

GRAND HOTEL DE DJOKJA

TELEFOON No. 10-30

TELEGRAM-ADRES:
GRANDHOTEL

DJOKJA, Wednesday Aug 1, 1934.

Dearest Mother,

Seems to me I do nothing but start letters to you and never can get beyond the first paragraph before getting sleepy. We leave Djokja tomorrow and I haven't even told you about leaving Bali which has pretty amusing in the end. You see the K.P.M. is the Steamship company which has a monopoly of all the inter island trade and passenger service, and even when you go J.C.I.L. (which we did) you have to pay extra to leave K.P.M. No one would mind if their rates weren't so high! They own & run the hotel too, and to make matters worse the agent is a swamp man who poses as Canadian and his really used to live at Canada a few years only. We are quite sure he tried to dissuade us from going by ferry rather than K.P.M. for the ferry is no cheap and is run by a Chinese man. It also is good enough to take lots of passengers from them. Its a long story but anyway, we were happily sitting on the verandah of the rest house in Negara, when up drove the K.P.M. agent and his sister Mrs Frattee. I thought she was quite attractive at first but she certainly is not all one could expect. Poco Nguyen was quite upset I think for he is one of the drivers the K.P.M. uses, and because it didn't help him to be seen taking us to a ferry. Any way they joined us in a drink. Mrs Frattee happened to have just whisky the boy had to go and sleep in the village, and then she only had one small glass. Perner was asleep and then as we sat after dinner conversing he suggested a walk to his sister and they left. We took it we were expected to get in which we did, and they soon returned and sat by the porch outside our window and talked & laughed for a long time. Mrs Frattee's husband was coming over by pram from Banjareng at 11 P.M. arriving at 4 A.M. on the beach where their driver was to meet him. He couldn't possibly wait for the ferry that came over next morning. I imagined it would be terrible. Many families connected in any way with K.P.M. was seen in a ferry. They even suggested we take the little boat back it would be so much safer an outrigger. They had said a great deal about these though it would be and all.

As a matter of fact I didn't have him (the husband) arrive, but they woke me up with all the noise. I woke up about five or six in the morning while they were leaving coffee on the front porch again outside the window. All talking away in loud voices. We got up finally as there was no use trying to sleep. At seven we had breakfast while they took turns walking us to the bath room. Brunes the K.P.M. agent wore only pajamas. He had some pajamas - and the Dr. Trotter was the most over bearing and rude not I ever saw. No one introduced him, but though he went back and forth not so much as a sign of receiving us. There were two very nice Japanese people there too, but they never had a show. The others were yelling from room to room and ordering everyone around. Well, anyway we kept started. Brunes came out and wished us a very pleasant trip and walked in without a smile or even a chance to reply. So off we went. He told Nyamen a lot in Malay or Balinese and we began to think he had told him to be slow so we would miss the ferry, we had intended starting at 7:30 anyway, but it was eight before Nyamen was back from breakfast and we were packed. Then he had to go to town for gas, and by then we were starting when the bus left, and we knew we drove slower. True it was raining and the first part was muddy & slippery, but even when we got to a good road Nyamen wouldn't speed up. Both Pete & I were sitting on the edge of the seats sort of that "tryin' to catch a train feeling" every time happened to prevent us making time. Herds of cows got in the way and chickens and people. We knew it was 35 Kilometers yet when we had gone only 14 Nyamen saw a boat and a pier and insisted on going down to it. Though we told him it couldn't be it. That took about five minutes before we were turned around. Then Brunes had told him to be careful of the biggers. He told us the first & last one were marked with signs, the equivalent to "Pass at your own risk" the Government wouldn't be responsible. Nyamen had to stop and every got out and walked up to the signs which was in English and he couldn't read. We were send down this time that he was just killing time. We knew the boat went at 9:30 and even if we went steadily we would just make it having lost so much time already.

GRAND HOTEL DE DJOKJA

TELEFOON No. 10-30

TELEGRAM-ADRES:
GRANDHOTEL

DJOKJA.

and if we missed the ferry it meant waiting until Monday. It was awfully aggravating, and as we had to go over a whole lot of little bridges really suburbs, which we could see were brand new, Djokja seemed to get slower. The minute he saw a bridge in the distance he would slow down for it. We were terribly provoked about it and hardly could enjoy the ride. We knew a car was coming from Sen Posar with people, and we were hoping that the tracks we saw were old ones. It was so provoking when the cars went over the road three or more times a week to have Djokja act like that. He'd been so nice about things before that we had been all the way. We really think the R.P.M. man suggested he get us miss the ferry. The road was lonely enough. We went through ~~of~~ Molamboean towns and then through real tropical jungle looking stuff. Some very large trees and a tangle of under brush. The road had been cut straight through with a chainsaw on either side. There are tigers in this part of the island, but of course all we saw were wild monkeys. But that was pretty exciting. Then as we neared the coast again we came to a peculiar sort of country looked exactly like savannas of Africa. Long grass and the dappled looking tall palm trees, not the coconut palm variety. They were dotted about the grass. Then an open sort of land scape. At last we saw a group of figures and the ferry. We really had expected to see it just sailing away as we drove up, and you may imagine our relief. There were quite a lot of Javanese & Molamboeans going too, and already six Javanese boy scouts and their bicycles were aboard. The ferry was not large, but looked strong. A small engine, more like a tiny tug. The baggage went down below, so even if it rained which it looked as if it might do any minute it wouldn't soak them. Other cars drove up and more people and stuff came aboard. There seemed to be no hurry at all, bunches, bags, bird cages with and without birds were put aboard. We were surprised to see how near Java was, just across the channel.

but we knew the tide there was very strong, and so not as easy to cross. The tide was sweeping by the tiny pier fast enough and our engine was going all the time. There were some steps by the pier and these were slowly being swept apart, and while we were still setting there they did finally loosen and I was sure would cut the rope we were tied by, but they noticed it while loading more babies and bird cages, got the rope untied, away went the heavy flight of steps, and the tide soon carried it on round a bend. No one seemed to notice at all, and we began to think they never would get on. But they finally did, the boat came out and off we started. We went straight across the channel, and then up the coast where it was calmer and to Banyo Augi. As we crossed the waves got higher and higher. We were sort of riding across them so we didn't have to break them, perfectly no water. But they certainly got big we rode them perfectly though they would seem to rise high above the boat and we would slide up and down at such angles. The men steering was awfully good and certainly knew what they was doing. But the bay seems tho had been so lively and full wet now very quiet and a bit green. It was quite a crossing but nothing to worry anyone, and we were madder than ever at the K.P.M. agent to the steamer he had told us. We knew that Banyo Augi was quite a place and expected an easy landing. However there was only a beach and a tiny pier of piles. The waves were breaking in at an awful rate. Like trying to land on Rock Island when its rough. We came out outside, and they had to be transferred big o baggage into a large row boat or slow and then clamber up the pier from that. The men came along side & was filled with the Moluccans and the bay boats. We knew we hadn't much time to catch the train but seeing a baggage car not far away, decided that was the station. It took some time to the Moluccans to be sorted I pulled to the pier & landed. The waves would lift the boat and bang it against the pier. The iron bands flat against the pier so you can imagine how difficult it was. Then

GRAND HOTEL DE DJOKJA

TELEFOON No. 10-30

TELEGRAM-ADRES:
GRANDHOTEL

DJOKJA

on the pier walked down and literally hauled people out of the boat. At the same time on the beach a truly hellish ad dog boat was landing sacks of rice. They would load up from a boat at a time. Then two men paddled it in and just at the right time with a wave. The boat would be thrown about in an alarming fashion at the same time four or five other men up to their waist in the water would grab the sacks as best they could, get them ashore before the next wave came in. I've never seen anything more exciting. By this time the crew was back for us and the luggage. There was a stiff legged Dutchman and two ladies another boy and ourselves. Everything seemed to conspire to delay us. The stiff legged man was slow and scared, and there was a heap of luggage. They were even slower getting up the pier. We were afraid of the ladder, which though smashed was nearly the best way. Joyce knew we were all headed out. We decided lets get it over with. Dogs coats cameras up first which were all piled on Pete. Even the Dutch peoples things. Then we had to get our bags and no one spoke English except one boy with us who was very nice and interpreted a bit. But such confusion. Our bags were pushed into separate Dog carts, in shapes we could take several to the station, but we decided to stick together. Some how another got all the stuff in and us on top. my legs hanging out and off we started. There is nothing more confusing than landing in a strange place where no one speaks anythings familiar and they try to catch a train as well. The station proved to be several kilometers away. The little horse worked valiantly, trotted as fast as any horse could. But of course the train had gone. And what proved worse was that there was no other train that day. We had passed a comfortable looking hotel on the way to the station and also Balijoeangi

looked pretty interesting so we decided to wait until next day.
then Dan took a car with maybe a poor driver and have to take
in order to get anywhere by themselves. So back we went to the
toll. Found a very nice lady manager who spoke a little English
and made us very comfortable. We had a good dinner and an
excellent dinner and as the sun was hot at noon we decided
to wait until two before going out to take pictures. At two
we had barely stepped out when rain clouds
appeared. In went they seen and we hardly saw it the
rest of the day. We had been so sure that at least we were
having clear weather. We walked down to the laundry place
again. Very few houses. boats were being
loaded, small sailing boats. And there was an inner
water channel we crossed. very calm and lots of outriggers.
The white washed houses with red tiled roofs making a
picture against the Moluccan hills background. Above
every house were one or two high poles with bird cages pulled
up under the little shelter on top. In the birds to have an
armp. Such fancy cages and such elaborate shelters.
There were very dark storm clouds coming up and it was
coming on the mountains. We looked towards Bali. There
was no mistake it was still raining there. So even if
we couldn't get beyond Batavia, at least we were in
Java. We had hoped that they were still unloading from
the dugout canoe on the beach. but nothing now was going
on. Then the tide had gone down a lot. We watched a P.P.M.
come fairly near and stop. while a little boat pulled
several securers out to load a wood beside it. A Dutch
family watched from a young man and wife and two
children, but though we looked as pleasant as possible
not a smile or look did we get in response. We never
seen such funny people. We might as well have been
lions past. I think that's the reason the Balinese act so
funny when one smiles at them. They just can't make
it out. so I suppose the Dutch never think of smiling
to a native as a rule. And yet some must have
smiled sometime. In there are plenty of half castes.

N. V. Hotel Papandajan.

2400 feet above sea level

100 ROOMS, PARTLY WITH
PRIVATE ACCOMMODATIONS.
WARM- AND COLD BATHS,
ELECTRIC LIGHT,
2 TENNIS COURTS,
30 GARAGES.



Codes: BENTLEY'S, A.B.C. 5th. Ed.
WAAL'S AND TOURIST'S
Cable-Address
PAJANHOTEL GAROET
Phone: GAROET 1.

Garoet.

19

The Bull's carts were about as interesting as anything we saw. Tremendous covered carts drawn by oxen. In fact they have been all through Java. They as we go west they grew smaller. In Banjoe auge they were high and very large. Two wheels a roof like a house! about the size of a one car garage! While we were on the pier some men spied a school of fish. shimmering in the water, one man threw a stone behind them and scared them towards the nets the men threw at the same time. They got quite a few, very small ones. We had one shower, and had to seek shelter in a shed, and then were able to get back to the hotel before another one. We were really quite discouraged to be having more rain. It kept up all night. We did go for a walk later when it was only a drizzling fog. Walked to the Blok along of public squares, by the hotel. It was surrounded by large shade trees, and the streets on the four sides had the public buildings, a few nice houses. Boys were playing games and, soccer. We went to a main business street, lots of Chinese and Mohammedan stores. There's a native quarter of white washed, not too clean little houses, across small brooks or streams where people were getting washing clothes, and so back to the hotel before another shower. We went to bed early that night, hoping to get up early, get pictures in the morning in sunlight, but the weather in wall. It wasn't actually raining, but the sun didn't shine. It was most disappointing. The trip from Banjoe auge to Soerabaya is 2.97 kilometers.

about 250 miles or more. We left at 11.30 and reached Soerabaya a few minutes before seven that night. It was quite long for a day. We had wondered whether to go 1st or 2nd, and we looked over the train first, decided on second - and were very glad we did. It much less and the only difference is that the seats are bamboo (woven) instead of upholstered leather. The car was the same & being divided in half. I believe the chances of squalling baby companions are less in 1st class. The hotel lady gave us some delicious sandwiches and we had a bottle of beer. The measuring glass we use in developing films for a tumbler. so we were quite happy. The trains are more like trolleys than anything, flat bottomed seats, and no real springs. but, fails to keep one cool, and the little windows can be opened and closed so easily. The coat comes in any way. It is very hard one, well off $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours here in a train less comfortable than a day coach at home, and triple nothing of it. If one takes a parlor car to New York, a mere five hours and cool and comparatively snug. The trains here are smaller than ours at home. A double seat on one side, single on the other, and always facing one another by twos. We could sit where we liked most of the way there being only a few passengers and it was dryly enough to be fairly cool. So much better than we had expected. Only the restaurant car was put on, so we could have had lunch there.

The country we went through we found very interesting. After leaving Banjoeangi we went through very tropical looking country. Little houses in among coconut palms and banana trees. Parks and roadside. Then open patches of green rice fields. More groves of palms and little houses. Always loads with bullock carts and many people and everything green and nice. Then we began climbing through more hilly country, and lots of rubber trees planted in rows and rows! A slanting piece of bark having been cut off each tree trunk. As the rubber is tapped as molasses sugar is. The trees look a bit alike though rubber trees are taller and thinner. but lots of the leaves had turned a reddish orange color. We passed coffee growing too. Quite high plants, like a bean without the seed of a stake. Through most of a tree, with one stalk, as high as ones head.

N. V. Hotel Papandajan.

2400 feet above sea level

100 ROOMS, PARTLY WITH
PRIVATE ACCOMMODATIONS.
WARM- AND COLD BATHS,
ELECTRIC LIGHT,
2 TENNIS COURTS,
30 GARAGES.



Codes: BENTLEY'S, A.B.C. 5th. Ed.
WAAL'S AND TOURIST'S
Cable-Address
PAJANHOTEL GAROET
Phone; GAROET 1.

Garoet.

19

We even went through two temples, there were so many hills, and in one place we went through what we call real jungle. Large trees and much tangled underbrush. Then we came to more open country, tobacco fields and trellis houses dropping sheds. Like Connecticut, only these sheds were all made of bamboo tied together and thatched on top. tremendous things. Also sugar cane country, and we went through many trees. Some fairly large. Felted huts and others little native places. The sun came out not long after 8 am of Aug. and shone off and on. The mountains were well covered by clouds. We had originally intended to go to a Hill Station Tosari by train. and then to Semaraya, but of course having way up in the mountains and then to Semaraya, but of course having missed the train couldn't very well. Maybe it turned out for the best. Where Tosari should be, was a mass of rain clouds as we went by. The Volcanos around that part of the country are the most remarkable things. They rise right out of the plain which is practically at sea level, and are nine thousand and more feet high. Something as Fuji does in Japan. Only here there seem to be no foot hills at all to speak of them. (but) sunset we saw the most beautiful one I ever saw. A very high volcano, a perfect cone on top and then the upper sides made a beautiful silhouette against the sunset sky. I couldn't believe it somehow. We went along the sea quite a while and then it grew too dark to see nearly nor. The sun rises & sets so quickly here, near the equator.

It was very simple getting to the hotel in Soerabaya. We found the sun, and there we were. It was of course dark by the time we arrived and it was full with lights and the lights of a city will start cars and everythings. The hotel was very nice, every hotel here is built on the same principal - the rooms with as little air as possible and a porch in front where you can be seen sitting in your striped pajamas. However they are pretty comfortable in spite of hard beds and only cold water. The beds have bamboo slats and feel like a mattress on the floor. Some of them hotels in the mountains advertise hot water. We were located here at the tourist of a hot bath that we got a room with a private bath. It has bad drainage on the floor and the bed isn't what one should notice. The bath tub is really old and built of tile, and seeing two faucets one obviously off hot, we promptly took the room. However we ran the water in hot, we promptly took the room. However we ran the water in rain, the shower too; and then when I wrote on this paper noticed "warm bath" and knew it would be useless to expect hot. We haven't had a hot shower since we were in Ceylon and the only hot water has been a small pitcher full once a day on the boat. Some how I don't feel at all leaving Hong Kong. It really was hot there if the J.C. I to office Monday morning we made a free trip to the J.C. I to office and got all the accumulated mail. Also did the necessary business got money at the bank etc. It took most of the morning, as we walked down buildings to visit for James. It was a long way. However we came back in one of their three wheeled buggies. The first idea originally a sort of car on the back of a motorcycle. A back seat with two wheels. Holds four people in a squeeze. Now they are definitely three wheeled things, and no convenient, small and quick. Cool and cheap.

The first day was a remarkable affair. The head waiter suggested we have rice taftan. The Javanese native dish, we had it first in Karawasih ^{Bali} rice and then numerous side dishes, mostly vegetables, every sort of thing. When the man suggested rice taftan at the Orange Hotel we nodded an apathetic little thing up what would happen. The dining room is very large, two storied affair, first a few people

N. V. Hotel Papandajan.

2400 feet above sea level

100 ROOMS, PARTLY WITH
PRIVATE ACCOMMODATIONS.
WARM- AND COLD BATHS,
ELECTRIC LIGHT,
2 TENNIS COURTS,
30 GARAGES.



Codes: BENTLEY'S, A.B.C. 5th. Ed.
WAAL'S AND TOURIST'S
Cable-Address
PAJANHOTEL GAROET
Phone: GAROET 1.

Garoet.

scattered about when we were there. The room boys are also tall boys, so there are quite a number. When we said Kieftoff, yes! there was evidently a signal given. Soup plates and a side plate were placed before us. Then rice was passed. I was busy helping myself to first the rice. Then a lot sort of stew, meat, vegetables in more stew. Fried chicken and one dish after another, really was getting on quite well until we did "look at the time up." and I never was more fazed. There was a line of waiters each with a platter & dish of something, and they entered right back to the kitchen, thin not exaggerating one bit when I say they were 20 waiters. We counted them and then as we finished helping ourselves the rice waiters went with another dish to the end of the line. It took nearly every waiter in the open ^{superior} dining room. Sort of an endless chain. Little sleepers in the open dining room in back of the setting to come by as more soldiers. We could think of nothing but a deadline. We did our best refusing as many dishes as we could politely. But of course thinking of the number of dishes yet to come, had of course begun with too large helpings in the beginning. At last we reached the end of the line somehow & they reached us, and we could pause a moment and look around. It did make one feel very singular & conspicuous with a line of waiters from us in the center of the dining room way into the kitchen. We were much relieved to find

some other table order it too. There was a chop, and the line formed in a circle. This time very few were hot and perspiring. Chilly and Tomali is nothing compared to Rice Tofu. You fully bury up, and yet over body feels cool touch. Seeds of perspiration got out all over your head. We even had a mango for dessert, and that's one of the most difficult things in the world to eat. Juicy as a very juicy peach but about ten times slipperier. You peel off a smooth skin which won't slice off. must be pulled. It hasn't already shot across the table once or twice. You try to stab it with a fork, and are optimistic. For inside is a large stone to which the fruit clings so that it is really impossible to pry it loose. However one tries if the mango is just right one can slice off a few slices but most of the fruit still clings. However they rarely are just right, and though you slice away it merely squeezes the juice out of the pulp, which clings in shreds to the stone, however by this time you can't stop as all waiters and guests have their eyes on you. You in turn make a great show of squeezing the one. May be two slices you have managed to secure, and they talk about the technique. Waiters as if they were an old story go on. We had much experience on the boat. I only landed one in my lap, and as they are the size of oblong grapes fruit, it was rather messy. They are meant to eat just like corns. After this ordeal we really were worn out in Kamakura. Let yesterday in between we attempted rice balls again, with a dead bay to fill us while each time went. If the soup plate or the rice, or on the side plate. However he insisted we try everything. The line up was equally good, each one containing two or three times what you believe me when I say we had 52 (fifty-two) different dishes. And that's not counting the ~~the~~ titles. A plate with 6 sections each with a different relish. I knew you wouldn't believe me, so I enclose the first that the dead waiter gave us. Hows that for a lunch for hot weather!

HOTEL DES INDES

41

BATAVIA Centrum
JAVA — NED. OOST-INDIE

Codes: MERGUUR 3e ED.
A. B. G. 5e en 6e ED.
BENTLEY
TOURISTENVERKEER

Telegram-Adres:
"INDES" WELTEVREDEN

Telefoon WL 1468 tot 1474

Batavia Centrum, Tuesday Aug 7 1937

Dearest Mother.

I'm really not much good at writing in such warm weather, or when we were about so rapidly. However I'll try all sorts of ink and paper and write on the boat going to Semarang. We got the mail yesterday, and very nice. I guess you don't know how really wonderful your letters are, and they do tell so much. We were especially glad to hear about the Galen people, the gaddies &c &c. and that Eddy is having an interesting sort of time. That must be excellent experience. You and Julie what a siege she had, and all the best of the news. We are very behind in world things. Can't get any papers now, in English. "Time" is nowhere only Photo Play and True Confessions. However we have gotten some American news papers at the Trade Commission, and we heard that Hendrik Sing had died. From the Carter it is the Museum! Even the American Trade Commissioner has to get his news from "Time", and had no recent copies. We won't go anywhere in Europe when there might be trouble. So don't worry.

The trip through Java was mostly by train and very interesting. We stayed two nights in Batavia, two in Djakarta, two in ~~Gorontal~~ Gorontal and one in Bandung and have been here three. We leave tomorrow for Padang Semarang and sail as planned Aug 25th. Our address in Marseilles is care of:-

Ruyg & Co.

Boulevard Dugommier 9
Marseilles. France.

Arriving on ~~a~~ "Sibajak" on Sept 12th from Batavia.

So if there was time to send a letter there. Russ could tell you from the Herald. I've written various brothers about it. So many think you have sent them we should get.

I almost telephoned you from here. at least we thought what you'd be and I believe its not much over \$5.00 but even that seems a bit for a call and we wouldn't know where you were and a cable to send out would be a lot too. And then theres not much to say. I'm not very good at telephone conversations.

Yesterday when we went for our tickets, they gave us a first class cabin instead of the one we originally had way down. We eat and sit 2nd but sleep first class! which is really pretty nice.

This will be much too expensive via mail so well scribble another & let this go -

Keeps of love to everyone and so very much to

you.

Catherine

42.

Fort de Kock, Sumatra,
Sunday evening.
August 12, 1934.

Rec'd Sept 15

5 mks.

Dearest Mother - The trip to Sumatra by boat was the greatest dis-
appointment. for I had counted on those two or three days as an
excellent chance to tell you about Java. We started well with a
flat calm, but as soon as we got into the Indian ocean we
began to roll, we rolled and rolled! going about the same speed
of five knots to left to right and maybe forward. sleep was
fully was nothing. compared to this boat. We had large
windows not gills in our cabin, at least three feet high, and
first one had a fine ~~fine~~ view of ocean and then it would
rapidly become all grey, then back to all green. That and
the nice fried Dutch food were enough to send me below
and there I stayed most of the time, except while we were at
anchor at two ports for a short time. In my letter written to
you I mentioned that they give a
cigarette to anyone. but I thought of home and stayed on deck a
bit. I've managed to eat lots meals and stay on deck a
respectable amount of time. big sample the meals and buy
me anything not greasy. One day a salad, and one night
an apple was the only thing not fried! How the Dutch ever
do it I don't know. They are at Vençoa anyway. We had
lunch the day before leaving Batavia with the Capadocia Trade
Commissioner at his house. They had a really light meal and
salad and fruit, and it did seem good. Mrs. Boers had her
Dutch neighbors were much upset, one of them told her
that they wouldn't be so thin if instead of salads at noon,
they had lots of fried things and meat, gravies and such.
Imagine it in hot weather. I'm sure the average weight of
people among the Dutch here is well over two hundred
pounds among the Dutch here is well over two hundred
even petite young people. The last day we had lunch with
the Boers and then were invited to go for a drive with Mr
van Hasseltin of the Travel Bureau, and a Chinese supper
at his house. He is the man who does the most in the way
of booking ships, etc., when the cruise ships come, and
so dinner the ~~the~~ Nuttis and all those we know on the
"Empress of Britain". We thought a drive at six-thirty would

mean supper about eight. But they had more work to do and so made it 7.30. We figured the drive was called off, but not at all. we drove and drove. It was very interesting in the old part of Batavia and the lighted houses are always few, and then he took us out to Tjilidjoeng-Priok where we were to sail for next day. It's quite a way. A half hour driving. We saw all the big piers, but it is the real port of Batavia, where our boat was and they further on the town. A beach where they waves were rolling in, and each wave a crest of phosphorus, it was really lovely. In the evening light would faintly shoot along the top of the wave. It was well after nine thirty when we got to his small house, and our dinner & supper had come and gone several times each hour. Our turnstones all but warbled. However it was encouraging to see the table set, and the Chinese boy all ready. He had some drinks, admiring pictures, see the house, and so a lot of talking before we finally sat down to dinner. It must have been nearly ten thirty. He had a delicious and all rich thick soup, fried rice and fried shrimp and all sorts of good things. Wine too, and then coffee! By the time we finally got home it was after midnight and we went packed ready! He was very nice and a thin Dutchman who is really very good looking, even in his own opinion. He has even thought of Hollywood when his contract here is up. He is 35 and has had three wives already. According to him the first he married young in Holland, and she ran away and left him (with their little boy). The second wife couldn't "survive" no matter how hard she played. Sadhuwulan and the third is an ex-Russian dancer. Doesn't mind his having a large picture of a Miss Alexander (he met on the "Empress of Britain" cruise) dancing in their bedroom. He also wears a ring on either hand because his fingers are too long. He speaks several languages and goes with special parties quite often on trips. Any way he was very friendly and nice to us, and insisted we would take us out to the boat next morning. If we were ready at six-thirty. It meant very little sleep and

we were up early. We originally had intended going way ahead of time and I was good light taking pictures all the way. But he was so kind and so insistent we couldn't seem to refuse. We didn't hurry too much thinking still to get out of it. But he was late, we were ready, and so out we went. The drive isn't particularly interesting goes through some coconut groves with many native houses. Then follows an old canal and then along another. Then comes a tropical canal and crosses a tremendous swamp. A tropical swamp. Crocodiles, snakes and all sorts of things hidden in it. The third one reads about and imagines. He saw us on the boat. The Van Lindhoven a small cargo boat of the R.P.M. Then he took us to meet another R.P.M. ^{boat} originally from Bali. To meet a British Major also going to Sumatra and who he hoped would wait up to join him in a car across Sumatra. We weren't at all interested. However the only way is to be independent and do things by ourselves. However we imagined the Major felt the same and so he did. It was a wait of two hours before we left. We tried not to think how many pictures of Old Batavia we might have taken, and instead watched the passengers board. The most interesting were fifty nice cows and water buffalo. They were so friendly. There were two gaupe players, and each cow walked up just as nicely and easily as you can imagine. One of them got mixed a little, and walked in between. Had to be sent out, but otherwise they went up in single file quite like seasoned travelers. It did look funny when a man at the top of the gaupe planks happened to be pointing to the left. Then walked off in the direction he pointed. Most of them were unyoked, at such a place where we stopped the second morning. It was first as well. For the air was becoming a bit "cray" a then. Poor things they had to be isolated by a ^{chance} a canvas sleep under their middle. They were put into a lighter

and then sailed out at the galleys in the same way. usually
they didn't object to the sleep going up in the air, but when
they were lowered they would squirm and kick a bit. Yet
after touching dry land and being free once more, they would
walk off quite placidly.

To go back to leave Batavia. Such a lot of baggage and
people came aboard, even cars. One man arrived just at
sailing time with a car to load so we were delayed a few
minutes. As usual the people we thought passengers, turned to
be only saying good bye to friends and even then there were
enough on board.

The first day was lovely. The land around Batavia is very low
lying and the mountains are too far away to be seen through the fog
that covered the land. Everything was calm and lovely as we sailed
through numerous little low lying islands. Some very tiny, only
a beach and a few palms or other trees. Some quite large. We
hadn't expected there were so many. Every where were little fishing
boats, the same kind we saw in the harbor in Batavia. This with
boats so pretty dotted about the horizon. Many boats were drifting
about, the sails rolled up on the boom across the top of the mast. The
men fishing, pulling in tremendous nets. Our boats went quite
close to many of them. In the afternoon we went through the
Sunda Strait first quite near the rather mountainous west end of Java
and then quite close to the wooded shore of Sumatra. Both had
high mountains and very heavily wooded shores. The Sumatra
side reminded me of Maine only instead of spruce there were
palms and tropical trees. But it looked rocky and the islands
were rounded and no green. The water a lovely color, though
nothing is ever as brilliant as the water near Nassau. in the
Bahamas. We also were close enough to see the island of
Krakatoa. The volcanic crater is under the water, but sometimes
you can see steam rising. However we only could see the
dead and had to imagine the rest. The island comes and goes
with various eruptions, and in Japan we saw a wonderful
mess of the last eruption. As we passed the Straits and
entered the Indian Ocean it began to be a bit rolly, but we
knew we were going fairly close to shore all the way, and
some how hadn't expected much motion. It hit us about
dinner time, and I knew I went to bed as soon after as

5

possible. It's a bit awkward having to eat so late, after one and
over eight and then such indigestible food. We were at the Captain's
table. On his right, next me, the Major opposite him. All the
rest of the table was filled with Dutch people and really we three
English speaking people looked so thin and tiny at our end.
The Major was on leave from India, an awfully nice chap and
we three stuck together all the time, except for an occasional remark
from the others, who couldn't or didn't have much conversation. The
Captain was new on that run. In fact his first trip, he spoke
good English, with an accent none of us understood, but we did
fairly well with conversations. The second morning, Thursday
we arrived of Krose before day break. However, we didn't stay
long enough to be able to go ashore and anyway it was very tiring.
They unloaded cargo by lighter. I managed to stay on deck all morning
but we rolled badly. So this day we reached Bencoolen again before
dark and were allowed to go ashore for the first and a full hours
we were off port. We went with the passengers getting off in a tender,
a small motor launch towing a string of us, three tenders in
all, up to the pier, and we came back with the passengers
according. At night each of us were charged 150 guilders. The
K.P.M. makes all they can, and gives the worst in exchange
you can imagine. However we three, the Major and us, had an
interesting time ashore. Bencoolen was originally an English
settlement, came under Dutch control in 1824. Raffles, who at one
time governed Java when the English ~~were~~ were there, later was
Lieutenant Governor of Bencoolen, before founding Singapore,
which later became more important as a rival of Batavia.
(so says the guide book) Anyway we hired a car, we were driven
about the town with many thatched roofs and Mohammedan
houses, in a very tropical setting. Saw several monuments
to British officers. Then we ended up in the old fort which is
now the Police barracks etc. It is a very old fort, having been started
by the British in 1714, and later became the headquarters of the
British in the Celebes (again the guide book). It's still called
Fort Marlborough, and is so well preserved that we were sure
only part of it was the original fort. The Dutch may in command
of the native police was awfully nice, spoke enough English
and spent over half an hour showing us around. In the
narrow entrance through the outer wall are iron plaques

British officers. I'm stupid enough to have forgotten the dates already but they were nearly as old as the Fort. The names of Georges and Thomas Shaw struck me also Richard Watts, as being good New England names. We saw the old prison and the soldiers barracks used now for store rooms but in much the same state as of old. We also walked along the Parapet, looking at the old canons on top. The Cannon balls are now used as borders to the flower gardens in the courtyard, and Papping trees now grow in the dry moat. The wives & many off sprigs of the ~~coffee~~ live in any old way outside in quarters of their own but everything inside is very orderly and nice. The Major was much interested in the rifles used, and the Dutchman told us all about Tiger (pronounced "Tigger") hunting in Sumatra. It was all really very interesting and some how unexpected to find so much of the British Regime left in a little place like that. We then went to the hotel for beer with the Major. Had not had a swallow before several very peddling vases came along. How they spot a tourist so quickly don't know. They were still hawking cattle ashore when we got back to the pier, and we were told the boat was ready, so we left and then found we were passengers. Had we known we might have stayed ashore longer. It seemed an interminable length of time before we could eat. When you have breakfast before seven, one o'clock dinner is a long set down. From then on we couldn't reach Anna Savan (where we were headed for) soon enough to suit us.

I spent most of my time feeling uncertain in my boat smelling all sorts of odors. Cows, dried fish, dead fish, birds polish, disinfectant, all kinds of native cooking, onions frying, no cows. Had the W.C. been nearer I should have been extremely sick — well it wasn't too bad a trip in spite of the boat having been built in 1910 and nearing its 25th year of very active service. Smelling it too in all its points. Smelling water in all the cabins. The basins emptying into tin receptacles which leaked and the water we discovered later ran from ours and the Major's cabin under our bunks, soaked it in one point so that the bunk inside is all wooly mold and soaked into the Dutch box, making the plywood curl up. We three were on one side of the boat with all the natives of second class, while the Dutch people had the other side to themselves.

to Beuvronen. We didn't mind the Javanesse but as they averaged
four children to each grownup, and spent all the time in the
corridor and in and out of their cabins, even the smaller ones
they great delight in thumping against our walls, and always
cripp sheep at five each morning, which was the signal for all
the children to start laundry and playing. However the native
children were so good compared to the Dutch children who were
impossible. They cried for what they wanted, and one of them was
always wanting something. Two very old enough to be able to
run around the deck playing trucks and shouting, while the
Baby seemed to be most dissatisfied and cutting off its teeth, perhaps
at orley. It had a nurse to take it around but wasn't even satisfied
with that but must have attention from mother & father too. They
were both delighted with their offspring, smiling on the noise
and crouching and giving in to every whim. The decks space
was tiny and only two chairs that leaned back at all. Too
far back at that, and quite hard. The rest were straight back
chairs and had straight back benches. There was no useable
room ~~room~~ except the dining saloon, and that wasn't comfortable
to sit in. So we were forced to be uncomfortable, and stop all
conversation while the children yelled and ran. The service
was the worst we have ever come across. Not only so slow
that one had to wait ten or fifteen minutes to get a glass of
beer, but also poor in every way. The boys insisted we write
to him the first day it was called, so I didn't time to wash
my hands and they they wouldn't serve us until after the
Captain had arrived. After it got a bit better and we were
given soup when we sat down, but had to wait for the rest of
some & little theirs before we could proceed. Once the meal had
reached the men we had to work hard. Often the Dutch piled their plates
high three times what we had. They had always finished before we
had, and everyone had to wait until we were through. But besides
all that the boys were always rubbing & running their fingers up &
down the blinds in our door to wake us in the morning. Warnings
for meals or something. They were so stupid when they wanted
anything and always interfering when you didn't want them.
I guess it was funny. But whenever we was all arrived
at the three ports, one each morning. Everyone was on deck

8

as soon as it was light. The yelling children had soon left, but whereas we had slipped on our clothes to go on deck. The others had just waded up as they were, and such pajamas! only are they such a thump at a bathrobe, and they did look funny somehow. all leaping over the side watching the boats coming along side to unload. Even the Captain, a good stern fellow, wore pajamas in the afternoon on the bridge and on my deck space as well. for we were they separated by a partition and doors. he wandered about the decks in nice blue and shades of gray and white striped ones. All these things weren't so legal, but combined with a speed of five knots and four, and a frightened side roll it was next to seek anyone.

One morning we saw some very large fish swimming beside the boat, playing about in the water which was quite clear. At times coming out as porpoises do. We thought they might be sharks, but they didn't turn over as sharks do.

