

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: For five years I had a husband who was very much in love with me. He did everything to make our little boy and me happy, taking us anywhere he could, and keeping the baby for me when he didn't feel like going out. He seemed to enjoy staying home with us. "This past year he has changed completely. He stays out until the small hours, sometimes all night. I don't know the cause of this change; when I ask him he just says he doesn't know! "Of course, I believe there is another woman in the picture, but I do not know how to cope with the situation. He refuses to take me out with him, and he never stays home. He only eats and sleeps here."

SON MISSES HIM
"This is very hard on our five-year-old boy, for his father has always been very attentive; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening. "I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

REPLY:
That another woman has your husband in her toils is naturally your first thought; the hours he keeps, his refusal to take you with him, point to that.

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

he himself may not understand why, and is ashamed to say so. But he certainly owes you the truth. He must guess your suspicions, if he neglects his family for any other reason, he should be frank so you two could work out some amicable solution. His neglect of his son, particularly, seems to indicate a deeper interest outside his home.

A year is a long time for a supposedly satisfied husband to absent himself from his fire-side. Since you do not want to end your marriage, I suggest that you curb your impatience, for patience is your supreme need now. If you can hold on (without questioning him again) and believe that any affair he is having will end soon, you will perhaps keep a husband; now he doesn't see his daddy except about an hour each evening.

"I do not want to break up our marriage, but I am at the end of my patience. I try every way I know to win back his love. If you have any advice at all, please print it. I need it so much."

On the other hand, perhaps five years of even a fine marriage have made him restless;

Path Of Love Is Often Bumpy . . .

The path of true love can be pretty bumpy at times, but it is smooth compared to the path of true hate. When two lovebirds turn into battling bantams, it's every man (and woman) for himself.

Consider the grounds for divorce that turned up in divorce courts in 1953. It's a perfect example of that colorful club's career. For one or two seasons, Frank Patrick, brother of Lester, was coach of Boston Bruins, later of Montreal Maroons, so these two brothers were rivals, too.

The Patrick family has written indelible chapters into the saga of hockey in Canada, at home and abroad. Lester and Frank engineered one of the most daring promotions in the entire history of sport on this continent when, nearly 50 years ago, after both had starred brilliantly in eastern hockey, they invaded the west coast, set up a series of artificial ice-rinks in Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster, scored the east for playing talent, and formed the Pacific Coast League.

This became the first international body in professional hockey, long before eastern United States cities became part and parcel of the National League. As far back as 1914, when years before a United States city entered the National League, Portland, Oregon, had a team in the Pacific West Coast organization, followed the next season by the entry of Seattle.

Not only did the Patricks conduct the League, with Frank as President, but both played regularly in the bitterly-fought games that marked the hockey of the west. So dangerous to eastern hockey did the Patricks become — they appropriated Toronto's Stanley Cup champions of 1914 intact and took them to the Coast — that the eastern moguls declared war. But the Patricks won the skirmish, and for a time, believe it or not, their Pacific Coast League had drafting rights from the east.

When their western league petered out the Patricks sold their stars to the east, and Lester became manager of Rangers, a position he held until 1946, a 20-year span.

Meanwhile, his son, Lynn and Lester, who had starred for Rangers, Lynn later became coach for a time, then moved to Boston to take over there, with signal success. Now brother Lester comes east from Portland, Ore., to take over the coaching of a family Patrick trail, so the Patrick rivalry blazes once again.

Your comments and suggestions for this column will be welcomed by Elmer Ferguson, c/o Calvert House, 431 Yonge St., Toronto.

AMHERSTBURG, ONTARIO

PLAIN HORSE SENSE

By BOB ELLIS

Rome, Italy

We were flying in a Constellation of Air France on the way from Paris to Rome. The altitude was 10,000 feet and deep round below us was a thick blanket of white clouds.

Suddenly a chunk of rock broke through the clouds and another and another. We were right over the Alps and they were creeping up closer and closer until you could see the tracks of game in the snow or thought that you could see them.

When we passed over the Mont Blanc, with 10,000 feet Europe's highest mountain, we wondered for a moment whether we would be able to keep clear of it. But there were still a safe 5,000 feet between the plane and the icy peak.

Romans, Goths and Americans

to do in Rome as the Romans do one has to have 6 to 8 cafe espresso per day which are supposed to be as black as the night, as hot as hell and as sweet as love. They are black and sweet all right, but we have not come across a hot one yet.

