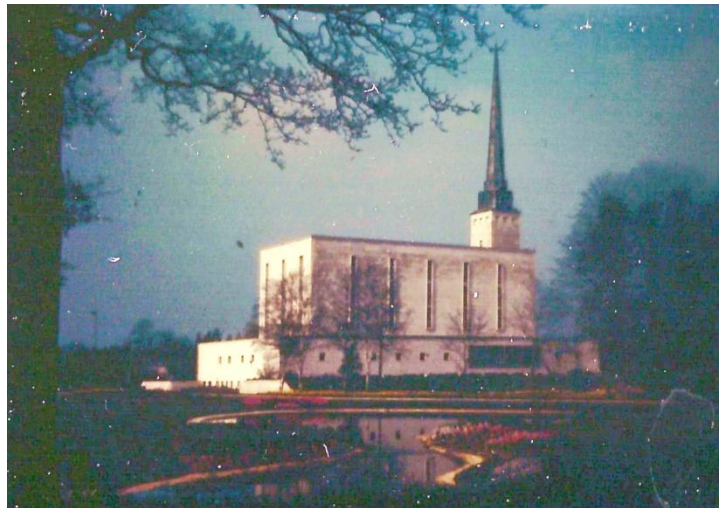
It took us about 5 hours to drive the 30 miles to Lingfield. We got lost time after time but finally arrived. There were 5 or 6 story apartment houses most of the way and some of the people we inquired of didn't know the roads just two or three blocks away. It reminded us of the man in Copenhagen who when we asked directions said, "I always keep some change so I can call up and ask my wife the way home. She was born here - I've only lived here 35 years."



We drove into the temple grounds & up to the Visitors Center. There we found Bro. David Merrill & wife in charge. They made us feel very welcome & suggested that we go to Edenbrook, a big guest house owned by the church. We were given a comfortable room with twin beds & shared a bath and kitchen with a family from Scotland. Edenbrook is a big country home which when the last spinster sister died

was controlled by a firm in London. They remodeled it into 8 flats of about 2 bedrooms, living room, kitchen & bath but before any of it was sold, the church bought it so there are 24 bedrooms besides quarters for a caretaker. After our first day at the temple (3 sessions) we went for a walk through pasture lands, lanes & fields. As we came to a brook, Thea, a young woman from Sweden, came up from along the brook bed & said she was glad to see us, that she was a little afraid to be walking alone at dusk. She continued on our walk with us. Earlier in the day we had given her a lift to the temple. We walked for more than an hour and she told us her life story. She actually is in her forties but appears much younger. She was educated as a missionary & teacher in the Belgium Congo. While on leave to her home in Sweden she met the Mormon missionaries and the gospel answered the questions she had had for years about religion. She joined the church to the great disappointment of her parents & changed her occupation to social work in which she now works. She promised her mother that she would wait several years before going to the temple so didn't go until in Feb. in Switzerland and now was at the London Temple for about 4 days. She is a most interesting person & seems so sincere and to have a very strong testimony. We invited her to visit us if she comes to conference which she hopes to do.

The London Temple is very beautiful on the inside and the grounds are just breathtaking. The area is very large & in fields on the extremes but there are beautiful flowers in bed borders surrounding the temple. There are lots of dwarf dahlias, asters, roses, begonias, daisies, marigolds, bleeding heart, snapdragons, gladiolas and many others. The temple vases are so attractively arranged from these garden flowers. I got acquainted with the gardener's wife & looked at the greenhouses growing plants around them.



The David O. McKay oak is a majestic tree. There are other massive trees & shrubs & lots of green, green lawn. Of course the temple in the midst of this paradise is an inspiring structure. The manor house which was the original house on the ground is a lovely big house where the president & many workers live. One of the counselors lives in the gate keeper's cottage which is a typical English structure with overhanging eaves. The grounds around all these buildings are landscaped in the same artistic manner.

We enjoyed our stay at Edenbrook. We went to ten sessions or 20 endowments. Our last day there we met Toni Swenson, a young girl from Norway. She is working near London in the home of the headmaster of a boys' school. She is a new member of the church. She said she was active in the Lutheran church, the State church of Norway, but that she was dissatisfied and that when she heard the gospel it filled her with answers to all she had been asking. She is the only member of her family who belongs. Her fiancé is on a mission in France. She is about eighteen & hopes to come to BYU sometime.

We left Lingfield on Sept. 13 & drove through Southern England & Wales. This is entirely different country from any we have seen. The hills are low, rolling & very green.

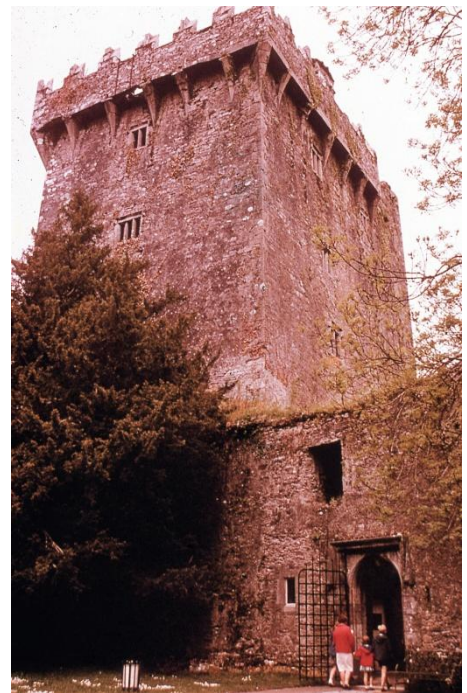
They are dotted with cattle and very white sheep with black faces & feet, all grazing in what must be a bovine paradise. Many of the fences are of stone but most of the land is divided into pastures by hedgerows. There are shrubs probably about shoulder high, thick & green. The fields are planted to crops of different shades of green, chartreuse & yellow. Some have been harvested so are brownish but all of one color within these dividing hedgerows. It looks (the landscapes) as if a very sensitive artist has made a pattern of blending hues and put them down on a giant canvas. The distant views are truly lovely. The white farm houses & red barns give a color contrast that makes the picture. All of Wales & much of Ireland is this type of scenery. The roads are often lined on each side with hedges & trees so we sometimes wish we could get more distant views but much of the time it's a new panorama of color & design.



We crossed the North Sea at Fishguard on a large ship. It was a night crossing, about 3-1/2 hours, so we boarded the ship at eight in the evening & didn't leave until six thirty the next morning. Louis got a first class cabin but was disgusted about it later. He said the only difference between 1st & 2nd class was the privilege of tipping the porter & a dining room instead of a cafeteria. We neither slept very well. It was our first night at sea & the rolling of the ship kept us awake.

We are now in Ireland and have a room tonight in a private home. It's small but nice & we are comfortable. The cost is F 2,5-1 or \$5.60 for the night and breakfast.

