

Diary 1965
England

Diary of
A Summer Holiday
in
England.
1965

Diary.

July 4 Sunday.

Both makers mending, putting away, tidying up in the house with Azuiz's efficient help. I was ready for my Great Adventure. Such hectic days of effort! I found it more & more of a labor to get ready over a few men. I had understood needed to take me to the BSA office at 8:30 - but I was up before - by 7:15 AM. & found Azuiz already on hand.

I don't know what I should have done without Caroline who appeared at the BSA at nine! and came all the way with me to the very footstep of the plane. She rescued me by paying \$122.50 for supposed extra - weight baggage for she overstated, found a mistake had been made & I got back my money (in 20 press checks!)

There was an immense crowd on the plane all the way to Athens - we were

2.
more than an hour late, which was a trial.
People got out at Athens, but as many
got on - so that we were jam-packed
all the way from Istanbul to London.
I found the journey tedious - & we went
through a series of clouds on the way -
bumpy somewhat. (I don't like
flying? Have I said this before? I
say it again!)

I sat next to a Jewish lady in a
very good seat next the first class -
very comfortable. She said she was a
British subject, though her accent was
German - she had just been to Israel.
She was named a knight and by the way -
but a stimulating companion but
pleasant withal.

I did not get out at Athens but
remained on the plane - a relief. At
last, at long last, we came down in
the blessed London airport at 5 P.M.!

3.
And there was that darling Evelyn to meet
me in her car. It was lovely. She told me that
Beth Sugar had arrived by air that very day
at 2:30 P.M. so Evelyn had more or less, opened
the day welcoming relatives.

we drove under clouds (no rain) in to
London to my favorite 34 - & she showed
me down to the downstairs, by the way,
But Peggy Beckman. Some time crowded
into my cubby-hole of a room - every-
thing so familiar - & had a chatterbox!
Peggy was going out in the evening, so
Evelyn & I went to a Whiskey on
Baker Street had each a hamburger &
2 cups of coffee, which set us up.
Much talk all the time - of Gail, the
family, & Christine the continuous
swains - & our plans for the next few
days. I had Evelyn goodbye at about
8.30. came into my room to unpack
properly - & sorted on my first night

ni handson tonon.

Three letters awaited me - from Zuzafrika, Eleanor & David Keening, as well as an invitation to the garden reception at Stanmore, which bills me with misgivings.

July 5 Monday

Peggy & her friend, Mrs. Cox, wanted me to have breakfast with them at the late hour of nine. I foolishly accepted. I had taken a tranquilizer and a fair night, but woke as usual at 4:30 and only dozed fitfully after that. However we next went to a heavy luncheon cafe' place (not exciting) on Blandford St. Had tea (for me) & a French lunch. They had coffee. Mrs. Cox, the friend from J.L.O. who lives in Geneva, was a very pleasant person, evidently a great friend of Peggy's. The luncheon was Geneva Foursome.

When we parted, I went to the Supermarket, where I laid in stores. Such laudible provisions why have I forgotten how "civilized" London is? I took my stuff home - then went to Mr. Timms & writing materials at the Corner Stationer's. I was touched by the fact that the man recognized me - stated he would not believe I had been away for 2 years.

Then I ventured forth along Cupboard St in a semi-trance, comme Toujours. I debated going to The Bank (Slyn hills) but decided to cash my \$20.00 of American Express checks which that wicked man at B&B in Istanbul had wanted to charge me (gas & excess baggage, which was non-existent). I got a little more than £7.0.0. for them. Then down Cupboard St to D.H. Evans, where I bought a cheap (20/-) green umbrella - to Marshall & Snelgrove, where I put a really nice capacious handbag. Then

on to the Higgins P.O. for stamps and air-mail sheets - 150 hours, (rather tired) by 11:30. I lay down flat for 40 minutes & decided to go to Bacon & Eggs for a real meal, as I was hungry. There was a formidable queue waiting for tables, but as I was alone, I quickly got a counter seat, ordered grilled bacon & eggs, tomato on roll - felt sustained.

Back to my cubby-hole for good coffee & then a long rest. when I think I dozed a little.

The rest of the afternoon, I wrote letters - to Constance Feni, Eleanor, David Keating.

Ruby had been good enough to invite me to dinner with her friends, Kitty Henry & Bertine Stern. She & Kitty arrived at 6:45 & we proceeded by bus to The Spanish Restaurant, mounting on Swallow St. off Regent St. where I dined once with Wilfred's kids. We all met there - had

very nice Sherry first, then a perfectly delicious meal - a Spanish dish of rice with various ingredients - there's lobster - mine chicken. I can remember Wilfred's enthusiasm for Mrs Henry & Mrs Stern, which I considered rather tiresome. However, they are rather charming old maids, who talked most intelligently. Their recommendation in Wilfred's eyes, was a letter of introduction from Cecil - in the year following the II world war, when they visited Duxbury. Mrs Stern had worked during the war with Cecil at Chatham House in London. Mrs Henry had worked with Constance Padwick on her Eastern problems. We had an animated evening - much talk - we didn't break up till nearly ten, when we took a No. 13 bus back to Gloucester Place.

I was glad to get back and to bed. A read - then half a Tranquillizer.

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July 6 Tuesday.

After a very fair night, I had breakfast in my own room - Early on, I was off first to the P. O. on Regent St. to get postcards & then I was off by underground to Bank. I put out £30.0.0 to meet such a nice man, Mr. Beorns, who talked about my statement (a copy of which was in his hand) & I told him of the as yet non-existent legacy!

Then I took the underground to Bond St. & bought stuff! soap de cologne, rubber bands, animal paper, wool etc - a real orgy of small matters. I was able to have a meal in my own room again at 12:30 & a hi-down - other letters & writing to be written -

At 5:30 Peggy & I started out to home dinner together - my party. She had never been to Grill and cheese & we did have a good meal & much good talk.

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I find all prices have risen since I was here in 1962 - restaurants, postage & especially bus & underground fares. This is a sign of prosperity. I am sure, but a little disconcerting. After our meal Peggy & I decided to try to go to Sau et humiers at Southwark Cathedral. When we came out it was raining! My first rain in London. So I was able to christen my new umbrella. However, the rain stopped shortly; we took No. 13 bus to the end of London Bridge. But alas, all seats in the cathedral were taken! I thought the tickets advertised were high (20/ and 10/) I may go later on. We walked across London Bridge & looked up across the Thames - in such murky air - mist & vapour. The Tower looked small in the distance; the huge cranes on either side of the river seemed gigantic. St. Pauls has been cleaned.

was different. There is heavy scaffolding on the dome.

He came back again by the 1.15 pm & I invited Peggy in for another cup of coffee - she talked & I talked; till after 10:30. I find she knows several of the Columbia people, who have been to D.C.

A.B. Darn amazed at the tremendous satisfaction I feel in London. Wonderful, wonderful city. If only I were 20 years younger!

July 7 Wednesday.

My first expedition was to Harrold's library. I took out a subscription for £2.17.0 & came away with the hefty volume of Elizabeth Longford's new book, Victoria R.I. Coming away to get my 74 Bus back, I ran into Herbert home of all people! He & his group had been unable to get into the movie of my Fair Lady last night. All washed.

I went home at 11 + then out again, tramping the streets to get supplies I got thoroughly tired - so that I would hardly walk home. I bought Cyprus sherry & 2 wine glasses - sandwiches, drinks, milk.

At 12 Betty Kondayan arrived & I took her to Rehenham's for lunch. To my astonishment, I found the Restaurant had moved to the 2nd floor. He had a good meal & good talk. The Kondayans have already done a great deal & even much - but they are not very pleased with 94 Surrey Gardens. It is run by Stranians - real squid-diggers. They have a small room, no desk, no bed lamps - they are disappointed. The trouble there is, I imagine that they try to get things too cheaply - an oriental mistake. Be willing to pay a little more & live in comfort.

Betty would have liked to go to a movie with me, but I wouldn't face it because

it seemed too fatiguing. She said she would go instead to Khering Green Road & look at the house stalls - so I came home to have a good rest. I wrote several letters & read the very delightful Hans Victoria R. 1. admirably written.

I bath at 10 & go to bed - in my very comfortable room -

July 8 Thursday.

Such a day! I walk too much & I am no longer equal to it! I went out about 9:30 first to 1 Boney St. with my second instrument. There I saw my old friend, Eric Bell - who said I needed only a new wire & 1/6 - - many times. He was as lively as ever - knows all about Ceticus hearing aids - has my batteries - London has everything!

Then on to Church's Shoe Shop for Alpha: Roman! Dismal news here - her two choices of shoes are no longer in stock, what to do?

I shall have to write to recommend another. It is a nuisance. There isn't time for Betty to take care of them. Really, Aetsha might not to ask people, who are travelling by air, to bring things to her.

I then went on to buy linen, which I finally found at Herbert's 13/6 was a good.

This was enough & I came back to my room.

But I did want to have a good lunch - So - at 12:30 I went to the old Grill & there I had an excellent meal. I felt renewed. Then I went on in search of supply of food - for breakfasts & lunches & lunch. My old favorites: sandwiches, apples, dumplings, cold slaw. I had no idea I would enjoy bread so much, in spite of my fatigue, due to my increasing years. Back to my room for a rest & read them at 3-30 a journey to the President Hotel to see the Hagens.

This hotel is quite new - opposite the

Russell Hotel on Russell Square. The Hazens were late 4:40 but we did have such a nice visit + tea - Mrs. Hazen asked me all manner of questions. He sat by a window in the lounge + who should appear, having seen us thru the window, but the landlady said they didn't stay - just a greeting. They had been sightseeing all P.M.

In the midst of our talk all of a sudden I saw walking in Ruderic Davison! Tableau! He was with a very nice girl + I saw them having tea together. I had to run away + stay hullo. He said he was leaving shortly for home.

I left about 5:15, walked down Guildford Street but found it too long to Doughty's news + came back by underground. A cherry + small supper, which was good. And so my birthday day in London was passed. All well, so far.

July 9 Friday.

H.B. Remembers that Alpha's possible choice for a shoe may be the CARILTON @ 136/6 size 9 5 B

The weather is poor. Cold in the morning when I woke 61°. Not summer warmth! I started out to do some shopping along Oxford St. I bought shoes at Lilly & Co. + building had shipped that I have wanted for some time 40/ + 8/6 not expensive. Then I went to my room + started out again to see Mrs. Davies at 16 Brunswick St. Another loud maunions. Such tales + were as she had to tell me about her daughter Wendy. She had written me that Wendy had married a man called Fainy, who deserted her 3 mos. before the baby was born. Heris Eggert, whom I met in the hall a day or so ago intimated that the child was illegitimate. She remarked, "They say she was married." I wonder what the truth is. Po or Mrs. Davies.

She now takes full care of the baby, Amanda. And lets everyone know what a burden it is - though the iceberging the baby is adorable. She was still asleep, while we had our coffee & I listened to the talk of Mrs. Davis, I think, has the wrong approach to her family as well as to life. Too dogmatic, too emphatic - yet kindly. Clear, practical withal. Before I left, the baby awakes from her warm nap - a tiny, sweet, cherubic, red haired 14 mos. child. Who was her father, I wonder? Mrs. Davis did not explain - she said nothing of a wedding. Poor dear, never all of them.

I came back at 12:30 & had a snack lunch, then lay down & read about Victoria - at 3 I went out for tobacco & cigars - for breakfast & other needs. Then letter writing - to

Judith, to Thelma, to the Ralphs.

A bit of chess, or a snack supper & more reading finished the evening.

It is ridiculous what pleasure I get from going out into the London morning air to buy my Times at the corner stationer. I find joy in walking the streets, in watching the people. The men, particularly, attract me. And the few times when I have asked strangers the way, I have been gratefully pleased by their ready, friendly response.

July 10 Saturday.

This was an unlucky day. I had a very good night, breakfast in my room at 9:30 went up to see Peggy in her 2nd floor room. She was in the midst of washing & had her very pretty dressing-gown on. We arranged to have breakfast together tomorrow at Courants Hotel, just before.

I then called Wraith, buying provisions & I thought I might break at quits.

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I took the underground to Apsold Circus
(I can't walk as far as I used to) + went
to B.H. - but I was bewildered + saw
nothing I liked. I also went in to
Mars + Spencer - even less alluring.
I seemed to walk miles before I found
a 159 bus to bring me back. The confusion
at Apsold Circus is terrible. A new
underground is being built; there is a
ramp; Linn's buses have been re-
mounted; there are now many one way
streets. Roman! Roman!

Lunch, a big cream. + a long read
on Victoria R.D. then early tea.

At 5 I started out, (all dressed
in my best) to go to Stanmore to
the Charles + Judith's party. But I
had the most heartily luck. I had
seen the proper numbers 707, 705
706 on Edgware Rd + felt confi-
dent I was right. But no, the Green

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line buses were coming in between, not
giving out. I asked a policeman where to go
- but he didn't know. I asked a newsman
+ someone in front of a shop - no luck.
The Portman St. Green line bus coach is
not the one for Stanmore. I must have
walked around Marble Arch for half an hour.

Finally, I gave up. At six I went into
Bacon + Eggs had a Grill on roll - too early,
but I couldn't face going home that again.

To my joy, Peggy came in for a good visit -
7-8:30 - time had a chat. Nice creature.

In a way I was relieved not to go to
Stanmore. I wrote Gilhaig + Gudwin an
apologetic note + hope she will understand.

I saw in the Times the notice of the
death of Virginia Gilhaig at the age of
87. Peggy said she had been in a nursing
home for some time. A very fine woman
+ an ex-trustee of the Girls' College. I
remember her well in the 2nd World War.

July 11 Sunday.

Peggy suggested we go out for a real English breakfast at Durraut's Hotel, where he had stayed, earlier, for 2 weeks. Staff he went at 8:30. The breakfast was awfully good, served in a charming breakfast room, but expensive - 10/- per person. I was happy to take her. I had my first whiskers!

I came back for a short time then at 11 went to St. Mary, Lebone's Parish Church. It so happened that the ¹⁹⁵⁶⁻⁶¹ Bishop of London the Right Rev. Right Hon. H. Montgomery Campbell M.C. D.D. (!) was to dedicate the restored & completed organ. Hence the service was much curtailed there was a special program. Most of the Service was taken up with music - showing the congregation what the organ could do. Very nice. It had been drizzling when I came to church but dry, when I walked back. I had a snack lunch in his, cream & iced bar

on hours at 50.

