

Diary

7

W. J.

in

England

1962

Diary
of
A Summer Holiday
in
England
1968

From July 10 till Oct. 14, 1968

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of
A Summer Holiday
in
England.

July 10. Wednesday

I begin my diary with green ink as this is all I can find in this beautiful house, Gate House, Tadworth, Surrey. (No this country is a "green + pleasant land" perhaps the ink is symbolic!

After two days of industry, largely Agnib's, I was ready to leave at 8 A.M. in the B. E. D. office. He very kind Cecil Jubbin' took me there in his car. Had such a crowd as I found in the terminal. Where do all the people come from? The faithful Cawline was on hand + very soon, after preliminaries (always tiresome!) we were taken in her boss' car to the airport. En route, a guest friend joined us. It transpired that Mr. Hawkins was away + Cawline's other friend were taking the car to

Flavia, if you please, for a swim!! We got to the airport by 9:40 as so + I was hounded over into the keepings, officials - Mr. Wymer, head of the airport actually took me on board the plane + I had my old aisle seat of last year.

What was my astonishment to see Mr. Riddle in the seat across the aisle. He was most friendly - recognized me at once. He was on his way to Athens where he was joining friends to tour the Greek islands - so unfortunately, he had to get out at the first stop! Opposite me was a ship's messenger - a very nice man indeed - much more talkative than most Englishmen. He was accompanying his huge bundles of diplomatic mail, which took up two of the seats.

Our informative captain told us the temperature was 102° in Athens! Go gods! @ this came on, but I had no luggage till Rome. Scepticisms drinks I found between Athens + Rome. Two sandwiches stuff - but good.

At Rome - no Athens - a young Swiss from Zurich got on + we had a chat. He was going to Rome - to catch, if he could, another plane to Zurich - had travelled extensively for his business in America. I was able to sit still at each stop. White cleaners swept + honnered the plane - a heered relief.

Between Rome + London the going was not too good. Nothing to see - no Alps - only clouds, which got darker + more menacing as he neared England. There was a good deal of bumping as we passed thru clouds. Tomm! And then we saw rain.

At last, at last we reached London Airport in pouring, pouring rain!! After getting my baggage (we were 1/2 hr. late, as the Rome airport had been over crowded) I went along + spied that adorable Evelyn waiting for me. We found a serious printer, who stuck by my side while Evelyn looked for her suitcase. Still pouring wildly. Go gods! What a chinute!

At last Euelyn's car arrived and we were off for Tadworth - a very long ride with her the rush hour. We had so much to say to each other that our thoughts tumbled over each other. And so - at length we reached the dear Gate House & I put all my things in the delightful spare room.

Drinks then a perfectly delicious meal, a little of the news on television & so to bed at 10. A bill & abolition.

July 11. Thursday.

Temperature in my room - 60° - although central heat is on. Breakfast at 7:30 - perfectly delicious - with the Times, - (I am Teacher's Pet!) - & breakfast at 8:30. A blousy, windy, dull morning. Euelyn to the village - reported it was very cold - but just the wind. When!

It was a quiet morning but much brightened by the arrival of Christine from her latest flight (Bonn, Cologne & Frankfurt) then Judith appeared for lunch the day with her two children - Robin 2½ - the baby, Helen Sarah, 8 months.

Judith has much material - asked interesting questions about R.C. Her Robin is a monkey - turned off the longidaine the hot water! which was only discovered later. The baby is not handsome - looks like her father - big ears, but nice blue eyes, a pretty mouth - She crawled on the floor a bit - & was in her "go-cart" in the dining room, while we had a perfectly delicious meal. Euelyn is a part master as a cook.

I did get a little rest, of first under an umbrella, then there was tea (only tea) before 4 - Judith laden with huge bundles of necessaries, was off in her big car about 5. Christine had disappeared to rest - but came down before dinner. She is such a clever & entertaining child. Has bought a wig - just for fun - which she will wear on occasion.

Had the simplest of supper spaghetti & fruit. Then after Christine had gone to bed - we had Scrabble - E. & I. (She won) then the news - which was rather bad as there has been severe flooding in both west & east of England.

I forgot to say I went in to the village at four-ish - changed some envelopes E. had got for me, + got hair nets, which I needed. He was more dry - + I was re-impressed by the suburban beauty of Tadworth and the charming village stores, stocked with so many pleasant things to buy. I did enjoy my walk.

July 12 Friday

A little up-spirit in the early A.M. as always happens, when I come to England - during the first days. Early tea + then breakfast at 8:30. I wake early, + studied Alfred Selous's Birthday Book, getting a number of additional names for mine. Sunshine everywhere - but I am clear of prophesy of good weather. The only drawback of England is the really fantastic climate!

It was a rather quiet day on the whole - with reading + writing. I had a skin-bunch + lay down for a very long good rest. We decided to have high tea at 5:30 - + then drive to the way to Guildford to the theatre.

This was a real treat - an old friend, Concoda by Show. It was such a good performance, much more animated + lively than another performance I saw in London, 2 or 3 years ago. There was an enthusiastic audience. I got my usual patriotic thrill, when "God Save the Queen" was played at the beginning of the performance.

I felt much better in the evening - what with pills + light meals. We returned from Guildford along the lovely narrow, shaded roads to Tadworth. Then we had to have a plate of soup + biscuits at 10:45-11 - quite unnecessary but good. Had to take with half a pill.

July 13 Saturday

The early news was that Dannie had a second daughter at 10 P.M. last night! I am afraid they hoped for a son. Now the Cromwell girls are all endowed with "kittage + best time". Amanda 2 boys, Judith a boy + girl, + Dannie 2 daughters - Phyllis has six grand-children. Incredible.

This was a busy morning for E + C.
Getting ready for visitors - they were
Greta, Annie Fleming. They arrived a
little after 12. We had a sumptuous lunch
after drinks - schmitzels, ham, mushrooms,
peas + potatoes. Then strawberries + ice-
cream with treacle pie for Evelina.

Greta looks older - rather tired but
the perfect upolater. At 2 we began to
play bridge - all afternoon till nearly 8
with an interval for tea. It was great
fun - hilarious at times + we did
enjoy it. I think Greta was the best
player - she won at any rate.

We decided to send a telegram to
Dorrie - + I suggested: "Three
cheers for the girls" - from + we signed
it - really very nice.

Soup at 9 - then I retired at
9:30, against E's protests. No pill -
+ a troubled night but fair health
symptoms!

An invitation to Greta's on Saturday
July 20. She will call on me at the
Cumberland.

July 14 Sunday.

I am full of silly fears. It was
a poor night + no mistake. I woke
after light dozing to find it terrifyingly
unbearable - puddles in the garden -
dark, dark clouds. But later hopes of
clearing. I had breakfast with Edger
at 8:30 - the young Christine coming
down at 9. The afternoon with her
early tea - real indulgence.

It was a full + interesting day as bella
+ Wilfred arrived at 14:20 + spent the day
till 6:30 P.M. bella seemed in a mellower
mood than usual. She is still inharmonious
but - + ate pasties much - the only person
at table to have two helpings of every-
thing! other a full-pledged tea. Wilfred
brought papers, pictures, + maps about
the East + talked + talked, most interest-
ingly. We all reminisced about the
family, as Wilfred had been collecting data
for Victor's story of the Baker family, in
Constantinople. We had a perfectly de-
licious meal, after drinks - but too lavish.
Lentils, mint sauce, celeriac + potatoes, trifle

ice-cream, & travel vis for Euehina. I did have a short rest between 2 & 3. Euehina & briefed not briefly in the garden, when a little pale sunshine came out.

Christine was out after lunch to London to meet Michael, who comes down from Oxford, where he is taking courses. He didn't get in till nearly 10 - having been to a cinema with her here.

After a snack here in the kitchen Euehina & I heard, first, the tenor in a hilarious play, Monsieur Beaucaire (from the Booths Theatre named) on television. It is an old film, I am sure, as Bob Hope, the principal character looked very young. He was good. He is so expressive - also quite graceful in his movements - rather funny.

He finally retired at 11 P.M. after a huge day.

July 15. Monday

I took half an aspirin - & slept very well, but was pleased to find myself relaxed before breakfast. Some still agitated about my mother's behavior

I came to England, it takes time to get adjusted to food & climate. Too tiresome. Had tea & lemon chief a piece of toast for breakfast.

Euehina's welcome as I came down at air was, "winter begins," for the day was dark, rain had fallen & heavy stars covered the sky. What a matinee climate. The forecast non-hopeful - however let us see.

The afternoon turned out very well with sunshine.

I went to the village - brought received for spots, Talcum powder & milk & 2 p.c.s. in the a.m. we had a rather quiet day, with "lapse" for lunch & cold meat very good. A very long rest, reading aboutish Woodhouse which I got in a paper talk in the village. After tea & much talk, we drove to Wimbledon where I took E. & G. to dinner at a restaurant. They chose an Indian place called Gay's Place & had curried rice - I too indulged in Indian piloh (pilaw!) & lemon tea - charming helpings with incident extras. Drove home by 8:40.

After we got in there was time before the news so we had scrabble - Christine beating us both - & I got books, prizes! except that there was no prize.

Then we had T.V. news first - very interesting - a whole half hour - & then 2 very violent films, which I thought were horrid - both including murders! Vandetta & Entertaining Mr. Slane. The latter was especially unpleasant - really what things we need on the stage these days. Christine tells me this was a play in London - he didn't get to bed till 12, as we were determined to see the end of the 2nd play, though most of the "heat" blurred me.

Had a Rumpelstilzchen - & feeling very much better.

July 16 Tuesday

I slept like a log - a wonderful night & woke at 7:30. Early tea as usual. Then after breakfast out with E. to the village & shop - I got duhamets for the family with presents from Evelyn.

I was much cheered to get a very

good letter from my darling Sarah - by the post. Much news and a good epistle.

I now continue my tale with wonderful blue ink, having left Christine's green ink behind in Tadworth. I record my savings of July 16th as I sit in this court room at the Embankment, which has greatly disappointed me. None of this soon.

It was rather a quiet morning - dark & cloudy, a little rain. E. talked to me about Timothy Hemming, his persistent desire to marry Christine! However she, Evelyn, told him there was no hope. She then said he was coming to tea this very afternoon & Christine had invited her friend Jennifer Park to come too - in case Timothy felt fresher. Too amusing.

At 2 I went for a permanent to Irene's - Mrs. Bennett - on Christine's recommendation. Such a process. E. took me in her car (quite unnecessary) - was there for two blessed hours. She called again when I was ready - had paid my bill - £1. 17. 6 & 2/6 tip & 2 pounds all told.

When I returned, there was tea & I saw the smiling Timothy once more. The girl, Jennifer, came in after 5 & left at 5:20 as she is a student on B.U.A. & was off to Glasgow. if own places. I went upstairs at 5:30 for a long rest. Just before 7. Christine called to say The Jews henagerie was on T.V. & missed & came down.

This was a long play, two hours & we did enjoy seeing it. The class Evelyn had a supper ready, which we ate in the living room on a table, being unable to leave the screen. It was very American & I did not find it good. Though this play never appealed to me, really, I had a new times been this opening & was very fond of it. It went on till 9. Then we waited till 10 & heard the news, which is always good - a whole half hour.

July 18 Wednesday

The beautiful day of my departure & my going to the Cumberland. The D.M. has been very sympathetic. Christine was due

to leave B.O.A.C. to New York - she had to go to the hair dresser at 10:30. Mrs. Curry, the cleaning woman came at 8:30. At 8 the postman brought me a letter from Elizabeth Clarke - near me. I went for a short run to the village with E. got change at the Bank & posted my card to Agnes.

We had an early lunch at 12 & Christine departed by the airport at 12:30 - The maroon girl, Barbara, was in the kitchen for an hour or so. After we had got our breath, so to speak, we piled my luggage in the car & E. & I were off to London. She was a perfect darling to bring me in - The day was very dark & cloudy - a drizzle. E's first remark when I came downstairs was, "It is winter again!"

Such a nuisance, getting to the Cumberland - & I was given Room 160 a court room, tho' I had written in my letter that I wanted an outside room. It gave me the "woodies". E. tried to talk. We went to 11 Melbourn St. & saw the proprietress - looked at other rooms,

one double room with bath but really it didn't have two windows. Then we had a cup of lemon tea, fruit cream, at the Boulevard Hotel, or Magnum St. I was really depressed! E. had had to put her car in Selfridge's Garage 4/ for 2 hours - & she led me to the door of the Cumberland, where we made a dash. So this is it! So this is the Garners line - Ireland.

There were roses for me - who from? Also a note from Mrs. Williams. I found out they were from her! Very nice. Her note suggested her waiting me in the lobby at 6:30 which she did. I didn't recognize her - she has changed her hair - & she was much made up - but very friendly and nice. We decided to go out together for a talk - which we did & we I took her to supper at Bacon Rigg's - A grill and ice cream in & much talk. She was very useful - telling me how to manage things, when to apply to K. was sent outside but she was dressed in the most sumptuous of garments with short sleeves.

On returning to the hotel, I asked for a single room for Peggy Lawrence on July 26. Completely booked! Too stupid. Had to have to my "closed in" room in rather a melancholy mood.

July 18 Thursday.

A very good night. I went to bed at 9:30 & slept the night of the weary. Breakfast in Double Time - kippers - toast & tea. I sat next to such a nice Canadian couple. She was wearing a hearing aid, so I spoke to her. Both of them very friendly, though they ^{know} nothing of Turkey, asking me if I had met the Shah!

Then out - first to the Bevil Street Hotel by bus - to book a room for Peggy L. on July 26, as there was nothing available here on that date. It was dry, not too cold morning, with some sunshine.

To my amazement, when I got back a ballot came to say I could change my room (No. 143) outside. Alas! I had already written to 1) Seta, 2) Mibred 3) P. 989 4) Enleya that I was staying in 160. I couldn't have the change. Perhaps later - will see.

you are - from your account: Mrs. Scott,
Robert College, Belber, Ontario - I would
help Langhine. £30 for expenses.

On my way back, I stopped for a mo-
ment, as I always do at St. Mary's work with
to say my prayers - Then back by under-
ground to Bond St. In Woolworth's
I got playing cards - Then had me to
D.H. Evans for lunch. I had everything
much more expensive. That lunch chops,
& coffee - no dessert - no wine - my bill
was 9/6 - too much.

From this time, walking all the way
speaking very fast. A hi-dawn till a
little after 3. I had me to Sal bridges for
a sandwich but only accomplished a
part. At home, the beauty parlour, I
was told I would not have a manicure -
so I came back to my room. I wrote
a letter to Harold Wiley, in reply to his
about The Scott Family Register. I do
miss my typewriter. At 7 I had sherry &
potato chips & my plate.

Then I again went down to the
Residents' lounge. & what was my

pleasure to be assisted by the nice Canadian
lady with an ear-aid. She told me she had
had tea with the Queen that very day. Her
husband is a V.C. There was a meeting of
all the heroes in Buckingham Palace. She
glowed with enthusiasm - then gave me
her name & address - Mrs. Julia Mackay,
London, Canada. Her husband had held a
bridge in Southern Italy, against great
odds in the Second World War. She leaves
for Canada tomorrow on an R.N.Z. plane!
Wonderful! What an interesting experience
to meet anyone like that. She is charming -
Her husband had gone off for the evening
with other V.C.s. Will there be an item in
the paper about the dinner tomorrow?

I read Time & Ellen Terry in the
lounge till nine, then came up to bed.

A very good day, on the whole, though
I hardly feel natural yet in this great
hotel.

July 20 Saturday

I stayed more orders but in my room
till nearly 12. The only interruption being
my request for a man to open my cold Tap

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in my bathroom that I could not manage.

At 12 I stood at the entrance of the hotel on Great Cumberland Place & the dear Greta came up in his car & I jumped in. He made straight for Rock House & had a very happy time. A drink, then a good lunch - & I disappeared at 2:30 for a rest in the spare room, hoping that Greta, too, could relax as he has been working terribly hard over these children's Country Holidays - hours of paper work. I have good my cousins me to undertake all this volunteer social service work.

Down at four for tea & then talk for hours. A long telephone call from Evelyn about a dentist appointment for Christine - I shall give her my date (Aug. 2nd at 3 P.M.) if that is a convenient time for her.

We were invited to dinner with the d. Mrs. Goodman at 6:45. He never came early to see the garden! So English. They are rather dear & we did wander thru their lovely garden & made all the necessary enthusiastic remarks.

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The drinks & dinner were sumptuous - with a perfect waitress, charming appointments - & then there was long talk afterwards. Both the doctor & his wife talk almost without ceasing! I thought they are very polite & try to listen. He finally came away at a little after ten. It had been a serene evening outside, with a lovely sunset beyond the distant garden wall.

July 21 Sunday

What a day. Breakfast as usual in Round Table - then at 9 o'clock, to my astonishment, Wilfred called me on the phone from Westminster & said they were starting early for Cambridge & Grantchester. It was a lovely blue day of sunshine & quite warm. Della sat behind in their Rover car & I sat next to Wilfred.

It is always a joy to drive thru England's green & pleasant land. We went via Hatfield & points north - along side right to Cambridge at about 10:30. Of course I was delighted to see the beloved town again - but although I

would have liked to go into Kings
College Chapel or Queens' College - they
were not interested. W. made vain attempts
to get in touch with Miranda - first as
well, for I think an unexpected call on
a young mother with a tiny babe (6 weeks?)
would be a mistake.

Instead he had to have morning
coffee at The Green Cafe opposite Haffers.
Lella is interested in bound + cat's paw too
much for his own good! He checked the
Garden House Hotel by 12.00. As the lunch was
served till 12:30 we sat in the lovely,
lovely garden + I hit drinks for the 3
of us. Duhonnet's. Then we had a pass-
tively disabling meal in the very pretty
dining-room, very nicely served. Coffee
was again in the garden under shade
trees. There was time to talk.

At about 2:15 we were off to
Grantchester via Trumpington, which
brought back such acute memories -
those of my Cambridge student days +
then those lovely 4 or 5 days when W.,
my darling + I, stayed at The Vicarage

as paying guests of his then - Thomas Bold.

He was calm but soon met the vicar -
a rather hearty, + very friendly middle-aged
man. A list of vicars of Grantchester Church
begin in 1036(!) up to the present day.
The vicar's name was Arthur Hurst. Soon
the small group assembled - I saw
Bernard Kay, Judith + her husband, + the
two darling twins, Emma + Richard who
were perfect lambs thru the whole cere-
mony. They are 4 months old + sweet.

I think the vicar made two prolonged
discourses + another babe was christened
birt - but his ceremony was short +
sweet, he kissed each babe on the forehead.

As this had ended to the Birnins' home
(near Robert Bowser's Orchard road
vicarage) to their home 4 B W GORTON No. 2
which boasts a long garden. Here there
was champagne sandwiches - later
strawberries, cake + tea. Lella did
justice to all. I was amazed to see
Joyce (Stark) Carr + even more
pleased to learn that her husband
has left her + has married some one else!!

She is 65 + makes it. She says her mother is in a nursing home in Dartmouth near Betty. (Betty has lost her daughter, the mother's been young children!) Such news, such news. Hotel is ~~to~~ 90 + is baking.

I got acquainted with a very nice man, Alvin Hutchinson, who worked with Kenneth in Bedford. He was amazed to discover that I was Kenneth's cousin. He had been given Hamelin's big tape it was my Kenneth this was the opening of our first conversation, when I told him I came from Robert College. He spoke so warmly of Kenneth + grieved, as most all do his for too early death.

He stayed an hour, told not leave till 5:30 driving back the way we came. These kind creatures drove me to the Cumberland, before going on themselves another long stretch to Seneca Falls. He wants to have Evelyn + me for the day on either Tues. the 30th or Wed. the 31st - 1 July. 10 triumphs for Evelyn.