9-17-70 We drove to Cork by about 9:00 o'clock & found our way to the Blarney Castle. In it is the famous Blarney Stone. One legend says that McCarthy, the owner of the estate saw a woman in the river & rescued her. She proved to be a witch and in gratitude told him how to find the Blarney Stone. When he had kissed it and went to the House of Lords Queen Elizabeth called his clever gab all Blarney. The castle contains dungeons & passages and 120 steps to the top. There it's necessary to lie with your head down to kiss the stone. Louis did but I was afraid I'd never be able to get up again it's such a drop. The view from the top of the castle is most magnificent. There are green pastures as far as the eye can see. They are divided by a darker green hedge row. It had been raining & the sun came out while we were at the top. Everything sparkled. The black & white cattle looked as if they had been scrubbed and all the trees & pastures freshly waxed. The castle has quite a history, having been the subject of Cornwallis' siege & finally surrender. The whole estate has even an old history. It is said to be the home of the Druids who once inhabited this region. There are Irish folk tales of witches & fairies who drove white cattle through these forests. The trees are magnificent & the rock formations interesting whether the tales are true or not. We drove on to the Ross Castle & climbed to the top of it. The wind nearly blew us away so we didn't stay atop long.



This was at Klinnary. We saw lots of jostling carts with drivers trying to get business. It was a very tourist conscious town. Even the hotel men were out soliciting business.

Many homes displayed signs "Bed & Breakfast." We have stayed at several with these signs & found them comfortable & had an excellent breakfast of bacon, eggs, sausage, bread, juice & cocoa, all included in the night's lodging, usually from \$5.00 to \$7.00 for the two of us. The bacon here & in England is quite different from ours. It has a great deal of lean meat on it, almost like ham. We have noticed in the fields both here and in the Netherlands a different type of pig. It is quite tall, almost as tall as a young calf and looks lean. It is pinkish white in color. They graze in the field along with the cattle. I am sure this wide lean bacon is from these animals.

We stayed at Port Laouse last night at the Inerness home. There was also an English couple there. He was a banker from London & we had an enlightening breakfast conversation. His name was Dewey & he said he had been interested in U.S. politics since Thomas Dewey ran for president. They said there was actually little difference between the present political parties in England.

We drove on nearly to Dublin & Louis phoned about twenty places asking about rooms. We found them full or too expensive so we drove to a little town, Blessington. Here we found a farm house with the "Bed & Breakfast" sign & have a room for the night. We went into Blessington for dinner & got the most tasteless meal we have had. The potatoes were boiled with no salt or seasoning & piled on the plate in sort of a dampish lump. The salad was totally without dressing or any seasoning. Except for the breakfast, the English meals are disappointing. Even their bread is heavy & often has a damp feel. Tomorrow we plan on going into Dublin and on looking at a sport coat for Louis. The guide books say that the wool tweeds are wonderful. At Dublin we went to the Tourist Bureau & found lodging very quickly. They sent us to a private home out on Dallymount. It was a satisfactory room but cold. As long as we walked around outside we didn't feel cool at all but when there is no heat in the room it soon becomes cold. One of the mornings we met a couple from Canada who had come to Ireland on a chartered plane for \$79 each (1 way). We were amazed at the price but expect that in the future such prices will be common. Our lodging was close to the sea & we enjoyed the view. I was surprised to see a few palm trees on the beach. It seems too far north for them to grow but people explain that it's the Gulf Stream which makes the climate mild.

We enjoyed shopping along the O'Connell St. I inquired about linens & found a lovely big tablecloth for Ruth & Marriner. The woolens too were so intriguing. I finally bought a dress (material) & coat for myself and a piece of lovely rose wool for Brookie Mae. We walked up to Dublin Castle. It was a little early for it to open & Louis talked to a priest in the yard. I went in the church and sat down on one of the antique chairs. I was so tired I thought "Let them put me in the dungeon if they want. I can probably sit down there." When Louis & the priest came in I said "I sat in this chair & will take the consequences even if you have to throw me in the dungeon." He was real good natured & told jokes about the Irish & about the arrangement of some of the statues. He said Jonathan Swift was above St. Peter in the statuary but you saw St. Peter first so he could reconcile the statement. We discussed the paneling of the church. Each panel was in memory of some political or church leader. He gave an anecdote about many. Above each was the figure of a small angel. The angel

above Cornwallis' panel had no wings & was holding its hands up horror stricken. He said this was the way the heavens reacted when Cornwallis was admitted. There were panels for all the leaders of Ireland & I reminded him that Emerson said, "There is no history, only biography." He said that expressed his sentiments. The panels were dated from 1173 to modern times. They were very beautifully carved. The whole church was lavishly carved woodwork. It must have represented lifetimes of work on the part of the carvers. We started to leave when a guard reminded us that we hadn't yet seen the royal apartments. We paid



our entrance fee & went into them. The stairway was gracefully curved & of gleaming wood. The carpets were thick & luxurious. The chairs and couches were upholstered in brocades & satin, all very beautiful. The dining rooms had beautiful tables, highly polished & massive. These rooms, drawing rooms & dining rooms are used now on state occasions. From the castle we went to Christ's Church where we saw the tombs of several notables. We went on to St. Patrick's church & heard the bells pealing from Christ's Church. They played a few measures over & over.



Before we left Dublin we went out to Phoenix Park. It was an immense park- 1700 acres. The chestnut trees seemed to be the center of attraction for the children. They were gathering them to play "Conquer." We've since seen children playing it. It was a beautiful mild day & all Dublin seemed to be at the park. There were games of several kinds going on besides horseback riding.

While in Dublin, Louis bought a very handsome sportcoat for less than \$30.00, shoes for about \$12.50, and a hat.

We left about noon and drove through the Emerald Isles to Belfast. After finding lodging through the tourist bureau we took a bus back downtown & walked around the streets. We went back to the tourist bureau & talked with the manager. He said the so-called religious upsets had little to do with religion, that they were mostly political. He said you never saw any of the so-called religious leaders in church. Several people have mentioned that the six northern counties should not have been given their choice of remaining with England. They seem to think Ireland would have been stronger if united. We saw no evidence of riots or unrest. Someone told us that it was against the law for policemen to



carry guns, thus the English soldiers had to be brought in when there was trouble. Louis had the address of a couple who had been converted to the church a couple of years before. We looked them up & were very glad we took the time. The lady worked at a boys' school & the man was a guide at the parliament building. He took us through the building & then visited for about an hour on the steps of this magnificent building. It sits on a hill with hundreds of steps leading down into a lovely landscaped valley. The corridor leading up to the building is lined with tall poplar trees. Brother McDo said that they never heard anything about the riots until they read about them in the papers.

We left Belfast and made the three o'clock ferry at Loran. We crossed into Scotland & found it craggy and mountainous. There were great black rocks along the shore and a few scattered palm trees all leaning toward the east. The coast was not all rocky; there were frequent patches of pasture land where cattle & sheep grazed.



