

THIS AND THAT

(Continued from Page Two)
 ed the Weindorf. "Dori" is German, means "village," and a "wine village" it was; a fairly large quadrangle, built like a number of small houses, enclosed the open

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Another says: "It is grand in every way. My cakes and biscuits are so much better and my toasts are nicer. I would never have anything but an electric stove." (See the housewife's electric range on display at department stores, electrical dealers and all Detroit Edison offices.)



center of the Weindorf, and in its middle was a large platform where musicians, singers, and dancers, in costume, performed for the amusement and entertainment of those present. While we were eating our dinner, our 13-year-old daughter, Susan, was asked to dance by a young German chap (at least twice her age), when he came over and, making a fine bow, escorted her to the floor. Susan looked at me, then at her mother, for approval—it was her first experience of the kind. She was nervous, she declares, because I want her to, and I suppose the German chap thought her a German "mädchen"—although if he had looked over carefully he would have realized that she was somewhere depended from a cross between a leopold and a drugstore.

But I must hurry through the remainder of Germany. The next morning we left for Holland, expecting to get across the border; but we didn't—and about seven o'clock we pulled up to the leading hotel in Emmerich, Germany, right on the bank of the Rhine. The hotel wasn't very large, but before the evening was well under way it was filled with natives, a small orchestra, and some local chap who sought to perform as a singing comedian. Our room opened on to the main street—and so did the noise that came from the people assembled in the hotel's main dining room, to eat food and drink beer. I remember getting to sleep about midnight—and was awake again at three o'clock and the orchestra was still going pretty strong. (Just one of the delightful experiences on a trip of this kind with a motor car—just to be sure, as to be so awakened on the twentieth floor of the best European, or American, hotel, by the noisy "gang" next door.)

Within a half mile either side of the Emmerich Hotel where we stayed that night were 45 or 50 boats anchored on the Rhine, waiting for the day to break; desiring to photograph them before they left. I managed, with the aid of my 13-year-old son, John, to go up about four-thirty, and I spent some time getting the wanted pictures; a heavy fog was lifting from the Rhine when I first peered out from my room, but patient waiting finally brought more atmospheric clarity, and I hope my trouble has been rewarded—I don't know at this writing, because the films have not yet been developed.

The next morning we left Emmerich and crossed into lovely Holland. It doesn't take long to drive over Holland, with its comparatively small area, even though it has a population of eight million human beings. Frankly, at first I was disappointed in Holland. The pictured windmills were few and far between. The first day and a half

revealed that these windmills—but I did see more of them. I mean just that. The afternoon I drove into Amsterdam I was actually, in danger of being run down by a horde of these riders who, incidentally, being the vast majority of street users, seem to have the right-of-way. Downtown, in Amsterdam, when the quitting hour for work arrives, the streets are covered with bicyclists; when the traffic light stops one of the traffic, the bicyclists pile up several hundred deep—and when the green light comes on they wheel forward like the Charge of the Light Brigade. I imagine everybody in Holland owns a "bike"—and maybe half of them are in use each day.

We spent nearly two days in Amsterdam and vicinity—Amsterdam with its many bridges, its many canals that extend right into and through the heart of the city; hundreds of big and little barges are tied up in these canals, most of them nowadays serving only as warehouses for coal, lumber, and various bulk commodities. I was told that Holland is having "hard times," and that those barges cannot get shipments of freight.

From Amsterdam we motored to The Hague, also spelled Den Haag, and Gravenhage. As you probably recall, Andrew Carnegie years ago provided several millions of dollars with which to build the Peace Palace, where the World Court holds forth in this lovely city, which is also the capital of Holland. From The Hague we drove out to Scheveningen, a short distance from the center of The Hague, on the North Sea; Scheveningen is Holland's largest and loveliest watering resort—much finer, I believe, than Atlantic City. Then down to Rotterdam with a tour around the city, conducted by a youth we picked up when coming into the city.

