

Trip to Vienna, Austria-Czechoslovakia-Salzburg and Innsbruck in Austria-Turkey-Greece-Jeddah in Saudi Arabia

SAUDI ARABIA, JEDDAH AIRPORT - September 3, 1981

Since I am leaving Saudi Arabia this morning, on the start of a 16 day trip to Europe, Turkey and Greece, I will start writing at the front of this journal, not at the back as we do with the Arabic language. I am sitting in the new airport north of Jeddah, awaiting my departure time of 12:15 a.m., for Vienna, will be on an Austrian Airlines plane. Pat Laffey and Tony Downie picked me up at Al Hada at 7:00 a.m. today, to drive me down here---- they plan to spend the weekend at the beach, where I often go also. They are dive buddies and work in Taif for the Italian helicopter company that takes care of the King's helicopters. They took my suitcase last night, after we all had dinner at Al Hada, at Dr. Russell Schulze's apartment. He made a Lebanese dinner for all of us.

As we drove down the mountain from Taif and then over the desert, and neared Jeddah a strong wind was blowing; a sandstorm evolved as we got close to the airport, the visibility was zero, could hardly see the car ahead on the road. Now as I sit in the waiting area past the immigration officials, I can see the fleet of busses that take you out to the planes, waiting just outside the glass wall next to me, but cannot see anything but sand, beyond that. It is blowing so hard, I can't see the airplanes out on the field! I hope we can take off o.k. This is the new, modern airport, with the strange tent-type structures up in the air, for terminals. I watched this being constructed last year, all the months that I rode the hospital bus on Fridays, to the beach on Obhor Creek (or North Creek). It is quite unusual.

In the airport there are the usual assortment of nationalities, travelers, sitting near me, a lot of Pakistani, Indian, a couple of Chinese, and a few Saudis. It is always interesting to be in an airport in the Middle East, and see the different dress on people. The men across from me are wearing the wrap cotton skirts, suit coats, and a wrapped turban. We took off on time, there was no hassle getting out of the waiting area and onto the plane, like there was on my last flight, getting out of Cairo to return to Saudi Arabia. That was a very difficult time, so much security, we had to be checked (show passport and ticket) 5 different times before we got on that plane. We are flying low, with land in sight, all the way north over Arabia, crossed the west portion of the great Nafud desert and then after that, came to Jordan and could see the green lands below, many cultivated areas. According to the map shown in the flight book, we came to the Mediterranean Sea right about Beirut, Lebanon, but from my side of the plane could not see the city. Then we flew over water till we came to the island of Cyprus, and stopped there, to take on passengers. We flew over the entire island, after taking off again so I got a good view of it --there are mountains and terraced, cultivated areas in the center. It is quite large.

In flight we were served a brunch after leaving Jeddah. A man from Vienna was sitting next to me then, he bought me a "real beer" which is served on Austrian Airlines - not on the Saudia Airlines where you get imitation (Mousy) beer. It is non-alcoholic. After Cyprus stop,

we were served a lunch, it tasted good, ate it while flying over open water, then over the Greek islands, Rhodes and Kos, which is a sponge fishing island. The mainland of Turkey was to the right, but then before we reached the mainland of Europe a cloud cover formed and I couldn't see land or water anymore.

We landed in Vienna about 5:30 p.m. (6:30 Arab time) and it was cloudy, but not raining. I went to a phone booth, tried to call the Baltic Pension, a hotel, where Dr. Charlotte Kerr and I were supposed to have reservations. Charlotte is coming tomorrow, she has a seminar to attend, we will be together at times. I couldn't get through to the hotel, so changed money, Arab riyals into Austrian money, then got my suitcase from baggage department and went to the tourist reservation desk in the airport. The young man there was very helpful, spoke English, obtained a room for me at the Hans Josephstadt pension at 16 Buchfeldgasse, close to the University area, students room here. I then took the bus into Vienna, 45 schillings, on the ride it was so good to see green grass and bushes. Living in Saudi, we don't see lawns. But the sky was gray, reminded me of weather in Illinois. Vienna is in flat country, the bus takes you to the Hotel Hilton, in the center of town, the city air terminal. There I got a cab and went to the pension, for 670 shillings. It was a small hotel, and lucky for me, nice and clean. The young man at the desk spoke English, and was very helpful, he called the Baltic Pension and they said there was no reservation for either Charlotte or me - ---- though later he checked again and someone said there was one for Charlotte, but not for me. I got a nice, small room on the 5th floor (there was an elevator), nice and clean. After getting settled I walked out in the narrow street, to the busy street nearby, Floriangasse, then Landegasse, got an ice cream cone, looked in windows, then walked back, showered and retired. Now I start my travels in Europe again!!

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 4

I awoke early, my room has a very big dormer type window in the roof, so it was light, said some prayers of thanks. The sky was gray. I dressed in sweat suit and walking shoes, went down to the breakfast room, had rolls, butter, jam and coffee (provided), also ordered an egg. The waitress spoke no English, but served me a soft-boiled egg in an eggcup --- real old world style. I sliced the top of shell off O.K., sometimes it breaks easily, everything tasted good. Then before 8:00 I started out, with 2 maps, to see some of Vienna. I decided against taking a tour, and walked to the Hofburg, the palace of Kaiser Franz Josef, found it o.k., took a picture on the grounds with my new camera, then went inside to the apartments of the Kaiser. This was interesting, they are preserved well, with beautiful objects too. The last Kaiser died in my lifetime, so it makes things more interesting. I am not a great museum fan, rather see the people on the street and the way they live. Then, I found a long line of people, and knew it must be for an interesting attraction. It was, the Spanish Riding Academy, and training exhibition. I stood in the line behind a young couple speaking English, they were from Amsterdam, and I went in with them after purchasing my ticket. They were very pleasant, gave me some information about the horses. The riding academy is a splendid building with a large center arena, with wood shavings on the floor, and 3 huge, crystal chandeliers overhead where the horses perform. How lavish, wonder if the horses appreciate this???? They are trained in the same fashion as they have been for the past 400 years, do wonderful exhibitions and are beautiful animals. They are born black, but turn white as adults!

Following this exhibition I went to the main Kastnergasse shopping area and had a good dinner at a Hungarian restaurant. I then tried to book a trip to Budapest for Tuesday, but it was full. Next went to the famous opera building and downstairs to the tourist bureau, was lucky to get 2 tickets to the opera Tosca, for Monday night. Then I walked, studied my map as I went, the full length of Mariahilferstrasse, to the Westbahnhof, the rail station. This street is all shopping area, so it was very interesting. Food is sold at many stands, in the store front area, and I had samples of bakery goods, arrived back at the hotel room about 5:30 p.m. Must mention, I bought a wine bottle opener, so I don't have the trouble Virginia and I had, in Egypt. I rested, then about 7:00 p.m. received a message for me, from Charlotte. She had arrived from Cyprus about 5:30, so I walked to the Pension Baltic and found her, sitting in the entrance area. This was a very old, not renovated, pension. She obtained a room with twin beds, and I will stay there Saturday night, as I can't have my present room that night. Then, she thinks she will move to my pension after that, it is better. We walked a block and found a restaurant, she had sauerkraut and potatoes and beer, I just had beer, had eaten enough already. I was glad she arrived here o.k. Afterward I walked back to my hotel, about 8 blocks, and she to hers, and we plan to take some kind of bus tour tomorrow. I washed out my tan suit, and undies, hung them to drip dry, they do not need ironing, are good travel clothes.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 5

I awoke early as usual, but took my time getting dressed, organized my suitcase and hand carry bags, as I have to give up my room tonight. I will stay in the double room with Charlotte, in the Pension Baltic, then she and I will take single rooms here at the Haus Joseph, where we will stay for the rest of the trip here in Vienna. (Here, it is spelled WIEN.) I packed just for overnight, in one small bag. About 8:15 had breakfast, rolls, butter, jam and coffee with warm milk. Charlotte came about 9:15 and we set out for the day. I left my large suitcase and bag at the hotel, downstairs, they will keep it. We walked to the street (Kartner Ring) where there was tram transportation, and rode to the Opera area, looked around, bought a 3 day tram ticket, and also booked a tour to Meyerling. The statoper building is so big and is in a square, with beautiful old buildings all around. We walked the Karatnerstrasse shopping area, had delicious bakery items at a small shop, went into the Capuchin church and also into the crypt below, where all the Hapsburg family (from 1600 to 1900) are interred in ornate metal coffins, a most interesting sight. The last one, Frans Josef, died in the 1940's. The Hapsburgs ruled until 1918, at the end of the First World War, then went into exile.

