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Diary
of
A summer holiday
in
England
1969

July 24 - Sept 18.

Diary.

July 2 + Thursday.

I started early to get my house in order before hitting on the process was not as hectic as usual. Rizvi, as always, was a treasure. I was up early, & she appeared by seven. A hurried breakfast, last things - then the very kind Ralpho drove me to the B.S.P.A. office - I missed Caroline's land office but got through easily with a "hurstaba" seeing me in the coach. The traffic queue to the airport was terrific until we reached distant Istanbul - he climbed to cross the bridge, being held up time again. I was met at the airport by a certain Michiloff in uniform (Caroline's idea) who saw me onto the plane which was waiting already. Then at the last moment, that was my Wayne whom I had met before came in for a last word & handshake. And we were off!

The first class compartment had seven (including me) occupants to others. Then only three (including me) between Athens & Rome - when we were served our sumptuous meal with sherry, wine & all the rest! I did not get out at either city. From Rome on we were full - eight - all men but Eulima!

Among the men, across the aisle was a southerner, Mr. Cullins, from Mississippi who was making his first trip to Europe & was to stay for the first time in London at the Savoy! He seemed, he said, to make a speech at Hyde Park corner. Very talkative & amusing! He had gone days in London. Then was help to go back, then Orleans to home to Hatchet in his.

Amgenney was small - only once did we have to part in one seat felt bump a little before we reached Athens. Many clouds - his feet 31, 000 ft - mostly above the clouds. We arrived in London 10 mins. late only. Getting our luggage was long drawn out but very efficiently dispatched - no customs - a porter - there was that dear Miss Anita waiting for me. We hugged & kissed her before she had got her car here were off. We chattered like magpies all the way into London. It was cloudy & muggy but no rain. Anita had met Rachel & the two children only that morning - but she had seen scarcely anything of them.

Queta brought me to the best of the Hotel & I went straight to the familiar No. 12 room - with its pleasant windows - I found lovely carnations from Queta herself with "welcome to London" which warmed

my heart. He had to leave at about 5:45 - but not before arranging for me to come to tea at Rock House on Sunday.

It was extraordinarily warm. I unpacked - but my bearings but couldn't resist going out for dinner. I went to 'Grill & Cheri' & again had to have a silent British companion who volunteered not a word. A dark married woman, who might have been interesting - but no - silent as the tomb. I had a very good dinner of lamb cutlets, bread potatoes & braised onion - when then back again to my room. Mying en route, a new statesman from my familiar shape where the lady did recognize me in a somewhat friendly but martinate manner.

I find that I tire so easily - I walked to Lyons & back - & was ready for bed by 9:45 P.M. - half a mile - it was it - my first night in London!

July 25 Friday
 A magpie weather - Blue sky, very warm sunshine - & clouds only later. I haven't brought the right clothes - my suit was far too warm. 200 letters in the 12.00. on my way downstairs - one from Larnack's & a note from Mrs. Davis. The latter says she is off on holiday on Aug. 9 July 20 till Aug. 9 & leaves her sister in charge.

asked a young man in the office where to get a paper & was told to go along Crawford Street which I did - opened a Times & with that went to breakfast downstairs - rich crispies, scrambled eggs - tea, toast & marmalade - so English!

I couldn't resist a brief morning walk at 10. but Bardon broad & nice for my correspondence - then rather quaintly took a taxi to Harrods library. Getting out the new issue on Mrs. R. L. S. by Mackay - as I couldn't get what I first wanted - Balcer on Humphreys. All so familiar - but I find changes - buildings on Portman Square - new apartments - piles of people! I came back with my hat & had a short respite, while a dark maiden made my bed at 11 P.M. plus. Then out for lunch. I went to the Hertford Tray - a mistake. I always take too much & don't finish it. I was simply all in when I reached my room at 1:15 - lay down - went past asleep for half an hour - then read and dozed & rested.

By five o'clock I was so thirsty &c. anxious for "a nice cup of tea" that I went to my old Quality Inn on Baker Street, had a pot of tea, toast & jam which went to the spot. I sat at the self-same table I had

occupied last year! I forgot my umbrella but returned to the suite & rescued it from the very intelligent cashier.

The late afternoon was occupied in writing this diary, listening to the news on the radio & reading. I found the life of R. L. S.'s wife most illuminating. I had forgotten she was 10 years older than he - that her divorce was such a scandal in the eyes of many.

N.B. It is light till after 9 P.M. Summer Time - Extraordinary.

July 26 Saturday

Another very warm day with much sunshine till later in the day when there were clouds but no rain. I walked miles & was thoroughly fatigued! I had a good breakfast of cereal, brown eggs & then at about 9:30 walked to 7 Hanover Square mansion to see Mrs. Davis.

She looked on both cheeks & she was most friendly. I didn't see the room I am to occupy but learned that she would like to have me arrive on the morning of ~~Thursday~~ ^{Thursday} the 31st. Her sailer's husband, Gardiner, is to be in charge till Aug. 9th ~~the~~ ^{the} she has husband return from a fortnight's holiday. (I remember Mrs. G. - a very nice person, who has departed for Mrs. Davis before) I shall be glad to go then. She had a good talk & I left. I walked miles to home (was provisionally lingering on the way) writing

papers, 2) medicines from a chemist. & post cards.
I got a crescent, cake slaw, sherry & cheese
& then "trekked" all the way back to the hotel,
very tired. I had sherry & snacks for lunch &
had to lie down about 12:45 for a long rest,
when I slept heavily for half an hour, if not
more. I read my N.S. wife's story - most
revealing & wondered if I could venture out
again.

I did. At 4:30 I went to the Cumberland
Bottle Inn for a cup of tea & Parish party.
The place was jammed. I noticed again the
air conditioning, which I am sure was res-
ponsible for my cold last year. Air condi-
tioning in London is stupid & unnecessary,
as I have said before. The tea wasn't too good -
quality, but does better. I walked back
from the Cumberland, armed with Time which
I found most interesting, especially on the
Moose landing. At six I heard the news
on my perfect radio (no station!) I
wrote 2 letters, to Heather & the Ralphs -
read & rested & played solitaire which is
a kind of life-saver.

My supper was a made one - sherry,
cheese with croissant, - very good. I am
impressed with my lack of energy. Age will
tell. Alas, alas.

July 27 Sunday

I began the day by going out in the soft warm
morning air for my Observer - which was most in-
teresting. I didn't read it at once, however, but hid
me to bygone antiques. It came I find at 9:30
on a Sunday - notice 1. Then able to get goats crick,
hums, bananas, chocolate freshments for Highgate -
I then came back to my room & read the excellent
Observer till 10:45.

I then went to St. Marylebone Parish Church -
heard an excellent sermon but was confused by
the service, which consisted for the most part, vis of
music. Back to my room for an excellent snack
lunch - more than I needed. Then a good lie-down
till 3:30.

The adorable Greta called in her car for me on
the spot. We drove straight to Highgate & she
gave me tea - as all the rest of the family had
gone to Hampstead Heath. However they came
in by a little before 5 - & I saw those lovely
creatures Jennifer, Peter with their three,
Jonathan, Barbara & Margaret; & Rachel with
her two, Susan & Alexander. What a wonderful
afternoon I had - quite unique. I saw Peter
Scales for the first time & he had such good talks
about his work in Tanzania & his new job at
Imperial Training College at Eltham. Both
Jennifer & Rachel are beautiful - spirited
& lovely - the children so well behaved.

The children had their supper first - said goodnight, while we had gin & tonic talk. Then at 7:15 we had a delicious supper - 5 of us - apologized for as being simple - but I thought delicious. Afterwards we had more talk, of American conditions, of schools in England & America, of travels & what not. A perfect afternoon & evening.

Greta saw me home at 9. She looked tired, I thought. I hope she isn't drinking too much. Had so back to my comfortable room, feeling proud of my good relatives.

July 28 Monday

For the first time I was to cloudy skies & during the morning there was a little rain. But it was still very warm. The radio announced that England had been without rain (London rather) for 18 days - most unusual.

My morning was taken up with letters - to Greta, to Wilfred & to Walter Gwetz - making plans for next week. This took me till a little after 11. A.M. Then I started out to see Katharine Wright at the Green Park Hotel on leafy Moon Street. (This time I took no. 74 to Hyde Park Corner & walked from the lower end by Piccadilly to the hotel.)

She appeared looking better, I thought than 2 years ago. First we stopped briefly in the lounge then went up to her room. She

had a room with a bath, but no small radio. Her hair is mostly white. She was as voluble as ever, poor dear - how she does depress me, even though she was very kind & very friendly. She presented me with a lovely black evening bag - & I felt reproached that I minded her equatorial talk. I was mistaken about her journey plans.

She leaves London on Wednesday, the 30th by Pan-American to the Park Hotel in Stan-oul, awaiting Ricky the following day.

They will be in Stanoul only a week - 15 by air to Birminghams. From there they go to Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia, then on to Vienna & other Italian cities & get back to London on Aug. 20th for 2 days at the Russell Square Hotel. I thought, quite wrongly that they were to be in Stanoul till the 20th. She had not made it clear in her letters to me. I was surprised to have her say she hoped to avoid too many social engagements in Turkey.

We took a taxi to The Old Cock & Tanners & was received at the driver, who went such a round about way. As she paid for the taxi, I insisted on taking her to lunch. But, dear! The old Taverner is having "done over" & renovated. We climbed to a second storey where there was a very nice lunch room, but it was not the old Taverner with its settles where I have had so many friendly meals.

10 I asked the very intelligent Receptionist & she told me the best place is to be a B.R. Dron! Catherine talked & talked - I was nodding & I felt frustrated - I asked teaching questions about Ricky, had an earful. Can lunch was served - du-bonnet with ice, steak & kidney pie, good bread & butter - beans & cauliflower porridge. Tables - & coffee.

Then I wanted to go into the Temple. By this time, I was feeling fatigued but we did visit the Temple Church & Middle Temple Hall - & wandered about a bit. I was reminded of my strolls with my darling Harold in days past. I was astonished to find K. say she would see me again in August. I thought I was going to have her on my hands for at least one small day. But no. I imagine she is pleased to be doing things on her own - & for this, I am glad. She is much more cheerful than she was when I saw her 2 years ago in London.

We parted near St. Clement Dane's - I took the wrong bus, ended in the Edgware Road & walked miles to my hotel in a mild drizzle. It was then 2.40 & I was glad to collapse on my bed - I think I slept a little, lay there till nearly 5.

At 6 I heard the news - that Y had very

11 amusing program Twenty Questions. At 7.30 I had Merry & chips - a sandwich & banana - quite enough. Had I read about R.S.'s wife in the island of Samoa - what a strange & tragic story it is. And what a different side light one gets on the character of R.S. himself.

Tomorrow I am due at the dentist at 2 P.M. and I dread it.

July 29 Tuesday

I woke up to rain - as the day advanced it turned into a deluge! I went out armed with a raincoat to get my papers. The young man in Reception asked me to get him a Guardian as well. So down into the breakfast room in raincoat & with my umbrella. I decided to stay put as the weather was so unimpressive & I spent a long time on a letter to Sarah.

At 11.20 I started out in the wet - I decided on Gaddley Inn as a nearby place. It is a stylish but cheap & the coffee is excellent. On my way back I went into the P.O. for stamps & I did try to hold down a bit when I came in.

As my appointment with Mr. Sheppard was for 2. I started out, in pouring pouring rain at 1:20. - calling first at my old stationers for air mail envelopes & a Spectator then I ploughed my way, getting progressively soaked till 56 Wimpole St. Mr. Sheppard was interested in my pease eye tooth, took X-rays of it, said he could crown it - experimentally (35 gm!) but would not

quarantee a permanent job. I think I must let him do it - expensive as it is. He is a nice creature & is very deft - I must go to him for 1/2 hrs (knew!) on Aug. 20th & again for 1/2 hour on Aug. 21. all set. I was in his office about 40 minutes.

As I was in town, so to speak, I thought I would stop notwithstanding the ghastly weather. I went first to D.H. Evans & got wool to knit, & a plastic rain band to replace my pass and one. Then I had me to my old merchant where I saw Eric Bell & his batteries. He is the same cheerful soul. He examined my record instruments & said it was absolutely O.K. Fine. After that I went to Washwater where I got powder - can de cologne - much needed. I was surprised that I wasn't more tired but I continued to Selfridges' Food Store for evening snacks, including guinea apples from Australia. On Baker St. I came up against a Taxi, whose last occupant was leaving & I was no next "fill in" that I asked the man to drive me to The West End Hotel. He did - I paid him 3/- & he grinned.

I found my shoes in a wretched condition when I got to my room. It was then 3:30 - so I read my Spectator, listened to the news at 6, played solitaire, washed out a second pair of stockings & prayed for better weather tomorrow.

July 30 Wednesday

My prayer was answered. I woke up to blue skies - It was very warm all day - a real summery warmth. Bacon & eggs for breakfast - tea & a helping - hamlets, appreciated. I didn't go out till after 10 & took the Central line straight to the Bank, where I got out £30 for my expenses. I saw that nice young clerk again, whom I had met last year - Mr. Peake. - I had forgotten his name.

I stopped into St. Mary, Washwater (what a weird name) to say my prayers, work for health & courage. Surprisingly the interior has been newly renovated - for it shows in gilt & color. Back by tube to Broad St. when I went at once to Hilli & Skinner for Bush Puppies. I couldn't get black ones as they no longer have them - but I did buy dark tan ones. 6/9/11. Then I was persuaded to get such a nice pair of black shoes, Handron Mrs. Coarins - very expensive as they were more than £3. I saw! A very nice saleswoman waited on me - I think the same one as last year.

