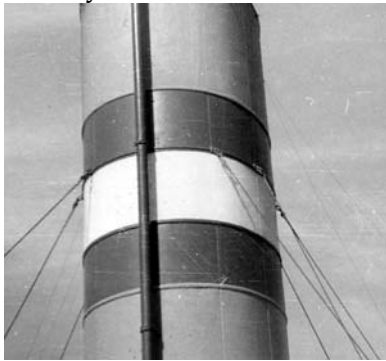


S.S. Volendam... Tuesday, June 26, 1951

We sailed from Montreal at 4:30 this afternoon. There was not as much trouble with the Customs as I had expected, they didn't even look thru our luggage.

This ship is more comfortable than I had expected. I had visualized tiers of beds, about eight on top of each other. Instead there are only two bunks on top of each other. There are 93 girls in our room. We have johns and sinks, but the showers are far below somewhere in the depths of the ship.

I really became excited about the trip when the whistles started screaming and the two little tugs began to tow us away from the pier. We're still steaming down the St. Lawrence; we won't reach the ocean until Friday. The day is fine, the water is smooth, and the farmlands and small towns we are passing look very peaceful.



There are about 950 students aboard – only 200 of them boys, since the draft boards made it difficult for them to come. John Siegel is aboard, and seems to have taken a fancy to Janet, who is busily

avoiding him. It should be a good trip.

I wish Hal were along. He'd enjoy all this so much. He's never travelled, and this ship with its foreign flavor is quite exciting.

S.S. Volendam..June 27, 1951

We are still sailing down the river, so it is still calm. It's hard to believe that we're on a ship.

The lectures, language classes and such began today. We didn't get to the language class, but we did make a lecture, which was quite interesting. The ship is certainly crowded – everywhere we go there are groups, playing cards, drinking beer, and talking.



I wish that Hal were here, I keep thinking of things to say to him and feeling lonely because I can't say them.

They serve much too much food here. We have soup, entrée, pastry, ice cream, fruit and coffee for dinner. I'm afraid I'll gain pounds if I eat it all, so I don't. Apparently it's an old Dutch custom to eat heartily. I feel so lazy and unambitious—I guess a sea voyage is a good rest.

Thursday, June 28, 11:00 AM

We are now listening to a music lecture. They are playing Bach records and explaining his style to us so that we can appreciate the Casals Music Festival when we arrive. I'm very much afraid that I'll be extremely ignorant about music and art when I arrive. I must try to learn as much as I can this summer.

6 p.m. We went to another inspiring lecture this afternoon—a brief synopsis of the Greek and Roman influence on European culture. I don't know if these lectures will apply directly to this summer, but they're interesting. They make me realize how much I need to continue in school.

The rest of the afternoon we played bridge, knitted, and drank beer. We haven't become especially friendly with anyone else on board. Perhaps we're being anti-social, but there doesn't seem much point in it. The girls are O.K., no one outstandingly interesting. None of us have taken up with any or the men. None of us are on the lookout for a new one, so we observe the other girls making out as if this were a houseparty.

Friday, June 29; 10 a.m.

We've really reached the ocean now. We woke up to feel the boat rocking, not violently, but noticeably. It's quite an even roll and I rather enjoy it. If it weren't so cold I'd like to stay out on deck and watch the choppy water.

Last night we saw the Northern Lights, long streaks of silver light in the Western sky. There's always light over Labrador there. I guess if we were a little farther north it would never get dark.

This morning at 4:30 we passed Belle Island, the last point of N. American land we pass. I guess we won't see any shoreline till England. It's still too foggy this morning to appreciate the vast distances of water.

Saturday, June 30; 10 a.m.

It's a little warmer today. The sea is a bit smoother so that the rocking of the ship is rhythmical—a slow, smooth rise and fall. I love to stand up on the top deck and look at the waves as they rise and fall.

The students on board seem to be either party kids from the better Eastern schools who are going over to have a good time, or else serious, eager people who want to understand European problems. It's too bad that the first outnumber the second. Although their quest for peace and understanding may be futile, at least they're trying to do something worthwhile instead of just having a party.

Sunday, July 1; 10 a.m.

We saw the Amsterdam Players in *The Respectful Prostitute*. It was strange to see people—supposedly Southerners speaking with Dutch accents. The Southern senator wore a dark business suit and a Homburg. The acting was good, but it was a difficult play for a European group to put on before Americans. I wonder why they chose it.

Wednesday, July 4

I've just been to a lecture on Individual Responsibility, which has renewed my faith in education. These last few days I've been concentrating on Hal and the possibilities of getting married, etc. I disgust myself by my lack of any other ambition. But when I listen to someone who insists that a person is responsible for what he makes of his life, I realize that I must become something myself. I cannot solve the basic problem of my feeling of non-productivity merely by getting married and shoving onto someone else the responsibility for making my life worthwhile. The first step, of course, is to make the most of this trip so that it makes me a more interesting, alive person.

Meanwhile the trip drags on. We're sailing at half speed so we won't get to Rotterdam too soon. It's taken us 12 days! We're going to try to come back on a faster ship, since both Janet and Jane will be late to school and I ought to start work as soon as possible.

Sunday, July 8

The last two days on the *Volendam* I was rather sick—too much of that Dutch food I guess. Anyway I've recovered.

We docked at 2:30 a.m. Saturday. I was one of the few who didn't stay up to see us come in.

We started landing at 6 am, so by 8 o'clock we were outside, waiting for our bus to Amsterdam. The mail which had been waiting at Leiden was sent to the ship – no letter from Hal.

Finally a Dutch student herded us into a bus and we drove to Amsterdam. The country looks just as I had expected. It is flat, green, bucolic. There are windmills and thatched-roof houses. All along the roads and the city streets there are fleets of bicycles. All sorts of people ride bikes, couples holding hands, parents with children on behind, and middle-aged men and women going to work or shopping.

We went to the N.B.B.S. office in Amsterdam where a group of Dutch students served us lunch. Afterwards we were sent to various private homes where we are staying. Janet and I are together in an apartment where the woman is away for the weekend. Her neighbor upstairs showed us the rooms and gave us tea. She is very kind and like most people we've met, speaks English quite well.

So last night we were alone here; we're not the two to be alone in a foreign place. I kept waking up and listening to the noises of the street and wishing I were home with Hal instead of 3000 miles away. Well, we wished for privacy and we certainly got it.

Monday, July 9

I have a little trouble keeping up with the dates.

Yesterday we rode around the canals of Amsterdam on a very modern launch. Later we went to the Rijksmuseum where one of the art students guided us. I think I got more out of that tour than out of any other visit I've made to an art museum.

We had a delicious steak dinner at a hotel (Jane, Jan, Mary Royce and I) for only £3.50, which is less than one American dollar.

Then we saw *All the King's Men* at a student movie theater. I wonder what effect an American picture like that has on a foreign audience.

Today we took a bus tour. We climbed up a town-hall tower and visited a castle, both of which were too tourist-y for me.

But tonight we visited the home of a Dutch student. She lives in an apartment reached by a circular wooden stairs and a drawbridge. We had a long talk with her parents and her.

Then when we got here, Mrs. Soringer had Nescafe for us. We talked for a long while with a guest of hers and herself. Most of these people are much more politically minded than we are.

Wednesday, July 11...Leiden

This morning we are in a girl student's boarding house in Leiden. It's pouring rain so we've decided not to go to NBBS for a while.

We arrived at Leiden about noon yesterday (no letter from Hal). We had lunch and dinner at the Minerva, a men's club connected with the university, and in between we went to a museum and we shopped.

It's a great rarity to have girls at the Minerva. It's an old-fashioned, very elegant club. We dined in the library and downstairs other students were celebrating the end of their exams. They kept bursting in, glasses in hand, to see and talk to us.

After dinner we went over to one of the student's rooms for a party. It was just like an American party. All the records were American popular music of about a year ago. We danced, talked a little and drank coke. I was rather nervous with those boys. Jan was with a guy who was quite high and who wanted her to go to another party. I don't really know why I was afraid of them, but I didn't know how they felt about necking. Janie, as usual more daring than us, had a fine gay time with them and came home later than we did.

Today we deserted the tour completely. All morning we stayed here at the house, talking and drinking tea.

After lunch at the Minerva we walked around town. We passed an outdoor market alongside one of the canals, and we had coffee in a little pastry shop.

Leiden seems to be a poorer town than Amsterdam. It is older. Most of the streets are narrow, dark, and brick-paved. The streets are deserted by 11 o'clock. It is a peaceful town. Almost all points are within walking distance. The university seems to dominate the town. The students are gay and charming. They seldom attend classes and so they stay up most of the night. When they have exams they go to them in full dress suits—by bicycle. The people outside the college are shabby. Most of the women wear no make-up and have permanents. Their clothes are poor and don't usually match. Many of the clothes are American, sent over during clothing drives.

The stores seem to have all goods—beautiful silver, jewelry, china etc. The clothes they sell are American styles, but not fashionable ones. The prices are fairly low if translated into American money, but they are high for the Dutch most of whom cannot afford more than the necessities.