The last morning we got into Emma Haven about eight and having been roused as usual, we had a chance to see the really beautiful coast along there. A very bumpy, and rugged coast and evidently very treacherous too. lots of jutting land and many little islands half covered with trees of a tropical nature. On one granite was a light house. which some how looked rather different from most light houses. It had a tiny sort of lawn, and then was surrounded by tropical vegetation. It was several hundred feet above the water. Looked like a good situation for a summer cottage! There were fine high hills, all very green, along the coast and over them we could see the feed mountains in the distance. Some active volcanoes. but all nearly 15,000 feet. They were real mountains, the tree we could see. One much further up the coast. We passed a few little fishing boats and then entered the harbor. with a bright spot in the middle. None of the harbors are very protected places, and most of them are too small for boats of much size, really very small. We docked at Emma Haven which made it simple and so all we did was to give our stuff to a hotel keeper, and were soon in a Ford car like the one we had in Honolulu and started for Padang. our bags tied on behind.

We were so glad to be off the boat, and no more K.P.M., that everything looked especially nice, and we knew we would like Sumatra. The ride was so fast that we only caught a few ruined up plumes of Mohammedan type houses and lots of trees. The Mohammedans seem to always be near the cool streams, and their houses are really very picturesque, usually built up on piers above the ground, casts and all sorts of things being stored under the houses. Of course some are only a few feet off the ground. They are made of wood. The windows always having nice simple wooden shutters, and they have porches. Many birds cages hanging about. Nice peaked roofs, and sometimes the houses are quite gayly painted. The thing that makes them really interesting is that they aren't all alike, but vary in size shape and design, and too looks more interesting. So often native houses all look alike.

Padang was a "very nicely laid out town with broad shady streets." This the guide book says of most of the towns of any importance, but any way Padang seemed an exceptionally nice one. There were also several churches, modern Dutch architecture and most attractive. We thought a nice breakfast at the hotel would taste good. But the old breakfast was supposed to be served until nine o'clock, and we arrived at 9.15. It was all over and there was no egg, we couldn't get any. However we had hot coffee, which is the only hot thing we ever get at breakfast, and wouldn't you have thought they could have gotten a few cold things together? They are funny people, really never go out of their way to please guests, and wonder why business is poor.

The Major had arranged his trip at the Travel Bureau in Java, in fact with Von Hasselin, and as he is on a tour he must do as is planned regardless of how he feels after seeing a place. Most of us travelled in Pali so we liked it far less than had one of us gone on a tour, and now we do feel a bit tired. We were pretty sure the Major is seeing a lot more than we do, and by doggy & like the driver he has who can speak no English, and yet he can do nothing about it. The boat sometimes arrives at noon instead of early morning, so his trip was planned for the first night in Padang. We however decided it would be best at sea level and we would rather be in Port de Kock, and so started off in our inexpensive Ford, and were up here in plenty of time for a dinner before lunch on Tuesday.

It usually hard to know what to do in a strange place for
the first time, one really has to make a less trust to luck. We
were advised to go to the P.M. agent to see about a car and all
having been told by Von Hasselius how much it would cost, but
from our experience in Bali and Java, we were quite wise.
Came up here and even "shopped around" for a hotel. By my
sitting in the car and not getting out, and the bargaining about
the rooms and price we find that we get the minimum rate.
We went first to the Park Hotel recommended by Von Hasselius
and when the Major was booked, but the man was so nasty
and grumpy, we decided to look at the other hotel. Found it
was run by a German, and for a room and both it was
dearer than the poorest at the other hotel. We were quite tickled
and stayed. Came to our astonishment he could give us
a car at half the price we were quoted by Von Hasselius.
and what he quoted was "If we were lucky to get a car going
back to Medan, and now we have a car with a driver we
like who can say a few words of English and has a sense
of humor. We really feel quite pleased at ourselves. We also
find the food here excellent. The car to drive around here is
dearer even than Bali, and the joke is the Major is now
all alone, the only guest in his hotel and there are about 30
people here. It first struck what one can do by not knowing
the language. The trouble is that if you are only in a place a night
it's hard to find out. The travel bureau is supposed to be a
government thing, but is a bit prejudiced first the same.

Any way we started off from Padang at a great clip. We
find all native drivers have a right to go as fast as
they possibly can through towns and settlements. In the
country they may go reasonably slowly, but when ever they
start speeding up we know we're nearing a village, and soon
enough we take refuge. Children flying. People darting
every where. Dogs barking. Dogs barking. Dogs barking.
The gatiers when they hear the horn. Dogs barking. Dogs barking.
missed, and before we've seen anything the turn is past.
It really is almost funny if it weren't so nerve racking.
Even Repriey used to have the habit. However we did.
manage to tell the driver we liked to go slowly. By showing
him the English-Nafay vocabulary for Tropics help. And
he was pretty good after that. It is still a mystery to

as why we don't hit the chickens. we know we run over a lot, but somehow they never seem to suffer, or learn. from the experience. When approaching a mother hen and her little ones, I several times stop up over. The drivers never think of slowing down, but keep going merely saying "Idos! shoo!" and giving the right hand. There is no possible way of the chickens hearing or seeing the signals, yet never the less it seems to do the trick, and they run off. All night we haven't seen any dogs or pigs since the millefais we saw, and heard it Bala. They are goats, quite a lot of them, but not in the roads as much.

It was a very interesting ride we thought. 93 Kilometers in all. (that's about 70 miles) from Padang to Tondok Koeh, and it took about three hours. The first part was almost a continual village, every house was crowded, and every so often a few shops. It was through the low lying country not far from the sea, and therefore the houses were built up. We crossed many small rivers, that we were sure had many alligators, but as people were bathing, washing clothes as well as cattle in most of them, we decided there couldn't be many alligators in that part. In the movies of course there would have been plenty. Any way the setting was perfect. We passed many Bullock carts! Quite high wooden two-wheeled affairs, like a small carriage on top, and some elaborately carved and painted. Mostly pulled by water Buffalo who plod along slower than you can imagine. The street being to a slow tragic picture. However they must be very strong animals. They have incredulous looks and such silly expressions! The cows have all their shoes tied on their feet. Made of old tires or leather. Some things and then tied round the ankle. To keep the stones out I guess. The people are always interesting. Here they wear more clothes than in Bala & Java, as most of the women wear veils of white or bright colors over their heads. They also wear a long sort of jacket down below the knee, though not to the bottom of the skirt.

The men wear wonderful pants made of all designs and colors of batik, and sometimes a sarong, which convenience is often over the shoulder. They all wear the Malay hat of black usually velvet. These are funny sort of hats, all crooked and not brim.

As we went along we kept saying this is the most tropical thing we have seen yet, and really it was. Lots of palm trees and every this sort of moist land growing looks imp. Later we began climbing and went through the Guine Canyon. It's quite narrow with high walls covered with a great tangle of vegetation, large trees and small vines and undergrowth. Many birds and much shooting notably of parrots. A lovely river running through it, a beautiful shade of greenish blue. Valley as if blue ink had been spilt in it at the top. In one place a very lovely waterfall comes from the top of the wall and falling ~~is~~ 250 feet into a lovely round pool at the foot. The road winds up crossing back and forth over the brook and also the railroad. It's such a steep ascent that the ~~satin~~ runs on a rack railway, a sort of middle rail that a cog runs on. Anyway it goes up a steep grade. We had the top done and it was very lively. The vegetation especially. We went through several tiny hamlets and the people all looked very nice. We seemed to go over a sort of wide pass between two very large mountains cultivated way up the sides. They down into a wide sort of plain or valley in which lies Fort de Koch. We had been looking forward to the houses, having seen many pictures of the typical pointed roofs, but we could have wept when we went today's Adams Pampanga. All the houses had forgotten the roofs! We never seen so much tin in my life. Every building has it except maybe an occasional old roof of vegetable fiber, or a very Dutch red tile one. The typical roofs are ~~are~~ very interesting in shape. They still have many points and peaks, but imagine how they look all new and shiny tin. Some old ones are made of old square tin cans and at least are rusty and brown. Left the rest are nice ribbed galvanized tin, such as silvery and bright as possible. The they have been made into roofs with great gaping and shrill. but never the less they are the roofs. Adams Pampanga suffered from an earthquake only a few years ago 1866, and no every roof is new, and awful. Really bad bad sad. By one hundred and looked for a real old fiber roof it got more and more discouraged. The

We did see one or two, but never on the really good houses, so nearly as hard as finding a house at home with some decent shutters. As we looked across the valley lovely country side of trees and nice fields all we saw were roofs of tin roofs. We felt terribly. Even the Mosquitos which they have here, are as tiny as possible. It really is a crime, if otherwise the landscape would be about the loveliest you can imagine.

The first day we slept a bit in the afternoon and then wandered around the market. It was awfully interesting with many natives in their rather gay costumes, lots of bright colors. Selling all sorts of food, vegetables, breads of every variety and every manner of things. There are a few shops in rows, and then in between people spread out their cloths on the ground before them. Lots hundred of persons & a great deal. Some have large red yellow or cloth umbrellas for shade and the whole thing is a mass of people and color. We wandered up and down for once you stand in one spot, a few curious people gradually become a crowd. The people here are the neatest natives we have seen at all and so beautiful! The Balinese are not any prettier looking on the whole than any other race, and have been so photographed and written about, but here they are just naturally fine. Looking and the veil or scarf thrown over the head is most becoming. They also wind a cloth about the head, much as the Balinese do, but instead of a dirty bath towel and strands of oily hair hanging out. Here it is a clean cloth of fine weave, and no hair showing to speak of. They have a very neat appearance and are such fine clear skinned people. They smile so readily too and are a very healthy happy looking race. The men are fine looking too! Some day the Balinese men will get to be effeminate! Of course nothing can ever compare to the pageantry, feeling about Bali. There is always so much in the way of music and dancing going on, and everything there is so fascinating, but here the people really do seem much finer in type. In fact the manager first told me that they are the friendliest and neatest people in all Sumatra. I don't see how they could be much neater.

Sunday was a lovely day. In fact every day has been nice, it warms up a bit in the afternoons but is very bright in the mornings. We are within one degree of the

equator, and yet are surprisingly cool. Of course the sun is still, with
this why the temperature was so hot, yet here we use a heavy blanket at
night. It because we are up over two thousand feet I guess.
There here in the Dutch East Indies. Most hotels one has no covering
provided at all. Some places high up we have had a thin blanket,
no sheet. In Bali Hotel, I slept no blanket, only in Java. in
Garong did we have both a sheet and blanket. And then they were
buttoned together! Every where we have a Dutch wife "or something
buttoned together!

Any way on Sunday we were told there was a large market in
Paja Kaliboth, and so it was an excellent time to go there and to the
barau canyon. So off we went. Through really very lovely country
quite rugged hills, full of rice fields, some turned quite nicely,
but in between seasons in most places, and so not as lovely as when
there is water or fresh green. There were many little villages with
their thin roofs, and also groups of houses around trees in the fields.
It was all lovely countryside. Many people and bullock carts,
and as we neared the market town, families in dog carts, going to
market, all dressed in their best. Many walking carrying gods on
their heads as they do in Bali, but these not as heavy loads
and the men carry them too. Many parts of the road were women
and even children cracking up rocks by hand. It is all done in
this way for the roads, and they each do it by a certain size.
Little babies and small children were beside their mothers.
Mostly women cracked the stuff, and why they didn't get hit
don't know. We also passed one little boy carrying a large knife
on his head. He couldn't have been more than three years old &
the knife was a very large one, used to cut grass. Another little
boy the same age we saw paring fruit with an equally large
knife. You do see such funny things. As we went over we passed
a man with a monkey at the end of a rope. The monkey was up a
palm breaking off coconuts and dropping them down to the man.
Evidently the string or rope is used to equal with if the monkey
starts to pick an unripe nut, the man pulls the string and the
monkey doesn't pick it, but turns to another. When we came back
over the same road, the man was walking along about six coconuts
tied together and on his head. The monkey followed him behind.

We saw more houses with black thatched roof. And the feel
better about it. Some are very elaborately carved and painted
red and different colors. I'll try to enclose a picture & give
you some idea of what they are like. They are very much

15

buildings, and the roofs with separate peaks represent different sons or daughters maybe & their families living under the one roof. They also have very interesting rice barns built on stilts. The verandahs are plain squares, ~~now~~ and a ladder or other cement steps are used to enter the houses.

Taja Komboch was a very busy place. Buses, carts, buffalo carts and many many people. The Market itself was crowded and such wonderful people. So dignified in their carriage and such pretty girls. Such fine looking men. The bright yellow sledges colored umbrellas made it very gay, as well as the light colored clothes. We wandered about. saw such amazing things. a woman with a basket of ducks on her head, and with the breed through the side of the basket and queuing to North, south, east and west. People with fish on a hand tip of cane. Many girls wearing besides their headdresses of white marshmallows shaped flowers at a stick. All sorts of sights. It was too warm in the sun to stay long and so we went off to the Canyon. It was really a very interesting place. quite a way beyond the large town, and really a deep canyon with straight sides. like a large creek in the earth. A flat bottomed canyon, and yet the sides about five hundred feet high are perfectly straight. An amazing sort of place. and very lonely too. There were houses and fields. nice trees in the bottom, and in many places little waterfalls dropping over the edge of the cliffs. Up the canyon a way was a lonely pool at the foot of one. Not a natural one but nice water for bathing. It seems funny here in such a warm climate, no mud, sea, and no real swimming except in pools in main towns. The canyon is really a sort of large ~~hollow~~, fissure in the rock. I suppose a tremendous earthquake ages ago or something.

It was quite a strenuous morning being 102 Kilometers and we had a sleep after lunch. one almost has to rest in the afternoon to go. I always think I won't feel sleepy and will write you. Then from tea time on we were harassed by a series of peddlers. nice people and fairly nice things. but often too high prices one realizes later. However one old man had some interesting bottles, and we felt quite clever in getting him down to a greater price. and not afterwards he wanted us to buy something which we didn't really want. we paid a guinea to get rid of him and before he left he gave it to us for guinea 25

16

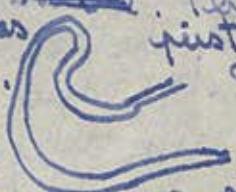
At least we are becoming better bargainers. It's rather fun too.
Yesterday, Monday, we went first to where there were some houses
with really good roofs to photograph. They aren't easy to find and
are usually in among too many trees. It's like trying
to find old houses in the country at home, with the original willows
and not a new porch stuck on, or electric light wires to something
squarely out of place. The roofs were like those we went on in
Jaffery last year, and it was lots of fun poking about. The
Native entered it & it so well, and I kept asking the people for
better places to go. Everyone was so friendly, waving as we
went by, or waving and the children shouted "Abe" meaning
"good day." They were so pleased when we waved in return, and
again we see how the country people are really the best people
in all lands. One place we stopped to ask the way near a sort of
building. The little children were so curious, that Pete started to
take their pictures. They were so tickled and all tried to crowd in
front. I saw Pete retreating up the road backwards, trying to get
far enough away to take a picture, and more children running
from all directions and getting as close to him as possible.
Everyone was laughing. The men on the road, the dray and
when Pete gave up finally the children gave him a big cheer.
It really was lots of fun, and we all had such a good time.

From here we went to see Lake Manindian, supposed to be
one of the loveliest lakes in the Indies, and it really was. It was
quite a way over a not too good road, very twisty and steep
in places. We came to the edge of quite a canyon. really very
lovely, with rice fields terraced in every possible place in the
center of the canyon, and very green vegetation elsewhere.
One very nice tin roofed village with its Mosque on the edge
of a hill directly across, and below it an even finer town
with nearly all fibre roofs. It must have been very lovely
long ago. We turned and twisted down to the bottom & up
the other side to a town Matser. from there going to a look out
point where one got a view of the lake. It was perfectly
lovely as we saw it, a very large crater like with steep
sides, wooded mountains really, and the reflection in the
still water way below was a peculiar soft grayish blue,
except where the clouds and pale blue sky were reflected to.

17

You could see little gusts of wind making tiny ripples as they blew across the surface. All along the shore were little villages again easily seen because of the thin roofs. but far enough away to look quite well. and at one end was quite a stretch of rice fields up to the wall of the crater. On the side opposite us was evidently the gap. where the water flows out and down to the Indian ocean. We didn't really know whether we were first looking from above or you'd go down to the water itself. It was a very large lake. ~~about the size~~ of 20 kilometers long. about 17 miles which is pretty long. and it did seem quite a way down. however the driver seemed to be taking us down. so we said nothing. It was a most interesting ride really. I've drawn a rough sketch of it for you just to give you some idea of the road. It was not

only narrow and ~~bumpy~~ very steep, but twisty as well. We went in second gear going down and coming up except for a few seconds. Most of the way we saw the lake below looking very lovely but the hills were a bit dizzy as it seemed to be constantly swishing back and forth scrapping my necks. They obligingly led each turn marked with a post, and the numbers worked down. So when we noticed it after the first ten at "36" we knew there were still "35" more turns to make. I've asked Pete what he thought of my map. He first thought it was a piece of jewelry but when I asked if it looked right. He said it was exactly how it was and felt I've put in the 46 turns. They counted a corner ~~as~~ "a turn" when it actually headed you in the opposite direction, and what we would have termed "2 turns" they numbered as only one ~~turn~~. There were many that looked like this. but was just one turn. and they were all close together too.



It was an amazing road, but got us down. Coming back up one goes straight at the hill until one can't go up any more then starts the turns. It took us 25 minutes to the top. about five miles I guess. and 46 changes of direction. You wouldn't have believed it and only a Ford or an Essex could have made the sharp corners

— road

On the way back we passed a funeral coming up the hill. There were many men grouped together, some bearing the coffin covered with a beautiful embroidered red cloth. Further on we met a group of women all dressed in their best cloths and evidently paid back from the service or whatever it was, for they were headed in the opposite direction.

It is now Wednesday morning after coffee, before breakfast. This is really a garrison town, and just now there was much shouting and drumming. Rain never and never, and finally a whole lot of soldiers went by, several hundred. Some caps, flags and all. They looked very smartly in brown uniforms and all native soldiers in the towns wear large reddish brown straw hats, a broad brim, and often rolled up at the side. Lots of little bags running along beside them, as they do in all countries. It was interesting because they drummed with soft leather rolls, more like native music.

We went to a German movie the other night, "Japa". The news reel wasn't nearly as well planned as American ones, well taken but too many religious processions. The main movie was very good but as they only had one machine there was always a pause while they changed the film which seemed very often. It was in German and translated at Dutch, so we could only tell what was happening by reading bits of it. The joke was we never did figure out what it was all about. There were only five other people here.

I'll send this along and maybe if Pete develops more films as he did yesterday I might have a chance to tell you about Japa. The only trouble is that it means constant interruptions while I hold things and poor things and such things, etc. Then the peddlars are always coming to the door and are so persistent and so annoying telling them. Yesterday when the seventh one came with a big bundle of things he said "Teda, Teda" (meaning "No No") very strongly and then found it was the man with our laundry! One old man Pete asked if he had a copy of "Ling". The old man pretended he had not, bought out all sorts of锋利的 knives, etc. Finally he got rid of him. Pete said ten cents for something we didn't want at all, and he took the laundry which was a good joke on Pete.

I'm afraid this letter is badly written with so many many interruptions but you say you don't mind.

Gods of love to you all and only nine days left before we sail

more love
Catherine.

43.
rec Sept 8th

Fort-de-Koek, Semarang -
Wednesday, Aug. 15, 1934.
3 weeks 3 days.

Dearest Mother,

My letters seem to be too heavy to send air mail, so I sent one from Batavia and one from here today ordinary mail, and I hope another one before long about Java. They should get to you not long after this one. It's hard to tell about dogs and all. They way I'll send this one so you will know how far along we are. Maybe we should have telephoned you from Batavia. Had I known I say we would have never left home. I might have been tempted to. In it would have been fun. Halfway round the world it would have been, really quite wonderful. But I never knew what to say and something it seems a lot of money for a trip like that. Anyway it won't be long now for we are really anxious to get back. We would like to see some of Switzerland and especially the Alpine centers to see how they compare. And they will want a week in Scotland and England, but will work hard and see all we can as quickly as possible.

The mail we got in Batavia was wonderful and of course we always love your letters, and we enjoy the enclosed ones too. Russell's about his ship went. Aunt Mary's which are so bright and Aunt Jessie about moving. I do hope the house works out as well as I sounds as if it would. A garden will be so nice. I wish I knew of something to bring for the new house, but I'm so poor at thinking of nice things. I have gotten something for you which was carried by land though parts of Java. Should be worth a lot after the care & trouble in getting it on and off trains! If you can think of anything just let me know for their house. Do write to London and give us a list.

That letter you enclosed from the garden club lady, you enjoyed it very much. This one sounds better. It isn't even funny, I think maybe she learnt her art of a correspondence course!

I do hope Mrs. Noble hasn't had to give up her house. Can't do anything be done about it so she could still live there. I don't suppose she would ever want anyone else to live with her and addie expenses, but it does seem a shame she'd have to leave Concord. Everyone would miss her so I don't see how she could. If she does go away to be with her sisters, couldn't she sort of make my old room her room when she is in Concord?

I wish you wouldn't mention Helmer's cooking so much. It only makes things here taste twice as bad! Please don't let us eat too much when we get home or we will both "burst." I can't even remember what real coffee tastes like or real cream. It's surprising

How much we can eat & how fat are egus get in poor food. I expect we are fairly healthy. and I'm sure I'm getting fat.

When you spoke of India and no toys. Here the other day we saw the cutest little tot with a doll made of cloth, no face, but she was dressed up so carefully in a blanket as her mother would do. and David had a good time. The little boys here have many bites but there aren't many real trees. The children smoke insted!

They are a happy lot. go to school with real plates -

It was fun hearing such a good description of the farm house and you may imagine how anxious I am to see it. What fun it is going up a house any way.

It was a shame your garden suffered so, and I never realized before what it did to fruit trees. I suppose that is why there are none in Bay. They never could bear. It's funny how a hot summer seems to go with a cold winter.

We felt so sorry about Aunt Julie having such a time with flu's. Seems to me Aunt Margaret Brooks had them all. did she? To have God dearest if you need anyone. He is so nice and ought to be a wonderful person to care for.

Mrs Greenough in Carlisle was out in Bay all summer. knew Gardner Cox & Pete's wife. They are a terrible nice family. I was so glad you mentioned Mrs Rogers. She was unconscious when I left last fall from that terrible motor accident. So nice to know that her husband will live in Boston.

It was fun hearing all about Gordon and how everything is going and I am glad the visit went well. I do hope you have been able to get a few odd trips in this summer and not too many other people to think of. Pete says he thinks it would be dreadful if you didn't live 20 years longer. And I agree with him. You don't know how many many times we both say "wouldn't mother love this" or "that" and what fun she would have doing this. You really are perfectly nice you know! I hope we won't wear you out this winter. But I expect you will like a lot going on.

We did like the Japanese an awful lot. They are always so polite and pleasant and were so wonderful to us. The Artists name is S E H O and the Dr. S ~~H~~ ^E H. I don't wonder you got mixed and my writing does get worse, I shall have called the typewriter but it would have been thick with rust by now.

All the boats from China I think stop in Japan. Passenger boats anyway do. I imagine to water & sometimes land.

I wonder why you felt tired after going to visit three gardens in one afternoon, and then had four of the greatest talkers in

in town for company. Were you joking when you said you took Miss Bent & Everett? They must play and on top of that Mrs Houston. How many words did you get in? and you blame being tired on the poor gardener!

That's sufficient for a Harvard graduation. It seems by the papers as if in every country the Radicals are always causing trouble. They take the name of any cause that gives them an excuse and then feast male excitement and cause people trouble.

The last letter from you was written June 22nd. But I expect there will be more when we reach the boat next week. And then in Marseilles will get all caught up. I expect we will have to take a day off to read them all. It's rather nice getting them in bundles like reading a story in book form and not having to wait for serials. Still I don't know the waits in between bundles do seem long.

It is funny weather here. Lovely and sunny in the morning and it has just rained this afternoon, I suppose that's what keeps it so green. We are only about fifty miles from the equator, and yet it's been lovely and cool. We haven't felt it. Of course we are up over 2700 feet, but still it's very chilly at night. All of us this morning!

Tomorrow we start across Sumatra by car. about 500 miles in all but thought there are supposed to be tigers and snakes and such things. Looks like New England and there are too many tropical holes. You never see any wild life except in zoos.

I'm afraid we shan't be able to tell you our plans until we reach Marseilles the 12th of September. We haven't been an English newspaper since Bali a month ago, and have no idea of the conditions in Europe. However we have been collecting pamphlets and a guide book like Beebe and Hope to decide what we want to see. They call Coates if it is possible. We are so anxious to see some of Switzerland, and not of course the Alps and the Rockies and the Ski tourain. That has never been to Paris, but think I'll need clothes I won't take time for that. Well see the galleries instead. There's a lot we want to do in London and do it does. We should be home near the end of October anyway before all the leaves have turned. We have so many photographs to be enlarged in the dormitories laundry that we will be busily busy. However we are counting on them coming out fairly well.

I've still to catch up on telling you about Java, but it seems so hard to find time to write here. We get up about 6 or 6:30, spend a very strenuous morning seeing things & taking pictures. Then after a one o'clock lunch we are so sleepy it's useless to do more than sleep. Then the day flies when we walk or swim, and out we go again, on foot. Back by dark feeling lazy. Dinner at 7:30 or eight and to bed by nine! No little ones even started. And you are the only one I have written to here at all. I'm hoping for a good chance on the boat.

I haven't answered your letters very well, but probably by the time you receive this no much will have happened yet I hardly remember what you wrote. Edith's baby or babies will be born. My Maude will have made his next feathers well have gone done. Paul too of course. Mrs. Lewis though housekeeping together. Ripley Gage married and all Kittys certainly up. Any day it's very reading about it all. I don't know one thing you said to throw your letters away, but I send the good ones, and then today I said to Pete, what will I do with all these letters. and he said, let's keep them for a while any way for you mother does write such good ones. So you see they are enjoyed and read and re-read many times. The man at the Rotterdam City in Batavia said any mail arrives after we sail, he would send by air-mail & catch us. So we shouldn't miss any.

I hope Edie isn't getting to be too good an answer out of law courts. Because we still do a lot of traveling. However we are well minded about missionaries.

I told you didn't I to write Saring-Bross. & Bishopsgate. I have already written them to forward mail to Marquilles. We hope and pray our bags are on the boat with our bags clothes and they are still wearable. Our clothes we have now will just last. The native method of beatin' them on rocks doesn't help much. and two crepe silk dresses I finally sent to a dry cleaner got into the wash by the looks. However Pete thought they won't show the dirt as much now the white parts have a tinge of other colors. They are clean which is more than I feel. Hong Kong was the last warm bath. and the boat coming daily the last warm water for our faces. However it doesn't seem to make much difference really.

Bags of love, Mother and it won't be long now before we are getting the house all messed up.

More love

Catherine

I forgot to tell you our 2nd class cabin was cleaned for one in 1st class but we are still beatin' etc it is 2nd. It was pretty stink.

Siboga. Sumatra.
Friday, Aug 17, 1934.

43. B

Dearest Mother,

We are now on the coast again, just for tonight Nelly and there certainly is a difference. here it is warm and humid and last night we were sleeping under blankets. You wouldn't think altitude would make so much difference. When we get to Brastagi in a few days. It will be as high as Bauf. 4700 feet. From there we go to Medan near the coast in a few hours.

Tat de Kade was so nice, and the local people were so nice that we decided to stay over Wednesday and leave Thursday instead. I wrote you about our trip to the lake on Monday morning which was perfectly lovely, and then it rained hard that afternoon. De Kade arrived with the Major for him to come over for a drink before dinner and he told us all he had been doing. Despite goodness we didn't talk too long but are independent. He hadn't enough free time in Fort-de-Kade so combined his morning & afternoon trip all into a morning. He did what we did on Sunday morning, and then went to look at the lake but his trip didn't take him all the way down. Just to a lookout point. His shivv goes much too fast and he doesn't like him at all and ours is really a fine lad. He leaves Wednesday, but we may catch up to him along the way.

Tuesday wasn't a good day at all. It was cloudy in the morning and rained hard all afternoon at least the first part. We did go for a walk into the town late in the morning just before dinner and they Rats spent all afternoon developing photographs. It is so maddening, when you take them anywhere else, they never roll well. Maleshift arrangements. So it's hard to know what to do. We took a "wardrobe" in my room, half shelves & half clothes. Some how I managed to squeeze it in that. Then I locked him in, holding him off over the open crock, and he managed to do the necessary things in the dark, before suffocation. I always am foolish enough to think I can write letters while films are being developed. But it's a constant interruption, while this is washed and that is strained and something else chilled to the right temperature. However the films came out well so that made it worth it.

The Major came to dinner with us. He says he's about the
only guest in his hotel. I guess he thinks we're a couple of funny
people here so we are.

Wednesday was market day and a beautiful morning. However
it seemed as if every time one wanted to take a picture the sun
would go behind a cloud, but I suppose it was really out more
than we realized. Anyways it got hot enough.

3

One very important thing we want to ask you to do - Will
you please have a talk with Mrs Harlow, and tell her that
under no circumstances to put our name in the Concord Journal or
any other paper. I think she will understand. We feel very
nearly about it. You see there are so many people we know in
Boston, and if they knew we are in Concord it will mean a series
of people we don't want to be bothered seeing. Lots of people either
we know at Col. School or have met one way or another. We
rather be off to have the time with you, and there is so much
work we want to do, we don't want to have to see too many
people. Also we are still rather sensitive about the Skobie things,
and if anything came out in a Boston paper it would mean
we would go back to Bayfield. Most people like their names in
the papers, but we certainly don't. I know you understand and
how it is, and I'm sure Mrs Harlow will. The trouble is the
Journal is seen by quite a lot of people. Any ways please
please ask her not to mention us in any way -

on the Libary.

One more letter from you, written the 8th of July. Tina's birthday.
It was grand to hear. I wish now I had telephoned you
from Batavia regardless of expense. but I was so afraid
you wouldn't be home. Anyway you can look forward to
a real visit with you this winter. And even if a large part
of the time is spent in the laundry - still well be in the
house, and just as there ought to be able to have a pretty
good time together. Peter still a tease and can be pretty
silly but I'll try hard to control his actions at the table.
We also have some realistic acts to show you. just you.
I haven't seen the boat yet, but our cabin is polished.
Plenty of room to repack and enjoy even sitting in. We
have a sofa.

I'll send this Air Mail, till Russ to save the stamps
on the business letter sent to the office in Boston. It goes
with this on the same plane. They cost a heap and
are worth saving. Heaps and heaps of love - Catherine.

44-4

See Left 20 -

Dearest Mother.

Parapat, Sumatra.
Monday, Aug 20, 1934.

Counting today only five more days before we sail. We both have that feeling that now we are so near the goal we want to reach, sleep, and sit by the dock and be ready. Not that we don't love it here, for we are crazy about Sumatra. But just that feeling of reaching soon. Today is very overcast with a few showers, so it may be a good opportunity to write you of this section of the trip. That is, I like doesn't start talking to me. I never realize it until you get started discussing something, and the time is gone before we know it.

The trip across Sumatra from Padang to Medan has been most interesting so far. Bali was more like parts of New England than any thing I can think of. Not at all like New England, but compared to Java and Sumatra, small, quiet and lovely countryside, unspoilt by Western influences. The Balinese always having some sort of peasant like this going on. Gave was large and beautiful country, but many hillsides, plantations, busy towns, and all the cars, and European houses and influences that go with it. More like main roads in New England compared to the back country roads like Bali. Sumatra is more like the Western United States, especially around this, the Lake Toba District. It is big country. Many hills and great plateaus. Other sections heavily wooded. And for the most part unspoilt. It's all been very beautified.

It remains to be seen how well I can write this morning. We have a British couple obviously on their honeymoon, in the room back doors. They are oblivious to everyone else I think, keep eyes often band in bridge, Ann and myself quite levee looking. Just now there was much calling of "Parking". I didn't mean that, I am sure, things. I guess they think we're British and don't understand English. However we do try not to listen but sometimes conversations are forced upon you.

I wrote you in one letter sent ordinary mail from Fort-de-Krek telling about the trip from Batavia to Padang on the Southwest coast of Sumatra. You may get this letter before that. We drove the morning we landed, from Padang to Fort-de-Krek, some 2000 feet above sea level. A cool and lovely place. Two large volcanoes on either side of a wide valley, lovely gently rolling farming land, and some funny ravines or canyons like great cracks in the soil. The people friendly, very fine looking and really among the neatest we have met anywhere. We stayed there from Saturday

until Thursday morning when we left early for our drive across. We were awfully lucky to get one of the nicest boys we've met for a driver. He always smiles even if he can't speak much English, and he doesn't mind stopping for pictures, and driving slowly. The car is off open trees and very comfortable. We are paying half what we were told it would cost by the travel bureau. 120 guilders for the trip to Medan & even the boat in Belawan. and only 10 cents for every extra Kilometer. 7 cents our money, which is really pretty good. In the car may have to go back empty. Anyway we were quite pleased. The Major we hired on the boat, who is travelling on a tour, we feel pretty sure is paying twice as much. didn't like his driver, who usually was seen at Fort de Kick, and so he got one that drove a little slower. but he had to do things as planned for him whether it was raining or fine weather. So we feel we are doing pretty well. and there's no trouble travelling even if you can't speak the language, as long as one isn't too fussy.

We left Fort de Kick about eight on Thursday morning the 16th, it was quite rainy looking, but didn't actually come down, but for one good shower, so after the first part we got the top down, even sat through one little shower. Thanks to your wonderful Christmas present. It really has been the most useful rain cap I ever had. carried in the pockets of Peter Blieker, and is so easy to put on. I've used it a lot every where we've been, and even slept under it the night we were at Negara, and were given no sheet or blanket I must say to rather a clumsy thing for a sheet, but all right if you don't move. Any way it kept me warm that night.

The first part of the drive was perfectly beautiful. we wound around and around up and down through wonderful hills and valleys, beautiful trees many terraced rice fields and nice friendly natives. They had tiny villages with little stores, mostly to food. Open fronts. sometimes a shelter and outside high benches keep the store for people to sit & eat on. Nearly all the stores here display their wares by hanging them across the front. Bananas especially and other fruit are hung on strings, dangling to tempt a buyer. Even in larger stores all sorts of medicinal samples, wooden shoes, foot soles with leather straps, sometimes a wooden knot to go between the big toe and next toe. All kinds of curious wear and fair wear, everything imaginable hanging from the ceiling. like a fringe across the window.

3.

