

Fredericton Boy's Travels Amongst Swiss and Germans

Norman MacLeod Writes Further Interesting
Letters As He Continues His European Trips
Through Scenic Country by Bicycle.

Writing to his mother Mrs. H. F. MacLeod of this city, Norman MacLeod a well-known and popular young man now on a European trip describes in an interesting way the various places in Switzerland and Germany, through which he has passed. Mr. MacLeod's many friends here will be pleased to learn that he is well and is enjoying every minute of his trip. Mr. MacLeod says:—

Zurich, Switzerland.— This is my last sheet of paper,—and it is Sunday, the 12th, and I can't buy any here even if I wished to spend the money which I don't. Some hotel somewhere must supply me with paper. And I must use this sheet very thoroughly—but not so thoroughly as to make it impossible to read—for that would be false economy. Now for the news: I am travelling alone—have been since I left Lugano, four days ago. Malcolm and I, after long discussion and arbitration, went on our various ways. It is too bad, for Malcolm was a very pleasant companion, though not so good as Dave Pickard. It happened like this: Since we left London together, nearly four weeks ago, several times we have been at odds as to where we should go in Europe. On each occasion, both desiring an agreeable companion, we have reached a compromise. At Lugano our desires were so widely different that we could not compromise. Malcolm wished to go to Rome by train (cheap excursion then back to Lugano and from there to Innsbruck, Austria and to Munich. I wished to come back through Switzerland to Germany and through Germany via the Black Forest, Bavarian Alps and the Rhineland. To compromise Malcolm was willing to give up Rome or Austria, but not both. And I could not meet him either way, due to money, time, and desire. So Malcolm is now in Rome and tomorrow night I will be in Germany. Zurich is in the north of Switzerland—not far from the German border. I have come here from Lugano alone by bicycle. On Thursday 9th, I saw Malcolm off to Rome, after helping him arrange to store his bike. Then I started back to Zurich on that day I got caught in a terrific rainstorm and so I stopped at Bellinzona in a Hostel for the night. Bellinzona is only 30 kilometers (20 miles) from Lugano. The Hostel there is up on a mountain with only a little rock path up to it. It is a very hard climb and I had to leave my bike in town. It took 1.5 hours to go up and after I got up there it cleared up and the view was marvellous. Bellinzona just below and Locarno gave me a thrill. There were only four of us there that night—a Swiss and 2 Germans. The German boys got there late and had to climb up that path after dark. They had a terrible time—I don't see how they did it at all. The woman who looked after that hostel gave me two boiled eggs, a loaf of bread, tomatoes and coffee for 80 centimes (25 cents) which is very, very cheap in this expensive country. I left at 5.30 next morning to start the long St. Gotthard climb. At 6.30 in the evening I had gone 100 KM., and in that had passed the top of St. Gotthard. And that is good travelling! Half way up the big hill I came upon a Rolls Royce broken down. I stopped there for an hour, chatted, and helped

lift a wheel off and on. The English people in it were very nice—they gave me two apples and asked me about the Rockies and Dillinger. Unfortunately they were not going in my direction. That night my hostel was Hospenthal, which is near the top and very beautiful. When I got there I started to make my tea as usual. (I always have a cup or two of hot tea at hostels) and I got invited to join a group of about 30 students who were staying there. They were travelling together—all Swiss from the German, French and Italian parts of Switzerland. They gave me a plate of spaghetti about this big (to be accompanied by appropriate gestures), bread and tea. All of which was very good and cost nothing. Their leader spoke very good English and I had a long talk with him—and also sort of a garbled conversation in French with others. In Europe I guess everyone speaks a little French, a sort of a universal language. I wish I knew a little more French—I could talk to all these Germans and Swissers. As it is, believe it or not, I make myself understood with what French I know. I guess I'll go to night school this winter. The next day, Saturday, I came to Zurich, 120 KM. from Hospenthal, but a great deal of it down hill. It was an easy day. I arrived too late to get to the bank to buy "Reichmarks" so I am staying here at the very nice Zurich hostel until tomorrow morning (Monday) to buy them. Perhaps you don't know about these Reichmarks. They are a German invention for getting tourist trade. If you went to Germany and bought marks in the usual way you would get about 13.50 to the pound. But if you buy Reichmarks (travel marks) outside Germany you get 17 to the pound; or 17.50; I haven't found out for sure yet. In other words the German Government says—we want tourists, so we will give them everything at 75 per cent of cost. It's a great idea and pleases me well. Tomorrow morning I buy Reichmarks and head for Germany. Today in Zurich I have visited the University, the Cathedral and the famous Alpine Qua, also I have listened to a very good orchestra playing classics in a park—some country, this Switzerland. The "Jugend Herberge," Youth Hostel, here, is a summer one in a schoolhouse—or part of a schoolhouse. It is a very fine one. Here I met the first native English speaking person I have met in a hostel—an English man. He left this morning.