We drove rather late but came to a "bed & breakfast" sign so stopped. It was a neat little stone cottage. We took the room but were not too satisfied. It was cold & the bathroom door was through the family living room. We visited the next day with the landlady who was strongly in favor of

home rule for Scotland. She told us that this was the home of a special kind of Scotch whiskey which paid more taxes to England than automobiles do. Near this town was a golf course made famous because President Eisenhower called it his favorite & often came there (Turnberry). Another bit of information which was most interesting was the fact that the grass stayed green all winter. She said they had gales & storms and that the wind always blew but that the temperature never gets low enough to kill the grass. The Gulf Stream is responsible for this condition. Farther inland they have colder weather but also more trees. There were no trees or bushes along the coast (except a few palms). The salt spray killed or whipped the trees unless they were protected by a wall. We drove on to Edinburgh & got settled at a home near a college. We watched the boys play rugby in a field across from our room. We had a very nice room here, a large living area & twin beds. We enjoyed our sightseeing very much here. We took a tour of the Edinburgh Castle & church & a fort. The castle sits on a rocky bluff above the princess garden which cuts through the main part of town. The garden was formerly a loch (lake) & was drained & put into grass, flowers, & lots

of statuary. The most spectacular thing was a flower clock. Even the hands were made of growing flowers and they moved and kept correct time. It rains so frequently here that it's unnecessary to irrigate the grass or flowers but they have to mow frequently. We did some shopping & decided on ten yards of Scotch plaid for the eleven granddaughters. It is a clan plaid- tartan & the clan of McBeth.

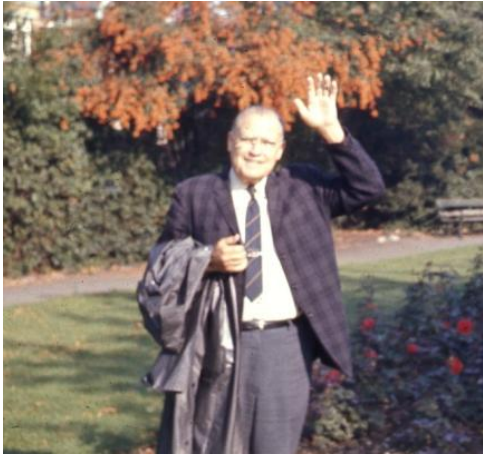


We had planned to stay only the one night but saw a leaflet on the fence at the princess garden that Billy Casper, the golfer, was going to speak at the LDS church that night. Louis found out that the church was only a couple of blocks from our guest house so we decided to stay over. We enjoyed the meeting so much. The mission president & wife were very friendly (the Briggs). Brother Casper told his life story in a natural unassuming way & brought his conversion into it in a very impressive way. He told of several tournaments but one in particular play by play, hole by hole. His opponent was, that man, you wouldn't know his name anyway (Arnold Palmer). I didn't know enough about golf to know whether he won or lost so was intensely interested. He came to the last hole & they were just one stroke apart. He figured that he would make \$18,000 if he came in 2nd & \$36,000 if he won so he estimated the cost of each of the four or five feet. The people in the audience were unimpressed by the dollars but when the branch president, on the stand, translated it into pounds (£) they all gasped. He made the shot & won and later at a press conference a reporter asked him if it was true that he was a Mormon & that he tithed, he acknowledged it and "that man" (Arnold Palmer) who was sitting gloomy next to him nudged him & said "I pay my business manager 10% but I believe you have the best deal." He said he had won fame & fortune but that it was unsatisfactory until he joined the church. He told us of his family: three children of their own and four adopted children. I am sure he is a fine example for young people. The branch seems very active there. They have a lovely church. The castle in Edinburgh was interesting because of its history. Mary Queen of Scots spent several years there & it was here her third husband was murdered. After this she was transferred to the fort for security & from one window let her baby down in a basket so it could be christened in the Catholic Church. We saw the crown jewels of Scotland and many rooms of great historical significance.

We stayed one night at Nottingham on the edge of Sherwood Forest. We drove into London the next day. Fortunately we picked up a young Persian man who guided us almost to Russell Square where we got a room at the Edenborgh again. We stayed two nights &

then got an apartment in Acton, about a 20 minute ride on the subway into London. It's nice to cook instead of eating out and nice to have our own bath & a warm house.

Twyford Crescent Ealing Common, London, England—



We've been here two weeks and expect to stay until the twentieth. We will then leave for the continent, going through the Shakespeare Country and skirting London to get to Dover for our ferry.



We have had wonderful weather for our exploration of England- showers some days but mostly foggy in the morning with intervals of sunshine all day. It doesn't seem cold outside as long as we are active but we're thankful for the central heating in our apartment for it's cold when we go in buildings without it. We've visited most of the historical places on our list. One of the most unusual was the Tower of London where lots of English history took place. It was a dwelling as well as a prison. There is a central square where many executions took place. The dungeon is dark & damp and it doesn't take much imagination to understand how miserable a prisoner might be. The moat is now filled in and



is a grassy circle around it but it once was so filled with stale water and debris that peddlers at the front gate sold clothespins to people going in to take an edge off the odor. Many of Henry VIII wives were executed here. Jane Seymour who was French asked a boon of her husband. It was granted & she was allowed an executor from France who performed his task with a sword. Here it was that the two young princes were done away with and it was many years before the full story was told. The English acknowledge the wicked deeds accomplished here but partly excuse them on the necessity of expediency and preserving the empire. There are always six black crows on the grounds. At earlier times there were hoards of them and they were a great nuisance so they planned to rid the castle of all of them until they read of an early prediction that the walls

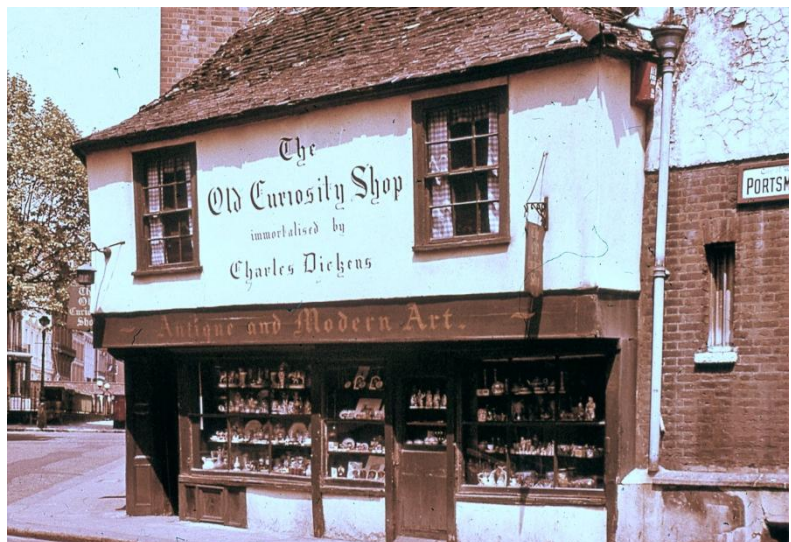
would crumble when the crows were gone so now they clip the wings of six and give them the freedom of the grounds. Our guide must have been an Irishman. He certainly had a gift of gab & knew his history. He was not shy about all the gory details of the crimes committed.

The next day we went to Westminster Abbey. It too was a most historical place. It is the burial place & also the site of many of the memorials to leaders (political and church) of England. The abbey itself is very beautiful especially the vaulted ceilings. Different rulers added certain parts until it is a composite of many periods. In the afternoon we attended a reading of the works of Wordsworth by one of his great, great grandsons. He also gave interesting details of his life. Richard was a master at reading & made me anxious to get home and read more of his grandfather's poems.