Same night...

Tonight again we did not go on the planned tour — this time because it cost E1.50. We met another student [Gys] at the Club and he took us to see the old cathedral, to his room, and then to a café for a cup of coffee.

He was very interesting, especially when he criticized America. Like all the others here he thinks America is too commercial. He says we have no culture — very little good music or theater without which he could not live. He detests our movies with their pin-up girls. He was on the Volendam last year and he thinks the American students make love like beasts.

His room was hung with cloths that had been made for export to Africa and on the walls and tables were curios, antiques, and modern souvenirs. Most of the men's rooms here are like that. It is good that they don't have to be thought of as strange and arty for appreciating beauty. At Cornell it takes someone like Ian to admit that he enjoys culture.

But we've met only a small segment of Dutch people — I don't think the students are very representative. I wish that someone like Gys could appreciate the fact that despite its lack of culture, America has something to offer to Europe.

Thursday, July 12...Leiden, Holland

We went over to The Hague today, looked at the old Parliament buildings, the palace, the museum, and the beautiful stores.

When the group went to the Peace Palace, Jan, Greg and I went to the German consulate so that we could get our visas. While we were waiting we went to Schravingen, a beach, just like American beaches. We had dinner at Schravingen and then came back to Leiden.

Just now as we were sitting in our room, Jan and Jane in pajamas, someone knocked at the door and we nearly died when we found that it was one of the fellows from Minerva. It seemed very strange to us to sit and entertain a man while dressed in pajamas, but he was not at all upset. It is, I think, a much healthier attitude than the American one that supposes no girl or man can be left alone in a bedroom without mating. I wonder whether the morals of these students are like ours, or whether they are freer.

I wish Hal were here to meet these people. He would enjoy it so. I'm hurt that he didn't write, but in a way it makes me feel strangely free. I know that he cannot hurt me as much as Ralph did. I feel more secure in myself.

Janet's 20th birthday — train to Cologne

Here we are, finally, in typical European train. The seats look like booths in a restaurant. We've just changed trains and gone thru part of the Customs. Tonight, at last, we are supposed to meet Mr. Sorenson.

Yesterday was one of the best days we've had yet. We all went sailing on a small lake to an island where we had lunch and dinner at a resort restaurant. It was a perfect day for it. Coming home we were almost becalmed. We glided along on the moonlit, silent lake, freezing cold. We got home late, then Jan and I had a small cake for her birthday. We stuck matches in for candles and wished on them.

This morning we went to Amsterdam and now we're on our way thru Germany.

Leiden was fun. I'd have liked to stay there and sail or swim every day, but it's pretty exciting to be coming into a new country too.

July 14, 1951...Cologne

We arrived here at 8 tonight, on a gray, rainy evening. For the first time we are really seeing the devastation of bombing. Along every street are empty husks of buildings, crumbling brick walls, piles of wreckage, and gaps in the rows of houses. It is a frightening and sad sight. The war suddenly seems very close and I don't blame the Germans very much for hating us. When I look at their eyes I wonder what feelings of guilt or sorrow or anger they hold. To think that only a few years ago some of these men were fighting our veterans. There's no tangible resentment shown, but a tension is in the air.

We're staying in a bomb shelter that has been turned into a hotel. It is an old church with the windows sealed. I don't know exactly how we are breathing. Even though we've no hot water or shower, we've at least got a private room.

We met Mr. Sorenson and the rest of the group tonight. Sorenson seems like the jolly type—I hope he's not too hard to take. The rest of the group seems also rather eager beaver-ish. I don't enjoy being herded around in a large group.

Sunday, July 15...Cologne

Tonight our bomb shelter hotel—I wonder if all the hotels around here are bomb shelters—is even more grim than last night. There's a bar at the end of the hall where several raunchy looking Germans are drinking and talking. The john is dingy and has no paper, but I guess we should be grateful we have clean sheets.

This morning the four of us slept through breakfast. It was hard to believe it was

daylight even when we finally got up, because very little light penetrated through our air-hole. But we finally got out of the hotel about noon and found that it was a gloomy, rainy day.

We had dinner, wild boar meat, and then went to a lecture by the head of the city planning commission of Cologne. He did not speak English, so Mr. Sorenson had to translate all the time. I was proud of myself for being able to understand his German. The talk was informative, not especially fascinating.

Afterwards wandered around Cologne, ate dinner and came back to the hotel.

There are more luxury goods displayed in Germany than there were in Holland. Sorenson says it's because this is the only method of combating the black market and that the amount of goods does not correspond with the ability of the people to buy them.

I don't know why Germany isn't built up the way Holland is. The people are poor, but so is Holland. I wish I knew how these people felt, whether they are discouraged and bitter as it seems they must be, or whether they are more optimistic. I wish we were staying here longer.

Here in Germany we have to pay 10 cents every time we go to the john and 20 cents for soap and towel. It's a most distressing custom.

Monday, July 16...Rhinedampfer



Janet, Adele, Jane Eckert, Eleanor Neilsen,
Barbara Gale on Rhine boat.

We're cruising up the Rhine on a boat much like the Hudson River Day Line. There's a subtle difference though, as we sit here at 9 a.m. sipping our Rhine wine.

It's another gloomy, gray day and I'm feeling rather sick anyway, so I'm not appreciating the beauty of the trip. We haven't come to any castles yet, but at least this section of the country doesn't seem as devastated as Cologne.

Same day 10:30 PM train to Wuertenburg

Here we are again on one of those European trains with compartments for six. I like the privacy they give. We'll arrive at the long-awaited castle about midnight—here's hoping there's mail.



Sailing down the Rhine

looked very European. Many were Tudor style, and almost looked old and picturesque.

The trip up the Rhine was pleasant. Most of it was through mountainous country. There are an amazing number of castles on the hilltops overlooking the river. They loom over the villages, gloomy and dilapidated.



Castle on the Rhine

Most of the towns we passed were small and of the houses all of them

Tuesday, July 17...Castle Jagsthausen



Courtyard Castle Jagsthausen

We arrived here at the castle about 1:30 last night. Everyone was tired then and we griped about carrying our bags up the winding stairs. This morning, however, when we woke up to find the sun shining and a delicious brunch waiting for us, everything looked different. The castle is comfortable. We don't have running water, but in another section are showers we can use. The three of us have a tiny, circular staircase up to our room, which is in a tower.

The village is huddled close to the castle. It's a small village with houses and barns so that chickens run around the streets and wagons pulled by oxen pass through more often than cars. The stores are small and friendly. We stopped at a

bakery and had to try everything before we bought. The country is hilly, carefully cultivated, so that stripes of green and yellow criss-cross the hillsides. It seems wonderful to be in the country – I wish we could stay here for weeks.



Village around Castle Jagsthausen, Wuerttemberg

Tonight I saw Goethe's Goetz von Berlichingen, which was presented in the courtyard. This is the castle in which Goetz lived, so the setting was perfect. I could not understand the play well, but I could follow it, with some help from Mr. Sorenson. It was a spectacular play, with flaring torches dramatic speeches, and heroic deaths. The acting was melodramatic but it fitted in with

the nature of the play. The play is a part of an annual fest. The leading actors are professionals, the rest are townspeople.

Wednesday, July 18..Castle Jagsthausen

Most of today we spent listening to talks by German educators. The minister of Education of Wuerttemberg talked about how the schools are being rebuilt. He was a former Nazi. His attitude was very much that the Americans and British had made a mistake in not trusting the majority of Germans.



Later this afternoon another man talked to us and a group of German students about Wuerttemberg. The German students seemed quite noisy and impolite while he was speaking. Miss Jorgenson was telling us later that the young people of Germany seem very distrustful of all older people. They have no faith left in anything. [On railway bridges they chalk the words "Ohne mich"]

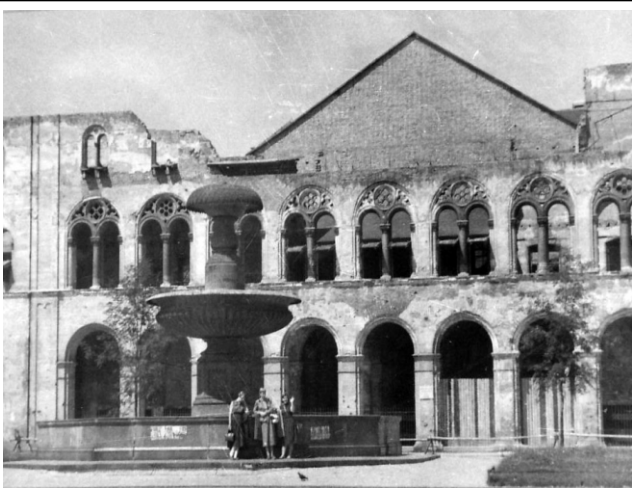
Tonight we had a talk with Dr. and Mrs. Albrecht about Quakerism. They explained that Quakers have no dogma that they believe in the Inner Light of each man. The idea sounds wonderful – it is the exact opposite of Catholicism. I would like to belong to a Church which would encourage me to be good, and to remember God, but which would not require rigid dogma, nor lay down sets of rules. I think I shall

investigate Quakerism further.