After a bit we got tired craning our necks trying to see the tops of trees and hills, and just as we were crossing a ridge we saw some monkeys scampering across the road ahead of us, and while the boy put the top down we watched them playing and chattering in the trees and bushes. Of course directly the top was down we had a sudden shower, but soon ran out of that. Then Pte heard the tire under him rrrr; and sure enough we had a nail in that, so it had to be changed. However we didn't mind for the country was so lovely. I've never seen such wonderful vegetation. and the road winds through it so perfectly, even grass growing over the sides, so that only the path one actually drives on is bare. There evidently is quite a bit of lumbering carried on in these parts. One can see where logs have been slid down the steep banksides, some to the river. In fact at one place men were standing in the rapids and loosening logs which had caught on stones in the stream. There were many very high and straight trees, standing way above the other trees in the forest. At least we called it a forest. There were many varieties of trees all growing together, and reaches to the very tops of them, orchids on all the branches. This isn't the season for orchids evidently, for none of them seemed to be in bloom. Imagine the rainy焚燒 season is when you see most of them. There was a curious stillness about it all, and you had a feeling the woods were full of all sorts of wild life. We heard lots of birds, even when drivers slept, but though we stopped once and a while, peeped, look and listen, we could see nothing. It's like Bauff. tourists seldom see the goats and moose & bears. We did see a huge lizard run to the side of the road and disappear which was exciting, and also one large monkey. really large. But come next after going to zoos and seeing so many things, one has a feeling it well look the same in the woods. Nevertheless it was perfectly wonderful, and to be able to drive through with the top down and really enjoy it was very lucky. It must rain a great deal to keep everything so moist and green. When you think of trying to survey a road through the stuff it's quite remarkable. for the vines and underbrush make it almost impassable (that doesn't sound like the right word sometimes) anyway I'd hate to have to walk in it, you'd have the feeling it was creeping and crawling with things. Yet I imagine its just that we aren't used to it.

Probably the most exciting part of the trip the first day was actually crossing the equator. We were told it was marked by a monument of solid iron, and were so afraid we might miss it entirely. We had visions of taking photographs, about to cross the equator or "Catharine crossing the equator". Peter with one foot in the Northern Hemisphere the other foot in the Southern Hemisphere etc. But of course when we got there, we felt too silly, and so Pete first took the monument. It was funny to say that the sun was out just there and no other place for some time. It really was just a monument the style of this is the center of Concord in the square, only smaller. About 12 feet high of concrete, and a tablet saying "Beep after". Anyway so ever we need proof on a boat that we have been across the equator, we can produce a picture, and so prevent a drowning by King Neptune. It seemed funny to have it cost every to be wearing coats while we were driving across it. Some how "equator" has always meant "impure heat" to us. Pete picked up some sort of cold, which didn't last more than a day or two, but we had nothing but cold rain & stuff it day, and the next day it was so chilly up the morning that he wore his pajama top under his shirt, as we had sent our sweater on. When we got down to sea land it was terribly hot, and Pete was never hotter. His pajama sleeves inserted on driving at of the opening to the sleeve of his shirt. That was nothing compared to the hole worn in the seat of his flannel trousers from rubbing against the car seat on rough roads. However I am very glad patched now. They will be terribly upset if any that sees my clothes. They are washed by hand when she sees my clothes. They are washed by the rock breaking method and look it! But I am not getting on with my story.

It lucky I have learnt to like beer, for otherwise we would go thirsty. We stopped at a very nice Government Rest House, a Passagerman in Soebok Sileapay for a glass of beer about eleven, and it was so nice there that we decided to wait and have lunch, which they

said we could have by twelve. Rice taffel, which is so good and tastes well in hot weather. Pete went out near the village and the Mandoo said "like Chichay?" Pete said yes, and immediately the man ~~threw~~ threw out some feed, the Indians came running. He grabbed one, and so we had chicken for lunch. By the taste and chew it would seem that the steed of chicken here would be strong enough to escape all catchers. However the flavor is always delicious.

From Soledos, Silk apus we drove through more lovely country. and some very native villages. Not as many tin roofs, and so they were more fun to see. The people were still very friendly, and when we stopped to take the picture near the boundary between the section Fort de Kels is in, which is "West Coast of Sumatra", and Tapanceli, all the people and children came running to see us. They love to be taken. maybe they don't really know what a camera is. The houses were very little with thatched roofs. A few still had the elaborately pointed roofs found near Fort-de-Kels. but most of them in this part near the border were simpler. The villages were fun though. a line or group of little houses close together. The rice fields all around outside the towns and all through this country they have little shelters built on stilts or poles in the rice fields, where they can rest during the hottest part of the day. After we had crossed the boundary into Tapanceli, we climbed up through grassy hills that are called the "Level Mountains". The guide book says they are bare and arid. But we found them the most beautiful hills and so green. almost like velvet. By this time the sun was out most of the time, and there were large clouds, some quite rainy looking. The hills were much like the Berkshires in formation and the roads climbed pretty steadily winding round and round. The hill sides were burnt in many places, evidently to make the grass better to feed and it was a lovely soft green everywhere else.

We thought it almost the loveliest part of the trip, and
got the road through the heavily wooded part, with a rushing
river below was wonderful too.

We got a little over enthusiastic over the hills, and I saw
a Rappa tree against the sky, a perfect picture for Gaelee,
who sells Rappa in the store for stuffing pillows. We stopped to get a picture of the cotton stuff coming out of the
pods, and then when we started again something happened
to the gears. The boy couldn't get it out of first. He tried and
tried but we could do nothing. We kept thinking if we only
hadn't stopped. There's a far better Rappa tree right in front
of this hotel (too) but luckily we were still climbing up.
First wasn't too bad for a bay. It made such a noise
though, especially when the road flattened out. It looked too
as if it were going to rain and no time for ten kilometers.
We got to the top of the grade when we were sure we could
coast down to the next village, and then the bay of Peta had
a look at it, unmercifully though. It was an entirely different
variety from any cars Peta was familiar with. And so
with smiles and sign language and the two words, "eda"
meaning "no" and "dagompe" meaning "good" we decided to
coast down to the next village and see if it could be used.
So alternating in fast and coasting, we crawled and
sailed down into the tiny village of Moreare Siponay
and drew up in front of a rest house. The boy found a
man who knew something of gears, and together they
worked over the car, while we walked up and down the
village street taking pictures, with the company of
numerous little boys, who are always interested. We
decided later that the thing must have gone wrong on
purpose, for otherwise we probably never should have
stopped or had good sun light. As it was it worked
perfectly. We strolled up the ~~steps~~ friendly natives came
out to see, we pointed to their babies and said "pacuse"
which always brought a smile and nod, and then
the little cutters girls and boys would do much giggling.

They evidently had been a market that morning, and the market place was being swept up. Some bullock carts being loaded up for the trip home. All the market places are very orderly. Often in larger places all cement and with a shelter to protect the people from rain or sun. Open places where the little trees are small and simple as the case may be. but always well looked after. Each person selling anything generally pays so much for the privilege. There were many bullock carts on the road, always ready to meet. They are the slowest moving things in the world, and just can't get to the side any faster than they go. Two wheeled drawn by one water buffalo. They are large two wheeled carts, and the body is rectangular shaped of wood, a roof of straw matting, or tin, and in front it protrudes enough to protect the driver, who sits cross legged to drive. The tops lift up at one end, the back end, between the buffalo is harnessed and the yoke and ghatto go up. The back part goes down. Then a pole supports the top at the peak, so it lifts in the air. In this way the inside can be easily packed as a box would be. Later on that same day we passed regular caravans of bullock carts, all stopped together, between the road and the river bank, mostly on the edge of the road, in two places, where different groups were camped for the night. There had been a sort of dam built in part of the river making a nice pool for the buffaloes and men to bathe. The buffaloes we saw were grazing, and men doing the washing and bathing. Others, sitting under the bullock carts having their evening meal. It's evidently more social, and also gives greater protection camping together in groups. We wondered if they didn't carry the produce of the little places, into the markets of the larger towns, to meet morning. We saw more carts coming back and they seemed to be delivering things they had bought for people probably at the big market. There is no other

means of conveyance except by bus, no railroads in that part. We were always meeting busses, and they never slow down. The road ~~as~~ has first evered crown in it so that the busses and car leave a tiny bit away from each other, just enough so we never scraped each other. They it always seemed as if we couldn't possibly miss. They are nearly all Fords or Chevrolets but never the less have large bodies, carry capacity loads of natives and every kind of things on top as well as inside. By cycles, boxes bags, baskets, barrels, buns, bunches, pigs and goodness knows what all. They also take the mail, and really give a pretty regular service to the natives. With very old clothes, a shopping sack and a knowledge of the language it would be an interesting way to travel. But then there is always the question of food etc.

I made a great mistake this morning. In order to write while Pete was really occupied (we can't do felicities here) I suggested he see if there were any English books here. They had a list of them, mostly light novels. saw one "More tramps abroad" Frank Twain. I thought if it was as good as the "Principals abroad" it would be fun. It was a great mistake. It resulted in being either so true or so abusing that Pete has read it? I never knew it was all about India. I think I'll find as dry a book as possible. I am in hopes of fewer interruptions.

To get back to our little town with the little bays following us along. They even stood in the gateway and paged while we drank beer. The car was fired and came tearing out of the garage backwards. in we got nicely relieved, though afterwards we wished we had stayed there for the night. It was a tiny place, but would have been nice in the end. The village bell warned us off. The sun was out bright and the next 20 kilometers to Rotta Nopan was perfectly lovely. There were many rice fields on either side of the road, and little islands of coconut palms ground to tiny shelter on stilts, dotted about in the brilliant green fields. The rice was well

9.

up and the fresh green looked even more brilliant as the sun was getting low, and it was after the rain. We both thought we had never seen anything more lovely. The little trees were very picturesque, usually on hilly spots and in the trees, rather damp and dark, ferns growing in the thatched roofs. smoke coming out from under the eaves. They have no chimneys in any of the houses in the Indies, and the smoke creeps out as best it can, that is in the native houses. In Bali the wall and thatch was often quite black. There doesn't even seem to be any holes to let the smoke out. The houses were of the simplest. really one roomed affairs. holes for windows or doors, really only shelters.

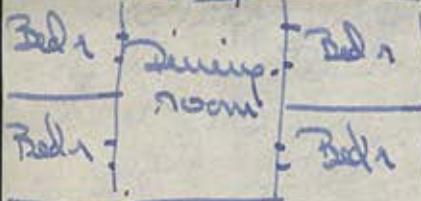
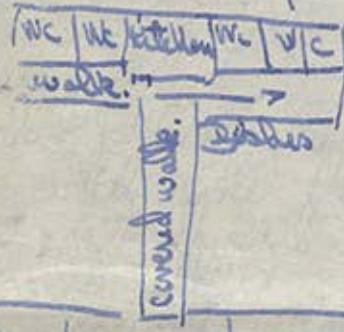
Another funny thing we noticed was that on several flat rocks in the river or on the shore, were a few people with their heads all over them, evidently praying and some bowing with their heads to the ground. All I could see the setting sun and Mecca we decided. They must be Mohammedans. The religion is Mohammedan, as every tiny has its little mosque usually elaborately made of tin or really galvanized iron. It was fun too seeing the drivers of the bullock carts getting ready for the night, and many people, bathing in the brooks and streams. Bali was the only place where people were obviously naked but both here and in Java they bathe as much but more often with their clothes on, except of course the little children who always have such fun splashing about. Many babies of two or three play in the streams while their mothers are washing clothes.

"We reached Kotta Nopan about five I guess, drove up to the door with a great flourish right behind a car being unloaded of babies bath tubs, bathmats etc. promising a quiet night for us! There were already several groups of Dutch people setting having tea on the porch. And we began to wish we were back in our little town, all by ourselves. We were put into a room between the man

10

and his wife and two babies, and another Dutch couple, it was only for one night we thought. The father of the babies spoke English, was much older we had that soon, as he said he couldn't guarantee that the children wouldn't cry. We smiled politely, said we didn't mind at all. Went out on the veranda in front of our room to have tea. (Plain tea nothing to eat, for which everyone pays extra there, it is funny) Soon the father donned in his dressing gown took the oldest child for a bath. We could hear the splashing, of buckets fulls of cold water later in the distance. They instead of walking out the back door, which was the shortest way, he walked ~~by~~ us and around. They seem to love to be seen in capes and dressing gowns. After a while one child did start yelling, and Pete asked if there was another room. There was on a different side, here we were facing the barracks where the police or prisoners, fairies were living with their many children. But native children are only noisy when they play and laugh and rarely yell in the night. They say it was nice sleeping by ourselves, though the Gov. Rest houses are really like camps, they stick to the last hours. We were told dinner would be at 8.30, and there was nothing to do but wait. The light wasn't working on our side, so after setting in the dark at 8 or 9 o'clock, trying to keep the mosquitoes from biting by wrapping our dressing gowns around our heads, we gave up at 8.30, had a shave, until after eight, washed ourselves to with a drink, and finally ate dinner. It's a horrible custom eating so late. the rising early in the morning is far better. It gets dark about 5 o'clock, and two hours and a half to just get up is tiresome, then you have to sleep on a full stomach. It was fun watching the children playing inside the barracks wire fence. A bell would go off at sunset, and a tiny girl who could just walk, came out very seriously and one at a time closed the gates of ~~the barracks~~. The others had gone in to bed. The guards were playing some game in the porch of the guard house, but the tiny tot did look funny closing such big gates all by herself.

It was cold enough though nearly all the bedrooms are built
 so as little air as possible can penetrate. But each day and
 each half hour were not only banished out on a deck. And
 repeated on an iron gong by a guard of the prison. And
 enough so that both of us did sleep there all day morning.
 Again we wished we had stayed at our little town. but how
 were we to know. The Rest house at Kotta Nopan is where
 everyone stops going across and was full of British people.
 The Battalions are living in all rest houses. You have to
 go practically through the kitchen to reach them. The plan is



Praga.

Usually like this. varying according to the
 number of bed rooms. I but always there is
 a covered walk to the deck section. Where the
 Kitchen is and servants quarters. They wash
 the dishes outside, drying them by laying them
 down on scales. Then the W.C. is handy:
 In Kotta Nopan the men's W.C. and "Pad"
 were on one side the ladies on the other. It
 got very dark. no light in the ladies. So
 asked for a lamp. The man was very helpful.
 lit a lamp especially for me, and lighting
 my way, ushered me into the Men's W.C.
 So there was nothing for it but to stay.

Next morning we got a good start for
 Sibolga. The first part was the usual very bumpy road.
 We never been over so many curves and around bends.
 One after another. but so much of the land is very hilly
 and uneven. We finally descended through a low valley
 the going from side to side, and round and round.
 through more beautified vegetation. by more terraced
 rice fields. Through it the terraces were in tiny
 squares. like little puddles. and at last we went through
 swampy land in the center of the valley. It was over
 cast a good part of the way and not as interesting

country as the day before. We went through one quite large place. Padang Sidempuan, where there were quite a lot of Europeans and many stores - Chinese & Greeks have most of the stores here, even in the small towns. There was a nice looking rest house but it was too early to lunch, so we went on. There were many rubber estates in this part of the country, and some seemed to be operating though many of the houses were closed. It may be that with cars now, it is not necessary for all the families to live right on the estates. We saw rubber hanging in strips over poles like many native houses. Some white the rest yellow in color. I imagine the yellow ones belong to white in time they look like tremendous snake skins. Are a foot wide and must be from six to ten feet in length, are hung over poles, seem to be very porous and full of holes. We saw large manacles in the towns, which were here clothes weights the rubber evidently is put through these to flatten it out then later rolled up to sell. Rubber trees are much like Maples except for the shape of the leaves and even turn red at times. They cut a slanting strip of bark off the tree, put a cup at the end, and the milk sap runs into the cup. Some trees have evidently been tapped many times. On each time a new strip is cut about half an inch wide and they fit back over again. Most of the rubber trees are planted in rows all over the hill sides.

Another thing we have seen all through this country and that is the use of water paddles to make wooden mauls go up and down and pound the rice. It used to be done by hand in most places. Sometimes two girls walking at once and taking turns hitting it, with cups like bats, the rice being in a stone sort of mortar. but the water wheel will run several of these things at once and usually in a shed. you can see some of them which are open. One farm had a regular mill for the whole community. It was making a terrible noise.

In the lower country there were no more bullock carts. When we first left Rotta Nopan we passed so many that I decided I would count them, and then we passed one and no more. They did have a wonderful little hand cart in one district, though steered from the back. A wooden box long and narrow, on four little wheels, and then a wheel to steer by as you pushed from behind. We were going to take a picture of the next one and then never saw any more. It's awfully aggravating sometimes trying to get pictures near Sibolga we worked around a few times, often going fully straight for many miles, and suddenly were at sea level and looking out onto the Bay of Tapamoezi. a lovely irregular coast line and little islands in the bay, one such a tiny peak like this.  We went along the shore for several miles, on one side beach, and on the right either swamp land or rice fields. A few little white washed, dirty looking houses, but really very picturesque. The rice fields looked so poor and the houses poorer. A few tiny outriggers on the shore. A few tiny white sails way out in the Bay. It was very sultry, overcast and one o'clock. So we decided the best thing we could do would be to go to the hotel in Sibolga. have lunch, a rest, and then set out when there was sun to take some pictures. We were fools. The sun came out hotter than hot after lunch, disappeared and it rained hard the rest of the day.

The hotel in Sibolga we had been told was very poor. So we were glad to leave it nice at all. but coming down from nearly 8000 feet to sea level is quite a drop, and then Sibolga is noted for being hot. We had lunch, soup and a rice dish, refused the two main courses of fried steak and some other meat and all that goes with it. Also the heavy dessert. How can people eat so much in hot weather. Then we slept which felt good and had

bucket bath. I even attempted writing you, but got too hot and tired. The rain was disconcerting - and then the usual after eight dinner. It does seem so long to wait. I wonder how Uncle John would like it.

Not moving we were feeling almost suffocated. It was sunny and nice but I've never felt such nearly morning humidity. Even breakfast of one banana and a slice of bread and cold meat didn't seem to help. I suppose such people travelling in the states think our breakfasts impossible and never get enough for noon dinner. We decided that the road which was reported to make 1400 - 1700 turns might take some time, and it really felt too hot to be able to try to take a lot of pictures. So we packed up and started up the first 95 turns in 10 kilometers. We had gone only part way when it felt better -

Bastagi, Aug 22, 1934.

It is now Wednesday and we are less than 100 Kilometers from the boat - so we have almost sailed. This letter didn't progress quite as well as it should have, principally because Pete was finding so much to read to me in "More Tramps Abroad" by Mark Twain. So read & for him I did find it awfully interesting about India. There were so many interruptions that finally I put crosses * in the letter and this time there was one. Just to show you aren't the only one writing under difficulties! Pete's gone to have a haircut in the village now, so I shall type and get more written to you.

The morning we left Siboga which was Saturday, was really a lovely clear morning, but still heat. We didn't feel much air in the night, and I suppose that didn't make us feel any brighter. Instead of spending a few hours around the lake we decided to start off on the real trip. The first part was a steady climb, very good road but lots of turns, and in two places the road was thrashed through the rocks. After a few hours as we left Siboga we went right into underbrush and trees. A really from then on over the 6 Kilometers to Taracto there were only a few poor little settlements too small to even call towns. At Bohay Lake there is a hotel which was closed, but it is really the ideal place to stay, up high enough to be cool and a lovely view over the harbor. We were supposed to be 1400 to 1700 turns so I decided to

15

count them on paper by fives, just for the fun of it. However after the road down to the lake near Fort de Kach it was nothing. There were nearly four hundred sheep ~~hairs~~ hairpin turns but the rest were only bends & twists and altogether hardly counted 450. so it shows how guide books exaggerate. We had expected a very mountainous road, but it really was just a lot of twisting and turning through hilly country with plenty of unexpected rises and dips. This compared with the roads we had been over it really wasn't remarkable. And the country to us was not very interesting. Again the folders had mislead us. They spoke of driving through ferns! and they were quite right, and in the rainy season the ferns would be green, but now they are rather brown, and not very interesting in mass. We think the country has been forested and parts are burnt over, evidently to make the grass grow fresh & some things. It had the same appearance of burnt over & lumbered country, but it was interesting never the less. The underbrush was really a jungle and hopeless to get through at all. You wonder how they ever surveyed such a road across country and perhaps that is the consequence for so many twists. The roads weren't made for cars I guess and always there are busses going much too fast, and in the little towns many drivers and children are people in this district very the wretched looking natives we have seen, rather dirty and uncouth and not very friendly looking. but we wondered what they lived on, and figured they must be that sort to live in such a place. In one town we saw a stuffed tiger hanging ~~over~~ on the side of a house. Quite a large one too, maybe not styled but hung up by his head and tail I think. We were all before we realized what it was, expected to see more and then of course never did. But there must be lots of wild ones in that district. In Fort de Kach the Major was some kind of a character. Heard one nearly every night screaming & whatever they do. ~~It~~ It proved to be one allright, but in a small zoo near by!

The little busses all through that district, were the ugliest looking little shucks. nothing about them to help all the

16

bitterness and dirtiness. Near by is a tiny ravine would be a few poor little terraced rice fields, barely enough for the people to exist on probably. Some women were chopping wood in foot lengths, and these were stacked in bundles. So perhaps they got a living in that way. Some of the children would wave. But none were very shrill or a bit friendly. But way we knew we would pass near a monument which was a little way off the road. A ~~wooden cross~~ erected in the memory of the fact that in the year 1834 two American missionaries Munson and Lyman were eaten here by ~~Bataks~~. We didn't doubt the fact at all and when we came to the sign "Munson + Lyman" 1 Kilometer pointing to a path off but the simple, we decided that some of the ~~Bataks~~ descendants might feel the way some of them looked as if they felt. And so took a picture of the sign post and went on our way. We decided it would be a hot walk any way and sometimes one kilometer is quite long. It was as well we did really for we might have missed a view which was spoiled by rain later on.

Next Taroleng we noticed many people evidently going to market and things seemed livelier. More prosperous and happy. We found really quite a large town important because it's the only big town in that district the place ~~itself~~ because it's the only big town in that district the place the regular native buses carrying mail stop at the first night after leaving Medan. The second night is Koala Kopau. the third Padang. It was market day all night and every time was very busy, many people coming down the roads with tremendous loads of produce! And the first real busses we had seen. They aren't nearly as nice as the other natives, in Bali or Java or in Fort-de-Kock. The town is built partly on the side of a hill, down which one goes to reach the floor of rather a wide, and in the rainy season, a fertile valley. We stopped for beer at the Pasar Padang which was a very good one, and then went on. So we still had quite a way to go before lungsi, and we never knew what to expect. We were stopped, and expected, at least the car poachers were. We mail. Evidently people carry letters through in cars and to keep the buses from earning all they should.

17.

The land was rather peculiar after Taratsoo and reminded us of Montana. There were places quite like Yellowstone in spots, green sort of gullies and hot springs. In one place especially, right beside the road, there was a wonderful pool for bathing. The sulphur water was very hot for the water was steaming even in the hot sun of seven o'clock, and there was a lot of it running too. They had been carefully never in making the pool. Had evidently built a sort of high irrigation ditch around two sides through which the hot sulphur water ran, and it overflowed on the sides, leaving a deposit of colored salt sort of formation, exactly as it did in Mammoth Hot Springs. There the water trickles down it is pinkish and orange colored. Where it has dried it is quite white. The ditch of course serves to hold the water in the pool, and many little boys were having such fun jumping in and out, splashing for us.

We soon started climbing out of that valley, again winding round and were on the great Hobo Plateau. It stretches for miles, and a few minutes later looking like hills side above it. We saw some of our first ~~the~~ Bateson cruses with pointed reefs, and as the clouds were forming into tremendous thunder storms on all sides, the effects were perfectly wonderful.

I had read in the guide book of a side road one should take to Lake Toba said to have a beautiful view of the lake. Our driver had never been there but we found where one turned off at Se Booy Booy. The roads were getting deeper and bigger, and our road got smaller and smaller. We seemed headed for no where, again off through country that would be poor in Scotland. It always seems drear when you don't know where you are going or exactly how far it is. It was about 10 miles and there were signs. Finally we came to a sign, first a hand pointing, and turning to the left up a tiny road there was the lake below us. The most beautiful sight you can imagine. Lake Toba is over 50 miles long and pretty wide. A crater lake 3000 feet above sea level, and the walls are at least another 1000 feet or 2000 above that. We were on one of the highest points, and could look over the island of Samosir which fills up most of the

center of the lake. It also must be 1000 feet high. by the looks of it. Below us were rice terraces and tiny groups of buildings, farms and villages. To the right probably Belize where we were headed to. But the part that made it the most beautiful of all were the Thunder Storms. They were on either side of the lake. Tremendous ones. and one very heavy one coming rapidly towards us over the island of Salazar. We could see the great streaks of rain and even hear the thunder. The color of the lake was perfectly lovely too. The shores all the way around are very precipitous, and a white sand beach makes a tiny border all around. The water being quite green near the shore dark where it is so deep. I'm no good at describing anything as lovely as that was.

Maybe I had better send this day today, for its getting rather large.

There was a sunny break and turn around for the car, and soon after we got there, little boys came running to have us sign in a page of the book, paying 50 cents for the privilege. It evidently went toward the upch of the road, and place. The sand and stuff that the cliff are made of is full of crystals, and they shone like glass. When the road was sandy. I imagine it is the same soil that makes the white beaches round the lake.

We had our first experience in trying to photograph a Batik Kampup. A little girl saw us stop, went lighting back, and the people got much excited and one man said Teda. Teda. very emphatically meaning "No". so we didn't push the matter. However, the little boy with the back insisted we take their Kampup which wasn't half as nice, and had a tin roof on the best building.

The thunder seemed louder so we headed back. We noticed the driver coasting quite a bit and discovered the gas tank meter indicated empty. We were miles from anywhere too, except the nearest town. Meanwhile we had been on a high point, which most likely used plenty of gas to get there, and so were able to get to Belize alright. Though every minute we expected a splinter and no more gas.

We went down and down. The road after we had passed the main high way again being excellent. we passed through lovely rice fields. very beautifully terraced with wide rounded

little patches, and they made such lovely natural amphitheaters -
like lovely flights of wide steps. The lake stretching out below.

We passed the Hotel which was closed but anyway we had
planned to go to the Passauergau, and when we finally reached
Solige on the Lake Shore, and got our gas, the bay told us where it
was. Most of the Passauergaus we had been too have been empty
of guests except for us, and so we drove up with all the confidence
in the world. It was one of the small ones, and on one side of the
front porch were two police or army officers and another man buying
beer. They were very polite, bowed as we came in, and so we sat
at the table on the other side of the tiny porch. The boy got the Mandorla
and asked if we could have lunch. He seemed rather hesitant but
said "yes", and then with the help of matches, fingers, pencil
and paper, said it would be ready at 3 o'clock. It was then 12.
I think, anyway 3 was too late for us. He then thought maybe
by 2,30 P.M., we then got our vocabulary and found three eggs
and that we knew was quite and simple. The man said
he could do that right away, so we sat and had a drink of
beer. The other two men hadn't offered to help us in our difficulties
but then perhaps they couldn't speak English. We hadn't had
a chance to wash up, the first seat had been dusty, and I'm
sure I looked it. This seat was very dirty being white
originally, and having rubbed against the car seemed to be black.
and the hole in his trousers by this time was quite large.
However we drank our beer, when all of a sudden up drove a
car, a flag waving in front and not stopped from far away
Dutch government officials. Evidently inspectors, and then we
began to see why we couldn't have them right away.
The plaza was very small, and the three men having been
occupied one whole side, and we tried as best we could to
find ourselves into one corner. Stiff chairs had to be brought
out, and the men sat down by us looking stiffer than the
chairs. One Red headed official examined the bedding matter.
The others sat looking very stiff in white starched shirts
that were getting small, and with high collars like

20.

Salvation Army men, & band masters. It's an old custom here to wear coats with straight collars, and then they need wear no shirts underneath. They look rather funny - well there are not. They never said a word to us, except all Government officials have to be able to speak English. Our boy had gone for his lesson in the meantime.

People were trying to appear as inconspicuous as possible when we came in, the Mandar, with four eggs in their shells in a white soup plate, rolling about and rattling a bit, and these he set down before us with two paper napkins. I guess we looked as surprised as the officials. He ate breakfast two slices of bread, no butter, no fruits or soups or anything. The three original men looked much amused, and I think appreciated the joke, but the tutelary officials grew stiffer than ever, not a smile. We somehow made the Mandar understand to wrap them all up, pretending we had wanted them to take out not to eat there, likely our driver came back, and we were able to make rather a graceful exit through they all had to rise for us to get out of our former. and we sort of climbed over them. We didn't really know until we got outside. but really it was a job for us. We bought bananas in the village, and then stopped on the road side for say one sandwich each and two boiled eggs, which had to be put in whole after feeling for the hadn't taken time to boil them hard.

Belize was really a lovely little place, right on the lake shore. The hills & walls of the old city rising up steeply behind it. They were building a most attractive Market place the shelters were in the style of the Indian houses around there and backed the rocks very fine. It was most attractively done. There were many native Kampsrys, but it was overcast by then except the thunder storms had gone over. When we began to go through the hills along that north shore of the lake & started raining most of the way to repeat.

I will send this slip now and write more later.
Blessings of love to you all. and I'm sorry to be so slow in getting letters written. More love

Catherine

PS. Day after tomorrow we sail -

44 B.

Medan, Sumatra.
Sat. August 25, 1934.

rec Sept 15. 3 weeks

Dearest Mother,

We will today this afternoon walk, and are all excited to be on our way again. Yesterday afternoon when we came in from a walk, I was just saying to Pete, "Well I guess we'll have to buy a Photo Day after all. I have anything to read tonight." (For we had exhausted the tourist folders and newspapers of this hotel, and these picture magazines are the only ones you can buy) when on our table was a tremendous stack of mail. Two fine letters from you, one from Russ, and a lot forwarded from Bauf. They had been sent on last week from Batavia and there is still a chance of finding one on the boat today (which came this last week). Also a grand letter from Elmo, which will be answered at great length on the boat. They were your letters written direct to Batavia, and anything else after we leave are being sent by air mail to catch the boat. The Bauf ones were forwarded from Hong Kong. We've missed none yet according to dates.

We did feel terribly to hear of Dr Hutchinson's death. I can hardly remember the time when he wasn't our doctor, though I do remember Dr Brown & Dr Barker. Just think Theodore was born when I was having my mastoid. I must be getting quite an age. It is hard though to lose such a fine man from Concord, and everyone liked him so much, didn't they? Do you still have your knee or something and have Isabel's husband. His

so nice.

It does seem such a shame to think you have been worrying about us being hot, and instead you might have been spending the time thinking of our bad beds, or only cold water to wash with (I did have one hot bath in San Fransisco) the kind you can't get into, but can there ever be such a sweet feeling as theres a sign saying "Swimming Baths can be had for a moderate charge of £1.50 between 7 A.M. & 7 P.M." But even a dollar or two (they seemed too much for that) or the worry is about us having to wait until after eight for dinner. May be you could have helped the weather rain less. but I think all that ticket was wasted on us being hot. When Pete had to wear his pajamas under his clothes, and this pajama coat on top to keep warm crossing the equator! We really haven't been really hot but once or twice in the middle of the day and then it was more the lack of air in the hotel rooms. People here never wear sun helmets. but they feel hats, so its not at all like India. You see the islands being surrounded by great expanses of ocean keep it cool and green. India is so dry. but here we almost always have clouds by noon. So don't worry about us in Europe either. We don't want to be anywhere where there is trouble, and will be very careful to find out first from the British and American Consuls how expeditions are. They will give you good advice. You should read the papers here about Hitler & the Nazis in the states and see how busy the United States seems to live in. Thousands of armed troops called to protect citizens of San Fransisco" etc. Remember the Jews are much opposed to Hitler, and that all the news you read is largely flavored with Jewish sentiment, but anyway we will only go to Switzerland. and we should be home by the end of October any way. It might be sooner. However we do want to see something of Europe while we are there, and there is so much to do in Ireland and Scotland. but we will go as hard as we can for we're awfully anxious to get back. Save the stamps on the letters won't you. I'll send one expensive one air mail.

Medan Semarha,
Sat. August 25, 1934.

Dear Russ,

I'm sorry not to have gotten this off sooner. But it reached Batavia too late, and we got it here in Medan last night. We sail today and are rather excited to be heading west. This has been such a wonderfully interesting trip all the way, and now after a little over two weeks we will be in Europe. We are awfully anxious to see as much of Switzerland as possible, because we not only are interested from a ship's standpoint, but also to see how it compares with the Rockies. People are always doing that and we can say nothing, having never really seen Switzerland! We were anxious to get through Austria to Germany, but don't worry we won't think of it if there is any trouble. However the Jews in the States certainly made things sound as badly as possible in some papers, and so the only way to do is to wait until we reach Europe and enquire from the Consuls. That's what we did about Malabarika, and they are always very ~~friendly~~ ^{friendly} if they don't want to have to get you out in any time of trouble. Pete is anxious to go to the University to study more about the camera and also the film, but we really are more careful about traveling than may be your think. Any way don't let Mother worry.

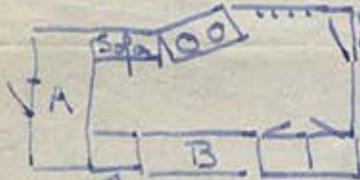
We must go. Thanks loads for the letter even if it was mostly business.
Much love to you both from us both. Catherine

45 B

"N.S. Sibylk
Tuesday Aug 27 1934.

Dearest Mother, I don't know why I get so darn lazy on board ship but here it is the night before reaching Colombo and no letter written at all. Anyway they either will all read you in a bunch, or else all mixed up in the wrong order. Everytime I think "Now I'll send this Air Mail" and then its so heavy when it does get written, that it seems silly to have fussed about showers a minimum price soon, and then spend the price of the meals on sending one letter. Anyway I don't know that its awfully much quicker. Anyhow the last one written in Sumatra I have an idea is on this boat. So except for sending this tomorrow, all I write until we reach Marseille will wait you at once.

This ship is really very nice. Our cabin is about the size of yours now at home, a good window, and a narrow deck or working passage. The beds, and plain like this. I'm at present sitting on my bed & trying to write. And Peter is reading "The Autobiography of Edward Bol." He's awfully interested and I'm going to read it again too! Remember when Father read it aloud this? We have a sofa in our cabin, not big enough to recline on, but still large enough for both to sit on at once. We also have a small convenient Bureau with drawers, a closet each, lots of hooks and two shelves, and a very elaborate wash stand, we can pull up away at once, and the bowls are the kind you dip up to drain, but have the advantage of taking up little room, and the best part is we have room to repeat again if we like. They is it, one buys such awkward things? The bunks are right opposite, most convenient. I had my first warm bath in a steel tub, since my last in Thorncap in June. We are midships, and so there is little motion and no real vibration. The boat is very steady. We have a large cargo of tea and mostly stout Dutch people. There are only, I think 40 or 80 in 1st class, and this whole deck of class cabins has been turned into 2nd accommodation. There



There are a mere 280 people in 2nd class, all but a few weighing over 200 and eating well on the food. No wonder the boat rides well with such excellent ballast. Only 72 of the 280 are children under 12. goodness knows how many more over 12, however they cause less noise than the three on the K.P.M. boat from Batavia. They eat their meals on board before we do, have a deck to themselves separated from us by glass windows, and are all made to stay in there and play. But 72 children are quite a lot you know, and when you realize that there are several foresters men, fur traders and fur skins besides us, it shows that most couples have several children. I'm not sure that the 72 includes tiny babies, and certainly the 280 doesn't include the nurses. One American, the rest Japanese. But I'll tell you more later about the boat.

The food is really very good and we are at a table with five other English people, so at least can converse. I hope to get a lot of things done. Well developed fetuses while trying to write!

We left Belawan Deli at five in the afternoon Saturday. Reached Sabang, an island off the coast, the next morning. Were there until 3 o'clock, but it wasn't an interesting place at all, so we didn't stay ashore especially long. It was rough directly we left the harbor, but luckily we don't feel the motion too much. Only yesterday I didn't feel like writing and though I tried today, was no better at it.

