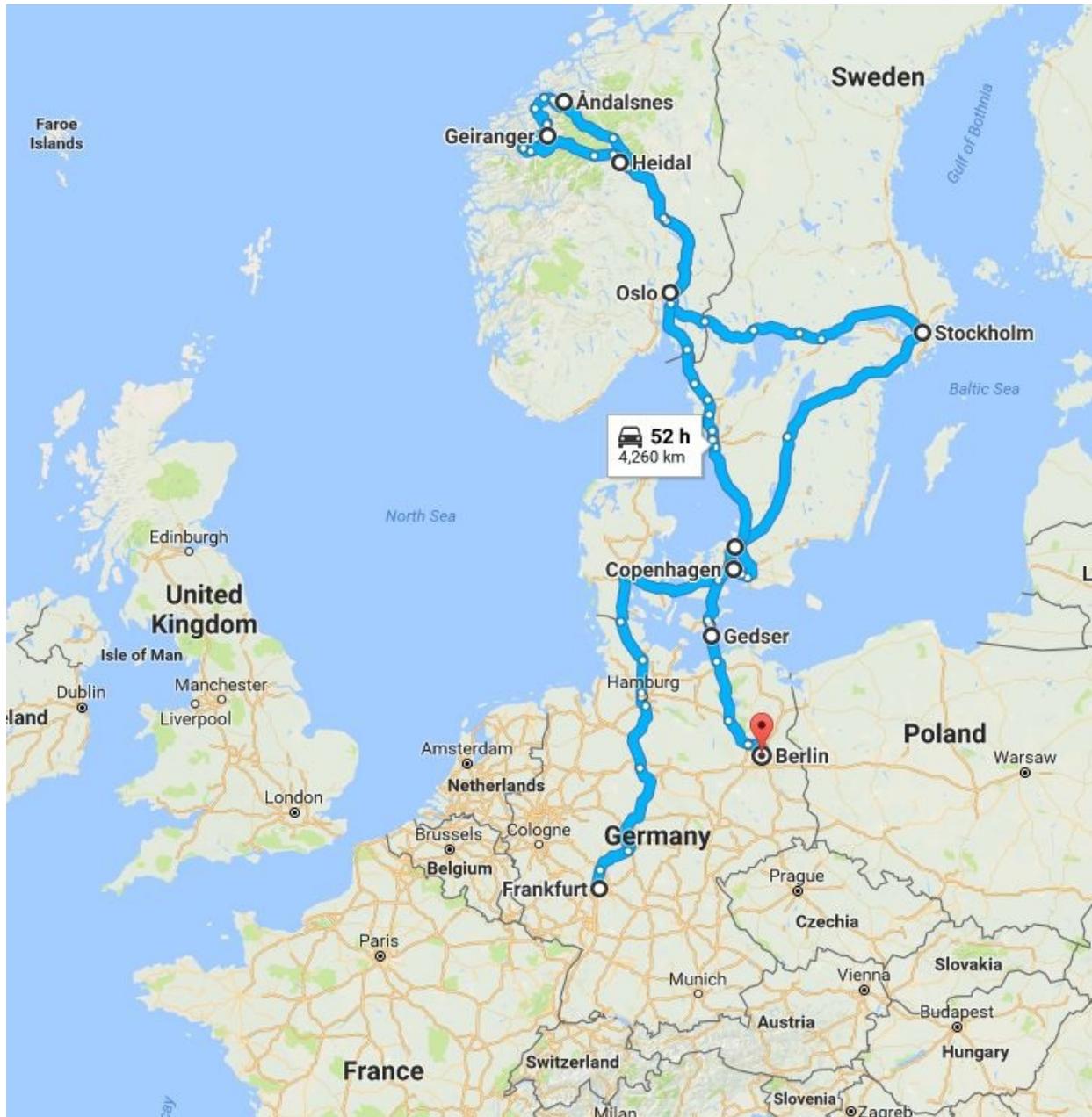
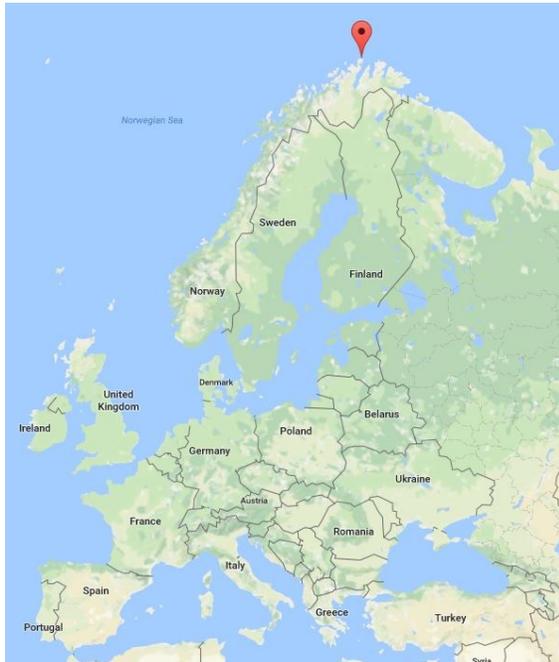


European Travels March 1964 - October 1964

Scandinavia – In describing my trip that summer, I often say that I cycled 8000 kilometers, which (although the map shows only 4260 km) was indeed true. I spent almost 3 months – from mid-April to mid-July – on my bike, pedaling at least 100 km a day, something that is not reflected in the overall map, since much of the cycling was done in small excursions along the way. For me it represented a very satisfying physical achievement – sort of a once-in-a-lifetime adventure for someone who didn't even learn to ride a bike until 5th grade (in Santa Fe)! Looking back on it, I sometimes wonder exactly what I had in mind, but that was part of the marvel of the trip – it was purely an open-ended excursion to see a part of the world of which I had no inkling – admittedly a very European sort of experience, but physically and mentally very uplifting.





When I left Oslo headed north, I had squirreled away in the back of my head the addled idea of actually cycling all the way to a place called Nordkapp (Norway) – fabled among young wanderers such as myself as being the Northernmost settled point in Europe. It turned out that it was way out of my physical reach – partly because of the great distance involved, but also partly because the Norwegian roads were not at all suited for cycling, and especially on the type of bike I was using. At that time the Norwegian method of paving the roads was simply to dump out a slurry mixture from the back of a slowly moving truck and let the passing cars compress it into the existing roadway. I encountered such trucks on half a dozen occasions and each time spent several hours in the evening using sandpaper and steel wool to remove the fast-setting slurry from the spokes and rims of my bicycle wheels! There was also the problem of actually getting a narrow-rimmed bicycle wheel through the slurry mess – something that proved almost impossible to do and which cut my ambitions back to simply getting to the little town of Andalsnes – a bit north of a place called Trollstigen (the troll’s climb) – a wild and picturesque area just south of Andalsnes (since made accessible by a very modern paved road, but at that time in 1964 still a

very primitive slurry-packed road). It was probably just as well, since, even had the road to Nordkapp been navigable on bicycle, the distance up and back was probably greater than the total miles I put on my bike that summer! It was a truly crazy idea, but the sort of things that cyclists talk about in hostels in the evenings and get themselves in lots of trouble trying to do!