July 22 Monday

Is very warm dry day with some sunshine. I slept very well - felt quite brisk! I had breakfast about 8:30 kippers again. I think I would explore possibilities of another hotel, so mended my way to The West End Hotel at 85 Gloucester Place, where I had stayed last year. but got no satisfaction at all. Everything seems booked. I also looked in at 119 Brickenhale House - but again found every room taken - not that I was disappointed - it didn't look too attractive.

From there I wandered down Baker St. + at the Artcrafts Japanese shop, saw in the window the very jewelry bedroom slipper I have been looking for. They are silver - medium size - 12/6 + I got them. From there I went to Selfridges, (finding that the old Supermarket on Baker St. had disappeared - so many changes, even in a year!) + got (just from the Jewel Store, ^{the} ~~another~~ for Moka, the bag for me, + Santa for Caroline as well as Sophie's human gloves.

Lunch at Brown & Eggs was rather dull, tho' I sat at a table with a nice female family. I was pleased to discover, at 2:30 that my bed had not been made - & I complained to the corridors housekeeper - whereupon my maid, Lucy Whelan, came in very apologetic & all was well. Then a bit down till 4:30.

At 5 I went to have tea with Erica Williams at 94 Beganston St. Such an interesting time we had - she has a bed-sitting room on the 7th floor. She gave me very good tea (3 cups - I was dying for tea) & we had a fine gossip. She gave me "tips" as to what to do about my room - telling me to call on Reception - I made up my mind to say I would stay on at least till Aug. 15th perhaps longer. We gossiped about Mrs. Davies & hundy - as I had had a card from Mrs. Davies, inviting me to lunch on Wednesday at one. Very nice. I stayed till 6:30 - then took a short walk in the clammy evening air & so back to my room.

The maid, Lucy, came in & showed me how to get television - & I heard Panorama. A chicken sandwich, sherry, & mint choco were my supper. Then a read in the Residents' lounge.

On my way there I stopped at the Reception Desk - told the very intelligent attendant that I would keep my room at least till Aug. 15, perhaps longer. She said I would get my bill every seven days. Very satisfactory.

July 23 Tuesday

I had a heavy party night - could not get to sleep for hours. I was up at 8:15 & ready for breakfast at 8:40 with a bit of time. The breakfasts are ample, but not very interesting & the tea is seldom really hot. The a.m. seemed to go very fast.

At 11 I went to Harold's library - saw base my Ellen Terry by Kenneth & took out 2 books. The Life of Bertrand Russell's Autobiography is hinted briefly & Henry VIII by John Kibler. A nice librarian officiates at "my" desk - RIA - SEC. & so home, in something of a drizzle.

I decided to try Dunkin' Donuts for lunch. The main dishes all seemed to specialize only in ham, bacon, gumpo & fried potatoes! Had a ham omelette with fried potatoes, vanilla ice-cream & waffles. It was not cheap 9/7 -

Then I had a long hi-deum & slept heavily for an hour making up for the lark the previous night. I began to Russel back (again too many letters) but what a man! what a man! How many women he must have made unhappy - Alys Smith, Bettelino, Colette, Dora Black - so far!!

Although it was drizzling I decided on a walk & went to my old favorite on Baker St. where I had my old pot of tea (3 cups) buttered toast & jam - very cheap 2/2 with 6d tip. On my way back I ran into Mrs. Davie & all people we compared her invitation to lunch tomorrow at our very nice.

The rest of the evening, after a letter to Peggy, I spent reading in the Residents' lounge - the Spectator and B. Russell.

July 24, Wednesday.

Kippers for breakfast. I wish some of the dishes were lighter - such as scrambled eggs or even plain boiled eggs. However the breakfasts here are good & I enjoy them.

The morning seemed to fly away. I wrote a long letter to Sarah, which took more than an hour. I then went out, but 3 hrs. of shopping at M. & C. - a sandwich & potato chips for my supper - I was invited to Mrs. Davie for lunch & on the way, I hit her some red ones. It was a mild day, cloudy but dry. I found Hammers Gate mansion very easily. I must confess that Mrs. Davie was charming to me. Her three was sherry & smokes. he didn't sit down to a very good lunch till nearly 2. He was alone. Miss Cate is in h. s. B. will return on August 1st. Her other frequent guest, Dr. Allen, is away & Tommie aged 4 1/4 is with a god mother in the country. There was much talk of all 34 guests - I could give her a good deal of news. I left finally at 3:30 & walked all the way to the hotel - a half hour's tramp.

I was very pleased to have a letter from Evelyn - asking me if I were free on Sat. p.m. + evening. I hope she will come to visit me here. She also said she hoped that Tuesday, July 30 will be the day for the Seagulls at Sevenoaks + suggested I spend Monday night at Tadworth so we could start off together.

I wrote notes to Evelyn, to Wilfred + a notice about my air edition of the Times. Then I got the 7:30 - 8 P.M. news on BBC2. I am learning how to manipulate my television. I began the hour about Henry James + it interested me though it is not literature. Had to bed at 10:30.

July 25 Thursday

A full day of a solitary one. At 8:30 I successfully telephoned to Evelyn + heard her very well. I am delighted that she will come to see me at 3 P.M. on Saturday + we can have the afternoon + evening together.

I was late in starting out. The day was warm, if cloudy. I felt I would simply meander towards Oxford Circus + get

this and that - which I did. I also aspirin for Aznif, plus the potato masher she hangs her chair into for myself - mostly at hardware stores which I tried, again, perfectly unsuccessfully. I went to D.H. Evans + that was for only 5/ to make another evening bag + handkerchief.

I took all these things back to the hotel after my long walk. Then at 12:45 I went to The Restaurant Tray for lunch. I found all food very much more expensive. It is difficult to get a decent meal for less than 7 or 8 shillings. I fortunately had a table to myself. I shall go again.

Back to my room + a very long read + rest. I wrote a short letter to Boris Whitman - then went on to C + S. There I had seen in the a.m. one of those tiny black bandana hats made of stiff fabric, for which I yearned. I got it for 9/- - surely, cheap enough.

A leisurely p.m. after that - began my knitting. Played patience then at 7:30 heard 1/2 an hour of news on BBC2. Very good indeed. A tiny snack + beer or an evening meal - other, as usual,

a visit with my two weeks to the Vandermere's
house.

I have finished Henry here by John
Lieber & was interested in the delineation
of Lisa's personality. Not an attractive
man - & I never could abide his wife, Clara.
There are very decided gaps. Who looked
after his 2 sons by his first wife? And
what was that lady like? And did she
suffer when her husband fell or came
with (to him) the glamorous Clara?
These things are not mentioned.

I have also finished The Irons of
Bertrand Russell's Autobiography. I
agree with the obscure reviewer who
said there were far too many letters.
What I would like to read are the auto-
biographies of Russell's various wives:
Alpo Smith, Vera Black, Patricia Spence
especially the Smith person who is his
current wife. Then there were his homes -
Auntie Russell, Collette O'Neil - what
of them? Did they get rid of him so easily
or he got rid of them? In the descrip-
tion of Russell & his permanent school

with Vera Black, he shows himself the most
naive of mortals. He had no more idea of
how to venture or manage people or
children, than the man in the moon. The
Schubert needed the constant care & presence
of both Lisa & Vera but they were of
little help as he was restlessly writing -
Ye God! But then they were surprised
that things got out of hand.

I got my first bill - a week - & paid it.
£36.2.0. Whew! Will I last?

July 26. Friday

I was dilatory in the morning, reading
my paper, pottering about, then around 11 I
went to Harrold Library & change my books.
Such a nice No. 14 liberation. I put out
Cynthia Argu's The Diaries, which has been on
my list for a long time & a thin book
called To England with me by David Frost
and Anthony Jay. This I found just by
chance but I was told that David Frost
often talks on T.V. I came back by bus
& then went for lunch at 12:50 to Beacon
Eggs. A young man was shown into a

seat opposite me. He brought a book & during the whole meal never uttered a word, even reading his book on his lap while eating. He gods! I offered him a cigarette but he didn't smoke. These English - they are afraid of their own voices. This would never have happened in America & no harm done - a pleasant 20 minutes passed by happy views. I thought I had to conform to the universal habit & did not speak!

I had a long rest & read To England. What a book - very controversial as well as acutely critical - a survey of present Britain - clever - in parts humorous. It is hurt in dealing with the ingrained British feeling for "Class" - much modified since my early girlhood but still there. I quote an excellent bit about the youth of today in England, whom there seem to be few outlets for their energy - which sometimes leads to crime.

"Where do you find the challenge, the excitement, the stretching of your capabilities. The test of your courage & nerve that some

people need to make them feel that they are living & not just existing? There was a time when the simple business of staying alive & getting food & shelter for a family was enough of an achievement in itself; but not any more.

There was a time when you could enlist as a soldier of fight wars, but not any more.

There was a time when you could go out to a colony, open up the west, pioneer new freedoms; but not any more. And it's no good trying to start a revolution. For one thing, most people are happy enough with their present situation. For another, the arms of government organizations are so long that they would find out what you were up to before you had a chance to get the thing going.

After my rest I settled & read all P.M. waiting for a call from Peggy Lawrence. My phone rang at 6 & her cheerful voice told me she would be at the hotel in an hour. We did have the lunchist evening. I met her in the hall - her night blooming one migrated to Grill where for an excellent dinner - Dutch treat \$1 each including a good tip.

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She told me all about her Black Sea trip with Rachel Hall - their leaving the ship in north & going all around Anatolia by Taxi: Amoska, Bodrum, Icarosia, Gürems - I don't know where all. Then she recounted her day at Staryvo with the Gnezdovs - she had evidently had a marvellous time.

He came back to the Hotel after dinner & sat together in the Revolutio's lounge for long, long talks till after 10. It was so good to see her - a true friend & a charming person. She goes down her hotel to friends round about. She has a ticket on Pan Tom. for Aug. 2nd says she doesn't want to go! She may try to change her departure till the following Monday, Aug. 5th in which case I may see her again.

But so to bed with half a pill!

July 27 Saturday

The rain still keeps off Staryvo! But there are more clouds than sunshine. I had a rather idle A.M. towards 11:30 I went to the New City Park where we stamp

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various sheets. Such crowds there, in long queues. Later I went to the Rest for Tray for lunch. I nearly always seem to get the wrong things - this time steak & kidney pie with a trise crust, & milk & cheese & coffee. The only thing I like about the Rest for Tray is no tipping!

I came back for a short rest. There was a letter from Maria's father forwarded by Genta. Evelyn arrived very much on time - a little before 3. It was so good to see her. She had two good bits of news. 1) that we might go to a matinee together this large afternoon - my Siddy knut with Irene Handl that Genta had invited us to have dinner with her in Highgate. We started out in E's car almost at once - went first to the theatre, the Savoy, got 2 tickets cheaply in the second row of the stalls. Then across the road to The Strand Palace Hotel (my first acquaintance with it) for an excellent pot of tea (my points) & then over to the theatre.

The play was all possibilities but alas I could not see the words - it was

probably the intonation. No voices seemed loud enough, but the words were not clear. The story was laid in India - hence an Indian young girl the Indian man-servant talked with a foreign accent & the heroine - Irene Handl - in her second part had to imitate a Cockney accent. Hence poor Lucia couldn't get the thread! Amos! what it is to have bad ears -

He got out at 7:30 & drove to Rock House, where the dear Greta gave us gin & tonic - then we went out to a Chinese Restaurant on the High Street - very good, very talking & very quaint. Much chattering. We did have time again after dinner at 9 Rock House but at 10:20 E. drove me back to the hotel where she went on to Padworth. A very nice day.

July 28 Sunday

A dry day but cloudy. I had thought I would go to Emsayng but changed my mind & went instead to St. Mary lebone Parish Church - a longish walk of half an hour. There were christenings - 3

babies (I seem to run into them in England) & Disagreed the vicar - Rev. Frank Conventry. The sermon was by a Deaconess - E. Wright on Baptism! But she was good & I heard nearly all she said. While I like the Anglican service, it sometimes strikes me as amazingly antique & meaningless - soiled w/ its worship - I don't consider myself a "miserable sinner." I try to do my duty by man & god.

I decided to have a snack lunch in my room - duck-meat, potato chips, cheese & ham sandwich - quite enough. Then a rest. At 3 or so I wrote 1) a note to Bernard Crago 2) a note to Olivia Gatherer 3) a letter to Elizabeth Clark. I saw by the Observer that Malcolm Muggeridge was to have a session on BBC1 about Czechoslovakia & I waited for that at 6:15. I am afraid I am getting tired of that topic. The papers are full of it. Russia, the old tyrant, is frightened there is no knowing what bloody pressure she will use. The minds of Communists baffle me. They speak a language I don't understand. Muggeridge was good - had difficulty in keeping the men

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he questioned from shouting at each other. I went out for a breath of air & posted my letters.

At 5 I think I would go for a real dinner (having had none) at Lesables Time in the hotel. But there were queues and queues of people. I waited in a queue for 25 mins. by my watch. Finally I did get a seat and had a pleasant waitress, who was nearly mine of her best. I had a minute steak, fried potatoes, vanilla ice-cream & coffee - 10/3 - which I thought a lot! When I finally left at 9:30 there was still a long queue waiting. There are too many people in London, as there are in Istanbul.

I read Cynthia Asquith's life over all day. I am so amused by these V.I.P.s! Their nicknames ^{alone} ~~alone~~ proclaim their naivete - Dan & Babs, Ciss & Blue - truly ridiculous. And what pompous lives they led - maids, chauffeurs, governesses, gals - Bridge, gambling, tennis, lunch & dinner parties. Nobody has to make a bed, or cook a meal.

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at work out a housier chief, as sweets a woman, as mend a dress - where! Those days have gone over for most V.I.P.s. I can see the antagonism between Asquith & Lloyd George coming. Asquith played bridge, travelled to Scotland, attended dinner parties, while the young & gifted were bleeding to death in France. It was different in the Second World War - Instead of an occasional Zeppelin - there were bombs that fell on the rail & the power, the first & the worst.

July 29 Monday

A dullish P.M. as usual. I had a restful time going out late to get a sandwich & chocolate mints from liquor near by. I did have a short rest.

Then at 2:40 after tea-time I took a No. 13 bus to London Bridge. There was such traffic on the way - it took me nearly an hour to reach L.B. I reached there early as usual, & caught the 3.49 train to Tadworth. (Not 3:50 but 3.49 in this extraordinary country). The good Suelyn met me, I saw Christine then we had a

most welcome cup of tea. A game of Scrabble with E. while Christine played with her stamp album.

He looked at the T.V. program & decided we might see 1) a wedding at 7:30
2) Panorama at 8 -- so we had a very good supper at 7. He assembled in the living room, & saw most of the first film when at about 7:50 the screen went dead. Dismay! E said it was the first time this had occurred. C. tried to replace the socket but no luck. We had, therefore, "a talking" evening. I did my best to keep things going. He retired early about 10:20 & I slept well in the spare room.

July 30. Tuesday.

This was our day for Senewaks. It did not look promising to begin with but turned out very well with sweet sunshine.

I went to the village just for fun, with a Tomie & some pretty paper napkins - had a pleasant walk.

C. was Cinderella & had to stay at home

E. & I started out for Senewaks at 11:10 A.M. expecting to get there in 40 minutes but we were held up by traffic blocks again & again & it wasn't till 12:15 that we reached Poysham House.

Kuamo had a really nice welcome from hella Miffred. He found Geoffrey and Jennifer & their three children (all born all so well behaved) & had cherry (just then a most excellent lunch. The 3 children were at a separate table. The six grown-ups at the big table. Miffred had to show me some of his trophies, especially the Beauties of the Poyshams by Mrs. Ponder, as well as a tan and hocks on Turkey.

I had a short rest upstairs & I think dozed a little. Then there was a huge T.B.A. This included Janet & her 2 children (an older boy is in Germany) & a friend, whose name I didn't get. Such a spread. Janet has lost all her good looks. She was primy, but had a very happy expression. Marriage parenthood are evidently what she was made for!

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The sun came out in the late afternoon,
the garden, with its woods & paths &
flowers looked lovely. Certainly Bo-
Johnson's house is a uniquely beautiful
habitation. No conversation was any-
thing to write home about.

I decided to go back to London by
train, as E. could go directly to Tad-
worth in her car. Geoffrey, very
gallantly, saw me on board my train
to Reading & I finally caught a
No. 13 bus to Putnam St. 130 home.
Poor Geoffrey sat watching the men
returning from work in the city, he
said he didn't know how he could
bear to live in London & commute his
train every day, after the kind of life he
had led in India. I can see it.

When I got to the hotel there was
only a letter from Herbert here. Such
fores of war. That man hates to tell
of catastrophes. He told me a horrid
story of abuse by a crowd towards
American soldiers; of Anti-American
Organs; that Bullen has conducted his

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Group B. S. D. for an operation; of a near-
accident to his car on the way to church.
The gods! That man never writes me but he
pounds me w/ streams of bad news. He sud-
denly reveals in disasters. As for the semi-
riot about American sailors I think it
was probably much less of an event than
he made out, as there was no account of it
in any of the London papers.

July 31 Wednesday

The most surprisingly nice day. I had
a good breakfast at 8:30 & came back to
my room to collect my thoughts. At 9:30
Peggy Lawrence telephoned & said could
we meet for lunch at 12:30. I was only too
glad to comply. I did go out for a sand-
wich & potato chips & a possible snack
appetizer.

I went down to the lobby at 12:30 &
Peggy was 10 min. late - looking so nice
with the warmest smile. I asked her if
she wanted to go to the movies with me but
she said no, as she had errands later.
I suggested we go to my old haunt,
42 Old Coyle Tavern on Fleet Street.

So did not know it was ready to go.
So off we started in Bus No. 13 - a
long trip thru traffic but we got there
about 1:20 & here akes to have a
"settle" to ourselves. We did have a
good meal & very good talk. Steak
& Kidney Pie, & ice cream - was coffee
for me: Shrimp, Steak & Kidney Pie, a
cream trifle, wine & coffee for her. It was
expensive £2.5.0 for the 2 of us - but
worth it.

I found she was ready to do some
sightseeing so we went first into the
Temple - & saw the Temple Church again -
lovely restored windows. Then we walked
on to St. Paul's. There were snipely
lots of tourists - I think they had
come in coaches - children, negroes,
foreigners of every description. We
saw long lines of them in the whispering
gallery. We did wander about but
were not allowed beyond the altar
where the lovely tribute to the American
Soldiers is - as we were told that
part was chured. I have an idea

The clerics wanted to control the huge
crowd.

Peggy had had such good visits with
friends in Dulwich & Leatherhead. She
goes by T102 on Saturday ^{Aug 3} straight to
Hartford, Conn. instead of to New York
on Friday, Aug. 2. She evidently will try
to have another meeting before she leaves.

I was astonished to find it was after
four when I got to my room. (Then the
meanwhile had got off on Regent St. from
am 12 hrs). I was tired & lay down but
didn't sleep.

At 7 a snack supper - I watched T.V.
BBC 2 an old film about Franklin
Roosevelt. This was followed by the News
at 7:30. After that there was a film
called Evelyn & the title of which
intrigued me. It had been made from
a story by James Joyce. However, it
was so unpleasant I'd shut it off.
I went to the Residents' Lounge for an
hour & read Cynthia Asquith. The
book is excellent. I want to bring it
soon. Too much, too much.

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August 1. Thursday

A very clear, dull day, but not cold. Rain must have fallen earlier as parts of the pavement were drier. I didn't start out till about 10:50 - I decided to walk down beyond St. D. H. Evans at least. On the way I stopped at Mr S. - was able to get the best sweaters that I could find - £1.17, 6 not too bad.

I went on down to D. H. Evans - decided to have lunch there. It was fearfully crowded - even at 12.20 ^{when} I left there was a long, long queue waiting. I sat with a silent woman companion, who never talked tho' she did smile, coming & going! My lunch was fried fish or plaice & coffee which came to 7/11 plus a shilling tip. - too much for what I got.

