

Isenheim Altar piece, and the Schwenk Institute in the Black Forest.

We arrived in the Black Forest about mid-morning, leaving the coach by the road and wandering up the unmade path leading to the Schwenks' house. Here there was a freshness of air and a peace that we never felt in Italy. After a very warm reception from the Schwenk family, we all went upstairs into their room, where they talk to their visitors.

For the last time we sang our "Ave Maria", after which it was over to them! Herr Schwenk the younger, a very true and upright man began by giving us a general introduction about their Institute and the great difficulties that the World's water is passing through. We have all heard so much about water pollution, that we were relieved that someone could tell us details which were correct. Picking up little bits of information here and there doesn't produce a clear, complete picture. So we listened to Herr Schwenk while he talked to us in very clear German, which most of us could understand, but for those who couldn't Richard made a translation.

After the introduction, which explained their research and gave us a basic grounding into the gravity of our water problem, which faces all living things on this earth, we turned to more specific examples. Herr Schwenk pointed out several main rivers in the world which have been very badly hit by the pollution problem. He supported his statements by showing us photographs of water patterns formed by a basic experiment, used by the Schwenks to test the quality of different waters. The water being tested is poured into a shallow glass dish, mixed with a small amount of glycerine and left to settle. When it is quite still a drop of distilled water is dropped from a certain height at measured intervals into this dish of testing water. Included in this apparatus are mirrors and magnifying lenses which eventually project onto a screen the picture that the water makes in ripple forms with the aid of glycerine. It is possible to fix a camera to this apparatus and so photograph these forms. After five or six drips the pattern gradually changes. In some cases (if it is a badly polluted water) the forms become less harmonious and quite spikey. We see a definite progression from the petal form with lines radiating from the centre, to a pattern which is not symmetrical, but jagged, cramped and spikey. The soft outward lines that formerly radiated into the "petals" have moved outside the form, and create spikes. As the drips continue it is possible to judge the quality of the water by the swiftness in change.

We divided our party into several groups and in turn we were shown this experiment. It was incredible to actually see the pattern forming.

After hearing a lot about their experiments we were free to ask the many questions which had never been answered. During this conversation we learnt many astonishing facts. For example if the zinc content in American foodstuffs and water were extracted, it would reduce the cancer death rate by 90%.

The Schwenks have found that the quality of water travelling through a wooden pipe is infinitely preferable to that flowing through a concrete pipe, for water beginning with a good water pattern deteriorates when it flows down a concrete pipe. This shows us that the water loses some quality and in some respects becomes dead when it cannot meander and flow in spiral movements as water naturally does. One can see in a mountain stream the bubbling life in the water, compared with a pipe line. In the search to find a natural way to keep the water "living" and to encourage it to flow naturally, the spiral shapes and other movements found in projective geometry are being considered.

It is not only the visual influences of nature that affect water so strongly, but also the movement of the stars and planets. A very basic example, which we are all aware of, is the influence of the moon on the tides of the sea. This becomes much more complicated with the risings and paths of the planets and we tend to forget what a great influence they are as we visually see very little change in every day life. If water is left to the influence of nature it often rectifies and counteracts the pollution, poisons and lifelessness, naturally. An example of this is one of the Black Forest rivers, which begins in the mountains and during its course flows through a populated area and past a brewery. As it passes through these two areas the water becomes very polluted. By biological means it takes man three whole weeks to regain the former quality. The river left to its own natural devices only takes seven hours to do this same job. Man cannot beat nature, though he sometimes must encourage it.

These hours spent at the Schwenks certainly made us conscious of our own responsibilities, and of the world situation. It was certainly kind of them to give us their time, which must be very precious. What was so encouraging was to see these people making positive experiments in an artistic way. They made us feel thoroughly welcome, thus making a very pleasant and well spent morning.

