

Diary 1951

Century

NOTE BOOK

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A John Dickinson
PRODUCT

Diary
of
A summer Holiday in England
1951
— — —

Euclia Scott.



Istanbul fading away!

Diary

July 29 Sunday -

After days of noise on the house, I booked clean & bare. Pups all in naphthaline, curtains down, book cases covered up w/ newspapers. Last instructions to Andrea, bills all paid - the place empty. We were up at 6:30 - as I had sent Solvia off yesterday, I got the breakfast of coffee, eggs, toast & jam - some were ready w/ anything by the time Suley-man appeared. Goodbyes on the campus from Allen & Ray were over.

The neat little Barletta was along the quay & we took too long to get aboard, but that is only to be expected! Ann Stateroom is one flight down - clean & comfortable. We find the redoubtable Sabrina Gili in second class - also Dr. Hans' father - in law Mrs. Martin, on his way to Athens - & an ^{R.C.} graduate from Dgim, who is in the tobacco business. We were off on the dot - 10 a.m. Our table companions are an Italian & his wife, who have been in Istanbul for a year or half. He is an industrial engineer & has been working in a rubber factory in Egypt. They speak French & are friendly. The knits talks about "mon petit - fils" - An American girl, Barbara Clarke, is on board, having taken the cruise from Venice to Istanbul & back - she sails to all places, from Portland, Oregon, which she speaks of as a provincial & conservative backwater! She is living in the village in New York & works at Rockefeller Center in a film company, reading scripts. She must have some private



11 + 3. Passengers on the Borletto



The Corinth Canal

means for she is taking a whole year out abroad, & is not sure whether she will take up her job, on returning.

The meals are overpowering - far too much to eat, far too much work for waiters & for washers up! Not my idea of democracy. The sea lovely, calm & blue - thru the Dardanelles by the evening - with chattering parrot-gens leaning over the rails. We hear every language - Greek, Turkish, French, English & German - a typical mediterranean hodge-podge. We put back our watches an hour & slept well.

July 30 Monday

After a good busy night, we breakfasted at 8:10 & found a smooth but windy Aegean around us. As we sat at breakfast, we passed lovely Sunnion lighted up in the morning sunlight & thought of the returning mariners from Troy. We reached Athens at 11 A.M. & steamed alongside of a huge Panama-flagged ship, evidently a cruise steamer, with dark-skinned sailors. We did not get off. It was hardly worth while, even for enthusiasts, for besides being very hot, the time was too short - only two hours.

The evening was heavenly - purple & blue - the indigo blue of the Gulf of Corinth. At 2:30 we had passed thru the Corinth Canal, which we eagerly watched on all sides & I got several good pictures of it. I am now using my new camera & feel more at home with it.

I was slightly upset, so I lay low part of the day. It was no trip to do with the ship. Again we put back our watches an hour and went to bed very early.

July 31 Tuesday

A quiet day in which I hardly exerted myself at all! Slight digestive trouble - which soon righted itself.

At 1:30 we reached Brindisi - hot sunniest. My port on the flat sands. We saw many bathers on nearby beaches. Sailing pleasure boats manned by tanned young persons, with a minimum of clothing. We were there over an hour & left again at 2:30. The Adriatic could not have been smoother - a perfect calm. Blue, blue water, with no land visible for the rest of the day. We had lunch, talks with Bontara Clarke, who is a well-read person, rather nice really, if a bit spiritist. Her address is 32 Downing St. N. Y. C. where she has an apartment. She was an only child, with a somewhat possessive mother, against whom I fathered, she rebelled. Now the mother has died, she has come with some money. I should say, she utters she will never return to Portland, Oregon! We turned in early & slept like tops.

Aug. 1. Wednesday

All day we sailed over a perfectly beautiful Adriatic - the weather was more than kind. We listened to the perpetual chatter of our cosmopolitan companions & I, for one, was glad that our journey was no longer. I knitted & read, slept & then packed. Towards seven we entered the port of Venice - a most exciting event always. Red sails on little boats warned us we were near. Then gradually the wicker city rose out of the lagoon & we were able to distinguish familiar landmarks - the Rialto, the Campanile

maria de la Salute & even the Piazza - with
Domenico's & the Bridge & high.

Our ship was forever to leave in the
Guedeca - & such a mess as it was getting
off. We hoped to take his Charlie with us
in one gondola - but no, two too gondola
were enough. Instead of getting off on the
quayside, our luggage was hoisted down
painfully along the narrow gangways, then
we ourselves crept down, hanging on to
a bluish rope banister, to step into a
swamping gondola. But the ride was
lovely - of the shift of breezes. We were
propelled thru narrow canals - across
the Grand Canal to our hotel the Bona-
chiata, where we were given a somewhat
glorious view overlooking a narrow lane
opposite a neighboring balcony.

We unpacked. Downstairs was a note
from his Boyer, asking us if we would
like to lunch tomorrow with her at Torcello
(no - we have too little time) - & saying she
might call in again, as she was in Venice.
We went out & discovered we were scarce-
ly three minutes from the Piazza. It was
too good to be true. St. Mark's rose up
in the dark at the end of the great open
space - his walked about - then
could not resist an ice-cream at Florian's
for old sake's sake.

When we returned to the hotel, we
found his B. had called again! How
I should telephoned to her hotel, but with no
success. So we went up to bed at
10:30 - & slept surprisingly well, con-
sidering our long day.



St. Mark's



12.13. by the Accademia
Bridge, Venice.

August 2. Thursday

This was our Venetian day. How can Connie Johnson say that Venice is pretentious & pompous? A lovely city - with a unique attraction which to me, never pales. We had breakfast at an outdoor terrace of the hotel & started off towards the Piazzà, as all good pilgrims should.

St. Marks gleamed dull gold in the brilliant sunshine. We were able to go in & walk about its jeweled interior - but there were so many tourists of every nation under heaven, more Americans than others - so we fled after a bit. Walking under the arcades we came upon Barbara Clarke sitting having her morning coffee - he joined her for a few minutes; I was pleased & surprised, when she invited us to have lunch with her later. While I was sitting talking to her, I strolled up & down looking at the intriguing wares for sale, & after much cogitation bought a yellow head necklace & filigree ring for the label. Each cost 1000 liras - which in American money is only about \$1.50. As I bargained I got 600 liras knocked off in each case!

Our next move was towards the Accademia to see the pictures. I carried my camera, & could not resist several snapshots of palace & gondola - & intriguing canal by the way. At the Accademia we saw beautiful pictures - (including the Carpaccio with its mandolin-playing boy, a print of which hangs in our living-room) but the huge was Titian's lovely Presentation of the Virgin - a fresco in a smaller room. There we sat on benches & contemplated beauty.

At 12:30 we met Miss Clarke who took us to a charming restaurant called Taverna Terise under an awning, where we had delicious things to eat, including a shrimp hors d'oeuvre he had her goodwill after that & expressed our thanks as best we could.

At 4 a woman's man came to the hotel, we stepped into a gondola again & were rowed to the station. As we waited for our friend Zippers, whom should we spy but Miss Boyer, looking very cool, chic & summery, & bearing a gift (2 nylon stockings & some Kleenex, no less) in her hand. She had an animated conversation, when she told us all her station itinerary, most of which we could not follow.

On board the train, which left at 5:15 - with supper in the dining car & a swinging night as we moved towards Switzerland & France.

Aug 3. Friday.

Our breakfast on the train was really good. Fresh croissants & good coffee. France passed by on either side & we were astonished to arrive in Paris at the Gare de Lyons at 9:30.

As our train did not leave again till 11:50 & from the Gare du Nord, some newspaper man assured us that our baggage would be safe, we decided to get out & have a glimpse of Paris & give Eleanor a surprise as we knew she would be stopping at the Hotel Continental. So we hopped into a taxi & drove to Rue de Castiglione - where we were somewhat amazed by the size & style of the Continental. We rang up Eleanor & she had

the surprise of her life. I went up to a very well appointed room, while she dressed. Then we came downstairs, sat out in the central courtyard, strolled. She looked very well - somewhat matly, appropriate clothes! After a bit, when we had cleared her new (she had evidently had an interesting most strenuous couple of hours in France) we taxied to The Gros du Nord took our seats at a pavement cafe' opposite the station, where we indulged in more talk & some very good Dubonnet à l'heure. A touch of Paris we both appreciated.

Eleanor came to see us off on the platform & our train drew out at 11:50 as promised. Then a run to Calais & on board our stout channel steamer, with passengers from the Golden Arrow. A perfect crossing in late afternoon sunshine; no customs to speak of, & a train waiting for us, with tea set out on the tables between our seats. Lovely. Down with it while cliffs brought an extra heat to my throat. I spied the castle & the little town on top of the cliffs. At Victoria, we took our usual taxi drive around Buckingham Palace & along the Mall to our familiar 17 Grosvenor Gardens. Such a good welcome from The Robinsons - lots of mail, & a much better room this time, on the left of the stairs joining to the dining room - more light, better electricity, - larger space. We unpacked, had good hot water, after our grimy journey & so to bed - our first night in London.

Pictures from Bob of his wedding - awfully nice. Virginia looks like a real person - both smiling broadly. Very satisfactory.

Aug. 4 Saturday.

As it was Bank Holiday Saturday, we found we needed shop - ~~so~~^{so} we set out (early) & early, that is about 9:30 (b.f. is very late here - 8:30 on week days; 9 on Sundays) & went first to the Chase National Bank for money. We then went tickets for 1) water of the moon for Mon. night 2) The tone of the waves for Wed. night (1st bath of wh. we shall take Eleanor and Caesar + Cleopatra for Tuesday evening, Sept. 4. We then parted. H.H.S. went to buy shoes & Evelyn to shop for dresses at Boots on Regent St. The first few hours of London's shopping streets are a little short of interesting! We lunched at The Quality Inn, recommended by Bill Davis - on Leicester Sq. Fairly good (coffee excellent) but we sat opposite two lovers, who sat & sat us out!