Highlights of the Trip – On a trip of this sort every day is an adventure, but with some of them being a bit more memorable than others. A few such highlights include ...

Copenhagen – There were a couple of youth hostels in Copenhagen, but one was much more conveniently located to the downtown than the others and also featured a small city park right next door where one could throw out a sleeping bag if the hostel was full (which I had to do the first evening I arrived!). Being right on the water, Copenhagen had a number of interesting places to cycle around. Everyone kept saying you have to see Tivoli Gardens, so I went there one evening hoping to meet a blonde Nordic type or two, but no such luck! After having spent several days just cycling around the town, my most lasting memory was cycling leisurely along a downtown street and slowly becoming aware that a taxi driver in a black Mercedes was gradually forcing me to one side – directly into a streetcar track, as I almost immediately discovered! I gave him a very questioning look along with a raised hands gesture, but he basically flipped me off and kept going – not a good ambassador to the tourist population (to which Copenhagen taxi drivers apparently do not count foreign cyclists as belonging!). In any case, a very odd thing to do – and especially to me, since only the year before I had broken my collarbone in a streetcar-track incident! A big attraction not far from Copenhagen is the little town of Helsingør (the Elsinore of Hamlet fame!) – a day’s excursion by bike.

Copenhagen to Stockholm – Back in 1964 there was no bridge from Copenhagen to Malmö, Sweden such as now exists, and the crossing was by ferry. The 6-day, 600 km route across country from Malmö to Stockholm takes one through a series of “-köping” towns (Jönköping, Linköping, Norrköping, Nyköping – the -köping apparently meaning ‘market town’) marked by pleasant, but rather bland countryside – not the sort of thing one would go out of the way to see! It did give me a chance to sample various Swedish youth hostels – all of which were modern buildings, very clean and well-equipped. My chief memory of that week is getting stuck in a hostel in Linköping (or was it Norrköping!) while it rained quite hard all day and spending the day talking to a very pleasant Swedish guy cycling on a big clunky bike who told me how the best and cheapest way to eat was to frequent the many outdoor stands which sold a meal consisting of a large sausage along with a heaping serving of very thoroughly mashed potatoes – a dish I had ample

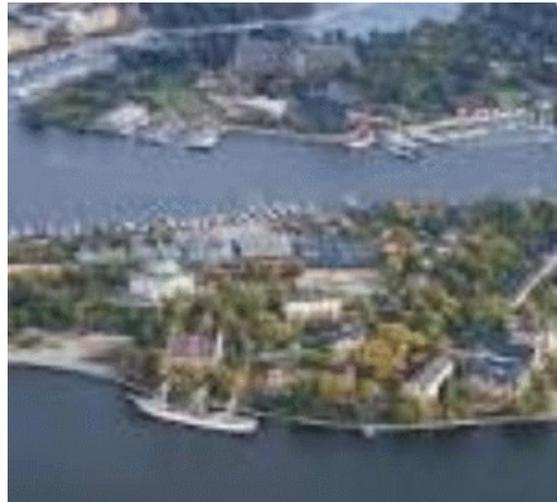
opportunity to sample (and eventually grow very tired of!). My other strong memory of that trip was the fact that back in 1964 people still drove on the lefthand side of the road – something that was just in the process of changing. My Swedish friend told me that one of the main problems in making the transition was that a substantial portion of the population lived in rural areas with no nearby radio or television station, and the word as to the impending changeover had to be spread by troops of Boy Scouts going from door to door distributing leaflets warning people of the impending change. That was all 50 years ago, however, and now hardly anyone even remembers the changeover!

Stockholm – Again, a city with lots of water around it – the downtown youth hostel was on an old sailing vessel (the af Chapman) moored not far from the downtown area. The af Chapman was (and still is!) a full-rigged steel ship moored on the western shore of the islet Skeppsholmen in central Stockholm. Back in 1964 it cost less than 50 cents a night, but now (circa 2015) the overnight tab is \$75 – whoa!



Millesgården

An interesting attraction was the Millesgården, built by the newly married artist couple Carl and Olga Milles around 1906 on the island of Lidingö. (Kathy and I had a chance to re-visit this area during our Baltic/Scandinavian trip in 2012!)



afChapman & Skeppsholmen in central Stockholm

While standing in front of my locker on the af Chapman one afternoon, I overheard an interesting exchange between a somewhat older gentleman and two teenage German boys. The older gentleman proceeded, in the course of about five minutes, to deliver a monologue in a very rhythmical and highly inflected German on the shortcomings of the transportation system then existing in Stockholm! I thought it very polite of the young lads to indulge the older gentleman, and after a few minutes the older gentleman closed his locker, bade the lads farewell, and went on his way to join his family on a continuing tour of the city. At which point one of the lads turned to the other and exclaimed in a wide-eyed manner, “Du, der ist Strassenbahnführer in Wien!” (“That guy is a streetcar conductor in Vienna!”). At that moment I suddenly realized what people mean when they refer to a multi-cultural experience – an American bicyclist, two German teenagers, and a Viennese streetcar conductor standing in front of a set of wall lockers on a boat anchored in Stockholm. One of many eye-opening experiences during my two-plus Wanderjahre ...

While in Stockholm, I took a day off and cycled up to Uppsala – a pleasant university town just north of the capital. Two things I remember from that trip – first, that it’s almost impossible to get in and out of Stockholm without having to pedal along the side of a freeway (even back in 1964!) – not at all a safe thing to do. Second, many of the Swedish youth hostels are built to accommodate whole families, and many of the hostels are quite well-equipped – kitchens, living rooms, patios, etc – not quite what I was expecting, but nothing like what I had encountered up to that time!

When I first arrived in Stockholm on a late spring morning, there was another cyclist just outside the ship putting the final touches on a very elegant “kit” he had assembled for his bike. He turned out to be an Englishman by the name of Harry Mayo, and I delayed his departure for about half an hour while we exchanged a few tales about our travels up to that point. He had been on the road for several weeks and was about to cycle westwards across Sweden to Oslo – a route I planned to be taking myself in a few days. He then set off on his way, and, since he was running about a week ahead of my schedule, I expected I would probably never see him again (see below under Oslo!) ...

