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1871

Diary 71  
Summer in England

Summer Diary

of

A visit

to

England -

1971

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Diary.

Monday, July 12.

As usual, my faithful Agnès had cleaned everything in the house: I had made my preparation & was about for London. I got up early, had my breakfast at 7:30 - Robert had happened in at 8 with a goodly salutation, & I awaited Caroline.

She appeared, with the manager's car, even earlier than I expected - 8:20 A.M. And we were off on the dot - goodly Agnès, "in both cheeks" a bouquet of rosebuds from Ahi, water panned over the road behind me - & we were off. It was a lovely, warm, sunny morning - we sped to the airport in great style, with the Greek chatter belonging to B.E.A.

Here, and also, our troubles began as soon as we reached the airport & were met by the B.E.A. official, who was to take care of me! I saw the B.E.A. plane out of the window & was sure I would soon embark - but it left without me! There were several reasons. 1) I did not have my residence book (permis de séjour) which I had completely forgotten I possessed 2) my new passport, which I had had to get in December 1970 was of course innocent of stamp - there was therefore no indication that I had arrived! When was my old passport? I had never thought about keeping it for reference, & wondered if I had thrown it away! Caroline said we must try & get in from home - (On the meanwhile, my

plane had gone!) There was another "contre temps". The driver of the car said there was something the matter with it & he had to get a spare part.

Caroline & I walked to the restaurant, in the most dismal of moods, ordered a Turkish coffee and waited! At about 11:15 (my plane had left at 10:15) we got again into the car & went all the way home to Rebut College. In a moment of panic, I was afraid Ali was not there. But he was. Another panic - would I find my last passport? But I did! I had not thrown it away - there stamped upon it was the date of my arrival last August. We went off to Rebut - but there was still the "fermin de rejum" to please. He had come up the Propylon to Rebut, with Mr. Houshins, who was lunching at home, & we had the temerity to wait for him in front of his apartment house, & asked if we could do lunch with him. He was so kind & good - & said we certainly could!

In the meanwhile, our chauffeur, a Greek, with official experience in Turkish offices, said he would get my permit. I gave him 600 liras (!) to see. He went first to the Rebut Police Station, & was told we had to go to the Byzantine Police Station for our permits. That was Mr. Houshins came with us. The chauffeur found the Police Station on a side street, we jacked out permits (Houan! Houan!) & then went back to the P.B.D. office. The chauffeur then volunteered to go to Stamboul to what is called the Fourth Section, to get my residence permit - he promised to telephone his "luck" to Caroline at 5.

In the meanwhile, that kind Caroline asked me to spend the night in her flat & I was only too happy to do so. He arrived about 3. He had had a little bit out in Rebut at Ogriit - yogurt & kama pudding, coffee, - & later had tea in Caroline's flat about 4:30. She would not leave till she had heard from the chauffeur as to his "luck". They drove to a half hour or so, feeling like nothing on earth! (Incidentally a telephone message was sent to Greta to say I was not arriving!) )

At 5 the telephone rang the chauffeur reported that he had got my permit! Start rejoicing on all hands. He wandered in later, & was given a cup of coffee. He confided that he liked right & left (!) as it was after hours. (Mr. Houshins had wondered whether we would get this permission within a week!) I was given <sup>back</sup> 65 T.L. out of my 600 - I gave the chauffeur 50 T.L. at which he was much abashed! Je gule! what a day.

Caroline then went out to get food for our evening supper. We had it around about 8:30 & were invited by 2 friends of Caroline's - a neighbor from upstairs (Greek) & an employee of B.P.D. who lives nearby & was curious to know what luck we had had. My bed was made up at 10 & I actually slept quite well, notwithstanding a historic & exhausting day. I was suggested we let Greta know I was coming on the 13<sup>th</sup> instead of the 12<sup>th</sup> - but it transpired later that she never got the message. A nice night. He had found a little peace.

Tuesday, July 13

We were up at 7 - had breakfast at 7:20.  
 The good kind Mr. <sup>Hawkins</sup> Hamilton gave us his car again  
 I gathered up my luggage & we were off again  
 to the airport. The day was fine & we were at  
 last in good spirits. All went well. We traveled  
 through the various "gates" & Caroline was able  
 to come down with me to await my departure.  
 He ran into Mr. <sup>Hawkins</sup> Hamilton, who was evidently  
 seeing someone off. He also found that Mrs.  
 Hamilton was making a "flying" visit to  
 London on my plane - returning by plane the  
 following day! With Caroline's help, I bought  
 cigarettes (Rotham filtered) at reduced rates  
 & then was escorted quite like a queen to the  
 First Class of my Trident plane! Goodbye to  
 the kind, kind Caroline.

What was my astonishment to discover that  
 from the only rearrange in First Class. (This  
 is the queerest journey I have ever taken!) he  
 was off on the dot - 10:15. The young steward  
 was most attentive, told me "the story of his  
 life". Since he appeared dead - I heard that  
 there was about 50 rearranges in Economy class  
 including Mrs. Hamilton & her friend, 30 from  
 Ankara & 20 from Istanbul.

The journey was a dream! steady as a rock.  
 We were high above the clouds all the time. There  
 was a perfectly sumptuous lunch - 2 glasses of  
 cherry & one of white wine - "all the  
 fixings". We made such good time that we  
 arrived at Heathrow at 12:40 instead of 1:10!

I got through very early, secured my 2 bags - & half  
 expected that Greta would be there to meet me. But  
 she wasn't! I went to Information & was able  
 to telephone to Greta & tell her I would come out  
 by taxi. It was the earliest possible time to get  
 a taxi in this efficient country & off I sped to  
 Highgate. The day was fine - real sunshine - no  
 rain - It was a long journey & expensive to 5.00  
 but I was deposited at Rock House at about  
 2:15 & there was that blessed Greta to welcome  
 me.

Of course I had to tell my long story. My  
 room was ready & everything was so wonderfully  
 familiar. Greta had not been to the airport, either  
 on Monday the 12<sup>th</sup> or Tuesday the 13<sup>th</sup> - for which I  
 was very glad. I implored a little & then met her  
 tea & I talked, & talked & talked!! I got her  
 was too. heard immediate plans, had a  
 lovely afternoon & evening. No letters but many  
 messages & plans to see friends & relatives.

Talked at 10:40 in the familiar spare room.

Wednesday, July 14.

I really slept surprisingly well, much to my  
 astonishment. It was a fine day with real  
 sunshine. During the morning Greta was busy as  
 always. I went out about 9:30 to do a bit of  
 shopping - a diary book, writing paper, stamps  
 & so on. So easy & so civilized. Greta is full  
 of good works continually telephoning about  
 children's country visits & committee meetings.

I had a short hi-dram after lunch told a  
 little before 3. Greta had very kindly invited the

Three luncheon tea - they arrived very promptly at 3:30. - Jay, Anne & the daughter, Suzette

I had really forgotten that they had left P.C. 12 years ago. It is the same, but a little bald & the heated charming in blue. The daughter, aged 15 is beautiful, with lovely eyes & a charming complexion. Such talk as she had to begin with, while we sat in Gita's miniature garden - they really are delightful people. At once we came in, sat around the dining-room table & continued to talk & talk. They had not heard of Keith Greenwood's death. They had much to say about their sojourn in Europe - beginning with Spain & Portugal - & spending most of their time in England - where Suzette attended an English boarding school. They leave for home on Friday, the 16th & are really sorry that their long holiday is coming to an end. I went out to train car (first brought) when they left - about 6:30. It was a real visit & a very real pleasure to see them.

He had a very nice evening - some tea. vision, some crossword puzzle. I discovered I was a bit tired, though I had heard one quite well during the whole afternoon. I have been bothered lately by the suspicion that I am growing deaf & do not hear well early for instance, or soft speech. But I really did enjoy my afternoon & felt perhaps my fears were unfounded.

Gita tells me of immediate plans which sound very promising indeed.

Thursday, July 15

To begin with - a lovely day of sunshine! He were both to be independent. Gita had much to do over her voluntary children's outings - so she left early. I waited till 10:20 & started out on my own.

I took the train to Archway, then went at once by underground via Tottenham Court Rd - to Bank - where I gave out £40 to me! I did slip into The church of Mary Woolworth(?) but didn't stay as it was being cleaned by a busy of men - Then took the underground again to Brompton Street - a delicious family. There were formidable crowds on Oxford Street, so that I could hardly get along. Sales on all hands - men at Selfridges. I walked up towards Marble Arch, looking in at Evans, but saw nothing in the window that I would want. I continued to the Archway, where I got The Spectator and The Sun Statesman & postcards.

By this time it was the lunch hour - so I went in to The Red Carpet - I was pleased to see it not nearly full. How I do hate air-conditioning in London. So unnecessary. I was able to get the table not made a breezy condition & ordered an A.I. meal, which I much enjoyed. Just before I sat down, whom should I run into but Olivia Cole, with a friend. Talked! Really it is too funny to meet some one you know in London.

I might have done more, but thought I would be sensible & go home. So I caught a 137 bus to Archway - to £10 to Highgate & walked back into an empty house, as Gita was still away on her various errands. It was then 2:15 P.M. I lay down

I dozed a bit but got up at about 4.

Greta & Eda Patterson appeared shortly afterwards & we retired to the garden for tea. It was really warm. I always enjoy Eda's & we had then & later very interesting talks. Eda still has 6 more days on her scheme - & then she is going to Yugoslavia with a friend for a fortnight. She remained for a delicious supper with us - we talked more for a bit & towards 9:30 Greta drove her back to her apartment. Dad so to bed, after watching T.V. which was displaying a thing called "The Early Churchills" 18<sup>th</sup> Century portraits.

Friday, July 16

This was my unlucky day. I slept badly well till about 3:30 a.m. when I had to get up. Evidently, I was half asleep, or too tired - for I fell, bumping my head badly on the floor, wrenching my ankle & the side of my head! & all the stupidities! I didn't sleep much after that. Greta let me know (with my early morning tea) that breakfast was not till 8:45. I was up & dressed. Came down stairs slowly, slowly & felt as though I were 102!! She was very sympathetic. But my only plan was to stay close by the house all day. In the meanwhile, I had developed a lovely black & blue patch over my right eye. - & one lame foot. Fortunately, we had made no plans for the day so I was free to pursue a few quiet hours.

At about eleven, Mrs. Budgett - Mackin came in to ask us a tale of their spring holiday in Italy - Venice and Florence.

I had a very quiet day, because of my black eye & sore ankle & stiff neck. Of all the pests in the world. Such are the penalties of old age.

Greta was off for a bit, & therefore had a suitcase lunch as we planned to go out for dinner. I went into stairs to rest for a good part of the afternoon & came down for tea at 4:30. I wanted to take Greta out for dinner & we decided on 7:15 at Shake House.

It was such a good dinner & I did enjoy the eating. We had wine as well as steak & entree & a fish dish. The bill was £3.64 (how this new coinage troubles me!) Then there was the tip - altogether the eating cost £4.00. I am amazed at how prices have gone up. The Cumberland now charges £7.00 a night for a single room!

We came back to a very pleasant TV evening with the news, & the play, The Quicks of Poynton by Henry James. So many of James' stories have been made into plays. Of course by other people. This is rather sad for James himself wanted to write plays & thought he would only have his first least effort worked in London.

Saturday, July 17

I slept for six hours - in spite of a sore foot, a sore neck - & a black eye! I discovered in the morning that my eye was much bleaker - really two disgusting. I must have given my <sup>head</sup> a terrific blow when I got up as rather flipped off the bed on Thursday morning at 3:30 a.m.!

I spent the morning reading, writing while Greta did a thousand errands. I was able to get off a letter to Zaafinka. Then a rest of an hour or so.

he had a little run in the car at 3.30 to the best  
 End Hotel - to check on my reservation & call  
 for any letters. There was only one letter from  
 the marketing Ethel Bayes, (banned from  
 R.C. - as had given her no English addresses -  
 Tom rather "a pig" about his Bayes unit  
 she is no hognations & with no to frequently.  
 She is evidently not coming to Europe this  
 summer but perhaps next.

I have already had this summer two had  
 blow - one, when I missed my Monday flight  
 from Istanbul and another, two, when I fell  
 from my bed & got a very bad black eye. An-  
 other, No. three, was in store for me today!

Gita suggested my calling up Mrs. Davis (or  
 rather she did the talking) to confirm my reser-  
 vation in August at 7 Homage Gate Mansions.  
 To my utter dismay, Mrs Davis replied that  
 my room has been completely booked for the  
 whole of August & part of September! Now  
 this is a dastardly act! I wrote Mrs. Davis  
 first on April 13 - she didn't reply till the  
 middle of May & told me her room for me was  
 free for the whole of August. I immediately replied  
 on May 17 that I would come for one or two weeks  
 in August at least. As she had not mentioned  
 her terms I wrote again on May 22 asking her  
 them - & since then have had no reply.

The new tell Gita she had no definite dates  
 from me! that she had a telephone call from  
 America asking her for a room all of August  
 & part of September - & she had to make up her mind

at once. The consequence was she pretended she had  
 no definite dates from me, & accepted the American  
 offer. She has always been known as a "gold  
 digger" by my friends & certainly this shabby act  
 is proof of it.

I must confess I felt terribly depressed by all  
 this & wondered what would become of me. I  
 might even be reduced to going to the Luncheon!!  
 Gita has been a comfort & already we both  
 begun to think of plans for tomorrow & Monday to  
 try to find accommodation somewhere for August.

Seta was busy preparing for guests in the  
 evening - made cake at the drop of a hat & so on.  
 he had the chimney lined of my pipe at 7:15 - &  
 at 8 came two friends to play bridge - a Mrs.  
 Merry, who was new to me, & Mrs. Woodhouse,  
 whom I already knew. We had good games & I  
 lost heavily - but played for very low stakes. The  
 custom here is - wine to begin with, then a series  
 of rubbers - then coffee, sandwiches & cake. at 9.15.  
 It's very pleasant & I ~~would~~ should have enjoyed  
 it & did in a way in spite of my absolute  
 disgust with the way Mrs. Davis has treated me.  
 She might have written me some time ago, to  
 tell me "my" room was not available. She was  
 merely silent. I do think it very shabby of her -  
 & I resolve never to go there again, nor recommend it  
 to any of my friends!

we played till 11:30 P.M. Then had a tranquillizer  
 for the night, without waiting to read even the  
King's Story, which I had collected from the Board -  
 care downstairs.