We had telephoned to Greta early in the day & she invited us for tea and dinner. So - after a rest at 7 Endsh. we set out by underground & bus to Pond Square where we found the 3 dears - Wilfred, with a not very good colour, but no thinner & very cheery; Greta, very thin & swam; Jennifer on the eve of departing for Austria tomorrow. We had an excellent tea - when Greta suggested driving us to Kenwood, which we did. Beautiful grounds around wh. we walked, chattering the while. Did so, back to Pond Square where we had a very good dinner indeed - with wine for celebration & H.H.S. much talk of the South Bank Ex. At 9:30 Wilfred, notwithstanding our protests, said he would drive us home, which he did, easily & well.

Aug. 5. Sunday

After a late breakfast at 9 (our first kipper!) I telephoned to Winnie Johnson in her hearty hospitable way, she invited us to have dinner with them that day. She sounded very chipper over the phone. At 11:30 we started out for Chelsea & found their place without much difficulty, tho' we had to walk from King's Road. (I discovered later in the day that No. 39 was from Tottenham Ct. Rd goes right by their flat.)

The Gladwin's Cheese walk apt is nothing to write home about. It is above a tobacconist & flights up very narrow stairs the furniture & appointments are shabby. There are some rather fearful modern pictures on the walls - mostly Mrs. Gladwin's efforts - a jip of flowers, for instance, with a human ear growing out of one side. The Johnsons were fine & the baby, a perfect pet - well intelligent & adorable. She was whisked out to lunch & had before we had our lunch - wh. by the way, was very good. Her hot shooters had all the gossip - Hunter, Boyd & Phil Walker had all stayed with them in that tiny place. There are several rooms to be sure - a sitting-dining room, 2 bedrooms, bath kitchen - nothing of a hall. Connie spoke of the Ruston-Greenwood wedding & the Fullers, who are in London - & so on. After lunch Mrs. Fuller called up & said she & her son would be coming to tea, ~~but~~ and the Johnsons pressed us either to stay on or go home back. But we thought enough was enough.

We left at 3 & as we were at the Albert Bridge, we tho't we might take a ride down

the river in a motor in the lobby, to find a small booklet explaining the bridge, upon both banks as we went down. We visited the Exhibition Grounds on the South Bank - saw monuments by the way - finally got out at the Tower.

On the way back we called at the Cumberland to see the Cellars if possible but they were out. They called us up later - asked us to come in tomorrow evening. We had dinner at the Ambassadors Hotel - which was quite good.

Aug. 6 Monday Bank Holiday.

Early we went to meet Eleanor at the Goring Hotel where she was ready for anything. We had decided that the first thing she must do was to see London. So we took a circular tour from Victoria - (just under 2 hrs) it was most interesting & instructive. He passed all important sections & an enthusiastic conductor expounded as we went along.

After that we walked along to Green Park in front of Buckingham Palace (how nice a prison, said Eleanor!) took the underground to Baker St. where we got out to have lunch at the Berkeley Court Restaurant - It was nice, though Eleanor is a critical creature, when it comes to food! I am glad to see she can now eat & drink anything. When we came out of lunch, it was simply pouring - oh well for Bank Holiday - so he patted, each going home - We had tea at the Ambassadors after a rest then, later, went to The Haymarket

theatre, where E. met us in the lobby, to see
waters of the moon, with Sybil Thorndike, Wendy
Hiller, Edith Evans & Kathleen Harrison. A
comic colonel in the play was Harold Scott!
It was full of wit & very amusing but thin
& I must confess I missed a good deal of it.
But it was interesting to watch those accom-
plished actresses, going through their tricks.

Aug. 7 Tuesday

It was raining! However we had deter-
mined on going in a car (paid for by Eleanor)
to Canterbury we were off by 10. We went
a long time from South London, blurred
by mist & rain then out into the country
via Maidstone & the Dover Road. Harold
had secured the car. The chauffeur was
very agreeable.

When we arrived in Canterbury, there
was a perfect downpour, so that we had
to take shelter in a W. H. Smith shop near
our car park. Much damage has been done
to the town by air raids - but miraculously
the Cathedral escaped. We made tracks
for it at once & were amazed again at its
heavily noble proportions. Our lunch
was a definite failure. Harold had asked
what was the best restaurant, but he
failed to secure a table. The consequence
was, when we arrived, the place was full
we were relegated to a stuffy upstairs
room & service was slow. Darn! Next
sorry for Eleanor.

We saw the Cathedral a second time &
went then to the cloisters of the King's School -
At 2:30 or so we started back & were
home by 6. Eleanor had heard from

Cameos of History. Canterbury Cathedral contains thirteen hundred and fifty years of history of Church and State, since the coming of Augustine in 597. Though only one King of England, Henry IV, is buried within its walls, and one Prince of Wales (Edward the Black Prince), many English kings have visited the Cathedral; some have done so many times. Henry II did his famous penance at the tomb of St. Thomas of Canterbury in 1174; Richard I came straight from Sandwich to Canterbury on his return from the Third Crusade. Henry III (aged 14) was present at the translation of the bones of St. Thomas on July 7, 1220. From this day onwards, pilgrims in thousands - in tens of thousands - passed up and down the celebrated Pilgrims' Steps on their visits to what is now but an empty space. By the orders of Henry VIII everything was swept away in 1538. But here knelt Henry V on his return from the victory of Agincourt; and here came Henry VIII himself just before his visit to France for the Field of the Cloth of Gold.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL
VIEW FROM THE NORTH WEST CORNER OF THE CLOISTERS

friends in France or a fine restaurant - 72 St. James' St. Premier insisted on taking us there at 7:30 - we had a sumptuous most expensive meal - really the cost of it pained my economical soul! E. took us home in a taxi then drove on to her own hotel.

Aug. 8. Wednesday.

This was a very crowded day. In the P.M. we went on separate ways - I to shop for the best time; H.F.S. to get in touch with Taylor & Co. South. I got a nice green umbrella at Selfridge's, a cardigan (green) at Jaeger's on Regent St. & a blouse at B.H. White - very nice.

I met Eleanor at L'Écu de France on Gerrard St. for lunch again we had sumptuous fare - very good French food. Then we met H.F.S. on the steps of the National Gallery. He had with him a certain Bert Hillier, whom he was interviewing as a prospective tutor (such a nice man - but alas word came from F.H.B. that the place was filled. We decided then to go to the Tate instead of the Nat. Gallery which we did. There I saw many of my old favourites - Victorian & "old hat" but still very much liked by youngsters. We were tired when we got home: he had no tea.

At 7:15 we met E. in the lobby to see her to see The House of Four Colonels by Peter Astor - a witty extravaganza which was odd to say the least. Peter Astor is an unattractive person - strangely clever, I should say. One or two of the scenes dragged but most were good. Eleanor's comment was that the play was v. cynical.



Tower of London.
The White Tower, East Side and Wardrobe Tower.
A 4

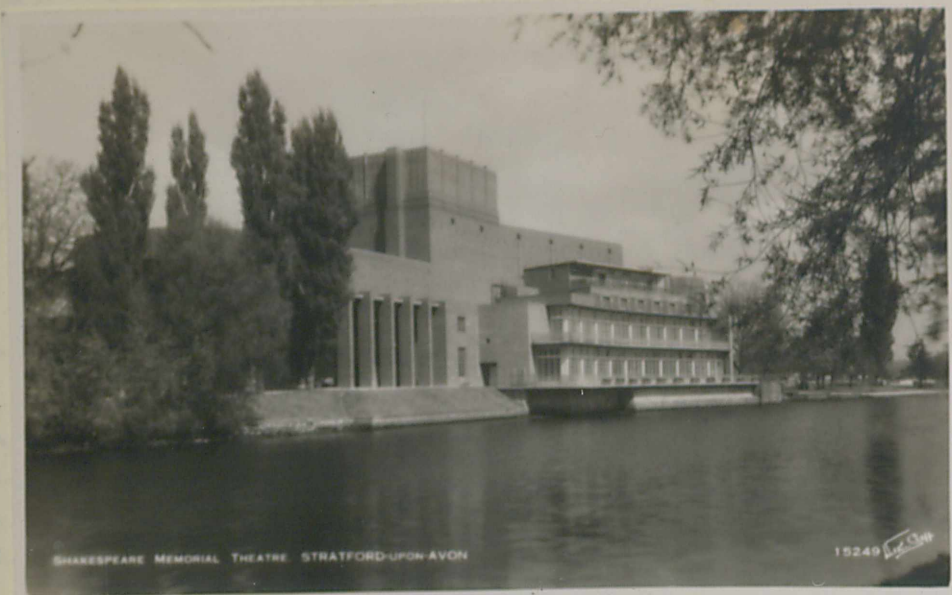
Ministry of Works

we were all hungry by 10. so went to The Quality Inn. Had sandwiches, ice cream + coffee of all better - then saw Eleanor off in a taxi + home.

Aug. 9 Thursday

This was Eleanor's last day in England. We met her at her Hotel + went by underground to the Tower, where we spent the morning. She was greatly intrigued - so were we - really - for it had been years since we had been there. We bought guides + they were intelligent. The day was fine - with some sunshine - things were looking their best. E. wanted to see the Crown Jewels so we waited for her on a stone wall. As we were sitting there who should walk up but Pierre Dietz her father. The father is nice - very capt. spoken like his daughter. Louise tells us she is spend her winter in Paris - doing what I wonder? She is a disintegrated sure ripe for some definite goal. Marriage? Perhaps.

We took E. to the old Cook Tavern in Fleet St. + hope she was impressed by the atmosphere. I am afraid, however. She was a little disdainful of the food, but was too polite to say so! After lunch, we hurried goodbye in good luck she was off in a taxi to Madame Tassard's on her own. We shopped separately. I got a nice blouse + a cheap skirt at Marks + Spencer. Then I had a manicure at D. H. Evans (charming young manicurist) + home by 4. Tea at the Ambassadors - then back to 7 Ends. Very glad of a quiet evening after our strenuous, but enjoyable fine day with Eleanor. Happy, sending to her!



SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

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HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

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Aug. 10. Friday.

Requining of our motor trip. Lysbetines + packed. Telephoned to Steve that a good talk with her. She tells us Cecil, after making what seemed a good recovery, has had a setback. Poor man. We got the 10:50 to Bedford + Ken + Amanda met us at the station at 12:08. We went straight to the house, where we saw Phyllis - + her two guests Mrs. Shinn Conry - bright from New Zealand. The hall was full of luggage + gear. But such a cheerful air about everything. Handed Kenneth over to a Rotary lunch, while I had a relation with the family.

At 2:45, after putting luggage on top of the car under a tarpaulin, we were off! Amanda has grown in a charming child of Ken. Phyllis began the motoring, but she soon shared it. The latter is a better driver than he was, but not as good as Phyllis. We passed through such pretty country via Northampton + Keanington Spa to Stratford, wh. we reached about 5:45 - K. had washed plates in a small but nice house - 95 Toyler Road. We dined hurriedly + started out for dinner at the Memorial Theatre restaurant. Such a charming place - just above the Avon, where swans glide down the river in an occasional small boat stimulated by.

Am play was Henry IV Part I - + the 2 best actors - Michael Redgrave as Hotspur + Peter Quagli as Falstaff. It was magnificent acting + wonderful scenery. While our seats were good (in the dress circle) I wouldn't hear a word. However, I kept this dark. Knowing the play, watching the



THE OUTER COURT LUDLOW CASTLE

acting were interesting. In the interval, we gathered at a large window & watched a crowd of young people dancing hoaridances on the green. A "truly, rural" British scene. We doacked home thru lighted streets at 11 - & slept very well in our clean, comfortable beds.

Aug. 11 Saturday

Such a day! Raining somewhat when we woke. But we had determined not to leave at the weather! Our hosts gave us a very good breakfast & then we set out to see the town & to set ready to go. H. & I went to Holy Trinity again & to the Birthplace, for it was 15 years since I had been in Stratford longer since Harold had. At 11:15, after K. & P. had packed up a picnic lunch, they were ready to start off, which we did - via Northampton. We had an excellent wayide lunch on the main road, K. & P. raining very hot water in their special "Tatum" - & on me speed.

We stopped at Ludlow, a fascinating, still medieval wocrip town, with old streets & buildings - we went over the ruins of Ludlow Castle (where Milton's Comus was first performed) - the edge of Wales - & the beginning of Edward I's castles. Phyllis had friends in Ludlow - 2 women, who had recently built a cottage there. She found them & we all had to go & pass the time of day - which was a mistake for our time was short.

Then we started out on the long, long trail to Bolgerley - most of the time thru the most awantahing downpours - he passed thru Welshpool, Bishop's Castle & then to Gomers, wocrip up each place as we came to it - in our Muirhead's England - he finally reached



Gateway - Tynlon Isaf
Bontddu



Tynlon Isaf
Bontddu

at 6:45 (when I had said we would arrive at the Shaws at 5) + drove on some 6 or 7 miles to the village of Bontddu. Do you think we could find their house - up down, up down that narrow mountain road (the views thru the blur of rain were superb) asking every 10 or 20 of this one or that where was the house called Tynlon - Isaf. We took an hour to get it so that it was nearly 8, when we stopped at the barred gate. I did admire the Powell family in these tiresome circumstances. They didn't lose their sense of humor (tho' we had had no tea other had no idea where they would spend the night!)

Little Burnie, Ann Shaw, the white-haired stout welcomed us warmly to their perfectly charming old Welsh cottage. It is white-washed, made of stone, has a running brook at one side - babbling all day, all night. Their furniture is nice - the place is tiny - living room, kitchen, bath + lavatory downstairs; small hall, two bedrooms upstairs reached by the steepest staircase I have ever seen! We were given dinner then we talked over the fire (yes, a coal fire in August in the Welsh hills) till 10:15, when we all retired. Our bedroom had a small dormer window, great oak beams + a kerosene lamp by way of light (Downstairs they have a kind of gas, which comes in huge containers; a candle in the bathroom - truly most old fashioned). Burnie now is one of four - Effie + two brothers left of her huge family - mother, father + ten children! She is charming + so intelligent.



Taffy, Bessie & Fanny
after 40 years!



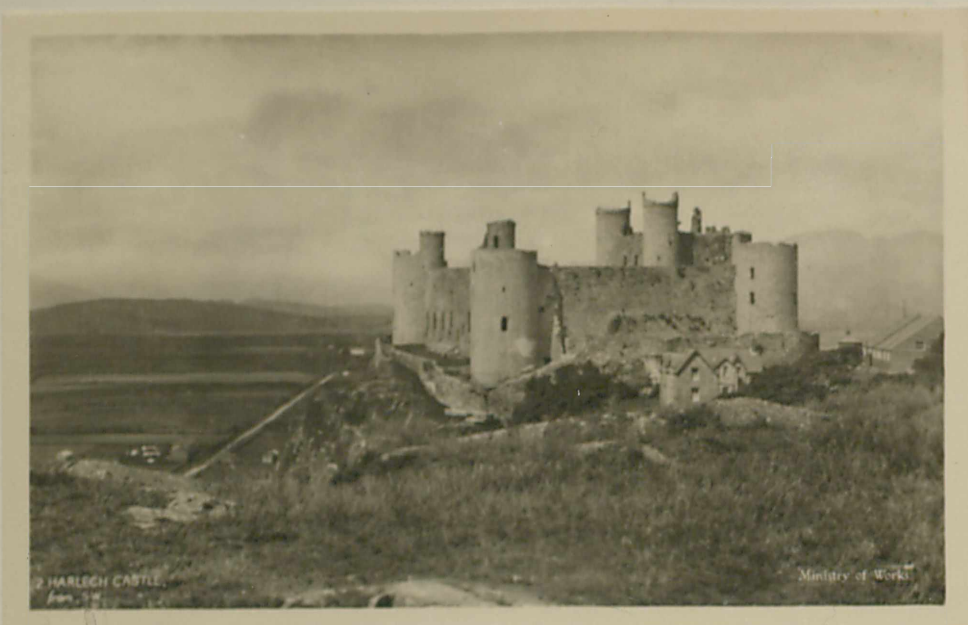
BARMOUTH, THE PROMENADE AND BEACH

V 1401

Aug. 12. Sunday

Breakfast at 9 - sumptuous - with early tea beforehand. We were delighted to see sunshine - we could inspect the sweeping view from the garden, see the rushing stream - I took several pictures at 11:30 we had an hour's walk - Bessie, H+S + I down a near by glen. "The Wids of Wales" - The show says friends think them mad to be so far away but they love it. However, they say they can't live there too long, as they are 1 1/2 from a telephone & six miles from a doctor! They have courage.

At 2:30 Mont drove Harold + me in his small Ford to Barmouth, where we used to meet Taffy, who was coming by bus all the way from Porthelli, to enjoy a Cambridge reunion with Bessie + me. Taffy is the same very plain, very thin Welsh woman, with a strong voice (the same mannerisms I remember so well. She has retired from teaching at Pontefract after 25 years there & is living now in Harrogate, but had come for a fortnight to visit her mother in her old home. We had our Sunday meal at 4 P.M. but this was because of his schedule. H+S remarked that Taffy talked all about herself which I suppose was true, but I was interested & amused. She couldn't stay very long - so Mont + I took her back to her bus at 6:20 - but not till several photographs were taken to commemorate the historic meeting. Barmouth, where Taffy got her bus is a beach resort - with fine sand and a swelling ocean - but, like so many English seaside places - cold - bleak & windy. I was glad of coat and sweaters.



he had a lovely evening, again by the fire, after a rest, then tea & cakes as a nightcap at 9:30. Mont told us Russin once said: "The most beautiful walk in Britain is the one from Dolgellau to Barmouth, & the second most beautiful walk is from Barmouth to Dolgellau!"

Mon. Aug. 13

A leisurely breakfast at 9. but we packed early & were enough K. & P. (with our Amanda) turned up at 10 to carry us off again. Good-byes to our kind hosts.

We went first via Barmouth to Harlech, where we visited the stout castle standing on its hill - an Edward I castle when he first conquered Wales. Again a roadside lunch, capped with good herbage, made by K. (these two are the good companions" for no one could be more cheerful, resourceful & considerate than they are!)

After lunch we visited a unique resort on a sheltered spot on Cardigan Bay, called Port Meirion where an architect, Clough Williams-Ellis has built an estate like his Italian Riviera - awfully interesting. Walls ^{or cottages} are painted bright pastel shades, there is a Campanile, lawns, gardens, & by the water a new "post" hotel, with beach & boating. After this we visited a Welsh village in a valley, called Beddgelert which is famous for the legend of the beautiful hound gelert whose grave one visits across a field - a rushing stream runs the town, crossed by an old stone bridge - we had a good tea at The Boomerang Cafe



Evening Caernarvon Castle
P.R. K.R. + I+H.S.

From there to our destination a Hotel at Capel Curig, wh. is a starting point for climbers of Snowdon. Our hotel was called Bryn-Tyrch. It was immediately on the highway, overlooking a pretty garden across the road, & woods beyond. Sheep on all sides - mountains in the distance. It rained, we wore the hat, hot & cold - a nearly path - he had an excellent dinner at a table on a glassed-in terrace. Then round the fire for the evening.

He learned that Phyllis had a cold. Had a doctor tried her with Histon - she was all right by 10:30.

Aug. 14 Tuesday.