Västerås – This is not a town I would have expected to visit, however my first night out of Stockholm on the

way to Oslo found me staying at a youth hostel there. The hostel had an interesting group of overnighers – first of all two French racing cyclists who were covering ground at half again the rate I was, along with a German guy named Wolfgang, who was actually driving a Volkswagen bug – something that many youth hostels didn't allow, although it was accepted in Sweden. Due to heavy rains (a frequent occurrence in the Scandinavian countries, even in summertime) I again ended up spending a long day in Västerås and struck up an odd sort of acquaintanceship with Wolfgang. He had recently been discharged from his mandatory service in the German Army (Bundeswehr) and was on his way to Helsinki, Finland to visit a friend. Over the course of the rainy day we got to know each other fairly well, had dinner together, then attended a local weekend outdoor dance (where there were plenty of blonde Nordic types!) As we were headed back to the hostel in his car he said, "Hey, why don't you leave your bike here for a few days and come to Finland with me – it may be the only chance you'll ever have to see it ("Mensch, komm doch mit!" as he put it). At first I resisted the invitation, but after thinking it over I thought it would add only about two weeks to my trip but would give me the chance to see Helsinki and the southern coast of Finland– places I would probably never have the chance to see otherwise. He finally talked me into it, and the next morning we set off.

We got no more than about halfway back to Stockholm (a couple hours drive) when the motor in the car made a sudden choking sound and then completely died! We sputtered over to the side of the road, climbed out and assessed the situation. The motor wouldn't turn over at all -- "Fest" (stuck!) according to Wolfgang, and it turned out that one of the valves had broken off and dropped into the cylinder, breaking the top of the piston and causing the whole engine to seize up (which I subsequently learned was a common problem with VW bugs of that day!). After scratching our heads for an hour or so, we decided we could fix it by pulling the motor out, removing the cylinder, hitchhiking back to the nearest good-sized town (possibly Enköping) to get a replacement for the whole cylinder, then re-installing the motor. I felt like I owed Wolfgang the effort since I was sort of along for the ride for free. We proceeded to do just that, spending a day removing the engine and cylinder, then another day hitchhiking into town to get the replacement cylinder, the another day putting the engine back into the car. At times I felt like I was in some kind of a fantasy story, having been completely sidetracked from my planned itinerary for this crazy project. Nevertheless we eventually got the engine back in and were ready to hit the road again.

By this time, however, I had become somewhat weary of Wolfgang's very German ways. While on a test drive back into the town, Wolfgang braked suddenly for a light and a girl in a Swedish Volvo tapped the back of his car ever so lightly. He climbed out in a rage, yelling at her until she was almost in tears. It turned out she was driving her boyfriend's car and she knew he would be really angry with her for hitting another car. She pleaded with us that there was no visible damage. Wolfgang insisted she pay him about a hundred marks (\$25 – not that much, but more than she had!). When I tried to intervene, he yelled, "Ach, Mensch, wenn ich nach Deutschland zurückkomme wird mein Wagen doch Schrott sein!" I finally told him that he could consider the three days labor I had put into helping him as payment and he yielded. It put a bit of a crimp in our relationship which was already beginning to be strained, however, and that evening as I was reading a copy of "Der Spiegel" I had picked up he grabbed it from me without asking to read himself. That was sort of the last straw to a resentment that had been building in me up to his very German ways, and I told him I had decided to head back to Västerås to pick up my bike and get back on my way. He was flabbergasted by this sudden change (again "Ach, Mensch, komm doch mit!"), but I insisted and next morning stuck my thumb out to head back for the youth hostel. We parted on good terms, however, although I never saw or heard from him again ...

When we were sitting around our little campfire in the evenings while working on the car, Wolfgang would relate tales of his days in the Bundeswehr, including a choice selection of German phrases I might not otherwise have come across. Included were a set of rather nationalistic, but grammatically intriguing, sentences which ran as follows, " Die Franzosen sind schon wieder in der Lage an Deutschland angegliedert zu werden!" "... die Oesterreicher annexiert zu werden" ... "die Tschechen angeknuepft zu werden!" These went along with the what I interpreted to be the German phrase for "Dismissed!" -- "Abhauen!" My other strong memory of camping with Wolfgang were the incredible swarms of mosquitos which each evening would rise out of the marshy area where we had sputtered to a halt. I would smear my face and arms with large quantities of mosquito repellent, and for hours the insects would hover just out of range of the repellent, but still very much within audible range, leaving me with lifelong memories of a barrier of one or two inches between my face and hordes of waiting and expectant mosquitoes – after some 50-plus years my strongest remaining impression of evenings in the Swedish countryside.

I trust that Wolfgang eventually found peace within himself and worked himself back into the mainstream of German life circa 1964!

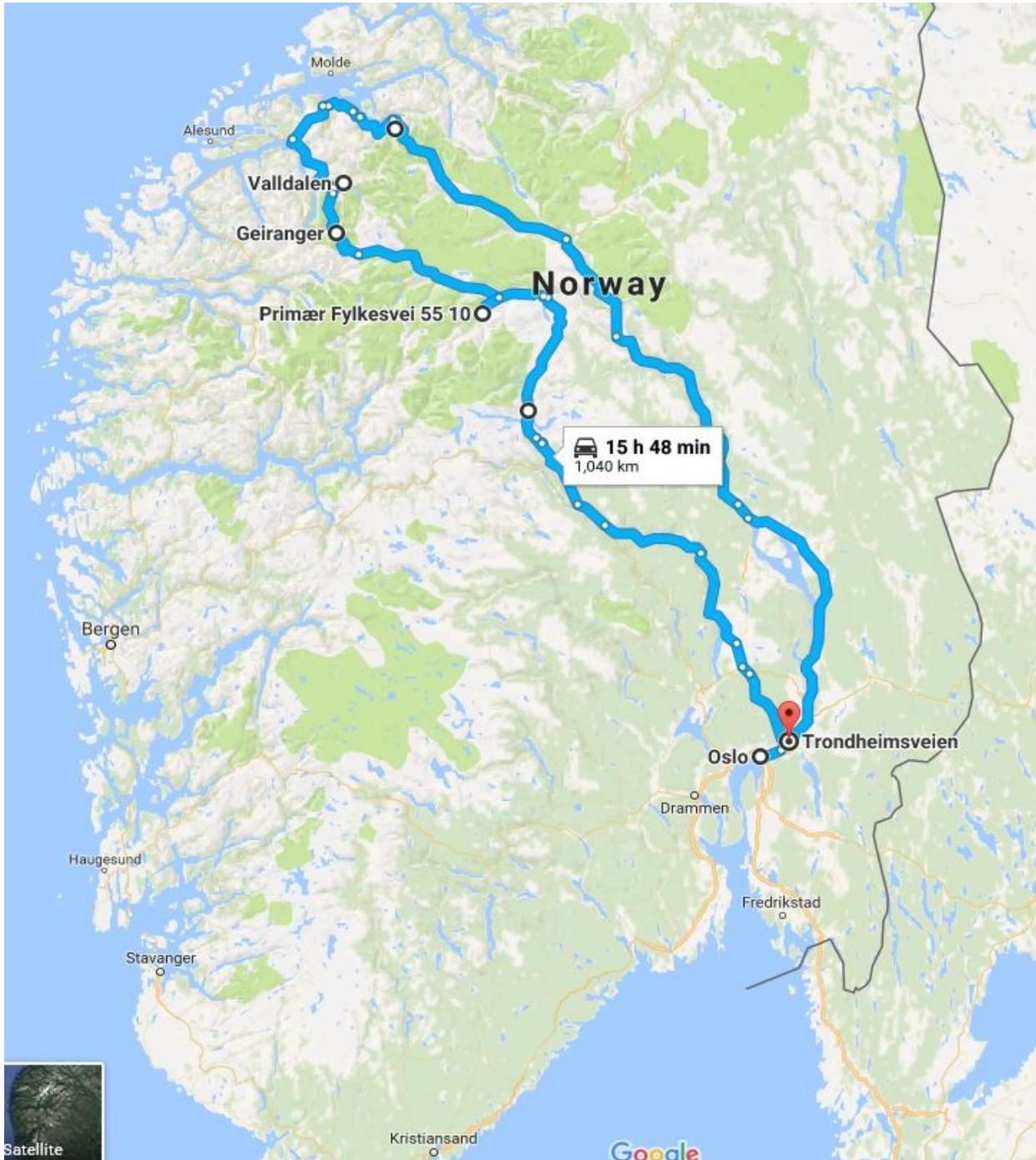
Oslo – Once back on my bike, I felt incredibly relieved and determined never again to make myself dependent on others for my travel arrangements. There is something about a bike that gives one a great feeling of independence – for one thing, even if it undergoes a major breakdown, repair is always within short-term reach at a price even I could afford! I continued my trip across Sweden headed for Oslo and looking forward to a new set of adventures, something which was never far away on a bike!