No more paper. Next I will write from Germany.

Love,
NORMAN.

FROM GERMANY
14, August, 1934.

Alpirsbach,
Germany.

At last I am in Germany,—have been for 3 days. It is a fine country so far. Now for the history of my trip. Just as I was walking down the "Strasse" to mail the last letter, I ran into two German boys looking for the "Jugend Herberge," Youth Hostel. I helped them find it and so came to talk and eat with a great many of the personnel of the hostel at Zurich.

Among them were two other German boys, who were going into Germany by almost the same route that I had chosen. So we three came together, Joseph, Hans and I. Joseph and Hans are now rudely reading this letter over my shoulder—but with difficulty. This last sentence has caused very little consternation, considering everything. Well, Monday morning I bought Reichmarks with the rest of my money. Incidentally I wasted an hour trying to explain them to Hans and Joseph, without success. They changed their money in the usual way, much against my advice. But afterwards they could see that for 30 marks Suisse I got 35 marks German and they got 25.

At 9:30 we got away from Zurich. At 2:30 we crossed the Rhine (way up) into Germany. It is the easiest frontier I ever crossed—I was merely waved on after a glance at my passport. In France and in Switzerland I have had to pay a big deposit in order to bring in a bicycle. Of course I have collected it on the way out, but it has been a lot of bother. In Germany they did not bother to find out where my bicycle was made. After we got into Germany we had dinner — and what a dinner! We paid 90 pfennigs each (about 25 cents) and had soup, pork chops, potatoes, tomatoes, beans and cabbage cooked up together, bread and coffee. It was magnificent! Certainly Germany is the country I have been wanting to visit. When Hans and Joseph first mentioned going to restaurant I told them that I rarely ate in restaurants as it was too expensive. They were at great pains to explain that though this might be the case in the rest of the world, it did not hold for Germany,—so I went and it didn't. In Germany they don't serve anything individual (on plates). For example the soup is brought in in a big bowl and each one is given a soup plate. In my first German meal I had 3 big plates of soup to start with. The meat is brought in on a big platter as are the various vegetables. They served us with more than we could eat—and that was the third restaurant I have eaten in since I landed in Calais. One in Paris. One in Lucerne and this one in Waldstuck, Germany. After that dinner I could not cycle very quickly. And we got caught in a rain and got under some trees for a couple of hours. And so we could not make the German Hostel we were heading for that night, which was Feldberg, and slept in the hay of a German's barn. I had a marvelous sleep. And the German served us gratis with bread, butter, jam and the best coffee I have had since my last Sunday morning at home. This we got both morning and evening, or rather, evening and morning. So my first impressions of Germany are very, very good. During my first three days in Germany we have been going through the German Alps and the Black Forest. It has been very beautiful. The next day (after the night in the lovely smelling new hay) we came to Feldberg (a long climb and a beautiful view) and from there to the famous old town, Freiburg. We stayed that night (last night) in a German hostel a few miles out of Freiburg. Today we came 50 miles more through the Black Forest to Alpirsbach. We are again up on a hill tonight. It is fine tonight and there is a moon. Joseph (pronounced Yosef) is constantly telling me to look. It interrupts my writing but it is very fine.

