

Robert Weidman, '31 arts-sc., of Norman is now in Zurich, Switzerland, where he is a fellow in the University of Zurich. Some of his interesting experiences on a bicycle trip as described in letters home to his father, Dr Samuel Weidman, follow. The general route is indicated in the map on the adjacent page

## Swiss journey

BY ROBERT WEIDMAN, '31

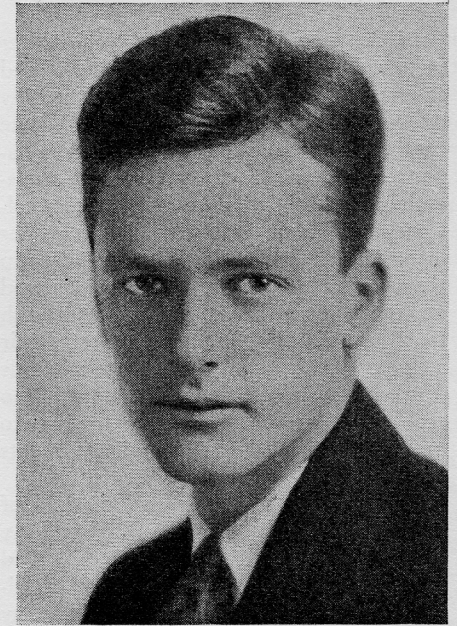
**L**LEFT Como yesterday, Tuesday, thinking I would stop off at Göschinen, in the Gotthard, and go from there to Interlaken; but at Göschinen I learned that the post route and bus line had been discontinued for the winter. The way would have gone past the Rhonegletschen, to which all the tourists in Switzerland but me have made excursions, I think. Anyway, in the interim of about two hours I made a trip to Andermatt on a cog-railroad. Göschinen is on the northern side of the Gotthard tunnel, and Andermatt is in a little valley on top of the Gotthard. It is strongly fortified by the Swiss, as it is one of the few passes from the north to the southern part of Switzerland and to Italy. I saw the Teufelsbrücke, or Devil's bridge, which has the same legend connected with it that the point d'Avignon has.

Andermatt was quite peaceful and nice after the ascent between rocky vales and beside a roaring stream. The valley was green and fairly broad with rocky mountains on either side; the air was filled with the rushing of the stream and the tinkling of cowbells. Here in Switzerland the whole herd has bells so that it sounds a little like a charivari. So I went back to Zürich, it felt like getting back home.

While wondering what to do I hit on the idea of renting a bicycle and going on a little trip until Saturday or Sunday. I got up early this morning and by ten had found a bicycle and at eleven I left Zürich with a little knapsack containing a comb, toothbrush, extra handkerchief, and my several weeks old jacket, which I put on over my

sweat-shirt in the middle of the afternoon. I reached here just before it got dark at about six-thirty. For lunch I had bought a Camembert, some bread, grapes and a little bottle of Chianti wine at Brugg and had a fine luncheon on top of a big hill which took me about thirty minutes to walk up, pushing my bike. The view was fine. I wouldn't be a third of the distance I think if I hadn't hung onto the back end of different trucks. They went at a cyclist's top speed but one which he couldn't sustain for long. The sun was behind clouds all day and the air was cool and nice. My face burns tonight however and since it was the first time I had ridden a bike in about seven years you can imagine that my legs were tired. My legs feel all right now, about 10 o'clock. I ate a big dinner, with a big plate of soup, a whole dish of potatoes with about four servings in it and a whole bowl of meat; with that I ate two big hunks of bread and two great big glasses of beer. I sat down at the table quite awhile before I got up and looked around in the windows.