When I arrived in Oslo a day or two later, I headed for the local youth hostel, but found it full up for several days to come. As I stood outside way pondering this situation and perusing a map of the city, who should appear out of nowhere but Harry – my English acquaintance from the af Chapman boat-hostel in Stockholm! He too had run across the shortage of bunks in the hostel and had debarked to a campground just north of the city in the shadow of the Holmenkollen ski jump (a huge facility originally built back in 1892 and fairly recently rejuvenated for the 1952 Olympics). He had stopped back by the hostel to collect his mail, and we chatted for a few minutes as I related my experiences with Wolfgang to him. He then said I was welcome to join him at Holmenkollen, and having no other prospects in immediate sight, I was very relieved to take him up on it (it saved me a lot of time and trouble in finding a camp site myself, something that could be very tricky near a large city like Oslo). I told Harry I was surprised to find him still in Oslo, and he then recounted the troubles he had experienced since I had last seen him in Stockholm. Harry rode, of course, an English bike (with a frame made from the same metal as the Spitfires of WWII!) and, like all things English it used the English non-metric system for sizes – including the measurements of his tires and rims. Somewhere along the road he had struck some rather large object, twisting his front tire rim beyond easy repair, and, of course, he was unable to obtain a replacement in Oslo. He had asked his father to obtain the parts in England and mail them to him, something that apparently involved some customs transactions that was causing him considerable delay.

At that point I had not yet acquired a tent, but Harry had a very comfortable two-man tent that he very generously shared with me for three or four days while I was touring Oslo. He himself only occasionally went into town, since he had already been there for over a week and had pretty much done all the sightseeing he felt like. Instead, he had begun spending his time in a very creative way – taking his watercolors and a portable easel (that his machinist father had custom-built for him!) around the very affluent surrounding neighborhood and making very attractive watercolor renditions of some of the large homes. He would then knock on the door of the home he had just sketched and ask the owners if they might be interested in buying the watercolor sketch (for perhaps \$20 or so – a nice sum in 1964 Oslo!). More often than not, they would agree, and he began amassing enough money to actually pay for his stay in Oslo with even a little left over on the side for continuing his trip! Harry was not only a very talented commercial artist, but eventually became quite skilled at making his way in the world, eventually opening his own commercial studio back in central England which provided him a good living even though he had never had the opportunity to attend university.

After 3 or 4 days of sightseeing in the Oslo area, I turned my attention to my proposed voyage to Nordkapp, at which Harry began rolling his eyes. He too had at one time contemplated making such a voyage, but, after tearing his bike up on the relatively cultivated roads of southern Norway, he had come to realize that such a trip was really more of an “expedition” for which one had to be suitably prepared. For starters, the distance was daunting – around 4000 kilometers round-trip (starting and ending in Oslo), and over a road which stretched not through Norway, but along the Swedish coast through Swedish Lapland (both going and returning!). I had pictured cycling along the Norwegian coast with views out across the North Atlantic Ocean (or at least the Norwegian Sea!) towards Greenland. Peering out across the “Gulf of Bothnia” towards Finland didn’t really have quite the same appeal! Back in those days it was much more difficult to come across a good map selection which laid out the true nature of the terrain. I’m ashamed to say that after one or two evenings of research (often under Harry’s tutelage!) I was forced to conclude that I was simply not properly “kitted” to make such an ambitious voyage.

North to Andalsnes – On the morning of my fourth day in Oslo I found myself setting out headed North on the main North/South route headed for my original target of Andalsnes, a very attractive route which passed through some spectacular scenery – a narrow, sometimes steep-walled valley, on the way North to Andalsnes and mountain/fjord scenery on the way back down to Oslo – about a week to ten days ride in all. Looking back at some of the weather I battled even on that reduced route (snow in the valleys in early July?), I was probably lucky not to have tried my hand at the longer route! Many years later I had the opportunity (via an SRI project) to visit the little town of Kirkenes, not too far from Nordkapp, and I realized how isolated that area really is. The main attraction of the town of Kirkenes (other than housing an isolated Norwegian army camp – perhaps to monitor the Soviets!) was a small hotel that catered to tourists eager to take a day trip by bus and boat to visit the abandoned Soviet submarine pens at



Murmansk! The trip involved a round-trip flight from Oslo, and the actual excursion to Murmansk was frequently canceled (without refund!) due to the heavy fogs which rolled through the area, making any kind of land or sea travel extremely dangerous. In addition, many of the submarines at Murmansk were nuclear subs, several of which had rusted to the point that they had foundered and sunk to the bottom of the ocean, seriously contaminating the surrounding ocean and land with radioactive material!

