

SABBATICAL LEAVE REPORT

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by

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It is with sincere appreciation that I write this report for placement in the Mt. San Antonio College Library. To you, the Board of Trustees and you who served on the Sabbatical Leave Committee, I say "thanks" for a most wonderful experience, one that was a positive and helpful segment of my life. It is impossible for me to put on paper the true feelings and expanded awareness derived from this journey and visitation to foreign lands, cultures, and educational institutions.

This report shall follow our trip and visitations as they took place day by day, country by country.

My wife and I started this new life in the morning on July 15, 1969. We took a jet flight from Los Angeles to Frankfurt, Germany, with a stopover in Bangor, Maine. We arrived at our destination early the next morning and after clearing customs we were met by Herr Baier, our V.W. Camper salesman. He had our new home parked outside and after loading our meager belongings, headed for the big city where he spent more than six hours helping us get German money, equipment for our camper and groceries to start our trip north. He also directed us to the Autobahn and headed us to our first European camp site at Sussen, Germany. It was next to a huge outdoor swimming pool and it seemed that half of the German population were using the facility. Next day, we drove north to Hamburg and on to Munster where we camped the week-end. The city of Munster is quaint and picturesque with much greenery, flowers, and a pretty winding river through the center of town. On Monday we had our V.W. camper serviced, bought two fold-up bicycles and headed on to the

northern boundary of Germany. We spent much of the evening looking for a campground that wasn't full, but found none so camped in a huge parking lot behind a sea-dike. That evening we took a walk along the dike and upon returning, found many German people around our camper just looking it over. The camper is made in their country but most citizens have not seen the camping rig, only the smaller cars.

The next day, we headed on to Putt-Garden via the small road near the seashore where we saw many beautiful thatch-roofed homes, of which some had colorful flower gardens and special cuts on the reeds of the roofs. Upon arrival at Putt-Garden, we purchased our tickets for the ferry boat ride to Denmark and having some luck of the Irish, we were in the right lane of traffic and near a cross street thus allowing us to be the last vehicle loaded on the ferry. This prevented an eight to ten-hour wait. Upon arrival in Southern Denmark we traveled northeast to Copenhagen and found a new modern camp. We struck up a friendship with an Australian couple and did some of our sight-seeing with them. Tivoli Gardens in the evening and at night is a grand sight; but many people from all over the world trying to absorb as much as possible made for crowded conditions. Two human relations experiences are most vivid in my mind. One would be the visits to the Royal Copenhagen porcelain factory and Michelson's Silversmiths. In each case, it was so very evident that apprenticeship and training starts at a much earlier age than in the States. It was amazing the ability acquired by youngsters fifteen and sixteen years of age.

Other items of interest while in Copenhagen were the Little Mermaid, fish market, King's Palace and a Hydrofoil boat trip to Malmo, Sweden.

We found the natives quite pleasant, courteous, and helpful. Many could speak a little English and with sign language to help, our needs and desires were met.

We drove on to Helsingor, took the ferry to Helsingborg, Sweden; then on north to the city of Vadstena which is located on the shores of Lake Vattern. The campground was more than full and everyone seemed to enjoy the cold water of the lake for swimming. We walked through the small town, visited an old castle with its moat still operating and full of small boats. We stayed only two days, then pushed on to Stockholm where we found a beautiful camp located on some hills just out of town in a community named Angby.

In many of the big cities in Europe we found it more beneficial to use their transportation instead of our own, so here in Stockholm we had our first ride in the tunnel banna (subway). It was not expensive and you could go anywhere in the city in a hurry. One interesting visit was Milles Gardens, a beautiful spot looking to the water and displaying many sculpture items of importance. The "Hand of God" was a high point for me on this visit. Another interesting visit was the social tour and lecture. We visited government housing projects, and were allowed to walk through and chat with the tenants old and young alike. Their whole approach to life is very socialistic and those we talked with seemed to be happy, well-fed and in good health. It was interesting to note that a young unmarried woman bearing children was treated better than a young married couple. Because of the need for increased population the government gives extra services and rewards for the childbearing unmarrieds: free nursery care for their young, housing and a job; and good housing is hard to come

by. We also enjoyed a boat trip up to the Baltic Sea and then back to the W.A.S.A. Museum, the house of the warship by the same name. As we disembarked from this sea trip, we were near a large art gallery having a special show of Rembrandt's work. I only wish I had more understanding of art and color that I might have a better appreciation of the many fine art works seen on our trip.

At the conclusion of our stay in Stockholm, we pointed the camper north again for the university city of Uppsala which has a great exchange program with our Chico State College. We didn't know at the time, but our daughter was to spend a few months with some of her fellow students here from Chico, before our return to the States in May, 1970. Uppsala is a lot like some of our north east college towns with some of the facilities on a slight hill that looks down to a beautiful church with two pointed spires with much embellishment and a lot of eye appeal. As we had a ferry to catch in Bergen, we continued on our way making our next stop at the north shore of Lake Vanern just outside of the city of Karlstad. This is a popular resort in the summer and the campground was huge - many, many acres of grass and small roads weaving in and out. We stayed only the night, then on to Oslo, Norway where we found a new campground high on a hill overlooking the city and port. We used the city bus for transportation and took in many of the interesting sights such as the ski jump for the Olympic Games, the viking ships, the Kon-Titi Raft of Thar Heyerdahl, the Henie-Onsted Museum and the very impressive Vigeland Park. We also included a boat trip that traversed the Oslo Fjord and bought shrimp from the famous shrimp boats that tie up at the foot of the City Hall.

After a week's stay in Oslo, it was pack up and head west toward Bergen. This trip was indeed exciting and full of adventure. Our first town of any

size was Drammen then on to Kongsberg and up into the mountains to our next campsite which was in a big meadow next to two small lakes and a stream and waterfall near by. There were only three camping rigs and people staying in two cabins, so it was quiet and restful, a beautiful sight to behold. The next day took us on to the summit of the mountains and through a tunnel six miles in length and no lights inside - needless to say it was scary, and it seemed as if we would never get to the great outdoors again. We continued along the summit of the mountain then zig-zagged down the side on a one lane road that dropped us in near Odda, Norway, an interesting town located at the end of the fjord. We drove on along the edge of the fjord under hanging rocks and past many beautiful waterfalls on both sides of the main body of water. The road ended at Kinsarvik where there was a ferry boat waiting for a trip across the fjord to the small town of Kavandal. As we drove on towards Bergen, night began to fall and according to our camping guide there were no campgrounds close by, so a cool running stream near the road became our camping spot for that night. Two families had found a small meadow and a little pool for swimming near by. They had tents set up and looked as if they were staying for some time.