Sunday, July 18

I slept very well - waked at 6:30, slept again till eight. Then a cup of tea put by Greta on a table by my door - 2 cups of tea! Breakfast was late 8:45 - no. 9 B.M. railway was held up the morning left. We didn't go out but read the paper, water read. Greta, like the clever cook she is, had a Sunday dinner ready at 12:50 or there then we decided on a short rest.

Because of the fact that Mrs. Davies has let me down so badly, we decided to go this very day first to the best end hotel to see if I could get a longer stay; then to Durant's Hotel whether a further booking. I was glad to have Greta with me - he started out at 2:30 & went first to the best end hotel, where I have been promised a room till July 31st. I was pleased to discover that I could stay until August 10<sup>th</sup> (perhaps not in my double room but at least there)

Then we went on to Durant's Hotel, which is much larger & more expensive. We were surprised to be able to book a single room from Aug. 10 - 14 & then from Aug. 15 a double room with bath. It is all very expensive but I think I must prepare for my summer completely - It is a comfort to know that I am now all set. I don't like a single room without a bath, even for a short time, but I shall just have to put up with it - hope the good land will allow me to keep my health.

After these business matters were settled, we continued on our way to Sidcup to spend the afternoon, what was left of it, with the Grapes family. We did have such a lovely afternoon. I saw again the little Robert, aged now one year, who is a perfectly beautiful child - fair hair, blue eyes, & with a charming intelligent <sup>smile</sup> ~~smile~~. Jonathan is very tall; Deborah and Margaret are equally nice - he had two or three & welcome cups of tea. Greta took the baby for a walk & stacked with Jennifer. Peter was away playing a tennis match.

We had to leave about nine down through a not crowded London back to Highgate. Greta had to stop on one of her charities at the home of a woman, whose husband is in prison (!) & whose children will be having a free country holiday. An evening was with T.V., a long American film or a story by Tennessee Williams. I put the bedgets, left at nearly eleven & called it a day!

Monday July 19

I was heartened by a dear letter from Sarah by the first post. A day of some sun & no rain.

The morning brought an extraordinary contre-temps! Mrs. Davies called up & Greta came to the phone. The amazing thing was that Mrs. D. said she could put me up in her husband's room from Aug. 1 - 17 - then, in Amanda's room from Aug. 17 - 22. Really too extraordinary! Evidently, she had been thinking long things over & had persuaded her husband to give up his room for 2 weeks & 3 days. Well!!

I was too good an offer to turn down and after talking with Greta, I decided I would, after

all, 90th Harbour Gate Mansions, where all is furnished - where I can have Mrs. D. take messages for me, where I can have a tray or kettle for snack meals - Hurrah.. All is now plain. I wrote a note to Mrs. Davis reaccepting her suggestion; Greta telephoned to Durrants Hotel & called off my August booking - I resolved also to tell the desk at the West End Hotel that I would leave as originally planned on August 1st! So that after all my misgivings, my addresses remain as I originally told all my friends.

After this I went upstairs & packed very arridiculously, while Greta went out to shop. I was even able to take down my three bags into the hall, before she returned. Then a very nice lunch of fish & good things. I retired to my room with a borrowed dressing gown, read a book on Royal Command that Greta had got for me - & rested. She came in a little later & we had tea.

At 4:30 or thereabouts we started in Greta's car - both of us, my three bags, purse & handbag & made for the West End Hotel which we reached quickly. I was shown to my single room - no. 21 - 3 flights up, (Roman!) but all right - quite adequate. Now then it was good bye to the darling Greta, who has been so good & kind to me.

After I had settled in a bit, I went out to near by places - bought some T. by sherry, beer & cottage cheese & at 7 I had my first tiny meal - sherry, beer with cottage cheese & a cigar! Quite enough. Really things seem to have developed better than we were expected a few days ago.

Tuesday July 20

I slept surprisingly well without a pill - & went downstairs at 8:40 for a rather sumptuous breakfast of rice crispies bacon & egg & tea. There was a very nice letter from Othello, who writes she is coming to London on Sept. 1 - & would I be here to see her. I wonder! Really - She & her friends are to be at the Regents' Palace Hotel, Common Trenchards. I had gone out for my paper before breakfast, so came back for a short read.

I didn't start out till nearly 10 & made just 100 by leaving Aid Place, where I saw Eric Bell - who looked at my 2 other instruments, & showed me how to get mine out of my present one - very satisfactory. He said my other instruments were O.K. I bought some batteries 90 p in the next carriage.

The next was headwaters where I got powder, & hair nets, then I walked all the way to Selfridges where I was able to get postage cards - 2 packets as they were combined (no single packets) for I do want to be able to play an occasional solitary game of patience during my solitary hotel existence. From Selfridges I went on to Lyons, where I put a sandwich & salad for a snack meal - By this time it was a little after 12 so I went to that funny thing called a cafe (Old Bacon & Eggs) had a rather indifferent meal - omelette, grilled tomatoes, rolls & butter & coffee.

By this time I was thoroughly fatigued. Now the seas have caught up on me. I get much more tired, much more rapidly, even than last year. Yes! However, I was a no. 13 bus

16  
which comes up Gloucester Place & so home.  
There was nothing to do but to change flat  
those I would benefit from a rest. I  
think I did. I read the Biography of Noel  
Coward, by Sheridan Morley, which Greta had  
sent out of the Highgate library for me. It is  
quite entertaining & tells me much more about  
Noel Coward. Than I ever knew.

At four, I bought for my tea, so went to the  
Quality Inn on Baker St. Had no room for  
me. Then a very nice young woman (married  
I am), sat down opposite me. We both  
began to order, simply a pot of tea & toast.  
It was kept in one pot for us both. The lady  
spoke to me - said she lived in the country,  
but came up to town twice a week to teach  
dancing in a school. She was very pleasant,  
& I talked! but not very much. She knew  
nothing of Turkey of course. She would have  
long left before I did. To my utter amazement,  
as she left, she said she would pay for us both!  
I said, "Oh no", but she did! I could not be-  
lieve my eyes. I was still uncertain that she  
meant what she said, so I asked the cashier if  
she had paid for us both. The cashier looked at  
her slip & said she had. I expressed my  
amazement. The cashier replied, "Well, you can  
pay for her next time if you like". An extra-  
ordinary experience! I never saw the woman  
in my life & never will again. This is quite a  
unique experience in my life!

The evening was very quiet, with a read  
about Noel Coward and so to bed. A letter to  
Herbert

17  
Wednesday July 21.

Woke later after a fair night, to see that it had rained  
in the night & the pavements were wet. I went out for  
my paper at 8:20 & then had breakfast - This last is  
not too exciting - always the same thing - eggs in various  
forms, sausages, bacon - tea or coffee - & fruit juice.  
But I had a good meal.

I spoke at the desk about changing my room - &  
they said it would be done about eleven. And it  
was. I was glad to say goodbye to my single room  
(up 45 steps) with no chair to sit on - only a  
stool for the writing table - & the bed! This is a leak.  
I packed all my possessions & a man came up  
at 11 - & took them to my new double room, No. 12.  
where I have been before. Such a contrast. 2 windows,  
one bright up, outlook on the street, a balcony,  
shed of all my own lavatory & shower. Really  
satisfactory, where I think I shall be comfortable.  
I am acutely reminded of the two other times I  
stayed here.

That very nice creature, Selma Riza, appeared  
even earlier than expected downstairs. I had her  
up to see my room, show me to bed! I gave her  
one of the small Turkish plates I had brought  
with me - and at 12:30 we were off for lunch.  
She took me to a restaurant called The Pelican  
which is attached to a new hotel, called The  
Londoner's Hotel, almost next door to The  
Hilton - I am glad to have been introduced to it.  
Something like a snack - lunch place. We had  
soup first, very good, then chicken sandwiches  
& coffee - Selma had a drink as well but I

simply couldn't indulge. It was all good. We saw the strangest creatures - black men, women in the weirdest possible costumes - ear-rings, bushy hair, value jewels - coarse ornaments. What some see as London streets is beyond anything! After a long row - wave at lunch, we walked to no. 74 less beyond Arley House, & bath got in - School leaving first beyond the Portman Sq. stop & I continued back to the hotel. It was now about 2:15 or so.

I do wish I didn't get so tired. I have no energy at all. I lay down in my nice "new" quarters, read a little & rested & by <sup>four</sup> was able to do a little washing & get up to my desk.

I did go out however at a little after 4:30 I went towards Baker St. Station, identified No. 27 bus which goes to Highgate - & went with W. H. Smith past shop to have a "look-see." Delightable place - full of books & papers and magazines. I'll be Time 20 p. & came back to read it & the paper, to play patience & at 7 to have a small snack meal with Sherry.

Thursday July 22

Suddenly it was very hot - oppressive - so that I was far too warmly dressed. I was pleased to get a nice bunch of letters, a check via bank, a letter from Eleanor Lamihorn, who is evidently going to stay in the Wickles apt; a letter from Eleanor Weston direct to Mrs. Davies, a note from Nancy Wright saying she was not to be in London, & my own London guide, which I had sent for from home. Such a haul!

I had a very good night - 8 hrs. of sleep, I do believe. After breakfast & my paper, I went out buying to find a Super-market, but I only got 2 bananas & no strip-lice.

By 11.45 it was time to start for The Athenaeum where Wilfred was to give me lunch. It was early as bus - To Piccadilly Circus from Baker St. by underground, then a short walk down lower Regent St. to the Club. Wilfred was waiting out for me & he went at once to the ladies' Entrance. He seemed very well indeed -

merciful & cheerful. He was delighted to have Greta walk in about 12:45. He had doubted whether she could come, but she managed it. Evidently it was the first time Wilfred had invited her to his club.

He had cherry & begin with - then a quite stand-up dinner - each different, fish for Greta, veal for Wilfred a mixed grill for Evelyn. Cold courses for all three. Then raspberries for the two of them & ice-cream for me. Much animated conversation. Nice as he is, Wilfred listens with difficulty & wants to tell you about himself. His brother Harold once told me that he could not converse with his own brother! This party was, however, most awfully nice. Although I knew I would be fatigued, I resolved to get some linen on Regent St. Greta had no good legs; Wilfred walked with me up Regent St. & we kissed goodbye in front of the Needlework Shop. W. was to attend a committee meeting by north in that general direction.

I was pleased to get a yard of white linen & some skeins of cotton for a little over a pound. Then I turned back to get no. 159 bus - went on to Portman St. bought supper bread at Lyons - apples, crisps, cheese & then got no. 13 which brought me back to my hotel.

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On my way back earlier in the B.M. I called at No. 42  
York St, evidently a modest hotel, part of Dorothy  
Iz were there. A very nice woman opened the door,  
said all three Iz were in the hotel for a month or  
so, but had gone out this A.M. early. Evidently, they  
go out early every day. I left a message that I had  
called, though I doubt if I shall see any of them.

My heart is a somewhat better. Still very black  
in parts.

Selta tells me I have an appointment with Mrs.  
The hairdresser in Highgate at 11:15 on Sunday,  
the 27<sup>th</sup> that afterwards we are both invited for  
lunch by that very nice Mr. Quadman across the way.

Friday, July 23

I am surprised that I sleep so well in London why  
is it? I wrote to another warm day - went out again  
in the sweet morning air to get my paper - and then  
breakfast again - more or less the same every day -  
good but ordinary.

At about 10 I started out for Harrold's library,  
reached it so early that there was my nice librarian  
Mrs. Coleman, who recognized me. I took out a 3  
month's subscription & was amazed to find the  
secretary says I was 29/ to the good! as I had  
failed to get my rebate last year! Of all the truly  
English honesty. So I wrote out a cheque for  
£3.50! I looked at delectable books & finally  
took John Ruskin's memoirs which looks pro-  
mising. I got back to my room at 11:30  
later had a snack lunch, which was good -  
then a bed-down - when I waked for a few  
moments, but was up by 2:30.

21  
I was dying for a cup of tea - so went out, after writing  
a letter to Phoebe, to Quality Inn on Baker St. had an  
excellent tea (3 cups) with toast & jam for 15p. I felt  
set up - returned to my room & the afternoon was varied  
by this & that. I worked on my lines, read my book,  
listened to the news, & heard an excellent quiz  
The Brain of Britain - a last session when a Mrs.  
Morgan got the prize for answering the most questions  
during a series of meetings. That is to be excellent -  
I hear it very well - no statistics as there are at home.

I wonder if I shall stay on into September.  
I will try for a single room in this hotel from  
Aug. 22 - Sept 6. I hope I may be given a double  
room. Mrs. Davies can't take me after Aug. 22.  
However, never mind. Selta hinted the other day,  
that I might go back to her then - but I don't want  
to burden her - & she may have to look after Robert  
for a while. So that my stay would be impossible. It  
all lies on the lips of the gods!

Saturday July 24.

A truly lousy day with dear cousins & Selma - a  
Sothering of the class! I had a chin headache, as I  
was a little afraid of indigestion & was in my room  
most of the morning. I did have time to run out  
just to Quality Inn to see if it is open on Sunday.  
The answer was Yes. Then at the R.B.C. I bought a  
ham sandwich & 2 small cakes for Thomas Mann's <sup>snack</sup>  
supper.

Then I waited for Selma in the hall & she appeared at  
about 12 and we were to proceed together to High-  
gate for a meeting of the Clan! Before that, she  
presented me with a perfectly beautiful bed jacket

blue, knitted, such as I have never had. This is for two persons - I am sure it cost a lot.

We went off together to Marylebone (had where we got No. 27 bus for Archway - a long ride & saw very familiar - then from Archway to the Village. We were early - 12:30 or so - two young girls & their mother were welcomed warmly, but deposited several parcels, & said we would take a walk around the village. I was able to buy a bottle of very dry Sherry for £1.15 for Greta. We then explored a little & returned to Rock Home, where we discovered the other visitors had arrived, Baird & another Harold. Such a charming reunion!

We were given cherry bird, then a perfect delicious lunch - at 1:30 - cold salmon, hard boiled eggs, salad of tomatoes, cucumber & lettuce. Boiled potatoes there was white wine for everyone. Such talk! Such recollections of Bethel village. There were no still sentiments about it. We discussed our worries & gossiped to our hearts' content. And dessert was of raspberries & cream & ice cream - the latter only for Eulima. I took the opportunity of reading to them my poem, "I Remember the Bookworm." Apparently they want me to send them copies, which I will be happy to do.

After coffee in the living room, Greta suggested a visit to Kenwood. Baird & I begged to be excused, but the others went. Baird stayed in an armchair, & I went upstairs & had a short lie-down in the spare room & read The Times.

