



Collection Information:

Item: Handsaker's Annual of pictures and personal history, 1964.

Series: Albums.

Collection: Handsaker, Willard Nelson. Handsaker's Annual family albums and slides collection.

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HANDSAKER'S
ANNUAL

1964
EUROPE

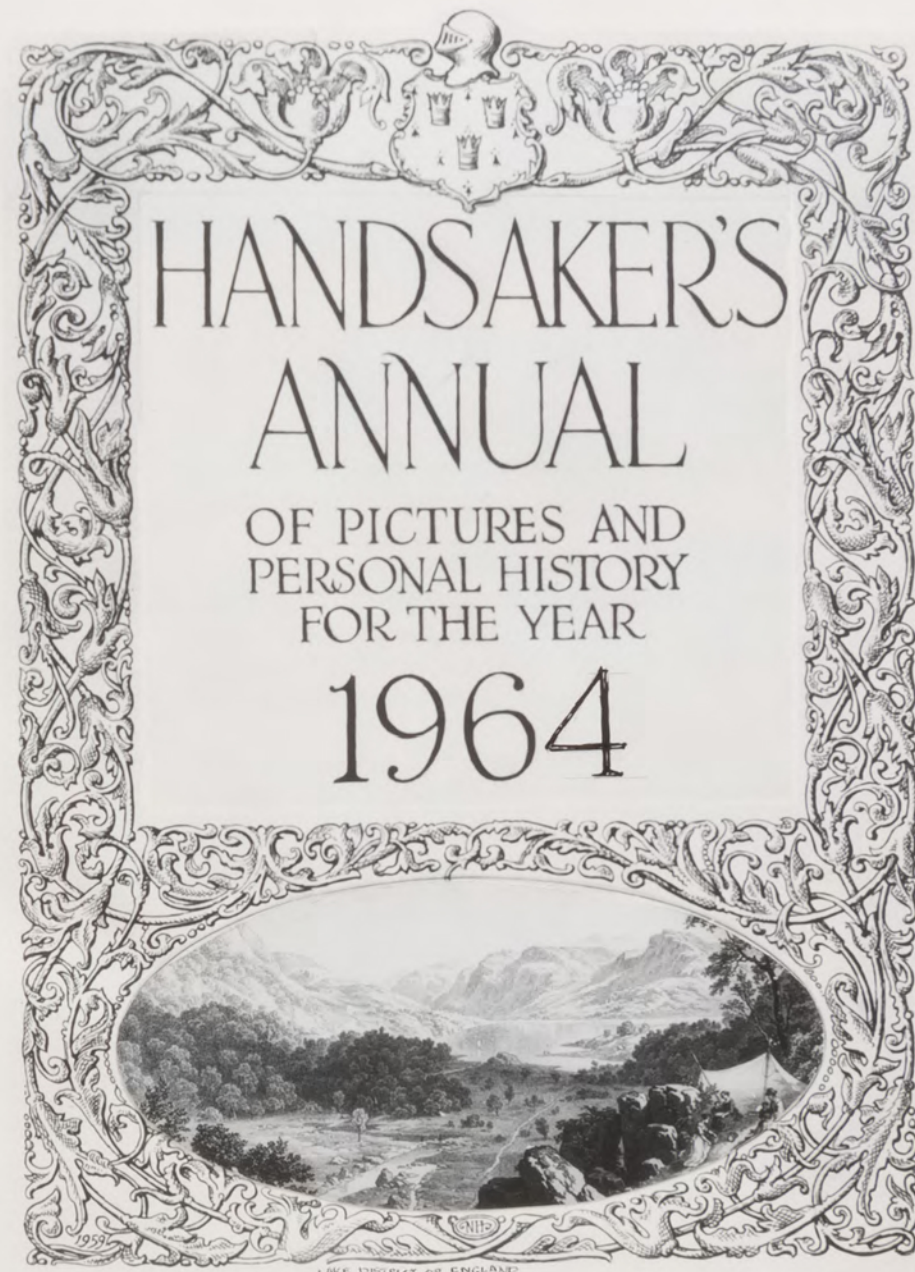


front page 7
1964



BRIDGE TO ROMANCE
Entre Vaux... France

E 387



Completed and bound in July, 1965.

Unless otherwise noted, my photos are 35 mm slide copies

PREACE

Above all, this was the year we spent three months in Europe. With Mike, Penny & Bob already there, it seemed like it was now or never and we had a wonderful trip, described in detail in the following pages.

Other trips were our annual visit with Betsy and her family, in February and March, which we extended to take in Puget Sound; and a stopover in Rockport with Dorothy & Paul on our return from Europe.

There are 328 pictures in this book- less than half the number I took (over 600 in Europe alone.) Nearly all this year's pictures are 35 mm; most of the prints are from copy negatives of slides.

Deaths- we lost our friends Harold Scott, Al Owen and Ross Thuma, and brother-in-law Rob Mills this year. and also our good friend Della Hicks.



Residency
Office,
Tenino



Guy Stebbins, Res. Engr.



Starting the Tenino Depot



Ben Nutley, Harry Van Eaton, Geo. Hopkins.



Ida Hultgren.



Ama among some
Dormitory friends.



Me, on
the Job



Me,
Sunday

As the year opened, I was a building inspector watching the depot at Tenino, Wash., slowly go up, and helping with the surveying on railroad construction. Ama was at the university in Seattle; father, Dorothy and grandma lived in our Tacoma home. I did not get home very often; had a good time with my Tenino friends; joined the Odd Fellows, attended the public dances and a dancing class in Tenino, and found that some girls can be very good companions.

I went down to Doty on the South Bend branch for a week-end visit with my college friend, Lottie Kellogg and her father; and renewed acquaintance in Roy with Ida Hultgren, whom I'd known in Auburn; attended a couple of dances in Roy.

In the fall, Ama being home again, father took a long vacation with her and Dorothy, going to his birthplace at Lebanon, Illinois and also to Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Grand Canyon, San Francisco and Portland. While they were away,

1914: Fifty Years Ago.

I was transferred to a draftsman's table in Tacoma, so I was home again.

Floyd Ivester, whom I'd met on the Tenino work, started in high school there and kept writing me that I ought to come up to his home, away up Skookum Chuck Creek, and meet the teacher who was boarding there—"Bert's a real sport, Bill!" Finally, December 19th, I had an errand in Tenino and went up to Floyd's over the week end. Instead of a "sport," I found the prettiest, most adorable Norwegian, Bertha Skarlvædt. Her picture, down in the corner, is one taken about 1912.

On August 1st, Hell broke loose in Europe when Germany opened war on Russia and France, and soon most of the other countries of Europe were involved in a war that was the most devastating in history.

My photographs were taken with the $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ film-pack camera; I did my own developing, and contact printing.



Lottie
Kellogg



Our Christ-
mas Tree,
Tacoma.



Myself and cousin
Gwladys Keeney



Ama and Dorothy



My Father, N.E. Handsaker



My corner, Residency, Tenino.



Tenino Depot, completed.



Bertha
Skarlvædt →



MILLE LACS FISHING TRIP



OUR BASEMENT'S DUG



THE FIRST STORY'S FRAMED



STRAIN
GAGE
TESTS



BETSY



BETSY AND
IDA FUCHS



OLD TRAIN SHED, DULUTH



OLD TRUSS AT LESTER

1924 - Forty

In ten years much had happened: by 1924 I had been married to Bertha for six years; our first child, Elizabeth, had her fourth birthday; another daughter was born and I began the work which continued until my retirement, and we built the house we still live in.

I was resident engineer on the Northern Pacific line change across the University of Minnesota campus. As the work neared completion, I learned that Mr. Clements, Bridge Engineer, was going to make me his personal assistant, with a salary increase from \$235 to \$315 a month. This took place April 28th.

In May I had two trips to Duluth to check on corroded bridge steel; my first long trip began on June 4th, with Bertha and Betsy along. They went to Seattle, but I got off at Billings, rode the branches and got acquainted with local officers and inspectors. In August I went to Paradise, Montana and joined the Idaho & Rocky Mountain division inspections, then the Yellowstone and Seattle divisions; I was away from home from August 10 to October 3. I got in brief visits with Ama & Ralph



ALL SHEATHED BUT THE ROOF



THE STAIRWAY



THE FIREPLACE

Years Ago.

at Dieringer and friends in Seattle. I got acquainted with Koren, Skibeness, Flemming and other old-timers.

When I came home, it was to the new house. Bertha had moved in, a month before. It was started June 3; as it went up, I inspected it frequently while I was in town.

October 26, the expected child arrived, at Bethesda Hospital. Elma was to come to take care of Betsy, but I had to stay home a couple of days, as the message to Elma was delayed. Bertha and the baby came home November 1st. Some time later, we named her Mary Penelope.

We had our first Christmas in our own home; it was just a house on an entirely unimproved lot in the woods. The only other house in the block was Fullers', next door on the east.

The day after Christmas I left Bertha, alone with Betsy and little Peggy and a furnace to stoke, and went to Granite, Idaho to measure rivets in the old viaduct with Harold Peterson. We celebrated New Year's Eve at the Davenport, Spokane.

END OF MARYSVILLE BRANCH



BRIDGE INSPECTION



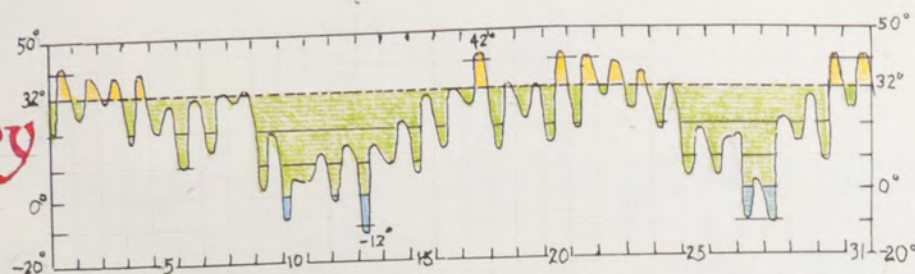
BRIDGE
INSPECTION
SCENES



OUR
CHRISTMAS
TREE



January 1964



On the 1st, we called on our old neighbors the Wrights, at Audrey's home at Lake Owasso. The 2nd, H.K. Scott, a pillar of our church, died. 4th, a waffle lunch for all the Bjorklunds. Fresh snow the 5th-6th, leading to some hikes. We attended several Bible classes this month, and I did some work on the committee studying Plymouth's future possibilities.

Elmer Linell's retirement luncheon the 9th. Thumas here the 11th, for conversation, bridge and pumpkin pie. Bertha had most of her upper teeth pulled the 16th & went into retirement until she got the plate. But, the 17th, we saw Fantasia after 25 years, & we began to get information on a trip to Europe (the 30th, we ordered our Cunard tickets, for July 22 on the Queen Mary.)

Another snowstorm the 24th, nice for the Winter Carnival parade next day, which I saw with George Pepin; but it was a bitterly cold day.



64-5

Winter Carnival Parade Jan. 25th



64-4

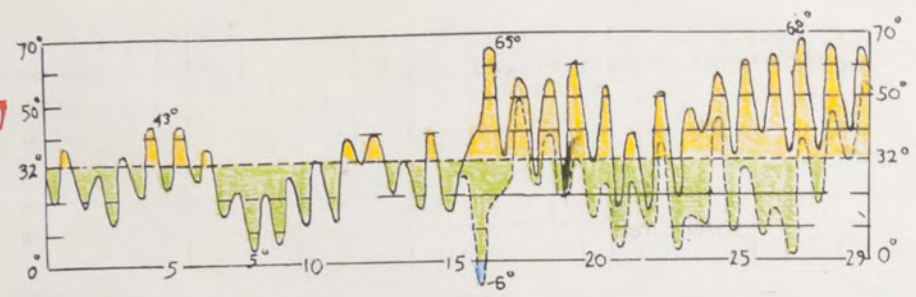


64-6



64-7

February 1964



THE first half of the month we were at home in St. Paul. We dined at Quality Tearoom Feb. 2nd; the 3rd and 6th, I was in the darkroom, or coloring album prints. The 4th, Bertha got her upper dental plate; I walked, and printed pictures. Melting snow flooded the backyard walks, the 5th. Our bridge group met here the 7th after dinner at Lees. The 12th, a potluck supper at the church; talk by a Ceylonese Christian. The 13th, Plym. men's breakfast; Bible class that night.

We left for Las Cruces and Northridge at noon the 15th. Bill took us to our train; we were in a Rock Island through coach; Penny and Bob met us next afternoon at El Paso. We were at Las Cruces till the 24th; saw a Jap movie at the college, dined at Johnson's fantastic steak house, went shopping in El Paso and Juarez.

