

THE 1954 TRAVELS
OF
ED AND MARY FLETCHER
WITH
DAUGHTER CATHERINE TAYLOR
AND
GRANDDAUGHTER MARY CATHERINE TAYLOR

The Mediterranean Europe North Cape

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On the Mediterranean..... In Europe..... North Cape Cruise

As chronicled in their letters home to their children, which are mimeographed as received so that others may share in the pleasures of their experiences.

Letter No. 1

Sunday, May 9th

Dear Family and All---

This is a beautiful day overhead and a calm sea under our ship--many evidences in our stateroom of "happy Mother's Day greetings" from you all. The orchids I wore when we left San Diego and the ones on the boxes kept beautifully and were enjoyed by Aunt Susie and later by Ethel Conant.

Our New York stay was as you know a clear, sunny one in a nice hotel with very delicious food to eat also. Mabel Manning spent the last day with me. We made the trip to the boat in comfort for us and only one casualty to baggage--my overnight case had a corner split open--but it will last 'til I can get a new one somewhere (Willis take notice?) It was my sturdiest piece and yet we saw them throw the baggage in such a way into the truck that we wondered anything but the trunks could take it.

We landed safely and found ourselves well placed--room attractive and adequate and "Frank" our room boy very nice. The flowers from you all are very beautiful--yellow snapdragons as base, parrot-tulips in a gorgeous yellow-bronze and a tufty bunch of white carnations all in a dark green heavy glass vase. Baskets of fruit and candies from both Strongs and Wards and Grace Hutchinson came up from East Orange with orchids for each of us and stayed until nearly sailing time. Next came the Birds of Paradise from the Briggs, which are on our table, a display table in lower hall, and the larger bunch on grand piano in the large room used for congregations generally.

This A.M. at 11:00 we have church--a Lutheran minister, I believe.

Dad had bought salted nuts, Catherine and Mary gave us some celery-cheese crackers, some cheese and some cocktail snacks--however, we are so full of food from the delicious eats in the dining room that nothing has been opened as yet.

Capt. Evans gave a cocktail get-to-gether in the smoking room at 6 o'clock last night and was introduced by the Purser individually--very nice affair. Then we had a movie "Gobi Desert"--well put on and the children on board all well mannered--a Chinese mother and four darling children add flavor to our bunch. No young men for the few young ladies aboard. All, or most all in the 60-70 age group--but all seem very nice.

We are taking a SE course to get rid of any floating icebergs which they say broke off very early this year.

We have met the Hughes of Los Angeles (Insurance people) Mrs. Hughes is the daughter of the Ralph Meekers, whom Charlie used to know and will probably remember. Think California State is well represented in this boat. Going to church now and thinking lovingly of all my fine sons and daughters who continue daily to make me a thankful, proud

Mother

Letter No. 2

Thursday, May 13th

Dear Family---

We have been in the Azores since about noon yesterday. It is calmer now--no one anywhere seems to be seasick--everyone happy--they really plan too much for everyone--games of all sorts; soup at 10 A.M.; tea at 4 P.M. and good food all the time. Movies of all vintages and types--bingo and horse racing.

To go back to our Islands--the Azores belong to Portugal and there are nine of them. One looks like Fuji and seems uninhabited except for a Lighthouse--some seem to have small towns to look at as we passed near enough to see strings of fishing boats off shore and church spires to proclaim the towns; and green patches to indicate hillside farms.

On the last one--the largest--San Miguel, is a small city of about 20,000 souls, we were told--a soft pink and yellow sight as we rode for two hours and more along its length.

Movies and slides have been taken by Dad and Mary.

The beautiful "Birds" are the only flowers left in the dining room--for a time they retired due to the rolling ship. We had sides to our tables and wet table clothes to hold the dishes in place.

Our orchids are still wearable but this is their last day. We have the San Diego Trust and Savings Bank to thank for a beautiful basket of flowers--it was sent to both Fletchers and Taylors--and with your beautiful flowers we have been decorated much of the trip.

We reach Barcelona Monday morning and have already engaged an English speaking driver and a car for the day.

Dad is not writing for letters to be copied (so far) and Catherine wants Harry put on the list and of course George S. who can send his to Edith. Dad is writing some business letters, all of which we mail in Barcelona.

Greetings to you all and love,

Mother

Letter No. 3

Tuesday, May 18th

Dear All--

At least three wonderful things happened to us yesterday. Sunday, the 17th it had poured all eve. and we expected rain for Monday--however, it ceased and the sky was blue with scuddy clouds and at 10:20 we left on a Cook's tour of Barcelona.

Barcelona is the second city in size in Spain. The years since 1926 when we motored in two days from Madrid to Barcelona have still two similar characteristics--first, 2000 feet and mountains form the back drop for the city; second, great, great grandchildren of the yellow Genista (Scotch Broom) cover all vacant land on the slopes much as is happening in Grossmont. All red single poppies are just now coming into bloom.

Charlie may have told you by now that Kim caught up with us and after seeing his small German car put on the boat for Mallorca, came on board to look us up. We were sightseeing but had not been on board 15 minutes when in walked Kim to our great joy and edification as well. He looks wonderful--a bit on the thin side but more mature and with every evidence that he has a world view-point now. He had an American dinner with us and said it "stuck to his ribs"--Smoked eel, Cream of Asparagus Soup, rare roast beef, salad and chocolate Sundae and coffee. We took him up for cocktails (1) before dinner and before he left for his boat and car at 9 P.M. Catherine treated to a drink of some sort. Dad is of course almost on the water wagon but at noon where we ate lunch, in Tibidabo Hill (about 2300 feet altitude) had a light Spanish wine like our Santo Tomas light dry wine instead of the more expensive bottled water. Here we had a 45° angle of city view with its magnificent divided avenues leading out from the various circles. The maple trees are just well out and the light green everywhere is restful and alluring. The centers of nearly all streets are paved but with 5'x 5' deep boxed places to hold the trees, with a second row of trees on the side, and provide for centuries of growth. The Mesembryanthemum in yellow, pink, red and white (mostly small flowered variety) is used for mass color effect on outside plantings. The paved centers under the trees hold the myriad chairs needed for the 1 and 3/4 million population to sit on and enjoy the nights or compare notes on the bullfights which occur daily.

The shops were lovely to look at but I did not shop or walk very much. The Squares, fountains, public buildings, Cathedrals, Bull ring and even shopping took the time of a perfect day.

Our ship sailed at 2 A.M. today, 6 hours late, and we are still that late. By 1:30 A.M. we were again in a storm and rocked badly 'til now at 11 A.M. it seems to be getting calmer. We docked about 1:30 P.M. and by then we were through lunch.

At 2:20 Catherine and Mary and about 30 others set out on a Cook's tour, 50 odd miles into the country, past old Roman ruins, aqueducts still in use, vineyards and miles of "Flanders Poppies" as they are all called--they had

dinner at a charming French place and returned about 10:30 P.M. It had rained some but they had gone prepared for wind and cold and were most thankful they did.

We had taken a car and interesting trip ourselves to see some of the city and to the beautiful rose garden out along the lower Cornish road some 20 miles from the town. Saw the Island and old fort made famous in the "Count of Monte Cristo" and learned it is now a Touristspot.

We bought Life, Time, Newsweek and the "American Magazine" and an English paper. We find that the gist of the news is ours each morning at 9:30 A.M. when we have the ship's little newspaper. That is so around the world we find.

Today is the 19th--another rolling night--surprisingly windy and cold they say here. Mostly sunny this A.M., however. At 2:30 we pass between Corsica and Sardinia and we shall see both. We took pictures.

Well, dinner is over and we are to see "Call Me Madam" in the movie that is shown tonight.

Tomorrow breakfast is to be at 7:30, not 8:30 as many leave the ship here and the trip to Sorrento, Amalfi and Pompeii starts fairly early and takes all day. Catherine and Mary are going. No doubt we shall drive somewhere during the day too.

No mail as yet except a line from Lawrence to say they have changed to Hotel Savoy in London and will see us that evening as they do not fly to U.S. 'til 1:00 A.M. and we arrive at 5:50 P.M.

Hope we get mail soon. Lots is coming in care of the EXeter.

Love to each and all,

Mother

Friday and Saturday, May 21-22

Dear All:

Dad is upstairs writing postcards. Its a clear, sunny day and nice and warm. Mary is probably in the pool or else playing in a ping pong game. She played shuffle board and seemed to win as I heard Mr. White tell her she was "no lady".

Yesterday was a great day. It had poured in the night and various showers made it obligatory to carry raincoat, etc. on the trip to Pompeii--we never saw the top of Vesuvius all day but it did not rain when the 1½ hour stop was made for touring (on foot) at Pompeii. Of course I did not try to make it but twice before I have. The excavation work is still going on. Dad went in and took movies but soon came out. From there we went over the mountains to Vietri on the old military road. We were at 1700 feet at highest point with the mountains often 5000 feet altitude above us. At Vietri we joined the Amalfi drive and for two hours enjoyed its matchless beauty.

At 2 o'clock we reached Hotel Catarina almost at the point we turned north again and toward Naples. We had a short shower here but 10¢ in American money provided umbrellas held by men and we enjoyed a fine lunch and light wine--the sun decided to come half-way out and Ed and Mary took movies and slides.

There were over 40 in our busses (3 large Cook Tour bus loads from ours and other ships in port).

We passed many towns built originally 600 years before Christ--mountains as a back drop all around--vineyards such as you never dreamed of--gardens full of potatoes which are always here eaten new, beautiful artichokes in all stages, corn about a foot high now, pease being canned at present, lettuce, beans of all kinds and stages of development, etc. We had cherries and loquots and saw green apricots, medium sweet oranges and very large, puffy lemons. Lots of honey being made--the hives being on a frame work over trees in the orange orchards and over the hive a small pointed roof (why I did not know).

We had 50 minutes to shop in Sorrento and 20 minutes in Naples proper--we returned to the ship just in time for 7 o'clock sailing--in fact we were rustled on board as the tug to take us out was already there.

In Naples, which is now a clean city, except near the waterfront, where, we are told two years more will be needed to finish the housing projects (money being furnished by the Marshall Plan which everywhere is praised by the people). The factories, too, badly bombed during the war, are being rebuilt on other sites. The roads are good--weather is "most unusual"--cool and rain so late--the old street side drying of macaroni, etc. is no more--all now being done indoors in factories where are electric power driven fans, etc.

Dad's foam rubber doughnut has made driving in busses possible and while even we Eagle Nest Road trained caught our breath on many of the turns (I heard there were 5000) we found we were mighty glad to relax in bed for a long, smooth ride last night. Today and tomorrow on the ship and we have sent you a radio as no mail except from Lawrence has been received.

We have just had lunch. The sky is getting brighter after a slight overcast earlier in the day.