Basel seems like a nice place; it is chiefly commercial, however. As you know, it is at the end of the freight service on the Rhine. I plan to go down the Rhine a ways—how far, I don't know yet—and then take the train back to Zürich. It would be a strenuous trip back, because on the way here the highway followed streams and their direction was always downstream; and down the Rhine will be that way too. I shall go as far as I can and get back with the money I have with me. I had to



leave some of it as a deposit on the bike; the usual deposit is fifty francs but when I explained to the proprietor that that wouldn't leave me very much he accepted twenty Swiss francs and sixty-two Italian lire that I hadn't exchanged yet; anyway I shall have some money when I get back. The rent until Sunday is only ten francs. Late this afternoon I was following a fair-sized river and I wondered if it was the Rhine. I shouted at a farmer and he, thinking I meant the town in the valley, said Seckingen. So I thought it was the Flusz Seckingen, until tonight I looked on a map and saw that it was the Rhine and the village had the other name.

Like all the cities I have seen in Europe, Basel has a new, up-to-date business section, with a few historic buildings and places mixed in, and then the old part, with narrow, crooked streets and old houses and a modern industrial section. This hotel, where I have a very nice room for five francs, is near the Rothmes, built in 1501. I had thought I might go down to Durlach, where old man Weidman came from in 1731, but tonight I looked over the rail fares and saw that I would have enough money to get back after I had spent some in getting there. On this expedition I feel like I did when I hitch-hiked to Madison and Canada. I mean the same sort of feeling of freedom and heigh-ho, where shall I sleep tonight, and what'll happen? I have had one experience in hitchhiking in Europe which was discouraging. When I was staying in Lugano I made a little trip to the Italian frontier town

Ponte Tresa, on the Lago di Lugano. From there I walked the twelve kilometers or about six and a half miles, to Luino in Italy and on the Lago Maggiore, the same lake Locorno is on. The first two-thirds of the way was in Switzerland and the rest of the way in Italy. After I had walked a kilometer or two I began to be bored by the gravel underfoot, the dust raised by passing cars, and the warm 12 o'clock sun.

So without thinking much about it I began doing what everyone in the U. S. would have done. The first four or five customers whizzed right by me in a cloud of white dust; finally a truck came and after it had passed me it stopped. I ran up and started to say how glad I was he had stopped but an Italian with one of the fancy beards they like so much in Italy, who was riding with the driver, started jabbering Eytalian at me and indicated that he was sore at me for some reason or other. After he left it occurred to me that I might have had the pleasure of naming him in English without any comeback from him. I always think too slowly that way.

This day's trip has shown me that a bicycle trip in Italy wouldn't be so good, after all, because now I remember that the roads are nearly all gravel and since it is usually dry and sunny there such a trip would be awfully dusty and dirty. Today the road was either brick or asphalt all the way. I haven't seen any concrete roads in Europe so far. There are two other roomers at my house . . . one a Dutch boy and the other a German Swiss, both students of the Polytechnical school. I met the Hollander at breakfast this morning and liked him very much. I'm glad he is there because that will make somebody else in the house who doesn't understand Schwiezer Dutsch (Shweetzer Dootch) as they call it, hence there will be more German spoken. I think I'll sign off for tonight and continue the chronicle somewhere along the Rhine.

Thursday the 15th, Emmerndingen, Baden. *Im Gasthof zum Löwen* built in 1671, but with *fliessende in Wasser* in the rooms. I got up about nine this morning and left Basel at about 10:30. I haven't much time-sense, since I left my watch in Zürich; usually I think it is later than it really is. This is the edge of the Black Forest and the highway goes along the edge of the hills where the forest begins. After passing a lot of factories and railroad yards outside of Basel I entered an agricultural region. On the hillside are vineyards and on the seemingly rich, level ground they raise hay, truck stuff and a lot of big beets or turnips; it oc-

curred to me they might be sugar beets. The countryside was pretty, but not at all extraordinary. Although there are lots of people working in the fields one can see that there is *not im Land* as the posters in Switzerland say, or distress in the country. Although it was Thursday it seemed almost like Sunday since the factories are silent, traffic on the road was light. In Switzerland things are much better, apparently normal. The people here are more raggedly dressed, although that may be only a characteristic of theirs. Hanging on trucks is *verboten* in Germany, so when it came about four this afternoon I was pretty tired, there having been a strong north wind all day besides. It became so hard pumping against the wind that I took the train the remaining twelve kilometers to Freiburg. This is an interesting old town, with its Münster, or cathedral, and other old buildings. I spent about an hour there and then came on here again arriving just as it became dark. I had a beautiful sunset with a new moon with a group of hills called *der Kaiserstrehl* as a background.

