

WE WENT ABROAD IN  
1930

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AND AGAIN IN  
1936

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to a secretary  
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from  
Clarence B Randall

WE WENT ABROAD IN 1930

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## WE WENT ABROAD IN 1930

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For the average American who works for a living, going abroad is one of the big adventures of a lifetime and it was in that spirit that we left Chicago. And yet we had thought very little about it. Life in Winnetka and at the office had been so breathless that we had found no time for planning whatever, and when the Century began to move, leaving Tom and Beckey waving to us from the platform, we could hardly believe that we actually had six weeks ahead of us in which to do exactly what we pleased.

We spent a very happy family Sunday in Worcester with the Websters and my father and mother, and a delightful Monday evening in New York with Mead and Patty Rogers, dining at the Biltmore and seeing Lily Damita and Jack Donahue in "Sons O'Guns". Tuesday afternoon found us at the ball game where the Braves beat the Giants in ten innings, but there was no time for a show that evening. We couldn't afford to be late for a midnight sailing from lower Brooklyn.

So after dinner we loaded everything into a car and started for the "Bremen". I had never seen lower New York at that time of night, and was fascinated by the skyline as we crossed Brooklyn bridge. At the boat there was great stir and animation, with crowds of friends flowing on and off to say goodbye to the passengers. We felt just a little bit lost in it all until we reached our stateroom, and then what a glorious surprise we had. To begin with, our trunk was there, but we hardly noticed it for everywhere there was such a profusion of flowers, candy, fruit, books, and messages that it completely took our breath away. I don't know how long it took us to open all the packages, and letters, and telegrams, but it was just like Christmas, and made our friends seem very close to us.

Sailing was delayed too late for us to wait up, so we turned in, and next morning when we came on deck we were far out at sea. The Bremen was a great ship, a little too severe and modern as to interior decoration to suit our tastes, but affording the last word in service. The dining room was wonderful, everything that your own imagination or that of the chef could devise was available to tickle your palate, the room itself was bright and cheerful

and three deft German boys hovered over us constantly. The passenger list was very light, and nothing was ever hurried or crowded. We loved the orchestra, which gave two classical concerts each afternoon and one in the evening, besides playing for dancing later. It was simply paradise to sink into a deep chair in the lounge, sip a cup of tea, and listen to that music.

One of the big thrills of the trip came the morning of the day before we landed, when we hurried up to the top deck by eight o'clock (an unheard of hour on ship) to see the big catapult toss a sea plane into the air with two flyers who were carrying the advance mail to Southampton and Amsterdam. In the afternoon we began to see French fishing boats and knew that our voyage was nearly over.

May 26

As I came on deck and saw the shoreline at Cherbourg, I remembered how good it looked the night after we crossed the Channel during the war. Our passports were examined on the ship, and we went on board, the tender having some qualms as to whether we would ever see our baggage again. But almost as if by magic the man from the Bowman-Biltmore Travel Bureau came up to us, inquired if our baggage didn't have green stripes on it, and said it was already set aside for us. At the dock the customs took but a few minutes, and in no time at all we were all packed comfortably in a big Minerva car which was waiting for us outside.

It was a day of brilliant sunshine, coming after many days of rain in France. What a thrill as we left Cherbourg behind, and started down the winding narrow roads and through the tiny villages of Normandy. Our route took us immediately off the beaten track of the tourists, and we saw the Norman peasant life at first hand. We lunched at Granville, a not very attractive summer resort on the sea, which was not yet in season, and were jolted back into reality rather unpleasantly when the waiter said he had spent several years at the Congress Hotel in Chicago. We stopped for a few minutes at Coutances to admire the Cathedral which is supposed to have such a pure Gothic design, and found in process before it a typical peasant market day. It was fun to walk round among the people and feel that not another foreigner was there to spoil it. We were even entertained by a brisk fist fight between the owners of adjoining booths. By the middle of the afternoon we reached Mont St. Michel, and spent an exhausting two

hours climbing to the top of this marvelous storehouse of mediaeval lore which rises out of the very ocean itself. The guides spoke only French, and my ears were extremely clumsy after so many years of hearing no French spoken. As we set off again our frail human nature had the best of us. It was warm, we had a poor night's sleep, the stairs at Mont St. Michel were countless, and although we had come thousands of miles to see this beautiful country-side we simply couldn't stay awake in the car. As we drove solemnly into St. Malo where we were to spend the night the people must have thought the chauffeur had drugged his passengers. But the evening by the sea was lovely. St. Malo is one of the few completely walled towns, and in the twilight we walked all the way round on top of the ramparts.

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I shall never forget those lush green fields on the ride toward Paris. It has been a wonderful growing spring in France, and the fields were magnificent. And so full of color. In Normandy and Brittany they grow a dark red flower (in the rest of France it is the poppy) with the grain that the cattle are to eat green. Then the cows are staked out separately by chains attached to pegs driven in the ground, so that each day as the peg is moved forward the cow takes another bite into the field. And in the villages there was the most wonderful profusion of roses and flowers of every hue. And in the air occasionally the scent of the apple blossoms. Never before have I been made happy by a puncture, but while the chauffeur wrestled with the tire, we walked on ahead, listening to the birds and drinking in the sights and smells of the growing fields.

We lunched at Alencon and spent an interesting half hour in a lace establishment, where the proprietor expounded in voluble French the mysteries of "point d'Alencon", and bemoaned the passing of a lost art.

At seven that evening we were in Paris, and found a comfortable room waiting for us at the Pont Royal Hotel (Rue du Bac). We had made no decision as to a hotel until we met the Bowman-Biltmore man at Cherbourg. Being on the left bank we went down to Chez Rousier for dinner, and ate an excellent dinner amid all the commotion of a French side-walk cafe. Then we drove over to Place de la Concorde, and walked up the boulevards as far as the Cafe de la Paix where we fulfilled the traditions by watching the world go

by. We thought it was rather a sordid world that night so we went home and to bed.

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Our first thought in the morning was mail, so we tore over to the Bowman-Biltmore at 2 Rue de la Paix, and what a jolt that was. A whole handful of cables from Tom Hearne, and Father Phelps, and Mr. Block to the effect that Mandy had scarlet fever and was in the Evanston Hospital, but at the same time reassuring us that it was a light case without complications. I will pass over the next few minutes which were pretty unhappy, but suffice it to say that eventually we convinced ourselves that the only sensible thing to do was to go ahead with our plans.

By way of getting the feel of Paris, we hopped in a taxi and drove out to the Etoile where we made our pilgrimage to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Then down the Champs Elysees to the Grand Palais where we visited the Current Salon. I think that what we liked best was a portrait of a young woman by Ehrlinger. Then to Volney's for lunch, which was one of the most charming places we were in anywhere. In the afternoon we drove out through the Bois to the tennis matches in Le Stade Roland Garros. We arrived just as Miss Mudford of England was giving Helen Wills a stiff tussle, and stayed to see Tilden paired with Cilly Aussem of Germany, beat Cochet and Eileen Bennett of England for the mixed doubles championship.

Then on to Pre Catalan in the Boix for tea, where we saw our first gigolos in action. They were the acme of courtesy as they asked the various ladies to dance, and as I watched the intricate steps of the tango I could understand how the tired business man might be very enthusiastic about them as an institution.

In the evening we did the Folies-Bergeres, and in spite of the costumes or lack thereof it is a great show. Afterwards we felt obliged to do the Montmartre, so we climbed in a taxi, and conjuring up the dim past of nine and of twelve years ago, I said to the driver "Zelis". He started, but every few blocks turned round to sputter, and finally lied very convincingly and said that Zeli's was closed. He thereupon took charge of us and delivered us to "Esmeralda", a new night club that had been open less than a month. It was small and expensive, but charming. A Tsigane orchestra from Bohemia, one of whom played a strange



horizontal harp with little hammers, the name of which sounded like cymbaliste. They assured us there were only three such artists in the world. We were slow to begin dancing, and when finally we left our table the leader of the orchestra stopped everything for an instant and said in English "At last". Then came Emily's big thrill, when one of the gigolos came over and danced with her very charmingly. He asked her if she knew a certain piano player in Racine.

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My first business on getting up was to bargain for the car that was to take us on our trip later, for I felt sure I could beat the arrangement we had made from home on our first car. The concierge at the hotel gets a commission on all such arrangements that are made through him, so in no time he had several cars outside. Business was poor and they fought for our patronage. We selected a large Voisin limousine, and I drove him down to 3.25 francs a kilometre with 2.00 francs on the return if we dismissed him outside of Paris and 60 francs a day for his board, which was, of course, expensive enough, but which the Bowman-Biltmore said was lower than they could do.

We then set out for a ride around Paris in a smaller car, and found that it was Ascension Day, with all Paris making holiday. The various drives in the Bois were a brilliant scene of color, with fashionable cars flashing by, horseback riders on the bridle paths, and everywhere family picnics. We lunched at Laurent, and then strolled through the holiday crowds around the lower end of the Champs Elysees. There were booths for stamp collectors doing a rushing business, puppet shows, goat carts and donkeys for children, and everywhere an orderly happy crowd. We took a taxi up to the Sacre Coeur Church, but it was thronged with people attending services, and we decided not to intrude. After a nap at the hotel, we went down to Notre Dame, but found it closed for the holiday. Nevertheless, we strolled around admiring its external beauties in the late afternoon sunshine, and walked back along the left bank of the Seine past the book-stalls.

For the evening we had decided to dine at the fashionable "Des Ambassadeurs", and in order to demonstrate how much at home we were in such places, we delayed our arrival until 8:40. To our dismay we found only one table occupied when we were seated. But by half past ten things were in full swing. It was only the second night after the Spring Opening, and it was a gay scene. First we had a concert orchestra who played classical music,

then when dancing began a negro jazz orchestra (led by Sissle) and a South American band alternated so that the music was continuous. Sandwiched in was a bully floor show. Near us was a large table of charming young Parisian men and women, and their dancing was so graceful and had so many trick steps both in the tango and the one-step that I felt as though I belonged back in the Middle Ages. At last we left, and followed what became our standard practice in Paris, - a drive in an open taxi out to the Arc de Triomphe at the Etoile and back down the Champs Elysees before retiring.

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We retraced our steps to Notre Dame, and went in without a guide. In one of those sacred places I cannot endure to have a guide pattering a jargon of dates in my ear, when what I want is the feeling of it. It is enough for me just to look up, and let the dignity and the beauty of it all soak in. Nothing else that I have ever done makes me feel just the same. We did not see the Treasury, as it was closed, which was probably all right as later an American had \$2000 in checks stolen while he was in there. It began to rain, but it was not far to Sainte Chapelle which is, of course, a gem, and this being more of a curiosity, I resumed my interest in people, and I enjoyed hugely the chattering French guide. Emily was forever thinking up strange questions for me to ask, which put my French under terrific strain, and frequently resulted in explosive situations.

It was Memorial Day, and we had set our hearts on being present for the American ceremony at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, but two unfortunate things happened. The first was a sudden downpour of rain, and the second a traffic jam such as only Paris can produce, so that when we finally arrived it was all over. Nevertheless, we felt better to stand there for a moment with bowed heads before the eternal flame in the presence of the fresh wreaths. We were thinking of Winnetka, knowing that Mandy would not be able to march, and wondering whether Mary would be out of quarantine in time.

We had lunch at Cafe Anglais, and did a bit of shopping afterward. Then we took a car and drove out of the city to visit Le Bourget, the great French airport, where you can take a plane to most any place in the world on short notice. Coming back we were overwhelmed by a cloud-burst of rain and hail, and the driver couldn't get the top quite shut, so that he and we huddled and giggled together inside under the good part of the roof until it ended and the sun came out just as suddenly.

Stopping at the interesting church of St. Denis made us late, and we had dinner at the hotel before going to a strictly French revue, the Concert Mayol. The star was a very good female impersonator.

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What was left of the morning after breakfast went quickly in buying a big suitcase and making arrangements for our motor trip. We lunched at Langer.

Then came the Louvre, and though I went somewhat out of duty, it stands out clearly in my mind as one of the most satisfying things that we did. To begin with we had an excellent guide who divided our available time among the more important things, and talked most intelligently. Of course, I liked the Venus de Milo, and the Winged Victory, and the Rubens and the Millets, but the Mona Lisa completely fascinated me. Beside the painting stood a completed copy that another artist had made, which seemed lifeless and ordinary compared with the original. I don't know what great art is, but it is certainly different.

Tea at Tierem Boyard, 38 Rue de Berri, a Russian place carried on by some titled refugees, where I bought Emily some 18th Century earrings. When I went back after them from the hotel she thought I was out buying oranges.

Dinner at Foyot's on the left bank. The menu: duck, (with orange sauce), souffle potatoes, and crepes suzettes. I thought Emily would never stop asking for more of this delectable dessert. After dinner we strolled through the bright lights of the Montparnasse district, past the notorious Dome, Rotonde, Select, Coupole, and Jungle restaurants. We are too old for such places and went home to bed.

June 1

We slept late, lounged in our room, wrote letters and packed. Lunch at the hotel was made memorable by "gnocchi romaine", a marvelous concoction of semelena, eggs, and cheese.

Then we took a car and drove out for a Sunday afternoon at Versailles, it being the monthly festival of the fountains. We did the palace first and reached the gardens just as the waters were turned on. They only last forty minutes so that our luck was with us.

The enormous gardens were crowded to capacity with French people who interested us as much as the fountains. I was intrigued by the number of different names that hucksters could think of for Eskimo pies in French.

We set out to walk through the gardens to the two Trianons, but arrived after they were closed. We found instead a young Norwegian who had been lost all afternoon looking for the main chateau.

Then for dinner to the Pavillon Henry IV at St. Germain which has the best of food and a gorgeous view. You dine on a wide veranda with the Seine River and all Paris at your feet.

## 2nd

We made a brisk getaway for our automobile trip. We found our Voisin extremely comfortable and roomy, and Gabriel, our chauffeur, who was also the owner, entirely devoted to our interests. We were in the outskirts of Paris when he stopped the car in front of a house where just underneath the roof there was imbedded in the wall an unexploded shell from the war of 1870. He also showed us the "Salle de jeu de pommes" made famous by Robespierre, at which we looked very wise, not having the slightest idea what it was all about. Soon we were at Rambouillet, and we paused to drive through the grounds of the Presidential summer home where I spent such an interesting afternoon in 1921. Then we passed the Chateau de Maintenon, which set quite a precedent in the way of a love nest at one time.

