

Hector Bolduc Tells of Adventures On 3,000 Mile European Bike Tour

104

Part 1
33

Hector Bolduc, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bolduc of Morrill St., is adding to his adventures in travel and has recently completed a 3,000 mile bicycle trip on the continent and in the Scandinavian countries.

He has been making acquaintances along the road and at one place stopped to help a farmer get in his hay before rain came. In Norway he called on Mrs. Leland McRae of McGrath St., who was visiting relatives.

He sends the logs of his trip from Muhlmein, Germany, and his family have just received a letter saying that he is going to Italy and perhaps other southern countries while he is awaiting his call to the Peace Corps.

His letter follows:

Muhlmein,
Germany

The approach of summer and the closing of schools finds European youngsters preparing for hikes and bicycle tours. Long before classes are terminated sleeping bags are being aired and bicycles greased in preparation for a summer of bicycle was not a hasty one. I

adventure and fun. I had often thought of joining these cyclists and after hearing that the summer was going to be rain-free, I began to shop for a bike.

A German friend (Uncle Adam) helped me select one. He was very business-like about the matter. "If your going to set off across Europe with a bicycle you want to be sure it's a 'good one,'" he said, as he pinched the tires and scrutinized the frame and seat.

"You don't want anything fancy," he continued, "all those gadgets may look nice but they break down very easy and cost a lot to repair. What you want is something plain and rugged."

Uncle Adam had been a bike rider all his life and was considered an expert on the subject by the residents of Muhlmein where he lives. After looking over a number of bikes he finally gave his nod of approval to a large black bike on the rack and I wheeled home my new means of transportation.

My decision to tour Europe by bicycle was not a hasty one. I

had already seen most of Europe by plane, train, ship, bus and car. Although planes, trains etc., are more speedy they have certain disadvantages. They tend to hit only the highlights while the more interesting local color is passed over. Also, Europeans, for the most part, cannot afford this type of transportation. A new bicycle with horn, lights, saddle bags and air pump can be purchased for as little as \$25.

Much of Europe's populace travel exclusively by bicycle. In Holland more than 90 per cent of the population use bi-

(Continued on Page Three)

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sensibly reduced in size.

Having noticed that I was interested in the family project the housewife led me to the cellar where she proudly showed me several immaculate shelves containing row upon row of preserves, jams and jellies. In a small pantry off the kitchen herbs and seasonings of many kinds hung from the walls and ceilings. They smelled wondrously good. None of the herbs, spices and seasonings were bought. All were raised in the family garden and picked when needed.

When I left I was given a large portion of cake neatly wrapped in paper to take with me. This proved to be only the first of many kindnesses shown to me on my trip. The average European has a big heart and appreciates the smallest bit of attention. They are very pleased if you use their language. If you know only one word and use it they notice it and are happy.

Tent in Forest

I rode off in the direction of Kassel. I had hoped to reach Kassel by night fall but fell short of my goal. The end of my first day found me near the town of Kerstenhauser where I set up camp for the night in a thick forest. A small tent and sleeping bag are a must for all cyclists as you ever know just just where the end of the day will find you. I also had an air mattress with me and in a matter of minutes I was sleeping comfortably. On my first day I had covered 150 miles.

(To Be Continued)

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cycles. In Denmark, Italy and Belgium the ratio is about 50-50. In Central Europe about 35 per cent of the population depend on the bicycle for transportation. When traveling by bicycle one is able to come in closer contact with the natives. Many Europeans will gladly open their homes to a cyclist while they tend to shy away from the "rich tourist" who travels by car. It tends to put you on the same level and standard of living and makes for better relations all around.

Hostels Network

A network of youth hostels are set up all over Europe. Here a cyclist can spend the night in a clean bed, have shower, bath and obtain travel information for about 25 cents a day. Lounges, cafeterias and recreational facilities of every type are provided and one has the opportunity to meet travelers from every corner of the world.

I set off from Muhlmein, Germany on July 16 with Northern Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway as my goal.

First Stop at Marburg

Marburg in central Germany was my first major stop. Marburg is well known for its lovely churches and wood carvings. St. Elizabeth's Church was exceptionally beautiful and is the resting place of many German notables. Founded on the banks of the beautiful Wetschaft River, Marburg has long been a favorite site for religious conferences.

