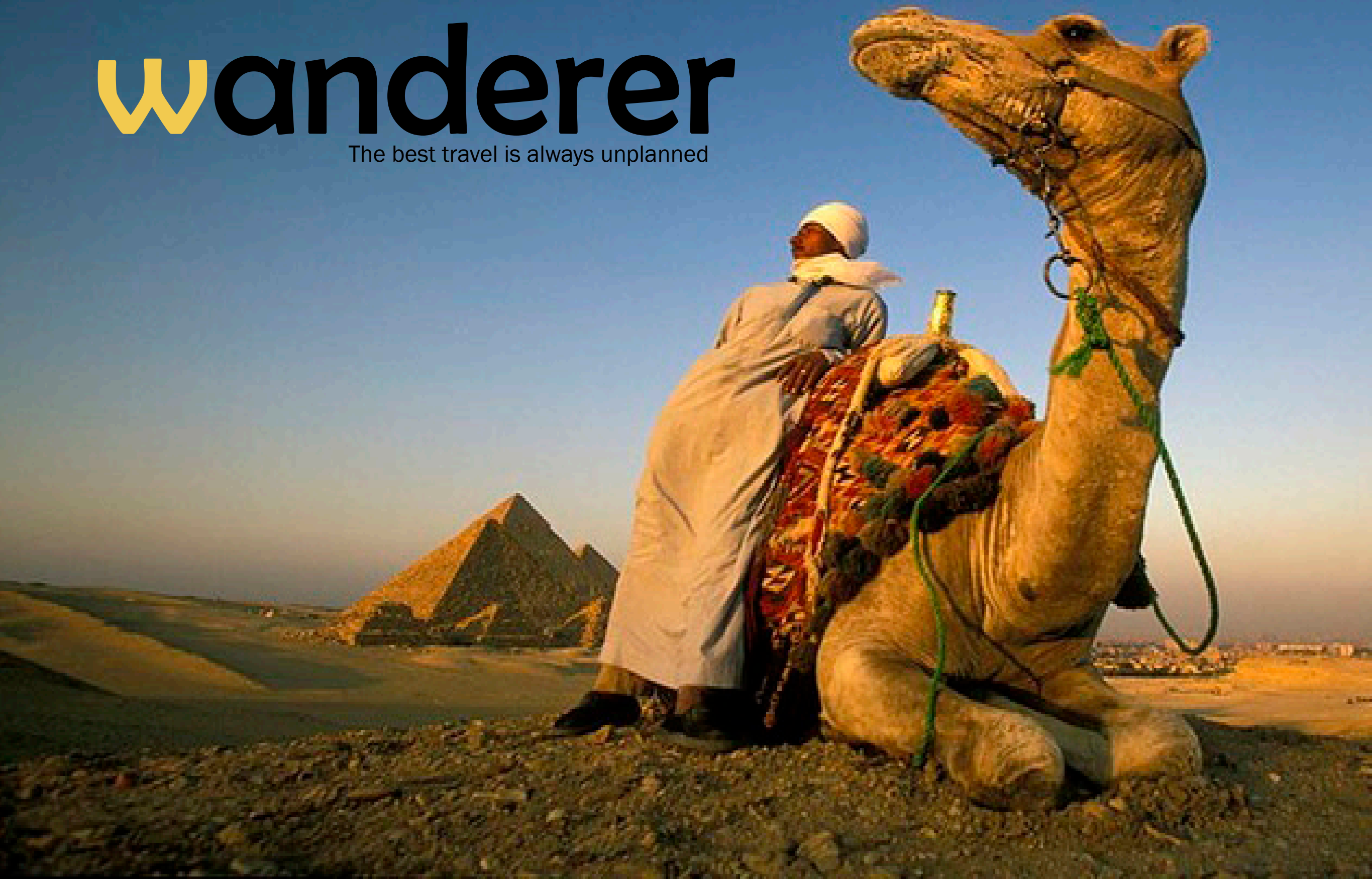


wanderer

The best travel is always unplanned





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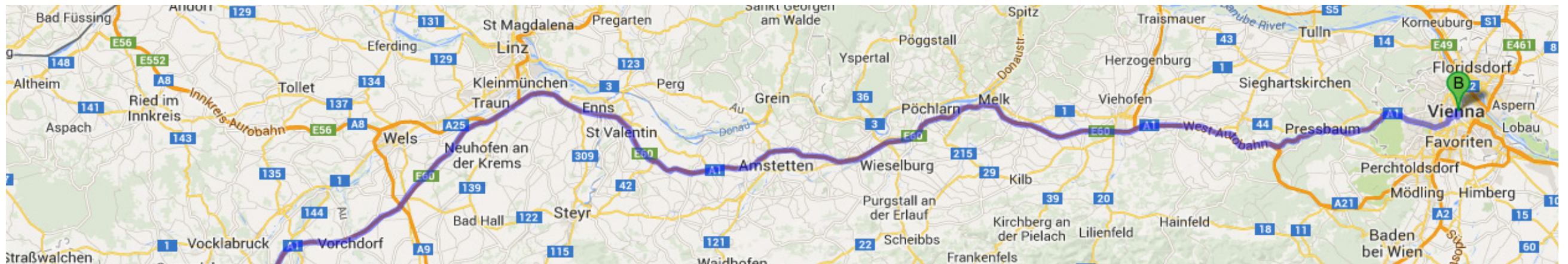
FRUGAL EUROPE ON FOOT

- By Matt Gross

ONCE upon a time, a young man went for a walk. It was December 1933, and an 18-year-old Englishman named Patrick Leigh Fermor put on a pair of hobnail boots and a secondhand greatcoat, gathered up his rucksack and left London on a ship bound for Rotterdam, where he planned to travel 1,400 miles to Istanbul — on foot



Once upon a time, a young man went for a walk. It was December 1933, and an 18-year-old Englishman named Patrick Leigh Fermor put on a pair of hobnail boots and a secondhand greatcoat, gathered up his rucksack and left London on a ship bound for Rotterdam, where he planned to travel 1,400 miles to Istanbul — on foot. He had virtually no money; at best, he'd arrive in, say, Munich to find his mother had sent him £5. But what he did have was an outgoing nature, a sense of adventure, an affinity for languages and a broad network of friends of friends. “If I lived on bread and cheese and apples,” he later wrote, “jogging along on fifty pounds a year like Lord Durham with a few noughts knocked off.



Things to do

Vienna: Visit Cafe Alt Wien and Cafe Bendl located at the heart of the city

Donau-Auen National Park: Take a walk through the park on the banks of the Danube river

How do I get there?

Road: Buses ply regularly between Major cities. Hitchhiking on the highway connecting Vienna and Budapest is very common.

Rail: There are direct trains from Germany (Munch) and from Budapest

Air: Flights run daily from most major cities in Europe

there would even be some cash left over for papers and pencils and an occasional mug of beer. A new life! Freedom! Something to write about!”