By noon we were at Chartres, and drove right to the Cathedral. Since I had seen it, some of the small houses which crowded up so close had been torn down and it was possible to get an excellent view of the famous West Portal and the towers. With her usual good taste, Emily picked the pure Gothic as the more beautiful of the two towers, thus placing herself in alignment with the best art criticism of the centuries. When we went inside we found that a wedding was in process which we watched with great interest, including the kissing reception at the conclusion of the ceremony, and the recessional march, led by a bailiff in mediaeval costume who clanked his staff periodically on the stone floor that the crowd should give way, and who was having the time of his life. Then we were free to wander around inside, sensing the beautiful proportions, and above all admiring the glass. At last we reached the choir, and turned back to look at the old glass in the West Portal, and there was the most beautiful thing I saw in Europe - the famous Tree of Jesse window. The blue of that glass

with the light coming through from the outside haunted me for days, and it was all I could do to bring myself to leave the Cathedral.

We lunched most delightfully at a small restaurant called "Lhomme" at 31 Rue du Soleil d'Or, where we had enormous strawberries.

We pushed on to Blois, and having established ourselves at the Hotel D'Angleterre with a window overlooking the Loire, which was swollen with recent rains, we hurried out to the Chateau of Chambord, the largest of all the Chateaux I should imagine. Emily enjoyed it tremendously, but I was a bit depressed by the fact that when I saw it before the beautiful park was well kept up, but had now gone badly to seed. France hasn't the money to maintain so many historic monuments.

We drove then to Chateau Cheverney, but our time was short and it didn't look impressive, so we didn't stop. The guide book says its chief distinction is the furniture inside.

We raced back to Blois just in time to get inside the Chateau before it closed, but after a certain transaction the French guide was very amiable, and we had abundant leisure to see the oubliettes and the poison chambers and act out to our own satisfaction the murder of the Duc de Guise.

### 3rd

I shan't forget my first waking moments at Blois. I roused instantly out of a sound sleep with full comprehension that I was listening to something that once was so familiar but which had passed out of my life entirely since 1918,- the quick rhythm of iron shod shoes on cobble-stones. I jumped to the window and there was a column of French infantry, fully armed, on its way to the drill field. No other troops march with as quick a step as the French, and once heard it is never forgotten.

As we left the hotel for a short stroll before starting out again, we saw six small canoes, with double-bladed paddles, each containing two young men having a great trip down the swift Loire. I tried to find the statue of Jeanne D'Arc, the dedication of which I witnessed in 1921, but it is in the Bishop's garden and not open to the public.

Our drive along the river was beautiful - the deep green of the fields still dotted with poppies. Soon on the other side we saw the majestic towers of the Chateau of Chaumont looking down from the hillside.

At Amboise we stopped and went carefully through the whole chateau. Its position alone would make it impregnable, as it is perched high on the rocks commanding the Loire in each direction, but no pains had been spared to place at each strategic point on the ramparts a jolly little hole for ladling out boiling pitch. Entirely self-contained inside is a winding ramp by which my noble lords could ride their chargers right up to the top, and hard by was a granary which would hold enough wheat or semelena to withstand the longest of sieges quite stoutly.

Then to Chenonceau, the finest of all the Chateaux according to our way of thinking. Thanks to the solvency of its present owner, Menier, the chocolate tycoon, the grounds are lovely, and the furniture inside is complete and original. You see it first down a long avenue of plane trees, and as you come nearer you find it completely astride the Cher River. Then you cross the drawbridge and wander through the rooms which are filled with tapestries, paintings, furniture and interesting things. Chambord was stark and bare, but this looked intensely human.

Being now quite drunk with Chateau-mania, we drove down to Loches and saw both the Chateau and the Chapel of St. Curs, but it didn't impress either of us particularly. We lunched there quite inconspicuously.

Then toward Bourges, passing with splendid self-control the smaller chateaux of Montresor and Valancay which might well repay a look sometime. We pulled up before the Hotel D'Angleterre in Bourges, where in 1918 I waited outside while General Dugan banqueted within with an impressively large group of American Generals, and were shown up to a room bearing a tablet to the effect that in 1912 it had been occupied by the Prince of Wales. In spite of this impressive tradition Emily thought that the hotel left something to be desired.

The home of Jacques Coeur, which I had found so interesting in 1918, was unfortunately closed for the day.

#### 4th

We left hurriedly, with not over ten minutes to devote to the fine Bourges cathedral. It is of the period just following Notre Dame, and its five portals in the

broad western entrance, its old glass, and its general feeling are all too impressive to be dealt with as summarily as we were compelled to.

I was hardly myself, however, for were we not setting out to revisit the old familiar scenes of my first billeting area in France? We doubled back from Bourges toward Sancerre, along the sky-line of the plateau. The visibility was not of the best, but when our car climbed laboriously up to the tiny park by the crumbling old chateau which is the very peak of the rock on which Sancerre is built, I revelled again in the wonderful panorama which is spread out below, with the Loire winding between the picturesque fields.

Then the big thrill. We set out for the Chateau of Peseau. Coming at it by an unfamiliar road, I am stupid about finding it, and none of the maps or guide books refer to it. At last we see the gate and stop, wondering whether the Count is in residence, and hoping he isn't. A young woman leans from a window in the gate-keeper's lodge. Gabriel walks over and inquires whether we may see the Chateau. He gets a very frigid reception. I am by this time out of the car and under the window, hat in hand. I beg a thousand pardons and explain that I was billeted in the chateau during the war. The effect is electric. She chatters something about M. Berthout. I ask excitedly if he is still the regisseur (estate manager), and am delighted to find that he is. She tells us to go right in.

The main drive has obviously not been used for some time, so we take the one to the left leading to the servant quarters. We stop in the old courtyard behind the chateau, and a woman looks out from a kitchen in surprise. I say my magic formula to her and she becomes equally excited. She says she was not there during the war but that she has heard a great deal about the Americans. She leads me over to Madame Berthout, where I find to my distress that he is absent in one of the villages. They suggest that I see Madame Basil. I, of course, inquire for Basil, the old butler, and find that he died only two months before.

Madame Basil is dressing, and doesn't understand exactly what the stir is all about. While we wait for her, Emily and I stroll over into the park and admire the chateau from across the moat. I tell her about the night Herb Brown and I put the Count's Canadian canoe into the moat and paddled solemnly round it. I show her where the airplanes landed in the park during the big storm, and where the tennis court was on which we worked so hard but on which we never played.

Now we are again in front of Madame Basil's door. She opens it, and a look of astonishment comes over her lovely little old face as she exclaims, "It can't be Lieutenant Randall, - and his wife!" And then while I am trying to collect my thoughts in French, she asks "How is your little baby girl," for she remembers the cablegram I had at the Chateau telling about Mary.

She and I are both too excited to know what we are saying, but she knows that I want to show Emily the chateau. She takes down her large bunch of keys and we go inside, visiting both wings room by room. Scores of memories come flooding back to me. We hear a heavy step on the stair, and I look round. It is Berthout. He has come back for something, and they have told him we are there. He says "Little did I expect when I came back this morning to see Lieutenant Randall." He is still tall and vigorous looking but his hair is gray. Madame Basil has been asking me for the name of our cook, and I stupidly can't think of it, in spite of his long service at the Marquette Club. Berthout says "Vertefeuille" and then I remember that his name was Greenleaf.

And so the precious minutes run on. I hate to go but I know that we have a long day ahead of us. Berthout asks if we would do him the honor of coming into his cottage for a few minutes. We sit rather stiffly down in his little parlor, and chat about the old days. I learn to my satisfaction that no other Americans were ever there.

Berthout brings out a bottle of white wine, and as we are sipping it in ceremonial fashion, I say, "Berthout, do you remember in 1918 when you had no men to harvest the grape crop that we turned out our detachment, and they made the wine for you?" And then to my complete amazement he replies with all the pride of a Frenchman doing the highest act of hospitality which he knows, "This is the last bottle of that wine." All the years he had saved it in the hope that some such occasion would come.

We leave, with the most cordial of au revoirs, and to please Berthout we drive out by the winding main avenue, just as we used to.

And for the rest of that day Emily heard little from me but reminiscences.

We drove down along the Loire through Pouilly, our old divisional headquarters, and had a good lunch at the de la France in Nevers. We then started rapidly eastward and passed through some beautifully high rolling country between the Loire and the Saone valleys. All



afternoon the cattle in the fields were of a creamy white variety such as we had never seen. As we approached Bourgen-Bresse, where we were to spend the night, we drove for miles along a straight road between sweet smelling fields of freshly cut hay, which were dotted with carts drawn by enormous white oxen.

At Bourg we spent a very comfortable night at the de la France. In the evening, we walked up the street a way, following the crowd, and found Hagenbeck's circus in full swing.

#### 5th

We were soon in the French Alps, following the valley of the Rhone. We all stared so hard at a castle perched high on the rocks that we lost our way. In due course, however, the intense blue-green of Lac du Bourget, with its background of mountains, came in sight, and by lunch time we were comfortably settled in the Grand Hotel D'Aix, at Aix-les-Bains.

The afternoon was a comedy of errors. We saw a horse-drawn Victoria, and hailed it in great glee to make a tour of the town. The old driver was a scream. He explained that the town wasn't very big but that he could show it all to us. We had gone about a block when it began to sprinkle. I told the driver it looked like rain, but he clucked to his horse, jerked on the reins, and assured us that it was just "two drops, two drops". The more it sprinkled, the more he muttered in French "two drops", and the faster he made the horse go. Finally, when it began to rain hard, I made him stop and flop the top down over us, after which we rode serenely round unable to see a solitary thing. But by now, a new catastrophe had overtaken us. Our close proximity to the horse had started up Emily's hay fever, and between our giggles and her sneezes, we had to give it all up as a bad job. Then the rain stopped, and we set out to walk to the lake, but were exhausted before we reached it, and crawled back to the hotel.

We had dinner in the hotel's cafe "Des Ambassadeurs," where the orchestra played "Showboat" until the leader bowed low and asked Emily to name a selection and she asked for "Butterfly". Then we strolled in the park until bedtime.

It should be said that we saw practically no Americans on all our travels outside of Paris, and that wherever we went business was so poor that we were welcomed like the first robins of spring. We opened more restaurants and places of amusement than even the Prince of Wales has done.

6th

Off for Chamonix and Mont Blanc. As we drove through Annecy with its beautiful lake and mountain peaks spotted with occasional snow we thought of the Ballards who made it their home last summer. It was a day of bright sunshine, and everywhere you looked was a picture. We stopped by the road near a silvery cascade that was fed by unseen snows above, and Emily picked a dozen different varieties of wildflowers in as many minutes.

We were climbing steadily and toward noon we caught our first glimpse of the Mont Blanc range with its many ice covered peaks rising nearly 15,000 feet high. It looked like a lot of Alps all in one place, and the valley we were following was extremely narrow by comparison.

Chamonix was a beautiful spot, and we had a fine lunch at the ritzy Hotel Majestic. There was only one other table occupied in the entire dining room, and as usual we found that the hotel had opened only the day before.

We dozed in the garden until two, and then embarked on our adventurous voyage in the teleferique, which is a fancy name for a cable car that swings dizzily in space, and takes you up from the starting elevation of 1100 metres to 2000 metres (1-1/4 miles). It was a gorgeous view that spread in every direction from the point where we stopped, and we realized later that the big Mer de Glace Glacier across from us was on the Italian border.

We came home by Feverges, Flumet, and Ugines, - a breathtaking ride which winds for miles around sharp corners following a deep gorge down which was flowing a noisy mountain stream. The mountains on either side were covered with thick evergreen forests, and we passed busy little sawmills and watched logs crossing the ravine on high swinging cables.

That night we said goodbye to Gabriel, for we were to go on from Aix by train. With French thrift, he said, "It won't be necessary for you to tell the concierge just where we went". And I agreed for I resented the commission the concierge in Paris made on every kilometre we covered.

7th

When guests insist on leaving early in the morning, it puts a great strain on a French hotel. I had paid my bill the night before or we never would have made

the train for Zurich. Then a blundering porter put us in a second-class compartment by mistake, and I skinned my finger in moving our baggage.

But the ride across Switzerland was a joy. Until Geneva, there was one gentleman with us, but for the rest of the day we had the entire first-class compartment to ourselves. I was interested to note that we were riding on steel ties, and delighted to find that the train moved by electric haulage, for we had the window entirely open and were free from cinders. As we rode along we thought of Antoinette Brown and the year she spent in Switzerland. And we thought of Miranda and the many interesting things she had learned about this beautiful country in school. The mountains formed our horizon, and in the foreground we alternated between intense cultivation and magnificent forests. It was haying time, and in every field the entire family, men, women, and children were hard at it loading the hay, the fragrance of which reached us even on the train. The stops at stations were always interesting, and it is quite astonishing to leave one town where they are all chattering in French, and arrive in the next to hear them all talking in the most guttural of German, and realize that you are still in the same country.

Late in the afternoon we reached the Baur au Lac Hotel at Zurich, which was just simply splendid. Nowhere in the states would you find such a large room with a high ceiling, such lavish furnishings, such an enormous bathroom, at any price that we could pay. The balcony extended over a canal, and from it you could see way down Lake Zurich. Around us was the utmost of comfort and beauty and we were very happy.

#### 8th

A lazy Sunday. We did very little, and were entirely contented in doing it. For breakfast we had coffee with real cream in it, - an event of the utmost importance in Europe. French coffee with hot milk in it just can't be done, and day after day of hot sweet chocolate to start the morning off gets a bit tiresome.

We then adjourned for the entire morning to the great esplanade that completely surrounds the end of the lake. Before us was a colorful scene of constant variety. Excursion boats were leaving at frequent intervals toward which family picnics and young men with cameras in one hand and their sweethearts in the other were moving. We thought of taking one (a boat) until we saw how densely they were packed. And then everywhere on the lake was the most amazing number of small

craft of every size and shape, all darting here and there so briskly it made you dizzy to watch them. There were powerful motor launches, skiffs with outboards, (all carefully muffled), sail boats, row boats in which you stood up and pushed crosshanded with the left oar in your right hand and vice versa, and flimsy little things that were a cross between a canvas duck boat and an Eskimo Kyak, in which you sat almost in the water and used a double bladed paddle. There were dozens of dogs on leashes who whined to get near the water. Occasionally you saw a bright peasant's costume. Everywhere the crowds were most orderly, - fine looking people speaking German. I liked the Swiss and liked their country a lot. They are clean and responsible looking. Not an American did we see.

At four we took the train for Vienna, and for the first hour wound along through the mountains beside Lake Zurich. At the Austrian border we had rather of a breathless moment. Nothing was in sight, but the small station and the customs guards, but the stop was interminable and it was warm. Emily and I had walked over to the exchange window where I was getting my last Swiss money changed into Austrian schillings, when right behind us a train pulled in. As it was slowing down we could see through the intervals made by the vestibules that on the further track our own train had begun to move, and for an instant we had a bad scare. We could see ourselves stranded in the wilds of Austria with no baggage and nowhere to sleep or eat. But it was a false alarm. They were merely changing engines.