Then, at 2:40 I started out for Highgate taking the No. 21 bus from Marylebone Rd. All so familiar. I got to Paul Square at about 3:20. There was that dear Greta to greet me. We had a wonderful chattering afternoon - I got a good deal of news from her. The Supers were away, visiting friends, but they appeared a little after six. (We had had a good tea together - Greta and I) The children, Susan 4 & Alexander 2 are very bright but at all shy. Susan looks like Rachel - then her style was somewhat cramped by preoccupation with the babies. Finally they were given lunch, dressed in dressing-gowns, given their meal, behind the scenes where they romped. But really romped, perfectly well behaved but terribly active.

Greta is wonderful about preparing a meal when the babies were finally put to bed upstairs, we four sat down to a very misty supper.

maccaroni in the oven, toast, and a fine apricot tart. We all helped to wash up.

Later on, after coffee, Greta showed me all pictures of Italy - say the Sugars' home in h.S. I was much interested. I thought Rachel looked very tired. Peter is nic - it is a happy family.

Greta, the guano, could, drove me back to 34 in pouring rain. It had begun to rain about 4 - continued till ten. What a climate!

July 12. Monday

Pouring rain all day long! Roman! Roman! I didn't go out till after 10:30 then only to the P.O. on Wigmore St + to buy for supplies (Mars + Spencer (post) a very pretty slip 24/ + another pair of stockings. I then came home + had a snack lunch. Unfortunately Peggy wanted me to come out with her but I couldn't. Instead I gave her sherry + chips in my room + packed a good deal about Turkey + my relatives. I was

late with my lunch in consequence.

After a short lie-down, I decided to see the movie Tom Jones of which I had heard so much. It was still raining when I took No. 13 bus to Charing Cross, then walked along overlooking pavements to Prince Charles Theatre off Leicester Square, though it is advertised on Leicester Square. The film was good from the point of view of scenery + wonderful 18th Century costumes. Of course it was coarse, and then Fielding's Tom Jones is coarse. The audience was small for the 3:10 performance - the theatre very pretty + comfortable. I suppose one would say this is an unusually nice movie, but I am not a cinema fan. + that's the truth.

I got back (still raining) at 6 - was so thirsty that I had "a nice cup of tea" 3 in fact. At 7:30 the house invited me up to Miss brother's room - a big front

mom Sunday & I had in 1953 & 1956. He
chatted on this street. Sophie's hairdresser had
his operation today. She was much out-
raged because the surgeon said they could
come & see him for the first time on Thursday,
this is Monday. The Spartan methods
of English doctors are a shade to other
Europeans & Americans.

At a little before 8 I went to a dinner
at grill & cheese - a half-upt dinner or
mixed grill - tomatoes - my last, I
expect in that place this summer. I
came back then a drier world, as the rain
had stopped. It was late. I finished
that admirable book Victoria R.I. by
Elizabeth Langford. I have gently enjoyed
to mean to get another book from
Harrod's library tomorrow.

July 13 Tuesday.

This turned out to be a huge day.
I went first by No 74 bus to Harrod's

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I was able to get cent Howard Amen's second
volume (Yards) of Journey from Obscurity.
As yet I have bought nothing in the way of
clothes, & I am in 2 minds as to how
to get. Sweater, suit, dress? So I looked
at Harrod's, then C & A, then M & S, but I saw
nothing I wanted. It will be better to wait
till after the Sales get something good &
expensive at a good shop. I had a
sandwich at home, thought I would eat up
what was left of my snacks for lunch.

But I was amazed to have Mrs. Gradwin
arrive in person & ask me to have lunch
with her. Such a friendly gesture! She
had telephoned while I was out. We
took a taxi to Rebenham's & had a very
pleasant lunch (work keep & just a shine
kindship with ice cream to follow) & then
we had advice at the entrance & I
hid me home to pack, pay my bill &
await Evelyn's arrival.

She came on the dust of 4. We put our things into the car. I said goodbye to the nice Mrs. Williams & we were off. Whereupon Evelyn did a tall indeed.

It seems that just before she left home, her neighbour, Mrs. Wardell, came into her house & said, "There is a man in my bathroom!" Mrs. W. telephoned for the police, while Evelyn volunteered to go into the garden & watch for the man. In a few moments, he slithered down the trellis to make off. Evelyn caught his coat, whereupon he flushed her hair & she fell down. At this moment, a passer's car came along & S. told the driver to run after the thief but he was unable to catch him. S. was not hurt tho' a reaction came on, once she got into the car to come to London! Such a tale in this civilized land.

I had forgotten how far away Tadworth is. It seemed a long drive. We got in at 5:30 had tea, while we were drinking it, Mrs. Wardell came in to tell us the sequel of her adventure. The police arrived & later a detective, saying they know the bag (aged 16 or so) who was trying to steal. He had returned to Mrs. W. & she had not sent it to the police!

This house is in perfect order & such a charming habitation. Evelyn's amenities. I sleep in the spare room - which is in perfect condition - bed light, wash basin with boiling hot water, adequate drawers & clothes chest - perfect.

We had a charming evening, talking, listening to T.V. discussing our family. I find I am perfectly at home here - a new environment but charming. In some ways I was sorry to leave her down behind - but happy to be here.

July 14 Wednesday

A very good night, under a warm
sidelown! Christine arrived "just
in time" at about 8 - having come
from Karachi, Delhi, Bombay,
Sydney, the Philippines - & Cairo!! She
was weary, tanned & enthusiastic.
A wonderful child.

Early morning tea is inevitable, much
as it is out of my orbit. I had breakfast
just alone with E., as Christine went
to her room to sleep, as she had been
up all night on the plane. She wasn't
really well, having "a tummy" as she said.

I went with Evelyn to the Bank - cashed
£20 in American Express checks & gave
Evelyn £20.0.0. in advance for my P.G.
status for July. E. went on to shops.
I walked back along the charming
country roads, bordered by such
fine houses with lovely gardens.

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I lay down after lunch (Christine having
not upstairs, so we were alone) had a long
rest & read. Harold Owen's story with
→ Journey below Alacran is painful -
Owen rejoices to know who eventually survived
his miseries.

At tea time I came down & Christine was
there, looking rather unwell in a
yellow print dress. But she isn't really
well - she ate unavailably, I think - & soon
disappeared for the rest of the day. Her
mother discovered she had 100" of bones
in the evening.

After tea E. wanted to take the dog
(a beautiful brown creature called
Brandy) for a run, so into the car we
went, drove to an open space near
Hendley & she went off for a walk of $1\frac{1}{2}$
an hour while I sat in the car & read &
conversed. He were not the only ones who
were giving dogs a run. I watched a

couple playing ball with their small dog. Too amusing & too English! We were back home by 6:30 when there was sherry before dinner.

E. gives too lavish a table - I can't compose her meals. She gave, in the evening on my eighteenth tea table, which I enjoyed. After dinner at 9:15 we listened to the news. We were shocked & dumbfounded to learn immediately that Adlai Stevenson had collapsed in the street in Grosvenor Square & died. He was only 65. The rest of the news (most of it) was taken up with tributes to this very remarkable man. The host was a long talk by Lord Caradon (Michael Foot), British ambassador to the U.S. He spoke wonderfully well, as a long and friend of Stevenson. The man is a great loss to U.S. the U.S.A. and the world.

Foellmer's trip on T.V. was a remarkable true account of the ascent of the weatherman on the hundredth anniversary of Whymper's historic first climb on July 14, 1865. It was wonderful & rather terrifying.

And to bed about 10:30

July 15 Thursday

A fairish night. My schedule now is quite different. At 7 A.M. I have a tray of tea with 2 biscuits. Then a little later in comes E. with my Times. I sit and read till 8:40 when I get up & dress. Breakfast at 9! A change to Evelyn's but a pleasant one. Christine says she is better.

He had a quiet day on the whole. I went out to post a letter or two just before lunch. The second post brought me 4 letters: Whims! Mr. Conroy, Margaret Goad, Vivian Knorr, Beth Stanton. All these people sent word that they were coming to St. Paul's this summer, if not they themselves - friends!

Philip Ralph has sent extra stamps on all
here - quite unnecessary - I am writing
to tell him so.

I had a very long rest - 2 hours - not
sleeping, but reading & thinking. Christine
went to see the doctor after tea - 6 P.M. & was
given advice and pills. I told her she
eats (very little) unwise - however it is not
my business. We had, as usual, a very
good tea - & I seemed staid.

After supper we watched television
- even before - Deenwood's tribute
to the news, then a crime story, which was
inthralling. And so to bed at ten-ish
o'clock! but a good hot bath
July 16 Friday.

(I had family early - 10 P.M.) I. was
tired. She worked too hard. In the P.M.
I wrote a number of letters: To Lillian, to
Beth Stanton, to Margaret Guade - &
then I posted them in the deuce (bit of)

Indwesth village. I was impressed by the
Stationary Shop - and nice paper, candles,
Penguins. I bell for a book by Evelyn Waugh
David Copperfield which I have never read.
Lunch was punctuous as usual.

At 2:30 I. & I were off to Reigate. She &
Ships first, then we called on Mrs. Miller -
(Charles Miller's ^{mother} ~~wife~~) in her Reigate home
to bring her back to tea. She is a thin, blue-
eyed person, the mother of 4 boys - 2 in
h.S. Charles in Zurich & one at home. She
is very deaf, tho' she wears an aid. We
drove her home & had a rather exhausting
hour or so - tho' taking a great deal &
not hearing very well. I said she was
"all in": Christine drove Mrs. Miller home.

We had a huge dinner - roast beef, & all
this pudding, stomach & putative followed
by a mure - lemon, absolutely de-
hicious, but too much, too much.

Christine told me terrific stories about

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Some of the prisoners at headnorth
Prison, with whom she has acted.
One, especially, David Rure, an under-
graduate at Exford, who murdered
his wife & is in prison for life! He
corresponds with him - & showed me
a letter he had written her. Really, really!

After dinner, we listened & looked
at television. I found this very inter-
esting, especially the news - & talks
by various government people.
We also saw a play, in Scotch which
was amusing, but I don't get all the
rapid speech. And so to bed.

July 17 Saturday.

The same ritual. Early morning
tea at 7 - then a long read till 8:40
dinner - & down for breakfast at 9.
So strange it is for me - but I am
finding it pleasant. A letter from
Marian Racth is p.c. (surprisingly)

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from the Sims.

I spent most of the morning writing - morn-
ing there many letters. At 10:30 Christine was
off to an air port near Winchester to see the man
she calls her "boy-friend" (silly words) who was
to take his pilot's test - Michael Spear. At
12:30 E. & I went to have lunch at a famous
pub restaurant called Okegna at Warton-on-
the-Hill - a very fine old Pub - very Swish -
where we had a most excellent meal - (my
party, tho' E. protested) then home again & a
fairly mercurial P.M. tea & supper & sleep.
The evening was all TV. Somerset Maugham's
The Sacred Flame was on Radio. Before
that I heard T.V. news most interesting. I am
enough of a country cousin to love the
television for the most part.

Christine came in at 10, saying she had been
up in a one-engined plane with a test-pilot.
A most adventurous child she is. And so
to bed about 10:30, reading Euefyn Maugh.

July 18 Sunday.

From the Sunday Times on the front page: "July no longer has been the coldest, driest, wettest for ten years now, the experts—"

I met off for a short walk after breakfast but the other end of Tadworth found a shop open, where I bought an Album (very good) all about Robert Cranes by Philip Tagher & H.J.B. on the front page. I also got a packet of cigarettes. Rothmans, very expensive.

E. was very busy in the kitchen, preparing an immense meal for his friend & Nella, who were due a little after 12. They arrived in their car from Sevenoaks. What a couple they are - fairly kindly, fairly civil but without grace - no pretty phrases - no leading questions. E. gave us all drinks - sherry and ducknet & then we had a wonderful meal - all prepared by E. & C.

he touched a bit in the living room, then I retired for an hour, for I feel I must have my rest, even tho' short. I came down again around 6.30 to see the three of them sitting in the garden under a tree. The first time, E. said, that it has been possible this summer here it is the 18th of July. Then there was tea and more talk. We had had brought large volumes of photographs, most of them of museum pieces, which left me cold. He is mad about photography & collecting. He could give us some consolation about our legacies - E's & mine. But I wonder.

About 6 they had a drink - with never a word of thanks - but with a more or less self-invited visit again here to show pictures on the projector on Aug. 5th. What a couple! They are like bits of ice pressed to my heart, when they should be warm coins - All the Romells are

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partly superior to nearly all the Seagulls,
in sensitivity, good manners - & good
breeding.

E. & I talked about these incongruous
guests, when they had gone. C. had gone
off on her own after lunch, so that the
two elderly were left alone, which
was just as well.

He had a delicious light supper and
then very amusing T.V. Ingrid Bergson
& Cary Grant in Indiscreet - the news
• The Finnish Trench - a comic story
about a girl's Finnish scheme - I
thought this last rather well betted.
He did not go to bed till after 11:15
• I read till 12:30

July 19 Monday.

My only letter was from your
old Alaska giving me instructions about
her infernal shoes from Church's!

It was much warmer and had a

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bit of sunshine after a misty morning. I am
so amused at English people in their
attitude towards the weather. If the tempera-
ture gets to 68° or 70° they moan with the
heat! It is too funny. They don't know
what real heat is. They go about with
bare arms on chilly days - seem to
come to no harm. They don't know
what real comfort is.

Early on we decided to go to Guild-
ford to see if we could get tickets for the
play tonight - in a beautiful new theatre
that has just been constructed. En
route, A. wanted to stop at Gomshall
hill for coffee - It is a herbaceous, heavily
grazed by a tiny mill & with a lovely
garden, but unfortunately we found
a sign closed on Mondays. Much dis-
appointment. He went near by to
place called The Compasses, where we
had cherry, clubmoss & pines etc. Then

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C. went back in her car - & E. & S. to
Sunderland. She was asked to get tickets
for the play Thru for this evening.

A lovely lunch was prepared by
Christine after work. I lay down. I
read Evelyn Waugh's A Handful of Stars
which is a terribly beautiful story. It gave
me the blues - clumsily written but so
sad - the people modern squirts,
particularly the woman in that
I would have wept. After all, it is
only a story, but I felt as if all
joy had been squeezed out of
modern young people.

July 20 Tuesday. (See later notes) 1911

In the middle of the night came a
telegram to Christine about her next
flight - to Montreal, Detroit, again
Montreal and back! So there was a
very busy morning. She had to
attend to half a dozen Henry papers

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she left. She was due at the airport to-
morrow at 10.