Today on the way from Freiburg Joseph had a puncture—and while he fixed it I had a very fine swim in the Rhine, or rather a tributary of the Rhine.

Tonight we are able to listen to a German band which is playing down below—and there is no doubt that these German bands can play! The Hostel here, at Alpirsbach, is not so

QUEBEC HOMES ARE MADE "FIRESIDE FACTORIES"

From Grandmother To Great-Granddaughter, the
Whole Family Engages in Arts and Crafts

Montreal, Aug. 27—More than 150,000 farm families in the French-Canadian countryside are now clothing themselves tastefully with the products of their own skill at loom and spinning wheels, according to a report just issued by the Quebec Department of Agriculture.

This amazing record in a machine era has come about through the fireside factories which have been established in large numbers under the guidance of the provincial school of Handicraft to teach wool-weaving, rug-hooking and vegetable-dyeing at home. The Department of Agriculture is now planning to increase the production of fine flax, too, so that linen-making may be added to the other fireside activities.

Large Families

These home industries flourish particularly among Quebec's larger families of French origin, among whom you will find sometimes a dozen women at work in one household. The famous Dionne quintuplets set an international record, but if percentages of large families were being compiled, Quebec thinks it would have another mark for the world to marvel at.

According to our historians, there is a practical reason for the custom in this province of having many children. In the Seventeenth century, to stimulate the growth of population so necessary to colonize the vast habitable country of the St. Lawrence lowlands, the government offered a grant of 100 acres of land to every father with twelve living children.

The trouble was the offer had to be hastily revoked because 5,500 claimants immediately appeared!

The Tremblays of Charlevoix County are among those who would be list- ed among the first if a contest for the largest family were ever started. There are ten living brothers and sisters whose ages add up to 718 years. The oldest is eighty-two the youngest sixty. The children of these brothers and sisters average from ten to twelve children each and the four married grandchildren of this prolific family have a total of forty-two children.

Mean time, all these great family armies enroll in every new handicraft course that is offered, and travellers passing through the countryside are treated to lovely pastoral scenes—a contented grandmother, surrounded by rosy-cheeked, stalwart daughters, grand-daughters and even great-grand-daughters busy at loom or wheel.

Not only do the women make all the clothes for themselves and their families, but they achieve sizable pin money, too, by their efforts. They spin and weave more than 2,000,000 pounds of wool in a year and the actual value of that is about \$10,000,000 in hard cash.

The local handicraft industry consumed the entire flax crop last season.

good as the one I was in last night but it certainly has a good location. Tomorrow I continue with Hans and Joseph. After that they are going walking in what they say is the finest part of the Black Forest. They want me to go with them but I must push on to Heidelberg, etc. They want me to stop for two days at the least. I would like to,—there is still a possibility that I may. I have received and given the "Heil, Hitler" salute at least 20 times in three days. Storm troops are numerous. And so to bed.

NORMAN.

son, so the acreage will be greatly increased in 1935 and special courses of instructions in linen-weaving will be added to those offered by the School of Handicraft. Incidentally, the roster of students seeking instruction in the school has grown in four years from 2,000 to 20,000.

In Montreal, the Canadian Handicrafts Guild has schools for teaching weaving and other forms of hand work and specimens of hand-woven blankets, basketry, woven linen, wood-carving, hooked rugs, homespuns and many other varieties of the home industries may be seen.

BLOOMFIELD RIDGE

A. A. Colter's saw mill at Boiestown has started up again after being down for over a month. Mr. Colter employed over 85 men here this summer and the mill ran night and day. Adrian E. Spencer was day cook and William Delaney was night cook.

Mr. Raymond Munn had the misfortune to hurt his foot while working for Ashley Colter at Boiestown.