Those last hours of daylight made a vivid impression on me. We wound up and up through the Austrian Tyrol, and some day I am certainly going back, - probably to Innsbruck. The snow line kept coming closer as we went on, and the great forests came right down to the banks of the rushing streams. We had dinner amid that scenery, and Emily was a bit uncomfortable for there was no water to drink but mineral water, which she detests. At about ten o'clock, when full darkness was just coming down on us, we stopped mysteriously at a little station high in the mountains. You could see the great peaks outlined against the fading light, and the forests and the rocky cliffs seemed very near to us. We were delayed by a washout ahead, and it was all very romantic. Just as we were going to bed we passed the spot, and saw strange faces peering up at us from the light of flares.

#### 9th

Soon after breakfast we were coming down through the suburbs of Vienna, and everywhere we saw men in shorts

carrying packs and accompanied by very athletic looking women in hiking costumes. We wondered if no one ever worked in Vienna, but found on arriving that it was Whitsun, and a holiday. Most generally in Europe when you want to do something it is a holiday.

We went to the Grand Hotel, and again had every known comfort and luxury in our room, - a large vestibule with three baggage stands and hooks for wraps, in the bedroom two dreamy comfortable beds with silk covers and a lace curtain across the French windows, and in the tile bathroom that luxury of luxuries, two white washstands side by each. The Bristol is probably a bit more fashionable, but the Grand is certainly fine, and the restaurant has the best currant tarts in the world, bar none.

Knowing nothing about the city, (I was even ignorant of the fact that German is the language of Vienna, and I certainly didn't know they drove on the left) we went straight out and climbed into a sight-seeing bus. Up one street and down the next. On our "rechts" and on our "links". Past the beautiful Blue Danube, which was a singularly muddy and unattractive stream as we saw it. Then out to Schonbrunn, the palace which was last occupied by Franz Joseph, and which was built by Maria Theresa after she visited her daughter Marie Antoinette at Versailles. We sat placidly in the family garden for awhile, and then joined the holiday crowd in visiting the interesting rooms above. Exquisite jewelry and interesting costumes and furnishings.

In the evening great luck. It was Festwochen, and we attended a performance of "Der Graf von Luxembourg" which was personally conducted by Franz Lehar himself, who, of course, wrote the Merry Widow as well. Not another American in the theatre but Viennese hanging perilously from every box and balcony, and wild enthusiasm. They cheered everybody but the ticket takers and stopped the show for encores time after time.

#### 10th

The day started with a good laugh. In every European hotel you fill out an information slip that asks for everything but the size of your underwear. I was fed up with them so in Vienna I decided to give them a good one, and for "occupation" I signed "Vice President Inland Steel Company". This morning the waiter insisted that Mr. Hess wanted to see me. In due course I presented myself at the desk and was promptly taken back to the inner sanctum where a large gentleman rose ponderously but courteously

I said "I am Mr. Randall". He said "Oh yes, of the Steel Company". I bowed modestly. (I know he thought I looked very young and suspected a hoax.) He said, "Mr. Randall, you are a very important man in your country, and you would confer a great favor upon us if you would grant an interview to our Vienna paper." I don't know what I said but I fled, and was soon wiping my brow on the street.

For the rest of the morning we had a buying orgy. Whoever spends all his money and doesn't wait for Vienna will be very unhappy. The best street is not long but deadly. You could shut your eyes and everything you touched you would want. Then we took a car and drove out along the Danube and up into the hills to Kobenzl, a restaurant that overlooks much of the city. Somehow we weren't very enthusiastic about it.

In the evening another treat, - the Flying Dutchman at the Opera. When I like an opera it is an event, and I was fascinated by this. I enjoyed especially the chorus of Norwegian girls singing and spinning at the beginning of the second act.

We had tried to adjust ourselves to the Viennese scheme of a high tea before and dinner after the theatre, but we weren't hungry afterwards. So we set out to be very wild and failed dismally. We went to the leading night club, "Pavillon", but it was terribly dull and we went home. Or perhaps we are getting old.

#### 11th

More shopping, and then to the Bristol for lunch. Here were the smart foreigners, but we didn't think that the restaurant was as good as at the Grant.

Then to a polo game. It was to start at five, and having in mind how at home it is interesting to watch crowds gather and see teams practice and knowing little of polo, we arrived at four twenty-five, and sat stark alone in the entire place until five when a few spectators straggled in, and the teams came on the field and started play immediately. It was a great sport, however, and very exciting at times. Not that it matters, but the Reds beat the Whites 7-4.

Business was extremely light at all entertainment places in Vienna. In fact, everywhere that we went in Europe it was apparent that the good old Americans are not spending this year. Few go first class and many go tourist.

We had dinner at Sacher's, not the restaurant but the old Hotel. Then we "went Viennese". We rode over to the Kurzalon which is a great park where all Vienna sits out at small tables and drinks beer or eats ice cream while an orchestra plays. The orchestra was so dainty in its rendition of the classics that we could hardly hear it, but we enjoyed watching the crowds. Over in one corner they were playing cards under the trees.

At last we started to walk back to the hotel. Soon we saw a large crowd all going in one direction, and, of course, joined on. It was the fountain night of the Festwochen. A very lovely fountain that blended from one color to another constantly, and that was surrounded by smaller ones. A band played, and the crowd kept coming as though the Pied Piper had called them out. Reluctantly we finally went home, and then discovered that the crowd was under perfect police control, required to arrive by one side of the avenue and depart by the other.

#### 12th

Leaving a hotel in Vienna requires a very definite technique. Quite ignorantly I went down to the office and inquired for my bill. What I should have done was to have rung for my floor waiter. But the office was not unprepared for such stupidity, and politely kept me waiting until my waiter could be summoned, after which the bill which had for some minutes been ready was handed to him and by him to me. In France the 10% added for service in lieu of all tips is now practically universal, and it is the greatest system in the world, but not so in Vienna. You can't possibly leave except in the presence of your waiter, and in no time the glad word goes round that some Americans are checking out, and everyone who has done you the remotest service turns up smiling. Naturally you haven't the slightest idea how much to give the valet as distinguished from the elevator boy or the door-man, and you heave a great sigh of relief as you find yourself in the taxi on the way to the station.

Our Paris train carried the same diner all the way through, but we had one meal in Austria, one in Germany and one in France, and each time the check was presented in terms of the currency of the country in which we then found ourselves. It is a great strain on one's arithmetic to move rapidly from one country to another.

Just at dark we stopped for about twenty minutes in Munich, and we walked up and down while it rained hard above the trainshed. From Salzburg to Munich we again had electric haulage.

13th

At three in the morning the jolly French customs officers came through the train pounding on all the doors and making a Roman holiday. We had it all framed for Emily to smile at them from the lower berth while from the upper I announced that we were American (they never would have suspected it, of course), that we were on our way to Cherbourg, and that we had no tobacco or alcohol, and it worked so well that they passed us up without opening anything. But it was hard going to sleep again. In the moonlight we crossed the Rhine.

We were just getting up at Epernay. I think it is interesting that I couldn't tell whether we were following the old battle line by looking out the window. I didn't know whether the railroad went south from Epernay, and the signs of the war have been so completely eliminated that until I actually saw the name "Chateau Thierry" on a station sign, I wasn't sure whether we were still on the old line. We had been following the Marne without knowing it. If you looked closely you could see that the roofs were new, and across on the hillside at Chateau Thierry you saw an enormous monument.

By the middle of the forenoon we were again established at the Pont Royal at Paris. We lunched at Ciro's, shopped in the afternoon, and dined most excellently at Larue's in the evening. In a downpour of rain we then went to the Casino de Paris, which was entertaining but not as good a show as the Folies Bergeres.

14th

We bought a dress, and I learned about dress fittings. Naturally I was quite embarrassed to be the sole male in the presence of half a dozen screens with all sorts of mysterious things going on behind them, but I bore up rather well. Then we shopped some more, including the department store Grand Magasin du Louvre.

We lunched at Cafe de Paris, and being a bit fed up with hors d'oeuvres, we had pea soup, roast beef, potato salad, and meringue glace with chocolate sauce.

In the afternoon we did the museum of the great war in Des Invalides, which, of course, is intensely



interesting. We had intended to have tea in the Bois, but it was raining.

For the evening, we dressed our prettiest and most formalest, secured our faithful Gabriel, and at 9:30 drove solemnly out to Chateau Madrid in the Bois for dinner. It was lovely, - fountains, soft lights, a concert orchestra and a dance orchestra, marvelous food including our favorite duck with fruit juices, - and just twelve people.

Then a delightful hour driving, - past the Etoile to the Place de la Concorde, out the Grande Boulevard to Place de la Republique, up Boulevards Magenta and Clichy through the Montmartre to Sacre Coeur, and then home. It was much nicer we thought to drive through the Montmartre than to spend several hours and a lot of francs on champagne that neither of us wanted in some very small and badly ventilated dance room. Probably it is our advancing years.

#### 15th

Sunday, and the only day of steady rain that we had on our trip. We were up in time to attend (and did attend) the morning service at the Episcopal Church, known as the American Cathedral. It is a beautiful building, and to my unpractised eye seemed to be in the best Gothic style. The pillars now and then interfered with your view, but I don't suppose they could be of glass. The music was fine. There was a large crowd for it was confirmation Sunday. Bishop Thomas of Wyoming preached in his best style. (I make no other comment.) We saw him for a moment afterwards, since he is a great friend of Mr. Gerhard's, and spoke of the time when he was in Winnetka.

A not very startling lunch at Laperouse on the left bank. It still rained, so we slept until time for tea at Rumpelmayer's. In the evening we tried Carmen at the Opera Comique for two acts, but my musical expert said it was not extraordinary, and I was quite content to go back to the hotel and pack for Belgium.

#### 16th

Subject only to the inevitable delays at leaving a French hotel, we made an early start, once more in our Voisin limousine with Gabriel. Our first stop was at Compiègne to see the railway car in which the armistice was signed. It is a most impressive spot. We then went to Soissons and along the tragic Chemin des Dames where again the marks of the war had nearly disappeared under the healing of time and intensive farming. Only the new

roofs, and the young trees along the highway instead of the stately avenues told the story.

We lunched at the Angleterre in Laon on the sidewalk while a cute little rascal about ten years old strutted up and down in a red coat and hat to open car doors. Inside were elaborate preparations for a big party. I opined that probably it was the local Rotary Club, but little "Jean" said it was a "noces d'or." It was not exactly a golden wedding in our sense, however, for the happy pair had been married but forty years.

As we approached Belgium brick houses began to make their appearance in contrast to the everlasting white stone and plaster of France. Through historic Maubeuge, and then across the border, where we came upon the first concrete highway of our trip. I have no doubt it had been reconstructed from reparations.

We were very comfortably situated in the Palace Hotel at Brussels, overlooking the Botanical Garden. We had just time to take a car and drive for an hour around the city, which impressed us most favorably. We stopped long enough to make our pilgrimage to Belgium's tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Knowing nothing about the restaurants, we had dinner at the Hotel Metropole.

#### 17th

I popped out of bed fairly early, and was quite indignant to find a message under my door which showed that Milton Brown had been trying to reach us by telephone the evening before during the hours that we had been in our room. In a few minutes, however, I had him on the phone, and arranged for us to come to his office in Antwerp.

The drive over took a little bit longer than it should have for the obvious reason that our driver was now on unfamiliar ground. It is not easy to get in and out of large cities in Europe. They were not laid out for convenient automobile traffic, and I have no desire ever to take my own car over there.

Our entire stay in Belgium is like a beautiful dream in our minds. No more charming hospitality could be imagined. Erica was waiting for us at Milton's office, and took us first to the Plantin Museum. In our ignorance we had never heard of that famous family of printers, the first of whom was a pupil of Gutenberg's, and the succeeding generations of which had carried on the old traditions in the same place. The home and the workshops were all there together and just as the family left them, contain-

ing priceless engraving plates and old blocks of type, to say nothing of the Rubens portraits, the tapestries, and the other art treasures which were in every room. There was also a genuine Gutenberg Bible to see which makes you do a lot of thinking.

Then to the Cathedral, so distinctive with its seven aisles, and containing those two enormous and rather gruesome paintings by Rubens, the Ascent of and the Descent from the Cross. There was also some fine woodcarving, but the thing we both thought so wonderful was a face of Christ painted on marble by da Vinci.

We lunched at their Chateau in the country, and while Milton went back to his office, the rest of us spent the afternoon on the estate. I have no superlatives left for describing it. Although not over twenty minutes or half an hour from Antwerp, the house is surrounded by a thousand acres of wild forest land with occasional meadows for the cattle. And everywhere the mark of the Germans, for Antwerp fell after five and one-half months. There are nineteen pill boxes and a complete system of trenches around the estate.

Antwerp has a large Exposition on this summer, which we were ashamed to confess we had never heard of. Part of it is called La Vieille Belgique, in which every house is an exact reproduction of some old Flemish dwelling. It is this which General Dawes wants to bring to Chicago for our fair. We went there for dinner and lost ourselves in the Middle Ages very happily until the illumination of the main Fair came on. Then we boarded a miniature railway and rode round and round, admiring the buildings and the fountains and the strange effects of the modern lighting.

Late that night in the Chateau, Milton and Erica talked intimately and tensely about the war. She told us how she and the gardener hid their brass in the outer jacket of the water tower, and how her sister unknown to anyone else in the family helped men to escape through the electric fence into Holland. When Milton left with the other Hoover men to join our army, they were engaged, but for two years no communications passed between them until at last on New Year's night after the armistice, late in the evening, he tapped on the door of the cottage by the ocean in Holland where she had gone when the Germans left. My part in the war seemed very small compared to hers.

18th

The next day was great fun, partly I suppose because it was entirely unexpected. Erica drove us over into Holland for a picnic as casually as we would drive down to Munising, taking with us a cousin of hers, a very interesting young man who was home for a few days from Athens, Greece, where he was in charge of an office for her father's company. We went to the islands of Zeelande, more particularly by way of Goes and Middleburg to Domburg on the island of Walcheren, coming home through the somewhat isolated village of West Kappelle, where everything looked exactly as though it had just stepped out of the picture books. There were the men with grizzled beards and short pipes and baggy trousers and wooden shoes, and the women with white caps from which dangled brass ornaments characteristic of their village, and with short sleeves from which very plump and extremely red arms escaped to find a resting place for their hands on their hips as we drove by. All were friendly. The children were exact duplicates of their elders in miniature according to sex. The houses were fresh with paint and the roads the best we saw in Europe. Everywhere dykes and on every sky-line a windmill. But in every such picture an illusion is shattered. I found to my astonishment that all the windmills turn to the left, - counter-clockwise.