With my big packages in my BEA bag I hid me to D.H. Evans - & whom should I ^{hail} me half way there but Olivia Kate, who is to be my neighbor at Mrs. Davis' apartment. Tableau: we both exclaimed as one never meets a friend in London - Olivia Kate says my new room is very nice indeed - I hope this is so.

I had lunch at D.H. Evans restaurant -

John reached it was though I was there early, exactly at 12. I had fruit plate & coffee & a roll. Quite enough - my bill was only £1/4 which is reasonable.

By this time I was tired but walked all the way back to the hotel had a lie-down or an hour. I was so keen to have another book that I took a bus to Harrods & got out the new book about Aldous Huxley by his second wife, Vera Archer called This Timeless Moment. I have seen it well reviewed lately. Back again by bus - but this time I went to Harrods to get making for Quality Inn to have a restorative cup (2 cups) for tea, which went to the spot.

July 31 Thursday

The day of my departure from The West End Hotel. Fortunately it wasn't raining - I packed early (& as usual!) paid my bill which was £26.19.0. & the manager called a taxi & we were off to 71 Dover Gate Mansions. The taxi man helped me with my luggage in the lift, & I was welcomed by that very nice Mrs. Gardner. To my astonishment, I found 4 letters awaiting me - from Bob Hardy, & another from R.C. & another from Heather & Herbert home straight here.

I was astonished at the size of my room - a double room with every comfort! as to light & view. But there are missing items.

The worst basin - I must go out to the bathroom to wash my hands - I was pleased to see a tray with new crockery, like 34. Mrs. Gardner welcomed me so nicely, & I met again Olivia Cole. I was interested by the fact that there was television in my room, though as yet I don't know how to work it.

During the morning there was a telephone from Walter Gusty inviting me to dinner with him at The Park Lane Hotel, where he is staying. When! I went out to buy bread - to Selfridge's food store. It is a long trek (one unpleasant aspect of my new abode). Got tea, a sandwich, bananas & a lemon. Back to the apartment, where I am learning to use the lift! Then a rest.

At 6:20 I got 20.13 bus to Piccadilly Circus & then walked along Piccadilly to The Park Lane Hotel. It would have been easier to go to Hyde Park Corner, for I had forgotten it was such a long walk from the Circus - Walter was in the lobby to meet me - He is quite handsome - I had really forgotten - & very friendly. He went into the bar. I am afraid he is a man, who indulges himself in drinks. He had three drinks & soda water - I had dubonnet, & expected & wanted only one, but found a second had been provided. He talked of Winifred & Jessie, of relatives & so on. What shall I say of him? A fundamentally nice man but ordinary. He tells me he was an only child - his mother & father were divorced shortly after

he, Walter, left for New York at the age of 17. There is no trace of his German origin or speech. His mother married again she has a step-brother - he is now on his way to Germany to see them & expects to return to U.S. on Aug. 18.

He was very late in getting to the dining room. I was much impressed by the obvious apoplexy. He had a funny meal - he had salad & real (no veg.) I had two lamb chops period! Then thank you. It was 9:30 or so before I was ready to go back. I dreaded a late journey in such new seats, but Walter & I was at Park Road in no time 5/6. Fortunately, the main door was open, I took the lift & was able to unlock the front door of the flat.

I had bought a Time, full of the Kennedy Tragedy - read that & put out my light at 11 P.M. on my first night in new quarters. Inshallah! August 1 Friday

A fair night with half a pill - a delicious breakfast alone in the living room. Mrs. G. & her girls, who is also here, evidently have their's alone in Miss Cate's room, in her room - or I am, at the moment, alone in my glum!

Before breakfast I went out for a paper - the P.O. as well as a Stationer's no more than half a block away.

After I went shopping for bread - to BSC & T. The self service market on Crawford St. which I remember from past years - tea, sugar, milk, cakes & scones. There was a tiny drizzle which needed my umbrella in spots - clouds all P.M. still the afternoon. At 11 or so Wilfred telephoned to say that Walter & I are to go to Farnham, Janet's home on Sunday instead of Sevenoaks. What a pest! I know the reason. He's declined to entertain guests; Wilfred is vicariously sociable, since the compromise put all on the shoulders of Janet. I hope we meet at Waterloo Station, Walter, Janet and I - I hope I survive what looks to me like an exhausting Sunday!!

I had lunch in AF in a lie-down of an hour or half. Then a letter to Zacafrika. At 3:30 I prepared to larked Miss Cate to come share it with me. She came at 5:30 & stayed till 6:30. Such long talk. I talked to her & hope I didn't wear her. She talked a very great deal - about Libya, ^{Greece} ~~Greece~~ - her favorite spot in London - She is a strange and, I think, an interesting person - a "house" very happy to his all by herself, though a New Englander - in love with London. She speaks certainly about Bedford Square. I had forgotten that she had been in Istanbul & had had tea with me! Talk of softening of the brain! She has been here with Mrs. Davis now for some and about years. And means to remain. She is to visit Greece in October.

The house about Aldous Huxley by his wife is 100, 100.
I can't read it all - skip a great deal. Then taking
& experimenting with drugs leave me cold. And
there is too much painful analysis on Aldous'
last illness. There is no comfort in it & I am going
to change the damn thing shortly.

August 2 Saturday

Out in the early morning - which I have to do - to
buy paper from the Stationer's - only half a week away.
A very good breakfast again - alone at 8:30.

At Ten I went out to accomplish a good morn-
ing work. In 74 hrs to Harold's to begin with - then
I gave back my Huxley books & got out 2 others -

- 1) Belonging - a memoir by Wilhelmina - wife of
the great Edwin Muir (I had heard of this before -
I wanted to read it - published in 1968)
- 2) Tales my Father Taught me by Robert Sitwell
a light affair - but probably amusing.

I came back by bus to handle Arch & stored
upon food at Lyons - I wanted to have a hair trim
but found my "mist's" closed. So many changes
I have discovered in one year. The Times Book
Shop is empty - gone; The old Costa Terrace being
completely renovated; Thomas Wallis on Bedford
St empty - moved to the country.

I decided to have a snack lunch instead of
a restaurant meal - so came back to my room.
A good lie-down with my book - then letters
writing to 1) Marion 2) Herbert home 3) Cornelia.

My television is now workable - I saw a British
Show film, played some solitaires - had a good tea
and a sandwich for supper & that was it!

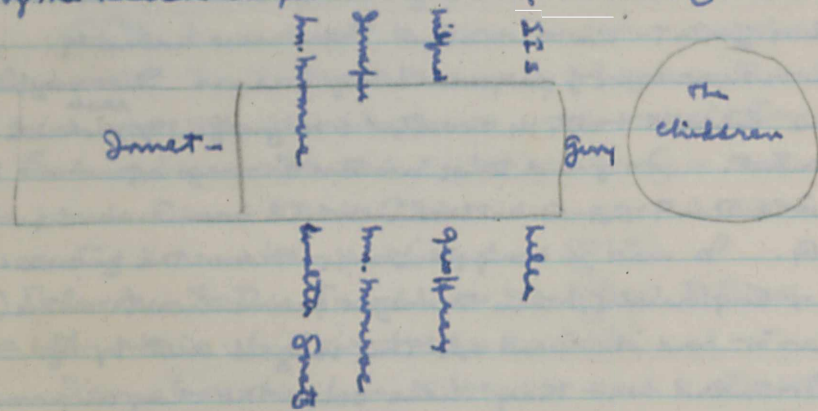
August 3 Sunday

Such a day! I had all kinds of apprehensions
about my meeting Walter & Waterloo & the journey
to Farnham - I was afraid of not making ^{it} in time -
all sorts of silly fears. However, everything went
according to schedule! I took the Waterloo under-
ground to Waterloo then to the Station & stood in
front of Gate 1 - as directed. There was a simply
masses, masses of people - long queues. I brought
return tickets to the bus to Walter & myself ^{each} 14/- which I
think a lot. In good time Walter turned up & we
got into the 9:53 B.M. train - which was nearly
empty. It was a long journey thru the green
land of England (when I was a passenger was
wet, as it had rained in the night but by the
time I started out they were dry & the day improved
progressively, so that by the afternoon there was
sunshine.)

We were met by Gerry Sheldon in his big
car & discovered that Walter's Californian friends,
Mr. Mrs. Brown, had also been on our train. Gerry
Sheldon drove us several miles to his ancestral
home in Churt & I must say I was impressed
with it - many rooms, huge fine palace, old
beams - an immense garden. This house had
belonged to his father for years - now his. It is

called Hopton.

Here we were welcomed by Janet - met the rest of the clan - hello & Hilfred; Geoffrey & Jennifer & their 3 children, Rupert, Graham & Sharon; Janet & Gerry & their three Jeremy & Sophie (the third, Timothy, has been visiting friends in Germany) & just get together! We had cocktails then a really splendid lunch - rather late 1:45. served expertly by Janet & Jennifer - helped by the older boys. The seating was as follows:



After lunch we went into the garden & sat on easy chairs in the sunshine. The men played another short cricket with the small boys, & even the girls! Such a British landscape! I conversed with Hilfred & Geoffrey & Jennifer. It was really awfully nice & friendly.

We had tea at five inside the rather beautiful living room. At a little before 6 Gerry drove us madly to the Farnham station & we caught a 6:05 train to London with one

minute to spare! The train was crowded but there was seats for all. We didn't get to Waterloo till 7:30 or so. Then the underground & Baker St. again, while Walter took me good-bye at Piccadilly Circus to get his Green Park underground to his hotel.

What shall I say of Walter? I am sure he has a heart of gold but - but - but! His speech is ordinary - too many "my Gods" - also he tries to - mudge you in the ribs when he says something amusing. No. No. I was afraid he would see me to my alarm but I persuaded him to go to his own hotel - I think he was relieved to do so.

It was good to get to my own room. I was all in. I discovered that I need and - saving time to myself! I had had a lovely day really - it had been the most kind of an excursion - (Walter said it was a wonderful party - & so it was).

The reserves in bed - lights out at 10 - & oblivion!

August 4 Monday

I remember that Dr. Suction returns today to Kennedy Lodge. May success attend him.

When I woke I saw that the pennants were wet again, but they were dried - & the day, on the whole was fine & quite mild.

It was a solitary day in some ways. I did a good deal of shopping. I went out at 10 - called at the mini-mart - then on to Lyons for food. I took the underground to Bond Street & went into Woolworths for addments - hair nets, aspirin & on

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A quilt, a shawl, which caught my eye. I then went across to D.H. Evans where I hit a square in my head - for my old one is worn out. I thought me of a dress from D.H. Evans - found Mrs. Baring, who reared me last year - but I saw absolutely nothing that I wanted. I must try another shop. I really haven't made up my mind as to what kind of a dress I want!

From there I took No 113 bus to Marylebone Rd + went again by lunch to the Chicken Inn. It was so crowded about what place in London isn't crowded? To gain I had but an view of lam pichien - a coffee. No one joined me at the table I am glad to say.

Then I walked home. A long ~~rather~~ rest when I slept a bit. The rest of the day was spent on this stuff - a letter to Heather, a p.c. to the Van Mices - knitting + television. I am reading slowly Killa Muir's Remains Belonging - enjoying it.

There were heavy clouds in a blue sky in the latter part of the afternoon - the weather is changeable but, on the whole, good and definitely mild. Such a contrast to last summer.

My evening meal was made in my room very good + much appreciated. I do like this way of living in London - so much better than staying in a hotel. I forgot to say a hair trim at D.H. Evans very satisfactory - much needed.

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August 5 Tuesday

Though pavements were wet, when I looked out of my windows at 8, they soon dried. The rest of the day was cloudy but dry. In the evening, as so often happens in London, the clouds cleared away + there was a blue sky.

After breakfast + the paper, I went out to my dentist's appointment. On the way I called in at a typewriter place on Park Road but the 3 young men paid no attention to me - so I walked out. I walked all the way to 56 Wimpole St via the Marylebone Rd instead of via Wignore. As I passed Mrs. Fossand's I saw a queue of at least 100 + ds. (2 hours) waiting to go in. I have never seen London so full of people - Turkish by the hundreds.

Mrs. Shepherd is a very long + very expert fire on my gas eye two th - I was there some hours + twenty minutes - I think the general effect is going to be good. When I left I walked to Lyons near Marble Arch, thinking I might have a good meal at Gill + Chera, with wine to set me up. It was then 1:15 + I was hungry. But I was amazed to see a long queue waiting to get in - so in disgust I left + on Portman St. hailed a taxi + was driven home in state. + had instead a good meal in my own room. Then a long lie-down till 3:30 or so, when I slept a little.

At home I was amazed to find Corita come in.

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She is terribly busy, not only with her family, but her duties with the children who travel. She looked tired. She told me the Scopes left yesterday for Sidrap. Peter Sagar arrives on Aug. 13 - For 5 days he + Rachel stay at Highgate, then go on to Italy for 10 days - till Aug 28. Mum + Joan Grell has to look after their 2 children. I think it too much.

I was able to give Auntie tea - + we talked of the family - I told her of the Christ expedition on Sunday. She told me that Christine had been acting at Wormwood Scrubs - that he had her to work on Sundays. Mondays are the days off. Judith + family are next at their summer cottage but in Heatherhead. Gula + Gula's family come down at her house. I did so enjoy her visit. She was off early.

I asked Miss Cote to have lunch with me tomorrow but she remembered that last week she had a dental appointment - so it will be Friday - 12.30 at the English Speaking Union. Rather nice.

I had a sherry later on then watched television - the news, possible disasters on holidays. Quite interesting.

August 6 Wednesday

A good day - dry with some clouds + some sunshine. And it was warm.

I started out around ten + took No. 74

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him straight to Harrow's joint, where I changed my 2 hours right out for two others: my father's Son lay Frank O'Connor and Henry James at Home by H. Montgomery Hyde.