The company came back about 4:45 & we had tea

of course - and how good it was. More talk, more and family jokes, more being sure.

Finally Baird & Heather had to catch their train to Tunbridge & it was Adieu. Heather seems to want to see Greta the same day at her own home. Very nice. The guests were taken to the underground, then Greta returned & actually drove Selma & me to our doors!

A very, very happy day for which I am deeply grateful.

Sunday July 25

A bright night & breakfast at 8:30 after I had gone out with the Stiles, cloudy morning for the absence. Had a good paper it is. I spent quite a time reading it but at 10:30 approached I thought me of church. (Incidentally, I doubt like staying in my bedroom too long in the mornings, but want to leave the place free for the maid to make the bed & tidy up) The real lack in this hotel is the absence of a common sitting room. This would be a boon. The downstairs breakfast room is no substitute.

I went to the Marylebone Parish Church on Baker St. - where I have often been before. Unfortunately, it was Communion Sunday & I lost my way in the service! How. The preacher was Rev. J. Weatherall, head of the Brotherhood of the Ascended Christ, Delhi! The regular rectory was away on holiday. This man spoke well & clearly on Good news - most of which I heard - tho' there were echoes which disturbed me. When I came out I found there had been a shower - the pavements were wet. There was still a tiny drizzle. I went back to my room & had a small lunch, finishing my Sherry. Not too exhilarating!

The rest of the day was rather tame - devoted to letter writing. I wrote a short letter to Selma to thank her again for the lovely warm bed jacket. Then I posted 2 cheques to my Bank in L.S. 10. £112.50 - not too bad. I wrote to Eleanor as well for I had had such a nice letter from her. I seem to have a dozen letters that need answering & I feel definitely handicapped without my typewriter.

I listened to the radio at ten when there was a talk on Mr. Wilson's house about his previous ships & that was interesting. I put out my light after a short read at 10:50. A rather dull Sunday!

Monday July 26

The morning seems to speed on wings. I am intrigued by my paper that takes time to read. I went out at a little after 10 - posted my letters, bought 2 bananas from a barrow & washed the banishes way & 2 Hawaiian Sate manions. Mrs. Davis opened the door & was most cordial & friendly. We talked hard, while she gave me a cup of coffee. There is good news. She has taken me from Thursday

July 29 (instead of Monday, Aug. 1st) till

Aug. 22. And what's more I can have my old dance room, with balcony & television until the 17<sup>th</sup>. After that she will let me have Amanda's Room, which isn't too bad - from the 17<sup>th</sup> till the 22<sup>nd</sup> - four nights. After that I may return to the New End Hotel or I may spend part of the time till Sept. 6 - with Suta - this will give me time to do something of Phoebe & her friends, if all goes well. Batsalam!

When I left Mrs. Davis came downstairs, I

found it raining with rain - a summer shower. I had my umbrella but did not venture out for about 15 mins. when, miraculously, the rain stopped. I then washed back to my hotel & had another indifferent meal of a sandwich, a banana, some potato chips & slaw. It is - dinner till 2:15.

Then I thought I really must begin to do some buying. I took the bus to Selfridges & tried to get an "element" for my brigadiere - no luck. I was told to go to a certain BOIT bus brigadiere. I think I remember it - near the old British Library, where I once had an "element" for Hubbard's. I hope I may be successful. From Selfridges I went to Marks & Spencer & got just what I wanted - woolies for the winter & an extra ship - very nice indeed. I went up the street to Lyons, got 2 buns, & some biscuits, & took the bus back to my hotel, feeling rather pleased with myself - but decided I must have a cup of tea. I went again to Quality Inn, where I can get a pot of tea, good toast & jam for 15p. A young woman, with a strange accent sat down opposite me, much to my disgust (!) but she proved to be friendly & talkative - had been to Chicago & said she was sure I was an American! He chatted in a friendly way, but she wasn't very interesting. She left soon & then I came back to my room, unpacked, rebrushed and rather "all in." I lay down, later heard the news, did a little sewing and called it a day!

Tuesday July 27

A dourish morning after not too good a night. The day was more or less all sociable. I had nothing but letters & shopping. I got my papers, had my breakfast, and

at a hotel after 9:30 started out for Highgate. It was such  
an easy journey ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> No. 27 bus. There was only very  
intermittent sunshine. I reached Highgate about  
10:30 went to Greta's where we both had a cup of coffee  
& then we migrated to the hairdresser - Greta has a net &  
waves and 7 for a permanent. We were housed after by  
the beautiful Anne.

Tavate having things done to my hair - and really  
they needed doing. A very long process - a very in-  
fernal one. Greta had her hair done & then  
after about 45 mins. but my hair took much  
longer - I didn't get out till 1 P.M. - walked to Greta's  
(she met me half way) - washed my face (!) & then the  
two of us went to Dr. Goodman's lovely house in  
the Grove for lunch. The other guests were Mrs. John  
Curtis, whom I have not before - very nice people.  
Dr. Goodman's environment is opulent. The most  
excellent women servants - & such a fine meal.

We were led into the garden for our cocktails  
but had to leave it shortly, as there was a slight  
drizzle. The conversation was most interesting. Dr.  
Goodman looked so well - he was a perfect  
host. Mrs. Curtis, poor man, who sits there, was  
amusing - a real John Bull. (he went quietly to  
sleep in his chair after dinner) The dinner was  
excellent - <sup>rose</sup> wine, roast beef, peas, potatoes -  
& delicious strawberry jelly - & then the inevitable  
English cheese. All so good & beautifully served. We  
left at 3 - came back to River House. I had a  
tea-dinner of our own, then one cup of tea with  
Greta. She had her car, so left me home, as she  
had an errand in York St.

Greta leaves tomorrow (Wednesday) with her beloved Eda  
for Glyndebourne - where they will be till next Sunday.  
August 1st. - music, concerts, opera.

By the morning post came a letter from Wilfred en-  
closing £5. In the mail an Constantinople that I read  
him - also arising questions about Phaedra's arrival.  
I answered him in the evening - also sent my small  
check to my English Bank - now Williams & Glyn's Bank Ltd.  
67 Lombard Street E. C. 3.

Wednesday July 28

A good night - and D.M. but gradually getting  
warmer. I had planned in my mind to write many  
letters today, do some packing for tomorrow & so on.  
But my plans changed! I read the paper till nearly  
10:30 then started out to see if I could find a spare  
part for my brigadier at BOTT's, 28 Wigmore St.  
It was a long walk & I was completely fatigued by the  
time I got there to say nothing of the time I got back to  
my hotel.

I walked down Gloucester Place, then to Wigmore St,  
opposite Debenham's calling on the way at that fine  
Bell & Co. shop & got at last a perfect  
compact - 4/6 - 38 p. I found the funny BOTT  
office (where I went once before for Herbert) & found the  
very intelligent man my order. He was a little dubious  
of finding just what I wanted, but suggested Stele-  
phone & ask him in a week or so whether he has found  
my spare part. Very satisfactory.

I then walked to Lyons - & got a sandwich & a  
portion of Russian salad for my lunch - I then felt  
I must take a bus back, which I did - a very short ride  
from Portman Square. Then a short lunch in my room.



I was all in. Day down for about 1 1/2 hrs. & read the last bit of John Huxley's memoirs, which I have enjoyed. It was his man as well as a famous scientist.

Although I had had such an active A.M., I was resolved to go again to Harrold for another book. It really was long - Bus No. 74 there & bus No. 30 back. I put out Jan night as hell like by John Keats (The life of Dorothy Parker). By this time I was pining for my tea, so instead of going directly home, I went to The Quality Inn at Baker St. (the waitress recognized me & smiled) & had 2 1/2 cups of good strong tea on land on a sweet bun, not so exciting. But the tea made the spot! by 6:11 was only 17 1/2 p.

And so back to my room. By a great effort I wrote a long letter to Sarah - in answer to 2 of hers that had warmed my heart.

Thursday July 29

This was my day for my departure from the West End Hotel. My last bill was £13-50 - not too bad! I was also packed & ready by 10 & asked to have a taxi by 10:30 & it was there on the dot. I could say I was very sorry to leave, although I had had a comfortable room with shower & lavatory & a cheerful view of the street.

I came very early to Y. Hanna's Gate Marrison & Mrs. Davies was kind enough to give me a cup of coffee. I also met another couple staying here - a Mr. & Mrs. Burton, who, strangely enough, know an old friend, Bill Kerr. A small world as I have said before, especially for anyone who has

lived on The Bosphorus!

I moved into my familiar room & worked hard putting everything in its place - & by 11:30 was venturing forth for lunch & for lunch in a restaurant. I do get tired so early. At a bank across the way, I got luncheon, herbage & Betty's tea bag - then down Baker St. to The ABC for a sandwich & tea cakes. I decided to go to Chicken Inn for lunch - too crowded - not too alluring, but I had a good lunch of hot air vent, coffee - wine 52 pence. Then back to Y. H. Gate Marrison. On my way, I spied a Dairy truck & was able to buy a carton of milk - so now I am all set for another 2 meals.

Back again to my room & a lie down of an hour. Then letter writing - one to Betty, Kondorova & one to Dorothy Port. Again I have television, so I was able to get several items as well as the news - a great comfort.

I ended the day with a very good bath & went to bed about 10:15 - the bed is soft & I slept fairly well.

Friday July 30

A new cheque book from my London Bank plus a very nice letter from Laurie Rawson. The Bank Book was forwarded from R.C. & cost a heap. I still have to hear from Herbert - I'm afraid he is out of contact with my forwarding, although I met him 10 P.M. the other day.

My first breakfast at The Doves' - cultured. It was served in my room at 8:15 which I don't like too much. A fine day with lovely sunshine to begin with. In spite of a few drawbacks, I think I am going to be very comfortable staying here. Most of the morning I spent in my room - well at least early 11.

I did write a letter to Eleanor Kinnahan & was able to post it before the two I wrote yesterday, when I started out. It was such a fine day that I decided to walk as far as the Marble Arch. I went straight down Gloucester Place & bathought me of slipping into the West End Hotel to see if there was any mail. Sure enough - at long last a note from my dentist giving me an appointment on Friday Aug. 13<sup>th</sup> at 1 P.M. As I had just posted a letter to him asking why I hadn't heard I was glad to read another at once saying O.K. for Aug. 13.

My errands were nearly all for food. I did go into the Cumberland, to get a Tine. Then into Lyons where I got 1) Russian salad 2) cookies 3) Danish pastry 4) a sandwich. Very satisfactory. I took a bus home.

After my usual lunch I lay down for a good 1 1/2 hrs read my Tine & mended a little. The rest of the afternoon was really domestic - a little washing, scrubbing on my tea cloth, & then tea (no sound to be able to get my own tea in my own room - it set me off.) Then television - 2 comics - Ryan and Ronnie - really amusing. Both the news. A great deal about Americans on the moon, which bored me!

I tried by telephone to get hold of Selma but with no success.

Saturday July 31

Another warmish day but with a strong breeze. Mrs. Davies again got my Daily Telegraph, though I confess I prefer to go out & get it myself. I stayed in my room some time, read the paper, talked to Mrs. Davies & then thought me of writing a note to Selma,

asking if she could come, have tea with me either today or tomorrow. I decided to leave a note for her at her pension, # 11 Welbeck St. - walking all the way.

What a walk! Too much for an old lady! I went down Gloucester Place to Crayford St.; as I crossed there I noticed a Spices-market, which I had not seen before - went in & bought sugar and milk. Then on to Wigmore St. & then Lyons & back. It does seem like a very nice pension. It was substantial & inviting. The bell was answered by a very cheerful woman, who inquired whether Selma was in - but she wasn't, so I left my note & asked to have it delivered.

I had found to buy, for exact meals, John a possible tea party, so I wanted to go to Lyons via the Cumberland. I walked down to Arched St. & from <sup>the</sup> Bond Street underground, took the train to Marble Arch - a great saving of shoe-leather & say nothing of batigia! At Lyons I bought 1) a ham sandwich 2) a Danish pastry 3) potato salad & felt somewhat amused for today and tomorrow.

Finally, taking a No. 13 bus to Park Road, I got home round about 12. But had almost at once a very good snack meal. Just as I was about to lie down for a good rest, Mrs. Davies knocked at my door, to say Selma had telephoned while I was away & that she will come to tea with me tomorrow. Very satisfactory. I have arranged to meet her at The Baker St. underground, as she has never been to Hanover Gate Mansions & I can show her the way, besides having a short walk! Tamam!

I lay down for a good two hours' rest & it did me good. The Davies family out for the afternoon.

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There was the item and T.V. an interesting film about animals in Arizona - then the news. The latter was all about landing on the moon, which bore me. I then wrote a letter to Elizabeth Clarke & called it a day!

### Sunday August 1.

A busy day even though it was a Sunday. My breakfast was later than usual & the shower, which I had ordered, through Mr. Davis was late. I did read some of it, which was good, but I determined I would go to church - I perhaps buy the necessary in month.

I forgot that church didn't begin till 11 & so I left the house at 10 - bus two miles. I must have to DBC on Baker St. which I found open. I bought a sandwich & two tickets for my tea - & then slowly, slowly walked towards Mary Leane Parish church. En route I bought the Sunday Telegraph, for I was curious to see how it produced the news.

I was in church by 10:45, got a grant seat - there were other early-comers too. The rector, Rev. Frank Conventry, was back to conduct the service, after, incidentally, his summer holiday. But I was rather disappointed that again it was Communion. Do they have this every Sunday? The music was good, as always, but I was hindered by the service. I kept early - while the rest of the congregation went up to the altar in separate groups to partake of the bread and wine.

On getting back at 12:10 I had a good lunch & lay down for 1 1/2 hrs. Then at a little after three went to the Baker St. underground to meet Selma. She was there before 3:30 & seemed very pleased to be coming for a visit. We

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walked along to 7 known gate mansion & at 4 o'clock had tea together & very nice it was. She talked a great deal - about about her work, about the Ellis family, about New York, which was the whole, she really enjoys, no matter how much she rails at it! I was able to provide a fair tea which we both enjoyed. Selma didn't leave till 6 - so we had a really good visit. She flies F.W.S.D. on Sat Aug. 6<sup>th</sup> B.O.C. - after a very busy long holiday of my needs which included Athens, Corfu, Rhodes, London. She is a nice person. I did enjoy seeing her.

Later I had a tiny bit of supper - then at 8 I went in to see Miss Cole in her pretty room. She was eloquent on her recent visit to Norway, which she greatly enjoyed. She showed me fine post cards of fjords & mountains - I do admire the way she conducts her solitary life.