We left the opera area at 2:00 on a bus tour, which was wonderful, drove to the Vienna woods, the high hills, so green and full of beautiful trees, and meadows in between. The first stop was at the See Grotto, an old mine, very large, with tunnels going back and ending in a lake. We got in boats and had a ride through the area of water, was very interesting. The Germans cleared the mine and made airplane parts in it, assembling the planes outside, in another area. This was during the occupation of Austria by Germany. After the mine trip we drove through beautiful hill country. The next stop was at Heiligenkreitz, a Cistercian monastery, built in the 1100's, by King Leopold, who founded the order. It is wonderful, very large buildings, the cloisters and the church were

remarkable---in one portion the stained glass windows were from the 1300's. There are now only 50 monks there, the population has diminished. We drove on to Meyerling, the spot in the Vienna woods where the male ruler at the time, committed suicide. A chapel has been erected there now (there was a hunting lodge in the past) and Carmelite nuns live on the property. We drove through the Hellena valley, so beautiful and green, to Baden. This is a summer town, famous for it's warm springs baths, going way back to Roman times. Now, there is summer theatre here, and tourism. Next, continued on to Vienna, were taken to our hotel. I picked up my overnight bag, and we walked to a nearby restaurant, ate, (zither music was the entertainment), went on to the Pension Baltic and retired in the big old room. It had twin beds, kitchenette and bath. What a good day this has been! !! It was a lot of walking for Charlotte, who has a hip problem.

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 6

We planned to go to mass today, it would be with choir, singing in Latin, and full orchestra, at St. Augustine church - in the Hofburg, where the nobility used to worship.

First we had to change hotels, were both going to get a room back at Pension Haus Josef ,so I showered before Charlotte got up, dressed, waited for her to get dressed, then we had breakfast in the Pension Baltic, got our bags all together (I only had the overnight bag) and settled up our bill. The Pension Baltic cost more than Haus Josef,(SH 250), and was a very old building, though the furniture was lovely, nicer than Haus Josef. It was the very old, heavy style. Charlotte secured a cab, we went to Haus Josef, got our assigned rooms, put in our suitcases, then went on the streetcar over to St. Augustine's church. It was packed, some people stood, but we did get seats. The music was wonderful! It took me back to the old, old days, the way mass used to be. The church is part of the Hofburg palace, weddings of the nobility took place there, also other important celebrations. The pipe organ was huge, way up in the choir loft, it reminded me of St. Nicholas church in Aurora, Illinois, where I sang in the choir for many years, also was married there. The full orchestra played the music by Franz Schubert, Missa C, in Latin. It was a real treat to hear this lovely mass, and I received Holy Communion. After the mass, the organist (a young man) played a marvelous work, it made my spine tingle ----he was a master at the console.

We then wandered around Hofburg palace and went on to St. Stephen's place and to Dorotheagasser, and the old church there. It is another wonderful, old masterpiece of architecture, and there was a wedding mass going on. We lingered a bit in the back of church to observe, then went on, found a restaurant, ate, and continued on our adventure and exploring Vienna. We intended to get to the Prater (amusement park), the Vigilkirche, and last to the Grinsing festival, at night. This is the festival of the new wine. We took street cars, the U-bahn (subway), read our maps, got on cars going the wrong way, re-routed ourselves, and had fun doing it. We did reach the Prater, and rode on the largest Ferris wheel in the world, it was really high! !! Next we found our way to the Vigilkirche (church) which has especially nice stained glass windows. They have all been restored after the end of war in 1945, had been badly damaged in the bombing.

The trip to Grinzing festival, by tram, was long but we made it o.k., didn't get lost, got there at dark. There were crowds of people all intent on enjoying the Heuriger celebration, this means the new wine (from last year) is being sold at the wine houses. We passed many of

them, went in one place where there was music, a bass player and violin, but could not get seated, so went on to another. This was the lively place! Music by an accordion player, who sang old German or Austrian songs, everyone was having fun. We sat with a man and woman and daughter, from Malta, who were friendly, and enjoying the festival too. After a big mug of white wine, and enjoying the event, we went on to another place ----- more music, here, guitar and accordion players were singing loudly. There was also dancing by customers. Charlotte suggested we join the dancers, and we did, had a lot of fun. Charlotte said she hadn't danced for years. I do dance, a lot, and enjoy it. Also said her hip didn't bother her. We finally left about 10:30, got a tram and rode to the end of that line, to the U-bahn station not far from our hotel. A cab was nearby, we took it to our hotel, and retired soon, after a fun night.

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 7

Charlotte had to start her seminar today, and after having breakfast together, she left and I started out for Shonnbrun, the summer place outside of town. I took a tram, transferred to Marianhilfer, and rode to the Westbahnhof (rail station). I asked there about the discount ticket on trains, for senior citizens, did secure one, needed my passport photo, paid 140 Shillings. It is good for 50% discount on train tickets in Austria, Charlotte had told me about it. Then I rode on to Schonnbrun where the Hapsburgs spent leisure times. It is really beautiful and I went through all the palace rooms. One, which I found remarkable, was the room Napoleon slept in, the walls were covered with tapestries, in one piece. I was told by the guide the largest one, about 40 feet long, took 8 men 12 years to make, by hand. That huge size was almost unbelievable. After looking at the beautiful rooms, I went up through the formal gardens, and climbed to the top of the high hill, to the pavilion. There were great views in every direction, the gardens are kept just as they were in the days of the royalty; I took some photos. Then, I found my way back to the opera area, and the St. Stephen area, ate lunch at a sidewalk cafe, listened to the musicians playing in the plaza, a group of Tyrolian clad men. Also there were various musicians (students, I think) playing all along the Graben shopping area. This is very common, and very nice to hear, in Vienna. After eating I went past St. Stephen's wonderful area and looked for the Jesuitkirche, in the very old section of Vienna. I found it, using my map, and it was quite remarkable, had colored, twisted, large marble columns supporting the roof and a beautiful gold-trimmed altar. I also went into the catacombs below: There were a lot of recent burials there, with candles burning in front of each crypt ---rather eerie in the dim light ---. There were a lot of spaces for future burials.

I found my way back to the hotel (got off the tram too soon, though, and walked a short way), found Charlotte waiting for me. We relaxed a bit, ate, changed clothes, and prepared to go to the opera house, to see Tosca. We found the U-bahn station 2 blocks from us, right back of the Rathaus, wish we had known that before, it was very handy. Charlotte had misplaced her ticket, so when we got to the opera house, she had to explain her problem, had to see 3 different people before she was given a pass to go in. The opera house was destroyed in the 2nd World War, about 1943, 1944 and has been rebuilt. It is beautiful, very large, and should be, for this is the city where music has been written in the past, by many great composers. Our seats were good, 1st balcony, 2nd row. The opera was very well done, great singing. I bought a small book with the story, and dialogue, as I didn't know the

story of Tosca. During intermission we walked to the long area on the side of the building and joined the promenade of opera goers. There were many very well dressed women, it was a pleasure to watch the "genteel" couples walk up and down the long room. Many important balls are held here each year. Beautiful tapestries adorn the walls here, all very old. It was great to be a part of this pleasant evening of culture, enjoyed the singing. It has been many, many years since I enjoyed opera, in Chicago, Illinois, near where I lived. Afterward we walked slowly to the U-bahn on Kannerptstrasse, had a bratwurst on rye there --yum, yum. Good!!! -- Got on the U-bahn, rode to our stop, and to the hotel, and bed.

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 8

This morning I awoke about 6:20, a little later than usual, and had to hurry a bit, so I would be ready to be picked up at the hotel at 7:30 for trip to Bratislava, Czechoslovakia. Charlotte knocked on my door at 6:50, that surprised me, she had expected to sleep later. We breakfasted together, she had to attend the seminar today. I was picked up about 7:50 by a minibus, to go to the boat station on the river Danube. This is a lovely new boat terminal. Our driver took our passports and got visas for us to enter the Socialist Republic of Czechoslovakia, my first visit behind the Iron Curtain!!! The country is run by the state. We boarded a Hydrofoil, which skims just over the water, rode an hour on the Danube. The water is not blue, but greenish in color. It floods many times, as recent as a couple of weeks ago; at flood stage trees were tom down, we could see them lying along the shore. Heavy rains, and snow melting in the Alps, bring on the floods. The Danube flows into the Black sea.