Another highlight was the Wax Museum. It's much more impressive than other wax museums. It takes in important people from all the world. Our own history is well represented. The battle of Trafalgar is given in wax and with sound effects. We spent an hour in the planetarium. The most impressive statement to me was the one by the commentator that our progress in space (moon walk) could be compared to entire space if we moved forward one inch in our seats.

Another interesting day was that in which we found the Old Curiosity Shop. It reminded us of the descriptions in Dickens' stories. We were thrilled when they gave us permission to go upstairs (very narrow and winding) to two little rooms with a miniature fireplace, just as Dickens describes the one provided to his clerk Bob Cratchet. We were delighted to buy a book printed especially for sale at the Curiosity Shop (Christmas Carol).





Sunday afternoon after church we went to Hyde Park where we saw and heard "free speech" in action. It's the custom for anyone with a "cause" to take a box or small ladder & go to Hyde Park and expound. There were a great many groups & the subjects were certainly varied. Some were Israel, Communism, a World Governor, Pakistan, Union of S. Africa, Nixon, Race, a convicted murderer (he'd been framed), many kinds of religion, Viet Nam, and there was even one (a young man told us) who wanted to rid the world of women. Louis carried the tape recorder in a shoulder bag & took recordings. Even the hecklers'



voices came out on it. Most of them were good natured & the group laughed a lot. One young heckler complained to the speaker that the audience was kicking him on the shins so the speaker asked the people to give him 4 feet on all sides. He was, of course, anxious not to have trouble for there were Bobbies, about a dozen, walking in 2 and 3 's around from group to group. They were unarmed even without sticks, as are all English police but do have a speaker on the lapel of their coats so they can summon help quickly. We talked to one and in answer to our questions said that usually nothing developed as a result of these talks but that it was just a way to let off steam. We were impressed with one speaker from Israel. He was well educated & spoke clearly and logically of the situation. There were four or five African Negroes speaking and one from the U.S. who was in favor of doing away with most white people.



We have learned to use the London tube. It's a noisy, rough method of transportation but better than the terrific anxiety of driving your own car & better than the frustration of trying to go by bus. We haven't used taxi of which there are many. One couple told us they were quite reasonable. The underground is complicated & it's sometimes hard to decide where to change & what line to take but Louis has figured it out. I'd hate to get lost in one. One time Louis was carrying my bag & we got separated in the crowds. I had several moments of panic at being alone & without money to make a call. We had agreed that if we got lost we'd go the last point where we were together so we found each other again. I'd surely hate to use this method every day.

We've paid \$37.50 a week for our comfortable flat which is quite expensive for us but cheaper than a hotel. We've found eating more reasonable than at home. We can get a satisfactory meal in the city for about a dollar each. When we cook it's about what we pay at home, but we like it better.



There are "Help Yourself Laundries" here, patterned after U.S. but smaller. There are also a few supermarkets (also much smaller) but the majority of stores are small shops which handle only one thing - meat, fish, bakery, candy, tobacco, etc. We finally learned that ice cream had been assigned to the bookstores. The largest pack is a pint, much of Louis' disgust. We always buy it in a 2 qt carton at home.

We're going to church this evening & then back to the city in the morning to get our mail & see the changing of the guard. Tuesday morning early we expect to be on our way again.

Oct. 20, 1970 -- We left Ealing Common about eleven and drove to Stratford on Avon. It was a cloudy day so we didn't get pictures but bought some. We enjoyed the home called "The Birthplace" also the site & garden called the "New Place." This was where Shakespeare spent his married life. Only the foundation and the garden are there now but his

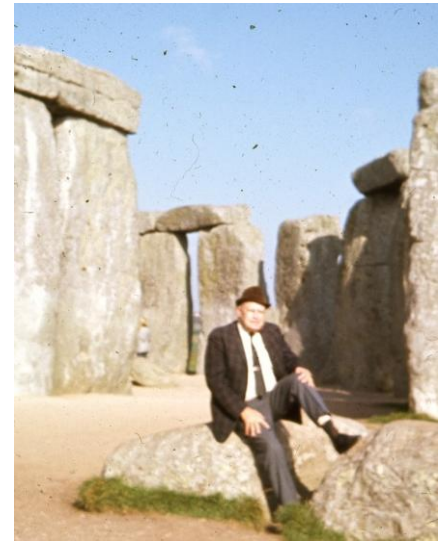


granddaughter's is adjoining. The gardens are very beautiful even in late October. The gardeners are putting out new plants and changing beds. I was so surprised at this, I inquired of one gardener and he said they often didn't have frost enough during the whole year to kill the plants. They have snow but temperature-wise the weather is mild. We found



a "Bed & Breakfast" sign just out of town and slept in a cold room that night. The next morning the young man who was serving breakfast brought us raw eggs in an egg cup. He had forgotten to turn on the heat & soon had us a replacement which was fine.

We drove on to Stonehenge that day. It's a marvel how those "ancients" got those big stones on top of the high pillars. We took pictures & bought some film. There was an icy cold wind blowing all that day. (Stayed at expensive motel - Star Inn)



We drove on to Dover & got the four o'clock ferry across the Channel. We went to the tourist bureau & got a room at the St. George hotel. It was comfortable and we had a continental breakfast, rolls & a drink. We drove through sugar beet country in France. Nearly all day we saw the beet harvest going on. The land was as flat as the Salt River Valley. There didn't seem to be any irrigation. Toward evening we got into some wine grape country and into some low hills. We were trying to get to Bern but couldn't make it especially after we took a little country road instead of the motor route (freeway). We drove through dark forests and winding mountain roads. It was a black night & was raining. We were sure we were lost but kept seeing signs "Bauman" which was on our route. We passed through several towns with very old buildings & just one or two lighted signs at the beer pubs. I was pretty anxious to stop any place where there were people. Finally we came to a town with a lighted sign "Hotel." We stopped & got a satisfactory room with breakfast for less than four dollars. In the night I heard a terrible thud as if someone had fallen out of bed. I figured it was a drunk from the beer parlor that they had to put to bed. I was at a loss to understand the running sound that followed the thud. It continued intermittently during the night & finally about morning we heard a bark so assumed that the couple in the next room had a dog which has exercised by jumping and running all night. We passed up the breakfast which went with the room. The kitchen we had passed through didn't look too clean.

Saturday, Oct. 24, 1970 –We soon got back on our motor route and drove into Bern. We located the temple at Zollickhofe & went to the Information Center. There they directed us to a motel where we got a room a good dinner. Sunday we attended church at the Center & decided to stay over a day & go to the temple on Tuesday. We will then head for Lucerne, searching for a glacier along the way.

When we came into France we were without French money so stopped at a service station. In answer to Louis' question they said they wouldn't take a travelers check but when he brought out a \$20 American bill (it demands respect everywhere) they agreed to take it but after the gas was in the car they wanted to allow only 70 fr. Louis was really indignant. He said he should have at least 100. They shrugged their shoulders & said only 70. When Louis asked about a bank they said Paris 21 k.m. Finally after heated conversation they remembered a bank within walking distance (about 2 min) where they changed a twenty dollar traveler's check for 109 fr. The crook had been trying to gyp us out of nearly eight dollars. So it's going to be a battle of wits.