Tomorrow we reach Colombo at six, leave at seven where we will give us a few hours, and I hope to send this off mail. You will know how far we are. We had a wonderful surprise as we left Belawan. Three grand letters from you - last one written July 15th at Batavia. It was such fun getting so much mail. It won't be long now, though. The lights of Switzerland do sound so interesting. I know well be tempted to see as much as we can &c.

Anyways heaps of love and keep writing Barry Brothers. It will be fun getting new mail for a change, instead of weeks old letters. Lots of love to everyone and so much to you Catherine.

P.S. Look in an ~~mail~~ ^{medan} for stamps left inside envelope.

(This letter was written on my knees in the
dark & both hands & I wrote it.)

On board "M.S. Sibylle"
Tuesday, August 25, 1934.

454

Dearest Mother,

We reach Colombo, Ceylon tomorrow sometime, so I guess I had better get a letter started to you to send Air Mail tomorrow. I sent one from the boat at Belawan the day we sailed. Pete got a stamp for it and put it inside, and I got the thing sealed up before mailing it, so if you look inside the envelope you would find fifteen cents worth of stamps. Just before leaving that day, we were handed three more letters from you, which was an awfully pleasant surprise. The last one written the 15th of July; so I wasn't very far wrong when I told you to write no more to Belawan after the middle of July. But if you did, they will catch us somewhere along the way. It was awfully nice to hear that Frances did so well in school and graduated first try. I do hope she can get a good job some where, having graduated from such a thoroly school should help a whole lot. I do hope this did as well. It does seem mean that they keep them so long in doubt.

I wish I didn't get so lazy on boats. Unless its really as a null point I never feel like doing much but read, and I don't even know in the letter with a heavy capote, and a heavier load of French people, I would have felt quite yesterday and today. As it is the boat rides very evenly and is good and fast. We have a large airy cabin cabin ships and are really very comfortable. I haven't felt sick so far, but haven't not at all ambitious. I have read "Pabst" by Seineair Lewis which was really awfully good, and so true of that type of person. Pete is reading an auto biography of Henry Ford, which he says is awfully good both literary books. So now before I start anymore I shall tell you some more about Sumatra. Don't give up hope I'll write about Java too, before long.

The part I was telling you about in my last letter was the trip across Sumatra and we had gotten as far as Minden at Belice on Saturday, August 18th. (The letter pieces heavy and probably is on this boat. as we carry the mail) You will get to mixed up, because some letters are too heavy to send Air Mail and then the ones light enough are always scribbled to fill in and tell you where we are.

2.

Any way we had lunch by the side of the road near Belize and then started on, it being some forty or fifty miles to Tropot where we planned to stay a day or two. It had been a lovely morning but the thunder clouds were getting larger and nearer all the time, and we knew we would get rain very soon before going the way. It was lovely all along the border of Lake Tobc at first after leaving Belize there were rice fields between us and the lake. And further on we went still farther inland and found about among hilly country. There were many Batak Kampungs, some quite near the main road. Others in their clumps of Bamboo trees, like islands in the rice fields, or perched on knolls of hills. The Kampungs consist of two rows of houses facing each other. Their large pointed roofs all overlapping leaves, all facing the bare dirt open space between them. All the buildings are built up on stilts or piles. The animals live in under the houses. The friendly in the second story really. The house is entered by a wide ladder of about five steps. The roof is usually of fiber, like black thatch, and we think pulled like moss from a certain variety of palm. It's called vegetable fiber I think. In some cases corrugated iron roofs are used, but not as much in the Lake Tobc district as in Fort-de-Koch. The fronts of the houses are often elaborately carved and painted but as the Bataks are very unfriendly we only caught glimpses of carving, a few heads as decoration and maybe faded paint. The only Kampungs one really could look into, were those which the road happened to go near, and you could look through the opening in the shelter of Bamboo, which seems to surround all the Kampungs, and just get a fleeting impression of the open dirt yard and the ~~two~~ rows of houses, on either side. All rather messy looking - but very picturesque. In the distance you can see the black pointed roofs sticking above the thick bamboo shelter, and especially when they are dotted over the landscape of rice fields, did they look very interesting and typical!

We crossed the small river, which is the outlet of the lake, not far beyond Belize, and we were surprised to see that the water was a deep red shade of green, like the lakes or rivers in the Rockies.

Soon after that we began to go through the hills, and quite close to the mountains bordering the lake, and then the rain did come down. We feel it rained most of the way from here to Prapat. The hills are quite bare and bumpy, quite a few kampungs in their clumps of trees. Some on small hill tops, others in hollows. Mostly grassy country and reminded one of moors in England. The road was excellent. Fairly new and all macadam, and except for the thicket of meeting houses on curves, we enjoyed the ride immensely.

Prapat is only a small place, but some one had the bright idea of making a small neck of land that sticks out into the lake, into a place for vacation people, and who ever did it all, did it very well. The land is really very high there, in fact all around the lake the sides rise up about two thousand feet above the water, and in many cases very abruptly. Very at Prapat except for the neck of land, the hills are almost cliffs they are so steep, and in back from almost mountains. On shore, the Pakers have their kampungs hidden in the trees. The steep slopes either terrace or rice fields, or used for animal grazing. The little neck of land forms two sort of harbors on either side, where native boats from the Island of Samosir, not far away, can be beached. There are also little coves in the neck of land. Some there like this, (not accurate) and one is large enough to keep motor boats and tiny sailboats in. Another with its tiny beach makes an ideal spot for bathing.



The Hotel was the most attractive one we saw. The main building built by some mission school, in an attractive way, with everything very simple and in good taste. It appeared have painted walls and ceiling inside, but really was veneered, only very well done. The roof was thatched with vegetable fibre. The living room or lobby, and dining room off the main room, it had many large windows, which were open and gave wonderful views of the lake. The bedrooms were in cottages and really quite airy compared to most Dutch Hotels.

7

The surroundings were so lovely, trees, lawns, and flowers and lots of walks. The neck of land was tiny. The hotel was in the narrowest part, about 50 feet above the water, and there beyond the bay in the ever green trees they had planted, were some really attractive summer cottages. There was a road to one part way, and then a walk all along the shore, with besides where it was specially nice to sit. On one hill or knoll on the hill was a tiny summer house, a nice spot to watch sunsets or thunder storms, and on the main land was a higher hill also with its summer house. It all had been very well thought out and planned, and must be a wonderful place for vacation. It was very cool really, and the air rather bracing, and with a breeze off the water couldn't have been nicer. There are many walks one can take, and then if one likes they can always row a sail on the lake.

The storms blew over soon after we arrived, and we were just starting out to see the sunset from the summer house near the hotel when we were called by the Mayor. It was rather fun running into him along the way! We would eat together, and compare notes on what we had seen, and really had lots of fun together. He left there the next morning, but we caught up to him again in Biestage two days later.

Sunday was one of the "number one" days. After the rain the air was clear and the clouds that came up later on, were perfectly beautiful. We decided to retrace all steps (in the car) towards Baligé and take pictures of the many Kampungs we had seen in the rain the day before. Pete wanted some roads against the sky. It was funny enough how hard it was to find the Kampungs, and the Bafflers proved to be as unfriendly that it wasn't at all easy to get any pictures. One place we stopped, and promptly the sun was behind a cloud, and while we were waiting for it to shine again, the family discovered our presence. However one boy intimated that if we pay 20 cents we could take pictures of the Kampungs. So while Pete went with him and the driver, and the tremendous crowd that was gathering rapidly, I sat in the car to watch.

It really was funny. From all the Kampongs in every direction you could see children come running. How they even knew a car had stopped I don't know. But evidently the news had spread rapidly. The little boys were the fastest and the little girls came panting behind. Pete had gone off across the field to a sort of gate and we could only just tell a Kampong was there. I could only till Pete was there by the crowd of little boys. All seemed more or less the same age and equally dirty. The little girls seemed more interested in me. They stood on either side of the road and just stared. What they could see in me I don't know. As I don't know, and yet they never took their eyes off me. As I were a moving picture of something which changed every second, and so must be watched constantly. To a curious sensation to be stared at so steadily. It would be different if I had been doing anything. But I was merely sitting perfectly still, and yet they continued to stare. Some four or five little girls had come from a Kampong about half a mile away, across the rice fields, and were still panting as they stood and stared. So I pointed too, and that brought a giggle and smile from some of them. By the time Pete came back with his crowd of fifty, maybe more (little boys up to young men) my group of gazers had grown to thirty, and they were looking as hard as ever. Pete said the Kampong was not particularly interesting and very dirty, and we decided to go on until we got to some of the more elaborate ones that we knew were right of the road, and we might even get pictures from the car. However one in a village seemed to bring crowds of people. So we went on again and found really quite a good one. Pete gave out to say some money to pay them for the privilege, but there was great excitement. They all wanted money, and weren't at all pleasant about it. Pete had already taken some pictures before they got nasty, so we decided if they didn't want us to take them we wouldn't stop. Our boy was pretty clever. He hadn't paid them when they started haggling over the price, so he had the pictures and the money too. However it wasn't much fun trying to get pictures under those conditions, so we

decided not to even try to take them anymore. If they didn't want us too, and we're so ugly about it there was no use having a lot of unpleasantness. So on the way back we took clouds and distant rooftops instead.

The country side was perfectly lovely on such a beautiful morning, and the clouds kept the sun from shining on us constantly, for we had the top sunny most all morning. The mountains were lovely, and the rolling, bumpy hills. There are many little missions around that part, and being Sunday, surely was going on. We could hear the singing of hymns quite plainly. In one place the boy wanted to take us down a side road, which for we couldn't tell, but we agreed hoping there might be some friendly Kampungs. However there weren't and we could see the road went up, up and down, in sort of grass green sand planes, and finally ended on a hill-top, a summer house and a really lovely view of the lake! and the Island in the center quite near. There were little villages below by the shore, and we could look down into the Kampungs. Before the Dutch Government built the roads in that district the Bataks must have used boats on the lake to travel by to nearby villages. The people on the island still bring their produce to market in their boats, which they row across. So most of the Kampungs are along the shore or the nearby low lands or hills, and there are many paths, like cow paths, winding and crossing each other from the lake shore to the hills above. They carry everything on their heads as the hills are too steep to use carts. Most of the people wear dark blue clothing in that part, and the women always fold a large piece of cloth over their heads. I imagine as a cushion for the tools they carry. Many things are carried in baskets the shape of paper bags. In fact look like very high bags in the distance.

By one mission church we stopped. Hoping the people would soon come out, but the chanting and hymns kept on and on, so we decided it would only get hotter and hotter waiting in the sun.

It was quite a morning for besides taking pictures we had gone nearly eighty miles, so in the afternoon we took a walk, and pictures of Idiots. The town wasn't interesting being new, and the only Kampungs near by, the people were so unfriendly and demanded so many presents that we didn't even try to get any more pictures. Then there was a wonderful storm over the island, and though I sensed the lightning was so lovely that we sat out and watched for the two hours it waited before dinner. We now have dinner on the boat at 6.30 which is the other extreme but we prefer it D 8.30.

Monday at Tjapat, it rained nearly all day, and I did attempt to write yet but was not very successful. Peter's book proved too interesting. He went for a walk in the afternoon but couldn't do much about pictures. Had it been nice we would have gone to the island but it was rather expensive and the major didn't think really worth it. for the country was just like that around Tjapat.

Tuesday was clear and fine, and we made an early start for Brastagi. The road goes along the lake a way, then climbing higher and higher (so good you wouldn't like) goes over the hills bordering the lake, and gradually descends to the plain that stretches to the sea. Really to the Straits of Malacca. In fact we could imagine we could see the water on the horizon, but it was many miles away. The descent is really so gradual that looking back there is no view of mountainous hills, and yet we were about 5000 feet above sea level at the highest point (4800 feet to be exact) There were no native Kampungs at all. We seemed to have left the Toba Bataks as soon as we left the shore. There was some sort of Government Experimental Station, a sort of nursery, with many slopes planted with pine trees, which seemed to be growing very well. Then we passed a few native huts, no patheday style, and went through lovely tropical woods as we went down. Then over many rubber estates, very well looked after, and also Oil Palm estates. First a large patch of rubber then a few acres of oil palms. We hadn't seen the oil palms

before. They are quite different from other types of palms we have seen, and we decided the oil must come from a sort of olive like berry that grows in clusters on them. But we may be all wrong. The things that really interested us most, were the spider webs on the Telegraph wires. The sun was just right to make them stand up against the dark trees, and we never seen so many webs in all my life. They were so thick all along, for miles, that it was almost like cloth stretched between the wires. And the spiders were pretty tremendous, when we saw them later silhouetted against the sky.

Before reaching Remontau Plantation which is evidently a town of some size and importance, because of so many rubber & tea estates around there, we turned to the left and towards the lake again. It seemed as if we were just retracing our steps, for there is no road across from Pampat to Berastagi and one has to go miles down into the plain that stretches to the sea, and then right back again making a "V".

It was rather interesting though. For as we went through a very large and well looked after tea estate, there were groups of women picking it. They are all native women (not Bataks?) and have large baskets which they strap to their backs with ropes of cloth. The baskets are low and narrow flaring at the top. In one place there was a truck stopped with a sort of cage on back, really a ~~spacious~~ screened body, and divided into sections. Men were standing on the sides dumping the baskets of tea leaves into the bins, while the girls and women were lined up in rows, waiting for their turn to have their baskets emptied. This whole thing seemed well organized. Further on a truck had just finished being loaded, and the women were going back to their picking.

All through the fields of tea bushes there were rows of orange kind of bush or tree. Dividing the fields into squares, and in some places bushes of this same plant, were among the tea bushes, and I noticed one picker putting a few leaves from that into the basket with the tea leaves. I do not suppose it adds some flavor to the tea? (This is for a wind)

In other parts of the plantation the tea bushes had been

out way back to within a foot of the ground. They all looked like dead stems, but I imagine the new shoots produce finer and more tender leaves afterwards.

Wednesday - Sept 6 1934.

Here we are in the Red Sea, and even Hospital Doctor and Nurses couldn't say of my little writing "She is doing as well as can be expected." I've been terribly lazy and now there is only a week left, and two days are bound to be hot though smooth, the others cool though cool. In spite of the fact that I may blot these pages by the perspiration dripping off my chin, I shall attempt once more to tell you about Sumatra.

After we passed the tea estates that day, on the way from Pematang to Batang, we seemed to be driving across a very high plateau. Not many people living in that country. The Toba Bathers seem to be mostly right around the lake shore, perhaps on the edge of the steep hills going down to the ~~the~~ water, but not as a rule very far inland from Lake Toba. The district between the tea estates and the ~~the~~ Bathers seemed to be very different from either the ~~the~~ estates or the low lands. In fact the houses looked very much like Japanese farm houses. The roofs were almost exactly the same Japanese farm houses. The roofs were almost exactly the same shape as some we saw in Japan, and perhaps they had been influenced by Japanese people coming in to work on tea estates or some other. They were attractive little places and made each a wavy thing matching. The roofs varied enough to make each a little different from another.

As we got nearer to the plateau directly above the lake, the country was very open, few trees, mostly ~~wood~~ ^{grass}, underbrush, etc. We could see the high mountains near Batang, two of which are really active volcanoes, and other hills in between. It was a very clear day. Really no clouds in the sky where we were, though towards Medan and the Malacca straits we could see great cumulus clouds. Really the most interesting thing happened. I suppose it was about ten or ten-thirty as we were going along the high plateau, and saw a clear sky overhead. Then we noticed two or three puffy clouds coming across. At first we thought maybe they were steam from a volcano. Steam really, as the cold air blew ~~over~~ across the heat rising from volcanos, perhaps it formed clouds. But then we began to realize they couldn't be from a volcano. There was a very strong wind blowing from

10

the direction of the Indian Ocean, across the land and Lake Toba, and it was very strong as we drove across the open plateau a good thousand feet above the lake. This cold air, (brought from winter in the Southern Hemisphere) and blowing from the Indian ocean, across the warm ~~water~~ land (where the heat suppose was rising due to the direct sunlight all morning on the land) condensed and formed clouds. Just as the Arctic winds blowing across the ~~water~~ steamy former fog in the Eastern States. So we perceived that the cold air, and it really was cold air, almost like an east wind, condensed and made the clouds over the warm land. Perhaps to the sun drawing the water from Lake Toba, but whatever it was, it was remarkable to watch. Out of a perfectly clear sparkling sky we saw tiny little clouds forming across and growing as they passed. The clouds were forming as we watched them, becoming fluffier and more billowy. It was like watching a moving picture of a plant growing, a bud opening into a flower. When the flower is taken in such a way that the plant which takes several hours to bloom, appears to do it all in a matter of seconds.

We always thought of thunder storms as coming from some where else, never really thinking how they grew. But Nally in the half hour we were driving along the top of the plateau the few tiny clouds, mere puffs, had grown into large clouds and an hour later were thundering.

We had read of a Rest House at Harrangau, a town on the lake, and decided not to hurry to Brastagi but have lunch there. We were maybe an hour down there, and when we came up again onto the plateau the clouds we had watched growing were tremendous, still getting bigger and full of rain. They covered the sky and were so the storm we stopped and got the top up. I have seen clouds blow in like some where very fast, but never before have I seen them form out of nothing into such tremendous storms. It was perfectly fascinating to watch, though very disgusting to see our day of clear weather become nothing but thunder storms.

Harrangau is a very busy place in a small cove on lake Toba, and the Balis come from the Islands of Samosir, and their places along the shore to sell their things at the market.

It must be very interesting to see on market day. Their boats
are very long and narrow. are paddled ~~steered~~ or rowed.
They say it is 2000 feet down from the edge of the plateau to
Barauan and but its hard to judge. We went to the view point
where you really do get a wonderful view of the lake though
not as tremendous as the one at the other end of the lake. Not
Gardiners. Barauan looked very near. we could see the little
houses. as we looked down from Penetree on Jordan Pond House
and we also saw a very interesting Bobak Raupas evidently
quite near the village, and with really nice roofs. We had
signs of getting some one to go there with us for pictures while
much was being prepared? Guy way up started down.
The road was very narrow and once started there was no
much hope of turning round part way. We went down
and down, and down. We looked back up and the view
point looked further up, than Barauan itself had looked
down at first. Much to our surprise the Batgas Raupas
was several miles from the village and a good 500 feet
above it. It had looked right behind the village but when they
got near it, your whole perspective changed, and you realized
how instead of flat land near the slope. it was all till
from the water's edge up. We almost had doubts once down how
we ever would get up again.

Barauan is famous for its market where they sell dog
meat which the Batgas consider a great delicacy. But we
didn't hit it on market day. As we went along the narrow
road along the shore, we passed what looked something like
a Pasangahan, and then as we drove down, where some
sort of public bath house or something was being built, some
place we had passed. We turned around and went back.
and a boy came out in a white uniform. The rest were dressed
burnt skin, but he told us that this was the new one built
temporarily, and he would give us lunch. We made out that
a real lunch would take until two or three to prepare, but rice
and eggs etc would be ready by 12 o'clock. There was a nice
cool breeze off the lake, and we thought it late, and we
wouldn't have to rush to Brastagi. If there were some things
we wanted to see along the way.

12.

Our boy drove him down the road, we thought to buy ingredients, while we sat on the Parangahan porch, and were stared at and discussed by five little boys, who sat in front of us and first stared us up and down. Then our boy came back without the Rest House boy. He didn't know quite what to expect, but there was nothing to do but wait. Finally he came back and then disappeared again down the road with a vegetable dish and platter. Our boy went to help. We could see them going rapidly a quarter of a mile away. But after all there wasn't much we could do about it.

They soon came back with a vegetable dish of fried rice, other things, bits of ham, onions etc., a plate with four fried eggs, another with more ~~more~~ shredded ham, and some bananas. All well cooled by the wall along the open road in a cool breeze off the lake. However we were hungry and it tasted pretty good. Then we wondered what our boy would eat, but we made motives for him to have some of ours. There was enough for all. However he held on to his tummy with one hand, and with the other, drove it palm towards us, and said "No, Mister, No." We urged, but he insisted, lied away until Brastagi. We decided he was of course Mohamedan and wouldn't eat ham, and he did take a banana. Then Pete suddenly said "This doesn't ~~look~~ look or taste like any ham I ever saw before," and we both thought "Dog meat," and tried to convince each other that of course it was ham. But the more we looked at it, the less like ham it seemed to be. We ate no more, and decided to settle up and be on our way. We certainly were strong. We were charged for the use of the buildings as well as the food and we couldn't do anything about it. Our boy tried and we tried, but we left nothing. So felt better. We began to wonder whether it was a real rest house. For we found there was no book to register in. All the way up the hill we wondered more and more, for it had been recommended in a folder. It's just one of those funny things that happen I guess. As we went on the things of the ham being dog meat got a bit disturbing. Though all people do eat dogs in the Far North etc. Any way we stopped, and decided to have a drink of some whisky. We had better us. And either the ham was ham or the dog meat good dog meat. Or the whisky did some disinfecting for we forgot about it till next day, and never felt any

peculiar results. But we did find a Pasangahan in a village not far beyond Harrangau which would have been much better, yet no book had mentioned it, and when we got asked a Police Officer in gold braid in one town, when we got gas station. There was a Pasangahan in Harrangau and the two had said "yes". So we don't really know yet. Specimens of the officer in gold braid. We first saw one in Prapat pass the hotel. He looked like a Bank Master, dark uniform and much gold braid. We thought he must be at least a Sultan. And then we saw the one near the Shell Gas Pump. He seemed to be a sort of Constable or something. I suppose a native with gold braid can impress the other natives more, have more authority.

When we had left Harrangau we could faintly hear thunder, and on reaching the top of the Plateau again, out clouds we had been watching flew, were now tremendous storms. Other storms had sprung up in every direction and there was no more blue sky except occasional patches. The drive to Prestage went through one fairly good sized town with many European houses, and then bound over rather barren country. No native Kampungs, or any pictures that needed taking. We seemed to dodge the storms so got no rain. But there was no sun either.

Prestage is really a lovely spot and so cool. It felt just like Maine (even was damp enough). There was quite a main street with many Chinese stores, the usual Japanese & Photographer, and a few tourist shops. Then a great many vacation houses and bed-sedans, really very attractive ones, with great stretches of lawns and gardens, nice trees, like any summer place at home. A number of small hotels, and up on high ground the Hotel Prestage, very attractive, swimming, a golf course, tennis courts and swimming pool, a beautiful view over the Kao Plateau which we had driven over coming from Harrangau. We could see where Lake Toba was, only it is so far below the level of the Plateaus that you don't see it until you get to the edge of the land and look directly down on it. There are two very interesting volcanos there. Much steam coming out the side of one, the top of the other. They are quite easy to see from the road and look quite near. We didn't have the weather or the time to go and look into the craters.

Batavia is a very popular resort to both Dutch and English people. From Sumatra and the Malay Peninsula too. Singapore is only over night. It is always cool in Batavia, and I think rains nearly every day. It is nearly 5000 feet above sea level. 1500 & nearly every day. It is nearly 5000 feet above sea level. It's to be exact. and the air is very breezy. It felt as like the Desert, especially that afternoon when the clouds gathered round like fog and it was damp and cold.

The Major was here. in fact he didn't leave until the next afternoon so we had time together telling our various experiences. We also found some English papers which were hard to see for we haven't seen any most of the time and never enough what is happening.

The most exciting event of the day was an fight hot bath since Hongkong. True one had to fill a tank, and they dip the water out by bucketfuls, pouring it over yourself, but really warm water feels much better. Some day they had a high season "long baths" could be had hot between the hours 7 A.M. - 8 P.M. to the moderate price of 1.50 guilders at least. I think that are what they cost. Rooms with private baths had them too.

It was rather disappointing for it rained most of the time we were there. the first afternoon (Tuesday) and all Wednesday and seemed to be the same on Thursday. There wasn't much to do unless you really went into golf, or riding or something of that sort. We walked to the town. Looked at the Haircut Shops. Found them very expensive because of more tourists there than most places. And less when on Thursday there seemed no horses of any kind in the afternoon we decided to go to Medan, and packed up and left in no time. We asked about taking pictures of Lake Rambongan, but they said there was only one that they were friendly enough to let you take, and that was near Batavia. So we decided if the others were unfriendly, we didn't want to go poking round their Rambongan. Anyway the light was poor for pictures.

The Manager of the Hotel. An Indian man who was terribly nice, got a boy to go with us when we went ~~to~~ and tell us to the friendly Rambongan which we did. It worked pretty well. He spoke enough English to tell us where we could go, and what we could take pictures of, and so at least we felt we weren't doing anything we shouldn't do.

The Kampung was down a side lane, through a lot of trees, and then a fence with bars. A large bare place, with buildings dotted over it. Not too close to each other and all placed quite regularly. They were quite different from the Toba villages houses, these on the Karo plateau were very large affairs, really square in shape. built above the ground and with an interesting roof. There were hundreds of dirty children who collected things immediately, and wanted "presents" meaning money. The older people kept on with whatever they were doing, pounding rice or anything else, and none of them would let us take their pictures. They say about my birds, chickens too, flies buzzed little boys crawled and it wasn't too lovely. Well of course was interesting and perspectives. If only the people had been like those around Fort de Koch.

It didn't take long to drive to Medan. As we crossed a sort of pass in the mountains, almost in Forestage, and started down them after turn. we ran into a terrible down pour. Then hit a cloud that was like a thick fog, we couldn't see a thing. On clear day one is supposed to get a beautiful view across the Malacca Straits, but we were in the cloud at that point. The goods were really lovely that we drove through, and the road turned and twisted as we rapidly descended. To some reason all the roads have as many twists as possible, and this one proved no exception. Further down they were clearing and cutting down trees etc. The women very interesting working at their dark blue doling, a piece of cloth folded somehow over their heads. It must be the season for babies, every single woman we saw either had just had one or was just going to. I never saw anything like it.

We were soon out of the lovely wooded part and on the flat level land. We were told by the guide book that the food you bought tobacco country, where the famous Seli Tobacco was grown, a is gummy. However the road was lined by a tree like ~~the~~ hedge. Very large trees, and these to the ground. They must serve as a perfect break very well. but we couldn't see through them at all. So for all we knew it might be anything they grew there. However we did see yellow butterflies. I've never in all my life

seen so many. They were fluttering all along the side and across the road. In some places they were in small masses in the macadam, as if sugar syrup had been spilled and they had been attracted to it and stuck there. Some even came up the car as we went throuth them. They were lovely ones, a brilliant yellow.

Medan seemed another well laid out town; nice houses and streets, and public buildings. We went to the Grand Hotel and got a room about very reasonably. The more we see of the Dutch the less we can understand them. The room was as dark and airless as possible, nice for hot weather, however it rained that first evening so wasn't too bad, at least not too hot.

The next morning we took a drive around the city, and could hardly take in the Residential section. The Sultan's Palace, the Mohamedan Mosque or the wonderful market they have. We were so busy watching the things we hardly noticed. We weren't going fast. But some had Abdul would plug away at the opposite from what any logical person would think of doing. I had hangnails on both thumbs and here had no finger nails left to pull off, so we decided it wasn't worth paying 15 cents a kilometer to see any more. We tried to find some English reading matter, but decided the books library must be able to produce as good a selection. We also spent a long time in the Post office trying to get a set of stamps for the Watkins says. It's a very ~~new~~ new building, fine looking but absolutely bare by the windows. However the stamps proved so lovely to look at, we almost started a collection then and there. And so the day went, and when we got back to the hotel I said "Well we may have to buy a Photo of after all for reading matter". When there was a whole stack of mail. It never was more appreciated.

Next morning early, Saturday, we drove to Belawan, about 23 miles or kilometers. Quite a nice drive, a good road, nice palm groves, and houses. Belawan is like Tandjung Pick the harbor for Batavia. Mostly modern docks, railroad station, a few stores and houses for the people working there. Not very interesting really as a place in itself, and we decided we had had enough work driving. So we were very glad to be on the boat.

In doing my writing out of pleasure but the only peace and quiet I find is when I am sleeping on the break. Yours of love
Catherine



Sept 20

A/B M.S. "Sibagale"

46

Tues. Sept 6, 1934.

P

Dearest Mother,

I had such great hopes of writing you on the boat. Seventeen days seemed such a lot but somehow they haven't all proved to be days in which to write.

We boarded the boat quite early in the morning on Saturday the 26th. Abdul drove us down and it was all very easy, merely a matter of leaving the dogs carried aboard and there we were all set and nothing to do until dinner time at 5 o'clock. We had had versions of taking pictures of between 8 feet or something but neither of us cared to drive through cities any more. Abdul was really the best driver we had. in the country but had only been in a town with traffic twice before and may be that only as assistant driver and it was too nerve racking an experience to want to drive about for pleasure.

2.

all native drivers work on the theory
that if they can blow the horn loud
enough, and go fast enough, they can
scare off any traffic. Some how it works,
but how is still a puzzle to us. At
corners where you could see traffic the
drivers would speed up, the
horn blower and dash through the
missed drivers by inches, and after
getting to the boat safely, we decided
to stay put. It was hot too, at
sea level. Most of the afternoon we spent
in the Rotterdam Plaza waiting room
above the pier, where there was a cool
breeze and lots of old English
magazines. And then of course to
always find watching people to get
etc. Anyway the time soon went
and we were ready to leave. There
was much excitement but we got off
only a little late.

The country was very flat and
swampy near the shore but as
you go up the narrow channel and
look back you can see mountains
near Brastagi way beyond Medan.
It was very lonely going out, as if
it was sunset time, and we passed
two or three puncas on their way in.

I forgot there really was extra
excitement just before we left. The
tide is very sharp in the river which
really is the entrance to what harbor
there is. The wharfs are all along
one side, the other being swampy.
and our boat was all turned round
and headed out as the bay beside
the pier. In the morning we had
noticed little sailing boats flying
in with the tide, but by the time
we were leaving the tide was going
out too.

About four o'clock a K.P.T.I steamer
about the size of the Van Isotem
came in. Very close to us. we all
waved to the passengers aboard
and everything was very bright
and pleasant. They also got
beyond us and evidently tried to
turn and back into the pier,
which I think was not right
angles to the river. Very many some
things went wrong. Either the
strength of the tide was mis-
calculated or something. To the first
thing we noticed ~~to~~ was that she
was being carried backwards ~~to~~

4

towards us. Her propellors working
away frantically. However, she
started to hold her own and
gradually pull forward, so we
weren't tamed at the pier. But
though we were out of danger, she
was "in vices" so to speak. They
even't audibly powered boats
and the tide must have been too
strong. She tried to turn but she
couldn't get up stream, and was
rapidly drifting down stream. First
she went forward then she tried
backing, but she couldn't get her
bow headed upstream for some
reason or other. We were pretty
interested, for we knew she sailed
in ten minutes, and she was
turning about now quite a way
below us, and finally they had
to back out of the Harbor, and the
last we saw of her she was still
going out into the Bay. There
wasn't room enough for both of
us in the channel at once, I guess.
But think how discouraging for
the passengers, to practically smell



dinner on shore, and then an hour later, the headed out to sea. Maybe they had to wait until next morning? I don't know. There were no tugs to help her either.

Some of the little fishing boats with their wonderful sails, were very pretty in the morning. About noon they were coming in with a fresh breeze and a favorable tide. Some with colored sails, one especially lovely aquamarine colored one.

Sunday morning fairly early we sighted Sabang. We could see the mountains of Atjeh in the Northern part of Sumatra quite plainly and then we gradually got nearer as we went along, and entered the harbor of Sabang about eight or nine. It's an island off Sumatra, and the Dutch built a coaling station there where there is a natural landlocked harbor. The boats are very mostly motor vessels. But we took on water, and more cargo, and now are way down in the water.

It was very windy and we didn't
see how they ever would get along
side the pier especially as another
Rotterdamloyd boat the Balderan
was already tied up on the way &
lava. A boat of 12000 tons. and a
3000.

The Harbor is tiny, and surrounded
by quite high land. Also a break
water, I suppose to give the pier
more protection. However they used
a very clever system. a line from
the bow was tied to one bony
quite a way off the pier, and
another line from the stern tied
to another bony, and then we were
gradually eased into the pier, side
ways. The ropes of the two bonys
acting as ~~breakers~~ brakes. It was
all done so easily, and only needed
the help of some men in a large
row boat who tied the lines to the
large bonys. like can form.

The strong wind kept us cool
so it wasn't too hot wandering
around. Sozam is a free port, and
all along the pier were shops set
up, selling all sorts of things, mostly

trifled articles, perfume, soap, cigarettes, shirts, a few toys. Many shoes, (for sailors I guess) and a great many leather suitcases. It was quite funny to see. The Balderau was to sail at eleven so we went on board to see how it compared with this ship. She is much newer and has more deck space. In first class they have the most wonderful glassed in space under the bridge. Where you can sit and look right out over every thing. The glass going to the floor. A wonderful place really. But we heard the rolls terribly so we are glad we are on this boat, which is unusually steady.

We went up the main street onto a hill where the Dutch houses are all looking the harbor. very cool and pleasant. Then down a flight of steps to the main street of Delft. But they were very disappointing. Too many shops come in and so the prices are out of all reason, and there was nothing interesting to buy.

8

There was no native section or
any real natives that were interesting
so we wandered back to the Pier.
watched the Balaoan sail and I
think we slept that afternoon until
we sailed at three.

We had boat drill shortly after
leaving life belts and all. It was
lucky for us soon as we left the
harbor we struck a swell and it
was surprising how quickly
people disappeared.

I suppose the fit storm after so
much moving about made us sleepy
and lazy. for we weren't too energetic
and it was just rough enough to me
not to feel like writing. Any way
didn't, but instead read Bobbet
guide books and pamphlets of
Europe, and they fit well too much.
That's why you didn't get a better
letter from Colombo. After leaving
Colombo it was still rough. got
worse each day until we reached
guard ship off the Gulf of Aden.
The last day the port holes had to be
not only shut but protected by
wooden shutters. At least ours
did on C. deck. I was woken twice



A/B M.S.

9

in the night before. By waves.
The first one splashed in
with great vengeance, giving
me a good shower of salt water.
We closed the window except for an
eighth of an inch, and two hours
later an equal amount of water got
through that. Some people didn't
heed the warning of the 2 o'clock
wave, and were deluged by the
4 o'clock. Next morning the passage
was full of sheepish passengers.
Some windshields were even broken
by waves later. That morning
the sailor came around and boarded
our window in, and you can
imagine how the cabin smelt and
felt with only a few to shift the
same air about. This boat was
built in 1926 but isn't modern
enough to have the wonderful new
forced ventilation. That night
they said they would come around
and open the windows when we
reached smooth water. But they

10

didn't remember until about eight next morning. We felt - well I hate to say how we felt. It was hot too, and the beds were damp from us and we were wringing wet. A most uncomfortable awakening.

The Gulf of Aden was smooth, but very little air, and really it was funny to see passengers appearing after a lot of rough weather and then such a "Dose" night - at breakfast everyone dropped. In fact for the last three days we have all dropped very obviously. The great fat people must suffer terribly. Its really very cool today with a nice breeze, and its our last day in the Red Sea. tomorrow we go through the Canal. Just now we are directly opposite Aswan where I think Russ & Kitty went on the Nile.