Next morning, we were up early and on the road to Bergen. About six miles east of town, we found a municipal camp and stayed there for a few days but found it quite noisy, so we moved to a beautiful camp spot further from town but located on the edge of two lakes and a stream. Across the little valley, they were building a new house, so I enjoyed watching the progress each day as we stayed a week in this camp. When they got the rafters up on the new

house, they flew a huge Norweigen flag denoting the progress of construction and their loyalty to their country. Walking through the old city of Bergen was really pleasant as it is located at the shore of the fjord and many boats were in and out of the harbor. We also took the cable car to the top of the mountain behind the town and the view was really something to behold. At the foot of the harbor inlet, was a large open area where open air shops would be set up each day. . .fish, flowers and vegetables along with a few souvenir shops were the order of the day.

While getting our mail at the American Express Office, we ran into our first person from home. It was a surprise and a joy to chat with Virginia Coffee, a retired counselor from Mt. SAC. We didn't know she was in Norway nor did she know we were there. One of our side trips from Bergen was an evening jaunt to the Fana district and a real treat which included a wedding feast. We stopped at an old church, listened to some words about its construction and then listened to some of the folk church music of the past, then on to a large gathering house for the wedding feast. Oldsters as well as youngsters were in costume of their area and they sang and danced and we ate the native food. Upon our return to Bergen late that evening it was a good feeling to know some of the past of this beautiful country. On the following Sunday, we loaded the camper and ourselves aboard the ferry ship Jupiter, which made two stops; one at Haugesund and the other at Stravanger, Norway before heading to New Castle, England. I must admit that I had much concern about driving in Great Britain. . .that left hand stuff was not for me. Upon landing, going through Customs then heading north and immediately coming upon a "round-about" (circle drive), I seemed to get the idea of keeping

to the left and only once did I make a mistake.

Our first night in jolly old England was spent in a World War II decontamination center that had been made into a campground. This was located just south of Berwick upon Tweed which is the border between England and Scotland. Next day we motored on north to Edinburgh, Scotland where we found a spacious and pretty campsite next to a beautiful green golf course. We stayed here for about a week and visited the city, the palace and walked along the sea shore. Oh, yes, while in town it was interesting to watch the shop keepers during the lunch hour. Most of them took their golfing putters to the bottom of the park area which borders one side of Princess Street, the main shopping street of Edinburgh. The men would take off their coats, roll up their sleeves and have a go at that golf club. Our next move was north again and the scenic winding road took us through small villages and past the world renown golf course, "St. Andrewes", then on up the road to the city of Inverness. I shall never forget this place as it had a beautiful river running through the center of town and the municipal campground nearby. Each day we would find new fishermen on the rocks, in waders, and using the various foot bridges. Because it was still the tourist season, we were able to get tickets for a true Scottish show of bagpipes - Highland dancers and singers. This production was put on out of doors at one of their soccer fields and the entertainment was tops. Another day we walked the town, did some shopping and again walked the river bank and watched them fishing. From Inverness, we headed north and west through farm country along one-lane roads that lead to the coast, where we came upon a small ferry like we had never seen before.

This ferry held four autos and after loading, the whole deck would be turned around so you could drive off forward, not back off. This ferry was in a small inlet named Kyle of Lochalsh. We had to pass this inlet plus one more to get to the Isle of Skye which was our destination at the time. It seems that all through Scotland we saw sheep, sheep and more sheep. This proved true even on the Isle of Skye as we drove to the South Side and then on west, the sheep were all over the place. Because of the vast ranges there were no fences so you had to be on the alert or you might hit one.

It was getting late as we drove on so a camping spot was in order and we found one on the side of a hill overlooking a large bay and spreading meadows. When we woke up the next morning there were sheep all around the camper eating their breakfast. On up the road we found Dunvegan Castle which was our real goal as the McLeod's have lived in the castle for hundreds of years and Lora McLeod is in her 80's and now the head of Dunvegan. The castle is situated on large rocks at the edge of the sea and a pretty walking garden greets you as you enter from the parking area. Needless to say there is a special interest here as my wife was a McLeod. Next day we continued on around the island then back on the ferry to the mainland. We took a different road back toward Inverness then headed south to the pretty little town of Fort William. The shops were loaded with beautiful clothes (men and women) of the Scotch types and weaves. Our next stay was Glasgow but only for mail as most of the town is sea-port and industry. That evening we found a private trailer park located high on a hill over-looking the Irish Sea, it was near the small town of Ayer.

The next day took us south to Stranraer and the ferry to Lorne, Ireland. Being a good Irishman, I was glad to be on the Irish Isle and it sure is green from side to side and top to bottom. The first night in Ireland was spent on the beach of the little town of Glenarm. Had a nice chat with a retired elderly couple who lived in a small caravan (trailer). Next day it was north to the coast where vacation land was evident. We stayed three days at the town of Castle Rock, got caught up on the washing, walked along the beaches and chatted with the town's people. We were not anxious for our next move as it took us through London-Derry and with all the trouble there we were most concerned. We got through town all right, but the activity was evident and some in progress. We stopped at a signal before crossing the bridge and there were armed guards at each corner with machine guns pointed in the air. We passed a small lorry (truck) just before crossing the bridge and a young man stood near by with blood all over his face. On the other side of the river more armed guards with machine guns and many barracaded streets near by. We drove on south to the border, passed inspection then northwest to Letterkenny. Needless to say we were pleased to get out of the troubled area and enjoy the rest of Ireland. We spent another week travelling through coasted areas of the Emerald Isle, stayed in a nice beach camp except for Cork. I did kiss the great Blarney Stone, but so far it hasn't helped a bit. We took the ferry from Rosslare Harbor on the southeast coast of Ireland and put in at Fishgard, Wales. I remembered the drizzles of rain that night and the next day while driving south and east to Bristol then on south to Watchie, England which looked over to Wales from where we

came. The trailer park on the side of the hill afforded a spectacular view of the bay. After the night here we drove to Salisbury and visited the Stone Hinge, rather what is left of the hinge. It is amazing what was done so many years ago. Our next stop was Homesly Air Drome used during World War II and now converted into a huge campground. Our next move took us to the Isle of Wight just off the coast of Lymington. We drove around most of the island which is resort oriented then stopped by a former A.F.S. student's home for high Tea. . .which means Tea with a lot of food. Reservations for the ferry are hard to come by so we had to be up at six the next morning and at dockside by seven if we wanted to leave the island without waiting a week. Our next drive was up a nice freeway to the city of London or at least to the trailer park, Crystal Palace, which is near the city. We pulled into a spot that was near where Mr. Amick had camped the day before. Only he left to move into a flat for two months.

We stayed in the London area for over a week, took in the usual attractions and rode the double-decker bus back and forth each day. I even had my picture taken next to the bobbies at Number Ten Downing Street. At the gallery across from Trafalger Square we saw many famous art pieces from the various countries and periods. Leaving London we headed for Dover and a pretty green campground. This was an over-night stop, then boarded the ferry to Oostende, Belgium. It was a beautiful, sun-shiny day so the white cliffs were in good form and the sea was smooth.