We had a couple of experiences in London where we met up with street shysters who tried to make a little money off the unsuspecting tourist. One man tried to take our pictures & said he'd send them home, but was really indignant when we asked for references or the name of his company. The other was a self-styled English gentleman who wanted to buy us a cup of tea just to cement good relationships. He insisted. When we finally agreed to a drink of orange juice he had hardly gotten us into a corner table when he began to beg for a small loan until he got his army check. Louis paid for the drinks & we got out fast.



Oct. 26, 1970 – We talked with the Verds at the information bureau & decided to stay over Tuesday for a temple session. We met another couple who were on a mission. They were the Richmonds from Logan. We enjoyed them very much. Another couple & missionary son were the Lewis Livingstons from Salt Lake. We went to 3 sessions at the temple, one English, & the others German so didn't leave Bern until Wednesday morning.

Oct. 28, 1970 – We drove through some of the most beautiful country we've ever seen. The mountains are so high and rugged capped with snow but the valleys are still green. The white & brown cattle are grazing in the pastures, each with a bell of a different tone. These chimes echo & reecho through the valleys. Louis took pictures of two herds. We



took a tape recording of the sound of the bells. We came to Interlaken & from there took a side trip up to Schilthorn, one of the highest peaks in the Alps. It was the longest cable car ride in Switzerland. We made it in four stages, stopping at four stations taking four different cars. It was frightening to trust those slender threads to hold the car over the great canyons & cliffs. It was interesting to see the little Alpine huts tucked away on the high mountain meadows & slopes. Many are still green in spite of the snow all around. We stayed over one period (30 min) at Mürrin. We walked up the one snowy street and saw homes & an inn or two. There were no cars. All transportation was by railway or cable cars.

We saw few little backyard gardens with cabbage, cauliflower and leaks in them. There were geraniums in the window boxes but most of the other flowers were blackened by frost. There were long stacks of wood by each house, sometimes as long and as high as the house. The views from the top were really magnificent. There were several glaciers at the top. The post cards of Switzerland are not exaggerated. We returned about four o'clock & took the road to Lucerne which is reputed to be the most beautiful city in the world. It is situated on a lovely lake with snow-capped mountains for a background & great masses of evergreen trees. There are enough of the other trees to give the mountains a spot of gold or orange here & there so that is a gorgeous picture. We found a hotel with an attractive room (with breakfast) on the lake front. We wished we could stay longer & enjoy the balcony out our window. We stepped out tonight & saw light in the distant hills where there were hotels, homes & castles. Tomorrow we are going shopping in Lucerne & then drive on south for a view of the Matterhorn & the William Tell country. My husband has granted one concession on this trip. I won't have to climb the Matterhorn.



Louis purchased 3 watches in Lucerne. He plans to keep 2 of them. We drove through the top of the Alps on some winding road (mostly made of brick). We came to the little town of Altdorf where we found the statue of Wm Tell & his son. Louis bought an apple and I took a picture of him with it on his head. It's just such a town as I imagined- a very small square and a fountain in the center all in the crux of three tall mountains. There's a lake on the fourth side & the famous mountain meadows must be hidden by the mountains. Louis wanted to go to the foot of the Matterhorn but a guard said the road was closed so we had to go down with only distant views. We drove down the mountain & stayed in Lugano. We had hoped it would be warm there but found it cold.



The next day we drove through French & Italian country with miles of vineyards on either side. At least five days of driving has been through this type of country. Some of the vines are tied up on poles and a web on either side is covered with vines but some are tied to young trees as living supports. There must be wire between the trees for the vines reach out and make a continuous line about the height of the tree. The fields are newly plowed. They seem to be well cared for. There are homes all over the hills of Italy- mostly of stucco (white) with red tile roofs. We went through the edge of Firenco (Florence) right on down to Venice. We arrived in Venice about two o'clock, parked our car & took a bus to the Grand Canal. There we boarded a canal boat for St. Marks Square. The canal was wide and lapping at the doors along the side. There were no walks; the water came right up to the moss-covered steps. For one who grew up on the deserts of Arizona and later lived in the foothills of Colorado, it was just too much water. I shuddered to think of what a strain it would be to live in one of those houses with small children. There were boats of all kinds on the canals, some regular passenger buses & some carrying lumber or groceries or other supplies. St. Marks Square was gigantic. Statues in the center with great churches on three sides. A Step back & down from the square were hundreds of small shops, most selling only one thing - bakery goods, sandwiches, stationery, sausage, clothes, etc. Many are no larger than a small room. I marvel at how they can make a living with such a little bit of merchandise. We took pictures of the pigeons and then took a boat back to Pier I & then a taxi to our car. The taxi driver gave Louis the wrong change & he had to argue with him to get the right amount. It's a battle of wits in nearly every transaction. Even in restaurants hotels they add service & cover charges when they have agreed not to. It seems nearly everyone is looking & expecting a tip for something.

We drove late that night & got to Bologna & the next day got into Rome about five o'clock. It was a terrible time to arrive but we did find two cops who helped us. One stopped traffic while we turned around on a one-way street.

We finally found our address and also a room right on the Central Square opposite the Central Station (Esedera Square). We unpacked & went for a walk on the busy square. There were hundreds of people, about half of them selling something. Some of their wares were chestnuts, cameos, cards, necklaces, black market watches, filmstrips & books. There are lots of fruit and flower stands.





Sunday morning we tried to call some member of the church but as usual were unsuccessful. Finally we decided to walk to an old address Louis had brought. We inquired as we went along of several persons & finally of one man who said it was impossible to walk there & he didn't know which bus to take. Finally he decided to take us to the address. He was really nice & wouldn't take a tip. He said he had been a prisoner of war of the Allies during the war & had been well treated & had learned some English. We arrived at the church just in time for the testimony meeting. There were several missionaries & the Martins from the American Embassy but most of the people were young Italians & all the service was in Italian.

In the afternoon we started to find out about tours but met a guide, Ralph, who sold us on hiring him for a tour. We did see most of the ruins but at a more costly figure than we would have found on a tour. The next day we found that the ruins were within walking distance of our hotel so decided to make a more leisurely walking tour. We went to the Vatican in the morning on the bus & in the afternoon walked to some of the ruins.



Tuesday morning we went back to the Vatican & took the tape recorder to get a tape of the tour. Tuesday afternoon we walked to the Coliseum & other ruins. We marveled at their construction. I believed we must have walked ten miles that day. About half of those miles were up & down stairs. The sights were wonderful and we have a greater appreciation of history.

On Wednesday we left for Sorrento where we expected to take an excursion to Capri. We drove through the hills surrounding Rome mostly covered with vineyards. There are many orchards too, peach & olive. However, the country is drier than we have seen in other places.

We had a flat tire in Rome & spent a lot of time on the road trying to get it fixed & also trying to buy a new tire wrench but were unsuccessful. Even these new big stations on the Auto Strass do not fix tires & expect an extra tip if you ask them to wash the windshield.