Friday, July 20...Munich

Yesterday we left Jagsthausen. We hadn't done anything all day except wander around the village. I hated to leave—the village was so incredibly European, small, rural. I wish that I could someday live in a village like that for a short time. It is so peaceful. All the activities are basic. A person there knows that his work is necessary to his life.

Then by bus and train we came to Munich. On the train we missed dinner because the dining car closed, so we sat around and griped for most of the trip.



Jan, Adele, Mary Royce in front of Munich University

Today was rather discouraging. A couple of the girls were sick this morning so we waited an hour or so before starting out. We walked around the city with a German student. There isn't much to see. Munich has been rebuilt much better than Cologne.

This afternoon an American newspaperman talked to us about conditions in Germany. I'm glad to find that no one here thinks there is a chance of West Germany's going Communist.

They say that the Germans are close enough to Russian territory to see that Communism is as totalitarian as Nazism.

Tonight we didn't go to the opera because it cost too much. We had a long talk about money and I have determined to stop frittering money on coffee and candy and see to it that we can go to some of the operas and concerts in which I am interested.

Saturday, July 21...Munich

This morning we went to the American Information Center and heard a talk by a German advisor to the Religious Committee of UNESCO here. His attitude, like that of the Germans who have spoken to us, is in itself typical of the type of mentality that allowed Hitler to take over. They have a great respect for



Hitler's Arch; Munich

government, and an instinctive feeling that it is not their duty to judge the authority they obey. The more I see of Europe, the more convinced I become that any authoritarian system, such as the Catholic Church, is bad for an individual, it weakens character and does not build the individual's ability to pattern his own life.

This afternoon we didn't do much except sit around and read. Tonight we had supper at the Munich

Hofbrauhaus. We sat on a balcony where we could see the crowds of people at the tables in the courtyard below. In the center of the courtyard was a German band. We had a supper of rolls, meat, cheese and beer.

Afterwards we went to a Hofbrau which had a show. It seemed to be a family place, all ages were sitting around drinking beer. The show was very Bavarian. They danced, sang, yodeled and put on skits. I couldn't understand any of the language, but I enjoyed seeing proof that the Bavarians really do like their native entertainment. The costumes, music and dancing looked like an American burlesque of a German show, but it was authentic and people loved it.

July 22, 1951...Vienna

Most of today we spent on the train. Those wooden benches of the 3rd class are pretty hard but at least I got my other sock finished. The scenery was beautiful, we're getting near the Alps and we could see peaks in the distance.



Border of Russian zone

We passed into the Russian zone. Just before we did, the Americans checked our gray cards and three girls had to get out and wait for another train because their passes weren't exactly in order. Then the Russian soldiers – incredibly young looking – came through and let us by.

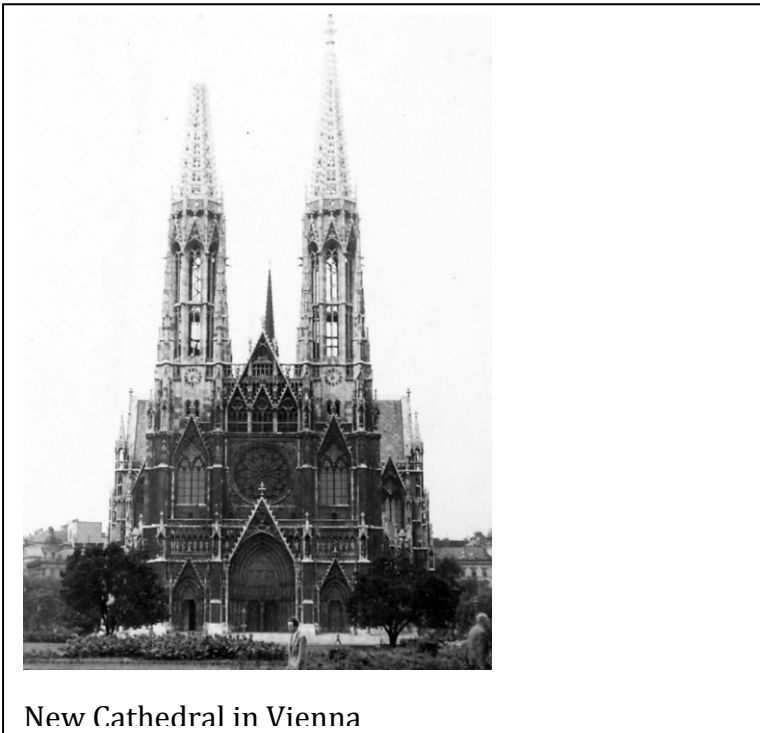
Tonight we're staying at an International Student House. Mary, Jane, Jan, Margo and I walked down to a little café and had some wine. The people at the next table asked where we were from and then joined us. There were a

couple, a husband, a painter, and the wife a dress designer, both of whom spoke English. The other man was an opera singer; he spoke only German. They were very friendly. They wrote down all the places we ought to see in Vienna and they invited us to their house.

Everyone in the bar was friendly, they seemed to want to welcome us and make us feel at home.

These people don't like the Russians at all. The woman said that they stole from the people. And she said that travelers (except Americans usually) are taken off the train when they go across the Russian zone border and are sent to Russia. There certainly shouldn't be any fear here of the people going Communist.

Monday, July 23... Vienna



We had free time all day today so we wandered around all day shopping. We found more inexpensive pretty things here than we've seen yet. There are very fashionable clothes displayed here at reasonable prices, and handmade laces and jewelry. We picked up a couple of pins, a pair of crochets gloves, and some beautiful iridescent buttons.

We got a taste of the leisurely European taste

when it took us two hours to have our lunch served.

We didn't see much of Vienna, it rained most of the day, but the people we ran into were very friendly and nice.

Friday, July 24... Vienna

This morning we heard a lecture by a criminologist who told us about how the crime rate here went up immediately after the war, but has already declined to normal – which is considerably lower than in the States. He also read us excerpts

from the diary of a 17-year-old girl at the end of the war which described her flight from Vienna.

This afternoon we went to Schonbrun, the palace built for Marie Therese. It was very ornate, too ornate to impress me. Afterwards we walked to the Garden Café to have tea. We had dinner at the Ratshauskeller.



Parliament Building in Vienna

Wednesday, July 25... Vienna

This morning we had a lecture by an American head of Austrian education. He was vague and bombastic. It seems to me he must be giving a bad impression of America because he doesn't seem as level-headed as the Germans who have lectured.

This afternoon we wandered around the Kunsthistoricish Museum. The building is magnificent, but I've decided that art just isn't my field. Pictures and statues seldom strike me as intensely as books or sometimes music. A few modern paintings do, but not many.

Tonight after dinner at the Altehof Keller, which is a very old cellar restaurant, we met the Ritters at that little café. We talked there and drank wine and afterwards went to their apartment for coffee.

We saw some of his paintings and some of her designs. They are going to South Africa soon. We talked about the Russians, whom they hate, and who they think will take over Vienna. We discussed the Jewish problem and for the first time the prejudices came out into the open – not vicious hatred, but lack of friendliness. We talked about Negroes and they were prejudiced about them too. It is wrong to generalize about a nation from conversation with two people, but it is difficult not to do so, and this at least gives us one Viennese viewpoint.

Thursday, July 26... Vienna

This morning we finally packed up and left the Jugendgasthaus, where the rules were driving us mad. They wouldn't let us keep our stuff in the room but made us bring it all downstairs to a large common room – and they had the most inefficient way of serving breakfast! It was a new city project and I think they resented the fact that Americans didn't appreciate it properly.

We heard a lecture by a Socialist speaker who gave a clear picture of Austrian politics as it is now. It is incredible that a country that is split up into different occupation zones could function at all.

This afternoon we wandered around again, looking in the stores, but did not buy anything.

Tonight we heard Handel's *Jacob Maccabeus*. The concert was good and the audience seemed very intent and appreciative. There are so many things I want to do next year; I want to save money so I can do grad work, I want to go to all the good shows and concerts, I want to sew, I want to date, I want to take course. It just doesn't seem as though there'll be time for everything.

Friday, July 27... Zell-am-See

We traveled all night on the train – on those hard wooden third-class benches. When it got light we stood in the passageway watching the mountains. They rose up, green and steep, right beside the tracks. They reminded me so much of the Rockies that I almost became homesick.

Now we are at Zell-am-See, a small, quaint, touristy town on the edge of a mountain-bordered lake. It is a cold, gray, rainy day but still the scenery is beautiful.

same day Dulsach

This afternoon we traveled by bus from Zell-am-Zee here. It was very mountainous, a twisting road that took us up above the timber line to snow-splotched meadows. We stopped at a small chalet to have tea. It was cold there but the fields were covered with blue, yellow, white and purple flowers. I even saw some edelweiss and I pressed a sprig of forget-e-not in this book.