Evelyn & I had decided to go off to Surrey.
We were delayed by the heavy business
of G's teaching etc. but by 11 we were
off. I had suggested going to Bournemouth
to see Bateman's pupils' home. We
had a wonderful drive, via Epsom
Green and Westfield. E had wanted
to include Hants but this will
have to wait for another day. We got to
Bournemouth by 1.15 and found that Bateman's
did not open till 2:30 - so we went to
The Bell Inn to have lunch. It is an
old inn opposite a very ancient
church, St. Bartholomew's. Our lunch
was expensive 9/6 but very good. We
put in time before going to Bateman's
seeing the church. We found the
memorial plaque to John Keble, the
author's only son, erected in 1912. He

was only 15. Needs. What a terrible
blow - one I have shared in my own life.
Horrible, ridiculous, unnecessary War!
No wonder I despair of mankind.

He found a crowd of some 20
people assembled to see Bateman's,
and what a revelation it was. The
house is all 16 hundred - with
panelled rooms. He saw the dining-
room, study, best bedroom, children's
room. The garden is beautiful - with
a sunken pond, rose garden, box
hedges - E. was pleased about our
inspection - which pleased me.

He drove home & reached Tadworth
by 4:30. Did his long rest, then supper
at 8. C. was busy upstairs, but I
heard the news of a social studies
course of the Young Adolescents.
And so to bed.

(Note on July 19th) I forgot to complete the
account of this day. We had an early supper
then E. C. a friend, Ruth Wanklyn, and I
all repaired to the Young Amateurs theatre
in Guild vic, to see a most amusing game
by Ben Travers called Thank. About
a haunted country house. We laughed
till we cried. Back by eleven.

July 21 Wednesday.

I overslept, like a fool, & missed my
early tea. Bob was at 8:30 - when I
was ready - C. was off ^{for} the airport at
9 - & I took the 9:45 train to Charing
Cross. E. was to have a huge clean at
the house - a char, Mrs. Curry, a window
cleaner to put man garden. So it
was a good day to have to be off.

My time was limited so I didn't go
to my Bank but thought I would
get Alpha's shoes at Church's first.

I took a bus to the Wood Circus - walked
to Thrush's & officially got the shoes she
wanted - v. expensive £6.16.6. I
was delayed because when I got to
London Bridge, I had to take another
train to Charing X. This, I am told,
is because of an unofficial strike of
some of the railwaymen.

Instead of going to Slyn hills, I
cashed \$40 in English money at the
Westminster Bank - then found it
was 11:45 & I was due at Harrod's
to meet Peggy at 12, so I took a
taxi. I found her, as arranged, in the
Hairdressing Dept. & we decided
to have our lunch in the Restaurant.
What a wonderful place. I had never
been there before. I was greatly im-
pressed with the whole shop - surely
the best in London.

Our lunch was good, of expensive.

Table d'hôte, then he made a dinner.

I went to the library, some book my
Harold Owen wrote about Violet Bonham-
Carter's Houston Churchill or I Love Him.
I wanted The Founding Father by Whalen,
but it was out.

I took a bus to Marble Arch, bought
some choc. mints for E. & wandered
along crowded Oxford St. I bought
black my hair gloves at Selfridges then
took me to Charing X. station. What
was my dismay to find that I had to go
on to London Bridge Station to get my
3:20 train. I barely had time. I took a
taxi (spending money like water!)
& just made my train. Whew! This, too,
I learn, is due to the semi-strike. E.
met me at the station. She said there had
been a huge thunderstorm, with heavy
rain - indeed it was obvious. Not a drop
had fallen in London.

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Ila was very welcome & then a long rest, with a fish dinner (very good) at 8 - a day.

Afterwards we listened to the news at 9:15 followed by 1½ hours of the International Harro Show which was fascinating. The Swigget 2 gold cups was presented to a German-Whisker. He saw the Queen & the Duke - all very impressive for a country cousin like me. And so to bed after 11
July 22 Thursday.

Rather a quiet day. No rain till later. I wrote four letters: Connie, Betty, & Alphe, & Roy - then towards 11 I went to the village to post them.

Sumptuous lunch as usual - then I rested a long time & actually slept for an hour. Roman! Ila - while E. worked in her garden, before and after. I am amazed at the work E. accomplishes.

47
Too much.

The news at 9:15 was entirely taken up with the resignation of Sir Alec Douglas Home. He appeared to be interviewed & one was impressed with his sincerity, integrity & civilized air. He is almost "too good" to be a political leader. There are speculations as to who will be the next leader of the Conservative Party. Mandelstam & Heath seem to be the likely candidates. After the 9:15 news, talk about the leader. Sir Alec went on till 10:10 - when it was time for bed. I read only a short while. No pill - I find Violet Bonham-Carter on Churchill most fascinating. This is a lovely house. I only hope I am not being a burden. E. controls many good things - quite unnecessary - & she takes too great care of the comfort of her guests. It is heart-warming, but too much for her.

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July 23 Friday

Heavy rain in the night. This was a day of rain & thunderstorms, rain & thunderstorms, bits of sunshine, heavy black clouds. At 9:20 P.M. E. drove me to the hairdresser where I had a hair trim and a most efficient shampoo & set. E. called for me, in the rain, the leucid creature.

I was able to write 2 letters in the P.M. as well as my diary - letters to Rigi's Gordon & Catherine Wright

We went out to lunch to the Willow-Cafe in Tacheworth - E. pays up the bill, though I wanted to share it or pay for it all. She won't let me! Back to the house where I had a good rest till 3 - while E. worked till a Traxon getting ready for our guests, on Saturday & for Sunday.

At 5 we went in the car to Epsom, where E. bought a bulb for her pinks - then on to the Downs, where she gave the dog

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a run. This is part of the program of almost every English family! Too amusing. I suppose it keeps people in good health, but what a chore, thinking always of the comfort of the animals.

We had tea - Then I read & came to bed in the evening we watched television - Dr. Finlay's Casebook & a Spanish film - but we went to bed early - a bath, half a pill, & lights out at 10:30 (D. phone call to Julia - word to the Sugar)

July 24 Saturday

This was a social day, because Kenneth & Delyld were expected. Much activities in the P.M. to get ready for them. It rained as usual. What a summer.

Early on, Christine arrived from her latest flight to Detroit & Montreal. She goes to her room, on these occasions and sleeps as she is warm out. She had brought her weather very pretty bath towels from Detroit. But she was upset, because

her car, which she left at the airport
Parking Place, had been damaged by
vandals. The hood had been shielded &
the door handle had been tampered
with. She has insurance, but it would be
a process to get the money for it.

The Ramells arrived about 11:30 —
so proud to see them again. Kenneth
looked well — if he has too many
minutes for 66. He had a great comb
before dinner, when I am afraid I
talked too much. They had spent
the night at Anita's before coming
here & were going on to stay for 4
days with Ina in Leatherhead.

E. as usual, had an overwhelming
meal for us at noon — roast duck &
all the fixings — far too much. However
it was much appreciated. After
dinner, we all retired & had a
doze & read. Then came tea.

Agami must talk. Phyllis is still a little
'different' since her slight stroke. E.
tells me one side of her face is numb —
This interferes a little with her speech —
but very little.

The Ramells stayed on for supper —
By this time (a little earlier — tea time)
Christine came down, having had
several hours of sleep. The guests
left around 8:30 & as they didn't
know the roads about here very well,
E. & I took her car, & led their car to
Leatherhead. On our way back, we
had to give the dog a run again on
Headley Common. It is, as I have
said, a meeting place for people to
exercise their pets — I sat in the car,
eyeing a couple of owners in another car!
while Ina went walking across the
Common, with Broadly galloping
ahead of her. We heard the news at 10 P.M.

and so to bed early. Half a pill -

July 25 Sunday.

Shortly after breakfast, I went to the village for my observes - It was a lovely morning. (These sunny mornings were last) and I read the news (Heath or mandating for leader of the Conservative Party?) at 10:35 E. & I went off to Quaker meeting in Sutton. Christine didn't wake till eleven! This was the first real Quaker meeting I have attended. There must have been some 50-60 people assembled - we sat for one hour in complete silence. Three men, at intervals, got up to speak - one making a tribute to the memory of Adlai Stevenson. I was impressed with the looks of the people - good, serious faces. There is something spiritually intriguing about a Quaker meeting.

I admire the Society of Friends. They are real. They sit in silence & think of the Eternal Verities.

We came back by 12:30 E. prepared a splendid lunch by 1:15. Then a long rest - finishing Evelyn Waugh's A Handful of Dust - which greatly depressed me.

In the evening at 8 o'clock, Christine showed me fascinating pictures - new ones of the Far East - Bangkok, Singapore, Hong Kong - also Trinidad & Bermuda. & then some ancient ones of her trips to the bear Earth with Charlie Miller. She has admirers wherever she goes! Besides her Michael Spear, a steward on B.O.A.C. by name, Trinidad Fleming has already declared himself. Richard Marsh keeps on asking her to marry him; Charlie Miller would marry her tomorrow; a Swedish professor telephoned her from Sweden! and an Arab asked for her hand, Hannibal a few days' acquaintance! I forget John Hirt, who has been seeking her hand!!

July 26 Monday

This was my unlucky day. I had hoped to meet Beth Stanton for lunch in Town. She had told me she was arriving in London (Whitehall Hotel - Montague St.) on Monday, the 26th. I had written to her in L.S. & arranged the Blacks arranging how we should meet. I ought to have written her hotel. E suggested we call up the hotel at 9:30 but telephone was in at 7 PM. & E reckoned he would get to the hotel by 9:30 only. It was a mistake. When we called up, she had just gone out. He left a message that I would be lunching at St. Evans & that she was to call at Tadworth 2155. Amos! None of these schemes worked.

As I had decided on town I went upwards, catching the 10:15 to London Bridge. I found when I reached London that I had only time to get the No. 13

bus to Bond St. opposite St. Evans & I went to the Restaurant at 12. I kept up an eye on the entrance, but of course Beth never turned up. I had a table long myself - fried plaice with tartar sauce - a roll, & coffee 6/ with tip.

My only purchases were wages meagre - two shirts, a black cotton or black jute - and box tanned at M. S. But before that I went to Harrod's to change my book, taking out Compton Mackenzie's Actane 4 1907-1915. Though I am afraid I missed Actane 3. Haman!
 The streets & shops were horribly crowded. I was unable to find a black dress for a gift at Evans - where I had got such a satisfactory one for Amos. I'll try again.

I early got the 3.51 train back to Tadworth that good Evelyn was at the station to meet me - tho' I had asked her

not to try to meet me, as I was uncertain
as to when I would arrive. I was tired.
I had a good rest. Christine was out,
so we had dinner à deux. Then I
watched T.V. was quite a bit - but left
for bed at 10:20.

July 27 Tuesday.

I was greeted by 3 quad letters -
Sarah, Dorothy, Elizabeth P. very
nice. This was a day for an outing,
so E. & I started out for Rye in
Sussex at 9:35 P.M. A cloudy day,
though there was intermittent sunshine.

We had a lovely, long drive thru
beautiful green country via East
Grinstead, south & finally reached Rye
a little after 12. A perfectly adequate
town. We wandered along cobbled
streets to the beautiful Church - saw
the most enchanting old houses &
streets. We finally found Henry

James' hauls house but of course it
was closed to visitors till 2:15 P.M. Plus.
he went to have dinner in a Thomas
Hatch House - very old, very crowded -
& I think expensive - the house in which
Hatch, the dramatist had been born.
After lunch, which was not over till 1:40
or so, E. felt we could wait no longer
to see the James house, so we found
the car & started the long trek home.

Before this we went into a gift
shop. E. had a wedding present for
Arthur & I got postcards &
very nice history of Rye.

The journey back was as pleasant
as one could wish - along many country
roads, with very little traffic. We
got back at 4:35 which was dinner time.
Christine was out. A cup of tea then
a rest for me, but not for Evelyn.
She had to meet Christine at Marden

as C's car is still being repaired at the garage. Then get Brandy back from Mrs. Keating.

I had a bath at 6:15 - the other two arrived at 7. Then dinner at nearly 8 & as usual P.V. Mr. Edmund Heath has been elected head of the Conservative Party (a potential Prime Minister - I wanted Reginald Maudslip -) with 150 votes to 132. We watched a v. amusing show plus a Play called After Hours which was good.

Went to my room after a while, good day, at 10:20.

July 28 Wednesday

Wednesday is always a rather hectic day in this house. To visit the helper, Mrs. Curry comes to clean, & in the afternoon the gardener. Besides this Enge invites a half-witted girl called Rosalind, to
Rosalie

spend the morning, in order to give her another time out. All this plus preparation for the "Hay-press", Michael Spear, who was coming to lunch and tea and supper. In the P.M. I wrote a little, but under difficulties because of the cleaning - Then I went to the village to 1) post my letters, 2) get cleaning cotton rags. Christine was busy filling out an Insurance form.

Michael did not arrive till 1:30 & we were not able to sit down to lunch till 1:45 - He had been to Amsterdam that morning. What shall I say of him? He is not out of the top drawer, but well bred & polite - not handsome. His great defect, I think, is his lack of a sense of humor. It was embarrassing for him to have a foreign cousin at the table but we managed.

Poor E. was driven. She had to prepare a meal for the evening. However,

She suggested our going out for tea to the Gornhall Hill, a romantic spot, which we have seen before. She thought first she would be ready by 3 P.M. so that my rest was unimpaired, but by 3:30, she wasn't ready & we finally left at 3:45. C. & her "boy-briend" then had the house to themselves.

We drove thru parking road and to in this charming old mill - with a wheel of flowing water under glass on one side. We had a very good tea, tho' I could eat only one piece of toast. For E's meals are colossal. After tea we drove around about, reaching home towards six.

After dinner we played Bridge, teaching Christine for her first lesson. Michael plays a good game but gives too many instructions too early. However the night Christine caught on very

quickly, tho' of course she has a great deal to learn. We stopped at 10:30 as she leaves for Detroit tomorrow 12.M. she goes to Dublin, as a B.E.D. Steward early. So we had advice to the famous kitchen - which is to be.

May 29 Thursday

Christine was off at 9. A hurried 12.M. overcast with a nasty wind. Early on at 10 E. called up the Queen's Theatre for us to see Noel Coward's Parent Haughton to-night. Stall tickets pronounced - very pretty.

E. went out to shop for her and you and I went with her. - electric shops, bank, provisions. I posted a letter for her + hot chocolate for tonight. It came time to a delicious fish (fried plaice) drink + then a long rest.