Hilary Heasman

29th July

(Fifteenth Day)

Meanwhile, back at the
Goetheanum

Parking by the Speisehaus, we walked up the hill to the Goetheanum, through the south door and, once inside, around to the front. The fourth Mystery play was in progress and the hallway was strangely quiet. The few who for some unknown reason were not watching the

play trod gingerly across the spic-and-span polished floor. Everything was clean and neat. It was, I felt, all too temple-like. The Goetheanum is so huge, so neat and so hard; it always seems to bring out tensions, be they good or bad. Those of us who had been on the Basel exchange in class 8 remembered how much we had learnt about and from the building then. We also remembered the bloody fight in the elevator. It was very different this time. The rich afternoon light dazed everyone slightly. To determine where and when we could go in the building was the first task of our leaders. While they were so engaged, we wandered the dark recesses of the main hallway, some to those palatial rooms marked "Herren" and "Damen", others congregating around a display of the seven planetary seals and the four Mystery play seals. We had all drawn, and we knew something about, the planetary seals. Those of the Mystery plays were a total mystery. An old lady with a knowing and benevolent smile was approached by Mr. Mann for some explanation of them. He explained that she knew more about them than almost anyone. We were therefore very lucky, he said. The lady, however, after denying that she could speak English proceeded, in fluent English, to politely but decisively sidestep the question. We climbed the stairs to the room which was specially designed to house Rudolf Steiner's famous unfinished wooden statue. The guardians of the statue kindly allowed us to remain there long past closing time. Following Mr. Mann's talk we were free to wander around the statue and the small original models of both Goetheanums. Some time later we were told to proceed to the red window. The group was somehow split and I, as a member of the smaller group, arrived at the window to find that we had to wait for some time before Mr. Mann and the main group were seen outside on the terrace below. We were standing on a balcony inside facing the red window. Looking over the balcony we could see down to and through the huge sculptured windows. The other group was moving slowly while Mr. Mann talked. No sound reached us. As in some strange surrealistic movie, those actors we knew so well looked at, but not through, the windows. After various detours, they joined us. Together we sat and looked at the red window, while from the doors at our backs faint murmurings of Mystery plays emanated. We were very quiet. A distant roar of quiet feet upon the cushioned carpet heralded an intermission in the play. We escaped before the tidal wave burst over us to the North Terrace. Here Mr. Mann told us of the connection between the Arthur legends and the Grail mysteries. The valley we could see stretching up the wooded mountain was very important to the Grail quests. It was in a castle up there that Parzival had not asked the question. It was up there that a few months earlier 108 women from the heart of Arthur country in Britain had lost their lives in a terrible air crash in the snow. On the afternoon before the crash, an old woman of Dornach who had devoted her life to studying the Arthur and Grail legends, died suddenly. Mr. Mann made no attempt at an easy answer. He just laid out the facts to lay open our minds. There were few who didn't appreciate the weird implications of what he was saying.

Down at the Kaffee-und-Speisehaus we traded vast sums of money for cups of coffee and cake. A short ride up the mountain took us to a ruined castle on a forested ridge. Herr Neu finished off the remains of his champagne (10 days stale) while for a couple of hours we climbed through the woods and over the castle. Soon everyone disappeared in various directions and I sat talking to William and Nigel on top of a high crumbling wall. We were interrupted finally by the familiar message of the coach's horn echoing through the woods. We joined the others for the drive to the "Restaurant Post", for our "last supper-cum-party".

Jefferson Eliot

30th July

Sixteenth Day

Last Day

The dawn of July 30th 1973 broke faithfully over western Europe, revealing a grey, flat, and, as yet, still slumbering France. The rural landscape sped past the train window, and I raised myself onto one elbow, as I lay on my couchette, in order to gaze out of the window.

Muffled stirrings gradually became audible above me, as the people sharing my couchette, i.e. Susan Judson, Nicola Billows, Caroline Brown, Jefferson Eliot, and Mrs. Miles, inhaled deep breaths, pulled the sheets from their faces, languidly opened unfocusing, blurred eyes, and surveyed the scene with sleepy effort. At length, all about me had regained their senses, and thus commenced the cramped process of dressing, morning ablutions and getting the luggage ready for leaving the train at Calais.

The train pulled in at Calais station, and cases, rucksacks and ourselves were unloaded onto the platform. Then came the long, slow queue for the passport control. With a quick flick through the passports we were proceeding through long passages leading to the dock.

We embarked a British Sealink ship, and after depositing the luggage all together in one lounge, many of us indulged in the amusing pastime of exploration. Whilst engaged in this activity, it was discovered that one of the less expensive cafeterias on board - about midships, I think - was serving breakfasts of Rice Crispies and toast. A general exodus ensued towards the cafeteria! Being rather appalled at the thought of yet more bread and salami (the staple diet for most of the trip), I must confess being a member of the flood of ravenous, Rice Crispies starved class twelvers who stormed the cafeteria. I learned later, much to my chagrin, that tickets would soon be issued, with which one could acquire a breakfast of our dreams. Having over indulged, I regret I had to confer my ticket on one of the less impatient, more ravenous members of our group. The sea was as calm as the top-lake, and there were no casualties!