Our first night back on the continent took us to the outskirts of Brugge, where we found a caravan park next to a small lake. That evening we watched

water skiers having fun, but in cold, cold water. Next day took us to Brugge and a boat trip through the small canals. I even had to kneel in the bottom of the boat or hit the bridges with my head. This is a quaint picturesque old town with much to see. That afternoon we drove on to Gent then north to Antwerpen where we met our firmeds, the Tom Bulls. We had a great reunion then toured and boated the city after which we packed the two campers and were off to Holland. The road north took us through some beautiful fields of flowers and we passed many outstanding thatched-roofed homes, some of which had special cuts and styling just as women do with their coiffures.

We entered the Netherlands via Breda then on to Rotterdam where we found a large campground across from a typical canal. Our walk that evening took us along the canal which displayed every conceivable type of houseboat that could be dreamed up. Some large, some small, some with televisions and others without, some fancy, some plain, some even had fireplaces, it was a good walk that evening. It was a fabulous experience and indeed worthwhile, my only wish was that I could ship one home and set it up at Newport Beach.

The next move was to DenHage then north to Wassenair, a costal resort town. From this home base we visited the famous little town of Maduradam (minature city).

The next day took us to Harlem then on into Amsterdam. With the aid of a big policeman and lots of city noise we got direction to the municipal campground and without too much trouble, found the place which was spacious, but not many nice appointments other than bathing and restroom facilities. Our few days in the big city took us on a canal trip, a visit to Markhem, the city of old customs. They still wear their native clothes and walk

throughout the small village as no cars are allowed. On north we visited the famous cheese city of Edam, but missed the market day. Another item of interest was Anne Frank's home, next to one of the canals. It was informative, but not heart warming.

After our stay in Amsterdam we headed south through Utrecht then on down to the city of Venlo which is on the Maas River, not far from the German border. The Bulls left us at Amsterdam and our next meeting place would be Munchen, Germany. With Munich as our next destination we decided to travel the Rhein River for a while. From Venlo we motored to Dusseldorf then south for our first night on the Rhein. Just outside of Koln right next to the river was found a spacious camp with good facilities. I must say I spent much time just watching the canal boat traffic, and the many types of materials they hauled up and down the river. The next day's drive was most rewarding as we watched not only the boats, but the many castles and the outstanding display of grape vineyards up the sides of the steep hills. Humans and small donkeys seem to be the only way to farm and harvest. It was truly a great sight to behold.

Our next stop was at the riverside again just outside of the small town of Bappard which was preparing for the annual wine festival. There were only two rigs at the campground, a Great Britainer and ourselves and the restrooms were pretty bad as the season was over and repairs were underway, but we pulled right up to the bank of the Rhein and again were fascinated with all the shipping.

The next day found us heading for Mainz then on up the river to a little town of Oppenheim. Here we decided to stay the weekend as the camp was adequate and our spot was next to the river. Some of those river boats are really some-

thing to behold. They carry their own small car on top of the hold covers as well as play pens, play grounds with swings, clotheslines with clothes as well, and bicycles. They say that boat people are born and die on their boats and I believe it. (While in Holland, I observed early one morning a canal boat going through the docks and at the helm of the boat was a young mother in her nightgown and a small child in her arms guiding the boat as her husband did the tie down work. Another time I saw the woman hop off the boat, go into a small grocery for food, and return to her boat before the locks opened at the other end.)

Sunday morning I sat at the open air tables with the German men and listened while they talked and drank the local brew or local wine. This lasted till about noon then off they went, back to town I guess for lunch and a nap.

Monday found us entering Heidelberg, where the Necker River meets the Rhein so we took this smaller river as our guide and found a nice public camp at Necker Garough. There the river is just wide enough for one large riverboat to pass another plus a big ninety degree turn. It also has a small cable ferry that chugged from six in the morning till about ten at night. We took a walk into town, watched the local saw mill in operation as well as a visit to the little grocery store. A funny thing happened that afternoon at the camp. I was washing our van (camper) and it was looking real sharp in the pleasant October sun. A German fellow who had a trailer near by ran his car down next to mine. . .only he had his wife come down and wash it. He went to the hammock and had a snooze. I guess he showed this dumb American what side is up and who should do what!

We left the Necker River area next day and headed to a small town outside of Wurtzburg; Fuchstad is a farming town of three hundred people and the cow barns were on the main street downtown as we would say. They even had their own brewery for the community. The women in town took turns running the milk depot and dished out rations to those without cows. I was up early next morning and observed many women driving tractors out to the fields for the day's work. The German farm women really work long and hard. I saw many of them bent over on their knees digging sugar beets with small trowels and their hands, also some pitch forking them onto wagons.

With the chill of autumn in the air we moved on towards Munchen and on the way stopped off at the ancient walled city of Rothenburg. It was a quaint place but very much a tourist attraction. They had a great bell tower and the sounds were good to the ear. Visitors are allowed to walk the walls and enter as they did in the past. Not finding a camp facility near by we continued our trip south through the pretty little town of Dinkelsbuhl on through Augsburg to the Autobahn, then to Munich where we found one nice municipal camp site open. This was really great because they even had heat in the restroom facilities and they were also exceptionally clean. Munich is a most interesting city and the Bavarian Alps near by offered much in beauty and wonderment. One side trip was really outstanding. We took off for Fussen, the location of the castle, Newschwonstein, built by King Ludwig. This is the castle copied by Disneyland. It was a long up hill walk, but well worth our time. The fall colors were at their best and the sun was good to us. Leaving here we drove to Oberammergau and saw the many shops with lots and lots of wood-carving objects.

Then on to Garmish and back to the camp in Munchen that night after a wonderful dinner at a real German Gast-hous, another great day was spent at the Nymphenburg Palace. There we saw the many fancy coaches and carriages of the years' past including the highly embellished gold and jeweled carriage of Crazy King Ludwig II. The grounds were vast in area and the other buildings quite ornate with gold and silver and many ceiling murals. Another outstanding attraction in Munich is the Deutsches Museum. It is the largest scientific and technical museum in the world. If one is interested in this type of display, they should set aside at least two or three days to do the museum justice.

After a stay of ten days we moved on to Salzburg, Austria. All of this part of Europe was so very beautiful as it was October and Mother Nature was lavish with her paint brush and colors. From Salzburg we made two day trips back into Germany. Berchtesgaden offered us a trip to the top of Hitler's Crows Nest, and also a chance to visit the Konigssee, which can be seen from atop the Nest. We were fortunate in that we had beautiful sunshine on both days and the view was fantastic in all directions. Adolph seems to have had a taste for beauty and seclusion. Another interesting side trip was to and through the salt mines. Each person is required to put on a uniform for protection of clothes and atmosphere. It was amazing the depth and scope of operation in the past. Of course, today it is mechanized to a large extent.

Our next venture took us to Linz where we hunted for a camp but found all of them closed, so we decided to drive along the Danube River and keep looking, and much to our delight we found a nice spot right on the riverbank in the small town of Grein. The boat traffic was not nearly as heavy as the

Rhein or in Holland, but there was some activity and it made for us an interesting stay. We walked through the little town and had great difficulty in mailing a package home, but finally made it. Next day we continued along the Danube as far as Krems, then on south to the Autoban and on into Vienna where we found one campground open.