We must be lucky to have the Red Sea cool at all! so some people said it might be so hot, that they would have to go backwards to cool the ship off. They have to do that sometimes with a following

wind. We have "had" a breeze all
the time, and today its a reasonably
cool one. But its terribly humid.
so perspiration just won't evaporate.
Its even a bit embarrassing at meals
to have drips off your chin splashing
into your soup. And setting in the
sun this noon yesterday I could
feel perspiration drop onto the floor
from under my trees. Every man's
shirt is wet through and when they
come to the table with dry ones, you
soon see them getting wetter and
wetter. They all have to wear undershirts
to help absorb the moisture.
And ladies colored dresses come
out in bright wet patches. It is
most desecrating. The poor little
babies and children don't know
what to make of it. The worst is
waking in the morning. If you are
nearly enough to have slept, you
are all damp. My hair and the
pillow have been soaked each
morning. & lately a weird feeling
like taking ten aspirins I should
imagine. We shower off most
optimistically, and get drier than

ever from the exertion. However you don't feel hot, but you certainly look it.

We have decided not to attempt the days trips to Cairo while the boat goes through the Canal. In the first place the Canal is very interesting in itself, and we go through in the daytime. So the day would be long, and very hot, and the chances are you would have to go in a party. You wouldn't have time to really enjoy Cairo. We reexamined the museum of antiquities. Anyway we can use the money to better advantage in Switzerland. As Pats said it will really be costing twice as much so we will be sacrificing the canal, which is said to go to Ispele. I imagine Pat said and Swiss is much as it was when you and Father were here. We spend a night tied up in Port Said, then arrive Saturday morning for Marseille. ~~Saturday~~ there Wednesday. These four days of we hope smooth and cool weather, for there is a lot we want to do.

I know I haven't answered some of your letters. All this afternoon I reread old letters and it was fun reading them through again. Its so easy to picture everything going on in mind and you do tell us so much.

A/B M.S.



I suppose Ripley Gage & Miss Wood are all married by now. It is nice I think and its nice to have them both well so many friends in Concord. How nice too about Donald Field. I hope you send them a present for November Mrs Field sent me several nice luncheon sets but not for that reason alone but because Donny is an awfully nice fellow.

I'm glad to know Mr Boardman is home. I thought of writing him on chance he might be in Manila or business and might like to see a Concord fete. But then thought he might think he ought to do something so didn't. I wonder if the U.S. getting out of the Philippines will make much difference to him.

It was nice you gave Madge the needlepoint bag. Didn't you think of doing it some time ago? In fact didn't you ask my opinion. I guess she would appreciate it too. However how much work it really is. It makes one feel like making some things for her I'd fear how overdone she was.

14

I'm afraid I don't get awfully tired
of travelling and yet we are awfully
anxious to get back at the same time.
The trouble is we are always so very
interested in so many different things,
even on the boat we have so much to
do, and yet most people are leisurely
ways have to pass the time. We are
going to be awfully busy when we
get to Concord. We have so very much
work to do on the photographs and
paintings. It will keep us busy
every minute.

We were awfully pleased to hear
that the Devins and Bartletts are
coming to Banff with Mr. Weed, and
I'm sure they will love it. May be
we can help them with plans.

Yes, Hong Kong Harbor is about the prettiest
in the world. the land is so beautiful
and the shipping so picturesque.
Java we thought very lovely, it really
depends so in places, what season
you are there and what the weather
is like. and how you happen to strike

We were much amused first you
tell us that the Barres have gone
to California for the summer, and
then you tell about a dinner party

with the Howards and Hendersons
there, and then you write "I wonder
if men are ever great talkers -
I don't know of any." How odd to
forget Cousin Arthur's accomplishments
so carelessly - and then you think maybe
Rete is what he gets along. I don't
think even he could outdo Cousin
Arthur.

Except for these three days in the
Red Sea and the few days in Hongkong
and one or two in the East Indies,
there have been far better off than
you have. We expected such hot
weather, and yet always there has
been a cool breeze. It was & &
yesterday and for today in the
Cabin but a breeze by the window
and on deck. The humidity is the
worst part.

I should think the Greek people
would get together and get a real
swimming pool some where. The
trouble is you have to say "no" and
yet people never realize how many
ask to come. I guess it's liberty girls
is through the woods. Hard to get
to.

It's so nice Aunt Jane likes her
house so much. I was amused to

I think that when we are so far away
 in the Dutch East Indies, yet we have
 the feeling to not reply for at all, and
 that it isn't out of the way, and that
 we really went to the most obscure
 places. By a kind of twelve could
 make this trip with no trouble at all,
 and even a girl of sixteen. You to
 read Aunt Anna's letter and hear
 that the Ossmonds were going away
 for the summer. To Beaglehole. She
 didn't say it in these words, but implied
 as much! It's funny the further one goes
 the shorter distances become.

Saturday Sept 5 1884.

We left Port Said this morning just after
 the days and they Marcelline. To India
 believe we almost there and I think of
 all we have to do - repeat. Do you
 and write letters. Really it is time to
 much when it is rough, or hot and humid.
 but maybe cool weather will agree us
 up & great interesting. Find the hard
 there letters when it is warm at all.
 know though this is the "Paines Island" a sort
 of writers room. No children allowed. There
 is another body writing and three children
 having had sweet red "tree". Spins off
 water painted in it. They have first
 finished a clock the bez. got it well
 polished over themselves and the furniture
 and are now ready for their funeral in
 a few minutes. The Dutch are hopeless.



A/B M.S.

The trip really has been rather bad in spite of the rather bad weather. The children did their best to amuse the children. Luckily all 72 don't always cry at the same time. But exceed do. To make a nearly continuous yell. I suppose any sort of people with large families would act the same. But I never have seen more uncivilized people or more spoilt children in my life! They had a children's party on board. It took a whole day. Games in the mornings. Every child provided with a paper cap. They then had races in groups of them. The first parents set around ~~the~~ chairs, sit down and ellips at them. There was so much noise and confusion I wanted to leave except we all would have ended with hysterics. It was beyond our comprehension. Large rich cakes were passed round first by big men, and they all were given them. Some how they all pulled through that species, and were ready for a dinner party that night. It was held in first class and we could look down on them. Some of the children could just walk. Others were maybe as old as twelve years but all of them were served a seven course dinner, and some sort of tonic, orange or lemon. out of Champaigne

18

bottles. To make it seem more like a dinner, they started off with soup. Then fried oysters with meat in them. Then a fish dish. I think baked fish with potatoes and vegetables. This was next to meat. They evidently had meat, for they had meat. They all evidently had meat. They had meat, fried steak, fried potatoes, and more vegetables. Then came the big course. This was chicken, but they had made out of whipped cream or egg real setting beans and little yellow cream beans, setting in the potato chips. Really remarkable. Steamed fruit went with this. Then came very fancy ice cream in the shapes of animals, and coffee. Followed by fruit. I noticed some mothers refused a course to their children, but others tried everything. At one table, a tiny girl tried eating her soup with a fork. Another used a knife. Not too rates properly. Another small girl used a fork and knife together but got mixed up and used the knife to convey the food to her mouth. As next day was the roughest we had. I think the weather was blamed for the way the children felt. They really are pretty good I guess. It's hard to discipline them on a boat where they seem to sense they won't be scolded as they are at home.

Tuesday. Sept 11, 1934.

It is now the afternoon before we leave, and six cars have been packed ready to arrive in the States. Tuesday we had a calm cool morning yesterday to help us, but it was rather a job. I wonder if Rugg still thinks we have a lot of baggage. We have nine pieces.

We have done only a few films. A dark room for the use of passengers was prepared but when we got out and looked at it, we found it was dark enough. Next morning water or drain, and that there is a chemical in the ship water which ruins the developer solution. We borrowed distilled water and with ice and ice water managed to do 2 rolls. They two days ago did four rolls taking us from breakfast until dinner at night. Another reason I haven't written more.

At the present moment we are off the coast of Sardinia. Do you remember we went quite close to it the morning after leaving Naples. Only it was the Southern part and now we see the Northern end. We arrive at seven tomorrow and then will make our plans at Coops. After reading the map, and Nelly has been nice on the boat, and except for the fried food, excellent but then it's a boat for Dutch people not for Canadians.

Don't worry I won't fly. In fact we are very careful of things. We are anxious to go to Germany, principally to find out about the Leica camera. There is no one in Canada who really knows enough about the workings. And Pete is very anxious to leave. We have made some inquiries already and if you go through Morris, find out how to carry ones money etc. It is perfectly safe. If there was the least sign of trouble we shouldn't go. So don't you worry.

Tuesday night.

It is now nearly eleven, and Pete is asleep. I'm almost, but well finish this. We have six bags packed, and have had to set and put up on the others to close them. They must be ready at 8 A.M. It's now 11 P.M., so good night. I hope we get mail tomorrow.

Heaps of love

Catherine

P.S. on Marcellles, got heaps of mail, up to August 29th from you. I haven't had a chance to read much yet. Will try to write from time to time. So glad every thing is fine with you.

Heaps of love

Catherine

Sept 20

A/B M.S. "Silkpath"

Sunday Sept 9, 1934,



Dearest Mother,

I seem to have the most difficult time trying to write at all. Of course the boat is crowded but either the desk trembles so because of vibration or else a man with a big cigar plays the piano in the writing room, and it is not easy to write on such days. and I still have you to write you about. but as I'm now writing on a table you can't let you feel under or a chair up to. I didn't attempt anything as cumbersome as that.

Did you and father go to Colombo? I can't remember that you did. We had a few hours there early in the morning. The Wednesday after leaving the East Indies. When we woke that morning we were entering the harbor. By the time we had the pass port stamped and my breakfast we were tied up in the harbor, and no able to get ashore early.

It was a lovely morning, and at seven the sun was not high except to be hot. Though later, about ten, it did feel pretty warm when you moved about at all. Colombo is really a very nice city. So different from the little cities and rather few native people understand

Typishi. It is low lying land. There's
further back on the island there are really
high mountains, that's where Randy is.
But of course we didn't time to go there
so we had to sail at eleven, and we wanted
to get some information at Colombo etc. However
it didn't open until nine, and we managed
to find a car before we could find
out. It surprised how quickly
these men would be guides and
drivers know you are undecided what to
do. They knew we were trying to pay
no attention to them. So of course pestered
us. Followed us up and down. However
after half an hour they dropped off. We
took pictures of bull air carts. kept away from
jewelry stores. As a matter of fact we were
scared away. So the minute we came
along, out would pop a man to try and
entice us in. If you only could tell good
stores when you saw them. So theres no
doubt about it. Colombo is the place to buy
all kinds.

After a while of walking the streets, the
sun got high enough to be hot, and we
looked for a car. Found one and went for
an hours drive. Very slowly at first.
Then we suggested the Zoo, and we flew
down the road with the usual abandon,
barely missing crowded buses. Bullock
carts and the crowds of people that
lived the streets. I guess the prospect
of a wait while we looked at animals

off set the fast drives. They have had
a drought in Colombo, and the grass
looked very burnt, especially along by
the sea wall, where there is a large stretch
of lawns. The seas beyond. The coast
was rather dried up and burnt looking
too, but the animals were interesting -
especially the snakes. They had various
skins, some white, the others dark,
obligingly posed with a sort of prop, so
that their heads stood out and they
made quite an unpleasant noise!
The big snakes, pythons I think were
enormous. All coiled up in a shiny
slithering lump. Too large to stretch two
hands around. Had you wanted too. and
I've forgotten how many feet long they
were. Then we saw the monkeys and
two ugly Baboons. They are such
funny looking animals. lots of hair
and arms their paws like a Bennett, and
awful red veins. The tigers were
almost the best, and the keeper put
his hand into the cage and pulled
them for us, while the tigers snarled.
One was quite docile like a cat, but
the other looked as if he'd willingly eat
a finger.

They wanted me to ride on an
elephant but luckily we hadn't
much time.

It's interesting how different the English houses are from the Dutch in the colonies. The Dutch are so lacking in imagination in their gardens the Salviera variety. They still dug interesting lots of new and old roses and beds. but the English houses looked so airy and comfortable, and the gardens so lovely and full of bloom.

It was fun to get even a glimpse of the people. They have such handsome faces. Haven't they, and so black compared to the races we have seen. The color too is wonderful, and the women so lovely looking. Some day we must go to India but of course it's silly unless one finds the right season.

There were lots of boats in the harbor. all sorts of freighters and native fishing boats. Ports in this part of the world are so interesting.

We didn't stop between there and Suez, and we weren't able to go ashore in Suez either. First day outside, while they unloaded some cargo, and men tried to sell the people all sorts of wares. Turkish paste. Woolworth needles, and wooden cameras. The Greeks & Egyptians & whatever they are, came along in their feluccas. They would climb the mast after



lowering the sail, and setting
perched in a precarious
manner would hold out
armfuls of beads. They had strings
with a bell on the end which they would
threw on the deck. Then the people could
pull up tarpaulins in a basket and cover
the mercury. Some men got aboard when
the most backed close enough, and by
still a mystery to me how they managed
to get back again with arms full of
things and only the top of the mast to
hang onto. However it provided some
things to watch. Not bad a large sailing
boat or galleys that came quite near the boat so quickly.
We could see them very plainly.

At eleven we finally started to
enter the canal, and we knew it would be
midnight when we got to Port Said. It
was really very exciting, a lovely day
and the band played on deck as we
went slowly by Suez. The music made
it seem much more exciting somehow.
There is a large monument at the entrance
with two carved stone ~~tigers~~ lions
at either side, new since
you were there I should think, but
maybe the one on the seaward side.

Pot said ab Ferdinand and de Lassere
was there when you went through. It's a
large bridge figure pointing towards the
canal.

We left the canal. ~~Pot~~ ~~me~~ looked
very nice with its white buildings and
then even the dessert was fine. You can
still see the barbed wire left from the
fortifications during the war. Some have
I didn't expect it to be so narrow, and
it is probably lots wider than when you
went through. They are doing lots of
work on it even now, and in some places
have new stone or concrete banks. Also
~~old~~ ~~new~~ mooring posts all along the way.
About every hundred feet. The banks
was very lovely. The color beautiful.
and during the first part of the trip we
made very good time. at least went the
full $5 \frac{1}{2}$ miles without seeing a what ever is.
Then after the Great Seltzer lake we
got behind a slow freighter and so
barely kept along. But there was a
lovely cool breeze blowing all the time.
so it really wasn't hot at all. and
very few flies the wind was so
strong. In one place a row of pine trees.
The behind they have in their olive. Cashew
some such kind lined one side of
the canal. where the main road runs
and that made it rather nice. We
saw a number of camels. and even

an Arab riding one, which was as it
should be. Some body little donkeys -
near Ismailia which is in the center
of the Canal, we saw the war memorial.
A beautiful thing, especially from a
distance. A stone pedestal divided
with an open space in the center, a
sort of balcony or terrace, and steps
leading to it. Very dignified and
simple, and can be seen for miles.
We caught up to three fugitives at
Ismaelia, and all four of us had to
wait there, for three boats coming the
other way to pass. There is a sort of
place there. It was funny seeing the
smoke in the distance, and the boats
did come so slowly, and we knew
we would be late still getting through
ourselves. One was a large Japanese
boat, another an Italian transport
loaded with Army trucks on deck.
The other I've forgotten. Then we went
on heading the line.

We went quite close to the bathing
beach of Ismailia. It's right on the
point as you enter the narrow canal
again. The beach was dotted with
little round shelters, where people
could sit in the shade, and many
people were bathing. All waving and

about six. We went so close. They could almost touch the boat. We were quite encouraged by the progress we were making. Then again we came to a stop near one of the Nubian villages and this time I tie up to two banks.

Each boat before entering the canal must hoist two long boats aboard, and these are lowered with men, to row the ropes ashore and fasten them to a mooring post. They take very little time to tie up, and we were soon pulled in to the bank. We pulled in on the lines. The fiddlers were behind us, one after the other. The worst of it is that the boats passing must go extra slowly in case they wash pulled us away from the bank, and in the end we were there nearly three hours. It was dark when the first boat came by. Every boat must have a search light to show a mile ahead, and some take them on at Suez, boxes with room enough for a man to sit in, to run the light. We could watch the lights coming across the desert. For there were two tugs ahead of us. They also have lights on the side to shine down on the banks.



A/B M.S.

9.

The forgotten part which
came first. There was a
British Passenger Boat, then
a freighter while we were at supper.
but best of all an Italian Cruiser.
The men on deck and the band playing
very exciting. We thought another one
was coming behind but it was a
Passenger boat bound for Australia.
Five ships went by in all. and
then we went on. It was fun watching
the lights of trains and cars, and
some of the fishing boats moored in
places along the side. But then we
got sleepy watching, and so went to
bed. It was after two when we
finally got to Rot Said, and we
were too lazy to go ashore then. They
have a wonderful system way of
landing people. The boat anchors
along the side, and a sort of flexible
bridge of pontoon is swinging out to
the ship, and people can walk
back and forth, with motorized little
boats that they used to have. and
which would get you half way ashore
on back and then demand more
money.

10.

We were to sail at nine ^{the} next day and so we were ashore early, before seven. Port Said is a pretty dirty place, at least the streets were, and the people even smell. and they do look so unpleasant in their long dirty night shirts. Some people were bothered by peddlars and guides. but we found if you pay no attention you are all right. We got some distilled water and Pete got some grey flannel pants as his old ones have worn through completely. However you will be glad to believe they are being taken to Concord! The most exciting part of Port Said was the British cruiser that came in "Princess Elizabeth", a new type and very new in design. The "Roma" was there too. She was very large. We took on some English "trippers" one lady being so excited taking pictures that she dropped the camera over board!

Our next excitement after leaving Port Said was passing quite close to Crete. In fact we went within sight of it nearly all day from morning until after lunch. It was the day we were doing films so we only caught glimpses of it. But it is quite high and mountainous looking. They yesterday Monday, we went through the Straits of Messina. We sailed the Southern toe of Italy after lunch. Went very close to land. could see towns, villages perched high up on the barren hills and could see them on by cycles, cars, wagons and boats. We were so near.

It was rather fun". So after an hour or so the other side. Sicily was almost as near. We could see Mount Etna quite plainly and a little wisp of smoke like a tiny cloud floating from the top. The trees were lots of fern mostly white buildings and big trees. Though later the hills were dotted with ruined green trees like specks. It must be lovely in the spring but right now it is very dry looking. The most interesting things were the rivers. They looked like tremendous wide thoroughfares leading up into the hills. There was no water in them and they had sides of cement I think. They were grey and went from the waters edge steeply up hill quite steeply. We could see several bends in some. And there were many of them all along the shore. It must rain in torrents at times. We passed Messina on Sicily and then went through the narrowest part of the Straits and turned left rounding the island. It was sunset by then and perfectly lovely. With sailing boats and small islands silhouetted against the colored sky. We saw Stromboli the volcano island ahead and it was dark and supper time when we passed it. Sometimes there is a red glow above it but last night it was black. We were setting on deck and suddenly saw a

Red light like a bright house, and said
"oh look" in time for us all to see a
train of red leap out of the top and
then disappear as quickly. We watched
a long time afterwards but nothing
more happened.

There were some lovely sailing vessels
too near the Straits of Messina, but
only one was near enough to really see.

Today we passed between Sardinia
and Corsica, both rather irregular
and high land, but we went only near
enough to see light houses, two gone
in water. Another on Sardinia looked up
very modernistic like a modern
apartment house. It few seeing so
much land.

I'll call this another letter and I
can well mail these tomorrow. I
haven't told you anything about our
table mates. A young Dutch couple the
man speaking a few words of English.
An Indian lad, very dark, very nice,
an English. Shanghai Police man -
very amusing. An English & Danish
(meed) Singapore Doctor - also very
nice. An elderly lady getting a divorce
from a Chinese husband and a wife
of an English Doctor in Singapore.
We are all old friends by now.

Heaps of love always

Catharine

48
M.S. "Sibayak"
Monday, Sept 15, 1934.

Dearest Mother,

Day after tomorrow we land in Marseilles, and if I don't wait now to tell you about Java, I'm afraid I never will. We can already see the coast of Italy, and this afternoon we thought the Straits of Messina between Italy and Sicily (can't even spell which is a bad beginning).

We arrived in Surabaya Sunday evening July 20th and went straight to the Orange Hotel. The next morning we set out early to get mail etc. We walked ~~at~~ as it was cool so early and the main street has rather nice stores, and anyway one sees things better that way. Coming back we took a three-wheeled taxi. They are wonderful things, almost like a car with an ordinary motor. The first ones were made by ~~old~~ ^{old} Indians a small body on a motor cycle, but now they are like toy cars, are very cheap to run and cost about 50 cents to rent. Some look like miniature buses. They have them in several of the larger cities in Java.

It was funny when we sent some bank money to send to the C.P.R. man in Kupang. We got a draft at the bank and the man we got it from knew the C.P.R. man very well, having been in Kupang for several years.

As I remember the mail was wonderful to get and it took most of the rest of the morning to read. After a wonderful big meal lunch, which I'm sure I told you about, we checked up on our luggage in the store because added some more bags to it and said to start prayer to be effect that it would be put on our boat. The prayer was answered. Then we drove about the city and visited the Zoo.

It's very good Zoo, and all the animals come from the East Indies at least most of them do. We nearly died at the monkeys and apes. Never knew these were so many varieties, and they all looked like Rhesus. Monkeys something we knew. They had one cage of tremendous monkeys. Almost the size of a person, and they were so tremendous. Another kind of ape was black, and walked with its arms in the most ridiculous way.

The arm was straight out from the shoulder, and then bent at the elbow, the bending down the other bent up in the most aimless fashion they walked around in such a crazy way, barking, scratching as all monkeys well do. There were also all kinds of cross breed pug-ugly animals, and I still can't remember if they took the way they actually are, or the way I always imagined they looked. There were several large bears. Collected by some Harvard students I think, an Alligator. Zebras. Bears. Lions. Tigers. Leopards. Ringers. Lovely things. Black and very fat like. The handsiest little deer, such graceful creatures, and the birds were the handsiest I've ever seen. One after cage of them. They were so beautifully colored it was hard to believe they were real. And the fanots as varied as the birds. There also was a beautiful aquarium with fresh beautifully displayed, various lovely ones in the palms tank with beautiful tiny fish, sea hares and jelly fish. It really was a wonderful place, and only ate fish. How much ~~the~~ some people are like animals, or fish & birds. Some weren't too complimentary comparisons. They also have in Semarang street cars pulled by small elephants. The handsiest things. They were wonderful bulls as cattle too. Many drawn by Brahma steers all through Java & Semarang with funny humps on their backs.

We left early Tuesday morning for Djepaja, decided to stop off at an hour or maybe it was 2 hours in Solo (the stop off for Surakarta) we had to get up in the dark above Djatmiko for Surakarta. We had to get up in the dark and in fact the sun was just rising as we pulled out of the station. However it made lovely long shadows and effects on the otherwise flat countryside. And everything looked so fresh and green. The country is well cultivated in that part, and

The fields stretch out mostly rice or sugar, though nearer Solo there were many Tobacco sheds. The Volcanos were wonderful. You can't believe how high they are, and they rise right out of the flat plain. like Pyramids, only their sides are smooth.

We really had a very amusing time in Solo. We were met at the train by porters who grabbed our bags, putting each one in a separate car keeping it to get us as passengers. Of course I didn't make themselves understood, so we got a Hotel dinner which wasn't nearly as nice as we expected, so we were awfully nice, couldn't understand us either, so we decided to go to the Hotel and get the manager to tell a driver to take us around the city. We collected our various bags and bundles from the other cars, and off we shot as fast as the car would go, and faster than it should have gone. From side streets around corners, and barely missing everything and every body. The Hotel Manager was awfully nice! told the driver to take us all around and let the Hotel dinner go with us as guide. This time we went quite slowly and nicely. but again at the end of our two hours when we headed for the station, it was like a fiery steed again back to the Station. We went to the station, Native drivers must have some complex, but going to and from stations, one must go as fast and furiously as possible.

We were driven all around the city and it really was pretty interesting. we were pointed out this and that, and they would also turn us guessing what it was we were being shown. There is a Sultan who lives in big Kootan or Palace and also a Prince who also has a Palace and such a lot of pomp and dress as there is. The Sultan has many retainers, also the Prince who live within the walls of the Kootan. They number thousands I believe. We could only see the walls and gateways. The large open dirt square and a sort of bazaar where the Sultan receives the people & receives them or something. The most interesting part were the people. All the men who were connected with the Sultan or the

Prince's household, were entitled to wear certain Kusses or State costumes, and various men looked very dignified as they walked about. Most of them wore two Kusses (the Japanese form of sword which was to show a man's station or position throughout all the islands. Some are very elaborately jewelled, and the keepers as well, never used as a weapon, only as a mark of distinction.) The Kus was worn at the back. The hilt and handle stretching over the shoulder, the other a smaller one worn in the front of the belt. Many of the Sultans household were jewelled flower pots, called so because of the shape, which are like flower pots, the top being the hole in the top, really a foz. Only in some cases being of gold, really very special.

The everyday people wore a great deal of dark blue, and the things that interested me was the manner in which the women carried their loads. Not on their backs, but in baskets which were tied with a large yard of cloth to their backs. They managed to carry tremendous loads in this manner. It seemed as if there were more cookie women there and in Sejica than in other cities! Why is it where there are the nicest rulers, you also find the poorest poor people? The two extremes always seem to go together.

Our guide took us up to drive the main streets with their brilliantly bobbing stores, which seemed the more interesting because we knew we hadn't time to go to them. Then he took us by what seemed to be a long fire-engine figure, a row of short and wide many cars covered with white dust cloths. He caught glances of a few wonderful old models, and having already seen one remarkable Mercedes on our rapid trip from the station, we were crazy to see what makes the Sultan bid. So we guessed they still only had a Sultan's array. There were so many. We soon stopped in front of the carriage department. A keeper ushered us in, and then proceeded to show us the royal coach. He removed the cotton cloth covering, and really a fancy coach couldn't be more splendid. We were so surprised we didn't know quite what to make of it. I think even King George would have marvelled! It was the most royal of coaches. As much gold and silver as possible and the inside all pale yellow for was it peach blossom. The attendant was very careful to close it, before opening the door, even to let us look. It was so splendid I couldn't bring in any detail at all. And then we were shown another one

5

equally remarkable - for not quite such special occasions, but still the man had to show his before touching it. We learnt later that the Dutch Government had given such coaches to each of the Sultans. The one in Djoeja as well as the solo one.

After this we were surprised at nothing. We were driven up to what appeared to be the Army barracks, our guide disappeared coming back with an officer who couldn't speak English either. We didn't know what we were supposed to do. We were at a gate and couldn't make out whether we were meant to go in or what. Our guide disappeared again. Came out quite a while later with a very charming Japanese gentleman. He spoke excellent English. He asked if we would like to go inside the Prince's but Palace. The Prince has no connection with the Sultan. He is an independent holding in possession position in Solo. There are in Djoeja too. This gentle man who spoke English proved to be the Prince's private secretary. He couldn't have been nearer. Looked all around the private offices. We even saw bags of money being loaded into a car. Saw the garden and caught a glimpse of the swimming pool but as he explained it was in use and we judged so from the laughter we could hear. Most interesting of all was the dancing going on in the center open pavilion. The gate by which we entered with the guards barracks outside. Around the whole court officers of various ranks, also the entrance to the Prince's private apartments. Then in the very center a large building with open sides. Built a few steps off the ground and a beautiful polished floor. Here various dances, and entertainments etc took place. It was like an open air throne room. Every morning the Gamelan orchestra and the dancing girls practised and all the time we were there they were dancing. Not in costume, but going through the steps. Above were about twenty older girls, the best dancers, and they had the necessary props, which were bows and arrows when we watched. Below were tiny girls going through the same motions and steps, but without the props. They were learning the dances. The orchestra played for them with frequent cups of tea to help. ~~for~~ Little boys & children also old men wandering around & watching a bit.

We watched a bit too. The Secretary said we might take a picture if we promised not to publish it in anything. He couldn't have been more about everything. It was fun watching a glimpse of things that way. It was such a wonderful place. Great chandeliers hung in the publican place, supposed to be so grand and yet really so ugly. However picnicing nice little birds with the good scort. You could see they had adopted certain European customs. The Prince not the birds.

We had to leave, and I almost felt like leaving old friends. The soldiers all waving as we drove away. The guides & driver were so pleased to have shown us so much. and as we said "station" we flew there. passed the Mercedes again finally got the driver to stop about half a mile beyond. but he turned back for me to get a picture. and we were in luck so fast as he was taking it out came a driver and footman. They loved the idea and posed for the picture. one sitting very stiffly at the wheel. the other standing at attention by the grille in front!

We caught the train and were in Djocja for late luncheon. Djocja is supposed to be more interesting than Solo, and I think this because they cater more to tourists. It is very interesting and the two cities have more native color than any other cities in Java. The Sultans and Princes keep up the old customs and ceremonies. Even when the Sultan goes to Batavia, he has his suite with him. bearing the sacred golden lion and a number of other things before him. We caught a glimpse of Solo more interesting but Djocja was pretty nice really.

The first afternoon we took a funny strip carriage carriage drawn by a rather elderly horse. and were driven around the city which was fun. For we went slow except to see everything quite well. We saw the square in front of the Djocja Sultan Palace. The large trees around the sides were all shaped in the shape of umbrellas. In another court were the Sultans private elephants hatched by the leg to a post. but the people were all interesting, and some of the back streets were specially so. The houses more native and many little shops where they were making very special sandals

styles. All the Javanese wear a square of Batik tied in some fashion around the head. In Bali it goes around with the ends tied up in other places. It goes over the head, but in Djogjakarta, up in other places it goes under the head. And you have no idea the hundreds of new styles they were making.

The next day, Wednesday, we hired a car and drove to the Borobudur. It is a monument to Buddha and is a most remarkable thing. It was only discovered a short while ago and some say it was buried by retreating Hindus, and others say something else. It is really a tremendous thing of stone, and one goes up to the different levels by stairs on the outside. Then you walk around on the various levels. It is impossible to describe its like nothing I've ever seen before. There is no inside to it, and the whole thing is a mass of carved reliefs and statues representing the life of Buddha. Its wonderfully preserved and very interesting. That morning we were there was very lively and we could see one of the nearby volcanoes. The largest one and we could see one of the nearby volcanoes. The largest one is Merapi, which is quite active (in fact has had a small eruption since we have been on the boat) was covered by clouds so we didn't see that at all. The country side is quite lovely, fields and trees, but not as nice as Bali. Some how Bali stands out apart from any other place. Java is all beautiful though.

That afternoon we went to a Batik factory, saw how it is made and also bought a sample. Then we went to the Water Palace. An old man now, but once was evidently a very lovely stone palace. Now it is all ruins, walls fallen in, stairs crumbling, and only the dungeon is left. everything overgrown with weeds. Most Javanese people live all over the grounds in their little shacks, and it is an exceedingly poor place. We expected to stand by a self appointed guide who of course taken in hand by a self appointed guide. It started off quite well. We went by two horses pulling the wagon on horseback, they were making, and we stopped to look. Immediately from nowhere appeared a child

8

with some to sell. Foolishly we looked, and then before us
knew it we were surrounded by children, old women and
little boys, all demanding of us to buy and threatening the
battle in our faces. We got laughing so, because it was funny
the way they appeared like monkeys the minute you stop
for a minute in the woods, and then of course we couldn't get
rid of them. They followed us every where. We had to go with
the guide or be completely lost in the mists, and when we
got away from the way we would be guided, and when we
thought we had at last gotten rid of them, we would find
on going through a narrow passage, that they were all keeping
us at the other end. It got funnier and we could hardly
see in the misty place. Soon we could tell by their actions
whether we would have to retrace our steps or were going out
another way. One thing that did impress us was the Bhuyan
bed chamber. It was far darker than any dungeon and
dampier too. Some bedsteads and a truly wretched
woman the family died off if they lived in such a place.
He had a nice pool to bathe in out side near the bed chamber.
He did buy some of the squares which were all odd ones
and crooked and varied. but far nicer than the new ones. and
really batiks. They of course thought we were being fooled.
After that we went to a silver factory where they were
making lovely things for the tourist trade. Some how that
sort of thing doesn't interest me as much. They did have
some very nice stores there though -

Thursday we left in the morning about ten for Garret.
It was a lovely day and the country from the train very
beautiful. The most beautiful of all were the rice terraces.
It was about three I think as we went through the hilly
section where the terraces start high above the railway
and go for miles down the steep hillside and out
onto the flat. The train climbs up through them really
and winds around. I've never seen anything lovelier.
They were nearly all filled with water which reflected
the sky, and the whole thing was too remarkable & grand.

The country really is wonderful, all cultivated. We had
to change from the main train to a funny little local train
which took one in an hour about up into a higher valley
surrounded by volcanoes, in which is Garoet. It was nearly
the time the sun set up low and the rice fields were
at their best, the mountains as a back ground. The fast
we passed had water in them. The rest were rice and up
near Garoet it was all a brilliant green. I think it was
almost the prettiest part of Java. It's called the Pangeran
district.

We stayed at a nice little hotel near the Station, though there
are others up on the hill-sides etc. we prefered to stay in the
town. It gives one more chance to see the natives. We left the
hotel after a long time, but of course had to hustle
on. We did stop two nights and Friday was perfect. In the
morning we hired a car, and went for a wonderful trip to
a Volcano. It really isn't a volcano any more than Glendale
Park is, but it was a very interesting place. It also gave
us some idea of the country side, and as we had to go up
pretty high, it gave us a wonderful view of the whole
valley. The road leading up the mountain was very narrow
and terribly steep in some places. Our car was not a number one
car, and we had our doubts about getting us there or back,
but it did all right, with out much fussing either. We went
through two really native villages, so many in Java are
first strike might be any tropical country. It was a
private road to a tiny hotel, and then beyond that, where
there were hot springs to bathe in. We went through beautiful
woods. Really perfectly lovely woods. All kinds of trees.
and with the top down we could enjoy it all the more.
was quite cold though, up high, 11 feet off the hotel in
Garoet we had our first blanket and sheet. They were
bundled together.

After a mile or so up and down through tropical woods,
we came to an opening where steam was rising, and

beyond that another larger place. A house where caretakers and guides & families lived and then a government place. All over one hillside were springs bubbling mud or hissing steam. An old lady guided us, and we said "Bagoose" and she said "Bagoose" meaning "good" and we agreed perfectly about everything. The posted places made us feel places, and then she got the government caretaker to show off the steaming things. One jet of steam they have piped, to experiment with the power of it or something. It was a tremendous thing and made a deafening roar. He tried to hold magazines and papers over it and they were blown in every direction. Not uprooting the landscape, but never the less shrivels the paper of the steam. He also put a tin can over it, and that went off with a report like a gun. Then he tried a tremendous whistle and made it blow. One side let some steam through that, and made it blow. It was all very noisy and confusing, especially as we were taken inside the barbed wire enclosure, and no possible way of retreating except through the barbed wire. It was no mud like the bubbling paint pots and pools, in Yellowstone, and yet it was very lovely being all in the midst of the wonderful woods. The whole place seemed to be steaming.

That afternoon we walked about the town and took many pictures. The lands were so perfectly lovely. We found a perfect spot to get figures going along the road against the sky, and then of course no one came along. This picture taking is not as easy as one would think after waiting all day we walked on, and got back just as a perfect cast went by. But we were just too late to get it. However before got some, and it was a lovely day to just sit and look at.

Next morning was the market, and we had time to see that before catching the train. It was a very colorful market much the same as Bali. Only the baskets

varied & of course the people". It had to describe markets
They are so colorful and full of remarkable sights, but
only glimpes of things.