I forgot to tell you that we shall see Lawrence and Lilian for an hour or so in London also--they arrive there about June 5th and have changed to the Savoy Hotel in London. We fly over June 12th, arriving about 5:50 P.M., I believe and Lawrence says now that they leave at 10 P.M. June 12th--so I hope we can have dinner together at our hotel--but we shall see later. We shall stay at the Semerimis Hotel in Cairo--Lawrence made reservations for us there. We go to Joan's for Sunday evening supper and shall hope they can have Monday luncheon with us or if we stay 'til 7 A.M. train Tuesday (which I doubt) have dinner with us. It will mean getting up very early if we stay over.

Dad is taking a nap and I am finishing this to mail in Alexandria. We can't use our cameras near the docks but I hear we can in Cairo--depends on how they feel over there the day we arrive.

Everyone seems to be going to Beirut--Beruit, or Beirut--three ways on three different official maps--the latter being used on Exeter tours.

We have diplomatic people--a Chinese woman with 3 boys and 1 girl all under 11 and over 4 years of age and very nice. Her husband is Dr. Ney and they go to stay. Then people who pass through to Arabia. In fact it is the most modern city around here, probably 45% Moslem and 45% Christian and 10% mixture. The university is a fine one. Once I had a Missionary cousin, Louise Simonds by name, who taught here--a second cousin of my father's--my sister was named for her.

Love to each and all and more again later.

Mother

May 25th
On Way to Deirut

Dear Children:

Mother has done the letter writing so far but has asked me to write about our trip to Cairo.

We landed Sunday morning early, secured a private car and drove the 125 miles over a paved road, through a hundred miles of Yuma sands. We took pictures of many small and large camels enroute. What that country needs is water from the Nile and I'm informed that there are two or three hundred thousand acres that could be irrigated.

Then we entered the Delta country with its wide canals, date orchards, splendid orange orchards and for miles vegetables of all kinds; Papaya, Mangoes and tropical verdure. The donkeys, the Camel, the Water Buffalo all added charm; while the women are going to market with produce carried a top their head. Most everybody walking, but quite often two or three on a burro. Some women still wearing the veil and nearly all the men wearing night gowns, so Mary Catherine says.

We first saw the pyramids miles away through the date palms and what a thrill!

Mary Catherine is taking pictures galore and I hope my movies come out.

At one P.M. we were at our hotel, the Semaramis--gorgeous high ceiling rooms and splendid meals. The women took to the wine immediately. Soon after arrival Joan telephoned--right on the job as usual.

We spent a lovely afternoon taking in the city. The Mosque we visited is indescribable with its beauty, inside and out. The pictures will show--but you look with awe upon the work of those who dreamed and built a thousand to fifteen hundred years ago.

We saw the burned Shepherd Hotel where we stayed in 1949--burned during the anti-British riots--but a new Shepherd Hotel is under construction, also Hilton is building a wonderful hotel on the banks of the Nile opposite our Semaramis Hotel. Mother will write you more about our visit in Cairo later.

At 7 P.M. our splendid grandson, Dr. Thomas Burns, U.S.N. came for us and what a delightful evening we had with Joan, Tom, as well as the baby, a ten month old handsome boy. They outdid themselves in giving us a good time that evening and the next day as well.

Tom told us of the splendid work being done by the U.S. Navy in checking dysentery and Malta fever.

With two million people in Cairo the living conditions are some of the best and most the poorest ever. Life expectancy averages only 27 years in Cairo

while in the U.S. it is over 60. The Egyptian government is very appreciative of the cooperation from a health standpoint that the U.S. Navy is rendering Egypt at the present time. A wonderful gesture of good will.

The next morning, Joan, right on time as usual, took us to the Pyramids across the burning sands. Mother and Dad could not make it but a guide showed Catherine and Mary Catherine through the Pyramid itself--a 240 foot climb up narrow steps and bent double to see King Tut's burial spot and also his queen's.

We then visited the Sphinx. Catherine, Mary Catherine and Dad took a camel ride as well as pictures mounting and dismounting with the Pyramids in the background. Wait until you see the picture of Mary Catherine--there is a lot to see!

Then Catherine and Mary Catherine, with a guide, went to the 5000 year old Temple at the foot of the Sphinx with its beautiful alibaster floors and mica strewn walls that glittered under a candles glow. Unfortunately it was a religious holiday and we could not get into the Museum, but how well Mother and I remember that visit in 1949, particularly seeing the three tombs of King Tut uncovered 15 or 20 years ago.

We had a splendid lunch with Tom and Joan as guests and drank two quart bottles of Riesling wine in anticipation of the coming event in October--and how proud they both are of it. The best fun was taking the pictures and seeing young Tommie, who they call Petie--he is a handsome devil, full of life and charm.

The afternoon spent in shopping for odds and ends and I will leave it all to Mother to tell you what they did. I was taking a nap and needed it.

At five fifteen our Cook's Tour men picked us up for Alexandria. We had a real sandstorm for fifteen miles and arrived at 9:15 and found the gate into the city closed as the city is still under martial law. However, our guide zigged and zagged over the wildest part of the city and the worst roads ever, passing thousands of Egyptians living in the most terrible sanitary conditions. We were mighty glad to reach our boat where awaiting us was a delightful buffet dinner, and your Mother drank beer!

You can buy 35 Piastres for a dollar here. Politics is mighty unsettled. Col. Abdel Nasser is the Dictator now and a few days ago arrested and threw into jail over 100 Army officers sympathetic to President Naguib--for policy reasons he is leaving Naguib president with no authority. Ex-King Farouk and all his relations who have become rich acquired land, etc. are being stripped of their possessions. Premier Nasser is only letting them keep 100 acres of land and the rest is being distributed among the poor. In return, Premier Nasser is issuing fifty year bonds in payment for the land he seized, but at extremely low valuation. The wealthy are taking all their money and riches to Europe. The President lives in just one corner of the old Palace of King Farouk--the rest is a Museum and they charge one Egyptian pound for admittance. Ninety-two percent of the Egyptians are Moslem faith--they are frightened and mad for two reasons. The British will not give up their control of the Suez Canal although their contract calls for it in the near future. Ten thousand British soldiers

are now guarding the Suez Canal. The other feat is that Israel, only 100 miles away from the Suez Canal, has its eye on expanding its state to the Canal itself. Israel is surrounded by the Arabs; Egypt, Lebanon, Syria and Arabia--all Moslem. From the newspapers I gather they are working together to squeeze out Israel or stop their expanding. There certainly is a fight ahead from every indication.

The new flag of Egypt is red, white and black--Red for blood, white for purity and black to represent the former King and former black history.

We saw ex-King Farouk's yacht and his magnificent palace at Alexandria on the waters edge as we sailed out of the harbor.

We are now headed for the Holy City--Jerusalem.

No mail awaiting in Cairo after checking at the last moment except a letter from Charlotte to Catherine. Did get the cable.

As ever,

Ed

May 29th
Via Bierut, Lebanon

To the Children:

We were delighted to see Bierut--another San Diego--beautiful bay, a modern city, well paved, attractive homes, rolling hills, our fruits and flowers and five or six miles inland another Grossmont, while thirty miles away snowcapped mountains and where the Cedars of Lebanon grows--wonderful beaches and another La Jolla with caves as well.

We had a lovely four hour drive through the city with lunch at Eden Roc--another La Jolla Beach Club.

Lebanon--a little kingdom less than the size of San Diego County with a million two hundred thousand population, fifty-five percent Christian, forty-five percent Moslem, all living happily together with a Christian President. Now an independent nation, but until 1938 for thirty years under French rule. Bierut is noted for its three Universities--French, American and Lebanese. Their nationalistic spirit, if anything, is stronger than ours.

We took off for Jerusalem in early afternoon in a DC-3, American plane. In going over the mountains we had a close view of the Cedar of Lebanon and almost too close of view of the snow--not over a hundred feet. Then we slid down to the valley and flew low over the ancient city of Damascus.

Our Stewardess pointed out to us the Valley of Mizpah, the ruined Castle of Amjar and once capital of the Herods in Syria, Mt. Herman and the head of the Jordan River (We would have liked to see Damascus on the ground but preferred to see Jerusalem with our limited time. We saw Tiberias, the Sea of Galilee, and the mountains of Samaria. Then our first glimpse of the Jordan, Jericho and the Dead Sea--I should have had my trumpet! Then the mountains of Gilead and the ruins of Jerash. We then headed for the mountains of Judea--Mt. Nebo from whose heights Moses first saw the promised Land, rising steeply above Jericho is the Mount of Temptation--Mount Scopus and the Mount of Olives are also clearly in view.

We had flown over the Nation of Syria enroute and landed in Jordan. Part of Jerusalem is in Jordan and part in Israel. We found an armed truce there with the flag of Israel floating on the hip-top. We were in a thousand feet of No-Man's Land--saw the armies of Jordan and Israel entrenchments, hundreds of soldiers and almost every other able-bodied man carried a gun. The Bierut English paper that day announced that there had been six incidents the day before with several killed and wounded.

Our guide in Lebanon said that 130,000 refugees were in Lebanon, Moslems had been driven out of Israel and over 200,000 were in Jordan. We saw them camped around everywhere on the hillsides--a pitiful sight and Jordan certainly has a problem of its own.

There is only an armed truce today, but incidents are happening all the time. Israel has more than two million inhabitants developing rapidly, are most energetic and fighting for more land and water from the Jordan River.

Our Ambassador from Washington, Eric Johnson, especially appointed by the President is trying to settle the water question. He tried to compromise on 50-50 split between Israel and Jordan--Jordan refused same, saying that all the water of Jordan comes from the Moslem countries of Syria, Jordan & Lebanon. Eric Johnson is on his way back here to make another attempt to compromise. From the daily newspapers I can see that the Moslem countries, including Egypt, are determined that Israel should not expand.

In Jerusalem we had a four hour drive in the late afternoon, also another the following day with an overnight stop in a former Convent, now Hotel Claridge. My kick was that the lights went out at eleven o'clock. We particularly enjoyed the wine.

I am going to let Catherine tell you where we went. What we saw was indescribable and cannot be put in writing. You will have to see our pictures.

In the afternoon we went to the Mt. of Olives first where we saw the Ascension Tower--a visit to the Garden of Gethsemane and the Church of all Nations there. From there you could see the old city wall with the "Golden Gate"--from there we drove the thirteen miles to Bethlehem on the new road built as the old one went by way of Israel's Jerusalem.

We looked on Shepherd's Field and saw the well where the Wise Men stopped to see the Star over Bethlehem. We visited the Church of the Nativity built over the site of the Stable and the Manger and could see where it all had been.

The next day we started by visiting the Garden Tomb and then to the Old City where we traced the fourteen stations of the Cross; saw Solomon's Temple, Wailing Walls and later via the Damascus Gate saw the Russian excavations of the Fish Gate and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We felt all was very satisfying.

The daily papers are full of the coming conference of the Arab Nations, trying through unity and appeal to the U.N. to stop Israel developing. In the meantime all these Nations are arming themselves, and everyone expects more fighting.

We had a surprise that scared us for a time when we were informed that we had a visa to Jerusalem but none to get back, and, oh boy! We had a time getting our return visa only one hour before leaving and it cost us \$17.00 to get out of Jerusalem.

The women did a lot of shopping and so did Dad in a small way. We would not have missed the trip for anything.