Then back to Glynod St. where I went to Lyons for a nibble - I was early for lunch so went into to Evans to look for a coat dress in this surprisingly warm summer. One dress of dark blue (peridot) I wanted but it was too small - there was no larger size - I fell, however, for a light blue dress jersey £3.9.11 - which was impressive. I do hope I have been successful.

I wanted to have lunch at Gill - there perhaps but was put off by the prices! Then I walked actually all the way from Marble Arch to Tottenham Gate mansion - Really a treat for an old lady! I was all in when I at last arrived. It took me $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. I might have hailed a taxi but all that passed seemed dull. I had a very good walk home - hung up my new dress which looked not too bad in the wardrobe! Then a very long bid. down after beginning my Henry James book.

Mrs. Gardner had had a message for me from Carmel - all set to meet tomorrow for lunch at the Regent Palace Hotel.

Later in the day I listened to Television, had tea at 5 o'clock. Critted + played a few games of Solitaire. I hadn't the courage to go out a second time.

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August 7 Thursday

A beautiful day from beginning to end - with blue skies and real sunshine. I haven't known a summer climate like this in England since 1959.

As usual I went out into the sweet morning air for my paper - The Daily Telegraph had a wonderful article by the Russian A. Prokhorov about his leaving Russia to seek refuge in England. What an indictment of his country. It wrings one's heart.

I didn't start out till 11:30 to go to Regent Palace Hotel to meet Camelia. I was a few minutes early & stood for 5 minutes in the lobby, when she! Camelia came in from the front door. What an enthusiastic friend she is. He kissed me on both cheeks. She looked very well - is heavier than she was - but healthy and fine. We went up first to her double room, which she is sharing with her friend, Helen Curran, & had a superb breakfast. Then went downstairs to a very nice smallish restaurant for a good meal of minute steak, fried potatoes, ice cream, coffee, chatting like magpies. She wanted to know of a dozen old friends at B.C. I discovered she was only 41 - I thought her much older. She had decided to retire at 60 & she says she is very happy in her new position in a Publishing Firm - of Dept. Books - her department consists

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of supervising the Latin text books. She opened with happy enthusiasm of their recent trip in Ireland & Scotland - many happy adventures. We talked of Bob Allen - again she practically admitted she was in love with Bob (I knew it long ago) & more or less hinted that she would not "go for him" - in the American fashion. (Because he wasn't as sweet as she was?) Strange talk. She corresponds with Virginia - has visited the Allen in Flat 100 - she deplores, as I do, Bob's divorce & re-marriage. We both think it wasn't lost.

Camelia had arranged to go at 2:30 with Miss MacDonnell to call on Mrs. Zouff - who lives alone in London - her daughter has married a rich man as her second husband (the first one died) but neglects her mother. Sarah would be interested in all this.

After lunch, we repaired to the very spacious Residents' lounge & continued our talk but at 2 o'clock, I had to leave & took bus No. 13 to St. James's where I had good tea & my supper. I then walked the long trail to Honover Gate mansion & was properly tired on arrival. I had Arthur's tea down; tea later & then a small supper - with some television & some reading - the day continued to be beautiful with lovely evening lights on the green trees of Regent's Park. A very nice day. Camelia will have tea with me on Sunday. I shall betch her from the toilet.

August 8 Friday

Small miles in London! Today was no exception. It was fine weather when I woke - & this continued all day.

I didn't go out till eleven. I walked first to 43 Gloucester Place & call on Mr. Cannon but the porter at his house said no one was there! Can he be on holiday? From there I went to Lyons & other shops on food: yeast, cheese & crescent. I looked in at Evans but saw nothing I wanted. I am filled with his giving about the blue dress I bought the other day - I wonder if it is a MISTAKE! A pretty color, a beautiful shape but not a very good cut.

I took the underground to Bond St. & walked the pleasant streets to the English Speaking Union, where I only had to wait ten minutes for Miss Cate. What a charming place it is - & filled with such civilized looking people. Miss Cate had reserved a table & we went into the dining room at 12:30 & had a most excellent meal. It was very hearty - & expensive! - but good - lamb chops, roast potatoes, beans mushrooms & tomatoes. This was followed by very good ice cream. Coffee was served in a separate room. But two good coffees, by the way. Goshitt's does better - so does Grill & Chess.

Miss Cate is a very great talker - listens

with some difficulty. He chatted along & it transpired that she knew an old friend Charles D. Cross - so I could recall my brief encounter with that very amiable gentleman! It was a rather nice luncheon interlude - & I enjoyed it -

I had made an appointment for a shampoo very much needed, at 2:30 - my old hairdresser, now called Michelle from the Cumberland. It was done well & quickly - but I could not understand how the girl "fix" my hair - I put on a scarf and then walked again the many blocks to Hanover Gate Mansions - all in. I found a letter from Dorothy Post. To her house which somewhat restored me.

I find the Montgomerys & de la Roche on Henry Jones, most interesting and at the same time entertaining - he can smile a little at his her's eccentricities.

August 9 Saturday

Small miles in London! There it won't do me any harm. I got my Daily Telegraph as usual but did not venture out again till after 10. I went down Baker Street & bought at the BSC 4 small cakes for Cornelia's tea tomorrow - but I got no other food. I thought me of Evans again for a sweater for Agnit. And I found a very nice brown one (no black obtainable) though I thought it expensive. It was made on by such a nice cheerful girl. Price £2.13.0. later,

I may set a white one on myself.

My lunch was a snack one as my room. yogurt, crescent, cheese. coffee quite good. I lay down, read Lloyd, & slept soundly for half an hour.

Guta was early in coming for me - before 4 & she brought with her small Alex, who wanted to come up & down in the lift. Very amusing. We drove to Rock House, where I saw Susan & Rachel - who then had tea - Guta & I had a long afternoon of talk, with constant interruptions from the two children, who were playing with an educational game. At 6:30 Peter Scopus arrived, as he was to spend the night: priest, in the Presbyterian church, as he is a lay preacher. (He was to Ewelwa!) At 7 Miss Matherson arrived for supper - Peter is extremely grateful to her, as she was the one who knew of the Query Hill Training College vacancy, which he was able to apply for and get. She is a very nice, intelligent head-mistress - no English.

After good drinks we had a very delicious meal, fine as was the 2 children had had bath & an earlier meal. I could not resist reading a page of my book on Henry James, describing his amusing way of manner & dining the way when he was being dined in tin can.

I had a very funny letter from Shirley Butterfield, here & there commanding me with

no apologies to look after 2 friends of hers by the name of Groskopf (Phuelus! what a name!) when they were to visit Istanbul in September. The letter had been forwarded from N.C. Fortunately I shall be far away with Groskopf will have to find an other guide. Heavens - what a release.

Guta saw Mrs Patterson home in her car. I woke up the company at 9:30 - I hope not too early - but Guta looked tired & Peter was to take the sermon on Sunday. Just as well to rise fairly early. As they made no move to leave their guests longer, I am sure they were relieved to know. Davis have now returned from their 2 weeks' holiday & the very nice Mrs Gardner will be leaving - to my regret.

August 10 Sunday.

This was an extremely hot day. Thunder storm predicted but none came. I would like to have gone to church but had to go out for food at 10.

On the way I bought 2 papers - The Observer & The Sunday Telegraph both most intensely interesting. I took a bus to Portman St. & put down Lyons milk, yogurt, lemon - for Cornelia's tea.

I read my paper & had a snack lunch early. Then a short rest, prepared my modest tea table & went by underground to Piccadilly Circus & saw Grand Cornelia waiting for me in the lobby of the Regent Palace. We took the underground again to Baker St. & walked

back to my room. So was early - then we talked - how we talked. He recalled very old friends many of whom I had almost forgotten. It was a very long afternoon but I did enjoy Cornelia. She is such a genuine friend - has been faithful as such for 25 years. She wanted to see in her American funny dress.

At 6 she suggested supper but I was hardly ready. However we walked again to Marylebone - & stopped at The Chicken Inn. We wanted val au vent, but there were none! so we had chicken, rice with cream - rather too hot curry, I thought. Period. Then I set Cornelia on her way by bus to Piccadilly Circus & had an adieu in the London street. She invites me to stay with her in Illinois - could I spare it? I'm afraid not; but it is more than kind to suggest it. I gave Cornelia one of my Kentucky plates - to Mrs Davis the other. Cornelia brought me a most delicate handkerchief, for too pretty to use!

At 2:25 I saw the old favorite G. Friday's cars. So amusing & delightful & Scotch! I was heavy but had had a good day.

August 11 Monday

Again a very hot day. Cloudy afternoon but no rain. Exhausting summer. I went out, after I had read my paper & had my breakfast (the first served by Mrs Davis - I preferred Mrs Gardner) & took No. 13 bus to Bond St.

It was a morning of this and that. As I got out at 12.12. Evans I met in the first where I bought dress shields, needed for my new blue dress. Then to Wraith's where I was positively fascinated by the multiplicity of goods. There I got three hairnets (Cap type - no elastic) which I saw find most convenient. Then up the street I wandered, then down also crowds of people. Into C & A where I got nothing but noted 1) straw hats, mappesuns 2) blouses.

From there I marched up to Selfridges intrigued by all I saw & into the book shop - 1) a sandwich for lunch and then on to Lyons - where I got 2) apples. Then a bus (I find it so convenient) took me back from Appold St. - no home. Had my snack lunch so fairly long lie down - I am now reading O'Connell's My Father's Son but it is not too interesting to me. I remember now, I read his first volume, An Only Child some long time ago. This present volume is full of Irish literature & recent history for my taste.

I forgot to record that I went to Wraith's with my second instrument & was told it needed cleaning. I hope it won't be too expensive. I am opposed to call in it on Friday or Saturday.

August 12 Tuesday

When I wake I saw that the pavements were wet - so it had rained in the night. However,

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when I went out for my paper, there was hardly a drizzle. There was a very nice farewell letter from Cornelia in the ~~last~~ ^{morning} paper. She is a faithful soul.

What with my paper & some washing I had to do, I didn't start out till after 10. I walked first along Baker St. to a Kodak place but they said there was nothing wrong with my camera! Then I went to an optician, hoping he could transfer my ^{reading} glasses to a more comfortable frame. I left them there & was told to call later in the p.m.

Then took me to the Harrods & was simply delighted to get Charles Baker's Life of Ernest Hemingway. I had seen this reviewed in both the Daily & Sunday Telegraph & the Observer. A hefty volume which will take some reading!

I took the bus back to Marble Arch & went to Sainsbury's, very satisfactorily bought a very pretty white sweater - L. 2. 3. 0. which I hope will be useful as an evening wrap, for my other two are really not suitable. I then had snacks for my lunch - rather than have an expensive meal at Grill & Cheese, which I rather dithered about! Citrus juice then at 12:30 a really delicious lunch - Russian salad, head & butter, cheese, an apple & coffee quite enough.

to his down - beginning my Hemingway

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back. And again at 3. My optician couldn't use my frame (the glasses didn't fit) but he tightened my old reading glasses frame & made them much more comfortable. The clasp was N.I.L. - very nice. I went into W. H. Smith to try find a big and inexpensive Address Book, but found only very small ones or larger heavy leather affairs - (for two expensive, not really big enough.) I must try Washworth's.

The event of the P.M. was a news conference with the three astronauts: Aldrin, Armstrong, and Collins - talking of their experiences on the moon. It went on for an hour or a half - they answered questions from the audience - quite well I thought - Television - a boon.

August 13 Wednesday

The first really gloomy morning with dark clouds. I was rather peeved not to be able to get a Daily Telegraph, as the newsagent made a mistake & I didn't get one today. I made do with a Times but that seemed inadequate. I am becoming quite used to the gossipy style of the Telegraph. I should add that when I went to the same shop later - at 10:30 there was the Telegraph, which I got.

This was a rather slow & empty day. I wrote a long letter to Maurice Davison (that was an accomplishment) I was able to post it when I went out to get food for my snack meals.

Instead of going for - to buy I made by the

Self service shop on Cambridge St. + then I got everything I needed: a sandwich, a therm, milk, a bottle of stuffed olives + broasted muffs. Very adequate. I got back (everything is a long walk so different from 34) by 12 + at 12:30 had an excellent meal.

I was pleased to receive a letter from Harold inviting me to Shoreham on Aug. 24th with Basil Weather. That will be very nice indeed. My engagements multiply.

Mrs. Davison now calls dresses if you please. She wanted me to buy a red very fashionable short dress for \$4.15.0. It looked nice but it is not for me. I am not keen on so bright + red; the skirt is too narrow + the whole thing on the tight side. No. I am sorry for it would be fun to buy a new autumn dress so early. However, I may not indulge - at home, yes - + perhaps a dress. I may try Dickson Jones who specializes in American clothes.

I had a long rest - read my Hemingway - watched television - had a very late "high" tea at 5 - + that was that.

August 1st Thursday

A cloudy day with some sunshine - + it was continually warm. I forgot to say in my account of yesterday that Herbert had telephoned, asking me to lunch today. He had

arrived from Boston by B.O.R.C. early in the P.M.

I didn't leave my room, except for the morning paper, till eleven + went first to Marshall Arch where I got the Central line underground to Bank! Again a cheque for me each day - simple as you please. I did stop with St. Mary's hospital to help out for a moment.

I was expected at Herbert's hotel, the Grosvenor Victoria, near Victoria Station at one. I returned from the underground (Bank!) to Marshall Arch + then most extravagantly + casually got a taxi which took me to the door of the hotel. And as usual the early bird, Herbert, was waiting for me. He is a nice, kind creature but his beard! He is fundamentally inarticulate. He would give me no picture of his summer at home. He took me to lunch in the hotel - I am afraid it was very expensive: vicars, beef, mutton with potatoes - mops, ice-cream (good), mugs, very small coffee in tiny cups! He wanted me to see his room. It is nice - with stationary basin + good outlook. The hotel is old-fashioned, spacious + rather nice.