Could a young person (is 35 still young?) with strong legs and little money find the same spirit of hospitality that Mr. Leigh Fermor encountered some 76 years ago? At the end of March, I set out to find the answer. With only two weeks free, my plan was to walk from Vienna to Budapest, a 180-mile route that would connect the old poles of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and track Mr. Leigh Fermor’s trail as closely as possible, taking me along the Danube to Bratislava, the Slovakian capital, and across the plains of Slovakia south to Hungary — through three countries whose languages, cultures and histories could not be more different, or more intertwined.

It was tempting, the day I arrived in Vienna, to just walk east from the airport, but I couldn’t completely skip the Austrian capital, where Mr. Leigh Fermor had spent three weeks among the “crooked lanes” and “facades of broken pediment and tiered shutter.” And so I followed his lead, going into the imperial crypt, where the grandest members of the Hapsburg family lay entombed in elaborate sarcophagi, and into the museums, although I shied away from the most famous in favor of oddities like the International Esperanto Museum. And I luxuriated in storied places like Cafe Alt Wien and Cafe Bendl.



Best accomodation deals

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| ★ ★ ★ ★ ws | 1 review | 3.5 ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ 19 reviews | 3 reviews | 2 reviews |
| ay Inn ss hotel | Gila House Hotel 400 N Arizona St | The Palace Hotel 106 W Broadway St | Comfort Inn 2-star hotel | Copper Manor Motel 1-star hotel |
| | | | | 3.5 ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ 12 reviews |
| | | | | Econo Lo 2-star hotel |

Looking for Big Flavors in a Small New Mexico Town

– Zora O’Neill

You know you’re in for something good when a man with a tiny plastic spoon asks conspiratorially: “Have you tried the cherries jubilee? It’s what got me into the biz.”

Alotta Gelato is a typical small-town ice cream shop: rumbling freezer compressor, giddy barefoot kids, board games stacked in a corner. But its product is on a higher level, made from ingredients like sweet-tart Italian amarena cherries. It’s just one reason I love Silver City, a town of about 10,000 in southwestern New Mexico.