The mountains, the green valleys and barren hillsides are duplicated in our desert country.

We have all decided when we get home to read our Bible more.

How glad we were to get to our ship, a bath and strip from head to foot and later a delightful American dinner.

Love to all

Dad

May 31st
Enroute to Alexandria

Dear Children:

As we are returning to Beirut for a 36 hour stay this letter will give you some idea of our experiences in Turkey. We arrived in Iskenderun, Turkey early in the morning and through Cook's Tour we made a drive over the mountains, across the fertile Plain of Amook and arrived at the ancient city of Antioch.

We found Iskenderun an attractive little city, similar to San Diego in climate, fruits and flowers but the snow-capped mountains are only twenty miles away. On reaching the summit we saw Lake Antioch, twenty or thirty miles in length and surrounded by most fertile farms as far as the eye could see. They had planted Sycamore trees for over thirty miles with here and there pink Oleanders, while growing wild the Poppy of Flanders, Purple Thistle and Yellow Scotch Broom.

Our guide was a black-eyed Greek girl from the Island of Cyppus, whom we found most interesting.

They are undoubtedly a hardy race, not afraid of the Communists and call them bluffers. By law now they can only take on one wife. Some of them are now modern in dress and most of them have abandoned the veil. The colorful dresses of the women and their ability to carry great loads on their head makes the whole scene picturesque.

I was informed, and we had to buy, Turkish money at \$2.80 a Turkish pound while the black market was \$5.00. I believe that they call dollars and cents lira and kuru.

At one time Damascus, in earlier history, was the first city and Antioch second. Our visit to the museum took us back to 1800-2000 years B.C. The Museum had two rooms with Mosaics taken practically entirely whole from the Ancient City. Other rooms were filled with relics from coins, household equipment to jewelry found in the excavations dating from Alexander the Great to beyond the Crusaders time.

Our trip to the Church of the Cave of St. Peter and St. Paul was most interesting and thrilling, located as it is on a mountainside, with its many hundreds of feet of tunnel. The tunnel was a secret passage from the old Antioch Castle on the hill above which the Christians used to get to their church in a country which didn't allow Christianity. The church was built about 1930 years ago. There is a well whose source is unknown yet always remains filled. We took some interesting pictures and do hope they turn out.

We had been promised a lunch at Hotel Tourisme but it was closed so we went to a restaurant, had French bread, cheese and two bottles of wine, having been warned not to drink the water or eat the vegetables.

After lunch we continued our drive to the Waterfalls of Daphne, a most attractive spot where German engineers are installing a splendid power plant.

We took pictures of the Mosque and immediately had a friendly crowd around us wanting their pictures taken.

One of the most interesting parts of our trip was through the shopping district with its narrow streets lined with booths, making shoes, furniture and pottery.

The Turkish girls are well built and most attractive.

I forgot to say that the Museum displays the Greek, Roman, Ottoman and Armenian Mosaics.

On our return trip we took in the things of interest around Iskenderun. During the Roman days it was named Alexandrette. Antioch now has a population of 45,000 while Iskenderun is 55,000. Our ship delivered everything from steel to tractor tires and took on tobacco and cotton.

I disgusted your Mother by buying a lot of souvenirs from Turkey, including crockery and a highly colored basket for the office, as well as a beautiful sea-green vase.

At midnight we sailed for Latakia, Syria, where we arrived the next morning at seven. We anchored in an open channel. We had planned a day's trip to more ruins and a visit in the town as well. The trip called for a trip to the Crusader Castle of Mark, a drive to Tartosa and a visit to the ruins there but the Captain advised us not to go as it was mighty hard to get on and off the ship on account of the heavy swells. We were disappointed indeed. All we could do was take pictures of the town and see them load 500 tons of wool for Philadelphia used in the manufacture of carpets, by barges towed to the ship. Again we unloaded everything from steel to tractor tires.

By midnight we were on our way to Beirut for a 36 hour stay and that is another story—for Beirut is world famous.

Catherine and Mother had to stay aboard ship but Mary Catherine and I had a five hour trip never to be forgotten and our next letter will tell.

Love to all,

Dad

PS: While this was going on I wrote 47 post cards for Dad and completed his list—but where is mine?—Mother

Dear Children:

In our hurry to fly to Jerusalem from Beirut we left it to our return trip--a visit of thirty-six hours. Beirut is a wonderful modern city and yet it has historical records back to the Phoenician days.

Twenty-five miles from Beirut are the remarkable ruins of Byblos, the oldest known city of the world. The god El, the Cronus of the Greeks, had chosen it for his residence. About 1250 B.C. Byblos was governed by King Ahiiram, whose tomb, discovered in 1924, bore in the Phoenician language, the oldest alphabetical inscription known to history.

In succession, Byblos passed in control by the Philistines, the Kings of Assyria and Alexander the Great--later the Romans, Byzantines and the Arabs. Our guide showed us distinctly five different cultures.

The Phoenician ruins of 3500 B.C. show it to have been the largest city and the first built. The Phoenicians built the first boat made of Cedar wood. The guide showed us where the first color dyes were made by the Phoenicians from sea shells on the coast and purple to denote royalty.

Mary Catherine and I took pictures of two tombs of stone above ground, ten or twelve feet long, six feet high.

It was a remarkable drive along the ocean shore with a mountain for a background. Splendid fertile soil, every inch in crops similar to ours, excepting large banana farms of lady finger variety. Mangoes and other tropical fruits, while ten miles away the apples and peaches grow to perfection at higher elevation. Plenty of water from the snow-capped peaks and several beautiful rivers. It averages 36 inches of rainfall on the coast and 56 in the Lebanon mountain range.

We passed through a most interesting Armenian village--took pictures of an old Roman bridge built in 64 B.C. At Dag River the chiselled stone announcement of the control of that country by the Egyptians 1300 B.C. and other Conquerors down to and including Napoleon III in 1861.

Here we read in the daily English paper of four Arabs killed in Jerusalem, two nights after we left.

There is one thing we did not like during our entire stay in these Arab Countries--we were there during the 30 day fast of Ramadan--no Moslem could eat from sun up to sun down and no matter where we were--Jordan, Lebanon or Egypt--off would go a big un, to give notice to the Arab, morning and night, waking us up with a start.

We arrived in Alexandria Tuesday morning early and what a day we had. Your Mother went along. The feature of the day was a visit to the former King Farouk's Palace on the seashore. We walked nearly a mile and visited everything from the private bedrooms of both King and Queen to their reception rooms, dining rooms and I even waltzed on the marvelous ballroom floor. From the carpets to the furnishings and the frescoes--the beauty of it all

is indescribable. This goes for the gardens also. The guide told us that the King, when he skipped the country left 248 automobiles in his garage and over a hundred horses and chariots of different kinds. The King's sea-going yacht is still at anchor adjacent to the Palace and the Palace grounds, including about a half mile of ocean frontage as well as bay frontage.

We took in all the sights, including the 12 foot narrow streets and beautifully paved boulevards--the congested traffic, crowded streets, donkeys, two-wheeled carts, bicycle contraptions of every kind--some women veiled, some not--some modern dress, some Moslem--a mixture of a million and a half people that soon wearies you in your attempt to get around--to say nothing of street cars and automobiles.

Alexandria has its early history too--is on the through line of flight and near the head of the Suez Canal.

Before leaving Egypt, will say that Joan drove us around the Pyramid on a new dirt road built a few weeks ago. During construction they uncovered a stone wall and since we left Cairo they have punched a hole in the wall and discovered there, encased in this tomb, a funeral ship with six decks at least 5000 years old. The decks are made of Sycamore and Cedar woods and still retain a faint odor so the newspapers claim. All Egypt is excited and the papers are full of it. The Pharaoh Cheops and ancient Egyptian rulers believed they could use this ship to join the celestial caravan of souls journeying with the sun after death.

After viewing the culture of 5000 years ago, I wonder what will become of our civilization--and what about Russia? Will our policy of living and let live prevail or not?

There are so many nations demanding their place in the sun and so nationalistic. Today's paper tells of the election in Turkey--a landslide--pro-Western. Thank goodness we have their confidence. On the other hand, Jordan, caught between popular approval of Soviet support in its quarrel with Israel doesn't know which way to turn and is forming a new government. In Egypt, Premier Nasser has just arrested over 100 officers with Red allegiances and in opposition to Nasser. Anything can happen in the Moslem fight against Israel and to cap it all, McCarthy gets the front page publicity in his fight with Secretary Stevens!

We are on our way to Athens.

Love

Dad

June 4th
Aboard S.S. Exeter
Arrive Naples Tomorrow

Dear Children:

We had a delightful cruise from Alexandria to Piraeus, the port of Athens, passing the famed Phaleron Bay in our private auto. We saw the fleet of Marshall Tito there for a visit with King George. Three years ago Yugoslavia was fighting Greece and this peaceful visit shows how quickly nations can change their attitude. All Athens was decorated with flags and hundreds of Grecian boys and girls mingled with Yugoslavian sailors at the different points of interest--all in a happy mood.

In the morning we visited the Acropolis and the National Museum. In the afternoon a visit to the Olympic Stadium, Arch of Hadrian, Temple of Jupiter, Theater of Dionysius, Prison of Socrates, Temple of Thesus, Tower of the Winds, Cathedrals and the new excavations. You all know your history so well that it is unnecessary for me to go into details :))) If you want to refresh your memory I am bringing a book of historical data and illustrations that you can borrow.

We had lunch at the Hotel Grand Bretagne where one ell of the hotel was set aside for Marshall Tito and his staff. The Yugoslavian visitors are strapping fine fellows but the handsome Greek girls caught my eye.

While resting on the Acropolis a school teacher came along with thirty beautiful girls, sixteen to eighteen--a class. They took such an interest in my camera that at my request they joyously gathered together and I have, I hope, a wonderful picture.

While resting under the shadow of Six Models, made of marble, 500 B.C. along came a photographer--so with three of our ship ladies, we had our picture taken with the models as a background. They came out fine and each lady has a souvenir.

Athens is a modern city of 1,300,000. We felt at home there. A wonderful luncheon and at our table sat Mrs. Henry S. Thompson of Concord, Mass., who knows the Proutys and Conants well and her son went to school with Don Prouty.

We've had a congenial crowd on this trip, five or six couples from California. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes of Manhattan Beach know the Tobermans and Charlie and Jeanette well. The people from Bakersfield and Oakland knew our relatives and friends.

This has been a splendid trip, a fine Captain and crew, splendid service, good staterooms, a glass enclosed deck half way around the ship and glass-enclosed lounge to hold over one hundred people--a fine swimming pool, shuffleboard, ping-pong, and other amusements--Bingo, horse racing or movies nearly every night and Sunday church services.

Catherine and your Dad took part in a charade given by the Passengers. I was a Pine Tree and Catherine was The Wind. Her action was perfect and pleased everybody. I had a beautiful girl for a Maple Tree along side of me!

The water and the weather has been San Diego bay ever since we left Naples but crossing the Atlantic we had thirteen in their bunks at one time under the doctor's care. The four of us are too tough.