The 24th-25th, we visited Irving and Ethel Van Horn in Tucson; Ethel's brother Otto Savold and Mabel his wife, were there, just arrived from Panama.

Up early the 26th, and all day on the train to Los Angeles. Don, Betsy and Janet met us, and we had a late dinner with them. We spent the last three days of the month visiting and shopping with them. (Mike was at the University in Göttingen, Germany.)



64-14

Left and below:
Street scenes in Juarez
Mexico. The harpist
is really good!

Right: Penny, Bob
and Bertha, in
their Las Cruces
home.



Below: Irving and Ethel
Van Horn, in Tucson.....
and bottom, Ethel's brother
Otto & his wife Mabel, just
arrived from Panama.



64-13

And down in this corner, Bertha,
Mabel, Otto, Ethel and Irving, in
Van Horns' home in Tucson...



64-17

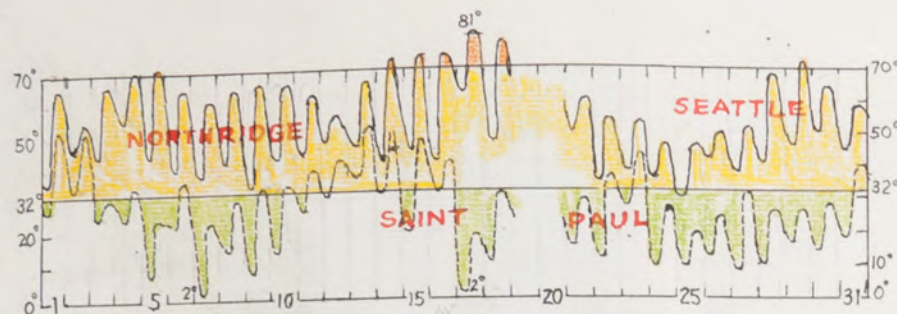


64-15



64-18

March
1964



We were visiting Betsy's family, with Sunday drives: the 1st, to Camarillo to see the lot Don's planning to build on; the 8th, to San Pedro and Long Beach; the 15th, through Malibu Canyon to the beach and a salmon dinner. And the 11th, Betsy drove Bertha & me to Laguna Beach for the day; saw Smiths & Brubachers, & Keeneys at Whittier. The 2nd, I took a tumble, skinned my leg & (worse) ruined a brand-new pair of slacks. A violent windstorm the night of the 15th broke off a big walnut branch and bushels of twigs; this gave me something to do. Janet celebrated her birthday with a special dinner, and she & her friend Julie danced to a Beatle record.

The 20th, Bertha and I went north on the coast train, stopping overnight with Snekviks, called on Millers, Bob's parents, and spent a day in Portland with Jane; we saw Tom and Howard; and were with Bertha's folks in Seattle that night (the 22nd.) With them the rest of the month except 2 nights on Whidbey Island with Hopkinses, and two days in Tacoma, where we saw Finches, Reises (at their Alderton home) and Herbert Beers; Ethel died last Christmas eve. Shaws are in Hawaii.

In Seattle Agnes, Bertha and I called on DeMosses in their new home north of Laurelhurst.



64-24

the family and a friend: Janet's birthday.



64-30

Frances and Gene Handsaker; they drove over from Redondo Beach to see us.

Left and below, the Camarillo lot Don and Betsy will build on.



64-22



64-20

Left - clearing up after the wind storm, in Northridge.



64-36



64-23 Janet up a tree.



64-34 Laguna Beach



64-28 San Pedro Harbor.

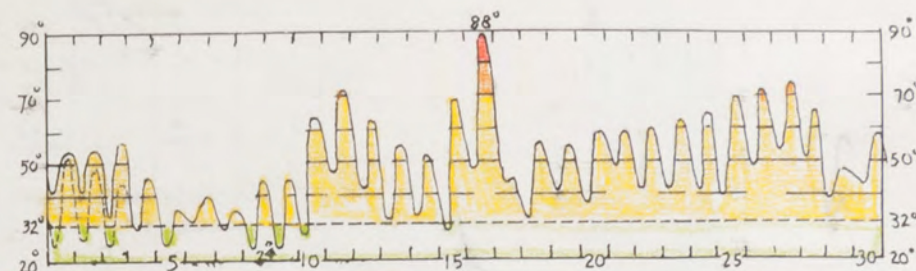
New Fisherman's
Harbor, Salmon
Bay, Seattle
64-44

64-38 Snekvik's Courtyard.



64-43

Seattle from the Harbor.



April
1964

Bertha and I were visiting Elma in Seattle; one day we three went to Bainbridge Island, to see Margaret and Marla; and we met Margaret's new husband, Sherman Torbenson. The night of the 3rd we took the train for an uneventful ride back home. Bill met us, the night of the 5th. After seven weeks' absence, spring had arrived with its chores. Quite a few showers, and one stormy day, the 13th; high wind and sleet.

I rebuilt a piece of stone wall in front of the poplar stump; did some work on "Your Mother's People," and worked on my '63 annual. We have a corner grocery again.

We discussed our European plans with a couple of travel agencies, then ordered a 4-weeks Global tour in the middle of our 3 months abroad. I had a thorough physical exam: all O.K., blood pressure only a little high.

In the city election the 28th, George Vavoulis was re-elected mayor by a narrow margin; Dean Meredith won a council seat. Church activities included Wednesday evening discussions, installation of Milo Farmer as pastor, a concert by Endter, organist and Chamblee, baritone, & a talk by Engstrom, of Council of Churches. Bertha had some committee work.



64-40 Margaret, with her new husband, Sherman Torbenson.



64-41 Margaret and Sherman's home

64-49
My portrait,
by Bob Miller,
in Las Cruces.
(2 1/4 x 3 1/4)



64-42 Port Madison Lutheran Church



64-67

Two good pictures of Mollie Savold, taken at Bill's house on Mother's Day, May 10th. The one of Bertha and me is not so good. See our passport photo, P. 18.



64-68





64-51

6080 Zermatt. Das Matterhorn 4478 m
 May 17, 1964
 Dear Grandmother Grandpa,
 No, I didn't climb it; yes, I tried (with
 Chuck, who stopped by in Göttingen 1 week ago, all
 eager to go get the Matterhorn). We have 1 week of
 vacation at Göttingen anyway (next wk.), so I
 took 1 more week off to go try the Matterhorn with
 Chuck. On Tues., 14 May, we ascended to the
 First Hut (lowest inst. - mail), then the next day we
 started up. After 8 hrs of arduous roped climbing
 with optimum weather, we had to turn back (second
 mail). We had been climbing with 25th packs,
 and the late snow was just too much for us. It
 took us 8 more hrs. just to climb down, & the last
 20 feet took 1/2 hr., we were so tired. But we're glad
 we turned back, as it was the only safe decision.
 What a beautiful peak in spring!
 Love, Mike.

64-52

2 1/4 x 3 1/2 negs from
 a postcard

page our pump & mallet



64-47

WASHINGTON AVENUE
 BRIDGE from the WEST
 APRIL 16TH

DARTMOUTH
 STREET
 BRIDGE
 APRIL 16TH



64-80

35mm negative.

LEXINGTON AVE.
 BRIDGE FROM
 THE NORTH
 MAY 17TH

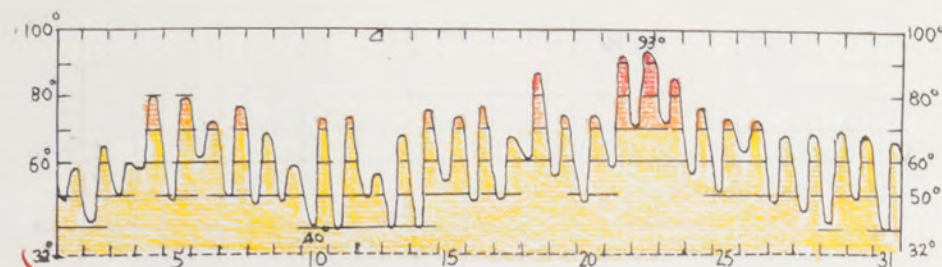


64-71

35mm negative.

64-48

May
1964



ALL trees were in leaf by the 1st; a week later it was really pretty with blossoming crab-apples, creeping phlox, violets, scilla— and dandelions! Spring work continued: I disposed of last year's leaves, repaired the back fence and rebuilt my enlarger again.

Weather was a mixture of sunshine, rain and wind: there was a gale the 3rd, another the 6th (both brought some trees down,) and we had a genuine hurricane the afternoon and night of the 23rd: 110-mile wind with rain: power lines and trees down, the most severe since 1951 tornado. We were at White Pine Inn when the first phase broke, with sheets of rain: drove home in the calm eye of the storm, over littered streets.

Parties, etc.: Bertha had a foursome the 5th; Women's Institute the 6th (only the women went;) dinner party at the Thumas the 9th — Ross's birthday; Mother's Day dinner at Bill's the 10th, with Mollie; we called on Morris the 13th (Jessie's recovering from an auto accident;) we went to the Twins-Chicago ballgame with Magraws and Smiths the 14th, with dinner at Powers'. A backyard dinner at Millers' the 16th; Men's Club dinner the 18th; with Magraws and Lou Bear to White Pine Inn the 23rd (Bertha's birthday party;) dinner party at Brubachers the 30th.



64-74

Two Views of
our Back Yard
May 11.



64-73

BELOW:
After the Storm of May 23.



64-82

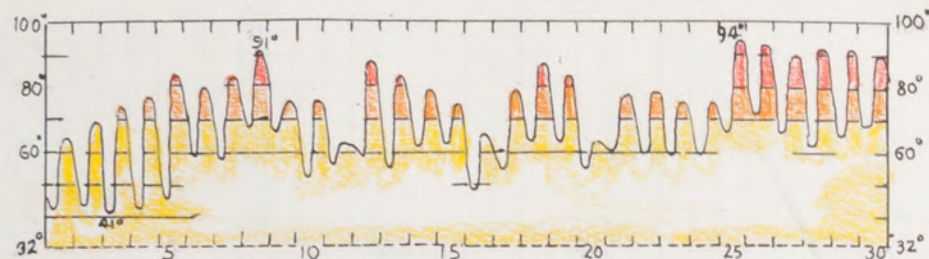
Tree across Mt Curve,
at St. Clair

Below:
Fallen Tree
on Princeton
W. of Gettin.



64-83

June 1964



The weather was mostly pleasant; too dry the first two weeks; then a week with showers; and the last few days were really hot.

I did a lot of gardening; started building a fence to hide my compost piles; and also finished and bound my 1963 annual and the remade one for 1939.

In preparation for our three months abroad, we cashed some of our U.S. savings bonds, got our shots-in-the-arm for tetanus, typhoid and smallpox, at the city health center; and I had my eyes examined for a new pair of glasses.

Beginning June 14th, our three neighborhood Congregational churches combined for the summer.

EVENTS: 4th, I went to ball game with Elliott Magraw & Royal Moore. 5th- Walked over freeway excavation around lower town. 13th- Dinner at Bjorklunds- a "Bon Voyage" party for us and Brubachers. 20th-21st- Nellie Grosse's house party at Bass Lake. 24th- A drive to New Ulm with Magraws and Smiths. 27th- Bridge at Smiths after dining at Nelsons on Arcade Street.

64-93: The Ladies
at Nellie Grosse's
House Party at
Bass Lake, June 21st



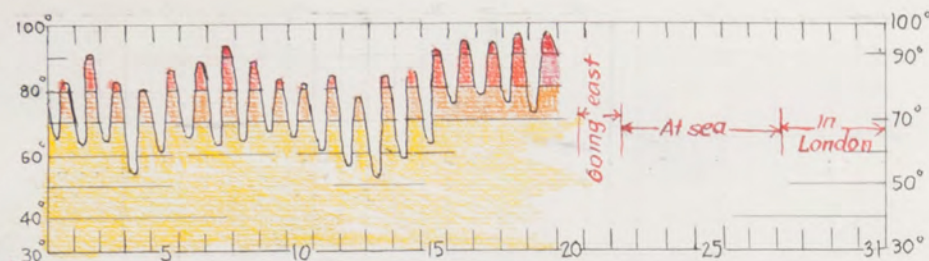
64-85 New Lafayette Ave.
Bridge over E. Sixth Freeway
June 5th



64-84: E. 7th St.
East from Broad-
way: New Bridge
over Freeway
June 5th

64-87 Excavation for New
Freeway from 10th & Rosabel.
Looking towards E. 7th St.
June 5th





July
1964

In spite of the impending voyage, I got one new project completed - a frivolous back-fence to hide my compost pits. We went to the movies the 2nd. Magraws were here the evening of the 5th for watermelon, Smiths the 9th. The 11th we ate dinner at Lees, then played bridge at Nellies - Smiths, Magraws, Agnes, Lou & us. The 18th, we dined at Millers' (called on Morrisies, too; Jessie has a bad knee after a small auto accident.) The 19th, we celebrated my birthday by going over to see Bill & eat the roast-beef dinner he had prepared.

