



*A halt by the roadside, near Admont, in Austria.*

and less about the gallant little car which had carried us so far on this, its third, long journey on foreign roads.

Suffice it to say that, as to roads, these were unexpectedly good in places, surprisingly bad in others, at times exasperating, but nearly always navigable with careful driving ; as to scenery and people, the change in them and their characteristics is so rapid and so noticeable that experience of them can alone be the guide ; and lastly, as to the car which has spent half its running life of 31,000 miles abroad, we can pay it no higher tribute than the desire that it shall be our companion on further travels in, perhaps, 1936.