By the way, we picked up 100 tons of garlic from Egypt for the U.S. and are loaded down with cotton.

In Athens we get 30,000 drachmas for a dollar and a quart bottle of the finest white wine at the hotel for eighty cents.

We left Athens well satisfied with our visit. In a way we hate to leave the ship tomorrow at Naples. It has been our home for a month.

Your Mother wound up the trip with a cocktail party for eighteen, including the Captain, and, oh boy, they all said it was the best party of the trip.

We hope to get some mail at Rome tomorrow and the next day your Mother and I will be on our way to Lisbon. Catherine and Mary Catherine will have three or four days in Rome and we'll all meet together with Kim, June 10th, if possible in Paris.

We will be in London to see Lawrence and Lilian off on their flight to the U.S. Lawrence has written wonderful letters of their several months stay on this side of the world.

Love to all,

Dad

June 9th

Dear Children:

We left Rome June 6th at 9 A.M. for Lisbon, 2150 miles away in a Pan American 4-engine plane traveling 350 miles per hour. It had twice the space for one's feet and the most up-to-date plane we have ever been on. We were on the Rome-New York route.

Our first stop was Nice for 40 minutes where I bought my up-to-date French Girl, attractively dressed. An hour's stop at Barcelona for a wonderful lunch and at 5:15 P.M. we were in Lisbon.

Getting off the plane, to our amazement, photographers commenced taking pictures. Then a Mr. Denard stepped up and said he represented the Government and wished to be at our service while we were in Lisbon--for three days and nights we were furnished a 7-passenger Cadillac with driver and Mr. Denard as our English guide. He was a jolly man who always arrived on the dot. He introduced us to Senor and Senora De Bree, who were at the airport also. It was an affectionate greeting--after eight years of correspondence. They are splendid, cultured people and were with us much of the time. In fact, Mr. Denard, the De Brees and their 17 year old son we had for dinner at the Aviz Hotel.

This hotel has only 26 rooms or apartments, considered to be the most exclusive in Lisbon. It is very ornate, being almost a mass of wrought iron and brass, heavy hangings, massive furniture and fully representing a period--the keys to the rooms weighed a pound. Everything was inlaid and colorful tile, even the floors of porches and walks. The landscaping also matched the period.

We were more than happy to find that grandson Kim had arrived and joined our party.

Early Monday morning U.S. Ambassador R. Guggenheim's secretary telephoned asking me to be at the Embassy at 11 o'clock. I found him most cordial in every way and he invited us to be taken in his official car to meet Premier Salazar at 6 P.M. Monday. He approved in every way the resolutions, etc., to be presented at that time to the Premier. These included letters of appreciation from Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles; Secretary of Interior, Mr. Douglass McKay; Director of U.S. Park Service, Conrad L. Wirth; Governor of California, Goodwin Knight; City Council and Mayor Butler of San Diego, the Board of Supervisors of San Diego County, the Portuguese Society of San Diego, Mr. John Leanders, President, and last but not least, the beautifully bound and illuminated Resolutions offered by our legislators and officially passed by the California State Legislature. In addition, I presented to Premier Salazar the beautiful colored pictures of the Cabrillo Statue--one with Bishop Duddy alone with the statue and another with Mrs. William Paxton Cary, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dryer and Superintendent of Cabrillo National Monument, Mr. Donald Robinson. In addition beautiful colored pictures of Cabrillo National Monument and two beautiful marine views taken from the Statue--the most beautiful was one of San Diego harbor and city.

At the request of Premier Salazar it was a private interview, lasting one-half hour with only Premier Salazar, our Ambassador, the Foreign Minister of Portugal and your Dad with the Ambassador's secretary as interpreter.

I found him most agreeable and pleasant. Our Ambassador made a few formal remarks of introduction and gave the purpose of my visit. I presented each Resolution and picture personally. The Premier took his time in examining each. I told him of the splendid Portuguese citizens in San Diego and something of our country and state. He was very much pleased and said so. He stated it is just such action that brings about such good and friendly relations between nations and that I was to convey his sincere appreciation to the Portuguese nationals in San Diego, to California and the Nation, for this expression of friendship and their love of the Statue of Cabrillo.

I had suggested that Senor De Bree, the sculptor who made the statue, be at the presentation, but Premier Salazar preferred a private interview.

The photographers then came in and took a group picture of the four of us. Then your Mother and Charles K. Fletcher were invited in to be introduced to Premier Salazar. You can rest assured that whatever is done is the decision of the Premier alone. Kim left that night for Paris.

The next day the car called for us at 11 o'clock and Mr. Denard then showed us the beauties of Lisbon--the ruins of Roman and Arab days--its beautiful homes and we were surprised at the acres of fine new housing--its tree lined streets--over 1,000,000 people live in Lisbon. It is on the sea and climate and flowers and fruits all are similar to San Diego.

At 1 P.M. we found ourselves at the country home of the De Brees. To make it a more gracious trip, the Government had sent along a charming secretary. She was about 30 years old and spoke beautiful English--was really most interesting and both she and Mr. Denard were invited guests. It is one of the most charming places we have seen in Europe--has belonged in his family for three generations--we can't even describe the beauty of the landscaping--a beautiful stream flows through the grounds--a house in harmony with the grounds and developed as only an artist could--in addition the historical relics that have been used to embellish the rooms; casts he had used as working models, dozens of them, brass medals that have been made for various events, rare old metal trunks with hidden locks, beaziers that hold hot coals for winter heat, together with huge fireplaces, much tile of ancient vintage, etc., etc.,--all delighted us.

The cocktail room had a wine press for a table. The screw was wooden and 12 inches through. It could draw the table to the ceiling or send it to the floor. All wood mellow with age and polished most lovingly. We had our first taste of choice wine there--they specialize in Port in Portugal. We here were a part of the whole family--the son, a fine 17-year old, a beautiful 14 year old daughter and a ten-year old son--all really beautiful and well behaved as the moving picture camera will show.

The luncheon was perfect and it was a most joyous occasion. It was here I presented a duplicate of all pictures, resolutions and exhibits and the family was delighted. In return they gave to your Mother a tiny filigreed gold ship, such as Cabrillo might have used, and to Dad several personal gifts that you shall see.

I forgot to say the morning we arrived the newspapers gave news of our arrival and its import. The information must have been given out by our Embassy or the government. The next morning after the interview, the five morning papers each on the front page, covered the visit to the Premier with pictures--all very complimentary

Paris

Letter 11--Page 3

of our visit. In fact, while we were there all the papers had articles expressing pleasure at our official action in California and Washington--even strangers walked up and congratulated me. I had 8 letters written by a Portuguese stenographer who would not accept a single cent and herself wrote a splendid note of appreciation for the happiness our visit has given to Portugal.

Our Mr. Denard checked on our reservation for Paris, only to find out that there would be no plane til Friday, putting us 2 days late in our schedule--the only plane we could get was from Brazil to Paris at 4 A.M. Mr. Denard had to get government approval for us to ride on this plane.

Tuesday evening at 6:15 we had been asked to come to tea with Ambassador and Mrs. Guggenheim. It was a most happy 45 minutes. The Embassy was most charming too in every way and we noticed a huge bunch of Birds of Paradise. They were grown in Madera we found. Mrs. Guggenheim is much younger than he and very attractive. They know the Warrens and she is a friend of Mrs. William Knowland--so we had common grounds at once. The Ambassador handed me the following note as we were leaving:

"Dear Col. Fletcher:

It was a great pleasure for me to accompany you to the Sao Bento Palace to meet the Prime Minister yesterday. It might interest you to know that as we were leaving I thanked Dr. Salazar for giving me the appointment to take you to see him, to which he replied, "but, Mr. Ambassador, it was a great pleasure to have you bring Col. Fletcher to me, to thank my Nation, through me, for the monument of Joao Rodrigues Cabrillo and to tell me about the Cabrillo National Park".

I do hope that sometime in the not too far distant future our paths may cross again. With all good wishes,

Sincerely,

H. Robert Guggenheim"

From all that I could hear and see, Premier Salazar is giving a wise and efficient administration and has a life time job if he cares to keep it; while our worthy Ambassador is a credit to the United States and himself.

Once more the government furnished us with transportation at 2:45 A.M. and a fine English speaking fellow of 27 took us over at the airport, arranging everything. At the air port we had a delightful continental breakfast, with two eggs added for me. Our guide made it possible for us to board the plane in advance of the others and bid us goodbye after seeing us comfortably settled. We were helped through Customs at Paris by an official of the Pan American.

While registering at the Continental Hotel, Catherine and Mary Catherine arrived from Rome and a happy reunion it was!

I will now prepare, by request, for the leading paper in Lisbon, my impressions of Lisbon and my visit, with our thanks for our treatment while there.

With love,

Pa

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

Father insists upon it, so I'm going to write you all a letter of our experiences in Rome and our trip to Paris, while Father and Mother were in Portugal.

We had lovely rooms in the Excelsior Hotel and the food was excellent. In addition we met many friends, including those who had traveled with us from New York to Naples, so we were on the go all the time with a dinner at Mussolini's one-time Mistress' home "Palazzio" and Hostelry del Orso of Dante's fame and my first experience of sitting out at Davey's sidewalk cafe late in the evening.

This being my first time there we covered the historic spots of interest known to most of you and while at St. Peter's in Vatican City, the Pope appeared from his window to bless the public waiting below.

Our last morning there we spent on the Via Condotti trying to last minute shop, which led us a close escape in trying to make the train.

We left Rome for Paris via Pisa (where we did see the Tower, but took a picture of a telephone pole instead), then through tunnels, some at least three miles long, catching glimpses of beautiful scenery like the Amalfi Drive, Genoa, Rapallo, and a comfortable night's sleep to find ourselves nearing Paris when we awoke. We were met by Exprinter and we knew we were in Paris as he was as excitable as any Frenchman could be. Upon entering the hotel, there were Mother and Dad registering much to our surprise as they were not expected until evening.

While Mother and Dad recuperated from their trip to Portugal, despite the rain, we had our fling in Paris. Immediately we started for the Louve with our raincoats in tow, where we saw the Winged Victory, Mona Lisa and Venus de Milo as highpoints. Then, after three or four attempts to hire a taxi for sightseeing, after three interpreters and much sign language we were driven about from Notre Dame, Montmart, Arch de Triumph, Eiffel Tower and through the beautiful parks--all in the rain. That night we took in the fanciful opera "Oberon" which had lovely staging as well as music.

Next morning Grammy, Mary and I sat side by side all getting very Frenchy with new hairdos. Dad will give a comment on this.

We were off to Versailles in the afternoon. I was very much impressed with the tapestries and the garden and the connection with all the history of the past. We hurried back to take in the Follies in the evening which lived up to all its advertising. We were sorry to miss a phone call from Kim that evening but he later saw Mother and Dad the next day.