We pulled up at Bratislava dock, after passing the Czech border, which had barbed wire fence all along the bank, and watch towers periodically ---sort of forbidding --After a wait of 15 minutes, the officials started to recognize that we were there at the port, and let us go up the gangplank to the immigration office. They took our passports and gave us a temporary pass to enter the country. I changed a little money, 20 Shillings and a \$1 bill, received their money, kronin (or krowns) 7 for \$1 U. S. We bought tickets for a bus tour of the area (35 Sh) which took us to a palace up above the city. This is quite a large city, industrial in nature, has 2 big plants which make fertilizer, also one plant gets oil from Russia and makes other products out of it. The state runs everything, builds apartment houses for the people and takes 1/ 15 Th of their salary for the monthly rent. All jobs pay the same, whether one is a dentist, or a tailor, there is no incentive to work for a higher position. Students comprise the major part of the population, according to the guide, it is easier to be a perpetual student than have a job.

There is much evidence of World War II damage, places still not rebuilt. The area was heavily damaged. We had a very good guide, Amelia, she spoke in Austrian, German, English. We could overlook the city from the palace grounds, saw many old churches below, which now can have religious services, but one cannot be a member of the Socialist party, and attend church. Schools are run by the state, teachers are hired and paid by the state - no religion is allowed in schools, so young people will not learn it, except from parents. After the palace we went to the memorial cemetery, for the Russian soldiers, 6900 were killed here. Most everything in the area was drab, colorless, but the memorial cemetery was beautiful, green grass, red geraniums all over. Individual graves of officers

had their pictures on the stones, gold inscriptions also, all honoring Russian soldiers. There were 6 huge common graves, covered with green grass and red geraniums. In the center was a memorial, a huge, very tall pylon of granite, atop it was a life-size statue of a Russian soldier carrying his flag, and standing on a large broken cross, this showed the defeat of Christianity. It gave me a bad feeling. I asked where the graves of Czechoslovakian soldiers were, and the answer: just in a common grave! I hope Communism never comes to America.

Next we went to dinner in a nice old restaurant, had a fine meal, hor's dourves, cheese, salami, bread, pickles, peppers, then roast pork, rice, coleslaw, bottle of beer, and chocolate cake. After that we were on our own to go through the shops, everyone looked so sad, no smiles from clerks. I went across the street to a church, to my surprise, there was a service going on. A priest was kneeling at a side altar, the service looked like the end of benediction, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. I knelt and prayed, felt sorry for these people who cannot enjoy religious freedom. I took a picture inside, hope it comes out well. Next, walked around again, I was with another couple on the trip, he was American, she was Japanese and they live in Norway where he works on an offshore oil rig. I wanted some stamps, for Charlotte, and post cards, we walked around, observed the narrow streets and very old look of this city, the archways, courtyards, closeness of houses, nothing was in good repair. In a store we thought was the one where you could pay with Austrian Shillings, the couple I was with bought a wooden salt box, and pitcher, had crowns left in change. They needed to spend them, as money is not to be taken out of the country. Then they bought 3 hand painted goose eggs (11 krown each) and I bought one too. That was ridiculous, I felt after I bought it, will I ever get it home safely without breakage, from Saudi Arabia, where I am living and working? But it was beautiful, and it did arrive safely in U.S. The story of it, which I learned later, is that at Spring Festival time here (our Easter time) a girl paints an egg and presents it to the man she likes, offers him a picnic lunch, he responds, if he likes her, by pouring water on her hair. She is happy if he pours a lot, he then likes her a lot. This represents the spring rains too, which nurture new life on the earth. Quite interesting! !! When we arrived back at the meeting place, our guide met us, asked what we had purchased, was upset for we had purchased things costing more than the money we had changed. I was o.k., but the couple bought more than the money they had changed into crowns, paid with Austrian shillings. She said officials would give them trouble as we exited the country, and they could not take the purchased items. There was an upsetting half hour; finally, we thought someone in the party could carry out the items for them (someone who had not purchased much), but the guide said no, they would find out at emigration check. I had wanted some stamps, gave the guide money and she purchased them for me, said I should hide them in my bag. She also took a postcard for me, mailed it from Bratislava, to me at California, a souvenir. I exchanged some Austrian money with the guide, for a few Czech coins I wanted to keep, put them in my shoe. Someone in the party needed to balance out what they had purchased, with money changed, I used Charlotte's other dollar I carried, and gave that to them, so I owe her a U.S. dollar. Finally, the guide decided to ask the emigration officers how to solve the purchase problem (the couple were going to throw the 3 painted eggs in a trash container to avoid trouble) and they agreed to let the parcel go through. My purchase was o.k., and also the money changed, but I put the krown coins into my shoe and walked out of Socialist Czechoslovakia on them.

I had wanted to go to Budapest, on this trip, but couldn't get on the tour. I hear it is a great hassle to get across the border to Hungary, so will not feel bad about missing it. On the ride back to Vienna (I felt safe when I had my passport back in my hands) on the Hydrofoil, bottles of champagne and other liquors were sold, duty free. A lot of people bought, and also consumed a lot, so it was a talkative bunch. I did not buy any, rested all the way back. The Hydrofoil ride is different, you feel like you are flying just over the water! Our driver met us and returned us to our hotels. This was a very interesting day, makes me feel glad I live in a free country!!!! Charlotte was in her room when I got back, at 7:00, waiting to hear all about the day. I gave her the stamps, told her the story about the dollar I owe her. She has been to Hungary, and Russia, said it is the same deal there, with changing money. We lunched on fruit and sweets and a glass of my wine, then I organized, for leaving here tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 9

Got up at 6:40, showered, shampooed hair, and dressed, knocked on Charlotte's door at 8:00. She was ready to go to breakfast. After eating together, I had the young man desk clerk call Austrian Air and confirmed my reservation to Istanbul on Sunday. It was all o.k. My film was supposed to be ready this a.m. so I hurried down to the shop nearby, where I left the rolls, also picked up 2 new rolls of film for her. My pictures cost 231 Sh, almost as much as in Taif, but what a difference! ! These were lovely, were taken by the little Instamatic camera, each one was great. I was so pleased. I had my bags all packed and in a short time left Pension Haus Joseph. I walked to the U-bahn, got on, then changed at Mariahilfer station to a streetcar No. 52, which took me to the Westbahnhof. My little suitcase was checked here. I did a bad thing --- left my little suitcase padlock key on the table at the hotel, realized it as I rode the tram. So, after I checked my white bag in a locker (I will pick it up before I leave here on Sunday) went to the baggage department and asked if anyone could break the little padlock, so I can open the case, when I get to Salzburg. I can replace the little padlock easily with a new one. He got a tool, squeezed the lock till it broke, now I can open the case on arrival in Salzburg.

I then bought my ticket for the train, it was 1/2 price with my discount card (164 Sh) and went to the train. It was a 3 and 1/4 hr ride, the countryside was so green, and there were a lot of trees on meadows. How nice to see trees, in Saudi it is very dry, even in the mountains where I live. We arrived at Salzburg about 2:35 p.m., I put my suitcase on a pushcart, which was provided at the tracks, walked around the station, bought a wurst sausage and bun, sat and ate it, then went to the tourist accommodation window and got a room in a pension for 170 Sh - use of the shower was extra. I took a cab, cost 38 Sh; the pension was only 7 blocks from the station, but I did not know the streets, etc., and first time I do take a cab. It was a very large house right on the street facing the river. It was lovely, very well kept, and I had a large room on the second floor, with beautiful burred wood furniture including a nice settee, and small table and chairs. There were lace curtains on the windows and lovely navy blue satin drapes with huge cream colored roses printed on them. There was a little balcony too, and a small clothesline stretched there, a nice new sink with hot and cold water right in the room, the shower was next door. I felt this room was a bargain. The old man who greeted me spoke English, said he brings breakfast to the

room. I said 7:30 a.m. would be fine, then he gave me maps, told me about busses, and how to get around the town.

I relaxed a bit, a little rain fell outside, and in 1½ hour it stopped, so then I walked to the old section of town, along the beautiful river. There are hills and low mountains around the town letting you know you are in a scenic area. An old fortress stands above the city, atop a cliff, I found my way there with the help of the map and took the cable car way up to the top. This fortress is like an old castle, and like all those I have seen in Austria, is very well preserved and complete. The cannons still point out of the openings in the thick walls, it has round towers, etc. There was a church at the fortress, I entered and prayed for my family, gave thanks for this great trip, then enjoyed the lovely view of Salzburg below, and the surrounding countryside. When I came down I ate in a small cafe, had liebercase, potatoes, green salad, a big glass of beer, and then warm apple strudel, all for 59 Sh. It was now dusk so I walked through the old city, along narrow streets, with the wrought iron signs hanging out, through archways of stone, cobblestones underfoot, past the huge cathedral and past musicians playing on the streets. One group consisted of 2 violins, a French horn, and a clarinet player, producing excellent classical music, so lovely. I walked back along the river, reached my pension at 8:15, relaxed, and was tired enough to go to sleep early.