On the way down to Dulsach we passed farms perched precariously on the mountainside. We stopped at the village of Heilige Blut to see the tiny church with wood carvings.

We only got up to about 8000 feet today, but it was above the timber line—I wonder why the timberline is lower than in the Rockies.

Sunday, July 29...Dulsach

Yesterday was a quiet, restful day. We walked around here in the valley and looked over the village, which is quite small. The houses are white, with colorful flowers in window boxes. There are shrines along the roads here, and there are always fresh flowers in front of them.

In the afternoon we looked at some excavations of Roman ruins they're having here. They have dug out several houses and many bits of pottery.

Last night the students who are doing the excavating had a party for us. We went down to the inn and drank beer and wine. The fellow I was with, Franz, was fun. He was bearded like most of them. He didn't speak enough English for us to have a serious conversation, but we could talk. I tried to teach him to dance, then I danced with other people, but I came back to him. He got rather high and on the way home he kissed me and told me he loved me. He took my address and told me he'd write. I hope he does. The whole evening was good for my morale if nothing else.

This morning we are leaving for Venice. I wish we could stay in Austria a while longer. This morning the villagers are dressed up for a church procession. The women have on black dresses, colored aprons, and little hats with long streamers down the back. The men have their knickers and white stockings. They wear gray jackets with green lapels and piping. Their hats are trimmed in back with flowers, plumes, and feathers.

Right now the tables outside the hotel are filled with these people drinking beer.

Monday, July 30...Venice

Yesterday was terrific. We had a picnic lunch of sandwiches and red wine out beside a lake and then we continued down through the mountains to Venice.

Venice is the most European city we've been in yet. Instead of trams, we travel on motor launches around the canals. We passed crumbling old mansions built right against the canals. The outsides looked dirty and old, but we could glimpse crystal chandeliers and tapestry hung walls inside.

We are staying in a convent, a dormitory sort of arrangement, but at least there is plumbing. Many of the public johns here are nothing but holes in the floor.

This morning we walked around the city. Everything here is outdoors. The restaurants are mostly sidewalk cafes, and there are stalls selling clothes, food, all

sorts of things. The streets are always crowded – people just strolling, beggars, and peddlers. The people here seem better dressed than further north, of course, there are many tourists, but aside from that the people show more taste and better grooming I think.

We couldn't get into St. Mark's today because we had sleeveless dresses on, but we saw the outside. It is very ornate, almost Eastern in style, and the bell tower is separated from the church. Over the entrance to the church are four horses which are 2500 years old.

The Doge's palace is opposite the church; it too is oriental. St. Mark's Square



itself is large and filled with people and pigeons. The whole city seems crowded; everywhere we go are thousands of people jostling along.

This afternoon we took a boat to another island to visit some glass factories. We went into a room with a furnace glaring in the



middle, the men pulled out orange globs of glass and

then pulled at them with pliers to form little animals. It was amazing to see them do it so quickly but we didn't take any. There was some nice crystal, but most of the pieces were thick and many were gaudy. In fact, it was disappointing to see such skilled craftsmen spending their time and talent making such grotesque ornaments.

Tuesday, July 31...train to Rome

This morning we wandered around Venice some more. We went to St. Marks; it is a large church with a decorative, uneven floor and very few pews. The altar

was separated from the rest of the church by a carved wooden railing. The altar was gold, and the pillars were painted. There were several separate rooms for chapels. At one of the side altars there was a mass going on while the tourists streamed thru the rest of the church.



Rialto Bridge, Grand Canal, Venice

The train ride is hot, but not unbearable. The countryside is rolling farmland, rather dry. The towns are Southern, white adobe houses with shuttered windows.

Wednesday, August 1...Rome

We arrived here last night; by 9 o'clock it was already dark. Rome is much more like an American city than Venice was. The station at which we arrived was brand new and spotlessly clean. There are neon signs all over, the streets are broad, and it doesn't seem to have any quaint European charm.



Victor Emmanuel Memorial, Rome

This morning we walked over to the Vatican. St. Peter's Church is large and ornate, it has many statues and altars and very few pews. It doesn't seem at all religious to me.

We walked thru the Vatican Museum to see the Sistine Chapel. The ceiling of the chapel is impressive, its colors are restrained enough to be impressive, if it weren't for the crowds of tourists it might even

be a spiritual place.

As for the museum, it was rich with chalices and vestments. The walls, ceilings and floors were painted or decorated. I was not impressed with the grandeur, in fact, I felt embarrassed for the Church to be making such a garish display of worldly wealth. I don't see how anyone could come to Rome and still believe

that the Church is a good and religious organization. They've overdone everything so much that there's no room for Christ.

Friday, August 3...Rome

Yesterday morning the five of us walked downtown to the American Express and the post office—our two constant stops all over Europe. I don't especially like Rome. The stores do not have as much as the ones in Venice. The city keeps reminding me of New York in summer—the same traffic and crowds shoving around. The people, too, look much more American.

Yesterday we went to the Villa Borghese, which is now an Art Museum. I'm getting tired of baroque art, which is so ornate that I think it's ugly.

This morning we heard a lecture on EVA [?] but there was another group with us—an American Express group of fat old Helen Hokinson women, and two overstuffed men. They made inane God Bless America remarks and darted for the door so quickly when the talk was over that we didn't have a chance to ask any questions. I don't blame the Europeans for despising Americans if those are the kind they meet.

Maybe it's the heat which is getting me down. I'm tired of sightseeing and wish I had some work to do.

Saturday, August 4...Rome

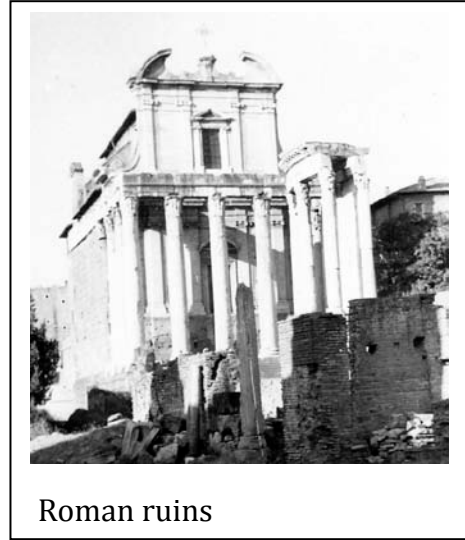


Yesterday after siesta we went to see the old Forum Romanum and the Coliseum. The heat and the burning sun take most of the enthusiasm out of me, but I rather enjoyed looking at the ruins. There's not much beauty left in the crumbling bricks. Until about 200 years ago people placed no value on the ruins and used them as quarries for marble. Maybe they were right. There's an historic interest in looking at them, just in measuring the length of the Senate and picturing Cicero speaking there. But it seems to me their beauty is overrated. I lost much of my belief in the artistic genius of the ancients when I learned that the pure white marble had been painted and gilded. There's too much looking back and not enough appreciation of the beauties of our own modern

architecture. Beauty has to grow out of function and we must create new types of beauty to fit in with our way of life.

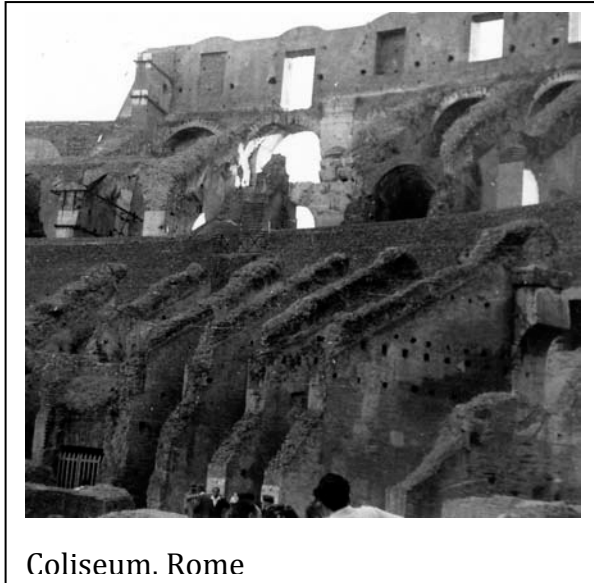
Last night after dinner we sat around in the courtyard again and drank some wine.

This morning we visited the catacombs. We walked thru a mile or so of the subterranean passages. Each of us held a narrow, lighted candle and peered around at the gaping holes which were tombs. The more important chambers where there were frescoes remaining were lighted by electric lights incongruously dangling from the ceiling.



Roman ruins

Sunday, August 5...Rome



Coliseum. Rome

Last night we went to the opera outdoors in the Teatro Caracalla. The stadium is built in what was once an old Roman bath, so two half-ruined pillars stood on either side of the stage. The stage was very large so the setting and staging were bright and spectacular. The opera was *Il Trovatore*. Unfortunately the acoustics were not too good and we had to strain somewhat to hear. The audience was not as quiet as the German audience we saw; there was movement and talk all during the performance.