Not being summer travelers here in Vienna we were unable to see the great Spanish Riding School in full dress. The crystal chandeliers and fluted columns seemed out of place till the famous horses went through their routines and then you knew why the decor and interest. We were unable to get tickets for the Vienna Boys' Choir which takes place near the riding school, so we went by and stood at one of the many doors. Both events take place Sunday morning. Another interesting trip was to the lovely summer palace, Schonbiunn, with its formal gardens and special rooms of antiques and art work. We were unable to get tickets for the big opera so had to settle for the Volks opera, where they put on spectacular operettas. It was very rewarding and gave us a small taste of the world's music center. The performers were real professionals in every sense of the word. Our stay in Vienna proved not only to be enjoyable, but, brought about a major change in our itinerary. We were with the Bulls at the time, and picked up another couple with a V.W. van. We pow-wowed and decided to head for Istanbul, Turkey. So off we go through three of the Communist countries. Our first stop being in Budapest, Hungary. There were no camp sites open so Tom Bull did a great job in talking the park employee into allowing us to park on the sidewalk and they even fixed us up with a restroom that required the user to take a bucket to the swimming pool for water and return in order to flush the toilet.

We visited the Office of the Minister of Education; had a good chat, got some literature, but were told if we wanted to visit colleges or universities it would take two weeks to line it up. The old buildings on both sides of the Danube - Buda and Pest - were of great interest. On the Buda side they were restoring an old castle that had a museum and pretty gardens. We took an interesting walk around the structures. A movie was being filmed while we were there, so it made for a good day. We had restaurant food one night which was quite taste and lots of paprika. The huge indoor and outdoor markets were fun and the food very inexpensive. I bought a dozen eggs and after paying, they just handed them to me. . . no sack, or piece of paper, just twelve eggs.

Our next drive was a long and hard one, as we headed south to Yugoslavia and the city of Belgrad. We started early in the morning and arrived late that night with rain and no good directions to camp. With the aid of a policeman and much looking on our own we found the camp on top of a hill, but because after cold, rain and location of camp we moved to a hotel, our first on our trip. This was a help as it placed us in the center of town and we could walk to most places and window shopping proved to be great fun as we compared prices and quality of goods. There were many vendors on the sidewalks offering everything from wood carved items to hot chessnuts. It should be noted that our hotel rooms were checked every time we left them, nothing was taken, but they sure looked over all of our belongings.

We attended an international cotton fair at the big show arena and enjoyed talking to the U.S. representative of agriculture at his booth. We later talked with him at our hotel which was his home away from home. Another day

we met a local product who was serving as headmaster at the international school. He was on leave from the Bonita Unified School District, where he was an elementary principal. He commented about the difficulty he was having with the Yugoslavian government and his furniture. They wouldn't deliver it for him and he had been waiting almost six months. He said there was no good reason, just red tape.

Leaving Belgrad early in the morning, we drove south to Nis, then east into Bulgaria. As it started to get dark we arrived at the capitol, Sofia. There were a few campgrounds listed, but we found none open and even talking long and hard, we could not talk them into letting us stay. So on down the road we went in the darkness of night. Finding an open, flat area off the main road, we started to set up camp. No sooner then we had turned the engines off, a uniformed man was at our side saying, "No, no, hotel, hotel!" We got the message and found a type of motel not far away and they took us in even though we were the only guests. It was cold and they didn't even turn on the heat.. One good thing was that next door we found a popular restaurant at reasonable prices and good food. That evening at dinner some young people at another table sent us a bottle of wine with their compliments. One of their party spoke some English, so we were able to convey our thanks. Of course, we were the only English speaking people in the restaurant and our clothes were a little different, but I must add, we had a great evening and the food was marvelous.

Next day we went into town for a look-see, and found much activity as the twenty-fifth year under Communism was about to take place. They were putting up huge signs on buildings with words and pictures of Lennen and others.

I will say we were uneasy and even felt unwanted except by the young people we met. Leaving dusty Sofia we headed for the Turkish border and this drive was something to behold. We had noticed how much the women in Europe did hand labor but this in Bulgaria was more than we expected. On the outskirts of one town, we saw young and old women digging up the cobblestone streets and throwing the stones to the road's edge, as well as many old, old women with shovel and hoe over their shoulders, walking to the fields. This was before seven in the morning and it was really cold. Most all the working women wore black clothes, even their sweaters.

It was a real pleasure to leave the Communist countries and get into Turkey. Here the people had a smile on their faces and seemed to make us welcome. This was the only country we visited that we had to buy extra auto insurance so with that out of the way and our passports stamped, we headed for Edirne, a pleasant town that had a real nice campground. But it was closed. When the owner found there were three groups wanting to stay, he opened up the place and heated the water for showers. The grounds-keeper even presented the ladies with a bouquet of flowers. We stayed only the one night, then pointed the vans for Istanbul. We found a camp that was closed but the caretakers were letting people in and collecting the money, but not providing the service. The plumbing was not working well, the electricity only once in a while, and just filth most everywhere. I might say we didn't stay long, but moved in closer to town to a really superb campground. The place was almost too clean. They had cheap help and all they did was clean, clean, clean. Lots of hot water and nice cooking and eating room that was heated. . .it was the finest camp of our entire trip. This haven was located

about ten miles from town and with so many taxis and other autos in the narrow streets, we did not drive, but would bargain with a taxi driver for the ride to and from the city.

One afternoon, we visited a small village outside of town and had a ball. We couldn't communicate except by hand motion and ended up with a good twenty-seven cent haircut, beautiful and delicious french bread and beef steaks. Good wine ranged from sixteen to fifty cents a bottle. After we visited a few shops, the village people all turned out to see the funny foreigners. They were no trouble, but they sure wanted to look us over, and they did. Another very enjoyable day was spent on a passenger boat trip up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, then a stop for lunch at a small village on the Asian side. We had a real Turkish meal with leek, egg plant, good bread and wine. As I recall, it only cost about seventy cents per person and the five-hour boat ride cost only thirty-nine cents a piece. On the boat we met some State-side folks who were students and faculty from the Ship Rhyndam, the floating college of Chapman in Orange. Another day was spent seeing the famous mosques and palaces. Of special interest was Topkapi Saray, and its many beautiful jewels, the Blue Mosque, and its vastness with outstanding murals. Also, what impressed me was the Sultan's Palace with its antique furniture and many paintings. The huge Covered Bazaar was a challenge as there were so many shops and so diversified as to kinds of items for sale. It is so large that it is easy to get lost in the many walkways and crosswalks. I wanted to stay another day and make the boat trip to the islands in the Marmara Sea, but was voted down. So off to Greece we went, along the edge of the Marmara through customs and on to the pleasant town of Kavalla. It was evening when we arrived

so we looked up the tourist police who were more than helpful. We had no Greek money and needed food and a campground, so the tourist police asked the president of one of the banks to open for us and he did. There they directed us to the food shops and to the campground. The ground was run by the city and being only one year old, was quite picturesque. I am sure it would be a great place for a summer holiday.