The homes and yards all through Austria are so lovely, the lawns are well kept, flowers seen all over in yards and window boxes, not a weed seen anywhere, everything is so neat and clean. White lace curtains appear in most all windows, it is a pleasure to tour here. People dress well, a lot of the women in the typical Austrian style, many dirndl dresses seen on them. The dresses are quite expensive I noted, on window shopping. 1375 Sh was the cheapest price I have seen, they are made very well.

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 10

This is my daughter Mary Lynn's birthday - I'll never forget that day, she was a breech birth, HARD!!! The little man at the pension brought my coffee, rolls, butter and jam at 7:45 a.m. (I am writing this on the train to Hallein and the salt mine, almost missed the stop if a lady had not told me to get off). After eating I walked to the train station, a nice walk, and bought a round trip ticket to Hallein. I found the train after asking a lot of times, got on, rode through lovely Alpine country, very green, lovely meadows with cows here and there, and neat houses on the hills. The clouds that were around are leaving, sky is clearing. I got off quickly at Hallein, and thought there might be a group nearby, for the salt mine adventure, but no such luck. So I asked a lot, most people did not speak English, finally found my way to the cable car going up to the mountain top, and mine entrance, This is not a well known tourist attraction, Charlotte had told me not to miss seeing it, but it wasn't easy to find it by myself- it was well worth the time I spent finding it. I rode up in the tram, (the hanging from cables kind) after buying my ticket, marveled at the lovely sights around me. There were very high peaks of the Alps, visible in the distance, below me were very green, lush, meadows and forests, houses (the typical Alpine kind), with little balconies and flower boxes on them containing red geraniums, mainly - they were so picturesque. As we neared the top the village of Nuringburg appeared, small, just a church;, cemetery and a few houses set on the slopes, also the building that houses the entrance to the salt mine. I bought an entrance ticket, 70 Sh, and had time to stop in the lovely church for a few minutes. At the mine

entrance, we were all given white jackets and pants to wear over our clothes. Then we walked down a slope a little way, inside, into an area where we all were told to be seated on a long, plank-like tram, for the ride into the mine. This was different!!!!!! In the last cave I was in, near Mayerling, we had to walk the paths, here we rode in, quite a way. The guide told us about the mining operations (in English, and German) as we rode. We then got off; and walked into the tunnels. Some areas in the mine are flooded, the salt from veins in the rock, is then dissolved in the water. Later water is pumped away and the salt is dehydrated, the crystals are ground, for table salt and for use in several industrial processes. Twice, we had to go to lower levels in the mine, and at that time we slid down, seated on smooth round wooden poles (we straddled them) and would arrive at the next lower level. It was fun, some let out yells, it was like the start of a roller coaster ride!!!! I think everyone enjoyed it. We walked more, through tunnels, saw an underwater lake, flooded I presume, to get salt later. We did cross the German border while inside the mine, we were told, workers inside are from Austria and Germany. There is enough salt available, at levels now worked, for about 40 years, then they will dig deeper into the mountain. The mine lays part in Germany, part in Austria, and the countries cooperate working it. I took a couple of pictures, we all looked funny, in our white suits, but this was a fun trip, and a learning experience.

After the mine, I had a bottle of beer and a sandwich, sat at the cafe, outside, and enjoyed the view. Then I rode the cable car down the mountain, wandered through the town, bought cheese in a store, waited at the train station for the Salzburg train. As soon as I got back in Salzburg, I went right to a bus H, to go to Hellbrunn palace. This is way out at the edge of town, a summer palace, like the Schonbrunn in. The Hellbrunn was built by an archbishop in the 17th century, it has a lot of "trick fountains", made to entertain his guests. It was so different!! There are grottos, running waterways, and secret sprays all over. The guide (I got on the last tour) explained in Austrian, English and German, how things worked, would suddenly touch a lever and we would all get sprinkled. He had fun, we did too. It was totally different, was called the Wasserspiel - I asked how the water was powered out of the fountains back in the 17th century, and he said purely by gravity ---I think things have been re-powered a bit!!!!!! There was also a working model of a village of the 17th century, every character depicted moved, also there was organ music playing, all powered by water!!! After the tour I wandered through the beautiful gardens and then through the zoo. It seems every palace had a zoo too, they really spared no effort to entertain guests. It was very nice, I almost did not enter that area, but later was glad I did. There were monkeys and baboons, just like I would see in the mountains at Al Baha while camping out in Saudi Arabia. But, the nicest feature was how the mountain goats and deer, were kept in such natural enclosures, the back wall was a real cliff, there were trees growing and everything was just as they live in the forest. One huge buck with big antlers, let out a couple of bellows, surely made a big noise.

It was about 6:15 when I finished and time to get a bus back to town. I got off at the train station, wanted to eat something, so went into a cafe next to the station, was in line but all they had here was chicken and fries. I did not want this, we have it so often at Al Hada, so I only took a glass of beer. A man behind me heard my conversation and said in English "they have soup too" so I took soup and an apple strudel. He motioned me to sit at a table (it was very full here) with him and another lady and man. I did this. The lady spoke English well too, and it was nice to have conversation while I ate. I did not linger long after eating, I

think they were planning on staying to drink wine during the evening, but I wanted to get back to my room by dark. It was nice walking the 7 blocks back, and I sat on a bench by the river, right across from my hotel, for a while. Everyone rides bicycles here, and young and old were wheeling by, also some people were walking the sidewalks along the river, enjoying the early evening. I surely have had nice places to stay here in Austria, for a very low cost. After a bit, I went to my room, got ready to retire, fixed my suitcase to be ready to leave in the morning.

FRIDAY SEPTERIBER 11

It was misting a bit when I arose, looked very cloudy outside. I prayed a rosary while relaxing in bed, thanked God, wished my mother could have made a trip like this and seen the places where her ancestry lies. I know why she liked to garden - everyone does it here, so nicely. The little man brought breakfast to my room at 7:45, I enjoyed every bite. Following this I got my things together, paid my bill (290 Sh, and I gave him 300Sh). I walked toward the rail station with my suitcase, I intended to take a bus, but it passed me right by, because I wasn't standing in the right spot - so I walked. I put my case in a locker, at the station, for I wanted to walk down to the Salzburger Schloss gardens, I had 2 hours till the train left. On the way I stopped at the Post-Telegraph office, and sent a telegram to Mary Lynn and Sean. It was for her birthday and also for Sean Michael, she might want to put it in his baby book, he was born while I was working in Saudi, haven't seen him yet. I tried to send a telegram from Saudi Arabia a few months ago, Fathi Sudani, the father of one of my patients, took it to Jeddah for me, but she said she never received it.

In the gardens there was movie filming going on, people dressed in 18th century costumes were walking up and down as cameras rolled. I walked back to the station as it sprinkled a little bit, and boarded the train for Innsbruk. All the way, about 2 hours, it was cloudy and misty, couldn't see mountain tops but did enjoy the rolling meadows, forests and lovely Alpine houses. They all had balconies and flower boxes, with bright flowers overflowing them. Most houses are white, with the dark brown wood trim, a style used in these areas for thousands of years; also saw a lot of brown and white cows in the fields. Much cheese is produced by local farmers here.

Arrival at Innsbruk was at 12:45 p.m. I went to the tourist hotel reservation desk in the train station, they secured a room with private bath, in the Gasthaus Lanem, for 250 Sh, I took a cab there. It is a lovely room (again I am lucky, most rooms are about 400 Sh) and it faces the Inn river, I can view the old part of town from my room. In just a 5 minute walk across the bridge I am in the center of that interesting area, so the location is great. It is a nicely furnished room with modern furnishings, and very clean. At the hotel I bought a ticket for a show tonight, live performers, singers and dancers of the Tyrol area. As soon as I was organized, and relaxed, I studied my map a bit and set out to see the center of town, which was kept in the old style, and very picturesque. It sprinkled a little as I walked, but it was not enough to discourage me in seeing points of interest. Often I could see mountain tops above the city, as low clouds rolled away and sky was clearer. I thought of taking the cable car up to a high peak, but visibility was not the greatest and I decided to wait until tomorrow, hope it will be clearer - I took an hour long bus tour of the close-in points of interest, cost 85 Sh. They even took us to the Olympic ski jump site, where the 1968 and

1974 meets were held, saw the very high, long structure where the jumpers took off, sailed through the air and then landed on the slope and gracefully glided down to the finish line. I never would have gotten way out to this area on my own, this is why I take tours in the local cities where I am visiting. We also stopped and went inside the Kirche Wilten which had a most beautiful gold and white, baroque style interior. The original wood pews, carved on the ends, looking quite worn but still sturdy, are in use yet. They certainly built wonderful churches in Europe.