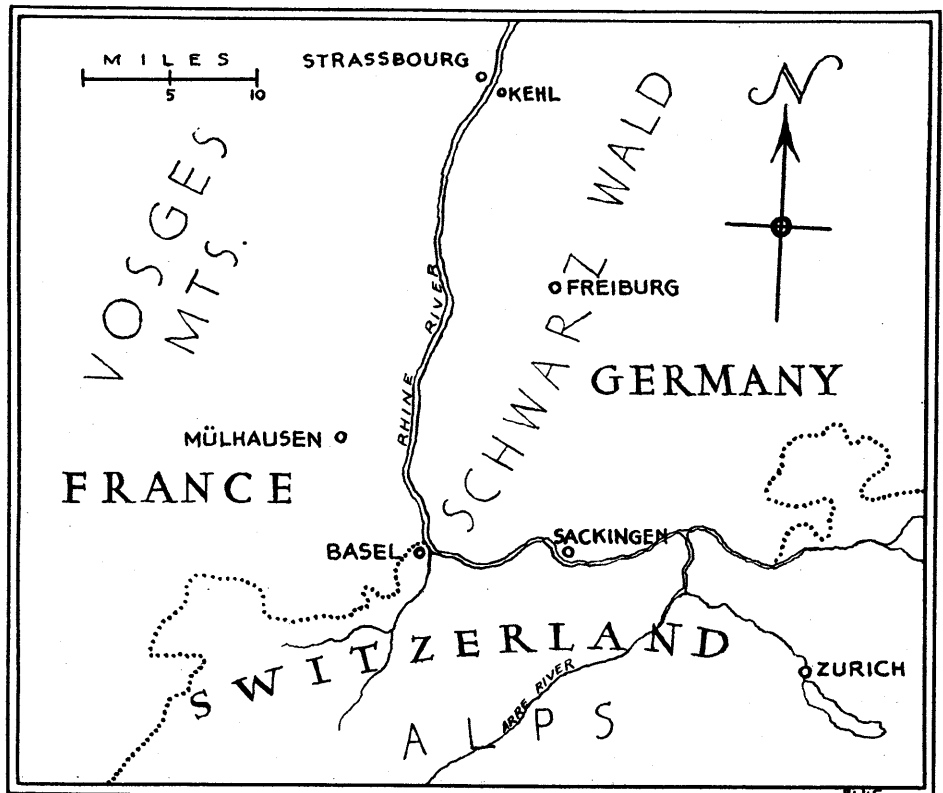
Emmendingen is also an old town. It has an old Münster, a marketplatz and all the other things I have found in every town in Switzerland, Italy and Germany! You can imagine the difference between an Italian city and a northern one; the Swiss cities are even cleaner than the German ones, which are very clean themselves. The little villages can be pretty dirty, how-

ever. I have seen some where every house had a big pile of dung in front of it. There is a big police dog munching on a bone on the floor of the dining room, where I'm writing this; it makes me think of King Arthur and his Table Round as pictured in the movies.

I'm not so tired tonight, but I'm sleepy just the same. The people here all speak German but until they find out that I can't understand them they speak a slovenly sort of German which is much easier to understand than Schwiezer Dutsch, which is really a patois. I get along fine however since most of the people in the stores and the places where I go speak fair German. From experience I know that I can understand perfectly when good German is spoken. The five days at table mit dem Herrn Baron Lutrich von Bethmann-Hollweg in Lugano showed me that. Tomorrow night I expect to be in Strassburg. Since I know I have enough money to take the train all the way back to Zürich if need be, I feel pretty safe. Since I shall have the time, however, I think I shall come back on the Alsatian side of the Rhine as far as my legs are willing to come. And so to bed.