It was cloudy when we left our hotel, at about 10 o'clock - but later we had sunshine - in fact lovely weather. Phyllis was feeling better so came along, tho' her cold was not over. We were cheered by much forwarded mail at breakfast - letters from Beth, 2 from Win, Ina, L. Allen. We made first for Caernarvon - a walled old city (of course much expanded) & really beautiful huge castle. Here the Prince of Wales (Edward VIII) was clothed in his state, to speak at 17 - I remember pictures of the ceremony. He seemed a Prince charming. I expect this castle is the most romantic of the 13th Century castles that Edward I built, after his conquest of Wales. It lies near the Estuary of a river - & was built across a narrow strip to the Island of Anglesey. We saw the famous Manai Ridge later on.

Lunch (part of it sandwiches made up at the Hotel) again by the roadside, on the way to Bangor - Agin Ken made delicious coffee with his fine 'senovari' over a fire of newspapers and twigs.

After lunch, we drove thru Bangor (I was



Snowdon, The Mountain Railway Nearing The Summit



M13124

CRIB GOCH AND SNOWDON

interested to learn the town was built on hills) on to Conway, another lovely castle - on the sea, smaller & very charming. The scenery around here was superb - mountains, sheep-filled valleys, stone cottages - all blending in with the rugged countryside.

We got back to our hotel by 5:30 had a good rest. Phyllis was still feeling a little subdued & tired, so after dinner she retired early, he talked, read & hunted in the lounge. Kenneth telephoned to find hotels in Chester, but never a room could be found. I don't suggest we stay another night here - which we all decided to do. It would also give Phyllis a chance to right herself.

Aug. 15. Wednesday

Phyllis still had a bit of a cold, so stayed at the hotel (But not in bed - oh no - these Britains are Spartan & refuse to acknowledge they'll never see it is serious!) So Harold, Kenneth, I started out to the ^{Mountain} Railway Station for Snowdon via the Blaenau Pass, at 10:30. We were very lucky as to weather. The cog-railway had open carriages - one had marvellous views all along the way, tho' it grew colder & wetter!

At the top is a closed-in hall where we had lunch (packages from the hotel) plus hot Harlick's milk - very nice & warming. I got a picture of the two - we climbed a jagged rock to the very top. We got the 2:30 train down again & when we got to the station at the bottom, we were amazed to see masses of people in more than one queue, waiting to go up. Evidently word had gone forth that the view was clear & people were taking advantage of the fact. (When we



The Top of Snowdon
K. P. + H. S.



Macl. Seabed & Stepping Stones, Capel Curig

FRITH
30129

returned to Tondar, Mr. Robinson said he had climbed Snowdon three times & never had he seen anything (from the top)

We were back at the hotel @ 3. The mesquite Kenneth suggested we have tea at the Royal Hotel down the road & start out at 4. He did have a short rest - then out we went - just to the Welsh wool shops, where I bought a bunch of 'Doris' wales for 17/6 & heather colored wool for socks for 14/6. Then we walked back to the hotel then the woods over the stream - a matter of an hour - very rural. We stopped at a Hotel Tyn-y-Caed for drinks where the entourage was delightful - more attractive than ours - on the main road a little further on. I expect it is more expensive.

But we were in time for dinner. My tin practically recovered. The weather for 2 days had been fine - one was all set for a departure to Chester, planning to stop somewhere nearby, as we couldn't get rooms in a hotel in the city.

Aug. 16. Thursday

We packed before breakfast & had all our luggage strapped on top of the car by 9:30 when we started out, after our last night at Capel Curig. It was a fine & cloudy morning. As we could find no accommodation at Chester by phone, we decided to stop in some nearby place. We came into that part of the country via Mold & Gladstone's home, Hawarden. At the latter place, we arranged to stay at a commercial hotel, The Shyne Arms, immediately in front of Hawarden cattle gates. Big rooms, comfortable beds. We left our luggage there.



he wandered about the small town, wh. is pretty, but nothing extraordinary. We went to the Parish church, where we could imagine the Jews G. O. M. solemnly attending services every Sunday. And we ran into a wedding! We waited in the churchyard, before being able to go in. Pictures were taken of bride & groom & bridal party - much time expended! When we finally did enter, we admired the west window by Burns-Jones. We were also much intrigued by another stained glass window, dedicated to W. E. Gladstone by admiring Americans for his championship of them during the massacres. The window was donated by an American from Baum - & dated 1897.

We drove into Chester & had lunch at the Talbot Hotel, which had been recommended, but which was not very exciting. After that we were energetic enough first to go through by then the Cathedral, (red sandstone - very ancient & beautiful) & then to walk the whole circle of the walls - this was truly the most interesting. H.S. had to have his picture taken on the steps of King Charles - on the walls for there he had had a snap taken in 1911 - on his first visit to Chester with Black. In fact Chester was his first taste of England & Europe as they had landed in Liverpool & come directly there.

He had tea at the Tudor Cafe - which was very good. I was able to buy two sketches of Chester, wh. I. P. didn't think much of but which I greatly liked!

I was ready by that time to return to Hawarden but no, we must drive further. To Postgate via Heston, on the Embury of The Dec. The scene of Charles Kingsley's poem:



CHESTER 1951
H.L.S remembers 1971 (!)

"Oh many call the cattle home
 across the sands of Dee." + names for shrimp.

Here in a small cage facing the "head" -
 sand & low water, we had a snack before motoring
 on to Chester, the Shyne Shyne. Before we
 returned, however, we took an evening walk
 thru the garden & estate of Hawarden Castle.
 The day before there had been a fair on the
 grounds, so that in front of the baronial
 mansion (19th century Gothic), there were rem-
 nants of rural fertility. Men in woad were
 picking up chains & supports of paper.
 The grounds & castle are imposing, if heavy.
 A descendant of Gladstone is living there
 now. We came back in the soft evening
 light (How often late afternoon evenings
 are serene & beautiful in England!) & went to
 bed earlyish, after a very long day.

Aug. 17. Friday.

A memorable town, like all earthly joys,
 comes to an end. Heavy rain to begin with,
 which was very appropriate! An early left.
 After Kenneth & Phyllis drove us in to the RR
 Station at Chester. Goodbye to our dear hosts.
 They are the perfect "good companions!"
 Rain continuous! We caught the 10 o'clock
 train & reached London a little before 2.
 Countryside through blurred windows!
 I read Lantern Tales - was absorbed
 all the way. At Euston Station we had a
 snack lunch - I am afraid very poor.
 Found nice mail: Z.B. Sarah, Eleanor Upton,
 H. Ransau.

A short rest only - so eager were we to
 get the taste of London once more - so we
 hied us to the Times Book Club at 4 - there
 whom should we run into by this moon!

Tableau! We arranged to have tea with her on Sunday. We bought theatre tickets (Howard in Hudigal!) & got my photos from Selfridges - they weren't half bad.

We had dinner in Soho, at the new Carino Restaurant - Italian - with good wine. Fred Blanche Patch on Shaw was much entertained. & we bed at 11.

Aug. 18. Saturday

I went out to D. H. Evans to a most excellent hair-do - 10/- - Tawau! Sully then met me at the outside Dept. (Awan! Awan!) & I bought a suit (light grey - Shopsy next too light to hoppers & wearability!) plus a pleated skirt (beast) for me. I had foolishly bought. The whole amt. paid by cheque was £16.19.3 - not too bad when converted into dollars, under \$50. We lunched at the D. H. Evans Restaurant instead of the Cafeteria, as it was Saturday & only cold drinks are served in the latter.

After a rest at home we started out at 3:30 for the South Bank Exhibition. It was not a very good time, again because it was Saturday, but although there were crowds of people (the scrapers said next day, a day's record) all is so well organized that no crushes occur. We went to the lion - the unicorn, wh. welcomed. Beautifully good & very amusing. At 6:45 we had dinner at the Festival Hall Restaurant. It was expensive - table d'hôte only at 10/6 - not worth it, as Wilfred said some time later.

Then we went to St. Thomas' Church off Regent St. to see Christopher Fry's latest religious drama A Sleep of Princes. Very emotionally acted but incomprehensible at

least to me. I had got the book & read it before-
hand. I am tolerably intelligent about my own
language but this "drama" is quite, quite obscure!
The acting took place on the altar steps of the
18th Century church - four soldiers, the only ones.
The audience was quite large - no applause - all
very solemn & stantastic. Home on the bus at
10.30 & to bed.

Aug. 19, Sunday

A lovely, busy day, to begin with at least, but
showers before late afternoon - a familiar English,
or shall we say London pattern. We started out
to walk to the Marylebone Parish Church to see
the new Chapel, memorial to R.B. & E.B.D. married
there in 1846 but a service was going on -
when we came back an hour later, the church
was shut. No luck.

I had got sandwiches & apples - we repaired
to a lovely nook in Regent's Park beside a
stream, where we had our picnic lunch, &
incidentally fed sparrows, pigeons & ducks
who came along, hoping for Caigesse.

At 4 we went to Miss Munro's 120 Clifton
Court had tea with her. What a nice flat
she has; she doesn't entertain easily - is shy &
awkward, - academic (like my dons at Cambridge)
in her ways. While we were there she telephoned
to Cecil's house to ask Arthur, who was there,
whether we could come to see Cecil, as he had
had a set-back & had been suffering from weak-
ness. Arthur said all right, we could come - so
we all three went there, but Alice left at once.
Arthur met us & suggested we stay only a short
time, as Cecil was very tired - we found him
lying on his sofa; but not looking too bad.
Arthur walked with us to our bus, & told us of
his father. Cecil had made an excellent recovery

to begin with, but had evidently done too much - & had had palpitations rather unpleasant symptoms. I gathered Arthur found his father obstinate & difficult. Cecil was hoping to go to Dollie's for a week, when he felt stronger. Our bus was No 2 it took us to Baker Street, where we had dinner at our favorite Berkeley Square Rest. Then we walked all the way home in the cool of the evening.

Aug. 20 Monday

Snatley was off to the Turkish Consulate for visas - I called up Connie & determined to pay her a last visit, even though it was an effort. And I am so glad I went, for I had a lovely visit. I found that No. 39 bus on Tottenham Court Rd goes straight to Chelsea & the Albert Bridge. Gus went out on business almost at once so Connie, the baby & I had the place to ourselves. The baby is truly adorable - so warm in her response & so intelligent. I was there till nearly 12 when I bade them with a fond farewell. I wonder if they will return to Robert College. I think they will.