My first night in what looked to be an unpopulated youth hostel turned out to be unexpectedly interesting. When I walked into what I had expected to be an empty dining room, there were actually 3 very young-looking lads sitting at a table, all looking curiously in my direction, apparently wondering who in the world would be traveling by bicycle in these parts! When I said something to them in English, they all laughed and started talking to me. They had thought I was Norwegian, and they were prepared not to understand a thing I said. It turned out that they were all recent graduates from some midlands university in England who were in the last stages of training for “executive positions” at the Cadbury Chocolate Company and who were being subjected to an endurance type of training program in which they had to make their way from Oslo to some point up the valley on their own steam without using any outside resources. There was no place to eat around there, and the hostel was a do-it-yourself affair with almost no staff on hand, so we spent an interesting evening making our own dinners with whatever we had with us (lots of packaged soup and bread!). It was quite a different side of life than I had seen before, and the four of them were quite enthusiastic about what they were doing, although it turned out that none of them really intended to stay at Cadbury’s for the long term – just long enough to get low-level “executive positions” to prepare them for their entry into commercial life. When I parted next morning, I waved good-bye, bade them good luck, and never saw any of them again!

The trip to Andalsnes took about 4 or 5 days (about 450 kilometers), and there were very few towns of any size along the way – even Lillehammer had a population of only maybe ten thousand back in 1964 (about 25,000 now after hosting the 1994 Winter Olympics). I alternately camped and stayed in hostels, depending on what was available, although, as I recall, the hostels were all very lightly populated. I had to make sure I stopped wherever there was a little store and pick up something to eat for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, since restaurants were non-existent and hardly any of the hostels served meals (not many takers!). Arriving in Andalsnes I was amazed that it was actually a fairly decent-sized town with a very active hostel – quite a few hikers, mountain climbers, and canoers(!). I stayed there for two nights to give my belongings a chance to dry out and to spend a warm night or two inside myself, even if only in a bunk-bed in a crowded bunk-room. Hey, no complaints after five cold nights on the road! While sitting in the day room one afternoon I struck up a conversation with an unexpectedly goofy guy who seemed a little old for a hostel type – maybe in his mid-thirties, balding, and who turned out to be an American – something I saw only occasionally up there. It turned out he was sort of a peacenik -- big on Socialism, and getting ready to head to Romania for some big East Block International Socialist “peace” gathering (this was 1964 and the Iron Curtain was very much in place!). When he found out I spoke Russian, he immediately tried to recruit me to go with him to act as an interpreter. I tried to tell him that the Romanians hated the Russians, and having a Russian speaker would probably be more of a minus than a plus, but his enthusiasm was infectious and he really tried to talk me into it. I had just finished escaping a possibly disastrous detour to Finland and was very reluctant to even think about it, but as a distraction he suggested that I accompany him on a midnight canoe ride he was in the process of organizing with one or two others and during which we could talk about it and rap in general! A canoe ride at midnight would seem on the surface to be preposterous, but we were in a high-latitude zone and there was actually a fairly pleasant sort of hazy light outside. In any case, three or four of us set off around midnight with a large canoe upside down on the top of his VW bug and drove along a little roadside river looking for a place to put in. After an hour or so of casting about, we were unable to find a place that was safe enough in the available light and were finally forced to give up and go back to the hostel – although only after having wandered around the early morning countryside for a couple of hours – truly an ethereal sort of experience, what with the mix of enthusiasm about Socialism and the presence of a large canoe on the roof of the car! By the time I fell asleep back at the hostel at about three in the morning I had decided it would probably be best for me to hit the road again before I got myself in some real trouble! I dragged myself up around 9 am, just in time to grab breakfast before the hostel stopped serving and was back on the road before 10. Apparently Socialists are not early risers, because I never saw him again (perhaps all for the better for me!) ...

Trollstigen, Geiranger, and Grant – Andalsnes was as far north as I managed to get, what with the continuing



cool to colder weather along with intermittent showers and snow. In addition, this is where the roads became a major problem, what with large trucks constantly dumping out the slurry mix that so coated and clogged the wheels and gears of my poor bike. Leaving Andalsnes, I turned south toward the area call Trollstigen (the troll's climb) – an exceptionally scenic area marked by a steep road switchbacking its way up a long hill to a spectacular viewpoint on the top. It was a long slow climb up punctuated by my constantly being passed by all sorts of cars, campers, caravans, and motor homes. I was not a popular figure on the road since I couldn't get all the way over to the side because of the very steep drop offs. People would have to wait for a break in the opposing lane, then pull on by. Fortunately most of the traffic was headed south (uphill), so things weren't as bad as they could have been. I was definitely the only cyclist on

the road, although motorcycles would pass occasionally, roaring their engines and waving as the pulled on by! Once at the top there was spectacular scenery to be seen in both directions, making the climb well worthwhile.. We repeated this trip back in 2012 with Marc and Ragni Pasturel, and the road has been completely reworked – widened and paved with asphalt and even having lane divider lines. Wow, nothing like it was back in 1964, almost 50 years earlier!

Leaving Trollstigen the traffic thinned out considerably as the road headed downhill, although there was still plenty of traffic headed for the next destination along that same road – the Geiranger fjord with its very scenic hour-or-so-long ferry ride. (We also passed through here again in 2012, although what had been mainly a small ferry stop had morphed into a terminally cute little town with all sorts of tourist attractions and a number of cruise ships anchored in the fjord – apparently there was easy access to the open ocean!) I rolled my bike onto the ferry and bought a ticket to get to the other end of the fjord, paying what seemed to me to be an astronomical sum (something like \$20, as I recall – about 8 days of provisioning for me!). The ride was a very pleasant one, but instead of circulating around and talking to the other passengers as I usually did on such occasions, I ended up spending the whole trip talking to one very attractive young lady who was accompanied by her parents whom she was apparently eager to escape. The only reason I even remember this was that when I disembarked on the other end (first off, since the cars had to queue up to get off, while I could just be on my way) I passed quickly through the little village and, as the rain began to pour down, I started climbing a rather steep hill headed up the other side of the fjord. All the cars off the ferry soon passed me, splashing lots of rain and mud on me and my bike! As one of the cars passed, a guy sitting in the back seat turned around and started pointing at me very excitedly. As I looked at him, he reminded me very much of a friend I had known in Atlanta by the name of Grant McDonald. Of course, the resemblance was purely coincidental, since we were thousands of miles away from Atlanta in the middle of central Norway – although several years later I found out that it really was Grant after all! Had I been circulating around the ferry as I usually did, I would certainly have run into him and his family, which would have been a marvelous meeting out in the middle of nowhere! And I didn't even get the cute gal's name and/or address ...