Friday the 16th, Kehl am Rhein. I reached here at 6 this evening after an interesting day in Alsace, with the French customs and in Strassburg. I left Emmendingen at 9 this morning after having the bicycle oiled. The wind

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pany at St. Louis, Missouri, will conduct a class in radio at Beaumont high school in St. Louis.

Tully Watson, '28 sc., is now a member of the physics department of the University of Illinois.

Victor Holt, '28 bus., all American basketball, is a member of the Oklahoma City Missouri Valley basketball team this year. With him are Bruce Drake, '29 phys. ed., Lawrence Meyer, '31 arts-sc., and Harry Pinkerton, ex '28.

W. Karl Ritter, '28 arts-sc., '29 eng., engineer in the aeronautical laboratory at Langley Field, Hampton, Virginia, visited his parents, Mr and Mrs H. F. Ritter of Norman, during the Christmas holidays.

John C. Glaze, '28 eng., of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. at St. Louis, is to conduct a class in radio at the Beaumont high school in St. Louis.

## 1929

Louise Nell Glaze, '29 fine arts, as teacher of the consolidated Terrel-Fleetwood school, is filling the combined positions her mother held 20 years ago and her grandmother Mrs Thomas C. Glaze, held 40 years ago. Mrs Glaze was Fleetwood's teacher in 1911 and Grandmother Glaze was conducting a subscription school at Fleetwood in 1891.

Everett F. Drumright, '29 bus., of Drumright, has been named vice consul at Hankow, China. He was formerly vice-consul at Juarez, Mexico. He sailed for his new post January 4.

Sam Binkley, '29 sc. of Oklahoma City, and now a student in the Harvard medical school, has been named co-editor of the Harvard medical school yearbook.

## 1930

Inez Ballard, '30 journ., is a reporter for the *Wichita Eagle*, Wichita, Kansas.

## ZOOLOGY LETTER

Editor's Note: Dr. A. Richards and his fellow members of the zoology department send an annual letter to all graduates and former students of the department. This, decorated by a member of the department, is a cheerful reminder of progress made by the department, newsy notes of faculty and students. We are excerpting parts of it, because we think the idea is one which other departments of the university could well copy. Our brief extract does not do justice to the *Zoolog* but if it calls it to the attention of other departments, we are happy.

Graduate students in the Zoology department of the university are digging out scientific facts in a number of interesting studies, G. Olin Rulon, graduate assistant from Gallatin, Missouri, is working on chemical stimulation of growth. H. Noel Ferguson, graduate assistant, Warsaw, Missouri, is studying spermatogenesis in water snakes. Sadie Mahon, Fort Worth, Texas, and Ruth A. Holzapfel, graduate assistants, are working on Ph. D. degrees. Babbette L. Shumacker, '31 arts-sc., Louisiana state university, has a fellowship and is working on the mitotic index of Whitefish eggs. Marion L. Palm, Galesburg, Illinois, is technician and part time graduate student. Leonard Strickland, West Virginia university, B. S., '30, and Roy W. Jones, associate professor of biology at Central State Teachers college at Edmond, are students.

Dr. A. Richards, Dr and Mrs A. O. Weese, Dr A. I. Ortenburger, Miss Ruth Holzapfel and Miss Babbette Shumacker attended the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at New Orleans during the Christmas holidays. George A. Moore, Stillwater, presented his thesis, worked out in the department of Zoology at the university on, "The Germ Cells in the Developing Gonad of the Trout."

Increased growth of the Zoological library results in about 2,000 books, subscriptions to fifty zoological journals and approximately forty five exchanges. Recent books, the more important journals and separates are kept on the reference library shelves.

Sigma Xi and Phi Sigma, national scientific fraternities, are cooperating to bring Dr W. G. Waterman of the Department of Botany, Northwestern University, here for a lecture, January 8. Sigma Xi recently elected to membership the following zoology students, Sadie Mahon, Ray Porter, Nell Guthrie, George Moore, Celeste Whaley Taft, Herbert E. Warfel, Ruby Northup Macy, and Mildred A. Groscurth.