Gooseberry Time

Shortly after leaving Marburg I stopped at a farmhouse to fill my canteen with water. The lady of the house took me to the well and handed me a brimming bucket of ice cold water from which I filled my canteen. There was much activity in the household. Several weeks of fine weather had produced a record crop of johannisbeeren (goose berries) and the family

was hurriedly preserving them lest they spoil. Several large pots of berries were boiling on the stove and a delicious aroma filled the house. Several large jars of jelly and jam had been set on the window sill to cool. On a large plank table in the center of the kitchen were three freshly baked gooseberry cakes. Many cakes here in Europe are baked with fresh fruit and differ greatly from those in America. They consist of a thick layer of pastry on the bottom, (no yeast is used) and a filling of fresh fruit. Something like an uncovered pie. The fruit is covered with a glazing or jelly flavored with the fruit being used. When offered a piece of cake I couldn't refuse and before I left one of the cakes had been

Experts Offer Novice Tips On Cycling Form

PART II

Hector Bolduc continues his adventures on a 3,000 mile bike tour of Europe in the second instalment of his letter home today. He logged the trip this summer while awaiting an assignment in the Peace Corps.

Joins Other Cyclists

Early next morning I arrived in Kassel. The German Kaisers had their summer residence here for many years and the city was sprinkled with interesting castles and churches. The Wilhelmshof castle with its cascading waterfalls was particularly beautiful. Lovely flowers set in intricate patterns surrounded every public building. I rode on to Gottingen and then to Hamburg bypassing Hanover. By now I had met many cyclists. When two or more cyclists meet they exchange greetings. This is done by raising the right hand and shouting "Servus". It's a traditional greeting used exclusively by cyclists. Many of the cyclists were headed for Hamburg so we teamed up together and went as a group. Sometimes we were as many as 20 or 30 cycling together. I couldn't help but feel sorry for the automobile drivers. I always dread meeting a bicycle when I am driving a car. Of course here in Germany it's somewhat different, as half the population is on bicycles. Bicycles must abide by the same regulations as automobiles, and this is strictly enforced. Cyclists who disobey traffic laws are given tickets and fined just as automobile drivers are.

American Flags Sold Out

Thus far I have found no Americans among the cyclists although I have met many from Germany, France, Switzerland, England, Holland and Denmark. Most cyclists have a flag representing their country attached to the rear of the bicycle and you can tell where a cyclist is from simply by looking at the flag he is flying. I was unable to purchase an American flag as they had all been bought up for celebrating President Kennedy's recent visit to Germany. Most of the riders seem surprised and pleased to find that I am an American. The majority of them are expert cyclists and are quick to offer helpful advice such as breath control, pedalling with the ball of the foot and not the instep, bending low over the handle bars to offer less wind resistance, etc.

Hamburg has much to offer the tourist. The churches of St. Michael's, St. Peter's, St. Nicholas' and St. Catharine's were all lovely. The city flower gardens and the many bridges are

Köln who were also on their way to Lubeck. We stopped in Ohrensburg and took a guided tour through a lovely castle which featured a fine collection of Meissen china, silver and crystal chandeliers and Louis XIV furniture. The city of Lubeck, like Hamburg, was rich in history, culture and art. Although some of the city's historic buildings had suffered damage during the last war most have now been repaired. Care was taken to insure that all be reconstructed exactly as it was. Holsten Gate, Lubeck's landmark and museum of local history was interesting, particularly the ancient torture chamber in the cellar. We had dinner at the Schieffergesellschaft which has been famous for its food since 1535.

Rivera of North

Leaving Lubeck behind us we journeyed to Travemünde on the East sea. Famous as a resort city, (The Riviera of the north) Travemünde was packed with tourists. As we walked along the docks where the pleasure cruisers arrive and depart we could plainly see the barbed wire fences in the East Zone across the bay. Here may companions and I parted company. They boarded a ship bound for Finland and I continued northward along the coast toward Denmark. I spent a few hours in Suseel swimming and sunning. The beaches were thronged with vacationers taking advantage of the warm weather. I spent the night in a small town north of Neustadt on the German Coast and witnessed a beautiful sunset as the sun dipped blood red into the sea.