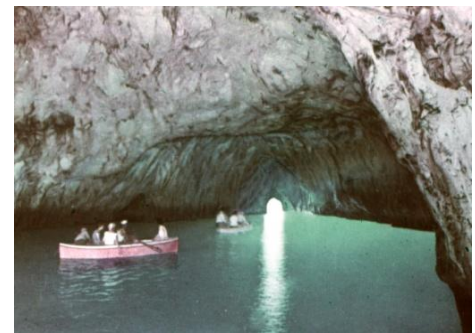
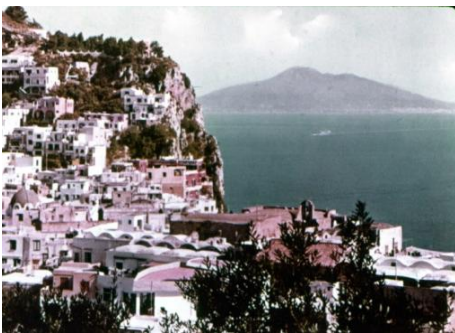
Some don't even put the gas cap on. Gas is almost \$1.00 a gallon. We arrived in Castlemore about five o'clock & found a good hotel at about \$8.00. We found out about the excursion to Capri & decided to go Thursday (Nov. 5). Our room overlooked the Bay. The view was very beautiful- the blue ocean below, the white houses, surrounded by grape vines, at the base of mountains & then white houses & green trees all the way to the top of the mountain. Tucked in every clearing possible were grape vines, all trained to climb the poles & wire.



Nov. 6th, 70 -- Thursday morning we drove to Sorrento early & left on the tour at 9:07. Mario was our guide. There were several American couples. One, a couple we had met in Oslo, Norway on a tour. We ate our lunch at the same table & visited with a couple from Colorado Springs.

We went in a motor launch to the Isle & then transferred to a smaller motor boat (just Mario's party -25). We rode to the other side of the island. It was a lovely picturesque isle with big white hotels & homes on top & up the sides. There were lots of trees, vines & flowers. The Ocean was clear blue. We arrived at a place where a lot of men in rowboats were

waiting. In the distance against the side of the mountain we could see an opening, barely large enough for a man & canoe to go into. I didn't even imagine we would be expected to go in but Mario told us to get two each into a canoe with the oarsman. Louis & I got into one & were rowed to the opening. The oarsman told us to sit on the floor of the boat as we went into the opening. I was totally unprepared for the sight inside. It was a pool of water unbelievably blue. Just a small light came through the opening but it shone in such a way as to light up the deep violet blue of the water surrounding us. Where the rowboats disturbed the water, a lacy, fluorescent foam showed. Even when the paddle was dipped in, the bit of webby jewel encrusted foam was visible. I think I was never so impressed. I felt as if I had stumbled on the source of all the blue in the world. It was a great caldron of blue color just waiting to be distributed. I have seen some of it splashed on the skies of Colorado, some of it diluted a bit for the lakes of Switzerland, some of it stirred generously in the harbor at Acapulco, some of it captured on the tapestries of Lucat. All the shades & hues of flowers, birds & eyes must have originated here. I hope that I may be able to store this sight in my memory always.



We returned to the motorboat & went back to Capri. We next rode in a small bus to the top of the mountain where we visited the home of a Swiss doctor, Alex Munthe, who had gathered treasures from the surrounding hills, lakes and bay to make a lovely palace. Many were pieces of Greek sculpture and tiles made by Greeks & Romans. One table, the top cut in intricate patterns he had bought from an old woman who used it as a wash board. Mount Vesuvius was visible from the chapel at the top. We went into a store and bought a cameo pin & earrings. I had looked at them in Rome but these were just what I wanted. This is the first expensive jewelry I've ever had & I know I'll treasure it.



The Day at Pompeii - We arrived at Pompeii in the late afternoon and had only two hours until closing time so hurried in our tour of the ruins. It was easy to get an idea of the original city by the remains. The rooms were of many different sizes & in some places several rooms opened onto an inside court. There were flowers, grass, fountains and statues in these courts. It was easy to tell the kitchen by the fireplaces. One of the most interesting was a public bath house. There was a fountain on a pedestal and a guide suggested that they heated the water with hot rocks & made sort

of a sauna bath. In the same room was a rectangle pool, rather large which suggested it may have been for cold water. There was a large open court enclosed by columns & with some seats for spectators. This was large enough for games or even some horse racing. Mt. Vesuvius is visible in the distance, sleeping now, but predictions are that she will erupt again. History says that in the period before the most violent eruption most of the people left but that some refused. I can see how they might have become used to the smoke & occasional lava & refused to leave their homes. They found many bodies, some remarkably preserved. The gas & lava turned them to stone & one in particular shows the anguish on his face as he tried to shield his face from the flowing lava. There are great numbers of jars & vases. One of the best preserved courts is that of the dancing nymph. One court has two statues of little boys carrying; one a rabbit & the other a duck. There were fountains and flowers & grass in this court.



The town has not been completely excavated. They are still working on it. It was not lost to all people during the years it was covered, there are evidences that some had tunneled through the lava and stolen treasures from the houses. However, much of the art was painted on the walls. These pictures give a picture of the culture. An especially interesting border shows cupids acting as merchants. They are dispensing wine & other things besides one wall which shows them playing a dart game. The stadium is large & seated hundreds of people. One can picture the crowds in their bright cottons (as in the pictures) and their enthusiasm over the games & contests. The little cupids as wine merchants show us that their harvests were bounteous & that they lived well from the rich soil of the surrounding country.



We drove on toward Pisa. It was a cloudy day & we were not able to see the tower when we approached Pisa. The signs were poor & we had trouble communicating with the people. Some who must have understood some English refused to talk except in Italian. We passed several marble shops where men were working on statues in the yards. When we finally saw the tower it was unmistakable. It's in good repair, part of a complex (church) of five buildings. There were flowers and green lawns but it was misty most of the day. Louis climbed to the top & I took his picture in the bell tower. We had our pictures taken holding up the tower but they were too dark. The cause of the sinking is accepted as poor engineering & soft ground. It seems queer that the other buildings were not affected. There is a story that one of the architects was a hunchback & wanted the building deformed as he was. The tipping occurred during the building & for a period of more than twenty years it was incomplete. Finally it was strengthened with cement and finished - I'm sure it contributes to the economy of the region.

Our next stop was Torreno, up through Italy and into the mountain region. We were anxious to see this country because Louis' ancestors came from this part of the country. It was very smoggy during most of this day's drive. We went through lots of tunnels. The Romans built impressive roads. However, many are not wide enough for more than two cars. When we reached the Piedmont Valley we found it very wide and cultivated with fine crops. Louis was anxious to find the foothills where his grandmother told him she herded goats. We found a little town by the name of Cardonville & there were low hills there. There was a church with a date on it that indicated it was there when his grandmother was



a girl. We took some pictures, bought some cards & then drove down the mountain. The smog was blowing away by now so we saw more of the country. We found the hills terraced with grapevines & olive trees growing on them. There were almost no farm houses but in the villages we saw tall apartments so I suppose the workers did not live on the land.