He took a taxi again (his idea) to Bonnam Gate Mansions, which we reached in 10 mins. He saw my room, met Mrs. Davison, saw the rest of the apartment + I think was impressed, so that he + Sophie may come here some summer. He didn't stay long + we had

again by the lift. He leaves early tomorrow morning. It seems he did not wander far from New England, this summer - did not stop in New York at all - did see the Blacks - but almost no other old friends. Of course he had his mother, & his brother's family, & nephew whom he is fond of.

I discussed I was all in. Very tired. I quickly lay down, read a little, dozed a little & refused to budge till after 4. Television for a bit & very high tea at 5:30 - Enough.

IV. B. a darling letter from Sarah by the first mail. It is full of questions - I shall need a volume to answer them all!

August 15 Friday

Cloudy all day, but dry. Though it had rained a little in the night. Still very mild.

I had a huge morning shopping - walked miles! I didn't leave the house till after ten - but walked first to the Supermarket on Paddington St. where I got a tongue sandwich & cake of soap! Then I went to Lyons where I found bawls, which I had wanted & Russian salad. Then I took the underground to Bond St. and visited my Heating and Man, Wertz's - his second instrument had been overhauled - a matter of more than a pound - but I had some credit, bought 6 batteries and paid all together £1.5.4. Tamam.

Why I continued to Woadworth's & Selfridges I don't know! I got amongst other things 1) a new compact only 4/6, 2) a present for Philip Ralph - in his case 3) 2 wine glasses for my cherry - very pretty 5/6.

Then as it was noon, I went to D. H. Evans restaurant had quite a decent lunch - bird plaiice & white wine - quite enough. At Selfridges I found a cash purse, though I seem unable to get a new address book - the only ones I find are a) too small b) too expensive or heavy leather covers. However I shall continue to look.

By this time I was terribly tired - waited intermittently for a bus, got on a 74 a - which was amazing! walked some four or five blocks back and collapsed on the bed - where I lay for a good 2 hours. I did read a little. I was sorry to read of the death of Leonard Woolf at the age of 88 - a fifth volume of his autobiography is due in the autumn. This astonishes me as his 4th Down Hill all the way seemed patetically the last.

After 8:50 a perfect orgy of television - Bad news from Ireland, then shows of all kinds, some good, some not so good. At 10:20 I listened to an interview of the Russian Kuznetsov and Malcolm Muggeridge on television. There was an interpreter as K. does not speak English. The Russian impressed me as real and sincere.

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August 16 Saturday

lovely bright sunshine in the morning but clouds the rest of the day. But no rain. Mrs. Davies had asked me if I liked breakfast at 9 A.M. in weekends. Dman! I said yes. so there was rather a late start to the day.

I really had no plans but committed out about 10:30 - went to the supermarket only to find no sandwiches ready on Saturday. So then to my old stations for a Spectator and a bun! From there I walked (always walking) to Oxford Street & went into Gill's bookshops for a horrible address book - but they have no stationary dept - I had to stop for a "last one" I fell upon a paper back by Malcolm Muggeridge for he is always amusing if a bit violent. It is called Tread Softly for you Tread on my Sakes. & the title I matched to read intrigued me. Price 5/.

Again I walked back to my room & was greeted by the very cheerful news that Gita will call for me tomorrow at 4 - for tea & supper at Rose House. Very nice indeed. I telephoned my acceptance heard fairly well.

At late lunch after a long rest. I bought K Day book on my way home I went to the news by choice stations to ask for a moderate priced address book. No! They had none but they did have an Index book which seemed very

adequate - plenty of space for many addresses - so I bought it 4/10. I spent part of the afternoon in this new house. My old address book is a perfect mess - this new one really looks useful. I had high tea at 6 - quite enough. I do find the periodicals so good. There have been reviews of the Baker book on (demingway in 3) The Daily Telegraph 2) The Chronicle 3) The Spectator. So amusing to compare them -

August 17 Sunday

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broom again. Some sunshine & some clouds. I had to go all the way to the head of Baker St. to get my abnormer but I enjoyed the early morning walk. Breakfast again at 9. I debated as to what to do - I wanted some land - also a present for Gita.

I decided against church, though I would like to have gone. Instead I took a bus to Oxford St. went into Lyons & bought a cold sandwich. I wanted to get cherries for Gita but the wine dept. was closed. I then walked the long walk home & en route got 10 carnations for Gita from a hawker for 10/. When I reached Park Road I found a group shop open on the very block of the apt. Dman!

I had a late lunch and a short lie-down. I was on the balcony at a little before 4 when Peter Sugar appeared to take me to Highgate he really is a very nice person. He told me that when he first came to England, he lived with his

42
Guardian in Haworth late mansions. We sped up
to Rock House, where Greta welcomed me. A train-
jined that there was to be a cocktail party at 6
of old friends, largely, I imagine for the benefit of
The Sings. But first there was tea. And talk.

At 6 began the entrance of company & drinks.
But the dining room is so small (the number of
people so large) that it was rather a maelstrom with
everyone talking at the top of their voices. There is
a list of the guests: Mrs. Mrs. Curtis (with whom I
have played bridge, Mrs. Mrs. Rudgett - breakfast
(Her name always amuses me) Mr. and Mrs.
Goodman (old friends), Mrs. Mrs. (not known to
me but childhood friends of Rachel's), Miss
Hemph (who has invited me to lunch on Wednes-
day) a certain Sir James + Lady Kraun evidently
highgate worthies - he is hon. head of the Institute.
I could help comparing the company with one
at R. C. as I should - no different.

Supper was not till 7:45 but it was ^{wonderful}
the way Greta cooked. We were 5 around the
table: W. Hemph, Rachel, Peter, Greta and I.
There was a separate table for the 2 children, who
had been for a walk to the death - came in late.
A few well-behaved children - Susan + Alice.

There was the huge task of clearing up after all
this hospitality, but it was done with dispatch. Mrs.
Hemph seemed inclined to spend the evening
but I knew the Sings were to be 17 + 15 Italy

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in the 12. m. + Greta was tired. So I made a move at
about 9:40 that dear Greta drove me home + then
10.15. Hemph on to her no. 30 bus. A very, dull and
very interesting day. Bed + half a pill and to bed tonight.

August 18 Monday

The news of the day is that little Amanda, Wendy's
child, has returned to stay with her grand parents.
She is very nicely, red haired, with inhibited shakes
will not be a nuisance.

A. B. I was sorry to read in yesterday's paper of
the death of Leonard Woolf at the age of 88. A very
sympathetic obituary notice by Malcolm Muggeridge.

This was rather a stupid day - very taut. In the
morning I did some necessary washing, wrote a
letter to Katherine Wright, who is supposed to come
back to London on Wednesday, the 20th - Then
at nearly 11 I went out to buy food. I went to
the market on Paddington St. + bought milk,
a sandwich + short bread - then walked home
again.

Lunch at 12:30 in my room, then a long rest
reading Baker on Hemingway. What an un-
pleasant creature Ernest Hemingway was. I
am not surprised that he committed suicide
at last. He couldn't live with himself! He
drank; had bad wives, none of whom he really
understood; he was vain, sometimes brutal - +
had to be considered "the tough guy" +
murdered if anyone was tougher!

I contemplated going out again in the P.M. at about 3 - but was lazy & read instead. I was rather pleased to notice at 3:30, when I looked out of the window that it was raining. So my staying in was justified!

In the evening I watched television - the news, a comedy, the 2nd installment of Shirley's Rise & Fall of the Third Reich. But I find this latter disappointing - Rather "made up" and not too convincing, much marching to and fro. This installment took one then to 1940 including the invasion of France.

August 19 Tuesday

Two letters in the B.M. - one from Jennifer asking me to Sidcup - but it was delayed & I was home to go later. The other was a p.c. from Katherine Wright telling me she was to stay with Lady Summerdale (!). I answered both communications & posted them at once. I suggested coming to Sidcup for lunch next week. No p.c. K.W. she wishes to decide how we shall meet.

I didn't go out till 11 - took a bus to the walk to beyond left a crescent, cliffs and pebbly mounds then foolishly took a taxi back. I had a light snack lunch but felt not quite normal in the P.M.

Next till 2:30 - I then sat forth again with umbrella as usual but no rain yet. The sun was trying to show it was warm.

I took no. 13 bus to Round St. +. Went to Villa + Fleming & got a hair brush. My brush - brushy shaver - for I evidently left my first brush at home. Then I walked to the English Speaking Union - got there early, of course, but was soon joined by my hostess, Miss Cate.

She had invited at 4 o'clock two American women, who are staying at the Union, a Miss Lynch, & a Miss Schenckel, former teachers in U.S.A. and South America. We had a very substantial tea around a table & much, much talk. Miss Cate does continue to talk interminably, holds the floor of Miss Lynch, read - rather uninspired, gesticulating continually - not really an interesting conversationalist. I liked Miss Schenckel (born Detroit!) the best. But she hardly got a word in as the other 2 ladies more or less held the floor. We were there for ages - from 4 - till 6:45. In the meanwhile it began to pour with rain! Finally at long last, we bade adieu. Miss Cate went off to get a taxi & we were home in 15 minutes - she would pay for the taxi, which was very good of her.

I had dinner - & a crescent for a meager supper then saw a long film with Bob Hope & Lucille Ball & Shirley Temple - an old film of 1940 or so. Not funny, serious & sentimental.

I extravagantly bought Time - but it does make the news intelligible.

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August 20 Wednesday.

Clouds in the P.M. but still dry; until later in the day when there was a slight shower. This was followed by a cloud flecked sky - with lovely bits of blue.

I spent a long time in my room in the P.M. mending stockings, reading my books. At 11.45 I started off to go to Debenham's to meet Winnie Fleming who had invited me to lunch. I walked all the way & of course was early. She, too, had got there early, we met at 12:20. She took me to a beautifully charming Italian restaurant on Regency St. (Name escapes me but I'll find it later) where we had a delicious meal. It began with "caponi" an Italian appetizer I had never tasted before. Then veal, cooked to a turn, (so called) up - ice-cream & coffee. She talked like White (she is a compulsive talker but nice, much better than Alvin Karpis). I did enjoy her company. At nearly 2 we walked away, she to Dalbridge, & I to my bus band. She tells me she is going to Trinidad, her old home, on Dec. 10th till April. She has a sister there & many friends.

After buying Russian salad, a crescent crescent, I walked all the way home in sunshine, enjoyed it. I hope the amount of walking I do is the healthiest of efforts.

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Certainly so far, I have been better than usual in London (Marshallah!) even though I tire in spite of my years.

The afternoon began with a long hi-drows & continued with Reading, Knitting & T.V. The Hemingway book continues to be interesting. If you are windy - but what an unpleasant character Hemingway was. The complete opposite. Rude, conceited and at times brutal, with the enthusiasms of an adolescent.

August 21 Thursday.

Is rather dullish, fantastic day. Cool in the P.M. but warmer as the day progressed. I had a rather empty morning, as I knew I had to go out for a 1:30 dentist appointment. I read my books, began a long letter to Sarah. I had a very early lunch before 12.

There were clouds in the day & I was fortunate enough to take my raincoat when I began to go out at 12:45. I walked to 56 Kingsdale St. via Humphreys Rd & Devonshire Place - & was early as usual. Mr. Shepherd did very good work on my poor eye & both cancelling it up especially so that now it doesn't hurt so bad. The process took about 40 mins. He wants another session to - morning & I have promised to come to him at 1 P.M. - an awkward hour - but it will be the last, I hope.

Instead of doing anything else, I made for home at 2:15 but as I was coming up Baker St a perfect

small thunderstorm materialized + the rain came pelting down. Like many other people I took shelter in the doorway of a butcher's in company with a fat brother + three small girls, whose hair was already soaping wet! It was a real deluge but lasted only about 20 minutes, when it almost stopped, except for a few drops + I ventured home. On the way I had bought 2 small cakes + 2 tins of B.C. for my tea - which I had early, a little before 4. No hindrance today.

The late afternoon was occupied with television knitting + reading. A not very exciting day. I always think I may go out again in the late P.M. but scarcely ever do. So I wrote Sarah this year like for me is different in London - due to several causes - 1) Evelyn's departure 2) my increasing years 3) Dita's heavy commitments - 4) the fact that I am a little further away from the center of things.

Late in the evening there was a telephone call from Katharine. I couldn't hear her but Mrs. Dukes took the message! Katharine said she had had 2 tickets for the Canterbury Tales musical for Saturday at 5 o'clock - (that I was to meet her at 3:30 where? I quizzily suggested the lobby of the Regent Palace Hotel. We are to have tea first. It is good of Katharine to plan this but I am not thrilled at her choice of a show!

August 22 Friday

A good day on the whole. Much work. I put on warmer nudies! I went out early to the Supermarket on Cranford-Paddington St. got a most nice sandwich + bananas + apples + then walked the long way home. I had a very early lunch at 3 was due at the dentist at 1 P.M.

Again a long walk - via Marble Lane + Upper Kenilworth St. Mr. Shepherd only very thoroughly ~~to~~ cleaned my teeth + that was the end! Now only the bill to pay - it will be large. But he is the cleverest dentist I know. He leaves today for a fortnight + holiday in Cornwall.

I then walked + cycled to + up to the Railway office to ask about trains to Shursham, as Harold has not yet written to say when I am to arrive. I learned that on Sundays there is a train to Shursham every 21 mins + 51 mins after the hour. I wanted a brochure but they had none! Wow!