We had a dip in the ocean, a picnic on the sands, an orgy of freshly picked cherries on the way home, and then a lovely dinner at the Chateau and a walk in the park before going to bed. And most reluctant we were to think of leaving in the morning.

19th

Paris in one day from the Chateau, about 400 kilometres. We left at 8:30 and arrived at 5:30, having lunched a bit frugally at Maubeuge.

We went through the French customs again very simply on my statement that we had no tobacco or alcohol, and had forgotten about it, when about an hour later two gendarmes suddenly rose out of the bushes and flagged us down and really went through our baggage. Gabriel said it was very unusual but was done occasionally to catch people who smuggle on their persons and later put the stuff back in their bags.

At St. Quentin there were still a few houses that had not been rebuilt after the war which gave Emily an idea of how they all looked in those towns during the winter of 1918-1919.

We reached Paris in time to dine at Voisin's. Again duck with orange. And again a taxi ride at night.

This time our room was on the top floor of the Pont Royal with a fine view. We could see across the river beyond the Louvre down Rue du Bac. Then as your eye swept round you could see Sacre Coeur, the Arc de Triomphe, the Trocadero, etc. The Eiffel Tower that night was lighted with enormous flashing signs advertising Citroen cars.

#### 20th

The last day in Paris is hectic. We go to the Bowman-Biltmore for final arrangements. Then we try on our dress and find it is noon. In our haste to pack we lunch at our hotel. Finally the trunk and the big suitcase are ready to go, and I personally ride across town to the St. Lazaire station with the Bowman-Biltmore courier to see them checked. I trust no one in Europe on baggage. Then I go all the way back for the key to the suitcase because the man won't check it until it is locked. The courier is monosyllabic in English, so I talk to him in French. He beams, tells me I speak beautiful French, and then releases such torrents of conversation that I am embarrassed. We resume our last-end shopping, and finally drop exhausted into chairs in the lobby of the Hotel Meurice where we fairly shout for ice water and ice cream.

For our last dinner we went out to Ledoyen, just at the foot of the Champs Elysees, (near the Grand Palais), and had a big time. The food was good and the crowd typically French. The leader of the orchestra intrigued us because he held the bow in his left hand. I asked him for something from "Der Graf von Luxembourg", and it was ~~so~~ sooner said than done.

By great good luck as we came out we hailed the finest taxi I ever saw in Paris. It was absolutely new, boasted non-breakable glass, and, of course, had that feature which makes a Paris taxi a joy, - the top that folds back and leaves the rear seat open. I don't know how long we rode, but we certainly were the best customers that fellow had that night. Whenever either of us could think of a place we went to it, and one after another we visited and passed in review our favorite

boulevards and monuments, and when at the end, I over-tipped him in honor of the last night, I found that all told I had spent about \$1.50.

21st

I was up with the lark, and took no chances on the French delays so that we were settled in the boat train a half hour before it left. And with all the comic relief that you would expect on the stage, just before the train left down the platform in great haste came a boy from the Pont Royal Hotel with a bill for another fifty francs that they had forgotten about.

I lunched on the train while Emily waited for the boat. She was right, as it takes less than three hours to Havre. The channel was like glass, and as we sunned ourselves on the top deck, dolphins sported about for our amusement. We stayed up until midnight and saw the tender load passengers and baggage at Plymouth.

And now I am through. The Paris is bucking headwinds, but doing the best she knows, and soon we will be back in the best of all countries and see the best of all kiddies.

C. B. R.

AND AGAIN IN 1936

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### AND AGAIN IN 1936

There is something a little unreal about a trip abroad, a sort of a "surely not me" feeling. You plan for it a long time ahead, and as sailing time approaches your anticipation has become so keen that you are afraid it can't be true, and then on the steamer coming home when you have finally survived all of the hazards of hotel reservations, baggage transfers, railway tickets, passports, etc., and relax in your cabin to attempt to transfer your glorious memories on to paper, it still seems altogether fantastic that so much should have happened to you and yours in so short a time.

None of us will forget the last twenty-four hours before we sank exhausted but happy into our seats on the Commodore Vanderbilt leaving Chicago, Monday, June 29th. Sunday had been peaceful until late afternoon, and from then on we had just about one crisis per hour. First there was the dog to put on the 7:30 train, and too late we found that the agent who was to have arranged the stop order, had had an accident in his family, and neglected to do so. But there are always ways, and we stopped the train anyway. We just couldn't take the dog to Europe.

Back at the house we found realtors in possession, showing prospects through on the assumption that we had left. To say nothing of Jane Parker calling to say goodbye to M-2 (Mary) and wondering what to do about strangers in our house. Then consternation to find that none of the keys that we had passed out to realtors would work, and that all would have to be made over next morning. By eleven o'clock almost an offer on the house after weeks of silence. By midnight a leaky faucet that would have to be fixed before we could leave.

It kept up on Monday. I was to have a brief final hour at the office, and believe it or not, in those final minutes, out of the blue another request for a price on the house. Not to mention the arrival of the new engineer I had hired for the iron mines. At last we were in the trainshed and subjected to the mental torture of that abominable baggage system under which the porter is not permitted to go with you, but "Will see you on the train." One minute before departure, with all Europe ahead, and not a bag in our stateroom. Dripping with anguish and perspiration I ran back along the platform shouting the porter's number, the train started to move, I had nothing to do but leap on at the



rear in sublime faith; E (Emily) didn't know where I was and I didn't know where the bags were; but, of course, the system had in fact functioned, and when I reached our car again just before we got to Englewood, there were the bags.

New York was little more than a glimpse and a promise. Sandwiched in between more or less constant efforts on my part to confirm the arrival of our trunks on board ship, we saw the city from the top of the Empire Building. Then M-2 (Miranda) and the mother went to Radio City, while M-1 and I paid our respects to W. C. Fields. Early to bed.

And at last the great day dawned. Such a gorgeous sun and sky, as we swanked to the dock in a limousine, with a detour past the rakish NORMANDIE where she was lying at dock. All was in order aboard, and flowers and mysterious parcels filled our stateroom with delicious confusion. Soon a dear friend to see us off. There really is nothing quite like having one face and handkerchief that are yours among the throng that crowd the railing as the dock drifts astern. Precisely at noon the gangplank rolled ashore, as the band played, and the bugle blared, and then for a brief moment the crowd on the ship waved frantically to those left behind as we drew apart. One man on the dock kept kissing three girls in rotation. Apparently he thought that was a fitting farewell to his friends on board.

Then lunch, and unpacking, and great to do about where to put all the flowers, and whether we could ever eat all the lovely candy and nuts and fruit. And that very first afternoon Father Neptune did his best to entertain us by producing a combined show of whales and porpoises that even the oldest oldtimers admitted they had never seen equalled. That evening they delivered telegrams and letters, and what a thrill it was to sit in the lounge and read so many nice messages from our friends and relatives.

The voyage was entirely up to specifications. We liked the WASHINGTON, and liked the people on it. Dick Baker, who was a football star at Yale, and whom I had known later at the Harvard Law School, turned up with his wife and two sons, and we all had lots of fun together. He and I played deck tennis every morning, but his Yale muscular coordination was a little too much for me. We had one day of roll that subdued E and M-2 just a little bit, but no one had any serious discomfort. I renewed my youth by dancing until all hours on a strangely moving deck. One night I was trying to decide whether to go to bed or wait for M-1 and the Baker son to show up, and

although I hadn't said a word, my mental problem must have been written on my face, for the lady next to me said "She can't get off the ship, you know."

We were to touch at Cobh in the wee small hours on Tuesday, and the evening before the passengers were sharply divided between the "stay-ups" and the "get-ups." We espoused the latter cause, and caught a few hours of sleep before going on deck at three. It was quite thrilling to see lighthouses blinking that meant Ireland, and soon to see the hills surrounding the harbor take form in the dawn. As we dropped anchor out came the tenders, and all the time that passengers and trunks and automobiles were being transferred, Paddy the bugler, who always comes out with the tenders, played the "Harp That Once" or "Endearing Young Charms," but just to break the spell he threw in an occasional "Moonlight and Roses." The "non-getters-up-at-all" were disgusted with the racket. We were under way again at six, and all trooped back to bed in a rather unsuccessful effort to complete the night.

Four that afternoon brought Plymouth, with all its hurly-burly of passports, landing cards, customs, etc. As we pulled away from the WASHINGTON on our tender we had a fine view of our sturdy ship, while before us were the shores from which Sir Francis Drake made history. As soon as we had passed the customs I wanted to check our heavy baggage direct to London, and was very much annoyed when I was given no receipt or anything at all to show for it. The baggageman said firmly but pleasantly, "Sir, this is England; they will be there." And they were!

Our Daimler was waiting, and we decided to gain a short leg on our trip that evening. Dartmoor was blanketed in fog so we took the southerly route to Exeter, along country highways teeming with roses and sweet peas, and passed herds of sleek looking cattle which seemed quite ready to provide Devon cream. The Rougemont Hotel gave us our first experience of English food, with the briskest little waiter that we saw in all Europe, and after a walk in a beautiful little park, we thought it would be well to get to sleep. That took a bit of doing, however, as the sun did not set until eight-thirty, and it was still dusk at ten-thirty.

#### Wednesday, July 8

It must be the ambition of every small boy in England to become a Hall Porter, and certainly it was a most resplendent specimen who presided at the Rougemont, and bade us farewell the next morning.

We had a hard day ahead of us, and had to hurry along. First, of course, to Exeter Cathedral, and then to Glastonbury where we saw the impressive ruins of the Abbey, and of the Abbot's Kitchen, with its curious opening in the roof which provided a down draft to collect fumes, as well as an updraft outlet for the smoke. Then to the Wells Cathedral, - not beautiful as those of France are, but breeding a sense of reverence for the past of the Anglo-Saxon race.

We lunched at the Royal Hotel in Bristol, and pushed on toward Wales, - really a half day behind schedule. We crossed the turbulent estuary of the Severn at a tiny spot called Aust, and had a very nippish and tuckish time maneuvering our long Daimler, with its mountain of baggage on top, on to the little ferry boat,

What a gorgeous afternoon of sunshine that was as we sped up those winding Welsh valleys, - one of the few days that we had when the sky was continuously unclouded. Around one sharp turn we came, and there just across the little stream were the picturesque ruins of Tintern Abbey, and always on the skyline there was a village, or country estate that you wished you knew more about. We stopped for tea at random at a midget place called the Roebuck Inn, just outside the village of Breinfield, and had the most interesting of cakes in the prettiest of gardens. As we drove through Ludlow, where Comus was just presented, the houses were so old and quaint that I promised myself definitely to return some day.

Finally, at eight-thirty and at the end of 240 miles we reached the Waterloo Hotel at Betts-y-Coed, but that charming spot was well worth waiting for. After such a late dinner it was still nevertheless daylight, and we found a country lane to walk on that led us back over the Conway River on a swinging foot bridge.

#### Thursday, July 9

We were now in the north of Wales, with rugged scenery and clear rushing streams, and in a very short time next morning we had reached the northern sea coast. Our way lay through Conway, a walled city that brought to mind what we have read of Carcassonne, and that most certainly would repay a leisurely return visit. At Llandudno we found a large and intensely British summer resort, with a mile or two of crowded beach and innumerable hotels. We took the marine drive around Orme's Head, a promontory that juts both high and far out into the ocean.

And now east again into England proper. No two people agreed as to just where the line was, and one man told me that each hundred years a county "comes over". The thing that they don't tell you about Chester is that the old part, which you see photographed so often, is surrounded and almost swallowed up by a modern industrial city with all of the romance dispelling noises and smells which that connotes. We lunched at the Grosvenor, and then strolled around on the second level past "God's Providence House" and the other shops, which are still in use but which are just about as old as any structures we Anglo-Saxons have.

Mist overhead and the mill towns of Lancashire to be gotten through made a rather indifferent afternoon, but nothing mattered when we were finally settled in the Old England Hotel at Bowness. The English lakes are, of course, not like the wild lakes that we are so fond of, and there are a good many char-a-bancs full of tourists, and a good many shops selling souvenirs, but they are lovely just the same. We hurried out into the garden, and had the very finest tea ever, right on the shore of Lake Windermere. M-1 and M-2 had a room that looked right down at it. By that time there was every indication that it was going to settle down for a night of rain, but nothing daunted, I hired a covered motor boat and we spent an hour and a half seeing nearly the whole lake, rain or no rain. It would be nice sometime to take the boat first, and stop for tea at the old lady's farmhouse opposite the little island called Grassholm.

Several things struck my attention at Windermere: that the houses are laid up with field stone almost without mortar; that the boatman lived in a house built about the time Harvard College was founded; and that as fast as possible public-spirited people buy up the land in the lake district and place it in the so-called National Trust, to be preserved for posterity.

Friday, July 10

Past more of the English lakes as we drove northward next morning. The hills were now becoming mountains. Over the border into Scotland at Carlisle, with its sanguinary history of border warfare. All morning past the sheep country. Flocks on every hill. The fences are still of stone as they were in the lake country, but much straighter. Some of those hillsides of northern England had been so subdivided with curving and angling fences that it didn't seem possible that there had been enough centuries in the civilized era for mankind to lay

all the stones in all the fences. And now in the sheep country we would see occasionally perfect circles of stone fence, which we assumed were shearing pens. And there in a field were our first highland cattle, - strange shaggy looking beasts.

For lunch to the Douglas at Galashiels, where we had come at the suggestion of good old Scotch Joe, the golf pro at Indian Hill, to buy woolens. The very nice manager at the Douglas sent us to Peter Anderson's, and there we saw tweeds actually being woven, - almost from the sheep to knickers before our eyes, - and there we bought cloth that we shall always think is the best there is. We learned too that there are seven kinds of wool on a sheep, that the best is found on the back of the neck, and that the blackfaced sheep have very coarse wool.

And after Galashiels, a pilgrimage to Abbotsford, that lovely estate created by Sir Walter Scott during his prosperity and regretted during his subsequent poverty, and still occupied by his grandson. Curious Chinese wall-paper, and illumination by gas. It seems that Scott was the first President of the Gas Company at Edinburgh.

We reached Edinburgh and the Caledonian Hotel in time for dinner at seven o'clock, which is almost a record for the British Isles. No one thinks of eating that early except we starving Americans. After that to a movie, a Zane Grey Western and Marlene Dietrich in "Desire". The audience stood in the rain in a "queue" to get tickets, and loved it after they got in. We caught ourselves just in time at the end from dashing out before "God Save the King." English bands and orchestras have two kinds, a short one and the long one, and suit the choice to the occasion.