I came the long way home & felt tired & a bit down. Though I didn't sleep. At 4:30 I was dying for a cup of tea, so walked all the way to the Baker St. Quality Inn where I had lunch - jam & 3 cups of tea.

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Bade again, having bought Times on the way. What was my astonishment to have a phone call from Boris Mintman! Cheers! She had got my letter - was here with husband & 2 girls - we are to meet tomorrow afternoon at 5 P.M. down stairs & go off somewhere by train. Really, what luck. They are here for only a week, on their way to France with S. B. The photo thickness on all hands.

At 7:30 the news for half an hour - very good. Then dancing from Germany. I finished the Cynthia Asquith house - will hope to go to Harrods tomorrow the give it the other one: To England with Love by David Frost & Anthony Day. Made to get 2 more from that delectable library.

August 2. Friday

A telephone call from Boris, in which he said (tho' I would be meeting them at 6:30 yesterday) I would suit me much better. - here at the hotel.

I was troubled by a notice under my door to visit Reception. This I did at

about the only astonishment was that
I could stay in my room here only till
Aug. 5 - Monday. Satisfaction! I men-
tioned the book that on July 22nd I had
intimated that I would stay until
Aug. 15th at least but evidently this
had not been recorded. I was so troubled
that I went across the road to find Mrs.
Williams ask her what to do. She was
the greatest help. She told me to go to the
desk & ask for the Duty Manager & tell
him my story. This I did. He was
such a nice young man - I gave him
all details she told me not to worry
that he would fix matters up! I asked
if he would let me know later - but now
he said there was no need - it was
settled - I could stay till Aug. 15 &
ask later for an extension. Such a
relief.

I was bothered by a message that
came to me from Peggy at 10:20. If
only she had telephoned earlier! She
invited me to cocktails with the Goodwins
at 6 - at the Bond Street Hotel. She

had said earlier it would be tea - then I could
have managed. I was very disappointed - I was
able to get her by phone at 6:10 P.M. to
make my apologies.

I went again to Harrods, some books by
2 hours got out 2 others: The Best Times
by John Deo Parvus & A Nest of Rogues by
John Lehmann (a story of the Sitwells)
I felt a little squeamish but had a
light lunch in Banker's Time - a tongue
sandwich, yogurt & coffee - There was still
time for a real rest before I had to walk
to 56 Wimpole Street to the dentist.

What was my delight to find Evelyn
in the waiting room. She had been in
town all day. I knew I was to see Shepherd
& came to catch me. Luckily. The dentist
cleaned my teeth & said one needed to
be filled & crowned. He couldn't find
dates to fit in with his holidays till
September - I mean! The 2 dates he gave
me were Sept 16 & 20. So evidently I am
to be in England longer than I expected!

After my appointment, Evelyn & I
went to Reichenau's & had a very good

tea - a saucer each + 2 strong cups of tea which went to the front! Evelyn had had 2 dresses in town, while neighbours were decorating at home. Christine is going round the world - San Francisco to begin with, then New York before returning in 9 days' time. Evelyn got her car from Cambridge's garage + let me out at The Cumberland. I did then have time for a short rest, plus a bad phone call from Peggy.

The Whitmans were only 5 mins. late. They are staying, if you please, at 84 Gloucester Place! How good it was to see them. Bill is fatter in the face, Davin just the same; the girls dropped with dreadful long hair - so unbecoming, but they were all dear & embraced! I took them first to the Residents' lounge & had drinks, then to the Grill - there where we had a perfectly sumptuous meal - plus all manner of gossip - talking & talking. We were not tired (they saw me to the door) till nearly 10. But what a nice evening.

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They are quite divorced from Robert College. Such a pity. A hero. No only young people had a dedicated attitude - but no, this is not the modern way - Personal advantage, personal advancement is all that counts. The Whitmans say the Williamses wish only one more year at R.C! They will regret it - & I hope they will.

August 3 Saturday

I went fairly early to see Mrs. Williams + tell her about the very nice duty manager, who had arranged my dates in the hotel. She was so cordial & nice - offered me a cup of tea at 10:30 - which I enjoyed. She said one should make some a reception clerk at the desk, writes down on my card the date I wish I continue here.

I went on from Regent Street down Oxford St - looked at blouses at M.H. They seemed very pretty. I got a white one - short sleeves instead of sleeveless for 32/6. I hope I won't regret it. Then I thought me about a matinee for Sat. P.M. + went by bus to the Haymarket Theatre where I got a front stall ticket for

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The 5 o'clock matinee of The Importance of Being Earnest. Just! By this time I was very hungry so went to quill & cheese & spent too much on a lunch, though I had no wine and coffee. I am appalled at restaurant prices; they have gone up tremendously, even since last summer.

A short rest, then No. 13 bus to the theatre where I had an almost too close view of the stage. But I did enjoy the old favorite of Oscar Wilde's & heard every word. I was reminded vividly of that amateur affair in Cambridge in 1910! The words all so familiar. Cecily was excellent - Cyrenidaria not so good. Flora Robson as Miss Prism was very good - not so the Rev. Charible. He was far too old & the nervous - he should have been chubby & rotund. A very unkind take off on a cleric. I had never seen Daniel Harvey before - a very handsome & competent John Hartman. The other man, John Standing, not quite so good. The dealer was excellent. All in all I did have such a good afternoon, though I wished I

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might have had a companion. The stall seats were not all occupied, but otherwise there was a full & enthusiastic audience. I outlasted by two at nearly 8.

I felt I needed sustenance, so had a dubonnet & chips in my room, then a sandwich & yogurt in train to me. My money melts.

I unstrapped later by fear of a cold. This climate is really ghastly. But the London low & wants in condition. No need for any more AIR - ^{in England} - conditioned or otherwise. It is scarcely more really warm. I took a the Paris pile and prayed!

August 4 Sunday

A surprisingly good night with no disasters, but I sleep my fingers crossed. I feel a cold coming on, which is too dismal.

This was my day for Rock House. I spent the morning more or less in my room but 11:15 started for Highgate. Very early. Central line, change at Tottenham Court Road to Northern line to Archway, then 271 to Highgate Village. There was a slight drizzle. The weather has been anything but kind.

Evelyn has said Greta would take me out instead of making a meal but when I arrived, I found the dear thing was preparing a grand dinner, as she said I had had to go to restaurants so much. She handed me 2 letters that were addressed to me at Wood House - Virginia Allen + Ruth Stanton - I must write more letters.

We had good drinks - cherry, then an excellent lunch of chicken, pilaf peas & was a fine apple strudel with cream. We both retired after lunch & I read but couldn't sleep in the cold (61°) spare room.

At 4:10 Miss Eda Patterson came for tea. She is headmistress of a junior school in which Greta is interested a very nice, intelligent Jewish woman in early 40s. She is on the point of going to Greece - that is, Athens first, then Rhodes from Rhodes she wants to ship over to Turkey for 2 or 3 days. She needs Turkish money, so I am going to give her my 50£. he. & get 2.0.0. in return.

He had, as usual, an excellent tea - then took them out. The lady stayed endlessly & didn't go till 7:30 - after we had had more cherry. I didn't have a chance to speak to Greta in private which I knew whether I was expected to stay on for supper. "But of course," said Greta as soon as Miss B. had left. he had the simplest bar - scrambled eggs + spaghetti + wine - quite enough. We had a game of Scrabble then heard the news at 10 or so that dear cousin drove me home. People are good to me. I do wish I didn't have a cold. I took the Prim & 2 aspirins & my arthritic treatment went well.

August 5 Monday

A letter from Laurence Pecker by the first post, asking me to lunch in Cambridge. Can I go? How? With Greta? The decision is on the lap of the gods.

I had a stupid day for I began to go out as I had a life-size cold. I did go to the corner to post a note to Greta with 50£. to Miss Patterson, a note to Laurence putting her up to come to Laurence. I have now discovered

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there is a mail box in the hotel —! cheer
I won't need to go until 11 Dam better.

I read A Book of Tigers by John Lehmann,
fairly interesting but a good deal of
repetition from Robert Sitwell's auto-
biography. I also got 2 papers The
Times & Daily Telegraph & did the cross-
word puzzles. I likewise wrote 2 letters
one to Virginia Allen row to the house. I
am so pained about my cold.

I debated having meals in my room,
but don't know the mechanics — so I
went down to the Double Time Restaurant
at one o'clock a fried fillet of sole & fried!
Everything is so much more expensive.

I also took the precaution of telling
Reception that I won't stay till Aug. 31.

The Television is something of a
joke tho' I couldn't get Radio Times
down town. Sold out. I get the news
from BBC 2 every evening 7:30-8.
Lately I felt somewhat hungry & had
a very stupid meal of a tongue sand-
wich & oysters. Piped salivary & felt
betrayed by life.

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August 6 Sunday.

A p.c. from Harold began suggesting
Friday Aug. 9 to meet at the Coast Inn. I
wrote him a p.c. asking him to call me on
Thursday at 7 to know if Dam well enough
to come.

I had a fairish night — took my tempera-
ture at 9:30 normal. so must down to
Double Time for a decent breakfast. I
bought again 2 papers, Times & Telegraph.

It was a dull day there was rain in
the afternoon. For lunch I went to Double Time
& had tomato soup, chicken sandwich &
coffee 6/9. A rest after that & an afternoon
of solitaire & reading. I then thought
me of my old doctor (not real but I
had him once at 34) & by gone. I was
able to get him by phone — nice man. He
said he would come & see me between 6 & 7.
and he appeared at 6:40 Dr. Michael
Cowan. He listened to my chest, said I
had some congestion — I apologized for
bringing him here, when I didn't
really feel ill — but he said "no" I
was very wise to take care of myself!

He checked a list describing me about travel to Istanbul & he on / then said he would give me 1) cough medicine 2) a drug, the first to be taken every four hours (2 phenolphthalein) the second every four hours - pills. His fee was £ 5. 5. 0 (Roman!) He asked for cash instead of a check. This depletes my little pile. He then said he would ask the Hotel Porter to get my machine for me - which he did. This gentleman knocked about my door half an hour later & the bill was £ 1. 17. 0. He was a bit intimating that his tip should be 3/- so I gave him £ 2. Well I survive?

I then went down again to Double Time & had a thin supper - a chicken sandwich again & ice-cream. no coffee - price 5/1 with 9d. tip. my money dwindles!

I am reading at Rest of Tigers about the 3 Sitinells - only fairly interesting but worth scanning. Not very lively reading!

August 7 Wednesday.

A strange day - indoors all day by cold seems slightly better. I went to all banks in Double Time. I was distressed to seem to have so little money left, but I discovered that the cashier would cash my American Express checks. So early on I cashed \$20 & got £ 8. 0. 0. (eight) that remained.

I got 3 letters - one from Evelyn which I answered at once; one from Dorothy about the announcement of the marriage of Holly Van Rice to William Crawford Woods, in Tokyo, Japan. very nice.

As usual I hit 2 papers & later Time I did crosswords, listened to the television (this is a ~~damn~~ brass) & later got Karl's news, which will give me information with walk on T.V.

One reason I get a very cold, I think, is from the Air conditioning which the Ambassador boasts of. I feel slight drafts everywhere. Surely there is no need in London for air conditioning - this comes in at every crack - cold it is!

I am taking my medicine religiously.

And I think I'm a little better.

After a rest in the afternoon, I had a great morning for the so I went to Doubts Time + got a part of tea with a Danish party. bill 5/9. with 1/ tip. It was a comfort.

At 7 I turned on my television - saw a very inadequate dialogue - then the news (very good) and pictures of Franklin Roosevelt, + scenes from travel in Russia. I do hope I am wise to be staying on at the Cumberland. There are so many comforts + amenities, arbitrary as I feel myself. I only I cannot keep well + get rid of this pesky cold.

I think the day was read outside. Cold + rainy. People came in to the Restaurant in macintoshes + with wet umbrellas. I missed nothing by staying put all day.

August 8 Thursday

Another solitary day in my room. I played patience, knitted, watched T.V. + misted to goodness, I didn't have a cold!

At noon I felt I really needed a good meal so sat at the canteen (there was a long queue for Doubts Time) + had a minute steak with gilled tomato + coffee. Then on I wrote a note to Ruby Birge + a letter to Schua.

I was pleased when Harold called up at 1 + suggested we have a meal here tomorrow instead of putting off our Cock Tavern lunch. Very nice. I agreed. Perhaps it is providential that I have chosen to stay, this year, at the Cumberland.

Television was not interesting in the evening - 7:30 - 8 hours, then a play + after that a most interesting discussion with illustrations on Do You Know What is Good for You? (1) eating in 1) (2) drink 2) eating 3) exercise 4) sleep 5) sex. 6) morning

My only second meal wasted in Doubts Time at 5. a Danish Party + a part of tea - very good. I finished John Lehmann's account of the Sitwells. He evidently greatly admires the music of Edith Sitwell, whom I can't abide. I scorn her modern poetry - all words - no meaning.

August 9 Friday.

A very good night in the half an Egyptian
 & my doctor's fall. I was much heartened
 to have a telephone call from Evelyn,
 saying her plans have all changed. Christine
 will not be back till Aug. 16 - a whole
 week longer than expected. She has put off
 Mrs. Spear's visit & suggests picking me
 up tomorrow for the weekend in Tadworth.
 She will telephone again tomorrow at 9:30
 when I can tell her if I can come. I do
 hope so. It will be heavenly to be there -
 a really warm house & Evelyn's company.

Pouring, pouring rain I came from
 my window. The paper said, "Dullest start
 to August since 1929." This was ^{supplemented} ~~followed~~
 by the following: "Thunderstorms, the dullest
 first week in August since records were
 begun in 1929 & almost 100 percent humidity
 are driving people from the highlands and
 Southern England abroad for their holidays."
 Je gods! what a climate.

I am convinced that I caught my
 cold from the air conditioning in
Double Time. I feel a draft every time

Draft at one of these small tables.

Harold Sager arrived at 12:30 & I met
 him in the hall. What a nice cousin he is.
 We went to Double Time had lunch the
 set-up - minute steak, tomato soup,
 salad for H. & ice cream for us both. We
 then migrated to the Residents' lounge -
 for coffee & talk & talk & talk. I hope I
 did not tire myself by it more cold. We
 discussed families & books, boarding
 schools & American - Before we realized
 it, it was nearly 4 P.M. H. offered me
 tea with luncheon - I let him pay for
 the coffee etc, as I had feasted the restau-
 rant meal at 1.2.11 - which was enough.
 He took me to his at 4 & went to his
 train at Victoria & I came up to my
 room - but not before I had called to
 my mail - & found a letter from my dear
 Sarah - nothing much in it but full
 of her sweet spirit.

I suppose I had an amusing after-
 noon, after an hour's rest, watching
 television - what a bore it is. I saw
 an interview with James Baldwin -

The press man - how ugly he is. I heard all the news from both BBC 1 + BBC 2. A dread full crash of a Viscount British Eagle in Germany - + The break up of the Republican Convention in Miami with all principal speakers.

I do hope I did my cold no harm.

August 10 Saturday

The adorable Evelyn telephoned at 9:30 and she would approach between 11:30 + 12 + I was to wait in ^{my} bedroom. I took quite a time to pack + arrange my things + sure enough she came in in her charming new green suit. She had put her eye in to a garage, so I waited in the lobby when she went to fetch it + then we went to Tadworth.

I am still full of cold. I doubt know what Dr. Conroy's medicine is doing for me. We reached Gatton a little before one, had lemon batters often a very nice touch of both cakes to which I did full justice. Then a long hi. down in the delightful spare room.

Tea at 4:30 + then much talk +

some very good T.V. The Play Show which was very amusing + the news - always worth hearing. So machine records only BBC + ITV. not BBC 2.

Poor E complained of a painful back. The previous day she had been up in the attic where she had found some leakage from a pipe + many things dumped. She thinks this is what caused a repetition of her backache, which was evidently severe. Poor dear. We had such a good talk - then news again at 10:15 + 30 + bed.

August 11 Sunday.

A fairly night only. no equine - my cold persists - my nose runs, I don't really cough - but there it is, hangin' on.

A very quiet day. The paper in the a.m. a very good lunch then a lie-down until tea time.

We watched television from 9:10 on. News, then 2 dramas both of which were very disappointing. The first was the Story of Dr. Crippen - I didn't want to see this but E. was keen - so we saw it. A

70
terrible story. We were heading westward to
the next one "lunch with Bob Hope" but it
was the greatest let-down. Lucille Ball
& Bob Hope are comedians, but this was
a serious story about a drama-critic
when Bob Hope gets drunk - man-wife
quarrel - far too serious - we were
very disappointed.

Greta telephoned asking to meet me
on Thursday, which sounds very nice.
And so it had.

August 12 Monday.

A very good night. A p.m. with
tranquillizer - I slept straight for 6 hours
but I am not well. I still have a cold
hanging on tho' I have taken the greatest
precautions. I put it down to the 1)
changeable weather 61° one day 73° the
next 2) the forlorn air-conditioning in
the hotel. I do hope I won't need the
doctor again - though I may. I respire
very poorly. Is this a good or bad sign?
I don't know.

I was packed early & ready to go
with E. in her car to London back to

71
my solitary, air-conditioned hotel. We
found it was a lovely warm day - with
real sunshine. The drive was pleasant &
long. E. let me out at the Cumberland &
proceeded on her own business.

N.B. I wrote to Laurence Pickens yesterday
declining his very nice invitation to lunch.

As there were no letters for me, I went to
my room, unpacked etc. & E. appeared
with a new green hat at about 11:45.
We waited till 12:15 & then I took her to
lunch in Double Time. I wasn't hungry.
She had a brunch lunch, & I had tomato
soup & chicken sandwich - There coffee
for us both. E. suggested we both lie
low for a bit before venturing out.
I lay on my bed & she made herself
comfortable in 2 chairs. She went
back asleep for nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour.

Then we both got up, went to a
mess by garage for her car. She drove me
to Harrods & I was able to find back my
2 books & get out 2 others that looked
promising: The Huxleys by Ronald W.
Clark & The Third Man (Phillips) by

E. H. Cookridge. It was goodbye to my dear Evelyn. Then I took a taxi back to the hotel. I did have another short rest. At 5 I went to Double Time had a pot of tea & a Danish pastry.

At 7 Evelyn called me up as she had promised. She reported that records had come for me and she was sending them here, takes a letter from Phyllis about plans for the christening of Judith's baby girl.

I listened to the television - Londonhouse (not very good) Panorama (barricade about the Arabs plus the newly appointed Republican vice president nominee) and so I had with ardent hopes that my cold is really better.

August 13 Tuesday

A surprisingly good night with only 1/2 an squall. I had breakfast at the counter, thus hoping to avoid the lively air conditioned air that blows on the top of my head, if I sit at one of the wall tables.

It was a sunny day, as to weather. Some drizzle but warmish & when I went out at 10:30 it was dry. I took the underground to Glyn Mills & got £30. again for my expenses. Then back to Bond St. I went again to hunts & gave my second instrument to be overhauled about 6 more batteries.

Back to the hotel. At 12:40 I went to Gill Chess had a really good lunch. So much better than Double Time. It was expensive 13/9 but worth it. Fortunately I had a table to myself - lamb chops, fried potatoes, peas, coffee. I got a sandwich & potato chips on my way home.

At rest reading The Third Man which is more exciting than a thriller. Tea at 5 at the counter. And at 8 a sandwich & Bouquet. Then television - the news - Town & Country - & an extraordinary French film with Ingrid Bergman.

A nice note from hussell, my only mail. He says he returns to Cambridge on Sept. 26. Has lots for a visit.

24
August 14 Wednesday.

A day of clouds, drizzle & high winds! My cold hangs on - too! at times it seems to dry up. I had a good night I sus. sleep with only half an equinal.