I met H.F.S. at D.H. Evans Cafeteria, where we had a 50-50 lunch - Really good coffee. That 2 hrs. of list thread story & 4 hangers - he came home via the Friends Book Centre & went in to look around. He also visited the Tinner Bookshop on King's Cross Street again; posted a prayer book to Sarah, & got an exchange voucher for books in Cambridge.

He had a rather stiffy tea at the Ambassadors Hotel then went to Covent Garden to see The Bohemian Girl with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. How charming it is - & the scenery

and secondly, the increase in the volume of our trade. In addition there is a tendency for our customers to take rather longer credit. Capital expenditure for the year amounted to approximately £106,000, which is accounted for by improvements to our factories and plant and a substantial increase in our fleet of motor vehicles.

As a result it is natural that our cash position should show a considerable change. In 1950 cash in hand together with tax reserve certificates amounted to £275,650, against £85,100 in 1951, and although there was no bank overdraft in 1950 there is an overdraft of £284,265 in 1951.

Dividends and Reserves.—After payment of the same dividends as in 1950, absorbing £53,896, we have transferred £30,000 to stock reserve, bringing this reserve up to £100,000, and £100,000 to general reserve, which will then stand at £500,000. The carry forward will be £106,751, against £108,009 last year.

REARRANGEMENT OF CAPITAL

Proposals for the capitalization of part of the general reserve fund and a rearrangement of the company's capital accompany this report. These changes have been approved by the Capital Issues Committee.

We have made these proposals in view of our need to raise more capital to finance our expanding business and the rising costs of our raw materials. We are now discussing this with our advisers and I hope to be in a position to make a further statement at the annual general meeting.

Capital Expenditure

The reconstruction of our Portsmouth factory was completed last year. In order to improve the efficiency of the service we give to our customers and to provide for the increase in our trade, we have approved plans for additions to our factory at Ipswich and for a major reconstruction of our Bristol factory. In general we are installing the most modern machinery and methods of production throughout our organization.

Trading Conditions

There has been a further relaxation of control in some of our essential raw materials and we have been able to eliminate a number of substitutes which took the place of high-quality products for which the raw materials were not available. This has resulted in a noted tendency on the part of our customers to use more discrimination when making their purchases. The prices of raw materials have risen very considerably and the increase in our

takes one back to pre-1914 days. Romantic costumes, colourful military uniforms, impossible situations. We loved it - especially being again in Covent Garden Theatre. We fell festive indulged in delicious ice-cream in the interval.

Home by underground at 10:30 - Read Famous Trials in bed - had nightmares in consequence.

Aug. 21. Tuesday

A day of accomplishment? We didn't leave Enderleigh John Hill - when we went by bus to the Victoria & Albert Museum, where we saw the wonderful Book Exhibition - one of the high-lights of our summer. The arrangement is intelligent & compact - not at all over-whelming, tho: the temptation to include much more must have been great. Here you could survey English literature from Chaucer to T. S. Eliot! - & further.

At 12 H.H.s. had to go to the Swedish Consulate to pick up his visa - was much peeved at their showiness & red tape generally.

We had a rather indifferent lunch at the Cafeteria in the Museum then we parted. I went to my favourite Cap & Hat St. where I got a rather nice black hat for 18/11 at Marks & Spencer. Then at B. & H. I was able to exchange a Temple Shakespeare Henry V, wh. I didn't want for the Winters Tale, wh. I did; & on home for a rest till 6-ish.

We had dinner at the Ambassadors Hotel again & afterwards went to call on Ada Reith next door. Much news - & chit-chat. She's a dull dog, really - the place isn't very attractive. She gave us tea. She's a happy widow - her daughter has a son; & her son, a girl.

Aug. 22. Wednesday.

The morning was uneventful, he packed ready for our trip to Cambridge. Shot yogurt at the Express Dairy, a tea cake, & 2 apples. There were our lunch. After lunch I had a chat with Mrs. Robinson, whom I so much enjoy.

At 2:45 we were off by taxi to Victoria, where we got our coach for Cambridge. It is always a delightful ride - via Ware (where we had tea) & Royston. A nice day, it was with fitful sunshine.

Our Garden House Hotel is charmingly situated on the Eam, with a nice garden & a lawn going down to the water. Our room was 2 flights up in the older part of the hotel. Dinner was at 7:20 - all right, but not too exciting. The lounge is large & comfortable; the chertill academic & very, very genteel. After dinner, we took a stroll thru beautifully lit among the ancient lanes & quiet streets of our beloved spot. It all seemed almost too good to be true.

Aug. 23 Thursday.

Left at 8:30 after not so good a night (I don't know why). Off into town at 9:20, first to inquire about buses to Ely. Then to the Fitzwilliam Museum - our first "sight." It has some very fine additions since I knew it 40 years ago. The modern pictures of, for instance, Shaw & Hardy were very fine - as well as some very good modern French painting. We then went over Peterhouse (for Philipa Helyar's sake) but found it smallish & not very beautiful. Then St. Mary, the best & very old church wh. stands at the top of our



TRUMPINGTON
CHURCH
CAMBRIDGE
This Brass (6ft.
4in. long), on a
tomb in the North
Chapel, represents
Roger of Trump-
ington, Crusader,
who died in June,
1289.



The old vicarage, Grantchester

lane, leading from the hotel - little St Mary's
lane. A Washington ancestor is commemorated
here. Sixty was determined to find
people in Cambridge. He learned early
that Pat Magee was away but after much
inquiry, he found the Registrar, Mr.
Saunders, in his office. He was kind &
civil, but I had slightly hoped to have
us drop in on him (as I knew he would
be) It's never foreseen these things. Mr. S.
was rather jolly & carefree when we saw
him at B. C. but a very different man
in his rather grand Cambridge office (as
I also suspected he would be!)

After lunch we caught the 3:30 bus to
Trumpington, went into the church to
see our crusader then walked the
mile to Grantchester - along that sweet
country road. I got a picture of the old
vicarage at Grantchester - then we made
for the Orchard where we had a delicious
plentiful tea, under an apple tree -
sitting in deck chairs - The Present
Orchard at its best, with
flowers blooming on the outer edges.
Lovely!

We then called on the Balds. They were
having tea in the garden with a friend.
Mr. Bald is rather & looked so well. The
pretty daughter, Catherine, was there -
recently engaged; & smiling little
Constance. We had sherry with them &
much pleasant talk - then walked a
mile on the Barton Rd caught a bus to lunch.



12.12. in the arched,
Grantchester



little St. Mary's Lane
Cambridge

Reimer at 7:30 - then I wrote letters.

Aug. 24. Friday.

A dull day but no rain. We sauntered out first to the house of the Trinity Book Club, where we got new books - & then we 'sight saw' - a series of beautiful quads: Emmanuel, Harvard's college with its garden & pond, where graceful swans add a touch of white beauty; Christ's, where we saw Milton's mulberry tree swans courts; King's - where we found the chapel open & complete (we were unable to see more than the outside in 1949) - then to Heffer's - the printing workshop - By lunch time we were ready for food! - after all our wandering.

At four we walked along the Backs when attended a service Bach recital in King's College chapel. How vividly I was reminded of the days of my youth - when I sat on those very stalls & dreamed of the future - with Burnie, Trip, Taffer & Pat - the Buntingwood! And how much has happened to us all since then. We find on the walls of every college, the long, long list of Cambridge men, who have fallen in one war & another. It had been my dream that David might have come to Cambridge some day, to study in a quiet quad - how he would have loved it. Instead his name too is on the Munition wall, among the fallen. People do not know how much, how often, how painfully his image takes possession of my mind.



Aug. 25 Saturday.

Again to The Times Book Club - I took out Michael Sadler's life by his son & enjoyed it so much. What a tribute to a great father, what a full life to record! He parted & I shopped, I bought 2 waltz-verts or a pair of corsets - prosaic enough for this romantic spot - but the little saleswoman pointed them to me in London, wh. made it all very easy. I got other oddments.

After a meat rest, at 2:50 we took the bus to Ely. It was a long, flat ride via Milton. Cloudy all the time. The fen country is not exciting - but rather serene. I had forgotten how magnificent the cathedral is, & how it dominates the town. We sat under the great Octagon - & went over the waves building rather thoroughly. On our way to tea at The Bell Inn (not very nice as we shared the rather gloomy lounge with other tea drinkers), I passed a shoe shop that some red bedroom slippers. Slippers from Ely!

We were home by our bus, just in time to change for dinner & one had a very quiet evening, as usual, knitting & reading. Lights out at 11.

Aug. 26 Sunday.

No day or long walks! And of female colleges. After a luscious breakfast, I wrote some letters, then at 11 we started out to visit Newnham for I did want Harold to see it. The grounds were more beautiful than I remember them. No one was about & we were able to wander all



Detail from
window XXIII
A Ship (c. 1530)
King's College Chapel

over the large garden - peep in at the windows
& generally get an excellent idea of the place.

He had a rest to survey feet decay but
determined to walk to Gilton in the P.M.
I had no idea it was so far, for while I
walked there, when I was 20, it seemed
not very distant. We stopped first at
Castle Hill - & then on the Gilton Road -
on your way. All that part has grown
up immensely since 1910. New houses on
both sides of the road & bus service. The
Stratford is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Cambridge, not
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ as I had imagined. We finally arrived
and the grounds (neither building nor
grounds as pleasing as Newnham),
I talked to the porters for a few minutes.

We were fortunate in getting a bus
back as we reached the town, a gentle
rain began! A quiet evening again.

Aug. 27 Monday

I wrote a letter to him to wish her many
happy returns of tomorrow & to mention
Mellie's having a year ago on Aug. 28!
This is the sort of thing that I know will
hiss (she answered on the spot) but
something from which I shrink. How
strangely people take the part of death
than patient one should be with other
people's attitudes.