#### Saturday, July 11

This was a big day. We didn't wait for Edinburgh Castle to open, but headed straight west for Stirling (from Striveling which meant striving). We stopped for a moment to visit the church where Mary Queen of Scots was crowned, and from there we could see the whole mountain chain of the Grampians on the sky line, Ben Ledi, Ben Vorlich and all the others. By great good luck we picked exactly the right time to visit the Castle, for it was Saturday morning inspection for the garrison, and the regimental Pipers were out in full regalia making the old courtyard ring with pibrochs, or whatever it is.

The bass drummer looked ferocious with a leopard skin over his kilt, and swung two sticks over his head and behind his back with wild abandon. The snare drummers at times of brief pause in the music pressed the ends of their sticks against their lips. From where we stood on the ramparts we could see the field of Bannockburn and four other battlefields.

And now into the Highlands proper. For lunch to the Trossachs Hotel at the eastern end of Loch Katrine. Heavy tourist traffic necessarily converges here, but it is well controlled and nothing can detract from the grandeur of those venerable hills that look down in such a friendly way, as though they knew that they had been partly ours since high school days. I was surprised, and perhaps a little disappointed to find that for the most part they are bare of trees. The stag at eve would now have a little difficulty in finding much hazel shade, but this is more than compensated for by the beauty of the heather. It was fully up to E's expectations, and she, of course, is our flower expert. And even though it smacks of the tourist trade a little, I was delighted when now and then as we rounded a turn in the road, we would come upon a lone piper in highland costume, standing there in the rain if need be, on the offchance that he could pick up a sixpence.

We gave up the car now, to meet it again at dusk at the lower end of Loch Lomond, and embarked on the little steamer that plies the clear waters of Loch Katrine. Ellen's Isle is about two acres small, and we would have many such on our own Lake Michigamme if we could but add the heather to their rocks and evergreens. I don't know who owns the occasional "shooting boxes" that we passed, but they were quite palatial. It rained hard at times, and wispy clouds were hanging low over the Grampian peaks, but somehow all that seemed to be in character.

We disembarked at the far end of Katrine, and appropriated for ourselves the rear seat of one of the picturesque horsedrawn tallyhos that perform the stage journey over to Loch Lomond. "Down the glen" we clattered to Inversnaid for tea, and little did we care that it rained in gusts off and on, and little did the Scotch laddie care who hung on behind and applied the brakes.

As we went aboard the next lake steamer on Lomond we had old Ben Vorlich and three brother Bens directly across the lake from us at the boat landing, and Ben Lomond at our left. It was a long and dreamy

ride down Lomond, with occasional stops for passengers, and inspiring scenery. To lend a touch of local color, three waiters doubled as musicians, and gave us all the old ballads. Only once did the spell break, and that was when they slipped in "The Music Goes Round and Round." The Daimler was waiting for us at the end of this trip, and tired but happy we were back in Edinburgh for a late dinner.

As to lakes, M-2 rates Lomond first, Windermere second, and Katrine third, and I concur.

Sunday, July 12

We left Edinburgh next morning reluctantly, and with the most kindly feelings for romantic Scotland. Past Melrose Abbey, which was closed, but which we glimpsed through the windows of a kindly and adjacent tavern keeper. And past Jedburgh Abbey too. Both of these fine old monuments have been despoiled for generations by local stone masons who found them much more convenient than stone quarries.

At the border our search for Hadrian's Roman Wall brought us to a sheep pasture, and to ordinary walls that were scaled by E with both agility and grace. It was strange to be looking at symmetrical blocks that had been neatly laid up by Romans, so far from Rome, fifteen centuries ago.

For lunch we took pot luck and were most happy with the result at a small tavern on the Tyne just outside of Chollerford, and called quite simply the George. We had gooseberry pie, hot in a saucer, and Cheshire cheese, and outside along the river there were enormous sweep peas growing.

To Durham Cathedral just as the Sunday vesper bell was ringing, and what a pity that we could not stay for the service in this stately and historic old place.

To the Spa Hotel at Ripon for tea and to spend the night. A first-class place with a smart woman manager, who bemoaned the drinking habits of some American college girls who had spent some time there on their own; and a Scotch headwaiter who coached E and me on the etiquette of dining in an English hotel. And not forgetting the very passable cup of coffee for breakfast. After dinner, in the rain, E and M-2 and I went up to the public square to see a surviving custom, the origins of which go back far into antiquity. At exactly nine, a man in mediaeval

costume stalks out and blows a blast in each direction on a long curved horn to signify that the Wakeman, or Mayor, assumes no further responsibility for the safety of wayfarers for that night.

Our trip to date might be entitled "Seeing England without a reverse gear". Something went wrong with that part of the anatomy of the Daimler early in the game, and we adroitly always stopped facing up hill if it was going to be necessary to turn around.

Monday, July 13

We drove a short way to Fountains Abbey, and started walking about this lovely old ruin in tempting sunshine, but we were not to be deceived by now and took our umbrellas, as such places have no roofs. In ten minutes we were right. I was highly diverted by the solemn English caretaker from whom I bought the entrance tickets, and who seemed to be alone on the landscape. When I asked "To whom do I give the tickets," he replied, "No one, sir."

Then came unexpectedly quite a colorful incident. We had changed our proposed itinerary at this point and were heading down through the center of England, instead of holding to the east for York and Peterborough. I had not refreshed my recollection at all about old Baildon Hall whence came my ancestors on mother's side some seven generations ago, because I thought there would be no chance to look it up, but here we were near Leeds, and the family very sweetly said it would be nice to have a try at it.

No sooner said than tired, but the doing was quite another matter. Our chauffeur's sentences when making an inquiry were so English as to be unintelligible even to an Englishman, and we ourselves never knew at all what he was talking about. Usually I got out and tried Americanese too. Finally, in a store in Leeds we found a man who said that Baildon was near Bradford, some few miles west, and finally we reached it, though only after a series of misdirections and conflicting advice from people only a mile or two away that had us all convulsed with laughter.

But when we drew up in the little village of Baildon, and I stepped out to inquire the whereabouts of the old Hall, I knew at once that the question was unnecessary. There before me came to life the old picture which we Beldens have seen since childhood, and which appears in



our traditional family booklet, although erroneously captioned as being near Kippax. There seemed to be a lot of new construction going on around it, so I stepped into the little contractor's office, and the two young men there stopped all business and took me to their bosoms. It seemed that their company had bought the property for subdivision purposes, and had sold the old and unoccupied Hall to the Masonic Lodge to be made into a clubhouse.

I called the ladies and we walked over to the Hall. Built in 1553, its exterior was still in sturdy condition. The adjoining building had been built in 1664. Inside we roamed all over what must once have been a fine dwelling, with panelled walls, oak staircases built without nails, and perhaps a secret panel or two. It was quite a moving thought to me to be in rooms that once had echoed to the voice of my own flesh and blood, but about whom I know so little. I wondered what it was that had led Sir Francis Bayldon to leave England, and what traits, if any, had come down to me from him.

E coveted some little souvenir from the place, and if we had come a month or so earlier, before the sale to the Masons, we could have had anything at all. The nice young man then suggested the old sun-dial, which was, of course, perfect as an idea, but alas when they came to look for it they couldn't find it. Imagine not knowing where you had put an old relic of that kind. The young man promised to try to find it, and to write me if he did. And meanwhile he had telephoned to the Masons, and they professed to be quite excited about our being there, so I had to give him a letter for their archives telling who I was.

We lunched very well at the Victoria, a station hotel in Sheffield, and set out for Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's country place, even though it is not in Devonshire but in Derbyshire. You can't miss it because it covers the whole countryside, and the road goes through it, but unfortunately it was closed on Mondays. E wangled a walk up to the house for us, but even her tearful pleading to the butler (or someone) about our coming all the way from America couldn't get us in.

But we didn't get even that far at Haddon Hall. It has been closed to the public for years, and the icy person on guard wouldn't even let us peak in the gate. So we made a long run on to the Regent Hotel at Leamington in order to get an early start on the morrow. On the way we passed through Coventry, but I didn't even suggest stopping to look for Godiva. The Regent was packed, and

we got literally their last rooms, but we didn't mind because it is great fun traveling without a fixed schedule, and stopping when and where you want to. In the evening the family went to the movies while I walked in the magnificent public gardens.

Tuesday, July 14

E and I rose with the lark, for I wanted her to see the gardens, but that little expedition had its sombre side, for on our return we found that the maid had pounded on M-2's door instead of E's, and that M-2 had had to sit there about an hour fully dressed and waiting for breakfast.

First to Kenilworth, which is a ruin, but one reeking with history. As late as 1932 they discovered the foundations of a Norman Chapel, and a bridge across which Queen Elizabeth passed.

Then to Warwick, which is not a ruin, but a castle which is at once ancient and modern, and quite the loveliest thing in all England. The hour that we spent there was one of the high spots of the whole trip, and was by itself worth crossing the ocean for. Not to see it is not to see England. If you want battlements, they are there, perfect and unspoiled: if you prefer knightly armor, there is the best collection in the world, including a suit of mail made specially for a deformed child; if it is painting that attracts you, or tapestry, the walls are covered with the old masters, including the portrait of a lady for whom Van Dyck painted the head, and Reynolds the body a hundred years later.

And all the time you realize that the Earl of Warwick lives there and uses the rooms you are seeing, that he is the nephew of Anthony Eden, and that his son, Lord Brooke, is exactly two years, one month, and nineteen days old on the day that you are there.

And if you should be so extraordinarily fortunate as to have for your guide the charming young man who took us around, your cup of pleasure will be overflowing. His humor, which seemed so unstudied and spontaneous, kept us in stitches. He described for us the death of Amy Robsart, and said solemnly that to this day the mystery had never been solved, - as to whether she had been pushed or shoved. He recited Thackeray's "Poor Fred, he's dead," for which the distinguished author had been scolded by Queen Victoria. He made

spooky remarks in the ghost room. And he illustrated the dramatic power of Mrs. Siddons by saying that when she went into a shop and asked for flannel, the clerk fainted when she thundered "Will it wash."

We were still under the spell of Warwick when we drove through Stratford, and perhaps that is why we took but a few brief moments to do the traditional things such as Shakespeare's birthplace, and Anne Hathaway's cottage, in which, by the way, the family lived continuously from 1470 until 1911. The whole town has now about the same simple charm as Lincoln Park on a Sunday afternoon in August, and all it did for me was to teach me that the play is spelled "Troilus" and not "Troilus."

But the spell came quickly back at luncheon, for certainly there can be no more heavenly spot than the Lygon Arms at Broadway. The single street of the village marks the perfection of Cotswold architecture, and the inn with its garden is a gem that is perfect in every detail, even to dogs on the hearth in the dining room.

We spent most of the afternoon driving along the country roads in the Cotswold district, admiring the houses. No one had told me that the local stone of which they are all built is yellowish in color. Once we were stopped by a very determined police sergeant who examined meticulously all of the chauffeur's papers. He had dug up the fact that on a certain back road we should find the country estate of the Earl of Northampton, called Compton Winyates, and although the house was not open to the public we had a good look at the formal gardens, and the surrounding English countryside.

Then on past Blenheim, where lives the American-born Duchess of Marlborough, through Oxford where we walked through Christ College and drove past Magdalen, to the splendid Mayfair Hotel in London in time for dinner. Our rooms were waiting exactly as promised, in spite of the fact that this hotel like all of London was thronged with people. They hadn't had a vacant room in three weeks, but the service was perfect, our baggage was all there, and we were quite content. Our first job, of course, was to get the laundry off, as I was down to my last collar, and when our bundles were ready they were enormous.

Looking back at the trip we realized that the day in Wales was the only one that had been entirely free of rain, but the showers were always short, and they hadn't

really bothered us a bit. We had found the English roads universally good, and the ever present highway constabulary who invariably saluted as we passed, very smart and courteous.

For our diversion we had made the following notes on English hotels:

They serve you water only when you ask, and then the waiter doesn't pour it.

You pay extra for breakfast as early as eight, and order the night before. At Windermere the breakfast hour was nine, and I paid extra for eight-thirty.

Silverware brackets your plate on all sides.

Beds extremely comfortable.

When you leave you pay your bill to the headwaiter.

At table you order only one course at a time.

There are no napkins at tea, and no finger bowls ever.

Salad practically non-existent.

Service at table brisk: we called the waiters plate snatchers.

A constant chattering of "Thank you" by waiters each time something is placed before you, which becomes an explosive "Kew".

All menus are identical in sequence, and the food practically identical.

When you finish a course you are supposed to indicate the fact by placing your knife and fork up and down in the center of your plate, handles toward you.

Hot and cold water faucets reversed.

Porters are bag snatchers too. Our bags were always gone when we came up from breakfast.

Wednesday, July 15

A good sleep for all, and then I departed for the London office of the American Express Company in my role of tour manager to wrestle with the mechanics of our further travels. I found it just as quiet as the Chicago and Northwestern depot on the day of a big football game. Swamped with this year's American traffic to England, in cramped quarters, the limited staff struggled to keep their heads above water, but it was a madhouse, and I wonder that any of their clients arrive at the correct destinations. To collect my own wits and try to think out how to proceed I fell in line for mail, and the armful that I eventually received restored my morale. Letters are wonderful things.

This time my optimism carried me through the mob into the comparative quiet of a back room where a competent Mr. King with great friendliness said "Oh yes, you are Mr. Randall, how are your rooms at the Mayfair," and picked up a file that was all about us. He impressed me very much, and I still think he is a real fellow, but he was plainly overworked, and we were to find on the continent that six errors were made in the London office with respect to our arrangements.

And then to the money window. I am a great believer in bringing foreign currency from the States, and the English pounds that I had picked up in Chicago had lasted me to this point. Now I began on my letter of credit, and as I was counting my change the lady in line behind said "I thought that voice was familiar." It was Mrs. Walter Strong of Winnetka.

We wanted a quick pre-view of London, and I set out to pick up a guide for a half day, but it is typical of London this summer that I couldn't get one for love or money at Cook's, or American Express, or the hotel, or anywhere. We fell back on a Daimler chauffeur and he was all right. While with him, we saw the Tower and the Crown jewels.

The best dinner that we had in England, and perhaps anywhere, was that night at the Berkeley, although I was shamefully underdressed by wearing merely my dinner coat. London is extremely smart and very formal in the evening. Thence to see "The Frog", the best mystery play any of us have ever seen. It outbats "The Bat". The Regent Theatre was curious for the roof rolled back in the center during intermissions to let out the smoke. I couldn't quite get used to seeing pipes in the theatre with tails.