We were off bright and early for a ride to Chartes the next day and passed by Rambouillet, the King's summer home, now and Mattenion Castle. Even though raining the beauty of the rose window and all the others of the Cathedral made a profound impression. We returned to have tea at Danpierre in a quaint little inn. At a late dinner hour we found the Sherwood Wheatons, the Wm. Burkes of La Jolla, the Lester Bradleys and Emily Clayton. It was nice to compare notes on traveling with them.

Everyone went shopping the next morning and left for the airport after an early lunch. From here on Daddy will take over with his impressions of France.

Love

Catherine

Dear Children:

Your Mother and I enjoyed ourselves in Paris, taking joy rides each day and visiting with 26 Californians. Every place we have visited the answer is more Californians than from any other section.

Within five minutes of the time we arrived in Paris the girls were getting \$7.00 hairdos (French Chic hairdos) so I had to take a picture of them immediately afterwards. Your Mother looked 50 and Catherine 30. I read the papers from cover to cover.

While there the Laniel government collapsed--the French still stalling and drifting; Churchill still waiting for the Geneva conference to end and from every indication a failure, too little and too late. The French everywhere told me we hate the Germans first and the Communists second--they have too recent a memory of German ruthlessness from the last war and we saw all over France the damage done.

The French franc was 350 to a dollar buying it from the clerk, while the official rate was 328 and I was offered 380 if I would buy \$100.00 worth. Paris is the most expensive city on our trip. There's too much "Oui-Oui" in France and we were glad to move on.

Our flight across the channel took us an hour. We left Paris, a city of 5 million, to land in a city of 10 million--London. Churchill was there to greet us at the airport, we thought for a moment--instead he was meeting his wife. He was sitting in the front seat of his car with a cigar at least nine inches long.

We rushed eleven miles in to the Grosvenor House, London, and were affectionately greeted by Lilian and Lawrence. What a happy three hours! I could not get a word in! And Lawrence was the most talkative of the bunch. How happy they were and Lilian did not want to go home--but at 10 P.M. they took their plan across the Atlantic to be in New York at 10 A.M. the next morning, with a visit to Washington and their grandchildren the next day and home in Piedmont the next.

We enjoyed seeing England again. Again we took in London--saw the terrible effect of the bombardment; an all day trip to Oxford and Banbury where we had lunch, returning home by way of Leicester and Aylesbury. Mother was bound to see Pembroke where Charles went to school for a year--everything was most attractive. We also saw Eton College, crossed the Thames where the regattas take place and loved the rolling hills which made us think of Massachusetts. We particularly loved the flowers, pink and white Hawthorne, Wisteria, Bridal Wreath, also an unusual yellow clustered flower, the Laburnum, which looks like a shower tree blossom, but the most beautiful was the pink blossom in cluster of the horse chestnut tree, as well as the different colored Russel Lupin. The boating on the Thames intrigued us as well as the 40 or 50 swan. We had lunch at the Whateley Hall Hotel at the quaint time of Banbury. The country was afloat with water with the heaviest rain in 14 days in the last 37 years.

The government has seized all the uncultivated lands or lands with delinquent taxes--all under national control--during the last Labor government administration they raised taxes so exorbitantly many hundred thousands of acres were given up by their owners or put under national control by a drastic reduction in taxes if, as a condition, the private owner would farm it all to crops designated by the National government.

All the transportation is still under national control and the most striking thing to us all were 85,000 double-decked buses in London alone carrying 70 to 80 each. I got the jitters sitting on the left hand side waiting for an accident which never happened, but the creeps were there just the same.

Coal is under national control. The good coal is shipped out of the country and what is left London can have.

We had a wonderful guide. He said since coal was nationalized, the price has doubled. In the seven-story apartment where he lives he pays, on the ground floor, one penny per unit for electricity, while on the seventh floor they pay 7 cents a unit, each to maintain their own equipment. He criticized the labor party, saying they could not look beyond their noses. When I asked him what his opinion was of America, he answered, the Marshall plan was greatly appreciated. "In England, he said "we think before we act, while America acts too quickly and thinks afterward".

The government still gives out allotments to the common man in the use of land even though the land is in private ownership. Wages are slightly in excess of the cost of living. The highways in the country are fine, but mostly one way travel each way with the result that the little towns are terrifically congested. Within 8 or 10 miles of London, there are 3 or 4 lane highways, but the congestion in London is the worst ever. Out in the country on these narrow roads, going around corners and on the left side, one expects a crash any minute. They certainly need freeways, but as we know, it costs money and London has not the money. Gasoline 50¢ a gallon.

We had splendid meals. You could get a good dinner for \$3.00, wine extra. We pulled off a party of 10--Mary Catherine's friends, Dr. and Mrs. MacDonald, Col. and Mrs. Mason (who flew under Gene in Sicily, who were on the Exeter and now stationed in London) and Schumann-Heink's granddaughter, Capt. and Mrs. Rumble, now attached to the Embassy in London. He is in the Navy and Engineering Division. Her mother lives in Lemon Grove--Mrs. Vernier.

In closing I should like to tell you the joke on me. I paid \$1.00 for a taxi to buy some film, \$40.00 worth. When I reached for my Travelers Checks, they were gone. I rushed back to the Hotel, found both suits I had sent to the cleaners and had been returned, but no check book. In despair I tried my last suit and found it in the inside pocket. Again I went and bought the film but this time the taxi driver demanded \$2.00 for the same trip. To my amazement, time had been running against me while in the Hotel.

Leaving London we had a wild dash with our 11 bags. We just made the last train in 17 minutes to connect up with our ship the "Stella Polaris" at Harwich.

At 9:15 P.M. we saw the sun go down but with a happy crowd, good food, and everything fine except the size of the stateroom. We are now on our way to the midnight Sun and the Arctic Circle. We will stop two hours at Bergen, Norway and mail this letter. On our return trip to Bergen we will see the sights there.

Love to all,

Dad

Dear Children:

Our twelve day trip on board the "Stella Polaris" to North Cape and the Midnight Sun, in a matter of contrast cannot be excelled. There are approximately 150 passengers aboard, the food is excellent and we were most fortunate in seeing the sights of interest with little rain. They were all good sports, 27 of them from California and we had mutual friends.

Norway is about 1100 miles in length but with its hundreds of fjords. The shoreline is 12,500 miles long, with North Cape the furthest north. Like Alaska with its Japanese current, so the Gulf Stream flows the entire length of Norway and enters the fjords, with the result that most of the snow is now gone along the seashore, some timber, here and there a farm, but the greatest industry is fishing. Go back 10 or 15 miles and there is eternal snow and hundreds of waterfalls and one Yosemite Valley after another, only more grandeur and higher points, with here and there a glacier.

Norway is about the size of California, but only has approximately three and a half million people. The Germans destroyed nearly all the towns but they are rapidly being rebuilt with Marshall Plan money mostly and I would say Norway is very prosperous today.

I forgot to say that in some of the fjords the water is 4600 feet in depth. The islands are every shape and size--over 150,000 islands so we were told by our entertainer aboard.

We saw one Norwegian ship that had been sunk by the Germans, as well as the wreck of the Von Turpitz, sunk by British and Norwegian planes.

Our entire trip has been as smooth as riding on San Diego Bay.

Andalsnes was our first stop. The motor trip through a beautiful valley of Ramsdal, by name, the mountain peaks with marvelous waterfalls and Rauma river made it a beautiful short trip to take. Their main income is from catching salmon and herring.

Our next stop was Molde, with its Romsdal museum, also a charming performance of Folk Dances given by the children dressed in their national dress. They had one log building dating back to the Viking days.

We crossed into the Arctic Circle near Svartisen and King Neptune came on board to present the passengers with their certificates.

We will never forget our visit to Svartisen Glacier. The snow covered gigantic peaks, the marvelous blue and green colorings and anchored as we were close to shore at the mouth of the beautiful river, we were loath to leave. Catherine had her picture taken with the glacier. Along the seashore the wild flowers were most attractive.

We stopped at an important fishing center, Tromsø, and, incidentally saw the Children's Parade of little tots all dressed with ribbons, pushing their doll carriages, also decked out in finery.

It is indescribably--the beauty of it all--to sit in the bow of the ship as we sail along, with its huge windows, and taking in the marvelous view on every side--snowcapped peaks, timber, green valleys and homes, numberless waterfalls, with every shape imaginable of mountain and island.

We had a most interesting visit at Hømmefest, driving by bus to a Lapp settlement. We saw over 200 reindeer close by and took moving pictures, both of the reindeer and the Lapps, young and old, in their elaborate costumes. Hømmefest was entirely destroyed and many killed by the Germans. The only thing left was the church and cemetery--but it is remarkable, the recovery of the town, and it is the furthest North in Norway. On we must go, however, to North Cape and the Midnight Sun. It looked as if we were going to be enveloped in fog, but at the last moment it cleared. We were anchored under North Cape, close to shore. No wilder spot could be dreamed of--only three houses and a steep path, nearly a mile, led to the top of North Cape and the Midnight Sun. Ma and Pa stayed on the ship, but at 9:30 P.M. away went Catherine and Mary Catherine with 60 others, climbing nearly 1000 feet to the top. Their description of the Midnight Sun, the photos taken while the earth was at an angle of 23° from the sun, made the whole thing so weird and wild they will never forget it as one of the greatest experiences of their lives.

We passed coming up millions of birds and fowl. We fished off the ship and caught Haddock at the Svartisen Glacier and Cod at North Cape. We value our beautiful ornamental certificate of North Cape with the Post Office stamp of North Cape given us by the ship.

Returning we stopped and took pictures of the two glaciers--Hjelmsøfstauren and Oksfjord--our ship was right under both. Don't ask me to pronounce their names. Our great thrill of the day was to have the pilot take us into Rafts--a box canyon only 150 feet wide--the snowcapped mountains rising 2000 feet abruptly up and we turned around at the head of the Fjord on the length of our ship almost, as it was a blind alley, so to speak--waterfalls galore and verdure within 100 feet of us. The water coloring was marvelous. We took pictures galore, Mary Catherine and I, but are fearful of the result, the light is so deceiving.

On board is Mrs. James Waring and Mrs. Mary Stearnes Barkalow, friends of Jean Cary, who knew Mrs. Dennison and Mrs. Vail of the Wolcott School in Denver. We are enjoying them very much.

Since we left Bergen it has been so light no lighthouses or beacons have been lighted--daylight all the time, even while it was raining. Wednesday night, June 23rd, the girls stayed up and took pictures of the Sun, again about 1:00 A.M. as we were passing out of the Arctic Circle. It only went out of sight for a minute or two and up she popped again. It continued light enough to see all the time.

Here we should mention that we had something going all the time aboard--games of all sorts, a six piece orchestra that gave us lovely music for lunch and dinner, also a 3 o'clock program for an hour and dancing every night till midnight, lectures on our forth coming trips, races, bingo, and yes, even church Sundays well attended, and Rotary. We received each day by air, the events of the world, but we sort of felt apart and refused to worry. The costume party was a great success and 48 took part. Mary Catherine was a Japanese girl and Catherine as a Hula Hula girl. They were beautiful and the ship's photographer took good pictures which we are bringing home.