We decided Bandung that afternoon about two - we got
the wrong hotel, staying at the most expensive, but we were just
by who was head waiter in the Bali Hotel when we were first
there, and was moved, so that made it rather nice. Bandung
is really a very lovely place. Rather a large city, also in the
middle of a beautiful fertile valley surrounded by mountains.
It is high and cool and many people live there. We had
a car for an hours drive, and so we took it at a snails
pace about the city. Only we fooled him and didn't get
out much, and then he fooled us and coasted down all
the hills. If you get a car by the Kilometer you tear at top
speed and see nothing. The Residential part was very
nice. Densely houses like all the other places. tea tables
set out in front, where later the men would sit maybe in
Papuan and watch the passing. We saw hospitals,
schools, country clubs and Public buildings. every
thing very beautifully done. We even went by the race
track, where the races ~~take~~ take place in the mornings. But
as it was race week, there was much excitement. All
sorts of booths & eating places behind. Everything imaginable
for sale.

We left Bandung very early ^{sunday} for Batavia. going via
Soedoe Boeini where we had originally planned to stop.
It was larger that way. but through very lively country
hilly and somehow more out of the way and less cleaned
than we noticed. Much rice being grown as always. One
thing we noticed all through the towns. Most houses had
a pond or pool of water nearby. Where everything from
washing to other things took place. The nearest village
is always on the edge of the pond, & reached by a little bridge.

12

We also had planned to stop to lunch in Batavia, and then go on to Batavia after seeing the Botanical Gardens. but when we got near there it was getting warm, it meant getting off on with our bags and bundles. and when we saw Sunday crowds at the Station Platform, we decided we would be wiser to go right through to Batavia. Our car was already crowded, and we were afraid we might not get a seat later on. So to Batavia we went. Were there in time for a late lunch. Batavia is on the ocean really, and the mountains are far behind. A long plain between. We meant to go back to visit Semerang, but then of course never did. In fact Von Hassellin said all this season there was so little rain it wasn't worth it. We really were sorry we hadn't left more time for Batavia to visit as it was very interesting. Especially the old part of the city, with many picturesquely buildings and canals. The Harbor where the Trading fleet comes in is remarkable and we spent two evenings walking down the canal that leads to the sea, watching the boats coming in, going up. The men cooking supper, or mending nets.

The next morning we went to the Museum. A perfectly remarkable place. A private sort of one, and showing the treasures from all the islands. terribly interesting. The jewelry room upstairs is unbelievable. Pearls, rubies and all kind of things. made of gold, diamonds, rubies and all sorts of stones. We wished we had more time to spend there too. We were admiring a relief map of Java being made, and a custodian came up, spoke to me in Dutch. we said we were English and he was terribly nice. He had a drop table and he told us Hohenburg had died. on first news for some time. He also showed us many things, even the collection of Chinese & Japanese pottery collected in the Dutch East Indies.

I guess I'll have to let this go as a letter about Java, any way will soon be home and can tell you any thing I've forgotten -

Heaps of love
Catherine.



49

HÔTEL TERMINUS P.L.M.
MARSEILLE

TELEGRAMMES
TERMINOTEL-MARSEILLE
TÉLÉPHONE: NATIONAL 21-01
47-03
R.C. MARSEILLE 52005

Wednesday, Sept 12 1934.

Dearest Mother,

We leave in about an hour and a half on the night train for Geneva. It will seem like China. for we will be in a luxury first class carriage as the old firm. Perhaps to Shanghai! The boat got in this morning and I described it seven. It was lovely coming up the harbor at sunrise. Do you remember the white shell like island and shore. The sunbeams the same color as the sky. And the castle of Puskin with turrets on the island in the harbor where the Count of Monte Cristo was supposed to be imprisoned?

We were quite clever in laundry. got a Chinese man to help us, and none of our bags were even opened. ~~or the ^{first} bag~~ done up in paper, which we had to resort to at the last minute for things we couldn't get into the bags. He sent us off to the office and we got at the back door. Left all things

went for a walk and came back at nine when
the office opened.

Nantes looked so very foreign also
just as all of an American city. I also
suppose it was the feeling of seeing so many
white people, nearly almost the first place
without dark natives for nearly a year -
we have seen some men with elaborate
turbans from Morocco or Algeria & some others
but of course the majority are French.

It took most of the day to get our tickets
all arranged. We have a 15 day tourist ticket
for Switzerland. can go anywhere, any time
including travel during that period. We
will make arrangements about Germany.
If we go there, that. We took a room for the
day at the Terminus Hotel by the station.
and here we are waiting for eleven thirty
(23,30) to board the train. It was a good
idea.

The best part of the whole day was the
stack of mail handed to us this morning.
All about Russia's reaction and your trip
to the border. We spent the whole morning
reading it. got quite hoarse in fact.
They were wonderful letters and giving
no idea how bright yours are. We laughed



HÔTEL TERMINUS P.L.M.

MARSEILLE

TÉLÉGRAMMES
TERMINOTEL-MARSEILLE
TÉLÉPHONE: NATIONAL 21-01
47-03
R.C. MARSEILLE 52008

so about the old ladies in York Harbor. and what a lot of company you have had. a busy summer, and I guess a busy fall! We felt terribly about Johnny Sheldrake, for we both liked him so much. He was such a fine fellow and it was such a shock. It does seem strange to think how he flew. Both in the air and in cars and on ships, and they did him no harm. It really makes me believe in fate - we'll worry about his fall too.

The sweet news was Eddie May and Fannie Kells engagement to Evelyn Maye. It is Fannie isn't it? There is no one neater than he is and I believe is as nice as she looks, to a grand combination.

We got a letter from Nuttman, one of the German Cadets, having passed his exams he is a mid shipman, he wanted us to thank you for the wonderful time in Canada, he addressed the letter "Miss White - Banff, Canada". I think we did well

to get it. don't you?

Our plans are not really certain. but we think two weeks in Switzerland, one in Germany, a few days in Paris, maybe a week in Scotland and one in London, then we have everyone to see. and they will try and sail on the Empress of Britain to Quebec on October 26th, arriving in Quebec the 25th. It is faster than the other boats, and the best sailing for us. That means we get to Canada some time the 26th. Its not definite but we are planning on it.

I'm getting too awfully sleepy and must stop a line to you. We got mail letters from Java & the East Indies, got Holland & then across. Last Christmas they had a special trip with Christmas mail & Holland went Java. A special plane was ready and something happened. It wouldn't start. So they waited out the regular ones in service a long time and made the trip to Holland and returned in eight days! They go every week.

Please excuse this ink runs right.
tears of love always. and it won't be
long now - More love
Catharine.

HOTEL SIMPLON
INTERLAKEN

TH. HACKL, Prop.
TELEPHON 760

Monday, Sept 17, 1934.

Dearest Mother, I haven't had a chance to write you for we have been going every minute, and even now there is only a few minutes to send off a letter.

We left Nyonelles Wednesday night (midnight) and woke next morning at five way from old France. The country was so lovely we couldn't wait to ring it, and so looked out from then on. We dressed early only to find there was no way of getting breakfast until we reached Geneva, which we did at 9.30. We had a delicious breakfast of "chocolat" and rolls and then set out to see Geneva as possible before going on to Montreux. It really was a lovely day, and everything looked perfect. We wandered round finding many old streets on a little hill, and kept as far from fascinating shops as possible. We decided to take a train about 12.30 to Montreux. It proved to be a rapid express, and we flew through the country. I remembered it all fairly well. Especially around Lausanne where we stayed. The vineyards were full of grapes. Just think they covered the hills, they didn't seem as terraced after so many rice fields we decided on the Terminus Hotel at Montreux which is right near the station. It proved a small and comfortable place, and that night we had such a sleep, for it was the first real soft bed we had slept in for ages. That afternoon we had time to take a boat trip on the lake. This is as far as I got last night. The father of the Swiss guides in Bauff came to call. We have for Zermatt this morning 6.20 having had grand 3 days here around Munich, Jungfrau, etc. Will surely write soon.

To lots of love

Catherine

HOTEL
EXCELSIOR
CITY
ZÜRICH
TELEGRAMM-ADR.: CITYEXCELSIOR.
TELEPHON 36610
GROSSE GARAGE

Maison renommée avec tout confort moderne

ZÜRICH,
Bahnhofstr. 8bistr.

Thursday, Sept 20, 1934,

Dearest Mother

Perhaps this time we will have better luck in writing you a letter. We've been going steadily ~~for the last week~~, have boarded 30 different trains in the last week! This ticket we have is a great temptation to keep going. For about \$40.00 at the present bad rate of exchange we can travel as much as we like for 15 days, by nearly every railway in Switzerland. And on the few days we get a reduction of 20%. So naturally we are seeing as much country as possible. Yesterday we changed our mind about 10 minutes before we got to Andermatt where we were going to spend the night, and came to Zurich instead. We're glad we did for we got two letters from you, one about Eric & Elizabeth McClellan being there and the other about Aunt Jane making a visit and you getting out of Germany. I'm sorry my letters took such a long time to reach you from the last Friday. I don't wonder you are confused. I got pretty mixed up with them too. We spent quite while this afternoon at Cook's figuring out about the rest of our trip. Travel conditions are fine all over, and we will decide definitely what to do when we come back here next week. We planned for St. Moritz and the Engadine right now, to look over the Alpine country there. They'll be open October 20th that we will, receiving Concord the 26th. I hope it's all right. We'd like to make it earlier and get it over soon. Missing so much here, and it's such a good chance to see it now.

To go back to where I left off, or did I write enough to leave off. Any way we arrived by bus home in Geneva in the morning. Last Thursday the 13th we walked around some wonderful old narrow streets with steps and wonderful houses. I don't remember seeing them before. The people and shops all looked so nice. We even saw a young couple in the station with their babies and naked bodies starting off some while, which was a good omen.

It took two days on a very fast train to reach Montreal
and everything looked very lonely or such a beautiful day.
Our ticket is good on boats as well, and we just had time
to see our room and they catch a boat, which made three
stops before reaching the French side of the lake. We passed
the castle of Chillon and it all looked very fairytale. It
was a lovely afternoon and very large lights at the fourth
stop we stopped half an hour or more, and had time to walk
up and down some very picturesque streets. Old houses
and everythings interesting. Then back on the same boat to
Montreal. We still felt energetic enough to walk about
the town a bit, marvel at the number of hotels. We never
seen so many hotels as at Lachine and Montreal.
Seems to me every building is a hotel or restaurant. That night
we went to bed very early. We were rather tired. Agrees had
only about 5 hours sleep each night before, and why is
it getting off a boat makes one so sleepy.

The next morning we didn't get up for the early train.
Took one at about nine I guess, for Innesbury. It was really
one of the most beautiful things either of us had ever seen.
We had 2nd class tickets and so had most of the car to
ourselves. As everyone here travels 3rd especially short
distances. Two elderly gentle man and a lady did get in
above Montreal. rode two stations beyond. We were much
amused by the leisurely manner in which they got off.
The train stopped, after a minute they pose, one man
very politely handed the other his hat, which the latter
carefully examined to see if it was his. They received
his cap, and they all three wandered out. The other
trains make five minute stops at most places. We find
people never hurry much. From them on we find the
~~can~~ to ourselves, I think being in the mountains must
have gone to our heads. The whole way was so beautiful
that we found ourselves looking from side to side, so
as not to miss any part of it all. The windows were
dark and we hung out, as all the 3rd class passengers
were apparently doing. We didn't go very fast. Just
a nice speed to take in the country, and the train
was electric, as nearly all of them are. We got two
rolls and a hard boiled egg at the station restaurant
when we discovered there was no dinner, and we
were so hungry by ten thirty we had to eat them
then and there. Later on about two we bought most

HOTEL
EXCELSIOR
CITY
ZÜRICH
TELEGRAMM-ADR.: «CITYEXCELSIOR»
TELEPHON 36610
GROSSE GARAGE

3

ZÜRICH,
Bahnhofstr. 51bistr.

Maison renommée avec tout confort
moderne

delicious long rollers with slices of ham
in between, from a bay with a fish eat
of food. He was on the platform at
Schweizmuseum where we had to change trains.
The first train was a rack railway-
cars that go into notches and enables the train to climb
very steeply. I've decided that we missed the most beautiful
part of Switzerland when we were there before. After I was
so young and foolish to realize how beautiful it was.
We have been climbing to the highest places and I've
never seen anything like it.

To very remember the land behind Montreux was very
steep and very green. In no time at all we had
climbed up by paths and houses, by lovely green
fields, fruit trees and gardens full of flowers. It
was rather misty below, and we climbed above it
so that the mountains became clearer. The Dent du Midi
was lost in mist but the water near Montreux was
a lovely color. You would have loved it too, and we got
so excited we went higher and higher, and finally
went through a tunnel and came out in the most beautiful
green valley you ever saw. Every where we have been
we have seen the greenest of fields, all hay fields,
but cut with a scythe by hand, when the grass full
of hay and flowers is about six inches high (no more)
and very green. The fields look like fresh green lawns.
Evidently the men of the family go with the cattle up
high in the mountains, where they graze all summer.
The women and children and old folks stay at home
cut the hay and fill the barns for winter. In some
places way above the village goes there are just hay barns
where they store it. The people living lower down in
winter. But every hillside is cut, no matter how
steep. In fact in many places you wonder how
people can stand to cut it. The people all seem so
strong and healthy, red cheeks and start to climb.

It's remarkable to see in many places, really old men & women working away, cutting & hauling, & carry up the hay to the barns. The men work as much as possible in a great bundle on their shoulders. They walk slowly up to the barn, climb the ladder, and in it goes. The women often use baskets. As large as Cousin Arthur's but narrow at the bottom, wide at the top, carried on the back.

The houses are the most comfortable home-like places I ever saw. With their wide overhanging roofs, the wood so strong looking. dark dark brown. Little windows always opened for the sun and air to get in, and usually flowers and every kind of bright colored plant blooming in sort of window boxes. The color against the dark brown of the house. The bright green shutters and the white window frame. All looks so bright and cheerful. And then the prettiest of fields everywhere. up to the top of some slopes, to the Spruce trees on others. In the valley we came through that morning, where Chateaux d'Or and Chateau are, everything looked so fresh and beautiful. The hills were rolling, ~~but still~~ green, in patches of different shades of green, as some had been cut at one time, some at another. The mountains looked very much like those near Saalfeld, all sloping up behind some even had snow on them and glaciers. But these were further away. It was wonderful country to drive through and some of the villages had many hotels. All looked so sunny and pleasant.

We reached Spiez about two, I think, had a wait of 20 minutes before getting the train for Interlaken. There is a lovely view of the Lake of Thun, and over looking the town of Spiez.

Gaid I said, at us staying at Hotels, we have a list recommended by Cooks, also a list of those belonging to the Swiss Hotel Association with prices. We take the cheapest Cook recommends, and usually never see a carriage or Porter except at the Station. Well our memory and consult the Cooks. Pick the next best. At Interlaken we saw one building, name ~~was~~ as we came in to the town, and when we didn't find any Porter in the line up. (All the porters line off, the name of their hotel on their caps) of the hotel we just thought of, we made a stop

HOTEL
EXCELSIOR
CITY
ZÜRICH
TELEGRAMM-ADR.: CITYEXCELSIOR.
TELEPHON 36610
GROSSE GARAGE

Maison renommée avec tout confort moderne

ZÜRICH,
Bahnhofstrasse 5

at the Simpson man. He proved a wonder. Very young, looked and spoke as Waldo Adams used to, and was terribly nice to us. The hotel was very minutes from the Station, and while we walked, he tied the suitcases together, hung them over his shoulder, and rode on his bicycle. His coat tails flying out behind. The hotel proved terribly nice. few other people as the season is practically over. The big hotels closed already. But like Saalf, the neatest time of the year to be in the Mountains.

The trip from Spiez to Interlaken by train had been lovely too, as the Rhine follows along the shore of the lake. Do you remember it all. and Interlaken? We went to a walk after getting a bit settled. along the main street up and down some side streets. Quite a feeling of fall in the air. We went to the Kurhaus Casino, and had tea. Every hotel guest is taxed 30 cents a day and then entitled to go to the Casino for concerts. They have a library and papers. a lovely garden. We even saw the flower beds stink. Three little bunnies hit mushrooms with hammers! But best of all we saw the Jungfrau as clear as could be, a few wisps of clouds brilliant light on the snow. as the sun was setting.

We bought a small pack sack, and decided to use that when we went to Murren and Liedigg etc as bags are such a nuisance. Now we are leaving all these bags here, and have two week sacks to go to Mt. Morter, with an even sending two ~~one~~^{days} to Paris. Another time we'll know better. It's surely a relief to be able to go anywhere in Switzerland in the oldest ragged clothes.

That evening we had a very amusing dinner. Such good home cooking we couldn't believe it. The butter is so good after canned margarine or equally bad stuff they had in the East Indies. We had forgotten what real butter was like. Poor Helma. Her supply

will be really depleted when we reach Concord. In the small hotels, the young lady (or old lady) who is in the office, Hedd waitress and every thing else, serves the soup behind a screen. We all came to dinner about the same time. Those first, waiting to those last. Then we could hear the splashing of soup from the tureen into the soup plates. Everything was terribly still. You know how it is. The large dining room had only three tables at one end occupied. There was wooden floor, and the girl who brought the soup had shoes that squeaked a tiny bit as she slipped back and forth. Every time we tried to talk it sounded so loud we ended in whispers, and they as we all six began sipping soup, the two waitresses stood still watching. Such a lot of loud "ssssss" as there was. Then a clasp as the spoon hit the soup plates and more "ssssss". I got the giggles. It was so quiet, except for the noisy soup eating. It was funny. Later each table got talking at once so we made more noise.

After dinner

We are about to go for a walk in some of the back streets. Then must pack our lunch bags, for tomorrow we take an eight something train. I've yet to tell you about our day to the Pennsylvania. Our night in Nuremberg, our trip to Zermatt, our meeting the father & mother of three of the Swiss Guides in Pale Purple. The two brothers of Rudolf - but I'm sick have a chance to write soon. You can keep writing to Barings Brothers until the 15th of October, and I'll try to write you as much as possible. Some how we are always eating or sleeping in hotels, no time to even mind such a mess things out.

Heaps of love and it won't be very long now -
Catherine.

P.S. I think the fine Olive Newbury is coming to Germany, and I feel rather guilty to think I never did anything about it before. I'd love to pay what is necessary for her education, and not have it too hard for her so she will have a chance to enjoy things a bit too.

More love Catherine.

I'm enclosing a card to be held to the light
to show where we went.

HOTEL BAHNHOF
E. BOKSBERGER-FREY
AROSA

51.

Sunday, Sept. 23, 1934.

Dearest Mother,

It's only seven thirty and we have finished a delicious supper break dinner, so there may be a chance of getting a bit sleep if the room is a bit cold, and the feather comforters look very warm. All the beds in Switzerland have been such wonderful ones, very soft, and compared to hard feather ones, they are like a dream. On top is always a thick feather pillow like pull & fast a foot thick often ten feet thick and "so soft". It's all one can do to keep ones head above board during the night.

We've been going like mad the last week. I'm afraid the Swiss railway have made nothing on our ticket, for we have spent most of the time in trains. We get so excited over the landscape of mountains on every side, that most of the time we stand looking over the large windows, which pull up and down so easily. To such great height able to look out that way, and no clouds. It's fun too, and we wave to all

The Swiss people wave to us, in the
fields or out of windows. It's a very
pleasant feeling. People are so nice and
so friendly. Whenever they leave one
restaurant or any place, they say "Adieu"
to everyone. Even conductors say goodbye
after you leave trains.

I left off in my letter from Zurich the
first evening in Interlaken. I remembered
that the Swiss Guides in Lake Lucerne
occasionally came from near Interlaken, so
I asked the Porter (who was the nice
young fellow from Berne, and looked
like Waldo Badens when in Tech) to see
if he could find out if any of the Guides
families were still around. The Porter
was very busy, and found in a general
way where Edward Feuz, the father of
one of the guides lived. He also was
one of the two original guides who came
to Bay, many years ago. We started
out after supper to find Edward Feuz;
because in a garden, among all the other
houses in Glarus, we tried several.
every house was dark in most places,
and one person we asked, big sleep
a light in a window in the 2nd floor.
The porter threw pebbles till the person
came and looked out, was very nice,
directed us further. I felt rather in
a play. on a stage set. The houses

3

were no like those on the stage. At last we found the place, and Edward himself, wild looked and seemed as usual. As his three sons. In fact he has only just stopped guiding in the last year or so. He seemed glad to see some one from Bay, and we said we would come again after going up to Munten etc.

The next day was Sunday (the 16th). There was a special excursion to the Bergbaumuseum for 21 francs. Half of the fare and a third of the summer rate for the day's trip. We tried to decide the night before. It looked so doubtful, the weather, mean, but we were told, that Sunday was clear and bright. We really had a wonderful day, and it wasn't really crowded and it was full going with a lot of German and Swiss holiday people. They had such a good time too and enjoyed the mountains so. Seems to me we were always changing trains. and there being a lot of us we had to be queasy about it or else not be near the windows. We went from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen on one train. Then boarded the smaller train to Lauterbrunnen, where we changed again for the train to Thunegg. and began there for the Jungfrau with train. Coming back the same, only

we went by the Friedland instead of
by Lauterbrunnen. We were back again
by that evening. quite a day. Very lovely
Russ & Kitty can tell you. Very lovely
some of it is. for I don't believe they
went very up or not. The first part goes
from Interlaken, and its green fields &
gardens, up to the narrow valley of
Lauterbrunnen. A dashup river down
the middle, many beautiful trees &
woods, and whenever possible fields
& hay. such green grassy slopes I
never saw. And the flowers, forget
berries and blossoms, bright in the sun
light and casting long shadows
across the hill-sides, form the lawns.
very little white we would catch
glimpses of snow and glaciers way
beyond, everything was so fresh and
lovely with the dew still on the grass.
At Lauterbrunnen, we made the change
into the train to Lengen and Thun.
It was only a short stop but we caught
a glimpse of some of the old buildings
in the town. Then off we started, and
very soon on it was a steady climb.
In fact from Thun to a point
all the way mostly rack railway,
the safest kind. We crossed the
river and then rapidly rose to Lengen.
through a few hay fields. By such

HOTEL BAHNHOF
E. BOKSBERGER-FREY
AROSA

attractive Swiss Chalets.

then through tunnels & woods

— and above the trees were
hay fields and berries and flowers. The
cold and pleasantness of it all is
hard to describe, and all the time as
we rose, the Jungfrau and other mountains
and covered with fresh white snow, seemed
to rise too. We could look down the
narrow Lauterbrunnen Valley, a beautiful
waterfall, from the edge, dropping out
and down onto the floor of the valley.
The walls are like cliffs and the
narrow piece of land by the center was
like a basin, so green. The snow capped
mountains at the end.

It was hard to take it all in. Weeping,
with so many hotels was soon passed.
Then Wengen All, just a station and one
hotel but seeing new. It was above
the line and on the edge of the valley
edge. The Jungfrau very large and
its pinnacles so white and so never. on
the other, it was more stupendous than
we had expected, and we became more
than ever "a couple of lookats." That's
our nickname for ourselves as we find
all we may for maybe boys at a time
is "Look at that," "Look at this" and

just plain "Look at". Schiedegg was
equally wonderful. Also so near you
could almost touch the ice fields. And
the thing that interested us was the
wonderful the terrain near by. At
Schiedegg we changed into the train for the
Jungfrau trip. Schiedegg is about ~~3000~~ feet
~~above sea level~~ and the Jungfrau itself is
~~12,372~~ feet. So you can just imagine how
high we went. The Jungfrau itself is
nearly 14000 feet. (Meters Schiedegg
is 2064, ~~Jungfrau~~ 3457 and
the Jungfrau 3457.) Anyway the train
went up a little way to Eigergletscher
where there is a sort of hotel etc., and
~~at~~ the foot of the Eiger glacier is just
below. Soon after that we entered the
tunnel and from then on ^{to the top} we were in
the tunnel all the way. Inside the
mountain. On the return trip I timed
it. and it took 45 minutes it come
down. Going up we stopped twice
at look out points. We all dashed
out to windows cut in the rock (a
short passage way lead from the
platform to the windows, and we
could look down on the Grindelwald
valley. It was the most amazing thing.
We were really looking out of the side

of the mountain. It dropped straight down, and went straight up. The second at look point further up we looked at a glacier, very right below, and then we arrived at the Temperance rock, a regular hotel built into the side of the mountain. The most amazing place. It was a most attractive one, nice restaurant of the lobby from the cars. As if you had landed near it leaves basement in the subway, only a smaller scale. In fact a nice balcony. The very warm. The view of a long snake like glacier below stretching towards Italy. Upstairs was the hotel dining room and a few floors of rooms, and then the elevator took you to the fifth (?) floor and a passage way by girls running back and overhanging out onto the glacier. We walked with all the others out onto the glacier right below the face of the Temperance itself. And to see just old ladies and some old men practically on top of the Temperance made it all seem so funny. The fresh snow was about six inches deep maybe more, we stuck to the trodden path. The view was of course wonderful, and the big clouds covered up all around made it very beautiful.

In fact before we went down again
we were practically in the clouds. It was
funny they ever got taking pictures
of their friends going here. Passing there.
We were always in the way. An old guide
had a large telescope for people to look
through, and as soon as it was focused
someone always stood in front of it.
so the person looking wondered why
a crevasse in a glacier looked so much
like a man's shoulder. It was lots of
fun and such a wonderful field of
engineering to build a railway through
a place. They did up there all summer.
it would have been good when we were
there. They also have a remarkable
shelving ridge, or grotto. The guides
have built a bridge across the
least 50 feet below the surface of the
glacier which also has about 15 feet
of snow on top of that. We saw the
ridge, and the guide said we could
look. Some narrow ice steps we
went up little passage. More steps.
then it was all lighted the bright
sun & snow outside made it hard
for us to see, and we couldn't tell
where we were going. We went down
and down. At the bottom was a
rink with columns like a dungeon
about 20 by 30 feet. Ice for skating

HOTEL BAHNHOF
E. BOKSBERGER-FREY
AROSA

Then on a floor above no to speak was a bar made of ice. Tables of ice, benches and all. It was a most amusing place. They also have a dog team to take people to short rides on the glacier below the hotel. We found it by wandering through restaurants and following signs. It was really all remarkable.

The most amazing thing of all were two American college boys. One looked quite human, was interested in some of the scenery, but the other was the good looking Princeton type; they were the only two 2nd class passengers (we were 3rd that day) and the Princeton boy read "The American Magazine" all the way up from Saarbrücken I think one of the condensers to look at the view. But the rest of the time had some fool story.

We had our picnic lunch of rolls with slices of beef & bacon between in the train going up, so as to have all of the steps up there at the jump. That just took around in. However it felt pretty cold, especially when the clouds swept around us, and we had a hot punch which reminded us of home and did taste & feel good.

10

coming down we stopped at Grindelwald
for the train going down to Grindelwald
and joining the Saubach river
near Interlaken. It was perfectly lovely
that way too. We descended very slowly
as the road railway is slow and safe both
ways. It was lovely and the valley looked
so green, houses and a few trees dotted
over it getting thicker near the floor of
the valley, scarce on the slopes above.
It's surprising how high up the people
live and on what steep slopes they
cut the grass. Grindelwald is a lovely
town many small hotels and pensions
and pleasant houses. flowers very gay
in all the windows. From there down
we went through a narrow valley, every
one seemed to be working in the fields,
reaping hay or some thing, old and young
all ready to wave and smile, and
all the time one can hear the cow bells,
very large most of them and clear
toned. At times a herd of cattle comes
much like a Bohemian gamefowl orchestra
when we got back we were pretty tired
you looking and next morning we started
again for Thun. We got a small
rest break and decided to spend the
night. The hotel recommended a small
hotel apparently, and we thought we
would look at it before deciding.

It was another perfect day, we dined again at Lauterbrunnen for the famous up the steep side of the valley, a lovely view of the water fall. The sun shining through it and making every drop show up against the deep blue and other mountains behind. At the top we took the Trolley Train that runs along the edge of the cliff to Murren. You wouldn't dare ride it I'm afraid, for it was so near the edge at times. But the view was wonderful. The mountains so brilliant white from the fresh snow. I guess a girl who sat beside me was as excited as I, only not speechless. She kept talking to me at great length in German or something, and seemed to understand when I said "English". Just kept on talking just the same. Later that afternoon we met her above Murren, and again she carried on a great conversation and all we could do was to say "Yes" and smile. Any way it was fun making such a good friend.

It's wonderful in Switzerland and the way everyone carries a bag, back old people as well as young, and they all wear heavy nailed boots.

We loved Murren, for even if there are a few large hotels closed now, there are lots of natives and small places to stay. It is all built on the very edge of a cliff which drops into Lauterbrunnen, and you

12

wonder why people don't lose everything
everywhere. for it drops off the back
of each road down the back yard. it will
soon be in the valley far below. We walked
down the main street or sort of large side
walk. for there are no cars in Muri. No
road up there, only the train, or the old
military trail. At the end of the village was
a most attractive Chateau, and we descended
it was the one recommended, The Alpenwyl.
We decided to leave our things, and carry
it was the most delightful place, surrounded
by two very nice Swiss ladies. Looked a bit
like the Rogers about forty years ago. and
later we discovered they had gone abroad
with the Swiss Geiders (in Lake Geneva) in
winter. It was the neatest place and
we had a room with a balcony in the sun
with an uninterrupted view of the Jura mountain
and all the other mountains, villages and
towns. It was so lovely we could hardly
believe it, and we wanted to just stay on
and on -

Again later.

We are now in Zurich again. Got another
wonderful letter from you Sept 10th when
you got back from Orléans. Not forgetting
our plans our letter mail is being sent to
Paris. I will get more paper and write
again tonight. There is always so much to
do. I haven't only about the pair of stockings
without holes. & they are thin!

Heaps of love.
Catharine.

I ran out of paper so this is not finished at all. Any way
it's too late tonight, will continue in a few days. Braps of love, only a
month from Turkey - Here love Catherine.

52

HOTEL
EXCELSIOR
CITY
ZÜRICH

TELEGRAMM-ADR.: «CITYEXCELSIOR»
TELEPHON 36610
GROSSE GARAGE

ZÜRICH,
Bahnhofstr. 8 Sihlstr.

Tuesday, Sept 25th 1934.

Maison renommée avec tout confort
moderne.

Dearest Mother,

I guess unless I go on from where I left off
I'll never tell you all we've been doing, and as to answering
all your wonderful letters, I'm afraid there never will be time.
Any way our feet are so tired from walking on hard pavements
that we can't do much anyway tonight.

My last letter I was telling about our stay in
Munich. We did love it there. The little hotel was so nice, and
so homelike and such good food, and our room had a
balcony with a wonderful view of the mountains. We ate
lunch there in the sunshine, and as it was Sunday, very
quiet and peaceful, we could watch the people dressed in
thin best black slacks and black dresses, coming up from
church. There is a wide trail leading down to Grindelwald
(some such name) a tiny town half way down the cliff
and further up the valley. It didn't go far, as we could
see the tops of the houses, but we realized it probably was
much further than one would think. Sundays are really
quite like those in our country, everyone dresses up in their
best clothes, and they are usually not wearing
what to do with themselves. However there were many people
out for the day. All with start nailed boots. Their tunics
quite high up, you could see them dotted over the hill sides
the picnickers others following the little trails.

After lunch we set out to see the Bri Gorges. We
wandered about until we found a steep path way marked
with red paint, leading up behind the village. The hay
fields are fenced off, and there are truly between the
fences. However some of them only lead to a back door
of some house, and we had to try quite a few before
we found the right one. It led up to a little hamlet
called Sonnenberg. The houses sold refreshments in
summer. The rest of the wooden buildings were mostly
bars.

Then seeing people on the slope in the direction of the
furniture we walked up there. One lady pointed to the Bob
Hus (which we really walked up) and the lone tree slope.
and we tried to imagine it in winter. I don't very day know
how the slopes sleep - We walked around the buildings
where the furniture goes too. Looked all about, and then the
hill where the light house tree comes down looked easy and
we had an second wind so made for that. By the time we
had climbed steps and reached the slope that slopes out
on the hillside. It was quite cloudy, and beyond that the
clouds began blowing around so we could see little. We
followed two berry pickers, and then decided it was
wiser to go further. Seeing a path way below we thought
we would just cut down to it. There were lots of barns, pens,
hay fields and all. The job was on us. If the hill was really
very steep, it began to rain lightly and we cut across on
an angle towards Murray, going down as steeply as our
shoes would let us. But evidently the trail below went
as steeply as we did, so we were getting no nearer to it.
We saw the Berry pickers ahead doing as we were. So
thought we must be right and followed them. Saw them
cross a fence to cross a cow pasture, and were about to
follow, when suddenly they both ran. The cows were
after them. We followed their example no longer, picked
cawless fields. Gave no idea how steep the hay fields
are. No wonder men, women, and children have to wear
nailed boots. It would be impossible to walk on them
otherwise. If had to go very carefully, wet grass is so
slippery and we didn't want to go cascading into a
barrow. The flowers in the grass were too lovely, some
lovely little blue ones. That old fashioned blue color.
also many "Autumn Crocus" just like Spring Crocuses
a pale lavender, but they always come in the autumn.
That's where the play got its name. After our legs were
feeling the strain of side - hill going up we finally
reached the trail. were practically back in Murray by
then. It had gone down just as steeply as we had
the hill side was really more fun. We still had
enough energy after getting dried and warmed up
inside and out. We walked around the village in the
morn. wandered which hotel Russ & Kitty stayed at.
Admired the looks in the windows. loved the old houses.

HOTEL
EXCELSIOR
CITY
ZÜRICH
TELEGRAMM-ADR.: «CITYEXCELSIOR»
TELEPHON 36610
GROSSE GARAGE

Maison renommée avec tout confort
moderne

Next morning was another lovely day. The mornings were usually fine and then by evening the clouds had gathered, and it looks stormy. We had to leave and hotel do, the sun set on our path fairly drivinig it all in, and then dragged ourselves away. As we left we discovered that the two old ladies had gone to school with the Swiss Guides from Lake Louise. One of them remembered going to the Station with her brothers. See back of when we went to Canada, many years ago. So we all put wrote a post card together, sent it to the guides. They were still waving good bye when we were way along the road and finally out of sight.

We went back down to Gasterbrunnen, and then took the train as far as Ueberzen. Walked around the town a bit to get some idea of what it was like. Had dinner, and then walked down the trail to Gasterbrunnen, catchin a train back to Interlaken. I don't know how they ever manage to walk up & down the trails in winter. Summer is bad enough, but they are very steep, all the way too - and not many of the little trails depend entirely on the trails to get them up and down. We passed one heavily loaded man coming up. They all walk with slow measured step. We also followed a herd of cows going part way down, before turning off. This tells us we're in very mountainous land. It really is about the loveliest part of Switzerland. Nothing to spoil the beauty of the country, except the hotels in the towns, and only the telegraph poles. At times one feels like cursing them, but electric power is so cheap that even the tiniest towns use it, and of course all the trains. But over all the slopes are lines of poles, leading to every house. One must just say look them. At Murren the railway was carrying coal up constantly between the few passenger trains. They carry the winter's supply up in bags. It's an awful undertaking. At all goes up in bags. Has to be put on the rear platform of the just eliminated. Transferred at the top to a car. They in Murren have tiny trolleys down the main street. Little cars can be pushed along on. Portable tracks are put down to the various hotels. They use electricity to working.