Miss Evelyn G. MacDonald called on her sister Miss Lorena MacDonald one day last week.

Mr. Arthur Green Jr. was the guest of Miss Vivian MacLellan Tuesday evening.

Miss Bettie E. McLellan is spending her vacation in Fredericton with her sister Mrs. Edward Moor.

Sandy N. Calhoun passed through here with a fancy team en route to Boiestown.

Mrs. Fern E. Rickard of Dover, New Hampshire is spending her vacation with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Sandy N. Calhoun.

The play from Stanley held in the I.O.F. Hall at Boiestown Saturday evening, Aug. 18, was a grand success.

Mr. and Mrs. Hedley F. McCloskey of Boiestown was here on business on Monday, August 20th.

Mrs. C. E. Boies, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. McCloskey and son Darrell and Mrs. F. E. Fauley left Tuesday on a trip to St. John.

Miss Ruth P. MacLellan has just returned home from Boston where she had been spending her vacation.

Miss Gracie A. Smith has accepted a school in Victoria County. Miss Smith will be greatly missed as she is very popular in this community.

Mr. Hugh Carson of Holtville was the supper guest of T. A. Parker recently.

Mr. Clarence E. Boies is spending the week end at Napadogan with friends. While there he will be the guest of Mrs. Frank Densmore.

Mrs. Clarence E. Hunter and two children, of Hayesville is visiting Mrs. C. E. Boies of Bloomfield Ridge.

Mrs. F. E. Fairley of Boiestown is visiting her old home at Bloomfield Ridge. She is the guest of her mother Mrs. C. E. Boies.

Mrs. John H. Spencer is spending a few days with her sister Mrs. Wm. E. Haines of Bloomfield.

Mr. Judson M. Spencer is making an improvement to his property by building a new well house.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond MacDonald and their two sons Russell and Kenneth from Boston are spending their vacation with their aunt Mrs. William N. MacLellan of this place.

THE BIGGEST
FAIR
IN THE EAST

10 FREE ACTS

SAINT JOHN EXHIBITION 1934

LABOR DAY WEEK
SEP 1-8

EDUCATION AGRICULTURE AMUSEMENT FUN & THRILLS

Stop at the QUEEN
When in Fredericton

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Ice Chests, Oilstoves, Cook Stoves, Dining Suites, Beds, Bureaus, Sewing Machines, Office Furniture, Scales, Baby Carriages, Radios, Bicycles, Men's Boots and Hats, Books and Antiques.

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A HOTEL YOU WILL LIKE, at Moderate Rates

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Proprietors.
FREDERICTON, N. B.

REMOVES MOVIE PHOTOS,
SURE SIGN OF ROMANCE

When the children had gone to bed Mrs. Nyland broke the news to her husband.

"Dorothy in love", she announced seriously.

"Nonsense", retorted Nyland, "Why, she is only thirteen. But who is the gay Romeo, and what makes you so sure that there's a romance?"

"It's Johnny next door and she's taken down all those photos of movie actors from the walls of her room".

Nyland whistled.

"It does look serious", he admitted. "But what are we going to do about it?"

"Nothing. It will be all over soon and the photos will go back."

ROSEBUD — "No Arguing — it's the Best"

by LOU SKUCE

PLAY BALL!

COME ON — PUT IT OVER — YOU'LL FIND ME HERE!

LOOK AT THAT BOYS NERVE!

KNOCK IT A MILE!

IT'S A PIPE!

THERE'S ONE FOR BABE RUTH TO WORRY ABOUT!

WHAM!

ZING!

AND YOU NEVER MAKE AN ERROR WITH ROSEBUD!

THAT SWAT OF YOURS WAS THE NEAREST THING TO REAL PERFECTION I EVER SAW OUTSIDE OF MY PIPE OF ROSEBUD!

ROSEBUD
CUT SMOKING TOBACCO

THE MARITIME SMOKE