Our next jaunt took us through Thessaloniki, and on south down the coast of the Aegean to the base of Mt. Olympias where we found another closed camp site, but they also allowed us to stay with no charge.

The next day brought us to a long drive down the peninsula into the famous old city of Athens. This stop proved to be one of those interesting places, even for such as me as I am no historian, but the many places to visit were really interesting.

The Acropolis with its Parthenon and Greek Theater on the periphery was an awe inspiring sight in itself. We spent one evening in the Plaka section visiting a high class night club. We took with us two Greek young men and their dates, one Greek girl and one American. One of the Greek boys had two cousins dancing and singing at the club, so we had dinner, danced, and watched the floor show. We even saw a special Greek display of approval, as the Greek groups sitting next to us ordered dinner plates and began throwing them on the stage and breaking them. They must have thrown two or three hundred of them. They had to clean the stage a number of times so the entertainers could perform. We think they must have spent at least one thousand dollars for their evening out. They did have good entertainment, including an exceptionally good bazouki player who played for almost two hours straight. I might add that that

night out cost over twenty-eight thousand drachmas, but it was worth it. Another interesting spot was the flea market and the thousands of Greeks, looking for a buy while walking through the market area. We bought our first souvlakia, which is spitted chunks of lamb on a thick tortilla like pancake, only thicker, with tomatoe sauce. They sure were good and cost only a few cents each. One day was spent on a drive to the south end of Greece, a small town and ruins named Sunion. It was a pleasant drive along the western sea coast and lots of sunshine to improve the quality of the day.

We left Athens, drove through Daphne, then over the bridge spanning the Korinth Channel with its sheer walls dropping four hundred feet to the water way below. I walked out on the small bridge, and I must say, it made me feel uneasy. After crossing the channel, we continued our drive north up the Peleponnese to a nice campground outside of Egion, that was owned by an older Greek gentleman, who had gone to school in Boston as a youngster. He spoke good English and as the season was over, he welcomed our group to his camp and even hooked up his refrigerator, so we could have cold drinks. His wife fixed fish for us, and was so gracious, even though she could not speak English nor we Greek. Next day, we left two campers at camp, and took one on the ferry from Egion to Itea on the mainland and then up the hill to Delphi, a pleasant tourist town with many more ruins and an interesting museum. We stayed in a hotel that night, then back to Egion and our camp the next day. After a good night's rest, we drove up towards Patrais, then caught the ferry from Rion to Antrion on the mainland, then drove on north to Igumenitsa, passing many women and girls tending the sheep and spinning wool into yarn as they walked along.

From here we stayed for four days. We walked the town of Kerkyra and along the water front watching them make their small fishing boats. Another trip was to the north and the high mountains with the many, many olive trees that were hundreds of years old. Little villages were perched along the hillsides, and the Greeks were out gathering the fruit. What a nice, peaceful, warm place this island is, even the tourists haven't ruined its simple easy way of life.

It was on Thanksgiving Day, we took the ferry from the Isle of Korfu to Brandise, Italy and how I remember the trip. . .the sea was rough and many people were sick. We arrived just before dark, went through customs and bought gas stamps for our stay in the spaghetti country. After these chores were done, we drove to Bari, where we found a restaurant, four other groups of Americans and a campground. We had good food, an enjoyable chat with the U.S.Aians and a good night's rest, then on across the country to Naples and Sorrento.

From here we took the Amalfi Drive, and visited Pompeii and drove partway up Mt. Vesurvious, but were stopped because of rain and clouds. It was a strange sight to see citrus fruit growing on terraces and hills all around Sorrento. They even have big mats to cover the trees when it gets cold, and I must say their fruit is really good.

Our next move was to the north along their "pay as you go" freeway, and it looked a lot like parts of California. We arrived in the outskirts of Rome that afternoon and found a good campground in a pine forest. That evening we drove west to the beach, had our first Italian pizza, which was good, then for dessert, what they call a doughnut, and it was. Next day we

went for mail, looked up the Bulls who had left us on the Isle of Korfu. We tramped through the rain and cold, trying to find their hotel, and after much looking, found Mrs. Bull and made arrangements for ourselves to move in the next day.

I am sure we were like most tourists and took in the same sights during our week's stay in the old city. I think I was most impressed with St. Peters and our visit with the Pope. What a great man he must be or maybe it is the position, but all in all, the audience was very impressive, and you could feel the thrill and concern expressed by all in the audience. The Basicalla is more than impressive or beautiful when considered to be a product of man.

On another day, we walked to the open market, then on to the Colosseum which in itself is a sight to behold. When you stand at the top and look over the total structure and consider when it was built, needless to say it is impressive as well as the Roman Forum. We saw many other sights, the Panthenon, Arch of Constantine, Augustus and Caesar's Forum and the Sistene Chapel. We even observed many striking Italians (the garbage collectors). You didn't have to see them as it was evident along each street in town.

Our next move was north to Florence, and the statue of David by Michael Angelo, as well as the Uffize Galleries where some of the world's greatest art is on display. One day was spent on a drive to Pisa along the freeway and a short jaunt down the coast. Of course we had to climb to the top of the Leaning Tower, and have a look-see. To be truthful, it was a little scary as you are leaning over about twelve feet and you can really feel the incline as you walk. The sun was shining so we got good pictures using another building to show the difference between upright and the leaning tower.

We left Florence early one morning and headed up over the mountain pass for the gondola city of Venice. Going over the pass took us through our first snow. It was a pretty sight to see as we drove along the freeway to Bologna and then a few miles on up the road, we ran out of freeway and had to take the small two-lane road to Padrove, then back to the big drive and into Venice in the dark. We asked directions to the campground and after much seeking out, found it closed so headed back into town for a hotel; finding none in our general direction, we went back to the campground and stayed anyhow as no one chased us out. Next day we went on into Venice, parked our campers, and took the canal grande boat into the Piazza San Marco.

When we arrived the tide was high, so there were special boardwalks that had to be used or you would get wet. Some shops were closed and some sandbagged. It is a shame, but with the land sinking nothing can be done. There were many shops with beautiful items for sale, leather, wood, and especially glass. We even got to watch the glass blowers at work and they are really artisans in their own right.

We were pleased with our visit to Venice, as many people told us that the place was dirty, smelly, and not a bit worthwhile, but we found it clean, even the canals were fresh and the air crisp. It was a good experience.

After lunch, we boarded the freeway and headed for Milan, about one hundred and fifty miles to the west. The drive was good, but the closer we got to Milan, the colder it got and smog which was worse than our bad days here in the Los Angeles basin. There was a blanket of snow over most of the countryside, and it was speckled black and brown with the soot. Because of the cold

we found a hotel and moved in for two nights. It was awful to go outside with the smog and the cold, but we walked around the area. I found one little pizza shop that was the greatest, the cheese and thick dough was just right for me. Milano is an industrial city, large and dirty, but holds one of the world's famous art treasures, "The Last Supper".