Ross Thuma, who has been convalescing at home, went back to the hospital for an operation the 17th. He was afterwards said to be recovering. We saw him the 15th. Al Owen died the 4th.

Preparations for our great adventure included making final ticket purchases the 1st; purchase of slacks and wash-wear shirts; shoes & luggage; getting our final health shots the 8th; sewing "safety flaps" in my coat pockets; & on the 16th I got money and travelers' checks and registered my photo-outfit at customs. The 19th, Valborg Hertsgaard gave us some pointers on Norway.

Details of our travels will follow.



The night of July 20th, we took the train to Chicago: - there we had most of a day - we shopped, had lunch at Marshall Field's and took the El to Evanston, to see Minnie Wakefield. She's in a nursing home, but very active and looking fine.

Then on the Twentieth Century Limited, in a sleeper-coach, which we found very comfortable. Next morning we enjoyed Hudson River scenery while in the diner. We arrived at Grand Central at 10. With six hours before sailing, we shopped, then took a bus to the new Lincoln Center of Performing Arts, & took an interesting tour. We went back to Grand Central for our luggage, had the usual trouble getting a taxi (in a shower) and went aboard the Queen Mary.

First impression, she shows her age, but our little inside cabin and the public rooms were comfortable.

As we left the pier and moved down the harbor to the ocean, I was busy with my camera, but I spoiled this roll of films. Well, anyhow, it was a hazy day.

GOING OVER

Leaving New York—a postcard
→



E4. Bridge

We were on the Queen Mary five full days and six nights. It was a smooth voyage; hardly a trace of dip and roll. We rented deck chairs and sat in them occasionally, in a sunny but sheltered location. Bertha found some



Our deck chairs.

ladies to play a little bridge with. Our dining table mates were scarcely congenial, but they were interesting. The three Rumanian women were dominated over by a big, talkative, uneducated woman with a huge appetite. Then there was a very quiet man who did not always show up.

Bertha and I

took a rather passive part in the dances and other planned entertainments: saw a movie or two, rather poor projection of good pictures, and crowded. We invaded the first-class cabins, once on a tour, once for Sunday Episcopal services and once for an all-ship children's costume contest. I requested



E5. The Children's Party



and got a tour of the enormous engines and machinery down below.

E6.

You'll have to look sharp to see the gulls

E7a At Cherbourg



The ocean was empty from horizon to horizon; no birds, only 3 other ships: a tanker the first day, the Queen Elizabeth the 3rd, and a freighter the 4th day. One large airplane flying low—a weather patrol. But on the 5th day we were in the English Channel & saw numbers of vessels and the gulls showed up. We docked at Cherbourg July 27, passing concrete forts and jetties. In the night we sailed to Southampton, and next morning Bob and Penny were on the pier.....

At the Southampton pier





That morning, July 28, Bob drove us, in the new station wagon, over a two-lane highway bordered with woods & hedges, right in to London & the Strand Palace Hotel in the center of town. We were there five days. John Handsaker gave us a walking tour of Old London, our first night. Next day Mike showed up from Göttingen, with umbrella and climber's axe. John gave us the whole day, the 30th, showing us the British Museum (met Philip & his wife,) St. Paul's, "Bow Bells," and Westminster Abbey. John's a wonderful guide. Other things we did - went to the Derry Tom roof-garden in Kensington for lunch; saw London from the top of the enormous Shell buildings, visited The Tower (too crowded) and Buckingham Palace gardens, walked in the Victoria Embankment park near our hotel, took a train to Hampton Court. We saw "Oliver," a musical comedy, and the others saw "Sound of Music." I used up two half-days getting our Global Tour lined up for Aug. 28, and got steamer tickets Newcastle-Bergen for Aug. 12. And we shopped.

Weather was fine. We could have used much more time; we liked London very much. Traffic is nicely managed on the narrow, crooked streets, though everybody jay-walks. Old buildings are kept in use and well maintained. We didn't have much trouble with the English language or the non-decimal money.



E10. Houses of Parliament, Big Ben, Westminster Bridge



E18c.

London Handsakers & Bertha. John and Mike Penn. Bob.

At the British Museum:
Handsakers,
E17. The Elgin Marbles.



E10. Down the Thames
On Victoria Embankment
E13. "Big Ben"
Derry Tom Roof Garden



E19. Trafalgar Square-Evening





E34- Formal Garden, Hampton Court

E30- Clock with only one hand.

Hampton Court is about fifteen miles southwest of London. July 31 we all took a train at Waterloo Station and spent 3½ hours there. It's a royal museum, mostly unfurnished. The gardens and 200 year old grapevine interested me most. We had lunch there and returned in time to visit the Tower (too long a queue, so we didn't see the jewels.)

July 29, we dined at a Kashmiri restaurant: hot rice-curry dishes. Doorman in beard and turban was also a beggar, lending authentic atmosphere....



E37. We had lunch in the outdoor cafe at Hampton Court.



E40. Magdalen College, Oxford.



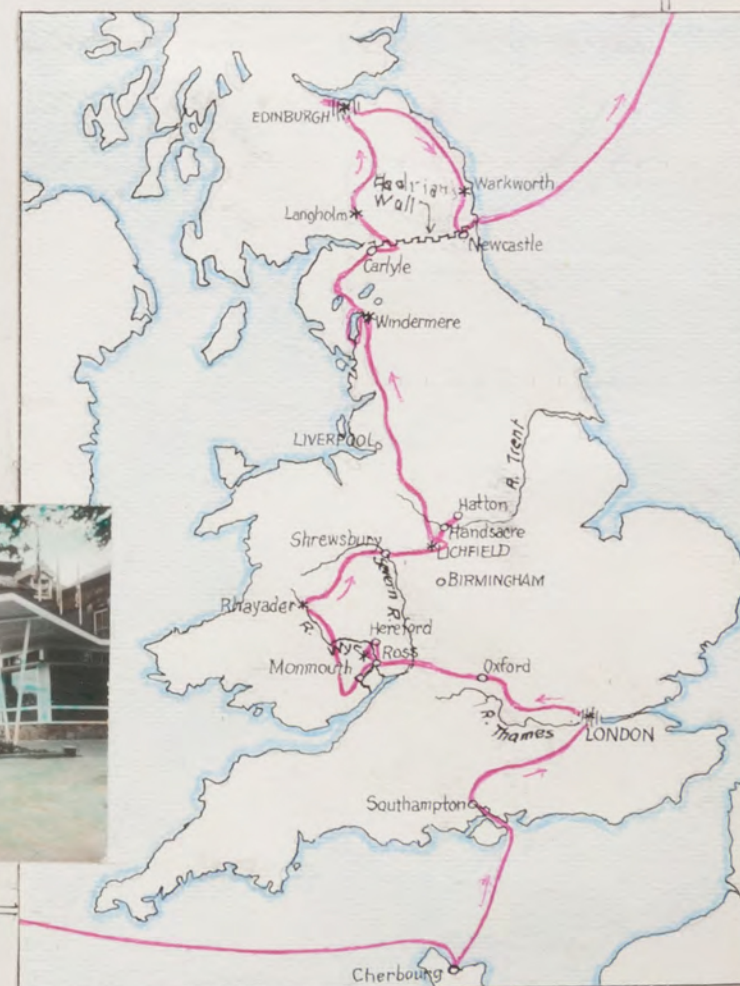
E39- A boating channel



E43. Graftonbury Manor.

We left London Sunday the 2nd of August in perfect weather. Going west, we reached Oxford in early afternoon & saw Magdalen, Queen's and Balliol Colleges. It was vacation, so few students were around. Continuing through pretty country, we reached Ross-on-Wye at 6:30 and learned the significance of Bank Holiday: the hotels were full. But while heading for

Hereford, we came upon Graftonbury Manor on a side road, and found very enjoyable lodgings and meals...





E45. Wye River
near Ross.



E46. Between Ross and Monmouth



E48. Mike took this one of us - Wye River.



E47. Old Bridge
at Monmouth.

Si Knight had told us that the Wye River valley scenery is about the most beautiful in England; and we can endorse his verdict, even though we got in a Bank Holiday traffic jam, trying to reach Symonds Yat.

Next day, August 3rd, we cruised country lanes and went through Monmouth, Abergavenny and Builth Wells (hotels full) to Rhayader where we got rooms behind the town clock in the picture. On to Lichfield, via Tamworth, the 4th - picnicked in a churchyard in mediaeval Shrewsbury & saw its castle.....



E49- Rhayader: the town clock.



E51. Between Rhayader and Llangurig.



E53. Bertha and Penny - Shrewsbury.



E52. Shrewsbury's mediaeval main street.



E55

Lichfield
Cathedral

E56





E68. - The Volkswagen: Mike, Penny, John...



E60. John, Barney White's children; Bob, Mike, Mrs. White, me, Penny and Bernice. Barney's mother was a Handsaker.

Next morning, August 5th, we met Cousin John at the Cathedral, saw its exquisitely carved stonework and the Handsacre prebendal stall, and met John's cousin's family, the Barney Whites. John had a student protege along, so when we set out for Handsacre, Kings Bromley, Malvesyn Ridware and Hatton, seven of us were packed in the little car. The empty and abandoned Handsacre Hall was open. We met Mr. and Mrs. Masser in Kings Bromley in their home, were shown through Kings Bromley and Malvesyn Ridware churches by their rectors. In the afternoon we had a little trouble finding the road to Hatton. There we saw what may have been my great-grandfather Thomas's wagon shop; and at nearby Marston we saw the churchyard where Thomas is buried.



E58 In Lichfield Cathedral



(VNH) The "Handsacre" stall.



E65. Kings Bromley Church, where generations of my ancestors worshiped.



E66. Handsacre Hall. Its foundations go back to the year 1000 or so.

I wish I had explored the Hall more fully. What I saw was in bad repair; the floors had settled unevenly and the ground floor was littered and dirty. At the churches—Kings Bromley, Malvesyn Ridware and Marston—there was no time to copy records, but I was shown some very old ones. Guess I'll have to go back!

Bob drove John to a city where he could catch a London train, and we stayed in Lichfield again the night of the 5th. (Mike slept in the car again.)

The morning of the 6th, we drove to Stafford, 15 miles, where we entered a free-way on which we drove, without a stop almost, 130 miles north to Windermere, bypassing Liverpool and Manchester. Most of the way it was drizzling rain.



E69. This building may have been my great-grandfather's shop in Hatton.



E78. One of these buildings may be the inn where my great-grandmother sold pastry. E79. Marston churchyard where great-grandfather Thomas is buried. No stone.

Without a gravestone





E72. The Town of Windermere.



E73 Windermere from near the ferry.



E72A. Windermere from our window



E77 Coniston Water

Arriving in Windermere in early afternoon, we found rooms in Burnside Hotel, a manor hall in town, with a red-bearded, beatnik-looking host, a lot of cats and dogs, and a fine view of the lake from our bedroom. Had a delayed snack in our room, and (rain having quit) we drove clear around Lake Windermere and over to Esthwaite Water and Coniston Water....

Next morning, Friday, August 7th, we went on, past Rydal Water to Grasmere, where we visited poet Wordsworth's quaint cottage; on to Thielmere and Keswick (detour to Stone Circle), on along Bassenthwaite Lake, where we saw a regatta. Then, out of Lake District, to Carlisle, Mike and I visited the Castle; the others visited antique shops. We then went east a few miles and found the ancient Roman wall built under Emperor Hadrian.



E75. View from Hawkshead



Lake Windermere, 100 years ago!



E81. Derwent Water.

E79. Wordsworth's Cottage at Grasmere.



E80. View from Wordsworth's study: (in his time, the lake was visible.)

E85. Prehistoric stone circle near Keswick

E86, below: Regatta on Bassenthwaite Lake...





E91. Remnant of Hadrian's Wall.



E93 Lunch by the Scottish Wayside

After we had viewed the Wall at two places it was time to look for lodgings. But we were in fishermen's country and found the inns full in three villages; it began to look like an all-night drive. We decided to have dinner at Langholm, and a chance remark by Bertha to the landlady caused her to find a cancellation which gave us two rooms.