We docked and disembarked at Folkestone after a voyage of about two hours, and proceeded through customs with little trouble. Mark Hardy, carrying a very large and observable whisky bottle under his

arm - which, I should hastily add, was employed solely for containing water - was, I believe, accosted by one of the customs officers. However, after offering the officer a chance to sample the contents of the bottle for himself, and by employing his irresistible charm, Mark and the officer parted friends.

The luggage was packed into the back, and we piled into the coach, thus commencing the last leg of the journey.

After being in clean, healthy Switzerland, and also Germany for a short time, I was struck by the comparative scruffiness of my compatriots as I viewed them through the coach window as we drove through the various towns and villages on our way back to Michael Hall. Despite this glum observation, I was glad to be back.

The coach drive home was a frantic collecting and writing of addresses, and the well-meaning passing of promises to write; but laziness will out in the end.

The class twelve Michael Hallites in our group, with memories of the Swiss trip of class eight freshly in their minds after visiting their families in Basel, expected, with our usual conceit, a welcoming committee of the same size and grandeur as that of our return in 1969. With great expectations we arrived back to an almost empty car park! The reality was really quite amusing.

Now came the moment we had all been dreading: dissolution. This was the moment when class twelve - our class twelve - as a physical entity would finally and absolutely be dissolved, and its individual constituents dispersed to the four corners of the earth. I say 'physical entity' with purpose; for a bond - call it friendship or what you will - will always, I hope and believe, bind us together in an indestructible unity.

For me, the valedictions were unexpectedly painless, although for some, I know, it felt like the final severing; but, when a beech twig is severed from the main tree, and is replanted, it sprouts its own roots, and, at length, becomes as large, strong and majestic as the mother tree; and thus forests are born.

And so our school careers - by 'our' I now refer to all the class twelvers on the Italy trip, other Steiner schools included - were brought to a climactic end by an unforgettable tour of Italy, which was in itself an edification and, more often than not, a revelation: I thank Mr. Mann for that!

Paul J. King

Music on the Italy Trip

Although art in its visual sense was the main concern of the group, one must not forget the important part played by music throughout the trip. I am thinking primarily of Bruckner's 'Ave Maria' which we had the pleasure of singing throughout the trip and which others, notably Mr. Mann, obviously took joy in listening to.

Of course we were not only singing for our own pleasure, but in order to 'give' something in return for everything we were receiving, whether it be as a thank-you to the wardens in Rimini and Eptingen or for the benefit of 300 or so fellow hostellers in Florence.

Our first efforts at this magical piece by Bruckner certainly did not do justice to it, but as time developed our singing did likewise, and in doing so brought a unity to the group in more ways than one. It was a humbling experience to perform in the many awe-inspiring Cathedrals we visited, where our harmonies always seemed to fill the vast hollowness of the sacred building and reflect off every wall in a kind of unearthly response.

Singing in an open air amphitheatre and in a tiny, picturesque Swiss village to the sound of distant cowbells were both memorable, but perhaps less so were the efforts of an irate Italian guide in Orvieto to try and extinguish the fervour of the choir in preference for the sound of his own voice. Fortunately our gallant conductor remained unperturbed by the rude interruption, and the song ended happily.

The spur of the moment decision to attend an evening concert at the Pitti Palace turned out to be a great success enjoyed by all. An ensemble from the Prague Symphony Orchestra played 13th-18th century pieces on early musical instruments - it was pure magic to listen to the notes as they floated between the stone pillars and evaporated into the cool Florentine night. An appropriate and memorable experience which fitted the purpose of our trip.

Perhaps less cultural but no less enjoyable were the community songs which played such a part of our evenings in Italy. To the tuneful accompaniment of the guitar all joy was drained from poor Maggie May, wild flying doves and sweet nightingales. Nevertheless both the nightingales and 'Ave Maria' will be ringing pleasantly in many ears for a long time to come, and hopefully will help keep alive memories of that very unique experience in Italy which is ours to remember.

Judy Gray

The value of the "Italy Trip".