Denmark Is Prosperous

The following day I rode to Puttgarden and boarded a ferry which delivered me to the city of Rødbyhavn in Denmark. Denmark was lush and green and had an air of prosperity. Fat cattle grazed knee deep in clover. Neat farm houses with thatched roofs dotted the country side. Moss, grass and even flowers grew from the roofs where seeds had blown and taken root. The barns were immaculate with curtained windows and tiled walls. The Danish people were friendly and hospitable going out of their way to find an excuse to invite you into their homes for coffee and cake. The dairy products were of the highest quality and very low in price. I bought four rolls, half a pound of cheese

World War two.

Care Package

While having dinner in a small restaurant near Koge, the restaurant keeper inquired where I was from. When I replied that I was an American she immediately disappeared into the family's living quarters at the back of the restaurant. Presently she returned carrying a small well worn box which had at one time contained a brand of English biscuits. Flinging through a number of family keepsakes she proudly withdrew a label from a CARE package. She explained that the package had arrived from America at a time when there had been no food in the home for several days. Attached to the label was a faded newspaper clipping of President Roosevelt. The box contained an assortment of odds and ends that were without a doubt the family's most prized possessions. One would easily tell by the look on her face and by the tender manner in which the little old lady returned it to the box that the label was among the most prized.

The houses here are very interesting. Each one has its own particular characteristics and they are as individual and personal as people. An appropriate name for each house is chosen and inscribed across the front of the house along with the date that the house was erected.

Native Costumes

For the most part Europe has incorporated western styles and dress much like Americans. Occasionally however, especially here in the north. One comes across a small community which has retained the dress of that particular locality. Once you become familiarized with the people you can tell by the type of dress or by the hair styles exactly where they are from. Certain patterns of lace around necks and sleeves of dresses also identify the wearer's home district.

IN Copenhagen

Copenhagen, often called the Paris of Eastern Europe, proved to be exactly that. Except for Paris I have not visited a more beautiful city. My first stop was at the Tivoli Gardens. One of the city's main attractions, the gardens feature ballet, theaters, concerts as well as other attractions. At night the gardens are beautifully illuminated. The museums were excellent but so immense it would take weeks to properly view their displays. While visiting the

tiful city but mainly industrial so I spent little time there. A police officer in Malmö suggested that I take the coastal route north as it was the most scenic so I headed north toward Helsingborg. It was indeed scenic, the blue sea on the left and wide green fields on the right. I rode till dusk and finding myself far from any town I selected a sheltered spot in a wooded area and set up camp for the night.

In Goteborg

Early next morning I was off again following the coastal route north toward Goteborg. I was surprised to find so much small fruit and vegetable farming in Sweden. All day I passed fields after fields of carrots, peas, raspberries and strawberries.

Goteborg is situated on a small peninsula of land which juts out into the sea. It is known as the city on the river and the sea. King Gustavus Adolphus founded the city in 1619 and established a system of canals for trade and transportation which is still in use. Goteborg proved to be a sight-seer's paradise and I spent the entire day visiting points of interest. I took a sightseeing tour on a boat which wound its way through the city's canals and passed many beautiful buildings, parks and monuments. At the tourist agency in the train station I met several Americans from Conn., Calif., and New Jersey and we all took a bus tour through the center of the city and its outlying areas. The ancient fortresses were of particular interest.

That evening, accompanied by a Swede I had met at the hotel, I toured the night spots avoiding those listed on the tourist programs and visiting those on the outskirts of the city which have retained the original Swedish atmosphere. The larger more advertised tourist attractions are usually thronged with visitors from every country except the one you happen to be visiting. I spent the night in Goteborg leaving early next morning and following the coast northward toward Norway. As I went further north the countryside became more scenic. In Vddevalla I stopped for a little swimming and sunbathing. Vddevalla was strictly a tourist center very much like Weirs Beach in July.

Late that afternoon I crossed the border into Norway near Svinesund. A fjord forms the border between the two countries and the view from the bridge that spans it is breath taking. The bridge is 200 feet above the water. Green rugged slopes drop off sharply into the water on either side of the fjord which runs many miles inland.