We went again to the Times Book Club
branch & I changed Michael Sadler for
Desmond MacCarthy on Portraits - which were
good. He visited Downing College when
It began to rain quite hard. Nothing



E.T.S. in NEWNHAM GARDEN
Cambridge

daunted, we went on to 1) Pembroke, + 2) Corpus Christi, which is one of the oldest houses of the colleges. The latter included St. Benet's church, the oldest church in Cambridge. It was used for years as the college chapel.

We have had no mail for some time. I am afraid I gave Mrs. B. the wrong dates.

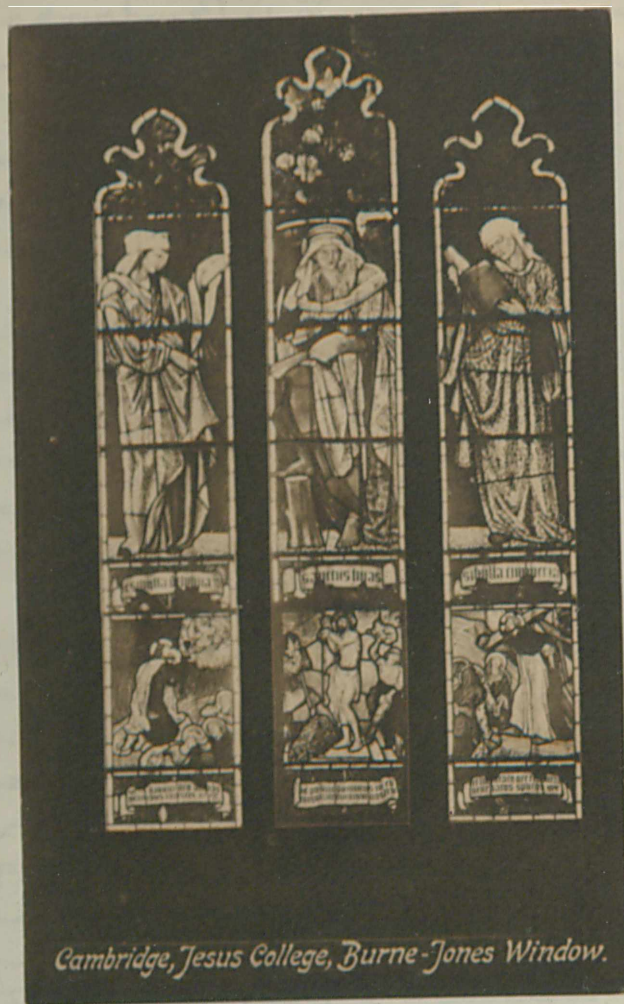
At 3 we went to see Trinity College library as Harold had never been in it. How gorgeous it is. Byron's statue looked grimy - needs to be washed! Many manuscripts of Trinity - viz. Fenelon, Thackeray, Byron + Newton displayed. At 3:40 we took a bus to the Twali Cinema, where we saw Pygmalion with Bertie Howard + Maundy Miller. - produced by Gabriel Pascal. Mrs. Patch, in her book, speaks of this production, + what a time he had persuading Shaw to let him do it. It must be old 1936 or 1937 I should say. Quite good.

Home across the greens after all rain had ceased. On our way we went into St. John's chapel - + there + saw the beautiful second court.

Aug. 28. Tuesday

Aunt Winnie's 77th birthday, the first anniversary of Uncle Ned's death. I confess I am ^{glad I am} not at hand, though perhaps I ought to ^{have been} there. Poor dears. Poor dears. I don't know how to comfort Aunt Winnie. If I say nothing - she minds my silence. If I say too much, she weeps. What shall I do?

We went shopping in the morning - Sister helping me to get a blue sweater for Parvathi + a black one for Sotira. I am



Cambridge, Jesus College, Burne-Jones Window.

sure Lotia will not like the sweaters I
 but for her. I shall give them both. I know
 I shall never be able to travel anywhere
 without requests from those two. For
 Pareskevi I have got in the last 5 or 6 years,
 2 coats, a blue rayon dress, a woolen
 dress, a sweater, gossamer, + a blue
 printed silk dress. For Lotia I have
 got a coat (velv). she sold for £.1.00,
 2 woolen vests, snow a sweater.

we visited Jesus College - saw where
 they were mending the portion burned
 out last year. we peered in at Dr. Picken's
 windows - we examined the chapel
 windows - + walked thru the several
 courts -

At 3 P.M. complained of a cold. Swan!
 Swan! Too stupid. I went out alone,
 as he kept his room, gave back our Times
 books + got him a woodhouse. he both
 went to bed early - Our last night in
 Cambridge.

Aug. 29. Wednesday.

Packed right after lunch. H.S. feeling
 somewhat better. (It isn't a life size
 cold). In the a.m. I went to get a pick-up
 lunch - I had a last sentimental look
 at King's Parade in the sweet morning
 light. That apples on Market Hill - +
 2 hrs + 20 mins at Somer's Cafe. I
 hated to leave. It is a joy to be in
 Cambridge + I never tire of wandering
 thru the streets.

we caught the 12:10 train to King's Cross
 via Histon, Hetchworth, + Gidea City
 arriving at 1:38 on the dot. we found



The Great Court - Trinity
Cambridge



St. John's College
Cambridge

several letters awaiting us, but none from
Dorothy. We went out in the afternoon to
Sawtoe. Selfridge for pictures (good)
to the Times.

At 7 we had dinner at the Westway
Hotel. Later telephoned to Aunt Lavinia
at Tadworth, where she is staying with
Evelyn. She told me she had rooms at the
Westway Hotel from Tuesday Sept 4th -
that she will be at halfpence from
Aug. 30th - Sept 3rd. She also gave us the
distressing news that Cecil is very seriously
ill. He has pneumonia & has had to go
back to the Walden Nursing Home. Poor
Aunt Lavinia - all her older relatives are
growing old - all - one by one her nephews
are being removed. I am sure she feels
lost. When I remember her glowing re-
marks about former visits to England;
how marvellous this one was, how won-
derfully that one entertained her - & so
on - I am filled with pity at the sad
come-down that this trip to England
must seem to her.

Aug. 30. Thursday.

No letter from Dorothy. I am so anxious
for news from Doris. I wrote her, say-
ing we were bringing her pulleys. (I
do think it the limit that the Nicholsons
should ask us to bring them pulleys!
By all things!) I stayed at home & had a
domestic morning till 12, when I took a bus
& met H.S. at the Old Coach for lunch.
When we came out it was pouring. He
had seen that a fine Capt. Hornblower R.N.

was on, at an Oxford Street Cinema run by
Largo. I was very cool about it but said
all right - I was sure it was not my cup of tea.
To put in time till 3:40, we went, first
to St. Martin's in-the-Field, where we
visited the Crypt. A festival review of
the history of the church had been arranged
in the Crypt & I must confess it was most
excellent. Then we visited the National
Portrait Gallery, where we saw many
more pictures than we had done, in 1949.
Very fine indeed.

The Hornblower film was a complete
wash-out (as I feared it would be) - a
waste of money. Such tosh! Such piffle!
I shut off my instrument & closed my
eyes - was in an luxury tower for 9 tenths
of the time. The English sailors & the 18
hundreds spoke with strong American
accents! The "ironed" heroine changed
her clothes ten times (I counted). The
fights were frequent & terrific - blood
& thunder. I was so disgusted. I thought -
"men will always fight; there will always
be war. Many people love to fight & to
see fights. The only trouble is that modern
weapons are so terrible that they play
all - fightless peace-lovers. What
hope is there for mankind?"

We got out at 6 - too late for tea, &
too early for supper. We walked to the
Quality Inn but found it packed - with
a long queue. So we took the underground
home. On the Euston Road, we found
a Snack Place where we had sandwiches

who was his colleague in Rehman during the war. He told us of his war experiences; we heard his opinion on the wife's - on the Abadan crisis - he talked till nearly 3.

We took a bus to the Finer Bookshop to change our books. I got out Sir John Reith's Autobiography, Into the Wind - We were home about 4:40. She had a long rest then a snack for supper on Euston Road, coffee, sandwiches & ice cream. Then home for a long, quiet read in the lounge.

Sept 1. Saturday.

We telephoned to Greta in the morning & she said she had wanted to call us to invite us for tea & supper again. We were delighted to go. We decided on a quiet B.M. as we had afternoon television plans.

At 12 we started out for the Victoria & Albert Museum - went first to lunch at this restaurant - quite good. Then we had some time to see several of the exhibits - particularly the Islamic exhibit which was very beautiful. Some lovely pottery, brocade & carpets from Turkey.

At 3 we went to the Lecture Hall & heard Daniel George on Letter Writers. It was a most entertaining - full of the fruit of much reading. Daniel George is one of the Broad Society Group - a little on the "strong" side, perhaps, in his book - knowledge!

When we came out it was raining. We took the nearby underground to Archway & then straight to Rock House, where a fine tea awaited us. We saw the beautiful Jennifer - had a cozy family chat. I tried to help Greta in the kitchen & we "chattermaged"; she, telling me some of the

trials she had to endure from her mother-in-law. She relieved both last so much rested after their fortnight in Venice. A wonderful change for the better. We saw Welfied's excellent colored pictures. We talked of everything under the sun! — What adorable company they are! — We came away at nearly 10, tho' we could have stayed another hour with great pleasure. The rain had stopped. The pavements glistened under the strong street-lamps — a typically London eve.

Sept 2. Sunday

This was our day at Radworth. It was cloudy all day but no actual rain fell. We took the 11:20 from Charing X — That dear Eugin met us in her car. Before going home, we drove a mile or so to pick up Christine, who was having her usual Swedish morning Riding Exercises on the grounds, a rich old bachelor, who gives up part of his meadows to children, who want to ride. We watched this truly British country scene — & spotted Christine in her brown riding habit, trotting around the ring, making her horse jump over hurdles so on. Most interesting. Some of the riders were mere babies. Not more than 7 or 8 I should say — They rode on smaller horses, with perfect assurance.