After the tour I walked more through the old part of town, there was so much to see! In one plaza, there were musicians playing classical music, it is so nice to hear this as you shop, or walk and explore. I bought 2 tapes of some Alpine music, with singers yodeling on it, as a memory of this area. Now it was " getting hungry" time and I was going to go into a cafe, but then saw a shop selling cheese, sausages, meat, pickles and I decided to buy some of that and a bottle of beer, and eat in my nice room, then relax there until it was time to go to the Holiday Inn for the Tyrol show tonight. I forgot that I didn't have a bottle cap opener for the beer, but did have the wine bottle opener, so screwed that sharp end through the bottle cap, made a big hole, and poured the beer into a glass. It worked!!! The Holiday Inn is right in the heart of town, walking distance from my hotel; I left early and found it very easily. The show was great, people were seated at long benches and tables, were served wine or beer during the performance. I had a glass of wine. Next to me were 4 young Swiss people, one could speak a little English, so I could converse a bit. There were about 10 in the group of performers, men and women, they played accordions, the Tyrol harp, clarinet, drums and horn, also three men played the huge, long, Alpen horns. Women sang and yodeled, men and women did a lot of dancing, all were in the bright, colorful costumes of the Tyrol area. Also a few did some musical pieces with the bells, it was great, colorful entertainment which I really enjoyed. When it ended I walked back to the hotel, very content, and retired.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 12

I am writing this away up in the Alps, atop a peak at a ski run site. The sun came out this morning and it was nice and warm, down in Innsbruck. Now, it is afternoon and the clouds have come back. I had my sleeves rolled up, no sweater, when I got off the cable car up here, now I have put on my sweater and also the jacket I brought, there is a very cool breeze blowing and it looks like rain clouds coming this way. The view from up here is fantastic. I see a little snow on some of the higher peaks, over away. I hear bells, a small group of sheep are slowly making their way across a steep meadow nearby. Here, there is green grass to feed on --in Saudi, the sheep survive on dry stuff, I wonder how they live! Every so often a few hikers walk past this spot, many are elderly people, with their walking sticks. They all look very sturdy. There are trails to different ski areas, and hiking them in summer months is very popular. I have not heard anyone speak English up here, guess they are all local people. The beauty of this panorama is almost breathtaking, Innsbruck lies below in the valley, between two ranges of mountains, I am on the highest side. Down below, way across the valley, I can see the site of the Olympic ski jump area and the stands around it. I can still hear the bells, but cannot see the sheep anymore, guess they blend in with the light rock over in another direction - now I hear a long baa-a-a, still don't see them. Now the clouds have passed over the snowy peaks, and light is shining down through again, what a pretty sight.

This morning I didn't hurry after I awoke, but leisurely showered, fixed my hair, folded up the dry clothes I had washed yesterday, and went down to breakfast. (I carry only drip-dry clothing on my trips, it dries quickly, needs no ironing). In addition to the usual rolls, butter, jam, there was sausage and cheese too, and very good coffee. Then I went out, shopped a bit, walked to the train station to buy my ticket for return to Vienna. I will go there tonight, sleep on the train, arrive at about 7:00 a.m., pick up my other case at the Westbahnhof, prior to going to the airport for my noon flight to Turkey. Maybe I'll have time to go to mass, at the church very close to the Westbahnhof. After buying the ticket (270Sh) I asked about a bus from the hotel to the train station, that I could use, then went back to the hotel, ate some more good food I had bought, and packed things up. I can leave my suitcase at the hotel while I am up here in the mountains, and pick it up later, a very nice service hotels have. I paid my bill, then I took the little train car up the first level of the mountains, called Hungerburg. Next had to take the cable car up to the mid station, called Seeburg, and walked further up, where I sat down, and am writing this account. I must mention the Alpine costume, so common here and in Salzburg, the peaked felt hat with feather, small brim, which is worn by men, women and children (kinder). The collarless jacket, usually dark green, or gray, trimmed with green braid, knee breeches and wool socks, heavy, sturdy shoes. A young father dressed this way, holding his child's hand, just passed, and I took their picture. An older woman sat down next to me for a while and rested, spoke pleasantly, in Austrian, about the "schoen" view (beautiful). My small smattering of German words has helped understand some of their conversation.

Later ----- I walked for an hour across the high meadows, marveling at the mountainscape, the natural wonders I was viewing. Once, the sheep were very close to me, a mama, with the bell hanging from her neck, came right to me and nuzzled me -her 2 white lambs, and one black one, came right with her, then walked on. Amazing!!!! As I returned to the lift house, I saw the cable car going up to the very top of the Alps here, Nordkettenbahn, so I got an and rode up. My ticket was good for this too. Now I am writing this, way up on a sharp peak of stone, I had to climb a long way after getting off the cable car, to reach this spot. There is a big, wooden crucifix standing up here. The view is stupendous! Peaks of the Alps all around, no snow here, just white stone, and a lot of rock slides. It must be thrilling to ski here, there are quite a few lifts, in several directions. What a wonderful day, to end my tour of Austria.

Now I've come down the 2 cable car levels from the mountain top, and am at the level where I must take the steep train down the rest of the way. There is a restaurant here, and I am sitting at an outdoor table in the nice sunshine. The Angelus bells are ringing at the church near me, on this level, it is 6:00 p.m. I have recited the whole Angelus prayer, and the bells are still ringing joyfully, what a nice sound. I miss hearing church bells in Saudi Arabia, and in America also for they do not ring in the city where I live. I have ordered weiner schnitzel, rolls and beer for my meal; then I will go back to the hotel, pick up the suitcase and get on the train to Vienna.

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 13

I entered the train to Vienna o.k. last night, but then decided to ride in first class (my ticket was for second) there I would have a seat that laid back, and I could sleep - paid 240 Sh extra, on the train, but it was worth it. I was alone in the compartment most of the time, though a man got on during the night, somewhere, but I did sleep and felt all right in the morning. The ride was from Innsbruck to Vienna, a long way, arrived at 6:30 a.m., had coffee in the station, waited for the nearby church to open, as it was just across the way from the Westbahnhof. The weather was a bit cool, but very nice and brisk, my jacket felt good. I heard mass (in language of Austria) at 8:00 a.m. then went back to the station to pick up my white bag from the locker; it was very hard to open and I needed help from the baggage man, he cheerfully opened the door. In 1/2 hour I boarded the bus to the airport, the fee was 45 Sh. In the ladies room I changed blouse and shoes and put on my tan jacket, checked my luggage and went to Gate 1, for departure to a new country, Turkey!! I also changed a \$100 bill for smaller ones, some places do not like to take large bills.

I am on the plane - just had lunch of roast beef, green beans, tomato, roll and butter, cheese, crackers, fruit cocktail covered with cream, sparkling water and coffee, also complimentary wine, a very nice airline dinner. The visibility is very good as we fly, there are a few puffy clouds but I have been able to see land all the way. According to the announcements, we flew over Budapest, Hungary (could see cultivated fields below, and mountains), then Rumania with the same sights, but less mountains. The captain just announced, in 4 different languages, that we are now 60 miles south of Bucharest. The Iron Curtain country is below us!. Next we will go over Varna and then the Black Sea, to Istanbul. I see a very wide river below me, flowing to the Black Sea. It is the Danube, a very long river. I am sipping my wine slowly as we travel; wine and beer are the common drinks offered in Austria, and I am flying on Austrian Airlines now. Beer is safer to drink, than water, in many countries. I am wondering if I will have any trouble getting around in Turkey, in Austria I could make out many signs, exit or departure is abfahrt, arrival is anknur, enter is eingang, and the letters are in the English alphabet, but it will be different in Turkey. Oh well, I'll make it somehow, I always do. In Greece it was very hard to know signs, when I was there last year, but I still got where I wanted to go. A cloud cover came in the sky shortly before we arrived at Istanbul, but then lifted, so I could see the city and the Black Sea and Bosphorus area below. Istanbul is partly in Europe, part in Asia, a bridge does connect the two continents.