This is the day Selma returns from Glydehouse - I wish she could see her again.

### Monday August 2.

There were no letters by the first post but later on came a very nice note from Caroline Yeri in answer to my letter. The day was cloudy, a little windy, but warm & no rain fell.

I started out about 10:30, took a bus to Myland St. & went first to Lyons for (pound) buns, 2 buns, sweets & cold stew. Then the underground to Bond St. I wanted to go to Kelly and Heimer to get another pair of bank stamps - I had some difficulty in choosing just what I wanted, but I finally got a very nice pair of beige shoes - £3-99 plus a bottle of

Booked Pigeon chairs & paid by cheque. £4.25.  
At the end this morning I thought it was time to go  
home, which I did by No. 13. Then I had a very  
nice snack lunch - a bit - down to more than  
an hour.

I had finished my earlier books, From Harrods  
so I decided to go back to that delightful library  
to get another. The easiest thing in the world -  
over the 74th from across the way. I found my  
niche here. Columns this time took out two  
books, which look very promising: Lytton Strachey  
by himself Edited by Michael Holyrod and  
In My Way by George Brown. They are both newly  
published in 1971. I was particularly eager to  
read the latter, for I had read a good deal in  
the papers about George Brown, & had seen his  
book reviewed.

I got back today 4 - first in time for tea had  
2 good cups, which restored me. Very soon  
after that there was interesting television - two  
hours about the launching of the moon but some  
other news - followed later by an old favorite  
The King Show, which I remembered having seen  
a few years ago. It is still extremely amusing.

Half expected to hear from Greta but there  
has been no word. I must contact her about my  
stay letter, after Aug. 22 - & I must arrange to  
spend part of the time between that & early Septem-  
ber at the hotel and Hotel again. B. TV report  
which I saw showed tourists pouring into  
London - & read in the paper how many young  
people would find no accommodation - nice

sleeping in parks & improvised tents.

Before I started out, I wrote a note to Judith for  
to want to see her some time or other & felt badly  
that I did not tell her I was coming to London.

Tuesday, August 3

A not too good a night. I wake early & read. I  
found there was a perfect downpour of rain. Two  
melancholy words. To read by the first Post. Today  
for the first time I had breakfast in the living room  
& my companion was a Mr. Fielding from Manchester  
who comes to London on business, during work days  
goes home on week-ends. He was quite polite -  
not very interesting. He is a married man with children  
though I had imagined, from Mrs. Davis' remarks  
that he was a bachelor.

I stayed in my room because of the weather till 11 A.M.  
or after. Then I braved the elements & set forth. I went  
first to the B.B.C. to get book for 2 days records - then to  
a Supermarket on Cranford St. where I was able to buy  
tea, olive & so on. By this time it was 12:15 or so -  
still under an umbrella, & with wet pavements, I went  
to Chicken Inn for a meal as it was a long time since  
I had been to a restaurant. I had hamburger steak,  
fried potatoes & ice-cream. I had wanted plain but for  
the second time I was told there was none, tho' it  
appears as large as life on the menu. The drink was  
good. The restaurant was jam packed. What  
terrible crowds there are in London in the summer.

I then waddled back to my room - the rain had  
abated & by 3:30 pavements were dry (I saw ugly  
brown) & a faint sun was trying to shine.

I forgot to record that before I went out, I wrote a

long overdue letter to Loretta Roberts. All my career  
pendence there day is less free because I have to write  
about the road, road, road news on the demise of Robert  
College.

I confess on the day promised I felt definitely  
rehabilitating & wondered whether I was wise to come to  
England. Everything would be so much easier if I  
had more energy. I shrink from a long walk -  
I want to do important shopping but have to do  
it in dribbles. What it is to grow old!!

I had a very good tea in my room, after a rest,  
listened to TV & saw an old film of Charlie Chaplin  
before sound was introduced. <sup>Very quiet.</sup> I was amusing. I had  
been thinking a great deal about Greta & my plans  
for the rest of my stay, so I took my courage in my  
hands, and asked Miss Cate to telephone for me. She  
was most willing & kind, got the number in no time &  
the dear Greta said she would come tomorrow for  
tea with me at 4 P.M. Hurrah!

By the evening, all pavements were dry & one  
would never have known that this morning there had  
been a minor deluge.  
Wednesday August 4.

A very good night when I slept, I think, more  
than 8 hours. It was cloudy all day. Rain was  
predicted but none had fallen by 6 P.M. I read my  
paper early on & didn't really start till 10:20 or 30.

I trace No. 13 to Bond St. for I wanted to go to  
Woodworth's for this & that. What a marvellous store  
it is! I am now impressed with it, every time I  
see it. I should get all my presents for home  
from this delightful shop.

What I did get at Woodworth's this time was a case  
package of paper napkins and five envelopes of  
hairnets, which I badly needed. Then No. 13 back to  
Paul Road. Mrs. Davies gave me very nice bread  
for my tea, for which I was grateful.

I had a snack lunch, then lay down for 1 1/2 hours  
& read George Bernard Shaw's Lucretia. So extraordinary  
man - After that I prepared myself for Greta who  
was due at 4 for tea with me. I did have such a  
good afternoon, hearing his account of Gladys Bourne  
& her plans - I was much interested to hear his way  
that she was not going to have small Robert & take  
care of after all - as she found it too much with all  
her volunteer work with school children.

Then we arranged my own stay till Sept 6 -  
Such a business, such a relief! Here is my immediate  
schedule.

- 1) I stay here at 7 Hanover Gate mansion till Sunday  
Aug. 22 (in Amanda's room Aug. 17-22)
- 2) I spend Aug. 23, 23, & 24 with Greta, taking with me  
only a small bag.
- 3) I return to 7 Hanover Gate mansion on Wednesday  
Aug 25 & stay again in my big double room till  
Thursday, Sept 2.
- 4) I go on Sept 2, Thursday to Greta's until I leave  
for home on Monday Sept 6. Tamam!!

I do hope all this means unity, and that I have  
a happy time, & am not abandoned to anyone.

In the evening are several plans - lunch with  
Greta on Sunday, Aug. 8 with Christine & Paul perhaps.  
Bridge at Greta's with Winnie Fleming & her party on  
Wednesday, Aug. 11. On Wednesday Aug 18 to Basil's at

Trubridge hells with Anita. And later to Cambridge  
to see Phyllis + Amanda, if possible.

There are all very cheery plans + I do hope  
they can be carried out easily - that I keep my  
health + do not get over-tired.

Thursday Aug. 5.

This was, on the whole, a nice day, though there  
had been rain in the night + the pavement was wet.  
There is always the interesting Daily Telegraph to  
read which takes an hour or so. No mail!

I started out about 10:30 + Mrs Davis  
happened to be going shopping too. We shared a  
bus to Oxford St. + I went to Regent + stocked up  
on a bit of food for 2 meals today + perhaps  
enough for lunch tomorrow. I came back about  
11:45 + had a very good lunch in my room. Then my  
meal was till nearly 2:30.

I wanted, if possible, to buy a dress - some-  
thing "mi-raison" so I started out again, going to  
the Baker St underground + sitting out at Oxford  
Circus. Such terrific crowds - really appalling.  
I went into D.H. Evans (a familiar haunt of  
mine in other years) + went to look at dresses  
on the first floor. A very nice Mrs. aged girl  
waited on me, after I had done a good deal of  
snooping among the thousands literally of frocks.  
But I was miserably disappointed. Most of the  
dresses were very ugly - tube white affairs - +  
made of such garish colours. I looked + looked,  
finally close to trying on. They were all too small -  
I was much disappointed. The girl who waited  
on me was very nice indeed - I apologized for

taking her time, but really I could find nothing  
suitable. I am afraid I shall have to go again to  
my out-size Swans near Marble Arch to try + find  
something! I may try tomorrow. I came back at 4  
by bus - had a good cup of tea + then watched TV.  
for a bit - but it wasn't very interesting. I don't  
seem to manage my days well. The real reason  
is my energy is so much less than it was - + I tire  
so easily.

Friday August 6.

A Paris night only. I wrote early + read - Then  
breakfast in the living room with Mr. Fielding at 8:15  
and my paper. No letters.

I went out at 10:15 or so with the idea of trying to  
find a dress - almost Selbridges + then I went into  
Ward + Spence. There I did find a possible winter or  
rather autumn dress but discovered that there was no  
fitting room - you have to take the damn thing on spec.  
No, no. I was told one could easily exchange a dress  
or even get your money back, but I hadn't the courage  
to do this. I then went to Swans Outsize place, but  
saw nothing I wanted. How ugly the present style is!  
I didn't try Selbridges (perhaps later) but came  
back to my room empty-handed.

A late lunch + a rest till 2:30 - then  
out again to Harrods for books. Easy on your pleasure -  
Buy 4 + then + back. I gave my 2 known books + took  
out two which looked very promising - The Best of  
Hugh Kingdon ed by Michael Halperin - and Byron  
& Partrick by Leslie B. Marchant -

I thought I might look at dresses at Harrods  
saw a delightful one no. 42 - but it was too small.

I was told to go to the costume dept. which I had difficulty in finding, though it was on the same floor. The choice was meagre - & I saw nothing I wanted - dear. Most styles I don't like - some are so garish in color - Truly I am having a time. I shall have to try Selfridges on Monday and pray for some success. One dress I bought on this time, I think - a sort of "mi-daison" as I saw a number of good summer dresses - I don't need any more. And so back to my room by Bus 74 & good tea - 2 1/2 cups which restored me - but I do wish I can find something suitable in this very opulent city. I may have to try Kensington. One I bought a very nice dress at Deane's Town when my dear friend was with me & helped me to choose.

Very amusing television from 8:30 on - Games show, Moon etc!

Saturday Aug. 7.

As Mr. Fielding has gone home to Manchester for his usual weekend, I had my breakfast again in my room, being, this time, the only guest in the apartment besides Mrs. Cate.

I didn't go out till after 10 - & decided to walk, to train by bus for good. It took me along 25 mins. along Gloucester Place, by Bond St. to the Marble Arch. I never seem to get enough food for my usual work meals, so this time I had in a subway: a fruit case, 2 apples, Cole slaw, Russian salad, 2 Buns, a home sandwich - surely this will do me for sometime.

I glanced into Littlewood's to see if there were

any dresses that looked promising. I saw a few but did not stop - No D came home to get my bus on Portman St. There was a downpour - but a real onslaught of rain. Notwithstanding, I got a No. 12 bus for home. Though I was tempted to hail a Taxi.

Then lunch at 12:15 which was good. Sherry & cheese to begin with, a half sandwich, Cole slaw, a banana & good coffee. I read a bit in my new Harold library books, & rested for an hour or so.

I did not go out again - but spent the rest of the afternoon with sewing on my tea cloth and much television - to begin with an important football match, in which the excitement was intense. Part of the time I read the book on Byron, by Marchand which I find extremely interesting. It is very detailed but well done & I think I shall enjoy the whole of the better volume.

I watched on TV, the preliminary manoeuvres for the sprint down of the men from the moon. It took ages - much later than advertised. I came up & went to bed at 11

Sunday August 8

A busy day, all day, though cool. The <sup>afternoon</sup> ~~breakfast~~ I read for breakfast (again in my room at 9) & then ate lunch as so before I ventured out.

This was my day with Greta. I got to Highgate too early - 12:15 but the dear thing sat me down with the paper & very soon, at 12:30 or so Christine & Paul arrived. Christine seems pleasant, but I am afraid I do not take to her Paul. He is rather but not too interesting. He had sherry, then a sumptuous lunch with all the fixings. Greta announced they were going for a walk, & I went to rest. Christine & Paul had

12  
brought the dog, Brandy, with them. Such an English gesture. I had a very short rest till about 4 when they came back from their walk. Found them we had bridges! There is none at it & doesn't play too well - both he & Christine are very slow. But we enjoyed our games - Of course there was tea about 5 - we went on playing till after 6 - when I thought it time to go. They drove me to Hammer Sals Maurians through Hampstead - then it was Goodbye. Truly did enjoy those two - though it is difficult for me to understand why Christine has cast off her Michael, whom she knew for years - to marry Paul Addison, a man with a wife & family of 4 children. Who are the children? and what are they doing? And who supports them? Quince, like long hair & very, very short skirts is the "queen of the day". I only hope these things make them happy - do they? For they?

There is the air for a play on August 25 to which I take Greta. And perhaps bridge at Highgate on Wednesday Aug. 11<sup>th</sup> if Greta can build a bank. Minnie Fleming is coming which is nice.  
Monday August 9.

A dull morning with clouds. Breakfast again in my room - this time at 9:30. My paper to read. The early P.M. seems to fly, so I didn't go out till after 10. I took a bus to the Selbridge stop & went in to Marks & Spencers to try to change the hosiery I bought the other day, because I feared they might be too small. But the girl at the counter said no higher or rather larger styles were made in those particular hosiery - so I came away.

43  
I then walked to 28 Wignans St. to see if I could get the new front to my frigidaire - that I had asked them to investigate. No luck at all. I don't know what I shall do - perhaps ask an American friend to bring one from U.S. I then wandered into D. 12. Snow again - but dress shields & a plastic rain-cover <sup>for my hair</sup> (very cheap) went into John Lewis to look at dresses. No luck, no luck at all. Most of the dresses are hideous! And the choice of those marked <sup>size</sup> 12, 14 all very timid. I don't know what I shall do - I have seen a few dresses that I would like to have. Oh dear!

I then crossed the street to get Bus no. 13 back again - when I arrived, I found a note from Mrs. Geadwin (Gillian) asking me to tea tomorrow afternoon. I shall be much interested to go - we can exchange our news.

I was back by 12 & had a small lunch as usual, having had a half bottle of Sherry on my way. Sobering? I don't know whether my holiday is costing more or less than I can afford. Indeed my enjoyment in England this time has taken on a strange aspect. This is really due to me - to my increased years & lack of energy, & to the fact that I have lost, after all, friends & relatives - Kenneth & Evelyn, particularly. How much they added in the past to my pleasure in England. Let me hope I can at least meet Philip & Amanda later on. Judith does not answer my notes (she is probably away & would be a person without forwarded mail) & Alvin is in Scotland with her trunk friends.

I did not go anywhere in the afternoon but was in my room. I rinsed; I washed out a few things -



And then watched a good deal of excellent television. There was the amusing long show; then review of the house-look cavalry by the queen - with her whole family, and then a fascinating account of the career of Golda Meir, of Israel. An extraordinary afternoon and evening.