Saturday morning, August 8th, we continued our journey on a good winding road in wooded hills; picknicked on the drive to an estate, and reached Edinburgh at 2:30. Downtown hotels full, but by four o'clock Penny and Bob found rooms in the Price Hotel: small and 46 winding stairs up; on Abercrombie Place, a good walk from Princes Street. We shopped, and dined at a cafeteria. Fair day, but raining at bedtime.

Sunday was a drizzly day but we toured the castle before it got wet, then in the afternoon we took a bus tour to Hopetoun House, a former "merchant prince's" palace. Back at 5:30, dinner at a Chinese place, then (the rain having stopped) we window-shopped.



E97. The Castle, and a giant Scottish thistle.

E104. Home of John Knox,
now a museum

E95. Bertha viewing the Castle and Princes Street from top of the Wellington Monument on Calton Hill.

E100 (below) Edinburgh from the Castle: Park, Art Museum, Scott Memorial and in upper right corner, Calton Hill.

We stayed in Edinburgh until Tuesday noon, Aug. 11th. Monday the others shopped. I walked, trying to find "old city." Not much left. I went up on Calton Hill, a part-improved area: Wellington memorial shaft, an uncompleted Parthenon & an observatory. In the evening, we all strolled in the park below the Castle.

Tuesday morning we all shopped.

Two Postcards } The Castle, Park, Scott Memorial, Princes Street.
Bakehouse Close, a mediæval remnant

(We saw the Firth of Forth bridge on our Sunday bus trip. A new highway suspension bridge is being completed, about a mile away.)

Tuesday afternoon, we were driving near the North Sea coast of Scotland and England, a low coast without much natural beauty, but full of seaside resorts. At Bamburgh we stopped for refreshments. It's an attractive village with an impressive castle which we did not visit.

When we began to inquire for lodgings, we found no vacancies until we came to Warkworth: ruined castle and pretty river. Dinner in the inn; Mike slept in the car.

The morning of the 12th, we drove on to Newcastle, leaving our baggage at the dock at North Shields. Newcastle downtown is crowded and dirty - no parking, so Penny, Bob & Mike let us off at the grimy depot, where we lunched, and waited an hour for the boat train to North Shields.

Our first-class cabin on the Venus was fine, but the berths were narrow and the covers queer. Food good, sea calm all the way. About noon the 13th we saw the low coast of Norway; soon entered Bergensfjord, and docked about three o'clock,



(Postcard) The Firth of Forth Railway Bridge.



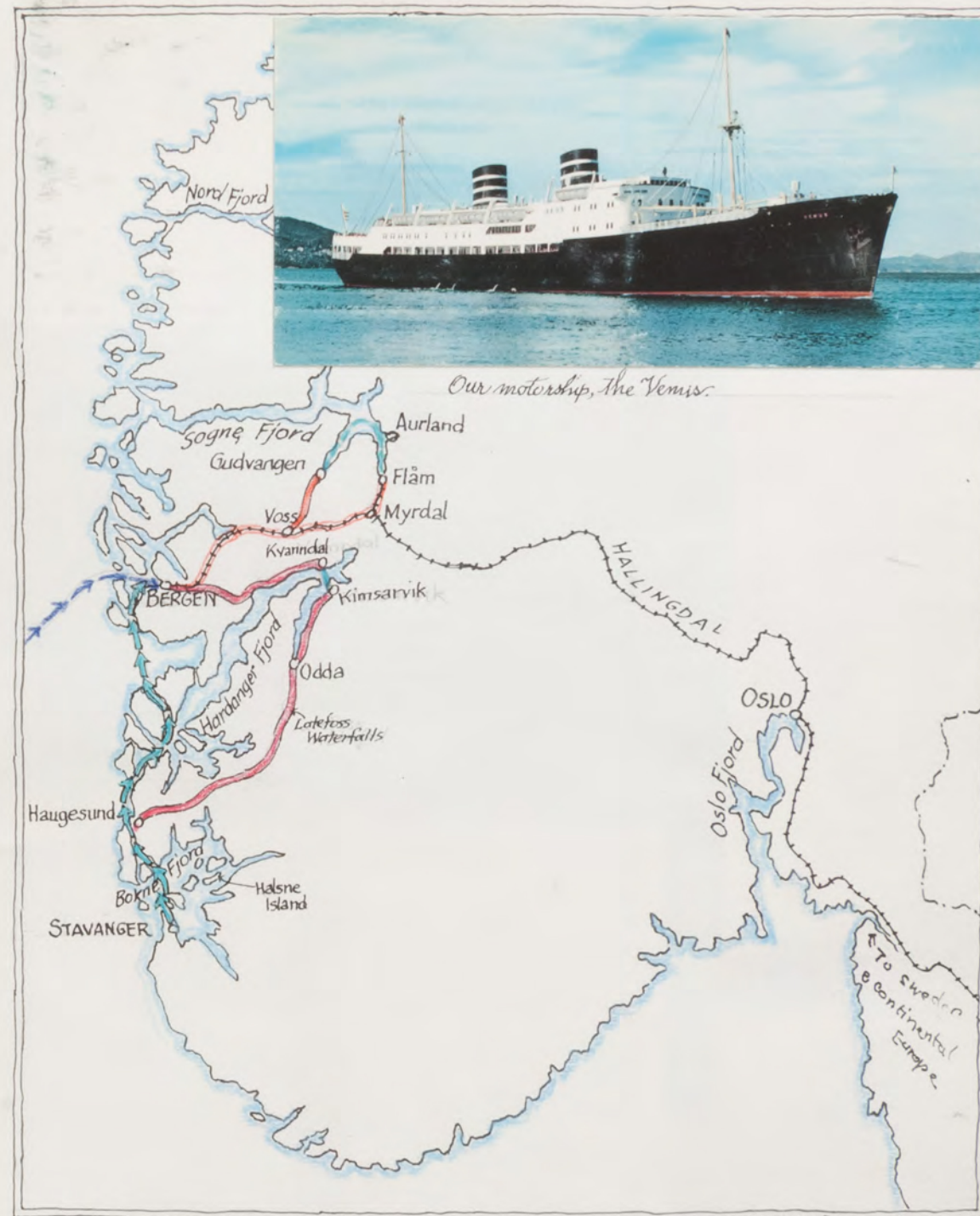
E109 Bamburgh Village and its Castle.



E110 Ruins of Warkworth Castle



E112 Fireplaces in Warkworth Castle Kitchen





E117 Bergen Harbor



E119 Edge of Bergen from the Folk Museum



E120 View from Funicular



E124 Sunset at Fana

We taxied from the ship to a tourist bureau in a park uptown, & were told the hotels were all full, & we were sent to a home away up the mountain, near the funicular (cable) car. Mr. Jensen spoke no English; we were given a tiny basement room with two cots, queer washing facilities, and its own outside door. For dinner we rode up the funicular to a fine resort on top and ate on a chilly porch, to enjoy the wonderful view (getting hazy). The 14th was our one whole day in Bergen. A queer breakfast down town. Post office, travel agency &c wasted all morning; lunch in a hotel; city bus to Gamle Bergen (folk museum); a long walk back: little to see—just too late at Rosenkranz Tower. About 7, we took a very enjoyable bus trip: "Fana Folklore," a concert in a church, then a "wedding feast," with folk music, dancing in costume and a bonfire. Dinner consisted of dried mutton, a sour cream porridge, and lefse. (I got roped in on the dancing.)



E122 Fana Church



E123 Young Entertainers



E128 A Village near Flåm, from the train.

E127 Waterfall, seen from branch train window



E131 Aurland on Sogne Fjord

"Norway in a Nutshell"

Up at 6, the 15th of August; tried to get reservations for Stavanger trip, then on the train at 9. Beautiful ride along a fjord and in forested mountains to Myrdal; then on another electric train down a canyon to Flåm, at the head of Sogne Fjord. Time for lunch, then on a steamer for 2½ hours, stopping at Aurland, & on to Gudvangen, where a bus took us up another canyon, to Voss on the Bergen-Oslo railway, and on a train back to Bergen for dinner. Waterfalls, canyons, villages, mountainous fjords and perfect weather made this day the high spot of the trip, so far.

E135 Gorge above Gudvangen



E129 We took the gray steamer V



E132 On Sogne Fjord





E138 Mørheimssund



E137

From the bus



E139

From the bus

Four views of Hardanger Fjord E141A From our hotel window, Odda



The morning of Aug. 16th we had to settle with Mr. Jensen before leaving for Stavanger. Bertha bridged the language gap by writing a note in what little Norwegian she remembered. We took the 8:30 bus for Kvanndal; along fjords and mountain roads for four hours. Then a half hour boat ride to another



Låtefoss
Waterfalls
South
of Odda.



E147
Stavanger Market

E147B
Stavanger,
from the
City Reservoir



bus, which took us from Kinsarvik to Odda, along the shore of another arm of Hardanger Fjord. At Odda, a small neat, hilly mining town, we got a room in the very modern Hardanger Hotel, & our window looked out at the Fjord...

We were at Odda most of next morning. Did a little hiking & shopping, then took a bus for Haugesund, a four-hour ride, with a stop to see the double Låtefoss, water fall, just above the road. Towards Haugesund the scenery was not so spectacular; and it was rather misty. We had a half-mile walk to the ship at Haugesund. The evening ride to Stavanger was not interesting: inland waters, low shores, poor visibility. Our reservation was at a hotel 1 1/4 miles out: good but the usual weak lights, and a wet evening, so to bed early. We decided to spend only one day in Stavanger.

Next morning, Aug. 18th, we checked out, left our luggage in a little cafe & set out to see the town. I took a bus tour, Bertha shopped for sweaters. It's a rather small city, with tremendous waterfront activity. The weather was good. Our plan to ride the fast hydrofoil to Bergen in 4 evening hours had to be given up: it laid up for repairs. So we took a large all night steamer, with a berth. We had thought of another day in Bergen but decided to go to Oslo instead, eating breakfast in the dining car. (This was the 19th.)

The first third of the all-day journey was the same beautiful country we saw on the 15th; the middle third was in the barren mountains, up over 4000 feet; in the last third we came down Hallingdal valley - pretty little farms in the lower slopes, forest above. We reached Oslo at 7 and stood in line two hours at the depot. We were given a monastic cell in a new dormitory at the University, miles out on the subway and then a mile's walk in the dark. Late supper in depot before going out. A shower or two.

We were in Oslo three days and four nights. After the first night we were in a little hotel on Karl Johans Gåte, the principal street.

How about our long walk to Edvard Grieg's home which I seem to remember?



£154 Oslo and fjord.
← from Holmenkollen Ski Jump
£1



(below) £155 Oslo Harbor and City Hall.



£150 Franklin Roosevelt, Oslo Harbor.
(a nuclear powered ship.)

Then we went into the magnificent modern City Hall; and Bertha took the Subway out to a sweater place while I rested. We met, shopped until 7, and dined well at the Astoria Hotel, with quiet piano music.

The 22nd, another fine day, we shopped, visited Akershus Castle, a short walk from the hotel, then took a city bus to the Folkmuseum, around the bay. Old houses, a Stav church,

and museum buildings. Not far away I saw the Viking ships. We dined at Blom's in a courtyard off Karl Johans Gate - a very ornate restaurant.

My impressions of Norway: scenery is magnificent but the North Sea coast is not as rugged as I'd visualized. Homes are mostly frame and very well painted: - you don't see any run-down farm buildings. The Norwegians seem very art-conscious: even small hotels and restaurants have original paintings, instead of reproductions.

Our first day in Oslo, Aug. 20th, the afternoon was rainy, but while Bertha was out looking for sweaters, I walked to the waterfront. We dined at the Grillstova; then we heard a televised opera, The Magic Flute, at our Park Hotel. It was very good.

The 21st was a beautiful, crisp, sunny day. We took a three-hour bus tour to the Cathedral, Vigeland sculptures in Frogner Park, Holmenkollen Ski Jump and the Edvard Munch museum.

Note in 1985: I distinctly remember that we took a long walk to the home of Edvard Grieg, the musician-composer.



£152 Vigeland's bronze and granite sculptures.

We left Oslo Sunday morning, August 23rd, and had about seven hours on the train, mostly through a flat part of Sweden. Our reserved seats were with an Irak student and an American girl who, we found, was from Minneapolis. After we'd visited with her for a while, she asked, "Would your name by any chance be Handsaker?" She was Louise Hoover, and knows Bill. That got me so excited that when we got off, I forgot my whole photo outfit.



£153 The central monolith



£118 A typical old farm home (Bergen museum.)



£156 A Stav or stake church

£157 A group of farm buildings

Oslo museum →





(Copy)

Parliament and other public buildings

I got laughed at when I asked Weber's Hotel about my reservation, so we lined up at the railway station & were sent to the Fredriksborg, 1½ miles from the town hall. We stayed in Copenhagen 4 days. The first day, I went to the railroad's lost-and-found and recovered the cameras, so I lost only one night's sleep over that.