Geiranger to Soniafjord to Oslo – Leaving Geiranger in a freezing rain, I pedaled up a fairly constant grade for a couple of hours, eventually ending up on a small “vidde” which I had learned was the Norwegian word for “plateau.” There was very little vehicular traffic, although I did manage to pass one of the ubiquitous slurry trucks, dumping out its load of paving muck onto the road! At one point a little Fiat Cinquecento (the little Italian VW bug equivalent) approached from the other direction and, as it passed me, the big burly Norwegian at the wheel looked out at me in astonishment, then broke out in laughter and waved and banged the top of the car several times as sort of a salute to my insanity! By noontime the cold and wetness really began to get to me, so I stopped and pulled out my Hostel guide to see if there might be any place I could head for. Amazingly enough, about 20 or so kilometers down the road was a small hostel which was not only open, but which was manned year round (many of the remote hostels operated almost on an honor system, with a caretaker host simply stopping by sometime during the day to check on supplies and things). I pulled in a little after noon and, when the caretaker saw me, she was very concerned. She was very

pleasant and made me a bowl of soup and set me up in a room where I could crawl into bed and try to get warm. I felt like I was really about to come down with a fever, but after getting a good night's sleep in a warm bed I felt much better the next morning. I was really fortunate to have found that particular hostel, since getting a fever was not something I had ever even thought about and the situation could have become quite serious (ah, youth!).

Over the next day or two I pedaled over and down to the Sognefjord – a large, but less spectacular fjord than Geiranger – and eventually managed to get back over to the main road back to Oslo. Somewhere around my tenth day out from having left Oslo, I was approaching it again from the north. It was late in the day, and I thought I would try to find a place to put up for the night (camping wasn't possible since I hadn't yet procured a tent, only a sleeping bag and a plastic enclosure to guard against condensation or a light sprinkle). Unfortunately there was nothing between where I was and Oslo, so I ended up simply pedaling for hours in the dark and the pouring rain, eventually ending back at Bogstad Camping Ground – the area by the Holmenkollen ski jump where Harry was camped and from where I had started out about 10 days before! It was early in the morning, maybe about two am, but when I pulled into Harry's camping spot he heard me arrive, woke up, and tossed open a tent flap for me to crawl into his nice warm, dry tent and return to relative civilization! I've always owed Harry big time for that very welcome reception in the beautiful, but sometimes cold and harsh, "wilds" of Norway!

I spent another day or two visiting with Harry and admiring his sketches of the great houses in the Holmenkollen area, but soon realized that it was time to head back South if I were to make my planned reunion with John R in Bayreuth for that summer's Wagner Festival (for which he had quite conveniently procured tickets for me!). As I departed I gave Harry Dave's address in Munich and told him that if he managed to get his bike back on the road and happened to come through there to look me (us!) up! (As it turned out he eventually did ...)

Returning to Central Europe (Gedser to Berlin) – In planning my route back to Central Europe, at some point I got the crazy idea in my head that it would be a kick to cycle through East Germany to Berlin. At first I wasn't sure if it was even an option, but I discovered that, if I took the ferry from Gedser (Denmark) to the little East German port of Warnemünde on the North Sea, there was an official transit route by which foreigners could obtain a pass and drive to Berlin without having to drive all the way to Helmstedt and take the normal corridor through the East Zone. I had no idea if a bicycle would be allowed to take this route, but figured that all they could do was put me on the ferry back to Gedser. And so one around noon one day in late June I cycled up to the ferry station in Gedser and hopped on. At first the ferrymaster looked skeptical about taking me, then shrugged his shoulders, figuring it was my problem, and sold me a ticket. The crossing was a very pleasant three hours or so, and when I got to the other side I waited until all the cars had been processed, then wheeled my bike up to the little window where they issued the transit visas. The guard looked very surprised, but since there was no one behind me he took the time to call the other end in Berlin and see if it was allowable for me to make the trip. After considerable consultation they decided it would be OK (being late in the day and the ferry's already having pushed off to return to Gedser, they probably didn't know what else to do with me!), but warned me not to stop along the way and gave me until noon of next day to get to Berlin. This I had not expected, as the road to Berlin looked to be about 250 kilometers – a real haul! At that point I was committed, however, and so I set out around 4 pm. This left me 20 hours to cover 250 km – about 12 km/hour over fairly flat terrain. I rode all night, stopping once at a farm house to ask for a refill of my water bottle and stopping once to take an hour's nap alongside the road in a little creek bed out of sight! I pulled up at the checkpoint next day around 10 am, figuring I had made it in good time. Big problem, however – the transit route into Berlin in the northern part of the city was for cars only – I was told I would have to cycle another 20 kilometers to the southern entrance for my transit pass to be accepted. That didn't sound that bad, except that the road around the city turned out to be cobblestone – something that it is very difficult to cycle on at any kind of speed! In the end, I pulled up to the gate at five minutes to noon! The guard was only half expecting me to make it, but took my pass, looked at me and said, "Du hast Mut, Jungs ..." (You have courage, young man!). I took that to be sort of a badge of respect, although in retrospect I wondered what might have happened if there had been some slip on my part! I had plenty of time to muse over it while relaxing at my favorite downtown Berlin chow-down spot right across from the main train station, munching on a Bauernfrühstück accompanied by a Berliner Kindl Original Weisse mit Schuss Himbeere (a farmer's breakfast, consisting of fried potatoes, eggs, onions, leeks, and bacon, along with a large foamy beer with a sweetening shot of raspberry juice in the middle – a real Berliner specialty I had learned to appreciate during my time there in the service).

Berlin to Helmstedt to Frankfurt to Munich to Bayreuth to Munich to Vienna to Munich to Paris – While in Berlin I took my first-ever rides on the U-Bahn and S-Bahn – the underground and overhead tram lines operated by the Communist East Berlin government and on which I had always been forbidden to ride during my military days in Berlin. My destination was a dingy little office in East Berlin where one had to go to get one's passport stamped with a Transit Visa allowing for an unusual *one-way passage* (i.e., non-tourist) on the train through the East Zone to West Germany. In my previous post-military travels to and from Berlin I had always hitchhiked, picking up the "Stempel" as I passed through the transit zones both into and out of Berlin and into and out of West Germany. This time though I didn't want to risk cycling through the East Zone again, particularly since someone might just have noticed my name in some transit ledger and possibly made a connection with the fact that I had served in the military there (it just seemed like too risky a business). Because the West German government wanted to encourage travel to and from Berlin ('Berlin is eine Reise wert!' was a tourist jingle of the day!), the train fares were kept low and so I was able to buy a very reasonable ticket to get me and my bike from Berlin to the little West German border town of Helmstedt. From there I planned to cycle down to Frankfurt to visit John R, then to Munich to hook up with Dave Griffiths (my camping buddy from Monterey), then to Bayreuth for performances of Tannhäuser and Parsifal, and finally start looking for a place to winter over in. I had not yet heard anything from my hoped-for translating connection at JPRS in Washington, DC, but had not yet lost hope!