We had a high-ten at 5. because we were going in to town. What a long way it is - E. says 18 miles from Westminster Bridge.

There was a good deal of tea this - but we were in London by a little after 7. At Piccadilly Circus there were mobs of teen-agers as a first night of a new Beatles film was to take place at a new big cinema. Such utter gaudiness - I do seem to be believed. We were able to park the car below Waterloo Place & walk to the theatre, Queens. Here E. gave me a drink; we got cent tickets 30/ each because we sat very near by - 4th Row.

The play Present Thoughts was awfully good. There was a full audience though we laughed. All the actors & actresses were new to me. I am very "old hat" as to the stage. But no questions about people who acted in New York between 1914-18 & I can see 50+ a dozen of the best! He came back in an hour leaving

at ten to eleven (it was a long play) & that dear E. must give me a hot drink - quite unnecessary but insisted upon.

In London I saw the advance announcement of the plays from Dickens by Evelyn Williams, at the Globe Theatre - which I must go to. Bookings will not begin till Friday, week - the 13th most interesting. ~~London~~

July 30 Friday

A p.c. from Betty L. re letter from Betty S. Poor Bertha Daniel has broken her hip & is in hospital in Paris. A letter, too, from Wallace - as the busman has arrived! Aman!

It was a horrid day with much rain. I stayed in most of the time, though, after E. had done her shopping, we went to the Willow Cafe in lunch, as there is so much to do to prepare for the contingent from Highgate tomorrow.

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After a most excellent lunch of fish & trimmings E. went out to the hair dresser in Ruzgate, while I just was (a 34) had a long rest. Then worked on my tea-cloth. E. came back before 4:30 & we had a very nice tea together - then there was television all evening: 1) Dr. Finlay's Come home! 2) Jungle animals 3) International Sports Shows at the White City - Poland v. Great Britain. And so it had.

July 31. Saturday

Three letters were in the a.m. from Mrs. Pickin, A. G.'s Quaker, who has passed and Mrs. Thompson, Betty K.'s friend in Farnham. E. was off early to shop, so I had the pleasure of washing up & shelling the peas. She not only shopped, but took the blessed dog for a run - she is indefatigable. I am sure she works too hard & needs a holiday.

While she was gone, I had the pleasure of washing up the breakfast things &

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(repeat!)
shelling the peas for dinner. I then went out to the further village shops, got cigarettes & had a nice little walk.

The Sugar family, plus Gretel, arrived about 12:30, having visited Judith first. They are a charming group. Peter & Rachel had come back (from 10 days in Hungary, where he saw his step-father for the first time & had a good visit with his mother. The two children, Susan 4 & Alexander 2½ are delightful & uninhibited but obedient & good. E. gave us a perfectly delicious meal of roast chicken, peas, potatoes & salad - plus ginger tart, ice-cream, strawberries & cherries & crackers. I never knew anyone to lay such a lavish table. After lunch, I had a rest of an hour or half, while the others sat in the sunshine in the garden (actually!) In fact the day was unusually pleasant. The best since I came to England.

We all had the inevitable tea (noting it).

eat) & he talked of this that. The party left about 5.30.

I was pleased that Areta renewed her invitation to come to his after Rachel & the children leave - shortly after Sept. 2nd. I have it here, but sometimes wish we were not quite so far from London -

E. wanted to give the dog a run after the guests left - so we must together in Handley Common - as we have done before. This is such an English scene - This time there were many cars - lined up - saw the Common, innumerable dogs were being exercised. Found bathers were teaching small ones the elements of cricket; teenagers were throwing balls with tennis rackets; dogs were running after small balls, hither and yon. Exercise, fresh air, dogs and games - In what other country does one see quite this combination?

After a tray-supper, we watched television - a play with Margaret Lockwood, the hours. To bed at 10:15 + no pill.

August 1. Sunday

A lovely day with blue skies, much sunshine & beautiful white puffed-up clouds - Christine arrived about 9:30 from her latest trip to Detroit. She brought her mother a gas tablecloth, plus 2 very pretty printed towels. And to me she presented cigarettes.

I walked to the little village shop for the Observer in the cool, sunny air. Christine repaired to bed as she always does, for she is usually worn out from need of sleep. I read my Observer - always very good - then Evelyn + I must to church - This time to St Peter's Walter on the Hill. It is a fine old church just off the Common - but oh what a depressing service!

The vicar has a sad, cross, unattractive

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face she intended the service. As we left, he was at the door, but did not greet us. E. says he pays no attention to her - she doesn't even know his name, near he, her. The former view was much belated, quite different. He filled his church. Today it was only half full - I am not surprised. No one took the least notice of us.

C. was in bed all P.M. E. & I had dinner together then I had a dog - in my bedroom & wrote a few letters after a cup of tea.

E. went out for a long time with the dog, when Mrs. A. arrived but she later couldn't stay - I did a little writing.

In the evening we watched T.V. Saw a play called The Blue Veil with Charles Laughton. It was, however, very sentimental - & too long. We also saw The Hate, Edwina, Black and at last the famous Beatles, who are too

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ridiculous in words. Their drumming and yelling aroused the primitive man - and more especially women. I read commentary on the Taste of the 1960s.

August 2 Monday.

"Rain, rain go away; Come again another day!" It poured heavily all day, from early morning. I went out in the rain to post alpha's shoes to Betty's friend, Mrs. Thompson, while E. & I went to Berigate - E. to the chiropodist - he had hoped to go off on some expedition but the weather was too much.

After a rest & tea, E. & I tried to teach me Conarta, which I consider the stupidest of games. It's all a matter of luck & you count cards at the end to astronomical figures. C. evidently loves it and is very successful.

To our surprise, the vicar Mr. Michael arrived on the scene in time for dinner.

Prover E. has to be prepared at any moment of the day or night for the appearance of one of Christine's innumerable swains!

With dinner we had a game of bridge teaching Christine it was quite good fun, though Michael is really good, & Evelyn is shaker - & of course Christine is learning. It was much cooler by evening - Michael left in the still remaining rain.

August 3. Tuesday

I woke to a fine day, much to every one's surprise. It was my day for town & I caught the 9:45 to London Bridge. E. was to be away all P. M. & into the P. M. with his job of meats-on-wheels.

I took a taxi from L. B. to 67 Lombard St. & made out a check for £45. as I am to pay E. for a month's stay £30. I saw that nice Mr. Stern or Steim.

From the Bank, I took the bridge underground to Marble Arch. Foolishly I wanted to find Dumfries on Mount St. so walked there along Park Lane. Dumfries has ^{moved} ~~remained~~ from Kaslo St. to Mount St - which I think a pity. My journey was useless, as they didn't have Here's England, which I wanted to get to Phyllis's Acemeth. Thus a 74 bus to Harrow's. Here I changed my book & got out Standolph Churchill's Twenty-One Years. As it was after 12, I thought I would have lunch in the Buttery. But heavens! the crowds were appalling waiting in line - & I left in disgust. A 74 to Marble Arch & I went to my old Gull's Chess & had a good lunch. I had to share my table with two rather disagreeable women, one after another, but it is only to be expected when you have lunch above in London. The crowds in the West End are horrific.

Spun-lined, I got at Evans O.S.
a knitted suit - black with a bright
green blouse for £9.19.6. paying by
cheque. I hope it is all right. Then I
made my way to 1 Binney St. where I
was able to get 6 batteries for my hearing
aid. I still think of getting a condenser
but had no luck at O.S. Evans.

By this time it was 3+ & I was all in.
I took a 13 bus to London Bridge &
got the 15.51 train back to Tadworth.
I forgot to say that I finally did bind
my Herio England at Gills on Exford
St. very nice. How I do like that book.

It was very warm in London & I was
too warmly dressed. I reached Tadworth
at 16.47 & Miss Goud E. was there to meet
me. She was fatigued, as she had had
a particularly hard P.M. visiting 22
old people with meals - on wheels. She
is a saint.

I cup → tea postponed in both. Christine was
in from some airport, where she had seen
the everlastingly Michael take a pilot test.

There was more cavorting till 9:15 when we
listened to the news. Then we all went to
bed at an early hour, as we were all
very tired.

August 4, Wednesday.

My early letter was from Mr. Connors
who is back in London & has asked me to
come for lunch or dinner with him & his
wife. Pman!

Wednesday is a cheerful day here. The
helpful Mrs. Coney, comes in to clean the
house; there is no desk or table avail-
able for hours; the half-witted Rosalie
comes to spend 2 hours. E. is hurried
by a hundred chores. I did some letter
writing, went to the further village to
post them & bought cigarettes at a
fabulous price.

We had lunch in - latish - then I lay down for a rest. At 3:30 Judith & Tony called for me - to take me to their new home for tea. It was my first sight of Tony. Like all Englishmen, he is shy and inhibited, but responds, when one takes the trouble to draw him out.

We drove to Habatur, Gairlandstad Leatherhead. It is a huge urtic house, set up into 2 apts. with a lovely long lawn behind & a vegetable garden & apple trees beyond. The apt. consists of a huge front living room, 2 bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen & bath room. Judith was slow about sitting tea, which she rolled in on a trolley. I talked like a magpie & was able to draw out the silent Tony.

I must confess I found the "decor" very ugly. I regret to say that the bedrooms & the kitchen were very untidy.

The layout itself is nice.

Before tea, Judith took me about the school grounds - St. John's School - now empty, of course. The central plan is quite beautiful - lawns, flower beds, tall brick building, chertons or new modern type chapel (where Judith was married)

It was a lovely summer day (the first I have experienced since I came on July 4th) After tea, we had to see the garden (English?) the usual ritual! It seems Tony has worked like a Trojan to make it respectable! as it was a wilderness, when they moved in. Judith & I sat on chairs in the sunshine.

She finds blooming & tells me her baby is coming in 2 months' time. She already has got a pram - it stands in her spare room amongst the most heterogeneous stuff - poor dear, she can't be tidy. Evelyn tells me he is just as bad, which is a good thing.

That court-nice Evelyn called for me
in her car at a little after 5:30.

In the evening, Christine got the dinner
sit was good. Then we had to play Canasta
for an hour or half. Such a stupid game
but C. loves it. Then we heard the news
+ very silly thriller called The House
which I couldn't make head nor tail of!
A bath + so to bed at 10:30.

August 5. Thursday

A good letter from Eleanor - + a p.c.
from Betty K. I wrote hurriedly in the a.m.
in the dining-room - to Lawrence Picken,
Eleanor + Mr. Currier - + was absorbed.
Till 12 or so. As wife + Sheila were
coming to dinner + to show pictures on a
screen. E. was very busy, so we all
three decided to go to the Willow Cafe
for lunch. Dutch treat.

Then I went to my room + had a
long rest. I finished Randolph Churchill's

Twenty-one years. What a man! What a life!
Why were The Churchills children such
failures? It's an interesting study for
psychologists.

E. had a visitor - a Miss Nayler, who
teaches in a school for Acting in health-
head - She came at 3 - + stayed + stayed
+ stayed till nearly 6. Where! Christine
went to have her hair done at the
Hair dressers - was very late for tea.
On her arrival Miss N. + she had long
theatrical talk. I am amazed at
how concerned English people are in
their own pursuits - Nayler, wife of,
Tony Currier - absorbed in their very
own interests, with little enthusiasm
or interest about other people.

At 6:40 or so wife + Sheila
arrived, complete with screen, pro-
jector and 260 slides! Three men
dinner to begin with, then a most

sumptuous supper, succeeded by soup
 (Hella always underneath - how she
 can have been a director in Perreid is
 more than I can understand) Earlier
 on Smith telephoned to say that the
 + Tony would come to see the pictures.
 They arrived in time for coffee - Tony
 in a white sweater! (he must have
 been working) and Judith in a short
 green maternity dress.

I must say the pictures thrown on
 the huge screen were excellent -
 some of the Bosphorus - the rest of
 the Seagull trip in Anatolia last spring
 beautiful flowers displayed - some
 excellent portraits of Turkish villagers
 Kutayak was, carpet weaving -
 many, many Greek ruins - stone
 theatres, museums, statues. It really
 was a most pleasant & instructive
 evening, which went on till eleven.

Hella actually invited E. + me to their
 home which we may visit later in the
 month.

August 6 Friday.

I don't know how the morning slipped
 by. There was no mail early on - There was
 short note from Eva Laurson only. In
 the early P.M. 9:30 Christine left for
 New York. I did a little housework,
 shelled peas, shortened sleeves of my
 new suit & did crossword puzzles.

At 12:30 Olivia appeared in her very
 swanky blue car (Herald) She is a
 nice thing. She was here for lunch &
 tea. I had a rest of $\frac{1}{2}$ hours - while
 she & E. went for a short walk with the
 dog. I read Heul's England in the
 unoccupied time & loved it.

he had good gossip after tea & Olivia
 left about 6:10. E. & I had the nicest
 supper on trays at 7:30 then saw some

most amusing things on Television.
 Mr. Smiley's Case Book, 199 Park Lane
 the News + International News at
 Tarmouth. E. doesn't care for a Circus
 but I found it perfectly fascinating
 and so to bed at eleven.

What a time I am having. It seems
 like a dream - + I can hardly believe
 I am here. I am almost disem-
 bodied.

August 7. Saturday

This was a very quiet day on the whole.
 I wrote busily in the 10-m. Barters, Betty's.
 Beatrice W. + 2 p.c.s. E. went out with
 the dog in the middle of the 10-m. There
 as luck would have it Mr. Connors
 rang up. The English telephone does
 bother me. I guessed (not heard) that he
 it was - I wished E. had been here to
 take any message. I had decided that
 I simply couldn't face a trip to London

tomorrow to have lunch with Mr. Mrs. Connors
 First of all, I would never recognize him!
 He graduated, he told me, in 1937. He was
 able to make me hear a little towards the
 end of the conversation. I apologized +
 told him I would be in London later +
 would call him then. Bahahaha.

When E. returned she gave me a small
 parcel to post + I took my own mail to the
 nearest village. A delicious fish lunch
 followed - then a tea-dinner, when I slept a
 little.

A very quiet afternoon - with (just a
 short drive to Epsom Downs (500 lbs dog!))
 in beautiful late afternoon sunlight
 watching small dogs playing kites.

After a tray supper (my idea) + (just
 a sheer - much T.V. The Saint - Tarmouth
Circus wh. I loved, tho' E. cares not at all
 for me. The news - Alameda, Sandy, Rice
 + or to bed.