I stayed reading my paper till about 10:30 when I went out to shop at D.D. Evans. First I bought more white wool 4/ then 2 scarves - one for myself, black & white & one blue for a present. Then I boldly went upstairs, armed with Ingrid's little card & asked for Mrs. Barry, the nice saleswoman she had had. I am afraid I was very extravagant for what I happened to buy - I bought two dresses - one with a jacket & one a low cut, ^{blue} ~~grey~~ that I have long wanted. I paid by cheque £19. 9. 6 for the 2. I do hope I haven't been too extravagant & that I will really like the things. I walked home against a strong wind! Alas! I do hope I haven't got more cold.

75
Then lunch at Bacon & Eggs, then a long lie down reading the Huxleys & Time which I extraordinarily liked.

I had tea after television at 5:30 in Double Time. While I was in the spirit of more television at 7:30 Ruby & Alice L. & her Mrs. Graham called me up & I went downstairs to meet them. How friendly of them - I took them into the Residents' lounge & we had such a good chat. But it seemed so cold there - what a heartless, heartless climate - I don't know how I can bear it.

When I consider that I left at Cresta 3 years ago that grey suit for something like £28 - only £20 or more, that for 2 dresses isn't too bad. To my cold was really better. I would have more courage.

August 15 Thursday.

What a day! My night was peaceful & in the a.m. I felt B.M. I didn't go anywhere but stayed in my room till Greta called up to say she had arrived.

The dear thing took me to lunch. We went to Suilla & cheese - when I was outside, there was a little sunshine & it seemed nice. We had a good lunch steak for me & fish & salad for Greta - with coffee to end up with. She came to my room for a short chat before leaving - bringing me yellow roses. Ends as I am on invalid!

When Greta left I lay down 2-3:40 & read about the Huxleys. I debated & debated whether to call the doctor again - as my cold hangs on. I finally did - he was at his home, 8:15. He said I could come along. So I hopped into a taxi - To my surprise it was raining when I left, pouring!

Dr. Cowan examined me again & said he thought the congestion was less - He gave me more medicine which I am to get tomorrow but he says I must go out till Saturday! (except across the way to the chemist) man! Greta has invited me for

the weekend but it will be from door to door.

When I emerged from 126/early street, I found the rain pouring even harder. I couldn't find a taxi & shopped along Weymouth rd - as far as Baker St. till at last I was able to hail a taxi to the hotel. My money dwindles £3.2.0 15 the doctor 8/ for the 2 taxis & then there is the medicine I must get tomorrow. What a climate! What a nuisance.

I was hungry, so at nearly 6 I went to Wembley Ting (I am sitting tired of that place) & had toast & jam, a Danish pastry & 3 good cups of tea. I felt somewhat sustained. I had had to change all my clothes - my shoes were soaked - my stockings ruined - & my umbrella softening. I watched television, heard the news - knitted & invited my soul - & so to bed.

August 16 Friday

I remember this is Judith's birthday though I have done nothing about it.

I had a surprisingly good night - with the last of Dr. C's pills half an egg and.

76
I had breakfast as usual in Double Time, waited in my room till 9:45 in case anyone called, then went across the street to the chemist's to get Dr. L's new prescription. It consisted of again cough medicine, pills & a salve. I was surprised at the price £2.6.3 really, really!

Back again to my room - I frittered my time away - an empty morning, with a little domesticity! + crossword puzzles from the Daily Telegraph! Lunch I had in Double Time - a minute steak + ice cream - then a hi-drama reading The Heavy Lugs. It was dull all day in my room but I was following my doctor's orders. Although there had been a little sunshine in the P.M. at 5 there was a downpour of rain. I had tea & Danish pastry at 6.

In my room I played patience & then watched television - BBC 1 + 2 The News - then afterwards a French play about a murder in a train - Really awful. I should have turned it off.

77
I was glad about taking my medicine but my cold hangs on. Just had but there. I am so disappointed - not to be able to wander in the streets "it's too London".

August 17 Saturday

I had a poor night & felt very sorry for myself. A stupid breakfast - I am getting tired of them! There were 2 letters - one from Gloria (much delayed) & one from Herbert here. I was appalled by the fact that a suspender broke & I had no replacement. Then I thought no of Thomas & all of about kept door - got just what I needed.

I read the paper - did the crossword & wondered where I should have lunch. Everything looked so unattractive. Finally a hair wave - I went to Ryan's & door, got a pot of yogurt & a chicken sandwich - drank the last of my Dubonnet with chips - there was ~~more~~ lunch!

Then a hi-drama after reading to Hightate. Such a nuisance & knew what to wear - I thought of christening my new dress complete with jacket & that was it.

Two phone calls. I called up Ruby

These were a huge misunderstanding with planning, planning rain. He made it such a fuss!

got her early - it says I could not come to
88 Gloucester Pl. as I was going to
Highgate. Then I had a phone call
from Helen Essey. Nice creature. She
& her group will come to the hotel on
Monday evening - we are all to have dinner
together. She was not interested in coming
to Highgate tho' I suggested it.

I had a hic-dinner, a little more
than an hour then met Gitta at the door
of the hotel on the dot - 3:30. We drove
straight to Road House - had a good
tea - much talk, a game of Scrabble
which Gitta won easily.

After supper there was television.
One interesting item was a literary
panel with Elizabeth Bonner & Cyril
Connolly among others trying to guess
excerpts from modern books. We
are usually lousy at Gitta's which
say goodnight #11 after 11.

August 18 Sunday.

My wed seems a good deal better
but I am terribly sensitive to the
cold - the day, however, was sunny.

through I didn't go out but lay ^{down} most
of the time. There was the Observer to read
& later the Sunday Times crosswords to do.
Breakfast was late 9:10 B.M. No church!
Lunch was at one, then we both had long
nests - latterward tea with much family
talk.

The news was from Elegg who had tele-
phoned to Gitta that Christine's wedding
day has been set at long last Satur-
day, Oct 12th (my dear's birthday). How
can I possibly stay as long as that? I
can't. Already I find myself long for
home & I do wish Mr Shepherd would
see no earlier than Sept 16.

He had a trolley out, much cross-
word cogitation other than the news - we
went on Bad Hope. But it was poor, so
at 9:30 Gitta drove me back to the Ann-
holland. She has been so good to have
me as her guest. It means planning &
extra work all along the line. How I
wish the weather had been better this summer.
Everyone is complaining - cold, rain,
thunder - only occasional sunshine.

August 19 Monday

A fair night with no squall, but I did have such dark thoughts - & fears for my health. I am not made for hotel life & I say to myself, "never again will I come to a hotel or hotel." The Cumberland gives me the wankies!! I had breakfast at the counter again (some old things) then rec'd a note or two about my next engagements. To have to say I can't come to bedham (I haven't the key) & to Judith to say Sets will bring me to leatherhead next Sunday, Aug. 25th (Switallah!) to the christening of Helen Sarah Kennedy!

at about 10:30 I went out - first to Knobbs' Wallis' where I got darnie cotton & then to Worth's for my instrument. This darn thing cost £1.18.6 which I think is a lot - a new word. I hope it works like a dream. I then walked to George St. hot. a sandwich - then on to Lyons where I got very extravagantly another small bottle of Starus - also Yoghurt. This was my lunch. Then a

comewhat stupid hi-drama followed by letter writing to Peggy Lawrence & Bob Hardy. (I have no doubt that Bob will ever get my letter) and a long letter to Sarah - plus a clipping (Hapkins) by surface mail. I posted them nearby.

In the evening I turned on my television & saw Romeo & Juliet late. This was after dinner with the Kilians of which more anon. It was rather a startling experience. It is a film produced by an Italian & mounted from 9:5-11:20. taken in Italy - Verona & Mantua. It started early from beginning to end. Some liberties were taken with the text - certain dialogues left out. Flora Robson was excellent as the nurse - I thought the Friar particularly good - & Romeo was very good looking.

To go back. At 6:30 the 2 Kilians, their ~~brother~~, Norma Bino & another new friend appeared downstairs - such a charming & hearty welcome I received, when I joined them in the hotel lobby. They were to take me to dinner & I suggested Crill & Chess. It was a good choice & we had an excellent meal. Much talk of mutual friends.

must talk, too, of sightseeing in London -
of their plans to take a car around England,
of their going to Victor's cottage in Devon,
when Phoebe arrives on Sept. 14th. Both
dinner we repaired to the Residents' lounge
for more talk, they left a little before 9.
A very nice evening. It was after
that that I came to my room - saw the
long, new film of Romeo & Juliet.

August 20 Tuesday

Half an episode in a night tho' I
didn't put out my light till after 12. It
was a warm day, strangely enough. I
read my Telegraph, collected my things
& at 10:30 went across to see Mrs.
Lithman's vapourlogize in Pomegranate
her for so long. She was very nice. She
is about to have a holiday from near
Monday, the 26th till Sept. 9th - will
not be going abroad - & perhaps next
week I can take her out to tea one
afternoon. Bahahum.

I then went to the roads to return my
2 books & get out new ones. One
was by Sheratt, the author of the play,

Journey's End - called an autobiography &
recommended by the librarian. I am
dubious about it. The other is by Victor
Gulland, or rather compilations of his last
writings called, Reminiscences of a lifetime -
but I am afraid my choice this time have
not been too fortunate.

After Harrod's I came back by bus (buses
have gone up since I came), then walked to
Ryman's for a (bad) to a sandwich place
on George Street for cheese sandwich.
Before going home, at one I had
lunch at the Quality Inn - lunch, tea, &
coffee 3/4 with tip. Such crowds, such a
long queue. I am simply amazed at
the number of people in London. At my
table sat 2 German women & a small boy
(with very little knowledge of English -
they had difficulties with the menu) And
so back to my room for a read & a do-down.
Bed rather early with no equanim.

August 21 Wednesday

A good night. Read from 5:30-6:30
then slept again till 8. Warm - with a
fine day to begin with.

There were no letters. I didn't go out till 10:45 - I took No. 13, ^{bus} to Deal on Sq. & went straight to the National Gallery, where I saw again the wonderful, wonderful collection of paintings. They seem better arranged than ever. I saw the British School of splendid portraits, the Titian - Lupini, ^{Michelangelo} ~~Caravaggio~~ ^{Caravaggio}, Raphael - what riches! I saw again the lovely Dutch interiors - too much. I could hardly digest them all.

At 12 I went in to St. Martin's in the fields to say my prayers in that peaceful spot. I want alone. several were praying. I do need courage these days in my solitary state. I do need health & strength & I pray for these.

From there I went to Gurdial's Inn in Leicester Sq. an attractive place & I was alone. My lunch was expensive 10/11 - everything is expensive - help gardeners, red wine & coffee. Then I came home on No. 15 bus. I was rather disgusted to find - at

2 P.M. my bed not yet made. I rang in the housekeeper - my room came in & fixed things up but I do think my room should have been done earlier.

At 2:30 I had a shampoo & trim. Such elaboration! Had to expense £1. 9. 6 with a tip. I call it outrageous. I had to have this in the hotel, as I feared getting a chill if I went out.

My newspaper in the P.M. had the headline: Russians marching on Prague. What began to alarm me was the news in the latter part of the day. From 5:30 on down, one there was no news but the news of the invasion of Czechoslovakia. What looks men are - One despair of mankind. There were reports from all countries hotly criticizing the Russian invasion. I do hope & pray that no bloodshed will result but one never can tell - As one commentator said, "The Russians are brightened for their own countries. This is a most dangerous situation". Truly, what is the world coming to? Life today is hardly worth living.

August 22 Thursday

A very warm day - practically oppressive. I got up with The Times & The Daily Telegraph & downloaded half the morning. I had had a poor night & ate little breakfast - no appetite. I was slightly alarmed but as the day progressed I felt somewhat better.

At 11 or so I went out - got 3 pers. of shopping at Mr S. (now complete) had 2 apples, a French crescent & a pot of yogurt. This was my lunch in my room at 12. Food is so different & so oppressive. I long for the pellonant days of 34 Gloucester Place, when I was able to make tea or coffee in my own room & have an occasional nice meal that was really good. I am tired to death of the breakfasts here.

I had a long lie-down after my meagre lunch & read Sherriff's book No heading today. This had been recommended by my librarian as "delightful." I'm afraid I don't agree. The author is the man who wrote Yesterday's End which

had a long run & made him rich. He also wrote scripts, visited Hollywood - but great details as he goes in for - no emotion left out - every detail of hope & fear - no - no it is not my cup of tea though I read it conscientiously! The Gallang book is disappointing.

At 3:30 I donned my news dress & walked to Rebenham's for a cup of tea. I sat for - with some shutes 3/1 with 6d tip. Drove home via The Times Book Shop, where I probably will buy a book by Michael F. Ryan called The Russian Interpreter. Bataclan!

A p.c. from Greta invites me for Sat. night and Sunday - very nice - he shall drive together & be the chauffeur for the christening.

I no longer got in from my P.M. walk there 1) I found a letter from Marion 2) Alia Hindsley called up, came to my room & we had a visit. I am to take £1.5.0 to Ruby in Turkish money - this is a compensation for a missing picnic bag, which Ruby had prepared for the summer home. The Bridges & the

Arachans left early today for home.
Alie leaves for Los Angeles tomorrow
at 2 P.M. on the Pule - Pan American
reaching her destination at 4 P.M. The
same day - a journey of 11 hours! We
heard the news together - very sad about
Czechoslovakia - all the world is
protesting.

Marion reported a huge storm in
Utah, with howling winds!

August 23 Friday

A very good night after a hot bath &
half a tranquillizer. A long read of the
Telegraph with all the bad news about
Czechoslovakia. It makes one's heart
sick.

I waited till nearly 11 then walked
down Appled St to Woolworth's. It was
a blazing hot day - really hot. At
Woolworth's I got more curlers only 10 d.
& fell for a pretty² row of pearls for
a necklace for 3/9. Then to D. H. Evans
for lunch. I was very early & able to get
a table to myself - this place is so
not too exciting.

2 hi down, then out again at 3 P.M.
First I went to Marion by way of a sand-
wich & yogurt, which I tucked into my belt
bag together with my 2 books for Marion.
A bus ride there & I got out a book on
Mark Twain by Justin Kaplan - originally
the book on Phillips by his wife, which
I think I never would read - but well for.

Before getting back at noon, I did go to
Selfridge about a little child's room
for Judith's baby - 10/6 I do hope she
really likes it. I felt I couldn't go empty-
handed - but I confess I have only very
little warm feelings towards the child &
Judith!

I got back to my room by 4:30 read
often. Saw a lot of television - the news,
(still bad) a foolish American comedy
& then a most amusing play by Brian Rix,
whom I have seen before - as he acts as
well as writes plays. It was called A
Public Inquire - full of a foolish railroader
but very amusing withal.

How expensive everything is. My
money dwindles.

August 24. Saturday

Another very warm day. No sun but clouds & a muggy air. I was inside till 11:30 or so. I read Eleanor Philley's book. What a story. These spics, Philley, Maclean & Buzgers were all unhappy souls - given to drink. Spits their children.

I went out 1) for yogurt 2) for a walk. I walked up Gloucester Place to No. 87 to look in at the Scorpion Hotel, where the Whitmans stayed. I got a brochure from the proprietor, Mrs. Rust, whom Mrs. Wilkins had told me of. She had had a guest house at 32 Gloucester Place. I saw no rooms but was not at all taken by Mrs. Rust, who seemed a very hard boiled creature. Breakfast is included in the price of rooms there is a restaurant but 10% is added to the price! Also, there is no chance of making tea or coffee in one's own room. How unique am 34 Gt. Pl. was! Only now do I realize it. There with the ample tray, electric kettle that heats, one could construct a whole meal while

everywhere else, it seems, one pays for the time to restaurant time and tips!

My lunch was very stupid. Cherry & cheese sandwich, yogurt - Tamam. I'm not being clever about my meals but I find everything so much more expensive than it was.

I began to read Mark Twain as the Philley book I took in one gulp.

As usual I was forehanded had my bag packed shortly after my meager lunch. At 3:30 Greta came in her car on the dot & I shipped in. It was warm & sunny. We stopped a moment in Hampstead, where Greta bought a pretty alphabet mug for Helen Sarah's christening. Tea at Rock House was more than welcome. My only criticism is the colours of the home. Dinner is it really warm as Evelyn's is at Tadworth. 68° is the highest I have ever read it in the bedroom. At 6:30 we were invited to the Budget-meal on Terrace for cocktails. Very nice. A superb view over the Highgate hills with London in the distance. The other guests were 3 - a middle-aged woman with an Italian

name - very common, as she has recently
lost a young daughter -; and a few more. I
have inhibited English people are, no real
care - & conversationally nearly always
dull. It is the rule never to ask a personal
question - So the weather, paths, gardens
are the standard subjects of conversation!

There was P.V. after supper - one so amusing
to doctor & wife (psychologist) duct!
by the young man who put on Beyond the Fringe
(names escape me.) Bed at 11. with lid down,
& blankets! What a climate.

August 25 Sunday

My night was only 50-50 - Early tea
gratefully received. 67° in my bedroom.
There was the alchemist, with an excellent
review of Harold Wilson's Third Volume.
G. wrote letters there we started at 10
Padworth; as E. had invited us for lunch
before the christening.

Fortunately it was a lovely day - with
real sunshine. Christine was at home -
he had a great spread - a lie-down for me
of $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and so on to breakfast on
the service.

Idea in Grand gathering of the clan.
Judith, Tony, Robin, the Baby, Annand, James
Pilgrim & Alexander, Phyllis - 2 brothers of
Tony Kennedy & Anne Sykes, Judith's friend,
who is to be godmother. I was two bars away
to hear the service. There was a first baby
christened before Helen Sarah. Pilgrim - his
baby another with ^{agitated} ~~agitated~~ their parents
by crying! Then art we went to our
cars, not before E & G. I had visited the
grave of Aunt Mildred & Uncle Robert in
the churchyard.

There was tea on the big lawn behind the
Kennedy house. No one was introduced!
Echt English! I suppose there were 15-20
people there - a small company. We
stayed till after 5 then drove back to
Gate House. I would not have gone so
while Christine parked at intervals, he
four played bridge, then had another at 8,
& played again till 10. Then got a drive
me home most expertly thru lighted
streets to the Hotel.

But so to bed again in my hotel
room.

August 26 Monday

Only a fair night. no fall. many dreams. I'm very pleased to have a letter from Bob Hardy, who leaves N.Y. for London on Sept. 1. I do hope we can squint together & perhaps take in a theatre. He evidently is coming to the Cumberland.

I had a rather stupid morning & didn't accomplish much. I ought to have written letters but I didn't! I finally went out trying to determine where I should have lunch. Finally I went to the Rest but Tray T/ including coffee but I had no appetite & only ate half of my leaved beef & veg.

On my way back to the hotel I got 1) yogurt 2) chicken sandwich 3) 1/2 lb. of budge - all for my evening meal.

A tie-down for 1 1/2 hrs then at 3 out again to Harold's library. It was very warm & I wore a summer dress. I saw most my Mark Twain (too much & repetitive -) & Philby book. I had seen the 3rd vol. of the Harold Nicolson Diaries & letters in the hotel book store so need my kind library if by any

chance copies had reached the library. To my great delight, she went behind the scenes & brought me a copy - the last vol. - 1945-1960. She told me that 300 volumes had arrived this very day, that there was such a rush for them, that all but it was left. Luck! I also was able to get the very hefty volume Charlotte Bronte by Winfred Gerrin. This book I tried, in vain, to get here last summer. It had just come out: I am now supplied with much reading matter!

On my way back, I got dress shields from Wallis for my new dress - at 5 I watched television - too much sties about Czechoslovakia - but some things about the Democratic convention which opens in Chicago tonight. - Aug. 26.

N.B. I wonder if Bob Hardy realizes he is arriving on Bank Holiday Sunday & expects to see a friend for breakfast on Monday - when everything in England is paralyzed!

I begin the book on Harold Nicolson & find it fascinating, as I knew I would.