Thursday, July 16

Up at 7:15, which is the very scream of dawn in an English hotel, and out to Hyde Park for the first trooping of the colors under Edward VIII, and the first presentation of new colors by the King in fifteen years. Our early bird policy won us fine seats, and we shall never forget those thousands of red-coats, swinging rhythmically into line under the first sunshine that we had seen for days, or the crisp manly voice of His Majesty over the loud speaker as he voiced an earnest wish for peace. His short talk was a classic, and thrilled me tremendously. I think he is a real fellow, and so do all Englishmen. At one point he passed very close to us on a magnificent sorrel, and across the parade ground we could see the figures of Queen Mary and the tiny Princesses. Three guardsmen fainted in ranks near us, and it made us a little wobbly ourselves to hear them go plump on the turf, their equipment rattling to break the perfect silence, and their bearskin hats rolling off at odd angles. We did not, of course, see the incident that occurred when the King was returning, and which was made so much of in the American papers, quite eclipsing the dignity and beauty of the ceremony itself. I doubt very much if a serious attempt was made on his life. An English crowd would tear such a man limb from limb, and I think the whole affair was exaggerated.

For lunch to Simpson's, which is traditional for Americans in London, but the entire two floors were jammed to bulging, and we got more atmosphere than food. Then to Westminster, which we reached just at service time, so we stayed and heard the lessons read in sonorous tones by the Archdeacon and the Dean respectively. We had stopped on the way in to watch a wedding party leave the fashionable St. Margaret's Church, and on leaving I was surprised to find what probably I should have known, - that there is a statue of Lincoln directly across from the Abbey.

Dinner at the Savoy. This time I was more at ease for I was wearing tails. Then to St. Martin's Theatre to see an amusing farce, "Heroes Don't Care," and so to bed.

Friday, July 17

Once more the mechanics of travel: trunks for Paris, hand luggage to be rearranged, a parcel for the boat, transportation and hotels and automobiles for Holland and Germany to make sure of, money in all the currencies that lay ahead, and a futile guess as to how many

"Registered Marks" to take for Germany, and as to what to do with them after you had them. At the Mayfair anxious people were waiting for our rooms so we gave up one at two and the other at six. While E and M-1 went back to Westminster, I finished the mechanics and M-2 wrote letters. Then we all went to Mme. Tussard's Wax Works, now in new quarters that obviously followed the fire of a few years ago. This should clearly be done on even the most hurried trip. I was now sparring trying to come out even on English currency. Probably we were wrong in having an early dinner at the Mayfair, as we could have had it on the train to Harwich. Late in the evening we boarded the 2400-ton Prague for our crossing to the Hook of Holland. I assured E that it would be a comfortable night, but kept my fingers crossed.

Saturday, July 18

A very short night, what with dropping anchor at dawn, and the twenty minute advancing of the clock by the independent Dutch. We breakfasted on the train, as we glided past the lush green meadows of Holland, where frequently a grazing cow would have a tarpaulin tied on her back to keep off the rather continuous rain. We were in the Amstel Hotel at Amsterdam where most commodious rooms awaited us by 8:15, and I prudently put the entire family to bed for two hours before beginning our sightseeing.

Then for an automobile ride around town. I took a guide, but that was wrong, as the nice Dutch boy who drove the car proved to be better. We visited the diamond cutters, saw the Weeping Tower from which Hudson sailed on his voyage of discovery, and in the bay a 15,000-ton whaling ship with a cavernous hole in its stern, through which the entire whale is drawn into the ship for processing. We saw the lovely residential part of Amsterdam, and an infinite number of canals and barges and watercraft of all sorts. The city takes its name from a contraction of Amstel-re-dam, or Amstel on the dam.

After an expensive but delectable luncheon at the Amstel, we drove to the Rijksmuseum to see Rembrandt's "Night Watch", and to be stunned by its size and beauty. Thence to a shop selling blue Delft Ware, where the famous painting was available, reproduced in Delft, for \$1500.

But "Madam your boat is here" is the way really to see Amsterdam. For an hour and a half he wound us around canals, blowing a curious horn with his mouth at the intersections. He took us out into the bay where one channel leads to the Zuyder Zee, and another to the North Sea. We passed close to the whaler which we found to be the Sir James Clark Ross of Sandefjord, Norway, and saw a ship leaving for India, and another just in from Greece.

Then for a typically Dutch supper at the Dorrius Restaurant, where we couldn't read a word of the menu except for occasional similarities to either German or English. I had given myself a mental test by observing the route of the taxi, and managed to get the family safely home by walking. Then we sat alongside the canal on the hotel terrace and watched boat traffic on the water, and vehicular traffic on the bridge. We noticed that the street cars all carried post-boxes.

Sunday, July 19th

This picturesque day made memorable by Vollen-dam and Marken, began in leisurely fashion when our car called for us at 9:30. We were soon in the country, and had decided that the thing which makes the Holland landscape, so different is not only its flatness, but the complete absence of fences, for, of course, it is the canals and ditches that separate the fields and divide the ownership. And even if they are now fewer in number, windmills still serve the vital function of draining fields that are below sea level, as well as the aesthetic one of delighting the eye.

We stopped at a farmhouse and saw Edam cheese in the making. We even sent some to the States. We peeked into the cubbyholes let into the wall where the family sleeps, and although the cows were at pasture, the place was so immaculate that the stalls which they occupy in winter didn't seem so incongruous, even though they were under the same roof as and alongside the room in which the family had just had breakfast.

Then through Monnickendam, where in the tower that was built with its clock in 1400, we saw the iron horses rush around to strike the hour. The motion was very disturbing to a pigeon that wanted to alight on a horse's back.

Vollendam is just as you hope Holland will be. The people still preserve the old costumes of black baggy pants and wool shirts for the men, with a gold clasp at the throat and a black sausage like circle around their throat, and lace caps for the women, with black gowns and embroidered bodices, and sometimes a string of pink coral at the throat; and they can't all do it for the tourists, for there were hundreds of them. The fishing fleet was in, choking the harbor with swaying masts, and we had the great good luck to be there at 11:30 on Sunday morning to see the entire population pour out of the Catholic Church,- first all the men, and then the women.



Then out into the shallow Zuyder Zee to the Protestant island of Marken. A fine old Hollander skippered our boat, assisted by a strapping son who spoke some English, and for whom it was called "Jonge Jacob". A good stiff wind was blowing which rolled us pretty smartly, and it rained intermittently, but we sat out in the stern under our umbrellas and sang lustily "Beside the Zuyder Zee" and "When It's Tulip Time in Holland".

The fleet was in at Marken too. The new dyke at the mouth of the Zuyder Zee behind which most of its area will be drained over the next twenty-five years has made the water nearly fresh and destroyed all the fishing but that for eels. The Vollandam fleet has to be content with that, but the Marken boats go out into the North Sea. Eventually Marken will join the mainland on one side, and my grandchildren will probably go there in automobiles.

Among the few houses are some that are very old, and we visited one where all the family still eat, live, and sleep in one room, plus the connecting loft above. Coming back the Captain performed an unbelievable feat of navigation to bring us through the entire fishing fleet and into a berth that didn't seem to have a handbreadth to spare on either end.

We lunched at the Spaander, and then drove home through Edam (a very small spot to be so internationally famous), thus avoiding the Sunday tourists who had by now caught up to us. On the way we saw one of Holland's few remaining storks.

Holland's loyalty to gold makes business very bad, and foreign travel almost extinct. Our splendid hotel was nearly empty, and they all but wept at our departure.

Everywhere in Europe the bicycle is King, but in Amsterdam the entire population seemed to be pedaling.

I liked the Dutch people. I thought they were more like Americans in dress and manners than any that we saw anywhere else.

#### Monday, July 20

An early breakfast (with Edam cheese) and then off for Germany on that grand train the Rheingold Express. We had four extremely comfortable chairs in what Europe

now calls the "Pullman", and the enormous plate glass windows gave us an unobstructed view of the landscape.

Before leaving Holland, and after we had passed Utrecht, we saw country that did great violence to our preconceived notions of that country, - sand dunes and extensive forests of evergreens. In the distance we saw the roofs of a village that our map said was Doorn. The German border lies between Zevenaar and Emmerich, and my troubles began when the customs gentry came swarming aboard in their swanky green uniforms. I had to explain seven kinds of money that I had on my person to a man who spoke no English, and there could be no mistake, or there would be trouble when I again crossed the border. The so-called Registered Mark costs you but about \$0.25, but Mr. Hitler limits you to fifty per person per day for strictly living expenses, and I couldn't get by on that when I came to travel by automobile with all my dependents. You can spend all the regular marks you want, but they cost you \$0.40. To enforce all this he wants to know a great deal about you when you come in and again when you leave.

Then there was much pother with the conductor about my tickets, and out of the pantomime and his vigor I discovered that American Express had neglected to pay our extra fare. That nearly exhausted the scant supply of marks that I had laid in at the high rate of exchange, and left me on very thin ice for lunch. The checks for the Registered Marks can only be cashed at designated banks.

Through Dusseldorf and across the Rhine at Cologne where the Cathedral backs up to the depot, so that we had an oblique look at it. Then through Bonn, Coblenz and Mainz, - the most picturesque panorama imaginable, with the Rhine winding always at our left, and vine covered hills rising precipitously to be crowned with castles. We lunched in our chairs while this scene unfolded outside, and E was in utter confusion trying to eat, look, and read a guide book in German, all at the same time. Then on through the fertile fields of Mannheim and Karlsruhe where intense cultivation was on every side and where we first saw the yokes of cream colored cattle doing the farm work which became so familiar to us later.

At last Brenner's Stephanie Hotel at Baden-Baden, the very creme de la creme of fine hotels. Our window looked out over a park and a rushing stream, and E will certainly insist upon going back some day. It was full up, but there were surprisingly few Americans about. We

had never seen such a vast bathtub as was provided for us. You needed a life belt handy before venturing in.

We went for a walk up the parked boulevard called the Lichtertaler Allee, along the stream, and straight over our heads came the Graf Zeppelin on its way from Frankfort to Friederichshafen for repairs. It had just come in the day before from South America. Our chauffeur had by this time turned up so we rode round the wooded foothills of the Black Forest and then M-1 and M-2 and I repeated it in a horse-drawn carriage amid much merriment. In the evening to the Kurhaus for an open air concert and then to a highly luxurious slumber.

Tuesday, July 21

And now south into the Black Forest. Climbing steadily our road wound continuously with first a vista of forest covered hills on the left and then on the right, and always an impetuous stream of clear water dashing down the valley. For the first hour or two there were many towns, including Freudenstadt, and then gradually these dwindled to villages and straggled further apart.

The forests are owned by the State of Baden, and it is this rigid public control that preserves the beauty and at the same time makes possible intensive wood culture. Selective cutting is practised, and on every hillside men can be seen skidding glistening peeled logs down with no apparent break in the thick verdure above. Solid unbroken evergreen forests over the hill-tops with pastures below make a fascinating landscape. Occasionally we would come upon a small sawmill where each log is meticulously cut into boards, and those very boards piled back again in the exact shape of the log, separated only by air spaces for drying.

We were in the province of Wurttemberg for luncheon, and stopped at a small hotel in Schamberg. No patrons were in sight, but the waiter explained to me that their clients were English all of whom had gone to Constance for the day on an excursion. Music from a Swiss broadcasting station was coming in over the radio as we ate.

Soon after luncheon we crossed the Danube just a few miles from its source, and now the Black Forest became delightfully rural, and the calendar seemed to turn back a generation or two. No tractor here nor mowing machine. The ox was the motive power, and even the cow was yoked. Woman found her place with the hoe,

and every member of the family worked hard and long in the fields. Our venerable Buick now had its top open, and we drank in mile after mile of beauty.

We reached Constance on Bodensee, which we call Lake Constance, in time for tea, and our breath was fairly taken away by the Insel Hotel which our chauffeur had selected for our night's stop. We wondered why we had never heard of it. Actually built as a monastery in 1236, it came into the hands of Count Zeppelin, and was transformed into a hotel in 1876. E and I had a room overlooking the lake with an alcove in the very tower where John Huss had been imprisoned, while M-1 and M-2 looked out into the old cloister. On the walls of the state dining room or Spiesesaale were drawings made by Monks no one knows how long ago. And with it the most astonishing luxury: an easy chair in the bathroom, steamheated towel racks, - and as usual no soap. I thought this was sort of "Luxe sans Lux".

Here we found De Forest Hulburd of Chicago and his family. And we were now all in such a delicious state of mental confusion that it was hard to remember where we had spent the night before, and no member of the party had the slightest idea where we had been a week ago.

Wednesday, July 22

Up early and across Lake Constance on a ferry to Meersburg, surrounded by the rucksacks, shorts, and heavy shoes of hikers of both sexes and all nationalities. Soon we passed one of the oldest castles in Germany, but we didn't stop as it didn't look attractive.

Our first objective was the Zeppelin factory at Friederichshafen, and we were well repaid. We saw the new hangar which was built for the Hindenburg, and inside we found an army of workmen fabricating the new one of similar dimensions. In the adjoining one the Graf was being overhauled, and we were permitted to walk along outside and peer into the rooms and see the controls. Enormous crowds were milling around everywhere, as these ships deeply stir the German imagination, and the presence of so many people must bring a not inconsiderable revenue, as there is a charge for admission. At the entrance end of the two hangars the ground rises quite sharply to a hill, and it seemed to me that the space for maneuvering was very limited in comparison with our wide landing fields.

As we pushed on we saw many bizarre things: what looked like Christmas tree ornaments on sticks in the gardens, minute shingles that looked like fish scales on the sides of the houses, and fractional street numbers on dwellings such as 17-1/9.

On now into the heart of Bavaria. No vineyards here, but mountains cultivated part way up, with forests above. Mist floating wispily around the summits which didn't appear so very high because we ourselves had reached higher altitudes. Peat beds with women cutting and drying the blocks. Bulbous towers instead of spires on the churches. Lunch at the Hirsch tavern in Immenstadt which we negotiated without hearing a word of English spoken by anyone. So far as we could tell we were the sole Americans in all that part of the country.

Of mad Ludwig's two homes we selected Neuschwanstein perched high on the cliff to visit, leaving Hohenschwangau which we could catch glimpses of across the gorge, for the next visit. I could not hope to describe the infinite variety of decoration or estimate the enormous cost of this palace which the insane monarch began in 1869 and never really finished or enjoyed. Not an inch of wall space or ceiling in the living quarters but what is covered with paintings portraying the legends of Niebelungen, Parsifal, Tristan, etc.