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August 8 Sunday

To begin with, a beautiful sunny, cloudless day. I had slept well, having taken $\frac{1}{2}$ a Tranq with Joe. They do help.

E and I were alone all day - He is such a darling. He suggested we go to the new Guildford Cathedral, wh. we did. Although it is very modern, it is very beautiful. Much lighter - a soaring ceiling - lovely ornamentation - not too much of it. We heard a long, high church service - with a fine choir. I missed a good deal because of the echoes - but I enjoyed it.

A long rest. High tea at 5:30 wh. I couldn't consume! E. gives two much to eat. Also lunch P.V. A long play The State of the Union with Spencer Tracy & Audrey Hepburn - 2 hrs. excellent, I was transported! Bed early.

Packed for tomorrow's wh. trip to see Kenneth & Phyllis.

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August 9. Monday.

Breakfast was a little early, because I want to catch the 9.25 train to London Bridge. I got there in good time & meant to take a taxi to Liverpool St. Station to get my train (see Witham). Could I find a taxi? No. I stand by the Station, walked to London Bridge - nearly took a bus (no. 133 to L. St.) & was on the point of tears! Finally I found a red taxi. He took me in 20 mins at all to my destination.

Liverpool Station is rather unimpressive - a child of the Bosphorus like myself but I found a very intelligent inquiry office was told to go to Platform 12 (see Witham). The train left at 11 - went east to Essex, a part of the country quite new to me. It was a nice day. I enjoyed the journey - but it was - via Chelmsford.

Kenneth & Phyllis were at Witham to meet me in their car - or no denno - some 60-7 miles to Tachfield Hall, where they now live.

What shall I say of their new abode? They have a beautiful big living room, furnished with their own possessions. Large windows command a fine view of the large grounds. Behind the living-room is a good sized bedroom, & beyond that a fine bathroom. Shortly after I arrived it was lunch time we were summoned by a gong.

The Ranelagh one on the first floor (Duplex) & the dining room is on the same level. You cross a large ballroom, then sharply left, & there is a long panelled room - set about with separate small tables - It is a kind of gallery, where pictures, in great houses are usually hung. We had a very good lunch & afterwards I. took me around & about. Gosfield Lake is immense - It has a christened courtyard, with a fountain. In the distance is a large pond; there are lonely trees in the back

ground - & some pheasants, tended by enthusiastic old residents.

Phyllis & I rested on twin beds after lunch. Then came tea. This is opened in a downstairs room - a large table is spread with cups & saucers, tea pots etc. & food - very convenient & easy. No smoking!

At 6 o'clock several people came in for drinks: Mr. Mrs. Hayes - very nice people. They had four sons, two of whom were killed in the war; Colonel Allard, aged 90 who was in Constantinople in 1921 on an army mission of sorts;

After a light supper we went to the apt. of a Mr. Mrs. Bean on the ground floor, & played bridge - I. & I v the two grand, while Phyllis read a novel. By 10:30 it was time to stop & I. took me to The Green Man a very nice pub nearby where I was to spend the night. A big room - well furnished & very clean. I slept well.

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August 10 Tuesday

Half a tranquilizer did good work. I had my breakfast at $8:30$ at The Green Man & colonial it was - a typical English breakfast. K. called for me at 9:30 & we had a somewhat quiet b.m. at Gunfield Hall till 11:30, when K. & P. proposed a drive to Long Welford, a place I had never heard of. It was a delightful drive on country roads, & we didn't go direct but passed the quaintest of villages & towns - the fine Henry Lauenham place an ancient Elizabethan house, complete with market cross, heavy church & real atmosphere.

We had lunch at The Bull hotel in Long Welford - delicious - then went on to see the beautiful perpendicular church standing on a hill above the Common - where Nesters are recorded

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from 1198 - to 1962! Holy Trinity

we sat down by 2:30, rested, had tea & again K. invited friends for drinks - this time D. Sherr. White, Mrs. Wintanley, Mr. Sedall, a Charterhouse schoolmaster, & a Mr. Herdwick. Very nice indeed.

After drinks K. showed his family pictures, an old Birthday book which had belonged to Henry Sellar, & met some old Rebel & Aunt relatives. Then again K. drove me to The Green Man & so home.

August 11 Wednesday

This was a huge day - and as well a lovely summer day with warm sunshine & blue skies.

We started out early, after K. had called for me in his car - & I had packed & said goodbye to the kind hostess, Mrs. Busby, & The Green Man & we were off on our time. These dear cousins drive for miles! We went first to see The

small cottage 1c. had got Les Durrie, Phyllis' sister. It is in a tiny village - Arrington, outside of Rayston on the way to Cambridge. It is an ancient thatched roof affair with a tiny garden, front and aft. Durrie welcomed us nicely - we sat in the sunshine, in the back garden, under an apple tree and had morning coffee - & smoked at least 15. & did. She is the same - a cigarette perpetually in her mouth.

As I was driving along, I was so much intrigued by the aspect, as well as the names of the various villages - Suddeny, Haverhill, Acton, & further off Thetford - all New England names.

We took Durrie with us and drove on to St. Neots - a much larger town, where Amanda met us. We all were taken to The Bridge Hotel & given a delicious lunch by Kenneth - much animated talk. Amanda spoke of the possibility of a purchase of

the old Russell house at Northill, which is for sale. She & Jason may get it - that would be lovely.

After lunch, it was goodbye to The Kennells & then Amanda took me in her low car to her home in Soterington, a tiny village outside Bedford. I was amazed at this amusing, ancient house (4 or 5 years old) The Craft, Silver Street. It has thick walls, sloping ceilings - a tiny place - a steep ascent of stairs - one large living room, & two bedrooms upstairs, with a very nice bathroom. Downstairs is an extra lavatory, as well as a very nice kitchen. I rested for a bit after tea till 6 or so - By this time Jason had arrived. In the English manner, he was very shy to begin with, but thawed nicely, as time went on. He & Amanda are a most charming young couple - he is so eager to help her - she is so animated & capable - Yvonne's sweet dream.

I felt sorry for the 2 young people, entertaining an elderly cousin - I talked like a magpie & did my best. At 5:40 or so I made goodnight. The little room I occupied had in it a cradle (!) ready for the coming baby, a comfortable single bed but no bed lamp - which bothered me. As I turned out the light, I confess I resolved not to spend too many nights in strange places! I am too old & too set in my ways. I slept fairly well.

August 12 Thursday

He mess up business & poor Jason had to drive me, after breakfast to the station at Bedford to catch my train for London. 8:50 A.M. Goodbye to the charming Amanda in her well-fashioned garden. It is further from Stevenage to Bedford than I thought. I caught my train easily & was at St. Pancras in an hour.

Then a taxi to Charing Cross station.

I was surprised to find an early train for Tadworth, which I took. So when I arrived there was no one to meet me. However, I waited a bit & returned up, much astonished to see me so early. He had a terrific tale to tell of Christine's latest adventure on his plane, when she was attacked by a drunken man, had to call for help, was rescued by a steward, but he was beaten over the head with a bottle, which broke & cut him badly. Of all adventures - He is like Stroud Road, attracting to herself, romantic & fantastic episodes.

It was good to be back at Gate House. I unpacked, rested a bit and at 11:30 2. & I started out to see her, Fleming for lunch & bridge. Christine had one of her numerous swainson hand, Duohister, who was to spend the day & the night at Gate House.

He had a perfectly charming time at

Mrs. Fleming's house in Wembley. The
banking guest was a Mrs. Jenkins, who
had recently been in Turkey, (Izmir)
to visit a niece - lunch chat about
Grievous, Whitfalls, La Fontaines etc.
all of whom live in Bursa, Izmir.
Lunch was impeccable - (indeed
the house was immaculate & very
pretty) then we had a long afternoon
on very amusing bridge. Mrs. Fleming
is Greta's great friend - a very nice
woman indeed - a widow, with two
married daughters.

We drove home after six - had a
bit of a rest before dinner at 7.45.
Then we had the news. The young boy
played ~~chess~~ ^{chess} but I & I went to bed.
Christine, I was told, was not too well -
having a slight bladder infection.
I was tired & glad of my comfortable
bed. Very warm weather

August 13 Friday

This was the day I was to meet Greta in town.
She was evidently taking a day off from watch-
ing her grandchildren doing much of the
housework. She said she would meet me at
Charing Cross Station after 12:30 - So I had a
short time in the morning to write a note or 2.

I took the 11:48 train to Charing Cross. (I
am now growing familiar with the stations
between Fenchurch & London) I took up my stand,
as I said I would, by the Bookstall inside the
station. Greta appeared almost at once,
looking lovely in blue. It was then nearly one,
& we walked along the crowded streets to her
Arts Club for lunch. First, drinks, then a
most delicious meal - far too much. We had
good talk as we always do, together. I realized
that she did not expect me to go on to High-
gate (I didn't know her plans) but asked me if
I had any shopping to do. I have wanted
to get a cardigan, so we walked to a very

delectable shops near Piccadilly circus,
where we were shown very fine tumbled
caribbean for 6 gns. or £5. but none of them
really pleased me. I am too busy and
that's the fact. Then went to Swan-
shaws, where I did buy a blue sweater
for £2.12.0 - I wasn't very happy about it
but at least I have a new garment. -
perhaps it will pass.

I had goodbye to Greta, got into
No. 13 bus to St. Bridge & was able, in that
convenient station to find a train for Tal-
worth - 16.14 hrs. It was more crowded
than ever & I arrived home by 5.
Walked from the station to E's dining,
as she always wants to meet me. A rest
till 7 - then a good hot bath & supper à
trois at 8. Christine is now much better.
After dinner we heard the news at 9:15
then Dr. Findlay's Carwash - a very
glim and dinner - then - as to bed at
10:30 or 50. Very, very warm.

August 14 Saturday.

We had decided to give up going to
Cuba & Honduras' wedding in Canterbury.
There were several reasons: 1) The doctor
that Christine ought not to undertake a
longish journey 2) Evelyn said it was so
hot (this does amuse me so much) - but
besides a main road south on a Satur-
day would be disagreeably crowded with
cars. 3) E. is not keen on wedding receptions
& great relief all round.

I had the whole a.m. to myself - wrote
3 notes to Mrs. Little, Amanda and Mrs.
Fleming - a really long letter to Sarah.
C. had to have her hair done - was very
late back, after one - & E. took us both to
a Chinese restaurant, The Hong Kong, in
Reigate. This was an experience. All
menus I find too much. There was, or
wasn't, an assortment of dishes - I can't
name them. I had one dish & coffee.

E. dropped me off at Tadworth but went on with C. to Kingswood. Why C. doesn't use her own car for her many errands, I don't know. I hat this & that in the nice Book Shop - a lovely woman, Dickens, Fanny's trials 2/6, 10 peppermints & Basil's Bond envelopes. And then I walked home.

But there was to be no peace for E. Another swain to play with Christine. This time it was Richard March from Nairobi, studying Agriculture in England. I had a rest, while the 2 young ones painted a boat in the garden & exploited their youth. They also exploited Evelyn. It was at 5:10 & no one could believe the amount of sandwiches, bread, butter & jam, cake & tea that the young barman put away! What people eat! At the Chinese Restaurant I was amazed

at the amount of food being consumed by people at nearby tables. Christine asks her mother if Richard (quite uninvited) could stay for supper. Poor Evelyn sighs but consents. The young are insatiable.

he finally had supper at 8. & very good it was (2 helpings for Richard he must have been empty) & then we were shown on the screen 1) pictures of Christine's of Bangkok and Singapore 2) pictures of Richard's of Kenya. There yachts & stay & stay! At long last he left & I for one was glad he had gone.

E. & I listened to the news at 10 then saw a dreadful, violent play, called Undermined - but so to bed.

Th. 13. E. got a book from an old friend, Billy Patterson called how's martyrdom too extraordinary. I must read it.

August 15 Sunday

This was a quiet Sunday. Cloudy in

The morning, followed by a lovely serene afternoon evening.

E. was uncertain whether she could take time off for church but she managed. The time sped - but by 10:45 she was ready. We drove this time, to the leatherhead church. (Familiar to me in 1936 when we three, Harold, David & I stayed with the Romells at "Principis") he was a little late, so our seats were too far back. The church is odd, rather basic inside it was more than $\frac{3}{4}$ the full. The rector had such a nice face & I could get most of the sermon, which was good. The text was about the rich young man, who asked Christ, "what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" The organ & the choir were excellent.

My good uncle & aunt, Robert & Mildred Romell, are buried in the

leatherhead churchyard - Evelyn's father & mother.

We came home & E. produced a Standard Sunday dinner for C. & me & herself - roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, beans & potatoes, chocolate soufflé & ice-cream. I never knew so lavish a table.

I had a swelling rest, then we gathered for a late high tea on trays in the sitting-room - Christine, on two separate occasions indulging in telephone calls with the ubiquitous Michael Spear, which lasted quite a half hour each. Evelyn had been afraid Michael was coming for supper & dreaded it, but the word was laid, she only telephoned at great length twice!

We then had television - a play Sarah's Affairs - fine comedy - the hour - and so to bed fairly early.

A pleasant Sunday & quiet.

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August 16 Sunday

Christus was up at 6:30 - & off at 7:30 for Montreal. Evelyn, of course, got up even earlier & between the time C. left, & 9 o'clock breakfast, she 1) brought me my tea & my paper 2) did a large wash 3) arranged fresh flowers, lovely sweet peas & was generally v. busy.

He had decided to go to Guildford to get tickets for Milestones which is being revived - for Wednesday evening which we did first thing. He was late in starting because E. is always so busy with housework. It was past 12 by the time we reached Guildford & had passed the car thought our tickets. So we went for a rather snugly lunch in a tea place called The Lantern near the theatre.

Then we went into the High Street

to shop for a suit for me. After several failures to find anything, we ended up at Cuesta where we found a really very nice wool dress, checked, & w.o.t. It was too tight & needed alterations, but I was persuaded to buy it - tho' I shall have to go again for a bitting! It is very expensive - nearly £30. I am reminded of Aunt Winnie's lament that she was persuaded by E. long ago to buy a black coat for £28.0.0. which she thought far too dear!! I am in the same boat. I hope I won't repent.

He got a few additions besides - 2 hrs. of stocking for me at M. + S. a slip for E. & so on. Then home by 3:30 with intentions of a good rest.

However - who should appear at that very moment but Peggy, he and her 16 year old daughter, Patricia. Whew! E. would give them tea - so we didn't get

our next time after 4:45. Peggy is so nice
Gazel - never red, very plump. Patricia
is huge-tall, one hairpin in the
modern manner - but with a nice
soft-spoken child.