When I say that Holland's streets are littered with "bikes," I mean just that. The afternoon I drove into Amsterdam I was actually, in danger of being run down by a horde of these riders who, incidentally, being the vast majority of street users, seem to have the right-of-way. Downtown, in Amsterdam, when the quitting hour for work arrives, the streets are covered with bicyclists; when the traffic light stops one of the traffic, the bicyclists pile up several hundred deep—and when the green light comes on they wheel forward like the Charge of the Light Brigade. I imagine everybody in Holland owns a "bike"—and maybe half of them are in use each day.

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these rivers, and the small village first set up called itself Amsterdam, or "Amstel" by the dam. Amsterdam is merely a contraction of the original name.

From Rotterdam we drove down into Belgium, arriving in the famous city and capital of that country, Brussels, in the early evening. We drove through some of the country taken over by the Germans early in the World War, and the female masses of the place lived in the village of Villers-la-Potterie, in Belgium, during the entire War. She speaks quite good English, and is a cultured woman. She told me that Belgium, as well as Holland, is in constant fear of Germany and the latter's activity, should another war come upon them. "I do not think we can live through another war," she said. "Our country is too small, too lacking in resources to fight again. I so well remember the last one—I saw with my own eyes many people killed. I know that new games have been made to kill people with, and the airplanes can do so much more now than they could in the last one. That, while every Belgian is supposed to have a gas mask in his home for every member of his family, many do not have masks. 'Be-ides,' she stated, with a hopeless shrug of her shoulders, 'there are now so many different kinds of gases that can be used, and one cannot have chemicals for every kind of gas—and you don't know what kind to use, anyway, until it is released at you, and the word given by these in charge.'"

Brussels held us only part of a day, even though it does contain much of interest. We did drive about the city and saw its Palace, Parliament, and numerous monuments; also witnessed the marching of three separate groups of soldiers as they went from one part of the city to another. We left Brussels Monday afternoon, July 12, driving through Ghent and Bruges, and arrived in this lovely city of Ostende near seven o'clock in the evening—our speedometer,

as I stated in the beginning of this story, showing that we had traveled 3,014 miles in six European countries. Ostende is Belgium's most famous—and Belgians claim it is. Bruges—watering place. Here, in 1927, Rotary International held its second convention in a foreign city, the first having been at Edinburgh, Scotland; the third was at Vienna, so that the Nice Convention, this year, made the fourth-one held in Europe.

As I may have stated in a previous letter, I had been asked by Leland Case, editor of The Rotarian Magazine, to attend a typical European Rotary Club meeting, to take numerous pictures of its members, both at their places of business and in their luncheon meeting. So I got busy Tuesday morning, July 13, when I learned that the Ostende Club was meeting at noon that day.

Most of the Ostende Rotarians can speak English, so my task was made fairly easy. I got in touch with its immediate past president Robert Eliebout, who took me in charge for several hours on this assignment.

That this is a small world was made manifest when I learned that Monsieur Eliebout lived in Detroit for a year, in 1913 and 1914—leaving the employ of the Burroughs Adding Machine Co. to turn to Belgium as a volunteer soldier in the World War. Also, he proved to be engaged in the printing and publishing business, as I am. I had a fine visit with Ostende Rotarians, and was presented with a small Belgian flag, on which was printed "Rotary Club-Ostende." I promised them an American flag upon my return home. Ostende was Belgium's first Rotary Club. One of its community service projects, by the way, was the sponsorship of a project in connection with its wonderful sea bathing, when it raised two and a half million francs in 1924 for the construction of what is known as "Les Bains," or "The Baths"; this project, entirely a structure, under the very wide expanse of a large part of the Ostende seashore, everything is finished in green tile—individual rooms for those who want them, and even one suite is reserved for Belgium's King and Royal family.

This has been my longest letter

—perhaps too long. Just one more will arrive ahead of me, containing some impressions of England. With the family, I shall sail from Liverpool July 30, arriving in Montreal on the Duchess of York August 7. Then for the "home stretch"—perhaps by way of the northern part of New York state, Buffalo, then straight across Ontario to Windsor, Detroit, and Birmingham.

Until my next, then, so long.

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