Dr Ralph D. Bird, assistant professor of zoology, was on leave the first semester, at Vernon, British Columbia, where he served as entomologist for the Canadian government.

Owen Anderson, B. A. '28, M. S. '29 and Mrs Elizabeth Upshaw Anderson, B. S. '28 are living in Minneapolis. Mr Owen is a graduate assistant in the University of Minnesota, working toward a doctorate in Physics, and Mrs Anderson teaches biology in the Minneapolis high schools.



## SWISS JOURNEY

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didn't begin to become strong until about noon so I made good time as far as Rheinlan, in France, reaching there at 11, German time, or 10 according to French time. I spent an hour and twenty minutes in this little, dung-reeking town. It seemed that since the wheel wasn't mine I would have to deposit 151.88 francs as reckoned from the weight and estimated value of things, plus forty centimes for the papers, plus three francs sixty centimes for permission to "circulate" in France for three months. All I had with me was thirty-two Swiss francs and two mark five pfennig and the customs wouldn't accept anything but French money; they told me this after about twenty minutes inspection of the wheel and of my passport. For the same reason that this place was so difficult to get through, namely because it is a seldom crossed frontier place, the donanier helped me find a store that would change my money. We finally found a place, where I received 160 French francs for thirty-two Swiss, which is a very good exchange. Then we went back about the half-mile to his office where the officer stewed over his notes, books and form-sheets until it was 11:20 French time. I bought some bread, wine, and I thought, I had some sausage or liver-wurst in my sack. I went on for about twenty of the thirty-five kilometres to Strassburg; and although there were no hills, the north wind had come up so it was rather slow going.

I stopped at a nice grassy place to eat lunch and when I unpacked my sack I discovered that I must have left the liverwurst in my room in Emmendingen. So after the proper words, I started out again, and stopped at the

next village to buy some Frankfurter-wurst which is almost like boloney (no matter how thin you slice it . . . you know), and finally had a nice lunch. I've got so that I can hardly pass a butcher shop without wanting to buy some sausage or cheese. Tonight, however, I had a nice steak with potatoes, salad and beer. I reached Strassburg at about 2:30, after going through numerous Alsatian villages, which surpass I think the German and Swiss villages in dirty kids and dunginess. The pervading odor for the last three days has been that of dung. The German side was prettier with its vineyards; the French side has only an interurban track, a canal and sugar beet fields. I know now that the beets are sugar beets. There are numerous refineries in the region. In Strassburg which must be around several hundred thousand, I saw the sixteenth century cathedral, various public buildings, the university, where there is a monument to Pasteur, several parks and the gas works. Since the French customs' cashier's offices closed at five, French time, I went on so I could redeem my 151.88 francs, arriving here just at dark. Tomorrow I am going first to Offenbourg and then down on to Basel, on the German side. With the wind at my back as it should be if it is consistent, I hope to reach Basel with the wheel and from there take the train to Zürich, getting home some time Sunday. I think I'll buy some liniment or alcohol tonight for my right knee is a little stiff. . . .



## NORMAN THOMAS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147)

machinery on a large scale. The real choice is between a democratic collectivism of the people and an autocratic collectivism of wealth.

Promising increasing success for his party, Mr Thomas announced that a precinct-by-precinct organization of socialists would be perfected in every state within the next two years, to compete more effectively with the older parties.

"My great concern," he said, "is not that the capitalist order will prevail but that it will break down before we are ready to carry on."

Nearly a hundred students 'crashed' the supposedly-private meeting of the Why Club, undergraduate forum, after Mr Thomas's main speech in the evening to hear his informal discussion of military training and the League of Industrial Democracy.

Compulsory drill in colleges he denounced as a waste of government money, a propaganda instrument for militarism and an unwarranted violation of academic