First day, the 24th, we took a city bus tour: Parliament, Rosenborg Castle, crown jewels, Little Mermaid & City Hall. Then it rained. Bertha got a hair-do & I wrote to Bob & Penny.

Next day, 25th, we walked, along

The shutter on my Miranda stuck for several pictures in Copenhagen



(Copy) Copenhagen Town Hall

Stroget, the pedestrian shopping street, saw the naval museum in old St. Nicholas church, past Royal Academy to Sailors' Haven & waterfront, and back to Tivoli, where we dined & spent the evening, listening to bands, and a symphony concert in the fine concert hall - All except dinner, for 22¢.

The 26th, was a fine day, and we took a long bus tour, to Elsinore,

E 162:
Concert Hall,
Tivoli
Copenhagen

E167 Entering Elsinore Castle



E170 A Thatched Farm House



E173 Frederiksborg Castle (from purchased slide)

with a lavish smorgasbord at a seaside resort; back past Fredenborg palace and through gorgeous Frederiksborg castle. We passed villages, farms, lakes.

The 27th, our last day, we first took our baggage to depot, then took a long, dull walk to a big park and zoo, then by train back across town to the Botanical Gardens, which are quite pretty. Dinner, and at Tivoli from 6:30 until train time at 9:30, just watching the crowds, fountains, open-air vaudeville and concerts.



E175 Ballroom, Frederiksborg

Our trip from Copenhagen to Brussels was rather an ordeal. We went in a second-class coach, and though we had reserved seats, the compartment was full, so there was little sleep. A long ferry ride to Germany, dawn in the fog, industrial towns, a glimpse of Cologne Cathedral. No diner, no drinking water and over two hours late, so we were frowzy and hungry when we reached Brussels at 2:15, carrying all our luggage with us....

€182 Medieval Town Hall at Brussels Market Square →

€185 Some of the Guild Halls at the same Square, and the rear half of our Global bus



We Join Our Tour

What a relief, when we taxied to our hotel in Brussels, to learn that Global Tour 729 was indeed arriving that afternoon, and to be shown to our room (with a much-appreciated bath.) The tour came; we met our courier, Ramon Torras, and dined with the party of nearly 40 tourists from the U.S., England, West Indies and South Africa. For the next four weeks we would have no responsibility except to get up for breakfast when called!

This began on Friday, August 28th. The evening being free, Bertha and I walked to the old Town Hall and Market Square. Not finding it, I asked a stranger in my best High School French, "Pardon, monsieur: ou est l'Hotel de Ville?" and got the reply in English, "Follow the band." We did, and around the corner a festival was going full blast, at the Town Hall.

Saturday we went on, through Antwerp to Rotterdam for lunch, and Amsterdam for dinner.

€186 Antwerp Town Hall, where dozens of couples come on Saturday morning for their civil wedding, then cross the square to the Cathedral to be married



€188 An Amsterdam Canal.



€189 Coal barges on Canal



€194 A Volendam Street →

€195- Volendam Waterfront →



Sunday the 30th we visited a diamond shop and the Art Museum, then went by bus to Volendam and on by boat to Marken. Returning, we saw the whole fishing fleet carrying families in their Sunday best, to escort a new priest back to Volendam...



€196 The only Windmill we saw.

That evening, Bertha & I took a boat tour of the canals, remarkable for the way all the buildings are floodlighted.

Next morning, August 31st, we crossed into Germany, saw Cologne Cathedral, and mostly by autobahn, came to Bonn. Our hotel was on the city square.



E201- The Main Door of Cologne Cathedral with its wonderful stone carving. (Restored after the war?)

Sept. 1st, we journeyed up the Rhine in our bus, stopping a while at Boppard, an interesting river town. At St. Goar we got on an excursion boat and rode about 3 hours to Bingen, through the mountainous part of the valley. We had lunch on the ship. The Rhine is crowded with shipping, and there's a highway and a double-track railroad on each bank. At Bingen we got on our big red bus again and rode through a flatter, more industrial region, then left the Rhine for Heidelberg.

E209- The Rhine near St. Goar.



E211- Die Lorelei. Except for the song, it's just another cliff.



E208- Our Ship, the Rheingold.

E215- Terraced Vineyards Katz Castle



E205 River Traffic.



E217- Courtyard, Heidelberg Castle



E218- Neckar Valley from the Ramparts



E219- Heidelberg from the Castle.

E223 Black Forest near the Swiss border.

At Heidelberg, we had a town and castle tour before reaching our hotel (modern, in a very old building.) And after supper we were taken on a walk to a students' beer hall, so crowded and smoky that most of us got our beer at a quieter place. September 2nd, we drove up the Neckar River, through Haslach and other pretty villages, stopping for lunch at Hornberg, then on to Switzerland. At Schaffhausen, we parked and walked down to the Rhine falls.



E220- A Black Forest Village: Haslach?





E225 The Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen.



E227



Two views of the lake at Zurich.

E228



E231 One of the foot-bridges, Lucerne

E234 Street in the old section of Lucerne.



E228 - Entertainment in Lucerne.

(Sept. 2, continued) We went on to Lucerne, where we spent two nights in a modern hotel, best yet, with lobby on top: (7th floor.) The first night, we had fondue at a bierstube table, for two hours, with a floor show of Swiss folk dancing, yodeling and flag juggling; and alpenhorn, zither and accordion music. It was very enjoyable.

September 3, we spent the morning shopping: Bertha bought two Swiss Hamilton watches, and I found discount houses in the picturesque old section of town, where Kodachrome film was as cheap as at home. I also took a long walk, in a hill district, trying to find Thorwaldsen's dying Lion of Lucerne. I finally found it, but the light was wrong for a picture. In the afternoon, our bus took us to Mount Pilatus and we took a long, cogwheel railway to the top (disappointingly hazy) and



E238A



E238A Top of Mount Pilatus. We went up by cog railway but came down in an aerial car (E241) but the snow was not there. (copied picture)

E246 Mount Rigi at Vitznau



E244 Lake Lucerne at Vitznau

E247 Gasthaus at Baurnhof - where Bertha and I had "Mocha," (hot milk chocolate)



descended by two successive aerial cable cars to the outskirts of Lucerne. In the evening we shopped again. Dinner was a birthday party for Penny from Natal.

On our way again, the 4th. Most of the party took another cog railway trip over Mount Rigi, but we stayed with the bus and killed time at Baurnhof, where we inspected an old inn. We then went on, past Lake Wallen into mountainous

E248 Walenstadt on Walen See.





£253. - View from our room at Hotel Post, St. Anton

£249.

← Vaduz, Liechtenstein
The ducal palace is up
on the mountain side.

£255. - Maria Theresa
Street, Innsbruck. The
statue is the Virgin Mary.



Liechtenstein, where we had lunch, shopped and got visas at Vaduz, the capital village. Then over Arlberg Pass to Austria, and to the Post Hotel in St. Anton. Our bedroom had a balcony with a view. Tyrolean dancing & music by some young people in the hotel basement after dinner.

September 5, on our way at 8:30: a sunny ride in a rugged gorge; the mountains widened at Innsbruck; we had lunch and an hour to stroll, downtown. Then up to Brenner Pass by way of a new bridge, four lanes wide and about 700 feet high. We crept up towards the Italian border, delayed by a search the Italians were making of every German and Austrian car, for bombs or other arms. At the border the usual money-changers and trinket shops. We reached Bolzano, quite a city, rather late and had dinner at 8 in the fine new Hotel Alpi. After a short stroll around the square, we went to bed.



£258. Approaching Brenner Pass
The bridge is over 600' high
(its girders must be of
unusual length)

The road through the Dolomites was too narrow and crooked for picture stops; the views on this page were taken from the moving bus.

The 6th was the day we zigzagged through the jagged Dolomite Alps, and on down to Venice. The mountain roads were too narrow, steep and crooked for many stops for pictures, so most of the pictures had to be taken on the fly through the bus windows. Twice there were delays by traffic police, who seemed to



£259. In Italy, just south of
Brenner Pass.

← £260. Dolomites between Brenner
Pass and Cortina.

Below - Two glimpses of the Dolomites around Cortina.



think our bus was too big for the road. It was! Cortina, where we stopped for lunch, is in a small basin ringed by towering mountains. About where the mountains were ending, we stopped a few minutes to see what was left of Longarone, the village destroyed by a splash of water over a dam in a side canyon. There was a little rain before we reached Venice over the long causeway from the mainland. No road vehicles can go into the city; we had a long wait for gondolas to take us to our hotel - the poorest yet but well located. We had a good dinner at 8, then from 9:30 to 11 we were entertained at a night-club, the Grotto...

£264.



£267



56

E 272. Church of Santa Maria della Salute



E 275. Saint Mark's Basilica

There was a walking tour the morning of the 7th, including St Mark's, the Bridge of Sighs and old prison, and a glass factory. Shops closed for siesta after lunch, from 12 to 3, so we rested too. Then Bertha shopped, and I took off with my camera. After supper Bertha and I took another walk, to Saint Mark's Square and then to the Rialto bridge. I got us so lost, returning through narrow, dark, deserted alleys that we were a little worried. Fine weather.

September 8th, was another fine day, getting warmer. Again, we had a gondola ride to our bus, then by freeway, lavish with tunnels and bridges, to Padua, where we saw the vast, gloomy church of Saint Anthony. Lunch at Bologna, rather uninteresting and on to Florence. Modern hotel in edge of town, every room with bath.



E 278. A typical street, Venice

Rialto Bridge and Grand Canal



E 273. View from our window, Venice



Church of Saint Anthony at Padua.



E 280 Freeway between Venice & Florence.



E 283. Ponte Vecchio at Florence—
The only bridge which survived World War II.



E 281. Michelangelo Park, Florence.



E 285. Giotto's Tower and Cathedral, Florence.

September 9th, our bus took us to downtown Florence and a local guide showed us to the Cathedral, Pantheon, the Pitti Palace gallery (pictures on hinges for better lighting).

In the afternoon, Ber. & 2 friends went downtown by city bus while I took a hike, past Michelangelo Terrace, across Ponte Vecchio, got a haircut and found a letter from Peg & Bob at the hotel we had been supposed to stop at.



E 290. Tourist Buses, Cathedral Square.



E 288. Palazzo Vecchio and Statue of David by Michelangelo, and Neptune by Ammannati.

57



E 293- Grape and orchard country.



E 298-Appian Way- a farmhouse on top of an ancient Roman tomb



E 295- Castle Bragiacomase, north of Rome. Castles are rather scarce in Italy.

September 10th, our tour took us from Florence to Rome, 190 miles thru the Apennine hills; we saw an American military cemetery, 4400 graves; passed Siena, as the bus was too big to enter the city. In a village we had our lunch. We reached our hotel in Rome at 4:30: an old palace a block from Vatican Square, with one of those ridiculous three-passenger elevators. After supper, a bus tour of illuminated fountains and ruins. (Our main visit to Rome was a few days later.)

The 11th, we had a short run: 145 miles, along the old Appian Way (stopping for a brief tour in the catacombs,) then on a free-

way, detouring around Naples to Pompeii. We also visited a cameo factory. The things of most interest to me in Pompeii were the ruts made by chariot wheels, in the stone pavements; the rebuilt House of the Two Bachelors (showing Roman domestic architecture,) and the public baths....



E 303- Home of Two Bachelors, Pompeii.



E 300- Pompeii- Main Square and Mount Vesuvius.



E 305 Capri, Downtown Waterfront.

Then through Naples to a steamer which took us to the island of Capri; a wild ride in a little, open bus, up narrow, crooked streets to a square. It was then a half mile walk to the charming Semiramis Hotel. Dinner outdoors in a roof-garden at 8:30.

The morning of the 12th we went on a cruise clear around the island. Weather being perfect, we stopped, got in rowboats and entered the Blue Grotto. Then an island bus trip with a walk at Axel Munthe's resort. After 12:30 lunch, Bertha and I found a pretty little park nearby, then took a siesta. After seven o'clock dinner, five of us took a funicular railway down to the harbor, where a band was playing and the sidewalk shops were full of people, mostly tourists.

E 307- Capri Harbor from Axel Munthe's Villa.



E 308 Bougainvillea near our Hotel.



E 315- Circumnavigating Capri.



E 318- In the Blue Grotto- The color comes from the light, most of which comes through the water below the very small air opening. You have to bend low as the rowboat goes in.



← E326. Close View of the Great Fountain.

← E327. Great Fountain and Villa d'Este.