Twenty-five centuries are piled up here one over the other. You miss the ruins of the Coliseum five times as large as the Toronto Stadium, where the first Christians were martyred, and you come to a row of ultra modern office buildings with flush toilets and automatic elevators, where 1,000 people of 15 different nationalities work for FAO, Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations.

You turn around the atrocity called monument to Vittore Emanuele which looks like a tremendous wedding cake with sugar icing on top, and you stand before a little underground prison where St. Peter and St. Paul were held before the one was beheaded as became a Roman citizen and the other crucified to die like his Master.

The walk back to the city takes you past the Palazzo Venezia with the Little balcony, from which Mussolini used to make his speeches round the Romans of his time. You come to the Scala Santa, the holy steps which Christ walked up to meet Pilate and which were brought to Rome by the Empress Helena from the Holy Land.

You go on and cross the river Tiber, past the Mausoleum of Hadrian, the last stronghold of

the Roman Empire against the Ostrogoths five hundred years ago, and after a short walk up a treacherous round place facing the below us was a thick blanket of white clouds.

Suddenly a chunk of rock broke through the clouds and another and another. We were right over the Alps and they were creeping up closer and closer until you could see the tracks of game in the snow or thought that you could see them.

When we passed over the Mont Blanc, with 10,000 feet Europe's highest mountain, we wondered for a moment whether we would be able to keep clear of it. But there were still a safe 5,000 feet between the plane and the icy peak.

Romans, Goths and Americans

to do in Rome as the Romans do one has to have 6 to 8 cafe espresso per day which are supposed to be as black as the night, as hot as hell and as sweet as love. They are black and sweet all right, but we have not come across a hot one yet.

Twenty-five centuries are piled up here one over the other. You miss the ruins of the Coliseum five times as large as the Toronto Stadium, where the first Christians were martyred, and you come to a row of ultra modern office buildings with flush toilets and automatic elevators, where 1,000 people of 15 different nationalities work for FAO, Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations.

You turn around the atrocity called monument to Vittore Emanuele which looks like a tremendous wedding cake with sugar icing on top, and you stand before a little underground prison where St. Peter and St. Paul were held before the one was beheaded as became a Roman citizen and the other crucified to die like his Master.

The walk back to the city takes you past the Palazzo Venezia with the Little balcony, from which Mussolini used to make his speeches round the Romans of his time. You come to the Scala Santa, the holy steps which Christ walked up to meet Pilate and which were brought to Rome by the Empress Helena from the Holy Land.

You go on and cross the river Tiber, past the Mausoleum of Hadrian, the last stronghold of

the Roman Empire against the Ostrogoths five hundred years ago, and after a short walk up a treacherous round place facing the below us was a thick blanket of white clouds.

Suddenly a chunk of rock broke through the clouds and another and another. We were right over the Alps and they were creeping up closer and closer until you could see the tracks of game in the snow or thought that you could see them.

When we passed over the Mont Blanc, with 10,000 feet Europe's highest mountain, we wondered for a moment whether we would be able to keep clear of it. But there were still a safe 5,000 feet between the plane and the icy peak.

Romans, Goths and Americans

to do in Rome as the Romans do one has to have 6 to 8 cafe espresso per day which are supposed to be as black as the night, as hot as hell and as sweet as love. They are black and sweet all right, but we have not come across a hot one yet.

Twenty-five centuries are piled up here one over the other. You miss the ruins of the Coliseum five times as large as the Toronto Stadium, where the first Christians were martyred, and you come to a row of ultra modern office buildings with flush toilets and automatic elevators, where 1,000 people of 15 different nationalities work for FAO, Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations.

You turn around the atrocity called monument to Vittore Emanuele which looks like a tremendous wedding cake with sugar icing on top, and you stand before a little underground prison where St. Peter and St. Paul were held before the one was beheaded as became a Roman citizen and the other crucified to die like his Master.

The walk back to the city takes you past the Palazzo Venezia with the Little balcony, from which Mussolini used to make his speeches round the Romans of his time. You come to the Scala Santa, the holy steps which Christ walked up to meet Pilate and which were brought to Rome by the Empress Helena from the Holy Land.

You go on and cross the river Tiber, past the Mausoleum of Hadrian, the last stronghold of

the Roman Empire against the Ostrogoths five hundred years ago, and after a short walk up a treacherous round place facing the below us was a thick blanket of white clouds.