Visit Lania Woman

3000 Mile Bike Tour

offer less wind resistance, etc. Hamburg has much to offer the tourist. The churches of St. Michael's, St. Peter's, St. Nicholas and St. Catharine's were all lovely. The city flower gardens and the many bridges are a photographer's dream world. There are also scores of museums and art galleries, all well worth seeing. I viewed the city from the air by means of a chair lift which travels over the center. Having decided to spend the night in Hamburg I registered at a hotel. After a meal at the Ratskeller (a local restaurant) I set off to see the city by night. I have found that in order to fully appreciate a city you have to see it both by day and by night.

In Lubeck

I started off early next morning for Lubeck and hadn't left Hamburg's city limits before I was joined by two boys from

pliable going out of their way to find an excuse to invite you into their homes for coffee and cake. The dairy products were of the highest quality and very low in price. I bought four rolls, half a pound of cheese and half a pound of butter for thirty five cents. At the first place that I stopped to eat I had a slight language problem. I could speak no Danish and no one in the restaurant could speak English, French or German. Half heartedly and expecting a negative answer I tried Spanish. The owner immediately answered in beautiful Spanish that indeed knew the language having spent 25 years in South America.

Hoping that I wouldn't offend him I asked if I could have a close look at the thatched roof on his house. I wanted to see exactly how it was constructed. Far from being offended he was pleased that I had taken an interest in his home and showed me not only the thatched roof but the entire house. Never stop to talk to a Dane if you are in a hurry. The straw is attached to the roof in such a fashion that the strongest rain cannot penetrate it.

100-Year Old Cheese

In the cellar he proudly showed me the "family cheese". This cheese which was well over a hundred years old served as a sort of calendar and family record. Each family has one and important family events such as births, weddings etc., are celebrated by cutting a wedge of cheese from the outer rim tapered toward the center. The tapered end is cut off and eaten by the family and the end is replaced in the cheese like a plug. Thus, the cheese may be used for hundreds of years. Great care is taken to ensure that the cheese is not damaged or harmed. Dates and inscriptions mark the events. The Danes have a great respect for Americans being ever grateful for the help they received during and after

dens feature ballet, theaters, concerts as well as other attractions. At night the gardens are beautifully illuminated. The museums were excellent but so immense it would take weeks to properly view their displays. While visiting the Chateau d'Amalienborg, residence of the royal family, I encountered several other cyclists, and we teamed up together and decided to tour the city as a group. Three of the cyclists were from France, four from Germany, two from Italy and three from Austria.

While we were studying maps of the city two local youngsters, also on bicycles, stopped to offer their assistance and volunteered to be our guides. Both were from Copenhagen and familiar with the city. It was a unique and interesting tour. As our guides explained points of interest in Danish we translated the information back and forth among ourselves until everyone understood.

Danish Pastry

During the tour we went into a coffee shop and were introduced to Danish Pastry. We sampled about a dozen kinds and I found all very tasty. We asked so many questions that Frav Jorgensen, the shop's owner, invited us into the back of the shop where the baking was in process. After watching the baking process I could understand why the pastry was so tasty. A great deal of care and patience went into baking every item, be it a large cake or a cookie. The shell or crust of the pastry was composed of many thin layers each baked individually before being combined into the finished product. We were all allowed to sample a piece of nut cake as it was taken from the oven. When we left Frav Jorgensen gave each of us a package containing a raspberry tart and an assortment of cookies. I can truly say that I have never met more hospitable people. So long as I have traveled here in Europe I have remarked that the slightest interest shown to the European or his work has never failed to lead to a rewarding experience.

On Ferry to Sweden

Departing from the pastry shop we proceeded to the Hotel de Ville where we had dinner. Afterwards we parted company and I purchased a ticket on a Ferry headed for Malmo, Sweden. The Ferry was Denmark's largest and could accommodate 1,500 passengers, 150 autos and three complete trains. Malmo is situated across the East sea and South of Copenhagen. It was a clean beau

spans it is breath taking. The bridge is 200 feet above the water. Green rugged slopes drop off sharply into the water on either side of the fjord which runs many miles inland.