TIVOLI



E325. - The Thousand Fountains



← A Small Rustic Fountain

Sept. 13th, after breakfast, a boat took us to Sorrento, and after our bus nearly got stuck in a hairpin curve, we returned to Rome via another route. Two stops: lunch at Cassino below the rebuilt Monte Cassino monastery (little trace of the battle,) and then a walking tour of the artesian fountains of Tivoli below Villa d'Este. They are the most beautiful memory we have of the whole Global tour. Sunday, crowded, quaint little local guide,

We reached the modern nine-story Hotel Sporting in a new apartment district of Rome at six; every room with bath. We were there three nights. Another bus tour, the first night. Tours of the city the 14th: Saint Peter's, Saint Paul's, Saint John Lateran, the Forum, Colosseum, etc. The morning of the 15th, we all saw the Vatican Museum and the Sistine Chapel. That afternoon, Rosen the dentist from Maine, and I, took a bumpy



In Saint Peter's



E340. - Mussolini's Olympic Stadium

E330 - From the Napoleon Square; Saint Peter's dome.



E338. - Victor Emmanuelle II Memorial

ROME



* E337. - Trevi (three coins) Fountain

(*The song, "Three Coins in a Fountain"
E335. Saint Paul's Without the Walls →





E339. - The Great Forum



E331. - The Colosseum

ride downtown in a city bus, then walked for an hour, trying to find the Tiber River. We never found it, but saw Trajan's column (very prosaic setting) and the Victor Emmanuel II memorial, locally called the Wedding Cake.

You'd have to live in Rome a long time to see all its wonders. Saint Peter's with its statues and brilliant glass-mosaic copies of great paintings, is the treasure-house of the world. And I saw some exquisite manuscript books in the Vatican.

September 16th, we left Rome, going along the Mediterranean coast in the morning. Lunch at Grossetto, a small town. We reached the leaning tower at Pisa by four o'clock. Most of us climbed to the belfry. Then to an excellent hotel in Pisa. Bertha was so ill with dysentery



E342 Cathedral at Grossetto.

E344. Pisa's Leaning Tower →



E349
One of the bells they no longer dare to ring on account of possible damage from the vibrations.



← E341. Santa Marinella on the Riviera.
E354. Portofino Harbor.



which started in Rome, that she was eating nothing, and we had to think of abandoning the tour & flying home. But next day, the 17th, she was getting over it.

The 17th, we went along the Florida-like Italian Riviera; then the highway turned in to the mountains, steep and crooked. By 1:30 we were back on the coast, at Rapallo. A boat trip to Portofino did not materialize but some of us learned that a local bus ran there. First I went, with the Rosens; I was so thrilled with the town's picturesque charm that I hurried back to see if Bertha could go. She was feeling better, and we made the short trip in early twilight.

Later, I learned that Portofino is a "national monument," where nothing can be changed without approval of a board.

September 18th, we went on to Monte Carlo; there was the usual money-changing at the French border, but no formalities on entering Monaco. We



(middle) E352. Street, Portofino

E355. Portofino Waterfront →





£362 - Menton, France

left Rapallo at 8, and took over an hour to go through huge, modern Genoa. The fine Riviera beach then continued. We had lunch at Alassio, then went on the beautiful coast road, through Menton, France. Our hotel in Monte Carlo was not one of the new skyscrapers, but was all right; just above the Casino.

The morning of the 19th, some of us went to Prince Rainier's palace and had a tour, with Princess Grace's taped voice describing each room. At 2 o'clock, our bus took off on a wonderful ride, up, up on a mountain road, with many picture stops: La Turbie, with the memorial built by Caesar Augustus & a birdseye view of Monte Carlo; Eze, a mediaeval village and ruined castle, rehabilitated by a group of artists; and Beaulieu with its boat

£367 - Palace of Rainier and Grace



£365 - Monte Carlo from near the Palace



£377 - Monte Carlo from Augustus memorial, La Turbie



Two postcard pictures of the artist colony Eze
£376 - Caesar Augustus memorial overlooking the sea at La Turbie

harbor and entrance to Cap Ferrat; and other places. It was our most "picturesque" day, and I took two dozen pictures.

As we re-entered Monte Carlo the bus stopped and some folks got out so I came loping down the aisle, looking for another picture. Ramon asked, "Where are you going, Handsaker?" I said "I-uh-dunno!" "Well, you stay on the bus!" (Some folks were getting out to visit the palace, which I'd seen.)

Eze was the most interesting. A labyrinth of stairway alleys between ancient stone walls, with living apartments and tiny shops. Trying to find a view over the sea, I got lost. I was told that a great view could be seen from the castle tower, but could not find it.

In the evening Bertha & I walked to the Casino for the dull spectacle of 3 roulette tables....



£380 - Eze again: Cap Ferrat beyond.





Entre Vaux - a
medieval walled
village.
← E 388 - The Gate
Above: E 392 - Castle
over the village
E 391 - Main Street →



September 20th, we left for the north, after first stopping a little while on the sea front at Nice. Then, up the Var River valley and canyon. Our coffee break was at the walled village of Entre Vaux. Then, rather monotonous hills, good farms in the valleys, and over 3600 foot Haute Croix pass to a change of climate, from very warm to Alpine coolness. Lunch at Digne-le-Bains, afternoon stop at Monier-du-Percy, where a country dance was in progress. As we neared Grenoble we had glimpses of high mountains but they never peeked out of the gathering clouds enough for a picture.

Grenoble, which we reached about six, is a city of 100,000, of which we saw little: just our old-fashioned hotel and, after dinner, a brief chilly walk in the closed shopping district. And next morning we left, right after breakfast.



E 394 - Scene near Monier du Percy.



E 395 - Mountains at Grenoble
← E 398 - Chateau at Rochepot
E 400 - Village and countryside, Rochepot.

September 21st-

As we left the mountains the sun came out, and fine farms appeared. Lunch family style at Sennerly-le-Grand; a momentary stop for a distant view of a chateau; a coffee stop at Avalon, where

I discovered a quaint courtyard with a formal garden. Also a stop at a huge roadside pottery display. We tied up at Armeau village, at an unheated, chilly resort hotel of no charm: but our younger members found a wheezy phonograph and some cracked records and put on a "hot" dance, with our big Dutch driver, Jacob Doornebos, the hottest dancer of all!



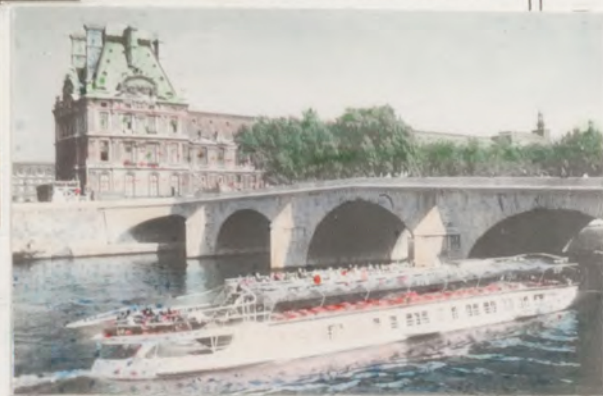
E 403 E 401 -
Garden and
Courtyard
at Avalon

This path is
bordered with
brickdust.





← E409 - A Small Part of the Palace of Fontainebleau (closed for repairs.)
 & E421 - The Seine at the Louvre.



In Paris: September 22-23-24.

When we left Armeau, it was 44° F. and foggy. We had a three hour ride along the Yonne and Seine rivers, & we made a 40 minute stop to see the gardens of Fontainebleau; the incredibly vast palace was closed. We arrived at the Hotel Terminus St. Lazaire in time for lunch, after which we had a bus tour of the city, stopping only to enter Notre Dame (very dark) and for a distant view of the Eiffel Tower.

In the evening we were taken to the Casino de Paris: beautiful scenes, costumes & lack of costumes; and afterwards to a night club (we couldn't understand the dialog - just as well, perhaps.)

Paris, like London, is cleaning up and the once black buildings are turning white.

E414. →
 Notre Dame

Lower Corner →
 Napoleon's Tomb



E411 - The Opera

E411 - This is as close as we got to Eiffel Tower.



E424 - The Church of Sacre Coeur.



E433 - The Hall of Mirrors, Versailles.

Versailles - twelve miles from Paris.

← E426: Half of the Palace Front.
 E430: The Gardens, too are enormous →



The morning of the 23rd, Bertha & I walked to the Place Vendome, shopping for perfume. In the afternoon there was a tour out to Versailles - the palace was crowded with tours. That evening, a night ride around town and a boat ride on the Seine (Notre Dame illuminated.)

The 24th, we told our Global Tour friends good-bye - walked to the American Express and, with Rosens and Betacks to the Louvre; an hour's guided tour, and lunch, there. Then Bertha & I took the Metro to Montmartre and climbed the 255 steps to Sacre Coeur. Dinner for two, with wine, 13 francs in a small cafe near department stores.

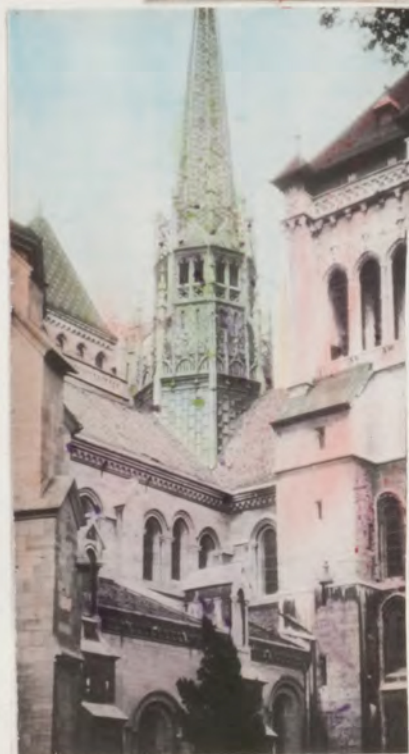


← E434- Lake Geneva, and the 500 foot high fountain: it's turned off when wind is 10 m.p.h.



E439- Central portion of Reformation Monument.

E440- Old street behind the Cathedral.



E442- The old Cathedral of Saint Pierre, which is Protestant.



GENEVA.

On our own, again. We took the train to Geneva, the morning of September 25th, and arrived at 3:30. We got a room in the small Hotel Barillon (no English,) and began our sight-seeing with a walk across the river and along the lake shore. Next day we learned that the excursion boats around the lake were discontinued, and the hazy air made it seem futile to go on to Interlachen, which we had intended. I spent the whole morning at Am. Express and depot, getting new tickets to Madrid, via Barcelona. We took a short lake boat ride, explored old Geneva, and had dinner at Le Plat d'Argent, 16th century. Sunday, 27th, was damp too dark for sightseeing tours. But we went to the United Nations buildings. At 8:42 we took the train for Spain.



The United Nations buildings, in the outskirts of Geneva.

Three Weeks in Spain

Our journey to Madrid was, at least, interesting. At first, we had a coach to ourselves, and stretched out for a night's rest. Then a smell of hot varnish got unendurable, so we opened windows & moved around until it cleared. Then in the night the car filled until we had eight in our compartment, farm laborers returning to Spain, very talkative, friendly and full of garlic. They offered us wine from a leather bottle. In the morning at the border we changed trains (different track gauge.) At Barcelona we changed to the extra-fare, very fine Talgo train; but Spanish track is rough. We had glimpses of coast, mostly empty, and barren interior with ancient-looking villages.

On arrival at the big, noisy Madrid station, we were not met: our telegram had not reached Penny. I finally got the help of a very obliging travel-desk girl, who phoned and understood we were expected at the Residencia. As our taxi arrived there, we met Penny and Bob, who still had not received our message. Bob located a room for us at the Balboa Hotel, half a mile from there.

Three weeks in Madrid was too long, and too late we tried to shorten it a week. I had

hoped for long trips around Spain with Penny and Bob, but Penny had been luck and had a teaching job.

Bob and Penny did nobly on week ends. The first one, we drove on Saturday to Toledo and, Sunday, to the Escorial; the second, an overnight trip to Salamanca, Avila and Segovia; and the third, odd corners of Madrid & out to the Valley of the Fallen; & every day we had 2:30 dinner and 9:00 supper with them at the Res. The last week we were in a little downtown hotel, and still had supper with them (5¢ bus). The hotel was convenient for explorations on our own, but we were a little tired of travel and language problems. Our plan to go to Granada was given up, as a national holiday caused a train sell-out...



E513- The Residencia, home of Bob and Penny



E488 Plaza Mayor; shops, apartments and parking



E490 - Prado Museum.