The train ride through East Germany was interesting in an odd sort of way, but depressing in the sense that people actually had to live and spend their lives working in the drab conditions of the Communist state. I was quite relieved (as I always was) when we crossed the border and pulled into the train station at Helmstedt. As it happened the train arrived in Helmstedt late in the afternoon, so I headed directly for the local Hostel to make sure I would be able to get a bunk (cot?) for that night.

The following morning I was up bright and early to be first in line for breakfast (endlich wieder mal Deutsches Brötchen!). Oddly enough, there were two Americans up at the same time, and we started chatting about what our mutual destinations for the day were. It turned out that they were staying at the youth hostel in Helmstedt because it was immediately adjacent to the little town of Wolfsburg, where the main VW factory was located, and they were there to pick up a VW bug to drive around Europe and then take back with them when they returned to the States (a not uncommon scenario!). The story was actually a little more complicated, however, because they had initially arrived in Europe through Ireland, where they had each purchased an Italian motor scooter, with the intention of toodling around Europe on them and eventually ending up in Italy where they planned to sell them before returning to the States. The detour through Wolfsburg to pick up a car was a little odd, but the long and short of the story was that the about-to-become-a-VW-bug-owner was looking for someone to take his scooter down to Rome and put it up for sale there! The whole scenario was a bit bizarre, first of all in that they were thinking they would be able to sell a scooter in the Fall when the market would be saturated with scooters from tourists on their way home, and second of all because the owner of the scooter now had a VW to drive instead of a scooter with no way to get the scooter to Rome! For myself, however, after having just covered 8000 kilometers on a bicycle, the thought of riding a scooter for a few kilometers seemed very tantalizing, and I suggested to the scooter owner that the chances of his selling it in Rome at the end of the tourist season were not very good, and that Munich might present a better opportunity with its large population of students looking for cheap transportation during the school year. To my surprise, the owner of the scooter immediately jumped at this suggestion and said that if I were willing to drive the scooter to Munich he would meet me there and put it up for sale in front of the local American Express office (a much-used spot for negotiating transportation exchanges!). Before more than a couple of hours had passed, I had put my bike on the train for Munich and was headed down the Autobahn towards Frankfurt with the non-VW-owner of the pair on his own scooter right in front of me! I wasn't quite sure how the timing of all this was going to play out (Bayreuth was still very much in my sights), but the owner of the scooter seemed incredibly relieved to have someone take it off his hands in order to allow him to continue on his way in his newly acquired Bug. Of such stuff are summer European adventures made!

When we reached Frankfurt, we spent a very pleasant evening at John R's digs, during which the other scooter owner confided to me that the situation was a little more complicated than had been described to me up to that point. There had actually been three of them, all students at the same University (in Minnesota, I believe), but who had not known each other all that well. They had flown to Dublin and all bought scooters together there, but within a very

short period of time one of them had gone off in a different direction, and now the other two had similarly split up, with this gentleman actually being headed directly for Rome to board a plane to return home, regardless of whether he was able to sell the scooter or not! They were all mid-Westerners, from somewhere in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area, and apparently their European trip had been a little more adventurous than they were expecting. In any case, the next morning my erstwhile companion and I split off in different directions – he headed south on the Autobahn toward Basel as the most direct route to Rome (from where his ticket home had been written), whereas I headed off on a more southeasterly route toward Munich where I was planning on meeting the VW owner and spending a day or two visiting Dave Griffiths (from Monterey, who was now working during the summer for Radio Liberty in Munich.)

When I reached Munich on the evening of the next day after we left Helmstedt, I was very surprised to learn from Dave that the VW owner had already come and gone! He had driven his new bug from Helmstedt directly to Munich, arriving late on the same day we had met in Helmstedt. He had had a pleasant visit with Dave and the next morning had gone to the train station to retrieve my bicycle for me – a very noble, but unexpected, act and one which was complicated by the fact that before putting the bike on the train I had taken the advice of the station master and removed the pedals and chained them to the frame in order to keep them and the bike from being stolen! The bug owner had had to push the bike down the sidewalk all the way from the central Bahnhof out to Dave's little apartment in the Schwabing area – unfortunately a trip of several hours under the rather hot sun! After waiting around another several hours for me to arrive, he had grown impatient and decided to set out again – headed I'm not quite sure where, since shipping his car from Rome would almost certainly be more expensive than from a Northern European port. I felt very guilty about the whole situation, but since I had arrived just when I had said I would he apparently had come to the conclusion that leaving the scooter for me to dispose of would be the easiest solution to the scheduling problems he had generated when he picked up the car! The whole situation was a very confused one, but the upshot was that I was now the possessor of both a scooter and a bicycle. I placed the scooter in front of the American Express office in downtown Munich and left it there for almost a week, but each day when I rode by on my bike to make sure it was still there I found that it would have been moved considerably further away from the center of things, one time even having been re-located around the nearest corner, well away from easy visibility by any potential customers (apparently competition was stiff!). By the end of the week the message had become rather clear – even in Munich the market for used Italian motor-scooters with an Irish registration was not at its prime. As the time approached for me to head up to Bayreuth for the Wagner Festival, I faced the existential problem of what to do with the beast. Dave had no place to keep it, although he did have a storage area where I could leave my bicycle for a few days. In the end, I left my bike with Dave and simply rode the scooter up to Bayreuth, thereby postponing for a few days the problem of how to dispose of it!

Bayreuth, John R, and a New Career – After arriving at the youth hostel in Bayreuth, I contacted John at his usual digs (a German lady's house, whose husband made it a habit each summer to go off on an extended tour with his fellow bowling-club companions so that his wife could rent out the large bedroom in their small house to some guest to the Bayreuth Festival, thereby making a tidy profit from the summer's doings in the little town). When I met John, I was very surprised when he handed me a fairly good-sized package addressed to me! When I looked somewhat puzzled, he explained that he had received a phone call from the Consulate in Frankfurt informing him that there was a delivery from their local pouch which was addressed to him. It turned out that it was a document from the JPRS office in Washington DC which was intended for me and meant to be translated and returned to their office in about 4 weeks time. I was delighted to see the package, since it meant I might actually have some work in store to see me through the upcoming winter, but I was also concerned because almost 2 weeks of the 4 weeks allotted had already transpired! Mass panic ...

I attended the opera scheduled for the next day – a very engaging performance of Tannhäuser, my first viewing of that early work, but the thought of the looming translation deadline was hanging over my head. Over our post-opera ice cream, I made the difficult decision to head back to Munich the next day and make a stab at getting the job done in time to get it back to Washington before the deadline! It meant that I would miss seeing Parsifal, an opera that at that time I had not yet seen and which would eventually become my favorite of the entire Wagner oeuvre! Ah, youthful impetuosity ... In any case, I hopped on the scooter early next morning and was back in Munich by that afternoon (John had no trouble disposing of my seat, having been besieged by a host of offers when he walked into the foyer and simply held the ticket up in the air!).