Visits Laconia Woman

I rode on to Fredrickstad where I visited Mrs. Leland McRae of 99 McGrath street in Laconia. I had met Mrs. McRae through Mr. and Mrs. John Weinmann of "Ye Olde Shop" in Lakeport. Mr. and Mrs. McRae were spending the summer at the home of Mrs. McRae's parents in Fredrikstad. When Mrs. McRae heard that I would be traveling through Fredrikstad she gave me her folks address and asked me to drop by and say hello. I decided to spend several days in Fredrikstad so registered at the Victoria Hotel which had been highly recommended by Mrs. McRae.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox was the first batter to hit a ball over the right field pavilion at Tiger Stadium in Detroit. He did it in 1939 as a rookie.

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Part III

3,000 Mile Bike Tour

LACONIA, N. H. EVENING CITIZEN, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1963

Follows Viking Trails Back To Germany

Hector Bolduc concludes the log of his 3,000 mile bike tour of Europe in this third section of the series today.

Fredrikstad is an historic city

dating back to the days of the Vikings. The road from the Swedish border to Fredrikstad is dotted with ancient caves that were once dwelling houses. Ledges and boulders bearing rock carvings back to 2000 B.C. may be seen in many places. The lovely Glomma River winds its way through the center of the city. Fish is to the Norwegians what rice is to the orientals and every morning finds fishing boats docked along the Glomma bringing in their catch. Fish shops line the streets along the waterfront and in these shops may be plain looking, I observed an ob-

purchased every variety of fish viously fussy housewife buying ben practically no summer. It was very cold and rainy. I had planned to go to Bergen but I decided to return when the weather was more favorable. I rode to Oslo early one morning and spent the day touring the city by bike and bus. The fjords near Oslo were beautiful. After registering at a hotel I had supper and set off to see the city at night. My night tour was soon ended by a cloud burst and I returned to the hotel spending the remainder of the evening in the dining room chatting with a family from Nice, France. By morning the rain had ended so I returned to Fredrikstad.

Breakfast at the Victoria Hotel was served smorgasbord style. A large table in the center of the room was literally covered with food and you walked around helping yourself. There were dozens of foods offered including raw fish and onions (a Norwegian specialty) and meat and potato.

I had seen Eastern Denmark but had not traveled through the largest portion of the country which juts out into the sea towards Norway. Not wanting to back track over territory I had already seen I decided to take a boat from Fredrikstad to the most northern tip of Denmark. I boarded the Peter Wessel at nine thirty in the evening and we sailed at ten. We sailed down the Glomma towards the sea past many colorful islands. Now and then refused to rest from

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Ried Piper

From Haxburg I went to Hannover and then to Ham Here I visited the moun to the Pied Piper of Ham who, according to legend, the evening and we sailed at ten. We sailed down the Glomma towards the sea past many colorful islands. Now and then refused to rest from

onions (a Norwegian specialty) and meat and potato.

I had seen Eastern Denmark but had not traveled through the largest portion of the country which juts out into the sea towards Norway. Not wanting to back track over territory I had already seen I decided to take a boat from Fredrikstad to the most northern tip of Denmark. I boarded the Peter Wessel at nine thirty in the evening and we sailed at ten. We sailed down the Glomma towards the sea past many colorful islands. Now and then we encountered small fleets of fishing vessels returning with the day's catch. Although it was late at night the sun was high in the sky and didn't set till about midnight. I had heard much of the land of the midnight sun but this was the first time I had actually witnessed it. It seemed strange to be taking pictures at 11 o'clock at night in the broad daylight. I made my self comfortable in a deck chair and watched a beautiful Scandinavian sunset. Even after the sun had set it never really got dark. The night was like dusk, a blueish gray color. We arrived at Fredrikshavn in Denmark at six thirty in the morning. After breakfast I rode to Aalborg where I had dinner and then went on to Aarhus. Aarhus was a fine modern city, immaculately clean with lovely churches and public buildings. I spent the night in Aarhus having traveled about two hundred miles that day.

Cross to Germany

I was off early next day following the Eastern sea coast through the cities of Horsens, Vejle, Kolding and Haderslev. The entire coast was lined with sandy beaches and I spent a couple of hours swimming in southern Denmark just north of the German border. Later in the afternoon I entered Germany and stopped for the night south of Flensburg.