As we crossed into Spain we found the country much flatter & drier. We would say to each other, "It looks like Kansas" and a little later, "like N. Colorado or New Mexico" actually like the western states. Most of the land was under cultivation. They seemed to be grain fields but also fruit orchards of peach, apricot, apple, figs & great hedges of giant prickly pears (cactus). Of course the grape & olive trees predominated. It was after we got into

Spain that we had our second flat. The car swerved & when we drove to the side of the road found we had a flat. We had purchased a lug wrench just as we came out of Sorrento but didn't think it a very good one. We also had been able to buy a tube for the tire which went flat in Rome. We had been dreading a flat because of the poor equipment. We were hardly stopped when a Spaniard in a Fiat car came along & drove right up to the side of us. He got out, sized up the situation & brought out a tool kit with a good wrench. He was most friendly and kind and would hardly take a tip when we insisted. This was most unusual in a land where one is extended a cupped hand on most occasions. We arrived in Madrid rather late in the afternoon and tried to find some of the addresses in our guide book. Some we phoned too and found them full. The tourist bureau had closed for the season. We finally found one which had a room but we felt sure we couldn't locate it that late so we hired a taxi driver to lead us. We arrived at the Hotel Imperial, an older hotel but with lots of the elegance remaining when it was one of the finest in the city. There was a uniformed doorman and numerous bellboys all anxious for a tip. The doorman did find us a parking place right on the street for which we were most grateful. The room was good & very clean. It was almost \$10.00 which was more than we could afford since we planned to stay several days. That evening we changed and went down to dinner. The dinner hour is eight to about ten thirty. In the dining room there were a great many waiters, about four to six for each occupied

table. Their rank was easily recognized by their dress. The head waiter was in black tails, the next in a black tuxedo and the others in various combinations of black & white. We ordered Paella which is the national dish of Spain. The rice with sauces was very good but I couldn't stand to look at the raw fish with the eyes still staring. Even though we ordered cheaper things on the menu, the meals are expensive because they add service charges & I suspect add the rent when they can get by with it. We watched the others & they all left a tip in spite of the service charge. We've made it a practice to eat out only once a day & lunch in the car the other times. There are no drive-ins or roadside stands as we have in the U.S. We seldom buy milk, (any place in Europe) because it is not refrigerated & is just set on the floor of a shop in a three cornered paper carton. We never order it in cafes but usually order an apple or orange drink. Coca cola is everywhere. The next morning we went into the main part of the city and found a room at the Hotel Florida. It was on the fifth floor but there was a lift. We had our own bath & breakfast in our room was included. The cost was between four & five dollars. There was absolutely no place for the car. We could scarcely park in the narrow street long enough to unload. We had been planning to have new spark plugs in the car so got the address of a garage and took the car out there. It was underground & we made arrangements to leave the car there until we were ready to leave. We took a streetcar back to our hotel. We took a taxi to church on Sunday & found a friendly group in both the English & Spanish branch. That evening Brother Romney spoke.



We were within two blocks of the American Express so went there every morning for mail. There were not long lines of tourists waiting for mail as we had found in London. We were almost in the center of town and walked to most of the recommended sights. We were only a few blocks from El Prado museum. Also a few blocks from Juan Antonio; which is the main street. Perhaps the most impressive visit was to the Royal Palace, 2800 rooms (we saw 50). They were gorgeous in furnishing decorations, pictures etc.



When we left Madrid we went south toward Algeciras. We thought if it wasn't too expensive we would take a short tour into Africa. We went through country much like the Salt River Valley in Arizona. They were harvesting tomatoes, peppers and other vegetables. We saw some orange groves also limes & lemons. We drove into Algeciras & right down to

the sea. It was a thrill to see the blue Mediterranean. We got a hotel right near the pier. The Marie Victoria had a nice room with a balcony looking out at the piers (great activity). The cost was about \$6.00. We took it for three nights, expected to spend one of them in Africa. Before we ate we walked around the corner to a travel bureau and bought tickets for a two day tour of Africa. They were about \$30 each but this included our boat trips, meals on the



boat, our meals and room in Africa besides guide service for two days. There was also a bus ride from Cruta to Tangier. The travel bureau sent a cab for us we got on the boat about ten o'clock. We had lunch on the boat (5 courses). There were tourists from all over the world. We got acquainted with a group from Holland who were very gay and singing most of the time. There was a group from the States. I talked with a couple who had a summer hotel in Maine and always took a southern cruise in the winter. We met two ladies from Holland (one a nurse & one an office worker). They were in our group, we had the same guide. We shared a table with them. They could speak no English but had a Spanish - Dutch dictionary. Since we understood the Spanish we communicated with the help of the dictionary. We arrived in Cruta shortly after noon & followed our guide through the narrow, winding streets to native shops & markets. There were people, mostly boys & men, trying to sell jewelry, handbags, caps, shoes, etc. We saw great quantities of dried figs, dates, raisins besides tempting vegetables, radishes, turnips, squash, peanuts, oranges, etc. They had silver jewelry, goods made from camel hide and in some places beautiful chiffon material. There were wool caps & ponchos.

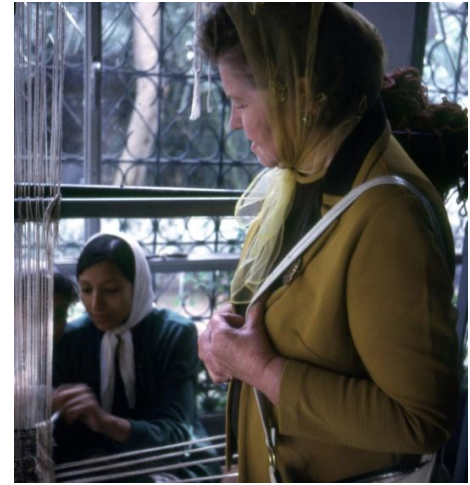


We saw a king's palace. It was quite plain compared to those in Spain. However, the throne was shining & appeared to be of gold. Cement benches were made into the walls of the halls & our guide told us the natives (Arabs) came there for an audience with the king when they felt an injustice had been done. We rode in a bus to Tyaun where we visited more markets (Cosba) and then on to Tangier. We were taken to the Hotel Africa, a very luxurious hotel with elevators & several dining rooms. After dinner we went to a show. It was a nightclub with dancers and performers in the center of the room. The Arabs do not drink alcohol but they were serving it to some people. Most of the people in our group took Coca Cola. The entertainment was dancers and stunts. One man danced with a tray of lighted candles on his head. The next morning after our breakfast we met the guide (a different one) who took us to the Cave of Hercules, to a village where they had some

camels. Louis rode one & found it quite different from a horse. We found a little nursery or primary school in one of the narrow streets.



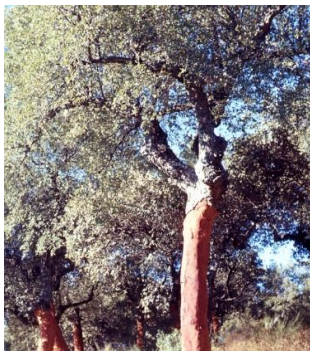
There was a boy about 16 teaching it. The children sat on the floor on rugs and wrote on a board with black chalk. The boy had a long pointer in his hand and tapped the children on the shoulder for attention. Their shoes & sandals were in a box by the door. There was a little girl about six carrying a baby brother on her back. He was almost as big as she was. When we took a picture of the children they held out their hands for a tip, then others crowded around for coins too. There were many boys and men trying to sell jewelry & camel hide bags.