Madrid

We found that Madrid lacks the mediaeval charm of many other cities we visited. The Plaza Mayor, a rectangle 430 by 330 feet, was constructed in 1630, but nearly all of the "old" city is structurally 18th and 19th century. It took some searching to find picturesqueness. Most of the city has a rectangular block plan, with some wide, tree lined and park centered boulevards. There are numerous ornate fountains, with several royal triumphal monuments. To an extent it is an imitation of Paris.

There is no cathedral to match the ones at Salamanca, Toledo or Segovia. There are churches aplenty, all Roman (we found and attended an English Episcopal church, sponsored by the British embassy.)

We were most impressed by (1) the Royal Palace, its barracks exterior housing 2400 rooms; the 50 we toured were magnificent



E489 - A Street below the Plaza Mayor



E509 - Two of the tallest buildings in Europe, from garden in front of the Royal Palace.



E511 - Throne Room, Royal Palace.



E496 - Scene in Retiro Park.

E500 - Hundreds of modern apartment hotels can't keep up with the housing shortage.

E506 - Madrid, like Paris, has outdoor book stalls.

and kept ready for a king's return at any moment; (2) the Prado Art Museum with its great collection of Goya, Rubens, Murillo, El Greco, Velasquez and early church art; (3) the excellent bus and tram service for a 3 peseta fare. (5c) As the stores all close from 2 to 4 and every one goes home for a siesta, there are four rush hours a day. Autos are doubling every year and underground parking is being built by the city.

E497 and 494 - Ornate fountains abound, although Madrid's water supply is precarious.

E502 - The State gives the blind a monopoly on retailing its lottery tickets. The poor have a camp stool, others have substantial booths.





E450 The Bastions of Toledo.
Toledo.

We drove to Toledo, 47 miles south of Madrid, October 3rd. There we saw the great cathedral and its art collection; the city wall and a gate tower; a synagogue erected by Moorish Jews; the Alcazar, being restored (full of Franco propaganda and uninteresting;) and we shopped along narrow streets.

One of the most ancient cities of Spain, it is now a national historical monument; but the people are modern and well dressed. Business is largely gold-wire inlay jewelry, toy Toledo sword letter-openers, & the like. A real tourist-haven.

E458 Open-air Market, Toledo.

E459 (below) A jewelry-maker, and (E459A) what he makes:—actual size.



E453 The streets are narrow.



E474 The New Cathedral (16th cent.)



E476 The Old Cathedral (12th century)



E478 Courtyard of the University



E474A Door of New Cathedral



E477 Altar, Old Cathedral

Salamanca.

Our drive to Salamanca with Bob & Penny was October 10th, visiting Avila on the way; and we returned to Madrid, about 170 miles, next day. Salamanca, though a busy city of nearly 100,000, has much the same mediaeval charm as Toledo. It was interesting to see how the modern shops and modern people could be comfortably housed in buildings several centuries old; but there were TV antennas everywhere.

The ancient University still is important. We went through the oldest section, going back to the 1400s, and were surprised to see a 100-year-old California redwood tree growing in the inner courtyard.

The great 12th Century cathedral was not good enough for the 16th Century, and a new one was built, probably with gold from America.



Avila's City Wall.



E471: Street in Avila: a well-loaded donkey; girls coming from communion; a Coca Cola sign, and some electric lighting for a fiesta.

Avila.

Avila is a fine example of a 16th century walled city. We were there only two hours, the 10th of October — then went on to Salamanca.



E470: Corner of Plaza Mayor, Avila

Segovia.

Leaving Salamanca soon after breakfast the 11th, we reached a very fine government parador, or hostel, and had a good lunch. Then we drove on to Segovia. The day was showery and we had a long way to go to Madrid before dark, so we saw only the Plaza, the Cathedral, the storybook Castle (did not go into either) and the Aqueduct. The Castle was built by the Moors but has been much rebuilt. The Aqueduct was built under Roman Emperor Trajan about A.D. 100 to supply the city with water, and it is still doing it.



E485 Roman Aqueduct, Segovia.



E484: Moorish Castle or Alcazar, Segovia.



E 516



E 517

The Escorial.

Built in the 16th century, this is a walled royal city with a great church, a monastery, a palace, a library and the mausoleum of Spain's royalty. Penny and Bob drove there with us, October 4th. There are vast art treasures of painting, tapestry and sculpture, but the art that interested me most was a collection of illuminated manuscript books on display in the Library. I was able to photograph three of them.

Some say that the Valley of the Fallen was originally intended by Franco as his personal tomb, but Bob has not found anything to support this.

The Valley of the Fallen.

Located near the Escorial, 30 miles from Madrid, this is Franco's memorial to the heroic dead on both sides in the Civil War — a gesture to symbolize a reunited Spain. It is a mausoleum & basilica in the tunneled interior of the small mountain.

The immense stone cross is an engineering feat. There are not many bodies, as the Spanish do not like to disinter their dead. The art is the work of a crop of young artists, as all the ones with reputation were in exile. There is a great monastery behind the mountain, for priests and lay workers.



E460



E464

Our Return

Our Talgo train left Madrid at 1:00 P.M., October 20th.

After seven hours, and 100 miles short of the border, motors failed; and after a while they put us on a makeshift train. To our surprise, the French train was waiting for us at Hendaye, and we settled down for an all-night ride to Paris. There a taxi took us to the little L'Alsace Hotel on the Left Bank (we had a reservation.) We walked most of the way on Avenue de L'Opera to American Express & Cunard. We took another walk, around the Seine, before having dinner at La Procope

near our hotel. No English, but we recognized Boeuf Stroganoff. Our hotel room was up 82 steep winding steps.

The morning of the 22nd, we walked to the nearby Luxembourg Gardens (no camera along!) At noon we taxied from the hotel to our boat train. It was uncrowded, nearly non-stop, past woods and farms to

Cherbourg, where we went aboard the Queen Mary about 7:30, and found our outside cabin, with bath, on the sun deck. Fine, except for the cold wind they kept whistling down the hall. We were soon served dinner.

October 23rd, our first day aboard, a gale was blowing, causing some roll, and a funny change of weight while going up or down stairs. We missed no meals, but many seats were vacant. The rest of the voyage was smoother, weather mostly gray. Church the 25th, one or two movies, rather monotonous voyage. The 27th, up early & after breakfast, im-

migration check. After midmorning disembarking, long waits for unloaded baggage, trouble getting a taxi to the Grand Central Station, where we had an hour before our 1 o'clock train left for Boston. There, a change of stations and a train to Rockport. We had phoned Dorothy so she and Paul met us, and gave us a late supper.



Our Passport Pictures



E525 The new Narrows Bridge.



E526 Going up the Hudson River.



Rockport Harbor



The Old Mill, Rockport

Rockport: We stayed with Dorothy & Paul two full days; the afternoon of the third day, October 30th, they drove us to Boston, & we took the train for Chicago. Our first day in Rockport Paul drove us all over Cape Ann. Autumn color was gorgeous, though near its end. Next day we three walked to Bearskin Neck and met Paul for lunch. The first evening we had an interesting 3-hour visit from Keith and Mary Handsaker. Keith is a great-grandson of Uncle Sam...

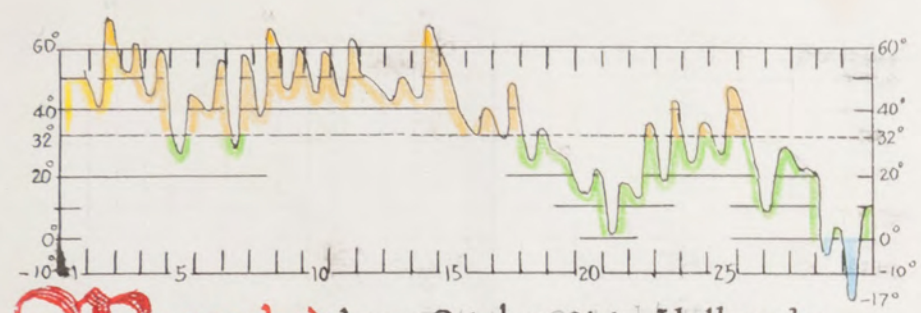


Dorothy and Paul, and their "model" dummy.



At Their Front Door

November 1964



We reached home October 31st, Halloween.....

The place was in good order except that the back gate was off its hinges. Stan Smith had looked after the house plants, and Bill had been here often.

There was much fall work to do: raking up the drifted leaves, putting on storm doors and windows, & housecleaning after three months' absence. We had to wait a week to get 'phone service restored, and lost our number, 699-6717; now it is 698-5813.

Most of my color slides were here and the rest came. They were good, but too many. Bertha and I edited them down from 540 to 340. Also, I did some work on this 1964 annual, just started. ~~~At church, Milo Farmer persuaded me to make a bookcase for the study. There was an interesting discussion series sponsored by the deacons.

Schwabs, Brubachers and Handsakers had three dinner parties where we could compare our foreign experiences. The 7th, our bridge group ate at Port's and played at Smiths'. Thanksgiving Day, the 26th, Bill, and Millie Nezzar, were with us to eat turkey. Bill and I later saw the National Geographic Mt. Everest slide show.

Ross Thuma died soon after we left home. Rob Mills died October 16th; Agnes will visit us at Christmas. Della Hicks died Nov. 19th; I was a pallbearer.



64-116

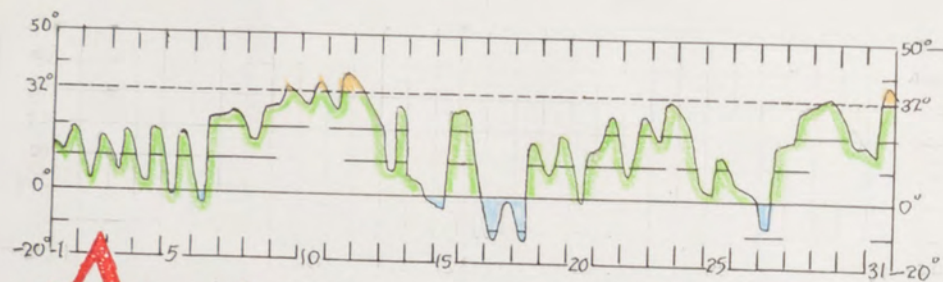
KEITH AND
MARY
HANDSAKER-
Keith's a great-
grandson of Sam,
Oregon pioneer



64-120 xx

HOME!

December 1964



As usual, Christmas and its preparations dominated the month. My principal part in this was the making of 60 photographic greetings, and mailing them. We bought our tree the 8th and set it up the 21st. The biggest thing about our Christmas this year was the arrival of Agnes Mills, by train, the 16th, to visit us for four weeks. Church service was at 4:30 Christmas eve; then we four—Agnes, Bill, Bertha and I—had a pleasant evening at home, with Christmas music on radio and TV. On Christmas morning there was fresh snow with sunshine. We unwrapped our gifts after breakfast.

Bill had been urging us to be photographed, as a gift from him to Betsy and Penny. On the 9th, we posed at Erickson's, but the proofs were discouragingly lifelike, and we deferred getting a new sitting till after the holidays.

I made good progress in copying my best European slides as negatives. We had two more slide shows, with dinner parties. Smiths left for the east the 9th, leaving the checking of their house to me. There was an inter-church dinner at Plymouth Church the 11th: 200 were served. Magraws celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at the Faculty Club, the 27th. Our bridge group dined at the Commodore, New Year's Eve, then played bridge at Agnes Neff's apartment.

We had quite a lot of snow and ice, this month; not good for walking, and sometimes driving was pretty bad.



BERTHA AND I—PROOFS BY ERICKSON
See 1965 Annual for the retake we had finished.

Our Tree,
with Gifts



64-118



64-119

The Mantel



1964: DESIGN BY SPANISH ARTIST BENXGES



1964: DESIGN BY SPANISH ARTIST BENXGES

Our Christmas
Card—

and (above) the
original card we
bought in Madrid,
and my added
lettering.