I asked Miss Cate to telephone to Mrs. Gundersin to say I am coming to tea tomorrow. Very easily done - Thursday August 10.

How is it the word! How can Sweden be so British climate? I had a fair night, but woke too early; read Byron - brilliantly done but so depressing. What a man.

I started out fairly early, notwithstanding the rain & walked, first, to the Self-Servis place on Crawford St. where I bought food - ~~to buy~~ then I walked all the way to main beyond where I sat down. Back again by 11:00 AM, so late in drizzle. My lunch was good - at 12:30 I then had a short rest till 2:30.

At 2:15 I started out again to go to see the Gundersins at Chalfont Square - I had no idea how long it would take by course I was the only. When I got out on No. 74 at the Zoo, I was fairly well-headed - I wandered to a near by street where I found an automatic washing clothes - I actually went in & sat in a time on a bench, watching the group of women with their babies, having their laundry done in the various automatic washers. At a little while I <sup>presented</sup> myself at 29 Chalfont Square & he welcomed by the Gundersins, Gillian & Audrey.

They were really very cordial but I cannot warm to Gubby. He went upstairs to their big living room - was soon joined by Mrs. Gundersin's sister, who looked positively blooming in spite of her many years. At four we were given tea & here where I met their perfectly charming baby of 2½. Blue-eyed, fair haired. He talked, of course, of the College. They had also several old friends - all the Greenwoods - Gwynne & three children, Hilary, Bryan & really knew all the R.C. news. It was a very pleasant meeting - with the very well behaved 2½-year old - He played with his blocks on the floor & was so happy at all. Mrs. Gundersin's <sup>2</sup> friends a date to lunch with me at Harrods on Tuesday, August 12? I shall stay long - only an hour - they may not to me but they are really "not my cup of tea." I was so impressed with the charm of Chalfont Square & the quiet surroundings.

I got a No. 74 bus back - very quickly & easily by this time there was no rain at all.

I turned on the television, heard the news, saw excellent athletics in Ireland - had a snack by way of supper (cherries, bread & cheese) & now or less called it a day.

At the Gundersins I saw Gubby's perfectly beautiful book - Architecture in Denmark - Price £10.15! It is also published in U.S.A. by The College in Baltimore (Julius Hupfeldt?) at an equally expensive price. I wish I felt rich enough to give it to some of my friends for Christmas but then one copy is revolutionary.

Wednesday Aug. 11

I had a very good night. Why is it that I sleep quite well in London - & hence take a pill? I can't understand it.

I decided to try to get tickets for myself & Greta for the play How the other half lives - so, early on in the morning I went down to Shaftsbury Ave to the Lyric Theatre. But I was disappointed to have the man in the Box Office say that the play would probably be taken off by the 23rd - & as I was planning on the 25th - it was impossible. I am glad I had the courage to go for the ticket then early so that I would see Greta in the afternoon.

I had an early lunch then at 1:40 I strolled out in Highgate as Greta was preparing bridge table & supper. I was unlucky as to no. 27 bus, bus one was just off, as I rounded the corner off Baker St. I had been invited to 2:30 & I did want to be on time - I waited and waited - early 15-20 minutes but no bus arrived. I then weakly hailed a passing taxi & asked him to drive me to Highgate Village - an extravagant gesture - It cost 60 pence that is more than 10/- however, I arrived at Greta's door at 2:25 just on time. The Miss Winnie Fleming had already arrived & very soon the fourth bus bridge came in - a Mrs. Ray who lives in Highgate in an apt. near The Woodhouse apt.

He began bridge at once & played & played in hours! It was really most awfully nice. At 4:30 we stopped for a delicious tea. We played for penny points & much to my astonishment I came

out tops - about 12 times!

He didn't stop playing till nearly 7 - when Greta brought in drinks - then no more (Mrs. Ray having gone home) had supper together, with much good talk. Winnie Fleming wants to repeat the visit & bridge in her own home, so a date has been arranged - Monday Aug. 23rd, while I am interim guest at Greta's. All very cheerful.

At about 9:30 Greta took the two of us in her car, letting me out at Harrower Gate Mansions & taking Winnie on to her 40.30 bus & so home. A very nice afternoon and evening.

I went to bed about at once - it was too after 10. no time for television or radio.

Thursday Aug. 12.

This is the day the Hurtons leave for h. S. A. & see their family.

I decided to go first thing to get tickets for another play, How the other half lives at the Vaudeville Theatre, a comedy recommended by Winnie Fleming. I was disappointed to discover on going out that it was raining! However I took no. 13 to Shaftsbury Ave & got to the theatre in no time. I got 2 tickets at 1.75 each - £3.50 for Tuesday, Aug. 24 at 2:45 matinee, very nice. Back again by no. 13 bus - to Upper Arkwood St.

I had been thinking of getting a dress at Evans O. S. but wondered whether I would be successful. However I took the bus by the door & went in - & by Greta I did buy a dark patterned purple dress - high collar - short skirt, half sleeves for £7.50 which is cheap. I hope I have done well.

Arrived with my luggage & then went into my room.

stocked up on food - bananas, sandwiches, oranges, Roman salad. Then No. 2 bus took to my room.

As I stepped out of the bus, I saw Miss Davies was the gas station. She said she was so pleased to see me as she had just discovered that she had started out to shop and had left her bag behind, with money, plus the key of her apt. in it! Hence her enthusiasm on seeing me! I was able to let her in to her own place, as the apt. was empty, & she could not have got in by herself. Really, too amusing!

Then a good lunch. Had a tie-down or more than an hour.

Then letter writing - very necessary - to Sophie Lane asking why don't I hear from Herbert & why don't I get my borrowed mail. And to Carolis asking her if she can meet me by any chance on Monday, Sept 6 - at 6:30 when Darrin (D.V.) at Tiplicity - I doubt this. I may have to write to either Robert or Bob Hardy to come down in their car(s) to meet me. It would be too stupid, if there is no coach, to take a taxi all the way home. Prohibitive! I went out to the Post Office next door & posted my letters. 5 pence to Durley, airmail - now I know! A very good afternoon's work!

In the evening, I saw a wonderful performance of the Circus from Moscow on television. Extraordinarily good - an hour's entertainment.

Very chilly in the evening. Clouds all the time - I have never seen the stars nor the moon since I came to England. Either rain, shifting clouds and intermittent rain - poor things!

Friday Aug. 13

I arrived in England a month ago today. I had been dreading this day because it meant a visit to the dentist. I spent the morning in my room, worked on my two cloths, read the paper, then had a bite to eat a little before 12. At 12:20 I started out & walked to Mr. Sheppard's office 56 Wimpole St. It took less time than I thought, about 20 mins.

Mr. Sheppard is the same nice clever dentist - not dead! I had to have one bad tooth pulled - & make 2 further appointments. He is good at his job, I know, but the pulling of that double tooth at the base of my mouth was not pleasant. I was asked to sit in an easy chair, spid into a nerve at first & then when it was a little less violent (15 mins.) Mr. S. told me to go downstairs & wait till 2:15 before returning out - he suggested a Taxi, but I felt equal to a walk home. I did as I was bid & made arrangements to come again on Aug 20 19 at 12:30 & Aug. 20 at 1:30. The dentist had not had his lunch when I arrived, so a tray was brought in with a sandwich & coffee - he partook as he talked to me for a few moments. At least the worst is now over - I knew that tooth had to come out - was not surprised when he said he would pull it at once.

On my way home I stopped into W. W. Smith's Bookshop. Delightful spot. I bought a True Statesman by way of consolation then walked back to my room. It was nearly 3 P.M. by that time. I had tea at home, & it was welcome. My mouth was not very sore. But this visit a day I would like to repeat.

It was cooler. so I put on washies & slippers.

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Saturday, August 14

By the first post there was a very nice letter from her from Jennie. The warm-hearted thing invites me to come to see her in T. Abbey - but I don't see how I can. Her husband will be away on business; she herself has 3 small daughters, Angela 5; Susan 3 & Margaret 20 months. I simply cannot face, just for all the summer, & secondly a week-end or a few days in the charming but difficult milieu.

It was cooler still. I find my morning fly away on wings. After breakfast (in my room as Mrs. Fielding has gone home) in my room, and reading the paper - it was nearly 10:30. I went out - Greta on board - first to the Crawford St. Self-Service place then the long walk to. Morrison began next to Cumberland. There was a threat of rain but it passed off - there was some sunshine.

I got back to my room by 12 (by bus) & had a very good lunch. Then a lie-down of 1 1/2 hours. I didn't go out the rest of the day. During the afternoon, I wrote letters - To Annie Morrison, To Bob Hoody, asking him if he could find in h.s. the spare part of my bicycle - I'm sure he can't but I have at least asked him. Then I wrote Greta a note telling her my appointments next week & about my letter from Jennie. Poor dear, I hope she won't feel burdened by my plans -

Sunday, August 15

Such a day. Clouds but no rain. I would not like to go to England, permanently. The weather would get me down, I am too much the child of

51  
The P. explosion!

I had the pleasure to read, early on but at 10:30 I headed my way to the Marylebone Parish church again - (the 3rd time I have been). But I was rather dismayed to discover it was again Communion Service. I understand this happens every Sunday, by far the man at the door as I left. I was surprised for other Protestant churches, <sup>I know</sup> only celebrated it once a month, at the most.

I came back and had my lunch - on the way I bought a Sunday Times "first like that" to have none to read - & another outbreak. Then I lay down. When I got up at 2:30, I found a paper under my door - Mrs. Davies writes that a message had come for me that Jennifer & Peter would be calling at 3:30. I was pleased, but wished I had had morning - but I couldn't give them a telephone. I watched out from my balcony - at about 3:40 I saw 2 cars - Greta's & the Scooper's parking on the opposite side of the street. I was able to wave to them! Then Jennifer & Peter came up to my room, while Greta took the four children for a walk in the Park.

It was good to see the Scooper. I suggested at once that I take them to tea at Durrant's Hotel & they quickly fell in with my plan. It really was very nice (they didn't know Durrant's rates) though I thought the tea could have been much dearer. It was my party I am glad to say - 75 pence - I gave the boy a pound - that was it. We talked so easily & briefly. He took the car back to Harold Greta & was ahead of Greta's group - though they soon arrived & came upstairs - small Robert had asked in his 40-cent,

looking like a cherub. I wished I had had presents for the children - but I had nothing to offer them. They were all with me for about half an hour - Robert sleeping most of the time, but waking up in fifteen minutes or so & surprised to find himself in strange surroundings. It was lovely to have been all here - & I wished they would have stayed longer. The children are all perfectly charming - I do like that family.

As they left, I wrote to Sammie to say I couldn't pass the journey to Tutbury, but I did so appreciate her asking me. I doubt whether she realizes my years. If only I were ten years younger!

Monday August 16

A beautiful day of sunshine, after many cloudy ones. I had various chores to do so started out about 10 - underground first to Bank, where I drew out more money £30. I have no bank. Then another underground to Piccadilly Circus where I went to the B.P.A. & got my return date for home - Sept. 6<sup>th</sup> Monday. Now I must write to Agnes. My trip to the time was flying - It was after 12.

I determined to have a real restaurant meal, for I have been economical - I had snacks in my room ones - over again. I doubt whether I have had a restaurant meal for at least ten days. I went to Pithingam's at 14.00 - had a very tasty meal - fried plaice with fried potatoes, white wine & good coffee. It was quite enough & really good. I then took 20.13 back to my room - towards 1:30.

I lay down - very tired - I have no staying power! Bed at about 2 P.M. Mrs. Davies called

me to the telephone - It was Mrs. Parvish, who had said she would see me in London. Mrs. Davies did the talking & I visited this hostess this very afternoon. There wasn't anything very interesting, but Helen came & biscuits. That kind Mrs. Davies gave me the rather "take" & he pretty dishes in the living room. I had lemon, tea, milk - he provided the sugar tho' I had some. However -

Well, he arrived at 4:15 - a little older, his hair getting gray - looking very well. What an afternoon he had! He talked a great deal about the text book he is writing; he gesticulated indefinitely about all our P.C. friends & acquaintances & he revealed to me again, his various heavy prejudices. He has no many dislikes, no many criticisms or protests - & when he approves of anyone, his praise & platters <sup>are</sup> is truly fulsome. No, no. I am really sorry for him & have a soft spot for him, because he seems to approve of me, but he is a difficult man & I do not agree with his opinions or purposes. He dislikes the Parvish, the Reids, tells me disparaging remarks about the Emotions. Fundamentally, I am sorry for him for in many ways, he is a nice - bit - He stayed and stayed. He went out about 6:20 that he left. He is staying with English friends in Maiden Vale - & leaves day after tomorrow for New York.

I go to Amanda's room tomorrow. Black & blue. I begin to move some of my things towards evening. I am hoping to be completely moved by 10 P.M. tomorrow. I do hope I won't find the room too noisy - that I will sleep well - that the change won't seem so dismal. I am at home till Sunday, the 22<sup>nd</sup>.

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a letter from Phoebe by the returned post saying they four  
are taking a night plane on Sept 1st arriving Sept 2.  
I am booked for Cambridge on Sept 3rd - so a  
real visit will have to take place on Saturday Sept 4.  
Perhaps I can arrange to change Gita's date with  
Phyllis & then see Phoebe on Sept 3.

Tuesday, August 17

Early on I moved into Amanda's Room - It was  
really quite simple and although I had misgivings  
I think I shall be comfortable. I had to settle in, in  
a smaller room, it was easily done. I spent the  
morning till 11 am so, in my room. It was a lonely  
day, bright sunshine all day - and warm, but with  
a pleasant breeze.

I took bus 74 to Harrods - to meet Mrs. Goodwin Sr.  
There, first I had an errand or two, gave back my  
2 books to the library & took out 2 more - Ground The  
World and Other Places by Alice Chase and My  
World of Theatre by Peter Dinklage Danbery -  
Then found my way to the Home Dressing Dept to  
meet Mrs. Goodwin. She was on the spot, came  
to the ground floor, took me to lunch at the Spice  
Roulette - a very nice restaurant - exceedingly  
popular. I didn't choose the right thing to  
eat, which was a pity! soup, wine, <sup>with butter</sup> ~~meat~~, salad  
& coffee - Mrs. G. had a very nice salad dish. The dear  
lady is a little deaf, a great talker - very kindly  
& genial, but, dare I say it? - with "my cup of tea." It  
was amusing, first of her to thank me & I feel a big  
not to appreciate her more. She is rather a remarkable  
old lady. She converses to me she is 89! Harrods  
is an astonishing store - After lunch, Mrs. Goodwin

55  
went, slowly, slowly to the Food Dept. & picked out about  
a dozen for herself. I suggested that I take her home by taxi  
but she would have none of it! We passed such a few  
best departments - beautiful paintings, in all of the Food  
Store balconies - each division more lovely than the next.  
We walked, slowly, slowly to No. 74 bus to take us home -  
I got out at Park Rd & she continued to a street  
near Chelmsford Square.