As we disembarked the plane and went through immigration check, there were soldiers, with machine guns, here and there, a lot of security, just as in Czechoslovakia. This is still communist rule and people mainly are of the Muslim faith. I had no trouble at immigration check. The terminal seemed very old, and unkempt, not neat and clean as Austria was. There was a tourist bureau and I was the only one who went to ask for a hotel - at every place in Austria I had to wait in line to be served. The man at the counter was very nice, obtained a room not too far from the town center. I did not have to pay commission. He obtained my bags for me and carried them to a bus, also gave me a map of the city - it is all printed in Turkish! He told me where to get off the bus, close to the hotel, so I would not have to take a cab, could walk the couple of blocks. It was a long ride into the city, the road was along the Bosphorus. I did get off at the right street, with suitcase and shoulder bag, a

gentleman on the bus picked my case up and said he would show me to the hotel, he carried it all the way, about 3 blocks. He also escorted me into the hotel check-in desk, wished me a nice visit here, said he was a lawyer; spoke very good English. I had changed money, at the air terminal, as I knew I would need Turkish money for bus, etc. The Hotel Astor is a 5 story building, has a large first floor lobby, a modern building, cafe on the mezzanine, I am on the 5th floor, with a corner view of the sea, where I see a lot of ships. There is a phone in the room, the bathroom is the typical Arab style, the shower flows right onto the floor, everything gets wet! Since I am used to living with mid eastern customs, that did not bother me. The living quarters I am in, in Saudi, were built by Italian contractors and European style bathrooms are used.

After unpacking I took a bus (studied the map) rode to the Goleta bridge area, down at town center. It was crowded, like Cairo The people did not seem clean and well dressed, everyone was hurrying, about their business. I heard the muzzein giving the prayer call, from the mosque tower nearby, something I hear 5 times a day while living in Saudi. There are no more church bells ringing here, Christianity is silenced. The great St. Sophia cathedral, built hundreds of years ago, is closed to religion, and is called a museum now. Ferries go from the area of the Goleta bridge, up and down the Bosphorus and across to Asia. In a rowboat, tied to shore, fishermen were frying fresh fish, right in the rowboat, over a wood fire. They placed the fish into a roll, sold it for 70 Turkish Liras. I bought one, was so tasty! The busses all seemed to stop here, but when I was ready to return to the hotel, I was not sure which bus to take, so started walking back. I followed the busy main street, and soon passed St. Sophia's but it was closed. The Blue Mosque was very nearby, but it too was closed. Passing a hotel, I went in and asked which bus to take from this point, was told they all go to my area, so I rode on one and when I mentioned Hotel Astor, someone told me when to get off ----- so I made it o.k. on my first jaunt into Istanbul. Tomorrow I will take a tour.

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 14

I also went into an old church, St. Irene's, which is on the Topkapi grounds. The men selling the tickets for entry had no customers but me, and the three of them in the ticket booth motioned me to take tea with them, so I did, this custom is prevalent in Saudi also, a mark of hospitality. The tea was very good, the men were polite and friendly, spoke a bit of English, and I also used my limited Arabic to converse. The interior of the church is completely denuded of any decoration or statues, the brick and stone construction is very visible and while it must have been very beautiful, now is just bare. In the courtyard adjoining, where the roof tiles had fallen and broken, there is an old fig tree, a few figs had fallen and I picked some up, just think, rulers and people living a few hundred years ago probably did the same, and enjoyed the fruit. There was still evidence of a cross on the wall, above where the altar must have been, also there was one carved into wood, in the rear, high up on a balcony. The Muslim faith does away with the cross, sign of Christianity. During wars in the olden days, the conquerors would pillage the monasteries and churches, take away precious items and often destroy them. One such item, in the Topkapi museum, that had been hidden and saved, was a glass case displaying bones of the forearm and hand, of St. John the Baptist. A portion of the gold "sleeve" had been cut away, showing bones of the back of the hand.

There were so many interesting and beautiful items here I'll mention a few: a model made of mother-of-pearl, of the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem, gifted to ruler Abdulhamid II, a round shield from India in the 16th century, encrusted with inlay of ivory and precious stones, of people, horses, animals and birds, all different colors; lances from Persia, very long. They were carried by soldiers riding on elephants. Also seen, a tuglari from Turkey, the standard with a round ball, with hair hanging down from it, at the far end: bows and arrows, the quiver encrusted with mother-of-pearl, and war shields from Persia, which were made of iron.

The next place I wished to visit was the shopping area, so I took a taxi to the Kepali Cas-I, the covered bazaar area. I bargained (as I was told you must do) with the driver, he asked 350TL, I said I would only pay 250TL, then I walked away. Soon, he started his taxi up, drove to me as I walked, and said "o,k, 250". He agreed. I found that this bazaar was right along the street that runs past my hotel, so after shopping in the bazaar (it is huge, one could get lost) I walked slowly back to my room, saw some food along the way close to the hotel, that looked good, purchased it, also passed a small shop that sold bottles of wine, I bought one for 175TL. Last night I paid 180TL for a small glass of wine, in the hotel. If I don't finish a bottle of wine during a visit to a city, I leave it in the room for the maid, along with a tip. So, back in my room I had wine, cheese, bread, figs and a couple of little cookies, then wrote in this journal and retired. The moon was shining brightly again, right in my windows, so pleasant!!! Wish I had another full day here on Wednesday, there is so much more to see.

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 15

Awoke about 6:30 a.m., feeling good. There was a haze outside but the sun was starting to come through by the time I showered and dressed. I decided to leave early, take the bus down to St. Sophia's, try to get in promptly at 9:00 for a quick look, then make it down to the pier to find the boat that goes up the Bosphorous, and back. The busses were so full of early morning riders, they often did not even stop at corners. One did, to let people off, I quickly got on through the back door, even though it was wrong, entry was in front, and squeezed in. A lady protested, but I showed her my ticket and she passed it up front. What a squeeze that ride was!!!! I got off at the Blue Mosque, went across the street to St. Sophia's, it was just before 9 a.m., and guess what--it opens at 9:30 a.m. Disappointed, I walked down to the Galata bridge, found the ticket office that the lady had told me about, yesterday, purchased a ticket, and waited to board. The boat was crowded, but everyone had seats. It was an interesting ride, went from village to village, stopped if there were people getting off. We criss-crossed the Bosphorous a very long way as we rode toward the place where it enters the Black sea. The weather was clear, warm, but not hot, nice sweater weather. The fare up and back was 40TL, what a bargain. I have found ferries are a wonderful way to travel, when exploring a country, you mix with the local people. After the Istanbul area, it was hilly on both sides of the water, with trees on the hills. There are many of the old wooden houses left along the shore, built very narrow and often 2 and 3 stories high. We stopped at the last village, and everyone got off. There were outdoor eating places all around: one man was bar-b-q ing LUFER fish, out on a round open grill. I ordered this, bread, salad and beer, it was really good. Local bake shops made the

bread, it was put in wall ovens, on long poles, left in there to bake, then was pulled out again, interesting to see. There were a lot of very small fishing boats around, and I went to one of the little piers where they were, and put my feet in the Bosphorous water. It felt quite cool, but not terribly cold. There were a LOT of transparent, colorless jellyfish in the water, it was interesting to see them pulsate, open and close, as they moved along. We left the area again after 2 hours, to return to Istanbul.

There is a Turkish, stone fortification, up on a hillside, near the end of the return trip, below it is a modern Turkish military installation, and men in white uniforms moving about, perhaps it is part of their navy???? It clouded up on the way back, we arrived at the dock at 5 p.m. I asked where I would get a bus, then joined the big crowd trying to do the same thing. I nearly got killed (figuratively) trying to cross the street, the traffic was terrible. By asking for Aksary area, I finally got on the right bus, rode a long way, and departed it near my hotel. I was wearing my Al Hada hospital T-shirt, from Saudi, had a jacket on but it was open in front. An elderly man passing me said "pardon me Madam, may I ask about Al Hada hospital? I worked there, as a civil engineer when construction for the King's guest house was going on, worked for the Saudi Oger Company, and where did you buy your shirt?" The Saudi Oger Company, was a firm from France, doing construction work in Taif, Saudi Arabia, and they still are doing some work there now, so I knew the name.

He could see that I was taken aback a bit, by a stranger asking such questions, but he was very polite, and I explained that I had worked, and lived there, for five years and had got my shirt at the hospital. He thanked me, and then went on. I walked further, bought a shish-ka-bob meal in a restaurant I passed, and sat at a table with 3 other women who were backpackers, one American and two British, they were pleasant to talk with. Then I went to the hotel, found a note for me from the two Australian women I had met, who were staying there also. They invited me to go out and eat with them. I stopped at their room, told them I had just dined and thanked them for the friendly invitation. We visited a bit, they showed me a lovely leather purse they had purchased in the bazaar for \$10 – also a big leather case purchased there. That made me think I should go back to the bazaar and purchase one for myself, so I took the bus again, and shopped there. I found a purse, nice leather, for \$10. The shopkeeper asked 1100 TL, but I offered 1000 (\$10), and he accepted. I really needed one, and felt I shouldn't pass up the reasonable price on leather goods here.