We were back in Inverloch in time to go and see Edward Feltz and his wife. He speaks no English but I guess was glad to see some one who knew her three boys in Canada. Edward took us to see Rudolph's brothers. One a shoe maker and the other is very paralyzed. Legs & walls with the aid of a chair. They both look much like Rudolph. with the same twinkle in their eyes. They neither of them speak English so we stood in the usual way and smiled as if we knew what was going on. while Edward talked to them. The place where the family brother lives, is the old house where Rudolph I guess was born. It's very old. Edward also showed us the place where the William Tell performances are given. A natural stage setting, the way wood scenes in opera are prepared to look. Edward said he could come around to the hotel to see us off, and we left him to see some friends, while we looked at some very fine old houses. We even went to the other side of the town where there were some very interesting old streets and then we found a square. The greatest one I ever saw. The houses were two or three windows wide and plaster. The plaster & stucco all tinted different colors. The shutters all colors too. Some houses were blue. others pink. yellow green. white and even pale lavender. We have seen several pale lavender houses. even with a super-tinted lavender shutter. I felt as if the square were an artist's colony or something. but somehow it looked well in Inverloch. We got to the hotel in time to see the sun shining on the Jeep crew. It's too bad we never saw it when we were there before.

That evening Edward was there before we had finished dinner and we had some beer together and then talked. He told us about some of the funny times he had had in Banff in the early days. Showed us his book ~~in~~ in which the people he had visited had written. He knew lots of the names. I didn't and we had quite an evening. He talked about the "Bonny Boys" as Edward called the "Pony Boys" and all sorts of yarns. He tried to leave about ten times. But just couldn't go. I suppose he hated to say good-bye to us who were going to see his sons so soon. He wound his watch and put his hands on the arms of his chair but couldn't leave. He's a wonderful man. Not a bit old really and so active yet. He finally left about eleven. I think it was, and we went right to bed, having a ~~6:26 AM~~ train to catch next day.

HOTEL
EXCELSIOR
CITY
ZÜRICH

TELEGRAMM-ADR.: CITYEXCELSIOR.
TELEPHON 36610
GROSSE GARAGE

Maison renommée avec tout confort
moderne

ZÜRICH,
Bahnhofstr. - Sihlstr.

It was Tuesday we went to Zermatt. We
hated to leave Interlaken but then we
had to be on our way. It was another lovely
day. The lake of Thun which the railway
drives to Spiez was lovely. an early
morning mist on the water. the fall sun lighting the tops of
the mountains. At Spiez we had a short wait, and then caught
the train to Brig, where we made another change to Zermatt.
From Spiez to Brig is part of the Simplon line and perfectly lovely
all the way. We climbed up rapidly above Spiez, along a river,
lovely green valleys and houses. The most beautiful country
side. Then we climbed in earnest up the wall of a deep valley
I should say. The remarkable Law Sebess railways stop at
nothing. They can climb anything I'm convinced. or go through
anything. After climbing way up, and getting to a lovely little
valley there evidently was a good mountain range in our way,
so we first went through it in a tunnel 9 miles long. The
St. Gotthard Tunnel. It took about 14 minutes to go through fast.
At the other end we came out turned a corner, and far below
stretching to either side was the Rhine valley. Mountains on
either side. A beautiful valley, very flat and green on the
floor. long rays of poplar trees, and the river shelves jumping
through the center. We knew Brig was in the valley, yet it
seemed as if we never could descend so far. Yet we did in
really very little time. The railway gradually went lower
and lower through short tunnels. on the edge of nothing. yet
always, though the slopes are steep. It never too steep to
rise grad or grapes, and always a town above. The
houses were so very different. more french or Italian some-
how, and mostly stucco or plaster in the towns. really stucco
over stone.

Brig we had time to get tickets for Zermatt and our bags
onto the train for Zermatt, but not much more. and we were
off again. This time first to Visp. and then another climb
up through a fairly narrow gorge. following all the way
a wild and tumbling creek. the first part. the hillsides
were very rocky, and lots and lots of vineyards. Way up
above were little towns, all with their churches. many
churches in this part. Some how we have noticed the poorest

6

looking trees have the largest churches. The poor people's money probably goes into that, and yet in the real happy looking Swiss towns, there are the sweetest little chapels. Everyone different, as very picturesque, and plenty large enough for the thousands of people. But in the Rhone valley the churches were really large, some with funny tops like Russian Mosques. And we noticed many fat minors and peasants. The Valley going up to Zermatt was so entirely different than the cultivated part of Switzerland we had seen. Here it was more like our mountains. Rugged and wild looking people in the flat part of the Varen valley working hard to make the grass grow, it was green, but not as rich looking as the others places. The figures were all of stone, and the roofs in that part of slate, which they get in the valley. In fact by the river in one place we left a couple of cars going up to be filled and taken down when the train returned. It is quite late. like flat stones, and it must be a great art to make it stay put on the roofs. It's very attractive looking, very paintable. Going up we were heading South, and so could see only the signs of luxuries, but coming down we saw all the difference in the world. To across the wide scuttling face of the houses, under the ~~painted~~ painted slanting roof. All the windows opened and a ledge before each one filled with bright colored flowers. It must be a very hard existence in this valley, and the houses and people show it. Not very much to soften the landscape. Too many rocks and stones! The people were fine looking, the women all wore kerchiefs over their heads, often carried tools in baskets. Old women and men's age, wore heavy nailed boots. The children of course wear heavy boots too. It was a beautified trip, and of course we kept out of the meadows all the way. Saw the trees way way up on the hill tops. Saw snow peaks once and a while at the end of the valley. Then a most remarkable glacier. Very white top of it, all irregular and jagged, interlocked, very white against the sky, and tumbling down towards us. A jungle of crevices and fissures. Whatever they are. We didn't see the famous Mallory until we turned the last corner, and then as it rose beyond the town of Zermatt, we could only see the lower part. The very top being in the clouds. However it looked as if it might pass through, or the clouds be above enough, so we

HOTEL
EXCELSIOR
CITY
ZÜRICH
TELEGRAMM-ADR.: «CITYEXCELSIOR»
TELEPHON 36610
GROSSE GARAGE

Maison renommée avec tout confort
moderne

ZÜRICH
Baltimore - Schaff.

decided to go right up to the Gornergrat.
 Another railway takes one up there. A sort
 of isolated view point, surrounded
 by tremendous mountains and glaciers.
 We had ten minutes, and I think we did
 pretty well, to get a room picked in the
 Station Hotel. Leave our stuff, grab a
 lunch they put up rapidly and very
 deliciously - take a bottle of beer (no cabs) and get tickets
 and ourselves into the train for the Gornergrat. It was really
 lucry we did. for it was about twelve by then, and they'd closed
 most places. It was getting darker all the time. Again we
 climbed. The Railway from Brig up had been rack railway
 only at times. but the one to the Gornergrat was decidedly
 a rack railway all the way. We wound around the town, also
 with many hotels, a great climbing center. Zermatt, and
 up through lovely bare woods. The groups of houses and
 houses on the outskirts of Zermatt were fascinating. the
 way they spread like a star fresh, and made with their
 hay fields such a wonderful foreground to the Matterhorn.
 We were really in luck for once on the way up the clouds
 went by the Matterhorn and a patch of blue sky gave
 us a chance to see the top. It really is a beautiful mountain.
 Great peak and the top crooks over in a queer unique
 way. No a mountain that one never forgets. Aspinabine
 in the Rockies really looks surprisingly like it. Near
 the top of the woods is Riffelalp station. A short walk to the
 hills beyond that we were above tree line the rest of the
 way. wonderful field looking country even if a line of
 the usual telegraph poles ran over it. They call it Riffelberg.
 An old looking hotel, white with grey shutters. Closed
 now. but a great place to start climbs from. and still
 we went up. It took us an hour and 10 minutes steady
 climbing, so you can imagine how high we went. a
 most remarkable railway. and all the time the mountains
 growing more stupendous. Glaciers flattened out and
 peaks rose beyond, and then the glistening snow of
 Monte Rosa and the other peaks.

The Gornergrat probably has the most remarkable view.
 It is only a large hill of small mountain in the center of
 a huge circle of tremendous peaks, and glaciers.

They have a regular hotel at the top, a large stone building built in 1907 much to our surprise. We pictured the shrimps buttered there in winter, so a snow storm over such open country would be wonderful. I find on enquiring it would close next week.

The train only goes to Riffelalp in winter.
The Monte Rosa group was brilliant in the September fresh snow over all but the lower glacier. I can't remember the names of the peaks toward the Matterhorn was off to our right, still the top of Doldi, and to our back across the valley were peaks, the Weisshorn and many others. A tremendous glacier with a dark spine stretched all along at the foot of the Gornergrat down towards Zermatt. Little pools of water, a lovely green. But how can I hope to describe it. I tried to count the glacier fingers we could see, couldn't decide between 30 or 40. Halfway we were overcome enough by the loveliness of it all that we forgot to inquire about trains going back, missed the first by 20 minutes and so stayed up there until 4.30. There is a stone terrace where we sat in the sun and ate our lunch, finishing everything in, wine and beer. It was after that we thought of the trains. It was lovely though except the last hour. The snow with sun was too bright to look at long, and the clouds were making it cold where we were. However we did enjoy it, and the other people too.

When we got back down to Zermatt it was fairly late, nearly six, but we took a hurried walk through the town. Beautiful old wooden buildings with heavy slate roofs. Some stone stairways outside. Every thing so full of history and atmosphere. The sun had gone in the valley long ago and the clouds began to clear, and again perfectly beautifully the Matterhorn came into view, little wisps of cloud clinging around the very top. It was very lovely at the late light, and it seemed to be very fitting, for we were just going to the little cemetery, where they buried so many of the climbers who lost their lives trying to climb it. On one side are the graves of Europeans, a Helvetic say climbers who have been killed. The two oldest graves, the ones of the two Englishmen who fell on the first ascent, Lord Douglas a third lost, was never found. Why murray and two of the guides were the only ones to come back. It's too long a story to write now, but Pete was especially interested as his father always talked Why murray when he came to Bauf to climb, and he had heard the story of the first ascent of the Matterhorn many times.



TELEGRAMMADRESSE:
Posthotel STANTONARLBERG
TELEPHON No. 3

Wednesday, September 26, 1934,

Dearest Mother,

Once again I'll write about Switzerland - to continue -
Last Tuesday evening in Zermatt was perfectly lovely. It
closed off about sunset time, and the Matterhorn was at its best.
We spent some time wandering about the tiny cemetery, looking at
the grave stones of men and women, who had been killed while
climbing in the Zermatt region. The outsiders are buried along one
side, and as we went in, a man was putting away his materials, as
it was getting too dark to do more on the new inscription he was working
on a new stone. Other people were wandering around too. As I stated
to say Pete was interested in these connected with Edward Whymper's
first climb of the Matterhorn. It was a long time ago, 1866, involving
about three. Whymper had made several attempts at the first
ascend of the Matterhorn but all unsuccessfully. There were three other
Englishmen also in Zermatt at the time trying to do the same
thing, and so it seemed easier to all you together. They had three
guides, and to make a long story short they got up all right, and were
the first to do it. But on the way down as they were roped together
something happened. They think the weakest member of the party slipped
during the slide at the end of the rope of his balance. Obviously
it pulled the two above him. The rope snapped in the middle -
Whymper and two guides were able to save themselves before toppling
into balance and the rope broke below. But the other four went
down falling 5000 feet below. They never found
Lord Penrhys, but the other two Englishmen and the guide are
buried in the church yard. There are other fatalities too. Even a
man from India. The next morning we went to the little museum
where all sorts of historical things connected with climbing are.
A nice old Swiss guide is sort of curator. He lost one leg, and a
hand from being frozen in the Andes in South America. It really
is a place all prospective mountaineers should go before starting
out anywhere. There are three rooms, the walls covered with
pictures and memorabilia. It seemed as if all the photographs were
of people killed, climbing alone. Some of not difficult places
others attempting the Matterhorn alone etc. He told us some of

the streets. One young girl came to Zermatt with a Swiss guide she brought with her in order to climb the Matterhorn, after arriving she met a man who tried to climb it, who persuaded her to leave the guide behind as he could guide her perfectly well. They were both killed. You began to wonder what people would do. On attempting such fool things, they all must think they only can do it. We asked him how many were killed ~~and~~ altogether. He didn't know, but said that there hadn't been one person lost in the last 35 years who had gone with a Zermatt guide, which is a wonderful record really. Just this year four have been killed already. They were also climbing alone and last year eleven thought of it! They were also pictures of successful climbers. Some of those making first ascents. One of an old man who climbed the Weisshorn at the age of 80. Another of a married couple, climbed the Weisshorn to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary (50th) and they looked very near death too. Another of a young lady and her guide who ran up the Matterhorn in 3½ hours. (It usually takes 12) Then the most remarkable to me was a picture of young Peter Langgässer who was a young boy when he went with his father and brother on the first ascent of the Matterhorn. was one of the three who died. Let after that he made 125 ascents of the Matterhorn. Can you imagine after going through such an experience, the first time (for the rope broke below him) ever being able to climb that mountain again? I guess you need a certain type of heart & feelings or something to be a guide. They had lots of old shoes, everyone of God knows where his body has never been found, some are very badly nailed and worn to pieces. One ladies dress had with nails in it was found. She had torn it off suppose. It was really all most interesting ~~etc.~~. I guess they take accidents here as a matter of course.

We stayed until about twelve that morning so as to get a few pictures of the wonderful old buildings. The people had a lot of character there. Some day it was all full of atmosphere, & what ever you want to call it. There were groups of old men sitting by the side telling over their pipes. They all smoke such wonderful pipes here, and the old women were such characters. One old lady came down a flight of outside steps in very new boots. an old pair in her hand, which she hurled into the river, and then clumped up the steps again. The children are very rosy cheezy and building - it was all very interesting. They look as though they had a harder life in that valley than around Interlaken. The winters must be long and very hard, but it makes a very happy race of people. In winter this the eyes are coming down down the main street, their bells sound exactly like a gatillon in Paris



HOTEL POST
ST. ANTON AM ARLBURG - TIROL
1800 m über dem Meere
BESITZER: WALTER SCHULER

ST. ANTON, den
am Arlberg

TELEGRAMMADRESSE:
Posthotel St. Anton am Arlberg
TELEPHON No. 3

Wednesday we left Zermatt and took the train over the Furka pass to Andermatt. also a great Ibre center, we were going to spend the night there, going out St. Moritz the next day. but as we got nearer Andermatt the clouds got lower and lower, were blowing into the valley, and it looked as if it would be very stormy, so instead we changed our minds and went to Zurich.

The part from Zermatt was as lovely as the day before, only darker and sun Brig. to Andermatt was really very beautiful. As we went towards the source of the Rhoen, the valley as well as the river got smaller and smaller. narrow, very deep, but always nice villages and green fields. We climbed and climbed, about 75 years ago they used to be on the edge of the glacier. Now they are a mile and a half from it, a something like that. The glacier is very remarkable. It seems to tumble over a high pass between the mountains, all crevices and crevasses, the ice where it shows its edge, a severely green. The whole mass reaches down into the valley like a great tongue, and at the foot of the floor of the narrow valley is almost as high, and the rock there becomes a river starts from there. high up on the slope to the right we could see the motor road winding back and forth, also the hotel overlooking the glacier. Our train climbed steadily up the opposite slope from the glacier. but a wonderful view of it for a long time. Then we entered a fairly long tunnel, and came under the Oberalp pass. The road going over it for cars, the country all around there was very wild looking, like Scotland somehow. No trees, all sort of moor and the grass always layer all the time. We slowly made our way down to Andermatt, which is a small town practically on top of the Gotthard Pass. The roads go in four directions. East to Brig to Zermatt etc. South to Italy, west to St. Moritz and north to Seewis, a former. The valley we went down was very rather barren, evidently used for grazing cattle in summer, a few poor looking farms. There were one or two farms before Andermatt. very small, though hospital about a mile this side of Andermatt had quite a few hotels.

We had decided about ten minutes before reaching the station, that the prospect of the next day being fair were very poor. I rapidly resorted to the time table and we decided we would go to Gossen instead. So caught a train to Gossen where the trains enter Switzerland.

on the north side of the St Gotthard tunnel. We didn't expect such a short trip to be so spectacular. We passed the Swiss army barracks and then suddenly went down a very narrow gorge. Steep rock walls on either side, a rushing brook or river, rocky, tumbling down the middle. The road winding back and forth in sharp hairpin turns in order to get up. We went through many short tunnels and one long one. There didn't seem to be room for all of us, road and river all in the canyon of a pass of some. The river was very rushing and beautiful. Many falls, and the bridges were very interesting, some of them very old, stone arches. It was just dusk and the clouds were hanging above us and so near, made it all the more wonderful.

It was dark by the time we got to the station platform at Göschenen. A train for Italy was there at the time. Many people standing at a regular "soup table" eating soup as fast as possible out of large soup plates. It looked rather funny as they were all on the platform. Suddenly they all sprang to the train, and had hardly gotten on before off it went. We thought it rather a good idea, and would have a stand up supper too. Had just started our soup when "bang" went the shutters of the bay windows, meats fastened firmly etc., and as quickly as possible the lights had scared us went off with the soup tureen. All the lights went off, and we were left standing with a soup plate each of hot thick soup and only the platform lights to see by. We couldn't tell what was happening. After about three minutes before our train was due, on went the lights. Up went the shutters, and came the bay's the soup tureen to the "soup table". We could hear the train coming out of the tunnel. It had hardly stopped before an encampment of people came out of every door. We were hunting for the Swiss car and out of the corner of our eye we could see a huge mob standing round the soup tureen. As we pulled out of the station it was again being carried inside the lights being turned out. It evidently a regular thing there. a wild scramble for food the five minutes the train is in the station. Then nothing.

It was dark all the way to Zürich so we couldn't see much except occasional lights in the valley and later the towns on the opposite shore of the Zürich lake, looking very lonely with no lights. It seemed funny to be in a large city again and yet nobody people had peak jackets, heavy shoes, no hats. To a nice third about Switzerland and we couldn't find the porter in the row of them, of the hotel we had picked. quickly consulted our list for the next best. which luckily was very nice. Halfway between Cook's & the station. a few blocks from each.

Friday, Sept 28, 1934.

Dearest Mother,

Well maybe I'll catch up in writing to you. We left Innsbruck yesterday afternoon about five and were home by seven. It was a beautiful trip especially with the strong late afternoon light. After leaving Innsbruck we climbed high above the valley we had come through that morning. The towns looking so pretty from above, with always an interesting church spire to add character. All the villages seem to spread out in such nice shapes. Not like our towns with real estate developments or straight roads. Here it seems natural and paintable. The fields outside the towns so green. There were a few little villages on the top of the slopes, and then mostly trees and tunnels to us. The mountains way across the valley in the Allgäu's Poferriets way beyond, got higher as we got higher. It was all too lonely. Then a long tunnel.

we had rounded the² "North Chain" which
separates Austria & Germany. and were
in a sort of wide long pass, which we
followed until it became a valley leading
to garnisch. There were few towns in this
upland part, and there, we came to
cross the Austrian border, which we
didn't even stop at, and further on
nearerward the German border. A most
attractive place. quite a large town
many old Picturesque buildings and
the new ones built in keeping with
the old. seemed to be a popular summer place.

The customs couldn't have been neer,
very polite, and didn't look at things
more than they had to. Pete went out to
declare our money, which took some time.
but everyone else had to too. You can
only take out of Germany what you have
brought in. There are no necessary to leave
trick of every kind of thing, letters of
credit and all. We bought some registered
mails from Coopers, a most complicated
procedure until very late & straight.
We agreed in Zwickau how much we
wanted paid to them there. They were to
London, and Coopers writes to a bank here

We were told to go to a certain bank in Garnisch-Panterbrüchen, present the passport and to our marks, and we would get them in the form of Travellers cheques. Being allowed to draw only 50 each a day, and then you can have any left refunded in a similar fashion. It all sounded doubtful but easy.

Last night it was dark and never, banks closed so this morning we set out soon after eight to get our marks cheques. Went to the designated bank in Garnisch, no word had come. Looked at the slip, found the bank was in Panterbrüchen the nearby town. They telephoned to other branch. No word. We felt rather lost at that point. The man in the bank even thought it might be a day or two before they came. We were hoping to get the 4.20 train for the trip up the Zugspitze, and yet we didn't like to leave it all so unsettled. Decided to go to the other branch ourselves. Hot footed it back to the hotel. The porter got us a taxi, we took to Panterbrüchen, a long wait, and finally in the mail or something, lied some word of the money but not the cheques. He would have them ready for us in the afternoon.

Back we took to the hotel for our things &
catched the train. We just made it when
we got back at 3.15 P.M., we walked to the
bank in Lauterbrunnen only to be told the
bank had sent the checks to Garwhal. So again
we had to resort to a taxi to get it. The other
bank before it closed, and they it took
us half an hour to get it all lined up,
but we have our money. To top it off
we went for a walk, passed a place with
tables out side. A man and woman
playing violin and piano very well, we
decided on a beer then and there. Got all
settled to enjoy it all. No beer, only tea.
but anyway the music was first right.
In spite of our tearing back and forth
to banks we had a wonderful day. It
was first like a fall day in Saanf.
clear blue sky not a cloud all day.
It was perfect for the Zigezgitz. Aunt Julie
went up there too in quite shape. Its some-
thing like going up the Zimmerman Jack.
The first part through lovely countryside,
by the station of Kreuzalp, where a cable
car can take one to a hotel high up on a
mountain, where there is good skiing in
winter, where Olympic races will be held.

HOTEL NEU-WERDENFELS

GARMISCH

Then by a very lovely town with old Bavarian houses. Then more and more woods. The mountains looking very rocky and almost pinnacles on our left. A very deep blue lake. The lake, on our right in the woods below. The shallow spots and round the shore turquoise color. At Riffelrib, a short stop where we all jumped out another view of the lake. Much speculation as to where the tunnel went, as there were a few holes in the steep side of the mountains. One place on the Zugspitze looked like at all building, but of course it couldn't be. ?
 After we were on top of the building.
 Then over half an hour in the tunnel, we could tell we were climbing by the tip of the car. All along the sides of the tunnel on the way up was signs telling how many feet or meters high we were, and also what other places were equally high. Before the Goddard Pass. The different mountains etc. Two higher we caught glimpses of they thought, but we

didn't stop until we reached the top station. Walked with a sort of restitude and through the windows a perfectly lovely view of mountain tops. The nearer ones deep blue, then each range a shade lighter beyond. The valleys in between seemed to be misty blue, and the edges of the mountains seemed outlined sharply against the mist of the valley beyond. Furthest away were snow capped peaks. I've never seen such a perfect day to see so far.

We walked up some steps, found ourselves on a balcony over looking a piazza where people were lying on straw beds chairs in the sun. Not being able to get any marks and having to take ours, our supply was very low. So first before getting up we decided to take the cable car which goes from the hotel at the end of the railway up to the top of the mountain. We found we had enough for that, and about two marks over. I thought the cable car in Japan had existed but this was about ten times worse. There were two steel towers in between the hotel where we waited and the top most part of a lookout building - a car was already gained like an elevator during the christians

and the people squashed against the
windings, for everyone had to stand. In no
time it was up. Then they car drivers come
down to us. We were pinned in in a old
similar way. At old men and old old
woman as well. And off we started very
quietly and smoothly. It wasn't bad
until we hit the first tower. It was just
like the Cheago Falls one, the tower being
higher than the sagging cable, you always
have a sickness falling after
reaching it and starting down the other
side, and them for quite a while the car
racks back and forth as you go across.
Everyone says "oh! at the same time,
and we could see the "dips" later from
above as other car fulls did the same.
The worst part of it all is they took up
lawn. There was nothing but a steep
slope hundred of feet before, and even
had you hit that you would have to go
on down to a glacier far below. I know
you would have hated it. But the view
from the top was well worth the ~~the~~
steep falls going up and down.

The Cable Station was the thing we thought a
pinnacle from way below. We went up to
the top, a sort of small terrace & flat roof.
You could see white signs capped mountains
in an unbroken line half way round from
east to west across the South. The Culberg
valley we could tell. The Pig Tail & Pig
Sennine. In fact had we known the names
of all the mountains we could easily have
spotted them. Towards Germany proper
the mountains flattened out like a steel
trap. A flat green land, a heavy fall
of mist or really atmosphere hung over
it, made of smoke, I guess. But above
the reddish horizon it was clear. It really
was too lovely. There were many people -
some scrambling up a real rock mass to
a golden cross erected there. Young savarians
lads helping the young ladies up the
laddie rungs. Then to the other side was
a path to tiny little "with a pierce
article where lunch was being served.
We went over, our mouths watered. We
find it was an old building built for
Astronomical observations. Paint in
1896. of stone and wooden girdles across
the front. It has to be guyed down with
wire cables. I suppose to keep it from

EL
HEN
KAISER
F STENDEL
Jr. 57601-57606
Hnhol
utschaisser

MÜNCHEN
Amalienstraße 2

blowing away. It is
built with its back to
the rock. But is on the top of the mountain.
There was no wind that day. And every
one was settling inside or out drinking
beer or eating lunch. A both. Men and
women. Lots in Bavarian costumes. The
waitresses though. German women, wore
the native dress. It was all gay and
happy. Lots of fun. We got a very nice
girl who figured out we had enough
money to have a bowl of beer,
soup and bread. Pete a glass of beer.
We fixed ourselves we didn't know
for they were so nice we wanted to eat
a lot. Pete even got a glass of milk
later so we did quite well.

We were up there in all about two
hours before starting back down. Then
we had the time getting the horses in
mulus, but after that there was still
time to walk around Rattenbacher
with its nice old houses. Garnish too.
The farm has a lovely setting in
a wide valley. Mountains much
like those in Sauff.

but the thing that adds so much to
all is that so many people still wear
the Bavarian dress. This may. old
and young. wear leather shorts. the older
and better ones. are of course preferred.
Some are even stitched with embroidery
on pockets etc. A Sunday vest. Then
a short jacket usually of horsehair or
green stuff. Some times only the colour
and cuffs are green. sometimes very
fancy shiny buttons. always a wonder-
ful fact with a feather of green.
usually painted like robin hood.
but the feathers are all kinds. some
very puny. The breeches are often
white to below the knee. But even
more often like a wristers of green &
white wool worn only over the calf
of the leg. the ankle & knee bare.
It's a most practical and athletic
costume. Oh yes. suspenders & hold
the trousers up. embroidered for vest.
The taxi drivers wear the costume. The
feathers looking very fancy. great
white ones. ornateably tufted.

The women wear a most becoming style of dress. made of any material - gingham, calico, cashmere (which some many makes cushion off), or anything else. Mostly with full blouses, high waists, a sort of tiny ruff below the waist. Cut with low neck and no sleeves. a white puffed sleeve camp worn underneath. Always an apron tied with a bow behind. They do look nice. Some have puffed sleeves of the same material. At first it looks funny seeing girls riding by cycles their apron stripes flying out behind. It was all very nice. The open streets are most interesting, for there were too many shops obviously for tourists on the main streets.

We went to bed after I wrote a little that night. were up early to get the 7.55 train to Garnish. a two hour trip for us but very lovely farm road country. We were soon out of the mountains to Garnish is only just in them, and then it was almost flat

To the outskirts of Munich. Very large fields to say, and every where potatoes being picked & dug put into long narrow carts. All along we've seen them digging potatoes. To just fall. the leaves only just turned. We passed one lovely summer resort, Starndburg on a large lake. A nice place to bathe. lots of French boats and other small boats. very nice houses. I think that was the place with a lavender bridge station. Honestly lavender painted bridges, and seen with not an artists eye. All along the way people were boarding the train. We didn't realize until later why such crowds. and so many in costume. Some with little flat hats on their heads, really no eyebrows at all. It seemed larger than just a Saturday crowd, and we found out later it was to the October fest. A sort of fair, the best in Germany. but I will tell you most about that later on.

Have more to send later, leaving for Nuremberg
Catherine



HOTEL
DEUTSCHER KAISER
MÜNCHEN
am Hauptbahnhof
BESITZER: JOSEF STENGEL
Fernsprech-Anschluß Nr. 57601-57606
Teleg. Adr. „Deutschkaiser“

MÜNCHEN, den Sunday, Sept 30, 1934
Arnulfstraße 2

Dearest Mother,

To continue. Yesterday being Saturday we knew things might close. So I just took time to see our room in the hotel across from the station. Then set out for Cookes. we wanted to ask them a few questions as well as find out where the Perutz place was. We bring cameras to find out about the new fields of film for the little camera. It took us some time principally because we were so confused by the traffic. Zurich has had enough, as it was the first right hand traffic we had been in since Yugoslavia, but here there were street cars, autos and hundreds of bicyclists and moto cycles. Besides all the thousands of scrutiny people as bewelded as we were. In the day, we started but they seeing a man walk into a bicycle, breaking both over, and decided maybe the bicyclists were the most dangerous. One good idea they have and that is to chain off other corner side walls. forcing people to cross only the right way, and there were some safety islands. But we were so interested looking at every thing too. We found Cooks and they told us a street car number to take, gave us a slip of paper with the address, the conductor did the rest, and we found the Perutz place quite easily. It was the distributing house, a most attractive girl who spoke very good English explained every thing about the new film, the October fest, the Art Galleries etc. We had a very nice time, as well as finding out about the new film. Said we wanted to buy a pageage of each, and to our great surprise they insisted we take them to try out the film. gratis. But best of all the young lady said we must not miss the October fest that evening. It is a fair once a year, and people from miles around come to see it. Also she advised us to take a bus ride round the city. They closed at twelve, and we walked back to the hotel. Our sense of direction is generally to be relied on, but in Munich it seems no streets are really very

2

parallel, and all go in four directions from squares. Any way we hadn't realized the street car had forked, so off we started first a little wrong. However a young boy put us straight. In fact was going to the station, so we went with him. None of us being able to say anything. However its better than Japan where all signs are in characters.

After lunch it was hot and we decided on a bus ride. It was a lovely afternoon and the city looked its best, all the people and the Nazi flags from every building. They are lonely flags, a beautiful crimson red, with the swastikas in black on a white ground in the center. Many are long sort of banners and in the sun are beautiful. It makes the streets so bright and gay.

The ride was well worth it, we went rapid and passed up and down getting all mixed up in directions, while the man was very busy pointing buildings out in both Germany and English. However he did very well, showed more than just churches & statues. About every three blocks there was a large museum, and we got into and more discouraged, how to see them all. None are open Sunday afternoon, that's why I'm writing you. We only saw four this morning.

Munich really is a beautiful city. If there only wasn't so much soot, so many pigeons in cities. They always seem to have a special fondness for churches and statues. I suppose ~~they~~ it is a quiet place to sit undisturbed. Any day we saw as much as possible of the outskirts of buildings, learnt what they were. Saw the head quarters of the Nazi party, the new buildings for offices, I guess, being erected nearby. Also the place where Hitler planned the party. Also the memorial to the men killed in 1923, two soldiers stand, a guard of honor. There all the time everyone going by on the street raises his arm in salute. Its very fine to see the spirit of the people. We also stopped at the World war memorial, ~~to the unknown soldier~~, at least I think that's what it would be called. Outside the Army museum. It is an interesting memorial. You go down into a sunken square, the walls having the names of all the men killed in the war cut in the sides. A modern design at either end. In the center a sort of thing built of great square blocks of stone, beneath a



HOTEL
DEUTSCHER KAISER

MÜNCHEN

am Hauptbahnhof

BESITZER: JOSEF STENGEL

Fernsprech-Anschluß Nr. 57601-57606
Teleg.-Adr.: „Deutschkaiser“

MÜNCHEN, den
Amalienstraße 2.

figure in bronze of a reclusive soldier, very
beautifully done. The whole thing very
impressive.

We ended up by going round the large
parks or places where the October Fest is in
full swing. Below the large statue of
Bavaria". Above are wonderful beer gardens
and the guide pointed to several large, sort
of exhibition buildings that looked the size of the Armory at
Home. No, bigger. And he said they drank 7000 gallons
of beer in each of the ten or twelve buildings a day. Any-
way our drive was nice. We even went to a wallet later.
and then we decided we would just take a street car no 9,
and go to the October Fest. Have supper there.

About seven we set out. There seemed rather a mob waiting
at the place near the station where the cars came by. But we
were quite hopeful, until about ten or so 9's had gone by
all jammed, clammed full and our crowd was growing
more crowded! Some one or two managed to get on. One
woman was bawling on a window. Her husband left standing
outside. How they ever met again goodness knows. We
decided even if a car did come with room, we wouldn't be
the ones to get on, so took a taxi. It wasn't awfully far.

We got off at the second beer garden still hopping by supper
until we walked in. The acre ~~of~~ of two of tables around the
band stand outside were all filled. As far as we could
see every seat taken. Band playing and all excitement. We
decided inside was a better bet. Symphonic hall and a
Pop concert is nothing compared to these beer places. The
music of course maybe wasn't a symphony orchestra, but
the Bavarian band was awfully good. The men ~~were~~ all
in costume. drinking beer between pieces. The room
was 7m square larger than Symphonic hall. More like the
Mechanics building, and filled with tables. We found two
seats near the door, ordered beer to start on. Two tremendous
crocodile steins filled to overflowing came on. I could just
lift mine. "I ~~L~~ the am up a little of

4

beer in each, a little less than a quart. We hadn't thought how we would order supper, but a little girl nearby was eating sausages, and we pointed to them, "Wieners" of course. The German waiters understood, and we had an excellent meal, four "wieners" and a roll each. But we wondered what we would have done without the little girls' "wieners" to point to.

It was really very gay and quite exciting. One supply of beer was belching up, but we just missed having beer down the back of the neck several times. The largest women were waitresses, and they would hold fair a five tremendous steins in each hand. The beer flew right out and down the sides in frothy spattering on the stone floor. They seemed able to practically run through a crowd of people and why no one got a soaking of beer is still a mystery. We had more fun watching the people. Some had evidently been sitting there for several hours. Others were a bit unsteady as they walked out, but every one seemed happy and jolly, and the beer certainly flowed. One little girl in blue dress getting lost, and as we were near the girls' table twice came and cried "Mama - Mama". Finally ~~she~~ on the verge of tears, she was noticed by the family. She heard them, ran round the mess of tables before she finally found her way in. About five minutes later she was lost again, crying "Mama - Mama". So I pointed where they were and eventually she got back. She was so little I don't suppose she could get over the table.

We left after the band had played several rousing tunes, and went down to the place where the "Fest" really was. Never had either of us seen anything like it. It's what most amusement Parks would like to be. It was a really large open. The center street or way about half a mile long - a good wide roadway, (no cars of course) about 100 feet wide, on either side of this center road were either eating places, coffee houses or something further down were the beer halls, and either side of the main way were other streets parallel and at right angles. So the whole space covered well, roller coasters, pony go-rounds, Ferris wheels, beer halls etc was about half a mile long, a greater of a mile wide.

There was no admittance charge you just strolled in, and then you went with the crowd. It was a solid crowd. I don't believe the Chicago Fair could have had them



MÜNCHEN, den
Arnulfstraße 2

Doser peched. Yet every one went slowly, hardly any one ever pushed. There was no hurry and people was there to enjoy it. Some were quite gay, other groups of young people would walk with their hands on the one in lights shrillers and so weave in and out that way.