I was all in - really tired out. It was then 3 P.M.  
I lay down, dozed a little - read my book. Mrs. Davis  
suggested I go to the television in the sitting room,  
which I did at 6 & heard the news. People really are  
very kind. What was more, Mrs. Davis asked me  
to give her the Barkhams, who have just returned  
from a country visit, by drinks at 8:30 which I  
did & greatly enjoyed the sociability. Mrs. Barkham  
teaches English at St. Paul's School in Concord, N.H.  
They have lived in Cambridge, England & was it as I  
do, very, very nice.

Wednesday, August 18

I slept fairly well in my "new" quarters. I was up  
& ready for breakfast with Mrs. Fielding at 8:15. It was  
a misty morning - no sun. I spent the morning till 11  
domestically - washing out 2 pairs of stockings and  
a nightgown & hung them on a beam in my room.

At 11 that dear Gita appeared <sup>but</sup> set out for  
Cambridge hills to visit Knid & Arthur. It was a  
long trip. Very soon it began to rain & we thought  
our day would be spoiled - but no, by the time we  
reached our destination, the sun had come out.  
Gita had some difficulty in binding the Sargers'  
house, 16 Broadwater Down, but we finally

managed it by 12:45. It was so good to see Basil & Heather in their own habitat again which was gay with flowers, clean as a new pin, the sitting room open to the pretty garden. I had bought on my way a bottle of Tomy Tfy cherry, & Greta had a box of fruit - was presented our gifts on our arrival. First we had drinks then a very nice meal indeed - cooked by the clever Heather.

He then sat us down about a long, long session of talk, of nostalgic anecdotes, or really interesting conversation. Basil asked me a great deal about my family - "How old was I when my family went to America? When did we return? What was Belshiz's?" and so on. A thousand questions, a thousand stories - he stayed & stayed. At 4:00 Heather came with me - we didn't want till about 8 - a real oriental visit. Both Basil & Heather were sure then cordial. Basil is, of course, very naive, as always - Heather very intelligent & charming. He is a lucky man to have found such a superlative wife.

Greta was anxious to see the Particles - an old part of Thimbridge Wells & Heather was good enough to get into her car, lead the way. I had been to the Particles once before with Heather. Basil showed Gages but there has been a great deal recently - It really is a collection of attractive old stone in very charming old, old houses built all on a hill with an overhanging pagoda-like roof. I did enjoy seeing the place.

Then it was really adieu - we made for home. But we found the traffic very heavy & though

Greta is a most excellent driver, we made slow progress except on a stretch of new road, so we got back a lardon. Greta led us out at a lane on Regents Park & I was back in my own room at 9 P.M.

I discovered Mrs. Davies, who in the busy way, had put my laundry in a hot cupboard, & again had instructions as to what I should do when!!

I really had a lovely day & thoroughly enjoyed it. Now in the 3 days ahead before I join Greta in Highgate I must be businesslike, get my small presents, my new batteries, write important letters & generally be a busy bee! Two more sessions with my dentist - Thursday & Friday - which I don't want to forward to - then plans for pleasant days at Highgate.

Thursday Aug. 19.

Had a very good night. The burn on my right leg was painful. However, I had the most active day! I stayed in most of the morning, gave myself a cup of coffee at 11 to a little fortified for the dentist.

My appointment was for 12:30 & I started out for 56 Wimpole St. At 11:50 buying a Timex & a parcel of animal envelopes en route. Mrs. Shepherd was very much on time this morning. I had cracked every bit of the way but would too tired. This morning the job was the fitting of an upper tooth - such a process - he always makes the gum so there isn't any real pain, but I can't say I enjoyed the long process of having a front tooth pulled as there seemed not one small hole but several. However the nasty job was completed by 1:10 & I had my good dentist Goralys! Only one more appointment tomorrow to have my teeth cleaned - Thank the Lord.

58  
I felt a good lunch was due me, so I walked to D.W. Evans restaurant (how often I went there in other years) & had really quite a nice meal - good soup, hush puppy with bread & lettuce, & then really good vanilla ice cream. My bill was only 3 1/2 pence. This is a much more moderate place than the Red Carpet at Lyons - or even this amazing next door.

I had hoped to do some shopping for food but was too tired. I took a bus back & lay down till about 2:45 but I did want to get something away or so. It really took courage but I did venture out again. I walked - walked. First to the Self Service Place on Chancery St. where I got milk, a sandwich - then on to Lyons near the Cumberland. Here I did get a lot: 2 bananas, 2 apples, a fruit cake, Russian salad, cold slaw, - enough. I then took a bus back to my room & had a very late tea - really high tea at 5. Very good.

At 6 I watched television & heard the news & the regional news. It is always good. I must say I shall be happy to occupy <sup>the</sup> Room 2022 again where I was at first, when I have my own T.V.

The day was very warm. I was bus too warmly dressed. I simply doubt laure how to dress in London. One day the temperature is 75 - the next 63. What to do?

At 8 I went to Mrs. Cole's room for a chat. I always invite myself & she always seems pleased to see me. There is always something to talk about. Although she was educated mostly in Germany, her roots are in New England & every now & then we find someone both of us knows about!

Friday, August 20

I woke up to clouds & rain. The rain continued all day & was a perfect deluge. I was troubled in the night by the hum on the back of my right leg (steam from my kettle) & I asked Mrs. Davis for her advice. She said that a certain salve called NESTOSYL had done wonders for other similar troubles, so after breakfast with the very pleasant but dull Mr. Fielding I went out to a near by Pharmacy.

I got the stuff, though a foreign speaking man in the store said it wasn't for hums! but I didn't listen, came back & put the stuff on trying it up with a bandage I also bought - & prayed for the best.

I had an early lunch in my room at 12 then ventured forth with umbrella, raincoat on my last session with my dentist. Mr. Shepherd kept me waiting but he did a very nice job of cleaning my teeth. He leaves for his holidays at long last - at 4 P.M.!

Although the weather was filthy & the rain poured down, I felt I must do some more buying & exploration. I walked from Kingsgate St. first to John Hill & Claydon chemist, got resinol there & 200 aspirin for 1/2p. Then on to Woolworth's on Bedford St. Pile & pile of people - all dripping from the rain. Then I got this other, 2 pns. of stockings - 1/2p each. It is such a fabulous place that I must go again. Finally, I was brave enough to cross a No. 13 bus & got safely back by 3:10 P.M. There was a letter from the Board (just after I had written to say nothing had been forwarded!)

I had an early tea, for I felt famished. Then if you please, Mrs. Davis brought me a letter from Bob Hardy.



his creature. He writes from Arizona, where he goes to consult his favorite doctor. His news was that he leaves New York for London on Aug. 29<sup>th</sup>, leaves London for Beirut about the 4<sup>th</sup> of Sept. He goes of course to get his car from Beirut. I wish with him shortly - hope we can have some kind of a team - while he is here. I shall still be here at least until Sept. 30 - Sept 2. So I shall surely see something of him - very nice.

### Saturday August 21

This was my lucky day. I had had a fair night although bothered by my burn, and I partook of a fine breakfast of eggs & bacon but also I had had someone at about 9 A.M. Pman! Pman! I have been so careful this summer & have kept well - until this very day. I took one of my very strong pills and hoped for the best.

I wrote 2 letters - one to Bob Hardy & one to Phyllis. I actually went out to the Post office, which is open on Saturday - for stamps - only a step. The rest of the day was dull. I began after a hi-down to pack up - first for my visit to Greta & then the other suit cases, which I shall leave here for 2 days.

Mrs. Davis was very kind, sympathetic & she made lovely rice for me - which I had with for lunch & for supper. Terribly dull. I played some solitaire, read a book I got from the sitting room here - Doctress in Bohemia by H. G. Wells - a romance of a Jew from Austria, who fled to S. America. It is quite interesting, but not very thrilling - recommended by Mrs. Davis. I watched television from about 5:20 till after six. What a comfort TV can be.

### Sunday August 22

Rain to begin with - such a climate - but the weather improved with one other woman a little sunnier in the afternoon. I did the last of my packing (of course I was early!) & then waited for my dear Greta who arrived a little after 11 A.M. with her car. I took with me my B.S.D. bag & a suitcase, my coat, my umbrella and a string bag (such a floppy handbag) we embarked for Highgate.

It was lovely to get back to the Pond square house - Greta had evidently arranged a good breakfast party (my in-laws were quite normal) the guests were Dr. Goodman & Sir James Brown, the head of the Institute for civil servants, who lives in Highgate. He had such a good meal, such good talk - the men were most interesting. Sir James had been in the front line had been stationed in the East - Baghdad & Israel. Both these men are recent childless widowers. They stayed till after 3 o'clock - then I went for a good lie-down in the spare room - had a real rest.

Ken was at 5. He employed the evening with crossword clues along play on TV. The Three Sisters by Chekov - admirably done. Greta also showed me some ancient family photographs recently sent her by Hans Schwann. One of them was of my mother, in her youth with Elia on her back. I could identify this easily as I had seen it before, & Greta did not know who the child was. I left our bed at 10:15 though Greta was later, as she always is.

My case burn was a nuisance. I spoke to Dr.

Goodman about it but did not show it to him. He was unable to identify the medicine that Mrs. Davies had recommended. NBS to 341. He said there was no need of an ointment - keeps the thing covered & it will heal in time!

Monday August 23

Slept fairly well considering. The day began with clouds but there was no rain. Early on Greta & I started out. She to go on one of her eternal volunteer errands & I to do this that in the village. To visit the priest & see the head man for a possible ointment for my burn. He said no need of ointment - simply cover the wound up & it would heal itself with a scab - but it will take time! Tamam. Rather a relief.

I then went to the Bank for change, bought a stamp or two & cigarettes & went back to the house. Here I saw Mrs. Bowler, who let me in & then waited for Greta who came back about 11:30. We had an early lunch for me were due at Winnie Fleming's for bridge at 2:30.

We had to go via herties for my batteries, as I had been reduced to one only, which took a little time. Next thing we went to Wimbledon to Winnie's party home. The fourth guest was a certain Anglo-Indian very dark, with whom I have played before - his name Sybil Brown - very, very plain - but an excellent bridge player. He did have good long games - the m' between & then, if you please, Popper. He always plays for money (very little) & one came out like this: 1st Mrs Brown, 2nd Greta 3rd Evelyn 4th Winnie. Sam Popper was very good indeed & after that there

was television - Panorama - the Mediterranean scene & how it is changing. I thought the silly young tourists very noisy & very tiresome.

In the meanwhile, I was alarmed to find that 2 of my spectacles were not in my left bag. I feared one or other had fallen out, when ~~was~~ going to see my play tomorrow! This worried me all the way home - Greta drove up & down the brightly lighted streets - & he got home at about 10. I looked & looked in my glasses. One pair I found on my bed - but not the bi-focals which were much more important. Argh! I did worry. Then Greta came in & I told her my trouble. She scoured around the room, put her hand under the cushion in the armchair and Boo Greta, she came up with my glasses. Pure magic! She told me her mother had a reputation for bridge but articles, which amused me. An inherited ability evidently.

And so to bed with a quiet mind!

Tuesday, August 24.

Another day without rain & in the evening glimpses of sunlight. My dear Greta thinks I should have a shampoo more often & perhaps she is right. I hadly needed a trim so Anne the young hairdresser was called up & I went at 10 to have "the works".

When I do take having my hair shampooed - & all the rest - with my compounded hearing instrument tucked away, cotton in my ears, make it hear a word that is said - & hearing constantly that a splash of water on my instrument will damage it permanently. The joys (?) of deaf old age!

Well, I had "the words" & emerged looking like nothing on earth - curled back front & sides! I was back at the house by 11:15 & we had an early lunch at 12:15 as we were off to the theatre.

I took yet another place at the Vandeville, called House Over Hills. Marshall, which had been recommended by Winnie Klump - a little "on the edge" (Can you find a place today that isn't?) & I must confess it was most amusing & very well acted. He had seats in the first row of the stalls - very near - so that we could see everything - even the very blue eyes of the English players. The house was packed, even for a matinee, & I must say the audience, including ourselves, was highly amused.

I forget how far Highgate is from the centre of London. We drove in Anita's car to Kentish Town. Left the car there, & took buses to the Strand. And on the way back, the underground from Leicester Square to Kentish Town, where we re-trained the car to drive home.

It was then ready, 6:30 - he had a light supper in the living room (very good), then watched T.V. and later played solitaire, each of us. I was tired & had the budgets - and by 10:15 was ready to call it a day! But a very happy day.

Wednesday, Aug. 25

Bright sunshine to begin with. A letter from Zorapinkis, in his poor drunkenness handwriting. It is so sad seeing all one's friends grow older & more decrepit.

The morning slipped away but I was able to finish my packing & to write a long letter to Sarah. We were ready to leave Highgate at 11 o'clock on a little after & soon came to Thomson's Gate Maurice & I moved into my familiar double room, which was in a typical order. It was grandiose to the dining gate. There were letters for us - such a funny one from Sophie had about their new headquarters at Armagh - also official envelopes forwarded -

(Oh dear it is such a bother to have this change at Robert College) - Hannah, I suppose I shall survive!

I did a little unpacking & settling in and then went out, first to have a meal at eldest I'm other to buy food for mass meals. I got here to my room after 1:30 and was so tired! I lay down for an hour or so - wrote a note or two, read, then at 4:45 had a good cup of tea - & went to the nearby Stationer's for more letter paper and envelopes & labels. How easy everything is in London. A letter to Eleanor rather hurried.

A quiet evening in my familiar room - I retired very early - about 9:45 & except for my own own night noise (the back of it) I was truly comfortable. Thursday Aug. 26.

A good day as to weather - no rain. The Harvie family prepared to go for the day to Brighton, in spite of Amanda's strained ankle. Had my usual breakfast with him. Fielding in the living room.