There was time for a good rest after tea
& then we had supper together. A telephone
call from Geoffrey Seager, who has just
been to Washington D.C. en route for England
& visited the Baylors. His message was to
me from Bill Ruythia - that I was to talk
all them in Washington. How shall I
manage? I have too many friends in U.S.
Dem, they are, but how can I possibly
see them all?

Engel tells me that Richard Moush aged 23
has asked Christine to marry him - for the
umpteenth time. C. has finally said a very
positive No. E. hopes this is the end of his
frequent visits. I never knew anyone with so
many suitors.

After dinner, we listened to T. V. first
a play called The Rogues with Charles Boyer
and then the news. This was followed by a
very special program on the dreadful Riots
in Los Angeles which sound too terrible.
There were pictures, innumerable commentators,
including the Chief of Police of L. A. and the
Governor of California.

August 17 Tuesday

A day of heavy business in town. Fine
weather and really warm. I took the 9:25
train to Charing Cross to begin with, the Tube
from Trafalgar Sq. via Holborn & the Central line
to Bank. Before going to Glyn Mills I went into
the Chase translation / task of I could cash my
T. Pension check there, either in American or
in English money. I was served by 2 (no
less) men, who told me it could not be done,
unless I was willing to have income tax taken
out of the time by 8% in the Pound. Really
what a terrible Economy! So I said no.

Then I went to Glyn hills & out £20.0.0.
my money dwindles rapidly!

From there I went to the B.O.A.C. on Regent
St. to book my flight to N. S. I. & was
served by a Mr. Hughes - a very nice & obliging
man. I had suggested Sept. 14 or 15 for my
flight but he said they were heavily
booked, & he would suggest Sept. 16.

The final arrangement was: Flight B12505
Thursday, Sept 16. 13.00 D'clark from
London, arriving New York time 15.35
o'clock. Whew! I can't pay by check
K!! I have been investigated - stupid -
so I must go back on Sep. 24 or 25
& can pay then.

Cyril's Circus is such a mess that buses
are all bus-wire from Regent St. so I
took a taxi to D. H. Evans. He said
there was to buy a little wool. From
there I walked to Sill & Chubb where I
had a very good & expensive lunch with

wine. By this time it was nearly 2 P.M. I
got a T4 Bus to Harrod's & changed my
coat, getting, at long last, The Founding
Falgun by Richard J. Whalen - back to Harrod's
Arch & No. 12 to Channing Cross, where I was able
to get the 15.21 train to Tadworth.

The evening was quiet & done with the
house & a little T.V.

August 18 Wednesday.

Wednesday is always rather hectic as it
is cleaning day with Mrs. Cury polishing at
every point. Also the ritual, Rosalia, comes
to spend 1½ hours in the kitchen. I wrote
quickly & Eleanor to tell her my flight
plans - also a note to Eva Hanson.

Then at 10:30 I went to have my hair
trimmed, shampooed & set. 12/6 with tip.
But they can't trim my hair properly
in England - My old hairdresser does it much
better. The people here will cut it too
short, so that it straggles at the sides.

he had a late lunch then a rest. I am reading The Founding Father, which I find much less interesting than I expected - too much talk of the stock market & investments & money. The style is tedious - train, but of course, all the information is there.

He had an early high tea at 6 - then later drove to the Armand Theatre in Guildford & saw Hilstones. Am seated near in the front near Cuesy square on me but E. was afraid they would be too near - wh. was not the case. The play was perfectly charming - not thoroughly enjoyed it. The theatre was ^{just} ~~just~~ & at the end there were three curtain calls. I am not surprised. It was beautifully done.

When we returned, we had to have cups of Ovaltine (quite unnecessary) but evidently a ritual with Evelyn. Bed so & had about 11 P.M.

August 19 Thursday.

A letter from Virginia Allen, saying they would meet us at ~~London~~ Kewbury airport. They are angels! I am to go there for the first night. I do hope I survive! Also a good letter from Betty K. telling me all about this various sight-seeing in England.

This was our day to see Alvin & we had to start off at 10 because we had a long way to go. However, before we set off Christine arrived from her last trip. It hadn't been too easy, she said because several of the children on board had been sick & a woman had a nose bleed!

We were off at 10 taking the way through Guildford, via Alverstoke & Godalming - we had instructions on a very complicated route but E was clever, & we reached Wascroft, Rushmore Glade at 12.30. Alvin gave us a warm welcome - his grandpa looked well, especially worried of sweet & peas. There were

dinner to begin with, then a very delicious lunch of salmon and the fishings.

Almost at once E. had to be off to Abington to see her sister-in-law, both Grady & I was quite a journey. Aline took her usual way. I, in the meanwhile, went up to a spare room, where I found a dressing-gown - & I had a very good rest, reading a story or two out of Chocoma by Galsworthy.

By tea time, at 4 George & his wife appeared & we had a good tea around the table then good talk in the living room. George is thinner - his wife a little grayer - they are nice. E. appeared finally at 5:40 saying she had missed her way, & had taken longer than she intended. We ate up but not before we had been given a huge cabbage from O's garden & tomatoes from George & Evelyn. These latter guided us to Almaster's to help us on our way -

now goodbye to the 3 Galsworthys. It began to rain (from England!) as we drove the long way home - but we were at Gate House by 8. Good morning.

Butcher was on trays - a little T.V. & so to bed, as we were tired.

August 20 Friday

This was on the whole, a quiet day. I spent nearly all A.M. writing letters to: Eleanor V. Mahel, The Banks, Virginia Allen & a p.c. to Henry Miller. Then I took them out to post & my eyes for E. myself. C. was off where her hair done (about 2 times a week!) & we had lunch rather late, after one.

Then I had a long rest and I think dozed a little. At 2 o'clock was to appear another of Christine's various sitters - one Timothy Henning, whom she met on a plane & went right seeing with him in Trinidad. She seemed very excited at his arrival; he had said he wanted to meet C's mother.

C + Timothy went off in an endless walk to Pilgrim's way, so I didn't meet the man until they returned - very late - 8:15 P.M. I was very much taken with him. He is a gentleman, vastly superior in looks, manners & breeding ^{to} the overbearing Michael. He is head steward on planes on the Atlantic run for BOAC. I really hope something comes of this that Michael can be dropped!! C. is a funny girl. She is supposed to be in love with Michael, yet thrilled and excited at the thought of another admirer. She doesn't know what being in love means!

We had a gay dinner - much talk - he is glib & glib - then C. showed her pictures to him in the dining - room, while E. & I chatted in the living room. I had no bed at 11 - with a paralyse to the friendly Timothy.

August 21 Saturday

Panama rain as soon as I looked out of my window. It continued off and on all day. In the a.m. I did a bit of writing, washed dishes & so on. I gave me a "Brunch" of cheese & sandwiches & tomato soup at 11:30 then in the pouring rain drove me to the station where I caught the 13:18 train to Champlain Cross.

In London it was dry. I took a taxi to 20-4 Broadstone (private patients ward) of King's Bertha David who was having treatment for her broken leg. I found her 1036 quite easily & then I found the 3 Kondayans. I presented lovely roses from Evelyn's garden & we had a good chatter. Mrs. D. & the sister leave for L.S.D. on Monday the 23. On the same day the Kondayans fly home by D.S.A.

When we left I had goodbye to the Mrs. took a bus to Trafalgar Square & looked in at the National Gallery - where D

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gazed again at Bully Butticellis &
some of the old Dutch paintings. I also
saw again the famous cartoon of
Leonardo da Vinci in a separate room.
From there I stepped into St. Martin's in
the fields to say a prayer & ran into a
heg's wedding - two straps & was seated.

By this time it was raining again. I
caught the 3:51 train from Charing X.
to Admont & walked home in a mild
drizzle.

Christine was off to have dinner with
Michael, so E & I were alone. We saw
T.V. afterwards - a Summer Comedy,
Must Meet Aunt - The Flying Saucer &
of course the news.

E. spent the evening preparing for
our long drive tomorrow - making
sandwiches & jotting out the route
from her Road Book.

To bath (semi-demi) & so to bed.
P.M. a letter from Phoebe to be to Amen.

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August 22 Sunday

This was a huge day from start to
finish. We started out to go to the Prison in
Gloucestershire, Keyhill Prison, where C
periodically visits a young man called
David Rose, who murdered his sweetheart
5 years ago. We left at 9:35 armed
with a huge sandwich, cake & soup lunch
& Ed carefully planned road maps.

It was a long drive thru beautiful
country - via Radship & Henbury to Wickwar
& Wotton-under-Edge. Half way there at
12:30 or so we stopped by the roadside for
a sandwich lunch. There were heavy clouds
but no rain at first. We had difficulty in
finding the Prison & had to ask our way
from a nice civil countryman. Finally at
nearly 2 we reached Keyhill Prison & were
shown into a reception building - plain
but clean, with small tables at intervals.

In a few moments, David Rose came in

with 5 bunches of flowers for his guests. To
look at him, one would think him a
pleasant, cheerful, educated young man. He
smiled, was completely composed & talked
well. He only stayed a short time - 2 or 3 -
& left C. to do the entertaining until 4.

Enoch that we wanted to somewhere
for tea. We motored to Chipking Suddbury
& I saw a nicely Holly huts but E. said
it looked "too ghastly" so we didn't stop.
We then went round & round on our own
tracks, completely losing our way! To
add insult to injury it began to fray
as the trees were empty in itself. E.
was terribly apertigent but there was no
thing to do but arts again in the way to
the pension wh. we finally found a few
minutes after 4.

In the rain we started back to Tad-
worth - a long, long track. When we
reached humbury about 6:30 E. visited

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we have a good dinner, as we had had no tea.
On the ~~off~~ chance, we went into a restaurant
called la Riviera (hardly everything is
closed on Sundays in England). To our
astonishment, we discovered it was run
by Greek Patriots - Opisists - & on the
menu we found, musakka, babau &
Durlok coffee. Taklam. We had an ex-
cellent meal, costing far too much - but E.
wild not let me pay my share. I've tried
over & over again. Only once as twice has
she agreed.

From humbury on, it rained almost
continuously there was thunder and
lightning. We came through Marlborough
& Wingsford before humbury. Then on - on -
Till at last by 9 P.M. we reached Tadworth.
We sat about for a bit, then bed wh. was
welcome.

August 23 humbury.

No letters. A cool, cloudy day with

intermittent sunshine. It grew warmer as the day progressed. I wrote all the while C. went to the hairdresser - E. to Reigate to the chiropractor. My letters were: to Dennis, to Phyllis, to Olivia, Margaret Johnson - a p.c. to Herbert Law. Then I went out to post them, to buy cigarettes & toothpaste. A very nice walk to both ends of the village - where I was able to buy ice-cream for Evelyn.

I had rest & snooze till 3:45 - a hasty tea, then a visit to Dr. Cameron, E's eye specialist in Sutton. A very satisfactory visit - says my eyes are good - he was a perfect dear - Scotch - has an office on Harley St. as well as one in his own home in Sutton. It transpired that he had been in Istanbul, briefly - lately - one surprised almost that he changed my prescription slightly. He then drove to the optician & arranged

1) new lenses for my reading glasses 2) new bi-focals & a new frame for them. They won't be ready till Sept 1. In the meantime they will be very expensive. - However.

C. went to the Airport to meet her Michael, have dinner with him & then a cinema. E. & I watched T.V. & came to bed early.

August 24 Tuesday

Left was at 8:45 this P.M. because C was leaving for New York at 8:30 - Of course was again on her "unpleasant" adventure.

It was my day for London. E. had to go to the hairdresser in Reigate so she dropped me off at the B.R. Station to catch the 9:48 train to L.B. The day was fairly fine & began with C. (she was much earlier on).

From L.B. I took no. 13 to Piccadilly Circus & went straight to the B.O.A.C. office to my nice Mr. Hughes - Here I got my ticket for N.Y. & back (Magallan) for

£ 441. 80 was dismissed with a very nice smile. My check on the three transactions was accepted.

From there I walked up Ashford Street (terrible crowds) popped into a hardware shop (a pencil & sharpener) then went to Richens & Jones for lunch. I had never been in this shop - and was very much impressed. Beautiful displays. The restaurant on the top floor is huge & I had a table by myself & a very good lunch. I was there at 11:50 for a good thing, too, as, when I left there was a queue at least 20 yards long waiting to get in!

From Dr G. I wandered up Ashford St. to 'Kwik' where I lost black glasses. Thinking I had lost my last pair - but no, I found them! no new 'shameless'!

From there I went to Harrod's Library to give back the foundings

Father, & I took out a book I had seen well recommended some time ago - It is by the son of Angela Thirkell and is called The Road to Gundagai by Graham McInnes. It was early so I impeded in the library, which perhaps was a mistake. Got into the drizzle - bus No. 74 to Ashford & then bus No. 13 (bus wh. I had to wait ages) to L. B. just catching the 15.41 train to Padua. I walked home in the damp air tho' there was actually no rain. E. gave me a good tea - then I had a rest & at 7:45 we had dinner. After that the news ran excellent news - gunda film called, Ten Times Ten can Drive. And so I had early.

R.B. a good letter
August 25 Wednesday from E. Wiston.

This is always a difficult day here. Mrs. Curry is away & E. had asked Mrs. Keppin to come in her place - & E. said she wanted to be out of the house in the P.M. She had promised Ruth

working to accompany her to London to see Carislanus, so she felt she couldn't be absent too long.

We took off at 9:30 for Winchester & had a wonderful morning driving via Godalming & other enchanting little villages with strange names till we reached Winchester at about 11:30. We had only a cursory view of the grand cathedral after we had parked the car - but I had post cards to look at we did walk the length of the church to see again the marvellous carved reredos & screen - to see nothing of famous tombs.

We debated about lunch and finally went into the Hersey Hall on the edge of the Cathedral Close & were told The Buttery was open. Here we had a very good lunch - my party at long last.

Oct 12:35 we had to start home again. This time we did very well, driving all the way on B31 via Guildford - we were back at Gato House by 2:15. A rest & then tea at 4:30 because after all E. did not need to go to London. Ruth W. called up to say that Carislanus was in German! E. was greatly relieved. We had a very good tea together, sewed & watched T.V. saw a perfectly stupid thriller called The Travelling Companion, which we could not make head nor tail of.

Bed very early - a bath for Eulmia.

The basket by Graham the dinner is very revealing. Who would ever have guessed that Angela (this name was twice married (both not happily) & was the mother of 3 sons. I see a mention of Hugh Pagden wh. greatly intrigued me. Angela T. is a was a grand daughter of Bruce Jones, the daughter of his

daughter, Margaret, who married
mail carrier.