The idea of a trip to Italy to see at first hand the great works of art in their native setting was born in the summer of 1952, at a weekend camp for the then class X, curiously enough during a midday picnic and talk near an old Roman camp not far from Chancetonbury Ring.

It was a gloriously sunny day and most of the Italy trips which began in 1954 and have continued in an unbroken succession till 1973 have for the most part been favoured with that sort of weather. But even when this was not the case the experiences of mosaics and paintings, the architecture and the landscape have had the same quality as the freshness of a summer morning under a cloudless sky.

In olden times already people from the Northern parts of Europe made pilgrimages to Rome. Though these were of a purely religious

nature one cannot say that what amounted to a flight from the North on the part of a Goethe or a Shelley or a Keats was less than religious fervour, transposed to another sphere that took them there.

For Goethe the experience of Italy caused him to rewrite the whole of his Iphigenia in verse, to do countless sketches as well as being inspired with the thought of the metamorphosis of plants and animals.

The Northern climate focuses a person on himself and his own aspirations and duties more than on his environment.

The moment you have crossed the Alps travelling southward the tables are turned and you unite with your environment. A kind of fusion takes place. All your dammed up desire to flow out with your senses suddenly finds fulfilment. The air is mild and embraces you enabling you to expand, to sit down at a table *al fresco* - in the fresh air. You see the beauty of the North Italian lakes, you hear the melodious Italian voices and realize that you have embarked on a totally new experience.

When on the first day we have left Basel very early, have crossed the Alps by the Julier pass and have come down the Maloja pass and presently as the sun is setting have arrived at the North end of Lake Como, at the Domaso Youth Hostel situated right on the water's edge and I have seen the party plunge into its cool waters minutes after leaving the coach, I have had to pinch myself to make myself believe that yet again we were all privileged to make the discovery of the country which in its climate and surroundings was destined to be the cradle of early Christianity, and together - content and vessel - were to give to art its fairest countenance.

A certain pattern of itinerary gradually emerged. In the first two years we travelled by train and so were limited to only a few centres. Of the first trip I remember that again and again time stood still when we were looking at a work of art and everyone came under the spell of this experience.

On this particular itinerary we have more than once visited a small circular church of about the 11th century completely off the beaten track. You walk to it through fields of maize and ask the farmer for the key. Sometimes before going in we have talked about these circular buildings with their solemn atmosphere under the shade of spreading walnut trees. We reminded ourselves of the fact that buildings of this kind were intended mostly for baptism or as mausolea, in other words for the arrival and departure of the soul. But sometimes as in this case it is a place of worship and owing to its shape and the darkness inside provides a very special mood.

In the lectures given in Penmaenmawr and elsewhere Dr. Steiner spoke of sanctuaries where the spiritual sun could be observed just where the outer sun was held back. This was a specifically Celtic custom. But Celtic influence worked in many parts of Europe. Indeed St. Columba went on a journey to Lombardy through the very area in which this little church of San Tom  is situated.

It has often seemed to me that after this experience, particularly when we have sung in parts inside the church the whole mood

changed. The first moment of a rich common experience paved the way for more experiences of this kind which would ultimately forge a link between the members of the party and also with the school and beyond that with all who come to realize that life is a quest.

I have always aimed at making at least one quite new discovery and San Tomé about which I had read without ever expecting to see it was one.

Ideally one would want to arrange the trip so that works of art could follow in some sort of chronological order. Naturally enough the road one has to take if one is to see important places in a sensibly planned itinerary does not make this possible.

It is always better to have a single experience but a total one rather than the rather disjointed experiences of a gallery. Our next stop is Padua - for one vital experience, the 13/14th century painter Giotto in the Arena chapel.

Chapels or churches which carry the stamp of a single master's hand are always very impressive. This is the case here.

From Dante to van Gogh and beyond an unbroken procession of artists and writers have extolled the virtues of Giotto as not only a new style of painter but as a new type of consciousness. Neither reproduction nor transparency can convey what three quarters of an hour's presence in the Arena chapel can. The story of the life, death and resurrection of Christ is told here with the greatest simplicity and most penetrating expression.

I think it is true to say that one can hardly come out of this chapel the same as one went in. Only the other day I read in Richard Wurmbrand's "In God's Underground" .. "every man becomes what he looks at" ...

Even if he does not become it right away the seeing of these things seems to have a lasting effect - not only letters say so again and again but people say years later, "I just long to go again."