August 24 Tuesday

A fair night after a hot bath, but no
zill. This was my day for the eye doctor
so I walked to 146 Harley Street to see
Mr. Cameron, whom I had consulted
before. (These funny English titles do
amuse me: a surgeon is Mr. also es-
sentially an eye doctor; a general prac-
titioner is Dr. now only? They are
all doctors)

Mr. Cameron is really an old dear.
He said there was nothing the matter
with my eyes. But I am to have a
slight change in both lens distance +
reading glasses. He was very paternal
as I left - + all but kissed me on both
cheeks! He sent me to 47 Wigmore
St. (David Keeble) the optician. (New)
had v.p. treatment, which will also
cost a pile! - more than £13. I am to
call for the bi-focals on Sept. 6 (the
other glasses will only take a day or so
to change. I had to keep my reading
glasses, for the interim as I am lost
without them.

cost
£6.60!

As I walked along Wigmore St. I glanced
into the Times Book Shop window. There
was a large poster about Harold Nicolson's
book with volumes spread about below it.
Most interesting. It will probably be a best
seller - How lucky I was to get my copy
yesterday.

The rest of the day was really arid!
Nothing doing. My lunch was a sandwich,
cherry + budge! I lay down till 3 or so
and wrote 2 letters to Marion + Herbert
home - then to Double Time where I had
a pot of tea + Danish pastries. A short
visit to the Residents' lounge. From
6:50 on there was television - the news,
(letter about Czechoslovakia) + Brewster's
mithrins, Dora Bryan + so to bed!

August 25 Wednesday

I remember this would have been my dear
Aunt Winifred's 94th birthday. May she
Rest in Peace.

I had a rather empty day to contem-
plate + spent the first part of the A.M.
with my paper in my room. At 10:45
I ventured out. Took the underground to

London St. + from Glyn hills got out another £30. for expenses. Damn! my money miserly melts. I had expected to say my prayers in the familiar church, but it is being renovated & covered in huge sheets.

Instead of coming straight back, I got out at Bond St. & went to head-worth's where I bought socks for Nico and Mi - & I do hope they will be acceptable. 5/ each. nylon & wool - stretching. Then I walked back to the hotel via George St. where I had a Radio Times & then on to Lyons for a sandwich - for my supper. By this time it was 12:30 or so. I decided I needed a real meal, having had nothing but scraps yesterday, so went to Grill release. The trouble is I hate sharing a table, so I told the young man at the door that I wanted to sit alone. He very gallantly gave me a chair at the entrance so I could after 15 mins. or so, in the face of a lengthening queue, he found me a seat alone. I had lamb chops and

grilled tomatoes & coffee.

When I was nearly finished a young woman put another fairy at my table. I thought to myself; "Here is another of these silent English women!" But no, that the fondest surprise. She began to talk at once - over the top kind of a visit. She told me she lives in Cambridge or all places - that her husband was a don at Clare College - on the University Press. Tableau! In unusual manner she came lyrical about Cambridge, told her of my recent visit to Grantchester - (She knows the vicar, Arthur Hewatt) - & the christening of the Hutchinsons' twins! It transpired that she has been to Istanbul on a recent cruise, is shortly off to Cyprus, Crete & Rhodes with her husband, has visited Ephesus & Troy. Such a coincidence that she should have been put at my table. She knows the Humphreys of Brompton Rd. but is very keen about the courtship of Robert W. Hugo. His name is Mrs. Kingsford & she asks me to take her up in Cambridge.

I was really warmed by this experience & felt that she would come to grill & cheer although my bill was heavy 13/9 plus 1/3 tip. I told her about Lawrence Pickin & his enthusiasm for musical instruments. I must confess this encounter made all the difference to my day.

August 29. Thursday.

The days already are drawing in. To las, las. I had my old breakfast of rice crispies, bacon & eggs, read my paper - felt not too famous - then went out a little before 11. I took No. 13 to Piccadilly Circus & went first to B&B on Regent St. I was asked if the schedule to planes changed in October - no, they change in Nov. 1st. I was also advised, if I stay on after my 3 months to apply to the American Consulate, which I may do.

I then went on to the American Express bank if they could give me Turkish money for an American Express cheque. They said they didn't do as themselves but advised me to go next door to the

Bank, which I did. It is an overpowered building on the edge of Trafalgar Square. A very obliging woman arranged to give me 100 P.L. for my \$10. American Express cheque. This is a better exchange than one gets in Turkey.

By this time it was drizzling. The drizzle turned to real rain, so I walked up Regent St. to The headwoman shop where I had, once more again, linen, embroidery cotton, a wooden ring for embroidery - very nice. I wanted also a No. 15 bus to handle back. I prepared to have a ham sandwich & a portion of potato salad for which I had longed - I'm afraid of.

^{when} I got to my room a little after one. I was disgusted to find my bed not done! Man. I had my usages lunch - cherry, sandwich, potato salad. Gladly Kay came in & made things tidy. She is always talking of 'departures', as if they included much more work. What is it? I had exactly 35 minutes' rest, when the telephone rang. I was asleep.

He was speaking from Debenham's - & suggested my coming to her there, instead of her coming directly to me. There was still $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour to go. When I started out, I was surprised to see the pavements quite dry, though in the P.M. ^{umbrella} had been soaking.

As I walked along, I kept thinking of my optician, Davis Keeler, who has now 8: I had suggested to the man on Tues. that I would call for my bi-focals on Sept. 6. but I find myself handicapped without them, so asked if I could come on Tuesday the 3rd - I am to go at 5 & hope they will be ready.

Then on to Debenham where I found Evelyn had had a very good cup of tea & much gossip. I was delighted to learn that my weekend will probably be taken care of - go to Tadworth - play bridge with E. & G. & Winnie Fleming & come back Monday perhaps. Very nice. He walked back to my room & E. telephoned to Christine to set her plans - tried twice to get Greta

but she was out both times. Evelyn wanted to wait till the rush hour was over - so didn't leave till 6:30.

I watched television & cricket.

I was delighted to have a letter from Sarah - giving me 2 bits of news. The young Hemmings have a daughter, Margaret Adams, & David's sister has become engaged to Eugene Higgins!

Ye gods! David is a wretch not to have written me about his daughter. Poor Pamela wanted a son. This is the elder Hemmings first grandchild.

There was also a good letter from Roy Latimer from New Hampshire.

August 30 Friday.

Evelyn telephoned about 10 (say up she had tried earlier but had no response, tho' I was practically on top of the phone!) very good news & plans for Bank Holiday weekend. Tomorrow at 2:30 she & Christine will call for me & we proceed to Greta's for bridge, tea, & I suspect supper. Then the fruits of drive to Tadworth, I ^{spend} ~~spend~~ Sunday, & Monday there, returning to the hotel on Tuesday.

I stayed late in my room & only started out at 11:30 or so. I debated & debated as to where to have lunch, thinking I might go to Quality Inn on Baker St. However, on my way I passed the Ballan Grill - & decided to try that. One fight up. I was early - (once I came here with Gita years ago). I had a Ballan drink - keftis with onions in a sauce & salap - a thick Shadit Tasted since I spent a day with Greta. The helping was too large - Hannah devoured it. No dessert. but coffee - this last not too good. My bill was 11/- & I got more for it than Bill & there can provide.

I hastened home in Sunshine, buying yogurt & some very nice chocolate biscuits, in route.

As the dawn, finishing the Nicolson book. It is so sad at the end - sad but restrained. He was a civilized man - I would like to have known him.

I promised Mrs. Williams I would take her to Fortnum & Mason for tea. Today, so at 3:30 I was at her door. She looked smart in a beige costume with a perky little hat. he went by her. I had never been to F. & M. though the name has long been familiar. What a fabulous place! he was the lift to the 4th floor & there had a really very nice tea in charming surroundings. It was expensive, but worth it. On our way out towards 5 we explored the other floors & were enchanted by the marvelous display of every imaginable gadget & antique. Prices very high. he came back upstairs, walking thru the Burlington Arcade.

Mrs. Williams learns her Cumberland job on Sept. 28th. This was indeed news. She is to take a new job in a computer firm near Victoria. - Phillips. She is pleased. She must now find a place to live. She tells me she is to get £20. a week. - \$48. which she thinks very good.

And so to my room - for television - sewing, writing. A note from Phyllis, asking if I can come to Waltham.

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August 31. Saturday.

In my usual forehanded manner, I packed early & then went out about 11. I bought yogurt & a ham sandwich for my lunch & some funny hard sweets for Lisa & Rose Harris. I had an early lunch & was able to rest easily till 2ish.

At 2:30 with my bag packed I went down stairs (all chairs occupied!) & waited for Christine, who came in on the dot. We proceeded to Ed's car & drove out to Highgate. Such a nice afternoon as we had. First, although it was early, Evelyn hopped in & then we had it about 3:15. (She had brought Brandy in the car, as there was no one to leave him with, his keeper having been on holiday). Then we played furiously - bridge - talk time for drinks around 7! Christine has greatly improved. Gita plays the best game - I think she is better than Sam - E. is not quite so strong but good on the whole.

I did not expect that we were to

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stay for supper - but lo! we were given a wonderful meal at 8 - baked ham, potatoes, creamed marrow - wine - & then pie & cream for dessert. Sumptuous. We continued with our bridge after coffee - & putting away the dishes - till 10 P.M. - then E. most expertly drove us to Tedworth. There was very little traffic & we made it in a little more than an hour. We all played with Ted - Japan in the pretty bedroom.

September 1. Sunday.

Early morning tea as usual in this luxurious house - and breakfast at 9. Christine does not leave for Toronto till tomorrow. We 3 went to church at 11 - St. Peter's Walton-on-the-Hill the church where G. is to be married on Oct. 12! The vicar of this church is a "sons man" - not at all popular - name - Edward Bird - & he doesn't fill his church. Fortunately he did not preach - the benefactor was billed as a very nice young man from the Church Army, who spoke very well about his organization.

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Again how strange the Anglican Service seems to me: the singing of the Psalms, the chanting of the vicar, the "miserable sinner" confessional. I weep for mankind - how pathetic we all are. E. says she knows no one in the congregation. The vicar did not stand at the door, as we came out - only the young preacher. This Rev. Bird is the marry Christian, Michael - & the reception is to be later in a hall nearby which incidentally was once inspected by Uncle Robert as a possible buy - which is an amusing coincidence.

He came back to an excellent Sunday dinner - then a long rest. Very thin tea because of our big meal. At 5. Then Scrabble for a bit & later on we watched T.V. I saw the Gammons David Frost half hour, which was clever - to film that kind of women was poor Sophie Loren, the heroine - famous, but not my cup of tea!

And so to bed at 11:30.

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Sept. 2. Monday Bank Holiday.

The English have no luck - I roused early on - & there were dark clouds, when I woke. Took some snuff - but what a climate. No wonder the British have developed another characteristic. They need patience & hardiness every day of their lives.

Late breakfast - 9 AM. Then Christine left at 11 - to catch her plane for Toronto. She expects to be back on Wednesday - this time, a short journey.

It was a quiet day - it cleared in the P.M. at 3:30. E. suggested we go to Epsom & squint at the races - which we did. Horses of people, masses of cars, we leaned on a gentle fence with heads of other races a fleeting race of some dozen horses tearing along in the distance. E. visited the Race Track & grand stand & then we stopped at Hadley Common & saw the dog, who was in the back seat all the time, a run. Back to tea - with Scrabble made by the clever E. Then talk, Scrabble & friendly television. We saw a film called The Sin of Rachel Cook

which I thought extremely bad - see the value values. A mention for 2 hours - we debated turning the damn thing off - but thought we must see the end. It was set in the lounge. - So unrealistic. Park!

We went to bed at 11:30 - no pill -

Sept. 3. Tuesday

Bright ideas to begin with. Was they last! I caught the 9:15 train to Charing Cross & the dear E. helped me on board. (I must have been much older - I get much more help on all occasions.) I had had a hell time in E's comfortable home - she is a truly wonderful woman.

R. Taxi from Charing X - 6p with tip. I found 2 letters - one from Eleanor - one from Father Bagen, who writes that she is coming to London. The plus thinking! There was also a notice to call for a letter by hand (from Park, I am sure) but could they find it? No. My board neglect & him written on Friday & not delivered - Call this efficiency? I got the number his man, however, & called him up. Thinking he surely would not be there at

10:40 A.M. But he was! much gossip, & all arrangements made to meet tonight for dinner first, then at theatre, leaving the latter to his discretion. Good work.

Two notes from Park, written yesterday appeared under my door at 3 P.M. Today! Efficiency?

I had lunch at Brown Eggs - sat with 2 indifferent women who ate slowly, slowly stalked hand to each other all the time. I left while they were still consuming their dessert - I do hate to share a table.

After a rest, I went to Davis Keeler, optician, taking my bi-focals were ready. Park, also, they weren't & I was asked to come on Wednesday afternoon, hoping they would then be done.

I met Bob Hardy in the lobby very early (his idea) & we went to Grill where for dinner, which he gallantly paid for. Very good gossip. Strange talk of the Goswood couple, which I can't believe. Bob told me of his visit to The Bulls - Macbeals, Rodges, I'm his own brother in Venice. Park was an excellent

dinner with soup, steak & crème caramel -
I could only compare a small steak
after soup & I had coffee or dessert.

Bob had written tickets for a musical,
called the Man of the Mancha. I had
told him that if he chose a musical
it didn't matter if I was fairly poor
luck. The seats were most comfortable
in the 15th row. Bob said all new year
was talking of this musical - but I
found it the greatest disappointment.
It is laid in the 16th century - is
supposed to be inspired by the works of
Cervantes. I think it was awful. There
was no intermission - 2 hours straight!
I couldn't hear what was said, except
occasional words. I could identify
Don Quixote & Sancho but no one
else. I think Bob was disappointed
too, tho' he didn't say so - all he re-
marked was that at one point he
nearly went to sleep. The principal
girl had a very harsh voice - but a
bit, all the money was more or less
wasted. The program was gone now -

direction of the stars, if there was one - only
a list of the musical numbers. Why people
enjoy this kind of show, I can't think. We
came sweet by taxi - very nice - reached
the hotel at 11 - agreed to meet at 8 1/2
narrow evening in the lounge - on that
leaves for Istanbul on Thursday.

September 4 Wednesday

A very fair night with no wind - I didn't
leave the hotel till after 10:30 - went to
the Bank on Lombard St. to get a new
cheque book, though I don't suppose I
shall need it at once. I came back by
highground to Bond St. & walked to that
funny Italian restaurant on Wigmore St.
called Gondola & had a huge plate of
spaghetti - & coffee. Not too famous.
Very crowded place.

There was a small drizzle when I
emerged but I went to Fenge St. got the
Radio Times & then supplies at home
for supper - potatoes salad & ham sand-
wich. When I returned I discovered
a note in my bag box from Mrs.
Goodwin, who had called on me to take

me to lunch. Je gods! why don't people write ahead or telephone? I tried to get the lady by phone at 3 - but there was no answer. I tried again at 7 - but I didn't hear the telephone. I can't hear her well - She invites me to lunch + "for the day" on Sunday. Too much, too much. I asked her to write me a post card, telling me where to arrive etc. Aren't English people dumb about their handicapped by deafness? No I get instructions by post, I shall go otherwise not.

A letter from Phyllis asking Greta + me to Gosfield Hall on Wednesday, Sept. 11th. very nice.

I made a second trip to Keeler's for my bi-focals. But no luck. I was told to "come tomorrow" at 5 P.M. which I shall do.

At 8 I went down to the Residence lounge + met Bob, + we did have such a good visit. He leaves for R.C. tomorrow, Thursday, Sept 5. We had tea + coffee + several cigarettes.

Went out to holiday - I came home to my messy room. read a little, then half a bill + slept.

Sept 5 Thursday.

A very fair night. letters waiting in the P.M. I wrote a letter to Wilfred early on - also a P.C. to Greta, after I had received one from her, asking me to spend Sunday with her. v. nice.

At about 11 - I went out to the American Consulate to ask about extension of stay in England. It is in that immense American Embassy Building. I was told I must apply to the Home Office, which is located on High Holborn - I was given the address. It was there nearly 12 - I went into St. Mark's Church (The Navy Church) on So. Dudley St. - very lonely - then debated as to where I would have lunch. I was hungry + fell for my old Gill cheese, had a table to myself to eat that - w - chops, ice cream + coffee - too expensive but what will you? On my way back I bought a sandwich + yogurt + milk choco for evening consumption. A letter came from David about the birth of his daughter + I felt badly that I

had already written to him (Pamela.)
must send them a post card.

to short rest, when I dozed a little.
Then at 4:40 I started out again I got
my W. fossils from Keele's & very satis-
factory they are - I have missed them.

I walked home slowly via Selfridges
and was in time for television - The
News at 5:50 & again at 7:30. A woman-
and picture of wild animals in Canada.
I completed a long letter to Sarah. I
now await word from Mrs. Goodwin
about tomorrow.

Sept 6. Friday

There was no letter from Mrs. Goodwin
by the first post (as either it would dis-
turb her) so I called her up at 9 P.M.
& she said she was expecting me today.
I had breakfast for the first time in the
Carvery. - perhaps I shall go there again.
When I started out at eleven-ish, I
found Mrs. G.'s letter in my bag (efficiency?)
In it she suggested I come by taxi but
I didn't need to.

I first wrote a letter to Sarah at the

local Post office, then took the underground to
Holborn, then The Piccadilly line to Russell
Square - then walked to thoughtfully memo. It
had, characteristically, begun to drizzle
was quite wet!

I walked along as I said & found the
good lady waiting for me in the passage.
This was about 11:45. I must confess the
little house is a depressing place - cluttered
up with - with Gilman's things & hers.
Mrs. G. looked very well - she talked &
talked and talked without tiring till
well after 1 P.M. Then got lunch in a
short time - very nice - chops, chips, peas
& Danish pastry rolls.

Mrs. G. had a great deal to say about
her children. Geoffrey & Gilman are looking
for a house to buy in London. She will
have a corner of it for her own. It trans-
pired that she is very disappointed that
the P.C. job was given up. She had hoped
to come out & settle in Surbiton. She agreed
with me that it was Gilbert's wish to come
to England - she was never really content
in Hamilton Hall. She still hopes to have

a child. Perhaps he had miscarriage
discouraged her from remaining in Turkey.
Mrs. G. Thiel's Godfrey himself, is dis-
appointed to have left Istanbul - He
has not yet found a wife, though Gilman
is already working for a publisher as
she did before - (Tales, Tales?)

After lunch at Mrs. Wilham or Robert
Gradstein came in for a short time. Nice
person. She has husband away tomorrow
for a holiday in the Lake country.

Then there was more + more talk. I
knitted a little + tried not to feel
exhausted! At 4:30 there was tea -
most gratefully received - I felt I
couldn't stay much longer, as the Turkish
hour was near at hand so at 5 or so
I bade adieu. I must confess it was
awfully good of Mrs. G. to entertain me.
I was grateful. But it seemed to me
a very long day.

I learned that the elder son married
a German Jewish refugee, who was
already married to a man retained in
Paris during the war. She also had a

young daughter, much disliked by Mrs. G.
It seems there was a long business to get a
divorce from the son's intended - they
lived together before they were married.
However it was all legal at last. She
died some 4-5 years ago - + now
the son is married to the very nice Miss
I saw this afternoon. I have met her
before - here in England with that bunch
party in Hamelin Hall later in June.

It was very coming home by under-
ground again. I was tired. I watched
television, heard the news - and went
early to bed.

Syst. I. Saturday

I had a miserable night - woke about
6:30 times. No reason - just uneasiness.

I had breakfast in the Casuarina for the
second time + much prefer it to Double
Tree - I'll go there again. After breakfast
I wrote E David's beaming in answer to his
nice letter. And then debated + debated as
to where to go - It was really a very nice
day - I needed no suit or coat but
went out in my Creta dress + jacket.