Sunday night

This morning we had an audience with the pope. The village where his summer residence is located is a dirty little place, the streets of which are lined with stalls selling rosaries and medals.

The Swiss guards in their red, orange and blue striped uniforms with lances in hand guarded the door of the audience room. A little man in a medieval red taffeta uniform herded us into place, and finally the pope came. He was dressed entirely in white, with red velvet slippers. He looked exactly like his pictures. He

spoke to each person—asking if we were having a good time, etc., then he gave a blessing.

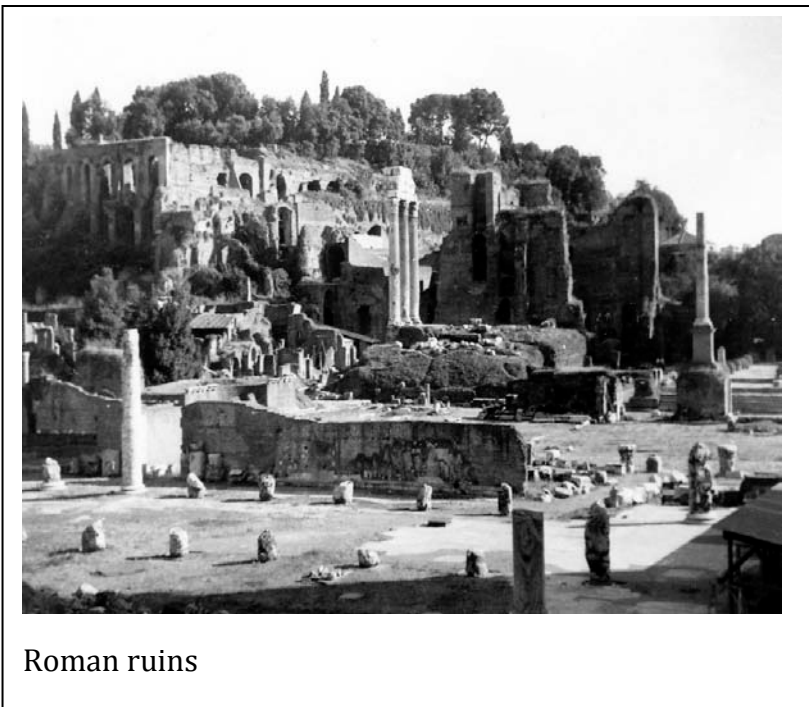
The Catholics knelt and kissed his ring, but neither Janet nor I did because we did not want to acknowledge his sovereignty. I was glad that he did not use the throne, which was at one end of the room. He seemed ascetic, and very serene. I know that he thinks he knows the truth and is secure in his faith. Someday perhaps I'll find a faith to believe in.

Monday, August 6...Rome

This morning the whole group went to the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican Museum. I enjoyed it more today, because I was not upset by the display of wealth; I just enjoyed the pictures.

This afternoon Jan, Jane, Honey and I walked over to the Parthenon. It is a high, spacious building which is not a church. It is quite bare, only statues along the walls and a bare altar at the front—there are no pews.

We've all been griping a lot about the tour. It doesn't seem that our



accommodations and food are what they should be for the \$450 we paid. Now we've heard that we are to stay in a tent camp in Paris and we are all disappointed. Prices are so cheap in Europe that it seems we should be able to stay in hotels instead of places like this where the flies hover over us at every moment and the food is so bad half the people can't eat it.

Sorenson is very nice and jolly. He rubs his hands together and smiles broadly when we speak to him but we can't get any information out of him or any help. We'd probably leave the tour in Paris if we could get a refund from him, but I doubt that we could and we don't have enough money to fool around.

Tuesday, August 7...Naples

We came down here to Naples this morning, arriving at about noon. Our room is at the top of a hotel; we have to climb an automobile ramp to get here. I was so mad when I saw it that I was almost sick, but now after food and rest I feel better about the whole thing.

We went downtown this afternoon. This is the poorest city we've seen yet. The houses are crowded together, the streets are crowded with dirty, ragged, apathetic children, and the peddlers follow us around trying to sell their pens, sunglasses, postcards, or jewelry. There are women with a baby in their arms, begging. Many of the people, children especially, have sores, or rashes on their faces.

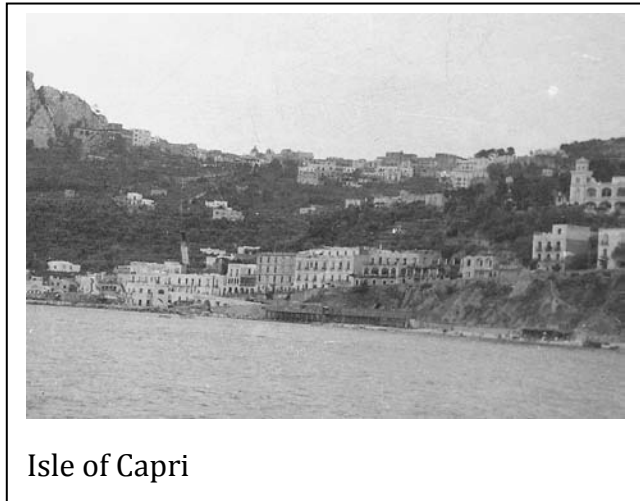
And still there are luxury goods in the stores. There are dresses and shoes and gloves at prices much too expensive for us. I don't know what can ever be done about a city like this. There's not enough industry to absorb the people now, and the birthrate is increasing all the time.

Wednesday, August 8...Naples

We went to Capri today. The boat we took was crowded and dirty. Most of the passengers seemed to be Italian.

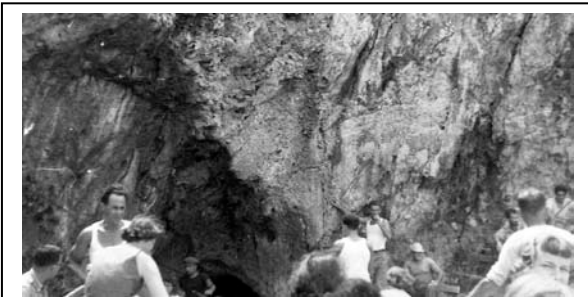
The island is lovely; it rises out of the sea into hills which are spotted with white and pink houses. The village, of course, is full of tourist shops and peddlers.

We took a motor boat to the Blue Grotto and stayed in the boat at the entrance while Sorenson dickered with the pilot about the price of entrance to the



Isle of Capri

Grotto. Meanwhile rowboats with souvenirs tried to sell their goods. Finally we boarded rowboats and went into the Grotto. The entrance is small and low, and the light coming through is reflected in the water making it azure blue and luminous. It was a lovely spot.



Blue grotto--entrance

We had dinner on a terrace overlooking the sea, and then spent the rest of the afternoon at the beach. Once again I wished I had brought my bathing suit because the water was clear and cool.

Thursday, August 9...Naples

This morning we went to Pompeii. We walked around the ruined village and saw the frescos which are amazingly well-preserved and colorful. We saw the baths, elaborately divided into their rooms, the hot bath, the cold bath, and the Turkish bath. There were people who had been killed preserved in lava.



Our group on the beach at Capri

Afterward we went to a cameo factory. We saw the men making the delicate carving on sea shells. Afterwards they tried to sell us the cameos, but they were too expensive for us. One of the managers to whom we spoke would not tell us how much the men made and I suspect that they make very little while the cameos are sold for good prices to the busloads of tourists who come. It seems to me the Italian economic system is rotten.

This afternoon Sorenson is going to discuss some of our complaints with us. I'm not looking forward to the blowup. Feeling has risen during the time in Italy and by now everyone is mad at Sorenson. I don't feel it very strongly, maybe because everyone is against him. If only he treats us like human beings and does not blow up at us—everything will be all right.

Friday, August 10...Florence

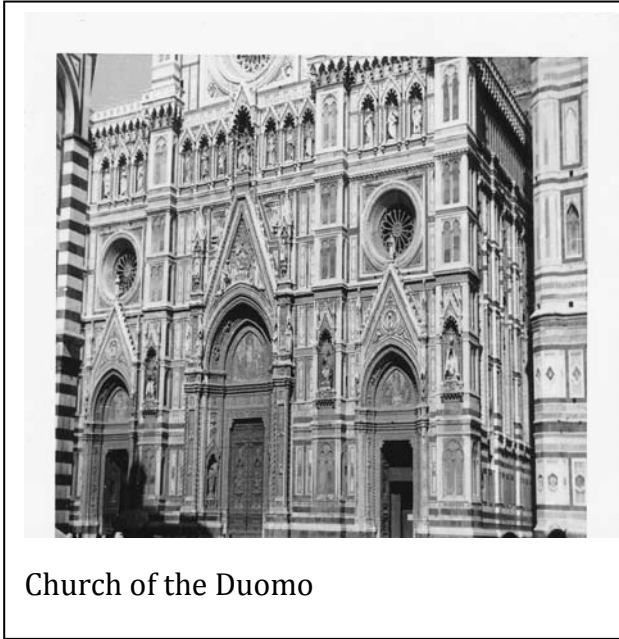
Last night when we got back to Rome there was a letter from Hal waiting for me. It's just as I thought—he just never got around to writing. He sounded so good, so much like himself, and I was so glad to hear from him that my whole attitude toward life has changed.