Naturally I cannot make a list of all the things we see, but without mentioning a few no one can guess what a concentrated experience of this kind can be like.

Our first whole day of art usually interspersed with a pleasant dip in the waters of the Adriatic happens in Ravenna and its mosaics.

Particularly those in the church of Sant'Apollinare Nuovo with pictures of the unbearded healing Apolline or cosmic Christ on the North side and the earthly suffering bearded type on the South. Many an unspoken question has been answered simply by gazing at this contrast culminating in the seventh picture on each side. On the North "the raising of Lazarus" and on the South "the denial by Peter" - the awakening of the higher I AM and the I AM NOT.

Sometimes we spend a night at Perugia and there on our very first trip we discovered a large 2nd century sarcophagus used as an altar in a nearby church with the Jonah story portrayed as a typical initiation scene.

Again a very special discovery was Urbino. Set in a Raphael-esque landscape with steep hillsides that have been cultivated by patient oxen pulling the ploughs of generations of farmers, the town

is a maze of little alleys and stairways. Dominating all is the ducal palace, one of the most beautiful of all Italian palaces, built by Lorenzo Laurana. The palace was completed in the year Raphael was born (1483). A highlight was always the visit to the Oratorio di San Giovanni where Raphael was baptized.

When we have visited Assisi we spoke of St. Francis in great detail. Particularly if the day was sunny and beautiful we were impelled to acknowledge the presence of a very special mood.

We have had wonderful moments in Rome in front of the Raphaels in the Vatican, nor could anyone forget the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. A quite special experience was standing in the centre of the Pantheon and singing into its vast space.

On the way North we have nearly always stopped at Orvieto to see the pictures of the Antichrist by Signorelli, in the cathedral. This again has often been a unique experience. Amid all the beauty to see the threat of the Antichrist, his very incarnation at the threshold of the new step in consciousness is always a very sobering event.

In Florence we have never spent less than four days, usually five. This gives time and opportunity for a less tight programme and for exploring on one's own.

Even so there is San Marco with the Fra Angelicos, the Medici tombs, the Botticellis in the Uffizi, the Hierarchies in the Baptistry to mention only a few; also Fiesole and the beautiful church of San Miniato to end up with. Florence is the home of Dante, the Medici and the Platonic Academy which they founded and it is I think the place in Italy where one is most affected by the collective beauty of the atmosphere, the art, the churches.

On the way home we always visited Milan to see Leonardo's Last Supper, the church of St. Ambrose (Borgognone Jesus among the doctors) and near Lugano in Ponte Capriasca we visited the little church containing the copy of the Last Supper presumably by Melzi, Leonardo's pupil. The clearness of the hand gestures has given the opportunity for interesting observations such as the fact that Christ's left hand coming from under his blue cloak has the palm facing upward whereas the right hand coming from the red garment has the palm facing downward. The majority of the disciples' hands on left and right correspond to these two opposite gestures.

The more one concentrates on this contrast the more one realizes that not only has Leonardo divided the twelve disciples into four groups of three, each one as different from the others as are the four temperaments, and each disciple within a given group as different as are the three soul forces of thinking, feeling and willing: but there is also the extreme division into left and right of Christ, darkness and light, with Christ at the centre in whom the soul's turmoil and storm waves of emotion are in complete balance.

The peacefulness of the little church and the fact that for the last time we could be alone together has made it possible to look back on the experiences of the preceding fortnight and to begin to understand "The Last Supper" and the figures of Judas, Peter and John linked as they are in one group.

The drive over the Gotthard has often been a wonderful experience of nature in its majesty and in strong contrast to the beauty of Art.

In Dornach we have usually spent a day with three main items on the programme. One was a visit to the Cancer Institute and Lukas Klinik where we have been told about the many and varied aspects of the new cancer therapy indicated by Rudolf Steiner and developed largely by Dr. Alexander Leroi and now directed by his widow. We owe to both an enormous debt of gratitude for the pains they have taken to give us an insight into this vitally important work. In contrast to this scientific and therapeutic work, we have visited the Goetheanum and have spent memorable occasions in front of the "group", the carved wooden statue of Christ with the two forces of aberration in the beings of Lucifer and Ahriman. The third experience was the Isenheim altarpiece in Colmar which as an outstanding example of northern art has never failed to make a deep impression on all.