From here I walked down Park Lane + caught No. 74 bus to Harrow. I gave back my Hemingway book + was able to get 2 delightful books in the place. Sports & Time by Paul Willey - a vast autobiography + Dennis The life of W. Churchill's mother by Anita Brook. The librarians at Harrow are so intelligent + accommodating - a delight to deal with. Willey 2nd volume of

autobiography called Cambridge Home Moments
I saw reviewed in the Daily Telegraph yester-
day. The librarian is keeping it for me
next time I call.

I finally reached home by 3:15. I had tea
I lie-down today. But Mrs. Davis brought
in Miss Cole's friends, Miss Lynch Miss Schaubel
I took at my room as possible tenants but
on. And then I began the Willey book &
was entranced. I had meant to go out
for an evening meal, but again, my courage
failed me & I made do with the second half of
my vast beef sandwich and a banana.

August 23 Saturday

Cloudy and very much cooler. I put on woollen
socks as seemed necessary. I went out fairly early
walked as far as Lyons & had bread, butter - a ham
sandwich, fruit rings, & cherry. But I took a bus
back. I had an early lunch, snacks, in my room.

At 2:45 I went down via the underground to
meet Katherine at the Regent Palace Hotel - &
though I was early, she was early too. We had tea
in the hotel at 3:00 as planned & she told me of the
happy, successful time she had had in Stockholm.

There were some old friends for her - Betty Corp;
the von Nices, Cecil Tubini, the Hussarino - I. felt
the whole outing had been most successful.

After tea, we went, arm in arm, to the Phoenix
Hotel to see Canterbury Tales tickets for which

she had obtained. The meal was recommended by
Lady Summerscale, with whom I. had been staying. I
remember this lady is American was a graduate of Wellesley
in '6 & class, though she only knew her later in Washing-
ton, when her husband, John Summerscale was in the
British diplomatic service.

Canterbury Tales would not have been recognized
by chance. We had seats seven rows from the front
& I missed practically all of the spoken words. The
decor was splendid, the costumes most alluring
- real 14th century - the singing was very good.
I. said she was disappointed in the play & even
she missed some of the words. It has been des-
cribed as "fawdy". I think it was - but very
colorful & excellently executed. But,
but this is not my cup of tea. The trip was very
long - 5:15 till 7:45. I grew weary.

He parted at Piccadilly Circus underground
& I came back to Baker St. quietly & early. I. is
going on to Dublin on her own, just like that, & ap-
proaching to be back in London for only one day on
Sept. 4th - so we will meet again. I felt very
grateful to I. for taking me first to tea & then to
this musical. I wish it had been better. I really
could get a theatrical performance unless I sit in
the front or second row of the stalls.

I was pleased to get by the first post, a note
from Harold about trains tomorrow, a letter
from Jennifer, asking me to lunch on Sunday and

a nice letter from Bob Hardy. The latter was a disappointment as he cannot stop in London on his way to R.G. as he had hoped.

I might mention too when I started out to the Regent Palace Hotel, it was raining quite hard, & I wore my raincoat. When I reached Piccadilly Circus the rain had stopped. Though streets were very wet. When I reached Park St. on my way home, pavements & streets were perfectly dry! What a climate!

August 24 Sunday

This was a beautiful day as to weather - blue skies, fairly warm - no rain. Breakfast was as usual over weekends, at 9. I rather loitered before leaving for my train.

As usual I was bus to early but I had never travelled to Atford, (Harold's instruction) & I didn't want to miss my train. Mrs. Davies told me the best way to go to Victoria station was to take Bus. No. 2 to Park Lane - then No. 16 straight to the station.

When I got there I was bewildered by the immense crowds (where are they all going?) & the general confusion. However by dint of guessing (as the only I know the language!) I got my ticket & found my train 12.14 P.M. (Take the coach in the rear I was instructed) The ride was quiet and easy, the train only half full & Harold met me on arrival. He

drove in his car to Shoreham House where Basil & Heather had already arrived. Harold is really a dear but his house is upside down (Repairing? re-decorating?). A table was laid on the back porch with smoking streamer in. Almost at once we had sherry - then a perfectly fabulous meal all prepared by Harold, who is an expert cook. Chicken with vegetables, salad, wild, peas - then ice-cream and mangoes to include a touch to the East.

We had animated conversation, recalled experiences of the war, when Harold was stationed in Syria - he also talked of family. Briefed, Julia, etc. I find Heather most sympathetic - I should discerning. Two of the latter's remarks struck me. He said that his mother, briefed, never asked a leading question in conversation, but always talked & talked about himself - just what I have always said. He is a ~~complete~~ ^{complete} Equiv, but a nice one! He sat over our table a long time. Then Heather suggested she take me to tea at her home in T. Mudge Wells. I was only too pleased. So about 3:30 Basil drove his car to their home - a matter of half an hour or so via Sunnyside - others in their rather sweet little apt. at 16 Brunswick Down, he had then (that was) nothing with it. Dad again much good talk.

At 6:15 Basil Weather drove me to the train
Basil having got my ticket expanded, & I got the
6:32 train straight to Charing Cross.

This was much better than Victoria - more
familiar ground. I came home via 1st Green-
ground from Trafalgar Square to Balm St. &
walked in the sweet evening air to Honour
Gate Mansions. A very happy & successful
day.

August 25 Monday

By the post I got a letter from Jeanne. I
am a little disturbed for I have heard nothing
from Christine or Judith or the Goodwins. Am
I being a nuisance?

A rather stupid day in which I didn't accomplish
much. Early on I wrote 3 letters to 1) Bob Hardy,
2) Howard Sagar 3) Elizabeth (Lora) Clarke. At least
this was one accomplishment! I went out
at 11 - to Lyons, walking all the way - & bought
food for snack meals. I then walked back to
Chicken Inn to lunch as it is ages since I had
a restaurant meal - but this wasn't very
satisfactory. I got home by 1 o'clock & felt tired
& had a rest as my head till nearly 2:30. I had
thought I would go to the Portrait Gallery
but again my courage failed me & I stayed in.
I read, recited, had tea at 5 - listened first
to the news & then a comedy. At 8 I heard the
last installment of Shirley Rivers & Paul & the

Third Reich. How painful it is. How it through I had
the days of my exile in America, when we read the
news, dreaded the continuation of the war, suffered
pangs of distress at the thought of wasted, wasted
youth - all for the idiotic mania of Hitler & the
poor, poor, hardened German people, who seem to
be looking back like the simplest of adolescents.

August 26 Tuesday

This was my day in Sidcup to see the Supts.
By the post I had a very nice letter from
Phyllis who asks if I can go to see her in Halstead -
Can I? Later in the day I had a letter from Gillian
Gardner - How shall I parcel out my days!

As usual I started out for Charing Cross very
early. On the way I got a half bottle of Day, Day
Sherry - I also took along sweets for the children
& rather did Amos give me. Of course I was
early at Charing & had a nice meal - The crowd is
always interesting to watch. (I don't remember
to see how unbecomingly people are especially
the women -) As instructed by Jennifer I got
the 11:48 P.M. train to Sidcup very early
& both Peter & Jennifer met me with their car.

I was so much interested to see their new
home in Sidcup - only a short distance from
Eltham, where Peter is to teach. The house is
very wavy & has parrot-birds - Shortly after I
got there, the 3 children came in - tall Jonathan,
fair-haired Deborah & tawny-haired Margaret.

I saw him they all are! he had my sherry first then a delicious meal, cooked by Jennifer - after dinner there was good talk, while Marquet played a game of patience on the floor of the sitting room. The Sropes have been in their new home only some two or three weeks, at most, as rooms are not finished there is a certain amount of confusion. I had to be shown all & every room. Later on, Peter suggested my seeing his new college - the Queen's Coll. of Education. It started in a beautiful modern house - shows there are many outlying buildings - surrounding a lovely green square for games. I was shown the excellent library, the staff room & as we left Peter pointed out the new laboratories, & craft rooms -

They took me to the station of Nottingham - it so happened that my London train was just coming in as we arrived. I kissed them goodbye & leapt into the train. It was a short way to Charing Cross - there had been a single cab on, but when I reached London, there was little left, though pavement & streets were wet. I came back by underground - Trafalgar Sq. to Baker St. and walked home reaching my room at 4:30.

High tea at 5 - then television. I was tired but not too tired had had a very nice day indeed. Early on there was a telephone call

from Greta, who is taking the Sugar children to the Zoo tomorrow, Wednesday, at 2. And I am to be invited very nice.

August 27, Wednesday.

No rain fell today, though it was cool. I started out fairly soon, went first to a nearby shop to get a kerrier (-lira). I asked for "Maiden Farm" & found they had it. I got only one - & it cost a lot, I thought £2/9 - a ridiculous price. I then proceeded to Paddington - Cranford tube market, got a sandwich, cheese, kerrier olives & walked back. A mist had set in about 12, as I was due to go with Greta & the Sugar children to the Zoo.

They appeared a little after 2 & we drove to the Zoo in Regent's Park. Such an afternoon! The place was crowded & there were heaps of children. I found the whole affair not interesting - I don't think I have been to the Zoo for more than 35 years - the last time was perhaps in 1927 or 1926 when we spent a year in London. The children were tremendously interested - and so was I. It is a valuable place - we saw elephants, & lions, bears & penguins rhinoceroses, & monkeys - I say nothing of many other strange animals - At one juncture we all had small ices - It was a very long afternoon but I, for one, enjoyed it greatly. At 4:40 Greta said it was time to go, as

Miss Batterson had invited us for tea. We therefore drove there at once and had a very much appreciated tea which revived us. Miss Greta was good enough to drive me home. She has asked me to stay with her from Sunday 13-m. Sept. 14th till I leave. The date of my leaving still bothers me as Miss Batterson wants to entertain us for dinner on the 18th. But I must get home in fair time. If I leave it till the 19th there is the weekend immediately which is difficult. I go tomorrow to the B.E.A. office & book my place for Wednesday, the 17th. I will write Greta my decision.

This dear lady told me a sad bit of news that Christine & Michael are having disagreements & difficulties. It is what I always feared & what my own prediction. I am not to talk of it - but it weighs on my heart. Evelyn always said Christine was destined to live with. She wants to "mould people" such a mistake in marriage. She also has a poor inheritance from her very peculiar father. I can't help being glad that Evelyn is not here to see a threatened break up or to record a marriage. Both Christine & Michael have talked to Greta separately & she is very troubled. It is all most disturbing.

August 28 Thursday

This was a busy day! No rain all day but cloud - nit was cool. I wore a sweater under my suit coat. I decided the best thing was to get my reservation for returning home - I went by underground from Baker St. - change a Piccadilly Circus to the Piccadilly Line, then change at Holborn to the Central line & straight to Lombard St. (This is what I did eventually, but first to Regent St.) The B.E.A. office was not crowded & a very intelligent woman booked me for Wednesday, Sept. 17. Flight 266 reaching Istanbul at 6:10 P.M. I do hope this is a wise move.

Back then as rather on to Bank where I drew out £90.0.0. to pay Mrs. Davis £88.0.0 for my room & breakfast from July 31 - Aug. 31. Strangely enough this lady must keep it dark that she has paying guests! I must give her cash & not a cheque. She is a funny lady - definitely on the make, though she treats me very nicely. From the Bank I came back to Marble Arch - bought 2 crescents & walked back. It takes me exactly 25 mins. between Marble Arch and Hanover Gate Mansions.

It was now 62. I had a sherry & then a very nice quite adequate snack lunch & a short W-down. At 2 I wrote to Greta to tell her that I must return on Sept. 17. This will give me 3 nights at 1200 hours, which is quite sufficient for the long -

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suffering cuts. I hope Mrs Batterson can change the date of a dinner at her flat - it would be nice.

I posted the letter at 2:30 & took a bus to do a little shopping & window-gazing on Ashford St. But awful crowds - such fantastic crowds. It was mercifully warm. I bought several rather cheap & foolish things - a London Guide A-2, top-stick, stretching suppur ali, matches, a cheap wallet at Woolworths - I actually walked as far as Woolworths. I didn't get back till after 4 - found the flat empty to begin with - the small Amanda had a jump visitor & was very active & excited.

Lighter at 5 - which was good. Then a letter to Marion & Phil, telling ^{them} ~~me~~ ^{my} plans - Television was not very thrilling & I only saw one small show & heard the news. I am getting rather tired of Ireland & its troubles.

I remember that this was Aunt Winnie's birthday. She would have been 95.

August 29 Friday

A cool day but no rain. It is extraordinary that in August I should be wearing woolly undies, a sweater under my suit coat! But this is England with its unpredictable climate.

I have been trying to untangle my invitations & so on - I've written to 1) Pity his suggestion a journey to Holstead for the day on either

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Friday, Sept 5 or Sunday Sept 8. 2) To Mrs. Sundelin suggesting Wednesday, Sept 3 to lunch with her. I've also written to the Ralphs, telling them when I am returning & to Kerim Bey asking about the painting of my apartment. Whew! What a lot of things to think about!

I didn't go out till after 10:30 & took Bus No. 74 to Harrods going back my two interesting books taking out 2 more 1) G.K. Chesterton's Autobiography - written in 1936 - but I had never read it 2) Autobiography of his ^{own} Charles Williams the latter an American poet (?) This too is old - published in 1947 - But never mind - They both had interesting.

Again I took No. 74 bus to Marble Arch - bought a little food as I was then felt hungry for a real restaurant meal, so went to Skiff & Cheese. I was early, so had a table to myself - It was all good but two expensive. I then walked all the way home - 25 minutes by my watch. I was tired - lay down & had a good rest.

The walk - vision with the news. At 6 I had sherry then a very nice small supper. The irrepressible Amanda has gone to her god-parents in the Bath holidays ^{week} ~~week~~ end, which gives Mrs. Davies a slight rest. Must on TV. about Ireland - Mr. Callahan spoke very well I thought - he ought to keep some cards out of class.

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August 30 Saturday.