There were comparatively few children last night. It was really the most remarkable amusement Park things I ever saw, and the interesting thing was how popular all the things were. There were several big roller coasters, five double cars, each pair with a "superman" all going round the things at once. As soon as one got back, it was empty & full again in the things and off. Never really stopped. Then there were Merry-go-rounds all varieties. There were several with horses which had springs and you could make them go forward and back as it went round, really quite exciting. It was interesting how very popular the things were that you had some control over. The first you could make the horses "act up," crowded the Merry-go-round with older people. There wasn't even music needed. Before it had stopped people were getting on almost before the rider was off. No tickets to bother with, just 10 pf. (worth 3f) for a ride. They collected it as the things started. Then there were other things that had round cars, driving round very fast. Another grand one for children, with bicycles, motor cycles, a fire engine, little cars, and every a real little street car. Every vehicle had a horn, and light and the street car had regular handles to wind round and a bell to ring. The children had small fun steering the things, blowing the horns. It was nice for you to watch. Another one was simply small motor busses (instead of horses on the merry-go-round). You really wouldn't think older people would enjoy sitting in a bus and just going round and round, yet it too was popular. We saw one old lady, from the country probably, sitting up in the drivers seat, holding on to the wheel having the best time. Probably crazy to know how it felt to drive a car.

There was only one tiny merry-go-round of the regular kind with still horses to take tots. They much prefer cars & horses nowadays. Then there were the swinging sort of merry-go-rounds. When people sat in swings, and as they go faster and faster they go higher and higher out over the crowd. Rather terrifying looking but so popular they almost fight for seats. They had the same idea, only you sat in miniature aeroplanes. the thing was on a slant and you had the feeling of going way up and way down. All sorts of swinging things, also small ferris wheels, also very popular.

Then there were swings you worked yourselves. Childrens size up. Some you stood in boats and could swing way up, way down and up again. Going higher & higher depending how you pushed. There were also cages like theses on a funny exception if you could work it hard enough it would go higher and higher. Finally right around over the top, and if you could keep it going it went round and round. They had the things they did themselves. There was even a boat swing. at least you stood in a boat shaped body, and were chained in round the waist. If you swung hard enough, it too would go right around so that as it went over the tops you were really at your head. The cage like things went round so you were always on your feet. Then there was a thing very much like the trolley the Matresses have at Lake Mills, only this one you hung by your hands. People climbed a tower. a sort of handle below a wheel like theirs, that ran on the cable was all they had to hold on to. The cable slanted down gave them a long fast ride. A net below them would catch them if they dropped. But no one ever let go I guess. At the other end of the 60 or 70 feet was a foot mat and matress against a wall to land against, a man to help catch you. Then you unhooked the wheel, climbed another tower for the ride back. They went one after another steadily all evening. Two cables each way. Some would swing up and down with their legs making it a rougher or more exciting ride. Some young ladies went straight across very demurely. Some men put their legs over their heads when up. It shows they all have strong arms anyhow.



MÜNCHEN, den
Arnulfstraße 2

7.

There was also a high tower - a fast escalator part way very exciting to lots of them. Then they climbed up further, and slid down a slot that went round and round the tower. Also very popular.

There were various kinds of roller coasters, smaller ones with slots that went round holding only two or three people, others with round cars that spun a bit as they went up and down. Another thing where little cars you could steer but not control went round and round on a sort of dance floor, a sole on back making electrical contact with wire netting above giving the power to the car. I don't think they really steered accurately for they were always bumping into each other. In fact were meant to.

A most simple thing was one of the favorites, a sort of cap shaped thing with seats all around the lower ring, was balanced on a pole I suppose. People sat around leaning out, and underneath the thing in a pit, were about ten men, who made the cap shaped thing swing about at the same time it went round.

Some of the things had music but not all, and there was no real noise. Every thing went electrically. There was no need for barbers last night. There were lines of customers eager to go on everything. Some of the side shows had people outside but never with megaphones. There were several ~~old~~ places where you went as we tried to in "The Hill" only they sat in little bars, were scared by ghosts according to the pictures on the buildings. Their shrieks were amplified for the crowd outside. There were lots of all these different things. Also a house that turned upside down after the people went in. But the best of all was the simplest thing. A small ring, the size of a circus ring, and horses. Real live fine looking horses, which you could ride around the ring. So many times, all together, one after the other. Five or six horses I guess. The people loved it, and you could tell it was the first time most of them had ever been on a

horse before. Especially when the horses broke from a walk into a trot. Pete said it embarrassed him to watch. They did prance on at the wrong time, and 90% of the people were grown ups. They also had Jones hitched to a tiny carriage also going round a ring for children.

Besides all these things were shooting galleries of many kinds, all different ~~kinds~~ from American ones. Prizes given. Another favorite there about the country men was a thing you hit with a hammer or mallet really. If you hit it hard enough it sent a ~~hammer~~ up a pole, and a good hit would make it go high enough to shoot off a cap at the top. Strong men loved it.

There were many eating places. The most tempting were electrically turned spits with rows of wonderful blenders. A and these were ~~turning~~ being turned over a charcoal fire. I man starting them lit by ~~him~~ to turn. I think people must have gotten them to take home, however in other places people were cooking fish whole on sticks over charcoal. People ate them with fingers or pen knives or any old way. Best of all were the ice cream cones. we saw some being eaten in the regular manner. But one booth got ahead of the game. gave a tiny thin spoon with each cone. So when we were strolling along we could hardly believe our eyes. people all eating ice cream cones with spoons. It did look funny.

We walked with everyone else slowly around seeing the sights. Many country people wore their native dress, and there were lots who got funny caps with feathers. paper ones & ful silly. One girl in the crowd felt very gay and clucked Pete under the chin, much to his surprise and guess hers too. A man today (for we went back this afternoon) grabbed Peters arm, wanted him to join him in a beer. At least we thought that was what it was he said in German. And later that same evening as we were setting having beer a jocund crowd came along. one shouting Pete's hat off. Every one was gay and happy all night.

The beer places have to be supplied and the most beautiful teams of horses, all with shining brass and new harness, bring a great wagon full in at frequent intervals. Larger wagons very slightly - having large rigs on top. smaller ones slung underneath. The drivers



MÜNCHEN, den
Arnulfstraße

9

crack the whips with a great flourish. To
warn the people they are coming and the
crowd separates to let them through. Each
brewery has its own team, four horses to a
waggon. They are such beautiful ones. They
were fine in Switzerland too.

We ended up at one of the beer halls too. There are
eight of them inside the grounds. The six biggest are on
either side of the main thoroughfare, then of course there are the
other three above outside. But these big ones are almost the
most remarkable things at the Fest. At least to us they were.
I should say they were all the size of the old arena, and
outside in front of each was a large space filled with tables.
We went inside first, and it was packed. A band playing in
the center. All the tables apparently filled except for one or two
stray seats, and even the aisles packed with a slowly
moving crowd of people like ourselves looking for seats. We
gave up and stood near the wall a moment to watch. Every
one drinking beer, some sitting, a group in the middle
apparently dancing on the table. Lots of old people just
sitting and taking it all in. Yet always still an orderly
crowd. No noise except the music and general convocation,
but during the whole time we never saw anyone disorderly
or really drunk. A good many very gay, a lot unsteady but
none obnoxious. And there apparently were only a few
police who stood round.

We found a table outside, and a man in leather shorts
got us some beer. This time we had glass steins, about
two litres each. at least two quarts I'm sure. I couldn't
lift mine with one hand, so very long at a time. and for
once we had to leave some beer still in the glass. The man
told two waitresses we spoke English, and all three stood
around and conversed with us in German. We couldn't
make out whether we were a great curiosity or not. But they
were so pleasant and nice too we all layed over whatever
the joke might be, and enjoyed the October Fest.

Sunday - Today we slept until after eight. We had had quite a day Saturday. However by nine thirty we were headed for the picture galleries. We luckily both go about the same speed in museums. Only look carefully at the pictures which strike us as really interesting. There was an exhibition of Modern work in the first gallery, the new Pinakothek. It was about like any exhibition of contemporary art. A few awfully good things, but the rest terrible, disgusting and poorly done. So we went to the Old Pinakothek which being free today was crowded. It is full of Italian madonias, lots of Rubens things and of course many beautiful things. We left the too religious ones for the mus & took at and enjoyed the ones we thought the best. There was still some time before all museums close at one so we walked to the New Staatsgalerie. There we saw some more fine old things. though there haven't a great amount. It was quarter past twelve when we had come out, so took a taxi to the Army Museum. Pete was anxious to see the world war trophies. We rushed through many rooms and floors of old armor, swords, cross bows, costumes & uniforms etc before finding them in the cellar. There were many excellent paintings drawings and portraits there too.

So by one we were ready for Ida, had it in the park nearby at an out door cafe. Then walked back to the hotel. When I wrote you about five we walked to the October fest again. seeing the crowds coming back we thought may be it was all over. But it was still in full swing. The beer gardens jammed. Teams of horses still bringing fresh supplies. All the many go rounds etc going full tilt. We were a bit weary when we got back at seven, and now I have writers cramp. Pete is already asleep.

We go to Nuremberg tomorrow. Then to Wetzlar and Paris. Will write the rest about Switzerland soon.

Heaps of love always,

Catharine.

48

HOTEL KESSEL



WEINGROSSHANDLUNG

FERNSPRECHER 2811

*
WETZLAR, den

Tuesday evening, Oct 2, 1934.

Dearest Mother. Two more days in Germany before leaving for Paris, where we will again get mail, and then two weeks until we sail. We are hoping to catch the "Empress of Britain" on the 30th of October. I haven't been able to write very often, as we have been going as steadily as possible. If only stone pavements weren't so hard on ones feet.

Seems to me I left off telling about our first visit to Zurich, that was Wednesday, Sept something (nearly two weeks ago.) Thursday morning was bright and fine, and we set out to get mail (which we got) at Coop, and then went to Alteplufer's place, where the stage coach gets most of their ski and mountaineering equipment. It was all interesting there, and the man was terribly nice and showed us all around. Now they make various things and all. We got another pack sack because decided they are the only ones to use traveling in Switzerland, and later when we went back to Zurich we sent our suitcases on to Paris. Have only pack sacks here.

You and father went to Zurich didn't you? To a beautiful city, and such a lovely setting, many new houses built on the outskirts, many fine steps. We liked the old buildings best and found some wonderful streets of them. In fact right off the main street of Zurich, the narrowest and twistiest streets had such surprises. we were fascinated, and wandered about for a long time, finding little places, squares with fruit trees and all sorts of quaint things. So much fun poking about in all the funny old places.

Neuzzeitlich eingerichtete Zimmer mit kaltem und warmen fließendem Wasser

Friday morning we set out for St. Moritz. It was an early start around seven, but we wanted to go by Andermatt and see the country around there. It was quite a day. We went to Göschenen where the Lep. St. Gotthard Tunnel begins. Over some of the peaks that you often, Edith and I went over. Remember how we watched the car with our baggage every time we came out of a spiral tunnel. It was a beautiful day and the country by the lake of Zürich and then to Zug, and after that along the edge of Lake Lucerne to Flüelen. It was the kind of a day that makes the landscape very soft and lovely, and there were clouds lifting off the mountain tops. Mary and Pete had a chance to catch a glimpse of Lake Lucerne at least. They'd seemed as if every time we were getting a good look, we'd pop into another tunnel. It looked so nice and Flüelen with its church spire. Ed. together there was such a large tree too. They we climbed up through the narrow valley going into the spiral tunnels, and coming above the same town three separate times. We were lucky before we knew it the window all the way, were at Göschenen before we knew they were still serving soup and other things at a table. on the platform. People eating as frusely as possible in the five minutes. We got into the train for Andermatt, the one that went up the very narrow valley road, with the rushing stream - but it didn't go as soon as we expected, we waited, we had had the soup. As we got to the top of the pass, I noticed puffy puffs of smoke on a hillside at the other side of the valley. Andermatt was in, and then there was a terrific boom. The soldiers in the barrels or post there were having target practice. Two large caucous were going one after the other. Most of the time we were there, I wouldn't want to go to little strolls around there, we had over an hours wait for the train from Andermatt to St. Moritz. We had an excellent lunch of a very big sandwich and beer in a place, where none of us could speak except them the other could understand, and even had time to walk up to the bridge in the village. stopping to see some wonderful pictures in store windows of ski jumping. We saw the jumps coming in before - it must be an awfully nice trip to stay in for skiing. And as none of the slopes around there have trees, and trains go up two passes, it must be excellent skiing in winter.

We had a nice little train from there to St. Moritz, and a lot all to ourselves, so we stood most of the way, looking out first one side then the other. From Andermatt we climbed very



HOTEL KESSEL

WEINGROSSHANDLUNG

FERNSPRECHER 2811

*

WETZLAR, den

Rapidly by cog railway and spiral tunnels, rather bare grassy slopes. Went through quite a long tunnel of the Oberalp pass. Then down a lovely valley to Tiefenbrunn. From barren open slopes at the top it became more and cultivated as we went down. Some very nice trees as well. There were lots of trees as we got down near Glarus, rather too. At Reichenau about six miles from Glarus we had a half hour wait to be hatched on to the train coming from Glarus going to St. Moritz. The station was quite a way from the train but it was fun watching the baggage cars being pushed about by the conductors and drivers. The freight cars are so small and light they often push them about in bunches. The trip from Reichenau up is very lovely too. At first through rather a narrow valley, lots of trees and old ruined towers all along the way. Very old ones used in guarding the valley keep also. All through that district we saw many towers and castles. Some of the castles very remarkable. I guess there isn't much time to go into a lot of detail. The valleys were all so lovely, lots of very green fields and picturesquely villages all the way to St. Moritz. Then one starts really climbing more. Just at Bergün, it became more of a gash with woods, and we went through several spiral tunnels to get up there. Only the Swiss would have thought of attempting to go through there. An old man was walking along with a chamber over his shoulders, his evidently been hunting. We saw him twice due to the tunnels. It was a long climb all the way, and then a long tunnel and we came out low down in the valley at Morteratsch. It was dark by then, and we only had a few miles to go. In Samaden the moon rose for us, shining behind some lovely clouds.

Neuzeitlich eingerichtete Zimmer mit kaltem und warmem fließendem Wasser

and then came out very full and very bright. At last about seven we were at St. Moritz. It was fun walking up from the station, the steep ramps to the town. We found the little small hotel which recommended, but though they could give us room & breakfast, we must go out for dinner. So put up without. A just attractive place, a nice warm sunnled room, we could picture the parties here in winter. We even walked round the town at night, the old houses looking so interesting by lamp light, and the great hotels, nearly all closed until the winter season.

Next morning we were up early, another lovely day. We spent two hours climbing up by the Bob train in back of the Hotel du Rhône then walking about St. Moritz itself. It looked a bit like Quebec with the Chateau Frontenac and all the old Quebec atmosphere around it. There are many nice old houses and interesting streets in St. Moritz, but so many hotels. Some perfectly tremendous. It looks as if the people who live there are movie stars or people in the lime light, who come in remarkable costumes, and probably never live much. The reputation of the Alpine has is made by the races etc. so there is wonderful country, so behind, above the trees, and of course wonderful skiing! but some few smaller places seem much more interesting and look more fun.

After the walk we caught the train headed to Tirano and Italy over the Bernina Pass. We alighted a small hill and passed Pontresina, where Alice & Lee took Milly then on up. The high trees starting to turn. We passed the place where a large glacier comes down, and many people got off to walk & that! It did look very lovely, especially the mountain behind. Then up into wilder, lower country and most wonderful series of the Piz Bernina and Piz Palù. Beautiful snow capped mountains. We were especially interested having seen the picture "The White Hell of Piz Palù" (a movie) It really was wonderful country, rugged & rocky - a small lake near the top. The train went under many snow slopes, and then we could see the pass at the end of the lake. Italy beyond. At least a valley way beyond. It was much like the Rhaetian lakes at home. We went down a slight way and then stopped at Alp Grüm (or some such name) where there was a station and restaurant. We had lunch there, and an hour or more, before another train took us back the same way. The view there was too lovely - on the right the Palù glacier



HOTEL KESSEL

WEINGROSSHANDLUNG

FERNSPRECHER 2811

* WETZLAR, den

~~Stretches~~ down, and a water fall from the foot. All rocks and ice pieces in the Rockies. Then stretching below the valley going down to Terayu. The effect of the clouds which were blowing over the mountains in the distance very spectacular. It was well worth going that far to the pass - Quite back we were feeling quite fresh still. got off the station behind Pontresina and went up a funicular to get a wonderful view of the surrounding country. At Moles the sky crowded it back & above. The two lakes ~~at~~ ^{at} Moles and the three others further up the valley. The other valley in which Pontresina is. And then the Bernina chain of mountains. We spent half an hour looking. Got down the train and catched a train back to Pontresina. We really did have to run too. On our walking about Pontresina, and looking at its nice old houses. Then another train to Samaden. Dashed there and went back down towards Chur. Only after going through the spiral tunnels we stopped at a little place called Filisur.

We had noticed the Bahnhof hotel on the way from Guderwald, and it had looked clean and nice. So we thought we would try it anyway. We found it even neater than we had expected. A very simple proprietor who could speak very good English. told us all about the people who came there during the balsamries at St. Moritz and also that the Canadian ski team had been there during the 1929 Cambridge meet. As every one coming from Davos or across has to change trains at Filisur and has an hours wait. But really the best part of it all was the little village itself. The Railroad is still quite high on the slope, and the town is down in the foot of the valley near a tiny stream. The automobile road is far enough away on the other side, and the distance to either is very short. very few people have evidently bothered to go to the village.

Neuzeitlich eingerichtete Zimmer mit kaltem und warmen fließendem Wasser

at least not enough to show any effects on it. We had an hour before supper, and it was still quite light. We walked down the steep path, expecting something fairly nice but nothing as perfect as it turned out to be. It had one rather winding main street, very narrow and on either side surrounded old houses, a little different from the all wooden kind. If these had plaster walls a cement or whatever you want to call it, and desperation in a cedar shade of the same color painted on. They all had nice doorways, a good many were really entered a sort of barn, where the animals were taken in, and then stairs led to the fence above. There were also single streets or tiny lanes. The one to the left, another to a church. But always it is the people and the way they live that makes a place what it really is. The whole town had stayed unchanged for many years! nearly every window had beautiful plants on the shelf outside, and it did look so bright and cheerful. Then the people were so nice. They all said something as they passed. Good evening, I suppose. Many were coming in from the hay fields, to first brought the cattle home the girls & boys. sometimes the women were sweeping the cobble stones in front of their own houses. For the cows coming home leave it rather messy. It was one of the very neatest places we had been in. Imagine they are a lot as nice, if only one has time and can find them. We hoped to get some pictures in the morning, but we need to take the early morning train, which was fairly early, and the sun hadn't gotten high enough to shine on the village. We would a new Swiss style house on the outskirts. like a summer place. Perhaps someone else found it a very lovely spot.

From there we took the train for Davao. It was Sunday and three trains were coming and going while we were in the station. One was full of Swiss people evidently off to the day, and while they waited in the station, a group of about twenty men sang. It was really wonderful to hear, sang so beautifully, and everyone stood happy and listened. The train had to go much too soon to suit us.

It isn't awfully far to Davao, but we went through lots of tunnels. 13 or 14 miles it was, for we were in a narrow sort of gorge, and then came into another lovely valley. Quite wet and lots of sunshine. There are a few little towns of hamlets, but Davao is a town of hotels. A great place for people who want sunshine evidently. There were lots of



HOTEL KESSEL

WEINGROSSHANDLUNG

FERNSPRECHER 2811

*

WETZLAR, den

Santoruino. There is excellent skiing up above the tree line of the valley and having so very many hotels must make it fine in winter. However there was no real feeling of its being a Swiss town. The other has crowded that out. ~~was~~ Postmuseum has more character. We took a limousine up where we thought at first it went to the ski grounds, but we really should have taken the larger limousine and taxies. However we got an idea of the country and drove, and decided to go on to Klosters, where Pfe wanted to look up a man who had been in Raiff long ago. Also, there were too many modern buildings and hotels to please. It interesting walking round. It was a lovely little valley town. Klosters was still Alpine and more of a Swiss village. The hotels and pensions were in the Chalet type, and in fact most of the new buildings are like large houses taking only 20 or 30 guests. evidently people prefer them to the large hotels. We had a wonderful Sunday dinner in an awfully nice little restaurant connected with a small hotel. The walls were decorated with murals of Swiss, very amusing and it was cozy and nice. A friendly sort of place. Several were discussing, and probably settling the affairs of the world. When we left, they all stopped talking to Sally "Adieu" - We found out Pfe's friend was in America, so that was that. We had time to walk around and while there much nicer it was than Davos, though the skiing is a bit further away.

From there to Chur was a lovely trip down a nice green valley and lovely little villages. Then through a very narrow pass, with high cliffs on either side. Hardly room enough for both the train and a river in it at the same time.

Colm - Thurs. Oct 4, 1934

Chur is lower down in the same valley we came through from Gruyere. It's quite wide where we came through Sunday. The villages larger, some very old. At Chur we stopped again for the train to Gross. I really enjoyed this trip of nearly two hours. The first part a steady climb up & up the steep side of a very narrow wooded valley little villages way above. Many tunnels to go through. At last fields, then we crossed a river marsh and triumphantly high bridge. More woods and little hamlets and then across itself. Really a sight behind the Savoy country and not far from the Swiss flats. It was getting dark but quite nice. It's a lovely situation. evidently a Swiss hamlet in a beautiful setting surrounded by medium sized mountains. Not much snow left on them now. The new houses, many the chalet type there too modern have nearly replaced the truly - it is a popular summer resort as well as a winter one. They have two schools, one to swim in. It really was a very nice place, quite picturesque in the air. We looked over the hotel. Finally decided on the Bahnhof, an old one. But lots of atmosphere you might say and very nice.

We had a walk early Monday morning. Then took the early train to Chur. A lovely day. We had noticed on the way up through the town a city of clay that we called a lot of old houses which seemed to form a wall around some very old and narrow streets. So soon back we got off at the stop before the station, and walked through the old part of the city. That's the beauty of Savoie - poor-savers and no bags to worry with. The streets were so narrow and so old. We heard a band playing. really a drum corps and so old. We heard a band playing. really a drum corps and so decided to it thinking it might be fun to see. What was our surprise to find five or six little boys not more than seven years old, running down the side walls and playing away like accomplished men. Followed by lots of little children holding hands in pairs, and with two mops to children holding hands in pairs, and with two mops to see them safely across the streets. They played all the way to the station and the time was remarkably good. that we found ourselves marching too. They must have been out for a walk. we going slowly the little boys having a great time. play between beats they would hit each other with the sticks. It was funny.

From Chur it wasn't far to Zürich by the direct route. It was a lovely day and the scenery though not as romantic as Wallen See.



HOTEL KESSEL

WEINGROSSHANDLUNG

FERNSPRECHER 2811

*
WETZLAR, den

We had late lunch in Zurich. Then found traps up for an trip to Germany at Coates. wandered about the old streets some more. Next morning we took a fast 2 hour train to Lucerne. Had three hours there and were back in Zurich in the early afternoon to peek about etc. Lucerne was as lovely as ever. I remembered it quite well. We wandered around the oldest streets, crossing the painted bridges, visited the museum with old relics of Swiss and Switzerland, walked up to the church which is at the end of the street our hotel was on. Remember what a time we had with the rooms! We really saw quite a bit, the market along the river way was in full swing. everything looked very lovely. They have a wonderful new auditorium and restaurant near the station a lovely fountain in fact.

Wednesday the 26th we left early in the morning for St. Gallen and Austria going over the same country we had seen coming some of the way from Chur. But it was even lovelier in the early morning light. We had to leave Switzerland for it had been lovely. Tell you how many people there were in Zurich in costumes, on the trains too. While they must have been headed for some fete that is being held soon in Montreux. but some of the costumes were pretty.

The train was a fast one, so quite crowded and we couldn't hang out as much as we would have liked to. We reached St. Gallen in the afternoon at eleven something. There had been no trouble crossing the border. St. Gallen is a nice town, quite a number of new chalets and one or two good sized hotels. We got a car and went up to St. Christopher to see the Harpée there and the wonderful old terrains. The boy was nice and talked with us to where we could see the slopes the Albula Rauderalp race is run on. It was a swell, clean, very nice country. Not many trees. none at St. Christopher, none lower down.

Neuzeitlich eingerichtete Zimmer mit kaltem und warmem fließendem Wasser

10.
We saw the old church in the village. To St. Michael's. It was all
down. We walked in the village where we got bags. saw Barnes
Schneider several times but didn't know whether to speak
to him or not. Its between seasons there now. A few Americans,
everyone looking well in European costume, which like the
Bavarian leather shorts and all. We visited one shop under
the neatest little place. It really is an awfully nice town
We read in the paper that Katherine Cornell was at Garnisch
for a month. red morning as we were eating breakfast, we saw
her husband walk by down the street. We wondered if
she was sunny she was in Garnisch. I say lady of fact
After it was sunny she was in Garnisch. I say lady of fact
I leave. took the earliest trains in the morning. It must be hard
to be easily spotted.

We left early too for Innsbruck. had several hours there. much
in an outdoor rest and connected with the States. Electric Tram
do make such a difference in stations. It was so hot. and the
sun so strong we found we couldnt walk more than an hour.
Left it more than in the Tropics really. So took a car. Had a
wonderful drive around the city. It really is lovely. The
mountains very near, and the country so near. Had a small
compact sort of city in a lovely setting. We even went to the
War museum where we found very interesting paintings of
the various battles and portraits of men. Also models and
sketches of the Col de Lava which we were interested in from the
So-called "Allied" movie. The mountain at the Austrian Italian
frontier during the world war.

We are now about to board the train for Paris. are in Cologne
We left Munich Monday noon for Innsbruck. Had time to visit the
German Museum & hit hurriedly that same morning. Its a
wonderfully planned museum of things such as the Suttonian
has. We found ourselves following numbers and arrows.
through coal mines. salt mines, iron mines and goodness
knows what. For a time we thought we might get lost in there.
Lots of people were going through. It felt like the Chicago Fair.
It is built to look exactly like a mine inside. Full sized
models of men working. The passage ways resembling those in
mines too. We began to wonder if after all we may be were in
one! After being down there following numbers we finally
came out into the air. visited an old windmill, an airplane
saw a railroad switching system. some towers, and
goodness knows what yet at the garden. Then went in
again to see the first automobiles, bicycles, old coaches, every
kind of conveyance. We were almost running near the end
in the last department. They saw a submarine. We waited
to leave. It certainly was interesting - loads of Pox. Catherine.

These pages mix me up. Send them in &
bury on the other side. There save. Ottawa

PRINCE ALBERT
HOTEL



E. WARIN
Propriétaire

5, RUE SAINT-HYACINTHE
PARIS 1^{er}

R.C. SEINE N° 496.069

TELEPHONE
OPERA 66-36
Telegraphic Address
PRINALER-PARIS

49

Paris, le Fri. Oct 5, 1934.

Dearest Mother,

I'm sure you must be worried to death now for fear we will fly over the Channel, and yet we've had our tickets for the train since Zurich. Haven't the best idea of flying. You know really if you want to worry you can find some things that might happen to anyone every minute, so why think of those things. The Typhoon in Japan killed only two Europeans, and they lived on the shore. Well anyway we'll be home very soon now and you won't need to worry except in case we ever eat!

We arrived last night, having taken the three o'clock train from Cologne. We're in a tiny hotel recommended by Copes right between the Place Vendome and the Louvre I should say. Very convenient and reasonable as well. We got some grand mail from you today - all about the Newburys and Eileen and Tim visiting you etc. I haven't time now to answer them as I should like too.

Paris looks quite familiar but not as fashionable somehow. Even the people on the street have too much bad taste up or else are very shoddy. The stores don't even look as well as I thought they would. Munich and Köln stores had far better looking things. Zurich too. But some here theives looks rather poor. But maybe it is just off season or something.

We spent the morning in the Louvre which we enjoyed but why do they have so many things. Whistlers mother really looked much better there than in the States. She was quite alone and we looked at. Just a picture with the others. Some how you liked it better without so much Valley too. It really sets one thinking how people flock to see a lot of old masters because they are famous with the reproductions. Have been told they are very wonderful. And yet actually when it comes to painting many of the theives done today are far greater. Even the good covers on the later day Evening post are better painted. The Old Masters have to be looked at with the date in mind. But I better not get started on it now.

This afternoon we went to Montmartre and walked back. Tonight may go to see some things. Uncover the Freemasons

3.

and then we will leave Sunday
noon for London. arriving there this
same evening - We expect to go to
Edinburgh Monday night and hope
Jean will meet us there. A few days
in Scotland, then a few more in
London and we hope to sail on the
20th on the Britain. Will let you
know as soon as we find out definitely.

We had a fine time in Germany.
Had a nice trip from Munich to
Nürnberg, only two hours. Then took
a bus ride around the city. They took
our pictures and had them ready
at the end of the ride. I sent you one.
Nürnberg is the most fascinating
place. The old city has remained
much the same within the walls with
its many towers, originally 365 now
101 are left. The new town has been
built outside the wall. A castle is
on the hill in the old city and all
around tiny streets and old houses.
Several times the houses looked too
old to be true. I was sure they were
really stage settings. They all
leaned and bulged out in a most
alarming way. Most were still being
lived in.

4

On the morning we walked about, also visited the cathedral which is as lovely inside as any I ever saw. Beautiful stained glass. It is now Protestant and not full of cheap stuff the way many Catholic churches are. We left for Metzler about ten, getting there at dusk. Then Wednesday we spent in the Seica factory. The man taking us all round, most interesting to see how carefully made they are, & can tell you more later. But it was interesting. We even saw colored pictures projected. a new English process. Oxford film. After an day there we went on to Cologne. Having time the next morning to see the Cathedral and Gallery of paintings. I forgot we had two days in Frankfurt, on the way from Nuremberg. I wish I could tell you more about it all. Some of the funny little things too. but I well be able to soon answer.

All write you a line from Tudor or Scotland any way.

Am so glad at last you had success, saw a good movie. We saw a wonder in Nuremberg. This Trevor in a film about a Tyrol lad going to America. keeps of have Catherine.

P.S.

Saturday afternoon.

Dearest Mother This will look like one of
yours letters but I had to post a few
more letters in today we got your letter
mailed Sept 26th and we were so glad
to hear about Kitty. So great and its
so nice all round. I'm sure it will be
a perfect grandchild.

The other of the letters you tore up
and threw away. Don't ever do that
again. send both. I'll have to make a
confession too. I haven't thrown all your
letters away. I read them over before they
do & if they won't let me. They
are much too good to be torn up.
I have a good stack saved.

We loved Munich and Nürnberg and
all of Bavarian Germany. somehow
Paris seemed so odd after all
Germany. I don't know if its the feels
of trusts but the shops even look
cheap. The people are painted and
cheap looking too. We went to the

Spending this morning and Nolie Dang.
I never did feel so crazy about Paris, and
am less enthusiastic now. It rained
this afternoon and we went to see little
women. I never was so disappointed in
my life. Of all the sickly sentimental
stuff and not true at all. I wonder you
haven't seen it. We would have left had
we not been in the middle. We got laughing
so at the hissing and weeping. For it
kept up at nearly a steady pace. Our
Englishman in the raw behind remained
dead either see Buster Keaton any day.
I don't think Katherine Hepburn at all.
Seemed to the part too English & rough in
the beginning, too the other way in the end.
I guess people like sickly
sentimental stuff. Can we take you to
some good movies this winter?

I'll let this go now, we leave for
London tomorrow will be in Edinburgh
Tuesday.

Gods of love

Catherine

P.S. Pete says he can't print but offers to
make a veris in the baby.

TELEPHONES: HOLBORN 2006/7/8.
TELEGRAMS: "TEL COSMO, WEST CENT, LONDON."

COSMO HOTEL

SOUTHAMPTON ROW,

LONDON, W.C.1.

Monday evening
October 8, 1934.

Dearest Mother

We leave in an hour for the train for Edinburgh, and I fear got my letter we should see her tomorrow - her hair flying newly washed and combed and her hat not quite straight. We expect to be back here about the 15th and have our passage fitted on the Empress of Britain sailing from Southampton on the 20th. Arrives in Quebec on the 25th and so we should reach Concord the morning of the 26th. Well were the train ^{wet} from the boat, landing in Quebec made no the a difference.

We had a good trip over yesterday, usually on Sundays few passengers, but evidently yesterday was very unusual and filled a lot of people. The hotel porter said it wasn't necessary to book seats, so we went

early to the station and were all right.
and the boat part from Calais to Dover
was very smooth. Before we got off the
steward put our bags near the galley -
way next a ladies baggage of boxes &
baskets and paper parcels. One had
"Mrs Stewart Teuttsin" written on it,
so when she joined us we showed her
an Teuttsin China label. She had
first crossed via Siberia, asked where
we were from, and had been in Bauf
last summer. Thought the Bauf
Spanier's the best hotel she knew. Isn't
Germany now you run into people?
It didn't work too well for a porter
took both our things and her luggage
must have made it slow. So we took
a long time coming. We hurried though
and they had a hard time finding
seats on the train. However we're in our
usual good luck and got two reserved
seats that weren't claimed. It was a
dull day but they're always fun
looking out the windows. and it was
lovely country in France. England
was dusk. We left at 12.20. Here
at ~~2.00~~ 7.00. really very short.

This is the hotel Pete stayed in
4 years ago. very central simple and
no expensive. awfully nice.

TELEPHONES: HOLBORN 2006/7/8.

TELEGRAMS: "TEL COSMO, WEST CENT, LONDON."

COSMO HOTEL

SOUTHAMPTON ROW,

LONDON, W.C.1.

We had such a lousy morning. It took us until after ten to fix up things at the Canadian Pacific, tickets, our baggage in hand in Southampton. We find it's a lot of red tape to get a bag out. And easy to transfer of our boat still in hand. We are cheering. Our dress clothes must stay in Southampton! Then we had to talk over a party of three from England going to Canada & Skagway etc. This off took time, then to Coober to see about getting on German mails delayed. Back to the F.P.R. to see if by any chance there was mail. Two grand letters from you sent to Batavia July 16 and 18th about my asking etc. They were just as nice had they been never, and we loved hearing all. By this time it was 11.30 so we decided to separate. We took a No 7 bus towards Liverpool Street. Peter went off at Jewry Lane while I went on to Barry Brothers. We would meet back at the hotel.

found I was at the wrong end of
Bespahs gate so had given a walk,
left word about the mail etc. then went
to get some money. One signs a receipt
there before they give you the money and
as I was signing it and handed it to
the man. He turned and said "Well
this is a coincidence. I've just been
handed this" and produced the receipt
I had signed three days ago in Paris
at Morgates. Now isn't that funny
its arriving first when I was signing
the English one.

Well that was bad enough but I went
out. decided to see if I could find a
neener bus. Saw one No 27 that I
knew went up Holborn, but it was
already stopped nearly a block away.
I walked fast, then ran a few steps
and got it. Sat down and used
wondered if I would see Pete in another
bus. Asked the conductor to tell me when
I got off I got nearer the door. The
conductor went upstairs, and I was
wondering if I was near Southampton
Row, when a familiar pair of pants
brushed by. And Pete jumped off
I followed, and sure enough we
had both gotten the same bus. He
upstairs & I down. and there were

TELEPHONES: HOLBORN 2006/7/8.

TELEGRAMS: "TEL COSMO, WEST CENT, LONDON."

COSMO HOTEL

SOUTHAMPTON ROW,

LONDON, W.C.1.

three other numbers either of us might
have picked and think of the houses -
It's a long ride too, about 20 minutes
or more. Wasn't that a coincidence
though?

This afternoon we did all sorts of
errands about film, colored film, and
books about autoinsurance policies -
but I must go now. Well write
I have a chance but don't expect
any more letters will you?

Beays of love
Catherine.