The next morning we were up and on the road early heading south and looking for the Coasta del Sol on the south coast of Spain. Our first stop on the way to the sun was Monaco, the home of the gambling casino, Monte Carlo. Not being so inclined, we passed by to our next stay, which was Arles, France. This was the coldest spot we found in all of our travels; when we awoke in the morning, I counted twenty-two icicles on the roof of the camper. There was ice on the inside of all the windows. We had a quick cup of coffee, a tangerine and were off to a small town just outside of Barcelona. This camp was also closed, but they turned on the pump (water), the electricity, and let us stay. We had two more stops to make, Almenara and Totana, before arriving at our destination at Torremolinas. We had hoped to meet some of our traveling friends in camp, but only found one couple we had met in London. The area offers a lot to the winter traveler as the weather is mild and the towns are modern with good markets, restaurants and bars. Even with the influx of tourists, the prices are quite low and many things were available to suit most anyone's needs.

At the camp in Torremolinos we re-met some of our acquaintances from up north, Sweden and England. For Christmas dinner, we all got together at a hotel close by, and had the Spanish version of the holiday feast. There were thirty-six of us from all over the world. Christmas Eve was spent around

a campfire on the beach at Marbella with many English speaking people, young and old. There was singing, story telling, and just good friendship as all were in trailers or campers and away from their families, homes. We moved from Torremolinos to Marbella because we could camp right next to the Mediterranean. I recall the first Sunday there it was a beautiful sunshiny day and we basked in the warm rays from morning till night.

We had talked about going south to Morocco, as part of our trip, but had heard much about the dangers of the country; so we joined up with two other couples and their campers and took the ferry from Algeciras, past the Rock of Gibraltar to Ceuta in North Africa. That first night we camped on the dock and met four other groups wanting to join our caravan. The next day we took seven rigs to Tetuan where we purchased gas coupons and bought some of their money (Durhams).

Our first place to visit was to be Rabat, so we headed that way through the rain. I might add that it had been raining for the past eight days and there was lots of flooding in northern Morocco. We were stopped by the police on the road we were traveling because of a bridge being out. They sent us another way and there were times we were most concerned as portions of the road was washed away and some detours were mighty muddy and wet. That evening we drove into Kenitra on a road covered with water and the sides marked by sticks protruding through the muddy water. One English camper rig got the engine wet, so we had a waiting spell to dry out the electrical system, then on to a private campground and some food. This had been quite a day, but no casualties to people or equipment. Next morning the sun was up and we made the short drive to Rabat but found the campground closed and no place to stay.

We asked if we could park in the gum grove next to the campground and they said "Yes, as far as they were concerned." That evening found thirteen trailers and campers under the trees. We spent two days here with visits to the madena, the old part of town and its many small shops along the narrow streets or we would call them alleys. Each shop was about six feet by eight feet. Their wares hung all about, even the meat markets had the various parts of the animals hung up for inspection. This included the viserial parts and intestines and no refrigeration. Most of the meat markets looked good but we bought only hamburger and watched them grind it. We also payed a visit to the Rabat Hilton which is new and plush. What a privilege to use some of their facilities. They even had warmers for the toilet seats.

Our next drive was to a nice campground in Mohamidia, a small town north of Casa Blanca. Here we found a good store, hot water for much needed showers and electricity. We stayed only one night, then on to Casa Blanca for a short stay of three days. We visited both their old and new madenas (markets and shops) and had a lot of fun bargaining with the shopkeepers over prices of their goods.

Our next journey was south down the Atlantic Coast to Safi, an old sea port town with a municipal campground. Here we made friends with the camp manager and he had his wife cook us a native dinner called Kush Kush. It was a camel stew with broth over a fluffed grain base. We all (seven of us) ate the food with no ill effects and I really liked it. The woman did the cooking on a little two-burner butane stove that was on the floor of a little room between the restrooms. She squated during most of the preparation while her three children watched and her husband sat on a mattress on the floor. The

room was no larger than eight by ten feet. While in Safi we also visited an ancient pottery shop with the potter in a hole in the ground and a kick wheel to throw his pots on. The kiln was just bricks and it was fired by wood. Oh, yes! the drive down the coast was spectacular to see as there was lots of green and the road followed a ridge of ground sloping off to the ocean and farming country on the other side.

After our two day stay in Safi we drove on down south to our main destination of Agadir but found a beautiful camp site eighteen kilometers north of Agadir where we settled for a well deserved, warm rest from traveling. There were no facilities except for a paved area for parking that was only a few feet from the ocean. I recall the many mornings eating breakfast in the camper with the sliding door open and the gorgeous view looking down the curved beach, with the white rolling waves, toward the native village on the hill. It was really a beautiful spot. By now we had divided down to four campers and because of no facilities we took turns going into Agadir for water, food and drink. This great spot for winter camping is named, Terragazout, and there were Arabs around most of the time but were no trouble except for one who kept asking for wine or beer. I went swimming two or three times a day and had fun teaching our Canadian friends how to body surf. A couple hundred yards down the beach was a fresh water stream that emptied into the Atlantic. We had fun damming it up for a bathtub and to wash clothes in. The women as well as the men had a good bath each day and I have pictures of the gals washing their hair by the stream. We had a wonderful two and one-half weeks here. One weekend we drove way south to the entrance of the Sahara Desert, to the small town of Gulimine.

Here we visited the camel market and saw over two hundred of the creatures. Those Arabs sure do bargain when it comes to making a purchase of an animal. There were also sheep, goats, and chickens at the market, which was just a flat section of dirt with a mud fence around the outside. There was also grain and huge heaps of dates on plastic sheets for sale. If you were so inclined you could buy a live camel for six American dollars.

That afternoon we drove out of town about twelve miles to a hot mineral springs spa. They had a pool with the hot water running through and down below the natives did their washing. We certainly did enjoy this stop as it was the first hot bath we had in two weeks.

Upon return to Agadir we ran into another Mt. SACer on sabbatical, Mr. Bob Amick and family, so a reunion was held on the spot. The Amicks joined our caravan for the rest of our stay in Morocco. Another real experience was our visit to the various Souk's which is the native market day held once each week. This is held in an open field and they set up covers for protection from the sun for some of the shops. The fruit and vegetable people just spread their wares out on the ground and use hand balances for weighing out the products sold. Of course, everything is in kilos and beautiful oranges and tangerines cost less than one cent a pound and nice red, juicy tomatoes about the same price. French beef was about fifty-five cents per pound and fish about half of that. We bought beautiful, colorful hand woven blankets for five dollars each and baboushes (shoes, slippers made of leather) for about two dollars a pair. We all had a great time shopping and bargaining with the shop owners. If you didn't bargain you were considered

a poor shopper and tourist. On another day we took a delightful drive up to the Cascades which was just over fifty kilometers from our base camp. The road followed a stream up through the low mountains, past various palm tree covered areas with pastel-blue pools of water. At the end of the road, we hired a young man for a guide to take us to the falls back in the canyon. On our way down we stopped at one of the larger pools along the road, had a good swim, bath, and even a hair wash. This was a day that will be long remembered by all.