Hand made, by Paul Scott



stephen rossmoore

From Original made by American School pupil Madrid



From our Courier, Ramon Torres



Silk-screen by Charles Bjorklund

merry Christmas
and a
happy
New Year



The Jacobsen's

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



19

Clara & Stanley T. Shaw
2500 N. Lawrence St., Tacoma, Wash. - 98406

64



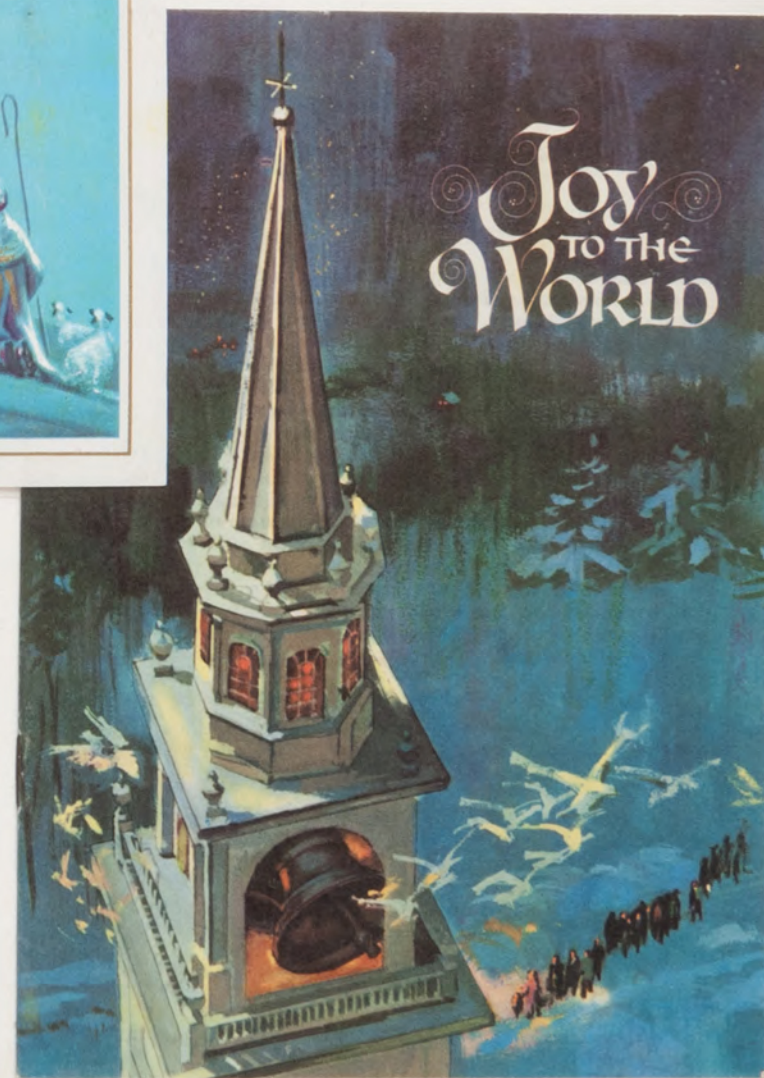
Port Madison Lutheran Church - Bainbridge Island, Wash.



TO DAD.

A gift for you we did select
 But the check I sent was incorrect,
 So our present to you, oh Father dear,
 Is going to be late for the yule-tide cheer.
 But don't despair — it will soon be here
 In time to use for the upcoming year.
 This token of our esteem for you
 We trust will be of the proper hue.
 The color's important, but not as you think,
 Cuz little it matters if it's blue, green or pink.
 To guess what we give will only confuse,
 But we know it is something you will readily use.
 One little hint is enough to suffice:—
 The wink that you see is merely a trice.
 The poetry is bad and the metre impure
 But of our thoughts of you, you can be sure.
 Tho our gift is small and coming late,
 Father, oh Father, we sure think you're great!

Composed by Bill for the gift of an electronic flash,
 from Betsy, Perry and himself.





ROME:



EUROPA
&

GRAND HOTEL

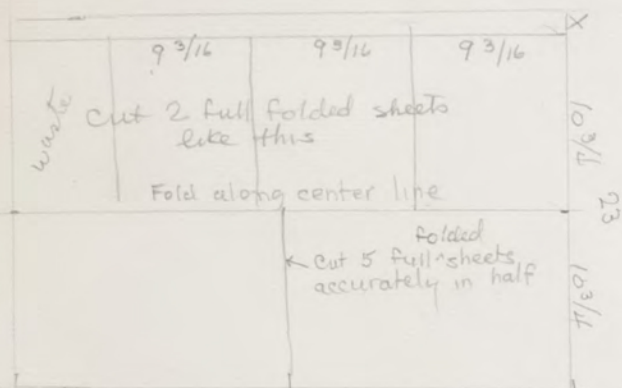
RAPALLO
ITALY



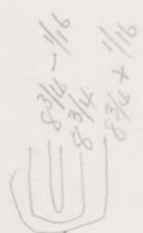
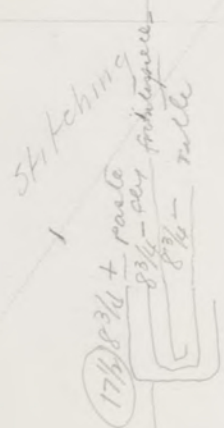
TEL. 1471



Cortlea P.E. Cover 23 x 35 - 100 1/2 x
 from Wilcox-Master-Leftholm Co.
 251 Portland Ave. Mpls.
 30 sheets = 6 lb @ .75 per lb = \$4.50 less 2% = 14.7¢ per sheet



Take 7 - 23 x 35 sheets.
 1. Fold accurately lengthwise
 2. cut 5 accurately in half
 Cut 2 into 9 3/16" strips,
 and fold edge to 8 1/4"
 Tear folds apart (original length folds)
 Assemble with glue
 Trim to 8 3/4 x 10 3/4
 Punch stitch holes.

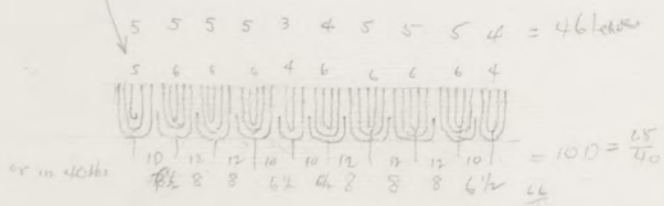


$$7 @ 2 \times 8 \frac{3}{4} - \frac{1}{16} = 17 \frac{1}{2} - \frac{1}{16}$$

$$2 @ 2 \times 8 \frac{3}{4} + \frac{1}{16} = 17 \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{16}$$

$$9 @ 2 \times 8 \frac{3}{4} = 17 \frac{1}{4}$$

$$7 @ 1 \times 8 \frac{3}{4} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{3}{8} = 9 \frac{3}{16}$$



AA1
 1. OUR MOTHER and I visited Norway in the summer of 1964, and while we met no relatives nor even saw any of the family names there, it may be of a little interest to describe our visit. 4. Following to our ignorance of the language, we did not make any serious effort to find any Norwegian branches of the Skarvold family, but it was the family's Bergen and Stavanger background that influenced the route we planned. We started a three months' sightseeing trip in Europe by spending sixteen days in Great Britain, 2. traveling with Penny and Bob Miller and our grandson, Mike. 4. At Newcastle we left them, 2. and on the evening of August 12th we sailed on the motor ship Venus for Bergen. 5. It was a perfectly smooth ride of nineteen hours in a very modern ship. Our cabin was fine, 2. but the two very narrow berths for overcoats only a thick, soft feather quilt in a sheeting jacket. This seems to be the regular thing in northern European. 5. About noon the thirteenth we sighted the coast of Norway. 4. Somehow, I had expected high, 2. mountainous cliffs, but instead there were low, barren reefs and small islands. As we steamed up Bergenfjord the hills got higher, until the only is flanked by mountains. 1. The harbor was an interesting mixture of small-craft-against-a background of medieval stone houses, with many large freighters in another position. We had planned to take pot-luck on hotels, so we failed a taxi and were taken to a tourist office in a park, 2. where we were assigned to a private home, halfway up the mountain-side overlooking the town. 5. The hotels were all sold out. This might have been a pleasant adventure, but as Mr. Jansen spoke no English and all we saw of his very ordinary house was our lead-ban-ordinary little basement room with its own

New chapter

FATHER wanted his children to have the best possible education, and a number of us were reaching the age where we could not get to high school if we stayed on the farm. 7 So in the summer of 1905 he sold the farm and we moved to Lake Benton, Minnesota, where he had secured the pastorate of a Norwegian Lutheran church. 4 He was now a full-time pastor, and we lived in the parsonage, which was not next-door to the church. 2 It was a very plain house, but it had four bedrooms and was quite an improvement in some ways over the farmhouse. There was a barn, and father kept his hand in with livestock by keeping a cow and a team; 2 the horses he brought from the farm. There was milk to spare, and sometimes it was my job to make deliveries to our customers, in a pail, of course. I was twelve years old, 2 and that first fall I entered the seventh grade. 5 One great advantage which Lake Benton offered was the lake, to skate on; 2 and we were learning as soon as the lake froze, 2 that first winter. 4 We also went sliding, on bobsleds and smaller sleds, 2 for Lake Benton was a hilly town. 5 I think we tried skiing, too, but our skis must have been pretty primitive. We youngsters had no trouble finding friends, both boys and girls; but I do not remember that the boys I knew in Lake Benton ever "dated" a girl. 4 When I reached high school in 1906, I got on the basketball team, and played for four years. As I remember it, 2 the high school did not have a gymnasium and we played in the large basement of a church. We played other teams, so we must have taken trips to some high school teams, so we must have taken trips to some nearby towns. One summer I went with my friend Nona Kimball to Brookings, South Dakota 2 where we attended summer school for six weeks. The other summers I stayed home. While we were at Lake Benton, 2 the family had measles, and once I had the "yellow jaundice."

ME MORE TO TOWN
LH 23 RH 22

FATHER wanted us all to have the best possible education and a number of us were approaching the age where we

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25 32

8 3
12

BB
J 25

outside entrance, glamor was quite lacking. ⁴ We added some glamor that evening, by going up the cable car line, or funicular ² (only a few yards from our door) ² to the top of the mountain and dining in the open air with the city, fjord and islands far below us.

Next day, ² in Bergen, ² we walked too much and saw too little, ² which is apt to be the way when you have no guide. The weather was fine; ² in the evening we had a bus tour (our guide spoke English) called "Fana Folklore." We were taken to an old stone country church, where we listened to an organ concert with a soprano soloist. ⁵ Except for the music, it was very ~~stiff~~; ¹ then children in bright peasant costumes led us out and our bus took us to a large, ² barn-like hall where a wedding feast was served, of lefse, flatbread, ~~smoked~~ ^{drugged} mutton and a sour-cream clabber or porridge. ⁴ A troupe in costume put on a program of folk dancing and music with accordion, Hardanger fiddles and zithers. A number of us men ^{were} ~~got~~ ^{involved} up in the dancing and it couldn't have been more fun if akkavit had been imbibed. ⁵ The party ended with ~~singing~~ ^{a bonfire} outside, and more singing.

- veigled into joining the dance, and of course we got tangled up; ³ it couldn't have been more fun if we'd been full of akkavit! The party ended with more singing, outside around a bonfire.

Next morning, August 15th, ² we took the train at nine for an all-day tour, ² by regular train, ² ship and bus, ² which was aptly called "Norway in a Nutshell." ⁵ It began on the main-line Oslo ~~to~~ ^{to} electric train, along a fjord and in forested mountains, to Myrdal, ² then on another electric train down a canyon to Flåm, ² at the head of Sogne Fjord. ⁴ There we had time for lunch before taking a steamer for a two-and-a-half-

CC

hour ride on the fjord, stopping at one or two towns to take passengers or freight, and letting us off at Gudvangen. ² The boat ride was in the arms of the fjord deep in the mountains and the scenery was magnificent. ² ~~From Gudvangen we traveled~~ ² by bus, up another canyon to the railway station at Voss, and we returned to Bergen on the same railway line on which we had left. ~~The weather was perfect.~~ Waterfalls, canyons, villages, mountainous fjord and perfect weather made this day one of the high spots of our European travels.

On the morning of August 16th, we had to settle with Mr. Jensen before leaving for Stavanger. ⁴ Bertha had ~~300~~ ³⁰⁰ her meager stock of Norwegian with the help of a young couple on the previous day's tour who spoke both languages, so she was able to write a note which Jensen understood. ⁴ We took the bus for Kvamndal, ² along mountain roads above Hardanger Fjord for four hours; then a half-hour boat ride and another bus which took us from Kinsarvik to Odda, along the shore of another arm of the same great fjord. ² At Odda, a small, neat, hilly town, ² we found a room in the modern Hardanger Hotel; our window looked out at the fjord.

Next morning we had time for a little hiking and shopping before taking a bus for the four-hour ride to Haugesund on the North Sea. The first part of this ride, through the mountains, was very beautiful, and we especially enjoyed the Låtefoss double waterfall just above the road; the bus stopped there a few minutes. As we ~~got closer to the sea~~ ^{neared the sea}, the scenery was less rugged. ² We walked several blocks to our boat at Haugesund and the ride from there to Stavanger was past low shores in murky, ² drizzly weather. ⁴ We passed too far to the west of the Skartvedt ancestral island of Halsne to see it,

