

looks new, inside one has the feeling of living in past centuries. It was perhaps in this spot that we realized suddenly the effort which is put forth to preserve those things traditional on that side of the world while we, here in a brash new world, think nothing of tearing down buildings woven into the history which even such a new world as ours may have; and there seems no reverence for the things of the past, but only a feverish effort to always be in the forefront with the new.

And there was the delightful, outgoing friendliness of the Irish women we met. Can you think what it means to a weary traveller to walk across the building of a huge airport and suddenly to hear one's name called out in friendly manner by one who says immediately that she and her husband have come to "carry" us to our hotel, and in so doing they drive around Dublin so that we may have an opportunity to see the places of interest? And upon arrival at a hotel to be told that there are friends awaiting us in the lounge, and when we meet there is an outgoing rush of greeting in the most delightful Irish brogue? And the hotel porter, when we were rushing to get last things together while a cab waited at the door, who consolingly said, "Do not rush; we have but two speeds in Ireland—dead slow and halt."

And then in Scotland, land of the beautiful highlands just coming into full bloom with the heather, to drive from Edinburgh to Glasgow, a short distance "as the crow flies," but to take an entire day so that we might see the byways, the Lochs, the old castles, and to hear the tales and legends of this country which, too, has its own brand of gracious welcome and a people proud of traditions.

On every side we found inquiries about Canada and Canadians, and it can be said with quiet pride that to travel on a Canadian passport gives one a key to open every door. It was cause for amazement when the Immigration and Customs officers at the border of a European country paused in their duties to give a special welcome because we were Canadian. It was also cause for satisfaction that when arriving at a port of entry, suddenly over the noise of the crowd those who held British passports were directed to a separate line and in no time at all we were through the official questioning, while many of our fellow travellers were still standing in a line awaiting their turn.

There were times when we had to correct misconceptions about our country, and chief of these seems to be the idea that things come easy in Canada. When we had to say that there was unemployment here even as in other places, there sometimes was a doubting expression on faces; and when we explained that while wages may seem exorbitant here living costs sometimes seemed even higher, there was always pause for discussion and comparison. And always there was the matter of taxes to be borne by people everywhere, to pay, as one man put it, "for what has gone by for naught and the fearsome and worrisome things which haunt the future."

There are those who facetiously say that "travel broadens one." It is true that one sees new places

and faces, but it probably is more important that the traveller should learn more of the ways of the people in faraway lands. For us it was a rare experience, and not one to be soon forgotten, to hear the reactions to world affairs; to brush shoulders with those who are much concerned with conditions abroad, and to learn the opinions of those same persons in connection with the politics of both the United States and Canada. The world has become small indeed when one has dinner on one side of the Atlantic and breakfast the next morning more than 3,000 miles distant; and there are many on the other side of the Atlantic who are much concerned about what happens on this side, for they know that in this age it means much to them and their way of life how things go with us "in America" as the expression has it over there.

What was the highlight of the trip? To stand before the Arc de Triomphe with its always burning lamp at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Paris? The drive through the plains of Lombardy in Italy, and in a small village to see the bullet holes of the last war not quite covered by the lush growth of bougainvillia vines? To drive down a long highway lined with the Roman pines, tall and straight with their wide branching tops making a canopy over the road? To stop on a Mediterranean cruise at the little village of Portofino and watch the pilgrims ascending the mountainside to honour their patron saint at her shrine atop the cliff? Or to walk along the seaside at the quaint fishing village of Colendamm with its people wearing their colourful garb of another time, and children instead of buying ice cream and candy proffering their pennies to buy a succulent bit of smoked eel as a treat? To stand in the Square in Munich and watch the famous figures in the tower which perform once each day, the twelve Apostles, and finally the battle between Good and Evil? The village of Oberammergau where every ten years the great drama of the Passion is enacted faithfully? The Golden Square in the heart of Brussels where the designs on the face of the four great buildings are inlaid with gold? The harbour of Amsterdam with its great ships coming and going? The Parliament sitting on the edge of the Thames River and Big Ben's tower rising above in majesty? All of these are highlights; each has its fascination or its enchantment; but we shall never forget a ride by bus from Cork to Limerick with the bus stopping at every small village to let the conductor deliver and pick up packages, and on occasion reminding the driver that two ladies aboard must catch a plane at Shannon Airport for America; and as a crowning gesture of goodwill, holding the departure of the bus while we stopped to have a cup of tea in a tiny village, en route. There can be great beauty and attraction in places and buildings, but these are inanimate; it is the people of each country which make it interesting right down to the earnest peddler who offered us the wares of his tray with the observation, "Very cheap, hundred per cent, real McCoy," as we strolled along the street in the medieval city of Florence, across the square from the Cathedral of the de Medici.

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