We came to Florence today and found that we're staying at a hotel with a sink in the room, hot water, and good food. All the unpleasantness of yesterday is forgotten and we're all happy and excited. Florence is cool and seems full of beautiful stores. I like it already.

Sunday, August 12...Florence

Yesterday we went to see some of the art of Florence. We saw the cathedral—the first bare cathedral I'd seen in Europe. There were no pews and few decorations. It was too plain, I thought. The cathedral in Leiden was a better compromise.

In the afternoon we saw the Medici Chapel with its mural of the three kings. It was impressive – the great procession winding around the small chapel, filling it with richness.



Church of the Duomo

Afterwards we shopped. Bought a tablecloth for Mother. The stores are filled with beautiful things but after looking at them long enough I get satiated and don't want any.

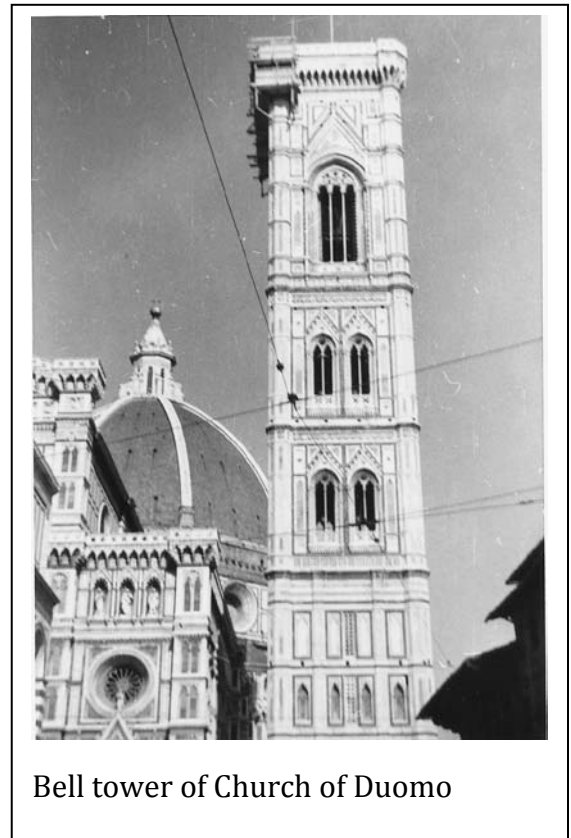
I like new towns. I like looking down at the street and watching the people walk by. Today they are all dressed up for church and they wander past in family groups spreading out across the narrow street. I like to listen to the outbursts of high, melodic song that comes through the night. I like to smell the familiar smells of

cooking that drift across the hot air. And I like to catch glimpses of strange apartments in which the women go around doing all the old familiar tasks – cut off from them by language I am drawn to them by knowing their work, dreams and fears are the same as women everywhere. We are strangers but united.

Monday, August 13...Florence

We are now in the Uffizi Galleries studying Art. I wonder how much culture I can possibly be gaining from staring at these old pictures. Sometimes in one or two I catch a glimpse of what life must have meant to the artists – but not often. What do I care about voluptuous nudes on couches, or vividly colored crucifixion scenes. It has nothing to do with me or with people – the important parts of life are not here.

Later...I don't know why the gallery bothered me so.



Bell tower of Church of Duomo

Views of Florence



Signoria Square



Michelangelo's David (copy)



Doors of the Baptistery of the Duomo



Inside panel of the Baptistery-Duomo



Palazzo Vecchio



Santa Croce

Tuesday, August 14...Milan

I'm feeling better now than I have in the past couple of days, probably only because I've been drinking lots of wine. The last few days I've been bored by not having any work to do, frustrated by having a vague urge to write and nothing to write about, and mad because I'm not appreciating this trip enough. There's always some physical discomfort that distracts me. I'm either tired or hungry or lonely for Hal and I can't seem to enjoy gazing at artistic masterpieces. My worries about what I'm going to do next year and with my entire life beset me. I want to settle down to housework and family, to feel that I'm doing something constructive instead of being a sterile dilettante.

Today after a hot, long, tedious journey we arrived at Milan. We went to see the *Last Supper*, which is at one end of a completely bare room. Then we looked at the Cathedral, the first one that I really liked. The interior is towering Gothic with a dim, candle-lit altar. We went up to the roof of the cathedral where the lace stonework made a pattern against the sky. The carving was elaborate, but it did not look overly ornate, only dainty and fairy-like.

We walked miles to the restaurant and were so tired that we all felt real happy on two glasses of wine.

Wednesday, August 15...Geneva

Tonight we are staying at a boarding school here. We all have single rooms with a desk and sink and in the john there are hot water showers. We haven't had such luxury since we left home, and everyone is feeling wonderful.

The trip here from Milano was long and uncomfortable. We started out at 5 a.m. from the hotel and didn't arrive here until 8 p.m. We changed twice; once had an hour and a half wait in a small French town. There was a carnival going on there with a carousel, bump-em cars, caterpillars, shooting galleries, cupie dolls, cotton candy and all. It seemed very American to me, although maybe some of those things are European in origin. The crowd was about the same as you'd find at a county fair: families, old men and women looking on expressionlessly, groups of self-conscious girls herding together, and pairs of swaggering boys. I wish so much that I could understand French.

I remembered today that early this spring I was dreaming of writing articles about this trip and selling them to the *New Yorker* or someone. It seems silly now, as I always really knew it was, but still I should be able to do more than I have done—more observation, more thought, less dreaming of home, less complaining about the weather or plumbing. It's always been difficult for me to learn to put first things first. I allow my minor discomforts to interfere with knowledge. Just as I have always allowed casual dating to interfere with school.

I'm torn between so many values. I want to be a good wife and mother; at times I think I'm ready for marriage right away so that I can do something fundamental for the good of the world. Other times I want to study, work, maybe even write. I've got to make up my mind which is most important to me and devote my time to it.

Thursday, August 16...Geneva

This morning we were taken to the main points of interest in the old city by a delightful Professor Emeritus of the University here. He was about 70 years old with white hair and mustache, gray homburg, wing collar, stick pin, and pin-striped suit. His English was almost without accent and his speech was witty, tender and proud when he spoke of Geneva and commanding in a courtly way toward us. He led us through the narrow streets where Caesar once came, showed us the house where Rousseau was born, and took us around the government buildings of Geneva. The buildings were obviously old, but not ornate. They were more the dark-paneled, simple type. He took us to the old cathedral. Most of the decoration was taken down at the time of the Reformation, so the interior was gray stone with only the stained glass windows to give color.



Le Jet d'eau-Lake Geneva

The whole of Geneva, its ideals, religion, buildings, all seem admirable to me because of their straight-forwardness, and implicit belief in man. I like the way the Professor spoke of the government, explaining how all important questions are brought before the people. He stressed the importance to the Swiss, of the Reformation. The whole spirit of the country is Protestant and democratic.

This afternoon we heard lectures by three leaders of the World Council of Churches. This is an organization of 150 protestant churches trying to work together to bring Christianity more into the lives of people. I am rather prejudiced against religious people—I always suspect them of hypocrisy, or of trying to convert me. The people were quite straight-forward, however, they merely described the work they were doing in trying to strengthen the church in Communist territories, in trying to end social stratification in the churches, and in trying to coordinate the various churches.

There seems to be much anti-Catholic feeling here. The first speaker made a remark about their headquarters not being as grand as the Vatican. I wonder what will happen to the Church. It seems to be alienating many people by turning its back on inter-faith cooperation, by its insistence on birth control and

no divorce, by its authoritarianism, and in general by its anti-progressive nature. Its interference in politics in Europe causes much hard feeling. I wonder whether the tide will be away from it, or whether in the general confusion people will embrace its dogmatism because it is comforting to have something to lean on. I think it would be better for the world if people turned away from it and toward individual responsibility, but I don't know if they have the strength to do so.

Friday, August 17... Geneva

I didn't do very much today because I had cramps. This morning there was a lecture by the head of the Lutheran World Federation. He talked about their work, but I wasn't very interested.

This afternoon I stayed in bed reading. I finished *America in Perspective* which was a collection of essays about America written by foreigners. It was very interesting.

Janet's been sick the past few days—indigestion and diarrhea. I trust we'll both recover by the time we get to Paris. Paris is the city I'm most excited about. I hope it lives up to our expectations.

Saturday, August 18... Geneva

This morning we listened to a talk by the head of this International School where we are staying. He told us about how the school was started for children of League of Nation workers and how it grew. Now it takes care mostly of UN families although there are other students here sent by diplomatic families who are away from home. It sounds as though going to this school would be a very interesting and broadening experience.