Then on in the rain, the mountains growing higher and made soft and mysterious by the drifting mist. Through Oberammergau whose majestic peaks have for three centuries looked down approvingly upon the spiritual expression of the villagers through the medium of the Passion Play. Through Garmisch-Partenkirchen and past the Olympic Ski Slide and Stadium. And finally for the night to the Post Hotel at Mittenwald. Here there were no Americans or English, but crowds of Germans, and we should have had no rooms at all if I had not been forehanded and had the porter telephone ahead from the little inn at Neuschwanstein.

A lovely secluded valley cut off from the world by towering peaks. We couldn't guess their height, but snow glistened in the gullies way up there, and at night solitary lights blinked about half way up which marked the shelters for the mountain climbers. I learned later that the hotel was at 3,000 feet, and that the peak went up to 7,800. Heavy rocks on the roofs of the houses spoke volumes. All the men were in costume on the streets. The little shops had many interesting things in the windows, but Mr. Hitler had made the money problem too complex, and I forbade all buying. In noble self-sacrifice I even gave up a pair of leather Tyrolean shorts that I coveted.

Thursday, July 23

The Austrian border lay just ahead, and we did so want to run across to Innsbruck, but I was afraid that

if we got out we might have trouble getting back, so we gave it up. Our driver said that at Constance they told him the Austrian border was closed, although we couldn't find out why. I wonder if the day will ever come when crossing from one country to another over there will be as simple as it is from the United States into Canada.

When E and I woke and looked out at the almost perpendicular cliff across the valley, the peak was hidden in mist, and we wondered whether it would lift. Bells rang at seven, and we became aware of the most beguiling echoes. When a train whistled the first toot lasted into the second and the sound was continuous. When the town clock struck, M-2 thought that its single tone was three sets of bells.

The charm was broken a bit as we drove out of town to find in the outskirts an enormous public building project, - new barracks.

And now for the big thrill, the climbing of the Zugspitze, - 9,700 feet high. We took seats on an electric cog-train which climbed for a half hour in the sunlight up to the timber line where hardy cows were grazing. Below lay the emerald waters of the ice cold lake called the Eibsee. Then for a half hour we climbed in a tunnel. At last the train stopped and we came out on to the observation platform - in a snowstorm. Nothing at all to be seen but swirling snowflakes. The temperature was 34. It was a weird sensation.

It seemed like folly to climb in the storm another 1,200 feet in a swaying cable car, with a sheer drop to rocks and snow below, but nothing daunted we undertook it, and great was the reward. Hardly had we perched on the very tippy-top before the clouds parted for a few brief moments, and there lay all the Kingdoms of the earth spread out below in glowing sunlight. It was so beautiful you couldn't talk.

Our cable car that looked like Prof. Picard's stratosphere gondola took us safely back to the little hotel called the Schneeferner Haus, and there at about 8,500 feet we had one of the best luncheons of the whole journey.

And now toward Munich. Past lovely Walchensee, clear and green from the rushing streams, ringed by mountains and forests, and with no beauty spoiled in spite of heavy travel. Much of the way we sped through forests that looked quite like Northern Michigan

From my arrival in Munich until I woke in France, next morning, the mechanics of travel plagued me no end. I did not have enough left from my Registered Marks to pay off my driver, so I went to the American Express office. Another madhouse. I wanted money but not too much, so I cashed two regular traveler's checks and some Dutch Guilder. My tip to the driver must have been all right, for as a gesture of farewell he drove us gratuitously to see the so-called Brown House where the Hitler movement started, and the vast new memorial adjoining, all heavily guarded with soldiers.

Supper at the Regina Palast. I was now desperately short of marks and counting every pfennig. I was even stingy with the girl who had checked my hat and stick. Quite by luck the American Express Courier who was to meet me at the train with our sleeper tickets found us at that hotel, and took us to the station. Much pother and perspiration here. We had two rooms in one car and two in another, and nothing could be done about it. Then someone discovered that our extra fare for the Orient Express had not been paid. Another slip by the London office. I was now entirely out of marks, but blessed my forethought for having picked up some French currency in Chicago, and I settled that for 100 francs. At last the train started, and I dropped off at once with a heavy sleep, but the end was not yet. Much pounding on my door, and guttural midnight German from a powerfully built and mustached gentleman in uniform. Through the medium of my bad French and my car steward's German I learned that our tickets had omitted the entire distance between two cities. I settled that for 130 francs, and lay down again to await the customs. The next I knew, however, I was looking out at the familiar scenes of northeastern France. Nothing whatever had happened at the border.

I was quite thrilled to find near us on the train Dean Pound and his wife of the Harvard Law School, and still more so to have him remember me.

#### Friday, July 24

Breakfast as we sped smoothly along through the Marne country. Not a sign of war left along the old battle line, except that I thought the woods didn't look quite right at the top of the hills.

Paris at last, and to the Wagram Hotel on the Rue de Rivoli, and as we stepped out of the taxi who should be standing there but John Ott and his wife of Winnetka.

The Wagram may not be the smartest hotel in Paris, or the newest, but we liked it ever so much. E and I had a large room on the fifth floor that looked out over the Tuileries Gardens with its fountains and flowers, and connecting we had a bath and two single rooms for M-1 and M-2.

Almost at once we found how scarce the tourists are in France, frightened away by the political situation, and how quiet everything is compared to the gaiety in London. For the first luncheon I naturally wanted to take the family to a favorite place, so I chose the Cafe de Paris. It was closed. Shocked, I told the taxi driver to go to Ciro's. It had been closed for a year. In desperation, I chose Langer on the Champs Elysees, and while that proved to be open we lunched in solitary grandeur.

I had, of course, spent the morning on administrative details, - money, laundry, pressing, and above all an armful of welcome mail.

In the afternoon we took a car and had a first impression drive around the city so that M-1 and M-2 could get the feel of it. And then to Larue for a luscious dinner.

#### Saturday, July 25

Rather late start as we had been going at a fast pace. First, of course, to Notre Dame, E in a taxi, and M-1, M-2 and I walking. I began now to get returns on my Wellesley investment, for M-1 spares me the expense of a guide, and explains with sparkling eyes the figures on the three massive front doors. Within all is solemnity and beauty. We all like blues in windows, and do not like green with red.

Then to St. Chappelle close by, a brilliant gem in gold and glass dating from Louis IX. M-1 knew it as though she had built it.

To D'Armenonville in the Bois for lunch. Lovely as usual, by the little pond. And always the red carpets and red hangings of French restaurants. We really were not correctly dressed, however, as we had no dog to tie outside.

Then clear across Paris in a taxi, past the Bois de Vincennes, to Tremblay for the racing. A



sparkling spot, - sunshine, green turf, flowers, gay crowds, and beautiful horses. Not an American in sight. We went down and looked the horses over before each race, and although our transactions were purely academic, we thought pretty well of ourselves, for M-2 picked the winner in the first race, I in the second, and M-1 in the third. The horses run the other way from what they do on our tracks. In one race two horses threw their riders and ran two extra laps before they were stopped.

And then one of the high spots gastronomically, for all of us, but especially for E, - dinner at Foyot's on the left bank. Duck with orange and crepes suzettes. They are partly what she crossed the ocean for, and they should really never be attempted elsewhere for they will never be as good.

Sunday, July 26

This day we had chosen for the circumnavigation of the cathedrals, and promptly at eight-thirty Gabriel was at the door, the driver whom E and I had had in 1930, and who is both faithful and less expensive. His rate was below any that I had been quoted, partly, of course, because it was a direct transaction without a commission to pay.

Out by the St. Denis gate, where we stopped to see the old church, but mass was being celebrated and we were not able to move about. Through Chantilly with its polo fields and riding stables. The Chateau grounds were lovely, but the building was not open.

We were fortunate in reaching Amiens before the morning service finished. I had never seen this largest of all the cathedrals before, and was much impressed by its size. It has no glass that is remarkable. A most resplendent figure in mediaeval costume, with staff and sword, supervised the taking of the collection outside of the sanctuary where we were standing.

To Hotel L'Univers nearby for lunch, and then eastward. Gabriel was making fast time. At Compiègne we found the entire populace shouting and waving at the participants in one of those bicycle races that are forever being organized in France. Then to the "Voiture de l'armistice", or railway dining car in which the Armistice was signed, -

always a moving spot for me, it meant so much to mankind.

Still eastward. The wheat harvest was on everywhere, with the best of machinery and new steel barns or sheds. Reconstruction is complete and modern, and almost no war scenes can be observed. Then to the Martyred Cathedral at Rheims, partially reconstructed but forever bearing its war scars like the wounded veterans themselves. The Lion d'or Hotel where we had reservations for the night looked very nice, but it was too early to stop. Back through Chateau-Thierry with a stop at the impressive American monument. Seeing all that Marne country was too much for me, and I monologued all the way about the war.

Paris at last after 480 kilometres, and to the Medicis Grill on Place Edmond Rostand on the left bank for dinner. The taxi driver looked very blank when I gave him the address until I discovered that I was pronouncing the name using the Italian "ch" sound. It is just a soft "s" in French.

Monday, July 27

This was the day that put me in the hands of my bankers. The ladies had intended to do the Louvre, but it closes on Mondays. The new government has many new regulations, and some of the principal shops close on Monday mornings, probably to keep their hours for the week within prescribed limits, but the ladies found some that were open while I was performing my duties of tour manager, and carried on a general scouting expedition. We lunched at Rumpelmayer's, and then I made the rounds with them and with the wallet. Somewhere along the line someone slipped me a counterfeit twenty franc piece which made a terrific commotion when I later unwittingly tried to pass it. Thereafter I rang each such piece on glass before taking it.

Then we broke up and E and I went for long walks separately on the boulevards. I like nothing better than to get in the midst of a French crowd and listen to the talk. Later I stopped in at the Red Angel, a strictly all French tea dance place. The girls and men come separately, but the young man with whom I struck up a conversation assured me most emphatically that it was all quite decorous. A woman of some fifty summers and a large negro danced every dance together, but they always returned to separate tables.

Back at the hotel we had a last visit with the Otts. We tried the Tour d'Argent for dinner but it was closed on Monday evenings, so we went to Ledoyen at the foot of Champs Elysees where the food was excellent. Just as we had in 1930, E and I asked the orchestra leader to play "Der Graf von Luxembourg". A striking Moslem negro brought us our coffee, and as he set up the percolator M-2 nearly broke up the party by saying "Let her perk thar, boy". When he had finished he touched his head, his lips, and his heart, and salaamed deeply. All of which cost me money.

Raspberries were in season, and the delicious wild strawberries called "fraises du bois", and we made much of them.

We closed the evening with a taxi ride around the boulevards, including Montmartre, and then went back to pack up for our trip to the Chateaux country.

#### Tuesday, July 28

Up betimes to finish packing, but you just can't hurry a French hotel in the morning. It took almost a meeting of the Committee of the Whole to get the bill computed.

To Versailles just at the opening at ten, which gave us a fine look at it all, undisturbed, under M-1's expert guidance. Then through Rambouillet and Maintenon toward Chartres, with that magnificent cathedral rising from the plain twelve kilometres away. We stopped for lunch at that charming old Auberge "La Providence" in the tiny village of Jouy. It is entirely unspoiled and as typical of France as Broadway is of middle England. We ate in the courtyard under a parasol, after looking at the old dining room where hangs a picture of hostages being led from the inn by Germans during the war of 1870. We were introduced to the cheese of the Touraine country, "de Chevre".

Then to Chartres, which was my big moment. There is nothing in all Europe that stirs me like that cathedral. The outside is stimulating, and I will take either side of the argument as to which tower is the more fitting. M-1 prefers the simpler one at the right, and M-2 the more ornate one at the left. But the interior is sublime. So much glass, and such gorgeous colors, particularly the incomparable blues, that I simply stand speechless with my face uplifted in admiration. I must always go there when I am in France.

Then on to Blois. The Hotel d'Angleterre, with its windows on the Loire was closed, so we went to the Hotel de France and de Guise, which was a lot of name for a place in which we were the only guests. Dropping our bags, we hurried out to Chambord, where the family divided in mounting the double staircase. On the roof we fancied that we were watching the hunt like the fair ladies of old, but suddenly we, like they, were caught in a downpour. Hastily retreating inside we were marooned for fifteen minutes with the guide and a friendly group of French visitors, and I had lots of fun kidding with them.

Then quickly back to Blois for that Chateau, where we arrived just after closing time, as we had in 1930. But ten francs opens many doors in France, and the wife of the concierge took us through, telling us such lurid tales of crime within its walls that even the intonations of her foreign tongue made our hair stand up.

For supper with a headwaiter born in Vienna who spoke some English and indifferent French. I would address him in French and he would reply in English, but I kept on with my French because I insisted that it was better than his English.

Wednesday, July 29

A slight delay to buy ink and soap before we set out for a day of chateaux. We began with Cheverny, the outside of which is blank and box-like, but within which are wonderful tapestries of Gobelin, Beauvais and Aubusson depicting Ulysses and Circe, Don Quixote and other mediaeval and ancient themes. There was furniture too upon which E cast covetous eyes. The family were in residence here. Just as we were leaving we heard strange noises in the park, and found a pack of fierce looking English dogs kept for hunting wild boar.

Valencay, which must be lovely at close view, has been withdrawn from public visitation, but we were permitted to wander in the park, and here we found a collection of live African animals and strange tropical birds. The present owner is apparently a big game hunter, and he had arranged a large plate glass window in one wall of the Chateau so that he could observe his specimens.

Past Montresor again, high on the cliff, without stopping, as we had done in 1930. At Loches the porter had left for lunch, but we visited the dungeon

and torture chambers with an elderly guide whose Latin temperament made the most of it. "No air, no light, no food, but they needed none; they were there to die".

Dodging showers, we stopped for lunch in the village of Chenonceaux at the "Bon Laboureur". No choice of menu, but good. Then to the Chateau itself, where droves of French were seeking admittance, but there was only one other American family, and they were the only ones we saw all day. More of the building was open this time than E and I had seen before, and we were permitted to walk out through the corridor that lies astride the Cher river. By this time I was approaching the saturation point on historical data poured forth in liquid French by voluble guides, and I felt that just one more mention of the "Seizieme Siecle" and I would scream.

Thence to Amboise, perched high on a rock overlooking the Loire, with its dainty chapel so exquisitely sculptured, (Da Vinci is supposedly buried here) and its two huge staircases by which horsemen or vehicles could go straight up within. Convenience was thus served, but also safety, for they were the sole means of access, and easily defensible. The Orleans family now makes this a retreat for aging servants, and only a few rooms are open, but they had fine sculpturing, and then we were led round the battlements, past the gargoyles, and over the ingenious openings down which boiling oil was poured on invaders below.