I was so cold in the morning that I put on a winter dress for the first time. The temperature was 63°. Really, you know, in August. Fortunately there is an electric radiator in my room - no money - simply turn it on - which makes the room habitable. I wonder what it would be like in the winter.

Slowly I seem to be arranging my thoughts. Man! I left at 10:15 on bus no. 13 to Charing X & up the Charing X road to the Garrick Theatre - I bought a ticket for She Stoops to Conquer for a Thursday, Sept 4th matinee. 20/ only. I wish I had a companion, but I am determined to go. My seat is in the first row of the stalls. Very nice.

I then took the Trafalgar St. underground to Oxford Circus & hid me towards Brompton & Hurlingham to see if I could find a nice winter dress. En route at C. & D. I bought 3 (no less) head scarves for 2/6 each (cheap enough) & 3 pairs of stockings - 2 for news - 1 for me. At B & I found nothing I wanted. Most of the styles are hideous - I must try somewhere else. By this time it was nearly 12 & I thought me of the B & D restaurant. Changes on all hands. Last year one got a table d'hôte for 7/6 before 12:30. No longer. But I found one could get a lunch of cold meats & soups

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to any amount (!) helping myself for 10/6. However - this has gone up! The various dishes were very plentiful & very delicious. I had a very good meal. No drink but water. No sweet. Bread & butter. But no tips - the last pleased me most. But 10/6 is too much for a meal, without a sweet, tea coffee, tea wine, has a first dish.

I came home from the new Oxford Circus underground (very nice & full of gadgets!) to Baker St., stopped at the B & C for 2 rolls & 2 cakes then walked home - rather fatigued. I lay down for more than an hour. No tea but there & snacks later at 6:45.

Then at 8:30 or so I went to call on Miss Cate in her room to return periodicals - She does talk heritatively but quite well and is much more intellectual than anyone else in this house. Bank holiday is in the offing. Will I survive?

I wrote a letter to Dorothy Post & a p.c. to Cornelia Roberts. I am reading William Carlos Williams' strange, strange autobiography. It is colloquial & slipshod as a style - very American - but he has a tale to tell.

August 31 Sunday

Clouds & some sunshine - or little warmer. I went out onto mat pavement (There had been rain in the night) to get my shoes at the Baker end of Park Rd. Breakfast was at 9 - late on week days - so the morning sped. I decided on church & went to

St. Mark's Parish Church where I have been several times - because of the holidays the choir was reduced to 3 - 2 men and one girl. Again it was Communion Sunday & bewildering - rather high church. The sermon was by the Rector's Wright - I heard very well, as I was near enough. She contrasted the two commands, "Love the Lord thy God with all thy strength. With thy mind" - the second half, and thy neighbor as thyself." The ~~second~~ second half, she said had been applied by many, in social service & in other ways but how are we to love the Lord in the way we should? It was a good sermon - I left before Communion was over.

I had a much lunch in my room, after Mrs. Cate had come into my room to tell me she was not going to Greece in October, as she had planned, as her travel agent says hotels will be full because of some international games - So she thinks she may go in May 1970 - & did I think that better than the autumn. I certainly think the time to visit Greece is the Spring. The summer drives up everything. She fears too much heat in May. It will be warm, to be sure, but not unbearable as it is in July & August. I suggested giving her a card of introduction to the Hammers Davies & she seemed surprisingly pleased at the idea.

I had a short rest of an hour or so after lunch. Then I decided to try find Mr. Fordham's

new address at 29 Chalcot Square. Such a Treble! I looked it up on my new map - One Saints Regent's Park, then plunges (near the 200) into a series of quiet backwaters. There was no one about. I climbed Primrose Hill - very green & dotted with people. After some searching, I found Chalcot Square, after passing Chalcot Park, and Chalcot Crescent. No. 29 had no number on the front door but it followed No. 31 - & didn't look too promising. Bags of belongings cluttered the steps. However - The Square is really a square with a pretty green patch & flowers in the center. I shall know now how to reach the place. I passed the entrance to the Zoo (near No. 74) & after that I can find my way.

Back by Bus No. 74. In Hammers Gate mansion. I was tired - but read & scribbled. There was a lot of television, including P. Tomley's Car, which is always diverting. Bank Holiday tomorrow, which is usually a blank!

Sept 1 Monday

I dreaded Bank Holiday Monday but it turned out much better than expected. In the first place, the day was fine - coolish breeze but much blue sky & some sunshine. I had to go all the way to Baker St. to get my papers but I enjoyed the early walk.

I headed home so about about 10 (after a 9 o'clock breakfast) I went out, wondering what

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would be open. Next by I got a ham sandwich
with 4 potato salad, then walked all the way
to Lyons, which I found open. Biscuits and
artichoke. Then I walked all the way back.

A very nice early lunch - & early this - down -
at 1:45 I started for a movie. It was a
certain amount of average - Mrs. Davis had
suggested O'Keefe a lovely book, which I read
on home Regent St. But I obtained from a
man film & decided on my first choice The
Prince of Wales John Burt Foster on Hag-
market. I paid 10/- had a seat four rows
from the front, in the stalls, hoping this would
help me to hear. The play was very well put
on, but, alas I did miss a good deal of the
dialogue. Mrs. Keadie was Maggie Smith,
who, I think, did very well as a school mistress.
I was also much pleased to see again Celia
Johnson, so much older - with a wrinkled
face. She was the head mistress in the
school for girls. I thought some of the
acting was definitely unimpressive - I think
I must try to get the book down which the
cinema was made. I have seen Maggie Smith
several times in plays, & I thought she did
better in this movie than in anything else
I had seen. On the whole, the play de-
served me, but I was glad I had gone.
I came home to via The Baker's Inn.

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ground, very rapidly at 5 and had a much
needed cup of tea - 3 cups!

Then from 6 o'clock on there was television most of
it very entertaining & amusing - The News, then
Billy Smart's Circus, which was really excellent.
It went on for an hour. I heard Wilton speak,
also Michael Arbel - & was quite absorbed.
A mass for supper -

I finished the William Carlos Williams auto-
biography - I thought it, on the whole, bore.
It was a disappointment. I knew nothing of
his poetry - & I expect I would not like it!

Tomorrow the great city will be in working
gear once more. There will be letters & I shall
have to plan my days carefully. Today, Greta
left for Paris - I do hope she has a happy &
restful time after her hectic summer.

Sept 2 Thursday.

A day I thought I would accomplish a lot
but I didn't! A little washing in the P.M. after
I had read my paper - Then I went out. To visit to
the hair dresser to have a trim. I had to wait quite
a bit & was somewhat delayed. My train was
long overdue.

I tried to get the paper back of The Prince
of Wales - first at W. H. Smith on
Baker St - then at Claude Gillo on Oxford St.
Again at Selfridges - but no shots had it.
At Selfridges, there were other books by him.

Sharp but not the one I wanted. I did some shopping for food at Lyons & wandered about Selfridge - By this time it was 11:45 so I hid my hands, walking all the way. Then I had a very nice sweet lunch.

There was a telephone call from Mrs. Goodwin confirming my visit to her new address: 29 Chalcot Square tomorrow. There were 3 letters - rather a post card from Elizabeth Clark, a note from Thomas Kumi-haku - then a document from the Consulate that upset me. It is about this confounded Social Security - questions about dependent & I don't know what - demanding a speedy answer and my check would be stopped. I was not disturbed that I wrote at once to Betty Corp, explaining the situation. I shall have to call at the Consulate the day after I arrive. Swan!

Again I thought I would venture out in the P.M. - but instead I lay down, read Chesterton (he is a bore - involved style which bores me) - had a cup of tea at 5 - & turned on the television - an amusing play show - the news & a rather blood-thunder affair with Bush Wolves.

Today the Swans left for America. Greta is already in Paris. A note from Phyllis asks me to come to Grosfield Hall on Monday Sept. 8. She gives me trains - so it ought to be quite easy.

Sept 3. Wednesday

Such a day. It started looking quite cold 61° in my room, when I woke. So I dressed warmly. Then, as the day progressed, the sun came out & it was really warm. What a climate!

I stayed in my room all B.M. till 11:30 & wrote 3 important letters 1) To Phyllis, saying I would come to her on Monday Sept 8 2) To help her asking for the name of a solicitor to help me reconstruct my will 3) To Mr. A. J. Cameron to give me an appointment to examine my eyes.

At 11:30 I stalked out on my expedition to see Mrs. Goodwin. First I went into the grocery shop on Park Rd, thinking I might take her some cherry. The only attendant was telephoning in an insurance. I waited and waited - finally gave up in despair & left. I am glad I did for it transpired later that Mrs. G. hardly drinks spirits at all.

I took Bus No. 74 to Albert Terrace by the entrance to the Zoo, walked towards Chalcot Sq. & as I was early, I popped into a shop & bought my hostess a box of chocolates "Black Magic". I found her home quite easily, though it still has no number sign - 29! Chalcot Sq. She is a very nice person & very lively but how she talks - and talks. She is also a little deaf & one must speak up & clearly. She & I set forth for lunch, going

first to a Public Library, where she returned 2 hours. Then she insisted on calling a taxi - one drove to the shop John Barnes (which I remember from Golden Green days in 1919) & to the restaurant which was really charming. He had the huge table d'hote lunch - at a table for 2. onion & soup) or 2. milk, rice & eggs for me - mutton, fruit & wine, eggs for her. 9 - 10 cream & coffee - price 11/. Too much. She insisted on letting me have wine - dry white wine - very good indeed. The place was crowded & it was difficult to see - he more or less shouted to catch her.

She wanted to get a bus back - on the way, she bought cakes for the - I found her walking very very slow & I wondered how she could manage to walk a bus with her cane. Against her wishes, I hailed a taxi & had the driver waiting us at her door - 4/6 with tip - very pretty. Then there was at least an hour of talk. I walked & listened to her tales. She is disappointed that her son & his wife came to England. She would have liked to settle in Turkey. On the day proceeded, she spoke more & more of her loneliness, & the fact that she had made sacrifices for her three children & now they had each gone his/her own way. She said Godfrey was now a member of the Charles family. Poor lady. I did feel sorry for her. Her ground floor apartment is cluttered with stuff - far too many things.

At about 3:45 the Quadrant house upstairs came for tea bringing the baby 5 mos. old - the wonderful, the incredible child! They call him Bertie, but his full name is Robert Thomas Charles Quadrant!! He is fair - blue eyes & fair hair - the typical English baby. Such darling looks from Godfrey! Such proud expressions from G. & M. Truly, young parents & not so young, are almost ludicrous in their worship of their offspring, as though there never was a baby before!! He had a nice ^{leg} when I was shown the house - very steep stairs, dining room & kitchen below stairs, nos. 9 & 2 rooms & bath on the ground floor, bedrooms & study on the ^{second} floor - (no maid) & living room, study on the ^{first} floor. Much still needs to be done. Curtains at windows, stain carpets. I did not like the steep stairs - the sitting room is huge - with big windows - very nice. The situation of the house is rather good for the square & has a charming garden & green lawn.

Finally at 5, I had a taxi, Mrs. S. invited me walking with me, slowly, slowly to my bus near the Zoo Gardens - On the way, she showed me another house No. 1, Chalcot Crescent, which her son had looked at but turned down Mrs. S. so much preferred it. She kept talking of her disappointments. I have an idea she lacks a confidante. Finally, David goodbye & came back to my room in No 74 was crowded

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with children who had been to the Zoo. I was exhausted. It was 5:30.

I heard the news at 5:50 - Then Oh Brother at 7:30 - & a tiny supper of a sandwich, 2 biscuits & 1 bowl.

I find Godfrey Goodwin polite but non-committal. I don't think he cares a jot for me - simply doing his social duty. He seemed to have all the R.C. news - I wonder who it is who writes to the Goodmans.

September 4 Thursday

I continue to walk miles in London - and enjoy them. This was a very nice day indeed - cloudy but much milder & no wind.

I had the happy thought that the American Consulate might help me out with the pesky Social Security document, so off I trotted at 10 A.M. to 24 Grosvenor St. & lo! There was a special desk dealing with Social Security, Veterans Pass, etc. I showed my document & my passport & lo! They were taken to the Vice-Consul who signed & rubber stamped the paper. And I was told to mail the thing back to the American Consulate in Stockholm-Tamam!, as easy as that. My letter herein I mailed the stupid thing at 2:15 as I was starting out for my play.

Before the Consulate I bought food & also went to the book library, where my nice librarian had put out for me the new vol. of autobiography of Basil Wilson & here this I got the book

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I had been looking for The Purvis of Miss Jean Brodie to compare it with the movie I saw. All very satisfactory. On my way home, I felt so jubilant that I bought half a bottle of dry-fish cherry!

A very short lie-down, then I went to the matinee of The Stoop to Conquer at the Garrick. It was perfectly splendid - the best thing I have seen in London. How cleverly Goodwin put that play together. Good scene & no curtain. At the interval my neighbor in the front seat of the stalls spoke to me. It transpired that she nearly came to Stockholm to do private teaching! Fabian. Very nice. The actors in the play were all new to me - but all excellent. I did enjoy my afternoon.

I came home in the rush hour. The underground from Tottenham Sq. to Baker St. was packed solid. I even had difficulty in getting out. However I managed it & enjoyed the short walk back to the apartment. A message awaited me - Wilfred had telephoned & asked me to call him sometime after 3. Later on Mrs. Davies very kindly telephoned him & he has invited me to lunch on Tuesday Sept. 9th at the Athenaeum - to talk over my will or a possible substitute - Baskalun. I hope it won't be too melancholy a process.

Sept 5. Friday

A mild day. It has been predicted that the month of September will have good weather. This

has begun.