We bought 2 hassocks made of camel hide for a gift for two of the boys and then as we walked along we decided we should have bought two more as it might be a nice gift for each of them. The bargaining had been heated & long. The dealer had many beautiful things of leather & jewelry of silver. He priced the hassock at about \$18.00. Finally after many expressions of despair, anger, disbelief the clerk & owner agreed on two for \$20.00 which Louis accepted. When we decided on two more we caught up with the guide who was a ways ahead & asked him if we could go back for two more. He agreed to lead us back through the narrow streets to the shop. (we could never have found it alone.) He sent the rest of the party on to the Hotel Africa to wait for lunch where we would join them. We made our way back through the corridors but the amazing part was that not one person tried to sell us anything. The first trip we had been besieged by them. We made our purchases, no arguments & got back to the hotel in time for a fine lunch.

We could choose any thing on the menu but so many were unfamiliar & when we saw them at other tables we were afraid of them. We stuck to fish, eggs, beef and fruit. Fruit is frequently served for dessert. The attendants at the hotel were all in Arab dress wide colored trousers & jackets. However, the men at the desk were in western dress (suits).

We rode down to the harbor in the bus & boarded. The pier was swarming with boys & men trying to sell things, suitcases & sheepskin rugs among others. Most of the group were loaded with purchases. The group from Holland were gay and sang most of the way back. I visited with one woman who said she worked in a travel agency in Amsterdam & that her husband conducted a driver training school and that they always spent a few weeks on the Costo de Sol. It was after six when we arrived at Algecerias. We noticed that the Arabs who sat on the decks on bags and bundles of rug took bread out of their bags & began to eat at six o'clock. This was a period of fasting, the guide told us, and they didn't eat from early morning, about 2 A.M. until six o'clock. At Algecerias we found our car and bags as we had left them. We got off early for Madrid.



We took a little different route & came within an hour's drive of Portugal so decided to go to Elvis. We passed through dry looking country, mostly grapevines, trimmed low. Olive trees and even some cork trees. The people who farm don't appear to live on the land but in apartment houses in villages. Elvis was a walled city. We parked in the square and went to a little dry goods store. There we purchased several dozen kitchen (linen)

towels at very reasonable prices. We arrived at Madrid the next day and parked near a place we knew was a good shopping place. We bought most of our souvenirs there. That night we stayed at the (new wing \$13) Imperial again and left the next morning for Paris by way of Andora. This is one of the independent countries of Europe –very small, very picturesque, and very reasonable. Our room was about \$2.00 and food was very cheap. After leaving Andora we drove through grape country again to a place outside of Versailles. We stayed at a place very much like an American motel. We parked the car close to the door & repacked our luggage & washed our clothes. The next day, driving through the sunny countryside with tractors droning on either side, all 39 horses lay down for a siesta. Louis was sure we had fuel so walked back to a village & found a mechanic drinking beer in a tavern. He came out, examined the car & declared we were completely out of fuel. He brought us a can & all horses leaped forth to continue the journey. Louis suspected

pilferage or perhaps the pretty gas attendant in mini skirt & boots forgot to fill the tank. The reason is still a mystery. We visited Versailles that day & were wonderfully impressed with the magnificence of the palace. We learned lots of history. The guide told us that no place in the world except Fort Knox was there such a concentration of gold. The picture, light fixtures, rugs & furniture was unbelievably luxurious.



We arrived in Paris in late afternoon & had great difficulty in finding a place to stay. Louis walked to several places but where they did have room there was no place for the car. When he came back with the information he looked so tired & worn with all the strain of Paris streets I suggested we head for Luxemburg. He seemed relieved & soon found a taxi who led us out of town. We stayed that night at a roadside inn & went on the next day to Luxemburg. We got a room (same room) at the Hotel Residence.

It was wet & stormy and we were very busy mailing our purchases & repacking our bags for the trip home. We shipped 13 boxes & on the day before we were to leave took our bags to the airport for weighing. We found we could leave the car at the airport in Luxemburg for Louis Jr. who would pick it up in January. The day of departure arrived wet & snowy. Our plane was delayed eight hours. The Air Bahama Co. took us to dinner & on a tour of a winery in Luxemburg. When we got back to the airport we boarded in about 30 minutes. The ride home included a stop in Ireland for refueling. I was really weary & under strain to get home. When we arrived in Nassau we had of course missed our plane. Air Bahama took us to a lovely hotel right on the beach. We enjoyed the good beds & the nice walk around the beautiful grounds.

About noon we enplaned & arrived at Miami thirty minutes later. We had difficulty finding our car but when we did drove to the outskirts of Miami & found a motel. We were happy to be home but knew we would never forget this wonderful trip. It was a highlight in our lives.

We spent a night with Brookie & Kenneth & then drove on to Phillip & Sue in New York. We had trouble with the car most of the way so it was a wonderful relief to get to Phillip's. We slept for about two days, then being rested enjoyed getting acquainted again with our grandchildren. We stayed until after Christmas and then started home. At Wheeling, W. Virginia the car just gave up the ghost and fell apart. A wrecker pulled us back to Wheeling where we stayed in a motel and the next day decided to buy a new VW Fast Back. The deal completed we drove on home & arrived in Grand Junction Jan. 31, 1971. It was wonderful to see Grover and family and to find our home again. We've had an unforgettable experience.



Compilation Notes

About the Text: The text came from a typed copy of Winnafred's journal that was found with copies of other stories she wrote. The typed pages were scanned and transferred into a word processing format. Scanning errors, typos, and minimal spelling and grammar errors were corrected. Even though the spelling of many locations differs from what we find on maps today, I didn't think that updating the spellings would improve the reader's understanding of the geography.

About the Pictures: The majority of the pictures are scanned from their slide collection that is in the care of their son Grover Cardon. Kerolann Cardon Haslam and Katie Sue Cardon Edwards scanned their slides into digital pictures. The digital images were edited (usually to straighten, crop, and correct color/ exposure/ contrast, etc). Some of the blurry slides were also sharpened using the "enhance" tool on myheritage.com. There were very few slides from the places they visited at the beginning of their trip. In her journal Winnafred mentions being disappointed that more of their pictures didn't turn out. In a few cases, when she specifically describes something in depth, I inserted a picture from another source to help illustrate what she thought was worth taking so much time to record. Below is a list of these pictures and their sources.

Oberommergau Passion Play Program (pg 7): <https://www.swapmeetdave.com/Pics/Books-Inspire/Passion-70-color.htm>

Pinakothek Museum (pg 8): <https://www.scoop.it/topic/alle-magne-tourisme-et-culture?&tag=Ancienne+Pinacoth%C3%A8que+de+Munich>

Potsdame Room (pg 9): <https://www.pinterest.com/pin/202521314463925541/>

Stave Church on Island Museum (pg15): (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gol_Stave_Church)