The night of games was a scream, pulled off by the Ship's Master of Ceremonies. In a game, three of the Ship's passengers volunteered, without knowing what they were going to do. They were blindfolded, sitting in chairs on the ballroom floor, aprons around their necks, then three girls made them suck beer through a nipple. The one drinking his beer first getting the prize. What a picture with that nursing bottle stuck up in the air! We laughed until we cried.

Another game, two girls, Mary Catherine being one, volunteered without knowing what was going to happen. They each selected their man and two carpet bags were brought on the dance floor. No one knew what was inside. The M.C. announced that the couples had to select the right garments from the bag, being bed clothes, dress in them and then remove them and be the first one done. It was a scream with Mary Catherine in a dressing gown and her partner in his payamas each helping the other to change. Mary Catherine and her escort won the prizes! They then called for three grandpas. I was one. Each seated on the dance floor. In came three, pink, naked dolls, two feet or more long, with loose legs and arms. I trotted mine to Boston. Then in came safety pines and diapers and we men had to put the diapers on the dolls. I won the prize and so it went—but 150 people had the laugh of their lives.

By the way, Lilian, we met Miss Florence Weeks, a sorority friend of yours from Berkeley and enjoyed her company immensely.

Thursday was a rainy day, yet Catherine and Mary Catherine took an afternoon drive at Trondheim, a city of 90,000 people, and enjoyed the sights especially the Cathedral, originally built in 1100, but having been burned and rebuilt and now renovated again. The rose window was especially beautiful, they say.

Further north there is the largest iron mine, coming from nearby Sweden. As you go south the timber increases, mostly birch and pine and alder.

Friday was "Mother's Day". Her first visit ashore. The Stella Polaris is only a passenger ship carrying its own launches, capacity 40 each, with the result that from Bergen north we never came alongside a pier, but anchored in deep water. In twenty minutes, at each stop, a 35 step stairway was lowered from the ship, as well as two launches and it was remarkable with what efficiency 150 passengers were landed and returned to the ship. Mother decided to take the 150 mile auto drive Friday. We found ourselves anchored at Qye, in a beautiful fjord with only two houses in sight. No town anywhere. The four of us had a private car. It is utterly impossible to properly describe what we saw—the changing scenery of eternal snow, innumerable waterfalls, wonderful verdure, fertile valleys, thrifty farmers drying their hay, which hung on 6 foot wire fences, row after row, all on account of so much rain and to keep the hay from moulding. The inland lakes were most beautiful. The Gordas Lake, 1200 feet deep, filled with trout. We stopped at Grodas, taking pictures of the children in their native costume, including a beautiful girl dressed as a bride, and of course Mother bought some souvenirs, as well as your Dad. The ship and the hotel furnished coffee and all the trimmings at 10 o'clock.

Beautiful weather but a little cold. Some were riding in open cars, but ours was closed. Our trip continued over the most crooked roads imaginable—so crooked that in several places they had erected three foot looking glasses at the sharpest turns. The roads were crushed rock, but perfect roads.

Again we were among the apple, cherry and pear orchards—wonderful buttercup meadows with daisies, great clusters of mountain queen, a beautiful white bunched

flower—the yellow of Lebernam in blossom, the pink Hawthorne and all the flowers that grow in Massachusetts, seem to be along our way, including the Pink Lilac. We passed a most beautiful waterfall, taking pictures and had a wonderful lunch at Videsetern Hotel on the crest of a mountain overlooking a real Yosemite Valley.

A few miles beyond we had the surprise of our lives. We saw eighty odd skiers come a mile off the mountain summit in less than a minute over a zig-zag course, landing right in front of us. The leader was Erickson, the famous world skier. What a bunch of huskies, including a number of girls—four or five in tights bare legged, but they were good to look at and so healthy. I took a picture. It was sure thrilling and had been arranged by the ship. It was the

We continued our trip at an elevation of four to five thousand feet up and down with snow in places 10 feet deep. We came to a most beautiful lake—Djuvasshytta and had tea and cookies at the hotel. Again we climbed to 5000 feet and looked down on the Geiranger Fjord below to see the "Stella Polaris", which during the day had made the trip around from Qye. What a sight—snow-capped mountains everywhere all around us and looking down in that beautiful green valley—Geiranger—with its innumerable waterfalls, clear blue water, its farms and above all our good ship the "Stella Polaris". At 5:30, tired but happy we were aboard again.

We all agreed it was the best day ever.

Coming out of the Fjord we saw the Seven Sisters Waterfalls, side by side, dropping two to three thousand feet into the fjord. That is a sight long to be remembered.

Again we saw all the beauties of Norway from the bow of our ship until at 10:30 we retired. It was hard to go to bed and to sleep in the daylight which continued all night, even though we were out of the Arctic Circle. We had to cover our port hole each night to keep the light out.

One more day and our trip to the Midnight Sun will be over—but first to Gudran-gen Glacier and the last of our Fjords.

We woke up. Saturday morning and found our ship literally surrounded by 1500 to 2000 foot waterfalls, mountains so steep no one could climb, beautiful trees sticking out here and there almost where no one could stand and verdure everywhere. Again we were at the head of a box canyon in a fjord where it looked as if our ship could only back out. We were anchored at a sweet little village (about 15 houses) called Dolestrand. The combination of farm lands, orchards, forest, fjords and glaciers gives the place a distinction hardly rivalled in Norway for its singular beauty. The Jostedal Glacier is the greatest icefield in Europe and the town nearby is one of the most famous for tourists in Norway reached both by boat and highway. We (about 80 of us) took buses up the valley. The lasting impression of grandeur—with the towering mountains, numerous waterfalls—we just cannot in words express its startling beauty.

We saw high up Bridal Veil Falls with a sheer drop of 1000 feet (we were told). It looks 2000. Huge rocks from above, 10 to 30 feet in size, from the mountain can be seen in the fields, also numerous giant rock slides, with sheer cliffs 3000 feet at least—the stones varying in color—white, yellow and green. High on a cliff is the Stalheim Hotel of beautiful Norwegian design, flanked by two waterfalls larger than Yosemite and Vernal Falls of Yosemite. The Sognefjord, which we came up, is 115 miles long—the longest fjord in Norway.

Mention should be made of the famous Sugar Loaf Mountain; the 13 hair pin bends in the crushed rock road so narrow no one can pass except at turn-outs—only Glacier Point in Yosemite can compare with the view from Stalheim Hotel with its startling effects of cliffs, waterfalls and mountains, as well as the peaceful, colorful Naerodal valley 5000 feet below. (My adjectives are gone) But my inner photo made with my eyes will live in everlasting memory.

Again our good ship Stella Polaris turned on a 10 cent piece, leaving at 6 P.M. for Bergen, to be reached the next morning.

The last night was "Captain's Night" and we put on our best bib and tucker. We found the dining room filled with colored balloons, flags and flowers and each one had a fancy head gear. Our orchestra out did itself with old familiar tunes, singing, all of us and marching as well. Old "Father Time" and his mate "Thunder Bolt" joined in. The dinner programmes most colorful and all who wished secured the signature of the Captain, a fine fellow, for souvenirs. Wine flowed a plenty but "Father Time" was careful. The dinner program wound up with the only word "Bombshell". The lights went out, shades drawn over the port holes and in marched 20 waiters on their shoulders carrying trays everything in form—birds, light houses and floral pieces, made in glittering ice lighted up in color. It was most sensational in the darkness. Each produced inside the best ice cream ever, with all the fixings. It was a climax. The dancing continued til 1:30 A.M. but 12 o'clock for Ma and Pa.

A trip to the Midnight Sun—second to none!

We have just arrived in Bergen.

Love to all

Dad

Stockholm—June 28th

Dear Children:

Our last letter will take in our visit to Bergen and Oslo.

Our last two days in and around Befgen (founded in 1070) were most enjoyable. A city now of 150,000 people, it has been one of the most important cities of Norway and second in population. It is located on a beautiful bay and hugs the mountains—its hillsides above covered with attractive homes and trees.

Your history will tell you it has been overrun by many nations and Germany the latest.

Nature and history have made it one of the most beautiful cities of the world. Its citizens are independant, proud and of quick wit. They will not take tips but all hotels charge 15% for tips. They are honest and at a store where Mother bought some presents, the girl later rang up our hotel and said she had made a mistake and would we come and get the correct change back? It was only \$8.00. Just so a boy sent out to get a paper did the same thing.

The first day what a wonderful ride we had. First a visit to King Haakon's summer palace located on a beautiful point with many wooded islands. Norway has a Parliament of 150 elected by the citizens. The King has the veto power but never has used it. A Labor and Socialist government, yes, but laws covering old age pensions and health benefits, 30% of the population work in the fishing industry alone.

Our drive took us by a little lake where over 100 were competing in casting. Trout abound in all the streams and was I not envious. We had a sweet blue-eyed blonde guide, about 20 to explain everything in good English. I would like her for a granddaughter. She took us to the home and grave of the famous and best known Norwegian composer, Edward Grieg, located on a beautiful wooded point. In the house, now a museum, to my amazement was the picture on the wall of our good Percy Grainger, a good friend of the composer. Going back 50 years or more, how well I remember Ralph Grainger living then in Paradise Valley, National City and the wonderful collection of violins he showed me. He was president of the Merchants National Bank, Fifth and Broadway and his cashier was beloved Will Rogers. His bank was mighty good to me those early days and they were both splendid men who helped make early San Diego. I am off the track but the Grieg house was most attractive, lovely gardens and winding paths with snowball lilacs, Rhododendron, Syringa, etc., but the most beautiful of all were the red and white lace-like Spiraea, 3 to 5 feet high, with the top in blossom in clusters and even the blossoms had branches in graceful blossom, as well. There were over 100 people there when we were to pay him tribute and Norway will always keep Edvard Grieg in loving memory as well as Ludvig Holberg the great 18th century dramatist and scholar—Ole Bulle, the violinist whose statue is in front of our hotel and I.C. Dahl, the father of modern Norwegian painting all from Bergen.

We went to the mountain top in the steepest tramway I ever rode. The view of the city, North Sea, Fjords and Bay is breath-taking. We saw all the historical

spots of interest, including an old bachelor's house of the 11th Century, now a museum with all the early day furnishings and the guide showed us as well his hide out in the house--draw your own conclusions.

Bergen's parks are indeed beautiful and all the streets are clean and attractive. The city must expand, so our guide says. Bergen commences soon to drive a tunnel under the nearest mountain, coming out into a large fertile valley that will give Bergen a chance to grow, particularly for commercial purposes.

Our blonde guide is proud of their University and when asked, said the salary of the average man with family is \$100.00 a month and experts \$1.00 an hour. The food is different here but good. We are in one of the best hots--Hotel Norge--but was surprised when they brought us as the first course in our dinner, cheese and bread, when I expected soup or fruit. The door key to our room had an anchor to it that must have weighed a half pound so I always left it at the desk. The names of things are a scream to an American, but I made out one spelled Tobakk for tobacco.

Our next destination--Oslo--the capitol of Norway.