Finally to sum up a few anonymous remarks on the Italy tour.

1. "I can't really say what has left the deepest impression on me... Most of what we saw was so unspeakably beautiful that I think it only fair to say that I have been left with a great respect for mankind and his creative abilities."
2. "What can I say about the Italy trip except that it was one of the most incredible experiences of my life....a most fitting close to my thirteen years of education in a Steiner school."
3. "Paintings and sculptures were no longer just objects of beauty to be admired, but came alive with the full force of their inspiration. I could feel the effort of these men to express the universal forces and this also brought me to a fuller comprehension of these cosmic forces with the individual. I emerged from the trip with a positively better faith in the ego."

Copy for parents to keep.
Travellers will receive one
on departure.

ITALY TRIP 1973

ITINERARY AND TIME TABLE

14th July	Saturday		<u>Overnight</u>
	17.30	Assemble outside Mansion with luggage. Final check of passports, hostel cards and sleeping bags.	
	21.15	Depart for Folkestone to Calais.	
	23.25	Night train from Calais to Basle.	Train No. 1191
15th July	Sunday		
	8.22	Arrive at Basle - Schumacher Coach (07641-659) Breakfast near station Restaurant Post. Leave by coach via Zurich, Lake of Zurich- Walensee - Chur, Julierpass, Maloja pass to North end of Lake Como.	
	Approx 18.30	Arrive DOMASO Y.H. Italy. Ostello Domaso Lago di Como.	DOMASO
16th July	Monday		
	6.30	Rise	
	7.30	Depart via eastern shore of Como to Lecco - Bergamo. 11th century round church. By Autostrada to Padua, Giotto chapel.	
	Approx 19.30	Arrive Ravenna. Locanda Svizzera Via Landoni. 10.	RAVENNA
17th July	Tuesday		
	8.30	Breakfast. All day sight seeing Ravenna (Mosaics) Picnic	
	18.00	Depart for Rimini	
	Approx 19.30	Arrive RIMINI. Ostello Urland Rimini, Miramare, Via Flaminia 300. Tel: 33216	RIMINI
18th July	Wednesday		
	7.30	Breakfast	
	8.15	Leave for Pesaro and Urbino. Sightseeing ducal palace and Raphaels birthplace.	
	18.00	Picnic en route to Perugia. Arrive PERUGIA. Ostello del Grifo, Via Francesco al Prato, Perugia. Tel: 20.944	PERUGIA
19th July	Thursday		
	8.00	Breakfast. In Assisi most of the day. Return to Perugia Ostello del Grifo Via Francesco al Prato, Perugia.	PERUGIA
20th July	Friday		
	7.30	Breakfast.	
	8.15	Leave for Orvieto via Todi, famous Renaissance church. Orvieto cathedral. By autostrada to Florence. 19.00 ARA. Florence, Ostello Europa.	FLORENCE

21st to 26th July
Sat to Thurs.

5 days sight seeing in and around
FLORENCE
Ostello Europa
Villa Camerata
Viale Augusto Righi 2/4
Tel: Florence 600,315

Overnight
FLORENCE

26th July Thursday

7.00 Breakfast
Early start essential; through journey to Milan.
See Leonardo da Vinci 'Last Supper' and
Church of Sant Ambrogio, Brera Gallery. MELANO
Continue to Switzerland.
19.00 Arrive at Youth Hostel
Ristorante Sport
6818, MELANO Switzerland.
Tel: (091) 8-76-49

27th July Friday

7.00 Breakfast
7.45 Depart for Basel via Gotthard Pass to
Lake Lucerne
19.00 Arrive Youth Hostel Eptingen,
near Basel.
Hofgut Weier (Fam. Jenni)
Böhlenstrasse
4458 EPTINGEN
Tel: (062) 69-12-64
EPTINGEN

28th July Saturday

7.30 Breakfast
8.15 Depart for Dornach & Arlesheim
Visit Cancer Institut,
Goetheanum usw
Return to EPTINGEN
EPTINGEN

29th July Sunday

Trip to Colmar to see Grünewald Altarpiece.
23.50 Depart by train to Calais
from Basel. TRAIN NO. 1194

30th July Monday

8.42 Arrive Calais
10.00 Depart Calais
11.25 Arrive Folkestone
dep Folkestone by bus to Forest Row.
14.00 arrive Forest Row approximately 14.00