First I mailed my letters & sent two more books of stamps. Then to Lyons where I got my mail - a home sandwich & yogurt - I then fell in $\frac{1}{2}$ a bottle of dubonnet, which I found expensive 10/6. From there to No. 13 bus to Charing Cross - a moment to say my prayers in St. Martin's in the Fields & then I walked to Leicester Square. I looked about & found the Swire Centre I have heard about - but the restaurants there looked very expensive.

I ended up at the Quality Inn where I went before. It is nice - clean & well served - I was early & could have a table to myself - leg of lamb with vegs & coffee - 7/10 with 1/2 tip - not too bad. Then I wandered up Charing Cross Rd to peer at the fascinating Bookshops. I wanted to get 2 paper backs 1) Dicto. biography of Keats & 2) to read about Bertrand Russell by one John Lewis - but I missed my desire & got only a New Statesman for a shilling! Then I came back very easily by underground Leicester Sq. to Holborn - changed to

the Central line - Marble Arch. The underground system is excellent. Then a long lie-down.

Sept 8 Sunday.

A very nice day with my dear Greta. I dangled in my room in the a.m. but 11 met G. at the hotel door & hopped into his car. We had a most interesting drive thru a part of the city I hardly knew - South of St Paul's - he saw the Base of England, the Morrison House, Guildhall etc. etc. We were much intrigued to find a film company in a side street, with St. Paul's as a background, taking pictures of men in bright armour though the armour was tin foil. We were sorry we couldn't stop.

He got home by 12:30 or so. I had an excellent lunch at 1:15. Then a rest till 4:30. I notice I talk a great deal when I am at Greta's - we discuss "the meaning of the business"! After tea we went for a lovely walk in Waterlow Park. There were heaps of people. Jimmy told me about, on the green lawns, on the many benches - tennis was in full swing.

On television The Forsyte Saga had its beginning & I watched it while Greta got the supper - but I missed a good deal. I must re-read the book. After this we listened to Malcolm Muggeridge in one of his "kinky" series - It was very controversial & made no sense!

The good Greta has invited me to come to stay with her on Oct 6 - Sunday (4 weeks today) till I leave, perhaps on Oct 15th (Tuesday) after the wedding. Bahallum.

So drive me back to the Cumberland at 9:30 - & I was in bed by 10:30 - rather tired.

Sept. 9 Monday

A poor night. no pill - bothered by a sore tongue. But the latter cleared up surprisingly soon. No letters all day!

I started out for the Home Office on High Holborn to ask permission to stay on till Oct 17th as my 3 months was up on Oct 10th. I took the underground & got out at Holborn. I found with some difficulty Premier House, where

the Home Office is situated. Such an experience I found a queue even outside the door, when I entered the place I found queues, but queues of people. Blacks, Browns, ~~the~~ the famous Patrick Cairns - Chinese, Japs - I had to wait - wait - wait - wait - wait. Really, genuine. I waited from 10:45 till nearly 11:30 waiting my turn. At long last, I went to the window, where a young woman made out a paper authorizing me to stay in the h.c. till Oct. 17th & I wanted to. Such a relief. As I walked out, the queue was as long as ever - masses of foreigners. What did they all want? The young woman said, "they want everything!" permission to stay, permission to work, new passports - Really horrid England.

I took the underground again to Bond St. & went to Martin's Hearings and place, where I asked Mr. Bell to adjust a new cord on my second battery. I also bought 6 batteries @ 3/8 each - making 24 -

Then on F 12. 12. Evans. It was now about 12:10 & I thought I might have lunch there - but already ^{there} was such a queue

writing for places that I gave up in despair.
 I went out & passed Rebekh & Benno & decided
 to go there next. Expensive & genteel -
 I was at a table alone. I had en route
 a paper book of 2 hrs. Laertes about
 stories to read. I had Sasampi, potatoes
 & peas coffee. As neither in competition with
 neither - my bill was 10/ plus 11 tip. She
 never gave me a written bill - (I wonder
 if she pocketed the money!) but said it
 was 10/!

I then walked back & was disgusted
 to find that my bed had not been made.
 Really! A maid came in at 2:30 & tidied
 the room. I lay down for an hour.
 At 3:50 I went to Leclair for my reading
 glasses. They weren't ready! Really son
 of a gun. I was told to come tomorrow
 at 3. As I must originally to that
 optician on August 27, I think they
 have been very slow. I do have my bi-
 focals - but there was a crack & bulb
 story that a lens has been broken & that
 has a delay in my reading glasses will
 they be ready tomorrow? I wonder.

N.B. On my way back from the opticians I
 went to the moth & had a hair trim at the back
 5/6 + 1/ tip. Great improvement.
 My evening meal at 5:30 was duck breast,
 potato salad, & a lovely cheese spread on
 2 loaves - all with art byons. The rest of
 the day consisted of television - the news,
 the very heavy hidden (a force) then a good
 Sherlock Holmes film, which included that
 very handsome Daniel Harvey, who
 appeared in The Importance of Being Earnest.
 He really is a most charming & good looking
 man - the actor well.

The day was dry & really warm. The
 forecast that early September would bring
 better weather has proved true.

Sept 10 Tuesday

A hot bath & a hair night. Again I had
 breakfast in the Convey - & at the last mo-
 ment a woman was sent at my table. No one
 very exciting but she was pleasant - &
 talked. Of course a Canadian! She is her
 husband a short time, will visit her husband's
 grave in France - he was killed in the war
 late (lost by David) in 1944.

My morning flew on wings. Where
 does the time go? I am more & more in-
 trigued by Genie's Charlotte Bronle & maître piece.

I must visit in the late P.M. thinking I might find a house. No luck. At D. 16 Evans - not my size - At C. & cheaper but shabby - oh dear! I even went to Selfridges but there again I saw nothing I wanted & the blues were very expensive. I wandered into Gill's Bookshop & saw their new Paper Back section & bought a paperback English Short Stories (Penguin edition) for Pylis tomorrow. I was back in my room & found it nice & tidy.

After a rest, I went to Davis Keeler got my reading glasses. My bill for both glasses was expensive: £13. 3. 0. How my money goes.

The P.M. was coldest by hours at 5:50 - & some other P.M. & on the dot Geta arrived in her car with Miss Batterton - very nice. I put my suitcase in the trunk & we were whisked along to the Balkan Grill, where Geta treated us both to a very hearty meal - cocktails first, wine & kebabs with rice & coffee. Too much. As we started quite late - about 9:50 P.M.

we didn't leave till 9:45. Geta went first to Miss B's flat & let her out, then we made for Rock House, where I was to spend 2 nights. There was still time for a little TV. but we went to bed at 10:30.

Sept 11 Wednesday

Am day for Gosfield Hall. Early morning tea (very good), as usual & breakfast at 9. He decided to leave in good time & was off by 10:10. The day was cloudy & misty with a little rain - & long journey - but barely free of traffic. We went via Chelmsford & Braintree & Halstead - Pylis met us at the door, where we drove up to the doorway Gosfield Hall - & we went up to her very nice apartment. She looked v. well. She asked in her schoolmaster neighbor to Sherris - & then at 12:45 we went into the panelled dining room for a really delicious meal.

The afternoon spent we rested Pylis on her bed - Geta in an armchair (she dozed) & Evelyn reading the paper. There was tea at 4 then we had the long trek home - from 4:50 - till nearly 7 with much more traffic along the roads.

I noticed, as I have done before, that Ethel is
so lonely for Tack - & she chatters & chatters
about her family, her plans. But I was
impressed by her good health, her energy.
She is able to go out & visit her daughters
frequently & the changes do her good.

At Roor House, we had a simple meal
of scrambled eggs & cheese - then heard
the news. We were horrified to hear of a
fatal crash of a Caravelle at Nice -
95 completely lost. Truly, every now
often, one is shocked by the particularities
of accidents in the air. We were
rather tired & went to bed before 11.

Sept 12 Thursday.

I do have my cousin Greta, but her
house is cold. She is oblivious, gestic about
in summer clothes. It is partly because
Highgate is on a hill, that the temperature
is lower than in London. But I have
always felt the cold there. Early morning
up tea, as usual. I was naughty & turned
up the thermo-stats so that my radiator
(stone cold till then) was pleasantly
warm. The general temperature in Roor

House is seldom more than 65°.

Mrs. Barlow was on hand, so I did not
make my bed. We started out early 9:40
as Greta not only had to deposit me at the
Hotel, but was going out to shop & faced
difficulty in parking her car. In the midst
of all these things is PARKING - It always
thinks.

Only a letter from Wilfred says weekly
bill - I had hoped to hear from Esther Boyer -

I went for lunch at Brown Eggs, had
such a nice waitress and was alone at my
table - my bill was 6/6 with 1/6 tip, not
too bad. I then purchased potatoes cooked,
2 tins & chocolate biscuits & came back
for a good rest with my trunk on Charlotte
Square. I decided I must have a walk, so
went out at 3:30 - 4 along Wigmore to
Marsden Lane on to the end of it -
past the Durrants Hotel & so back. Then
later writing to Eleanor & Mildred Scott.

I finished the book on Charlotte Square
in the Peridance Lounge. Marvellous. A
pleasant hour there with two cups of tea!

Sept 13 Friday

I might have planned a better day but instead I waited till nearly 11 before going out. It was not a bad day - some sunshine, & some clouds. I went first to Harrison's, got a sandwich & yogurt for my supper, then took No. 13 bus to Trafalgar Square.

It was then about 11:30 so I went into the Portrait Gallery which I found enlarged & improved. I saw no new fine portraits, among them that historic picture of the Brownie sisters & their brother, as well as Richmond's portrait of Charlotte. I didn't see it all, by any means, but a great deal. Then I hid me to Leicester Square & had my meal again at The Quality Inn 7/10 - 11 tip - Back by underground - very simple.

I had thought of going to Harvard Library at 3 - but it grew so dark & rained that I stayed home, so instead read The Harrogate Song (I read each volume as it came out years & years ago) & was domestic as well. I turned on

Television & saw a number of things.

I was much surprised to have 2 telephone calls between 6 & 7. The first was from Esther Bages, who has arrived, & is staying if you please at The Ritz! She invites me to meet her there on Monday, the 16th at 4. It will be a surprise to see her. The second phone call was from Eulga at 7. Two pieces of news - one is that my dentist wants me to come on Thursday the 19th instead of Monday the 16 - O.K. The other was that Wagn of all people wants to come to Christine's wedding! Ye gods! Eulga has written to put her off but fears her letter may not reach her. I mean - E. calls apologetic because she can't write me for Sunday but I don't mind. So far I have had only one Sunday in London since I came - as each cousin has entertained me for weekends.

I had a snack supper at 6:30 - 1
At 8 I went to The Residents' lounge & read my Galsworthy till after 9:30 & so to bed - after a bath (I hope)!!

Sept 14 Saturday.

I remember that this is my father's birthday - poor man. What a sad life was his.

Again I had a good breakfast in the canteen. What a find that was, infinitely preferable to Double Time.

I decided early to go to Harrod's to change my books. I discovered (not thru me, our window - how I do hate a court room) that it was raining. That no idea, however, that there was a real deluge - I wouldn't face a bus, so hailed a taxi but not till I was properly met. What a camera, what a chivalry. I gave back the Breasts & Nicholson books & got two others: Autobiography of Rishen Washer & a new book recently reviewed called Waking Up by Norman Podhoretz which I had seen reviewed by Walter. All only a few days ago. Coming home I had the brilliant idea of taking the Underground. It cost me 1/4. I went to Highbury Station & took the 1/4 on the Piccadilly line - then to Marble Arch on the Central line & st.

I forgot to add that in the evening of Saturday, I wrote on T.V. 175 - lost meant 7 150 Pounds - that is about the 5th time I have seen it. So Good Colin Davis from the Conductor. Paul Brittan & German again. Waring Smith. I thought of many inclusion concepts.

I got my evening meal: cold stew, a chicken sandwich - this with yogurt & potatoes will be paid about 6:30. I was suitably disgusted to find my room not done at 12:15 when I returned. I went to Double Time for lunch - Brunch, ice cream & other 8/1 with a tip. When I returned, the damn room was still not done, so I took my book to the Residents' Lounge & read there till 2:30 & then at last came to my room. It was about an hour & a half.

I found a letter from Elizabeth Clarke who thought I had returned to R.C.

Sept 15 Sunday

The most dismal rainy day from beginning to end. I thought I would go to church & started out at 10:15 but it was so wet & the rain was so heavy I had to come back to the hotel. On my way I bought choc peppermint & yogurt for my supper.

Breakfast again in the canteen. I read the Harvard - also my book Waking Up & then at 12:15 went to Double Time for a snipe & lunch. I got near to an elder

woman, who spoke to me - The old gentleman opposite her was her brother-in-law she said - From town Scotia - again a Canadian on his way to Aberdeen & the Cotswolds later. I then went to the Residents' lounge & read till 1:30 as I was sure my bed would not have been made till then.

When I came in, it was made - all tidy. I had a short rest - then turned on television at 2:50 P.M. & watched a version of When We Were Young & Gay by Concha Oatis Skinner. It went on till 4:10 - a long film - very amusing but I am sure heavily edited & changed - hard to watch & I but I laughed till I cried.

Later on I wrote a letter to Dorothy Schud & then watched more television. Malcolm Muggeridge's Resurrection was about drugs. But he was not there. His place was taken by a very nice man, whose name I didn't catch. After that I saw the 2nd episode of The Forsyte Saga. It was good.

Sept 16 Monday.

I didn't go out early as it was raining but by eleven or so, the pavements were dry. It seems there has been very severe flooding in Southern England. News reports & papers are full of & replete descriptions & pictures of the many disasters.

I wandered down Clarendon St. to Havel-
 worth, wanting to find a compact as mine is broken & still in. Nothing there. I stopped in at C.R. & later Selfridges to look at Mauser - Nothing I really wanted under 3 or 4 pounds. However, I did find a fairly nice vintage compact at Selfridges got it - 6/4.

I felt I needed a real meal so went to Grill & there, after buying "snacks" for my supper. Then a rest, reading Padshah's - such an extraordinary book - an insight into the enormous group of Jewish writers, whose names I come across all the time in the New Yorker. It seems you are not a "real" American unless you are the child of an immigrant from Poland, Russia, Hungary - or Jew at that. What

would she hate George Apley has said?

I was to meet Esther Beyer at 8 -
 as I still feared rain, though it wouldn't,
 I took the underground = Piccadilly Circus.
 He is staying at the Ritz. I had never been
 there & was duly impressed by the de-
 finite grandeur. Esther met me in the
 pretty tea-room (waiters in tails! very
 smart) looking quite handsome in a
pink suit ~~with~~ with her white hair
 a perfect halo.

He had a very nice tea & much talk.
 She had to tell me of her trip to the wedding
 in Spring - by the Sea & her plans to visit
 Edinburgh, a friend in Yorkshire. She
 is 5 months older than I am - but
 seems older, somehow. She never
 takes buses or underground trains,
 only taxis. Naturally she had many
 questions to ask about old friends,
 plus college news. She keeps up with
 a great many old colleagues.

We have planned to go to St. Paul's &
 the Gorky Tavern on Wednesday - I
 wonder if she will really enjoy it.

She wants to see the Temple again & so do
 I. Her tack is all about P.R.T. - she goes
 to Edinburgh, only because she wants to see
 the art gallery there. Incidentally, she is a
 nice person, but not my cup of tea. She
 talks a great deal about fund - very
 critical of power base!

He sat for a long time in the tea room,
 I left at about 6, coming back on
 No. 12 bus from Telford St. When I got
 out it was drizzling again. Ye gods!

I had the news at 7:30 then a Sherlock
 Holmes play, which is always a surprise -
 then a bath and bed.

Sept 17 Tuesday.

Still pouring rain in the morning
 early - though by 11 it was less heavy.
 I spent the a.m. in my room & it was
 just as well, for at 11:30 a helpful called up.
 His news was that he had just realized
 that the attendance was closed for a
 month & that we would have to go somewhere
 else for lunch. He said he & Della would call
 at the hotel at 12. (They are always very
 prompt & forehanded.)

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Wilfred called me & I went down to meet them on the lobby. He had just discovered that Athenaeum members would be temporary guests at the Oriental Club on Stratford Place. So off we went in a taxi as their car had been left at Paddington, where they had seen Nella's sister off for Scotland.

The Athenaeum Club is really something - a beautiful building - formerly the Town House of Lord Derby. Lunch wasn't until 1 P.M. so we sat in a charming lounge room and sherry. Much talk. The Seagers leave for a 2 week trip to Peru on Sept. 27. & come back Oct. 10 - 2 days before Christmas's wedding. They are joining a company of 32 who visit throughout the highland missions of Peru. Very interesting.

He did have such a nice lunch - with wine and the breakfast. He was in a good sized dining room, where ladies were admitted. On our way out we saw the men's dining room - much larger - & quite well occupied. He talked of many things after lunch.

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had coffee in another busy room. My child's name for seeing Wilfred was to hand him film - pictures. ^{- what} But hardly had asked me to do. The pictures are of carpets which appeared in some Turkish exhibit in London last year.

The Seagers drove me back in a taxi to the hotel. Then went on themselves to Paddington. By this time pavements were dry, though there was no sunshine. I had time for a very short rest. Then went to the Salon for a Shampoo - very much needed. Back home around 5 P.M. 17.

The evening television was interesting. News, then a film, then a documentary piece called The hot heads, on account of the life of Ramsey MacDonald. Several prominent people appeared - Malcolm MacDonald, his son, Rachel, his daughter. Lord Aveson, Massey, Skirwell - others I didn't know so well. A very profitable evening as far as television went. What would I do without it in my solitary state? N.B. Wilfred told me his son-in-law Jerry Sheldon, has just been made a judge!

Sept. 15 Wednesday.

This was my day with Esther Berger. I didn't think it was to be quite such a long day but evidently, the lady expected to night see from 11:30 - 4 P.M. I took the underground to the rails & she was waiting for me in the front hall. What a very "swish" lady the lady is. She did have nice in a blue suit. She is a very well-groomed lady & I imagine attaches a great deal to looks!

She knows a taxi everywhere. We first headed for St. Paul's - It was a dry morning - cloudy at first & then a lovely sunny afternoon. We made straight to the lovely American Memorial Chapel behind the altar (which I was unable to see with Peggy Lawrence) It is very moving & very handsome - brings a lump to one's throat & a heart ache to one's heart. Then there we wandered thru the beautiful cathedral & at the store I could not resist buying a copy describing the American Chapel. Esther too bought a book & post cards.

From St. Paul's, we went out to St. Bridget's

where she had never been. The soaring steeples stand out above the adjoining buildings.

So was impressed by the church - though I always feel the renovation necessary because of London's air, a little grish.

From St. Bridget's we went to the Coche Tavern for lunch - a very nice affair - Esten had only a tail soup - I, a rather stupid omelette & hen. We both had wine & coffee (not very good). But we talked & blue streak (!) & I think she was impressed by the place. To me it brought back many memories.

After this, she wanted to go to St. Margaret's where I had never been - & I did enjoy seeing that historic building. Before this, however, we had wandered into the Temple - saw the Round Church - with its compass - we also went in to St. Clement Dan's - Esten is enormously interested in art with a capital A. She knows a good deal about architecture - & is constantly talking of the galleries & museums she has visited.

To my surprise she expected me to return to her hotel for tea! I was able to

A phone call from Anita visiting me for the weekend - another from Evelyn, saying she will be there.

pay for our lunches £1. 3. 0 plus 1/6 tip but Arthur paid for all the taxis.

It was early - just before 10 - & in that very attractive tea room. Much talk - of old friends, Katie Wright, Beth Stanton, et al. while I like Esther a good deal - she is not exactly a "kindred soul!" She has very conventional ideas - not much sense of humor. She told me about her living conditions in Columbus (very nice one with an old friend) & reminisced about her many, many travels in Europe. But I had a good day, if a little tiring - came back by 5 to my room - (No. 136) found no letters - but my weekly bill!

Television in evening - one good play by S. B. Priestley - very amusing. Gael my Shoulder Goes One Case.