August 26 Thursday.

I find I sleep very well, considering,
here - & I haven't taken a tranquillizer
for days! Drowsing.

There was a letter from Eleanor on
yesterday, which needed answering,
so I sat at the dining-room table
& wrote her as well as Virginia Allen,
the Bulls via p.c. to Sarah, as I had a
good letter from her by the early post.
I was relieved to learn that the Allens
will meet me at the airport and
drive me directly to South Orange.
That is better than spending my first
night at Fort Lee.

After a quiet morning, we two had
lunch together & then decided that we
would leave for Guildford to have my
fitting at Cresta at 3. Just as we

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were having a hasty cup of tea, we were as-
tonished to see Timothy Hennip having
Christine home in his car. We were so
glad we waited for Christine had been ill
in N.Y. with bladder trouble, had seen a
doctor there, who scared her, had taken
drugs, so that she could do her hostess job.
(Timothy was protective kind (There
shows! there multiple snarls!). C.
went to bed - at once she left.

E. insisted we go to Guildford, wh.
we did. I tried on my costume at Cresta
It is quite nice - but a beautiful piece & I
don't know how much use it will be.
They will find it to Highgate. We take
home, E. was very busy. Getting outside
for us all - her nurse was worried.
Before chores, however, she had to take
C. to the doctor - at 6 P.M. He said
she was to go to bed, stay there 2 days &
that he would call to see her on Saturday.

He would not commit himself as to the trouble - (The sinister doctor in N.Y. had indicated possible malignancy because C. passed blood) I do hope he will clear things up when he visits her.

E. was wonderful. We had supper on trays in the living room - I watched a headache play - The Bug in the Bush which was really amusing. We two retired early, early at 9:30 but I read till nearly 11. Poor E. she is so unselfish & good thought - this only reward is a sick child coming back from her journey.

August 27. Friday.

This for me was an upsetting day - not physically but mentally. The doctor had told Christine to stay in bed for 2 days, she would call to see how she was on Saturday. In the a.m. she said she felt O.K.

And did she stay in bed? Not on our life. She was up telephoning - she wandered about in an abbreviated night dress, - she wrote 2 letters and on top of everything, the latest "lover" Timothy arrived at 11:15 A.M. & stayed till 10 P.M. They played chess in the bedroom (where are the standards of my day?), they played records - E. had to provide trays for two for lunch, tea and supper!! Personally I felt it was outrageous. Why didn't either E. or C. tell the man to go?! Why didn't he have the grace to go himself? It is Christine who is to blame - she has all this admiration, washes mother's eyes, lives on excitement.

E. went out to shop & earlier when I was able to take a walk to the village, as I am in need of exercise. Lunch was late - 1:15 - in consequence of a bull household. Had a brief rest 2-3 P.M. for E. was to drive to Epsom but cannot find (ye gods!) & I was to go

with her.

I had written to Margaret Bloomer at 34, as I knew they were to be there for 2 weeks from the 27. I had written Wash if she & Lydia could lunch with me on Sat. That, however, a brain wave - he telephoned to Mrs Williams at 34 Wash if they had arrived - & lo! - she gave us the news that one of the party (who?) was ill - they were not coming to 34 had returned to U.S.A. In any case it was a relief, although I was never to hear of a catastrophe. I do hope it isn't serious.

Well, E. & I did go to Epsom road & set the parrot board - & saw Epsom Downs, where races are to be held on Aug. 30 & 31. Many cars were spread about - the day was fairly fine - & people were taking the air. Patricia, I call it.

Sea was at 4:30 (over 4) trays upstairs, & I did a bit of sewing. At 8 we listened to Ps. Friday's Call Roads (very amusing) & Travellers' Tales about a 2 year honeymoon.

But I was upset. It is none of my business, but I think if I were C's mother, I would keep her in bed - if there are visitors - women only - and only for a short time.

I finished The Road to Qundagai & found it most interesting. Read early.
August 28 Saturday

Dull, dull low clouds to begin with. But the day became quite tolerable with what they call "sunny intervals".

This was the day for the Evans family and Gretta, in spite of the fact that Christine was still in bed. The B.M. was busy, getting ready for 4 guests. I went out & made purchases for Evelyn at the efficient Tadworth shops. The party arrived at 12:30 making

August 30 Monday. Bank Holiday.

To my surprise, our papers came. The Times The Telegraph. Chess. A perfectly beautiful blue morning to begin with.

This was a quiet day on the whole, for it was a holiday - C was still "in bed" (figuratively speaking). E. had expected 1) Gay (Ed's friend) with an American girl friend 2) Timothy 3) Ruth working. Only the latter came stayed with C. most of the A.M. had tea with us at 4:30. E. then saw her home in her bed.

I accompanied E. afterwards to Hadley Heath (with the dog!) + sat in the car watching village cricket - such an echt English scene. Dozens of cars were ranged around - many occupants watching the game - some on the bench opposite vicarage, playing with their children.

We had supper outcrop - C joining us

as she had her pot tea. Then there was television and more television: only yesterday commemorating was scenes in London; and Am Gil Friday a perfectly silly play about 3 men + a girl shipwrecked on a desert island. I went on till 11 but we had to stay.

Early on I had gone to the village via a nearby footpath + found the Stationers' Shop open. I got ice cream for E. + 2 grape tarts for myself: the memoirs of Conan Doyle - a selection of his short stories and On Her Majesty's Secret Service by Ian Fleming about the immortal James Bond. This name was unknown to me until lately, tho' on everyone's lips, including Irish friends. I began the latter book but found the beginning a - maraboufoulid I'm afraid it is not for me.

August 31 Tuesday

The melancholy skies get me down.

But the weather improved as the day went on, until about 5 when it rained! Poor E. has been so worried & harassed by a non-existent doctor, who said he would come on Monday or Tuesday & hasn't turned up. All plans are frustrated. I went to the further village at 11:30 or so to post my magazine to home - to get stamps for E. Then lunch to long rest.

The inevitable Michael turned up before 4, & sat with C. in bed all P.M. having tea there with us. E. & I went out with the dog (to give him a run! what labor this means) - this time we went to Epsom Downs to see the remains of the Race course - merry-go-round, adventure mounds, caravans, cars, paper strewn all over the grounds. Then we drove to Hendley church - such a beautiful spot. Here C. was christened. The former rector, Rev. Phillips, was a friend of Bamaly's.

E. washed rice & stove - got most duck, apple sauce, celery & potatoes for an supper - 2 trays upstairs for C. & Michael. Then at 8:15 or so the "invaid" came down in an abbreviated dressgown (it looked like a nightgown - no stockings - sandals), with Michael she played bridge till a little after 10. Then goodbye to the nineteenth "Boy Friend":

Half a tranquillizer who wasn't a good idea. I don't need tranquillizers here, for some unknown reason.

Sept 1. Wednesday.

September has come - "the melancholy day one here, the saddest of the year"; Wednesday is always somewhat hectic with a cleaning woman & a gardener & what not. There were no letters in the P.M. Mrs. Keppin came to clean. C. was up and apparently as well as ever.

We then went out to lunch at The Hong-Kong Restaurant in Regate at 12.

It was very windy + cold, so I decided to put on warmer undies tomorrow. By tea time the ubiquitous Michael had arrived - no a little later - He stayed to supper. The amount of food Evelyn has provided for Christmas' innumerable swains is phenomenal.

After supper we played near cards. Michael was rather morose. C. said he was not feeling well. There is little to be said to him socially. His fingers nails are not clean; he has no small talk - his impression is that he is arduous. E. says he is very kind + very lively, he is. None of C's 'bar-briends' whom I have seen have struck me as anything but commonplace. Timothy Leeming is the most sophisticated, + the earnest socially. But I am not sure about his character. He may be a little too "smooth". The truth is I don't understand Englishmen.

Sept. 2. Thursday

Three letters and a post card on the breakfast table; from Betty, C. Peggy, a p.c. + Rhonda to Claude, as well as an enclosed letter from Berthe Daniel. Post was as usual at 9 - at 9:50 E. + I were off to London airport to see guests + to bid goodbye to Rachel + the children. It is a long drive + 40 mins. What a terrific place London airport is: masses of people; masses of cars - Congestion on all hands. Scores of different buildings, lanes, distant planes. My heart aches when I contemplate my own impending journey, twice across the Atlantic track again by B&E to The Brasserie.

He nicely bound the hearts. The lively Alexander jumping all over the place - and after a short chat, we had them all goodbye. It must have been a hard moment for Anita.

we had an early lunch, very good, at a
 counter restaurant - hamburgers + chips -
 salad for Sula. Then we made the
 latter goodbye + returned home by 1:40.
 Before this I got a BEX small bag, wh.
 I have wanted for some time, for 29/11 -
 I hope I have done the right thing.

When we reached home we found C with
 Timothy (lunch no. 8!) They left shortly
 however, in C's car, wh. he had lent for
 her from the airport. They were away till
 midnight - supper in theatre at home.

So E. and I were alone together for
 supper (very nice) afterwards we
 listened to television, the news, P.G.
 Woodhouse (very amusing) and a most
 depressing report on the Edinburgh
 festival - a hegemony revivalist meeting by
 James Macdonald, ~~and~~ and dismal
 abstract paintings, some of which I
 thought bearishness. And so to bed.

A letter from Patricia +
 Michael Scott.

Sept. 3, Friday, I got my new passport 12. 2. 6

A good night. No tranquillizer. We
 woke to heavy fog. E. off to her doctor.
 She reported all's well. She then tele-
 phoned to the airport. She must report
 there on Monday to the B.O.A.C. doctor.
 So she will be here Fri. Sat. + Sunday.
 On the latter day, all being well, we
 all go to Greta for lunch + take up my
 work in Highgate.

It was a day of absolutely terrific rain -
 a cloud burst - nothing less. On all the rain,
 we three went to Sutton had lunch together
 at the Andrews Restaurant. Then I sat in
 the car while C. + E. did some shopping. Then
 thru a downpour we returned home +
 stayed in doors for the rest of the day. We
 saw Mr. Quilley, Core, Burton in the evening. Mr.
 Cameron in bed! The serial was called
Another opinion - very good. Half a
 tranquillizer. Telephone from home at
 the Hilton Hotel.

Sept. 4. Saturday.

A beautiful day after the storms of yesterday. I left on the 9.45 train for London. First I went to Harrods by underground, gave up my book, about 10 minutes this cell - got out The Jews Return by Cecil Beaton, a book I had never heard of. Then I took a taxi to the Hilton Hotel to see Lord Hesketh & his daughter-in-law. I went up to the 17th floor, where Judy received me by the elevator & we went to her room 1715 where I was struck by her appearance. She is a thin, wrinkled old woman aged 74½! Heaven! So I was like that or worse?

We talked first, going out the window - friend view from her window - or at least she talked. I am sorry to say she is garrulous - like so many elderly people. As the time went on she kept

talking & talking - like complete BORE. Judy had difficulty in getting a word in. She has been on or conducted some - Beyrath, Paris, Italy, Edinburgh -

At 12.05 we went down for lunch. Marmalade & Bacon. Terrific ugliness. The meal was too much. I couldn't eat half. Curried omelette on rice, vegetables. And we used there a long time. Finally at 2. we all took a taxi - & I had the dear ladies adieu - they were going on to Grosvenor Square Bond St. Evidently Lord is nothing! I am sorry over her, as her eyes are very bad, she can't read any more. But, oh dear, we have nothing now in common. She is devoted to the Indians - to the tales of the Far East - talks incessantly about them. They are not my cup of tea.

I got the 3.21 train back to Tadworth buying the ticket for E. on the way.

I relief to get to Gate House - my own relatives. C. came in after supper. having been out with Michael.

In the evening, we played patience & watched the flying Swan, chatted amicably. My last night in this dear place - they have been angelic to me. I can never be grateful enough.

Sept 5 Sunday.

A beautiful day with lovely white clouds, no rain till quite late. I went out in the soft morning air to get my Abremer - My packing was practically complete by 10. We were delayed in starting for Highgate by the arrival of men to cut the hedge - a thing E. had wanted done for a long time.

Finally we were off on the long trek to London - not too much traffic. We reached Rock House at last and there was the good Greta to welcome us.

The dinner was excellent - pig & lamb & salad with an excellent pudding. We sat chatting for a little but the 2 guests said they were leaving shortly. I went up to bed & down after Goodbye. At tea time I had a great chatterbox with Greta, talking of Christine & Evelyn & that dear home in Tadworth.

The evening was crossword & juggle in the Abremer - television - also Abremer's Course on the wireless. The great doctor Schweitzer has died at the age of 90. We saw a harid thriller - how I despise these. And so to bed in the comfortable double room. To bath & I enjoyed!

Sept. 6 Monday.

Arrangements multiply. There is some "ment" nearly every day. Left at 8:30. At about 10 we walked down to Archway to a watchmaker, as my watch had stopped. The man said it was the main spring - ready on Friday 1st 17/6. The rest of the day was somewhat

quiet. I was amused at Anita's remark as we walked down the hill. To avoid the air was Palmy. As it had been 61° in my bedroom & 63° outside, I considered it definitely cool. I was able to buy air mail sheets & cigarettes en route.

There was a light omelette lunch - much more my style than E's hashish meals - & then I had a rest until 4 o'clock when we had an early tea.

At 6:15 we took the car to town - I wanted to take Greta to supper somewhere - she picked out Lynn's Carnes House on Coventry Street. It was full when we got there although it was early.

Bacon Eggs repetition

At 8 we went to the Club to hear Sir John Lubbock read as Charles Rees. The dear Greta had got front row seats so I could hear very well. He was extraordinarily good - got a whole

Richard, Grayson & Garter - to read Lutterbelle & old-fashioned escapades. The desk, covered in red plush, was a replica of the one Dickens used. He read some excerpts - 3 - then the interval - then 4 more. I say "read" but he really recited - pages & pages, tho' books stood on the desk. There was a full house & a very enthusiastic audience.

Beatrice Playne had gone too - in the gallery. We met in the lobby at the end - Greta brought her home. A nice warm-hearted creature. He was back by 11 - had whined without any drink, which suited me to the ground.

Sept 7. Sunday.

An excellent night. I am sleeping so much better - no tranquillizer. This was a fairly big day. We started out together in the car - & pointed at Marshall's. I then took the underground to the Bank.

and took out £20. for I must have extra money, for my return trip, as well as for possible excess luggage. I also cashed an Amer. X check for \$10 at the Manchester Bank & had 4 batteries.