The urgency I felt had as much to do with the fact that I had no translating tools at hand – typewriter, Eaton’s corrasable bond typewriting paper (easily erasable one time if done before the ink sets too hard), soft erasers, dictionaries, etc. Just as with any “profession,” translating has a set of “tools of the trade.” Dave fortunately had a decent typewriter at hand, and I was able to procure the other necessities in a morning of scouting around downtown Munich. By the afternoon of the day after I arrived back in Munich, I was comfortably ensconced in Dave’s living room tapping out the first pages. The material was fortunately straightforward – a small book comprising an overview of Russian post-Sputnik space work being done at the time – and did not require any particularly trade-oriented dictionaries such as those I had to acquire later on when dealing with much more specialized topics (glass fabrication and economics being two which I remember particularly well!). Dave also very conveniently had a record player in the apartment, although with only two records available – one of excerpts from Mozart’s Don Giovanni and another of the Fauré Requiem – works with which I was to become intimately familiar over the course of the following week! A little convenience store just downstairs had a nice selection of inexpensive yoghurts, and I was to become a great fan of blueberry yoghurt during that period of time ...

It took me about five days of continuous work to complete the translation, and breaks away from work were filled in by the convenient fact that the summer of 1964 happened to be marked by the Centennial year of Richard Strauss’s birth – an event which was celebrated with great fanfare in Munich, Strauss being sort of a local boy (having worked in Garmisch, just south of Munich, for many years). Dave and his then girlfriend, Karin (later his wife), a friend of theirs from Radio Liberty named Guy du Mallac-Sauzier (an expert on Pasternak!), and I attended several performances at the Nationaltheater that week, of which I remember particularly Daphne and Frau ohne Schatten. An interesting sidelight to the performance of Daphne was that the Daphne that evening was a Norwegian soprano by the name of Ingrid Bjoner (whom later on in 1978 Kathy and I saw singing Brunnhilde in the Ring in Munich, although by then she was older and vocally much harsher!). A friend of Dave’s from back home was a young soprano by the name of Deirdre Aselford (later Boysen) who was working as a personal live-in secretary to Ingrid Bjoner and who gave us an fascinating impromptu peek at Bjoner’s rather lavish apartment in downtown Munich (about a block away from the Nationaltheater). Ingrid Bjoner’s roles with the company included the Empress in Richard Strauss’s Die Frau ohne Schatten (1963), the title role in Strauss’s Daphne (1964), and later on Brunnhilde in the Ring. Oddly enough, Ingrid Bjoner had originally been educated as a pharmacist at the University of Oslo before discovering she had a voice good enough to sing on the international stage!

At the end of the week I took the completed translation down to the Munich Consulate and dropped it into the mailbox for delivery (free!) back to Washington, DC via the diplomatic pouch! JPRS had conveniently furnished me with the appropriate mailing envelope to avail myself of such services. From that point on, I would simply have to wait and see what their reaction was to my first effort ...

I spent a couple more weeks in Munich while mulling over my next plans. During that time I dusted off my bicycle and spent 4 or 5 days doing a cycling tour of the Garmisch/Oberammergau area. During that time Harry also arrived in Munich from Norway and spent 2 or 3 days there, and it was a great pleasure to see him again. Many years later he recalled having taken a very pleasurable spin around downtown Munich on the scooter, something that I had completely forgotten that he had done! Sometime also during that period Dave’s mom from New Jersey had paid him a visit and left Dave with a brand new VW bug to bring back to the States upon his return, and we took advantage of it to take a quick trip up to Berlin and back (Dave, Karin, Guy, and myself – the idea being for me to serve as tour guide to all of my old haunts in the city!). It was odd to be staying in Berlin in a camping ground on the outskirts of the city, and not in the familiar haunts of Andrews Kaserne – quite pleasurable, actually!

Vienna – With the ever-deepening approach of Fall, it was time for me to get serious about where I wanted to spend the winter. By this time I had given up on trying to sell the scooter in Munich, and it appeared to be becoming a permanent fixture – alternating between being parked in front of the American Express office and in front of Dave’s apartment. I wasn’t quite sure what to do about this and had entered into a correspondence with its owner, long since back in Minnesota! He had hoped I would keep trying to sell it, but the best I could do was to tell him I was on my way to Vienna to look into possibly wintering over there. He encouraged me to take the scooter along and try to sell it there (they also had an American Express office and a large population of American students in need of transportation!), something that I had not at all contemplated doing! As a result, however, I soon found myself tooling

down the Autobahn on the scooter, headed towards Salzburg and onwards to Vienna, my bicycle having been sent ahead on the train just as before!

I ended up spending a couple of very enjoyable weeks in Vienna, camping in one of the many sites in the “Vienna Woods” (Wienerwald auf Deutsch!) using the “Egyptian cotton” tent that Harry had ordered for me from the place where he had procured his. I dutifully parked the scooter in front of the American Express office in downtown Vienna and picked up my bike from the Westbahnhof train station. The ride to downtown Vienna from the campsite was about half an hour each way on bicycle, something I did every day as a way of familiarizing myself both with the town and the possibilities of wintering over there. In the end, however, I felt that, despite its many attractions, Vienna was not quite what I was looking for. First of all, the language was German (although not exactly!), and I had already spent several years in a German-speaking country studying the language intensively. Secondly, the city itself, although quite attractive in the central part, had a very socialist air to much of the outlying area with large sections of rather worn looking industrial buildings and housing – not at all the impression one gets as a tourist in the downtown area. After having spent a few days looking around for affordable living arrangements in a reasonably attractive neighborhood, I realized that I was probably not going to find what I was looking for there. At that point, the alternative that I had been considering began to look much more attractive – namely heading for Paris, where I could immerse myself in studying French while familiarizing myself with a culture with which I had had hardly any contact at all (aside from passing through while hitchhiking and while spending time there as a tourist with Tedi). By the end of the two weeks, I was ready to put my bicycle on the train for Paris and retrieve the scooter from its rather forlorn spot in front of the American Express office where it had been languishing – along with a number of other scooters left over from the previous summer’s activities. I had come to recognize many of these rather abandoned looking vehicles and began to wonder what would happen to all of them as the cold weather set in and the snow started to fall! Within a day or two of having made my decision, I put my bike on the train for Paris, packed up my little tent in the Wienerwald, bade goodbye to several neighboring campers I had gotten to know, and set off on the now familiar scooter back down the Autobahn towards Frankfurt. By this time Dave had already packed up and left to return to the US to continue grad school– he eventually got his Ph.D in Russian history from Cornell, cleverly writing his thesis so that it touched on diplomatic relations between Katherine the Great and Louis XVI, enabling him to spend time in both Moscow and Paris researching the topic! (He and Karin eventually married, and he spent his professional career at UNC in North Carolina, although very sadly I never saw either of them again.)