But I was determined to go to the American consulate about this dearly Social Security notice which had been forwarded to me from B.C. I

started out at 10 - bus to Selfridge's then north  
Audley St straight to the American Embassy  
building. I was so relieved to discover it was  
the easiest possible job. I showed my pass-  
port & my request - complained that these papers  
always come when I am on holiday in  
England & got a reassuring smile from the nice  
lady. I signed the official (cumulative)  
request that was that. (I was able to post the  
fucky thing at 2 P.M.)

I then let thought me of Woulmerthorpe &  
took the underground to Bond St & got at W.  
more hair nets & 2 pairs of socks, one for Ali  
& one for Miss Brown! Then back to Lyons  
where I laid in a supply of mackerel & No. 13 P  
Hannover gate mackerels. This completely  
alone in the apt. - the Davies family in Brighton,  
plus Cete at the north on a visit to the Roman wall,  
Mr. Fielding in Town. I had a good snack  
lunch & lay down for an hour or half.

I was so pleased to be able to post my Soviet  
Security paper, when I went out at 2:30. I  
took the 74 bus to Harrods - I had had my  
2 books struck out this interesting diary of  
Frances Stevenson, about H.G. Wells. I was  
so pleased to get it, as it is only just pub-  
lished. And so home to the bus No. 74 again -  
the apartment still absolutely empty.

had television after tea which was interesting.  
I am delighted about my new sore burn on my right  
leg - behind the knee. I changed the bandage but  
the patch is still raw & seems to heal very very slowly.

Friday August 27

A fine day predicted. Warm. I decided this was a  
day of comparative leisure. Two letters to begin with - one  
from Laurence Picken, who is not to be in Cambridge on  
Sept 3; and one from Mr. Chelfont about forwarding  
my mail. Both very nice, though I am sorry not to see  
L.P.

I started out to get food for the weekend, especially  
as Monday is Bank Holiday. I walked <sup>down</sup> via  
Shaftesbury Place to identify Mr. Curran's office in case of  
need - then to the Self Service on Grosvenor St. I think  
I got a lovely good stuff for several snack meals  
& was back in my room by a little before 11. Then a  
cup of coffee as I had decided on a late lunch.

I had lunch at once - a snack one which was good  
then I lay down & read. Up at a little before 3. I had  
letters to write & only one I had written more. I sent  
Greta, Laurence Picken's note, for she should know we  
cannot see him on Sept. 2 when we go to Cambridge.  
I wrote also to Bill Baxter, who has recently become  
quite a faithful correspondent. And I also  
wrote John Chelfont about the forwarding of my  
mail. Later in the day I had a note from The Times  
saying that the cost now of the air mail edition of The  
Times for 3 months is £10.14. This seems a very  
fairly outrageous price. Should I afford it?  
Doubt everything in England has gone up. I find this  
true on every hand.

See I didn't have it 11.5 - the last meal of the day.  
It was good. After that television. Heavy thoughts  
& prayers for good health, careful planning & a  
happy conclusion to my nearly 2 months in England.

Saturday August 28

This was my unlucky day from every point of view. It was nice as to weather but sad nevertheless.

The burn on the back of my ankle continued to be very sore. I thought it would be reasonable to go to the Chemist, Curtis, on Baker St. Take his advice. I used him that every time I changed my bandage the wound healed - I was terribly sore. He said he would give me an ointment, which was roasting as well as an antiseptic. It is called "Beriplex" for minor lumps & scabs, scratches, & abrasions." I also bought a roll of bandage & 4 small band-aids

I then braved the elements, even though I was conscious of the pain in my leg, & took No. 13 to the Strand to look in to the Civic Service shop where I bought such delectable bedroom slippers, as order to get a pair for Agrip. What was my utter disgust to find the damn thing closed. This is the Bank Holiday weekend & everyone hangs in 3 days holiday. I do not blame them. I only wish I knew what shops were open and where. I think I will have to ask again - I saw all the shops & Street shops open, going by the heart & masses & masses of shoppers. Oh me! my unlucky day.

I got home round 12 & had my solitary snack lunch. Not too exciting. I couldn't get 1/2 bottle of cherry from the grocery shop - only full bottles -

After lunch I re-bandaged my poorer leg. When I pulled off the bandage, it bled profusely. I put on the new ointment & prayed! Now I shall not touch the damn thing for 2 days - give it some chance to heal.

I lay down & read Francis Steenerson's book on King George & Diary - found it interesting.

The family seemed to be out most of the day. I stayed put, as I thought I ought to rest my poorer leg - but I felt pained & melancholy. By all the doctor's accidents - to get my leg burned by steam from my electric kettle. The burn should have healed days ago.

My cat is away in the north. She returns tomorrow. Mrs. Fielding does not get home till Tuesday. So I therefore the only "guest" in the apartment.

Sunday August 29

This was a very quiet day, as I thought I should stay in most of the time & give my foot a chance to heal. I had had an excellent night - must have slept 8 hours at least.

I had to go out for food. So at 10.30 I went by bus to Lyons on Oxford St. - had a lot of supplies for 2 days & hope that does well. Then home to make lunch. Was a long lie-down. I indulged in a taxi back - 24p. with tip

For breakfast I had had a new acquaintance - her name Melinda etc. She is a genius at Vassar - last dressed horribly in a white shirt (T-shirt?) & blue jeans but she turned out to be a most interesting young thing. She has just returned from a European trip - France, Germany, Austria & Jugoslavia. De Tack proceeded about Athens where she had been earlier. She is enthusiastic about Rupert Brooke - visited his Cambridge (Grantchester) house - She lent me a book about him - here to me. She is a very intelligent young person - is writing a thesis on a re-evaluation (English) theme. I did enjoy her.

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I continued to read Frances Sturton on Lloyd  
George & enjoyed the book immensely.

The afternoon was punctuated by television -  
first a very silly film called Jungle to the Rich - so  
bizarre - American - much killing & quarrelling  
between two lovers.

Monday Aug. 30 BANK HOLIDAY

How I hate Bank holidays. Nothing to do -  
everything closed. I had a peculiar night & for too long.  
Breakfast not till nine - for too late. My lawn  
still very over-crowded - I felt completely  
"keg-sid" - I was surprised that there was a  
morning paper. I thought there would be none.

There may well be some Mrs. Davis £92.21 a  
large amount - now the dear lady wants Cash, as  
she hates the Government by not receiving checks  
which are taxed. "Every man for himself and the  
devil take the <sup>higdomest</sup> ~~interest~~ - I shall have ~~the~~ little time  
for love things as I feel so rotten. Bob Hardy was  
expected to arrive yesterday. I only hope he doesn't  
call me up -

This feels like Sunday. I am at a loose end  
and don't know where to turn. I played patience  
& turned on the T.V. at 12.25 & saw the silly Tony Show.

Then a phone came from that darling Greta  
saying she would come to call on me. I asked her to come  
for the album - I prepared such a minute report. But  
I was cheered. I lay down for 1 1/2 hours & read the  
book on Robert Brooks, which Miss Lee had lent me.

Then at 3.45 that dear Greta arrived. It  
saved my life! I gave her tea & we talked and  
talked. We made plans. I was suggested I call

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Mrs my dear Mr. Cowan to ask if I can come to his office  
in the P.M. Then if he isn't there, I am to let Greta  
know. I want to go with Frank, to Harrow to the  
Civil Service shop there are still on my agenda. I  
am to be ready to be called by Greta at 10.30 on  
Thursday the 2nd. He will go to Highgate & then in  
the P.M. I may be able to go to see Phoebe at Regent  
Palace Hotel - I think we have dinner with Eda B.  
that evening. The next day Cambridge, if all is well  
Very nice plans which I hope we can carry out.

At 5.30 Greta suggested a drive around the City  
in her car. That was very pleasant - gave me a  
lift. I forgot my keys by somewhere - but it comes  
back! It is always there.

Tuesday August 31

Such a day! One thing after another. Early on I tried  
to contact Mr. Cowan about my boat. Mrs. Davis called  
up his 9th Street Place office at 9.30 & a female answered  
said he was due later in the P.M. so I thought I would  
call then.

In the meanwhile I determined to go to the Bank to  
get the money to pay my bill to Mrs. Davies Baker St  
underground, change to Central line & then the Bank. I  
took out £12.5 (£92.21 for Mrs. D.) & the rest for my  
later expenses. It was a long trip. When I got out  
again at Baker St I walked, with my purse full, to  
43 Gloucester Place to get Dr. C. I rang the times at  
the door but there was no response - so I walked  
back to my room!

When I arrived I found 2 messages - one from  
Bob Hardy came from Greta. Greta said she would  
call for me at 2.15 & take me to her family doctor,

12. Playwright + I went to his house. (This) was happy to do, as I couldn't locate him. I had a cup of coffee + a piece of bread (from Mrs. Davis) + then that previous girl arrived. We drove to Hampstead + I was reunited by Dr. Playwright, + then into his office.

He had a fine job on my part. Gave me material to put out + told members to get ready. Dad gave me instructions as to what to do. No signs of infection - He said I could walk out if it might delay the leaving - He was a comfort. Then Gail drove me back to home. Gail + I drove to a rest - only after I went out to get a decent lunch. I went to Chicken Inn "had the works" - hot. or. vent. wine, ice cream. Again I lay down for more than 1 1/2 hrs.

What was my dismay to have Mrs. Harris tell me that Bob had called again but "she told him I was resting - couldn't be disturbed!" As all the officious messages. I was mad! She should have called me! Pff! She had some cock shell story that he would call again or he would call again at five.

Finally at 6 P.M. she called the Postman Hotel + came enough enough, got him. He invites me to tea tomorrow, Wednesday at four! Marshallah. He couldn't see me today. I'll let he be going to the theatre on his own! Anyhow the messages have got through + I hope! all is well! Well!

I write a letter to Margaret Swinton asking if the college can could meet me on arrival at Felixburg - on Sunday, Sept. 6. at 6.30 Here's hoping.

Wednesday Sept 1.

I slept badly + was worried about last things + how to get to Harrods, how to visit the Miss Service for shipping for things, how to contact Phyllis etc. And so on. I seem to have collected such a lot of stuff - I have bought only one dress, under, a r. lip, a pair of shoes. but my luggage, in my mind, looks formidable.

I had breakfast with Mr. Tiddings again - in the living room, but couldn't compass two passages - In fact I was really "iceberg" + wondered if I were going to be ill.

However, I called with at 10 or 20, + waited by the bus station. after getting some instant coffee from the Necker Bakes. I felt I must have coffee for home. I felt so funny - I was alarmed. I then walked down to the Chemist, Curtis, on Baker St. bought the gauge on. Playwright had recommended, but they didn't have the cream. However, they said, if I came back after 11:30, they would have got it. I left my doctor's paper + my name. I thought, then, that I might take a bus to Harrods, but I was lazy + failed a taxi - + asked <sup>the man</sup> him to take me to Harrods.

Then I gave back my Stevenson - Henry + George books + made my address to the Miss Mrs. Coleman. There was a rebate on my subscription I felt <sup>sure</sup> <sup>matter</sup> So - I went to the proper desk - the very nice woman there change, made calculations + so on - taking a very long time. To my utter surprise she handed me £ 3-50 - although I had taken out my subscription on arrival for the same amount. It was the 21/ of last year plus the fact that the subscription has gone up that meant I got such a large rebate. I really was astonished.

Feeling very unpleasant, I actually took another taxi  
back to Hammers Gate Mansions. (I did venture into  
The Food Dept. & asked again for the ice-cream com-  
position that I quite want - but to no avail)

My lunch was the meagrest affair - a sandwich  
with a cookie & coffee then I lay down for 1 1/2 hrs.

At 3:25 I started out to join Bob for tea &  
on my way got the cream solution at Curtis'  
Chemical shop expensive 90p. He would not  
give me back 12. Playwright's papers!! Why?

I then walked on to The Portman Hotel, where  
was that nice Bob in the lobby. I do like that  
hotel - comfortable & human & not too large. Bob,  
I thought, looked very well indeed - a little fuller  
in the face & his cheeks a healthy color. We went  
into the bar room & had such a nice comfortable tea -  
though rather firm & a large pot of tea. But we  
talked nineteen to the dozen. Bob leaves for  
Beirut on Saturday - BOAC - will spend a day or  
so there & then drive to R.C. about Sept 10. He  
had good advice about my 'permis de séjour'  
said that having would lose after it. I stayed  
an hour or half by that time it began to sprinkle.  
Bob said I must take a cab home - & so I did

Get this into the evening mail - I crawling along  
Grosvenor Place - price 27p. I gave him 30p.  
I had been throwing my money about all day!  
I bought a car curler that when I was at  
Hammers, I bought a bouquet of 10 pink roses  
for Mrs. Davies. When I reached my room it was  
12. I waited till 1 P.M. & Mrs. D. did not appear.  
So - I went to the kitchen. found a vase - full

the roses in water, before I lay down. Mrs. D. didn't  
arrive till after 2 & was then very warm & her  
thanks. I left my name on a near by table.

I found an arrival from Bob, a nice letter from  
Louise Davison. The rest of the P.M. was taken up  
with packing my suitcase ready for leaving to-  
morrow. I am appalled at the quantity of stuff  
I have accumulated & pray I won't have to pay  
excess baggage. Where does all the stuff come from?  
Mrs. D. evidently wants to show me out of my  
room at an early hour, so I see I shall be  
traveling by train to the Liverpool-on-Tyne  
waiting for Greta.

Tough Phuebs & Co board their plane for London  
& arrive at their hotel sometime tomorrow morning.

Thursday Sept. 2.

This was my last morning at Hammers Gate Mansions.  
I had breakfast alone in the living room, on the 7.  
was away in Holland. KJaps by special appointment!  
My bags were all packed & I only had to remain in the  
living room. read my daily paper & wait for Greta.

She appeared at 10:30 - & then it was goodbye to  
this life on this planet & Mrs. Davies & me were off in  
the car to Highgate. I was ashamed of my heavy luggage  
& many parcels. he was early, had a warm cup of coffee  
& I went, then upstairs to the dear familiar great room &  
in fact - set my breath.

he had a big lunch at 12:30 - & an hour later decided to  
call up Phuebs & ask him to stay at the Regent Palace.  
What was my astonishment to be told they were not  
yet in & registered! he agreed that Greta should  
go her way & welcome children, I would not. Then



we would be in an open mind about what to do later on his return.

I lay down for a long time & had a good rest. At 4:15 I made myself a cup of tea & before 4:30 Suta came in, she, too, was able to converse. She was due to go out again a little after 5.