I was determined to try to get a winter dress at long last. So - early on, at 10.15 or so I walked to Evans, the outsize shop, where I had seen a printed blue-black dress, which I thought ^{might} do. Much to my satisfaction I found they had my size - & I bought the thing, paying by check £7.10.0. It is a stock-like affair in the current fashion - rather smart, so that Greta won't be too critical!

From Evans I went into Lyons for bread - Miss Cate had asked if she could come & see me so I asked her for the ad. At Lyons I bought 2 scones & fruit cake plus milk & 2 bananas - As I had walked so far & had my hands full, as with my new dress like other people I hailed a taxi (though I did wait fully 10 minutes for a taxi) & came back at 12:15. Price 4/ with tip. I put on my dress later in the day & Mrs. Davies remarked upon it without my asking her opinion - so that's all right.

I spontaneously bought a Prize which I found very interesting. I had a nice quiet lunch & he-down - when I slept for some minutes. I finished the Prize of Miss Jean Brodie which I consider a silly book.

Miss Cate arrived at 3:45 & we had tea almost alone then there was talk,

and talk and talk! She told me a good deal about Wendy, her tragic going-on - how she had to give me a history of her early education in Germany (Cheiprie) - on & on until 5:50 when we heard the news - She then stayed till nearly 6:30 - In a way, I enjoyed her - especially as she seemed to be receiving a "listening ear" & some of what she said was interesting. But her tentative manner is tattering - & she has difficulty in listening to anyone.

Sept. 6. Saturday

A ridiculous day - not what you call really warm but what English people would call balmy! Breakfast was at 9 - this being Saturday. A note from Mr. Cameron was an appointment for 9.12.11 on Tuesday, Sept. 9. That is the day I meet Wilfred, but there is plenty of time.

I started out at 10. Walked to Selfridges & then to Lyons where I bought food. Then No. 7 & 8 to Harrods where I gave back my book on Miss Jean Brodie. To my astonishment the desk was manned by a black girl as Mrs. Calman, the usual librarian, evidently takes Sat. P.M. off. I got a thin rather superficial book called The Women of No. 10, evidently wives of Prime Ministers - but it may be amusing. The Brian Hilly book I find fascinating. It's about Cambridge & his fellowships. All his own ground. He is younger than I am (though 72!) but

Itinerary & experiences at Cambridge, as under-graduate then don - ruing a hell! He mentions McTaggart, whom I once heard lecture - & James Pritchard, whom I heard in Toronto. I am invincible in my enthusiasm when it comes to Cambridge. I wish I had the courage to go there again on my own this time. I may!

I came back by bus 13 - now I know how to ring for the required stops nearby. They a good small lunch of chicken, salad, crescent & apple. And a hi-down. Then a letter from the Ralphs, enclosing money for Agri to buy me provisions for the following day, Sept. 18. I hope the Ralphs may meet me, but I wonder!

The afternoon spent with this & that - TV, mitaire, knitting and reading.

Sept. 7 Sunday

Breakfast at 9 - after I had been out in the cool air to get my observation. I decided on church & could not decide which. Finally I went to St Paul's on Baker St. I think it has a mistake! The preacher again was Bishop Goodwin Hudson, not an inspired speaker. I had heard him before. I am afraid the whole service, to a very sparse congregation made me feel melancholy!

I came back had a snack meal in my room - chicken, Russian salad, a banana & then a hi-down. In the midst of this the

small Amanda came in unannounced & handled my things on the table. I had my "ears" & told her to go - which she did, but reluctantly & only after she had asked for 2 sheets of my read! Dman!

at 4:30 I had a meagrette - thinking I would go out for a restaurant meal later on - I am glad I didn't as at about 5:30 who should appear on my doorstep as the darling girl, with her friend, Miss Kathleen. I was delighted to see them & we talked hard about. I was able to give them a cherry, I am glad to say. They had had 3 days only in Paris that enjoyed those days so much - a trip to ^{Chapelle} theatre, a trip on the river & various visits to galleries. It was the nicest kind of visit. Greta invites me to her house on Thursday afternoon - nothing must interfere with that. My guests stayed till 6:30 or so.

I didn't go out at all, though I was really hungry & there was very little left in my drawer to eat. Later at 8 or so I did have a cup of porridge & what was left of my fruit cake - precious little, but probably enough.

T.V. was not very interesting & I missed the 6 o'clock news.

Sept 8 Monday

Such a day. Not too wet - clouds but no rain. Breakfast at 8:30 & the paper - but I was "all set" for Witham & Olyth's early on!

In my usual manner, I started out early! And walked first to Marble Arch, where I took the underground to Liverpool Street. This huge station seems so busy but is really not so. An information office tells one the platform from which one's train leaves. I remember this office is old!

I went so very early, for a queue had to form in front of Platform 12 for my station further - all the way to Clacton. My train left at 11 A.M. & we blew along the flat land of Essex. Phyllis was on the upstairs platform to meet me. She looked so well - a good colour - much better than when I saw her last.

He had a very good visit. A drive from Witham to Gosfield was longish 13 miles which she drove in her car admirably. I was struck again by the very lovely old manor house. I had no idea it was so old but Phyllis mentioned that Queen Elizabeth I had visited it! I was glad to see Phyllis' apartment (how well it is) in the same perfect state as before. He had an apartment just there - very good. He talked of this & that - family news. She told me her troubles over the managers of Gosfield Hall - there had been 2 replacements. Now things are very much better.

I took Phyllis chocolate mints & the paper back book he had been buying. We both rested for an hour - ~~2-3~~ 2-3 then more talk & then down stairs with other greybeards. At a little before 5 again in Phyllis' car, we drove to the station & I took the 5:30 train back to London.

While I was at Gosfield Hall, Judith telephoned, asking if I could go there on a visit - but it is too late.

When I got to London, I realized there was nothing in my ladder, so I went from the Marble Arch station to The Post Office, where I had an indifferent meal of bread & fish. And then back to Harrow Gate manor by bus No. 2. I found waiting for me a letter from Gamin asking me there for a day or so but I can't manage it. People are read but by this time late. There was also a p.c. from Geta from Paris - a very nice letter from Phil Ralph. Not good man offers to meet me at the airport in Istanbul at which I am delighted - he returned to France with his French family & may even be later than I am in returning.

Mr. Cameron telephoned & I am to go tomorrow for eye examination at 9:30 A.M. instead of 9. Very much better. Then I lunch with Wilfred & home with my Will !!

Sept. 9. Tuesday

This was a huge day & I was miserably fatigued! First of all I walked all the way to No. 14 Wimpole St. to see Mr. Cameron about my eyes. There was little to do as yet. Though he was ready to give me slightly stronger reading glasses. Dr. Cameron is an "affectionate" Scot, likes to talk about Turkey, having been there - a little too friendly one might say. He charged me seven guineas for an interview of 20 minutes! Last year it was six guineas! He advised me to go straight to Keeler the optician on Wimpole St & have them promise to have my glasses ready in 3 or 4 days. Mr. Cameron had not heard of Evelyn's death & was sympathetic. His reply was, "a happy way to die" - with which I agree.

I went at once to Keeler & they promised to have my glasses ready by 4:30 on Friday. Very good - but very expensive, more than £5 although I provided the frame.

I returned back to my room before starting out to see Wilfred at the Athenaeum. I took the Bakerloo underground to Fenchurch Hill then walked down Wimpole St. (all kerbs on buses & underground have suddenly gone up - it must be an omen to Londoners).

That nice Wilfred met me shortly after my arrival & he proceeded downstairs - showing me a perfectly delicious menu. I did to

appreciate his dinner this time. he had great family talk. John & Elizabeth have passed their London their way to America with young Harold & are now in Alport, Michigan - the very last of my relatives on the Bosphorus! Wilfred was sympathetic about my bill & suggested we see his friend, Baker, a solicitor who the law courts seek his advice. Although this man was due to leave on holiday the following day (Dobromir in Yugoslavia!) he was willing to see us. he mounted such old fashioned stairs in a courtyard New Square W.C. - near Lincoln's Inn - no typical of old London. There was little gained by this interview - the opinion was that I have the Turkish launjer, Culler, whom I must write consulted, draw up my new will - & I should ask the R.C. trustees to be my executors. Bababum.

By mistake it was 3 P.M. Wilfred was due at Charing Cross & I wanted to get back. We waited & chatted interminably opposite the R.C. Church & finally I boarded No. 15 bus to Marble Arch. My leave-taking was very abrupt. I got food supplies at Lyons - then home. I was simply all in & flopped on my bed - & didn't stir till 5. Later in the evening Christine called up - Mrs. Davies overheard for me. I had to tell her I would be with Greta on Thursday evening & we could then make possible

Arrangements to meet on Saturday or Sunday. These nice creatures, Judith, Damien & Christine all work for an appointment but it is late in the day. I doubt whether I shall see them.

Grand Harold Macmillan on Television at 9:10 - 10.00 P.M. answering questions about his political career. Very interesting. A very lively, up-and-coming man even yet.

And so to bed.

Sept. 10 Wednesday

A very nice letter from Louis Harrison by the first post. Breakfast at 8:30 which is better than 9. It was a mild day with clouds and only very intermittent sunshine.

First I started out for Harrow - gave back by 2 books, saw the very nice librarian - got out two other books: a thin BSC book on Galileo, another, evidently to bit in with the Ferris Soga, which was lent on last summer, and Wings Released by J. B. Priestley. I took No 74 back to Marble Arch. Then walked down Oxford Street as far as Woolworth's. This store simply fascinates me. I bought another pair of socks - this time W. A. I. also wonderful wrapping paper with string inside; tooth paste - then on to C. & B. where I got 2 more scarves for presents. No. 13 bus from Oxford St. home by 12:15. When I had a good walk back to long to-down.

I needed Baridon Bond envelopes - so this was my excuse for venturing forth at 3. I went to my old Stationer's & bought a Thin - & envelopes - then to Paddington St. supermarket, where I got cheese - Conny arrived home I had quod the cheese crescent & doughnut. Had tea television & reading. A rather productive day - which ended with letter writing - to Hilfred, a Thank you note to Phil Heath. This latter is an angel to say he will meet me at Geraldine on the 17th.

Sept 11 Thursday

Rain and/or drizzle was predicted but none came. I started out about 10:30 walked to Marble Arch & took the underground to Bank, where I drew out £60.00.0. to pay him - train £32.10.0 till I go - plus extra money for myself. I just had time to go into St. Mary's hall with for a little look prayer.

I then came to Bond St; went to herts & got 6 batteries £1.2.0. 3/5 each. now I am supplied - then I walked along to Selfridges I found there for a sandwich Metate salad, & took No. 2 Bus back to Park Road. Then a nice walk back - & a longish lie-down. I was pleased and amused to get a letter from Betty Corp in answer to mine about my Social Security. This is now O.K. she tells me as my document has reached the consulate. I had notes, but waited for Greta, who

Came to my door, a little after 5. - we opened the
 Rosebushes. She was an angel to have me - for
 I am sure she is very tired - has chatted on many
 things, the worst being Christine's latest news.
 Michael has left her & gone to his mother! That
 unpredictable Christine has fallen in love with
 her boss - Paul Addison! He has gone to
 live with her at Tadworth. Ye gods! I am
 amazed & shocked. He was on the verge of a
 divorce with his wife as she refused to come
 to London from the north. He has four children.
 Can you imagine? And Christine actually
 contemplates leaving her Michael, in less
 than a year, & living with this latest love!
 Michael has appealed to Greta & stood on his
 side of the story.

While I was with Greta, Christine telephoned
 & Greta replied, at my suggestion, that I
 have no free time to go to Tadworth. I am
 sure it would embarrass me & Greta says I
 would find this Paul tiresome. I am absolutely
 non-plussed - & only too happy that Evelyn
 is not here to see all this happening.

Greta also telephoned to Clara & in-
 vited her for the day on Monday. She also
 called up Judith to say I cannot get in
 a visit to her as my time is now so short
 & I have other commitments.

We had good dinners & then a delicious

dinner, talking hard all the time. We heard the News
 at 8:50. And at 9:20 I invited it was time to
 drive home - which we did. I do think Greta is
 wonderfully kind to have me at her home for my
 last three days. It's a burden! I do hope she
 hasn't taken on too much.

Sept 14 Friday

Much warmer. Still cloudy but some sunshine.
 Evelyn & I wrote 2 letters - to Christine & Judith,
 telling them that I couldn't get in a visit. I am
 sorry - I would like to have seen Judith & her
 2 children, but I would have been embarrassed
 only to see Christine. I can't help feeling glad
 that Evelyn isn't here to see the "antics" of her only
 child.

I started out rather late, and walked to Sel-
 bridges where I bought postcard for myself,
 on my old pack 's grims; also a transparent
 purse for Marion. Then I hid me to wash &
 spend & got 2 pairs of undies - much as I
 hated to spend the money. 22/- like everything
 else, the price has gone up. I came back up here
 & had a snack-bunch rather early 12:15.

I had a long lie-down & read much more of
 the Priestley book, Margin Released as I felt I
 must return it this week one in Salisbury to
 Harrods.

At a little before 3, I went out again,
 getting change from a Bank, as all banks are

closed on Saturdays. I then caught Bus 74 at Baker St. Station & went directly to Harrods. I was rather pleased to get a rebate on my subscrip-
 tion £1.14.5 very nice & quite unexpected.
 Bought a marble Arch, where I walked to Wig-
 more St. for my glasses - I was early - so went
 to Debenhams & looked at paperbacks. I fell
 for a story by C.D. Snow - Homerunings.
 To Keeler's at 4:35 - my glasses were ready
 but very expensive - 5 gns. Too much. An-
 other very long walk back to Harrods gate
 mansion, buying a ham sandwich for my late
 tea en route.

When I reached my room at a little after
 five, I had high tea - it was good. I saw
 several good things - amusing, that is, on T.V.