Sept. 19 Thursday

A good night after a hot bath and no pill.

The Rickampeter book is too naive in words - poorly written by a brave man. Obscured with speed, planes and auto-mobility. Very sound, very brave but very naive

I paid my up tenth bill (I certainly am spending a great deal of money this summer) then the cashier said, "You have been here quite a long time!" I then went out to Hawthornth's where I bought fourth grade & a small bunch for a present - also to M & S. where I got warm vest for Dickson I shall need them shortly, as I am staying into October. On my way home, I got potato salad but as my menu had not been sent & rights, I decided to have my dinner in breakfast.

This left a very short time for my rest, - only $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour - for at 2:30 I was due at the dentist's. I walked to 55 Wimpole St. & Mr. Shepherd was ready for me. This time it was not very pleasant, as he had to reprepare a tooth for cementing to my chimney, asents I have visited. The bill will be tremendous! I was there a whole half hour - & he drilled the tooth, & finally filled it with a dressing. I am to go back on Monday, the 23rd & Friday, the 27th. Damn! Damn! When I got back at about 3:45 I was

dying for a cup of tea - I took my book to the Residents' lounge where had a most excellent pot of tea 2/3 + 3d. tip which went to the spot. I have now finished Pickwick. Back to my room, where I saw indifferent T.V. washed my sweats, + mended a stocking!

Supper at 7 - the joint was un-entable I passed it away.

Sept. 20 Friday

A fair night. I was in the canteen for breakfast by 8:30 having bought my Daily Telegraph, which includes a magazine section on Fridays. I was no sooner seated in a remote corner, than a young girl came up asked if she could sit at my table. Now I do not like to share a table some of the pleasant things at this hotel have been that I was never asked to do so in Double Time. This young thing slumped herself down + immediately took hold of my magazine section as tho' it were her own. She had rather a pleasant young face. I noticed she was wearing fair nips. She could've been English.

The morning opened. At 10:45 I took a bus to Harrods - gave back my 2 books + got out This Woman by Tony Parker (about women prisoners) + The Man from Mars and by Gertrude Keynes. I came back on No 30 bus, + decided on a real dinner at the Pavilion Grill. Unfortunately, I went to the ground floor instead of upstairs + had a rather indifferent meal - chicken in paprika sauce + fish. (I had come for the fish!)

On my way back to my room, having bought a sandwich on George St. it began to rain - there was a real fall. People seemed to shelter in doorways. I popped into a Post Office to put on my waterproof cap - but was really met by the time I got back to the hotel.

Two letters - one from Mary Harris Stealy of all people, forwarded from R.C. expecting to see me there. She is cousin and to have 4 days in Istanbul after how many years? I think ²⁹ ~~34~~ years! I immediately wrote her at the Divan Hotel ^{a letter} explaining the situation, + I do

hope it reaches her in time. The other letter was from Evelyn - all about Maym. It seems this indomitable woman is coming to Christine's wedding! Evelyn is in a ditch, as Maym says she is arriving on Oct. 9th & expects to stay with Evelyn till the 19th (10 days!) then go to the Regent Palace Hotel. De gods! Evelyn can't leave anyone in her house before the wedding - let alone Maym! Other news in her letter was about her attempt to meet Phyllis - but she was turned back by flooded roads. Also Christine's BOAC flight had been complicated by 2 tries, which blew out before landing. A chapter on accidents.

I had a long rest - then at 4:30 went to the Residents' lounge for a good pot of tea & a read in one of my new books. Later, in my room, I turned on T.V. & had a call from Esther Bages, who asks me to go with her to see home. Zaneff who evidently lives in London. Of course I can't go as the meeting is booked. She invites me to dinner at the Ritz

on his return from Scotland, on Sept 30. Rather nice.

Sept 21 Saturday

In my usual forehanded way, I packed early as Highgate hit was just as well for Greth appeared at 12:15 & called me up. I went down & together we had lunch at Chelsea House (?) below Morrison's. (My party) I think the helping too much - a mixed grill - he talked of Maym's rejected visit. It seems the 2 sisters have arranged (if she comes) to have her go directly to Regent Palace Hotel on Oct. 9. & stay there till after the wedding then come to Evelyn's - for the rest of her stay.

We were, first, caught in a shower - as we emerged - but, rewardly, in 5 minutes when I came down from my room with my bag, the sun was shining!! he rode straight to Rock House & I lay down for a good rest till tea time, taking with me a biography of Beatrice Webb by Kitty Huggelidge, which I found most interesting.

↳ very good tea and then scrabble

after an excellent supper. And so he
bed about 11 P.M. after some P.V.

I always find it much colder in
highgate than in tandem proper, so
I bought a nylon & wool vest in pre-
paration for the autumn winds, as
well as the change of temperature in
Rockhouse. I put one on and was
a comfort. Temperature in the bed-
room 61° but I am having trouble
manipulate the thermostat!

Sept 22 Sunday.

A fair night - there early tea which
was good. Breakfast at 9. There was
the observer to read & I went out for a
Sunday Times by myself as well. Greta
was busy preparing lunch, as she was
expecting Evelyn as well as the Budgett-
headings. Evelyn arrived early
11:30 or so & we had a gossip.

It seems Evelyn had written Mags,
when her first news arrived, saying she
couldn't possibly take her in, in Tadworth.
Mags replied with such a sad and
tender letter that I was quite upset.

idem the arrangements I mentioned on the
previous page - that is, unless Mags
give up the journey - which I doubt.
Christina had seen her in New York & she
had already bought her tickets which
she excitedly showed - Mamma! Mamma!
Dad's telling she will come.

The Budgett-headings arrived at 12:30 -
drinks then a wonderful Sunday dinner.
I am so impressed by the clever casting
of my cousins. The B-Hs. were cordial
but he talks without ceasing - asking
no questions but telling "you" all about
everything. Is this an English habit? The
visitors stayed & stayed till after 3:30
& only a threatened shower (which came
as they left the house) persuaded them to
leave. I had a short rest with the
paper & my book - then tea at 5:10.

Three handed Scrabble twice over,
then the Farquhar Saga (8 over) at 7:25
which we greatly enjoyed. At a little
after 9:30 E. drove ^{me} back to the hotel -
a very nice weekend.

Sept. 23 Monday

A rather miserable night. I woke many times had disturbing dreams.

Off again in the Carvery. I cried for the umpteenth time!! I did go out about 11 - to get "perme-jipis" for my blue dress & food for lunch - news titles - chocolate biscuits, yogurt & sandwich. I was disturbed by a receptionist who told me, when I announced my departure on Oct. 6th that I was due until Sept. 26 Dwan! Dwan! I shall try again to get the ear of the Duty manager. If I am kicked out of the Cumberland I shall scream.

I had a very short rest just as I was preparing to go to the dentist at 1:30 there was a terrific thunderstorm & pouring rain. However, in the banister's bay of this country, when I ventured out at 1:40 the rain had stopped although raindrops were falling. I managed to get to 56 Kingsale St. walking by 2 P.M. my appointment hour. This time it was a process-

chipping my tooth for a gold crown. It took all of an hour - not painful, but slightly disagreeable.

After the dentist, I took a bus to the BZA office to get my date for returning home - October 15th Tuesday. It was rather unsatisfactory, as the young man ^{to whom I spoke} was not sure that there was a free seat between Athens & Istanbul. I am to hear from him again & will make another visit.

Back by No. 13. to the hotel. I was dying for a cup of tea, so went to the Residents' lounge & got a pot of tea - having consumed a biscuit & sandwich before leaving my room. I also finished the book Greta left me - a biography of Beatrice Webb by Lacey Muggenidge & Ruth Polan - most interesting. Back to my room for various television & music notation.

Sept. 24 Tuesday

My 79th birthday! Who wants to be 79? I had a good night, set my traps - sat about till around 11:30. m. then took the bus to Harwood's to change my ankles.

I wouldn't finish The Bean from Warsaw by Gertrude Lynam - it was too beautiful. I simply left it. The other book Five Women by Tracy Parker was very interesting & depressing. When I took it back a neighbouring librarian was so pleased by my interest in it, that she decided to read it herself. The 2 further books I took out were My Silent Hour by Kim Philby and My Father's Son by Don Marquis.

I decided to have a meal at Bacon Egg but it wasn't a success - poor.

I was greatly impressed on my way back from Harrod's to pass a small van with the name: Alexander Thomson, on both sides. My father's name! a present tribute on my birthday.

There had been a birthday card from Gretchen by the first post, repeating directions for going to The Arts Theatre Club on St. Markport St. When I came in from lunch, there was a long afternoon ahead of me. I had a rest, then television but 6:45 started out to meet my cousin for a festive birthday dinner. As usual I was

too forehanded. Instead of waiting some 15 minutes for the 13 bus, it came along at once, as the rush hour was once more spread along at a great rate & I arrived at St. Martin's in the fields at 7! I went in for a moment to say my prayers & thank God for my 79 years! On winding out I found it was raining with rain. Ye gods - what a climate. I dashed along to the Arts Club & reached it only 10 minutes before 7:30 - Evelyn & Christine came in - with gifts - & Greta borrowed shortly.

Such a nice bedtime (& very expensive) meal as we had read to by Greta. The news was that Pagan Magn has given up the journey to England for C's wedding. Perhaps a good thing but I felt very sorry for her - She wanted so badly to come. We had cocktails, then dinner with wine, much talk & "all the business." I can't say how touched I was. He was there till after 9. Greta brought me home & deposited me at the hotel by 10. Evelyn has invited me to Tadworth for Sunday. They are two good.

Sept 25 Wednesday

I was lazy & didn't leave my room till after 10:30. I walked down as far as D.W. Evans & John Lewis. At Lewis' I found the Textile sales place & after much wandering bought 2 yds of grey printed nylon for trousers to make me a blouse. I have looked so far for trousers with no luck, unless Tom willing to pay 5 or 7 guineas.

I went to D.W. Evans for lunch, thinking I was early at 12:15 but now there were already masses of people! I was put at a table with another woman but she fortunately left fairly soon & I was alone for the rest of the time. This time I got 2 chops, potatoes & peas & coffee for 9/6 which I think a bit of a tip.

Then I thought I might try Evans for a blouse & more enough I found a yellow embroidered one (made in Hong Kong!) size 44 which I bought. It was under £2.00 which was cheap. From there I walked home, had a good rest & some etc. & saw television. My supper at 6:30 was a sandwich, potato salad & chocolate cookies.

Not a very exciting day. Evelyn telephoned in the P.M. giving me the time of my train from Charing Cross on Sunday - 10:22 change at Purley. O.K. & very nice!

Sept 26 Thursday

Rather a stupid day. Dull, with early rain which disappeared after eleven, & the temperatures were almost dry. I did very little worth while. There was a letter from Robert - he had heard of the death of Ned Bates (I had had the news in the birthday letter from Sarah) & wanted Peggy's address, which I said I had not got.

I decided on lunch at the Quality Inn on Baker St. Not very good, though I had a nice seat by the window. I had The Radio Times, a sandwich from George Street & so home to rest & read. I washed my tea cloth in the evening - a long business - and watched a bit of television - the news & weather - in law (always good for a laugh) - & went to bed at 10:30.

The character Robert had catered for to report 1) very hot weather 2) several robberies at Garwood & Parker Pines

3) Merrin Harman has come on the scene. These were, however, cheerful items - Hunt Barron's daughter, a student at B.C. a new Colonel at The Officers' Club. and a good beginning by The Equestrians. So - I should begin to live.

Sept 27 Friday

I get up a little earlier every day & find it a good idea. So I am at the Carvery by 8:15 I can get a seat that I like. I was busy in the P.M. with letters & the time spent. I wrote to Herbert telling him my plans. Unfortunately I haven't Peggy Eitel Ballantine's address (I thought I had it) but suggested Herbert write a letter & enclose it - to the Blacks. My other letter was to Aavine, asking her to notify The Zinnat Bantasi people that I would be a little late in collecting my snow insurance.

I went out at 11 - It was windy, cloudy & not very cold. I went to Selbridge Food Store - was re-impressed by the lawns display. I got French pastels & bread there - & a recipe for my own use.

I decided that lunch at 12 would be in Doubt Time - I got a familiar waitress & had a bowl of tomato soup, a turkey sandwich & coffee - 6/6 with 1/2 tip. not bad. Then at 1:30 P.M. I went for my last session with Mr. Sheppard - he put on a gold crown - very deftly. It took 25 minutes - & I was glad to be released. Whenever I go to dentist or doctor, it always rains. Truly, this climate is trying.

I was back by 2:30 & had a rest. At 4:30 I was dying for a cup of tea - so I went to the Residents' lounge & got a hot tea - which meant 3 cups! Back to my room - where I watched a succession of T.V. strips - news, a play Oh Brother & a speech by Quinton Hogg. I walked on my tea cloth & enjoyed it. A telephone from Reception clinched the matter of my departure. - Sunday P.M. Oct. 6th

Sept 28. Saturday

Very windy day but not too cold. I went out a little before 11 - to collect Food & to have a walk for my health. I went to Selbridge Food Store, a fabulous place, then by bus - stocked up for 2 meals today.

I was economical & had both lunch & supper in my room - not too bad. The rest - then I felt a crying need for T.E.A. so went down to the Residents' lounge & got a pot of it. 3 cups! They went to the spot.

Later in the P.M. I wrote a long letter to Sarah. And I reread my teacher which I greatly enjoyed. And then there was a vision - The busy show, the news, the time & so on. One does suffer from the heavy catananking of the jump with the mercurial guitar! & long hair - for both of these maidens. Truly the taste of the jump is deplorable.

Sept 29 Sunday.

I woke early & prepared in my mind for Tadworth. I got the 10:22 from Charing Cross (going by underground to Trafalgar Square) & was early of course but never mind. I enjoy watching the crowd. I had to change at Purley, but didn't mind as it was mildish & not raining (The rain came later)

Evelyn met me at the station. I do enjoy a visit with her. I was de-

lighted that she had visited Heather & Basil in her drinks at eleven, & they were able to come as they were on their way to Eton, where Heather's grandson is at school.

Basil, red faced, simple minded, affectionate asked many questions about Robert. I read a letter from Selma that had a good laugh. Mr. Shipperd came in for a short moment - & there was much chattering. The Basil fingers will be at the wedding, so I shall see them again. They left about 12:40.

After a good lunch, I had a long rest in Evelyn's room - then tea - he talked; played Scrabble, & then at 7:25 saw The Farbyte Song on T.V. Hard installation. It is grand - but upsets me. Too many unhappy people.

I had but only a one way ticket by R.P. to Tadworth & suggested I go via the tube for fun - I had never done this but found it interesting. E. drove me to the station - it was further than I thought - & I was off at a good bye kiss - It was most interesting - ticket 2/3 at Charing & I took the Bakerloo line to Oxford Circus

changed three to the Central bus room in the hotel by 9:45. I call that good travelling.

I was weary, though I had had an easy day. It was Evelyn who worked. And so to bed.

v. B. An article by Whitehorn in the Observer caught my eye. It was called "Whitehorn welcomes Kunti". I liked especially the first paragraph:

"Oh well, there it goes, that thing that was alleged to be summer; and good riddance to it, if you ask me."

Sept 30. Monday

A very poor night. I wake many times. Read between 4:30 - 5:30 & got up early.

At 10 o'clock I went to Reception as I was asked to do & although I had spoken before about staying on till Oct 6. I was asked to come out 'day to day' if I would stay or not! Pah! It makes me tired.

I did good work in the P.M. under a cloudy sky, but no rain. I took the underground to Bondi. There I saw a Mr. Pearce, who explained to me my new check book. Also he promised to

send me a statement of my account to the Hotel.

I then went on to the B. E. R. office in Regent St to had my ticket put in order. All is well well. I have my ticket all made out for Monday, Oct 1st - a seat on the plane 1 & C. aisle seat - no shape all is well. I must be at the West End Terminal at 9:35. The plane leaves at 10:55. Let us pray every-thing goes on smoothly - that I can well & can make the journey safely & smoothly.

I came back - got food - then a snack lunch in my room. After a rest. I went to Harrow - gave back my books & took out 2 others. The Philby Affair by H. T. Cross. Report on India by W. G. Rogers. I stayed in my room & listened to the telephone from Esther Bazel. She called at 5:40 said she was tired after her journey from the West, ~~has~~ ^{has} given up the dinner tonight at the hotel. So I spent the rest of the evening in my room - turning on T.V. The News. The Very Merry Widno Panorama - all about the Labor Conference. A note from Mrs. Goodwin, saying she will come to lunch tomorrow. Also a P.O. from Caroline Peir.

Oct. 1 Tuesday

A very "rueful" day from beginning to end. I didn't go out till after 10:30 - went to Rymor's for wrapping paper. Then I wandered into Selfridges (this is vital for I always buy something!) & looked in at the Book & Stationery Dept. too fascinating. I had for a small picture desk (6/3) as mine at home are rather the worse for wear.

I was expecting Mrs. Quaden at 12:15 - went downstairs at 12:10 only to find her there already! She was leaning slumped very well. I took her to Spill & where for lunch - & we found a convenient table for 2. He had only "hard d'auvres" - 9, ~~the~~ 2 lamb chops - & we both had wine & then vanilla ice cream. her bill came to £1.7.0 I suggested we have coffee in the "Remonts" lounge which was nice. But how the lady talks! He is an intelligent & very gracious person but I do confess his long stories exhaust me. He tells me that Arthur is interesting again - there is much rejoicing. I was glad to be able to entertain the lady, as she has shown me

much hospitality, she left at 3:30. I was simply disgusted to find my room not yet attended to - really, really. However at about 2:50 I.C. the maid came in & made my bed. I then had a rest - a long one till 6:15.

At 6:15 I started out by underground for the City to have dinner with Esther Boyer. I always miscalculate & get to places too early. However Esther came down at 6:50 & we went into the Venetian a drink - that was nice & I was able to hear for the 2 or 3 1/2 - about 7:15, which by Esther. Her father was full of her happy holiday in Scotland & Turkey. She had been to Hawthorn on my recommendation - he found nice in Derby. She had post cards & pamphlet from Hawthorn. We proceeded into the lovely dining-room & had a most excellent meal - I had victuaries for the first time since leaving America - & we both had Beaujolais & Burgundy - very good indeed. We talked a bit about old friends - then coffee - & found it was 9 P.M. I know that

Esther likes to go to bed early - so after a short visit in the lobby I had a shower, coming back by bus from Piccadilly Circus. There was no rain, a soft autumnal breeze & I enjoyed walking along the smooth dry pavements back to the hotel, which I reached by 9:45. A good day - of extreme sociability. Esther Berger leaves for N.S.D. by Pan American tomorrow morning.

Oct 3. Wednesday.

A very poor night. I woke many times - howas! what it is to be 79!

I went out rather listless & dined on snacks for both my meals - visiting Sir Judge's Food Store as a change from Lyons.

Wrote a note in the early p.m. I wrote 2 long letters - one to Marion in answer to a very good one from her which came yesterday. I also posted to myself at home 2 packages of books as they were too heavy in my baggage.

As I was in the middle of writing about how Greta came up to my do - lighted, said she would call in & we

could have a cup or two together. She appeared shortly we went into Parker's time - each had a part of the Danish party - & did I enjoy my 3 cups! There was talk about our arrangements - mine for hitting. Greta will call for me at 12 on Sunday & I hope I shall be waiting for her with all my baggage near the main entrance.

In the evening there was television as usual. My books this time are not exciting. The Trevor - Puffer book on Philly is excellent, but a bit short. The other ladies Bauntling by an American writer is. Rogers is written in laborious prose - though full of information. I shall be checking my account with Harold's library soon also, alas. Bothered.

Oct 3 Thursday.

I am bed up with the Antlerland Hotel - never again! And now at a big hotel again. I move to 34 Gloucester Place. It was small & friendly, comfortable - informal - much more to my liking. "Reception" is hounding me all the time & asking me when I am going!