Fortunately, she & I decided to call up Phoebe at the Regent Palace again & she beheld me just hold of her! Be & Esps were evidently as sleepy as owls. Phoebe said over the phone that she couldn't see me on Saturday, as they had another engagement, & it was decided that I am to go down to have lunch with them all on Sunday at 12. Puffe - they invited Suta too but I don't think she wants to go! Well - I shall set the visit I have stayed on to have and I hope it will be appreciated!

Friday Sept 3.

This was a huge day, fatiguing but greatly enjoyed. While there was no real sunshine, it didn't rain the day was mild.

We recovered around to put the house in order & Suta dashed out for a few purchases - then Eda Batherson arrived as she was invited to come with us to Cambridge, she was happy to do so, even though she was not included in our family party. The drive to Cambridge was charming - mostly on <sup>the</sup> straight highway A1 - & it took about an hour and a half - As we neared the beloved city, my heart was to welcome it. It is too late in my life I'm afraid to spend any three days in Cambridge as my own - but I wish I would.

he circled about, saw the lovely towers & narrow streets then made for Trumpington to join Phyllis in her new apartment - 19 Crossway Garden, Muriel way. The building is quite new, built for elderly people in most modern apartment - & largely for Cambridge folk, although Phyllis was able to make a bid as Amanda, her daughter, is only a few miles away at Boston.

Phyllis apt. is minute, but, I imagine, adequate. One large room, a tiny kitchen, & a bathroom, with a large table cupboard for higgys & other. She welcomed us very nicely & looked, I thought, very well. What is there about Phyllis that I can't get at? She talks continually, asks almost no questions, & while very pleasant, is not really interested in the thoughts or activities of her friends. I may be mistaken, but that is the impression. A very nice person, a good mother, but not really interesting.

She gave us sherry, then took us to lunch at the Garden House Hotel, which I was so glad to see again. The place was full, although it was by this time 1:30 P.M. The menu was very good but the service slow - slow. I had fish (sole) & the others had lamb & game. There was soup but both P & S had dessert but I couldn't compare it. My appetite is not too famous. he had an apple in the garden & I was sharply reminded of the time when my dear mother spent a few days in this same hotel. As it was late we decided we would go, all of us, straight to Amanda's at Boston, which we did. And such a friendly group as welcomed us. They were

Aranda's two blue eyed boys, Pilgrim and Alexander, Judith the two, Robin and Helen. The clever Aranda, who looked so nice, had arranged for a very competent woman to look after the children, while we had another in the pretty living room. A sumptuous tea & much talk. Judith (who never answered the note I sent her) was much more friendly than usual. She looked blooming - marriage has done wonders for her & made her much more human. My (his, in his car, joined us & we were a very happy chattering company.

We left early-ish, drove back to Cambridge, hoped to look in at King's College Chapel, but found it locked - alas - however we did see the lovely, lovely green lawns, & some buildings. I took Greta to Queen's College & we walked across the wooden bridge, & then the ancient courts. For this time, it was nearly six & we went to find Eda Patterson. The arrangement was that he was to meet her at the Fitzwilliam Museum. It was a drive - & for a time, Greta couldn't find her as the museum was closed - but she finally did. We huddled into Greta's car again & stretched the long - 1 1/2 hrs. - trip back to Highgate.

Although it was nearly 8, we had drinks, the three of us, & then a very late supper of soup & cheese biscuits & fruit. Eda stayed on a bit, then Greta took her home. I called it a day & went to bed, putting my head on my pillow at 10 - and called it a day! again!

Saturday, Sept. 4

Only a fair night. I worry about my home journey! and it keeps me awake.

This was a very quiet day - no visiting - thoughts about packing; the morning was illuminated by a telegram to me from the dear Eullons. It said they would meet my plane on Monday afternoon - I do think they are the kindest people in the world. Now let us hope that all will be well & that I arrive safely at my destination.

Greta went off for a bit & a nearby suburb & was able to find the bedroom shipper I wanted to Aziz - black with bright embroideries. I was pleased. The price was the same I paid for mine 30 Pence - I was so relieved for I thought I would have to go back to the Civil Service Shop on the Strand to get the things. I am now all set: instant coffee for camping; socks for kids and socks for Ali, shipper, aspirin & crepe bandages for Aziz. I do hope they will be pleased.

We had a sociable evening - first the 2 of us - white wine, Television, that. What happy memories I shall carry away with me.

Sunday, Sept 5.

A perfectly beautiful day of heavy sunshine from early morning till late afternoon. Engaged at its best. The morning was busy with packing for me to bind out if I was ever so tight - Greta thinks not. I do hope I have been wise.

At 11:40 Greta and I took the car to the Regent Palace Hotel to meet Phoebe & her 2 home cronies. We arrived at the hotel on the day of 12. There they were: Phoebe, Lilian Egan, Trama Egan, Lilian Sharpley

he did have such a nice time. They welcomed us so warmly - all feeling fairly well - not much older. They had 2 double rooms opening into each other - he did not go up at once but was ready to start out for a restaurant to have lunch - the wife & I - he walked only a few blocks to a place called Swiss Centre where we were able to get a table for 6 - I had a most sumptuous meal - 3 courses & wine. Phoebe sat next to me & asked me a thousand questions. Lillian was opposite - a chain smoker as always. How we all talked, how we all exchanged news of our Turkish friends - Phoebe tells me and talks of John's love or, more in h.3.R. Give me news of hermie's situation & family. The whole luncheon was charming, animated & interesting.

These four friends have tomorrow vehicles. They have promised a car for a week or two. They return then for a few days in London, after including Scotland in their schedule. Then they fly to Spain, where they will see the John Priests at Valaya. They will not stay with the Bishops, but independently in hotels which is a much better idea.

After lunch we migrated to Phoebe's room where there was more talk, more questions, more news. And then it was goodbye (about 3 P.M.) I am glad I stayed on in London to see these very nice people - great friends - awfully nice women.

I bet all in. We drove back to Highgate

+ I lay down on my bed - for more than an hour. I perhaps had better minds but not more. Then tea at 4:30 - one cup - Tamer!

Monday Sept 6.

The day of my journey home, after such a long and colorful sojourn in England.

I was all packed early on and sent my luggage downstairs. Greta had various errands to do & went out twice. At ~~10:00~~<sup>10:15</sup> or so we had a cup of coffee but the time dragged. Finally at 11:30 Greta & I with my luggage, started out for the B & K terminal. I was full of nervousness & must have been a bore to my dear Greta. But the fact is, my hearing is less good, & my courage less robust. We reached the Terminal in very good time; my luggage was weighed and passed & then we went down to No. 12 exit to wait for the coach - It must have been terrific for my dear Greta as we had a whole half hour before I had to bid adieu. I do so love Greta and she has been an angel to me all this summer - I should say goodbye. I was able to give her £20. like I left in her expenses on my account & I gave the nice Mrs. Barlow a pound.

Our knock to the airport was only a third full. When we arrived, I decided to attach myself to a young man, whom I said he was going to Istanbul. I don't think he was much thrilled <sup>but</sup> he was polite & silent. Each year the airport waiting room seems to be enlarged - at least changed! I am glad I had the courage to ask if I could go away with this young man (a Canadian &

said) as I actually did not hear the announcement of the Gate to which St. Paulus passengers were to go. It was Gate 19 I was treated along. For the first time, the passengers were asked to assemble in a nearby hangar - there we sat for a few moments (I, not the four young men!) but what was my surprise to have Mrs. Larson come up & say they were all travelling home on the same plane.

I sighed a sigh of relief when I took my seat in First Class - at last I was really & really on my way. There were really two other passengers - a man & wife. Well - as well as on the deck - I must say the journey was one of the easier & smoothest I've ever had. He did have a little motion, a head wind, half way there. He saw nothing as we were above the clouds.

Queta had handed me a Crossword Puzzle book as she left & there was a hahn! The time seemed very short. We were served a most excellent meal - shrimp, fish, wine with our meal - four courses - one of which I skipped. The steward was more than attentive & everything went like clockwork.

It wasn't really dark when we arrived - exactly 3 hours & ten minutes from the time we left London. - 6:30 meal time, but only 5:30 by our clock.

Getting off was easy. There was no customs inspection. And before I knew it, there was John & Margaret Erection to welcome me in their car.

Really, they are the kindest people in the world as I have said before. I thought they would send a colleague & chauffeur - but no - John Erection drove his own; his wife and I sat in the back seat. We chatted our way thru the lights of the city & got to Huntington House in about an hour.

And there again was my faithful Aggie - she kissed my hand & carried in my luggage. The Erections tried to thank - they are really so good.

The house, as always, was in apple-pie order with flowers everywhere. I went through the usual routines - got out sheets for the bed, presented my presents (they always seem not nearly good enough) to my two (nephews) & then Aggie went home & Ali down stairs.

There was no one upstairs. I am afraid all the belongings have left. I am sorry. I heard from Margaret Erection that the Higgins have a daughter, Amy, born a month early, & - beats at first, but now all right. I am glad it is a girl.

I am fortunate mortal to have this comfortable home, such faithful servants and such good friends.

No memorable summer in various ways. My only regret is that I am not growing any younger!

Notes:

Record of members of The Reading Group 1971-1972

Sylvia Kraus  
Clare Van Vorst  
Ellen Schuman  
Margaret Sutton  
Edith Spain  
Eveline Scott

Record of members of The Reading Group 1972-73

Sylvia Kraus  
Ellen Schuman  
Molly Shales  
Anna Edmunds  
Louis Bonens  
Gertrude Dodson  
Eveline Scott

Books Read Summer 1971

1. Life of Fred Coward by Sheridan Morley.
2. Memoirs by Julian Husley vol. I.
3. Ten only his time - the life of Dorothy Parker by John Keats. (Ten might as well live)
4. In his way by George Brown
5. by Tom Stacey himself ed. by Holroyd.
6. Byron, a Portrait by Leslie A. Marchand.
7. The Best of Hugh Kingsmill edited by M. Holroyd.
8. Around the world - other Places by Slick Chase
9. My world as theatre by Peter Dinklage.
10. Lloyd George, a Diary by Frances Stevenson ed. by A.J.P. Taylor

Repetition - Summer Schedule.

Flew to London - July 13, 1971

July 13-19 at Rock House with Greta

July 19-29 at West End Hotel

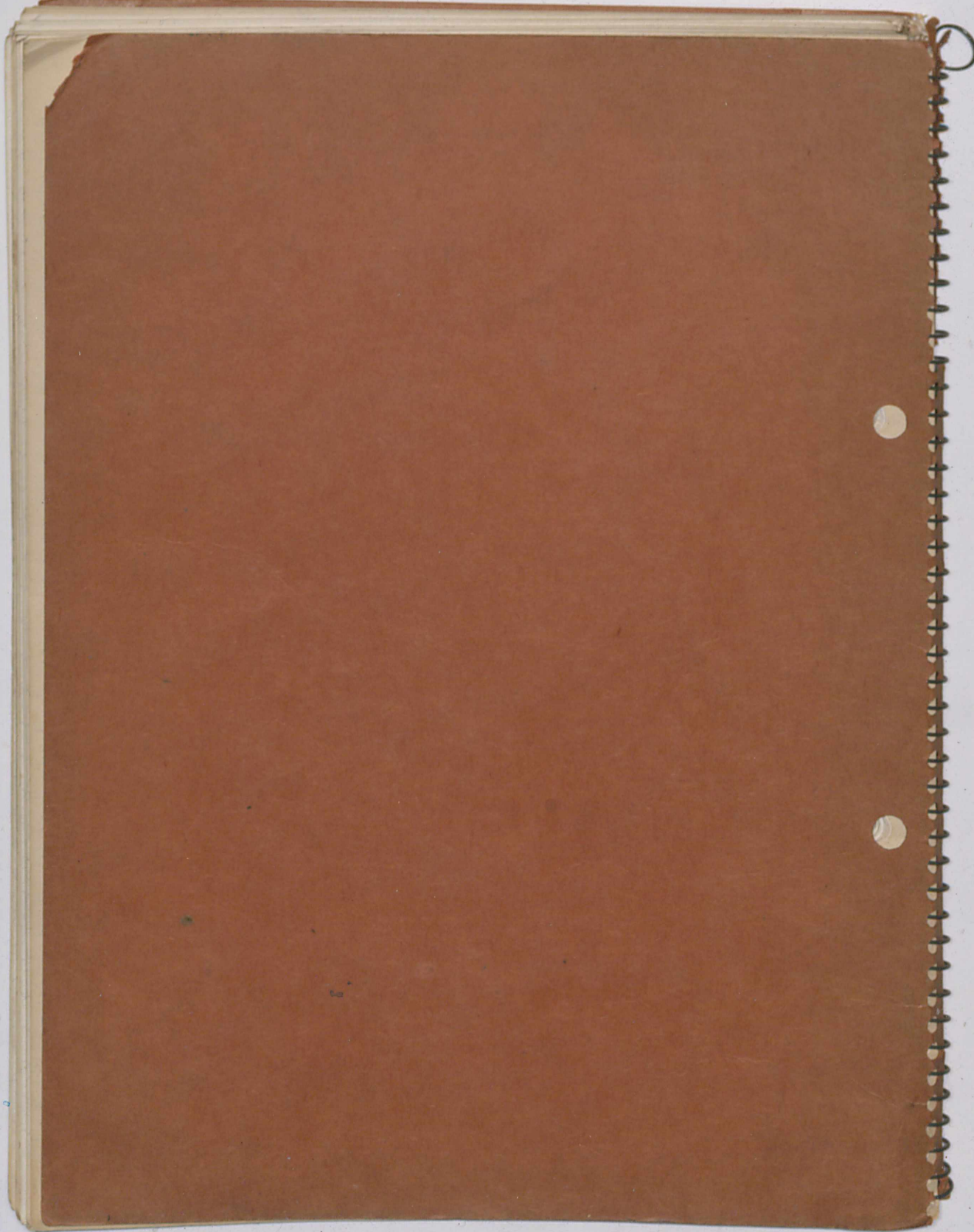
July 29 - Aug. 17 Hammer Gate mansions - large double room.

Aug 17 - Aug 22 Hammer Gate mansions - Miranda's room.

Aug. 22 - Aug. 25 Rock House with Greta

Aug 25 - Sept 2 Hammer Gate mansions - large double room.

Sept 2 - Sept 6. Rock House with Greta



**Boğaziçi Üniversitesi**

**Arşiv ve Dokümantasyon Merkezi**

**Kişisel Arşivlerle İstanbul'da Bilim, Kültür ve Eğitim Tanıtı**

**Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu**



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