Thence skirting the Loire for many dreamy miles, facing the hillside in which both man and beast live in century old caves, to the splendid Hotel de L'Univers at Tours for a very comfortable night. By the stickers on our borrowed suitcase, we saw that E's mother had once stayed there.

#### Thursday, July 30

A momentary stop at the Cathedral of Tours, which we all liked very much, and then further along the Loire to the Chateau of Langeais, a real strong-point with imposing drawbridge, towers, and battlements. Within were many curious and interesting rooms filled with mediaeval furnishings and tapestries, and particularly with boxes for safekeeping, fitted with elaborate locks.

Azay-le-Rideau, built in the Italian style and perfectly preserved, beckoned us in bright sunshine, but by now we had seen an abundance of old furniture so we contented ourselves with a walk in the park and the exterior beauty.

Gabriel then urged us to stop at Chinon, which is a ruin only, like Kenilworth, but high above the picturesque valley of the Vienne. These early builders were good pickers of spots. Then pursuant to tradition, we crossed to a point opposite the castle walls to try the echo. "I knew an old lady" is the best to use in any country.

For lunch to the Hotel d'Anjou at Angers, a typical French meal in every detail: hors d'oeuvres, omelette, chicken (alone), peas (alone), cheese, fruit, coffee. Then on all afternoon through the rolling Loire country, the river getting wider and wider and glistening always into the far distance ahead, through Nantes and St. Nazaire to the French watering place La Baule. Miles of curving beach faced with a continuous succession of hotels and pensions. We caught a swim forthwith, - the father in a rented black cotton suit that was old when the Bastille fell, and then relaxed in the luxury of the Hotel L'Hermitage. Our rooms opened out toward the sea, and we fell asleep with the roll of the tide in our ears.

#### Friday, July 31

A lazy day that was very welcome to my hard driven travelers. Up late, with a leisurely breakfast in our rooms, and then a jogging ride along the beach in an ancient fiacre. I don't know why, but an old horse and an open faced hack always send us off into gurgles and giggles. Then to the bank, as usual, where I caused many entries in many books as I got cash on my letter of credit. I took a tent on the beach, and M-1 and M-2 had another swim before our bountiful lunch.

Then I rented Velocars. Two people sit abreast as in a small automobile, only both pump bicycle pedals. The one at the left steers, and there are gears, and brakes, and a bulb horn, and everything. We went tooting all over town, to the great diversion of the public, and somewhat to E's consternation, whose skirts wouldn't stay down.

And back to the beach again. This was a great place for children, and they built whole systems

of trenches in the sand. Physical culture classes for all ages and sexes were in process all the time. I saw no lifeguards except one boat about a mile from us. M-2 and I took another Velocar spin along the plage, and then dinner and bed after playing some amusing French games in the lobby.

Saturday, August 1

An eight o'clock start puts an unprecedented strain upon the facilities of a French resort hotel. You ask the night before to have your bill ready, and then it isn't. But we hung up a record of sorts that day by making the run of 500 kilometres, or 312 miles, to Paris by 5:30 P.M. Gabriel (or "A" as we call him) is fast but safe.

For lunch we were at the Hotel de France at Le Mans, and then detoured for a few moments to visit Montfort-le-Rotrou, where I spent the last month before my return embarkation in the war. The old Chateau, which is owned by Marquis Nicolai, looked very familiar and brought back a flood of memories, particularly the entrance gate where I said goodby to General Dugan. We did not try to intrude by going in, but walked through the grounds.

An interesting spectacle presented itself when we reached Paris. As we approached the Arc de Triomphe we saw an enormous crowd, and tremendous reserves of police for blocks around. It seems that at six on Saturday evenings the flame is renewed at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and the present political unrest manifests itself through the Fascists and other factions making this the occasion for demonstrations. Canadians were in France for the dedication of a Memorial at Vimy Ridge, and since a Highland Regiment were to rekindle the flame, great precautions were taken. It was the only sign of disturbed conditions that we saw anywhere, and I do not wonder that the hotel keepers mourn over the exaggerated reports published in the United States and England which have kept so many tourists away.

Fresh clothes and to the Tour d'Argent for dinner. Nowhere have I seen a dinner coat. This famous place which for generations has been serving duck as a specialty, has a new roof-top terrace that is wide open to the sky, and that looks immediately down upon Notre Dame and the Seine. It was gusty as to wind that night, but it was also moonlight and entrancing. I could wish

that the builders of Notre Dame had not weakened its dignity by putting the gingerbread spire over the central arch, but I am a little late with the suggestion. Coming back to the duck, you see it all done before your eyes. The meat is sliced off, then the remainder is pressed in a device with a large silver wheel, and the meat cooked in those juices over an alcohol flame.

Sunday, August 2

A late get-up. The ladies then did the Louvre, since it is closed on Mondays and since we must pack on Tuesday. I walked to the Madeleine and saw the close of the service. Then by cab to the Etoile where I sat along and idly on a bench, watching and listening to the ebb and flow of people from all lands. An Englishman passed with a lady, saying "I put it all on another horse for a double, and he won too". A nurse in uniform with the most enormous perambulator I ever saw and two babies. A smartly dressed French lady with a little black cocker, on a leash, who was determined for no reason at all to go in the opposite direction no matter which way she turned. Soldiers in widely different uniforms. Colored colonials with the red fez cap. Whole char-a-bancs of American ladies from twenty to seventy-five years of age unloading at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and being herded along by a busy guide.

A taxi to the Concorde, and then a slow walk down the left bank. An open air swimming pool that floats in the river and professes to filter the water. A man who actually caught a fish about five inches long. The Quai d'Orsay station with excited French people dashing for trains or kissing new arrivals on both cheeks. Places reserved for war wounded on all trains.

To Versailles in the afternoon for the monthly festival of the fountains. It was also an occasion vastly more stirring to the modern French imagination, the finish of "Tour de Cyclists de France," a bicycle race 2600 miles long which had been going on for a month all around the country, Alps, Pyrenees and all, and which was won by the time of 142 hours and 47 minutes. Shouting thousands lined the streets. At Versailles we got on to the street a few minutes ahead of the racers and couldn't get off. They howled us down and told us in no uncertain terms to get out of the way. Finally Gabriel managed to turn into a side street, and we saw them pedal by.



The fountains started at 4:30 and lasted about 45 minutes. They are remarkable not so much for their size as for the variety and charm of those that you come on unexpectedly as you walk in the woods. Then for tea to Pavillon Henri Quatre at St. Germain, overlooking the Seine and with Paris in the distance. Back to our home in the Wagram past the water wheels that lift the waters to the fountains just as they did under Louis XIV. Dinner in the Bois at the Pavillon Royal. There were only four dining beside ourselves, but the dinner was of the best, and the five piece orchestra and the solo cellist first-class.

Monday, August 3

Up briskly and to the bank for a refresher. This was by now a daily ceremonial. The family divided for more shopping and I did a bit myself. There was a great deal of mail and consequent rejoicing. Lunch at Laurent. This completed the circuit of all the restaurants that were open on the Champs Elysees. To the shops again, and then to a movie, "Le Fantome a vendre" or the "Ghost Goes West". It was in English with French subtitles, and there were French shorts. For dinner to Perigourdine of Rouzier Freres on the left bank where we had a fine dinner and a gorgeous perspective out over Notre Dame as the moon rose. It is indicative that this less expensive place was crowded. A walk on the left bank and so to bed, but not without a catch in the throat as we read the sign in the lobby of the Wagram telling what to do in case of gas attacks.

Tuesday, August 4

The entire morning devoted to the mechanics of travel for me, assisted by M-2 while E and M-1 re-visit separately the Louvre: trunks to be gotten off, soap and an umbrella to be bought, books for the steamer, etc. The family have by now become expert at packing. They are fast and accurate. Late to Maxim's for lunch, which to our surprise was so crowded that we had to adjourn to Larue. You can never go wrong there. Obviously when the weather is cool or damp the Parisians lunch in town and not in the Bois.

Then to Napoleon's Tomb, but I struck at attempting room after room of battle flags in the Museum. We did the Eiffel Tower instead which gives such a grand panorama of the city beneath. More administrative details for me while the ladies did another movie.

Then Gabriel came for our last evening. We tried the famous Chateau Madrid far out in the Bois for dinner, but it was absolutely empty. I, therefore, held a popular election, and Ledoyen was chosen for a return visit. This was also what we had done in 1930. On the way we had seen the sun set straight through the Arc de Triomphe. Business was obviously bad, for the orchestra had been given up since our earlier patronage, but no slackening of standards in the dinner had taken place.

Then conforming to Randall ritual for the last evening in Paris, Gabriel took us for a farewell ride around all the boulevards, showing us the markets where the morrow's food was already arriving, and taking us at last up to the top of Montmartre where lovely Sacre Coeur Church was bathed in silvery moonlight. Finally at the door of the Wagram when we said goodbye to Gabriel, he inquired of me in rapid French when I thought we would come again: no one but he heard my reply.

Wednesday, August 5

It was inevitable that this day should come, and there is always the consolation that soon we shall see our friends again. We were up in good season and had a last look from our windows out over the Tuileries Gardens. Then to the bank for a last time. You never guess quite right about your final budgetary requirements, and it was very dramatic to be in the lobby of Morgan and Company a few minutes before nine and watch the grand figure with mustaches like Papa Joffre's give a signal precisely on the hour at which two flunkies let down the velvet chains.

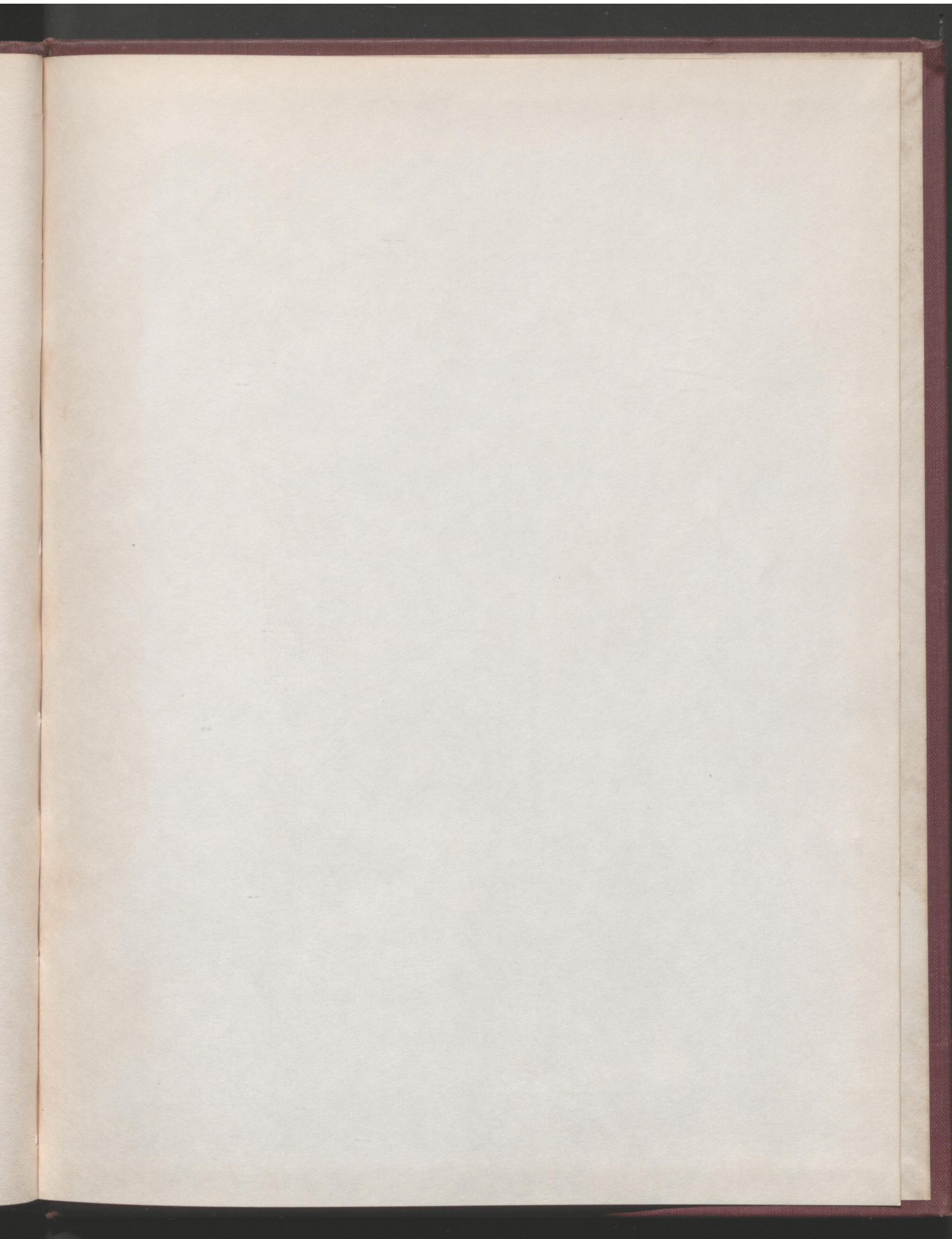
A boat train is always excited and exciting. Amid tears and laughter from those left behind we slid smoothly out and had a fast, comfortable trip through fields and villages to the coast and Le Havre. From the deck of the ILE DE FRANCE as we pulled punctually away from the dock at two we could look across and see our old friend the WASHINGTON lying nearby. E's presence always insures a smooth passage, and the channel was kind to us. Southampton at eight, and there we stayed until seven next morning. The new show for the French Casino in New York came aboard at Southampton, and their scenery refused to let itself go into the hold until it had been uncrated, all of which caused us to miss the tide.

The voyage has been just another ocean trip. The ship has been as steady as though she were at dock, our two connecting outside rooms, each with bath, have been the most commodious we have ever had, and the food and service have been excellent. The passenger list has not proved so very exciting, unless you count the cage of trained seals on the after deck for whom after great labor a connecting bath was arranged. The artists gave us a grand cabaret night, but unhappily the seals were not produced. I interpolate later: my remark about steadiness was a bit premature, as on the next to the last day out we had a bit of weather, the first the ship has had in four months. The ladies were most unhappily cabin-bound, and the Captain's gala had to be given up as the artists were down for the count.

And now I shall stop and rest the weary tendons of my fingers, long disused to so much writing, and face the cold facts of approaching disembarkation. It has been a glorious adventure, a memory that will improve still more with the years, and of which we may now never be deprived. And it is ours jointly. To do things together, to plan and achieve something fine as a family, that's what makes all of living worth while.

I can hardly keep now from planning the next one.

C. B. R.  
August - 1936



WYLLIE K. LEDGER  
MADE IN ROMANIA