This afternoon we went downtown shopping. We bought a little carved wooden dog for Father Geary, and we stopped in an American bar for a whiskey sour. Liquor always makes me feel sexy, lonely for Hal. I wonder if he's missing me half as much as I miss him. I don't really know whether I love him or whether I'm just frustrated and need a man to think about. I'm looking forward eagerly to seeing him, talking to him, and feeling his arms around me.

Recently Jane has annoyed me quite a bit. She does little things like stealing that tiny purse in Florence, and collecting fare from Mr. Sorenson last night when she hadn't really spent it. And she seems selfish about doing what she wants to do when she wants to do it without regard for anyone else. Also she seems to feel that she appreciates Art and beautiful possessions more than I do. I wonder whether I've changed this past year, or whether she has, or whether we just didn't know each other so well. It's frightening to think of marrying someone and then finding out that he could be so much different than he had seemed. I

certainly thought I knew Jane very well, yet I've discovered an entirely new side to her. It hasn't destroyed our friendship by any means, but it has disillusioned me a little. I wonder if I married Hal, or even maybe if I had married Ralph, whether there'd be this same stage of disillusion.

Sunday, August 19... Paris

It seems incredible that we're actually in Paris at last. We travelled all night on those hard wooden benches. This was one time when I didn't think we'd travel third class, but we did. It was an uncomfortable night. Those who had sleeping bags rolled them out in the aisle and slept so that most of the rest of us had two seats and could curl up and get some sleep. There was a full moon, which made the countryside white and beautiful, but I slept most of the way.

We arrived at 6:30, but with the usual confused delay it was 8:30 before we got to our rooms here at the University of Paris. Again we have single rooms, beautiful modern ones. Apparently the dorm is coed. I wonder how that works out for the students. I wish we could find out what their moral standards are. They seem to have so much more opportunity to be lax than we have. I wonder if they are.

Sunday night This afternoon we took the Metro downtown. We emerged at the



Champs Elysees, Paris

Arc de Triumph. We looked at the eternal flame and then walked down the Champs Elysee. It is not as fashionable a street as I had expected – not like Fifth Avenue. There were several dress shops with lovely, high-fashion dresses, but the other stores were not especially attractive. The street is very wide and tree-lined. We walked down to the Place de Concorde with its two fountains and its white railing. This part of Paris seemed like one large

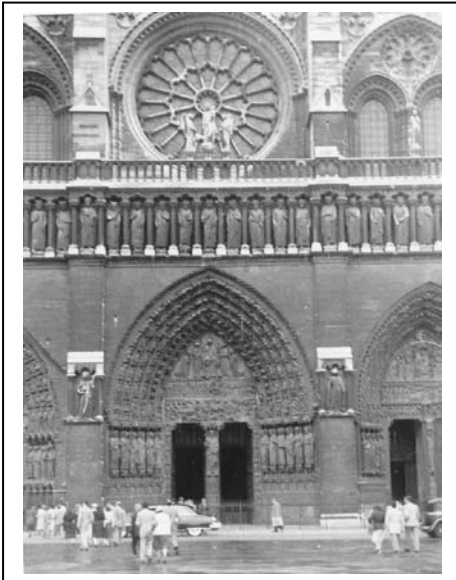
park, planned for beauty rather than utility.

We went to Notre Dame, surprisingly small, but beautiful. The high Gothic ceilings and the glowing stained glass windows gave even me a religious feeling.

About five o'clock it began to rain. I like to walk through cities in the rain, when the color scheme is just varied shades of gray.



Notre Dame, Paris



Notre Dame

Tonight Jane Eckert, Jan, Margo and I walked through the Latin quarter and stopped in one of its little night clubs for a drink. It turned out to be quite an active nightclub. There was a five-piece band, four of them women, on a raised stand. They played South American and gypsy music mostly. There was a large woman singer who wore a blue, puff-sleeved dress and sang French songs with great feeling; a stilted, artificial crooner; a girl m.c. who also sang; and a red-nosed comedian with little boy clothes who apparently told off-color jokes.

The audience was as interesting as the entertainers. The French girls are very chic—smart clothes, much make-up, and blonde-streaked dark hair. We watched two attractive

girls pick up two wandering students; a remarkably homely, Radcliffe-type girl who sat for an hour eating a large peach and drinking water; several negro-white couples; a red-mustached professorial man whose main interest seemed to be to watch us; a boy about 17 who scowled over one glass of beer all evening; and several family groups where even the young children drank beer.

Tuesday, August 21...Paris

Yesterday we spent several hours wandering around the Louvre. It is by far the largest museum I've ever seen. We wandered for miles through its corridors. The collection contains most of the most famous paintings and statues. We saw Venus de Milo, Winged Victory and the Mona Lisa. It was a magnificent place. I wish we'd had more time to spend there.



Louvre Museum

Last night the three of us went with Jane Eckert and Margo to see Madame Doumic and arrange to go to a fashion showing. She lives in an apartment on the ground floor. We had to walk through a high wall to a small courtyard with a garden. She was anxious to do anything for us, but it doesn't seem that we'll have much time here.

Later we went to a café, Mabillon, which was apparently a student gathering place. The five of us were the only unescorted girls, in fact almost the only girls, so we were soon surrounded by men. They were a weird group, many of them

had beards, long, tapering fingernails, and a few had shoulder-length hair. One of them spoke English. He said that most of the students had no money and just hung around the café. They bummed cigarettes from us, asked for wine, and tried to speak some English.

A Frenchman who's lived on Long Island for a long time and has jumped ship here, came over and tried to persuade us to go to a different place. The manager threw him out, so we followed and he started to take us somewhere, then we ran into two other students who wanted to take us somewhere else. They were all vehement about it, and we couldn't quite figure out what their interests were. Eventually the whole affair got so confused that we came home.

Wednesday, August 22...Paris

Yesterday we wandered around for a while shopping. Then at noon we heard a lecture by Mrs. Myrdal of UNESCO.

After lunch we picked up the fashion show data from Mde. Doumic. Later I just wandered around, browsing through bookstores and walking past little shops. I wish so much that we were staying here.

Last night the five of us tried to find some jazz. Eventually we found Club St. Germaine, recommended by Mde. Doumic. It was a small cement cellar, dim and cave-like. The music was wonderful – real American jazz. There was also a girl singer and a poet who recited. There were many young people around, some of them terrific dancers.

One of the singers, an American negro asked me to dinner tonight. I'm rather nervous, but it should be interesting.

Jan and I aren't going to Versailles today with the group. Still, there isn't time – we're leaving tomorrow. I'm rushing through my memoirs, just when I have so much to write about. I wish Hal were here; he'd love this place. I'm going to try to persuade him to come back with me sometime.

Thursday, August 23...London

I wish I'd had more time in Paris to write. Instead, I never stayed home; in fact, I never sat still long enough to let all the impressions distill.

Yesterday morning we merely wandered around for a while. In the afternoon we went to a fashion show. It was Maggie Rouff, a house I'd never heard of. The rooms were large and elegant, and the clothes, although not extreme fashion, were beautifully detailed and very stylish. The materials, mostly wool, jersey, some silk moiré or brocade, were rich, but it was the careful finishing that made

**Views of
Paris**



Policeman in Paris



Arc d'Triumph



Eifel Tower



Tuilleries Gardens



Tomb of the Unknown Soldier

the dresses – the diagonal pleats, the graceful draping, and the precise fit. It was wonderful just to see such clothes.

Last night I firmly intended to go home right after supper. I didn't call Babs (the singer) after all. I felt tired and I was scared – finally after supper, brave with wine, I did call but he wasn't there.

While Jane Eckert, Jan, Margo and I were still in the restaurant where we had supper, an English fellow came over and talked to us. We talked for a long time. He told us where to go in London and where not to go. He explained English money and habits.

He was going to come to the Club St. Germaine with us, but at the last minute he changed his mind and we went in alone. I think we were mistaken for prostitutes because we were asked to dance, and then propositioned. I was scared, as usual, and glad to go home, although the music was as good as the night before. I'm not really meant to be an adventuress, I guess.

We travelled all day today, by train, boat and then train. It was strange to be with so many people who spoke English. I spent most of the trip talking to some Indian boy scouts.

Friday, August 24...London

Our first day here was gray and dismal – just as London weather should be. It was dismal for other reasons too. We had trouble getting passage to Rotterdam and for a few minutes I was afraid we would never get to the *Volendam*. It's a great relief to have our plans for the next two weeks settled.

London is rather staid after Paris. Most of the goods in the stores are practical rather than frivolous; the crowds are grim and pushing. I miss the friendly sidewalk cafes, the leisurely meals and the romantic atmosphere of Paris.

This afternoon we saw an English movie with James Stewart and Marlene Dietrich [probably *No Highway in the Sky*] that was quite amusing.

Tonight we saw Christopher Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners*. It is a religious drama in verse. It was given inside a church so that the setting was very real and the audience was drawn into the play. The theme of the play was man's necessity for a spiritual life. It was well acted and staged. I enjoyed it because it was a fairly successful attempt to balance symbolism and realism. I don't know that its message was very profound, but perhaps I haven't thought about it enough yet.