Lunch was lateish 1:15. but very good. Bella & Alfred were very chipper. Bella washed up & I dried, while Eugin put things away, so all the clearing was quickly done. Then we settled down to a good chat — I showing my pictures & B. & A. telling of their various adventures.



At Tadworth
H.S. I.S. B.F. A.W.S. + C.R.F.
Bruno



Gate House, Tadworth

I took several pictures & do hope they come out. But I am afraid they will be dim, as the day was dark. Euegn took us a drive to Epsom Downs, where we saw the famous race course - then on to Heatherhead for old sake's sake.

Sea was at 5 - & we talk. We took the 6:50 train home - Euegn & Christine seeing us to the station. Barnaby wasn't there, as he had gone to turn wall to help his part of a sister re-rent one of her houses there. By the time we arrived in London, we found it quite day. Though some rain had fallen in the country.

While I was at Euegn's, Aunt Winnie telephoned from Sevenoaks. Thought it so characteristic - she will be an arrant with all her relatives' movements. She had a message for me. When we get home we had bath & were in bed by 10:30.

Sept. 3. Monday.

We stayed at home all D.M. till 12. At 10 we had Euegn & Aunt Winnie to see us & she visited a bit in the house. She looked very well. They departed her luggage at the Westway Hotel on Endsleigh St. but her room will not be free till tomorrow. She spends tonight with Greta. Had to take her to the Turkish Consulate to get her entry permit, then took her to Debenham's where she was to meet Greta. to shop & to have lunch.

In the meanwhile I found my way to The Old Cock Tavern on Fleet Street

when we had arranged to take the Voigts to lunch. An table was reserved for four, but Mr. Voigt turned up alone. His wife wasn't well & wouldn't come. I was really disappointed. He had a good lunch & an even better talk. How well informed he is - show clues. Why he doesn't hold some very important job, I don't know. He talked of books, & politics & journalism - a hundred things. He & his wife are going shortly to stay with Negley Farron in Somersetshire. Then proceed for a holiday to Wales.

From Fleet St. we went to the Wallace collection which I found fascinating. The finest armor I have ever seen. I fell for a print of a 17th Century Dutch painter & carried it home.

Tho' it was raining, we determined to go to the South Bank to see the illuminations - we took No. 196 bus straight there, dodged as much of the downpour as we could & made for the Dome of Discovery, which we hadn't yet visited. It was wonderful. Many of the exhibits were technical but plenty were plain sailing & most interesting. We went up & down the many stairs & saw a great deal. We were home by 11 - taking No. 188 bus this time to Hoburn Place - still in the rain!

Sept. 4 Tuesday

A delightful letter from Sarah Telling with the grand news of the birth of the Whitman baby on Aug. 29th - a girl - to be called Doreen Evelyn! The child is perfect &

everyone is happy about it. It was a
Caesarian baby, as the doctor didn't want
to wait any longer. I am glad all is well.

Greta appeared about 11 AM. announcing
that Aunt Winnie had come to the Westway
Hotel on Endsleigh Street. H.H.S. went over
there & told her he would call for her pass-
port. He invited her & Greta to lunch with
us at the Chestnut Cheese, for that is where
we had planned to go. Beforehand,
however, Aunt Winnie wanted to go shopping
w/ Greta. I trailed along. First we went
to Debenhams to look at table mats -
of all things! fabulously expensive. We
took taxis everywhere. From Debenhams
we went to Walpole, Gavin still wishing
for mats - I personally was appalled at
the prices Aunt Winnie was willing to consider.
20 guineas & such for 12 mats! Giving
dinner parties is her passion - there is
no other word for it. She should have
been at least a cabinet minister's wife.
The Phoebe are a pair for dinner parties -
in fact any kind of parties.

We met H.H.S. at the Chestnut Cheese -
we had to wait interminably to be
served, the meal was rather disappointing.
However! as Greta said, you have to
pay for atmosphere. We parted after
lunch. H.H.S. & I to see Dr. Johnson's home
on Gough Square - perfectly delightful -
such nice window silks - pretty stairs &
well proportioned rooms. Then H.H.S. went
to see Andoni at Bush house & I stopped
at the shop - neckties & ribbon.

at 5:30 to the Westway Hotel, where Ada Ruth brought her daughter Phyllis Harrison and her husband, Bruce, to meet us all for 20 minutes. Phyllis is tall & made - not shy but I should say, intelligent - she must be 35. At 6 to the Swan Bar with Aunt Win then we took her to the Theatre to see Laurence Olivier & Vivian Leigh in Shaw's Caesar & Cleopatra. It is so highly amusing but unsatisfying as all Shaw's plays are. The scenery was superb & Vivian Leigh a perfect little mix of a Cleopatra. We were home by 10:30.

Sept 5. Wednesday.

One never leaves before our return journey - alas - alas.

We stayed in till 10:20 then went to the British Museum - walked there. We saw the Elgin marbles - but were much intrigued by the King's Library, where there was scores of manuscripts - the Marshall exhibit & so on. We didn't try to do too much.

We had lunch at the GWC A canteen on Great Russell Street & very good it was. We came home for a good rest - at about 4 Win called to say that she couldn't get a reservation by air on the 12th but had decided on the 17th. She also said that Kenneth had urged her to come to Bedford with us on Saturday - so she is coming. Cecil is very, very ill & is not expected to live. Poor man. It is hard on Win to come to England, largely to see him & to ^{find} him at death's door.

At 6:30 we walked to Wanglebone Parish Church to see The Brownip Chapel but we were much disappointed. It is merely a niche on the south aisle - with hardly any distinctive features - an ugly window - a bas relief of R.B. & a chair from Casa Guidi in Florence. From there we went to the Berkeley Court Restaurant, where we met Brent Miller for dinner. He is a very nice person - crazy about England & Cambridge. He has got a good educational position with the American Army center, but is disappointed that there is no position for him at R.C. He may try again next year. He comes from Seattle & is a graduate of Harvard. Home by 9:30 on No. 30 bus.

Sept. 6 Thursday.

H.K.S. was off at 10:30 to meet Defied Andouin, a Turkish graduate for lunch. I stayed in writing till 11:20 when I walked the whole length of Queen St. going at No. 99 the spectators rooms as I passed by. Then to the Y.U.C.A. cafeteria on St. Russell St. where I had a very light lunch. I was out to buy things - First a book for travellers at a Second Hand Shop. 2/6 marked down from 10/6 - An Anthology for Travellers - really very nice - I went on the length of Abchurch - if you please - got a clifton scarf for Benafindia & earrings for myself. Then to Highgate St. where I changed Reith's book for a set of short stories by Faulkner. I was home at 2:15 H.K.S. at 3. Rest.

He went again to the (Snack) Royal Rest. on Euston Rd found him & they were having

sandwiches & coffee before going off to the
waters of the moon. It was nice to see Euegh
again - he bade goodly, as I doubt whether
we shall meet before Sept 12th.

We took the bus to Champion Cross Rd - The
Phoenix where we saw the best play, or our
experience - the winter's Tale with John
Gielgud & Flora Robson. wonderful, wonder-
ful! he had got really good seats - fourth
row of the stalls, so that I heard it all.
How moving the play is! Gielgud was truly
great in his part. The whole thing was a
beautiful performance.

Sept 7. Friday

I spent the whole morning shopping
with Aunt Winnie - How easily she spends
her money & how she will give things to
people of no importance or those whom
she doesn't really care much for! She
bought a raincoat for Caroline for £10. 0.0!
a scarf for Norma Paton, a cigarette case
for Mrs. Paton, a scarf for Maudred, a
compact & brooch for unexpected recipients!
nearly £15. 0.0. - just like that.

we lunched at D.H. Evans & she was sur-
prised at the pleasant restaurant in-
expensive meal. Then she wanted a hat.
we were fortunate enough to find one for
2/11 - black with a grey veil in it - really
beaming, much better than the one she has
been wearing. we came back by Bus No. 73
& took her to her hotel - I was home by 2.

At five we repaired to 21 Radnor Place
for drinks with the Hutons, who were so
nice & friendly that we felt warmed.

he saw their three boys - Churchill, Powell + Frank - had much Istanbul talk - cheese + cherry. The boys go to St. Paul's school.

we got back in time to have a hurried meal at The Royal Rest. Then decided to see Michael Wilding + Greer Garson in The Law + The Lady - I was curious to see W. W. but oh! dear what a silly play - How my dear Greer Garson has deteriorated! She is no longer the captivating person she was as Elizabeth in Pride & Prejudice (which I saw in Litch, N.Y. in 1940) nor as Mrs. Miniver (which I saw in New York in 1943). She has hardened + warrened. Pook! Pook!

Sept 8. Saturday

we called for Aunt Winnie at 10:30 took a taxi to 81. Pancras + got there 10:50 train for Bedford. (When I saw Win day before yesterday, she said she would not go - began to weep - showed me a tender nose sent her by Vesta Verlie, which she said had upset her - but she admitted she liked people to send her sympathetic messages. But it was just a mood. On the day she was glad to come with us + was in good spirits.) In our compartment were an American mother + daughter going to a wedding at St. Albans. We talked with them in the friendliest manner. Kenneth + Amanda met us at the station. We had such a nice day. We were taken to the garden for drinks + sat - in sunshine if you please! - for an Sherry + Dubonnet. Time for lunch - no tea. Kenneth + Phyllis,



In Kenneth's Garden
42 Shakespeare Road
Bedford



Back of Kenneth's House
Bedford

Judith, Jannice, Amanda, Winifred, Harold & Melina. Jacqueline, the little French girl - Mrs. Conwright, her nephew Pat Hammon & his German (from Hamburg) wife. A very good lunch indeed, entirely prepared & served by Dylis & her girls. Judith came in late - from picking "pig" apples - for pemmies.

