

A TRIP TO EUROPE

Twentieth article in a series by Miss Margaret Laundry.

SOUTH COAST

Continuing along the south coast our next stop was in Exeter, Devon. This city was very heavily bombed during the war but the old narrow streeted sections around the cathedral were not touched. Some of the streets are too narrow for vehicular traffic so you can gaze for hours with your nose in the air without thought of being knocked down. The gaily painted and carved exteriors of some old pubs, claiming visits from Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake caught our eye.

Just out of Exeter we were picked up by two ladies who had spent the night in their car due to engine trouble caused by running through some deep water on the road after a flash flood. They drove us right through to Bournemouth and had us in to tea at the end of the ride. One of the women turned out to be the wife of a one time famous motor cycle racer and insisted on taking us down to his cycle shop to meet him. We didn't like to acknowledge the fact that we'd never heard of him so accepted autographed copies of his racing photographs. Their home was in Poole on the outskirts of Bournemouth in a setting very similar to Terrace Bay's--- very sandy soil with pine trees galore although they were the lush, bushy, Scotch pine variety.

On our trip along the Cote d'Azur in France in October, I mentioned that we had met two Canadian girls in Siwash sweaters and tams from B.C. Our main reason for coming to Bournemouth was to visit these two who had settled into a well to do family household as cook and parlour maid. They also kept a full time gardiner and childrens nurse for their two youngsters. Luckily enough the "Lord and Lady" were away for the weekend so Kath and I took over the master bedroom (which was quite a treat after our former lowly abodes). Best of all we had bath #3 after 8 weeks of hitching.

The girls offered us their nylon sleeping bags for the rest of the trip which we eagerly accepted but hadn't got far from Bournemouth till we regretted our decision. They added about 9 lbs. to our already 25 lb. sacks almost tipping us over backwards so we carried them by hand most of the way.

At Winchester, the first capital of England and court of King Alfred the
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A TRIP TO EUROPE (Cont.)

Great, the hostel was full so we decided to head for Salisbury after supper. This was the first time we had attempted to travel in the evening and we found the cars and rides were as scarce as hens teeth. Finally after no success whatever and darkness coming on we took a bus to the nearest village. On arrival we found all hotels and "bed and breakfasts" full - so what to do then? It was pitch black but armed with courage and our sleeping bags we inquired as to the whereabouts of the nearest barn. We were personally conducted to a new corrugated tin barn about 1/2 a mile from the village and by moonlight prepared to bed down in the hay for the night. Our young guides came back shortly to say their mothers had offered us the living room floor if we wanted it and to warn us that there were likely to be rats running around in the hay. We were all zipped up in our sleeping bags and so tired that neither rats nor elephants could have made any difference to us. We were awakened next morning by the heat of the sun on our nylon bags.

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RECENTLY READ

Dr. Morris Fishbien tells of a medico who wrote out a prescription in the usual legible fashion doctors use on such occasions. The patient used it for two years as a railway pass. Twice it got him into Radio City Music Hall, and once into Ebbets Field. It came in handy as a letter from his employer to the cashier to increase his salary. And to cap the climax, his daughter played it on the piano and won a scholarship to the Curtis Music Conservatory.

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LOST

One good Earring on Sunday between St. Martin's Church and Birch Crescent. Will finder please return to 175 Birch Crescent.. Reward.

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LOST

Last winter a 14 inch Teddy Bear, Orange Colour, first we thought it was underneath the snow, but now we know it has been found. Will you please bring it back to house #76 Hudson Drive. Reward.