I came back to Topham & St C Broad St. station - went into Woolworths for oddments & then to W.H. Evans for lunch at 12:05. There was an immense queue 20 ft long already but it now quickly got rid of. I sat with a kindly elderly woman in red - we both had fruit & nut or nuts with tartare sauce. I indulged in white wine & coffee.

After lunch I walked to Evans - at the top of Bedford St. to see if I could find a black dress for Azmy. No luck at all. No 137 bus for Archway & I was back at Rock House by 2. A rest.

At 4 hrs. Curgewin came & we had the pleasantest time. Mr. C. has

thoroughly out, looks well groomed & as usual, was most interesting. The Curgewin live in Highgate & the teacher at Redford College. They belong to the Institute that is where Greta met them. She gave us a sumptuous tea & we did enjoy the animated conversation.

After dinner at 11:30 (very good baked ham) we watched television & heard a report on the alarming war between India and Pakistan - also saw the Pilgrims to Lourdes which was strange & depressing. Sept. 8 Wednesday.

Again a good night. No wake to dark clouds & drizzle rain. The rain continued till evening - followed by a real gale. I spent the early P.M. writing letters To: 1) Wakut Lane about my life insurance 2) Laurie Peet 21 a.p.o. to Shirley Butterfield. He started out in the car at 11:15. in a downpour to go to Dickens House in Daughtry Street. Such a hurried parking the car - getting into the house.

The house was full of relics, portraits
reminders of the novelist - not too exciting
really, tho it was interesting to realize
that Peter Wick, Annex, Purist & Barnaby
Rudge were all written under the roof
above our heads.

Then, thru in pouring rain, we went to
22 Daughters, near to see Mrs. Gurdwin.
Such a depressing approach, with vans
& garages on all hands. A very steep
staircase leads to her quarters - which
were rather cluttered - too many ornaments.
She welcomed us brightly - she is a wonder-
ful old lady - & we sat for a bit before going
out to a restaurant nearby - in the Sicily
Passage - an Italian fish restaurant.
Here we had a very good meal spaghetti
with a fish sauce, white wine, ice cream
scooper. Mrs. G. should not have said
for it - but she was insistent.

He had to go back by taxi, as we
came, because of the terrible rain.

he was urged to stay posted, but decided
on a short chat instead. Then we walked
to the car park & rode again. In the English
fashion, Mrs. Gurdwin is working after a
dog(!) while her son & his wife are abroad.

I had a short rest then a good tea, which
went to the spot. I.V. Latin - Universities
Challenge Balliol v. Magdalene, Cambridge
very good indeed. After supper, we were
invited by Beatrice Plagne for coffee. With
her was a step-niece, Angela, a nice girl.
But what a funny place Beatrice lives in!
Cluttered with the word, really Bohemian.
A gale was blowing & some of it came thru
the windows, tho they weren't open. What
a chimney. We came away at 10:45. A
bath & so to bed, praying that in the morn-
even heat on all hands, I would get a cold!!

Sept. 9. had Thursday. (Wed. 59°)

In my bedroom 61° - Mrs. Barlow comes every
P.M. for an hour to clean and tidy. I spent
quite a time writing at the dining room table -

my chair, plus letters to Sarah + To Betty K.
I posted 2 letters to myself, while Greta
went shopping for her party this P.M. We
had a bacon + eggs lunch - very nice -
then I had a short rest.

At 2:30 2 ladies arrived to play
bridge - Mrs. Budgett - Maceris, whom I
had met before + a Mrs. Benson. We
had an excellent afternoon of cards -
I played all the time with Mrs. Benson
+ Greta with Mrs. B.M. - We had the
rotten luck + The last game I
failed to come up to my partner's call -
to his despair. We played for 1 farthing
a point, so each of us, Mrs. Benson + I,
were out 8d.!

At 6 or so Mrs. B.M. came in for a
drink. I telephoned to Mrs. Cairns, who is
coming in at 6:30 on Wednesday the 15th
the day before I go - Darn!

Anne was here to produce the meal
which was very easy since. There was

little on T.V. A T.V.C. man spoke hurriedly
for half an hour. We are concerned over the
war between India and Pakistan. Greta
noddled in her chair + we both went to bed
- very early - before 10.

Sept 10 Friday

Greta + I started out in the car, as she
had school duties. She let me out at Jones Row.
in Holloway + I looked for a dress for Agnif
but with no success. The "universal" such as I
got for her before, seemed dowdy. I looked at
watches + wanted to get one but was put off by
earlier remarks by Greta. I got nothing. A tele-
phone call to the watch maker was disappointing
as he said he could not mend it, as it had a
"foreign spring, Roman". I came back, wandered
about + had cigarettes.

A light lunch + then a good rest + a drink.
T.V. News + Town + Country at 6-7. And then
we went to dinner with Mr. + Mrs. Goodman
in the Grove. Beatrice Payne was there as well

As a young man called Roger Pearce. It was a beautiful experience. We sat about a week first, had good advice then went into a dining room - which was lovely - every appointment, perfect. An excellent dinner. And afterwards much good talk.

Mr. G. greatly interested in W. J. Childs Across Asia Minor on Foot. I could tell him about Marawan etc. gave him Luther's address for him to inquire further about Childs. I must try to get for Mr. G. two books I recommended when he was in St. Andrew. Mr. Baker's book on The First World War in Iran, & White Shepherd Riggs, Shekhar, Aintak. I can get them in U.S. (Revel?) We came back after 11 - after a delightful evening.

Sept. 11 Saturday.

A good night. Penning rain in B.M. I did a bit of writing - then decided to go to James Ross to get a watch, as the watchmaker could not mend my watch - I felt

it might be a long time before I would have it working. It was simplicity itself - going to Holloway - 271 bus there & I found a very pretty watch with black strap (Ingersoll) for £3.2.6 wh. was cheap.

Grete, like the generous aunt, had taken all kinds of trouble to get tickets for a matinee. I had heard of the musical called Robert Elizabeth & suggested that. He was able to get very expensive seats, five rows back in the Dress Circle for 35/- each. But to treat. We went up early. What shall I say of it? It was an amusing & sentimental musical but it wasn't the Knowings. All kinds of liberties were taken with the story when these foolish mid-century dances were joined. Some of it was good - the scenery was very clever. But, but, but! We came back to drink then a late supper on the trolley. I nearly fell asleep afterwards but stayed long enough to see the last concert of the Proms - with Sir Michael Sargent - wonderful. 2 aspirins sleep.

Sept 12 Sunday

A very quiet day. The breeze in the A.M.
no church. At 11.45, G. + I took a walk
in Waterlow Park - what a lovely place!
we fed the ducks + pigeons, saw the swans - watched
the children out with drawing papers, taking
the morning air. Dinner was v. good
+ we chatted about the fixings. Tea at 4.30
we debated, very wisely, going to St. Paul's
or Westminster Abbey for evening but
decided against it. Really lazy. Instead
we listened to Britain's Course at 7.30 +
then saw A Tree Grows in Brooklyn on T.V.
Very well done + very sentimental -
to be a carryish - but I didn't put out my
light till 11.30 or so. Reading Asquith
(Crispin's book) by Roy Jenkins. It is
well done.

Sept 13 Monday

I had called up Wilfred, suggesting a
meeting + he invited me to come to his
office + then have lunch with him. I

started out at 10 + went via Bus 137 to Harrod
where I returned my book + closed my account.
Then to Ashford St. where I had 2 scanners for E. + S.
+ 2 timbers for Anita, as I had broken one
on her escape. From there I took Bus 13 To St.
Paul's. It simply crawled - + I was $\frac{1}{2}$ hour
late. However, it made no difference. W's
office is a new one - at St. Paul's where a
land was being.

W. took me to such a nice restaurant on a
New Plaza next St. Paul's - called St. Christo-
pher's - a basement restaurant - awfully
nice. We had a great chatter map + somewhat
about obligations - much about the family. I
couldn't bear to leave the city at once - so I
went into St. Paul's + said my prayers - looked
again at that noble building. Then I walked up
Ashford St. + jumped into St. Paul's - then No. 13
to Ashford St. + then via 137 to Highgate, wh. I
reached at 4. Tea together, then a short
rest.

Beatrice Payne, like the nice creature, came in to say goodbye & have sherry at 6:15. In the evening, we watched Russian sailors dancing, but I was like an owl - & left for bed at 10:45.

Sept 14. Tuesday warmer.

My brother's birthday. Paris, peace man. Quite early on I went by Bus 271 to Archway, where I got my watch mended. Back again, I got sherry by the Currios - & found a paperback, old O. Henry, by the journey. There was a very good lunch & then a rest at 11:30.

At 3 Mrs. Fleming Evelyns arrived for bridge. He had a grand afternoon from 3-7:30 of surprises, interrupted at 4:30 by a delicious tea. They stayed on for a chicken supper with all the fixings & much good talk. At 9:30 the visitors left. It was goodbye to the sweet Evelyns. (Christine is in retreat!) And then we heard 1) the news of a lovely Chamber music concert with Memlin.

Sept 15 Wednesday milder.

Three letters, no less, at the breakfast table - Eleanor, Sarah Kenneth - as Gita remarked, "the old faithfuls". At 10 after preliminary packing I went out to have a trim & shampoo, & set & felt unusually clean - A cup of tea from Anne at 11. when I came in.

The afternoon was quiet. I packed early - he saw T.V. And at 6:40 came Mrs. Mrs. Convisio bearing gifts of sweets from Harrod's. I had never met Mrs. C. He talked about the S. & R.C. very warmly. She seems a very nice person. Gita gave them drinks & little meris. It was really quite nice too, too ardent about our having a meal with them on my return. Also Gita, who rather balked at the idea. We had a slight meal on a tray then T.V. Commonwealth Dancing - some with the maid. And so to bed on my last evening in this charming house. Tomorrow B.O.C.B. new year!

Tirends Relations seen in England Summer 1965

Enelyn Frost

Christine Frost

Kathleen ~~of~~ ^{Pat} Sugar

Susan Idler Sugar

Smith & Tony Kennedy

Amanda & Jason Beart

Phyllis Kenneth Rowell

Alvin Gathard

George & Enelyn Gathard

Helen & Wilfred Geiger

Ruby Briggs

Kathy Briggs

Peggy Pockman

Mr & Mrs. Hazen

Betty & O. Kondagan

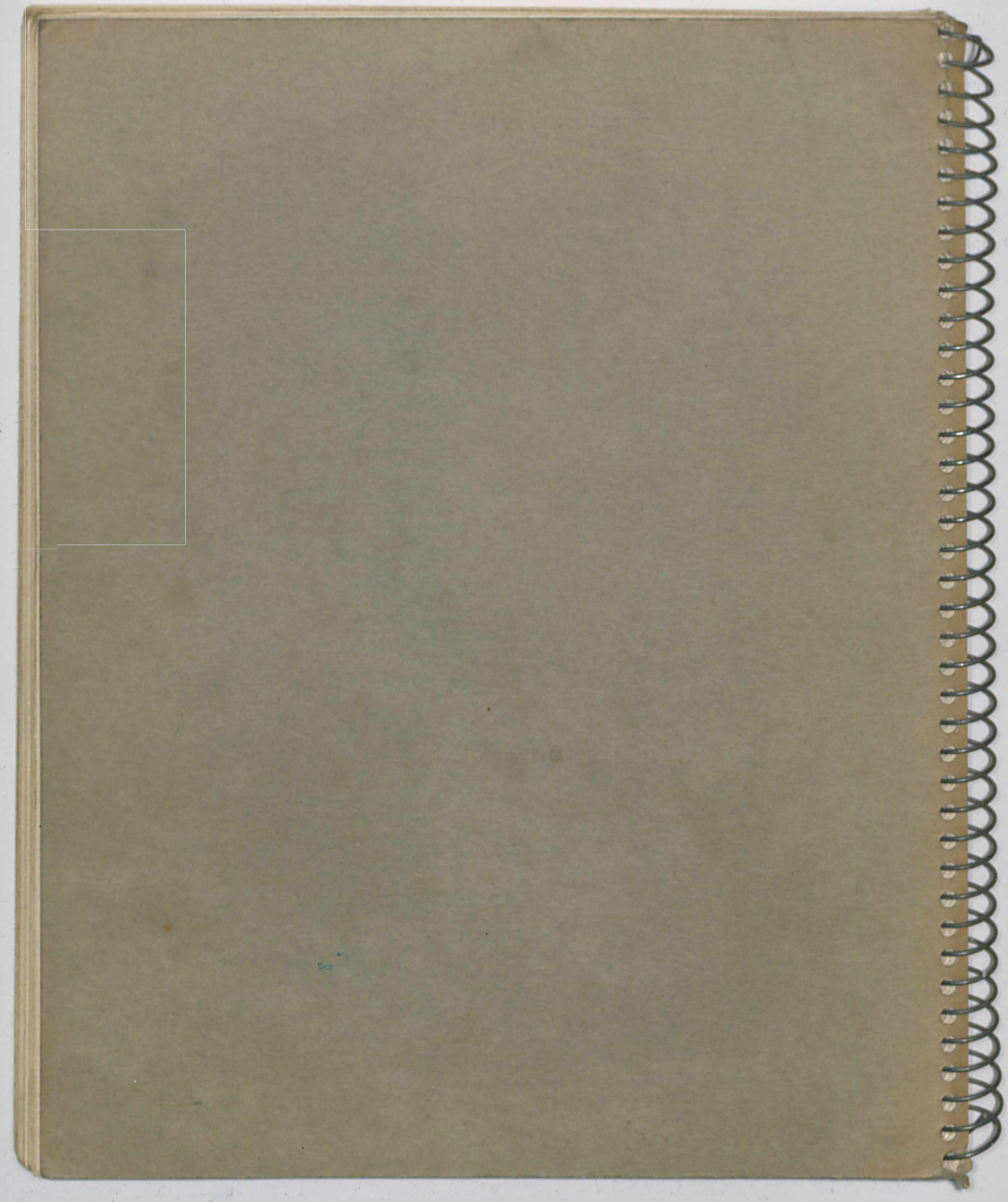
Beatrice Payne

Mr & Mrs. Goodman

Mrs. Sweetwin

Mrs. Betty Henry

Mrs. Gertrude Stern



Boğaziçi Üniversitesi

Arşiv ve Dokümantasyon Merkezi

Kişisel Arşivlerle İstanbul'da Bilim, Kültür ve Eğitim Tanıtı

Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu



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