The first hundred miles from Bergen gave us a view of rivers, mountains, gorges and beauty spots unexcelled and plenty of timber. At eleven P.M. one could see everywhere. Children playing, fishing and boating galore, what lights and shadows, but to bed at last, arriving in Oslo the next morning--a city of 450 thousand they say and located at the head of Oslo Fjord, seventy miles in length. Again a beautiful city and Fjord filled with a cluster of tree-covered islands with attractive cottages, hotels and places of amusement all nearby. I never saw so many sail boats, motor boats, canoes and the harbor filled with shipping. They claim Norway's flag ranks third of all nations on the highseas. Our Hotel Grand built in 1875--mostly beautiful marble of different colors with 15 and 20 foot ceilings--wonderful lobby and alcove, lately remodeled--is sure a work of art. The dining room and lighting effect restful and attractive.

Our two-day visit took in everything from a water trip in papa boats around the Fjord to rides over the city.

Opposite our hotel is a lovely park. The Hotel is located on Karl Johan's Gate, which means highway and named after former King Karl Johans. From our hotel we look up the Gate 500 yards and on a hill, looking directly down Karl Johan's Gate is the castle of the present King Haakon, beloved by all. When the Germans overran Norway during the last war and tried to capture King Haakon, he escaped with Norway's gold and England had a warship take him there where he stayed until the war was over. I heard again about Quisling and saw his home--the Norwegian traitor who played with the Germans and betrayed his country but when the war was over Norway gave Quisling a fair trial and shot him.

We had a wonderful woman guide, speaking English perfectly and what a treat seeing the things of interest. She tells us Norway's history, books, states definitely that the Vikings discovered America in the 8th Century, not Columbus in 1492 and she showed us a ship dug out of the ground, still in good condition, once used by the Vikings together with those early-day weapons and utensils used. It is 35 feet long and a duplicate was made and a number of years ago the trip was again successfully made to America to prove its sea-worthiness.

Mary Catherine showed us Oslo University where she went to summer school in 1951; a water trip seeing the beautiful islands, residences and cafe's was enjoyed. Fishing everywhere for sea trout, salmon, herring, flounder, cod mackerel, sole--while a novelty was a man selling cooked shrimp at the pier like candy--everyone buying freely and getting little bags full and eating them on the spot. We saw the flower mart which brought to mind the Golden Square in Brussels. We were shown the raft on which the Norwegians floated across the Pacific from Lima, Peru to the Polynesian Islands in 1947. We enjoyed the visit to the Skii Jump where the Olympic competition takes place and the home of Erickson who has the world's record, which is over 218 feet, I believe, or 72 meters. Will not attempt to tell you all the places of interest we saw but our guide says 90% of Oslo's income from foreign countries is lumber and pulp, fish and tourist travel. Oslo builds two room apartments with shower and rents for \$15.00 a month, light and water extra.

It is almost impossible to hire a cook or maid, so the city has a woman called Auntie who cares 4 to 6 hours a day for the small children while the Mother does her work at home or factory. The children are examined and X-Rayed twice a year free by doctors employed by the State--Consumption has practically disappeared. I admired so many school playgrounds and swimming pools. Taxes are high and after one makes 100,000 Krone a year 90% goes to the state--no slums and after 70 old age pensions. The railroads are government owned and not so hot. The road bed bumpy. We had lunch at Blom's, the historic old eating and drinking house, with its attractive patio and fountain.

There is considerable jealousy between Bergen and Oslo. Our guide said those living in Bergen don't say they live in Norway, but Bergen. He also said it rains so much in Bergen that each child is born with an umbrella.

There was a total eclipse of the sun at 1 P.M. Tuesday and it caused great excitement and crowds on the street. It was perfect in Oslo. I got mixed up with the signs meaning the same such as Toalett, Herrer Gentlemen and Herr W.C. The Norwegians are a friendly people and deeply appreciate the Marshall Plan that has helped them rebuild their cities and get to going again.

On to Stockholm!

These letters are portraying only what I see, hear and read in the short, flying trip. Now I wish we could have in our early days spent six months really seeing Norway, Denmark and Sweden. All we can do is to photograph in our minds eye what we have seen with memory of what has happened so that in the last few years we can go over this trip again and again together.

Love,

Dad

Copenhagen--July 5th

Dear Children:

Just before leaving the Capitol of Norway, Oslo, for Stockholm, Sweden, I slipped and fell down three steps, landing my full length in the main lobby on a marble floor in Hotel Grand--what a mess! Bleeding hand, bruised shoulder and hip and wrenched my knee. Could not walk but had to go on train--so a wheel chair for me for two days. On arriving at Stockholm had a doctor, also three X-rays--no bones broken, but bad knee. Broke my glasses and badly shaken up--but we kept going. Catherine bought me a fine cane so I stayed in the car sightseeing--but no walking--or your Mother either.

Sweden borders on the Baltic Sea, adjoining Russia and Germany; less than 10 million people but over a million soldiers ready at a moment's notice--universal training--as well as Denmark and Norway--with nearly a million more fighting men trained to fight and ready. Yet all are happy, energetic, re-building and growing. The Marshall Plan they all know of and are grateful for the help, particularly Norway and Denmark. These three nations are bound together by a common interest--defense against both Germany and Russia. They hate both about the same.

King Haakon of Norway is Uncle of the now King Frederick the Ninth of Denmark, while the Queen of Denmark is the daughter of the King of Sweden--Gustavus the Sixth. They live a life of watchful waiting--no signs of jitters--happy--and how they love their countries.

Sweden has less than 10 million people--less than California--but somewhat larger in area. Stockholm has 1,300,000 people located on 16 wooded islands and founded in 1253. We saw the church where Kings are crowned, built in 1270, the Royal Palace and the square where 82 Noblemen were beheaded--thanks to a Danish King in a war between Sweden and Denmark in 1520, I believe. The Swedish King and Queen are now in England visiting Queen Elizabeth. We saw churches galore built in the 12th and 13th Centuries. Stockholm Tec University, Stadium for Olympic Games "Rev. Billy Graham in Revival Meetings filled it two weeks ago".

We took a 150 mile trip through the remarkable farming country. They too string their hay on wires in rows five feet high to dry--so much rain. We enjoyed the country--King's Castle on Drottningholm Lake; the "Queen's Island". The girls went through it with a guide, but too long a walk for us and how they enjoyed it. One day we had lunch at Djurgardsbrun, a restaurant among the trees and flowers out in the suburbs. I never attempt to pronounce these words--just point your finger at it to the guide. The city has built and owns and controls 8 and 10 story residence buildings galore, rented to tenants at \$15.00 and \$20.00 a month, up, everything is co-operative and union labor, even to chain stores, buses, trains, electricity and all utilities, flour, macaroni and baking plants. Our guide says the State owns 53% of the stock of the cooperatives and he is afraid they will acquire all the stock soon and then what a monopoly and can dictate everything. He says "we are afraid". All the policemen are in uniform and each has a three-foot sword or sabre fastened to his belt. Stockholm allows no dogs running around, only on leash, no saloons--you buy liquor by the package to take home. Can buy liquor only with meals--no one can

get brandy or whisky til between 1:00 and 3:00, then only one drink, according to law, between 3:00 and 12:00 P.M. two more--Ha! Ha! Our guide says there are more drunkards per 1000 in Sweden than any nation in the world. Everyone goes for beer and wine. We never had a drink of water till we asked for it at the table. They discourage giving flowers for funerals but instead give money to the "Foundation for the Old Age". The paved highways, country and city, are fine, but narrow, except the main city streets, beautiful shade trees, including Maple. Not a piece of waste paper, bottles or beer cans did we see along the road in Norway, Sweden or Denmark--just think of the ugly sight of waste papers, bottles and beer cans you see on U.S. 101 from Del Mar to San Diego and all over California for that matter. No advertizing signs allowed on the roadside anywhere--they sure have it on us for cleanliness and protection of natural beauty.

We did enjoy Lake Malaren and our whole country drive, passing many beautiful lakes with white Pond Lilies, canoeing and fishing, fine government forests, well cleaned up along the highways and many flowers. Stockholm alone has 36 beautiful bridges, mostly concrete, of excellent design. Sweden is mechanically inclined and experts in building of all kinds of machinery, shipbuilding, etc., but their greatest source of income is first, forests, then mining, "iron ores", machinery, farming and the tourists. Stockholm is a little jealous of Copenhagen, I guess, for when I mentioned Copenhagen he told this story "There are so many bicycles in Copenhagen that even some of the babies are born on wheels". On arrival in Copenhagen I commenced to think so--I never saw such a sight. The record shows there are between five and six hundred thousand bicycles of different kinds in Copenhagen and only 100,000 autos. (Excuse me, I have to go to an apotek to get some bicarbonate of soda for this food over here is sure rich and good and too enticing.)

We love the cheerful, laughing, hard-working Swedish people and that goes for Norway and Denmark, too, but further north in Norway they were more reserved.

For 200 miles from Stockholm it is a rolling, farming and wooded country, but from there north to the Arctic--Finland and Lapland--mountains, lakes and glaciers, polar bear and reindeer--wilderness supreme they say--and how would you like hundreds of miles of Russia for a neighbor? Stop having the jitters in the U.S. and be thankful but watchful waiting also.

Well, off for Copenhagen, daylight train nearly 400 miles through a wonderful farming country, timbered, literally covered with lakes--cattle, orchards and sure a prosperous country. We had large plate glass windows, comfortable cushioned chairs on our train, and all day it was a joy until the train stopped and there was real confusion in our party for we were ordered to get out of the train although we had been assured we would not be disturbed till we got to Copenhagen--instead we were at Malmo and were to take an hour's sea voyage by ferry. I never did find out the reason why, but our bags were pushed out the window--we hired the boy to transfer our 17 pieces of luggage--buses took our trainload of people and we were left alone till the bus returned--then we had to go through customs, hire boys twice to handle our mountain of luggage. Everyone else was aboard the ship and I went up the gangplank as the steamer tooted--we held it up for 10 minutes--they pushed us through a hole--bag and baggage and we were off 10 seconds after we landed aboard.

Then we looked each other over and laughed--but mad! Before we left San Diego we hired and paid for a tour man to meet us at every train or landing and this was a knock out. However, our representative met us on landing at Copenhagen, apologized and said if we had come by sleeper our sleeping car would have come over to Copenhagen by boat--you see Denmark is a number of Islands and Copenhagen is on an island called Zealand, with bridges built connecting all the important islands. Denmark has about four million people--all islands except a peninsula which connects for forty miles bordering on Germany.

Denmark is no larger than San Diego and Imperial counties. The highest point is 450 feet above sea level and they call it Ski Mountain--it lies between the North Sea and the Baltic--it has, however, with its inlets, 4622 miles of coastline. It is only 60 miles from Copenhagen to Russia by boat and how most of them hate both Russia and Germany. Germany overran this country for five years during the last war; one bomb killed 100 or more school children; bomb shelters still everywhere around and they are going to leave them there.

Denmark has one Parliament of 151. They allow a Communist Party and of the 151 7 members are Communists.