Neumuster was interesting, particularly the old part of the city with its narrow streets and quaint gasthauser (restaurants). I traveled on to Hamburg and spent the remainder of the day visiting the International Garden Exposition. The exposition featured thousands of flowered arrangements both indoors and

out from every corner of the world. The display from the United States featured roses and was most attractive.

Pied Piper

From Hamburg I went to Hannover and then to Hamelin. Here I visited the monument to the Pied Piper of Hamelin who, according to legend, rid the town of rats by charming them with a flute and drowning them in the Weser River. Then when the mayor of Hamelin refused to pay for his services the Piper led every child in the village into a mountain. The event is celebrated each year by a carnival and parade.

Helped Get in Hay

I followed the Weser River south toward Cottingen. The sky became cloudy early in the afternoon and it looked like it would rain before nightfall. While traveling through the countryside I came upon a family hard at work in a field of fresh dry hay, trying desperately to get it in before the rain. Having been raised on a farm I knew what it meant to have a field of dry hay ruined by rain so I stopped and asked if I might help. They were definitely short-handed and I had no sooner made the offer when I was handed the longest pitch fork I have ever seen. The handle protruded a good two feet over my head. I noticed that the other pitch forks were of the same dimensions. We got the hay all in and the storm blew over without spilling a drop. I was invited to supper and readily accepted. It was late when we finished eating and I prepared to leave but Mr. Grune (the farmer) insisted that I stay for the night. Before I could make a decision one of the boys was dispatched to wheel my bicycle into the shed.

Steam Bath

Paul, the oldest of the children, went to tend a fire near a small house in a clearing apart from the house and I went along to help. Over the fire on an iron grating were several large stones which were fiery red. When I inquired as to what the stones were for Paul explained that they were for producing steam in the steam house. The small house consisted of two rooms. The first was a large dressing room and the other a steam room with small windows high on the walls and several long wooden benches. Paul explained that the steam bath was used by all the farm families in the community and each contributed their share of wood for the fire and took turns firing the rocks. On scheduled nights the men would come at an appointed hour and use the bath house. The women used the house on other night. Soon men and boys began to arrive and

bath and I felt and slept wonderfully.

Next morning I bid farewell to the Grune family and again took to the road. I was close to home now (Muhlheim) and had visited all of the larger towns and cities in this area so I left the main highway and finished the trip by means of the back roads. The country roads I have found were always more scenic and more interesting. Oat, barley and wheat were ripe and in the fields small groups of farmers were busy mowing and threshing. Undoubtedly some of this fine grain will find its way to Muhlheim. Muhlheim (which means homes of millers) has the distinction of baking the finest bread in the world. Some of the bakeries have been in operation in the same family for hundreds of years. The baking processes and recipes are unchanged, having been handed down father to son for generations. At the home of Herr and Frau Hittel where I am staying a fresh loaf is delivered every day.

I had kept a daily log book of my travels and when I totaled the miles I was surprised to find that I had traveled over 3,000 miles. Besides visiting many interesting places, I came home with well developed leg and shoulder muscles and a nice tan. Most important of all, I had met a lot of wonderful people and made a lot of new friends.

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families in the community and each contributed their share of wood for the fire and took turns firing the rocks. On scheduled nights the men would come at an appointed hour and use the bath house. The women used the house on other nights. Soon men and boys began to arrive and after donning swim trunks I accompanied Mr. Grune and his sons to the steam house for my first German style steam bath. The stones, which had been heated all day, were rolled into the bath house with the use of long poles and set into an enclosure at the rear of the house. Several pails of cold water were taken into the room and when everyone was assembled the cold water was splashed onto the hot rocks. Heavy clouds of steam rose from the rocks as they hissed and crackled. In a few minutes sweat was pouring from my body. This, however, was only the beginning. After approximately half an hour in the steam room half the men lay on the wooden benches while the other beat them gently with small birch branches. This I was told was to activate the blood in the body which caused more sweating and thoroughly cleansed the pores of the skin. A cold water shower followed the steam

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What's to E

EMBER 4, 1963

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