



AUNT DAISY

brings you the

WEEKLY CHEER BUDGET



SHE BIDS ADIEU TO FRIENDLY COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF NORWAY

WHEN I left off last week, we had just had breakfast at the lovely guest house at Breifonn, with the snow and icefields gleaming in the morning light.

After a little walk of exploration, we started off in big open cars, over a very hilly zigzag road, between banks covered several feet thick with frozen snow, glittering and beautiful in the sunshine.

We passed a great stone which marked the place where a postman had once been buried in the snow, as he journeyed along. Nobody could hear him blowing his horn! But he managed to get himself out, after some hours, and deliver the mail.

Soon we saw what seemed to be white smoke or steam coming from round the corner of a very high mountain; but when we got near, we found it was really clouds of spray from a great waterfall, which dropped down in three huge leaps from a tremendous height.

The drivers put down their heads, and drove the cars through the mist as fast as possible; and then pulled up while everybody took photographs of this remarkable and beautiful spot.

AT noon, we had coffee and biscuits at a fine big tourist hotel at Odda; then started off on perhaps the loveliest part of the drive—along the

the time we reached Aalvik—a very charming little country town with old houses and gardens. Next came another pretty drive to Nordheimsand, where we had a hasty meal before beginning the last lap of our trip to Bergen.

THE bus, this time, seemed a little elderly; and soon we had a flat tyre, and the driver, and several of the passengers got out (in the pouring rain) to change it.

They all got sopping wet, but were quite unperturbed—the whole drive was a good lesson in the art of taking everything calmly and serenely; for no one got worried or nervous over the right-angled turns and the narrow bridges, and the overhanging rocks, and the backing and manoeuvring necessary in passing other big buses and lorries. There were frequent heavy showers, but that didn't exasperate them either!

At one place, a very sweet woman and her family of four small children had to alight. The driver took about 5 minutes to find the change and fix up the fare, and they all stood in the pouring rain quite calmly,

umbrella over the baby, and trudged off up a hill quite happily, the father carrying the big bag on his back.

Prosperity

THE road then became a switchback, but through less rugged country, and without any of those precipices overhanging swiftly-flowing, rock-filled rivers, which had made the first part of our trip so exciting.

We saw, instead, neat and prosperous farmhouses and well-tilled fields, in many of which were the now familiar frame-works covered with the drying hay. Everywhere one got the impression of thrift and tidiness and prosperity; and the roads are kept in splendid order, for the traffic is very heavy.

It was still daylight, when at a quarter past 22 we reached the fine city of Bergen, which is the second city of Norway, and the place from which tremendous crowds of tourists start for all the famous fiords of the West Coast.

DIFFERENT lines of steamers bring a regular stream of visitors from Newcastle-on-Tyne, from Rotterdam, and Hamburg, from Copenhagen, and even from New York. Bergen is a very old city, in fact it was founded in 1070—but it is quite up to date in every way, with very wide, clean streets, and big, handsome buildings, and lots of huge hotels.

Since this was the height of the tourist season, however, the hotels were all quite full; and when our bus put us and our luggage down at the hotel at which we were booked in advance (as we fondly hoped!) we went in to the lobby, only to be met by a distracted clerk, who protested that every nook and corner of the house had already been overflowing before our telegram arrived; and that he had been obliged to book rooms for us at a nearby pension.

He seemed so distracted that we assured him we didn't mind in the least; and set off in a taxi to the pension.

"No Room!"

THIS was on the third floor of a huge building; and we went up in a rather slow lift, accompanied by our taxi man, who kindly looked after our luggage.

But, alas! the smart maid who answered the bell shook her head, said "No Room," and called her mistress, who

spoke English well, and almost wept as she explained that she had expected us at midday; and had since let our room!

Even her drawing-room had had beds made up in it, for Bergen was in the middle of the tourist harvest.

We began to despair, and to picture ourselves spending the rest of the night walking about the wide, cobble-stoned streets. Stone is so plentiful and durable that both Stavanger and Bergen use cobblestones for many of the streets. However, the landlady very kindly offered to give us her private room—a comfortable bed-sitting room—and to make up an extra bed on a divan.

She was as good as her word, and in no time we were safely ensconced among all her cherished knick-knacks, with a tray of much-needed supper—hot milk and many kinds of "smorbrod," besides stewed prunes and apples and so on.

Time For Bed

BY this time it was getting on for midnight, and we had reluctantly to give up the idea of going up the funicular railway to the summit of a high hill, where there is a popular restaurant—very famous indeed.

Next morning, there was only time for a little walk around the city, before our ship sailed. The shops were very good indeed, and displayed some delightful curios—tiny wooden ships, and other models in wood; beautiful jewellery in gold and silver filigree; lovely embroidery, besides fashionable frocks and hats, and furs.

But our old friend, the "Vega" was due to sail for England at 11 o'clock, so we had to resign ourselves to leaving all the many beauties of the interesting and fascinating country of Norway; and to assure our kind host, Consul Bjelland, of our deep gratitude for a wonderful week, and of a very warm welcome in New Zealand for himself and his family, when he can spare the time to come.



beautiful Hardanger Fiord—so wide and so still, with the high, snow-clad mountains reflected in the blue water.

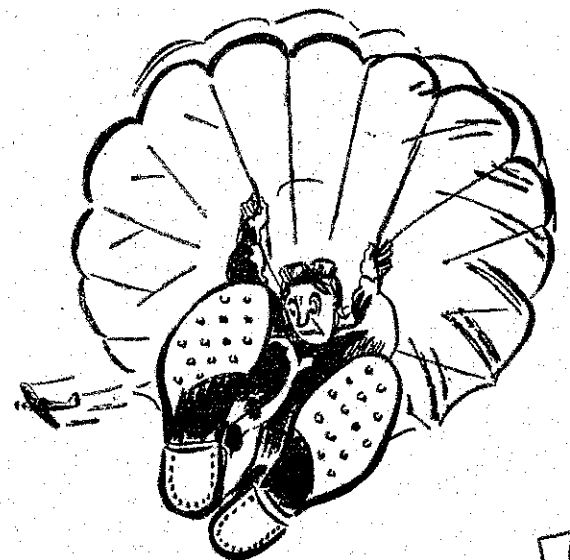
The next stage of our journey was by ship, still farther up the Hardanger Fiord to Aalvik. On this little trip, we passed a big German liner which was on a cruise all through the Norwegian Fiords. I was told that there are frequent cruises to Norway, and Sweden, from England as well as Germany.

It was about 16 o'clock by

FAREWELL TO NORWAY.—Barbara and Aunt Daisy on the yacht of Consul Bjelland before they say good-bye to a fascinating country.

together with the old grandfather who had come on foot to meet them, and who had no overcoat—just an ordinary working suit with a white shirt (put on back to front!)

When they were all thoroughly wet, they put up their



4 THOUSAND FEET!

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