After reading my paper & doing this & that I went out, bought snacks & for 2 meals. To my dismay, I lost my umbrella. It must have dropped out of my hand - I looked for it - at Lyons but there was no sign of it. However it had a hole in it & I was glad to get a new one at Wallis for £1.2.6. Blue this time but with my overcoat & my winter coat.

Early on I paid my impatient bill at the Metropolitan Hotel - also I got a good letter from Eleanor - telling me more about the Robert Allen tragedy. She even very active plans for the autumn.

My snack lunch was good - cold chicken, cheese, an apple & cranberries. I am scandalized at the rapidity with which my money disappears. A stark rest when I came back. Then a rather quiet afternoon - a note to Olivia & "perhaps" a letter to a friend for a week-end. Then much television - the news, Mother-in-law & Jane & Harold. Much interest in the birth of six babies at once. To me not very romantic!

Oct. 4 Friday

A fair night with half a pill. After breakfast & the paper, I decided on hasty work! I took a large envelope to the P.O., & mailed it to myself; then a visit to Lyons to hand for my nephew - then a bus to Harrold. Here I gave back my 2 last books & got out a single one, The Story of My Days by Ernest Raymond. I had seen this reviewed but I have never heard of this author. I then took the underground to Haymarket, where at the American Express I got \$10. in American money for my Express check - to have a little more in hand. I then decided, as it was 12:10 to have dinner on the table d'hôte & went into The Golden Egg - a very indifferent restaurant where I had an extremely indifferent meal of scrambled eggs & mushrooms & coffee! Did so took an No. 15 bus from Regent St.

In the a.m. I thought I ought to ask again about my stay at Reception but I found it cluttered with masses of people all coming in from a full coach. I was hazy on my relations, so I went up to the Reception Desk & caught, on the

rebound a Duty manager by name Matthews. I asked him about my stay. He consulted my card & said all was well for me to stay till Sunday, Oct. 6. Such a Relief. I think he was rather astonished when I exclaimed, "Inshallah!" I was cheered by a good letter from Mary Williams. John has some good friends - & how I do look forward to getting home! Enough is enough.

Oct 5 Saturday

A very poor night. I don't think I slept at all after 4 A.M. Too many thoughts.

After breakfast I began thinking of packing. I took out to the P.O. my last package of books. - got change marked about my bill. I gave it. my white hat & my old pack of cards.

I was much intrigued by my latest book The Story of my life by Ernest Raymond. He is a writer I have never heard of before but he has evidently written a good deal.

At lunch time I went around 12:30 to Basin Steps but found such a long queue that I decided to wait. I went

to the Residents' lounge, after a walk to Gemzell for a new Stalderman I waited there till 1:20. But at 13 & 2. the queue was even longer! So I hid me in Double Time. There again was a fair sized queue. - 'O gods! Where do all the people come from?' As I was alone, I was offered a seat at the center counter had a lunch of Brunch (Egg, sausage, brown toast & the everlasting fried potatoes) - 1/2p & 8/ with tip. And then for a lie down from 2:50-4 - Television, reading sewing - on this my last evening at the Cumberland Hotel!

The weather all day - dry & the air quite balmy & mild. Good dry weather predicted by Tommorrow.

Oct 6. Sunday

The Sunday Times to begin with but there was a good deal to do still in the way of packing - of course I was forehanded as usual & had to wait a bit I scaled up the luggage Room & asked for a man to come for my baggage at 11:45. He was 15 min late, rolled my stuff away.

Dispersers I didn't know a piece to my
pillory little court room where I have
spent more than 2 1/2 months. Hence
again - hence again. It was an ex-
perience I am glad to have had - but
that's it.

Guta was there at 12 near the main
entrance, ahead of this. Luggage (from
the luggage room headed to be identified
with the ticket that confirmed the fact
that I have paid my bill) was put into the
car and we were off. It was a dry day -
clouds but no rain. We reached Rock
House in no time & I was shown into the
delightable spare room.

A brief lunch, a hi-down, tea at
4:30 - scrabble & then much television -
The Story of Saga & a Memorial to Kathleen
Turner, which was one hour long - it
sad, as she died while still a young
woman. As usual there are late hours
at Rock House & I didn't turn out my
light till after 12. Half a full & soft
sleep.

Oct 7. Monday

A very bonny night. I mustn't complain
about the cold - but the contrast between
this house & my hotel room is striking. To those
63° here. However - pray that all will
be well.

A. B. The news is that the Scoopes family are
returning to England in hatch instead of
later as first intended. I am so happy for
Guta. Peter must be interviewed for any
possible job, hence their earlier arrival.

Found a letter from Herbert awaiting me,
describing the robbery at their apartment.
Poor things.

This was a very nice day as to company.
In the first place, there was lovely sunshine
practically all day. We all prayed that next
Saturday, the "famous" maddest day will be
equally fine. Mrs. Fleming had expected
to have us for lunch in the p.m. but telephoned
to say she couldn't get a bunnet, so instead
she asked us to come for lunch - we drove
from the city to Wimbledon, to her lovely
immaculate house - there were drinks, first
then lunch, with all the wrong ingredients for

Embina! First melon - wh. I never touch; however I nibbled with no disastrous results. Then a sort of pasta, but in what with cheese than, accompanied by salad (lettuce + tomato), which I cannot eat.

The dessert was even more luxurious a compote of some spatic fruit (brown a tin) simply smothered in cream. I ate what I could + hoped for the best.

After coffee + cigarettes, we took a lovely walk, thru the grounds of a beautiful mansion, now a treatment home for women. Gorgeous lawn, lovely flowers - a huge cage of birds, magnificent trees.

The place is now called Cannizaro but it was actually built by Henry Dundas, Earl Melville 1742-1811 - a most handsome edifice. We got back to the house at nearly four + were persuaded to stay for cups of tea. Then we hurriedly saw picture on a screen of Maria Theresia's star in Portugal. Back to home through growing traffic to Rock House.

much television after a supper of brown egg + potatoes - shell with herbs in

The Hunted on the Baskerville. But this late is bed - 12 midnight, but this is more ^{or} like the rule in Rock House.

October 8 Tuesday

A vile night - when I must have wished June Trice. Horrendous! I sure to - dreadful wet cloudy dark weather, with heavy rain. A letter from Dulotta forwarded from P.C. The Times to read, as I had my early morning tea. Gita had a letter from her grandson. It was very chilly - I put on my suit.

On the whole, this was a very quiet day. I didn't go out, except to post a letter later on. In the evening, Gita went at 7:15 to the Institute, where there was an evening meeting. I stayed put, having a trolley supper (very good) + the television on my own. G. came back earlier than expected and reported a most interesting meeting. But as usual - late - 12.

October 9 Wednesday

A very good night with squall + a very good ^{day} as to weather - quite dry + no rain all day.

I decided to go into town - G. drove

me to Horningate Crescent + I took the underground to Leicester Sq. Then Central line to Bond St. I walked to Wraith's and got 4 new batteries for my instrument. Very satisfactory - I wandered into Washworth's - a fascinating place. I wish I could have bought much more. I put hairnets, + baggage labels - then on to Boots for more uniform so I am now well supplied.

From near Selfridges I got No 30 bus + Harrods came back my last hour. Tarnam!

I went back to Highgate by modern ground from Knightsbridge but when I reached Rock Home at 12 I could not get in as G. was out. So I went to the Institute Reading Room, looked at the Spectator + in 10 mins. I smoked in.

After lunch a lie down - then tea at 6:10 we were off to Festivals Hall, calling in Miss Batterton en route. She was taking the two of us to a concert but Greta was giving us dinner in the restaurant belowhand. Very expensive but nice. How I do adore Festivals Hall.

The view of a lighted London from the large windows was fabulous.

The concert was wonderfully good. An immense audience. A few concerts by Mozart, Sibonia by Back on symphony No. 1. by Beethoven. In between there was a horrible modern No mos which none of us could stand. It hearted an ear. We got away a little after 10, departed Miss B. at her apt. + were home by 11:30 before bed (quite unnecessary but evidently a custom) and so to bed.

October 10 Thursday.

This is the day Wilfred + Helen are expected back from Persia. Rank to begin with at least - but it turned out to be a beautiful day with sunshine.

I made a bit in the P.M. out about 11:50 Olivia arrived, looking like a very ripe apple! She is a nice warm-hearted creature but has no poetry in her. Greta had to go off shortly before 2 - so we decided to have lunch at the Stone Home in Highgate - my party. We did have such a good meal. Kebabs + rice + rucke

hellen - with red wine. I did enjoy the good-

for many of the restaurants I have haunted

Bill
± 3.12.6
S/Rip
Room!
this summer have served very indifferent
stuff. Greta left on her errands, + Olivia
+ I came back to Rock House, where we
had coffee + then talk + talk + talk
the whole afternoon till bedtime at 4.

Olivia has had a full summer - her
friend, Maria, Don + daughter-in-law,
+ 2 children for nearly a month. Then
G. went with them to Paris + then
Paris to Scotland.

I was much pleased to get from Olivia
an envelope, enclosing a letter from her,
returned to the P.O. saying I was not
at the Cumberland Hotel. It was dated
Aug. 7 + I had been there since July 17.
Really, the efficiency of this famous
hotel has deteriorated. Hence again -
I have I said it? I say it again!

Greta came in a little before 5 +
was able to have a cup of tea after we
had had ours. Then Greta very kindly
drove Olivia to the Baker St. Under-
ground + I went along for the ride.

I was very sleepy after our trolley supper
we watched television - heard Zurch Powell
+ Quentin Hogg - at the Conservative Conference
he said John + Jan Smith arriving in
Gibraltar for talks. I went to bed fairly
early (for this hour) at 10:45. Read
Margaret Lane on Dionides but only
managed a few pages.

October 12 Friday.

Greta and I wandered about Hampstead
in the D.M. doing a bit of shopping. There
are fascinating "dry" drops along narrow
roads. I got a spoon + feeder for Tommie's
babe who is to be christened on Sunday.
Greta, after some difficulty, found a very
nice unbreakable plate for the babe.

Otherwise, it was a quiet day + in
the afternoon, after we had returned
from our walks, the rain began + was
quite heavy. The late P.M. was taken
up with scrabble (Greta always beats me)
+ then television, which is always
interesting + amusing.

Not to bed till nearly 12.

October 12 Saturday.

I remember my darling Scotty who would have been T & T today.

This was the glorious wedding day of Christina & Michael - & in the ridiculous English manner it poured with rain but poured from early morning until after the ceremony & reception. Only when we were returning after 4 o'clock was there a serene London p.m. with patches of blue sky.

We started out early, went first to Swan St. where we picked up Maddy Fry, whom I hadn't seen for more than 30 years! I had completely forgotten what she looked like but had heard about her for years - especially from Hugh. From Swan St. we went on to Wimpole St. to pick up Winnie Fleming then on to the church at Walton-on-the-Hill where already, people were gathering.

The whole ceremony in the ancient church was lovely - Christina looked beautiful in her handsome wedding gown. The two bridesmaids were

in long dresses made of figured silk from Hong Kong! I think the hymns chosen were so appropriate. There was a choir and all the "fixings." Mendelssohn's wedding march to end up with.

From the church, under umbrellas, we got again into the car to drive to Jennette for the reception. And then the people I saw Phoebe, all the way from h.s. - Eddie, & Winona, Barrie & Heaton, Gwynth & Gannia, Amanda, Phyllis & Janet, Wilfred & Helma, Vera & Jennifer - a lump with & much, much talk - in fact I was talking so hard to Eddie that I missed 1) the speeches, which Greta said were very good 2) the photographs already on display 3) the cutting of the cake, tho' I had a piece when it was handed round. Also I missed the "giving away" only. There was champagne & very delicious snacks & much, much sociability!

About 3 we drove to Gate House for tea - a selected company. This was nice. Parents were displayed in Euego's bedroom. Phoebe's housemate, 2 other Charmie Sims appeared on tea.

They leave on Tuesday, going west by B O A C, while I go east by B B A on the same day!

I must confess the whole affair of the wedding went off beautifully, thanks to excellent organization. Everyone was in heart thro' thro' - the men in tails - & women with grey top hats! So English!

He finally came away about 4:30 - departed our friends, Molly Fay and Winnie Fleming, at their respective doors & so home by 6.

In the evening there was television again but I was sleepy & rather tired tho' I had had a wonderful day. I confess I am glad I stayed in for the wedding. I would hate to have missed it - & ad- though I was terrified of developing an ailment just before hand - the bird was kind & I was perfectly all right.

I only hope that Christine has chosen wisely. May she be happy.

A nice letter from Marion asking me to drink on Thurs. Oct. 7. Kind, kind friends!

Oct 13. Sunday

I remember Elyse & my darling.

A very fair night & breakfast at 9 as usual. We didn't go out, though the weather was just too bad. There was time for a short rest after lunch then at 2:20 S. & I started out for the christening ceremony at Walton-on-Thames - Amanda's second - Alexander Benjamin.

It was a very long drive & we only just made it - 3 mins. to 4. However no ceremony had begun. A lovely old church. St Mary's. There were four babies christened - Amanda's was the first. It was fine - no rain - & we then drove to the home of Mr & Mrs. Benham for champagne, tea & sandwiches sandwiches & cakes. Elyse was here this, quite lovely. The Benham home is lovely - on an estate - wooded garden, lovely lawns - Myrtle the grandmother of course was there. Many people of course I didn't know - friends of the Benhams. We left about 5:30 & drove the long way back to Buck House. In evening, of course, was confined to The Jungle Saga (the last I shall see in England - too to bad).

Oct 14 Monday

A very quiet day on the whole - my last in England & in this delightful house - I packed my drawers. I also went out to buy a bottle of "Shalomet" for the last "appreciation" - he had much talk in the evening - a game of scrabble television.

I was full of tears during my last days in England, thinking I would come down with a cold or an upset due to my - some long course.

I was rather cheered to get by the first part, the dress I ordered from Dorothy Land. It is too long & hard to be started - also it is heavier than I imagined, but there was no way of judging. However I think it will be a very useful winter morning dress in a really cold winter.

As usual, I was sad to leave London. This has been a strange summer, different from many others. I don't think I made the most of it.

To bed at 11 -

Oct 15 Tuesday

Of course I hardly slept after 10 pm. I did not look forward to the journey. Breakfast was at 8:30. & that dear Greta had already got her car from the garage. Mrs. Barlow arrived on the dot. Greta was busy with this & that. At 9:15, all my baggage packed in the trunk of the car, & we were off to the airport. The day began with a slight mist, but it cleared & there was sun when we reached Heathrow.

Such a business. I had my stuff weighed - nothing to say - & went up stairs to find that dear Euegn waiting for me. He had 15 mins. conversation. Greta, Euegn & I saw some of the proofs of the wedding pictures - then it was time for me to leave them. Pangs!! When I sat in the departure lounge, I saw a rather nice woman opposite. I spoke to her asking her to tell me when the 20th flight was announced for the loud speaker was on loud that I was captured. The lady was going to Vienna

on the 11 o'clock plane. She gave me the signal, when she heard the announcement: 266 Delight to Rome, Athens. Istanbul - Channel 5. so I went with the crowd. There was a wait after getting to No. 5. - such a long walk.

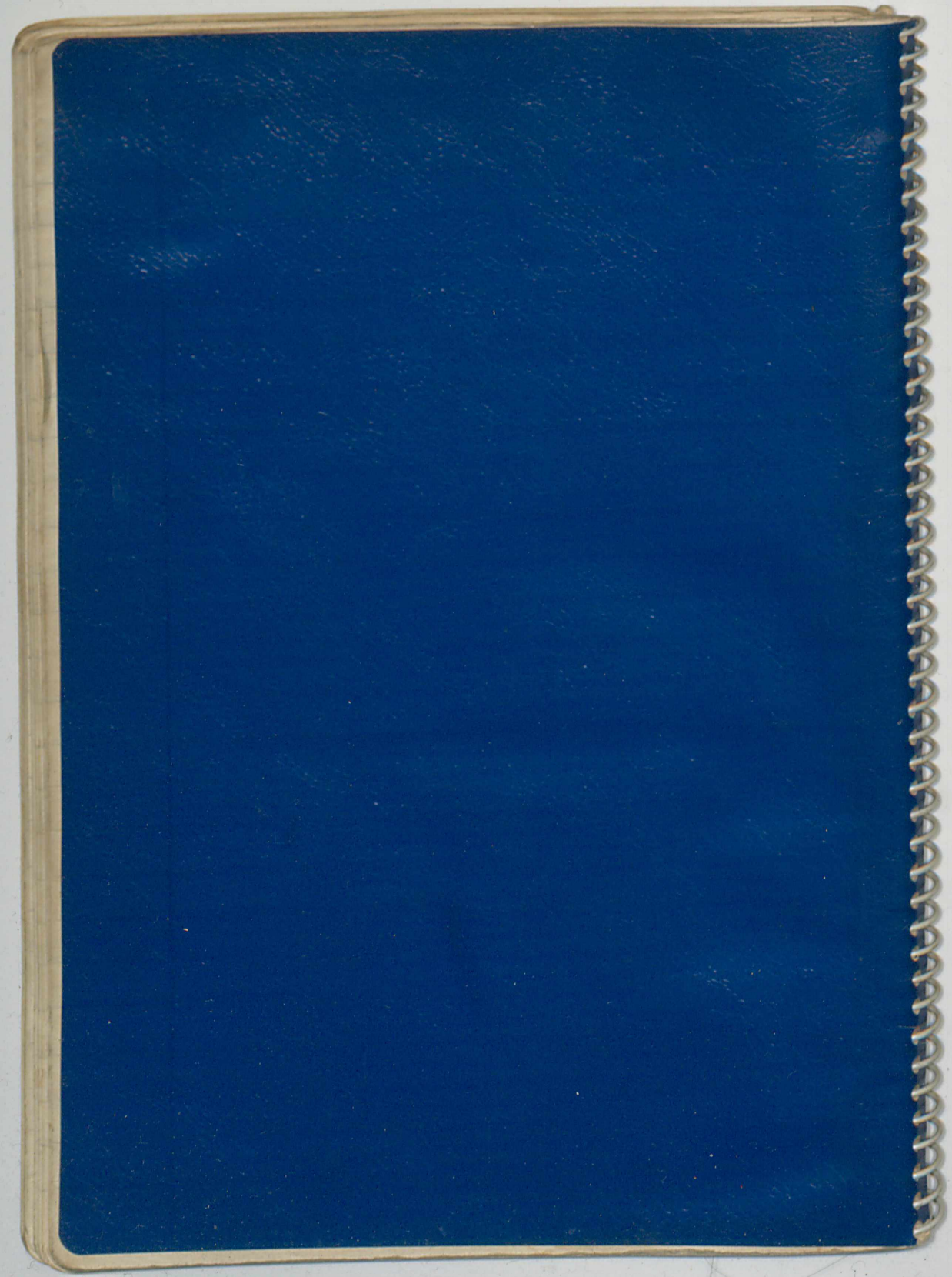
Well - what shall I say of the journey? It was magnificent, very comfortable in 1st class, I was allowed to stay on board at both Rome & Athens. A long day. We were delayed in Rome, because we couldn't land for 45 mins, as there was no much traffic. In all we were on time late.

At Athens we saw a very beautiful sunset rather that it was completely done, as we made our way to Istanbul. There was to get there in an hour. I took the first one out, & by God, the first to get through customs & there was Herbert with his car - two were out! We had a brilliant time - & the familiar scene was repeated. A very excited boy - the house looking lovely with many flowers. I called the Ralph was had

very good chat - nice, warm-hearted & active I'd they are. I gave Marion the handkerchief & she seemed miraculously pleased.

I feel like walking on air to be in my very own home again. It had been an extraordinary summer from just the 10 to last. but very interesting in that. And there were several very "high spots" & numbers.

I took an equine pill - & slept in my own bed - was glad not to be in the Cumberland Hotel!



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