Saturday, August 25...London

This morning we went to a lecture by a Conservative Party candidate for Parliament. He was the most formal speaker we've had yet—introduced by another man and so forth. His attitude was that the Labor Party is stifling initiative and so ruining the nation. He apparently believes in the Horatio Alger myth and feels that hard-working people are bound to get ahead. He thinks the empire is a good thing and distrusts the ability of colonial countries to rule themselves. His speech was polished, but his points were rather generalized. Although I agree with him that bureaucracy is an evil, I doubt that uncontrolled free enterprise is any better. It is easy for the Conservatives to criticize the present government, but to form a constructive plan is more difficult.

This afternoon we went through Parliament Buildings and to Westminster Abbey. The latter was impressive as name after famous name appeared on the plaques. The statues and the inscriptions are terrible, but the idea that such a continuous stream of important people are buried there is inspiring.

Monday, August 27...London

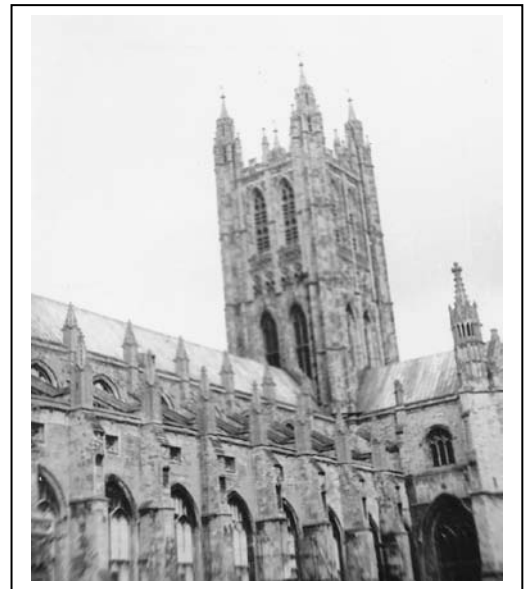
Yesterday we took a bus trip to Canterbury. It was a three-hour trip and although the scenery was pretty, the bus bumped so much that I really couldn't enjoy it.



Canterbury Bargate

Canterbury was quaint. We had tea at a little shop then wandered around and visited the cathedral. After lunch we went to the Festival Exhibition, which was quite good except for one bomb-shelter exhibit complete with sound effects. I should think the English would have had enough of that.

Last night we stopped at a pub near here. We had to stand because all the chairs were occupied by middle-aged family groups. Afterwards we went on to another pub. Most of the drinkers were Irish and we picked up four men without really trying. They walked us home and came into the lounge for a while. The one I was with, Ted O'Driscoll, was a charming, romantic Irishman. I'm sorry that he had to go away today for the rest of the week.





Warwick Castle

Today we went to Oxford and to Stratford-on-Avon, another long bumpy trip. Magdalen College at Oxford is tranquilly beautiful, but to Ivory Towerish for me.

Shakespeare's birthplace was old and interesting. I like Tudor houses, they seem cozy and private. The gardens were in full bloom and for once we had sunshine to make them look even lovelier.



Shakespeare's House



Shakespeare's House

Tonight we had our farewell party. We gathered in the lounge and each person gave a brief impression of Europe. They didn't impress me as being especially profound; in fact, I don't have a very high opinion of the group's intelligence. But the whole affair was a rather nice note on which to end the tour. There's been so much griping and bickering that it was good for once to hear some appreciative comments.

Tuesday, August 28...London

This is the last day of the tour. Now that the trip's nearly over I wish I could stay longer, because it's quite likely that I'll never get back to Europe. I got a letter from Hal today and he's having a miserable summer with nothing to do. It's too bad he didn't get to California.

This morning we heard a lecture by two members of the British Labor Party. They seemed much more straight-forward and constructive than the Conservative representative. They explained the economic conditions that necessitated the austerity policy. Although socialism might destroy some

initiative, I think it is necessary here in England where capitalism led to such unequal distribution of wealth and opportunity. Probably it will eventually be necessary in the States too, although it will be a greater problem there because the size magnifies the bureaucracy.

If socialism is to work, the emphasis must be taken off money and put on social welfare. I think that is happening slowly and that individuals now feel more personal responsibility for impoverished people than they used to, but it will be a long time before the responsibility is great enough to allow socialism to function effectively.

This afternoon we wandered around shopping unsuccessfully for cashmeres and leather gloves. I'm not sorry that I'm bringing back such few souvenirs from Europe. I can buy what I need in New York and I don't want to let material things become too important to me.

Wednesday, August 29...London

Today for the first time we were on our own. We left Queen Mary College Hostel and moved into our rooms on Dorset Square. The two rooms downstairs are nice, but mine is on the sixth floor with a skylight instead of a window and I'm rather disappointed.

This afternoon we saw *Waters of the Moon* a comedy about the effect of a wealthy family on the guests of a tiny hotel near Dartmoor. Sybil Thorndike, Dame Edith Evans and Wendy Hillyer were all good. We enjoyed having tea during intermission.

After supper we decided to see Gene Kelly in *An American in Paris*. We enjoyed the Paris scenes enough to make the whole picture worthwhile.

The stage show celebrated the English Festival. It was just like an American show with a chorus line, singing, dancing, a comedian, and acrobats.

Thursday, August 30...London

This morning we slept till about ten o'clock and then met Jane and Margo for breakfast. Afterwards we shopped – bought a tie for Ed, but did lots of looking.

Jane came home right after lunch while Jan and I wandered around. None of us felt like going to the Festival Exhibition or doing any more sightseeing. We're ready to go home.

I don't especially like England. The weather is cold and damp and so are the people. Unless you eat the right thing at the right time you can't eat – they won't serve just a sandwich and coffee at lunchtime for instance. And the bars are only

open from 11 a.m. until 3 p.m. and from 7 p.m. till 10:30. And I don't think they like Americans. They're rude in stores. They are bitter because so many luxury items are for export only. Their styles are drab. They're just too reserved and stodgy for me. They don't seem to be enjoying themselves or getting any color out of life.

Friday, August 31...Southampton

We left London at 1:30 this afternoon and arrived here at about 3:30. Dad's cousin, Susie Bartlett, her husband and her 15-year-old daughter Mary met us at the station.

We came to the house, one about the size of ours in about the same sort of neighborhood. After tea the rest of the family descended on us. Susie has six brothers and one sister. Most of them came over to see us. They're just like the Gearys – full of life, gay, respectable. I wonder where Dad got the spark of ambition that made him want education so that he wouldn't work on the docks like the rest of them.

Sunday, September 2...Southampton

Yesterday was another rainy day. In the morning we went downtown looking through the rather meager stores. After dinner at one of the department stores, we decided to go to the movies because it was so rainy. We saw *Alice in Wonderland*, a Walt Disney fantasy which I enjoyed.

After the movie we came home for tea then sat around in front of the fire talking. We had a couple of glasses of shandy – lemonade and beer – before going to bed.

This morning we went to mass at St. Joseph's Church, Dad's old church. There were very few people there because it is in the central part of town which was badly blitzed – many of the old residents have moved toward the outskirts.

This afternoon we finished up our sightseeing here. We saw the Pilgrim's Monument, the Sports Center, and the University. We took buses which took us just about all over the city.

Tuesday, September 4...Rotterdam

We left Southampton at noontime yesterday. It was strange to be saying goodbye to the Bartletts, not knowing whether we'll ever see them again. Spending the weekend with them wasn't scintillating. They seem so hopelessly tied to their routine, with no interests outside their personal life.

We didn't have much time in London. We got the train to Tilbury and then the channel boat. It felt good to be travelling on water again. We drank beer and almost looked forward to the *Volendam*.

Now that I'm ready to leave, I feel that I ought to stay in Europe for a while. It may be so long before I have a chance to return, perhaps I never will.

We arrived here early this morning. The Holland American found us a room. We walked around the city for a while. Most of the buildings are new, so the whole place has a clean, fresh look. In a way it would be good for every city to be bombed out once in a while.

Thursday, September 6...S.S. *Volendam*

Yesterday we finally left Europe. We boarded the ship at about 10 o'clock in the morning and started meeting the people on our tour and talking with them about the last week.

It's like coming home to be on the ship again. Everyone's relaxed because we know what to expect. Patty Mahoney is coming home after all. She wandered all over Europe this summer on \$300 sleeping in Youth Hostels, eating bread and cheese, and picking up companions as she went.

Pat has changed her mind about Russia and her hopes for peace. She went to East Berlin, after the Festival was over and saw the signs and newspapers which had been prepared for it. She said their anti-American propaganda was much more extreme than our anti-Russian. Every joke in the papers was directed against the U.S. and every sign emphasized Russia's desire for peace.

--same night.

We still haven't arrived in LeHavre. We've been delayed by a dense fog which crept up suddenly at about 10 o'clock this morning. This afternoon we lay motionless for several hours because it was too foggy for the pilot to come out from LeHavre. Finally the sun appeared, and soon a tug discharged the pilot here. As he scrambled up the ladder to board us he was cheered laughingly by the passengers.

The End