I rode the bus back to the hotel, and as I was about to turn into the entrance, the same man I had met earlier on the street, who was at Al Hada, passed me and greeted me again. We spoke a bit, still about this coincidence, then he invited me to sit in the lobby and visit, also offered a drink. We had very interesting conversation. The two Australian ladies entered the lobby then, passed us, and asked if they could join us. He said "certainly", also offered them a drink. He was a very interesting man, is Turkish, has two Masters degrees in engineering, was educated at University of Michigan in U.S.A. He comes from an old Turkish family, his grandfather was a Pasha. He is active in politics and is presently a candidate for a seat in parliament. He told us that he and his wife live in an apartment nearby, and that she was right now attending a meeting of the Optimist club. He told of a professor he studied under in America, still has correspondence with this man and his wife, and suggested he would have her correspond with me, they live now in Ysidro, California. (She probably would not want to bother). Anyway, it was an interesting evening, all

because I had on my Al Hada hospital shirt from Saudi Arabia. A young Malaysian-Arab youth joined us as we visited, he was seated close to us in the lobby, said he is a student in physics at Hamburg University in Germany. During conversation, the Australian women learned from him that his father was Arab, and that he has a sister who lives in Abha, Saudi Arabia. I have been there many times. He will be going to visit her there in a couple of weeks, was very polite and knowledgeable during the conversation. We talked of coins from different nations, as we were all travelers, I save them, and he gave me some from Yugoslavia, I don't have any from there. This was a pleasant, spontaneous, international conversation, a nice way to spend an evening. The name of the Turkish gentleman was Mr. Altimur Tanriover. We will probably never see each other again, but it was good to speak English with others, while in a foreign country. We all parted, I soon retired, felt this was another very good day.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 16

I arose early, was glad I had packed my suitcase last night, for that would give me time this morning to go to the bazaar again and get a leather travel bag. Leather objects are such a bargain here, the Australian ladies had showed me the one they bought. I quickly had coffee, bread and jam here in my room (thanks to a packet of Nescafe, and little envelope of jam from Austria in my suitcase) and took the bus to the bazaar. It gets easier to get around, after you have been in a place for a few days. I found the shop where I bought my purse last night, the owner wanted about \$33, American money, for the one I selected. I offered \$23, but he refused, so I walked out and wandered in the bazaar (it was 8:30 a.m. and they were just opening) and looked around a bit. I found none that were as large, or had the zippered compartments and pockets, so I went back and offered \$26, he accepted my offer and I purchased it. I then hurried back with my prize, after I picked up two hand fans and a shirt, for gifts. The hotel clerk secured a cab for me, which took me to the station where I could board a Turkish Air Lines bus, to the airport, fare was 50TL. The airport is very far from the city. When I arrived there I had to ask a couple of times to find out where I would get my flight, but I was in plenty of time, and boarded o.k.

I sat next to an American girl, a student in Archaeology at Athens. She was friendly, gave me tips on how to go directly to an island, on my arrival in Greece, for that is what I wished to do. I followed her advice, and after reconfirming my flight out of Greece, changing money, and checking my big suitcase into storage, for the time I am on an island (I did that last year when I was here, and so don't have to carry it along), took a cab as she directed, to the bus station for town of Raphina. It was a long drive from the airport, and I was glad I was in a cab, not in a crowded bus. They are bad in Athens!!!! I did find the right bus to Raphina, didn't know where it was going, just showed the note she had given me, written in English and in Greek, to the driver. A nod let me know I was in the right place. It was an hour ride, cost 50 Drachmas, we ended up north and east of Athens, at the edge of the sea. There were many boats going out of here. I wanted to go to Mykonos, but that boat had already left. Not many people spoke English, but I did find (by asking a lot) a ferry that was loading cars and people, it was going to an island about 2 hours away. I asked if I could get a room there, the reply was affirmative, so I bought a ticket for 285D, got on, and rode for 2 ½ hours through the beautiful Aegian sea, passed islands quite often, and stopped at our destination, Krystos, a large island north of Athens. The ticket seller had

told me that often ladies will meet the boat and offer rooms, so I asked at an outdoor café, if I could find accommodations. The man called out to two ladies standing a short distance away, a mother and daughter who spoke English. I took a room from them for 300 D (about \$6.10). It is in a large building with several rooms for rent, quite plain and old fashioned, but a nice location right on the main street of the village, and facing the sea. The boat dock where we landed, is just a block away. There is a balcony where I can sit and bask in the sun, and watch the seafront activities below. Everything is old, but clean. There is a kitchen down the hall, and a refrigerator which can be used by guests. Travel on these small islands is really a bargain if one can be comfortable in old fashioned, simple accommodations. I was told that Greek people come to this island often for vacation. I like to see the way native people live, and eat their foods. I am traveling very light, carrying just two shoulder bags, and after settling in my room I walked out to see the area. I met two young Australian backpackers who spoke English, they were on the boat too. We talked a bit about the great places in the world to visit, then ate in a little sidewalk café. I walked on, through the small business district, found it very old-world, butcher shops with the meat hanging openly on hooks, the butcher would cut off the piece you desired. Fruits and vegetables were sold in small stores, there were many shops and restaurants. I ate Greek cheese, bread and wine, fruit and Greek pastry, baklava. I really enjoy the white feta cheese, made from goat's milk. Feeling happy about being in another new place in the world, for me, I walked slowly back to my small hotel, and retired. Krystos is a large island, bigger than the island of Spetzae, where I stayed last year. It is geared for Greek tourists, not like Mykonos, which hosts tourists from all over the world, and is expensive. The tourist season for locals is over now, and there are not very many people about. Here there are several buildings about 5 or 6 stories high, the islands I visited last year didn't have any that high, mainly had old buildings, no automobiles, horse cars and motorcycles were used for transportation.

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 17

I slept very well. Down below, at the dock, the ship I came on last evening was preparing to leave, and the loading, chains dragging up anchor, etc., awakened me at 5:30 a.m. I arose, took a look through my shuttered wood doors, but went back and lay down again. There was no reason to get up that early, I am going to rest a lot today (I said to myself, but that doesn't often happen). After shower and getting dressed, I walked out to find a place for breakfast, found one that had sign "bacon and eggs". I entered and asked for that, he said "no, that was only during the summer tourist time" – this is the fall and winter period here. He was serving big plates of soup with huge chunks of bread – I asked what kind it was and he answered "tripe", beef. I know this is from the stomach of the cow, I passed it up, though it did smell good. As I walked to find another place I met a family who were speaking English and greeted them. They were from Vienna, Austria. I said that I had recently come from there, had really enjoyed my stay. We then talked about the scarcity of food now available. I told them about the hot soup, so the gentleman asked in a couple more places, but had no luck. I told them where the place was with the hot soup, and we all decided that was better than nothing! We all went back to that café. The Austrian man asked the owner for eggs, (the sign was still there), he answered that he would have some in a short time!!!! So eventually, we each had two fried eggs and bread. There was no coffee, I missed having that. Eating habits here are not like Austria, or America, but when

traveling the rural and local areas, one must be satisfied with what is provided. Following this, I walked up the high hill to the Greek Orthodox church there. Mass was just ending and people were taking the Communion, which was quite large squares of regular bread, then making the sign of the cross, kissing a picture, or kissing the big crucifix, then walking out. Later on, downtown, I saw the priest in his flowing black robe, and black hat that looks something like the "mortar board" hats that graduates wear. I would have liked his picture, but had no camera with me then. Last year I remember, I saw an Orthodox priest on the street in Hydra, asked, by motioning to my camera, for his picture, but he waved his hand and shook his head, no. I saw children come from the school here, the girls wear a royal blue dress with white collar, a uniform. In Turkey, they wore black satin with white collars, girls, a dress, boys, a hip length jacket and dark pants. They all looked so nice.