This is an amazing climate. Three
 days ago, it was very chilly - about 63°
 Today it was 70 - I felt too warmly dressed.

Two letters by the post - Elizabeth
 Clark, Elizabeth Pritchard - the first direct
 the second forwarded from B.C. A.B. I
 also posted a package of books The Quill
 to London A-2; my London Booklets; Three
 Irish writers - a present from Betty K.

Sept 13 Saturday

Dark clouds nearly all day. I don't think I
 could stand this climate permanently. No
 words English people are soke, silent and

serious. To am & brighten their lives.

Breakfast was at 9 - as it is the weekend. I
 patterned about in my room; wrote to the Times for
 the next installment of my air edition - didn't
 start out well till after 11. There were only 2
 things I wanted to do - buy a croissant & milk for my
 tea and perhaps find a blouse. I walked to Oxford
 St. got my coinant at an ABC, milk at my
 old stationer - then went to C.V.S. to look at
 blouses - but so much seems ill made. I gave
 up.

I hadn't had a restaurant meal for days &
 days - & decided today I would indulge. So
 I went to Grill & chess. It was very expensive 17/2
 but I had "the news" - lamb chops with grilled
 onions, peach ice-cream and red wine. It
 was good - the place was not completely full, so
 I had my table to myself & such a cheerful
 waitress.

After lunch, as a last desperate gesture, I
 went to Sweets O.S. & did finally buy a yellow
 blouse (very yellow) for £3. I am not really
 satisfied but it will have to do. I got a
 spectator from the Cumberland (the same man
 in charge). As I contemplated going home I
 stood in a long, long queue for a ticket then
 I thought I would get a taxi. But no taxi
 came at - finally a group of buses drew up,
 one was no. 2 not too full & I stopped on - 6d!

It was then nearly 2 P.M. I lay down, read -
this and noted. Then at 3:30 began pack-
ing for my blithing tomorrow morning. Such
a lot of stuff! Was I the over weight? I do
hope not. But I seem to carry much
more luggage than I need.

At about 8 I went in to see Mrs. Cate & have
a farewell visit. She was still active as ever.
In the course of our conversation, it transpired
that she had seen Ethel's sketches in the
Christian Service Monitor. I told her I had
taught Ethel English and that she was
a colleague of mine in the C.W.I. 1943-44.
Tableau! She is always discovering that I know
something she does - & she is much intrigued.

I came back at 8:45 to watch & listen to
the last evening of the Crown on my television. It
was wonderful. I heard it all - more than an
hour of music, Lord of Hosts & Glory, Rule Britannia
till the rest of it. I was moved to tears when
it concluded with God Save the Queen. Really
this is a country's unique & marvelous - and
how lucky I am to belong to it - even though
I live on the Bosphorus!

Sept 14 Sunday.

I remember this was my father's birthday
He was born in 1860 - where do the years go?
Rain had fallen in the night & paniments were
wet when I went out for my Observers at 8:30 P.M.

And the day did not improve much though
there was no more rain.

My morning was absorbed by preparations,
last ones, for leaving. Mrs. Gardner had spent
the night with her sister. All of them, Mr. Mrs.
Davies Mrs. Gardner (Amanda was away)
left by car at about 10:30. I was ready to join
Suta too early & sat in the hall awaiting her.
When Mrs. Cate appeared about 10:45
to lunch with a friend near Kuzetov. She stopped
to talk, at length, to me & my husband. I suppose
she was rather a height of spirit at Home & Gate
honours but like so many elderly people
she talks too continuously. (Euchia, watch
your step at rather gum tongue!)

Suta appeared about 12 & we carried
my luggage - 5 pieces also, - to the lift & down
into the car. Why do I have so much luggage? I
don't know! We sped along rapidly to
Rome House & I established myself in the
delightful store room. 12:10 to 12:15.

Don't take our driver Catherine Ridgell -
hearses arrived to say she had been 3 times to
Victoria station to meet her returning parents
but they hadn't turned up. Word came that
there was a railway strike or fiasco. She
joined in for a gin & tonic & told us she was
leaving this week on a mini-bus trip to
Morocco. Later she telephoned Suta to say her

90
parade had at last arrived late.

he had a delicious dinner & then a game of scrabble which, of course, Greta won. Then television - Malcolm Muggeridge on Cabbage among the clergy - with a very interesting company of men. Some priests & some laymen - It was most thought provoking. Both we saw the celebration of J. B. Priestley's 75th birthday, with several friends, speaking about him & then a short play - Johnson and Jordan - a fine fantasy with Ralph Richardson, which I thought odd, not appropriate for a birthday. This time we till 11:30 or so. And then, at long last, bed. Half a pill & I just out my light at 12.

Sept. 15 Monday.

Rain in the night, with clouds & gloomy weather to begin with but the forecast was somewhat more promising. Early morning tea, my bust this year, very much appreciated.

I did go out in the P.M. damp, bought some sherry for Greta, cigarettes for myself and got change from the bank.

Greta was somewhat busy with domestic affairs - I read & write & we waited for Olivia who was coming for the day. She was very late - & said there had been a hold-up at

91
the Reading Station, so that her train was half an hour late. She got to us at 12:45 - on roses - checked on me.

he had such a delicious lunch & much talk. That & kidney pie, potatoes & beans, and cream caramel - no quod. This one always drinks - this time sherry, & wine at the table. After lunch we talked, then Greta took Olivia for a glimpse of Kenwood, while I spent an hour - till 4 - on my bed - & actually napped a bit. Then we had tea. Olivia says that Clare Wilson, Peggy's daughter has a girl - 3½ now old now Eleanora Louise - a name O. does not like, but as she says - she isn't my child!

In the afternoon dress in, three non-table of trains from Paddington, & Greta offered to drive Olivia there. I went along & it was nice. Olivia is the same dear - she has just come back from a month's holiday in France with her very old friend, Marie, an American from Amherst, Mass. day.

In the evening after 6 - we had a bit of television & very good it was - 2 amusing comedies, the news - Panorama - Greta has both BBC1 and BBC2 so we used see both. he had a quiet evening - reading and writing - went to bed a little earlier than last night - 11 P.M. I read about Lord Mountbatten & was much interested.

92
Sept 16. Tuesday

My last day in England. alas, alas! I am ready & happy to go home & yet when the time comes I have pangs of regret & wonder why I am not staying longer.

There had been rain in the night - streets were wet - the sky dull & gloomy - a typical British day - at least to help in with.

I thought I would take the "hill by the bus" & have my hair shorn. Greta made an appointment with her favorite "Dome" & I went at 11:30. She did a most excellent job. 18/6

The rest of the day was quiet & peaceful. A very good lunch then a long rest & a little nuzzle - and in the evening, we had a lot of television, some of it very amusing. I went to bed very early - Raining done already quite a good deal of packing. And I felt both sad and glad that I was going.

Sept 17 Wednesday.

Up before 6, but not without early morning tea at Seven. Pover Greta - she does so like a late breakfast. There was a slight mist which I didn't like. G. went early to get her car. I took down my two bookshelves & baggage - we had breakfast at 8. I felt all right, better than on earlier journeys, but I had slept little - full of silly fears.

93
As we drove to the Terminal on Cromwell Rd the motor lifted. But what a hurried getting off. Fortunately, we were in excellent luck. I was rather tired (and!) but there were such crowds at each desk as one shunned one's ticket. What masses of people travel today by air. This, of course, was a B & D Terminal, with a dozen different destinations.

We were told to go to Channel ⁴ to get the coach to take us to the airport. Greta came with me, & we each had a cigarette. Then it was goodbye. When the sign, Flight 266, went up on the board. What a darling she has been to me - I do hope she knows how much I appreciate her love.

A funny little middle-aged person from South Africa spoke to me (catch an English woman doing such a thing!) & we sat next each other in the coach - ^{when} we reached the airport, I took pains to be near her. She was very forthcoming, asked which our channel was - No. 14, though she pushed ahead on her own. I followed & soon was seated in the plane C 17 First Class. There was a crowd - mostly for Rome. In First Class there were 5 besides me - leaving 2 seats empty.

The flying was splendid - very smooth, above clouds all the way - he had lunch

94
a little before 12 - "The waves" - sherry,
wine with the most delicious food. I asked
to stay in the plane was allowed to. We
reached Rome at 2 (but our clocks on
an hour - they had registered 1 P.M.) & all
first class passengers got out.

What was amusing was that I was all
alone in the first class from Rome to Athens
& from Athens to Istanbul! I got special
particular treatment from the steward.
Economy class near, I think, only half
full.

We reached, in the morning, Yedigözü
airport only 5 minutes late, which is done
very well. I had no difficulty at all with
my baggage - got a porter, was greeted by
Mrs. Michaelis (sent by Coralia), walked
out into the arms of Phil & Maria -
that was it. We crawled home in their
car - such comfort - & there was also on
the spot to take my hand, carry baggage
to the house. A girl, looking very well,
greeted me with a hug. The teacher went
home at once & I scrambled about during
out my small gifts to giving her family.
The same familiar process - making my
bed, then saying goodnight & I soon went
to bed with half a bell - rather "all in".
So ended my impatient homeward from England.

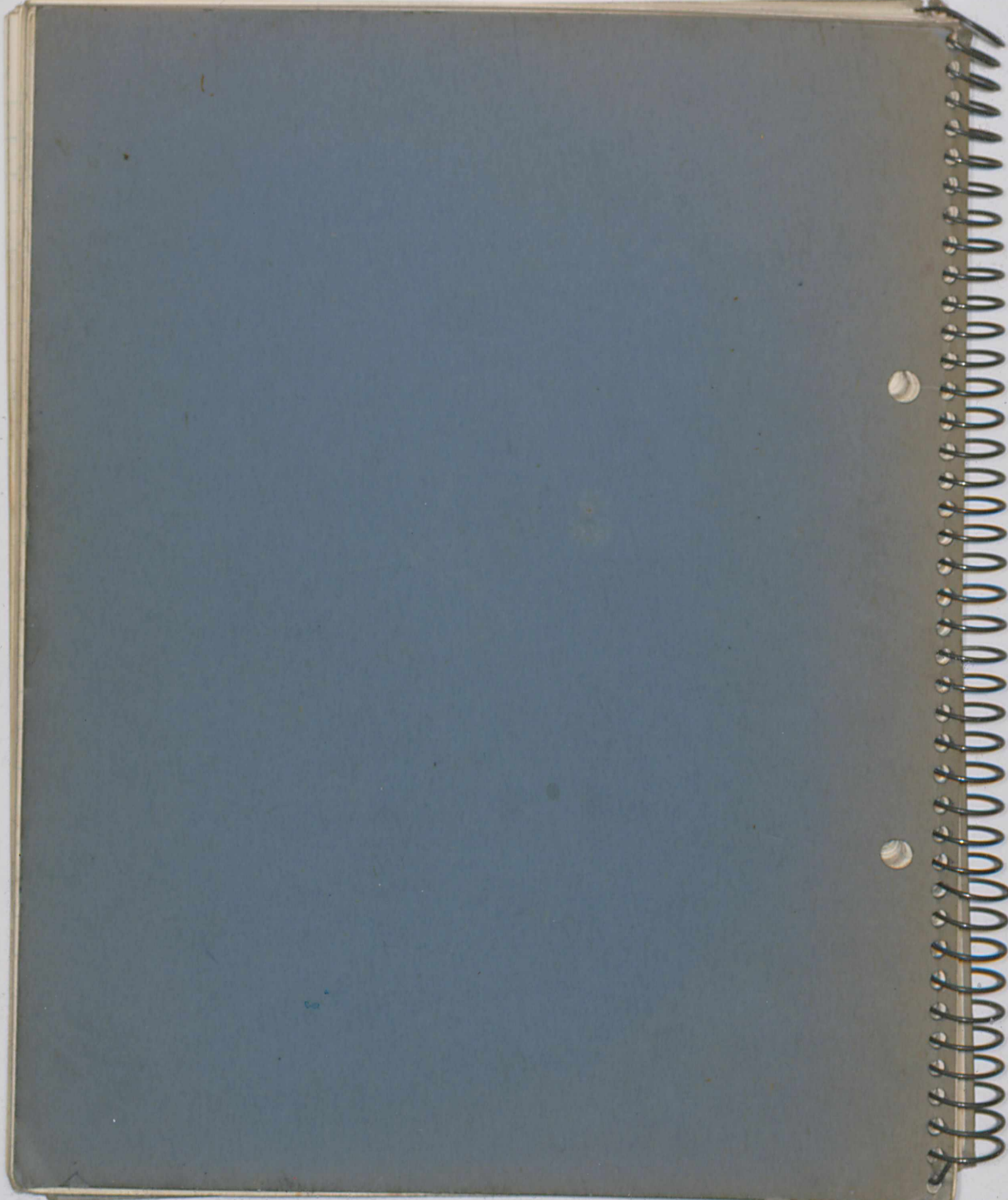
95
Sept 18 Thursday

The house was in such good condition. A girl
had done wonders - but it was so warm. I
was far too warmly dressed when I arrived. So
in the morning, I shed several layers.

This is the end of my summer journal!

Friends & Relatives in England.

Greta Davis
Peter & Jennifer Seager
Rachel Seager and Peter
Walter Quetz
Wilfred & Hella Seager
Janet & Garvare Sheldon
Catharine Wright
Carmelia Roberts
Gustavo & Jennifer Seager.
Eda Bateman
Herbert Lane
Heather & Basil Seager
Horned Seager
Hanna Fleming
Dr. or Mrs. Quadman
Mr. Mrs. Curtis
Mr. Mrs. Prudgett-Mearns
Mr. Mrs. Godfrey Goudwin
Mrs. Dorothy Goudwin
Mr. Mrs. Eric Davies
Mrs. Gardner
Alicia Satheral
Alicia Cate



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Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu



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