The southerly end of Sweden is only two miles from Denmark. German islands only 25 miles away. Talk about jitters! They show none here.

You should have seen the country side and the street of Copenhagen as we saw it Sunday, the 4th of July--thousands and thousands having the time of their lives picnicking by the roadside in the woods--boy and girl arm in arm on bicycles, laughing and going along, each well balanced on their bicycles--many with a baby behind and I saw two with a baby in front and behind, others with a camping outfit; hundreds with their girl and the three-wheeled bicycles were real conveyances--with their families or camping equipment. The girls have beautiful legs! Even the policemen ride bicycles on duty.

Our 150 mile trip Sunday will remain always a beautiful dream of happy life in a foreign country. The roads well paved and shady. In farming we saw the best ever--the strawberries are so huge you have to cut half of them in two and so sweet and plentiful, pound boxes too and cherries are ripe and good.

Our good lady English speaking guide was a blessing to us. She went through the war and bombardment--it sure was hell with all the loss of life and property. Denmark, more than any other nation, shows appreciation for the Marshall Plan.

We are now in a 110 room hotel--The Condan--built by private interests, financed by the Marshall Plan money. It is modern in every way and located on the water with dining room on top--six stories high and wonderful view and good food and service. Then we had tea at the Kystens Perle Hotel, again on the water, in the country--also financed with U.S. Marshall Plan money. It has 38 beautiful bedrooms--but the feature is the seating of 150 or 200 for service outside--beautiful grounds and most attractive.

We saw a number of castles--one, the Kronborg over 300 years old, built by Frederick the Second. It overlooks Sweden with only two miles of water between. One castle was built by King Christian the Fourth in 1600--Fredensborg Slot and royal residence until 1854--now a museum. The children went through both Castles and report that one Queen had as her lover the Prime Minister--they got caught--the Prime Minister was beheaded and the Queen died at 27 after several years living in a dungeon. I

would listen to no more.

We passed beautiful Fares Lake, also the temporary walk bridge 200 feet into the sea to fish for cod and sole for market. We saw 8 and 10, each on a bicycle, bunched so closely together it looked impossible to keep from a collision but they have perfect control. Why hundreds are not killed daily I don't know. The city has 10 foot paved paths on each side for the bicycles, but the streets are full of them too.

Monday we enjoyed seeing the town for a while and shopping. We drove past the Tivoli Gardens--world famous--about a half mile square--lakes, wooded, with remarkable lighting effects--all kinds of entertainment--music, open air dancing and ballet shows, even Punch and Judy. I guess Catherine and Mary Catherine took it in Saturday night til midnight. Thousands were there eating and drinking, etc. but they said the prize attraction was a mother duck and 4 young ducks parading around through the crowds everywhere which always made way for them--the five ducks sometimes crossed the crowded street and the policeman always stops the traffic til they cross. I forgot to mention the stork Ma and Pa nesting on the roofs of houses--they come in April, build their nests about 3 feet high themselves, lay their eggs and hatch them and by late fall away go the whole family to Egypt they say to return the following spring like the Swallows at Capistrano Mission.

The canals are lovely here, but I forgot to mention the 400 mile "Yota" canal in Sweden--a most valuable asset to the nation. We saw some of it. It links two lakes, among the largest in Europe. They raise the ships 300 feet by a series of locks. By boat it takes three days and from all I hear it is, from a tourist standpoint, wonderful indeed, as well as a financial success. It has been in operation 100 years. It abounds in castles, forts and Swedish life, modern and ancient. Sorry to have missed it.

We had lunch at Oskar Davidson Vurestaurant and what fun. The bill of fare for regular dinner or lunch covered two pages--the largest I ever saw in size of paper and list of food offered, but to our amazement in came a short order bill of fare over four feet long--am bringing both home. The lunch was delicious.

Mother and I agree this is a most attractive city--the Palace Hotel is older but better located. We tried last March for a reservation but full. Our hotel is most modern and we are happy. Today's paper says the tourists from the U.S. are arriving in England at the rate of 3500 per day and increasing each week.

Eugene, we had Morgan Host and his wife to dinner Monday evening and had a lovely time. I learned a lot about Denmark. He is doing very well in business. He told us that they were so happy when the Germans left May 4, 1954 that they declared it a National Holiday and among other things they all in Denmark religiously put lighted candles in all the windows along the street where they can be seen, as one token of light out of darkness.

Our last day in Copenhagen was a busy one. Your mother packing and making out the list for the customs. She would not have me around. At 11:30 around came the Hosts for a ride and for lunch--all four of us. I took some street pictures showing the bicycle population and other pictures of shaded highways, spots of interest and shots of a lovely beach resort where we were guests of the Hosts, called "Bellevue".

Lovely sandy beach, hundreds were swimming, fine hotel and lunch. Looking across the street was a big sign "Hellerup" and on asking what it meant I was told "Ice cream". I could not resist taking a couple of shots of most vivid colored flowers on the hotel grounds.

We are ready for our hop, skip and a jump tonight from Copenhagen to New York where we will be tomorrow morning, Wednesday. Our hop at 7 P.M. will be to Hamburg, Germany where we stop for a half hour and I step on West German soil, then a skip to Glasgow, Scotland for a few minutes, then the jump to New York. It will be daylight til after we leave Glasgow, in fact only about three hours of darkness. We have our beds, expect a good sleep and will report in the morning.

A most interesting and memorable trip and probably our last, but no regrets--thankful we have had the privilege.

New York, Wednesday Morning

What a thrill we have had. We flew low over Denmark and Germany to Hamburg--the bright sunshine showed off to good advantage the farms and lakes--soon we were over West Germany for over a hundred miles, perfect farming and timber, all divided into small irregular lots. We passed over the beautiful towns of Rostock and Luback. Hamburg, a big commercial city and shipping center was beautiful residential sections for we circled round it several times and enjoyed it all. A wonderful airport--so has Copenhagen. I stepped out onto West German soil. Still Sunlight so we saw from the air a lot of Germany and the Kiel Canal. We had a wonderful four-motored plane and crew--the S.A.S.--Scandinavian Air Lines and what service and food.

Our flight to Glasgow was on time. We had an hour there to take in the airport and people as well as the stores. The airport all lighted up was most attractive. I forgot to mention that at the airport at Copenhagen, who should see us off but Mrs. Charles Taylor Johnson of San Diego and her beautiful daughter, Linda. They were bound for Oslo and having the time of their lives.

At One A.M. Wednesday, Glasgow time, we were off for New York. I had paid \$25.00 each for a sleeper in addition to regular fare, but what a joke--there is five hours difference in time between Glasgow and New York, so it was breakfast at about Four, somebody's time and the printed menu said Lunch. It was lunch at 7 A.M. What food, liquor and service. We had four kinds of liquor for dinner--coffee, crackers and cheese, rolls and jam for breakfast and beer and wine for lunch with a four course lunch second to none--all free, including hard liquors and all you want. Am not saying a thing.

We took the northern route to the United States over Labrador and had a glimpse of it. At sometime I woke up, looked out the window, and what a shock--icebergs--big and little--all shapes, glistening in the brilliant early sun. The ocean was sparkling with thousands of speckled flakes mingled with the blue--a dream land. The Norwegian hostess had last night come around, harnessed in jacket and belt, showing us how and what to pull of the gadgets and if they did not work what to blow to inflate same--not so inspiring a subject. I asked her if it was for the water or to jump. She said "water". I said how about jumping, and then said what's the difference. Well, we have had no fear or jitters--a fitting climax for our trip. We hit Newfoundland at Makkovik, passed over Lake Melville and Goose Bay up the St. Lawrence River for over 100 miles, passed Mont Joli and Quebec on our right. How well Mary and I remember our trip four years ago by auto from Vermont up the Connecticut River to Quebec with Edward III as our guide.

We were flying at about 3000 feet, our pilot said--so it was a real treat to see it all so well.

Over the border into Maine the loud speaker announced--so we hilariously all drank a toast with splendid French wine. We went over Worcester and Spencer--Sister Susie did you see me wave as we went over?

Well we had made the 3350 mile trip without stop--Glasgow 1 A.M. Wednesday--New York 9 A.M. Wednesday.

It is over--but everlasting and most beautiful memories.

Catherine and Mary Catherine, you have been our errand boys for the trip and behaved splendidly--thanks a million.

Dad

Interview of Senator Fletcher

My visit to Portugal has been a most wonderful and happy experience. I do fully appreciate the cordiality and warmth of my reception everywhere. Representing as I do, the State of California and County Government of San Diego, I know California will be more than pleased with my report on my arrival home.

I am more than appreciative of the great interest and enthusiasm with which Washington authorities have cooperated in our expression of gratitude of Portugal for that marvelous gift, the statue of Cabrillo, produced by that famous artist and sculptor, Alvaro De Bree.

I thank our beloved Ambassador, M. Robert Guggenheim, for making it possible for me to meet His Excellency Doutor Antonio de Oliveria Salazar, and, in person, present to Premier Salazar, our tokens of expression of appreciation from San Diego, the State of California and Washington authorities for that marvelous gift, the Cabrillo Statue.

The United States Government has created a National Park named Cabrillo National Monument, located on Point Loma, the most beautiful spot in San Diego, on the ocean where your famous explorer Cabrillo first discovered California and set foot on land in California. That monument overlooks the Pacific Ocean, San Diego Bay, the city and county of San Diego and 100 miles of Mexico. More people go to visit Cabrillo National Monument than any other national park in the United States. It is already nationally, and is becoming internationally, famous.

This generous gift has warmed the hearts of our country to Portugal and my visit to Portugal is not alone to thank your nation, but that Portugal may love our country more.

I found in Premier Salazar a sincere, lovable man, much interested in our official action of gratitude and in addition, I was much impressed with his sincerity.

I am sure his efficient government is an example for all the nations to follow. I am pleased with your remarkable city, Lisbon--its beautiful buildings and homes; its lovely shade trees all over the city, so much needed in our metropolitan cities of America. I was particularly pleased with the expansion of your city, remarkably modern developments, and particularly the expanse of your housing.

Your worthy Premier is rendering a remarkable service to the average citizens.

I bring special greetings from those splendid citizens of San Diego, of Portuguese descent. They are the best in business and culture, second to none, and I brought to Premier Salazar their greetings also.

Like Lisbon, San Diego also is on the sea. We have the same climate, the same valleys and mountains--we raise the same flowers and fruits and vegetables--so Mrs. Fletcher and I, as well as our grandson, Kim, have felt entirely at home.

On behalf of the State of California, I have invited Premier Salazar to come to see us. He will be most welcome and we hope he feels it will be his duty to see the Cabrillo monument in San Diego and enjoy our hospitality.

In closing, let me pay my tribute to your splendid citizen, Alvaro De Bree and Signora De Bree. They have given us a most wonderful time seeing Lisbon and your countryside.

We shall never forget Portugal may be proud, indeed, of your famous Sculptor De Bree.

Ed Fletcher Papers

1870-1955

MSS.81

Box: 74 Folder: 9

**Personal Memorabilia - "1954
Travels of Ed and Mary Fletcher"**



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