As all good things must come to an end, we left our sea side camp and pointed the V.W. toward Marrakesh. This was a pleasant drive along the foothill of the Atlas Mountains through a lot of farming communities also noted were the many camels, oxen and horses used to pull the stick plows. Marrakesh is a large city with the largest madena in all of Morocco. It was interesting to see the skill acquired by the young boys in the iron working shops, the wood working shops, the leather shops, as well as helping in the tailor shops. Each evening we would go to the open marketplace for dinner. As darkness came, the cafe would be assembled on the black top. Coleman lanterns, charcoal barbeques, boxes, boards and dishes of salads, uncooked fish, chicken and lamb were spread out with a few dishes and silverware. For about thirty-five cents you could get soup, salad, bread and barbequed fish. . .a real good meal. I had the same menu two nights in a row; the others had chicken which was good also.

During the afternoon on Fridays the Atlas Mountain men would dance. The story tellers were busy with the crowd sitting on the black top listening with great expectation. It was indeed a sight to behold. We also visited

the king's palace as well as the gold and silver shops located near by. This was our last stay of any consequence in Morocco as our journey north took us back to Casa Blanca, then through Kanetra, back through Tetuan to Ceuta for another night's stay and laying-in of supplies in the free port was a must.

Next day we returned by ferry to Algeciras and met the Bull's again for two days then drove north to Cadiz, got passage for the camper and ourselves for the Canary Islands. This is a thirty hour trip, so we had a wardroom and plenty of time to relax. Our first stop was at the island of Tenerife, the largest of the Canary Islands. We had about an eight hour layover while they loaded tomatoes and bananas. Because of this we enjoyed a walk through town, a visit to their market place and a rest at one of the sidewalk cafes. The island is mountainous with plenty of greenery and the weather is always mild with plenty of rainfall for the vegetation. After getting the ship loaded we took off for our new home on Gran Canaria. There was only one campground in all of the islands and it is located about nine miles south of Las Palmas near the little town of Telde. The camp is located on a bluff near the east coast of the island. It had a good restaurant, bar, and clean restrooms with hot water some of the time. This was to be home for about five weeks as we were waiting for Europe to warm up before we ventured on north. Gran Canaria is a beautiful island with all types of land forms. . . sand dunes in the south, huge green banana plantations in the north and terraced farms along the hill and mountain sides. Most of the farming is for bananas and tomatoes as the climate dictates what can be grown with most success. We camped in Telde from the middle of February

to the middle of March and with this being the cold season up north, we found many Scandinavians, Germans, and Netherlanders on vacation all over the island. Many of the hotels were operated and supervised by the different nationalities mentioned above. I might add that they took every advantage of the weather and were sunning on the beach, whether the sun was out or not.

After our rest, many tours of the island and things warming up in the north, we made reservations for the trip back to Cadiz. The day of departure found the weather not too good, so our trip was rough most of the way. Even little youngsters were sea-sick. Upon return to Cadiz we cleared customs just at dark, so camped for the night on the dock, as there was a restaurant near by and restroom facilities.

Next morning took us to Jarez where the bodegas (wineries) are plentiful. We took a tour through one of the larger ones, Gonzales Byass, which makes wonderful sherrys. They even included tasting in the tour as well as small gift bottles for each visitor.

Up on the road we found our next home just outside of Sevilla. It is here that the world's most outstanding Samana Santa takes place each year and we were just in time for this holy week just before Easter. The town is old, big and beautiful with a special cathedral of real beauty. The crypt of Christopher Columbus is inside along with many ornate areas for various religious services.

The holy week is so well known because of the long processions of men carrying the pasos from their church in outlying areas to the cathedral in the town square. These are big heavy floats denoting the Virgin Mary

or Jesus with many, many candles, silver, gold and jewels as well as beautiful material in the clothing. The men work and pay money all year long just for the privilege of carrying these floats. They use from twenty-five to seventy-five men to carry each one. So you see they are quite heavy. They usually walk about half a block and then rest. This procession starts in the early afternoon each day of the holy week and continues until about ten or eleven p.m. according to how far their church is from the town square. On Good Friday, this takes place all night long, but this year it rained hard so the processions were halted about five in the evening. We felt quite honored to be in the pretty town of Sevilla during the Samana Santa.

Our next move was to the Algarv which is in lower Portugal and a most interesting place to visit and drive through. We had another ferry boat ride from Ayamonte, Spain to Castro Marim, Portugal, then on over to Faro on the south coast. We got to this camp early enough to take a drive along the beach to a little fishing village. The men had come in from their day's catch and were repairing the nets as they laughed and sang.

The next day took us north through the vast rolling hills planted with grain and dotted by huge cork trees and cork groves. The end of the day's drive found us in a very nice camp on the bay at Setubal, a natural harbor below Lisbon. Next to camp was the boatyard where large and small boats were being repaired and built. Their colorful paint jobs were catching to the eye. It was surprising how much hand work is done in their boat business.

Our next move was to Lisbon, over the new bridge next to the huge Christ figure on the hill looking toward the town of Lisbon. This figure looks as tall as Washington's Monument and can be seen from much of Lisbon.

We spent one day up the coast to Estoril, a resort beach with many hotels, motels, and gambling casinos. It was a beautiful sunshining day and many were basking on the beach and taking dips into the ocean. The campground is owned and operated by the city and it covers a vast area in the hills just outside of town. This was one of the nicest camps in all of our travels. They had a good grocery store, restaurant, and a huge swimming pool. One day was spent walking through the old town and up the hill to St. George's Palace, which affords a three hundred sixty degree view all around Lisbon and it was a clear day so we could see for miles.

Our next jaunt was up the coast to the famous fishing village of Nazare. We walked the streets, looked through the tourist shops, then headed back on the road to Figueira Da Foz, a less popular resort area and the camp was cleaning up making ready for the summer season. We stayed only one night then back to Spain and the city of Salamanca for an overnight stop on our way to Madrid.

Camping Osuna was to be our home base for a week. It is located just off the main drag to the U.S. Air Force field. We had good bus and subway transportation for all parts of Madrid. The parks and plazas are very striking and walks through them are rewarding. The Prado and its many fine pieces of art is near by and in the walkways were thousands and thousands of tulips in full bloom, offering a real treat to the eye. On Saturday night, a group of English speaking tourists went into the old town for dinner. . .suckling pig in an atmosphere of the original Spain. There were many young students and town workers enjoying the evening. They sang many songs to us and even shared their bota of wine which gave many laughs as some of us would miss our mouths

and spray the wine on our shirts and faces. This was a real treat and the food was marvelous. I enjoyed shopping at the municipal market in a little village near the camp. All of the shops were so clean and well-stocked with meat, vegetables, and of course every kind of olive there is, except I had a real problem trying to communicate that I wanted stuffed olives, those with pimentos.