At 3 or so, the youngsters, plus Mrs. C. Wright & the Hammons went off to spend the afternoon on the river. While Winifred rested upstairs, Kenneth showed Harold & me, his moving pictures - The light was too strong, so they didn't stand on sharply, but still, some were good. He had reels of the 1949 clan gathering at Seewoan. It was with rather a pang that we saw husband, Maude, Aunt Hilian & Cecil on the screen. All - all - gone to their reward now.

The fine left behind, K.O.P. our selves & Winifred had a very good tea outside in the sunshine. The wife of a friend of Kenneth would take 14.5. some out in his car for a walk by the river. There was nothing to do but to go. (I see why Kenneth never reads any more. He is incessantly active & his wife equally so). We were back by 6:30 or in half an hour the 12 or us again had supper together.

Our train was at 8:15, so we had to bid all adieu. Winifred stayed on for the night. Judith, Jannice & Kenneth came to the station only to find our train was more than half an hour late. Damn! We wouldn't have them wait - so we had sad adieux - saw them leave - & twiddled our thumbs till our late train arrived. It was the

Edinburgh Express - full. In afternoon
quarters we were at St. Pancras found the
station jammed with excursionists. The
streets were full of merry makers & women -
the usual Saturday night crowd. We
packed home then the bunter went
straight to bed.

Sept. 9. Sunday.

It was cloudy all day & cool, but no rain
fell. We took the 11:04 train from Charing X
to Sevenoaks to spend the day with the Seagers.
Wilfred met us in his car & drove us to 2
Granville Rd - where Nella welcomed us
very nicely, but what an unattractive
woman. I suppose Wilfred loves her -
I suppose she is a worthy person but
heaven! she doesn't possess a single
grace of manner or form. She is very fat
& is still suffering from an attack of
lumbago.

We had sherry in the study & quite a
nice chat. Nora came in with her little
school friend - Mary Sykes (a stuffy little
14 year old, with all the mannerisms of a BORE).
Nora has beautiful black eyes in a clever
child - much kissed by mama - but then
mama kisses everyone. The house is
not comfortable nor beautiful, tho'
it contains some very fine things -
such as good rugs, several fine pictures,
& Persian brass. After lunch, Nella
had to lie down flat. We fiddled
about in the rather chilly drawing-
room. I admitted the dog played miniature
golf in the garden.



Shoreham, Kent
Harold Singer's flats



Harold Singer's house
Shoreham

At four, Wilfred drove us to see Harold at Shoreham. This was a most interesting experience. We found him in shorts, general negligence, ruffling the lawn. Diana was away but came back later with their week-end guest. Harold bought in 1945 a large property, house & about 15 acres of land. He transformed the house into 7 flats - one of which he occupies. We had to see over the whole place before tea - conservatory, vegetable plots, flower gardens, small stream, fruit trees growing against brick walls etc, etc. etc. It was an excursion of an hour at least. I took a picture or two but doubt if they were so good.

Diana came back by 5:30 - not an attractive woman - neutral cold - I saw she had tempered. He sat about the table with tea - which was delicious. Nora Shears & her wife of the company - why, I don't know.

Hella had faintly murmured that we should come back for supper but I said very firmly that we had to get back. The seaper wait is out on Sunday afternoon evening. Had we stayed on, Hella, with her lame back, would have had to get the supper. No. So we had said goodbye to her, when we started for Shoreham.

At 6.30 or so Wilfred drove us to Arpsing ton, where we got a train in a few minutes for Victoria. No supper. N.B. Dick Wilfred alone - not in the midst of his family.



Wife, Harold George Harold Scott

Sept 10. Monday

H.S. was off early, but I began my packing. I threw away a lot of things & managed to find room for all my belongings in 1 large suit case, a hat box & overnight bag. At about 11 - I started out for Oxford St - a sort of last "look-see" at the beautiful shops - I bought 6 hairpins for H.S. & a change purse for myself, then ^{we} met at the Old Secret Tavern for a last meal in Harold's favourite restaurant. We sat this time in the parlor room - wh. is more comfortable than the front room, where seats are hard & tables are cramped. Too much "atmosphere" & too few amenities.

At 5 we had tea with Aunt Annie at the Westway, then took her (she took us really saying this was my birthday present - a sudden impulse which relieves her of having to think of anything for me on the 24th - I am afraid I presented it -) to the South Bank. She did want to see something of the Festival, but couldn't go alone. I took her then, the lion & the unicorn, with which she was much pleased. She is so interested in everything, but how quickly she tires! One pavilion was all she could manage. We found seats overlooking the sea & was joined by H.S. who had gone for tickets to the International Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall.

This came off at 8. We were as anxious to see the hall as the performance - a change it is, indeed. The décor

is modern & fantastic but interesting. The boxes fixed across on the sides looked queer. The place is an amphitheatre - with very comfortable seats. The doors are all glass; the exits so many, that there is no crowding. The dancing was beautiful dancing - Tango, waltz, Scottish, Northern Irish & Spanish. lively & very pretty.

The word about Cecil is that he is sinking - & cannot rise. I am sorry.

He had a telephone from Greta, asking me three, also Aunt Winnie from last evening tomorrow.

He came home by bus. Aunt Winnie managed very well. She has many dark moments, but on the other hand, she still has a great capacity for enjoyment. So many things give her pleasure - People interest her enormously - clothes - & shopping - She is what she has always been - a person of fluctuating moods - only now with her recent grief utmost in her thoughts, her lower moods are blacker than they have ever been.

Sept 11 Monday.

Am last day in England. Oh, Oh! We have to leave.

As I was packing in the bedroom, Aunt Winnie came over to say that Cecil had died that morning. Poor dear.

He & I did have one last journey to the town. We took back one last time books - then called at the B&B office & found all was set for our plane tonight - we had a rather meagre tea - lunch at the

Sea Centre then my good man insisted I
buy a handbag at Swan & Edgars - wh. I
did - a lovely beaver one for 35/1. He went
home in fair time to read a little before our
long flight but we could sleep little.

Ann & Winnie came in at 5:30 & later we had
pushed us up & drove us to Rock House,
where we had a lovely evening. Jennifer was
already there & Rachel blew in while we were
having sherry - from her walking trip in
Worcestershire - Westrip brown & travel-stained
but so nice! Six round the table. At 10 freta
insisted on driving us home. When we
reached 7 Ends. I was left us to go to
her hotel - we strapped our luggage on
to the car & freta drove us along the Em-
bankment from Blackfriars Bridge to
Chelsea. We saw all the lights of the South
Bank - our last of London! She de-
parted us at the terminal at S. Kensington
& it was goodbye!

He was pleased to see, five minutes
after we arrived, Molly Atwell - on her
way back to Istanbul. A moment later
we met Mrs. Patten & dowdy Mrs.
Johnson (English). He adapted Molly &
others all put on a bus for the airport at 12.
A long drive through London streets then out
to Heathrow in a gentle drizzle. It seemed
deserted except for an airplane crowd -
people who looked like members of the
Orientalists' Conference (which they were)
we were taken with great efficiency to an
plane for one day. On the dot, Taxied
ward & took off! As usual Evelyn in

something of a dither! I tried to sleep. A plump stewardess brought us sheets & chewing gum - gave us pillows & blankets & we roared thru the night.

Sept 12 Wednesday

We saw the dawn thru the port holes & I for one prayed we would soon reach our destination. At 6:40 we came down in Rome - & went into the Garnier restaurant. It was already warm, with a mounting sun. We had a substantial British breakfast - orange juice, Bacon & eggs, coffee, toast & marmalade.

In an hour exactly, we went back to our plane. The BERD planes are much smaller than any I have been on, except my first R.A.F. affairs across North Africa. We hadn't been out of Rome long before we began to move - quite perceptibly, bouncing about much more than I liked. In fact, it was quite rough. Just before we reached Athens at 12:30, it was unpleasant - upon little wobbly D. looked feet quite nice.

At Athens we landed safely - & found a very strong wind blowing - a regular "meltemi" - this accounted for our bouncing. The first one of the plane was Her Royal Highness Princess Dina, wherever she is. She was dressed in gray - a very unassuming person - middle-aged & quite unromantic looking. Our lunch in Athens was

indifferent - mostly ate only grapes.
At Rome Mr. Mrs. Peach had joined
our plane - They were rather disgruntled,
having had a time, getting passage.
They had been in Sweden & were hoping
to get a Scandinavian plane - to Istanbul
but had no luck, so came on to Rome,
where they had to stay several days!

We climbed on to our plane a third
time & prayed that we might have a
smooth passage - which we did, for
quite a bit - but just before reaching
Istanbul we leaped into the air &
down in quite an alarming manner.
Greeks had joined us & they kept up
an incessant chatter - enough to drive
one mad! - The approach to Ferik-
koi is all over water & we seemed
to come in bar too low - but it was
all right - we came down beauti-
fully & to my great surprise, we
arrived in tact on Turkish soil!

It was a breezy day. Sooty suggested
a taxi all the way home. We got there
customs in Double Greek Time as they
call it. Elda Solman, dressed in a
B.E. uniform, called out our names
first. Pure favoritism! As we sped along,
the city looked lovely in the late after-
noon sun - spires, minarets, domes &
ancient walls. We were at the
Hall Gate by 5:15 - sat home in a
minute, welcomed by Parakevi, in the
of Satia - & Sudra! Salutations!

The house looked clean but bare.
Curtains were blown up. We unpacked
rapidly. By 7:20 were ready to go off.
No short call at the Blacks - where we
found Beth Stanton + her husband,
to begin Beth's birthday (43, 5th Dec!)
Then down to our dear dear seals
where we had such a lovely evening.
Pa Riggs was away, so we were only 4.
A chattering meet on all evening. We
showed our photographs - heard her's
tales of his USA trip + had a grand time.
He came home before 10 - dead passed
went to bed + slept like logs.
And so goodbye to England in Festival
Year. The happiest of memories!

2/198

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