Walking a bit more, I bought a small Greek doll, dressed in the fashion of the military, from very old times. Soldiers in front of the Unknown Soldier Tomb, in Athens, still dress this way. I watched them last year, at the changing of the guards. Then went back to the hotel, changed clothes for beach attire, went to the nearby beach, where I spent most of the day. It was deserted, I swam, and rested. I set my camera with the timer button and snapped a picture of myself, enjoying the sunshine in a bathing suit. The water was not too cold, had a nice swim. Since traveling, I have not had a swim for quite awhile. I miss it, it is a daily routine for me. Going back to the hotel, showered, dressed, wrote in this journal, sat on the balcony and watched the locals repairing ships, down at the end of a dock area. It was very interesting. About 7:00 p.m., another big ship, a car ferry similar to the one I came on, is coming into port and docking. It is very interesting to me, to watch this procedure. The ship probably came from another island – Andros is the one next to this island and I was going to try and visit it too, but just don't have enough time. I have found that not many people speak English here, it is kind of difficult to get information, they were all friendly, would just shrug shoulders and smile, at my questions.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 18

This is the last day of vacation, tomorrow it is back to Jeddah;, Saudi Arabia, the large city we land in, and then a three hour auto ride over desert, and up the mountain, to Taif where I work. I have to write a bit more about the living quarters I have had on Krystos, the room I am in is one of five, in a big, old flat, with a kitchen. It is still just as it was when built many years ago, I think it must have been a luxury accommodation on the waterfront, and has been kept up well. It is all freshly painted --- in very bright colors, my room is "shocking pink", the kitchen is bright blue, it has wooden cupboards, the kitchen table has oilcloth on it, as does the table in my room. The light is simply a bulb hanging from the electric cord in the ceiling, quite simple, but everything is clean and the bed is good. The view of the waterfront is great. There was a young couple (the Australians) who had a room here too, the first night, but they left and I have been alone here since, no other tourists. I must plan to leave here today, so I surely arrive at the airport in Athens by 10:00 tomorrow morning. I must first pick up my suitcase at the west airport, where I checked it, and then go to east airport (Athens has two) to depart for Saudi. The boat I came on leaves at 11:30 a.m. today and again at 5:30 a.m. tomorrow. It is such a long ride from Raphena (where we will

dock) to Athens, I'm afraid to risk going tomorrow. Taxis are hard to get, after I arrive in Athens, it may take much time, so I had better go to Raphena today.

I am sitting by the large glass doors to the balcony (it is only 7:00 a.m., and cool outside) and I see another very large cruise ship nearing the dock, it just dropped anchor. I heard this noise of anchor chains a couple of times during the night too, this is a busy place. The names on the ships are all in Greek, so I can't read them, also the islands are all listed by their Greek names. It would surely be fun to be with someone who spoke the Greek language, and go from one island to another, exploring them. I stayed at a couple of different ones last year. There is a fishing boat, of good size, docked further down, the men are folding the huge net -- so much activity to observe here! LATER. Here I am, sitting in the sun on the deck of the Porto Lata, the same boat I took to come here. The sea is blue, quite calm. I am in shorts and sleeveless top, enjoying the warm air. I think I lost some of my Saudi tan, in Austria and Turkey, had a sweater on most of the time in Austria. I sat on my balcony this morning, until I saw the ship come in, then took my bags down, walked to the dock and boarded. I changed \$40 to Drachmas this morning, for I don't want to run out of Greek money before I leave Athens tomorrow at noon. As I am riding, I observe land to my right side, water as far as I can see, to the left. Krystos is quite large, long and narrow. The little town I stayed in is at the very south end. In the middle area it looked as it almost touched another piece of land -- maybe this is where the bus goes, for I heard one can get to Athens by bus from Krystos, a 5 and ½ hour trip. The bus probably ferries across that narrow piece of water. Well, cruising along like this, observing the sights in Greek waters is really not hard to take!!!

I did get a picture this morning, of the priest, in his black robe and hat, as he was sitting at a sidewalk café, having Greek coffee, I was not very close for I did not want to offend him by being too obvious. As we are cruising along, I wish I had my guitar in my hands right now, I have missed playing it. It's waiting for me, back at the hospital, when I get back to work. The Porta Lata made the trip to Raphena in two hours, that was better time than when we came to Krystos. I obtained information that the bus, which was waiting, would take me into Athens, so I boarded it. A young English man next to me showed me a map of Athens, the bus ride ended not very far from Constitution Square in Athens, where I wanted to go, the hotel I wanted was near there. The bus ride was an hour long, cost only 45D, what a bargain. I had trouble getting a cab in Athens, they all whizzed by, and were headed outward from town, so I walked a block over to another busy street where cars headed into town center, and then one stopped for me. The driver took me to the square, I was familiar with this area, got my bearings and found the large post-office building, and then the Pan hotel just ½ block away. When I registered, the young clerk said "You stayed here before, didn't you?" He had not seen my passport or name yet, what a memory he had!! But he remembered that I worked in Saudi, something different for an older lady to do, and I had stayed here last year. I obtained a room, was kind of tired from traveling with my two pieces of luggage, so lay down and relaxed. It was only about 2:30 P.M., and after resting and showering I felt much better, so went out and walked around, looked at the shops. Later, after examining tourist brochures, I decided to go to the "Athens By Night" tour, I would be picked up at my hotel. The tour took us to the Acropolis Sound and Light Show, which was excellent, then to an outdoor theater for a fine Greek Folk Dance event, by a ballet group. There were 32 dancers, men and women, also authentic Greek

musicians playing violins, clarinet, guitar, drums, a small Greek horn, and there was a singer. A dinner concluded the evening. I sat with a friendly lady from Argentina, she spoke English very well and was pleasant to visit with. I arrived back at the hotel at midnight, slept very well.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 19

This day ends my trip, it will be time to go back to work in Taif. I arose leisurely, prayed a rosary in thanksgiving for such a fine trip, showered and dressed. I packed all my things together, consolidated my 3 bags into 2, filled the new big leather case with contents of the blue nylon one, and folded it up to go inside the leather case, then went down to breakfast in the hotel. I had two BIG cups of coffee too, which tasted so good. I went out to a shop where I had seen some nice leather belts as gifts for men in my family, but it was not open yet so wandered a bit more, then returned to the hotel. I packed up the last things, paid my bill of 1000 D, and walked to the airport bus station, just 3 blocks away. That is why I like to stay at the Pan hotel, it is close to everything downtown, to the bus station and to Constitution Square. The bus fare was 45D to the international airport, there I picked up my suitcase from storage, the charge was 100D. Next I waited 10 minutes for the bus to the domestic airport (the west terminal) where my flight on Olympia airlines would depart for Saudi Arabia. This is quite a nuisance, in Athens, to have two terminals, but I had enough time to transfer. The departure hassle was pretty bad here in the domestic airport, there were so many people, and not many signs were in English, for it is mainly the Greek people who use the national airline, Olympia. But I found my way, checked my bags and suitcase, and after 50 minutes, boarded the plane for Jeddah.

There was no one on that flight, who was going back to work at Al Hada hospital, I kind of thought I might see someone I knew, for many employees go to Greece on their vacations. We rode first over the Aegean Sea, then Egypt, over Cairo, then more desert of Egypt while we were served a very good meal of American and Greek foods. Then we crossed the Red Sea, and soon landed at the new airport in Jeddah. Going through passport control and customs was much easier than the hassle which occurred at the old airport, it was right in the city. Now the Haji's (Muslim pilgrims who come by the thousands to worship at Mecca) have their own terminal, and are directed to that, not through the main one. There is much less congestion this way. I had no trouble with baggage, and there were plenty of luggage carts available. When finished processing, I went outside the glass wall, and there was Dr. Russell Schultz waiting for me. How nice, what a good friend he has been, this pick-up was arranged before I started on my trip. The doctors and other employees who drive cars (men only) always make sure that we female employees are taken to the airport, and picked up, when we go on a vacation. He drove back to Taif, we passed through a thunder and lightning rainstorm, about at the check point before going up the escarpment, it really made a fantastic sight, going up that mountain. When we arrived at the top I said I would buy dinner, so we went to the hospital dining room D and ate, then he delivered me to my apartment at Al Hada.

I had hand carried the hand-painted goose eggshell, purchased in Bratislava, all the way from the baggage storage place, transferred it from the suitcase there, and guess what --- never a crack. Made it safely all this way, I wonder if I will ever get it intact, back to

America? A nice feature, upon arrival at my room, was a note from Anja and Sirpa, my apartment mates, they left last Tuesday, so I am alone for awhile. I found that new screens have been put up on all bedroom windows, that is great. We do have mosquitoes, but my nylon netting that I put up, hanging from my fish pole, has worked pretty well all summer. So, I am safely home from a wonderful trip, Vienna, Salzburg, Innsbruck, Vienna again, Bratislava in Czechoslovakia (under Communist rule), Istanbul, Athens, Krystos, Athens again, then Jeddah and Taif. I was gone from September 3 to September 19, 1981. Some nights I have fallen asleep writing, with pen in hand, I have written on trains, airplanes, and busses, but have managed to complete this journal. It has been a wonderful experience!!!

In Austria	Received	17 ½ Shillings	for	\$1.00
In Czechoslovakia	Received	7 Kronin 100 Hale	for	\$1.00
In Greece	Received	56 Drachma	for	\$1.00
In Turkey	Received	122 Turkish Lire	for	\$1.00

Typed on computer in 2002 by Irma Kackert ----- Age 86