Now that things were warming up in the north, we decided it was time to head that direction. The drive north through Burgos to Vitoria and a pleasant camp next to the river for a night's stay was followed by San Sabastian the next day. Our camp here was on top of a high hill looking out to sea and to the rolling farm lands on the other side. San Sabastian is another fishing town with a natural harbor that has been helped by man to make it safer. There is a long white beach with many stairs leading down to the water's edge. The people were friendly and wanted to help with directions, things to see, or just nice smiles.

Finishing our visit here we pointed our van towards France, crossed the border, cleared customs, and drove to the big city of Bordeaux where we were to put our number two daughter on the plane to Stockholm where she would join other students from California State College at Chico. She had been with us for three months, having flown in to Agadir, Morocco.

We found no camping available in Bordeaux. We asked the information lady at the airport about where we could park the van for the night. She said, "One moment, please." She phoned the police and then told us to use the parking lot here at the airport or take one of the side roads near by. Having all the facilities at the airport, we stayed there and they even had

hot showers. Next day we put our daughter on the plane and we took off across France for Lyon and then on to Switzerland. The green countryside with the rolling hills, farmlands and many trees make Southern France a gorgeous drive.

The town of Thiers was especially interesting as it is perched on the side of a mountain and has many quaint, old buildings hanging on for their own existence.

We made our grand entrance to Switzerland on April 20, 1970, and as we climbed the mountain to Geneva, we found a lot of snow, ice, and an abundance of water. We had one heck of a time finding the camp site, but after getting directions for the second time from the policeman, we found the spot on top of a hill next to the city park. We could look in all directions and see snowcapped mountains and Lake Geneva was not far away.

Our next stop was at the east end of Lake Geneva near Montreux, the campground was right on the lake shore. We enjoyed the view and watched the boats in and out of the various stops just like a train or bus. We walked to a park and marina near by and observed the people chatting and children at play. It seems that we are all alike in many ways.

Our next move was breath-taking to say the least. We took the little winding road up the mountain through snow banks ten and twelve feet high and found ski lifts still in operation for skiing. There was lots of water, beautiful green pines and more snow than I have ever seen.

We drove on into Interlocken, found a camp site next to the lake but later talked with some picnickers and found out about one of the most beautiful places in all of our travels and it was only a few miles from Interlocken.

It is a small village in the valley below the Jong Frau. Lauder Brennen is its name and it is here the cog rail depot is located for the trip up the Alps. Our camp site was on a rise above the flat and I stood outside the camper and counted seventeen waterfalls within my sight.

One day was spent on a cable car ride up the mountain to Murren, a little settlement that was still covered with snow and ice. People were skiing near by and you could hear snow slides falling on up the mountain. The view was magnificent with snow-covered peaks looming up to the sky in every direction. This was truly a place to be remembered for the rest of our lives. The people in the valley were so very friendly and helpful. The son of the camp owner spoke good English. He said he was leaving in two weeks for a visit to Canada where he had some friends.

We left this valley and drove to Lucern, found a nice camp on the river just across the bridge from the heart of the town. The Transportation Museum was near by and the famous covered bridge was at the end of the lake walk. We found this area not near as inviting as that of Interlocken, so we took another route back to that section and found a small road going back into the farming country and followed it up, up and through the snow country again. Gosh, it was pretty, then back to that beloved spot at Lauder Brennen. We tried to get tickets for the cog rail up the mountain, but the clouds settled in and it is not that worthwhile unless it is clear.

From here we moved to Bern, camped on the river, visited the zoo and did some shopping in town, then up the freeway to Zurich. We found the camps closed, drove around town, had a quick look-see then headed for Basel.

On the way we found another camp on the Rhein so we asked permission to stay overnight. We wanted to park on the lower level next to the river but they said no because the Rhein was in flood condition, over-flowing its banks. The river was wide, fast and muddy so we just watched the debris float by from up the bank.

Next day we were through Basel and into France or almost, before we knew it. I wanted to get a full tank of gas, and straighten up the camper before customs, but we were there before we knew it. The little Frenchman was sure nose; he had to look the whole rig over. . .even in the refrigerator and all the closets, but he finally let us go.

Into France we headed for Paris, but found it a longer drive than expected. We found another camp along the Aube River and checked in with the French lady who spoke no English, but with my sign language we made out just fine. Next day took us into Paris, our last big visiting place before our trip home. We found the French Auto Club had a large trailer and camp site along the Seine in the huge park west of Paris.

This was to be home for a week and as I hated to drive in the miserable traffic of Paris, we just parked the van, took the public transportation to town and returned each day. Their subway system leads the way as far as speed and comfort is concerned. They have rubber-tired wheels on the passenger cars, so it is quiet and a safe ride. They have great coverage as far as getting to any place around town.

One day was spent walking from Palace de Concordo, up the Champs Elysees to the Arc de Triomphe down Avenue Kleber to the Palais de Chaillot where you can look up the wide spanse of flowers, green grass, and fountains to the

Eiffel Tower. We continued our walk through these beautiful gardens to the Tower, then waited in line for a trip to the top. The wait going up was only twenty minutes, but it took over two hours waiting in line to get down. You are high in the air and you can see a long way, but I hate to wait in lines and I was an American tourist, so to the top I have been. This day's journey made for a lot of walking, so we were happy to get back to camp and our little home on wheels.

Another day took us on the metro (subway) to the Cite Station and then up the stairs to Notre Dame, where Sunday services were being held. Needless to say, it is as beautiful as they say. . . maybe even more so now because of the exterior wash job that was almost complete when we visited the famous Cathedral. We strolled through the garden and made the full trip around both inside and out. From Notre Dame we walked across the bridge up the street along the Seine, the leftbank to the Louvre. There are over one hundred twenty-five masterpieces to be seen and of course, we took in "Venus de Milo", "Winged Victory", and DaVinci's "Mona Lisa". There are many, many other pieces of art that should be seen, but after ten months of observing the many masterpieces in all Europe, Old Dad had had enough. I sat while my wife looked. We enjoyed ourselves in Paris; it is expensive in relation to other big cities in Europe, but the food is good.

Our last move was to La Havre, France, where we picked up the Q.E.2 or Queen Elizabeth II, for New York City. It was aboard ship we met the Bull's again as they boarded ship at South Hampton, then picked us up at La Havre before starting across the Atlantic. We both had our campers shipped with

us as we drove from New York to home in Pomona. All in all we were gone about ten and one-half months. We traveled over twenty-five thousand miles in the camper, took twenty-one ferry trips with the camper, spent \$476.71 on gasoline and \$288.56 for 309 nights of camping.

Needless to say we were very happy to get home after our long sojourn. It was an experience that shall always be a part of our lives and throughout the many visits in other countries and meeting and observing other people, I shall be a better, a more understanding, and appreciative administrator.