THE Calvert SPORTS COLUMN by Elmer Ferguson

History repeated itself as Muzz Patrick, younger of Lester Patrick's two big sons, recently took over as coach of the New York Rangers. He thus becomes a rival of his brother Lynn, former playing star of Rangers, now coach of Boston Bruins.

History enters into this brother-rivalry because it happened before. Lester Patrick, the colorful White Eagle, was coach of New York Rangers almost from the beginning of that colorful club's career. For one or two seasons, Frank Patrick, brother of Lester, was coach of Boston Bruins, later of Montreal Maroons, so these two brothers were rivals, too.

The Patrick family has written indelible chapters into the saga of hockey in Canada, at home and abroad. Lester and Frank engineered one of the most daring promotions in the entire history of sport on this continent when, nearly 50 years ago, after both had starred brilliantly in eastern hockey, they invaded the west coast, set up a series of artificial ice-rinks in Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster, scored the east for playing talent, and formed the Pacific Coast League.

This became the first international body in professional hockey, long before eastern United States cities became part and parcel of the National League. As far back as 1914, when years before a United States city entered the National League, Portland, Oregon, had a team in the Pacific West Coast organization, followed the next season by the entry of Seattle.

Not only did the Patricks conduct the League, with Frank as President, but both played regularly in the bitterly-fought games that marked the hockey of the west. So dangerous to eastern hockey did the Patricks become — they appropriated Toronto's Stanley Cup champions of 1914 intact and took them to the Coast — that the eastern moguls declared war. But the Patricks won the skirmish, and for a time, believe it or not, their Pacific Coast League had drafting rights from the east.

When their western league petered out the Patricks sold their stars to the east, and Lester became manager of Rangers, a position he held until 1946, a 20-year span.

Meanwhile, his son, Lynn and Lester, who had starred for Rangers, Lynn later became coach for a time, then moved to Boston to take over there, with signal success. Now brother Lester comes east from Portland, Ore., to take over the coaching of a family Patrick trail, so the Patrick rivalry blazes once again.

Your comments and suggestions for this column will be welcomed by Elmer Ferguson, c/o Calvert House, 431 Yonge St., Toronto.

AMHERSTBURG, ONTARIO

PLAIN HORSE SENSE

By BOB ELLIS

Rome, Italy

We were flying in a Constellation of Air France on the way from Paris to Rome. The altitude was 10,000 feet and deep round below us was a thick blanket of white clouds.

Suddenly a chunk of rock broke through the clouds and another and another. We were right over the Alps and they were creeping up closer and closer until you could see the tracks of game in the snow or thought that you could see them.

When we passed over the Mont Blanc, with 10,000 feet Europe's highest mountain, we wondered for a moment whether we would be able to keep clear of it. But there were still a safe 5,000 feet between the plane and the icy peak.

Romans, Goths and Americans

to do in Rome as the Romans do one has to have 6 to 8 cafe espresso per day which are supposed to be as black as the night, as hot as hell and as sweet as love. They are black and sweet all right, but we have not come across a hot one yet.

Twenty-five centuries are piled up here one over the other. You miss the ruins of the Coliseum five times as large as the Toronto Stadium, where the first Christians were martyred, and you come to a row of ultra modern office buildings with flush toilets and automatic elevators, where 1,000 people of 15 different nationalities work for FAO, Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations.

You turn around the atrocity called monument to Vittore Emanuele which looks like a tremendous wedding cake with sugar icing on top, and you stand before a little underground prison where St. Peter and St. Paul were held before the one was beheaded as became a Roman citizen and the other crucified to die like his Master.

The walk back to the city takes you past the Palazzo Venezia with the Little balcony, from which Mussolini used to make his speeches round the Romans of his time. You come to the Scala Santa, the holy steps which Christ walked up to meet Pilate and which were brought to Rome by the Empress Helena from the Holy Land.

You go on and cross the river Tiber, past the Mausoleum of Hadrian, the last stronghold of

the Roman Empire against the Ostrogoths five hundred years ago, and after a short walk up a treacherous round place facing the below us was a thick blanket of white clouds.

Suddenly a chunk of rock broke through the clouds and another and another. We were right over the Alps and they were creeping up closer and closer until you could see the tracks of game in the snow or thought that you could see them.

When we passed over the Mont Blanc, with 10,000 feet Europe's highest mountain, we wondered for a moment whether we would be able to keep clear of it. But there were still a safe 5,000 feet between the plane and the icy peak.